

SLEEPER CELL (PILOT)

by

Rick McCormick

2322 Aralia Street  
Newport Beach, CA 92660  
rickmick\_99@yahoo.com

Copyright 2015 Rick McCormick

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

SUPER - AL KAZIMIYAH, IRAQ, 1998

A dusty, bustling street loaded with merchants, HONKING cars, trucks, and buses.

Men drive the cars while women sit in the back seats.

A POLICEMAN spots a GIRL with a shock of hair sticking out from her headscarf. The policeman points at the girl's hair. The girl quickly tucks the hair under her headscarf.

INT. BUS - DAY

A crowded, filthy bus. Wafa AHMED ALI (27), statuesque, proud, observant, analytical, reserved but at times explosive, is dressed head to toe in traditional black Muslim clothing.

Wafa and other women stand holding the strap handles while the men get to sit.

Wafa looks out the bus window. She sees a man scolding a woman. The man pulls the woman by the arm down the street.

MUSLIM BOY (15), arrogant, macho attitude, gets on the bus. He spots ELDERLY LADY (75), fragile, sitting.

MUSLIM BOY  
(in Arabic)  
Come on. Let's go, grandma.

He tries to lift her out of her seat. Wafa watches Elderly Lady struggle.

Wafa shoves Muslim Boy down. She takes a perfect karate stance.

Muslim Boy springs to his feet. The anger cuts deep lines into his face. Muslim Boy ponders Wafa. Finally, he takes hold of a strap handle.

Many women, including Elderly Lady, smile at Wafa.

A POLICEMAN (40), large, gets out of his seat. He pushes Wafa down. Wafa gets up. The policeman drags her to the front of the bus.

POLICEMAN  
(To the bus driver)  
Open the door.

The BUS DRIVER opens the door. The policeman pushes Wafa off the bus.

EXT. BUS - DAY

Wafa lands on the ground. She sees the bus passengers staring out the windows at her. The bus leaves.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Two American AH-64 Apache helicopters fly side by side.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Wafa saunters past the desolate landscape.

The distinct SOUND of approaching helicopters.

Wafa looks wild eyed to the sky. She takes off toward an isolated house in the distance.

The two helicopters fly past Wafa and close in on the house.

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER - DAY

APACHE PILOT (28), nonchalantly flips toggle switches and punches in coordinates.

A radio CRACKLES to life.

COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Yankee Whiskey Niner Niner, you're  
clear to go.

On a screen, cross hairs lock onto a structure.

APACHE PILOT  
Copy that, Yankee Whiskey Niner  
Niner clear to go.

A finger flips open a lid exposing a button. The finger pushes the button.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Wafa HEARS a LOUD SCREECH. She watches a smart bomb shoot down to earth and EXPLODE into the house.

Wafa GASPS. She sprints to the heavily damaged, burning house.

Wafa  
Mama! Poppa!

INT. WAFAS HOUSE - DAY

Wafa stumbles over fallen bricks and rubble. She COUGHS from the heavy smoke.

The flames light Wafa's face as she scours through the rubble. There are several machine guns and boxes of ammunition.

Wafa spots three blood-soaked bodies.

Wafa  
No!

She cries uncontrollably as she hugs her mother.

Wafa  
(in Arabic)  
I told you! I told you!

Wafa sees a machine gun. She repeatedly SMASHES it against the rubble until she falls down, exhausted.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SUPER - SIX MONTHS LATER

The distinctive architectural minaret features of Islamic mosques are silhouetted against a starry sky. Islamic prayer music WAILS from loud speakers.

INT. WAFAS HOUSE - NIGHT

The bombed-out structure looks like something a ten-year-old with zero patience slapped together.

The Islamic prayer alarm WAILS in the distance as cockroaches scurry across the floor.

A filthy dog enters through one of the numerous openings that worn plywood can't block. It sniffs around and leaves. Wafa (28), sleeps among piles of bricks.

Wafa yawns and stretches. A worn family photo of her with her parents and brother stands against a rock.

Wafa sees a rat. She picks up a rock and heaves it at the rat. The rat doesn't even flinch.

Wafa slides out from a dirty blanket. She is covered from shoulder to toe in traditional, black Muslim clothing.

Wafa unfolds a prayer rug. She kneels down and prays. Her eyes well up with tears.

WAFa

(in Arabic)

O God, forgive them and have mercy on them. Admit them to Paradise and protect them from the torment of the grave and the torment of hellfire. Make their graves spacious and fill them with light.

Wafa rolls up the prayer rug.

Wafa pours dirt and water into a bucket. She uses a stick to mix the mud paste.

Wafa scoops out some mud and spreads it over a mud brick. She places the brick at an opening in the house. Wafa places another brick on top. She spreads mud on top of that brick.

LATER

Wafa slops the mud paste on the now sealed opening. She wipes her hands. Wafa covers her head and face with a black veil so only her eyes show. She leaves.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Wafa saunters past a destroyed bridge and crumbled buildings. U.S. jet fighters zip across the sky. She covers her ears from the ROAR of the jets. A plume of smoke in the distance barely draws her attention.

Wafa sees U.S. soldiers question and frisk Iraqi men.

U.S. military vehicles pass Wafa. Soldiers WHISTLE at her.

Wafa approaches a checkpoint manned by armed U.S. soldiers, including JOHN (27), strong, watchful, who sees Wafa approach.

JOHN  
Black moving object.

A female soldier, CHRISTIE (22), observant, waits for Wafa.

CHRISTIE  
Hands out.

Wafa gawks at Christie's gun.

Christie illustrates by lifting her hands out from her sides. Wafa stares at Christie. She finally lifts her hands out. Christie pats Wafa down for weapons.

WAFWA  
Damn Americans.

CHRISTIE  
Maybe if you weren't killing  
everyone we wouldn't be here.

Wafa notices YOUNG MAN (20), peeking over some bushes at her. She continues on.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Several pot-bellied, elderly men in thobes smoke from large, hookah water pipes.

Wafa enters and walks behind the counter. She puts on an apron as she kisses her uncle, HASHIM ALI (45), relaxed, affectionate, on the cheek.

HASHIM  
You have a home delivery.

He hands her a sheet of paper. Wafa reads the paper.

WAFWA  
You let Mr. Maloof order pizza?

HASHIM  
He doesn't want to get well, Wafa.  
I wish you'd stay at my place  
instead of--

WAFWA  
No thanks, Uncle Hashim.

HASHIM

Then stay here. You can set up in back.

WAFI

I wanna meet people my age.

HASHIM

You'd meet people your age.

WAFI

Yeah, Americans.

A staticky, black and white TV plays news of U.S. tanks rolling through the desert with oil fields on fire.

WAFI

Damn Americans.

HASHIM

Don't say that, Wafi.

WAFI

Animals.

HASHIM

I'm sure that's what they think of us. Americans are just like us. There are good ones and bad ones.

