

Happy Mother's Day

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TEL AVIV, ISRAEL - DAY

SUPER: Tel Aviv - Israel

A busy street/café scene.

Music and the buzz of voices fill the air.

The scene narrows to one patio: a family celebrating a son's birthday; a couple in love holding hands across the table; a waiter uncorks a bottle of wine; tourists study a map. You wish you were there.

We linger on the lively scene...then, an EXPLOSION shatters the joy. Blinding smoke fills the air. Silence.

As the smoke begins to clear, bodies become visible throughout the wreckage: the family; the couple; the tourists. Survivors struggle to get to their feet, comprehend, survive.

CRIES and WAILS shatter the silence.

The brave few run into the blast area to offer help.

Distant SIRENS grow louder as Police, EMT and Fire vehicles arrive on scene. First Responders exit their vehicles, grab gear and rush into the blast area.

CRIES for help grow in volume and desperation.

As EMT's begin to triage survivors, police work to contain the street scene as more EMT and police arrive.

Then... a second BLAST.

INT. ISRAEL, PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: Prime Minister Gabriel Oren's office, Givat Ram, Jerusalem

Prime Minister, Gabriel Oren(45), sits at the head of a conference table listening to his 8 person (Men/Women/mixed ages) National Security Team. The room is deadly serious as Daniel Weisberg(50s), Head of Mossad, briefs the Prime Minister.

SUPER: DANIEL WEISBERG, DIRECTOR, MOSSAD

DANIEL WEISBERG

Prime Minister. I don't have to tell you, this is the third attack this month. Twenty dead, forty-one injured. Seven of the dead were tourists, three Americans.

He leans across the table, both hands firmly planted.

DANIEL WEISBERG (CONT'D)

We need to up the price for a Jewish life. If they want to trade in lives, we can certainly play that game. Ten to one. One hundred to one.

He scans the faces around the table.

DANIEL WEISBERG (CONT'D)

I've been doing this for almost 30 years and that's the only language they understand.

His look demands an answer. Close on a deadly serious Gabriel Oren.

SUPER: GABRIEL OREN, PRIME MINISTER, ISRAEL

GABRIEL OREN

Tell me again. How reliable is the intelligence?

DANIEL WEISBERG

Prime Minister, I don't need to tell you or anyone else at this table...

Pausing to look into the eyes around him.

DANIEL WEISBERG (CONT'D)

...that nothing is a sure thing. But, this is as close to one hundred percent as we're ever going to get. A very reliable source tells us there will be five of them in one room. All up and coming lieutenants. The next generation of animals. We could cripple Hamas leadership for the next decade.

GABRIEL OREN
 Tell me again why Special Forces
 should be off the table.

The Prime Minister looks into the serious, tested faces around the table, searching for an answer. Daniel cuts in before anyone can speak.

DANIEL WEISBERG
 (growing frustration)
 Sir, it will be daylight and that complicates everything. It makes it almost impossible to get in and out without collateral complications. The risk will be too great for our men and for the civilian population.

Close on very serious but calm Gabriel Oren.

DANIEL WEISBERG (CONT'D)
 It's a busy area that time of day. There's a community center next door and a market not a block away.

The Prime Minister sits quietly, surveying the faces around the table. A few Nod in agreement.

DANIEL WEISBERG (CONT'D)
 They'll be sipping their sweet tea.. and boom.

Gabriel looks into Daniel's determined eyes.

GABRIEL OREN
 Why do I feel like I've seen this picture before.

A heavy pause.

GABRIEL OREN (CONT'D)
 I don't want innocents hurt. We can't afford that. Not now... with the Americans going soft on Iran and my trip to Washington.

DANIEL WEISBERG
 Sir, the technology is razor precise.

Weisberg looks at General Asis(60s), for support.

SUPER: GENERAL ASIS, ISRAELI AIR FORCE

GENERAL ASIS

I agree with Daniel, Sir. We've used this technology in a range of situations with great success. It's the best we have. I've been assured it can take the wings off a fly from ten thousand feet.

The Prime Minister looks around the table searching for the right answer.

GABRIEL OREN

Skeptics? Now's the time to speak up.

Not a murmur.

GABRIEL OREN (CONT'D)

Isabelle?

He locks eyes with Isabelle Rosen(60s), Deputy Prime Minister, a motherly figure.

SUPER: ISABELLE ROSEN, DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER

ISABELLE ROSEN

I think we need to trust the intelligence with this one Gabriel. Otherwise, when do we?

He surveys the faces around the table before answering.

GABRIEL OREN

Okay...

Long, thoughtful pause.

GABRIEL OREN (CONT'D)

...let's go.

He leans back in his chair, alone in his decision.

INT. HOME OF HADAD FAMILY - GAZA CITY

SUPER: GAZA CITY, PALESTINIAN TERRITORIES - NEXT DAY

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ENGLISH SUBTITLES

The Hadad Family is getting ready for the annual MOTHER'S DAY celebration being held at the local Community Hall.

Family members include the Father, Ahmed(40), Mother, Hana(36), son, Diya(16), daughter, Amira(10) and the Grandmother(Hana's mother), Tita(65).

Hana is in Tita's bedroom helping her select jewelry.

Tita is dressed and seated at her dressing table gazing in the mirror with Hana (in bathrobe) standing beside her, searching through Tita's jewelry box. Hana selects a pair of earrings.

HANA

Here, Mommy. Try these.

TITA

No, not those. Something more festive.

HANA

More festive? They're beautiful and they match your outfit.

TITA

What about the pair you gave me for my birthday. I love those.

Hana rummages through the jewelry box.

HANA

You know Mommy, you need to organize your jewelry better. This is a mess.

TITA

You tell me that every time we do this. I don't know how it happens. Every time I straighten it out, it gets messy again.

HANA

It must be the Messy Monster. Now I know where Amira gets it.

Tita makes a "Don't be ridiculous face" in the mirror as Hana puts a beautiful pair of earrings on her. Hana then bends down to gaze in the mirror at Tita.

Tita smiles, admiring herself.

HANA (CONT'D)
 Mommy, you look gorgeous. Like the
 queen you are.

Tita affectionately squeezes Hana's hand.

HANA (CONT'D)
 You're on your own now, Mommy. I
 need to get dressed and get the
 kids out the door in twenty
 minutes.

Hana bends down and smiles at her mother in the mirror,
 kissing her cheek. She exits into the hallway and sees a
 frustrated Diya.

DIYA
 Mommy, Amira has locked herself in
 the bathroom again. We need to have
 a ten minute rule. She's been in
 there for at least twenty.

Diya POUNDS on the door.

HANA
 (to Diya)
 Stop that!

She grabs Diya's arm to stop him.

HANA (CONT'D)
 (through the closed door)
 Amira, other people live here you
 know. Hurry---

As Amira BURSTS out of the bathroom, sticking her tongue out
 at Diya.

HANA (CONT'D)
 Young lady. You apologize to your
 brother and keep your tongue where
 it belongs.

Amira begrudgingly replies.

AMIRA
 Sorry.

As Amira walks down the hall to her bedroom, she looks over
 her shoulder, catches Diya's eye and sticks her tongue out.

He gives her a look of disgust then smiles to himself. Hana
 YELLS at a disappearing Amira.

HANA

Amira, wear the pink dress I laid out on the bed and your white shoes. I'll be there in one minute.

Diya enters the bathroom and is about to shut the door when his mother stops him.

HANA (CONT'D)

Diya, we need to be in the car in fifteen minutes.

DIYA

(exasperated)

I can't. I told you last night. Daddy asked me to drop off a package to Mr. Huma. I'll be no more than twenty minutes late. I promise.

HANA

Of all days to make a delivery. You just make sure you don't get distracted along the way.

DIYA

I'm sixteen if you've forgotten.

HANA

That's why I worry. You see one pretty girl and you lose your head.

DIYA

You know, they say that Mother's Day is a tradition of the Infidel.

HANA

You tell whoever *they* are, that first comes God and then a close second comes mothers. In God's eyes, mothers are sacred and deserve to be worshiped one day a year.

(disgusted)

Enough of this Infidel nonsense.

He smiles as she tenderly cups his face with both hands, looking into his eyes.

HANA (CONT'D)

My beautiful boy. Be careful who you listen to.

She kisses him on the forehead.

HANA (CONT'D)

Now, hurry.

Diya closes the door behind him and immediately locks it. Hana smiles to herself, walks down the hallway and enters Amira's bedroom.

Amira is standing in front of a full-length mirror, dressed and admiring her outfit.

HANA (CONT'D)

My, my. You look so beautiful.

Hana walks over to Amira. POV from behind: they gaze into the full length mirror. Amira is beaming.

HANA (CONT'D)

You're going to be the most beautiful girl on the stage. Have you rehearsed your song?

AMIRA

Yes, Mommy.

Hana kisses the top of her head, pulls a necklace out of her bathrobe pocket, tenderly fastening it around Amira's neck.

HANA

This was my necklace when I was your age. It was my absolute favorite. I want you to have it.

Amira, admiring the necklace in the mirror, touches it and smiles. She turns from the mirror and gives her mother a hug.

AMIRA

I love it. Is it really mine?

Hana Nods yes and kisses Amira's forehead.

HANA

I need to get dressed. Go find Tita. We're leaving in ten minutes.

Just as Hana exits Amira's bedroom, Diya bursts from the bathroom and runs down the hallway to his room. Hana smiles, shaking her head at the confusion. She enters her bedroom, where she finds Ahmed, knotting his tie.

HANA (CONT'D)

We have to be in the car and moving in five minutes and I haven't even put on my makeup.

AHMED

Relax, we'll get there. You're forgetting that nothing ever starts on time.

Hana disappears behind her closet door while Ahmed straightens his necktie in the mirror.

She quickly emerges dressed, holding a pair of sensible heels, sits at her dressing table, slips on her heels and begins to apply makeup.

HANA

Of all days to send Diya on an errand.

AHMED

What could I do? Mr. Huma needs the delivery today. He was insistent. Diya will meet us there. I don't see the problem.

HANA

The problem is, it's Mother's Day.

AHMED

He'll be there.

Ahmed walks over to Hana, still seated, and kisses the top of her head. Close on her smiling reflection in the mirror.

EXT. THE HADAD HOME - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Hana and family pile into their ancient white van. Hana and Tita are wearing Hijabs.

Before departing, Hana addresses Diya, who is just leaving the house. He carries the package for Mr. Huma.

HANA

Diya, the minute you're finished with Mr. Huma, you come directly to the Hall. You hear me?

DIYA

(exasperated)
Yes, Mommy.

HANA

Good. We'll see you there.

Hana slides the van door shut. Diya watches the van leave then enters his car (an old Toyota), backs out and speeds off.

INT. DIYA'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Diya turns on the RADIO. A station is playing American Pop. As he navigates the busy streets, he sings (in broken english) along with Pink's, "Get the Party Started".

He slows and parks in front of a shop with a sign that reads: Huma Electronics (in Arabic). Diya grabs the package and exits the car.

INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS

CONTINUE WITH DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Diya enters the shop. Mr. Huma(50s), greets him with a big smile.

MR. HUMA

Good morning, Diya. How is your mother today? Did you wish her a Happy Mother's Day?

DIYA

Yes, Mr. Huma, I did. But thank you for reminding me. Here's what you ordered.

Diya places the package on the counter.

MR. HUMA

Thank your father for me. So Diya, how is school?

DIYA

It's good.

MR. HUMA

Your father tells me you want to be a doctor.

DIYA

Yes, I hope to be, someday. That's my dream anyway.

MR. HUMA

You keep working hard, Diya. We're all pulling for you.

DIYA

Thank you, Mr. Huma. I appreciate it. I better run or my mother will kill me.

MR. HUMA

Well, we can't have that. Thank you for the package, Diya. Now go, and say hello to your mother and father and your grandmother.

Diya smiles and hurries from the shop.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Before entering his car, Diya waves to a smiling Mr. Huma standing in the window.

INT. DIYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Diya jumps into his car, does a quick u-turn and speeds off.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

The Hall is a sea of beautifully set tables.

Serving tables are arranged around the space, each in the process of being stocked with heaping trays of food.

The arriving families are dressed in their finest with the majority of the adult women and older girls wearing the Hijab. At one end of the Hall is a stage and riser for the Children's choir. A man is setting up a microphone.

It's a busy scene of last minute set-up.

Hana walks arm-in-arm through the crowd with her mother, Tita, as Amira follows holding her father's hand.

It's a scene of joy and familiarity, with MUSIC PLAYING and families greeting one another with hugs and kisses.

Hana and family locate their table and take their seats. Hana then whispers something to Amira that makes both smile. Hana kisses Amira on the cheek and sends her off, watching with joy as Amira joins her friends assembling on stage.

The large Hall is filled with the hum of life.

INT. DIYA'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

With the radio BLASTING, Diya races through traffic.

INT. COMMUNITY HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CONTINUE WITH DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ENGLISH SUBTITLES

The Male Choir Director(30s), takes the stage and TAPS the microphone. The crowd quiets.

CHOIR DIRECTOR

Good afternoon and Happy Mother's Day to all the mothers who are with us today. Before we all enjoy a wonderful feast, we thought we would sing a song about the very special love of mothers and how much we honor and love them.

Close on a smiling Choir Director as he surveys the room.
From his POV: a Hall filled adoring parents and grandparents.

CHOIR DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

A beautiful song the children have worked so hard to get just right for this wonderful day. "Your Mother", by Yusuf Islam.

He turns to face the choir, then mouths 'are you ready?'.
From his POV: we see the focused faces of the children.

Close on a radiant Amira.

The Choir Director reads the song's prelude:

CHOIR DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The Prophet Muhammad told us that we must obey Allah and His messenger at all times. But who else did he tell us to listen to, and be close to?

He raises his hand and on the downstroke the choir begins to sing.

CHOIR

My Mother! Who should you give your love to?

(MORE)

CHOIR (CONT'D)

Your respect and your honor to? Who should you pay good mind to - after Allah and Rasullullah? Comes your Mother. Who next? Your Mother. Who next? Your Mother. And then your Father..."

The shot pans the room and the joyous faces. Close on a beaming HANA. She reaches over and takes Tita's hand.

INT. DIYA'S CAR - DAY

Diya is driving like a madman, radio BLARING when a distant EXPLOSION is heard.

From Diya's POV: In the distance, he sees an enormous plume of dust and smoke rising over the City. He flicks off the radio, looks into the distance and hits the gas.

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - BLAST SITE - DAY

CONTINUE DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ ENGLISH SUBTITLES

As Diya nears the Hall, his access is blocked by Police, Fire and EMT vehicles. Abandoning his car, he runs full tilt around a police barricade.

He is horrified by what he sees. Close on a stunned and confused Diya. The Community Hall is a pile of rubble and smoke.

The sound of sirens fills the air.

Diya is in shock, trying to process the devastation and the realization that his family may be in the rubble. He runs toward the site, only to be physically restrained by a Police Officer(Male, 30s).

POLICE OFFICER

You can't go in there!

DIYA

My family....

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sorry, it's too dangerous. Now, step back!

Diya frantically looks around, then sprints to the parking lot to look for the family van. He stops suddenly, having spotted the family's white van in the distance.

