

Season of Mists

by

Kevin Stuart Brodie

147 Dunn Rd
Coventry, CT 06238
860/742-5971
ksbrodie@charter.net

FADE IN:

EXT. ISTANBUL, TURKEY - ARIKAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest house in a working class neighborhood.

RAIN falls heavy.

IN THE HOUSE - BEDROOM

SEVDA KEMAL, 17, sits on her bed in a meditative silence. Hair pulled straight back, eyes clasped shut, she seems to measure each breath.

The sound of a woman crying O.S.

The DOOR creaks, and Sevda's eyes pop open.

At the doorway stands her uncle IBRAHIM--distinguished, bearded, silver-haired.

Their eyes lock--a grave, silent communication.

Sevda, with defiant resignation, rises from the bed, leads Ibrahim

INTO THE HALLWAY

A bedroom DOOR flies open.

In the doorway is Sevda's mother, NALAN. She is barely restrained by Sevda's father, YUSUF...

Nalan screams for her daughter, doing everything she can to claw past her husband.

The sight of her mother shatters Sevda's composure. She shrieks for Nalan as Ibrahim drags her away...

Finally, Yusuf manages to shove Nalan back inside the room, slams the DOOR. She continues to wail O.S.

Ibrahim struggles to control his niece. They knock over a table which shatters a blue VASE.

Ibrahim ties Sevda's hands behind her back, and blindfolds her as she continues to scream. He shoves a handkerchief inside her mouth.

He picks her up and drags her

OUTSIDE

The RAIN pelts them as he pulls her towards a waiting car.

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

IN THE CAR

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

She sobs as the car pulls away.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - BOSTON - EVENING - EIGHT YEARS LATER

Rush hour traffic chokes the roads and the bridges along the Charles, as a brisk wind blows in from the sea.

INT. BOSTON MOSQUE - EVENING

The ummah prays, led by the IMAM. They rise, following prostration, including SEVDA.

She's now twenty-five, clad in a head scarf.

EXT. LONDON - DALSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The streets and sidewalks are full. The routines are shattered by a terrifying EXPLOSION.

It rips through a building, consumes much of the structure and sends people screaming and running.

Chaos and confusion, as the traffic grinds to a halt.

INT. BOSTON T TRAIN - EVENING

A crowd of commuters, Sevda included, stare at a

VIDEO SCREEN

Attached to the rail car wall, it airs British television coverage of the explosion.

BRITISH REPORTER (O.S.)
 ...this is the third Turkish owned
 business targeted. Police are worried
 that London may have become ground
 zero in what some are calling a new
 civil war between the Turks and their
 Kurdish minority...

SEVDA
 (whispering)
 To God we belong and to him we return.

Sevda speaks with a formal British accent, colored with a hint of Central Asia.

EXT. DALSTON BOMB SITE - DAY

Two plain clothes officers emerge from an unmarked vehicle, and descend on the aftermath of the explosion: Detective MALIK, a Briton of Pakistani descent, and REIS, a Turkish security agent.

They pause to take in the scene.

Their affect and expressions suggest this is by no means an unfamiliar sight for either man.

INT. BOSTON MOSQUE, SANCTUARY - DAY

The Imam speaks to Sevda with great passion. They are the only two in the room

Though upset, she listens and nods...

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

The apartment is sparse, and what few furnishings exist are second hand.

Sevda sits on her bed, her arms wrapped tightly around her folded legs.

She hears a SCHOOL BUS squeak to a halt O.S.

Sevda rises, and looks out

THROUGH THE WINDOW

She sees MILES STEPHENS, 36, waiting by the bus for his 12-year-old daughter EMMA.

A friendly dog, SMOKEY, all tail wags and bounces, trots nearby.

Sevda watches as the family heads up the driveway. Father and daughter are relaxed and comfortable, chatting and laughing.

The sight of this colors Sevda's face with a profound sadness.

Near their front DOOR, Miles suddenly becomes dizzy and looks as though he may fall.

Seemingly well practiced, Emma quickly moves to stabilize her father, leads him indoors.

INT. STATE UNIVERSITY - AIDA NASRIN'S OFFICE - DAY

AIDA NASRIN, a law professor, speaks on a hands free phone while she sorts through papers. Forty years old, she is Sri Lankan, Islamic, and also wears the hijab.

The phone call, much like Aida, is hurried and intense.

Her chaotic office is decorated by an assortment of plants.

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....yes...this is not...yes, but he still has due process rights...that is why I have filed--

Sevda appears in the doorway, and knocks. Aida ignores her.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Yes, I do understand your constitution. I would suggest you actually take some time to become familiar with it yourself...

She turns in Sevda's direction.

AIDA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(still on the phone)

What did you say your name was?

SEVDA

Um...my name is Sevda--

AIDA

(to the phone)

What?

SEVDA

Sevda!

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

AIDA

(to the phone)

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

(to Sevda)

What can I do for you?

Sevda fails to respond.

Aida snaps her fingers at Sevda, then points: I mean *you* this time.

Sevda hands Aida a piece of paper.

SEVDA
The work study office assigned me to you--

AIDA
(to the phone)
How dare you give me something like that?

Aida waves the paper about as she gesticulates.

AIDA (CONT'D)
Do you think I require the assistance of some buffoon?

Aida puts her hand over the mouthpiece, and gives a reassuring wave.

AIDA (CONT'D)
(to Sevda)
I do not mean you.

Aida guides Sevda over to a chair.

AIDA (CONT'D)
(to the phone)
Yes, if you can manage that simple task, I will be extremely gratified. Thank you.

Sevda, wide-eyed, stares at the professor. Aida takes a breath, collects herself.

AIDA (CONT'D)
(to Sevda)
Assalaam alaykum.

This seems to relieve Sevda.

SEVDA
Walaikum as salaam.

AIDA
So you are assigned to me for the semester?

SEVDA
Yes.

AIDA
 Al-hamdulillah! I've been trying to
 get them to send me someone for over
 a year.

She pauses a moment to look at Sevda.

AIDA (CONT'D)
 This is a bit obvious of them, no?

Sevda isn't sure how she's supposed to answer.

AIDA (CONT'D)
 I should not complain. Where are
 you from?

SEVDA
 England.

Aida studies her, as if searching for something deep inside.
 Sevda tries not to squirm.

AIDA
 Where are you parents from?

SEVDA
 Turkey.

AIDA
 Kurdish?

Sevda nods--Aida's face lights up.

AIDA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Are you fluent?

SEVDA
 I am.

Aida races over to a file cabinet, and extracts a box. It
 contains several micro tapes and a RECORDER. The tapes are
 labeled BAAS.

Aida places the box on a desk in front of Sevda.

AIDA
 These are the recorded statements of
 a Kurdish client of mine. I need
 them transcribed in English. Do you
 think you can do that?

SEVDA
 I...I think so.

AIDA
 (back to the phone)
 That is not good enough...yes...yes..!

Sevda recoils, before she realizes Aida is not speaking to her.

Aida loses herself in her phone call, and Sevda seems to be wondering what sort of nightmare she has wandered into...

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

A CHOIR, perched on a balcony, sings a hymnal.

Miles and Emma take communion. They seem remarkably at peace during the ritual, taking the wafers and wine with a grave tranquillity.

INT. LONDON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A mid-twenties TURKISH MAN unpacks his belongings.

The London skyline is visible through his WINDOW.

On the bed sits his Turkish passport, an old Istanbul newspaper OBITUARY of Ibrahim...

And a PHOTOGRAPH of Sevda.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sevda opens the DOOR to find Emma, friendly and clearly excited to be visiting. A book bag is slung over her shoulder.

EMMA
 Is this a good time?

INSIDE THE APARTMENT - LATER

Emma's schoolwork is spread across the kitchen table. She and Sevda study a laptop SCREEN, opened to an internet map of Turkey.

SEVDA
 ...one side of the Bosphorus is called the European, and the other the Asian.

EMMA
 How come?

SEVDA
 The strait is basically the dividing line between the two continents.

EMMA

The one that runs through your hometown?

SEVDA

Yes, that's right.

EMMA

That's so cool!

Emma studies Sevda's head scarf a moment.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Can I touch it?

SEVDA

Go ahead.

She does.

EMMA

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

SEVDA

Gauze.

Emma notices a handful of books lonely on a shelf: *A Cambridge Guide to English Literature*, a volume of KEATS, a Rumi collection, and a QURAN.

EMMA

Is that your Quran? I've been learning about Islam on the internet.

Before Sevda can answer...

EMMA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Do you have IM? Maybe we can IM each other.

Another knock at the DOOR.

This time, it's Miles. He is kind and affable, but also weary and anxious--like someone who doesn't get enough sleep. He cradles a cake pan in his arms.

MILES

Hi. I seem to have lost my daughter. If you see her anywhere, she answers to the name of Emma.

EMMA

Sevda's been teaching me about the Bosphorus River.

MILES

Is that the one that glows in the dark at night?

EMMA

You're not funny, Dad.

Miles gives Sevda a crooked, awkward smile, and seems to be searching for words.

Sevda, equally nervous, tries not to make eye contact.

Looking at Miles, Emma motions with her eyes towards Sevda: give her the cake!

MILES

Uh...this is for you. It's a chocolate lava cake. It's the first time I've ever made one.

SEVDA

Mr. Stephens--

MILES

It's Miles.

SEVDA

This really isn't necessary.

MILES

Not necessary?

Miles removes the top of the cake pan.

Sevda's eyes widen ever so slightly: it *does* look good.

MILES (CONT'D)

Put it in the oven for about ten minutes. Then, when you cut into the cake, a river of warm chocolate will spill out of the center and smother your fork.

Fearful of seeming ungrateful, she accepts.

SEVDA

Thank you. I'll make sure the pan is clean before I return it.

EMMA

Oh, don't worry about that. You'll never get it clean enough for Dad, anyway.

OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Miles and Emma head down the steps from Sevda's apartment.

MILES

Grandpa just called. He'll be here
this weekend.

EMMA

Awesome.

MILES

He says he finally found a way to
make retirement tolerable.

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

DENNIS STEPHENS, 62, charismatic and athletic, Judo spars
with a much YOUNGER CADET.

The rest of his class is gathered around in a reverent
silence, watching intently.

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

The physically imposing Younger Cadet seems to be repelling
Dennis with ease. Every shot is blocked and Dennis is struck
more than once.

Dennis lures the younger man in closer, before flipping 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. They can't believe it.
The Younger Cadet is mortified.

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.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Class dismissed.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda sits at her laptop, types an EMAIL message. After finishing, she pauses over the mouse, unsure whether to click it.

Finally, she does, then lets out a deep breath.

She shuts down the computer in haste, as if she were worried she might get caught using it...

INT. MILES' HOUSE, NEWTON - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Every room in Miles' house is meticulously arranged, spotlessly clean.

Miles and Emma eat dinner with Dennis.

MILES

You're teaching at the academy?

DENNIS

Yep.

MILES

I thought you were persona non grata in Annapolis.

DENNIS

The barber still cuts my hair.

MILES

Does anyone ever bring up Iraq?

Emma gives Miles a look as if to say: what are you thinking? Dennis, though, shakes it off...

DENNIS

Only when they think I can't hear 'em.

Miles seems to get a sharp pain to his head.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Ya all right?

MILES

Yeah.

Dennis and Emma exchange a look of concern.

DENNIS

How ya been sleepin'?

MILES
Like a soldier in a fox hole.

DENNIS
Ya try that sleep aid?

Miles shakes his head.

MILES
How's the pork taste?

EMMA
Muslims aren't allowed to eat pork.

DENNIS
Muslims? What about Muslims?

EMMA
The woman renting the apartment above
the garage is a Muslim.

DENNIS
How do ya know that?

EMMA
She wears a hijab.

DENNIS
Is that one a those veils that covers
her whole body?

EMMA
No, that's a burqua. Sevda wears a
head scarf.

She illustrates with her hands.

EMMA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
It's okay, grandpa. The virgin Mary
wore one, too.

Dennis looks at Miles...

MILES
What? She's right.

DENNIS
Okay.

MILES
Dad, don't even start.

DENNIS
Start what? So your tenant's a
Muslim. That's fine with me.

He seems to be tearing into the pork with renewed vigor.

MILES

Her name is Sevda. She's from the
U.K. Student visa. English
literature.

EMMA

Dad made her a chocolate lava cake.

MILES

We had an extra one.

DENNIS

I met some Kuwaiti generals during
Desert Storm.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - COURTROOM - DAY

Aida represents a terrified SUDANESE WOMAN at an immigration
hearing.

Aida's opponent is NOVAK, a government attorney.

The JUDGE seems tired and impatient.

A CLERK shuffles paperwork at a desk.

Several armed, uniformed AGENTS guard the entrances.

There are a handful of folding chairs in the back of the
room. In one of these is ANOTHER SUDANESE WOMAN who
frequently gives encouraging looks to Aida's client.

Sevda watches from one of the other chairs.

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 Columbo.

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, admiring Aida.

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 signals the other Sudanese woman to rise.

AIDA

Yes, your honor. Ms. Abboud is an American citizen, and fluent in three Sudanese dialects. 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
in *Columbus* as well. I rule Ms.
Kayra qualifies for asylum.
(to the Clerk)
Who's next?

The Clerk answers, while the two Sudanese women embrace.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Aida and Sevda exit through glass doors.

AIDA

How far did you get?

SEVDA

I finished the first two.

Sevda hands Aida a legal pad.

AIDA

Already? That's marvelous.

SEVDA

I don't know. He really hasn't been
saying anything. Talking in circles,
mostly.

AIDA

Perhaps he wants Novak's job.

Light SHOWERS begins to fall.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sevda waits at a table, as Aida brings her a coffee drink,
plunks down beside her.

Sevda eyes the drink, unsure whether to trust it.

AIDA

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

Sevda takes a sip, purses her lips.

SEVDA

It's very sweet.

AIDA
I know. Isn't it wonderful?

Aida drinks, near ecstasy.

AIDA (CONT'D)
God bless America.

SEVDA
How long have you lived here?

AIDA
Almost fifteen years.

SEVDA
Have you ever gone back home?

