TYRANT

by

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DARKNESS. THEN WE HEAR THE SOUND OF RINGING IN AN EAR -- THAT STRANGE MID-RANGE CLUSTER OF OVERTONES THAT HOLDS THE SEEDS OF DIZZINESS WITHIN. THE SOUND CROSSFADES WITH HAUNTING ARAB-TINGED MUSIC. DREAM-LIKE IMAGES, HALF-SEEN, FLASH IN THE DARK AND VANISH AS VOICES IN ARABIC RISE UNDER THE MUSIC IN COUNTERPOINT -- THE BRIGHT CERULEAN BLUE OF A PAINTED WALL: A SOLDIER'S BACK AS HE WALKS DOWN AN OPULENT HALL: A CITY SWEEPING BY THROUGH A CAR WINDOW FROM A CHILD'S POV: A LARGE HAND SETTLING ATOP A BOY'S HAND, SQUEEZING IT TIGHT -- GUNSHOTS START TO SPLATTER THE RHYTHM OF THE MONTAGE, BLASTS OF SOUND AND LIGHT WHICH CRASH AND THEN RECEDE AS THE PARADE OF HAUNTING IMAGES GROWS MORE FRENZIED AND INTENSE IN ITS MIX OF NOSTALGIC BEAUTY AND PROMISED HORROR: FINALLY, **GUNSHOT! AN ARAB MAN'S FACE**, DIRTY, UNSHAVEN, TERRIFIED, STARES INTO CAMERA, FILLS THE FRAME -- HIS SWEAT-BEADED, DIRT-SMEARED FACE BEARS A LOOK OF EERIE IMPASSIVITY --

INT. AL-FAHED HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

BARRY AL-FAHED (40) has just woken from the dream. He's staring at the ceiling, his heart pounding. Breathless. Once he gets his bearings, he turns his head and sees:

MOLLY, his All-American wife, sleeping beside him.

Relieved but still shaken, he turns away, stares upward, taking a moment to shake off the dream. Finally he wheels and sits up on the side of the bed, finds his glasses, puts them on, checks the time - **4:48.** His eyes fall on a pile of AIRLINE TICKETS on his night stand, then glides to a pair of half-packed SUITCASES, open on the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Now dressed in athletic gear, Barry laces up his RUNNING SHOES, while **TILLY, a terrier-mix mutt**, stares at him. He stands and moves to exit, when something stops him --

ON THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR

Peering from a messy bunch of coupons is a WEDDING INVITATION, decorated in gold and green. Tacky but expensive. In Arabic-style script, but in English.

CLOSE ON INVITATION: "The Honorable General Jamal Al-Fahed requests your presence at the wedding of his son, Major Ahmed Al-Fahed..." OFF BARRY, sighing with dread.

EXT. AL-FAHED HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

An AMERICAN FLAG hangs outside the door of this modest middle-class home. Barry emerges and then jogs away.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Barry runs down streets lined with palm trees, past nice homes with manicured yards: the American dream. But when we're close on Barry, we see: he can't shake the dread.

EXT. CADY WAY TRAIL - LATER

Barry runs out from a wooded path, breathing hard now, as he nears a PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE up ahead. The sound of a CROWD chanting in unison grows louder in his head --

CROWD'S CHANT (O.S.)
(in Arabic)
Hassan loves the people, the people love Hassan!

Barry's brow creases as the memory crashes in -- CUT TO --

INT. LIMO - DRIVING [FLASHBACK 1979]

BASSAM (11, slightly chubby, nerdy) recognizable as young Barry, rides in the rear-facing seat, wearing glasses and a formal suit that's a bit too snug. He looks through the tinted glass as the limo cruises past the chanting crowd.

CHANTING CROWD
Hassan loves the people, the people love Hassan! Hassan loves the people, the people love...

Bassam notices their enthusiasm isn't universal. Several people stand silently; some with looks of cold contempt.

Bassam sees one SILENT SPECTATOR poked hard by a BATON-WIELDING MAN as he's "encouraged" to join the chanting crowd -- which he then does, listlessly.

Bassam turns away from this and regards his father, President **HASSAN AL-FAHED**, who rides in the front-facing seat, concentrating on the typed pages of a speech, conferring quietly with **YUSSEF, his chief aide and adviser.** Beside Hassan is Bassam's brother **JAMAL** (13, athletic, confidence verging on arrogance).

EXT. MA'AN BRIDGE - DAY

Flanked by gun-mounted JEEPS, the limo cruises past a cordon of watchful SOLDIERS toward one end of a newly constructed BRIDGE that spans a dry river. It stops where a RED RIBBON is strung across the freshly paved road.

Hassan emerges from the limo, followed by Jamal, who imitates his father, smiling and waving to the crowd. Women ULULATE as the crowd's enthusiasm swells. Hassan glances impatiently toward the limo:

HASSAN
Bassam, come!

Bassam scrambles out, less at ease than Jamal. He half-waves toward the crowd as he joins Jamal. Both of them trail their father as LOCALS kiss his hand and then local DIGNITARIES greet him with ceremonial kisses on the cheeks. Bassam looks up from the flesh and blood fact of his father casually receiving this fearful obeisance to the 50-foot-high portrait of Hassan that hangs, Stalin-esque, behind the podium, looming over them like a god.

The lead DIGNITARY presents Hassan with a pillow upon which rests a large pair of SCISSORS.

DIGNITARY
Mr. President.

HASSAN
My son will cut the ribbon.

DIGNITARY
(a bit confused)
I'm sorry, sir... which son?

Hassan snatches the scissors and hands it to Jamal, then climbs onto the podium. Jamal gives Bassam a proud look before both boys are ushered on the stage behind Hassan.

SILENCE ripples through the crowd as Hassan raises his hands. He scans the expectant faces of his subjects --

HASSAN
Blood and tears. The ground we stand on today is stained with blood and tears. But, god-willing, that time has come to an end, and the time for peace and prosperity is upon is.

CONTINUED:

CHEERS. Hassan pauses, waits for the CHEERS to subside. Bassam scans the crowd, trying to make sense of this adoring frenzy in the shadow of the cold contempt he just glimpsed in the car. Hassan's voice booms over the PA --

HASSAN (CONT'D)
I built this bridge to create jobs for the people of Ma'an. But more than that, I built this bridge so the people of Ma'an will always remember that although we may be from different tribes... we are all citizens of the same --

DISTANT SPATTERED GUNFIRE. Bassam hears SHOUTING and MORE GUNFIRE. Following his father's look, he turns to see --

SOLDIERS in the JEEPS blocking the far end of the bridge are FIRING on a TRUCK as it plows between them, breaking the roadblock and barreling onto the bridge. GUNSHOTS. The DRIVER swerves, his truck bouncing against the rail but still scraping forward toward --

HASSAN instantly knows what's happening and leaps from the podium, lunges toward Barry -- shouts --

HASSAN
Get down, Bassam, get down!

-- but then he leaps past Bassam, directly onto Jamal, covering him with his body. Barry's pained bafflement at the fact that his father's primary concern is his brother and not him is cut short when he's blown backward by --

A BLINDING LIGHT -- then the deafening SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION. Body parts, asphalt and steel fly everywhere. A cloud of dust spreads until the chaos settles: eerie SILENCE: except for that steady, nauseating RINGING --

Bassam on the ground. He blinks, in shock. The chaos unfolds slowly, as if in a nightmare. The RINGING in his ears finally subsides enough to let in the distant, distorted screams and cries of the scattering crowd. Bassam's glasses lie a few feet away, one of the lenses shattered. He reaches for them, puts them on, sees --

The wounded on the ground, CRYING for help. People shouting and running. The portrait of Hassan is now in flames, its charred remains floating up through the twisted remains of the bridge. And then he sees --

CONTINUED: (2)

Hassan, still wrapped around Jamal, shielding him. GUARDS run to assist Hassan but he brushes them away, shouting defiantly at the fleeing crowd, beating his chest, gesticulating wildly. Although he is screaming, Bassam hears him only faintly, as if from a great distance --

HASSAN (CONT'D)
You think you can kill me? You can't kill me! Here I am! I'm right here!

As Bassam pushes himself up, he notices his hand -- blood oozes from a deep GASH. He is coldly fascinated by the muscle and tendon visible through his torn flesh. Then, we hear "FIREWORK" by Katy Perry bleed in and CUT TO --

EXT. CADY WAY TRAIL PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE - PRESENT

Barry stops halfway across the bridge, shaken by this memory. The Katy Perry song is his RING TONE. Feeling scattered, he pulls out his phone and we notice the SCAR visible on his hand as he looks at the caller ID --

INT. ORLANDO EYE CLINIC EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Still in running gear, Barry examines an elderly patient, **MRS. SHAPIRO**, checking her eye pressure with a TONOMETER.

MRS. SHAPIRO
I felt awful calling so early.

BARRY
No worries, Mrs. Shapiro...

MRS. SHAPIRO
...it's just, I couldn't sleep, the pain was so bad.

Barry offers an assuring smile.

BARRY
Your eye pressure's just a little high. It's very typical after glaucoma surgery -- here --

He scribbles on a prescription pad.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I'm giving you something to bring down the pressure. Your headache should go away fairly quickly.

CONTINUED:

MRS. SHAPIRO
Thank God.

BARRY
And listen, I'm out of town this week, but if you have any problems, Dr. Chang is covering for me. He'll take care of you.

He tears off the prescription, hands it to her.

MRS. SHAPIRO
You're a good man, Dr. Barry.

BARRY
(modestly)
I'm okay.

INT. AL-FAHED HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

ON AN IPAD SCREEN: a NEWSWIRE PHOTO of ANGRY PROTESTORS BURNING POSTERS OF HASSAN. The headline reads: "AL-FAHED WEDDING PROMPTS VIOLENT PROTESTS." REVEAL **EMMA AL-FAHED** (17, zaftig, whip-smart, high-strung) shaking her head:

EMMA
This is turning into the worst idea for a family vacation ever.

