

Season of Mists
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ISTANBUL - NIGHT

Ships and houses line the Bosphorus river.

Rain falls heavy...

INT. HOUSE IN ISTANBUL - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CIRA ARIKAN (18) sits on her bed, meditating.

Hair pulled straight back, eyes clasped shut, she measures each and every breath.

A WOMAN cries O.S.

The door creaks, and Cira's eyes pop open. They struggle to contain a storm of emotions.

At the doorway stands IBRAHIM (53). Silver-haired, bearded, distinguished. He wears a grave expression...

Cira gazes at her uncle.

With defiant resignation, she rises from the bed...

IN THE HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Ibrahim and Cira pass a bedroom door--it flies open.

In the doorway is NALAN (42), Cira's mother. She is barely restrained by YUSUF (47), Cira's father.

Nalan screams, tries to claw past her husband.

The sight of her mother shatters Cira's composure. Cira shrieks as Ibrahim drags her away.

Yusuf tries to shove Nalan back into the bedroom, but she'll have none of it. She pushes her way towards her daughter...

Ibrahim struggles to control his niece.

They knock over a table, which spreads scraps of paper everywhere.

Using a torn sheet, Ibrahim ties Cira's hands behind her back.

Cira and Nalan's eyes meet. Nalan reaches towards her daughter...

Ibrahim blindfolds Cira as Yusuf pulls Nalan away.

Cira continues to scream. Ibrahim stuffs a handkerchief inside her mouth.

Ibrahim drags Cira

OUTSIDE

Ibrahim pulls Cira towards a car as the rain pelts them both.

Faces appear in the windows of nearby houses. They grab a look, and then retreat.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ibrahim shoves Cira into the back seat, binds her feet.

She sobs as the car pulls away...

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON - CHARLES RIVER - DAY

Rush hour traffic chokes the roads and bridges along the Charles.

A brisk wind blows in from the sea.

INT. NEWTON, MASS. - CIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A loud, persistent alarm from a laptop computer.

Cira, now 28, opens her eyes.

She rises from a bed, groggy and disoriented.

INSERT - ON THE BED

An open collection of John Keats poems, a Quran, and a spiral notebook with the words MASSACHUSETTS STATE UNIVERSITY.

Near the notebook is a class registration form.

The name on the form reads SEVDA KEMAL.

BACK TO SCENE

She crosses over to a desk, opens up her laptop computer.

On the desk is a photograph of Cira age 12, Ibrahim at 47, and a BOY aged 10.

She pushes a key. The alarm ceases.

INSERT - THE LAPTOP

An email opens.

It's a videotape of a masked EXTREMIST, who delivers an angry speech in Kurdish, with English SUBTITLES.

EXTREMIST

The Turks will know that they can
only treat us like pigs for so long.
If you are Kurdish in Turkey, you
find no work. You are not allowed
to be educated. You try to vote,
and your political parties are banned.
You are killed by Turkish police and
Turkish soldiers. Your villages are
bombed from the skies.

Scenes of a bombing in London fill the screen as he
preaches...

EXTREMIST (CONT'D)

No one is safe. Not your children.
Not your women.

BACK TO SCENE

Cira/Sevda listens carefully to the message.

INT. BOSTON MOSQUE - NIGHT

The ummah prays, led by IMAM SAID, 53.

After prostration, they rise...

Sevda is with them. She wears a head scarf.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

A CHOIR, perched on a balcony, sings "Amazing Grace."

Seated in the pews is MILES STEPHENS, 30. His face is kind
and affable.

With him is EMMA, his 12-year-old daughter.

Miles and Emma rise to take the Eucharist.

As they commune, they are very present and focused in the
ritual...

EXT. BOSTON MOSQUE - NIGHT

The ummah exit. Sevda lingers in the back with Imam Said.

Sevda has a distinct Central Asian accent; Said is British, of Pakistani descent.

SAID
You are certain?

SEVDA
I know his voice.

SAID
Very well. I will see what I can discover.

SEVDA
Thank you.

SAID
Is the apartment to your liking?

SEVDA
Yes.

SAID
Good.

SEVDA
I could have stayed with you.

SAID
That is not why I brought you here.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda, head scarf in place, book bag hooked on her shoulder, exits down a staircase.

It is clear that she lives in an in-law apartment above a detached garage.

The apartment is adjacent to Miles' house, a charming red brick colonial in an idyllic neighborhood.

Sevda passes the garden, as Miles and Emma pick tomatoes.

SMOKEY, a friendly Belgian Shepherd, catches sniffs on the wind.

Sevda pauses to watch their interaction.

MILES

(singing playfully)

"When the Summer shuts her eyes,
naughty autumn breeze steals away
the pretty leaves from all the
forest's trees." Do you remember
that?

Emma shakes her head. She's not finding the song as charming
as Miles is...

MILES (CONT'D)

(singing playfully)

"Then they stand so bare and cold in
the frosty air, till old winter comes
along and finds them shiv'ring there."

Miles smiles at his daughter. Emma blinks.

EMMA

That's kind of depressing.

MILES

I used to sing that to you before
you went to bed.

EMMA

No wonder I was scared of the tree
outside the window.

Emma returns to harvesting, while Miles feigns disappointment.

He tosses a tomato at Emma. It bounces off of Emma's head.

Smokey tears off after it.

Miles behaves as if he didn't throw it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hey!

MILES

What's the matter?

EMMA

You threw a tomato at me.

MILES

That wasn't me. That was Smokey.

Emma throws a tomato at Miles. It bounces off his head.

Miles gives a fake gasp...

MILES (CONT'D)

That wasn't funny.

EMMA

Yes, it was.

MILES

It was slightly funny.

Emma notices Sevda...

EMMA

It's Sevda!

Miles looks up, gives a slight, awkward wave.

SEVDA

Hello. How is the harvest coming?

EMMA

Good! We're making Arrabiata!

(to Miles)

We should invite Sevda to dinner.

(back to Sevda)

Dad makes the best Arrabiata.

(back to Miles)

Oh, and you can make chocolate lava cakes!

(to Sevda)

You ever had a chocolate lava cake?

SEVDA

I have not.

EMMA

Oh, you've gotta make them for her, Dad!

MILES

Well, Sevda looks like she's on her way to class. I'm sure she's got a lot to do.

(to Sevda)

We should go in. Enjoy your class.

Miles escorts Emma away.

Emma turns back to Sevda.

EMMA

Bye!

Sevda returns the wave, watches them enter the house.

EXT. NEWTON - T TRAIN STATION - DAY

The platform is crowded with impatient commuters.

Sevda, carrying her book bag, tries to find a comfortable place to stand.

She settles in front of an advertisement for a domestic abuse hotline.

INT. BOSTON HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A KURDISH MAN (26) stares out his window at Boston Common.

He reaches into his pocket, withdraws a photograph.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

It is a picture of Sevda/Cira as an 18-year-old.

INT. STATE UNIVERSITY - LAW SCHOOL BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

AIDA NASRIN, 40, stomps through a large, chaotic office, barking into a Blue Tooth phone.

She is Sri Lankan and speaks with an accent. She is a Muslim who also wears the hijab.

Sevda stands in the doorway, frozen.

She holds a piece of paper in her hand and watches with fascination as Aida moves like a souped-up bulldozer flattening everything in its path.

AIDA

No...that is not good enough...I understand why my client's brother is being held, but you have yet to charge my client with any crime...

Aida stops in her tracks, right in front of Sevda...

AIDA (CONT'D)

Yes, I do understand your constitution. I would suggest you actually take some time to become familiar with it yourself...What did you say your name was?

SEVDA

My name is Sevda--

AIDA

(into the phone)
What?

SEVDA

Sevda.

Aida waves an irritated hand: "I'm not talking to you."

AIDA

(into the phone)

Look if that is going to be your
attitude, I will--yes, fine.

Aida stares at Sevda expectantly.

After a moment, she snaps her fingers, points to the paper
in Sevda's hand.

Sevda hands it over.

SEVDA

The work study office assigned me to
you as a research assistant...

Aida glances at the paper, looks up at Sevda.

AIDA

That is a bit obvious of them, no?

Sevda's not sure how to react.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Never mind. Are you pre-law?

SEVDA

Literature.

AIDA

Why?

SEVDA

I want to be a professor.

AIDA

(into the phone)

That is not good enough!

Sevda recoils, as Aida turns away, shouting back into her
phone.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Fine. Please return my call when
you have come to your senses.

Aida whirls back to Sevda.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Right. We are late for court!

Aida grabs a briefcase, charges outside.

Unsure what else to do, Sevda follows along.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

STEVE NOVAK, 37, a U.S. Attorney, is engaged in a hushed conversation with EMILY KNUDSEN, 42, an FBI Agent. Her badge hangs from a lanyard around her neck.

Knudsen hands Novak a file.

 KNUDSEN
Asylum seeker.

 NOVAK
Another one? From where?

 KNUDSEN
The Sudan.

 NOVAK
Another raghead from North Africa.

 KNUDSEN
You're an asshole.

 NOVAK
Who's her lawyer?

Novak looks up and sees Aida.

Sevda stands a pace behind.

 AIDA
Good morning. We have not met. I
am Aida Nasrin.

They shake hands. Novak's eyes widen from the strength of Aida's grip.

 AIDA (CONT'D)
The raghead attorney.

Novak drops his hand.

 NOVAK
Um...excuse me.

He rushes off down the hall.

Aida grins, as Knudsen suppresses a laugh...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

An immigration hearing.

Several armed, uniformed OFFICERS guard the entrances.

A terrified SUDANESE WOMAN sits next to Aida.

Sevda waits in a chair in the back of the room.

Novak addresses the JUDGE (mid-fifties), who is tired and impatient.

NOVAK

We have been unable to verify the
existence of Ms. Kayra's family--

AIDA

Perhaps because they are all dead.

JUDGE

Ms. Nasrin.
(to Novak)
Continue, Mr. Novak.

NOVAK

As I was saying, since we can't
confirm the existence of her family
with the Sudanese embassy, we can't
verify the veracity of her story.
Therefore, we're unable to prove she
is not a threat.

AIDA

Is it now possible to prove an
unrestricted negative in court?

Novak glares at her.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Yes, they teach logic in Colombo.

NOVAK

Your Honor, there are bound to be
gaps in the record-keeping of any
developing nation--

AIDA

So, really, you would never be able
to confirm all the details of her
account.

NOVAK

Right. Which is why we are
recommending against asylum.

AIDA

Then you are holding her case to a standard of evidence you admit can never be met.

NOVAK

I wouldn't put it like that--

AIDA

How exactly would you put it?

Sevda grins.

JUDGE

All right, that's enough. Is that the thrust of your case, Mr. Novak?

NOVAK

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Ms. Nasrin. You say you have someone to sponsor Ms. Kayra?

AIDA

Yes, Your Honor. You should have all her credentials there.

The Judge eyes a stack of papers on the desk.

JUDGE

Right. Unfortunately, Mr. Novak, your absence of proof only succeeds in proving nothing. They teach logic at Columbia as well. I rule Ms. Kayra qualifies for asylum.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Emma boards the school bus with her classmates...

INSIDE THE BUS

None of them talk to her--she sits alone. She's the only one that doesn't immediately pull out a cell phone.

She reaches into her book bag...

INSERT - THE BOOK BAG

Emma withdraws a copy of a MARINE ENCYCLOPEDIA. One of the authors is MILES STEPHENS.

BACK TO SCENE

An obnoxious classmate, TOMMY, plops down behind her.

TOMMY
You have a terrorist living at your house.

EMMA
Shut up.

TOMMY
I've seen her when you get off the bus.

EMMA
You're such an ass!

TOMMY
I bet she's going to blow you up in your house.

Emma glares at Tommy.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Miles waits for the bus, cup of coffee in hand. Smokey is at his side.

The bus stops, and Emma races off past Miles.

The kids on the bus laugh at her.

MILES
Emma?

She ignores him.

Miles turns back to the BUS DRIVER, who just shrugs.

Miles and Smokey chase after Emma as she runs into the house.

INT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY - SECONDS LATER

Miles enters.

His house is immaculately clean, and impeccably organized-- it's like a cross between an IKEA showroom and the Container Store.

MILES
Emma?

He hurries to her bedroom door, knocks.

MILES (CONT'D)

Emma? May I come in?

EMMA

(O.S)

Go away!

MILES

Are you sure you don't want to talk?

EMMA

(O.S.)

Leave me alone!

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles prepares dinner.

Emma, still furious, storms into the room.

EMMA

Tommy Davis is such an idiot. Did you know he thought Hawaii and Alaska were off the coast of Florida? He thought that because that's where they are on the map.

MILES

Tommy Davis?

EMMA

I'm so glad I'm not a boy.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sevda sits down in a chair, opens up her Quran.

Tucked in the book are loose sheets of paper. They appear to be letters.

Melancholy washes over Sevda as she reads.

EXT. TURKISH COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The Kurdish Man gazes at the building from across the street.

A sign reads TURKISH-AMERICAN COMMUNITY CENTER.

He is grave and focused--it's as if he were studying every inch of the structure...

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - MATH CLASS - DAY

Emma shares a desk with another STUDENT.

Her work completed, Emma sketches a picture into her notebook.

INSERT - EMMA'S NOTEBOOK

Tucked inside the book is a tiny Renaissance era picture of the Virgin Mary adorned in a head scarf.

Emma is copying it.

BACK TO SCENE

The other Student labors over his work sheet.

He pauses, then glances at Emma.

EMMA
(without looking up)
Ninety-nine.

The Student nods, continues.

Emma suddenly looks tired and flushed. Her face is overcome with panic.

Emma raises her hand. The TEACHER notices.

EMMA (CONT'D)
May I go to the nurse?

TEACHER
What's the matter?

EMMA
I don't...feel right.

TEACHER
Okay. I'll let her know you're coming.

Emma rises, heads for the door. Her walk is stiff and painful.

The other Student is unnerved by something left on Emma's chair.

STUDENT
Emma?

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Unlike the rest of the house, Emma's bedroom is in chaos.

A bookcase, in particular, is overstuffed with volumes about marine life. The Marine Encyclopedia is visible.

Many of Emma's sketches of sea animals adorn the walls.

Emma sits with her legs folded, a pillow in her lap. Smokey is curled up beside her.

Sevda is at the other end of the bed.

EMMA

It's weird to think I have eggs inside
of me. I feel like a platypus.

Sevda smiles.

SEVDA

I was...

MEMORY FLASH

--Cira/Sevda (13) dervishes with a dozen other young Sufis...

BACK TO SCENE

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Performing a dance. The first time
it happened to me.

EMMA

Did everyone see?

SEVDA

Not quite everyone. Just...all the
people watching me.

