

HOMELAND SECURITY

JFK Airport Customs Line, before dawn. TSA agent, CLEO LATOYA rests her head on a podium. Agent, MIKEY LARUSSO plays with his scanning wand, beeping the metal objects on his uniform. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

MIKEY

Yo, Cleo, check it out, I could make myself go through the scanner like seven times with all this stuff I carry. My keys, my flashlight, tin whistle, pepper spray, belt buckle, Saint Christopher's medal.

CLEO

If you follow instructions, all that stuff is in the tray.

MIKEY

Right, like I'm a Islamic terrorist, I'm gonna follow instructions.

CLEO

You a terrorist of any kind, you ain't gonna be sneakin' in no flashlight and whistle.

MIKEY

I'm just sayin', any kind of weapon, your Jihadi ass is mine!

CLEO

You sayin' some dumb-ass shit is what you sayin'. You think a Saint Christopher medal is some kinda Islamic terrorist weapon?

MIKEY

Never know. Use it like a garrotte like in the Godfather. On the plane I'm sayin', strangle the pilot and dive-bomb that sucker straight down into Jamaica Bay. BOOM! Instant martyrdom! Give me my 72 virgins, know what I'm sayin'? Shit is real. Whoa, whatta we got here?

A LONG-HAIRED MAN in a black coat over a robe and sandals enters and, seeing there is no one on line, ducks under the guide rope to the podium. He speaks with a middle-eastern accent.

CLEO

Uh-uh. Oh, no you did not. You can just go right back to the end of the line and do that correctly, sir.

MAN

Excuse me?

CLEO

Follow the rope line, please.

MAN

But there is no line.

CLEO

Behind the rope, please, sir.

The man ducks back under the rope and follows it around to where it ends near the podium.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Next.

The man doesn't move. Cleo waves him to the podium. Silence.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Well?

MAN

Yes. Thank you. And you?

CLEO

Passport and ticket, please.

MAN

Of course, I'm sorry. I thought you meant my well-being.

CLEO

Just the passport and ticket, sir.

The man produces the documents and hands them over. Cleo studies them carefully.

CLEO (CONT'D)

You're a citizen of Israel, sir?

MAN

I am now, yes.

CLEO

Do you have another citizenship, Mr., Uh... *Jesus?* (*Spanish pronunciation*) What is your last name, sir?

MAN

It's Jesus, not *Jesus*. Israeli, not Latino. Technically, Yeshua.

CLEO

Yeshua? That's your last name? *Jesus* Yeshua? How do you spell that?

MAN

It's just Jesus. I don't have a last name.

CLEO

You go by one name?

MAN

Exactly.

CLEO

Are you a rapper? Some kind of entertainer?

MAN

Well, just a little amateur magic at weddings, that sort of thing, nothing professional. Anyway, it's just the one name.

CLEO

Okay, Mr. *Jesus*.

MAN

No, it's Jesus with a J sound, like Joshua.

CLEO

It says here *Jesus*, not Joshua.

MAN

Well, it has changed over time. It used to be Yeshua, actually, but at some point it began to be pronounced with a J sound, as Joshua, so... in the Koran they call me Isa Bin Maryam.

MIKEY comes over to them

MIKEY

The Koran!

MAN

Because my mother's name is Mary.

MIKEY

(whispering to Cleo)

What's he say about the Koran?

MAN

But at this point we stick to the Hebrew.

MIKEY

Where's this guy from?

CLEO

Passport says Israel.

MAN

Technically Palestine. At that time.

CLEO

You're a Palestinian?

MAN

No, no, that was then. I'm Israeli now, of course. Bethlehem, I guess you could call a Palestinian town. Arabs, mostly, but I was really raised in Nazareth. One hundred percent Israeli.

MIKEY

Oh, a hundred percent Israeli but you're from a Palestinian town?

MAN

Just a weird accident of birth kind of thing. I happened to be there because my parents had to go to their hometown to pay taxes or something

MIKEY

Your parents are Palestinian Arabs?

MAN

What? No, my father was a descendent of David. But, of course, it's very hard to say no the Romans when you own them taxes. Render unto Ceasar and so forth So, we went to Bethlehem when my mom was pregnant with me and the rest, as they say, is history.

MIKEY

I thought your parents were from Israel, now they're Italian?

MIKEY pulls Cleo aside.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

This guy is hiding something. Look at him. That fake grin, keeps changing his story. Talkin' about the Koran, right? Let that one slip out, couldn't help himself. I'm telling you he's as Muslim as Mohammed.

Cleo approaches the man.

