

Tripwire

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - KANDAHAR PROVINCE, A DUSTY HIGHWAY - DAY

A solitary army vehicle speeds down a dusty highway. The flag of the Afghanistan Army flies on the communications antenna.

Inside the vehicle are MAJOR IBRAHAM, 44, and his adjunct, CAPTAIN HASSAN, 28.

As the vehicle races down the deserted desert road it explodes, tumbles end over end, and comes to rest on it's roof.

Severely injured, Major Ibrahim attempts to crawl out of the car. He drags himself out only to find a grinning Al-Qaeda soldier pointing a gun at his head. It's the last thing he will see as a SHOT rings out.

ANGLE ON:

A wider perspective as a similar army vehicle pulls onto the road just ahead of where the wrecked vehicle has come to rest.

Inside are ABDUL RASHAD, 35 and KAREEM SAMIR, 40, dressed similarly to Major Ibrahim and Captain Hassan.

EXT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - DAY

The US military HQ in Kandahar is behind a secure concrete wall topped with concertina wire. There is only one checkpoint and it is heavily fortified.

A long line of vehicles waits outside the checkpoint to be cleared to enter the base. MPs check every vehicle inside and out. One MP uses a mirror on a long pole to inspect the underside of each vehicle; another has a bomb sniffing dog; a third painstakingly inspects all documents.

INT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

About A DOZEN HIGH RANKING US OFFICERS sit around a large boardroom table; no one is under the rank of Major. In front of each person is a name card. Several High Definition maps on the walls show placement of NATO units in real time.

At the head of the table sits MAJOR GENERAL DAVID MYERS, 58 - the top ranking General for the Afghanistan theater of operations.

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One seat at the table is conspicuously empty; the name tag in front of it reads: "Major Ibrahim, Afghan Army Intelligence."

General Myers looks at his watch then motions to the base Commander, GENERAL KEN PAULEY, 50, to come over.

He whispers in General Myers ear.

MYERS

It's now 1530 hours. The meeting was called for 1500. Can't these people ever be on time? I've got to catch a flight back stateside in two hours... Ken, see if you can find out what's going on.

General Pauly turns to his aide, CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER STEPHENSON, 27. Christopher is good looking clean cut, wears his hair cut short to military length. He is wearing desert fatigues.

PAULEY

Captain, go see if you can find out what's happened to Major Ibrahim.

CHRIS

Yes, Sir.

Chris exits the boardroom.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILITARY HQ, KANDIHAR - CONTINUOUS

The Afghan jeep is in a huge lineup outside the checkpoint.

SAMIR

This isn't good. The American security is very tight today.

RASHAD

Be patient, If it's the will of Allah we will succeed. If we can't get in, then we will blow up the car at the checkpoint. It will still cause enormous damage.

EXT. THE CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

Chris sits on a motorcycle just outside the Checkpoint.

He takes out a pair of binoculars and scans the long line-up of traffic stretching towards the horizon outside the base checkpoint.

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THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: the Afghan vehicle shimmers in the heat.

Chris picks up the phone.

CHRIS

I've spotted them, sir. They're in the huge line-up outside the checkpoint.

INT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PAULEY

Well get them in here. General Myers is about to have a bird.

CHRIS

But the checkpoint, sir - the increased screening is your direct order...

PAULEY

Don't quote me to me, Captain. Just get him in here, pronto. Do you understand me, Captain?

CHRIS

Yes sir.

EXT. THE CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

Chris arrives on a motorcycle at Rashad's vehicle. He salutes.

CHRIS

Major Ibrahim?

RASHAD

That's correct.

CHRIS

If you'll just pull your vehicle out of the line up and follow me.

Chris leads Rashad past all the vehicles in line right up to a VIP gate adjoining the regular entrance.

Two MPs come out to meet Chris.

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CHRIS

I've got Major Ibrahim from Afghan military HQ with me. He's on your list. General Myers wants him inside pronto.

MP

Sorry, Sir. Our orders are to thoroughly inspect all vehicles. Those orders are from Major Myers himself.

CHRIS

I just told you. I've come from the General just now. He wants these guys in the meeting like yesterday. Would you like me to get him on the phone for you and hear it for yourself?

The two MP's look at each other for a moment.

MP

That won't be necessary sir, but you'll have to sign for him. He then becomes your responsibility.

Chris hurriedly scrawls his name on the papers and the MPs lift the gate and Chris's motorcycle moves through the barrier followed by the Afghan vehicle.

INT. RASHAD'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Rashad and Samir look at each other as they roll through. They can't believe their luck

SAMIR

(under his breath)
Allah Akbar!

EXT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris leads them to a VIP space just in front of military HQ and parks.

CHRIS

You'll come this way, Major. I'm afraid your aide will have to wait with the vehicle.

Rashad looks at Samir; Samir nods imperceptibly.

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CONTINUED:

Rashad rests against the side of his vehicle picking his teeth as Chris and Rashad enter the building.

INT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rashad enters the briefing room.

RASHAD

My apologies, General, but I was held up in the checkpoint outside. There is a lot of security.

MYERS

Yes, we have a tip that Al-Qaeda might try and attack a high profile target, so we're taking no chances.

RASHAD

Very prudent.

Rashad sits down as the meeting begins.

MYERS

Okay, Major Simpson will give us an overall briefing of how things stand today....

EXT. OUTSIDE MILITARY HQ, KANDAHAR - CONTINUOUS

Samir looks around to see if anyone is noticing him. Satisfied that he's not under surveillance, he goes to the back of the car, removes a suit case and slinks around a corner, takes out a cell phone and begins to dial.

INT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the briefing room, MAJOR BOB SIMPSON, 45, drones on.

A cell phone RINGS.

Everyone looks first at themselves, then at their neighbor to see who's cell phone is ringing.

All eyes settle on Rashad who takes the phone out and looks at it.

General Myers glares at him.

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MYERS

Excuse me, Major Ibrahim, but it is standard military practice to turn off your cell phone when you're in a briefing mission. Don't they teach you that in your army?

RASHAD

I'm so terribly sorry, General, but it appears that the call is coming from the president Karzai's office in Kabul. They know I am at this meeting and wouldn't interrupt if it wasn't something of vital importance. Perhaps about the attack you're expecting. I'll just step outside and find out what it's about. Again I'm terribly sorry.

Rashad rises and leaves the room. There is a moment of awkward silence as Myers glares at him.

MYERS

Carry on, Simpson.

Simpson launches back into his briefing.

INT. ANTEROOM OUTSIDE THE BOARDROOM

Chris and several other AIDES sit around a table drinking coffee when the door opens and Rashad steps through.

Chris looks up at him.

RASHAD

Important call from HQ in Kabul.

He rapidly exits the building before Chris can respond.

AIDE 1

Isn't that the guy who just arrived from Afghan HQ? He wasn't in there very long.

CHRIS

Something doesn't feel right about this guy.

Chris gets up and follows Rashad out.

EXT. OUT BACK OF MILITARY HQ, KANDAHAR - CONTINUOUS

Rashad and Samir change clothes out behind the HQ building from the suitcase that Samir removed from the car.

Dressed in US army desert fatigues they walk over to a vehicle and climb in.

Samir begins to hotwire the vehicle.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILITARY HQ, KANDAHAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris searches left and right for Rashad. There's no sign of him. He notices a vehicle leaving the compound, but nothing immediately seems wrong.

Then he notices that Rashad's aide is no longer standing beside their vehicle.

Chris races back into the building.

INT. STOLEN VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Rashad and Samir are happily driving out of the compound.

Rashad digs the cell phone out of his pocket and begins to dial a number.

INT. AFGHAN ARMY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The back seat of the vehicle is packed with row after row of plastic explosives. Wired to it is a detonator, with a green LED blinking.

INT. US MILITARY HQ KANDAHAR - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris sprints through the anteroom and barges into the briefing room.

CHRIS

Out! Out! Everyone Out!! There's a bomb!

MYERS

What the hell is going on, Captain?

CHRIS

No time to explain! No time! Out!

He begins to push the stunned General towards the exit.

There is a sudden panic as reality of what's about to happen sets in and everyone crowds to the front exit.

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CHRIS

No, Not the front! Go out the
back! The back!

Chris just shoves the General through the back door when--

INT. STOLEN VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Rashad finished dialing and presses send...

CLOSE ON THE BOMB - CONTINUOUS

The Green LED turns red.

EXT. OUTSIDE MILITARY HQ, KANDAHAR - CONTINUOUS

The Afghan vehicle blows up in a massive explosion.

Vehicles go flying as the front half of the HQ is blown away.

INT. STOLEN VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Rashad and Samir are now safely away from the camp. Behind
them we see the HQ building in flames.

Rashad turns to Samir and smiles.

SAMIR

Allah Akbar!

RASHAD

We really should send a thank you
note to that nice Captain who got
us through the roadblock.

EXT. BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - DAY

Establishing shots of Berkeley California: The red roofed
campus buildings and distinctive clock tower with treed hills
in the background.

SUPERIMPOSE: "BERKELEY: PRESENT"

On the street about fifty students in wild costumes march in
a small but noisy demonstration. Many dressed as skeletons,
some in black hooded robes with white death masks and others
in blood covered bandages. Some of them wear keffiyehs
wrapped around their faces or balaclavas to hide their
identities.

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The demonstration features a motley assortment of related causes decrying US Imperialism, the war in Afghanistan and Anti-Israel slogans. They are carrying homemade placards with signs reading:

"END AMERICAN IMPERIALISM IN AFGHANISTAN!"

"US FORCES STOP KILLING INNOCENT CIVILIANS IN AFGHANISTAN"

"EVIL IS NOT A FOREIGN POLICY"

"ZIONISTS = NAZIS"

"A SALUTE TO THE GALLANT FIGHTERS OF HAMAS"

"BOYCOTT ISRAEL"

The crowd blocks the road forcing people on foot and bikes to work their way around them. A few cars try to push through, but are pummeled by the protesters.

The protest is being led by a swarthy professional agitator, TARIQ ASSAD, 27, who uses a megaphone to urge the others on. He wears a worn green combat jacket and has a Keffiyeh wrapped around his neck.

He's accompanied by his pimply faced skinny Jewish girl friend, NAOMI SLINGER, 28, who is actually shriller than he is.

We first HEAR, then see a scruffy looking Chris riding into Berkeley on his antique Indian 841 Motorcycle. He is wearing a worn long sleeve desert Combat jacket, faded blue jeans and biker boots.

Chris tries to thread his way through the demonstration, but Tariq and his girl friend notice his military jacket and bar his way.

They increase their chanting.

TARIQ
Murderer! Baby killer!!

The demonstrators pick up the chant.

Chris doesn't react. He just sits there staring at Tariq.

Tariq moves forward and screams right in Chris's face, flecks of spit flying out of his mouth. Chris just sits there.

Finally an exhausted Tariq stops to catch his breath.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Tell me, amigo, have you ever actually been to Afghanistan?

NAOMI

You don't have to have been in Afghanistan to know what's going on there!

The crowd murmurs it's approval and begins to gear up for more chanting.

CHRIS

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

Chris guns his bike and bodily pushes his way through the crowd oblivious of the crowd hitting him with their placards.

They follow him screaming as he pulls over to the side of the road and parks the bike in front of the Campus Cafe.

He takes off his helmet, leaves it on the bike and enters the cafe.

The crowd doesn't follow but crowd around the door and front window waving their placards and chanting.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the Campus Cafe is a bit worn and old fashioned. There are booths along the sides and some tables in the middle of the restaurant. There are a series of old movie posters on the walls.

There are only a dozen or so patrons spread throughout the cafe. Towards the back of the cafe there four cute coeds sit in a booth.

Chris heads to the back of the cafe, as far as he can from the giggly coeds and sits at a table. He opens his canvas backpack and takes out a laptop.

DIANA PETERSON, 32, a cute wiry brunette in a crisp white retro waitress outfit with yellow piping and her name embroidered over her heart heads over to the back booth with a pot of coffee.

She pours the coffee in an offhand way that indicates that they know each other well.

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DIANA

Can you believe the racket out there?

ANGLE ON: THE WINDOW.

Outside the protesters notice Diana and Chris looking in their general direction increase the volume of their chanting.

CHRIS

I guess they're entitled to their opinion. It's a free country.

DIANA

I'd like to see them go over to some of those countries they're screaming about and try that.

Diana finishes pouring Chris's coffee and leaves him to his laptop and heads back to the kitchen.

ANGLE ON THE BOOTH WITH THE FOUR CHEERLEADER TYPES:

TRACY, MARLENE, AMANDA and BETH, all 20, have their heads close together gossiping and giggling in conspiratorial manner.

TRACY

Who's the cute guy in the corner?

Two of the girls turn to look.

TRACY

Don't look!!! Talk about being obvious!

AMANDA

His name is Chris Stephenson. He teaches Freshman courses in Computer Sciences - Geek stuff.

TRACY

He doesn't look like a geek. He looks cute.

MARLENE

Forget it. He's not interested.

TRACY

Gay?

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CONTINUED: (2)

MARLENE

No. Just not interested. He's an Afghan vet. They say something happened to him over there. He keeps to himself.

Tracy pulls ten dollars out of her purse and puts it on the table.

TRACY

I love a challenge. I'll bet you ten bucks I can get a date.

Amanda and Marlene both pull ten dollars out of their purses and put it on the table.

AMANDA

I'm in.

MARLENE

Me too.

Tracy unbuttons a couple of buttons on her blouse to show a bit more cleavage and wanders over to Chris's table.

Chris keeps working on his laptop ignoring her.

She bends over to give him a better view and waits.

After a few seconds Tracy gives up waiting.

TRACY

Hi! I'm Tracy. Mind if I sit down? Chris doesn't look up.

CHRIS

Yes.

TRACY

Yes I can sit down, or yes you mind?

CHRIS

Yes I mind.

Tracy stands there stunned. Chris continues to work, not even looking at her.

TRACY

Fuck you!

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CHRIS

No thanks and you owe your friends
thirty bucks.

