

**A WILLING PATRIOT**

**Screenplay  
By  
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**- NOTICE -**

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SECOND DRAFT  
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It's dusk and we're in the middle of a CRUSH of Arabic looking men and women... a thousand faces brushing past us... sidewalks lined with colorful kiosks selling everything from bootlegged CDs to butchered meat. Quavering Arab music blares from everywhere... chattering in Pashtu and Urdu and all the noise and confusion of this busy market...

#### Legend: Karachi, Pakistan

And now we see a MAN moving quickly through the crowd. His is the only white face here. But it's tough to get a good look at this guy. He's moving too fast and it's too goddamn crowded. But I'll tell you he's 42 and his name is TOM PADGETT.

We follow Padgett as he moves through the crowded bazaar... his head moves, and we see him watching everything and everyone around him... a Muslim Man in beard and turban... a group of younger Arab boys on a corner... three women in black burka passing him on the sidewalk. He rounds a corner...

And now we see a CLOCK TOWER in the distance which signifies this particular market... and as he continues to thread through the market we notice...

#### AN ARABIC MAN MOVING THROUGH THE CROWD

Fifteen yards behind him. Watching. Padgett feels the eyes on his back and turns...

But there's only the vast moving sea of faces... and Padgett continues through the market...

#### AND THEN WE SEE A SECOND ARABIC MAN FOLLOWING HIM

But Padgett keeps moving... and now we see other ARABIC MEN tracking him through the crowd. Like wolves on prey. Padgett rounds a corner and suddenly...

#### BODIES

Rushing at him and Padgett is kicked prone to the ground. He tries to fight back but there's just too many. A FIAT screeches to a stop in a nearby alley and Padgett is thrown into the back. Doors SLAMMED shut and the Fiat accelerates up the street...

#### INT. GARAGE - DUSK

As the Fiat SCREECHES into the garage... garage door slams shut making it fucking dark in here. Car doors pop open and Padgett is YANKED out into the black void...

KIDNAPPERS body slam Padgett against the car and begin to strip him naked... all this is done without any words being spoken... his clothes shoved into a plastic bag... and now two hands are PRYING Padgett's jaws apart... and another hand is probing his mouth, checking his hair, a cavity search...

Finally arms WRENCHED behind his back and ZIP-TIED. Mouth stripped shut with electrical tape and a WET SACK yanked over his head taking us to--

BLACKNESS.

AND THAT'S ALL WE SEE FOR A LONG BEAT... JUST BLACK ON BLACK... UNTIL WE BLEED UP WHITE LETTERS ON THE BLACK SCREEN THAT READ--

### ***A WILLING PATRIOT***

AND THEN THE BLACK BEGINS TO DISSOLVE... THE LETTERS FADING... AND NOW THE SCREEN IS BECOMING SOMETHING ELSE... WE CAN MAKE OUT A FAN... AND A WINDOW... AND NOW WE REALIZE WE ARE...

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN, 2006

Bare wooden floors and gray light coming through the blinds. Very little furniture in this room. A single chair. A chest of drawers. A DIGITAL CLOCK says it's 5:30 am.

LEGEND: WASHINGTON, D.C.

And now we see Padgett on a mattress wide awake. Looks like he hasn't slept all night. Probably hasn't. He sits up. Shakes a smoke out of a pack and lights it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN, 2006

Pale yellow tiles and florescent lights. And we see Padgett showering behind an opaque shower curtain...

Water snaps off and he steps out and begins to towel off... and we catch glimpses of his body and what we see is a SCAR across his abdomen 16 inches long... looks like he was gored by a fucking rhino... and we see his legs which are a GRUESOME PATCHWORK OF BURNED SKIN...

BATHROOM MIRROR

And now we see Padgett's reflection. Faucet turned on. Hair brushed off his face gives us a better look at this guy.

Gives us a good look into his eyes. Intense eyes. Hard. Inscrutable.

He splashes a disposable razor into the sink and drags it across his morning beard.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN, 2006

White shirt buttoned up and a tie looped around his neck and knotted. Brown shoes pulled out of a closet and slipped on.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING, 2006

Padgett at the stove smoking. Kettle on the gas and instant coffee in a chipped mug.

CNN chattering from a TV on the countertop and it's talk about the Madrid railway bombings... and we see the twisted METROTRAINS RIPPED INSIDE-OUT... and now we're seeing footage of the London subway bombings in '05... and a KNIGHTSBRIDGE BUS TORN IN HALF... and now they're talking about the inevitability of an attack on US soil...

But Padgett isn't listening. It's too early and coffee is what's on his mind right now. Checking through the cupboards for sugar, but they're empty... and so is the bastard looking.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - BASEMENT - MORNING, 2006

Darkness choked in haze. Staccato coughing. "WHOEVER YOU SEE HERE - WHATEVER YOU HEAR HERE - STAYS HERE." That's a sign on the wall. This is an early bird Narcotics Anonymous meeting.

A lot of faces to look at in this room and everyone of them is smoking. And we see one of the faces is standing and giving a testimonial. 60 years old with rheumy eyes telling his story and it goes something like this, "... drugs made me sick for half my life... lost everything 'cause of drugs, my job, my family", etc.

And now we're looking at another face in the crowd. It's Padgett. Listening. Rheumy Eyes finishes and Padgett moves to his feet. No matter how many times a junky does this it ain't easy... and so he goes...

PADGETT

I didn't plan on sharing today, but sometimes it helps to hear your own voice. Helps to remind yourself outloud of where you are...

(MORE)

PADGETT (cont'd)

(beat)

You learn in here that it's about putting one day after the other. That's what they teach you. And it works. What you learn in this room works. But some days are longer than others. Some days don't ever seem to end.

(beat)

Those are the days that start to work on me. Start me thinking about the choices I made in my life. Start me thinking about the hole in my gut and how things could have been different. And that's the hardest part. Knowing that things could have been different.

(beat)

Maybe that's what all this is about. Maybe you put enough days between you and those choices you made and you get a second chance. I don't know. It's been four years for me and I don't know how long this goes. But not a day goes by I don't pray for a second chance.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK - FALL, 2000**

AND WE'RE IN A DARK ROOM. EARLY MORNING LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH SLATTED SHADES... AND THEN WE SEE TWO BODIES UNDERNEATH THE COVERS OF A BED. WE ARE...

INT. PADGETT HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING, 2000

And now we see Padgett and his wife ANNIE (mid 30's) wrapped in each others arms under the sheets quietly making love. And although they're nearly silent, this is hot lovemaking, intense, passionate. Annie rolls over on top of Padgett... straddling him now and writhing on top of him... and finally her hunger becomes too much and she lets out a SHARP MOAN...

SILENCE SHATTERED and they both FREEZE... and slowly look toward...

A BABY CRIB in a corner of the room... and sure enough we start to see movement in the crib... and then we see two little hands reach up to the railing and a baby pulls himself up to wobbly legs...

peering through the bars toward the bed across the room....  
watching for any movement at all. This is Padgett and Annie's  
seven month old son MICHAEL.

ANNIE  
(whispering)  
Don't move...

And so this war of attrition goes... Michael on wobbly legs  
watching the bed... and his parents hidden undercover,  
completely still and smiling at one another... hungry to  
continue what they started... waiting... waiting...

And finally Michael gives up and PLOPS down into the crib out  
of sight... and Padgett and Annie continue their lovemaking  
as we go...

INT. PADGETT HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - LATER, 2000

We see Annie at the stove scrambling eggs. Padgett, in shirt  
and tie, is sitting at the kitchen table playing with  
Michael.

ANNIE  
... a cat?

PADGETT  
Yeah. A cat. What's wrong with a  
cat?

ANNIE  
"A boy and his cat?" C'mon, Tom, a  
boy needs a dog. Cats don't play  
catch...

PADGETT  
Cats don't shit on the rug either.

ANNIE  
Bad word...

PADGETT  
I meant to say shoot...

ANNIE  
Cats don't shoot on the rug?

PADGETT  
He didn't hear me...

ANNIE

(playful)

You better get use to it now or  
your son's gonna' grow up with a  
potty mouth.

PADGETT

(to Michael)

You didn't hear me, did you bubba?  
You didn't hear your daddy...

ANNIE

We have my parents tonight.

PADGETT

What time?

ANNIE

They want to do it early. Six-  
ish...

Padgett checks his watch... he's late...

PADGETT

I gotta go...

He kisses Michael, grabs his coat off the chair...

ANNIE

(meaning the eggs)

What about this?

PADGETT

I'll stop at the cafeteria.

ANNIE

Tom...

PADGETT

I've got my thing tonight so I'll  
meet you guys there...

Padgett kisses Annie fast and then he's out the door...

ANNIE

(calling after)

Good luck...

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY, 2000

Establishing.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY, 2000

Padgett moving quickly down the hall and he's joined by a bearish man in his late 40's named DON TELLIS.

PADGETT

They ready for us?

TELLIS

They're ready...

Padgett and Tellis move through a door...

VOICE OVER BLEED

We got your evaluation, Tom...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY, 2000

A briefing is underway. Padgett and Tellis sit at a conference table with a handful of important looking men in suits. The ones we're interested in are SAM LYNCH (DIRECTOR OF CIA), DICK WHEELER (WHITE HOUSE SPECIAL SERVICE), and BOB FUETS (NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL). In the b.g. we see a handful of BACKBENCHERS and ASSISTANTS.

LYNCH

... I thought it would be a good idea to get us face to face so we can talk about this thing.

PADGETT

Yes, sir.

LYNCH

You all know each other, right? Dick Wheeler from White House Special Service. Bob Fuets from NSC. Don Tellis and Tom Padgett from mid-east affairs.

FUETS

Good to see you, Tom. How's Annie and the baby?

PADGETT

They're good. Thanks.

LYNCH

Why don't you guys kick into this. I gotta' run outta' here at six-thirty.



TELLIS

We have a TTIC patch...

LYNCH

Gerald?

BACKBENCHER

We're ready, sir...

a Backbencher nods to a row of Technicians behind soundproof glass. Instantly VARIOUS STILL PHOTOGRAPHS and SURVEILLANCE PIX of an Arabic looking man in his late 40's flash on the screen. What we notice first is this man's eyes. Light green eyes that betray a deep malignancy. This is YOUSEF KAMAL.

PADGETT

Yousef Kamal. Born in Tunis. 1960. Comes from a moderate Muslim family. Mother was a Brit. Father Turkish. In '78 Kamal and his younger brother Tarsis answered Jihad to fight the Soviets in Afghanistan...

ON MONITOR we see a photograph of an 18 year old Yousef Kamal with his younger brother TARSIS (15) in the Afghan mountains. Kamal has his arm around his little brother and they're smiling. Both boys are carrying AK47s.

PADGETT (CONT'D)

After the Russians pulled out, Kamal stuck around. Joined *Istikh al-Haman*, but became disillusioned by what he felt was the group's moderate view of the West.

WHEELER

This guy thinks *Al-Haman* is moderate?

PADGETT

Kamal broke with the group after *Al-Haman* ordered the kidnapping of 6 German tourists in Ankara...

ON MONITOR we see GRAINY INTERNET VIDEO (MOS) of 6 tourists kneeling in front of a handful of men in BLACK MASKS holding AK47's. One of the MASKS is reading from a piece of paper although we don't hear what he is saying.

FUETS

I remember this.

PADGETT

That's Kamal in front. He was responsible for the kidnapping. But when he found out Al-Haman wanted to exchange the tourists for political prisoners being held in Germany he disagreed. Kamal wasn't interested in negotiating with a Western power. He felt that was playing politics... and Kamal is not a politician.

ON MONITOR as VIDEO CONTINUES. Kamal pulls a curved blade from his belt... steps behind one of the tourists and grabs a fist full of the tourist's hair. WE REALIZE WE'RE ABOUT TO WATCH A DECAPITATION IN REAL TIME, but just before Kamal starts to cut into the tourist's neck...

LYNCH

Jesus Christ, turn it off, Gerald.  
I don't need to see that...

VIDEO FREEZES on an image of Kamal in black mask with the tourist kneeling in front of him with the blade pressed into his neck (\*Note: we should remember this image clearly).

PADGETT

Kamal decapitated all six. Then sent their heads to the German embassy in Islamabad.

FUETS

Great. Another fucking wacko running around over there.

PADGETT

Kamal's not crazy. And he's not some barbarian living in a cave either. To treat him as such would be a mistake. He's smart. He's organized. And his hatred toward the West is unwavering.

(beat)

Gentlemen, we have strong indication that Yousef Kamal is in the early stages of something called Hejira which is aimed at American interests in the Middle East.

WHEELER

Where are you getting this, Tom?

PADGETT

Kamal's on his own now. He wants to make a statement. We know that he and his brother have met with this man, Abdullah Gul...

ON MONITOR we see a picture of a heavily bearded man in his mid 30's named ABDULLAH GUL.

PADGETT

Gul was a former Jemaah Islamiah member and believed to be behind the bombing of a railway station in Taskut. He's a bombmaker... he knows Pakistan... and he's been very vocal about wanting to hit U.S. installations in the Middle East.

(beat)

I think Kamal is planning his coming out party.

FUETS

We have a time frame here, Tom?

PADGETT

Within the next twelve to eighteen months we think.

WHEELER

Any target specifics?

PADGETT

Not at this time.

LYNCH

What do you wanna do?

PADGETT

Move Kamal to a high priority target... coordinate with ISI... send threat-posts to all government and military installations and tell 'em to ramp up security until they hear from us.

LYNCH (ON MONITOR)

O.k., Tom. Anybody got any questions?

(silence)

Gentlemen...

And just like that the meeting is adjourned. Everybody stands and begins to gather their things and move toward the door...

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Tom, before you go...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT, 2000

An upscale seafood joint. We see Annie and her parents AMES and JUDY (mid 60's) at a table near the back. Michael is in a high-chair next to grandma who is doting on him.

JUDY

I see his father's nose. Don't you see his father's nose?

AMES

I think he has my dad's nose?

JUDY

Nope. I see Tom's nose for sure...

And now we see Padgett enter the restaurant in the b.g. He crosses to the table and Ames is the first to see him... gets up and shakes his hand...

AMES

Here he is...

PADGETT

Sorry I'm late...

JUDY

You're fine.

Padgett bends down, kisses Judy on the cheek...

PADGETT

Judy, you look ten years younger than the last time I saw you.

JUDY

Good boy.

Padgett tussles Michael's hair...

PADGETT

How'ya' doin', bubba?...

JUDY

He's got your nose. I see it now. Turns up right at the end.

TOM

I think he's got a Westfall nose.

AMES

See, I told you...

JUDY

I'm sorry, I just don't see it...

And now Padgett has made his way around the table to Annie. And she's expected a quick peck on the cheek but Padgett cradles her face in his hands and kisses her full on the lips. More than she expected. And she's a little surprised. And only now does she notice the little half-smile on his face...

ANNIE

What?

But Padgett just stares at her... and she tries to read his expression but can't...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

PADGETT

I got it.

ANNIE

(excited)

You got it?

PADGETT

They gave me Karachi.

Annie throws her arms around him and SQUEALS with excitement...

ANNIE

Oh my god! When did you find out?

PADGETT

After the briefing. They offered Don Tellis second chair if he wants it...

ANNIE

Is he going?

PADGETT

He's talking to Margie tonight.

JUDY

What are we talking about?

ANNIE

Tom got promoted.

JUDY

A promotion?!

And now Judy has moved around the table and is hugging them both and Ames is slapping Padgett on the back...

AMES

Ahh, that's fantastic!  
Congratulations!

EXT. PADGETT HOUSE - DAY, 2000

It's three months later and a light dusting of snow covering the entire neighborhood tells us it's winter now... and we see a MOVING TRUCK parked in the driveway of the house... and MOVERS loading boxes into the truck...

INT. PADGETT HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY, 2000

And now we see Padgett standing alone in the empty livingroom... staring out the window into the front yard... watching as the last of the boxes are loaded onto the truck... and then we see Annie enter the livingroom holding Michael in her arms and we can see that Michael is already bigger than the last time we saw him...

ANNIE

I think that's it...

Annie and Michael join Padgett at the window...

PADGETT

Remember when we first saw this house? We parked the car across the street right over there and just stared at it for... god, I don't even know how long we were out there.

ANNIE

I remember it was cold. That car didn't have any heat. I used to wear mittens when I drove.

Michael reaches for his father and he takes him into his arms, nuzzles his face...

PADGETT

It was just the two of us then,  
wasn't it bubba?

Michael giggles...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

You know how you have those little pictures in your mind about what you think it'll be like to be a parent? Those little snapshots of important moments... like the first day of school or learning to ride a bike or something...

ANNIE

Yeah.

PADGETT

One of mine has always been me standing at the bottom of those stairs over there yelling up to Michael's room for him to turn down the music...

Annie smiles at the thought...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

...And him coming to the door and telling me that I was too old or wasn't cool or something like that... I've always looked forward to that moment for some reason. Weird isn't it?

(beat)

I always thought we'd be here forever. Always thought Michael would grow up here...

Annie moves closer to Padgett, kisses him then kisses the baby... and then, trying to comfort her husband... and maybe herself, she says...

ANNIE

It's just a house, Tom. This is what's important. Right here. Us. As long as we're together it doesn't matter where we are... we're home.

Padgett pulls his family closer... and it's just the three of them in this quiet house... and the snow falling outside... and we hold here for a beat before we...

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY - 2006

AND WE'RE IN AN AERIAL SHOT HIGH ABOVE THE I65 BRIDGE SPANNING THE POTOMAC RIVER.

We're too high for specifics but there is something down there of interest to the CAMERA. DESCENDING NOW to the interstate... closer to the artery of traffic winding along the Potomac... and nearer still to isolate a particular car. A black Mustang as it off-ramps to 73 North.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - DRIVING - DAY, 2006

Nobody in the car except for Padgett. And a lot of cigarette smoke. Driving for some time.

STRAIGHT DOWN ARIEL SHOTS - TRACKING THE MUSTANG

As it snakes along the Potomac on 73 North.

INT. MUSTANG - DRIVING - DAY, 2006

Through the windshield a road sign in the distance: CIA NEXT RIGHT. Padgett takes the turn.

