

THE FIFTH PLANE

by

Rick McCormick

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

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.

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.

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. He ponders Wafa. Finally, he takes hold of a strap handle.

Many women, including Elderly Lady, smile at Wafa.

A POLICEMAN (40), gets out of his seat. He pushes Wafa down. 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.

WAFWA  
Mama! Poppa!

INT. WAFWA'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

Wafa spots three blood-soaked bodies.

WAFWA  
No!

She cries uncontrollably as she hugs her mother's lifeless body.

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

Wafa grabs a machine gun and repeatedly SMASHES it against the rubble until she falls over, 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. WAFWA'S 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, sniffs around, and leaves. Wafa (21), 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 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.

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.

Wafa gawks at Christie's gun.

CHRISTIE

Hands out.

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

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 where her uncle, HASHIM ALI (45), relaxed, affectionate, is cooking up a storm. She puts on an apron as she kisses him on the cheek.

HASHIM

You have a home delivery.

Hashim hands Wafa a sheet of paper. His hands have callouses, cuts, and burn scars. Wafa reads the paper.

Wafa

You let Mr. Maloof order pizza?

HASHIM

I can't help it if he doesn't want to get well. I wish you'd stay at my place instead of--

Wafa

No thanks, Uncle Hashim.

HASHIM

Then stay here. You can set up in back.

Wafa

I wanna meet people my age.

HASHIM

You'd meet people your age.

Wafa

Yeah, Americans.

Wafa pours tea for IRAQI MAN ONE (60) and IRAQI MAN TWO (50).

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

IRAQI MAN ONE  
(in Arabic)  
Why don't they leave?

IRAQI MAN TWO  
(in Arabic)  
They will...after they take our  
oil.

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

WAFWA  
Damn Americans.

HASHIM  
Don't say that, Wafa.

WAFWA  
Animals.

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

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

The soldiers enter. The coffee shop goes quiet.

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

INT. WAFWA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Wafa 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.

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 runs 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 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 the wall 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 around the I.E.D.

JOHN

Did you see him before?

Wafa

I don't know. Maybe.

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.

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.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Chairs are on top of tables. 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.

Wafa

You put there.

John

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

Wafa

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?

Wafa

Only Iraq.

JOHN

But you know all about Americans, don't you?

John signals to Bomb Soldier. Without breaking his stride, Bomb Soldier removes two photos from his shirt pocket and hands them off to John like he's done a million times before. He continues towards Wafa's house.

Wafa leans over to see the photos. One is of Bomb Soldier's beautiful wife. The other is of his wife and three young daughters. A frightened look comes over Wafa.

Wafa

His family?

John nods.

LATER

From a distance, Wafa and John watch Bomb Soldier cautiously 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 hands the clipboard to John.

John

You don't have any family here.

Wafa

I have no family in America.

John

You will meet people. Americans are friendly--

Wafa

America is the Great Satan...always fighting wars.

John

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

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 there.

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 and 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 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. Passengers stare 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 looking 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. Utter disgust flashes across her face.

INT. BUS - DAY

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

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

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 extra 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. I saw you arrive last night with your bags. These are for you.

Karen hands the plate of cookies to a surprised Wafa.

KAREN DOUGLAS

Well, let me know if you need anything.

Karen heads back to her place with a bewildered look.

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.

Wafa

What is this?

LADY AT THE WINDOW

It's money. You buy food with it.

Wafa

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

LADY AT THE WINDOW

You speak Arabic, right?

Wafa

Yes.

LADY AT THE WINDOW

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

Wafa

When do I pay back?

LADY AT THE WINDOW

You don't pay us back.



WAF  
I will pay back.

Lady At The Window watches Wafa leave.

INT. DMV - DAY

Wafa enters. The lines are long. A person at the information desk checks Wafa's papers, then points to one of the lines. Wafa strolls to the end of the line.

EXT. DMV - DAY

Wafa waits in her beat up clunker.

INT. WAFAS 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.

WAF  
Is a lady coming?

OLD MAN  
No. Should there be?

WAF  
Can a woman give me the test?

OLD MAN  
No. Now will you drive?

WAF  
Can a woman come?

OLD MAN  
Do you want a license, or not?

EXT. DMV - DAY

Wafa returns to the DMV 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. WAFAS 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.

WAFAS

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?

WAFAS

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. WAFSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

EXT. WAFSA'S 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.

WAFSA

I have no money, but I--

PAUL

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

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

PAUL

It's the driving rules.

WAFSA

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 when she sees his gun on his hip.

WAFSA

We are not married.

PAUL

I know. I just wanted--

WAFSA

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.

WAF  
I have not found work.

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

WAF  
What would I do?

PAUL  
Translate Arabic for the F.B.I.

WAF  
Why do they need translators?

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

WAF  
Mr. policeman--

PAUL  
Call me Paul.

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

PAUL  
Miss Ali--

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

Paul is shocked.

WAF  
They killed my momma, poppa, and brother!

PAUL  
I'm sorry. I should go.

Paul leaves.

WAFU

Wait.

LATER

Paul and Wafa drink tea outside her front door.

WAFU

...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 WAFU'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?

WAFU

I am here to meet Mr. Becky Dunn.

Wafa shows Lobby Receptionist a paper.

LOBBY RECEPTIONIST

Becky Dunn's a woman.

WAFU

He is?

LOBBY RECEPTIONIST

Fourth floor. You can use the elevator over there.

WAFa

Thank you.

ELEVATOR

Wafa enters and 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.

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.? I don't think so. I'm taking her file--

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?

WAFAS  
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.

WAFI

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.

WAFI

Why are these people helping these people?

PAUL

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

WAFI

Who buy this food?

PAUL

Who bought this food. Nice people donated it.

WAFI

I cannot take these things.

Wafa walks off. Paul 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 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.

WAFU

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

PAUL

Yes, you can.

WAFU

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?

WAFU

I cannot wear that.

PAUL

Why not?

WAFU

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.

WAFU

But...

PAUL

But what?

WAFU

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.

Wafa

All these people are bad?

BECKY

That's what we're checking.

Wafa

They are Muslims?

BECKY

Yes.

Wafa

Maybe I should work with a different group.

BECKY

What?

Wafa

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

Wafa

You have found threats?

AARA

Yeah.

WAFa

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, Wafa reads the Arabic on her computer screen. Aara notices Wafa.

AARA

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

She leans over and reads Wafa's screen.

AARA

That's nothing.

WAFa

How do you know these are from  
Muslims?

AARA

Someone's sending these messages.

WAFa

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 from behind.

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.

WAFWA

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.

WAFWA

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 - WAFWA (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. 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.

Wafa is stunned.

WAFa

Me?

BECKY

Yes, you. Congratulations.

WAFa

This could never happen in Iraq.

BECKY

Now, the chatter usually picks up a few weeks before something big happens. A few days before something, it's off the charts.

WAFa

Is it mostly Muslims?

BECKY

I'm afraid so.

Disappointment flashes across Wafa's face.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

SUPER: AUGUST 2001

A car pulls up to an unmanned ticket booth. A hand takes a ticket. The gate arm goes up. The car enters the dark parking structure.

INT. CAR - DAY

Four Middle Eastern men, MAKIN MORADI (25), wary, confident, explosive, DUMAN OMIDI (24), dutiful, strong, ABBUD GOLZAR (22), stocky, unsophisticated, and RAFI RAAD (22), twitchy, nervous, cowardly, scan the parking structure.

Makin pulls out a cheap, value four-pack of box cutters from the center console. He hands them out to the other men.

Makin sees crazed looks in Duman's and Abbud's eyes.

MAKIN

Low profile.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The men exit their car. Makin sees Abbud staring at a baby in a stroller. Makin pulls Abbud away.

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. WAFAS 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.

WAFAS  
Paul, what do you think of my  
religion?

PAUL  
Why are you ask--

WAFAS  
Do you think you can ever change  
to Islam?

PAUL  
I'm sorry, Wafa.

WAFAS  
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--

WAFa

They are only one percent of Muslims.

PAUL

One percent of a billion is a large number.

INT. MOTEL 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

Neatly manicured 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.

WAFWA

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

We'll be in contact. 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. Wafa's 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.

Wafa

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 Wafa/Al

Al

Hello.

INT. Wafa's CAR - DAY

Becky scopes out Al's house.

Wafa

Mr. Al Jensen?

Al

Yeah.

Wafa

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?

Wafa

We'd like to talk to you about that.

Al

I'll get dressed and come right over.

Wafa

We're outside your house.

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

AL  
How'd you know where I live?

WAFSA (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. WAFA'S 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. WAFA'S 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' MOTEL 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. 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 motels 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. MOTEL MANAGER'S ROOM - DAY

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

Wafa

You only use one tape?

MOTEL 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.

MOTEL 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?

