

ZERO DARK THIRTY  
An Original Screenplay  
by Mark Boal

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FROM BLACK, VOICES EMERGE--

We hear the actual recorded emergency calls made by World Trade Center office workers to police and fire departments after the planes struck on 9/11, just before the buildings collapsed.

**TITLE OVER: SEPTEMBER 11, 2001**

We listen to fragments from a number of these calls...starting with pleas for help, building to a panic, ending with the caller's grim acceptance that help will not arrive, that the situation is hopeless, that they are about to die.

CUT TO:

**TITLE OVER: TWO YEARS LATER**

INT. BLACK SITE - INTERROGATION ROOM

DANIEL

I own you, Ammar. You belong to me.  
Look at me.

This is DANIEL STANTON, the CIA's man in Islamabad - a big American, late 30's, with a long, anarchical beard snaking down to his tattooed neck. He looks like a paramilitary hipster, a punk rocker with a Glock.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(explaining the rules)

If you don't look at me when I talk to you, I hurt you. If you step off this mat, I hurt you. If you lie to me, I'm gonna hurt you. Now, Look at me.

His prisoner, AMMAR, stands on a decaying gym mat, surrounded by four GUARDS whose faces are covered in ski masks.

Ammar looks down. Instantly: the guards rush Ammar, punching and kicking.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Look at me, Ammar.

Notably, one of the GUARDS wearing a ski mask does not take part in the beating.

EXT. BLACK SITE - LATER

Daniel and the masked figures emerge from the interrogation room into the light of day. They remove their masks and we see that one is a beautiful young woman in her mid-twenties.

She has a pale, milky innocence and bright blue eyes, thin and somewhat frail looking, yet possessing a steely core that we will come to realize is off-the-charts. This is MAYA, a CIA targeter and subject-matter expert on her first overseas assignment.

DANIEL

(to the guard)

Are we gonna board up these windows or what?

(to Maya)

Just off the plane from Washington, you're rocking your best suit for your first interrogation, and then you get this guy. It's not always this intense.

MAYA

I'm fine.

She's not.

DANIEL

Just so you know, it's going to take awhile. He has to learn how helpless he is. Let's get a coffee.

MAYA

No, we should go back in.

Something about the strange intensity of her expression makes Daniel reconsider and he turns back to the interrogation room.

DANIEL

You know, there's no shame if you wanna watch from the monitor.

She shakes her head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Alright.

At the door, Daniel hands the ski mask back to Maya.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You might want to put this on.

MAYA

You're not wearing one. Is he ever getting out?

DANIEL

Never.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

SUPERIMPOSE: CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

Ammar, bruised from the beating, is restrained with ropes.

Maya stands a few feet behind Daniel, attentive, wary of what is to come. This is her first interrogation and she is on the verge of vomiting from the stench in the room. She looks around at the sound-proofed walls, the puddles of water on the floor.

DANIEL

Right now, this is about you coming to terms with your situation. It's you and me, bro. I want you to understand that I know you, that I've been studying you for a very long time. I could have had you killed Karachi. But I let you live so you and I could talk.

AMMAR

(resistant)

You beat me when my hands are tied. I won't talk to you.

DANIEL

Life isn't always fair, my friend. Did you really think that when we got you, I'd be a nice fucking guy?

AMMAR

You're a mid-level guy. You're a garbage man in a corporation. Why should I respect you?

DANIEL

And you're a money man. A paperboy!

Daniel paces around Ammar, anger rising.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

A disgrace to humanity!

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You and your uncle murdered three thousand innocent people. I have your name on a five-thousand dollar transfer via Western Union to a 9/11 hijacker.

He leans into Ammar's ear. Uncomfortably close.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

And you got popped with 150 kilograms of high explosives in your house!  
AND THEN YOU DARE QUESTION ME?!

And then Daniel smiles, laughs. Mercurial.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you.

Beat. He laughs again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I don't want to talk about 9/11.  
What I want to focus on is the Saudi group.

Daniel shows him a photo.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That there is Hazem al-Kashmiri.  
And I know this dude is up to some serious shit, and what I want from you is his Saudi email.

(pause)

Feel free to jump in.

(pause)

Ammar, bro, I know that you know this dude, just give me his email...and I will give you a blanket. I will give you a blanket and some solid food.

No response from Ammar. Daniel starts putting on his gloves.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I know that you know him.

AMMAR

I told you before, I won't talk to you.

DANIEL

Have it your way.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(to the masks)  
Let's go.

It all happens in a flash: in one swift motion, Daniel pushes Ammar to the floor, the guards pin his limbs, and Daniel smothers Ammar's face with a towel.

Ammar thrashes. Daniel considers his next move.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(to Maya)  
Grab the bucket.

Maya follows Daniel's gesture to the corner of the room, where there's an ICE CHEST filled with WATER and a PLASTIC PITCHER.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Put some water in it.

She dips the pitcher in the water, hands shaking.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
C'mon, let's go.

The stress and strain on her face is enormous as she brings the bucket back to Daniel.

Daniel starts pouring the water on Ammar's face, which is now covered by a towel. Ammar thrashes with rising panic.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Hazem was a friend of Ramzi Yousef,  
you guys met in Tunisia back in the  
70s.

AMMAR  
(gasping for breath)  
I don't know, you asshole.

Maya shakes her head "no."

MAYA  
That's not credible.

AMMAR  
(screaming)  
Why are you doing this to me?

DANIEL  
You're a terrorist, that's why I'm  
doing it to you.

AMMAR

Fuck you.

Daniel pours water over the towel so it hits Ammar's nose.

DANIEL

I want emails of the rest of the Saudi group. Give me emails of the rest of the Saudi group! Give me one email, and I will stop this!

Ammar doesn't speak. He can't.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Who's in the Saudi group, and what's the target? Where was the last time you saw bin Laden? WHERE WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW BIN LADEN?

Daniel throws the pitcher, rips the rag off Ammar's mouth: and water spurts out - Ammar nearly drowned. He gasps for air.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

This is what defeat looks like, bro. Your jihad is over.

Daniel stands.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Get him up.

The guards bring Ammar to his feet.

Daniel, shifting his persona yet again, touches Ammar's face and speaks to him with the comforting tenor of a therapist.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Try to understand the concept here. I have time, you don't. I have other things to do, you don't.

(beat)

It's cool that you're strong. I respect it, I do. But in the end, everybody breaks, bro. It's biology.

Dan and Maya exit.

They've learned nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN

A colorful, dusty city. Busy markets. Poor children. Dense traffic.

Meanwhile, across town:

EXT. DIPLOMATIC QUARTER - ISLAMABAD - DAY

National flags. Imposing buildings. Armed guards. The outpost of a superpower.

Maya drives through the checkpoint and up to the main gate.

SUPERIMPOSE: UNITED STATES EMBASSY, ISLAMABAD

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - STAIRCASE - ISLAMABAD

Descending the lobby staircase with Daniel is JOSEPH BRADLEY, Chief of Station, Pakistan, a smooth, vain, sophisticated former case officer who hasn't quite buffed all the blood out of his fingernails.

BRADLEY

How did it go the other night?

DANIEL

It was good. The local cops need tactical help. But he's Tier fucking One, baby. There's your money maker.

BRADLEY

This is the guy that's KSM's nephew? What's his issue?

DANIEL

He's being a dick.

BRADLEY

If he's trying to outsmart you, tell him about your PhD.

DANIEL

I am going to have to turn up the heat. He needs to give us the Saudi group *now*.

They reach the lobby, where they can see Maya sitting in the holding area. They walk towards her as Bradley considers what Daniel is asking for.



INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - STAIRCASE/LOBBY

BRADLEY

He's gotta have that - given the family ties.

Permission granted, Daniel reassures his boss.

DANIEL

Tight with his uncle, prints all over the 9/11 money.

Daniel knocks on the glass for Maya to come in.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to Bradley, clocking her good looks)

Was I lying or what?

The guard opens the door and Maya comes through - not many females come through that door.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to Maya)

Maya, this is Joseph Bradley, our illustrious station chief.

(as they shake hands)

Joe and I did Iraq together.

BRADLEY

And we continue our Christian mission here. Nice to meet you.

MAYA

You too, Sir.

BRADLEY

How was your flight?

They walk down the lobby towards the Secure Wing.

MAYA

Fine.

DANIEL

She's been having a great time ever since she got in, isn't that right?

BRADLEY

How do you like Pakistan so far?

MAYA

It's kinda fucked up.

BRADLEY  
You volunteered for this didn't you?

MAYA  
No.

Bradley smiles. He knew she didn't volunteer.

They reach a secure area and Bradley checks Maya through an electronic door.

BRADLEY  
(to Maya)  
Third floor, northeast corner.

She goes through and Daniel and Bradley watch her walk away.

DANIEL  
Don't you think she's a little young  
for the hard stuff?

BRADLEY  
Washington says she's a killer.

DANIEL  
The children's crusade.

BRADLEY  
They want the next generation on the  
field. Listen, I have a meeting  
with ISI in twenty minutes.

DANIEL  
They're slow rolling us in Lahore -  
you might want to bitch about that.

BRADLEY  
Did you see the cable from London?

DANIEL  
Dude, I've been in a dark room with  
another man for the last two days.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - MAYA'S CUBICLE

Maya finds her desk. It's covered with grime. She tries to clean it as best she can, then sits and looks at the blank log-in screen of her computer.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - CONFERENCE ROOM

A group of thirty-somethings filing in for a meeting, chatting, comradery, taking seats around a conference table.

We will get to know:

JACK, mid-40s, a scruffy teddy bear, the liaison from the National Security Agency (NSA).

JESSICA, 30s, an experienced targeter, and the only woman in the station who wears a skirt.

JACK

Some dude tells the Malaysian station that his nephew works with a guy who knows a guy--

JESSICA

Here we go.

JACK

Hold on - He goes to a big feast in Bangkok about a year ago. The guest of honor? Usama bin Laden.

Laughter in the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

So I say, was Tupac there too?

JESSICA

Right, but you forgot - you forgot Mullah Omar.

J.J. and JEREMY, two case officers, continue the banter:

JEREMY

(sarcastically)

This is worth 5 million bucks.

J.J.

You know we're going to have to chase it down.

JEREMY

That's me, man. No job too small.

JACK

That's why I have a gift for you, my friend.

Jack hands Jeremy a piece of paper. Daniel and Maya enter, a little late.

DANIEL

Everyone, this is Maya. Maya, everyone.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Please don't ask how it's going with Ammar because she's not going to fucking tell you.

JESSICA

Ammar is withholding?

Daniel nods.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(reading from her  
file)

Washington assesses that Abu Faraj  
is officially our new number three -

JESSICA moves to a wall chart of AQ leadership and repositions Abu Faraj's mugshot to number three in the line, two down from Usama bin Laden. Meanwhile, in the background, the riffs continue -

DANIEL

- Best man for it.

JACK (O.S.)

London station is already asking if we think he's in contact with anyone in the U.K.

JEREMY

Like we're just keeping it from them.

Jessica sits back down and gets down to business.

JESSICA

The Jordanians are being really helpful with Ammar's transit papers.

Jessica passes Daniel a file.

DANIEL

Any imminent threats in here?

JESSICA

They want the Consulate, the Marriott, it's low security. And they've got Majid Kahn talking about gas stations in the US.

DANIEL

And that's a conversation?

Jessica shrugs. At this point, she believes that it is merely a conversation - not a fully realized plot.

JESSICA

Honestly? There are six hundred questions in there. I'd concentrate on Heathrow. The Saudis. Does it matter what Faraj thinks about Heathrow? How much latitude does he get to pick targets?

DANIEL

I think he'll give up the Saudis. But Heathrow is gonna be tough. Anyway. Anything from last night?

J.J.

Quetta base thinks they have a bead on the Arabs that escaped, and they're going to meet with the ISI this afternoon, hopefully to set up a raid down there.

DANIEL

Great.

JEREMY

And Lahore reporting ISI down there was painfully slow last night. Again. I'm beginning to think it's not incompetence.

DANIEL

I agree, I spoke to the Chief about that. Anything on bin Laden?

JESSICA

(reading from a cable)

A farmer on the Afghan border near Tora Bora reports: a diamond shaped pattern in the hills, tall male in the center of the diamond, flanked by four guards. It's consistent with UBL's movements.

JEREMY

That's supposed to be his royal guard?

MAYA

That's pre-9/11 behavior.

Jessica doesn't appreciate the challenge.

JESSICA

(chilly)

We don't have reason to believe he's changed security tactics.

MAYA

We invaded Afghanistan. That's a reason.

And so the rivalry begins.

J.J.

Hey, boss, I got a guy for five thousand bucks, he can set up a taxi stand and snoop around a bit.

DANIEL

No, don't need him, the diamond sighting is bullshit. See if the Paks will send someone to talk to the farmer. Anything else? We need to be putting runs on the board against Faraj. Speak to the case officers who didn't see fit to make it today. And thank them.

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - ISLAMABAD

The loud WAILING of the early morning call to prayer from the loudspeakers of a nearby mosque wakes Maya on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SITE - AFTERNOON

Daniel and the guards enter Ammar's cell with Maya. Daniel switches on a floodlight, awakening Ammar.

DANIEL

Let's take it easy today, huh?

Daniel hands Ammar a bottle of orange juice and a bag of falafel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hungry? The food in here sucks so I got you some of this.

Ammar grabs the lunch sack and scarfs down the falafels.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Richard Reid, wow. I was thinking about him. The guy gets a bomb in his shoe on a plane. Unbelievable. You know him, don't you?

Slowly, Ammar nods.

AMMAR

Yes.

DANIEL

I'm glad you said that. I have an email from you to him. I've had all your coms for years, bro. Who else is in your Saudi group?

AMMAR

I just handed out some cash for them. I didn't know who the guys were.

DANIEL

When you lie to me, I hurt you.

AMMAR

Please.

DANIEL

I believe you. I do, I believe you.

Beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Do you want the water again, or do you want something else?

AMMAR

Please.

DANIEL

Just give me a name.

AMMAR

I don't--

Daniel jumps up.

AMMAR (CONT'D)

I don't know.

Daniel kicks out the chair from under Ammar. The masked guards walk to the rope pulleys.

DANIEL

You see how this works? You don't mind if my female colleague sees your junk, do you?

Daniel pulls down Ammar's pants. Maya flinches at the bare nakedness.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Dude, you shit your pants.

Daniel turns to Maya -

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
You stay here, I'll be back.

Daniel goes out, leaving Maya standing alone in front of the naked, chained man.

Ammar looks at her imploringly and she struggles to meet his eyes.

