DYING TO LIVE

by

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SUPER: PALESTINE, 1999

EXT. WEST BANK VILLAGE - AL-BIREH - SUNSET

The village's rocky landscape suffers bombed out building structures and homes. The sun sinks slowly behind the hills surrounding the HASSAN HOME.

INT. THE HASSAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ADARA HASSAN(10) sits at a red, plastic children's table drawing with yellow and red crayons of a sun peeking down two stick men facing each other. The stick men hold chunky L-shaped pistols in their hands.

ABDUL HASSAN(4) scribbling chaos many crayons in hand.

EXT. ISRAELI BORDER - NIGHT

With dirt roads for outward and inward travelers, TWO ARMED ISRAELI SOLDERS check all approaching vehicles.

SOLDIER 1
I'll be back.

SOLDIER 2
What now?

Soldier 1 holds up two fingers heading out of sight

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)
Again?

SOLDIER 1
Don't be jealous.

SOLDIER 2
Hurry, watch relief are in route.

EXT/INT. AL-BIREH DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

An old beaten GMC JIMMY TRUCK speeds recklessly through the rough terrain.

MUSA(35), A QUIET HENCHMAN mans the wheel for SAJID HASSAN(32), HANDSOME YET ANXIOUS FELLA, KAMED MUHAMMED(35), SLITHERY TIMID MAN, WALI(20) inhaling and exhaling slowly mouthing a prayer quietly.

KAMED
Tonight, eternity begins for you. Your name shall ring out across our land. Our people will honor your memory, with parades and cloud colored robes for generations. The young lion, who slayed a a pack of hyenas, all by himself.

Wali closes his eyes with a tight smile creeping out.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The truck pulls off-road into a heavily wooded area. The men exit a far-enough distance from a light emanating from the Israeli border post.

SAJID
Where are the others?

Musa opens trunk revealing four automatic assault rifles handing to Kamed, Sajid, and himself.

SAJID (CONT'D)
You have it here?! With us?!

Kamed opens a briefcase to a bomber vest, calmly strapping onto Wali.

SAJID (CONT'D)
What happened to the others? They were supposed to bring it with them.

KAMED
The breastplate of righteousness.

SAJID
You could have killed us all!!.

KAMED
Close your mouth. Show your respect to this young warrior of Allah! (BEAT)
There was a change of plans. The others could not be used for this mission.

SAJID
There were ten guns, besides us. This mission should have been reassessed.

KAMED
It was.

Wali sweats rapidly and uncontrollably.

KAMED (CONT'D)
You remember?

Kamed delicately points out the detonator pin on the vest.

KAMED (CONT'D)
This is your ticket to eternity. When you release it, there is no return. Be sure of your timing. Scatter the cockroaches, into our sites. Let's go.

SAJID
Are you frightened?

WALI
No. My family. Our name.

Kamed walks back to Wali.

KAMED
Soldier. Allah has chosen you for this crucial assignment. Killing men does not secure our land. Removing their strongholds from our borders, and reclaiming it as our own is the greater calling. Now, go.

EXT. ISRAELI BORDER POST - NIGHT

Soldiers pile inside the office looking at a computer screen.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The four armed men duck low in the vegetation, behind trees and bunches the like watching every movement.

Wali has his hand on the detonator.

KAMED
No. You may accidentally pull it too early.

Kamed softly removes Wali's hand from the vest.

KAMED (CONT'D)
It is almost time.

EXT. ISRAELI BORDER POST - NIGHT

Soldiers inside the security office call the attention of the other soldiers. They all pile inside the office to look at something.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Wali sprints towards the Israeli border.

KAMED
No my son. No, not yet.

EXT. ISRAELI BORDER SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT (SAME)

The guards notice a moving target approaching, calmly retrieving their weapons.

Moving like a missile grasping the detonator, Corporal blind sides him to the ground. The soldiers restrain him when another stomps on his wrist snapping the bone.

INT. HASSAN LIVING AREA - NIGHT

DAREEN HASSAN(26) in traditional ARAB garb enters joining little Adara at a child's table. She's unnaturally still, as if frozen in time, staring at the floor. Added to a picture perfect face, a purple blue bruise on the cheek.

ADARA
You like it, don't you Mother?

DAREEN
It's beautiful. Your brother uses many colors.

The front door BURSTS OPEN to a Sajid rushing through followed by Kamed and Musa. Adara holds up her drawing, anxious to share it with someone else. Dareen stands at attention.

SAJID
You are foolish. Your interest is not victory, it is chaos.

KAMED
Yes chaos. It is our currency.

SAJID
You have sent the boy without...

KAMED
I sent no one. Only Allah can...

SAJID
Allah sent him! And he failed. He is revealing all to the Israelis. You, your family! They will come...

KAMED
I am the snake charmer. With a blade for which there is no antidote.

Dareen slowly inches towards the men, just as Adara adds final touches on her drawing.

KAMED (CONT'D)
The boy was dipped in foolishness. He was slow-witted. But it was Allah's design. Who am I to question? It has given us *this* opportunity now. Chaos is how we seize the hearts of our enemies. In their beds, they will fear the Palestinian warrior.

SAJID
More planning...

KAMED
It has been planned. It has not been executed. If you are not willing to fulfill your obligation to Islam, then you are the shame of Allah. A coward.

Sajid and Kamed lunge at each other's throats. They grab each other's throats. Musa tries to break them up.

Adara watches the adults scuffle. She notices Dareen walking over to the two men.

Dareen bows her head before Kamed, and softly beats her chest with her palms. Kamed and Sajid stop struggling. They watch Dareen, as she drops down to her knees. Kamed looks at Sajid and smirks. Sajid separates himself.

SAJID
You are my wife.

Kamed lays his hand upon Dareen's head, stroking her hair as if she's a pet, lifting her up to stand.

SAJID (CONT'D)
No.

Sajid tries to separate Dareen from Kamed's grasp when Kamed pulls a long blade from his coat. He presses the shiny metal under Sajid's neck, ready to drive it through the back of his neck. Sajid freezes, and gradually lets go.

KAMED
Your tongue shall be restored in Paradise.

Kamed and Musa escort Dareen out the front door. Sajid stumbles back, stunned.

ADARA
Can I go with mother? Where is she going?

ABDUL
Papi, look at my drawing?

Both children recognize the crazed look in Sajid's eyes, and quickly return to their paper. Sajid snatches both children's drawings and crumble. An emotionless Adara watches in silence gripping several crayons.

INT. BEDROOM

Dareen enters regime of de-scarfing removing all arabic type clothing and association. She applied makeup, earring, and American attire to include a maternity type blouse to cover explosives taped to her body and legs.

EXT. PALESTINE ISRAELI BORDER CROSSING

Dareen dressed in street wear showing signs of a large belly, truth is a makeshift pouch strapped to her hanging by thin strings over her shoulders, she shows her Israeli issued Palestine Crossing card as the crowd moves slowly.

EXT. JERUSALEM - BUS STOP - DAY

Dareen stands at a crowded bus stop in street wear. A crowded bus stops before boarding passengers.

INTERCUT SEQUENCE: INT. LOCAL BUS/EXT. BUS STOP

INT. LOCAL BUS

When a person boards Dareen starts to board, BUS DRIVER(40), HEAVY SET holds his hand up.

BUS DRIVER
No more room. Next bus is fifteen minutes away.

She attempts to get on anyway.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
No room. The bus will not move, too heavy.

OBESE WOMAN(35) and a CONSTRUCTION WORkER(45) crash into each other trying to board.

INTERCUT SEQUENCE: INT. LOCAL BUS/EXT. BUS STOP

WOMAN
Let me through, sir. I'm late for a meeting.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
I'm sorry. My time is somebody else's money.

BUS DRIVER
Too heavy.

Dareen prevents the doors from closing, when the driver unbuckles his seat belt moving towards her. She backs away.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)
Fifteen minutes is only time.

FEMALE PASSENGER (O.S.)
Oh! Wait! This is my stop! This is my stop! Open the door!

FEMALE PASSENGER squeezes through the aisle to exit. The driver motions for Dareen to enter. She is offered a seat midway.

INT. THE BUS - DAY

Dareen quietly mouths a prayer with closed eyes opening them to a forced smile.

EXT. PALESTINE - VILLAGE OF AL-BIREH - DAY

Dozens of villagers, all dressed in white, walk in a commemorative procession.

BBC RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)
Israeli Mobile Intensive Care Units have estimated the number of deaths to be upwards of 60. Israeli Defense Force officials, once again, suspect the rogue Islamic faction, Warriors of Islam. No confirmation has come from either side as of yet. Travel in and out of Israel has been suspended for the next 24 hours. With another 10 seriously injured. This marks the third attack this year in Jerusalem alone. Deputy Minister of Defense Ehud Barak is promising swift investigation and retaliation.

The crowd cheers, as it marches through Al-Bireh. One man with an automatic rifle fires several shots in the air. The crowd shouts in response to the gunshots.

INT. ADARA'A HOME - KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Sajid sits listening to the radio on the table. His jaws tighten.

ISRAELI RADIO BROADCAST
Officials say early evidence points to the terror organization Warriors of Islam.

EXT. HASSAN BACKYARD - DAY (SAME)

Adara and little Abdul stand around a flame in a large garage barrel throwing adult female clothes for burning.

BBC RADIO BROADCAST (V.O)
Deputy Minister of Defense Ehud Barak is promising swift retaliation, as this marks the third attack this year. Marking a resurrection of the deadly Islamic intifada. Early reports allege the terror organization Warriors of Islam, WOI, is responsible.

Adara sprints in almost falling to a halt. Sajid is carrying Abdul through the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adara appears next to Sajid dressing Abdul in a white, child-sized robe. Sajid looks up at Adara, and pauses.

ADARA
Father?

Sajid stops, and turns to her.

SAJID
Stay here. Until you finish cleaning. It's time you accept your responsibilities as your mother.

ADARA
Where is mommy?

Sajid smacks her to a stumble.

SAJID
You will honor who I say to honor. You will stay here until you finish cleaning. Then you may join us. You are the woman now. It's time you accepted your responsibilities.

ADARA
I will dishonor my mother..

Adara's eyes fill with tears as she continues to clean.

INT. HASSAN HOME - DAY

Dishes and pots piled high with lines of ants. Adara enters with sadness slowly turning to angry seeing dirty dishes and unfinished meals she picks up a crumpled piece of paper.

Adara un-crumples it, revealing a much more skillfully drawn picture of an apple tree. A strange sound from above grabs her attention. Voices shout to each other outside. The unfamiliar sound of spinning helicopter blades get closer and closer.

BOOM! The earth shakes sending Adara, and everything across the room. She's buried under a fallen piece of the ceiling, and a wall unit.

Another explosion lands nearby, leveling the home. A dusty and bloody young hand sticks out from the rubble.

TWO TEENAGE BOYS grab her hand and pull her up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Adara stands amongst a crowd of villagers, mourning at a nearby many bombed out buildings. She watches as her father and brother's bodies, covered by a white sheet, are carried away on the same stretcher.

A man's HAND rests on her shoulder. She stands hard, emotionless, like a miniature statue. Kamed looks down at the little girl.

KAMED
Allah has judged the men of your family. But he has spared you for a reason. He has a rich, and glorious destiny for you. Just as for your mother. Come with me.

MORPH TO:

SIX YEARS LATER

EXT. AL-JIREH - BARREN SOCCER FIELD - DAY (2005)

PLACER********

A large area with not a speck of green in sight, FIFTEEN MALES, ages from pre-teen and above, a now sixteen year old Adara and ESMA (17) A TOUGH NON-SHY SPORTY TYPE, congregate in formation on the ground.

Each trainee has a fully assembled AK-47. Kamed paces before them, while Musa, and five other armed men and one female stand by.

KAMED
Assemble.

Everyone starts disassembling their rifles. Kamed's eyes scan them carefully. Some struggle, some confident, some lacking the puzzle.

KAMED (CONT'D)
You must know the assembly of your weapon frontwards and backwards. As quickly and easily as dressing, and undressing your own body. (BEAT) Most of you are too slow. Time is neither our friend or enemy. We must be its master.

Kamed walks past a few who have completely disassembled their rifle into a dozen pieces. He smiles up at Kamed, looking for congratulations.

KAMED (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for?

He looks at the rest of the group, busily re-assembling their rifles. He starts putting his back together.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Others are simply not ready.

As Kamed reaches Adara and Esma's, he stops.

ADARA
Finished!

ESMA
Finished!

They slam the butts of their re-assembled rifles on the ground, first.

The training continues with four flat rectangle targets set up in a row. Posted on each target, are caricature drawings of George Bush, George W. Bush and the Israeli flag. A shot is fired striking an Israeli flag target, causing it to spin around. A second shot, and third & fourth hitting remaining targets.

Thirty yards away, Esma lifts her head from the gun site of the rifle she was firing. The rest of the trainees stand behind her watching. Kamed walks up, and relieves her of the weapon. Adara watches eagerly.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Will the Ghaziyah lead us in battle? Every explosive. Every rifle. Every single bullet, has a mission from Allah. To strike its target. And strike with precision. You are marksmen of this jihad, but most of you have proven unworthy of your weapon.

Adara's moment arrives aiming the rifle at the distant targets. Her finger tightens on the trigger, attempting to squeeze. It won't move.

Esma walks over to assist by adjusting the safety latch. DHAKIR(19), standing head and shoulders above the others, snickers. So do his COHORTS. Adara nods and smiles to Esma.

ADARA
Thank you.

DHAKIR
Whore.

