

V O W T O K I L L

by

copyright  
all rights reserved  
2014

The sound of driving over gravel.

A van door opens. Ruffling. A muffled groan.

FROM BLACK:

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

A blindfold is removed.

The sun blares with a blinding intensity.

A bound man, CASSIDY (50s), comes to awareness. He squints.

A long gravel road. Parched trees and abandoned buildings line the near horizon.

Cassidy hears the truck door close. He rolls to his side and cranks his neck.

He watches a black truck with tinted windows speed away, spitting up gravel and blooming a dusty trail.

Cassidy calmly examines his surroundings.

A few articles were left behind: bottled water, a notebook, and a suit in a protective sleeve.

Cassidy struggles against his bindings. His shirt and tie are dirty and wrinkled.

His wrists are wrapped with cordage.

His mouth is gagged by a cloth.

He edges his belt around until the buckle is in his grasp.

He undoes the belt and uses the fastening pin to pull apart his wrist bindings.

He twists it between the coils until it loosens enough to free himself.

He pulls out the gag and gasps for air.

A digitized melody breaks the silence - the ring tone of a cell phone. The song: 1980s hit "Pop Goes the World."

Cassidy looks for the source of the song, as it continues.

He unzips the protective sleeve to reveal a tuxedo.

His eyes light up.

CASSIDY

The wedding?

The phone keeps "ringing". He checks the outside vest pocket. Nothing.

He reaches to the inside pocket, and retrieves a small flip phone from over a decade ago.

The small screen reads: NEW MESSAGE.

Cassidy lowers his brow, perplexed. He checks his surroundings again. No one. He's alone.

He checks the message. It's a series of four photos, each arrives to the phone with a chime.

INSERT PHOTOS:

1 - A cottage lake. The water ripples. Serene.

2 - A tall attractive brunette (40s) stands on a dock.

Cassidy brings the phone closer. He can't believe it. He shakes his head. He fights his emotions.

INSERT PHOTOS:

3 - A closer image: the woman, MARILYN, smiles.

4 - Way too close on the woman's face. Pixelated.

The phone shakes in Cassidy's hand. He's confused. In awe.

CASSIDY

Marilyn?

He shuffles his feet, spinning around.

The phone chimes again. A text message. Cassidy reads it.

" she still lives "

Cassidy shakes his head, trying to clear away the confusion.

Another message arrives.

" contact no one = no police - no military "

Then another.

" just me - n you "

Cassidy clumps to the ground. Anxiety fills him. He catches his breath.

Another message arrives.

" look 2 the book for answers "

Cassidy turns his attention to the weathered notebook.

The book has a hard cover with an intricate design pattern.

The book is bound with a few thick elastics to keep it together. Loose pages stick out of the edges.

Another message arrives.

" wedding starts soon "

" tick tock "

Cassidy tightens his grip on the phone.

He looks to the tux. His brow lowers. Anger sets in.

Cassidy steps to the book, bends, and snatches it up.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING - YESTERDAY

Cassidy snatches up the newspaper.

He's clean shaven and fresh.

He's wearing that same shirt and tie - clean, no wrinkles.

He sips a mug of coffee as he reads the paper in his middle-class kitchen.

MELODY (OS)

Come on. It's on Saturday.

Cassidy lowers the paper to see his teenage step-daughter, MELODY (15). She wears a t-shirt for the band EVANESCENCE.

Her arms are crossed, unimpressed.

MELODY (CONT.)

Don't try and ignore me.

CASSIDY

Did you ask your mom?

MELODY

She said to ask you.

CASSIDY

I don't think so, Melody.

MELODY

Please, dad. You know she won't lemme go.

CASSIDY

Dad? You sure know how to butter me up. But it's not up to me.

MELODY

Come on. Why not?

CASSIDY

Who are you going with?

MELODY

Courtney and Kurt and Mandy and  
Liam and--

CASSIDY

Alright, alright. Does your mom  
know these boys?

MELODY

Ya. And girls.

CASSIDY

Maybe you should wait until after  
the wedding. Ask her when she's  
really really happy.

MELODY

(laughs)

Good idea. Thanks.

CASSIDY

Here she comes.

MELODY

Right... Radio silence.

Melody's mother, JANET (40s), walks into the kitchen. She's  
fussing with her long blonde hair.

JANET

How's it look?

CASSIDY

Looks good.

JANET

"Good"? Good? That's--

MELODY

Mom, chill, the roots look great.  
No greys or nuthin.

JANET

(laughs)

Just you wait, Melody. One day this  
will be you.

MELODY

Ya, one day... like a hundred years  
from now.

CASSIDY

Come on now, Mel.

Cassidy puts his arm around Janet. Affectionate.

MELODY

I'm just jokin, ma. You look  
beautiful. Can I have twenty bucks?

JANET  
You see how she just flipped that?

CASSIDY  
She's your daughter, Janet.

Janet playfully punches Cassidy in the arm.

