

P.R.

Perception is Reality.

Created & Written by

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INT. AUDITORIUM - NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - QATAR

POV of a SPEAKER on a stage. The room is dark and filled with a peripheral light beaming from a large screen behind him. The projection on this screen displays PICTURES mixed with VIDEO CLIPS of Bill Clinton as we hear a MAN lecture in an American accent,

MAN

(O.S.)

What is an image? Is it how you look in a picture or how you are perceived by the world?

We watch the Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky scandal play out.

MAN (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Where do we place our value system - in a President that does a good job or one that gets a blow job?

A mixture of laughter and 'oohs'.

MAN (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

Who do we look up to?

We're watching images from Kim Kardashian's sex tape.

MAN (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

And why?

We see a comparative slide of Kim Kardashian's and Oprah's Instagram account statistics:

Kim Kardashian **212** million.

Oprah **19** million.

MAN (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

And finally, how far can you go before you are shunned?

We watch the Michael Jackson and Bill Cosby scandals play out on the screen.

The lights come on.

The man speaking is 44 year old FADI IBRAHIM. Fadi is a handsome, physically fit, well dressed and coiffed Arab-American with striking Arab features.

The auditorium is full. The first few rows are occupied by QATARIS in their national attire and a couple of WESTERN and ASIAN PROFESSORS - all wearing their university ID's. The majority of the room are STUDENTS.

Two large banners on either side of the stage read "IMAGE - how to sell/who to sell - presented by Fadi Ibrahim, CEO, Image Consultants".

Sitting in the corner of the first row is 38 year old American JUSTINE ROBERTS. Justine's ensemble is immaculate. While resting her suit jacket on her lap, her white top advertises her toned arms and her sharp hair reflects her personality.

Fadi acknowledges Justine before continuing. She nods at him.

FADI

Story is everything.
Spin - is a science.
If you're a politician and we find
out you made a sex tape, your
career is over. If you're a
civilian with a sex tape, your
career just started. You become
famous - and a brand ambassador.

Laughter.

FADI (CONT'D)

How much can we tolerate as a
society?

YOUNG WOMAN

(O.S.)

That's your society.

Heads turn back. Fadi is looking for the culprit.

FADI

Stand up, who said that? Stand up.

A millennial Muslim woman in a fashionable hijab stands.

YOUNG WOMAN

This is your world. It's not ours.

Justine is keen to hear Fadi's response.

FADI
 You're right.
 But our world informs yours.

YOUNG WOMAN
 What? How?

Fadi stretches his neck to check her seat.

FADI
 Do you have Netflix at home?

Laughter. She smirks.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Yes.

FADI
 I can guess from your hijab you
 carry an iPhone, you know, for your
 selfies.

YOUNG WOMAN
 (Whatever)
 OK.

FADI
 Is that a Starbucks coffee cup in
 your seat?

She looks down at her cup.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Yes.

FADI
 Do you have a credit card?

He doesn't give her time to answer.

FADI (CONT'D)
 Do you know who Ryan Gosling is?
 Have you heard of Superman? Tom
 Cruise? Will Smith? Rock'n'Roll?
 Hip Hop? NASA? Pepsi? Jeans? Yes,
 the pants. Cadillac? Ford? Taylor
 Swift? Cereal? Yes, the breakfast.
 Radio, TV, Google?

YOUNG WOMAN
 What does all that have to do
 with...
 (At screen)
 ...this?

FADI

How we behave informs how you
behave.

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't believe that.

Fadi scoffs then laughs, sarcastically.

FADI

Are you a marketing student here?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes.

FADI

This school is an American school.
This is a branch. On some level,
you must feel a little proud that
you go here. You might even brag
about it. Do you feel proud that
you go here?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes, but that doesn't mean we're
trying to be American.

FADI

(Scoffs)

Oh, sweetheart, don't you see? You
don't need to try. You already are.
You're behaving exactly how we want
and you don't even know it. Just
like Americans back home.

Some students laugh.

Some students disagree:

NONSENSE.

I AM AN ARAB.

I AM QATARI.

Fadi laughs.

FADI (CONT'D)

OK, OK, OK. Take it easy. Let's
break it down, shall we? Stop me
when I say anything wrong.
Someone paid Northwestern a ton of
money to set up shop here.

(MORE)

FADI (CONT'D)

Someone also paid NYU a ton of money to set up shop in Abu Dhabi.

Justine is uneasy.

FADI (CONT'D)

The best schools in this region are prefaced by "The American". The American University in Beirut, The American University in Cairo, The American High School, The American Nursery, The American this, The American that.

A BEAT to digest.

FADI (CONT'D)

You want to feel like us. Think like us.
 What we do in America is sell the *idea* of America to the world. It's all the same story.
 (Points to screen)
 Everything you watched was a story. Someone decided now would be a good time for a third act. So either your villain becomes the hero or your hero becomes the villain.

A young man speaks up,

YOUNG MAN 1

But we have a different culture.

Fadi looks around and is frustrated when he can't pinpoint the young man.

FADI

For God's sake, stand up and speak up. What do they teach you here?

A young black Qatari man in his national dress stands,

YOUNG MAN 1

We have a different culture here.

FADI

I know, it's worse here.

YOUNG MAN 1

No, it's not.

VOICES

Nooo.
It's not.

FADI

Yes it is, children. A young girl gets raped by, let's say, someone really powerful. I mean really really powerful. What happens?

Silence. Discomfort. Mirroring the answer.

FADI (CONT'D)

Exactly! Worst case scenario,
(Beat, dismisses)
I don't even want to go there.
Best case scenario, a family gets paid a whole lot of money.

The front row is outraged. Fadi ignores them; he's on a mission.

Justine tries to get his attention but to no avail.

FADI (CONT'D)

How many psychiatrists practice here? And how many of those focus on sexual abuse cases? How many families talk about it?
No, my friends. Here? It's worse. It's all 'Shhhh'.
(In Arabic)
SHAAAME. If you see a shrink, you're considered crazy.
(Back to English)
Who do you think you're talking to?
I'm from this part of the world.

A second Young Man stands.

YOUNG MAN 2

We don't follow your rules. We follow our religion.

FADI

(Smiling)
And how's that working out for you?

BEAT.

FADI (CONT'D)

I'm not being an asshole. How is it working out for you?
(MORE)

FADI (CONT'D)

You are now the story, are you not?
What is the popular narrative?
Muslim equals...

He waits for an answer from the crowd.

YOUNG WOMAN 2

Terrorist.

FADI

And do you think it is by accident?

The front row is interested in this.

FADI (CONT'D)

No, my friends. It is by design.
Good versus evil. It's a STORY that
is older than every religion in the
world.
When you let evil reign, you become
part of that evil.

YOUNG MAN 2

So it's our fault?

FADI

No, dum-dum, it's not your fault.
It is, however, your doing. You
allowed this to happen.

Another student stands.

YOUNG MAN 3

So what's the solution?

FADI

Stop fucking tweeting.
Hashtags don't save people. People
save people. Get off your ass and
do something about it.

And another student stands.

YOUNG WOMAN 2

We can't fight. We can't..
(Shakes head)
..we don't want to fight. It's a
vicious cycle.

FADI

You're more American than I
thought! Did I say go fight? Why is
fighting the first thing that came
to your mind?

YOUNG WOMAN 2
That's all they talk about on the news.

He waits for her to compute what she said.

YOUNG MAN 1
It's by design. That's why people think we're all terrorists. That's all they see on the news.

Fadi has taken over this "class".

FADI
Sooo?
(Encouraging)
Come on...

YOUNG WOMAN
Change the narrative.

FADI
(Snaps fingers; pointing at her)
There it is. Change the narrative.
If you're not terrorists....who are you?

INT. OFFICE - STADIUM - QATAR - DAY

The scorching sun forces its way through the office windows overlooking a half-built stadium. Workers in the grounds don't seem affected by the heat.

Two QATARI's dressed in their traditional attire enter followed by Fadi and Justine wiping their brows.

The four put their hard hats on a desk. Justine almost throws hers away.

QATARI MAN 1
(Casual)
What do you think?

FADI
(Cooling off)
You're doing much better. Suicide is down but it's still horrible conditions.

QATARI MAN 2
We can't control that.

JUSTINE

(Almost scolding)

Yes you can. You can control how they live, how much they get paid and how humane or inhumane they're treated.

QATARI MAN 2

(Hits back)

We didn't just pay you one hundred thousand dollars for a lecture.

The Qataris look to Fadi.

FADI

That's a fair statement.

QATARI MAN 1

So?

FADI

You better hope Donald Trump keeps tweeting. If he stops, you're it.

QATARI MAN 1

(Pleading)

How do we deal with that?

FADI

Justine?

JUSTINE

Fucking PAY THEM.

Fadi steps up to the window. He's watching Indian and Pakistani labor at work.

QATARI MAN 2

(Angry)

EXCUSE ME, YOU'RE NOT BEING PAID TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM. YOU'RE BEING PAID...

He holds back before regretting what he's about to say.

FADI

(Looking out)

...to cover it up.

He turns back to them.

FADI (CONT'D)

It's OK. You can say 'cover-up'.
(Points outside; Revelation)

(MORE)

FADI (CONT'D)

This must be like - how junkies feel. You guys got so used to slave labor that even with all your wealth now, you can't give it up.

QATARI MAN 1

(In Arabic)

You're a money whore, right? We paid you. Don't be a bitch. Be the money whore.

FADI

(In Arabic)

Are you kidding me? I'm the bitch? Shit like this is why my family left this region and never came back.