The SHOT causes the rifle to jerk wildly in the air. She falls to the ground. The male trainees laugh though. She returns to improper formation firing several more rounds. The rifle still jerks wildly, knocking her off balance. She turns calmly to the boys, and recklessly fires shots at their feet that make them jump and curse at her.

DHAKIR (CONT'D)
Idiot!

Kamed is amused by Adara.

KAMED
Perhaps it is not your season after all.

Esma approaches setting Adara’s feet in proper formation. She sets the butt of the rifle securely under her shoulder. Her hands guide Adara’s hands along the body of the rifle. She wraps her arms around Adara, and aims the rifle with her.

ESMA
Right there. In the gun site. Breathe in. (BEAT) Let it out.

Adara exhales slowly, as Esma still cradles her with the rifle in her arms.

ESMA (CONT’D)
Fire!

Adara pulls the trigger. The shot spins a target.

ESMA (CONT’D)
Fire!

A second shot spins a target.

ESMA (CONT’D)
Fire!

A third shot spins a target. Esma begins to let go of Adara.

ESMA (CONT'D)
Fire!

A fourth shot spins a target. Esma completely lets go of Adara.

ESMA (CONT'D)
Fire!

A fifth shot keeps a target spinning. Esma looks at Kamed, and slightly bows her head.

EXT. BOMBED OUT BUILDING - DAY

A destroyed rooftop with a hot sun beaming through the holes of an open space. Adara, and other trainees, sit at a table amused by, MAHMOUD(60), A HEAVILY BEARDED Palestinian assembling a bomb belt.

MAHMOUD
Only special hands, gifted by God. Have the dexterity, the excellency in craftsmanship. To be chosen as a Specialist of Jihad.

An array of assorted cups of powders, wires, batteries, tape measures, and scissors covered the table.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
You! The lioness.

They all, including Dhakir, realize he's talking to Adara. She immediately stands.

ADARA
Yes, your Excellency.

All eyes watch Adara walk graciously over to him.

MAHMOUD
Now, you are to finish.

Mahmoud makes room for Adara to sit.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
First, the canister. The sulfur...

Adara's calmly begins assembling.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
Gunpowder... Good. Close it. Tightly. No air can enter. No moisture. Remember, the wire lay out for 35 meters, precisely.

Adara nods, gaining confidence.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
Victory is the servant of precision. Ignoring the smallest of details will assure our defeat. (BEAT) The battery.

Adara nods, grabbing a medium-sized 9 Volt battery.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
I see glorious futures for you, yes that's it. The tungsten wire will ignite it, and make its spark. Glorious futures.

Adara begins moving with a mastery, bordering on haste. Others look in repressed admiration.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)
This is a key to Paradise. Take your time. If it is not yours, it is your brother's. And there is no greater betrayal, than to prevent one's exit into glory.

EXT. WEALTHY SECTION OF AL-BIREH - NIGHT

A civilized section of the Palestine city with paved roads, and large, undamaged structures.

EXT. KAMED GATED COMPOUND

Kamed's large, six-bedroom home has three luxury vehicle and two SUV's lining the driveway.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adara and Esma lay awake in twin beds, wearing long cotton nightgowns. Adara sketches in a large note pad.

ADARA
Esma.

ESMA
Yes.

ADARA
What shall our reward be?

ESMA
I have been told different things. Some have said that our reward is the same as the men. Others have told me that I will continue to serve my husband in Paradise. I believe our joy will finally be equal to men. Whatever Allah provides.

ADARA
You have a husband? Where is your husband?

ESMA
He is in Paradise.

ADARA
Praise Allah, your reward will be great, you will be reunited with him. And share in all his pleasures.

ESMA
Kamed takes me to his bedroom. I don't like it.

ADARA
What do you do?

Esma smiles at Adara's innocence.

ESMA
Anything he requests.

Esma reaches to turn off lamp light.

ADARA
I want to show you my drawing.

Esma moves to Adara's bed. Revealing a three dimensional bra sketching specifications for cups that house explosives.

ADARA (CONT'D)
This is easier to conceal.

ESMA
You hear that.

ADARA
It can be in any color. Mine will be yellow. What color do you wish?

ESMA
The light. Kamed is coming. Pretend you're sleep. Adara? Blue. Blue is my favorite color.

The door cracks open, with Kamed in the doorway. Esma starts to get up.

KAMED
Stay.

Esma lays back down.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Adara.

Adara doesn't move. Kamed yanks her up by the arm.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Come.

Esma watches helplessly, as Adara is led out of the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kamed flings Adara onto a water bed with her nightgown flinging up revealing a piece of her thigh. Adara lays still with a compliant grin.

ADARA
Are you sleepy? I will go back...

KAMED
Have you talked to Esma? (PAUSE)
Has she told you about me? How I can make you feel?

Kamed starts unbuttoning his shirt.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Are you tired?

Adara nods her head quickly, and starts to get up. When Kamed grabs her arm, setting her in place.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Lay down. I know it's much better than where you are sleeping. Do you like the waterbed?

Adara looks around at the bed, as she bobs up and down. She closes her eyes, as if praying. Or wishing.

His mouth attacks her aggressively kissing her face and neck. Adara is in full submission as he ravages her body.

KAMED (CONT'D)
You are special, Adara.

Adara struggles, but does not scream. Kamed grows tired of her resisting him, and smacks her across the face. Kamed angrily turns her over on her stomach, face down in a pillow.

ADARA
No father. Please.

Kamed rolls over off of her laying on his back covering his mouth.

KAMED
Go to your room. And go to sleep.

Adara exits.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Make sure... you, eat. Eat something. Adara Hassan!

Adara returns sheepishly to the room.

ADARA
Yes.

KAMED
Adara. Do you know what your name means? It means virgin. Do you know what that means?

ADARA
Yes.

KAMED
I swear before Allah, that you will arrive paradise as one.

Kamed sits up.

KAMED (CONT'D)
No one will touch you. You are my sacrifice to Allah. A pure, virgin soldier I will give back to him... There is a special mission for you. The streets of Palestine are saturated with our blood. It is time we cut our enemies' circulation, from every vein that supplies its blood. Do you understand? You have excelled in engineering studies. And in your English. You will acquire your student visa. You will study them at an arm's length. Then strike like the cobra at the appointed time. And you will have your own throne in Paradise. Next to your mother. Will you accept this assignment for your nation?

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The trainees sit at the long picnic tables assembling bomb belts, bomb bags and bomber vests. Kamed paces back and forth with watchful eye.

Adara draws on a note pad, as she watches Esma stands up to assembled bomber belt with struggle.

KAMED (O.S.)
Take your time. Learn the assembly of the elements. Paradise has a key. There are no explosives to detonate. Just the metals are attached to approximate the weight.

ESMA
(to Adara) This will never avoid suspicion. Or a search.

Adara turns a drawing pad towards Esma, revealing a three dimensional drawing of a woman's bra.

ADARA
These cup areas will properly house explosives. I am able to re-design the bra and the detonation. I can attach a reversible kill switch. It shall only detonate if...

Kamed snatches the drawing in curiosity.

KAMED
Prepare yourself. There will be eight chosen for the United States and each will receive student visas for the United States. If I call your name, welcome to your destiny.

Kamed calls Adara, Esma, Dhakir and five other names and they accept their missions.

SUBTITLE: AMMAN, JORDAN

8 YEARS LATER

EXT. STREET - DAY

A MINIVAN carrying the eight trainees ride along hilly and suburban areas passing a beautiful panoramic setting with several landmarks of, The Tower, Raghadan Flagpole, King Abdullah I Mosque and Zara Towers.

SUBTITLE: ZIZYA, JORDAN

INT. QUEEN ALIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A line forms of travelers funneling through the international checkpoint. A CUSTOMS SECURITY organizes the line.

CUSTOMS SECURITY
Have all necessary travel documents prepared for viewing.

All the trainees stand together approaching desk one at a time.

CUSTOMS AGENT
What is your destination?

DHAKIR
The United States. Washington. The state. Not the city.

ADARA
USA. Atlanta, Georgia.

CUSTOMS AGENT
With layover in Amsterdam?

ADARA
Yes.

ESMA
Atlanta, Georgia.

EXT. ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

An AERIAL view of large aircraft taking off, landing and taxing in to their respective gates.

INT. AIRPORT INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

A MALE OFFICIAL glances over travel documents of Esma Jaleel, and drawings of sawed-off shotgun and AK-47.

ESMA
She is a brain-less girl at times. I have told Adara many times that her love for art does need not to suffer, yet she is in an enriched land other than ours. Please consider our environment. Just as a guest in another's home.

OFFICIAL
Esma, is it? (BEAT) Do you know what this drawing is?

ESMA
Gun.

OFFICIAL
It's a commonly used military weapon. Who is this drawing for?

ESMA
For? The artist has an artistic hand. She is run out of things to draw.

OFFICIAL
These are awesome. You know where I can get one of these?

ESMA
In America, you can purchase gun in grocery market, no? In my country...

OFFICIAL
In your country. Your country. Palestine, is it?

ESMA
I am from Palestine. I am here for my studies.

OFFICIAL
Oh right, education. She should be drawing rocks, or something then.

ESMA
Our hearts and our minds possess strength, ingenuity to lead us into a new age.

OFFICIAL
A degree in Chemistry yields a specific skill set. In high demand in many parts of the world. Who will use yours?

ESMA
I come to America to study. It is best I use my education for my people.

INT. CHIEF OF SECURITY OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Adara sits alone surrounded by Bachelors & Master's Degree, photos of servicemen and awards. An inbox stacks typed government sealed envelopes. The phone rings as OFFICIAL #2 rushes in.

OFFICIAL #2
Mason...yes. Well, there's two actually. Okay. On campus? No...Okay...Okay. Thank you. Bye. (BEAT) That's exactly what we don't like coming into our country. Stories that don't match up. Tell me you're an engineering student, I won't think twice about it. But after I find out Georgia State University has no engineering program. And then find out you're studying Visual Arts. We're gonna have problems. Can you imagine why this might be curious?

ADARA
No, I can not imagine sir.

OFFICIAL #2
I got some bad news for you. I can keep you here for as long as I need to. To check out everything you've ever told anyone about yourself.

Adara's smile turns into laughter.

OFFICIAL #2 (CONT'D)
What's so funny? We can be here all day.

ROSENFELD(30), a MALE LAWYER, enters.

ROSENFELD
My name's Josh Rosenfeld, with Georgia State's chapter of the ACLU. I'm representing students Ms. Hassan and Ms. Jaleel. You can release them right now, unless you have anything to charge them with.

Official #2 just stares at Adara. He says nothing, but he's steaming.

ROSENFELD (CONT'D)
Okay.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Adara and Esma patiently wait with Rosenfeld.

ROSENFELD
Yeah, we had a couple incidents last year. A couple Pakistani students were hassled at the airport.

ESMA
We are not Pakistani. We are from Palestine. (*Arabic*) Our escort is supposed to be waiting outside for us.

ROSENFELD
Uh, yeh, I know. But these students were victims of blatant profiling, for which we are still in litigation. So the University's ACLU chapter made it a priority to be a ready aid to all Middle Eastern students, especially in this climate.

ESMA (ARABIC)
Our driver will have a Palestinian flag on his car.

ROSENFELD
As soon as they called to verify your status, we jumped right on it. Rushed here to make sure you weren't being needlessly interrogated. Or worse.

ADARA (ARABIC)
Why doesn't he just wear a T-shirt? That says, Come, harass me. Follow me.

ESMA (ARABIC)
We should only speak English.

ROSENFELD
How was that flight? I took a trip to Israel last summer. And it felt like...

ESMA
Then you have visited the Palestinian homeland?

ROSENFELD
Well, no... I was visiting my great grandparents in Tel Aviv.

ESMA
There is my luggage.

ROSENFELD
Let me give you a hand there.

ESMA
We are fine.

ROSENFELD
Sure. No problem. I understand, the Feminist Movement is kinda fun at first. (BEAT) But wait till you run into that first New York City rat.

ADARA
Where is our escort?

ESMA
There are many taxicab, maybe they are here.

ROSENFELD
No, don't waste your money. I can give you a ride. I have plenty of room.

ESMA
No. We will like to await our escort.

ROSENFELD
Okay. It's gonna be round 75 bucks for taxi.

EXT. TAXI LINE - DAY

About 14 cabs in the area with drivers chatting outside or eating.

ROSENFELD
It’s unseasonably warm. Feels nice, though. Probably a lot different...

Adara and Esma walk away, as Rosenfeld walks off in the opposite direction.

ROSENFELD (CONT’D)
Okay.

Esma spots a small, hand sized flag waving from the driver’s window across a parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

WALI meets them half way to grab their baggage, loads and leave.

EXT. ATLANTA SKYLINE - DAY

They speed across the highway, weaving in and out of traffic opening up to a gorgeous skyline entering the life of the city.

INT. MINI VAN - DAY

Wali often stares via rearview mirror at the ladies, suddenly he speaks.

WALI (ARABIC)
My name is Wali.

ESMA (ARABIC)
Do you speak English, Wali?

WALI
Yes.

ESMA
Speak English, Wali.

WALI
Of course, it is an honor to serve you. You are first female specialists in America.

ESMA
Yes.

ADARA
Yes we are the first in America.

WALI
I understand you are both here for a great mission.

ADARA
Are you aware of the details?

WALI
Very little. I have fallen from our brother's good graces.

ESMA
Why is that?

WALI
I was chosen by Allah for a mission I failed. I serve nine years in Israeli prison. That was their punishment. When I am out, my Jihadist brotherhood sentence me.