Wafi sees several men out front laughing and smoking. The laughter suddenly stops when a U.S. military Humvee parks.

Car doors SLAM. Armed U.S. soldiers keep watch out front.

The soldiers enter. The coffee shop goes quiet.

Wafi watches the soldiers enter and approach her. Hashim watches Wafi turn her back on the soldiers and disappear into a back room. He serves the soldiers.

INT. WAFI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wafi sleeps among the rubble. A rat scavenges for food. The Muslim prayer alarm BLARES in the distance. Wafi yawns and stretches.

Wafi slaps some mud paste onto a brick. She lays the brick at the base of a hole. She places another brick on top.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A sand storm greatly cuts down visibility.

Wafa's clothing whips around as she fights the strong wind. Passing U.S. military vehicles leave her in a cloud of dust.

Wafa tries to make out a figure on the road ahead. She freezes. She sees Young Man quickly digging a hole in the road.

Young Man buries an improvised explosive device (I.E.D.). Wafa and Young Man lock eyes. Her eyes swell with fear. Young Man jogs off.

Wafa continues on. She looks down at the fresh dirt where the I.E.D. is buried.

INT. GUARD SHACK - DAY

The U.S. soldiers huddle in the guard shack to avoid the stinging sand. John sees Wafa approach the checkpoint.

JOHN  
Black moving object.

CHRISTIE  
Great.

Christie exits the guard shack.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - DAY

Wafa looks around nervously as she approaches Christie.

CHRISTIE  
Hands out.

Wafa lifts her hands out. Christie pats her down.

CHRISTIE  
Okay.

Wafa slowly continues on with her chin in her chest. She stops for what seems to be an eternity. She turns and walks back to the soldiers.

Wafa's hijab flies off her head exposing worry lines cutting deep into her face. John exits the guard shack and chases after the hijab.

Wafa

I...

Wafa checks to see if anyone is watching.

John hands Wafa her hijab. She puts on her hijab.

Wafa

I saw someone.

John

You saw someone?

Wafa

I saw someone put in the street.

John

Put what in the street?

Christie

What? A bomb?

Wafa

I don't know. Maybe, yes.

Christie

Where?

Wafa turns and points. She freezes. Fear floods her eyes when she sees Young Man in the distance staring at her.

John and Christie see Young Man. Young Man takes off. John and Christie chase after him.

John sees a caravan of U.S. military trucks heading toward the I.E.D.

John

Keep going!

John breaks off from Christie and races toward the I.E.D. Christie continues the pursuit.

John frantically waves his hands at the lead truck.

The lead military truck closes in on the I.E.D.

The truck narrowly misses the I.E.D.

The driver of the second U.S. military truck sees John and slams on his brakes. The truck stops just short of the I.E.D. The rest of the trucks skid to a stop.

Young Man scales a wall. Christie frustratingly kicks dirt and gives up the pursuit.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

From a distance, Wafa, John, and Christie watch BOMB SOLDIER (25) meticulous, carefully use a tool to prod the ground around the I.E.D.

JOHN

Did you see him before?

Wafa

I don't know.

CHRISTIE

It's not safe for you to be here.

Wafa

I go now.

Wafa hurries off.

CHRISTIE

Did you hear me?

Bomb Soldier safely extracts the I.E.D.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The sandstorm makes it dark outside. The coffee shop is empty of customers.

Wafa (O.S.)

They ran after him, but didn't get him.

Hashim

You did the right thing.

Wafa

I don't know.

Wafa and Hashim watch sand and tiny pebbles CLINK against the front window.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Christie pats down Wafa. Wafa nervously looks over at where Young Man was the day before.

Wafa continues on. She constantly looks back.

Off to the other side, Young Man follows Wafa without her realizing it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Hashim sweeps the floor.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A SHADOWY FIGURE stops at the front window. The figure places a box on the ground near the front doors. The figure dashes off.

The box EXPLODES. The front doors and windows BLAST out. The coffee shop is quickly engulfed in flames.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP RUINS - DAY

Wafa, John, Christie, and other U.S. soldiers stand in front of smoldering ashes.

Wafa

I will go to a new village.

John

They'll find you.

Wafa

I do not want to go to America.

Wafa, John, Christie, and the other soldiers get into military vehicles and drive off.

EXT. Wafa's HOUSE - DAY

The military vehicles park.

John stares at the heavily damaged house. He walks with Wafa toward her house.

John

This could fall on you.

John spots wires running across the threshold at ankle level. He grabs Wafa just before she triggers the wires. Wafa is surprised.

WAF A

You put there.

JOHN

No, we didn't. Why would we do that?

WAF A

So I go to America.

JOHN

We didn't know where you live.

Wafa tries to inspect the wires. John yanks her back. He drags her back to the vehicles. Wafa tries to break away.

JOHN

How many countries have you been to?

WAF A

Only Iraq.

JOHN

But you know all about Americans and how the world works, don't you?

John signals to Bomb Soldier. Bomb Soldier moves in toward Wafa's house.

LATER

From a distance, Wafa and John watch Bomb Soldier carefully clip the trip wires.

EXT. U.S. MILITARY BASE - DAY

An armed guard waves the military vehicles through large gates.

INT. U.S. MILITARY BASE OFFICE - DAY

John and Christie observe Wafa staring at an American flag with utter disgust.

John holds out paperwork attached to a clipboard. Wafa stares at the paperwork.

Wafa

You cannot make me live with those animals.

She pushes the clipboard back at John.

John

You don't have any family here.

Wafa

So. I have no family in America.

John

You will meet people. Americans are friendly--

Wafa

America is the Great Satan...always fighting wars and killing people.

John

Am I a bad person? Is Christie a bad person?

Christie

We're protecting you and your people, Wafa.

Wafa ponders this.

John

Look, it's not easy to get a special visa from the State Department, so if this gets ok'd you oughta take it.

Wafa

They will see my clothes. I will not be safe in America.

John

You can wear those clothes in America. Nobody's going to say anything.

Wafa eyes the clipboard.

John

America may not be as bad as you think.

Wafa slowly takes the clipboard from John. She fills out the forms.

CONFERENCE ROOM

An American flag stands in a corner. An uninterested Wafa has her right hand slightly up as she struggles to recite the Oath of Citizenship from a sheet of paper to CITIZENSHIP LADY (50), suit.

Wafa

...and that I take this obligation  
freely without any mental  
reservation or purpose of evasion  
so help me God.

CITIZENSHIP LADY

Congratulations! You are now a  
United States citizen.

Wafa doesn't care. Citizenship Lady shakes Wafa's limp hand.

Citizenship Lady hands Wafa an American flag, a Certificate of Naturalization, and a U.S. passport. Wafa immediately stuffs the items into a bag and walks off. Citizenship Lady gives Wafa a funny look.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Wafa watches all the bundled up people as she waits for her luggage at the baggage carousel. She sees children staring and giggling at her Middle Eastern clothing.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Wafa stands holding a strap handle. SUBWAY PASSENGER (60), kind, sees kids giggle at her clothes. Subway Passenger stands and offers Wafa his seat.