EXT. CIA MAIN ACCESS ROAD - DAY, 2006

Padgett's Mustang accelerates up the road toward the main gate.

EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (CIA) - MAIN GATE - DAY, 2006

Mustang stops in front of the guard booth. Window rolls down. Padgett flashes a SECURITY BADGE and he's waved through.

INT. CIA - OLD BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY, 2006

The place is alive with secretaries and agents coming and going with an air of no-nonsense efficiency...



And now we see Padgett in a line of employees waiting to move through security turnstiles manned by ARMED GUARDS. He digs into his pockets, pulls out a set of car keys, wallet, some change, a lighter, and an antique FOLDING KNIFE (slightly larger than a regular pocket knife) with an INTRICATELY CARVED SILVER HANDLE. He places the items in a bucket and hands them to a GUARD.

FULL SCREEN - AS A PROXIMITY BADGE IS SWIPED THROUGH A READER

A light goes from RED to GREEN as Padgett moves through the turnstile. On the other side a GUARD in his late 40's offers Padgett the bucket, but he's holding the DAMASCUS BLADE in his hand...

GUARD

Concealed weapon in a federal building, Padgett... that's 15 years.

PADGETT

What am I gonna do with that, Dick?  
Break into the Director's office  
and clean his fingernails?

Padgett winks, takes the DAMASCUS BLADE from the Guard, slips it back into his pocket along with the other items and moves off.

INT. CIA - CORRIDOR - DAY, 2006

Padgett moves down the hall past other employees.

INT. CIA - OUTER OFFICE - DAY, 2006

Padgett enters and is greeted by a SECRETARY sitting behind a desk.

SECRETARY

Good morning, Mr. Padgett...

PADGETT

Cathy.

Padgett moves into his office.

INT. CIA - PADGETT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY, 2006

Padgett sits behind his desk. His Secretary follows him in.

SECRETARY  
Frank Billings called from  
Justice...

PADGETT  
Try him back for me, please.

SECRETARY  
You have the Comsac briefing at 2  
today...

PADGETT  
Right.

SECRETARY  
And Mr. Hargrove for lunch.

PADGETT  
Tell Hargrove I'm not going to make  
it.

SECRETARY  
What should I tell him?

PADGETT  
Make up something.

SECRETARY  
O.k.

PADGETT  
You know if they have one of those  
kids toy stores over at Lafayette  
Mall?

SECRETARY  
You mean like a Toys-R-Us?

PADGETT  
Yeah.

SECRETARY  
I think they do. You need me to  
pick something up for you?

PADGETT  
I'll take care of it.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - 2000

AND NOW WE'RE IN AN ARIEL SHOT HIGH OVER KARACHI, PAKISTAN. IT'S LATE AFTERNOON AND THE SUN IS CHOKED IN A BROWN HAZE. AIR THE COLOR OF CARDBOARD.

INT. SUBURBAN - DRIVING - KARACHI - AFTERNOON, 2000

We see Padgett and Annie (holding Michael on her lap) in the back seat of this Suburban and we are traveling FAST through downtown Karachi.

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD we can see a lead Suburban with flashing red lights cutting through traffic ahead of us. THROUGH THE BACK WINDSHIELD we see an identical "chase" Suburban following.

And Padgett is talking on his cell phone as Annie watches the city flashing past her...

...and as the Suburban turns down a street we see a great crowd of people moving up the sidewalk. A celebration is underway and we see Pakistani adults and their children banging noisemakers and tossing balls of colorful twine and ribbons into the air... laughing and singing... and we see blasts of homemade fireworks peppering the sky...

And Annie lifts Michael up on her lap and holds him close to the glass...

ANNIE

Look at all the people, Bubba...

And she takes his little hand and presses it to the window... and now he sees the crowd for the first time and becomes mesmerized by it...

And we watch for a beat as both mother and son... faces touching one another and with wide innocent eyes... marvel at this strange new world in front of them. Their new home.

EXT. AMERICAN RESIDENCE COMPOUND - KARACHI - NIGHT, 2000

Establishing a heavily guarded complex of townhouses in downtown Karachi.

INT. KARACHI TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT, 2000

This three bedroom house is large by Karachi standards... and empty except for numerous MOVING BOXES.

Padgett and Annie enter to find a small GOAT incongruously tethered to a kitchen table. Little BELLS tinkling around its neck.

The goat bleats at them as they enter.

ANNIE

Is that a goat?

PADGETT

I think so.

Just then, a precocious thirteen year old Pakistani girl named RANIYA (wearing a *Hajib*) rounds the corner...

RANIYA

(thick Arabic accent)

Hello.

ANNIE

Hello.

RANIYA

I'm Raniya. Your housegirl.

Raniya moves to Padgett and Annie and shakes their hands confidently...

PADGETT

Nice to meet you Raniya.

RANIYA

It's a pleasure to meet you too.

But it's the baby she's really interested in...

RANIYA

This must be Michael.

ANNIE

Yes, this is Michael...

RANIYA

He is very handsome. May I hold him?

Annie shoots a look to Padgett who gives a quick shrug as if saying "why not?"... and then Annie offers the baby to Raniya... who cradles him gently in her arms...

RANIYA

He is very strong. We say in Pashtu, *Maasar al d'ware*.

(MORE)

RANIYA (cont'd)

This means you are very blessed to have such a strong son.

ANNIE

Thank you, Raniya.

RANIYA

I am the only girl in my family.  
But I am faster than all my brothers...

(smiling)

And they hate it. They always try to trip me but I still beat them.

Carrying Michael on one hip, Raniya moves to the refrigerator and opens it...

RANIYA

My mother made *Pugrash* and there are some cakes in the cupboard if you are hungry. It is a long trip from America, isn't it?

ANNIE

Very long trip.

RANIYA

Your boxes arrived yesterday. I started to unpack them but wasn't sure where you wanted your things...

TRACKING with Raniya as she turns and begins to walk through the apartment... Padgett and Annie following...

RANIYA

...I think you will like your new home. There is sun in here in the morning... and there is a small park just up the road. Very close. The Muslim children can't play there. It's only for the Americans. Michael will like it I think, there is lots of grass.

ANNIE

Where is your family?

RANIYA

I live with my mother behind the American compound. Just over the wall. You can see my house from your balcony.

PADGETT  
Is that your goat in the kitchen,  
Raniya?

RANIYA  
Yes, he's mine.

Padgett asks Raniya something in Arabic, she responds, and  
Padgett smiles to himself.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
What did you say?

PADGETT  
I asked her if her goat had a name?

ANNIE  
Does it?

RANIYA  
I call him Jay Leno.

ANNIE  
Jay Leno?

RANIYA  
Yes, I have seen him on TV and he  
is funny. He has a big face and so  
does my goat.

Padgett and Annie share a quick smirk and in this instant we  
see that they have fallen in love with this little girl.

INT. KARACHI TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT, 2000

It's later and we see that a few of the moving boxes have  
been unpacked and the kitchen is already starting to look  
more like home...

And now we see Annie in her robe, her hair still wet from a  
shower. She pulls a bowl out of the refrigerator... searches  
through the cupboards now and finds a small bag of hardbread  
cakes. Kettle starts to whistle on the stove and she pours  
two cups of tea... and then she notices through the kitchen  
window two PAKISTANI SECURITY GUARDS sitting quietly by the  
front door of their house... machine guns resting on their  
folding chairs...

EXT. KARACHI TOWNHOUSE - OUTSIDE PATIO - NIGHT, 2000

Padgett sitting at a small table paging through a stack of papers. Annie steps onto the patio with the bowl of food and bread...

PADGETT

He asleep?

ANNIE

Yup. You already working?

PADGETT

A little.

She sets the food down on the table, slides the cup of tea in front of him...

PADGETT

Thanks.

ANNIE

(re: food)

What did Raniya call this?

PADGETT

Pugrash. It's like Hummus.

ANNIE

She seems sweet.

PADGETT

Very sweet.

ANNIE

She told me she has five brothers.  
She helped raise every one of them  
except the oldest.

PADGETT

Michael liked her.

ANNIE

I think so.

(beat)

Those men outside. Do they stay  
there all night?

PADGETT

Yes.

ANNIE

Should I take them something to eat? Tea or something?

PADGETT

They're o.k.

ANNIE

Are you sure?

PADGETT

They're fine.

And now we hear the ancient ISLAMIC CALL TO PRAYER echo far off in the distance. Annie drifts as she listens...

ANNIE

It's beautiful.

And she smiles to Padgett and he smiles back... and then he returns to his work...

And now we're watching Annie in a very private moment... and with the CALL TO PRAYER still hanging in the air, the realization of how truly foreign this place is dawns on her... and we see her smile fade and something flashes past her eyes... uncertainty of some kind... and she reaches out and touches Padgett's hand. But when he looks up...

Her worry is pushed aside... replaced with a bright and confident smile... and Padgett is oblivious to what we've just witnessed... and he squeezes her hand as we go...

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY - KARACHI - NIGHT, 2000

It's two weeks later and we're in a crowd of fifty or sixty well dressed people. Mostly wealthy Pakistanis and government officials. We see two musicians playing *Oprams* in a corner, a table filled with food and waiters moving through the crowd offering tea and sweets to the guests.

And then we see Padgett moving through the party with a plate of hors d'Oeuvres. He slips through the crowd and up to Annie. And we see that Annie, in deference to this Muslim culture in which she now lives, is dressed modestly, and is wearing an elegant headscarf which covers her hair and neck.

ANNIE

What are they?

PADGETT

Almond cookies.



Annie takes a cookie and nibbles on it.

ANNIE

Mmmmmmm, they're good. How do you say cookie in Pashtu?

PADGETT

*Sid'ia.*

ANNIE

*Sid'ia. Ain sid'ia.*

Annie's attempt isn't half bad. She's trying to learn the language and it's not easy...

PADGETT

Close. Ain al sid'ia.

ANNIE

*Ain al sid'ia.*

PADGETT

Perfect.

Just then, Tellis approaches.

TELLIS

Annie...

ANNIE

Don. How are you?

Annie kisses Tellis on the cheek.

TELLIS

Good.

(to Padgett)

Hey, buddy.

ANNIE

Where's Margie?

TELLIS

Sick as a dog.

ANNIE

Oh no.

TELLIS

Nothing serious. Just too Goddamn much tumeric on everything in this country. Drives her stomach wild.

ANNIE

Will you have her call me. I want to see her.

TELLIS

Of course. How's the little man?

ANNIE

Perfect. Although I'm convinced he loves his new nanny more than he loves his mother.

Just then, a well dressed Pakistani man with silver hair approaches the group. He's in his late 40's. This is OMAR SAEED.

TELLIS (CONT'D)

Omar, I'd like you to meet someone...

(introducing)

Tom Padgett, and this is his wife Annie. Omar Saeed, Pakistani Intelligence.

SAEED

Pleasure to meet you both.

(to Padgett)

I believe we're sitting down next week, Mr. Padgett.

PADGETT

I think that's right.

SAEED

I look forward to it. Mrs. Padgett, you are new to our city... how are you finding your time so far?

ANNIE

Still getting use to it. It's only been a couple weeks.

SAEED

This will take time.

ANNIE

It's very beautiful... and very different from Washington.

SAEED

Karachi is like no other city. Things here have remained largely the same for thousands of years.

(MORE)

SAEED (cont'd)

Like much of the Middle East, I'm afraid.

TELLIS

Omar is our host this evening.

ANNIE

Your home is very beautiful, Mr. Saeed.

SAEED

Please, call me Omar. And thank you for coming. This is a very special week for Muslims. Do you know what we are celebrating?

PADGETT

*Eid ul-Adha.*

SAEED

Bravo, Mr. Padgett. For seven days we are reminded of the path to righteousness. And tell me, do you know what we are commemorating on this first evening of *Eid ul-Adha*?

PADGETT

*Dhu'l-kifi.*

SAEED

I'm impressed.

ANNIE

What is that?

SAEED

On this first night we remember the story of the prophet *Dhu'l-kifi* who was lead astray by false gods. We are reminded that the best of men can be driven to the wilderness by their pursuits, no matter what their intentions. To a place where they are cut off from all existence... from everything they have ever known. And it is here that he risks losing everything.

And off these words we go...

CLOSE ON PADGETT STANDING IN HIS DARK SUIT AND WE SEE THAT HE IS HOLDING A CHILD'S TOY... NOT SURE WHERE WE ARE YET... FLUORESCENT LIGHTS ABOVE... AND THE SOUND OF PEOPLE ALL AROUND US... AND AS WE PULL BACK WE REALIZE WE ARE...

PRESENT DAY - 2006

INT. TOYS R' US - DAY, 2006

And we see that we're in one of those sprawling toy stores in a suburban shopping mall. We see parents with their children in the aisles. Some children are crying hysterically, others run wildly through the store.

And Padgett is standing at the end of one of the aisles. He looks incongruous in this bright and colorful place. And we see that he is holding a TRANSFORMER, turning it over and over again in his hands, trying to understand what it is and how the hell the thing works.

Down the aisle he notices a MOTHER and her YOUNG BOY (5) at the far end of the aisle. The boy is kneeling in front of his mother playing with an ACTION FIGURINE.

NEW ANGLE

Down the aisle as Padgett approaches the Mother.

PADGETT

Hi.

MOTHER

(guarded)

Hello.

PADGETT

My son's birthday is coming up this weekend. He's about your boy's age. I'm trying to find him something.

And now, sensing that he isn't a threat, the Mother relaxes, smiles... happy to commiserate with Padgett...

MOTHER

It's hard. I know. There's so much.

PADGETT

Yeah.

MOTHER

You should just bring him in here. When they're this age I just let 'em come in and pick out what they want. It's the easiest way.

PADGETT

I don't have 'em. He's with his mother.

MOTHER

Right, I understand. His dad lives in Texas.

PADGETT

You mind if I talk to him?

MOTHER

Sure.

Padgett kneels next to the boy.

PADGETT

How'ya doin'?

BOY

Good.

PADGETT

What's your name?

BOY

Christopher.

PADGETT

I'm Tom?

Padgett offers his hand but the boy is awkward and a little shy. He looks up to his mother who nods to him... and the boy shakes Padgett's hand.

BOY

Nice to meet you.

PADGETT

Nice to meet you too, Christopher. Whatcha' playin' with?

BOY

Mega-suit Batman with strike cycle.

PADGETT

He looks pretty tough.

BOY

Yeah, he is. I think he can beat The Human Torch. He's got gliders and The Human Torch doesn't. I think he could even beat Robozoid.

(MORE)

BOY (cont'd)

But Robozoid has a photon helmet  
which is pretty tough too.

PADGETT

Mega-suit Batman, huh? You like him  
the best?

BOY

Yeah, he's pretty great.

Padgett smiles at the boy... then looks up to the Mother and  
smiles to her.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY, 2006

And we see that Padgett sitting alone at a table in the  
middle of a crowded food court, eating. Closer and now we see  
the Batman figurine propped up against a ketchup bottle...  
watching him from across the table.

INT. CIA - OLD BUILDING - LOBBY, 2006

It's after lunch and we see Padgett in a line of employees  
waiting to be cleared through the main entrance. He reaches  
the front of the line, SWIPES his card and...

Light FLASHES RED. An armed GUARD approaches.

GUARD

Sir, would you please step over  
here.

PADGETT

What's going on?

GUARD

Please follow me.

Padgett steps out of line, follows the Guard across the lobby  
as we go...

INT. CIA - SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - DAY, 2006

A high-security level at Langley. Elevator opens and the  
Guard steps out followed by Padgett. Immediately he is  
greeted by a balding man in his early 40's named JANKLOW.

JANKLOW

Mr. Padgett. I'm Tim Janklow.  
Special Assistant to Director  
Lynch. Pleasure to meet you.

They shake hands. Janklow turns to the Guard, nods...

JANKLOW

That'll be all, thank you.

Guard turns, steps back into the elevator and doors shut.

JANKLOW (CONT'D)

This way...

NEW ANGLE

At the far end of the hall as Janklow and Padgett reach a guarded checkpoint. Janklow SWIPES his access card, starts to move through. Padgett hesitates.

PADGETT

I'm not cleared for this level anymore.

JANKLOW

You are today, Mr. Padgett.

Padgett tentatively SWIPES his card and RED LIGHT turns to GREEN as we go...

INT. CIA - SIGINT CONTROL - DAY, 2006

Signal Intelligence Command and Control. The nerve center of the CIA. Crammed with Agents watching VIDEO MONITORS and monitoring the seven giant supercomputers that process million of pieces of intel from all over the world.

Padgett moves through the cavernous room. He stops and takes in this place. It's been a long time since he's been down here.

JANKLOW

Sir?

Padgett looks up, sees Janklow waiting for him by the door of a GLASS ENCLOSED conference room. Padgett follows him into...

INT. CIA - OPERATION CENTER - DAY, 2006

Padgett enters the room. Six or seven men already here: CIA DIRECTOR SAM LYNCH, VINCENT BYRD (MID EAST DIVISION CHIEF), CY AIKEN (NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL), and Tellis.

Lynch gets out of his chair, shakes Padgett hand.

LYNCH

Tom. Thanks for coming down.

PADGETT

Sam.

LYNCH

(introducing)

You know Vincent Byrd.

PADGETT

Sure.

BYRD

It's been a long time, Tom.

LYNCH

This is Cy Aiken from NSC.

AIKEN

Tom.

LYNCH

And of course you know Don Tellis.

TELLIS

Hey, buddy.

Tellis gives Padgett a feint smile.

PADGETT

(looking around the room)

What's going on?

LYNCH

Something has come up. We wanted to bring you down here and get your input. You had lunch? You want anything to eat before we get started? Some coffee or something?

PADGETT

No thanks.

LYNCH

O.k.

(to a Backbencher)

Can we shut that?

BACKBENCHER

Yes, sir.



And instantly the glass walls turn OPAQUE making this a private room.

LYNCH  
(turns to Aiken)  
Cy...

AIKEN  
We got a call from Paul Mackey last night. Seems Karachi police raided a cargo ship in the port of Sonmiani 24 hours ago. The 'Almira.'

LYNCH  
Do we have pictures yet?

BACKBENCHER  
Yes, sir...