ESMA
To what?

WALI
To drive the Jews around for a living, in New York City. New York is no longer our target so I was released from my post. I was re-post to Atlanta. Happy to serve the beautiful Ghaziyah.

ADARA
Will we not be targeted here?

ESMA
There are many other Muslims in America.

WALI
Yet you must blend in as a beautiful wallpaper. Always watching the room, more than it is being watched.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Adara and Esma look around a modest and sparce accommodations.

ADARA
This is nice.

ESMA
This is horrible.

WALI
This will be your home during your preparations.

ESMA
There are not enough windows. I am requesting a relocation.

WALI
My job is complete. I am to settle you. Is there anything else you require?

ESMA
We are fine. Thank you Wali for your kindness.

ADARA
A television please. Flat screen. HBO and Showtime please.

Adara walks the space, as if looking for the perfect place to put it.

WALI
It is an honor to serve you Adara and Esma. I know that you shall be an asset to our people. Getting the best of educations while preparing for paradise.

ADARA
What have you...

ESMA
How is the best way to reach the meeting?

WALI
There is a mandatory school orientation this afternoon. Here in Atlanta the MARTA train system will be your source of transportation for the moment. Use it to learn the surroundings. A vehicle will be supplied to you in the coming days. You will meet with Kamed tonight at 10:45.

Wali hands Esma a business card reading KING SALEEM'S 24 HOUR FOOD SMART.

EXT. GEORGIA STATE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Eager students with backpacks crowd the area. Tables are set up with students representing various organizations.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY

A FEMALE ORIENTATION LEADER approaches a wandering Esma.

ORIENTATION LEADER
Hello may I help you find something?

ESMA
Yes, I would join your committee. But I will wait for next semester.

ORIENTATION LEADER
Are you sure? I understand, grades come first. They're so much easier to maintain if you never let 'em slip, right?

ESMA
Yes.

Across the room Adara looks disinterested surrounded by information lines and registering students.

RASHAD DANAI(22), A HANDSOME ARAB STUDENT mans the Intercultural Relations table.

RASHAD
Can I help you find anything?

ADARA
I am fine.

RASHAD
Sure. No problem.

Adara searches for a new destination, and sees a large sign reading COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES.

EXT. OPEN AREA - DAY

Esma laughing with NICOLE(21), a SOCIAL BUTTERFLY, and three other students along with Rashad.

NICOLE
I know, I could've done all that online.

RASHAD
And caught up on sleep, right? I think they just want us to hit the ground running.

MALE STUDENT
Then let's skip that pointless review-the-syllabus first day.

Adara approaches avoiding Rashad's stare.

ESMA
Oh, here is Adara. We must be going now. It was nice meeting all of you.

ALL
See ya. Bye.

They all disperse, leaving Adara and Esma.

ADARA
Why do you laugh with them? You could compromise our mission by revealing too much of yourself.

ESMA
You know not of what you speak. We are not to remain at arm's length. We are to wear their skin. To be invisible until that day. Blend in.

INT. SUBWAY CAR- NIGHT

Adara and Esma ride as BROTHER JIMMY(55), A HOMELESS LOOKING MAN, searching the faces of every passenger riding as he passes shaking a cup of coins.

BROTHER JIMMY
Repent! Sinners! You violate the commandments! Love thy neighbor! Look at you! You can't even look at each other, much less love each other.

ADARA
(to Esma) See? This man knows.

Some riders are entertained by the homeless theatre, while some, irritated.

BROTHER JIMMY
Do you need another 9/11 to make you love one another? We are one nation under God. But we are divisible. By all the idols, lusts, and foreign gods that pollute our nation. This day, decide who you will serve!

ADARA
(quiet whisper) Allah.

ESMA
Shh. Invisible I said.

BROTHER JIMMY
And you treat the dead better than you treat the living. You can't wait to remember the dead, honor the dead. Build a statue to the dead. So your religious minds can worship it. When you should be loving the living, and worshipping Jesus Christ! He is the only way out of your sinful nature.

ADARA
You say not to worship the dead.

Brother Jimmy shakes his cup.

BROTHER JIMMY
That's right! You don't worship the dead!

ADARA
Jesus is dead. This Jesus Christ has died two thousand years ago. Why do you worship a dead person?

BROTHER JIMMY
Honey, you've been misinformed! Jesus is not dead! Jesus is alive! You didn't finish reading the book! You didn't finish listening to the sermon! He was crucified, and rose again on the third day! He sits on the right hand of God! Who put all things under his feet!

ESMA
Do not mind her, sir.

BROTHER JIMMY
What are you, Taliban?

ADARA
I am not Taliban. I am a student.

BROTHER JIMMY
She’s a Muslim! Y’all caused 9/11.

ADARA
You speak of all Muslim as criminals?

BROTHER JIMMY
Killin’ people is a crime!

Adara’s kicks Brother Jimmy when oohs and Aaahs erupt amongst the passengers, as Brother Jimmy dodges repeated swings at his legs.

ESMA
Adara, stop this!

PASSENGER #1
Kick his ass Taliban!

PASSENGER #2
Turn the other ass cheek, Moses!

PASSENGER #1
You get ‘em Al Qaeda.

BROTHER JIMMY
You don’t know who you serve child! You don’t know!

ADARA
Allahu Akbar!

Esma drags Adara away, as most passengers laugh. The doors open, and Esma pushes Adara off the train.

INT: TRAIN PLATFORM

ESMA
Do you know where you are?! Allahu Akbar Adara? Our worship is meaningless without our sacrifice to jihad. Without it, we are but children of the stone. Forever. The greatest betrayal. To prevent one’s exit. Do not betray me with your childishness?

ADARA
I should sing about Santa Claus?

Adara starts walking towards the turnstile, to exit the station.

ESMA
This is not our stop!

EXT. FRONT OF STORE - NIGHT

Adara and Esma enter along with other customers.

INT. MINIMART - NIGHT

A young Arab CLERK(17), wearing an Atlanta Braves cap, sits behind the counter. Adara and Esma search for a back-door a bit confused.

CLERK (ARABIC)
Are you looking for Kamed?

ESMA (ARABIC)
Yes.

CLERK
They are waiting for you. Downstairs.

The Clerk leads them towards the front door.

EXT. FRONT OF STORE - NIGHT

The Clerk opens the flat double doors on the sidewalk. This reveals a metal staircase leading to an underground area.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Adara and Esma pass a wall of boxes and crates, entering the inner circle of a Warriors Of Islam meeting. Two empty chairs are at the center of the circle.

ESMA
Asa Lama Lakum.

ADARA
Asa Lama Lakum.

ALL WOI MEMBERS
Peace be unto you.

ISHAQ
Welcome Adara, Esma. Please sit.

ISHAQ(32), a slender but authoritative WOI Member, steps forward.

ISHAQ (CONT'D)
Welcome. You are the first female specialists in America. We honor you with our highest regard.

Adara and Esma sit around by five male members.

The creak of the floor alerts Esma and Adara as Kamed walks front and center.

KAMED
Today is the first seed of your eternity. Your target is the Iron Horse you arrived in.

Kamed spreads a MARTA subway map across a crate. It's marked with red circles, and black arrows.

KAMED (CONT'D)
The artery of the city, will be cinched. Stopping the city's blood. Its life. Its people from flowing. And all eyes will be focused on its repair.

ESMA
We are honored for this great mission.

ADARA
We are here to serve Allah's needs.

KAMED
Your sacrifice will initiate the greatest offensive of our age. The city of Atlanta become the unattended lamb.

INT. FBI RECEPTION AREA- DAY

AGENT CONNELLY(50), A MIDDLE AGED NO NONSENSE BLACK WOMAN takes a call at the receptionist's desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Agent Connelly, urgent call for you

CONNELLY
Thank you...Sir, we can't disregard proven sources. I believe more time...

A WANNA-BE PROMOTED AGENT TRUDEAU(35) approaches.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Yes sir...Yes sir. I respectfully disagree... Yes, of course.

She has phone to receptionist, and walks with Trudeau.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Thank you. (BEAT)Idiot thinks we do this shit in a bubble or something.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

They both enter an area reading DIRECTOR DEPUTY JOSEPHINE CONNELLY. Trudeau hands her a file.

CONNELLY
What is it?

TRUDEAU
I followed up on this Bashira Ali like you asked. Took some digging, but I got in touch with the Palestinian Office of Records.

CONNELLY
And?

TRUDEAU
She's dead. Been dead for years. Some suicide bombing. She was the bomb.

Connelly reclines in her chair.

CONNELLY
Palestine, huh. Get me Middle East relations right away, I'm not sitting on this one.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - DAY

Kamed holds lecture before Adara and Esma. He points to a diagram of a subway train on the wall.

KAMED (V.O.)
You will build and arm yourselves, in the designated space provided. You will target the horse's head, and its tail.

He points to the first car, and the last car.

IMAGINATION SEQUENCE - SUBWAY

A crowd of commuters wait for the train doors to open.

KAMED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Each of you board. At opposite ends.

Riders pile into the train. The platform is clear. Except for Adara at the first car, and Esma at the last.

KAMED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If there are at least fifty passengers in your car, that is where you will detonate.

Signaling each other, then disappear onto the train. Beating the ding of the closing doors.

KAMED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If not, you will keep moving until there are.

The train takes off down the track.

WALI (V.O.)
Kamed, you wanted to see me?

END IMAGINATION SEQUENCE

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - DAY

Adara and Esma's heads turn to Wali.

KAMED
Yes, my friend. Come. You have been separated from us far too long. Your presence is welcome.

WALI
Thank you my brother. I thank you for your trust.

Kamed beckons, and Wali anxiously walks over to him.

KAMED
It has been a long time. A long time since we stood together on the field of battle. You are still a young and mighty soldier. It is only now that I am willing to extend the arm of brotherhood.

Adara and Esma watch them clasp forearms. Kamed wraps his arms around Wali's neck, in a loving embrace. Kamed leans into Wali's ear.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Do not fail Allah again. Or it will be my duty to dispose of a useless soul.

He grips a hand full of Wali's hair playfully, painfully. Wali still seems grateful.

KAMED (CONT'D)
You must all be careful. We are surrounded on all sides, by enemies of jihad. All agents of the great satan.

Adara and Esma are focused, attentive.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Do you understand?

ESMA
Yes, yes.

ADARA
Yes.

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Esma thumbs through a chemical engineering text book with vials of assorted liquids.

ESMA
You should trust him, Adara. He is the steward of our great journey. Our friend Wali's destiny is not ours.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adara stares at her reflection in the mirror.

ESMA
I know the realities of this jihad are harsh, but we have been chosen. It is a blessing.

She unwraps the scarf from her head. And her brown hair falls upon her back and shoulders.

ESMA(CONT'D)
Adara! We have a visitor!

Adara starts re-wrapping.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Esma talks with Nicole as Adara steps up.

ESMA
I did not know you lived in this building.

NICOLE
The tennis court and indoor swimming pool was the big sale.

Silence.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Anyway, a few of us are getting together at my place. I'm on the third floor. Just hangin', toastin' the new semester. Thought you might wanna join us.

ESMA
Oh no. We can't.

ADARA
Yes, thank you.

ADARA
You are on the third floor?

NICOLE
Yes, 3E.

ADARA
Okay. I will see you there.

NICOLE
Alright, see you later.

Nicole exits and Esma shuts the door.

ADARA
In their skin. Is that right?

ESMA
There is much work to do.

ADARA
It will be done.

INT. NICOLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Overpriced leather couches with matching chairs and ottomans placed neatly in front of a 50" LCD HD TV.

Adara fixated on a 20 gallon fish tank, watching Neon tetras, Honey Gouramis, and various exotic fish.

NICOLE
I had Tiger sharks in there, but nobody told me they don't really get along.

ADARA
DO you think it is right to cage fish?

NICOLE
Yes.

Adara joins in with four others seated.

MELANIE(19), a BUBBLY ASIAN GIRL, aggressively chewing gum.

JAMES(22), a YOUNG REPUBLICAN LOOKING SENIOR, with a cowboy hat like a Texan, and loafers like an Ivy Leaguer.

VALERIE(19), a BLACK LAID BACK CHICK on the verge of reciting or revolting.

A stare off between Rashaad and Adara ends with her eyes gluing to a return episode of Law & Order.

RASHAD
You need any help Nic?!

Nicole strains to pop the cork of a wine bottle.

NICOLE
I got it!

JAMES
Adara.

ADARA
Um hm.

JAMES
Pardon me for asking. Do you get hot with all those clothes on. What do you wear during the summer months?

Valerie sucks her teeth. Adara keeps her face to the television.

ESMA
Traditional dress for Muslim women comes in many fabrics for every season.

JAMES
How come you don't cover your whole face, like I see some of 'em do?

ESMA
It is a choice.

VALERIE
Why? Why always the ignorant questions?

JAMES
What ignorant questions? I'm trying to learn about other cultures.

VALERIE
Like when you asked me why Black people like to wear plastic bags on their heads?

JAMES
What? Now I'm not ignorant. Thank you for clearing that up Valerie.

INT. KITCHEN

MELANIE
Hey Nicole, is it against their religion or something to not drink alcohol?

NICOLE
Whatever, people don't drink for whatever reason. Assume is the mother of all fuckups.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Everyone has a glass of wine. Except Adara and Esma. The others direct their attention to the foreigners.

NICOLE
Wow, that sounds amazing. It'd be nice to visit Palestine one day.

