

NIKHIL SHUKLA MICKY SHILOAH
INFIDEL



GREATER FOOLS PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS "INFIDEL" A FILM BY CAREY KIGHT STARRING NIKHIL SHUKLA AND MICKY SHILOAH
WITH TIM SIMEK AND DESIREE HALL PRODUCTION DESIGN AMANDA IBBOTT MAKEUP ARTIST TRICIA HEAL
EDITED BY ALEX ZINGARO DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY KEELAN CAROTHERS PRODUCED BY CAREY KIGHT, NIKHIL SHUKLA & TIM SIMEK
COMPOSER MARC BONILLA WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CAREY KIGHT

1

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

1

MOHAMMED, 19, sits chained to a chair and table.

Two empty ashtrays sit on top of the table, one in front of Mohammed, and the other in front of an empty chair across the table from him.

A confinement box sits in the corner of the room, and a decline bench rests against the wall.

A neatly folded set of white towels and two large, clear jugs of water rest on the ground next to the bench.

2

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

2

FAHIM, 30, is draped by a SARAH, 21.

They lie on their backs in bed. He stares at the ceiling while she sleeps soundly.

A pack of cigarettes sits on the bedside table next to a half-empty bottle of whiskey, a full ashtray, and photo.

Fahim lifts Sarah's arm off of his chest and slides his feet over the edge of the bed, placing them on the floor.

He grabs the photo, looks at it, and places it back down.

Sarah RUSTLES the sheets behind him, turning over to face the other side of the room. She nuzzles her pillow, still asleep.

Fahim reaches for the cigarettes, places one in his mouth, and lights it.

Without standing, Fahim slides on a pair of jeans.

He reaches down to put socks and boots on and stands up to put a T-shirt and a blazer on.

He turns to search the room while feeling each of the pockets on his person, and placing the photo in his right back pocket, he crosses and exits the room.

3 EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER 3

Fahim trudges across an empty parking lot, the brightly lit and very LOUD city before him.

4 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER 4

Fahim stands at an industrial door. He punches a code, quickly finishes his cigarette, and enters.

5 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 5

Fahim walks down a very long hallway.

6 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Fahim enters a dark room.

FLINT, 45, stands tall. He wears combat boots, jeans, and a tactical vest over a tightly fitted T-shirt.

Flint has a sidearm strapped to his thigh and an assault rifle slung across his chest.

FLINT

Christ, Fahim. You're late. Again.

Fahim raises his eyebrows at Flint while moving past him to the corner of the room.

FAHIM

Observant.

A pot of coffee sits neatly on a table next to a stack of Styrofoam cups.

He removes one from the stack and pours coffee into it.

FLINT

And still drunk.

Fahim shrugs and SLAPS packets of sugar between his fingers.

KING (O.S.)
Must be nice, strolling in whenever
you want.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR KING, 30s, steps in from the shadows.

Fahim glances over his shoulder.

FAHIM
It is.

Fahim turns around and leans back against the table. He takes a sip and addresses King.

FAHIM (CONT'D)
What's with the dramatic entrance?
(a beat)
And the new toys?

Fahim nods through the two-way mirror. King doesn't answer.

FAHIM (CONT'D)
I was under the impression this
Administration doesn't torture.

She scoffs.

KING
Torture. Let me make something
abundantly clear to you, Agent.
This country is at war, and with
the genuine threat of homegrown
terror, the President is prepared
to do whatever's necessary to win
that war.

Fahim takes another sip of coffee.

FAHIM
We've heard that one before haven't
we, Flint?

Fahim raises his eyebrows across the room at Flint.

Flint ignores him.

KING
Cut the I-don't-give-a-shit
routine. Make him talk.

She walks across the room, opens the door to exit, and turns to address Fahim.

KING (CONT'D)
If you don't break him today, I've
authorized other methods.

She steps through the door as it closes behind her.