AIDA
Yes. At the end of each day.

SEVDA
I'm sorry. I meant...

AIDA
Sri Lanka. I know. It is no longer
home. Do you not like the cider?

SEVDA
It's...very unique.

AIDA
(laughing)
You are so polite, Sevda. I'm
surprised your father has not yet
married you off to some nice Kurdish
boy with prospects.

Sevda seems to curl herself up in a ball, as she stares at
the street outside.

Aida, realizing she has touched a nerve, drops her playful
manner.

AIDA (CONT'D)
What happened to your parents?

Sevda reacts: is it that obvious?

Aida looks at Sevda with such empathy that she drops her
guard.

SEVDA
They're both dead.

AIDA
I am very sorry.

SEVDA
I...was adopted by a British family
when I was young.

Aida scrutinizes Sevda another moment.

AIDA
My parents were killed by the Tamil
Tigers.

Sevda relaxes, opens herself up a bit...

AIDA (CONT'D)
That is the reason I will never go
back. And why a two story walk up
in the South End is now my home.

SEVDA
Are you happy here?

AIDA
Oh, yes. In this country, most of
the religious and ethnic wars are
fought in the courts, not in the
streets. And I am one of the
soldiers.

She raises her cup, as if to toast...

AIDA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This is my jihad.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sevda studies at her kitchen table.

She sticks her fork in the lava cake, the chocolate spills
out, and STEAM rises. A slight gasp as she tastes the sauce
with her finger. It's delicious.

She ignores her book, wolfs down the cake.

INT. NEWTON MIDDLE SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

Emma's Geography class.

A MAP of Turkey is posted on the wall, along with a Power
Point reproduction of the symbols for ISLAM, JUDAISM, and
CHRISTIANITY.

Clinging to a stack of index cards, Emma gives a presentation.
She wears a clumsy home made head scarf.

Many of the students are trying not to laugh at her.

EMMA

Islam is a branch of the same religious tree as Christianity and Judaism. All three have much in common. My neighbor, Sevda, is a Muslim.

A particularly obnoxious boy, TOMMY, decides to interject. He points at the head scarf.

TOMMY

Is that what Islam women use to hide their bruises?

EXT. NEWTON T TRAIN STOP - DAY

The stop is crowded.

Sevda does her best to find a comfortable place to stand. The only one she can find is in front of a massive body spray ADVERTISEMENT, dominated by a scantily clad model.

Sevda seems to be trying to hide from the ad while she waits.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Emma boards the school bus with her classmates; none of them talk to her, and she sits alone.

Tommy sits behind her.

TOMMY

Your friend's a terrorist.

EMMA

Shut up.

TOMMY

She's probably Osama's girlfriend!

EMMA

You're such an ass!

TOMMY

Emma's an Islam! Emma's an Islam!
You love them so much, why don't you
move to Iraq and marry one?

Another boy, JARED, is troubled by this exchange. He looks as though he may intervene, but decides against it.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, MALIK'S OFFICE - DAY

Reis spreads out several documents on the desk before Malik.

Included is a translated copy of a Turkish POLICE REPORT that contains a PHOTOGRAPH of Sevda as a 17-year-old, near the name CIRA ARIKAN.

Another word stands out: DECEASED.

Resting beside it is a copy of a PASSPORT in the same of SEVDA KEMAL.

The PHOTOS are identical.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Miles and Smokey wait as the BUS ARRIVES.

Emma races down the steps, ignores Miles, and tears into the house.

Many of the students laugh.

MILES

Emma? Emma, what's the matter?

The dog follows, as Emma slams the DOOR shut behind her.

Miles whirls around and glares at the bus driver.

MILES (CONT'D)

What just happened?

The driver shrugs, almost indifferent.

Miles shakes his head in frustration, sprints back to the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Miles enters.

MILES

Emma?

He races to her bedroom DOOR, knocks.

MILES (CONT'D)

Emma? May I come in?

EMMA

Go away!

MILES

Are you sure you don't want to talk?

EMMA

Leave me alone!

EXT. LONDON MOSQUE - NIGHT

The Turkish Man speaks to a BRITISH IMAM on the street in front of the mosque. The lit up mosque seems to show architectural evidence of once having been both a church and a synagogue.

He shows the Imam the PHOTOGRAPH of Sevda.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Miles prepares dinner as Emma, still furious, storms into the room.

EMMA

Why are boys so stupid?

MILES

Well--

EMMA

I mean, I know they don't mature as quickly as we do, but aren't they still supposed to mature? They're not supposed to be like, stuck forever, are they?

MILES

Um--

EMMA

Tommy Davis is such an idiot. Did you know he thought that Columbus was at the first Thanksgiving? And that New Mexico was still in Mexico? I mean, why else would they call it New Mexico?

MILES

Tommy Davis?

EMMA

You know what he did on the bus? He stole my hijab and blew his nose on it. Then he laughed.

MILES

He did what?

EMMA

Why is that funny? And then Jared. He just kept staring at me with his freaking mouth open. I think he actually started to drool. What is that?

MILES

Who's Jared?

EMMA

It doesn't matter.

MILES

I'm going to call Tommy's parents.

EMMA

No, don't do that! That's not gonna help! He'll just--they're just as dumb as he is.

Miles struggles for something useful to say.

MILES

I'll get you some more gauze. You can make another head scarf.

EMMA

I don't want to make another one.

Miles just nods.

EMMA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I am so glad I'm not a boy.

EXT. HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY

Enveloped in FOG, the House looms over the Thames.

INT. LORD BUCHANON'S OFFICE - DAY

LORD BUCHANON, 65, holds an impromptu press conference outside his office DOOR. He is bearded, a man of obvious distinction.

BUCHANON

...terrorists are not born, they are made.

BRITISH REPORTER

Lord Buchanon, what in your view is the most significant problem with British policy toward the Islamic world?

BUCHANON

We clearly didn't learn from our failed policies in India and Ireland, and we clearly are not learning from our failed policies in the Middle East. You know the term for a person who does the same thing over and over, yet expects different results each time.

More questions are thrown at him...

BUCHANON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. My office will be issuing a press release within the hour.
Good afternoon.

He shuts the DOOR.

Finally, a moment of peace before Buchanan turns to his RECEPTIONIST.

BUCHANON (CONT'D)

Has she called back?

RECEPTIONIST

No, sir.

BUCHANON

Try her again.

EXT. STATE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Sevda marches across campus as her cell phone RINGS.

She looks at the ID: ANGUS BUCHANON.

Sevda answers the call.

INT. EMMA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Emma and Jared share a desk, collaborate on math problems.

Emma pauses--she looks tired, and flushed. Her face is suddenly overcome with panic.

She raises her hand.

EMMA

May I go to the nurse?

MATH TEACHER

What's the matter?

EMMA
I...don't feel...right.

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

Emma rises and heads for the DOOR--walking seems stiff and painful.

Jared notices something on Emma's chair.

JARED
Emma?

INT. SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma, wrapped in a blanket, rests on a bed curtained off from the rest of the students.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Sevda turns over a ceramic tortoise and locates a HIDE-A-KEY.

MOMENTS LATER - THE FRONT DOOR

The key turns, and Sevda's inside.

EXT. NEUROLOGY CENTER - DAY

Following an appointment, Miles and Dennis exit the building.

DENNIS
So, will these pills help?

MILES
We'll see. They have some interesting side effects.

DENNIS
Like what?

MILES
Gambling addiction.

DENNIS
You're shittin' me.

MILES
Want to go buy some lottery tickets?

Dennis looks at his phone.

DENNIS

I got a message. From the school.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Miles, now in a near panic, dashes towards the nurse's office.

Dennis tries to keep up.

DENNIS

Miles, take it easy.

Miles ignores him, tears into

THE SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE

The NURSE rises to greet him.

Miles doesn't initially notice Sevda in a chair.

MILES

Where is she? Is she okay?

SCHOOL NURSE

Yes, she's fine.

Emma, having changed, emerges from behind a curtain. Holding her old clothes, she tries to hide the blood on her pants.

EMMA

Hi, Dad.

MILES

Hi, honey. I'm sorry I'm so late.

Dennis enters, gives the nurse an apologetic wave.

SCHOOL NURSE

Ms. Kemal was kind enough to bring Emma some clothes.

Miles glances at Sevda, who responds with a polite smile.

Miles appears both irritated and disappointed, but is trying not to show it.

INT. MILES' HOUSE, EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

In contrast with the rest of the house, the place is in chaos.

A bookcase, in particular, is overstuffed with volumes about marine life.

Several GALAPAGOS posters paper the walls.

Sevda and Emma sit on the bed. Despite her reluctance, Sevda has The Talk with Emma.

Emma hangs on Sevda's every word...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Miles paces the floor when Dennis enters.

DENNIS
Relax. Everythin's fine.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sevda returns home...

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dennis tucks Emma into bed.

DENNIS
Ya sure you're all right?

EMMA
Uh-huh. Sevda helped me...um...

DENNIS
It's okay. I get the picture.

He hands Emma her book, glances at the cover.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
How is Tarka the Otter doin' these days?

EMMA
His mother left him. Mating season came around again, and she forgot who he was. So now he's all alone.

This clearly troubles Dennis...

DENNIS
Um...ya ready to say your prayers?

EMMA
Is Dad getting worse?

DENNIS
Well, it's like I told ya last year. There's no cure. He takes pills to help him, and sometimes they stop workin', and he has to get new pills.

EMMA

Can I still ask God to cure him?

IN THE KITCHEN

Miles lines up all of his MEDICATIONS like a row of chess pieces.

He takes one with effort, sips WATER, and then takes another. He picks up the SLEEP AID, grunts at it, puts it back down.

Dennis enters.

DENNIS

Y'know, it's okay ta be scared.

MILES

I've been taking these pills for years.

DENNIS

I'm not talkin' about that. I'm talkin' about Emma.

Miles looks away.

Dennis continues, carefully choosing his words.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Look...when ya momma died--

The phone RINGS O.S.

Miles holds up his hand to stop Dennis, answers the phone.

MILES

Hello...no, it's not too late...the sink?

He glances up through the WINDOW: a LIGHT is on in Sevda's apartment.

IN THE GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Miles enters, flicks on the LIGHT.

He passes several old PLAYBILLS slapped on to the walls, a dusty WRITING PRIZE propped on a shelf, and an old copy of a literary magazine with his PICTURE on the cover.

Miles locates a CRESCENT WRENCH. He yanks it off the wall.

INT. SEVDA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles struggles with a leaky PIPE under the sink, as Sevda stays a respectful distance from him.

LATER - IN THE KITCHEN

The leak fixed, Miles mops up the WATER, then rises.

MILES

You should be all set now.

SEVDA

Thank you.

Miles gazes at her a moment.

MILES

Look...I just wanted to apologize for...being so freaked out today. I haven't...well, really felt like myself...lately.

SEVDA

You don't need to apologize. I can only imagine how hard it is to be a parent.

MILES

(through a nervous
laugh)

Yeah, well sometimes, I sure seem to enjoy making it harder.

An uncomfortable silence. They both appear as if they have something to say to each other, but can't figure out what.

SEVDA

Emma...told me what happened to her on the bus.

MILES

Well, boys can be idiots.

SEVDA

Perhaps I shouldn't have encouraged her.

MILES

That wasn't your fault.

She accepts his reassurance without words.

MILES (CONT'D)

Listen...she's very fond of you.
And I'm really grateful for you...

Her eyes widen—did she hear that right?

MILES (CONT'D)

Grateful to you. For being so kind.
We're...uh...going to the aquarium
tomorrow. It's basically her favorite
place in the whole city. You...want
to come along?

INT. BOSTON AQUARIUM - DAY

Sevda, Emma, and Miles work their way through the exhibits.
They approach the harbor seal display.

SEVDA

(reading the sign)
Pinnipedia.

EMMA

It means "feather footed."

Sevda studies the seals a moment.

SEVDA

Why feather footed?

EMMA

If you look at their flippers through
an x-ray, they look like feathers.
Do you like penguins?

MILES

Just a second, Emma.

Emma senses his need to sit, shoots over to him, and guides
him to a bench.

IN THE REST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sevda washes her hands in the basin. She gazes at her
reflection in the MIRROR. Her face registers doubt: should
I be doing this?

OUTSIDE THE RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sevda rejoins Emma and Miles, who both stand, ready to go.
Emma holds her father's hand, grabs Sevda's, guides them
on...

INT. BOSTON ARBORETUM - DAY

The cool air outside has STEAMED up the WINDOW panes.

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?

Miles notices Sevda is not with them. He looks around for her...

EMMA

Lemon!

He spots her standing mesmerized before a number of
HYDRANGEAS.

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

MILES

(to Emma)
I'll be right back.

Miles approaches Sevda, who seems to be in a ruminative
trance.

He appears as if he is going to say something, but he becomes
awe-struck by the beauty of the flowers. He reaches out and
touches one of the blooms.

SEVDA

(whispering)
Allah hu.

Miles thinks for a moment...

MILES

Allah hu. The divine is?

SEVDA

That's right.

They exchange a smile of connection, and linger on it a
moment...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAWN - ONE MONTH LATER

The morning mist rises off of the water, as a flock of swallows heads off to the south.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAWN

Sevda lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, far too anxious to sleep...

INT. MILES' HOUSE - DAWN

Miles, himself awake the whole night, pours himself coffee while

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

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

Miles races

OUTSIDE

He confronts the invaders.

GNUDSEN, the officer in charge, shows Miles her badge and a warrant. She speaks to Miles calmly, while he seems to react with confusion and disbelief.

Two agents emerge from

SEVDA'S APARTMENT

They escort Sevda, now handcuffed.

Miles becomes furious--it takes several agents to restrain him.

Sevda is shoved in the back seat of a car--she refuses to make eye contact with Miles.

Emma watches from a WINDOW as another team of agents enter Sevda's APARTMENT, armed with search kits.

Terrified, Emma begins to weep, as Smokey tries to curl up with her.

Some of the neighbors look on...

EXT. BOSTON MOSQUE - DAY

FBI AGENTS, having arrested the Imam, escort him to a waiting vehicle.

