

MILE 111

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FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A bright shaft of light divides the blackness of the room as three dark figures slam through a security door. The vault like room echoes with the heavy footsteps, breathing and groans of rough treatment. Then the door slams shut. The scuffle continues and a metal chair SCRAPES across a concrete floor.

TITLE: "Israeli General Security Services aka Shabak"

INTERROGATOR  
Open your eyes, Nameer.

TITLE: "Summer 2004"

A switch is flipped and the light is blinding.

A SHARP SLAP across the face.

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)  
That's it Nameer. Look at me.

The INTERROGATOR comes into focus: a soft, kind face.

NAMEER, 40's, dark, bearded, muscular and unclothed except for his dirty boxer shorts, struggles to keep his eyes open. His hands cuffed behind his back, he sits in a metal chair at a stainless steel table, shivering. His teeth chatter.

NAMEER  
It's too bright.

An AMERICAN AGENT, in a dark suit sporting an American flag lapel pin, sitting comfortably, arms crossed smugly, comes in and out of focus.

The Interrogator takes a seat opposite Nameer.

INTERROGATOR  
Let's talk about your brother  
Naseer.

NAMEER  
Again?

INTERROGATOR  
He's your twin?

NAMEER  
Yes. You know that.

INTERROGATOR

Fratern...

NAMEER

Identical, you know that too.

Nameer frowns.

INTERROGATOR

Now, now. Let's have this go better than last time, huh? You both speak English. Does he speak English as good as you?

NAMEER

As well, you mean. Yes he does, perhaps better. He lives in America now, but you know that already.

INTERROGATOR

Why did he go to the United States?

NAMEER

I can't imagine. Why would anyone want to leave Gaza?

(To the American Agent.)

You're American, right? You tell me, Gaza or the U.S.?

AMERICAN AGENT

(Texas twang.)

That dog just don't hunt. Ya gotta give it up today, Nameer.

The Interrogator shakes his head and frowns.

INTERROGATOR

There's more. You know more. What is it?

NAMEER

There's no more. I want to go home. To my wife. I have a beautiful daughter. Please.

AMERICAN AGENT

Nameer, now you're sliding down that muddy trough.

INTERROGATOR

Cooperation, Nameer.

NAMEER

There's no more. Nothing more.

INTERROGATOR

Would you please stand.

NAMEER

No, please, no.

The American Agent jerks Nameer to his feet and shoves him face to face with the Interrogator.

The Interrogator gently puts his hands on Nameer's shoulders.

They look into each others eyes, and then the Interrogator forces Nameer's head down on his shoulder and gently begins to rock him.

Nameer's faces tenses, he knows what's coming.

The rocking continues, rhythmic and smooth.

Then faster and faster and harder as Nameer's head jerks off the Interrogator's body.

Nameer's faces contorts in anguish.

NAMEER (cont'd)

Fuck you.

INTERROGATOR

Never say that to me. You know not to say that to me. That is exactly what you are not supposed to do.

The Interrogator shakes Nameer to the core, his head flapping like a sheet in the wind.

Nameer yells and screams with the particularly sharp snaps.

Nameer's head in wild gyrations.

The Provocateur lets up. Nameer is dazed, his eyes rolling up into his head. The Provocateur props Nameer against a wall.

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)

We need to know about your brother.  
Next time, okay?

NAMEER  
 (Whispers, crying.)  
 Please, no. Now. I've nothing.  
 Next time I'll still have nothing.

Then, taking Nameer by the shoulders again, the Interrogator pulls him off the wall and begins another long...

INTERROGATOR  
 Be ready next time.

Bout of...

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)  
 Then we don't have to do this next time.

Shaking at various speeds. Nameer begins to convulse, but the shaking continues.

The security door opens and the Interrogator throws Nameer to the floor.

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)  
 What?!

The Aide whispers something into his ear and leaves.

The American Agent then huddles with the Interrogator. Nameer strains but cannot hear their whispers. The American Agent wipes his face with his hands in consternation and rolls his eyes.

The American Agent pulls Nameer off the floor and removes the handcuffs.

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)  
 Okay, Nameer, everything you told us checked out.

Still dazed, Nameer is shoved back into the chair by the American Agent.

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)  
 It's true. We all make mistakes. I apologize, sincerely. I'd like to make it up to you. How does one-hundred and twenty dollars a month sound?

NAMEER  
 To suck your dick everyday?

INTERROGATOR

There's no need for that. I said I was sorry. We'll want a little help now and then.

NAMEER

No.

INTERROGATOR

Nameer, when we bring you back to Gaza we can make it look one of two ways... to Hamas, to the Al Aksa, to the Islamic Jihad. Like you were never here, or very suspicious.

NAMEER

I'd rather be in Saraya Prison than help you.

INTERROGATOR

Oh, you'd be very lucky if that happens. That would save your life. Just having been here makes your world a very delineated place. This side or that. For or against. Black or white. Choose wisely.

EXT. WATERFRONT, BAYONNE, NJ - DAWN

title: "The Present"

Not dressed for the cold November weather, Nameer hustles down a desolate street to a pay phone, finds a quarter in his pocket and, reading from a scrap of paper, dials and hears the line RING and PICK-UP.

NAMEER

Farooq. I want to talk to Farooq.

VOICE ON PHONE

There's no Farooq here.

(HANG-UP CLICK.)

Nameer hangs up the phone and, nearly immediately, a MINIVAN pulls-up. Nameer climbs in.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Nameer stares at HOSEF, late 20's, dark ethnic features, but scrubbed clean, his clothes classic American upper-class business casual. Hosef sees Nameer's suspicions and offers a handshake.

HOSEF

Hosef.

A still tightly wound Nameer reluctantly offers his hand.

NAMEER

Nameer.

Hosef answers Nameer's unasked question.

HOSEF

You must blend in. We all must blend in, but you know that.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - MINIVAN - LATER

Speeding south. In the b.g. a huge, ugly oil refinery.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Hosef, who wonders at the apparently psychotic mental state of his charge, quizzes Nameer, who can barely put up with it.

HOSEF

Okay, I pull in. What do you say?

Nameer's heavily accented speech is only barely understandable English.

NAMEER

Cash or credit?

HOSEF

Charge it.

NAMEER

Charge it? Credit, right?

HOSEF

Yeah.

NAMEER

Okay, boss. Fill it up?

HOSEF  
No. Just fifteen dollars worth.

NAMEER  
Okay, fifteen dollars. Premium?

HOSEF  
Regular.

NAMEER  
Okay boss, regular. I need your card.

HOSEF  
Okay, your English could use some work. But it will do.

NAMEER  
I am not stupid. I can do it.

HOSEF  
No, I didn't say that. You're going to need to smile.

Nameer stares at Hosef as if he is crazy.

HOSEF (cont'd)  
Okay, you don't have to smile. But, you need to calm down.

EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - RARITAN RIVER BRIDGES - ESTABLISHING - LATER

A dozen lanes on three high spans, packed with cars.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Hosef looks over at Nameer who has fallen asleep.

HOSEF  
Hey, wake-up.

Nameer startles instantly, defensively.

HOSEF (cont'd)  
It's okay. I'm going to show you one thing.  
(Pointing.)  
The mile markers, watch them now. At one-hundred eleven; one, one, one, there is an overpass.



NAMEER

Okay.

HOSEF

Here, look, coming up.

Just before the overpass, a green marker: "MILE 111"

The van makes the overpass, a long one, unusual in that the sides are protected by very tall cyclone fences.

HOSEF (O.S.)(cont'd)

Look down. You see it? You see it?

Looking down from the over pass: a train track and an access road. Nameer nods a "so what?"

HOSEF (cont'd)

Okay. You take the train to work.  
(Pointing left.)  
Over that way, parallel to this highway, to the east.

NAMEER

Okay.

HOSEF

Your train, the train you'll take to work, crosses those same tracks. On the map.

Hosef stretches an arm to the backseat and grabs a cheap looking, promotional backpack.

HOSEF (cont'd)

There's a map in here. It's marked one eleven - one, one, one - on the map. You'll understand.

NAMEER

Okay. Is this big?

Hosef laughs and smiles.

HOSEF

Is it big? It's your job. You do it! You look on the map. Okay?

Nameer grabs Hosef by the collar and pulls him face to face. A stunned Hosef regains control, wide-eyed, trying to watch the road, but Nameer stays in his face.

NAMEER  
No bullshit. Is it big?

Nameer chokes Hosef. Hosef struggles to push him away with his right hand. Then, he lets go of the wheel, slams on the brakes, and sends a quick hook to Nameer's face. CAR HORNS BLARE.

The mini-van Stops short, then swerves cutting off a car in the next lane.

Hosef struggles to hold off Nameer. Then, he lets go of the wheel, his hand searches for a gun stowed there.

Hosef calmly puts the gun to Nameer's body and waits for him to come to his senses.

He then places the gun between them as a challenge and looks to Nameer to reassert his authority.

HOSEF  
Yes. It's big.  
(Holds his hand out.)  
Very big. Now calm down. You're here. You're with us.

EXT. LONG BRANCH, NJ - RUNDOWN BUSINESS AREA - STREET - SUNSET

Hosef's minivan pulls to the curb.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Hosef looks to Nameer.

IN ARABIC - SUBTITLED:

HOSEF  
Allah be with you. Nameer! You are a brave man, Mujahid.

NAMEER  
Allah be with you.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NAMEER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer, now alone, can again be as visibly uncomfortable as he really feels, tense, in pain, hating his own body.

His hands shake as he lights a cigarette.

He opens his travel bag and unpacks a Duty Free bottle and pours himself a drink.

He opens the backpack and reviews the contents, pacing all the while:

An inexpensive cell phone.

A telephone calling card.

An Arabic/English Dictionary, which he tosses into a trash can.

A November monthly pass for New Jersey Transit, Long Branch to Newark.

An envelope filled with cash, small denominations.

A shaving kit which includes scissors.

A letter, written in Arabic.

A detailed map of Monmouth County, N.J.

Nameer opens the map and refers to the letter.

His finger travels from a large area labeled "U.S. Naval Weapons Station Earle" circled in marking pen, and traces a highlighted route labeled "R.R. Government."

The highlighting crosses the Garden State Parkway and is circled and marked: "111" (one-eleven).

Nameer's finger continues up the Government railroad tracks until they cross another railroad. The spot is circled and marked "111".

His finger next moves to a town along the commuter train line "Long Branch" where there is an arrow indicating the direction of travel.

Nameer's finger moves up the train line as the arrow indicates to "Red Bank" then, hand drawn, is a square labeled "Cemetery" just before the spot marked "111".

His finger starts up the map along the Government railroad to a second area labeled: "U.S. Naval Weapons Station Earle,"

And still further, to a body of water colored blue on the map. There, the railroad tracks continue out into the water on a long pier, marked: "U.S. Naval Weapons Station Earle -- Loading Dock."

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nameer looks at himself in a mirror and begins cutting down his beard.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - ROOM - LATER

Nameer, cleaned-up, looking quite handsome, groomed, a "Middle-class American." He looks at himself in a mirror, puts on a big smile, then drops it.

He picks up a promotional calendar, an insurance salesman's business card is attached. On the cover page are photos of the Statue of Liberty and the World Trade Center towers over an American Flag background.

Nameer opens it and crosses off November 14.

Nameer rifles through a stack of snapshots, finds the one he wants and tosses aside the rest.

He stares at this one than stands it against a lamp on a table.

The photo shows Nameer's WIFE sitting beside their DAUGHTER at a kitchen table. She lovingly watches her child preparing some food.

Nameer lights a match to the letter in Arabic and lets it burn in an ashtray while he lies on his back on a twin bed, his eyes slowly closing, when the SHRILL SCREAM of a smoke alarm has him jumping to his feet in a panic.

He jumps up for screaming alarm, but it's too high to reach.

He grabs a chair, steps up on it and meets it face-to-face and pounds it with his fist until the cover breaks. One last blow against the internal parts cuts his hand and ends the racket.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The platform sign: "LONG BRANCH".

A weekday morning, the platform packed with COMMUTERS.

EXT. HOSEF'S MINIVAN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Hosef and Nameer sit looking out the windshield.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

From the minivan's view, the station platform and morning commuters.

INT. HOSEF'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Nameer and Hosef survey the platform. Nameer nudges Hosef.

IN ARABIC - SUBTITLED:

NAMEER

What about him?

Among the waiting commuters is JONATHAN, a male, 30's, with a toned body about the same build as Nameer. His dress and accessories - black jeans, sunglasses, backpack, gloves, earmuffs, jacket, boots, watch, etc. - are fashionably hip and "must-have" expensive.

NAMEER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Where do you think he works?

HOSEF (O.S.)

Whatever he does, it's not real work.

NAMEER

He has money?

HOSEF

Or he wants people to believe he has.

NAMEER

(Incredulous.)

He lives around here?

HOSEF

If he does have money, he's beach-front.

NAMEER

Oh. You know a lot.

HOSEF

I do. You should trust me.

Nameer nods.

Hosef stares and thinks about it, then looks over the freshly shaven Nameer.

HOSEF (cont'd)  
 Yeah, that might fit you good,  
 especially with the backpack.  
 (Laughing.)  
 But, no black jeans, okay?

Hosef reclines his seat, leans back and puts on sunglasses.

NAMEER  
 Why not?

HOSEF  
 Just because.

NAMEER  
 Because why?

