

MILE 111

By Chaz Valenza

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESSERT - DIRT ROAD - TRUCK - DAY

At sunrise, a corral fenced flatbed loaded with calves, flies by stirring up a cloud of orange dust.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A five-story concrete building bleached white and riddled with bullet holes. Its black windows make it appear hollow, the only life around is a hand-full of colorfully dressed children making a game of tossing stones into a tin can.

SUPER: "EGYPTIAN RAFAH, GAZA BORDER"

The cattle truck backs-up to a service entrance for the building. The children pause to look then, uninterested, go back to their game.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Egyptian Men quickly ramp the truck and herd the braying calves into the building.

The TRUCK DRIVER hops out and hustles around the back to help. A FOREMEN scowls him.

IN ARABIC, SUBTITLED:

FOREMAN

You're late. You're very late.

TRUCK DRIVER

I had to avoid a checkpoint. I had to go back through Diqla. Three hours.

TUNNEL ROOM - GROUND LEVEL

One by one the calves are brought into the room where Two Men harness a calf in a rope sling and a Pulley Operator hoists the animal over a wood framed four-by-four foot hole in the ground. The calf drops out-of-sight.

TUNNEL

KASEEM, 40's, dark, bearded and muscular, receives the calf in the earthen cavern only big enough to crouch through and lit by extension cords and utility lamps. Other Tunnel Workers crouch waiting in the b.g.

Barefoot, in a sleeveless tee-shirt, both his head and face covered in scarves, Kaseem leads the calf through the tunnel. Earth drops down on him. He puts his ear to the tunnel wall and then, in a panic, pulls the calf as fast as he can.

SURFACE

In the b.g., the bullet riddled Apartment Block stands behind a tall, double cyclone and razor wire fence. In the foreground, Israel Defense Forces (IDF) escort a huge Trenching Machine. The machine rips a trench deep into the earth and spews out rocks and sand in a pile to the side.

TUNNEL

Kaseem hooks up the calf to the pulley harness. He hears the POUNDING of the trencher and looks to see debris falling from the length of the tunnel.

SURFACE

The Trenching Machine shuts down. All that can be heard is the screams of the playing children in the distance and the desert wind.

An IDF SOLDIER wearing a headset and sonar equipment climbs down into the trench on a ladder, his comrades look down watching, some three stories above him.

TUNNEL

The calf begins its journey up to the surface.

Kaseem looks back to see the tunnel still and silent, then a follow SMUGGLER comes into view, pulling another calf.

IN ARABIC, SUBTITLED:

KASEEM
Hurry, hurry!

SURFACE

The IDF Patrol Team watches quietly as the Soldier in the trench walks toward the Trenching Machine scanning with his sonar. He raises his hand. The ladder is quickly lowered to him.

SURFACE - TRENCH

An explosive charge, dug into the floor of the trench, sits wired and ready to blow.

TUNNEL

Kaseem sends his fellow Smuggler up the ladder to the surface as he harnesses the calf and it is hoisted from above.

SURFACE

The IDF Team scurries up and over the debris berm.

IN MODERN HEBREW, SUBTITLED:

SOLDIER
Fire in the hole!

The charge fires with a loud THUD throwing rocks and a large cloud of dust from the trench.

TUNNEL

The explosion sends a deafening SHOCK WAVE from hundreds of tons of collapsing rock in a rushing wave.

Kaseem climbs the ladder but is thwarted by the calf's hind and is kicked in the head, but he keeps pushing and climbing as the tunnel and hole collapse below then around him. Rocks pelt him, dust envelops and chokes him.

INT. APARTMENT FLAT - NIGHT

Kaseem lies scraped, bruised and bandaged on a bed mat. NASHIDA, 9, Kaseem's daughter, sits on the floor next to him and strokes his head. His eyes flutter open.

IN ARABIC, SUBTITLED:

KASEEM
Nashida, my love.

Kaseem squints in pain.

NASHIDA
 You'll be okay, Papa. It's just
 going to hurt a while.
 (Calling.)
 Mama.

KASEEM
 Nashida. The store will have yeast
 and flour tomorrow.

NASHIDA
 Really, papa?

KASEEM
 Really. Go early.

NASHIDA
 I will. I love you, papa.

HUMA, 30's, Kaseem's wife enters.

NASHIDA (cont'd)
 Mama, the store will have yeast and
 flour tomorrow.

HUMA
 Alright. Go to bed now.

Nashida leaves the room.

HUMA (cont'd)
 We almost lost you this morning.

KASEEM
 But you didn't.

HUMA
 Don't go back. They bring weapons
 through those tunnels. It's
 dangerous.

KASEEM
 I only bring food.

HUMA
 So you say.

EXT. GAZA - WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Two HAMAS MILITANTS, finish loading a cargo van with Qussam rockets.

INSERT: REAL TIME HIGH ALTITUDE VIDEO FEED

Rafah, Gaza: quantum ZOOMS down to WAREHOUSE and CARGO VAN.

The Cargo Van driving along a Gaza road and entering the built-up area of Rafah.

SKY ABOVE GAZA - UNMANNED AERIAL VEHICLE (UAV)

The camera dome tracking...

INSERT: REAL TIME VIDEO FEED - ZOOMS ON

Slow vehicle traffic in the town's market district.

A laser guidance beam locks onto the...

MARKET DISTRICT & CARGO VAN

Huma and Nashida, in Muslim dress, make their way on the busy sidewalks. Behind them is the Cargo Van stuck in traffic. They look up to see...

TWO ISRAEL F-16 BOMBERS

Streak by low over their heads and moments after...

A bomb EXPLODES the Cargo Van just behind them.

Huma and Nashida turn to see the burning Cargo Van but before they can react...

Qussam rockets FIRE from inside the van and fly willy-nilly in the congested street hitting buildings and EXPLODING.

VIDEO - BBC-TV NEWS REPORT (MODIFIED FILE FOOTAGE)

EXT. GAZA - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

Grainy Israeli Military video of bomb strikes from high altitude.

EXPLOSIONS IN GAZA

From a mile away, three BOMB BLASTS echo, then clouds of smoke.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)
The attack began like this. Gaza has not suffered in a single day since the nineteen sixty-seven Arab Israeli War.

MARKET DISTRICT

SIRENS, YELLING and CAR HORNS. Palestinians, so panic running, other responding toward the blast cloud.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)
There were two intense air strikes where over a hundred tons of bombs were dropped on dozens of targets.

GROUND ZERO

The overturned Cargo Van. Bloodied people being attended to. Dead bodies. Chaos in the street.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)
A badly injured man recites the Muslim pray for those about to die.

RUBBLE PILE

Frantic Palestinians digging at the concrete with their bare hands.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)
Rescuers claw at rubble to dig out people trapped below. Israel said Hamas was to blame for launching terror attacks from within civilian population centers.

RESCUE WORKERS

Helping the many injured through the pandemonium.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)
There were many civilian casualties too, including children.

Attend to mutilated children on stretchers, one is Nashida. She is unconscious, her guts are falling out of her abdomen.

CU BBC REPORTER - NIGHT

An Israeli town glows in the b.g.

BBC REPORTER

The peace process is looking more irrelevant than ever. The next step may be a ground attack. Paul Wood for BBC News.

END VIDEO

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 a.k.a. Shabak"

INTERROGATOR

Open your eyes, Kaseem.

A switch is flipped and the light is blinding.

A SHARP SLAP across the face.

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)

That's it Kaseem. Look at me.

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

Kaseem, 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.

KASEEM

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 Kaseem.

INTERROGATOR
Let's talk about your brother
Nasim.

KASEEM
Again?

INTERROGATOR
He's your twin?

KASEEM
Yes. You know that.

INTERROGATOR
Fratern...

KASEEM
Identical, you know that too.

Kaseem 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?

KASEEM
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?

Kaseem
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, Kaseem.

The Interrogator shakes his head and frowns.

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

KASEEM

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

AMERICAN AGENT

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

INTERROGATOR

Cooperation, Kaseem.

KASEEM

There's no more. Nothing more.

INTERROGATOR

Would you please stand.

KASEEM

No, please, no.

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

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

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

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

The rocking continues, rhythmic and smooth.

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

Kaseem's faces contorts in anguish.

Kaseem (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 Kaseem to the core, his head flapping like a sheet in the wind.

Kaseem yells and screams with the particularly sharp snaps.

Kaseem's head in wild gyrations.

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

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)
We need to know about your brother.
Next time, okay?

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

Then, taking Kaseem 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. Kaseem begins to convulse, but the shaking continues.

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

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)
What?!

The Aide whispers something into his ear and leaves.

The American Agent then huddles with the Interrogator. Kaseem 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 Kaseem off the floor and removes the handcuffs.

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

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

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)
It's true. We all make mistakes.
I apologize, sincerely.
(MORE)

INTERROGATOR (cont'd)
I'd like to make it up to you. How does one-hundred and twenty dollars a month sound?

KASEEM
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.

KASEEM
No.

INTERROGATOR
Kaseem, 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.

KASEEM
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.

EXT. WATERFRONT, BAYONNE, NJ - DAWN

SUPER: "THE PRESENT"

Not dressed for the cold November weather, Kaseem 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.

KASEEM
Farooq. I want to talk to Farooq.

VOICE ON PHONE
There's no Farooq here.
(HANG-UP CLICK.)