AMMAR  
Your friend is an animal. Please,  
help me. Please.

A long beat.

MAYA  
You can help yourself by being  
truthful.

The door handle turns. It occurs to Maya that perhaps Daniel was testing her resilience, too, as Daniel re-enters with a DOG COLLAR in his hand.

DANIEL  
This is a dog collar.

Daniel unhooks Ammar, snaps the collar and leash around his neck, as Ammar cries out against the humiliation.

Maya flinches. Daniel is relentless:

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
You determine how I treat you.

Now Daniel drags Ammar on all fours, pulling him by the leash.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I'm going to walk you.

Maya watches in horror as Daniel walks Ammar to a far corner of the room, then leans down to address his victim:

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck do you think is going  
on, Ammar? Wahleed has already told  
me that you know.

At last, Daniel reaches an area of the room where there is a large wooden box resting on a platform.



DANIEL (CONT'D)

This box sucks. I'm going to put you in it.

Ammar tries to speak but can't get a word out.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

When is the attack?

AMMAR

(very softly)

Sunday.

DANIEL

Sunday? Sunday where? This Sunday or next Sunday?

Ammar mumbles, almost inaudibly.

AMMAR

Monday.

DANIEL

Is it Sunday or Monday?

Ammar doesn't answer. The masked men approach.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Which day is it? Partial information is treated as a lie.

AMMAR

Saturday.

Beat. The masked men open the box.

AMMAR (CONT'D)

Sunday!

The guards grab Ammar and carry him to his wooden tomb. He shouts with his last reserve of energy:

AMMAR (CONT'D)

Monday!

DANIEL

Ammar, which day?

AMMAR

(mumbling)

Monday, Tuesday,

Beat.

AMMAR (CONT'D)

Thursday.

Beat.

AMMAR (CONT'D)

Friday.

Daniel slams the box shut. Once again, he's learned nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. KHOBAR TOWERS - SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

ECU: a magazine CLICKS into the receiver of a black assault rifle.

The weapon, carried by a BEARDED ARAB MAN dressed in street clothes, rises to shoulder height.

INT. KHOBAR TOWERS - DAY

- The man enters the hallway of the KHOBAR RESIDENTIAL TOWERS

- And immediately opens fire on TWO WESTERN MEN he happens to find inside, killing them both.

**TITLE OVER: MAY 29, 2004**

- The CRACK of the shots sends the rest of the residents into a panicky, screaming dash for cover

- As he strides quickly down the hall, he finds three other RESIDENTS scrambling for safety, and shoots and kills them all.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - CONFERENCE ROOM

CU TV: news footage of the massacre.

Daniel, Jessica, and Maya look on in defeat. The "Saudi" attack they tried to prevent by pressuring Ammar has occurred.

JESSICA

(to Daniel)

Don't worry about the Saudis, they'll take care of business.

DANIEL

Yeah, now.

JESSICA

You warned them - they didn't take you seriously - this is what happens. It's not on you.

DANIEL

Who said that? Zied? Fuck him. This is on me. Ammar is on me!! And it's on her!!

(pointing to Maya)

We can't let this be a win-win for AQ.

JESSICA

No, no, no. You had - what - days - brief custody - and an unresponsive ally. The way you do this is you look ahead. London. Heathrow. Mass casualties. That plan is still active.

MAYA

Ammar doesn't have a clue about what happened.

JESSICA

He knows.

MAYA

How?

JESSICA

You have to be really careful with people in KSM's circle - they're devious.

MAYA

He's not going to talk about attacks on the homeland. He's going to withhold operational details on the KSM network and probably on bin Laden.

(flipping her argument)

But he's been in complete isolation, he doesn't know we failed. We can tell him anything.

DANIEL

Bluff him?

MAYA

He hasn't slept, Dan. He's clueless.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SITE - AFTERNOON

DANIEL (PRE-LAP)  
 You don't remember, do you? You -  
 me: same same. Bad memory.

While GUARDS move in the deep b.g., Daniel and Maya are seated at a picnic table with an appetizing spread of Arabic food.

DANIEL (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
 Short term memory loss is a side  
 effect of sleep deprivation. It  
 should come back to you.

The Guards bring a prisoner to the table and remove his hood: Ammar. He stares weakly at the table.

AMMAR  
 (carefully)  
 I don't know. How can I remember?

MAYA  
 After we kept you awake for 96 hours,  
 you gave us names of some of your  
 brothers and saved the lives of a  
 lot of innocent people.

DANIEL  
 Which is the smart thing to do, you're  
 starting to think for yourself.

Ammar is lost. But the food is tempting.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
 Eat up! You earned it.

Ammar eats.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
 So you flew via Amman to Kabul to  
 hang out with your uncle? Mukhtar.

AMMAR  
 How did you know that?

DANIEL  
 I told you man, I know you. Alright,  
 you got me - flight manifests. It  
 must've been pretty fucked up for  
 you guys after 9/11. What did you  
 do after the invasion and before you  
 went back to Pesh?

AMMAR

After 9/11 I had to choose: fight,  
to protect our turf - or run.

DANIEL

(sympathetic)  
You chose to fight.

Ammar looks Daniel right in the eyes.

AMMAR

I wanted to kill Americans. We tried  
to get into Tora Bora but the bombing  
was too high. We couldn't cross.

MAYA

Sorry, who is the "we" in that  
sentence?

AMMAR

Me and some guys who were hanging  
around at that time.

DANIEL

(casually)  
I can eat with some other dude and  
hook you back up to the ceiling?

AMMAR

Hamza Rabia, Khabab al-Masri, and  
Abu Ahmed.

Maya makes notes on her pad.

MAYA

Who's Abu Ahmed? I've heard of the  
other guys.

AMMAR

He was a computer guy with us at the  
time. After Tora Bora, I went back  
to Pesh - as you know - and he went  
North, I think, to Kunar.

MAYA

What's his family name?

AMMAR

Abu Ahmed al-Kuwaiti.

MAYA

Abu Ahmed means "father of Ahmed",  
it's a kunya.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

Ammar, I know the difference between a war name and an Arabic name.

DANIEL

She got you there, dude.

AMMAR

I swear to you both: I don't know his family name. I would have never asked him something like that. It's not how my uncle worked. My uncle told me he worked for bin Laden. I did see him, once, about a year ago, in Karachi. He read us all a letter from the Sheikh.

MAYA

A letter?

DANIEL

What did it say?

Daniel offers Ammar a smoke.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Cigarette?

Ammar accepts. Daniel's lights it.

AMMAR

It said "Continue the jihad. The work will go on for a hundred years."

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - RESEARCH ROOM

We fade into a dimly lit research room, where Maya is alone watching interrogation video recordings on an array of monitors. Some of the videos are rough; but most simply depict two people talking. The video she's watching now shows a hooded prisoner sitting in a filthy room, the walls smeared with red stains.

CU SCREEN:

SOLDIER INTERROGATOR

You and I are gonna talk about some of the guys in the training camps, yeah?

The prisoner sits in a chair. He's hooded, but relaxed.

PRISONER

Ok.

SOLDIER INTERROGATOR

Some of these brothers have done some bad things, and what I want to do is I want to separate them from the people like you.

PRISONER

Definitely, yeah.

SOLDIER INTERROGATOR

There was a guy called Abu Ahmed from Kuwait.

PRISONER

Yes, I remember him. A nice guy.

SOLDIER INTERROGATOR

How close was he? What was his relationship to the leadership?

PRISONER

I don't know.

SOLDIER INTERROGATOR

Did he eat with you guys - did he eat with the good guys - or did he eat with the leadership?

PRISONER

I don't know, sir. I have no idea about things like that.

SOLDIER INTERROGATOR

Yes you do, you don't need an idea about things-

Maya hits *pause* and we see that her desk is filled with open windows of interrogations: she is analyzing ten videos simultaneously, comparing them to each other.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She plays another video showing a Turkish prison.

TURKISH INTERROGATOR

When you met with Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, was this one of the facilitators?

The Interrogator flashes a picture. The prisoner moans.

TURKISH INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)  
Is this Abu Ahmed?

PRISONER  
Yes.

CUT TO

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - LATER

She *fast forwards* a video - shot in a Polish facility. The prisoner appears to be cold.

INTERROGATOR  
KSM, your boss.

PRISONER  
Mukhtar?

INTERROGATOR  
Mukhtar, 'potato', you say 'potahto'.  
I say 'fucking KSM', but yeah,  
'Mukhtar.' After Mukhtar was  
captured, what did Abu Ahmed do?

PRISONER  
Abu Ahmed, I believe he went to work  
for The Sheikh.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - LATER

Maya is still in the research room. She's been going at this for hours and looks fatigued.

CU SCREEN: a different INTERROGATOR from the previous video; PRISONER is an older man chained to a desk. The exchange is in Arabic with an English subtitle on the screen:

PRISONER  
In Karachi, in 2003 or 2004.

INTERROGATOR  
He was carrying a letter from bin Laden?

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - LATER

Still going, looking exhausted now, Maya manipulates the controls of yet another video clip with a different INTERROGATOR and PRISONER. We're now in a Moroccan facility. The interrogator shows him a photograph of a bearded man. Henceforth, The Photograph.



INTERROGATOR  
Is that him?

PRISONER  
(nods)  
Abu Ahmed.

The interrogator holds The Photograph right in front of the prisoner's face, allowing us to see it as well.

INTERROGATOR  
Say again?

PRISONER  
Abu Ahmed. Abu Ahmed. Abu Ahmed.

Freeze frame.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - LATER

A Yemeni prison - the dialogue is a mix of French and English:

INTERROGATOR  
Abu Ahmed - is he the courier for  
bin Laden?

PRISONER  
Who knows who works directly for bin  
Laden? Let's say he's part of the  
mix.

INTERROGATOR  
Were there other people who carried  
messages from bin Laden?

PRISONER  
Sure.

INTERROGATOR  
How many other people?

PRISONER  
(thinking)  
Four or five.

INTERROGATOR  
Let's talk about them--

The image freezes.

Maya stares at the screen.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - KITCHEN

Maya is in the kitchen grabbing something to eat.

Jessica, the only other person working this late, walks in, pours herself some coffee.

JESSICA

How's the needle in the haystack?

MAYA

Fine.

JESSICA

Facilitators come and go, but one thing you can count on in life is that everyone wants money.

The rivalry is in full bloom. Sometimes it's friendly. Sometimes it's not so friendly.

MAYA

(smiling)

You're assuming that Al Qaeda members are motivated by financial rewards. They're radicals.

JESSICA

(bigger smile)

Correct. You're assuming that greed won't override ideology in some of the weaker members.

MAYA

Money for walk-ins worked great in the cold war, I'll give you that.

JESSICA

Thank you.

MAYA

Just not sure those tactics are applicable to the Middle East.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT

Maya hastily throws her clothes and a wig into a suitcase - the world's fastest packing job -

CUT TO:

EXT. WARSAW SHIPYARD - POLAND - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: CIA BLACK SITE - WARSAW, POLAND

A sprawling shipyard in an industrial area.

A large MILITARY FRIGATE sits in the harbor. A dark haired WOMAN and a MAN board the ship.

CUT TO:

INT. FRIGATE - BLACK SITE - POLAND - DAY

At first we don't recognize the woman with heavy makeup walking down the narrow corridor, and then we realize it's Maya in disguise.

She enters a vast cavernous hold accompanied by a middle aged Afghan man, thick shouldered with years of hard experience in his kind, somewhat sad eyes.

This fatherly man is HAKIM, a former political prisoner in Afghanistan and one of the CIA's most important assets.

In the galley, a PRISONER is chained to a table. Hakim slides him The Photograph. The prisoner speaks in Arabic.

HAKIM  
(translating)  
He says he looks like Abu Ahmed.

MAYA  
Who did he work for?

Hakim translates. Then the prisoner speaks.

HAKIM  
(translating)  
It was mostly with Abu Faraj - they were always together.

MAYA  
What did he do for Faraj?

HAKIM  
(translating)  
He carried messages from Faraj to bin Laden and from bin Laden back to Faraj.

Maya leans into Hakim -

MAYA

We need to ask him something to see if he's telling the truth. We don't know if he really knew Faraj.

Hakim speaks to the prisoner.

HAKIM

He just told me the names of all of Faraj's children. I think he's telling the truth.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - CIA SECTION

Maya is pitching Bradley in his office. Bradley sits with his feet up on his desk, holding The Photograph.

Daniel is slouched on the couch in back.

Jessica is perched on the arm of the couch, bare legs crossed. Bradley notices.

Maya stands.

MAYA

Twenty detainees recognize that photo of Abu Ahmed. They say he's part of the inner circle of guys who were hanging out in Afghanistan pre-9/11.

(beat)

A lot of them say that after 9/11, he went to work for KSM.

(beat)

When KSM got captured, he went to work for Abu Faraj, primarily as a courier from Faraj to bin Laden.

BRADLEY

Well, that's good. You still-

MAYA

Yeah, we don't know if Abu is on the outside of the network - part of a series of cutouts and dead drops - or if he has a direct connection to bin Laden. Does bin Laden invite him into the living room and hand him a letter directly? Or is Abu just the last guy in a long line of couriers, so that's why everybody knows him?

BRADLEY

That's not all you don't know. You don't have his true name, and you don't have a clue of where he is.

MAYA

We know that he's important. The fact that everybody's heard of Abu Ahmed but nobody will tell me where he is suggests that.

BRADLEY

Maybe. Detainees could withhold his location for any number of reasons. Perhaps they don't know; perhaps this Abu is just a cover story and he's really a fucking unicorn. The withholding doesn't reveal what you want it to - does it?

MAYA

No.

BRADLEY

And if you did find him, you don't know that he'd be with bin Laden.

DANIEL

We don't know what we don't know.

BRADLEY

(to Daniel)

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

DANIEL

It's a tautology.

BRADLEY

(back to Maya)

Listen, not one single detainee has said that he's located with the big guy, just that he delivers messages. Am I wrong?

MAYA

No.

BRADLEY

No. It's still good work.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Let me know when you've got some  
actionable intelligence, preferably  
something that leads to a strike.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAVISTOCK SQUARE - LONDON - EARLY MORNING

The city is in full swing on this bright mid-summer morning.

CARS and BUSES roll through the crowded streets.

INT./EXT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS

**TITLE OVER: LONDON - JULY 7, 2005**

Passengers inside the bus read newspapers, listen to music...  
another ordinary day.

Then, the bus explodes!

CUT TO:

CU: TV SCREEN

File footage of the aftermath:

REPORTER (O.S.)

This is what remains of the #10 bus,  
which was traveling through Tavistock  
Square...