INT. LONDON MOSQUE - DAY

Malik and Reis lead a group of constables

INTO AN OFFICE

Wherein the British Imam works at a desk.

OUTSIDE THE MOSQUE - MOMENTS LATER

The Turkish Man watches the arrest from a safe distance.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER, CELL - DAY

It's cramped with two cots, a sink, and a toilet. 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, a Yemeni in her late forties, reads a BOOK out loud in broken English.

Sevda retreats to her meditative silence.

INT. FBI BUILDING, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

FBI agent GARCIA conducts the interview.

Miles trembles, simmering with animosity.

MILES

Once again, you guys arrested the wrong person.

GARCIA

I'm afraid not.

MILES

Well, I'm sorry to frighten you, but you have.

Garcia puts three PHOTOGRAPHS before Miles: The explosion in London, and other bombings in Ankara and Berlin.

Miles glances at the pictures, and then glares back at Garcia.

GARCIA

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

MILES

Don't you have an election to fix on
an Indian reservation somewhere?

IN ANOTHER ROOM

Knudsen interviews Emma.

KNUDSEN

What things did you two talk about?

EMMA

All kinds of stuff. She's really
cool.

KNUDSEN

Did she ever discuss her religion
with you?

EMMA

Oh, yeah. She was teaching me some
Arabic with her Quran.

KNUDSEN

Did she ever mention the word "jihad"?

BACK IN THE FIRST ROOM

Miles' interview continues...

GARCIA

So, did you check her references?

MILES

No.

GARCIA

Why not?

MILES

After years of renting to college
students, I've learned the most
reliable thing is just to go with my
gut.

GARCIA

Intuition.

MILES

Yeah. I mean, she's polite, she's
respectful. Plus, I suspected that
late night keg parties were probably
not on her agenda.

GARCIA

So you have people living on the same property with your little girl, and you don't even take the time to find out who they are.

MILES

Do you honestly think that one of Sevda's references would have told me not to rent her the apartment because she's a terrorist?

IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Knudsen interviews Dennis.

Trained military officer he is, Dennis is cautiously respectful of the proceedings.

KNUDSEN

Did she ever seem angry?

DENNIS

No.

KNUDSEN

Melancholy or sullen?

DENNIS

No.

KNUDSEN

Did she ever express any political opinions?

DENNIS

None that I know of.

KNUDSEN

Did you two ever discuss the Iraq War?

BACK TO MILES' INTERVIEW

Miles has grown from obstinate to openly hostile...

MILES

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

GARCIA

Are you romantically involved with her?

MILES

That's really none of your goddamned business.

GARCIA

How *would* you describe your relationship with Ms. Kemal?

MILES

Right now, we're going through something of a separation.

INT. CELL - DAY

Hana naps in her cot.

Sevda picks up Hana's BOOK, looks at the cover: RABIA OF BASRA. She flips through the pages. It's a collection of poetry, in English and Arabic.

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

INT. JOHN AND GEORGINA CALABRESE'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A syringe enters GEORGINA's backside, as her body tenses.

GEORGINA (O.S.)

Ow!

JOHN (O.S.)

Sorry. I'm doing the best I can.

After a moment, JOHN withdraws the syringe, as Georgina pulls up her jeans.

Georgina turns and faces herself in the BATHROOM MIRROR: she is thirty-two, very pretty, but checks carefully for facial lines.

John appears in the MIRROR behind her. He is tanned, forty-five, dresses and carries himself like a much younger man.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Is that the last one?

GEORGINA

One more cycle.

JOHN

You know, there was something in the paper about Miles this morning.

The sound of his name is like a sharp jab. She whirls around.

GEORGINA

Miles? What did it say?

JOHN

Looks like he's had some difficulty finding quality tenants.

INT. LORD BUCHANON'S HOUSE - SURREY, U.K. - DAY

Buchanon opens his front door to find Malik and Reis.

BUCHANON

Commander Malik?

MALIK

Yes, sir. This is Mesut Reis, Turkish security service.

LATER - IN A BEDROOM

Malik and Reis search while Buchanon waits in the HALLWAY.

INT. MILES' HOUSE - EVENING

Miles, Dennis, Aida, and Emma gather at the kitchen table.

Miles looks pale and exhausted, and Emma still appears distraught.

AIDA

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

MILES

So what now?

AIDA

I can attempt to obtain a court order, but that will most certainly fail. She is an Islamic immigrant charged with conspiracy to commit terrorism. The law is not on her side.

Dennis rises to exit...

MILES

Where are you going, Dad?

DENNIS

I'll be back in a couple a minutes.

He leaves.

AIDA

What else did they ask you?

MILES

They wanted to know if she had any suspicious looking guests, whatever that's supposed to mean. The only suspicious people who ever visited her were the goddamn FBI.

IN THE GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis speaks on the phone.

DENNIS

Yes, Admiral Stephens for Secretary Brezina...no, I don't wanna leave a voice mail, I wanna speak to the Secretary...I know...I know...tell him I'm on the phone. He'll take my call.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Sevda, Hana, and several other inmates are led to

THE MEAL ROOM

There are dozens of women, immigrants from the Middle East, North Africa, Latin America, and Eastern Europe. The inmates are arranged so that there are only two or three prisoners at each table, and plenty of space in between.

Sevda pauses to take in the sight before her.

Hana grabs her by the arm, gently guides her to the food line.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

The room contains all of the trappings of a legal office, with one notable exception: Novak seems to have just moved in, and has not finished unpacking.

NOVAK

You know, one of the things that excited me about this promotion was the belief I'd never have to face you again in a courtroom.

AIDA

Drop the charges, and you will get your wish.

Novak shakes his head.

AIDA (CONT'D)

What about bail?

NOVAK

Sorry. We have reason to think your client is working with...

He glances down at papers on his desk...

NOVAK (CONT'D)

The...Muslim Brotherhood of Kurdistan. They've claimed responsibility for a number of bombings in Ankara, Berlin, and most recently, London.

AIDA

What is that reason?

NOVAK

Well, we have a very curious list of emails and web sites she's been visiting. We also believe she is the sister of a key member of the MBK.

AIDA

You *believe* she is the sister? What does that mean?

NOVAK

We also find it interesting that just before we get reports that her brother has arrived in London, she's suddenly dispatched to Boston with the help of her two mullahs.

AIDA

What are the charges against the Imams?

NOVAK

Would you laugh if I said clerical error?

Aida's silence makes it clear she would not.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Look, you've already gotten permission to meet with your client. Most lawyers in terrorism cases have to wait months, sometimes years for that opportunity. I could have invoked Special Administrative Measures and sent her somewhere more...secure.

She does not seem grateful.

NOVAK (CONT'D)

Tell you what. I will let you have a copy of this. But that's as far as I'll go.

Novak slides over a sheet of paper.

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

Engrossed in the document, she seems not to notice his gesture of contempt.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER, VISITOR ROOM - DAY

Aida places the document up to the Plexiglas so Sevda can see it. It's the Turkish police report with her PHOTOGRAPH.

They speak through a wall phone.

AIDA

Do you know what this is?

Sevda doesn't answer.

AIDA (CONT'D)

This is a police report about a woman named Cira Arikan. She hanged herself in her home in Istanbul on May 20, 2001.

Aida holds up Sevda's passport next to the police document.

AIDA (CONT'D)

According to your passport, which reads Sevda Kemal, you immigrated to the United Kingdom on May 19, 2001.

Sevda's eyes drift away.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Sevda, if you don't talk to me, they are going to send you away to prison. They might even extradite you back to Turkey.

A slight reaction in Sevda's face, but that is all.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Do you know what they mean by the term "extraordinary rendition?"

No reaction.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Miles' father called in every favor he had accumulated in forty years in the navy. That is the only reason you and I are even able to speak to each other.

Slowly, Sevda's eyes fall on Aida.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Of course, I am still the only one speaking.

Sevda remains stoic.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Can you explain this to me?

Sevda hangs up the phone, rises to leave.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Sevda!

She exits.

Aida slams the phone against the wall.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Malik and Reis interrogate the British Imam.

Malik hurls questions at the cleric, who offers little response outside of slight nods and head shakes.

Reis stands against a wall, arms folded.

Finally, Malik throws his hands in the air, storms out of the room.

Reis picks up on his cue, shuts off the recording, whispers in the Imam's ear.

INT. AIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Miles and Dennis meet again with Aida.

Miles appears physically diminished, and Dennis tries not to eye him with pity.

Miles stares at the police report.

MILES

What does this mean?

AIDA

I...I am not certain. Novak thinks she used a false identity to travel to London and assist her brother's operation. And then she came here...for the same reason.

Miles and Dennis exchange an anxious look.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the passport, the web sites, and her refusal to cooperate...

She doesn't want to finish that sentence.

DENNIS

Where does that leave us?

AIDA

I need to find someone who can explain this police report.

DENNIS

How would you do that?

AIDA

I would have to go to Istanbul, but my university lacks the funds to--

MILES

I'll take care of it.

AIDA

Are you certain?

MILES

Absolutely.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER, VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Sevda is escorted into a visitor's booth to find Miles waiting for her.

She pauses a moment, and looks as if she might turn around and leave, but decides to stay.

MILES

Are you all right?

She gives a slight nod.

MILES (CONT'D)

Look, I want you to know. I'm not going to let them do this to you.

Sevda looks away.

MILES (CONT'D)

First, we're going to prove that
this whole thing is a mistake--

SEVDA

It's not a mistake.

INT. BOSTON T TRAIN - DAY

Miles, distraught and sullen, rides home.

So engrossed in his thoughts, Miles doesn't notice that the
news report on the

VIDEO SCREEN

Is about he and Sevda...

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Miles attempts to put his garden to bed for the winter. He
tries to remove a hose from a faucet, but it won't budge.

He pauses when he sees a STRANGER amble up the driveway
towards him.

STRANGER

Hey, Buddy, can you do me a favor?

Miles doesn't reply.

Smokey, curious, rises.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

My car just broke down, and my cell
phone's dead. Do you think you could
let me borrow yours to call triple
A?

MILES

I don't have a cell phone.

STRANGER

Oh. Well, would it be too much to
ask if I could use the phone in your
house? It'll only take a minute.

Miles eyes him another few seconds...

MILES

Three blocks up, turn right, another
half a block, is Marty's service
station. He takes triple A.

STRANGER

Well, I would, but you see, I got my wife and my little boy in the car, and the heat isn't working at all. It's pretty chilly today. I'd hate to leave them in there for that long.

MILES

Why don't you go get them? You can all wait inside until the tow truck comes.

STRANGER

I swear it'll take me, like thirty seconds at the most. And then I'll be out of your hair. Honestly, I'm not a child molester.

Miles gives him a hard look.

MILES

How did you know I was a parent?

STRANGER

I didn't. It's just, you know, a joke.

Miles moves towards the Stranger, grabs a metal rake...

MILES

Hilarious. Are you from the Globe, or the Herald?

The Stranger backs away...

STRANGER

I don't know what you're talking about. I just need to make a phone call.

He rushes off, but Miles follows him down the street...

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Hey, what the hell is your problem?

MILES

I just want to make sure your family isn't too cold.

The Stranger reaches his vehicle, which appears bereft of passengers.

MILES (CONT'D)

See, that's your problem. You keep them in the trunk.

Defeated, the Stranger climbs into his car, guns the engine, tears away.

MILES (CONT'D)
Hey, you fixed it!

Miles watches the car disappear.

Heading back to the house, he notices a number of unfamiliar cars parked on the street. All of the DRIVERS are eyeing him.

A TELEVISION NEWS CREW jumps out of a van and heads toward him.

A half dozen other REPORTERS leap out of their cars, and join the race towards Miles.

MILES (CONT'D)
Shit!

Miles, trailed by Smokey, races

INTO THE HOUSE

Panting, Miles turns to his dog.

MILES (CONT'D)
Why don't you ever bark?

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - DAY

The SCHOOL BUS arrives.

Emma begins to step off the bus. The Press are ready to swarm around her, until...

MILES (O.S.)
Back off! Now!

Miles approaches the bus, sweeps his arms around Emma, leads her away. The Reporters push towards him, hurling questions.

MILES (CONT'D)
Look down! Look!

They stop. A few even look down.

MILES (CONT'D)
If there is any surface other than concrete below your feet, you are on my property. If I catch you there, I have you arrested. Is that clear?

He guides Emma away towards the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Safely inside, Miles peers through the window. Satisfied, he turns back to Emma.

MILES

Some of the kids still..giving you a hard time?

EMMA

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

Smokey trots over to Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Dad? Are we ever going to see Sevda again?

INT. AIDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Aida berates someone on the phone as she multitasks. On her computer terminal screen is information about ISTANBUL.

AIDA

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

Aida switches the computer screen to AIRLINE information.

AIDA (CONT'D)

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

INT. CELL - NIGHT

A THUNDERSTORM rages outside, battering the WINDOW.

Hana, curled up on her cot, stares at the wall.

Sevda tosses and turns. As the storm continues to rage, she begins to sob.

Hana rises from her cot, sits down next to Sevda. After a moment, she wraps herself around Sevda--a tender, motherly gesture.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miles pokes his head in.

Emma is asleep, cuddled up with Smokey. He watches them a moment before heading

INTO THE KITCHEN

He seems lost, as if he's not sure what he's there for.

He checks OUTSIDE for any signs of the press. All seems clear.

Compulsively, he begins to clean.

He stops when he comes across Sevda's SHOULDER BAG in the dining room.

IN THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Miles stares down the SLEEP AID, finally takes one.

LATER - MILES' BEDROOM

Miles tosses and turns, then falls out of bed, stricken with a seizure.

EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT

An ambulance roars through the streets...

INT. CELL - NIGHT

The vibrating PIPE stirs Sevda from her sleep.

Anxious, she rises, and wanders the room.

Hana eyes her with concern.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miles lies comatose in the ICU.

Emma dozes in a chair across from him.

IN THE HALLWAY

Dennis talks to the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Apparently, he took a sleep aid which was not compatible with the agonist I had prescribed. We think that's what caused the seizure.

DENNIS

Then why did ya prescribe it?