JANET  
Just for one more day. Then this  
little nuisance is both of ours.

CASSIDY  
(obnoxious)  
"The horror... the horror".

MELODY  
Only for a few more years. Then I'm  
outta your super awesome blonde -  
not grey at all - hair for good.

JANET  
We can only hope.

MELODY  
Not like, Thomas.

Janet and Melody share a laugh. Cassidy isn't so impressed.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A framed family photo of Cassidy, with a teenage son, and a  
that same woman from the phone photos - Marilyn.

The photo rests on a desk littered with papers and DVDs.

Aggressive heavy metal music plays in the background.

A young man sits at the desk breaking apart a bud of  
marijuana on a CD case for the band SLIPKNOT.

It's the same teen from the photo, THOMAS, a few years older  
now (19) and his hair a lot longer.

His walls are lined with rock and roll posters like BLACK  
SABBATH, THE STOOGES, JOY DIVISION, etc.

Another wall has several old photos framed. One shows a  
young Thomas with his parents on a lake with a dock.

Another photo of Cassidy in military fatigues with several  
fellow soldiers. His dogtags hang from the frame.

Another shows a younger Thomas dressed as RAMBO for  
Halloween alongside his smiling mother.

A few papers litter the desk: rejection letters from  
colleges, and a rejection from the military.

Thomas goes about his task with intent, bobbing his head to the loud music.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A small sub-division lined with two storey houses.

Cassidy and Janet sit on a bench on the front porch. Janet is nestled into him. He kisses her forehead.

CASSIDY

She really wants to see them.

JANET

It's a rock concert, Cass. You remember what those are like?

CASSIDY

She's old enough.

JANET

That's what worries me.

CASSIDY

Let her go, Janet. It will be good for us.

JANET

Us?

CASSIDY

Yeah. All of us.

JANET

We'll see. Lemme think on it.

The front door opens. Thomas exits.

CASSIDY

Where ya goin, son?

THOMAS

Walk.

CASSIDY

Don't be gone all night. We got an early start.

Thomas puts on his large headphones and dismisses them.

CASSIDY

Thomas?

Thomas walks down the laneway. Loud music seeps through his headphones and pollutes the silence.

Cassidy looks to Janet. She seems worried. He shrugs.

JANET

At least you got a word out of him.

CASSIDY

He'll come around. The wedding.  
It's bringing up a lot of emotions.

JANET

I just wish he would talk to us.  
Maybe we could help.

CASSIDY

He's not much for words.

JANET

I wonder where he got that from.

CASSIDY

Yeah. But I've got you. That helped  
a bit.

JANET

A bit?

They kiss.

Then they watch the morning breeze ruffle the trees and  
bushes of their well-manicured front yard.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - TODAY

Cassidy stands on that dusty gravel road. Alone. The breeze  
blowing sand and grit into his face.

He holds that strange notebook. He unravels the elastics and  
opens it up.

The notebook is filled with strange notes made in heavy  
black ink. The notes are in ARABIC.

He flips through the pages. Every now and again, a number  
stands out amongst the Arabic text.

Cassidy closes the notebook and wraps the elastic around it.

He scans his surroundings again.

He notices a vacated vehicle 100 meters away.

His phone chimes off again. A phone call. He answers.

CASSIDY

Who is this?

VOICE

(distorted)

This is a recording. Do not contact  
anyone regarding this matter. Lives  
are at stake.

Cassidy spins on the spot, looking for someone on a phone.  
No one. Just the long road and the abandoned area.

VOICE (CONT.)

Your wedding. Today. All will end.  
Do not doubt my instructions. You  
have until 3PM to comply to my  
wishes. If you are successful, by  
the end of the night, you will have  
made your vows and all will be  
well. Ignore my instruction and the  
results will be quite fatal.

CASSIDY

What do you want?

VOICE

We all make vows that we promise to  
never break. To our brothers in  
arms. To the ones we love. Your  
wife is alive. I don't need to  
remind you of the vows you made to  
her. If you want to know where she  
is you must listen to me.

CASSIDY

Fuck.

VOICE

It's quite a moral dilemma isn't  
it, Cassidy. Do you still love your  
wife? Or have you really moved on?

CASSIDY

No. She's dead. You're lyin--

VOICE

Your training molded you into the  
perfect killing machine. Today. You  
prove it.

CASSIDY

Who are you?

VOICE

I repeat. This is a recording. If  
you seek answers as to my identity  
follow this mission through. Listen  
carefully. First, you must take the  
car and follow the directions  
inside. Tomorrow, you will continue  
with a second phase.

CASSIDY

Imposs-- Marilyn?

## VOICE

The notebook has all the answers.  
 Fail this mission and the women you  
 love die. Your family dies. The  
 wedding will be engulfed in flames.  
 Do not doubt me. Now, go to the  
 vehicle. And... don't forget your  
 tux.

The phone call ends.

Cassidy, frustrated, stops himself from throwing the phone.

## CASSIDY

(loosing hope)

Oh God.

