TYRANT

Pilot Episode

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DARKNESS. WE HEAR CHAOS: DISTANT GUNFIRE: ARABIC SHOUTS: THEN **FIVE GUNSHOTS: BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!** SMASH CUT TO --

INT. AL-FAHED RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

BARRY: CLOSE: he's 40, beaded with sweat, wide awake in his bed, lying motionless on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

His wife, **MOLLY**, sleeps peacefully by his side with one arm laying across him affectionately. Barry, finally having had enough of being awake, sighs, gently sets her arm aside, and reaches over to the end table and grabs his GLASSES -- as he does so, we notice a SCAR on his hand. He sits up on the side of the bed, puts the glasses on and checks the time - **4:32** -- and reaches for A WEDDING INVITATION on the bedside table.

ON THE WEDDING INVITATION

It's decorated in gold and green. Tacky but expensive. Those of us who can't read the elaborate ARABIC cursive on one side of the invitation can read the ENGLISH on the mirror side: "The Honorable General Jamal Al-Fahed requests your presence at the wedding of his son, Major Ahmed..."

ON BARRY

As he sighs at the infernal invitation and gets out of bed.

INT. AL-FAHED RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barry, now dressed for a jog, quietly closes the bedroom door behind him. He holds running shoes in his hands.

He walks past a door with a POSTER OF NICKI MINAJ on it, and a homemade stenciled-spray-painted sign that reads: A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN IS LIKE A FISH WITHOUT A BICYCLE. He smiles.

He cracks the door slightly and peeks in and sees:

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Books everywhere. A poster of LADY GAGA and under it, on the bed, **EMMA, 17, zaftig but cute,** wrapped in a blanket, asleep. A copy of "VAGINA" by Naomi Wolf on her pillow, her hipster glasses half off her face. Barry walks over, gently takes off her glasses, sets the book aside, covers her; takes a moment to look at her with appreciation for her willful spirit --

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Barry quietly shuts the door: and walks over to a door on the other side. He opens the door and looks in and sees --

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A total jock's room. Posters of athletes, and evidence of an athletic life strewn everywhere. A single sized bed against the wall. On it, **SAMMY, 15, handsome, well-built, with his father's olive skin,** sleeps naked under the sheets. Barry walks to the bed and squats down close to Sammy's face.

BARRY
Sammy. Wanna go for a run?

Sammy opens his eyes: like his Mom's: blue. A heartbreaker.

SAMMY
...huh?

BARRY
I'm going out for a run. Wondered if maybe you wanted to come with.

SAMMY
...what TIME is it?

BARRY
A little after five.

SAMMY
Are you crazy?

Sammy turns onto his other side. OFF BARRY: AH WELL.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barry sits on a chair and finishes lacing up his sneakers. He gets up to leave and as he does he magnets the INVITATION to the fridge. He stares at it balefully, as if it's trapping him, crushing him, and WE PUSH IN ON BARRY -- SMASH CUT TO --

EXT. ASIMA STREET - DAY [FLASHBACK, 1979]

A brown Mercedes Benz parked at the entrance to a three story building. Two military jeeps park on either side of it. It's a convoy. SIX ARMED GUARDS stand by the vehicles.

Across the street TWO MEN are busy painting a 50 foot portrait of President Hassan Al-Fahed on the entire side of a building. They've completed his strong featured face, his wise narrow eyes, his mustache -- his hair is JET BLACK.

SUPER: ASIMA, 1979.

INT. EYE DOCTOR CLINIC, ASIMA - DAY [FLASHBACK]

BASSAM (11) is slightly chubby, nerdy, squints out the 3rd floor window. SUPER: ASIMA, 1979. Then, we see what he sees --

HIS POV

Across the street TWO MEN are are busy painting a 50 foot portrait of President Hassan Al-Fahed on the entire side of a building. Bassam's slightly blurred vision resolves the image: the men have completed the leader's strong-featured face, wide narrow eyes, mustache - and JET BLACK hair.

ON BASSAM as he looks up at his father, **HASSAN AL-FAHED**, 40, who is also looking out the window, studying his portrait. He's handsome enough, but that portrait across the street is clearly a glamour shot. He turns to the mirror and looks -- his hair is GREY.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Second row from the bottom.

Hassan turns to see what's going on which brings us into -- A WIDE ANGLE revealing we are in an optometrist's office. The doctor covers the eye of Bassam's older brother, **JAMAL** (13), who wears a military uniform; in contrast to Bassam, he is athletic, confident.

JAMAL
Nine, three, two, five, six.

DOCTOR
Great. Now the bottom...?

JAMAL
Three, one, nine, eight, seven.

HASSAN
Perfect.

DOCTOR
(after a smile at Jamal)
And now Bassam...

As Jamal takes a lollipop from a jar, Bassam ambles toward the doctor. Sits before the chart. The doctor covers Bassam's left eye.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Top row.

Bassam's POV: every single number is blurry. EVERYTHING.

ON BASSAM: squinting. Really, he's just guessing.

BASSAM
Three?

Hassan stares at the chart with scorn. It's the wrong number.

HASSAN
Five.

BASSAM
Sorry.

Hassan sighs in disappointment. Bassam starts to tear up.

DOCTOR
That's fine. Take your time.

HASSAN
Sit up straight.

Bassam straightens up. He wipes a tear from his eye. He stares at the chart. The doctor points at a number.

BASSAM
Eight...?

Hassan sighs again. OFF BASSAM: <u>SCARED AND ASHAMED</u>.

INT. EYE DOCTOR CLINIC, WAITING ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

The door opens. Hassan leads the way, followed by Jamal, sucking a lollipop. Bassam is next, wearing thick glasses, eyes red from crying, and the Doctor follows them out.

DOCTOR
Bassam! You forgot yours!

The doctor plucks a red lollipop from a bowl. Bassam smiles, runs back and retrieves it, hurries back to Hassan's side.

HASSAN
You think you deserve a reward?

Bassam looks up at his father -- and then slowly shakes his head. He hands the lollipop to Jamal who takes it willingly, and gives Bassam a cruel teasing smile. OFF BASSAM: SAD/MAD.

EXT. ASIMA STREET - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Hassan, the boys and the bodyguards exit toward the brown Mercedes Benz parked out front, a pair of military jeeps parked on either side of it. A column of ARMED SOLDIERS stand by the vehicles, keeping the gathering crowd at a distance.

Hassan waves and smiles at the curious crowd gathered. Jamal imitates his father and waves as well. The crowd cheers. Bassam seems a little ill at ease with the attention. He tries the tiniest wave, not even lifting his arm above his waist; walks on.

A 35-year-old SHIITE with a beard and no mustache jumps out of the crowd, runs towards Hassan -- the guards yell --

GUARDS
STOP! STOP HIM!

-- but he raises his hand which we now see, is attached to a WIRE. The bodyguards scramble for their weapons --

GUARDS (CONT'D)
STOP HIM!

SHIITE
Death to the tyrant!

He presses the button -- **EXPLOSION.** Blinding light. Falling clouds of debris -- blood in the air -- dust. Then SILENCE. Then: CRIES OF AGONY: and we gradually FADE IN ON --

SHATTERED GLASS AND DEBRIS everywhere. Body parts. Mayhem. All of it slightly slow, as if happening in a dream...

Bassam lies on the ground. HIS NEW GLASSES: a few feet away. He drags himself towards them. The ringing in his ear muffles the screams. AN OFFICIAL CAR in his POV FLAMES AND EXPLODES.

With pained effort, he reaches for the glasses; puts them on; and the scene now resolves into full volume and speed.

Bassam's POV: the wounded lay on the ground, CRYING for help. People shouting and running. Fire. He turns and looks at -

BASSAM'S POV

Hassan is wrapped around Jamal, shielding him from attack. He then looks down at his hand, it's covered in blood; there's a deep, painful cut -- MUSCLE visible through the torn skin. OFF BASSAM: LOOKING DOWN AT HIS INJURED HAND. SMASH TO --

INT. ORLANDO OPTOMETRY- DAY

A SCARRED HAND reaches into a lollipop jar and grabs a lollipop. REVEAL THAT IT'S BARRY'S HAND as he hands it to a **YOUNG KID** in his clinic. The kid's **MOM** stands behind him.

MOM
Thank Dr. Barry for the candy.

KID
Thank you, Dr. Barry.

BARRY
My pleasure.

The MOM nervously clutches her handbag with both hands.

MOM
Dr. Barry... I feel awful asking...
but if just this one time...

BARRY
It's fine.

MOLLY, AT THE DESK, clocks this with FOND IMPATIENCE.

MOM
With the divorce and all --

BARRY
It's fine, I understand...

Barry leads her toward the front door as Molly rises.

BARRY (CONT'D)
...just take good care of Chris,
Mrs. Russell, and we're even.

MOLLY
Or pay half now and half later?

The Mom looks to Barry for help: gets just a polite smile. He feels her pain but he's not going to argue with Molly.

MOM
(defeated a bit)
Yeah. That's probably better.

She walks back to the counter and takes out her checkbook.

MOM (CONT'D)
(to Molly)
Sorry for asking.

Barry looks over the Mom's shoulder at Molly as the Mom writes the check. Molly's look: "This is right." OFF BARRY.

EXT. ORLANDO OPTOMETRY - CONTINUOUS

Barry waves from the door, smiles to the Mom and Kid as they leave. We see now that this office is in a strip mall between a Kinko's and a Subway.

INT. ORLANDO OPTOMETRY - CONTINUOUS

Barry walks back in and goes to the reception window, where Molly is tidying things up as if she's about to leave.

BARRY
Why did you do that?

MOLLY
Barry. You're a good man --

BARRY
-- she doesn't have the money --

MOLLY
-- neither do we.

She stands up, grabs ONE FILE, and heads toward the back.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
If you weren't such a soft touch -- which is part of why I love you, you know that -- we'd be paying for this expansion in cash instead of begging the bank for a construction loan.

Barry watches with appreciation as Molly grabs her jacket --

MOLLY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
There's room in the world for you, too, Barry. Not just everyone else.

-- and steps out into the waiting room and passes him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Ready to go...?