Slowly, he walks towards the van, processing the reality of the moment. When he reaches it, he stands staring at it, afraid to get too close. He then reaches out and places his hand on the hood. Tears fill his eyes as he collapses to his knees.

INT. PALESTINIAN HOME - GAZA CITY - DAY

DIALOGUE IN ACCENTED ENGLISH

A crowded room (Mixed-ages), all eyes glued to the TV. The screen comes into view: A Newscaster(Male, 40s), is reading the news. Images of the blast site appear.

NEWSCASTER

As we learn more about today's devastating attack, the picture becomes even more troubling. What we know at this moment is that 300 are now confirmed dead, with only 15 survivors. We have learned that it was an Israeli missile attack targeting what was thought to be a meeting of Hamas officials.

Close on the distraught faces in the room. As Women WAIL and Rock in disbelief, the Anchor can be heard in the b.g.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Israeli officials are now saying that human error caused the missile to miss its intended target, hitting a popular Community Hall.

Back to TV Screen

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Only one building away, the targeted site escaped untouched, while the popular Community Hall, as our images show, has been completely destroyed. We have also learned that high casualty figures are the result of a Mother's Day celebration underway at the Hall.

Back to the Living Room.

People look at one another with horror and disbelief. Woman cry. Men look on with growing rage.

Back to TV Screen.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The majority of the dead are thought to be women and children, as this was a traditional Mother's Day celebration with a local children's choir scheduled to perform.

The distraught News Anchor continues.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

We are expecting a statement from the Israeli government at any moment. We'll continue to report on these tragic events...

The Newscaster pauses, listening to instructions through his earpiece.

Back to the Living Room.

The room has gone silent except for muffled cries. The men and women stare at the screen, helpless.

Back to TV Screen.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

I'm being told that the Israeli government is ready to make a statement.

The screen image switches to the Israeli Deputy Minister of Defense, Alon Baron(50). He reads from a prepared statement.

SUPER: ALON BARON, ISRAELI DEPUTY MINISTER OF DEFENSE

ALON BARON

We are continuing to gather information on the incident, but it appears that a retaliatory missile attack on Hamas leadership has resulted in the events of today. As we continue our investigation, we will have more to report. While we deeply mourn the tragic loss of life, we must also remind the world that this incident would never have happened but for Hamas breaking the cease fire with murderous missile and suicide attacks on Israeli cities and civilians.

Anger growing.

ALON BARON (CONT'D)

I remind the world that since two-thousand and one, Israeli cities have been hit by over fifteen-thousand missiles and mortars fired from Gaza, resulting in the murder of hundreds if not thousands of innocent and peaceful Israeli citizens. We wish to live in peace, but will not hesitate to protect the Israeli people at all costs.

He walks away from the podium without taking questions.

EXT. DUKE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA -
SPRINGTIME - DAY

We follow a young man with backpack walking quickly as the beautiful campus unfolds before him. After a distance his face comes into view...it's an older Diya Hadad.

**SUPER: DUKE UNIVERSITY, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA - 6 YEARS
LATER**

As Diya nears his destination, he waves to a group of students. The campus scene is idyllic, All-American.

EXT. ACADEMIC BUILDING, DUKE UNIVERSITY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Diya sprints up the steps of the building and...

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...enters, striding down a hallway bustling with students, then enters a lecture hall and grabs a seat.

He opens his laptop and settles in for the lecture, smiling at a Student(Female,20) a row away.

A door opens at the front of the lecture hall and the Professor(Male,30s), enters. He removes his laptop from his briefcase and connects it to a large A/V screen.

The screen lights up with: MAY 10, 9:00 a.m.

PROFESSOR

Good morning students, pretenders
and masochists, all.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

For the last three months, you have had the privilege of studying Advanced Organic Chemistry, a course that tests the brain power and endurance of even the brilliant, but then, nobody in this lecture hall would know anything about that...would they?

The students smile and LAUGH at the comment.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Your final exam is scheduled for May tenth in this very room. Do not be late.

He looks over the packed Hall and smiles.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

It has been a pleasure to teach every one of you and for a few of you, I'll look forward to doing this all over again next year.

The students LAUGH.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Today is our last class, so I invite any questions. It's your ninety minutes, so use it wisely. Today, there is no such thing as a dumbass question. Well, maybe one or two...

(smiling)

...let's begin.

Diya looks around at the other students and smiles, enjoying the moment. A number of hands shoot up.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

The lecture over, students file out the doors. Diya holds the door for the Female Student he waved to earlier, and stops to chat.

DIYA NOW SPEAKS EXCELLENT ENGLISH WITH A SLIGHT ACCENT.

FEMALE STUDENT

We're getting together for a study session tonight, please come. We need your brain Diya.

DIYA
I wish I could, but I promised I'd
help my roommates with something.

FEMALE STUDENT
Too bad, we'll miss you.

She smiles warmly at Diya.

DIYA
Good luck on the exam.

FEMALE STUDENT
You too.

Diya gives her a warm smile and then walks down the hallway
and exits the building.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walking alone, Diya, with backpack, cuts across campus.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Diya approaches a two-story building with a convenience store
on the ground floor, CHO'S VARIETY, and an apartment above.

As he begins to climb the exterior stairs to the apartment,
Mrs. Cho(50s), hurries out of the store to speak with him.
Her KOREAN ACCENT is pronounced.

MRS. CHO
What day you moving out?

DIYA
Hello, Mrs. Cho. We'll be all
packed up and out by the end of
next week.

MRS. CHO
That good. That good. New tenant
coming for summer.

She smiles at Diya and returns to the store. Diya continues
up the stairs to the apartment...

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...and enters. His two roommates are on the couch engrossed
in the video game, "CALL OF DUTY" on the large flat screen,
with a half-eaten pizza on the coffee table.

Abbas Khouri and Ferran Salib(Early-20s), yell and laugh as they score kills. Diya sits on the sofa's arm and takes in the fun.

Abbas and Ferran speak in ACCENTED ENGLISH.

ABBAS

Diya, you need to get in on this.

The screen comes into view as Abbas scores a big kill. He throws his arms up in triumph.

Ferran in frustration, tosses the controls onto the coffee table, covering his face in mock shame.

ABBAS (CONT'D)

Master killer and still champion!

FERRAN

In your dreams.

(to Diya))

He thinks he's a fucking ISIS freedom warrior.

ABBAS

ISIS would be lucky to have me! I could show them a thing or two and you know what? Maybe I will.

DIYA

My roommates. Highly trained couch warriors.

Diya grabs a slice of pizza from the box and plops down on the sofa.

DIYA (CONT'D)

I just bumped into Mrs. Cho. I told her we'll be out by the end of next week.

ABBAS

Good. Maybe now she'll get off our backs. I don't think she likes having three brownskins upstairs. She thinks we're going to blow-up her store.

They look at one another and burst out laughing. Abbas and Ferran grab another slice of pizza.

FERRAN

I wonder if you can get good pizza in Syria?

Looking at his slice lovingly.

FERRAN (CONT'D)

I'll miss my double pepperoni,
bacon, extra sauce special.

DIYA

You'll be lucky if you get stale
bread to go with all those virgins.

Ferran laughs. They all chow down on their pizza slices.

DIYA (CONT'D)

I have to study tonight. We'd
better get busy.

Diya throws his half eaten slice into the pizza box, gets up from the couch and walks to a locked door at the back of the apartment. His roommates throw what remains of their slices into the pizza box and follow.

Diya uses a key to open the pad lock on the door and all three enter a small room with a round table, three chairs and three desk lamps.

Two large suitcases sit in the corner.

The table is covered with coils of wire, electronic and cell phone components and tools. They each take their seat, turn on their lamps and without hesitation or conversation, get to work.

A calm, determined expression crosses Diya's face.

INT. EXAM ROOM - ADVANCED ORGANIC CHEMISTRY - DAY

Close on Diya. Pull back to reveal a packed Examination Hall. The Professor stands at the front watching a large digital clock. The clock reads: 9:00am.

PROFESSOR

You may begin. Good luck, even
though luck has absolutely nothing
to do with it.

Diya and the other Students open their exams. Diya pauses for a brief moment, scans the room, then gets to work.

INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER - CONTINUOUS

The students file down the stairs to hand in their exams. Diya places his on the pile as the Professor catches his eye.

PROFESSOR

Diya, I'm expecting great things.

DIYA

I have to pass this course first.

The Professor smiles at Diya's comment, then shifts his attention to students who have gathered for a word.

INT. DINER, DURHAM - NIGHT

SUPER: 1 DAY EARLIER

DIALOGUE IN ENGLISH

Diya enters a sparsely filled diner and spots a Woman, Samara (Late-30s), sitting alone in a booth.

Samara is olive skinned, strikingly beautiful and SPEAKS ENGLISH WITH A SEDUCTIVE, MIDDLE EASTERN ACCENT.

Diya approaches and slides in across from her. She greets him with a warm smile.

SAMARA

Hello, Diya.

DIYA

Hi, sorry I'm late.

SAMARA

That's okay. How is everything going?

DIYA

Fine. We're on schedule. I don't see any problems.

SAMARA

Good. That is very good, Diya. As they say in America, "are your roommates carrying their weight"?

She smiles at him.

DIYA

No problem there. They are competent. Good guys really. You chose wisely.

SAMARA

That is what we do. We are good at it, just as you are good at what you do.

She flashes a warm smile.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Just keep being that perfect student. We are so close. Have you recorded yet?

DIYA

No, but soon.

SAMARA

Good. It is important that the message tell your story, the story of your family. Normally we would write it, but we want the real Diya to come through.

(holding his eyes)

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Who you are, what you think, what you have endured.

She studies him for a moment and smiles.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

It is easy to dismiss us if they think we are all monsters.

She pauses.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

The world will listen this time. Your face and courage will be celebrated around the world.

Diya, looking anxious, Nods yes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Here.

She hands Diya an envelope filled with cash.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

This should be more than enough to tie up any loose ends.

Diya looks into the envelope. She then hands him a bus ticket.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Here is your bus ticket. You will be met at the designated spot six hours after the event. I can't tell you more than that, but be assured, everything has been arranged. You, Abbas and Ferran will travel in different directions. They have been given their tickets and instructions, so there is no need for discussion. We want you to focus only on your task.

She looks at Diya with tears in her eyes, taking his hands across the table.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

We are counting on you Diya. Your courage will change everything.

She holds his anxious eyes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

(deadly serious)

Diya, we will all be judged by what we do in this life.

He returns her intense gaze and Nods his agreement.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DURHAM - PAST - DAY

SUPER: 1 YEAR EARLIER

A crowded campus coffee shop. Diya sits at a table with his laptop open. He is alone and absorbed in his school work when a beautiful stranger, (Samara), joins him.

Diya looks up, startled, then smiles at the beautiful stranger.

SAMARA

You look like you are hard at work.
I hope I am not disturbing you.

Diya hesitates, unsure of how to respond.

DIYA

No, not at all. There's room for two.

He moves his laptop to make room.

SAMARA

My name is Samara and I believe you are Diya.

He is surprised that she knows his name.

DIYA

Excuse me, I don't remember. Have we met?

SAMARA

No, but I know you. My family is from Gaza. I have followed your story.

DIYA

My story?

SAMARA

The murder of your family and neighbors.

He turns serious.

DIYA

That was a long time ago. I have a new life.

Upset, he shifts his focus back to his laptop.

SAMARA

You may have moved away from your pain Diya, but you must never forget.

DIYA

Please, I have to study.

SAMARA

Tragedy has the power to either kill you slowly or set you free.

She pauses, looking into his eyes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

It's a choice we all must make, especially those with our shared history and pain.

Diya looks at her angrily.

DIYA

I don't know what you're talking about.

He turns his focus back to his computer.

SAMARA

Diya, I lost a brother and father to the Israelis, so I know what you have gone through. I made a decision long ago to escape my pain through action.

Diya's expression softens. He looks up.

DIYA

How were they killed?

SAMARA

They were arrested by Israeli Security Forces on their way home from work. I was with them. We never saw them again. For ten years we tried to get information, but nothing.

Tears begin to pool in her eyes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

I witnessed it with my own eyes, but the Israelis denied everything. My mother never recovered. She died with her pain.

DIYA

I'm sorry.

SAMARA

Thank you, Diya, but the reason I share my story is that I have turned my family's tragedy into something bigger. I decided not to sit and weep, or to move on, but to fight back. To free myself by doing something to serve our people.

Her intensity growing.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Do you realize that since the day your family and three hundred other innocents were murdered and forgotten by the world, many thousands more have died. People just like your mother, father, grandmother and your sister, Amira. People who did nothing to deserve it.

She looks deeply into his eyes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)
People who were just living their
lives. Going to work, loving their
children, loving their God. The
only thing I ask of you is that you
listen to what I have to say. Just
listen.

She locks eyes with him as she reaches over and gently
touches his hand. He doesn't pull away.

SAMARA (CONT'D)
You are special, Diya. I see that.
Your mother saw that every day.

Pausing. Softening. Looking into his eyes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)
You could do so much for our
people. But, it's up to you. It
must be your choice. You can forget
and live here in America, become a
doctor and make lots of money.

Leaning back.

SAMARA (CONT'D)
Distance yourself from who you
really are, or...

Leaning in.

SAMARA (CONT'D)
...you can do something important,
really important.

Diya looks down at her hand touching his before abruptly
pulling it away.

DIYA
I have to go.

He closes his laptop, stuffs it in his backpack and leaves.
Close on Samara sitting alone, deep in thought.

EXT. PALESTINIAN TERRITORIES, ROADSIDE - **PAST** - DAY

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ENGLISH SUB-TITLES

Ten year-old Samara and another Girl are double-dutch skipping as 2 Girls spin the ropes while reciting a playful rhyme.

A car comes to an abrupt stop on the road. Samara's Father(40), gruffly addresses her. Her Brother(16) is also in the car.

FATHER

Samara. Let's go...hurry up.

Samara says good-bye to her friends and obediently climbs into the back seat. As the car pulls away, her friends wave good-bye.

Close on Samara as she sits quietly. From her POV: the desolate landscape out the window; the backs of her Father's and Brother's head.

The car begins to slow.

FATHER (CONT'D)

What's this?

A curious Samara strains to get a look. It's an Israeli check-point.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Samara! Sit down and say nothing!

As the car comes to a stop, 2 armed Israeli Soldiers(20s) approach, rifles at the ready. The Soldier on the driver's side, barks at the Father.

SOLDIER

Papers!

Samara's Father hands papers to the Soldier who quickly scans them, then stuffs them in his pocket.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Out of the car! Everyone! Now!

The Soldier opens the car door and grabs the Father, pushing him to the ground. As he stands over him with his gun to his head, the other Soldier drags Samara and her brother from the car.

He rifle butts Samara's Brother in the head, drawing blood, and kicks him in the ribs. Close on a terrified and crying Samara as the Soldiers continue to bark orders.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - **RETURN TO PRESENT**

Close on Samara as tears pool in her hard eyes.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY

Diya stops to speak with two classmates, a Female(classmate from earlier) and a Male(20).

FEMALE STUDENT

(to Diya)

So hotshot, did you ace it?

DIYA

Who knows? I'm just glad I'll never have to study Organic Chemistry again.