He composes himself, and looks to the phone. The called I.D.  
 reads "Unknown".

The phone chimes again. A photo.

INSERT PHOTO: Bridesmaids drape a cloth over a long table.

Another photo: Janet, smiling with her bridesmaids.

Another: a bomb with a timer - less than 7 hours remaining.

The final photo is timestamped: 08:36AM, 09/10/01  
 (September 10th, 2001).

FADE:

EXT. STREET - YESTERDAY

Boots walk along an asphalt street.

Thomas strolls down the middle of the road. No cars. Just  
 him - smoking that joint. Alone.

Until Melody runs over.

## MELODY

Thomas. Wait up... Thomas?

Thomas can't hear her over his headphones.

She catches up, and taps him on the shoulder. He startles  
 and turns to Melody.

## MELODY

I could smell that from down the  
 street.

Thomas, annoyed, removes his headphones.

MELODY (CONT.)  
(smirks)  
Pass the dutchie to the left hand  
side?

Thomas doesn't seem impressed. He doesn't answer.

They keep walking. Melody examines him.

He exhales a thick cloud, then passes her the joint.

MELODY  
Thanks, bro.

THOMAS  
Shouldn't you be trying on dresses  
or some shit?

MELODY  
Been there. Done that.

THOMAS  
Right.

MELODY  
So, you ready for the big day? Mom  
will be pissed. You still didn't  
cut your hair.

THOMAS  
Fuck that.

MELODY  
Whatever. I'm excited.

THOMAS  
You would.

They walk for a bit, sharing an awkward silence.

MELODY  
So... where you headed?

THOMAS  
Nowhere.

MELODY  
Come on, Tommy, whatchu doin today?

THOMAS  
Same old.

MELODY  
Lemme come.

THOMAS  
Why do you wanna?

MELODY

Are you okay, Thomas?

THOMAS

Fuck off, Melody.

MELODY

It makes sense. You do you. I'm just sayin your dad is, like my-- Well. When my dad died-- I know what it's like if you wanna talk about your mom.

THOMAS

Talk?

MELODY

You're right. Whatever... So you goin to the arcade? Let's go shoot some videogame bad guys.

THOMAS

That's more like it.

MELODY

What is this? Kush?

THOMAS

Good, right?

Melody coughs. A lot. Thomas laughs.

MELODY

Ya. Good.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY

Cassidy stands in front of a mirror adjusting his tie.

Slender hands reach around his shoulders. It's Janet. She peeks over and smiles.

CASSIDY

Just one more appointment.

JANET

Travel agency?

CASSIDY

Won't take long. I'll be back for lunch.

He turns to face her. They smile large. A quiet moment. Then they kiss.

JANET

I can't believe it. Tomorrow. It'll be official. Mrs. Janet Cassidy.

CASSIDY  
I like the sound of that.

JANET  
Me too.

Cassidy's smile twitches. Thinking.

Janet notices. She raises an eyebrow.

JANET  
What? Tell me.

CASSIDY  
You think Alan would approve of me?

JANET  
What?

CASSIDY  
You know. Raising his daughter?  
Taking care of you?

JANET  
Yeah. I think so.

CASSIDY  
Sorry.

JANET  
No, no. Don't be. And Marilyn? What  
of her? You think she'd approve of  
me?

Cassidy can't answer. He's conflicted. He forces a smile.

CASSIDY  
Of course.

They kiss. Their hands caress another. They separate and  
stare into another's gaze.

She runs a soft hand across his cheek.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - TODAY

Cassidy traces his hand across her cheek, like Janet did.

He walks towards the vacant vehicle: a white Sedan. His tux  
is slung over his shoulder in its protective sleeve.

He sips his bottled water and looks to the sun. He shields  
his eyes with one hand.

He checks his watch: 10:23AM.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car door opens - rusty and noisy.

Cassidy tosses the tux into the backseat.

He plops into the frontseat.

He looks around for some sort of clue. He flips the visor down to block the sun.

He notices his reflection. He's got a day's worth of stubble. He looks dishevelled.

He cranks his neck. He examines his jawline in the mirror. A tiny dot of blood. An injection site.

CASSIDY

Dammit.

He checks the car again. A key is in the ignition.

He lifts the armrest and peers inside. Nothing.

He reaches across and opens the glove compartment. A sheet of paper is inside. He retrieves it.

The page is typed with driving instructions.

He starts the car engine.

EXT. STREET - BIT LATER

The white Sedan drives down a city street. It's covered in dust and dirt.

The car honks as it weaves through morning traffic.

The street signs are all in Arabic. Small English text accompanies each sign.

This is an ethnic region of downtown America. People from all races shop the streets.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy wipes some sweat off of his brow.

He peaks out through the windshield, peering up to the storefront signs.

He looks to the driving instructions in one hand, while he drives with another.

He swerves the vehicle, barely avoiding traffic, and skidding into a parking spot.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Cassidy stares up at a storefront with Arabic signage, his protected suit slung over his shoulder.