DOCTOR

I've never seen this kind of reaction before. I mean, the agonist he's been taking is *anti-seizure* medication.

DENNIS

Shit.

DOCTOR

The good news is, he's breathing on his own, and his heart rate is beginning to return to normal.

DENNIS

So the coma...?

DOCTOR

I expect he'll come out of it in the next few hours.

DENNIS

Thank God.

DOCTOR

I'm going to keep him here for a while, though. It's going to take some time for his body to recover. And we need to come up with a new regiment of therapies.

IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Emma opens her eyes. She watches Miles, her face a reflection of both hope and fear.

Miles seems to twitch, just barely.

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - EVENING - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

STEAM rises from a stock pot.

A mountain of tomatoes covers the table. Miles and Emma separate out the bad ones.

Smokey lies on the floor, nostrils flaring at the odors.

MILES

Emma...would it be okay with you...if I...went out...with Sevda...sometime?

EMMA

You mean...just you and Sevda?

MILES
That's right.

EMMA
So...like a date?

MILES
Yeah, I guess so.

EMMA
Is she allowed to do that?

MILES
I really don't know.

EMMA
Will she and I still be able to have
our talks?

MILES
I don't see why not.

EMMA
Then it's okay. I think she would
miss those.

Emma finishes up the can, puts it aside.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Dad, how come you've never...asked
me this before?

MILES
Well, after your mom left...it just
never seemed important.

EMMA
But it does now?

INT. BROOKLINE TACO SHOP - DAY

The shop is casual, with no table service. It is packed
with customers.

The chefs in the kitchen move quickly, frequently shout to
each other in Spanish.

Miles and Sevda enter. They appear to be the oddest of odd
couples, and their body language suggests they are aware of
this, but are pretending not to be.

MILES
You ever had Mexican food?

Sevda shakes her head.

MILES (CONT'D)

When I lived in California, I became an addict. This is the best place in New England.

LATER - IN THE TACO SHOP

Miles and Sevda eat near a WINDOW.

He watches with anticipation as she takes her first bite. She does it slowly and carefully, intentionally stretching out the suspense.

SEVDA

Mm. I can see why you became addicted.

A family of Orthodox Jews passes the shop.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

This is a very interesting neighborhood.

MILES

It's been mostly Jewish for as long as anyone can remember. A few years ago, the Chinese began moving in, then the Koreans. Now the Mexicans are here. In fact, there is a restaurant a couple of blocks up that started out as a kosher deli. Then it became a kosher Chinese place. Now, believe it or not, it's a kosher Chinese-Korean restaurant!

She eyes him with skepticism.

MILES (CONT'D)

It's supposed to be pretty good.

SEVDA

What's it called?

MILES

I can't remember. Kim's Glatt Dragon. Something like that.

SEVDA

They should call it...Cho Sen.

A grin creeps across Sevda's face.

Miles, surprised by her humor, bursts out laughing.

INT. MILES' KITCHEN - DAY

Dennis enters, sweaty and red from a run. He dries his face with a towel.

Miles pours him a cup of coffee, but his hands tremble so much he nearly drops the mug.

Dennis snatches it before it can fall...

MILES

Sorry.

For a moment, a look of disapproval crosses Dennis' face. He quickly banishes it.

DENNIS

Don't worry about it.

Dennis smiles mischievously...

MILES

What?

DENNIS

Emma tells me Sevda and ya are datin'.

MILES

I wouldn't exactly call it dating.

DENNIS

What would ya call it?

Miles shrugs.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Well, when ya figure out what you're gonna call it, let Emma know. Then she can tell me.

MILES

Would you like me to file a report with the officer of the day?

DENNIS

Nah. Emma'll do fine.

Miles snickers, shakes his head.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Y'know, you and Sevda are pretty different.

MILES

I really don't feel like we are.

DENNIS

She's a bit younger, too.

MILES

I know. I keep forgetting that.

DENNIS

Ya know what? Ya should let her know. I bet women never get tired a hearin' "Ya seem older."

INT. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BUILDING MAPPARIUM, BOSTON - DAY

It is a cavernous room. The ceiling is covered with a splendid map of the world, key locations and capitals marked with lights.

Miles and Sevda stand on opposite ends of a transparent glass bridge.

SEVDA

Can you hear me?

MILES

Like you're standing right next to me.

SEVDA

Oh my God! That's amazing.

MILES

Try to whisper something.

SEVDA

(whispering)
What should I whisper?

MILES

(whispering)
Got any secrets?

A flash of fear crosses her face.

MILES (CONT'D)

(whispering)
You still there?

SEVDA

(whispering)
I...I have...to memorize a Keats poem for my English examination.

MILES

(whispering)

That's quite a secret.

(back to regular voice)

How much have you learned?

SEVDA

Only the first four lines.

MILES

Let's hear it.

SEVDA

No.

MILES

Come on. I'd really like to.

She takes a deep breath.

SEVDA

(whispering)

"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..." That's all I can remember.

INT. MILES' HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Seated at the dining table, Sevda uses her QURAN to coach Emma in Arabic.

There are piles of other school books, some belonging to Sevda, others belonging to Emma.

Sevda's SHOULDER BAG rests on the floor.

The house is decorated for Halloween.

Miles enters, watches in silence.

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.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Emma and Dennis keep vigil.

Miles begins to stir.

MILES
Hey.

DENNIS
Welcome back.

Emma approaches the gurney, and reaches for her father's hand.

INT. AIDA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Aida finishes up her lecture.

AIDA
That will be all for today. Please
read the Hamdan v. Rumsfeld case for
Friday.

The students start to pack up and leave.

PAMUK, a mid-twenties American of Turkish descent, approaches Aida.

PAMUK
Professor Nasrin?

AIDA
Yes?

PAMUK
I'm Lieutenant Pamuk, United States
Navy. I've been assigned to you.

AIDA
Assigned to me?

PAMUK
Yes, ma'am. I understand you require
a Turkish and Kurdish interpreter in
a Homeland Security investigation.

AIDA
Admiral Stephens.

PAMUK
His orders are that I am at your
disposal.

AIDA
The admiral is a useful man to have
around.

INT. CELL - DAWN

Hana and Sevda lay in their cots, as the dawn LIGHT creeps
in through the WINDOW.

Hana and Sevda speak to each other in Arabic.

HANA
It is impossible to sleep here.

Sevda says nothing in reply.

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

Sevda turns towards Hana.

HANA (CONT'D)
They will be sending me back to Yemen
soon. I don't want to remember you
as an apparition.

SEVDA
That is all I am now.

HANA
God has abandoned you?

SEVDA
On the contrary. He seems to watch
me very, very carefully. That's the
reason I'm in here.

Hana gazes at her a moment.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

So you can remember me now as someone
who has failed.

Sevda rolls over and gazes at WATER dripping from the PIPE.

INT. AIDA'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Aida WATERS and tends to her plants, as Sevda organizes files.
She looks over at Aida a moment, then back to her work...

AIDA

(without looking up)

Is there something you wish to ask
me?

SEVDA

I...wasn't sure if you were still on
the phone.

AIDA

Concerned I might be using up all of
my minutes?

Aida looks up from her watering.

AIDA (CONT'D)

I am all yours.

SEVDA

May I ask you a personal question?

Aida nods.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Why didn't you ever marry?

AIDA

I was supposed to when I was a young
woman. Well, when I was a girl,
really. After my parents were killed,
my fiancé joined the army. He said
he was going to fight for their honor.

This upsets Sevda, but she tries to hide it. Aida notices,
but turns back to her plants.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I told him he was a fool.
Enough people had died for honor
already. It was becoming more deadly
than cancer.

SEVDA

What did he do?

AIDA
He left to fight. And I left the
country. Not exactly Jane Austen,
is it?

SEVDA
What about...after you moved here?

AIDA
Some men have been interested in me.
A few of them even wanted me to give
up my career. None of them were
worth it.

SEVDA
Were there ever any...American men?

She turns back to Sevda.

AIDA
Do you mean non-Muslims?

SEVDA
Yes.

A knowing grin crosses Aida's face...

AIDA
So, you are being courted by a non-
Muslim American man.

SEVDA
What?

AIDA
I assumed we were actually talking
about you.

For a moment, Sevda considers protesting, but gives in.

SEVDA
He wants to take me out. On a...date.

AIDA
Not that. What did you tell him?

SEVDA
I don't know.

AIDA
You don't know?

SEVDA
I told him I'd think about it.
(MORE)

SEVDA (CONT'D)

But now I'm wondering if he'll take that as a no.

AIDA

He will take that as you will think about it. Look, he is a man. He will not perceive any subtlety or nuance, nor will he pick up on any nonverbal cues. You will need to give him a definite answer.

SEVDA

Oh.

AIDA

Do you want to say no?

SEVDA

He's good man. But...it's complicated.

AIDA

Good men usually are.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAY

All the leaves have changed over to their fall colors.

Miles and Sevda amble along a path. Some of the other strollers gaze at them with curiosity. Engrossed in their conversation, Miles and Sevda fail to notice.

INT. BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS - DAY

In the Asian art collection, Sevda and Miles admire Japanese silk paintings.

SEVDA

I see it now.

MILES

What's that?

SEVDA

The influence upon Monet. My professor says there were Japanese silks on the wall in Monet's house. I didn't see the connection until now.

Miles gives her a look prompting her to continue.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Do you see how people are in the background? They're simply part of the tapestry. Nature's what dominates.

LATER - IN THE MUSEUM

Miles and Sevda tour the Islamic art collection.

Sevda studies these pieces in a reverent silence; Miles is loathe to interrupt her. He does occasionally sneak looks at her.

Miles approaches a display of pottery.

MILES

This is Kurdish.

He says it softly, as if he was thinking out loud, but it gets Sevda's attention all the same.

Sevda sees what he's looking at: a blue VASE. It's the same design as the one destroyed in her parents' house.

Suddenly anxious, she rushes off, and Miles has difficulty keeping up with her.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda opens up the DOOR to find a bouquet of VIOLETS and DAISIES. She collects them, delighted by their appearance.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

As Sevda runs WATER over the stems, she suddenly becomes fearful--as if she were doing something wrong.

She shuts off the TAP.

IN THE CELL - BACK TO PRESENT

Sevda continues to watch the WATER drip...

SEVDA

(whispering)

How hard could it be to fix it?

EXT. ISTANBUL - DAY

The population bustles along the Bosphorus River...

INT. POLICE STATION, ISTANBUL - DAY

Aida and Pamuk enter.

A police CONSTABLE approaches Aida, admonishes her in Turkish, puts his hand on her arm to emphasize his point.

She stares at his hand a moment, then slowly, her head rises and her eyes land squarely on the Constable's face.

She glares at him with such rage, he relinquishes Aida's arm.

PAMUK

(to the constable; in
Turkish)

You are very wise, my friend.

AIDA

(to Pamuk)

What did this man say to me?

PAMUK

He said you need to take off your
hijab.

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

A POLICE CAPTAIN emerges from a back room, barks an order in Turkish at his officer. The Constable retreats.

The Captain forces a welcoming smile.

MOMENTS LATER - IN THE STATION

Pamuk and Aida sit at a desk opposite the Captain. The policeman studies a file.

He speaks to Pamuk in Turkish. Pamuk translates for Aida.

PAMUK

He says there is nothing else in the
file. Just what you have in the
report.

AIDA

Ask him if we could speak to the
officer who conducted the
investigation.

Pamuk asks, and the Captain replies.

PAMUK

He says if there is a death ruled a
suicide, very little is done. It is
filed, the body is buried, and that's
that.

Aida points to a name on the report.

AIDA
Where can we find this man?

EXT. KASABA'S HOUSE, ISTANBUL - DAY

Aida and Pamuk interview KASABA, a retired police officer in his early sixties. Kasaba is up on a ladder, painting his house with what appears to be only a two inch brush.

Kasaba descends the ladder.

AIDA
What do you remember about her?

He drops his brush in a bucket of water, massages out the paint.

KASABA
It was ruled a suicide.

AIDA
Based on what?

KASABA
She was a Kurd.

PAMUK
And?

Kasaba stops cleaning his brush.

KASABA
She would be just another number.

AIDA
Where did you find the body?

KASABA
She was a Kurd. No one would notice.

PAMUK
We noticed.

KASABA
Eight years later, from the other side of the world. What are the chances?

AIDA
I would say one hundred per cent.

Kasaba rises to face his interrogators.

KASABA

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

Pamuk and Aida exchange a look: what's he talking about?

AIDA

Mr. Kasaba, all we are trying to do is help this woman. If we cannot, she might end up in prison...back here.

Their eyes lock a moment.

KASABA

I have arrested fathers, brothers. Sometimes sons, even. Sons. Can you believe that? I arrested a man once who burned his...own mother's face with acid. Do these men really think this is what the Prophet wanted? Most of the time, the courts let them off.

Kasaba tries not to let his eyes well up.

KASABA (CONT'D)

If he asked me to do it again, I would.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - DAY

The flat is filled with bomb making materials.

On a desk is a massive pile of handwritten papers, and a collection of John Milton essays.

Taped to the desk is a PHOTOGRAPH of YUSUF and NALAN.

A DOOR slams O.S.

A MALE VOICE sings an Arabic POP SONG in the hallway.

The voice carries down the stairs...

OUTSIDE

The Turkish Man crosses the street.

Malik and Reis watch from a nearby vehicle...

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER, SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Several women, Sevda and Hana among them, line up for their turn.

After the women have showered, the GUARDS search them before allowing them to dress.

HANA
(in Arabic)
Cracking down on the Al-Queda soap
smuggling ring.

A few of the women snicker, and Sevda cracks a smile.

A Guard glares in their general direction.

GUARD
Silence!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miles, now more alert, is tended by a NURSE.

IN THE RECEPTION ROOM

Dennis and Emma enter.

Georgina rises from a chair when she sees Dennis, who freezes in his tracks.

Emma is equally shocked.

DENNIS
Georgina. What the hell are you
doin' here?

GEORGINA
How are you, Dennis?

DENNIS
Right about now I'm kinda havin' a
heart attack.

GEORGINA
This is my husband, John.

John rises, and extends his hand to Dennis.