EMMA

What did you do?

SEVDA

I hid in my room. Swore I wasn't
coming out for the rest of my life.
It lasted about two hours.

Emma feels a twinge in her side.

EMMA

What about the cramps?

SEVDA

You'll get better at coping with
them. There are things that help.

EMMA

Like what?

SEVDA
Something called Midol. And
chocolate. Mostly just chocolate.

INT. MILES' HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sevda leaves Emma's room.

Miles waits in the hall, a bundle of nerves.

MILES
Is she okay?

SEVDA
She's fine. She has far more poise
than I did at her age.

MILES
I really appreciate you sitting with
her. I didn't...her mom's not around.

Sevda nods, while Miles becomes more nervous, struggles to speak.

MILES (CONT'D)
Listen, I've got...
(He points vaguely in
a direction)

SEVDA
Um...yes. I understand.

Miles heads for the door, and Sevda follows.

He pulls the door open.

SEVDA (CONT'D)
Good night, Mr. Stephens.

MILES
Um...you know...you...you can call
me Miles.

They hold each others gaze a moment.

SEVDA
Good night, Miles.

She exits.

Miles shuts the door behind her.

MILES
(softly)
Good night. Sevda.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sevda waits outside...

Aida barrels through the door, holding two coffee drinks.

She hands one to Sevda.

AIDA

One of the best things about living
in the United States: a caramel
apple cider.

Sevda eyes the drink with suspicion.

Aida charges off down the sidewalk, as Sevda scrambles to
keep pace.

SEVDA

You don't want to sit?

Aida halts her march. Sevda nearly crashes into her.

AIDA

Sit?

It's as if Aida were hearing the word for the very first
time.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Sit? I have to teach a class in
forty minutes. Shall I just have
them meet us at the coffee shop?

Aida glances back over at the shop, turns back to Sevda.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Try the cider.

Sevda takes a sip. Her face pinches up.

SEVDA

It's...very sweet.

Annoyed, Aida turns, stomps off. Sevda follows.

AIDA

I have two letters to write. I cannot
type and walk.

Aida hands Sevda an tablet.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Type along as I speak.

Sevda looks at the cider in her hand, and then back at the Tablet.

Aida grabs Sevda's cider.

AIDA (CONT'D)
To his excellency...

Sevda begins to type...

AIDA (CONT'D)
Ukkawa Ganeshanathan, Ambassador
Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of
Sri Lanka.

Sevda types feverishly...

AIDA (CONT'D)
Show me.

Sevda shows Aida the screen.

AIDA (CONT'D)
Two k's in Ukkawa.

They continue on...

AIDA (CONT'D)
Your excellency. Thank you very
much for the offer to participate in
the Sri Lankan truth and
reconciliation commission. While
this is an endeavor I support without
reservation, I am afraid I must
respectfully decline your offer.

Aida stops at a street corner, but Sevda, still typing,
continues to walk.

Aida pulls Sevda back just as a car shoots past.

AIDA (CONT'D)
Pay attention. You are female, and
therefore possess the ability to
multitask.

They cross the street, arrive at the T train station.

Aida pauses, takes a breath, looks down at the ground. She
suddenly appears distant.

AIDA (CONT'D)
I would also like to thank you for
the update regarding the whereabouts
(MORE)

AIDA (CONT'D)
of my family. You have been most
helpful and kind.

The train arrives, as Aida pulls herself back together.

Sevda gives Aida a grave look.

AIDA (CONT'D)
Did you get all of that?

SEVDA
I did, yes.

They step onto the train.

INT. BOSTON T TRAIN - DAY

Sevda sits down while Aida stays on her feet.

AIDA
Right. Next letter. Professor Ali
Khan, University of Connecticut School
of Law. Dear Professor Khan. Thank
you very much for your most recent
proposal of marriage.

Startled, Sevda looks up at Aida.

Aida waves off the look.

A RIDER overhears the conversation, begins to eavesdrop.

AIDA (CONT'D)
My answer remains unchanged from
your seven previous proposals: no
thank you. As I have repeatedly
explained, I have no interest
whatsoever in becoming your wife.
Please be assured that this is nothing
personal.

Aida glares at the Rider. He looks away.

Aida turns back to Sevda...

AIDA (CONT'D)
Good luck with your new publication
this fall. I do look forward to
reading it. Sincerely, Professor
Aida Nasrin.

Aida hands Sevda the drink, and Sevda returns the Tablet.

Aida glances down at the device.

AIDA (CONT'D)
Are you married, Sevda?

SEVDA
No.

AIDA
Betrothed?

SEVDA
No.

AIDA
Do you want children?

SEVDA
Well, I--

AIDA
You are a very capable young woman
with a bright wit. Do not dull it
raising children. Or worse: raising
a husband.

INT. MILES' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma's schoolwork is spread across the table, including books
on TURKEY. A laptop is also open.

Sevda's school bag rests in one of the chairs.

Sevda uses her Quran to coach Emma in Arabic.

SEVDA
It's pronounced Charam.

EMMA
Harem.

SEVDA
Close. Cha...

EMMA
Cra...

SEVDA
More in the back of your throat.
Cha...

EMMA
Charam.

SEVDA
Good! You've got it.

EMMA

What does it mean?

SEVDA

Depending on how you use it, either
holy or forbidden.

EMMA

Huh.

Emma studies Sevda's head scarf a moment.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Can I touch it?

SEVDA

Go ahead.

Emma does so.

EMMA

It's really soft. What's it made
of?

SEVDA

Gauze.

Miles enters with a pot of tea. He pulls cups out of a
buffet, begins to pour.

EMMA

Dad, did you know Sevda's from Turkey?

MILES

I did, yes.

EMMA

Did you know there's a city in Turkey
called Batman?

MILES

No way! You're such a joker.

Emma gives Miles a mock glare.

EMMA

That's not funny.

MILES

Yes, it is.

EMMA

It's slightly funny.

Miles and Sevda catch each other exchanging a smile, before Miles turns away.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I've got a great idea!

MILES
Oh?

EMMA
Sevda can come with us to the
aquarium!

MILES
Well, Sevda's really busy, and she
already gave up tonight to help with
your project...

SEVDA
I don't mind. That sounds fun.

EMMA
See, Dad. Come on. Please?

Miles glances at Sevda, then back to Emma. Accepting defeat, he sighs and nods.

Emma does a happy clap.

INT. BOSTON AQUARIUM - REST ROOM - DAY

Miles washes his hands in the basin.

He gazes at his reflection in the mirror. He looks uncertain, anxious.

INT. AQUARIUM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Miles, wearing his bravest face, joins Emma and Sevda.

Emma charges ahead, challenging Sevda and Miles to keep up with her.

EMMA
This way!

INT. BOSTON AQUARIUM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sevda, Emma, and Miles approach the harbor seal display.

SEVDA
(Reading the sign)
Pinnipedia.

EMMA

It means "feather footed."

SEVDA

Why feather footed?

EMMA

If you look at their flippers through
an X-ray, they look like feathers.
Come on!

Emma races off.

Sevda and Miles exchange a shrug, try to keep up...

INT. BOSTON ARBORETUM - DAY

The window panes are steamed up.

Miles and Emma explore mint plants.

MILES

Here. Rub your fingers on the leaves.
Now, smell your fingers.

EMMA

They smell like chocolate!

MILES

How cool is that? What do these
smell like?

EMMA

Lemon!

Miles spots Sevda mesmerized before a number of hydrangeas.

The blooms are stunning--pink, blue, yellow, purple.

MILES

(to Emma)

I'll be right back.

Emma grins, as Miles approaches Sevda.

Sevda seems to be in a trance.

About to speak, he becomes awe-struck by the flowers.

He touches one of the blooms.

SEVDA

(whispering)

Allah hu.

MILES

Allah hu?

SEVDA

The divine is.

He smiles, nods--he gets that.

They catch themselves gazing at each other a moment, then turn away.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Sevda's English class.

Sevda sits at her desk, taking notes. The Keats volume open before her.

The PROFESSOR lectures at a podium, with an image of JOHN KEATS behind him on a Smart Board.

PROFESSOR

...his poetry was influenced by all the events around him, which is why most of his work is imbued with a sense of melancholy, death and mortality. And on that cheery note, I'll stop for today.

Notebooks and laptops begin to close...

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Before you go--I wanted to tell you that part of your final exam will be the recitation of a poem of your choice.

There is an audible groan of displeasure.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

It will be held in one of the auditoriums, so you can invite your friends and family. Or not. See you Friday.

INT. AIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida wanders the room, dictating a brief.

Sevda sits at a desk, holding a tablet.

AIDA

...in United States versus Morrison, the Supreme Court ruled that the United States Congress--

Sevda is not typing; her mind seems elsewhere.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Sevda!

This snaps Sevda back into the room.

SEVDA

Oh, I'm sorry.

(she begins to type)

That was Hamdan v...?

AIDA

Stop stop stop.

Sevda looks back up at Aida.

AIDA (CONT'D)

What is with you today? This is the third time I have lost you.

SEVDA

I'm sorry, I am...

AIDA

Oh, for God sakes.

SEVDA

What?

AIDA

You are distracted because you are thinking about a man.

SEVDA

I, uh....

AIDA

That is disappointing. Do you not have someone with whom you can speak? Girlfriends? Is Oprah Winfrey not still on television?

Sevda shrinks...

Aida sighs in irritation.

AIDA (CONT'D)

There is no need for you to be so distracted. It is quite simple. He will court you, you will choose to marry him or you will not. It is not exactly quantum physics.

SEVDA

I don't really....Have much experience--

AIDA

You do not need it. He is a man.
He will not perceive any subtlety or
nuance on your part, nor will he
ascertain any nonverbal cues. If
you want anything to happen, you
must take care of it yourself.

SEVDA

Oh.

AIDA

Do you know how the Prophet, peace
be upon him, met his first wife?

SEVDA

Khadija? She hired him to lead a
caravan.

AIDA

He impressed her so much with his
honor and nobility, she ended up
proposing to him.

Sevda is quiet a moment, absorbing the lesson.

Aida snaps her fingers, and points to the tablet.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Tablet!

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Sevda opens the door for Miles.

Violets and daises sit in a vase on the table set for lunch.

The skillet is visible on the stove and coffee maker
percolates in the b.g.

MILES

Wait. Isn't it Ramadan?

SEVDA

This is for you.

INT. SEVDA'S KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Seated at her table, Miles takes a bite of the meal.

MILES

Oh. My. God. There is no reason
for me to eat anything else again.

Sevda beams with pride.

Miles continues to eat, as Sevda takes a nervous breath...

MILES (CONT'D)

So, how's the job with the law
professor going?

SEVDA

Oh. Um, well. Terrifying...but
overall, it's going well.

MILES

I...guess I'm glad to hear that.

He takes another mouthful, moans with pleasure.

SEVDA

I have something to ask you.

MILES

What's wrong? Is it the rent?

SEVDA

No. It's nothing like that. I would
like you to...take me somewhere.

MILES

Of course. Where do you need to go?

SEVDA

No. That's not what I mean.

Miles looks confused.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Oh, this is foolish. I shouldn't...

MILES

No, it's okay. Please.

Sevda takes a deep breath.

SEVDA

I want you to take me...out.

MILES

Out where?

She sighs.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh. Wait. Wait a minute. Are you trying to...Ask me out? You mean, like...on a date or something?

SEVDA

Oh, I hate that expression.

Miles waits for her answer...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Yes.

MILES

Oh. Right. I...um...well. Okay. Yeah. Uh, I accept.

INT. MILES' BEDROOM - DAY

Miles stands in front of a mirror, buttoning up a yellow shirt.

Emma enters.

EMMA

Not that one.

She crosses to the bed, where about a dozen other shirts are laid out. She grabs an ivory shirt, hands it to Miles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She'll love the ivory.

They are interrupted by a distant boom O.S. The entire house shakes, and the windows rattle...

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda watches a news report on her laptop.

Images of the destruction from an explosion: smoke, rubble, corpses, people crying...

A CRAWL at the bottom of the screen reads TURKISH COMMUNITY CENTER EXPLOSION:

REPORTER (O.S.)

...at this point, its not clear what what caused the explosion. Current speculation suggests somehow the propane system was used...

Sevda is visibly shaken.

SEVDA
(in Arabic, English
SUBTITLES)
To God we belong and to him we return.

NEWSCASTER
...and what follows is the message
we received.

The Masked Extremist appears on screen.

EXTREMIST
(in Kurdish, English
SUBTITLES)
We are here to say that no Turk is
safe, not even in America. Justice
will be served. Honor will be
restored.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAY

The morning mist rises off of the water.

A flock of swallows heads south.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Several government cars rumble into the driveway. Federal
AGENTS pour out of the vehicles.

Knudsen is leading them.

Two Agents head up the stairs to Sevda's apartment.

Miles sprints outside, confronts the invaders.

Emma watches from a window.

Knudsen shows Miles her badge, hands him a search warrant.

She speaks to Miles calmly, while he reacts with confusion
and disbelief.

Two agents emerge from Sevda's apartment. They escort Sevda,
now handcuffed.

Sevda is shoved in the back seat of a car--she gazes at Miles
with terror. He can only respond with shock.

Some of the neighbors look on...

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Terrified, Emma begins to weep. Smokey curls up with her.

Emma notices Sevda's book bag in the corner.

IN THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Emma pulls a pair of scissors out of a drawer...

EXT. BOSTON MOSQUE - DAY

FBI Agents lead a handcuffed Imam Said out to their vehicle.

Angry CONGREGATES are held back by the Police.

INT. FBI VAN - DAY

Sevda, now dressed in gray prisoner's garb, sits in the back of the van. She's handcuffed to a large metal grate.

A FEMALE GUARD sits opposite, watches Sevda like a bird of prey.

Sevda is the only prisoner.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

The van pulls up to a back entrance.

An entire brigade of armed GUARDS eye the van as it parks.

The door swings open.

All of the Guards draw their weapons, aim them at Sevda.

The Female Guard leads Sevda from the van.

Sevda sees the firearms pointed at her. She gasps, pulls back in fear.

The Guard drags her inside as the sound of a commercial jet passes over head.

FLASHBACK - EXT. TURKISH VILLAGE - DAY

Jet planes roar overhead...

Sevda (aged 10) wanders out of an apartment building, looks up at the aircraft.

The sound of bombs piercing the air--

A building down the street explodes. There are screams, sounds of panic...

Sevda is frozen; she can only stare.

More jets fly close to the ground--a shadow passes right over Sevda.

An arm yanks Sevda from behind; it's her brother, KHALIL (8)--the same boy from the photo in Sevda's apartment.