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE -  
NIGHT

Joseph Bradley sits at his desk. The weight of the world on  
his shoulders.

On the television in the background, the news report  
continues, showing disaster footage of PEOPLE bloodied,  
screaming.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SITE - AFGHANISTAN

The war on terror is growing and spreading, like an octopus,  
throughout the base. We trace the new tentacles of the CIA  
facility - more hangars, vehicles, PEOPLE moving to and fro.

REPORTER (O.S.)

All around, groups of Londoners are  
standing on corners asking themselves  
(MORE)

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 what has happened here, and who could  
 possibly have done this?

We find Daniel trying to catch a moment of solitude...eating  
 an ice cream cone and standing in front of a makeshift cage  
 filled with wild MONKEYS.

The monkeys are watching Daniel intently, their hands gripping  
 the wire cage. Daniel playfully feeds them some of his ice  
 cream.

A CIA GUARD approaches Daniel

CIA GUARD  
 (re: the monkeys)  
 You Agency guys are twisted. The  
 detainee is ready.

Daniel nods, weary. Then a monkey reaches through the bars  
 and steals the remainder of Daniel's ice cream cone.

He looks at the monkey and laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAMABAD TRAFFIC - YEARS LATER

Rain pelts the brown city, turning the gutter water black.

MAYA (PRE-LAP)  
 I want you to understand that I know  
 you. I have been following you and  
 studying you for a long time. I  
 chased you in Lahore.

We find Maya entering the gates of a Pakistani prison. The  
 weather makes the place seem especially bleak.

SUPERIMPOSE: MILITARY DETENTION CENTER - ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN

INT. PAKISTANI DETENTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

HASSAN GHUL, Al Qaeda financier, sits manacled to a desk.

MAYA  
 I had you picked up instead of killing  
 you because you're not a violent man  
 and you don't deserve to die.

GHUL  
 Thank you.

MAYA

But you do have deep ties to Al Qaeda that I want to ask you about before you get sent to your next location, which might be Israel.

Ghul looks ashen.

MAYA (CONT'D)

However, depending on how candid you are today, I may be able to keep you in Pakistan.

GHUL

What do you want to know?

MAYA

I'm going to ask you a series of questions based on your knowledge of Al Qaeda and your position as key financier for the organization.

GHUL

I have dealt with the mukhabarat, I have no wish to be tortured again. Ask me a question, I can answer it.

MAYA

What can you tell me about Atiyah Abd al-Rahman.

GHUL

He works for Zawahiri. He's in charge of military tactics.

MAYA

In what context have you ever heard the name Abu Ahmed?

GHUL

He works for Faraj and bin Laden. He is his most trusted courier.

Maya works hard to hide how pleased she is to have this confirmation. She's not entirely successful.

MAYA

What makes you say that?

GHUL

He brought me many messages from the Sheikh.



MAYA

Where did you last see him, and where is he now?

GHUL

You will never find him.

MAYA

Why is that?

GHUL

Even I couldn't find him. He always contacted me out of the blue. He is one of the disappeared ones.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN COMPLEX - PAKISTAN - DAY

Pakistani families enjoy a fine summer day.

INT. GARDEN VILLA

A BOMB is being strapped to a MAN'S leg by a PAKISTANI POLICEMAN.

PAKISTANI POLICEMAN

(in Urdu)

You know how this works?

The man is terrified.

PAKISTANI POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Just act naturally.

The Policeman finishes securing the bomb, and sends the man out the door (who we will later deduce is Abu Faraj's courier).

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN COMPLEX - DAY

Faraj's Courier walks past playing children... while from a nearby tower, Daniel observes.

After a moment, ABU FARAJ, who we recognize from his photograph, appears at the south end of the park. Faraj walks in the direction of his courier, noting his surroundings:

CHILDREN playing.

Several people in BLACK BURKHAS.

BRIGHT SUN.

At last Faraj reaches an open area where he can see his courier face to face.

They exchange a nervous glance that conveys the danger: It's a trap. Faraj spins to flee, but it's too late.

The black BURKHAS descend on him. It turns out they are heavily armed Pakistani agents. From on high, Daniel watches his captured prey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SITE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Daniel and an armed guard escort a hooded and handcuffed Faraj to his cell.

DANIEL

What do you like? Bob Marley?  
Reggae? Egyptian music? Just let me  
know, if there's music you like, I  
can make a call.

INT. INTERROGATION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and the guards take Faraj to a cell laced with barbed wire and lock him inside.

DANIEL

Can I be honest with you? I'm bad  
news. I'm not your friend. I'm not  
gonna help you. I'm gonna break  
you.

Beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I've done it before.  
(Faraj dozes, weak)  
Hey, wake up. You haven't eaten in  
18 hours, we've got to keep your  
energy up. You hungry?

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

Guards force feed Faraj through a feeding tube.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - MAYA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bradley approaches Maya at her cubicle.

BRADLEY

You're in luck, I got you a one-on-one with Faraj.

MAYA

Seriously? Thank you.

BRADLEY

Don't thank me until you hear what I want for it.

He drops a folder on her desk.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I want you to take care of all of this before your favorite subject.

MAYA

Deal.

BRADLEY

Don't you want to see what's in the folder?

MAYA

You want family ties, financial networks, media sources, disgruntled employees, imminent threats, homeland plots,

BRADLEY

(walking away)

Thank you.

MAYA

Foreign cells, health status, trade craft, recruiting tactics -- anything else?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Both Maya and Faraj look tired. This has been going on for hours.

MAYA

A lot of brothers told us Abu Ahmed was bin Laden's courier and that he worked very closely with you.

FARAJ  
You're thinking of Abu Khalid.

MAYA  
Who?

FARAJ  
Al Buluchi. My courier for the  
Sheikh.

MAYA  
Okay, so you're telling me that all  
the other brothers are wrong, and  
there's some famous Buluchi guy that  
is working for you and bin Laden  
that I've never even heard of?

FARAJ  
Why should you have heard of him?

MAYA  
What does this Buluchi guy look like?

FARAJ  
Tall, long white beard, thin. He  
uses a cane.

MAYA  
Kind of like Gandolf?

FARAJ  
Who?

MAYA  
When was the last time you saw him?

FARAJ  
A month ago, in Karachi, but I don't  
know where he is now. Sometimes I  
wouldn't even see him, he would just  
tell me where to leave the messages.

MAYA  
I don't believe you.

The GUARD in the room with them leans forward and SLAPS Faraj  
across the face.

Faraj's expression doesn't change and Maya herself remains  
flat and steady, unmoved by the violence.

She's not quite the same young lady she was a few years ago.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You're not being fulsome in your replies.

FARAJ

You can't force me to tell you something I don't know.

MAYA

You do realize this is not a normal prison. You determine how you are treated, and your life will be very uncomfortable until you give me information I need.

The guard slaps Faraj again. Faraj is impassive.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Maya looks on impassively as Faraj is subjected to harsh treatment.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SITE - BATHROOM

Maya is retching in the stall.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SITE - PRE-DAWN

Maya walks around the facility, quiet at this hour, and finds another insomniac, Daniel, by the monkey cage. The cage is empty.

MAYA

Faraj is completely denying knowing Abu Ahmed, and that's using every measure we have.

DANIEL

He's either going to withhold or die from the pressure you're putting on him.

MAYA

Do you want to take a run at him?

DANIEL

No.

MAYA  
No? Since when?

DANIEL  
You know, I've been meaning to tell  
you: I'm getting outta here.

MAYA  
What? You okay?

DANIEL  
I'm fine. I've just seen too many  
guys naked. It's gotta be over a  
hundred at this point. I need to go  
do something normal for awhile.

MAYA  
Like what?

DANIEL  
Go to Washington, do the dance, see  
how that environment works.  
(beat)  
You should come with me. Be my number  
two. You're looking a little strung  
out yourself.

Maya looks at Dan. No longer the man he once was. She  
doesn't hide her disappointment.

MAYA  
I'm not going to find Abu Ahmed from  
D.C.

They both look at the empty cage, clocking the irony.

DANIEL  
They killed my monkeys.  
Something about an escape. Can you  
fucking believe that?

MAYA  
Sorry, Dan.

DANIEL  
Look, Maya, you gotta be really  
careful with detainees now. The  
politics are changing and you don't  
want to be the last one holding a  
dog collar when the oversight  
committee comes.

MAYA  
I know.

DANIEL

And watch your back when you get back to Pakistan. Everyone knows you there now.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAMABAD - NIGHT

Back in Pakistan, the country has indeed changed to a more militarized police state, and as we establish the new environment, we find Maya's grey sedan...

EXT. ISLAMABAD - NEAR THE MARRIOTT HOTEL - NIGHT

The car pulls up to a checkpoint manned by PAKISTANI POLICE. The Policeman look at the car - look at the plate - the plate is diplomatic - they walk around the car and stop at the window - shine their bright light right into Maya's eyes.

A POLICEMAN motions for her to roll down her window.

POLICEMAN

Where are you going?

MAYA

To the Marriott. I assume you noticed the dip plates.

POLICEMAN

But you have a bag -

The policeman motions to a DUFFEL BAG resting on the rear seat.

MAYA

It's a gym bag.

Maya does not get out of the car. She stares at him defiantly. He advances forward a bit. She rolls up her window, flicks the door lock, and starts dialing her cell phone.

The policeman walks away to rejoin his group. The police confer. The original policeman returns, this time with several other cops. They knock on the glass. Hard.

Maya stares straight ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jessica is waiting at the table in a beautifully appointed room.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARRIOTT HOTEL - ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN - SEPTEMBER  
20, 2008

Maya walks in, flustered.

MAYA  
Fucking checkpoints.

Maya sits down, absorbed in her Blackberry.

JESSICA  
Maya?

MAYA  
Yeah.

JESSICA  
We're socializing. Be social.

Maya puts away her blackberry.

MAYA  
(halfheartedly)  
Okay.

JESSICA  
Look, I know Abu Ahmed is your baby,  
but it's time to cut the umbilical  
cord.

MAYA  
No, it's not.

JESSICA  
So Faraj went south on you - it  
happens. There are still cells in  
London and Spain planning the next  
round of attacks.

MAYA  
I can work on it at the same time -  
plus I think it's a good thing that  
he lied.

JESSICA  
No, not at the expense of protecting  
the homeland, you can't. Wait a  
minute, why is it a good thing?

MAYA  
You sound just like Bradley. He  
doesn't believe in my lead either.

(MORE)



MAYA (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's a good thing because the fact that Faraj withheld on Abu Ahmed is revealing. The only other thing he lied about was the location of bin Laden himself. That means Faraj thinks Abu Ahmed is as important to protect as bin Laden. That confirms my lead.

JESSICA

Or it's confirmation bias.

(beat)

We're all just worried about you, okay? Is that okay to say?

Maya rubs her eyes, not liking where the conversation is going. She forces a smile.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Where's Jack?

MAYA

He's probably stuck in some check-point somewhere.

JESSICA

You two hooked up yet?

MAYA

Hello, I work with him. I'm not *that* girl, that fucks. It's unbecoming.

JESSICA

So? A little foolin' around wouldn't hurt you.

(beat)

So no boyfriend. Do you have any friends at all?

She doesn't. Jessica's phone rings -

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's Jack.

(into phone)

Hey - that's okay -

SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE RESTAURANT.

-- SHATTERS THE WINDOWS

-- DESTROYS TABLES AND LIGHTS

-- MAYA, JESSICA, AND OTHERS TOSSED TO THE GROUND, SOME FATALLY.

--SMOKE FILLS THE ROOM

As alarms wail, Maya struggles to her feet, grabs Jessica by the arm, and they stumble to safety.

INT. MARRIOTT - DINING ROOM

Toward the destroyed kitchen, helping each other over obstacles, twisted metal, gaps in the concrete, etc, past injured workers and burning flames.

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - KITCHEN - LATER

They continue moving through the debris as the smoke intensifies.

They find each other's hands and grab tightly.

CUT TO:

C.U.: TV SCREEN

The destroyed Marriott.

REPORTER (O.S.)

The blast left a crater 10 meters wide in front of the hotel. The Marriott, one of the most popular destinations for locals and Westerners...

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS TRIBAL AREA - PAKISTAN - DAY

We're high above the wild hinterlands of the Hindu Kush, gliding over the rocky slopes and the pine forests.

SUPERIMPOSE: TRIBAL TERRITORIES, NORTHERN PAKISTAN

We move from peak to peak until we find a remote valley, and we zoom down... and nestled in the valley we can just make out the barest outlines of a tiny village of mud huts.

INT. TRIBAL VILLAGE HUT

Now we are inside a hut and we've shifted to the perspective of a hand held camera, as if someone inside this stone age interior is filming on our behalf, and we see a hard floor, thin gaps in the walls, and FIVE TRIBAL ELDERS talking casually, eating and drinking tea.

We pan across the weathered faces, long beards, and see a video recorder resting on a ledge.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - ISLAMABAD - DAY

Jessica strides excitedly, almost breaking into a run, through the warren of cubicles that lead to Maya's desk.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - MAYA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Jessica beaming as she approaches Maya.

JESSICA  
The Jords have a mole!

MAYA  
What?

Jessica pops a CD into Maya's computer, loads a file that plays the same video clip we have just seen.

JESSICA  
He made this video to prove his bona fides.

MAYA  
Shut the fuck up!

The camera stops on one man, BALAWI.

JESSICA  
(pointing)  
Humam Khalil al-Balawi, he's a Jordanian doctor. He's really motivated.

Maya practically bolts out of her chair. Together, they start walking towards Bradley's office -

MAYA  
This could be it!

JESSICA  
This is it.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bradley has just finished watching the video. Maya and Jessica are in his office waiting for his verdict.

JESSICA

He's right there in the inner circle.

BRADLEY

I don't buy it. Didn't you tell me yourself nobody turns on Al Qaeda?

JESSICA

The Jords worked him for a year. Dinners, money. They've convinced him that it's his patriotic duty to turn on Al Qaeda and get rich doing it.

BRADLEY

Yeah, so the Jords say.

MAYA

(to Bradley)

You're right. We can't rely on the Jords. We have to evaluate him face to face.

JESSICA

(catching on)

He may not be that smart. He may be full of shit - but we have to talk to him to find out.

MAYA

The key is to meet him so we can figure out for ourselves what he can actually do.

BRADLEY

He really asked for a dialysis machine? You can fill the damn thing with poison.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY ISLAMABAD - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya and a few analysts are watching TV - President-elect Obama is being interviewed on 60 Minutes when Jessica comes into the room with disappointing news -

JESSICA

The meeting with Balawi is off. He can't come here to Islamabad.