OFF BARRY: as he follows her out. He loves her.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Establishing.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK CUBICLE - DAY

Barry and Molly sit expectantly opposite a **BANKER,** who has the loan application documents laid out before him. A FAKE PALM TREE looms over the little room from the back corner.

BANKER
So your loan application looks like it's all in order, thanks for that.

BARRY
(re: Molly)
She's a pro.

The BANKER closes the file and gets CIRCUMSPECT.

BANKER
But in all likelihood, we're probably not going to be able to help you. Just being honest, based on what I'm seeing here.

BARRY
It's a realistic business plan.

BANKER
I'm sure it is, but...
(after a beat)
There's no way you could have SOMEONE co-sign, someone with some assets -- friends, or family --

BARRY
No.

Molly gives Barry a quick look.

BANKER
Because that would help...

BARRY
There's no one like that in our lives. Sorry. There's just not.

BANKER
Then I'm afraid submitting this to the credit committee is a waste of time.

BEAT. Barry accepts this, grimaces fatefully, rises --

BARRY
Alright then. Thanks for your help.

-- but Molly stops him.

MOLLY
Wait.

Molly turns back to the Banker.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
We're booked up solid every day. We can meet those numbers, we can.

BANKER
I'm sure you can, Mrs. Al-Fahed. But I'm not the one who decides. And the economy, as you know, is not what it was. I'm sorry.

MOLLY
Just submit the application. If you would. We'll take our chances with the committee.

The Banker adopts an official smile, a patient tone --

BANKER
Okay. We'll be in touch.

MOLLY
Thank you.

Molly exits past Barry. The Banker gives Barry a smile that's PITYING and heads off the other way. OFF BARRY: UNMANNED.

EXT. AL-FAHED HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

EMMA (O.S.)
Listen to this...

INT. AL-FAHED RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sammy is eating cold pizza from a take-out box as Emma reads from an iPad, horrified.

EMMA
...they blew up grandpa's limo last year. Twice!

SAMMY
Yeah, they blew up the limo but they didn't blow up Grandpa. The backseat of that thing is, like, armor-clad. We'll be fine.
(after a bite)
We're like royalty there, Emma. You're like a fat Kate Middleton.

EMMA
Which makes you what... a gay Prince Harry?

SAMMY
How do you know he isn't gay? He seems totally closeted to me.

EMMA
You do realize they hang gays, right? And not hang out WITH. HANG.

They hear the front door open. Sammy lowers his voice.

SAMMY
If you can keep your mouth shut for once, I should be fine.

Sammy gets up, washes his hands, as Molly enters, frowning.

MOLLY
I asked you to wait for your father and me. We brought in Chinese.

SAMMY
I have homework.

EMMA
Do I really have to go?

SAMMY
She's been doing this all night. Tell her for once in her life, she won't be the fattest girl at the wedding.

MOLLY
Sammy, don't talk like that.

SAMMY
I'm just saying, this is your moment, Em! Seize that shit!

Sammy exits, passing Barry as he enters, bearing Chinese.

BARRY
I thought we were having a family dinner. Where are you going?

SAMMY
Homework.

EMMA
(to Molly)
Don't take my word for it, read what Dad's friend's been writing.

She slides the iPad toward Molly as Barry sets the bags down.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I can't believe we're CHOOSING to go to number THREE on Amnesty International's list of top human rights offenders --

Emma heads for the hallway.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'm not going.

MOLLY
You're going.

EMMA
-- AND THIS HOUSE IS NUMBER FOUR!

Emma exits, stranding her parents.

MOLLY
I guess it's just us.

Ever the pragmatist, Molly sets the table for two. Barry looks at the iPad -- a photo of violence in the street under the headline: "WEDDING IGNITES VIOLENT PROTESTS."

BARRY
Fauzi's really going after my family for this wedding.

MOLLY
Did he call you back?

BARRY
Not yet. I left a message. Maybe he doesn't want to hear from me.

MOLLY
He's your friend. Try again.

Barry purses his lower lip a bit: OK. He'll do it.

INT. AL-FAHED HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Molly stands in front of a mirror, trying out a BLACK EVENING DRESS as Barry half-enters from the master bath in BOXERS.

MOLLY
What do you think? This is the only thing I have in my closet that looks even remotely good on me.

Barry stands in the bathroom doorway and looks at her.

BARRY
It's sleeveless.

MOLLY
I know, it's scandalous -- but what if I accessorize it thusly?

She grabs a scarf and ties it around her head, over her face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
...this help?

BARRY
Yeah. Now it's perfect.

She tosses the scarf aside.

MOLLY
I want to look good for your family.

BARRY
YOU'RE my family. You and the kids.
(after a beat)
Maybe Emma's right. Maybe we shouldn't go.

She pulls off the dress; now she's in a bra and panties.

MOLLY
Barry...

BARRY
We've been trying to expand the store for years, and the credit committee may want to talk to us. How would it look if they know we're spending money we don't have?

MOLLY
If you wanted to save money, you could have saved us what we blew on those plane tickets.

BARRY
I don't want his private jet --

MOLLY
Sammy would have enjoyed it.

BARRY
All the more reason.

MOLLY
Honey. In all the years we've been together, your father has never asked you to visit. Not once.

BARRY
Because he knows what the answer will be. And it's the right answer.

MOLLY
Neither of you are getting any younger. This could be the last time you see him. Have you thought about that?

She sits on the bed and pats the spot next to her. He smiles a little, required to join her; so he sits beside her. BEAT.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
It's not just your Dad who's asking; it's your whole family. I know you LOVE to live like you hatched from some sort of space egg, totally on your own, but these people are your family. That matters. We're going.

Barry gives Molly a look. He's about to say they're not. But her look back tells him, with love: that's not an option.

BARRY
(after a beat, quieter)
Just promise me we'll come home.

MOLLY
Why wouldn't we come home? Crazy.

BARRY
Just promise.

MOLLY
I promise.

She kisses him. It starts as a sweet consolation, but turns into something sexual as his hand goes to her breast -- and then between her legs. And then she pulls away --

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Get us some wine and let me get ready for bed and then -- we'll finish that.

She kisses him quickly, rises, and heads for the bathroom. OFF BARRY: smiling a bit at this pre-sex tradition of theirs.

INT. AL-FAHED RESIDENCE, KITCHEN

Barry pours WINE into a pair of GLASSES, picks up his CELL.

INT. MA'AN, FAUZI'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON **FAUZI NADAL, 40, wearing a galabiya (Muslim garb),** staring out a window with **AMJAD NADAL, 17, his handsome son.**

FAUZI
They're bringing elephants.

AMJAD
Hmm...?

FAUZI
From India. For Ahmed's wedding. Fucking elephants...

Fauzi's POV: A war torn city. **TEENAGERS** in ski masks drag two tires to the middle of the main road and set them on fire.

FAUZI (O.C.) (CONT'D)
...while the people go hungry.

BACK ON THIS ACTIVIST FATHER AND SON

AMJAD
You should write about that, father.

FAUZI
I'm going to.

Fauzi, in no hurry, grabs a camera and takes some snapshots.

FAUZI (CONT'D)
I'm going to write about all of it.

A cellphone VIBRATES on a table in a plain apartment. The TV sits on old phone books. Amjad goes to it.

AMJAD
It's him again. Bassam.

Father and son exchange a look. It looks as if Amjad wishes his father would accept this overture -- but Fauzi won't.

FAUZI
No.

Fauzi turns and looks out the window at the streets of Ma'an.

OFF FAUZI: as the phone keeps ringing and he looks mournfully out at his struggling country. It finally stops and BEEPS.

INT. AL-FAHED RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barry, having gotten no answer, leaves a message --

BARRY
Fauzi, it's me again. I hope you got my messages. I just wanted you to know... we're coming tomorrow. So call me when you get this.

-- and hangs up and stares at THE INVITATION ON THE FRIDGE. OFF BARRY: LOOKING AT IT. HE TAKES A DRINK. SIGHS. **FUCK**.

EXT. ORLANDO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Barry, Molly, Sammy and Emma rush with their LUGGAGE.

SAMMY
I told you not to take the 436, Dad! You're SO special needs!

MOLLY
Don't talk to your father that way, Sammy. The construction on the 528 would have been just as bad --

SAMMY
Can we just run?

Sammy leads the family's mad dash into the terminal.

INT. ORLANDO AIRPORT, SECURITY - DAY

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SECURITY LINES

Molly's next to Sammy and Emma, waiting impatiently for --

BARRY

With his hands in the air, getting frisked vigorously by a big CUSTOMS OFFICER who eyes him suspiciously.

Finally, Barry's let through! He grabs his suitcase, joins his family with a SMILE that says "We all know I have to go through this when we fly" -- and they all HAUL ASS --

INT. ORLANDO AIRPORT, GATE - DAY

The Al-Faheds reach the gate, breathless. The gate is EMPTY.

SAMMY
We missed it! Fuck!
(to Barry)
I told you to drive faster.

MOLLY
Sammy, that's enough!
(to Barry)
I'm sure there's another flight.

EMMA
Or maybe it's a sign that we should just stay home.

MOLLY
We're all going --

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
Mr. Al-Fahed?

-- they turn to see a **BEAUTIFUL ARAB STEWARDESS** standing next to them, wearing a green suit and a head scarf.

BARRY
Uhh, yeah?

STEWARDESS
My name is Hira. It's an honor to meet you. Are you ready to board?

MOLLY
The plane's still here?

SAMMY
Yes, thank God, the plane's here!

BARRY
I don't understand, where are all the other passengers?

HIRA
You're the only passengers. Your family bought the other tickets.

BARRY
All of them...?

OFF BARRY: already caught too tightly in his father's web.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Sammy is the first to enter the empty plane -- LOVING IT!

SAMMY
THIS is what I'm talking about!

He drops his stuff on a wide, leather first class seat. Molly and Emma enter and are equally impressed. But Barry walks past the first class cabin, reading his plane ticket...

EMMA
Dad...?

MOLLY
Barry, where are you going?

BARRY
18-C...

He finds his middle seat in the economy class and sits. The family all walks back to find him sitting there.

SAMMY
Dad, stop being retarded.

MOLLY
Come sit with us.

BARRY
This is the ticket I bought. This is where I am going to sit.