SUBWAY PASSENGER

Have a seat.

Wafa is surprised. She sees passengers staring at her. She strides to the other end of the car.

EXT. SUBWAY - DAY

Wafa exits the cold, dark, crowded subway. She gets pushed aside by the torrent of people.

The Capitol Building is in the background. Wafa watches the many well-dressed people go about their busy lives. She catches several curious people staring back at her.

Church bells RING. Wafa looks in the direction of the ring. She spots a giant cross in front of a church.

Wafa passes a fruit stand. Her eyes bug out when she sees the produce prices.

Wafa pulls a city map from her purse and studies it.  
PASSERBY (40), considerate, beaming, sees Wafa.

PASSERBY

Can I help you?

Wafa eyeballs Passerby suspiciously. She marches off.

Wafa sees uniformed soldiers sightseeing. Anger flashes across her face.

INT. BUS - DAY

From the bus window, Wafa observes the people, buildings, and snow on the ground.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The nasty patchwork of street has gone to ruin.

Wafa shivers as she drags her wheel-less luggage along the broken sidewalk. She checks the addresses on each weather-worn apartment building she passes.

Wafa stops in front of a small building that's twenty years overdue for a paint job. She checks a slip of paper. She heads up the walkway.

INT. WAFAS APARTMENT - NIGHT

The window blinds are down, making it dark. Paint peels from the bare walls. A couch and a small table are the only pieces of furniture.

Wafa drags in her bags. Her eyes are filled with tears. Wafa lies down on the couch in the fetal position. She sobs.

EXT. WAFAS APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa scrubs her dirty door. Her next door neighbor KAREN DOUGLAS (40), amiable, always smiling, exits her door with a plate of cookies.

KAREN DOUGLAS

Hi! I'm Karen Douglas. I saw you arrive with your bags last night.

Karen hands the plate of cookies to a surprised Wafa.

KAREN DOUGLAS

These are for you. Well, let me know if you need anything.

Karen heads back to her place.

WAFAS

I am Wafa.

KAREN DOUGLAS

Nice to meet you, Wafa.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Wafa fills out endless forms among needy people in a large waiting room. People fan themselves to keep cool. LADY AT THE WINDOW, (50), done it a million times, calls out.

LADY AT THE WINDOW

One-fifty-three!

Wafa heads to the window.

LATER

Wafa signs a paper and slides it under the partition window. Lady At The Window slides a welfare debit card under the window to Wafa.

WAFAS

What is this?

LADY AT THE WINDOW

It's money. You buy food with it.

WAFAS

I do not want your country's money. I want work.

LADY AT THE WINDOW  
You speak Arabic, right?

WAFSA  
Yes.

LADY AT THE WINDOW  
The U.N., C.I.A., and F.B.I. are  
always looking for Arabic  
translators.

WAFSA  
When must I pay back?

LADY AT THE WINDOW  
You don't pay us back.

WAFSA  
I will pay back.

Lady At The Window watches Wafa leave.

INT. DMV - DAY

Wafa enters. The lines are out the door. A LADY at the information desk checks Wafa's papers, then points to a line. Wafa strolls to the end of the line.

EXT. DMV - DAY

Wafa waits in her beat up clunker.

INT. WAFSA'S CAR - DAY

OLD MAN (65), cranky, worn catcher mitt face, gets into Wafa's car. He is stunned to see her in Middle Eastern clothing from head to toe.

OLD MAN  
How do you expect to see with that  
veil on?

Old Man fills out paperwork. Wafa looks around.

WAFSA  
Is a lady coming?

OLD MAN  
No. Should there be?

WAFa

Can a woman give me the test?

OLD MAN

No. Now will you drive?

WAFa

Can a woman come?

OLD MAN

Do you want a license, or not?

EXT. DMV - DAY

Wafa's car returns. Wafa drives with Old Man riding shotgun and a female DMV employee in the back seat.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wafa's car belches lots of smoke as it weaves slowly down the street. Cars speed past and HONK.

INT. WAFa'S CAR - DAY

A pickup truck with U.S. soldiers passes Wafa. She spits out her window at the truck.

Wafa approaches an intersection. She sees HISPANIC MAN (50), friendly, needy, selling bags of oranges on the corner. Wafa rolls up her window.

Hispanic Man holds out a bag of oranges. Wafa ignores him.

Wafa sees a man jogging with no shirt on. She looks away and uses her hand to shield her eyes from him.

Wafa checks her rear view mirror. A police car trails her with flashing lights.

WAFa

No! Please, God! No.

Wafa and the police car pull to the side of the road.

Wafa rolls down her window.

PAUL FRASOR (28), giving, considerate, strong, strides alongside Wafa's bucket of bolts.

PAUL  
May I see your license,  
registration, and proof of  
insurance, please?

Wafa pulls out a sheet of paper from her purse and slaps it  
in Paul's hand.

PAUL  
Will the car start again if you  
turn it off?

Wafa turns the car off. Paul copies down Wafa's driver's  
license information onto a ticket form.

PAUL  
Just got your license, Miss Ali?

WAFa  
Yes.

PAUL  
The reason I stopped you is  
because your car is smoking and  
you're missing a brake light.

WAFa  
I do not have money to pay you!

PAUL  
You don't pay me, Miss Ali.

WAFa  
Everything costs too much here!

Paul sees torn upholstery and dirty windows.

PAUL  
Are you new to America?

WAFa  
Yes.

Paul pockets the ticket. He pulls out a notebook and writes  
in it.

PAUL  
Are you working?

WAFa  
No, I am looking for work.

PAUL

Sign here.

Wafa signs the notebook.

PAUL

This is called a fix-it ticket.

Paul tears off a sheet and hands it to Wafa.

PAUL

You have fourteen days to fix your car, Miss Ali.

Paul leaves.

Wafa rests her head on the steering wheel and sobs.

INT. WAFAS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wafa enters. Her eyes are filled with tears. Wafa lies down on the couch in the fetal position. She sobs.

EXT. WAFAS APARTMENT - DAY

Paul checks his notebook. He rings the doorbell.

Wafa, dressed in Muslim clothing, but without the veil covering her face, opens the door slightly.

WAFAS

I have no money, but I--

PAUL

I'm not here for money. This is for you.

The door opens a little more. Paul sees her apartment is nearly empty. He likes what he sees in Wafa. He hands her a booklet.

PAUL

It's the driving rules.

WAFAS

How much is it?

PAUL

It's free.

Wafa pops her head out to see if anyone is watching.

PAUL

Can I come in?

Wafa freezes. She sees his gun on his hip.

WAFa

We are not married.

PAUL

I know. I just wanted--

WAFa

I cannot let you in. God is watching. I do not want to be punished.

PAUL

I just wanted to see how you were doing.

Wafa opens the door a little wider.