MAYA

Can't or won't?

JESSICA

He's not going to travel - security risk -

The TV interview with Obama reaches the subject of enhanced interrogation, and the women pause to listen to the President-elect declare, "America does not torture."

Then they continue:

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He wants us to go to him. He'll meet in Miram Sha or the tribals.

MAYA

He knows we're white. You'll get kidnapped up there.

DAVID, an analyst, adds his two cents to the conversation -

DAVID

We could do it somewhere else - Germany, or the UK? He's got a clean passport.

JESSICA

He's not going to travel out of Al Qaeda territory.

DAVID

And you're not going to him.

JESSICA

I'm not. Believe me.  
(pause)  
We're stuck.

DAVID

What about Camp Chapman? Afghanistan. That could be safe territory.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN CIA COMPOUND - KHOST, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

We survey the sprawling base from above.

SUPERIMPOSE: CAMP CHAPMAN - KHOST, AFGHANISTAN

Helicopters and Humvees traverse the base.

INT. CAMP CHAPMAN - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jessica applies icing to a birthday cake as she cradles a SATELLITE PHONE.

JESSICA

(into phone)

This may be going overboard, but I baked him a cake!

MAYA O.S.

Muslim's don't celebrate with cake.

JESSICA

Don't be so literal. Everyone likes cake. It's not too late for you to come, you know. It will be fun.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - PREDATOR BAY

Maya sits in front of a series of monitors. She watches a live Predator feed.

MAYA

I don't want to be a straphangar. It's your show. You were the first to see the potential in this.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Come on! We've got lots of wine!

The target on Maya's monitor disappears in a puff of smoke.

MAYA

Cool. Bring me back a bottle.

JESSICA (O.S.)

I will.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA

Jessica pours two glasses of wine and raises a toast to her colleague, JOHN.

JESSICA

Not to get technical, but this guy is actually the first big break we've had since 9/11. To big breaks and the little people that make them happen.

Clink.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

So far, everything he's said we've cross checked and it's proved legit... and I think the money is persuasive. 25 million dollars?! That buys a new life.

JOHN

Do you think he might be exaggerating his access?

JESSICA

Possibly. But Al Qaeda needs doctors *and they are short staffed* and that could explain his rise. In six months to a year, if he doesn't fuck up, he could be called in to treat bin Laden. And at that moment, with 25 mil on the table, I think he gives up the Big Man. And if he doesn't, we kill him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN CIA COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

The same gathering as the day before, waiting under the merciless sun.

SUPERIMPOSE: DECEMBER 30, 2009

Jessica turns to her crew, which includes LAUREN, a young operative, ZIED, a Jordanian intelligence agent, and the base's CIA SECURITY GUARD, among others. They rehearse the impending meeting.

JESSICA

So John?

(John turns to her)

When he arrives, I'll set the tone, and then I'll flip it to you - and you'll talk about asset protection.

JOHN

Roger that.

JESSICA

Then Lauren, I know you want to get some questions in there - but give Balawi time after John speaks. We'll cover the basics and have his birthday cake, then we'll get to the nitty gritty.

Jessica turns to Zied.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Is that order okay, or do you want to introduce everyone?

ZIED

I'll introduce you, and you introduce your team. He knows this is a high level meeting.

SECURTY GUARD

Quick question: all is taking place inside our main building?

JESSICA

Right. And Lauren? Washington will want real time updates so please stay on top of that. Be concise. The Director is in the loop. And I wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't update the President.

LAUREN

Yeah, I'm on it.

They take in the possibilities.

JESSICA

Now, I just need to get Balawi's ass down here.

LATER -

Waiting and waiting. No cars approach. The sun beats down.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN - ROAD TO SOUTH GATE

Several hundred yards before the Camp entrance is a beat-up SEDAN. The car pulls up to the checkpoint but doesn't proceed.

JESSICA

(to the Security Gyard)

Why are there gate guards there? We talked about this, no one is supposed to be there when my source arrives. You might have spooked him already!

SECURTY GUARD

Procedures only work if we follow them every time.



JESSICA

This time is different - I'm sorry I can't explain, but it's for a good cause.

SECURITY GUARD

Look, I'm responsible for everyone's safety, okay? It's not just about you.

JESSICA

I just need them to go away for a minute. You can search him as soon as he gets here.

The Security Guard pauses, then into his radio:

SECURITY GUARD

(into radio)

All stations, go ahead and stand down.

CHECKPOINT GUARD

(over radio)

Roger.

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN - GUARD POST

The guards move away from their post. The sedan drives past the gate into a maze of barriers. We follow the car as it navigates the maze of HESCO barriers, kicking up a cloud of dust.

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN - CIA COMPOUND

Jessica runs back to her team and flashes a thumbs up.

She smiles and pulls out her phone, sending a text.

ECU: PHONE TEXT:

**He's here. Brb**

Maya:

**Cool!**

The car navigates the second set of barriers.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - MAYA'S CUBICLE - SECONDS LATER

Maya types on her computer:

**Wassup you talking yet**

?

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN - CIA COMPOUND

Jessica looks up to see the car approaching and puts the phone back in her pocket. The sedan is now 50 yards away.

SECURTY GUARD

Okay, he's coming. We're gonna search him when he gets here.

Everyone prepares. The car gets closer and closer, a driver in front and a passenger in back.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - MAYA'S CUBICLE

Maya texts again:

?

**Answer when you can.**

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN - CIA COMPOUND

The sedan pulls to a stop. A BLACKWATER GUARD taps on the backseat window. Balawi exits on the passenger side. His free hand is in his pocket.

BLACKWATER GUARD

(to the other guard)

Is he supposed to limp like that?

SECURTY GUARD

Take your hand out of your pocket!  
Hey!

BALAWI

Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar

BLACKWATER GUARD

(raising his M4)

Get you hand out of your pocket!

BALAWI

Allahu Akbar.

Jessica's smile fades

And Balawi detonates a suicide vest hidden under this jacket and the resulting shrapnel storm pulps the crowd, massacring them all -

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY ISLAMABAD, CIA SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Maya looks at her computer screen. She sees her last instant message..And waits for a response.

Beat.

Maya looks up, concern on her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CHAPMAN - DAY

The explosion smoke still hovers over Camp Chapman. News reporting of the attack plays over the horrific image.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - MAYA'S CUBICLE - LATER

Maya huddles on the floor under the corner of her desk.

INT. MAYA'S CUBICLE - LATER

The office has thinned out, and most people have gone home for the day. Maya is crouched in the corner. A wounded animal. Jeremy, the case officer from the conference room, approaches and gives Maya a computer disc.

JEREMY

You okay?

No response.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I didn't think this day could get any worse, but bad news from Saudi intelligence. The courier guy, Abu Ahmed, is dead. It's a detainee video.

Maya still fighting to contain her grief, takes the file as an almost welcome distraction. She puts the disc into her computer and hits play.

CU COMPUTER SCREEN: A PRISONER being interviewed by a CIA CASE OFFICER holds the photo of Abu Ahmed we've seen so many times.

PRISONER

He's dead, in Afghanistan, 2001. I buried him with my own hands.

INTERROGATOR

Where?

PRISONER

Kabul.

Maya stares at the screen.

MAYA

I don't believe this.

JEREMY

Sorry, Maya, I always liked this lead.

Jeremy leaves Maya at her computer.

She continues to stare at the screen.

INT. MAYA'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Maya is still by herself.

Her friend Jack approaches -

JACK

(consoling)

Hey. Sorry, I just got here. What are you gonna do?

MAYA

I'm going to smoke everybody involved in this op, and then I'm going to kill bin Laden.

Off the darkness in her eyes we -

**FADE TO BLACK**

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY ISLAMABAD - CIA SECTION - A YEAR LATER

The staff has gathered to hear a word from the boss in a large conference room; it's packed shoulder to shoulder with dozens of people, including Maya, Jim, Jack, Hakim, and Bradley at the front.

GEORGE WRIGHT, Chief of the Afghanistan Pakistan Department, has just flown in from D.C. A big man, striding quickly into the room with the street roll of the Bronx projects he grew up in, George looks ready for a brawl.

GEORGE

I want to make something absolutely clear.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

If you thought there was some secret cell somewhere working Al Qaeda, I want *you to know that you're wrong*. This is it. There's no working group coming to the rescue.

He stares at his staff.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There's nobody else, hidden away on some other floor. There is just us. And we are failing. We're spending billions of dollars. People are dying. We're still no closer to defeating our enemy.

Pacing now:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

They attacked us on land in 98, by sea in 2000, and from the air in 2001. They murdered three thousand of our citizens in cold blood, and they've slaughtered our forward deployed. And what the fuck have we done about it?

(yelling now)

What have we done?

(pause)

We have twenty leadership names and we've only eliminated four of them.

Beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I want targets! Do your fucking jobs, bring me people to kill!

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - LATER

The office has grown bigger and busier and the cubicle maze is filled with many new faces of young agents excited to be in Pakistan.

Sitting alone at her desk we find Maya just as she's finishing a report. She gets up, crosses the room and goes to the desk of a young woman who reminds us in her idealistic enthusiasm of the way Maya was six years ago. This is DEBBIE.

DEBBIE

Hi. I painstakingly combed through everything in the system and found this.

She hands Maya a file.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

It's him. He was one of ten names on a watch list sent to us by the Moroccans after 9/11: Ibrahim Sayeed. They told us to watch out for him, apparently they think his whole family and extended family is bad and has ties to KSM.

(beat)

He was picked up for fake papers and a doctored exit visa leaving Afghanistan, traveling through Morocco en route to Kuwait. Abu Ahmed al-Kuwaiti. This must be Abu Ahmed.

MAYA

Doesn't matter, but I wish I had that five years ago. How come I never saw it before?

DEBBIE

Nobody saw it, most likely. There was a lot of white noise after 9/11, countries wanting to help out, we got millions of tips and...

(shrugs)

Things got lost in the shuffle.  
Human error.

Maya turns her attention back to the WHITE BOARD and as Debbie keeps talking we follow Maya's gaze across the row of MUG SHOTS of Al Qaeda personnel. While a few of the men are African or are distinctive looking for other reasons, most of them look fairly similar in that they're all wearing the same type of clothes and have the same trademark long gnarly beards.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(pressing on)

Anyway I thought you should know about it.

(plus)

I just want to say I've heard a lot about you. You inspired me to come to Pakistan.

Maya's eyes narrow. She keeps looking at the WHITE BOARD

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll let me buy you a kabob sometime?

MAYA  
 (distractedly)  
 Don't eat out. It's too dangerous.

Maya stares at the Al Quaeda mugshots - a thought crosses her mind.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya on the speaker phone to Daniel. We intercut. Daniel is now a suit in Langley.

MAYA  
 (over speaker)  
 Dan, Debbie found Abu Ahmed!

DANIEL  
 Fuck. Really?

MAYA  
 (over speaker)  
 He was in the files this whole time.  
 The family name is Sayeed.

DANIEL  
 Ok, but he's dead. So doesn't that  
 make him a little less interesting  
 to you?

MAYA O.S.  
 He may not be. We now know that Abu  
 Ahmed is one of eight brothers. All  
 the brothers in the family look alike.  
 Three of them went to Afghanistan.  
 Isn't it possible that when the three  
 eldest brothers grew beards in  
 Afghanistan, they started to look  
 alike? I think the one calling  
 himself Abu Ahmed is still alive.  
 The picture we've been using is wrong.  
 It's of his older brother, Habeeb.  
 He's the one that's is dead.

DANIEL  
 Okay, what are you basing this on?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAYA  
 We have no intercepts about Abu Ahmed  
 dying.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

We just have a detainee who buried somebody who looked like Abu Ahmed. But if somebody as important as Abu Ahmed had died, they'd be talking about it online in chat rooms all over the place. Plus, the detainee said that Habeeb died in 2001. We know that Abu Ahmed was alive then, trying to get into Tora Bora with Ammar. That means it's probably one of the other brothers that's dead.

DANIEL O.S.

In other words, you want it to be true.

MAYA

Yes, I fucking want it to be true.

Maya slams the desk.

DANIEL O.S.

Calm down.

Beat.

MAYA

I am calm.

DANIEL O.S.

State your request.

MAYA

Move heaven and earth and bring me this fucking Sayeed family's phone number.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, COUNTER TERRORISM CENTER DIRECTOR -  
LANGLEY, VA. - DAY

A dark (window shades down) executive office, where in the shadows a white American man in a nice suit is kneeling on a prayer rug and saying the Islamic daily prayers.

Daniel waits as the man recites the prayers and presses his pale forehead to the carpet. This is WOLF. He is the head of the agency's COUNTER TERRORISM CENTER (George's boss).

DANIEL

As-Salamu alaykum.



WOLF

Alaykum salam.

DANIEL

I need a couple hundred thousand.  
Four max.

WOLF

Where you gonna get that?

DANIEL

From you.

WOLF

You think so?

DANIEL

This could crack open the facilitator  
Maya's been looking for by giving us  
a phone number.

(beat)

She's your killer, Wolf. You put  
her on the field.

(reciting a phrase  
from the KORAN, in  
Arabic, then loosely  
translating)

*Allah rewards those who strive and  
fight over those that sit behind a  
desk.*

WOLF nods. If the blatant attempt to play on his Muslim  
belief bothers him, he doesn't show it at all.

WOLF

As you know, Abu Ghraib and Gitmo  
fucked us. The detainee program is  
now fly paper. We got senators  
jumping out of our asses, and the  
Director is very concerned. They  
will not stop until they have a body.

There it is. The quid pro quo. There's a reason he's called  
The Wolf.

Daniel considers all that he'll go through if he volunteers  
to be the fall guy for the controversial program.

DANIEL

I ran it. I'll defend it.

CUT TO:

INT. KUWAITI UNDERGROUND HOOKER BAR - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: KUWAIT CITY, KUWAIT

Daniel and a KUWAITI BUSINESS MAN in a suit are drinking and ogling the RUSSIAN GIRLS prowling the place.

After a few sips of his drink.

DANIEL

It's good to be back in Kuwait.  
It's good to see you again, it's  
been awhile.

The businessman doesn't answer.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I need a favor.

KUWAITI BUSINESSMAN

Why should I help you?

DANIEL

Because we're friends.

KUWAITI BUSINESSMAN

You say we are friends. How come  
you only call me when you need help?  
But when I need something - you are  
too busy to pick up the phone. I  
don't think we are friends.

DANIEL

Fair enough. How about a V10  
Lamborghini? How's that for  
friendship?

EXT. LAMBORGHINI DEALERSHIP - KUWAIT CITY - NIGHT

They wait while a Lamborghini SALESMAN, disheveled, clearly just awakened, unlocks the door of the dealership.