Molly gives Barry a look and she and the kids go back up to first class. OFF BARRY: standing his ground in economy.

INT. PLAIN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

...LOUD CRY.

A GIRL WEARING A FULL BURQA stands in the middle of a large bedroom. She looks up to the ceiling.

Four armed scary looking **GOONS** stand against the walls watching her. They're huge, pumped on steroids.

At first it looks like some kind of weird religious ritual, but suddenly... She is lifted from the ground and we see that someone is under the burqa with her.

Then someone throws her on the bed and pulls up her burqa revealing long bronzed, fit legs. He lifts them and shoves his head further in, eating her out. More CRIES.

JAMAL AL-FAHED, 42, comes up for air, his face wet. He climbs up her, pulling her burqa further up revealing her breasts -- squeezes them hard, she YELLS, her face still veiled. Her body is small and looks troublingly young.

He pulls his shirt off and pants down; he has a tight body and a strong, handsome face -- an Arab stallion. In an instant he's inside her. He pumps hard. Too hard. The bed CREAKS and the GIRL CRIES.

An ANALOG CLOCK crashes from the end table to the floor. He glances over her shoulder down at it and -

JAMAL
Fuck! I'm late. Fuck!

He pumps a few more times, quickly, and comes -- we stay on his face as he does so -- it's a mean look; more like relief than pleasure. He pulls out, pulls his pants up, looking down at her laying there, crying; he smiles a little --

INT. PLAIN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jamal walks into the shabby room. Throws a few bills toward the **THREE YOUNG CHILDREN** huddled on dirty mattresses on the floor. They look at him, terrified, as he leaves.

The eldest SON picks up a bill, which bears an engraved portrait of HASSAN striking an heroic pose. He looks from the bill toward the bedroom, where he hears his mother crying.

EXT. SLUMS - DAY

A CURIOUS CROWD OF TRADITIONALLY DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN watch as Jamal exits the building, looks at the crowd and waves. They don't wave back. They stare with fearful, hateful eyes as he gets into his FERRARI SUV, so obviously out of place in this rotten neighborhood.

IN THE BACK OF THE CROWD

HAMID, 28, the woman's husband, eyes Jamal, his anger visible through his tears. Beside him stands Fauzi holding a SMALL BOX with one hand, his other hand on Hamid's elbow, at once offering comfort and urging restraint as they wait for Jamal and his goons to drive off before rushing into the building.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The woman is deep in prayer, kneeling back and forth, in a trance. Hamid enters the room, she is with her back to him.

HAMID
Fatma...

Fatma turns. She's very young. And very beautiful. Her face is stained with thick, runny mascara.

FATMA
Hamid...
(getting no look)
Hamid, look at me, please...?

Hamid looks away, unable to look at his wife right now.

HAMID
(re: Fauzi)
This is the man I told you about.

Fatma stares at Fauzi, standing behind her husband.

FATMA
Are you here to kill me?

FAUZI
(compassionate)
No. I'm not here to kill you.

Fauzi kneels down before Fatma and hands her a SMALL PEN BOX he takes from his pocket. ON FATMA'S FACE -- What is in that box? OFF FAUZI: INTENT.

INT. PLANE - DAY

PUSHING DOWN THE AISLE, we see everyone in first class is asleep; the remnants of huge meals and personal DVD players strewn here and there -- but then we come to economy --

Barry is wide awake. Nervous. He gets out of his seat and walks to the back and looks out the window. SEES: the low-slung buildings crowded together in an orange dusty haze. They'll be landing soon. PUSH IN ON BARRY'S FACE AS HE REMEMBERS --

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK 1979]

Bassam's hand is being bandaged by a **NURSE. His mother, HIAM, 35**, looks at him, worried. She paces back and forth.

All around - Mayhem. Officers, soldiers, political figures, guards everywhere. Running up and down the corridor.

Hassan barks orders at the officers as they rush this way and that. Livid. Everyone is in panic, afraid of Hassan's rage. He pulls one officer to his side -- this is **RAMZI** --

HASSAN
(quietly)
Put together a squad. We're going to Ma'an. They'll pay for this.

Ramzi nods and heads away. Hassan turns to Hiam.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
(to Hiam)
Get Jamal ready.

BASSAM
I want to come too.

JAMAL
(teasing incredulousness)
...you? Give me a break.

Hiam gives Hassan a look, imploring him to take Bassam.

HASSAN
(to Bassam)
Fine. Just stay out of the way.

Hassan exits. As Bassam watches him go --

GIRL (O.S.)
Did you get new glasses?

Bassam turns and sees **LEILA, a beautiful 10 year old girl with EMERALD EYES** has just come in through the back door.

HIAM
Leila. So beautiful.

LEILA
(to Bassam)
Show me.

Bassam puts on the glasses. One of the handles is broken. It sits crooked on his face. She laughs. Bassam smiles. She looks down at his hand and takes it in hers gently.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Does it hurt?

INT. PLANE - DAY

Barry's still at the window, touching the hand Leila touched.

HIRA
You should take your seat, sir.

BARRY
Excuse me...?

HIRA
We're starting our descent.

He takes a deep breath. This isn't going to be easy.

EXT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TARMAC - DAY

A procession of state and military vehicles. Dignitaries wait in line on a red carpet. Flags all around. The airplane door opens. Sammy is the first one out, a backwards Bruins baseball cap on his head. Emma deplanes after him, holding her bag and a copy of The New Yorker magazine. Molly is next to join her kids at the bottom of the stairs. Finally, Barry appears at the top of the stairs and looks out at his native country, squinting in the sun. He walks down the stairs and joins his family. **RAMZI, now 65, Hassan's advisor and closest confidant,** walks over and embraces him.

RAMZI
Salam Aleikum.

BARRY
(a tad uncomfortably)
Aleikum Ha Salam.

RAMZI
It's good to see you, Bassam. How was your flight?

BARRY
It was fine. I specifically asked --

RAMZI
(apologetically)
I know, but your father disagreed. You are an Al-Fahed, after all -- there are security considerations.

Right then a SCREECHING SOUND. They all look up and see Jamal's Ferrari speeding towards them. It's followed by the Goons' car. Both cars screech to a halt.

Jamal jumps out, followed by his wife, **LEILA AL FAHED, 38, STUNNING. Leila's thick black hair framing a strong featured face with deep EMERALD EYES:** the girl from the flashback.

JAMAL
Little brother!

He rushes over and hugs Barry with almost aggressive force.

BARRY
Jamal...

Jamal pulls away and looks at Barry and smiles.

JAMAL
You look good. A bit pale, though, huh? No sun in America?

Jamal laughs, turn to -

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Molly... Beautiful as ever.

He grabs her and lifts her off the ground. She laughs. Sammy clocks Jamal's joie de vivre with admiration. Leila and Barry exchange a freighted look. There's history there.

LEILA
Hello, Bassam.

Molly reaches out to Leila and initiates an embrace.

MOLLY
Leila, congratulations on the wedding. You must be so proud.

LEILA
We are very proud and happy, yes.

BARRY
(to Leila, proud)
You remember Sammy and Emma.

LEILA
(big smile)
I do! You guys are so big!

She shakes their hands. Barry watches her do this, weighing in his mind a past he never lived. Then he turns to Ramzi.

BARRY
So -- to the hotel?

RAMZI
Yes. But first, the palace.

JAMAL
My brother just said --

RAMZI
Your father asked to see him right away, the moment he arrived.

JAMAL
(forces a smile)
Oh. Well. In that case...

Jamal BARKS an order in Arabic. The GOONS grab the luggage.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
(an uneasy laugh)
...we'll go to the palace. Perfect.

Jamal smiles tightly at Barry with a searching uneasy energy.

INT. RAMZI'S LIMOUSINE - DAY

Ramzi's LIMO speeds down the empty highway, part of a motorcade. Jamal's along for the ride. Molly and the kids stare at the beautiful city. Its domes and minarets gleaming in the sunlight, next to newer more modern skyscrapers.

MOLLY
So many new buildings...

EMMA
How come there's no traffic?

SAMMY
They're holding it, stupid. See?

He points to a side street where men in uniform stand in front of a long line of cars. HONKING. A SENSE OF UNREST.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Because of us...
(to Jamal)
...right?

JAMAL
That's right.

SAMMY
Royalty, Emma. Royalty.

Jamal and Sammy exchange a smile. They both like power.

AS BARRY looks out the window, we go into HIS POV and see the country the way he sees it: covered women huddling together; poor people begging; children playing barefoot in a sewer.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Look, there's Grandpa.

A huge portrait of Hassan on the side of a building, staring down at the people, like the most powerful man in the world -- but its colors are faded from the strong Middle Eastern sun. Off Barry, staring at the portrait as they pass...

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, GARDENS - DAY

A beautiful, oriental palace on the outskirts of the city. Surrounded by gorgeous gardens and lakes, the palace itself is a sprawling complex adorned with domes, arches, mosaics.

HASSAN, now 71 and frail but still fierce, stands at the edge of the garden overlooking the city, clutching a cane. His wise, old eyes look out at his country. He hears VOICES --

RAMZI (O.C.)
Mr. President, look who's here.

-- and his face lights up. He turns to see Barry --

HASSAN
Bassam!

-- Ramzi and Jamal approach. Barry walks over to his father. Jamal watches with veiled jealous paranoia as they embrace.

BARRY
Hello, father. You look well.

HASSAN
It's been so long. Too long.

BARRY
Between my business and the kids' schedules, it's hard to manage --

HASSAN
Is that what you've been telling yourself? That you don't visit me because you're too busy?

As Barry takes that hit, a **UNIFORMED GENERAL** in his 50's walks over. Hassan bristles --

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Are you blind, Ziad? Do you see I'm in the middle of someting?

ZIAD
I'm sorry to interrupt, Mr. President, but we've just received new intelligence. From Ma'an. It's time-sensitive.

Ziad restrains himself, awkward to reveal any more in front of Barry. Hassan nods, realizes this requires his attention. He looks at Barry who --

BARRY
Go. I'll make sure the kids and Molly are settling in and we'll --

HASSAN
No. Come. You should see this.

JAMAL
They're tired from the trip.

Hassan doesn't look at Jamal; he just stays trained on Barry.

