

O'Neill STOPS. And just like that, on a dime, he's done. *

O'NEILL (CONT'D)

You know what, gentlemen? Have a good meeting. I need to do some actual work. *

And he walks out the door. *

END OF ACT TWO.

EXT. POLICE JEEP/OUTSKIRTS OF NAIROBI/MOVING - DAY

A KENYA POLICE jeep kicks up a cloud of dust as it whizzes past playing children, stray dogs, old motorbikes.

I/E. POLICE JEEP/OUTSKIRTS OF NAIROBI/MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Chesney's in the back seat, driven by two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN, as they motor along this rutted road outside the city center. Bob speaks loudly to be heard, leaning forward -

BOB CHESNEY

He's got some charity called "Help Africa People", whatever that means. You heard of it? *

(no response from front seat) *

And we think he's still got this American wife.

(checks his notes)

April Brightsky Ray. If she's there, I can do the talking.

They stop suddenly outside a cinder-block wall with a gate. A dog barks loudly inside the wall.

KENYAN POLICEMAN *

Sir. You will talk either way. This is as far as we go.

EXT. EL-HAGE'S HOUSE - DAY/MOMENTS LATER

Chesney gets out of the jeep, shuts the door behind him. He lumbers stiffly to the gate, sweating in his coat and tie.

The top of the cinder-block wall is lined with broken glass. Through the gate: a dirt yard with a skinny German Shepherd tied to a post, barking madly. Chesney pushes the gate open and the dog goes wild, straining against its rope. Chesney unclips his holster, gives the dog a wide berth as he makes his way toward the open, dark front doorway. *

Bob Sci

The Learning Tower

F41

*Carting
Aoy
VanForn*

118

Start →

AMERICAN WOMAN/VOICE (O.S.)
What you doing in my yard?

An OBESE AMERICAN WOMAN in black hijab (headscarf) and jibab *
(neck-to-toe robe) comes towards him, sweaty and angry. *

AMERICAN WOMAN/APRIL
Who invited you here?

Chesney keeps one eye on her and one on the barking dog - *

BOB CHESNEY
Are you April Brightsky Ray?

AMERICAN WOMAN/APRIL
You're damn right I am.

BOB CHESNEY
(pulls out his badge)
Robert Chesney, United States FBI.

Chesney removes a paper from his coat pocket, holds it up for
her to see, still watching the rabid dog -

BOB CHESNEY (CONT'D)
I have a warrant to inspect the
home of Wadih el-Hage and April
Brightsky Ray.

Several small, unwashed children have gathered at the doorway
to the house, peering out. (There are six total).

BOB CHESNEY (CONT'D)
Is your husband here?

APRIL
Business trip.

BOB CHESNEY
I need to look around inside.

APRIL
What if I say no?

BOB CHESNEY
I'm afraid I'd have to go in anyway.

APRIL
What if I decide to untie that dog?

BOB CHESNEY
(trying to defuse)
Well, I'm more of a cat person
myself, so, I'm concerned.
(MORE)

BOB CHESNEY (CONT'D)

If I get frightened, I might have
to shoot him. And I wouldn't want
to do that in front of your kids.

(beat; the dog frothing)

You ever thought about a cat instead?

APRIL

Go the hell on in. Just make it quick.

Chesney won't allow a suspect to walk behind him -

BOB CHESNEY

Please, after you.

As he follows her into the house, April keeps on ranting,
pushing her children out of the way -

INT. EL-HAGE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

APRIL

You gotta come all the way to Africa
just to get up in our business. We're
good people - I got kids to take care
of, my daily housework to do --

Chesney looks around: it's completely filthy. Food and dirty
clothes are everywhere; flies swarm in the corners.

APRIL (CONT'D)

- dinner to prepare, and we're just
trying to do some good work, some
charity work, help people out --

BOB CHESNEY

- This is the charity you run with
your husband? Help Africa People?

APRIL

(turning on him; sharp and defensive)

*Don't go getting on me about that
name.* I told the old man it don't
make no sense.

BOB CHESNEY

I think it's a perfectly good name -

Chesney opens and closes kitchen cabinets falling off the
walls, trying to breathe through his mouth because of the
smell, and keeping the conversation going to distract April
from the fact that he's invading her home -

BOB CHESNEY (CONT'D)

- Of course, if you do decide you want to fix the grammar, I'd suggest you have some decent choices. Two, really...

(moves down the hall)

...You could add a comma. That way it'd be more of an exhortation, an encouragement: Help Africa, people!

He peers in the kids' room: six dirty mattresses, stained clothes everywhere, decides to move on, April following -

BOB CHESNEY (CONT'D)

Or you could simply add an 'n'. Help African People. That's probably more of what you're going for anyway, am I right?

Approaching the larger bedroom, we HEAR a MAN'S VOICE from the front door, high-pitched, with a thick Lebanese accent:

MAN'S VOICE/WADIH EL HAGE (O.S.)

Hello?! Hello?!

(coming down the hall)

What are you doing in my house?

Alone with my wife in my house?

BOB CHESNEY

Mr. Wadih el-Hage?

This short, skinny man with a withered arm is outweighed by his wife by at least a factor of three.

WADIH EL HAGE

Who are you in my house?

BOB CHESNEY

(holds out warrant)

Robert Chesney, FBI. I have a warrant to inspect your home.

As el Hage takes the warrant, Chesney takes the opportunity to move into the bedroom to look around.

WADIH EL HAGE

Why must you come to harass my family? I am a businessman. I am a charity worker -

BOB CHESNEY

- We were just talking about that -

WADIH EL HAGE

- I have done nothing wrong.