MALE STUDENT

You got that right. One more biggie and I'm gone...freedom!

FEMALE STUDENT

(to Diya)

So, what are you doing for the summer?

DIYA

Traveling, I hope. I need to see more of the world.

MALE STUDENT

Everyone's going to Maxie's for an "I survived fucking organic chemistry drink". You should come.

DIYA

I'd like to, but I need to start packing.

Trying to act casual, relaxed.

DIYA (CONT'D)

My landlady wants us out by the weekend and I haven't done a thing.

FEMALE STUDENT

Party pooper. One of these days I want to see you with a beer in each hand. Well, have a great summer, Diya. Maybe I'll see you before you leave.

DIYA

I'd like that.

Diya hugs the Female Student and shakes the Male Student's hand. As Diya walks away, he turns, smiles and waves goodbye.

Close on Female Student: She waves and smiles. They continue talking as they watch a departing Diya.

FEMALE STUDENT

You know, I've taken maybe five courses with Diya and I don't really know a thing about him, except that he's Palestinian and really smart. I heard he's on some international scholarship.

MALE STUDENT

He's a mystery man alright. I know he was invited to pledge a couple of Houses and he turned them all down. Strange guy. Must be a Muslim thing.

FEMALE STUDENT

Is he Muslim? I guess I never really thought about it.

She continues to look in Diya's direction as he fades from view.

EXT. CAR/TRUCK RENTAL DEPOT - DAY

A sign reads: A-1 Rentals. Diya opens the door and enters.

INT. RENTAL DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

Behind the counter stands a Sales Clerk, Male(Early-30s).

SALES CLERK

Yes sir, how can I help you?

DIYA

Hi. I need to reserve two commercial vans for the weekend and they have to be white.

SALES CLERK

Let's see what we have available.

The Clerk types on his keyboard and studies the screen.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

You may be in luck. I have a white Ford van and a white Dodge van. Does it matter that they're different models?

DIYA

No, not at all. As long as they're white. We're working a wedding this weekend and the bride insists upon everything being white.

SALES CLERK

I know what that's all about. When I got married, my wife spent two weeks deciding if her flowers should have a pink accent. Two weeks of my life I'll never get back.

The Clerk laughs and Diya smiles.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

I'll need a credit card and a driver's license.

Diya retrieves the items from his wallet and hands them to the Clerk.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

Your card won't be charged until the weekend, but it's easier if we get everything documented now. It'll save you time when you pick up the vans. One last question, do you want the comprehensive damage coverage? If there's any damage to the vans you'll be covered, no questions asked.

DIYA

(smiling)

No thanks. We'll be careful.

PRINTER sounds are heard. The Clerk grabs forms from the printer, places them on the counter before Diya and hands Diya back his I.D. and credit card.

SALES CLERK

You just have to sign here and here
and initial here, and you're all
set.

Diya grabs a pen lying on the counter and signs. The Clerk quickly reviews the forms and hands Diya copies.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

The vans should be ready at five on
Friday. We'll make sure they're
cleaned out and washed for the big
day. We certainly don't want an
angry bride. Too many of those
already.

The Clerk laughs again.

DIYA

I'll see you Friday then.

SALES CLERK

I may not be on duty, but I'll make
sure everything's ready. Thank you,
Mr. Hadad. We appreciate the
business.

Diya smiles and leaves the building.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Close on Diya as he walks. A look of calm determination.

INT. MATTHEWS' FAMILY SUV - DURHAM, N.C. - DAY

Helen Matthews(45), is driving her two children home from school. Connor(13), and Katie(9), are in the back seat of her Mercedes SUV. Connor is wearing headphones.

KATIE

Mommy, Mrs. Polanski says that
whoever doesn't have their costume
money in by next Wednesday can't be
in the recital.

HELEN

Not to worry, sweetie. I haven't
forgotten.

KATIE

Good. I don't like it when she
stares at me in class.

HELEN

Mrs. Polanski is great teacher, but
she's a dance bully.

KATIE

She's the worst bully!

Katie laughs. Helen looks in the rear view mirror at Connor.

HELEN

(trying to get his
attention)
Connor? Connor?

He removes his headphones in a huff.

CONNOR

What?

HELEN

Don't you "what" me, young man.

Connor sits in silence, pissed.

HELEN (CONT'D)

When we get home, I'll need you to
help me unload the groceries, so
please, do not run off.

Connor whines in protest.

CONNOR

Ohhh...

HELEN

Yes, "ohhh". It will take you
exactly two whole minutes.

Connor sits in silence.

Helen turn onto a beautiful street, then pulls into the
driveway of a stunning Turn-of-the-Century Home. Connor
unbuckles his seat belt and jumps out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor, headphones on, slings his backpack over his shoulder
and opens the SUV cargo door, grabs as many grocery bags as
he can carry and hurries up the front steps of the house.

HELEN

Thank you!

Without response, he opens the front door and enters, leaving it wide open.

Helen grabs the remaining grocery bag and closes the cargo door. She then follows a skipping Katie into the house.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Helen and Katie enter, remove their shoes and neatly place them in a row. Helen looks disapprovingly at Connor's sneakers left in the middle of the hallway. She picks them up and places them neatly in line with the others.

Katie races ahead and up the stairs, while Helen, walks down a long hallway, covered with family photos and enters the kitchen.

Connor has placed the bags on the center island, causing items to scatter over its surface. She sighs in frustration.

HELEN

(calling out)

Katie!?

No reply.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(raised voice)

No computer, calling or texting until you hit the piano for an hour.

(BEAT)

Katie? Do you hear me?

PIANO sounds fill the air. Helen smiles.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Connor!? Your father will be home in one hour to take you to practice. Let's get some homework done. He won't be happy if you haven't started.

She begins to put away the groceries.

INT. DUKE UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Diya sits at a table with friends (Male/Female). It's a busy place. He sits quietly, while his friends talk and laugh.

From Diya's POV: He takes in the scene of happy, youthful faces. Close on Diya: A hint of sadness.

EXT. PARKING LOT, TRUCK RENTAL DEPOT - LATER - NIGHT

From POV of Abbas and Ferran: we see Diya through the window, talking to a Clerk(Male, 20s). Abbas and Ferran are having a smoke. The Clerk, carrying a clipboard, grabs keys and exits. Diya follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They walk to where 2 white vans are parked.

The Clerk quickly inspects each van with Diya, then hands the clip-board and pen to Diya.

Diya signs the form and hands it back. The Clerk hands Diya a copy, two sets of keys and heads back to the depot. Diya tosses a set of keys to Abbas.

DIYA

Let's go.

Abbas and Ferran hop in one van, Diya the other. They exit the parking lot, one after the other.

INT. DIYA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Diya stops at a Yellow light as his compatriots speed through.

POV on Diya through windshield: his eyes tearing up.

INT. HADAD HOME, GAZA CITY - **PAST**

SUPER: 6 YEARS EARLIER

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ENGLISH SUB-TITLES

Diya and family are seated at the dinner table..

It's a lively gathering. Present are Hana and Ahmed, Tita, Amira, his Aunt, Sira(45), and Uncle, Bisra(48), and two young Male Cousins (6 and 8). They are celebrating Diya's 16th birthday.

Ahmed stands with a glass of wine in hand.

AHMED

What can a father say on a day like this. My wonderful son has become a man.

Everyone smiles and Nods. Diya looks embarrassed but proud. Hana, seated next to Diya, kisses his cheek.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Bisra and Sira, thank you for joining us on this glorious day.

Bisra and Sira smile.

AHMED (CONT'D)

Diya, you are a wonderful son, a loving son, who I know, will continue to make us proud as we grow old. God willing.

(getting emotional)

AHMED (CONT'D)

So on this day, when my son becomes a man, let us celebrate life with a glass of wine...

He smiles, conveying the rare celebratory presence of wine.

AHMED (CONT'D)

...and give thanks to Allah. Happy Birthday Diya. May there be one hundred more.

The adults raise their wine glasses, while Amira and the other children join in with their glasses of orange pop.

ALL

To Diya! Happy Birthday!

They drink and then, everyone begins to talk at once. Diya sits smiling, enjoying his noisy family as Hana gives him a proud, loving look. Close on a happy and smiling Diya.

INT. DIYA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS - **RETURN TO PRESENT**

The light has turned green, but Diya doesn't move. An impatient driver BLARES his horn, startling Diya, who hits the gas.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Doug Matthews(Father,47), Katie and Connor run out the front door to Doug's Range Rover, parked next to Helen's Mercedes SUV.

Katie is carrying her dance costume, while Connor is dressed in his "KNIGHTS" lacrosse uniform, carrying a lacrosse stick and helmet. All three hop in the vehicle, Connor in the front with Dad and Katie in back.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

As they all buckle up...

KATIE

Daddy, I can't be late. It's dress rehearsal. Mrs. Polanski will kill me.

DOUG

We'll get there with time to spare and don't worry about Mrs. Polanski. I think I can take her.

He looks in the rear view mirror and smiles at Katie. Her worried face turns into a broad grin.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Okay guys, tomorrow is Mother's Day, so we're going to pull out all the stops.

Looking at Connor.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Connor? You listening?

CONNOR

(turning to his father,
exasperated)
Yes, I'm listening. Why does everyone keep asking me that? I'm listening.

DOUG

Glad to hear it. We're taking Gran and your mother to lunch, but I thought we'd start the day by serving your mother breakfast in bed. How's that sound?

He looks at Katie in the rear view mirror.

KATIE

(excited)

Let's make French Toast and real bacon.

DOUG

Connor?

CONNOR

Sounds good. I'm in, but you know I can't cook.

DOUG

You can be in charge of the juice and coffee.

Catching Connor's eye.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And that "I can't cook thing", we're gonna have to change that.

Connor gives his father a "whatever" face and slips on his headphones. Doug doesn't like the attitude.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Range Rover pulls into a strip mall parking lot, stopping in front of a sign reading: DANCEOLOGY STUDIO. The door opens and Katie jumps out with costume.

DOUG

Back at two, sweetie.

KATIE

Okay. See ya.

DOUG

Break a leg.

Katie closes the door and runs into the studio.

Doug backs out of the parking space, crosses the parking lot and enters traffic.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, PARK SETTING - DAY

Doug parks on the side of the road, adjacent to a lacrosse field. The road is filled with parked luxury vehicles.

Connor jumps out with stick and helmet in hand. At a sprint, he joins his teammates on one sideline, the opposing team on the other. His excitement shows as he greets his teammates.

Doug walks to the side of the field where other parents have gathered, smiling at a few familiar faces. In the distance, Connor and teammates gather around the coach.

The team SHOUTS "KNIGHTS FOREVER", then breaks, with Connor and teammates joining the opposing players on the field.

Close on Doug, shouting and clapping his encouragement.

EXT. SELF STORAGE FACILITY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Super: Mother's Day, predawn

Two white vans follow one another through a deserted, multi-unit self storage facility. They stop and back up to one unit. Diya, Abbas and Ferran hop out of the vans. Diya then unlocks the door, slides it open and turns on the interior light. We see two dozen, large propane tanks.

They enter and Abbas immediately shuts the door behind them. Diya glances at his watch.

DIYA
It's five o'clock.

He looks at the tanks and then at Abbas and Ferran.

DIYA (CONT'D)
We have three hours.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Diya, Abbas and Ferran have finished loading and securing the tanks into each van. The van doors remain open.

Diya retrieves 2 identical suitcases from one Van's cab, and opens one.

It contains a mix of wires, electronic components and a brick-like package (the explosive C-4).

With care he unwraps the C-4 brick and expertly begins to connect it to the trigger components.

When finished, he delicately places the C-4 back into the case, secures it and closes it, then opens the second case.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAYBREAK - CONTINUOUS

Work completed, Diya surveys each van's cargo (a suitcase, propane tanks and a long cardboard tube). He closes the cargo doors, then looks at his watch.

DIYA
Seven-thirty.

He smiles. They're ahead of schedule.

DIYA (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

FERRAN
I could eat.

ABBAS
Me too. There's an IHOP just up the road.

DIYA
Perfect.

They all fist bump. Diya hops in one van, Abbas and Ferran the other.

INT. DIYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: 2 DAYS EARLIER

Diya sits before a banner. It reads: "Happy Mother's Day". He wears a Duke University hoodie.

Abbas and Ferran are in the room with Abbas holding an iPad.

DIYA
Just hold it as steady as you can when I'm speaking. The lighting isn't great, but it should be okay.

Diya sits quietly with his eyes closed for a moment, then opens them and Nods 'go' to Abbas. Abbas steadies the iPad and Diya begins.

DIYA (CONT'D)
My name is Diya Hadad and I am Palestinian.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME, KITCHEN - MOTHER'S DAY - MORNING

Doug, Connor and Katie, all in pajamas, are in the kitchen preparing Helen's Mother's Day breakfast.

Doug is frying bacon while Katie is mixing the French Toast batter. Connor stares blankly at the coffee machine.

KATIE

What if Mom comes down?

DOUG

She won't. I told her to sleep in.

CONNOR

How many scoops of coffee should I put in?

DOUG

Four big scoops and eight cups of cold water. Don't forget the filter.

CONNOR

Oh, yeah.

Connor puts the filter in place and carefully measures out the coffee. He then carefully fills the coffee pot with eight cups of water then pours the water into the coffee maker. After a moment's hesitation, he hits the 'on' button.

When the coffeemaker begins to gurgle, he smiles to himself and looks at his father.

DOUG

See, nothin to it.

Doug gives him a 'way to go look'.

DOUG (CONT'D)

If you can make Captain on your lacrosse team, you can certainly learn your way around a kitchen.

Connor smiles to himself in triumph.

INT. DIYA'S APARTMENT - RETURN TO IPAD RECORDING SESSION

DIYA

I have been a student at Duke University for three years.

(Beat)

DIYA (CONT'D)
Six years ago, on Mother's Day, my
entire family...

INT. MATTHEWS' KITCHEN - LATER

Katie is putting the finishing touches on the breakfast tray.

It's a beautiful sight: French Toast, bacon, syrup pitcher,
juice, coffee carafe and cup, cutlery, linen napkin and one
red rose. They stand together, admiring their work.

CONNOR
Think she'll like it?

DOUG
Like it? She'll love it! O.K. guys,
let's go.

Doug carefully lifts the tray as Katie and Connor grab
Presents.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE BEDROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

All three stand silently outside the closed bedroom door.

Doug gives Katie the 'Go ahead Nod' to knock. She does, then
throws the door open as they burst into the bedroom.

ALL
Happy Mother's Day!!

Startled awake, Helen sits up in bed as Doug carefully places
the tray in front of her. Katie and Connor set the Presents
at the end of the bed.

HELEN
What's all this? You guys. You're
too good to me.

Doug gives Helen a kiss, then Katie and Connor follow.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Oh my, look at this breakfast. It's
so pretty, I hate to mess it up.
And do I see real bacon?

KATIE
It was my idea. You can't have
awful turkey bacon on Mother's Day.

DOUG
And Connor made the coffee.

Helen pours herself a cup of steaming coffee and takes a sip.

HELEN
Just perfect, sweetie.

Connor beams in triumph.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'd better dig in before this
beautiful breakfast gets cold.