HASSAN
No. I need both my sons with me now. Both of them. Come.

Hassan turns and goes without waiting for an answer, leaving Jamal to give Barry a tight smile and they walk off together.

JAMAL
(not meaning it)
It’s good you’re here.

BARRY
(not meaning it)
It’s good to be here.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL, OFFICE - DAY

Hassan sits at the head of the table. He stares at the TV set which is on but muted, playing IMAGES OF THE DEMONSTRATION we saw from Fauzi’s window: tires on fire; masked teenagers throwing rocks.

WIDE SHOT: The room is packed with men. Some in uniform, some in suits and some in Muslim garb, all of them smoke. Jamal stands beside his father. Barry sits on the outer circle. Hassan shakes his head wearily.

HASSAN
Ma’an. It’s always Ma’an...

RAMZI
(to Ziad)
You said this was under control.

ZIAD
It was. But several of our informants have reported the insurgents are planning an attack during the wedding.

Jamal is seething.

ZIAD (CONT’D)
Apparently it was the elephants.

JAMAL
These troublemakers think they can hold us hostage. I’ll go in myself, with the Shabiha --

RAMZI
Your thugs can’t solve ALL the problems in this country --

JAMAL
It’s MY son’s wedding!

RAMZI
Precisely their point.

Hassan looks at Barry to make sure he's clocking all this.

JAMAL
What do YOU propose we do?

RAMZI
Make a gesture. Free some prisoners as a gift to the people of Ma'an--

JAMAL
Bullshit. I say we impose a curfew, let the Shabiha go door to door --

RAMZI
That's exactly what the Brotherhood wants. Exactly the excuse they need to start rioting. Do you want us to end up like Egypt, or Libya...?

JAMAL
This is not like other countries, the people adore my father!

HASSAN
(sharply dismissive)
They don't adore me, they fear me.

Hassan shakes off his distaste for Jamal's unctuousness, and then falls into deeper thoughts, which he voices for Barry.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Or they used to. They barely fear me anymore. Now all they want is their precious "freedom" and "democracy," even though they have NO idea what those words mean... and no idea what it would cost them.
(after a beat)
Nothing is simple anymore.

RAMZI
Your father is right. The people are calling this wedding corrupt, decadent. We need to show them we are at least listening.

Hassan rises, walks to the window. An expectant silence falls over the room. When Hassan finally speaks, his voice is soft, his demeanor commanding respect. His speech is mostly aimed at explicating his dilemma for Barry.

HASSAN
If we make concessions, we appear weak and the Brotherhood wins. If we come down hard, we appear ruthless and the Brotherhood wins... Either way, we lose.

RAMZI
But if we do nothing... this call for democracy keeps spreading, like a cancer. If we don't stay ahead of it, it will consume us.

Hassan sighs. He seems genuinely mournful. He turns to Barry.

HASSAN
What do you think...?

BARRY
Me?

HASSAN
Yes. You. Tell me what you would do.

Barry looks around and realizes he, oddly, has the floor.

BARRY
I don't know.

HASSAN
But what does common sense tell you I should do?
(off Barry's reticence)
Answer the question.

BARRY
I suppose... I don't see the harm in meeting with the Brotherhood.

JAMAL
Yes, there's the American way! Hug it out! "It's all good!" Right...?

Jamal LAUGHS, looking around for support.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Just like Obama! "It's all good!"

Hassan raises his hand. Jamal shuts it. Hassan keeps looking at Barry, unblinking.

HASSAN
And tell me what meeting them would accomplish.

Again, Barry hesitates, but Hassan's look bids him continue -- and everyone's watching -- Barry has to say SOMETHING.

BARRY
It might take away their incentive to riot. At least until the wedding is over...?

A tense beat. Hassan turns to Jamal, who is OBVIOUSLY LIVID.

HASSAN
Set up a meeting.

JAMAL
Father --

HASSAN
And take your brother.

JAMAL
As you wish.

Jamal glares at Barry. OFF BARRY: HATING ALL THIS A LOT.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY

Barry exits the office. He rubs his eyes as the door slams behind him. He turns to see Jamal charging at him.

JAMAL
You think I don't know what you did in there? You want to play games?

Jamal grabs him hard and slams him against the wall.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
You made a fool out of me!

BARRY
I didn't mean --

JAMAL
Bullshit!

BARRY
He asked me a question! I answered!

JAMAL
But you have no idea what's going on here, Bassam! No idea!

BARRY
I know! I'm sorry.

Jamal loosens his grip and lets Barry slide down the wall. He smiles. Warm. Creepy. He pats Barry on the shoulder.

JAMAL
Good. Welcome home.

And with that Jamal walks back into the office and slams the door behind him. OFF BARRY: SHAKEN.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - POOL - DAY

Barry walks out of the palace, STILL SHAKEN, out to the extravagant round pool overlooking the dusty, busy city.

Sammy stands under AN ORNATE FAKE WATERFALL in a BATHING SUIT. **OTHER WHITE KIDS**, younger, play in the pool near him.

SAMMY
Why did you ever leave this place?
(after a dunk)
It's paradise!

Barry goes to Molly, who sits with her legs in the water, sipping iced tea beside another white woman -- **DANA, 35, blond, English.** Emma sits on a chaise lounge behind her, reading a book, sitting beside her **chubby COUSIN RANYA, 13.**

BARRY
We should go check in.

SAMMY
Dad, we just got here!

MOLLY
(having fun)
We can stay a little bit, can't we?
(re: Dana)
This is Dana, she's a cultural attache at the American Embassy.
(checking with Dana)
...right?

DANA
I mostly plan parties, but my husband and I are big supporters of your father.

BARRY
Nice to meet you.
(to Sammy)
Out of the pool!

MOLLY
Barry --

BARRY
(to Dana)
SAMMY! LET'S GO! NOW!

OFF MOLLY: smiling a wifely smile at Dana. It's all good.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, OFFICE - DAY

POV FROM ABOVE: Barry ushers his family from the pool area.

IN A WINDOW, HASSAN

Watches Barry as the junta of men behind him keep arguing.

OFF HASSAN, CLOSE: he obviously has something in mind.

INT. EMMA AND SAMMY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A standard hotel room. Nothing fancy about it. Molly and Barry dump the kids' bags onto the beds.

MOLLY
You guys'll be in here.

BARRY
And we'll be right next door.

Sammy flops onto the bad and looks at the room, GROSSED OUT.

SAMMY
(sarcastic)
Yay! This is SO much better than the palace. Look, Em! A mini bar!

EMMA
Do I have to go to this thing?

MOLLY
It's a henna ceremony. We'll get our hands and feet painted. It's kind of a bachelorette party.

SAMMY
So the thing we're going to is like a bachelor party?

BARRY
Yeah. Without the strippers.

Hearing this, Sammy gives Emma a mischievous, salacious look.

SAMMY
Bummer.

MOLLY
We'll meet you guys in the lobby, 'kay? Half an hour.

Barry and Molly exit. Emma turns to Sammy, who's looking sly.

EMMA
(a sincere warning)
Sammy, this isn't America.

SAMMY
Don't worry, I'm not gonna sit on anyone's COCK. Not an purpose, anyway.

OFF EMMA, as she starts to unpack. She worries about Sammy.

INT. CELEBRATION HALL - NIGHT

An ARAB WOMAN seductively sings the famous "Inta Omri" (You are my love) *a cappella*. It's hypnotizing.

AN OLD SCARY VEILED WOMAN looks directly into camera.

OLD SCARY WOMAN
Give me your hand.

WIDE ANGLE: a beautifully arched hall lit by thousands of candles. Emma and Molly, both dressed in ornate caftans sit on the floor in front of the OLD WOMAN in a traditional dress and a golden hijab. The woman is asking for Emma's hand.

EMMA
(to Molly, very unsure)
Show me yours again...?

Molly displays her painted palms. Emma decides to endure it.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Okay.

The old woman moves over and starts to work on Emma. Molly looks over at Hiam who is talking to Leila. Leila wears a simple black dress. Emma clocks Molly looking at Leila.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're as pretty as her.

MOLLY
(piqued)
Why would you say that?

EMMA
Because. She and Dad were a thing.

MOLLY
Who told you that?

EMMA
Ranya. At the pool. When they were teenagers. You didn't know that...?

Molly smiles at her daughter -- and looks back at Leila. HUH.

INT. TURKISH BATH - NIGHT

The hot room in a Turkish bath is... Hot. Really hot. Unrelenting steam pours into the room. The dome decorated with small glass windows creates a beautiful half light.

AHMED AL-FAHED, 18, the groom, is seated on the "Gbek", the circular marble stone at the center of the room. Thick shaving cream on his face. All the dozen men in the room have nothing on but white towels. Barry holds Ahmed's head back and brings a razor up to the bottom of his neck.

JAMAL
Are you sure you can see okay without your glasses? It would be unfortunate if my brother killed my son right before his wedding.

Everyone LAUGHS. Barry smiles, sheepishly.

BARRY
I see fine. Now -- where is he?

This gets a BIGGER LAUGH, which Jamal jealously clocks. Barry wraps Ahmed's face in a HOT TOWEL. Sammy's gaze moves from Barry to the beautiful **DARK YOUNG MAN** who is standing nearby. The Dark Young Man notices Sammy's look and stares back.

JAMAL
(to Sammy)
You okay in this heat? You're not going to faint or anything?

Sammy realizes that Jamal is talking to him and quickly -

SAMMY
No, I'm great. Thanks.

Jamal smiles, playing the good uncle, and looks away. Sammy looks back at the man who is still looking at him. Hmmm.

JAMAL
Bassam! Come with me.

Sammy clocks Jamal's authoritarian tone with Barry with admiration as Jamal walks away from the group. Barry follows. The two walk through a corridor towards an adjacent hot room.

BARRY
Where are we going?

JAMAL
(with an edge)
The meeting you wanted to have.

BARRY
With the Brotherhood?

JAMAL
Yes.

BARRY
Here? Now?

JAMAL
Yes. And try not to speak this time. Listen.