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

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

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

HOSEF

Joe.

A tightly wound Kaseem reluctantly offers his hand.

KASEEM

Joe?

HOSEF

Hosef. Joe.

KASEEM

Kaseem.

HOSEF

Kaseem. Kass.

KASEEM

Kass.

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 Kaseem, who can barely put up with it.

HOSEF

Okay, I pull in. What do you say?

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

KASEEM

Cash or credit?

HOSEF

Charge it.

KASEEM

Charge it? Credit, right?

HOSEF

Yeah.

KASEEM

Okay, boss. Fill it up?

HOSEF

No. Just fifteen dollars worth.

KASEEM

Okay, fifteen dollars. Premium?

HOSEF

Regular.

KASEEM

Okay boss, regular. I need your card.

HOSEF

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

KASEEM

I am not stupid. I can do it.

HOSEF

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

Kaseem 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 Kaseem who has fallen asleep.

HOSEF

Hey, wake-up.

Kaseem 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.

KASEEM

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?

MOVING: FROM MINI VAN ON OVERPASS - RAILROAD

A single train track and a well-maintained access road parallel to it with a military checkpoint.

KASEEM AND HOSEF

Kaseem nods a "so what?" to Hosef.

HOSEF

Okay. You take the train to work.

(Pointing left.)

Over that way, parallel to this highway, to the east.

KASEEM

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.

KASEEM
 Okay. Is this big?

Hosef laughs and smiles.

HOSEF
 Is it big? It's your job. You
 want this job. You look on the
 map. Okay?

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

KASEEM
 No bullshit. Is it big?

Kaseem grabs the wheel and Hosef's throat.

IN ARABIC - SUBTITLED:

KASEEM (cont'd)
 Who the fuck are you? Recite the
 Koran, right now!

HOSEF
 You must blend in. We all must
 blend in.

KASEEM
 Did you not understand me!

Kaseem 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 Kaseem'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 Kaseem. Then, he lets go of the
 wheel, his hand searches for a gun stowed there.

Hosef, breathing hard to catch his breath, puts the gun to
 Kaseem's body and waits for him to calm down.

HOSEF
 Fight in the way of Allah with
 those who fight with you.
 (MORE)

HOSEF (cont'd)
 And kill them wherever you find
 them, and drive them out from
 whence they drove you out and do
 not fight with them at the Sacred
 Mosque until they fight with you in
 it, but if they do fight you, then
 slay them; such is the recompense
 of the unbelievers.

Kaseem releases him, sits back in his seat and stares
 straight ahead as Hosef recovers.

Hosef places the gun on the console between.

BACK TO ENGLISH:

HOSEF (cont'd)
 It's your job. Very big. You're
 with us now. It's okay.

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

Hosef's minivan pulls up to the curb.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Hosef looks to Kaseem.

IN ARABIC - SUBTITLED:

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

KASEEM
 Allah be with you.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - KASEEM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kaseem, 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:

A letter on "Hotel Hafen Hamburg, Germany" stationary written in Arabic.

Kaseem reads the letter, following it as he reviews the contents from the backpack.

An inexpensive cell phone.

A telephone calling card.

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

An envelope filled with cash, small denominations.

A shaving kit which includes scissors.

A detailed map of Monmouth County, N.J.

Kaseem 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).

Kaseem'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.

Kaseem'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 then...

...in the opposite direction to a body of water 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

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

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - ROOM - LATER

Kaseem, clean-shaven, looking quite handsome.

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.

Kaseem opens it and crosses off November 14.

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

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

PHOTOGRAPH

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

BACK TO SCENE

Kaseem 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 pounds the smoke alarm 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 Kaseem 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

Kaseem and Hosef survey the platform. Kaseem nudges Hosef.

IN ARABIC - SUBTITLED:

KASEEM

What about him?

STATION PLATFORM

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

Kaseem (O.S.)

Where do you think he works?

HOSEF (O.S.)

Whatever he does, it's not real work.

MINI-VAN

KASEEM

He has money?

HOSEF

Or he wants people to believe he does.

KASEEM

He lives around here?

HOSEF

If he does have money, he lives on the beach.

Kaseem nods.

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

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

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

KASEEM
 Why not?

HOSEF
 Just because.

KASEEM
 Because why?

HOSEF
 I don't know.

KASEEM
 Someone you don't like wears them?

HOSEF
 No.

KASEEM
 They remind you of 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.

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

KASEEM
 Why are you sleeping?

IN ENGLISH:

HOSEF
 I'm tired. Speak English.

KASEEM
 Why?

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

KASEEM
Why are you tired?

HOSEF
I worked late.

Kaseem
What did you do?

HOSEF
You have that credit card?
(Kaseem nods.)
Go buy a monthly pass.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Kaseem walks behind parked cars on his way to the platform crossing. Looking ahead he spots JEFF, a disheveled livery driver puffing his cigarette down to the filter as he leans against a dilapidated sedan with a temporary taxi dome light on the roof.

A HARRIED MAN, toting a briefcase and wearing an interview suit, quicksteps into the scene and up to the parking lot fee box bank. Confused he stops dead in his tracks, checks his watch, sees...

TRAIN PLATFORM

The passengers boarding the train.

BACK TO SCENE

He looks back at the massive parking lot, then back to the fee box.

JEFF
You trying to make that train?!

HARRIED
Yeah, I've got an job interview.

JEFF
What number is your stall?

HARRIED
I don't know.

JEFF
What kind of car is it? Give me
twenty bucks.

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
 About where did you park it. They
 tow them if you don't pay! Come
 on. You're going to miss that
 train.

MIRA, a flamboyantly dressed woman, early 40's yet very
 attractive, runs down the from the platform.

MIRA
 Don't give that to him!

Harried Young Man hands over a twenty to Jeff.

MIRA (cont'd)
 He's just going to keep your money
 and when you get back you'll find a
 ticket on your car. They don't tow
 the cars. It's a ten-dollar
 ticket.

JEFF
 What's your problem? I'm trying to
 help the guy.

MIRA
 Give that money back to him.

JEFF
 Go! Run! Make that train!

The Harried Man runs for the platform. Mira stares Jeff
 down. Jeff smirks back.

JEFF (cont'd)
 Fucken' busybody Jap!

Kaseem body checks Jeff onto the hood of the taxi.

KASEEM
 Give the lady the money.

Jeff holds it out. Mira snatches the twenty and runs off.

MIRA
 Sir! Sir!

Ahead of her on the platform Harried Man waits for Mira.

JEFF
 What the fuck is your problem?

Kaseem's intense stare scares the crap out of Jeff.

KASEEM
I have no problems.

Kaseem looks back to watch Mira...

TRAIN PLATFORM

...as she hands back the money, talking with her hands to explain, pointing back at Jeff.

They board the train and it pulls off immediately.

BACK TO SCENE

Kaseem lets Jeff go. Jeff hops in his taxi and takes off.

INT. DISCOUNT STORE - MEN'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Kaseem 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.

STORE ENTRANCE: HOSEF'S POV

AMTULLAH, 30's, well-dressed in western attire, a handsome woman whose beauty would be lost on most Americans.

Amtullah stops in front of Kaseem, looks him up and down, and shakes her head in disapproval.

She shoots Hosef a look and waits.

Hosef finally throws up his arms in surrender.

HOSEF

Okay!

Amtullah marches off to exit the store.

HOSEF (cont'd)

(To Kaseem.)

Come on. We're leaving.

KASEEM

Why?

HOSEF

We just don't get it. Fashion!

INT. UP-SCALE MEN'S STORE - DAY

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 Kaseem who obediently follows her burdened by a pile of selections in his outstretched arms.

DRESSING ROOM ENTRANCE - LATER

Kaseem 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 Kaseem over approvingly, smiles at Hosef and stands aside.

Kaseem approaches Hosef.

KASEEM

How is this?

Hosef tugs on the sleeves of Kaseem's jacket as if to check the fit and pats Kaseem on the back as they walk through the store together, Amtullah in the b.g.

HOSEF

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

KASEEM

What is a Jap?

HOSEF

A Jap?

(Smiles.)

A Jewish American Princess, homeboy.

KASEEM

What is a homeboy?

HOSEF

You're a homeboy, homeboy.

KASEEM

No I'm not.

HOSEF

That's right, you're not.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

In the small light of dawn, Kaseem, wearing his new clothes and an expensive backpack, is the last to board the train.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

A bald, aging COUCH POTATO in a cheap suit listens through wired ear-buds to radio that hangs from a suction cup on the window.

A group of not quite awake HISPANIC LANDSCAPE WORKERS, in hooded sweatshirts that read "MONET LANDSCAPING," sip morning coffees.

Kaseem's gaze lingers on a specific HISPANIC WORKER, who doesn't quite fit in with the others.

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

NEXT TRAIN PASSENGER CAR

Jonathan takes a window seat.

Across the aisle, Kaseem does the same.

Jonathan stows his backpack in the overhead rack.

Kaseem sets his backpack on the seat.

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

Kaseem takes his cell phone from his backpack.

The train begins to slow for the next station.

Kaseem 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 Kaseem to move his backpack.

KASEEM

I'm sorry.

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

The Fatman plops into the seat.

Kaseem is pinned against the window.

FATMAN

Not a problem.

Kaseem 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.