QATARI MAN 2

Can we please focus? You tell us what to do, and we'll do it. Just tell us what to do.

FADI

Alright.

Fadi looks at Justine.

JUSTINE

(Cordial)

We'll send you something in a couple of days.

QATARI MAN 2

(Genuine)

Thank you.

JUSTINE

You're welcome.

They shake hands. They're about to leave when Justine can't help herself,

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Just...just tell me why you won't pay them a fair wage.

QATARI MAN 2

We are; we're paying them a fair market rate.

JUSTINE

And they're killing themselves
because they're over the moon about
it?

QATARI MAN 2

What you see outside, Justine, is
capitalism. Pure capitalism. This
is the American way.

JUSTINE

Oh, this I have to hear.

QATARI MAN 2

These people are not slaves. They
were not forced to come here. We
didn't put shackles on their feet
and throw them in a boat. That's
what you people did. These people
have embassies and consulates.
Their government knows they're here
and the conditions they live and
work in.

JUSTINE

That is capitalism?

QATARI MAN 2

Yes, this is capitalism.

JUSTINE

That's a crock of shit.

FADI

No it's not.
(Helping her)
Let's go.

JUSTINE

Hold on. I wanna hear this.

QATARI MAN 2

My dear, this is how the world
works: the poorest people in the
world work to make products for
everyone else. Period.
What do you think capitalism is?
Fair Trade?
(Dismissive)
Fuck off!

JUSTINE

We have laws that protect people.
We have rights. We have minimum
wage.

Qatari Man 1 scoffs. Qatari Man 2 laughs.

QATARI MAN 2

(To Justine; at outfit)

Really? Is that why most Americans
work two jobs? So they can save up
for a yacht?

(then)

This beautiful ensemble you're
wearing; where was it made?

Wisconsin?

(Shakes head)

No.

Where are your shoes made? Your
iPhone is made in China in a
factory that had to put up NETS so
workers who jumped out to end their
lives couldn't. APPLE doesn't even
care. It's the richest company in
the world and it's an American
company. You know, America, rights,
minimum wage, yada yada yada. You
talk a good game but you're full of
shit. Your country is like that
show 'Seinfeld'. It's a country
about nothing. It's pure
entertainment, the world is the
studio audience and we're all
laughing at you.

(then)

Take the money, do your job, shut
the fuck up.

Silence. Justine has no rebuttal.

FADI

(To Justine; calm)

Happy? Let's go.

QATARI MAN 1

We'll hear from you in a couple of
days?

FADI

(Professional)

Absolutely.

They leave.

INT. CAR - DOWNTOWN - QATAR - DAY

Fadi and Justine are in the backseat of a chauffeur driven Audi.

JUSTINE

You really think we can fix it?

Fadi cautiously nods in the direction of the driver.

FADI

Maybe. We'll see.
Going to the souq later?

JUSTINE

(Plays along)

Yeah, I can't wait. Scarfs, spices
and local perfume shops.

She rolls her eyes. He looks out the window.

We're watching a country trying to quickly catch up to the rest of the world.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Are we really a country about
nothing?

Fadi is not sure how to answer that.

INT. HOOKAH CAFE - QATAR - DAY

Fadi and Justine enter a cafe packed with men and women smoking hookah. Backgammon and card games are taken seriously here. Heavy ventilation and strategically placed air purifiers keep the smoke to a minimum.

Fadi is grinning like a kid as he looks around and finds a table of THREE MEN waving him over enthusiastically.

FADI

There they are. Come on.

Justine has never seen Fadi this excited before. She follows him.

The men stand to greet Fadi. They're all in their mid to late thirties. They hug and kiss on the cheeks.

First, we meet ALI, a chubby thirtysomething Palestinian.

Dialog in Arabic.

ALI
Maaan, I can't believe you're here.
We miss you.

FADI
I miss you guys too.

Grinning ear to ear, Fadi greets Syrian SULTAN,

FADI (CONT'D)
Wassup, bitch!

SULTAN
Wassup, hoe!

Laughter.

Justine is smiling watching this lovefest.

Finally, we meet overweight Egyptian MAGDI,

FADI
How you doing, chef?

MAGDI
Cholesterol kicking my ass, but I'm
good.

Laughter.

ALI
He's a big shot now. Big time
celebrity chef.

FADI
Wow. Congrats, bro. I knew you'd
make it.

MAGDI
Thanks. Who's the Jew?

Loud laughter.

Back to English.

FADI
Guys, this is Justine. She's a good
friend and a colleague.

They greet each other. Everyone takes a seat.

FADI (CONT'D)

Magdi was asking me who's the Jew?
It's an old joke; all white folks
are Jewish to the Arabs.

JUSTINE

Oh! I don't know how to take that.

MAGDI

You had to be there.

JUSTINE

(Laughing)

I guess.

SULTAN

We're all Abraham's family, right?

JUSTINE

(Nodding; at Sultan)

I like this one.

So how long have you known each
other?

SULTAN

Oh, we grew up with this idiot.

ALI

We've known him since Atari.

FADI

Ohhh shit, remember those days?
(Points at Magdi)
Remember when this fool broke the
joystick?

MAGDI

Your mom had just made those
sandwiches and I was excited. I
wasn't looking.

SULTAN

You were looking at the sandwiches,
you fat fuck.

MAGDI

Fuck you, you're banned from my
restaurant.

Laughter.

JUSTINE

Are we invited?

MAGDI
Of course. Center table.

FADI
(Proud)
You have a restaurant, bro? What's
it called?

ALI
Ramsay's, bro.

FADI
Whaaat!

JUSTINE
(Impressed)
That's a Michelin star restaurant.

ALI
Our boy is badass.

FADI
I'm proud of you, Magdi. Really.

Justine sees Fadi's authentic sentiment and is surprised once
again.

FADI (CONT'D)
How's the Knafeh here?

SULTAN
Amazing. We ordered already.

JUSTINE
What is that?

MAGDI
It's a cheese pastry soaked in a
sweet syrup.

FADI
(To Justine)
It's to die for, Justine.

ALI
Also, to die after.

Laughter.

FADI
Ali, what's up with you?

ALI
Oh, you know, business is a little
slow but...getting there.

FADI
That's good. You were always a
hustler, man.

Ali gives him half a smile.

FADI (CONT'D)
Sultan, you still ballin?

SULTAN
I'll take you on any day.

FADI
Still a Spurs fan?

SULTAN
Watch yourself.

FADI
(To Justine)
Sultan is in the Navy so naturally
he thinks he's as good as David
Robinson was.

SULTAN
Not in the Navy anymore. It's been
a while.

FADI
What? Why?

MAGDI
Because he's Syrian. Apparently
they're no longer classified as
human beings.

ALI
(Cautiously)
Lower your voice.

MAGDI
Whatever, man.

SULTAN
Easy guys.

FADI
So what are you doing now?

SULTAN
I'm looking! Something will come
up. Something always does, right?

FADI
Family OK? Kids?

SULTAN
Yeah, yeah.

Fadi looks at him with concern. He's not convinced.

The Knafeh is served with tea.

MAGDI
Saved by the cheese!

ALI
(To Justine)
Dig in.

She tries it.

JUSTINE
Holy shit.
What? How?

ALI
I know, right?

They're enjoying their dessert.

FADI
Allahhh! (woow), this is heaven.

Justine looks at Fadi. It's like meeting someone for the
first time.

INT. CAR - QATAR - AFTERNOON

Back in the car, Justine and Fadi look like they're high.

JUSTINE
Your friends are good guys.

FADI
I love those guys.
Knafeh was killer, right?

JUSTINE
The most delicious cheese thing
I've ever had. I feel light headed
and heavy at the same damn time.

Fadi laughs.

FADI
Who do we know here? Lobbyists.

JUSTINE
I can check. Why?

FADI
Sultan is very smart. They can probably use an ex-Navy advisor.

Justine is taken aback.

JUSTINE
You don't usually do favors.

FADI
(Thinking; smiling)
It's not a favor. They're like family. He's family.

JUSTINE
I'll look into it. Why not just help him with money?

FADI
Ehh, pride! Arabs would rather die than ask for help.

JUSTINE
Got it.
(Beat)
Are you sure you're over this place? This region?

FADI
Of course. I've moved on a long time ago.

JUSTINE
It looked like...you were home.

He sneers at her statement but his eyes concur.

INT. LOBBY - FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - QATAR - AFTERNOON

Fadi and Justine enter and are quickly approached by BILAL(37) and AHMED (31). Bilal and Ahmed are dressed in the white Kandora but not the way Qataris are.

BILAL
Salamu Alaikum Mr.Fadi.

FADI
Wa Alaikum Al Salam. Yes?

AHMED
Salamu Alaikum.

FADI
Wa Alaikum Al Salam. Yes?

BILAL
We'd like to discuss a project with
you.

JUSTINE
You'll have to contact our office.

Bilal and Ahmed didn't expect her to answer.

FADI
We're good?

BILAL
This is...ehh...something
sensitive. I think you discussed it
with a mutual friend?

Fadi raises his eyebrows.

FADI
(To Justine)
Go ahead, J. I'll catch up with
you.

JUSTINE
OK.

She leaves.

BILAL
Thank you. Shall we sit?

They take a seat in the lobby.

AHMED
(Keen)
I am Ahmed. This is Mr.Bilal. We
are excited to present this project
to you. You come highly
recommended.

Bilal is trying to read Fadi. Bilal seems to be Ahmed's
superior.

FADI

We're only talking so that I can stress to you I'm not doing it.

