

Executive Producer: Nikki Toscano
Consultant: Kerry Ehrin

PILOT

RED ZONE

Pilot

Written by
Nikki Toscano

2nd REVISED NETWORK DRAFT
(Clean Copy)
January 28, 2014

Universal Television
100 Universal City Plaza
Bldg. 1320
Universal City, CA 91608
(818) 777-1000

COPYRIGHT ⌈ 2013 Universal Television LLC
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOT TO BE DUPLICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION.
This material is the property of Open 4 Business Productions LLC and is intended solely for use by its personnel. The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material in any form is prohibited. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited

EXT. ESTABLISHING - VIENNA, VIRGINIA - NIGHT

Camera sweeps through the small bucolic community as we glimpse all the trappings of suburbia -- minivans, parks, cookie cutter houses in brand new developments when we HEAR:

LOCAL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
It's a beautiful fall night over here at Bishop O'Connell High school as the entire community has stepped out for the opening game of the season.

And we finally land on the BRIGHT LIGHTS of --

EXT. O'CONNELL HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

We PUSH in on the stadium. Fucking Pandemonium. High school football at its most competitive. Jam packed stands. Local press crowd the sidelines. Cheerleaders toss each other ridiculous heights in the air. Players CHARGED on the field as we PUSH IN on one kid -- JAKE JORDAN, 16. White bread QB of the Knights. All fucking nerves. Eyes ping pong from the clock to the scoreboard: 4:02 left in the 4th. LIONS 21 KNIGHTS 7.

LOCAL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Knights are down 14 in the 4th, but sophomore Jake Jordan is really showing his chops out there tonight. Jordan's really another player under the inspired leadership of Coach Holden Weller.

COACH HOLDEN WELLER steps over to Jake. Mid 40s. Full beard. Dark eyes that betray nothing.

JAKE
(not so inspired)
I don't feel so good.

Holden steps closer, locking eyes with Jake.

HOLDEN
Jake, listen to me. You're gonna be fine, son.

But Jake's far from fucking fine. Holden needs to bring him back and fast. And there's only one thing to do.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
(gesturing to the stands)
Jake, you see the crowd?
(off Jake's nod)
(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
They all came here to see you play. Not Troy, you.

Jake eyes the crowd -- so many of them. Fuck. He's going to disappoint them. As the pressure mounts --

LOCAL COMMENTATOR
Ball's on the 17 yard line. Knights don't score here and this game is over.

ON Jake, as the color completely drains from his face... Suddenly, Jake rips off his helmet and HURLS. Holden had already stepped out of the way as if he knew it was coming...

LOCAL COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
And there it is, folks. Jake Jordan's signature play.

Because he did. Players around Jake barely react. Clearly this has happened before. Holden steps around the vomit. Pulls an uncertain Jake into him.

HOLDEN
You better now?

Jake nods, embarrassed, but noticeably calmer.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Zip 34 Split. You're inside the red zone, Jake. Only place you belong. And you got us here. Now take it home.

Jake nods, jogs in the play to the HUDDLE. Eyeing one dude in particular, DELAUNTE CAMERON, black, all world ball player. Million dollar smile.

JAKE
(off Delaunte's look)
Don't worry. I'm fine.

DELAUNTE
I ain't worried. Your puke is like my goddamn rabbit's foot.

Jake smiles -- leans into the huddle.

JAKE
Zip 34 Split. On 3.

All hands in. The players BREAK. Jake in shotgun as the offensive line pans out.

JAKE (CONT'D)
34 -- 32 -- Hut. Hike.

Jake takes the snap. Pitches it to runningback JOHN BROPHY.

LOCAL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Jordan's open. Pitches it to Brophy.

Brophy retreats -- tossing the ball back to Jake.

LOCAL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Oh wait, the fake out! A flea flicker back to Jordan! Jordan in the hole, looking for an opening --

Jake steps back. Spots Delaunte running for the endzone. And throws the ball with everything he's got. As the ball spirals into Delaunte's beautifully chiseled arms --

LOCAL COMMENTATOR
TOUCHDOWN! Jordan has done it! Taking back this game...

The crowd ERUPTS, exploding from their seats, as we CUT TO:

EXT. BENEATH THE BLEACHERS - NIGHT

TWO TEENAGE KIDS suck face like their lives depend on it. A small shaft of light illuminates the young GIRL's face as she turns to the applause. But the BOY pulls her back in as he rounds second base, slowly moving to third when:

VOICE
Hey you two! You can't be under there.

The couple whips around to see a CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD standing in the distance. Startled, they make a run for it. Moving towards the parking lot. The Campus Guard gives chase, but he's too slow. By the time he reaches the lot, all he sees is BLACK BMW with DIPLOMATIC PLATES peel out.

LOCAL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Knights are only behind seven now. Lions have the ball...

As we HOLD on the Campus Guard panting, we realize we never did get a good look at the boy. Meanwhile --

EXT. O'CONNELL FOOTBALL STADIUM - HOME STANDS

We FIND a 15-year-old LANEY WELLER making her way down the steps with TWO COKES in her hands.

Laney's the Coach's daughter. Cute, but awkward. Fucked by being 15. Walking beside her is SILAS GREEN (16). Androgynous, wise beyond his years, so yeah, he's not that popular.

SILAS
(eyeing the players tackling each other)
And people think *I'm* gay?

Laney smiles as they approach HELEN WELLER, early 40s, the Coach's wife. Helen is MENSA smart, plainly beautiful. Laney hands her a soda--

HELEN
(attention on the field)
Thanks. You see the touchdown?

Laney lowers her voice to answer her mother --

LANEY
Yeah. Heard Jake almost blew chunks all over Dad again.

-- because beside Helen are Jake's parents, OLIVIA and PAUL JORDAN. Paul Jordan nervously chews his fingers while his trophy wife, Olivia, a perfect combination of Botox and prescription drugs, holds court to a GROUP OF MOTHERS.

LANEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Jordan doesn't look so good himself.

But Olivia barely notices her husband's panicked state. Too consumed with her own story as the Mothers hang off her every word.

OLIVIA
John Kerry was there of course. And Leon Panetta. But there's just nothing that can prepare you for when the President is eating his creme brulee two tables away...

ANGLE ON SILAS, HELEN AND LANEY

SILAS
(not low enough)
Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Jordan. You dropped something. Another name.

Helen and Laney smile, turning for a moment to GROUP OF ROWDY KIDS behind them. A multitasking combination of texting, talking, ad-libbed conversation while watching the game.

Amongst them is REZA MOUSSAF, 18. Sex on a stick. A European James Dean. As he shifts his eyes from his phone to the field, we HEAR A DING. The text reads: *My mom won't be home until midnight. Wanna cum over?*

Reza's eyes lift to head cheerleader CAROLINE ROGERS, who is waving to him seductively from the field. Caroline's the kind of girl everyone wants a piece of. Pretty. Popular. Flexible in both gymnastics and her morals. Every man's wet dream. And Reza's no exception.

Reza types back: *U EVEN HAVE TO ASK?* when Helen and Laney suddenly dart up in their seats.

HELEN
Fumble.

ANGLE ON FIELD

Where Holden is rallying his offensive line. Shifts his eyes to the clock: 45 seconds left in the game.

HOLDEN
This is it, guys. The moment we've been waiting for. Black 385.

Delaunte and Jake lock eyes in the huddle. Let's do this. The players run out. Jake in shotgun. Offensive line fanning out.

JAKE
Set! Black 78! Hut. Hike.

The center snaps the ball. And immediately Jake is in trouble. The D-line is all over him. He scrambles, looking for an opening, but no chance presents itself. He decides to tuck the ball and run for it... it's all on him. With speed he didn't know he had, he weaves up the field.

ANGLE ON HOLDEN watching. The kid might actually make it.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS. On Laney and Helen. Paul and Olivia. On Reza, a smile on his face. He's going all the way.

ANGLE ON THE FIELD

Jake's closing in on the red zone. This is it - everything he's ever wanted. But the Lyons' defensive end is sprinting for Jake. Jake's ten yards shy. Then five... when the defensive end finally catches him and just clotheslines him. Two yards short of victory.

As the visiting section erupts with cheers, Jake just lies there on the field, disappointment in his eyes. Holden walks over. Pulls Jake to his feet.

Jake averts his gaze, like a son who's disappointed his father. But Holden pulls Jake into him, letting him know that it's OK.

EXT. VIENNA NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

Middle class homes line the tree-lined street --

LANEY (V.O.)
Pop. You're not listening to me.

As we PUSH IN on one house in particular:

INT. WELLER HOME - MORNING

Laney and Holden argue at the breakfast table in their modest home. Newspapers are littered everywhere. The New York Times. Washington Post. Wall Street Journal. IPADs, IPHONES plugged into every socket in the house. Helen leans on the island watching AL JAZEERA news coverage on her IPAD.

LANEY
There is no negotiating with Iran.