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

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

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

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

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

The Fatman frowns and, again, secludes himself behind the newspaper.

Phone now ready, Kaseem turns back to the window when...

...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 Kaseem.)
Ticket, please.

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

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

KASEEM
Newark. I have it.

CONDUCTOR
Take your time.

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

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem quickly glances to see if he is being watched.

The Fatman hides behind his newspaper.

Kaseem punches his phone, TONE: ONE.

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

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem 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 company 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

Kaseem, 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 anxious to get in. 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.

Kaseem sets the pump on the last of three cars. Another gas station attendant, ALI, 40's, a scruffy, dumpy Arab, arrives to help.

KASEEM
Where have you been?

ALI
Coffee break.

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

ALI
Okay.

KASEEM
No more coffee breaks.

ALI
I'll take a break when I want.

KASEEM
I need to piss.

Kaseem runs off. Ali shoots him a dirty look.

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

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

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

REST ROOM

The small toilet room is trashed, covered up and down with shit, piss and garbage.

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

PUMPS

Kaseem storms over to Ali.

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

Kaseem
Ali, come take a look at this.

They walk over to the rest room door.

KASEEM (cont'd)
Doesn't anybody clean this place?

ALI
You do. You're the new dog.

Kaseem grabs Ali's ear, tosses him in the rest room and slams the door.

Ali POUNDS on the door from inside.

Kaseem leans back on the door, holding it shut.

Kaseem
Clean it.

ALI (O.S.)
What!

KASEEM
Do it.

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

Kaseem opens the door and Ali falls out. Kaseem grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

REST ROOM

Kaseem sticks Ali's face in a pile of shit on the floor.

KASEEM
Who's the boss?

ALI
Joe is.

Kaseem sticks his face back in the shit.

ALI (cont'd)
You are, Kass! You are!

Kaseem's cell phone RINGS. Kaseem holds Ali to the floor with his foot.

Kaseem
Hello.

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

KASEEM
There is no Farooq here.

Kaseem steps over Ali.

EXTERIOR REST ROOM

Kaseem closes and padlocks the door, makes his way to the RINGING pay phone across the parking lot.

PAY PHONE

Kaseem picks up the phone.

Kaseem (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?

KASEEM
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?

KASEEM
You know?

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

Kaseem
I like work. I hate the nights.

The driver now HONKS.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)
You can go out. Just be careful.
Oh, and go a little easy on Ali.
(HANG-UP CLICK.)

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

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

KASEEM
Sorry.

DRIVER
Fill up, premium.

The Driver hands Kaseem an AMEX BLACK card.

Kaseem inadvertently punches the Regular Button on the pump.

DRIVER (cont'd)
I said premium! You understand
English?

KASEEM
Yes.

DRIVER
Yes... what?
(Gets no reply.)
That's what I thought.

Kaseem swings the pump handle and gas splashes out onto the body of the car. The driver jumps out of the car and grabs the pump handle from Kaseem.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Watch what the fuck you're doing.
Get a rag and clean that up.

The Driver's cell phone rings inside the car. He hands the pump handle back to Kaseem.

DRIVER (cont'd)
How the fuck do these people get in
the country?

Shivering from the cold he hops back in the car.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Hello. Yeah, on my way. I'm down
the street. I needed gas.

The Driver powers up the window.

Kaseem mans the pump and surreptitiously copies the credit card information onto a scrap of paper as he strolls to the back of the car and takes down the license plate number.

INT. NEWARK PENN STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Kaseem, 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 commuters rushing around him.

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

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem passes the two Fashion Victims, as ever chatting, fingers stuck in their paperbacks.

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

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

KASEEM

I remember you.

MIRA

And I remember you. That took some guts what you did.

KASEEM

I was inspired by you.

MIRA
Really? I'm Mira, and you are?

KASEEM
Kass.

They shake hands.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A rundown, no tell motel.

INT. - NIGHT

She lies under the sheets her face screwed-up in disappointment, definitely NOT the picture of post-coital bliss.

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

KASEEM
How much?

MIRA
What?

KASEEM
I pay you. Right?

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

KASEEM
Ah, well...

MIRA
Oh, fuck me!

KASEEM
I'm sorry. I...

MIRA
Ahhh! Who the fuck are you? Money was not what I wanted. Fuck you, get out of here.

Mira throws his pants at him.

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

Mira (cont'd)
Get the fuck out.

Kaseem, holding his pants and shoes, steps out of the room.

Mira slams the door.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

Kaseem 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!

Kaseem jogs to an old station wagon, over-adorned with American flags, "Jesus Loves You" bumper stickers, and other assorted political, patriotic and Christian flare, 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 Kaseem reaches the driver's side window.

WAGON-MAN
Thanks.

KASEEM
Good afternoon, how are you today?

WAGON MAN looks over Kaseem and frowns in disgust.

WAGON MAN
Huh. Give me five dollars worth.

KASEEM
Five dollars. Okay boss. Regular?

Wagon Man nods. Kaseem mans the pump.

Wagon Man gets out of his car and leans on it near the fuel hatch facing Kaseem.

WAGON MAN
Arab?

KASEEM
Yes, boss.

WAGON MAN
Muslim?
(Does a praying gesture.)
Islam?

KASEEM
Yes, boss.

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

KASEEM
Terrible.

WAGON MAN
(Exchange of nods.)
Make it ten-dollars.

KASEEM
ten-dollars. Okay, boss.

WAGON MAN
What you doing here?

KASEEM
Pumping gas?

WAGON MAN
No. In America?

KASEEM
New home. Ref-u-gee.

WAGON-MAN
Refugee, huh. Lost your home?

KASEEM
Yes, boss. I study English!

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

KASEEM
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!

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

KASEEM

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..."

Kaseem 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.

KASEEM

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 straight to
hell.

KASEEM

Declaration of Independence.

WAGON MAN

BA-BOOOMMMM! Fuck'em all!

Kaseem watches Wagon Man pull off nearly causing an accident
as he shoots into the roadway.

INT. NEWARK PENN STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

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

KASEEM

(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.

Kaseem points to the Landscape Worker's very clean work
boots.

Then brings his finger up to his nose.

IN ARABIC, SUBTITLED:

KASEEM (cont'd)

Nice nose, Abul.

The Hispanic, SAHID, comes clean with Kaseem.

SAHID

The name is Sahid. Fuck you.

Kaseem smiles at him and moves on.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

From a window seat, Kaseem stares out at the moving landscape
and then catches the frosty glance of Mira as she walks
toward him down the aisle and passes him on her way to the
next train car.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - KASEEM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kaseem, sits on his bed head bowed staring at a photograph in
his hands.

Kaseem props the photo up against the table lamp.

PHOTOGRAPH (SEEN EARLIER)

Kaseem's WIFE sitting beside their DAUGHTER at a kitchen
table.

BACK TO SCENE

Picks up his cell phone and dials.

KASEEM

(On phone, perfect English.)

Nasim? Yes, it's me.

(Listens.)

I'm well. I miss you.

(Listens.)

Nasim, I'm in New Jersey.

(Listens.)

It's a long story.

(Listens.)

No, I can't come to California.

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

Kaseem 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

I have a boy and two girls. We've been living here awhile. Come on, they're waiting.

INT. MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A designer kitchen. 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 Kaseem enter.

IN ARABIC, SUBTITLED:

HOSEF

Tea?

AMTULLAH

Of course.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

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

WASAM, 40's, respectful, intense and attentive, quickly mutes a basketball game playing on a flat-panel HDTV. 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 Kaseem.

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

Wasam approaches Kaseem last. Kaseem 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 places 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 Kaseem.

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 teacups. Kaseem follows suit.

Saaben turns his gaze to Kaseem.

SAABEN

Did you find everything you need?

KASEEM

Yes.

SAABEN

Do you understand your mission?

KASEEM

Yes.

SAABEN

(To Hosef.)

Is he ready?

KASEEM

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?

KACKAR

Hopefully, God willing.

KASEEM

(Perfect English.)

Fine. But let's understand each other. I didn't come here to pump petrol for two months and I don't appreciate being under surveillance.

A quick, hard slap from Hosef shocks Kaseem. They jump up, cups of tea flying.

Hosef holds Kaseem 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

Enough.

Hosef moves to allow Saaben to sit next to Kaseem.

SAABEN (cont'd)
 We need you. And believe me, it
 will be worthy.
 (In Arabic.)
 No God, but Allah. No God, Only
 Allah.

Kaseem nods.

SAABEN (cont'd)
 (Whispering.)
 But, I am worried about you. They
 told me you were a patient man.

Kaseem looks to the group.

Kaseem
 I will pray for patience.
 (To Hosef.)
 Forgive me, I was told to be
 cautious, and Hosef, you play the
 part of an American very well.

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

SAABEN
 Joe has everyone fooled.
 (To Kaseem.)
 And you fooled Joe.

Everyone chuckles.

KACKAR
 But, Wasam is the best. He doesn't
 even care for tea.

WASAM
 Ha! I hang out with Americans all
 day long... Mexicans, Guatemalans,
 Russians, Latvians, Somalians,
 Koreans!

Guffaws all around break the tension and Kaseem is left with
 a big grin.

SAABEN
 We have undertaken a great mission,
 Kaseem. A little patience with us,
 please.
 (Kaseem nods.)
 Wasam, give Kaseem a ride.