KHALIL
(in Kurdish, English
SUBTITLES)
You're going to get killed!

He drags her back

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Nalan (32) appears, scoops up the children, races into

THE BEDROOM

All three climb underneath the bed, where Yusuf (37) waits.

Yusuf throws his arms around his family.

Another explosion nearby--

All of the windows in the apartment shatter...

FLASHBACK - EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The community center explodes...

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - PRISONER COMPARTMENT - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

The explosion in the dream jerks Sevda awake...

Sevda lies on a cot in a tiny cell as wide as a closet.

Bright fluorescent lights line the ceilings, twenty feet up from the floor.

Other than the cot, the room is empty. No windows, no sink, no toilet.

Unsure what else to do, Sevda rises, wanders about the room as much as she can. Her footsteps are silent.

She reaches out to the wall, pounds as hard as she can.

The wall makes virtually no sound.

INT. FBI BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A MALE FBI AGENT conducts the interview.

Miles trembles, simmering with anxiety.

The Agent places three photographs before Miles...

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPHS

The first is the Turkish Community Center bomb site: a crater, rubble, scarred corpses.

AGENT (V.O.)

This is the community center here in Boston. At the time the bomb when off the center was hosting the Turkish Women's League. So far we've counted forty three corpses--thirty seven women.

There is also a photograph from Istanbul and another from London. More destruction and carnage.

AGENT (CONT'D)

This is London just a few months ago. And this is Istanbul from last year.

BACK TO SCENE

Miles stares at the pictures. He is clearly troubled by the images.

AGENT (CONT'D)

This tenant of yours. You really don't know what she's capable of.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Knudsen interviews Emma...

KNUDSEN

Did she ever discuss her religion with you?

EMMA

She was teaching me some Arabic with her Quran.

KNUDSEN

Did she ever use the word "jihad"?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Miles' interview continues...

AGENT

Didn't you find it strange that a
Kurdish woman would come to the U.S.
to study English literature?

Miles stares at the wall a moment, before turning back to
the Agent.

He takes a deep breath before speaking.

MILES

Not at all. I mean, coming to the
U.S. to study English poetry is
typical jihadist infiltration
strategy. They're especially drawn
to the romantics.

Irritated, the Agent bites his lower lip.

AGENT

Before you rented her the apartment,
did you check her references?

MILES

I did.

AGENT

What did they say?

MILES

They told me not to rent her the
apartment because she's a terrorist.
My bad.

INT. U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY - GYMNASIUM - DAY

DENNIS STEPHENS, 62, Karate spars with a much YOUNGER CADET.

An intimidating presence, Dennis is far more athletic than
any sexagenarian has a right to be.

The rest of his class gathers around in a reverent silence.

A banner spans the length of the wall: "USNA MIDSHIPMEN -
FEAR THE GOAT!"

The physically imposing Younger Cadet repels Dennis with
ease. Every shot is blocked and Dennis is struck repeatedly.

Dennis lures the younger man in close, before he flips him
over his shoulder.

The Cadet lands on his back with a thud.

He tries to rise, but Dennis kicks him back to the floor.
The match is over.

The other students exchange looks of disbelief.

Dennis calmly turns to his students. He speaks with a
distinct Texas drawl.

DENNIS
Anyone else think they can lay the
old Admiral out?

There are several intimidated head shakes.

INT. DENNIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Dennis enters, still in his martial arts robe.

Photographs of Dennis shaking hands with Presidents and
generals adorn his walls.

There is also a glass case filled with naval medals.

A phone rings inside his gym bag. He withdraws it from the
bag, and answers....

DENNIS
(on the phone)
Stephens...yes...yes...okay...I
don't...

A look of disbelief crosses his face...

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
What does this have to do with my
son?

Dennis glances over at a photograph...

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

It's Dennis with Emma. Miles is conspicuously absent...

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

The idyllic yard is polluted by a throng of REPORTERS and
PHOTOGRAPHERS on the sidewalk outside of the house.

The School Bus arrives; Emma steps off.

The Reporters are ready to swarm her, until Miles appears.

He sweeps his arms around Emma, leads her away.

The Reporters push towards them.

REPORTER

Mr. Stephens, is it true that you
were having a sexual relationship
with Ms. Kemal?

Dennis appears, puts his face close to the reporter's nose...

DENNIS

Go to hell. You can quote me.

Dennis turns and joins his family.

Smokey gazes in silence from the front porch.

MILES

(to Smokey)

Why don't you ever bark?

The dog wags its tail, follows the family inside the house.

EXT. TURKISH COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A huge smoking crater where the center used to be.

Emergency personnel still search for clues and survivors.
Crowds are kept back behind barriers.

Among the crowd is the Kurdish Man--his eyes scan the damage
as a smirk crosses his face.

After a moment, he turns to leave.

INT. PRISONER COMPARTMENT - DAY

Total darkness and silence.

The fluorescent lights flash on at once.

Sevda is painfully jolted from her sleep.

A loud buzzer from the door.

A flap opens, and a food tray slides through.

The flap clangs shut.

Sevda makes a desperate lunge at the food. She's starving.

She takes a closer look at the meal--it's disgusting slop.
There are no utensils, no water.

She looks back at the door. She expects perhaps another
tray...?

Sevda rips into the food with her bare hands...

INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles sits with Emma on the sofa, his arm around her. Emma is visibly upset, her eyes red from crying.

Dennis leans against the wall, his arms folded.

Aida stays on her feet the entire time...

AIDA

They will not tell me the basis for the charges, nor will they let me in to see her.

MILES

So what happens now?

DENNIS

She stays interned or they deport her. And you thank God you found out about her when you did.

Miles doesn't respond to Dennis, turns back to Aida.

AIDA

She is an Islamic immigrant charged with conspiracy to commit terrorism. There will likely be nothing more than a semblance of due process.

EMMA

We're never going to see her again.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - BATHROOM - DAY

A door slides open.

A distant, repetitive thump can be heard--like a pulse that never shuts off.

Sevda staggers inside. The door shuts behind her.

Food is caked onto her mouth and chest. Her lips are parched and blistered.

It is then that she notices: there is no sink, only a toilet.

There is no toilet paper.

Sevda drops to the floor.

She crawls over to the toilet, stares into the bowl. It has not been cleaned in some time.

Sevda reaches into the bowl with her hands, scoops the water into her mouth.

She hacks violently, vomits into the bowl.

After a moment, she collapses onto the floor. Urine stains her groin.

The thump seems to grow in volume...

FLASHBACK - EXT. TURKISH VILLAGE - DAY

A soccer ball bounces on the street matching the rhythm of the thump...

Sevda (aged 10) and Khalil (8) play soccer in the street.

Rows of apartment buildings, suffering from neglect and the effects of poverty and war.

Sevda has control of the ball, and is trying to get it around Khalil. Big smiles are pasted on both of their faces...

She moves quickly left, and then right, decoys Khalil, and takes the ball past him.

Sevda throws her hands up in triumph.

All dialogue is in KURDISH, English SUBTITLES.

SEVDA

I did it!

KHALIL

So what? You're older than me. You should be better.

SEVDA

I've never beaten you before!

Khalil shrugs, trying to be casual about it...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

What are your friends going to think?
Beaten by your sister? Beaten by a
girl?

KHALIL

I don't care.

INT. PRISONER COMPARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sevda, pale and trembling, lays on her cot. She stares at the windowless walls.

Sevda still has traces of food, vomit and urine on her clothes.

The door slides open. The GUARD stands in the doorway.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Sevda is seated in a stark office, opposite Knudsen.

SEVDA
Has Imam Said been arrested?

Knudsen doesn't answer. She places a photograph on the table.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

Its a video still of the masked Extremist.

BACK TO SCENE

Sevda stares at the photo a moment, then looks back at Knudsen.

Knudsen points at the photo.

KNUDSEN
We believe that this is the man who destroyed the community center. Do you know who this is?

Sevda looks away...

KNUDSEN (CONT'D)
If you know anything that can help us catch this man, I can make sure you stay out of prison.

Sevda doesn't respond.

KNUDSEN (CONT'D)
If you cooperate, I can recommend deportation. You'd have to go back to Turkey, but that's better than jail.

Sevda blinks.

KNUDSEN (CONT'D)
If you don't, you'll be in here a long time. Years, probably. It's up to you.

SEVDA
I would like to go back to my cell, please.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Knudsen and Novak watch Sevda on a security screen.

Sevda sleeps fitfully, twitching and moaning...

 KNUDSEN

I'm not happy about this.

 NOVAK

You worry too much.

 KNUDSEN

I worry just enough.

 NOVAK

Give her a couple more days. After that, she'll tell you anything you want to hear.

 KNUDSEN

Yeah. That's what I'm afraid of.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - CELL - DAY

A razor thin window near the ceiling provides the only natural light.

Exposed pipes line the walls; they vibrate frequently, as a small drip forms a puddle on the floor.

HANA, Yemeni, 62, rests on a cot, reads a book out loud to herself in broken English.

 HANA

"You are my breath, my hope, my companion, my craving..."

The door opens.

Sevda, now clean and less pale, is led in by a guard: ROHAL (30).

Sevda looks around. There is a second empty cot, plus a toilet and a sink.

Rohal shoves Sevda forward.

 ROHAL

Get in.

Sevda glances at Rohal's arm, notices a tattoo just above her wrist...

INSERT - THE TATTOO

It's an image of ASLAN THE LION.

BACK TO SCENE

The door slams shut behind Rohal as she leaves...

HANA
Assalamu Alaikum.

Sevda is still disoriented.

She nods at Hana, but offers no reply.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - MEAL ROOM - DAY

There are dozens of WOMEN from all over the world.

The inmates are arranged so there are only two or three prisoners at each table, and plenty of space in between.

Sevda enters. She pauses to take it all in.

MEAL ROOM - LATER

Hana and Sevda sit at a table, a safe distance apart.

ROHAL
For those of you that are new, there
is no talking allowed in the
cafeteria. You sit in silence until
you are returned to your cell.

HANA
(whispering to Sevda
in Arabic, English
SUBTITLES)
It is much harder to record our
conversations in here.

Sevda looks around.

All the women are seated in silence, yet no food is on the tables.

HANA (CONT'D)
(whispering to Sevda
in Arabic, English
SUBTITLES)
They don't always feed us. Sometimes
they just make us sit here for hours.

INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles sits on the sofa, sips coffee alone.

Dennis enters.

DENNIS

You should be in bed.

MILES

Can't sleep.

Dennis takes a seat in a chair opposite, studies his son a moment.

DENNIS

There was a woman in Kandahar who used to come and clean the new police station. She was about twenty, very respectful, showed up every day on time. In fact, she even showed up on time the day she drove a truck packed with explosives into the side of the building.

MILES

Is this story supposed to help me sleep?

DENNIS

I've known a lot of people from that part of the world who don't value their own lives. There were people like her in Kosovo. Iraq. Beirut. People who won't be satisfied until the world is on fire. I've seen it more times than you will ever know. Or understand.

Miles rises. Managing his anger, he takes a deep breath...

MILES

Why are you even here, Dad? Why did you come?

DENNIS

I came here to help.

MILES

Who, exactly? Because it's clearly not me.

Miles storms out.

After a moment, Dennis lets out a sad, frustrated sigh.

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Irritated, Miles paces the kitchen.

He glances through the window at Sevda's apartment.

Miles bends down, opens the cabinet under the sink and pulls out a cleaning tub.

He cleans every inch of his kitchen, like a man possessed.

INT. CELL - DAY

Hana naps in her cot.

Sevda picks up Hana's book.

INSERT - THE BOOK

The cover reads THE SUFI POETS.

FLASHBACK - INT. IBRAHIM'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Sevda (10) and Khalil (8) enter and gaze at a floor to ceiling collection of books.

The number of volumes is overwhelming, but none appear out of place or random. Ibrahim (45) appears.

Sevda and Khalil stand at attention, as if they have been caught doing something wrong.

Ibrahim smiles warmly at them.

All dialogue is in KURDISH, English SUBTITLES.

KHALIL

Uncle! There's so many.

IBRAHIM

Yes. I'm not good at giving away my books. It's a bit like giving away my friends.

SEVDA

You've read all of these?

IBRAHIM

I have. Many more than once.

KHALIL

Do you have a favorite?

IBRAHIM

A favorite?

Ibrahim wanders up and down the shelves...

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Probably not one.

He reaches into a shelf, withdraws a volume.

He hands it to Khalil.

INSERT - THE BOOK

THE TITLE READS "RUMI"

BACK TO SCENE

KHALIL
Rummy?

IBRAHIM
(smiling)
Rumi. A rummy is...never mind.
Rumi was a great poet from Persia.
Iran today. One of the best ever.

Khalil holds the book delicately--like a rare antique.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
You don't have to hold it like that.

He pulls another book off the shelf, tucks it under his arm
in a casual manner...

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Hold it like this. Fall asleep with
it in your lap. Dog ear the pages
you like. Accidentally spill tea on
it. That's what a book is for.

He hands the other book to Sevda.

INSERT - THE BOOK

It is entitled "KU HELBESTÊN JOHN KEATS"

BACK TO SCENE

Sevda studies the book with interest.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
My favorite English poet. Don't
worry. It's been translated. Take
them.

INT. CELL - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sevda flips through the pages of the book.

INSERT - THE BOOK

It's a collection of poetry, in English and Arabic.

She settles on the poem Hana was reading: It's credited to RABIA OF BASRA.

BACK TO SCENE

Sevda returns the book, climbs onto her cot, curls up into the fetal position.

SEVDA

"Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness, close bosom-friend of
the maturing sun; conspiring with
Him how to load and bless with fruit
the vines that...the vines that"...the
vines that something...

INT. MILES' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles, Dennis and Emma eat dinner.

MILES

I thought you were persona non grata
in Annapolis.

DENNIS

The barber still cuts my hair.

MILES

If you're back in Annapolis, it's
not because you know the barber.

Dennis grins.

DENNIS

I got people who will still take my
calls.

MILES

Does anyone ever bring up the Iraq
War?

DENNIS

Do you mean, do they ever finally
admit I was right about the whole
thing?

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Some of them still complain about me when they think I can't hear them. I mean, complaining's all they got left.

MILES

Of course.

DENNIS

I was looking at the text book you wrote. Riveting stuff.

MILES

Thanks.

DENNIS

You must be very proud of the trajectory of your literary career.

Emma drops her fork.

She can sense the tension is about to get worse...

MILES

I am. I'm very proud that I have a job that allows me to put a roof over my head and feed and clothe my child. One that lets me work from home, so I actually get to spend a lot of time with her.

DENNIS

And how's that excellent parenting plan been working for you lately?