FAHIM
Bit of a cunt, that one.

Flints stares at Fahim.

FLINT
You should take this seriously.

FAHIM
We don't have time for politics.
Did you see to it that he got rest?

FLINT
He got more than you.

Fahim chuckles.

FAHIM
That's probably true. I met this
girl tonight. Man, you wouldn't
believe --

Flint waves his hand.

FLINT

Stop. Just stop. I don't want to hear about another one of your whores.

Fahim sighs.

FAHIM

I was *going* to say that she introduced me to a great Pinot Noir, which I was then going to recommend to you, but whores? Come on, Flint. You're better than that.

Fahim turns, refills his coffee, and pours a second cup.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

May I see the list?

Flint indicates a folder on the table.

Fahim places both cups of coffee down and retrieves a crumpled picture from his right back pocket.

He places the picture flat on the table and does his best to smooth out the creases with his elbow.

Fahim chooses a spot towards the back of the folder and slides the picture inside.

He closes the folder and taps it with two fingers.

Fahim grabs both cups of coffee, and heads for the door into the interrogation room.

FLINT

Don't fuck around today, Fahim. If your friend doesn't talk, I'm putting him in that box.

Fahim backs into the door, raises his eyebrows, and grins.

FAHIM

He's not my friend.

Fahim slides his elbow down on the handle and opens the door.

7

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

7

Fahim backs into the room. Mohammed looks up at him.

FAHIM

As-salamu alaykum.

MOHAMMED

Wa alaykumu s-salam.

Fahim sets both cups of coffee down in front of the empty chair and walks around the table to Mohammed.

Fahim stops and searches his own pockets. He retrieves the pack of cigarettes and tosses them onto the table. They land with a PLOP, and they SLIDE toward the cups of coffee.

Fahim continues the search. He retrieves his keys from his back pocket.

Fahim unlocks the chains at Mohammed's wrists.

They fall to the floor next to Mohammed's feet, which are still chained to the floor.

Mohammed rubs his wrists.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

Shukran.

Fahim bows his head slightly, and moves towards the other side of table. He sits in the empty chair.

Fahim indicates a prayer rug in the corner of the room opposite the box and bench.

FAHIM

Did you pray this evening?

MOHAMMED

Yes. Your friend is very kind.

FAHIM

He's not my friend.

Mohammed glances at a clock on the wall.

MOHAMMED

You're late.

Fahim provides no answer.

He pushes the second cup of coffee across the table toward Mohammed.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

Again, Fahim?

Mohammed pushes the cup away.

FAHIM

I don't think you understand the gravity of your situation, Jacob.

MOHAMMED

Why do you call me that?

FAHIM

That's what it says on your American passport.

Mohammed scoffs.

Fahim reaches forward, grabs a cigarette out of the pack, and lights up.

He closes the pack, carefully sets the lighter on top of it, and compulsively places the pack in the bottom corner of the table directly to his right.

Mohammed eyes the pack from across the table, and glances at the empty ashtray in front of him.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

It can be over, Jacob. All you have to do is tell me who he is and where he's hiding, and you'll be free to live the rest of your days in peace.

MOHAMMED

Peace. I don't think you and your king understand the meaning of that word. Peace can only be achieved through Allah.

FAHIM

He's not my king. I didn't vote for him. I'm losing patience very quickly, Jacob. Where is he?

MOHAMMED

We don't hide.

FAHIM

Then tell me who he is.

MOHAMMED

I don't know who it is that you are talking about.

Fahim chuckles.

FAHIM

Just like the rest of them.

Fahim takes a long drag, exhaling. He points at the two-way mirror.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

You are chained to a chair, Jacob, and I'm sure you've heard what it is that men like him do to men like you in facilities like this.

Mohammed spits on the ground.

MOHAMMED

You think a box and some water scares me?

Fahim points at the equipment.

FAHIM

If you don't tell me what I need to
know, they're going to put you in
that box.