ANGLE ON the table of girls. They break up laughing. Tracy
turns beet red and stomps towards the door.

MARLENE

Hey Tracy, what about our money?

Tracy turns on her heel and flips the girls the bird. They
laugh uproariously as she walks out of the cafe slamming the
door behind her.

Diana comes over to Chris's table and drops off a piece of
pie.

Chris looks up at the pie.

CHRIS

What's this for?

DIANA

It's on the house - it was worth it
just to see the look on that stuck-
up bitch's face.

Diana heads over to the counter, gets a fresh pot of coffee
and refills his cup.

She looks over his shoulder as she pours.

CLOSE ON CHRIS'S COMPUTER: We see that he is reading the Al
Jazeera webpage - in Arabic.

DIANA

I know it's none of my business,
sunshine, but why are you here?

Chris swallows a bite of pie and washes it down with a gulp
of coffee.

CHRIS

I'll tell you one thing - it's not
for the pie!

Diana laughs.

DIANA

No, I mean here at Berkeley. You
don't look like the academic type.

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CHRIS

Looks can be deceiving. At least
when you fuck up here, nobody dies.

INT. LARGE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A large crowded Hotel Ballroom filled with wealthy well dressed middle aged Jewish couples sit around tables of ten.

At the front of the hall on a raised dais is long head table seating about twelve dignitaries. In the center of the table is a speaker's lectern. Behind the head table a large banner reads:

"JEWISH NATIONAL FUND PERSON OF THE YEAR"

The MC, SAM LEVINE, 60, a portly man in an expensive tux, finishes up the after dinner lead up to the big moment.

SAM

...and of course we all know why we're here tonight... To honor a certain special individual... A person who has worked tirelessly for this community. He's led the new building fund drive for the Temple Shalom, served as co-chair for last year's record breaking United Jewish Appeal, and of course this years JNF fund drive... Ladies and Gentlemen I give you Marvin Cohen.

There is applause.

MARVIN COHEN, 53, is seated fourth on the left from the Speaker, SAM SHAFFER, 70. Next to Marvin sits his wife, BEVERLY 49, and their son, ALAN, 22.

Alan is of medium height, a little on the pudgy side, beginning to bald and wears glasses. Unlike his parents and rest of the audience, he is dressed casually in Khakis and a striped polo shirt.

Marvin rises and moves over to the lectern. Everyone at the head table is applauding except for Alan who is covering his ears with his hands. His mother is trying to say something to him, but Alan is shaking his head violently.

The applause intensifies. Some folks in the front tables stand and the rest of the crowd rises in a standing ovation.

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Marvin acknowledges the crowd and waits for the applause to die down.

MARVIN

Thank you, Sam. This is a great honour. But it's really me who should honour all of you for giving so selflessly to this great cause.

(beat)

Thanks to your generosity the same forests that our grandparents and great grandparents helped plant can be restored after the devastation caused from the unending rain of rockets and missiles from Hezbollah and Hamas.

The audience and head table rise and give Marvin a thunderous standing ovation.

Marvin begins to slide his way back to his seat, but Sam grabs him by the elbow and holds him back.

SAM

Not so fast, Marvin.

Marvin and Sam wait while the audience takes their seats.

SAM

We have a little something special for you, Marvin.

TWO HOTEL EMPLOYEES bring out a covered large picture and place it on a stand in front of the head table for all to see.

Sam leads Marvin out in front of the head table next to the large picture.

SAM

We'd like to invite your beautiful wife, Beverly, and son, Alan to join us.

The audience applauds again, but Alan still has his hands over his ears and does not want to come down.

Finally his mother convinces him to come. They make their way down to the floor and stand beside Marvin.

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SAM

As a small gesture to your tireless and unselfish efforts the Jewish National Fund would like to honor you with...

One of the employees pulls the cloth off the painting. We see a large painting of a forest.

Underneath the painting is a large gold plaque reads: "THE MARVIN & BEVERLY COHEN FOREST."

SAM

A newly planted ten thousand tree forest in Northern Israel that from this point on will be known as the Marvin & Beverly Cohen Forest.

Several PHOTOGRAPHERS start to take pictures of the Cohen's with Sam.

The flashes freak Alan out. He begins to WAIL. Beverly tries to comfort him, but he's too agitated.

An awkward hush falls on the audience as they whisper to each other.

Alan increases the volume of his WAILING and begins to rock back and forth.

The Cohens keep frozen smiles and whisper to each other.

MARVIN

I told you it was a stupid idea to bring him! He doesn't know what the fuck is going on - you should never have brought him!

BEVERLY

For Christ sakes, Marvin, he's your son! He deserves to see his father honored.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Marvin, Beverly and Alan wait for their car in the entrance of the hotel. Alan has calmed down.

A black limo pulls up, and the HOTEL DOORMAN opens the back door and Marvin and Beverly get in.

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CONTINUED:

Alan waits by the car. The doorman is a bit confused until the driver, ROBERTO WYNN, a Black dude about 50, opens the front passenger side door and Alan slides in.

The doorman closes the door.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Alan obviously is very friendly with Roberto who seems genuinely fond of him.

ALAN

...and then they brought out this big picture of a forest, Roberto, a whole forest...

ROBERTO

It must have been a big picture.

ALAN

(missing the irony)
It was. And they gave it to my dad. Because he got all the money to make a new forest, 'cause the terrorists burned down the old one.

ROBERTO

Now why would they do that?

ALAN

My dad says it's because the don't like Jewish people. Are there people who don't like black people?

ROBERTO

There sure are.

ALAN

Bobby at school calls them niggers.

ROBERTO

That's not a nice word to use, Alan.

ALAN

But sometimes I hear Black people call each other nigger.

(mimicking)

You one bad m'tha fucka nigga!

Despite himself Roberto can't help laughing at Alan's imitation.

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CONTINUED:

ROBERTO

Well you see it's complicated,
Alan, sometimes one black person
can call another one that and it
doesn't necessary mean it's a bad
thing, but if the other person
isn't a black person it is.

ALAN

Oh. So then if I call another
Jewish person, A bad motha fuckin'
kike it's okay?

ANGLE ON: Marvin and Beverly in the back seat.

Marvin reacts viscerally to the word "kike."

MARVIN

Alan, what did you just say?

ALAN

Yo' one motha fuckin' kike, dad.

BEVERLY

That's not an appropriate thing to
say, Alan.

ALAN

It's okay, mom. We're both Jewish.

MARVIN

(angrily)
No it's not!

Turns to Beverly.

MARVIN

And if you really think this kid
can survive in Berkeley for more
than ten minutes then "yo 'outta o'
yo'motha' fuckin' mind!"

ALAN

You swore, dad.

MARVIN

I know. I know. It was wrong.
I'm sorry, it's just... Alan, I
think you should stay here - closer
to home where you're mom and I can
keep an eye on you.

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CONTINUED: (2)

ALAN

I want to go to Berkeley. I was accepted.

MARVIN

I know, son. But being accepted academically and being accepted socially are two different things.

ALAN

I'll be okay dad. One day I'm going to help people like you. I'm gonna be one bad motha fucka!

Off Marvin's look.

EXT. BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - DAY

A typical busy morning on a suburban street just off campus.

A pleasant split level house with a neatly manicured lawn.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beverly and Alan and JUANITA SOLDEZ, 65, are sitting around the kitchen table. Beverly and Juanita are drinking coffee and Alan is sipping on a coke.

BEVERLY

I'm sorry, Mrs. Soldez, that my husband couldn't join us today, but he had a business meeting...

JUANITA

I understand, Mrs. Cohen. Please call me Juanita.

BEVERLY

Just Beverly will be fine. The California Autism society highly recommended you. While Alan excels academically, he has problems socially.

JUANITA

I fully understand, Mrs. Cohen. My grandson has Asperger's syndrome. He was very high functioning. He got his masters in Mathematics at Caltech.

BEVERLY

Was?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUANITA

He died last year.

Beverly takes her hand. Juanita tears up.

JUANITA

He was shot. He was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

BEVERLY

I'm so sorry.

JUANITA

I'm sure that Alan and I will get along just fine.

BEVERLY

It's difficult for anyone to understand the problems that children with autism have...

ALAN

I'm not a child anymore. I'm a University student.

JUANITA

Of course you are. And you'll be a good one.

ALAN

I'm going to be a computer programmer.

BEVERLY

I'm going to take Alan around and show him where his classes are and introduce him to his teachers.

ALAN

Professors.

EXT. BERKLEY CAMPUS - DAY

Establishing shots of the campus

INT. PROFESSOR SYLVESTER'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. SYLVESTER, 45, is seated behind his cluttered desk. Alan and Beverly are seated on wooden chairs across from him.

Alan is fidgeting, rocking gently back and forth.

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BEVERLY

...so while Alan is really quite bright, his Asperger's does give him some occasional problems in certain social situations. I just thought it would be a good idea to make his professors aware of it in advance.

Dr. Sylvester is eying Alan like he's some sort of dangerous insect.

DR. SYLVESTER

Um, yes. Of course. I'm sure there'll be no problems, Mrs. Cohen.

Beverly and Alan get up to leave.

Dr. Sylvester shakes hands with Beverly then extends his hand to Alan who looks at it.

Dr. Sylvester continues to hold his hand out.

There is an awkward moment.

BEVERLY

Alan doesn't like to touch other people very much.

DR. SYLVESTER

Oh.

He awkwardly retracts his hand and smiles.

DR. SYLVESTER

Well will see you in class, Mr. Cohen.

Alan looks behind him to see who Dr. Sylvester is talking to.

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - DAY

Beverley and Alan walk along the campus.

Alan takes a somewhat arbitrary route. He won't step on cracks. Certain colored objects he walks around once. He has a set ritual of how he goes.

Beverly patiently waits for him.

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CONTINUED:

ALAN

Why did he call me dad?

BEVERLY

What?

ALAN

The professor called me Mr. Cohen.
That's dad.

BEVERLY

That's also you now, Alan. You're
grown up; you're at University and
they treat you like a grown up;
that includes calling you mister.
Do you understand?

ALAN

Yes. Mr. Cohen. Mr. Cohen. Mr.
Cohen. Mr. Cohen. Mr.. Cohen
Mr. Cohen. That's me. Mr.
Cohen. Mr. Cohen.

As they head towards the outskirts of the campus they come
across Tariq and his daily protest.

ALAN

What's that?

BEVERLY

That's nothing. Just ignore it.

Beverly tries to lead Alan away from the protest, but like a
recalcitrant puppy Alan's weird meandering take him close to
the protest.

Naomi take notes of Alan's weird behavior.

EXT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Chris's motorcycle is parked outside. Alan looks at it
curiously. He walks around it several times as Beverly
refers to a notebook.

BEVERLY

Well according to the Computer
Science Department, this is where
your Computer Instructor,
Christopher Stephenson, hangs
out. I guess he doesn't have an
office.

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CONTINUED:

Alan is still mesmerized by the motorcycle. Beverly takes him by the arm and drags him inside.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The cafe is busy. Chris is sits at his usual table working at his computer with his back to the rest of the cafe.

Diana is worked off her feet; delivering meals and clearing dishes simultaneously.

Beverly interrupts her.

BEVERLY

Excuse me, Miss, but can you tell me where I can find Christopher Stephenson?

Diana points to the corner table.

DIANA

Professor Happy is over there.

Beverly and Alan head to the corner booth. They stand behind Chris.

Chris doesn't seem to notice them.

Alan seems to be intrigued by what Chris is reading on his computer.

BEVERLY

Excuse me. Are you Christopher Stephenson?

Christopher looks up at them not quite sure what to make of them. He looks over Beverly's shoulder to Diana who just shrugs.

CHRIS

Yes, and you are?

BEVERLY

Beverly Cohen. And this is my son, Alan. He's going to be one of your students. Do you mind if we sit down?

Chris motions to the bench across from him. Beverly and Alan sit down at the table facing Chris.

CHRIS

What can I do for you, Mrs. Cohen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

I wanted to introduce you to my son.

CHRIS

Okay. Do you normally take your son to class to meet his instructors? Aren't you being a bit over protective?

BEVERLY

Well, Mr. Stephenson, it's a bit more complicated. Alan has Asperger's syndrome. I don't know if you know what that is.

CHRIS

I have a passing acquaintance with it.

BEVERLY

I thought it might be helpful to let his instructors be aware of his condition.

There is an awkward silence.

CHRIS

Is that it?

BEVERLY

Yes.

CHRIS

Well thank you for making me aware of the situation.

BEVERLY

Do you have any questions?

CHRIS

Not really.

Alan puts his hand up.

ALAN

I have a question.

CHRIS

Yes?

ALAN

Is that your motorcycle outside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Yes.

ALAN

It's a 1941 Indian 841 Motorcycle.

CHRIS

(warming to Alan)

Yes, I know. Do you like motorcycles?

ALAN

No, they scare me. They make loud noises.

CHRIS

Then how do you know about this bike?

ALAN

It looks like the motorcycle that they were supposed to use in "The Great Escape" with Steve McQueen. Only they didn't have one, so they used a Triumph painted to look like one.

BEVERLY

Alan has an amazing memory for movies. He remembers every movie he's ever seen.

ALAN

Steve McQueen actually played several characters driving different bikes in the movie and--

BEVERLY

I think we've taken enough of Mr. Stephenson time, Alan. Time to go.

CHRIS

That's okay, Alan, we can discuss bikes one day after class.

ALAN

Okay. I'd like that.

CHRIS

See you in class, Alan.

(to Beverly)

Don't worry, Mrs. Cohen. I'll keep an eye on him.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Professor Sylvester is handing out exams.

DR. SYLVESTER
That's all. Chapters nine and
eleven for next lecture. Mr.
Cohen, if you could stay a moment
after class.

All the students file out of class. Alan stays in his seat
waiting.

DR. SYLVESTER
Can you come down here for a moment
please.

Alan comes down and stands in front of Dr. Sylvester.

Dr. Sylvester holds out his exam paper with a large red "F" on
the front page.