Holden and Helen exchange looks. Here we go again.

HOLDEN
If we can implement some kind of system of checks and balances now, it will make it more difficult for them to deviate from it later.

LANEY
All based on the assumption that Zarif plans to play fair.
(off his look)
What? You don't agree with me?

Holden smiles, amused by his daughter. Loves the hell out of her. As we wonder why this family is so passionate about the Middle East, Helen looks at the clock on her IPAD. 8:15.

HELEN
Shoot, we're gonna be late again.

As they all reach for their iPhones, iPads, bags --

HELEN (CONT'D)
Can Silas give you a ride home from school? Dad's got practice and I've got teacher meetings.

As we realize -- this whole family is a part of the school.

LANEY
Prally. He's got that field trip to the Smithsonian today.

OFF this, we PRELAP Silas' voice --

SILAS (V.O.)
History blows.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Establishing. The Mall. The giant steps. Constitution Avenue. Tons of traffic enters and exits the museum.

INT. SMITHSONIAN - ANCIENT EGYPT EXHIBIT - DAY

Silas stands amongst a GROUP OF STUDENTS, taking in a sculpture of a Sphinx. Unimpressed. Behind him is AMIR FASSAD (30s), tenth grade history teacher.

AMIR FASSAD
Silas, please. Do us all a favor and keep the commentary to yourself. Some of us may actually be here to learn a thing or two about the pharaohs.

Silas rolls his eyes as Amir considers his students, Jake and Caroline amongst them. All with cell phones out. Texting. Facebooking. Tweeting lewd pictures of them next to ancient Pharaohs. Amir shakes his head. Fuck. It's no use.

AMIR FASSAD (CONT'D)
Lunch in ten minutes people.

Say no more. The kids are already moving for the door.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - DAY

Amir corrals the students to a spot on the steps. All of them with lunch bags in hand. Jake and Caroline sit with the cooler kids. Silas sits by himself, digging into his sushi.

ON CAROLINE as she receives a text from REZA. *Where are you? Still at museum?* She types back: *Unfortunately. Eating lunch outside.* Caroline lifts the her iPhone camera -- points it at herself and smiles. Click.

Amir takes a silent head count of his students when SUDDENLY -

The museum EXPLODES. Large whirls of fire and debris coming at us -- eating away at the frame as we SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK -- the eerie sounds of chaos. Screams. Desperate cries. Then nothing as we FADE INTO:

INT. O'CONNELL - HELEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Helen stands in front of a GROUP of UNINTERESTED STUDENTS, Reza amongst them.

HELEN
What was Pavlov trying to accomplish with the bell? Marcy?

MARCY, 15, doodles in a notebook. Barely looking up --

MARCY
Um....um...

Helen shakes her head. One of those days.

HELEN
I think we may need to incorporate more words into your vocabulary, dear. Reza?

REZA
Classical conditioning. He rings the bell, the dog associates eating with the bell.

Helen's phone BUZZES on the desk. She ignores it.

HELEN
And here I thought that all of you slept through last week's lecture.

The phone BUZZES again ominously, momentarily stealing her attention. Then, everyone's phones begin buzzing. Like something out of the twilight zone. As Marcy looks down at her phone, genuine panic fills her normally vacant eyes.

MARCY
O.M.F.G.

Now, everyone's got their phones out. IPads. As Helen grabs her iPad, A REPORTER fills us in-

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)
For those of you just joining us, at approximately 1:15 p.m., the Southeast side of the Smithsonian Museum exploded, showering concrete and debris on the traffic of Constitution Avenue....

ON another IPAD, we HEAR:

REPORTER (V.O.)
Initial sources are confirming a large number injured, no telling yet how many casualties -

Every student is watching the coverage. Rapt. Never seen anything like this. As various news programs overlap each other, Reza steps up to Helen --

REZA
Miss Weller -- Caroline was on that field trip today.

Helen doesn't know what to say. Can't find the words in the moment. As Reza and Helen look back down the screen, drawn to the coverage like a magnet, we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - DAY

Sounds of terror and panic as we FADE IN and OUT of --

-STUDENTS and INNOCENT BYSTANDERS running from the museum.

-The scream of a FIRE TRUCK roaring down Constitution Avenue.

-Amir, bloodied but alive, directing students away from the wreckage. ON the chaos, we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNELL - LANEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

As we PULL OUT to reveal Laney watching this all play out on her iPhone screen. Fear in her eyes. The classroom strangled by silence as we CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - MONTAGE - DAY

-Ambulances, paramedics, firemen, police everywhere.

-Silas, leans up against a car, in shock --

-A disoriented Jake helps Caroline to her feet. He notices a cut on her forehead and ushers her to a paramedic --

-Amir alone in the rubble, clocking the destruction when he notices a YOUNG GIRL trapped underneath a block of concrete. Before he can even get over to her --

AMIR
(panicked)
I need some help over here!

Off this, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. O'CONNELL - HELEN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Back with Helen, staring blankly at her students. In terror. Lost all capability to process. Suddenly, she darts out of the classroom without a word. Without explanation.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Helen runs as fast as her legs will carry her. Past the teachers who have begun to spill out into the hallway.

EXT. O'CONNELL - DAY

As we TRACK with a BLACK ESCALADE as it flies into the parking lot. Before it even comes to a halt, TWO AGENTS exit the vehicle. Moving towards the school.

INT. O'CONNELL - HOLDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Holden watches the news on his IPAD when Helen enters. Clocking his screen. Frozen. Terrified. Holden turns to her, locking eyes -- an unspoken secret between them. Moments later, Agents enter the office, one stepping forward -

AGENT
Mr. Weller, we need you to come with us.

Holden nods, resignation in his eyes. Dread fills Helen's face. As Holden is escorted out, we wonder who the hell he is and what he has to do with any of this as we SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. GOVERNMENT VEHICLE - EVENING

Holden rides in the back of the escalade. Flanked by two agents. As the car speeds down the beltway, a NPR-like program downloads us in the b.g.--

NPR COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Though authorities are confirming they do believe this to be an attack of some sort, the fact that no terrorist group has assumed accountability leaves us to wonder who is truly responsible...

ON HOLDEN, registering the commentator's last words--

BANKS (PRELAP)
It's the Mahmoods.

INT. CIA COUNTERTERRORISM BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A group of CIA MANDARINS sit around a large conference table. A lone 73" monitor behind them. Flashing images of various terrorist organizations on the screen -- Al-Qaeda, Mahmoods, Hezbollah, etc. JERRY BANKS, head of counterterrorism, late 40s, addresses National Security Advisor JAMES KESTER.

BANKS
No question about it.

Banks is an ends-justify-the-means kind of guy. Next to him is VERA BRADLEY (30s). Whip smart. Passionate. No censor.

KESTER
Then why haven't they accepted responsibility?

Vera jumps in, impatient. They don't have time for this.

VERA
Because the Mahmoods never claim responsibility. And Al Qaeda, Hezbollah, Hamas - they would have been all over this...

KESTER
So let me get this straight. You want me to go back to the President and tell him who's responsible based on something that they didn't do?

BANKS
Look. You need confirmation that it's the Mahmoods? Then we bring in the guy who knows them better than they know themselves.

INT. GOVERNMENT VEHICLE - NIGHT

ON Holden as he clocks a SIGN that reads: GEORGE BUSH CENTER FOR INTELLIGENCE CIA FHWA NEXT EXIT --

BANKS (V.O.)
Holden Weller.

INT. CIA COUNTERTERRORISM BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Banks taps a monitor behind him. ON SCREEN is Holden's e-file. VARIOUS PHOTOS, BACKGROUND, etc. Kester and the mandarins follow along with the paper file.

BANKS
Our primary field agent in Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan from '98 to '08. Guy spent more time in the Red Zone than Osama bin Laden.

KESTER
(perusing the file)
And now he's an athletic director at a high school? What the hell kind of a detour is that?

Banks isn't exactly putting Kester at ease.

VERA
Sir, Holden Weller was responsible for procuring more actionable intelligence on Ibrahim Mahmood than any agent that had come before him.
(stop fucking around)
Or <u>after</u>.

BANKS
James, I came through the ranks with this guy. He's the best targeter I've ever seen. He can identify an asset's weakness before they even know they've got one.

KESTER
He's been out of the game for five years. All of his assets are likely MIA or DOA.

BANKS
Doesn't matter. If Mahmood's operating on US soil, then he's already moved on to a fresh batch of recruits.

KESTER
I'm missing how Weller helps us in this situation.

VERA
(enough bullshit)
Because if you've got an Islamic terrorist who preys on his disciples' weaknesses in order to further his agenda, you want to bring in the guy whose specialty is finding that weakness.

BANKS
The only true way to stop a terrorist is to find them before they're made. Not after. Holden's the only person alive that I know can do that.