DANIEL

(to the Kuwaiti  
Businessman)

The poor fucker had to get out of  
bed.

(to the Salesman)

As-salamu alaykum. Thanks my friend.

INT. LAMBORGHINI DEALERSHIP

They step inside and the salesman flicks on the lights revealing shiny cars displayed like jewels on rotating

platforms. While the Kuwaiti businessman peers inside a silver model, Daniel confers with the salesman like he's bought twenty of these cars.

DANIEL  
Is this a Balboni? Fuck me. This is nice. What are you thinking?

KUWAITI BUSINESSMAN  
I think I'll choose this one.

The salesman retreats to a back office.

DANIEL  
That's a nice choice, my friend.

Daniel gives the Kuwaiti a slip of paper.

KUWAITI MAN  
Who is it?

DANIEL  
Who do you think? The guy's a terrorist. His mother lives here. I just need her phone number.

KUWAITI MAN  
There will be no repercussions in Kuwait?

DANIEL  
Somebody might die at some point in Pakistan.

They shake hands.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TRADecraft

Sound graphs of phone calls fill the screen. We cruise through rows upon rows of server facilities, a single monitor in front traces a call to Rawalpindi, Pakistan.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAMABAD EMBASSY - THIRD STORY BALCONY - DAY

Maya chews on a peanut butter & jelly sandwich. Jack calls her on her cell.

MAYA  
Hey, Jack.

JACK

You're not gonna like this, he's on the phone, but there's no team to deploy right now.

MAYA

Fuck.

She dashes out runs down the hall to an Exit sign - bursts through the door to a staircase -

INT. EMBASSY STAIRCASE

- Flies down the staircase - down to another floor, barges through the door -

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - SECURITY BAY - DAY

The station's surveillance team leader, LARRY, unstraps his flack vest. He looks like the kind of guy you don't mess with....so of course Maya barges into his space like a locomotive.

MAYA

How come you haven't deployed a team to stay in Rawalpindi?

LARRY

For one thing, it's dangerous. For another, the area is too congested for us to be effective without some predictive intelligence.

MAYA

That's why you should forward deploy - so you can shorten your response time.

LARRY

Still, it wouldn't work.

MAYA

Why?

LARRY

The guy never stays on the phone long enough.

MAYA

You haven't tried.

LARRY

Look, I don't have the personnel.

MAYA

That's bullshit.

LARRY

As it is, my guys don't get any sleep tracking the threats within Pakistan.

Larry pushes past her to leave, and she follows him.

MAYA

Right, I understand. But I don't really care if your guys get sleep or not.

Maya looks at Larry's team sleeping on the couch.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY AMERICAN BAR - LATER

The conversation continues in the bar, for Maya has not relented, although the tone is softer now. She offers Larry a beer. He takes it.

LARRY

This guy you're obsessed with, what's his name again?

MAYA

Abu Ahmed al Kuwaiti is the nom de guerre. His true name, we think, is Ibraheem Sayeed. His family lives in Kuwait.

LARRY

Wasn't it, like, eight brothers - and a million cousins - that we know about - anyone could be calling home -

MAYA

I know -

LARRY

- It's not like he's saying, "Hey mom, it's me, the terrorist."

MAYA

Over the course of two months, he's called home from six different pay phones, from two different cities, never using the same phone twice. And when his mother asked him where he was, he lied. He said that he was in a place in the country with bad cell reception -- implying he was in the Tribals -- but he was in

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 a market in Peshawar. I'm sorry,  
 but that's not normal guy behavior.  
 That's tradecraft.

LARRY  
 Maybe he just doesn't like his mom?  
 (pause)  
 Look, if he talks about an operation,  
 or refers to anything remotely fishy,  
 I'll get on him. Okay?

MAYA  
 No. Not okay. Look, Abu Ahmed is  
 too smart to tip his hand by talking  
 about ops on the phone: he works for  
bin Laden. The guys that talk about  
 ops on the phone don't get that job.

Larry looks away.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
 A lot of my friends have died trying  
 to do this.  
 (pause)  
 I believe I was spared so I could  
 finish the job.

The girl is a true believer - as pure as they come.

Larry looks at her. Her sincerity is persuasive. And just  
 like that, he decides to help her.

CUT TO:

INT. KOTLI CALL CENTER - RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

Hakim walks through a crowded call center. Larry joins him  
 from a back entrance. They look around: nothing.

EXT. RAWAL CALL CENTER - PAKISTAN

Hakim parks in front of the Rawal Call Center.

INT. RAWAL CALL CENTER - PAKISTAN - ANOTHER DAY

The call center is arranged into two rows of cubby-holes,  
 each separated by a privacy wall. Hakim searches the place,  
 finds nothing.

CUT TO:

CU TV SCREEN: News reports of the attempted NYC bombing.

REPORTER (O.S.)

It is in surveillance video and pictures like this of the explosive-laden vehicle just moments before it was parked, that police hope to find the man who wanted so badly last night to leave a body count in Times Square.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION CUBICLE HALLWAY

The TV news report continues playing in the bg.

Bradley is moving as fast down a hallway. Coming towards him like a shark from the other end of the hallway: Maya.

Bradley looks determined not to deal with her right now, and lowers his head, but she spreads her arms slightly and basically blocks his passage through the hallway

MAYA

I really need to talk to you about beefing up our surveillance operation on the caller.

BRADLEY

We don't have a surveillance operation on the caller.

(turning to Maya)

Someone just tried to blow up Times Square and you're talking to me about some facilitator who some detainee seven years ago said might have been working with Al Qaeda?

Maya is practically shaking with zealous rage at her inability to bend Bradley to her will.

MAYA

He's the key to bin Laden.

BRADLEY

I don't fucking care about bin Laden. I care about the next attack. You're going to start working on American Al Qaeda cells. Protect the homeland.

MAYA

bin Laden is the one who keeps telling them to attack the homeland.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for him, Al Qaeda would still be focused on overseas targets. If you really want to protect the homeland, you need to get bin Laden.

BRADLEY

(angry)

This guy never met bin Laden. This guy is a free lancer working off the fucking internet. No one has even talked to bin Laden in four years: he's out of the game, he may well even be dead but you know what you're doing? You're chasing a ghost while the whole fucking network grows all around you!

For a moment she is silenced by Bradley's reprimand but then Maya's obsession speaks for her - and like a woman possessed she recklessly goes at him:

MAYA

You just want me to nail some low level Mullah-crack-a-dulla so that you can check that box on your resume that says while you were in Pakistan you got a real terrorist. But the truth is you don't understand Pakistan, and you don't know Al Qaeda. Either give me the team I need to follow this lead, or the other thing you're gonna have on your resume is being the first Station Chief to be called before a congressional committee for subverting the efforts to capture or kill bin Laden.

BRADLEY

You're fucking out of your mind.

MAYA

I need four techs in a safe house in Rawalpindi and four techs in a safe house in Peshawar. Either send them out or send me back to DC and explain to the Director why you did it.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY AMERICAN BAR - NIGHT

Maya, despondent, sits at the bar, drinking a beer.



Jack approaches.

JACK

Fuck the mom, we got the man himself.

Jack puts a cell phone down on the counter.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yesterday your caller bought himself a cell phone. And every time his phone rings -

(he taps the cell phone)

- *This* phone will ring. Did I hook you up?

Maya throws her arms around him.

MAYA

I love you!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAWALPINDI - ROAD - DAY

Larry drives his team around the narrow streets of Rawalpindi. In the backseat, the COMPUTER TECH studies his laptop-like tracking device.

MAYA O.S.

My guess is that he lives close to where he's making the calls, and it makes sense he'd be living in Rawalpindi because there's an Al Jezerra office there.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - BRIEFING ROOM

We focus on a MAP of Pakistan on the wall. Maya is indicating neighborhoods in Rawalpindi. She's briefing Bradley, Hakim, Larry and a few other people.

MAYA

It would be convenient for him to drop tapes off if he's sending either from bin Laden or from an intermediary. When he wants to make a call, he leaves the house, walks a few blocks, then switches on the phone. We need to keep canvassing the neighborhood until we find him.

EXT. STREETS OF RAWALPINDI / MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Larry is at the wheel, moving slowly through a dangerous part of town. The streets narrow.

Two motorcycles suddenly pull around in front of Larry's van and stop. The riders pull out guns.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

LARRY  
We got a shooter!

Larry tries reversing but a compact car wheels in right behind them, and Larry slams on the brakes. The TECH raises an M4.

TECH  
We're blocked.

HAKIM  
Let me talk to them.

EXT. STREETS OF RAWALPINDI

Hakim gets out of the car and walks toward the men. We can't hear what they're saying. At last, Hakim comes back to the car.

INT. MINIVAN

HAKIM  
They said white faces don't belong here. If they don't move, shoot them.

A tense beat while the men stare, then finally leave.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - ISLAMABAD - CUBICLE MAZE - DAY

On a large wall map, Maya circles "Peshawar" in red.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADS/HIGHWAY - PAKISTAN

Larry's SUV speeds onto a highway, weaving in and out of dense traffic.

SUPERIMPOSE: PESHAWAR, PAKISTAN

INT. SUV

In the backseat, the Computer Tech is getting tossed around, trying to hang onto the Geo Locating device in his lap. The Geo Locator starts to BEEP - a blinking red light.

## COMPUTER TECH

He's east of us. Try the market.

EXT./INT. MINIVAN

The congestion thickens. They slow to a crawl.

The SUV, stuck in traffic. Can't move.

Larry leaps out of the car and heads into an open air market -

EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - PESHAWAR - CONTINUOUS

It's packed. All MEN - most with traditional beards worn by Al Qaeda members - many talking on cell phones.

Impossible to tell who is who. Impossible to find this needle in a haystack.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON - ANOTHER DAY

The search continues... Hakim prowls a back alley. Then goes up on a rooftop to survey the activity below.

EXT. STREETS - TIPU ROAD - LATER

Hakim is on a street corner conducting surveillance. We follow him into a crowd and then lose sight...

We find him again, another street, another fruitless search.

As Hakim goes from street to street, we hear:

JACK O.S.

We got a signal on Tipu Road for ten minutes. Then he went to Umar Road for five minutes. Nogaza Road. Darya Abad. That's in the Umar Road area. In Rawalpindi: Haider Road, Roomi Road. He went to the Convoy Road, which is near the hospital. So that's Haider, Roomi Road, Said, No Gaza, Taimur. He made a call from Haifa Street, that's the spice district.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - ISLAMABAD - MAYA'S DESK

Jack and Maya click through the tracking maps on her computer screen.

JACK

Lahore street, which is also in Pesh, thirty minutes. Wazir Bag Road, five. Nishterabad, five. Phandu Road, five minutes, the Grand Trunk Road, forty five seconds. There's no pattern. Sometimes he calls every two weeks - sometimes every three - there's no consistency - I can't predict when he's gonna make another call because the guy's erratic.

MAYA

Do you think its intentional?

JACK

It might be. Maybe it just looks erratic to us. I just can't tell.

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - ISLAMABAD

Wearing a black burkha, Maya walks into her house and sinks into the couch. She pulls off the head covering but doesn't bother to remove the burkha. She switches on the TV. If you didn't know her better, you'd think she'd gone native.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY STREET - ISLAMABAD

Find Maya driving up to a check point mobbed with PROTESTERS carrying signs - Joseph Bradley IS A CIA SPY! KILL THE SPY! Bradley is CIA, etc.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Meanwhile, our chief foreign correspondent, Richard Engel, confirms the CIA's top spy in Pakistan has been pulled out of there.

INT. MAYA'S CAR

The PROTESTERS have blocked the embassy check point. It's going to take a long time to get through.

REPORTER (O.S.)

He's been receiving death threats after being named publicly in a lawsuit by the family of a victim of a U.S. drone attack.

EXT. MAYA'S CAR

Several protesters notice her - they move to her car and start banging on it.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Maya and Bradley and several other STAFFERS watch the protest through a window -

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY STREET

The CROWD grows larger and more unruly.

INT. STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE

MAYA

ISI fucked you. I'm so sorry Joseph.

It's the first time she's addressed him by his first name. Startling, to hear kindness in her voice.

Joseph turns to reply then thinks better of it and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT LARRY'S MINIVAN - STREETS OF PESHAWAR - MORNING

Larry's minivan chugs through the crowded markets.

TECH

Still on tower three! Five. Signal getting stronger. Ten!

Larry continues driving straight down the main road.

TECH (CONT'D)

Fifteen. Ten. Signal's getting weaker.

(pause)

We lost him - no signal.

LARRY

Heading South.

The van passes horse-drawn carts, men on cell phones, fruit stands. The Tech studies his screen.

TECH

He's up at five again. Fifteen.  
Twenty.

(pause)

Weaker now, he's shifted. We're  
back to five. I don't get it.

LARRY

He's driving in circles.

Larry now drives very fast back to the main road.

LARRY (CONT'D)

No change?

TECH

No.

MAIN ROAD

And now Larry stops in the middle of the market.

LARRY

Let's hope he comes back around.

Beat.

TECH

Twenty. Thirty. Forty! Fifty -  
we're within ten meters of him.

Larry scans the street - sees a half dozen guys on cell  
phones.

TECH (CONT'D)

He's really close.

LARRY

Look at the cars. He's in a vehicle.

Larry spots something:

LARRY (CONT'D)

The guy with the phone in the white  
SUV.

They snap a photograph of a WHITE POTAHAR SUV.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Is that him?

TECH

Could be.

LARRY  
You got him?

TECH  
I got him.

LARRY  
I'm breaking off -

The grey minivan pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - MAYA'S CUBICLE - DAY

Larry's photograph of the WHITE POTAHAR SUV plops on Maya's desk.

MAYA  
Is this what I think it is?

LARRY  
The guy you've been looking for, geo-located on his cell phone in his white car.

MAYA  
Thank you!

LARRY  
If you're right, the whole world's gonna want in on this, so you gotta stick to your guns now.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE

The new Chief of Station, TIM ALEXANDER, barely looks up from his desk as Maya enters.

ALEXANDER  
(into phone)  
I'm amazed that you're still here.  
(looks at his watch,  
into phone)  
When can we grab lunch?

He sees that Maya, who hovers annoyingly over his desk, isn't gonna wait.

MAYA  
I need a picket line along the GT highway and men spaced at intervals along the road and at every exit.

ALEXANDER

Maya, I know -

MAYA

So you agree with me now. This is important?