DR. SYLVESTER
Can you explain this? Alan takes
the exam and looks at it. He turns
the page one way, then another.

He is mystified.

ALAN
It looks like an "F"?

DR. SYLVESTER
Exactly. Very perceptive, Mr.
Cohen. An "F". Do you know why?

ALAN
No.

DR. SYLVESTER
Because you cheated.

ALAN
I did not!

DR. SYLVESTER
You did.

He opens the test paper.

CLOSE ON THE TEST PAPER:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are large areas to show how the mathematical answers are calculated. All of Alan's work spaces are blank - just answers jotted in each space for the answer.

ALAN

I did not cheat. I didn't. I'm not a cheater. Cheating is wrong.

DR. SYLVESTER

Then how did you get these answers without doing the computations?

ALAN

I did them in my head.

DR. SYLVESTER

In your head?

ALAN

Yes.

Dr. Sylvester writes a complicated formula on the blackboard.

DR. SYLVESTER

Okay, what's the answer to this equation, Mr. Cohen?

Alan takes a piece of chalk and immediately writes the answer on the board.

Dr. Sylvester scribbles another longer problem on the blackboard. He hasn't barely completed it when Alan writes the answer underneath it.

Dr. Sylvester is clearly taken aback. He studies Alan for a minute then takes the paper back and crosses out the F and replaces it with an A+.

DR. SYLVESTER

I clearly underestimated you, Mr. Cohen. I don't know how you do it, but you deserve this revised mark and my deepest apology.

He holds his hand out to shake Alan's hand. Alan stares at it. Dr. Sylvester remembers about Alan not wanting to touch people and withdraws his hand.

DR. SYLVESTER

I'll look forward to seeing you in class next week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alan leaves Dr. Sylvester and heads to the exit. He stops and turns back.

ALAN

I told you I'm not a cheater!

He leaves Dr. Sylvester staring at the empty door.

DR. SYLVESTER

(to himself)

That you clearly are not, but what are you?

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - DAY

Alan walks in his strange convoluted way through the campus. He stops at certain places, crosses the street, then walks a few feet and crosses back. Several students stop and stare at his strange behavior.

At a certain point his path Tariq and his gang of protesters block Alan's predetermined route and show no sign of moving.

Alan stares at them not sure what to do.

TARIQ

What are you staring at, retard?

Tariq's girl friend, Naomi, pulls Tariq aside and whispers to him.

NAOMI

I recognize that kid. I saw his picture in the paper with his parents. His dad is Marvin Cohen, a big Zionist.

TARIQ

Well, well, a Zionist retard.

(to Alan)

Hey retard! How many babies did your asshole father pay to kill today?

ALAN

My father is not an asshole. He's a good person. He helps people.

NAOMI

Helps kill people you mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

He does not! He does not! You're a liar! Liar, Liar Pants on fire!!

Alan points to their placards. He is clearly upset and working himself up - much to the delight of Tariq and his group.

ALAN

Those signs are all... lies!

TARIQ

No, they're the truth. You're the son of a Zionist murder. A Zionist pig.

The group begins to chant "Pig" "Pig" "Pig" over and over. Alan puts his hands over his ears.

The crowd leans in to him and shout even louder.

Alan begins to cry. He drops to the ground in the fetal position.

The crowd loves it. They begin to march around him chanting. A larger crowd gathers to watch.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Chris works at his usual table. He hears the racket from the demonstration outside.

CHRIS

What's the racket out there?

Diana goes to the window and looks out.

DIANA

It looks like they've found fresh meat. They've surrounded some kid, and he's lying on the ground and they're kicking him and hitting him with their signs.

Chris gets up and joins Diana and looks out the window.

CHRIS

Oh Shit! It's Alan.

DIANA

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Alan Cohen. He's an autistic kid
in my class. I promised his mother
I'd keep an eye on him. I gotta
go.

Chris heads for the door. Diana continues to watch from the
window for a moment then follows him.

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Tariq and his small group succeed in attracting some wider
attention are milking it for all their worth.

They march around the prone Alan. Some of them hit him with
their signs; others kick him.

Chris races across the street and pushes he way through the
crowd which has grown quite large. Diana runs right behind
him. She still has her dish towel over her shoulder.

He stands protectively over Alan.

CHRIS

This is over. Now!

TARIQ

Says who?

CHRIS

Says me. Do you want to deal with
me, or do you just like picking on
people with disabilities? I think
you and your motley crowd of losers
should take your parade of hate
somewhere else.

TARIQ

It's a free country.

CHRIS

That's what people keep telling me,
and you're free to go elsewhere.

The crowd has gone totally silent watching the confrontation
between Tariq and Chris.

Tariq tries to put a brave face on it.

TARIQ

(to Chris)

This isn't over.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARIQ (CONT'D)

Not by a long shot. Come on,
everybody. We've made our point
here.

Tariq and his little band of protesters march away chanting.
The rest of the crowd seeing that the show is over disperses.
Chris and Diana kneel down and try comfort Alan. When Chris
tries to touch him, Alan shrieks and scuttles away.

DIANA

Let me try.

Diana gets close to Alan, but doesn't touch him.
She begins to coo softly to him.

DIANA

It's alright...

She looks at Chris questioningly.

CHRIS

...Alan.

DIANA

It's alright Alan. Nobody is going
to hurt you now. Chris and I are
here to help you.

Alan begins to calm down a bit.

DIANA

I just want to wipe a bit of the
dirt off your face. Okay?

Alan scuttles away again.

DIANA

I won't hurt you I promise. I'll be
gentle, okay?

Alan stops moving and only slightly flinches when she wipes
the dirt off his face.

CHRIS

You okay?

Alan nods. Diana helps him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I'm beginning to get a bit tired of that asshole. Someday somebody is going to have to do something about him.

DIANA

Never mind. You come back to the cafe with Chris and I and have a piece of pie.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - DAY

Inside the cafe Chris and Alan are sitting at Chris's usual booth.

Diana emerges from the kitchen with a piece of pie and a glass of milk and puts them down in front of Alan.

DIANA

Nothing like a warm piece of apple pie and a cold glass of milk to make things better.

Alan smiles at her and digs into his pie.

ALAN

(with his mouth full of pie)
He said mean things about my dad. He called him a Zionist pig!

CHRIS

You know, Alan, sometimes it's best to stand up to a bully.

ALAN

But he'll hurt me.

CHRIS

Not if you hurt him first.

DIANA

Chris, I don't think this is a good idea. He could get himself really hurt.

CHRIS

Alan, do you want to learn how to deal with bullies.

Alan still wolfing down his pie smiles and nods enthusiastically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Diana gives Chris a disapproving look and shakes her head.

CHRIS

Tell you what, buddy, tomorrow
after class you get on some gym
strip and meet me here. Okay?

Alan nods enthusiastically and continues to wolf down his pie.

EXT. BERKELEY CALIFORNIA - DAY

Alan waits for Chris outside the diner. He's dressed in nerdish high school PE gym strip - blue shorts with a stripe down the side; white T-shirt and cheap runners.

Chris ROARS up on his motorcycle.

Alan retreats into the diner doorway and covers his ears with both hands.

Chris turns off the bike, dismounts and hands Alan a helmet.

Alan looks at it and shakes his head violently.

CHRIS

Well, Amigo, it's a long walk to
the gym.

ALAN

Loud!

CHRIS

You won't notice it with the helmet
on. C'mon give it a shot.

Alan shakes his head.

CHRIS

Too bad. I was going to teach you
some killer moves I learned in the
Army.

Alan stares at Chris, not saying anything, but you can tell he's considering.

CHRIS

Hey, did you ever see "Easy Rider?"

ALAN

Made in 1969 starring Peter Fonda
and Dennis Hopper...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

How would you like to be George
Hanson. You know who he was?

ALAN

He was played by Jack Nicholson.
He died.

CHRIS

I won't let you die, I promise.

ALAN

Who are you?

CHRIS

Who would you like me to be?

ALAN

(brightening to the idea)
You could be Wyatt, he was played
by Peter Fonda. He died too, but
at the end.

Alan puts on the helmet and awkwardly mounts the bike behind
Chris.

Now he has the dilemma about hanging onto Chris, given his
fear of physical contact with other people.

Chris revs the bike a couple of times, and it's no contest.
Alan grabs on to Chris and Chris takes off with Alan hanging
on for dear life.

EXT. BERKELEY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

High shots of Chris and Alan roaring down the highway.

Alan is talking non-stop in Chris's ear, but has relaxed and
is enjoying the ride more than anything he has ever done.

When they arrive at the gym Alan is happily babbling in
Chris's ear.

EXT. GYM - DAY

Chris turns off the bike and dismounts. Alan is still
sitting there with a big grin on his face.

ALAN

Can you teach me to drive it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I don't think that would be a good idea. Lets just concentrate on learning one thing at a time.

ALAN

I think I would be a good driver.

INT. GYM - DAY

Chris and Alan enter a gym off campus.

There are mats on the floor. There are several classes of martial arts going on.

They are met by LOU, a muscular man in his 60s, with several large tattoos on his arms.

Lou greets Chris warmly.

LOU

Hey Chris, it's been a while.

CHRIS

Been busy with classes.

LOU

Who's your little buddy?

CHRIS

This is one of my students, Alan Cohen.

Lou holds out his hand to shake hands.

CHRIS

Alan isn't much into physical contact.

Lou withdraws his hand and looks Alan up and down.

LOU

Then maybe he's picked the wrong sport. Maybe he should try badminton.

CHRIS

Alan has a bit of a bully problem. You know those Afghan protesters?

LOU

Bunch a assholes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Well they roughed up Alan here, and I thought maybe we could teach him one or two things that might make him less of a target.

LOU

You wanna teach a kid who doesn't like physical contact a contact sport? You sure like challenges, Chris, I'll say that.

CHRIS

I need someone to demonstrate on.

LOU

How about I demonstrate on you.

CHRIS

Okay, Alan, I want you to watch very carefully.

Lou and Chris begin to spar on the mat. Lou moves quickly in and executes a nice hip toss. Chris hits the mat with a loud "WHACK."

Alan cringes and steps back a step and briefly covers his ears.

ALAN

Loud.

CHRIS

Never mind, the loud, it's because I slapped the mat to break my fall. I want you to watch very carefully Alan, while Lou and I do it again in slow motion.

Lou and Chris execute the hip toss in slow motion. Alan watches intently. Lou tosses Chris two or three times.

CHRIS

Okay, now you try it on Lou. Alan shakes his head.

ALAN

No.

LOU

Hey, little buddy, I don't think you get to choose your opponents in a fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alan just stands there.

CHRIS
How about you try it in on me?

Alan still stands there.

CHRIS
Do you want to get beat up again?

Alan shakes his head.

CHRIS
Well you're going to have to learn
to look after yourself. Come over
here, Alan.

Alan reluctantly comes over and stands in front of Chris with
his hands by his side stands staring at the ground.

LOU
This ought to be good.

CHRIS
Now put one hand on my collar and
the other here. Chris demonstrates
the beginnings of the throw.

Alan grabs where Chris shows him.

CHRIS
Now, swivel your hips and toss me.

Alan just stands there.

CHRIS
Come on, Alan, try.

Alan just stands there.

CHRIS
TRY!

Alan just stands there.

CHRIS
Your dad is a Zionist pig.

In a surprising whir of actions Alan angrily executes the
move perfectly.

A surprised Chris ends up on the mat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALAN

My dad is NOT a Zionist pig!

LOU

Fast learner!

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Chris is lecturing to his class.

The lecture hall is about half full with students spread out through the hall. The only one sitting in the front row is Alan.

Chris is at the podium. He has his laptop hooked up to a projector.

CHRIS

Okay. We have a few minutes left.
I want to talk about
Steganography. Does anyone know
what Steganography is?

A few hands go up. Alan is waving his madly from the front row.

CHRIS

...Anyone Besides Alan? Yes Susan?

SUSAN

It's the art of burying secret
information into ordinary pictures
so that no one can see it except
the person it's intended for.

CHRIS

Exactly. It's been used for
centuries. If you know the right
algorithm you can remove the
extraneous information or "noise"
and see the underlying information.

Chris brings up a picture of a scenic landscape on his laptop and projects it on the screen in front of the class.

CHRIS

Okay, now what do we see here?

STUDENT 1

A landscape.

STUDENT 2

A poorly painted landscape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the students laugh.

ALAN
No, it's a jet plane.

The laughing stops and the attention is focused on Alan.

Chris looks at him strangely.

CHRIS
How do you know that, Alan?

ALAN
I can see it.

CHRIS
You can see a jet plane?

ALAN
Yes.

CHRIS
What kind of an airplane, Alan.

ALAN
It looks like an F-18. The type
Tom Cruise flew in Top Gun. The
tail number is 787.

Chris clicks the mouse, and the landscape painting slowly dissolves away, leaving a picture of a fighter jet with the tail number 787 on the screen.

There is stunned silence in the classroom. The bell RINGS.

CHRIS
Alan, would you mind staying for a
couple of minutes after class?

The students file out and Alan walks down to the Chris at the podium.

One student hovers by the door watching. He is somewhat familiar - one of the protestors.

CHRIS
Alan, How do you do that?

ALAN
I don't know. I just see it
there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALAN (CONT'D)

I look at the picture hard for a minute and the picture underneath pops out. Can't you see it?

CHRIS

Not without the computer removing the noise.

Chris scrolls to another picture - a nice picture of a family having a picnic.

CHRIS

What do you see here?

ALAN

A letter.

Chris clicks the mouse and the picture dissolves showing a letter.

CHRIS

Do you see a lot of hidden pictures.

ALAN

Not a lot. Mostly they're pictures of naked ladies doing things. Sometimes there's writing.

(beat)

I saw one in one of the pages you were looking at when my mom and I met you.

CHRIS

Which page?

ALAN

I don't know. It wasn't in English. It was in that funny writing you're reading all the time.

CHRIS

Arabic.