AIKEN  
Police were looking for a shipment of drugs headed for Djibouti. Standard kind of thing apparently. What they found was this guy...

And instantly MONITORS hanging in the room FLASH to a CANADIAN PASSPORT PHOTO of a man of Middle Eastern descent. Clean shaven with glasses.

AIKEN (CONT'D)  
Canadian passport said his name was Hasan Zhamban. Canadian embassy confirmed the passport was a fake. Pakistani Intelligence ran his prints and he came back as deadfile. One of Yousef Kamal's guys from a few years back. Abdullah Gul.

PADGETT  
(surprised)  
Abdullah Gul?

LYNCH  
That's right. The same Abdullah Gul we thought died in the Khotar Hotel bombing six years ago.

MONITORS FLASH to another photograph. This one is a MUGSHOT we recognize of a bearded Abdullah Gul from years earlier. Now we're looking at the Canadian passport photo and the picture of Abdullah Gul side-by-side on the monitors.

Although the photos were taken years apart... one shows a clean shaven man and the other a man who is heavily bearded... the eyes are exactly the same. This is the same man.

BYRD

Our concern here, Tom, is why this guy suddenly popped out of the ether... and where's he's been.

PADGETT

What do you want me to do?

AIKEN

Pakistani Intelligence is holding Gul. We talked to them and they agreed to let us interview him.

PADGETT

You want me to go to Karachi?

BYRD

Paul Mackey is going to handle the interview. We just want you and Don to go over there and listen in. Offer Paul another perspective in case there are any surprises.

AIKEN

There's a plane waiting for you at Andrews right now. You'll be back before the weekend.

Lynch reads hesitation on Padgett's face...

LYNCH

Tom, we understood when you wanted to assume a lessor role here at the agency. Hell, we're lucky to have a guy like you over in policy. But you were right about these guys back then. Nobody knew them better than you...

BYRD

We thought Kamal and the rest of these assholes blew themselves back to hell's half-acre. Thought we wouldn't have to worry about any of these guys again. Now one shows up... makes us nervous.

LYNCH

We wouldn't ask you to go over there again unless we thought it was important, Tom.

ANGLE Padgett as he considers this. Off the look we...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - 2000

AND WE'RE AT THE CENTER OF A CROWD OF ARABIC FACES  
CRISSCROSSING CAMERA AND THEN WE FIND ANNIE WALKING THROUGH  
THIS CROWDED MARKET, SHOPPING. WE ARE...

EXT. MARKET - KARACHI - DAY, 2000

And we see Raniya next to Annie carrying Michael and a few yards behind them we see an omnipresent ARMED PLAINCLOTHES PAKISTANI SECURITY GUARD following... eyes alert... always watching.

And we see Annie stop at a kiosk packed with bolts of fabric... and she runs her fingers over the cloth, admiring the fine silk. She turns to the VENDOR who we now see is a woman covered head-to-toe in black burka. Annie smiles to her...

ANNIE

It's beautiful.

But the Vendor says nothing, she doesn't understand Annie. And Annie turns to Raniya...

ANNIE

How do you say 'beautiful', Raniya?

RANIYA

Sha'tul

Annie turns back to the Vendor and says...

ANNIE

Sha'tul.

And now the Vendor nods to Annie and smiles back. And we see that for Annie there's something comforting in this interaction.

And as Annie and Raniya continue through the market they pass another kiosk and something catches her eye.

Among the boxes of dried fruit and candy for sale she sees a silver knife. It's the DAMASCUS BLADE we recognize from earlier... and she picks it up.

VOICE (O.S.)

(Arabic)

*You have a good eye, my dear...*

Annie turns to find an old man smoking a pipe standing next to her.

ANNIE

*I'm sorry, I don't understand.*

And then, in broken but intelligible English, the Smoker says...

SMOKER

*It is from Damascus. Silver, of course. It's an old Druze myth. S'iaha dar Mu'tasa. 'The Prince's Five Weapons' it would be called in English.*

Annie regards the knife and now we get a good look at this thing. The carving on the handle depicts a WARRIOR WITH MULTIPLE ARMS. EACH HAND IS HOLDING A LIGHTENING BOLT.

ANNIE

*Sha'tul.*

SMOKER

*Yes. It's a very rare piece. I'll give it to you for 200 Rupees.*

And in the spirit of these markets where bargaining is encouraged and even expected, Annie smiles and holds up one finger and she counters...

ANNIE

(Arabic)

*One hundred.*

Smoker shrugs...

SMOKER

(Arabic)

*One hundred and fifty and it's yours.*

ANNIE

*(making sure she heard him correctly)*

*One fifty?*

Smoker nods and Annie smiles, pleased at the successful negotiation... and she digs coins out of her pocket as we go...

INT. PAKISTANI INTELLIGENCE (ISI) - KARACHI - DAY, 2000

A spare rotunda flanked by Pakistani Military guards. Padgett and Tellis are greeted by Omar Saeed and a coarse man in his late 50's dressed in an impressive Pakistani military uniform. This is COLONEL AL-ADEL

SAEED

It's a pleasure to see you again,  
Tom...

PADGETT

Omar.

Saeed shakes Padgett's hand, then Tellis'...

SAEED

Mr. Tellis, good morning. This is  
Colonel al-Adel. Special military  
liaison to the ISI. Tom Padgett and  
Don Tellis.

Colonel al-Adel takes an appraising look of Padgett and Tellis. Clearly he doesn't think much of these men... or any American in his country for that matter.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Gentlemen.

INT. ISI - CONFERENCE ROOM - KARACHI - DAY, 2000

A small room. We see Padgett and Tellis sitting on one side of a small table. Saeed and Colonel al-Adel on the other side. We see a handful of assistants taking notes in the periphery.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Mr. Saeed tells me you are new to  
our country. Welcome.

PADGETT

Thank you.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

And how is it that we can help you  
today?

PADGETT

We're interested in this man...

Padgett slides a folder in front of Saeed and al-Adel. ANGLE THE FOLDER which shows a picture of YOUSEF KAMAL and accompanying dossier.

PADGETT

... Yousef Kamal.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Yes, we're interested in this man as well.

TELLIS

Our intelligence tells us that Kamal is possibly ramping up for an attack against U.S. installations in the Middle East. Most likely here in Pakistan.

PADGETT

Something called *Hejira*.

Al-Adel smiles to himself...

COLONEL AL-ADEL

*Hejira* was the prophet Mohammed's move from Mecca to Medina in 622. It marked the beginning of Islam's dominance throughout Asia and the Middle East. If your intelligence is correct, I'm afraid it proves Yousef Kamal lacks subtlety in naming his operations.

PADGETT

Colonel al-Adel, our concern is that Kamal may be operational on *Hejira* right now. What we're hoping is that you and Pakistani Intelligence could help fill in some of the blanks.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

What blanks specifically are you looking to fill, Mr. Padgett?

PADGETT

For starters, do you have any idea where Kamal is?

Colonel al-Adel turns to one of his assistants and says something in Arabic. Backbencher responds and Colonel al-Adel returns to Padgett.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

I'm told he is possibly somewhere in the Adana Valley.

TELLIS

The Adana Valley is roughly the size of the Southwestern United States, Colonel.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Yes, it's quite majestic. Have you ever seen The Adana Valley, Mr. Tellis?

TELLIS

No, I haven't.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Topographical maps don't really do it justice. You really should get out and see our country. Pakistan is much more than just Karachi. It's very beautiful in places.

Obvious frustration on Padgett's face.

PADGETT

Maybe I should start over here, Colonel. The United States government is requesting your assistance in apprehending a known terrorist we believe is planning to attack our interests. With all due respect, we're not looking for tourist suggestions today.

Al-Adel smiles... he takes two cigars out of a leather case... offers one to Padgett.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Would you like one, Mr. Padgett?

Padgett shakes his head "no"

COLONEL AL-ADEL (CONT'D)

But these are Cuban.

PADGETT

I don't smoke.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

This is very good tobacco. Maybe you should start.

PADGETT

No thank you.

COLONEL SAEED

For the best perhaps. I smoke too much. I am weak. I cannot hear God's voice when I am tested.

Al-Adel chews off the end of his cigar... digs out a lighter... torches the end... begins to take long, deep drags from the cigar...

And now al-Adel is staring straight at Padgett, contempt in his eyes...

COLONEL AL-ADEL

You've been here for what? Two months? Fresh off the plane and eager to track down bad guys like this was the Wild West, right Mr. Padgett?

PADGETT

I'm here to protect the interests of the United States and her allies. Of which, let me remind you Colonel, Pakistan is one.

COLONEL AL-ADEL

Perhaps, but with all due respect returned to you, this is not America. You're a long way from home. We do things very differently here.

But before this pissing contest gets any worse, Saeed interrupts...

SAEED

Gentlemen, please.

And for the moment, tempers are quelled...

SAEED

Mr. Padgett, Mr. Tellis... Yousef Kamal is a wanted man here in Pakistan. He was tried in absentia for the murder of six German tourists.

(MORE)



SAEED (cont'd)  
Sentenced to death for that crime.  
There's nothing Pakistani  
Intelligence or the Military want  
more than to see this man in  
custody.

PADGETT  
Maybe we can help you find him.

SAEED  
For years we have looked for Kamal,  
but have been unsuccessful.

TELLIS  
We have 40 billion dollars of  
intelligence gathering capability  
at our disposal, Mr. Saeed. Maybe  
we can make a difference.

COLONEL AL-ADEL  
How quintessentially American to  
think money will solve all your  
problems.

Padgett looks to Colonel al-Adel who is staring at him with  
disdain, smoke curling around his face.

COLONEL AL-ADEL  
You are naive to these men that you  
seek. Kamal is meticulous. He  
doesn't use cell phones or  
computers so there's no chatter to  
intercept. Directives are given  
verbally and delivered face-to-face  
at all times. Anybody coming into  
or going out of his immediate  
circle is blindfolded and sometimes  
transported for days so his  
location is kept a secret. He knows  
the way we look for him... the way  
you would look for him... and he  
hides.

OFF Padgett we go...

INT. ISI - HALLWAY - KARACHI - DAY, 2000

Padgett and Tellis being escorted down the hallway by two  
armed guards.

TELLIS  
(wry)  
That went well...

PADGETT

Yeah.

SAEED

Gentlemen...

Padgett and Tellis turn as Saeed catches up to them...

SAEED

I'm sorry about that back there. I know that loyalties in the Middle East can sometimes seem confusing. But I assure you that Pakistani Intelligence... and the military... want the very same things as you.

PADGETT

I hope so.

SAEED

If you give me the week, I'll compile everything we have on Yousef Kamal and send it over to your offices.

Off Padgett... not sure if he trusts this guy or not...

EXT. ISI HEADQUARTERS - KARACHI - DAY, 2000

As Tellis and Padgett push out of the building and move to a waiting car flanked by Security Guards. Tellis gets in, then notices Padgett is still standing on the sidewalk outside...

TELLIS

You comin?

PADGETT

I feel like walking.

TELLIS

You sure?

PADGETT

Yeah.

TELLIS

Alright, see you tomorrow...

Tellis shuts the door and the car pulls away from the curb as we go...

EXT. KARACHI STREET - DAY, 2000

A crowded street teeming with people and activity. CAMERA FINDS Padgett in the crowd, casually walking up the street. And we see TWO PAKISTANI SECURITY GUARDS, machine guns hidden under jackets, discretely following a few yards behind...

And as we watch Padgett we realize this is far from a casual stroll for him. We see his mind is turning over and over again. And it's Kamal that he's thinking about. And what we're beginning to see in this man is a growing intensity. Like a wolf on the scent we see Padgett becoming possessed by the object of his hunt.

And now we see the CLOCK TOWER in the distance that we recognize. And as Padgett continues down the street he passes a TAXI STAND and we see a knot of Muslim cab drivers smoking and hustling rides... a lot of action on this corner and Arab music blaring from a beat-up radio...

And as Padgett moves closer to the action he notices a JUNKY approach one of the cabbies and money is exchanged... a transaction completed... and Padgett watches as the Junky slips down a DARK ALLEY and disappears...

And now we realize that the CABBY is watching Padgett as he stares after the Junky... and now the Cabby approaches Padgett, following him as he walks...

CABBY

*Est-ce que je peux vous aider?*

And Padgett is pulled out of his own little world as he regards the Cabby...

PADGETT

*Non, je suis regarder juste.*

CABBY

You speak French, but you are not French. You are American.

PADGETT

Yes.

TRACKING with Padgett as he continues through the crowd... Security detail watching closely in the b.g. as the Cabby follows right on his heels...

CABBY

What are you looking for, American?

PADGETT  
Nothing in particular.

CABBY  
That is impossible. All men are looking for one thing or another. They either seek to find or they seek to forget. This is the only difference.

PADGETT  
(Arabic)  
*I'm just taking a walk.*

CABBY  
(Arabic)  
*Your Arabic is much better than your French, my friend. Tell me what you need?*  
(English)  
You need dope? I have Asian pornography too. And English tobacco...

PADGETT  
No thanks.

CABBY  
What about American softdrinks? I am a Capitalist just like you, my friend. I know everyone and I can get you whatever it is you want...

And suddenly Padgett stops and something flashing through his mind. Not sure what he's thinking but he turns to the Cabby and off the look we go...

INT. KARACHI TOWNHOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT, 2000

We see that this place looks very different from the last time we saw it. It's tastefully decorated now and feels very homey. And we see Annie and Raniya on the floor playing with the baby. A flotsam of baby toys all around them and Van Morrison is crooning from a little stereo in the corner. And what we're struck by is how apple pie the scene is. If we didn't know we were in Pakistan we'd swear we were in middle America somewhere...

And o.s. we hear the kitchen door open...

ANNIE  
Hey baby, we're in here...

Padgett steps into the doorway of the livingroom and he's carrying a large CARDBOARD BOX. Too big for us to see what's inside of it, but we sure as hell are curious:

ANNIE

Hi.

PADGETT

Hi.

ANNIE

What's in the box?

Padgett bends down, tips the box, and a TINY PUPPY tumbles onto the floor. Thing must be only 5 weeks old and cute as hell. First thing it sees is Michael on the floor and it sprints for him... tripping all over itself... and it makes it to the baby and goes berserk... licking and crawling all over him...

ANNIE

Oh my god! He's adorable. Where did you get him?

PADGETT

Cab driver on Bak'sha street.

And now the puppy is all over Raniya and she's laughing hysterically...

ANNIE

What were you doing over there?

PADGETT

Taking a walk.

And again we're watching this puppy and now he's attacking Michael again and he's SQUEALING with delight as we...

TIME CUT TO:

MICHAEL AND THE PUPPY PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH... SPENT AND EXHAUSTED... AND IT'S THE CUTEST THING YOU'VE EVER SEEN... AND THEN WE'RE...

INT. KARACHI TOWNHOUSE - PADGETT'S OFFICE - NIGHT, 2000

It's later and we see Padgett alone in the dark room, sitting at his desk in a pool of lamp light. He's watching a VIDEO MONITOR which is playing the GRAINY INTERNET FOOTAGE of the kidnapped German tourists from earlier.

And we're watching Kamal in blackmask standing behind one of the tourists reading from the piece of paper...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey...

Padgett turns around to find Annie standing in the doorway of the office...

PADGETT

Hey.

Padgett hits PAUSE and the video FREEZES. And now Annie tentatively enters the room and she folds her arms tighter as if it were somehow colder than she expected.

ANNIE

I got you a present.

And she offers Padgett the DAMASCUS BLADE and he takes it...

PADGETT

Why?

ANNIE

Because I love you.

Padgett regards the knife... the intricate etching...

ANNIE

It's an old Druze myth. About a great warrior. Raniya and I found it in the market today.

PADGETT

Thank you.

And now Annie is looking over his shoulder at the image of Kamal frozen on the screen...

ANNIE

Is that him? Is that guy you're looking for?

PADGETT

Yeah.

She moves around behind Padgett and slides her arms around his neck.

ANNIE

Did he kill those people?

Padgett nods...

ANNIE

How could a human being do that to another human being?

And Annie hugs him tighter now... a troubled look in her eyes...

ANNIE

Are you o.k.?

PADGETT

I'm fine.

ANNIE

You know how I can tell when something is on your mind? You walk. Ever since Georgetown. Whenever you take a walk you got something in that brain of yours that you're tryin' to figure out.

PADGETT

Just work.

ANNIE

I'm worried about you.

PADGETT

I'm o.k.

ANNIE

Come to bed.

PADGETT

I'll be there in a minute.

Annie kisses him, then exits his office pulling the door closed...

But we stay on Padgett as he reaches over and hits PLAY and the VIDEO RESUME... and he turns up the volume slightly and for the first time WE HEAR Kamal's voice. He's speaking Arabic. His tone is low, measured, chilling...

And Padgett lets the footage continue past the point where it was stopped earlier... and we watch as Kamal pulls the blade from his belt... steps behind the tourist... grabs a fist full of the tourist's hair... and just as he starts to cut into his neck we go...

CLOSE ON PADGETT. And he doesn't flinch. He watches the gruesome footage with absolutely no emotion whatsoever.

And we're struck by Padgett's eyes... like we haven't seen them before... cold and vacant...

BACK TO VIDEO as the body of the tourist falls away from the head which is being held by Kamal.

And off Padgett's unsettling look we...

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY - 2006

INT. CIA JET - NIGHT, 2006

We're at 32,000 feet and we see Padgett sitting in his seat, eyes far off. Tellis sound asleep in the seat across the aisle.

And now Padgett looks through the window of the jet as we...

ANGLE DOWNTOWN KARACHI far below us in the distance.

EXT. KARACHI AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT, 2006

We see THREE SUV's parked on the tarmac and a small group of people waiting. As the jet pulls to a stop... stairs rolled up to the side and the door pops open. Tellis emerges first, descends the stairs followed by Padgett...

And they're met by a man in his late 40's, PAUL MACKEY (DIRECTOR OF CIA's KARACHI DESK). And we see four or five PAKISTANI ARMED GUARDS carrying machine guns standing nearby, watching.

MACKEY

(loud, over the noise of the jets)

Mr. Padgett. Mr. Tellis. I'm Paul Mackey. Welcome back to Karachi.