MILES

You didn't have to come all this way to insult me. Because that voice that tells me I'm wrong all the time? It plays in my head whether you're here or not.

DENNIS

I don't think--

EMMA

(softly)

Please stop.

Miles and Dennis both look at Emma, then back to each other.

They shrink, embarrassed.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

The Kurdish Man rides in the back, when his phone buzzes.
He glances down at it.

INSERT - THE PHONE

An article entitled COMMUNITY CENTER ATTACK: KURDISH WOMAN
ARRESTED.

A photo of Sevda appears on the screen.

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda studies the stream of sunlight from the window.

FLASHBACK - EXT. HILLTOP OUTSIDE ISTANBUL - NIGHT

Sevda (10) and Ibrahim (45) watch the heavens.

All dialogue is in KURDISH, English SUBTITLES.

IBRAHIM

Be ready.

A meteor streaks across the sky.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Now!

Sevda reaches up as if she were trying to catch the meteor.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Did you catch it?

Sevda giggles, shakes her head.

Another meteor. Sevda reaches up again.

SEVDA

I can't catch it!

IBRAHIM

The trick is to let it come to you.
Watch me.

Ibrahim cups his hand, ready to go.

The sky explodes in a shower of meteors.

Sevda and Ibrahim both step back, gasp.

SEVDA & IBRAHIM

Allah hu!

MEMORY FLASHES

--Miles and Sevda stand before the hydrangeas at the botanical garden...

--Miles and Emma playfully harvest tomatoes in his garden...

INT. CELL - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sevda reaches out to "catch" the beam of sunlight...

After a moment, she rises, covers herself in a blanket, washes up in the sink.

She drops the blanket to the floor, prostrates herself for her morning prayer.

Hana climbs down to join her.

The door slides open, and Rohal enters.

Shocked by Rohal's sudden appearance, the women cease their prayer.

ROHAL

Stand up!

Sevda and Hana exchange shocked looks...

ROHAL (CONT'D)

Stand up! Now!

Confused, Sevda and Hana just stare at Rohal.

Finally, Rohal grabs Hana by the arm and drags her over to the wall.

Sevda rises, furious, but Rohal grabs her, drags over to Hana.

ROHAL (CONT'D)

You stay in your cots until we tell you. Do you understand?

Rohal storms out. The door shuts behind her.

After a moment, the lights pop on.

A VOICE comes over a loudspeaker. It is discordantly cheery.

VOICE (O.S.)

It is now six a.m. Please rise for morning roll call.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma is curled up in bed with a book.

Smokey snores away on the floor.

Miles enters, notices the book.

INSERT - THE BOOK

It's a copy of TARKA THE OTTER.

BACK TO SCENE

MILES

How's the book?

EMMA

It's sad. Tarka's mother left him.

MILES

She did? How come?

EMMA

Mating season came around again, and she forgot who he was.

This renders them both somber.

After a moment...

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do you think it's true what they're saying about Sevda?

MILES

Grandpa does.

EMMA

But Grandpa is suspicious of everyone.

MILES

I suppose so.

EMMA

I don't think Sevda would do those things.

MILES

I know you don't.

EMMA

Maybe you can do something to help her.

MILES

She's got Professor Nasrin helping her. This is right up her alley. If I tried to do anything I'm sure I'd just get in the way.

EMMA

Remember when you told me I had the brains to do anything?

MILES

I do. That's when I got you those manatee books for Christmas.

Miles grabs one of the manatee books off of her shelf.

He holds the book up above his head.

MILES (CONT'D)

"Oh, the huge manatee!"

Emma gives a slight smile.

EMMA

Well, I think you have the brains to do anything. That's why I know you'll think of some way you can help Sevda.

MILES

Emma, this is really out of my hands. She needs a lawyer, and she has one.

EMMA

She also needs her friends.

Miles doesn't know what to say...

MILES

Um...You ready to say your prayers?

Emma nods.

EMMA

You first.

MILES

Grandpa.

EMMA

Sevda.

INT. CELL - DAY

Hana and Sevda lay in their cots, as the dawn light creeps in through the window.

All dialogue is in ARABIC, English SUBTITLES.

HANA
It is impossible to sleep here.

Sevda does not reply.

HANA (CONT'D)
Talk to me, sister. You make far
more noise trying to stay silent.

Sevda stares at the ceiling...

HANA (CONT'D)
Don't worry. They record us, but
they fired all of their Arab
translators. Budget cuts.

She rises, climbs onto Sevda's cot.

HANA (CONT'D)
I don't want to remember you as an
apparition.

SEVDA
That's all I am now.

EXT. MILES' YARD - DAY

Miles burns some of his backyard leaves in a pit. Smokey
watches him attentively.

He glances at the Reporters, still assembled outside his
house.

MILES
(to Smokey)
Couldn't you at least growl at them?

Smokey's tail wags.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

A thunderstorm rages.

Sevda, tosses and turns in her sleep.

Hana rises from her cot, sits down next to Sevda.

After a moment, Hana wraps herself tenderly around Sevda.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The rain pelts the windows...

Emma lays on her bed with Smokey, reading the Marine Life Encyclopedia.

Dennis enters, drops down next to her.

Emma closes the book.

DENNIS
You finish Tarka the Otter?

Emma nods.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
How was it?

EMMA
It was okay.

DENNIS
Just okay?

EMMA
When Tarka's a cub, he kills eels.
But mostly because he doesn't know
better. When he grows up, he only
kills for food. But the humans in
the story are hunting him for fun.
They get dressed up, and turn it
into this huge celebration. I don't
get it.

Dennis doesn't really have an answer...

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Several Women, Sevda and Hana among them, line up for their turn. They are undressed.

Other Women having showered are searched by the Guards (including Rohal) before they can dress.

HANA
(in Arabic, English
SUBTITLES)
Cracking down on the jihadist soap
smuggling ring.

A few of the Women snicker. Rohal sneers at them.

ROHAL
Silence!

INT. MEAL ROOM - NIGHT

Hana and Sevda eat dinner.

They speak softly, careful to keep an eye out for the Guards..

All dialogue is in ARABIC, English SUBTITLES.

HANA

I was seventeen. I fell in love with this boy. Jamal. He was handsome, devout, passionate. By the time we met, he had already decided he was going to help save Afghanistan from the Russians. He joined the Army of Najran, and I stayed in Yemen to raise money for his struggle.

Hana looks away. She still finds the memory painful.

HANA (CONT'D)

He never came back.

Rohal approaches.

ROHAL

I need to see more light between you, ladies.

Sevda glances at Rohal, slides a few inches to her left.

Rohal nods, exits.

HANA

I came here a few years ago on a work visa. Then the US decides that the Army of Najran is a terrorist organization.

SEVDA

The army they paid for and trained.

HANA

What matters is this, Sevda: you must first trust in God.

SEVDA

How can you be so sure?

HANA

It's good to have doubts. If you walk God's path you will have them. But you still need to trust. If Hajar hadn't done so, she would never have been able to find the divine water. When I go back to Yemen, God will still be there.

Hana reaches over, touches Sevda gently on her chest.

HANA (CONT'D)

And here.

This catches Rohal's attention.

ROHAL

Hey, what did I just say?

Hana withdraws her hand. Sevda glowers at Rohal.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida paces alone, as Novak enters.

NOVAK

Sorry to keep you waiting.

Novak grabs a file...

NOVAK (CONT'D)

I was going to send this via courier,
but I wanted to make sure you got
it.

AIDA

I am in awe of how helpful you are.

They stare at each other a moment.

Novak slides the file across his desk towards Aida.

She collects it while still maintaining eye contact.

Finally, as a gesture of defiance, she glances down at the
file...

INSERT - THE PAPERS

It's Sevda's passport and a report from the TURKISH MINISTRY
OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Attached to the report is a photograph--a copy of Sevda's
passport photo.

The Turkish report is stamped with the words NO RECORD.

BACK TO SCENE

Novak then props his feet up on the desk so the soles
conspicuously face Aida.

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles and Dennis meet with Aida. They are sitting at the table, she is not.

MILES
What does this mean?

AIDA
There is an organization called the
Kurdistan Liberation Party. The
PLK.

MILES
And?

DENNIS
They're a terrorist organization.

Miles slumps into his chair. This is the last thing he needed to hear.

AIDA
It is common for members of the PLK
to change their identities before
their training.

Miles looks down at the floor.

AIDA (CONT'D)
Sevda has also downloaded several
PLK propaganda videos from the
internet. Novak thinks she and Imam
Said comprise some sort of...Cell.

Miles turns back to Aida.

MILES
She told me he brought her here
because she lost her family.

DENNIS
And organizations like that usually
recruit orphans.

MILES
But...how do we know if no one can
talk to her? There might be another
explanation.

DENNIS
Miles, don't be ridiculous.

AIDA

I do not think it matters. The U.S. government says she is PLK. Their plan is to return her to Turkey. Possibly any day now.

DENNIS

That's where they should be sending her.

MILES

What will they do to her?

IN EMMA'S ROOM

Emma eavesdrops and she sits on her bed, Smokey curled up with her.

DENNIS (O.S.)

That's not our concern.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

MILES

Then who's concern is it?

AIDA

Mine. Sevda is no longer my assistant. She is now my client. I will do everything I can to help her.

MILES

But...you make it sound so... hopeless.

AIDA

This is the law. Hope or aspiration have nothing to do with it. The fake documents do not bode well, but...she would not be the first refugee to have them. Often, it is the only way out. That is where I begin.

MILES

Okay, then.

He glances down the hall at Emma's bedroom door...

MILES (CONT'D)

But maybe there's something I can do to help you.

Dennis scoffs...

AIDA

There is. You can look after your daughter, and protect her from that frenzy of sharks camped out on your front lawn. That should be your priority.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

The Kurdish Man walks a brick path along the water.

He casually tosses his phone into the harbor...

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda and Hana sit on a cot.

Hana reads the poetry book out loud.

HANA

"You are my breath, my hope, my companion, my craving, my ab-ab-"

SEVDA

Abundant.

HANA

"Abundant wealth."

The door opens, and Rohal enters.

ROHAL

It's time.

Hana rises. She turns back to Sevda.

They both seem unsure what to do.

After a moment, Hana hands Sevda the book.

HANA

(in Arabic, English
SUBTITLES)

Remember: search for the divine water.

Rohal crosses to Hana, grabs her by the arm, begins to lead her out...

HANA (CONT'D)

(in Arabic, English
SUBTITLES)

Please. No. I can't go back!

Hana grabs the end of the cot with her other hand.

Rohal tries to pry her hand off the cot.

Hana wails in pain.

A look of determination crosses Sevda's face, as she throws herself at Rohal and begins pulling her off of Hana.

SEVDA
Leave her alone!

Another moment of struggle, and THREE OTHER GUARDS enter.

Two subdue Sevda, as Rohal and the other Guard manage to extract Hana from the cot.

As she escorts Hana out, Rohal gives Sevda a hard look...

The other Guards relinquish Sevda.

They exit, and the door slams shut.

INT. MEAL ROOM - DAY

All of the Women sit and eat their dinner in silence.

Sevda ignores her food, meditates.

The other Women gaze at her.

A buzzer rings, and all of the women rise.

Sevda rises, and follows the other women out.

INT. CELL - DAY

Rohal places Sevda's meal on the floor.

Sevda kicks it away. Some of the food sprays into the puddle in the corner.

After a moment, she rises and steps into the puddle.

The light from the ceiling causes a distorted reflection in the water.

Sevda gazes at it.

SEVDA (V.O.)
(in Kurdish, English
SUBTITLES)
"Don't look at your form, however
ugly or beautiful. Look at love and
at the aim of your quest. Oh you
whose lips are parched, keep looking
for water."

MEMORY FLASHES

--Cira/Sevda (13) dervishes with a dozen other young Sufis...

--Miles and Sevda exchange a smile...

BACK TO SCENE

Sevda begins to dervish. As she does so, she enters a trance...

Rohal takes an angry step forward, then pauses. She's fascinated by Sevda's dervish.

Rohal studies Sevda another moment. Finally, she turns and exits.

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - DAY

Dennis teaches Emma basic Karate, as Smokey watches in fascination...

Emma is an enthusiastic student.

Dennis turns and glares at the Reporters camped out by the house....

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda watches the pipe drip...

Rohal enters, looks down at Sevda's uneaten meal.

As Rohal collects the tray, Sevda again notices Rohal's tattoo...

INSERT

The tattoo of Aslan the Lion

BACK TO SCENE

ROHAL

You're not the first to try this.
It's not going to make any difference
to them. Not in this place.

Rohal turns to leave. As she opens the cell door...

SEVDA

Prayer doesn't change God. It changes
me.

Rohal glances down at her tattoo. She almost smiles.

ROHAL
You know C.S. Lewis?

Sevda nods.

SEVDA
Please tell them I will be happy to
eat if I can see my attorney.

INT. AIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida stands at her desk, studying the papers on Sevda provided by Novak.

She picks up one document, reads it carefully...and then notices something. She flips it over, reexamines it.

She shuffles through more papers, but doesn't seem to find what she seeks.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aida and Miles stand in front of the door, wrapped in plastic.

Aida focuses on a sticker slapped on to the door.

INSERT - THE STICKER

It reads: WARNING! TAMPERING WITH THIS BARRICADE IS A
VIOLATION OF FEDERAL LAW AND WILL RESULT IN IMMEDIATE ARREST!

BACK TO SCENE

Aida frowns at the sticker.

AIDA
By all means. Let them make that
mistake.

She tears at the plastic sheeting. It is difficult to budge.

Miles becomes alarmed...

MILES
Um...Professor?

AIDA
Is it your plan to simply stand there
and watch me do this?

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens, and Aida enters.

The remnants of the plastic sheeting hang from the door jams.

Miles holds a kitchen knife.

MILES
Are you sure it's here?

AIDA
The FBI did not include it on their
manifest. That could mean it is
hidden somewhere. And if it is, I
need to know why.

Emma appears in the doorway.

EMMA
What are you looking for?

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - DAY

Emma opens up her copy of the Marine Encyclopedia...

EMMA
They didn't search my room very well.

A book size hole has been carved into the pages: Sevda's
Quran is wedged inside.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I was afraid if they took it she'd
never see it again.

MILES
Why didn't you tell us you had it?

EMMA
I didn't want Grandpa to freak out.

Emma hands Aida the Quran. Aida kisses it three times.

She opens it, and a several loose papers fall to the ground...

One of them is the photograph of Cira, Khalil and Ibrahim.

Aida and Miles drop to their knees. Aida searches through
the papers.

MILES
What are they?

AIDA
Letters.

Aida finds an envelope.

AIDA (CONT'D)
"Ibrahim Gurcan." In Istanbul.