ALAN

I guess so. Do you know how to read Arabic? Are you like the people outside who want to kill Jews?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

No, I'm not like those people outside. My grandfather was Lebanese and I went to school there for a couple of years and I learned to speak and read Arabic.

ALAN

But why are you reading it now?

CHRIS

I was in the army over in Afghanistan. I still have a lot of friends over there. I like to keep in touch with what's going on over there.

(beat)

Alan would you mind helping me with something?

ALAN

Sure.

CHRIS

If I give you a list of webpages would you look at them and tell me if you see anything in them.

ALAN

Okay.

ANGLE ON LECTURE ROOM DOOR:

The eavesdropping student quickly exits.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - DAY

Chris works at his usual booth.

Alan enters. He carries a laptop and notebook. Diana looks up at him.

DIANA

Hi, Alan. Want a piece of pie?

ALAN

Okay.

He makes his way over to Chris's booth and sits down facing him.

Chris is grading papers. He hardly notices Alan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Diana drops off a piece of pie and a glass of milk and leaves them.

ALAN
I found it.

CHRIS
(distracted)
Found what?

ALAN
The page with the writing.

Chris stares at Alan a moment then clues in.

CHRIS
Which page?

Alan opens his laptop and spins it so Chris can see.

CLOSE ON ALAN'S COMPUTER:

We see a typical news webpage all in Arabic.

CHRIS
I don't see anything.

He opens up a note pad, and hands it to Chris.

CLOSE ON ALAN'S NOTEBOOK:

The page is filled with columns of numbers and words that Alan has copied.

ALAN
It's a bunch of numbers and names.
Who would put the messages like
that in there?

CHRIS
Terrorists.

ALAN
Why?

CHRIS
It's an efficient way to secretly
send messages and money to their
operatives anywhere in the world.
As far as the public can see it's
just an ordinary webpage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALAN

What do you think these words are numbers are?

Chris studies the notebook for a few moments.

CHRIS

I think it's bank information for transferring money from one bank to another.

ALAN

What for?

CHRIS

So they can buy things like bombs and stuff to blow up and hurt innocent people.

ALAN

How do you know things like that?

CHRIS

It's what I used to do in the Army. I was in military counter intelligence.

ALAN

Why did you go in the army? To kill people like the signs say outside?

CHRIS

I went to help people, Alan. And I ended up hurting some of them. I trusted someone I shouldn't have, and a lot of people who depended on me, a lot of people I liked, got killed.

ALAN

Did you kill anyone?

CHRIS

Yes, Alan I did.

ALAN

Bad people?

CHRIS

I think so. Alan, this is something I really don't like talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALAN

Why?

CHRIS

It hurts. It makes me sad. Do you understand.

ALAN

I think so. I'm sorry it makes you sad. What are you going to do about these bank accounts?

CHRIS

I don't know.

He closes Alan's computer and hands it back to him.

CHRIS

Listen, Alan. I don't want you to tell anybody about this. I need to figure out the best way to deal with it. Okay?

ALAN

Okay.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Chris's class is just wrapping up.

As usual Alan is in the front row. Chris turns off the overhead projector

CHRIS

That's it for today. Don't forget your assignments are due on Monday. Alan, can you stay for a moment. There's something I need to discuss with you.

The class files out.

Alan waits till everyone is gone and then gets up and goes down to Chris.

CHRIS

Alan, I've been giving our little problem some thought. I think we should tell someone at Homeland Security.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

We don't have to. I've looked after it myself.

CHRIS

What do you mean "you've looked after it?"

ALAN

I've moved all the money out of the bad people's accounts.

CHRIS

What do you mean you've moved it?

ALAN

It was easy. I had all the banking information and the passwords so it was simple.

CHRIS

How many of those accounts did you do it to? There were over fifty of them.

ALAN

All of them.

CHRIS

All of them?! Alan, do you realize what you've done?

ALAN

Yes, now they won't be able to buy bombs and guns and hurt people like your friends.

CHRIS

Alan... Alan, where exactly did you move the money?

ALAN

I gave it to a charity that does good things.

CHRIS

What charity?

ALAN

I gave to the Jewish National Fund. They use money to plant trees in Israel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

You gave a million dollars of Al Qaeda money to plant trees in Israel.

ALAN

Not a million dollars - Three million two hundred thousand dollars.

CHRIS

Alan do you have any idea what they're going to do when they find our?

ALAN

They won't find out. I gave the money anonymously.

CHRIS

They'll find out. They'll just trace the IP address back to you.

ALAN

Oh.

EXT. DAMASCUS, SYRIA - DAY

A panoramic view of the city: a contrast of the new and modern.

Minarets and high rises compete for the skyline.

The call to the faithful is echoes from the minarets.

INT. OFFICE BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large boardroom populated by about 18 men sitting in front of laptops, pads, magic markers, etc.

At the head of the table is MULLAH BARADAR, 58, the acting head of Al Qaeda. He is clothed in traditional Arab garb, as are several others around the table.

Many others are in western clothes - mostly suits. One of these is Rashad.

Mullah Baradar is one unhappy camper.

BARADAR

I don't understand how this could happen!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARADAR (CONT'D)

You assured me that the information
was totally secure. The code
unbreakable!

There is an uneasy silence.

Several of the people look towards NASIR, 28, A young Arab in
a suit, the technical expert.

NASIR

It should be an unbreakable code.
A two hundred and thirty
thousand....

BARADAR

Should be? Should be??? Don't give
me any of your computer
bullshit!!! All I know is that
someone has made off with our
money!! How much was that again?

Another young Arab, Yakob, the CFO, pokes at his computer
briefly.

YAKOB

Three million, two hundred thousand
dollars.

Baradar is working himself into a tyrannical rage.

BARADAR

Three million two hundred thousand
dollars? How many of our accounts
were emptied?

Yakob pokes at his laptop a few more times.

YAKOB

Fifty seven of them.

BARADAR

Fifty seven. Out of how many?

YAKOB

Fifty seven.

BARADAR

All of them?

Yakob only nods. The rest of the men are looking at the
floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARADOR

And what does this do to our
overseas operations?

Omar, 44, in a neatly tailored suit, their overseas operation
head rises to answer.

OMAR

It essentially shuts them down
until we can figure a secure way to
get more funds to our operatives in
a secure way.

BARADAR

So all our operations are put on
hold?

OMAR

Basically.

BARADAR

What about the Chicago project?

OMAR

We can't meet the deadline if we
can't fund it.

BARADAR

(shouting)

Ten years of planning gone down the
drain!!!! Do we have the slightest
idea where our money went?

An awkward silence falls over the table.

BARADAR

I asked do we know where the money
went?

NASIR

We traced the money to a charity.

BARADAR

A charity? What charity?

NASIR

A Jewish Charity.

Baradar gets up and walks over to a cowering Nasir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BARADAR

A Jewish Charity? A Jewish
Charity? And exactly WHAT does
this charity do with our money.

NASIR

It plants trees...

BARADAR

It plants "trees." Exactly where,
Nasir, are these trees planted?

NASIR

(very softly)
In Israel.

Baradar leans over and puts his ear near a terrified Nasir's
mouth.

BARADAR

What? I can't hear you Nasir.
Speak up. Where are these trees
planted.

NASIR

In Israel.

Baradar stands there speechless. He walks back to his place,
sits down and just stares. After a moment he composes
himself.

BARADAR

I want you all to listen to me very
carefully. First of all if any of
this gets out we will be the
laughing stock of the Arab world.
We will have no credibility.

(screams)

NONE!!

(beat)

Do we know who did this? Was it
the Zionists? The Sunnis? Those
Persian pricks?

NASIR

We don't know.

BARADAR

You don't know? You don't KNOW?
Tell me, Nasir, my so called
computer expert. Do you know
ANYTHING?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NASIR

We know that the transfers originated in the United States at a University in California.

BARADAR

Well at least that's something! A start. Do we have any contacts at that University.

NASIR

We have a "contact" there. Someone who has been working with us agitating the students.

BARADAR

Okay. Here is what we are going to do. When we are done, it will be as if this abomination ever happened. After today this will never be spoken of again.

He turns and address Rashad.

BARADOR

Rashad, you will take Samir and go to this University. You will find out who did this and you will find a way to recover our money. When you are done, make sure that you leave no one alive who may have the slightest knowledge of this. No one. Do you understand?

Rashad nods.

BARADAR

Give me a body for every tree they planted.

EXT. BERKELEY - STUDENT ISLAMIC SOCIETY HOUSE - DAY

Tariq is just finishing up his morning prayers. As he is getting up to leave, the Imam approaches.

IMAM

Assalaamu alaykum, Tariq.

TARIQ

Walikum as sala'am, Ismael.

The Imam hands Tariq a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IMAM

Two visitors came to pray last night. They asked if I could give this to you. They said it was important.

TARIQ

Did they say what it was about?

IMAM

No, only that it was important.

EXT. BERKELEY - FALAFEL HOUSE - BERKLEY - DAY

Rashad and Samir are sitting at an outside table at the small Falafel restaurant on a side street near the Berkeley campus.

There are only a few customers there at this time of day - a couple of older men of mid-east extraction off in a corner playing a game of Mancala and drinking coffee.

Rashad and Samir are dressed in casual western clothes to blend in with the crowd. Tariq arrives and looks around nervously trying to figure out who he is to meet. He sees Samir and Rashad and tentatively heads over.

TARIQ

They say the coffee here is the best in Berkeley.

RASHAD

But it is not as good as at home.

TARIQ

It tends to be not as sweet.

(beat)

You sent me a note you wanted to see me. This isn't a good idea - If anyone should see us together...

RASHAD

I think we know our business, Tariq. The question was, were you followed?

TARIQ

No, I was very careful. I followed your instructions. What is this about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHAD

Someone here in Berkeley has stolen a great deal of money from the cause and we've been sent to get it back. The council back home has been aware of your excellent work here and thought you could help us.

TARIQ

Of course - anything to help further the cause.

RASHAD

Excellent. Of course your efforts will be noted and you will be suitably rewarded.

TARIQ

Just to work for the cause, is reward enough. What can I do to help?

RASHAD

The money was taken by computer and transferred to "other" accounts. We suspect it might be Mossad or Jewish activists. We know the original point of access was from here. Do you have any idea who might be responsible?

TARIQ

I've got a good idea. Give me a day. Shall we meet here tomorrow?

RASHAD

No, you'll be told where tomorrow at prayers.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - DAY

Chris is working away at his usual spot.

Alan comes hustling in waving a newspaper excitedly.

He puts the Paper down in front of Chris. It's The "Jewish Journal" (Los Angeles's Jewish Paper) The headline reads:

"MYSTERY BENEFACTOR DONATES 3.2 MILLION DOLLARS TO JEWISH

NATIONAL FUND"

ALAN

Look! It made the paper, Chris.
I'm famous.

Chris picks up the paper and studies it for a moment.

CHRIS

It says the donor is anonymous.

ALAN

But we know it's me.

CHRIS

Yes, and I'm worried that someone
else might know as well.

ALAN

If you show me some more of those
sights, I could see if I see any
more messages. I could donate more
money!

CHRIS

Alan, aren't you listening to a
thing I'm saying. What you've done
was very stupid and dangerous.

Alan reacts as if he's been slapped.

ALAN

You're... You're just... You're
just jealous! You're jealous
because you didn't think of it
FIRST! You don't like me being
famous!

CHRIS

Alan....

ALAN

You're not my friend. I hate you!
I hate you! I hate you!

Alan begins to work himself into a major tantrum.

From the far side of the diner, Diana notices.

Chris gets up to try and calm him. He reaches out to touch
Alan but Alan pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Don't touch me! Don't touch me!
Don't ever touch me!

CHRIS

Alan...

ALAN

I hate you!

Alan runs out of the cafe and slams door so hard the glass nearly breaks. All the diners stare.

Diana comes over to Chris's table.

DIANA

What was that about.

CHRIS

You don't want to know.

INT. BERKELEY UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Rashad and Samir sit at a large table in the reference library studying several books and manuscripts. They appear as just normal profs or grad students doing research.

Tariq arrives and takes off his backpack and sits down beside them.

RASHAD

What did you find out?

Tariq takes off his backpack and sits down. He opens his backpack and takes out a copy of the "JEWISH JOURNAL" Alan had shown Chris.

Rashad and Samir study the paper for a few minute, then Samir gives Rashad a knowing look.

RASHAD

And do you have any idea of who
this "mystery benefactor" might be?

Tariq smiles, and takes a file folder out of his pack and puts it on the table.

Rashad opens it.

CLOSE ON THE FILE FOLDER:

Inside are a series of photographs of Alan, taken around campus. There are also pictures of Alan and his family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHAD picks up another picture of Alan.

RASHAD
And who is this?

TARIQ
His name is Alan Cohen. His dad is
rich Beverly Hills Jew.

Tariq pulls another copy of the Journal with a picture of Marvin Cohen, Beverly and Alan holding the plaque on the front page with the caption: "JNF honors Marvin Cohen as Person of the Year."

Rashad studies it a moment, and notices Alan.

RASHAD
Like father, like son. But how did
he get our codes.

TARIQ
He's autistic. He has an ability
to see hidden messages in
Webpages.

RASHAD
There are billions of webpages?
How would he find that particular
one?

TARIQ
He has a partner.

Tariq hands Rashad another folder that contains a copy of the LA TIMES

CLOSE ON THE PAPER:

There is an article with a picture of a clean cut Chris in uniform.

The caption reads. "Military tribunal clears officer of complicity in Kandahar"

Tariq then hands Rashad several pictures of Chris. He picks up one and studies it then hands it to Samir.

RASHAD
This man I know. We're old
friends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He picks up the two Jewish Journal articles and lays them side by side and points to the one about Marvin being named person of the year.

RASHAD

Tell me more about this person.

TARIQ

What's there to tell? He's a wealthy Jew.

RASHAD

How wealthy?

TARIQ

Very wealthy. He made a lot of money in real estate.

Rashad studies the picture for a while, then looks up with a grin.