She pours syrup on her French Toast, takes a forkful, chews
and smiles.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Oh, my gosh. This French Toast is
amazing.

Katie beams and claps her hands excitedly.

KATIE
I made it.

HELEN
Sweetie, this is absolutely the
best French Toast I have ever had.

Both Katie and Connor sit on the edge of the bed, smiling, as
Helen digs in.

DOUG
And when you're through with this
fantastic feast, I think we have a
few presents to unwrap.

HELEN
Oh, goodie. I like this.
Why isn't Mother's Day every day?

Helen grabs a strip of bacon with her fingers and takes a big
bite. From her POV: she looks at three happy faces.

INT. BANQUET HALL, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA - MOTHER'S DAY -
MORNING

A worker, carrying a box of linens, walks by a welcoming sign
that reads: "ANNUAL MOTHER'S DAY LUNCHEON", and into the Main
Hall filled with tables.

Workers are bustling around, readying the room for the soon to begin event.

Tables are being covered with white tablecloths, while buffet tables and serving dishes are being set-up around the room.

INT. IHOP RESTAURANT - MORNING

Diya, Abbas and Ferran are seated in a booth. Each has a heaping plate of food (pancakes, eggs, bacon, hashbrowns). They eat in silence, aggressively digging in. A Waitress (40s), walks up to their table.

WAITRESS

You boys okay here? More coffee?

ABBAS

Please.

Diya and Ferran Nod and smile. The waitress pours and leaves as the Boys return to their breakfasts.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME - LATE MORNING

Doug, Connor and Katie are in the kitchen cleaning up. Still in pajamas, they are just about finished.

DOUG

Okay you two. It's eleven and we have to pick up Gran in forty-five minutes. You get ready and I'll finish up here.

Katie gives her father a hug before running off with Connor.

Doug continues washing the dishes as he glances at the wall clock. Realizing that he's running late, he leaves the remaining dirty dishes in the sink, dries his hands and rushes off.

INT. DOUG AND HELEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Helen is seated at her dressing table. Selecting jewelry, she holds earrings to her ears and gazes in the mirror. Doug, in bathrobe, walks up behind her and kisses the top of her head.

DOUG

Hi, Mom.

HELEN

My wonderful man.

DOUG
The kids did all the work, I just supervised.

HELEN
Well, I know the truth. Thank you.

She turns and looks up at him lovingly.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PARK - LATE MORNING

The two White Vans pull into a deserted industrial site and park. Diya, Abbas and Ferran exit the vans. Ferran opens the back of one van, Abbas the other. Each removes a long cardboard tube.

DIYA
They need to be centered and straight.

Diya looks at his watch.

DIYA (CONT'D)
We have one hour.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Diya stands back to observe as Ferran and Abbas finish applying decals to the sides of each van.

They read: "MOTHER'S LOVE CATERING", Call: 5 - MOTHER, motherslove.com

Ferran and Abbas finish and admire their work. Diya Nods approvingly.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME - LATE MORNING

Helen, now dressed, knocks on Connor's bedroom door.

CONNOR
Come in.

Helen peeks her head in and sees Connor in front of the mirror struggling with his tie.

HELEN
Need some help?

CONNOR
(frustrated)
I almost had it.

Helen enters and stands behind him. We see their reflection in the mirror.

HELEN
Let's see if we can get this thing tied.

Effortlessly, she ties it.

HELEN (CONT'D)
There. How does that look?

CONNOR
Great. Thanks, Mom.

She kisses the side of his head as he steps away from the mirror to put on his sports jacket.

HELEN
I think you forgot that extra loop around. You'll get it.

Connor, jacket on, stands in front of the mirror. He buttons his jacket and straightens the knot in his tie.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You look very handsome.

Connor, a bit embarrassed, continues to admire his reflection.

Helen affectionately touches his shoulder as she hurries out of the room. She then knocks on Katie's door before peeking her head in. Katie is dressed and brushing her hair.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Oh, sweetie. Don't you look beautiful.

Katie beams a smile and continues brushing.

HELEN (CONT'D)
We'd better hurry. We don't want to keep Gran waiting.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

All are in their seats. Doug looks at his watch.

DOUG

A first for the Matthews' family.
We'll be there with time to spare.
Gran will be very happy.

EXT. MATTHEWS' DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Range Rover backs out of the driveway and accelerates down the street.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY - LATER

The Matthews family, with Gran(Late 70s), enters the Banquet Hall lobby. Gran and Katie hold hands as they pass the "MOTHER'S DAY LUNCHEON" welcome sign.

They enter the Banquet Hall. It's beautiful sight: tables adorned with white tablecloths, beautiful place settings and flower centerpieces.

Buffet tables are being stocked with an array of foods as arriving guests search for their tables. We follow Helen as she spots their table (#15) by a large expanse of windows.

HELEN

Here we are, number fifteen. Mom,
why don't you sit here so you can
see everything.

Helen gestures to a chair backing onto the windows. Connor rushes to pull out the chair for his grandmother.

GRAN

Thank you, Connor. What a
gentleman.

Smiling broadly, Connor helps Gran get comfortable and looks over at his proud, smiling mother. Everyone takes a seat.

HELEN

The room is so lovely. Don't you
think so, Mom?

GRAN

It is. Even nicer than last year.
And the food looks wonderful.
(giggling)
I'm hungry.

Katie looks at her Gran and smiles, happy in the moment.

DOUG
 (looking around)
 I think we can start.

HELEN
 Let's just sit for a bit. We don't
 want to be first in line.

DOUG
 Somebody has to be first.
 (feigning disappointment)
 Connor, tell Gran about lacrosse.

Connor looks at his father quizzically.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 Your Captaincy.

CONNOR
 Oh, yeah. I was voted Team Captain.

GRAN
 Oh, Connor, that is spectacular.
 You deserve it, sweetie. You work
 so hard. Duke will be knocking on
 your door soon.

Connor smiles.

DOUG
 You better believe it. Duke and a
 whole bunch more.

Doug looks at Connor with pride.

The Hall is near capacity. A few toddlers run among the
 tables, parents in pursuit.

POV from Helen: we see the room through her eyes. She takes
 in the sight of her beautiful family and the joy of the
 families gathered around her.

Close on Helen: her face reflects her joy.

EXT. CITY STREET/BANQUET HALL ENTRANCE- AERIAL VIEW - MOMENTS
 LATER

The White Vans travel one behind the other. They slow and
 turn into the parking lot of the Banquet Hall. Diya's van
 travels to the front of the Hall, the other, to the rear.
 Each parks in front of a wide expanse of windows.

INT. DIYA'S VAN, BANQUET HALL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

From his POV: he looks through the Banquet Hall windows at the busy scene.

His then closes his eyes for a brief moment, exits the van and calmly walks away.

EXT. BANQUET HALL, REAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Farran and Abbas exit their van and casually walk away.

EXT. BANQUET HALL FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A Security Guard(Male, 30s), watches Diya exit his van. The Guard yells after him.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey! You can't park there!

Angry, mumbling to himself.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Shit. These damn people.

He walks over to the illegally parked van, grabs his cell phone from his pocket and punches in a number.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Hey, Sid. We've got a van at the entrance. Mother's Love Catering. We need a tow.

INT. BANQUET HALL, MATTHEWS' TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Doug watches the angry Security Guard through the window. His curiosity is interrupted by Helen.

HELEN
I need to visit the Ladies' Room before we eat.

KATIE
I'll come too.

HELEN
Okay, let's hurry.

Helen gets up with Katie.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 (to Katie)
 I can't believe I'm hungry again.

Katie giggles as they walk hand-in-hand to the Ladies' Room.

Connor YELLS after them.

CONNOR
 Hurry! I'm hungry!

Helen turns and smiles, holding up a '1 Minute' finger.

INT. LADIES' ROOM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Helen pushes the door open and Katie scoots in ahead of her.

INT. MATTHEWS' TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Doug watches through the window as a tow truck pulls up to the white van. The Truck Driver(Male, 40s), gets out and converses with the Security Guard.

Doug pulls out his cell phone and dials the number on the side of the van, 5-MOTHER. The phone rings, then a recording.

MESSAGE (VOICE THROUGH PHONE)
 The number you have dialed is not
 in service, please try again.

Doug looks at his phone quizzically, as he continues to watch the scene out the window before shifting his attention back to his family.

DOUG
 I'm with you, Connor. I'm so hungry
 I could eat my arm. My first stop
 is going to be the prime rib table.
 It has my name all over it.

CONNOR
 Me too.

Connor shares a laugh with his father and impatiently looks in the direction of the Ladies' Room.

INT. LADIES' ROOM

Helen and Katie are at the sinks washing their hands. As Helen goes to grab a hand towel, a DEAFENING BLAST is heard and then a SECOND ONE, as the washroom's far wall and ceiling collapse. Helen frantically calls for Katie.

HELEN

Katie! Katie!

The dust and smoke are thick, so she drops her hands and knees and begins to search, finding Katie a few feet away, alive, but groggy and disoriented.

HELEN (CONT'D)

My God!

She lifts Katie her into her arms, then makes her way through the rubble. Upon exiting the washroom she sees a massive scene of destruction. The front entrance to the Hall is gone.

Helen carries Katie clear of the blast debris, finds a safe place in the parking lot and sets her down.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Sweetie, stay here. Promise me you won't move.

KATIE

No! I want to stay with you.

HELEN

I'll be right back. I need to find Daddy.

Helen, frantic, leaves a crying and shell-shocked Katie. As she re-enters the blast site, SIRENS, growing louder, can be heard in the distance.

Helen makes her way through the rubble and comes to what was once the Banquet Hall.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Doug! Connor! Yell if you can hear me!!

Fire and Police vehicles arrive at the site. She continues to call out for Doug and Connor as she attempts to enter the blast area. Faint CRIES can be heard.

The first Firemen to arrive rush past her; one stops.

FIREMAN

Ma'am. You need to get back.

HELEN

My family!

FIREMEN

Point to where they are.

Disoriented, she POINTS to a pile of rubble.

FIREMAN

Okay, you stand back and I'll look.
Please, get back.

Helen Nods yes and reluctantly, begins to back away.

Covered in fine, gray dust from the blast fallout, she slowly makes her way out, as First Responders race past.

Dazed, she walks through the parking lot and locates a distraught Katie sitting alone on the curb. She sits and wraps Katie in her arms. From Helen's POV: the destruction.

Close on Helen: tears and disbelief.

INT. CNN STUDIO - DAY

CNN Anchor(Female, Mid-30s), is on the desk during a commercial break. A Producer(Female, 20s), approaches and whispers in her ear.

The Anchor looks stunned and exchanges a few words with the Producer. As she goes live, a BREAKING NEWS Chyron appears: Bomb Blast in Durham.

ANCHOR

We have just learned that a Banquet Hall in Durham, North Carolina has been leveled by a powerful explosion. We're awaiting more details, but I'm told we do have video shot just minutes ago from a local news helicopter.

The video rolls showing dozens of First Responder vehicles ringing the site. The WHOOSHING of the copter is the only sound.

PILOT(MALE, V.O.)

I just hope it was empty. Dear God.

The Anchor returns to air as the video continues to roll in b.g.

ANCHOR

At this time, we have no information on the cause of the blast or possible casualties.

INT. #1 BUS - MOVING - DAY - SOON AFTER

Diya sits at the back of a half-filled bus, wearing a Duke basketball cap, Headphones and looking out the window.

We HEAR Kanye West's "ALL DAY", as he sits watching the passing countryside. He removes his Headphones (the MUSIC stops), takes out a cell phone and sends a text.

He then disables the phone, slides the bus window open, tosses it. He puts his Headphones back on (the MUSIC starts up again). leans back in his seat and closes his eyes.

EXT. BANQUET HALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jennifer Cassidy, TV Reporter(20s), and Cameraperson, Male(20s), come across Helen and Katie.

Jennifer signals the Cameraman to start rolling.

JENNIFER

Ma'am. Were you in the Hall at the time of the blast?

Still dazed, Helen attempts to respond, while Katie continues to cling to her mother.

HELEN

They won't let me back in. I need to get back in.

JENNIFER

Can you tell me what happened?

HELEN

We were in the bathroom when everything just collapsed. I don't know any more.

Helen gestures toward the destruction.

HELEN (CONT'D)

My husband and son are in there. My mother!

(Beat)

HELEN (CONT'D)

It was a Mother's Day lunch.

Helen begins to get up and loses her balance, falling back to the ground. Jennifer gestures to her Cameraman to stop recording and crouches down to help.

JENNIFER

Has anyone taken a look at you and your daughter?

Helen slowly Shakes her head 'No'.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(to Katie)

Honey, can you take care of your mother while I get some help.

Katie, Nods.

INT. #2 BUS INTERIOR - DAY

Ferran is sitting at the back of a crowded bus with Headphones around his neck.

He is stressed and restless, glancing around at the other passengers and looking at his watch.

INT. #3 BUS INTERIOR - DAY

Abbas sits alone in the back of a half-filled bus with Headphones on and eyes closed, moving his head as he grooves to his music.

INT. CNN STUDIO - DAY

The same Anchor is behind the news desk. A new Chyron appears: "TERRORIST ATTACK IN DURHAM".

ANCHOR

CNN has received a video that claims responsibility for the bombing in Durham, North Carolina. It was sent to CNN about an hour ago and was immediately forwarded to local and state law enforcement and the FBI. The accompanying text message to CNN simply reads: "Happy Mother's Day".

(BEAT)

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Here is the video in its entirety.
Let's watch it together.

Diya fills the screen.

DIYA

My name is Diya Haddad and I am Palestinian. I have been a student at Duke University for the past three years. Six years ago, on Mother's Day, my entire family and another three hundred people from my community were murdered by Israel and the United States. They were innocents, gathered together to celebrate and honor their mothers. Officially, it was called a mistake, pilot error, and forgotten. Many of you listening to this, probably have no memory of that day. Why would you? It didn't affect you or your life. My beautiful mother Hana, my loving father Ahmed, my sister Amira, my grandmother Tita, my aunts, uncles, cousins, neighbors, all gone.

(BEAT)

DIYA (CONT'D)

(growing emotion)

What I have come to realize is that, in the West, when brown skins, Muslims, the poor, die by the thousands every month in Palestine, Iraq, Syria, Sudan, Yemen, you barely notice. It is rarely reported, and if it is, it's back page news. If that number died every month in New York, Chicago or Durham, it would be unthinkable. You would notice. But when it happens to us or "them" as we are referred to in the West, it is just another day of death in the Middle East. Just another bunch of backward, dirty, illiterate savages dead. Good riddance.

Pausing. Hard eyes stare into the camera.

DIYA (CONT'D)

Because in your eyes, the life of a mother and child in our part of the world doesn't have as much value as a mother and child in your country. Our mothers couldn't possibly love their children as much or grieve as deeply as you. That is the self-delusion and arrogance of the West. Let me assure you, we feel pain just like you do. We grieve just like you. I believe we love and grieve more, because we have less. Love and family matter more.

A mocking smile.