INT. SUBURBAN - DRIVING - NIGHT, 2006

Padgett, Mackey, and Tellis are all riding in this Suburban which is driving through downtown Karachi.

PADGETT

Any idea where Gul was headed?



MACKEY

Somniani is a hot port for radicals  
wanting to enter Europe. He could  
have been headed anywhere.

PADGETT

Who knows we have him?

MACKEY

Only Pakistani Intelligence and us.  
Karachi police weren't informed of  
his identity.

PADGETT

Has he talked?

Mackey shakes his head 'no'

MACKEY

For a guy who's back from the dead  
he doesn't have much to say...

Padgett looks out the window... downtown Karachi flashing  
past him... and he sees the CLOCK TOWER in the distance.

INT. PAKISTANI INTELLIGENCE (ISI) - NIGHT, 2006

As Padgett, Tellis, and Mackey move down the hall to a door  
they are approached by Pakistani woman in her early 30's  
dressed in a black suit, hair pulled into a tight ponytail.  
This is KATRIANA DOMITI (PAKISTANI INTELLIGENCE).

MACKEY

(introducing)

Katriana Domiti, ISI... Tom Padgett  
and Don Tellis.

They shake hands.

KATRIANA

Gentlemen.

MACKEY

(to Padgett and Tellis)

How do you guys wanna handle this?  
You want to be in the room with me  
when I talk to him or do you want  
to watch through the glass?

Tellis looks to Padgett, his call...

PADGETT  
Let's sit in.

INT. ISI - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT, 2006

And we see ABDULLAH GUL siting behind a metal table.

Door opens as Padgett, Tellis, Mackey, an INTERPRETER and an ARMED GUARD enter the room. Gul studies the men, but it's Padgett that he's most interested in here.

MACKEY  
Mr. Gul, my name is Mackey. I'm  
with the United States government.  
I'm going to be asking you some  
questions today.

Mackey nods to the INTERPRETER who begins to translate. But Gul cuts him off... speaking directly to Mackey in English...

GUL  
There is no need to translate. I  
understand your language perfectly.

MACKEY  
Good. Well, this should be much  
easier then. Mr. Gul...

But Gul cuts him off again... turns to Padgett...

GUL  
I recognize you. Tom Padgett, isn't  
it?

PADGETT  
That's right.

Gul smiles.

GUL  
I am surprised to see you, Mr.  
Padgett. I thought you were dead.

PADGETT  
I thought you were dead too.

Gul smiles, nods to himself.

GUL  
I assume you're speaking of the  
bombing six years ago. By the grace  
of God I was spared that day.  
(MORE)

GUL (cont'd)  
He had another fate in store for me  
(praise to God).

MACKEY  
Mr. Gul, we'd like to ask you a few  
questions about The Khotar Hotel  
bombing.

GUL  
Yes, I'm sure the United States  
government doesn't like it when  
dead terrorists suddenly show up  
out of nowhere. Throws the balance  
books off, doesn't it?

MACKEY  
We'd like you to tell us what  
happened that day.

Gul considers this for a moment...

GUL  
Go ahead.

MACKEY  
Mr. Gul...

GUL  
No, not you...  
(to Padgett)  
Him. You were there that day, Mr.  
Padgett. You remember what it was  
like, don't you?

Padgett says nothing, but there is an understanding between  
these two men. An uneasy bond. They are connected by  
something the others in this room cannot understand.

GUL  
You can ask me what you want, and I  
will tell you.

Padgett shares a quick look with Mackey who shrugs, lays down  
his pen, and sits back from the table. This is Padgett's deal  
now...

PADGETT  
Who was involved in *Bejira*?

GUL  
Myself. Yousef Kamal. His brother  
Tarsis. Syed Talat and Saad al-  
Hussein (*Praise to them*).

PADGETT  
Just the five of you?

GUL  
Too many can know too much. This is often the ruin of such plans. The five of us were the only ones involved in *Hejira*.

PADGETT  
What were you planning that day?

GUL  
It was our intention to bomb the American consulate on *Gh'tari* Street that afternoon...

MEMORY HIT (MOS) AND WE'RE OUTSIDE A CRUMBLING TWELVE STORY HOTEL IN KARACHI. WE CAN SEE THE CLOCK TOWER NEARBY AND WE SEE PAKISTANI MILITARY VEHICLES ARRIVING ON THE SCENE AND BEGINNING TO SET UP A PERIMETER AROUND THE HOTEL...

GUL  
... But, as we watched Pakistani military surround the safehouse it became very clear that we were not going to meet our objective.

PADGETT  
Where were you at the time of the blast?

GUL  
Preparing for that afternoon, of course. There are quite a few details one must consider for such an operation.

PADGETT  
Most of the Empress Market was destroyed that morning...

GUL  
Yes, five hundred pounds of explosive will do that, Mr. Padgett.

MEMORY HIT (MOS) OUTSIDE THE HOTEL AS PAKISTANI CIVILIANS ARE SCRAMBLING EVERYWHERE... TOTAL CHAOS AS THE MILITARY TRIES TO SECURE THE AREA... AND NOW WE SEE PADGETT STANDING WITH OMAR SAEED AND COLONEL AL-ADEL AND WE CAN SEE THAT THEY ARE ARGUING AND SUDDENLY...

A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOTEL. THE BLAST COMPLETELY EVISCERATING THE BUILDING. A QUARTER-SECOND LATER A WAVE HITS PADGETT, SAEED, AND THE COLONEL AND THEY'RE VIOLENTLY LIFTED INTO THE AIR... THE WORLD UPENDED... FRAGMENTS OF MORTAR AND GLASS SHOWERING DOWN... LOST IN A DARKENING GRAY WORLD OF DUST AND SMOKE WHERE NOTHING IS RECOGNIZABLE...

Back to Gul staring at Padgett...

GUL

A day like that never really leaves you. The taste of smoke in the back of your throat. The smell of flesh...

AND LIKE A SLOW DISSOLVE THE AIR BEGINS TO CLEAR... AND WE SEE THAT THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD IS GONE. COMPLETELY LEVELED BY THE EXPLOSION. MIRACULOUSLY, ONLY THE CLOCK TOWER REMAINS STANDING. AND AS THE DUST SETTLES WE CAN MAKE OUT TWISTED BODIES STREWN ABOUT THE DESOLATION... COLONEL AL-ADEL'S DECAPITATED TORSO... AND SAEED'S DEAD BODY... AND THEN WE COME ACROSS PADGETT IN THIS MESS... HIS EYES ARE WIDE AND HE'S SHAKING AND NOW WE SEE THAT HIS ENTIRE STOMACH IS OPENED WIDE BY SHRAPNEL...

And now we're staring at Padgett in this room... and we see the fleeting memory of that day in his eyes.

GUL

It stays with you, doesn't it Mr. Padgett? Changes you.

PADGETT

How did you survive that blast?

Gul considers the question for a moment. Considers how to proceed. He stares at Padgett closely, studying him...

GUL

I heard you tried to take your own life sometime after that day...

And we're looking at Padgett now but we see no reaction from him...

GUL

It's interesting how often times the worst fate in war is to be spared death. Forced to live with the things you've seen... and done.

PADGETT

How did you survive?

GUL

I was in an apartment down the street.

PADGETT

A second apartment?

GUL

That's correct.

Something dawning on Padgett in this moment...

PADGETT

There was a second safehouse?  
Beside the Khotar Hotel?

GUL

Yes, Mr. Padgett, we had two apartments that day. There were five of us and quite a bit of equipment. We tried to get two rooms at The Khotar but it was full. We found a second room a few blocks away.

PADGETT

Who was in the second apartment when the Khotar Hotel went up?

GUL

Myself. Yousef Kamal. And his brother Tarsis.

PADGETT

Yousef Kamal is alive?

GUL

Alive and well, Mr. Padgett.

This hits Padgett like a THUNDERBOLT. Padgett shoots a quick look to Tellis betraying his surprise. Holy fuck indeed, Yousef Kamal is alive.

PADGETT

Where is he?

GUL

I do not know. No one knows where Kamal is. Even when you are with him it is uncertain. He demands it this way.

PADGETT

Where were you headed when Karachi police picked you up?

GUL

Understand that nothing I am telling you will make any difference in the end. You're too late, Mr. Padgett.

PADGETT

Where were you going?

GUL

To America of course. Isn't everybody always headed to America? You know I've never been there. Always wanted to see your country...

Gul makes a motion like smoke drifting away...

GUL (CONT'D)

... I suppose not in this lifetime.

PADGETT

Why were you going to the US?

GUL

To deliver a message.

PADGETT

What message?

GUL

To commence.

(off Padgett's look)

That's right, Mr. Padgett. We did not abandon *Hejira* after you tracked us to that safehouse. In many ways we should thank you. Your diligence back then helped us to reevaluate our goals. In retrospect our plans for the American consulate then were... inconsequential.

PADGETT

What are you planning?

GUL

You can stop me, but it will do nothing.

(MORE)

GUL (cont'd)

Kamal will just send another with the same message... and the light of Islam will be seared into your Western eyes forever (Praise to God).

And we see the sobering realization on American faces that there is a plan in place right now...

PADGETT

Who were you meeting in the US?

GUL

One of the faithful is all I know.

PADGETT

How were you going to make contact?

Gul, no response. And he and Padgett stare at each other... each one considering the position they are in. We see Gul is weighing something in his mind... deciding something in this very moment...

GUL

You know, taking your own life is not an option in Islam. Yes, believers sacrifice themselves in the name of Allah, but to take ones life selfishly is a great sin. Ones life must be given in service to a greater calling. A greater good. Perhaps this is why you were unable to take your own life. Perhaps God has another fate in store for you as well, Mr. Padgett.

PADGETT

Tell us who you were going to meet in the states.

GUL

I don't think so.

And we're watching Gul here and what we see is calm resignation in his eyes... acceptance of some kind...

GUL

I can see that you are not like other Americans. This is a compliment.

(beat)

It will serve you in death one day, Mr. Padgett. You will see.



And suddenly, in an instant--

GUL DARTS

from his chair, RIPS the Guard's REVOLVER from his holster before he can react and -- BOOM -- shoots him in the face

GUL SPINS

BOOM -- Interpreter is hit in the neck and goes down

TELLIS

Leaps toward Gul but Gul pivots left and -- BOOM, BOOM. Tellis' chest EXPLODES. Like shooting ducks in a barrel Gul spins again and -- BOOM

MACKEY

Is shot in the back as he scrambles for the door

PADGETT

Makes a move toward Gul but he spins... levels the pistol freezing Padgett

GUARDS

Outside the room trying to bang their way inside, but Mackey's dead body is blocking their way

GUL

Cocks the hammer back on the pistol. If you've been counting then you know. There's ONE MORE bullet left... and Gul knows it. He smiles to Padgett...

GUL (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

*For Hejira... Praise to God.*

Before Padgett can react, Gul opens his mouth, shoves the barrel into his throat and BOOM. Brain splatter all over the wall just as...

TWO GUARDS

BURST into the room, weapons drawn, but it's too late.

HOLD ON Padgett as he stands there, an empty expression on his face. Tellis on the ground at his feet, eyes wide open and dead.

INT. ISI - EMPTY OFFICE - LATER, 2006

We see Padgett is alone in this room smoking a cigarette and amped up. He's pacing back and forth and we see a spray of blood across his shirt. And then there's a knock at the door and Katriana enters followed by a man named GAMAL (PAKISTANI INTELLIGENCE).

Padgett spins around...

PADGETT

Hejira is operational. They never quit...

KATRIANA

Mr. Padgett...

PADGETT

They just shifted the objective. There's a trigger in the U.S. Ready to commence! That's who Gul was going to meet...

KATRIANA

Tom...

PADGETT

Yousef Kamal is alive...

KATRIANA

We know.

This stops Padgett in his tracks...

PADGETT

You know what?

KATRIANA

We know Kamal is alive. For a little over a year we have known that Kamal, his brother Tarsis, and Abdullah Gul had survived the Khotar Hotel bombing.

PADGETT

But Pakistan confirmed them as deadfile. You withheld the intel?

KATRIANA

The Pakistani government does not know what we know.

(MORE)

KATRIANA (cont'd)

As far as their intelligence is concerned, Kamal and the others died in the bombing...

PADGETT

Why?

And now Gamal steps forward...

GAMAL

Mr. Padgett, Kamal spent years infiltrating the highest levels of The Pakistani government. ISI knew that he still had sympathizers there. Men that supported his goals and the goals of others like him. We kept what we discovered secret because it was our best chance at catching him.

PADGETT

How did you know he survived?

Gamal shoots a look to Katriana, then...

KATRIANA

We're in contact with an informant inside Kamal's organization. Codename TARIQ.

PADGETT

How long?

KATRIANA

A couple years before the Khotar bombing Kamal approached an ISI officer. Tariq's family had been killed in a bombing raid in Syria in the late 70's. Kamal knew this. He preyed on people who had been victims of Western aggression. He needed someone in Pakistani Intelligence to feed him information. Tariq cultivated his trust for years... giving him what he wanted... information we felt wasn't critical. Kamal thought that he had turned Tariq... thought he was loyal... but he was wrong. Tariq was working for us.

PADGETT

What does Tariq know about Hejira?

KATRIANA

Nothing.

PADGETT

Tell me, Katriana.

KATRIANA

Tariq knows nothing. After the Khotar Hotel bombing all contact with Tariq ended. For almost four years we thought, like everyone else, that Kamal had died in that blast. It wasn't until 2004 that Kamal made contact again. We suspected Kamal was planning something, but we weren't sure what it was. We assumed it was only in the early stages. We had no idea that he had continued *Hejira*... we had no idea he had moved it to America...

PADGETT

What about the trigger?

Katriana shakes her head...

KATRIANA

We know nothing about a trigger in the states.

Off Padgett's look we go...

FULL SCREEN - A TV MONITOR SHOWING CNN--

NEWSCASTER

... The Department of Homeland Security today raised the nation's threat level to RED for the first time since the September 11th attacks in 2001....

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Another TV showing another TV NEWSANCHOR--

NEWSCASTER #2

... The increased alert comes on the heels of a Washington Post article warning of a possible attack on American soil by followers of Radical Fundamentalist, Yousef Kamal...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

A BRITISH NEWSANCHOR on CNN/UK--

BRITISH NEWSANCHOR

... Yousef Kamal was thought to have been killed six years ago when Pakistani military surrounded a safehouse where he and members of his group were thought to have been hiding...

On the newscast we see REPLAY FOOTAGE of the Khotar Hotel explosion...

BRITISH NEWSANCHOR

... 778 people were killed in that blast...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Another TV showing AL-JAZEERA network--

AL-JAZEERA ANCHOR

... According to the article, CIA agent Tom Padgett first learned of the threat from an informant inside Kamal's organization...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Another monitor showing a field reporter outside The White House--

FIELD REPORTER

... Government officials so far have refused to comment on either the possible attack or who leaked the name of the CIA agent to the Post...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET - DUSK, 2006

This is a continuation of the opening scene

And we see Padgett moving quickly through the crowded market... his eyes sharp and scanning the crowd around him...

the Muslim man in beard and turban... the Arab boys on the corner... three women in black *burka* passing him...

And again we see the CLOCK TOWER in the distance... and as he continues through the crowd we see...

SHOTS OF ARABIC MEN MOVING THROUGH THE THrong

Tracking Padgett. He rounds a corner and suddenly bodies rushing at him and he's kicked to the ground. FIAT SCREECHES to a stop in the nearby and Padgett is thrown into the back seat of the car and it speeds off...

HARD TO:

The FIAT as it pulls into the garage... garage doors slammed shut and Padgett is YANKED out into the black void...

KIDNAPPERS body slam Padgett against the side of the car and begin to strip him naked... clothes shoved into a plastic bag... and now hands are prying his jaws apart... probing his mouth, checking his hair, a cavity search...

Wrists finally zip-tied and his mouth taped shut and a WET SACK pulled over his head taking us to...

PADGETT'S POV NOW - through the tattered sack. Blackness except for a small tear where we can see. And he's pushed through the garage and SHOVED into the back of a WHITE VAN... and the rear doors are slammed shut...

HARD TO:

A SEQUENCE of vague, staccato scenes. Still PADGETT'S POV through the death mask. Dark, undefined images. Blacking in and out. The SOUND of the van's engine is what we can hear. Occasionally we catch glimpses of masked men in the corners of the van holding machine guns. JUMP CUTS give us a sense that many hours are passing... always moving... and then--

HARD TO:

PADGETT'S POV as he's YANKED ROUGHLY out of the van, and pushed along, stumbling without clear sight. More Arabic voices, angry and laughing--

HARD TO:

Still PADGETT'S POV, but now we realize we are in a jeep. The sound of shifting, grinding gears tell us that. Through the small tear we see two SOLDIERS in the front of the jeep shouldering assault rifles. A shift in our vision, and we see two more soldiers in the back of the Jeep on either side.

The jeep is racing through narrow winding streets. It's still dark outside--

HARD TO:

PADGETT'S POV at floor level now. A dark room and it's fucking claustrophobic. The sound of Padgett's quick breathing. Boots moving in and out of our vision. The SOUND of Padgett being KICKED in the stomach. Wet coughing. Another kick and--

HARD TO:

PADGETT'S POV and we're in a truck now. Through the tear in the mask we see soldiers with rifles sitting around the back of the truck. Someone is smoking. More chattering in Arabic.

Early morning light gives us our first clear glimpse of where we are. We're moving through the streets of an ancient, crumbling village which is high up in the mountains. Jagged, snow capped peaks can be seen in the b.g.

SHIFT IN OUR VISION to see one of the soldiers in the truck. The one smoking. He sees us looking... yells something in Arabic. Suddenly, the butt of his Kalishnikov comes down hard. WHACK! And our vision EXPLODES as we...

CUT TO:

# FLASHBACK - 2000

EXT. KARACHI PARK - DAY, 2000

And we see Annie, Raniya, and the baby sitting on a blanket in the grass playing with the puppy.

ANNIE

Do you have a boyfriend, Raniya?

Raniya is embarrassed by this question... and we see her blushing and she's shaking her head...

RANIYA

No, I do not have a boyfriend.

ANNIE

Are you sure? When I was your age I had a boyfriend.

RANIYA

You did?

ANNIE  
Of course. He was cute...

