

Accomplice to Terror

A screenplay by Steve Dunham

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This document is formatted for easier reading. It is also available in a standard Hollywood format using Courier.

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Fade in

Scene: Inside the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D.C. Daytime, summer. **Aneesa**, who is a Muslim woman, wearing distinctively Muslim women's dress, is looking at the words of Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural address: "With malice toward none, with charity toward all ..."

Aneesa

No malice ... only charity! Even between enemies! How hard to practice!
But the way to peace? Maybe the only way ...

She turns and gazes up at the face of Lincoln. As she turns away, Lincoln appears to be looking down after her.

Scene: Aneesa exits the Lincoln Memorial and walks down the steps.

Camera draws back to show the whole memorial.

Scene: Aneesa pauses at the edge of the reflecting pool, which shows a mirror image of her and the memorial behind her.

Scene: At the same time, on the grounds of the Washington Monument, Washington, D.C.: **Khalid** looks down the slope toward the Reflecting Pool and the Lincoln Memorial.

Khalid

Lincoln ... a symbol, but maybe the wrong one. An enigma. He led a struggle, yet he preached reconciliation. He inspired martyrs, yet he pardoned many. But there are many other symbols.

Khalid faces north and looks across the Mall and the Ellipse toward the White House.

Khalid

The seat of power, with orders going out to make war and to strike people from the sky. Yet the brothers tried to destroy it and failed. Still, perhaps ...

Khalid turns around and stands gazing at the Washington Monument. He looks up toward the top.

The camera pans from the bottom of the monument to the top.

Khalid walks around to the front of the monument and gets in line with the other visitors. A **guard** is directing them.

Guard

Strollers must be left outside. (*Pointing*) You can leave them over there.
They'll still be there when you come out.

All packages are subject to inspection.

(*In response to a barely heard question from the crowd*) Yes, you may bring cameras with you.

You'll ride in groups to the top. No walking up. We've had too many people

who tried and couldn't make it...

Scene: In the elevator, ascending the inside of the Washington Monument. Khalid studies the interior of the monument as the *elevator operator* narrates the ride.

Elevator operator

You can see blocks of stone from many states, with their names carved into them ...

Scene: In the top of the Washington Monument. Khalid looks around the interior, then turns and looks out one of the windows.

Cut to a view of the Lincoln Memorial from inside the top of the Washington Monument.

Khalid

Lincoln ... Washington ...

Scene: Outside the base of the Washington Monument. Khalid walks down the slope, then turns and walks around the perimeter, looking at the barriers.

Khalid

Barriers ... guards ...

He looks back toward the Washington Monument.

Khalid

An uphill struggle to reach it. But a worthy struggle. A symbol of pride.

Then Khalid walks east to 14th Street and silently gazes south.

Scene: A windowless room—the hideout of a terrorist cell in Northeast Washington, D.C. Evening. *Terrorists 1* (the leader), *2*, *3*, and *4* are present. All are seated. Most of them are leaning forward, in earnest discussion.

Terrorist 1

Ahmet is missing.

The other men look at him anxiously.

Terrorist 1

We will go ahead without him. We will kill many Americans.

Terrorist 2

But what if Ahmet has been captured? The police might be on to us!

Terrorist 1

Ahmet would never talk to the police except under torture. And even then, it does not mean we should abandon the mission.

Terrorist 2

I think we should find out what happened to Ahmet before we carry out the mission.

Terrorist 1

If Ahmet has been compromised, then we must not delay. Maybe he is being waterboarded right now and is telling the police all our plans. No, we must move ahead immediately.

The door smashes in. Armed ***FBI agents and their commander*** swarm into the room.

FBI commander

Freeze! Don't move! Hands up!

The shocked terrorists raise their hands and stay motionless. The FBI agents grab the leader and handcuff him. They jerk the others to their feet and handcuff them too.

FBI commander

You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. Anything you say can and will be used against you ...

FBI agent-in-charge Harry Hunter silently enters the room, observing the action. He watches as the FBI agents escort the stunned, silent, handcuffed terrorists out the door.

Scene: The street outside the hideout in Washington, D.C. ***Jennifer Isely*** (an FBI communications specialist) and her team film the FBI agents, the arrested terrorists, and Harry Hunter as they emerge from the hideout.

The FBI agents load the terrorists into waiting vehicles. Harry Hunter stands aside, watching them.

After the vehicles drive away, the film crew put away their equipment.

Jennifer Isely

(To Harry Hunter) Nice takedown. That will make great film. Thank you.

Harry Hunter says nothing, and Jennifer Isely turns away and leaves.

A man emerges from the shadows: ***Ahmet***. He walks up to Harry Hunter. Harry Hunter turns toward him.

Harry Hunter

Nice work, Ahmet.

Ahmet

Thank you.

Harry Hunter

We do appreciate your loyalty. It must be hard to be a good U.S. citizen while pretending to be a terrorist.

Ahmet

It is difficult, but it is worth it. This is my homeland now, and I am happy to protect it. It is the home of my family now too. I am honored to do my part.

Harry Hunter

Well, again: thank you. Nice work.

Ahmet walks away and disappears into the shadows. Harry Hunter watches Ahmet until Ahmet is gone from sight, then he too walks away and disappears into the night.

Scene: The 11 o'clock news on TV that evening. It shows the film footage obtained by Jennifer Isely's FBI media crew. The *news anchor* is reporting on that day's raid.

News anchor

Police today broke up a terrorist cell in Northeast Washington. The militants were planning to blow up the Washington Monument. The FBI infiltrated the cell and supplied the terrorists with fake explosives. The FBI emphasizes that at no time was the public in danger.

Camera pans to show Harry Hunter and Harry Hunter's wife, Sharon Hunter, sitting on a sofa watching the news.

Sharon Hunter

That's you! You were there when they rounded them up!

Harry Hunter

Yeah.

Sharon Hunter

Well, I'm glad to see you're getting some credit for your work. The public doesn't appreciate you.

Harry Hunter

It wasn't that big a deal. They were small fry.

Sharon Hunter

But those people are cunning!

Scene: The office of *Joe Hardy, Harry Hunter's boss*. The next day.

Joe Hardy

Those people are stupid.

Camera pulls back to show Harry Hunter standing in front of Hardy's desk.

Joe Hardy

Are all the people that stupid? Do they think *we're* stupid? Blow up the Washington Monument? They think they can just park a truck full of

explosives next to it and knock it down? It's made of stone and weighs a million pounds. And they're just gonna drive through the barriers and past the guards?

The public was never in danger. You can say that again! Wannabe terrorists with fake explosives and an impossible target!

And we caught them and tell everybody what heroes we are. We're making ourselves look like idiots!

Harry Hunter

Ahmet did good work. He found some people who wanted to strike a blow, to destroy something, hit America where it hurts. We took them down and got them off the street before they could start killing people. They weren't that dangerous *yet*, but we got them while they were guilty of plotting, but before they could commit a violent crime.

Joe Hardy

Hunter, they were small potatoes. We touted it on TV as if we stopped another nine-eleven, and we didn't.

Harry Hunter

We're the ones who filmed it and gave the video to the news people. It was the Bureau's idea to publicize it.

My face was on the tube. I know how it feels to be treated like a hero when I know I'm not really.

Joe Hardy

Yeah, I saw you.

Harry Hunter

But I'm glad Ahmet had the sense to stay out of sight while Jennifer Isely was filming the takedown.

Joe Hardy

Yeah, I'm glad I didn't see Ahmet on TV. That really would have been messing ourselves up if we'd shown his face. It would have been the end of his career of digging up small potatoes.

Harry Hunter

This time it was small potatoes. We don't know what he will turn up next time.

Joe Hardy

Well, I'm tired of touting small potatoes on TV.

Hunter, there are bad guys out there. *Real* bad guys. *Dangerous* bad guys. Not amateur criminals who couldn't find the Washington Monument unless we held their hands and led them to it.

Now get your man Ahmet back on the street and tell him to sniff out some real criminals—something that will make the public thank us and not laugh at us.

Scene: The Hunters' living room. That evening. Harry Hunter and Sharon Hunter are sitting on the sofa. The TV is off.

Harry Hunter

You should have heard Hardy today. Told me to find some real terrorists.

Sharon Hunter

Weren't those real terrorists you caught yesterday? The ones who wanted to blow up the Washington Monument?

Harry Hunter

Oh, they *wanted* to be real, but they were clueless. Small potatoes, says Hardy. We strung them along and then stung them. Then we get it on TV and people think we're heroes for rounding them up.

Remember when I first started with the Bureau? I was going to protect the public, nab criminals ...

Sharon Hunter

You're still doing that. Think of all the dangerous people you *have* caught.

What does Hardy want? Something that will play well on the evening news? Something sensational? Some last-minute save that will thrill everybody with how much danger they were in and make them grateful for the heroes who protected them?

Harry Hunter

Yeah, something like that. If the public was never in danger, what great thing did we do?

Sharon Hunter

If the public was never in danger, isn't that the *best* thing you could do?

Harry Hunter

You're a nurse. You get to save lives every day. You get to be a hero all the time.

Sharon Hunter

Don't start that hero stuff with me. I do my job, and I do my best, and yes, we save people's lives. I don't do it alone. I'm part of a team. But sometimes our best isn't good enough. People still die.

That happens in your job too. You do your best. That's hero enough for me. But, listen, don't go taking needless risks. If you put some wannabe terrorists on a long leash, you might get bitten.

Scene: Evening. The next day. The Mall in Washington, D.C. Harry Hunter is standing in the shadows of some trees. Ahmet comes walking down a path and joins Harry Hunter in the shadows.

Ahmet

How's it going, Harry?

Harry Hunter

We did our job, huh?

The Washington Monument is still standing.

The camera shows the Washington Monument in the evening darkness, lit by floodlights and with red warning beacons blinking at the top.

Ahmet

Yes, though I think our job in this case was to nip this plot in the bud. They weren't a big danger yet. They weren't going to topple the Washington Monument.

Harry Hunter

That's just the point. Joe Hardy thinks we look silly catching wannabe terrorists who wouldn't be able to rob a piggy bank without help from the FBI.

Ahmet

It is true, this group lacked the ability to carry out an attack, but they were motivated. If they hadn't been caught by us, fooled by our seeming to help them, maybe they would have gotten assistance from some other people, people who would have given them real weapons, people who wanted to see those weapons used to really kill people.

Harry Hunter

That's true. My wife, Sharon, says the best thing we could do is to make sure the public is never in danger. If that means stopping these things early, that's better than having truly dangerous criminals plotting terrorism out there. And I'm sure they're out there. If we stop a lot of them while they're still amateurs, so much the better.

Ahmet

Yes, I agree with that. *(Laughing)* And it makes me want to stay under cover rather than take public credit for catching a wild bunch who think they can knock over the Washington Monument. I like it better to keep the public out of danger and keep myself off the TV.

Harry Hunter

Well, I tend to agree with you and Sharon, but as I said, there *are* truly dangerous criminals plotting terrorism out there, and Joe Hardy wants to see *them* on the evening news being rounded up, not just a gang who were never much of a threat to begin with.

Ahmet

We will find them. I will blend back into the crowd and keep my nose to the ground.

Harry Hunter

“Keep your *ear* to the ground” is how the saying goes. Not that it makes any more sense. You can’t find criminals with your head on the ground. Sounds like an ostrich. Just be on the lookout and let me know what you find, and don’t let your guard down.

Ahmet

OK. No ostrich. I’ll be watching like an eagle.

Ahmet walks away and disappears into the twilight, while Harry Hunter remains standing in the shadows.

Scene: Inside a small FBI warehouse in Washington, D.C. Harry Hunter is standing with “*Smiley*” *Stevenson, an explosives expert*. The warehouse contains pallets of unmarked cartons.

Harry Hunter

Nice work, Smiley.

Smiley Stevenson

(Grinning) Thanks, Harry. Always give them a convincing fake that won’t blow up in our faces. That’s my job.

Smiley draws a smiley face on a carton.

Harry Hunter

What, do you mark all the fake explosives with smiley faces? Won’t that tip them off that the bombs aren’t real?

Smiley Stevenson

Relax, Harry. I’m just signing my work. The bad guys don’t get smiley faces on their bombs. Plain brown wrappers, that’s what they get. Only an expert can tell the difference until you try to blow them up. Then it’s a big boom or it’s real, real quiet. Then they get mad. That’s why I count on you to grab them before they find out they got counterfeit bombs. If they get mad, then somebody might get hurt.

Harry Hunter

All right, Smiley. Like I said, nice work. When I need something in a plain brown wrapper again, I’ll give you a call.

Scene: A hospital room in Washington, D.C. A *sick man* is lying in a hospital bed. Ahmet is sitting in a chair beside him.

Ahmet

I know you’ll get better. I will keep praying for you. I’ll try to come see you

again in a few days.

Sick man

Thank you for stopping by. I appreciate it.

Ahmet

No problem.

An *orderly* enters the room with the sick man's lunch. Ahmet rises.

Ahmet

I'm ready for some lunch myself.

Ahmet exits the room, leaves the ward, walks into the corridor, and stops by a bank of elevators. He pushes the down button.