Mohammed stares defiantly at Fahim.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

Okay.

Fahim takes a long drag, crushes the cigarette in the
ashtray, and stands up.

He blows a lung full of smoke through his lips while he waves
at the two-way mirror.

Flint enters with the folder. He drops it. It lands with a
PLOP in front of Mohammed.

Flint walks back towards the door and holds it open.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

You know the drill.

Fahim grabs the cigarettes off of the table and follows Flint
through the door.

8

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

The two men watch Mohammed through the two-way mirror.

Mohammed flips through the pictures.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

(through speakers)

How many times will you show me the
same pictures?

FLINT

(to Fahim)

Are you fuckin' serious right now?

Fahim places both hands in his pockets.

FAHIM
Don't pop that little blue pill
just yet, big guy.

Mohammed continues to flip through the pictures, yelling.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)
(Through speakers)
You insult me! Why do you show me
my dead friends?

FLINT
Fuck that. Come on. The kid's a
traitor. What are you, some kind of
pussy?

Fahim watches Mohammed carefully and answers Flint calmly.

FAHIM
No.

Mohammed continues to yell.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)
(Through speakers)
Your Special Forces, with their
beards and their baseball caps,
they come in to our villages and
kill our people. I will not
contribute to more death.

Mohammed throws the pictures, one by one, across the room.

FLINT
(under his breath)
Pussy.

FAHIM
Your techniques are ineffective.

Flint points at Mohammed.

FLINT
The threat of them seems to be
working.

Fahim eyes remain fixed on Mohammed.

FAHIM

How many times do I have to tell you this? Your so-called enhanced interrogation techniques, they're like saying hello in the Middle East. He's been trained for them. He wants them.

FLINT

We got U.B.L., didn't we?

Fahim laughs.

Flint grabs Fahim by the lapels.

FLINT (CONT'D)

I lost friends on those raids, you arrogant little fuck.

FAHIM

I'm sure you did, and they would probably still be alive had I been allowed to conduct the interrogations.

Fahim shoves Flint off.

Fahim turns back to face the glass. He brushes himself off and places his hands back in his pockets.

Flint glares at him.

Fahim watches Mohammed calm down and begin to study a particular picture.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

Your Agency waterboarded K.S.M., and he lied one hundred and eighty three times about the location of U.B.L.'s courier. That's on record, Flint. A hundred and eighty three times! How many of your friends died chasing false leads?

Fahim turns to Flint and points at the glass.

FAHIM (CONT'D)

That piece of shit is not a lone
wolf. Do not confuse my patience
with weakness. And do not ever put
your fucking hands on me again.

The two men glare at each other.

Mohammed SLAMS a picture against the glass.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

(Through speakers)

You play games with me, brother?

Flint looks at the picture.

FLINT

That guy's not on the list.

Fahim watches Mohammed.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)

(Through speakers)

When did you kill the Sheik?

FLINT

What the fuck?

Flint interlocks both hands behind his head and paces back
and forth.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Sheik? He's not, that's not --
wait, that's ...

FAHIM

... the professor we've been
monitoring.

Flint looks at Fahim. His eyes widen. He looks back at
Mohammed holding the picture against the glass.

FLINT

How did you ...?

Mohammed drops the picture. He POUNDS on the window and
openly weeps.

MOHAMMED (V.O.)
(Through speakers)
Answer me!

Fahim pulls the pack of cigarettes out and lights up.

FAHIM
Have your S.O. contact me to let me
know when your boys have the
professor and where the new black
site will be.

Fahim walks to the door.

Flint watches Mohammed weep.

Fahim opens the door to the hallway and turns back, the
cigarette dangling loosely from his lips.

Fahim pulls it out.

FAHIM (CONT'D)
And Flint.

Flint turns.

FAHIM (CONT'D)
You better get your fuckin' mind
right for this next one.

He exits and closes the door behind him.