ACROSS THE TABLE, **SAMMY AL-FAHED** (15, handsome, a jock) scarfing PANCAKES, gives Emma a bored, annoyed look.

MOLLY
Emma, get off the Internet now.

She turns the iPad screen to show Sammy.

EMMA
People are burning pictures of Grandpa in the street.
(off Sammy's smile)
You think that's funny? They burned down the bakery where the wedding cake was being made.
(to Molly)
What if they attack *us*?

SAMMY
We'll have armed escorts.
(off her doubts)
We're royalty there. You'll be like Kate Middleton. Just fat.

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
Sammy.

SAMMY
What part of that isn't true?

Emma flips off Sammy.

MOLLY
Emma, I really don't want to minimize your concerns, but you're ten times more likely to get hit by lightning in Florida than you are to die from a terrorist attack in your father's hometown.

EMMA
How do you know?

MOLLY
N-P-R.

Emma obviously doesn't credit NPR. Under this last bit of conversation, Barry has entered, out of breath --

MOLLY
Look who finally came home.

BARRY
I had to run by the clinic.

MOLLY
...everything okay?

BARRY
Mrs. Shapiro had some post-op pain.

MOLLY
Did you put her on Diamox? I've been seeing a lot of arrhythmia with that stuff lately.

BARRY
I gave her a potassium supplement.

Under this, Sammy has risen to go but left his plate --

BARRY
Sammy, clear your plate.

SAMMY
I have to finish packing.

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRY
Take your plate to the sink.

SAMMY
You do it.

Sammy exits. Emma watches as Barry endures this insolence and finally caves and takes Sammy's plate to the sink.

MOLLY
Thanks, honey.

Molly turns away from the dishes to Emma.

MOLLY
Are you packed yet?

EMMA
No.
(off Molly's look)
I'm not going to a country that's number sixteen on Amnesty's list of human rights offenders.

MOLLY
Emma, we're leaving in two hours.

Emma hands Barry the iPad.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Have you read these articles your friend's writing about this wedding? We're going to a Conrad novel.

MOLLY
Stop being so dramatic --

EMMA
Dad doesn't want to go either. Why do you think he hasn't been back in twenty-five years -- right?

BEAT. Emma reads Barry's hesitation as a confirmation.

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

Emma exits, Molly calling after her.

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLLY
You're going!
(off Barry's look)
We're all going.

INT. FAUZI'S APARTMENT - OFFICE ALCOVE - DAY

CLOSE ON **FAUZI NADAL (40), in a galabiya (traditional garb),** intensely typing on his LAPTOP at a messy desk. His daughter **SAMIRA (17)** brings him a cup of tea.

SAMIRA
What are you writing about?

FAUZI
Elephants.
(off Samira's look)
They brought elephants from India for the wedding. On a cruise ship.

Fauzi's cell RINGS. They look at the lit-up display --

SAMIRA
It's him again.

-- but Fauzi doesn't answer it. Off the look between Samira and Fauzi --

INT. AL-FAHED HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Barry's sitting on the bed, listening to a phone RINGING on the other end, and is disappointed when he hears Fauzi's recorded voice.

FAUZI'S VOICE
(on phone)
This is Fauzi Nadal. Leave a message and I'll call you back.

BEEP.

BARRY
Fauzi, it's me again. Bassam. I don't know if you've been getting my messages, but, uh, we're coming for my nephew's wedding. We get in midday tomorrow. My U.S. cell should work, so... call me.
(after a beat)
It would be nice to see you.

CONTINUED:

He hangs up, puzzled and worried.

MOLLY (O.C.)
Your friend?

He looks up from the iPad to Molly holding, who's carrying a BLACK EVENING DRESS to her suitcase.

BARRY
I've left three messages.

MOLLY
People get busy. He'll call back.

She holds up the dress against her body.

MOLLY
What do you think? For the wedding.

BARRY
I think it's sleeveless.

MOLLY
Okay, it's sleeveless, but...

She grabs a SCARF from the suitcase and wraps it around her face, draping the rest over her shoulders. Leaving only her eyes exposed.

MOLLY
...what if I accessorize like so?

Barry weakly smiles and nods. Molly sees the troubled look on his face and lets down her playfulness. She tosses the scarf aside, and sits beside him on the bed.

MOLLY
Barry. If you don't want to go -- if you REALLY don't want to go -- then let's not go. Seriously.

Barry looks into her eyes to see if she's sincere. She is. And though he's tempted to take her up on it --

BARRY
Why are you so set on this?

MOLLY
I've been married to you for twenty-five years and I've never seen where you're from...
(making it lighter)
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY (CONT'D)
And your family lives in a palace on the other side of the world.

Barry loves her. He really can't say no to this trip.

BARRY
Okay. We'll go.
(an afterthought)
Just promise me we'll come back.

MOLLY
What?

BARRY
Promise me we'll come back.

MOLLY
(with a smile)
Very funny.

She lets out a small laugh which Barry echoes, disarming what he realizes sounds like an absurd request -- but the moment after she kisses him and turns away, his smile vanishes. PRELAP car horns HONKING.

EXT. 436 FREEWAY/AL-FAHED FAMILY CAR - DAY

Barry behind the wheel of the car, stuck with his family in standstill traffic. Molly nervously checks her watch. Sammy sighs impatiently.

EXT. ORLANDO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Barry, Molly, Sammy and Emma rush into the terminal with their COPIOUS LUGGAGE rolling behind them.

SAMMY
I told you not to take the 436. You're SO retarded sometimes.

MOLLY
Don't talk to your father that way.

INT. ORLANDO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The family waits on the other side of the station while Barry is frisked by **TSA OFFICERS**. Sammy's still LIVID.

CONTINUED:

SAMMY
...who takes the 436?

MOLLY
Sammy, enough.

EMMA
Maybe we'll miss the flight.

As Barry hops toward them, pulling on his second shoe ---

BARRY
(joylessly)
Okay, sorry, let's go --

Sammy leads the family's mad dash down the terminal --

INT. ORLANDO AIRPORT - GATE - DAY

They reach the gate, breathless... only to find the gate is EMPTY.

SAMMY
I told you! We missed the flight!

MOLLY
(to Barry)
I'm sure there's another.

EMMA
Or maybe it's a sign from Allah we should just stay home?

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

They all turn, surprised at the **BEAUTIFUL, SMILING ARAB STEWARDESS** who has appeared out of nowhere.

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
Are you ready to board, sir?

MOLLY
The plane's still here?

STEWARDESS
Of course.

BARRY
(a baffled beat)
Everyone else has boarded...?

CONTINUED:

STEWARDESS
You're the only passengers on this flight, Mr. Al-Fahed.

Barry and his family, confused, look at the Stewardess.

STEWARDESS
Your father bought all the other seats on the plane.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Sammy enters the impeccably luxurious empty plane first.

SAMMY
THIS is what I'm talking about!

He drops his bag on a first class seat: flops down. Molly and Emma enter, equally impressed.

MOLLY
(to Emma, like a Mom)
Very fancy... A whole plane...

Barry's the last one in. He sees Sammy and stops.

BARRY
Get up. These aren't our seats.

Sammy laughs dismissively --

SAMMY
Yeah, right.

BARRY
Sammy, get up. We're sitting in the seats we paid for.

Sammy just sits there, waiting for Molly to fix this.

MOLLY
Barry.
(off his look)
We've never flown first class. We probably never will again.

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

MOLLY
Isn't that a little crazy?

CONTINUED:

BARRY
(re: empty plane)
This is what's crazy.
(off their looks)
I said no to his private jet --
I'm not going to be... manipulated
like this. No.

MOLLY
(lightly teasing)
Your father will never know.

BARRY
(not amused)
Fine. Sit wherever you want.

He heads back toward coach, looking at his ticket --

BARRY (CONT'D)
18-D...18-D...

EMMA
I can sit with Dad.

MOLLY
No, stay here. Let me talk to him.

She exits into coach. Emma tosses her bag and sits in the other aisle. Sammy strokes the armrests as the Stewardess shuts the cabin door and vanishes into the kitchen.

SAMMY
I'm having champagne.

EMMA
Congratulations.

INT. PLANE - ECONOMY CLASS

Molly walks back to find Barry in his aisle seat in the economy class. She comes to a stop and they trade a look.

He's not going anywhere. She looks up towards first class and then back at him and sighs. BEAT.

She squeezes past and sits beside him in the window seat.

As it settles on Barry that Molly is staying with him and his obduracy softens, he reaches across and takes her hand -- they trade a warm look of mutual acceptance as we PRELAP the sound of a MAN GRUNTING, SEXUALLY --

INT. SEASIDE VILLA - LUXURIOUS BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE EYES OF **FATMA, a woman in a *burqa* (25):** the rest of her face is covered. She trembles, pushed toward us every time we hear the unseen man grunt behind her.

REVEAL**: A SHIRTLESS JAMAL AL-FAHED** (42, handsome and feral-looking) pounding into her from behind on a bed.

After a few beats, a phone RINGS. Jamal, slowing but not stopping, reaches over her to the bedside table and grabs his phone and looks to see who it is. He's ANNOYED --

EXT. SEASIDE VILLA - DAY

ZIAD, the head of the Mukhabarat, and **THREE GOONS**, are waiting outside. Jamal's FERRARI SUV is idling. THREE OTHER SUV's are there, too: support security. Behind the villa, the sea glitters, beautiful and blue. Jamal blasts out of the door, mad as hell, buttoning his shirt.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
(to Ziad)
Why didn't you get me...?

Fatma follows him out, covered from head to toe in her *burqa*. Even so, we sense from her walk that she's scared.