RANIYA  
What was his name?

ANNIE  
Charlie.

RANIYA  
(almost to herself,  
hearing the name on her  
lips)  
Charlie.

ANNIE  
He had freckles and big brown eyes.

And now we're watching Raniya and we can tell that she's  
deciding whether or not to share something with Annie here.  
Finally, conspiratorially, she says...

RANIYA  
There is a boy.

ANNIE  
Yeah?

RANIYA  
He lives on my street. I think he's  
cute.

ANNIE  
What's his name?

RANIYA  
Zaki.

ANNIE  
(hearing the name on her  
lips)  
Zaki. Does he know that you like  
him?

Raniya shakes her head earnestly...

RANIYA  
A Pakistani girl wouldn't allow  
such a thing. Although whenever we  
race I let him beat me.

ANNIE  
Oh, well then he probably knows.



RANIYA

Maybe.

And Raniya pulls Michael up to her lap...

RANIYA

Do you miss America, Annie? Do you miss your home.

The question catches Annie off guard for a moment... and as we're watching Annie we can't help but think that she's thinking of her husband when she says...

ANNIE

Yes, Raniya. I miss my home.

And now Raniya pulls Michael up and begins to twirl him in circles... and the puppy is nipping at Raniya's feet... and for the moment, Annie is pulled from her melancholy and she laughs at them as they play...

... but as the CAMERA WIDENS we now see that the edge of this park is hemmed in by 8 foot walls topped with razor wire... and we see ARMED GUARDS posted sporadically around it's perimeter...

... and now Annie is looking at the walls and the guards around her... and her smile fades and we see her melancholy return as we go...

INT. U.S. GOVERNMENT OPERATION ROOM - KARACHI - DAY, 2000

All the charm of a nuclear test bunker. We see Padgett, Tellis, and five or six other AGENTS hovering over a conference table littered with paperwork. In the b.g we can see a BULLETIN BOARD covering an entire wall.

PAN the board to see INDEX CARDS and PHOTOGRAPHS. At the center of the board is a photograph of Yousef Kamal. Spidering out from Kamal are other photographs of Arabic looking men including Kamal's brother Tarsis and the mugshot of Abdullah Gul.

TELLIS

... Saeed wasn't bullshitting. Last confirm ISI has on Kamal is June 3rd... three years ago. Pakistani military is the same thing. Even TASCAM doesn't have shit. Nobody has seen or heard from this guy in years.

(MORE)

TELLIS (cont'd)  
I feel like Ahab and the White  
Whale with this guy. I feel like  
we're chasin' a ghost.

Tellis, frustrated, tosses a thin folder on the table...

TELLIS  
You'd think a goddamn yak herder  
somewhere would have said something  
about where this fucking guy is.

Padgett digs through a stack of folders... finds the one he's  
looking for... opens it and slides it across the table to  
Tellis. It's a PHOTOGRAPH of an Arabic man in his early 50's  
with a thick beard, wearing a turban.

TELLIS  
Who's this?

PADGETT  
Jameel Maksad. He was a senior  
leader in *Isthik al-Haman* in the  
80's and 90's. Maksad was the one  
who planned the kidnapping of the  
six German tourists. The kidnapping  
Kamal handled...

Tellis regards the photograph...

PADGETT (CONT'D)  
When Kamal discovered Maksad was  
planning to use the tourists as a  
bargaining tool for *al-Haman*  
prisoners in Germany he felt he'd  
been betrayed...

Padgett reaches across the table, flips to the next  
PHOTOGRAPH in the folder. It's a gruesome shot of a dead  
body... we recognize it as Maksad.

PADGETT (CONT'D)  
... Three months after Kamal killed  
the German tourists Maksad's body  
was found in a street in  
Rawalpindi. He'd been  
disemboweled...

Padgett reaches across the table again... and again he flips  
to another PHOTOGRAPH in the folder. It's a shot of an Arabic  
woman and her three children laying dead on the floor of a  
house... also disemboweled...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

... Maksad's wife and his three children were also found dead. So was Maksad's brother, his wife and their fifteen year old son.

Tellis looks up to Padgett... holy shit...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

That's how Kamal handles betrayal. Devotion is everything to this guy. Even if somebody knew where he was, they wouldn't say a word. They're either too loyal... or too fucking scared.

Padgett reaches over, takes his folder back from Tellis...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

The White Whale was real, Don. No ghost. He was real...

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY - 2006

AND WE SEE PADGETT LAYING FLAT ON HIS BACK UNCONSCIOUS. SUN ON HIS FACE AND A BANDAGE ABOVE HIS LEFT EYE FROM WHERE HE WAS HIT WITH THE KALISHNIKOV.

AND AS HE COMES TO... WE SEE A SMALL ARABIC BOY (7) SQUATTING NEXT TO HIM. STARING AT HIM. THE BOY SEES PADGETT AWAKE AND QUICKLY RUNS OFF. PADGETT LOOKS AROUND AND NOW WE REALIZE WE ARE...

EXT. STONE HOUSE - COURTYARD - DAY, 2006

Padgett laying in the middle of a small, lush courtyard. There's a bubbling fountain here. Potted palms. Like Shangri-la.

Padgett sits up slowly and then BOOM, he sees him...

YOUSEF KAMAL being led down the steps of the house by the boy. And what we're struck by is the changing nature of Kamal's face. Although he's in his late 40's you'd never guess it. You'd think older... or maybe younger... depending on the way he looked at you. His is a face designed to make you wonder. Impossible to nail down. To define. Always shifting... always moving.

As Kamal approaches Padgett he smiles warmly...

KAMAL

I was starting to get concerned.

Kamal's English is pitch perfect petulance. Slight Arabic accent. Padgett tries to move to his feet, but pauses, unsteady.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Careful.

(to boy, Arabic)

Get him a chair.

The boy grabs a chair, drags it over to Padgett who sits. Touches the bandage on his head.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

I am sorry about that. I'm afraid my men can become overzealous. It's the burden of youth sometimes, their passions. It's a pleasure to finally meet you in person, Mr. Padgett.

PADGETT

(Arabic)

Where am I?

KAMAL

(Arabic)

Your Arabic is flawless. I'm impressed.

(to boy)

Bring us some Tarsuk.

The boy runs off.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

This is my friend's home. It's quite beautiful, isn't it? I stay here on occasion, although never for very long I'm afraid...

The boy returns with a tray of tea. Pours a cup for Padgett, then Kamal...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

I hope it's not too sweet. Sugar is a bit of a weakness of mine. Ever since I was a little boy.

Kamal smiles at the boy, tussles his hair affectionately.

KAMAL (CONT'D)  
(to boy, Arabic)  
Very good. Now go play and let us  
talk for awhile.

The boy runs off to a far corner of the courtyard.

KAMAL (CONT'D)  
He's an orphan. He was brought to  
me when he was only three. There  
are tens of thousand just like him  
all over the Middle east. Boys such  
as he are the future of Islam.  
They're its' lifeblood. You have a  
boy around his age, don't you, Mr.  
Padgett?

PADGETT  
Why am I here?

KAMAL  
You're here because there are  
things I need to know.  
(beat)  
Do you like the tea?

Padgett says nothing...

KAMAL (CONT'D)  
You'll have to excuse me if I seem  
too casual. Tom Padgett is a name I  
have been familiar with for many  
years. I feel as if I know you. We  
come from opposite worlds, but I  
suspect we're not so different, you  
and I.

PADGETT  
I'm nothing like you.

KAMAL  
We are both men devoted to our  
beliefs. Willing to kill. Willing  
to die perhaps.

PADGETT  
I'm not a terrorist.

Kamal grimaces, this is a turn in the conversation he finds  
distasteful...

KAMAL

I always find it fascinating when Americans use that term. Your wars are 'just wars', is that right? Bringing civilization to the barbarians, correct? Did you ever play Cowboys and Indians when you were a boy, Padgett?

PADGETT

Yes.

KAMAL

Cowboys kill the savages. That's how the game is played. Your own country exists because some religious fundamentalist from England, your founding fathers, exterminated the local population. Millions of indigenous people butchered in the name of freedom.

(beat)

The atrocities America commits are quickly forgotten or at best, turned into a childhood game.

Kamal looks off for a moment, lost in thought... watches the boy playing in the corner...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

You're country wins, Mr. Padgett. And the victors write the history books. This is the only difference between you and I.

PADGETT

You're a butcher. I could never do the things you've done.

Kamal shakes his head, patronizing...

KAMAL

You Americans and your supreme sense of innocence. I'd wager to guess you could, Mr. Padgett. All men are capable of great brutality when driven to it. I promise that even you are capable of the unthinkable.

PADGETT

What do you want?

Kamal looks to the sky. Considering Padgett's question here, thinking...

KAMAL

I am in a difficult position. I've spent the last six years planning for one day that will bring your country to its' knees. Its echo will be heard for generations. But before that can happen there's something I need to know.

(calling over his  
shoulder, Arabic)

Boy, bring it to me.

The boy hustles out of the house carrying something. He reaches Kamal and hands him...

A newspaper. It's a copy of The Washington Post with an accompanying picture of Padgett.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

The American media is the best intelligence service in the world. For the cost of a cup of coffee I can know all that I need to about my enemy...

Kamal tosses the paper at Padgett's feet.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Who is this Tariq? Who is this traitor?

Padgett says nothing.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me what I want to know and I'll send you home to your family. Alive. You have my word.

Padgett, no response.

KAMAL

Don't be foolish here, Mr. Padgett. I will find out what I want to know. It will be so much easier for both of us if you just tell me now.

But Padgett's not talking and Kamal knows it.

KAMAL

It will turn out badly for you. In the end.

Kamal stands, gently takes the teacup from Padgett's hand and...

A HARD CHARGE from out of nowhere

TWO SOLDIERS

hit Padgett like a locomotive

PADGETT SPRAWLED

into the dirt and then DRAGGED through the courtyard on his stomach to...

INT. STONE HOUSE - DAY, 2006

Padgett HAULED through the foyer on his side. Kicking wild but can't break free. He's pulled down a long hallway.

INT. STAIRWELL, 2006

Door KICKED OPEN and Padgett YANKED down stone stairs headfirst. He TUMBLES and hits the basement landing hard. Teeth CRACK and blood starts to GUSH.

Soldiers reach him in an instant and he's JERKED VIOLENTLY to his feet.

INT. STONE ROOM, 2006

Another door KICKED open and Padgett is tossed into the room. Padgett gets to his knees but a BOOT caves in his ribcage. Lungs deflate and he FLOPS onto his back CHOKING for air. One of the Soldiers RIPS Padgett's shirt off and now he's wearing only the baggy pants. Soldiers exit and the DOOR SLAMS SHUT as we...

CUT TO:



FLASHBACK - 2000

EXT. MARKET - DAY, 2000

And we see Padgett in this crowded bazaar. He's chewing on a handful of diced sugarcane and loitering around a few kiosks... casually looking at the odd assortment of items for sale... but what he's really interested in is the TAXI STAND across the street... discretely watching the Cabby we recognize from earlier as he hustles rides and sells dope. We stay here for a beat, watching Padgett watch the Cabby until we hear...

ANNIE (O.S.)

Tom...

Padgett turns to see Annie (holding Michael) and Raniya walking through the bazaar. And always in the b.g. we see the SECURITY GUARDS following...

INT. MARKET - KARACHI RESTAURANT - DAY, 2000

And we see Padgett, Annie, Michael, and Raniya sitting at a table eating dinner.

ANNIE

How cute is this...

Annie sets a shoulder bag on the table...

ANNIE (CONT'D)

It's all hand sewn. There's a lady in Bhaktar Market that makes them. I was thinking about bringing some back to the states. Some of those shops on Wheeler would love to carry something like this. You know, like an 'import item.'

PADGETT

It's great.

But we can see that Padgett is preoccupied and isn't really listening...

ANNIE

I talked to my mom today. She wants to know about Thanksgiving.

Padgett says nothing.

ANNIE

It's only a few weeks away. We need to decide.

PADGETT

Does she want to come here?

ANNIE

You're joking, right? She won't even go to Adams Morgan because she thinks it's too dangerous.

Padgett, no response.

ANNIE

My Aunt Ann and Uncle John are coming down from Chicago. You know they haven't seen Michael since he was born.

Again, nothing from Tom. He's in his own world.

ANNIE

Tom...

He looks up. Irritation on his face at having to deal with this right now...

PADGETT

What?

ANNIE

We need to figure this out.

PADGETT

It's gonna' be a little tough this year...

ANNIE

We talked about going back. We haven't seen my parents in almost five months...

PADGETT

(snapping)

I know, Annie. It's just a little fucking hard to drop everything and go on vacation right now.

Annie is surprised by his sudden anger.

ANNIE

Okay... we're just talking about it...

PADGETT

Maybe you and Michael should just go, o.k.?

ANNIE

Without you?

PADGETT

Just do whatever you need to do, alright Annie?

Annie sits back, studies her husband. He's being a prick and she's not about to roll over here. Not now. Finally she says...

ANNIE

Is this what I can expect from you?

PADGETT

What are you talking about?

ANNIE

I need to know if this is what it's going to be like in the future.

PADGETT

Don't globalize it, Annie. I've got a job to do over here. I'm not some fucking salesman who can just pick up and fly off on vacation whenever we feel like it...

ANNIE

I'm not talking about Thanksgiving.

PADGETT

Can we not do this right now?

ANNIE

You walk around like a goddamn ghost, Tom.

PADGETT

I've been busy...

ANNIE

Bullshit. You've been busy before. You've been stressed before. You haven't been here for months, Tom.

And now Raniya is watching this from across the table with wide eyes...

PADGETT

I've got a job to do, Annie. It's important.

ANNIE

I know it's important. I'm proud of what you do. I'm proud of this opportunity and I support you... but this family is important too. You haven't held your son in three weeks...

PADGETT

Jesus Christ...

ANNIE

You're missing snapshots, Tom. Your family doesn't know who you are anymore.

PADGETT

C'mon Annie...

Padgett slaps the table in frustration and it startles Michael who begins to CRY...

ANNIE

We agreed that we were going to do this together. As a family.

And Michael's CRYING CONTINUES despite Raniya trying to console him...

PADGETT

We are a family.

ANNIE

No we're not, Tom. We haven't been a family for a long time...

And finally Annie takes the baby into her arms and tries to soothe him...

ANNIE

(to baby)

It's o.k., bubba... it's o.k...

(turning to Padgett)

I need to know. You need you to tell me what to expect.

(MORE)

ANNIE (cont'd)  
Because I'm not going to stay here  
and watch this family disintegrate.  
I can't do that. I can't just sit  
by and watch that happen, Tom.

CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY - 2006

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND NOW WE REALIZE WE'RE  
BACK...

INT. STONE ROOM - 2006

We see Padgett laying on his back in the empty room and his  
labored breathing tells us his ribs are cracked. We see  
there's not much in this room except for a WOODEN BENCH and a  
second door on the opposite wall which is locked shut.

And then we hear the sound of a rusty lock turning and one of  
the doors opens and Kamal enters followed by the two  
Soldiers.

KAMAL  
(to Soldiers)  
Help him up...

Soldiers lift Padgett off the ground and onto the wooden  
bench. He's bent over, holding his ribs, sucking air.

KAMAL (CONT'D)  
Of course it doesn't surprise me...  
your unwillingness to reveal Tariq.  
I expected it.

Kamal moves closer to Padgett.

KAMAL  
I will find out who this traitor  
is. Extracting information from men  
is really quite simple. All you  
must do is discover what drives  
them. What haunts him. Once you  
understand this... anything is  
knowable.

(beat)

I've seen men, very resilient  
men... strong men... open their  
hearts and chatter like schoolgirls  
once this place is found.

(beat)

I will find yours, you know.

Kamal studies him and we see that in this moment Padgett has ceased being a man to Kamal... but merely a cipher to which Kamal will find the answer...

And now we see Kamal pull the DAMASCUS BLADE from his robe...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

I'm curious about this. It's a fine blade. From Damascus I believe. But this etching... I recognize it... what is it?

PADGETT

*S'iaha dar Mu'tasa.*

KAMAL

The Prince's five weapons. Yes, I remember it from my youth. Remind me of the story.

PADGETT

Fuck you.

Kamal studies Padgett, somehow amused by his defiance...

KAMAL

You hate me. You blame me for the ills of this world. But men like me are only a symptom of a greater plague, Mr. Padgett.

(beat)

When I was just a boy, IDF forces carpet bombed my entire village looking for a lone Palestinian. They thought he was hiding in my neighborhood, but we knew of no such man. Everything was destroyed. A hundred and ninety-seven innocent people murdered looking for only one man. Women and children torn to pieces.

(beat)

I'd been outside playing with my brother when the bombs hit our house. I spent seven hours in the rubble collecting my families remains so they could be buried within the safir.

And Kamal is instantly somewhere else now as he speaks...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

I found pieces of my mother. Eight pieces. I placed them on the ground and put her back together like a jigsaw puzzle.

And we see something fleeting in Kamal's eyes that could be sadness... but then it's gone...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Is this not terrorism, Mr. Padgett? Tell me the difference? Every time the West drops her bombs in the name of *freedom* she creates fifty more boys just like that boy you met. Fifty more just like me.

(beat)

What is it that haunts you, Mr. Padgett?

Padgett says nothing...

KAMAL

Man is a curious animal. Often he reveals himself in the things he tries to suppress or ignore. It doesn't take a psychiatrist or clairvoyant to understand what these are. You need only watch and listen.

(beat)

You looked away when I mentioned your son. What I saw on your face was regret. You're not with your family any longer, are you?

Padgett, no response...

KAMAL

What drove them away, Mr. Padgett?

And Padgett catches another glimpse of the DAMASCUS BLADE in Kamal's hand... and the silver hilt glinting in the light...

KAMAL

Was it your ambition? You dragged them all the way over to Karachi. That is not an easy city. There must have been resentment...

PADGETT

My wife loved Pakistan.

KAMAL

Then what was it? Tell me.

But Padgett's not playing and Kamal knows it.

And now Kamal moves to the closed door he entered through. He KNOCKS once and it's opened from the other side and an OLD MAN steps into the room. Deep wrinkles carved into his skin over the last 80 years. The tattered clothes of a farmer. And we see that he's carrying a small, WOODEN BOX under his arm.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

Hello, my brother.