Cut to: Ahmet exits the elevator on the ground floor and walks into the hospital cafeteria.

Cut to: Ahmet sits at a table alone with his lunch. As he sits there eating, he notices *two suspicious men* sitting at a table, watching the people, and not eating anything.

When Ahmet finishes his meal and picks up his tray and dishes to return them, he notices the two men also getting up from their table. Outside in the corridor, he steps to one side, watching to see whether he is being followed, but the two men pass by, talking quietly.

Ahmet follows them at a distance and sees them walk to a bus stop shelter. He goes to the bus stop too. As he enters the shelter, he can hear them talking.

First suspicious man

We could do it.

Second suspicious man

Let's watch again tomorrow.

The second man glances in Ahmet's direction, then looks meaningfully at the first man and says no more.

A bus arrives, and the two men board and take a seat together. Ahmet sits down several seats in front of them. The men talk no more during the trip, and when they get off the bus, Ahmet remains in his seat but notes the location where the men got off.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Ahmet

Harry, this is Ahmet. I saw something today.

Harry Hunter

If you see something, say something. You've been reading our motivational posters.

Ahmet

Harry, I'm serious. In Metropolitan Hospital today, I saw two men sitting and watching but not eating.

Harry Hunter

Maybe they were waiting for somebody. Maybe they already ate. Maybe they don't like hospital food. That would be suspicious, huh?

Ahmet

Wait, Harry, there's more. They left when I did, and when they walked to a bus stop, I went too. One of them said, "We could do it," and the other one said they would go back tomorrow to watch again. Then he looked at me, and they stopped talking.

I sat in front of them on the bus so they wouldn't think I was following them, and when they got off, I stayed put, but I noticed that they got off at Benning Road and Maryland Avenue.

I think you should have somebody there tomorrow in the cafeteria to see what they're up to. I shouldn't go. They would recognize me.

Harry Hunter

Nice work, Ahmet. It might be nothing, but I'll have somebody check it out.

Harry Hunter hangs up the phone and dials another number. *Agent Dave Warden* answers his phone.

Dave Warden

Hello.

Harry Hunter

Dave, this is Harry. I have a job for you ...

Scene: The Metropolitan Hospital cafeteria, the next day. The same two men are sitting at a table, watching people but not eating. Dave Warden enters the cafeteria and buys lunch. He sees the men talking quietly. When he passes by, they stop talking. Dave Warden pretends not to notice them and walks across the room. He sits down at a table facing away from the two men.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. That afternoon. Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Dave Warden

Harry, this is Dave. I saw those two guys in the cafeteria. Not eating, just watching. Sitting at the same table, just where you said they would be. They

were talking, but they stopped when I got close.

I grabbed a pepper shaker on my way out.

Harry Hunter

Great. One of my best agents has turned into a kleptomaniac. Give it back, Dave, and report for counseling.

Dave Warden

I will give it back, Harry. With a bug in it, if you can get me a warrant today. I can go early tomorrow and leave the pepper shaker on the table. You take it from there. If they come again tomorrow, we can listen.

Harry Hunter

Good job, Dave. I'll make sure you have the warrant, and you can pick up your new and improved pepper shaker in the morning.

Scene: The Metropolitan Hospital cafeteria, the next day, late morning. Dave Warden enters, buys a meal, and sits at the table previously occupied by the two suspicious men. While eating his meal, he substitutes the bugged pepper shaker for the one sitting on the table. After eating, he gets up to leave.

Scene: A car parked outside the hospital. *FBI Agent A* and *Agent B* are sitting in the car listening to the transmission from the bugged pepper shaker.

First suspicious man

The salad bar has been unguarded for three days in a row.

Second suspicious man

Then we can do this. But I want to observe for one more day.

First suspicious man

All, right: one more day, but after that, no more delays. It's time to move forward. We'll need to find the right material to use.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office that afternoon. Harry dials his phone.

Dave Warden

Hello.

Harry Hunter

Dave, this is Harry. I have another job for you ...

Scene: The Metropolitan Hospital cafeteria, the next day, late morning. Dave Warden enters, buys a meal, and sits at the same table. This time he writes a note on a napkin and leaves it folded on the table. Then he moves to a seat across the room and discreetly watches the table.

The two suspicious men enter and sit at the table. The first suspicious man picks up the napkin; Dave Warden, seeing this, quietly gets up and leaves. The napkin falls open, revealing a message:

I CAN HELP YOU. ASK FOR JASON IN THE LAB.

The first suspicious man shows it to the second suspicious man.

First suspicious man

Someone who wants to help! Somebody in the lab! He must know what we're planning.

Second suspicious man

Good. I knew we would find allies. Let's go to the lab.

First suspicious man

No, wait a little while, till the lab workers get back from their lunch break.

Scene: The corridor outside the hospital laboratory. The first suspicious man knocks on the door. As he waits for someone to answer, he nervously shifts his weight from one foot to the other. Finally a *lab worker* opens the door.

Lab worker

Can I help you?

First suspicious man

Is Jason in?

The lab worker looks behind and across the lab, then turns back to the two suspicious men.

Lab worker

Just a minute. Wait here. I'll get him.

The lab worker closes the door. The two suspicious men look at each other nervously. Then the door opens and "Jason" (Dave Warden) appears, dressed in lab clothes.

Dave Warden

Good afternoon, gentlemen. Thank you for coming to see me, but now is not a good time. Can I meet you for dinner tonight? Not at the hospital. Someplace else. Someplace quiet. Someplace where we can talk quietly and where nobody will recognize us. How about Sammy's on Benning Road? Around eight o'clock.

First suspicious man

Sounds good. Sammy's at eight.

Dave Warden closes the door. The two suspicious men look at each other. The first suspicious man winks at the other.

Second suspicious man

I can hardly believe our good luck. Fate must be on our side.

Scene: Sammy's tavern, that evening. The two suspicious men enter. Inside, they turn to a *waiter*.

First suspicious man

We're here to meet a friend.

Waiter

I think he's here already. (*Nodding towards a table in a back corner where Dave Warden is sitting*) Is that him back there?

First suspicious man

Yes, that's him. Thank you.

The two suspicious men walk to the back of the tavern and take seats at the table with Dave Warden. There is no one sitting at the nearby tables.

Dave Warden

Thank you for coming. I've been looking forward to talking with you.

First suspicious man

How did you know about us?

Dave Warden

Never mind how I know. Let me just say that there are plenty of discontented people out there, and some of us are tired of talking and are, uh, *hungry* for action.

First suspicious man

That's us. But we need help, and we are really grateful. Somebody who works in a laboratory is perfect.

Dave Warden

This is my chance for action too. So tell me exactly how I can help.

First suspicious man

We've been observing the hospital cafeteria, and we saw that the salad bar is always unguarded.

Dave Warden

Yes, that's true. Anybody can just walk right up to it.

Second suspicious man

We watched *dozens* of people walk right up to it.

Dave Warden

Yes, it's a busy spot. Maybe the perfect spot.

Second suspicious man

That's what we were thinking.

First suspicious man

So we're looking for something strong, but something that people won't notice. Something they'll eat without suspecting.

Dave Warden

I think I have just what you need. When I was in college, I worked in the dining hall. You know what potato whitener is? Something to make the salad seem fresher and crisper, to make the brown parts of the lettuce look white. Now suppose you had something that nobody could tell from potato whitener: same taste, same color. People would eat it and nobody would know the difference.

Second suspicious man

Perfect!

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. Harry Hunter and Dave Warden are sitting conversing.

Dave Warden

They want to poison the salad bar. Lord knows why.

Harry Hunter

Sounds like the Rajneesh. Remember that?

Dave Warden

Those people in Oregon who poisoned a salad bar.

Harry Hunter

Yeah, they were trying to keep people from voting. It didn't work. They made some people sick, but the Rajneesh didn't win the election.

Dave Warden

Well, it's not going to work out for these guys either. I promised to get them some potato whitener.

Harry Hunter

Potato whitener?

Dave Warden

Well, they think it's poison.

Harry Hunter

OK ...

Dave Warden

It'll be a nice sting.

Dave Warden gets up to leave, then reaches into his pocket.

Dave Warden

Oh, I forgot to give you this.

He places a pepper shaker on Harry Hunter's desk.

Dave Warden

I switched pepper shakers in the cafeteria and got stuck with this one.

Harry Hunter

You *are* a klepto!

Scene: The Metropolitan Hospital cafeteria. The two suspicious men are sitting at a table. When they see that no one is by the salad bar, they get up and walk over to it, carrying a bag of white powder. The first suspicious man opens the bag and starts sprinkling the powder onto the lettuce. The lab worker is carrying a tray of food and sees this.

Lab worker

What the frack do you think you're doing?

The two suspicious men turn and hurry toward the door, but half a dozen **FBI agents** spring up from tables in the cafeteria and intercept them.

Scene: Joe Hardy's apartment, that evening. A news anchor is summarizing the upcoming news items.

News anchor

The Nats lost to the Braves, more hot weather is on the way, and the FBI says it blocked a bioterrorist attack at Metropolitan Hospital. News at eleven.

Joe Hardy

Bioterrorists attack Metropolitan Hospital with potato whitener! FBI helps them! News at eleven!

Scene: The Hunters' living room. The 11 o'clock news is on TV. The **news anchor** is reporting on the sting at the hospital. Harry Hunter and Sharon Hunter are sitting on a sofa watching the news.

News anchor

The FBI today caught two bioterrorists in the act of trying to poison the salad bar at the cafeteria in Metropolitan Hospital. The FBI had infiltrated the terrorist cell and gave the terrorists potato whitener, which the terrorists thought were poison. An alert lab worker saw them sprinkling the powder on the salad, and waiting FBI agents caught the two terrorists before they could escape.

Sharon Hunter

Did you know about this?

Harry Hunter

Yeah, I was involved. I wasn't in the cafeteria at the time, but I helped with the case.

Sharon Hunter

More small potatoes? With whitener?

Harry Hunter

Exactly. I can hear Joe Hardy busting my chops already. If he doesn't drive me out of the Bureau, he'll drive me nuts. Maybe I could sell potato whitener on the street.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. The next day. Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Joe Hardy

We caught a couple of chumps, and now we're famous. Terrorists with potato whitener! It makes me look like Mister Potato Head!

Harry Hunter

Ahmet spotted these guys carrying out surveillance at the hospital cafeteria. Dave Warden strung them along and recorded their conversations for evidence. And we napped them in the act.

Joe Hardy

I know all the details. I heard the recordings. The salad bar was unguarded! Guess what will happen now. Somebody out there will be agitating for guards around salad bars. Somebody probably has a blog about it already. The NRA will be ready to ride to the rescue with armed volunteers. In return, they'll get all the salad they can eat.

And all we caught was two dummies with salad for brains.

I'm gonna make Dave Warden pay back the money he spent at Sammy's. He bought dinner for those two.

More small potatoes, Harry!

What will we catch next? A restroom attack, with some suicide terrorist trying to flush himself down the toilet?

Enough fooling around!

Harry Hunter

If we see a terrorist trying to flush himself down the toilet, we won't stop him, OK? Wanted, dead or alive, right? Though he won't be dead, just wet. I don't think the attack will succeed.

Joe Hardy

Well, you won't get a medal for that.

Harry Hunter

I'm not looking for medals. I'm just trying to do my duty.

Joe Hardy

Well, it's your duty to find the big potatoes, so start digging.

Scene: The doorway to Jennifer Isely's office. The door is open, and Harry Hunter knocks on the frame.

Jennifer Isely

(Looking up) Harry. Come on in.

Harry Hunter enters and flops into a chair.

Harry Hunter

Did you see the news last night?

Jennifer Isely

Of course. I *made* the news last night. I don't mean that I was on the news, but I provided the information.

Harry Hunter

Well, I'm glad you didn't film that takedown.

Jennifer Isely

Why? It would have made good film.

Harry Hunter

Entertaining film. More entertainment than news.

Jennifer Isely

It's my job to make the news interesting. But if we'd had a camera crew there it might have spooked the terrorists.

Harry Hunter

Terrorists, yeah. Those two weren't the brightest criminals. They might have thought the cameras were there to help them, just like their pal in the lab.

Jennifer Isely

All right, so they were small potatoes.

Harry Hunter

Please don't use that phrase. I'm always hearing it from Joe Hardy. He wants big potatoes.

Jennifer Isely

Sorry. Well, if there are big potatoes, I hope you dig them up and get the credit.

Harry Hunter

I don't care about the credit. I have good people working with me. If we find something big and we stop it, that will be good enough for us. Plus, it will shut Joe Hardy up.

Jennifer Isely

Well, if there's another nine-eleven being plotted out there, I hope you do find it and stop it.

Harry Hunter

As I said, we have good people. We'll do everything we can. Meanwhile, if we find people planning a crime, we stop them, even if they're (*pauses*), uh, small fry.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Ahmet

I saw the news.

Harry Hunter

Well, good thing you spotted them. They weren't the brightest criminals, but you still did a good job noticing them and keeping an eye on them.

Ahmet

If you hadn't placed an agent in the hospital lab, they might have obtained poison on their own and sprinkled it on the salad. Although since they did it in plain sight, I don't think anyone would have eaten it.