WASAM
 Sure.

Wasam and Kaseem leave the room.

The other looks to each other and consider the situation.

EXT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

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

WASAM

You should ask for a car.

KASEEM

Why would I need a car?

INT. WASAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Wasam fastens his seat belt.

WASAM

I'm sorry.

Wasam make a motion for Kaseem to fasten his seat belt.
Kaseem frowns and obliges.

WASAM (cont'd)

I don't want to get a ticket.

KASEEM

How did you get this car?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Wasam leads Kaseem 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

Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Very good.

WASAM

Coffee fresh?

SONNY

Ah! You're lucky. I just made it.

A wired, tattooed aging HIPPY enters. Sonny fills his lottery ticket requests.

Good. WASAM

HIPPY
(Ad-lib placing many complicated lottery bets)

Give me a pick five: six, twenty-two, fourteen, three and eleven. Then give me the same thing boxed... I want three power-ball tickets, ya' ready?

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

WASAM

Sonny's just kidding about the coffee. It's fresh every twelve minutes. I don't really care for tea anymore.

KASEEM
(Looking around.)
Nice. Yours?

HIPPY
No, this one is not right. I wanted four, then seven.
Fuck, I'll keep it. My luck.

WASAM (cont'd)

No. Ours. Yes, mine. 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 of good places.

Kaseem nods as he drinks his tea.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

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

On his calendar, Kaseem crosses off:

CALENDAR

Sunday, November 27.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN CAR - DAY

Kaseem enters the car and spots Mira.

Mira looks up to see Kaseem approach.

KASEEM
(Indicating the seat.)
May I?

MIRA
It's a free country.

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

KASEEM
I'm sorry.

MIRA
Sure.

KASEEM
It's never happened to me like that, making love; not paying.

MIRA
That wasn't making love. Okay, so you never had a one-night stand. That's not much of an excuse.

KASEEM
Not where I'm from.

Mira, steamed, turns away.

MIRA
Which is where, exactly?

Kaseem glances back and forth between the window and Mira.

KASEEM
Turkey.

Kaseem looks out the window and punches TONE: ONE.

Mira
Turkey?

The train passes the Cemetery.

Kaseem looks at Mira and punches TONE: ONE.

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

MIRA
I'm going to Google that.

Kaseem turns and looks out the window.

MIRA (cont'd)
What are you doing with that phone.

The train approaches the "111" overpass.

KASEEM
Nervous habit.

Kaseem flips the phone closed and puts it away.

The train horn screams: SHORT, SHORT, LONG.

Mira
I have some work to do if you don't
mind.

KASEEM
I lost my wife and daughter, a year
ago now.

MIRA
I'm sorry.

Mira writes on a slip of paper in her Day Timer, tears it off
and hands it to Kaseem.

MIRA (cont'd)
Call me.
(Waves him off.)
Go away.

INT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Kaseem looking directly into the camera.

HOSEF (O.S.)
Start by telling everyone who you
are.

KASEEM
In English?

Saaben nods.

HOSEF

That would be great.

KASEEM

My name is Kaseem Al Braqi. I feel I have been called to act. I've lost everything. Palestinians lose more and more everyday.

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem (cont'd)

My wife and daughter were killed by an Israeli attack in Gaza.

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

Kaseem (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.

Kaseem (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.

Kaseem (cont'd)

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

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

Kaseem (cont'd)

They are speaking out, but they are unheard. Please listen.

(Pause.)

(MORE)

Kaseem (cont'd)
 No, wait.
 (Pause.)
 I do not hate, but the killing must
 stop.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Kaseem and NASIM, Kaseem's identical twin brother, drinks in hand, look out at Wasam being a dancing fool with a tipsy, laughing BLONDE.

NASIM
 Where did you find this guy,
 Kaseem?

KASEEM
 They got me out of Gaza.

NASIM
 Don't go back.

KASEEM
 I'm not going back, brother.

NASIM
 Thank God! That is so good to
 hear. When are Huma and Nashida
 coming?

Kaseem hands Nasim the photographs and lets his chair swallow him whole.

Nasim flips though them and then flips though them again. He squeezes his eyes with his thumb and forefinger.

Kaseem watches with heavy, suspicious eyes.

Nasim (cont'd)
 When?

KASEEM
 Last December.

NASIM
 And you're just telling me now?

KASEEM
 Yes. This is why I'm here, Nasim.

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

KASEEM (cont'd)
 (Nodding at Wasam.)
 He's Lebanese. I bet they thought
 he was gay there.

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

KASEEM
 Retail management.

NASIM
 Retail management? You're an
 engineer.

Drinks are served.

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

NASIM
 What's that mean, retail
 management?

KASEEM
 Nasim, do you know what I was doing
 with all my education in Gaza?
 Living my life in a hole in the
 ground.

NASIM
 You can do better here.

KASEEM
 I'm going to do a lot better.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kaseem and Nasim 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.

KASEEM
 Not tonight, but I've got your
 number.

GREAT BODY

You call me! And you! You better call her!

NASIM

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!

Nasim and Kaseem smile, but it doesn't stick.

NASIM

What are you doing here, Kaseem?

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.

KASEEM

We had olive trees. Do you remember the olive trees, Nasim?

NASIM

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

KASEEM

You didn't answer my question.

NASIM

Yes, I remember them.

KASEEM

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

NASIM

I remember a lot of things. And, yes, I remember childhood.

(MORE)

NASIM (cont'd)
But that place, it doesn't exist anymore.

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

NASIM
Yeah, a backyard.

KASEEM
How big is it?

NASIM
It's not big. A patio. An outdoor grill. A small garden.

KASEEM
And you can live with everything that's happened?

NASIM
Yes, Kaseem, 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 Kaseem and Nasim.)
Where did your girls go!!!!???

NASIM
(To Kaseem.)
What are you thinking?

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

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

KASEEM
Not like this. Days, Nasim. They kept me for days.

Nasim whistles and raises a hand.

KASEEM (cont'd)
Where are you going?

NASIM
Home to my wife. Taxi!

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

Nasim stops Kaseem before he can speak. The taxi pulls up in the b.g.

Nasim
Come with me.

Jeff looks out the passenger side window of the cab, sees Kaseem and Nasim.

JEFF
Fuck me.

Jeff's cab peels off.

NASIM
What was that about?

Kaseem shrugs.

NASIM (cont'd)
Come with me and I'll listen day
and night. Don't stay here Kaseem.

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

NASIM
Kaseem, it sucked there. But we
were the lucky ones. We were given
an education. Why the fuck did you
stay?

Gets no reaction from Kaseem.

NASIM (cont'd)
Retail management? You can do much
better. Come stay with me and
we'll get you back on your feet.

Kaseem shakes his head.

NASIM (cont'd)
 Whenever you're ready, just head to
 the airport and call me. When you
 get to California we can have a
 long chat and work all this out. I
 love you, Kaseem.
 (Gets no reaction.)
 Okay, I'm begging you, just come
 with me now.

Kaseem gives his brother a hugs, stares into his eyes, turns
 and walks away.

INT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kaseem sits dressed as a martyr, images and symbols of
 Islamic Jihad on the wall behind him. Hosef and Saaben stand
 near the video camera listening.

HOSEF
 What are your thoughts on the
 global Jihad?

SAABEN
 Is this Allah's will for you?

KASEEM
 How would I know?

HOSEF
 Remember your Koran?

KASEEM
 Do you want me to start talking
 about virgins in the afterlife?
 I'm a little too old for those
 fairy tales, don't you think?

Hosef stops tape, puts down the camera and looks to Saaben.

SAABEN
 Are you not a true believer,
 Kaseem?

KASEEM
 Are you doubting I'll do my job?

HOSEF
 Okay, I've had enough of this guy.

SAABEN

No. Let's talk. Are you one of us?

KASEEM

That depends. Who are you? Do you see this as a religious fight or do you see it as a human rights battle?

HOSEF

I see it as both.

KASEEM

I think your full of shit.

HOSEF

Fuck you.

SAABEN

True believers will do anything.

KASEEM

Someone with nothing left but anger will do anything. I think my reasons are stronger than your faith.

HOSEF

He won't do it.

KASEEM

Why aren't you doing it?

SAABEN

Allah's will is better.

KASEEM

For what? To put the shiny patina of God on desperate acts?

SAABEN

Is that what this is? A desperate act. You make us sound like victims. We have Allah on our side, end of argument.

KASEEM

(In Arabic, subtitled.)
There is only one God, the God of Mohammed.

(Back to English.)
The men that killed my wife and daughter are not blessed by God.

(MORE)

KASEEM (cont'd)
 (In Arabic, subtitled.)
 God does not bless America. God
 bless the Jihad.
 (Back to English.)
 How's that?

INT. MARTINI LOUNGE - NIGHT

At a secluded table, Kaseem grows more and more uncomfortable as Mira inflicts the silent treatment by avoiding his stare, playing with her martini and deliberated flaunting her cleavage.

KASEEM
 You haven't said a word.
 (She smiles coyly and sips
 her drink.)
 I didn't think I wanted to see you
 again and that's why I said what I
 said.
 (She raises an eyebrow of
 interest.)
 I'm sorry.

Mira munches on an olive.

MIRA
 Do you know why we're here?

KASEEM
 Here?

MIRA
 Yes. Do you know why we're here?

KASEEM
 Is this a philosophic question?