DIYA (CONT'D)

It is only fitting that on this Mother's Day, here in America, you will feel some of the pain that I and thousands of others will never stop feeling. As I record this, families are planning their Mother's Day celebrations as mine once did. Excited by this day when we honor our mothers and all they do, all the love they give to their families, their children. As you watch this, hundreds of Americans will already be dead. For you Americans, it will now be a front page tragedy. For me it is timely justice. I came to America wanting to become a doctor...that was my mother's dream for me. I thought I could forget and forgive, but that became impossible as I watched more and more of my people murdered each day.

Tears in his eyes.

DIYA (CONT'D)

I still wake up each morning expecting to see my mother and father, but fall asleep each night with only tears.

More aggressive. Angry.

DIYA (CONT'D)

You will never understand until you smell the blood of your family.

(MORE)

DIYA (CONT'D)

You will never stop until you drown
in your tears. I pray for the
people that have died this Mother's
Day. I hope that what has happened
today will shock the world into a
new consciousness, a real
conversation... but I doubt it.
Happy Mother's Day.

EXT. BANQUET HALL BLAST SITE - LATER THAT DAY

FBI Special Agent Carmen Ricossa(Female,35), is Lead Agent.

She looks over the destruction, as bodies are removed and
Investigators and First Responders search through the rubble
for life and evidence. She is on her phone.

CARMEN

That's right, only twenty survivors
we know of.

Listening.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

What we know right now is that two
vehicles carrying the bombs parked
at the front and back of the
building. The security video shows
two vans pulling up and parking.

Listening.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Yes, the perpetrators walked away.

Listening.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Three in total. Yeah, right. I
understand. Got it.

Carmen disconnects and walks over to a group of AGENTS(Male/
Female,30s), scouring the remains of the Van and Tow Truck.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

So...what can you tell me?

Agent #1(Male, 30s), crouching, gloves on, stands up with a
small fragment in his hand. He shows it to Carmen.

AGENT #1

This is what we're dealing with. A
million little pieces.

(MORE)

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

It's going to take time... but we'll get there. It looks as though the tow truck was hooking up when it happened. Talk about shitty timing.

Smirking. Shaking his head.

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Have you seen the video?

CARMEN

Yeah, interesting.

AGENT #1

How do you think?

CARMEN

Well, he doesn't try to hide his identity for one. He's polished, a very sympathetic, almost All-American type. My suspicion is that he's long gone. His message is very different from what we've heard before. He doesn't sound like the typical Al-Qaeda or ISIS type. There's no macho bluster or weapons in view. He's calm, articulate and appealing. A dangerous combination.

Agent #1 Raises his Eyebrows, Nodding in agreement.

EXT. BUS STOP - RURAL SETTING - NIGHT

A bus stops, the door opens and Diya steps off. No luggage, only Headphones around his neck. A run down diner is located nearby with a few cars in its parking lot.

Diya stands alone in the dark as the bus pulls away.

Seconds later, headlights flash from a vehicle parked nearby. Diya looks around, then cautiously walks toward the car.

He looks through the passenger window before getting in in. The car sits for a moment before slowly pulling out.

EXT. VEHICLE, NEAR MEXICAN BORDER - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

Super: Near Mexican Border

The Vehicle carrying Diya pulls into a deserted industrial area and parks near an SUV with Mexican plates. Diya exits the car and cautiously approaches the vehicle.

EXT./INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Diya gets in and warily studies the driver, Mexican, Male(30s), and rough looking. His cold eyes lock with Diya's. He speaks English with a Heavy Accent.

DRIVER

You look scared. Are you scared?

Diya looks at him without saying a word.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are, but you must be important to someone. A lot of favors have been called in to haul your ass.

DIYA

Where are we going?

DRIVER

You'll know when we get there. You just sit and keep your mouth shut and we'll be best Amigos. And get rid of those fucking headphones.

The man smiles malevolently.

EXT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

As the SUV roars off, Diya Headphones are tossed out the Driver's window.

EXT. DUKE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

A convoy of Black SUVs roars through the main gates of Duke University. They wind through campus before stopping at the side of the road.

Carmen Ricossa and a dozen Agents exit the vehicles and huddle before heading out in teams of two.

An Aerial View of the Agents fanning out across campus.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

SUPER: ATLANTA, GEORGIA, 6:00 A.M.

The dead body of Abbas Khouri sits upright on a bench, head slumped forward and eyes open. Headphones rest around his neck. A bullet hole is visible behind his left ear.

The site is yellow taped and swarming with Police and FBI.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

SUPER: RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 7:00 A.M.

The dead body of Ferrand Salib sits upright on a bench with head back and eyes open. Headphones rest around his neck. A bullet hole is visible behind his left ear.

The site is yellow taped and swarming with police and FBI.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DURHAM - EARLY MORNING

FBI Special Agent Carmen Ricossa stands at a podium. Behind her stands the Durham Police Chief(Male, 50s), Chief State Police(Female, 40s), and Durham Mayor(Male, 40s).

CARMEN

(to gathered journalists)

I am Special Agent Carmen Ricossa of the FBI. Before we take questions, I'll just say a few words.

She shuffles her notes, then puts them aside.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

The FBI is working in close cooperation with local and state police and as you might imagine, there is much to do.

Carmen is stressed, but crisp and professional.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you what we know. If you've seen the video, then you know that the suspected lead bomber, Diya Hadad, did nothing to hide his identity or his motivations.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)
He was a pre-med student with a
three-point-eight GPA...

INT. DUKE UNIVERSITY - DAY

An FBI Agent is interviewing Diya's Organic Chemistry
Professor.

PROFESSOR
I'm in shock. Diya was an
exceptional student.

Shaking his head, bewildered.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
In a large class, it's hard to get
to know your students, but he stood
out.
(distressed)
He told me he was applying to
medical school.

EXT. RETURN TO PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

CARMEN
We have confirmed that his family
was killed six years ago in a
missile strike by the Israeli Air
Force. It was investigated and
deemed an accident, pilot error.
Like the event today, the victims
on that day were gathered for a
Mother's Day celebration.

Firm. No nonsense.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Let me be crystal clear, today's
tragedy was not a mistake or error,
but a cold blooded act of terror.
It was planned for maximum effect
and loss of life.

Pausing to gather her thoughts, pushing down the emotion.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We also believe that the complexity of the act and resources required to carry it out, means that in addition to his immediate and alleged accomplices, Diya Hadad had help. It was well funded and highly organized.

At that moment, an FBI Agent(Male, 30s), approaches the podium, whispers in Agent Ricossa's ear as he hands her a sheet of paper.

She pauses to read it, then passes it to the Durham Police Chief standing behind her. He reads it quickly and passes it along. Carmen returns to the microphone.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Two bodies have been discovered, one in Atlanta, Georgia and the other in Richmond, Virginia. We have confirmed that they are the bodies of Abbas Khouri and Ferran Salib, suspected accomplices to Diya Hadad.

The throng of Reporters shout questions.

EXT. PORT OF VERACRUZ, MEXICO - DAY

SUPER: PORT OF VERACRUZ, MEXICO

The SUV carrying Diya stops by a pier where a large tanker is docked.

DRIVER

This is where you get out.

The Driver gestures with his head toward the ship.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ask for Manuel and speak to no one else. You got it?

DIYA

Got it. I think I can remember that.

DRIVER

(angry)
I mean it.

Looking hard into Diya's eyes.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Keep your mouth shut and you'll stay alive. Some very important people must want you alive. My ass is fucked if you screw up. Now, get the fuck out.

Diya flashes a 'fuck you' sneer and exits the vehicle. As the SUV speeds away, Diya surveys the deserted pier and the massive ship before him.

INT. TANKER, BUNK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diya is escorted to a cramped room by MANUEL(50s). There is a single cot with a plastic bag and a towel on top.

MANUEL

Do not leave this room except to go to the washroom. If you see anyone in the washroom, or anywhere, keep quiet. Meals will be brought to you. In the bag you'll find soap and a tooth brush.

His tired eyes look directly into Diya's.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Any questions?

DIYA

How long?

MANUEL

Seven days if the weather holds.

DIYA

Can I get some fresh air for good behavior?

MANUEL

We'll see.

Manuel gives him a suspicious, impatient look and leaves, closing the door behind him. Diya looks around at his prison for the next 7 days then sits on the edge of the cot. He has the look of a lost, frightened boy, not a killer.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME - DUSK

A police car pulls into the Matthews' driveway and parks. The Police Officer(Female, 30s), exits the car and opens the driver's side back door. Helen and Katie get out.

Helen stands for a moment looking at the house, then takes Katie's hand and walks up the steps, with the Police Officer close behind. Helen tears up when she realizes she doesn't have her keys.

HELEN

I don't have my key. It was in my purse.

POLICE OFFICER

Do you have a spare hidden anywhere?

Helen pauses to think.

HELEN

Yes, thank you. We do.

Helen reaches into a flower pot and retrieves a key contained in a small plastic zipbag. She unlocks the door.

POLICE OFFICER

Would you like me to come in for a minute?

Helen looks at her and smiles gently, sadly.

HELEN

No, but thank you.

POLICE OFFICER

We'll need to speak with you again Mrs. Matthews as we learn more.

She looks at Helen with concern.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You must be exhausted, try and get some rest. I'll stop by tomorrow to check on you and Katie.

HELEN

Thank you. You're very kind.

As the Police Officer begins to walk toward her cruiser, she turns to watch Helen and Katie enter the house. The door closes slowly behind them.

The Police Officer stands for a moment just looking at the seemingly picture perfect home before entering her vehicle.

INT. MATTHEW'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Helen and Katie remove their shoes out of habit, adding them to an existing neat row. Helen stands for a moment frozen, staring at Connor's beat-up sneakers, struggling to remain strong for Katie.

HELEN

Sweetie, why don't you go up and lie down for a bit. I'll be right up.

Katie hugs her mother tightly before letting go, then begins to climb the stairs. Helen walks into the house. It's as if she's seeing it for the first time. As she slowly moves down the hallway lined with family photos, she gently runs her fingers across each as she passes.

She enters the kitchen and stops, her red, sad eyes reliving memories of the room.

INT. MATTHEWS' KITCHEN - PAST

Helen is busy at the kitchen island. A 20lb. turkey fills the sink. Katie enters.

HELEN

Hi sweetie. Just in time to help me with the stuffing.

KATIE

Better than practicing piano.

HELEN

Sorry. Not an either or proposition. Grab that loaf of bread and break it up into little pieces. Wash your hands first.

She hands Katie an empty bowl. Katie rinses her hands quickly and grabs a slice of bread from the loaf and begins breaking it into little pieces.

KATIE

Like this?

Helen looks into the bowl.

HELEN

Perfect. We'll need about ten slices. It's a big turkey.

Connor walks into the kitchen, followed by his father, Doug.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Goodie, more help. Connor, you can help Katie stuff the turkey.

Connor doesn't like the suggestion.

CONNOR

Ohhh....

HELEN

It'll be fun. The turkey's ready to stuff. Just take it out of the sink and put it in the roasting pan. Easy peezy. Wash your hands first please.

Connor grudgingly rinses his hands and looks at the slimy turkey with disgust.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(to Connor)

It won't bite. Doug, maybe you can help him.

DOUG

I'd love to, but I have an important call to make. Turkey slime and cell phones, not good.

Helen gives him an "Are you Kidding Me" look. Doug sees Connor struggling to get a good grip on the slippery turkey and rushes in to prevent it from falling to the floor.

Together, they place it in the roasting pan.

Doug, in exaggerated disgust, holds his hands up in the air. Helen chuckles.

HELEN

Serves you right, "Mr. important call".

Doug sticks his tongue out.

INT. MATTHEWS' KITCHEN - BACK TO PRESENT

Helen walks over to the island, slowly circling it, touching it lovingly.

She stops at the sink. A few dirty dishes remain from the morning's breakfast. As she touches them, her body begins to convulse into quiet sobs.

EXT. CAIRO, EGYPT - STREET SCENE - DAY**SUPER: TAHRIR SQUARE, CAIRO, EGYPT**

Thousands fill Cairo's main square with riot police lining the perimeter.

Protesters are carrying placards and banners in English that read: "HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY"; "REVENGE FOR OUR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN"; "NO MORE DEAD MUSLIMS"; "PRAISE THE SWORD OF ALLAH".

Scattered placards have an image of Diya with the slogan "DIYA'S JUSTICE". The scene is explosive.

EXT. GAZA CITY, PALESTINIAN TERRITORIES - DAY**SUPER: GAZA CITY, PALESTINIAN TERRITORIES**

Thousands march through the streets of Gaza City. Leading the crowd are women carrying placards and banners in English that read: "YOU MURDERED MY MOTHER"; "BABY KILLERS"; "WE ARE HUMAN BEINGS"; "AN EYE FOR AN EYE". Scattered placards have images of Diya with the slogan "DIYA'S REVENGE".

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY**SUPER: LONDON, ENGLAND**

Hundreds of Protesters march through the streets of London led by a bearded Muslim Cleric(50s).

The protesters are CHANTING: "DEATH TO ALL INFIDELS" and carrying placards and banners that read: "MOTHER'S DAY JUSTICE", "MORE BLOOD TO COME", "SHARIA LAW NOW".

Anti-Muslim protesters line the streets, SCREAMING at the marchers and throwing bottles. Riot Bobbies move in to restrain the crowd. An explosive scene.

INT. DINER, U.S. CITY - DAY

Samara is alone in a corner booth when Haroush(50s), olive skinned and impeccably dressed, enters, and joins her. He speaks refined English with a MIDDLE EASTERN ACCENT.

HAROUSH

Hello, Samara. Tell me you have good news.

Samara flashes an ice cold smile.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

POV through Diner window: we see Samara talking and Haroush listening attentively.

INT. DINER - LATER - CONTINUOUS

A half eaten meal sits before Haroush. Both have coffee.

HAROUSH

I'm impressed. You have done amazing work Samara. The Mother's Day connection was brilliant. You were the first to see its value. We had been looking for a way to reposition and redirect the struggle.

He smiles at her.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

In America, I think they call it 'reinventing the brand'.

He chuckles.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

ISIS and the others are bottom feeders. We can't leave our fate in their dirty hands. But, for the moment, they continue to be useful...marginally. They will be eliminated when the time is right.

A confident smile.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

A useful footnote to our struggle.

SAMARA

I'm glad you see that. Diya is our future.

HAROUSH

(nodding)

Yes, I agree. Diya is our rock star. Smart, handsome, innocent, a victim reborn. The boy who wanted to be a rich American doctor and sacrificed everything for justice. People can see themselves in Diya. Even pathetic western millennials - or is it Gen Zs? I can never remember. They will embrace him. They'll like him on Instagram and Tik Tok.

An amused smile.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

He will have more followers than The Rock or Taylor Swift.

He chuckles at the thought.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

Yes, he is very useful...for now.

As he looks at her with a father's pride, she flashes a wary smile.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of Manhattan to...

EXT. FBI OFFICE BUILDING, ESTABLISHMENT SHOT - DAY

SUPER: FBI HEADQUARTERS, NYC

INT. FBI BUILDING, GROUND FLOOR LOBBY

Busy lobby scene as people pass through security check point.

INT. FBI NEW YORK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Carmen Ricossa sits at a table in a glass enclosed Conference Room with EIGHT AGENTS (MEN AND WOMEN, 30s and 40s).