BILAL

But you haven't heard our case. We have been talking to only three agencies like yours.

FADI

I don't audition. I don't go to business, business comes to me.

AHMED

You're here. For the world cup problems, no?

FADI

No. I was here to speak. The other thing was a favor for a friend. Someone did me a favor a long time ago and I owed him. You know who I am, you know how I work. Don't waste your time.

BILAL

If you can just hear us out.

FADI

This is Bandar's thing, right? I already said no to him.

AHMED

It's a lucrative project. Long term.

Fadi scoffs. He looks up at the TV. The news is reporting a rigged election somewhere in Africa.

Fadi is paying attention.

BILAL

We are prepared to award you the business.

FADI

(Looking at TV;
dismissive)

No.

The news report shows rioting in the streets.

AHMED

Mr.Fadi, this project will do a lot
of good. For our people AND yours.

The news show the President of the African country speaking.

FADI

Oh, you fucking idiot!

AHMED

Excuse me? There is no need for
that language.

FADI

(To Ahmed)
Not you.

He stands.

FADI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I have to go.

AHMED

Please hear us out.

FADI

Not interested.

Justine shows up with both their bags.

JUSTINE

(To Fadi)
Did you see it? Good thing we were
packed. I'll check out.

Fadi's nodding; eyes on the TV.

She goes to reception.

BILAL

Mr.Fadi, please.

FADI

I really can't talk right now. I
have to go. Call the office. Make
an appointment. Good day,
gentlemen.

FADI (CONT'D)

(To Justine)
Plane?

JUSTINE

Done.

FADI
I'll get a car.

He takes the bags and rushes out.

INT. MEETING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - AFRICA - EVENING

The president from the news, President JAMES, his GENERAL and TWO ADVISORS are discussing strategy.

Papers are piled up on the table; some over laptops. TV screens show local and world news covering the RIGGED ELECTION.

Fadi and Justine burst in.

FADI
HEY...
(Angry; Hands raised)
What the fuck!?

Fadi sees the advisors and points at them, flippant. The General gestures them to leave. They do, annoyed.

PRESIDENT JAMES
(Cool)
You need to fix it.

JUSTINE
You can't disregard our advice then
ask us to fix it.

PRESIDENT JAMES
And yet.

She stares at him for a BEAT.

JUSTINE
(Surrenders; To Fadi)
You talk to him.

FADI
(Sensible)
Alright, let's get angry later.
(To Justine)
Come here.

He pulls her aside. We don't hear what they're saying. The General is tense. The President is anything but; he pours himself a drink.

Fadi sends a self-destructing text message. Fadi and Justine argue; Justine is fiercely disagreeing.

Moments later, she gives in. He gets a self-destructing reply but doesn't open it.

They come back to the table.

FADI (CONT'D)
I need a secure laptop.

The General offers his.

Fadi sits down and opens the text message on his phone. A link to a website. The message self-destructs.

He starts typing on the laptop and connects to a secure network. He types in a URL; the link from the message.

GENERAL
What is this? What is the plan?

JUSTINE
General, move 200 soldiers to your southern border. Full scale.

PRESIDENT JAMES
(Curious)
Why?

JUSTINE
You're going to save some people.

GENERAL
We can't just walk into a sovereign nation, Justine.

JUSTINE
And yet.

For the first time, the President seems concerned.

PRESIDENT JAMES
(With authority)
Fadi; SPEAK.

FADI
(Calm)
Perception is reality, James. Change the story, change the reality. Today, you're a manipulative, power hungry, son of a bitch of a dictator.

JUSTINE
 (To the General)
 You're going to attack a Boko Haram
 camp and save kidnapped children.

FADI
 Tomorrow...you're a hero.

The President grins from ear to ear.

PRESIDENT JAMES
 (Impressed)
 You are a fucking beast, man.
 (To General)
 I love this guy.

The General looks skeptical.

PRESIDENT JAMES (CONT'D)
 (To General)
 Don't worry. Do it. He's right. We
 will be heroes. Those poor
 children, ahh, those poor children.

GENERAL
 But I can't just move troops. I
 need to have coordinates, target
 locations, enemy capabilities...

Fadi turns the laptop towards the General. All the logistics
 and information needed for the mission are on screen. We see
 a LIVE FEED of the Boko Haram camp.

GENERAL (CONT'D)
 (Flabbergasted)
 How the hell...

FADI
 We have to move quickly. You can't
 use this link for long.

PRESIDENT JAMES
 GO. GO.

The General takes the open laptop and rushes out.

The President gives Fadi a warm smile.

PRESIDENT JAMES (CONT'D)
 Fadiiii, you always come through,
 eh? I knew it.

He pours them a drink.

PRESIDENT JAMES (CONT'D)
You're the type of man who works
best under pressure.

FADI
(Irate, points at him)
If you EVER do this shit again,
we're done. I told you, I don't
care about money. My reputation is
worth more than all the diamonds
you dig out of your holes. Do you
understand me?

Tense silence. Justine is not nervous.

PRESIDENT JAMES
I can shoot you. Both. And bury you
in one of those holes.

JUSTINE
You'll need more than mud to cover
that up.

He looks at her then bursts out laughing.

Fadi laughs.

Justine smiles.

PRESIDENT JAMES
Justine, you are something else.
Two million? As per your e-mail.
Diamonds or cash?

Justine gives him a sarcastic look.

The President opens a drawer full of velvet pouches. He takes
one out and throws it at her.

He sips his drink as he watches her inspect the contents.

She opens it, looks at the DIAMONDS and a sudden sense of
tranquility comes over her.

The President smiles. He's seen that look on people before.

PRESIDENT JAMES (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

The President wraps his arm around Fadi.

PRESIDENT JAMES (CONT'D)
 Come on, man. Take it easy.
 (Playful)
 I'm soooorry. OK?

FADI
 Fine.

PRESIDENT JAMES
 Staying?

FADI
 No, I have an important meeting
 back home.

PRESIDENT JAMES
 A CEO? A senator? Is it a king?

FADI
 More like a queen.

Justine smiles.

FADI (CONT'D)
 We leave after the operation.

PRESIDENT JAMES
 The general will take care of it. I
 trust him.

FADI
 Me too. But not with a camera.

EXT. VALLEY - SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA - NIGHT

A SOLDIER is watching a CAMP through his BINOCULARS. He puts
 them down and grabs his MACHINE GUN.

ANOTHER SOLDIER is behind him. A LINE OF SOLDIERS appears on
 either side. We see a FILE OF SOLDIERS ARMED to the teeth
 anchored by Fadi. He is dressed in fatigues, holding an
 iPHONE7 as his weapon of choice.

The General gets on a RADIO and orders the troops to attack
 the camp.

Fadi rushes in behind them FILMING everything. Left, right,
 zoom, steady and shaky angles capture the action. The action
 intensifies as the troops surround and kill the terrorists.
 One of the terrorists uses a young girl for cover. While a
 soldier tries to negotiate with him, an ARMY SNIPER SHOOTS
 the terrorist in the head. The children are saved as the
 scene plays out on a,

TV NEWS REPORT.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

An exhausted looking Fadi is holding his tablet and watching the carefully edited news clip he produced. Justine is sleeping.

He tries to get a shut eye and leans back in his chair.

We look out the window and into the horizon at -

NEW YORK CITY.

INT. HALLWAY - PRIVATE SCHOOL - NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

This is a school built by wealth for the children of the wealthy. It is set inside a historic building but has its eyes set firmly on the future.

Fadi is dressed like he was on the jet. He is walking down the corridor passing signs such as "Theatre", "Tech Rooms", "Pools & Courts", "Art Gallery" and "Auditorium".

He walks over to his wife, the stunning AMIRA (42). She is dressed like she owns the place.

AMIRA

Hi baby.

They kiss.

FADI

(In Arabic)

Hi, my love. What does she want?

AMIRA

(In Arabic)

Something about Sultan. How was Africa?

FADI

Hot.

AMIRA

Did it go well?

FADI

Yeah, we made a killing.

AMIRA

Khalid was trying to reach you.

FADI

I didn't have a moment. Did he tell you what he wanted?

AMIRA

No but he sounded a bit stressed.

FADI

Money?

AMIRA

I don't think so.

FADI

Huh!

(BEAT)

I saw the boys. It felt like the old days.

AMIRA

(Don't even)

Those days are behind us.

FADI

I know. I was just saying...
Never mind.

A SECRETARY walks out.

SECRETARY

Please come in. She will see you now.

INT. HEADMISTRESS OFFICE - PRIVATE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Sixty year old MRS.KLEIN is sitting behind her oak desk. Her office is contemporary in style but arrogant in its decor. Mrs.Klein reads and shifts papers with a sense of preeminence. She is going through a file when Fadi and Amira walk in.

MRS.KELIN

(Looking at papers)

Good afternoon, please have a seat.

AMIRA

Thank you.

They sit.

FADI
What's this about Mrs.Klein?

Mrs.Klein looks up at them.

MRS.KELIN
It's about your child. I'm afraid
he is becoming a handful.

AMIRA
How do you mean?

MRS.KELIN
He is constantly acting up,
questioning teachers about
everything and is causing a ruckus
in class.

AMIRA
What kind of a ruckus?

MRS.KELIN
Joking. He is constantly acting a
fool.

Fadi is quiet. He's not upset nor does he seem concerned.

AMIRA
That's what kids do.

MRS.KELIN
I understand but it *is* a
disruption. The other children do
not behave this way.

AMIRA
(Pleasant)
Maybe they don't have a sense of
humor.
He's expressing himself. What's
wrong with that?