JOHN
It's a pleasure to meet you, Admiral.

Dennis looks at John's hand as though he were passing him a dead animal.

John tries to look natural as he withdraws it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I, uh...thought they gave you a raw deal about Iraq, especially since, y'know...

DENNIS

Well, that makes it all better.

Georgina takes a step closer to Emma.

GEORGINA

Hello, Emma.

Emma doesn't respond.

Georgina opens up her arms, awaiting a hug. Emma takes a few cautious steps forward.

Georgina throws her arms around Emma, clearly trying too hard.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER, MEAL ROOM - EVENING

Hana and Sevda eat dinner, speak quietly in Arabic.

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 help raise money for his struggle.

Hana looks away, still finding the memory painful.

HANA (CONT'D)

He never came back.

The Guard approaches.

GUARD

I need to see more light between you, ladies.

For a moment, Sevda glares at the Guard, and looks as if she might say something. She relents, and slides a few inches to her left.

The Guard nods, departs.

HANA

I came here a few years ago on a work visa. Then they decide the Army of Najran is a terrorist organization. So now I'm heading home, God willing.

SEVDA

But that was thirty years ago. Weren't the *Russians* the enemy then?

HANA

What matters, Sevda, is this: you must first trust in God. If Hajar hadn't done so, she would never have been able to find the divine water. When I go back to Yemen, He will still be there.

Hana touches Sevda gently on her chest.

HANA (CONT'D)

And here.

This catches the Guard's attention.

GUARD

Hey, what did I just say?

Sevda slams her hand down on the table.

SEVDA

(to the Guard; in English)

We're just talking!

All conversations in the room stop, as everyone turns toward Sevda. The Guard is taken aback by her ferocity.

EXT. IBRAHIM'S HOUSE, ISTANBUL - DAY

Pamuk knocks on the DOOR. Aida waits a pace behind.

PAMUK

What did Kasaba say the man's name was?

AIDA

Ibrahim Gurcan.

He tries again. No answer.

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

She and Pamuk exchange a look: what now?

Pamuk spots a neighbor.

PAMUK
(in Turkish)
Pardon me, ma'am?

He has a conversation with the neighbor.

Aida scans the neighborhood. A few passersby regard her with curiosity.

Pamuk returns.

AIDA
What did she say?

PAMUK
Gurcan died of cancer. Just last month.

Aida groans in disbelief...

PAMUK (CONT'D)
She said that his sister and brother in law came by a few days ago and cleaned out his house.

AIDA
Does she know their names?

PAMUK
The Arikans. Yusuf and Nalan.

She quickly pulls out the police report, scans it over.

AIDA
That's...Sevda's parents.

EXT. ARIKAN HOUSE - DAY

Aida and Pamuk wait in a car down the street from the house.

PAMUK
I have an idea.

MOMENTS LATER

Pamuk crosses the street, knocks on the Arikans' DOOR.

Yusuf opens it. Pamuk introduces himself, the men shake hands. They converse another moment and Pamuk is invited inside.

Aida shakes her head, smiling: Pamuk's good.

Her cell phone RINGS.

AIDA

Aida Nasrin.

INT. BUCHANON'S HOUSE - DAY

Buchanon wanders through Sevda's old BEDROOM as he speaks.

BUCHANON

(on the phone)

Professor Nasrin. I understand you've
been trying to reach me.

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

The irritated Guard escorts Sevda to her CELL, shoves her
back INSIDE...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A nervous Georgina visits Miles. He looks at her as though
he has a vague suspicion she's an hallucination.

GEORGINA

You've done a great job with her.

MILES

Thanks.

GEORGINA

She still love dolphins?

MILES

Not just dolphins. I've already
promised to take her to Galapagos
for her high school graduation.

GEORGINA

Galapagos?

MILES

Wants to see Darwin's lab in person.
I think she really just wants to see
giant turtles.

GEORGINA

Are you...?

MILES

Am I what?

GEORGINA
That's a long trip.

MILES
I do have an atlas.

GEORGINA
Don't you think that might be...a
bit much for you?

MILES
I keep my promises to my daughter.

GEORGINA
I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

MILES
I'm not the one you owe an apology.

GEORGINA
I know that, Miles.

MILES
You still haven't told me why you're
here.

GEORGINA
There was an article in the *LA Times*--

MILES
You said that. And?

INT. ARIKAN HOUSE - DAY

Pamuk and Yusuf chat in the living room.

Nalan enters, serves tea, and withdraws without saying a
word.

Pamuk and Yusuf speak in Kurdish.

YUSUF
You were one of Ibrahim's students?

PAMUK
Yes. He was my favorite teacher.

YUSUF
So many of his students have come by
to pay their respects.

Pamuk notices several framed PHOTOGRAPHS of Yusuf, Nalan,
Ibrahim and a young boy. Sevda appears in none of the
pictures.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miles sits up in bed, preoccupied.

Dennis enters, places a glass of juice on Miles' tray.

MILES
She wants to take Emma.

Dennis nods.

MILES (CONT'D)
You don't seem surprised.

DENNIS
Knew what she wanted as soon as I
saw her.

MILES
I need to get out of this goddamned
bed. If I could just...

He tries to rise, but doesn't quite have the strength.

DENNIS
You're not gonna be any use at all
until you get better.

MILES
Could she find a judge to take her
away from me?

DENNIS
She doesn't have the most reliable
history.

MILES
I should have been more careful.

INT. CELL - EVENING

Sevda sits alone on her cot.

The DOOR opens--it's the Guard with her meal.

The Guard places the DISH on the floor.

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Sevda prepares a far more palatable DISH, while she talks on
the phone.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - SEVDA AND AIDA

SEVDA

I just...don't know how to behave.
I'm afraid...I'll do something wrong.

Aida ruffles through various papers as she talks.

AIDA

Do you like this man?

SEVDA

I do.

AIDA

So ask *him* out.

SEVDA

What? I can't do that!

AIDA

Do you know how the Prophet met his
first wife, Khadija?

SEVDA

Didn't she hire him to lead a caravan?

AIDA

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

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sevda opens the DOOR for Miles.

MILES

Is it the sink again?

The bouquet of VIOLETS and DAISIES rest in a vase on the
table, set for lunch.

SEVDA

Would you like to join me?

MILES

I thought you were fasting.

SEVDA

This is for you.

LATER - IN THE KITCHEN

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

MILES
Oh. My. God.

Sevda grins, proudly...

MILES (CONT'D)
There is no reason for me to ever
eat again.

Miles continues to devour his lunch, not initially noticing
that Sevda's mood has changed.

She stares straight down at the table.

SEVDA
I have something to ask you.

MILES
What's wrong? Is it the rent?

SEVDA
No. It's nothing like that...

Finally, her eyes meet his.

SEVDA (CONT'D)
I...

He puts down his fork, gives her his full attention.

SEVDA (CONT'D)
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 waits patiently for her to continue...

SEVDA (CONT'D)
Oh, this is foolish. I shouldn't...

MILES
No, it's okay. Whatever you need.

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? On a date?

SEVDA

Oh, I hate that expression.

Miles waits for her answer...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Yes.

MILES

Oh. Right. I accept.

SEVDA

I'm sorry. I'm awful at this.

MILES

It's okay. I'm pretty lousy myself.

SEVDA

But I have no idea where we should go.

MILES

I do.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Miles and Sevda are on the deck of a whale watch VESSEL, among a dozen other day trippers. They both wear coats, and strain against the wind.

Hands clamped to the rail, they search the water for their quarry.

Finally a WHALE'S HEAD protrudes from the water, eyeing the boat.

The crowd reacts with astonishment. Sevda is so amazed her eyes tear up.

Several other WHALES show themselves. The excitement on the deck is palpable.

One of the WHALES gets close to the vessel, then breaches, splashing a wave of sea water on everyone. This only adds to the jubilation.

Another WHALE swims right up against the boat, rolls over, as the patrons let out a collective gasp.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS BAY - DAY

The whale excursion heads back to Boston Harbor.

IN THE VESSEL - GALLEY

Sevda emerges from the rest room.

Miles waits for her in a booth, the Boston skyline visible through the WINDOW behind him.

As she approaches Miles, she notices something wrong: he is trembling, overcome with dyskinesia. Eyes wide, she pauses before sitting down.

MILES

It's okay. This is just a side effect. It usually goes away after a while.

SEVDA

A side effect of what?

MILES

Some of the...cells in my brain. Well, they're basically dying.

He pauses. This is not easy for him.

MILES (CONT'D)

These work for a while, but soon I'll...I have to try something else.

Miles, as best he can, pulls out his pills, places them on the table. It is painful to watch him.

She reads the label.

SEVDA

I don't know much about your illness. Is it...?

MILES

No. It just makes life increasingly...uncomfortable.

SEVDA

It doesn't get better?

MILES

No.

Miles forces a brave smile.

MILES (CONT'D)

For most of my adult life, I've had two goals: I want to be able to hug Emma at her high school graduation, and to walk her down the aisle at her wedding. If I can do that, well...

She does her best to look supportive...

MILES (CONT'D)

Even if she marries a woman. This is Massachusetts.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Sevda holds a pamphlet entitled PARKINSON'S EXERCISES.

Standing before a wall, Miles reaches as high as he can toward the top.

SEVDA

Good. Lean toward the wall and stretch.

This is clearly difficult for him. He strains for a few seconds, and then pauses to rest.

She hands him a water bottle.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

There are other exercises that can be done from the chair.

She picks up a towel, and wipes off his forehead. Miles closes his eyes and sighs gently at her touch.

In response, Sevda playfully swats him with the towel.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Better?

He takes a deep breath, nods.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

So, I'm not sure if I understand. You don't write anything of your own.

MILES

No. Not any more. What are those chair exercises?

She flips a page.

SEVDA

Um...place your arms behind the chair,
bring your shoulders back as far as
possible, raise your head up, and
look at the ceiling.

He complies. As he stares at the ceiling...

MILES

I do mostly technical writing.

SEVDA

Plumbing manuals?

MILES

No. They're far too wrenching.

SEVDA

Uh. Now we're both in pain.

MILES

Corporate orientation pamphlets,
annual reports, things like that.
I've even written some textbooks.

He looks back down at her.

MILES (CONT'D)

It's a good living.

SEVDA

You don't miss your own writing?

MILES

It would have been much worse to
miss Emma's childhood. These jobs
come my way, I do them when she's at
school, or asleep, and I still get
to be a full time Dad.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Sevda lays in bed, unable to sleep.

A loud, persistent BEEP from the laptop.

Curled up in bed, Sevda rises, punches a key, and the alarm
stops. She opens up an incoming EMAIL MESSAGE.

It's a videotape of a masked jihadi delivering an angry
sermon. He brandishes a Quran in one hand, a rifle in the
other.

Sevda listens carefully to the message.

MOMENTS LATER - IN HER APARTMENT

A knock at the DOOR; it's the federal agents to arrest her.

INT. CELL - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

The Guard knocks on the DOOR O.S., as the lights go down.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lights out!

Sevda looks down at her uneaten meal, kicks the DISH away...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Emma is alone with Miles.

He gets a sharp pain in his chest.

EMMA

Do I need to get the nurse?

MILES

It's okay. It should be gone in a few seconds. Can you get me some water?

She retrieves a glass from the bathroom, hands it to him. He sips.

MILES (CONT'D)

I'm all right.

She stares at him, trying to speak.

MILES (CONT'D)

What is it?

EMMA

Do...you want me to go live with Mom?

MILES

What? Of course I don't.

EMMA

I just thought...

MILES

What?

EMMA

I thought maybe if I was gone, and you didn't have to worry about me, you wouldn't be so sick anymore.

She starts to cry.

MILES

Come here.

She does. He holds her close, whispers to her.

MILES (CONT'D)

You're not going anywhere.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

Aida and Pamuk exit the terminal, wave down a taxi cab...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Emma snoozes on the couch beside Miles, who watches her sleep.

An elderly PATIENT passes the room, pushing a walker. The Patient's entire body trembles, as he struggles to propel forward. It is excruciating to watch, but Miles can't look away.

Finally, the Patient is gone, and Miles seems to be wondering if what he just saw was real...

The NURSE enters, stirring Emma from her sleep.

NURSE

You ate all of your breakfast? I'm very proud of you.

MILES

Were those eggs? I couldn't really tell.

NURSE

Well, you won't have to put up with them for too much longer.

He looks over at Emma.

MILES

Lucky me.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Sevda rises from her cot, heads across the room, but steps in the PUDDLE.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - MORNING - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Sevda's foot splashes a PUDDLE along a footpath. Leaves whip around her legs as she strolls along the river.

The expression on her face is enigmatic: the happiness she is beginning to feel seems to be struggling against despair.

INT. BOSTON T TRAIN - DAY

It's a RAINY afternoon; the train bursts with commuters, including Sevda, who stands.

A number of younger males occupy seats nearby. Not one offers theirs to Sevda.

As the T passes SYMPHONY HALL, the marquee O.S. catches her eye. Her face brightens.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

Miles and Sevda watch WHIRLING DERVISHES perform. It is beautiful and hypnotic, and the entire audience is spellbound.

Sevda's body leans forward, as if she were reaching out to the DERVISHES.

Miles' eyes move from the stage over to Sevda. He reaches a trembling hand over to hers.

A single tear rolls down Sevda's cheek.

EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT

The rain has ended, leaving the city covered with a bright, clear sheen.

The show over, Miles and Sevda ramble back to the train stop. As they stroll, they keep looking back and forth at each other, but never say a word until...

MILES

Is it Thursday?

SEVDA

Yes, it is. Why?

Miles looks at his watch.

MILES

There's something I want to show you.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

A choral concert. A large CHOIR works its way through "I Was There to Hear Your Borne Cry." The sound is majestic and elegant.

Sevda and Miles are among the audience.

This time, Sevda reaches for Miles' hand.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma is curled up in bed with her book. Smokey snores away on the floor.

Sevda enters.

EMMA

How did my Dad seem today?

SEVDA

Good.

Sevda looks over at Emma's bookshelves.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

This always reminds me of my uncle's study.