As Kester considers this --

INT. CIA - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holden is led down the hall by two agents. Vera waits for him at the end. But as Holden eyes the hallway, so much of it haunting and familiar, his steps become slower. More measured. Reticence fills his face as he FLASHBACKS to..

HOLDEN (PRELAP)
I'm out, Jerry.

INT. CIA HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - EVENING

A younger Holden walks down the same hallway. Intention behind every step as he approaches a younger Banks.

HOLDEN
I'm done.

BANKS
Done? With what?

HOLDEN
With this. All of it.

Banks shakes his head; knows Holden's not fucking around.

BANKS
You're doing this because you lost your family.

HOLDEN
I'm doing this because I'm gonna get them back.

Holden turns from Banks, walking away.

VERA (V.O.)
Mr. Weller?

INT. CIA HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holden is snapped out of his reverie as Vera holds the door open for him. He perfunctorily follows her into:

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Holden and Vera enter. There are monitors everywhere. One end is dedicated to the bombing as TECHS review surveillance feeds and projections on the origin of the blast.

On the other is a VENN DIAGRAM of Mahmood's network: key officers, operating cities, twitter feeds, etc. One thing is very clear: Mahmood's network is incredibly impressive and we should be very afraid of it.

As Vera leads Holden to Banks and Kester, his eyes shift from screen to screen --

BANKS
Holden, it's been a long time. Thanks for coming in.

HOLDEN
Not sure I had a choice.

BANKS
Holden, this is James Kester. National Security Advisor.

Holden shakes Kester's hand but his eyes continue to ping pong around the room. Vera watches him with a fascination.

KESTER
(trying to elicit Holden's attention)
The President wants to put a face on this as soon as possible. Banks seems to think it's the Mahmoods, but we need...

HOLDEN
That's because it is.

KESTER
(who the fuck is this guy)
Oh great. So I guess we can all go home.

Holden steps over to the wall with Mahmood's network. Pointing to a PHOTO of young Iranian kid, 18. Underneath it is the name: AARIF MAHMOOD. Holden stares at the photo for a beat too long as if part of him is haunted by it. Then:

HOLDEN
American forces killed Ibrahim Mahmood's son, Aarif, 18 years ago. Today's the anniversary of his death.

KESTER
Revenge? You expect me to believe he waited 18 years to execute this attack?

HOLDEN
(unfazed by Kester)
There's an old expression from Baluchistan that's said to be a favorite of Ibrahim Mahmood's. "If it takes me ten centuries to kill my enemy, I will wait a thousand years for revenge." The only game the Mahmoods play is the long one.

As Kester takes this in, Holden's already moving across the room -- to the monitors on the bomb.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
And then there's the bomb itself.

As he studies the various IMAGES of the blast, debris, etc.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Bomb had to be big enough to blow out the East side, but small enough to pass through the metal detectors. In 96' when Mahmood blew up the American Embassy in Pakistan, he used a urea-nitrate component that would escape detection. My guess is that if you check for traces of it, it will be all over that wreckage.

Vera looks up something on a printout beside the monitors.

VERA
(reading the analysis)
Large amounts of urea nitrate to be found amidst the debris.

Before Vera's done, Holden moves to another screen: a map of the Smithsonian. He stares at it for a long beat.

HOLDEN
What was the exhibit closest to the origin of the blast?

Vera looks it up in a Smithsonian brochure as Banks and Kester trade looks. What does that have to do with anything?

VERA
(looking through brochure)
It's a Remembrance of Pearl Harbor.

Holden's face falls. He turns to them ominously.

HOLDEN
In '99, I interrogated one of Mahmood's couriers. He spoke in great detail about Ibrahim's fascination with Pearl Harbor and how he said it was the perfect prelude to a war.
(off their horror)
This attack is just a warning shot.

The room becomes incredibly silent as they consider this-

KESTER
So, how do we stay in front of this?

Holden gestures to Mahmood's social media screens --

HOLDEN
By starting with their twitter feed.

KESTER
I thought you said that they don't brag about their bombings.

HOLDEN
They don't. But as long as the internet has been around, the Mahmoods won't tweet the day before an attack.

KESTER
Because they are planning?

HOLDEN
No. Because they are praying.

As Kester takes this in -- fuck --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
But if you follow the feed and they stop tweeting, then you might be able to know when the next attack is coming.

Banks looks at Kester -- told you so.

KESTER
(convinced)
Banks, I need to steal your boy to brief the Chief of Staff.

HOLDEN
All due respect, I don't work for the CIA anymore.

Holden turns and exits. ON Kester, looking to Banks.

KESTER
Get him back.

Banks is already out the door.

INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY

Holden walks briskly down the hall -- can't get out of there fast enough. Too tempting to get sucked back in, but -

BANKS (O.S.)
Holden, stop!

Holden turns to him.

BANKS (CONT'D)
You can't walk away from this. Not now that you know it's them.

HOLDEN
I can't go back, Jerry. I just can't. Find someone else.

BANKS
Someone else won't be as good.
(beat)
(MORE)

BANKS (CONT'D)
Come on, Holden, you really think it was a coincidence that students from O'Connell were at that museum?

Holden stops dead in his tracks. Knows exactly what Jerry is talking about, even if we don't. What is Banks inferring?

BANKS (CONT'D)
You can't just walk away. Think about your family, man.

HOLDEN
I am.

And then he turns for the door, never looking back. OFF this-

PRINCIPAL HUDGINS (PRELAP)
If you'll all please calm down --

INT. O'CONNELL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Total chaos as WORRIED PARENTS huddle around PRINCIPAL HUDGINS, 40s, kind eyes, who is trying to maintain some sense of order. Laney and Helen stand together in the crowd.

PRINCIPAL HUDGINS
All students had to be questioned by various law enforcement agencies, but I can assure you that they will be returning shortly. Let's all just thank god that *all* of our students will make it home safe tonight.

The Principal backs away as TEACHERS surround her, getting their marching orders. But Helen's reluctant to leave Laney.

LANEY
Go ahead, mom. I'll be fine.

Helen nods as Laney moves to the bleachers. Reza is sitting only a few seats away from her. Laney pulls out her phone, sends a text to a Mark. *Where are you? Now, I'm getting worried.* We see that this is the sixth text she's sent today.

REZA
Your mom teaches psych, right?
(as Laney looks up)
I have her for 5th period.

LANEY
(joking)
I'm sorry.

REZA
(smiles)
Don’t be. She’s tough but I like it.

He’s being cute. Laney smiles.

LANEY
You’re new here, right? I’m Laney.

REZA
Reza. Yeah, I just transferred from St. Albans. To play baseball.

LANEY
But you didn’t grow up around here.

REZA
Algeria.

LANEY
Where in Algeria? Algiers?

REZA
(you know Algeria?)
No. Amenas.

LANEY
Where all the gas fields are. Bet you’re glad you weren’t there for the hostage crisis.
(off his perplexed look)
What?

REZA
I’ve just never met an American girl who knew about her own country, let alone mine.

Laney smiles - completely disarmed by Reza.

REZA (CONT’D)
It’s kind of ironic that my mother moved us here to get away from danger. I never thought anything like this was possible here.

LANEY
Me, neither.

It’s an incredibly raw moment between them... until Reza’s attention suddenly shifts across the room. He stands up.

Laney follows his gaze to... Caroline, standing with a group of students from the field trip (Jake amongst them). She's a dirtied mess, bandage on her forehead and still looks nothing shy of spectacular.

Reza darts off the bleachers to meet Caroline and they embrace. Lost in each other. Laney watches, a jealousy betraying her.

Next to Reza and Caroline, Jake reunites with his parents, Paul and Olivia, who are hugging him with everything they've got. As Helen crosses through, tight smile to Paul and Olivia-

HELEN
Hey Jake, how are you holding up?

JAKE
I'm OK. Where's Coach?

The moment Jake asks this, Paul Jordan flinches. Clearly jealous of Holden's relationship with his son. Helen's about to answer, but then notices Amir standing alone at the entrance. Fucking overwhelmed. As Amir turns around and exits, Helen follows him out, leaving the Jordans behind.

EXT. O'CONNELL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As Helen exits. Looking for Amir. Spots the burning ash of a cigarette behind a stairwell. As she approaches --

HELEN
Amir?
(no answer)
Amir? You okay?

He finally looks over. Takes another drag of the cigarette.

AMIR
I'm fine.

But he's nowhere in the fucking hemisphere of fine. His hands are shaking something fierce as he brings the hotboxxed cigarette to his lips.

HELEN
You should come inside. Everyone's really worried about you.

AMIR
I can't answer any more questions, Helen. Not today.

Helen nods, understanding. Amir extends the cigarette to her. She takes a long drag. As she hands it back to him, she notices a LARGE BLOOD STAIN on his cuff and forearm--

HELEN
Oh my god. Amir, what happened? We need to get you to a doctor.

Amir doesn't move, simply says:

AMIR
It's not my blood.

Amir finishes the cigarette, puts his hand on Helen's, and then walks away... as the gravity of the situation finally lands on her.