There are some hardcover books stacked in the window.

A teenage boy, TARIQ (17), walks down the sidewalk, handing out flyers to passerbys.

He looks down to the instructions, then folds it up and puts it in his pants pocket.

He checks his surroundings.

Tariq continues down the sidewalk, getting closer.

Street vendors haggle with customers.

Cassidy gathers his thoughts. He checks his watch.

Tariq approaches Cassidy.

TARIQ

Do you have any experience with Allah? Our creator. Our protector.

CASSIDY

Uh. So to speak.

TARIQ

There's daily seminars at the Bayview Mosque open to all faiths. Listen to our voices. Understand Islam.

CASSIDY

Islam?

TARIQ

It means peace. Come learn more and see the world through new eyes.

CASSIDY

Sorry, kid, I'm a little busy.

TARIQ

We are never too busy for understanding.

CASSIDY

Insha Allah.

TARIQ

You speak Arabic, sir?

CASSIDY

A little. I spent time over in-- over there.

TARIQ

Do you bare witness to our prophet?

CASSIDY

Like I said, I'm bus-- Here, kid. I'll take a flyer.

TARIQ

Wait. Do you actually want it?

CASSIDY

I know you're just doin your job.  
So. Lemme help. I'll take the  
flyer.

TARIQ

Do you bare witness--

CASSIDY

Heh, you speak Arabic, right?

TARIQ

Of course. My parents brought us  
over here when I was just--

CASSIDY

Can you help me? I need something  
translated.

Cassidy pulls out the notebook from his pocket.

TARIQ

My uncle, Shihab, will be mad if I  
don't hand these out.

CASSIDY

Where is he? Can I talk to him?

TARIQ

He's at home, I think.

CASSIDY

I'll pay you. If you help. It won't  
take long.

TARIQ

Pay?

CASSIDY

Yeah. Please. Take a look.

Tariq takes the notebook. He opens it. And begins to read it  
to himself.

Cassidy awaits anxiously. He taps his foot. He watches the  
other passerbys.

A man in a green truck looks away once Cassidy notices him.

Tariq stops reading, and looks up from the notebook. Slowly.

TARIQ

(worried)

Who are you?

CASSIDY  
Whadda ya mean?

TARIQ  
Where'd you get this?

CASSIDY  
Why? What does it say?

TARIQ  
(anxious)  
I gotta go. Sir.

CASSIDY  
No wait. What is it?

TARIQ  
I'll get in trouble.

CASSIDY  
Listen. Call me Cass. Someone gave  
me this. They told me it would help  
me find someone.

TARIQ  
Are you from the wars?

CASSIDY  
(hesitant)  
What? I-- Look, kid, a long time  
ago I fought in a pointless war.  
Yes. But-- Why do you need to know?

TARIQ  
I better go.

CASSIDY  
Wait. Heh, what's your name?

TARIQ  
Tariq.

CASSIDY  
Tariq? Good. Like I said, I'm Cass.  
Well, Thomas Cassidy. My wife is in  
trouble. I need your help.

TARIQ  
You don't have a wedding ring.

CASSIDY  
Smartass.

Tariq laughs. Cassidy smiles with him.

He swings his tuxedo around and opens the protective sleeve,  
revealing what's inside.

CASSIDY  
See. Wedding tux.

TARIQ  
If you say so. But, how do I know  
it's yours?

The two stare down one another. Tariq has his arms folded.

Cassidy retrieves his wallet. There's only \$20 inside. He exhales in frustration.

Tariq taps his foot.

Cassidy looks to his watch, takes it off and holds it out.

CASSIDY  
Here. Payment. Happy now?

Tariq remains hesitant.

CASSIDY (CONT.)  
Listen, Tariq, believe it or not,  
later today I'm getting married.

TARIQ  
Why are you here then?

CASSIDY  
Someone... Made me.

Tariq looks Cassidy up and down, suspiciously. He looks to his wrinkled and battered shirt and tie.

He examines the helpless expression on Cassidy's face. He looks to the expensive looking watch.

Tariq takes the watch and flips it over and over in his hand. He smiles.

TARIQ  
This book. It's from bad mens.

CASSIDY  
What does this have to do with  
Marilyn?

Tariq sifts through the pages of the notebook.

TARIQ  
I can read more later... The watch?

CASSIDY  
Keep it. I trust you... Insha  
Allah.

TARIQ

Okay. I talk. Well. My uncle. He warns me. These bad people try and get us when we're young. This book. It talks of them. These mens look for fighters.

Tariq keeps quiet as an elder Arabic wan walks by him. The teen scans the area, suspicious.

TARIQ

Are you going to hurt someone?

CASSIDY

I'm just supposed to meet someone.

TARIQ

Don't... Leave. Go home.

CASSIDY

I can't. They'll all die.

TARIQ

You die. You stay.

CASSIDY

Why?

TARIQ

They are serious mens.

CASSIDY

So am I.