A Large flat screen is positioned at the front of the room showing split screen footage of the protests around the world.

From Carmen's POV: through the glass she looks out on a bee hive of activity.

CARMEN

(pointing to the screen)
 Look closely at the signs they're carrying. Images of Diya Hadad appearing on signs around the world just days after Durham. What does that tell us?

Agent #1, MALE(EARLY 40s), a confident type, points at the screen.

AGENT #1

It says to me that they're well organized. That this was all packaged and ready to go.

CARMEN

Exactly. They're even using the same slogans.

She again points to the screen.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

The turnaround time is impressive. I've taken a few marketing courses, and this is Branding One-0-One on steroids. Mr. Diya Hadad is the new face of Jihad. He's not cutting off heads or ranting about the great Satan. He is the modern world, young, brave, educated and very deadly.

AGENT #1

And poof. He's vanished.

He makes a "POOF" gesture with his hands.

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

One theory that's gaining traction is that the Sanchez Cartel got him out. A sort of "fuck you" to America. I don't understand why they don't like us. If Americans didn't buy their smack, they'd all be selling tacos from a truck.

He smirks at a Latino Agent, DAVID MARTINEZ(LATE 30s).

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Martinez. You know my wife
 is Puerto Rican...right?

MARTINEZ
 No offense taken.
 (Smiling)
 So Senor, you like hot sauce on
 your taco?

The other Agents ROAR with laughter.

CARMEN
 All right. Save the cultural
 insensitivity for your private
 life, if you have one.

Pausing to look at the T.V.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 I know you're all tired, but let's
 focus. You can sleep in the next
 life.

MARTINEZ
 We have the Mexican authorities
 pulling every string they can, for
 whatever that's worth, and Interpol
 has an eye on all major transit
 points and ports. We're even
 getting cooperation from the
 Russians. If I were a betting man,
 I'd wager that wherever he was
 headed, he's already arrived.

Looking around the table.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
 We need to switch our focus to
 who's behind him. That's how we'll
 find him.

CARMEN
 I agree. Let's make sure that every
 government, agency and 'those we
 dare not name', are in on this. No
 piece of information is too small.
 Understood?

She surveys the faces around the table, gauging the mood.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
 Okay, let's get busy. I want
 twenty-four hour updates even if
 you think there's nothing new and I
 want details.

All exit the room as Agent Ricossa remains standing in front
 of the television screen. From her POV: we see video of
 increasingly violent demonstrations.

INT. LOUNGE SETTING - TEHRAN, IRAN - DAY

SUPER: TEHRAN - 10 DAYS LATER

DIALOGUE IN ENGLISH

Diya sits alone in a small, but well appointed room. He
 appears tired from his journey. The door opens and a
 strikingly beautiful young woman, Annise (Late-20s), wearing
 a HIJAB, enters. Diya stands to greet her. She speaks
 excellent English with a faint accent.

ANNISE
 You must be Diya. My name is
 Annise.

DIYA
 Nice to meet you.

They both smile and Nod greetings.

ANNISE
 Whatever you need, I am here to
 help. You are a hero to our people.
 (emotional)

ANNISE (CONT'D)
 What you did has called all Muslims
 to action. No longer can anyone sit
 idle.

She gives him a warm, sincere smile.

DIYA
 Thank you. Can I ask you a
 question?

ANNISE
 Of course.

DIYA

I had to leave everything behind. I need a hot shower and some clean cloths?

ANNISE

Of course. Let me take you to your new home. I think you'll find it very comfortable. Come...

She motions to the door.

EXT. CEMETERY - AERIAL VIEW - DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

A lead BLACK LIMOUSINE, followed by THREE BLACK HEARSEs and a long procession of cars, enters the cemetery gates. The procession weaves its way to a corner of the cemetery before it stops adjacent to a grave site with 3 waiting graves. The hearses park one behind the other. The long line of cars pulls in behind them.

People exit their vehicles as Pallbearers(Male, Mixed-ages) begin to unload the caskets.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Helen and Katie Matthews, along with their Pastor(Male,40s), follow the Pallbearers to the grave site. The other Mourners follow at a respectful distance.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - CONTINUOUS

The Pallbearers place each casket over an open grave as Helen, Katie and Mourners watch. A Woman(40s), begins to sing "Bist Du Bei Mir" (J.S.Bach).

EXT. GRAVE SITE - CONTINUOUS - MOMENTS LATER

All stand in silence as the three caskets are simultaneously lowered into the ground.

Close on Helen and Katie: their tear-stained faces reflect their deep sadness. Katie holds her mother tight as Helen stares into space.

INT. DIYA'S NEW APARTMENT, TEHRAN - NIGHT

Annise and Diya enter. The apartment is modern and spacious, with a large flat screen TV in the living room.

Wide-eyed, Diya enters the bedroom, where he finds a walk-in closet and full wardrobe. His eyes dance with excitement.

He runs his hands through the hanging shirts, pants and jackets, scanning labels (Armani; Boss; Calvin Klein) and sizes.

He removes an Armani jacket from the rack and tries it on. It fits perfectly.

Excited, he admires himself in a full-length mirror.

He returns to the living room.

ANNISE

(smiling)

Well, what do you think?

DIYA

It's amazing. Better than amazing!

ANNISE

Good. We want you to be happy. You are an important man and should live like one. If you need anything, just pick up the phone and ask for me.

She looks in the direction of the land-line phone.

DIYA

Is it possible to get a cell phone?

ANNISE

In time. My apartment is just one floor down. I can be here within minutes. You have a very big week ahead, so I recommend that you relax and get some rest. You'll find the kitchen is stocked and if we've forgotten anything, just call.

She flashes a warm smile.

ANNISE (CONT'D)

I'll leave you now. And once again, it's an honor to serve you.

She exits the apartment. Diya plops down on the couch, smiling, taking it all in. He turns on the flat screen. A soccer game comes on. He gets comfortable.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 2 WEEKS LATER

Helen Matthews and friend, Carol(40s) are watching the news on TV. A Reporter's voice(Female) can be heard in the b.g.

CAROL

Helen, you need to turn this off.
Watching the news all day won't
help you or Katie. Take some time.
Visit your sister in Denver.

She looks at Helen with concern.

CAROL

You should have flown back with her
after the funeral.

Helen Shakes her head 'No'.

HELEN

The last thing she needs is me
hanging around crying all the time.

CAROL

She doesn't care about that and you
know it. It would do Katie good to
be around her cousins.

HELEN

Maybe you're right.
I don't know anything anymore.

Pausing. A look of unshakable sadness.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I need to figure out how I'm going
to move forward. I can barely get
out of bed, let alone go grocery
shopping.

CAROL

Just let things happen. No
pressure. In the meantime, I can do
all the shopping you need.

The TV Screen comes into view. A "BREAKING NEWS" chyron
appears across the screen.

NEWSCASTER

CNN has just obtained another video
of the Mother's Day bomber.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The video shows Diya Haddad being cheered by crowds as he's paraded through the streets of what appears to be Tehran.

The television screen shows Diya standing in the cargo bed of a pickup truck, waving to the thousands who have crowded the street for a look at their new hero.

Close on the faces of the crowd shows people cheering, crying and throwing flowers as he passes.

Close on a smiling and waving Diya.

Close on Helen: frozen by what she is seeing. Her expression is blank, but for her tear-filled eyes.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Helen lies on her bed fully clothed, shoes on, curled into a fetal position. Staring at nothing.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME - **PAST** - DAY

Helen sits in her back yard as her children play.

Connor shoots lacrosse balls at a target, one after the other.

Katie is making bubbles with a bubble hoop and bucket of suds. She is thrilled with every success.

KATIE

Mommy, watch!

Swooshing her hoop through the air, a giant bubble forms and floats off.

HELEN

That's amazing, honey. You're getting really good at that. Save some for when Daddy gets home.

Helen's attention shifts to Connor as he fires balls. She smiles, happy with her world.

INT. MATTHEWS' HOME - BEDROOM - **RETURN TO PRESENT**

Helen continues to lie motionless on her bed.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Aerial view of Washington, D.C.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, ESTABLISHMENT SHOT - WASHINGTON, D.C.-
DAY

SUPER: FBI HEADQUARTERS

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Carmen Ricossa is in a one-on-one with Joshua Manning(45), her superior at the Bureau. He's seated at his desk with Carmen seated across from him.

JOSHUA

I'm getting twenty-four seven pressure from the Deputy Director and he's getting crushed by the Director.

CARMEN

I know. We can all feel it.

Anxious, tired.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

It's a spider's web.

His look is hard. Not prepared to give her an inch.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We're tracking how he got into the country and who helped him.

She hesitates for a brief moment, then plows ahead.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

The usual flags didn't go up for someone of his background. The scholarship he received is legit and everyone we've interviewed at the university checks out. What we keep hearing is that he had such promise. Great student, friendly, a bit quiet, mysterious.

Not backing down, she returns his stare.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We're trying to determine when he turned.

She's regained her confidence.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Did he arrive that way or did it happen here.

He continues to be unresponsive. Waiting for something real.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We're following the theory that it happened here, so we're tracking his every movement, everyone he knew or spent ten seconds with.

JOSHUA

(sighing)

Okay, tell me exactly what we have, today.

CARMEN

Well, we know that each of the three was boarding a bus within thirty minutes of the event. We also know where each disembarked and hooked-up with prearranged rides and that Abbas Khouri and Ferran Salib were killed within hours of the blast, probably by their drivers. And dumped in very public, high traffic areas. They were most likely considered high risk and expendable. Whoever killed them wanted us to focus on the two of them and take our eyes off Diya Haddad.

JOSHUA

So, did we?

CARMEN

Absolutely not. Not for a second, Sir. They're good, probably the best I've seen, but we're making progress. No plan is bullet-proof. They'll leave a trail. They all do.

A bit insulted by his tone, she looks at him hard.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We have surveillance video of each dump area and we're tracking all suspicious vehicles within a forty-eight hour window. Our most promising theory is that Diya Haddad was transported out of the country by the Sanchez Cartel.

JOSHUA

How real?

CARMEN

Well, our deep cover operatives in Mexico have traced him to Veracruz and then nothing. He vanishes. The only way he could have moved so freely within Mexico and then out of the country is with the assistance of the Sanchez Cartel; they control Vera Cruz. That means customs and law enforcement.

JOSHUA

(with disgust)

Is every fucking person corrupt or am I just getting cynical? Shit!

He laughs cynically, picking up a Worry Stone from his desk.

CARMEN

As I said, it's a spider's web. We have to tread delicately or we'll break it. He's already out of the country, we know that. We've all studied the video. My recommendation is to take a deep breath and do this right. Follow the web and see where it takes us. Get the whole fucking bunch.

Worried that she's not getting through.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I'm worried that they'll kill him before we can get him. Our primary goal remains to track the network.

She leans forward in her chair.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Stop them before the next attack.
And you can bet they're planning
another one. My guess is, bigger
than Durham.

He looks at her for a long time before responding.

JOSHUA

It pains me to say it, but I tend
to agree. Patience is gonna be a
hard sell.

Looking off.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

(sardonic, weary smile)

We have a lot of bulls who want to
break things. It sells better.

He sits thinking for a moment, fingering his Worry Stone.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What's your gut say? ISIS, Al-
Shabaab? Al-Qaeda? I doubt any of
them have the organization left or
smarts to pull it off.

Leaning in. Confident.

CARMEN

I agree, Sir. I think it's someone
brand new. Sophisticated, patient,
and well financed. The Harvard B
School version of terrorism.

Joshua lets out a SIGH.

JOSHUA

Fuck, that's all we need.
(thinking)
Okay. Keep doing what you're doing.
I'll put on my body armor.

Carmen gets up to leave as he sits fingering a well worn
worry stone.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I don't want to be left standing in
front of the Director with my dick
in my hand.

CARMEN
 (smiling)
 Nobody wants that, Sir.

She exits leaving a very worried Joshua.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME - DRIVEWAY

SUPER: A FEW MONTHS LATER

Helen is about to get in her MERCEDES SUV when a neighbor, REBECCA (50), approaches her. A 'FOR SALE' sign is on the Matthews' front lawn.

REBECCA
 Hi, Helen. I saw the sign go up yesterday. We'll hate to see you leave.

HELEN
 Thanks, Rebecca. I hate to leave, but I can't stay.

Tears begin to fill Helen's eyes.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. You'd think I'd be cried out by now.

Rebecca steps close, putting her hand on Helen's shoulder.

REBECCA
 I can't even begin to imagine.

HELEN
 I just can't stay. The house is so quiet now.

Trying to regain her composure.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Everything reminds me of Doug and Connor.

Wiping tears away.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 I can't even bring myself to wash a dirty dish from my Mother's Day breakfast. I keep it sealed in a freezer bag. Isn't that insane? And Katie needs a new start.
 (MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

She's so sad and angry. It breaks my heart. I'm afraid for her. What she might do.

REBECCA

How does any of this happen. We see bombings on the news every day, but here? In Durham?... for God's sake.

HELEN

One minute my life was everything I ever wanted, and then...

(Beat)

HELEN (CONT'D)

...it wasn't, and will never be again.

She wipes away tears.

HELEN (CONT'D)

How does something that happens thousands of miles away, find its way here? I just can't make any sense of it.

Looking off.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What really angers me, is that while we were just going about our lives, people were planning to kill us. To take away everything.

A flash of anger crosses her eyes.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I can't stop thinking about that. It's as though everything we did as a family was for nothing. You know, maybe I'm warped, but I'm beginning to understand why he wanted revenge. If I didn't have Katie...

She stops to gather her emotions.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'd better be going. Katie will be waiting.

Helen takes Rebecca's hand. They look at one another with deep sadness.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Thank you for being a good friend.

They hug. Helen gets in her SUV, backs out of the driveway and speeds away, as Rebecca stands watching.

INT. DIYA'S APARTMENT, TEHRAN - DAY

Diya sits on the couch watching soccer and looking bored. He turns off the television, rubs his face in frustration, leans his head back and closes his eyes.

INT. HADAD HOME - DIYA'S BEDROOM - **PAST** - NIGHT

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ ENGLISH SUBTITLES

15-year-old Diya is sitting at his desk with his laptop open.

A KNOCK on the door.

DIYA

Come in.

It's his mother, Hana.

HANA

So late, Diya? You need to get some sleep.

DIYA

I will. I just have to finish this. We have a biology test tomorrow and I want to ace it.

HANA

I know, but if you don't get some sleep, all the studying in the world won't help.

DIYA

You can't be a doctor unless you ace biology.

HANA

Diya, you're fifteen. You have time.

She looks at him lovingly.

DIYA

What?

HANA

Nothing. Just mother stuff. My beautiful boy, so proud.

She kisses the top of his head.

HANA (CONT'D)

Ten more minutes and lights out.

DIYA

Twenty, and then I promise. Really.

She smiles at his negotiating antics and leaves the room.

INT. DIYA'S APARTMENT - **RETURN TO PRESENT**

Diya is startled by a KNOCK on the door. He jumps up and opens it. It's Annise.

DIYA

Annise...hi. I wasn't expecting you.

ANNISE

I know, I hope you don't mind. I have good news.

DIYA

Great. I could use some.

He gestures for her to come in. They walk to the couch and sit.