ALEXANDER

No, I've just learned from my predecessor that life is better when I don't disagree with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND TRUNK ROAD - PAKISTAN - DAY

A two lane highway. Tucked on the side of the road is an OLD MAN with a cart of mangoes.

MAYA (V.O.)

Our current hypothesis is that he lives somewhere along the highway, in one of the towns, or a medium sized city called Abbottabad, or up near Kashmir.

ECU: mango cart. Nestled among the fruit is a BLACK RADIO.

EXT. FARTHER DOWN GRAND TRUCK ROAD/HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Squatting in the dirt near a bus stop is another OLD MAN, watching passengers disembark from a bus.

MAYA (V.O.)

Kashmir is interesting because it's a way station for the Tribals.

We stay with the old man for a while.

At last, the white POTAHAR SUV drives past. He makes a note in his pad.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MAJOR EXIT - DAY

A nut seller, another CIA look out, scoops a handful of nuts into a bag for a CUSTOMER as he keeps an eye on CARS exiting the highway.

He takes note as the white POTAHAR passes him.



MAYA (V.O.)  
 Abbottabad is interesting because we  
 know from detainee reporting that  
 Faraj stayed there, briefly in 2003.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAKISTANI STREET - DAY

The street is filled with compact cars.

MAYA (V.O.)  
 The good news is he's driving a white  
 SUV. SUV's are actually pretty rare  
 in Pakistan. If he was driving a  
 sedan or a compact, we'd be fucked.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY CIA SECTION - MAYA'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

MAYA (V.O.)  
 Obviously this assumes he doesn't  
 change vehicles.

Maya at her desk working and we realize that she has been  
 typing all this in a cable she will email to Washington.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ISLAMABAD - PRE DAWN

The building GUARD sees Maya heading out to her car.

GUARD  
 Good morning.

MAYA  
 Good morning, Amad.

Maya gets in her car. The gate opens. As she starts pulling  
 out onto the street, suddenly a car drives up in front of  
 her and THREE SHOOTERS come out and hammer Maya's Toyota.

INT. MAYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

- Bullets spider webbing the glass as Maya slams the car  
 into reverse -

EXT. MAYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

- Maya's guard starts returning fire, but his aim is terrible.  
 - SHOOTERS bear down on Maya, pumping bullets into her armored  
 car.

The gate closes, saving her, at the last possible moment.

INT. MAYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maya shakes inside her vehicle.

MAYA (PRE-LAP)  
 (protesting)  
 Any American in Pakistan is a target,  
 they don't necessarily know I'm CIA.

CUT TO

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY STATION CHIEF'S OFFICE - ISLAMABAD -  
 MORNING

ALEXANDER  
 Doesn't matter. You're on a list.  
 Next time there might not be  
 bulletproof glass to save you.

MAYA  
 Yeah.

ALEXANDER  
 And you, of all people, should know  
 that once you are on their list, you  
 never get off.  
 (pause)  
 We'll keep up on the surveillance,  
 as best we can.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - ABBOTTABAD, PAKISTAN - DAY

Hakim paces on a street as the POTAHAR we've been following  
 drives past him. Hakim watches the vehicle enter a gated  
 COMPOUND.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS PREDATOR BAY - LANGLEY - EVENING

The Langley Predator Bay is an impressive sight, a command  
 center bristling with high-tech equipment. The room is filled  
 with TECHNICIANS. George is in the center, where he belongs,  
 directing traffic. People come up and give him new pieces  
 of information.

The big screen displays a single image:

**The overhead satellite image of the compound in Abbottabad.**

SUPERIMPOSE: PREDATOR BAY - CIA HEADQUARTERS

From the back of the room, Maya enters, and watches the activity unfold without her... without her input.

George notices her, gives a thumbs up and then turns back to his troops.

STEVE, early 40s, a senior manager and one of George's top deputies, joins Maya.

STEVE

Basically we had a guy who rolled with Al Qaeda and did services for them. We lost him for seven years and now we found him again -- *and boy does he have a really nice house.* Is that it?

MAYA

Pretty much.

STEVE

Okay, let's go talk to the boss.

CUT TO:

INT. LANGLEY BRIEFING ROOM

Maya and Steve are the first to arrive in the wood panelled conference room.

A detailed TABLE TOP MODEL of the compound sits in the center of the conference table, right next to a poster-sized satellite image of the compound.

She starts to sit in one of the chairs.

STEVE

(gentle)

You should sit back there...sorry.

Steve points her to the back of the room.

STEVE (CONT'D)

They're gonna ask: if bin Laden is at the end of this rainbow - is the Pak military with him?

MAYA

The question isn't are the Paks protecting bin Laden?'

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

The question is, 'would he allow himself to be protected by the Paks?' I mean, why would he trust them? He tried to kill Musharraf.

Steve considers a reply, but the meeting principals are filing in, including Daniel, and when Steve sees the CIA DIRECTOR enter the room, he clears the head of the table.

CIA DIRECTOR

Go ahead.

STEVE

If you take a right out of Islamabad and drive about forty-five minutes North, you'll find yourself here in Abbottabad. A middle class community - some ex-military - not particularly interesting to us. Except we did find this compound, which is unique. We got a sixteen foot wall around the entire perimeter, the windows are blacked out. It's a fortress.

CIA DIRECTOR

Can't you put a camera somewhere - in the trees - to get a look into the main house?

GEORGE

It will probably be discovered.

CIA DIRECTOR

We have to get a look into the house.

The Director moves to the satellite image.

CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Alright, what's this? This cluster of buildings down here.

GEORGE

The PMA - The Pakistan Military Academy. It's their West Point.

CIA DIRECTOR

And how close is that to the house?

GEORGE

About a mile.

A WOMAN'S voice from the back of the room.

MAYA O.S.  
4,221 feet. It's closer to eight-tenths of a mile.

CIA DIRECTOR  
Who are you?

MAYA  
I'm the motherfucker that found this place, Sir.

The boss studies her for a moment then turns back to the model.

CIA DIRECTOR  
I want to know more about who's inside this house by the end of the week.

The brass files out, leaving Steve and Maya.

STEVE  
"Motherfucker?" Really?

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - AF/PAK DIVISION - DAY

Maya sits at her desk, frustrated, then walks down the aisle of cubicles to the glass wall of George's office. She grabs a red marker.

MAYA  
(through the glass)  
Morning, George.

In red magic marker, Maya writes the number **21** on the glass. Then circles it.

George looks up.

MAYA (CONT'D)  
Twenty-one days. It's been twenty-one days since we found the house and nothing's happened!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PREDATOR BAY - NIGHT

We see a drone-fed overhead IMAGE of the bin Laden house in *real time* with a resolution of 100 feet. Maya stares at the screen, trying to decipher the shapes moving beneath her, thousands of miles away.

The BLIPS move in increments, shadows lengthen.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - AF/PAK DIVISION - DAY

ECU - Maya erases the "51" on George's wall and replaces it with "52."

George looks away.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS MAYA'S DESK - LATER

Maya sits at her desk. Her phone rings.

MAYA  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PREDATOR BAY

STEVE stares at drone image of the COMPOUND, which is under the joystick control of an IMAGERY TECHNICIAN.

STEVE  
Swing by, I want to show you something.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS MAYA'S DESK

Maya jumps up from her desk.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PREDATOR BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Maya walks in. Steve shows her images on the large monitor.

STEVE  
This is from a few minutes ago.  
We've got two males, two females,  
and seven kids.

Maya points to one of the shapes in the courtyard.

MAYA  
Who's that?

STEVE  
I'm saying that's Bushra. The brother's wife.

MAYA  
How do you know the gender?

STEVE

(points on screen, to  
a thin line)

This is a clothes-line here, for  
laundry. Men don't mess with the  
wash.

We watch that shape move away from the clothes-line and back  
to the house.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It takes her about four seconds to  
move from there to the front door.  
So she's on the older side.

MAYA

What's that up there?  
(pointing to the other  
shapes)

STEVE

Those are kids. They're shuffling  
around, sword-fighting or something  
with sticks.

(pointing again)

You can see their height relative to  
this - these are cows - so they're  
probably between seven and nine.  
Boys.

Another FIGURE comes out of the house and moves to the clothes-  
line and grabs some laundry.

MAYA

Your female is moving fast.

STEVE

That's what I wanted to show you.

(to the Imagery  
Technician)

Can we pause this please?

(to Maya)

That's not the same lady. That's  
female #3.

MAYA

So you found two males, three females?

STEVE

That's correct.

Maya suddenly gets it.

MAYA  
You're missing a male.

STEVE  
Yes we are.

MAYA  
Wow.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL S.C.I.F. -  
CONTINUOUS

George is on one side of a conference table, on the other side is the DEPUTY NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR, THE SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE DEPUTY NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR, and the NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR.

GEORGE  
If there are three females, there ought to be *three males*. Observant Muslim women either live with parents or with their husbands. We think there's a third family living in the house.

SUPERIMPOSE: SITUATION ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR  
So this third male that you've identified as possibly being bin Laden, do I just give up all hope of ever seeing a photograph of him?

GEORGE  
Hope? Hope is not a targeting layer. You give up your hope right now. We scanned for heat signatures, but we can't validate if it's a man or a woman up there. We found a safe house, but we can't get a vantage point to fire a telescope over the balcony wall.

EXT. COMPOUND - ABBOTTABAD - MORNING

A DOCTOR comes to the compound offering immunizations. One of the women let's him in, and he offers polio vaccines to the children.

GEORGE  
We talked about burrowing a pin hole camera but there's a high risk of discovery.

(MORE)



GEORGE (CONT'D)

We have explored the possibility of digging tunnels, of sending hot air balloons, of re-routing supply C-130's to take a peek, but that might be too alerting. We've looked for ways of collecting available DNA from his trash - you know, looking for his toothbrush, but they burn the trash. We started a vaccination program, we sent a doctor to the house, to see if he could pull blood.

A lady in a black burkha rushes out and angrily shoos the doctor away.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That didn't work out. We thought about sending a guy with a bucket to pull a sample from the sewer to analyze his fecal matter.

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE ADVISOR

What was wrong with that, exactly?

He looks up.

GEORGE

What was wrong with that? The sample would be too diluted.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

And it's asking too much to get a voice confirmation with him on the phone?

GEORGE

They don't make telephone calls from the compound. We pulled the cell tower nearby.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

And I'm also going to give up hope that he might ever get in that white SUV and drive around a bit and we could see him? Don't they get groceries.

GEORGE

The unidentified third male does not get groceries. He does not leave the compound. He does not present himself for photographs.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

When he needs fresh air, he paces around beneath a grape arbor, but the leaves are so thick they obscure our satellite views. This is a professional attempt to avoid detection - real tradecraft. The only people we've seen behave this way are other top level Al Qaeda operatives.

The National Security Advisor nods to his Special Assistant who slides a big folder across his desk to George.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

We did a Red Team on your analysis. According to them, this behavior could belong to someone other than Al Qaeda.

DEPUTY NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

They did give a forty percent chance that the unidentified third man is a senior Al Qaeda operative. But they also said there's a thirty-five percent chance he's a Saudi drug dealer

(reading from the binder)

A fifteen percent chance that he's a Kuwaiti arms smuggler, a ten percent chance that he's one of the relatives of the brothers.

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE ADVISOR

Basically, we agree with you, the house screams security, it screams someone who wants privacy, it even screams 'bad guy', but it does not scream bin Laden.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

You get the point.

(beat)

If you can't prove it's bin Laden, at least prove it's not somebody else, like a drug dealer.

Beat.

The meeting is adjourned.

As they walk out --

GEORGE

You know we lost our ability to prove that when we lost the detainee program.

(beat)

Who the hell am I supposed to ask? Some guy in Gitmo who is all lawyered up? He'll just tell his lawyer to warn bin Laden.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

You'll think of something.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - AF/PAK DIVISION - DAY

Maya is back at George's office, keeping track of time for us by writing each passing day on the window of George's office.

We watch as she erases the numbers in red and writes new ones. **78.**

Time passes.

**98. 99. 100.**

**100** days. She underscores the numerals in thick magic marker.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL S.C.I.F. - DAY

The same group around the same conference table.

GEORGE

He'd be the first successful drug dealer never to have dealt drugs. He has no internet access to the house. He makes no phone calls either in or out. Who's he selling to, who's he buying from, how's he making his money? And if you're going to say he's retired, I'd say where's his swimming pool, where's the gold cage with the falcons? And why does he send his courier to the two cities in Pakistan we most associate with Al Qaeda, that have nothing particularly to do with heroin production?

The National Security Advisor taps his pencil impatiently.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR  
The President is a thoughtful,  
analytical guy. He needs proof.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY

The National Security Advisor and his team file out. George approaches.

GEORGE  
I have to admit, I just don't get  
the rhythms of politics.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR  
You think this is political? If  
this was political we'd be having  
this conversation in October when  
there's an election bump. This is  
pure risk. Based on deductive  
reasoning, inference, supposition  
and the only human reporting you  
have is six years old, from detainees  
who are questioned under duress.  
The political move here is to tell  
you to go fuck yourself, and remind  
you that I was in the room when your  
old boss pitched WMD Iraq...at least  
there you guys brought photographs.

GEORGE  
You know, you're right, I agree with  
everything you just said. What I  
meant was, a man in your position,  
how do you evaluate the risk of *not*  
doing something, the risk of  
potentially letting bin Laden slip  
through your fingers?

George shakes his head with an "aww shucks" kind of shake.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
That is a fascinating question.

George walks away. After a beat, the National Security  
advisor calls after him.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR  
Hey.

George turns around. The National Security Advisor approaches  
him.

## NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR (CONT'D)

(lowering his voice)

I'm not saying we're gonna do it.  
 But the President wants to know: if  
 we were going to act, how would we  
 do it? Give us options.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE - AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: AREA 51 - SOUTHERN NEVADA

Doors of a HANGAR open in front of a large crowd that includes several White House guys, a General, and a squadron of Navy SEALs, including PATRICK, JUSTIN, JARED, SABER, TWO SOAR PILOTS, and some members of the Af-Pak department, George, Daniel, Hakim, and of course, Maya. The doors grind open to reveal: TWO STEALTH BLACKHAWKS

GENERAL

I actually tried to kill this program a couple of times. They've gone through an initial round of testing, and they have excellent radar defeat - we just haven't tested them with people in them yet.

The General continues his briefing..

GENERAL (CONT'D)

You'll notice these stealth panels similar to what we use on the B2 -  
 (pointing to the rotors)  
 - The rotors have been muffled with decibel killers - it's slower than a Blackhawk and lacks the offense.  
 But it can hide.

JUSTIN

Excuse me. Can I ask a question?  
 What do we need this for in Libya?  
 Gaddafi's anti-air is virtually non-existent.