WAFa

I have not found work.

PAUL

I've got a friend who might be able to get you a job.

WAFa

What would I do?

PAUL

Translate Arabic for the F.B.I.

WAFa

Why do they need translators?

PAUL

To understand messages from terrorists. My friend's always saying they don't have enough--

WAFa

Mr. policeman--

PAUL

Call me Paul.

WAFa

Mr. Paul, my people are not the problem. I saw the problems Americans did in my country.

PAUL

Miss Ali--

WAFI

The Americans tried to bomb a  
terrorist's house, but they bombed  
our house.

Paul is shocked.

WAFI

They killed my momma, poppa, and  
brother!

PAUL

I'm sorry. I should go.

Paul leaves.

WAFI

Wait.

LATER

Paul and Wafa drink tea outside her front door.

WAFI

...so they got me a special visa  
and now I am here.

PAUL

Let's take a look at your car.

MONTAGE - PAUL HELPS FIX WAFI'S CAR.

- Paul replaces the brake light.
- Paul goes over the driving rules booklet with Wafa as they wait at a tune-up shop.
- Paul and Wafa wait at a smog check shop.
- Wafa watches in amazement as her car is run through an automatic car wash.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa enters with mouth agape as she scans the  
highly-polished lobby floor and wall portraits.

A guard runs a metal detector wand around Wafa. LOBBY  
RECEPTIONIST (25), sees Wafa.

LOBBY RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

Wafa

I am here to meet Mr. Becky Dunn.

Wafa shows Lobby Receptionist a paper.

LOBBY RECEPTIONIST

Becky Dunn's a woman.

Wafa

He is?

LOBBY RECEPTIONIST

Fourth floor. You can use the elevator over there.

Wafa

Thank you.

ELEVATOR

Wafa enters and looks at all the buttons. She pushes the "FOUR" button. The doors close on her Muslim garments.

The elevator starts up. Wafa feels her clothes tightening around her. She SCREAMS. The bottom half of Wafa's clothes tears off revealing her lower legs.

OUTSIDE ELEVATOR

An agitated Wafa desperately tries to tie the torn material back on, but realizes it is hopeless. She discards the material into a trash can. Wafa stares at her exposed legs.

MONTAGE - Wafa IS INTERVIEWED BY DIFFERENT PEOPLE

-- HUMAN RESOURCES EMPLOYEE interviews Wafa in a cubicle.

-- HUMAN RESOURCES SUPERVISOR interviews Wafa in a small office.

-- HUMAN RESOURCES MANAGER interviews Wafa in a large office.

BECKY DUNN'S OFFICE

F.B.I. agent BECKY DUNN (40), active, professional, scans Wafa's papers. Agent TOM DAVIS, (55), skeptical, confident, stands in the corner eyeing Wafa.

BECKY

We really appreciate you warning  
the soldiers of the road bomb,  
Wafa. Not many people get  
fast-tracked to citizenship.

Wafa holds down the bottom of her torn clothes in an effort  
to hide her exposed legs.

WAFa

Thank you. There are many female  
F.B.I. agents?

BECKY

Yes. We make much better agents  
than the men.

Tom puzzledly studies Wafa's heavily redacted file.

BECKY

We'd like to start your background  
investigation right away.

Veins bulge from Tom's forehead.

WAFa

Thank you, Agent Becky. Thank  
you, Agent Tom.

BECKY

Did you bring your Iraqi passport?

Wafa slowly slides her passport over to Becky.

Becky stamps the passport "CANCELED." She places the  
passport into a device which punches holes in the passport.

Becky shows Wafa to the door.

BECKY

We'll be in contact with you.

Wafa takes one last look at her Iraqi passport, then leaves.

TOM

How can you hire her when half her  
file's blacked out?

BECKY

Why do you suspect every new  
Middle Eastern hire?

TOM

Because it's just a matter of time  
before they mole us.

BECKY

We need every Arabic translator we  
can get, so look for your  
promotion somewhere else.

TOM

Why's it all redacted?

BECKY

Because terrorists tried to kill  
her.

TOM

You believe that crap about the  
I.E.D.?

BECKY

Why shouldn't I?

TOM

If Russian soldiers killed your  
family, would you go work for the  
K.G.B.?

Tom heads for the door with Wafa's file.

BECKY

Leave it.

Tom slams Wafa's file on Becky's desk, then leaves.

EXT. WAFAS APARTMENT - DAY

Paul pulls to the curb in a police car. Wafa rushes outside  
grinning. Paul gets out and opens the passenger door for  
Wafa, but she opens the back door and gets in.

PAUL

What are you doing?

WAFAS

I sit here?

PAUL

No. Up here.

Wafa gets out and gets in the front seat. She watches in amazement as Paul makes sure her Muslim garments don't get caught in the door, and closes the door for her.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Wafa checks out all the police instruments.

PAUL

How long will the background check take?

WAFa

Many months.

Paul notices Wafa staring at the rifle between the front seats.

PAUL

It's okay. Luckily, we don't have to use it much.

WAFa

But Americans use drugs and shoot people.

PAUL

No, they don't. What did they tell you?

INT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Wafa and Paul wait in line with a banana box. Several volunteers place food items into apple and banana boxes. Wafa watches the volunteers helping the homeless people.

WAFa

Why are these people helping these people?

PAUL

That's what Americans do...when we're not taking drugs and shooting people.

WAFa

Who buy this food?

PAUL

Who bought this food. Nice people donated it.

WAFa

I cannot take these things.

Wafa walks off. Paul gently pulls her back.

PAUL

When you get some money, you can  
give back.

Paul slides the box over to a smiling volunteer who places several food items into Wafa's box.

Wafa reaches for her box, but is pleasantly surprised when Paul picks it up and carries it for her.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa sits hooked up to a polygraph machine. A man reads the machine output.

BATHROOM

Wafa places a clear, plastic cup of urine on the counter. DRUG TESTER (35), enters wearing latex gloves.

Drug Tester pours the urine into a clear container. She closes the lid, then seals it with tape.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul opens the front door to find Wafa.

PAUL

Hi! Come on in.

Wafa hesitates.

WAFa

I...

Paul gently takes her by the arm and brings her inside. Wafa looks outside to see if anyone is watching. She slowly enters. Paul shuts the door. Wafa stands with her back against the door. Paul takes a seat on a couch.

PAUL

A man from the F.B.I. was over and  
asked a lot of questions about  
you.

Wafa peers at guns, a crucifix, and a photo of Paul in military fatigues hanging on a wall.

Wafa

He asked my neighbors questions.

Paul

I'm afraid I didn't know a lot of answers. They asked what your father did for a living.

Wafa squirms.

Paul

I told them I didn't know. What did your father--

Wafa

You have lived here long?

Paul

A few years.

Paul uses the remote to turn on the TV.

Paul

You'll improve your English if you watch a lot of TV, Wafa.

Wafa sees a gun and Bible on the coffee table.