MIRA
 No. We're here because I like a
 good stiff martini now and then.
 (Snaps her finger in this
 face.)
 Hey. Snap out of it friend. This
 is life this is all you get. Are
 you an al-key?

KASEEM
 Al-key?

MIRA
 Alcoholic?

KASEEM

No.

MIRA

Then why aren't you having a drink?

KASEEM

I drink sometimes.

MIRA

Then have one.

(To a passing SERVER.)

Honey, would you bring my friend here a dry Beefeater. Better make it shaken, he thinks he's James Bond, Mr. Cool.

(To Kaseem.)

Who the hell are you, Kass?

KASEEM

I'm an angry old man. That's what I am.

MIRA

Now, were talking! Know what I am?

KASEEM

No.

MIRA

Since my divorce, I'm a hedonist. That's why I was so fucking mad at you. You didn't give me what I wanted.

KASEEM

I'm sorry.

MIRA

Only now, because you know what? You're not getting anymore and you want some, don't you?

KASEEM

Maybe.

MIRA

Well, there are things I want.

KASEEM

Commitment?

MIRA

No!

The Server places a martini in front of Kaseem. Mira's arms reach across the table and strangle Kaseem, spilling the drink.

Mira lays a big kiss on Kaseem.

MIRA (cont'd)
What I wanted was your tongue on my
clit.

SERVER
I'll bring another.

Mira lets him loose.

MIRA
Would you like another chance?

KASEEM
Yes.

MIRA
I'll let you know when.

Mira picks up her coat and sashays toward the exit.

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - NIGHT

Winter evening rush hour and the pumps are packed. Ali and Kaseem hustle to move the cars along.

Kaseem's cell phone RINGS.

Kaseem
Hello.

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

KASEEM
There is no Farooq here.

Kaseem snaps the cell phone closed and runs over to the RINGING pay phone and picks-up.

KASEEM (cont'd)
(Out of breath.)
Okay.

JOSEF
Who's the Jap?

KASEEM

What?

JOSEF

Your Jap girlfriend, what's her name?

KASEEM

Mira.

JOSEF

(Annoyed.)

Where does she live, and don't fucking bullshit me.

INT. HOSEF'S HOME - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

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

Kaseem enters and takes a seat across from Saaben. Kackar and Wasam look on.

WASAM

Her legal name is Miriam Cohen. She has a police record.

KASEEM

For what?

WASAM

We don't know. The record is sealed. Probably something stupid when she was a teenager.

HOSEF

The point is, she cannot become a liability.

SAABEN

What have you told her, Kaseem?

KASEEM

Nothing.

HOSEF

You can't tell a woman nothing and get laid.

KACKAR

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

KASEEM

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

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)

A week ago, you didn't finish the cell phone code.

KASEEM

It won't happen again.

SAABEN

Kaseem, she's a Jew whore. Beneath you.

Kaseem nods agreement.

INT. WASAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Kaseem's cell phone RINGS a text message alert. Wasam glances from the road to watch him read it.

TEXT MESSAGE: "MY PLACE @ 8"

BACK TO SCENE

WASAM

Are you going?

(Pause.)

I won't miss it.

(Pause.)

Fuck them. Dump her later.

(Pause.)

I won't tell. Where does she live?

KASEEM

Take a left on River Road.

WASAM

Yes, sir!

INT. MIRA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

Kaseem sits in the throws of an abundance of luscious pillows. Mira, in an open flowing robe straddles Kaseem, her lacy cleavage teasing, she lifts his face and makes eye contact.

MIRA

Are you willing to learn?

(Kaseem nods.)

I'll show you how. Then it will be your turn. Fair enough?

(Kaseem nods.)

Good.

She pushes off him. He watches as she goes to a table across the room. Her back to him, and he hears a WHOOSH sound. She turn, a safety razor in one hand, the other filled with shaving cream.

MIRA (cont'd)

Take off your pants and spread your legs.

KASEEM'S FACE

In ecstasy. The SCRAPING sound of the razor.

Mira face comes up to Kaseem's and her tongue teases his lips.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

KASEEM

Farooq. I want to speak to Farooq.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)
Give me a break! There is no
Farooq here.
(HANG-UP CLICK.)

EXT. GAS STATION - HOSEF'S MINIVAN - DAY

Hosef pulls up to Kaseem.

HOSEF
Get in.

Kaseem hops in.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Hosef drives. Kaseem 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.

KASEEM
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?

KASEEM
When?

HOSEF
When? I don't know when. You were
chosen to be Mujahid, not some
pussy suicide!

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

HOSEF (cont'd)
You can pull this off. Let me tell
you something, this project got
approved. Do you have any idea
what that takes?

KASEEM

I can do it.

HOSEF

Hey, listen to me. 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?

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem 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 Kaseem's feet and the van pulls away.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaseem 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, two 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.

Kaseem 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.

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

Kaseem cell phone RINGS. He picks it up, reads a text message and snaps it shut.

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

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

HOSEF

I want a report.

KASEEM

A report?

HOSEF

Yes, a report. Why do the people in my life question everything I say?

KASEEM

Because they sound like orders.

HOSEF

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

KASEEM

(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 have a K-9 unit.

KASEEM

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.

KASEEM

I'm not carrying anything.

HOSEF

From now on you will.

KASEEM

Okay.

HOSEF

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

KASEEM

You're pissing me?

HOSEF

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

EXT. PUBLIC STREET PHONE - NIGHT

Kaseem on the phone holding the scrap of paper with the AMEX
BLACK card number on it.

KASEEM

Yes. Do you know what day that
will ship? 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. WASAM'S SUV - NIGHT

Wasam is driving. Kaseem sits looking quite numb.

KASEEM

I need a ride.

WASAM

I told you, you should get a car.
Just say when.

KASEEM

Wednesday morning.

WASAM

Okay. Where are we going?

KASEEM

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.

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

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)
Tickets.

The Conductor reaches Kaseem just as...

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

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

Kaseem looks up at the conductor, surprised.

KASEEM
Good morning. How are you?

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

CONDUCTOR
You're okay. How are you?

KASEEM
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.

KASEEM
Instant messages!

CONDUCTOR
Right!

KASEEM
You really should.

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

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

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

JONATHAN
Jonathan.

KASEEM
Thanks. Kaseem.

JONATHAN
How are things with your lady
friend?

KASEEM
Better.

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

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - DAY

Kaseem holds the phone to his ear.

HOSEF (O.S.)
(On phone.)
Kaseem.

KASEEM
Yes.

HOSEF (O.S.)
Even numbered days.

Kaseem
Yes.

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

KASEEM
Okay.

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

KASEEM
Yes. I understand.

HOSEF (O.S.)

Good.

Kaseem hangs up the phone.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - TABLE - NIGHT

Kaseem 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 Kaseem'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.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

Kaseem, holding his cell phone, his backpack bomb on his lap, his face glued to the window.

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

KASEEM

Hi.

MIRA

Hi. Why haven't you called me?

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

She grabs his cell phone.

Mira (cont'd)

Are you married?

Kaseem holds his hand out for the phone.

Kaseem

I wasn't lying about my wife and child being killed.

MIRA

I'm sorry.

Mira hands his phone back to him.

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

MIRA (cont'd)

So, what is it then?

Kaseem looks at Mira and punches TONE: ONE.

KASEEM

I need some time. Things aren't going well at my job.

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

MIRA

Okay.

Mira gets up and walks away.

Kaseem snaps the cell phone shut.

The train horn screams: SHORT, SHORT, LONG.

INT. HOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

KASEEM

How can you justify what has been done in Gaza? Even if you kill thousands of us, we will not give in.

(In Arabic, subtitled.)

There is only one God, the God of Mohammed.

(Back to English.)

The men that killed my wife and daughter are not blessed by God. God does not bless America.

The Video Camera is turned off. Saaben hugs Kaseem.

SAABEN

(In Arabic, subtitled.)

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

Choking back their emotions, Saaben, Hosef and Kaseem hug each other in turn.

SAABEN (cont'd)

Thank you, Kaseem. Thank you for what you will do.

Saabens leaves Hosef and Kaseem alone.

HOSEF

It won't be long now, Ishmael. Go.
Wasam is waiting.

KASEEM

Soon.

They shake hands.

HOSEF

Oh, Kaseem, the code didn't come
through this morning. Do you know
why?

KASEEM

No. Should Kackar check my phone.

HOSEF

Good idea.
(He holds out his hand.)
I'll get back to you.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. MINI-VAN - NIGHT

On the console of the darkened cab, Kaseem's phone rings.

Hosef hops in the van and starts her up, then notices the
cell phone's glow and picks it up.

The caller ID which reads: "M COHEN"

Hosef smirks.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Kaseem 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.

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

A GERMAN SHEPHERD leashed to a TRANSIT POLICEMAN.

The dog sniffs around Kaseem's seat...

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

KASEEM

What's your dog's name?

TRANSIT POLICEMAN

Hootie.

KASEEM

May I?

Kaseem pets the dog.

TRANSIT POLICEMAN

Sure.

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

INT. GAS STATION - MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

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

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

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

Ali approaches.

ALI

Kaseem, 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, Kaseem.

Ali runs off.

KASEEM

Farooq. I'd like to speak to Farooq.

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

Kaseem (cont'd)

Hello.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)

Why are you calling?