INT. REZA MOUSSAF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reza and Caroline step into the imposing foyer. Impeccably decorated. Before they can get into the house, they are met by FRIDA MOUSSAF, Reza's mother. Early 40s, incredibly petite and incredibly beautiful. Very hip.

She immediately takes Reza in her arms. Relieved. Tears filling her eyes. Grateful. Puts his face in her hands.

REZA
(pulling away)
Mom.

FRIDA
Don't mom me. Thank God you weren't on that field trip.

Frida hugs even tighter -- almost afraid to let him go.

REZA
Caroline was.

FRIDA
(shifting her attention)
Oh my goodness, dear. Are you alright? I can't imagine how terrifying that must have been.

CAROLINE
It was so crazy. People were screaming and everyone was looking for someone they couldn't find. If we hadn't gone outside to eat lunch when we did...

She doesn't finish the sentence. Doesn't have to.

FRIDA
Your mother must be worried sick.

CAROLINE
Yeah, she's been calling me every five seconds.

And yet where is she? Frida senses not to press.

REZA
Can Caroline stay for dinner?

FRIDA
Of course.

As Frida and Reza move to the kitchen, Frida can't help but kiss him again. This time, Reza lets her. HOLD ON Caroline watching them. Taken by it. Wanting what they've got.

INT. WELLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen and Laney enter to find Holden waiting for them. Drinking a beer. He immediately stands, crossing to Laney.

LANEY
Hey pop.

HOLDEN
Hey. You OK?

Laney nods as Holden embraces her for a beat too long. Doesn't want to let her go. They stand there in silence, none of them willing to confront the elephant in the room.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
What's going on at the school?

HELEN
Everything you'd imagine. Parents are terrified, kids in shock. And Principal Hudgins thinks it's important to resume class tomorrow to restore a sense of normalcy, but I don't know... Jake asked about you -- he looked pretty shaken, Holden.

Off this, Laney senses her parents need to talk --

LANEY
I'm exhausted. I'm gonna head up to bed.

The moment she's gone, Holden takes Helen in his arms.

HELEN
Oh my god, Holden. What if she was on that field trip?

Holden can't even begin to consider it.

HOLDEN
She wasn't.

Helen stares into his eyes for a beat too long, then:

HELEN
They want you back, don't they?

HOLDEN
I'm not going back. I told Jerry.

Helen nods, gives him a sympathetic look. Knows how hard that was for him.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Besides, there's a handful of guys better suited than me for this one. I've lost half my contacts, been out of the game for too long. I wouldn't know where to find Mahmood if I tried, right?

Helen shakes her head at him.

HELEN
Yeah, Holden, but who are you trying to convince?

ON Holden, hates that she's knows him so well --

INT. LANEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Not your typical teenager's bedroom. Stacks of TIME magazine, the Economist, Atlantic Monthly with post-it notes all over them. Laney watches the news on her IPAD when her iPhone starts buzzing. It's a FACETIME call from Mark (the boy she texted earlier). As she answers, we PUSH IN on the SCREEN:

Mark, 18, cute but not hot, smiles as he sees Laney--

LANEY
Where have you been? I've been trying to reach you all day.

MARK (ON SCREEN)
It's been insane. There was a lockdown on campus and I left my phone in the car.

LANEY
I was so worried. I miss you.

MARK (ON SCREEN)
Me, too.

LANEY
And I've decided something. I'm going to tell my parents about us. Life's too short, right?

MARK (ON SCREEN)
(his face lighting up)
Right. When?

Laney hears her parent's footsteps coming down the hall.

LANEY
Dunno yet. But soon. Night, Mark.

Laney quickly hangs up as Holden and Helen approach her door-

HOLDEN
You still up?

Laney nods as both Helen and Holden take turns giving her a kiss. Then --

LANEY
They think it's the Mahmoods, don't they?

Holden doesn't know how to answer.

HELEN
Why would you even say that?

LANEY
Because if it was Al Qaeda, they would have gone to someone else.

Laney's right. And they both know it. Holden locks eyes with Helen, wishing they could protect Laney from their past.

INT. WELLER HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Holden lies awake, Helen sleeping beside him. The weight of the world on his shoulders when the phone rings. Holden jolts up in bed, answers it. Before Holden can even say anything--

JERRY BANKS (V.O.)
Holden, there's been a development. We identified the source of the blast to a bathroom on the Southeast side of the museum. Security cameras tracked only three people near that bathroom in the 24 hours preceding the blast. We cleared the first two, but the last one is definitely a person of interest. And Holden, we've got him.

Holden takes this in, turning his back from Helen as she begins to stir.

HOLDEN
Who is it?

On Holden, listening as Jerry fills him in, we CUT TO:

INT. CIA HALLWAY - MORNING

Holden walks solemnly down the hallway, flanked by Banks and Vera, as they approach an interrogation room at the end of the hall. Holden pauses a beat as we FLASHBACK to:

INT. ND LOCATION - NIGHT

FLASHES of A MAN being tortured in a dark, concrete room. Being beaten. Being broken. No mercy from his interrogator. Finally, the interrogator steps into the light. It's Holden. As we realize the extent of Holden's past, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Banks opens the door for Holden. We STAY TIGHT on Holden as he takes a breath and walks inside. As he faces off with the suspect (whom we still do not see), Holden's eyes betray him -- disappointment filling his face.

Because as the CAMERA widens, we reveal the suspect. And it's not a Middle Eastern terrorist; it's his second string quarterback - Jake Jordan. Holden shuts the door as we SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Direct pick up. Holden stands opposite Jake, who has one arm handcuffed to the table. Jake's a mess; his eyes red from crying. Not exactly your run of the mill terrorist.

JAKE
Coach Weller...
(wiping his eyes)
What the? What are you doing here? Is my dad here?

HOLDEN
No, Jake. Just me. They asked me to talk to you.

JAKE
(shaking his head in disbelief)
They think I had something to do with that explosion. They think I hurt all those people.

Jake begins to break. Holden's not sure what to do. Not exactly his run of the mill interrogation. He crosses the room. Puts his arm around Jake, momentarily glancing at the two-way mirror. Feeling Banks' eyes on him.

HOLDEN
OK, Jake. Calm down. Take a breath. We'll figure this out.

JAKE
How could they think I had something to do with this?

Holden eyes Jake's every move, every gesture.

HOLDEN
Because the security cameras at the museum caught you on tape going into the very bathroom where the bomb later went off.

JAKE
So? I had to go the bathroom. Since when did that become a crime?

Holden moves to other side of the table. Takes a seat. Pulls out a SMITHSONIAN BROCHURE from his back pocket. Opens it to a MAP. Puts in front of Jake.

HOLDEN
(pointing to the map)
This is where they're saying the bomb went off.
(then pointing to other side)
And this is where you were, at the ancient Egypt exhibit.... Way the hell over here.

Jake swallows. Hard. Knows what Holden's getting at.

JAKE
I had to go to the bathroom. Like go go to the bathroom. I wanted privacy. I don't know why I went so far away.

Holden eyes Jake's hands, resting calmly on the table.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(uneasy)
You believe me, right?

HOLDEN
Of course I do. But I'm in the minority. Problem is there are
(pointing to the map)
One. Two. Three. Four bathrooms between that exhibit and the one you used. It doesn't look good.

Holden studies Jake, as his eyes begin to well up. Knows he's as fucked as fucked can be.

JAKE
I had to go to the bathroom. I just wanted privacy. That's it. I don't know why I went so far away. I just kept walking...

Holden doesn't say anything, just lets the kid spin out. The more Jake talks, the more his body language begins to change.

JAKE (CONT'D)
This can't be happening... Really, Coach Weller, I just had to go to the bathroom. I just wanted privacy.

Holden pretends not to notice, but --

VERA (PRELAP)
He's lying.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Vera and Banks stiffen. Attention locked on Jake.

BANKS
(in agreement)
He’s rehearsed the words but not the gestures.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Holden just stares at Jake as he tries to explain himself. His hands shaking as he does.

JAKE
Please help me, Coach. I didn’t do this. You believe me, right?

Holden has to make a decision in that moment. Expose Jake’s lies or expose himself. Can he really go after a kid he might have to face at practice the next day?

HOLDEN
Yeah, I believe you, Jake.

Holden puts his hand on Jake’s. OFF this:

BANKS (V.O.)
So the kid is lying.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Banks and Vera exchange glances as Holden enters.

HOLDEN
Still doesn’t make him capable of blowing up a building.

BANKS
Maybe you just don’t want to believe it. Maybe that’s why you went soft on him in there.

HOLDEN
You’re right, Jerry. I don’t want to believe it. Kid can barely take the pressure at a goddamn football game. No way he could handle something like this.

BANKS
Far lesser men have done far greater things for Ibrahim Mahmood. You know he preys on the innocent.
(MORE)

BANKS (CONT'D)
And if he somehow got to Jake Jordan, we need to know it. Now.