Chesney's sifting through stray papers on a bookshelf - *

BOB CHESNEY

You used to be the personal secretary to Mr. Usama bin Laden. Is that correct? *

WADIH EL HAGE

Many years ago. No longer.

BOB CHESNEY

You ever speak with him now? On the phone?

WADIH EL HAGE

Never. I would not know how to reach him.

BOB CHESNEY

Email?

WADIH EL HAGE

No. Never email. (pointed) Afghanistan does not have A-O-L.

BOB CHESNEY

I see.

Opens closet door. Stuffed to the brim with clothes and junk.

BOB CHESNEY (CONT'D)

But you did work for him.

WADIH EL HAGE

Many years ago. So many. A very long time.

Chesney sees an OLD DESKTOP COMPUTER on the top shelf. Beat. *

BOB CHESNEY

Did you do work for him on that computer? *

EXT. GEORGETOWN (WASHINGTON D.C.) STREET - NIGHT/SAME TIME

O'NEILL (ON CELL)

I'm sorry, Lizzie. *

CLOSE ON: John O'Neill as he walks quickly down a brick-sidewalked, residential street, cell phone to his ear:

end

5/8

Bob

8/2

O'NEILL
You're playing our song.

END OF ACT THREE.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY/NAIROBI/SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Bustling. Bob Chesney sits in a waiting area on the second floor of the U.S. Embassy, el-Hage's DESKTOP COMPUTER on his lap. He watches the hallway teeming with kids running around (children of the Kenyan support staff), secretaries laughing with each other or talking on the phone, Kenyans applying for visas -- so much color and life and energy.

Start →

DEB FLETCHER (O.S.)
Robert Chesney?

Chesney hadn't noticed anyone approach. A middle-aged, attractive AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN stands in front of him. She's maybe 48 years-old, smart, capable, and... yes... pretty attractive. He gets to his feet.

BOB CHESNEY
Hi. Bob. Call me Bob. Yes, hi.

DEB FLETCHER
Deb Fletcher, Chief of Station.

She extends her hand, but Bob can't shake - he's got both hands around the computer -

BOB CHESNEY
Umm...

DEB FLETCHER
What you got there? Is that from an archeological dig?

BOB CHESNEY
Ha. I know, it's an ancient one. Yah.
Big. I hope I can still turn it on.

DEB FLETCHER
Well...

She can't shake his hand so she gives him a little HIP-CHECK, bumping her hip lightly into his.

DEB FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Hi.

BOB CHESNEY
Hi there.

8/8

Silence. Bob swallows. He can't tell: is she flirting with him? Is that even a possibility?

DEB FLETCHER
Can I help you carry that?

BOB CHESNEY
Oh no. No no no. I can handle it.
Yah. I'll, uh - I can do this.

DEB FLETCHER
All right, macho-man. This way. *

They walk down the hall, kids run past, workers nod to Deb - *

BOB CHESNEY
I didn't notice you come over. I was watching, well, all of this -

DEB FLETCHER
It can get a little nuts in here. *

BOB CHESNEY
No, I meant... It's nice. Lively.

DEB FLETCHER
It is nice. People are in and out all day. Lots of folks bring their kids. As you can see. *

(re: the big windows to the street)
I'm not crazy about how exposed we are.

BOB CHESNEY
To the street.

DEB FLETCHER
Yeah. The Ambassador's complained about it, but... there's a part of me that also likes it. All the light. And not being cut off. Why come someplace if you can't be involved with the folks there, right? Get to know people. Know what I mean? *

She stops in front of a door and looks at him. Now he really can't tell. Is she flirting? God, he hopes she's flirting.

BOB CHESNEY
Right. Super-important to get involved with people.

7/8

DEB FLETCHER

I'm glad you think so, Bob Chesney.
(unlocks, opens door)
You can work in here. There's a
secure phone line for when you need
to call HQ.

BOB CHESNEY

Thank you. Appreciate it. Thank you.

DEB FLETCHER

You come find me when you're done.
I'm one floor up.

She smiles and walks off. He watches her go. Man, she really
is pretty. Bob mutters to himself as he walks into the room.

BOB CHESNEY

*"Super-important to get involved
with people"... You're such an
idiot, Bob.*

End

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY/NAIROBI - SAME TIME/LATE AFTERNOON

A shot of the embassy from the opposite side of the street:
vehicles passing in front, pedestrians walking...

CLICK. The SHOT FREEZES, as if it's been snapped by a camera.
CLICK. Another PHOTO.

Now we see who's taking the pictures: ALI MOHAMMED (whom we
last saw in Afghanistan, guarding UBL). He now lets his
camera hang from his neck. Looks at a GUIDE BOOK MAP, as if
he's a tourist. He walks several feet down the block, then
turns and snaps another PHOTO of the EMBASSY.

*
*

INT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE/NAIROBI - EVENING

CLOSE ON: an electric drill removes a bolt from under the
back seat of a vehicle.

PULL BACK as the back seat is removed from a BROWN TOYOTA
CARGO VAN by Mohamed al-Owhali and Jihad Ali. We're in an
empty warehouse in a rundown neighborhood. Behind them,
another man, AHMED THE GERMAN (28, Egyptian, but with lighter
hair, thus his nickname) is removing the back seat from
ANOTHER VAN.

*
*

Off to the side, a fourth man, SALEH (30), carefully stacks
wooden crates (loaded with TNT and aluminum powder) and metal
cannisters (of aluminum nitrate) next to a work table laden
with TOOLS and COILS of ELECTRICAL WIRE.

8/8