Old Man nods but doesn't say a word. Kamal gestures toward Padgett.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

Rest your legs.

Old man shuffles over and squats next to Padgett, sets the box down in front of him... then looks to up Kamal, waiting like a dutiful cat...

KAMAL

(in Arabic)

Go ahead...

And now the Old Man opens the box and we're just fucking sure that he's going to pull some kind of torture device from this thing... but he pulls out a CANDLE... and a CLAY POT... and a CERAMIC PIPE... and we watch him dig a finger full of dark resin - OPIUM - out of a small pouch and begin to roll it around in the palm of his hand, softening it.

And Padgett is watching him like a hawk...

KAMAL

I know you developed a taste for opium after the Khotar Hotel bombing. It's such a deceptive flower. Was it the drugs that destroyed your family, Mr. Padgett?

WEDGE IN A QUICK SHOT OF THE MARKET SOMETIME AFTER THE HOTEL BOMBING AND WE SEE THIS PLACE IS STILL IN RUIN... BUT ALREADY WE SEE SPORADIC VENDORS AND PEDESTRIANS... LIFE SPRINGING UP AGAIN IN THE AFTERMATH... AND NOW WE SEE PADGETT WALKING THROUGH THE MARKET AND HE CROSSES THE STREET AND APPROACHES THE CABBY WE KNOW... AND MONEY IS EXCHANGED...



KAMAL

Our plan to bomb the American Consulate that day was intended as a rallying call and nothing more. A media event, if you will. Carnage was not our main focus. The consulate was in a relatively secure part of town. Quite a few barriers. Many blocks from the nearest market. The most we could have hoped for was a few dead Marines... maybe a tattered American flag on CNN perhaps.

(beat)

But the damage that day was ten times what it would have been had we succeeded in achieving our goal...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OUTSIDE THE HOTEL... MOMENTS BEFORE THE BLAST AND PEOPLE ARE SCRAMBLING EVERYWHERE... AND THEN BOOM... THE EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

KAMAL

778 souls perished that day, but you didn't. You survived. It must have been difficult for you...

AND NOW WE'RE WATCHING AS THE CABBY LEADS PADGETT DOWN THE DARK ALLEY WE REMEMBER... AND THEN WE'RE IN A ROOM FILLED WITH THICK, WET SMOKE... DARK, UNDEFINED IMAGES... BUT WE CAN MAKE OUT THE SHADOWS OF MEN SITTING AGAINST THE WALLS SMOKING OPIUM...

KAMAL

Had you not tracked us to that hotel far fewer lives would have been lost that day. Is that what it was, Mr. Padgett? Was it guilt?

OUTSIDE THE KHOTAR HOTEL AGAIN... THIS TIME FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE... AND BOOM WE WITNESS THE EXPLOSION AGAIN...

KAMAL

The damage that day was horrific. Just like you I was there. I saw it...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF THE OPIUM ROOM... AND THEN A MATCH FLARES UP IN THE BLACK VOID AND WE SEE PADGETT... CROUCHED AGAINST THE WALL... HUDDLED OVER A SLENDER PIPE AND INHALING DEEPLY... AND HIS FLAT BLACK EYES STARING AT US FROM THE DARKNESS...

KAMAL

Is that why you're no longer with  
your family? Why you tried to kill  
yourself? Because you couldn't live  
with what you had done?

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF PADGETT SITTING ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR OF  
HIS TOWNHOUSE AND THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE HELL... HOLLOW FUCKING  
EYES AND PALE WHITE... A SPENT HYPODERMIC NEEDLE HANGING OUT  
OF HIS ARM AND A REVOLVER RESTING ON HIS LAP... AND WE HEAR  
POUNDING ON THE DOOR AND SOMEONE TRYING TO GET IN AND THEN  
WE'RE BACK TO...

And Padgett looks up, meets Kamal's eyes...

PADGETT

You did that... not me.

KAMAL

Then why?

Padgett says nothing...

KAMAL

(in Arabic)

Go ahead, Old Man.

And the Old Man lights the candle and begins to carefully  
cook the opium in the slender pipe... taking long, deep  
inhales...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

(to Old Man)

Give it to him.

Old Man offers the pipe, white smoke like bony fingers rising  
out of the bowl. And Padgett looks away, too many bad  
memories flooding back as we...

WEDGE IN A QUICK SHOT OF PADGETT ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR  
AGAIN... AND THE POUNDING ON THE DOOR OUTSIDE... AND NOW THE  
REVOLVER IS IN HIS HAND...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Padgett. There's no  
reason to deny yourself.

Padgett shakes his head...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Maybe the pipe doesn't have the  
teeth you crave...

Kamal turns, barks something in Arabic and the door OPENS... Same two Soldiers from before PILE into the room and grab Padgett. He's kicked to his knees in front of the Old Man.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

I'll give you a second chance, Mr. Padgett. Tell me who Tariq is.

Padgett's not talking and Kamal nods to the Old Man who begins to dig deeper into his box. Looking for something... searching... finally finds...

A SYRINGE

Padgett sees the hypodermic and his face goes full panic. He STRUGGLES against the Soldiers but they hold him tight as...

The Old Man cooks the ball of opium in a tin spoon. BUBBLING brown resin right in Padgett's face as Old Man JUICES the needle, plunger up...

Padgett FLAILING against the Soldiers now. Bloodshot eyes frantic. Takes all they got to hold this guy down. One of his arms is WRENCHED forward, elbow SNAPPED straight and arm TWISTED to expose soft skin...

KAMAL

Tell me and I'll send you back to your family...

AND WE'RE WATCHING PADGETT AGAIN IN THE BATHROOM... FACE TWISTED AND SWALLOWED IN HOWLING PAIN... POUNDING ON THE DOOR AND NOW THE REVOLVER IS SHOVED INTO HIS OPEN MOUTH AND THEN WE SLAM BACK TO...

The Old Man as he loops a strip of leather around Padgett's arm, ties him off.

Padgett straining, pulse pounding. Soldiers hold him still for an instant...

And the Old Man SPIKES Padgett's arm, pushes the plunger down. Padgett stiffens on the hit...

And then the Old Man pulls the tie loose. Horse galloping into Padgett's bloodstream and he immediately WILTS into one of the Soldiers. Eyes becoming lidded.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

That's it, Padgett. There you go...

PADGETT POV as the room starts to blur. Eyes rolling back into his head... and suddenly he's HEAVING, junky RETCH on the floor...

KAMAL

I see it's been a long time for you.

Padgett looking around the room. Dope washing over him like a heavy blanket. Face sagging and tears rolling down his cheeks.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me about that last day in Karachi. You found out very early I had crossed over the border, hadn't you?

Padgett nodding...

KAMAL

How did you know? Had Tariq informed you?

Padgett shakes his head...

KAMAL

Tell me Padgett, was Tariq the one who told you that I was in Karachi that morning?

PADGETT

We didn't know of Tariq then...

KAMAL

Then who told you?

But Padgett's eyes are rolling back into his head and he's starting to lose consciousness...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Stay with me...

And Kamal leans in... shoving SMELLING SALTS into his face and Padgett REELS back, COUGHING.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

That's it...

Padgett HEAVING again...

KAMAL

Tell me, Padgett. Who told you?

PADGETT

A cab driver... someone who was  
working for us...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF PADGETT ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TAXI  
STAND (PRE-BOMBING)... AND WE SEE HE AND THE CABBY EXCHANGE A  
QUICK LOOK...

PADGETT

He knew that you had come to  
town... he knew you had gotten a  
room at the Khotar...

WEDGE IN ANOTHER SHOT OF THE CABBY. THIS IS WEEKS AFTER HE  
AND PADGETT'S FIRST MEETING AND NOW HE'S ACROSS THE STREET  
FROM THE KHOTAR HOTEL... AND HE PULLS A CELL PHONE FROM HIS  
JACKET AS WE GO...

Close on Padgett on his knees. RETCHING again. Eyes looking  
up and pleading. Mouth moving but we can't hear what he's  
saying...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me...

PADGETT

I'm sorry...

KAMAL

Sorry for what, Padgett?

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF ANNIE IN THE BATHROOM OF THEIR TOWNHOUSE.  
IT'S THE MORNING AFTER THEIR ARGUMENT AT THE RESTAURANT AND  
PADGETT STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY. HE LOOKS AT HER AND SAYS,  
"I'M SORRY ABOUT YESTERDAY." AND ANNIE MOVES TO HIM... HOLDS  
HIS HAND IN HERS AND SIMPLY SAYS, "WE MISS YOU. COME BACK TO  
US." AND OFF HER LOOK WE HEAR THE PHONE RING OFFSCREEN AND  
Raniya STEPS INTO THE HALLWAY HOLDING THE RECEIVER AND SAYS,  
"TELEPHONE, MR. PADGETT.." AND WE GO...

CLOSE on Padgett as a terrible sickness overtakes him.  
There's something happening here. A fierce and growing pain  
rising up in him.

And Kamal sees it. Watching Padgett writhe on the ground it  
all becomes clear to him. Like a riddle unlocking and its  
mystery becoming understood, Kamal peers into Padgett and he  
is known...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

They were there...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OUTSIDE THE KHOTAR HOTEL... AND WE SEE PADGETT STANDING WITH SAEED AND Colonel AL-ADEL AND HE PULLS OUT HIS CELL PHONE... PANICKED FUCKING EYES AS HE PUNCHES IN A NUMBER AND THEN WE'RE BACK TO...

Padgett HEAVING. Junky shakes and his face is buried into the floor. Kamal moves closer to Padgett. Kneeling next to him...

KAMAL

Your family was in that market when the hotel exploded...

AND NOW WE SEE ANNIE WALKING THROUGH THE MARKET CARRYING MICHAEL... AND WE SEE Raniya NEXT TO HER.. AND IN THE NEAR DISTANCE WE SEE THE CLOCK TOWER WHICH TELLS US EXACTLY WHERE SHE IS...

And then we're on Padgett again on the floor... faced screwed in pain... and Kamal is right next to him...

KAMAL

They were there, weren't they Padgett?

AND AGAIN WE'RE WATCHING ANNIE AS SHE WALKS THROUGH THE CROWDED MARKET WITH Raniya AND THE BABY... ARMED SECURITY GUARD FOLLOWING IN THE B.G.

QUICK CUT TO PADGETT ON HIS CELL PHONE OUTSIDE THE HOTEL, FRANTIC TO GET A HOLD OF HER...

BUT WE SEE ANNIE WALKING PAST A KIOSK NOW WHICH IS BLASTING LOUD MUSIC AND WE REALIZE SHE CAN'T HEAR HER CELL PHONE RINGING... AND SUDDENLY THE PLACE BREAKS OUT IN PANDEMONIUM... PEOPLE RUNNING IN EVERY DIRECTION... TOTAL CHAOS... AND WE SEE ANNIE TURNING TO THE SECURITY GUARD BUT HE'S BEEN SWALLOWED UP IN THE COMMOTION... AND ANNIE IS PUSHED ALONG IN THIS CROWD... A LOOK OF SHEER PANIC ON HER FACE AS SHE STRUGGLES TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING BUT...

THE HOTEL EXPLODES AND THE BLAST RIPS THROUGH THE MARKET AND INSTANTLY NOTHING IS RECOGNIZABLE... AND THEN WE'RE BACK TO...

Padgett in the stone room and in this instant his vacant eyes become understood by us. And Kamal leans close...

KAMAL

That's what it is. That's what has haunted you all these years...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF PADGETT AS HE SETS THE BATMAN ACTION FIGURE NEXT TO A SMALL HEADSTONE.

NEXT TO IT IS A LARGER HEADSTONE. AND PADGETT STANDS AND BEGINS TO WALK AWAY FROM CAMERA AS WE GO BACK TO...

KAMAL

You want to be with your family again, don't you?

Padgett looks up and meets Kamal's eyes... and he nods 'yes.' Kamal studies him for a beat with something resembling compassion... he understands this man now. Kamal turns to his soldiers and says...

KAMAL

(Arabic)

Take him down.

Padgett JERKED to his feet. Opposite door unlocked and he's DRAGGED into pitch blackness.

INT. CORRIDOR, 2006

Padgett PULLED through the tunnel, stumbling through the dark.

Body limp and slipping through the soldiers hands. Hitting the floor HARD and a GASH opens up on his cheek.

One of the Soldiers RIPS Padgett's pants off and now he's COMPLETELY NAKED. Picked back up and dragged into...

INT. CORRIDOR #2, 2006

Padgett taken DEEPER into the ground. Tunnel walls cut out of solid earth. Fast and disjointed through this maze and we should feel as though we are moving ever deeper into the earth. Moving through another door and into...

INT. ROOT CELLAR, 2006

A subterranean cellar. Dirt floor. Dried lamb carcasses hang from hooks. A skein of blood on the walls. If you could smell it in here, it smells of death.

But there's something familiar about this room. Somehow we know this place. And then it dawns on us in a flash. We recognize this room from the GRAINY INTERNET VIDEO of Kamal decapitating the German tourists.

This is the same room.

And Padgett is dragged to the center of the room and DUMPED into the dirt. Hands tied behind his back and then he's pulled up to his knees. Naked. Bleeding. Shaking from the drugs and cold...

(\*Note: Padgett's position should be reminiscent of the German tourist who was beheaded)

And now Kamal steps into the room and regards Padgett. He moves around behind him... and this is all so fucking familiar... we feel like we've seen this before... we know how this ends...

KAMAL

That's why you've wanted to die.  
All those years ago you begged for  
death to be with them again...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF PADGETT ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR... REVOLVER STUFFED INTO HIS MOUTH... BANGING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR AS PADGETT THUMBS THE HAMMER BACK ON THE PISTOL AND... THE BATHROOM DOOR CAVES IN AND TELLIS PLOWS INTO THE BATHROOM. HE REACHES PADGETT, PULLS THE GUN OUT OF HIS MOUTH AND STRUGGLES TO STAND HIM UP AS WE GO BACK TO...

Kamal as he grabs a fist full of Padgett's hair lifting his head straight up. He draws a curved blade from his belt. He presses it into Padgett's neck. Rivulets of blood trickle down his chest and shoulders. Kamal's tone is calm and persuasive here...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me who Tariq is and I'll grant  
you what you've longed for...

Padgett's eyes rolling back into his head. Reality starting to abstract... part of the room going out of focus... blurring into...

A LUSH GREEN PARK. AND WE SEE ANNIE IS SITTING IN THE GRASS ON A BLANKET WITH MICHAEL. SHE'S HOLDING THE BABY UP BY HIS ARMS AND HELPING HIM TAKE HIS FIRST BABY STEPS.

Padgett sees the hallucination, watches his family as they play. The vision DISTORTING and SHIFTING like an acid trip...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me, Padgett...

But Padgett is fixated on...

ANNIE AND MICHAEL. AND IT SEEMS AS THOUGH ANNIE SOMEHOW NOTICES HIM NOW. SHE'S LOOKING IN PADGETT'S DIRECTION.



STARING AT HIM WITH A STRANGE EXPRESSION... AS IF SHE'S  
SURPRISED TO BE SEEING HIM...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me and I'll send you home to  
your family...

Padgett says nothing... tears streaming down his face as he  
stares at his family in the grass, waiting for him...

And then it begins...

KAMAL STARTS TO CUT INTO PADGETT'S NECK...

PADGETT JERKS INVOLUNTARILY...

And his head slips out of Kamal's grasp and he FLOPS FORWARD  
onto the ground

KAMAL

Lifts him back onto his knees. A DEEP GASH on his neck  
GUSHING BLOOD where Kamal started to cut. Blood draining out  
of Padgett onto the floor.

AND ANNIE IS WATCHING ALL OF THIS... SHE PICKS UP MICHAEL AND  
NOW THEY'RE BOTH STARING AT PADGETT... WATCHING THIS HORROR  
AND WAITING FOR HIM TO JOIN THEM...

KAMAL

grabs another fist full of hair and YANKS Padgett's head  
straight up...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me what I want to know and I  
promise you'll have your death...

Kamal settles the blade onto his neck ready to cut again...

No fucking way...

Can this be how it ends?

AND THEN WE HEAR THE SOUND OF POPPING O.S.

Like GUNFIRE in the distance, but we can't be sure

KAMAL

Looking over his shoulder toward the sound

KAMAL'S SOLDIERS RUSHING INTO THE ROOM

Panicked SHOUTING and we realize something is going on

GUNFIRE ECHOES

From somewhere. BULLETS ricocheting and whizzing into the room from the corridor outside and now we know it's REAL

KAMAL

Let's go of Padgett's hair and he CRUMPLES to the floor

PADGETT'S POV

Hazy and bleary eyed as one of Kamal's Soldiers is HIT, SPINS, PLOWS into the ground. Kamal grabs his machine gun and starts BLASTING WILD into the corridor outside

ANNIE AND MICHAEL STILL STARING AT PADGETT PEACEFULLY... WATCHING HIM LAYING ON THE GROUND... WAITING...

And now we see them THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR...

COMMANDOS

hugging the tunnel walls outside the room. Machine gun MUZZLE BLASTS lighting up the dark. Advancing through choking smoke toward the root cellar-- A RESCUE TEAM

ANNIE SEES THIS AND SHE SLOWLY TURNS HER BACK ON PADGETT AND BEGINS TO WALK AWAY. THE PARK STARTING TO MORPH AND DISSOLVE...

PADGETT'S FACE SCREWED IN ANGUISH as he watches his family slowly disappear

KAMAL

realizes he's out gunned... scrambles for an adjacent door... but just before he escapes he looks to Padgett and they lock eyes...

And then he's gone. A half-second later...

COMMANDOS

charge into the room. These guys aren't American. ARABIC INSIGNIAS on their shoulders tell us that. Could be Saudi or Pakistani special forces.

One of the Commandos gets to Padgett fast, laying in a pool of his own blood. Commando YELLING over his shoulder--

COMMANDO  
(Arabic)  
Medic!

And he's pressing his hand into Padgett's neck trying to stop the bleeding.

BLOOD GEYSERING BETWEEN HIS FINGERS...

COMMANDO (CONT'D)  
(Arabic)  
MEDIC!