KASEEM

Something happened on the train
this morning.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)

What?

(Kaseem falters.)

What? What happened?

KASEEM

There was a policeman on the train.

HOSEF

And?

KASEEM

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

HOSEF

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

KASEEM

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

HOSEF

Not unless something happens.

KASEEM

You wanted me to report. Right?

HOSEF

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

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem 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 BANGS on the wall and YELLS.

NEXT ROOM (O.S.)
Hey! Hey! Stop that shit!

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

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

And, a small scallop shell.

EXT. GAS STATION - A HUGE SUV - DAY

Kaseem smiles as he approaches an SUV DRIVER.

KASEEM
(Faking poor English.)
Cash or credit.

SUV DRIVER
Cash. Fill it.

KASEEM
Okay boss, fill it up.

Kaseem 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.

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

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

Kaseem
Three-tee two dollars.

SUV DRIVER
Thirty-two.

KASEEM
(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.

KASEEM
Okay, boss.

The SUV Driver hands the cash to Kaseem.

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

Kaseem 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 Kaseem before pulling off.

Kaseem stuffs the bill in his pocket.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

Kaseem sits working on his laptop.

CONDUCTOR
Tickets please.

He flashes his monthly passes at the conductor who moves.

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

Kaseem perks up to ease drop. TWO WORKERS 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 workers 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 breaks for you two.

WORKER #2
No more? What do you mean, no
more?

CONDUCTOR
That's right. Off at the next
stop.

WORKER #1
What?!

CONDUCTOR
You heard me.

Kaseem steps in, handing the Conductor a ten-dollar bill.

KASEEM
Here, I'll cover their fare.

Mira hears Kaseem's voice and takes notice.

The Conductor punches up tickets for the workers.

CONDUCTOR
You've been saved this time.

WORKERS
Thanks.

KASEEM
Not a problem.

Kaseem picks up his laptop from the seat and sits. Mira arrives and sits at his side.

MIRA
That was nice.

KASEEM
Yeah, well...

MIRA
Well, what?

KASEEM
They looked like they had a hard day.

MIRA
Did they offer to pay you back?

Kaseem
I told them not to.

MIRA
Sucker.

Mira looks fetchingly at Kaseem and he melts.

INT. MIRA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Late evening light bathes the door and empty entranceway.

The door lock BOLT CLAPS open.

Mira and Kaseem burst in, embrace and kiss passionately.

Mira kicks the door shut.

MIRA'S BED

Mira, in blissful sleep, wrapped around Kaseem, her head on his chest.

Kaseem strokes her hair, looks down on her lovingly, and then goes back to concerned, faraway thoughts.

MIRA'S BATHROOM

Kaseem quietly closes the door, leaving Mira asleep on the bed in the b.g. and dials his cell phone.

KASEEM

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 - PUMPS - DAY

Kaseem 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.

KASEEM

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

ALI

Kaseem, you are blessed. Blessed I tell you.

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

KASEEM

I was being an asshole. I'm sorry.

Kaseem arrives at Hosef's door.

HOSEF

Get in.

Kaseem 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.

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

Kaseem
You get in.

Hosef recovers.

HOSEF
What the fuck was that for, Kaseem?

Kaseem puts the gun to Hosef.

KASEEM
The name is Ishmael.

Kaseem extends his arm and pulls Hosef into the minivan.

Kaseem (cont'd)
Get in.

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

Hosef climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Kaseem holds the gun on Hosef who is driving.

HOSEF
Listen, Ishmael...

KASEEM
Shut-up.

HOSEF
Put the gun down.

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

HOSEF
We wanted to know you'd do it.

KASEEM
Call Saaben.

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

Kaseem fires two shots toward Hosef's feet.

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

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

KASEEM
 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. Kaseem 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."

KASEEM
 Why blow up my train?

SAABEN
 It will seal off the whole corridor and provide a diversion.

HOSEF
 Can he take me to the doctor now?

KASEEM
 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 Kaseem. It
was my mistake. Forgive Hosef.

KASEEM

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

Saaben fakes a laugh.

SAABEN

You're a funny man, Ishmael. Very
funny.

KASEEM

Drive.

EXT. BAY SHORE DUNES - DAY

Saaben hands Kaseem a compact pair of binoculars.

SAABEN

Be a bit discreet with those, okay?

Kaseem spies the 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. 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 Kaseem 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

Your bomb will derail the train.

KASEEM

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.

KASEEM

Who's driving the truck.

SAABEN

Wasam.

KASEEM

Wasam?

SAABEN

If Wasam makes it to the ships, he could easily take them all out. Twenty thousand pounds of explosives.

Saaben sits back in his seat, very self-satisfied. Kaseem 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?

KASEEM

There must be checkpoints, blockades.

SAABEN

There are. We're prepared.

HOSEF (O.S.)

Ahhh!

SAABEN

I have a question for you, Kaseem. One and a half million Palestinian men, women and children in Gaza. They kill them hundreds at a time.

(MORE)

SAABEN (cont'd)
Are you going to do something about
it or are you going to happily ever
after in the good old U.S.A.?

INT. PAINT YOUR OWN POTTERY STUDIO - DAY

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

A Little Girl squirting paint into a palette saucer.

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 Kaseem's wife and daughter in a snapshot shown earlier.)

Mira glares at him.

MIRA
Are you just going to sit there?

KASEEM
I'm watching.

MIRA
Are you going to paint?

KASEEM
Can't I just watch you?

MIRA
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?

KASEEM
Yeah.

Kaseem gets up, kisses Mira on the cheek. Before he can move, Mira grabs him, pulls his head to her lips so she can whisper in his ear.

Her lips open but she hesitates.

Mira
 You're a beautiful man Kaseem. I
 see it when you look at the
 children.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

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

Kaseem 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.

KASEEM
 Jonathan? Hey, man how are you?
 Kaseem.

JONATHAN
 Right, Kaseem. From the train.
 I'm well. How about you?

KASEEM
 Fine. Thanks.

JONATHAN
 What are you doing here?

KASEEM
 The lady is across the street.

JONATHAN
 Painting pottery.

KASEEM
 Yeah.

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

JONATHAN
 How's that going?

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

KASEEM
 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?

Kaseem

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, Kaseem. Kaseem, 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!

DAN (cont'd)

Kaseem? What the fuck kind of name is that?

JONATHAN

Turkish.

Kaseem 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.

Kaseem 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 Kaseem.)
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
He's an alien, so he's not either. Kaseem, 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, asshole. 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-wazoo democrat.

Jonathan waves Dan off.

KASEEM
What can you do?

DAN
Exactly. What can you do? I'm going to say something that nobody in America is allowed to say.

JONATHAN

Here we go.

DAN

They say freedom is not free,
right? They're right, it's not.
And it's not cheap either. You
know what the price of freedom is?
Well, I'll tell you. Nine-eleven
is the price of freedom. Madrid is
the price of freedom. The London
Underground is the price of
freedom. Mumbai is the price of
freedom. You get the idea. It's
sad, but it's the truth. Want to
give-up freedom? Then you can have
a nice safe fascist life.

(At the top of his lungs.)
Go Eagles!

New York Fans in the bar "Boo" him down.

JONATHAN

I'll tell you what you can do.
Whatever it takes. Just like they
did on Flight Ninety-three. Just
because I'm paranoid doesn't mean
they're not after me.

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

KASEEM

You guys ready for another round?

Dan shakes a smile out of Jonathan who nods.

DAN

If you're buying, I'm drinking.

Kaseem ducks to the bar.

Hosef and his date pass behind him.

INT. MIRA'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pouring rain. The car CHIRPS and the power door locks click open. Kaseem and Mira simultaneously jump in the front doors and out of the rain.

MIRA

It looked like you guys were having
a good time.

KASEEM

Yeah.

MIRA

What did you talk about?

KASEEM

Football.

MIRA

Which one?

KASEEM

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

MIRA

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

KASEEM

No. And do you know what? Dan and Jonathan have been friends for years and they're political opposites.

MIRA

Well, no one here agrees on everything.

KASEEM

They don't agree on anything.

Mira smiles.

Kaseem (cont'd)

That's not unusual?

MIRA

What about us?

KASEEM

Men and women are always at war.

MIRA

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

KASEEM

I don't hate. I don't understand how Israel can be handed Palestine and how... Let's not get into this.

MIRA

No, let's. How what?

KASEEM

You're an American Jew. It's not the same. Over there, Palestinians are being slaughtered like calves.

MIRA

You're Palestinian, aren't you?

KASEEM

What if I am?

MIRA

Turks don't give a shit about Palestinians. What happened to you? Tell me.

Kaseem turns red with anger, but it's flushed away with grief. He chokes up, turns away from her, bangs his fist against the car door, but he can't turn the off the pain or the tears.

Mira tries to reach out to him, but he pushes her away and gets out of the car.

PARKING LOT

Kaseem runs off.

Mira gets out of the car, takes off her heels and tosses them in and runs after him.

HIGHWAY

Kaseem slows to a walk and Mira catches up to him. They stand facing each other getting soaked in the rain. A POLICE CAR pulls up beside them. The Police Officer shines a flashlight on them.

Mira leans down to the Police Car window, then waves him off. The Police Car pulls off. Mira takes Kaseem's hand and walks him away.

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

Kaseem finishes putting his backpack and roll-aboard in the rear hatch.