MILES
Can you tell what they say?

AIDA
I speak seven languages, but Kurdish
is not one of them.

EMMA
Could these help Sevda?

AIDA
I do not know. I need to get them
translated first.

INT. CELL - DAY

The door slides open, and Rohal stands beside Sevda's new
cell mate: URSULA (22), Czech.

Ursula is frozen in fear. Sevda rises from her cot, takes
Ursula's hand...

SEVDA
It's okay.

Rohal takes a step forward.

ROHAL
Here.

She hands Sevda two protein bars.

ROHAL (CONT'D)
Chocolate chip. The only ones that
are tolerable.

Sevda gives a grateful nod.

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles paces as he speaks on the phone.

MILES
I don't understand. What does this
have to do with my ability to write
a book about earthquakes?...uh-
huh...uh-huh...so, nothing...?

Dennis enters, sits down at a table as he gazes at Miles.

MILES (CONT'D)
Do you really think people are going
to reject a geology book because of
that?...yes, I know what school boards
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)
are like, but still...I know...but I
could use a pseudonym or something.
No...no, you can't do this. You
can't...yeah.

He hangs up the call.

DENNIS
What was that?

MILES
My publisher. Or more accurately,
my ex-publisher. It seems I have
become toxic to the brand.

DENNIS
What will you do?

MILES
I don't know. I'll figure something
out--

DENNIS
Miles--

MILES
Go ahead.

DENNIS
Go ahead where?

MILES
You know where. Where you always
go. That place where you tell me
that you were right and I was wrong.
I was wrong about Audrey, I was wrong
about Sevda--

DENNIS
You are shit at picking women. Always
have been. This shouldn't be news.

MILES
Audrey was not my fault. Mom was
not my fault.

DENNIS
Sevda--

MILES
Is also not my fault.

DENNIS
But you should walk away, you don't.

Miles and Dennis hold each other's gaze for a moment. Miles turns and leaves.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Ursula sleeps on her cot, while Sevda reads the poetry book...

FLASHBACK - EXT. ISTANBUL BAZAAR - DAY

Sevda (14) flips through a book of Rumi poetry. The sunlight through the kiosk lands on the page.

NALAN (O.S.)

Cira!

She glances up at Nalan (38), who is at a nearby stand.

Nalan negotiates with a MERCHANT.

Sevda replaces the book, heads over to her mother.

All dialogue is in KURDISH, English SUBTITLES.

NALAN (CONT'D)

You want how much for these olives?

MERCHANT

These are imported from Tuscany--

NALAN

On a ship made of gold?

She inspects one of the olives.

NALAN (CONT'D)

These are not from Tuscany.

MERCHANT

I have a close friend in Pienza--

NALAN

I'll give you ten for them.

MERCHANT

For imported Tuscan olives? I won't be able to break even.

She turns to leave.

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

How about fifteen? I'll only break even, but for you--

NALAN

For me, you will assume I am a fool?

MERCHANT

Twelve and a half?

Nalan pretends not to hear him, approaches ANOTHER MERCHANT.

NALAN

(to the Other Merchant)

Do you have any olives today?

MERCHANT

Ten!

Nalan smiles, and the Merchant sighs.

Sevda grins.

After she buys the olives, Nalan leads her daughter to a different stand.

The SHOPKEEPER there recognizes Nalan and hides.

He shoves an anxious UNDERLING out to deal with her.

Nalan purchases a bouquet of violets and daisies, hands them to Sevda.

A BEGGAR begins to follow them...

EXT. ISTANBUL - NIGHT

Nalan and Sevda walk alone down a narrow street.

Nalan carries the food and flowers in a basket.

They are stopped in their tracks by the Beggar--he bolts out from an ill-lit doorway, wielding a knife.

All dialogue is in TURKISH, English SUBTITLES.

BEGGAR

Give me the basket.

Nalan puts herself between the Beggar and Sevda.

NALAN

Put the knife away.

BEGGAR

The basket!

NALAN

Put the knife away.

BEGGAR
If you don't hand me the food, I
will cut you both.

NALAN
No, you will not.

The Beggar and Nalan stare at each other...

NALAN (CONT'D)
Are you hungry?

BEGGAR
What?

NALAN
I will share this with you.

BEGGAR
I don't want to share it with you!

NALAN
All you have to do is ask.

Nalan reaches into the basket, pulls out a piece of fruit.

NALAN (CONT'D)
Do you want this?

The Beggar starts to reach for it, but Nalan pulls it back.

NALAN (CONT'D)
First, put the knife away.

The Beggar turns away. He weeps.

BEGGAR
I have a family.

NALAN
I have more in the basket. Put the
knife away.

The Beggar complies, bows his head in submission.

BEGGAR
May I...please have some fruit?

She holds out the fruit, and the Beggar takes it.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)
God be with you, sister.

NALAN

If you are hungry, and need to eat,
just ask me. I will always share.

The Beggar wraps his shirt around the fruit to hold it in place, dashes away.

Nalan allows herself to breathe. She shudders as her eyes well up.

SEVDA

(in Kurdish, English
SUBTITLES)

Mom? Are you all right?

Nalan grabs her daughter's hand.

NALAN

(in Kurdish, English
SUBTITLES)

Come on. Let's go home.

INT. CELL - NIGHT - (BACK TO PRESENT)

Sevda drops the book, rises...

She stalks the room like a caged animal.

She wraps her arms tightly around her chest, like she were trying to keep herself from exploding...

Sevda screams as she bangs her arms on the door.

Ursula awakens, grows fearful...

Overcome with rage, Sevda pounds on the pipes. The vibration seems to shake the entire wing.

Water begins to spray through a duct tape patch.

Blood gushes down Sevda's sleeve.

Rohal slides open the door.

Ursula wails in terror.

ROHAL

(on the radio)

I need an EMT in four two seven.
Now!

The cell floods...

INT. MILES HOUSE - NIGHT

Aida spreads out the translated letters on the kitchen table.

AIDA

Ibrahim Gurcan is Sevda's uncle.
These are all letters from him.

MILES

I didn't know she had an uncle.

AIDA

Mostly he writes about John Keats,
Rumi, Imam Said. How Sevda's getting
on in Boston. Has she been to the
library or the art museum. Has she
tried the chowder.

MILES

Seems kind of mundane. Don't suppose
it's some sort of code?

AIDA

If these were incriminating, it is
unlikely she would have kept them.

Miles picks up the photo.

INSERT - THE PHOTO

It's of Sevda, Khalil, and Ibrahim.

MILES

That looks like that could be Sevda.

AIDA

Yes. That I presume is Ibrahim.
And that is a brother or cousin,
perhaps.

BACK TO SCENE

MILES

So these letters really don't help.

AIDA

They help in one way. We have the
name and address of someone who knew
Sevda in Turkey. That is why I am
flying to Istanbul on Friday.

MILES

You can't call or email?

AIDA

I have tried. I have also tried the police and the Turkish Intelligence Service. No one will speak with me. I am much harder to ignore if I am blocking their exit.

Miles nods, gravely.

MILES

I'm coming with you.

AIDA

Oh, for God sakes.

MILES

I'm serious.

AIDA

I do not need your help. Especially from someone who thinks of myself or Sevda as maidens that require rescue.

MILES

I don't think that--

AIDA

What value would you have to me? You do not speak Turkish. You know nothing of the culture. You do not have a law degree.

Miles thinks for a moment.

MILES

That's true. But...You may need to deal with people who'd prefer to talk to a man. Even a non-lawyer, American one. Isn't that right?

Aida lets out an irritated sigh.

AIDA

It is. Infuriating, but correct.

MILES

So I can help you.

AIDA

Do not get excited. Why do wish to do this? Are you in love with Sevda?

MILES

I am fond of her, yes.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

But that's not why. I...I just need to know. Whether she's innocent and we can prove it--

AIDA

I can prove it.

MILES

You can prove it. Or if she is who they say she is. Look...Sevda got very close to Emma and now she's heartbroken. I need to know the truth. I need to come with you.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Wet rags cover the floor.

The door opens.

Sevda, her wrists bandaged, enters. Embarrassed, she glances quickly at Ursula.

Ursula crosses over to Sevda, gently reaches out towards her wounds.

URSULA

Is...okay?

INT. MAILBOX STORE - DAY

The Kurdish Man opens a P.O. box and withdraws a small package from the box.

OUTSIDE

He rips open the package, pulls out a new phone.

He tosses the packaging in the garbage, puts the phone in his pocket before heading off.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles stands in front of the door. The shredded plastic flutters in the wind...

FLASHBACK - INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miles opens the door, and shows Sevda the empty apartment...

MILES

...It's not huge, but it's clean.
Pretty comfortable.

Sevda looks around, pleased with the surroundings.

MILES (CONT'D)
It's very close to the T station.
Of course, you know that because you
just walked here from there.

Sevda grins at him, then notices the kitchen sink.

There is a slow drip from the faucet.

Her face is suddenly colored with worry.

Miles turns to the sink.

MILES (CONT'D)
Oh, don't worry about that. I'll
fix it.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda has now moved in.

The skillet and coffee maker are visible.

Miles is under the sink, fixing the leak.

Sevda, nervous, stays a respectful distance from him.

MILES
British poetry?

SEVDA
Yes.

He sits up, concentrating, trying to remember...

MILES
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will
never pass into nothingness..."

He pauses, trying to recall what follows...

SEVDA
"But still will keep a bower quiet
for us, and a sleep full of sweet
dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing."

Sevda smiles at him, but Miles fails to notice as he returns to the faucet...

MILES
Try it now.

She walks over to the faucet, turns on the tap. No leak.

Sevda is pleased.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Miles stares at the door, his face colored with a profound sadness.

INT. MILES'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis stands with his hands on his hips.

Miles, inches from his father, holds up his hands in a "calm down" gesture...

DENNIS

You're what?

MILES

I'm going to Istanbul with Aida.

DENNIS

The hell you are.

MILES

What are you going to do? Revoke my passport?

DENNIS

I could. One phone call.

MILES

So we're doing this? I'm thirty years old and you're still going to decide where I go and what I do?

DENNIS

If I can't trust you to do the right thing--

MILES

That's just it, Dad. I am doing the right thing. But you are so god damned single minded you can't see it.

DENNIS

No, the right thing would be staying at home with your daughter--

MILES

No, the right thing is finding out the truth--

DENNIS

We know the truth--

MILES

No, we don't! Did you just accept what you were told about the Iraq War?

DENNIS

That was different.

MILES

Of course it was. Because now, it's me.

DENNIS

You don't care about the truth. You just want me to be wrong.

MILES

I care about Emma knowing the truth. I can't just sit here with her, shrugging at every question she asks, waiting for Aida to come back and tell us something. I need to be able to look her in the eye and know that I did everything I could. I can't let her down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Knudsen sits opposite Sevda. On a table between them is a protein shake...

KNUDSEN

When I had you reassigned, I didn't expect you to become the Alice Paul of the detention center.

SEVDA

Most of the women in the center are here because their visas expired. But the guards' treatment of us is appalling. They're weak, but have deluded themselves into believing they are powerful. No one who behaves in such a way warrants cooperation.

KNUDSEN

Why don't you want to go back to Turkey?

Sevda blinks.

KNUDSEN (CONT'D)

They know about the fake passport.
They really want you there. I don't
want to have to send you back--

SEVDA

You won't send me back to Turkey.

KNUDSEN

I may not have a choice--

SEVDA

You don't know where he is. And
you're terrified that I know something
that will help you find him. If you
send me away, and he strikes again,
you have to live with the thought
that if you kept me here longer you
could have prevented it. You don't
want to live with those doubts. You
certainly don't want to explain them
to your boss.

They lock eyes for a moment...

KNUDSEN

The shake is filled with a lot of
nutrients ideal for someone who hasn't
eaten in a while. Have some.

Sevda ignores it.

SEVDA

You lock me up, you won't let me see
my lawyer, you move me to your
definition of a nicer prison because
you think it will make me want to
cooperate. What reason do I have to
trust you?

Knudsen carefully considers her response...

KNUDSEN

You're right, Sevda. I do need your
help--

SEVDA

Then you're going to have to subject
me to the water board. And when I
finally give in and tell you
something, you'd better hope that
it's true.

Sevda and Knudsen study each other a moment.

She slides the drink over to Sevda.

KNUDSEN

Please. You need to stay strong.

SEVDA

I want to see Professor Nasrin.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Dennis is hurriedly packing as Emma enters.

EMMA

You leaving?

DENNIS

Um...yeah. I got to get back to Annapolis. It turns out they can't run the place without me.

EMMA

Oh.

DENNIS

I'll be back soon. We got Thanksgiving and then Christmas. And we can face time--

EMMA

Dad doesn't want me to have a phone.

DENNIS

Oh. Right. Well--

EMMA

You have to stay.

DENNIS

Well, I'd like to, honey, but--

EMMA

If you leave, Dad can't go with Aida to Turkey.

DENNIS

That's true...but I think that's for the best.

EMMA

Why?

DENNIS

I think that if Aida wants to go to Turkey, she should. But I think your Dad should stay here with you.

EMMA

But if you go back to Annapolis,
then Aida is the only one helping
Sevda. But if you stay, Dad can go,
and we're all helping her.

DENNIS

Emma--

EMMA

Isn't it better for her if all of us
are helping?

Dennis sighs, nods.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - MEAL ROOM - DAY

The detainees sit at the tables.

The meal carts are wheeled out. Protein shakes are removed
from the carts and placed before all the inmates.

Rohal watches from the doorway.

All the women sit in a determined silence, staring straight
ahead. None of them acknowledge the food.

Rohal speaks into her radio...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Miles and Aida await takeoff.

Aida berates someone on the phone, while Miles reads through
a Turkish phrase book.

AIDA

There was this court case called
Miranda v. Arizona. You may have
heard of it. They mention it on all
of the police shows.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT tries to get Aida's attention.

Aida holds up a single finger: "One more minute."

AIDA (CONT'D)

You will find it in your law book
glossary. Right after military
tribunal.

LATER - ON THE PLANE

Aida stands in the aisle way, still in perpetual motion--
she's clearly sat long enough.

MILES

Do you think she's guilty?

AIDA

Do you?

MILES

I asked you first.

AIDA

The only thing I can say is that I have doubts about the U.S. attorney's case.

Miles nods.

AIDA (CONT'D)

But doubts do not make us correct. I am afraid I cannot give you the reassurance you require.

MILES

Have you ever been sure a client was innocent and then they turned out to be guilty?

AIDA

Not certain. Confident, perhaps. And when it happens I do what we all should do when we are wrong: admit it and then try to learn from my errors.

MILES

I'm not sure I could shake that off so easily.

AIDA

It is my job.