MOTEL MANAGER

Nope. It's the last channel used.

Wafa and Becky leave.

EXT. MOTEL 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.

INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Passengers wait at the gate for their flight. Four Middle Eastern men including SALAH BABA (30), confident, crafty, place small carpets on the ground. They kneel down to pray. Nervous passengers watch the four men.

A few passengers, including AIRLINE PASSENGER (40), speak to GATE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30).

AIRLINE PASSENGER

There are four Middle Eastern looking men praying over there.

Gate Flight Attendant sees the four men.

GATE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'll get someone.

Gate Flight Attendant picks up a phone.

AIRPORT SECURITY ROOM

The four Middle Eastern men are seated at a table. Wafa and Becky circle the men.

BECKY

Why pray at an airport?

SALAH

Why not? It's a free country.

WAFI

You could've picked somewhere else.

SALAH

You are a traitor to your people.

WAFI

You give Islam a bad name!

Salah spits on Wafi. Wafi's eyes could burn down the place. She lunges at Salah. Becky uses every ounce of energy to hold back HYPERVENTILATING Wafi.

LATER

Salah and the three other men smirk at Wafi as they exit with their attorneys. Wafi sits dejectedly at the table.

WAFI

So they just walk out of here?

BECKY

We can't hold them. We got someone tailing them.

INT. BECKY'S CAR - NIGHT

Wafi and Becky eat potato chips and drink cokes while they stake out a house. Wafi is not wearing a head scarf.

Becky uses binoculars to view the house.

WAFI

They're waiting for the right time to strike...probably hiding in a city with lots of Muslims.

BECKY

Nothing came back on these guys.

WAFI

I don't think they're terrorists.

BECKY

Probably just trying to start something.

Becky pulls lipstick from a cosmetics bag.

BECKY

Try this.

Becky hands the lipstick to Wafa who stares at it.

Becky glides the lipstick across Wafa's lips. Becky opens Wafa's visor vanity mirror.

BECKY

You're still alive.

Wafa admires herself in the mirror.

Wafa

Who's right?

BECKY

About what?

Wafa

Americans killing Middle Easterners, Middle Easterners killing Americans.

Becky can't believe what she's hearing.

BECKY

You mean Americans killing terrorists, terrorists killing innocent people.

Wafa

The terrorists don't think what they're doing is bad.

BECKY

Because they're nuts.

Wafa

I knew some. They're not all nuts. The Iraqi government told them propaganda.

BECKY

We need to shut down all the madrasa schools.

WAFU

Why?

BECKY

It's like an overflowing bathtub. The water pouring out of the faucet is the madrasa schools brainwashing new terrorists. Until we shut them down, we'll never get a handle on terrorism.

WAFU

Is it the terrorists' fault they were lied to and brainwashed?

BECKY

I don't know. We just get them.

WAFU

You mean kill them.

BECKY

Yeah, before they kill us.

INT. WAFU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa wears a low cut blouse as she applies makeup in front of a mirror.

On one side on her dresser are her worn family photo, The Quran, and a veil. On the other side, is her F.B.I. badge, gun, and makeup. Wafa stares at the veil. She tosses it in the bottom drawer.

Wafa opens her closet exposing one side containing blue jeans and t-shirts, while the other side has Middle Eastern clothing. Something catches her eye. She reaches back into a corner and pulls out the bag given to her in Iraq.

Wafa takes out her U.S. passport, Certificate of Naturalization, and the American flag from the bag. She places the items on the dresser next to her badge, gun, and makeup.

EXT. WAFU'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa pokes her head out the door. She takes a couple steps outside. She sees a neighbor. She darts back inside and closes the door.

Wafa pops her head outside and looks around. She locks her front door. She holds the top of her blouse closed with a tight fist to not expose any skin.

EXT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY (18), skateboarder, approaches the front door with pizza boxes. He KNOCKS on the door.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY  
Pizza delivery!

An envelope appears from under the door. Pizza Delivery Boy picks up the envelope and sets the pizza boxes down. He counts the money as he walks off.

INT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rafi holds a gun as he looks through the peephole. He opens the door, picks up the pizza boxes, closes and locks the door.

INT. WAFAS CAR - DAY

Wafa approaches an intersection. She sees Hispanic Man selling oranges. She pulls to the side of the road in front of Hispanic Man.

EXT. WAFAS CAR - DAY

Hispanic Man eagerly loads all his bags of oranges into Wafa's car. Wafa hands bills to Hispanic Man who grins.

INT. FOOD BANK - DAY

Wafa hands out oranges to homeless people.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

INTEL ROOM

Wafa watches AGENTS add information to the white boards.

A white board reads: CLEAR SKY DAYS WASH./N.Y. An AGENT reads from a sheet of paper and writes in dates in the WASH./N.Y. columns.

Wafa

There's too many clear days to  
keep track of.

Tom

We gotta follow every lead.

Wafa

They could just get a pilot that's  
instrument rated.

Tom

They'll stay with what  
worked...clear days.

Another white board reads: SMALL PLANE SALES. An agent  
reads from a sheet of paper. The agent writes on the white  
board. Tom appears next to Wafa.

Wafa

They're buying small planes.

Tom

There's no real increase in sales.

Wafa

They don't need many...probably  
not even registering them.

Tom

They'll stay with commercial  
planes.

Wafa watches Tom stride off.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wafa and Paul watch a movie on the couch. Paul has his arm  
around Wafa. An antsy Wafa can't sit still.

Paul

Quit worrying. You'll find them.

Wafa

You don't understand!

Wafa throws Paul's arm off and springs to her feet.

Paul

What don't I understand?

WAFa

They give Muslims a bad name!  
We're not all bad!

PAUL

That can be said about anybody.  
Americans and Russians haven't  
always gotten along. I don't hate  
Russian people. I figure they're  
just like us...raising families,  
trying to put food on the table.

Wafa considers this.

WAFa

They'll hide as long as it takes.

PAUL

They'll make a mistake.

WAFa

What if they don't?

PAUL

Then the next time we'll hear from  
them is when they attack.

WAFa

And everyone will hate Muslims.

Wafa heads to the front door. Paul follows her.

Paul uses the door to corner her. She turns in time to  
receive a long kiss.

Paul lifts Wafa from under her buttocks. Wafa wraps her  
legs around Paul's waist. They kiss passionately as Paul  
carries her toward the bedroom.

As they cross the bedroom threshold, Wafa grabs hold of each  
side of the door frame. Paul stops.

PAUL

God is watching?

Wafa nods. Paul lets her down. They walk back to the front  
door.

Paul hugs Wafa tightly. They kiss. Wafa slowly slides his  
arms off.

WAFa

I've gotta catch 'em.



PAUL  
This will never work, will it?

WAFU  
I'm sorry, Paul.

Paul watches Wafa leave.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Wafa's open suitcase is on the bed with several items surrounding it. Her cell phone is to her ear.

VOICE (V.O.)  
I show flight twenty-three is on time.

WAFU  
Great, thanks.

Wafa freezes.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Will that be all? Will that be all, ma'am?

WAFU  
Yeah...thanks.

Wafa hurriedly punches numbers on her cell phone.

WAFU  
Becky, is there a way to find out if someone checked the departure times of the five planes?

Wafa hastily throws the rest of the items into her suitcase.

WAFU  
To see if someone was making sure the planes were leaving on time.

She zips the suitcase closed.

WAFU  
Great!

Wafa rushes out the door with her suitcase.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

SUPER - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

INTERNET CAFE WORKER (20), skateboarder, even-tempered, mans the counter across from Wafa.

Wafa

Someone used one of your computers to check flight information on the nine-eleven planes. I'll need to investigate.

INTERNET CAFE WORKER

Do you have a search warrant?

Wafa irately takes out her cell phone and punches numbers.

Wafa

They want a search warrant.

BECKY (V.O.)

Wafa, I've got Tom here. I'll put you on speaker.

TOM (V.O.)

We'll get one.

Wafa

We're wasting time!

TOM (V.O.)

We'll get one!

Wafa

This is ridiculous!

TOM (V.O.)

Would you rather we do it like the Iraqi police and bust into homes without a reason?

BECKY (V.O.)

We can't jeopardize the case, Wafa.

LATER

The computer area is roped off with yellow police tape.

Wafa, Becky, Tom, and other F.B.I. agents watch AGENT type on a laptop connected to sophisticated electronic devices. The cursor arrow is pointed on the INTERNET HISTORY link.

BECKY

(To Wafa)

Good call about them hiding in a city with Muslims.

A photo of Amr Muhammed with his physical description pops up on the screen. The laptop screen flashes "AMR MUHAMMED." Wafa excitedly pumps her fist into the air.

ON MONITOR

AMR MUHAMMED: TOP RECRUITER OF TERRORISTS IN AL KAZIMIYAH, IRAQ (NORTHERN BAGHDAD REGION)...