JAMAL
My wife called, my brother's landing in ten minutes, I'm late.

Jamal gets in his Ferrari and speeds off, followed by TWO of the waiting SUVs, as Fatma is pushed into the third.

INT. PLANE - DAY

PUSHING DOWN THE AISLE, we see the kids fast asleep in first class; the remnants of huge meals and DVD players here and there -- then we come to empty economy --

Molly is asleep. Barry is awake. And nervous. He gets up and walks to the back and looks out the window: SEES: the white-capped water of the sea below and looming ahead, the large city of Asima, crowded against the shore. The dull roar of the plane's engine crossfades with the sound of car engines as we PUSH IN ON BARRY'S FACE --

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - COURTYARD - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

SUVs and military vehicles are idling. SOLDIERS are loading WEAPONS into Jeeps with mounted machine-guns.

Hassan is at the center of a group of MILITARY MEN, with Yussef on one side, and Young Jamal on the other.

YUSSEF
Another two-hundred men are coming from the base. They'll meet us outside Ma'an.

REVEAL: Young Bassam, watching, half-hidden, from nearby.

HASSAN
(to Young Jamal)
We tried to help the people of Ma'an, and they gave shelter to the terrorists who tried to kill us. Sheikh Al-Rashid and the people of Ma'an are going to learn tonight that kindness does not mean weakness. And you are going to help me teach them this lesson.

BASSAM (O.S.)
I want to come too.

Hassan sees Bassam has stepped out form his hiding place.

HASSAN
Stay with your mother.

Jamal gets in the back seat of Hassan's SUV.

BASSAM
(insistent)
But I want to come.
(off Hassan's impatient silence)
Please.

HASSAN
Fine. Just stay out of the way.

Bassam runs up and gets in and sits next to Jamal as Hassan and Yussef climb into the SUV. As the doors are slammed shut, one frames Bassam's face, scared but glad to be included --

STEWARDESS (PRELAP)
You should take your seat, sir.

INT. PLANE - RESUME PRESENT DAY

Barry turns from the window to see the Stewardess.

STEWARDESS
We're starting our descent.

She goes. Barry takes a deep breath.

EXT. ASIMA SKYLINE - DAY

The jet descends toward the coast, which gives way to a tightly-packed, modern downtown.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD IN ASIMA - DAY

The plane roars across the sky over a street busy with vendors peddling their wares: the womens' dress (*burqas* and *abayas*) and the beards on men announce this as a conservative neighborhood. Looking somewhat out of place in the crowd is Fauzi.

The government SUV shoves its way through the crowd, honking, causing some people to scurry out of the way. Fauzi watches as the door opens and Fatma is deposited on the street, still in her *burqa*. She keeps her eyes ahead as she moves through the crowd, avoiding looks of pity and contempt --

INT. FATMA'S APARTMENT - SAME

A BOY (KHALED, 9) watches from a window as Fatma approaches their building. The boy's father, **HAMID**, comes up from behind, gingerly pulls him from the window --

HAMID
Finish your school work.
(off Khaled's hesitation)
Khaled.

Hamid guides him toward **THREE YOUNGER SIBLINGS**, who are reading or playing in a corner. But Khaled turns, still troubled, and fixes his father with a pained look --

KHALED
How come you let mom go with them?

Hamid is nearly swamped by emotion.

CONTINUED:

HAMID
Come, I'll help you with your reading.

He guides Khaled to the table where he resumes his schoolwork, when the door opens and Fatma enters. The younger children race toward her, hugging her tight. Fatma looks across the room toward Hamid and Khaled, who remain where they are.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still covered, Fatma runs water in the sink. She pulls off her *burqa*, revealing an exquisitely beautiful woman. She regards her own dead eyes in the mirror... then cups the running water and washes herself between her legs. The door opens and Hamid stands in the doorway. A tight line connects their eyes, fairly vibrating with shame and helplessness --

EXT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

The airplane door opens. Sammy is the first one out, a backwards Orlando Magic baseball cap on his head. Emma deplanes next, squinting in the sun. Molly is next, smiling broadly, followed by Barry, who looks at his native country with a guarded air. OFFICIAL CARS are waiting. He walks down the stairs and joins his family as Yussef, now 65, glides up to greet them.

YUSSEF
Salam Aleikum.
(embracing him)
It's so good to see you, Bassam --
(including Molly)
-- so good you could all come.

MOLLY
We've been looking forward to it.

YUSSEF
I trust the flight was good...?

BARRY
There was certainly plenty of legroom.

YUSSEF
(with a smile)
Your father insisted.
(off Barry's look)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

YUSSEF (CONT'D)
You are an Al-Fahed, after all -- there are security considerations.

The throaty rumble of Jamal's Ferrari precedes it -- and then it rolls onto the tarmac, followed by his security detail of TWO ADDITIONAL SUV's. They all stop.

Barry braces himself for Jamal and straightens up.

Jamal gets out, opens his arms: PURE FAMILIAL BONHOMIE --

JAMAL
Little brother!

He walks up and gives Barry a very firm enthusiastic hug.

BARRY
Jamal.

JAMAL
You look pale, maybe, huh? What's the matter? No sun in Florida anymore?
(to Ziad, performing)
When we went to Disney, I got sunburned. Look at him. So pale.

Jamal slaps Barry lightly and then turns to Molly.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Molly...Miss America.

Jamal grabs her --

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Beautiful as ever.

-- and nearly lifts her off the ground as he embraces her: an embrace she accepts happily, laughing a little. Barry watches all this with mild trepidation -- Jamal's showy, effusive power brings back troubling memories. Jamal releases Molly and turns to Emma: smiles warmly.

JAMAL
Emma. My little mermaid.

Emma accepts the hug uneasily and looks over his shoulder at Molly, who gives her a look as if to say, "Try to have fun." Jamal releases Emma and then embraces Sammy.

JAMAL
Sammy! My fishing buddy! So tall!

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMMY
Hey, Uncle Jamal.

Jamal pulls back but holds onto Sammy's shoulders.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
I just bought a Mikelson Nomad, have you heard of this boat?
(off Sammy's look)
Fastest thing you've ever seen. After the wedding, we'll take her out and catch some tuna.

SAMMY
Cool.

Jamal turns back to Barry and lets out a conclusive sigh.

JAMAL
Come. We'll go to the palace.

BARRY
It was a long flight. I thought we'd check into the hotel first.

JAMAL
Father said he wanted to see you the moment you landed.

Before Barry can object --

JAMAL
You've kept him waiting long enough. Come on, Sammy, let's go!

Sammy unquestioningly obeys Jamal and slips under his extended arm and goes. Barry watches as they lead Molly and Emma away toward the waiting motorcade. OFF BARRY.

INT./EXT. MOTORCADE/HIGHWAY - DAY

The motorcade, led by Jamal's Ferrari, courses down the spookily empty highway through the modern downtown.

INSIDE THE FAMILY'S LIMO

The family and Yussef ride along in the hum of the air conditioning. Emma looks out at the deserted freeway.

EMMA
How come there's no traffic?

CONTINUED:

SAMMY
They're holding it, stupid. See?

He points to an entrance ramp where MEN IN UNIFORM stand in front of a long line of patiently waiting cars.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Because of us...
(to Yussef)
...right?
(off Yussef's nod)
So cool.

Sammy looks around, totally psyched.

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

Barry turns to look out the window and sees --

A HUGE FADED PORTRAIT OF HASSAN (IN A MOVING POV)

On the side of a building. His face is large, set against the silhouette of the Ma'an Bridge: it's an older Hassan, but vital and strong, with a head of THICK BLACK HAIR.

OFF BARRY: as the reflection of his father's colossal image wipes past him on the glass of the car window.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - ENTRY GATE - DAY

Driving along a CONCRETE WALL TOPPED WITH RAZOR WIRE, the MOTORCADE pulls up to a military-style gate that opens.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - GARDENS - DAY

Led by Jamal in his Ferrari, the motorcade courses along the single lane road, moving from scrubby desert into ever-more-manicured landscapes, until it turns a corner and there it is --

THE PALACE: surrounded by gorgeous gardens and lakes, a sprawling complex adorned with domes, arches, mosaics.

ON SAMMY, THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE MOVING CAR

As the reflection of the palace sweeps across the glass.

SAMMY
Holy crap.

CONTINUED:

IN THE LIMO

Everyone but Barry is craning to see the palace.

SAMMY
Why did you ever leave this place?

Barry doesn't answer: he just girds himself for arrival.

OUTSIDE THE PALACE

The motorcade pulls up. Jamal gets out of his Ferrari and the family piles out of the limo.

LEILA AL-FAHED (38, stunning, dignified), descending the stairs. Her eyes turn cold as she greets Jamal in *Arabic*.

LEILA
You were late, weren't you?

JAMAL
I was already at the airport when you called.

Leila dismisses his lie with a look and heads for Barry, who obviously clocked that chilly exchange. They trade a freighted look as she approaches.

BARRY
Leila.

LEILA
Bassam.

-- exchange three quick cheek kisses, and then Leila moves on to Molly with the full force of her hospitality.

LEILA
Welcome!

She embraces Molly, who accepts the embrace with joy.

MOLLY
Congratulations on the wedding.
(after pulling back)
You two must be so proud.

LEILA
We are very proud, yes. And we're so happy you've come. All of you.

CONTINUED: (2)

As Barry clocks how intently Leila is focusing on the family, Jamal steps up alongside him. Leila gives them a look as if they're both somehow now quite dispensable.

LEILA
(to Jamal)
He's waiting on the balcony.

JAMAL
(to Barry)
Come.

Off Barry's hesitation --

MOLLY
Go. Go. We're fine.

But Barry still hesitates. Something shifts in Molly's tone; something more intimate and encouraging appears.

MOLLY
Go.