Harry Hunter

True. Still, you were paying attention and it paid off. Thank you.

Ahmet

Is Joe Hardy still on your back?

Harry Hunter

Yeah. He's annoyed that we keep catching clueless small-timers.

Ahmet

One of these cases will turn out to be big. There are cunning criminals out there. I just hope we're ready when we encounter them.

Harry Hunter

So do I. But we have a good team, good people. And you're right: if we tangle with some big-time terrorists, we'll have to be at the top of our game if we're going to come out on top.

Scene: The National Mall, between the Capitol and the Washington Monument. Late afternoon. Harry Hunter is walking west toward the monument. He pauses to watch the carousel. As he turns back to resume his walk, he notices Jennifer Isely walking by.

Harry Hunter

Hi, Jennifer.

Jennifer Isely

Hi, Harry. What are you doing here?

Harry Hunter

Guarding the monuments. What about you?

Jennifer Isely

I walk the Mall a lot. It's a good place to think. Plenty of room, even when there are a lot of people around. Even with the city surrounding it, it's pretty quiet. I like to walk down to the Tidal Basin. So much space, and usually peaceful.

Harry Hunter

Is anybody in the Bureau pushing you for more dramatic news coverage?

Jennifer Isely

No. Is somebody hassling you?

Harry Hunter

Joe Hardy. The past couple of cases I've worked on have involved small-time, wannabe terrorists. He wants us to reel in some big fish to show on the news. But when you hook small ones, you can't just throw them back. They're still criminals and at least somewhat dangerous.

Jennifer Isely

Well, then keep casting your line. One of these times you'll land a big one, and I'll get you enough publicity to make Joe Hardy happy.

Harry Hunter

Thanks, Jennifer, but I'm not really concerned about making Joe Hardy happy. He's an annoyance, though sometimes the annoyance turns into real pressure.

Jennifer Isely

Keep your head, then. You start responding to pressure and you'll make mistakes. You don't want to make mistakes if you get a big fish on the line.

Harry Hunter

I know, I know. Well, I have my people out on the street looking and listening. Maybe next time we won't start reeling in the catch right away. Maybe we'll play the fish for a while and see how big it is and how much of

a fight it can put up. Maybe we'll get into a school of big ones, and then you'll have something worth getting onto TV.

Harry Hunter stops walking. Aneesa passes them by.

Harry Hunter

I'm not going all the way to the Tidal Basin. I need to get going. But thanks for talking to me.

Jennifer Isely

Any time. See you on TV, huh?

Harry Hunter

Yeah, maybe.

Jennifer Isely continues on her way. Harry watches her go, then starts walking in the other direction. Then he stops, turns around, and looks at the Washington Monument.

Harry Hunter

Yep, it's still standing.

Scene: The shore of the Tidal Basin. Jennifer Isely walks along the path by the water. All the nearby benches are occupied. Aneesa is sitting on one of them.

Jennifer Isely

Do you mind if I sit here?

Aneesa

No, not at all.

Jennifer Isely sits on the bench with Aneesa.

Jennifer Isely

It's beautiful here today, isn't it?

Aneesa

Yes, and very peaceful. There is a lot of noise from the airplanes, but the atmosphere is peaceful.

Jennifer Isely

Yes, that's why I come here often. There's noise from the city and the airport, but the atmosphere here helps me get the noise out of my head, helps me to think better.

Aneesa

So do I.

Did I see you talking to Harry Hunter on the Mall?

Jennifer Isely

What? Do you know Harry? Have I met you before?

Aneesa

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be nosy. No, I don't think we have met, but, yes, I know Harry a little bit. His wife, Sharon, is a friend of mine.

Jennifer Isely

Oh! She's a friend of mine too. I'm Jennifer.

Aneesa

And I'm Aneesa. I'm happy to meet you.

Jennifer Isely

I'm glad to meet you too. We can share the peace together.

Aneesa

Yes, it is not hard to find peace in nature, but often it is hard to find peace with people. So many angry people in the world! So many violent people!

Jennifer Isely

There certainly are.

The two sit quietly for a moment, looking out over the water.

Aneesa

I visited the Lincoln Memorial a few days ago. When the war was almost over, he spoke against malice. He wanted people to be angry at no one, and he asked for charity toward everybody, even enemies! Yet so many people will not follow that path.

Jennifer Isely

It was a radical idea when Jesus told his followers to love their enemies, and it was still radical idea a hundred and fifty years ago when Lincoln said the same thing. And it's still radical today!

Aneesa

Indeed it is! Maybe, then, you and I can be radicals. Good radicals.

Jennifer Isely

All right, then. Let that be our promise to each other. Let's be good radicals.

It was nice to meet you, Aneesa.

Aneesa

It was nice to meet you too, Jennifer. I hope we will see each other again sometime.

Scene: The Hunters' apartment. That evening. Harry comes through the door and plops down on the couch.

Sharon Hunter

You look beat. Did you have a hard day?

Harry Hunter

Yeah. It couldn't be anything relatively easy—not a stakeout or a raid or apprehending a criminal.

Sharon Hunter

Oh—something frustrating, unresolved, with no end in sight, like a patient with bad symptoms that won't go away, but the doctor can't find a diagnosis that makes sense? Something worse than fighting criminals—maybe problems with a certain boss who is like a monkey on your back?

Harry Hunter

Accurate diagnosis, nurse. Joe Hardy had another outburst, told me to stop fooling around, and said it's my duty to dig up the big potatoes. Believe me, I'd love to get my teeth into a big potato.

Sharon Hunter

I do believe you. (*Putting her arms around him.*) More important, I *believe in you*.

Harry Hunter

Thank you. I believe in you too.

Sharon Hunter

(*Putting her head on his shoulder and speaking softly.*) Remember what's important. The one making the most noise is not necessarily right. In this case, almost certainly not right. Do what's right. I believe that you will.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. The next day. Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Joe Hardy

Any news from your man Ahmet?

Harry Hunter

No, nothing yet. Don't worry. He's always watching and listening.

Joe Hardy

Something big could be cooking right now and we might miss it. We might be rounding up another pair of nincompoops who think an unguarded salad bar is an opportunity to cause a catastrophe, and meanwhile some real

terrorist with a brain might be preparing something that could cause mass casualties.

Harry Hunter

Even the small timers could lead us to big timers.

Joe Hardy

Now you're talking like you have a brain. If Ahmet manages to infiltrate another operation, let him lie low for a while and see what they're up to. Let him see whether the small fish aren't swimming near some big sharks.

If there are some big man-eaters around, we can keep an eye on things until we have the goods on the big guys.

Meanwhile, we will have our people ready to swoop in if things look like they might get out of control.

Harry Hunter

I'll let him know that if he finds something, we might want him to stay undercover for a while and see what he finds if he can get deep inside.

Joe Hardy

That's right. We'll be available any time if he needs help. Tell him to keep us informed, and you be sure to keep me informed.

Harry Hunter

Right.

Scene: Harry Hunter's office. Later that day. Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Scene: Ahmet is in his apartment. He is reading an Islamic newspaper, talking on the phone to Harry Hunter.

Ahmet

Harry, this is Ahmet. I'm reading the newspaper.

Harry Hunter

That's nice.

Ahmet

Harry! No time for smart-aleck jokes. There's something in here about a guy called Imam Immanuel, up in Brooklyn, New York. Preaching jihad. Not necessarily bad. Jihad is part of our faith: struggle against evil. It means ...

Harry Hunter

Yeah, yeah, you've told me this all before. But Mister Immanuel must be

doing more than fasting and praying, or you wouldn't be calling me, right?
What's he up to?

Ahmet

Well, like I said, he's preaching jihad, but maybe also violent struggle. He's talking about America versus Islam, and how U.S. policies are hurting Islamic people, and how they have to fight back. Now, it's true, his complaints have some foundation ...

Harry Hunter

Yeah, yeah. I know we aren't angels, but that doesn't mean we'll let him get away with murder.

Ahmet

Of course, Harry. I know that. And this guy could be trouble.

It says in this newspaper that he's planning a Day of Jihad rally here in Washington, but it's more than a month away. I don't think we should wait that long to start finding out what he's up to.

I think I should go up to New York right away and check this out.

Harry Hunter

OK, see what you can learn. If he's up to no good, see who else is listening, see whether anybody is buying what he says. Let me know what you find out, but be careful, OK?

Ahmet

Yes, of course. I'll go up to Brooklyn and scope things out.

Harry Hunter

One more thing, Ahmet. If he's up to no good, we want to find out how big his operation is. How many people does he have? What kind of resources do they have? Any weapons? Financial backing? Any international connections?

We might want you to stay undercover for a while. If you get into some kind of trouble, or if these people are on the brink of an attack, we'll be ready to swoop in and put a stop to it.

But if you can find out more about this guy and his group by remaining part of it for a while, then that's what we want you to do.

Ahmet

All right, Harry. If we find a little fish, we'll let it swim around and see where it goes, and find out whether there are any sharks in the area.

Harry Hunter

Exactly.

Scene: The street outside Union Station, Washington, D.C. Ahmet is carrying luggage and walking toward the station. A **hawker** near the Metro entrance is handing out flyers to passersby.

Hawker

Struggle for Allah! Day of Jihad rally! Stand up for Islamic freedom! Come to the Day of Jihad rally!

Ahmet reaches out to take a flyer.

Aneesa is emerging from the Metro at that moment. She hears the hawker and sees Ahmet taking a flyer. She eyes Ahmet curiously. Ahmet notices her looking at him and returns her glance, then stuffs the flyer into a pocket. He turns away and walks into the station.

Inside, he follows the sign that says “Buses” and heads up the escalator into the parking garage and the bus terminal. A **man in Arabic clothing** is behind him on the escalators.

When Ahmet reaches the boarding area for the New York bus, the man gets in line behind him.

Arabic man

Brother, I saw you take a paper about the Day of Jihad rally. Will you be going?

Ahmet

I don't know. Maybe. It's next month. I'm on my way to New York. I don't know when I'll be back.

Arabic man

Oh? Some kind of special assignment?

Ahmet

You could call it that. I'm doing some research. It might take a while.

Arabic man

Jihad takes a while too. It is a long struggle.

Ahmet

Yes, I know. A lifelong struggle. But that is our faith, right? I have my personal jihad, the same as you do.

Arabic man

Yes, of course. But it looks like this Day of Jihad rally will be about more than fasting and praying, don't you think?

Ahmet

Yes. Clearly it's about freedom for Islam and not just spiritual improvement.

Arabic man

Indeed! And isn't that the history of America? A struggle for freedom? The white men struggled for freedom. Then the blacks had to struggle for *their*

freedom. And their struggle is not complete. The Native Americans struggled for freedom and lost. Now we must struggle for our freedom.

Ahmet boards the bus, and the Arabic man sits across from him.

Scene: Inside the bus.

Arabic man

Are you willing to struggle for freedom, brother?

Ahmet

I believe in freedom for everyone.

Arabic man

Freedom for everyone, yes! Freedom is costly. Be careful of how you approach it. Listen carefully to what the imams preach. Some of them are dangerous.

Ahmet

Yes, I know. I have not decided about the rally. I think carefully about the preaching I hear.

Arabic man

I am warning you! Listen to what I say, brother! You may find yourself on the wrong side in the struggle.

Ahmet

Yes, I will be careful, and I will listen and think before deciding anything.

Exterior: The bus, with a New York destination sign, backs out of the bus bay and drives toward the exit of the parking garage.

Scene: Inside the bus, some hours later.

Arabic man

Here we are, brother. New York at last. Perhaps we will see each other again soon. At the Day of Jihad rally in Washington next month? Or perhaps even sooner?

Ahmet

Perhaps. Salaam.

Arabic man

Salaam. And good luck with your research.

Ahmet

Thank you.

Exterior: The bus comes to a stop in the Port Authority bus terminal. The two men and the other passengers retrieve their luggage from the compartment under the bus. Ahmet hefts his bags and walks away. The Arabic man watches him go, then walks after him in the same direction.

Scene: Interior. Some days later. A small grocery in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. Ahmet is at work stocking the shelves. The *grocery owner* is behind the counter, waiting on a customer. Then the customer leaves, bells chiming on the door as it closes.

Grocery owner

Ahmet! Time to close up for the night!

Ahmet

OK.

Ahmet takes off his apron, and the grocery owner closes up the cash register and tallies up the cash and receipts.

Grocery owner

Ahmet, walk with me to the bank, will you?

Ahmet

Sure.

The owner locks up the cash register, and the two exit the store, locking the door behind them.

They walk down the street toward the bank. They pass a man taping a poster to a lamppost. Ahmet glances at the poster but cannot stop to read it. He continues down the street with the grocery owner.

At the bank, the grocery owner drops the day's receipts into the night deposit box.

Grocery owner

Thank you, Ahmet. Good night.

Ahmet

Good night. See you tomorrow.

Ahmet walks back down the street and finds the poster. He pauses to look at it. The poster reads:

The Hand of Allah

Jihad in America!

A call to personal struggle

Given by Imam Immanuel

Bay Ridge Center for Islamic Struggle

Wednesday, September 9

7 pm

A *passerby* sees Ahmet reading the poster and steps up to him.