Wafa goes from ecstatic to haunted.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Wafa and Becky tap on their laptop keyboards. Several mugshot photos of Amr, Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi are on the café table. They scan the passersby on the sidewalk.

Wafa glances up at a worker on a ladder. The worker installs a surveillance camera twenty feet high on a brick building. He covers the camera with a black, decorative ball. Becky's cell phone RINGS.

BECKY

Agent Dunn. Yeah. They may have gone to Canada, but Wafa doubts it. Figures. Yeah, they've gone C and H on us. Okay.

She closes her phone.

BECKY

Amr Muhammed went dark.

She sees Wafa doesn't understand.

BECKY

He hasn't used a credit card or anything since Nine-eleven.

Wafa

C and H?

BECKY

Cash and Hole. They're going to pay cash for everything and stay hidden in their hole.

WAFI

Now what?

BECKY

We scour Dearborn and hope the cameras get a hit.

INT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi play chess at the kitchen table. KNOCKING at the door.

Makin slowly rises from his chair. He pulls a gun from a kitchen drawer.

Rafi checks the peephole, unlocks and opens the door. Amr enters with the board games Sorry!, Trouble, Monopoly, and several grocery bags.

Rafi locks the door and excitedly takes the board games from Amr.

RAFI

Any word?

Duman and Abbud help Amr with the groceries. They pull canned goods from the bags.

ABBUD

Same crap!

MAKIN

Abbud!

DUMAN

How 'bout something new?

MAKIN

Duman!

AMR

They killed your brothers in Iraq and you're crying about the food?

Duman and Abbud could fit inside a AAA battery.

RAFI

How much longer do we have to wait?

AMR

We're waiting for the right conditions.

ABBUD

We've been waiting for the right conditions.

AMR

Keep waiting. Allah will reward you.

EXT. USED TRUCK LOT - NIGHT

A truck's headlights go out as it pulls to the front gates. Several MIDDLE EASTERN MEN hop out. One of them uses bolt cutters to chop a chain. Others pull open the gates. The men hustle in.

The SOUND of ENGINES starting.

Several delivery trucks speed through the gates with headlights off.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Amr checks out a small Cessna plane with owner ROBERT MALONEY (60), desperate, shady.

ROBERT

You been flying long?

AMR

How much?

ROBERT

Thirty-five. I'd take thirty-two.

Amr points at another plane.

AMR

That one?

ROBERT

I gotta get thirty-five.

Amr writes on a form.

AMR

Fifty for both.



MAKIN

Shut up, Rafi!

RAFI

Why come to Dearborn to blend in  
if we can't go outside?

MAKIN

What part of you don't exist  
anymore don't you understand? We  
stay until we do the job.

RAFI

There is no job!

Rafi hops onto the stationary bike and spins away.

INT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The four men sleep. Rafi wakes up. He sees everyone is  
asleep. He slips out of bed already dressed. He quietly  
unlocks the door and sneaks out into the darkness.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rafi walks along a street lined with Middle Eastern  
restaurants and cafes. Men sip tea and smoke hookah water  
pipes.

A tiny red light blinks inside the decorative, black ball on  
the brick building.

Automatic zoom in on Rafi's face as he approaches. Freeze  
frame of his face. The SHUTTER SOUND of a camera.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - SECURITY SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

A massive wall is covered with numerous TV monitors. Each  
monitor shows a city street. Several agents man row after  
row of computers. Pedestrians are constantly zoomed in on.

An ALARM BLARES. One of the monitors blinks rapidly. On  
the monitor is a close up of Rafi walking the city street.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wafa lies in bed reading a U.S. citizenship study guide. The  
TV is on The Weather Channel.

Wafa's cell phone RINGS.

WAFWA

Agent Ali.

BECKY (V.O.)

We got facial recognition of Rafi Raad walking the thirty-five hundred block of Main Street!

Wafa springs out of bed and disrobes.

BECKY (V.O.)

Suspect is wearing a black T-shirt and blue jeans!

Wafa throws on her clothes.

WAFWA

Any others with him?

BECKY (V.O.)

No.

Wafa grabs her keys and cell phone, and dashes out the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Wafa races along the restaurants and shops. She looks in every store she passes.

Wafa shows a restaurant hostess Rafi's photo. The hostess shakes her head.

Wafa shows a photo of Rafi to vendors and passersby who ignore her. A few look at the photo and shake their heads.

Wafa sees a white couple holding hands as they stroll down the street. In the opposite direction, Wafa watches a MIDDLE EASTERN MAN YELL and shake his fist at a WOMAN IN MUSLIM CLOTHING.

Wafa slows when she sees several sketchy Middle Eastern men loitering in front of a mosque. She sees several white people laughing across the street at a restaurant. Wafa crosses the street toward the white people.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Wafa and Becky sip coffee at an outdoor cafe. Wafa's bloodshot eyes scan the passersby. She notices Middle



Eastern men driving the cars while the women sit in the backseat.

BECKY  
Was anyone else killed besides  
your parents and brother?

Wafa  
No.

BECKY  
Did the U.S. ever apologize?

Wafa  
No...I never heard anything.

BECKY  
The pilots must've plugged in the  
wrong coordinates, or something.

Wafa  
I guess.

BECKY  
What were your parents and brother  
like?

Wafa gets up and exits onto the sidewalk.

Wafa  
How many agents have they brought  
in?

BECKY  
Plenty. Get some sleep.

Becky watches Wafa show the photos of Amr, Rafi, and the others as she heads down the street.

Wafa spots a mannequin wearing Muslim clothing in a display window of a women's clothing store. She enters the store.

LATER

Wafa exits the clothing store in full Muslim clothing.

Middle Eastern people crowd the restaurant-lined street.

Wafa shows the photos of the terrorists to pedestrians. The people look at the photos more closely than before.

Two Middle Eastern men, NIBAL NUSRAT (23), slick, crafty, and SIRHAN ANWAR (24), nervous, attentive, study Wafa. They close in on the F.B.I. agent.

Nibal and Sirhan peer over Wafa's shoulders.

Wafa

Have you seen these men?

Nibal and Sirhan are stunned to see the photos of Amr, Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi.

Wafa

This man was seen here last night.

Nibal and Sirhan slip away.

Wafa studies a girl on a skateboard holding a pizza box in one hand and eating a slice of pizza with the other. She sees a nearby pizza shop.

Pizza Delivery Boy exits the pizza shop with pizza boxes. Wafa focuses on Pizza Delivery boy who places the pizza boxes in a special container on his scooter. He rides off.

Becky sees Wafa dart into the pizza shop. She sprints toward the pizza shop.

INT. AMR'S APARTMENT - DAY

The shades are down on all the windows. Stacks of books pertaining to weather, tornadoes, and hurricanes are on a coffee table.

Amr trims his nails as he studies a U.S. wall map. The Weather Channel is on the TV.

A CHEF (55), white chef's outfit, an identical twin to Amr, prepares a meal.

KNOCKING. Amr signals to the chef to be quiet.

Amr sneaks up to the door with a large knife. He looks through the peephole. He opens the door. Nibal and Sirhan enter excitedly using gesticulations. Amr SLAMS his fist against the wall. The three men leave.

INT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Makin checks the peephole. He opens the door. Amr, Nibal, and Sirhan BURST in. Amr heads straight toward Rafi. He

shoves Rafi into the cardboard table. Chess pieces fly. Amr punches Rafi repeatedly.

Amr puts a knife to Rafi's throat. Fear fills Rafi's eyes.

RAFI

No! Don't!

AMR

You infidel! I oughta kill you!

Amr releases Rafi.

EXT. PIZZA STORE - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and Pizza Delivery Boy exit quickly carrying pizza boxes. They get into a car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Several cars quickly pull to the curb. Wafa, Becky, and Pizza Delivery Boy exit a car. Several armed agents flow out of the other vehicles.

EXT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and the other agents hide nearby. Pizza Delivery Boy nervously KNOCKS on the front door.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY

Pizza delivery.

He looks down at the ground in front of the door. He looks at Becky who motions for him to knock again. He KNOCKS.

PIZZA DELIVERY BOY

Pizza delivery!

Pizza Delivery Boy walks off with the pizzas. Wafa and the other agents come out of hiding. Becky stands off to the side as she BANGS on the door.

BECKY

F.B.I.! Open up!

Wafa nudges Becky aside. She KICKS open the door.

## INT. TERRORISTS' APARTMENT - DAY

The agents burst in with guns drawn. Agents check the bathroom. The place is empty except for discarded Chinese takeout and pizza boxes.

LATER

Wafa, Becky, and the other agents comb through and fingerprint the vacant apartment.

Wafa examines a wall map of the United States. She looks over at the TV.