ANNISE

We know you've been feeling trapped lately, so we've arranged a tour of the countryside. You will get a chance to meet the people and they will get to meet their hero.

DIYA

(relieved)

Thank you.

He grabs her hands, then quickly withdraws them, embarrassed.

DIYA (CONT'D)

I'm going crazy being locked up here. I thought you would want me to do more. I can be of help, I know I can.

ANNISE

Yes, and you will. You have to understand that there are people looking for you.

Pausing, looking into his eyes.

ANNISE (CONT'D)

People who want to hurt you. The most important thing is that you are safe.

DIYA

I was promised that once I was settled, I could continue my medical studies.

ANNISE

That would be wonderful. I will look into it for you.

DIYA

Thank you.

He flashes a big smile as she looks into his eyes, adoringly.

ANNISE

What you have done already is more than most will ever do. People cannot stop talking about brave Diya. The Supreme Leader wants to meet with you and offer his thanks and blessings.

Diya smiles with excitement in his eyes.

INT. INSIDE SUV, IRANIAN COUNTRYSIDE - MOVING - DAY

Diya and driver, traveling in a Black SUV, are following a single Black SUV security vehicle. Diya sits alone in the back seat, relaxed and happy to be out.

Close on Diya: He has the look of a young, innocent boy. Happy to be out and about. His window down, arm out, as the countryside flashes by.

From Diya's POV: Through the windshield we see the security vehicle slow and come to a stop in the middle of the deserted road. Diya's vehicle stops behind it.

TWO armed SECURITY MEN(EARLY 30s), exit the vehicle and walk toward Diya's vehicle. Diya watches unconcerned.

As Diya's driver sticks his head out the window to question the men, they OPEN FIRE with automatic weapons, pounding the vehicle with bullets, killing Diya and driver instantly.

The two men cease firing and survey their work. One then takes out his cell phone and films the carnage. Both then calmly walk back to their vehicle.

Close on a dead, bullet riddled Diya.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Security Vehicle slowly pulls away from scene, leaving Diya's vehicle alone in the empty countryside.

INT. IRANIAN TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

A Female (30s), in hijab, is anchoring the news with an IMAGE of Diya's bullet riddled vehicle behind her.

DIALOGUE IN ACCENTED ENGLISH

NEWSCASTER

The video footage you're seeing is of Diya Hadad's SUV after what is suspected to be an early morning attack by an Israeli assassination squad. Diya and his driver were traveling for the day to meet with local leaders in the nearby town of Abali and were expected to attend an afternoon rally in the Town Square.

The image on the screen is of Diya's body.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

This brutal murder is just the latest in a string of attacks by Israeli and American hit squads. Our Supreme Leader says that Diya Hadad, in death, will continue to be an inspiration to Muslims around the world.

INT. DIYA'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Annise is walking through the apartment with a Worker(Male, 40s) in tow.

She looks into Diya's bedroom closet with a cool detachment.

ANNISE

Remove all items and burn them. I want this apartment cleaned with no trace of the previous tenant. You understand?

He Nods yes.

ANNISE (CONT'D)

I expect it to be done by end of day.

Annise, all business, strolls through the apartment, taking a final look before exiting and closing the door behind her.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Carmen Ricossa enters the office of Joshua Manning, grabs the remote and flicks on the television. He's busy at his desk.

CARMEN

Have you seen this?

The screen is filled with images of the Iranian broadcast.

JOSHUA

(annoyed)

Just saw it. Certainly puts a different spin on things. Do you believe any of it?

CARMEN

(confident, aggressive)

You must be kidding. We're seeing something brand new here. Make the clean-cut, pre-med student a hero and then make him a martyr. I thought they'd kill him, but not this soon. These guys are more calculating and ruthless than I thought, and much smarter. I'll make a prediction...

He leans back in his chair, skeptical, waiting.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

...within twelve hours, we're going to see demonstrations around the world with the martyred face of Diya Hadad front and center.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Calling all Muslim youth to action for the murder of the Mother's Day hero. He's more useful dead than alive. It's brilliant.

JOSHUA

Every field office is on high alert. The Germans and French are as nervous as we are. We need to figure out what this means.

He picks up his worry stone and begins to rub.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Is it strategic as you say, or a trigger for something bigger? The Israelis deny any involvement.

CARMEN

They had nothing to do with it. What would they gain?

Admiration and disgust cross her face.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

The Iranians sent Diya out into the countryside with just a driver and no security? I don't believe any of it. No, poor little Diya was driven to the country and executed.

JOSHUA

So, tell me you're making progress with the 'so called' spider's web.

Carmen looks at him sharply, pausing before answering.

CARMEN

We know that Diya had multiple meetings with an older woman. We have a general description, late thirties, early forties. Very attractive, dark hair, well-dressed, likely Middle-Eastern. We think the meetings started somewhere between a year and two years ago. She's elusive, blends in, especially in a place like New York. So far, her base seems to be big city, East Coast. If we get her, we might just get the whole thing.

Joshua sits stone faced.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We know that Diya didn't know his roommates before they moved in.

Pausing. Thinking.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I believe it was all arranged by his Angel. They were selected specifically for Diya and the mission. The C-FOUR used in the blast could only have come from two sources; the bad news there is, one possible source is ours. Army intelligence is on it.

She takes a deep breath.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

And the Cartel connection appears to be real. We have someone inside, but he has to tread carefully.

A flash of vulnerability.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

What gives me nightmares is that this network has been operating on U.S. soil for years without our knowing anything about it. And they're electronically invisible. How is that even possible?

Shaking her head from side-to-side.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

My bet is that our Angel is building a network of Diyas. One by one. If we push or step too hard, we'll spook her and she'll go underground. We'll lose everything.

For a moment, they sit in silence staring at one other.

Joshua SIGHS.

JOSHUA

She's the key. We need to identify her and see where she takes us.

Thinking. Searching.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Let's shake the tree and make a few lower level arrests that'll make the news. Who knows, we might get something.

He pauses. Rubbing his worry stone.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Let her think that we're off in another direction. If she's over confident, she may slip. I need to take something real upstairs... and soon.

He gives her a "Get out of my office" look. She exits. Close on Joshua as he continues to rub the stone.

INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - DAY

Samara, beautifully dressed, strolls through the Shoe Department. A stunning, blonde Female Sales Clerk (LATE-20s), approaches her.

CLERK

May I help you with anything?

Samara points to three pairs on display.

SAMARA

Yes, do you have these, these and these in a seven?

CLERK

I believe we do.

The Clerk leaves to look as Samara continues to browse. The Clerk quickly returns carrying four shoe boxes. Samara takes a seat.

CLERK (CONT'D)

We have all three, plus, I brought out another pair of Jimmy Choo's you might like. We just got them in.

The Clerk removes the first pair from its box and helps Samara slide into them. Samara stands, admiring herself in a nearby mirror as the Clerk studies her with a lustful eye.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You have such beautiful legs.

Samara smiles into the mirror, then returns to her seat, where the Clerk removes her shoes and helps her slide into a second pair. Samara looks into her eyes and smiles warmly.

INT. SAKS, CHECK OUT - LATER - CONTINUOUS

The Clerk bags the day's purchase, but before placing the receipt in the bag, she writes phone number on it.

CLERK

Thank you, and may I say, you have
exquisite taste.

Samara takes the bags from the Clerk, flashes a suggestive smile and turns to leave. The Clerk's eyes follow her.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Samara exits Saks and joins the busy pedestrian rush on 5th Avenue. We see her get swallowed by the crowd.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - DAY

SUPER: PARIS, FRANCE

FOOTAGE of Young Muslim Protestors marching and carrying placards and banners with Diya's bullet-ridden image. Some brandish slogans: "JUSTICE FOR DIYA"; "REVOLUTION NOW"; "NO LONGER SILENT". Riot police and anti-Muslim Protestors line the street.

EXT. STREETS OF BRUSSELS - DAY

SUPER: BRUSSELS, BELGIUM - DAY

FOOTAGE of Young Muslim PROTESTERS marching and carrying placards and banners with Diya's bullet-ridden image. Some brandish slogans: "JUSTICE FOR DIYA"; "SHARIA LAW NOW". Riot Police and Anti-Muslim Protestors line the street.

INT. DINER, U.S. CITY - LATE NIGHT

Samara and Haroush are sitting in the same, nearly empty diner. A waitress walks up, automatically refills their coffee cups and walks away.

HAROUSH

I will never get used to this American coffee. They even manage to ruin espresso. How is that possible?

SAMARA

A small sacrifice we make for the cause.

They both smile.

HAROUSH

People are getting impatient. It's been months. They want to see something tangible.

SAMARA

By tangible, you mean an explosion or two.

He smiles at the sarcasm.

HAROUSH

That's not quite how I would phrase it, but yes, something newsworthy.

Samara is impatient with the direction of questioning.

SAMARA

We have a dozen more Diya's living in America. Hidden and waiting. And that number will grow. Young men who have been under our control from the day they stepped on U.S. soil. We arranged everything. Visas, acceptance to the best schools, scholarships.

She takes a sip of her coffee.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

We have more in every major city in Europe and we own them all. They will act when we tell them to act and not a day before.

She is showing impatience with this man, his meddling and arrogance.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Just tell your people that their investment is appreciated. They are doing God's work.

(MORE)

SAMARA (CONT'D)

U.S. law enforcement is resourceful and motivated. They are waiting for us to make a mistake. We will not make it easy for them.

She is resolute, uncompromising.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

We need to always be better and smarter. And that requires patience.

His serious look turns into a warm smile.

HAROUSH

Samara, I am your biggest champion. I represent a very powerful group of men who are used to getting exactly what they want, when they want it. Indulge them their need to meddle.

He smiles again to break the tension.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

The truth is, time is on our side. In fifty, sixty years, even if we do nothing, much of Europe will be ours. Two generations from today, we'll simply outnumber them. For every one of their babies, we make three, four. It's inevitable. A demographic wave I think they call it. The United States? Well, that is another matter. We will never win here and that should never be our objective. But we will convince them that continuing to meddle in our world has consequences. France, Germany, Belgium... we will, with God's guidance, eventually overwhelm the institutions that currently exclude and persecute us.

He leans forward for emphasis.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

Clear eyes see that, but no one in the West has the courage to speak the truth. Because, if they speak it, then, they will have to do something about it. And that will get very messy.

(MORE)

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

Western politicians don't like messy. It's not compatible with democratic ideals of equality and freedom and getting re-elected. Their reluctance to make hard choices will eventually destroy them.

He smiles with satisfaction, chuckles and takes a sip of his coffee.

SAMARA

Fifty years is a long time. I prefer to turn up the flame. I want to be around to see them on their knees.

They lock eyes for a long moment.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Tell your friends that their patience will be rewarded.

She smiles without warmth.

HAROUSH

The more Muslims they lock up or kill, the more refugees their wars create...the stronger we become. Covid allowed us time to regroup and recapitalize.

(a sinister smile)

We must always be prepared to take advantage of the misery around us. Allah would be disappointed if we let his work go to waste.

He looks at his watch.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

I'd better be on my way. I have much territory to cover and many people to see.

He gets up to leave and gives her a fatherly smile.

HAROUSH (CONT'D)

Allah watches over you, Samara. Did you know that in Arabic, Samara means 'Protected by God'. Let Him take on some of the burden. Every so often, you need to step back and enjoy yourself.

SAMARA

Don't worry. I have my ways.

He leaves. Through the window, she watches him get into his shiny CADILLAC CTS and pull away. She takes a sip of coffee, deep in thought.

INT. SAMARA'S BEDROOM - **PAST** - DAY

12-year-old Samara sits on the edge of her bed while her Mother(40), brushes her hair.

SAAMARA

Mommy? Will Daddy and Kali ever come home? I miss them.

MOTHER

I miss them too sweetie. It is in God's hands now. We need to be strong.

Close on a deeply sad Samara.

INT. DINER - **BACK TO PRESENT**

Samara sits alone, deep in thought. Tears pool in her eyes.

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN CAFE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Five FBI SUVs are parked in front of THE MOROCCAN GARDEN, a Middle Eastern restaurant.

Carmen, standing by one of the vehicles, is on her phone. Suddenly, FBI Agents BURST out of the restaurant with 4 handcuffed Suspects(Male, 20s), and aggressively load them into the waiting vehicles. A television news crew films the arrest.

CARMEN

(on phone)

Yeah, we got'em. Yes, Sir. Should be on CNN in fifteen.

Carmen disconnects and hops in the front seat of one of the SUVs. It ROARS off.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME - DAY

Helen and Katie stand in front of the house. A moving truck is in the driveway. The 'For Sale' sign now has a 'Sold' banner across it.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME - **PAST** - DAY

SUPER: 10 YEARS EARLIER

A very pregnant Helen, Doug and 3-year-old Connor are moving into their new home.

A moving van is backing into the driveway. Helen carries Connor as she and Doug walk up to the front door and unlock it.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

They enter and walk through the big, empty rooms. Helen sets Connor down and enters the kitchen and walks around slowly, taking in her new home. Doug enters. We can hear Connor running in the b.g.

DOUG

Not too late to change your mind.

HELEN

Are you kidding? You'll have to drag me out of here kicking and screaming. I love you honey, but I think I love this house more.

DOUG

I knew it was too good to last.

She smiles at him. He walks over and gives her a kiss.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Welcome to the new home of the Matthews family.

EXT. MATTHEWS' HOME - **BACK TO PRESENT** - CONTINUOUS

Helen remains standing, holding Katie's hand. They watch as the moving van's back doors are being closed and locked. The two movers hop into the truck's cab.

HELEN

Okay, sweetie. It's time to go.

They walk to the Mercedes SUV parked at the curb. Katie gets in the front passenger seat, while Helen pauses to look at the house one last time before getting in.

The moving van pulls out of the driveway and proceeds down the street. Helen pulls out and follows.

INT. SAMARA'S CO-OP, NEW YORK - NIGHT

The door opens and Samara walks into her spacious Manhattan CO-OP.

She hangs up her coat, walks to the kitchen, retrieves a bottle of white wine from the bar frig, fills an over-sized wineglass and takes a satisfying sip.

She then walks into her modern and exquisitely decorated living room, and eases into the sofa.

Close on Samara: deep in thought, she sits for a long moment in the semi-darkness, sipping her wine.

She then rises and walks out onto her spacious, landscaped balcony. With the Statue of Liberty illuminated in the distance, the sounds of New York envelop her as she stands at the railing, enjoying the evening and her wine.

INT. CARMEN RICOSSA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The apartment is tiny and thinly decorated. Carmen is in the kitchen and opens the refrigerator, empty except for a lone beer. She grabs it, twists off the cap and takes a long, satisfying swig. She then searches her nearly bare cupboards, then grabs a stack of take-out flyers.

She settles on PONG'S ASIAN GARDENS and calls.

CARMEN

(into phone)

Yes, hi. It is. I'm fine, how are you, Mrs. Pong? Yes the usual, extra peas in the fried rice.

Great, see you in thirty.

Carmen places the phone on the coffee table and sits, exhausted from a long day.

She takes a long pull on her beer the gets up and opens the door to her tiny, cluttered balcony.