More Commandos piling into the room now. Weapons drawn. Finally a MEDIC rushes in, compression bandages pressed into Padgett's neck. Padgett turns his head to see...

ANNIE AND MICHAEL WALKING AWAY FROM HIM. THE LUSH GREEN PARK  
FADING INTO NOTHINGNESS

PADGETT

Reaches out for them... but they're fading out of his grasp... and then we see the DAMASCUS BLADE laying on the ground close to Padgett's outstretched hand... must have fallen out of Kamal's robe...

ANNIE AND MICHAEL VANISHING IN THE DISTANCE...

And Padgett reaching for them but somehow he manages to grab the KNIFE instead... and it's in his hand... and he's closing his fist around it tight as he's lifted onto a stretcher and HAULED out of the room.

INT. CORRIDOR #2, 2006

Padgett pulled up through the corridor. The SOUND of GUNFIRE o.s. Smoke obscuring our vision through the tunnels as we continue moving up through where we came...

INT. STONE ROOM, 2006

Padgett hustled through this familiar room, but now the Fluorescent lights are shot up and the wooden bench SPLINTERED in a corner. A couple of Kamal's Soldiers face down on the floor dead.

INT. CORRIDOR, 2006

Padgett hauled up the stone steps to an open door...

INT. HOUSE, 2006

Smoking, bullet riddled interior. More dead Soldiers. Commandos still securing the house, checking rooms... and Padgett hurried through the foyer to...

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT, 2006

Dark. Sporadic GUNFIRE in the distance. Shangri-la blown to shit. Padgett is loaded onto the back of a truck. Medic NEEDLES him to an IV. Padgett loses consciousness and...

BLACKNESS

FOR A LONG BEAT AND THEN WE HEAR A VOICE COMING THROUGH THE DARK... FAINT... BARELY ABLE TO HEAR IT BUT WE CAN MAKE OUT...

VOICE

Tom...

AND SLOWLY WE FADE UP TO KATRIANA STARING INTO CAMERA. WE ARE...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY, 2006

Katriana at Padgett's bedside as he wakes up. An Arabic woman hovers over him checking IV tubes running in and out of his arms. There's a thick bandage covering his neck.

Padgett looks around. We see we're in a tented field hospital. The place offers only the bare essentials. Ten or twelve makeshift gurneys. A couple other patients who look like farmers at the far end of the tent can be seen. There is an Arabic looking Man here carrying an AK47 guarding Padgett.

KATRIANA

Can you hear me?

Padgett nods.

KATRIANA (CONT'D)

You lost a lot of blood.

Padgett touches the bandage on his neck... still trying to understand where he is... still coming back to consciousness...

KATRIANA (CONT'D)  
Another 1/8 of an inch and your  
carotid artery would have been  
severed.

Padgett looking around the room now... bleary eyed... sees  
the Guard...

PADGETT  
Who's he?

KATRIANA  
Kurdish militia. Fudasi tribe.

PADGETT  
Where am I?

KATRIANA  
Just outside of Kurat. An ISI team  
handled your rescue. They brought  
you here.

PADGETT  
Why am I not at an army hospital?

Katriana hesitates. There's something she needs to tell  
Padgett but not sure how to do it. Finally she says...

KATRIANA  
There's something you should see.

EXT. HOSPITAL TENT - DAY, 2006

Katriana leads Padgett out of the hospital tent followed by  
the AK47. And now we see we're in a small, Middle Eastern  
village. Most of which has been leveled by artillery shells  
back in the mid 80's. What's left has been cobbled together  
into a dozen stone buildings, some canvas tents, and a  
Mosque. Padgett and Katriana walk toward one of the larger  
buildings past a knot of old men smoking pipes... and past a  
group of children kicking a soccer ball in the dirt...

KATRIANA  
Pakistani Intelligence flagged a  
transport truck moving through  
Nagha Kalat about 18 hours after  
you went missing...

INT. BUILDING - DAY, 2006

Padgett and Katriana enter. More Arabic Men here carrying AK47's.

KATRIANA

Spotters along the Afghan border  
picked up the truck and tracked it  
to the Siah Valley...

TRACKING Padgett and Katriana down a long corridor passed more armed Guards... and still they're being followed by the Soldier with the AK47.

KATRIANA (CONT'D)

We got lucky, Tom. We almost didn't  
find you in time.

Katriana moves through a door flanked by two more armed Guards. Padgett follows her in as we go...

INT. ANTE-ROOM - BUILDING - DAY, 2006

Four or five men here with machine guns including a harsh, Arabic man in his late 40's named AL-HAFID. Padgett and Katriana enter.

KATRIANA

This is Altu Al-Hafid. The chief of  
this village.

And we see that there's nothing but disdain for Padgett in Al-Hafid's eyes. Padgett turns to Katriana.

PADGETT

What's going on?

Katriana nods to Al-Hafid who moves to a wooden door, opens it to REVEAL...

Kamal sitting in a small, windowless room. He's tied to a chair and blindfolded. Kamal looks up when he hears the sound of the door opening. He looks in Padgett's direction and although Kamal can't actually SEE Padgett, we get a sense that he's keenly aware of his presence.

Katriana nods to Al-Hafid and he shuts the door.

KATRIANA

We captured twelve of his men  
during your rescue.

(MORE)

KATRIANA (cont'd)  
They're in Karachi being  
interviewed by ISI now.

PADGETT  
Why is he here?

KATRIANA  
I pulled him, Tom. Pakistani  
Intelligence doesn't know we picked  
him up yet. Al-Hafid agreed to let  
us use his village.

Padgett regards Al-Hafid and the other soldiers in the room.

KATRIANA (CONT'D)  
Once Pakistani Intelligence finds  
out Kamal is here they'll come for  
him. Once they have him in custody  
nobody is going to have access to  
him.

(beat)  
He'll be shot, Tom.

Katriana moves closer to Padgett...

KATRIANA (CONT'D)  
You've got six hours to find out  
who the trigger is. Eight at the  
most. That's all I can promise  
you...

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY, 2006

Padgett enters the room. He moves to Kamal and pulls off the  
blindfold. Kamal's face and body are bruised as if he's been  
beaten. Kamal regards Padgett, smiles.

KAMAL  
I suppose there is a certain  
symmetry to all this.

Padgett stares at him.

KAMAL (CONT'D)  
You know, when you spill a man's  
blood you can see into him. You  
cried his name, you know? Your son.  
Michael. You called to him.

PADGETT  
Tell me who the trigger is and I  
promise you...

KAMAL

(interrupting)

What? That you'll help me? Come now, Padgett... you don't really believe you have anything to offer, do you? I go back to Pakistan and they'll tie me to a post and cut me in half with a machine gun.

PADGETT

Your men were captured. They're being interviewed...

KAMAL

(waves him off)

They know nothing. They're only foot soldiers.

PADGETT

Tell me what I want to know and I'll let you walk out of here.

Kamal chuckles to himself.

KAMAL

That's very kind of you, but I wouldn't get ten feet. Al-Hafid. The man you met on the other side of that door. He's a Kurdish warlord. I killed his father many years ago. You let me walk out of here and he will kill me. You see, I am damned either way, Padgett.

Kamal studies him closely.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

The question is not will I die... but who will take my life? Or maybe you'll save that pleasure for yourself.

INT. ANTE-ROOM - DAY, 2006

Padgett exits, crosses to the opposite side of the room and Al-Hafid is on him. Bloodlust in his eyes and furious...

AL-HAFID

What are you waiting for?!

Katriana puts a hand in front of Al-Hafid, cutting him off. She saddles up to Padgett. Her tone is quiet but no bullshit.



KATRIANA

Tom, we have a very small window here...

AL-HAFID

I don't care what happens to your country. I have no loyalty to America. If you do not want him... I'll take him now.

Al-Hafid nods to his men and they start to open the wooden door...

PADGETT

No.

Padgett turns INTO CAMERA and it's his eyes that grab us. A decision has been made, and as a result something has turned off in this man.

PADGETT (CONT'D)

He's mine.

And he moves past Al-Hafid... into the windowless room and slowly closes the door as we go...

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY, 2006

He turns to Kamal and now we're looking at a very different Padgett... and it's chilling. Kamal registers the look.

KAMAL

I offered you what you've wanted all these years. All you had to do was tell me who Tariq was and I would have sent you home to your family.

PADGETT

God has another fate in store for me.

KAMAL

Yes, I suppose you're right.

And Padgett moves closer to Kamal. It's a strange advance. Not really threatening but as if he's simply 'feeling' the pocket of space around Kamal...

PADGETT

Tell me who the trigger is.

Kamal, no response...

And suddenly, a sizzling straight jab into Kamal's face. Kamal's head snaps back; teeth SHATTERING and blood shoots out of his nose. Kamal looks up...

KAMAL

And if I don't tell you what you want to know... what will you do, Padgett?

Watching Padgett here... the question hanging in the air... and what we see is a terrible intelligence working inside of him now...

And then we see Padgett pull the DAMASCUS BLADE from his pocket and FLICK IT OPEN. Kamal stares at the blade as Padgett circles him...

PADGETT

The boy received the title 'Prince Five Weapons' because of his proficiency at war...

Padgett circles...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

... After the distinction, he set out on the road leading to the city of his father...

Padgett circles...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

... On the way he came to a forest. The townspeople at the edge of the forest warned him that a terrible beast lived there which could not be killed.

Padgett circles...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

But the boy was fearless and he confronted the beast. He fired his quiver of poison arrows but they all got stuck in the beasts' hair. As did his spear. And his sword. And his axe.

Padgett pauses in the story. Kamal looks to him...

KAMAL

Yes, but what was his fifth weapon?  
I've forgotten...

PADGETT

Tell me what I want to know. Tell  
me who the trigger is.

Kamal, no response, and then we go...

CLOSE ON Padgett... lifting the knife inside our view. His eyes expressionless as he moves in on Kamal. The knife drops out of frame and then there's the start of a HOWL o.s. Kamal's low HOWLING. More like the sound of an animal than a man. And finally we go...

CLOSE ON Kamal as Padgett stops. He's staring at him, breathing in quick, sharp breaths. And now we see the blood. Blood is everywhere...

Holy sweet Jesus... we realize that Padgett is SKINNING Kamal.

And Kamal is trembling uncontrollably from the pain, but the strangest thing is happening here. It's hard to see because Kamal's mouth is full of blood and his face is screwed in agony... but it's almost as if he's SMILING. He looks up to Padgett and fuck, he is smiling... and then he says...

KAMAL

I believe I was right, Mr. Padgett.  
As you can see, we're not so  
different you and I.

And it begins again...

CLOSE ON Padgett as he moves in. A THIN SPRAY of blood across his face as he works the knife o.s. And Kamal's OTHERWORLDLY HOWLING continues until...

Padgett finally stops. And we see Kamal is SHAKING from the trauma. A great slick of CRIMSON covering his entire chest. And we see a great RAGE in his eyes now... staring at Padgett with teeth clinched in pain and hatred... and when he finally speaks it's in quick, venomous spits...

KAMAL

You have no idea the army of faith  
that is against you. You are weak.  
The West is weak. You are rotten  
with greed...

Kamal spits blood on the floor...

KAMAL

... this rot will seep into everything you know and America will collapse upon itself. And when it does we will be there. We will always be there...

PADGETT

Tell me who the trigger is.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

You can't stop what is happening... my people's faith has no limit... there is no chore too great. The West could never understand this level of devotion... it is beyond your feeble comprehension...

And Padgett moves in with the knife...

CLOSE ON Padgett for the last time. His face devoid of emotion as he CARVES Kamal o.s. We can make out gasping Arabic words within the howl and we realize Kamal is praying...

And finally Padgett stops and Kamal slumps forward. His body is covered in blood. Still mumbling a prayer...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

You pray, but God is not here. He doesn't hear you...

Padgett leans in close...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

Everything you believe is bullshit. Can you hear me?

And now Padgett is right by Kamal's ear... close...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

... are you listening? There is rot inside of you and you don't even know it... let me tell you of your "army of faith"... let me tell you of your precious devotion...

And what Padgett says next he says in almost a whisper...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

Your own brother is Tariq.

Kamal looks up, stunned...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? Your very own  
brother has betrayed you...

On Kamal, shocked at what he's hearing...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

That's right. You have nothing.  
Tarsis is the mole. Everything you  
hold so dear is worthless. Tarsis  
is Tariq.

Kamal just stares at him for a LONG BEAT, processing what  
he's just heard...

And then from out of nowhere Kamal lets out a BLOOD CURDLING  
SCREAM IN ARABIC...

And then WE HEAR A GREAT COMMOTION COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE CLOSED DOOR... YELLING... Padgett turns toward the  
door when suddenly--

SOLDIERS STORM INTO THE ROOM... THEY HIT PADGETT HARD AND  
HE'S KNOCKED TO THE GROUND--

INT. ANTI-ROOM - DAY, 2006

As Padgett is DRAGGED out of the room by the soldiers. The  
place is in total pandemonium. Soldiers running everywhere  
and YELLING in Arabic. We see Katriana barking something to  
Al-Hafid. Padgett is pulled to his feet. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT  
THE FUCK IS HAPPENING UNTIL...

We see Kamal being helped out of the interrogation room by  
two guards. He's moving slowly and still covered with blood.

Kamal locks eyes with Padgett and it suddenly becomes  
clear...

We realize that this whole thing: The rescue of Padgett, the  
hospital, the windowless room... is all a stage. And that the  
interrogation of Kamal has all been theater created in order  
to bait Padgett into doing exactly what he has done...

REVEAL THE IDENTITY OF TARIQ.

Just then, TARSIS is YANKED into the room by two soldiers.  
Pleading fast in Arabic, trying to pull away from the guards  
but can't.

Kamal moves to his brother. His look is one of total heartache as he reaches out, gently touches his brother's face.

KAMAL

(Arabic)

*What have you done, my brother?*

TARSIS

(Arabic)

*It is not true. Please, my brother.  
I have not betrayed you. I am your  
blood--*

And probably he means to go on... but he suddenly stops talking. A terrible look floods across his face and we realize that Kamal has a knife which we don't see... and his hand is gripping it tight, and the blade is deep into Tarsis' insides.

TARSIS

gasps as Kamal brings the hilt up through his body.

BLOOD SPUTTERING

From his mouth and his intestines spill onto the floor. Disemboweled. Everyone watching in stunned silence.

KAMAL

Pulls the knife out and now we see that it's the DAMASCUS BLADE

TARSIS

falls away, crumpling to the floor at Kamal's feet. Dead.

Now Kamal moves to Padgett. There are tears in Kamal's eyes and we're just certain he's going to gut Padgett too...

But he walks off.

Padgett is grabbed by two Guards and YANKED out of the room...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY, 2006

As Padgett is DRAGGED down the corridor...

INT. CELL - DAY, 2006

Padgett shoved into a small cell and the door is locked shut. And now Padgett is all alone... laying on the stone floor... the realization of where he is reads as cold detachment in his eyes... hold here for a LONG BEAT before we...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. KAMAL'S CHAMBERS - DAY, 2006

Where Kamal sits, stripped to the waist and staring straight ahead. We see an Old Woman looming over him, cleaning his wounds. Wringing out her bloody towel in a pail of water. Kamal's expression is blank.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Yousef...*

Kamal turns to find Katriana standing in the room. He looks to her... then turns to the old woman and says something in Arabic and the old woman gently drapes a sheet of white muslin over Kamal's body... then walks out of the room...

Kamal slowly moves to his feet... approaches Katriana with open arms...

KAMAL

*Katriana.*

KATRIANA

*(Arabic)*

*I am sorry.*

Kamal says nothing, just stares at her. His manner is almost paternal here.

KAMAL

*(Arabic)*

*Your information has helped me greatly throughout the years.*

And Kamal is suddenly far off... shaking his head... almost to himself he says...

KAMAL

*My own brother.*

*(to Katriana)*

*Did you know that he had been talking to the Americans? That he was Tariq? That he had betrayed me?*

KATRIANA

No.

Kamal studies Katriana...

KAMAL

*The time has come, Katriana. Hejira  
is ready. You must commence...*

Hold on Kamal for a beat before we...

CUT TO:

ANNIE AND MICHAEL IN THE LUSH PARK... PLAYING ON A BLANKET IN  
THE GRASS. THE DAY IS BRIGHT AND SUNNY AND THEY LOOK HAPPY.  
AND THEN WE'RE...

CLOSE ON PADGETT'S EYES

As they flicker open. Pulled from his dream as he hears  
something. Still in his cell and he turns to find...

The same Arabic Boy that we met earlier sitting outside his  
cell staring at him. Rolling a small ball back and forth  
between his hands.

Padgett and the boy watch each other for a long beat before  
we go...

INT. KAMAL'S CHAMBERS - LATER - DAY, 2006

Kamal is staring at Katriana with all the hope and love of a  
father. He hands her a TORN DOLLAR BILL which she tucks into  
her pocket... and then he kisses her cheeks.

KAMAL

(Arabic)

*May God be with you on your  
journey.*

He then wraps a piece of cloth around Katriana's face,  
blindfolding her as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - DRIVING - DAY, 2006

We're in a military style Jeep. Two men in front shouldering  
assault rifles. Katriana is in the back. Still blindfolded.



We see the Jeep is racing along a dirt road through the desert.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY, 2006

As the Jeep pulls off the road and stops. Soldiers pop out and Katriana (still blindfolded) is helped from the Jeep. Small suitcase pulled out too and placed in the dirt next to her. The soldiers get back into the Jeep, climb the embankment back onto the road, and then they are gone.

CLOSE ON Katriana as she waits for the SOUND of the Jeep to fade... until there is total silence. Slowly she takes off her blindfold. Looks around at the great expanse of desert all around her...

But now we see there is another car here. A beat-up TOYOTA TAXI parked about twenty-yards up the road. The ARABIC DRIVER leaning against the trunk smoking a cigarette. Waiting.