INT. ARCADE - YESTERDAY

Videogame soldiers get blasted away.

Thomas and Melody stand at an arcade machine with fake guns in their hands. They shoot at the large screen, cheering and laughing as they play the game.

THOMAS

Fuck ya. We win.

MELODY

Right on.

They give each other a high five.

THOMAS

I'm gonna go get more quarters.

MELODY

Still? Let's play somethin else.

THOMAS

I thought you liked the gun games?

MELODY

Not as much as you. It's in your blood.

THOMAS

What do you mean?

MELODY

You're a natural born killer.

THOMAS

Like Woody Harrelson?

MELODY

(laughs)

No. Like your dad. Duh. You're a born soldier, bro.

THOMAS

Whatever.

MELODY

Whatever? Yeah right. Didn't you just apply for the--

THOMAS

Not now, Mel. Drop it.

MELODY

Geeze. That time of the month or what?

Thomas tries to keep a not impressed reaction. But it fails. He can't help but laugh. Melody joins in.

MELODY

Come on. Let's get some munchies.

THOMAS

I like the way you think, Melly.

EXT. STORE - BIT LATER

Melody and Thomas exit the convenience store with a bagfull of munchies.

THOMAS

Dude needs to learn English.

MELODY

Harsh. You need to find a slower way to say your brand of smokes. Shit. That was like in fast forward, bro.

THOMAS

Whatever. "Bro".

They walk down the street. Melody bites into a Twizzler.

MELODY

So... You bringin Leah to the wedding tomorrow?

THOMAS

Leah?

MELODY

Yeah. I thought you to were back together again.

THOMAS

We're on and off. Right now. That switch is stuck to off.

MELODY

What?

THOMAS

She says I'm slippin.

MELODY

Maybe she's right.

THOMAS

Not you too.

MELODY

Why don't you wanna talk about it?

THOMAS

My mom's dead. What else is there to say. She's gone. Forever.

MELODY

Talking helps. That's how, ya know, you get over it.

THOMAS

I just wanna forget it ever happened.

MELODY

What? That's-- Tommy. You can't.

THOMAS

Listen. Your mom is great. But. I can't-- I'll never call her "Mom".

MELODY

I'm not sayin you should. But. She's there for you. In that same way she was.

THOMAS

It's not the same.

They walk down the street. Not saying any more on the subject. Melody watches Thomas with curiosity.

MELODY

You wanna see Evanescence play? My friend's got an extra ticket. I can call Courtney and see--

THOMAS

What?

MELODY

You heard me. Concert. Music. Loud. Fun. Want some?

THOMAS

I dunno.

MELODY

Come on. We're family now. Let's do something fun.

THOMAS

I don't-- Ya. You know what? Fuck it. That chick has a pretty heavy band. Shit. I'm down.

MELODY

Cool beans.

Thomas can't help but smile. Melody pinches his cheek like a grandmother. He tries to shove her away, playfully.

MELODY

Awww. You're so cute when you're angry. You natural born killa you.

INT. BOOKSTORE - TODAY

A hardcover book: ARABIAN DISCOURSE ON METHOD - CLASSICAL SCIENCE. Cassidy lifts it up.

He flips the text over, reading the back. His tux is slung over his shoulder.

He sets it down next to another book resting on the store's front counter: IRAQ - THE CRADLE OF CIVILIZATION.

CASSIDY

Any luck?

He turns to a bearded man, MO (30s), sitting behind the counter. He reads Cassidy's Arabic Notebook with intent.

CASSIDY

(clears throat)

Mo? Any luck with the translation?

Mo lowers his glasses. He strokes his beard a moment, examining Cassidy.

MO  
Who gave this to you?

CASSIDY  
What does it matter?

MO  
Is this a joke of some sorts? I do  
not take it lightly when--

CASSIDY  
This is serious... Is it that bad?

MO  
Yes. It very bad.

CASSIDY  
What?

Mo tucks the notebook into his light jacket.

He rises from the chair. He removes his glasses and sets  
them on the counter.

Cassidy watches him carefully.

MO  
This book is not for your eyes. Who  
gave it to you?

CASSIDY  
I can't tell you that.

MO  
Oh. I see. Who you take this from?

CASSIDY  
Take?

MO  
You CIA? FBI?

CASSIDY  
I told you already. Now tell me.  
What does it say?

Mo laughs as he walks around the counter. His hands glide  
across its surface.

Cassidy watches him.

CASSIDY  
Mohammed?

Mo smiles an odd smile, as his left hand reaches under the  
counter, grabbing an elegant letter opener.

It's sharp tip glints.

CASSIDY

Look, like I said before, I was told to come here.

MO

(sneering)

Whoever told you that, must not like you very much, Mr. Cassidy.

CASSIDY

Mo?

Mo lunges at Cassidy with the piercing letter opener.

Cassidy knocks Mo's forearm away.

In that same motion, he drops the tux, and flat-palm shoves Mo in the chest.

Mo stumbles back a step.