HOSEF  
 I don't know.

NAMEER  
 Yes you do. Someone you don't like  
 wears them?

HOSEF  
 No.

NAMEER  
 They represent something you don't  
 like?

HOSEF  
 Watch him. You act like him and  
 you'll blend right in. When he  
 gets on the train, find another one  
 like him. Wake me in an hour.

Nameer glances at Hosef, turns his attention to his subject and makes some notes on a pad.

NAMEER  
 Why are you sleeping?

IN ENGLISH:

HOSEF  
 I'm tired. Speak English.

Nameer nods.

NAMEER

Why?

HOSEF

You've got to practice. You'll need it for your job.

NAMEER

Why are you tired?

HOSEF

I worked late.

NAMEER

What were you doing?

HOSEF

It's all you need to know. And you don't need to know anymore. Okay?

NAMEER

Okay, boss.

INT. DISCOUNT STORE - MEN'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Nameer comes out of a dressing room in over-sized blue jeans, fashion sneakers, a soccer shirt and a brightly colored ski jacket.

Hosef looks him up and down, then shakes his head.

HOSEF

Forget it.

(Opens his cell phone.)

I'll have my wife help us.

(On phone.)

I need your help. What do you mean, here? What's wrong with here?

(Listens.)

No, no. Here. Come in and help us, please.

(Listens.)

Thank you.

(Listens.)

Okay. Thank you. Thank you.

(Closes phone.)

She's coming.

Nameer looks himself up and down.

TRANSITION TO:

AMTULLAH, 30's, well-dressed in western attire, a handsome woman whose beauty would be lost on most Americans, looking at Nameer up and down.

She shakes her head in disapproval and rifles through the store's slim pickings of men's clothes.

She shoots Hosef a look and waits.

Hosef finally throws up his arms in surrender.

HOSEF (cont'd)

Okay!

Amtullah walks off, muttering to herself.

HOSEF (cont'd)

Come on. We're leaving.

NAMEER

Why?

HOSEF

We just don't get it. Fashion!

INT. UP-SCALE MEN'S STORE - LATER

Amtullah sorts through a rack of fine men's clothes smiling, but still muttering in Arabic.

Hosef hovers over, lifting price tags and shaking his head in disgust.

Amtullah grabs a price tag out of Hosef's hand and as English flies out of her mouth.

AMTULLAH

What do you think it is I buy for you?

She pauses to size-up Nameer who obediently follows her burdened by a pile of selections in his outstretched arms.

DRESSING ROOM ENTRANCE - LATER

Nameer makes an entrance in a tasteful, casual ensemble. He looks successful, but not showy, an individual, but not unusual. A middle-class American, apparently dressed by his wife.



Hosef nods and looks to Amtullah. She looks Nameer over approvingly, smiles at Hosef and stands aside.

Nameer approaches Hosef.

NAMEER  
How is this?

Hosef tugs on the sleeves of Nameer's jacket as if to check the fit.

HOSEF  
I think my wife has been in America far too long. Far, far too long.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Nameer, wearing his new clothes and an expensive backpack, is the last to board the train.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Nameer looks for a seat as he walks behind the other passengers.

The first half of the train car's seats face him. Some of the seated passengers glance at him as he passes:

A POWER BROKER works on a laptop computer which is as slim and sharp as his business suit and silk tie.

A WOMAN EXECUTIVE, stern looks with gray hair pulled tight, reads a business newspaper; her glasses hang low on her nose.

Two FASHION VICTIMS, 20's, chat. Both have fingers stuck in romance novels as bookmarks.

A bald, aging COUCH POTATO in a cheap suit listens to a radio that hangs from a suction cup on the window on the latest fashion headset.

A group of not quite awake HISPANIC LANDSCAPE WORKERS, in hooded sweat shirts that read "MONET WATER GARDENS AND LANDSCAPING," sip morning coffees.

Nameer's gaze lingers on a specific HISPANIC WORKER.

MAKALA, a flamboyantly dressed woman, early 40's yet very attractive, openly admires Nameer with a flirtacious look and a smile.

Nameer notices Makala's look but moves past her quickly.

Nameer spots Jonathan, the commuter he had studied from the van, and he follows him into the next train car.

INT. NEXT TRAIN PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan takes a window seat.

Across the aisle, Nameer does the same.

Jonathan stows his backpack in the overhead rack.

Nameer sets his backpack on the seat.

Jonathan opens a local newspaper, but then closes his eyes to doze off.

Nameer takes his cell phone from his backpack.

The train begins to slow for the next station.

Nameer turns to look out the window but is startled by a gruff cough.

A hulking FATMAN, 50's, dressed in a blue business suit a shade too intense, stands in the aisle and waits for Nameer to move his backpack.

NAMEER

I'm sorry.

As the train comes to a halt, BRAKES SCREECHING, Nameer moves his pack to his lap.

The Fatman plops into the seat.

Nameer is pinned against the window.

FATMAN

Not a problem.

Nameer grimaces as he looks out the window as the train pulls into Red Bank station. Then he see Jonathan comfortably snoozing across the aisle, a middle seat between him and ANOTHER PASSENGER.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

All tickets, please. Please, have your tickets ready.

The Fatman secludes himself behind a wide-open newspaper, as the train jerks forward leaving the station.

Nameer takes a hand-written map showing "Red Bank," the "Cemetery" and the "111" crossing thereafter from his pocket and checks it

Nameer crumples the map, stuffs it into his jacket pocket and readies his cell phone.

Nameer dials his cell phone. The Fatman hears the tones and shoots Nameer a disapproving glance.

A MODEM TONE screeches in Nameer's ear. The Fatman glances over again, shaking his head.

Nameer shrugs as he fumbles to find the phone's volume control.

The Fatman shakes his head and, again, secludes himself behind the newspaper.

Just as Nameer has the phone set and goes back to looking out the window...

...a uniformed train CONDUCTOR stares down on him.

The Fatman flashes his monthly rail pass and quickly returns it to his jacket pocket.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)  
(To Nameer.)  
Ticket, please.

The Conductor eyes Nameer as he fumbles with the phone and searches through his backpack.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)  
Where are you getting off?

NAMEER  
Newark. I have it.

CONDUCTOR  
Take your time.

Finally, Nameer smiles and shows his monthly rail pass to the Conductor who sets a seat check and moves on.

Nameer turns back to the window where the train seems to fly over the still water of an inland bay and rush back into the gray-brown winter landscape.

Nameer quickly glances to see if he is being watched.

The Fatman is still behind his newspaper.

Nameer punches his phone, TONE: ONE.

The cemetery is along side the train. TONE: ONE.

Nameer is distracted by the RUSTLE of the Fatman's newspaper and turns from the window, and then quickly back to see:

The last glimpse of Navy Weapons railroad and access road corridor passing below.

Nameer silently swears to himself and punches the cell phone, TONE: ONE, way too late.

TRAIN HORN blares: SHORT, SHORT, LONG

EXT. ESTABLISHING - URBAN GAS STATION - DAY

Off a busy city street, a shining oil gem in a sea of rundown buildings. What's left of the lower Manhattan skyline post 9/11 in the b.g.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

Nameer, now dressed in mechanic's overalls, finishes a fill and jogs away from the pumps to the station building holding a key fastened to a large piece of wood.

He trots up to the rest room door in obvious need of relief. Just as he inserts the key into a padlock on a slide bolt, a car HONKS for service.

He continues to wrestle with the lock and key, but the car horn BLASTS continue.

He gives up and trots off, leaving the key in the padlock.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - MINUTES LATER

Nameer is setting the pump on the last of three cars. Another gas station attendant, ALI, arrives to help.

NAMEER  
Where have you been?

ALI  
Coffee break.

NAMEER  
They're both fill-ups. That one's  
ten dollars.

ALI  
Okay.

NAMEER  
No more coffee breaks.

Ali nods and mans a pump. Nameer runs off. Ali shoots him a  
dirty look.

EXT. GAS STATION - MEN'S RESTROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Nearly frantic now, Nameer returns to the key in the padlock  
and gets it open.

He enters, and then immediately backs-out, overcome by sight  
and smell.

The small men's room is trashed, covered up and down with  
shit, piss and garbage.

A bucket, mop and cleaning supplies rest in a corner.

NAMEER  
(Shouting.)  
Ali!  
(Waves for him to come  
over.)  
Ali! Come here!

At the pumps Ali hands a driver a receipt and credit card.

Ali walks up to Nameer.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
Ali, who cleans the shit holes?

Ali arrives at the rest room door.

ALI  
I don't know. Nobody.

NAMEER  
How long have they been like this?

ALI  
Fuck. I don't know.

NAMEER  
How long have you worked here?

ALI  
About half a year.

NAMEER  
How are we supposed to shit and  
piss?

Ali looks at him like he's crazy.

ALI  
In there, I guess.

NAMEER  
That's what I thought.

Nameer throws Ali into the men's room and slams the door.

Ali POUNDS on the door from inside.

Nameer leans back on the door, holding it shut.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
Clean it.

ALI (O.S.)  
What!

NAMEER  
Do it.

ALI (O.S.)  
(Banging on the door.)  
Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

Nameer leans back on the door holding it against Ali's  
pounding, as his cell phone RINGS.

NAMEER  
Hello.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)  
Farooq. Is Farooq there?

NAMEER  
There is no Farooq here.

Nameer slides the bolt and locks Ali in the rest room, and  
strolls over to a nearby pay phone which is RINGING. He  
picks up.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
 (Into phone.)  
 Okay.

In the b.g. a car pulls up to the pumps.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)  
 You punch the last number right  
 before the overpass. One, one, wait  
 just before the overpass, one. Got  
 it?

NAMEER  
 Okay. Sorry, trouble today.

A CAR HORN sounds a couple of polite TOOTS.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)  
 (Laughing.)  
 A fat man, I know. How's work?

NAMEER  
 You know?

HOSEF(ON PHONE.)  
 Yeah. How's work?

NAMEER  
 I like work. I hate the nights.

The driver now HONKS demanding service.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)  
 You can go out. Just be careful.  
 (HANG-UP CLICK.)

Nameer hangs up the phone and hustles over to the DRIVER of  
 the late model "prestige" automobile.

DRIVER  
 Hey, buddy, I've been sitting here.

NAMEER  
 Sorry.

DRIVER  
 Fill up, premium.

Nameer mans the pump, standing between the fuel hole and the  
 driver who is now talking on his cell phone.

Nameer unzips his fly and blissfully relieves himself into  
 the fuel hole.

INT. NEWARK PENN STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Nameer, back in his commuter clothes, enters the platform from the stairway doors.

He stops to check an overhead TRACK DEPARTURE BOARD: "5:28" - "NORTH JERSEY COAST" - "LONG BRANCH" - "ON TIME"

...and is jostled by hurrying commuters making their way around him.

Nameer picks-up his pace and flows down the platform with the other commuters who form groups at specific intervals.

Nameer spies Jonathan in the first group and keeps walking.

In another group, the Woman Executive impatiently leans out to look down the track for the train.

Nameer looks up.

COMMUTER CLOCK: "5:31"

He continues his walk and sees the Banker, calmly reading a business magazine.

Further ahead, The Power Broker sits on a platform bench, his laptop bag between his feet. He loosens his tie as he sucks on a cigarette. His profuse smoke drives other commuters sitting nearby to get up and leave.

Nameer passes the two Jersey Girls, still chatting, fingers stuck in their paperbacks.

Nameer spots the Hispanic Worker from the morning train and approaches him.

NAMEER

(In Spanish, subtitled.)

What did you have for lunch today my friend? You look hungry?

(No response.)

(In French, subtitled.)

Châteauneuf-du-Pape, as you know, is a blended vintage. But even so, it is so much better than table wine.

(No response.)

Nameer points to the Landscape Worker's Very clean work boots.



Then brings his finger up to his nose.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
 (In Arabic, subtitled.)  
 Nice nose, Abul.

SAHID  
 (In English.)  
 The name is Sahid. Fuck you.

SAHID looks at Nameer like he is going to spit.

Nameer smiles at him and moves on.

More commuters check their watches, lean out over the tracks and look for the train.

Nameer joins the last group of commuters and instinctively feels watched. He turns and finds Makala behind him.

Nameer takes a quick glance for the train, turns back to Makala, points out his wrist watch and gives a shrug.

Makala steps up to the plate.

MAKALA  
 This one comes from Hoboken. It's  
 always late.  
 (Whispers.)  
 To look at some of these people you  
 would think it had never been late  
 before.

NAMEER  
 Ahhh, okay. Thank you.

MAKALA  
 You're new right?

The train HORN BLARES: SHORT, SHORT, LONG

NAMEER  
 Yes, I guess I am.

MAKALA  
 Welcome.

NAMEER  
 Thank you.

A diesel locomotive seems to fly past Nameer and Makala, the ENGINE ROAR deafening.

Groups of passengers move like schools of fish, the train car doors not arriving at the expected locations.

Nameer follows the crowd.

As he waits behind the controlled shoving of the commuters boarding the train, he turns to see...

Makala, who alone has gone in the opposite direction and easily boards at the door nearest the locomotive.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - LATER

The train SCREECHES to a halt.

Nameer, sitting in a window seat, watches passengers depart and then turns to look out the window.

MAKALA

May I?

NAMEER

Sure.

Makala plops herself down on the bench seat beside Nameer, and adjusts herself and her bags.