Leila clocks this beat of spousal encouragement and something in her look says she understands the problem. Barry turns to Jamal, who says, as they head away --

JAMAL
Do you remember the way...?

As they ascend the stairs, Barry looks back at Leila, who is managing his family with absolute, effortless grace --

LEILA
(to Molly)
Whatever you want, whatever you need, while you're here: tell me and it will be done.

MOLLY
Thank you.

LEILA
Who wants to jump in the pool?

As Barry turns back and continues up the stairs --

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The brothers head down a hallway lined with PAINTED PORTRAITS of Hassan in heroic poses, wearing a range of traditional garments and military uniforms.

CONTINUED:

From one to the next, Barry feels like he's being watched, as they enter --

A MASSIVE OFFICE

The windows frame a breathtaking view of the city and sea below. Facing away from them, gazing out the window is an OLD MAN, and beside him, a WOMAN.

JAMAL
Father, look who's here.

HASSAN (71, frailer but still fierce) turns toward them, clutching a cane. His hair is GRAY and his eyes creased with WEARINESS -- and WARMTH: this is NOT the man on the poster. He stands for a moment, nervous and unsure --

His wife **HIAM (60s, dignified and strong),** leans in to Hassan and whispers encouragingly --

HIAM
You'll be fine.

Hassan meets Barry halfway across the room.

HASSAN
Bassam.

BARRY
Father...

Barry kisses Hassan thrice on the cheeks and steps back.

BARRY
...you look well.

Hassan looks at Barry searchingly: a bit sadly.

HASSAN
It's been so long. Too long.

BARRY
Between work and the kids' schedules...

Barry trails off, unable to finish his hollow excuse.

HASSAN
I'm sure. You're very busy.

Hiam fills the uncomfortable silence.

CONTINUED: (2)

HIAM
Your father's been so excited to see you, he's barely slept these past few nights. So excited.

HASSAN
I want to take a walk. Just you and me. But first give me a minute with your brother.

Hiam takes Barry's arm, ushers him out the open door. Hassan speaks quietly with Jamal: his demeanor shifting from fond father to cold leader.

HASSAN
My source in Ma'an says they're planning an attack on the wedding.

Jamal reacts, seething anger.

JAMAL
Yussef said he took care of it.

HASSAN
Apparently he didn't.

JAMAL
I'll send Ziad and his men to Ma'an. They'll go door to door, round up everyone --

HASSAN
And tomorrow, there will be ten thousand people in the square.

Jamal exhales, frustrated.

JAMAL
Fine. Then we'll gas them and be done with it.

HASSAN
Don't talk like a fool, Jamal.

Hassan's eyes drill into Jamal, straight and cold.

HASSAN
Set up a meeting with Walid. Make sure he understands there would be consequences.

JAMAL
Yes, father.

CONTINUED: (3)

HASSAN
And bring your brother.

Jamal blinks.

JAMAL
Why?

HASSAN
Because I told you to.

Hassan moves past him to join Barry, stranding Jamal in his wake... wondering at his father's request.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - OVERLOOK - DAY

Hassan and Barry walk along the edge of a stone railing that looks out upon the city and the distant sea.

HASSAN
So much has changed since you left.
(then)
Saddam is dead. Mubarak, in prison. Ben Ali, in exile. Abdallah, who knows how much time he has left, flying around in his helicopters.

BARRY
(polite, encouraging)
You're still here.

HASSAN
For now.

Hassan stops walking. They look out at the city.

HASSAN
(re: the people)
One sign of weakness, Bassam, one wrong move, and they'd rush in here and kill us all. Our entire clan. Me, your mother, your brother, Leila, all of us. And for what? "Freedom?"
(after a long beat)
Madness.

Barry looks at Hassan, who's obviously haunted and hurt by the current tenuousness of his rule. He turns to Barry and his look slowly turns, deliberately, a bit lighter.

CONTINUED:

HASSAN
It's good you've come.

OFF BARRY: looking at his father: wondering if he's made a huge mistake by keeping his distance for so long -- but also feeling curiosity: why is it good he's come?

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - POOL - DAY

An extravagant pool with a waterfall. Emma is reading on a lounge chair while Sammy swims.

At a table beneath an overhang, Molly is sipping iced tea with Leila, **DANA TUCKER (30's, charmingly garrulous)** and her husband, **JOHN TUCKER (late 30's, brahman).**

DANA
Did you guys meet in Orlando?

MOLLY
Chicago. In med school. We both did our residencies in Orlando, and wound up staying there.

DANA
So you're an eye doctor, too?

MOLLY
GP.

JOHN
Dana, stop interrogating the woman and let her enjoy her iced tea.

DANA
Excuse me for being curious.

Under this, Barry approaches. Molly quietly asks Barry --

MOLLY
So...?

BARRY
It was good to see him.

Molly desperately wants to ask more, but now isn't the time -- and then Dana shoots out a hand --

DANA
Dana Tucker. I teach at the American School.

CONTINUED:

JOHN
I go with her.
(they shake hands)
John Tucker. I'm the Economic Attache with the Embassy. Nice to finally meet you.

BARRY
"Finally...?"

JOHN
Your father talks about you all the time.

LEILA
John's here twice a week giving tours to American investors. Your father calls him his "other" American son.

DANA
So how does it feel to be home?

Barry hesitates, taken aback.

BARRY
This hasn't been "home" in a long time.

DANA
Why did you leave, anyway?

Barry tightens -- which isn't lost on either Molly or Leila. Dana remains oblivious --

DANA
I mean, John and I moved here from DC five years ago, and as far as we're concerned, this is paradise.

Molly clocks Barry's unease with the question --

MOLLY
We should probably go check in, get some rest before tonight...

-- and stands, shares a smile with Barry, who's grateful to be rescued.

BARRY
Sammy, Emma, let's go!

CONTINUED: (2)

Emma gets up and puts her book in her bag. But Sammy ignores his father as he treads water, trading looks with a **STRIKINGLY HANDSOME YOUNG MAN** standing at the gate.

MOLLY
(to the Tuckers)
We'll see you at the wedding...?

DANA
We'll bring the booze.

As they move toward the gate, Barry calls out --

BARRY
Sammy, please. Out of the pool.

Molly whispers to Barry --

MOLLY
So how it was to see him? Really.

BARRY
I told you. It was good.
(then)
We took a walk.

MOLLY
And...?

]BARRY
He's older.

MOLLY
That doesn't sound so bad.

BARRY
It wasn't. It was interesting.

MOLLY
"Interesting...?"

Molly regards Barry expectantly, waiting for more --

BARRY
Sammy, I told you, get out!

SAMMY
I just got in!

MOLLY
You heard your father, let's go!

Sammy sighs loudly, climbs out --

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - DAY

Twenty-stories, three stars --

SAMMY (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Yay!

INT. EMMA AND SAMMY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Barry tips the BELLMAN as Sammy and Emma take in the room.

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

EMMA
So what's this thing we're supposed to go to tonight?

MOLLY
It's called the *mehndi* ceremony. We get our hands and feet painted with henna.

EMMA
Do I HAVE to go?

MOLLY
You always say you want a tattoo.

EMMA
On my own terms. Not as part of some creepy patriarchal tradition.

MOLLY
It's a bachelorette party, Emma, there's nothing patriarchal about it. If you're going to be unbearable, at least be accurate.

SAMMY
And ours is the bachelor party?

BARRY
Yeah. Without the strippers and the booze. It's pretty much a bunch of guys in a steam room.

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
See you in the lobby at six.

EMMA
(singsong, “ta-ta”)
Hating...!

Barry and Molly exit. Sammy shakes his head in mock-disappointment as he starts to unpack --

SAMMY
Men in a steam room. Bummer.

EMMA
You better be careful --

SAMMY
Thanks, Mom.

EMMA
They stone you here if you’re gay. They bury you up to your chest in the ground and stone you.

SAMMY
They have to catch you first.

EMMA
Sammy, I’m serious --

SAMMY
Emma, shut up, I’m not stupid.

EMMA
You’re fifteen. Same thing.

EXT. NUSRAT’S FAMILY’S OPULENT HOME - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. OPULENT HOME - CELEBRATION HALL - NIGHT

A WOMAN sings “Inta Omri” *a capella* as Molly and Emma, now wearing caftans, enter the beautiful hall lit by candles. There are at least **20 WOMEN** present, including Leila, Hiam, and **NUSRAT (the bride, 17).**

MOLLY
That’s Nusrat. She’s the bride.

CONTINUED:

Molly indicates Nusrat -- she's in the midst of having her hand painted by an **OLDER VEILED WOMAN.** When she sees Emma looking her way, she smiles at Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She looks younger than me.

MOLLY
I think she is.

EMMA
Okay. That's immoral.

MOLLY
Is it any worse than these girls who come into my office with all these STDs because they've had thirty partners before they've even graduated from college?

EMMA
Does she even *want* to get married?

MOLLY
Ask her.

Leila walks up to Molly and Emma; her beauty causes them both to take a breath.

LEILA
Molly, Emma. You both look beautiful. Come, I'll introduce you to all your cousins...

INT. TURKISH BATH HOT ROOM - NIGHT

Barry sits shrouded in STEAM, dripping with sweat. It's intensely, oppressively hot.

Among the dozen other men wearing only white towels is Sammy and the Handsome Young Man from the pool. Jamal is shaving his son, **AHMED (18, the groom)** on the *Gbek*, the circular marble stone at the center of the room.

JAMAL
I got the fishing report, Sammy. Tuna are running like crazy. After the wedding, I'm taking you out. Who else wants to come?

SAMMY
Not my Dad.

CONTINUED:

JAMAL
That's right. I forgot, he gets -
(searching for the word)
Musab bedour al-baher... how do you say in English?

BARRY
Seasick.

JAMAL
Right. Seasick.