HOLDEN
What do you want me to do, Jerry? Waterboard him in the cafeteria?
(off his look)
I can't do it.

But as Holden turns to leave, we see genuine conflict in his eyes.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

A crowded lunch room. We FIND Caroline holding court to a large table of popular kids, Reza and Marcy amongst them. Two tables over, Laney and Silas watch the show.

CAROLINE
I was just sitting there about to text Reza my selfies when-all-of-a-sudden...
(pausing for dramatic impact)
the building explodes. Knocking me-right-off-my feet.

The group shakes their heads at Caroline's story. Like oh-my-fucking-god you are so brave.

SILAS
And the Oscar goes to...

Laney smiles, but her attention is somewhere else. On Reza. His eyes finally meet hers. Puts his hands up. Waves. Laney waves back. Caroline notices this, but pretends not to-

SILAS (V.O.)
So now I know why you're not rushing to introduce Mark to your parents.

LANEY
What are you talking about?

SILAS
I'm talking about the piece of sexual chocolate eyefucking you across the lunch room.

LANEY
You're crazy. I like Mark. And I am going to introduce him to my parents. At the vigil tomorrow night.

The bell rings. As Laney and Silas get up and exit, we see Reza watching Laney go. And Caroline watching him. OFF this:

TEACHER #1 (V.O.)
We need to talk to Principal Hudgins about organizing a response about Jake Jordan.

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY

Helen sits amongst a SMALL GROUP OF TEACHERS, Amir amongst them when Holden enters (back from the CIA). Holden averts Helen's gaze, knowing that she's looking for answers.

HOLDEN
What about Jake Jordan?

TEACHER #2
(gossipy)
Rumor is he was taken into custody late last night. Olivia and Paul barely knew what happened before their son was gone.

Amir stiffens in his chair, suddenly on edge --

AMIR
What is it that they think he's done?

TEACHER #2
I don't know. But kids are asking questions. And we need to give them answers.

HOLDEN
Jake's a good kid. If they're questioning him about anything, it's what he saw. Not what he did.

The teachers take this in -- Holden's probably right. But not Amir. Something is completely off about him despite his best attempts to hide it. Holden and Helen both clock this.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
(trying to gauge his reaction)
(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Amir, you didn't see anything unusual yesterday, right?

Amir shakes his head no, but it's clear he's bothered by something as he gets up and exits the lounge. OFF this, Helen crosses to Holden. Out of earshot from the others.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
What's up with Amir?

HELEN
Holden, he walked out of a building less than three minutes before it exploded. If he's not suffering from PTSD, he's not human.

Holden shakes his head, still dubious. Helen leans into him.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Did you know they had Jake in custody?

Holden doesn't have to answer - his look says it all.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Do they really think he's involved?

Helen knows Holden can't tell her, but there's a part of her that needs to know he's the man he promised her to be...

HOLDEN
They don't know.

HELEN
(not aggressive)
They don't know or you can't tell me?

It breaks Holden's heart to keep anything from her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
This is like being in Afghanistan all over again.

HOLDEN
Look, all I did was answer a bunch of questions and point them in the right direction. They didn't leave me much of a choice.

HELEN
You always have a choice, Holden.

HOLDEN
I know that, and I made it five years ago when I walked away.

Helen nods, acknowledging this. But as Holden puts his arms around her, we HOLD on Helen, wishing she believed him.

INT. O'CONNELL - BOYS LOCKER ROOM - TIMECUT - DAY

Holden walks through the eerily quiet locker room. Stops when he sees all of his players just standing there. Half-dressed. Tension in the air.

HOLDEN
What's going on, guys? Why aren't you on the field?

DELAUNTE
Come on, Coach. We really supposed to go out there after everything that's happened?

Holden regards his players. Knowing that they're looking for answers. Same as him.

HOLDEN
Everyone fold in. Take a knee.

The players do. Holden paces in front of them, then:

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Whoever exacted this attack wants us to be afraid. They want us to stop our routines. They want us to cower in fear. They want to tear us apart.
(beat)
So the only real question here is: do we give them what they want? Are we going to let them win?

DELAUNTE
Hell no.

HOLDEN
Because the last time I checked... the only people that should be cowering from fear in this house is the enemy.

The players grab their gear. Inspired by Holden's words.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Now get out there.

As his players file out, Holden begins to follow. But then stops at one of the lockers. A faded piece of athletic tape reading JORDAN tells us it's Jake's. He runs his fingers over the faded tape, feeling Jake's absence.

EXT. O'CONNELL FOOTBALL FIELD - TIMECUT - DAY

Holden stands on a sled as his players do blocking drills. Blows his whistle. A row of players hit the pads when Holden notices Vera Bradley walking toward him. The CIA is coming to his school now?

HOLDEN
(blows his whistle)
OK, guys. Hit the showers.
(then to Vera)
You shouldn't be here.

VERA
I need to talk to you.

HOLDEN
Unless it's about how to throw a perfect spiral into the endzone, we got nothing to talk about.

Holden starts to walk away from her.

VERA
If I throw a perfect spiral into the endzone, then will you talk to me?

OFF Holden, considering, we CUT TO:

EXT. O'CONNELL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

As Vera throws a flawless pass to Holden. Holden nods, impressed. Vera smiles. She's in.

VERA (V.O.)
We found the trigger to that bomb.

EXT. O'CONNELL - BLEACHERS - DAY

Vera sits opposite Holden, downloading him.

VERA
It was a burner phone. Just like Mahmood used in '04 in Uzbeckistan.

HOLDEN
So, there's no way to determine who the caller was that detonated that bomb.

VERA
We believe this girl -- Zoe Lautner was carrying it. She attends Yorktown.

As Vera hands Holden Zoe's photo, we immediately recognize her. She was the girl making out under the bleachers!

HOLDEN
Another student?

Vera nods, the weight of this landing on both of them.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
You didn't ask Zoe why she ditched?

VERA
We couldn't. She's dead, Holden.

HOLDEN
(holy shit)
What are the odds that an American teenage girl is suicide bomber?

VERA
Not very good... Which means someone had to give her the trigger. The question is who?

HOLDEN
Any connection between Jake Jordan and Zoe Lautner?

VERA
He said he doesn't know her. And I don't think he was lying. Nothing else to connect them either. No shared interests. No crossover of friends.

HOLDEN
Poor girl probably didn't even know she was carrying it.
(then)
You remember the Embassy bombing in Islamabad in '98?

VERA
Of course. They determined an American, Evan Warner, was responsible for it. Op reports said he had been radicalized.

HOLDEN
What they didn't say is that Evan's wife later told us that Evan developed a friendship with a local man in Islamabad. They spent every Sunday together, having coffee, talking about books and music... for two years.
(beat)
The man was Saabiq Mahmood.

As Vera takes this in --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Whomever gave Zoe that bomb was probably someone she knows. Check with Zoe's parents. See if she had developed any new friendships or received any gifts.

Vera nods, standing.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Then, crosscheck everything on Jake and Zoe. Social media, Facebook, Instagram, all of it. Mahmood had to communicate with them somehow. And cast the net wide -- don't just limit the search to jihadist propaganda. Mahmood's smarter than to expose his own weaknesses -- he'd have preyed on theirs.

Holden stands up. As they walk from the bleachers -

VERA
You know I studied your file a lot when I was coming up the ranks. And the biggest advances in your career were not a result of the detainee program, but the intel you procured in the field.

HOLDEN
What's your point? You agree with my decision not to torture my quarterback?

VERA
I don't believe in enhanced interrogation.

HOLDEN
You on the civil rights side of things? We abused the rights of terrorists everywhere.

VERA
No. I'm on the "don't think it works for shit" side. They're willing to die for a cause. How do you threaten someone who's willing to do that?

HOLDEN
I've got about 95 detainees you should ask. Usually the ones who wax poetic about being martyrs are the first ones to break. Trust me, I know.

VERA
Jake Jordan's not a detainee. He's a 16-year-old kid.

HOLDEN
That's not why I didn't go after him.

VERA
Then why didn't you?
(off his silence)
If you really believed in enhanced interrogation so much, then how come you left the detainee program before it was eradicated?

HOLDEN
(considers, then)
I didn't leave because of what it did to them. I left because of what it did to me.

Holden turns. He's done sharing. As Vera collects her things-

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Can I ask you a question? Where'd you learn to throw like that?

VERA
Four brothers. Two of 'em were drafted.

Vera smiles and turns away. OFF Holden, intrigued by her --

INT. CAROLINE'S BEAT-UP CAR - DAY

Caroline and Reza drive through the streets of McLean. Reza sits shotgun, looking out the window.

CAROLINE
(fishing)
So, how do you know Laney Weller?

REZA
I don't.

CAROLINE
You normally wave to people you don't know?

REZA
(busted)
I don't know her. Not really. I just met her while I was waiting for you the other night. I have her mom for psych.