CLEO

Sir, what is the purpose of your visit to the united States?

MAN

Just a tourist.

MIKEY

Traveling kind of light for a tourist. Where's your carry-on?

MAN

I have few possessions.

MIKEY

No toothbrush? Nothing to read on the plane? No bible, or... whatever?

MAN

Everything I have is probably on the baggage carousel at the moment, sir.

MIKEY

(to Cleo)

You hear that? He left something on the baggage carousel.

CLEO

Probably his luggage. Mikey, why don't you check on baggage from the Israel flight.

Mikey backs away to the computer keeping his eye on the man.

CLEO (CONT'D)

And how long do you intend to stay in the United States, Mr. Jesus?

MAN

Jesus. Oh, no more than forty days, I think.

CLEO

Forty days? That's quite a long visit.

MAN

I'd stay longer but my father wants me back, so...

CLEO

Your father is in Israel or Palestine?

MAN

No, not that father. I mean he was my father, then.

CLEO

Oh, my condolences.

MAN

Thank you. It was a long time ago.

CLEO

So, your step-father, is it? He's also Palestinian? Is he Muslim?

MAN

Well, I consider him my real father. But he's Jewish. Totally. Me, too. Or was. Christian now, I guess.

CLEO

You converted to Christianity?

MAN

You could put it that way.

MIKEY

Changing his story again. Ooh, this guy is dirty.

CLEO

Where are you staying during your visit, sir?

MAN

With friends of my father.

CLEO

And where are they?

MAN

Well, they're everywhere.

CLEO

Do you have an address?

MAN

Of course but, these are private citizens, is it really your business?

CLEO

It is if you want to be admitted through security, yes sir.

MAN

I feel like I'm being singled out.

CLEO

Well, to be quite frank, Mr. *Jesus*, some of your responses are inconsistent, and you are the only person in line from your flight which is suspicious in itself, if you ask me. Mikey, what's happening with the baggage?

MIKEY

Didn't come down yet.

CLEO

How many passengers?

MIKEY

One sixty. Hey, where the heck are they all?

CLEO

Sir, where are the rest of the passengers from your flight?

MAN

I don't know.

CLEO

Didn't you get off the plane with them?

MAN

I was the only one in first class.

MIKEY

First Class! He look first class to you?

CLEO

Mikey, get Homeland Security on the horn. Sir, I need you to step over here and place your feet on the marks.

MAN

What did I do?

CLEO

Feet on the marks, sir.

MAN

May I have my passport, please?

The man reaches for his passport, revealing deep cuts on his hands.

CLEO

Mr. Jesus, how did you get this injury?

MAN

Just... a little woodworking accident.

Cleo takes out her gun and holds it on the man.

CLEO

Get some backup, Mikey. NOW! Sir, please step into the scanning area and keep your hands where I can see them! Very slowly now, I want you to remove your coat.

He does so, revealing a tattered, blood-stained robe. Mike come over, speaking into a radio.

MIKEY

Requesting backup! We have a situation with an injured Palestinian national, refuses to give an address or full name.

MAN

I gave you my name. It's Jesus, for God's sake. Please, I've changed my mind, give me my passport. I want to go back!

MIKEY

Suspect is refusing cooperation!

CLEO

Arms above your head, sir!

The man reaches for his passport. Mikey pulls out a taser.

MIKEY

I'M TASING YOUR JIHADI ASS!

Mikey tases the man and the stage fills with INTENSE LIGHT AND SMOKE. Mikey stumbles blindly. A DEAFENING EXPLOSION. Mikey and Cleo are thrown to the floor. BLACKOUT.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

I CAN'T SEE! CLEO, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? CLEO?

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE UP. Cleo is staring out the window across the tarmac. She speaks very calmly and quietly.

I'm fine.	CLEO
I CAN'T SEE!	MIKEY
I know.	CLEO
THE SUSPECT GOT AWAY!	MIKEY
I see him.	CLEO
WHERE IS HE?	MIKEY
On the south side of the tarmac.	CLEO
South side of the tarmac. What are you talking about, that's the water!	MIKEY
I know.	CLEO
WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?	MIKEY
I don't know.	CLEO
He's getting away?	MIKEY
I don't know.	CLEO

MIKEY

He goes underground and joins a sleeper cell, that's on us. He got a boat?

CLEO

Doesn't look like it.

MIKEY

What, he's swimming?

CLEO

Doesn't look like it.

MIKEY

THAT'S THE GODDAMN JAMAICA BAY OVER THERE, FOR CHRISAKES,
WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?

CLEO

He's... walking.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.