Enough time for Cassidy to grab that thick text from the counter. He whips it into the blade hand.

The bladed letter opener drops. Mo winces in pain.

Cassidy grabs a pen from the counter. He picks up another book to defend with.

Mo rises, the letter opener tight in his grasp.

MO

How did you find that? What happened to him?

CASSIDY

I don't know. This was forced on me.

MO

Lies!

Mo charges Cassidy again.

He dodges a series of swipes. One careems off his book.

Cassidy swings the book up and strikes Mo's jaw.

He slams his elbow into the blade hand. The blade falls.

Now, Cassidy has the pen pressed under Mo's Adam's Apple.

CASSIDY

I don't want to hurt you.

MO

Liar. Do it.

CASSIDY

I just want answers. What does it say about Marilyn Cassidy?

MO

Americans. You are so selfish. You think this is about you--

Cassidy pushes the sharp tip of the pen into Mo's neck. Applying a little more pressure.

CASSIDY

This pen requires very little pressure to perforate your Adam's Apple. I told you, I don't wanna hurt you... But I will... Tell me. Where is my wife!

MO

This book has nothing to do with your bitch wife.

Cassidy swishes at the air, twirling the pen around and jamming it into Mo's arm.

It pierces the flesh.

Cassidy drags the weapon across the arm, trailing a long gash behind.

MO

Fuck you.

CASSIDY

What? Didn't catch that.

MO

His diary. Okay. That's what it is.

CASSIDY

A diary? Who's?

MO

I don't know.

Cassidy raises the pen again. Ready to strike. Threatening.

MO

Okay. Okay. They're coming. Here. America.

Mo crumbles to the ground. Upset. He breathes heavy.

CASSIDY

What? Tell me.

Mo bangs on the rug below him. Upset. Fighting tears.

CASSIDY (CONT.)

When... Mohammed?

Mo notices the intricate pattern on the rug. His mood shifts. His culture stares back at him.

MO

Never. They'll do it without me.

Mo grabs the letter opener, fallen on the ground.

Cassidy notices. He lunges for Mo.

It's too late.

Mo savagely plunges the tip into his neck.

Cassidy rushes to his aid. It's pointless.

Blood sprays out onto the tux's protective sleeve.

Cassidy looks for something to help with Mo's injury.

Mo coughs. Blood speckles his face. He smiles that odd smile. And dies.

Cassidy stares down at the dead man. A combination of perplexity and compassion.

He reaches inside the dead man's jacket and removes the Arabic notebook.

He checks his watch: 11:44 AM.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - BIT LATER

Tariq continues to hand out flyers to passerbys.

Cassidy steps out of the bookstore. Cautious. Suspicious. He looks up, scanning the roofs of the street.

He swings the protected suit over his shoulder.

TARIQ

Cass? Did he--

CASSIDY

Kid? Come with me.

TARIQ

But my uncle? He'll be mad if I don't hand ou--

CASSIDY

Tariq. Come on. You're all I got.

TARIQ

What do you mean?

CASSIDY

This notebook. It's important. I'm gonna need your help.

TARIQ

I thought that's why you went inside the book store? For help?

CASSIDY

So did I.

TARIQ

What happened?

CASSIDY

He was no help... Let's get outta here. You hungry, kid?

TARIQ

You pay?

CASSIDY

Shit... Ya, I pay. Now you gonna help me or not?

Tariq looks to the flyers. Looks to the large watch around his forearm.

His stomach grumbles. He looks to it. He nods with a smile.

TARIQ

Eat? Yes. Come. I know a place.

Cassidy scans his surroundings one last time.

The man in the green truck stares down Cassidy at the bookstore, without garnering any attention.

Cassidy follows Tariq down the street.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY

A plate with a large sandwich lands on the kitchen counter.

Sports broadcasters discuss the baseball playoff race on TV.

Cassidy brings the large man-wich to his lips.

JANET (OS)

Wait.

Cassidy freezes. His jaws open, ready to bite. He sighs in annoyance. And sets down his lunch.

Janet walks into the kitchen.

JANET

Don't do that yet. Wait.

CASSIDY

For what?

JANET

Before you enter man-cave mode. Did you make all those calls?

CASSIDY

Yes, dear.

JANET

Your sister too?

CASSIDY

Yes, dear.

JANET

And Thomas?

CASSIDY

Yes, de-- What?

JANET

(obnoxious)

Haircut. Scheduled... Did he blow it off again?

CASSIDY

Um?

JANET

You know hard it is to book an appointment at that salon?

CASSIDY

Um. Yes, dear... Can I eat now?

JANET

What about the driver? Did you call--

CASSIDY

Janet. Honey. Take a seat...  
Breathe. We planned this all out.  
We're ready. Don't worry, babe.  
Mission accomplished.

JANET

Jesus. I'm sorry, Cass. It's just--

CASSIDY

I know.

He reaches out and puts his arm around her. She smiles. They share a moment.