Jamal laughs, then --

JAMAL
Remember Orlando, Sammy? The whole time we're pulling in those sailfish, and your father is standing over the railing --
(miming vomiting)
-- blah blah blah.

The room erupts in laughter. Sammy and the Dark Young Man join in. Everyone is laughing... except Barry.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
What's the problem, Bassam? Too hot for you?

BARRY
I'm fine.

As the laughter subsides, Ziad appears in the doorway, fully clothed. Jamal nods, then looks back at Barry.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Come.

BARRY
Me?

But Jamal is already following Ziad down the steam-filled corridor. Barry follows, reluctantly. Sammy watches them... until he catches the Young Man looking at him. Sammy holds his look...smiles. The Young Man smiles back.

INT. OPULENT HOME - CELEBRATION HALL - NIGHT

The Veiled Woman has just finished painting Nusrat's hand. Nusrat shows Emma.

CONTINUED:

NUSRAT
See? It's pretty.

The Older Veiled Woman turns to Emma.

OLDER VEILED WOMAN
(in Arabic)
Now you. Give me your hand.

Emma hesitates.

NUSRAT
Go ahead. It doesn't hurt.

EMMA
...what does it mean?

NUSRAT
Flowers represent fertility.
(whispering)
Ahmed and I don't intend to have children for several years -- but please don't tell Leila.

Nusrat laughs a little at her own mischievousness, which makes Emma feel comfortable with the whole thing.

EMMA
(re: the henna)
...okay.

Emma holds out her hand, and as the Veiled Woman starts to paint it --

LEILA AND MOLLY are sitting alone in a corner while Molly's hand is painted by **Older Veiled Woman #2.**

LEILA
I was so surprised you accepted the invitation. How did you convince Bassam to come?

MOLLY
It wasn't easy.
(after a beat)
And it wasn't all me, actually.

LEILA
What do you mean?

MOLLY
Can you keep this between us?

CONTINUED: (2)

LEILA
Of course.

MOLLY
-- it was our therapist.
(off Leila's look)
Sammy's been having some issues at school... with bullying. So Barry and I started seeing this family therapist who thinks Barry needs to assert himself more with Sammy.

LEILA
And what does that have to do with coming here...?

MOLLY
The therapist says Barry's got unresolved issues with Hassan, which if he at least tries to confront...

LEILA
Things with Sammy will improve.

Molly shrugs to say, "That's the idea." Leila smiles.

MOLLY
What?

LEILA
We don't go to therapy here.
(after a beat)
Maybe we should.

MOLLY
Please don't tell Barry I told you.

LEILA
Molly. I can keep a secret.

Across the room --

EMMA AND NUSRAT

Nusrat watches as Emma's hand is painted. Emma looks up, notices Molly and Leila talking intimately.

EMMA
Seems like they're getting along.

Nusrat smiles, whispers to Emma.

CONTINUED: (3)

NUSRAT
Does your mother know about Leila and your father?

EMMA
What about them?

INT. TURKISH BATHS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Barry is following Jamal and Ziad toward a distant door.

BARRY
Where are we going?

JAMAL
To see Walid Abu Wa'el. A tribal leader from Ma'an. Which is still the asshole of the country.

BARRY
Seeing him about what?

JAMAL
Yussef paid him to keep things quiet during the wedding, but he did a shit job, so now I need to handle it myself.

BARRY
And why do I need to come?

JAMAL
Because father wants you there.

BARRY
Why?

JAMAL
I have no idea. Ask him.

Before Barry can object further, they enter --

ANOTHER HOT ROOM

WALID ABU WAEL (mid-50s, senior Brotherhood) stands fully-dressed, nervous but trying to maintain a dignified defiance. He's flanked by a pair of **MUKHABARAT GOONS.** Jamal approaches, trailed by Ziad and Barry.

CONTINUED:

JAMAL
(faux-polite)
My apologies for this last-minute meeting, Walid, but I'm getting my son ready for his wedding. As you know.

Jamal drops his towel and stands there, naked.

JAMAL
It's a busy time.

Jamal pees, making no effort to avoid splashing Walid.

JAMAL
This is my brother, Bassam.

WALID
Salam aleikum.

BARRY
Aleikum Ha-Salam.

JAMAL
My father is troubled, Walid... by what he's been hearing from Ma'an.

WALID
...what is he hearing?

JAMAL
That terrorists from Ma'an are planning to attack my son's wedding.

Jamal finishes peeing, stares at him.

WALID
I've heard nothing of the sort.

JAMAL
THEN WHAT GOOD ARE YOU?

Jamal suddenly SLAMS Walid against the wall -- his skull SMACKS the tile. Barry startles at the sudden violence.

JAMAL
You promised to keep the peace.

WALID
I'm trying --

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMAL
Not hard enough!

WALID
-- you can't expect to spend millions on a wedding while people starve and not have trouble.

JAMAL
Yes we can. We can because we paid you to make sure of it.

Jamal SLAMS Walid again, even harder. His knees buckle and he sinks to the floor, smearing BLOOD on the tile.

WALID
I can't control everyone!

Jamal KICKS Walid -- then snaps his fingers at Ziad, who produces a small HATCHET. Barry is freaking out.

BARRY
What are you doing?

JAMAL
Showing those assholes in Ma'an what happens when they take our money and don't deliver what they promised.

Walid tries to scrabble away as the goons struggle to hold him down. Ziad pins his arm against the tile.

BARRY
Jamal --

Walid struggles chaotically, managing to slip from Ziad's grip as Jamal swings the hatchet down: we hear the metal of the blade split the tile and BLOOD sprays up. The tip of Walid's pinky is gone. The stump pours blood.

JAMAL
Keep still!

WALID
Please don't, I am a mechanic, I need my hand --

Jamal raises the hatchet again --

BARRY
Jamal, stop this --

CONTINUED: (3)

But Jamal ignores him, about to bring the hatchet down -- when Barry catches his wrist.

BARRY
STOP!

Jamal stunned by Barry's intervention. Barry is fairly stunned himself.

BARRY
Please.
(then)
Just listen to me.

Jamal is pissed, but also, vaguely curious. In the sudden quiet, the only sound is Walid's whimpering and Jamal's heavy breathing as he takes Barry across the room and confronts him, point-blank:

JAMAL
What the hell --

BARRY
Doing this won't stop them. If anything, you're giving them good reason to attack the wedding.

JAMAL
They need to understand the consequences.

BARRY
Yes, but not like this.

JAMAL
Then how?

BARRY
Talk to him.

Jamal blinks at what sounds like the stupidest idea ever.

JAMAL
Talk. Like Oprah. "How are you feeling, Walid? You had a bad childhood? Me too! Let's hug it out."

BARRY
That's not what I mean.

JAMAL
Then what...?

CONTINUED: (4)

BARRY
Invite Walid to the wedding. Him and his family... invite them all to the wedding, and put one of them at every table. Trust me, he'll find a way to stop these terrorists from Ma'an.

Jamal studies Barry for an impassive beat -- then:

JAMAL
(to Ziad)
Give him my towel.

Ziad tosses Jamal's towel to Walid, who wraps his bleeding pinky. OFF BARRY, breathless and deeply shaken --

INT. BARRY AND MOLLY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Without turning on the light, Barry enters, still buzzing with adrenaline. He sees Molly asleep in bed. He sits on the chair, unties his shoes.

MOLLY
...how was your night?

BARRY
Fine. My brother's insane.

Molly sits up, turns on the light.

MOLLY
What does that mean?

BARRY
He, uh...

Barry trails off, unsure how even to begin to explain.

MOLLY
What?

BARRY
It's... forget it. I'm just being dramatic.

Barry sits beside her on the bed. Molly studies him.

MOLLY
So how come you never told me about you and Leila?

CONTINUED:

BARRY
-- What about me and Leila?

MOLLY
That you were a couple. Before you left. Before Jamal.

BARRY
Who said that?

MOLLY
Is it true?

BARRY
No.
(then)
Not exactly.
(off Molly's look)
One summer, when Jamal went into the army, we hung out together.

MOLLY
How come you've never told me?

BARRY
Because. We were fourteen.

MOLLY
Is she the reason you haven't wanted to come back?

BARRY
Are you jealous?

MOLLY
Should I be?

He doesn't answer, noticing instead her painted hand. He traces the pattern with his fingers.

MOLLY
Barry --

BARRY
That's beautiful.

MOLLY
You haven't answered my question.

Barry kisses her hard. Hungrily. She kisses him back, then pulls away, surprised by his intensity. A suspended moment... then, Barry pushes her back onto the bed, his other hand finding its way between her legs.

CONTINUED: (2)

Molly closes her eyes, allows herself the pleasure he's offering. And Barry watches her -- enjoying her pleasure and his control over it. Then, suddenly, he flips her onto her stomach with his other hand, hoisting her hips up, as he pulls down his pants. Molly not sure what to make of his rough manhandling --

MOLLY
Barry, what are you --

A sharp exhale replaces whatever she was about to say. And just like that, Barry is fucking her hard from behind, Molly's moans growing louder and louder as she loses herself --

EXT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - NIGHT

All is quiet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Molly sleeps, but Barry remains awake. He dons his glasses: sees it's 5:15. He checks his cell: no messages. He takes a BEAT to decide and then gets out of bed.

INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Barry enters, spots **TWO GUARDS** smoking by the main exit. He walks back, around the L-shaped reception area, and looks to the back door: **GUARDS** there, as well. He looks this way and that, and then spies a **BELLHOP** wheeling a LARGE BASKET OF TOWELS into a LAUNDRY AREA.

EXT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Barry sneaks undetected out the back door, descends a dirty concrete staircase and heads out into the night.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Desolate. A FEW COMMERCIAL VANS pass by. The business day will be starting soon. Barry, his face somewhat obscured by a HOODIE sweatshirt, waves down a TAXI and gets in.