MILES

Yes, but you don't seem to trust a lot of people. I would think that would make it really hard.

AIDA

I throw myself into whatever means the most to me. And I hope it is enough.

MILES

But what if it isn't?

AIDA
As we say in Tamil: Nankal
Tirukappatukiratu.

MILES
What does that mean?

AIDA
We are screwed.

A slight grin crosses Miles' face.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

The Kurdish Man wanders the campus.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Sevda's literature class is in full swing.

The PROFESSOR stands before a slide photograph of Oscar Wilde.
He is speaking to the class, but cannot be heard.

The Kurdish Man finds a seat in the back...

INT. DETENTION CENTER - INFIRMARY - DAY

Sevda sits in a chair similar to one used by a dentist.

A DOCTOR (mid-fifties) enters, consulting a tablet.

DOCTOR
Wow. You haven't eaten in a while.
(looking up at Sevda)
You want a protein drink?

Sevda shakes her head.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, then.

Two ORDERLIES enter and strap Sevda to the chair.

SEVDA
Wait! What are you doing? Don't--

DOCTOR
You're not leaving me much choice.

The Doctor and the Orderlies exit, leaving Sevda strapped to the chair.

EXT. IBRAHIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Miles knocks on the door, while Aida waits off to the side.

Aida glances through the window--the house is completely empty.

Miles knocks again. No response.

MILES
Sure it's the right address?

AIDA
Yes.

She and Miles exchange a look: what now?

INT. ISTANBUL POLICE STATION - DAY

Aida and Miles enter, drawing the attention of the police officers milling about.

One OFFICER grabs Aida by the arm.

OFFICER
(in Turkish, English
SUBTITLES)
This is a public building. Wearing
Islamic head garb is forbidden.

She stares at his hand a moment.

Her head rises and her eyes peer squarely at the Officer's face.

AIDA
(to the Officer)
What did you say to me?

Aida glares at him with such rage, he relinquishes her arm.

Aida continues to stare down the Officer, who tries to pretend he is not intimidated.

A CAPTAIN, 55, appears.

CAPTAIN
I apologize. He believes you need
to take off your head scarf.
(To the Officer, in
Turkish, English
SUBTITLES)
What's the matter with you? She's
clearly not from here.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida and Miles sit at a desk opposite the Captain.

CAPTAIN
I am sorry, Ms. Nasrin. I never
received your emails.

The Officer enters with a file, hands it to his boss.

Aida eyes the Officer closely as he enters. He pretends not to notice.

The Captain hands the file over to Aida...

INSERT - THE FILE

It's a reproduction of Sevda's passport photo, stamped "NO RECORD" in Turkish.

BACK TO SCENE

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
This is common for members of the
PLK. They take new identities, so a
robust fake passport industry has
arisen to meet the demand.

Miles sinks into his chair a bit. Aida glances at him.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
When we find one of these fake
passports we try to match the age of
the person in the photo with any
Kurdish citizens who have disappeared
or have been reported missing.

AIDA
Did you find a match for Sevda?

CAPTAIN
We found something far more
interesting.

The Captain reaches into the file, withdraws a document.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
This is a police report of a woman
named Cira Arian. An unsolved
murder. Her body was found charred
in the river, and dental records
were used to confirm her identity.

MILES
Forgive me, Captain. I'm confused.

CAPTAIN
Of course you are.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What is even more confusing is this photo of Cira Arikan.

The Captain slides it over to Miles and Aida.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

It's Sevda as an 18-year-old.

Miles and Aida put both photos side by side.

BACK TO SCENE

AIDA

That is Sevda Kemal.

CAPTAIN

Yes, it is.

MILES

I don't understand. How did this happen?

CAPTAIN

I do not know. And the officer who filed this report is now retired.

Miles carefully studies the document.

AIDA

Why do you not ask the retired officer?

CAPTAIN

I would, except for the fact that I have been informed the case is now the jurisdiction of Turkish Intelligence and no longer my problem.

AIDA

We would like to speak to the retired officer. Can you provide an address?

CAPTAIN

It would be inappropriate for me to interfere with a Turkish Intelligence operation. They are intensely territorial. And very skilled at ruining people's careers.

The Captain rises.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I am sorry I cannot be more help to you. Where are you staying? I am happy to have one of my men drop you off at your hotel.

MILES

That's very kind, thank you. But we're going to get some lunch at the cafe across the road.

Aida gives Miles a confused look.

CAPTAIN

Be sure to order the Turkish coffee. Of course, we just call it coffee.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Miles and Aida emerge from the station.

Miles pulls out his phone.

AIDA

Why are we going to a cafe?

MILES

We're not. I am going to see if I can find an address.

AIDA

For where?

MILES

The retired officer, one Orhan Kasaba. His name was on the report.

Aida grins.

AIDA

Perhaps you are useful.

Aida and Miles fail to notice two MEN who appear to be following them.

They approach a parked car, and stop when they see two OTHER MEN waiting for them there. It is then Aida and Miles realize they are surrounded.

INT. CONSULATE - DAY

Aida and Miles sit alone in an office, opposite an empty desk. The DEPARTMENT OF STATE seal is posted on a wall above the desk.

BARBAROSSA (mid-fifties, American), enters, holding a tablet.
He wears a professional suit.

BARBAROSSA

Hi! Fred Barbarossa. It's good to
meet you both.

Barbarossa extends his hand. They reluctantly shake it.
Barbarossa glances down at his tablet.

AIDA

I sincerely doubt that is your actual
name.

BARBAROSSA

Me, too.

MILES

What are we doing here?

BARBAROSSA

That is such a good question.

(he looks up from the
tablet at Miles and
Aida)

The truth is, I don't care what you
are doing here. But you need to stop.

AIDA

Excuse me?

BARBAROSSA

Interesting. I was told your English
was really good.

MILES

I think you are confusing incredulity
with bewilderment.

BARBAROSSA

You're definitely a writer.

AIDA

What is it you believe we are doing
here?

BARBAROSSA

I wouldn't call it a belief. I mean,
it's not an act of faith. I know
for a fact you are investigating
Sevda Kamal or...

(glances down at his
screen)

Cira Arikan or whoever she is. And
we can't have that.

MILES

Who's "we"?

BARBAROSSA

All of us. That's how pronouns work.
Look, this is a beautiful city. Go
see the blue mosque, check out where
they filmed "Murder on the Orient
Express." Take a belly dancing class.

(he points at Aida
while glancing at
Miles)

That's more for her than you.

(to both of them)

But do not continue this
investigation.

EXT. CONSULATE - DAY

Aida and Miles climb down steps to the street below.

MILES

So...what do you want to do?

AIDA

What we came here to do.

EXT. ISTANBUL - KASABA'S HOUSE - DAY

KASABA, 60, the retired police officer, is up on a ladder
painting his house with only a two inch brush.

A car pulls up.

INT. KASABA'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Aida and Miles sit with Kasaba at a table.

Tea is out, but no one drinks.

KASABA

Cira Arikan was murdered.

AIDA

No, she was not.

MILES

I rented an apartment to her in
Boston.

KASABA

Your tenant is someone else. The
records prove it.

AIDA

Then the records are false.

KASABA

You think I am crooked?

AIDA

We do not know what to think.

MILES

Look, Sevda--Cira. She's been arrested because they think she's a member of the PLK. We can't talk to her or see her. All we know is that they are probably going to send her back here.

Kasaba's eyes widen in surprise.

AIDA

I am certain I do not have to explain what happens to members of the PLK in Turkish custody. Is that what you want?

Kasaba looks down at the table a moment, then takes a sip of tea.

KASABA

(to Miles)

You have children?

MILES

I have a daughter.

KASABA

I have five daughters. Four live here, the other in Berlin. That means twelve grandchildren. They're all coming this weekend. There's no room. So my wife has me paint the house. It's better than nothing, yes?

Kasaba stares down at his tea cup.

KASABA (CONT'D)

Cira Arikan is not PLK.

Aida and Miles exchange a look.

MILES

We know that. We just can't find a way to prove it. Can you help us?

Kasaba looks up from his cup.

KASABA

I have arrested fathers, brothers.
Sometimes sons, even. Sons. Can
you believe that? I arrested a man
once who burned his...own sister's
face with acid. A father who knifed
his own daughter to death in the
bathtub.

He looks over at Aida.

She glances over at Miles.

AIDA

Honor killings.

KASABA

Do these men really think this is
what the Prophet wanted? Most of
the time, we cannot even bring
charges. No one ever wants to talk,
you see. I finally had a chance to
stop one. If he asked me to do it
again, I would.

MILES

Who is he?

KASABA

Her uncle. Ibrahim.

Miles and Aida both sit up in their seat--a breakthrough?

AIDA

Do you know where we can find him?

Kasaba shakes his head.

KASABA

Cancer took him. About three months
ago.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

The room is pitch black.

The Doctor enters, flanked by the Orderlies. The Doctor
switches on a light.

Sevda is awake, her eyes filled with terror and rage.

DOCTOR

Good morning. How did you sleep?

One of the Orderlies wheels over a medical tray. He unwraps two long, thin plastic hoses.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He have to make sure you get the proper nutrients. It's essential for your well being.

Sevda gazes at the long tubes and then back at the Doctor.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

We put these up your nose. We used to try putting them down the throat, but it's hard to get mouths open. I used the throat for someone once and they bit the thing in half. Ended up choking on it. That's not the outcome we want.

The Orderly with the hoses steps closer to Sevda.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Last chance.

Sevda doesn't respond. She closes her eyes and breathes.

The Doctor nods to the Orderlies. One holds Sevda down, while the other shoves a tube up her nose.

The Doctor prepares a solution and attaches it to the tube. He begins pumping it in.

Sevda writhes and twists in agony, but refuses to scream or cry...

A loud thud as the door to the infirmary flies open.

Knudsen and Rohal race in.

KNUDSEN

What the hell are you doing?

DOCTOR

This is standard procedure for someone on a hunger strike. We have to feed her.

KNUDSEN

This woman is my responsibility. You don't touch her, you don't talk to her. You don't even get to look in her general direction without my permission. Is that clear?

Knudsen and the Doctor lock eyes a moment.

DOCTOR

Very.

The Doctor gestures to the Orderlies. They withdraw the tube, begin packing up the equipment.

KNUDSEN

(to Rohal)

Holly.

ROHAL

Yes, ma'am.

Rohal crosses to Sevda, undoes the straps.

ROHAL (CONT'D)

You're okay, Sevda. I got you.
We're getting out of here.

Rohal throws her arm around Sevda, leads her away.

KNUDSEN

(to the Doctor)

I'd say your career is over. But
you're already a prison doctor.

She exits.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Emma sits alone, ignored by her classmates.

She appears lost in thought, until something catches her eye

THROUGH THE BUS WINDOW

A shop with a sign that reads LISA'S FABRIC STORE.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Emma, now wearing a head scarf, marches defiantly across the blacktop.

Several kids point and laugh as she passes. She ignores them all.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Emma, food tray in hand, sits down alone.

The kids near her return to their abuse. They whisper, laugh at her. She does her best to ignore them.

Tommy comes up from behind her, tugs on her scarf.

Emma jerks her head away. She tries to get free, but the scarf is tangled in her hair.

Tommy persists. He laughs the entire time, as do most of the students nearby.

Finally, she frees herself, as the scarf unfurls.

Tommy continues to laugh--until Emma's hand swats him in the face.

He stumbles and Emma kicks him to the ground.

EMMA

You're such a dumb ass. I can't believe you thought Alaska was off the coast of Florida.

The other students laugh at Tommy. He's humiliated.

A TEACHER heads over to the ruckus...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dennis sits with Emma opposite an earnest PRINCIPAL, 50ish.

PRINCIPAL

I understand that Tommy was being very cruel to Emma, but unfortunately I have to suspend them both.

DENNIS

For how long?

PRINCIPAL

Five days.

DENNIS

Five days?

PRINCIPAL

It's part of the district's protocol. Zero tolerance for violence. The board has removed my ability to use discretion. I'm sorry.

Dennis rises.

Emma stands up, begins to follow Dennis out...

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

There is one other thing.

Dennis and Emma pause in the doorway.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

The head dress.

EMMA

It's a head scarf. The Virgin Mary wore one.

PRINCIPAL

I think it's causing her problems. The kids are giving her a very hard time about it.

EMMA

Just the dumb ones. I don't really care.

DENNIS

Does it violate your dress code?

PRINCIPAL

No, of course not. I'm just worried about her safety.

EMMA

I'm not going to stop wearing it.

DENNIS

(to the Principal)

Thank you.

Dennis and Emma exit.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Dennis and Emma head outside to the parking lot.

A number of PARENTS waiting for the bell to ring sit in and around their cars.

Emma climbs into the car, but before Dennis can do so...

PARENT

(to Dennis)

Why don't you just enroll in her in a Madrassa?

Dennis glares at the Parent, takes a step towards him, then pauses.

He turns and looks at Emma, then back at the parent.

After a moment, he gets into the car, slams the door shut.

He starts the engine then notices the Kurdish Man gazing at him from across the street.

Dennis stares at him until the Kurdish Man turns and leaves.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Emma, still wearing the head scarf, picks tomatoes.

Smokey trots up to her.

Emma smiles, pets him and rubs his belly.

Dennis watches her from the window...

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda lies on the cot, struggles to get comfortable. Her body is drowning in sweat.

Ursula, anxious and feeling helpless, watches after Sevda.

MEMORY FLASHES

--Sevda being pulled into the car at age 18.

--Sevda helps Emma with her studies.

--Khalil saves her from the bombs.

--Miles, Emma and Sevda visit the aquarium.

--The Orderly shoves a tube up her nose.

BACK TO SCENE

Sevda sits up, sobs.

Ursula rises, crosses to Sevda, pulls her into an embrace.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Miles drives a rental car through the streets of Istanbul.

Aida sits in a contemplative silence.

MILES

It's not going to be enough, is it?

AIDA

Being able to have Ibrahim testify
would have helped a great deal.

MILES

What about Kasaba?

AIDA

He is not going to want to draw attention to the fact that he helped someone the Turkish government believes to be a terrorist. At worst, he is in jail. At best, he loses his pension.

MILES

Said?

AIDA

In Mi6 custody. We have a better chance of seeing Sevda.

MILES

So we found out the truth, but it's not going to do Sevda any good.

Another VEHICLE runs through a red light and smashes into the passenger side of their car.

The car spins while the other Vehicle screeches to a halt.

Four large MEN emerge from the Vehicle. They approach Miles and Aida.

INSIDE THE CAR

Miles is unconscious.

Aida is awake, but grasps her elbow in agony.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The room is bathed in darkness.