RASHAD

Well I think we just found a way to get our money back.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Chris's class. The usual group of students is there.

However Alan isn't sitting in the front row. He's sitting way in the back by himself.

While Chris lectures Alan never looks up.

CHRIS

...so we can see that cryptology has come along way since the early days of ciphering. In the eighties it might take a computer several years to crack a code, now super computers can do it in a matter of hours. That's it for today. Chapter 11 for Monday, please. Don't forget mid terms in two weeks.

(beat)

Alan, could you stay after class for a moment.

The bell sounds and the students file out.

Alan pauses not quite sure what do, then without looking at Chris he files out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Alan? Alan, wait a minute.

Chris heads up the aisle after Alan. Alan sees him and begins running out of the classroom.

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

From a higher elevation we see Alan run out of the classroom. He stops at certain places and crosses the street.

Although he's running, he still has to maintain his strange route.

ANGLE ON A ROOF OF AN ADJACENT BUILDING:

Rashad accompanied by Samir and Tariq watches Alan through a pair of binoculars.

SAMIR

Why is he running like that? Is he drunk?

TARIQ

It's part of the autism. He has certain routes and rituals he has to follow.

RASHAD

That will make it more of a challenge, but not impossible.

(beat)

We'll need a quiet out of the way place for a few days. Do you know somewhere like that?

TARIQ

My uncle has a fishing cabin near Wildcat Canyon Park. It's pretty remote. It's only used in the summer. Nobody would be there now.

RASHAD

That should fill the bill quite well. We'll need food for four people for about four days. Can you look after that?

TARIQ

Sure. But who are the other two people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHAD

Why you and your good friend Alan Cohen.

TARIQ

Wait a minute. I... I... didn't sign on for anything like this. I'm just suppose to be an organizer.

RASHAD

You said you'd do anything for the cause, didn't he, Samir?

Samir grins at Tariq and nods.

RASHAD

Don't worry. Nobody is going to get hurt. I promise. We're just going to keep our autistic friend for a few days until his father gives us back the money his son stole from us. It will be a challenge to snatch him without his making a scene. Let me see those family pictures again.

Tariq opens his backpack and hands him the envelope. Rashad opens it and thumbs through them. He stops at one of the family getting into the limo. He smiles.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - DAY

Chris comes into the cafe. He looks around the cafe then heads over to his usual table and puts his backpack down.

Diana comes over with a cup of coffee.

DIANA

You expecting someone?

CHRIS

You haven't seen Alan, have you? He hasn't been to class for two days. It's not like him to skip classes.

DIANA

I haven't seen him since he went running out of here two days ago. What was that all about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Alan did something very stupid and dangerous. He may have pissed off some very dangerous people.

DIANA

You mean like the demonstrators who beat him up?

CHRIS

Worse. Much worse.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM IN JUANITA SOLDEZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alan sits in a chair rocking back and forth staring blankly out the window. The phone RINGS. It stops.

A few seconds later it RINGS again.

INT. TARIQ'S SEEDY APT. - DAY

Tariq's apartment is dark and shabby. The walls are festooned with pictures of various freedom fighters including Yasser Arafat and Che Guevera. A large Palestinian flag hangs over the bed.

He's packs a large duffel bag while Naomi watches. She's not happy.

NAOMI

Where exactly are you going?

TARIQ

I told you. I'm going fishing.

NAOMI

Fishing? I never knew you like fishing.

TARIQ

There's a lot about me you don't know. Hand me those shorts.

She hands him a pile of shorts which he stuffs into the bag.

NAOMI

Who are you going fishing with?

TARIQ

Friends.

NAOMI

What friends?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARIQ

I told you it's none of your business. I'll be back in a few days.

NAOMI

Can I come?

TARIQ

No.

NAOMI

Why not.

TARIQ

It's just for guys.

NAOMI

I don't believe you.

Tariq stops packing and looks at her concerned.

TARIQ

What do you mean?

NAOMI

I don't believe you're going fishing.

Tariq moves towards her.

TARIQ

Where do you think I'm going?

NAOMI

You're going to spend the weekend with another woman.

There is an awkward moment of silence. Then Tariq bursts out laughing.

TARIQ

Yeah right. I'm going to spend a dirty weekend with my secret lover!

She slaps his face and runs out of the room. Tariq shakes his head and continues packing.

TARIQ

Crazy Jewish bitch.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The phone continues to RING. Alan continues to rock.

Finally the door opens and Juanita Soldez enters.

JUANITA

Alan! Alan! The phone has been ringing off the hook!

Alan doesn't respond finally Juanita answers it.

JUANITA

Hello? Yes. Yes this is Alan Cohen's residence. Just a moment.

(beat)

Alan! Alan, it's the hospital. They say it's important.

She holds the phone to his ear. Alan mechanically listens to the phone still rocking.

ALAN

(flatly)

Hello? What? Okay. He hangs up.

JUANITA

What was that about?

ALAN

(flatly)

They say my father had a heart attack. They're sending Roberto and the car to take me to the hospital.

JUANITA

Oh Alan! I'm so sorry. Is he going to be alright?

ALAN

They didn't say. I have to get ready. Roberto's coming.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Diana are still discussing Alan.

ALAN

He's got to learn that you can't always run away from your problems. You have to learn to confront them sooner or later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

That might apply to more than just Alan.

CHRIS

What are you implying?

DIANA

Nothing. I think you should check and see if he's okay.

CHRIS

I've called his number a dozen times. No answer.

DIANA

Maybe you should go over to his place and check that he's okay.

CHRIS

He's probably just in a snit. He'll get over it.

DIANA

Or those dangerous people may have caught up to him.

CHRIS

Well you can't say I didn't try and warn him. I really don't want to get involved.

DIANA

Okay. I thought you were his friend. I thought you promised his mother you'd look after him.

(beat)

Fine. If you don't want to go I will.

She gets up takes off her apron, and call over to the other waitress.

DIANA

Randy can you cover for me for about half an hour? I gotta check on a sick friend.

RANDY

No problem, Diana.

Diana gives Chris a dirty look and then heads out of the cafe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris sits there for a few moments looking at his laptop.

CHRIS

Fuck!

He gets up and heads out the door after Diana.

EXT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Diana is already half way down the block.

Chris gets on his bike, kick starts it and heads after her.

ANGLE ON DIANA WALKING:

Chris pulls up beside her. She glares at him and keeps on walking.

Chris reaches behind him and unhooks his spare helmet and tosses it to her.

CHRIS

Catch.

Diana puts on the helmet and climbs on behind Chris, puts her arms around his waist as they take off on the bike.

INT. JUANITA SOLDEZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Juanita watch for the limo through the living room window.

JUANITA

Don't worry dear, I'm sure
everything will be okay. Alan
doesn't seem to show any emotion.

A large black limo pulls up in front of the house.

ALAN

I have to go.

Alan gets up, picks up his bag and heads to the door.

EXT. JUANITA SOLDEZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alan leaves the house and walks towards the limo. The back door of the limo opens for him.

Alan stops and looks strangely at the limo. Something isn't right. He always rides up front.

ANGLE ON THE STREET:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris and Diana pull up behind the limo. Chris takes off his helmet and gets off the bike and walks towards Alan. Diana remains seated.

CHRIS

Alan, Listen, I'm sorry if I...

ALAN

I can't talk. My dad is sick. I have to go.

Alan proceeds to the front passenger door; looks at it expectantly.

Finally the driver gets out and opens the door for Alan.

Alan doesn't get in.

ALAN

You're not Roberto. Where is Roberto.

RASHAD

He couldn't make it. It's his day off.

ALAN

No, Today is Friday. Roberto's day off is Saturday.

Rashad looks and sees Chris heading his way.

CHRIS

Alan, wait a minute...

Alan looks over to the approaching Chris. Rashad can't wait any longer. He shoves Alan into the limo, sprints around and jumps into the driver's seat and peels off.

THE LIMO:

Alan cowers in the front seat as Rashad speeds off.

ALAN

Let me out! You're not Roberto.

A hand with a cloth with chloroform reaches from the backseat and clamps over Alan's mouth and nose.

Alan struggles weakly for a few seconds then goes limp.

EXT. JUANITA SOLDEZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Diana are momentarily stunned.

CHRIS
What the hell?

DIANA
Don't let them get away!

Chris jumps on the motorbike and kicks starts it.

DIANA
Go! Go! Go!

The bike peels off in hot pursuit.

THE LIMO:

Inside the limo Alan is now unconscious.

Samir looks in his rear view mirror and sees Chris and Diana chasing them.

SAMIR
We have company.

Rashad looks over his shoulder through the rear window.

RASHAD
Lose them.

Samir floors it.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo accelerates away from the bike.

ANGLE ON THE MOTORCYCLE.

Diana holding tightly onto Chris

DIANA
Faster! Faster! They're getting
away.

Chris increases speed and begins to close the gap between him and the limo.

THE LIMO:

Samir sees a side street approaching and at the last second turns into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The unbelted unconscious Alan slams against Rashad who pushes him off.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo fishtails into the turn nearly running over TWO PEDESTRIANS who jump out of the way and scream obscenities at the departing limo.

THE MOTORCYCLE:

Chris as he has to turn so sharply that he has to put one foot out to brace bringing a shower of sparks.

The pedestrians are so intent at hurling abuse at the limo they fail to see Chris who nearly bowls them over as he screams by in hot pursuit.

THE LIMO:

CLOSE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR:

Samir watches Chris skid into the turn, showers sparks, recovers and begins to once again close the gap.

THE LIMO:

The light at the intersection ahead turns yellow.

Samir guns it and runs the red; turns left and screams off.

Alan goes sliding the other way crashing heavily into the right door.

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The limo screams through the intersection just narrowly missing a large truck that hits the brakes and jackknifes filling the intersections.

THE MOTORCYCLE:

Chris manages to stop just in time.

Both Chris and Diana pull up the visors on their helmets.

DIANA

Shit! We've lost them!

CHRIS

Maybe not. They're heading for
University Blvd. Hang on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris pulls down his visor and pulls onto the sidewalk and heads in the opposite direction. Diana pulls down her visor and holds on.

About 20 yards back is a pedestrian walkway between several university buildings.

Chris roars down the walkway ignoring the angry looks and shouts of the pedestrians.

PEDESTRIAN 1
Hey Asshole! This is for
pedestrians only!

PEDESTRIAN 2
Fucking idiot!

Chris ignores them and cuts into a small walkway between two other buildings.

THE LIMO:

Rashad looks back through the rear window and sees they're in the clear.

RASHAD
Good work. Slow down. We don't
want to be stopped by the police
for speeding.

Samir slows down, and Rashad belts Alan in.

EXT. WALKWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

The walk way opens to a large concourse between several buildings.

Chris roars into the concourse. The concourse ends abruptly in a large long wide staircase.

Chris charges right at it.

THE MOTORCYCLE:

CHRIS
Hang on!

Diana SCREAMS!

The bike goes pell-mell down the stairs.

Chris and Diana's head bob with each jolting stair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally the bike reaches the bottom and races off in a narrow grass way between two dorms.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo drives through light traffic passing through a parkway with few houses and a lot of green on either side.

EXT. WALKWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS

THE MOTORCYCLE:

The bike breaks out into a grassy park. It passes a sign that says: "Absolutely no bikes!"

Chris guns the bike - chewing up the grass and nearly runs over A HALF DRESSED COUPLE making out on a blanket.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo cruises through the greenbelt.

THE LIMO:

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR:

Samir stares into the rearview mirror as the motorcycle explodes out of the bush on the side of the road.

Samir's eyes go wide with surprise.

SAMIR

We have company.

Rashad looks through the back window and sees the bike swerving out of control.

The bike stabilizes and once again is right on the tail of the limo.

RASHAD

Persistent isn't he?

Rashad takes a gun out, and presses the button to lower the window.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The motorcycle pulls up along side of the limo as the window rolls down and a hand with a gun emerges.

THE MOTORCYCLE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Gun!!

Chris immediately hits the brakes and the bike swerves madly as a gunshot rings out.

CHRIS

No shit, Sherlock! Tell me something I don't know!!

Chris drops back three or four car lengths.

DIANA

They're getting away! Don't let them get away!

CHRIS

If you haven't noticed, they have guns. What are we going to do? Throw rocks at them?

DIANA

Move up! Move up!

Chris quickly looks over his shoulder at Diana and sees she has a pistol in her hand.

CHRIS

This is getting dangerous. Someone could get hurt!

DIANA

Just drive!

Chris begins to close the gap again.

THE LIMO:

CLOSE ON THE MIRROR:

The bike is closing.

SAMIR

They're coming again.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

THE MOTORCYCLE:

The window of the limo pulls down all the way and Rashad leans out and fires several shots at Chris and Diana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bullets ricochet off the bike. Chris and Diana crouch low on the bike and keep coming.

THE LIMO:

Up ahead is the intersection leading onto University Blvd. The limo speeds right through the red light.

Rashad leans out again and fires several shots at them. The shots miss them, but go right into the windshield of a SUV crossing the intersection killing the driver.

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SUV skids sideways hits a parked car and tumbles end over end landing on its roof and bursting into flames.

Suddenly the whole intersection is full of spinning tumbling cars.

It's all Chris can do to avoid being hit.

THE MOTORCYCLE:

Chris pulls over as they watch the limo departing. They both raise their visors. Chris looks at Diana.

CHRIS

Just who the hell are you, lady?

THE LIMO:

ANGLE ON: Rashad looking at the carnage out the back window

RASHAD

That man is getting annoying. It was a mistake not to kill him when I had a chance.

SAMIR

Who was the woman with the gun?

RASHAD

I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - DAY

Chris and Diana sit at a table. Another waitress drops off coffee to them and departs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Who are you? You're not really a waitress are you?

DIANA

Was I that bad? Is that why you left such lousy tips?

CHRIS

I'm serious, Diana, who are you?

DIANA

I could ask you the same thing.

(beat)

I work for Homeland Security.