EXT. MOSQUE - YARD - DAY

Fauzi all but pushes Barry out into a scrubby yard outside the mosque. The scene plays in ANGRY WHISPERS.

FAUZI
What the hell are you doing here?

BARRY
Looking for you.

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

BARRY
(at a bit of a loss)
You haven't returned my calls.

BEAT. Fauzi looks back through the door, where some men can be seen watching them. Then he looks back at Barry.

INT. FAUZI'S APARTMENT - 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.

Fauzi walks over and hands Barry his tea: stands by him.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Remember we used to climb that tree...?

ACROSS THE STREET, there's a tall, thickly-branched tree.

BARRY
I remember sitting on that big branch next to you and watching my father's motorcade drive by, the day he first took power. Remember?

Barry looks to Fauzi, who nods a little.

FAUZI
(a bit cold)
We were all so proud.

CONTINUED:

Barry catches the edge in Fauzi's voice and looks at him.

BARRY
This is why you haven't been calling me back for the past year or so, isn't it... Or responding to my emails. My father.

Fauzi gives Barry a knowing look and steps away.

BARRY
Fauzi, I'm not my father.

FAUZI
Do you know what's going on here? What he's doing to this country?

BARRY
I read your articles.

Fauzi sits down at a table, where MAMOULS are on a plate.

FAUZI
Really? Because when the protests started, what, eighteen months ago, and he sent in the troops, I wrote about it. Dozens of people dead. Hundreds injured. My story got picked up by hundreds of websites. And you wrote me an e-mail about Emma's summer camp. For ten years, I've been gritting my teeth, reading your stupid emails about what it was like when we grew up here, while I've been living in what it's become.
(after a beat)
I'm sorry, I got to a point, Bassam, I couldn't do it anymore.

Fauzi looks at Barry with fresh curiosity and disgust.

FAUZI
Why are you here?

Barry walks over to the table.

BARRY
I told you. For the wedding.

Fauzi takes a MAMOUL, dips it in his tea, takes a bite.

CONTINUED: (2)

FAUZI
He's spending five million pounds on it. Five million. He's brought elephants all the way from India.
(after a beat)
He tells the people he's defending them from the barbarians, from the Jews, the Brotherhood -- all he's doing is sucking them dry.

BARRY
It doesn't seem that bad.

FAUZI
Why? Because there are skyscrapers downtown? Go to Ma'an. See how the people live there. How they die.

BARRY
That's not my father's fault. You know how they are they, they're corrupt, they always have been.

FAUZI
You're defending your father?

BARRY
I'm just saying, it's complicated.

FAUZI
It's not. It's simple.

Fauzi sets down the cookie, made sick by these thoughts.

FAUZI
Your brother, he goes around with his Mukhabarat goons, doing whatever he wants to whomever... There's this woman in Abu Romana -- she's the wife of a friend of mine. He has his men drag her out of her house, Bassam. With her children there, watching.

BARRY
You've seen this for yourself?

FAUZI
Yes.
(after a beat)
What's the matter? Am I interfering with your bourgeois nostalgia?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAUZI (CONT'D)
You want to hide in America like a child for twenty years and then show up at my door talking about the old days while your father murders his people.

Fauzi rises -- slams down his teacup --

FAUZI
You want to know why I don't return your calls anymore? Look.

-- unbuttons the top buttons of his shirt. His chest is speckled with cigarette burns: his nipples scorched from electric shocks. Barry is mortified.

FAUZI
After the last article I wrote about the wedding protests, they came and got me in the middle of the night; kept me in the basement of the palace for three days.
(after a beat)
You dream about the smell of the air here? I dream about this.

As Barry takes in the reality of Fauzi's situation, Samira peeks out from the bedroom behind Fauzi. Barry meets her gaze for a moment, then looks at Fauzi.

BARRY
I'm sorry.

Fauzi speaks, looking down as he buttons his shirt.

FAUZI
Don't you have a wedding to get to?

OFF BARRY.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

ON AN ELEPHANT, its head draped in decorative tapestries. RISING UP OVER IT, REVEAL: the courtyard is lit up like a castle in a fairytale. 2000 GUESTS mill about the grounds as an orchestra plays traditional music.

Hassan and Hiam stand at the head of the receiving line, talking with **DIGNITARIES.** A number of distinguished-looking AMERICANS and EUROPEANS are present, some wearing the military uniforms of their respective nations.

CONTINUED:

Barry, Molly, Sammy and Emma are dressed to the nines, sitting at a table. The Tuckers are at their table, too. Molly is glowing and effusive as she talks to Dana.

MOLLY
Leila took Emma and me to that mall this morning, downtown, with that amazing fountain...? It was like Palm Beach or something...

DANA
How long are you guys staying?

MOLLY
Six days. Why?

DANA
Leila has designers come from all over the world to the palace, they show her the upcoming lines, make things for her custom, it's crazy.

Molly turns and gives Barry a smile as she reaches under the table and pulls his hand gently over and squeezes it between her knees. He gives her a quick smile back --

JOHN TUCKER
Barry. Check this out.

-- and then turns to Tucker, who's pouring himself a drink from a flask. He then holds it out to Barry --

JOHN TUCKER
Twenty-five year old bourbon.

Barry takes the flask.

JOHN TUCKER
Yussef has it flown in for me.

Barry takes a swig -- it's strong stuff -- and then looks out at the party; at the elephants across the way.

BARRY
The elephants are a bit much, don't you think...?

Tucker eyes the elephants -- comes to his conclusion --

JOHN TUCKER
Not especially.

CONTINUED: (2)

-- and takes a drink. The MUSIC SHIFTS. Tucker's face lights up and he sets down his glass.

JOHN TUCKER
Oh! Here we go...

Tucker rises, pushing himself up with both hands.

MOLLY
...what's going on?

JOHN TUCKER
Dabke.

JOHN TUCKER
Dabke, Barry. It's a dance.

BARRY
I know what the *dabke* is.

Barry looks and sees men beginning to assemble in lines on the dance floor. Jamal calls from across the way.

JAMAL
Sammy! Bassam!
(in Arabic)
Come on! Let's go!

Barry just waves and politely smiles.

SAMMY
I'm going.

Sammy heads off past Tucker. Tucker picks up his drink --

JOHN TUCKER
Barry.

BARRY
I don't dance.

JOHN TUCKER
Barry. I don't know you. I have no right to say this. Twenty years. You came all this way. Come on.

-- drains it and slams it down on the table.

JOHN TUCKER
Dabke.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Rows of men dance the traditional *Dabke* dance. Sammy's into it, next to Jamal. Barry's on the other side of Jamal, with Ahmed between them. Hassan's at the end of the line, giving it all he's got. The song ends; the dancers disperse. A quieter song begins. Jamal, drunk, joyful, leans over to Barry --

JAMAL
You were right, little brother.

BARRY
About what?

JAMAL
No attacks.

Jamal looks over and directs Barry's gaze to: a table where Walid and his family sit stoically.

Suddenly, Jamal embraces Barry. Looking past Jamal, Barry sees Hassan, dancing boisterously, watching them, happy. Barry smiles uncertainly at Hassan, who smiles back.

JAMAL
It's because of you. You did this.

Jamal takes out a GUN and FIRES into the air. Now other men follow his lead, firing their guns in frenzied syncopation with the pounding DRUMS. ON BARRY, as the sound of the gunfire carries us over the CUT TO:

I./E. LIMO/MA'AN STREET - NIGHT [FLASHBACK 1979]

Barry looks out the window of the armored SUV, observing the surrounding CHAOS. GUNSHOTS. SCREAMS. Jamal looks over Barry's shoulder to see for himself.

JAMAL
What's happening?

BASSAM
I don't know.

Women and kids flee the Mukhabarat, who give chase. Some are gunned down from behind or slashed with machetes.

A DOZEN MEN, some of them as young as 10 and as old as 70 are lined up against a nearby wall. Frightened, crying, or defiant. SOLDIERS have guns trained on them.

CONTINUED:

A YOUNG BOY breaks from the line, runs toward the car, grabbing a ROCK from the ground, which he raises over his head. He's almost there when BANG! Blood squirts from his eye onto the window as he crumbles. Bassam, in the car, recoils in horror as a shadow passes over him.

EMMA (O.C.)
Dad...? Dad!

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - COURTYARD - PRESENT

Barry is right where he was and Emma is standing there, holding out his cell phone.

EMMA
Someone keeps calling.

BARRY
(still scattered)
Oh. Thanks.

EMMA
I'm gonna try to find a bathroom.

BARRY
Don't get lost.

Emma heads off. Barry looks at the phone, wondering who's calling; still rattled by the memory he just endured.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

As heads away from the dance floor and stops and grabs a glass from his table and drinks from it, he notices --

JAMAL'S POV

Nusrat settles at another table, with her bridesmaids and looks at a **A HANDSOME BOY (20)**, sitting with his friends. He smiles at Nusrat; she smiles back and averts her gaze.

OFF JAMAL: clocking this interaction with suspicion.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Emma finishes peeing and wipes herself. Then she hears the door slam open; VIOLENT JOSTLING, followed by SOFT WHIMPERING. The sound of the door locking. Emma stands, pulls up her underwear, looks through the crack --

CONTINUED:

EMMA'S POV

Jamal is pushing Nusrat up against the sink, looking at her, over her shoulder, in the mirror.

JAMAL
He's a good boy, my Ahmed. You love him?

She nods, frightened. Jamal leans closer into her.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
That's good. That's good.

Jamal speaks to Nusrat in the mirror.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
My son chose wisely. A girl this beautiful... I'm sure you must have had many suitors.

She shakes her head. Jamal slaps his hand over her face. His other hand moves down her dress. Emma watches all this through the crack in the stall door.

