

"STATE OF EMERGENCY"

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

A sign on the door reads STATE OF EMERGENCY AUDITIONS. ROSHAN paces outside of it, reading from a script.

ROSHAN

Put your goddamn hands in the air.
Put your goddamn hands in the air!
Put. Your goddamn. Hands. In the-

FAREEK enters dressed in camo and carrying a machine gun.

FAREEK

Put your damn hands in the air!

ROSHAN

Oh shit. I shoulda dressed up.

FAREEK

Put your damn hands in the air!!!

ROSHAN

That's good. That's really good.
Tiny, tiny note? the line is
actually "put your goddamn hands in
the air?" I don't know if they'll
care about that, but sometimes if
the writers are in the room they
can be real sticklers about--

FYI

START

FAREEK

PUT YOUR FUCKING HANDS UP!!!

ROSHAN

Wow. That really makes me want to
put my hands up.

FAREEK

DO IT! DO IT OR I KILL YOU!!

ROSHAN

One thing I'll say is that:
different casting directors have
different feelings about improv?
You know? Like some of them really
like it when you add your own
flavor, but others are like-- no
way. So it's a gamble. I mean I
like it! It's a big move, but hey:
could pay off. I'm Roshan.

He offers his hand. Fareek is not sure what to do.

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FAREEK

I am a servant of Allah!

ROSHAN

Sure you are. I'm from San Diego.
You?

FAREEK

Pakistan.

Fareek shakes his hand.

ROSHAN

I admire your commitment. I do.
Truth be told, I've been out on so
many of these Allahu akbar gigs--

FAREEK

Allahu akbar!

ROSHAN

Okay, I get it, you're staying in
character. Just-- between us, I'm a
little sick of always going out for
the crazy Muslim... I mean, what
about a teacher? Or a CIA agent?
Anything I don't have to wear a
turban or shout "God is great."

FAREEK

God is great! Allahu akbar!

ROSHAN

Okay. Save it for the room. Hey
would you do me a favor? Would you
run lines with me?

He hands the script to Fareek.

Fareek looks at the script, puzzled. Roshan points at it.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Here. Girl number two. I'll start,
you just read her part. Okay?

Roshan adjusts his hair, sets a physically aggressive stance
and addresses the wall beside Fareek.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Put your goddamn hands in the air!

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FAREEK
(little girl's voice)
Please don't hurt me. My Mommy is
waiting for me.

ROSHAN
Where is your mother?

FAREEK
(little girl's voice)
She's in the bathroom.

ROSHAN
Okay, then we can skip about a page
and a half--

Roshan motions, Fareek flips through the highlighted script.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
There. The death scene. This is my
favorite part.

Fareek reads:

FAREEK
Let the girl go. She's not a part
of this.

Roshan holds an invisible gun trained on an unseen girl.
Acting hard, he seems about to let her go for a moment.

ROSHAN
Allah forgive me.

Roshan mimes pulling a ripcord on his chest, makes an
explosion sound.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
Is that how a bomb vest would work?
I don't even know. I feel like
there's a cord somewhere that you
pull.

Fareek lifts the bottom edge of his vest, revealing a button
trigger at the belt line.

He wraps his hand around it slowly-- slow enough that we
think he's going to do it-- but ends up miming the motion.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
Huh, yeah. I don't know, I think
I'll keep it up here-- I like that
it's close to the heart, you know?
It's like symbolism?

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FAREEK

I should not be here. I should go.

ROSHAN

What, are you kidding me? After you got all dressed up? No way, you're just psyching yourself out. Here. I'll read with you.

He sits down, motioning Fareek to stand.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Actually-- try it without the gun. Sometimes props can be a crutch.

Roshan gently takes the machine gun out of his hands. Fareek is surprised at having suddenly been disarmed.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready.
(a beat)
You want the script? Here.

He hands it to him. Fareek reads from it, stilted.

FAREEK

Put your hands. In the air!

ROSHAN

(totally flat)
Please don't hurt me. My Mommy's waiting for me.

FAREEK

Where. Is your mother?

ROSHAN

Skipping ahead... Let the girl go. She's not a part of this.

FAREEK

Allah forgive me.

ROSHAN

Okay, I gotta be honest here I think you had it before.

FAREEK

Had it?

ROSHAN

When you first came in, you were just a lot looser. Here, maybe it's the script, give me this.
(MORE)

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ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Now don't think about it, just say what's on your mind.

FAREEK

I don't want to die.

ROSHAN

Hmm. Not really believing it.

FAREEK

I don't want to die!!

ROSHAN

Is that accent real? It's good, but it sounds a little-- fakey.

FAREEK

Please! I want to live. I want to live!! Allah forgive me!

ROSHAN

Wow. Now that was honest. I mean, if you can bring that kind of heat in the room... Oh- speaking of, you're up next. No, don't worry about me. I prefer to go last. Just get in there and knock em dead!

END

He opens the door for Fareek, ushers him into it.

A moment later, he presses his finger to his ear.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

We got him, Captain. He's in with Agents Black and Winchester now.

He goes over to the machine gun and begins to disassemble it with expert speed and precision.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

Looks like a modified AK-47 with armor-piercing rounds... and he had enough C4 on his belly to bring the roof down on top of all of us... thank you, Sir, but I was just doing my job. And I couldn't have done it without the whole team... Intelligence Director? Me? Well Sir, I'm flattered, but honestly I'm just proud to serve.

He exits.

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