CHRIS

Spying on students?

DIANA

Do you realize that most of the terrorists who brought down the towers didn't sneak into the country from Canada or Mexico? We let them into the country. We gave them student visas and welcomed them. For years the Universities in Europe have been recruiting grounds for Al Qaeda. Now it's happening here.

She points out the window where the weekly demonstration is taking place.

Chris glances out the window then back to Diana, then looks out the window again.

DIANA

We're not spying on all students, just a certain few we know are being paid to recruit new converts to the cause.

CHRIS

Speaking of which, do you notice something different out there today?

Diana looks out the window of the cafe.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The usual small demonstration is happening, but it's Naomi with the megaphone urging the demonstrators on.

INT. CAMPUS CAFE - CONTINUOUS

DIANA

Tariq isn't there. That is strange. He's never missed a demonstration before.

CHRIS

I learned the hard way not to believe in coincidences. I think maybe I should have a word with her.

Chris starts to get up, but Diana grabs his arm and pulls him down.

DIANA

I think you should leave this to the professionals now Chris. What did Alan do to stir up this hornet's nest?

CHRIS

He stole a lot of money from the terrorists.

DIANA

Alan? Our Alan? The Alan we know? It's not possible. He's autistic.

CHRIS

That's how he did it.

DIANA

I'm not following you.

CHRIS

Alan has a gift. He can see hidden messages in Webpages. His brain is somehow wired to decode them. I don't know how he does it, but he does. He saw a series of bank codes in an Arab website I was looking at and used the information to move the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

He doesn't seem like the stealing kind.

CHRIS

He didn't look at it as stealing. When I told him what the terrorists do with the money he was outraged. He decided on his own to divert the money to what a worthwhile charity.

DIANA

What charity?

CHRIS

A Jewish charity that plants trees in Israel.

DIANA

Oh God! No wonder they went crazy. We've got to get Alan back. First thing we have to do is identify the kidnappers.

CHRIS

I can help you there. The guy shooting was Abdul Rashad - one of their chief operatives - way up on the feeding chain. The driver is a thug named Samir. He's a sadist who does all the messy work for Rashad.

DIANA

How do you know all this?

CHRIS

I had dealings with them in Afghanistan. It didn't turn out well.

Diana gets up to leave.

DIANA

Well it's now our problem, not yours.

CHRIS

That's easy for you to say. But I'm responsible. If I had been more insistent that Alan not do anything, none of this would have happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIANA

You can't go through life always blaming yourself for everything, Chris. Alan made the decision to take the money.

CHRIS

He thought he was doing good - saving lives.

DIANA

Time for you to back off. Don't do anything. Promise?

CHRIS

Alan is my friend.

DIANA

I know. I'll be in touch.

Diana leaves the cafe. Chris stares out the window at the demonstration.

INT. FISHING COTTAGE - DAY

A rustic fishing cabin. A large central room with a wood burning stove in one corner. Table and chairs and a worn sofa with a few ratty chairs.

Alan is seated on one of the ratty chairs. Rashad and Samir stand on either side of him.

Tariq is off in the corner of the kitchen watching with a smug smile on his face.

ALAN

Where am I? Where is my father? I don't like it here.

RASHAD

My! My! So many questions. All you need to know is that you'll be spending a few days with us. If you behave I won't tie you up. You be a good boy and we'll get along just fine.

ALAN

What about my father? Is he okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARIQ

I can't believe you're so stupid
that you fell for that! What a
retard!

Rashad turns and shoots Tariq an ugly look. Catches himself
then smiles.

RASHAD

Alan is our guest, Tariq. Show him
some respect.

Tariq reacts as if he's been slapped.

TARIQ

But...

RASHAD

Do as I say.

(beat)

I'm sorry for that, Alan. You're
father is just fine. In fact we're
hoping he'll be giving us a small
donation.

ALAN

What kind of a donation?

RASHAD

A donation of three point two
million dollars.

ALAN

Why would my father do that?

RASHAD

To replace the money you stole from
us.

ALAN

But that was money you were going
to use to kill people.

TARIQ

Jews and Zionists!

Rashad turns and faces Tariq. His face contorted in fury!

RASHAD

SHUT-UP, YOU MORON!

He turns back to Alan, his face sweetness again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RASHAD

Alan, didn't you think there would be consequences when you stole our money?

ALAN

No.

RASHAD

Well there is.

ALAN

My friend Chris will come and get me. He was in the army. He knows Karate.

RASHAD

I wouldn't get my hopes up, Alan. We're way out in the woods. Nobody knows where we are.

ALAN

Chris will find me.

RASHAD

Well if he does, we've arranged a few surprises for him.

ALAN

What sort of surprises?

RASHAD

Well if I told you they wouldn't be surprises, would they?

EXT. SECURITY HQ - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Establishing shot of large building

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

A large room with several work stations each with its own computer.

Against one wall stands a large table with state of the art LCD screens showing various images and pictures. Prominently displayed are pictures of Rashad and Samir.

Diana is no longer dresses as a waitress. She wears a smart no nonsense pant suit with a pistol in a waist holster.

Chris stands beside her. He has a visitors tag clipped to his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

You were right, Chris. These two are a couple a very vicious dudes. Besides the Afghan bombing they've been implicated in no less than seven other major terrorist acts in five countries. Al Qaeda must be royally pissed if they sent these two over here.

CHRIS

Any idea of where they are?

DIANA

(softly)

No.

CHRIS

You know they're never going to let him go alive.

DIANA

They might, when they find out about his gift. They might try and smuggle him out of the country and auction him off to the highest bidder.

DIRECTOR MURDOCH, 55, an officious looking man - gray hair, - a gray suit - all in all, a "gray" man.

MURDOCH

Good morning, agent Peterson.

He looks at Chris.

MURDOCH

Who's this?

DIANA

This is Chris Stephenson, sir.

MURDOCH

Oh yes, the asshole on the bike. You guys created quite a mess last night chasing that car. Two dead, six injured, the press is going wild. Why's he here?

DIANA

He has first hand knowledge of Rashad, sir. I thought he might be of assistance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MURDOCH

Yes, I read your report.

He looks at Chris.

MURDOCH

Trouble seems to follow you around,
Stephenson, doesn't it?

He turns to Diana.

MURDOCH

Keep him out of trouble. This is
not his business anymore. Do you
understand?

Diana nods.

MURDOCH

Where are we at?

DIANA

The terrorists have contacted
Alan's father and demanded three
point two million dollars in
ransom.

MURDOCH

Three point two million dollars?
That's a weird number?

CHRIS

That's what Alan took from them.

Murdoch gives Chris a withering look.

MURDOCH

Sorry, when did you start working
here?

DIANA

It's in the report sir. Alan
emptied all the Al Qaeda
accounts.

Murdoch looks at his notes.

MURDOCH

Oh yes, that supposed "gift" that
he has where he can "see" hidden
messages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS

It's true, I can assure you.

Murdoch looks at Chris again, not sure whether or not to tell him to shut up again.

MURDOCH

Well if it is true, then we have to make sure that he doesn't compromise every security service in the world.

DIANA

We're working on a plan to get him back sir. Alan's father asked for twenty-four hours to get the money together. That gives us a bit of time to try and find out where they're keeping him.

INT. FISHING COTTAGE - DAY

Alan is still sitting on the ratty Chair.

Samir and Tariq are in the kitchen area making dinner.

Rashad is sitting at the table with a laptop.

He finishes what he's doing and gets up and brings the laptop over to where Alan is sitting.

He takes a kitchen chair turns it around and sits down resting his arms on the back of the chair and his chin resting on his arms. He stares at Alan for a few seconds.

Alan look blankly ahead.

RASHAD

Alan, I think it's time you and I had a little talk.

Alan just stares blankly ahead.

RASHAD

They tell me you can see hidden messages on the computer. Is that right?

Alan just stares blankly ahead. Alan's silence doesn't appear to bother Rashad - he smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHAD

I understand you can do this. I'd like you to show me how you do it. Rashad puts the laptop on Alan's lap.

Alan just ignores him.

RASHAD

Alan, I'm trying to be nice. I really don't want to hurt you; but if you don't help me, you're going to leave me no choice.

Alan just stares. Rashad sighs, takes the laptop and gets up. He turns as if to head over to Samir and Tariq, then he suddenly turns and back hands Alan so hard that Alan falls off the chair and falls onto the floor.

Alan begins to whimper. Rashad picks him up and plops him back on the chair. There is a thin trickle of blood coming from the corner of Alan's mouth. Rashad takes a tissue and tenderly wipes the blood away.

He puts his face close to Alan's.

RASHAD

I don't want to do this, Alan. So why don't you stop behaving like this and help me.

He puts the computer back on Alan's lap. Alan just sits there. He is beginning to rock back and forth.

Rashad sighs.

RASHAD

Okay, Alan, you've left me no choice. Samir?

Samir puts down the knife he was using to cut up some vegetables, wipes his hands on a dish towel and walks over to Rashad.

Rashad nods at him and walks away.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY

An AGENT comes into the room escorting a very upset Marvin and Beverly Cohen.

Marvin is carrying a gym bag. They bring them over to Diana and Chris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, thank you for coming so quickly. I'm so very sorry about Alan.

BEVERLY

Have you found him?

DIANA

Not yet, but we're doing everything we can to get him back.

She motions to Chris.

CHRIS

This is Chris Stephenson. He's one of Alan's instructors and a good friend of his.

BEVERLY

We've met. Alan speaks very fondly of you.

CHRIS

And I like Alan.

There is an awkward silence. Marvin hands the gym bag to Diana.

MARVIN

Here's the money. Three point two million dollars. I just don't understand why Alan would do such a dumb thing as to steal from terrorists.

CHRIS

He wanted to stop them from killing people. He wanted to do something good. He said he wanted to be like you.

Marvin tears up. Beverly holds him as he sobs.

BEVERLY

What do we do now?

DIANA

We wait for the call.

INT. FISHING COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Alan is beaten and bruised. He's on the floor in the fetal position.

Samir goes to kick him in the ribs, but Rashad stops him.

RASHAD

Never mind. This isn't getting us anywhere. He's gone somewhere else in his mind. He probably doesn't feel anything. There has to be another way to get through to him.

He looks at Tariq who has been watching.

TARIQ

He only seems to react to someone he knows and trusts.

RASHAD

I think we can rule out everyone here. Any Suggestions?

TARIQ

He likes the Afghan vet and the waitress at the cafe.

RASHAD

The waitress? Okay that gives me an idea. Time to make our phone call. Samir, hand me the phone.

Samir brings over a brief case and opens it. Its is filled with sophisticated electronic equipment. One of the items is a satellite phone. He takes it out of the foam packing and hands it to Rashad. Rashad begins to dial.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

Marvin and Beverly are sitting at a table quietly drinking coffee. There's a cell phone in front of Marvin. In the middle of the table is the gym bag.

Off to the side, Chris is quietly talking to Diana as Director Murdoch and ANOTHER AGENT enter the room. The agent is carrying an identical gym bag to the one on the table.

MURDOCH

Did you bring the money, Mr. Cohen?

Marvin gestures to the bag on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The agent accompanying Murdoch walks over to the table and drops the bag next to Marvin's bag and begins to move the money from Marvin's bag to the one they brought it.

MURDOCH

We've got a nano-bug sewn in this bag. It can transmit up to fifty miles. We'll be able to track the bag the second it leaves the building

CHRIS

I know these people. They're not stupid. They're going to assume the money is bugged.

MURDOCH

You know you're starting to get annoying. You have no status here. Given your history, you're the last person I need advice from. One more remark and you're out of here.

The Cohens having been watching this exchange.

Murdoch turns to them and smiles. He holds up a little flat disk about the size of small grain of rice.

MURDOCH

This is the latest in micro transmitting devices. It's a nano transmitter - smaller than a grain of rice. It's virtually undetectable to the human eye. Unless you know it's there you can't find it. Trust me - this will work.

The phone on the table in front of Marvin suddenly RINGS.

Marvin and Beverly both jump.

The room goes silent as everyone turns to watch.

One agent is intently watching a laptop.

Marvin goes to pick up the phone.

MURDOCH

Don't answer it yet. Let it ring a couple more times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marvin pulls his hand away. The phone keeps RINGING.

There's a painful anticipation in the room.

The agent stares intently at his monitor. He nods to Murdoch.

MURDOCH

Okay, answer it. Try to keep them
on as long as possible.

Marvin picks up the cell phone and puts it on speaker.

MARVIN

Hello?

RASHAD (O.S.)

Do you have the money?

MARVIN

Yes. I want to talk to my son.

RASHAD (O.S.)

You are not in a position to make
demands, Mr. Cohen.

(beat)

I want you to listen closely to
what I tell you. It's very
important. I'm only going to say it
once. Alan's life depends upon
it. Do you understand?

MARVIN

Yes.

CLOSE ON: the agent's video monitor.

We see a line to Istanbul, then an arrow to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, then it moves to Istanbul, then to Damascus, then to Moscow.

RASHAD (V.O)

I want you to take the money and
leave it in the dumpster behind
Grauman's Chinese Theater on
Hollywood Blvd. today at five
thirty. Make sure that you aren't
followed and that there's no
tracking device in the money.

MARVIN

Yes, but I want...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RASHAD (V.O)

I'm not interested in what you want, Mr. Cohen. It's what I want. And one other thing. I want the waitress at the Diner that Alan goes to. I believe her name is Diana to bring it. She's to bring it alone.

MARVIN

I want to talk to Alan.

RASHAD (V.O)

Good bye, Mr. Cohen.

Murdoch, the Cohen's, Diana and Chris are all staring at the phone on the table.

Murdoch turns to the Agent monitoring the call.

MURDOCH

Did you get anything?

AGENT

No. He wasn't using a cell phone. He was using a satellite phone with downlinks to Istanbul, then it bounced to half the countries in the middle east before popping up here. If we had a few days, we might be able to back trace it.

MURDOCH

We don't have a few days, we have about three hours.