INT. TURKISH BATH, HOT ROOM #2 - NIGHT

This room is even hotter than the other one. It's hard to see through the thick steam. Barry and Jamal walk through steam until they are standing in front of -

A very dressed Ramzi, standing next to six very dressed people in the steam room. **WALID ABU WAEL, 55, the leader,** addresses Jamal with tightly-performed obeisance.

WALID
Salam aleikum.

JAMAL
Salam aleikum.
(after a beat)
My apologies, Walid, but I'm in the process of getting my son ready for his wedding day. It's a busy time.

WALID
Of course. We understand.

Walid's face is already red from the heat. Jamal raises his hand. Walid leans in and kisses it.

JAMAL
My brother, Bassam....

BASSAM
...salam aleikum.

WALID
Salam aleikum.

The other men profusely sweat in their suits. Jamal loves it.

JAMAL
My father is worried, very worried, about the unrest in Ma'an. These recent demonstrations --

WALID
-- were not my doing.

JAMAL
Don't bullshit me. We know you're behind these attacks.

WALID
I have nothing to do with the violence, Jamal, you have my word. You can't blame me if the people are angry. They're poor, hungry --

Jamal drops his towel. Naked, he stands in front of them --

JAMAL
You have a son, don't you?
(getting no answer)
Don't you, Walid?

He walks to the fountain. He fills a pot with ice cold water and pours it over his body. Walid wipes sweat off his brow.

WALID
Three.

JAMAL
And you love them? You love them?

Walid stares at him: IT'S A VERY TENSE MOMENT.

WALID
Are you threatening me?

JAMAL
No. Of course not. I'm asking about your family. It's so important.

Jamal turns his back. Walid looks to Ramzi, who gives Walid a look back: he didn't know this was coming, either. The meeting is over. Walid and the six men, drenched in sweat, storm out. Jamal walks back over to Ramzi and Barry.

RAMZI
I'm not sure upsetting the Brotherhood was wise. Your father specifically asked that --

And then we hear a SOUND. Ramzi looks down. Jamal, with a dead look on his face, is pissing on the floor.

ON RAMZI'S SHOES

As the pool of piss grows nearby, and the last drip drops.

ON RAMZI

Accepting this with vicious equanimity. He nods and exits.

ON BARRY

Looking past Jamal to the window into the adjoining room.

BARRY'S POV

Where SAMMY is watching this go down, AWED AND IMPRESSED.

IN A WIDER SHOT

Jamal takes a deep breath, pushes his hair backwards with his hand. He looks at Barry and suddenly laughs a little.

JAMAL
(to Barry)
...what?

OFF BARRY: the trip is going like he thought it would. Badly.

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Barry and Sammy ride the elevator in silence.

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The silence continues as Barry and Sammy walk to their rooms. Sammy reaches his door, fishes out his key. Barry finally manages to say what he's wanted to say --

BARRY
I'm sorry you had to see that.

SAMMY
I'm not.

Sammy opens the door.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
If you saw the shit that goes down in the locker room at school...? That was NOTHING.

Sammy enters his room, closes the door. Leaving Barry alone in the corridor. He stands there for a long beat.

INT. BARRY AND MOLLY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Without turning on the light, Barry enters, sees Molly apparently asleep in bed. He sits on the chair near the bed, unties his shoes and slips them off.

MOLLY
How was it?

BARRY
Fine. My brother's insane.

BEAT. Barry unties his shoes and slips them off. Barry continues undressing, pulls out his wallet and cellphone, which he checks for a message. Nothing. Molly is watching him from her pillow.

MOLLY
Any word from the bank?

BARRY
Not yet.

MOLLY
Huh. And Fauzi still hasn't called?

BARRY
No.

MOLLY
You should just go see him tomorrow. We have the whole day free before the wedding.

BARRY
Maybe.

Finally, Molly says what's really on her mind.

MOLLY
If you want, you can also catch up with Leila.

WTF? Barry stops what he was doing.

BARRY
What?

MOLLY
You and Leila. You were a couple, right?

BARRY
We were never a couple. We were --
(after a beat)
Why are you asking me this?

MOLLY
Were you a couple or not?

BARRY
(after a beat, fumbling)
Yes. But it was a long time ago and it never became a -- thing --

MOLLY
Why didn't you ever tell me?

BARRY
I didn't think it mattered.

Barry rises and goes to the bed, sits down by Molly. He touches her face, runs his hand through her hair.

MOLLY
(sweetly vulnerable)
Is she why you didn't want to come?

Barry feels a wave of affection for his wife.

BARRY
I didn't want to come because this part of my life is over. My life is with you and the kids. All I'm doing, Molly, the whole time we're here, is waiting to get back home.

MOLLY
Promise?

BARRY
Promise.

Barry leans in and kisses her softly and pulls away. They look at each other. She reaches out and pulls him down to her again and they kiss more passionately.

INT. BARRY AND MOLLY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Molly sleeps soundly, but Barry remains wide awake. He turns his head, puts on his glasses -- sees it's 4:35. He takes off his glasses, closes his eyes... trying to fall asleep... then opens them. No good. He slips quietly out of bed.

EXT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - NIGHT

Barry, his face somewhat obscured by a HOODIE sweatshirt, climbs into a cab. As the cab pulls onto the mostly empty streets of the commercial district, the first ribbon of light is visible on the horizon. Dawn is breaking.

INT. BARRY'S TAXI - DAY

We are no longer in the fancy part of town. Barry stares through the window, sees the poverty here. People live in shameful crowded conditions. The sewer runs in the street where barefoot kids are kicking an old bottle of Coke. PUSHING IN on Barry -- SMASH CUT TO --

INT. PRESIDENTIAL CAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Hassan, in full uniform, is driving the car. Ramzi by his side. They speed down the bumpy, unpaved road. Jamal and Bassam are in the back seat. They look frightened.

Bassam's POV: A pickup speeds in front of the Mercedes. It's packed with armed Shabiha, holding BIG GUNS and MACHETES.

Bassam looks back to see the MILITARY CARS behind them. Same thing. Trigger happy men hang from the sides of the cars.

HASSAN
See that light...?

RAMZI
We're almost there.

Bassam looks out the window at the DIM LIGHT shining from the other side of the hill. OFF BASSAM --

EXT. STREETS OF ASIMA - DAY (PRESENT)

The taxi has pulled up before a mosque. Barry gets out. Pays the driver. The taxi pulls away. ON BARRY: looking up at the mosque with apprehension. Struck by the stark beauty of the minaret reaching toward the morning sky...

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

The murmur of many voices united in prayer precedes Barry as he enters the hall where rows and rows of men are praying. It's very crowded. They all have their back to him.

ON BARRY: as the beauty and communality of this humility before God settles on him. He's missed this depth.

And then his reverie is broken by WHISPERS. He looks to see the scandalized stares of a few men who have spotted him.

Ignoring them uneasily, he takes a few steps forward. More people stop praying and stare. The WHISPER spreads like fire.

He bravely makes his way towards the first row where Fauzi is deep in prayer, his eyes shut, leaning back and forth.

It now seems like EVERYONE in the room is staring at him. No one moves but it feels dangerous. It feels pre-lynch.

Sensing the energy change in the room, Fauzi opens his eyes. He looks back and sees Barry. Their eyes meet. Fauzi gets up abruptly, grabs Barry by the elbow and walks out the back.

EXT. MOSQUE, BACKYARD - DAY

Fauzi and Barry step out to a small backyard.

FAUZI
What the hell are you doing here?

BARRY
You've been ignoring my calls.

FAUZI
So you walk into a mosque filled with people who hate your family?
(after a beat)
You crazy? You want to get killed?

BARRY
I wouldn't mind some tea.

Despite himself, Fauzi smiles, shakes his head.

FAUZI
Come.

INT. FAUZI'S HOUSE - DAY

Fauzi pours Moroccan tea into a glass as Barry stands at the window, looking out at the city, feeling NOSTALGIC.

BARRY
The smell of the air here... I dream about it sometimes. I miss it.

Fauzi smiles mordantly at such innocence and walks over and hands Barry his teacup and stands by him, looking out.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Remember we climbed that tree, when we were boys?

FAUZI
To see your father's motorcade pass through town, when he took power.

ACROSS THE STREET

There's a tall tree.

FAUZI (CONT'D)
Your family was from here. We were all so proud.
(after a beat)
We're not so proud anymore.

BARRY
Fauzi. You have to --

FAUZI
What?

BARRY
You have to temper your criticism of my father. For a while, at least.

FAUZI
They sent you here to tell me this? Is this the government talking?

BARRY
No, this is me. Your friend.

FAUZI
Who comes here to threaten me?

BARRY
No, to warn you. My father and his people... they're losing patience.

FAUZI
But I am the only one, Bassam, speaking the truth about this regime. Your father is a murderer; your brother is worse --

BARRY
Fauzi, I'm not going to debate the behavior of a family I've done everything to get away from. I'm just here to tell you: stop.

FAUZI
Jamal breaks into people's homes and does whatever he wants. To the men. Women. Children. He's obsessed with this woman from Abu Romana now. I know her husband --

BARRY
Why are you telling me this...?!

FAUZI
Because they're your family, you idiot! You bear a moral responsibility for their actions.

BARRY
Fauzi. I am an eye doctor. I live in Orlando, Florida.

FAUZI
AND you are an Al-Fahed.

BARRY
Who's here for his nephew's wedding.

FAUZI
You think it's that simple? By running away -- by staying away as long as you have -- you become just as guilty as them.

Barry is a bit astounded at his old friend's vehemence.

BARRY
Really?

FAUZI
Really.

Pinned by Fauzi, Barry searches for a way through this.

BARRY
What do you expect me to do?

FAUZI
Accept your responsibility to this country. And to me.

BARRY
Why do you think I came here? As for the country...this isn't my country anymore.

FAUZI
Isn't it? Your family is swimming in the pool at the palace. You're traveling to Ma'an to deliver a gentle warning to one of the leaders of the democracy movement. You dream at night about the air.
(after a beat)
This is your home, Bassam. It's where you're from. It's who you are. You can't run from you who you are.

OFF BARRY: UNNERVED BY FAUZI'S WORDS. He looks out the window to avoid the continued look from Fauzi. Shakes off a shiver.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

2,000 GUESTS mill in the tree-lined grounds of the palace to The Royal Philharmonic playing traditional Muslim music.