James snickers, as he takes a sip of his wine. Adara watches him drink.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
What? It would be. I'm interested in country's with so much history. I mean the first man and woman go back to that part of the world.

MELANIE
Isn't that Iraq?

NICOLE
Whatever.

JAMES
C'mon now I'm a Christian and I still know that there is a societal evolution. America is the crown jewel of civilization. The perfected culmination of man's trial and error.

ADARA
(to Nicole) Culmination?

NICOLE
Oh, the end.

ADARA
Yes, that is America.

VALERIE
James, you have to be White to even think like that. Because if you're anybody else you've had a Caucasian boot on your neck at one time or another.

JAMES
Yes, you're right. But where in the world would you rather live than America?

ESMA
I love my country.

MELANIE
Isn't it dangerous? I mean isn't that why you go to school here?

ADARA
We study in America. So that America may know that we are greater than what society thinks. Your milk and your honey, not making you great.

JAMES
It's making us fat.

ADARA
There is much danger in America. Just like in Palestine.

JAMES
Just like? I don't think so. No offense. But you know a lot of people who've died from terrorist attacks. Don't you?

ESMA
You call the Israelis terrorists?

MELANIE
That doesn't mean anything. My third grade teacher Mrs. Buckley, her oldest son almost got on that flight that crashed into the second tower.

JAMES
And that's your 9/11 story?

MELANIE
I met him before. I actually know somebody that actually almost died in the World Trade Center. They were this close.

VALERIE
Aw, that's actually too bad. Why'd he have to go and ruin your 9/11 story like that?

MELANIE
Well you didn't see any terrorists either from Martha's Vineyard.

NICOLE
This discussion is getting stupid. I'm getting another bottle of wine.

JAMES
Esma, what are you studying? Is it Visual Arts as well?

Esma smiles, slow to answer.

ESMA
Visual arts, yes. Where is your toilet?

MELANIE
Straight back second door on the right.

IN BATHROOM

Esma enters a girly area with frilly, bright colored linen, she splashes water on her face staring at her reflection noticing a dish with flower- shaped soaps.

IN LIVING ROOM

Esma enters.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
To maintaining a 3.7!

JAMES
Lo-ser! To Republicans taking back Congress.

Adara holds a glass up to her nose when Esma non-chalantly snatches the glass out of her hand.

RASHAD
Hey, that's mine. She just wanted a sip.

Esma hands wine to Rashaad while exiting with Adara.

ESMA
Thank you. We must be going.

The others watch the front door slam, then chuckle.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

ESMA
This is not the time to poison yourself with the American way of life.

ADARA
I was smelling it. Am I not allowed to understand all before I leave this world. It is my right.

ESMA
Kamed would not agree.

ADARA
I will explore what I feel I need to. Good night Esma.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Adara sketches a homeless woman passing through with a shaking cup. Esma sits quietly next to her reading.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS LAWN - DAY

Students coming and going to and from class.

INT. ART HISTORY CLASS - DAY

DR. KAMINSKI(60) stands before a medium sized classroom.

DR. KAMINSKI
You undergrads are wondering how you've ended up taking an art history course as one of your electives. Instead of a math or science course.

Adara enters and sits int he back, Nicole waves for her to come sit with her.

A MALE CLASSMATE's hand raises in front.

MALE CLASSMATE
So it's really like History History, not History of Art and Applied Sciences? Or something?

DR. KAMINSKI
Whether you want to become a professional artist, or pursue a career in medicine, law, or whatever. We want to provide you with an education marked by research, and reflection. I for one believe that history is the best guide post when advancing the common good.

INT. ADARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adara lies awake on an air mattress, as moonlight lands across her face. Faint moaning sounds from across the hall get louder, mixing with groans. The groans get more aggressive, as the moans get more desperate. Adara closes her eyes to the sounds of sex.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Adara and Esma enter and sit. TWO FEMALES in tight jeans and shirts enter texting and laughing.

ADARA
That is what we must dress. We are not at home. Everywhere we go our attire draws at least two eyes. In America it is like you are a villain.

ESMA
Why are we in this place? There is no privacy here.

ADARA
Wear our enemy's skin, that is what...

ESMA
Stop saying that.

Esma picks up her cup of tea, and eyes it from a distance.

ESMA (CONT'D)
What is this?

ADARA
Star-buck Tea, drink it.

Esma takes a sip and burns her tongue. A CNN report on a television grabs both of their attention.

ON THE TELEVISION

A CNN camera rolls footage of a demolished entrance to a bank. A crash and explosion have left the bank burning, and ambulance, police, and EMT sirens blaring.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)
The disgruntled Boston College students drove the explosive-laden vehicle into the first floor of Bank of America in the south side of Brewster Lane. It was full of lunch hour rush patrons. Dozens have been confirmed dead.

IN STARBUCKS

ADARA
Allah U Akbar.

ESMA
Allah U Akbar.

ADARA
Our mission can be greater.

ESMA
Explain greater.

Rashad walks right up to Adara and Esma's table.

RASHAD
Hello Adara. Hi Esma.

Esma freezes, looking back towards the restroom.

ADARA
Hello.

RASHAD
I saw you come in here. Just wanted to say hi.

ADARA
Hello.

RASHAD
That’s not true. I’m stalking you. Actually I’m an intentional follower, that doesn’t exactly make me a stalker.

ESMA
Why? Why are you stalking us?

RASHAD
I was hoping I could speak with you Adara. Do you mind if I join you?

ESMA
No.

ADARA
Yes.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
Okay. It can wait. I just didn’t see any books, so I thought...

Esma gathers bag and her tea as Kamed walks pass like a stranger.

ESMA
Sorry, we have someplace to be now. Adara?

ADARA
I would like to finish my tea.

ESMA
Why do you have to finish your tea?

Adara takes a sip. Esma sighs, and walks away. Her full cup of tea makes a thud in the garbage, as she exits. Rashad takes her seat.

RASHAD
I noticed you were taking McPherson’s Chemistry. I thought you were a Visual Arts major.

ADARA
It was a choice of my elective.

RASHAD
You're much prettier without the scarf. You should leave your face open more often.

Adara takes a sip, more to hide a confused smile than to drink.

INT. GEORGIA STATE - CONCEPTUAL ART 101 - DAY

PROFESSOR BASHIRA ALI(45), a HEAVYSET ARAB FEMALE visual guides students behind individual drafting tables with Adara in front row.

She writes her name on the board--"Bashira Ali"

PROFESSOR ALI
Draw whatever comes to mind. This first assignment is simple. Draw whatever comes to mind. It will not count towards your overall grade. You just need to express the theme however you see fit. Living in Atlanta. Draw what that means to you. You have fifteen minutes. Go!

Many students sketch immediately, Adara others contemplate the assignment.

LATER, Adara reviews her masterpiece. VANCE(20), an alternative-type with hair in his eyes, draws like it's a race. One student breaks the tip of her colored pencil, scrambles for a new one. Another student erases part of what he's done, then trashes the entire sheet.

Vance's drawing is of McDonald's golden arches in Atlanta. Inside the McDonald's, people appear to be partying, happy to have Big Macs. Rays of light shoot out from the top of the restaurant.

VANCE
The lights represent life, health, prosperity. There's plenty of both in Atlanta. When you talk about never sleeping, this is what I think of first. I've lived in New York all my life, until now.

Directly beneath this McDonald's, a dark and dirty subculture is drawn. These underground dwellers look like they're dragging themselves around, sick and hungry.

VANCE (CONT'D)
Last night, someone was telling me about this book they read, about the mole people. Underground homeless communities. And so...

Professor Ali nods her head slowly.

PROFESSOR ALI
Good. Any comments?

No one raises their hand.

PROFESSOR ALI (CONT'D)
Okay, good work Vance. Adara?

Adara stands at the front of the class, with her drawing of the human circulatory system. Instead of blood-filled veins, a subway train is connected throughout the entire body.

VOICE IN CLASS (O.S.)
Cool.

ADARA
Many people living in Atlanta use the train. Circulatory system is like the lifeblood of the city. Like the subway is the lifeblood of the people. The city. When the train stops, the body of people shut down.

PROFESSOR ALI
Very good. Questions, anybody?

VANCE
I was on vacation in New York during that transit strike of 2005. The city didn't stop per se, but it slowed to a snail's pace. A few more days...and I don't know. But Atlanta it's not like that. I don't even know anybody who rides the train.

FEMALE STUDENT
What're you talking about? I ride the train.

VANCE
I don't know you.

PROFESSOR ALI
Good work Adara. I am sure your drawing articulates well, life in Atlanta for you. That is all I asked. Who hasn't gone yet?

EXT. ARTS & DESIGN BUILDING - DAY

A flood of art students pour out the exit, onto the sidewalk. Bringing up the rear, is Adara and Professor Ali.

AT A DISTANCE - Detective Trudeau is positioned inside a vacant office building snapping photographs of the Professor and Adara.

PROFESSOR ALI
You have a very artistic hand Adara to have had no formal training.

ADARA (ARABIC)
Thank you Professor Ali.

PROFESSOR ALI
It is a shame that art is not appreciated at home. You are very talented.

ADARA
I want to learn more.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Adara studies the train's surroundings as A young MUSLIM FEMALE boards. She notices Adara, noticing her and exchange smiles.

A second later, an AMERICAN FEMALE, sporting jeans and a t-shirt steps on the train.

MUSLIM FEMALE
Over here.

Adara watches.

AMERICAN FEMALE
He was so busted! Did you see his shoes?

MUSLIM FEMALE
No, what was wrong with them?

AMERICAN FEMALE
The laces looked ten years old. And so did he, as a matter of fact. And his little baby teeth.

MUSLIM FEMALE
So you didn't give him your phone number?

AMERICAN FEMALE
I gave him a, number. Not mine. I like to reward their effort, y'know.

The two females whisper to each other then exit through adjoining two cars.

Adara follows touching the metal, peeking through the window, at the outside of the adjoining train. A sign above her head reads, NO PASSING BETWEEN CARS.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Adara rushes in to an already started meeting surrounded by the Warriors of Islam (WOI) members.

ESM
You are late.

KAMED
I will excuse your tardiness this one time Adara. Next time you will be disciplined.

ADARA
Please forgive me. I have discovered a way to make the mission a greater success. Why take the little finger, and the thumb, when you can take the whole arm?

Kamed is impatient, yet intrigued.

IMAGINATION SEQUENCE - SUBWAY TRAIN

Adara and Esma walk through different subway cars.

ADARA (V.O.)
Currently, our mission is at opposite ends of the train. One car each.

Adara passes through the moving train.

ADARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A simple journey, the length of the train, will allow us to fasten an explosive to each car. The original blast will cause a chain reaction.

Adara and Esma pass between cars as the train speeds along the track.

ADARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A magnetic piece attached to the explosive preferably plastic so that many can be carried in our bags. We can attach one to each car.

Adara reaches down, and attaches a bomb underneath the metal car. She continues through the train, until she and Esma meet in middle.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT (SAME)

Kamed nods his head slowly. He looks to the other WOI members. They nod slowly, not seeing why not.

KAMED
Your mission has already been given to you.

ISHAQ
She will have to purchase the supplies that we need. It will not be much more than plastic juice containers, and magnets. But nothing that cannot be justified by her schooling.

ESMA
Traveling between cars is illegal? It will definitely attract the attention of the police.

ADARA
This is as illegal as jaywalking. Beggars make a living traveling this route everyday.

ESMA
It is a much greater risk.

ADARA
It is a much greater reward.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Esma paces impatiently at a HARDWARE STORE entrance. She dials on her cell phone.

ESMA
Adara. I have been waiting fifteen minutes for you already. Where are you?

A hand taps Esma on the shoulder. It's Adara with Rashad.

ADARA
Rashad at the Student Center. He said he would be glad to help us, since we do not know exactly what we are doing.

ESMA
Hello Rashad.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Adara and Esma search the aisle for parts as Rashad follows.

ADARA
Here they are.

RASHAD
Oh, you shoulda told me. I still have a few of these left over from last semester. We had to do this project on Electromagnetism. It was pretty cool. We had to use DC power so...

ESMA
These are small enough?

ADARA
We will need to cut them in half? Rashad, is it possible for the magnets be sliced in half?

RASHAD
Uh, sure if you really have to I guess. Shouldn't affect the magnetism. Probably could do it with a hacksaw. What is this for anyway?

Esma and Adara glance at each other, then begin grabbing packets of magnets.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
That's probably gonna be pretty tough for you girls. If you don't have a male in your group project who can...

ADARA
Adhesive.

Adara and Esma walk away, carrying the packages of magnets.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Adara and Esma come out carrying large bags of supplies with Rashad tagging behind.

RASHAD
Hey, Adara.

ADARA
Yes. Thank you for your help Rashad...

RASHAD
I gotta admit my coming with you was not purely altruistic.

Adara squints to understand.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
I was hoping if you weren't too busy that you might not mind hanging out?

ADARA
Hanging out?

Esma holds up the bag of magnets.

ESMA
She has a lot of work to do, sorry. Another time, another life....

ADARA
I will hang out with you.

RASHAD
Cool. Let's keep it simple. Dinner and a movie?

ADARA
Okay.

RASHAD
You know the Regal Theatre at Atlantic Station? There's a train stop near there.

ADARA
I will find it.

ESMA
Adara?

RASHAD
You can't miss it. 7:00, alright?

ESMA
Adara?!

RASHAD
Okay, I got a Campus Activities meeting right now. See you tonight.

Rashad trots off in the opposite direction.

ESMA
I will finish this without you.