Wafa

You are Christian?

Paul

Yeah.

Paul sees her eyeing the gun.

Paul

Are you gonna shoot me?

Wafa

No.

Paul chuckles.

Paul

What's wrong?

Wafa is frozen in fear.

PAUL

If they hire you, you're gonna see  
a lot of people with guns, Wafa,  
so you better get used to it.

Paul picks up the gun. Wafa backs away.

Paul takes out the bullets and puts the safety on. He pulls  
the trigger.

PAUL

It's okay. It can't hurt you now.

He offers her the gun.

Wafa never takes her eyes off the gun as she takes baby  
steps towards Paul.

Wafa gingerly takes the gun from Paul, keeping her shaking  
fingers away from the trigger.

Paul stands close behind Wafa. He helps her hold the gun  
with both hands.

PAUL

Relax. Aim at that gun on the  
wall.

Wafa aims.

PAUL

Now squeeze the trigger.

Wafa

It's not going to make a hole on  
the wall?

PAUL

No.

Wafa pulls the trigger and quickly puts the gun down.

Paul flips through the TV channels with the remote. Wafa  
watches the channels flash by.

Wafa

Who was that?

Paul flips back a channel. A beautiful WEATHER REPORTER  
(25), statuesque, seductive, gives the weather report in a  
sexy, low cut dress.

WEATHER REPORTER (V.O.)

(On TV)

It's going to be a warm one today.

PAUL

The weather girl.

Wafa

In those clothes?

PAUL

Clothes.

Paul hands Wafa some books.

PAUL

These will help your English.

Wafa

Thank you, Paul. In my country, we cannot trust police.

PAUL

Yes, you can.

Wafa

No. Iraqi police always want money.

PAUL

You said in your country. This is your country now.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Wafa and Paul look over racks of western style clothes. Paul sees a short dress on a mannequin.

PAUL

How about this?

Wafa

I cannot wear that.

PAUL

Why not?

Wafa

People will see my legs.

PAUL

Have you ever worn a dress?

Wafa shakes her head.

PAUL  
Try it. If you don't like it, you  
don't have to buy it.

WAFWA  
But...

PAUL  
But what?

WAFWA  
God will punish me.

Paul points at some half-naked teenagers who are tattooed  
and wearing body piercings.

PAUL  
Is God going to punish them?

Wafa eyes several dresses. She picks out a much longer  
dress and heads toward the dressing room.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

A large room contains row after row of people in Muslim  
garments in front of computers.

Wafa, in Muslim clothing and no makeup, sits in front of one  
of the computers. Becky points at Wafa's monitor which has  
both English and Arabic writing.

BECKY  
That's what we're looking for.

WAFWA  
All these people are bad?

BECKY  
That's what we're checking.

WAFWA  
They are Muslims?

BECKY  
Yes.

WAFWA  
Maybe I should work with a  
different group.

BECKY

What?

WAFI

Maybe the Ten Most Wanted.

BECKY

This is what we got you for.  
You'll do fine. I have to go, but  
Aara can answer any questions.

Becky leaves. Wafi looks at AARA (25), helpful, who occupies the computer next to her.

WAFI

You have found threats?

AARA

Yeah.

WAFI

From Muslims?

Aara points to a stack of papers on her table.

AARA

These are just from last week.  
We're always trying to catch up.

With mouth agape, Wafi reads the Arabic on her computer screen. Aara notices Wafi.

AARA

I always like seeing how shocked  
people are their first day.

She leans over and reads Wafi's screen.

AARA

That's nothing.

WAFI

How do you know these are from  
Muslims?

AARA

Someone's sending these messages.

WAFI

Anyone could make them. They  
could be from Americans.

AARA

When we catch 'em they're always  
Muslim.

Wafa

Because America is always  
attacking their countries. What  
countries are they from?

AARA

Everywhere...Yemen, Saudi Arabia,  
Iran--

Wafa is too stunned to speak, but finally manages.

Wafa

Iraq?

AARA

Iraq.

Tom spies on Wafa from a distance. Becky comes up behind  
him.

BECKY

Relax. She passed the poly and  
drug test.

TOM

She's Muslim. They all pass the  
drug test.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

Wafa enters. She steps up to the window where Lady At The  
Window is.

Wafa

This is your money.

Wafa slides a thick envelope under the Plexiglas partition.

LADY AT THE WINDOW

I told you, you don't have to pay  
us back.

Wafa

I do not want your country's  
money.

Lady At The Window slides the envelope back to Wafa.

## LADY AT THE WINDOW

You mean your country.

Wafa pauses, then puts the envelope into her purse. Lady At The Window watches Wafa leave.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The sprawling land is dotted with F.B.I. trainees.

SUPER - F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - MARCH 2001

MONTAGE - Wafa (29), RECEIVES F.B.I. AGENT TRAINING

-- Wafa quickly does sit-ups and push-ups.

-- Wafa expertly navigates an obstacle course.

-- A self-defense instructor flips Wafa onto a mat.

-- At a target range, a sharpshooter gives Wafa shooting pointers.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa receives forensic training from an instructor.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

TRANSLATION ROOM

Wafa is dressed in a mix of Muslim and western style clothes and wears some makeup. She walks up and down the rows of Arabic translators at their computers.

A translator stops Wafa. Wafa points at the translator's computer to explain something. The translator nods.

Wafa sees Becky enter. Becky signals for Wafa to come over.

HALLWAY CORRIDOR

The two stride past windows on both sides. They stop and look through a door window. They see several agents at computers wearing headphones.

BECKY

This is the Chatter Room, Special Agent Ali.



Duman and Abbud eagerly get ahead of Makin and Rafi.

Makin jogs up to Duman and Abbud. He yanks them back.

MAKIN

Don't animal this.

The four walk together.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi, stand in different security check lines. Makin casually checks the surveillance cameras.

Makin, Duman, and Abbud make it through security.

Rafi perspires as he inches closer to the security checkpoint.

Rafi sets off an alarm going through the metal detector. Makin quickly looks over at Rafi.

Rafi unloads his pockets into a tray bucket. He walks through the metal detector again.

A security employee casually glances at the items in the tray bucket which includes a box cutter. He slides the tray bucket down the roller ramp.

Rafi takes the items out of the bucket and pockets them.

INSIDE RESTROOM

Rafi checks the stalls. The restroom is empty. Each holds up their box cutter.

AL JENSEN (55), pinched, nosy, enters. He sees the men stuff the box cutters into their pockets. The four men stare at Al who heads to a stall and closes the door.

Rafi gestures nervously for the other three to leave with him. He bolts for the exit.

Makin signals Rafi to stop.

INSIDE THE STALL

Through the doorjamb, Al watches Duman and Abbud creep toward his stall.

## OUTSIDE THE STALL

Just before Duman and Abbud reach the stall, a man enters the restroom. Duman and Abbud stop.

## INSIDE THE STALL

Al watches Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi in the wall mirror exit the restroom.

## INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Al sits a few rows behind Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi. He keeps an eye on the men.

Duman watches nervously as Abbud smiles at a baby across the aisle. The MOTHER (35), notices Abbud.

ABBUD

What's his name?

MOTHER

Teri. She's a she.

ABBUD

She's beautiful.

Duman leans over to Abbud.

DUMAN

Why do you have to ask about every damn baby?

MAKIN

It's okay...makes us look good.

ABBUD

American babies are still innocent...haven't been changed by the Great Satan.

## INT. WAFA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa prays on her prayer rug. She folds up the rug.

On top of her dresser are several veils, The Quran, and the worn family photo.

Doorbell RINGS. Wafa unlocks several deadbolts and opens the door. Paul enters and sees all the door locks.

Wafa pops her head out and looks around.

Paul pulls Wafa back in. He hugs her. He tries to kiss her, but she turns away.

Wafa

Paul, what do you think of my religion?

Paul

Why are you ask--

Wafa

Do you think you can ever change to Islam?

Paul

I'm sorry, Wafa.

Wafa

Then this will never work.

Paul

Why not?

Wafa

I can only marry a Muslim man.

Paul

Why?

Wafa

If the man's Muslim, then their children will be Muslim.

Paul

You'd end our relationship because of some stupid rule?

Wafa

Don't say that!

Paul

Just because I'm Christian? We're not bad people, Wafa.

Wafa

We're not all terrorists!

Paul

I didn't say--

WAFU

They are only one percent of  
Muslims.

PAUL

One percent of a billion is a  
large number.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi sleep.

On the table and floor are pictures and maps of The Capitol.

An Alarm clock BUZZES. The four men wake up. Duman and  
Abbud spring out of bed.

Makin's cell phone RINGS.

MAKIN

We're up. Yes. Yes, God willing.

The four men kneel down on small carpets and pray.

BATHROOM

Abbud and Rafi shave their entire bodies.

LATER

The four men hold up their box cutters. They slip the  
cutters into their pockets. They turn off the lights and  
exit.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

A car pulls up to an unmanned ticket booth. Makin takes the  
parking ticket. The gate arm goes up. The car enters.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi wait in separate lines at the  
security checkpoint. Decorative, black balls conceal  
surveillance cameras.

Security personnel shuffle passengers through like a million  
times before. They nonchalantly run luggage through x-ray  
machines.

The four men empty their pockets, including box cutters, onto small trays. They slide their trays along rollers where conveyor belts lead them through x-ray machines.

Makin, Duman, and Abbud make it through the security checkpoint. They take their items from their trays and slide them into their pockets.

Rafi perspires as he goes through security. Security personnel watch him closely as he waits impatiently for his small tray of items to go through the x-ray machine.

Rafi's items exit the x-ray machine. Security personnel watch Rafi snatch the items and leave.

GATE

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi sit apart from each other as they wait with the other PASSENGERS.

Abbud sees a baby and young toddlers with their parents waiting to board the same plane. He glumly drops his head.

Rafi notices a pair of police officers talking to an airline employee. The airline employee points toward Rafi. Rafi squirms.

The officers stride toward Rafi. They move past Rafi and assist a hunched over, elderly passenger.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi board a plane. They sit in first class. A MECHANIC wearing a tool belt passes the men.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Fingers TAP computer keys. A hand navigates a computer mouse. On the computer monitor is an airline's website. The white cursor arrow is on the words "FLIGHT STATUS." A finger CLICKS the mouse.

On the monitor, flight information pops up with the word "DELAYED." AMR MUHAMMED (50), methodical, meticulous, explosive, SLAMS his fist on the table. People look over.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi scan the passengers and flight attendants. The mechanic passes by. A cell phone RINGS. Makin opens his cell phone.

MAKIN

Yes, Amr.

AMR (V.O.)

You're delayed!

MAKIN

Something's wrong with the plane.

AMR (V.O.)

Don't get on the plane!

MAKIN

We're already on. We can still do it.

AMR (V.O.)

No, you can't! You're one of five groups.

Makin is stunned.

AMR (V.O.)

If you make it out of this, meet me at the spot tomorrow at noon.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The Manhattan skyline glistens under clear, blue skies.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - DAY

A wild-eyed, Middle Eastern man steers for the World Trade Center. He moves the throttle control all the way forward.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The commercial plane ROARS just above the skyscrapers.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - DAY

The plane races toward the World Trade Center at blinding speed. Oblivious office workers see the plane at the last second.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Passersby look up and see the plane PLOW into the North Tower of the World Trade Center. SCREAMS.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi wait nervously.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you  
for your patience. Flight  
attendants take your seats.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - CHATTER ROOM - DAY

Several Middle Eastern people sit at computer monitors in a large room. Wafa and Becky BURST through the doors.

Wafa  
A plane just flew into the World  
Trade Center!

Becky uses a remote to turn on a TV. Becky, Wafa, and the agents watch the TV news.

ON THE TV

CNN shows footage of the burning World Trade Center.  
NEWSCASTER (50), sturdy, striking, tries to understand.

NEWSCASTER  
We're now hearing it may have been  
a commercial plane.

Wafa and the others are stunned.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
It looks like a clear day. How  
could this have happened?

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A commercial plane takes off.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

JIMMY KNOWLES (9), spirited, suspicious, watches antsy Rafi sweat profusely. Jimmy's parents, BARNEY KNOWLES (35) studious, composed, and JUDY KNOWLES (34), attentive, sit next to Jimmy.

Jimmy watches Makin. Makin notices Jimmy staring at him. Makin snarls at Jimmy.

Judy sees Jimmy staring at Makin.

JUDY  
Don't stare, Jimmy.

Jimmy looks out the window, but then stares at Makin.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa and Becky move briskly down a long hallway.

BECKY  
We thought they might try this.

Wafa  
Crash planes into buildings?

BECKY  
Yup. Pisses me off to no end.

TRANSLATION ROOM

The translators are glued to the TV. Wafa and Becky burst in.

Wafa  
Okay, listen up!

BECKY  
We're getting word this may have been a hijacked plane and there may be other--

ON TV

Smoke billows from the North Tower. In the background, a second plane slams into the South Tower.

BECKY

Damn it!

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

A second plane just went into the other tower! We just saw another plane go into the other tower! This can't be an accident!

The translators are stunned.

Wafa reads the exclamation mark-laden Arabic on a monitor.

Wafa

They're already celebrating.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK - DAY

Stunned bystanders gather to watch smoke billow from the World Trade Center.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Pentagon employees watch as smoke billows from The Pentagon. Fire crews fight to contain the fire.

INT. FAA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

SUPER: FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION, HERNDON, VIRGINIA

Workers crisscross the floor.

SUPER: BEN SLINEY, CHIEF OF AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL OPERATIONS

BEN SLINEY, 40s, meticulous, fiery, and his SECRETARY (30), stride across the highly-polished floor.