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

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

JAMAL (CONT'D)
It's important to be pure. It would break my heart if my son discovered the woman he married wasn't pure.
(after a beat)
Don't worry, we're all family here.

Jamal shoves his hand into Nusrat's underwear. He covers her mouth with his free hand and pushes up against her.

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

Nusrat YELPS in pain. Jamal pulls his hand up: BLOODY.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Good girl. Just making sure.

He moves her aside and washes his hands in the sink and then looks at her as she stands there, ravaged, crying.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Good girl.

He exits. Nusrat's knees buckle. She braces herself, planting her painted hands on the sink. OFF EMMA.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Sammy, with a few of his **COUSINS**, is learning another traditional dance when he spots Abdul sitting by himself -- looking straight at him with obvious interest. Sammy separates himself from the group and walks over to Abdul.

SAMMY
Anyone sitting here?

Sammy sits before Abdul can answer.

SAMMY
I'm Sammy. I'm --

ABDUL
I know who you are.
(a nod, re: himself)
Abdul.

They look at each other a beat -- a testing moment.

SAMMY
What's your connection to...?

ABDUL
My father is your grandfather's head of security. He told me to keep an eye on you while you were here.

SAMMY
Why?

ABDUL
He had a feeling if you were allowed to wander too freely, you might get into trouble.

SAMMY
What kind of trouble?

ABDUL
He didn't say.

Sammy smiles at Abdul and settles back into his chair.

CONTINUED:

SAMMY
Well. Now I feel very safe.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Barry is away from the action: he can see the city and the palace, lit magically. He's on the phone, shouting --

BARRY
(into phone)
I promise you, Mrs. Shapiro, Dr. Chang is a highly qualified opthalmologist. Yes, he was trained in America. Harvard.

Under this, Barry sees Leila approaching. She is a vision, wearing a haute-couture take on the *abaya*.

BARRY
Yes, of course. If you need to talk, you've got my number.

He hangs up, smiling in mild annoyance.

LEILA
Everything alright?

BARRY
Yeah. Just a patient.

LEILA
Halfway across the world, and they still depend on you.

Barry pockets the phone as he takes Leila in.

BARRY
You look beautiful.

LEILA
Thank you.

Jamal's laugh rings out. They look across the way and see Hassan and Jamal with the Tuckers.

LEILA
Your father's very happy. It's good you came.

BARRY
(after a beat)
It is. You're right.

CONTINUED:

BEAT. A small smile blooms on Barry's face.

BARRY
Molly and I had a talk last night.

LEILA
What about?

BARRY
You. Emma heard from Nusrat that you and I were a couple once. Molly asked me if it was true.

LEILA
What did you tell her?

BARRY
That it was. But that she didn't need to be jealous.

But Barry keeps looking at Leila, and she looks straight back -- it's clear there's something to be jealous about.

MOLLY (O.C.)
(breathless)
Barry!

-- Molly comes running up, distraught (despite whatever awkwardness she feels at having found them together) --

BARRY
What is it? What's happened?

MOLLY
You need to come. Now.
(off Barry's look)
It's your father.

NEAR THE DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The music has stopped. Molly and Leila and Barry rush up to see Hassan on the floor, his eyes heavy and rheumy, his shirt open, drooling from the corner of his mouth. BODYGUARDS surround him. A DOCTOR attends to him. Yussef and Jamal are kneeling next to him, BARKING orders at the crowd as ORDERLIES rush up with a stretcher --

YUSSEF
(in Arabic)
Out of the way! Out of the way!

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(to Barry)
His pupils are dilated.
(after a beat, quiet)
It might be another stroke.

OFF BARRY, as the orderlies carry Hassan away.

EXT. AL-FAHED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. PRIVATE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The **DOCTOR** is explaining Hassan's condition to Hiam, Yussef, Jamal, Barry, Leila and Molly, who are all gathered in a semi-circle around him. He speaks *Arabic*.

DOCTOR
The president has suffered a massive cerebrovascular injury.

HIAM
Another stroke...?

DOCTOR
A very serious one this time.

JAMAL
So what are you going to do?

DOCTOR
We're doing everything we can -- we've stabilized his vitals, we have him on clot-dissolvers --

JAMAL
What the fuck does that mean?

Jamal grabs the doctor by the neck, yelling in his face.

HIAM
Jamal! Stop it!

All at once, Jamal releases him, lets out a hard breath and walks away. The Doctor sputters, coughs, regains his composure. BEAT. Finally, he addresses Barry, in English:

DOCTOR
Your father asked to see you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. A single hospital bed. Barry walks in and approaches the bed.

Hassan looks shrunken and fragile in the wide hospital bed. He's attached to IV's and monitoring devices.

Hassan turns his head toward Barry. He tries to speak but barely manages an inaudible mumble.

HASSAN
Bassam...

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. He grabs Barry's hand. And he speaks in *Arabic*...subtitled.

HASSAN
Family...

BARRY
...yeah?

Barry looks at Hassan, assuming he's delirious.

BARRY
...what about family, Dad?

HASSAN
The... most important thing.

BARRY
(misunderstanding)
I know. I'm sorry I stayed away for so long. It was a mistake.

HASSAN
No, no...

Hassan squeezes Barry's hand, trying to be clear.

HASSAN
Your brother... can't do this...

Barry struggles a bit with his old language.

BARRY
I don't understand.

CONTINUED:

HASSAN
He's not like you, Bassam. He has no self-control. He can't rule...
(after a beat)
...he can't rule without you.

The reality of Hassan's impending death shakes Barry.

BARRY
(faltering)
Nothing's going to happen to you. You're going to be fine.

Hassan shakes Barry's hand a little, for emphasis.

HASSAN
Listen to me. They'll kill us all.
(with deep meaning)
I was wrong, Bassam. I was wrong.

Hassan looks into Barry's eyes and says, with intense clarity, in English --

HASSAN
It should have been you.

Hassan squeezes Barry's hand. He looks down at the old man's hand clenching his -- right on his SCAR.

HASSAN
It should have been you.

OFF BARRY.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Barry steps out into the corridor, looking dazed, like a man in a waking dream, to find Jamal and Molly and Leila.

JAMAL
How is he? What did he say?

BARRY
He wants to talk to you.

BEAT. Jamal nods. And goes in. Barry walks over to Molly.

MOLLY
Are you okay?

Barry just stares through her with mournful terror.

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
Barry, are you alright?

Hassan's hospital room door opens behind them and they turn. Jamal is standing in the doorway, breathless --

JAMAL
He's gone.

This hits Barry. Jamal, still looking at Barry, says --

JAMAL
(more helpless)
He's gone.

-- and, suddenly in a panic, Jamal rushes down the hall.

BARRY
Jamal -- where are you going --

Barry breaks away from Molly and goes after him --

BARRY
(in Arabic)
-- *Jamal, wait! Wait!*

Barry catches Jamal by one shoulder to stop him and Jamal spins on Barry fiercely and slams him against the wall. Jamal's eyes are filled with tears. He's shaking.

JAMAL
I love you, Bassam. Never forget that. I LOVE you.

He kisses Barry on the lips, squeezing his head. Barry pulls away but his strength is nothing compared to Jamal's. It lasts a few beats and then Jamal slams him back against the wall and heads away, past Leila, who says nothing, and he blasts through the double doors.

Barry turns, just as Molly walks up and looks at him with deep sorrow and sympathy in her eyes.

MOLLY
Honey, I'm so sorry.

But on Barry's face, we see a cold focus forming as he pulls himself together, realizing what he has to do.

BARRY
Where are the kids?

CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY
In the waiting room.

INT. PRIVATE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A TV plays BBC News coverage as Emma and Sammy watch. Barry and Molly walk up. Barry is tense but composed.

BARRY
Let's go.

SAMMY
They're saying Jamal is going to be the next president.

EMMA
People are already in the streets, calling for free elections...

BARRY
I don't care. Let's go.

Emma rises.

EMMA
Where? To the hotel?

BARRY
No. The airport.

Molly stops. This is news to her.

MOLLY
What are you talking about?

BARRY
We're going home. Now.

SAMMY
What about our stuff?

BARRY
We'll have it sent after. Get up.

Sammy doesn't move. Barry moves toward the door. Molly grabs his elbow and stops him.

MOLLY
Barry. We can't just leave.

BARRY
We can do whatever we want.

CONTINUED:

SAMMY
So we're not even going to stay for Grandpa's funeral?

Barry's rage starts to rise within him.

BARRY
Sammy, do what I say. For once.

SAMMY
No. I'm not going anywhere.

BARRY
Sammy, do what I say.

SAMMY
Screw you.

EMMA
Sammy, do what Dad says.

SAMMY
Emma, shut up.

BARRY
Sammy, get up, we're leaving now.

SAMMY
NO! I'll stay with Uncle Jamal --

BARRY
I said GET UP!

WHACK! Barry SLAPS Sammy's face. The SLAP surprises even Barry, even though he gave it. Sammy grabs his reddening cheek. Tears fill his eyes. BEAT. On Barry's face, we see something else happen: a hunger for more release. **WHACK!** He slaps Sammy a second time. For a moment, no one moves.

BARRY
(low, to Sammy)
Now.

Sammy gets up and runs out of the room and Emma follows. Molly looks at Barry with a indignation and fear.

MOLLY
What is the MATTER with you?

Barry looks down at his scarred hand. Clenched tight.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Barry.

CONTINUED: (2)

He looks down at the floor. Molly looks at him and realizes -- they have to go. They have to go home.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay. We'll go home.

She heads away. OFF BARRY: SHAKEN -- BUT DETERMINED.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Barry is the first one out. Molly, Emma and Sammy follow. Molly is obviously still upset about what just happened. Barry walks to a TAXI DRIVER, smoking outside his taxi.