Pulling out her November monthly train pass, she laughs.

MAKALA

Well, this has about had it.  
December's almost here, another two-  
hundred and forty dollars down the  
drain.

NAMEER

Yeah. It's not cheap, but it  
brings me right to my work.

MAKALA

And, you're doing your part to help  
the environment.

NAMEER

And, there's that.

They smile at each other, not knowing what to say next.

MAKALA

I don't like December.

NAMEER

No?

MAKALA

No. Cold. Christmas. I'm not  
Christian.

NAMEER

Me either.

MAKALA

So you know.  
(Softly.)  
Jewish?

NAMEER

No. Muslim.

Makala stares into Nameer's eyes, her face and voice  
expressionless.

MAKALA

Oy. Don't let the wahoos know.

Nameer smiles.

NAMEER

I'm aware, but thanks for the  
advice. I'm Nameer.

MAKALA

Makala.

They shake hands.

INT. MARTINI BAR - A SECLUDED TABLE - NIGHT

Over drinks, Makala toys with Nameer's hand on table.

MAKALA

Let's play a game.

NAMEER

Why not!

MAKALA

You have to think of the most  
absurd way we could die right here  
and now.

NAMEER

This is your idea of a game?

MAKALA

Yeah. It's called Gratitude.

NAMEER

Okay. The drinks could be poisoned.

MAKALA

How run of the mill. My turn. There's a gas leak in the basement and the waiter lighting a joint in the furnace room blows us up.

Nameer cracks a smile. Feeling the effects of the drink, she runs her finger over his lips.

MAKALA (cont'd)

That's what I wanted to see. Your turn.

NAMEER

I can't think of...

MAKALA

Come on, there are a million ways, the sillier, the better.

NAMEER

There's a flood.

MAKALA

Couldn't we just swim away.

NAMEER

We could, but we haven't paid the check.

MAKALA

Oh!

NAMEER

But that's not what kills us.

MAKALA

How do we die.

NAMEER

An alligator gets loose from the circus, he comes in and eats us.

MAKALA

(Laughing.)

A circus with alligators?

Have you ever been to a circus with alligators?

NAMEER  
No.

MAKALA  
But there could be one!

NAMEER  
Why not?

INT. MAKALA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Makala's home is a hedonistic boudoir of art, artifacts, antiques, fabrics, colors and candlelight.

She lies naked in her plush bed, her face screwed-up in disappointment, hardly the picture of post-coital bliss.

She watches Nameer, who buttons his shirt and looks down at her with a devious smile.

NAMEER  
How much?

MAKALA  
What?

NAMEER  
Well, I know we didn't discuss up front...

MAKALA  
No! What made you think that? Oh, you're kidding me, right?

NAMEER  
Ah, well...

MAKALA  
Oh, fuck me!

NAMEER  
I'm sorry. I...

MAKALA  
Ahhh! Who the fuck are you? No, money was not what I wanted. Fuck you, get out of here.

Makala throws his pants at him.

She gets out of bed, pushes and kicks Nameer to the door.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
Get the fuck out.

Nameer holding his pants and shoes steps out of the apartment.

Makala slams the door.

NAMEER (O.S.)  
Okay.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

Nameer raises his hands and extends his two index fingers close to each other.

He positions his extended fingers into the skyline of lower Manhattan in place of the destroyed World Trade Center towers.

WAGON-MAN (O.S.)  
Hey there!

Nameer jogs to an old station wagon, over-adorned with American flags, "Jesus Loves You" bumper stickers, and other assorted political, patriotic and Christian flash, as it rumbles up to the pumps.

WAGON-MAN (cont'd)  
Can I get some service, I'm in a rush.

The wagon pulls to a stop as Nameer reaches the driver's side window.

WAGON-MAN (cont'd)  
Thanks.

NAMEER  
Good afternoon, how are you today?

WAGON-MAN looks over Nameer and frowns in disgust.

WAGON-MAN  
Huh. Give me three dollars worth.

NAMEER  
Three dollars. Okay boss.  
Regular?

Wagon-man nods. Nameer mans the pump.

Wagon-man gets out of his car and leans on it near the fuel hatch facing Nameer.

WAGON-MAN

Arab?

NAMEER

Yes, boss.

WAGON-MAN

Muslim?

(Does a praying gesture.)

Islam?

NAMEER

Yes, boss.

WAGON-MAN

Got nothing against you. But I hate those motherfucking terrorists.

NAMEER

Terrible.

WAGON-MAN

(Exchange of nods.)

Make it five dollars.

NAMEER

Five dollars worth. Okay, boss.

WAGON-MAN

What you doing here?

NAMEER

Pumping gas?

WAGON-MAN

No. In America?

NAMEER

New home. Ref-u-gee.

WAGON-MAN

Refugee, huh. Lost your home.

NAMEER

Yes, boss. I study English!

WAGON-MAN  
 Well! Well! Alright then!  
 (Slaps Nameer on the  
 back.)  
 Make it a fill up.

NAMEER  
 Fill up! Okay! You are the boss.

WAGON-MAN  
 We're going to get those assholes  
 who did that...  
 (Points to lower Manhattan  
 across the river.)  
 World Trade Center and the  
 Pentagon!

Nameer holds up a finger to get Wagon-man's attention.

NAMEER  
 English... "We hold these Truths to  
 be self-evident, that all Men are  
 created equal, that they are  
 endowed by their Creator with  
 certain unalienable Rights, that  
 among these are Life, Liberty and  
 the Pursuit of Happiness..."

Nameer finishes the fill-up. Wagon-man pays him.

WAGON-MAN  
 That's the United States  
 Constitution!

Wagon-man gets back in his car and starts the engine.

NAMEER  
 No, it is the Declaration...

WAGON-MAN  
 Damn if you don't know the U.S.  
 Constitution! You know, you're  
 okay for an A-raab. We're going to  
 nuke those assholes right to hell.

NAMEER  
 Declaration of Independence.

WAGON-MAN  
 BA-BOOOMMMM!!!! Fuck 'em all!!!!

Nameer watches Wagon-man pull off nearly causing an accident  
 as he shoots into the roadway.



EXT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

As the automatic garage door opener GRINDS, Hosef's minivan pulls up the driveway to an "impressive" suburban New Jersey Mc Mansion.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nameer gets out of the van and wonders at his surroundings:

A typical American garage crowded with the trappings of family, children, lawn and garden care, etc.

HOSEF

Don't look so shocked. I have a boy and two girls. We've been living here awhile. Come on, we've got work to do.

INT. MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nameer follows Hosef and notices the large neat household area with a sunny disposition even Martha Stewart would envy...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful designer kitchen. Through Nameer's eyes it's the epitome of American excess. Amtullah, dressed in a gambaz (ankle length gown), rises from her chair and pulls some fabric from her hijab (Muslim headdress) across her face as Hosef and Nameer enter.

HOSEF

(In Arabic, subtitled.)  
Are the others here?

She nods.

HOSEF (cont'd)

Tea?

AMTULLAH

Of course.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Three Arab men rise from comfortable seats in good leather furniture to greet Hosef and Nameer.

WASAM, 40's, respectful, intense and attentive, quickly mutes a basketball game playing on a flat-panel H.D.T.V. He is in good shape for his age, though his hair is thinning, there's still a smile in his eyes that matches his upturned lips. His looks are the most Americanized of the men.

KACKAR, 30's, the muscle man, sports a thick mustache and might be mistaken for an American businessman of Italian or Hispanic decent. He is the first to mutter honors in Arabic and hug Nameer.

SAABEN, 20's, the brains of the operation, a young "Osama Bin Laden." He wears spectacles and has managed to grow a sparse but long beard. His physique is slight and he could be easily mistaken for a young Rabbi. He has been scrutinizing Nameer, but becomes soft and vulnerable as his turn comes to whisper praises and embrace the cell's newest member.

Wasam approaches Nameer last. Nameer is put off by his emotionally sincere embrace that lasts too long.

WASAM

It is such an honor to meet you.  
Thank you. Thank you for coming.

Amtullah enters carrying a full tea service.

Amtullah placing the tea service on the coffee table.

The men, now seated, quietly finish fixing cups of tea with spoonfuls of honey. They occasionally steal a glance at Nameer.

Saaben signals Wasam, who turns up the volume of the television a bit to cover their conversation.

The men lean forward in their seats, holding their tea cups. Nameer follows suit.

Saaben turns his gaze to Nameer.

SAABEN

Did you find everything you need?

NAMEER

Yes.

SAABEN  
Do you understand your job?

NAMEER  
Yes.

SAABEN  
(To Hosef.)  
Is he ready?

NAMEER  
I'm ready. When?

SAABEN  
Kackar?

KACKAR  
We have more to do.

HOSEF  
It's complex.

SAABEN  
Perhaps as soon as two months.  
Isn't that about right Kackar?

Nameer cuts in, his English fast-paced and perfect with European overtones.

NAMEER  
Two months! Listen friends, I  
didn't come here to pump petrol for  
two months. And, why the fuck  
aren't we speaking Arabic!?

A quick, hard slap from Hosef shocks Nameer. They jump, their cups of tea flying.

Hosef holds Nameer off with a straight arm and a look.

HOSEF  
You played stupid with me. You  
little shit. Who do you think you  
are?

Everyone stands except Saaben, who gestures for calm and signals them all to sit down.

SAABEN  
Hosef. I'm sorry, I should have  
told you, but there was no time.

Nameer has been chosen for this assignment as he is gifted in English and, what I would call, deception. Please forgive me.

Hosef moves to allow Saaben to sit next to Nameer.

SAABEN (cont'd)

(Whispering.)

I'm going to speak to you in your own manner and you must listen. By the book, yes, Arabic is our lingua franca. But here, in the states, should anyone be listening, they would very quickly pay attention to such gesticulations. Um? Also, not everyone's English is quite as good as yours, Nameer. And we must all speak English for security reasons and gain what I like to call "citizenship."

(Louder for the rest of the group.)

Though, I dare tell you that Wasam is now such an American boy he scares me.

The others laugh and poke Wasam.

WASAM

(With a broad smile.)

Well, I hang out with them all day! It's not my fault. Allah forgive me. Ha, ha!

Nameer's stone face doesn't crack.

SAABEN

We need you. And believe me, it will be worthy.

(In Arabic.)

No God, but Allah. No God, Only Allah.

NAMEER

Saaben, you need not worry about me.

SAABEN

(Whispering.)

I am worried about you. Where has your patience gone, Nameer? You could not have been accepted without patience.

Nameer looks to the group.

NAMEER  
Forgive me.

Saaben picks up his tea. The others do the same.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer on his prayer mat, head to the floor, finishes and rises.

On his calendar, Nameer crosses off Sunday, November 27.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Nameer, holding his cell phone, his face glued to the window.

Makala, plops herself down in the seat next to him. In the b.g. Jonathan sits across the aisle.

NAMEER  
Please, don't sit here.

MAKALA  
Hey, it's a free country.

Makala stares at Nameer. Nameer punches numbers on the cell phone and gets the MODEM TONE.

NAMEER  
Why is it Americans can't  
understand a polite request with  
anything except belligerence?

MAKALA  
(Whispering.)  
Why did you think I was a  
prostitute? I want to know.

Nameer's gaze lingers on a gold Star of David hanging from one of the many chains around her neck.

NAMEER  
We met. We made love. It's never  
happened to me like that without  
paying.

MAKALA

You call that making love? And I didn't realize you had a hard-on for Americans. I use the words hard-on figuratively, in your case. You want me to believe you've never had a one night stand?

NAMEER

Not where I'm from.

Makala, steamed, turns away.

MAKALA

Which is where, exactly?

Nameer glances back and forth between the window and Makala.

NAMEER

Turkey.

Nameer looks out the window and punches TONE: ONE.

MAKALA

Right.

The train passes the Cemetery.

Nameer looks at Makala and punches TONE: ONE.

NAMEER

In Turkey things are not as free as they are here.

Nameer turns and looks out the window.

Makala is insulted.

The train approaches the "111" overpass.

Nameer punches the last ONE.

The train horn screams: SHORT, SHORT, LONG.

MAKALA

It's a good thing you're a good looking guy Nameer, because an attitude like that is not going to get you laid.

She gets up.

MAKALA (cont'd)

And so there are no  
misunderstandings, I want you to  
know, You - Stink - In - Bed.

Nameer looks to follow Makala and catch Jonathan cringing.  
They lock eyes. Jonathan offers his hand.

JONATHAN

Jonathan.

NAMEER

Nameer.

They turn away from each other.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer's face, again tense and in pain as paces in his tiny  
room holding the photograph of his Wife and Daughter.

Nameer crosses off December 7 off on his calendar, picks up  
his cell phone and dials.

NAMEER

Farooq. I want to speak to Farooq.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)

Give me a break! There is no  
Farooq here. Farooq went home! He  
got tired of taking certain calls.  
(HANG-UP CLICK.)

EXT. GAS STATION - HOSEF'S MINIVAN - DAY

Hosef pulls up to Nameer.

HOSEF

Get in.

Nameer hops in.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Hosef drives. Nameer looks like he's going to jump out of  
his skin.

HOSEF

So, what is it?  
(Remembering.)

The next time you call after midnight, it better be from jail.

NAMEER

I'm not allowed to call you from jail.

HOSEF

That's right! What's wrong? Don't you like America? Girls Gone Wild got you all hot and bothered?