Two ceiling lights pop on, and Miles is seated on a bench with this back to the wall. He begins to stir.

He glances over at Aida, who is seated on the same bench with her arm in a sling. She has clearly been awake for some time.

BARBAROSSA (O.S.)

She's all right.

MILES

Her arm is in a goddamn sling.

Barbarossa steps into the light.

BARBAROSSA

She'll be fine.

(MORE)

BARBAROSSA (CONT'D)

The arm bones are some of the fastest healing bones in the body.

AIDA

What is this place? Are we in the cellar of the embassy?

BARBAROSSA

It's a basement. We don't keep wine in here.

MILES

You think this is funny?

BARBAROSSA

Nope. I tried to warn you. You didn't listen. So we intercepted you.

MILES

Is that what you call it?

BARBAROSSA

Okay, more of a tackle than an interception.

MILES

You could have killed us.

BARBAROSSA

Oh, no. My men are very good at calculating the best way to incapacitate a vehicle without injury--
(points at Aida's arm)
I mean, serious injury--to the occupants. Part of their training. Of course, they also know how to make sure you never get out of the car again. But I digress.

AIDA

Fine. You have made your point.

BARBAROSSA

We also needed to look over all of your papers, and it's much easier to do that when you are unconscious--

AIDA

I am an attorney. Those papers are confidential--

BARBAROSSA

Oh, don't worry. We're not going to share them with Novak. We just wanted to know if you knew anything we didn't.

Barbarossa takes a step closer to them.

BARBAROSSA (CONT'D)

Look, we really depend on Turkish intelligence to help us root out extremists. They are not happy that you are here snooping around. They've done us a lot of favors over the last few decades. This is just one from us.

MILES

Crashing into our car is a favor to Turkish intelligence?

BARBAROSSA

Yeah, they don't like it when we do extractions. It makes their sources, I don't know...nervous, I guess. So, it's much easier to blame it on a shitty Turkish driver. Oh, my God, they are awful behind the wheel. Especially the women. Trust me, it could have gone a whole lot worse for you.

MILES

You're an asshole.

BARBAROSSA

Occupational hazard. Anyway, this has been fun, but we are getting you out of here. We bumped a couple of tourists off of a flight to Logan, and we are actually holding it at the airport. So...

Two of Barbarossa's Men emerge from the darkness.

Miles and Aida exchange a look, rise in resignation.

BARBAROSSA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not all that accustomed to telling the truth.

MILES

Occupational hazard?

BARBAROSSA

Exactly! But you need to know: Cira, Sevda, whatever her name is. She's coming back here. And by here, I mean to Turkish intelligence. Now, what you tried to do for her is admirable. Everyone's entitled to a defense, just like the fifth amendment--

AIDA

Sixth.

BARBAROSSA

Sixth, right. Just like it says. And you can go back to Boston with what you've found, and who knows? Maybe you get to have your big Perry Mason moment.

Aida shoots Miles a confused look. He shakes his head: "Never mind."

BARBAROSSA (CONT'D)

But let's be real: she's coming back here. You need to make peace with that.

He smirks.

BARBAROSSA (CONT'D)

Okay! Let's go.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Miles and Aida ride home.

Aida tries to sort through her papers with her one good arm.

Miles stares out the window.

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda lays in a cot as Ursula gently feeds her a protein mix.

Ursula looks up at Rohal, who gives an encouraging nod.

INT. AIDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aida performs her evening prayer, finds it hard to concentrate.

She squeezes the rug like her hand is a vise grip.

She sobs--an emotional purge...

Behind her is a photograph of her family...

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

A Sri Lankan family: two parents, and two sisters. The older sister is clearly Aida...

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Aida pours herself a glass of water.

Eyes reddened, she's flushed and drained.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Emma, still clad in the head scarf, sits next to Miles.

The Reporters have all moved on...

EMMA

It's not fair.

MILES

No. Not at all.

EMMA

She should be here. With us. We're like her family.

MILES

I'm sorry, Emma.

He pulls her into an embrace.

INT. MILES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miles lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He's lost in deep thought.

He wanders around the house.

He enters

EMMA'S ROOM

and watches her sleep.

EMMA (V.O.)

We're like her family...I think you have the brains to do anything.

He turns to leave, heads down the hallway...

DENNIS (V.O.)

I got people who will still take my
calls...I could. One phone call.

Miles stops in his tracks. He has an idea...

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - DAY

Miles is seated at the table, waiting and anxious.

Dennis, duffel bag over his shoulder, enters.

DENNIS

Oh. I was hoping to get out of here
without waking anyone.

MILES

I don't think Emma and I sleep much
these days.

DENNIS

Right. Well...

He struggles for words.

MILES

Dad. I want to ask you a favor.

DENNIS

What kind of favor?

MILES

I was wondering if you would be
willing...to pull some strings.

Dennis takes a step closer.

DENNIS

For whom?

MILES

For Sevda.

DENNIS

Oh, for Christ's sake.

He turns to leave.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I'm going.

Miles races in front of Dennis, blocks the door.

MILES

Dad, just hear me out. Please.

Dennis widens his eyes in anticipation.

DENNIS

Well?

MILES

I know you can't do anything to get her released.

DENNIS

That's right, I can't.

MILES

But...if you could maybe make a call and get Aida in to see her. Just once. If for no other reason that Sevda knows she's not alone.

DENNIS

You do realize that's not a small favor.

MILES

I do, yes.

DENNIS

I would be calling in a lot of debt.

MILES

I know. But, don't you think at the very least she deserves to talk to her lawyer? I mean, isn't that the system you've spent your whole life defending?

DENNIS

Miles--

MILES

I'm not asking you to do it for Sevda, or for me. Or for Emma. I'm asking you do it because...it's the right thing to do. Please, Dad. I never ask you for anything.

Dennis contemplates this for a moment.

DENNIS

Just because I call someone doesn't mean they're going to listen.

Dennis pulls out his phone...

DENNIS (CONT'D)
So we're clear. I'm not doing this
because it's the right thing. I'm
doing it because you're my son.

Dennis punches in a number, puts the phone to his ear.

After a few rings...

DENNIS (CONT'D)
This is Admiral Stephens. I need to
talk to Secretary Brezina...No, I
don't want him to call me back. I
want to speak to him...tell him I'm
on the phone.

INT. DETENTION CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

Knudsen escorts Sevda to a room. Knudsen pulls open the
door and guides her inside.

Sevda nearly bursts into tears when she sees Aida waiting
for her.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Aida and Sevda sit opposite, as Knudsen leans against a wall.

Sevda sips a glass of water as she speaks...

SEVDA
His name was Omer. He was Turkish.
I used to sneak out of the house to
meet Omer after I went to bed.

MEMORY FLASHES

Sevda/Cira and OMER (18) sneak out at night...

They hold hands, running through the darkness, and kiss.

BACK TO SCENE

SEVDA (CONT'D)
He was a chef. We used to talk about
what our life would be like after we
got married...

Sevda takes a deep breath...

SEVDA (CONT'D)
When my father found out, he said...he
said...I had brought shame, dishonored
them...and there was only one way
to...

She trembles...

SEVDA (CONT'D)
I had to die.

FLASHBACK - INT. ARIKAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Yusuf and Ibrahim have a hushed conversation...

IBRAHIM
(in Kurdish, English
SUBTITLES)
Khalil is too young. You are the
first person they will come after.
It should be me. That way your family
stays together, no matter what.

BEGIN MONTAGE

--Ibrahim subdues Sevda in the living room.

--Dozens of photographs, all with Sevda's face cut out,
confetti the living room floor.

--Ibrahim shoves Sevda into the car. She struggles to free
herself as he drives off.

--Outside of the city, Ibrahim pulls the car to the side of
the road. He yanks open the back door, removes the restraints
and the blindfold.

Sevda screams as she tries to escape.

All dialogue is in KURDISH, English SUBTITLES.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
Cira! Cira! It's all right.

SEVDA
Let go of me!

IBRAHIM
Look at me. Look at me. Everything's
going to be okay. It's going to be
okay.

She ceases resisting him...

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
You're safe now.

--Sevda climbs into the front seat, still unsure of what's
happening.

Ibrahim hands her a satchel.

INSERT - THE SATCHEL

It contains boarding passes for London, pound notes and the passport with her new identity: SEVDA KEMAL.

--They pass a sign that reads ANKARA - 10 KILOMETERS.

--Inside the Ankara airport, Ibrahim walks with Sevda. He speaks to her softly, with tenderness and reassurance. He hands her a copy of a Quran and the Keats collection.

--Sevda boards the plane.

--Ibrahim watches it take off...

--Ibrahim speaks to Yusuf and Nalan. Yusuf looks grim, but Nalan wails in grief.

SEVDA (V.O.)
He told my family I was dead.

Nalan refuses to make eye contact with Ibrahim. After a moment she rises, exits.

--Khalil (16) weeps alone in his room.

END MONTAGE

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

AIDA
Where did you go?

SEVDA
He sent me to London. My uncle had a friend in Dalston--Imam Said. The Imam told my Uncle he would look after me. When Imam Said was called to Boston, he brought me with him.

Aida glances at Knudsen.

KNUDSEN
I'll speak to Novak.

EXT. BOSTON SIDEWALK - DAY

Miles paces as he speaks on the phone...

MILES
Please, sir. I am begging you.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - MILES AND KASABA

Kasaba watches his GRANDCHILDREN play outside through his kitchen window.

KASABA

Do you know what it will cost me if
I am discovered?

MILES

Professor Nasrin told me that they
can hide your identity when you
testify. We can even disguise the
videolink we send you. Make it look
like it's from...A book club or
something.

KASABA

I am sorry. The risk is too much.

MILES

You're right, there's a great deal
of risk. You took a risk when you
saved Cira's life. And she still
needs your help. She's still in
danger.

Kasaba waves to one his Granddaughters, takes a deep breath,
and thinks a moment...

MILES (CONT'D)

Mr. Kasaba?

KASABA

"Whoever saves a life is as though
he had saved all mankind."

Kasaba pulls the phone away from his ear, as he struggles to
decide.

MILES

Hello?

Kasaba returns the phone to his ear.

KASABA

I will do it.

MILES

Thank you so much.

KASABA

Please protect my name.

MILES

Absolutely.

KASABA

But you need not conceal my face. I want your judge to know I am speaking the truth.

MILES

Professor Nasrin will make sure of that.

KASABA

And James Patterson.

MILES

James Patterson?

KASABA

If there is a pretend book club, I want it to be for James Patterson.

MILES

I'm sure we can arrange that.

Kasaba hangs up the phone, as Miles clasps his hands against his face and closes his eyes--a moment of prayer and gratitude.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Aida collects her papers, as Knudsen speaks on her phone in the corner.

Sevda looks exhausted, but relieved.

AIDA

How are you feeling?

SEVDA

Okay. A bit tired.

AIDA

There is someone else here who'd like to see you.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - VISITOR ROOM - DAY

Miles and Sevda sit opposite, divided by Plexiglas...

They are overwhelmed to be in each other's presence.

MILES

Did Aida tell you about Emma?

SEVDA

Yes.

MILES

She did a good job with the scarf.

SEVDA

And your father is the reason for this?

MILES

Yes. He used to be in something called the Joint-Chiefs-of-Staff. It's kind of a big deal. Anyway, I think he used up the rest of his clout getting Aida in to see you.

SEVDA

You have all...risked so much for me.

MILES

We care about you. And you needed help. That's really...all there is to it.

SEVDA

I will always be grateful.

MILES

Well, hopefully we can get you out of here and back home.

Sevda looks away for a moment.

SEVDA

I have to move out of the apartment.

MILES

What?

SEVDA

I was foolish to think I could just pretend that I had started over.

MILES

Well, you had--

SEVDA

No. Look where we are. Look what's happened to you--

MILES

I'll find another job--

SEVDA

It's not just the job. It's everything. You are all very important to me. And I can't keep letting you get hurt.

MILES

None of this is your fault.

SEVDA

Even if Aida manages to get me out of here, do you think this is over? My brother is wanted by the US, by the UK, by Turkey. How long until I'm scooped up and locked away again by someone else who thinks I'm involved? The brother who thought I was dead and now sees my photo all over the internet. He's not going to just let it go. I can't put any of you through that.

She rises, exits.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

A COURIER enters, places a large parcel on Novak's desk.

Novak rips open the package...

INSERT - THE PACKAGE

There is a stack of papers: a photocopy of Ibrahim's letters to Sevda, with a translation; affidavits from Sevda, Kasaba, Said, and the Captain.

At the bottom of the pile is a MOTION TO DISMISS ALL CHARGES.

Attached to the motion is a post-it note that reads "FYI: I AM NOT AN ARAB. PUT YOUR FEET DOWN. A.N."

MEMORY FLASH

Novak props his feet up across from Aida.

BACK TO SCENE

Novak tosses the file aside.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida speaks to the Judge with great urgency.

A COURT REPORTER types away nearby.

The Judge opens up a file marked HONOR KILLINGS.

INSERT - THE FILE

In it are disturbing photographs of grievously injured or brutally murdered women.

BACK TO SCENE

The Judge looks over at Novak, seated opposite. Novak continues to argue, but the judge holds up a hand to cut him off.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Kasaba gives his testimony, via VIDEOLINK...

KASABA

...there was a woman we found in the river a month before. Burning victim. We never found out who she was. So I took her file and put Cira Arikan's information in it.

AIDA

And you did this for what reason?

KASABA

To save her life. Her family would think she was dead...

FLASHBACK - EXT. TURKISH TEA SHOP - NIGHT

A WAITER smokes a cigarette, as Ibrahim approaches.

KASABA (V.O.)

Ibrahim would then find a way to sneak her out of the country...

A quick exchange of cash for an envelope.

The Waiter walks away, and Ibrahim opens the envelope..

INSERT - THE ENVELOPE

It contains Sevda's new passport...

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

Said testifies in person...

NOVAK

So, you were aware Ms. Arikan had a fake passport?

SAID

Yes, I was.

NOVAK

If so, it was your responsibility to report it to the authorities.

SAID

It was my responsibility to make sure she was safe.

THE JUDGE'S OFFICE - LATER

Sevda is now testifying...

SEVDA

Ibrahim told me that Khalil had turned into something awful after I left.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - KURDISH VILLAGE

--The masked Extremist stands in the back of a truck. He is flanked by several comrades, all wearing masks and armed with machine guns.

--The Extremist and his comrades machine gun a group of surrendered Turkish soldiers.

--The Extremist trains his comrades on the fine art of explosives. His class is hanging on his every word...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

But to the PLK, he was a rock star.

--The Extremist and his comrades hand out food and medicine to cheering villagers...

BACK TO SCENE

AIDA

You are sure it was him in the videos?