EMMA

A lot of the other girls think I'm weird because I spend all my time at the library instead of hanging out at the mall. I'm the only one in my class who doesn't have a cell phone.

SEVDA

Are those things you would like?

EMMA

Sometimes.

Sevda nods, unsure what to say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

There's something I don't understand about people.

SEVDA

What's that?

EMMA

When Tarka's a cub, he kills eels just for fun. But it's mostly because he doesn't know better, and he's learning. 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.

SEVDA

I think it's because...so very few
of us actually do grow up.

INT. CELL - DAWN - BACK TO PRESENT

Sevda studies the stream of SUNLIGHT from the WINDOW.

She rises, covers herself in a blanket, washes herself off
in the sink.

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

Hana climbs down to join her.

INT. BUCHANON'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

Aida and Pamuk interview Buchanan.

BUCHANON

Ibrahim and I were at Cambridge
together. We made quite a pair:
the Ottoman scholar from Surrey, the
Keats scholar from Istanbul.

He hands Aida a PHOTOGRAPH of the two men from their
university days, sharing a laugh in a dorm room.

Aida hands the PHOTO to Pamuk.

BUCHANON (CONT'D)

Anyway, this whole thing started
with Yusuf. He had gotten it into
his fifteenth century head that Sevda
had brought some sort of "shame"
upon the family.

Aida and Pamuk exchange a look: we were right.

INT. IBRAHIM'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Ibrahim tears open an unmarked envelope. Out tumbles a
passport in the name of SEVDA KEMAL.

BUCHANON (V.O.)

I think Ibrahim spent his entire
pension smuggling her out.

INT. TURKISH POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kasaba, in uniform, signs the police report, and heads down
a hallway. He enters

A FILE ROOM

He places the file in a drawer marked CLOSED (in Turkish).

BUCHANON (V.O.)

I'm sure he made other arrangements
as well.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Distraught, Sevda watches Turkey disappear through the
WINDOW...

BUCHANON (V.O.)

We thought that if she stayed with
me, I could keep her safe.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

A terrified Sevda enters the terminal.

Buchanon spots her.

BUCHANON

(in Turkish)

Sevda? My name's Angus. I'm a friend
of your uncle's. Everything's going
to be all right.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - SEVDA IN ENGLAND

--Intimidated by her surroundings, Sevda wanders the house.

--Curled up in the fetal position on her bed, she cries.
Buchanon hears her outside the DOOR, enters very slowly. He
places a tray of food on a table. She ignores him.

--Buchanon dines in his breakfast nook. Cautiously, Sevda
enters and joins him.

--Sevda explored the garden. She is tense and anxious, but
can't help but be enchanted by the HYDRANGEAS.

--Sevda masters her English lessons.

--Buchanon gives Sevda a birthday present. She tears open
the package: it's the KEATS volume.

--The British Imam greets Sevda as she enters her mosque.
Now clad in hijab, she happily returns the greeting.

AIDA (V.O.)

What changed?

BUCHANON (V.O.)
A letter from Ibrahim.

INT. BUCHANON'S STUDY - DAY

Sevda, frightened, shows Buchanon a LETTER.

SEVDA
Khalil is coming to London.

BUCHANON
When?

SEVDA
Soon.

BACK TO PRESENT - IN BUCHANON'S STUDY

BUCHANON
By then, Ibrahim was in hospital.
Most of his voice was gone. You
could even tell by the handwriting
that...

Buchanon's voice cracks; he looks away to collect himself.

BUCHANON (CONT'D)
Pardon me.

He turns back to his guests.

AIDA
Did Khalil find out?

BUCHANON
I don't know. We didn't want to
take the chance. I set her up at
university, and her Imam helped
connect her with a new mosque.

PAMUK
What did the police say when you
told them all of this?

BUCHANON
They think I've been duped by Sevda
and the MBK. I've been placed under
travel restriction, my phones are
tapped, and I'm sure you noticed my
escorts.

Buchanon gestures towards the WINDOW: at the end of his
driveway rests an unmarked police car.

BUCHANON (CONT'D)

Hopefully, they'll catch him soon,
and people will stop talking about
dispatching me to the Jeffrey Archer
home for wayward lords.

AIDA

Do you still have that letter from
Ibrahim?

BUCHANON

The police searched her room...but I
think she took it with her to Boston.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The Turkish Man stares out the plane WINDOW.

A man in a RED SOX CAP snoozes beside him...

INT. CELL - DAY

Hana uses the BOOK to practice her English, as Sevda looks
on...

HANA

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

SEVDA

Abundant.

HANA

Abundant wealth.

SEVDA

Good.

The DOOR opens, and the Guard enters. She stares at Hana a
moment.

Hana and Sevda both rise. The prisoners exchange an embrace.
Hana leaves Sevda with the BOOK of poetry.

The Guard slams the DOOR, escorts Hana away.

INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma stares out the WINDOW--the reporters are lined up along
the street.

LATER - IN EMMA'S BEDROOM

Emma kneels in prayer. She stops, interrupted by a thought.

She pulls a plastic tote out from under her bed. Smokey does his best to get in the way.

Emma withdraws some gauze fabric from the tote...

INT. DETENTION CENTER, MEAL ROOM - DAY

A crowded breakfast service, but Sevda eats alone. The Guard approaches.

A few women watch what transpires.

GUARD

We aren't going to have any more outbursts, are we?

SEVDA

Do you not understand how to use a pronoun?

This angers the Guard, but Sevda refuses to blink. Finally, the Guard retreats.

Sevda returns to her meal as if nothing had occurred.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Emma, clad in a new head scarf, marches defiantly across the blacktop.

Several kids tease her as she passes, but she ignores them all.

Jared watches her with fascination...

INT. CELL - DAY

The DOOR slides open, and the GUARD stands beside a young CZECH WOMAN--Sevda's new cell mate.

The Woman, frozen in fear, stands in the doorway.

Sevda takes the Woman's hand, gently guides her over to the cot.

SEVDA

It's okay.

Sevda throws a look at the Guard, who withdraws.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Emma climbs onto the bus, sits down alone.

The kids return to their abuse.

Tommy seated behind her, tugs on the head scarf. Emma jerks her head away, trying to get free, but the scarf is tangled in her hair. Tommy persists, laughing the whole time.

Jared appears, and shoves Tommy backward. He lets go of Emma.

JARED
Leave her alone!

TOMMY
Hey, Jared likes the Islam!

Tommy lunges toward Jared, knocking him to the floor.

The bully has no time to gloat, though, as Emma's fist clocks him in the jaw.

EMMA
(to Tommy)
You're such a dumb shit. I can't believe you thought New Mexico was *still* in Mexico.

The other students laugh at Tommy. Humiliated, he shrinks into his seat, nursing his chin.

Emma pulls Jared up off the floor. Their eyes meet, and they exchange a nervous smile.

INT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BOSTON - DAY

The Turkish Man arrives...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miles lies in his bed, as the Nurse enters with a BLUE VASE. It contains a bouquet of VIOLETS.

NURSE
Those roses were beginning to stink.
So I had the florist send these up.
Pretty, aren't they?

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda reads the Rabia BOOK, when she notices the stream of SUNLIGHT land on the open page.

INT. ARIKAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Cutting through the WINDOW is a thin stream of SUNLIGHT. It lands on the floor near YOUNG SEVDA, twelve years old.

Under Nalan's watchful eye, Sevda prepares a plate of food.

She follows her mother into

THE DINING ROOM

It's filled with men. They are served without a word from Sevda or Nalan.

Yusuf waves them out.

LATER - IN THE KITCHEN

Sevda and her mother dine together at a cramped table, then clean up after the men.

EXT. ISTANBUL BAZAAR - DAY

Young Sevda accompanies Nalan to the local souk. They stop at a fruit stand.

Nalan and the MERCHANT speak Turkish.

NALAN

You want *how much* for these olives?

MERCHANT

These are imported from Tuscany--

NALAN

On a ship made of gold?

She picks up one of the olives, carefully inspects it.

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.

NALAN

Very well.

She turns to leave.

MERCHANT

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

NALAN
 For me, you will assume I am a fool?
 I said ten.

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.

After buying the olives, Nalan leads her daughter to a different stand. The SHOPKEEPER there recognizes Nalan and hides, shoving 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 - EVENING

Returning home from the market, Nalan and Young Sevda walk alone down a narrow street, squeezed on both sides by apartments. Nalan carries the food and flowers in a basket.

YOUNG SEVDA
 (in Kurdish)
 What time is Ibrahim coming over?

NALAN
 (in Kurdish)
 Six o'clock.

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

The Beggar and Nalan speak Kurdish.

BEGGAR
 Give me the basket.

Nalan puts herself between the Beggar and Sevda, who peers around her mother to watch what transpires.

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 and your daughter.

NALAN
No, you will not.

The Beggar and Nalan stare at each other a moment, waiting for the other to make the first move.

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.

The Beggar looks dumbfounded, and can't seem to decide whether to accept the offer or follow through on his threat.

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 she pulls it back.

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

Their eyes lock a moment, before the Beggar turns away, weeping.

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 as gently as possible.

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, and then dashes away.

Nalan allows herself to breathe. She trembles and her eyes well up.

Sevda stares up at her mother, lost in admiration.

Nalan pulls herself together, grabs her daughter's hand.

EXT. TURKEY - NIGHT

Young Sevda and Ibrahim stand on a mountaintop, staring at the heavens.

They speak in Kurdish.

A METEOR Streaks across the sky.

IBRAHIM

Now!

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

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Did you catch it?

Laughing, Sevda shakes her head.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Be ready. Any second now.

Another METEOR. Sevda reaches up again.

YOUNG 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.

Suddenly, the sky explodes in a SHOWER OF METEORS.

Sevda and Ibrahim both step back, gasp.

YOUNG SEVDA & IBRAHIM

Allah hu!

INT. CELL - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Sevda reaches out to catch the LIGHT. She cups her hand around it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miles studies the VIOLETS as the outside LIGHT bathes them in a radiant glow.

His memory returns to

OUTSIDE SEVDA'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Miles leaves VIOLETS and DAISIES on Sevda's doorstep.

INSIDE THE CELL - BACK TO PRESENT

Squeezing her hand around the LIGHT, Sevda thinks back to

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS - FLASHBACK

She and Miles admire the HYDRANGEAS.

IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

A smile crosses Miles' face.

MILES

Allah hu.

IN THE CELL

Sevda is overcome by a whirlwind of elation and despair.

IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Miles, in a gesture of frustration and defiance, tosses off his covers.

He lifts his body up to a sitting position, his face tense with determination...

IN THE CELL

Sevda stalks the room like a caged animal. She is becoming consumed with anger.

The Czech woman grows fearful...

IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

With great effort, Miles pulls himself out of bed. He plants his feet on the floor, props himself up against the gurney.

He marches towards the DOOR, fighting his dizziness...

IN THE CELL

Sevda screams as she bangs her arms on the DOOR.

She pounds on the PIPE, causing a vibration that seems to shake the entire wing.

Blood gushes down her sleeve, as the Guard yanks open the DOOR.

The Czech Woman wails in terror.

The Guard spots the wounds, calls for help on the radio...

IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The nurse enters, finds Miles, unconscious on the floor...

INT. BUCHANON' STUDY - NIGHT

Aida, Pamuk, and Buchanon compare notes with Malik and Reis.

Reis is fully engaged with the conversation, but Malik seems skeptical these two can be any use to him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Miles is back in bed, his face bruised.

Dennis is with him.

DENNIS

Well, I think there were just a couple
a hiccups with your plan.

MILES

What plan?

DENNIS

Your plan ta go find Sevda.

MILES

I wasn't--

Dennis gives him a look: don't bullshit me. Miles relents.

MILES (CONT'D)

Well, it wasn't exactly a plan.

DENNIS

I'll say. First of all, she's still in jail. Also, ya can't actually stand.

MILES

(laughing)

Other than that, it was perfect.

For one of the few times in their lives, they share a hearty laugh.

MILES (CONT'D)

Dad, can I ask you something? How come you never thought Sevda was guilty?

Dennis takes a thoughtful breath.

MILES (CONT'D)

I mean, she's not really acting like someone who's innocent.

DENNIS

No. She's actin' like someone who's given up. And ya know somethin' about what that feels like.

A reluctant nod.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know why she's actin' the way she is. I also don't know what this girl's been through. She's no killer, Miles.

Dennis becomes grave and distant. He seems to be choking back tears.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Trust me. I would know.

INT. CELL - DAY

The DOOR opens, and Sevda, her wrists bandaged, enters.

Embarrassed, she glances quickly at her cell mate, before sitting down on her cot.

The Czech Woman crosses over to Sevda, gently reaches out towards Sevda's wounds.

CZECH WOMAN

Is...okay?

Sevda nods.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Georgina approaches Miles' doorway with great trepidation, slowly crosses the threshold.

GEORGINA

May I come in?

Georgina spots his wounds.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

MILES

Nothing. I just fell. I'm fine.

An unpleasant moment: they both know why she's there, but neither wants to go first.

MILES (CONT'D)

So...talk to your lawyer?

GEORGINA

Look, I know you think that--

MILES

What I think doesn't matter. What matters is what you did.

GEORGINA

Miles, I couldn't even take care of myself. You know that.

MILES

And now you can?

GEORGINA

Yes. Better than--

She can't finish the sentence, but they both know what it means.

MILES

Get out.

INT. AIDA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Aida performs her evening prayer, finds it hard to concentrate. She squeezes the prayer rug like her hands are vice grips.

She cries--tears of frustration, impotent rage. It is as if all the pain and loss in her life are being channeled; the prayer is a cleansing.

IN THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Aida pours herself a glass of water. Eyes reddened, she seems flushed and drained.

A sudden realization: she races over to the phone, picks up the receiver.

AIDA

Pamuk! I know where the letter is!

INT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Emma opens the DOOR to find Aida and Pamuk.

The Reporters eye them in the b.g.

AIDA

Emma. Is your grandfather at home?

EMMA

I think he's at the hospital.

AIDA

Do you have a key to Sevda's apartment?

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The DOOR unlocks, Emma leads Aida and Pamuk into the room. It is still in some disarray from the FBI search.