ADARA
No. There is still time Esma.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adara and Esma enter and lay the heavy bags on the table and neatly organize the magnetics and gadgets into a box and tapes them shut.

ADARA
You are afraid.

ESMA
Kamed likes your ideas.

ADARA
It is our idea together Esma. I cannot do it without you.

ESMA
Have you been with him?

Adara chokes on her water, and starts to cough.

ADARA
I have been with no man.

ESMA
He, forbids? I guess I am my own sacrifice then. I remember a time when I had to convince him that you were strong enough to be his Ghaziyah. I told him you would be fine, a rifle marksman will not be as useful in America anyway.

ADARA
When did you tell him this?

ESMA
It was around your 16th birthday. I remember because it was the first time...

ADARA
First what?

ESMA
Are you hungry I am going to prepare a meal?

ADARA
I am meeting Rashad for the movie.

ESMA
Kamed will not be happy.

ADARA
I want to explore before my day in paradise, it is my right.

EXT. REGAL THEATER - NIGHT

Rashad paces casually glancing at his watch, ticking from 6:59 to 7:00.

Adara approaches wearing a feminine blazer, on top of a black blouse with loose fitting slacks guarded with her arms crossed.

RASHAD
Wow. You look nice. Like a new woman.

ADARA
The chameleon changes his appearance. He is still the same chameleon.

RASHAD
Yeah. I guess. So, have you seen The Eggheads?

Adara looks all around, searching for “eggheads”.

RASHAD (CONT’D)
No, that’s the name of the movie. It’s a comedy.

ADARA
I have never been to a movie.

RASHAD
Oh man, I think it’s gonna be funny, but if this is gonna be your first time...

ADARA
Egghead movie will be fine.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Adara and Rashad sit near the rear with audience laughing in sync though Adara is stone faced and confused.

RASHAD
You okay?

Adara nods her head “yes”.

RASHAD (CONT’D)
We don’t have to stay. If you don’t want.

Adara looks around the theater at the people enjoying themselves.

ADARA
I am fine.

Rashad turns back to the screen, and laughs with the next audience outburst.

INT. DOLCE ITALIAN RISTORANTE - NIGHT

Adara and Rashad enter the bar area with Adara sitting back to the bar, keeping her distance figuratively. Whilst Rashad sips a glass of wine.

RASHAD
I mean you wouldn’t believe the rider the Secretary of State has. Like the Rolling Stones or something.

A nearby television shows a CNN news broadcast.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
It's supposed to be for his personal staff and Secret Service. Which will probably... Did you hear about this?

Rashad points to the television. Adara turns around.

ON THE TELEVISION

Video rolls of the UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON HUSKY STADIUM, and emergency crews rushing in. A WASHINGTON STUDENT's voice recounts the incident.

WASHINGTON STUDENT (V.O.)
We were sitting at the very top, and we could barely hear the bang, so we thought it was like, part of the game.

INT. AGENT CONNELLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Agents Connelly & Trudeau watch in shock at a CNN broadcast.

WASHINGTON STUDENT
(on television) Then we saw on the other side, like this black hole in the stands, where people used to be. Then everyone else started screaming and running. We were thankful it wasn't on our side. But then there was another blast, halfway down the stands, in front of us. People were trampling each other. Some got pushed over the railing.

CONNELLY
(to Trudeau) Tell me you got something.

PHONE RINGS!

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Connelly here. Yeah, I'm watching. I'll call you right back. We're on it.

TRUDEAU
Negative. Even with surveillance around the clock, it's leading us nowhere. Same patterns, same routine, no unseemly relations...

CONNELLY
She's from Palestine. There's a community, however small, however, exclusive. Find it. She'll make contact.

TRUDEAU
Yes ma'am.

CONNELLY
All units, every region are on high alert. D.O.D. wants answers. Meaning every bait get reeled in. No matter how small the nibble. Every source gets leaned on. We have no idea where we stand, so everybody's gotta sweep their own back door. I'll be damned if Atlanta's next. Not on my watch. Not in my city. So you gotta give me something. (BEAT) Trudeau you gotta give me something.

Trudeau opens up a folder to photographs of Adara and Professor Ali.

TRUDEAU
All I got is this. She's also from Palestine.

CONNELLY
Is this it?

TRUDEAU
I'm still following up, but everything only seems school related.

Trudeau watches the continued CNN coverage, slowly shaking his head.

TRUDEAU (CONT'D)
Chief, if these are all connected, then we're at war.

CONNELLY
I thought we already were. C'mon let's check this out.

Connelly puts on her jacket and exits.

INT. DOLCE RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT

ADARA
May they be heard now.

RASHAD
I'm sure they're gonna blame all Muslims.

ADARA
The American way.

Rashad nods, innocently.

DINING TABLE

Rashad pulls out Adara's chair for her.

RASHAD
It wasn't that bad, was it? C'mon, the part with that guy on the ladder, and the dancing dog... You look beautiful tonight, by the way. Did I already say that?

Adara looks confused trying to crack a smile, but it feels too strange.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
I like it when you don't hide your face under a scarf... I already told you that too, didn't I?

ADARA
I must be going soon.

RASHAD
We just got here. Relax, let's get something to eat at least.

The WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER
Hi, my name's Justin. I'll be your server. Can I start you off with something to drink?

RASHAD
Can I get a glass of Chardonnay? And some bread for the table.

WAITER
And for you?

ADARA
Water please.

Rashad eyes Adara with a mischievous grin. Adara looks out the restaurant window, at lights, cars, and pedestrians. She senses his eyes upon her.

RASHAD
So. Tell me about yourself. Who are you?

ADARA
You are not like other Arab boy.

RASHAD
First, I am officially a man.

ADARA
You are more like the Americans. Why?

RASHAD
Why what?

ADARA
Why you becoming just like them? How?

RASHAD
I am what I am, Arab American. I'm from Jersey. But I wanted to know about you.

ADARA
I am the hatred in their dark eyes, as wide open furnaces, leaving the barbarians dumb, blind and deaf.

Rashad is surprised.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Hiyam Noir, Palestinian poet.

The Waiter sets a glass of water, Chardonnay, and bread down.

RASHAD
I think you need a drink.

ADARA
A good Muslim would not allow the ungodly traditions of America to corrupt him.

RASHAD
I see.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Connelly sits in the passenger seat of a gray sedan with a two-way radio in her hand. Trudeau is behind the wheel.

CONNELLY
They must steal their identities. Once somebody blows themselves up, they don't need it anymore. I guess it's not really stealing then...

TRUDEAU
Then file fraudulent apps for Visas and the like.

CONNELLY
Think about it. How long does it take a living person to know their identity's been stolen? It's at least twice as long for dead people.

TRUDEAU
How do they get away with that?

CONNELLY
How do we get away with it? National, local media doesn't even report Palestinian deaths. It's even easier. *(into radio)* Are you inside?

VOICE ON RADIO
We're in.

EXT. TREE LINED STREET

Professor Ali and MALE COMPANION exit building to a waiting taxi and drives off. Simultaneously undercover agents swarm the area.

INT. PROFESSOR ALI APARTMENT - NIGHT

TWO AGENTS sneak and peek wearing latex gloves seeing nothing out of the normal. A few boxes, backpacks and prayer mats.

SNOOPING AGENT
(into radio) There's nothing here.

He opens and closes kitchen drawers. Jostles a few papers. Looks at a subway map, with curious markings on it taking photos of everything.

SNOOPING AGENT (CONT'D)
How sure are we about this address?

INT. STREET - DAY (SAME)

CONNELLY
I was to bring her in.

VOICE ON RADIO
We're comin' out.

CONNELLY
Wrap it up.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A knock on the door startles Esma. She looks through the peep hole to see agents. She turns her ear to the door, listening to the agents talk and move further away. She's nervous and shaky, as she turns to face a room full of bomb parts--a mini assembly factory.

Kitchen counters and small tables are full of canisters filled with chemicals, and adhesives. Powders, wires, batteries, vests, magnets, and explosives sit ready for war. The sum of all these parts appears to be a bizarre concoction--a large bomb-laden bra. And its twin. The agents then leave.

INT. RASHAD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rashad escorts a tipsy Adara through the front door. She is not stumbling yet, but she is happy.

ADARA
Rashad. Rashad!

RASHAD
Yes Adara.

Rashad ushers her over to the couch, and sits her down.

ADARA
I love Allah. I do! I will give everything to my God.

Rashad sits next to her. She digs in her pocket.

ADARA (CONT'D)
I have to call Esma. To let her know I am alright. And that I love her.

Adara pulls out her phone. Rashad is amused by her. Adara stops suddenly, trying to remember something.

ADARA (CONT'D)
I have another... The sun light clasps the earth. Moonbeams kiss the sea. What are all these kissings worth? If thou kiss not me? Percy Shelley.

Rashad leans for a kiss but Adara blocks him. The two sit at opposite ends of the couch.

RASHAD
I'm sorry... I thought. I don't know.

ADARA
My professor said that was for the men in class to tell their girlfriends. I was just letting you know, so you can tell your girlfriend.

RASHAAN
What girlfriend?

ADARA
Do you own more wine?

LATER

Adara is more serious and intense, the more she's drinking. Rashad rests his head on the back of the couch, as she talks between sips.

ADARA
But it is genocide. Plain and simple. This is not a way to live. Nor is it the way to die.

RASHAD
But you're in America now. You can start over.

ADARA
America is why these things are possible.

RASHAD
But in America. You can start over, leave that life behind.

ADARA
I will. I will start over.

Rashad takes her drink, and sets it next to two empty bottles on the table. Rashad leans in to peck her on the cheek. He sits back and runs his finger along her arm, then starts massaging her shoulder. Adara is non-responsive. Adara not sure what to do with her hands. Her PHONE, vibrates across the table, and over the edge.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Esma stands in the middle of the room, with her cellphone to her ear. She looks to the door, where Kamed stands, scowling down at her.

ESMA
She is not answering.

INT. RASHAD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rashad wakes slowly, still in his clothes. He studies Adara's angelic face as her eyes pop open, as if she was snatched out of a dream. Her eyes finally rest on Rashad, who is unsure if it's okay to smile.

ADARA
I slept here?

RASHAD
Yeah. It was late. We didn't think it was a good idea for you to leave.

Adara hops out of bed, panicked. Rashad hops up, attempting to calm her down.

ADARA
I slept here?!

RASHAD
Yeah, it's okay. Relax.

ADARA
What did you do to me?

RASHAD
What did I do to you?

ADARA
Filthy swine!

Adara swings wildly at Rashad's head. She lands a few punches, but mostly misses.

RASHAD
Hey! Calm down a sec!

ADARA
American animal.

After a self-orientation, she drops to her knees.

ADARA (CONT'D)
(to Rashad) Sujud! Sujud! God is great. God is great. God is great. Our Lord! Therefore forgive us our sins, and remit from us our evil deeds, and make us die the death of the righteous.

She bolts for the bathroom, lifts the toilet seat vomits.

INTERCUT - OUTSIDE/INSIDE BATHROOM

RASHAD
You alright? Adara, your phone is ringing.

Adara's hard look in the mirror becomes more somber.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Adara bursts through the front door, out of breath to a standing Esma and Kamed.

KAMED
We are in America. We are not of it. Shall I remind you of this?

Kamed bends Adara over his knees, and whips her across her back side. She's determined not to cry as she stands.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Allow this pain to sharpen your focus.

ESMA
I have finished the assembly. Today is our day.

Adara retrieves the bomb, testing its weight in her hand. She walks slowly to the bathroom. The toilet in the bathroom flushes, and Wali walks out past Adara.

INT. DODGE CARAVAN - DAY

Wali & Adara ride in front in silence. Kamed and Esma crowd into the backseat.

KAMED
You will feel nothing. Only the cool winds of Paradise.

EXT. MARTA STATION - DAY

Adara and Esma step out of the van with back packs slung over one shoulder. Kamed kisses each of them on the forehead.

KAMED
Allahu Akbar.

He climbs into the front seat, and the van takes off. Esma's eyes follow the van, while Adara looks towards the train station.

INT. MARTA TRAIN STATION - DAY

Adara and Esma walk through the turnstiles of the station.

IN LADIES ROOM

They each enter a stall ripping their ARAB garb emerging in Georgia State sweatshirts and jeans carrying their school bags like soldier's gear.

ON PLATFORM

Adara and Esma stand at opposite ends of the platform observing the tracks and lights for an approaching train. A thunderous roar from the Southbound train rolls closer.

Seeing the speeding headlights of the train not slowing down pushes a breeze into their faces. Then fades into the distance.

With matching blank expressions, the two girls walk towards each other, meeting in the middle.

ESMA
This was not expected.

ADARA
There was no accounting for track work?

Adara and Esma turn to the Northbound track.

ADARA (CONT'D)
We are fine.

With eyes on the train, they move towards their designated ends. Esma runs into TWO MARTA OFFICERS.

MARTA OFFICER #1
You need to come with us.

Esma takes a step back. Adara takes a step forward.

INT. MARTA POLICE STATION - DAY

Adara and Esma sit before SERGEANT HUDSON(45), a portly MARTA officer thumbing through paperwork.

ADARA
Sir, what have we done wrong.

Hudson glances up at the two girls, then focuses back on his paperwork. After a long, uncomfortable silence...

HUDSON
You know, I don't have a problem with you people. Muslim people. Not at all.

UNDER ADARA'S SWEATER

The bomber bra wraps around Adara's shoulders and torso. Her chest breathes in and out.