NAMEER

Well, look at you. You seem to like it. Nice house, by the way.

HOSEF

I love it. What's not to like?

NAMEER

You're giving me too much time to think about this.

HOSEF

You want it to go fast, like they do back home? On the buses in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv, right?

NAMEER

Yes, something like that. And then..

Nameer closes his eyes, smiles and sharply claps his hands.

NAMEER (cont'd)

Done!

Hosef jumps with a start and is not amused.

NAMEER (cont'd)

Why am I being watched?

HOSEF

You want to just do it, but it must be big, but it must be fast. You're the smart one, you tell me why.

NAMEER

I'm not trusted.

HOSEF

We worry. The woman, Nameer. Which one of you does she know?



NAMEER

The cover, the smart one, the consultant. The Sorbonne educated one.

HOSEF

I bet she liked that. Are you going to see this woman again?

NAMEER

She's angry. I thought she was a prostitute.

Hosef looks at Nameer and considers this.

HOSEF

That's how you blew her off? Oh, bullshit. She didn't buy that, did she?

NAMEER

I'll avoid her. I'll take an earlier train.

HOSEF

She rides your train?

NAMEER

Yeah. Not always.

HOSEF

Not always?

NAMEER

She doesn't work everyday. The weed puller missed that?

HOSEF

We're working a plan here, Nameer. That is the train.

NAMEER

You've got more than him watching, don't you?

HOSEF

Fuck you! Fuck you! You wanted BIG. Well, this is big. And it's not a job for somebody's little brother. You were chosen to be mujahid, not some pussy suicide! You've got to stay on that train.

Hosef takes more than a moment to compose himself, and pulls to the side of the road.

NAMEER

You still want me?

HOSEF

Yes! We believe in you. You can pull this off. Look at you. Listen to you. They're never going to suspect. Let me tell you something, this project got approved. Do you have any idea what that takes? You were chosen for this job.

NAMEER

(Getting emotional.)

I can do it.

HOSEF

Hey, listen to me.

(Pause.)

Are you listening? You think of your wife and you think of your daughter and you pray. You pray for them and you pray to be a worthy Mujahid. Will you do that?

Nameer nods.

HOSEF (cont'd)

Okay, now I know this. It is coming soon. It will make you feel better. You hold it, like you're going to hold it. Tight to your belly and to your heart and you pray.

Nameer nods.

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Hosef's minivan pulls up. A large duffle bag is pushed out the side cargo door to Nameer's feet and the van pulls away.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nameer examines the contents of the duffle bag.

A down sports vest: a wire connector hidden in the facing.

A bomb: four white PVC plastic pipes, 2 inches in diameter and 10 inches long, each capped at both ends, fastened together as a unit with metal bands. Wires of several colors extend from each of the pipe sections and junction at a plastic electrical connection.

Nameer fits the bomb into the backpack.

Through a hole in the back of the pack, he pulls through the wire connector.

He puts on the vest, sits, clicks the electrical connections together, rests the backpack bomb on his lap and holds it to himself like a baby.

Nameer rocks, holding the bomb as he mumbles his prayers. It calms him, eases the pain. His face relaxes.

INT. HOSEF'S HOME - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Hosef opens the door to the room and waves Nameer in.

Nameer enters and takes a seat across from Saaben. Kackar and Wasam are also present.

WASAM

Makala is a nickname. Her legal name is Miriam Cohen. She's not officially a liability. In fact, she has a police record.

NAMEER

For what?

WASAM

We don't know. The record is sealed. Maybe she was a prostitute.

(Sour faces.)

I thought it was funny.

HOSEF

The point is, she cannot become a liability.

SAABEN

What have you told her, Nameer?

NAMEER

Nothing.

KACKAR  
 You stink like gasoline after work,  
 right? She must smell it on you.

NAMEER  
 No. I wear coveralls. I wash. I  
 hate the smell.

HOSEF  
 She could be a good cover.

SAABEN  
 That could be a big risk.

WASAM  
 We should give him another  
 assignment.

HOSEF  
 It's too late for that.

SAABEN  
 (Looking to Kackar.)  
 Is it?

Kackar takes a breath and nods.

SAABEN (cont'd)  
 There are risks both ways. I trust  
 Nameer to handle this. We can't  
 control her. Work it the best you  
 can.

NAMEER  
 Saaben, I will succeed.

HOSEF  
 (To Nameer.)  
 Wasam will drive you.

EXT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Wasam disarms his new high performance SUV with a remote key.

WASAM  
 You should ask for a car.

NAMEER  
 I don't need a car.

They climb in.

INT. WASAM'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Wasam puts his hot new SUV through it paces and gives Nameer a big grin, eye-brows raised, laughing like a hyena and looking to Nameer for validation.

Nameer looks at him but immediately goes back to inspecting the interior and its gadgets.

NAMEER  
How did you get this car?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Wasam leads Nameer into "his" store. A miserable looking hole-in-the-wall on a run-down American Main Street.

SONNY, a happy Pakistani works the counter.

SONNY  
Didn't expect to see you.

WASAM  
Sonny, you never do. Everything okay?

SONNY  
Yeah.

WASAM  
Coffee fresh?

SONNY  
You're lucky.

WASAM  
Good.

At the coffee station Wasam makes himself a cup of coffee and signals Nameer to help himself. Nameer fixes a sweet tea.

WASAM (cont'd)  
Sonny's just kidding about the coffee. It's fresh every twelve minutes. I don't really care for tea anymore. He doesn't look like much, but he does a good job.

NAMEER  
(Looking around.)  
Nice. Yours?

WASAM

No. Deceptive, just like you.  
 It's a good business. All cash.  
 I've been at this six years.  
 (Drinks.)  
 Hey, let me take you out sometime.  
 I know a lot good places.

Nameer nods as he drinks his tea.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Nameer spots Makala as she walks past him from behind and into the next train car.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NEXT PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nameer enters the car and approaches Makala.

She looks up at him with a frown.

NAMEER

(Points down to the seat.)  
 Okay?

MAKALA

It's a free country.

Nameer sits. His demeanor contrite.

NAMEER

I am sorry.

MAKALA

Sure.

NAMEER

Truly.

MAKALA

I'm listening, you son-of-a-bitch.  
 You're interesting, so I can't help  
 but like you.

NAMEER

So are you.

She smiles.

INT. MAKALA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nameer sinks into an overstuffed sofa, beer in hand, wearing a comfy robe and a pair of Makala's thick, warm pink socks.

As he pokes around for the TV remote, Makala, also wearing a robe and her hair up, sinks in next to him, snuggles up and borrows Nameer's beer.

Nameer finds the remote and we hear a NETWORK EVENING NEWS PROGRAM.

MAKALA

No, not the news. Anything but the news, please.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Good evening. It's turning into yet another bloody December in the Middle East. The President's aging Road Map to Peace for Israel and the Palestinians, torn at the seams so many times in the past two years, is now all but in tatters...

NAMEER

Just this... okay?

Makala grabs the remote, gives Nameer an irresistible kiss and hits the power button, killing the TV.

NAMEER (cont'd)

Makala.

IN FRENCH SUBTITLED:

MAKALA

Come here my little cabbage.

NAMEER

Do you speak French?

MAKALA

I most certainly do, sir. And you?

NAMEER

I prefer it over English. I must take you to Paris.

MAKALA

You must. So, why are you so interested in all the pointless killing? You're a Muslim. I'm a Jew. We get along.

NAMEER

Let's not talk about this. I don't want to fight with you.

MAKALA

Why would we fight? What makes you think I want to fight?

NAMEER

I don't know.

She stands before him, determined.

MAKALA

Greedy people. Power, money, land, oil, gold... It's tiresome. You and I will never get any of it.

She lets her hair down.

MAKALA (cont'd)

To start the wars, they do whatever comes to mind to make people hate each other.

She lets her robe fall to the floor.

MAKALA (cont'd)

And then we fight and we kill each other.

She straddles and teases him.

MAKALA (cont'd)

And we forget what we're fighting about, and we fear each other.

NAMEER

You don't...

MAKALA

Shhhh....

She kisses him.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Yes. Bad things happen.



He looks at her, is she reading his mind?

NAMEER  
People lose everything.

She puts her breast near his mouth.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
Do you understand?

MAKALA  
Yes, I do. Believe me, I do.

Tears begin to flow as he takes her into his mouth.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - HOSEF'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Nameer climbs in holding two cups of take-out tea. He hands one to Hosef.

HOSEF  
I want a report.

NAMEER  
A report?

HOSEF  
Yes, a report. Why does everyone  
in my life question every request I  
make?

NAMEER  
Because they sound like orders.

HOSEF  
I would like a report from you  
about the possibility of being  
discovered on the train.

NAMEER  
(Laughing.)  
New Jersey Transit has commissioned  
everyone of their 10,000 employees  
to be on the lookout for me. I'm  
sure they've been thoroughly  
trained in exactly what to look  
for.

HOSEF  
They do have a K-9 unit.

NAMEER  
I haven't seen it.

HOSEF  
See, you're not prepared yet.  
Okay, good, then also give me a  
plan for what you'll do if  
approached by the K-9 unit.

NAMEER  
I'm not carrying anything.

HOSEF  
Not right now, no. But you will  
be. We're just not sure when it  
will all fall together. That's the  
reason for the cell phone.

NAMEER  
Okay.

HOSEF  
This is what I want in the report:  
I want you to do a thorough search  
for anyone possibly undercover.

NAMEER  
You're pissing me?

HOSEF  
No, I'm not. And you know what?  
It is an order. Do it.

NAMEER  
Can I get a laptop?

HOSEF  
Why do you want a laptop?

NAMEER  
With wireless capability.

HOSEF  
Why?

NAMEER  
Because I saw them and I want one.

HOSEF  
You're pissing me off.

NAMEER

I'll use it to keep track of the passengers. It fits my cover.

HOSEF

Look, here. Here's a twenty out of my own pocket, go buy some porno magazines instead.

NAMEER

That's not why I want it.

HOSEF

Why do you want it?

NAMEER

Something to do.

HOSEF

You can go to mosque. It fits your cover.

NAMEER

Please.

HOSEF

Find a way to fund it and don't do anything stupid with it, okay?

NAMEER

Okay.

Nameer smiles at Hosef. Hosef nods and brings his cup of tea to his lips. Nameer sips with him.

EXT. GAS STATION - AN EXPENSIVE NEW CAR - DAY

Nameer stands next to the car, a small pad and a credit card in his hand.

He copies the credit card information on the pad.

EXT. PUBLIC STREET PHONE - NIGHT

Nameer on the phone holding a piece of paper and a pen.

NAMEER

Yes. Now can you ship that on a certain date? Great, I want to be home to receive it.

Yeah, I don't want it sitting out  
for someone to walk off with. Yes.  
First overnight delivery? Yes.  
Great...

INT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nameer sits dressed as a martyr, images and symbols of  
Islamic Jihad on the wall behind him.

Nameer looking directly into the camera.

HOSEF (O.S.)

Okay. It's on. Anytime you want  
to start.

NAMEER

(In Arabic, subtitled.)

My name is Nameer Al Braqi. I feel  
I have been called to act. I've  
lost everything. Other Palestinian  
like me lose more and more  
everyday.

Nameer holds some photos in his hand to show to his audience.  
The camera alternates between him and zooms into the  
snapshots.

PHOTO: A FUNERAL PROCESSION of Palestinian men carrying a  
body, wrapped in a flag on a stretcher.

NAMEER (cont'd)

My wife and daughter were killed by  
an Israeli gunship raid in Gaza  
during the bloody December of 2003.

PHOTO: Nameer carrying the body of his wife in a crowded  
funeral procession.

NAMEER (cont'd)

But, why should you care? Because  
your American tax dollars support  
Israel, and the Israeli government  
is executing genocide against my  
people.

PHOTO: The body of a young Palestinian Girl, lying in wait,  
her head adorned in flowers.

NAMEER (cont'd)

Please, don't believe me. There  
are Americans who know.

PHOTO: A Palestinian Man, his bloodstained palms raised in front of his face for the camera.

NAMEER (cont'd)

There are Jews who know this, both here in the United States and in Israel.

Photo: nameer's wife sits beside her daughter at a table and lovingly watches her preparing food.

NAMEER (cont'd)

They are speaking out, but they are unheard. Please listen. That's all I have to say.

(Pause.)

No, wait.

(Pause.)

I do not hate. I swear I do not.

Nameer looks to Hosef and Saaben. Hosef looks to Saaben who says nothing but Hosef gets a clear message.

Hosef stops taping.

HOSEF

(Back to English.)

Nameer, you must talk a little bit about the Jihad.

NAMEER

Like what?

SAABEN

That ah... That you know this is Allah's will for you. Just talk a little about your faith and how it brought you to this place and the beliefs that give you your strength.

Hosef takes up the camera, rolls tape.

HOSEF

Okay.

NAMEER

(In Arabic, subtitled.)

There is only one God, the God of Mohammed.

(Back to English.)

The minds that set in motion the events and the men that killed my wife and daughter are not blessed by God. God does not bless America. The Jihad is blessed. God bless the Jihad.

The Video Camera is turned off. Saaben hugs Nameer.

SAABEN

(In Arabic, subtitled.)

You are now a living martyr and you shall have a new name. Please accept your heavenly name, Isma'il.

One by one, Kackar, Wasam and, finally, Hosef congratulate Nameer and call him by his new name "Isma'il".