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

## INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Nibal drives a step van into a warehouse. Amr immediately pushes a button. The bay door closes. Amr padlocks the door.

Nibal, Sirhan, Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi exit the step van. Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi grin as they cast their eyes all around.

Numerous Middle Eastern men mask off several delivery trucks. Nearby, several men spray paint delivery trucks brown. Other men place delivery company logo decals on newly-painted trucks.

Several U.S. postal delivery trucks, utility bucket trucks, dump trucks, and a tanker truck are parked nearby.

In a separate corner, men use paddles to mix chemicals in large vats. A man pours a large bag of chemicals into a vat.

In assembly line fashion, men carefully combine the mixture with other chemicals and fertilizers. They carefully place the finished product into bucket containers. They carefully stack the containers against a wall.

LATER

Cases of canned goods, tea, coffee, and bottled water are stacked high against a wall. The men use microwaves to heat their meals. Others eat while glued to The Weather Channel.

## WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER

(On TV)

Beautiful weather for much of the  
country tomorrow.

GROANING.

ABBUD

Damn it.

LATER

Several Middle Eastern men, including Makin, Duman, Abbud,  
and Rafi, sleep on the floor in sleeping bags. Amr counts  
the men and marks a sheet attached to a clipboard.

EXT. DESERT AIRPORT - DAY

The tiny abandoned building has dirty, broken windows.  
Tumbleweeds blow across the dirt runway.

Amr holds a two-way radio to his mouth. He watches two  
Cessnas approach the runway.

AMR

Easy. That's it.

One of the Cessnas touches down on the runway.

AMR

Up.

The plane takes off.

The second plane bounces off the ground several times.

AMR

Don't animal it! Take it up!

The plane takes off.

AMR

Just touch the ground and take  
off!

The planes approach the runway.

AMR

Easy. Easy.

They touch the ground before taking off again.

AMR

Good.

LATER

The two planes taxi into the airport hangar. In one plane are Makin and Abbud. In the other plane are Duman and Rafi.

Amr locks up the hangar. They get into a van and drive off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The terrorists eat while watching The Weather Channel.

WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER

Absolutely gorgeous weather for  
much of the country tomorrow.

GROANING.

ABBUD

This is never going to happen.

AMR

Allah will help us defeat the  
infidels.

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

It's narcissus heaven with every square inch of the walls covered with awards and framed photos of Tom with VIPs.

Tom punches keys on his computer.

ON COMPUTER

Amr Muhammed's mugshot and information pops up.

AMR MUHAMMED, TOP RECRUITER OF TERRORISTS, AL KAZIMIYAH  
(NORTHERN BAGHDAD REGION), IRAQ...

Tom TAPS keys.

ON COMPUTER

Wafa's mugshot and information pops up.

WAFI AHMED ALI, BORN: July 10, 1971, AL KAZIMIYAH, (NORTHERN  
BAGHDAD), IRAQ...

Tom stares at the words "AL KAZIMIYAH." Something occurs to him. He quickly TAPS keys.

ON COMPUTER

AMR MUHAMMED, TOP RECRUITER OF TERRORISTS, AL KAZIMIYAH  
(NORTHERN BAGHDAD REGION), IRAQ...

Tom stares at the words "TOP RECRUITER OF TERRORISTS, AL  
KAZIMIYAH."

INT. WAREHOUSE - AMR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The U.S. wall maps are heavily marked. Amr eats a TV dinner as he watches The Weather Channel.

WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Let's go to Dr. McCormick in the  
Extreme Weather Center.

DR. JOSEPH MCCORMICK (60), informative, analytical, points at a U.S. weather map.

DR. MCCORMICK  
Next week is going to be extremely  
nasty.

Amr stops chewing his food.

TV ROOM

The terrorists are glued to the TV.

DR. MCCORMICK  
Hurricanes, tornadoes, and a good  
chance for Santa Ana winds out  
west.

DUMAN  
Yes!

The terrorists CHEER.

RAFI  
Finally!

AMR'S OFFICE

Amr heads to a large wall map of the United States. Excited terrorists rush in.

Black marker arrows point at several U.S. cities. Amr writes "MAKIN'S GROUP" on the arrow pointing at Los Angeles. He writes other group names on the other arrows.

INT. LT. COL. SEAN WALTERS OFFICE - DAY

Tom and Lt. Col. Walters go over two open manila folders.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
These are the before and after  
bombing photos of her home.

Tom studies the photos.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
A couple things caught my eye.  
First, smart bombs rarely miss  
their target. You basically put  
the laser on the target and it  
hits it. Second--

TOM  
It's isolated.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
Right. If we were going after a  
nearby target, that'd be one  
thing.

TOM  
There's nothing near it.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
Look at the damage. That's a  
direct hit.

TOM  
She set that whole thing up about  
saving the soldiers from an I.E.D.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
Maybe.

TOM  
They get her over here knowing  
that the F.B.I. needs translators.

LT. COL. WALTERS  
One other thing. We didn't pay  
her any diyya.

The lieutenant sees that Tom doesn't understand.



LT. COL. WALTERS

We didn't pay her any blood money  
for killing her family.

TOM

So.

LT. COL. WALTERS

If it's black we pay. If it's  
white we don't pay. If it's gray,  
if there's any question whether  
the U.S. accidentally killed an  
innocent person, we always pay.

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

Tom sits in his throne of a chair. Becky stands on the  
other side of his huge, mahogany desk.

TOM (O.S.)

The Iraqi government sent her  
here.

BECKY (O.S.)

You have no proof.

TOM

She always knows what the  
terrorists are going to do.

BECKY

Because she grew up in the Middle  
East.

TOM

Because she grew up in a family of  
terrorists.

BECKY

C'mon.

TOM

She drove that smoke pot hoping to  
get pulled over. Nice guy cop  
comes along, feels sorry for her,  
gets her a job at the F.B.I.

BECKY

Ridiculous.

TOM

They know D.C. cops have connections to the F.B.I. I wouldn't be surprised if the cop's in on it.

BECKY

Bull.

TOM

They knew she'd be an easy convert 'cause we killed her family.

BECKY

The State Department trusted her enough to get her a special visa.

TOM

They give visas to anyone who cries them a river.

BECKY

She's not a double.

TOM

Bull! She Trojan-horsed her way in here. We're getting rid of her.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

ROOM BEHIND A ONE-WAY MIRROR

Several agents watch through a one-way mirror as Tom and Becky question Wafa. A video camera on a tripod records the interrogation.

TOM (V.O.)

Smart bombs don't just go off course and hit houses!

BECKY (V.O.)

It was a clear day, Wafa.

TOM (V.O.)

They couldn't have goofed up!

INTERROGATION ROOM

Becky opens the file with the before and after bombing photos of Wafa's house. Wafa calmly stares at the photos.

BECKY

They had the right house, didn't they?

TOM

This whole thing was so you could get inside the F.B.I.!

BECKY

Why did they bomb your place, Wafa?

TOM

Why did they bomb your place?

Wafa

I was too embarrassed.

BECKY

Embarrassed of what?

Wafa has a far-off look.

Wafa

I tried to block it out...like they weren't part of my life.

BECKY

Who? Block what out?

Wafa

My family.

BECKY

Why block them out?

Wafa takes an eternity to answer.

Wafa

They were terrorists.

Becky is stunned.

TOM

And so are you.

Wafa

No. I tried to get them to change, but they were in too deep.

BECKY

What did they do...as terrorists?

Wafa

They set off a bomb at an outdoor marketplace...killed seventeen people. When the rescuers came, a second bomb killed eleven more.

Becky

How did you find out about your family?

Wafa

When I visited my brother in the hospital. He lost some fingers making a bomb.

Tom

You're suspended. Give me your badge and gun.

Becky

It's procedure.

Wafa hands Tom her badge and gun.

Wafa

It's American rules.

Tom

Would you rather we do it like you animals in the Middle East...corrupt and no justice? We don't need you anymore.

Tom leaves. Two agents enter.

Becky

Why didn't you tell us?

Wafa

I guess I was hoping to make up for my family by catching the terrorists and Amr Muhammed.

Becky

Why Amr Muhammed?

Wafa

He recruited my family.

Becky is surprised.

The two agents escort Wafa out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jovial Middle Eastern men load the bucket containers filled with explosives into the delivery and utility trucks.

Amr watches Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi get into a step van. The men excitedly pump their fists out the windows.

MAKIN

Allah Akbar!

DUMAN

Allah Akbar!

ABBUD

Allah Akbar!

Amr pushes a button. The bay door rolls up. The step van leaves. Amr pushes a button. The bay door closes.

INT. WAFAS APARTMENT - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and Tom watch as F.B.I. agents wearing latex gloves turn Wafa's apartment upside down looking for clues.

Agents place items in clear bags marked "EVIDENCE." An agent leaves with Wafa's computer.