Mrs.Klein looks at Fadi. He looks at his wife, looks back at
Mrs.Klein and gives her a smile insinuating "good luck".

MRS.KELIN
Ehm, what he does...

AMIRA
His grades are good, aren't they?
In fact, from your last report he's
in the top 5 percentile.

MRS.KELIN

Correct.

AMIRA

Why are we here, Mrs.Klein?

MRS.KELIN

I wanted to bring to your attention the fact that...

AMIRA

Get to the point, Mrs.Klein.

MRS.KELIN

I beg your pardon?

Amira sits up, tilts her head and with a mischievous grin continues,

AMIRA

(Softly)

Mrs.Klein...how can we help you?

MRS.KELIN

I don't understand.

Amira nods.

AMIRA

Yes you do.

You see, we live in two different worlds, Mrs.Klein. In our world, we know when someone wants something from us. Right away we know. This is a shake down.

(To Fadi; without turning)

It's a shake down, honey.

FADI

(At Mrs.Klein)

Yup.

MRS.KELIN

(Defensive)

Mister and Mrs.Ibrahim, I sincerely hope you're not misconstruing my intentions. I am simply trying to do what is best for your child and the students in this school.

AMIRA

And what would that be? A new pool? Refurbishing the theatre? Tennis courts?

MRS.KELIN

We are simply trying to provide a healthy and productive learning environment.

(To Fadi)

Are you going to say something, Mr.Ibrahim?

FADI

Oh no, I'm learning so much. Please continue.

BEAT.

AMIRA

What's the number?

MRS.KELIN

(Insulted)

I beg your pardon?

AMIRA

(Genial)

How much do you need Mrs.Klein? Let's get it over with.

MRS.KELIN

We are not for sale. People are not for sale, madam.

AMIRA

(Reiterating)

Mrs.Klein, we live in two different worlds. In our world, we understand and appreciate how the system works. You, my dear, have now crossed over to our world. Our world tells us, there is always a guy and there is always a number. Now you most definitely are not the guy. So I'll ask you again. How much do you need, Mrs.Klein?

MRS.KELIN

Let's just take a moment and think about this. Do you think it is appropriate for your child to behave this way?

AMIRA

Yes.

MRS.KELIN

Why?

AMIRA

He is 9. That is his job
description; be a pain.

MRS.KELIN

Does he behave this way at home?

AMIRA

(Shocked at question)
Of course not.

MRS.KELIN

(Got you)
Why not?

AMIRA

Because he has seen me play tennis
and he knows mommy has a killer
backhand.

MRS.KELIN

So then what...

AMIRA

(Interrupts)
He's in school. He's with friends.
He is supposed to be naughty. He's
supposed to 'cause a ruckus' as you
so eloquently put it.

FADI

Can I ask a question?

MRS.KELIN

(Relieved)
Please.

FADI

Are you really bothered about our
son or is my wife's assessment
accurate?

Mrs.Klein is not sure how to answer that.

FADI (CONT'D)

OK, so then let my wife help you.
Everybody gets what they want.

AMIRA

What is your number, Mrs.Klein?

Mrs.Klein takes a few moments to think then relents,

MRS.KELIN

Well, the thing is, the committee thought it would be productive *and exciting* for the children if we had a - planetarium in the school.

AMIRA

I agree.

Fadi smiles.

FADI

See? Look at you guys. Best friends! I love it.

AMIRA

E-mail me the details and I'll look into it.

MRS.KELIN

I appreciate your time. Thank you.

They stand.

AMIRA

(Smiling)

You're most welcome.

They shake hands.

MRS.KELIN

Thank you for coming in.

FADI

(Smiling)

Oh absolutely. Anything for you Mrs.Klein.

Amira and Fadi are walking out when Amira turns back and asks,

AMIRA

What's his name?

MRS.KELIN

Excuse me?

AMIRA

(Stern)

My son. My... "child" as you kept referring to him. What is his name?

MRS.KELIN

Sultan.

AMIRA
 (Arabic)
 Taj Rasik (bow down, bitch).

Fadi hides a grin.

Mrs.Klein doesn't understand Arabic but definitely understands the error of her ways.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
 (Smiles)
 The building will be named the
 "Jordan Planetarium", yes?

BEAT.

Fadi can't wait for the answer.

MRS.KELIN
 (Insincere grin)
 After your place of birth. Of
 course. That's wonderful. Just
 wonderful.

AMIRA
 A wonderful thing you're doing for
 the children, Mrs.Klein. It's a
 Mitzvah.
 You have yourself a good day.

They leave.

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Fadi is holding his wife.

FADI
 (In Arabic)
 I fucking love you, woman. I'm so
 turned on by you right now.

INT. FAD'S CAR - PRIVATE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Fadi and Amira are all over each other having sex in the backseat of his tinted Mercedes. She's on top of him.

FADI
 You're so fucking sexy.
 This is your world.

AMIRA

This is our world, baby. I love you.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE - TERRY MITCHELL CONSULTING - AFTERNOON

TERRY MITCHELL, 49, is the founder and CEO of TMC, a PR consultancy agency.

Terry is a chubby white southern man in a three-piece suit and looks like the embodiment of greed. His dark green office is decorated with pictures of him with some of the wealthiest and most powerful people in the world. A deer's head on the wall stares down at his guests from behind his chair.

Terry is on the phone when his assistant rushes in,

TERRY

So I told that son of a bitch, vote your conscious. Do what's right. For the people.
(Laughing)
I mean yeah, why not get business what they need *and* give some of the crumbs to the people.

African-American WILLIAM WEST, 32, looks like he works overtime, all the time. He approaches Terry with a sense of accomplishment. He throws a file on Terry's desk.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'll call you back, sweetheart. And tell Mrs.Klein I said 'Mazel'. Buy her something nice.

He hangs up. Terry goes through the file and without looking up asks,

TERRY (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

WILLIAM

Yes. I think you got him, Terry.

TERRY

(Still reading)
You only get one shot to drop a bear, Billy boy. Won't have any time to reload.

WILLIAM

It's good, Terry, it's really good.

TERRY

Goddamn! His own brother?

WILLIAM

Most likely. It's hard to get that kind of information without someone on the inside.

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - RECEPTION - LATER

A showered, changed and fresh looking Fadi walks into his office with his briefcase and a gift bag.

RECEPTIONIST

(Excited)

Hi Fadi, welcome back.

FADI

(Smiling)

Thanks.

He gives her the bag. Her phone is ringing.

FADI (CONT'D)

Got you a little something.

RECEPTIONIST

(Grinning)

Thank youuu.

She takes out a wrapped box.

FADI

(Walking in)

Might wanna answer that!

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - OPEN SPACE CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

The workspace makes you want to work here. The vibe is energetic and the decor is creative yet corporate. Two flat-screen TVs are hanging at either end of the room.

FADI

(Announces)

Your boy is back!

They cheer and clap for him.

FADI (CONT'D)

(Pointing at staff)

Did you see it? Did you see it?

(MORE)

FADI (CONT'D)
 Headline News, baby. That's how we
 do.

The company's FILM EDITOR is walking by him. Fadi gives him a high-five then grabs him.

FADI (CONT'D)
 (To Editor)
 MY MAN! Overnight filmmaker. I love
 you.
 (To Staff)
 Make some noise for the baddest
 editor in the land.

Fadi's phone rings; 'Khalid' calling. He ignores it.

FADI (CONT'D)
 We're getting so much business out
 of this thing! We're celebrating
 tonight. Drinks on me.
 (Orders)
 Back to work.

They cheer and get back to work.

Justine comes out to greet him.

They hug.

JUSTINE
 Your pro bono is here.

INT. FADI'S OFFICE - IMAGE CONSULTANTS - CONTINUOUS

EIGHT SCREENS face Fadi's desk, each with a news channel on.

Other than that, a simple functional office with a sofa set thrown into the mix.

LILLY (26) is anxiously waiting to meet Fadi. She is seated at the desk and her leg is shaking. Lilly is oddly dressed for this meeting; blue jeans, high heels and a crisp white button up shirt. She pulls off 'casual but serious'.

Fadi enters and walks over to Lilly.

FADI
 The LinknedIN Lady. How are ya?

LILLY
 (Southern accent)
 Hello Mr. Ibrahim.
 (MORE)

LILLY (CONT'D)

A real pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for your time.

FADI

You're welcome. Sit, sit. Something to drink?

LILLY

I'm fine, thank you.

FADI

I really love a southern accent on a woman. Where are you from?

He sits at his desk.

LILLY

Georgia.

FADI

Nice.
So, Wall Street vs Women. Lets get to it.

LILLY

Well, the short of it is they're forcing us to use arbitration instead of the courts to settle sexual harassment cases. They have a lot of pull in arbitration.

FADI

I know.
(then)
You're doing all the fighting; women! You shouldn't.

LILLY

Men won't do it. We have to stand up for each other.

FADI

That's cute.

She doesn't like that at all.

LILLY

(Listen you)
No one else is helping us and if you're not aware,...

FADI

Blah blah blah.

LILLY

(HEY)

You don't have to be rude.

FADI

Shhhhh. I'm not done.

Lilly is cursing him under her breath.

FADI (CONT'D)

(Sees it; smiling)

This is a game; your fight. It's a game. You have to be strategic. You have to know who the players are and which player to use in what position.

LILLY

I don't understand.

FADI

I know.

Justine enters. She smiles at Lilly. Lilly nods with sigh of relief; they've met.

FADI (CONT'D)

You don't fight. No woman should do the fighting. You have to let the corporations do the fighting for you.