IN ADARA'S BACK PACK

Organized rows of handheld plastic explosives, with magnets attached, line her bag. By her feet.

BACK TO OFFICE

HUDSON (CONT'D)
But you gotta help yourselves out. You just can't bring this kinda nonsense on the train. We take physical assault seriously.

MARTA OFFICER #1 steps into the doorway with Brother Jimmy.

MARTA OFFICER #1
Is this the one?

BROTHER JIMMY
Yes, that's her.

Esma lowers her head, defeated. She brings her hand to her chest, and Adara grabs her other hand--*wait*.

ADARA
Sir. Please forgive me. I am without an excuse for my behavior. But it is true, that I am a product of my environment. In my country, we believe to take the defense of our God as serious matters.

BROTHER JIMMY
Well, you're not in your country.

ADARA
I know. This is why I am loving this country, because you are free to express your ideas and your beliefs without fear. I regret my behavior. You are a man of conviction. You are a man of faith. Certainly, you know what passion for one's God can do to one's emotions. I was upset at my father that day. He does not understand that I do not want to come home. I took this out on you. Forgive me.

Brother Jimmy looks at Adara closely. He slowly nods, understanding.

HUDSON
So, do you want to press charges?

ADARA
Please, I am already late for my class. If I am late again...

BROTHER JIMMY
No, that's alright.

MARTA OFFICER #1
Georgia State checked out too.

HUDSON
Alright, good. This'll save me some paperwork. You ladies are free to go.
(MORE)

HUDSON (CONT'D)
And keep your feet to yourself please. *(to Brother Jimmy)* And you stop panhandling on my trains. Don't make me tell you again.

ADARA
Yes sir.

ESMA
Yes, we are very sorry.

MARTA OFFICER #1
Where are you ladies headed?

ESMA
We are going North.

MARTA OFFICER #1
I'm headed that way.

INT. NORTHBOUND TRAIN - DAY

Adara and Esma stand face to face on the crowded train. MARTA Officer leans on a pole across the aisle, reading a newspaper. Passengers get on and off at the next stop.

UNDER ADARA'S CLOTHES

The speed of her breathing has increased. The bomb rises and falls, slightly faster.

BACK TO TRAIN

Esma and Adara look at each other like two people on an uncomfortable first date.

ADARA (ARABIC)
Are you ready?

ESMA (ARABIC)
I am ready.

ADARA (ARABIC)
I will see you soon, my friend.

ESMA (ARABIC)
Again. And Forever.

MARTA Officer glances over at them, then focuses on his paper. They both walk carefully towards opposite ends of the train.

At one end, Adara allows a small button, attached to a wire, to slide down her forearm. She closes her eyes, and PRESSES... then presses again. Adara opens one eye, as she discreetly tries to detonate herself. She looks across the train to Esma.

They carefully walk back to their first position.

ADARA (ARABIC)
What is wrong?

ESMA (ARABIC)
I don’t know. It’s just...

ADARA (ARABIC)
You have made an error. You should have allowed me to finish.

ESMA (ARABIC)
We could not wait for you.

ADARA (ARABIC)
Did you measure your wire length precisely? Was it wrapped tightly enough?

ESMA (ARABIC)
Yes.

ADARA (ARABIC)
Was it in meters, or inches? What about the canister, was it air tight, using.

ESMA (ARABIC)
Yes! It is not my fault. You were not dependable.

Adara eyes Esma. The train comes to a stop. Passengers pile on.

ADARA (ARABIC)
You have betrayed us both.

ESMA
No.

ADARA
Yes, you...

Rashad walk onto the train.

RASHAD
Adara. How are you?

Adara grabs Esma’s hand and darts for an open train door.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Adara and Esma undress carefully, unstrapping their bombs. Adara goes through the motions disarming placing them in large padded briefcases. Esma plops down in a chair and puts her head in her hands. She starts to sob.

INT. ADARA’S BEDROOM - DAY

Adara enters putting another jilbab on her body. Adara stops suddenly. Kamed stands in the corner, waiting for her.

KAMED
You should never have been given such an assignment. You are a foolish child. Who will work a pig farm near Gaza after...

ADARA
But it was Allah, who chose me.

KAMED
You blame Allah for your failure? He has exposed your incompetence. You must be punished. Your mother’s tongue was taken. I will show you Allah’s mercy. Choose what you can part with. And all will be forgiven you.

ADARA
No! Our mission can continue. We just...

KAMED
Quiet. The mission was compromised by your lack of precision.

OUTSIDE BEDROOM DOOR

Esma has her ear to the door.

KAMED (CONT’D)
Your assembly lacked excellence.

Esma steps away from the door.

IN BEDROOM

ADARA
You like chess. I know the secret to capturing the King in three moves. First move, secure your alliance. Second move, Use your ally to gain privilege. And position. Power. Third move, wait for that position to yield opportunity to strike. And destroy.

KAMED
What is this babbling?

ADARA
U.S. Secretary of State is coming to CNN headquarters. The mission is two fold. A strike for our jihad. And a chance to give them something they must report.

Esma walks in on them, as if hoping to interrupt something.

INT. RASHAD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rashad opens his front door to Adara on his doorstep.

RASHAD
Adara, hi..

ADARA
Hello. I want to say I'm sorry.

The sound of running water comes from Rashad's bathroom, cutting Adara's sentence short. Adara glances past Rashad, into the apartment.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Are you busy?

RASHAD
No, that's just... Amber. She's...

ADARA
May I come in?

RASHAD
Sure.

Rashad steps aside. Adara takes a seat on the couch, and immediately notices two King James Versions on the coffee table. A legal pad is covered with notes.

ADARA
I wanted to say I am sorry. For calling you worse than an infidel. I hope that you can forgive me. I do not believe the hateful things I said about you.

RASHAD
No, please. Forgive me.

AMBER(32), a modest-looking white woman wearing an ankle high skirt, emerges from the back.

AMBER
Oh hi. I'm Amber.

ADARA
Adara. I am here to speak with Rashad about a school function.

AMBER
Let me get out of your way, then.

Amber picks up her Bible, and exits.

RASHAD
What about a school function...

ADARA
I need your help.

RASHAD
How?

ADARA
My financial aid requires that I am part of extracurricular activity. I don't know where to begin.

RASHAD
There are plenty of clubs on campus, begging for members. You shouldn't have...

ADARA
You are the chairperson for Campus Activities. Public Speakers, are you not?

RASHAD
Yeh, but we filled all those positions last semester for this term.

ADARA
Who were your speakers last semester?

RASHAD
Uh, Sonia Sanchez, Testu Kayama, the uh, Sega CEO. Mike Huckabee, and some people in Education. I can't remember, why?

ADARA
You will not forget the day you saw Secretary Holland. It is a once in a lifetime opportunity. This is a large event for you. There is always room for more help, which I'm willing to give. For my financial aid requirements. I need to give. Can you help me?

RASHAD
I just think it's too late. It's right around the corner. The committee would have to approve it, and I know some have already been turned away.

ADARA
I understand. Your duty to Intercultural Relations is satisfied. I am sure you already have plenty of Arabs represented on your committee.

INT. CAMPUS ACTIVITIES MEETING - DAY

Rashad stands at the front of the classroom, conducting the meeting. James sits amongst a dozen other COMMITTEE MEMBERS.

RASHAD
I told Adara that I'd put it to a vote, and if the committee didn't have a problem with it at this late stage, then neither do I. Besides, it's for her financial aid requirements. So...

JAMES
Plenty people came up to me wantin' to join. I just told 'em, what you told me. That there was no room. So I guess now we do?

RASHAD
I know what I said. It's a special consideration for one of our foreign students. I mean, we've all been there. When the school springs something on you that you didn't expect. Then you gotta scramble at the last minute.

FEMALE MEMBER
This isn't the only organization to join.

RASHAD
She's a foreign student. So this committee is most interesting to her. Working on a committee that meets Secretary Holland? That's something to write home about.

JAMES
I didn't write home about it.

RASHAD
You're not an Arab student from the Middle East.

MALE MEMBER
But you are. Is that what this is about?

RASHAD
I'm from Jersey. Look, it's on you guys. I said I'd vote. So let's vote.

FEMALE MEMBER
It's not like we can't use more people.

JAMES
We haven't even started on the hospitality requirements. My problem is, I don't have a reason why not. So I say sure.

ALL MEMBERS
Me neither. I don't care.

RASHAD
So, hospitality then? I'll let her know, and show her how we're setting up.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kamed, Ishaq, and the other WOI members sit around waiting to begin. Kamed takes a seat next to Esma.

KAMED
This is her final opportunity. You must make sure there are no more errors. I place the weight of this mission, on your shoulders.

ESMA
I am in control.

KAMED
Then where is Adara?

FOOTSTEPS are heard coming down the basement steps. Adara appears from the shadows, and walks up to the group.

ADARA
I am in. The Hospitality Team.

MONTAGE - PREPARATION

Adara reconstructs a thin plastic aerosol can attaching strong duct tape to its side.

All the CNN student volunteers, Adara, Rashad and others, pass through metal detectors and security wands.

A CNN Tour Guide takes committee members on a ride up the tallest escalator.

Adara carefully wires another explosive while Esma attaches a very thin hose to a plastic container.

The members pass through a walkway overlooking the bustling CNN Newsroom.

Adara pours a liquid from a glass beaker into a plastic container.

The tour route is sectioned off by glass doors, locked by computerized keypads. The tour guide enters code, and ushers through.

A small pellet shoots into a pan against the wall. Propelled from a triggered device in Esma’s hand.

The next section is a studio with bulky television cameras with an anchored news broadcast occurring.

Adara is seated at a table attaching a bomb to a simpler bomber vest.

An emergency exit is opened and the committee’s led down a back staircase that leads to an exit. The guide just pops open the door revealing sunlight.

Esma rolls in a large baby stroller causing Adara to pause.

The committee members have ended their orientation and are seated at a section of tables in the Food Court of the CNN Center.

Rashad singles out Adara showing her the section designated for hospitality. Adara nods.

INT. CNN CENTER - FOOD COURT - DAY

Adara eats a salad with members breaking for lunch.

RASHAD
Since we have such a large group coming, CNN requests an assistant Tour Guide. To kind of wrangle the University crowd.

Rashad punctuates the invitation with a smile. Then frowns, when no one accepts.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
Relax, you don't have to give the tour. Just hang in the back and make sure everybody's keeping up.

JAMES
In the back. Where you can't see the interview. Right, no thanks.

Adara's hand goes up.

RASHAD
Adara, you're already setting up the hospitality section. You deserve to see the interview just like anybody else.

ADARA
This is what I am here for.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Adara and Esma sit amongst the WOI members.

ADARA
Yes. I am certain of the layout.

KAMED
Another bomb assembly is required. One crafted in excellence. This is your final opportunity.
(MORE)

KAMED (CONT'D)
Your colleagues in California have been shamed by their failure. Remember, it is called Paradise, because only the worthy will arrive.

INT. MIDDLE EASTERN STUDIES CLASS - DAY

Adara sits in the back of class, nodding to sleep. Esma sits next in the next row, attentive. DR. KAMINSKI(35), looking more like a young journalist than a professor, lectures for his Middle Eastern Studies class.

ESMA
But the legalities are determined by disinterested parties. Decisions of fair and unfair.

KAMINSKI
It’s not too far from a chicken or the egg quandry. So there will always be a claim that insists upon its own precedence. But the only thing that matters now is today. And its perspectives.

Some of the students nod, intrigued by the topic.

KAMINSKI (CONT’D)
Because both sides to an argument have their own palpable villains. Only thing separating their villains from their heroes? Is perspective.

Esma shakes her head, still not satisfied. Adara’s head rests on her desk, fast asleep.

INT. CAMPUS ACTIVITIES MEETING - DAY

Rashad stands at the front of the classroom with Adara sitting happily amongst the members.

RASHAD
We don’t have much longer now. Everything seems to be coming along. Some of you still need to make yourselves available for the Secret Service screenings.

Adara sits up, more attentive.

RASHAD (CONT’D)
They’ll be happening in the next day or so. They will not.
(MORE)

RASHAD (CONT'D)
I repeat will not issue you a backstage pass if you do not. And I guess that's it for now.

INT. STORAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT

ADARA
I will be interviewed soon. I am concerned about my connection to my mother. There must be some sort of record of her mission.

KAMED
Adara Hassan died in the Israeli bombing of her home. Along with her father and brother. The Israelis have no record of her survival. They assume she was killed in the attack as well. You are Adara Muhammed. The legal daughter of Kamed Muhammed.

ADARA
But the Palestinian Office of Public Records...

INT. PALESTINIAN POLICE STATION - DAY

Musa sits behind a desk, dressed in a police uniform. The phone rings...

MUSA (ARABIC)
Police.

KAMED (ARABIC)
(via phone)
Allah has tapped your shoulder once again my friend.

INT. PALESTINE - OFFICE OF PUBLIC RECORDS - DAY

Musa walks in the solitary office, flanked by two other officers. He stops at the male FRONT DESK ATTENDANT(40).

MUSA (ARABIC)
Can you pull up the death records for a Dareen Hassan? Died Fall of 1999.

The Attendant taps a few keys, while the others wait patiently.

ATTENDANT (ARABIC)
Ah, here it is.

Musa steps behind the counter.

MUSA (ARABIC)
Step aside, so I can get a closer look.

The Attendant vacates the seat for Musa. While the Attendant looks over Musa's shoulder, he notices him tapping a few too many keys.

ATTENDANT (ARABIC)

Hey, that's...