INT. FISHING COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rashad is standing by the table with the satellite phone. He clicks it shut and hands it to Samir who puts it back in the briefcase and closes it.

Alan is battered and bruised and back on his chair, rocking back and forth.

Tariq is doing the dishes.

SAMIR

You know they'll put a bug in the money somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHAD
I'm counting on it.
(beat)

It's time to get ready. Get the equipment and meet me at the car.

Samir takes the electronics briefcase and leaves the cabin.

Rashad turns to Tariq.

RASHAD
I want you to keep an eye on him.
Make sure nothing happens to him.

TARIQ
You told me nobody will get hurt.
I didn't sign up for this.

RASHAD
Al Qaeda isn't a fraternity,
Tariq. Once you sign up, you sign
up for life, and you follow
orders. Do you understand?

Tariq nods. Rashad smiles at him.

RASHAD
Don't worry. Nobody is going to be
hurt and everything will turn out
right. We'll get what's rightfully
ours back, and I'll make sure that
Mullah Barrador himself hears of
your work.

TARIQ
You know Mullah Barrador?

RASHAD
Extremely well. Now you look after
Alan and we'll be back in about
four hours.

Rashad and Samir leave the cabin.

Tariq glowers at Alan. Alan just rocks.

EXT. HOMELAND SECURITY BLDG UNDERGROUND GARAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

A AAA Tow truck drives up to the entrance. Inside are Rashad and Samir dressed up in AAA coveralls.

They are stopped at a booth by a security guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RASHAD

We've received a call from...

He looks at a clip board.

RASHAD

...a Director Murdoch's office.
Something about a car that won't
start. The office didn't tell us
what car it was, just that it was
here. Do you know which stall it's
in?

The security guard looks at his clipboard.

GUARD

I don't see anything here about a
call for a tow truck. I'll have to
check with the office.

Rashad looks at Samir.

Samir has a pistol with a silencer on it resting in his lap.
He begins to raise it.

Rashad puts a hand on the gun and discretely pushes it back
down onto Samir's lap.

Rashad then looks back at the guard and smiles.

RASHAD

No problem. We're backed way up.
When you speak to them, tell them
we'll come by again around...

(beat)

...oh, about six o'clock.

Rashad begins to back the truck out of the entrance way.

The guard looks worried. He studies his clipboard a moment.
Then raises the barricade arm.

GUARD

Wait a minute! It's the gray Ford
in slot 121. You can't miss it.

Rashad looks at Samir and smiles, puts the truck in forward
and drives into the parking Garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck rolls down the ramp into the cavernous parking
lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's row after row of agency cars - all gray, all Fords, all the same model. Rashad and Samir look at each other in amazement.

RASHAD

At least where we come from, you can tell one camel from another.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

Diana has a jacket on. She also has put on her gun. An agent hands her the bag of money.

MURDOCH

I don't know why he asked for you to deliver the money. I would have thought he made you for an agent last night.

DIANA

I was wearing a tinted motorcycle helmet.

CHRIS

He wants her because Alan trusts her. I think....

MURDOCH

I told you I don't care what you think.

(beat)

Okay. We can't follow you on the ground in case they're watching. We've got a chopper tasked to pick up your signal about five minutes after you leave the building. We've got fifteen agents discretely hidden around the drop zone. Nothing will go wrong. Time to go.

Diana takes the gym bag and heads for the door. Murdoch goes with her then leans to her and whispers to her.

MURDOCH

Listen, Peterson, This Cohen kid is a walking time bomb. If we can't get him back in one piece, under no circumstances - I repeat, under no circumstances, are the terrorists allowed to get him out of the country alive. Understood?

Diana looks aghast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at Chris who is talking to the Cohens, then back to Murdoch and nods.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the parking garage the tow truck is pulled up behind one of the gray Fords. Samir fusses about the rear tire.

Diana enters the parking lot with the gym bag over her shoulder. She starts to walk over to her car when she notices the tow truck.

She pauses for a moment then addresses the guy fixing the tire.

DIANA

Excuse me, but what do you think
you're doing?

Samir looks up at her and grins.

A look of shock and recognition washes over Diana's face. She fumbles for her gun, but Rashad appears out of the shadows and clamps a chloroform rag over her mouth.

Diana struggles and nearly breaks away, but then Samir arrives from behind the car and helps Rashad subdue her.

Samir binds her hands and legs, and gags her. He then opens the large metal tool box in the back of the tow-truck; takes out the electronics brief case, along with an empty garbage bag, and hands the items to Rashad.

He then picks up Diana and dumps her into the box.

Rashad empties the gym bag and spreads the money on the cement floor. He pats down the gym bag carefully but finds nothing.

He opens the electronics briefcase and takes out a small electronic wand and runs it over the pile of money - nothing.

He nods to Samir who gathers up the money and puts it into the garbage bag. He runs the wand over the empty gym bag and the wand begins to BEEP.

He narrows down his search and finds the location of the nano-transmitter. He looks up at Samir and smiles.

They return to the car they were working on, jimmy the trunk and dump the empty gym bag into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They throw the money filled garbage bag into the back of the tow truck and head out.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The truck stops at the exit.

The security guard approaches them. Rashad rolls down the window

GUARD
Everything okay?

RASHAD
Just a flat. It's as good as new.

GUARD
Good. Have a good day.

RASHAD
You too.

The tow truck turns into the street and drives off.

INT. FISHING COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Alan sits on the chair and rocks. His eyes are closed.

Tariq paces back and forth then stops in front of Alan.

TARIQ
This is all your fault. You know that? If it wasn't for you, none of this would be happening.

Alan just continues to rock.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Director Murdoch and his aide, Agent Simpson, enter the parking garage and head towards his car (the one that Samir put the bag in).

MURDOCH
Okay, we've given her ten minutes. It should be safe to head out to the drop site.

SIMPSON
You know, you don't have to go, sir. You can monitor everything here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Murdoch gives him a withering look.

MURDOCH

You telling me how to do my job,
son?

SIMPSON

No sir.

MURDOCH

J. Edgar Hoover personally arrested
John Dillinger. It made his
career. I intend to be there to
bring one of the most wanted
terrorists down personally. Do you
have a problem with that, Agent
Simpson?

SIMPSON

No, Sir.

Murdoch gets into the passenger side of the car, and Simpson
into the driver seat.

The car heads for the exit.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Murdoch's car pulls up to the security gate.

The guard opens the gate and the car accelerates out of the
garage.

GUARD

(to the departing car)
Glad to see the flat's fixed, sir.

INT. MURDOCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MURDOCH

What did he say?

SIMPSON

I don't know. Something about
fixing a flat. Car feels fine
though.

MURDOCH

Sometimes I wonder what those
cretins do in those little booths
all day. Maybe we should initiate
compulsory drug testing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Murdoch takes the mike and keys it.

MURDOCH
Romeo one to base. Do we have a
signal?

BASE (O.S.)
There seemed to be a delay for a
few minutes. Maybe all the
buildings downtown. But we've got
a clear signal now.

MURDOCH
Great! Whatever you do, don't lose
it.

BASE (O.S.)
The chopper confirms visual.

MURDOCH
Murdoch out.

Murdoch puts the mike back on the dash and turns to Simpson.

MURDOCH
How long until we reach the drop
site?

SIMPSON
E.T.A. in about fifteen minutes.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Murdoch's gray Ford speeds in one direction down the highway
with the chopper trailing above.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER BUSY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck heads in the opposite direction.

INT. MURDOCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Murdoch's on the radio again.

MURDOCH
What's her ETA to the drop?

BASE (O.S.)
She's running about 10 minutes
late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Murdoch hangs up the mike in disgust

MURDOCH

What the fuck was she doing?
Getting a manicure?

SIMPSON

Maybe she was held up in traffic.

MURDOCH

If she blows this, she'll be filing
missing cat reports in Juneau.

(beat)

Step on it.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Murdoch's gray Ford speeds in one direction down the highway
with the chopper still trailing above.

INT. FISHING COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tariq is working himself up to a towering rage.

TARIQ

If it wasn't because of you, you
Jew retard, I could be home banging
my Jew girlfriend. Don't you find
that ironic, retard? I'm banging a
Jew. What would your Zionist pig
of a daddy think about that?

Alan doesn't respond.

Tariq walks over and leans into Alan's face and makes a fist
and raps on Alan's forehead.

TARIQ

Hello? Hello? Anyone home in
there?

He turns away in disgust and walks away.

CLOSE ON ALAN'S FACE:

His eyelids flutter a bit.

INT. MURDOCH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car drives through Hollywood. The two-way radio crackles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASE (O.S.)
Chopper reporting vehicle is five
minutes to drop site.

MURDOCH
Better hang back a bit. Pull
over. We don't want to spook him.

Agent Simpson pulls over.

BASE (O.S.)
Chopper reports the vehicle has
stopped.

Murdoch grabs the mike.

MURDOCH
What the fuck is she doing?

BASE (O.S.)
Looks like she's just sitting
there.

Murdoch turns to Simpson.

MURDOCH
Something's wrong.

Murdoch keys the mike

MURDOCH
All units. All Units. Converge on
target - Now!

Suddenly all is confusion. Homeland Security Agents dressed
as bums, cartoon characters, clowns with balloons,
housewives with baby carriages all surround Murdoch's car
with gun's drawn.

From all sides agency cars swoop into the street sirens
blaring.

The helicopter hovers above.

CLOWN
Out! Out! Out! Get out of the
Car, assholes! Keep your hands
where I can see them! Get out!

Murdoch and Simpson slowly emerge from the car with their
hands raised.

One of the cops roughly slams Murdoch against the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MURDOCH

Get away from me, you clown! I'm
the director.

He fishes his ID out of his pocket. There is an awkward
silence.

One of the agents has popped the trunk and retrieved the
empty gym bag and hands it to Murdoch.

Murdoch looks at in disgust, throws it down, and stomps on
it.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY - CONTINUOUS

In a waiting room, the Cohens and Chris are waiting: Beverly
is seated; Chris is standing by the window looking out and
Marvin is pacing.

The door opens and a young agent steps in. Beverly jumps up.

BEVERLY

Is my son okay? Did they get him?
Is he alright?

AGENT

I'm sorry. There's been a setback.

CHRIS

I'll get him back.

EXT. TARIQ'S APT BLDG. - DAY

Tariq's apartment building is a 1960's vintage three story
walk up that has definitely seen better days: The grounds
outside are overgrown with weeds and the nearby fence is
covered with graffiti.

Chris pulls up on his bike, parks it, and approaches the
front door of the apartment building.

He looks at the registry and traces down the thirty or so
names until he finds: "T. ASSAD Apt 211."

INT. TARIQ'S APT BLDG. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway in Tariq's apartment building. It's shabby with
paint peeling off the walls, the long hallway has several
overhead lights, two of which are out.

Chris approaches the doorway labeled 211. He looks around
and sees no one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a credit card out of his wallet and puts it between the door and door jam and works it back and forth a few times.

The door springs open and he enters.

INT. TARIQ'S SEEDY APT. - DAY

Chris turns on the lights and looks around: It's a cluttered mess.

He examines a few papers on the desk, and puts them back.

He looks on the bureau, and again sees nothing; then he opens a desk drawer dumps the contents on the bed. Among the contents is a pistol.

Chris picks it up and checks it and finds it loaded.

He is pawing through the contents when he hears A KEY IN THE DOOR.

He stops what he's doing, picks the pistol off the bed, turns out the lights and stands against the wall behind the door.

The door opens and Naomi stands in the doorway. She pauses a moment, then enters and turns on the lights and walks into the apartment.

She doesn't notice Chris who moves quickly behind her and puts his hand over her mouth and puts the pistol against her head.

CHRIS

(In a quiet menacing hiss)
Don't scream. Don't turn around.
Don't make a sound or I'll kill
you. Do you understand.

Naomi is terrified. Her eyes are open wide in fear. She nods.

Chris walks backwards towards the bed still holding her. He reaches behind her and takes a pillow.

He shakes the pillow out of the pillow case and puts the pillow case over Naomi's head.

INT. FISHING CABIN - DAY

Tariq is in the kitchen making himself a sandwich. He is just finishing cutting it in half and putting it on a plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he turns he suddenly faces a very much awake Alan who is blocking his way.

For a moment Tariq's shocked; then he regains his composure.

TARIQ

Well well. Look who's up - the Jew retard.

Alan just stands there looking at Tariq.

TARIQ

What do you want retard? Are you hungry? Too bad. This is my sandwich. Now get out of my way.

He reaches out to push Alan out of the way.

Alan grabs his arm and in the judo move that Chris taught him flips Tariq over his hip.

Tariq crashes into the kitchen cupboard which topples on top of him, pinning him.

Alan stands over him.

ALAN

(emphatically)

My dad is not a Zionist pig!

INT. TARIQ'S SEEDY APT. - CONTINUOUS

Chris has Naomi tied up on a desk chair. The pillow case is still over her head. He is standing directly behind her. He puts his mouth next to her ear.

CHRIS

Now, listen to me very carefully, Naomi.

NAOMI

Please don't hurt me.

CHRIS

I won't hurt you if you tell me what I want to know. If you scream, I'll pull the trigger and blow your brains out. Do you understand?

NAOMI

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
Where's Tariq.

NAOMI
Tariq?

CHRIS
Your boyfriend. Where is he?

NAOMI
I d-don't know. He said he was
going fishing with some friends.

CHRIS
Did he say where he was going
fishing?

NAOMI
No.

CHRIS
I want you to think real hard,
Naomi. You're life depends on it.

NAOMI
I told you I don't know. I swear
he didn't tell me.

Chris pauses - not sure what to do.

NAOMI
His family has an old cabin up in
Wildcat Canyon. We went there once
last summer. I didn't like it.
There were mice and things. I made
him take me home after the first
night.

CHRIS
Do you remember where it was?