BEN

Get all the planes down now! Send them to the nearest airports!

SECRETARY

That's over four thousand planes.

BEN

I don't care if we have to land them in cornfields! Get 'em down now!

Secretary runs off.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Jimmy watches Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we've been  
instructed by air traffic control  
to land at Pittsburgh  
International.

Passengers GRUMBLE. Makin stops passing FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(35).

MAKIN

What's going on?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I don't know. This is the first  
I've heard of it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

SUPER: SHANKSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Thick, black smoke rises from the ground.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A commercial airplane touches down.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and the Arabic translators watch the news of  
the plane crashes.

BECKY

How many more planes do they have?

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

A likely culprit has to be Al  
Qaeda.

Wafa sees the terrified looks of New York bystanders.

WAFSA

Have the passenger lists sent to  
our computers.

Becky speaks into her two-way radio.

BECKY

We need the manifests of all  
planes in the air sent to our  
computers ASAP!

Wafa rambles to a vacant computer.

BECKY

Everyone back to your computers!

The translators scramble back to their computers.

BECKY

You're going to receive lists of  
passenger names!

Tom bursts in through double doors.

TOM

We're looking for Arabic  
passengers sitting in first  
class...low numbered seats like  
1A, 2A, 3B.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi anxiously look out the  
windows. They see fire trucks and police cars with flashing  
lights.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

The translators rapidly tap their computer keys.

TOM

It looks like they were traveling  
in fours or fives.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Passengers arrive through gates.

An airline employee opens a gate door. Passengers arrive  
through the gate.

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi arrive through the gate. Makin  
spots security officers.

Duman, Abbud, and Rafi watch Makin help an old lady with a  
cane.

MAKIN

Let me help you.

The old lady smiles. Makin and the old lady walk off together.

Duman helps an old lady.

Abbud and Rafi see passengers with lots of luggage. They help wheel the luggage for the passengers.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

The monitors flash columns of names. Wafa and the translators scroll quickly through the names.

Wafa sees Makin's name. She spots Duman's name. Wafa's eyes get big. She sees Abbud's and Rafi's names.

Wafa sees Becky and Tom looking over the shoulders of other translators. She places her finger on the "DELETE" key.

Wafa looks at the TV. She watches frightened Manhattan workers run for their lives from a collapsing building.

Wafa's eyes are full of angst. She lifts her finger off the "DELETE" key.

WAFa

Got one.

Becky and Tom race over. Tom whispers into his two-way radio. Becky pushes a button on her two-way radio.

BECKY

We got one.

Tom and Becky look at Wafa's computer screen. Becky speaks into her radio.

BECKY

American Airways Flight  
Four-thirteen! It's on the ground  
at Pittsburgh International!

VOICE (V.O.)

Copy. American Airways  
Four-one-three on the ground at  
Pittsburgh International.

Wafa morosely looks at the terrorists' Arabic names on her computer.

BECKY

Good job, Wafa. Keep going.

Wafa slowly taps her computer keys.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi are flanked by shops and newsstands as they stride nervously through the concourse. Makin spots a TV playing the news.

Duman and Abbud stand mesmerized watching video of the World Trade Center on fire. A bystander flashes a perturbed look when she sees Duman and Abbud smiling at the TV.

Makin yanks Duman and Abbud away from the TV. The bystander watches the four slip out the sliding glass exit doors.

Several police officers hustle past the TV showing the news. They race down the same concourse that Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi just came from.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Wafa, Becky, Tom, and the other F.B.I. agents view airport security video of Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi going through security.

Wafa

That's them.

TOM

They look Middle Eastern to me.

They watch the four slither out the sliding doors and the F.B.I. agents just missing them. Tom kicks a chair.

TOM

Damn it!

CONFERENCE ROOM

Wafa, Becky, Judy, and Barney watch Jimmy feast on donuts.

JIMMY

They talked quietly the whole time.

BECKY

Thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I could tell they were bad men,  
because they kept looking around.

BECKY

You've been great.

Becky hands her business card to Barney.

BECKY

If he thinks of anything else, let  
us know.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - INTEL ROOM - DAY

Several large white boards are spread throughout the room. The white boards read: AMERICA'S TEN MOST WANTED. Each white board contains a photo with a wealth of information on each wanted criminal.

Two pencil neck, bespectacled GEEKS read from computer paper. The Geeks use dry markers to add new information on the wanted criminals.

Wafa, Becky, Tom, and several other agents burst in with numerous blank white boards. The geeks stop and watch as the agents take down the America's Ten Most Wanted white boards and put up the blank white boards.

Agents immediately write at the top of the boards: AA 11, UA 175, AA 77, UA 93, AM Airways 413.

The two geeks exit like scolded children.

LATER

Numerous white boards with photos and information of the twenty-three terrorists fill the room. Wafa, Becky, and Tom watch F.B.I. agents add new information.

Wafa stares at Mohamed Atta's mug shot. She studies Makin's, Duman's, Abbud's, and Rafi's mug shots.

Wafa

We couldn't find any cell phone  
records.

TOM

They used disposables.

BECKY

Did they rabbit?

TOM

We haven't caught 'em, so we have to assume they're still in the country.

Wafa

They're in the country.

TOM

What makes you so sure?

Wafa

Why take the chance of getting caught trying to come back in?

TOM

They were willing to die, so they aren't worried about getting caught.

Wafa

They're worried about not completing the work of Allah.

MESSENGER (20), twitchy, hustles in with a paper.

MESSENGER

They found the rental car.

Messenger hands the paper to Tom who glances at it.

Wafa

Do you want us to go?

TOM

Agents are on it. You'd just be in the way.

Wafa watches Tom saunter off.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi keep warm at a camp fire.

RAFI

Amr will have a place for us, right?

MAKIN

I don't know.

RAFI

He'll give us money, right?

MAKIN

I don't know! We'll find out tomorrow.

ABBUD

I'm not staying outside forever.

Makin pulls his credit cards from his wallet.

MAKIN

He won't want us outside. Somebody might see us. Take out all your credit cards and IDs.

Duman, Abbud, and Rafi take out their IDs and credit cards. Makin throws his cards into the fire. The other three men throw their cards into the fire.

MAKIN

We don't exist anymore.

INT. WAFAS CAR - DAY

Wafa drives while Becky rides shotgun. Countless American flags wave in front of buildings.

Wafa sees Hispanic Man selling oranges on the street corner. Hispanic Man holds out a bag of oranges toward Wafa. Wafa ignores him.

Wafa enters onto a highway and signals to change lanes. A driver motions for her to merge ahead. Other courteous drivers let Wafa easily merge farther out onto the highway.

WAFAS

I wish drivers were like this all the time.

INT. AL JENSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Al Jensen sleeps. His phone RINGS. Al answers.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION WAFAS/AL

AL

Hello.

INT. WAFAs CAR - DAY

Becky scopes out Al's house.

WAFAs  
Mr. Al Jensen?