INT. WASAM'S SUV - NIGHT

Wasam is driving. Nameer sits looking quite numb.

NAMEER

I need a ride.

WASAM

Just say when.

NAMEER

Wednesday morning.

WASAM

Okay. Where are we going?

NAMEER

Some address in Holmdel. To pick up my new computer.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN -DAY

The Conductor enters the train car.

CONDUCTOR

Tickets, please. Have your tickets ready, please.

Nameer, glances back and readies his backpack on his lap.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)

Tickets.

The Conductor reaches Nameer just as...

Nameer has his backpack open and takes out a laptop computer, opens it and pushes the power button.

Nameer's rail pass is now in a convenient plastic holder he wears on a neck strap.

Nameer looks up at the conductor, surprised.

NAMEER

Good morning. How are you?

Nameer reaches to show his train pass. The Conductor waves him off.

CONDUCTOR

You're okay. How are you?

NAMEER

Good, thanks.

The computer's operating systems SINGS a welcome tune.

CONDUCTOR

I've got to get one of those. My grand kids want to send me things.

NAMEER

Instant messages!

CONDUCTOR

Right!

NAMEER

You really should.

The charmed Conductor moves on. Nameer's smile vanishes. Jonathan leans in from the seat behind startling Nameer.

JONATHAN

That's a nice one. Must have set you back.

NAMEER

Ah, yeah, a bit. I'm sorry but...

JONATHAN

Jonathan.

NAMEER

Thanks. Nameer.

JONATHAN

How's things with your lady friend?

NAMEER  
 Much better.

Jonathan gives him a smile and goes back to his newspaper.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
 I'm curious. What is it you do?

Jonathan immediately hands Nameer his card.

JONATHAN  
 Insurance and financial planning.

NAMEER  
 Ah.

JONATHAN  
 You?

NAMEER  
 Government relations for Turkish  
 companies doing business in the  
 U.S.

Impressed, Jonathan nods.

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - DAY

Nameer holds the phone to his ear.

HOSEF (O.S.)  
 (On phone.)  
 Isma'il?

NAMEER  
 Yes.

HOSEF (O.S.)  
 Even numbered days.

NAMEER  
 Yes.

HOSEF (O.S.)  
 You will need your computer.

NAMEER  
 Okay.

HOSEF (O.S.)  
 Odd numbered days. You will need  
 your other equipment.



NAMEER

Yes. I understand.

HOSEF (O.S.)

Good.

Nameer hangs up the phone.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - TABLE - NIGHT

Nameer turns on the table lamp and picks up a pen. On his calendar all the days prior to Friday, December 9th are crossed out. The pen in Nameer's hand crosses out the 9th, moves over Saturday the 10th, Sunday the 11th and Monday the 12th, then circles the next odd numbered day, Tuesday, December 13th.

Nameer types on his laptop:

"Dear Naseer, I've come to the United States. New Jersey to be precise..."

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SEATING AREA - DAY

Nameer pacing. He hears the automatic lobby doors SWISH open and turns to look. NASEER, Nameer's twin dressed in a suit and tie, strides toward him pulling an expensive roll-a-board bag, a huge smile on his face.

They meet and embrace.

NASEER

God, it's so good to see you.

NAMEER

You too, Naseer.

NASEER

It's been too damn long, brother.

They sit, pulling the chairs close together.

NASEER (cont'd)

Tell me you're not going back.

NAMEER

I'm not going back.

NASEER

Thank God! Nameer, that is so good to hear.

You don't know how that makes me feel. So tell me, when will your wonderful Huma and the clever little Nashida be coming? Let's get them here!

Nameer hands Naseer the photographs and lets his chair swallow him whole.

Naseer flips through them and then flips through them again. He squeezes his eyes with his thumb and forefinger.

Nameer watches with heavy, suspicious eyes.

NASEER (cont'd)  
Oh, no. When? When?

NAMEER  
Last December.

NASEER  
And this is how you tell me?

NAMEER  
Yes, this is how I'm telling you.

Nameer gets up.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
Yeah, I know. You want to scream, and cry, and carry on, but not here.

NASEER  
I would have come over.

NAMEER  
No, you would not have. How would you get back to your family? It's okay. You're an American now. And there are certain things Americans don't do, right?

NASEER  
Believe me, there's nowhere to do it. You can't just yell and scream here.

Naseer falls back into his seat, limp, hollow-eyed and stricken.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Wasam walks Nameer and Naseer toward the nightclub, a heavy arm draped around each of them.

WASAM

I love this place. There is always so much loose pussy here. But you need to get acclimated to the local hair.

Nameer and Naseer smile at each other slightly embarrassed. Two attractive women walk by who are coiffured for a night out.

WASAM (cont'd)

Look at this, where else do you see hair this big?! Okay, maybe Staten Island. But the difference is the Jersey girls really want it as long as you're nice to them. The Staten Island girls tend to want marriage, but that's a whole 'nother story.

Wasam looks at his new buddies.

WASAM (cont'd)

Really guys. I am not shitting you about this.

Entering the dark seductive "Martini Bar."

WASAM (cont'd)

(Booming voice.)

Hey ladies! Take a look at this! I've brought you twins! Don't you just love it!

Nameer and Naseer, drinks in hand look out at Wasam making a fool of himself. The BLONDE with him is having the time of her life as well.

NASEER

Why are we here? Where did you find this guy, Nameer?

NAMEER

He's Lebanese. I bet they thought he was gay there.

NASEER

You didn't answer my question.

NAMEER

He's one of the group that sponsored me to come over. Have a drink, that's what Americans do.

NASEER

I'm going to ignore that, this time. Did you have a hard time getting in?

NAMEER

No, they knew how to get it done.

NASEER

Okay. So, what are you going to do? What have they got you doing?

NAMEER

Retail management.

NASEER

Retail management?

Drinks are served.

NAMEER

Drink up. I haven't had a good time in a year.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - STREET AND SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Nameer and Naseer are resisting being dragged off by two women: HIGH STYLE and GREAT BODY.

HIGH STYLE

Come with us. We want you to come to this party.

NAMEER

Not tonight, but I've got your number.

GREAT BODY

You call me! You better call me!

NASEER

I told you, I'm married.

HIGH STYLE

Not happily I bet!

BOTH WOMEN

Bye, bye!

Walking a few feet and striking a pose and in jest:

BOTH WOMEN (cont'd)

(Laughing.)

You could have had us both!

Naseer and Nameer smile, but it doesn't stick.

NASEER

What the fuck are you doing here,  
Nameer?

Wasam's SUV passes slowly. The Blond and Wasam holding on to the top of the car out the sunroof. Wasam steering with his feet.

NASEER (cont'd)

How is he doing that?

NAMEER

He's got it in neutral, he's coasting. So, tell me. We had olive trees. Do you remember the olive trees, Naseer?

NASEER

Come live in LA with us for a while, until you get your feet on the ground.

NAMEER

You didn't answer my question.

NASEER

Yes, I remember them.

NAMEER

Hills filled with olive trees, they were ours. And figs. We had figs too, right? They took them. Took everything. Do you remember...

(Puts an arm around  
Naseer.)

...how happy we were?

NASEER

I remember a lot of things. And, yes, I remember we had a good childhood, Nameer.

NAMEER

And you're happy in California?  
What do you have? What do you call  
it here? A backyard?

NASEER

Yeah, a backyard.

NAMEER

How big is it?

NASEER

It's not big.

NAMEER

And you can live with everything  
that's happened?

NASEER

Yes, Nameer, I can. I thank God  
everyday.

Wasam's car passes again, this time going in the opposite  
direction. The Blond is out the sunroof steering with her  
feet, screaming with delight. Wasam, hangs out the driver's  
side window below her.

WASAM

(To Nameer and Naseer.)

Where did your girls go!!!???

NASEER

(To Nameer.)

What are you thinking?

NAMEER

He's going to get arrested if he  
doesn't stop that shit. Just after  
you left, the Jews questioned me.

NASEER

They questioned us everyday,  
Nameer. They questioned us before  
and after we took a crap.

NAMEER

Not like this. Days, Naseer. They  
kept me for days.

Naseer whistles and raises a hand.

NAMEER (cont'd)

Where are you going?

NASEER

Home to my wife and children.  
Taxi!

NAMEER

You don't want to hear this. Why  
can't you hear what happened to me?

Naseer stops Nameer before he can speak. The taxi waits in  
the b.g.

NASEER

Come with me. Come be with the  
family we both have, and I'll  
listen day and night. Don't stay  
here Nameer. Get in the cab.

NAMEER

They wanted to know about you. I  
paid the freight for you coming  
here.

NASEER

Nameer, it sucked there. Yes, it  
did. But we were the lucky ones.  
We were given an education. We  
were taught French and English  
and... Why the fuck did you stay?

Naseer hugs him, kisses his cheeks and lets him go.

NASEER (cont'd)

But now you're here.

Naseer gets in the taxi.

NASEER (cont'd)

Are you coming?

Nameer shakes his head.

NASEER (cont'd)

Whenever you're ready, just head to  
the airport and call me. In  
California we can have a long chat  
and work all this out. I love you  
and I'm begging you, just come with  
me now.

Nameer nods and walks off. Naseer slams the taxi door.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

The table lamp is switched on and Nameer crosses out Monday, December 12th and circles Tuesday, December 13th on his calendar.

Nameer takes the laptop out of his knapsack and carefully packs the bomb in its place.

Nameer's cell phone rings. He looks at the caller ID which reads: "M COHEN"

Nameer lets it ring as he finishes with the backpack and then lies in the fetal position on his cot.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Nameer, holding his cell phone, his face glued to the window.

Makala, plops herself down in the seat next to him.

NAMEER

Makala, listen to me, don't sit with me. Don't even sit in this car.

MAKALA

Why haven't you called me? I thought we liked each other.

Nameer punches numbers on the cell phone and gets the MODEM TONE.

She grabs his cell phone.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Are you married?

Nameer holds his hand out for the phone.

NAMEER

No. My wife and child were killed just about a year ago.

MAKALA

I'm sorry.

Makala hands his phone back to him.

Nameer looks out the window sees the Cemetery ahead and punches TONE: ONE.



MAKALA (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 If you really want me to leave you  
 alone I will, but I don't think you  
 do. I can't figure this out.

Nameer looks at Makala and punches TONE: ONE.

NAMEER  
 Right now I want to be left alone.

Nameer looks out the window and see the "111" overpass  
 approaching.

MAKALA  
 Okay, but tell me why.

The "111" overpass coming up.

NAMEER  
 I don't want you to get hurt.

Nameer closes his eyes and punches the last ONE.

The train horn screams: SHORT, SHORT, LONG.

Nameer comes back to reality.

She takes his hand.

MAKALA  
 I'm pretty tough, Nameer. I  
 finally trained you to be a decent  
 lay, and now you want to be left  
 alone.

Nameer cracks a smile.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
 Oh, boy. I'm glad I got that smile.  
 You should smile more. You look  
 great when you smile.  
 (Whispering in his ear  
 with tongue and kisses.)  
 It's just us humans down here.

Nameer melts.

EXT. GAS STATION - A HUGE SUV - DAY

Nameer, looking very clean cut, smiles as he approaches an  
 SUV DRIVER, the vehicle so high he must look up.

NAMEER  
 (Faking poor English.)  
 Cash or credit.

SUV DRIVER  
 Cash. Fill it.

NAMEER  
 Okay boss, fill it up.

Nameer goes to the fuel door, but there's no latch. He ponders it.

He returns to the SUV Driver, but pretends he doesn't have the words and points to the fuel hatch mumbling..

Finally, the SUV Driver "gets it" and pops the fuel door latch.

SUV DRIVER  
 Sorry.

Nameer washes the huge SUV windshield with a smile at the driver, who shakes his head amused.

Nameer finishes the fill-up and returns to the driver.

NAMEER  
 Three-tee two dollars.

SUV DRIVER  
 Thirty-two.

NAMEER  
 (Smiles.)  
 Thirty-two.

The SUV Driver pulls bills off a large wad of cash.

SUV DRIVER  
 You're new here, right? You'll get the hang of it.

NAMEER  
 Okay, boss.

The SUV Driver hands the cash to Nameer.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
 Thank you, please come again.

Nameer moves to go.

SUV DRIVER  
 Hey! Thank you. Merry Christmas.

The SUV driver snaps a ten dollar bill off the wad of cash and hands it to Nameer before pulling off.

Nameer stuffs the bill in his pocket.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

Nameer sits working on his laptop beside Makala who is reading.

CONDUCTOR  
 Tickets please.

They flash their monthly passes at the conductor who moves on without a word.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 These are round trip excursion tickets, sir. They're not valid on rush hour trains.

Nameer looks up to see TWO WORKMEN in paint stained jackets and pants look at the Conductor confused.

WORKER #1  
 We can't use those?

CONDUCTOR  
 You need to pay the step up, it's four dollars and thirty-five cents each.

The workman look to each other.

WORKER #1  
 We didn't know.

CONDUCTOR  
 Still have to pay.

WORKER #1  
 I'm broke, man.

CONDUCTOR  
 (To the other Worker.)  
 How about you?

The Worker #2 shakes his head.

WORKER #2  
I didn't have lunch today.

WORKER #1  
Can't you give us a break?

The conductor looks them over.

CONDUCTOR  
No, no more fare school for you  
two.

WORKER #2  
Us two?