NAOMI
Not exactly. I remember there was
an old gas station with old
fashioned gas pumps and then there
was a dirt road about a mile past
that. We turned on that road. It
was about fifteen minutes down the
dirt road. That's all I remember.
I swear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Okay, Naomi. I want you to listen to me very carefully. I'm going to untie your hands. I want you to count to a thousand before you take the pillow case off. Do you understand?

NAOMI

yes.

CHRIS

...and Naomi...

NAOMI

Yes?

CHRIS

If you ever tell anyone about tonight, I'll know, and I'll come back and find you. You wouldn't like that, would you?

NAOMI

No.

CHRIS

Okay, start counting.

Naomi starts counting to herself.

CHRIS

Out loud.

NAOMI

One, two, three, four, five...

Chris tucks the gun into his pants and quietly backs out of the apartment.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The tow truck pulls off the highway onto a rural road.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris's motorcycle speeds along the freeway weaving in and out of traffic.

INT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Alan watches the semi-conscious Tariq who is still pinned under the cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks around the cabin not sure what to do next.

He goes to the door opens it and steps outside.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Alan looks around and is overwhelmed. He sits down on the doorstep and begins to rock back and forth.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck passes an old service station and turns right onto a side road and heads up the road.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Rashad and Samir park along side the road.

They exit truck and walk around to the rear of the truck and open the metal toolbox and lift a disoriented Diana out. Her arms are tied behind her.

Rashad and Samir each take an arm and lead her down the long path to the cabin.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Alan suddenly he hears voices approaching along the path.

He stops rocking and gets up and looks around for somewhere to hide.

He runs to one side of the cabin and tries to hide behind a tree. He decides that's not going to work, and runs to the other side of the cabin, looking for somewhere to hide.

The approaching voices get louder.

Alan spots a woodpile beside the cabin. The wood is covered by an old tarp to keep the rain off.

Alan scrunches up beside the wood and pulls the tarp over him just as Rashad, Samir, and Diana emerge from the woods.

Rashad notices that the cabin door is ajar.

TARIQ

(O.S.)

Help! Somebody help me!

Rashad puts his finger to his lips telling Samir to be quiet. He motions Samir to stay with the girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rashad draws his gun and cautiously enters the cabin.

INT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Rashad surveys the shambles inside the cabin.

TARIQ (O.S.)

Help me.

Rashad puts his gun down and tries to lift the cupboard, but it's too heavy.

RASHAD

Samir! Get in here and help me
lift the cupboard off this idiot.

Samir enters with Diana.

RASHAD

Tie her up, and give me a hand.

EXT. FISHING CABIN PORCH - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE WOODPILE. Alan creeps out of the woodpile and cautiously peers into the window.

ALAN'S POV: Samir finishes tying Diana to a chair.

INT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Samir and Rashad lift the cabinet off Tariq and help him to his feet.

RASHAD

What happened here?

TARIQ

The Jew suckered me. He snuck up
on me from behind.

RASHAD

It wouldn't have been from behind
if you had been watching him like
you were told to.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Chris passes the old gas station and turn off onto the gravel road.

INT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

RASHAD
Where's the boy?

TARIQ
I don't know. He ran outside.

Rashad backhands Tariq who falls to the floor.

ANGLE ON THE CABIN WINDOW:

We see Alan peering in.

ANGLE ON DIANA:

She notices Alan in the window. She looks directly at him.

Rashad stands over the cringing Tariq.

RASHAD
You fool! I gave you a simple
task. Just watch him. Now you've
put everything at risk.

TARIQ
(whining)
I never asked for this. I've had
enough. I want to go home.

Rashad looks at Samir then back to Tariq. He smiles and helps Tariq to his feet.

RASHAD
I understand, Tariq. I'm sorry
you're right. This is no place for
you.

Rashad pull his gun and shoots Tariq in the head in one quick move.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A shocked Alan is terrified. He puts his hands over his ears and creeps back to his hiding place. He covers himself and begins rocking back and forth quickly.

INT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

RASHAD
Another loose end cleaned up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMIR

Should I hide the body.

RASHAD

No, by the time they find him,
we'll be long gone. We've got to
find the boy. He can't have got
far. Make sure the girl is
securely tied. I don't want to
lose two people in one day.

Samir tightens her ropes. Rashad smiles at her.

DIANA

You won't get away with this.
They'll find you.

RASHAD

I don't think so. I found the bug,
and put it in your director's car.
I hope he has a sense of humor.

(beat)

Feel free to scream all you want.
No one is going to hear you.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Chris is heading up the rural road he sees the tow truck up
ahead and cautiously approaches it.

EXT. FISHING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Samir exits the cabin onto the porch. Rashad points out to
a trail heading back to the main road.

RASHAD

You go that way. I'll check the
lake to see if he didn't try and
take a boat. I'll catch up with
you.

Both men head off in opposite directions.

INT. FISHING CABIN

Diana waits for a few seconds.

DIANA

(loud whisper)

Alan! Alan! Can you hear me.

EXT. FISHING CABIN

Alan is hidden under the tarp, rocking.

DIANA (O.S.)
Alan! Come out! I know you're out
there.

Alan keeps rocking.

DIANA
Alan! I need you to help me!

Alan slows rocking.

ALAN
(softly)
Diana?

DIANA (O.S.)
Alan. You have to hurry. We don't
have much time before they come
back. You've got to untie me.

Alan gets up and heads to the cabin door. He stands there
looking in.

INT. FISHING CABIN

DIANA'S POV: Alan is looking in. He sees Tariq's body on
the floor. He seems afraid of it.

DIANA
He can't hurt you. He's dead.

The concept doesn't seem to compute to Alan

ALAN
Dead?

DIANA
Yes. Hurry! Untie me.

Alan just stands there.

In the distance they hear a motor cycle pulling up

ALAN
Chris? Chris is coming to get me!

DIANA
Yes. We've got to go warn him.
Untie me!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Chris pulls along side the tow truck, gets off his bike and peers in the truck. He doesn't see anything.

He notices the path and takes his pistol out and moves cautiously down it.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Diana and Alan are running through the woods. They pause a moment to try and get their bearings.

DIANA

I don't hear his bike anymore.

ALAN

Did he leave?

DIANA

No, he must be coming down the path. Hurry, we've got to get to him, before the terrorists find us.

As they rush down the path, Diana trips a hidden string that Rashad has placed across the path.

She screams as she's snatched by one leg and suspended in the air.

Alan looks at her in disbelief. He doesn't know what to do.

EXT. WOODS - CLOSE BY - CONTINUOUS

Samir hears Diana's scream and stops for a moment, then turns and rushes in the direction of the scream.

EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS

Chris is heading cautiously up the path when he hears the Diana. He turns and heads in the direction of the scream

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS

ANGLE ON: DIANA UPSIDE DOWN

DIANA

Run Alan! Run! Find Chris. Be careful. Rashad might have put more traps on the path.

She points at a path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Go through the woods that way. It's not very far to the road.

Alan looks around then heads in the direction the upside down Diana pointed.

Alan stands there not certain what to do, then runs into the woods leaving Diana swinging upside down.

A moment or two later Samir enters the clearing with his gun drawn. He sees the upside down Diana and smiles.

DIANA

Get me down!

SAMIR

What's the rush?

DIANA

All the blood is rushing to my head. I'm going to pass out.

SAMIR

That might not be a bad thing. Might teach you not to run away. First things first. Where's the boy?

DIANA

I don't know what you're talking about.

Samir gives her a vicious backhanded slap. It sends Diana swaying back and forth like a pendulum.

Diana Yelps.

EXT. PATH IN THE WOODS

Alan is running blindly through the woods. He hears Diana scream.

He stops. He looks back, then continues running.

EXT. A DIFFERENT PATH IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Chris is moving cautiously down the path.

He hears the Diana's scream and moves ahead still cautiously, but a bit faster.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS

SAMIR

Don't lie to me, bitch. I know you didn't untie yourself. I'm going to ask you again. Where's the boy?

DIANA

I told you. I don't...

Samir back hands her again.

Diana continues to swing this time faster.

SAMIR

I'd like to tell you I don't enjoy doing this, but I do.

CHRIS (O.S.)

You might. But I don't enjoy watching it.

Samir whirls with his gun and is about to shoot.

Just as he's about to fire off a shot, Diana swings into him knocking his aim off.

Chris fires almost simultaneously. Samir's shot misses. Chris's doesn't.

Samir falls to the ground.

Chris advances to the fallen body and flips him over. Samir's eyes are open and unmoving.

Chris looks up at Diana.

CHRIS

Nice people you hang out with.

DIANA

Very funny. Just get me down.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alan bursts out of the woods just where Chris's motorcycle is parked.

He stops - looks around and doesn't see anyone.

He runs up and down the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

Chris! Chris! Where are you? We need you. They've got Diana. Chris?

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Chris puts his gun down and starts to lower Diana.

RASHAD (O.S.)

My what a touching sight.

Chris and Diana look up to see Rashid staring at them.

Chris has one hand on the rope. He looks down at his gun lying on the ground just out of reach.

RASHAD

I wouldn't if I were you. After all the lady might take a nasty fall and break her pretty neck. Interesting choice you have to make.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alan is still running up and down the road.

ALAN

Chris! Chris! Chris!

He stops at Chris's motorcycle, and stares at it. Chris has left the keys in the ignition.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Rashad moves forward slowly to Chris and points the gun at him.

RASHAD

I want you to listen carefully to what I tell you to do. I want you to lower Miss Simpson slowly to the ground.

Chris slowly lowers Diana to the ground.

RASHAD

Now move over close to her and tie her hands behind her back. Do it tightly, or I'll do it myself and I'll tie them so tight she might lose them to gangrene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris ties Diana's hands. Rashad motions towards her feet with his gun.

RASHAD

Now her feet.

Chris glares at Rashad and uses the long rope from the snare to tie her feet.

RASHAD

And now the problem of what to do with you, Christopher.

Looking at the dead Samir

RASHAD

You really have caused me a great deal of inconvenience. Perhaps it's best to get rid of you once and for all.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alan gingerly gets on the bike. He turns the key. He steps on the kick start - nothing. He steps again - harder - Nothing!

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

DIANA

You need us to help you convince Alan to decode messages for you.

RASHAD

Very perceptive of you, Miss Simpson. Actually I only need one of you. Which should it be? In fact it might be useful to demonstrate to Alan what happens to one of you if he doesn't cooperate.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON:

Alan's hand on the throttle as he turns it.

The bike explodes down the road. Alan screams.

The bike is totally out of control as it weaves back and forth down the road and swerves into the woods.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Rashad, Chris and Diana suddenly hear the sound of a motorcycle racing towards them.

Rashad turns towards the sound.

Chris springs forward.

Rashad turns and fires, but Chris tackles him and the shot misses. They struggle on the ground, rolling over and over. The gun goes flying.

Chris straddles Rashad puts both hands around his neck begins choking the life out of him.

Rashad's face is beet red. He's gasping for breath. He gropes with his hand and finds a rock and bashes Chris on the side of the head. Chris slides off nearly unconscious.

Rashad stands up and picks up the gun and walks over to Chris.

RASHAD

Good bye, Christopher.

Just as he's about to pull the trigger, a terrified Alan bursts through the bushes on Christopher's screaming bike.

Alan is totally out of control.

The bike plows full speed into an equally wide-eyed Rashad.

INT. LARGE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A huge crowd sits seated around tables in the ballroom.

At the front of the hall on a raised dais is a long head table seating about twelve dignitaries. Alan sits in the center of the table: his father and mother on either side of him.

A lectern is off to one side. The MC steps up to the mike.

MC

Governor Sanchez, Mayor Brady,
ladies and Gentlemen. We are here
tonight to honor a very special
individual... A person who put the
safety of others above his own...
A person who would deny the enemies
of peace and freedom the ways and
means to carry out their heinous
plans...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MC (CONT'D)

A person who would willingly
sacrifice himself for his friends
and country.

ANGLE ON: Chris and Diana sitting in the Audience.

MC

In short, a real mensch! Ladies and
Gentlemen, I give you Alan Cohen.

The Audience rises as one and gives Alan a thunderous
ovation. Alan covers his ears with his hands.

His mother pulls one hand away and whispers in his ear. Alan
looks at her, looks at the audience, doesn't remove his hands
from his ears, but smiles.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Everyone is leaving the ballroom.

Alan and his parents are accepting congratulations. Alan is
still very shy, hiding often behind his mother and father who
are accepting congratulations.

MARVIN

Thank you. Yes. We are so very
proud of Alan. I can't tell you
how much.

Chris and Diana come up to the Cohens.

ALAN

Chris! Diana! You came!

CHRIS

Of course we came. You're our
friend.

ALAN

Did you hear all the nice things
the man said about me?

DIANA

Yes, we did.

ALAN

I did okay?

CHRIS

You did better than okay.

Marvin grabs Chris by the hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN

I don't know how to thank you and Miss Simpson enough for all you did for my son.

CHRIS

Don't thank us. It was Alan who saved us.

(beat)

Actually, there's another reason we came tonight.

ALAN

What's that?

DIANA

Well since you refused to accept any reward for capturing Rashad, Chris and I thought you should get something.

ALAN

What?

CHRIS

It's just outside.

They walk to the hotel exit.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They step outside the lobby doors.

Parked right in front is Chris's motorcycle. Next to it is a brand new cherry red Moped.

Alan's jaw drops when he sees it.

He stands there a moment, then walks over and touches it.

ALAN

This is for me?

CHRIS

Yes. It's yours. For saving Diana and me.

ALAN

Can I drive it?

Looks at his dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALAN

I know how. I drove Chris's
motorcycle.

Beverley and Marvin look at Chris.

CHRIS

We'll go slow.

Alan has already put on his helmet and turned on the moped.
Chris and Diana put on theirs.

Diana gets on the bike behind Chris. Chris starts his bike
and slowly takes off with Alan trailing behind.

EXT. BEVERLEY HILLS STREET - CONTINUOUS

High and wide shot of Chris's bike going down the road with
Alan's moped behind as the Strains of "Born to Be Wild" by
Steppenwolf play.

FADE OUT.