Passerby

You are interested in the struggle, brother?

Ahmet

Yes. The struggle for justice, the struggle for freedom.

Passerby

Good. Who will be the hand of Allah in the struggle for justice and freedom? Maybe you.

Ahmet

Each of us is called to struggle against evil. We each must find the role that Allah desires for us.

Passerby

Maybe you will find your role at this meeting. You know of this Imam Immanuel?

Ahmet

No, but I have heard the name.

Passerby

He is a great preacher. He speaks the words of jihad, and those who have their ears open to listen to Allah's will might find the path they are called to follow. Perhaps I will see you there Wednesday night, brother?

Ahmet

Maybe I will go and hear what he has to say.

Passerby

Hear what *Allah* has to say! Be open to the divine will! What are you willing to do? To give your life? Perhaps to be a martyr?

Ahmet

I hope I would have the courage for that.

Passerby

Be strong, brother! The struggle means pain, but paradise awaits!

Ahmet

Yes, I believe that. But I must choose my path wisely.

Passerby

Yes! Choose wisely, then act courageously and do not look back, only ahead!

Ahmet

Yes, brother, I will do that.

Passerby

Then I hope I will see you Wednesday night. Salaam aleikum!

Ahmet

Aleikum salaam.

The passerby continues down the street. Ahmet stands gazing at the poster.

Scene: Joe Hardy's office, FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C. Joe Hardy is talking on the phone.

Joe Hardy

Hunter, what good news do you have for me?

Harry Hunter

I don't have any news yet.

Joe Hardy

What's Ahmet doing? Keeping his ear to the ground, I hope? Aren't there plenty of criminals out there for him to find?

Harry Hunter

I haven't heard from him in a while.

Joe Hardy

Why hasn't he reported to you?

Harry Hunter

He's keeping a low profile with his eyes and ears open. He'll be in touch when he finds something. I trust him.

Joe Hardy

Well, he did all right with the Washington Monument gang, but they were small potatoes. Tater tots! Tell him to find some serious criminals this time. They're out there!

Harry Hunter

He knows that. If anything's going on, he'll be on it, and he'll let us know as soon as he has something.

Joe Hardy

OK. Let me know when he reports in.

Harry Hunter

Will do.

Scene: On a street in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. Evening. Ahmet approaches the Bay Ridge Center for Islamic Struggle. Other men, many wearing beards and Middle Eastern dress, are entering. Ahmet goes through the door and takes a seat in a small auditorium.

Scene: Inside the Bay Ridge Center for Islamic Struggle. Ahmet and *a small crowd* are awaiting the appearance of Imam Immanuel. There is a hubbub of voices, some in English, some in other languages. Then *Imam Immanuel (Khalid)* appears, and the room grows silent. Imam Immanuel (Khalid) steps up to the microphone.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Salaam aleikum!

Crowd

Aleikum salaam.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Good evening, brothers!

Crowd

Good evening.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

My brothers! Allah has called you here for the struggle! Allah is summoning you to jihad!

Who is ready for jihad? Who is ready for holy war? Who will wage the struggle for justice and freedom?

Crowd

(Murmurs.)

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

It is time for justice and freedom! Look around you, and what do you see? Injustice! Do you see freedom? No! You see persecution and abasement!

Crowd

(Murmurs.)

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Look at what the Americans have done to our homelands! They want to smother us with their culture. They want to sterilize our women. They want to disarm us. They want only the West to be capable of self-defense!

Are you willing to be disarmed?

Crowd

No, no!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Do you want American culture throughout the world, displacing sacred Islam?

Crowd

No, no!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Do you want your wives sterilized by the Western imperialists?

Crowd

No, no!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Is America our friend? Or is America our enemy?

Look at how America treats its friends, the Jews. Look at how it treats Israel!

Israel is not disarmed! America looks the other way while Israel stockpiles nuclear weapons.

In America's eyes, weapons are only for the West and for Israel. Islam, America says, is not permitted to defend itself.

What are we to do? Yes, some of our brothers in southwest Asia are building weapons for self-defense. Praise Allah! They will not be stopped by the Americans. They will not be stopped by Israel.

But is that all there is to our holy war? An arms race to give Islam a deterrent against the West?

Crowd

(Murmurs.)

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

No, brothers, that is not all. We too must wage jihad. Look at what has been done by others. Without big weapons, but only with courage, some brothers learned to fly airplanes and used America's pride against her.

Crowd

(Murmurs.)

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

But that was thirteen years ago. And what has been achieved since then? The holy war has made little progress.

Do we lack courage?

Crowd

No!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Are Islamic brothers today still willing to be martyrs?

Crowd

Yes!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Are you ready for justice and freedom?

Crowd

Yes!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Will you *struggle* for justice and freedom?

Crowd

Yes!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Good! Hold on to your courage! Place yourselves in the hands of Allah!
Give yourselves to the cause! Join the struggle!

Do not let American culture smother the teachings of the Koran! Do not let
American weapons wipe out the soldiers of Islam! Do not let the Westerners
sterilize your wives!

Stay faithful and courageous, brothers!

Crowd

Yes, yes!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Someday soon, America will once again feel the sword of jihad!

Crowd

Yes, yes!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Stay faithful and courageous, brothers!

Crowd

Yes! We will!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

That is all for tonight. We will meet again soon to build up our courage for
further struggle.

Salaam!

Crowd

Salaam! Salaam!

Most of the crowd slowly leaves the auditorium. Others gather around Imam Immanuel (Khalid). One is a *reporter* with a notebook. Ahmet is close by as well.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

(Turning to the reporter) The press? Good. The message of jihad is not just for the brothers. All the world must know.

Reporter

“America will once again feel the sword of jihad”: will you elaborate on that?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

This is not the time for elaboration. Events will make themselves clear. Justice is unstoppable. Everyone must hear that.

Reporter

Are you recruiting people today?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Allah is always summoning disciples. Those who have courage and faith will respond. Those who are willing to struggle for justice will take up the sword.

Reporter

Please explain.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

No explanations tonight. That is all for now. But let the world be warned. Let America be warned: the brothers of Islam will struggle for justice and freedom. We will prevail because we have courage and faith. Tell that to your readers.

Reporter

What about the nuclear weapons you referred to?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Who has weapons of mass destruction? America. Not Iraq, but America and her allies.

Who else? Israel. The Israelis are ready to use weapons of mass destruction against Islam.

Reporter

What about Iran?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Doesn't Iran have a right to defend itself? If Allah places a sword in the hands of Iran, then Iran should use it to protect not only itself, but to protect Allah's faithful everywhere.

Reporter

And your followers? Do they have weapons?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

My followers? My brothers are followers of Allah.

Each of us has whatever weapons Allah has given us. If Allah has given us a weapon, then we are to use it in the struggle.

Reporter

And how are they to use their weapons?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

That is something you must ask Allah. You have a mighty weapon, given to you by Allah: your pen and the press.

Are they not given to you so that you can struggle for freedom? Not just for yourself but for all oppressed people everywhere?

Reporter

Yes....

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

That is your answer, then. My brothers must use their weapons in the struggle for freedom.

Reporter

And what about you? What weapons do you have, and how do you plan to use them?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Allah has given me a voice to speak out against injustice. If He places another weapon in my hand, I will ask how to use it for freedom.

Reporter

Speaking for freedom is one thing. If you have a sword, will you use it to kill?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Israel has a sword poised over our heads. America stands at her side, with one hand on her own sword, her weapons of mass destruction. She is ready to draw that sword and use it.

Meanwhile, she has sent her drones, like hornets in your Book of Revelation,

to sting and kill.

And while this is going on, shall Muslims keep their own swords sheathed?

Reporter

I don't think that all the Muslims have kept their swords in their sheaths.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

There is your answer. No, with swords poised over our heads, and with hornets stinging us, we must draw our own swords—whatever weapons Allah gives us—and fight for freedom.

Reporter

And does this mean violence here in America?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

We each fight our own struggle wherever we are, and we must go wherever the hand of Allah directs us.

Reporter

Will you be directing your followers in a battle?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

I appreciate your interest. For now, each of us must take our own part in the struggle for freedom. We do not know what the future holds.

Thank you for your kind attention.

Reporter

But ...

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

That is all for now. We will speak again another time. Salaam. Good night.

The reporter hesitates, then turns away.

Ahmet steps forward from the group around Imam Immanuel (Khalid).

Ahmet

I have courage and faith. I am willing to struggle for justice.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Excellent.

Ahmet

What part can I play?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Have you asked that question of Allah? What weapons has he given you?

Ahmet

He has given me courage and faith and a desire for freedom.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Good. Then perhaps you are ready to take the next step.

Ahmet

What more can I do?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

(Taking Ahmet aside) We cannot speak of details here. Part of the message is for the whole world. Part of the message is for the brothers. But we probably have other visitors here tonight. Not just the press—maybe the FBI has someone here listening tonight.

Ahmet

Where can we talk, then? When?

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

You are eager. Good! I will teach you more.

Wait for me when this is over.

Ahmet steps into the background, while Khalid converses with some of the other men who are present.

When they have finished, Imam Immanuel (Khalid) nods to Ahmet, then starts toward the door. Ahmet follows him.

They step outside into the night, and Khalid walks down the street, accompanied by Ahmet.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

We will not talk here. Even on the street we might be overheard.

We can talk tomorrow evening at six. Walk out to the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge and meet me there. We will talk then.

Good night.

Khalid turns away and walks down the street. Ahmet watches him, then turns and walks in the direction of his own apartment.

Scene: The next day. Harry Hunter in his office. The phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Cut to Ahmet, talking on his phone, on a street in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn.

Ahmet

Harry, I'm in Brooklyn. I think I got something.

Last night I went to a talk by Imam Immanuel. He kept talking about the struggle for freedom and about weapons, especially weapons of mass destruction.

Maybe he's all talk. I don't know.

If he's really planning something, it might just be more small potatoes, or it might be the real deal.

I'm supposed to meet him later on the Brooklyn Bridge so we can talk privately.

I want to make "friends" with these guys, get inside and see what's going on. OK?

Cut to Harry Hunter in his office, on the phone.

Harry Hunter

Yeah, go for it. You did nice work last time. Keep me informed, OK?

Ahmet

Yes, of course. But while I find out what is going on, I will need to keep a low profile. You might not hear from me for a while.

Harry Hunter

All right, but let me know what you find out, and if you run into trouble, let me hear from you right away, OK?

Ahmet

Yes, I will do that. I'll be in touch.

Harry Hunter hangs up the phone.

Harry Hunter

(Talking to himself) Small potatoes, maybe. A bad diet. Well, Hardy will have to be happy with whatever potatoes we can dig up.

Scene: Early evening. The pedestrian walkway on the Brooklyn Bridge, near the middle of the span. Ahmet is leaning on the railing, looking out over the river. He looks down at the vessels moving on the river, then at the lights of Brooklyn and Manhattan and at all the traffic passing by on the bridge. People on foot and on bicycles continually pass by, but no one pays him any attention. Then he notices Khalid approaching.

Khalid

Salaam aleikum.

Ahmet

Aleikum salaam.

Khalid

What are you thinking about as you look out at the harbor, as you look out at

the city?

Ahmet

I am sick. I am sick of what these people have done—what they have done to believers like us, what they have done to our homelands.

Khalid

Sick, are you? What would make you healthy? To do something for Allah?
To be part of the struggle?

Ahmet

I am already part of the struggle. I have my own personal jihad. But I do not seem to achieve much. Also, the struggle is personal. It is against myself.

Khalid

That is true. The jihad is a personal struggle. But we must shed our doubts, shed our fears. We must become a pure offering to Allah.

Struggling alone, struggling against yourself, that is good. You must conquer yourself. But struggling alone, you cannot win great victories against the infidels. I am planning for a great victory. To win a great victory, you must join with other brothers and fight together.

Khalid looks upward.

What do you think?

Ahmet looks upward too.

Ahmet

About what?

Khalid

About bringing it down. Would that not be a great victory?

Ahmet

Bringing what down?

Khalid

Open your eyes! Open your mind! You think too small.

The bridge! It is over a hundred years old. In America, that is ancient. It is, to the Americans, an eternal bridge. It was their pride when it was built—a wonder of the world.

But pride will fall. Imagine it falling into the river, with thousands of people on it, cars sinking, infidels screaming, the symbol of their strength and skill and pride collapsing!

Ahmet

But—how could you do this?

Khalid

Not I. *We*. The brothers. Fighting together, it is possible to win great victories.

Look up! Stone towers. Look around—steel girders. Reaching across the river, steel cables, hundreds of them woven together. All of these things are, for us, unbreakable.

But reaching down from heaven, other cables, not so thick, on which the bridge hangs, on which everything depends.

Now imagine the hand of Allah also reaching down from heaven, snapping those cables. One, two, three, four cables breaking, and how many must break before their pride collapses into the river, carrying thousands of infidels with it?

Ahmet

I don't know. Hundreds of cables?

Khalid

Not so many. The hand of Allah will help us. Believe!

Ahmet

I do believe in the power of Allah.