INT. WASAM'S CAR - DAY

Kaseem jumps in.

WASAM
What happened to you.

KASEEM
An American.

WASAM
Ah, fuck'em.

KASEEM
Can I ask you something?

WASAM
Sure.

KASEEM
How do you feel about your part?

WASAM
My part?

KASEEM
Yeah.

WASAM
I'm okay with it.

KASEEM
Okay with it?

WASAM
I guess. You know about my part?

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

WASAM
Only the basics.

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

WASAM
You know why. It's dangerous.

KASEEM
So you're the big hero.

WASAM
(Smiles.)
Not really.

KASEEM
Well, I think so.

WASAM
What did they tell you?

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

WASAM
Sure. Where to?

KASEEM
In Neptune.

WASAM
Neptune?!

KASEEM
Yeah a sports bar.

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

KASEEM
Don't you like sports?

WASAM
Yeah, okay.

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

WASAM
Yes. Don't you?

INT. MIRA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kaseem and Mira reclined on her luscious bed of pillows.
Each holds a wine glass.

MIRA

(Reading from Haggadah,
the text for Passover.)

This is the bread of affliction
that our fathers ate in the land of
Egypt. Whoever is hungry, let him
come and eat; whoever is in need,
let him come and conduct the Seder
of Passover. This year we are here;
next year in the land of Israel.
This year we are slaves; next year
we will be free people.

KASEEM

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

MIRA

That's right, by God's hand, you
should listen to me.

They toast and drink.

Mira (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.

Mira raises her glass.

Mira (cont'd)

Next year in Israel.

KASEEM

Next year in Palestine.

They toast and drink.

MIRA

Why would you be afraid of me?

She kisses him.

INT. UP-SCALE MEN'S STORE - DAY

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

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

PHOTO: Hosef and his girlfriend at the Sports Bar.

PHOTO: Hosef and his girlfriend kissing.

PHOTO: Hosef and his girlfriend getting into the minivan.

Amtullah turns to leave.

AMTULLAH

Thank you.

INT. BASEMENT WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Kaseem 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. Kaseem goes to Hosef last, nods to his bandaged foot.

KASEEM

How are you?

HOSEF

I'll be okay.

KASEEM

Are you tired?

HOSEF

No.

KASEEM

You look a little tired.

The others wonder at this exchange.

SAABEN

I believe Kackar is ready.

Kaseem gives Kackar his attention.

Kackar sets a backpack, identical to the one Kaseem 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 Kaseem'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.

KASEEM

Where are the connections?

HOSEF

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

Kaseem nods, looking intently at the equipment.

KASEEM

Like I'm taking a trip.

SAABEN

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

KASEEM

When?

SAABEN

Soon now, Kaseem. You have our word.

KASEEM

May I go?

HOSEF

If you've seen enough.

KACKAR

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

Kaseem nods, turns to leave, then stops.

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

HOSEF
I will.

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - DAY

Kaseem picks up the ringing photo.

HOSEF (ON PHONE.)
Tomorrow.

Kaseem turns white.

HOSEF (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

KASEEM
Yes.

HOSEF
Say it.

KASEEM
Tomorrow.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Kaseem pours himself a whiskey and then leans over to examine the map that outlines his mission. His fingers tracing the Navy Weapons Complex railroad.

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

INT. MIRA'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Mira opens the door to find Kaseem holding a whiskey bottle.

MIRA
You're drunk.

KASEEM
That is ah-vee-ohs.

She lets him in and he tries to kiss her.

MIRA

Kaseem, 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.

KASEEM

Have a drink.

MIRA

I've got work tomorrow.

KASEEM

So do I!

She pushes him down on her sofa.

MIRA

Sleep it off. Sleep.

KASEEM

With you.

MIRA

No.

KASEEM

You let me in.

MIRA

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

KASEEM

Your country, it sucks!

MIRA

Which one?

KASEEM

Both of them.

MIRA

Kaseem, go home.

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

Mira (cont'd)

I said no. Sleep on the sofa or go home.

KASEEM

Your country is one big whore...

MIRA

Not the whore shit again.

KASEEM

A whore with big bombs!!

MIRA

The word is boobs.

KASEEM

No, I mean bombs!

MIRA

Stop it, Kaseem. Stop it now.

KASEEM

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

POW! Mira socks him right in the eye. Kaseem staggers and falls out into the hallway.

MIRA

Fuck you.

KASEEM

Don't ride in the train car as me.

MIRA

Deal!

She slams the door.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Kaseem enters the train car with the roll-aboard bomb to see Mira already seated. He turns around, waits for Other Passengers to pass, and heads back to go to another train car.

SEATS

Kaseem finds an empty seat. Stows the roll-aboard and gets situated at the window with his cell phone, steels himself, checks out the window and presses TONE: ONE.

Jonathan plops himself down in the next seat.

JONATHAN

Hey, Kaseem. How's it going.

KASEEM

Okay.

JONATHAN

You making a phone call? I can find another...

Kaseem presses TONE: ONE.

KASEEM

Just checking my messages.

Jonathan opens a newspaper to the sports page.

JONATHAN

Damn Vikings!

Kaseem snaps the phone shut.

The Train horn screams: SHORT, SHORT, LONG

Kaseem jumps up from his seat, grabs the roll aboard and fumbles past a surprised Jonathan.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

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

INSERT: CALENDAR

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

EXT. GAS STATION - PUMPS - DAY

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

CITY STREET - MIRA'S CAR

Stopped for a red light in traffic.

Out of breath, Kaseem runs up to the car and bangs on window.

KASEEM

Tell the police!

Mira, spewing anger, locks the cars doors, guns the car, runs the red light and leaves an accident in her wake.

INT. KASEEM'S BOARDING ROOM - NIGHT

Kaseem enters his room, switches on the light and Kackar throws him to the floor. Hosef sit at the table.

Kackar gives Kaseem a swift kick to the kidneys, grabs him by the collar, holds him against his chest and knife to his neck.

KASEEM

I'm not seeing the Jew whore anymore.

Hosef has the photos of him and his Girlfriend spread on the table.

HOSEF

What the fuck are these? Huh?

Hosef grabs Kaseem by the hair and slams his head on the table next to the photos.

KASEEM

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

HOSEF

Fuck that. Point of information, Amtullah is not my wife.

Hosef nods to Kackar who sits Kaseem on a chair.

HOSEF (cont'd)

We've been busy taking pictures too.

(Puts his cell phone in Kaseem's face.)

Your twin brother.

(Presses key.)

His lovely wife Valerie.

(Presses key.)

Your niece and nephew, Adam and Lily.

(Looks for himself.)

California living. Not for long.

But that's up to you. Are you listening?

KASEEM

Yes.

HOSEF
 (Presses key.)
 Oh, look.
 (Show phone image to
 Kaseem.)
 There's Saaben, playing with the
 children. You do your job. They
 don't die a horrible death.

Kaseem nods. Hosef set a hand drawn map in front of him.

HOSEF (cont'd)
 Here's the new plan.

INSERT - KASEEM'S MISSION MAP

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

BACK TO SCENE

HOSEF (O.S.)
 At the X, inside the tunnel, one-
 one-one. This is your last chance.

Kaseem stares at the map.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - REAR CAR - DAY

Kaseem sitting in his window seat.

Mira 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.

MIRA
 Where are you going? You look like
 shit.

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

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

KASEEM
 Please, get off, please.

She stares at him, finally...

The train rolls.

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

Kaseem looks out the window:

The Navy weapons corridor crossing ahead.

Mira glances at the phone in Kaseem's hand and braces herself.

KASEEM
 It's not too late.

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

Kaseem (cont'd)
 It's not the crossing. Get off at
 Middletown.

MIRA
 Tell me why.

Kaseem hardens, reaches in his jacket breast pocket and hands Mira a photograph.

KASEEM
 Two reasons. It's the right thing
 to do. And if I don't do it my
 they kill my brother and his
 family.

MIRA
 So, where does it stop, Kaseem?

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

Mira (cont'd)
 Here. This is Sara. She was like
 a sister to me.

(MORE)

Mira (cont'd)
 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.

KASEEM
 You're asking me to sacrifice my
 family, again.

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

KASEEM
 I tried to tell you. But it's too
 late now. Get off the train.

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

MIRA
 We can do something.

KASEEM
 You're being stupid.

MIRA
 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.

MIRA
 We can walk off this train
 together.

CONDUCTOR
 Hey, Kaseem, how you doing today?

Kaseem and Mira show their train passes.

KASEEM
 I'm fine, thanks, Joe.

CONDUCTOR

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

KASEEM

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

CONDUCTOR

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

KASEEM

They'll hunt us down like dogs.

MIRA

Okay, but at least we take a stand.
I know you, you're not a murderer.

Kaseem starts to cry.

Mira (cont'd)

You're not. You're not.
(She tears up.)
We'll go together. Please.

KASEEM

Yes. Yes. I'm going to listen to
you this time.

Kaseem gets up to take the roll-aboard down from the rack.
Out of the corner of his eye he sees

SAHID

Watching Kaseem.

KASEEM

Acts as though he is checking the bomb, shots Sahid a serious
looks and a conspiratorial nod.

Sahid show Kaseem that he too has a cell phone.

Kaseem sits back down.

KASEEM

There's another one, understand?