LILLY

Why would they do that?

JUSTINE

A better question is, what would make them do that?

Lilly shakes her head.

LILLY

I don't know.

Justine sits next to Lilly.

JUSTINE

What do they have to lose?

LILLY

Nothing.

JUSTINE

Sorry, it's been a crazy day. Wrong question.
What do they care about?

LILLY

Money.

FADI

So to get what you want, all YOU WOMEN have to do is...MESS WITH THEIR MONEY. Half the world population is made up of...

BEAT.

LILLY

Women.

JUSTINE

Household income and expenditure is managed by...

LILLY

Women.

FADI

Therefore, the real power, the real FINANCIAL power, the people that control ALL the money, REALLY CONTROL all the money are not the men...

LILLY

(Gasps)
Us. Women.
(BEAT)
Oh shit.

FADI

(Calm, fast)
Don't use credit cards.

LILLY

Huh!?

FADI

Start a movement. Not a fucking hashtag. A movement. Put it on Facebook. Put out a list of demands. Maximum 10. Give them a timeline; say...3 months.

JUSTINE

Four weeks.

FADI

(To Justine)

Really?

Justine nods.

FADI (CONT'D)

Four weeks, then.

LILLY

Who are you talking about?

FADI

Credit card companies. Don't use the cards. Use Apple pay or Paypal or whatever. Cut your cards. Take a pic, post it, THEN make a hashtag.

Lilly's getting it. Her eyes widen, her jaw drops, she's almost salivating.

FADI (CONT'D)

You're getting it, right? It's exciting. Like a Machiavellian Orgasm. Let THOSE companies do the work for you.

LILLY

And they will. If they want us to remain their customers.

Son of a nutcracker!

(then)

Sorry.

Fadi and Justine laugh.

LILLY (CONT'D)

No, no, no, I get it. They will.

JUSTINE

Of course they will. They'll do whatever you tell them. They have lobbyists, they donate to politicians. And they do all that to make money. And you, my dear, little ol' country girl, just stole away 50% of their customers. Of course they fucking will. They will worship at your alter. You become GOD. YOU.

LILLY
(Enchanted)
Brilliant.

FADI
I know.

Justine smiles.

LILLY
My God, it's genius. It's almost
evil genius.

FADI
The problem with most people is
they don't want to play by the
rules of the game. No one will
behave the way you want them to, if
it's not part of the game. You only
win or lose by the rules of the
game itself.

LILLY
Make them do all the work for us. I
love it.

FADI
Good. Glad we could help.

LILLY
Can I...

FADI
Of course. Any time. You have my
number.

Lilly shakes their hands and is leaving.

She reaches the door and stops.

LILLY
Why...
(Confused)
Why...
(Eyes close, pointing)
Why are you helping me?

FADI
I don't pick sides. I don't have a
team. I solve problems. Everyone
has problems!

Lilly doesn't get it but she's grateful.

LILLY

OK.

As she's about to leave,

FADI

You know they're going to call me,
right?

LILLY

(Shaking head)
You wouldn't.

FADI

I don't pick sides. It's a losing
case for them but it's hugely
billable for me. So take your time,
you know, bleeding them dry.

She's mystified. A long staring BEAT ends with,

LILLY

Are you evil?

Justine can't believe the question.

Fadi stands and approaches her; almost eerily.

FADI

I am - necessary.
Evil is part of life. You can't
have day without night. You only
know right in relation to wrong.
Evil is, as natural as, good.
Moreover my dear, If I am evil, and
you take my advice, what does that
make you?

He reaches the door.

FADI (CONT'D)

I'll show you out.

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - OPEN SPACE CUBICLES

Fadi is walking back in when he sees a 'BREAKING NEWS' alert
on Bloomberg TV.

The editor notices the headline.

EDITOR

Turn that up, turn that up.

FADI

What the...

NEWS REPORT

...the agency being investigated is Fadi Ibrahim's Image Consultants. Our sources tell us there is evidence that a US Intelligence agency's resources were used to launch the attack on Boko Haram. It is not confirmed whether President James, who is a client of Image Consultants, was in direct contact with US intelligence officials or if Fadi Ibrahim's agency was a conduit.

FADI

Mother-fucker!

Justine runs out and sees Fadi.

The staff is shocked.

JUSTINE

Hey! What's going on?

They rush into his office.

FADI

(To Staff)

Back to work, guys.

INT. FADI'S OFFICE - IMAGE CONSULTANTS - CONTINUOUS

JUSTINE

How?

FADI

I don't know.

JUSTINE

You don't think he...

FADI

NO. He would never do that.
(It hits him)
He's been trying to call me.

He sends a message to Khalid: 'Need to meet'.

FADI (CONT'D)

I have to go see him.

He gets a reply: 'No shit! I'm in NY'

FADI (CONT'D)
He's here!

JUSTINE
What's he doing here? This is not good.

He gets a call; it's Amira. He answers.

FADI
Not now, honey.
I don't know what's happening either. I'll figure it out and call you back.
NO. He wouldn't do that.
I have to go.

He hangs up.

JUSTINE
OK, OK, let's calm down. Go see him and hear him out.

Fadi is texting.

African-American MARCUS, 33, enters.

MARCUS
Yo, what the hell is going on?

JUSTINE
Not now, Marcus.

MARCUS
Is this true? Is this happening?

JUSTINE
(To Marcus)
GET THE FUCK OUT.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A MAYBACH is parked right at the entrance. Terry rolls the backseat window down and sees Fadi rushing out.

TERRY
Salamu alaikum, my brother.

A PEDESTRIAN panics and looks at Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (To Pedestrian)
 Oh don't be an idiot! I'm gonna
 blow you up in a Maybach?
 G'on, Git.

Fadi stops in his tracks - 'of course!'

FADI
 How long have you been parked here,
 Terry?

TERRY
 (Cheeky)
 'Bout twenty minutes before you
 came to work. Waiting for this look
 on your face.

FADI
 Fuck you, Terry.

TERRY
 (Plays hurt)
 Ahhh.
 Get in the car, let's talk.

Fadi ponders for a moment before accepting the invitation.

INT. MAYBACH - CONTINUOUS

FADI
 You know, Terry, there's business
 and there's personal. This is
 neither. You're fucking with my
 whole life.

TERRY
 I know what you did.

FADI
 You don't know shit. If you did,
 you would be me.

TERRY
 I'm tired of folk like you getting
 what is rightfully ours because
 you're a poster child for the
 illusion of democracy.

FADI
 Screw you, man. And stop trying to
 sound like Frank Underwood.
 I fought for this country.

(MORE)

FADI (CONT'D)

What did you ever do for this country? You came out of a tobacco farmer's pussy who came out of a plantation owner's pussy.

Terry is keeping his composure.

TERRY

Fadi, you a new fool. Son of an immigrant who grows up American, joins the army, ships out back to where he came from, kills his cousins, comes back a hero! WE run this country, boy. We don't send our children to war, son. We send the help.

A reflective BEAT.

Fadi knows it's a half-truth.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You got lucky to come back alive. And you cashed in on it. Fair play. But your luck's about to run out.

FADI

What do you want? What's it going to take?

TERRY

All of it. No more partnership offers. You...working under me...where you belong...
(Smirks)
...on the plantation.

Fadi is fuming. He collects his thoughts. He calms down a bit. He blanks out then concludes,

FADI

You don't have shit! If you had me, we wouldn't be talking. You don't have shit.

Fadi opens the door.

TERRY

Don't be stupid, now.

Fadi slams the door.

Terry takes a breath. He pull his phone out and makes a call.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Billy boy....push.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

KHALID IBRAHIM is Fadi's 28 year old brother. A tattooed nerd, average height, average weight but nothing average about his intellect. A walking, talking contradiction.

Fadi and Khalid are debating over a couple of beers.

KHALID
No, no, that wouldn't happen. It's like I said, they have the uplink files and the General's IP address. They still don't know how he got access.

FADI
So you're safe?

KHALID
Yes. For now. I mean...

FADI
How the fuck did they find out? Did you use someone?

KHALID
Are you crazy? Of course not. Not on the inside. Never.

FADI
(Frustrated)
How do they know?

KHALID
It's either the General or James.

FADI
It can't be.

KHALID
It's simple math, bro. It's not me and it's not you. Who does that leave?

FADI
Shit. That's even worse.

KHALID
Why?

Fadi is silent.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Speak, man.

FADI
The whole election thing...

KHALID
(Quick calculation)
You rigged it?

Fadi shrugs.

KHALID (CONT'D)
(In Arabic)
How much is enough, Fadi?

FADI
(In Arabic)
It's not the money, Khalid.

KHALID
It's the favors, I know. You've
been saying that forever.

FADI
That's real power.

KHALID
Yeah? How are those favors working
out? Anyone calling you back?

Fadi's quiet.

KHALID (CONT'D)
Now you have people who want your
power. They don't want your money,
they want your position.
Those are scary people, Fadi.

FADI
I know. I lost a lot of business in
the last couple of hours.

KHALID
What are you going to do?

FADI
I don't have a clue, bro. I'm
hemorrhaging so much money.

KHALID

Can you trust James? These dictators are all the same.

FADI

He's predictable. So I trust...that.
Are you covered?

KHALID

I'm on leave right now. I'm good.

FADI

They will look into you.

KHALID

I know. I'm good.

FADI

The access codes?

KHALID

Not mine. I'm not even in that department. Don't worry about that.

FADI

You didn't fuck anyone over, did you?

KHALID

No. And stop being the powerful nice guy. It doesn't work. Commit to something. You're either power or you're love. You can't be both.