Khalid

Good, believe! Believe, and act, and you will see justice! You will strike a blow in the struggle for freedom.

Are you ready to act?

Ahmet

Yes!

Khalid

Good! I think that Allah will put a sword into your own hand, and then you must ask Him how you should use it.

Keep coming to the Center for Islamic Justice. Allah will show you what role you can play in our jihad.

Will I see you there next Wednesday night?

Ahmet

Yes, I will be there.

Khalid

Salaam aleikum.

Ahmet

Aleikum salaam.

Khalid walks away.

Ahmet remains standing on the bridge. Again he looks up at the towers and the cables. Then once again he looks down at the river and the vessels passing underneath. Then he looks around him, again looking at the lights of Brooklyn and Manhattan and at the traffic and the people passing by. Finally he takes out his phone and calls Harry Hunter.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Ahmet

This is Ahmet. I talked to their leader this evening. They believe they can take down the Brooklyn Bridge.

Harry Hunter

Really? This sounds just like the bunch who thought they were going to knock down the Washington Monument.

Ahmet

Yes, their ambitions sound similar. I don't know about their abilities. The leader said he has enlisted more brothers to do it. I have not met them, and I do not have any idea of their plan. Not yet.

Harry Hunter

All right, Ahmet. Sounds like another bag of small potatoes, but we can't just leave them alone. Stay with them, OK? Let me know what's cooking.

Ahmet

Will do. This time we won't be so quick to pounce, right? We will wait and see whether the little ones lead us to any big ones.

Harry Hunter

That's right. Just watch them for a while and see where they lead us.

Ahmet

OK.

Harry Hunter hangs up his phone.

Harry Hunter

(Talking aloud to himself) Ahmet sure has a talent for digging up the nuts. They say that even a blind hog finds some now and then, but Ahmet turns them up all the time.

Joe Hardy's gonna love this.

Scene: The next day. Joe Hardy and Harry Hunter in Hardy's office, FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C.

Joe Hardy

Take down the Brooklyn Bridge? What are they going to do?

Hire a tugboat and tow a barge full of explosives up the East River and tie up to the bridge? It's not like steering a pedal boat around on a pond. They would need a pilot to navigate the river. And what's he gonna say when they ask him to please tie up to the Brooklyn Bridge? Even if he knuckles under to violence, once they go out of the channel the Coast Guard will be on top of them in no time.

Harry Hunter

We don't know their plan of attack. It might not be waterborne.

Joe Hardy

Oh, maybe they will just pull over with a van, turn on the flashers, and pile out? And nobody will notice when a bunch of guys with backpacks start strapping bombs to the cables?

Just *stopping* on the Brooklyn Bridge will have the police there in two minutes. Then there will be a bunch of wannabe terrorists on the evening news, if they're lucky.

If they're not lucky, there will be a bunch of dead terrorists on the Brooklyn Bridge. And then Americans will be mad, because the terrorists will be responsible for a traffic jam. Traffic is already a terror without any criminals butting in.

Harry Hunter

We don't know their plan. It might not be credible. But Ahmet thinks they're serious. Their leader talked as if he had resources and people that Ahmet doesn't know about. I told him to stay on it and let me know what he finds out, see where this leads.

Joe Hardy

Listen, Hunter, why don't you just *sell* them the Brooklyn Bridge? Get your man Ahmet to make them a discount offer. Then the terrorists can put up a tollbooth!

Get out of here, Hunter, and catch us some real bad guys.

Harry Hunter leaves the office with a look of frustration and disgust on his face.

Scene: The following day. In the Hunters' kitchen, Sharon Hunter is sitting sipping tea with her friend Aneesa.

Sharon Hunter

Did you see this story in the paper about Imam Immanuel in Brooklyn?

Aneesa

Yes. He sounds dangerous. He has a distorted idea of jihad.

Sharon Hunter

Really? Isn't that what these people are always calling for? Jihad? Holy war?

Aneesa

Some of them, yes. But it's not what our faith is about. Jihad is the struggle. It could mean war, but for each Muslim, it means a personal struggle, and more than anything else, against ourselves, individually.

Sharon Hunter

Against yourselves? That's not what I hear in the news. It's always war—war against America, against Israel, even against other Muslims. But that's not what you're talking about, is it, when you say you struggle against yourselves?

Aneesa

Against ourselves, *individually*—it is a personal struggle against the faults in my character. My struggle, my jihad, is to be who Allah wants me to be. That is the call to jihad for every Muslim.

True, that is not what makes the news. Dramatic, sensational acts make the news.

Sharon Hunter

But jihad can be against external enemies too?

Aneesa

Yes, we must struggle for justice, and not just for our own rights, but for the rights of others, too. But it's too easy to identify somebody else as the source of your problems. I think you will see that in other religions too.

Sharon Hunter

Oh, yeah. The virtue of justice is supposed to be about protecting somebody else's rights—helping those who are trampled by the system, for instance. But it's a lot easier to get worked up when our own toes get stepped on. We don't usually get so excited when it's somebody else getting hurt.

Aneesa

Yes, that is true, for Muslims too. But there are many Muslims who do care about the less fortunate.

Sharon Hunter

(Hugging Aneesa) Oh, I know that, Aneesa! You are a kind person, and I know that you are generous and caring. When I asked about Imam Immanuel, I wasn't trying to equate your beliefs with his. I just wanted to know what you thought.

Aneesa

Well, what I think is that his beliefs are distorted, and he is dangerous. So he makes the news.

Sharon Hunter

We Christians have people like that too. They are loud and hurtful. The ones who are struggling against their own faults don't usually make the news except for the one day of the year when some of them put on ashes.

Aneesa

Sometimes the people doing good get onto the news too. I saw Harry on the news the other day.

Sharon Hunter

Yes, he was on the news, and he was doing good. But he said it wasn't exactly what it seemed.

Aneesa

I'm sorry to hear that. I guess that is true of many things. I don't think Imam Immanuel is what he appears to be either. I wonder what he is really up to.

Scene: A terrorist hideout in Brooklyn. Khalid, Ahmet, and a *group of terrorists* are present.

Khalid

We are going to plan this operation carefully. It will be difficult, but we can do it. We will have more brothers involved, brothers you haven't met yet.

We will use four vehicles. Two will carry the explosives bearers, the martyrs. One will come from Brooklyn, one from Manhattan.

Those vehicles will be followed by two others laden with gasoline. They will turn sideways and block traffic, and we will set them on fire.

No traffic will approach our position from either direction. No police will get past the burning wrecks, and the backed-up traffic will keep the fire department away.

(Looking around the room) Are you ready to be martyrs?

Group of terrorists

Yes!

Khalid

Good. We will plan this thoroughly, and we will practice everything before we carry it out.

Khalid

(Looking at Ahmet) Are you ready to be a martyr?

Ahmet

Yes.

Khalid

Good.

I will assign you to obtain explosives for us. Can you do this?

Ahmet

Explosives? I don't know. I could make some quiet inquiries.

Khalid

Good. I believe that you can do it. When you find a supplier, say that we are going to test the explosives before we use them on the bridge.

Ahmet

Test the explosives? How can you test them in secret, without drawing attention?

Khalid

It will not be a secret. It will be a warning of things to come.

Now, go. I am sending you on a mission. Begin your work tonight.

Ahmet exits.

Khalid

Ahmet is FBI. But he will be useful to us.

Scene: Ahmet, talking on his phone, on a street in Brooklyn.

Ahmet

They want real explosives, and they said they are going to test them.

Harry Hunter

They sound like they're suspicious of you.

Ahmet

I don't think they're on to me. Maybe they have heard about other groups getting scammed by the FBI and are afraid that I will get fooled too.

Harry Hunter

That could be.

Listen, this could be good for us. Hardy is tired of rounding up wannabe terrorists who couldn't light a sparkler without our help. He says there are real bad guys out there and wants us to find them. If we can catch these guys with live explosives while they are planning a real attack, so much the better. How credible are they?

Ahmet

The leader, Khalid, says that there are more brothers who are in on it. He seems to think they can block traffic while they destroy enough cables to bring the bridge down. It might be possible ...

Harry Hunter

All right, I'll talk to Smiley and see what he can do.

Scene: The office of Joe Hardy, FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C.

Joe Hardy

Real explosives? Why did they insist on that? Are they on to Ahmet?

Harry Hunter

I don't think so. I think they just have seen too many news reports about terrorists who got scammed by us and obtained fake bombs.

Joe Hardy

So what's the plan? They'll be armed and dangerous—no mistake about that. But obviously we aren't going to let them take real explosives onto the Brooklyn Bridge.

Harry Hunter

We're going to raid their storage space before the attack and substitute fakes for the real ones. When they go off to blow up the bridge, they'll be carrying duds.

Joe Hardy

OK. This could work.

Is Ahmet reliable?

Harry Hunter

Totally.

Joe Hardy

What about their test of the explosives? How are we going to monitor that?

Harry Hunter

Ahmet will keep close tabs on it. If the "warning" they talked about looks like it will harm anybody, Ahmet will call us, and we'll go in after them and close the operation down early.

Otherwise we let them proceed with their test, their warning, and wait till the attack is imminent, then secretly confiscate the real bombs and put fake ones in their place.

Joe Hardy

OK. This might be the big case we've been waiting for. Make sure we have a

team in place ready to move as soon as we get the word from Ahmet.

And work this out carefully with Smiley Stevenson. We'll let these people have real explosives, but then we'll switch them for fakes that are identical so they can't tell the difference.

Scene: Rush hour on the Brooklyn Bridge. An unmarked van stops in the right-hand lane and turns on its flashers. One of the terrorists is the driver. He sits there anxiously with backed-up traffic honking and trying to work its way around him.

Scene: The pedestrian walkway above the traffic, Khalid is watching. After a few minutes, sirens sound and flashing lights appear far away on the bridge. The driver starts the van and drives away, with much traffic separating his van from the police car.

Scene: The terrorist hideout in Brooklyn. That night. Khalid, Ahmet, and the group of terrorists are present.

Khalid

(Addressing the group of terrorists) Today two of the brothers carried out the first test. With only one lane blocked on the bridge, it took five minutes for the police to arrive. With all lanes blocked in both directions on the day of the mission, we will have all the time we need to plant the bombs.

(Nodding to the one who drove the van) You did well today. You kept your cool and then made a smooth getaway.

(Addressing the group again) We will make our next test soon. We will make a dry run to be sure of the timing. If necessary, we will repeat the practice runs until everything goes smoothly.

It is not easy to make everything go smoothly in rush-hour traffic! However, our part is the only thing that needs to go well.

Scene: Inside the FBI explosives depot in Washington, D.C. Smiley Stevenson, Harry Hunter, and others are present.

Smiley Stevenson

Real explosives?

Harry Hunter

I've been over it with Joe Hardy, and he approved it. We're going to let them get their hands on real bombs. We'll let them set one off to satisfy themselves that they have the real thing, and then we'll get the real ones back and put duds in their place without letting the bad guys find out.

Smiley Stevenson

(Frowning) That sounds awfully risky.

Harry Hunter

But can you do it?

Smiley Stevenson

Of course I can do it. But I don't like letting real bombs get out of our control.

Harry Hunter

Ahmet is on the inside. He will keep things under control.

It's essential that the fakes not only look like the real thing, but also look exactly like the real bombs we give them to start with. There must be nothing different that might tip them off.

Smiley Stevenson

I realize that.

Harry Hunter

OK. When you are ready, let me know. Then I'll get in touch with Ahmet, and he can let the terrorists know that he has found a supplier.

Smiley Stevenson

(Frowning) All right. But I still don't like it.

Harry Hunter

We don't have to like it. We only have to do our job and bring these people to justice. We could round them up for requesting explosives, but Joe Hardy wants to catch them with a serious plot in motion.

Just let me know when the explosives and the duplicate fakes are ready to go. Then we'll have to move them to New York.

Smiley Stevenson

If you insist.

Scene: The walkway on the Brooklyn Bridge. Daytime. Khalid and another one of the terrorists are casually studying the cables. Many pedestrians and bicyclists are passing by, but nobody pays any attention to Khalid and the other terrorist.

Khalid

We will carry out our mission at this point. We will destroy cables on both sides. The bridge will split, but not at the center, and the longer part will collapse into the river; maybe both parts will.

2nd terrorist

And we will fall with it?

Khalid

Yes, we will be martyrs, and we will take many Americans with us.

2nd terrorist

I am willing.

Scene: The terrorist hideout in Brooklyn. Night. Khalid, Ahmet, and the group of terrorists are present.

Khalid

We are ready for the second test.

One van will leave Manhattan in rush-hour traffic. The other will be ready to drive onto the bridge from the Brooklyn side. When that driver gets a call saying that the first van is moving onto the bridge, he will leave Brooklyn.

They will check their watches as they near the attack point.

We want them to arrive in the middle around the same time.

We will need to repeat the test until we are confident of the timing.

Ahmet

Then will we carry out the test using all the vehicles?

Khalid

(Eyeing him warily) Yes.

(Addressing the group) Any other questions?

No one replies.

Khalid

(Addressing Ahmet) I have a question for you: have you found a source for the explosives?