CONDUCTOR  
Yeah, you two. Off at the next  
stop.

WORKER #1  
What?

CONDUCTOR  
You heard me.

Nameer steps in, handing the Conductor a ten dollar bill.

NAMEER  
Here, I'll cover their fare.

The Conductor takes the bill and begins punching a ticket.

CONDUCTOR  
You've been saved this time.

WORKERS  
Thanks.

NAMEER  
Not a problem.

Nameer picks up his laptop from the seat and sits.

MAKALA  
That was nice.

NAMEER  
Yeah, well...

MAKALA  
Well, what?

NAMEER

They looked like they had a hard day.

MAKALA

Did they offer to pay you back?

NAMEER

I told them not to.

MAKALA

Sucker.

Makala kisses his hand and goes back to reading.

NAMEER

What do you think of black jeans on an older guy?

MAKALA

I don't know about on an older guy, but they'd look great on you.

INT. MAKALA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Late evening light bathes the door and empty entrance way.

The door lock BOLT CLAPS open.

Makala and Nameer burst in, embrace and kiss passionately.

Makala kicks the door shut.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Nameer looks out the window, sees the Cemetery approaching and punches TONE: ONE and ONE again.

At the "111" overpass he closes his eyes and punches the last ONE.

The train horn screams: SHORT, SHORT, LONG.

Nameer comes back and he is face to face with...

A GERMAN SHEPHERD leashed to a transit POLICEMAN.

The dog sniffs around Nameer's seat...

Hesitatingly, Nameer holds out his hand for the dog to sniff.

NAMEER  
What's your dog's name?

POLICEMAN  
Hootie.

Nameer pets the dog.

NAMEER  
May I?

POLICEMAN  
Sure. But just for a moment, he's  
on the job, sir.

Hootie accepts Nameer's affection, then quickly moves on.

INT. GAS STATION - MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Nameer, upon the throne in the now sparkling clean toilet facility, stares at his backpack/bomb.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

Nameer finishes a fill-up and gives the car a gentle rap to signal the driver, who pulls away.

Ali approaches.

ALI  
Nameer, please, let me use your  
bathroom, please. I'll be very  
careful.

He punches numbers on his cell phone, then reaches into his pocket and tosses Ali the rest room key.

ALI (cont'd)  
Oh, thank God, thank you, Nameer.

Ali runs off.

NAMEER  
Farooq. I'd like to speak to  
Farooq.

He runs over to the pay phone which is ringing, he answers.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
Hello.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)  
Why are you calling?

NAMEER  
Something happened on the train  
this morning.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)  
What?  
(Nameer falters.)  
What? What happened?

NAMEER  
There was a policeman on the train.

HOSEF  
And?

NAMEER  
I've never seen a policeman on the  
train, not in the morning.

HOSEF  
That's it? I thought you said  
something happened?

NAMEER  
No, that's it. I thought you  
should know.

HOSEF  
Not unless something happens.

NAMEER  
You wanted me to report. Right?

HOSEF  
Thanks for the report.  
(HANG-UP CLICK.)

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer sits at the table, pours a blast of whiskey and knocks it back. He picks up his calendar and crosses off December 21 and circles the next odd numbered day, December 23.

Nameer stares at the calendar and puts it down. He grabs his backpack and takes out the bomb and picks-up the laptop to pack it, but stops... and stares at the bomb.

He tries to unscrew the pipe caps, but they are glued tight.

He strips the mattress from his bed and, with both hands, pounds the PVC pipe against the iron bed frame.

The tenant in the next room starts BANGING on the wall and YELLING.

Nameer continues until the pipe breaks open and something spills out onto the floor.

Nameer runs his fingers through what was the guts of the bomb: sand.

And, a small scallop shell.

INT. PAINT YOUR OWN POTTERY STUDIO - DAY

Decorated for the Holidays. At a table, fidgety and uncomfortable Nameer watches Makala paint. He looks around the studio and sees...

A little girl squirting paint into a pallet cup.

A Young boy diligently painting detail on a ceramic soccer ball bank.

Two teenage girls, painting floral designs on plates, giggling and chatting.

A mother sits beside her daughter at a table and lovingly watches her paint. (NOTE: this shot matches the poise of Nameer's wife and daughter in a snapshot shown earlier.)

Makala glares at him.

MAKALA

Are you just going to sit there?

NAMEER

I'm watching.

MAKALA

Are you going to paint?

NAMEER

Can't I just watch you?

MAKALA

No. You're making me nervous. Either paint or go across the street. There's a sports bar there. You like sports, don't you?



NAMEER

Yeah.

Nameer gets up. He's wearing black jeans. Makala smiles at him.

Nameer comes over and kisses her on the cheek. Before he can move, Makala grabs him, pulls his head to her lips so she can whisper in his ear.

Her lips open but she hesitates.

MAKALA

You're a beautiful man Nameer. I see it when you look at the children. I'll be over when I'm done, okay?

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

A fresh pint is placed in front of Nameer. He takes a sip as he surveys the crowded bar. Both a NFL football game and an all news channel entertain the patrons.

Nameer spots Jonathan and makes his way through the crowd toward him.

Jonathan nurses a glass of red wine, his neck craned as he intently watches the news on a TV monitor above him.

NAMEER

Jonathan? Hey, man how are you?  
Nameer.

JONATHAN

Right, Nameer. From the train.  
Good. How about you?

NAMEER

Fine. Thanks.

JONATHAN

What are you doing here?

NAMEER

The lady is across the street.

JONATHAN

Painting pottery.

NAMEER

Yeah.

Nameer sees Hosef sitting in a booth beside a very young, very PRETTY WOMAN.

JONATHAN  
How's that going?

Nameer snaps back to Jonathan as he moves to stay out of sight from Hosef.

NAMEER  
Better.

On a TV MONITOR: A street scene of the aftermath of a deadly car bombing is narrated:

ANCHOR PERSON (V.O.)  
In response to the recent bombings in Sydney, the Department of Homeland Security has elevated the national terrorism alert level from yellow to orange.

JONATHAN  
Now what damn good does that do?

NAMEER  
I don't know.

The sports channel on another monitor competes for attention:

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Touch down New York!

A cheer goes up from the crowd.

Jonathan's pal DAN, a big jolly fellow who is red faced and quite intoxicated joins the party.

DAN  
Who the fuck is this?

JONATHAN  
Dan, Nameer. Nameer, Dan.

DAN  
Great, fresh blood! I'm bored to shit with this asshole.

Dan squeezes Jonathan's shoulders and kisses him on the cheek from behind.

DAN (cont'd)  
I know everything about him, and he  
knows everything about me. It's  
disgusting!

Nameer holds out his hand.

NAMEER  
Nameer.

They shake hands.

DAN  
Nameer? What the fuck kind of name  
is that?

JONATHAN  
Turkish.

Nameer is surprised.

JONATHAN (cont'd)  
I overhear a lot of shit on the  
train. We're all suppose to keep  
our ears open you know.

DAN  
Jonathan believes the train's going  
to be bombed.

JONATHAN  
You don't ride it, Dan. I do.

Nameer sneaks a peak at Hosef and see him present the Pretty  
Woman with a jewelry box. She opens it and smiles.

DAN (O.C.)  
(To Nameer.)  
Are you a Democrat or a Republican?

Hosef pulls her to him. She willingly partakes in a big  
sloppy kiss. Wearing skin-tight black jeans, she climbs over  
him and gets out of the booth.

JONATHAN  
Nameer, forget that. What would  
you do if someone tried to blow up  
the train.

DAN  
If the Israelis could stop these  
assholes from bombing buses they  
would have done it along time ago.

JONATHAN

I know what you think. I want to know what he thinks.

DAN

Jonathan's a no gay marriage republican. I'm a -- conservative nut-jobs are fucking working people up the wah-zoo -- democrat.

Jonathan waves Dan off.

NAMEER

What can you do?

JONATHAN

I'll tell you what you can do. Whatever it takes. Just like they did on Flight 93.

Nameer glances over to see Hosef and his date coming his way.

NAMEER

You guys ready for another round.

Dan shakes a smile out of Jonathan who nods.

DAN

If you're buying, I'm drinking.

Nameer ducks to the bar.

Hosef and his date pass behind him.

INT. MAKALA'S CAR - NIGHT

Makala driving. Nameer in the passenger seat.

MAKALA

It looked like you guys were having a good time.

NAMEER

Yeah.

MAKALA

What did you talk about?

NAMEER

Football.

MAKALA

Which one?

NAMEER

Both. They were giving me lessons in American and I offered to teach their kids some soccer tricks. Oh, and a little politics.

MAKALA

Politics? And no one got a broken nose or a black eye?

NAMEER

No. And do you know what? They've been friends for years and they're political opposites.

MAKALA

Well, no one here agrees on everything.

NAMEER

No, they didn't agree on anything.

Makala smiles.

NAMEER (cont'd)

That's not unusual?

MAKALA

What about us?

NAMEER

Men and women will always be at war.

MAKALA

Sex is a truce? As a Jew, don't you hate me? A little?

NAMEER

I don't hate.

MAKALA

You do hate. You hate me a little.

NAMEER

You're an American Jew. It's not the same.

MAKALA

It's just because you know me as a person.

NAMEER

I don't like what the Jews are doing to the Palestinians.

MAKALA

Neither do I.

MAKALA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Makala stares at herself in the medicine cabinet mirror.

MAKALA

I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you.

She grabs Nameer, pulls him in and forces him to look at his own reflection.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Do it.

Nameer balks.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Do it.

NAMEER

You leave me alone and I'll do it.

Makala moves to go and while closing the door says:

MAKALA

Really do it.

Nameer staring at his reflection.

NAMEER

I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I...

MAKALA (O.S.)

Do it.

NAMEER

Stop listening.

MAKALA  
 Okay, but believe it, tell  
 yourself.

NAMEER  
 I love you.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

Nameer pumps gas and Ali approaches him cautiously.

ALI  
 Can I use your bathroom? It was  
 perfect when I left it last time.  
 Perfect I tell you!

Near the pay phone, Hosef pulls up in his minivan.

NAMEER  
 You don't have to ask anymore.  
 (Tossing key.)  
 Make yourself a copy.

ALI  
 Nameer, you are blessed. Blessed I  
 tell you.

Nameer hands the pump over to Ali and makes for the van.

NAMEER  
 I was being an asshole. I'm sorry.

Nameer arrives at Hosef's door.

HOSEF  
 Get in.

Nameer makes a move as if he's going to the van's passenger side, but then he quickly opens Hosef's door, pulls Hosef out of the van, throws him to the ground.

Nameer commandeers Hosef's gun from under the driver's seat.

NAMEER  
 You get in.

Hosef recovers.

HOSEF  
 What the fuck was that for, Nameer?

Nameer puts the gun to Hosef.

NAMEER  
The name is Isma'il.

Nameer extends his arm and pulls Hosef into the minivan.

NAMEER (cont'd)  
Now, get in.

Keeping dead aim on Hosef, Nameer moves over to the passenger seat.

Hosef climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Nameer holds the gun on Hosef who is driving.

HOSEF  
Listen, Isma'il...

NAMEER  
Shut-up.

HOSEF  
Put the gun down.

NAMEER  
Keep driving. The bomb was a fake, why?

HOSEF  
We wanted to know you'd do it.

NAMEER  
Call Saaben.

HOSEF  
I can't call Saaben. Isma'il, listen to me...

Nameer fires two shots toward Hosef's feet.

HOSEF (cont'd)  
(In pain, holding back.)  
Ahhhhh... Fa...

Nameer reaches into Hosef's jacket and pulls out his cell phone and forces it on him.

NAMEER  
Call Saaben.



Hosef hits a speed dial.

HOSEF  
I'd like to speak with Michael  
Jordan.

SAABEN (ON PHONE.)  
There is no Michael Jordan here.

EXT. SUBURBAN CROSSROADS - DAY

Looking into Hosef's minivan, Saaben is in the driver's seat, Hosef the front passenger side. Nameer can be seen between them leaning in from the back seat.

INT. HOSEF'S MINIVAN - DAY

SAABEN  
We can't stay here long, but just  
look at this! That's the US Navy  
Weapons corridor. The one your  
train goes over every day. It's a  
joke! Nothing prevents you from  
making a turn here, nothing! Look  
at that sign, "Authorized Vehicles  
Only - No Turns."

HOSEF  
Can he take me to the doctor now?

NAMEER  
Just keep pressure on it. I want  
to see the whole thing.

Hosef shakes his head, winces with pain. Saaben drives off.

SAABEN  
You'll be okay. This is important.  
We should have told you Isma'il.  
It was my mistake. Forgive Hosef.

NAMEER  
You're forgiven, Hosef. Keep your  
eyes on the road, Jordi.

Saabn fakes a laugh.

SAABEN  
You're a funny man, Isma'il. Very  
funny.

NAMEER  
A regular laugh riot.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL ON RARITAN BAY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Hosef's minivan pulls in and parks. Saaben and Nameer exit and take a path into the dunes. They arrive at the water's edge. Saaben hands Nameer a compact pair of binoculars.

SAABEN  
Be a bit discreet with those, okay?

Nameer spies the 2.5 mile long U.S. Naval Weapons Station Earle loading dock stretches on and on, out into the Raritan Bay.

SAABEN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
This is not a long shot. We looked at it long and hard. It's near one-hundred percent we can pull this off.

At the end, a Navy supply ship, then another, and another, and another.