Silence. Fadi considers that last part. He then gets back to the case.

FADI

OK, so how did you...

KHALID

(Cuts him off)

You don't want to know.

Khalid gets up and goes into the bathroom.

He comes out carrying a microwave. He puts it on the table, opens the door and takes two plastic cases out. Each one has a phone in it. He hands Fadi his. They don't open the cases.

FADI

Is this home?

KHALID

What?

FADI

Do you feel at home here?

KHALID

What are you talking about? Focus.
Do you have any clients that would
stick with you?

FADI

Nobody here wants to be anywhere
near this.

KHALID

Can't you get some new business?

Fadi looks at him. He cringes.

They take their phones out of the cases in silence.

Khalid looks at Fadi.

KHALID (CONT'D)

(Nodding)

Yes.

Fadi didn't ask a question.

KHALID (CONT'D)

This is home.
We have a life.
We're free.

Fadi doesn't seem convinced.

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

A red-carpet gala. Guests pull up in their limousines and cars, walk up the long flight of stairs and smile for the cameras.

Fadi's car pulls up. Fadi, in a tuxedo, gets out of the backseat and extends his hand to help Amira out. Amira looks like royalty.

Everyone is all smiles as they wave and pause for pictures.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The city's elite have descended on a charity event to Save Somalia's Children.

A weird mix of rich white men and women, a few black celebrities and a number of African dignitaries.

Fadi and Amira are having a drink and chatting with LARRY WEINSTEIN, 65.

LARRY

Forget about it. It's the cost of doing business.

FADI

I'm aware but it's very costly.

LARRY

You'll get through it. You always do.

(To Amira; condescending)
You'll be fine.

AMIRA

(Wry smile)
Thanks, Larry.

LARRY

Gotta get back to the wife or she'll order steamed broccoli for me.

Fake laughs.

Larry walks away.

FADI

One call and he can make it go away. Didn't even offer to help.

AMIRA

I know, honey. There are some things even he can't be seen doing.

FADI

At least offer. I'd say no.

AMIRA

(In Arabic)
What's wrong with you? You know this is how things work.

FADI
(In Arabic)
I know but...I don't know. Never
mind.

AMIRA
(In Arabic)
What's happening? What's wrong with
you? You've been acting strange.
Did Khalid say something?

FADI
(In Arabic)
No. I'm fine, don't worry.

AMIRA
(In Arabic)
What are you going to do?

Terry comes over.

TERRY
Fadiiii.

FADI
Heyyy buddy. How you doin'? Long
time.

TERRY
(To Amira)
Mrs. Ibrahim, you're a revelation.

AMIRA
(Smiling)
Thank you, Terry. You're sweet.

TERRY
How 'bout this function?

AMIRA
Yeah, it's a good cause.

TERRY
Boy, those Somalis are dependable,
aren't they?

AMIRA
You have Somali friends?

TERRY
Oh no. I meant they always end up
starving.

FADI
 (Smiling; angry)
 God forbid someone ignores the
 people of Texas!

Terry laughs.

TERRY
 (To Fadi)
 Listen, don't worry about the news.
 Give me a call, let's have a chat.

FADI
 (Smiling; appearances)
 Not going to happen.

TERRY
 (Smiling)
 Think about it.
 (Excuses himself; nods)
 Mrs. Ibrahim.

AMIRA
 (Smiling)
 Terry.

He leaves.

AMIRA (CONT'D)
 (In Arabic)
 Son of a whore.
 (To Fadi)
 This can't happen. What the fuck
 are you going to do?

A BEAT of reflection.

FADI
 What are we doing here?

Amira looks at him perplexed.

FADI (CONT'D)
 Do we belong here?

AMIRA
 What happened in Qatar?

FADI
 Nothing. I'm just saying...are you
 comfortable in all..this?

AMIRA
 (Get it together)
 Now is not the time for that. What
 are we going to do?

FADI
 (Eye on the ball)
 I have to find new business. Fast.

An AUCTION starts. The first item is a PAINTING.

AUCTIONEER
 Ladies and gentlemen, let the
 bidding begin.

Applause.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Our first item is a classic donated
 by Larry Weinstein's foundation.

Larry stands and waves at the applauding crowd.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 We will start with fifteen
 thousand.

FADI
 (In Arabic, To Amira)
 Honey.

AMIRA
 (Shocked)
 Are you kidding me?

Fadi shrugs; 'appearances'.

FADI
 (Whispers; Arabic)
 You probably won't win it.

AMIRA
 (Arabic)
 Fuck that.

She raises her hand.

AUCTIONEER
 (At Amira)
 We have 15. Do we have 20?

Terry looks back and sees Amira's hand. He chuckles.

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Bilal and Ahmed are in the meeting room waiting for Fadi.
Justine and Marcus are making small talk with Ahmed.

MARCUS

That *is* interesting, Ahmed. I
didn't know that Algebra is derived
from Al-Jabr.

AHMED

(Enthusiaistic)

Yes, he used the Al-Jabr method to
solve quadratic equations.

MARCUS

What was his name again?

AHMED

Muhammad ibn Musa Al-Khawarizmi.
His last name was Latinized as
'algoritmi'.

MARCUS

Algoritmi. Oh, algorithm!

AHMED

(Proud)

Yes.

MARCUS

Wow.

Justine just learned something new.

Bilal checks his watch.

Fadi walks in.

FADI

Sorry, had a conference call that
went long.

Everyone stands.

BILAL

No problem, Fadi. Thank you for
accepting to meet us.

FADI

Sure. Sit, sit, sit.

They sit.

MARCUS
(To Fadi)
Do you know who came up with
algebra?

FADI
Al-Khawarizmi.

Laughter.

FADI (CONT'D)
(Doesn't get it)
What!

Justine waves it off.

Ahmed looks eager and overexcited.

BILAL
Nice office you have here.

JUSTINE
Image Consultants!

Fadi grins.

FADI
You've met the gang? Justine is my
number one. And Marcus is the best
account director in the business.

Marcus is pleased.

Cordial nods all around.

BILAL
Yes. Everyone has been quite
hospitable.

FADI
Great. Let's get to it. How can we
help?

Bilal and Ahmed look at each other.

Fadi leans back in his chair.

BILAL
We want to improve the image of
Islam in the world. Specifically
Islam but also Arabs in general.

Silence.

Marcus and Justine look at Fadi.

Fadi bursts out laughing.

Ahmed is offended. Bilal is not.

FADI

Sorry. I didn't mean to do that out loud.

(Shakes head)

I do want your business. But that's not possible.

AHMED

Why not?

FADI

Do you know why Islam has a bad image?

AHMED

(Eager)

Yes. The media.

FADI

Nope. Bilal? Care to venture a guess?

Bilal is not interested in playing games.

BILAL

Why don't you tell us.

Justine and Marcus are intrigued.

FADI

Branding.

AHMED

Islam is a religion of peace.

FADI

As opposed to Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, etc, etc?

BILAL

I don't follow. We don't have a brand? It's a religion.

FADI

So is football. The stadium is their church.

AHMED
Which football?

FADI
Both, smart ass. So is any sport
for that matter. So is fashion,
music, film, art. All of it. But in
each one of those, there are a
number of brands. And everyone
knows what they're getting from
those brands. Disney would never
make a Tarantino movie. Get it?

AHMED
But it's a religion!

FADI
Oh, for the love of God! No
offense.
(BEAT)
(Animated)
OK, Christmas. Visualize Christmas.
What do you see?

Fadi stands, takes a marker and goes to the board.

FADI (CONT'D)
Come on, come on.

AHMED
Tree.

FADI
What's it called?

AHMED
Christmas tree.

FADI
Great.

He draws a Christmas tree.

FADI (CONT'D)
What's on the tree?

BILAL
Ornaments.

FADI
Ornaments. Good.

Justine and Marcus are smiling as Fadi draws the ornaments.

FADI (CONT'D)
Oh, by the way, when is Christmas?

AHMED
December 25th.

Fadi writes "DEC 25" on the board.

FADI
What goes under the tree?

AHMED
Gifts. Where is this going?

Fadi draws gifts and with his other hand gestures "hold on" to Ahmed.

FADI
Which fictional character brings the gifts?

BILAL
Come on!

FADI
(Points at Ahmed)
What fictional character brings the...

AHMED
(Irritated)
Santa Claus.

Fadi draws Santa.

FADI
What is the popular drink during Christmas?

BILAL
Eggnog.
(Irritated)
Enough.

Fadi draws it and turns to them.

FADI
The two of you are Muslim *and* Arab, correct?

BILAL
Your point.

FADI

Two Muslim Arabs from the Middle East know that Christmas is on the 25th of December. There's a tree that is put up to house the gifts brought by Santa Claus. Parents watch kids enjoy their presents while they sip on their eggnog. That, my friends, is branding. (Fervently points at board) That story is for the whole world. Everyone knows this. Everyone. No matter what their background is. Ask anyone what Muslims do during Ramadan and they'll tell you...

Fadi looks at Marcus.

MARCUS

Oh, they fast.

FADI

What do they do on Eid?

MARCUS

(Doubtful)
Eat?

Fadi gestures "you see?".

AHMED

OK. How do we get the Christmas tree?

Laughter.

Bilal is not happy with the question but he's not angry either.

FADI

Oh, no. You're wayyy past the tree. I can't help you.

AHMED

Who can?

BILAL

Why not?

Fadi looks at Justine.

Justine gives him a "DO IT" look.

FADI
 (Dismissive)
 You don't really need us. Trump is
 doing all the work for you.