Hassan stands at the head of the receiving line, talking amiably with Dana and **her husband, whom we'll meet in a few moments, a vaguely debonair bureaucrat, JOHN TUCKER.**

There are MANY WHITE AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS present, all of them tied to various oil-related or military-industrial work.

IN ANOTHER AREA, Jamal, Leila, and Ahmed joke around with the Crown Prince of Morocco and Spain's Queen Sofia.

AT A TABLE, Emma sits between Molly and Barry. Molly is wearing the sleeveless black dress she tried on earlier. Barry notices the henna patterns on Emma's hand.

BARRY
Pretty.

EMMA
Yeah. I love my little temporary cattle brand. Moo.

A **WOMAN** walks over to Molly and hands her A DARK SHAWL.

MOLLY
(smiles)
What's this?

The Woman points across the way to Hiam. Hiam smiles at Molly and animates covering the shoulders with the shawl.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Of course.
(to the Woman)
Shukran.

She dons it. The Woman goes. Molly turns to look at Barry.

BARRY
(with a smile)
Toldja.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Sammy, with a few of his cousins, is learning a traditional dance when he spots the DARK YOUNG MAN sitting by himself.

Sammy separates himself from the group and walks over.

SAMMY
Anyone sitting here?

The man is about to answer but Sammy already sits down.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I'm Sammy. Bassam's --

YOUNG MAN
I know who you are.
(points at himself)
Abdul.

Sammy looks out at the festivities, then back to Abdul.

SAMMY
What's your connection..?

ABDUL
My father is your grandfather's head of security. My grandfather was the head of security to your great-grandfather and my great-grandfather was head of security to your great-great --

SAMMY
I get it. I was just making sure we're not related.

ABDUL
We're not. But we are -- involved.

SAMMY
(flirtatious)
Go on.

ABDUL
I've been assigned to keep you out of trouble. My father had a feeling that if you were allowed to wander freely, you might end up dead.

BEAT. It settles on Sammy that he might be identified by the powers that be as gay. But he opts for bravado and moves on; after all, Abdul is adorable and the night is young.

SAMMY
(making light of it)
Well. Now I feel very safe.

Abdul smiles at that. OFF SAMMY: <u>WONDERING WHAT TO DO NEXT</u>.

LATER

The **BRIDE** enters, covered in white, with **FOUR BRIDESMAIDS**, also in white. The women yell, the men clap and whistle.

GUN SHOTS! The guards and the guests shoot pistols into the air, aiming up and pulling the trigger. A SENSE OF CHAOS.

LATER STILL, ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Rows of men, hugging each other's shoulders, dance the traditional Debka dance. It's loud, celebratory, festive.

Barry hugs Ramzi who hugs Hassan who hugs Jamal etc... Ramzi switches positions with Barry. Now, Hassan is hugging both his sons on either side of him. He seems happy.

The dancing speeds up... Leg up, leg down, left.. Right.. And turn and again... Laughter. Noise. Left. Right.

Random GUNSHOTS. Women YELL from the sides.

The bride is in midair, on someone's shoulders. SCREAMS of joy. Faster dancing. It's a claustrophobic scene. Jamal lifts Ahmed up on his shoulders. The musicians POUND the darbuka (goblet) drums faster and faster.

ON BARRY, CLOSE, as he dances in the midst of the dizzy mess. Pale. Sweaty. Out of breath. As MORE GUNSHOTS GO OFF --

EXT. MA'AN STREET - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

The boys are alone in the car, looking out the window at ABSOLUTE CHAOS. As we PUSH IN ON THEM, we see FIRE REFLECTED IN THE WINDOW, and their frozen blank expressions hint at the horror they are witnessing. The noise is unbearable: SCREAMS.

BARRY'S POV

FIRE. Women and children running from the carnage. The Shabiha chase people up and down the streets. Some are gunned down from behind; some children are slashed with machetes.

A DOZEN MEN, some of them as young as 10 and as old as 70 are lined up against a wall across from the Mercedes. Frightened, crying, some with their pants showing fresh urine stains, too scared to move. MILITARY MEN have guns trained on them.

A YOUNG BOY runs, ROCK IN HAND, hysterically toward Bassam in the car window. GUNSHOT. Blood squirts from his eye onto the window as he falls right in front of Bassam's little face.

Hassan walks into frame, PISTOL IN HAND. He stands between the car and the frightened men. He raises his hand towards Jamal. His fingers curl backwards. He's waving him to join him. Bassam looks at Jamal. We hear: A TELEPHONE RING.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Barry, with Emma standing beside him looking bored, takes the ringing phone out of his pocket, holds up a finger -- be right back! -- and slips away to a -

QUIETER SPOT, overlooking the city, and covers one ear.

BARRY
Hello?

BANKER (O.S.)
Mr. Al-Fahed? Barry?

BARRY
Yes, this is he...?

BANKER (O.S.)
Barry, it's Fred. From First National. Is this a good time?

BACK WHERE EMMA'S STANDING

She sees Sammy and Abdul enter the main house. She's WORRIED.

BACK ON BARRY, PHONE TO ONE EAR, COVERING THE OTHER

Barry looks over at his father, Hassan, dancing now with a 6 year old grandchild, amidst cheering family members.

BANKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...hello? Is this a good time?

BARRY
Oh hi! Yes. It's a great time.

Barry takes a few more steps away from the dancers.

BANKER (O.S.)
Well... The good news is the committee approved your loan.

BARRY
All of it? The $80,000?

BANKER (O.S.)
Yes. That wife of yours put the fear of God in me. I wasn't about to let her down. But before we can release the funds, I need you to come in and sign some paperwork.

Barry sees Emma head off after Sammy, but he doesn't know where she's going. She distracts him from the call.

BANKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Barry?

BARRY
Anything... yes, of course!

OFF BARRY, watching Emma head toward the main house.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY TO THE BATHROOMS - NIGHT

Emma comes around the corner --

EMMA
...Sammy...?

-- just as she sees Sammy and Abdul enter the men's room. SHIT. She shakes her head with fatalistic consternation and goes into the women's bathroom and the door shuts behind her.

INT. BATHROOM STALLS - NIGHT

BIRD'S EYE VIEW on Sammy and Abdul locked in a kiss, they make out, quickly pulling each other's shirts off.

The CAMERA TRACKS RIGHT, crossing into THE LADIES ROOM, settling over a stall where Emma is sitting on a golden toilet bowl, grudgingly admiring her henna-ed hands.

Then SHE HEARS: the DOOR to the room slam open; Jamal's LAUGHTER, followed by a soft WHIMPERING. Emma stands, pulls up her underwear, looks through the crack in the stall --

EMMA'S STALL-CRACK POV

Jamal is pushing the BRIDE, NUSRAT against the sink.

JAMAL
(in Arabic)
He's a good boy, Ahmed. You love him?

She nods frantically, SCARED. He leans against her.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
(in Arabic)
That's good.
(into the mirror, at her)
Ahmed chose wisely. You're beautiful.

He roughly slaps one big palm over her face. His other hand moves down onto her breasts, scoops them out of her dress and bra. She squints in pain, tears filling her eyes.

ON EMMA'S FACE

Through the crack in the stall door: TERRIFIED. Emma stares, trying not to make a sound.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
(in Arabic)
The wedding night is very special.

Jamal lifts Nusrat's dress exposing her legs. She's wearing white underwear. Tears now streaming down her face.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
It's important to be pure.

He holds his other hand up, shows her three middle fingers.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Don't worry, we're all family here.

Jamal shoves his hand down into Nusrat's underwear. She YELPS. Jamal covers her mouth with his free hand and pushes up against her, obviously pressing his cock against her too.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Yeah... There it is...

NUSRAT
(in pain)
AHHH!

Jamal pulls his hand out and holds it up: it's BLOODY.

JAMAL
Good girl.

He wipes the tears off her face with the bloody hand.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Very good girl.

He exits. Nusrat leans over the sink and sobs. Emma blanches.

EMMA'S POV

Nusrat's hand, painted with henna patterns, just like hers.

ON EMMA

She looks down at her own hand again and feels revulsion. A SOB from Nusrat draws her sympathetic attention back again.

OFF EMMA: MARKED FOR LIFE BY WHAT SHE JUST SAW.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Barry is finishing his phone conversation.

BARRY
Yes! Yes, look, I really appreciate this, Fred, and I will personally invite you and your wife to the opening of the new store!

Barry notices **JOHN TUCKER, Dana's husband**, approaching.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Yes, new glasses for all the kids!
(after a beat)
I will! Bye!

He hangs up and pockets the phone as the man arrives.

JOHN TUCKER
Mr. Al-Fahed?

BARRY
Yes...?

JOHN TUCKER
John Tucker. American Embassy. I think you met my wife, Dana...

BARRY
Oh, yeah. At the pool. Yeah.

They shake hands and gaze out at the opulence.

JOHN TUCKER
The stability of our relationship with your father over the years -- it's been a great relief during these turbulent times. Huge.

BARRY
(with some awareness)
I can imagine.

JOHN TUCKER
I mean, we all want democracy. But there's a time for everything. And when it comes to making the transition, some people are better at managing it than others.

Tucker subtly pulls a CARD from his jacket pocket.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)
When you get back to the states, give me a call. We should talk.

BARRY
About what...?

JOHN TUCKER
Whatever. Your family. The future.

Barry takes the card and he and Tucker exchange a look. As Tucker clears, Molly walks up, looking VERY DISTRAUGHT.

BARRY
What? What's the matter?

MOLLY
Your father.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Barry pushes through the thick crowd and sees --

Hassan lies on the floor. His eyes open. Foam coming out of his mouth, convulsing. A DOZEN BODYGUARDS surround him. Ramzi kneels next to him, BARKING orders. The bodyguards lift Hassan and rush him away to a car near by.

Everyone runs around Barry, but he's completely frozen. He raises his gaze. Jamal is standing across from him. They stare at each other for a long beat.

INT. AL-FAHED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The wide corridor is full of people and nervous MUMBLING. Barry sits by his family, still in their wedding attire. He's holding Hiam's hand, and looking down the hall at --

BARRY'S POV OF JAMAL AND RAMZI, FROM A DISTANCE

Talking intensely. Jamal is SMOKING.