A wire wraps around the Attendant's throat bringing him to the floor. Musa continues tapping keys, as the Attendant is strangled to death. The phone RINGS.

INT. ESMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Esma and Kamed lie next to each other on an air mattress. They have just finished having sex. There is no television, no radio, no sound. Kamed just stares ahead, focused on the wall.

ESMA
It has been a long time. I have missed you next to me.

Esma looks up at him.

ESMA (CONT'D)
I am proud to be your wife. I pray we are together again.

KAMED
Why would we not be together again? Are you the only one worthy of Paradise?

ESMA
No. I am sincere in my meaning. I know that me, you, and all of your wives, will be together. (BEAT) You must have faith in Adara, she will make Palestine proud.

KAMED
Whatever happens tomorrow. God will hold me accountable. As I will hold you accountable.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adara enters to a standing Kamed buttoning his shirt.

ADARA
I have been cleared by Secret Service.

KAMED
Prepare yourself.

Kamed exits.

ESMA
While Kamed and I spent our last night together. He entrusted you to me. As a mother.

ADARA
A mother?

ESMA
We must spend this time relaxing. Meditating on our assignment. Sit.

ADARA
No, I am fine. I would like to stand. To walk... to get, fresh air. Have a cigarette maybe.

ESMA
You’re worrying, is over. You need to set your mind, and your spirt in focus. We must prep our equipment tonight. We cannot afford to be tired, nor sloppy.

ADARA
I will relax when I get back. Soon.

Adara rushes back out the door.

ESMA
Adara!

INT. SUWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Adara studies her former target, the train.

An OLDER MALE PASSENGER(60) sits down next to her.

OLDER MALE PASSENGER
Are you alright? You don’t look so hot.

Adara doesn't respond, she just moves over to the train doors. She takes off her scarf to get air, she vomits.

The train passengers disperse. Adara rushes off the train, as passengers yell after her.

EXT. DIMLY LIT STREET - NIGHT

Adara approaches a 24 hour CVS local store. She gathers herself and enters.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adara bursts through the front door, refocused. Refreshed.

ADARA
Are you ready?!

ESMA
You are feeling better.

ADARA
Yes.

Adara bolts straight for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adara pulls a pregnancy test out from her jilbab.

ESMA (O.S.)
My stomach was bothering me as well this morning.

FLASHBACK

Rashad leads tipsy Adara to his bedroom. She's uninhibited and alluring as she allows Rashad's arms to rest her gently down. They lay on top of the bed covers and their pants are pulled down to their ankles. They roll around, kissing, and hugging, as if in a dream.

By Adara's passionately pained face, it's obvious that she couldn't have forgotten this first experience. Having finished quickly, they lay next to each other. Within its awkwardness, they managed to actually have intercourse. Adara inebriated has the presence of mind to know that she must go. Not the least bit angry, just obedient.

She stumbles as she tries to leave, and Rashad easily guides her back to the bed to sleep it off.

BACK TO SCENE

Adara’s pregnancy test sits on the sink counter. Adara closes her eyes.

ESMA (O.S.)
I believe that was a nervous stomach, rather than an upset stomach. Breathing exercise are also helpful.

She opens her eyes to the results. She reads the instructions then looks at the test. Adara drops the test to the floor.

ESMA (O.S) (CONT'D)
What do you think we should eat? I would like to have a full stomach.

Adara tosses the test, and its box out the window.

INT. LIVING ROOM

ESMA
This is a joyous occasion Adara. We should be celebrating.

EXT. ATLANTA SKYLINE - DAY

The morning sun’s glare peeks over the rooftop buildings.

INT. ADARA’S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight through Adara’s window falls on her face, prying her eyelids open.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Esma wakes without a cue, and walks into the empty living room.

ESMA
Adara?

Adara is already gone. Her bomber vest is still there.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Adara rides the train staring at a woman with a baby strapped to her chest. As the train comes to her stop, Adara passes by, trying to see the face. The baby turns its head, as the mother blow its nose with a handkerchief.

INT. CNN CENTER - DAY

Adara walks directly to the designated Hospitality section. A few other VOLUNTEERS are setting up the tables.

VOLUNTEER
Good morning, Adara.

ADARA
Good morning.

She immediately starts pitching in, placing covered dishes on the tables.

EXT. PARKING DECK BEHIND CNN CENTER - DAY

Esma steps out the back of the Dodge Caravan, dressed appropriately. Wali behind the wheel assists Esma pulling a stroller out. Wali immediately drives away. She carries a large brief case in one hand, while pushing the stroller with the other.

INT. CNN CENTER - HOSPITALITY SECTION - DAY

Rashad walks up to the group.

RASHAD
Looks good guys. They’re all gonna come in university shuttles. Should be about 25-30 people. And that’s just students. They’re gonna come, check-in, eat breakfast, brunch, lunch, whatever it is. And they should be taking us up around elevenish.

Adara and the others nod slowly.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
Right now, I gotta go back to campus and meet with the Accounting Department because they're saying we have about two hundred dollars unaccounted for.

VOLUNTEER
Don't worry, we got it under control.

ADARA
Will you be back for Secretary's interview?

RASHAD
Of course.

Adara nods, as the first University crowd is welcomed by the volunteers.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Professor Ali, sweats nervously under a spotlight, across from Agent Connelly.

CONNELLY
Let's skip the charades, shall we? We know who you are.

PROFESSOR ALI
Who am I?

CONNELLY
Rather, who you're not. We know that you're not Bashira Ali. Though that's who we've been following for weeks.

In Professor Ali's face, the jig is up.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
We can't figure out why though. You're a Georgia State professor, with no apparent ties to any extremist groups. Why would you have the identity of someone who died fifteen years ago?

PROFESSOR ALI
How did you learn of such a death?

CONNELLY
Stop. We have our ways.

PROFESSOR ALI
There are always collaborators, aren't there? Ready to serve a new master.

CONNELLY
Whoa, now we're getting somewhere professor. You sound like a lifer.

PROFESSOR ALI
I am from an invisible nation of tears. Palestine. There is a prejudice in this country toward Palestine. The sufferings, the injustices of the Palestinians are not reported to, or by the world. The identity of a murdered innocent child is a precious commodity. The monsters of this world show mercy on them, by ending their suffering in this place. And also on me.

CONNELLY
She was murdered? That's not...

PROFESSOR ALI
Does it matter? Does it really matter to you. I would never have been allowed into this country as the sister of Malik Barrazzajil. I am only an artist, a sculptor. For me to live my dream, I must come to America. But there is a prejudice against my people. My brother was a famous jihadist, responsible for the death of many Israelis.

CONNELLY
Malik Barrazzajil was your brother?

PROFESSOR ALI/FATIMAH
I am Fatimah Barrazzajil. But all I want to do is nurture the gifts of young artists, in America. That is my dream.

Two agents lead Ali away. Trudeau steps up next to Connelly.

TRUDEAU
What's up chief?

CONNELLY
What does the Palestinian really want?

TRUDEAU
I don't know. Land?

CONNELLY
They want to exist to the world, in a real tangible, current way. Not in the context of anyone else's existence.

TRUDEAU
Okay, so.

CONNELLY
The gateway into the global psyche is what? The television. And it's right here in Atlanta. America's most honest gatekeeper is still a liar in their eyes.

TRUDEAU
CNN? What are you saying?

CONNELLY
I wanna go back to that address again. I just have a gut feeling. There's still something there.

AGENT #3
Connelly we just got a call from a landlord said there was a water leak, he entered and explosive devices everywhere. Occupants are Georgia State University students.

INT. CNN CENTER - FOOD COURT - DAY

Esma sits amongst the crowd of people and families in the Food Court. She looks at the CNN Security Guard patrolling the second floor walkway. She shakes her stroller, as if there is a baby.

INT. CNN STUDIOS - SECURITY ENTRANCE - DAY

Adara is part of the crowd being ushered single file through security. She has a temporary CNN badge dangling from her neck. When it is her turn, she steps through the metal detector, as CNN SECURITY #2 watches. BUZZ, and red lights go off.

CNN SECURITY #2
Go back! Make sure your pockets are emptied people! Take off the badge.

Adara goes back, playing absent-minded. She places her keys and badge in a tray. Nothing goes off.

She steps up to CNN SECURITY GUARD #3, and holds her arm straight out. He runs the wand up and down her body.

CNN SECURITY #3
Go.

Adara retrieves her badge and keys. She rides the tallest escalator up towards the studios and offices of CNN.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Connelly and Trudeau stand at the neighbor across the hall's apartment. An ELDERLY NEIGHBOR(70) shakes her head.

CONNELLY
Thank you ma'am. You smell that?

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
You smell that? Get me in there.

TRUDEAU
Warrant?

CONNELLY
Get me in there!

TRUDEAU
C'mon up.

SWAT Team members rush in with a battering ram. SWAT swings, and BAM! They step into the apartment, full of leftover bomb parts and chemicals.

CONNELLY
Oh shit.

On the kitchen counter, there's a brochure for CNN Tours. Connelly picks it up, and looks to Trudeau.

CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Secretary Holland.

They all scramble out of the room.

INT. CNN STUDIO/FOOD COURT - DAY

Adara corrals the crowd into the studio, where cameras are set up. The CNN INTERVIEWER and SECRETARY HOLLAND, are seated, chatting as they wait for broadcast to begin.

Esma checks her watch, sitting at a table, rocking her stroller she adjusts the heavy blanket, as a NOSY WOMAN approaches.

NOSY WOMAN
Oh, what do you have a little boy or a girl?

ESMA
No, stay away. I do not want any germs around her. .

NOSY WOMAN
Then why you bringin' your baby to a Food Court?

Esma looks at her watch again. Adara checks the world clocks on the wall.

CNN STUDIO

CNN Interviewer and Secretary Holland have commenced their live broadcast interview. The crowd of people form a semi-circle, moving as close as they can off-camera. Adara inches backwards, towards the back of the crowd. As they all watch, she inconspicuously slides on latex gloves.

INTERVIEWER
Well, you are willing to broker another two-state initiative if the Palestinians are still willing to come back to the table?

SECRETARY HOLLAND
Yes, absolutely. There are just a few parameters that must be met before that first step can be made.

Adara lifts her left sleeve, revealing a small hose attached to her inner arm. The hose blasts a heavy, green gas into the air.

IN FOOD COURT

Esma's stroller shoots pellets from underneath. The trigger is by the handle. The pellets break, releasing the same green gas upon impact. No one can tell where the pellets are coming from. Crowds of people start choking, panicking, and scrambling towards the exit. Esma pretends to be a panicked mother, following the crowd.

CNN STUDIO

Choking and scrambling moves upstairs. The SECRET SERVICE bowls over people to get to the Secretary and cover him.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Black Angel! Black Angel! Move!

Adara sprints through the maze of studio sections with mouth covered. She leaves a smokescreen of green gas trailing behind her. As well as choking people, falling to the floor.

Adara uses her badge to give her access into an adjoining section. She sprays the green gas behind her, dissuading any followers. She continues to run, and reaches another glass door that's locked. Her badge won't work.

Redirecting through a screening room, she finds that her badge is now useless. She beats on the glass door, trying to break through. CNN SECURITY #4, still covering his mouth and coughing. He aims his gun at Adara.

CNN SECURITY #4
Stop! Or I will shoot!

With zero visibly, security eyes are burning and watering, a female CNN EXECUTIVE enters the commotion. Adara grabs her by the neck, and shoves the hose in her mouth--Adara's human shield.

ADARA
I will shoot all this gas into her lungs.

Security #4 lowers his weapon.

ADARA (CONT'D)
No, do not drop your gun!

He freezes.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Shoot the glass! Shoot it! Do it!

The Female Executive is crying, and choking. Saliva pours from her mouth. Security #4 fires a shot into the glass, shattering it.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Now drop your weapon!

Adara backs away, with the Executive in tow. She enters a new section.

In the distance, she sees the cloud of Secret Service Agents rushing the Secretary through an emergency exit route. She leaves her choking and gagging on the floor.

EXT. CNN CENTER - DAY

Esma stands amongst the frightened and curious crowd. Sirens from emergency vehicles are nearing when PATROL OFFICER(25) gives instructions.

PATROL OFFICER
Okay people let’s move away from the building.

The crowd is still curious, so no one moves more than an inch.

INT. CONNELLY’S VEHICLE - DAY

A blue siren roars on top of Connelly’s vehicle. Trudeau’s drives, while Connelly’s on the radio.

CONNELLY
I mean everybody, dammit! This is all about today!

EXT. CNN CENTER - DAY

Esma waits patiently, as a CNN news team reports live from the scene as it unfolds.

CNN REPORTER
We’re here live in front of CNN headquarters. There’s a report of a poisonous gas inside. Some kind of gas has been released in the building. There isn’t much more information at this time.

INT. CNN CENTER - DAY

Adara sprints out of breath, appearing in the second floor of the evacuated Food Court. The green gas still fills the air. She looks upon the dining tables, and jump down. Adara gets up exiting straight ahead. She peels her jilbab off as she runs, revealing the plastic container and hose attached to her body.

Adara bursts through the exit, wearing a t-shirt and jeans. Reaching her destination, she’s out of breath. And a large briefcase awaits her.

Adara pops open the briefcase, where her bomber vest is. She lifts it up from its home.

CNN CENTER

Esma calmly removes the blanket from her stroller, revealing the large grotesque looking bomb. A local news van pulls up, and the camera team jumps out.

INT. CONNELLY'S VEHICLE - DAY

Trudeau pulls up to the edge of all the emergency vehicles, crowded outside CNN headquarters.