HOLD on Caroline, jealousy in her eyes when --

REZA (CONT'D)
(looking at something)
What the hell?

Caroline pulls into Reza's driveway, noticing--

TWO AGENTS file out of the Jordan house next door. Laptops, hard drives under their arms. Olivia Jordan chasing them out. Completely undone. No makeup. Bathrobe. Paul's on her heels.

OLIVIA
(blocking their path)
Please tell me where my son is.

AGENT
Ma'am, please step aside.

ON Reza and Caroline, exchanging looks as they get out of the car to meet Frida, who is also watching this. As the agents pull away, Olivia just fucking breaks.

OLIVIA
You need to find out where he is!

PAUL
Come on, Olivia. You don't think I've tried everyone I know?

OLIVIA
You're an analyst. Your job is to find information. So find me some goddamn information on my son!!!

Olivia storms past Paul and into the house. We HOLD ON Reza and Caroline. Trading looks. Like Holy fuck. But Frida's attention is still locked on Paul Jordan.

INT./EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Frida knocks on the door. Tupperware container in hand. As Paul Jordan opens it --

FRIDA
I thought you both might be hungry.

Paul forces a smile, inviting her in --

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Frida scoops some couscous into a bowl at their dining table. Olivia just stares blankly. Then, as Paul begins eating--

OLIVIA
I don't know how you could eat at a time like this.

PAUL
Olivia, please.

OLIVIA
Our son could be in some third world jail, but god forbid you miss a meal.

PAUL
I'm surprised you even noticed with all the Xanax you've been popping.

FRIDA
(uncomfortable)
I should get going.

OLIVIA
No, don't leave, Frida. I will.

Olivia's anger is directed solely at Paul. As she walks past Frida, she squeezes her hand. But once she's gone, Paul launches out of his chair, embracing Frida. Burying his head in her shoulder.

PAUL
I'm scared.

FRIDA
I know.

As we realize Paul and Frida are much more than friends.

INT. CAROLINE ROGERS' APARTMENT - EVENING

Caroline enters to find her mother, STELLA, sleeping on the couch. Housewives of Orange County on the TV. Empty bottle of scotch on the coffee table. As Caroline regards her mother, a sadness betrays her. Finally, she covers her mother with a blanket.

INT. MOUSSAF HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Frida, dressed in her nightgown, turns down the lights in the kitchen, moving to the basement door.

FRIDA
Reza, you still down there?

Frida steps downstairs -- a faint light coming from the darkness below. As she gets closer, we reveal Reza laboriously typing into a laptop like his life depends on it.

REZA
Yup. Just finishing up my homework.

But as Frida turns the corner, we realize the light isn't coming from one computer screen. It's coming from nine of them! One screen has security footage of the blast. Another features a town square in Afghanistan. Another shows various chats, Facebook, twitter feeds from unrecognizable sources.

Frida steps closer to Reza, glancing at his computer. It's an email to a generic address. But the body reads: *Ibrahim, everything is going according to plan.*

FRIDA
Be sure to encrypt the email.

REZA
Already did.

Reza hits send. Frida smiles, kissing her son on the forehead. Proud. As we wonder what the hell is going on, one thing is very clear: Reza and Frida Moussaf are not who they say they are.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WELLER HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING

Dawn breaks over the horizon. Typical fall morning. What's not typical is Paul Jordan on their front lawn - lost in a trance as the sprinklers soak his pants and shoes. OFF this --

HELEN (V.O.)
Holden! You need to come here.

INT. WELLER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING

Helen eyes Paul in the front yard as Holden approaches. They exchanged concerned looks. Holden grabs his coat and exits.

EXT. WELLER HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Holden steps outside, immediately reaching behind the front hedges. Turns the sprinklers off. Paul finally looks up-

HOLDEN
Paul, you alright?

PAUL
(undeniably rocked)
I don't mean to bother you so early.

HOLDEN
It's no bother.

OFF Holden, gesturing for him to come inside, we PRE-LAP:

PAUL (V.O.)
I have the second highest clearance in the NSA but they won't tell me anything...

INT. WELLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Helen pours Paul a cup of coffee. Holden stands across from them at the island.

PAUL
(can't believe the words)
Until they can clear me of any association with my son. I didn't know who else to come to.

HOLDEN
I wish I could tell you something. But I haven't been on the inside of this for a long time.

Holden can feel Helen's eyes on him as he says this -- because she knows he's lying. To his good friend.

HELEN
How's Olivia holding up?

PAUL
She's not. She's a wreck and what's worse, I can't tell her anything resembling the truth. Because you and I both know that they couldn't hold Jake this long if they didn't have something solid on him.

HOLDEN
They're probably just being thorough. Too many eyes on this one to make a mistake.

But none of this comforts Paul.

PAUL
I keep going over every moment of his life in my head. Did I play with him enough? Monitor his internet the way I should?
(beginning to break)
Did I tell him I love him enough?

It's heartbreaking to watch.

HOLDEN
Paul, you can't do this to yourself.

PAUL
But what if it's true? I want to believe this isn't possible. But I don't know, I just work so much and... maybe I'm not around enough.
(then)
The truth is you probably know my kid better than I do.

Holden and Helen are crushed by Paul's confession. As they trade looks, Holden steps closer to Paul.

HOLDEN
Jake's a good kid, Paul. He cannot be capable of something like this.

Paul nods, locking eyes with Holden, both them wanting like hell to believe it. OFF this, we PRELAP:

FRIDA (V.O.)
It’s only a matter of time before Jake’s released.

INT. REZA MOUSSAF’S HOUSE - DAY

Reza paces in the kitchen. Slightly unglued though Frida tries to reassure him.

REZA
He was supposed to be out by now. Saabiq said...

FRIDA
You know these Americans with their bureaucracy. It will take them time to realize that Jake doesn’t know anything.

Reza considers this, then--

REZA
If he’s not out by tomorrow, we have to do something. We can’t move forward with the next step until Paul Jordan’s clearance is restored.

FRIDA
Paul will find a way to get Jake out. I can assure you.

REZA
What makes you so sure?

FRIDA
Because you’ve got your job to do, and I’ve got mine.

Frida exits, leaving Reza to wonder what she means.

INT. O’CONNELL - HALLWAY - DAY

Between classes. We FIND Laney making her way through the sea of students to her locker. Stops just short of it when she sees Caroline waiting there.

CAROLINE
(dramatic)
We need to talk.

LANEY
About what?

CAROLINE
Not here.

Caroline gestures for Laney to follow her, never considering for a moment that Laney won't.

INT. O'CONNELL - GIRLS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Caroline enters, Laney behind her. Caroline sizes Laney up. Could this be about Reza?

LANEY
(uncomfortable)
What do you want?

CAROLINE
I need you to teach me about Algeria.

Laney stifles a laugh. Not exactly what she was expecting.

LANEY
Why me?

CAROLINE
Didn't your dad, like, used to teach English in the Middle East or something? I mean, that's why he was gone all the time, right?

Laney flinches at Caroline's dig as we realize these two girls used to be friends. But that was a long time ago --

LANEY
Yeah, he did. But Algeria is in North Africa, Caroline. It's not in the Middle East.

CAROLINE
(she didn't)
Fine. I'll find someone else.

Caroline pushes past her for the door. Maybe it's seeing Caroline so vulnerable. Maybe it's self-preservation, but --

LANEY
Caroline, wait. I'll help you.

ON Caroline, smiling -- and determined to be educated about something for the first time in her life --

INT. O'CONNELL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Holden walks down the hall as Caroline exits the bathroom, Laney behind her. Caroline throws her head back to Laney-

CAROLINE
Tomorrow at 6. I have cheerleading until then.

Laney nods as Holden approaches, watching this--

HOLDEN
(re: Caroline)
What was that about?

LANEY
Don't ask. Weird day.
(then)
You coming to the vigil tonight?

HOLDEN
Yeah, I'm gonna meet you and mom there after practice.

Holden's phone starts ringing. He pulls it out - checks the caller ID: JERRY BANKS.

LANEY
You need to take that?

HOLDEN
(yes)
No.

Holden doesn't want to let his daughter see that he's getting pulled back in. But she's smarter than that.

LANEY
You're lying. And you don't have to...
(beat)
At least not to me.

Holden forces a smile, pulls Laney into him. But like any teenager, she pulls away first.

LANEY (CONT'D)
I've got to get to class.

HOLD ON Holden as he watches his daughter down the hall. But then, he finally picks up his ringing phone.

HOLDEN
What is it, Jerry?

BANKS (V.O.)
Holden, they are targeting kids at your school. And we've got proof. Nottoway Park. 15 minutes.

Holden's already moving for the door...

EXT. NOTTOWAY PARK - DAY

Banks waits on a bench as we FIND Holden crossing through the playground. Kids play on jungle gyms. Mothers watch nearby, gossiping with other moms. Holden sits down.