SAABEN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Four out there today. We count every day. They can't seem to supply them fast enough. One day there were six! All being supplied with explosives.

INT. PHYSICIAN'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Saaben and Nameer sit in uncomfortable chairs surrounded by pharmaceutical brochures for male anti-impotence medications. Their conversation is punctuated by Hosef's cries of pain, which they ignore.

SAABEN  
You are so key to this, believe me.

NAMEER  
Tell me.

SAABEN  
Your bomb will derail the train.

NAMEER  
How do you know that?

SAABEN

We did it in Chechyna. The only access will be on the Navy road. It will be clogged with emergency vehicles. Then, we have a truck bomb. The truck looks just like one of theirs. It turns onto the access road and heads for the ships.

NAMEER

Who's driving the truck.

SAABEN

Wasam.

NAMEER

Wasam?

SAABEN

Yes, he's an excellent driver. If Wasam makes it to the ships, he could easily take them all out. Forty-four thousand pounds of explosives.

Saaben sits back in his seat, very self-satisfied. Nameer thinks, his arms folded on his chest.

SAABEN (cont'd)

Oh! The U.S. Navy claims that no nuclear weapons are in New Jersey.

(Smiles.)

We'll see if that's true. So what do you think?

NAMEER

It's stupid. There must be check points, blockades.

SAABEN

There are. We're prepared for that.

HOSEF (O.S.)

Ahhh!

INT. MAKALA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nameer and Makala reclined on her luscious bed of pillows. Each holds a wine glass.

MAKALA

(Reading from Haggadah,  
the text for Passover.)

A man buys a goat at a price of  
only two zuzim. Unfortunately, a  
cat eats the goat, a dog bites the  
cat, a stick beats the dog, a fire  
burns the stick, water quenches the  
fire, an ox drinks the water, a  
butcher kills the ox. Nameer, I  
think you know. How does this all  
end?

NAMEER

With Allah, by Allah's hand. You  
are a very clever woman.

MAKALA

That's right, by God's hand.

They toast and drink.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Tonight we take all the pain from  
our journey, all the pain of  
everyone in this world, Jew,  
Christian, Muslim; every skin  
color; every human permutation and  
bless it with love and forgiveness.  
We all mourn and grieve for what  
has been, what is now, what will  
come. Tonight, right now let us,  
just you and I my friend, pour our  
blessing onto the world.

Makala raises her glass.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Next year in Israel.

NAMEER

Next year in Palestine.

They toast and drink.

MAKALA

You're a Palestinian, right?

NAMEER

Yes.

MAKALA

Why did you lie to me?

NAMEER

Fear.

MAKALA

Why would you be afraid of me?

She kisses him.

INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Nameer approaches Saaben, Kackar and Hosef, now on crutches with his foot in a cast, who are gathered around a table.

They embrace and kiss cheeks. Nameer goes to Hosef last.

NAMEER

How are you?

HOSEF

I'll be okay.

NAMEER

Are you tired?

HOSEF

No.

NAMEER

You look a little tired.

The others wonder at this exchange.

SAABEN

I believe Kackar is ready.

Nameer gives Kackar his attention.

Kackar sets a backpack, identical to the one Nameer has carried until now, on the table. This one is packed with plastic explosive, lined with sharp metal objects and attached to a sophisticated electronic denotation device.

Next, a winter jacket, identical to Nameer's. Kackar unzips the lining; it too is packed with a layer of plastic explosive.

Then, Kackar lifts a typical black roll-aboard travel case onto the table and opens it.

The bomb inside the travel case is different from the others: a cylinder lined in lead is surrounded by plastic explosive.

KACKAR  
It's safe right now.

Kackar passes a CLICKING Geiger counter over the device and there is no increase in the CLICKS.

NAMEER  
Where are the connections?

HOSEF  
There are no connections. Radio operated. Your cell phone will send the necessary signal.

Nameer nods, looking intently at the equipment.

NAMEER  
Like I'm taking a trip.

SAABEN  
Yes. Exactly. Ask the conductor about Amtrak tickets the first time.

NAMEER  
When?

SAABEN  
Soon now, Nameer. You have our word.

NAMEER  
May I go?

HOSEF  
If you've seen enough.

KACKAR  
Nameer. Tuesdays, you travel with this luggage. Wasam will drive you home. You take Wednesdays off.

Nameer nods, turns to leave, then stops.

NAMEER  
Hosef, please, give my best wishes to Amtullah.

HOSEF  
I will.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer pours himself a whiskey and then leans over to examine the map that out-lines his mission. His fingers tracing the Navy Weapons Complex railroad.

Nameer rips the map into tiny pieces. Picks up his calendar and crosses off Monday, January 3 and circles Tuesday, January 4.

INT. MAKALA'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Makala opens the door to find Nameer holding a whiskey bottle.

MAKALA

You're drunk.

NAMEER

That is ah-vee-ohs.

She lets him in and he tries to kiss her.

MAKALA

Nameer, there is nothing, nothing in this world, less attractive than a drunk man. Especially a drunk man that a woman did not have the fun of getting drunk with.

He backs off, confused.

NAMEER

Have a drink.

MAKALA

I've got work tomorrow.

NAMEER

So do I!

She pushes him down on her sofa.

MAKALA

Sleep it off. Sleep.

NAMEER

With you.

MAKALA

No.

NAMEER  
You let me in.

MAKALA  
That doesn't mean I'm going to  
sleep with you.

NAMEER  
Your country, it sucks!

MAKALA  
Nameer, you came here. So, go  
home.

She opens the door. He gets up and staggers to her. He  
tries to kiss her again.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
I said no. Sleep on the sofa or go  
home.

NAMEER  
Your country is one big whore...

MAKALA  
Not the whore shit again.

NAMEER  
A whore with big bombs!!

MAKALA  
The word is boobs.

NAMEER  
No, I mean bombs!

MAKALA  
Stop it, Nameer. Stop it now.

NAMEER  
You're a whore! Do you know you're  
a whore?

POW! Makala socks him right in the eye. Nameer staggers and  
falls out into the hallway.

MAKALA  
Fuck you.

She slams the door.



INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Nameer, sporting a black-eye, hoists the black roll-aboard travel case up and onto the luggage rack, places his backpack on the seat and then removes his winter jacket and stows that up on the luggage rack as well.

He then sits and cradles his backpack like a baby on his lap.

Makala plops herself down in the seat next to him.

NAMEER

Sit wherever you like, this is America.

MAKALA

I will, thank you very much.

The Conductor comes by and they show their rail passes.

CONDUCTOR

Hey, Nameer, that looks like it hurt.

NAMEER

It did, Joe.

CONDUCTOR

Not a fight I hope?

NAMEER

No. Just a little Zen tap let's say.

CONDUCTOR

Take care.

He moves on. Makala can't help but smile.

MAKALA

So, what was that about last night?

NAMEER

I looked pretty ugly, huh?

MAKALA

You sure did. Where are you going?

NAMEER

I'm going to Washington, business.

MAKALA

Oh. Are you... an alcoholic?

NAMEER

No. I'm not.

MAKALA

I didn't think so. So why did you get drunk?

PUBLIC ADDRESS (O.S.)

Red Bank, this station stop is Red Bank.

The train slows to a stop.

NAMEER

I don't know.

MAKALA

There's a lasting spirit side to all of us, before we came here... after we die. Do you know how I know that? Do you?

NAMEER

What's this got to do with anything?

MAKALA

Your question about my childhood. Maybe why you got drunk last night. I think you and I were born in situations that don't make any sense.

NAMEER

The world doesn't make any sense.

MAKALA

Right! But it's more than that. I lied the other day.

The train starts off.

MAKALA (cont'd)

My childhood was awful. Listen to me. I was born to Orthodox Jews in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. How ridiculous was that? Just look at me. I've always been this way, inside at least.

NAMEER

You listen to me. Do me a favor, leave me alone for now. Go to the next car, please, will you do that for me?

MAKALA

Why are you always trying to move me around or off this train? Tell me why and I will.

NAMEER

Not good for you to be near me..

MAKALA

Sorry, not specific enough. So, as I was saying, strict Orthodox. You won't believe this, but when I was sixteen I ran away. My best friend Sara, we were peas in a pod, came with me. We saved up two-thousand dollars and we were off to Los Angeles.

Nameer glances out the window, punches numbers on the cell phone and gets the MODEM TONE. Approaching the Cemetery.

MAKALA (O.S.) (cont'd)

We got as far as Albuquerque. We went to a mall and bought the most outrageous clothes we could find. And make-up! What is it with that phone? You really piss me off with that damn thing. Do you know that?

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

The next stop is Middletown.  
Middletown next.

Makala watches as Nameer punches ONE.

MAKALA

We were going to finally get to wear make-up. We were going to smoke, drink, try marijuana and have sex.

Makala watches as Nameer punches ONE again.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
That was the plan. Make a long  
story short, our parents convinced  
the police we must have been  
abducted, because we were good  
little Orthodox girls. Like they  
didn't have a clue!

The Navy crossing just ahead.

MAKALA (O.S.)(cont'd)  
They cried to the TV cameras, the  
whole nine yards. Anyway, we  
decided to skip Los Angeles and go  
to San Francisco.

Makala watches Nameer. His finger ready to punch...

The crossing.

Nameer closes his eyes.

Makala grabs the phone and snaps it shut. A loud TRAIN HORN  
BLAST as they stare at each other.

She tosses the phone back to him.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
Well, before we got on the bus, we  
decide to buy a six-pack of beer to  
get drunk. That's when we were  
arrested. The police figured out  
who we were and called our parents,  
who came and collected us. I  
didn't get out of the house  
without an escort again until I  
left for college. The only thing  
that kept me going was knowing that  
when I was eighteen I could leave  
and there was nothing they could do  
to stop me.

Nameer is dazed.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
What the hell is it with you,  
Nameer? Please tell me. Please.

Nameer looks out the window.

NAMEER  
Just having a bad day.

EXT. GAS STATION - WASAM'S SPORTS UTILITY RACE CAR - DAY

Nameer finishes putting his backpack and roll-a-board in the rear hatch.

INT. WASAM'S CAR - DAY

Nameer jumps in.

WASAM  
What happened to you.

NAMEER  
An American.

WASAM  
Ah, fuck'em.

NAMEER  
Can I ask you something?

WASAM  
Sure.

NAMEER  
How do you feel about your part?

WASAM  
My part?

NAMEER  
Yeah.

WASAM  
I'm okay with it.

NAMEER  
Okay with it?

WASAM  
I guess. You know about my part?

NAMEER  
Yeah. You know about mine, don't you?

WASAM  
Only the basics.

NAMEER

Oh. I wonder why they didn't tell you more.

WASAM

You know why. It's dangerous.

NAMEER

So you're the big hero.

WASAM

(Smiles.)

Not really.

NAMEER

Well, I think so.

WASAM

What is it they told you?

NAMEER

(Laughs.)

Probably just something to get me off their backs. Hey, I found this place. You want to go?

WASAM

Sure. Where to?

NAMEER

In Neptune.

WASAM

Neptune?!

NAMEER

Yeah a sports bar.

WASAM

Nameer, there can't possibly be any good looking pussy in a sports bar in Neptune.

NAMEER

Don't you like sports?

WASAM

Yeah, okay.

NAMEER

Hey. Do you have one of those cell phones that takes pictures?

WASAM  
Of course. Don't you?

INT. UP-SCALE MEN'S STORE - DAY

Amtullah approaches Nameer, who is looking through the racks. They exchange looks.

Nameer reaches into his pocket and hands Amtullah a stack of photos. She stares at him and looks through them:

Hosef and his girlfriend.

In the Bar.

Kissing.

Getting into the minivan.

Amtullah turns to leave. Nameer stops her and takes the photos from her.

AMTULLAH  
Thank you.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer enters his room, switches on the light to find Hosef sitting at the table.

HOSEF  
What happened to you?

NAMEER  
Nothing. An American.

HOSEF  
Fuck them.

NAMEER  
Okay.

HOSEF  
Look here, this is important. The next run, nothing to worry about. We want you to do a little test.

INSERT - NAMEER'S MISSION MAP

Showing train route: Newark - Bridge - an "X" marking at the midpoint of the Tunnel - NYC Penn Station.

HOSEF (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 At the X, inside the tunnel, one-one-one. Okay. We want to see if you can get through without detection. Just a test for the future.

Nameer staring at the map.

NAMEER  
 Just a test?

HOSEF  
 Right. You won't have a problem, this is just a good opportunity to try this. So, about 60 seconds into the tunnel, depending on how fast the train's moving, one-one-one.

NAMEER  
 The other plan is still on?

HOSEF  
 Absolutely. This is just a test.

NAMEER  
 But if...

HOSEF  
 What?

NAMEER  
 Nothing. For the future. It's a good idea.

HOSEF  
 Wasam will pick you up at Penn Station in Manhattan.

NAMEER  
 Okay.

Hosef gets up to leave.



HOSEF

Nameer... I'm sorry I doubted you.

(In Arabic, subtitled.)

Allah be with you. Nameer! You  
are a brave man, Mujahid.

Nameer hugs Hosef.

NAMEER

Thank you.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

Nameer finishes a fill-up. Pump in hand, something catches his eye: On the side of the street opposite the gas station, Makala's car pulls out into traffic and away.