RAMZI
We need to prepare a statement.

JAMAL
No! No one can know about this.

RAMZI
Everyone already knows. We need to control the rumors. We'll release something vague. Food poisoning.
(MORE)

RAMZI (CONT'D)
The president is hospitalized but is expected to fully recover.

ON MOLLY AND BARRY, TURNING BACK TO EACH OTHER

MOLLY
Is he allowed to smoke in here?

She looks at Barry who shakes his head, saying “leave it”.

EMMA AND SAMMY

Emma’s WITHDRAWN; poking at her CELL PHONE.

SAMMY
(whispers to Emma)
What’s up with you?

EMMA
Nothing. My coverage is for shit.

SAMMY
(as if it’s cool)
They blocked it out, I bet. When Grandpa had the stroke.

She looks across the hallway at Nusrat, the bride, sitting in front of her, still in her white dress, looking miserable.

EMMA
I want to go home.

Just then, the door to Hassan’s room opens. The doctor walks out to the corridor. All but Barry rise and gather round him.

MOLLY
(whispers)
Go.

Barry gets up and joins them. Hiam follows.

JAMAL
How is he?

HIAM
When can I talk to him?

DOCTOR
The president has suffered a massive cerebrovascular injury.

HIAM
Another stroke...?

DOCTOR
Yes. And a very serious one.

JAMAL
So what are you going to do?

The Doctor looks at him, scared.

DOCTOR
Uh, there's really nothing more we can do at this point, we have to --

Jamal pounces on the doctor, grabbing him by the neck, throwing him against the wall. Everyone pulls him off.

HIAM
Jamal! Stop it!

Jamal steps back, tears filling his eyes --

JAMAL
Such bullshit!

DOCTOR
(breathless)
I'm sorry.

The Doctor swallows; regains his composure; looks at Barry.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
He wants to see you.

BARRY
Me?

DOCTOR
Yes. He's asking for you.

Jamal looks with RAGE at Barry. OFF BARRY: NOT WANTING THIS.

INT. HASSAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Somber. A single hospital bed. Barry walks in and approaches the bed slowly, hesitantly.

Barry's POV: his father, weaker than we've ever seen, looks small and fragile in the wide hospital bed. He's attached to IVs and hospital devices monitoring him.

Hassan slowly moves his head and sees Barry. He tries to say something but barely manages an inaudible mumble.

BARRY
It's okay. Don't try to talk.

Hassan swallows hard, saliva on his chin. He gestures for Barry to come closer. Barry does. Hassan grabs Barry's hand.

HASSAN
(weak)
I made... I made a mistake.

BARRY
Dad, rest. We can talk later.

HASSAN
No. We must -- there's no time.
(looking in Barry's eyes)
It's you, Bassam. You.

BARRY
No.

HASSAN
Yes...

Hassan, with the last of his strength, squeezes Barry's hand.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Your... destiny is here. You can't keep... running... You... It's you. Not Jamal. You. My big... Mistake.

Hassan falls back onto the pillow. A NOISE makes Barry turn back and it's only then that he sees that Jamal has been standing in the doorway -- stunned -- he heard it all --

BARRY
Jamal --

Jamal rushes out of the room. Barry runs after him as NURSES and the DOCTOR rush past him into the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Barry rushes into the corridor and sees Jamal down the hall, in the opposite direction from the family. Barry catches up.

BARRY
Jamal --

Jamal spins and grabs Barry by the collar, his eyes filled with tears, slams him against the wall.

JAMAL
Why did you come here?

BARRY
What do you mean?

JAMAL
Answer me! Why did you come? Did he ask you to come? Did Ramzi?

BARRY
I came for Ahmed's wedding!

JAMAL
Bullshit! You don't give a shit about my son! I know why you came. But it's not going to work. It's me, little brother. It doesn't matter what that old man thought. It's me. I'm the one.

Jamal slams Barry against the wall VERY HARD. Both brothers look down the hall and see the family and Ramzi watching.

ON JAMAL AND BARRY

As Jamal suddenly shifts in his insane way.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
I love you.

Jamal suddenly hugs him. Strong. Violent. Without softening:

JAMAL (CONT'D)
You know that right? I love you.

He gives Barry a kiss on the lips, squeezing his head in. Barry pulls back but his strength is nothing compared to Jamal's. It lasts a few sick moments and then Jamal pushes him back against the wall and walks off, down the hall --

JAMAL (CONT'D)
OUT OF MY WAY!

-- through the family -- and away. Ramzi takes a few steps down the hall and looks at Barry, who's still SHAKEN. Then Leila steps out of Hassan's room, walks past Ramzi to Barry.

LEILA
He's gone.

Hiam cries out and turns and rushes into the room, where the Doctor is now standing in the doorway to lead her in. Leila, her eyes dry but still shaken by the gravity of what's in play, walks into Barry's arms. OFF BARRY: looking over her shoulder, uneasily, at Molly.

INT. BARRY AND MOLLY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Barry tears open the closet, Molly and the kids watch TV, sitting like disaster victims on the edge of the bed.

MOLLY
It's on CNN. Everyone's guessing Jamal is going to become president.

SAMMY
Is he...?

BARRY
I don't know and I don't care.

Barry tosses the SUITCASE violently onto the bed.

MOLLY
What are you doing?

BARRY
We're leaving. Pack your bags. Now.

EMMA
Yes!

MOLLY
What are you talking about?

She mutes the TV as Emma heads for the door.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Emma, wait.

EMMA
What?

MOLLY
Barry. Your family needs you now.

BARRY
They aren't my family. You are my family. How many times do I have to say it?
(to Emma and Sammy)
Go to your room and pack.

SAMMY
I want to stay.

EMMA
Sammy, do what Dad says!

SAMMY
Shut the fuck up, Emma, you're not my fucking mother!

BARRY
Go! Go to your room and pack! NOW!

SAMMY
NO! I'll stay with Jamal -- if you were half the man that he is --

WHACK! Barry SLAPS Sammy's face. HARD. The SLAP surprises even Barry, even though he gave it. Sammy grabs his red cheek. Tears fill his eyes. For a long moment, no one moves.

BARRY
Go pack your bags. Now.

Sammy runs out of the room and Emma follows. Molly looks at Barry with a combination of wifely indignation and FEAR.

MOLLY
What is the MATTER with you?

BARRY
It's this place. Trust me. We need to get out of here.

MOLLY
So we're not even staying for the funeral? Your father's funeral?

BARRY
No. We're going.

RACK FOCUS TO MOLLY as Barry piles clothes into his suitcase.

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

BING! The elevator doors open. Barry is the first one out, carrying two bags on his shoulders. Molly, Emma and Sammy hurry behind, trying to keep up. As he passes the front desk:

CLERK
Mr. Al-Fahed...?

But Barry just keeps walking to the door, family in tow.

EXT. INTERCONTINENTAL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Barry walks to a TAXI DRIVER, smoking outside his taxi. He drops the bags at his feet.

BARRY
(to the driver)
The trunk. There are four of us.

The driver opens the trunk and helps with the luggage. THREE ARMED BODYGUARDS (one of whom is ABDUL) hurry over as Molly and the kids give their bags to the taxi driver.

BODYGUARD
Sir, if you need to go somewhere, we can take you, this is our job --

BARRY
We're fine. Thank you very much for all your help. Thank you.
(to his family)
Get in.

They do. He gets in the front seat and slams the front door. The BODYGUARDS are outside Barry's window. One of them is talking on his cell phone, obviously about Barry leaving.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(to driver)
Airport, please.

THROUGH THE CLOSED WINDOW, Sammy and Abdul trade looks -- neither one is happy about this, but only Sammy shows it.

BARRY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
AIRPORT! NOW! GO!

The driver nods; pulls out. OFF BARRY: <u>DESPERATE TO ESCAPE</u>.

EXT. SLUMS - NIGHT

Jamal's Ferrari comes to a screeching halt in front of the dilapidated two-story building.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The kids huddle together on mattresses, to keep warm. The noise from the outside has woken Hamid who jumps to his feet. He runs to the window and looks down --

HAMID'S POV

Jamal stumbles out of the car with **TWO GOONS.**

HAMID
It's him.

He turns to see Fatma, in a t-shirt and underwear, standing in the doorway. SOUNDS in the stairway. She looks at Hamid, frightened. He grabs her and pulls her into the bathroom. He opens the cupboard, and pulls out the SMALL BOX. He opens it and takes out a SYRINGE.

HAMID (CONT'D)
Empty this anywhere in his body. It doesn't matter where.

She nods. They rush out to the --

BEDROOM

-- where Fatma hides the syringe under the pillow.

FATMA
They'll kill you. You know that.

HAMID
Knowing what he's done to you -- I'm already dead. Just do it.

LIVING ROOM

The door BREAKS open. Jamal stands there. Hamid lowers his gaze and walks into the kitchen. Jamal, ignoring him, walks straight to Fatma, standing in the doorway that leads to the bedroom. He looks at her. His eyes red from crying.

Jamal grabs her. Kisses her. He's CRYING. He pushes her into the bedroom and onto the bed. He gets on her. Spreads her legs. Her hand makes its way under the pillow when suddenly, unable to stop crying, Jamal pulls off --

JAMAL
No! Not here!

He gets up and wipes his eyes. On his way out --

JAMAL (CONT'D)
(to the goons)
Bring her!

Jamal exits. The goons grab her and exit. Once they're gone, Hamid runs to the bed, he lifts the pillow and sees: nothing. He runs to the window and sees the Ferrari zoom away.

EXT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The taxi stops in front of the airport. Barry is the first one out, he opens the backseat door. While Molly, Sammy and Emma get out, Barry unloads luggage from the trunk.

INT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Barry makes his way straight to the ticketing booth. A few people stop and stare, recognizing the presidential family.

BARRY
I need four plane tickets for tonight to Orlando. Coach.

The agent looks at Barry, knowing who he is.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I said?

AGENT
(snapping out of it)
Of course, Mr. Al-Fahed. Do you have a preferred airline?

BARRY
No. I also don't care if it's direct or not. And if you can't find Orlando, then Miami or New York. Just get us out of here.

She nods and checks her computer. Barry turns to his family.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Passports. Now!