INT. TAXI - DRIVING - DAY, 2006

And we see Katriana in the back of the cab staring out the window. Driving for some time and the impression we have is that civilization is springing up before our very eyes. Featureless desert FADING into sporadic stone dwellings and then into cobbled villages...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EVENING and we're still in the Taxi but now we're driving through the outskirts of a industrialized city... dirt streets giving way to paved roads. Humanity looming closer, always changing, always advancing. But Katriana's expression remains the same, vacant and arsenic-dark...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT and we're in DOWNTOWN KARACHI. Blaring horns and choked with exhaust. Garish advertising plastered on buildings. Throngs of people crowd the sidewalk...

And Katriana in the back of the taxi watching it all... a harbinger of destruction always moving Westward.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - NIGHT, 2006

Guards unlock the cell door and Padgett is pulled out...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT, 2006

As Padgett is walked down the corridor by two Armed Guards...

EXT. KAMAL'S COMPOUND - NIGHT, 2006

And we see Padgett escorted out of a building and walked through the same bombed-out village we saw earlier...

Past the same group of old men smoking pipes...

and past a few of the children we remember kicking a soccer ball in the dirt... who now stare at Padgett as he walks by...

EXT. COMPOUND ENTRANCE - NIGHT, 2006

As Padgett is walked through the compound gates... and we see a majestic dune in the near distance... and now we see the moon for the first time... a brilliant full moon hanging in the sky... and we see the long shadow of a man on top of this dune...

EXT. DUNE - NIGHT, 2006

As Padgett is walked to the top of this hill... and as we move closer we see that Kamal is here... his back to us... kneeling on a large mat...

Padgett and the Guards approach Kamal and he looks up... makes a gesture for Padgett to sit...

KAMAL

(Arabic)

Please...

Padgett kneels next to him... and somehow it seems as if these two men... here on this dune in the middle of the desert... are the only two men left in this world...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

It has begun, Padgett... Hejira has begun.

(MORE)

KAMAL (CONT'D)

(beat)

*My only regret is a brother who had strayed.*

A beat as they both stare into the distance... the limitless desert stretching out before them...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

I made a promise to you. A promise that if you told me what I wanted... I would give you what you most desired. I keep my promises, Mr. Padgett.

We can see in Padgett that he knows full well that he is about to die.

KAMAL (CONT'D)

Still, I'm curious about one thing before we begin...

And Kamal digs the DAMASCUS BLADE out of his pocket... the SILVER HILT shimmers in the moonlight...

KAMAL (CONT'D)

The Prince. The myth you were speaking of. I was just a boy when it was told to me... and I can't seem to remember its end. What was the fifth weapon?

Padgett studies him... resignation on his face... and so he goes...

PADGETT

The Prince's weapons failed him and he was left with nothing that could defeat the beast...

KAMAL

Yes.

PADGETT

... and as he stood there in it's shadow he knew there was only one thing he could do...

(beat)

...with arms outstretched he offered himself to the beast... and the beast swallowed him whole..

On Kamal, listening...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

But the Prince had a blade tucked into his belt and as he went down he pierced the beast's heart from within...

(beat)

And the beast was overcome.

And now Kamal remembers the story...

KAMAL

Sacrifice was the Prince's weapon.

Padgett nods... and we can see in his eyes that he's already preparing to die...

And now Kamal stands up... he moves around behind Padgett and gently grabs a fist full of his hair... and then he pulls out his curved blade...

AND THEN WE'RE SUDDENLY IN A LONG SHOT across the immense desert... and the silhouette of Kamal and Padgett can be seen high atop the dune... and we see Kamal's hand come down fast and then Padgett's body falls off to the left and then there's only silence.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - KARACHI - NIGHT, 2006

Katriana staring at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. She pulls a tube of lipstick into frame and carefully paints her lips. Smooths out her hair. Steps back and now we see she is dressed in a perfectly tailored suit. She takes a last look at her reflection as we go...

INT. KARACHI AIRPORT - NIGHT, 2006

CAMERA FINDS Katriana walking through the crowded terminal and then we're...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT, 2006

The First Class cabin. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT is going down the aisle.

ATTENDANT

(Arabic)

We'll be landing in New York in ten minutes. Seat backs up please. Tray tables stowed.

She passes Katriana sitting in a seat. Same expressionless eyes.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - NIGHT, 2006

Find Katriana in a long line of weary travelers. A CUSTOMS AGENT waves her forward...

NEW ANGLE

Katriana at the customs desk and only now does her face change. Something softly feminine now. She slides her passport over. Agent grabs it, doesn't even bother looking up.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Where are you coming from?

KATRIANA

Pakistan.

The Agent studies Katriana, swipes her passport.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Is New York your final destination?

KATRIANA

Yes.

CUSTOMS AGENT

How long will you be staying?

KATRIANA

Just a few days.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Business or pleasure?

KATRIANA

A little of both I hope.

Customs Agent checks his computer screen. Everything seems o.k. He looks at Katriana again and she smiles warmly... and the Agent waves her through.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - NIGHT, 2006

An absolute sea of travelers crisscrossing camera. A lot of noise and chattering in every imaginable language.

CAMERA FINDS Katriana as she moves through the commotion effortlessly to...

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT, 2006

Katriana hails a taxi at the curb. She gets in as we go...

EXT. CITY STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT, 2006

We're on Brooklyn's Atlantic Avenue now. A mile stretch of neighborhood which seems a much closer cousin to downtown Cairo than Wall Street 20 minutes away. Teeming with Arabic looking men and woman.

CAMERA FINDS Katriana walking up the sidewalk. She steps into a low-rent jewelry store.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT, 2006

Katriana enters.

This place is a Hawala. An Arabic money broker. An ancient system of transferring cash and information from one country to another built on trust, and hidden from intrusive eyes.

Katriana approaches a fat INDIAN MAN behind the counter. She discretely displays the torn dollar bill.

KATRIANA

(Arabic)

Do you have something for me?

BACKROOM

As Katriana follows the Indian to a small desk in the back.

INDIAN

Please...

The Indian holds out his hand and Katriana gives him the torn dollar bill. The Indian matches the serial number on the bill to a ledger. He then opens a vault and pulls out a small envelope. Hands it to Katriana as we...

ANGLE THE ENVELOPE as Katriana tears it open and a piece of paper is pulled out. A PHONE NUMBER is written on the paper.

CUT TO:

A VERY DARK ROOM... ONLY A SMALL LAMP ILLUMINATES THIS PLACE... AND IN THE LAMP LIGHT WE SEE THE NAKED CORPSE OF TARSIS LAYING ON A STONE TABLE... WE SEE THE HOLE IN HIS STOMACH WHERE KAMAL GUTTED HIM HAS BEEN STITCHED UP...

AND THEN WE SEE KAMAL COME INTO THE POOL OF LIGHT... HOVERING OVER HIS BROTHER WITH A WET CLOTH... AND HE BEGINS TO CLEAN HIS CORPSE... GENTLY WASHING HIS BROTHER'S BODY AND PREPARING IT FOR BURIAL...

BACK TO:

FULL SCREEN - A PAYPHONE

As the receiver is picked up by Katriana. We see a busy New York street in the b.g. Katriana shoves quarters into the phone and dials the number.

INT. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT, 2006

KNOCKING on the door. An Arabic looking MAN in his late 20's moves to the door, unbolts it, swings it open to REVEAL Katriana on the front step.

MAN

(Arabic)

*Please, come in, sister.*

Katriana steps inside. The Man quickly shuts and locks the door behind her. And now we realize this unassuming man is the trigger.

MAN (CONT'D)

(Arabic)

*You've traveled far. Do you care for something?*

KATRIANA

*No thank you.*

BACK TO:

TARSIS' CORPSE NOW WRAPPED IN A FUNERAL SHROUD... IT'S BEING LOWERED INTO AN EARTHEN GRAVE... WE SEE KAMAL AND A FEW OTHER MEN STANDING AROUND THE BURIAL SITE OFFERING PRAYERS AND JANAZAH OVER THE BODY. AND AS TARSIS' CORPSE IS LAID INTO THE GRAVE IT'S TURNED ONTO IT'S RIGHT SIDE... FACING THE KA'BAH IN MECCA... AND THEN THE SHROUD IS REMOVED REVEALING TARSIS' FACE...

AND KAMAL SEES HIS BROTHER LAYING THERE IN THE GROUND AND SUDDENLY SOMETHING STRIKES HIM... A FAR AWAY THOUGHT... AND WHAT WE HEAR IS...

PADGETT'S VOICE

The Prince's weapons failed him and he was left with nothing that could defeat the beast...

AND KAMAL PULLS THE DAMASCUS BLADE FROM HIS POCKET AND STARES AT THE SILVER ETCHING... AND THE MYTH BEGINS TO RESONATE IN HIS HEAD...

PADGETT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... with arms outstretched he offered himself to the beast...

**FLASHBACK** - KARACHI STREET - DUSK, 2006

Replay the opening moments of this movie as Padgett moves through the crowded market alone... and we see the Arabic Men following him then back to...

KAMAL - AT THE GRAVESITE - NIGHT, 2006

STILL HOLDING THE KNIFE... THINKING...

PADGETT'S VOICE

... and the beast swallowed him whole...

**FLASHBACK** - KARACHI STREET - NIGHT, 2006

And we see the Arabic Men rush Padgett and he's kicked to the ground... arms wrenched behind his back and then he's thrown into a car...

KAMAL - AT THE GRAVESITE - NIGHT, 2006

AND NOW HE LOOKS TO HIS BROTHER LAYING IN THE DIRT...



PADGETT'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 ... but the Prince had a blade  
 tucked into his belt...

**FLASHBACK** - STONE ROOM, 2006

As Kamal's Soldiers lift Padgett off the ground and onto the wooden bench. He's bent over, holding his ribs, sucking air.

And now we're watching Kamal standing above him as he pulls out the DAMASCUS BLADE...

KAMAL

I'm curious about this. It's a fine blade. From Damascus I believe. But this etching... I recognize it from somewhere. What is it?

And we see Padgett look up to him... it's a look we remember, but now... in this moment... in this context... it reads as something completely different. It reads as knowing.

KAMAL - AT THE GRAVESITE - NIGHT, 2006

AS HE REMEMBERS PADGETT'S LOOK... AND THEN WE'RE HEARING PADGETT'S VOICE AGAIN...

PADGETT'S VOICE

... and as the Prince went down he pierced the beast's heart from within...

**FLASHBACK** - WINDOWLESS ROOM, 2006

Kamal in the chair, bloody, shaking... and Padgett is close to him... right by his ear... almost whispering...

PADGETT

Your own brother is Tariq. Did you hear me? Your very own brother betrayed you...

On Kamal, shocked at what he's hearing...

PADGETT (CONT'D)

Tarsis is Tariq...

And then Kamal's BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM IN ARABIC which carries over to...

KAMAL - AT THE GRAVESITE - NIGHT, 2006

AND HIS OWN SCREAM ECHOES IN HIS HEAD... AND THEN PADGETT'S VOICE CLEAR AS A BELL THROUGH THE ECHO...

PADGETT'S VOICE  
... and the beast was overcome.

FLASHBACK - ANTI-ROOM, 2006

On Tarsis being held tight by two Guards. Pleading fast in Arabic, trying to pull away but can't. Kamal moves to his brother... reaches out, gently touches his brother's face...

KAMAL  
(Arabic)  
What have you done, my brother?

TARSIS  
(Arabic)  
It is not true. Please, my brother.  
I have not betrayed you. I am your blood...

But a terrible look floods Tarsis' face and he stops talking... blood sputtering from his mouth...

And then we ANGLE Padgett having just witnessed this... and what we see next we hadn't noticed before. Padgett shoots a quick look to Katriana and their eyes meet for just an instant...

and then Kamal pulls the blade out of his brother and we see it's the DAMASCUS BLADE and we go to...

KAMAL - AT THE GRAVESITE - NIGHT, 2006

STARING DOWN AT THE SAME BLADE IN HIS HAND... AND SOMETHING HAS JUST BECOME CLEAR TO HIM... A HORRIFIC UNDERSTANDING... HE LOOKS TO HIS BROTHER AS A SHOVEL OF DIRT IS TOSSED ONTO HIS FACE...

AND SLO-MO AS THE BLADE DROPS FROM KAMAL'S HAND AND WE GO...

BACK TO:

INT. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT, 2006

As the man descends the basement stairs followed by Katriana. It's dark. Overhead bulb SNAPPED on and now we see...

A bulletin board against one wall. Dozens of NOTECARDS arranged in groupings with city names. Pictures of ARABIC LOOKING MEN under each of the groupings. And we realize we are looking at an OPERATIONAL BOARD for numerous terrorist cells throughout the United States.

Katriana regards the board.

MAN

(Arabic)

We are ready, sister.

CLOSE ON the Man as he smiles. A look of eager anticipation on his face when suddenly...

Katriana's HAND grabs the Man's forehead, head tilted back FAST, and his eyes FLASH with surprise.

And then we see Katriana's other hand pressed into the back of the Man's neck. A small SHIV slipped between the bones and severing his spinal cord. Bloodless. Clean.

The Man collapses to his knees, but death does not come instantly. He struggles to breath. Eyes filled with shock and the vague understanding of what is happening.

Katriana leans close to his ear...

KATRIANA

Salaam aleikum.

("peace unto you")

And then she withdraws the shiv and the Man hits the ground face first. Dead.

And Katriana just stands there... her face frozen in the same expressionless mask... staring down at the trigger... and as she remembers we go...

# **FLASHBACK - SATELLITE CONFERENCE ROOM - KARACHI, 2006**

A scene we haven't witnessed. We see Padgett and Katriana here talking to Lynch, Byrd, and Aiken on LIVE VIDEO FEED. The SPRAY OF BLOOD across Padgett's shirt tells us this is sometime after Abdullah Gul's interview.

PADGETT

There's a trigger... in place...  
right now. Ready to commence.

LYNCH

How do we find this guy, Tom?

PADGETT

Kamal's had years to plan. This trigger has been in place for years. He'd be invisible by now.

BYRD

Somebody knows who this guys is.

PADGETT

Only Kamal would know the identity of the trigger. We know how he works. Only when it was time to commence would he make contact.

BYRD

Then how do we find Kamal?

PADGETT

We don't find him... he finds us.

LYNCH

I'm not following, Tom.

And now we see that Padgett has the DAMASCUS BLADE in his hand... hypnotically watching the SILVER HILT shine in a pool of dim light from an overhead spot. He's running his thumb over the silver engraving... and we get a sense that this knife... this myth... is somehow driving Padgett forward when he says...

PADGETT

We leak that I'm in contact with an informant in Kamal's organization. When Kamal finds out he'll stop. He won't commence until he flushes the mole. He'll come for me...

WEDGE IN ANOTHER SHOT OF PADGETT BEING KIDNAPPED BY THE ARABIC MEN.

PADGETT (CONT'D)

... when he does... when it's time... when he thinks he's in total control... I'll tell him that his own brother is the mole... I'll tell him that...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF PADGETT CLOSE TO KAMAL'S EAR... WHISPERING, "YOUR VERY OWN BROTHER BETRAYED YOU... TARSIS IS TARIQ."

PADGETT (CONT'D)  
We know how Kamal handles  
betrayal... we've seen what he's  
done in the past...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF PADGETT SHOWING TELLIS A PICTURE OF THE  
DISEMBOWELED MAKSAD (THE LEADER OF *ISTHIK AL-HAMAN*)

PADGETT (CONT'D)  
We know what he'll do...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF KAMAL GUTTING TARSIS... AND TARSIS' EYES  
FLASHING WIDE...

PADGETT (CONT'D)  
Kamal will think that Tariq is  
gone. He'll think that the mole has  
been eliminated. And Katriana will  
be the only one left that Kamal  
trusts to contact the trigger and  
commence...

WEDGE IN A SHOT OF KAMAL HANDING KATRIANA THE TORN DOLLAR  
BILL THEN KISSING HER ON BOTH CHEEKS.

LYNCH  
(on monitor)  
You wont come back, Tom.

Padgett hears this and he nods. He knows this is true. But  
for Padgett, this is what he has longed for... he knows he's  
going home.

BACK TO:

INT. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT, 2006

Just Katriana and the trigger's dead body. And it's oddly  
quiet. We stay here a moment before we SLAM INTO...

A SERIES OF VISUALS, 2006

Showing FBI TACTICAL TEAMS storming numerous homes,  
apartments, and businesses throughout the US. Doors kicked  
off hinges. Dozens of men and woman arrested. We recognize  
some of the faces from the photographs on the trigger's  
basement wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

## A TELEVISION

Showing CNN news coverage of the raids.

## REPORTER

Federal, state, and local authorities in 15 different cities stormed the homes and business of some 85 suspected terrorist operatives today. Over a hundred arrests have been made so far...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

## ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOWING ANOTHER NEWS REPORT

## REPORTER

... and are thought to be in connection to The Washington Post article which warned of a possible attack on American soil a week ago...

## EXT. CEMETERY - DAY, 2006

Dark. Rainy. A small group of mourners gathered under a tent.

A MARINE BUGLER plays taps.

We see Katriana, Lynch and others we recognize among the people attending this memorial service. And we see a framed picture of Padgett resting on a small table by the gravesite. And then we see two other headstones nearby that we recognize.

As the Bugler concludes, the memorial service breaks up. The small crowd deploying umbrellas and beginning to move silently to their cars.

## INT. PRESS ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY, 2006

The President standing at a podium giving a press conference.

## PRESIDENT

... This week's arrests mark a significant and dramatic victory in the war on terror. I want to commend the intelligence community on their hard work...

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (cont'd)

(beat)

The events of the last few days should illustrate to the American people, and to the world, this countries fierce and effective assault against those opposed to the ideals of freedom and democracy...

AND NOW WE'RE LOOKING AT ANNIE IN THE LUSH PARK AS SHE PICKS UP MICHAEL AND SHE TURNS... AND WE SEE PADGETT IN THE VISION NOW... FAR OFF TO THE SIDE...

PRESIDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... Like no other time in American history have our ideals and goodness been so challenged, and the very fabric of our society been in such jeopardy...

AND NOW WE SEE PADGETT WALKING TOWARD HIS FAMILY... AND WHEN HE FINALLY REACHES THEM THEY EMBRACE AND BEGIN TO WALK OFF TOGETHER... AND THE VISION STARTS TO FADE INTO NOTHING...

PRESIDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... As I've said before, we are at war. That is not in question. But the question remains: What will this war require of us?

END