TOM

(To Wafa)

Don't leave town.

Tom exits.

Agents march out with cardboard file boxes.

Becky looks back at Wafa before she exits.

Wafa looks over her ruined apartment. She snatches the citizenship study guide off the coffee table and heaves it across the room. It strikes the American flag, almost knocking it over.

Wafa looks out her window. She sees police officers in a car staking out her place.

Wafa retrieves the study guide booklet and straightens the American flag. She reads the booklet.

INT. MUSEUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY - DAY

Wafa browses the exhibits including the ruby red slippers from "The Wizard of Oz." She notices two men in suits watching her.

Wafa studies time line charts of The Emancipation Proclamation and Women's Suffrage exhibits.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES - DAY

Wafa reads The Declaration of Independence.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

SUPER - TORNADO ALLEY

The wind HOWLS. The rain is relentless. A step van is parked under a highway overpass. Rafi, dressed as a construction worker, stays with the van as a lookout.

Makin, Duman, and Abbud, also dressed as construction workers, are under the overpass. They place the last of several bombs under the overpass.

They run down the concrete ramp to the highway. They hop into the step van. The step van leaves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Several Middle Eastern men, including Nibal and Sirhan, load their personal belongings into the trucks and step vans.

Amr waits by the bay door. He pushes a button. The bay door rolls up.

The caravan of vehicles rolls out.

NIBAL NUSRAT

Allah Akbar!

SIRHAN ANWAR

Allah Akbar!

The last vehicle rolls out. Amr pushes a button and steps outside. The bay door closes on the empty warehouse.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

A utility truck with no lights on is parked under the overpass. A steady rain cascades off each side of the overpass.

Nibal and Sirhan, dressed in construction outfits, strategically place bombs under the overpass.

A police car pulls behind the utility truck.

Nibal spots the patrol car. He taps Sirhan on the back. Sirhan sees the patrol car. He covers a bomb with a box. Nibal feels his gun in his waistband.

A police officer, OFFICER JERRY STINES, 40, a mountain of a man, well-respected, gets out of his patrol car. He sees the two men under the bridge. He cups his hands to act as a megaphone.

OFFICER STINES

Hey!

Nibal and Sirhan feel their guns as they head down the concrete ramp toward the officer.

OFFICER STINES

Put your flashers on!

SIRHAN ANWAR

Yes, officer.

Sirhan jogs over to the utility truck.

OFFICER STINES

What are you guys doing?

NIBAL NUSRAT

Checking for cracks, tightening a few bolts.

Nibal and Sirhan watch with bated breath as Officer Stines strides to his car.

Officer Stines hops into his car and drives off.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

CHATTER ROOM

Becky and Tom burst in. Agents type as fast as humanly possible. Tom and Becky lean over the agents' shoulders to read their computer screens.

BECKY  
The chatter's off the charts.

TOM  
We should just blow up the whole damn Middle East.

INTEL ROOM

Several agents scramble throughout the room which is jam-packed with white boards.

Becky and Tom frantically scan the white boards.

Agents add more information to the white boards.

VOICE (O.S.)  
We're out of space!

TOM  
Write on the damn walls!

The agents write on the walls.

TOM  
Damn it! What are they going to do?

BECKY  
How much time?

TOM  
Maybe forty-eight hours, maybe forty-eight seconds. Get New York and Washington buttoned up.

Becky darts off.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

MONTAGE - POLICE SCOUR CITY STREETS

-- Police use bomb-sniffing dogs to check mail boxes, trash cans, and planters.

-- Police check underground parking structures.

-- Police place steel barricades around skyscrapers.



-- Police direct traffic at subway and bus terminals.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

SUPER - MALL OF AMERICA, BLOOMINGTON, MINNESOTA

The last shoppers exit. MALL SECURITY GUARD (22), obese, incompetent, locks the mall doors.

MEN'S STORE

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN (30), ruthless, serene, enters wearing a suit. MEN'S STORE OWNER (60), unaware, well-intentioned, sees Middle Eastern Man eyeing neckties.

MEN'S STORE OWNER

Good evening, sir. We'll be closing shortly.

Middle Eastern Man watches Men's Store Owner enter a dressing room.

DRESSING ROOM

Men's Store Owner gathers hangars, neckties, and suits. A shadow comes over him.

Middle Eastern Man pulls a necktie tightly around Men's Store Owner's neck. Men's Store Owner struggles. He GASPS. His lifeless body drops to the floor.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SUPER: EUDORA, KANSAS

A brown step van pulls to the front. Numerous armed MIDDLE EASTERN men jump out of the back of the step van. They hustle toward the front entrance. The step van leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A POLICE OFFICER sits behind the front counter. A wall clock reads: EIGHT FORTY-FIVE. The dispatch radio periodically CRACKLES to life with voices of officers.

The Middle Eastern men BURST in through the front doors. The police officer reaches for his gun, but thinks better of it when he sees weapons pointed at him.

Some of the men spray paint the video surveillance camera lenses. Amr grabs a key ring off the front counter. Another duct tapes the officer's mouth. They lead the officer at gun point to a door.

One of the men, FAKE DISPATCHER (25), slides into the front counter seat. He adjusts the microphone to his level.

A terrorist tosses Fake Dispatcher a police uniform. Fake Dispatcher puts on the police uniform.

The officer shows Amr which key to use. Amr unlocks the door.

#### BACK ROOM

Several police officers do paperwork at their desks.

The door opens slightly. Amr scans the room.

The door bursts open. The terrorists race down the aisles and point their weapons at the officers who surrender.

#### JAIL ROOM

The police officers are herded into jail cells.

#### FRONT COUNTER

Several terrorists are in police uniforms.

Fake Dispatcher has a phone to his ear. He writes on a paper.

FAKE DISPATCHER

We'll send an officer. Thank you.

Fake Dispatcher hangs up and gives the paper to one of the terrorists in police uniform. The terrorist exits.

#### EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

TERRORIST (25), shady, places orange construction cones at the entrance. He ropes off the area with yellow tape, then places a sign which reads: NO ENTRANCE. UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

A Ford pickup pulls up to the electric gate. A hand punches numbers on a code box. The gate opens. The pickup truck enters. Terrorist sneaks in before the gate closes.

Terrorist jogs to the back of the building. He peeks around the building. There are several police vehicles and gas pumps. Terrorist speaks into a two-way radio.

TERRORIST  
Night crew is here.

Several plainclothes officers park their cars and head toward the station.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Amr holds a two-way radio.

AMR  
Okay.

Hidden armed terrorists watch a back door.

Arriving officers punch a time clock. The terrorists overtake the officers.

The terrorists shove the officers into jail cells. They SLAM the steel doors closed. An armed terrorist stands guard.

At gunpoint, a police officer opens the ammunition storage room. It's loaded with weapons and ammunition. The terrorists load weapons and ammunition into duffel bags.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The terrorists, dressed in police uniforms, load the duffel bags into police cars.

Several police cars speed out the electric gate.

INT. MALL OF AMERICA SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

The mall is dark and empty. Mall Security Guard admires a window display mannequin in lingerie.

MEN'S STORE

Middle Eastern Man lightly dusts while he keeps an eye on Mall Security Guard.

## EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS. A police car is parked under the overpass. A Middle Eastern man, dressed in a police uniform, places several packages under the overpass.

## EXT. RAILROAD YARD - NIGHT

Numerous railroad tracks parallel one another. In heavy winds, several WORKERS load and connect freight cars.

Three utility trucks with headlights off pull onto a dirt road next to the railroad tracks.

Several MEN in dark clothing with backpacks exit the trucks and sneak toward the tracks.

The men place bombs on the railroad tracks, under freight cars, and under railroad trestles.

## EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A terrorist, dressed as a police officer, places a package in a planter.

## EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A terrorist, dressed as a police officer, places a package in shrubbery near the front fountain.

## EXT. MALL OF AMERICA SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

A brown, delivery step van pulls to the curb.

DELIVERY MAN (25), Middle Eastern, callous, jogs toward the mall entrance doors with a parcel and clipboard. He tugs on the handle. LOCKED. He POUNDS on the doors.

## INT. MALL OF AMERICA SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Middle Eastern Man sees Delivery Man. He watches Mall Security Guard waddle to the mall entrance doors. Mall Security Guard points at his wristwatch.

MALL SECURITY GUARD  
Come back tomorrow!

DELIVERY MAN

Men's store is waiting for it!

Mall Security Guard turns and sees the lights on in the men's store. He sees the delivery truck outside. He unlocks the door. Delivery Man enters.

MALL SECURITY GUARD

I'm not supposed to do this.

Delivery Man whips a gun out from under the clipboard.

Several armed Middle Eastern men pile out of the back of the step van and hustle into the mall.