PAMUK

Do you think the FBI might have taken it?

AIDA

Perhaps.

EMMA

What are you looking for?

AIDA

Sevda's Quran.

EMMA

It's in our house.

INT. MILES' DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma pulls the Quran out of Sevda's SHOULDER BAG, still on the floor. The BAG falls over, and Emma notices Sevda's TAPE RECORDER tumble out with the books.

Aida retrieves the QURAN, kisses it three times.

She opens it, and several folded sheets of paper drift to the ground.

Pamuk collects them, searches for the one he wants.

PAMUK

Here.

Pamuk scans the LETTER. After a moment, he looks up at Aida, and smiles.

INT. BOSTON HOTEL - DAY

The Turkish Man looks out onto Boston Common from his hotel room...

INT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Sevda is led into the visitor room, but is surprised to find Dennis, not Aida.

She pulls her sleeves down to hide her wounds.

DENNIS

Are they treatin' you well?

Sevda nods.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Aida tells me you aren't talkin'. I know ya probably have ya reasons for that. And I'm sure in a lot a ways they make sense. Look, I'm an old man. I've fought in two big wars, and a shit load a smaller ones, pardon my French. I've made some mistakes. Some I've made peace with, some I probably never will. I don't know what happened that makes ya wanna punish yourself. Whatever it was...I don't think it's what ya in here for.

He gazes at her, hoping she'll tell him something.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I also know that no mess I ever made
got better with me sittin' on my ass
and thinkin' it was some kinda
penance.

She still says nothing.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I didn't come here to tell
ya that. I came here to deliver a
message from Miles. He wants ya to
know that...

Sevda becomes fearful...

DENNIS (CONT'D)

That no matter what happens...he
still believes in ya.

The relief on Sevda's face is unmistakable: this is exactly
what she needed to hear.

INT. HOSPITAL GIFT SHOP - DAY

Emma searches for a suitable gift for her father. She
stumbles upon Georgina.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - LATER

Georgina and John treat Emma to ice cream. It's an uneasy,
awkward conversation.

Emma's coat hangs over her chair.

GEORGINA

Your Dad says you want to go to
college in California.

Emma nods.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Did you know I was from Santa Cruz?

EMMA

Uh-huh.

Emma looks over at John. She catches him staring at her
head scarf.

JOHN

Um...you ever been to Chicago?

Emma shakes her head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's a great city. We could take you there sometime. You'd probably like the Field Museum.

Georgina glares at him. He shrugs.

EMMA

May I be excused to use the rest room?

GEORGINA

Of course.

She exits, leaving her coat behind.

JOHN

What else do you need?

GEORGINA

It's not that simple.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The Nurse helps Miles inch up and down the hallway. He is struggling, but happy to be mobile again...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Georgina and Emma walk together through the hospital gardens. Mother and daughter seem to be in an uncomfortable silence.

John reads a newspaper on a bench in the b.g., giving them space.

GEORGINA

Your father never told you why I left, did he?

EMMA

He said you were sick after I was born, and that you went off to get better.

GEORGINA

More or less.

Emma eyes her mother with suspicion.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Is it okay if I explain it to you?

Emma makes a gesture somewhere between a shrug and a nod.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)
Your father's right. I was sick
after you were born.

EMMA
Because I was a Caesarean baby?

GEORGINA
No. After you were born...I was
really...depressed.

EMMA
Because of me?

GEORGINA
No, no, not at all. It had nothing
to do with you.

Emma appears confused.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)
You see, pregnancy brings about a
lot of chemical changes in a woman.
After the baby is born, the chemistry
changes again. It's actually very
common. I just had it...a lot worse
than...most women.

This explanation seems not to impress Emma. Georgina decides
to push on.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)
So, I was in the hospital off and
on...until about the time you were
five. But I was still...not really
in any shape to be your mother. And
by that time your father and I
...weren't really husband and wife
anymore. So I...we decided you would
stay with your Dad.

Emma studies her a moment, as if she's trying to ascertain
her agenda.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)
Anyway. That's the story. I'm really
sorry.

She puts her hand on Emma's shoulder. Her daughter freezes,
unsure how to react.

Emma looks over at a pond, spots a scrawny heron hunting for
food.

EMMA

That heron is going to be disappointed. There's nothing for it to eat in there.

INT. DETENTION CENTER, VISITOR ROOM - DAY

Sevda waits for Aida, who enters and holds Ibrahim's LETTER up to the glass.

AIDA

Are you finally ready to make my job easier?

MOMENTS LATER - VISITOR ROOM

Sevda tells Aida her story...

SEVDA

His name was Omer. He was Turkish, so my father would never approve. I used to sneak out of the house with him after I went to bed. When my father found out he said...he said...I had dishonored them...and there was only one way to...

She trembles; the memory is still too much.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Khalil wanted to be the one. But father had plans for him. He was supposed to go off into the mountains of Iraq and join the militias. He couldn't risk having him in jail.

AIDA

So Ibrahim offered to do it?

Sevda nods.

SEVDA

If any man was going to...and then the night he came...

INT. ARIKAN HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK MONTAGE

--Ibrahim restrains Sevda in the living room. The VASE shatters. Dozens of PHOTOGRAPHS, all with a face cut out, confetti the living room floor.

--He shoves Sevda in 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.

IBRAHIM
(in Turkish)
Sevda! Sevda! It's all right.

SEVDA
(in Turkish)
Let go of me!

IBRAHIM
(in Turkish)
Sevda, look at me. Look at me.
Everything's going to be okay. It's
going to be okay.

She begins to calm down.

IBRAHIM (CONT'D)
(in Turkish)
Do you believe me?

She studies his face a moment, then nods.

--Sevda climbs into the front seat, still unsure of what's happening. Ibrahim hands her a satchel. It contains boarding passes, 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, speaking to her softly, his manner and body language suggesting both tenderness and assurance.

--Ibrahim watches a trembling Sevda board an airplane. He stays in the terminal until it is airborne...

BACK TO PRESENT - IN THE INTERVIEW ROOM

Sevda wipes her tears away.

SEVDA
He said he would make sure that my
father and Khalil would never be
able to hurt me.

EXT. BOSTON MOSQUE - DAY

Following prayers, the congregates spill out into the street.

The Turkish Man is among them...

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emma enters, closes the DOOR behind her. She reaches into her coat pocket, withdraws Sevda's TAPE RECORDER.

She rewinds the tape...

IN THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis is cleaning up when Emma appears.

She hands him the TAPE RECORDER. He eyes it with curiosity.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Novak rips open the package, finds a stack of papers: a photocopy of Ibrahim's LETTER to Sevda, with a TRANSLATION; AFFIDAVITS from Kasaba, Buchanon, and Sevda.

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.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, JUDGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida meets with the Judge, and speaks with great urgency. She opens up a file marked HONOR KILLINGS.

The Judge peruses it as Aida speaks. In the file are disturbing PHOTOGRAPHS of grievously injured or brutally murdered women.

Stunned, the Judge nods gravely, and signs a document on the desk.

INT. CELL - DAY

Sevda and the Czech Woman read from the Rabia book.

The DOOR opens. The Guard enters, eyes Sevda.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Georgina and John enter. They find Dennis and Emma seated in the chairs. Both appear solemn.

GEORGINA

(to Dennis)

I just got your message. Is everything okay?

She notices Miles' empty hospital bed.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Where's Miles?

The bathroom DOOR pops open, and out comes Miles--appearing reasonably healthy, but supported by a cane.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Miles doesn't reply; he simply stares at her, gravely.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Miles?

It is then that Georgina and John notice the silent disdain from Emma and Dennis.

JOHN

What's going on?

Miles crosses the room, picks up the TAPE RECORDER, and presses PLAY.

ON THE RECORDING

John and Georgina's conversation from the CAFETERIA...

JOHN

What else do you need?

GEORGINA

It's not that simple.

JOHN

Look, this is a golden opportunity--

GEORGINA

Stop talking about her like she's some sort of...hedge fund.

JOHN

I'm telling you, it's a slam dunk. His health is getting worse, he's got some fucking raghead building bombs above his garage--

GEORGINA

Don't call her that.

JOHN

He's even got Emma dressing like she's one of them. We've got to get her out of here before it's too late.

GEORGINA

John--

JOHN

We're going to find a judge in this town who's going to give us what we want. I don't care how long it takes or what it costs.

GEORGINA

And what if we can't?

JOHN

Then we'll take matters into our own hands. We'll fucking kidnap her if we have to.

Miles SHUTS OFF the tape.

Georgina is mortified, but John is nearly ready to explode in anger...

MILES

I think it's time to go.

JOHN

Hey, I didn't mean--

MILES

I wasn't talking to you.

JOHN

That recording was totally illegal. We had no idea she was bugged. What kind of a person bugs his own daughter?

GEORGINA

John--

AIDA (O.S.)

Actually, it is perfectly legal.

Aida strolls into the room.

AIDA (CONT'D)

In the state of Massachusetts, you can be recorded in a public place without your consent. Perfectly admissible in court.

John glares at her.

AIDA (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. I haven't introduced myself. I'm Aida. The raghead attorney.

John looks like he's about to respond, but before he can--

GEORGINA

John. Meet me in the car.

JOHN

What?

GEORGINA

You heard me.

Mustering what's left of his dignity, he heads out, but first makes the mistake of trying to stare down Aida.

Humiliated, he scurries off.

Georgina turns back to Miles.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry about this, Miles. I never would have...

Georgina takes a tentative step towards him, and then reconsiders.

She turns to Emma.

GEORGINA (CONT'D)

Good bye, Emma.

EMMA

Good bye.

Georgina waits a moment, considers saying something else. Finally, she gives up and leaves.

The heaviness hangs in the room.

AIDA

Is everyone ready?

EMMA

(to Aida)

Is that really a law?

AIDA

It is now.

EXT. FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Aida and Sevda push through the DOOR. Sevda carries the Rabia BOOK.

A throng of reporters encircle them, but federal marshals guide them through to an unmarked SUV.

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

EXT. PARKING LOT - FRAMINGHAM, MASS. - DAY

Deserted and neglected, the lot surrounds an abandoned department store.

The SUV pulls in.

Miles, Emma, and Dennis wait by their car.

The SUV parks, and Aida and Sevda emerge from it.

Emma races over to Sevda, embraces her. After a moment, Emma finally relinquishes.

Sevda touches her head scarf.

SEVDA

What's this?

EMMA

I promised...I'd wear it every day
until you got out.

Emma pulls it off. Sevda squeezes her shoulders.

She heads over to Miles, who takes her hands in his.

SEVDA

I'm sorry.

MILES

It wasn't your fault.

SEVDA

I want you to know everything about
me.

MILES

No more finding out about each other
from lawyers.

SEVDA

Perhaps we can go back to the
mapparium and whisper to each other
from across the room.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Curled up on the floor, Sevda squeezes Ibrahim's LETTERS to her chest, as if she were terrified to drop them.

The DOOR knocks O.S.

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVENING

The Turkish Man reads his email at a computer station. Something catches his eye O.S.

He picks up a newspaper and sees a headline: KURDISH IMMIGRANT, LOCAL IMAM RELEASED.

INT. BOSTON T TRAIN - EVENING

Miles and Sevda ride the T together. Sevda, KEATS volume in her lap, appears lost in silence.

Miles reaches over and takes her hand. She clamps his fingers tightly.

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY - EVENING

The Turkish Man does an internet search. He writes down some information in his note pad...

EXT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - EVENING

Miles and Sevda head inside.

MILES

So, are you ready for this?

SEVDA

I think so.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - EVENING

A packed crowd for the poetry performance. A STUDENT finishes up his Shakespeare sonnet...

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, and the student, relieved, leaves the stage.

The PROFESSOR approaches the podium.

PROFESSOR

Very good job. Thank you. Up next,
we have Sevda Kemal reading John
Keats' "To Autumn."

Miles gives Sevda an encouraging look. She rises, slowly
approaches the stage.

She looks out at the crowd a moment, takes a deep breath.

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. To..."

Suddenly, her memory fails her...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"To..."

IN THE AUDIENCE

Miles, the copy of KEATS open in his lap, tries to will her
through.

MILES

(whispering)

"To swell the gourd."

SEVDA

"To..."

A wave of sympathy, marred by some discomfort, from the
audience.

Sevda looks over at Miles. Her panic at first is
unmistakable, but then she seems overtaken by a sudden calm.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"You..."

Sevda trembles, as tears begin to fall.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

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

The Professor, baffled, flips through her copy of Keats.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"My abundant wealth. Without you--
without you--my life...my love..."

It is a cathartic cry.

The entire audience seems to hold their breath.

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 struggles to continue, as tears streak her face.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

"Be satisfied with me, and I am
satisfied."

EXT. NEWTON TRAIN STATION - EVENING

The Turkish Man disembarks the T train.

He marches past the body spray ADVERTISEMENT.

EXT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - EVENING

Miles, still stunned, waits for Sevda.

She opens the DOOR, wiping her face.

Miles reaches over, brushes her tears away. They food into
a tender embrace.

EXT. NEWTON - NIGHT

The Turkish Man marches down the street, closes in on Miles'
house...

INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is decorated for Christmas.

Dennis reads the evening paper.

Smokey trots into the room, agitated. She lets out a deep
guttural HOWL.

The doorbell RINGS, and Smokey engages in a full blown BARK.

In shock, Dennis stares at the dog.

IN EMMA'S ROOM

Emma is jerked instantly from her sleep.

EMMA

Smokey?

Dennis appears in her doorway.

DENNIS

It's okay, sweetheart. Smokey's fine. Go back to sleep.

He closes the DOOR, the BARKING continues.

Emma lies in bed, trying to stay calm.

A SHADOW moves across her WINDOW. She lets out a slight gasp.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Smokey continues to BARK at the DOOR.

Dennis is gone...

Emma enters, sees a man's SHADOW through the WINDOW blinds.

She peers through a crack, and sees the tense Turkish Man, his hand hidden in his jacket pocket.

Their eyes meet, and Emma backs away...

OUTSIDE - ON THE FRONT PORCH

The Turkish Man notices a SHADOW move behind him.