BANKS
We found a connection between Jake Jordan and Zoe Lautner. Numerous emails to both of them originating from a encrypted address. High levels of security. Last group of emails were sent two days before the bombing.
(off Holden's look)
But that's not even the interesting part.

HOLDEN
(knowing where he's going)
How long ago did they begin?

BANKS
Over four years ago. And you were right. Nothing in there about a jihadist agenda.

HOLDEN
What were the emails about?

BANKS
Jake's were about breaking through to the final level of World of Warcraft; Zoe's were of a romantic nature. Asking her out.

HOLDEN
So, we're looking for a kid?

BANKS
(yes)
Vera spoke to Zoe's parents. The mom thinks Zoe was seeing someone new, but she didn't know who. But she did say that the night before the bombing, she noticed a new cell phone in Zoe's room.
(MORE)

BANKS (CONT'D)
She meant to ask her daughter about it, but never got a chance to.

HOLDEN
So that’s how she got the trigger.

BANKS
It gets better. Vera spoke to Frank Parnell...

HOLDEN
The security guard at O’Connell?

BANKS
(yes)
Parnell says he saw Zoe making out with some kid the night of your opening game. He recognized her from her photo.

HOLDEN
Was he able to ID the kid she was with?

BANKS
He didn’t get a good look. It was dark. Only thing he did see is that the two of them sped off in a BLACK BMW with diplomatic plates. We’re running through all the security footage to see if we can get an ID on the boy or a make on the vehicle.

As Holden takes this in, Banks leans forward. Serious.

BANKS (CONT’D)
Holden, there’s something else you need to know. We traced the emails back to a server in Northwest DC.

HOLDEN
The server was traceable?
(doesn’t make sense)
Mahmood’s network is incredibly sophisticated. There’s no way he’d ever leave footprints behind.

BANKS
Unless he wanted to. We looked into the location. It was an apartment. No one living there of course. Rent paid in cash. Landlord never saw anyone entering or exiting...

HOLDEN
Was the apartment registered to someone?

BANKS
Yes. Holden, it was registered to you.

Holden's jaw is on the fucking floor.

EXT. THE MALL - DC

A crowded candlelight vigil. Downtown DC. Thousands of people. Standing there solemnly, each with a candle in hand. The National Monument hovers over the crowd in the b.g.

We PUSH through the crowd, landing on Helen, Laney and Silas. Helen looks at her watch, surreptitiously checking her phone. No calls. Where is Holden? Helen steps closer to Laney, trying to pretend like everything's OK. OFF this --

EXT. NOTTOWAY PARK - DAY

Holden sits on the bench, undeniably rocked.

HOLDEN
If Zoe didn't know she was carrying something, it's likely Jake didn't know either.

BANKS
Except for two things -- Jake survived. Zoe didn't.

HOLDEN
And the second?

BANKS
Follow me.

Holden follows Banks over to the parking lot, where Vera is pulling in to meet them. And there's someone in the back seat of her car: Amir Fassad.

Vera parks the car, gets out. Holden's eyes are still locked on Amir. Without saying a word, Holden gets into the car.

INT. VERA'S CAR - EVENING

Holden sits down next to Amir. Amir is clearly uncomfortable.

AMIR
I didn't know you were with the CIA.

HOLDEN
I'm not.

Amir nods, understanding what Holden is saying.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell me why we're here, Amir?

Amir steadies his hands. Takes in measured breaths. Then --

AMIR
About a month ago, Hinda and I were at our mosque.
(beat, letting it land)
We saw Jake Jordan there.

This drops like a brick on Holden. Not what he was expecting.

HOLDEN
Doing what?

AMIR
Praying.

Holy fucking shit.

HOLDEN
Did he see you?

AMIR
Yes. I approached him. He said he was there with a friend but it was very clear to me he was alone. And it was also very clear that he was startled to see me.

HOLDEN
He ever come back after that?

AMIR
No. Just the one time. Honestly, I had forgotten about it... until now.

Amir shakes his head. Guilt and worry in his eyes.

AMIR (CONT'D)
I feel like I've betrayed him.

HOLDEN
Who? Jake? Amir, you had to come forward with this.

AMIR
I don't know. What if he's innocent?
(beat)
Every time I get on a plane or take a trip with my family, I'm profiled. Because I wear a beard. Because of the color of my skin. Because I'm from Tehran. Extra security. Searches. Harassment.
(beat)
I've just done the same thing to Jake Jordan.

HOLDEN
(a beat)
Unless he's a terrorist.

HOLD on Amir, considering this --

EXT. THE MALL - NIGHT

The vigil is winding down. People have started to peel away towards Constitution Avenue. Helen looks at her watch again, and then turns to Laney. But Laney's talking to a boy (whom we recognize as Mark). Laney feels Helen's eyes on them. Grabs Mark's hand and walks over.

LANEY
Mom, this is Mark.

Mark extends his hand. Very polite. It's clear he's nervous to meet Helen. Helen shakes it, smiles.

MARK
Nice to meet you, ma'am.

HELEN
Ma'am? That's refreshing. How is it that we've never met? Do you go to Yorktown?

Laney and Mark exchange nervous looks as they all start walking together towards Constitution Avenue. But fuck it --

LANEY
Mark goes to Georgetown.

MARK
I'm a freshman there.

HELEN
(oh now I know why I haven't met you)
(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)
Georgetown, huh? Impressive.
And how did you two meet?

LANEY
The Public library in Vienna.
Mark’s parents live there.

MARK
Speaking of my folks, I need to get back to them. It was nice meeting you, Ms. Weller.

HELEN
Likewise.

Mark turns towards his car. Waves. Gets in. Pulls away. As we notice what Helen and Laney don’t -- his car is a Black BMW with diplomatic plates. Mark is the same kid that was making out with Zoe Lautner under the bleachers... and the kid who likely armed her with the trigger to that bomb.

HELEN (CONT’D)
So, Georgetown, huh?

LANEY
I’ve been trying to tell you for weeks.

HELEN
I’m not the one you should be worried about...

LANEY
I know.
(beat, then)
Mom - Dad’s gonna go back to work.

HELEN
We don’t know that.

LANEY
Yes we do. Because we both know he has to.

Helen shakes her head as she considers this -- because deep down, she knows her daughter is right.

INT. CIA VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Holden eyes Jake as Banks and Vera enter the room. Clocking the look in Holden’s eyes. Part determination. Part betrayal. As Vera hands Holden an envelope --

HOLDEN
Jerry, take his cuffs off.

Banks nods to a GUARD, who enters the room. As Banks walks over to the window, supervising:

VERA
You don't have to do it this way.

But Holden doesn't respond. Undeterred by her warning. The moment the Guard's out of the room, Holden moves for the door. Game the fuck on.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Holden explodes into the room. Scaring the shit out of Jake. Jake backs up from his chair, tripping onto the floor.

JAKE
Coach Weller, what the--

Holden charges at Jake, pinning him up against the wall.

HOLDEN
You lied to me, Jake.

JAKE
(fear of god in his eyes)
No. I didn't. I wouldn't.

HOLDEN
You said you didn't have any Islamic ties.

JAKE
What? I don't.

HOLDEN
When did the Mahmoods first reach out to you? Was it through World of Warcraft?

JAKE
(openly crying)
They didn't. I swear.

HOLDEN
Or was it through the mosque?

JAKE
Mosque? I've never been to a mosque in my life. I'm Catholic.

Jake's response is so convincing that we're not sure who's really lying here -- Jake or Amir.

HOLDEN
Jake, there were a series of robberies last year at the mosque you went to. They had security cameras installed. They caught you on tape.

Jake's face falls. If he wasn't terrified before, he is now.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

As Vera and Banks watch.

VERA
I didn't know the mosque has security cameras installed.

BANKS
They didn't.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jake slides down the wall onto the floor. Crying. Shaken.

Holden grabs the envelope that Vera handed to him. Starts pulling out 8X10 PHOTOS. Casualties of the bombing. People caught in the wreckage. People killed by it.

Holden tosses the photos at Jake. One by one. As Jake picks one up. A corpse on a gurney. Blood everywhere.

JAKE
Why are you doing this to me? You're not supposed to act this way! You're my Coach.

But Holden's undeterred by this.

HOLDEN
I wanted to show you your handiwork.

Two more photos. Two more dead bodies.

JAKE
(turning away)
Stop. Please stop.

HOLDEN
I'll stop when you start telling me the truth.

JAKE
I am telling the truth.

Holden shoves one of the photos in Jake's face.

HOLDEN
Look at her, Jake. Her name is Grace Selner. Her head was split open by a piece of concrete. She'll never get to see her seventh birthday. Because of you.

As Jake stares at the very graphic photo, the color drains from his face. He can't take it and he just HURLS. All over Holden's shoes. Completely undone. Holden keeps on pressing--

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Why'd you go to the mosque, Jake?
(not fucking around)
Was it to meet someone? Was it to pick up the bomb?