A Middle Eastern man dressed in a mall security uniform rips the ring of keys off Mall Security Guard. He locks the door. Mall Security Guard is rushed off to the men's store kicking and SCREAMING.

The Middle Eastern men fan out hiding bombs in planters and trash cans.

INT. WAFAS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wafa uses the remote to turn on the TV. The Weather Channel is on. WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER (40), informative, alert, speaks excitedly.

ON TV

WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER

In all the years we've been covering the weather, we've never seen anything like this!

Wafa looks up at the TV.

WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER

Let's go to our Extreme Weather Expert Dr. Joe McCormick who's in the Extreme Weather Room.

A concerned Dr. McCormick points at a map of the U.S.

DR. MCCORMICK

I've never seen anything like this in my forty years of covering the weather.

Wafa perks up.

DR. MCCORMICK

The tornadoes we had yesterday and today, while significant, are nothing compared to what's in store for tomorrow.

Wafa turns up the volume.

DR. MCCORMICK

Pay close attention, because most of the nation will be under attack.

Wafa's eyes get big.

DR. MCCORMICK

There is a very strong possibility of violent E-F-4 and E-F-5 tornadoes across a large swath of the middle of the U.S. These will be both long track and wide track tornadoes, so the damage is going to be something we've never seen before.

FLASHBACK - A DIRT ROAD IN IRAQ

Wafa fights through a sandstorm. She barely makes out Young Man quickly burying an I.E.D. in the road. Wafa and Young Man lock eyes.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

DR. MCCORMICK

All of this just as three massive hurricanes, Lisa, Mabel, and Nancy slam into Florida, the Gulf, and the east coast. The flooding from the storm surge will be substantial.

WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Unbelievable.

DR. MCCORMICK

That's not all.

Dr. McCormick points to the west coast.

DR. MCCORMICK

It's going to be a tinder box out west as hot, dry Santa Ana winds will present an enormous fire hazard.

Wafa hastily punches numbers on her cell phone.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - NIGHT

CONFERENCE ROOM

Tom, Becky, and several agents, including AGENT SCOTT WILLIAMSON (35), surround the conference table.

Becky's phone VIBRATES on the table. She checks the screen.

BECKY

It's Wafa.

Becky reaches for her phone.

TOM

Don't answer it!

Becky's phone VIBRATES. She peeks at the phone.

A text message on the screen reads: ATTACK TOMORROW! Becky's face screams concern.

BECKY

She says they're gonna attack tomorrow!

TOM

She tells us after she knows we're on to her.

BECKY

She says there's a good chance they'll set fires out west.

TOM

Her superiors told her to say that so we'd let her back in the loop.

BECKY

You don't know that! She says they're gonna hit where the storms are, not New York and Washington.

TOM  
Ask her why she thinks that.

Becky types on her phone.

TOM  
Terrorists don't stop going after  
targets until they've finished  
them off.

BECKY  
She says the U.S. will be  
preoccupied with all the storms.

Tom's eyes double in size.

BECKY  
It'll be hard to fight back and by  
then it'll be too late.

Tom springs to his feet and waves for Messenger.

TOM  
Get her on speaker!

Becky pushes a button on her phone. Messenger enters.

TOM  
Get me George Mathis at the Storm  
Prediction Center! Now!

Messenger dashes out. Tom paces the room.

Wafa (V.O.)  
The police and rescue teams will  
be busy with all the storms. This  
is the break they've waited for!

Tom signals for MESSENGER TWO (22). Messenger Two enters.

TOM  
Get me The President and the  
Secretary of the Interior now!

Messenger Two rushes out.

TOM  
The President doesn't even know  
what Wafa knows.

BECKY  
What does she know?



TOM  
Damn it! Mathis was supposed to  
call me!

BECKY  
What's going on, Tom?

TOM  
Other agents and I used to think  
up different scenarios how  
terrorists could attack us.

Tom uses the TV remote control to change to The Weather  
Channel.

TOM  
Then we'd try to come up with the  
best ways to prevent those  
attacks.

On the TV, Dr. McCormick gestures at several tornadoes on a  
map.

TOM  
We wondered, what if the U.S. were  
attacked while it was being  
slammed by tornadoes, hurricanes,  
and floods? I ran it by Mathis.

BECKY  
And?

TOM  
He didn't answer for a good  
fifteen seconds. He said if the  
U.S. were attacked under those  
circumstances, we wouldn't stand a  
chance.

AGENT SCOTT WILLIAMSON  
They waited all this time for  
this?

Wafa (V.O.)  
They're extremists.

AGENT SCOTT WILLIAMSON  
I know, but--

Messenger rushes in winded.

MESSENGER

George Mathis was in a motorcycle accident. He's in a coma.

INTEL ROOM

F.B.I. agents race around. Wafa enters and immediately heads straight to Tom.

BECKY

Alright, end it.

Becky steps between the two, but Wafa holds her ground.

WAFa

I've had to live my life in shame knowing what my family did. I may be from the Middle East, but I'm as American as anyone here.

Tom slowly nods.

TOM

We just learned that the pilot who bombed your house knew you weren't involved with your family. She waited until you were out of your house. That's why you're alive.

Wafa is surprised.

The three stride to a touch screen map of the U.S. Tom touches the screen. An economic map of the U.S. pops up.

BECKY

Where are they going to attack?

WAFa

Infrastructure targets.

TOM

Won't they hit soft targets?

BECKY

They could to scare the public.

Becky taps the screen. A physical map of the U.S. comes up.

WAFa

They could hit those anytime. They're gonna use the storms and go big.

TOM  
The electrical grid? The  
Strategic Petroleum Reserve?

Wafa  
Maybe.

BECKY  
But those are always on high  
alert, storm or no storm.

Wafa taps the screen. A transportation infrastructure map  
pops up.

BECKY  
Roads and bridges.

Wafa  
Communications. That's the first  
thing you, we hit in the Iraq War.

TOM  
The U.S. would come to a  
standstill.

BECKY  
Computers, business transactions,  
airline takeoff and landings.

TOM  
Stock markets would sell off.

BECKY  
Damn it! Where are they gonna  
strike?

TOM  
Wherever the storms hit tomorrow.

Wafa ponders this.

Wafa  
No. Where the storms hit the last  
couple days!

Wafa quickly flags down Messenger.

BECKY  
That's a huge area.

Messenger enters.

TOM

We need to send out warnings to all the key targets in the areas hit by tornadoes the last couple days.

Tom and Messenger quickly exit.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A highway patrol officer exits his vehicle under an overpass. He races up the concrete ramp. He spots bombs under the overpass. He speaks into his radio as he races down the concrete ramp.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

INTEL ROOM

Wafa studies the boards intensely. Agent Scott Williamson hustles in and hands a note to an agent updating the boards. Wafa scrambles over.

AGENT SCOTT WILLIAMSON

Highway patrol just found bombs under an I-80 overpass near Lincoln, Nebraska.

The updating agent places a pushpin in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Becky and Tom rush in toward Wafa.

BECKY

You heard?

Wafa

Yeah. Can we get video of that overpass and I-80 from the last couple days?

Tom signals a messenger who heads over.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

SUPER - MIAMI, FLORIDA

The angry, gray ocean shakes violently. Waves POUND the beach and splash high over the sea wall. Palm trees bend to the breaking point. Rain stings a lone TV news crew.

There's no traffic on the street which parallels the beach. Plywood protects the boarded up shop and hotel windows.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

SUPER - FLORIDA TURNPIKE

Traffic crawls in one direction. The other side of the highway is wide open.

Traffic stops on and under an overpass.

EARSPLITTING BLASTS as BOMBS DETONATE simultaneously under the overpass. Concrete shoots in all directions. SCREAMS. The overpass collapses onto the stopped traffic below.

Traffic is stopped under another overpass. An EARSPLITTING EXPLOSION. SCREAMS. The overpass collapses onto the stopped traffic below.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Agents put color-coded push pins into the U.S. wall map.

Wafa

They found more under an overpass  
in Salina, Kansas!

An agent puts a push pin in Kansas.

Tom has a cell phone to his ear.

Tom

They just blew up two overpasses  
on the Florida Turnpike!

Wafa and Becky hustle over.

Messenger hands Tom a paper and leaves.

Tom

There's bombs all over the  
Junction City, Kansas railyard!

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A bomb squad robot places a bomb into a steel container.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and Tom scan a massive wall of monitors showing live coverage of railroad yards, highway overpasses, and other key targets. Some monitors show bomb squad robots painstakingly removing bombs.

Wafa  
They're too slow.

INT. AMR'S APARTMENT - DAY

The shades are down on all the windows.