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

The driver drops his cigarette and heads around the raxi to get in. THREE ARMED BODYGUARDS hurry over from the family's motorcade as Emma and Molly pile into the taxi.

BODYGUARD
Sir, if you need to go somewhere, we can take you --

BARRY
We're fine. Thank you for all your help. Thank you.
(to Sammy)
Get in!

Sammy does so. Barry gets in the front seat and slams the front door and the taxi screeches away.

EXT. ABU ROMANA NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

People are out in the streets. Some are mourning Hassan, crying in doorways, but others are already in loose groups, gathered near the guards at the checkpoint. The guards seem concerned. A sense of chaos brewing.

Jamal's Ferrari pulls up to a checkpoint, stops, is allowed through, and then speeds into the street.

A MAN IN A DOORWAY clocks Jamal's Ferrari as it speeds past him and disappears around a corner. He pulls out a phone and dials. It rings. We hear Hamid's voice --

CONTINUED:

HAMID (O.S.)
(on phone)
Hello?

MAN
(into the phone)
He's coming.

INT. PLAIN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hamid is on his CELL, INTENSE -- speaking in *Arabic* --

HAMID
Okay. She'll be ready.

He hangs up the cell and walks swiftly but quietly into the bedroom, where Fatma is asleep with the three kids.

HAMID
(to Fatma, whispering)
Get up, get dressed.

Fatma sits up and looks at Hamid.

FATMA
What is it, why...?

HAMID
He's coming.

BATHROOM, MOMENTS LATER

Hamid pulls the top off the toilet, reaches in and pulls out a SMALL BOX, wrapped in a plastic bag. He tears open the box, revealing a loaded SYRINGE inside. They trade a look -- this is goodbye -- and she takes it from him.

EXT. HAMID'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jamal's Ferrari pulls up. Fatma, completely covered in a burqa, rushes down the stairs and gets in the car. As it drivers away, PULL UP to see Hamid in the window. Khaled walks up beside him.

INT. HAMID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hamid and Khaled are looking out at the street, steadily filling with people. Hamid is mournful but stoic.

CONTINUED:

HAMID
Go wake your brothers and pack your things.

KHALED
Where are we going?

HAMID
Somewhere you'll be safe. Go.

Khaled heads off. OFF HAMID, his eyes rimmed with tears.

EXT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Barry is roughly helping the driver unload the luggage from the taxi as his family watches him, hanging back, as if he's dangerous.

INT. ASIMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Barry at the ticketing booth --

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

AGENT
Do you have a preferred airline?

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

She checks her computer. Barry turns to his family.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Passports!

They give him the passports, but Sammy is slow --

BARRY
Now!

MOLLY
Give your father your passport --

SAMMY
I am, I'm doing it, HERE!

CONTINUED:

Sammy hands it over and Barry hands all of them to Agent.

AGENT
I have a flight to New York leaving in forty-five minutes --

BARRY
-- we'll take it.

I./E. JAMAL'S FERRARI/COASTAL 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 of his erratic driving. She looks at him, worried, as he takes a fast hairpin turn.

JAMAL
Why are you looking at me?

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

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

Jamal unbuckles his belt. Fatma watches him. Waiting for her chance. Her hand slowly rises. As he pulls his pants down, he momentarily swerves into 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, heading straight for them. LOUD HONK. Fatma screams. Both vehicles hit the brakes.

OUTSIDE THE CAR: the car misses the truck by a hair but flies off the road to the shoulder, close to the edge.

INSIDE THE CAR: Jamal turns the wheel, hits the brakes: the car spins: Fatma's thrust to the left, then to the right: her hand smashes on the side of the car as the car hits the guardrail -- CRASH! -- the SYRINGE flies out of her hand into the backseat. Her fearful gaze goes from the unreachable syringe to Jamal's face.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
STOP 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.

CONTINUED:

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

He hits the gas and the car speeds away.

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: OBEDIENT.

PAGE
Good evening, passengers. In a few minutes we'll start pre-boarding --

Barry is already on his feet, grabbing his carry-on. He looks back at his family, still seated. They get up.

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jamal is speeding very fast as Fatma keeps blowing him.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah. Don't stop! Don't you stop, don't you ever stop, don't --

CLOSE ON FATMA: SHE BITES DOWN. Jamal SCREAMS in pain.

ON THE NARROW ROAD

The car spins to the shoulder, breaks the barrier and flies off the cliff into mid-air and drops to...CRASH! It lands on its roof on the rocks below. STILLNESS.

EXT. ON THE ROCKS - CONTINUOUS

Jamal hanging upside down in the car, his head bloodied. He opens his eyes. His hands clutch at his crotch: his breath coming fast. He looks over at Fatma -- DEAD.

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

The plane is pulling away from the gate.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Molly, Sammy, Emma and Barry are cramped in the four middle seats at the back of the plane. Barry is TENSE.

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

Molly is beside him, still wound up from the tension. The plane is full and they're surrounded by strangers.

MOLLY
Okay, we're on the plane, we're going home -- are you ready to explain to me what that was about?
(getting no answer)
Barry.

Barry tightens, as if he might explode into a rage --

BARRY
Not now.

MOLLY
What do you mean, not now?

BARRY
I mean, I'm not going to talk about it now.

Molly leans in, trying not to make a scene.

MOLLY
Barry, you just hit our son. You dragged us here without even giving us a chance to get our bags, what's going on?

BARRY
Molly, now is not a good time.

MOLLY
It's never a good time!

It starts to seem like Barry might hit Molly next.

BARRY
Be -- quiet --

CONTINUED:

MOLLY
No! I'm so sick of it, Barry! I never know what you're thinking, I never know how you feel. Ever since we met, I've had to do all the feeling for both of us and try to be a mind reader figuring out what you're thinking! You're behaving like a goddamned little boy and I want to know why!

BARRY
I can't tell you.

MOLLY
Why? What can't you tell me?
(after a beat)
WHAT CAN'T YOU TELL ME...?

ON BARRY -- ABOUT TO EXPLODE -- AS THE MEMORY RUSHES IN --

EXT. MA'AN STREET - NIGHT [FLASHBACK 1979]

CONTINUING FROM THE PREVIOUS FLASHBACK. Having just killed that boy, Hassan beckons Jamal: his fingers curl backwards. He's waving him to join him. Bassam looks back at Jamal, then back at Hassan. Jamal doesn't move.

HASSAN
Get out!

Jamal, scared, slides past Bassam and opens the door and gets out. Bassam waits in the car, obedient, scared. He watches as Hassan stoops down and talks to Jamal and the soldiers drag FIVE MEN from the wall over near Jamal --

HASSAN
(yelling over din)
The assassination attempt against us was planned in this town. By these people. They want to kill us.

-- and push them down onto their knees.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
The hardest thing about being a leader is that sometimes you have to do bad things for good reasons.

Hassan extends his hand to the soldier standing next to him. The soldier hands Hassan his gun.

CONTINUED:

HASSAN (CONT'D)
(to Jamal)
When the people cause trouble... you need to save them from themselves. It's like cancer. Sometimes you have to cut off a limb in order to save the body.

Hassan hands the gun to Jamal.

HASSAN
You do it.

Jamal takes the gun from his father. Bassam, through his glasses, watches from the car.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Aim.

Jamal raises the gun at one **MAN**, who's now crying: it's the Man whose face we saw pleading in Barry's dream.

MAN
(to Hassan)
Please. I have a family. I have children. Like you. Please, don't!

HASSAN
Shoot them.

Bassam looks at Jamal. He is the only one noticing that a puddle of piss is forming on his shoe.

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 turns and runs back to the car, crawls in past Bassam and hides behind him.

Hassan curses in Arabic and walks around to the other side of the car and opens the door. Yussef gets out and rushes to the back of the car to manage the mayhem.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Get out there!

JAMAL
No!

CONTINUED: (2)

HASSAN
Yes, you'll do as I say! Now!

As Hassan struggles with Jamal, Bassam gets out of the car. He walks over and picks up the gun. He turns and aims it the struggle between Hassan and Jamal --

CLOSE ON BASSAM, AIMING, BOTH HANDS SHAKING --

HASSAN
You'll do as I say! You will obey!

But he can't do it -- he turns and shoots the man: **BANG!** The Man's face now hangs before him, pleading, just as it did in Barry's opening nightmare --

MAN
Please...please, don't...please...

And then Bassam shoots again: **BANG!** The Man falls. Dead.

ON BASSAM'S FACE -- he's FREAKED OUT.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Barry!

INT. PLANE - SECONDS LATER

Molly is still pressing Barry hard for an answer.

MOLLY
(still very angry)
Answer me. What can't you tell me?

Then: THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES POWERING DOWN...

The plane slows. The CAPTAIN talks over the loudspeaker.

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

Barry looks past Molly out the window.

BARRY'S POV: a convoy heads towards the plane: limos and police cars with sirens wailing, their red and blue lights filling the tarmac with ghostly shafts of light.

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON BARRY, A FEW MOMENTS LATER

He senses what's coming. He hears a door open at the front of the plane. He looks down the aisle.

Yussef and **A GUARD** step onto the plane and look down the aisle. Barry clutches his armrest hard and stands. He walks up the length of the plane to meet Yussef.

BARRY
What happened?

YUSSEF
Your brother's been in a car accident. It's not clear if he's going to survive.

Molly and Emma and Sammy arrive behind Barry. Barry's breath starts coming faster as the pressure builds.

BARRY
I can't stay. I have to go home.

YUSSEF
Bassam, listen to me. Your family needs you right now. We need you.

Barry looks at Yussef. Then, at sea, he turns back to see Molly, who's behind him. He says, with GRIM CLARITY --

BARRY
I told you we shouldn't have come.

He turns back to face Yussef -- OFF BARRY, CLOSE.

SMASH TO BLACK.