Ahmet

I have made some inquiries. I realize that this must be done quietly. I think I have found a source. I will let you know as soon as I have a definite answer.

Khalid

Yes, of course it must be done quietly, but it must be done soon. *Everything* must be done quietly, and it all must come together soon. I want the operation to be ready to move before the Day of Jihad rally in Washington, D.C.

Price is not an object, but I do not want to throw so much money around that we start drawing attention to ourselves.

I am confident that you can obtain the explosives in time. Do not make me start to doubt your reliability.

Ahmet

I'm sure I will have good news for you shortly.

Khalid

See that you do.

(Addressing the group) All right, then. We are finished for tonight. Salaam

aleikum.

Group

Aleikum salaam.

Scene: The Manhattan approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. Afternoon rush hour. A van driven by one of the terrorists is starting onto the bridge.

Scene: The other van, waiting in Brooklyn, parked on a street near a ramp to the bridge. The *driver's* phone rings. He answers it.

Driver

Hello.

(After a pause as he listens to the voice of the caller) All right. I am leaving now.

The driver starts the engine, pulls out of the parking spot, and heads up the ramp to the bridge.

Scene: The walkway on the Brooklyn Bridge. Khalid watches as one of the vans passes by, then the other. He checks his watch.

Scene: A self-storage center in Brooklyn. Harry Hunter and Smiley Stevenson are there. An FBI crew has just delivered a load of unmarked boxes.

Harry Hunter

These are the real deal? All of them?

Smiley Stevenson

All of them.

Harry Hunter

All right, then. I will turn over the key to Ahmet. Now the eggs are in his basket, and he has to make sure nobody gets hurt. He's got to let me know before they test these things and again before they carry out the attack, so we can switch the boxes.

And another thing ...

Smiley Stevenson

(Grinning) Yeah?

Harry Hunter

How can stand you stand your silly nickname?

Smiley Stevenson

(Grinning) It's my name.

Harry Hunter

You should go undercover and then you could use another name.

Smiley Stevenson

What would I call myself? Frowny?

Scene: The self-storage center in Brooklyn. Night. Ahmet and Khalid approach the door. They are wearing windbreakers with hoods to shield their faces from the security cameras. Ahmet hands the key to Khalid. Khalid opens the door to reveal the unmarked cartons of explosives.

Khalid

These all better be real. We are not going to be duped with fake explosives.

Ahmet

That's exactly what I said to the source. We are not going to be duped by fakes.

Khalid

I believe you, and we will find out soon. And the price was acceptable. Nice work, Ahmet.

Scene: The Hunters' living room. Two days later. Harry and Sharon Hunter are sitting on the sofa watching the evening news.

News anchor

Two people were killed today when an explosion blew a hole in the bottom of a Hudson River ferry. At least ten were seriously injured.

The ferry sank in shallow water, or the casualty count would have been higher, said the Coast Guard.

The FBI suspects terrorism.

The TV shows a smoking ferry surrounded by Coast Guard craft, with helicopters overhead.

News anchor

All ferry service across the Hudson River has been suspended.

Transit police have stepped up security measures on all public transportation in and out of New York and within the city.

Riders should expect delays, along with random bag searches and pat-downs when traveling on the subway, PATH trains, New Jersey Transit, Metro North, the Long Island Railroad, Amtrak, the Staten Island Ferry, and all buses.

The TV shows transit police officers at a subway station entrance inspecting people's bags and patting down anyone who looks different.

News anchor

Mobile metal detectors are being deployed at Penn Station, Grand Central, the Port Authority bus terminal, and other points.

The security measures are being moved around from one place to another, so

travelers should expect to be searched anytime, anywhere. Anyone who refuses to be searched will not be allowed to ride.

Sharon Hunter doesn't realize that her husband is sitting there stunned.

Sharon Hunter

Well, maybe now you have some dangerous terrorists to catch. That should make Hardy happy. Me, I'd rather hear that a plot was stopped than to hear that people with bombs are on the loose.

Harry Hunter

(Barely able to speak) No, I don't think Hardy is going to be happy about this....

Scene: On the street outside Harry Hunter's house. Harry is talking on his phone.

Harry Hunter

Ahmet? Ahmet? What's going on? Was that a bomb on the ferry? Was it the gang you joined?

Cut to Ahmet, talking on his phone on a street in Brooklyn.

Ahmet

I don't know. I gave them the key to the storage place. I assured them that the bombs were real. They said they would find out soon. If they bombed the ferry, they didn't say anything about their plans. I was present for their discussions of bombing the bridge. They didn't seem to be hiding anything from me. But they did say there were other brothers ... If it was a bombing, maybe the others did it.

Harry Hunter

Was this the test they were talking about? The warning?

Ahmet

I just don't know. And I can't just start asking questions. I'll have to wait till they tell us about it.

Harry Hunter

Well, then, let me know if you pick up any clue. Any sort of lead might help. We might need to move in and get the bombs back, but if the ferry explosion was just an accident ...

Ahmet

I understand. If I find out anything, I will let you know.

Harry Hunter

Right: anything—anything at all.

Scene: Joe Hardy's office. The next day. Harry Hunter is standing in front of Joe Hardy's desk.

Joe Hardy

Did you talk to your man Ahmet? What did he say? Was the ferry explosion a bomb? And was it done by the people we just gave explosives to?

Harry Hunter

I called Ahmet. He said they didn't discuss bombing a ferry. If there was a plot, they kept it from him. He will let me know as soon as he gets any more information.

Joe Hardy

He'd better have the date and time when they're going to attack the Brooklyn Bridge. Even if they can't knock it down, we can't have bombs going off on the bridge in rush hour. It would be a lot worse than the ferry. There would be lot more than two people killed.

Harry Hunter

I know. We plan to go the self-storage place just before the attack and substitute fake bombs for the real ones we gave them. And we will have a team in place to bust them all on the bridge—plainclothes officers on the spot, snipers on the cable catwalks and in the towers, people on the walkway, plus more people at each end of the bridge.

We'll be ready for them.

Joe Hardy

What about TV? Can we get the whole take-down on the evening news?

Harry Hunter

I don't know whether that's a good idea ... We'd have to let the news people know ahead of time. Even if we didn't tell them *what* we were planning, we'd have to let them know that something was up, and when and where. There would be too many chances for the information to get leaked.

Joe Hardy

Then have some of our own media people on the spot to get video footage of the whole thing. We can provide video to the news people for broadcast that night.

Harry Hunter

I'll see what I can do ...

Joe Hardy

No, make it happen.

Harry Hunter

I'm scheduled to leave for New York in the morning to coordinate operations up there.

Scene: The Hunters' living room. Late afternoon. Sharon Hunter and Jennifer Isely are sitting sipping tea.

Sharon Hunter

Will you stop that?

Harry was giving me the same story earlier.

Jennifer Isely

No, I really do think that nurses are heroes. You get to save lives every day. I do my job, which sometimes is to get the truth out and sometimes to create propaganda, and usually a mixture of the two.

Sharon Hunter

So you envy my vocation? I think that people are mixed up about heroes.

Not every soldier is a hero. That's why some of them get medals and some don't.

Not everybody who dies in a disaster is a hero.

I might touch one person's life, or I might touch a few people. With your job, you might touch thousands. That's just trying to do some good in our daily lives. That's not heroism, at least not to me.

Sometimes in a hospital, you do get to be a hero, and it's not easy or fun. It usually means doing something unpopular, something against the grain, but you know it's the right thing to do.

Jennifer Isely

OK, I get you.

Sharon Hunter

You want to be a hero? You'll get a chance sometime. Everybody does. I pray that you are up to it. In fact, I'm sure you will be. Just don't expect it to be fun and to give you warm fuzzies.

The phone rings.

Sharon Hunter

Hello.

(To Jennifer Isely) It's Harry, and he wants to talk to you.

Jennifer Isely

Hello?

What? Tomorrow?

All right. I'll call our people in New York and get them working on it. I'll head up there myself.

Anything else?

Of course I'll be careful.

See you in New York.

Bye.

(To Sharon Hunter) Harry wants me to move my media crew to New York tomorrow. He said he's going to New York tomorrow too. I guess you knew that.

Sharon Hunter

Yes.

Jennifer Isely

I wonder what's up. Do you mind if I turn on the TV?

Sharon Hunter

No, go ahead.

Jennifer Isely gets up and turns on the television, choosing a news channel. The news anchor is talking about events in New York City.

The TV shows subway passengers in New York City. Two people in Middle Eastern dress are being questioned by police, patted down, their bags searched.

News anchor

Minority groups are angry about police security measures on public transportation. They say they are being singled out as suspects.

The TV shows people with signs shouting on 7th Avenue outside Penn Station. The signs read:

ISLAM IS NOT A CRIME

STOP BOMBS, NOT SUBWAY RIDERS

UNCOVER POLICE BRUTALITY, NOT OUR HEADS

News anchor

Protesters outside Penn Station today said that police are stopping anyone who looks Middle Eastern and giving them extra attention while letting others enter.

The TV shows Imam Immanuel (Khalid) talking into a bullhorn.

News anchor

Imam Immanuel of the Bay Ridge Center for Islamic Struggle said that Muslims must take up the sword of jihad to stop the persecution.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

The police are treating Muslims as criminals. Anyone who shows signs of Islamic faith is being pulled aside and prevented from riding on what should be public transportation. Instead, it is white infidel transportation.

Women are being told to take off their veils or they cannot pass through the

turnstile.

White infidels are always at liberty, but Muslims are always suspected of crimes. We will struggle for our own freedom. The day of jihad is coming!

Jennifer Isely

Those people have valid complaints. The police are foolish to single out any group. They don't even know whether the explosion on the ferry was caused by a bomb. And if it was, maybe it was put there by some white fanatic.

The police are just acting on bigotry and making a lot of people angry. And who is ready to take advantage of it? People like Immanuel. That guy gives me the creeps. People are losing their civil liberties, and they have a right to demand them back, but Immanuel sounds like he is ready to escalate the conflict into killing.

Sharon Hunter

I know. My friend Aneesa is Muslim, and she doesn't like Immanuel either. She says he's distorting the idea of jihad.

Jennifer Isely

Aneesa—yes, I met her recently. She seems like a kind, sensible person. I would be a better woman if I could be more like her.

Sharon Hunter

So would I!

Jennifer Isely

And I've heard enough of Imam Immanuel for today. Now do you mind if I turn the TV off?

Sharon Hunter

Not at all!

Jennifer Isely

We can see that there's even more trouble brewing in New York, and I suppose that soon I'll be in the middle of it—right where I belong.

Scene: The terrorist hideout in Brooklyn. That night. Khalid and Ahmet are there, along with other terrorists, including *Khalid's lieutenant*, present for the first time.

Khalid

The explosives worked fine. I'm not going to say any more. But we can proceed with confidence.

Ahmet

Are we ready to continue the struggle, then?

Khalid

Indeed we are, and each of you has an important role to play. We will see the hand of Allah reach down and smite the infidels, and we will be the dagger in his hand.

Is each of you ready? We have a great reward waiting. Is each of you willing to pay the price?

He looks at each one in turn, starting with Ahmet.

Ahmet

Yes, I am ready.

Terrorist lieutenant

Yes.

Terrorist A

I am ready.

Terrorist B

Is it necessary that all of us die in this operation?

Khalid

Everyone must be ready to give all. If you are not prepared to make the necessary sacrifice, you may leave now.

(To his lieutenant) Escort him out.

Khalid's lieutenant escorts Terrorist B out the door, shutting the door behind them.

Khalid looks from one man to another.

The camera pans from one face to the next.

Loud voices are heard outside—arguing, then Terrorist B pleading. A shot is heard from outside. After a minute, the door opens, and Khalid's lieutenant reenters the room alone.

Khalid

(Addressing his lieutenant) I hope you did not leave a body on our doorstep.

Terrorist lieutenant

I made him climb into the dumpster first. He could have been a man, but he chose to be garbage.

Khalid

We will not return here anyway. You know your places: the drivers will meet at the garage. The other martyrs will meet at the storage facility. We will carry out our mission the day after tomorrow.

Scene: Washington, D.C., Union Station. The next morning. Sharon and Harry Hunter exit the Metro and enter the concourse.

Harry Hunter

Thanks for coming with me.

Sharon Hunter

I don't have to be at the hospital for another hour. I wanted to spend the time with you before you go. Call me from New York, will you?

Harry Hunter

Yes, of course. I'll be back before you know it.

Sharon Hunter

Don't take any unnecessary chances, OK?

Harry Hunter

Don't worry, I'll be careful. I love you.

Sharon Hunter

I love you too. Go get the bad guys.

They embrace and kiss. Then Harry walks toward the train gate while Sharon turns back toward the Metro.

Scene: Exterior. An Amtrak *Acela Express* train traveling between Washington and New York flashes by.

Scene: Interior. On board the Amtrak *Acela Express*. Harry Hunter is sitting, gazing out the window, when his phone rings.

Hunter

Hunter.

Ahmet

Tomorrow, in the afternoon rush hour.

Hunter

Tomorrow! OK, the team is ready. I'll be in New York before noon today. I'm on a train to New York right now. Tonight we'll go to the self-storage place.