She steps out and stands looking across the river at the lights of New York. Lady Liberty is in the distance. She drains her remaining beer.

INT. SAMARA'S APARTMENT, BALCONY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hearing the door open and close, Samara smiles to herself.

Suddenly, the beautiful blonde from Saks is standing beside her on the balcony. She kisses Samara seductively on the neck, then takes the wine glass from her and enjoys a suggestive sip.

SAMARA

I've been looking forward to this all day.

THE BLONDE

Me too.

The blonde puts the wine glass down and they kiss passionately.

INT. SAMARA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Samara and friend are naked in bed. The blonde is the aggressor, with Samara lying back, wide-eyed in her enjoyment.

INT. CNN STUDIO - DAY

A Male Newscaster(40s), is at the news desk.

NEWSCASTER

Today marks the one year anniversary of the terrorist attack in Durham, North Carolina. To commemorate that tragic day and the hundreds of lives lost, a memorial service will be held at the blast site, which has been cleared and turned into a memorial park. The President, as well as State and local dignitaries will be in attendance for the one o'clock service. CNN will cover the President's address live.

New camera angle.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

I'd like to welcome Special Agent Carmen Ricossa of the FBI to the studio. Thank you for taking the time to join us on this day of remembrance.

Carmen is seated next to him.

CARMEN

Thank you for the opportunity.

NEWSCASTER

It's now been a year since the terrorist attack that killed over four hundred Durham citizens. Can you tell us where the FBI is one year later?

CARMEN

Well, as I'm sure you can imagine, over the past twelve months, we've investigated every possible lead. Diya Haddad was a terrorist and murderer, but we believe, just a pawn.

Confident, contained.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We're confident that our investigation will result in untangling the network behind him and the arrest of its principals. Every day we make progress. Our primary goal, as always, is to protect the American people from future Diya Hadads.

NEWSCASTER

You can understand peoples' fears.

Carmen looks at the newscaster with a determined expression.

CARMEN

Yes, I can. But we will succeed, I can promise the American people that. Let me share with your viewers what I can...

INT. FBI OFFICES, NEW YORK - LATER

Carmen sits at a table with two members of her team, Agent #1(Male, 40s) and AGENT #2(Female, 30s).

CARMEN

Okay, let me have it.

AGENT #1

You were good, really. What else could you say.

AGENT #2

They know that we can't discuss the investigation in any detail. It's all bullshit, but you were good.

CARMEN

Yeah, well. I think I stepped in it with my 'promise'. I'm sure I'll hear about it.

Frustrated, anxious.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I haven't had that much makeup on since Prom.

AGENT #1

Hey, you looked hot. For an underpaid, underappreciated civil servant.

CARMEN

Thanks for the love.
If I told them what we really know or don't know, we'd scare the shit out of people. I'll gladly fall on my sword anytime to prevent that.

She looks at them inquiringly.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Okay, just tell me what's new in the last twenty-four hours. How close are we to identifying the Queen Bitch.

EXT. GLOBAL MOTHER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS - DAY

A MONTAGE of Muslim Youth marching and celebrating the 1 year anniversary of Diya's Mother's Day revenge.

Scenes of marchers in Paris, Istanbul, Cairo and Tehran fill the screen, carrying signs and banners that read: "REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY"; "DIYA DIED FOR US"; "KILL THE INFIDELS"; "WE ARE HUMAN TOO".

Female Newscasters from around the world (languages: English; French; Russian; Arabic; Japanese) provide V.O. for the montage.

FEMALE (V.O IN ENGLISH/BRITISH ACCENT)

With today marking the one year anniversary of the terrorist attack in Durham, North Carolina, the world remains divided between mourners and celebrants.

FEMALE (V.O. IN FRENCH/SUBTITLES ENGLISH) (CONT'D)

Diya Hadad has become a modern day martyr to many of the one billion Muslims around the world.

FEMALE(V.O IN RUSSIAN/SUBTITLES ENGLISH) (CONT'D)

While ceremonies of remembrance take place throughout the United States, youthful marchers fill the streets around the world in celebration of the memory of Diya Hadad, calling for a Muslim revolution.

FEMALE(V.O IN JAPANESE/SUBTITLES ENGLISH) (CONT'D)

The U.S. President, speaking at a memorial service in Durham, North Carolina, said that "all civilized people continue to mourn the slaughter of over 400 Americans and innocents around the world", and that "the United States has never been stronger or more committed to protecting its citizens from radical Islam".

FEMALE(V.O. IN ARABIC/SUBTITLES ENGLISH) (CONT'D)

As the United States mourns and memorializes its dead, Muslims are asking the world... what about us and those who continue to die every day at the hands of the United States and its allies?

FEMALE(V.O. IN ENGLISH/AMERICAN
ACCENT) (CONT'D)

The United States government has
put the nation on high alert as it
celebrates Mother's Day.

INT. STARBUCKS - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Carmen, in line, is greeted by a Female Barista(20s).

BARISTA

Good Morning. What can I get for
you?

CARMEN

I'll have a Tall Skinny Latte and a
low fat turkey bacon and egg
sandwich to go.

BARISTA

That'll be nine twenty-five.

Carmen hands her a ten and the Barista hands her back change,
which Carmen deposits into the tip jar. The Barista smiles
her thanks. Carmen then steps aside to wait for her order and
notices a strikingly beautiful woman (Samara) in line.

Carmen studies her out of the corner of her eye while she
waits for her order. When it arrives, she grabs it from the
counter and on her way out, brushes by Samara.

They lock eyes and Samara smiles, acknowledging Carmen's
curiosity and attention. When Carmen reaches the door, she
turns and looks back at Samara, who is watching her, smiling.

INT. FBI OFFICES, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Elevator doors open and Carmen strides out with coffee and
breakfast in hand.

She walks through the bustling office to her office, opens
her coffee and takes a sip.

Agent Martinez barges in.

MARTINEZ

We've narrowed her location to the
New York area.

CARMEN

(pointed)

That's still a lot of real estate.

MARTINEZ

True, but a lot better than the East Coast. One of the guys we picked up had a connection with Ferran Salib back in Morocco. He almost shit when he was asked about Salib. A distant cousin or something. The guys are squeezing him for more.

He pauses seeing that she's clearly distracted.

MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

We also have close to fifty Diya types within a two-hundred mile radius under twenty-four hour surveillance. If they even sniff a female over fifteen, we'll be watching.

CARMEN

(still distracted)

Good. I have to be in Washington on Friday. Joshua wants some red meat to take to the weekly "show and tell".

Carmen walks to the window holding her coffee and mumbles to herself.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

We're close. I can feel it.

Martinez exits her office as she continues to gaze out the window.

INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE CAR - NIGHT

SUPER: NYU CAMPUS, NEW YORK CITY

Two Male FBI Agents(30s), watch from their vehicle as a young, Middle Eastern Male(EARLY 20s), carrying a backpack, enters GABBY'S PUB. One of the Agents calls in to Headquarters.

AGENT #1

(into phone)

Suspect has just gone into Gabby's Pub. We're gonna sit here for a while and see what happens.

He disconnects and offers a skeptical eyebrow to his Partner.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

SUPER: TEMPLE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, PHILADELPHIA

A Female FBI Agent(30s), with EAR PIECE, sits with a coffee and newspaper, keeping watch on a Black Man(19), seated on the other side of the room studying.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

SUPER: GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Male FBI Agent(30s), is following a young Male(20).

He stays at a safe distance as he observes him enter his dorm. The Agent reports in.

AGENT
(into phone)
Subject appears to be in for the
night. I'll stay put for a while.

INT. MERCEDES 'S' CLASS - MOVING - NIGHT

Samara is driving and listening to SOFT JAZZ. She spots an highway sign that reads Pittsburgh and takes the exit.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Driving down a city street, Samara passes a sign that reads: CARNEGIE MELLON UNIVERSITY. She finds a parking spot at the curb and exits the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Samara approaches a coffee house, 'THE BEAN', peers in the window, enters and surveys a busy room. She quickly spots her target and walks over to his table. A Middle Eastern Man(Early 20s), looks up, surprised, to see a beautiful woman smiling at him.

SAMARA
Hello, do you mind if I join you?

He speaks English with an accent.

YOUNG MAN
No, not at all.

He moves his books and laptop to make room.

SAMARA

Thank you.

She sits, looks directly into the eyes of the confused, but accomodating young man.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

My name is Samara and I believe you are Khalil.

Khalil looks at her with surprise.

KHALIL

Yes, I am. How do you know that?
Have we met?

SAMARA

No, but I know all about you and your story. I have family in Mosul.

She looks deeply into his eyes.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

I know about the murder of your brother and cousin.

His welcoming smile vanishes.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE, THE BEAN - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Just as Samara exits the The Bean, an unmarked FBI car pulls up to the curb.

She instantly identifies it as law enforcement and walks directly to her car. But before getting in, she looks back at the parked cruiser and does a quick scan of the area.

INT. FBI CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Two Agents (Male, 30s) peer through the coffee house window. Agent #1, is on his phone.

AGENT #1

(into phone)

Yeah...just arrived. We'll sit here for a bit before we take a look.

He listens.

AGENT #1 (CONT'D)
Okay, got it.

He slides his phone into his jacket pocket.

AGENT #2
Well?

AGENT #1
Orders are to sit on this one. For whatever reason, they think this one fits the profile. Some new algorithm that predicts location and behavior.

AGENT #2
I don't buy that computer profiling shit. Of all the coffee houses in Pittsburgh...this is the one? Damn. We'll be here all night.

He looks disgusted as he peers into the coffee house.

INT. SAMARA'S MERCEDES - MOVING

Samara is back on the highway. Her face is all business, focused on the close call and the road ahead.

After a moment of reflection, she hits a button on her dash and beautiful soft JAZZ fills the car. Close on Samara: unblinking, deadly serious.

INT. FBI OFFICES, NEW YORK - DAY

Carmen walks into an empty meeting room with folder and coffee in-hand.

She puts the folder down on the table and grabs a stray copy of the NEW YORK TIMES.

As she scans the front page, she spots something of interest - A photo of the beautiful woman (Samara) from the coffee shop is staring back at her.

The article headline reads: "U.N. TO HOLD ANTI-TERRORISM SUMMIT, sub-headline reads: "FIRST MUSLIM WOMAN TO LEAD CONFERENCE".

Carmen recognizes her and scans the article. As Agents begin arriving for the meeting, she continues to read. A Male Agent(30s) is curious.

MALE AGENT

What ya got there, Ricossa?

CARMEN

I'm not sure.

She folds the paper and places it in her folder.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS, NEW YORK - DAY

Establishment shot: U.N. Plaza.

Super: United Nations, NYC

INT. LOBBY OF U.N. BUILDING - DAY

Samara, in business attire and wearing a Hijab, walks through the lobby with briefcase in hand. The lobby is bustling with people. Close ON SAMARA as she crosses the lobby.

INT. U.N. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Samara sits at the head of a large U-SHAPED TABLE that holds 40. A diverse collection of People(90% Male), have their eyes on Samara.

The majority of the men are wearing business suits, with some in traditional middle eastern robes and head dresses; the women, business dress or traditional robes, some wear Hijabs.

Close on Samara. She is confident, in control, addressing the gathering of dignitaries.

SAMARA

Thank you all for joining me today.
I am honored to Chair this
critically important summit and to
be in the same room with so many
distinguished thinkers and citizens
of the world. We have been
entrusted by the community of
nations to study the root causes of
terrorist activity that is growing
in frequency and sophistication in
every region of the world, and to
offer real, workable solutions.

Looking at the attentive faces around the table.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

Or, at the very least, a path forward that begins to slow the violence. A path that all nations can walk together in the pursuit of peace.

(a confident smile)

The people of the world are watching us. Let us not disappoint them.

Samara looks into the hopeful eyes of the participants who are smiling and Nodding their agreement.

Close ON Samara: in absolute control.

INT. BODEGA, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Carmen, full grocery basket in hand, joins a busy check-out line. Those in line, including the cashier, are focused on a TV screen behind the counter.

Carmen looks up at the screen and is thunderstruck.

NEWSCASTER (TV SCREEN)

We are receiving word that major explosions have been reported in the cities of Buffalo, Baltimore, Albany and Philadelphia. Details are still coming in, but this is what we know. It appears that all the blasts have taken place in Banquet Halls where wedding receptions were reportedly underway. There has been no statement by authorities as to whether we're looking at a terrorist act, but based on the information available, this appears to be a coordinated event.

The screen behind the newscaster is divided into quadrants with images from each city.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

It has been five hundred days without an act of terror on U.S. soil. If early reports hold, this could be Durham times four, with tremendous loss of life.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

An act of terror on this scale is unprecedented. It will shake an already uneasy and angry nation.

Suddenly, Carmen's phone rings, shocking her back to reality.

She takes it from her jacket pocket, stares at it in dread, then drops her basket to the floor and races from the Bodega.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Samara is walking through the airport with suitcase in tow.

She approaches the check-in desk counter of British Airways, staffed by a Female Attendant(40s).

ATTENDANT

Yes, Ma'am. Where will you be flying with us this evening?

SAMARA

London.

Samara hands her passport and ticket information to the Attendant.

ATTENDANT

Will you be checking just the one bag?

SAMARA

Yes. And can you tell me, is the flight on schedule?

ATTENDANT

It is. Boarding will begin in just over an hour.

(small beat, typing)

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Have you seen the news?

SAMARA

No, I haven't, I've been running all day.

ATTENDANT

Terrorists have set-off bombs in Buffalo and Baltimore and I think two other cities.

SAMARA

My God.

Samara shakes her head in feigned disgust.

ATTENDANT

They think it's the same animals
that bombed Durham last year.
You're lucky to be leaving tonight,
there's a rumor floating that
overseas flights may be suspended.

She hands Samara her passport and boarding pass.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Here you go. First class, second
row, window seat. Just as you
requested. Have a good flight and
be safe. I hear it's even worse
over there.

Samara smiles at the attendant. As she proceeds to her gate,
she comes across a Group of Travelers gathered in front of a
large wall-mounted TV.

She stops to watch and listen; a crowd grows around her.

A Female Newscaster can be heard in the b.g. interviewing a
Terrorism Analyst(Male, 40s).

From Samara's POV: we see the stunned and frightened faces in
the crowd. Close on Samara: her eyes reflect a calm
satisfaction, even joy.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

So tell me, what are you hearing?
Is it the same people responsible
for Durham. Possibly ISIS?

ANALYST (V.O.)

At this stage I'd be speculating,
but my gut tells me that it's not
ISIS. Not their style. These are
carefully chosen, apple pie
targets.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

What do you mean by apple pie
targets?

T.V. Monitor comes into view.

ANALYST

By that I mean family-type, All-American gatherings with little or no security.

Pausing. Very serious.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

Soft, target-rich environments. In this case, it was wedding receptions. Last time it was a Mother's Day luncheon. Whoever it is, they are very smart and deliberate. They want us to question everything we do as people, as a community...school plays, football games, concerts, weddings. The freedoms we've come to cherish and expect as Americans are disappearing.

Samara looks around at the terrified people glued to the TV monitor, then turns and calmly resumes her walk to her gate.

Close on Samara: her expression is all business, but for the dancing excitement in her eyes.

FADE OUT:

THE END