She slides into a stool, next to Cassidy. She rests her head on his shoulder.

He picks up his sandwich. And bites.

Without even looking to Janet, he slides her the other half.

She smiles. Picks it up. And bites.

They eat for a moment. Janet "mmmm"s at the taste.

CASSIDY

So you got your movies picked out  
for girl's night?

JANET

Shit. That's what I forgot.

CASSIDY

Melody will grab em. After lunch.  
We'll call.

JANET

And you? Ready for boy's night?

CASSIDY

Mmm hmm.

JANET

Whacha got planned?

CASSIDY

Dunno. Go to Steve's, beer and  
baseball.

JANET

Pretty much the guy version of ice  
cream and chick flicks.

CASSIDY

Huh? Not even close.

JANET

Funny. Well, Thomas will go to  
that. I know it.

CASSIDY

I hope so. Been a while.

JANET

Our last night as single parents.  
Who'd of thought?

CASSIDY

I'm glad you thought.

JANET

Me?

CASSIDY

Ya. I'm glad you found me.

JANET

It took long enough. But. We're beginning to feel like a family.

CASSIDY

You're right.

JANET

I know Melly Belle loves ya too. I never thought that would happen.

CASSIDY

I know.

JANET

I can't wait til our trip together. Maybe Thomas will come around by then?

CASSIDY

It's Europe. We go to Amsterdam and he'll love you forever.

They laugh. They continue to eat. Cassidy checks the TV. Janet smiles. Content.

JANET

I never thought I'd get another chance with... Life. I thought it was over.

CASSIDY

Me too. But it's not. It's just beginning.

They smile, staring into each other's eyes.

Cassidy laughs, and wipes some mustard from Janet's lips.

JANET

What? It's messy. You made it.

CASSIDY

Don't knock the chef. Once we're married it's your turn, wifey.

JANET

Fuck off. You know I'm no house wife.

CASSIDY

And I am?

JANET

Come tomorrow you are.

CASSIDY

If only the boys could see me now.

JANET

The wars are over, who cares what they think now. You're my Mr. Mom, soldier.

CASSIDY

Mr. Mom?

He drops his sandwich and playfully wrestles with Janet in the kitchen.

EXT. PARK - TODAY

Cassidy sits at a park bench. He laughs at a memory. He stares at his shawarma.

Tariq sits beside Cassidy. He's got a mouth full of food.

TARIQ

What's funny?

CASSIDY

Something my wife said yesterday. She called me Mr. Mom.

TARIQ

What's that mean?

CASSIDY

It means I'm the one who keeps the house. I cook. I clean. Mr. Mom, like that movie with Michael Keat--

TARIQ

You cook and clean? That is funny.

CASSIDY

(stern)

It is?

TARIQ

(drops the smile)

I mean. That's good. Man should help woman... Especially... in the kitchen.

He can't hold it in. He laughs. Then Cassidy joins in.

RING RING. Cassidy's smile fades. He retrieves the phone.

CASSIDY

Yes?

VOICE

(distorted)

Congratulations, Mr. Cassidy. You accomplished the first step of your mission.

CASSIDY

Listen to me--

VOICE

It doesn't work that way. This is a recording. You're--

CASSIDY

Bullshit.

VOICE

You're right. I'm suprised you didn't call my bluff earlier. Now, the bookstore owner, congrat--

CASSIDY

What did he do?

VOICE

Today. It's what he didn't do. Are you ready for your next task?

CASSIDY

Marilyn? Where is she?

VOICE

Not yet. Now listen to me. By now you are beginning to understand the importance of that notebook you're carrying.

CASSIDY

No shit. What does this have to do with my wife?

VOICE

Wife? Which one?

CASSIDY

Fuck you. I'm gonna--

VOICE

No. You won't. You will help me. The book is full of answers. Answers that will help you save your wife, for once you succeed these missions, you will have saved the country as well.

CASSIDY

What are you talking about? Who was that man at the bookstore?

VOICE

A hero. To some. Thankfully, you stopped him before he enacted his plan. But there are others who follow in his footsteps. Cancel their plan and you save your wife.

CASSIDY

Tell me then. Fuck. Get it over with. What's next?

VOICE

Another hero requires an ending.

CASSIDY

What did they do? If I'm going to kill I need to know if they're innocent or--

VOICE

There is no innocence. These men have evil in their hearts. They have swallowed a poison that infects their heart and soul. The only cure is you.

CASSIDY

What?

VOICE

You can end this infection.

CASSIDY

Who do you fight for?

VOICE

For? It's who I fought with that's important. It's you. I fight for you.

CASSIDY

That doesn't make any sense.

VOICE

It will. They won't listen to us. Remember. We have to do this ourselves.

CASSIDY

Who exactly is this "us" that y--

VOICE

Drivel! The clock ticks, and you insist on talk. Poli-tics talk too. But nothing happens. It's the clock that matters. Tick tock, Mr. Cassidy.

CASSIDY

You're fucking crazy.