Maya looks over, not sure what to say.

GEORGE

Gentlemen, can I have your attention?  
 My name is George. I run the Af-Pak division at CTC, and I'm primary on this for the agency. This is a title fifty operation.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Some of us have worked together before. This is a good one. Maya, do you want to brief them?

Maya looks at the SEALs. Folds her arms. This isn't going to be easy.

MAYA

There are two narratives about the location of Osama bin Laden.

This registers on the SEALs.

MAYA (CONT'D)

The one that you're most familiar with is that UBL is hiding in a cave in the Tribal Areas, that he's surrounded by a large contingent of loyal fighters.

Beat.

MAYA (CONT'D)

But that narrative is pre- 9/11 understanding of UBL. The second narrative is that he's living in a city - living in a city with multiple points of egress and entries and with access to communications so that he can keep in touch with the organization. You can't run a global network of interconnected cells from a cave.

Beat.

MAYA (CONT'D)

We've located an individual we believe based on detainee reporting is bin Laden's courier. He's living in a house in Abbottabad, Pakistan. And we assess that one of the other occupants of the house is UBL.

JUSTIN

Excuse me. You got an intel source on the ground?

MAYA

No.

JUSTIN

No? Okay, so how do you know it's bin Laden? We've been on this op before, you know.

MAYA

Bin Laden uses a courier to interact with the outside world. By locating the courier, we've located bin Laden.

PATRICK

That's really the intel? That's it?

MAYA

Quite frankly, I didn't even want to use you guys, with your dip and your velcro and all your gear bullshit. I wanted to drop a bomb but people didn't believe in this lead enough to drop a bomb, so they're using you guys as canaries on the theory that if bin Laden isn't there, you can sneak away and no one will be the wiser.

(beat)

But bin Laden is there - and you're going to kill him for me.

PATRICK

(softening)

Bullets are cheap.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George is shaking his head as he talks to Wolf.

GEORGE

They are nervous downtown. I don't think we'll get approval this decision cycle.

They look up and notice that Maya is standing outside George's office staring at them through the glass.

She angrily wipes the number **128** off the window and changes it to **129**.

Wolf nods.

WOLF

It's her against the world.

GEORGE

Oh yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CAFETERIA - DAY

George is pulling his tray away from the food service court when Maya ambushes him.

MAYA

We've spun up the SEALs - we've done everything humanly possible to collect on the compound, and the collection is not going to get any better.

GEORGE

We have to keep working it.

MAYA

You're going to come into work one day, and there's going to be a black moving van and a 'for sale' sign in front of that compound.

George drops his tray down.

GEORGE

Maya, you didn't prove it.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - 7TH FLOOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sitting around the table are the CIA Director, JEREMY, Wolf, the DEPUTY DIRECTOR, George, Daniel, Steve and a few other people we don't know. At the far end of the table are back benchers, including Maya.

CIA DIRECTOR

I'm about to go look the President in the eye and what I'd like to know, no fucking bullshit, is where everyone stands on this thing. Now, very simply. Is he there or is he not fucking there?

He looks to the Deputy Director.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

We all come at this through the filter of our own past experiences. I remember Iraq WMD very clearly, I fronted that and I can tell you the case for that was much stronger than this case.



CIA DIRECTOR

Yes or no.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

We don't deal in certainty, we deal in probability. I'd say there's a sixty percent probability he's there.

The CIA Director points to Wolf.

WOLF

I concur. Sixty percent.

GEORGE

I'm at eighty percent. Their OPSEC is what convinces me.

CIA DIRECTOR

You guys ever agree on anything?

DANIEL

Well, I agree with sixty, we're basing this mostly on detainee reporting and I spent a bunch of time in those rooms - who knows?

Maya shoots Daniel a look. What a traitor.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'd say it's a soft sixty, sir. I'm virtually certain there's some high value target there, I'm just not sure it's bin Laden.

The CIA Director leans back in his chair.

CIA DIRECTOR

This is a cluster-fuck, isn't it?

JEREMY

I'd like to know what Maya thinks.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

We're all incorporating her assessment into ours.

Maya can't take it anymore:

MAYA

One hundred percent, he's there - okay, fine, ninety-five percent because I know certainty freaks you guys out - but it's a hundred!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - 7TH FLOOR - HALLWAY

The CIA Director walks with Jeremy towards the elevator.

CIA DIRECTOR

They're all cowed. What do you think  
of the girl?

JEREMY

I think she's fucking smart.

As the door closes.

CIA DIRECTOR

We're all smart, Jeremy.

INT. LANGELY CAFETERIA

Maya is eating lunch by herself when she's startled to see  
the CIA Director standing by her table.

CIA DIRECTOR

May I join you?

She nods, gulps.

CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(sitting)

How long have you worked for the  
CIA?

MAYA

Twelve years. I was recruited out  
of high school.

CIA DIRECTOR

Do you know why we did that?

MAYA

I don't think I can answer that  
question, sir. I don't think I'm  
allowed to answer.

CIA DIRECTOR

What else have you done for us besides  
bin Laden?

MAYA

Nothing. I've done nothing else.

He evaluates her... weighing her certainty against his decades  
of Washington experience.

CIA DIRECTOR

Well, you certainly have a flare for it.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSE: THE CANARIES

EXT. JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING BASE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Jalalabad Airfield: nestled against the rugged mountains of the Pakistan border.

SUPERIMPOSE: FORWARD OPERATING BASE - JALALABAD, AFGHANISTAN - MAY 1, 2011

Everything in motion, SOLDIERS, CONTRACTORS, AVIATION ASSETS, PATROLS coming and going.

EXT. JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING BASE - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Justin are playing horseshoes. Maya, happy for the first time since we've met her, watches them

JUSTIN

So, Patrick, be honest with me. You really believe this story?

(to Maya)

No offense.

PATRICK

I do.

JUSTIN

What part convinced you?

Patrick motions to Maya.

PATRICK

Her confidence.

Maya smiles, laughs.

JUSTIN

Really? Okay. That's the kind of concrete data point I'm looking for.

He shakes his head.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

If her confidence is the one thing that's keeping me from getting ass-raped in a Pakistani prison...I don't know. I'm gonna be honest with you though, I guess I'm cool with it.

They bump fists, laughing. Maya's cell phone rings. She moves aside to answer it.

We INTERCUT with George in his Langley office.

GEORGE

Maya, I wanted you to hear it first.  
You know that thing we talked about?  
It's going to happen.

MAYA

When?

GEORGE

Tonight. Good luck.

She hangs up, turns back to the SEALs, who are still playing horseshoes with the grace of young guys in their prime.

Their lives are in her hands.

CUT TO:

INT. ASSAULT COMMAND CENTER - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING  
BASE - DAY

The small space is filled with personnel and telecommunications gear. At the back of the room Maya sits quietly, adjusting a headset and speaking calmly into a secure line. From the corner Hakim watches her.

MAYA

Testing - testing 1 - 2 - 3 -

A SEAL with his com set on gives her the thumbs up. She looks around at all the impressive technology in the makeshift Command Center. She walks over to Hakim and they leave together.

EXT. JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING BASE - DUSK

MAYA

Thank you for coming with me.

HAKIM

Of course. I'll go with you where  
ever you want.

A few hundred feet in front of them they can see SEALs preparing their gear.

MAYA

Fuck Hakim, what if I'm wrong?

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

I wish we could have just dropped a bomb.

HAKIM

Please don't drop it while we're in the house.

MAYA

I'm serious.

HAKIM

Me too. Don't drop anything while I'm inside.

Off her anxious smile --

CUT TO:

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE JALALABAD, AFGHANISTAN - OUTER LZ - NIGHT

Blinding white lights - rigged to chain link fencing, like a space shuttle launch -

Silhouetted shapes behind the lights and the thump-thump-thump SOUND of high-dollar helicopters -

Now push through the glare and the fence into -

EXT. FORWARD OPERATING BASE JALALABAD, AFGHANISTAN - INNER LZ

A top-secret LZ.

Where twenty-two SEALs in full battle rattle and an attack DOG load into TWO STEALTH BLACKHAWK helicopters

Moving fast, wordlessly, loading weapons and gear - under the intense bright white light, then -

- Doors slam, engines whine -

Fifty yards away, Maya stands alone, looking on.

- And the HELOS rise above the lights and disappear into the night.

INT. STEALTH BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - PRINCE 52 - PILOT'S CABIN

Hands feather the controls as the pilot -- one the famed Nightstalker's from the Special Operations Aviation Regiment (SOAR) 160th -- flies without lights, using only his NODs for night vision.

EXT. STEALTH BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS PRINCE 51 AND PRINCE 52

Flying in formation, barely visible in the moonless sky, no flying lights.

The helos near the Tora Bora mountain range: dimly visible bulks rising in front of the helos.

INT. PRINCE 51 - CABIN

The SEALs gently bounce inside the bellies of the churning beasts.

PRINCE 51 PILOT

Thirty seconds to first turn.

JARED

Hey Justin, what are you listening to?

JUSTIN

Tony Robbins.

JARED

Tony Robbins?

JUSTIN

You should listen to it. I got plans for after this. I want to talk to you guys about it. It's not selling. You become a representative.

Everyone chuckles.

PRINCE 51 CO-PILOT

Hard left.

EXT. PRINCE 51 AND PRINCE 52 - FLYING IN FORMATION

The stealths take a sharp turn. Skimming the mountain.

PATRICK

Who here's been in a helo crash before?

Everyone raises their hands.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Okay, so we're all good.

CUT TO:

INT. ASSAULT COMMAND CENTER - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING  
BASE - EVENING

Technicians track the helos on an array of computer screens.

PRINCE 52 PILOT  
(over radio)  
Now entering Pakistan.

Maya is here, too, working. She's always working.

MAYA  
(into headset)  
Pakistani coms, no chatter.

EXT. TORA BORA MOUNTAINS - LATER

Find the HELICOPTERS navigating tight mountain passes. NOTE:  
Throughout the flying sequence that follows the helicopters  
fly very close to the ground, with a margin of error less  
than twenty feet.

CUT TO:

PILOT POV:

The terrain zooms by as we travel through a twisty mountain  
pass -

- Looming straight ahead on a collision course is a GIANT  
MOUNTAIN. They zoom closer. We can see individual rocks now -

INT. PRINCE 51

PRINCE 51 PILOT  
(into radio)  
Big left!

EXT. TORA BORA MOUNTAINS

Seconds before impact, the HELICOPTERS bank into a hard left  
turn.

DUST blows off the mountain.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCE 51 - LATER

The dog PANTS - sitting in its handler's lap in the dim cabin -

PILOT  
Ten minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCE 51 - LATER

PILOT

Three mikes to target. Standby for  
doors open.

Inside the dim interior, illuminated by only blinking instrumentation, the men are tense, quiet.

We pass slowly from face to face, noting each SEAL's contemplation of the mission that lies ahead.

Some of them are anonymous soldiers. Many we've come to know: Justin, joyfully bobbing his head, grooving to his iPod... Saber's eyes fixed on a thousand-yard stare... Hakim struggles to get comfortable and control his anxiety, wipes away sweat... Patrick checks his gear for the hundredth time.

CO-PILOT

Two minutes.

EXT. STEALTH BLACKHAWKS - PRINCE 51 AND PRINCE 52 -

Outside: Darkness....just a THUMP THUMP THUMP....

And then we see them: flying in tight formation, the oddly rectangular helos, with their black stealth panels and sharp edges, like two alien spaceships advancing.

INT. EXT STEALTH BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

PILOT

(over intercom)  
Should be coming up just off our  
nose, 3 o'clock.

Everyone grabs onto their gear, getting ready to fast rope.

DOOR

Patrick flings open the side door. Night wind rushes in -

EXT. ABBOTTABAD, PAKISTAN - NIGHT

Small cottages mixed in with larger suburban homes. Among them, swimming pools. The water shimmering. Surreal. Then: rows of green fields. A stand of trees.

It appears: AC 1. It is massive - six or seven times larger than any other nearby structure - with sixteen foot high walls and a gated interior. A fortress.



INT. PRINCE 51 - CONTINUOUS

PILOT  
Thirty seconds.

Patrick leans out for a visual as the wind rips his face -

EXT. PRINCE 51 AND PRINCE 52

The helos circle the COMPOUND, kicking up dust, and begin to descend.

INT./EXT. STEALTH BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER PRINCE 51 - NIGHT

Cross cutting all that follows:

- At thirty feet above the ground the helicopter begins to shudder and lose stability. Instead of descending in a straight path, the bird drifts sideways

PATRICK  
(shouting to pilot)  
Hey! Slide right.

- Then lurches down, falling to within 15 feet of the swirling ground, rotors churning the dust, creating near BROWNOUT conditions, a dust hurricane

INT. PRINCE 51

CU: Pilot finessing the controls - not good enough

PRINCE 51 PILOT  
Power!

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

ECU: rear rotor blades edging closer to the wall, inch by inch.

-- Engines straining LOUDLY in the thin, hot air

-- The bird loses control, SPINS to a hard landing

INT. PRINCE 51

ECU: Pilot thrusts stick

EXT. COMPOUND

-- TAIL crashes hard on the WALL, in a awful screech of twisting metal and sheared concrete -

INT. PRINCE 51

-- Tossing the men inside the helo around like rag dolls.

CUT TO:

INT. ASSAULT COMMAND CENTER - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING  
BASE - EVENING

The command tent watches the helicopter crash.

PRINCE 52 PILOT (O.S.)  
Prince 51 is down. Blackhawk down  
in the animal pen.

Maya stands, crestfallen.

EXT. HELO CRASH

The dust settles to reveal...a twisted wreck.

PRINCE 51 has crash landed into a precarious position, with the back half of the helicopter wedged into the top of the wall and the front of it in the ground, leaving the passengers inside suspended more than ten feet off the ground.

INT./EXT. PRINCE 51

Although he's wearing a heavy pack and carrying gear, Patrick jumps down, landing with a knee-shattering combat roll.

Several SEALs follow him.

EXT. INNER COURTYARD

Patrick pulls out of his roll and turns around to face the house, looming ominously ahead of him.

INT. ASSAULT COMMAND CENTER - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING  
BASE - EVENING

PRINCE 52 PILOT  
(over radio)  
This mission is still a go.

Off Maya's relief -

INT./EXT. PRINCE 52 - CONTINUOUS

The second helo passes over but a storm of debris and garbage from the rooftop creates another flight risk and the helo banks away.

CUT TO:

## EXT. COMPOUND - FIRST GATE

Patrick, Justin and SIX other SEALs cluster near the First Gate in the animal pen. One of the SEALs places a charge on the gate, while others check the Prayer Room.