Ahmet

I will look for you tomorrow at our meeting place.

Harry Hunter calls the Brooklyn FBI office.

Harry Hunter

This is Hunter. Our gig is tomorrow in the afternoon rush hour. The big switcheroo is tonight. Put all the pieces into place. I'm on my way now. I'll see you in a few hours.

Scene: Exterior. The train flashes by on its way to New York.

Scene: The terrorists' self-storage unit in Brooklyn, late at night. FBI vehicles and people are there, among them Harry Hunter and Smiley Stevenson.

As Hunter and Stevenson watch, the others carry unmarked boxes out of the unit and carry other identical-looking boxes in.

The FBI men lock up the storage unit and get into their vehicles. Harry Hunter and Smiley Stevenson get into one of them. The vehicles leave the scene.

Scene: Inside a car. Harry Hunter and Smiley Stevenson.

Harry Hunter

It's a relief to have that out of the way.

Smiley Stevenson

Amen to that! At least now those people can't cause any more harm.

Harry Hunter

Be careful what you say. We don't know that our explosives were used to bomb the ferry. If it *was* bombed, we don't even know whether it was these guys who did it.

The Bureau won't be making any apologies or confessions unless it's forced into it, and at this point we're not even sure there's anything to confess. We allowed them get their hands on real explosives, and then we got the explosives back. As far as we know, everything is still under control.

Smiley Stevenson

(Grinning) Yeah, that's important. Always know where your bombs are. It's one a.m. Do you know where your explosives are tonight?

Harry Hunter

Fortunately, this time we do. They're safe and sound asleep in the back of a truck.

Scene: Outside the storage unit, late afternoon. The next day. All the members of the terrorist cell are arriving, as well as four vans.

Khalid opens the door. With Khalid's lieutenant directing them, the men load the boxes into two of the vans. The storage unit also contains cans of gasoline, which the men load into the other two vans.

Khalid

You all know your assignments. Today we will pay them back for what they have done to our homelands. Make yourselves a pure offering to Allah. Your reward is waiting.

(Turning to Ahmet) You come with me.

Khalid turns away, taking Ahmet with him. Another of the terrorists goes with them as they walk away.

Khalid's lieutenant and the rest of the men get into the vans and drive away.

Scene: The Brooklyn Bridge. Late afternoon, near the beginning of the evening rush hour.

Harry Hunter, Jennifer Isely, her film crew, and other FBI people are on the pedestrian walkway. More agents are on the catwalks atop the long cables that stretch between the towers and that reach down to the bridge span near the center. Others are on the towers.

One of the vans driven by the terrorists, coming from Manhattan, comes to a stop. Another, following it, slews sideways and screeches to a stop, blocking all traffic.

Men wearing backpacks emerge from the first van.

Two men emerge from the van that is blocking traffic. They dump the gas cans, leave a trail of gas behind them for some distance from the van, then light the gas. As the flames race to the van and engulf it in flame, they dash down the bridge toward Manhattan.

Then the scene is repeated in the traffic coming from Brooklyn: men wearing backpacks emerge from a stopped van. Then a second van blocks traffic and is set afire.

FBI agents emerge from cars stopped on the bridge ahead of the terrorists and come down the catwalks on the main suspension cables. They pour onto the bridge, surrounding the terrorists.

FBI commander

Freeze! Don't move! Hands up!

The terrorists wearing backpacks stop where they are.

The agents surround each of them and carefully remove the terrorists' backpacks and set them down on the bridge.

The FBI media people are capturing all this on film.

Harry Hunter

(Addressing one of the cameras) We provided genuine explosives as bait for these criminals. Then we secretly replaced their bombs with fakes. They are unable to set off an explosion on the bridge. However, as you can see, our agents are not taking any chances.

One of the cameras zooms in on the arrests taking place. Another focuses on FBI agents with fire extinguishers putting out the flames in the two vans.

The cameras are still recording the scene as the FBI commander trots up to Harry Hunter.

Harry Hunter

Where's Ahmet?

FBI commander

We haven't seen him. Isn't he supposed to be with the backpack bombers?

Harry Hunter

Yes!

The men who lit the vans on fire ran away from the scene. Could he have been one of them?

FBI commander

(Talking into his radio) Do you have all four of the arsonists in custody?

Good. Do you have a photo of Ahmet? Is he among them?

All right. Thank you.

(Turning to Harry Hunter) He isn't there.

Harry Hunter

Then where is he? We have to find him.

Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Ahmet, is that you?

Smiley? What is it? Do you know where Ahmet is?

What? No!

Well, then, get out here right away. Top priority. We need you on the scene as soon as possible. Tell them I said to bring you in a chopper.

One of the FBI cameras is trained on Harry Hunter.

Harry Hunter

(To the FBI commander) The explosives we took from the terrorists are fakes.

Those backpacks might have real bombs.

Scene: The FBI bomb center in New York. Smiley Stevenson is ending his call with Harry Hunter. One of the *explosives specialists* points to a smiley face on one of the cartons.

Explosives specialist

(Pointing to the smiley face) Smiley, is this your artwork?

Smiley Stevenson

(Scowling) No!

Scene: On the Brooklyn Bridge. The bridge is still full of FBI people, police, firefighters, ambulances, and stopped traffic. The FBI commander has gone back to talk with his people. The FBI media crew is still filming everything.

The FBI commander trots up to Harry Hunter.

FBI commander

The backpacks are filled with dud explosives.

Harry Hunter

Then where are the real ones?

FBI commander

That's what I'd like to know.

Scene: On board an Amtrak *Acela Express* between New York and Washington. 8 p.m. that evening. Jennifer Isely is on her phone.

Jennifer Isely

Sharon, this is Jennifer. I'm on my way back from New York. Is it OK if I come over? I'll be in Washington around 10.

OK, see you then.

Scene: The Hunters' living room. That night. Jennifer Isely and Sharon Hunter are watching the 11 o'clock news.

News anchor

The FBI this evening interrupted a terrorist raid on the Brooklyn Bridge. The terrorists set two vehicles on fire to block traffic. They had backpacks full of what they thought were explosives, which had been confiscated by the FBI and replaced with fakes.

The TV shows burning vehicles and FBI agents arresting the terrorists.

News anchor

The terrorists hoped to break enough cables to make the bridge collapse in the middle of rush hour, taking with it thousands of people.

The FBI used real bombs as bait for the terrorists, and now those bombs are missing.

Harry Hunter (on TV)

The explosives we took from the terrorists are fakes.

Sharon Hunter

That's Harry!

News anchor

The missing bombs may have been used in the explosion earlier this week on

board a Hudson River ferry.

Sharon Hunter

Where did they get this?

Jennifer Isely

I gave our video to the news people, just as we planned. The FBI filmed the whole thing so that it could be on the news.

Sharon Hunter

But this makes Harry look incompetent and just as dangerous as the terrorists! How could you just put this out in front of the public?

Jennifer Isely

Somebody at the Bureau got out of control on this one, handing out real explosives to terrorists. People need to be held accountable for their actions.

News anchor

The FBI refused to comment on how it lost control of the explosives or where the bombs might be right now—probably in New York City, where more terrorists apparently are at large and possibly planning yet another attack.

Sharon Hunter

How could you do this? This is going to hurt people. Do you think it was worth it? And you're going to be out of a job tomorrow.

Jennifer Isely gets up to leave, a tear in her eye.

Jennifer Isely

I know.

Scene: The FBI office, Brooklyn. Night. Harry Hunter and others are present.

Harry Hunter is dialing a number on his phone.

Harry Hunter

(Turning to an agent next to him) We've got to get hold of Ahmet. We've got to find out where he is.

Scene: In a car heading south on the New Jersey Turnpike. Night.

Khalid is in the front passenger seat. **Terrorist C**—a man unknown to Ahmet—is driving. **Terrorist D**—another man also unknown to Ahmet—is sitting with him in the back.

Ahmet’s phone rings.

Terrorist D

Don’t answer that. Give it to me. You won’t be needing it any more.

Ahmet hands over his phone, and the car races south in the darkness.

Ahmet

Where are we going?

Khalid

You wanted to attend the Day of Jihad, didn’t you? Now here’s your chance.

Scene: The rest area on the Delaware Turnpike.

The four men—Khalid, Terrorist C, Terrorist D, and Ahmet—get out of the car.

Khalid

(Addressing Terrorists C & D) Stick close to Ahmet.

All four men walk to the restroom. Terrorist D and Ahmet go inside and enter toilet stalls while Khalid and Terrorist C stand guard outside the men’s room.

After Terrorist D emerges, Khalid and Terrorist C enter the toilets.

After Khalid and Terrorist C emerge, Ahmet is still in the toilet stall.

Khalid

(Calling to Ahmet) Hurry up!

(Addressing Terrorist C) Stay here. We will wait outside the door so he doesn’t try to give us the slip.

Sitting in the toilet stall, Ahmet unrolls several feet of toilet paper and writes a message on it: “Emergency. Call Hunter, FBI. Ahmet.” Then he rolls up the toilet paper so that the message is not visible.

Ahmet flushes the toilet and leaves the stall.

Terrorist C goes inside it and checks the walls and door to make sure no messages have been written on them.

Walking back to the car, Ahmet intentionally scratches his finger on a newspaper rack so that his finger starts bleeding.

Getting into the car, Ahmet quickly scrawls, “HELP,” in blood on the outside of the door.

The four men enter the car. Ahmet is careful to conceal his bleeding finger from the other men.

Scene: The car races south through the night.

Scene: As the car passes through a tollgate, an attendant notices the word HELP written in blood.

The tollgate attendant writes down the make and license plate number of the car.

Scene: I-95 in Maryland. The terrorists' car passes through a thunderstorm. The message written in blood gets blurred and starts to wash away.

Scene: A rest area in Maryland. Dawn.

Khalid

(Turning to Ahmet and Terrorist D) Stay put.

Only Terrorist C gets out, carrying a bag. He walks to the front of the car and kneels. He unscrews the license plate and replaces it with another. Then he goes around to the back of the car (walking on the side without the bloodstain) and does the same.

Then he opens the trunk, takes out the jack, and wraps it in a piece of carpet.

He slams the jack against the left rear fender, making a large dent.

Terrorist D

(Speaking quietly to Khalid) Why did he do that?

Khalid

In case anybody reported the other license plate number. They would be sure to mention a dent in the car as an identifying mark, and the car didn't have any dents.

Putting the jack away, Terrorist C notices the faded smear of blood on the outside but doesn't know what to make of it. He gives it a quizzical look, then takes a rag from the trunk and wipes it off.

Terrorist C

There was a bloodstain on the outside of the car. Did we hit a bird or something? I didn't see or feel anything while I was driving, but it was dark and raining.

Scene: FBI headquarters in Brooklyn. Morning. Harry Hunter and others are present.

Harry Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

Cut to Joe Hardy sitting at his desk in FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C., talking on the phone.

Joe Hardy

Your man Ahmet left a message in a toilet stall on the Delaware Turnpike. Is he missing?

Harry Hunter

Yes, since yesterday evening. How old is the message?

Joe Hardy

We don't know. Evidently sometime today. And a tollgate attendant in Maryland saw the word HELP written in blood on the outside of a car. We got the make and tag number, and we've put out an all-points bulletin to watch for that car.

Harry Hunter

I'm heading to Washington. They're moving south, and Washington is where all the big targets are.

Scene: Joe Hardy's office, FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C. Later that day. Joe Hardy is sitting at his desk. Harry Hunter is seated nearby.

Joe Hardy

There's been no sign of your man Ahmet, and no sign of the car. Everybody's on alert, but nobody knows where they are. These guys are probably in the city, but we don't know where, and we don't know what they're up to.

We'll keep watching and hoping for another lead, but when we get a report of suspicious activity we may not have much time to act.

Harry Hunter

Ahmet's in danger, and these people are ruthless. Why are they even keeping him alive? What do they want from him? Maybe revenge? To make an example of an FBI informer?

Joe Hardy

Maybe. And did you see yourself on the news last night? That made us look great, didn't it? We handed out explosives like Halloween candy, and now we don't know where the bombs are. How did that video get out?

Harry Hunter

Maybe Jennifer Isely accidentally released too much video to the news people.

Joe Hardy

If it was a mistake, she'll be in so much hot water, she'll look like a boiled lobster. If it was on purpose, there will be no mercy for her. From what I hear, she hasn't reported in today.

Harry Hunter

It might look even worse if the Bureau decides to bring her in. If she's arrested for giving out too much information, we'll never keep *that* out of the news.

Scene: Morning, the next day, on the National Mall in Washington, D.C.

Ahmet, Khalid, and Terrorists C and D are standing near 14th Street.

Khalid nods his head toward the Washington Monument.

Khalid

What do you think, Ahmet? What would the Americans think if we knocked it down? The symbol of their first president and their independence comes crashing down, killing all the people inside it and all the people waiting in line!

Ahmet

That would be impressive. But it's made of stone! It must weigh millions of tons! You can't just drive a truckload of explosives up alongside it and blow it up and expect to topple the monument.