He turns, and finds himself knocked flat on his back. He tries to get up, and is kicked back down again.

He looks up and sees Dennis...

AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY

Miles and Sevda hear the DOG, and freeze.

They spot the commotion on the porch.

SECONDS LATER - THE FRONT PORCH

Miles and Sevda race up to find Dennis looming over his opponent, who lies bleeding and defeated on the ground.

MILES

Dad?

Dennis is a pillar of concentration--so much so that it unnerves his son.

MILES (CONT'D)

Dad? What's going on?

Dennis keeps his gaze fixed on the Turkish Man.

DENNIS

I think Sevda's brother stopped by a little early for Christmas.

The Turkish Man lifts his head into the LIGHT.

Sevda gasps. He is clearly the last person she expected to see.

SEVDA

That...that isn't my brother.

Dennis finally turns.

DENNIS

Who the hell is it?

SEVDA

His...his name is...Omer.

INT. MILES' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Miles and Dennis sip coffee. They are both anxious, but silent.

Smokey wanders about, still on alert.

Emma enters, climbs onto a chair next to Dennis.

Miles looks out at

SEVDA'S APARTMENT

Wherein Sevda and Omer speak in Turkish.

He sits at the table, bandaged, holds an ice pack to his head.

Sevda leans against the sink, arms folded, stares at the floor.

OMER

Do not apologize. Mr. Stephens was protecting his family. If I thought your brother was at the front door, I would have done the same.

She nods, not really listening to him.

OMER (CONT'D)

It also makes a good story for my first visit to America. Although, when I tell it, Mr. Stephens will be much younger.

SEVDA

How...did you ever find me?

OMER

I knew you were alive.

SEVDA

What? How?

OMER

Ibrahim. I knew he never would have...that he must have hidden you somewhere. I thought I missed my chance. But then I saw this.

Omer reaches into his jacket pocket and produces three items: the OBITUARY of Ibrahim, the PHOTOGRAPH of Sevda, and a crumpled copy of the newspaper ARTICLE he spotted in the library.

He hands Sevda the OBITUARY.

She seems to feel Ibrahim's loss all over again.

OMER (CONT'D)

It says that he had planned to retire to London.

She gently runs her fingers over the newspaper PICTURE of Ibrahim.

OMER (CONT'D)

I searched the city for weeks. Finally, I found some people who knew you. One of them told me you had come here.

Omer shows her the ARTICLE.

OMER (CONT'D)

I found your landlord's address in some publication called...*Who's Who*? What does that mean?

SEVDA

It doesn't matter.

OMER

Sevda? That's a pretty name. Did Ibrahim choose it?

SEVDA

Omer...have you come all this way to...?

He puts down the ice pack, moves toward her.

OMER

I still want you to be my wife. Just like we promised.

SEVDA

That was a long time ago. You know I can't go back to Turkey.

OMER

You don't have to. I live in Dubai now.

SEVDA

Dubai?

OMER

Yes. I own my own business. We can make a good life there.

SEVDA

Omer...

OMER

And when the time is right, I will bring your mother over to live with us.

SEVDA

My mother? Does she know I'm alive?

OMER

Not yet.

SEVDA

How will you bring her over? If she tried to leave, do you know what would happen to her?

OMER

There's nothing to fear--

SEVDA

Nothing to fear? My father said I had to die. Just because I wanted to marry a Turk.

OMER

But Ibrahim is the one who betrayed him, not you.

SEVDA

I betrayed him. I betrayed him when I didn't come back to Istanbul and face my death like a good Arikan woman. I betrayed him when I refused to throw myself in front of the Tube the day I arrived in London. That's what he'll say. And then he'll tell Khalil where I am, and there'll be no one to protect me.

Omer is hurt by this, but decides to let it go...

OMER

Do you know for sure Khalil is in London?

SEVDA

I tried to figure out where he was on the internet.

OMER

Did that work?

For a moment, Sevda

FLASHES BACK TO THE JIHADIST EMAIL

She shudders from the memory.

SEVDA

No. Not at all.

OMER

How would your mother feel if she knew you were still alive?

SEVDA

I think...

Her eyes well up.

Omer gently pulls her close to him.

OMER

Maybe you're right. But come back to Dubai with me. I promise you. We'll find a way to get her out.

She remains unconvinced.

He tries to hold her, but she won't reciprocate.

After a moment, though, she seems to remember how he once made her feel, and leans into his embrace.

SEVDA
Omer...why didn't you come sooner?

EXT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Omer leaves, heads up the driveway.

He hears the sound of a DOOR opening O.S., and turns to find Miles standing in the doorway.

The Turk stops, as Miles moves himself into a position between Omer and Sevda's apartment.

The two glare at each other a moment, but it is clear that neither is good at this sort of male posturing.

MILES
You...heading home?

OMER
My hotel. I'll be here until the end of the week.

MILES
The T stop is a couple of blocks up on the right.

OMER
Thank you for looking after Cira.

MILES
You don't need to thank me.

For another moment, neither of them speak. Finally, Omer turns and leaves.

Miles watches him disappear down the street.

INT. SEVDA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles and Sevda sit opposite each other. It is clear from their body language she has told him.

MILES
What are you going to do?

She shakes her head.

Miles takes a deep breath.

MILES (CONT'D)

I used to think that all I needed
and wanted was to be Emma's father.
That...would be enough. And it was,
until...

He reaches over and takes her hands. She finally looks up
at him.

MILES (CONT'D)

I know I can't give you your mother
back. And we could probably think
of a hundred different reasons
why...you and I...would be
complicated. But I don't care about
any of those. I only care about you
staying here. With me.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The LIGHT is out, but Emma is awake, nervous.

Miles enters.

EMMA

Are you okay?

MILES

I think so.

EMMA

Is she going to go with Omer?

MILES

I don't know.

She nods, fearful...

MILES (CONT'D)

Listen, I wanted to ask you something.
I told Sevda that I wanted to marry
her. What do you think about that?

EMMA

I want you to marry her.

INT. LONDON APARTMENT - DAY

KHALIL ARIKAN, 28, concentrates on assembling an explosive
device, while calmly singing the Arabic POP TUNE to himself.

A knock on the DOOR O.S. The singing grows LOUDER.

The knock becomes more insistent, but Khalil continues to
ignore it.

Finally, a force of armed POLICE OFFICERS burst into the room.

Khalil rises, points to the device so the officers can see it. His HAND is centimeters away from the detonator.

Reis and Malik enter, stand off to the side of the squadron.

There is an eerie calm about Khalil; he's like a professor debating a precocious student.

Reis and Khalil converse in Turkish.

REIS

Khalil. This is not the way.

KHALIL

No?

REIS

Anything is better than this.

KHALIL

Anything? Anything? When we try voting, they don't let us hold office. Or they ban political parties illegal.

REIS

Back away from it.

KHALIL

My uncle thought we should follow Gandhi.

REIS

These officers will shoot you--

KHALIL

But what good does Satyagraha do against air missiles?

REIS

If you keep doing this, it will make it worse for Kurds everywhere. You just give Turkey and Iran more excuses. And now you will do the same for Britain.

KHALIL

The British should know better.

REIS

Do you want your free Kurdistan to be a graveyard?

KHALIL

Did you ever read John Milton?

REIS

Back away from it, Khalil.

KHALIL

"They who put out the people's eyes
reproach them for their blindness."
Do you think that's true?

REIS

Back away. Please.

Khalil moves his HAND. Reis eyes widen with fear--

REIS (CONT'D)

No!

The officers FIRE their weapons...

MOMENTS LATER - IN THE APARTMENT

Reis examines Khalil's body. He looks up at Malik, gives a solemn nod.

Malik observes the collection of bomb making materials, the stack of handwritten papers, and the Milton collection. He pauses to look at the PHOTOGRAPH.

He comes across a small CD player, and turns it on. It plays the same Arabic POP SONG.

Malik looks out the WINDOW at the cordoned off street.

FLASHBACK - INSIDE THE APARTMENT

Khalil heads down the stairs humming the POP SONG.

He heads OUTSIDE as Omer walks down the street. Neither man notices the other.

From a nearby vehicle, Malik PHOTOGRAPHS Khalil as Reis looks on...

BACK TO PRESENT

Malik shuts off the CD player.

INT. AIDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Aida finishes a phone call as Sevda appears in the doorway.

AIDA

Yes. Thank you, detective.

Aida's look tells her what has happened...

LATER - IN THE OFFICE

Aida and Sevda sit in her office, a pot of tea STEAMING between them. Only Aida has a cup.

Sevda shakes her head in disgust.

AIDA

It doesn't look like Khalil had any idea you were alive. He seemed only interested in killing Turks and writing some manifesto about Kurdish independence.

SEVDA

He was a terrible writer.

(pause)

What about the Imam?

AIDA

They let him go.

Aida's phone VIBRATES. She glances at the number, shuts off the phone.

SEVDA

The newspaper again?

Aida nods.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

I wish I could just be...no one.

Sevda rises, heads over to the WINDOW, and stares out at the bleak sky, as a blissed out couple wanders past the building...

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Do you remember the story I told you about my mother? The day at the souk? She always seemed so submissive to my father and to Khalil. Most of the men in her life underestimated her. They had no idea. I wish I...had a lot more of her in me.

She turns back to Aida.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

Do you think Omer could really get my mother out of Turkey?

AIDA
He did find you in Boston.

SEVDA
And I found Miles.

Aida nods.

SEVDA (CONT'D)
He says he wants to marry me.

AIDA
He moves quickly, our complicated
non-Muslim man.

SEVDA
Would he have to convert? Would I?

AIDA
If the Prophet could marry a
Christian, I fail to see why you
could not.

Sevda leans against the wall, puts her face in her hands.

After a few seconds, Aida rises, crosses over to Sevda.

AIDA (CONT'D)
There is a quote from sura thirty
that goes like this: "And among His
signs is that he created mates for
you from yourselves that you may
dwell in tranquility with them."
Who does that sound like: Miles or
Omer?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

There is no service; a handful of congregates pray in silence.

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

After a moment, he rises, lights a candle.

MONTAGE - SEVDA SPENDS THE DAY ALONE

--Sevda paces along the Charles River, shivering in a jacket.

--At the art museum, she studies the Kurdish VASE.

--On foot through the city, she passes a hospital. A Hasidic
elder in a wheelchair pushed by her son wait at the entrance
doors, observing the Sabbath. People come and go, barely
acknowledging their presence. Sevda notices them, pushes
the button, and the DOOR flies open.

ELDER
Thank you, child.

--At the mosque, she prays with the congregation. Afterwards, the Imam 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 Islamic mother helping her daughter read a book. The mother looks up at Sevda and smiles kindly.

--At Marblehead Beach, she stares out at the Atlantic. She seems to be overwhelmed with yearning and regret.

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - MORNING

Dennis plays fetch with Smokey.

Miles brings Dennis his coffee. Dennis gives a look that says: anything yet?

Miles shrugs.

DENNIS
When is he leaving?

MILES
Couple days.

Miles absently kicks at the earth.

MILES (CONT'D)
I'm really scared.

DENNIS
Ya told her how ya felt. That ain't
easy for any a us Stephens boys.

They exchange kind smiles, then look away.

MILES
Dad...I'm sorry I was such a shit to
you after mom died.

DENNIS
Well...I wasn't around very much.

A silent forgiveness passes between them. For a moment, they look like they might embrace, but they can't quite get there.

MILES
So, Emma has a boyfriend.

DENNIS
No kiddin.'

MILES
You knew, didn't you?

DENNIS
Maybe.

MILES
She's bringing him home next week.
They're doing a science lab together.

DENNIS
Ya want me to bring the rifle
collection up from Maryland? Give
him a little tour?

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alone in the dark, Sevda wrestles with her crisis.

THE NEXT MORNING - IN HER APARTMENT

Sevda leaves an envelope on the kitchen table labeled MILES.

The sound of the DOOR slams O.S., FOOTSTEPS heading down the stairs.

INT. BOSTON AIRPORT - DAY

Omer waits at the ticket line. He notices Sevda...

OMER
Cira!

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Aida, cider in hand, phone set on, exits the shop.

A plane passes overhead. She pauses to look up at it...

EXT. MILES' HOUSE - DAY

Miles covers the garden bed with leaves.

He stops, looks at Sevda's apartment, then back at the driveway.

IN THE HOUSE

Dennis and Emma play scrabble, but it is clear they are not focused on the game.

Dennis looks out the WINDOW--Miles struggles again to remove the hose from the faucet.

Snow FLURRIES begin to fall.

IN THE GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Miles enters, looks around for his WRENCH.

The hook where it hangs is empty.

Miles enters

SEVDA'S APARTMENT

Under the kitchen sink, Miles finds the WRENCH.

He's on his way out when he notices the envelope. He stares at it a few seconds, turns to exit.

He pauses, moves over to the table. Finally, he drops the wrench, picks up the envelope.

He stares at it a moment, before inching open the flap.

He takes a deep breath, reaches inside the envelope.

SEVDA (O.S.)

It's the rent.

Miles, unsure if he has actually heard Sevda, or imagined her, whirls around to find her standing in the doorway.

He looks down and sees, sure enough, the RENT CHECK.

SEVDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry it's late. I was going to give it to you. Tomorrow.

She lets the last word hang in the air a moment, and smiles.

Realizing what she means, he starts to cry...

MILES

Um...that's okay. Under Massachusetts law, I can't...charge you a late fee until the tenth. Well, that's what Aida said, anyway.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Omer, disconsolate, sits alone.

INT. BOSTON AIRPORT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Omer remembers his last moment with Sevda...

SEVDA

(in Turkish)

I am not the same girl you remember,
Omer. I will always love you for
wanting to give me back my family.
But you must understand: I already
found one.

BACK TO PRESENT - IN THE AIRPLANE

Omer stares at the empty seat beside him.

INT. SEVDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miles and Sevda hold each other, tightly.

She pulls back a moment, and tenderly removes her head scarf.

He caresses her hair, savoring every inch.

She takes his trembling hands in hers.

SEVDA

Is this from your medicine?

MILES

No.

Finally, they kiss...

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - DAY

The SNOW continues to fall...

FADE OUT