AHMED
 Are you kidding? He's trying to ban
 Muslims.

FADI
 Don't be so shortsighted.

CUT TO:

News footage of dialogue,

FADI (CONT'D)
 (Voice)
 When was the last time you saw non-
 Muslims protest in support of
 Muslims? When was the last time you
 saw people rioting in airports with
 signs that read "We are all Muslims
 now"? Jews were fighting for
 Muslims' rights. Jews. From
 Synagogues - in New York.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - MEETING ROOM

Justine furls her eyebrows at him: "what the fuck are you
 doing?"

Fadi acknowledges her ire and concludes,

FADI
 I can't help you.

AHMED
 Fine. It's true he unified our
 people on our behalf but that will
 not last. It's only short term.

FADI
 You don't get it. You'll need more
 than a campaign. It's not just ads
 and slogans.

BILAL
 What will it take? How do we
 improve our image?

Fadi sits.

FADI

Change your thinking. Can you change your thinking? That is what it will take. But it won't happen. It's bigger than you, your boss, the presidents, the kings, the media, all of it.

AHMED

Let's try. We are willing and able to do it. For the long run.
(Exerts)
We have money.

BILAL

(Stern)
AHMED.

AHMED

He's all about the money. Isn't that what you said on Skype? You're not cheap? OK. We're not cheap either.

JUSTINE

I think what Fadi means is perhaps we need to pull in more resources..

She looks at him with pleading eyes.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

...and we...might need more than one firm to work on this. Right?
(To Fadi)
Right?

Fadi shakes his head.

Ahmed is visibly angry.

AHMED

(In Arabic)
Aren't you a Muslim? Huh? Aren't you God-fearing?
(In English)
You see what's happening in the world? How we're treated? University kids from our countries getting shot. Muslims kicked off planes regularly for being Muslim.
(MORE)

AHMED (CONT'D)

Even Muslim American cops are harassed. Would they dare do this to Jews?

JUSTINE

OK, let's calm down.

BILAL

(To Ahmed; in Arabic)

Calm down. This is not the place.

Fadi, what do we do? You tell me.

(In English)

How do we find a solution? You said there is nothing you can't fix.

FADI

How important is the Palestinian cause to you?

BILAL

Very important.

AHMED

To every Muslim.

FADI

Really, though?

Bilal feels Fadi is crossing a line.

BILAL

Fadi, what are you doing?

FADI

I mean, you know, defend your brethren and all. Fight oppressors. One day we'll be free. Blah blah blah.

AHMED

Palestinians are oppressed.

FADI

Sure. But how much do we really care? Your countries have armies and they don't do anything. Oil producing Muslim countries don't do anything. Nobody does anything - of substance. Palestine is the only Arab country that has a brand. And that brand is - pain.

AHMED

And it's our duty to help them. In the Quran it says..

FADI

(Interrupts)

Don't you DARE.

(To Bilal; points at Ahmed)

This is why you lose. Every time.

You go back to religion.

Here's a shocking analysis: The

reason no one takes Arabs or

Muslims seriously is not religion.

It's education. Surpriiise!

BILAL

I don't understand. We have the best schools in our region.

FADI

Just because you go to school does not make you educated.

(At Ahmed)

Exhibit A.

Ahmed is stunned.

AHMED

Excuse me?

FADI

No I will not. Where did you go to school?

AHMED

Harvard.

FADI

Anyone in Harvard quote the Bible when they're trying to solve a

problem? No. They drop out and

start Facebook or Microsoft.

Your ambition is proximity to

power. *Their* ambition is to create.

They will win every time, make all

their dreams come true, become

billionaires, affect change on a

global scale and not once - mention

- God.

AHMED

There is nothing wrong with following scripture in life.

FADI
 (Shaking head)
 This fucking guy!
 (Had enough)
 You believe in God?

BILAL
 Of course.

AHMED
 (In Arabic)
 Of course.

FADI
 The creator of all. The sun, the
 moon, the planets, the stars.
 (To Ahmed)
 Right?

AHMED
 Yes.

FADI
 Billions of light years. Life we've
 never seen before. Everything from
 an ant to the black hole and
 beyond. Correct?

AHMED
 Subhan Allah (Glory to Allah).

Bilal is intrigued.

Intercut with visualization of Fadi's speech.

FADI
 Sure.
 So do you really think The Holy
 designer of this universe, creator
 of the ultimate equilibrium that an
 inch to the left we burn to death
 and an inch to the right we freeze
 to death...
 (Loud)
 ...with everything we know about
 the vast universe being only 5
 percent of that universe,
 and with the human brain that
 weighs only 3 percent of the body
 executing millions of functions per
 day and we still don't know how it
 actually works, not to mention...

He stands,

FADI (CONT'D)

(Louder)

...FUCKING GRAVITY, an enigma that no one can figure out. Add to that, the fact that there's as many atoms in a single molecule of your DNA as there are stars in the typical galaxy. Do you really think - THAT creator, the Almighty, the one that holds everything in perfect balance is REALLY INTERESTED...

Facing Ahmed,

FADI (CONT'D)

(Erupts)

... IN A PIECE OF REAL ESTATE, THE SIZE OF AN ATOM, IN A GRAIN OF SAND, ON A PALE-BLUE-DOT?

The room is in silent shock.

STAFF outside look into the room but then quickly get back to work. A couple of staffers passing by go back the same way.

AHMED

(Stutters)

I, I, th, think we..

FADI

ANSWER THE FUCKING QUESTION.

Justine and Marcus are shocked.

Silence.

Moments later,

BILAL

(Softly)

No.

Ahmed looks at him in disbelief.

Fadi didn't expect that.

BILAL (CONT'D)

(To Ahmed; Calm, in Arabic)

Shut your fucking mouth.

Fadi is dormant again.

FADI

(Nodding)

OK. OK. Justine will send you an invoice with one line item: consulting services. It's gonna cost you an arm, a leg, ten toes and two testicles.

BILAL

(Casual)

Expected.

(Appeasing; in Arabic)

We'll use Ahmed's testicles.

Fadi scoffs. Ahmed looks like a child scolded.

FADI

Give us a week and we'll get back to you.

BILAL

Thank you.

Ahmed looks at Bilal begrudgingly.

FADI

(To Ahmed)

You were about to quote the Quran to me. How well do you know it?

Ahmed is silent.

FADI (CONT'D)

Don't be a sore loser. How well do you know the Holy Book?

Bilal nods at Ahmed.

AHMED

(Defensive)

I think better than you.

FADI

Wait here.

Fadi walks out. The room is silent again. Nobody even considers saying anything.

Fadi comes back holding a book.

FADI (CONT'D)

What was the first Surah in the Quran?

(MORE)

FADI (CONT'D)
 (Looks at his team)
 Chapter.

AHMED
 IQRA.

FADI
 What does it mean?

AHMED
 Read.

FADI
 How many words in the first verse
 of that first chapter?

AHMED
 One.

Fadi waits for the reveal.

AHMED (CONT'D)
 Iqra. Read.

Fadi puts the Quran he's holding on the table and pushes it
 towards Ahmed.

FADI
 (Considerate)
 God is not your landlord.
 (then)
 Read.

Fadi extends his hand to Bilal.

FADI (CONT'D)
 Thank you for coming all this way.

BILAL
 You're welcome. Thank you for your
 time.

Fadi shakes Ahmed's hand.

Bilal and Ahmed leave. Ahmed takes the Quran with him.

Justine lets out a sigh of relief.

MARCUS
 That happened!

Marcus points at Ahmed's seat.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I have to deal with that guy?

FADI
You're getting paid for it, aren't you?

MARCUS
What? I'm just..

Fadi leaves. Justine follows him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Fuck you too, then.

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JUSTINE
What the hell was that?

FADI
It's a different world, J. It's going to be a mess.

JUSTINE
Who gives a shit? Let's make our money. We need it now. Don't fuck this up.

He scratches his neck.

FADI
I know. I know.

JUSTINE
I'm serious. Don't fuck it up. We're in a mess because of you. We stick together as always but don't be *that* guy now.

FADI
I know. You're right.

They reach his office.

JUSTINE
Drinks later?

Fadi nods 'hell yeah'.

She leaves him to it.

INT. FADI'S OFFICE - IMAGE CONSULTANTS - CONTINUOUS

Fadi enters and sits behind his desk. He's thinking.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ahmed and Bilal are arguing.

AHMED

Yes, but how could you?

BILAL

Sometimes you have to let people hear what they want to hear. As long as we achieve our objective.

Bilal seems conflicted.

AHMED

But that was blasphemy.

BILAL

I thought blasphemy was the name of that ladyboy in Thailand. What was his name? Her name?

Ahmed's face turns white.

BILAL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We all have our secrets...

BEAT.

BILAL (CONT'D)

..and demons.

INT. FADI'S OFFICE - IMAGE CONSULTANTS - CONTINUOUS

Fadi takes a matt out of his drawer. He gets up and spreads it in the middle of his office. He stands on it and starts praying.

FADI

Allahu Akbar.

His office door BURSTS open.

FBI AGENT

FBI. Please stay where you are, sir.

FBI agents rush in and seize his computer.

Justine is right behind them.

JUSTINE
(To Fadi)
They're all over the place. They
have a warrant.

Fadi is praying.

Justine thinks fast,

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
(To agents)
Can you at least let him pray in
peace? This is unethical.

FBI AGENT
Ma'am, please step back.

Fadi continues his prayers throughout the chaos.

INT. IMAGE CONSULTANTS - OPEN SPACE CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

More FBI agents have removed staff from their desks and are packing their computers.