AL  
Yeah.

WAFAs  
Agent Wafa Ali with the Federal  
Bureau of Investigation. A while  
back, you saw some Middle Eastern  
men on a flight and--

AL  
Were they involved with  
Nine-eleven?

WAFAs  
We'd like to talk to you about  
that.

AL  
I'll get dressed and come right  
over.

WAFAs  
We're outside your house.

Al looks out his bedroom window. He sees Wafa's car.

AL  
How'd you know where I live?

WAFAs (V.O.)  
We're the F.B.I.

EXT. AL JENSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Al stands in the doorway. Wafa and Becky move down the  
front steps.

AL  
Sorry I couldn't be of more help.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom has a phone to his ear.

TOM

No, I'll come to you. I don't  
want anyone to know about this.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi wait on the riverbank in soccer outfits. Makin and Duman have shaved heads and wear sunglasses. Abbud and Rafi sport wigs and caps.

Residual smoke rises from The Pentagon in the background. A giant American flag covers the hole in the side of The Pentagon.

Amr approaches in a soccer outfit. A net bag containing several soccer balls is draped over his shoulder.

MAKIN

I didn't know we were part of a  
larger group.

AMR

No one did. You'll get another  
chance.

They look at The Capitol Building in the distance.

MAKIN

When?

Amr sees two MEN in dark suits and sunglasses approach.

AMR

Our next game is Tuesday.

The two men in suits stare at the five as they walk past.

AMR

I don't want any penalties.

The two men continue on.

DUMAN

How long do we have to wait?

Amr pulls a soccer ball out of the bag. He examines it closely.

AMR

I don't know.

ABBUD

How will we contact you?

Amr puts the soccer ball back into the bag. He pulls out another soccer ball and scrutinizes it. He hands the ball to Makin.

AMR

There's a van waiting for you.

The four men turn around. A MIDDLE EASTERN MAN stands next to a van. Duman and Abbud approach Amr.

DUMAN

What about money?

ABBUD

Where are we going to stay?

Makin pulls Duman and Abbud back.

AMR

It's on the soccer ball.

Amr points to tiny writing in the stitching area between the panels on the soccer ball.

Amr leaves. Makin, Dumar, Abbud, and Rafi head toward the van.

Makin turns back. He sees Amr talking to four young MIDDLE EASTERN MEN dressed in soccer outfits. He watches Amr reach into the mesh bag and hand a soccer ball to the men.

EXT. WAFAS APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa approaches her front door. She freezes. She stands aghast as her front door is spray painted with the words "Terrorist" and "Go Home Sand Nigger."

INT. WAFAS APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa quickly enters. She immediately grabs a cleanser and cloth.

Wafa sprays the cleanser on the words and scrubs with all her might. She grows frustrated as the words barely fade.

Wafa watches the TV play news of the planes crashing into the World Trade Center and Palestinian women dancing ecstatically in the streets.

WAFa

Great. Make them hate us even more.

LATER

Paul uses a roller to paint the front door.

PAUL

We're not all like this. Whoever did this is an idiot.

Wafa watches morosely as the TV plays news of desperate New Yorkers in front of handmade poster boards. On the boards are photos and descriptions of their missing loved ones.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

American flags greet patrons. Two MEN see Wafa and whisper to each other. Wafa sees the two men staring at her.

WAFa

I had nothing to do with it!

The embarrassed men look away.

WAFa

Let's go.

She leaves.

PAUL

I'm sure Iraqis always treated Americans well in Iraq.

Wafa freezes. Paul holds the front door open. Wafa sees waitresses serving all races of people.

Wafa stuffs her veil into her purse. Wafa and Paul enter the cafe. HOSTESS (20), greets them.

HOSTESS

Welcome!

INT. TERRORISTS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

There is fingerprint powder throughout. The door opens. A police officer guards the front door. Wafa and Becky put on latex gloves as they enter.

A glassy-eyed look comes over Becky as she scans the room.

BECKY

I love it. We're standing right where the terrorists were standing. Try to take in what must've been going through their minds.

Wafa closes her eyes. She opens her eyes.

Wafa turns on the TV. The Weather Channel is on.

Wafa

They watched The Weather Channel?

BECKY

Lots of hotels have The Weather Channel come on when you turn on the TV.

BATHROOM

Wafa and Becky see lots of body hair on the floor and in the sink. Wafa sees a puzzled look on Becky.

Wafa

They want to be clean when they enter heaven.

BECKY

They're not going to heaven.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S ROOM - DAY

HOTEL MANAGER (35), easygoing, carefree, watches Wafa and Becky view hotel surveillance video.

Wafa

You only use one tape?

HOTEL MANAGER

Yup. Plays on a twenty-four hour loop.

BECKY

What good does that do us? By the time we view a tape it's already recorded over.

HOTEL MANAGER

That's what the other agents said.

BECKY

Stop being a jellyfish and use more tapes.

Wafa

When someone turns on one of your TVs, is it always on The Weather Channel?

HOTEL MANAGER

Nope. It's the last channel used.

Wafa and Becky leave.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Wafa and Becky stride toward their car.

Wafa

Jellyfish?

BECKY

Jellyfish go with the flow, do the least amount of work. When do we get paid, man?

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

A large American flag waves at the entrance.

INT. PENTAGON - LT. COL. SEAN WALTERS OFFICE - DAY

The immaculate office is decorated with numerous military portraits. A massive, highly-polished desk separates Tom from LIEUTENANT COLONEL SEAN WALTERS (55), reassuring, sophisticated.

LT. COL. WALTERS

Why do you suspect she's a double?

TOM

She's got a sixth, seventh, and eighth sense of what the hell the terrorists are going to do, but we can never catch them.

LT. COL. WALTERS

Why do you think that is?

TOM  
My guess is she's trying to  
convince us she's an F.B.I. agent.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
But you're not buying it.

TOM  
No.

Lieutenant Colonel Walters gets up and walks Tom to the door.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
We'll make this priority one, Tom.

INT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi enter and turn on the light.

ABBUD  
You gotta be kidding.

Tent camping would be an upgrade. A rat races along the baseboard and down a hole. The room has four futons, a tired tread mill, and an exhausted stationary bike. Blackout blinds conceal all the windows.

The four make their way to the kitchen which has a small table and four chairs. On the table are a couple of keys, an envelope, and a deck of playing cards.

Makin rips open the envelope. He pulls out a letter and some bills. He reads the letter aloud.

MAKIN  
You must hide here until you get  
your orders.

ABBUD  
C'mon.

MAKIN  
The cabinets are full, so you  
don't have to go to the store.

Rafi opens several kitchen cabinets that are fully stocked.

RAFI  
This won't last.

MAKIN

Keep the door locked. No one  
leaves the apartment. Do not let  
anyone in.

Duman opens the envelope to see if anything else is inside.  
He fans out the bills. Makin yanks the bills from Duman.

FADE OUT.