Boom! The charge partially blows open the metal swing doors of the gate, leaving a very narrow gap. Not ideal. The SEALs muscle and squeeze their way through the narrow opening in the jagged metal as the SNIPER climbs up on the roof of the prayer room.

## EXT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick and Jared arrive at the guest house but can't see inside - the windows and doors are covered with sheets. Patrick kneels down to place a charge at the front door handle when the door erupts with gunfire

- Bullets fly out of the wooden door. One skims Patrick's shoulder as he kneels lower. Patrick fires back at the house, putting a dozen rounds inside.

A moment passes. They wait for a response. The door handle unlocks. ABU AHMED'S WIFE appears at the doorway and walks out.

JARED

Ir-fah ee-dek!

ABU AHMED'S WIFE

(in English)

You killed him.

## INT. GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The SEALs peer inside and see ABU AHMED lying dead in a pool of blood. Patrick and Jared pump safety rounds into the body.

FOUR KIDS are cowering in the corner. Jared moves them out of the house.

## EXT. COMPOUND - DIEGO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the P51 SEALs breach a gate to the courtyard of the Main House. The gate flies open in a fiery ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND WALLS OUTSIDE MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

SEALs jump out of P52, rush to the outer wall and set breaching charges on a gate... While Hakim, the DOG HANDLER, and another SEAL peel off down the block

Saber and his team stand by as BOOM!!!, The gate charges go off...only to reveal a BRICK WALL behind the gate.

SABER  
That's not a door.

SEAL  
Failed breach.

They hustle to the next entry way and prepare another breach

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - COURTYARD

The COMMANDING OFFICER hears that the SEALs outside are preparing a charge. SEAL MIKE radios in

SEAL MIKE (O.S.)  
(into radio)  
This is Echo 11, we're going to breach  
the main gate.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
(into radio)  
Negative. I'm internal, I'll let  
you in.

The Commanding Officer opens the gate and the other SEALs walk inside. As a group, they move towards the main house, arriving at the South side front door. The door is open and they enter -

INT. MAIN HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Piercing the first floor darkness with their infra red lights, the SEALs advance slowly into the first floor hallway.

Piles of household clutter, stacked high in bizarre shapes, greet them like the innards of a haunted house. One of the SEAL's catches movement: A figure with an AK-47 scrambling through clutter, then disappearing around a corner.

JUSTIN  
Abrar!

The figure, Abu Ahmed's brother, ABRAR, re-appears at the end of the hallway. He pokes his head out -

- And is shot by Justin. He falls out of view, whimpering in pain.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Justin walks quickly to Abrar.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ABRAR is down, bleeding.

- Justin fires another round into Abrar as ABRAR'S WIFE comes flying in from the sleeping quarters and shields him with her body.

- Justin shoots her. She falls...Abrar is underneath her - he is still breathing, gasping and

- Justin shoots him again, silencing him

- Then looks to his wife and assesses her condition

- Badly wounded, faint breathing, life fading from her eyes...

- Justin turns away

INT. MAIN HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Justin and a BREACHER proceed down the hall to the heavy gate that blocks access to the stairway while another SEAL stays behind. Somewhere, children are screaming.

JUSTIN

Shut those fucking kids up.

O.S. the kids quiet down.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

BREACHER

There's no fucking way we want to blow this thing. The gate is solid.

MIKE (O.S.)

(over radio)

This is Echo 11 - we're at our primary set point, prepping to breach.

JUSTIN

(into radio)

Wait, Echo 11 - we're internal on the south side - this is a negative breach.

MIKE  
 (over radio)  
 Roger. We're ready to make our entry  
 out here.

JUSTIN  
 (into radio)  
 Roger that, we're coming to meet  
 you.  
 (to the Breacher)  
 Stay with these kids. Don't let  
 them in the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

In the regrouping that occurs on the side of the main house, Justin and Patrick find themselves side by side - and the old friends take a moment to reconnect while the rest of the team places charges and prepares for the next phase of the assault.

PATRICK  
 (quietly)  
 You good?

JUSTIN  
 Yeah. I forgot...were we supposed  
 to crash that helo?

Patrick allows himself a smile.

PATRICK  
 Ibrahim tried to shoot me through  
 the door. I popped him from the  
 outside.

JUSTIN  
 I fucking smoked Abrar and his wife.  
 (shifting tone)  
 (alt: I think she was  
 pregnant)

PATRICK  
 Still alive?

JUSTIN  
 She's gonna bleed out.

PATRICK  
 What a fuckin' mess -

The door blows - and they keep moving -

INT. MAIN HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SEALs reach the staircase, which is sealed off by a separate metal gate than the one inside the hallway.

SEAL

Breacher up.

A charge is prepared. Justin, who is now inside one of the side rooms, sees Jared standing close to the door.

JUSTIN

Hey man, move!

Jared moves just as -

EXT. MAIN HOUSE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

- Booom!

-- The door FLIES like a missile right into where Jared had been standing.

JARED

(to Justin)

Thanks.

JUSTIN

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE - STAIRCASE TO SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Saber goes up the staircase, Patrick following closely behind him, climbing up to see -

INT. MAIN HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A man ducks out of sight. Saber calls to him.

SABER

Khaled!

Saber waits with his carbine raised. Anxiety crosses his face. He's vulnerable here, an easy target if Khaled were to come out blasting.

SABER (CONT'D)

KHALED!

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Khaled hears his name being called from below. A few feet away from him in the dimly lit hall is a loaded AK-47. He goes to the gun and picks it up.

He hears his name again, "Khaled!" And the voice sounds friendly, urgent.

Perhaps thinking that he can surrender peacefully, Khaled puts the gun down, resting it against a wall, and turns and heads back to the sound of his name.

Saber sees Khaled poke his head around the corner of the stairway and fires - killing him instantly.

Saber pushes past the body, Patrick following, and they climb the staircase leading to the third floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - STREET

The neighborhood, awakened by the crash and gunfire, stirs to life. Hakim and the SEALs notice LIGHTS flipping on. And down the block, a group of several young men appear on a roof.

SEAL

(raising his weapon)

This is Echo 05, I've got unknowns gathering on the Southwest Rooftops. Hakim, move those guys back.

HAKIM

(speaking in Pashto)

Go back brothers, this is official government business, and there is nothing to see here!!

SEAL

I'm going to start wasting them.

HAKIM

Please! They will kill you!

The onlookers pause. SEAL aiming lasers dance across their chests.

HAKIM (CONT'D)

They will kill you!

They turn and go.



INT. MAIN HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY

- SEALS clear the SECOND floor as women and children flow into the hallway... A SEAL grabs one of the wives and pulls her out into the hallway, while another female disappears behind a large REFRIGERATOR, and he grabs her too.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Justin opens a file cabinet, stuffed with documents.

INT. MAIN HOUSE SECOND TO THIRD FLOOR STAIRWAY

Saber is climbing the stairs, gun up, towards the third floor, when he sees a flash of movement across the landing above him. He stops climbing and -

SABER  
(calling out)  
Osama! Osama!?

Beat.

Beat.

Sweat on Saber's face

SABER (CONT'D)  
Osama!?

A man appears at the end of the third floor hallway.

-- Ssssht ! a bullet strikes him in the head - knocking him back into a bedroom

- Saber fires again, missing

- And proceeds down the hallway, going full speed now, Patrick right behind him, sprinting into the bedroom

INT. MAIN HOUSE OSAMA'S LIVING QUARTERS

Two women stand at the entrance of the room. Saber rushes them and with a football tackle, slams them into the wall.

Patrick enters the room and fires several rounds into the man on the floor.

PATRICK  
(into radio)  
Possible jackpot.

The women Saber is restraining are wailing, struggling to get to their husband, as a ten year-old boy rushes up to the body.

Patrick pushes him away and kneels down to get a better look at the body.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 (to Saber)  
 Dude, do you realize what you just did?

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR ROOM - HALLWAY

JARED questions the wives.

JARED  
 (in ARABIC)  
 Who is he?

WOMAN  
 He is al Noori Hasan.

JARED  
 (shouting back to  
 Patrick)  
 She says it's not him.

PATRICK  
 Talk to a kid.

Jared kneels down next to a nine year-old girl huddled in the corner and snaps open a chem light. He gives her the glowing green wand.

JARED  
 (in Arabic)  
 Daughter, what is his name?

The girl makes no reply.

CUT TO:

INT. ASSAULT COMMAND CENTER - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING  
 BASE - EVENING

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)  
 (through the radio)  
 For God and Country, Geronimo.

Maya gasps.

EXT. DIEGO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Commanding Officer issues orders.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
(into radio)  
All Stations: target secure, target  
secure.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - MASTER BEDROOM

PATRICK  
(into radio)  
Roger. Copy. Target Secure.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)  
Target Secure - commence SSE.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - MEDIA ROOM

Justin flicks on the lights. Moving fast he picks up a  
COMPUTER tower and throws it to the floor, cracking it open,  
rips out the HARD DRIVE and tosses that into the bag.

As we pull back and realize the enormity of the task in front  
of him -

The lights show an organized office, crammed with information,  
stacks of files, disks, video equipment.

Twenty years of jihad.

JUSTIN  
(to his team)  
Do not leave a hard drive.

The SEALs gather everything they can.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - THIRD TO SECOND FLOOR STAIRWAY

Saber walks down the staircase in a daze. We stay with him  
as he descends, noting the faraway look in his eyes -

INT. MAIN HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - MEDIA ROOM

Saber walks into the office where the SSE (Sensitive Sight  
Exploitation) is underway.

JUSTIN  
(to Saber)  
What's up?

SABER  
I shot the third floor guy.

JUSTIN  
Good for you. You want to help?

Justin tosses him an SSE bag.

CUT TO:

INT. ASSAULT COMMAND CENTER - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING  
BASE - EVENING

The command team studies their monitors.

PRINCE 52 PILOT O.S.  
(over radio)  
QRF inbound.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIEGO CORRIDOR

The COMMANDING OFFICER is talking on two radios at once -  
one to his men, the other to brass back at Jalalabad base.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
(into radio)  
Echo 05, this is Red 02, how long do  
you need for SSE?

INT. SECOND FLOOR - MEDIA ROOM

JUSTIN  
(into radio)  
At least ten minutes.

EXT. DIEGO CORRIDOR

COMMANDING OFFICER  
(into radio)  
You have four.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - MEDIA ROOM

JUSTIN  
(into radio)  
This is a gold mine, I need more  
time than that.

EXT. DIEGO CORRIDOR

COMMANDING OFFICER  
(into radio)  
If you're not at the LZ in four, I'm  
going to leave your ass behind.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - MEDIA ROOM

Justin yells to his team.

JUSTIN  
Four minutes!

CUT TO:

EXT. HELO CRASH

Hakim arrives at the crashed helo. He crawls into the interior and finds a BLACK BODY BAG. We follow this bag:

INT. MAIN HOUSE FIRST FLOOR

Hakim jogs into the main house with the BODY BAG, and through his POV, we see slow down for the first time since the raid began, noting the destruction:

- *blood stains on the walls,*
- *Bodies pierced with bullets,*
- *Wailing children.*

HAKIM  
(into coms)  
Where do you need the bag?

SEAL (O.S.)  
Third floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR - MASTER BEDROOM

SEALs roll the body into the BAG as Patrick and another SEAL collect articles of interest. Two SEALs zip up the bag and carry it out. Just as...

INT. MEDIA ROOM - SECOND FLOOR

Justin's team leaves the office.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - A MOMENT LATER

The body bag is laid in the courtyard.

EXT. HELO CRASH - CONTINUOUS

The EOD SEAL slides into the belly of Prince 51. While he places charges, another SEAL climbs up to affix charges to the roof and rotors ...and like a tight roper, he walks out on the tail of the helicopter, when suddenly his foot slips, piercing the tail's thin skin, and he nearly falls off.

He manages to place a last charge - but the remainder of the tail piece will not be detonated.

EXT. COMPOUND - POTATO FIELD

Back at the whirling helicopter, the SEALs shove the BODY BAG into the interior compartment and jump in after it.

The helo rises into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELO CRASH - CONTINUOUS

PRINCE 51 explodes, sending shrapnel and a fireball high into the air

EXT./INT PRINCE 52 - CONTINUOUS

The SEALs watch the flames as the compound shrinks beneath them

EXT. COMPOUND - ANIMAL PEN - CONTINUOUS

The fire of the exploded crashed helo blazes in the night.

INT. PRINCE 52 - A MOMENT LATER

The SEALs sit silent in the cabin, body bag at their feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDING ZONE - JALALABAD FORWARD OPERATING BASE - LATER

Bathed in the bright white lights, Maya waits for the helo.

Concern on her face.

At last, she hears it.

A moment later, PRINCE 52 hovers into view and lands. Patrick and several SEALs run out, carrying the bag...

INT. HANGAR

The place is swarming with SOLDIERS, SEALs, and FBI agents with large bio-metric scanners - loud shouting everywhere: "mark media, first floor, who has a pen, etc."

EXT. LANDING ZONE

Maya makes her way towards the hangar tent.

INT. HANGAR

She pushes through the busy SEALs.

Maya sees it now - way in the corner of the hangar.

She walks and walks towards the bag.

She is alone with it now.

She unzips the BAG

CU: Maya.

Seven years telescoping to this moment. The end of a journey.

She stares at the body for a moment then turns to look across the room where ADMIRAL MCRAVEN meets her eye.

She nods.

ADMIRAL MCRAVEN

(into phone)

Sir, the agency expert gave a visual confirmation. Yes, Sir, the girl. Hundred percent.

Maya gazes at the bloodied face, then turns away and zips the bag...and leaves the tent.

Her eyes afire.

CUT TO:

EXT. JALALABAD AIRSTRIP - EARLY DAWN

Maya waits on the tarmac, alone.

A C-17, one of the largest most impressive planes in the American fleet, rolls to a stop and the hatch opens.

She climbs the ladder -

INT. C-17 - CONTINUOUS

The cavernous cargo plane is empty of passengers. The pilot motions to the seats.

PILOT

Are you Maya?

MAYA

Yeah.

PILOT

That's the only name they gave me.

(odd)

You can sit wherever you want, you're the only one on the manifest.

Maya sits down, buckles in. The PILOT heads back to the cabin

PILOT (CONT'D)  
You must be pretty important, you  
got the whole plane to yourself!

Beat.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
Where do you want to go?

She's speechless.

Overwhelmed.

Finally, she lets go.

Those luminous eyes become pools of relief and pain.

**CUT TO: BLACK**