SEVDA

It sounded like him. I needed to know where he was. In case he ever figured out I was alive.

THE JUDGE'S OFFICE - LATER

The testimony is over.

Aida and Novak watch as the Judge fills out a document.

NOVAK

Your honor--

JUDGE

That's enough, Mr. Novak. There are the letters, and two witnesses corroborating Ms. Kemal's story. I know she entered with a fake passport, but under the circumstances I might have done the same. She stays, Mr. Novak. Deal with it.

INT. CELL - DAY

The door opens.

Rohal enters, as Sevda and Ursula stand side by side, holding hands.

Sevda turns to Ursula--they hug.

After the embrace, Sevda takes a step towards Rohal.

Rohal extends her hand. Sevda shakes it.

ROHAL

"Aim at heaven and you will get earth thrown in. Aim at earth and you get neither."

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Sevda carries the poetry book as she pushes open the door.

A throng of Reporters encircle them, but Knudsen and federal MARSHALS guide them through to an unmarked SUV.

The car heads off, as the Reporters shout after it...

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - DAY

The Marshals pull into Miles's driveway, past another scrum of Reporters.

Knudsen pulls open a car door, and Sevda climbs out of the car.

Knudsen escorts Sevda up the stairs to her apartment.

INSIDE HIS HOUSE

Miles watches from the window...

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda opens the door, surprised to find Dennis.

DENNIS
I'm Miles' father. Emma's
grandfather.

SEVDA
You're Dennis. Please come in.

He enters.

The coffee pot and skillet are still visible in the b.g.

DENNIS
You have to forgive me for this.
I'm leaving tomorrow, and I felt
like I needed to meet you. Talk to
you. You have caused a lot of trauma
in my family.

Sevda looks away--the thought saddens her.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
I guess I wanted to know if you were
worth it.

She turns back to him.

Dennis studies her some more. He takes a breath.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
He's already been through a lot of
pain in his life. He probably told
you about some of it. But knowing
him, probably not all of it.

Dennis pauses again, looks away...

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Audrey was her name. Emma's mother.
I don't think she ever really
understood what Miles saw in her. I
know...I never really understood it.
And... well, I...used to point that
out to him. A lot. But then Emma
was born.

Dennis chokes back tears.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
And one of Audrey's exes hears about
it. I don't know, I guess he thought
Emma was his or should have been.
Finds Audrey at the T station. Shoves
her in front of the train.

Sevda is stunned. She sits herself down.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And somehow, I still managed to blame Miles. I mean, I had already blamed him because...I was a single father. So I guess it was easy to...I don't know, just keep blaming him.

His gaze returns to Sevda.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

But he's a damn good father, isn't he?

A slight, knowing smile from Sevda.

SEVDA

I'm sorry that--

DENNIS

You don't owe me an apology. I just thought you should know how much...well, how much my son and granddaughter need you.

INT. BOSTON HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Kurdish Man's phone buzzes on a desk.

He crosses to the phone, looks at the message...

INSERT - THE PHONE

A news alert reading KURDISH WOMAN RELEASED...

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda paces the floor, trying to memorize her poem...

SEVDA

"Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness, close-bosom friend of
the maturing sun, conspiring with
Him how to load and bless, with fruit
the vines that round the thatch eaves
run. To bend with apples the moss'd
cottage trees..."

She glances at her copy of Keats on the coffee table. It rests next to the Sufi volume.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

A choral concert.

A CHOIR sings "I Was There to Hear Your Borne Cry."

Miles and Emma sit in the pews, moved by the beauty of the song.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - NIGHT

The park is covered with the bright sheen of fresh rain.

NALAN (V.O.)

Every living thing revolves. We're
made up of revolving electrons,
protons, neurons. When we dervish,
we share in the revolution of other
beings. We're closer to God.

Sevda begins to dervish...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

There is no service; a handful pray in silence.

Miles is one of them. He rests with his eyes closed.

After a moment, he rises, lights a candle.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAY

Sevda paces along the river, shivers in a jacket. The wind whips the dead leaves around her feet.

BEGIN MONTAGE

--Sevda wanders through the city.

--At the mosque, she prays with the ummah. Afterwards, Said watches her leave.

--She rides a train, lost in thought.

SEVDA (V.O.)

In all this there are messages indeed
for a people to use their reason.

She looks across the aisle and sees a young Muslim mother (wearing the head scarf) helping her daughter read a book.

The Daughter notices Sevda, waves energetically.

Sevda returns the wave. The Mother smiles kindly at Sevda.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEWTON - T TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The Kurdish Man disembarks the T train.

He marches past the advertisement for the domestic abuse hotline....

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dennis enters, duffel bag in hand.

He freezes when he sees the kitchen in disarray: dirty dishes piled in the sink, items disorganized on the counter.

Miles sits with his feet propped up on another chair. He munches on a pastry, making yet another mess.

Smokey does his best to clean it off the floor.

DENNIS

Who are you, and what've you done
with my kid?

MILES

The world's not going to end if the
dishes sit there a half an hour.

Dennis glances at the counter, then looks back at his son.

DENNIS

When's she moving out?

MILES

Couple days.

DENNIS

You all right?

Miles pauses before answering...

MILES

No.

Dennis nods. He studies his son, unsure how to comfort him.

DENNIS

I'm sorry, Miles. About all of it.

They gaze at each other a moment.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I...uh. I've got to go. Gonna see
if I can make it past the door this
time.

Miles takes another bite of his pastry.

Dennis grabs his suitcase, heads over to the doorway...

MILES

Thank you, Dad. I'm...glad you came.

Dennis nods without looking back, exits.

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - DAY

Dennis's car pushes past the press club, turns down the street.

He fails to notice the Kurdish Man watching him go.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Aida exits, cider in hand, arm still in a sling.

She stops when she sees Miles waiting for her.

INT. AIDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aida and Miles sit quietly on the sofa.

Aida's phone vibrates.

She glances at the number, shuts off the phone.

MILES

The newspaper again?

Aida nods.

MILES (CONT'D)

I do miss anonymity.

Miles rises, heads over to the window, and looks out at the bleak sky.

A blissed out couple wanders past the building...

MILES (CONT'D)

It's funny. I hardly know Sevda.
But I can't bear the thought...

AIDA

This may surprise you, but I am not
the one for... this type of advice.

MILES

I'm not surprised.

AIDA

Although, I inexplicably keep finding
myself in a situation where it is
expected.

MILES

If there is one thing I have learned
from all of this it's that I no longer
have a functional barometer of what
counts as expected.

Aida smiles...

MILES (CONT'D)

What do you think? Is Sevda right?
Should I just let her go?

AIDA

It would be difficult to argue with
her...Logic.

Aida studies Miles a moment. She wrings her hands together,
visibly uncomfortable.

Finally, Aida rises, heads over to Miles.

AIDA (CONT'D)

There is a quote from the Quran.
Sura Thirty. "And among his signs
is that he created mates for you
from yourselves that you may dwell
in tranquillity with them." Ask
yourself: is that how you feel about
Sevda?

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma plays with Smokey in the back yard, when she notices
Sevda's door is open ajar.

MOMENTS LATER - OUTSIDE SEVDA'S APARTMENT

Emma heads up the stairs, holding a chocolate lava cake.

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - DAY

Sevda crosses the driveway towards her apartment, and then
notices the ajar door...

She pauses for an anxious moment, then races up the stairs.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

She enters through the kitchen. The coffee pot is full.

The skillet rests on the stove.

Several boxes are piled up throughout the apartment.

It is then she sees the Kurdish Man at the table. He and Emma are sharing the cake.

Sevda freezes, struggling not to show any fear.

The coffee maker percolates on the counter...

EMMA

Sevda! I brought you a chocolate lava cake. We left you some.

SEVDA

Thank you.

EMMA

I didn't know you had a brother!

SEVDA

Well, we haven't seen each other in a while. Uh...Emma, come here.

Emma's a bit confused, but she complies.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

You look like you have something in your hair. Maybe chocolate?

Sevda touches Emma's hair, and then leans down near her ear.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

You need to leave right now. Go to your Dad.

EMMA

What?

SEVDA

Go!

Taken aback by Sevda's fierceness, Emma races out of the apartment.

Sevda glances at the door, then back at Khalil.

She stiffens her posture.

MEMORY FLASH

Nalan stands up to the beggar, as Sevda watches...

BACK TO SCENE

All subsequent dialogue is in KURDISH, with English SUBTITLES.

KURDISH MAN
Sister. Look at you!

SEVDA
Khalil. You need to leave.

KHALIL
Do you really think I would hurt a child?

SEVDA
There were children killed at the community center.

KHALIL
That was very sad. But maybe the Turks need to understand a little of what it's like to feel some of our pain. I mean, do you know how many of them think the Armenians just killed themselves? Maybe they need to understand what it means to suffer.

He spots the Keats book on her desk.

KHALIL (CONT'D)
You still read Keats. Still dervish?

SEVDA
Please go.

He rises, takes a step towards her.

INSIDE MILES' HOUSE

Miles is on the phone as Smokey stalks around agitated.

Finally, he begins to bark...

Miles is shocked and confused by Smokey's barking.

Emma races in, panicked...

BACK INSIDE SEVDA'S APARTMENT

KHALIL
I'm so very sorry.

SEVDA
I don't want an apology--

KHALIL
You don't understand.

SEVDA

Oh, I do.

KHALIL

I remember the night Ibrahim took
you away. I hated him for so long.

MEMORY FLASH

Khalil is in tears as he watches Ibrahim drag Cira/Sevda
away...

BACK TO SCENE

KHALIL (CONT'D)

But then I realized he was right.
Our family was respected again.
Even admired.

He begins to weep...

KHALIL (CONT'D)

And when honor is all that you have,
you can't afford to lose it.

SEVDA

You can just go back home, Khalil.
Look at what you've accomplished.
You'll be even more of a hero.

KHALIL

Ibrahim lied. He deceived us. Never
really believed he had the heart to
do it. That he hid you somewhere
instead. Just had to figure out
where.

He moves closer to her, the tears streaming down his face.

KHALIL (CONT'D)

Please forgive me.

She grabs the coffee maker, hurls the hot liquid at him...

He screams in pain, stumbles away.

She breaks the carafe over his head. The glass shatters,
and his scalp bleeds as he falls to his knees.

Khalil looks up at Sevda. He's consumed with anger and
fear...

Khalil rises, races over to the kitchen counter, grabs a
knife...

Sevda lunges at Khalil's hand. They struggle with the knife. Khalil wrestles the knife free of Sevda's grasp.

Sevda reaches for the skillet, crashes it down on Khalil's skull.

Khalil buckles. Sevda hits him on the shoulder. He screams as he rolls away from her.

He tries to rise, but she strikes him again.

Finally, Khalil collapses, unconscious.

Miles races in.

He looks and sees Khalil on the floor, then looks back to Sevda.

The blood from a wound begins to stain her side, as she struggles to stand.

MILES

Oh, Jesus!

He grabs a towel, rushes over to her. He holds it tightly against her wound.

Sevda reaches up and gently strokes Miles' cheek...

SEVDA

You're safe now.

Sirens O.S. grow louder.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

T.V. NEWS BROADCAST

The image is a photograph of Khalil..

NEWSCASTER

Terror suspect Khalil Arikan has become a point of contention between the U.S. and the Turkish government. The Turks are insisting Mr. Arikan be extradited for trial in Turkey.

The image CUTS to an interview with Novak...

NOVAK

We have every intention of returning Mr. Arikan to Turkey...

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A heavily bandaged Khalil lays unconscious in bed.

Four armed Guards keep a tense watch...

NOVAK (V.O.)

But he has crimes in the United States
for which he must first answer.
He'll be with us for a very long
time.

The laptop shuts off, revealing Miles to be in

HIS BEDROOM

Clad in a suit.

He gazes through the window at Sevda's apartment. The
apartment looks dark and empty.

Emma enters, wearing a dress.

MILES

You ready?

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A COLLEGE STUDENT on stage finishes up a Shakespeare sonnet...

COLLEGE STUDENT

"Neither in inward worth nor outward
fair can make you live yourself in
the eyes of men. To give away
yourself, keeps yourself still, and
you must live, drawn by your own
sweet skill."

The crowd applauds.

The College Student, relieved, leaves the stage.

The Professor approaches the podium.

PROFESSOR

Very good job. Thank you. Up next,
we have Sevda Kemal with John Keats'
"To Autumn."

A very warm round of applause.

Sevda is in the audience with Aida.

She rises, slowly heads up to the stage. She steadies herself
with a cane.

She looks out at the crowd a moment, takes a deep breath.

She's about to start when she notices Miles and Emma plunk down next to Aida.

Sevda smiles at them both.

SEVDA

"Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness, close bosom-friend of
the maturing sun; conspiring with
Him how to load and bless with fruit
the vines that round the thatch eaves
run; to bend with apples, the mossed
cottage trees, and fill all food
with ripeness to the core."

Sevda pauses, closes her eyes. She can't remember.

MILES

(whispering)

"To swell the gourd."

SEVDA

"To swell the gourd...and fill all
food with...ripeness to the core."

Another pause. The entire audience seems to be leaning forward, pulling for her...

After a moment she opens her eyes, looks over at Miles.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"You...You are my breath, my hope,
my companion, my craving..."

The Professor looks baffled: "What poem is this?"

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"My abundant wealth. Without you--
without you--my life. My love..."

Miles is overwhelmed...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"I would never have wandered across
these endless countries. I...I look
everywhere for your love, then I am
suddenly filled with it..."

She trembles with emotion.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"I will never be free from you as long as I live. Be satisfied with me, and I am satisfied."

The room is silent. No one's sure what to do...

Emma leaps from her seat, applauds enthusiastically. The crowd follows suit.

Sevda convulses with a joyous laughter.

Miles weeps, lost in adoration for her...

EXT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Snow flurries have begun to fall...

Miles waits for Sevda near a side door. His eyes are red.

The door opens, and Sevda emerges, cane in hand. They exchange warm smiles. Miles pulls her into a tender embrace.

The door opens again. Emma and Aida emerge.

They pause when they see Miles and Sevda.

Aida gestures with her eyes: "Let's leave them alone."

EMMA

Where are we going?

AIDA

To get a caramel apple cider.

EMMA

I love those!

They slink away as Aida's blue tooth rings.

AIDA

(on the phone)

Aida Nasrin?...Hello, Professor Khan...No...I said no!

Emma eyes her with curiosity as they disappear from view...

Miles and Sevda gaze at each other a moment, before they gently move in for a kiss. Miles wraps his arms around Sevda, careful to avoid her wounds, takes hold of her cane...

Swirling winds whip through the snow...

FADE OUT