They silently give him the passports, he hands it to her.

AGENT
I have something to New York --

BARRY
-- perfect.
(to the family)
We're going home.

She nods and works on the tickets. Barry looks at Molly. He's out of breath. Starting to relax. It's all going to be fine.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The road is dark and curvy on the rocky sea cliffs. Jamal drives badly while drinking from a bottle of whiskey.

Fatma is by his side, afraid. She holds on to the side of the car, as he takes another turn way, way too fast.

JAMAL
Why are you looking at me?

FATMA
I wasn't looking! I'm sorry!

He slaps her and then wipes tears from his face.

JAMAL
Everyone's always looking at me.

Fatma slowly pulls the syringe from her night gown. She holds it, like a knife in her right palm.

Jamal unbuckles his belt. Fatma watches him.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
If you're good --

He pulls his pants down.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
-- once I'm president, you can do this every day.

He takes his eyes off the road for a second and crosses to the opposite lane. A turn is coming, the side of the cliff hiding on-coming traffic.

He takes the turn, in the wrong lane. And -

FUCK! A truck is RIGHT THERE. HUGE. Heading straight for them. LOUD HONK. Fatma yells. Both vehicles hit the breaks.

The car misses the truck by a hair but flies off the road to the shoulder, dangerously close to the edge of the cliff. Jamal turns the wheel, hits the brakes... they glide forward, spinning... Fatma's thrust to the left, then to the right.

Her hand bumps on the side of the car and ...

The syringe flies from her hand. Swiftly making its way to the roaring waters below. The car settles in a cloud of dust.

INT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GATE - NIGHT

Barry sits on a bench. His leg jumping up and down, anxious. The plane tickets in his hands. He checks his watch. He can't wait to get out of there.

Molly, Sammy and Emma sit across from him: ALL A BIT SCARED.

PAGE
Good evening, passengers. In a few minutes we will start pre-boarding flight 065 --

Barry is already on his feet, grabbing his carry-on. He looks at his family, still seated. Without a word, they get up.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

LAUGHTER. A SICK TWISTED LAUGH. Jamal looks at Fatma. He suddenly SCREAMS. Adrenalin washing over his body.

JAMAL
What?!

He grabs her face. She looks at him, defiant.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
STOP FUCKING LOOKING AT ME!

With one hand, he pulls down his underwear, and with the other he grabs her by the back of the head and shoves her face into his crotch. He looks down, moves her head a few times: she gags and then settles her mouth onto him.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's it.

He rolls the car back on to the street and away.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Molly, Sammy, Emma and Barry are cramped in the four middle seats at the back of the plane as the RECORDING plays.

RECORDING (O.S.)
In the unlikely event of a water landing, your seat cushion can be used as a flotation device.

The family's TENSE, but Barry is staying positive. He just wants to get the fuck out of the country. NOW.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car is rocketing down the narrow road.

JAMAL
Yeah. Yeah. Don't stop! Don't you fucking stop, you little bitch!

AND THEN HE SCREAMS IN PAIN -- AND LOOKS DOWN --

JAMAL'S POV

As Fatma looks up at him, her face covered in BLOOD, and we hear her spit what must be his cock on the floor of the car.

ON THE NARROW ROAD

The car spins out of control, doing full 360's down the road.

INT. PLANE - DAY

The plane pulls away from the gate.

RECORDING (V.O.)
Once we reach an altitude of ten thousand feet, you'll be able to use approved electronic devices.

Barry looks out the window at the airport getting farther and farther away. He looks at his family and smiles. They're out.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car is spinning out of control. Jamal YELLS. Fatma leans back, and wipes the blood from her mouth with her hand.

The car spins to the shoulder, breaks the barrier and flies off the cliff straight into mid air.... And drops to...

CRASH! -- it lands on its roof on the rocks below. STILLNESS.

EXT. ON THE ROCKS - CONTINUOUS

PANNING SLOWLY, FIND Jamal hanging upside down in the car, his head bloodied. Fatma's lifeless body hangs behind him.

CLOSER: he opens his eyes. His hands clutch at his crotch. HE'S ALIVE. He looks over at Fatma --

JAMAL'S POV

Her open mouth is wet with blood. And there, near her head, on the roof of the car, is laying -- HIS SEVERED PENIS.

OFF JAMAL: as he lets loose A STRANGLED SHRIEK OF PAIN.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Barry's eyes are closed as the plane suddenly slows. Barry opens his eyes and fumblingly puts his glasses on. The CAPTAIN'S VOICE is heard coming over the loudspeaker.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Hello, this is the Captain speaking. We apologize for the delay, but the tower has asked us to wait here for a few minutes.
(after a beat)
Please remain in your seats.

Barry looks left. Something catches his eye. He gets up.

MOLLY
Barry...? Honey...

He crosses the aisle and leans over TWO SEATS WITH PASSENGERS IN THEM to look out the window. His heart is pounding.

BARRY
Shit.

BARRY'S POV

A convoy heads towards the plane: a few limos and police cars with their lights glaring.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

BARRY, looking with DREAD out the window, his face lit by the lights from the police cars, as Molly and the kids push in around and under him, all looking out the window.

MOLLY
What is it?

SAMMY
What's happening?

EMMA
What's happening, Daddy?

BARRY
I don't know.

MOLLY
(looking out)
Ramzi...Leila...

Sammy and Emma exchange a look. He's psyched they might be staying; she's horrified at the prospect. She looks outside.

THE FAMILY'S POV OUT THE WINDOW

The convoy has stopped. The sirens are wailing, their red and blue lights filling the tarmac with ghostly light.

RAMZI AND LEILA get out of the lead car. Leila hangs back on the tarmac but Ramzi and some GUARDS head for the plane as the STAIRCASE is being rolled up by FLIGHT WORKERS.

IN THE PLANE, MOMENTS LATER

Ramzi and A GUARD walk onto the plane. Barry walks past Molly to meet them in the aisle.

BARRY
What are you doing here?

RAMZI
Your brother's been in an accident. It would be best if you stayed.

Again, the siblings exchange looks behind Barry, who, feeling the vise tightening around him, gets resolute.

BARRY
No. We can't. We have to get home.

RAMZI
At least stay until we've buried your father, and your brother is out of the hospital --

BARRY
I can't.
(quiet vehemence)
I can't stay here, Ramzi. And you know why. You were THERE.

PUSHING IN ON BARRY: <u>DOOMED</u> --

EXT. MA'AN STREET - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

We're back in the same moment from the last flashback. The noise is almost unbearable... SCREAMS. FIRE everywhere. Women and children running from the carnage. The men are lined up against a wall, right across from Hassan's Mercedes.

A boy runs hysterically towards the car. GUNSHOT. His blood squirts on the window.

Hassan walks into frame, PISTOL IN HAND. He stands between the car and the frightened men. He raises his hand towards Jamal. His fingers curl backwards. Bassam looks at Jamal.

The door opens and Jamal steps outside. Bassam waits in the car, obedient, scared. He watches as Hassan stoops down and talks to Jamal. Fire all around. GUNSHOTS. Screams of agony.

HASSAN
(yelling over the din)
The assassination was planned in this town. By these people. Understand...?

Jamal nods. Bassam watches.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
The hardest thing about being a leader is that sometimes you have to do difficult things to your own people to save them from themselves.

Hassan beckons with one hand and a SOLDIER drags one of the men from the wall over to Hassan and Jamal and pushes him down to his knees in front of them. Bassam watches all this.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
(to Jamal)
It's like cancer. Sometimes you have to cut off a limb in order to save the body.

MAN
Please... It's not us. Please.

Hassan hands the gun to Jamal.

HASSAN
You do it.

Jamal takes the gun from his father. He takes a step forward. Bassam, through his crooked glasses, watches from the car.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Aim.

Jamal raises the gun at the MAN, who's now crying.

MAN
Please. I have a family. I have a son. Like you. Please, don't!

HASSAN
Shoot him.

Bassam looks at Jamal and sees: a puddle of piss is forming around his right shoe. Jamal takes a deep breath. His hand shakes.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Do it. For your country. For your people. For your father.

Jamal shakes. His small finger on the trigger. Then --

The gun falls to the ground. Jamal, in tears, turns and runs back to the car, crawls in past Bassam and hides, CRYING.

Hassan cusses in Arabic and walks around to the other side of the car and opens the door. Ramzi gets out and rushes to the other side of the car to manage the mayhem while Hassan struggles with Jamal in the backseat.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Get out there!

JAMAL
No!

HASSAN
Yes, get out and do as you're told!

Bassam huddles on his side of the backseat as Hassan struggles with Jamal, who's kicking and screaming --

JAMAL
NO! NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!

Bassam turns and looks where the SOLDIER is still holding the MAN on his knees there in the middle of the chaos.

IN THE BACKSEAT

Hassan and Jamal are struggling as they hear **FIVE GUNSHOTS** --

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

-- and they stop fighting and look up to see --

HASSAN'S POV

Bassam, holding the smoking gun in two hands, his whole body trembling and the MAN lays dead at his feet, his face blown apart by bullets.

Ramzi stands nearby, observing with an almost clinical interest what young Bassam has done. Watching as he turns toward his father, looking at Hassan for approval -- which he finally gets.

RAMZI (O.S.) (PRELAP)
Bassam...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

ON RAMZI AND BARRY, IN A CLOSE TWO

RAMZI
...in that moment your father knew he'd made a mistake. That you were the one he should have chosen. He also knew why you ran away. What you were afraid of... within yourself.

ON BARRY: shivering almost imperceptibly from the memory.

RAMZI (CONT'D)
But all the years you stayed away -- they broke his heart. Now your family needs you. Stay.
(off Barry's hesitation)
You're not evil, Bassam. You simply have the wisdom to know what needs to be done, and the strength to do it. Don't run away again. Stay.

BEAT. Barry looks out the window, onto the tarmac, where he sees Leila standing. He looks back to Ramzi. He can't say no. We see the doom settle on him: the destiny he's so scared of.

RAMZI (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Barry turns and walks back to Molly. Sweat beads on his forehead. Terror in his heart. And: A NEW HARDNESS.

BARRY
I told you we shouldn't have come.

SMASH TO BLACK.