INT. NAMEER'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Nameer stands pondering his backpack, roll-aboard and winter jacket bomb laid out on the bed before him.

INSERT: CALENDAR

Nameer's hand crosses off January 10, circles January 11 and then writes in bold strokes: "1 1 1".

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Nameer sitting in his window seat.

Makala plops herself down beside him.

He looks at her and tries his best to be calm and blot up the sweat that keeps forming on his brow.

The train bumps and jolts to a stop.

PUBLIC ADDRESS (O.S.)

Red Bank. This is Red Bank.  
Express train to Penn Station, New  
York City.

IN FRENCH - SUBTITLED:

MAKALA

Where are you going? You look like  
shit.

NAMEER

Paris. I won't be back. Do me one last kindness, please get off the train, now.

MAKALA

It's the military crossing, right? When you check your phone messages. Don't do this.

NAMEER

Please, get off, please.

She stares at him, finally...

The train rolls.

MAKALA

Too late. Why? We only have a few seconds. I want to know why.

Nameer looks out the window:

The Navy weapons corridor crossing ahead.

Makala glances at the phone in Nameer's hand and braces herself.

NAMEER

It's not too late.

The train speeds over the crossing and a loud TRAIN HORN BLAST, jolts Makala.

NAMEER (cont'd)

It's not the crossing. Get off at Middletown.

MAKALA

Tell me why.

Nameer hardens, reaches in his jacket breast pocket and hands Makala a photograph.

NAMEER

They murdered my wife and daughter.

MAKALA

I'm sorry.

NAMEER

There's more. My people are being exterminated.

MAKALA

We're all people, Nameer. We're all people.

Makala digs in her bag and pulls out a photo wallet, opens it and hands it to Nameer.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Here. This is Sara. She was like a sister to me. She died in the World Trade Center. She was one of twenty-one people that died from Middletown. Six more from back there in Red Bank.

The train slows to a stop.

NAMEER

That's nothing.

MAKALA

Don't lie to yourself. One here, twenty there, three thousand another day. When does it stop?

NAMEER

The conductor's coming. You can stop it.

Jonathan makes his way through the train car, pauses near Nameer and Makala, but his smile turns to a passing nod when he see the tension between them.

MAKALA

I want you to stop it.

NAMEER

You're being stupid.

MAKALA

As stupid as you.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

(English.)

Tickets please. Have your tickets ready. The next station is Aberdeen-Matawan, last chance to change for local service. This train goes express to Newark and Penn Station New York City. Have your tickets out, please.

MAKALA  
We can walk off this train  
together.

ENGLISH:

CONDUCTOR  
Hey, Nameer, how you doing today?

Nameer and Makala show their train passes.

NAMEER  
I'm fine, thanks, Joe.

CONDUCTOR  
Are you sure? Looks like the flu  
gotcha, buddy.

NAMEER  
Yeah, maybe a little. But I'll be  
okay.

CONDUCTOR  
Okay. Take care of yourself.  
(Moving on.)  
The flu's no joke.

IN FRENCH - SUBTITLED:

MAKALA  
People like you, Nameer. You're  
not a murderer.

She puts her head on his shoulder.

MAKALA (cont'd)  
It's the tunnel, isn't it?

NAMEER  
Yes.

She closes her eyes.

Nameer looks around the train and sees:

Business Men and Women.

Jersey Girls.

Landscape Workers.

Fatman.

A MOTHER and FATHER, traveling with TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

The Father holds an over-sized X-ray envelop.

An X-ray envelop imprinted: "Childrens' Cancer Hospital"

A Group of HIGH SCHOOL AGED BOYS

Among them IDENTICAL TWINS.

Makala opens her eyes to find Nameer staring at her unblinking.

Out the train window Nameer numbly watches as the train passes:

Derelict housing with tiny fenced backyards.

Abandoned Factories.

A deserted park.

Then, his eyes close, he jerks himself awake but finally he cannot keep them open.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NAMEER'S POV - LATER

Flashes of light.

PUBLIC ADDRESS(O.S.)

This station stop is Newark. Next  
and last station stop Penn Station  
New York City. Penn Station New  
York, next and last.

Nameer opens his eyes to see:

Sahid as he enters the train car.

As Sahid passes he shoots Nameer a menacing look.

Sahid takes a seat many rows away which is facing Nameer.

Nameer shakes Makala who wakes with a start.

MAKALA

What!?

Nameer forces the phone on her.

IN FRENCH - SUBTITLED:

NAMEER

Here, here. Take this. Get off,  
get off now.

Some PASSENGERS on the train gather their belongings and exit.

Makala sticks the phone deep into her bag and grabs Nameer's face with both hands and kisses him.

MAKALA

No.

He stands and lifts her.

NAMEER

Get off. Get off.

He tries to pull her down the aisle. Passengers are looking.

MAKALA

It's okay. Let me stay.

NAMEER

There's another one, understand?

MAKALA

What?

They block the aisle, annoying PASSENGERS who are boarding.

In the b.g. a WOMAN covered in a gambaz and hijab takes a seat in a row somewhere between Nameer and Sahid. Her back to Nameer.

The train begins to move.

The realization hits Makala.

MAKALA (cont'd)

Sit down.

The train picks up speed as they take their seats, still speaking French, but now in whispers.

NAMEER

How long before the tunnel?

MAKALA

About five minutes.

Nameer squeezes his eyes with his hand.

NAMEER

Go to the next car. No, wait.  
Help me stop this?

Tears swell in her eyes.

MAKALA

Okay.

Nameer wipes away her tears with just his fingers.

NAMEER

Can't cry. Do you have anything  
sharp in your bag?

She opens her bag.

He looks into the bag and then at her, surprised.

She gives him a look back.

Makala nods. Nameer picks up his phone, dials, puts it to  
his ear and give Sahid a broad grin.

Sahid cracks a smile and nods.

As the train speeds across the causeway over the Meadowlands,  
Jonathan cell phone rings and he answers.

JONATHAN

Hello.

NAMEER

(In English.)

Remember you told me you would do  
anything.

JONATHAN

Nameer?

NAMEER

Remember, anything.

Jonathan gets a lump in his throat.

JONATHAN

Yeah.

Nameer keeps the phone near his face and ends the call with a  
press of his thumb.

Jonathan flips his phone closed.

Nameer speaks to Makala out of the side of his mouth.

NAMEER

Do you see that guy in the green jacket facing us?

(She nods.)

I need you to stop him from using his cell phone. Just for a few seconds.

MAKALA

How?

NAMEER

Just grab his wrist. I'll be right behind you, but I can't move first. He's not going to let me move. Understand?

MAKALA

Right now?

NAMEER

Right now.

Makala gets up and straightens her clothes.

As she makes her way up the aisle she rummages through her handbag.

In the b.g., through the windows, the train is flying at high-speed on a causeway over wetlands and rivers.

Jonathan collects his things and moves down the aisle toward Nameer.

Makala reaches the rest room, smiles at Sahid and slides the door open. She spots the cell phone in Sahid's far hand.

Jonathan stands in the aisle near Nameer as if in anticipation of disembarking the train.

Nameer signals him to the bomb bag with a look.

Jonathan disgusted, discreetly flips Nameer the finger.

A LONG LOUD BLAST on the TRAIN HORN.

The train plunges into the tunnel.

The lighting changes, then the power cuts-out and the train car goes black, then tunnel and dim emergency lights flicker in the speeding train car, showing:



Makala lunging and struggling with Sahid.

Nameer bolting down the aisle toward Makala and Sahid holding a large screwdriver.

Sahid's fingers working the lighted face of the cell phone.

Jonathan lunging for the bomb bag in the luggage rack.

The train Passengers scream and bolt into the aisle and over seats trying to reach the exit doors.

Passengers grab at Jonathan as he wrestles with the bomb-bag.

JONATHAN  
(Fending off passengers.)  
It's a bomb! It's a bomb!

Nameer thrusts the screwdriver in Sahid chest again and again.

The cell phone is crushed under Makala's boot heel.

The WHIRL of the power circuits as the lights return.

A hand pulls the EMERGENCY CORD and the train BRAKES SCREECH.

Jonathan, carrying the bomb-bag, is thrown to the floor by the force of the braking train.

Makala falls into a blood covered Nameer.

A WOMAN SCREAMS at the sight of Sahid's body, crumpled in his seat, oozing blood from his chest where he has been impaled with the screwdriver.

Some passengers struggle trying to open emergency window exits. Others crowd the aisle that is Jonathan's escape.

Nameer hears a cell phone snap open and looks down at:

The woman in full Muslim dress is Amtullah.

Amtullah looks at Nameer and quickly hits a speed dial on her cell phone: FAST SERIES OF PHONE TONES.

Jonathan recovers and races with the bomb-bag to the exit at the end of the passenger car shoving people out of his way.

MODEM SCREECH. Amtullah punches the cell phone...

PHONE: ONE.

Nameer throws Makala into the train rest room and lunges over seats to get to Amtullah.

TONE: ONE.

Jonathan reaches the handle of the exit door.

TONE: ONE.

The BOMB in Nameer's jacket explodes eviscerating him.

A huge explosion from the bag Jonathan holds rips through the train car like a tidal wave.

Glass SHATTERING.

Metal CRASHING.

Metal SCREECHING.

Then, quiet and pitch black.

In the distance, Passengers SCREAM, COUGH, YELL and CRY, but even this quickly quiets.

Hazy light filters in and out of thick smoke.

On a conductors two-way radio somewhere among the wreckage:

RADIO VOICE (O.C.)  
(Uncaring. Repeats  
expecting a response.)  
Where is your problem? Forty-eight  
sixteen, where is your problem?  
Where is your problem?

Sparks fly here, then there.

a flashlight beam finds the edge of what was the train car floor that now drops into a mass of tangled metal, guts and burned body parts...

Then, shines on Nameer's decapitated head.

The light moves to the floor of what's left of the rest room revealing Makala's bare feet, legs, and burned body.

Makala's eyes are wide open in a face covered with blood. Her mouth gasps and gurgles for air.

INT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Hosef and Saaben sit watching a basketball game. Wasam enters and they greet each other with hugs and cheek kisses.

SAABEN

It's good to see you again, Wasam.

WASAM

It's been too long, Saaben.

HOSEF

Thank you for coming.

WASAM

Hosef, about your wife. I know you must be proud, but you must also miss her, I'm sure. She was a most excellent woman.

HOSEF

My wife?

WASAM

Yes, Amtullah?

HOSEF

I'm very proud of her and Nameer, but she was never my wife.

WASAM

She wasn't?

HOSEF

No.

(Chuckles.)

I guess it could have looked that way. But let's not waste Saaben's time. Look here, we think you'll find this very exciting.

Saaben and Hosef sandwich Wasam between them. Saaben spreads out some photos on the coffee table.

SAABEN

This is the target.

HOSEF

There can be up to six Navy supply vessels out there.

SAABEN  
All picking up explosives.

HOSEF  
Here's the secured corridor. The way will be cleared.

SAABEN  
We've studied this for years now, and we have the vehicle.

HOSEF  
Here, here she is. She looks so perfect. She's army surplus. You may be able to just drive right through.

WASAM  
I'm going to drive!

SAABEN  
Yes, Wasam, you have been chosen.

HOSEF  
(In Arabic, subtitled.)  
Allah be with you, Wasam! You are a brave man, Mujahid.

Hosef and Saaben take turns with cheek kisses and hugs.

WASAM  
I... I... I'm so honored!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The American Agent questions Makala.

AMERICAN AGENT  
Come on now Makala. Today, you're gonna' have to give it up. You're an American, aren't ya?

MAKALA  
I only knew him, no one else.

Makala face is now an ugly, scared mess, swollen with emotion.

AMERICAN AGENT  
(Laughs.)  
Why were you carrying a screwdriver for Christ's sake?

MAKALA

To lock the toilet stall at work.

AMERICAN AGENT

What?

MAKALA

I just wanted to shit in peace!  
That's all it was for!

AMERICAN AGENT

(Laughs.)

Makala, we both know that dog just don't hunt. You're in this up to your nose. Help us and there's some sympathy, don't and you're nothing more than a terrorist and a traitor!

She breaks down completely and cries.

MAKALA

I only knew him. I didn't know what was going to happen.

AMERICAN AGENT

(Regaining composure.)

God, I could just shake you.

INT. NEWARK PENN STATION - AMTRAK TICKET WINDOW - DAY

Wasam with a suit case at the ticket window.

Though the window comes change and a one-way ticket to Albuquerque.

Wasam gathers up the ticket and change. Turns to go and comes face-to-face with Kackar.

KACKAR

Where you going Wasam?

Kackar braces Wasam to him and walks him off.

WASAM

Kackar! What are you doing here? Actually, I'm not going anywhere. I was just buying this ticket for one of my lady friends. She wants to go home to Albuquerque. She's had enough of the east coast, New Jersey.

Personally, I think I broke her heart. And I can't blame her one bit. I've never been to Albuquerque, but I hear it's very sunny and dry. But there's really no future for a girl with me, but you know that. Well, anyway, it seems...

They exit the station.

EXT. URBAN NEW JERSEY - ETHNIC BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Hosef's minivan stops short.

The side cargo door slides open.

Wasam's body, a bullet hole right between the eyes, is dumped out.

A young mother pushing a toddler in a stroller screams.

PASSERBY'S turn to look.

Some YOUNG MEN approach the body.

Hosef's minivan speeds away.

FADE TO BLACK.