Amr and his chef enjoy watching TV news coverage of the bombed Florida Turnpike overpasses. Something occurs to Amr. He punches numbers on his cell phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION AMR AND MAKIN

INT. VAN - DAY

Makin, Duman, Abbud, and Rafi motor down a highway. The SOUND of glass CLINKING in the back of the van. Makin answers his cell phone.

Makin  
We're still a couple hours out.

Amr  
When are the other bombs going off?

Makin  
This afternoon when the tornadoes kick up.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and Tom watch the monitors.

Wafa  
Can't they go faster? They're gonna catch on when the bombs don't go off.

Tom  
We could feed the media...say more overpasses have blown up to stall them.

WAFB

Just have the robots get the bombs  
away from the structures and blow  
them up in nearby fields.

Tom gets on his phone.

INT. WEATHER CHANNEL STUDIO - DAY

Several workers, including WEATHER CHANNEL WORKER (25), sit  
at computers punching keys. Live weather patterns start and  
stop on the monitors.

Weather Channel Worker turns excitedly.

WEATHER CHANNEL WORKER

Supercell storms are developing  
near the triple point twenty miles  
southwest of Omaha!

Dr. McCormick checks a computer. He hustles to a monitor.

WEATHER CHANNEL NEWSCASTER

Let's go to Dr. McCormick for  
breaking news.

DR. MCCORMICK

We've got our first tornadoes on  
the ground. If you're in the  
areas of Patterson or Garfield you  
need to seek shelter immediately.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

An enormous stovepipe tornado plows through a corn field as  
it heads for a farmhouse.

Ears of corn zip through the air like bullets fired from an  
AK-47. The corn shoots through the side of a barn.

The farmhouse sails straight up to the heavens.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SUPER: LAWRENCE, KANSAS

OFFICER MCGREGOR (30), a mountain of a man, does paperwork.

LAWRENCE POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Car Twenty-seven, come in.

OFFICER MCGREGOR

Go.

LAWRENCE POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

We've received some calls from  
Eudora Police wives who say their  
husbands never came back from  
their night shift.

OFFICER MCGREGOR

What?

LAWRENCE POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

We called over there, but got the  
runaround. Captain says to check  
it out.

OFFICER MCGREGOR

I'm on my way.

INT. AMR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Amr grows impatient as he watches the TV news. He punches  
numbers on his cell phone.

AMR

They still haven't gone off.

MAKIN (V.O.)

They should've.

AMR

Set 'em off again!

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and Tom watch robots slowly take bombs out to  
fields. The robots retreat. The bombs explode.

Wafa

There's not enough robots.

TOM

They're gonna have to go in and  
grab 'em.

BECKY

Without the robots?

TOM

We'll chance it.



Tom gets on his cell phone.

On several of the monitors, men in heavy bomb squad suits hustle bombs away from structures. They place the bombs in nearby fields and hustle away. The bombs EXPLODE.

INT. AMR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Amr's chef serves a plate of food to Amr. Amr watches the TV news. He perks up when he sees bomb squad personnel extracting bombs on a split screen. TV NEWS ANCHOR (50), reports.

TV NEWS ANCHOR  
We're receiving several reports of  
bomb experts dismantling bombs.

Amr punches numbers on his cell phone.

INT. VAN - DAY

Makin answers his cell phone.

AMR (V.O.)  
Hurry! They're finding the bombs!

Makin rapidly dials in the codes on his other cell phone.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A man in a bomb squad suit rushes a bomb away from an overpass. The bomb EXPLODES.

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Wafa, Becky, and Tom GASP.

Wafa  
Damn it!

Messenger sprints in.

MESSENGER  
We got footage of utility trucks  
under overpasses.

Wafa, Becky, Tom, and Messenger hustle out.

INTEL ROOM

Wafa, Becky, and Tom burst in. They head straight to a computer manned by Agent Scott Williamson. The computer shows surveillance video of a utility truck and Middle Eastern men under a highway overpass.

TOM  
(To Agent  
Williamson)  
Throw as many agents as you can on  
it.

Agent Scott Williamson hustles off.

BECKY  
(To Tom)  
Where do you want us?

Wafa looks at a U.S. wall map.

WAFWA  
Send us out west. They didn't have  
any storms, so whatever they do  
there will have to be done out in  
the open in real time.

TOM  
Get going.

Wafa and Becky race out of the room.

EXT. EUDORA POLICE STATION - DAY

Officer McGregor pulls to the front and exits his patrol car. Several police wives anxiously meet him. The group heads up the stairs to the front doors.

A few terrorists, dressed as officers, exit the station. They escort the group into the station.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Men load AK-47s and fifty caliber machine guns onto a jet as Wafa and Becky climb aboard.

The door closes. The jet rolls onto the tarmac.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The wind SHRIEKS as dark, ominous clouds approach.

Three dump trucks loaded with bricks, gravel, and broken glass are parked on the shoulder. Behind each wheel is a Middle Eastern man. The three dump trucks head off.

The dump trucks slow down in front of a large city surrounded by an eerie, green sky.

The hydraulic rams partially lift the beds of the trucks. A trail of bricks, gravel, and glass pours onto the highway.

Tornado sirens WAIL. Heavy rain and golf ball-sized hail bounces off the ground.

The three dump trucks pass a police car on the side of the road. The police car speeds onto the road with its SIRENS ROARING and lights flashing.

The police car passes the three dump trucks and pulls to the shoulder.

Officer Stines exits his patrol car.

OFFICER STINES

You're leaking all over the damn  
highway!

The lead dump truck RAMS Officer Stines who flies through the air. Another dump truck CRASHES into the patrol car sending it down an embankment. The three dump trucks proceed down the highway.

Tornadoes suck up the trail of bricks, gravel, and glass as they cross the highway and head for the city.

Terrified people fight the wind as they exit their vehicles. They desperately try to run up under an overpass. They hold on for dear life at the top, oblivious to nearby bombs.

The wind velocity intensifies. A DEAFENING FREIGHT TRAIN SOUND.

The bricks, gravel, and glass SCREAM through the air. Several people and cars are struck by the debris.

The force of the tight, whipping winds spits people out from under the overpass. Bodies are strewn across the highway.

People exit their cars to help the accident victims. Some see approaching tornadoes and dash off.

A MIDDLE EASTERN MAN sees a dazed victim. He rushes over to her. He carries her to a nearby ditch. He covers her with his body as flying debris ZIPS overhead.

Petrified passengers watch as enormous tornadoes close in on their trapped vehicles.

The DEAFENING FREIGHT TRAIN SOUND drowns out their SCREAMS.

INT. YOUNG FAMILY'S CAR - DAY

A YOUNG FAMILY with an infant watches in horror as the terrifying tornadoes approach their trapped vehicle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The twisting menaces slam into the cars like giant tidal waves.

Young Family's car shakes violently. The car rises twenty feet off the ground, turns one hundred eighty degrees, and is gently set back down.

EXT. CITY - DAY

People run for cover inside buildings.

The tornadoes fire bricks and other debris at skyscrapers. Glass shatters and falls onto people below.

The tornadoes leave pockmarked skyscraper shells and ripped open buildings.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER - ONTARIO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The wind whips violently. Makin and Abbud load the apple and banana boxes into a small Cessna. Nearby, Duman and Rafi load boxes into a small Cessna.

The two planes shake as they taxi onto the tarmac.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - DAY

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (60), cautious, sees the planes on the tarmac.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
You gotta be kidding.

INT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin and Abbud prepare to turn down the runway.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
 You guys aren't going up in these  
 winds, are you?

Makin speaks into the microphone on his headphones.

MAKIN  
 We fly in these winds all the  
 time. We have to deliver medical  
 supplies.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
 Hold on.

ABBUD  
 (To Makin)  
 Let's go.

Makin and Abbud wait nervously.

Makin moves the throttle forward. The plane moves forward.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - DAY

Air Traffic Controller watches the two Cessnas roll down the runway.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
 Hold on! I didn't clear you!

He grabs a telephone and punches numbers. The planes take off.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Nibal and Sirhan load boxes into a small plane.

MONTAGE - SMALL PLANES TAKE OFF FROM DIFFERENT AIRPORTS

-- A small plane takes off from a large airport.

-- A small plane takes off from a small airport.

-- Two small planes take off from a windy airport.

INT. F.B.I. JET - DAY

Wafa and Becky go over paperwork. Wafa's phone RINGS.

Wafa

Agent Ali.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION Wafa/TOM

INT. F.B.I. BUILDING - DAY

Tom paces in the Intel Room.

TOM

Two small planes just busted out of Ontario Airport. They're heading toward L.A.

Wafa

They're gonna torch L.A.

TOM

They got more planes. They're going to try to burn the west coast.

Wafa is stunned.

TOM

Listen, Wafa. We've got jet fighters on the way, so stay out of their way. You hear me?

Wafa

Where's Amr Muhammed?

TOM

We still don't know. Give the jets plenty of room.