How would you get past the barriers? Those bollards are made to stop a truck. And what about the armed guards? Do you think they will just let you drive up to the monument and park your truck there? They'll shoot out your tires and shoot you too.

Khalid

Ahmet, my brother, I noticed that you said, "Shoot you," not, "Shoot us." You are part of this operation too. You said you were ready to be a martyr.

But your imagination is not as powerful as your willingness to die. So let me fuel your imagination and maybe you will see how we could do this.

First, we need to remove the guards from the picture. How do we do that? How do we get the guards to leave their posts?

Perhaps a diversion. Picture some of the brothers, some of our willing martyrs, on the far side of the monument. They start shooting.

And what will the guards do when the bullets start to fly? Yes, they will make the tourists lie down, and then the guards will move around the corners of the monument to return fire. They will leave the entrance unguarded.

As you said, we cannot bring down the monument simply by setting off explosives next to it. We need to get the explosives *inside*.

And the bollards, as you said, are blocking access for a truck. No, a truck will not do.

But suppose, Ahmet, that we load our bombs onto motorcycles. We can drive between the bollards and straight through the front door. It will take less than a minute.

Now do you understand how it may be done?

Two Navy sailors (*Sailor 1* and *Sailor 2*) are standing nearby. Ahmet is drumming his fingers against his hip. One of the sailors nudges the other.

Sailor 1

My Morse is rusty, but for sure that guy is tapping SOS.

Hold on, there's more. "SOS. Target Washington Monument. Tell Hunter, FBI. SOS...."

They pass a hawkker who is passing out flyers.

Hawker

Struggle for Allah! Day of Jihad rally tomorrow! Stand up for Islamic freedom! Come to the Day of Jihad rally! Tomorrow!

Scene: Joe Hardy's office, FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C. Joe Hardy is sitting at his desk. Harry Hunter is seated nearby.

Joe Hardy

We got a tip from a Navy sailor who saw four men who looked Middle Eastern; one of them, from the description, might be Imam Immanuel. One of the men was tapping SOS with his fingers.

The sailor saw them in Washington, on the Mall, and phoned the police, but didn't follow them. The sailor claimed that the SOS message said that the Washington Monument is a target.

Police are watching, and we've given out photos of Imam Immanuel, but there are plenty of Middle Eastern men around.

And if one of them is Ahmet, and he's being led around under duress, we can't expect them to stay on the street all day, so they won't be easy to spot.

Naturally, security at the Washington Monument is beefed up, but it could be a red herring too.

But we have to assume it's the target. The terrorists wouldn't have known that Ahmet, if that's who it was, was tapping out Morse code with his fingers.

Harry Hunter

We've got to find Ahmet before they kill him.

Joe Hardy

We're doing everything we can. They didn't kill him in New York, so they brought him along to Washington for a reason. If we can figure out what it is, maybe we can rescue him before it's too late.

Harry Hunter

Why would he be especially useful to them? Maybe to penetrate FBI

headquarters? To use as a hostage? Does he have some special knowledge they plan to take advantage of?

How would his presence help them attack the Washington Monument?

Joe Hardy

We just don't know. If we pick up any more clues, you'll be the first to hear about it. And if you think of anything that might help, let me know right away.

Scene: FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C. Later that day. Harry Hunter is at his desk, talking on the phone.

Harry Hunter

Smiley, if we assume that the Hudson ferry explosion was caused by explosives the terrorists got from us, how much would they have left? Enough to blow up the Washington Monument?

Cut to Smiley Stevenson, talking on the phone.

Smiley Stevenson

Are you kidding? Blow up the Washington Monument?

Harry Hunter

No, I'm not kidding. We got an SOS message, presumably from Ahmet, saying that the Washington Monument is the target.

Smiley Stevenson

You know, you can't just park a truckload of explosives next to the monument and blow them up and expect ...

Harry Hunter

(Cutting him off) Yes, we know that. We've been over it again and again. Suppose they have a plan for getting the explosives *inside* the monument. What then?

Smiley Stevenson

It would certainly send an awful shock wave up the inside, killing everybody who happened to be in there, and it would send a powerful blast out the front door, killing anybody in front of the entrance—tourists lined up there, for example.

But to topple the structure? That's a stretch ...

Harry Hunter

Well, it certainly sounds like a target that would give them a hefty casualty count and provide a lot of shock value.

Smiley Stevenson

No doubt about that.

Harry Hunter

If you get any ideas about how they might plan to pull this off, let me know right away. If we can figure out what's coming, maybe we can block it.

Scene: That night, on a street in Washington, D.C. Smiley Stevenson sees a man walking with two other men.

Smiley Stevenson

(Speaking softly to himself) That looks like Ahmet!

Smiley Stevenson follows them at a distance.

One of the terrorists looks back over his shoulder. Smiley Stevenson continues walking casually along and then turns into a doorway.

After waiting briefly, he gets down on the ground and looks around the corner. The men are continuing in the same direction. Smiley Stevenson crosses the street and tails the men, keeping to the shadows.

After walking a few blocks farther, the men turn and enter a building. Smiley Stevenson watches from across the street, still hidden in shadows. He looks at his watch. It's 10:15 p.m.

At length the men leave the building and walk down the street the way they came. Smiley Stevenson looks at his watch again. Now it is 11 p.m.

He looks at the men, then at the building, which is unlit. He looks at the men again, who are now disappearing in the distance, takes a step after them, then halts and instead crosses the street, walking up to the building they just left.

Scene: Morning. A terrorist hideout in Washington, D.C. Khalid is there, along with his lieutenant, other terrorists, and Ahmet.

Khalid

(Speaking to Ahmet) What do you think, Ahmet? Where will faithful Muslims be today? In the Washington Monument or at the Day of Jihad rally?

Ahmet does not answer.

Khalid

I think that only white infidels will be in the Washington Monument.
And where will you be?

Again Ahmet does not answer.

Khalid

You will wait here. Later you can visit the Washington Monument with me.

Khalid

(Addressing his lieutenant) You wait here with Ahmet. Keep two others with

you.

Khalid exits with the rest of the terrorists.

Scene: Mid-morning. The Day of Jihad rally. A crowd is there. On the fringe of the crowd is Smiley Stevenson. On the stage is an *imam*.

Imam

Welcome, brothers, to the Day of Jihad.

We have been struggling many years for freedom. Our homelands are oppressed. Here in the United States we are oppressed. Our homelands are threatened by Israel, the United States, and their allies.

We must struggle to defend our faith and our culture. We must struggle to defend our homelands.

Fortunately, we have leaders in the struggle, and we are honored to have with us the great Imam Immanuel to begin the rally!

Imam Immanuel (Khalid) walks onto the stage amid cheers.

Imam Immanuel (Khalid)

Welcome, brothers. Let us together begin the Day of Jihad!

In this land that calls itself free, are we Muslims free? No! We are pulled aside from subway queues and searched. We are drowning in the heathen American culture. We are the targets of the FBI, the CIA, the National Security Agency, the police, and every other American agency that is more concerned about restricting our freedom than protecting it.

Are our homelands free? No! They are continually threatened by American warships off our coasts. No doubt there are American missiles pointed at our homelands' capitals right now. Certainly the Israelis have a war plan ready to attack and destroy our homelands with their weapons of mass destruction.

Brothers, the struggle is not just a war of words. Our enemies are using bullets and drones and bombs. Our struggle is a war of blood.

Our enemies have raised the sword against us and used it against not only warriors but against civilians.

We in turn must take up the sword. Are you ready to be martyrs in the struggle for freedom?

I will lead you! I myself will take up the sword and fight back against our enemies.

Together let us begin the Day of Jihad!

Crowd

(Cheers)

Scene: Across the street from the FBI Building, Washington, D.C. Jennifer Isely is walking by, unnoticed. She glances up as she passes.

Jennifer Isely

(Muttering to herself) This is what I get for trying to be a hero. Well, Sharon was right: no fun and no warm fuzzies. You just get people mad at you and wonder what the point is in trying.

Scene: The Police Memorial, Washington, D.C. Jennifer Isely walks slowly through the memorial, looking at the names of thousands of police officers who died on duty. At the end, she pauses by a statue of a lion and reads the inscription below it, which reads:

THE RIGHTEOUS ARE BOLD AS A LION.

Jennifer Isely walks down the street toward the National Mall.

Scene: The grounds of the Washington Monument, Washington, D.C. Jennifer Isely is walking by on the grass. She looks up at the monument. Then she pauses and looks down toward the reflecting pool and the Lincoln Memorial.

Scene: Early afternoon. The terrorist hideout in Washington, D.C. Khalid is there, plus, his lieutenant, four more terrorists, and Ahmet. There are two motorcycles along with boxes of explosives.

Khalid

(Speaking to Ahmet) Now it is time for our next operation. Thank you for getting the explosives.

The terrorists blindfold and gag Ahmet, put a helmet over his head with the visor down, place him on the rear of a motorcycle, then chain his ankles and wrists to the motorcycle. They load explosives onto the motorcycles.

Four of the terrorists put on ski masks and pick up automatic weapons and depart.

Khalid and his lieutenant mount the motorcycles and drive out of the building.

One of the four others has waited outside the door. He shuts it and locks it.

Scene: The shore of the Tidal Basin, Washington, D.C. Jennifer Isely approaches the water and notices Aneesa sitting on the grass.

Jennifer Isely

Hello, Aneesa!

Aneesa

Hello, Jennifer! How nice to see you! How are you?

Jennifer Isely

Honestly, I am feeling really discouraged. Sharon Hunter warned me that being a hero is not easy or fun. She said it usually means doing something unpopular, but you know it's the right thing to do.

When I filmed Harry saying that the FBI had been handed fake explosives and that the terrorists kept the real ones, it got onto the TV news, and Sharon

got angry with me when she saw it.

I'm not saying I did anything heroic, but it sure was unpopular. Sharon is mad at me, and I bet the whole FBI is mad at me. I didn't report in yesterday or today.

Aneesa

Oh, Jennifer! But you think you did the right thing?

Jennifer Isely

Filming what Harry said? Yes. I think so.

Jennifer Isely puts her head in her hands, and Aneesa puts her arm around Jennifer Isely.

Jennifer Isely gets up, walks around, then sits back down and puts her head in her hands again. Aneesa puts her hand on Jennifer Isely's shoulder.

Scene: Harry Hunter's desk, FBI headquarters, Washington, D.C. Hunter's phone rings.

Harry Hunter

Hunter.

(Speaking to those around him) Gunfire at the Washington Monument!

He starts for the door.

Scene: Between the Washington Monument and the Reflecting Pool.

Four terrorists in ski masks are crouching behind barriers, firing at guards and at people near the monument.

The guards move toward the side of the monument that faces the Reflecting Pool, returning fire. Some of the guards and some of the terrorists are hit by bullets.

Police begin arriving from several directions.

The front of the monument is temporarily unguarded.

Scene: The shore of the Tidal Basin, Washington, D.C. Jennifer Isely hears the sound of gunfire several blocks away. She jumps to her feet and sprints up the street toward the sound.

Aneesa stands up and watches Jennifer Isely dashing up the street.

Scene: The grounds of the Washington Monument. Police and security guards are in a gun battle with the terrorists on the side toward the Reflecting Pool.

Two explosive-laden motorcycles race between the bollards on the other side, toward 14th Street, and roar up the hill toward the entrance.

Several guards turn and look, then fire, but they are too far away, and they miss.

The motorcycles turn aside, drive out through the bollards, and head south on 14th Street.

Harry Hunter, Joe Hardy, and other FBI men arrive on the scene and see the motorcycles heading away. They follow in their cars.

Scene: 14th Street Southwest, Washington, D.C.

Ahmet, hearing the roaring engines and the gunfire, knows that the operation must be approaching the climax. He leans to one side, then throws all his weight toward the other. The driver loses control, and the motorcycle tips over, then spins sideways, skidding on its side down the street.

The other motorcycle continues south.

Jennifer Isely rounds the corner by the Holocaust Museum. She glances up toward it.

Camera shows the front of the Holocaust Museum.

Jennifer Isely sees the second motorcycle coming down the street and realizes that the Holocaust Museum is the true target.

She runs toward the motorcycle and, when she is only a few feet away from it, leaps up and tackles the driver. The motorcycle tips over and crashes.

Jennifer Isely falls to the street and lies there injured and bloody.

Harry Hunter gets out of a car and runs to the first motorcycle wreck. Police are checking for signs of life, but the driver is dead. Harry Hunter raises the visor on the helmet of the chained passenger, rips off the blindfold, and recognizes the man. It is Ahmet. Ahmet opens his eyes.

Harry Hunter

Nice work, Ahmet.

Joe Hardy runs to where Jennifer Isely is lying on the street. He kneels beside her and takes her hand. She is hurt but conscious, and she looks at him.

Smiley Stevenson walks up to Harry Hunter. Harry Hunter turns toward him.

Harry Hunter

Why didn't the bombs explode when the motorcycles crashed?

Smiley Stevenson crouches next to the wrecked motorcycle. He takes a marker from his pocket. On a package lashed to the motorcycle, Smiley Stevenson draws a smiley face.

Smiley Stevenson

I was out on the town last night.

Then he looks up at Harry Hunter and grins.

Fade out.