INT. BACK STAIRWELL - DAY

The Secret Service moves swiftly, but with caution down the stairs toward the EXIT.

INT. 24 HOUR FOOD SMART MINI-MART - DAY

Kamed watches a television behind the counter. CNN is reporting the events live.

EXT. CNN CENTER - DAY

Esma closes her eyes.

INT. BACK STAIRWELL - DAY

The Secret Service bursts through the emergency exit, into DAYLIGHT. An open briefcase with a bomb inside, is in front of them. BOOM! The sound of a bomb exploding nearby startles the men.

INT. MARTA TRAIN - DAY

Adara sits in the corner of a speeding train, in jeans and t-shirt. The news hasn't reached the calm passengers yet.

INT. ATLANTA DIVISION - FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Rashad sits before Connelly and Trudeau.

CONNELLY
That’s mighty convenient. You’re the chairperson for this committee, yet you don’t think it’s fit to even be on the premises.

RASHAD
I told you. The accounting department was upset that one of my members used the budget to purchase personal items. That’s theft, so I had to deal with that right then and there. Call and ask ‘em.

TRUDEAU
Where are you from again? Syria?

RASHAD
Jersey. My parents are from Syria.

Rashad eyes both officers calmly, nothing to hide.

LATER

CONNELLY
Do you know an Esma Jaleel?

RASHAD
I know Esma.

CONNELLY
Elaborate.

RASHAD
She’s an acquaintance. A friend of a friend I guess. I didn’t really see her much. She seems a little distant.

CONNELLY
How about her roommate Adara Muhammed?

RASHAD
Yes, I try to see her whenever I can. We’re a little more than friends.

TRUDEAU
Really? A sexual relationship.

RASHAD
We dated. Why?

Trudeau chuckles at his sensitivity. Rashad frowns.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
She's different.

TRUDEAU
Lock lover boy up, until we can get some real answers.

The door to the office opens, and Rosenfeld walks in.

TRUDEAU (CONT'D)
This is a private interrogation, jerk off!

ROSENFELD
I know, that's why I'm here. As I understand, you've been interviewing him for several hours now. Without counsel. Unless there's anything else...

CONNELLY
Look Pointdexter, this was not only an assassination attempt on the Secretary of State! This was the third attack on American soil. I've been instructed by the President of the United States to investigate this matter until we have all questions answered.

ROSENFELD
The problem with suicide bombers is that they make horrible witnesses. Mr. Danai is obviously not a suicide bomber. One accomplice has made it real easy to find her. And you let the other escape on foot. Rashad is guilty of nothing, but association. You have no charges, and your time would be well spent not targeting random Muslims.

TRUDEAU
You don't tell us when we're finished! We tell you when we're finished!

ROSENFELD
Oh?

Rosenfeld pulls up a seat, and sits next to Rashad.

ROSENFELD (CONT'D)
Please, continue.

INT. RASHAD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rashad watches the news about a CNN terrorist attack. A light knock at the door surprises Rashad.

Rashad opens the door to a weary-looking Adara. They still embrace each other.

RASHAD
It's horrible. They are questioning everyone. Asked me about Esma. They held me for hours.

Rashad looks Adara up and down. She's sweaty and dirty.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
How long did they keep you?

ADARA
Rashad, there is something I must tell you. And I need you to listen to the end.

Rashad braces himself.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Esma was not who you thought she was.

RASHAD
The agents brought her name up, but, wouldn't say why. Did they interrogate her too? It's because she's Arab.

ADARA
Shh-shh.

Adara almost pities Rashad. He stays quiet.

ADARA (CONT'D)
She is not like you. I am not like you. Esma is the cause of this bombing today. She is the suicide bomber.

Rashad drops his head, realizing a truth he didn't want to realize.

ADARA (CONT'D)
I have not killed anyone.

RASHAD
Yes you have!

ADARA
I have never killed anyone.

RASHAD
What do you mean?! You killed at least 15 people today! You and Esma tried to kill the Secretary of State...You set this up.

Rashad remembers.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
You had me helping you shop for bomb materials.

ADARA
No, she was not to kill the Secretary. I was.

Rashad stands up, and staggers away from Adara.

ADARA (CONT'D)
But listen to me. I could not do it. I turned away from the mission.

RASHAD
A little too late.

ADARA
It was not too late.

RASHAD
Why are you telling me this? Why are you here? You know I have to turn you in to the police now, right? It's over.

Rashad picks up his phone, and dials.

ADARA
That is fine. I want you to call the police. I just want my baby to live.

Rashad turns slowly to Adara.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O)
911, what's your emergency...

Rashad hangs up the phone. He's confused, not sure of what he just heard.

RASHAD
Baby? What are you...

He looks down at her belly, and it all sinks in. He sits back down.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

ADARA
Yes, I am positive. The test was positive.

RASHAD
I can't believe it. What are you gonna do?

ADARA
There is nothing to go home to. I will turn myself in to the authorities. My baby must be okay.

Adara looks down at her stomach. She pulls Rosenfeld's card out of her pants pocket.

RASHAD
Okay.

ADARA
There is more. A man will be looking to kill me for what I've done today.

Rashad starts dialing the card's digits.

RASHAD
Hey, Rosenfeld. This is Rashad Danai... No...listen, Adara Muhammed.

ADARA
Hassan.

RASHAD
She's at my apartment. Ready to turn herself in...Yes, I know...call whoever you need to call, and send them to 2554 West Mondale. Tell them to hurry. It's now or never...tell them she saved Holland's life...Just tell 'em. Bye.

Rashad hangs up.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Adara stands up, then backs away from the door.

RASHAD (CONT'D)
They must've been on their way already.

ADARA
No.

Rashad opens the door to Kamed, firing two shots into his chest. Kamed steps over Rashad's lifeless body, towards Adara.

KAMED
You know how many successful missions I've completed for our jihad?

Adara backs away.

KAMED (CONT'D)
I am royalty, a King. But you are special, a Queen. You are my virgin sacrifice to Allah. I will do you the honor of assisting towards your mission.

Kamed lunges, grabs her from behind revealing a bomber vest under his coat.

KAMED (CONT'D)
Come with me. Paradise awaits you.

ADARA
Okay. Okay. I will go. You are wearing your key, but it is broken.

Adara approaches him and reaches for his chest.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Esma did not connect the wires correctly. They were too tight to cause detonation. It must be fixed before we can exit this world.

Kamed allows her to twist and turn a few wires on his bomber vest. He stands holding his pistol, as the sound of sirens are heard in the distance.

KAMED
Allahu Akbar! This is it. Allahu Akabar!

Kamed grabs Adara tighter, closer. Adara struggles in vain.

ADARA
I cannot go with you! I cannot...I am with child!

His grip on Adara loosens, and she wriggles away. His reach snatches her, and sticking the point of his blade on her belly. Connelly, with OFFICERS, bursts in with guns drawn.

CONNELLY
Freeze! Drop it now!!

Kamed drops his pistol, and Adara throws her body through the balcony's sliding glass door. Her momentum sends her over the railing. Kamed turns to the officers, with his knife in one hand, and a remote detonator in the other.

KAMED
Allahu Akbar!

INT. HALLWAY

Connelly and the officers disperse down a narrow area, trying to get far enough from the explosion. In their rush, they notice that nothing happened. Connelly slows down, and her men do too. She draws her gun, and creeps carefully back towards the apartment.

TRUDEAU
This is some crazy shit, Chief.

Connelly does a quick peek into the apartment. She pauses, and looks to Trudeau and officers.

INT. RASHAAN'S APARTMENT

Connelly maneuvers in with gun drawn. Kamed stands in the same position, repeatedly pressing the button on the hand detonator. He's desperate, almost driven to tears. As if continued pressing will lead to Paradise.

Connelly steps in with gun drawn, to a flinching Rashad.

CONNELLY
(into radio) Send up an EMT.

Connelly looks upon Kamed with pity. He's still pressing the button. His gun is a few feet from him.

GROUND FLOOR

Adara rolls off of a large bush, onto the parking lot. A half dozen vehicle headlights shine on her. She peeks up at the light bouncing off the shiny pistols aimed at her.

A single GUNSHOT lights Rashad's second floor apartment up above. The officers flinch, and Adara rests her head on the ground of the street.

INT. PRISON - ATTORNEY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Adara sits in a cold, sterile interrogation room, dressed in a prison uniform. Hands cuffed, feet shackled. Staring at an empty seat across, JORDAN ALFONSE(45), an unpolished and abrasive attorney enters.

JORDAN
That's a no.

Jordan sits, rifling through his briefcase.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Now we need to get to your plea--

ADARA
That was my only plea.

JORDAN
Listen. People have died, Ms. Hassan. Families ruined. Sympathy is the wrong card to play here.

ADARA
But lives were saved. Important lives.

JORDAN
In America, all lives are important, Ms. Hassan. And you have saved your own. That's the extent of the Attorney General's consideration.

ADARA
All I am asking--

JORDAN
I know what you're asking. And I don't know how else to tell you.(BEAT)
Now your actions have afforded you time. And only time, as opposed to a lethal injection. 25 years for Conspiracy. 25 for Attempted Murder. Fifty years without the eligibility of parole. Final offer.

ADARA
You are not helping me. You are my lawyer.

JORDAN
Would you like me to ask the judge for a different lawyer.

ADARA
But I will take a life sentence.

Jordan sighs.

JORDAN
This is America. When a mother's actions place the life of her child in danger. We remove the child.

ADARA
I just want to see her. I will spend the rest of my life in your cage, if I can meet my daughter. My life, for hers.

JORDAN
Minors are not even permitted in Federal lock-up.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY

Filled to capacity, the media is all throughout, snapping pictures, and taking notes. Jordan sits behind the defendant's table alongside Adara in an inmate's uniform.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN(60), an annoyed-looking judge enters. A BAILIFF(35) stands before his bench.

BAILIFF
All rise! The honorable Judge Moynihan presiding.

Adara stands, revealing a full-term pregnant belly.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
Be seated. (BEAT) Mr. Rosenfeld.

JORDAN
Yes your honor.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
I understand this is a formal addendum to your plea, on the behest of your client?

JORDAN
Yes your honor.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
And the Attorney General’s office is in agreement.

ATTORNEY GENERAL(50) rises respectfully.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
State’s office is in agreement your honor.

Judge Moynihan peers over his bifocals at Adara.

JORDAN
Your honor, I would like--

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
Ms. Hassan. are you aware of the conditions of this new plea agreement?

ADARA
Yes. Your honor.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
You have come to this decision of your own volition. Under no duress or pressure from outside entities.

Adara looks to Jordan. Jordan whispers in her ear.

ADARA
Yes. Your honor.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
And you are fully aware of what life imprisonment, with no possibility of parole means.

JORDAN
Yes, your honor. In exchange for being able to see her daughter. She was made well aware of her decision.

Judge Moynihan looks up. To the defense. Then to the prosecution. He writes on a note pad.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
Okay. If there’s nothing else.

Rashad sits amongst the crowd, behind the Attorney General.

JORDAN
Yes your honor.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN
Adara Hassan, you are hereby sentenced to life in Albion Correctional Facility, without the possibility of parole.

Judge Moynihan bangs his gavel.

EXT. PALESTINIAN VILLAGE - WEST BANK - DAY

A line of Palestinian Trainees aim rifles at gun targets in the distance.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Fire!

The Trainees fire.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fire!

The Trainees fire. Several targets are hit.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fire!

The Male Voice belongs to Wali. He stalks up and down the row of shooters.

WALI
Fire!

The Trainees fire.

WALI (CONT'D)
Only some of you will be worthy fighters of this jihad. Others will be sent back home to your mothers. Fire!

EXT. ALBION CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NEW YORK

A gray sky looms over the solid stone and steel penitentiary.

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NEW YORK

Rashad is led by a correctional officer through menacing halls of the penitentiary. Echoes of distant inmates, and sliding jail bars ring out.

IN VISITING AREA

Rashad enters room with a line of visitors facing inmates across a glass window. The officer directs him to an open spot, where Adara sits handcuffed behind glass. He approaches the no longer pregnant Adara.

Rashad sits across from Adara. She eagerly picks up the phone.

ADARA
Where is she?

She waits for Rashad to pick up the phone. Rashad won't reach for it. Adara's eyes become glassy, as Rashad's jaw tighten, seething. As if there against his will.

He pulls a wallet sized photograph of Adara's baby out of his pocket. And places it up to the glass. A tear falls down Adara's cheeks, followed by another. Rashad fights back his emotions with a stiff upper lip.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Rashad, I am sorry.

Rashad sees her silent lips moving. He still refuses to pick up the phone.

ADARA (CONT'D)
I am sorry. I fought for my country and I choose not to win.

Rashad watches in silence.

ADARA (CONT'D)
But, let me know. Let me know the fruits of my sacrifice. What is her name?

From Rashad's side, Adara's words are inaudible. He lowers his head, but keeps holding the photo up.

ADARA (CONT'D)
What is her name?! Tell me her name!

Rashad looks up at Adara, re-focusing on the photo for what may be the last time. Rashad's hand pulls away from the glass, and he walks away.

ADARA (CONT'D)
Rashad. Rashaad. Rashad. Tell me her name. Please. Please.

INT. ADARA'S CELL - DAY

Adara sketches a beautiful portrait of a little girl on a piece of paper, holding back tears, keeping strong. Her eyes go back and forth, from the photo to her drawing. At the bottom of the portrait, the name "Ameena" written in Arabic.

THE END