MIRA

What?

KASEEM

I'm not alone. There are others.

Mira looks around.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: PASSENGERS

Businessmen and Women.

A Family with a Toddler and a Baby.

The Conductor.

Workers.

College Students.

BACK TO SCENE

Flashes of light as the train pulls into an enclosed station.

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.

Some PASSENGERS on the train gather their belongings and exit.

MIRA

But it's here with us?

KASEEM

Yes. But he's got a button too.

Other who have just boarded the train walk PASSENGERS by.

The train jerks and begins to moves.

KASEEM (cont'd)

How long before the tunnel?

MIRA

About five minutes.

Kaseem squeezes his eyes with his hand.

Kaseem 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.

KASEEM

(In English.)

Remember you told me you would do anything.

JONATHAN

Kaseem?

KASEEM

Yes. Remember, anything.

Jonathan gets a lump in his throat.

JONATHAN

Yeah.

KASEEM

Listen to me carefully...

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

Jonathan flips his phone closed, casually leaves his seat and walks out of the car toward the front of the train.

FORWARD CAR - FOLLOWING JONATHAN

Jonathan makes a jubilant entrance, nearly running into the train.

JONATHAN

(Loudly.)

I'm there, baby!

People can help but notice him as he runs and then stops short, as if a friend in a seat has stopped him. He bends down to a Woman Passenger.

JONATHAN (cont'd)

(Loudly.)

You've got to get in on this!

(Whispers.)

One-hundred dollar gift certificates at Saks, just for doing a survey, front car.

PASSENGERS

(ad-lib.)

What was that? Saks gift
certificates? Did he say one-
hundred dollars? Where? Now?

Slowly passengers start leaving their seats and moving toward
the front of the car and into the next car.

TRAIN CAR VESTIBULE

Jonathan stands with his back to the crowd of people moving
forward behind him, his cell phone to his ear.

JONATHAN

Okay, they're moving.
(Listen.)
Right.

TRAIN CAR ENTRANCE - FOLLOWING JONATHAN

Who enters the nearly empty train. He pulls a paper car from
his wallet and holds it up in both hands.

JONATHAN

(Yelling.)
Five-hundred smackerals, for like
doing nothing.

PASSENGERS

Come on!

JONATHAN

I got mine.

The last few passengers leave. One Well Dressed Man remains.
Jonathan approaches him with a smile.

JONATHAN (cont'd)

(Like a mad man.)
Go get your gift certificate right
now!

Frightened out of his wits, the Well Dressed Man jumps out of
his seat, scampers down the aisle, then stops to look back at
Jonathan.

JONATHAN (cont'd)

Go!

Jonathan heads back to the rear train car. Through the windows, the train is flying at high-speed on a causeway over wetlands and rivers.

FORWARD TRAIN CAR

Passengers streaming down the aisle. Passengers in this car get the word and leave their seats to join the march toward the front train car.

REAR TRAIN CAR

KASEEM

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

Mira spots Sahid and nods.

KASEEM (cont'd)

I need you to stop him from using his cell phone.

MIRA

Okay.

Mira looks around at the passengers near Sahid.

MIRA (cont'd)

I can do it.

FRONT TRAIN CAR

Three Conductors seating in the forward most bulkhead seats count fares and tickets, but are alerted to a commotion coming from the other end of the car.

PASSENGERS

(ad-libs.)

Who's giving away thousand dollar gift certificates? What? Someone's giving a away gift certificates?

The Conductors all stand and turn to see.

An onslaught of crazed, stampeding passengers coming their way.

ANOTHER TRAIN CAR

Amtullah notices the commotion of passenger pushing forward pass her. She leans out from her seat and sees that the car to the rear is nearly empty.

Angry, she gets out of her seat and fights against the human traffic, throwing passenger aside into the seats to get through to the rear of the car.

REAR TRAIN CAR

Jonathan calmly passes Kaseem on his way to the back of the rear train car.

Kaseem gives him a questioning look and Jonathan return a subtle nod.

Jonathan gets back to his seat and whispers into the ear of the Young Woman passenger next to him.

The Young Woman leaves her seat and walks nearly the length of the car, but stop and whispers something to a Young Man in an aisle seat.

Kaseem watches as more and more passenger whisper to each other take their leave of the train car.

KASEEM

Now.

Mira picks up her coffee and struts into the aisle.

Sahid notices the unusual movement of passengers and shots Kaseem a look.

Kaseem forces a middle finger at Sahid.

A LONG LOUD BLAST on the TRAIN HORN.

The train plunges into the dark Hudson Tunnel. The tunnel lights whiz by.

Sahid flips open his cell phone and hits the speed dial:

SPEED DIAL TONES: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP, MODEM SCREECH and TONE: ONE...

Mira grabs a Grande Coffee out of a nearby passenger's hand and douses the open cellphone.

Sahid screams and lunges at her.

Jonathan crushes Sahid's cell phone under his heel and then manhandles the stragglers toward the exit.

JONATHAN

(At the top of his lungs.)
Everybody, get out! There's a
bomb! Get out!

The remaining passengers scream and run for the forward exit.

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:

Mira struggling with Sahid.

Kaseem running through the train car.

Mira, riding Sahid's back, bites off his ear.

Kaseem pulls Sahid off of Mira.

Jonathan runs the length of the empty train car and into the rear vestibule.

The WHIRL of the power circuits as the lights return.

VESTIBULE

Jonathan smashes the glass guard to the Emergency Door Latch and opens the rear train car door. In the b.g., the tunnel seems to fly away from the train.

ANOTHER TRAIN CAR

Amtullah runs through the empty car and to the rear doors.

REAR TRAIN CAR

Kaseem finishes off Sahid by snapping his neck.

Kaseem looks up to see Amtullah making her way through the train car vestibules.

Kaseem rips open Sahid's jacket to find an explosive vest beneath. Kaseem looks to Mira.

KASEEM

Get him out of her.

Mira springs to action and begins the struggle to drag Sahid's body toward the open door at the rear of the train car.

Kaseem and Amtullah face off at the train car's glass and metal door: Kaseem forcing the door closed and Amtullah pulling to slide the door open.

Amtullah get out her cell phone and the competition continues in reverse. Amtullah trying to hold the door shut and Kaseem trying to get it open to get at the her and the cell phone.

Jonathan runs out of the vestibule and sees Amtullah with the cell phone.

KASEEM (cont'd)
Get rid of the bomb!

Jonathan snatches the roll-aboard from the luggage rack.

Amtullah see Jonathan with the bomb, lets go of the door and lunges for the Emergency Brake cord.

Kaseem slides open the door and goes after Amtullah.

Pulls the EMERGENCY CORD and the train BRAKES SCREECH and the lights go out.

Everyone - Jonathan, Mira, Kaseem and Amtullah - are thrown to the floor.

Amtullah loses her cell phone.

The roll-aboard bomb gets away from Jonathan and slides toward the front of the train car.

ANOTHER TRAIN CAR

Panic as crowds of standing Commuters are thrown to the floor and into the darkness.

FORWARD TRAIN CAR

Kaseem and Amtullah scramble along the floor, clawing at each other to get to the cell phone.

REAR TRAIN CAR

Jonathan has been knocked unconscious.

Mira realizes it's all up to her as she looks to the roll-aboard bomb, now at the front end of the train car and Sahid's body that she has dragged to the back.

She makes a run for the roll-aboard, grabs it and runs for the back of the train and the open door.

FORWARD TRAIN CAR

Amtullah gets to the cell phone first, flips it open and hits the speed dial:

SPEED DIAL TONES: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

MODEM SCREECH. Amtullah punches the cell phone...

TONE: ONE.

ANOTHER TRAIN CAR

Passengers struggle trying to open emergency window exits.

REAR TRAIN CAR

Mira throws the roll-aboard bomb out the door and it bounces down the tracks.

She runs back and grabs Sahid's arms and struggles to drag his body back to the door.

FORWARD TRAIN CAR

Kaseem wrestles the phone from Amtullah, they both lose it and the scramble is on to get it back.

Kaseem looks through to the Rear Train Car to see Mira struggling with Sahid's body.

Amtullah manages to dial the phone, TONE: ONE, but it remains loose on the floor.

REAR TRAIN CAR

Mira dumps Sahid's body, runs and dives on top of Jonathan.

FORWARD TRAIN CAR

Kaseem sees that Mira is safe, grabs the phone and punches the last code number, TONE: ONE.

The BOMB in Kaseem's jacket explodes eviscerating him, taking Amtullah along for the ride.

A two huge explosions from the tracks rip through the Rear Train car and over Mira and Jonathan.

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 conductor's 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 Kaseem's decapitated head.

The light moves to the floor of what's left of the Rear Train Car. Mira's bare, burned but alive. Jonathan incapacitated and pinned beneath her.

The hands and lights from unseen Rescuers attend to Mira and Jonathan.

Mira'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 Kaseem, 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 Mira.

AMERICAN AGENT

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

MIRA

I only knew him, no one else.

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

AMERICAN AGENT

(Laughs.)
Why were you carrying a screwdriver for Christ's sakes?

MIRA

To lock the toilet stall at work.

AMERICAN AGENT

What?

MIRA

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

AMERICAN AGENT

(Laughs.)

Mira, 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.

MIRA

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 suitcase 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.

(MORE)

WASAM (cont'd)
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.