Wafa closes her phone.

INT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin pilots the plane. Abbud is in the back of the plane. He pours gasoline from a five gallon container into the jars.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Nibal flies the plane at low altitude. Sirhan prepares Molotov cocktails.

NIBAL NUSRAT

Get ready!

Sirhan opens a door. The wind knocks over some of the unlighted Molotov cocktails. Gasoline pours down to the back of the plane. Sirhan sees that Nibal hasn't noticed.

NIBAL NUSRAT

Go!

Sirhan uses a lighter to light a Molotov cocktail. Sirhan drops the cocktail out the door. The two men watch the cocktail hit the ground and splash fire over the dry brush. The gusty winds quickly spread the fire.

NIBAL NUSRAT

Keep going!

Sirhan lights another cocktail. He drops it out the window. The brush bursts into flames.

INT. F.B.I. JET - DAY

Wafa looks all around out her window.

INT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin looks down at the mountains. He sees the tall skyscrapers of downtown Los Angeles in the distance.

Abbud slides open a door.

MAKIN

Get ready!

Abbud lights a Molotov cocktail.

MAKIN

Now!

Abbud releases the cocktail. The cocktail smashes into a pine tree and immediately spreads to other trees.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Police officers stand next to their patrol cars with guns drawn.

The Cessna approaches low in the sky. The officers unload their weapons on the Cessna, but it continues on.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The bomb in the planter EXPLODES. An ambulance cartwheels through the air. The carport overhang collapses. A section of the front facade collapses.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The harbor is packed with boats heading out to the ocean.

People quickly load supplies onto boats. People help one another onto boats.

Several boats wait just off the coast. They watch as Los Angeles is ablaze.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Smoke fills the Los Angeles basin.

All freeways leaving Los Angeles are jammed.

People and cars race down smoke-filled streets.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A firefighting plane drops a load of red chemicals on a fire.

INT. F.B.I. JET - DAY

The jet zips past a large fire.

Agony grips Wafa's face as she sees several fires. She punches buttons on her cell phone.

Wafa  
Where are the jet fighters?



TOM (V.O.)  
Still a few minutes out.

Wafa closes her phone.

WAFWA  
Damn it!

Becky pushes an intercom button.

BECKY  
We gotta stall 'em.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Copy that. We just got a visual.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Sirhan lights a Molotov cocktail and prepares to drop it out the door. The F.B.I. jet SCREAMS past. The airplane shakes from the shock wave. Sirhan almost falls out.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The jet banks a hard turn.

The two planes close in on one another.

The two planes narrowly miss.

Two jet fighters speed toward the plane.

A barrage of bullets rip into the plane's fuselage and Sirhan.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Sirhan doubles over in the doorway while still grasping the lighted Molotov cocktail. His shirt catches fire.

Nibal sees Sirhan engulfed in flames. He bolts from his pilot's seat and kicks Sirhan out the door.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Black smoke shoots out the back of the airplane. The plane takes a forty-five degree angle toward the ground. It SMASHES into the ground and BURSTS into flames.

EXT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - DAY

Two police helicopters flank the Cessna. Abbud hastily drops lighted Molotov cocktails out the door.

HELICOPTER POLICEMAN'S voice BLASTS over a public address system.

HELICOPTER POLICEMAN (V.O.)  
This is your last warning! Bring  
your plane down immediately!

INT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin unfastens his seatbelt and heads to the back of the plane.

MAKIN  
Keep going!

Abbud hastily lights a Molotov cocktail and throws it out the window. He prepares another Molotov cocktail.

Makin grabs a machine gun. He aims the gun at one of the police helicopters.

EXT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - DAY

Makin FIRES a hail of bullets. The helicopters bank hard turns and disappear.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The F.B.I. jet is flanked by the two jet fighters. The three jets trail the unsuspecting Cessna. The jet fighters pull away from the F.B.I. jet.

The jet fighters SHOOT a storm of bullets into the Cessna's fuselage. It EXPLODES into a ball of fire and drops from the sky.

The two jet fighters head up the coast.

INT. F.B.I. HELICOPTER - DAY

Wafa and Becky get a tour of the city.

Wafa sees fire trucks racing towards fires.

Most of the fires are extinguished. Residual smoke rises.

Eastern sections of Los Angeles are blackened, but almost all of the city is saved.

Becky sees a despondent Wafa looking out her window.

BECKY

Don't worry. This is when  
Americans are at their best.

Wafa looks down at all the activity on the ground. She sees NEIGHBORS helping neighbors. She sees RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS handing out water bottles and blankets.

Wafa's concerned look turns into a smile.

Wafa sees POLICE and neighbors helping ELDERLY NEIGHBORS evacuate their homes.

Wafa sees MEDICS tending to INJURED PEOPLE.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Boaters see a pier on fire. They race toward the pier.

SEVERAL BOATERS use their boat pumps to shoot water at the engulfed pier.

MIDDLE EASTERN POWER BOATER tilts his motor up and then gives the engine full throttle. A large rooster tail of water blasts out and extinguishes the flames. PEOPLE on the beach APPLAUD.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Bomb squads use robots to dismantle bombs.

INT. CAR - DAY

TWO MEN IN SUITS stake out Amr's apartment from an empty lot across the street.

For the first time, the shades are up on all of Amr's windows. The men in suits see Amr and his chef through one of the windows.

The men observe the chef lead Amr out of the apartment and check to make sure the coast is clear.

The men see Amr get into a black Nissan and leave. They see the chef return to the apartment.

The men follow the car from a distance. More cars join in.

The black Nissan speeds away. The cars race to keep up.

The black Nissan swerves in and out of traffic like a slalom course.

The Nissan barely misses a car head-on. The cars stay in hot pursuit.

EXT. EUDORA POLICE STATION - DAY

Several Lawrence, Kansas police cars and S.W.A.T. vans surround the building.

Relatives of the captive police officers wait anxiously.

The front doors fly open. The hostage police officers spill out. The police wives race to their husbands and hug them.

Police cars escort an unmarked patrol car to the front of the station.

Police officers exit the police cars. Wafa and Becky exit the unmarked car. They help a handcuffed MIDDLE EASTERN MAN out of the back seat.

INT. EUDORA POLICE STATION - DAY

The place is swarming with police officers. Fake Dispatcher and several terrorists are handcuffed.

Wafa and Becky take their prisoner towards the terrorists. Becky sees fire in Wafa's eyes.

BECKY

Easy, Wafa.

Years of anger boil just below the surface as Wafa marches up to Fake Dispatcher.

Wafa rips the badge off Fake Dispatcher.

Becky has her cell phone to her ear.

BECKY

Is he gonna make it? We'll be there.

She closes her phone.

BECKY  
Wafa! Let's go!

Wafa and Becky hustle off.

INT. UNMARKED PATROL CAR - DAY

Wafa and Becky jump in. Tires SCREECH as the car zips away.

BECKY  
Highway Patrol tried to pull Amr  
Muhammed over for speeding. He  
took off and lost control of his  
car. He may not make it.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Wafa and Becky race down a highly-polished corridor. Wafa  
sees MEN IN SUITS exit a room.

HOSPITAL ROOM

A sheet covers a body on a bed. Police officers and Tom  
guard the body.

Wafa and Becky enter PANTING.

TOM  
You just missed him.

Wafa never takes her eyes off the body as she moves up  
alongside the bed.

Wafa slowly pulls the sheet off the head. The face is  
bruised and swollen.

Something occurs to Wafa. She yanks the sheet down to the  
midsection. She grabs a hand and scrutinizes it.

WAFa  
It's not him!

TOM  
What?

BECKY  
Who is it?

Wafa's eyes dart back and forth as she tries to ponder it.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Amr quickly takes off the white chef's outfit, a fake mustache and beard. He stuffs them into a commercial trash can. He puts on a baseball cap and dark sunglasses. He blends in with pedestrians on a busy sidewalk.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The large room is decorated with lots of American flags and packed with immigrants. The immigrants hold up their right hands as they recite the Oath of Citizenship.

WAFSA

...that I will perform work of national importance under civilian direction when required by the law...

Paul, Becky, and Tom watch proudly as Wafa recites the Oath of Citizenship.

WAFSA

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

P. A. VOICE

Congratulations! You are now United States citizens!

The new U.S. citizens CHEER and hug one another.

A teardrop rolls down Wafa's cheek as she grins at Paul, Becky, and Tom.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Four MIDDLE EASTERN MEN rush into the tiny room and quickly lock the door.

There are four futons in one corner. Another corner has a stationary bicycle and several cases of bottled water.

An envelope, a key, and a deck of playing cards rest on a small kitchen table.

One of the men rips open the envelope. He pulls out a letter and some bills. He reads the letter. Another opens the cabinets which are overflowing with canned goods.

FADE OUT.