JAKE
I told you. I didn't have anything to do with that bombing.

HOLDEN
Then why did you go there? Who were you meeting? What were you looking for?

Jake slowly looks up to Holden.

JAKE
Faith.

Holden is caught off guard by this.

HOLDEN
Faith? Faith in what?

JAKE
In something. In anything. My life is shit, okay? I don't belong to anything. Or anyone.

The kid is breaking -- and everything about it is genuine.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

VERA
Oh my god.

Banks watches silently as Vera puts her hand up to her mouth.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Back with Holden and Jake.

HOLDEN
That's bullshit. You're part of the team, hell you're the leader of it.

JAKE
I'm second string. That's the way people will always see me. That's the way I'll always see myself.

Holden is incredulous. Never saw this coming.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I look at Mr. Fassad up in his class and the way he talks about Allah and I don't know, I just wanted to believe in something that much... I thought if I had faith...

HOLDEN
How about the bombing? Were you showing your faith then?

JAKE
No. I had nothing to do with that. <u>You</u> should know better than anyone that I couldn't do that...

HOLDEN
I never thought you'd be going to a mosque either.

JAKE
I'm sorry I lied about the mosque. I just knew what they would think. That I was some crazy extremist but the only reason I went there was to pray, so that my life would change.

HOLDEN
And did it?

JAKE
No. I still lost the game.

Jake begins to sob. Holden slides down the wall beside him, takes Jake in his arms -- as lost as the kid beside him.

<u>END OF ACT THREE</u>

ACT FOUR

INT. BANKS' OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Banks enters to find Holden sitting on a chair opposite Banks' desk, head in his hands.

BANKS
Kester's already had you reinstated. Full security clearance. All the trimmings.

Holden looks up as Banks sets down a GUN, an ID BADGE, and a SECURE CELL PHONE on the desk. Holden stares at them like a ghost from the past. As Banks comes around-

BANKS (CONT'D)
You'll resume your job at the high school, operating under deep cover, reporting either directly to me or to Vera... all the while conducting your life like everything is the same.

Holden nods, but knows that everything's already changed.

HOLDEN
We're going to need a full surveillance package on Jake Jordan.

BANKS
One step ahead of you.

A long beat.

HOLDEN
You know Mahmood would never have set this plan into motion unless he'd *already* targeted hundreds of potential disciples.

BANKS
Exactly. Each of them a terrorist. And you're gonna bring them down one by one.

Holden nods, attention locked on the items on the desk. Like he still can't bring himself to pick them up-

HOLDEN
I don't know how I'm going to sell this to Helen without telling her the truth about the Mahmoods.

BANKS
If we could tell our spouses *everything*, they wouldn't call it clandestine service.

HOLDEN
This is different and you know it.

Banks nods, knowing Holden's right. Holden picks up the staples of his past (gun, cell, ID), finally accepting his fate. As he turns to leave --

BANKS
Holden-
(then, reassuring)
That son-of-a-bitch picked the wrong mark this time.

Holden nods, needing to believe that Banks is right. Then, he walks out.

INT. WELLER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Holden enters, reticent. Quiet. But before he can even close the door, he HEARS:

HELEN (O.S.)
Just say it.

Holden turns to see Helen waiting at the kitchen table. She clearly hasn't slept. Lukewarm coffee in front of her.

HOLDEN
I'm going back.

Tears fall from Helen's eyes. As much as she knew this might happen -- she's unprepared. Holden kneels down to her.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
I don't have a choice. Because the Mahmoods are coming after us.

Helen stands up. Shakes her head. She doesn't believe him.

HELEN
(you are crazy)
Why Holden? Why would they be coming after us?

HOLDEN
I targeted his family. He's targeting mine.

HELEN
Do you know how ridiculous that sounds?

Holden shakes his head -- he's weighing something and it's important. But Helen can't take being left in the dark --

HELEN (CONT'D)
This fucking code of silence makes me want to kill you.

HOLDEN
The day of the bombing was the 18 year anniversary of Aarif Mahmood's death.

HELEN
So? That only explains why they'd be targeting America, not why they'd be targeting you.

HOLDEN
(erupting)
I was the one that killed him. It was an accident. I pushed him too hard too fast in the middle of an interrogation.

This drops like a bomb on Helen.

HELEN
(realizing the implications)
No. No. American forces killed Aarif in the red zone.

HOLDEN
I killed him, Helen, and the CIA covered it up.
(off her horror)
Banks thinks Ibrahim found out somehow.
(beat)
Just because I walk away doesn't mean that he will.

Helen puts her hand over her mouth. Can't believe this.

HELEN
You can't ask this of me. It's not fair.

Holden tries to comfort her, but she pushes him away.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I can't stand by and watch you lose yourself again.

HOLDEN
I won't.

HELEN
Why should I believe you?

HOLDEN
Because you believe in the man I am, not the man I was.

A beat as Helen consider this.

HELEN
(you don't get it)
If you're really going to catch Ibrahim Mahmood, I've got to believe in both.

Helen walks out of the room, leaving Holden alone. OFF Holden, gut-punched, we PRELAP:

BANKS (V.O.)
Fellow citizens, less than a week ago, our freedom was threatened by a deadly and cowardly terrorist attack.

INT. CIA PRESS ROOM - DAY

Banks stands in front of a room filled with JOURNALISTS as he reads from a statement. As the flashbulbs go off --

BANKS
Make no mistake about it, this attack was meant to frighten us and strike at the heart of what defines this great nation: our families.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Holden, back at work, running drills with his players.

BANKS (V.O.)
But we will not retreat in the face of this evil. We will fight.

As the players hit each other with a savage ferocity, Holden examines each of them with different eyes -- wondering who could be Mahmood's next mark.

INT. CIA COMMAND POST - EVENING

Vera sits with a TECH in front of monitor. ON THE SCREEN is security footage of O'Connell parking lot. Cars entering and exiting. As the tech fast forwards, Vera notices something:

VERA
Wait. Back that up.

The tech follows her instructions, then pauses it. ON THE SCREEN is the black BMW.

VERA (CONT'D)
Can you enhance that?

As the Tech ZEROES IN on the license plate, part of it is obscured.

BANKS (V.O.)
We will hunt them down and seek justice against those who have trespassed against us.

VERA
ZWH-1 -- Run the partial against every car registered in the DC, Virginia and Maryland ares.

OFF Vera, galvanized by their first lead --

INT. WELLER HOUSE - EVENING

Laney, Holden and Helen eat together, laughing...

BANKS (V.O.)
We are stronger than they think.

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake eats dinner with Paul and Olivia. Though Olivia is put back together: designer duds, botox and all, there's a humility to her -- the kind that comes to you when something you love has been taken away from you. Olivia kisses Jake on the forehead. Forces a smile at Paul.

BANKS (V.O.)
Capable of far more than they could ever imagine.

A KNOCK at the door. All of them startled by it, though doing their damndest to pretend everything's normal.

PAUL
I'll get it.

EXT. JORDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul opens the door to see Holden standing there.

PAUL
Holden.

Paul extends his hand. Holden shakes it.

HOLDEN
Jake make it home safe and sound?
(off his smile)
Can I talk to him?

Paul nods, disappears inside. A moment later, Jake appears. Surprised to see Holden there. He shuts the door behind him.

JAKE
Coach Weller.

HOLDEN
Came to check on you.

JAKE
I'm better. Happy to be home.

Silence hangs between them, then:

HOLDEN
You didn't tell your dad about our talk.

JAKE
You didn't tell him about the mosque.

Both of them changed, but united by their secrets.

HOLDEN
I've been thinking a lot about what you said. About not enough people believing in something. I wanted you to know I believe in you. So do the guys on the team.

JAKE
Thanks.

HOLDEN
Faith is a powerful thing, Jake, but there's nothing more dangerous than when it's misguided.
(MORE)

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
Next time you go looking for it, if you're searching past yourself, you're looking in the wrong place.

Jake nods, Holden's words clearly landing on him as we pick back up on Banks' speech:

BANKS (V.O.)
As the words of Psalm 23 command and strengthen us:

INT. JORDAN HOUSE - JAKE'S BEDROOM - TIMECUT - NIGHT

Jake lays on his bed. Staring at the football under his arm. Contemplative. He runs his fingers over the stitching of the ball. As if he's weighing something.

BANKS (V.O.)
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...

Then, he reaches into his bedside table and pulls out a pocket knife. Slowly slices open the stitching on the ball. What is he doing? Shame fills Jake's eyes as he reaches in and pulls out a cell phone. Holy shit.

Jake stares at the phone, tears building in his eyes as he sends a text: *Just got out.*

BANKS (V.O.)
... I fear no evil, for You are with me.

And then Jake types: *What do you want me to do next?*

BANKS (V.O.)
Because this is just the beginning.

As we PUSH IN on Jake, still looking for faith... then SMASH TO BLACK.