They take the editor's computer.

EDITOR
Be careful with that. All my work
is in there, man!

The agent ignores him as he takes the computer away.

The editor looks around at his colleagues then at Fadi's office.

EDITOR (CONT'D)
What the hell is happening?

INT. FADI'S OFFICE - IMAGE CONSULTANTS - CONTINUOUS

Fadi is still praying when the agent in charge advises,

FBI AGENT
Sir, you're under arrest. Can you
please stop. I don't want to do
anything disrespectful.

Fadi stops praying. He folds the matt and offers his hands to the agent.

JUSTINE
(To Agent)
What are the charges.

FBI AGENT
Conspiracy to use U.S. government
intelligence to influence a foreign
election.

The agent cuffs him and reads him his rights.

JUSTINE
(To Fadi)
What do you want me to do?

FADI
(To Justine; calm)
Call Amira.

FBI AGENT
Fadi Ibrahim, you have the right to
remain silent. Anything you say can
and will be used against you in a
court of law. You have the right to
an attorney...

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING AREA

Amira rushes in navigating foot traffic with her eyes on the
SERGEANT behind the glass.

AMIRA
I want to see Fadi Ibrahim.

SERGEANT
Excuse me?

AMIRA
Fadi Ibrahim. FBI arrested him half
hour ago.

He checks his log.

SERGEANT
And who are you?

AMIRA
I'm his lawyer.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

Fadi's arresting Agent approaches the cell.

FBI AGENT
You'll get your call in a minute,
Mr.Ibrahim.

FADI
(Calm)
No need.

FBI AGENT
Figured. Your lawyer is here. It
seems, eh, you won't be sticking
around tonight.

FADI
Good to know. Thank you.

FBI AGENT
I'll be right back, Mr.Ibrahim.

Fadi nods. The agent leaves.

We hear a VOICE say..."Impressive".

Fadi quickly turns around.

Out of a shadow in the corner of the cell protrudes an OLDER
ASIAN MAN. Casual in his tone; resigned in his fate.

ASIAN MAN
That's impressive.

FADI
Shit, I didn't even see you there.

ASIAN MAN
Courtesy. You can't buy that. But
your lawyer?
(Impressed)
That's real power. Special lawyer
you got there.

Fadi is looking out the cell.

FADI
Very special.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. VILLA BACKYARD WEDDING - AMMAN, JORDAN - NIGHT

This beautifully lit backyard is holding the celebrations that are on full blast with dancing, traditional band, and a group that has formed a circle around the young bride and groom.

A young Fadi is walking out of the house when he bumps into young Amira; both in their early 20's.

Dialogue in Arabic.

YOUNG AMIRA
Excuse me.

Fadi is smitten.

YOUNG FADI
(Mischievous)
No, I won't.

YOUNG AMIRA
Excuse me?

YOUNG FADI
Do you watch a lot of movies?

YOUNG AMIRA
Do I watch a lot of movies?

YOUNG FADI
You don't have to repeat everything
I say.
(Cheeky smile)
I know you feel the same way about
me.

Well, this is different, she thinks.

YOUNG AMIRA
(OK, lets play)
Yes, I watch movies.

YOUNG FADI
I really like movies. I have this
bad habit where I delve into things
I really like.
(MORE)

YOUNG FADI (CONT'D)
 Every movie, it turns out, has what
 they call an inciting incident.
 This is pretty much where the movie
 starts. The real story. This is
 when the hero...

He points at himself. Young Fadi has been drinking.

YOUNG FADI (CONT'D)
 Decides he wants something...or
 some-one.

He points at her.

She's intrigued.

YOUNG FADI (CONT'D)
 This takes our hero into
 uncharted waters.

YOUNG AMIRA
 What's your point?

BEAT.

YOUNG FADI
 (Don't you see?)
 You're the inciting incident of my
 life.
 (then)
 Don't you see? It's happening as we
 speak.

He gives her a 'tada' look.

Young Amira laughs.

YOUNG AMIRA
 I'm engaged. And I think you've
 been drinking too much.

YOUNG FADI
 Doesn't make me wrong.

She wants to stay and talk but...

JORDANIAN MAN
 AMIRA....my love. Come dance.

YOUNG AMIRA
 I have to go.

He grabs her hand.

YOUNG FADI
I'm Adnan. You're my Lina.

('Adnan and Lina' was a popular cartoon in the 80's and 90's)

She laughs out loud.

YOUNG AMIRA
You're crazy.

The Jordanian man approaches them.

JORDANIAN MAN
What's going on? Is he bothering
you?

YOUNG AMIRA
No, no.

YOUNG FADI
(At man)
This?
(No way)
You didn't choose this. Not you!
Family? Family pressure?

JORDANIAN MAN
Hey man, do you have a problem?

Young Fadi stares at him for a moment then as he's about to respond, decides, meh, and PUNCHES the man, drops him and kicks him.

Amira pushes Young Fadi away.

YOUNG AMIRA
YOU'RE CRAZY.

Guests hold Young Fadi back and separate him from the man.

Young Amira takes the man inside,

YOUNG AMIRA (CONT'D)
(at Young Fadi)
You're crazy.

They go inside but she can't stop looking at Fadi.

A chubby Young Magdi helps Young Fadi.

YOUNG MAGDI
What happened?

YOUNG FADI
I was trying to explain inciting
incidents to her.

YOUNG MAGDI
(Puzzled)
What?

YOUNG FADI
(Drunk smile)
I'm going to marry that girl, bro.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Back on Fadi.

FADI
I trust my lawyer with my life.
(Turns to Asian Man)
And I have a very good life.

ASIAN MAN
You seem like an important man.
Like you're...somebody.

Fadi sits next to the man.

FADI
(Casual)
Perception is reality, my friend.

ASIAN MAN
Is that right?
(BEAT)
So who are you?

Our fast-talking, charming, smooth operator is, finally and yet probably for the first time in his life, stumped.

He's probably heard that question before but, somehow, this time it's sincere. A genuine inquiry. Like a teacher asking a student.

He doesn't look stunned. He doesn't look confused.

He now feels - lost.

FADE OUT.

TITLE: PR.

END CREDITS roll over a FLASHBACK MONTAGE and a song.

Song: "TELL ME THAT'S NOT TRUE" by Skip Marley ft. Damian Marley plays throughout the end credits.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - QATAR - EVENING

Fadi walks out and gets a taxi.

He tells the taxi driver where to go.

INT./EXT. TAXI/ROAD - QATAR - CONTINUOUS

Fadi is watching fancy cars driven by millenials cruising the street.

He sees a billboard, of the opening event of this episode, with a picture of him standing in a power pose.

Old Fadi would be bragging to the taxi driver about it, but the new mid-life-crisis-having Fadi doesn't seem too pleased.

TEXT ON SCREEN: Verse 1 lyric;

"I know you drunk in power brother that's not juice,
I see you chasing Mil's my brother that's not food".

EXT. CORNICHE - QATAR - EVENING

The taxi pulls up and Fadi gets out.

The corniche is packed with locals and expatriates from all walks of life and all ages.

Fadi looks at the scene with a comforting smile. Feels like home.

He mixes in with the crowd and stops at a food stand to get, of all things, cotton candy. He takes a bite and it instantly takes him back to the good ol' days and offers an involuntary grin on his face.

He continues his stroll when a little girl walking next to him drops her cotton candy. He immediately consoles her and offers her his. The parents, expatriate Arabs with mother in hijab, thank him. He introduces himself and after momentary small talk, part ways as Fadi waves at the little girl and she waves back.

TEXT ON SCREEN: Lyric from pre-chorus;

"Don't you fall from grace. Brother don't throw it all away.
A wise man used to say. Money ain't life, so take it easy"

His phone rings. Facetime with Amira. He's so happy she called. He shows her around. He sees something that catches his eye and says 'hold on, hold on'.

He goes to a kiosk and buys a bag of potato chips called "Chips Oman". He holds it up to the phone to show Amira, who freaks out. "Whaaat!". It's another throwback to their old days. They laugh about it and end their call with a kiss.

He hears music.

He sees a crowd heading to a show. He follows them.

EXT. CORNICHE - QATAR - CONTINUOUS

A free REGGAE concert has the crowd swaying. The act currently playing is non other than Skip Marley and Damian Marley singing the song we're listening to.

Fadi is having a great time. He tells TWO YOUNG MEN next to him "they're really good". One of them whispers something in Fadi's ear. Fadi is pleasantly surprised. The YOUNG MAN offers "join us". Fadi agrees.

They enjoy the show.

INT. SUV - QATAR - NIGHT

Fadi is with the two young men and their girlfriends. He's happily watching them sing to whatever is playing in the car.

This is a totally different Fadi who is enjoying the simple things in life.

INT. HOUSE - QATAR - NIGHT

This is the invite. A house party with low lighting and what seems like a great vibe and good energy.

Fadi is offered a drink. He takes it and is having a ball as one of the girls pulls him to dance.

INTERCUT WITH: house party scene from music video for "Tell Me That's Not True".

Fadi is having a ball; dancing and jumping around with the everyone.

INT./EXT. TAXI/ROAD - QATAR - LATER

Fadi is going back to the hotel.

All the joy on his face is slowly disappearing as he gets closer to his the hotel.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - QATAR - LATE NIGHT

Fadi gets out of the taxi.

He lets out a sigh.

A DOORMAN opens the door for him and smiles. The doorman is waiting.

Fadi is just standing there. Finally, he thinks 'who am I kidding?', and enters.

END OF PILOT EPISODE.