VOICE

Listen to my words. Follow this mission. Then decide upon my sanity. You will be tasked to your

(MORE)

VOICE (cont'd)  
next location. You have one hour to  
slay their hero. Bye bye... Butch.

The phone hangs up. Cassidy is angered and confused.

CASSIDY  
What did you just say? Hello? Fuck!

Tariq is worried. He looks to Cassidy, who holds his head in  
frustration. Breathing heavy.

TARIQ  
Okay. Okay. I believe you now.

The phone plays that cheesy 80s song again.

A new message. Cassidy checks it. An address.

EXT. STREET - BIT LATER

Cassidy's white Sedan races through traffic. It honks and  
weaves, avoiding collisions.

He slams on the breaks.

A green truck nearly crashes into the Sedan from behind.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy swears and curses as he navigates the course.

CASSIDY  
Which one's your uncle's?

TARIQ  
There.

Tariq points to a small apartment complex.

Ethnic cultures fill the front lawn. Elders smoke fruit  
tobacco from hookahs while children play.

CASSIDY  
And you're sure he'll help?

TARIQ  
He does not like them either.

CASSIDY  
This better not be a trap, Tariq.

TARIQ  
A trap?

CASSIDY  
Forget it. Sorry. 10 minutes. In  
and out. Let's go.

TARIQ  
Don't worry, Cass.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A skinny fist knocks on a door. It's Tariq.

Cassidy stands next to him in the hallway, his tux slung over his back.

Arabic music echoes from the other end of the hallway.

Two small children, in diapers, ride bikes through the hall.

Cassidy knocks with a heavier fist.

TARIQ  
Uncle. Uncle? It's me.

VOICE  
Tariq?

The man's voice swears in Arabic, disappointed and angry.

TARIQ  
(to Cassidy)  
Told you. He's mad about the flyers already.

The apartment door opens. It's Uncle SHIHAB (40s), tall, lanky, and bearded. His mood shifts from anger to confusion.

SHIHAB  
Tariq? What you do now? I'm sorry sir, my nephew, he--

CASSIDY  
He's helping me. My name is Cass. Thomas Cassidy. I need your help, sir.

Shihab talks with Tariq in Arabic. He's upset. He waves his hands in the air.

Tariq retorts, looking at his feet.

Shihab grabs Tariq's wrist. The watch. He curses out Tariq.

Then he puts his open palm out towards Cassidy.

SHIHAB  
Give?

CASSIDY  
Money? Right. I told him I'd pay. But I need go to a bank fir--

SHIHAB

The book. Give. I read. I help you.  
Tariq. He likes to lie. Can I see  
book? Is it true?

CASSIDY

(reaches into pocket)  
Here. Thank you. I really  
appreciate--

SHIHAB

It's true. Come. Sit.

Shihab waves Cassidy inside.

Tariq follows behind. Shihab curses him and smacks him in  
the head, before he shuts the apartment door.

EXT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

A tub of ice cream slams onto a coffee table. A spoon falls  
out. Gooley cream spatters on the table.

MELODY

Oops.

JANET

Clean it later. Can't. Move.

MELODY

Me neither... Must. Vo-ca-lize.  
Dis-com-fort.

Mother and daughter chuckle, lounging on the couch. Stuffed.  
They watch a romantic movie on the big screen TV.

MELODY

Aww. Don't break up guys.

JANET

It's just a movie, Melly.

MELODY

Ya. I know. And I also know that  
after like 10 minutes they'll be  
back together.

JANET

Do you wanna watch something else  
then?

MELODY

No. That's part of the fun. I know  
how it'll play out. I just hate the  
part where it's all, you know, sad  
and stuff.

JANET

That's life.

MELODY

Yeah.

JANET

There is pain, but there is love too.

MELODY

Ya. We all get shit on, it's how we wipe that matters.

JANET

(laughs)

Where'd ya hear that one?

MELODY

In my head. Made it up.

Melody stares at the TV. Janet watches her daughter.

JANET

So... Melody? Whadda ya think about tomorrow?

MELODY

I can't wait.

JANET

Really?

MELODY

Duh. Ya. Really. I like seeing you happy. Cass is great.

JANET

I'm so glad you two get along. I wish me and--

MELODY

Tommy? Give it time. Dude's like a chick most of the time. You hafta talk to him when he's not PMSing.

JANET

(smirks)

And when's that?

MELODY

Touche. Oh wait, here it comes... They're gonna kiss.

She points to the TV. She smiles large. Getting misty eyed. She "Awww" at the screen. Janet smirks. Then joins in.

Janet reaches for her tall rootbeer float. Melody sips her's with a Twizzler acting as a straw.

JANET

A toast.

JANET / MELODY  
To girl's night.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - YESTERDAY NIGHT

A small little sports bar. Sounds of a baseball game and rock music come from within.

CASSIDY (OS)  
To boy's night.

INT. SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stares at the TV, blindly raising his beer to clink with Cassidy's. He's not enthused.

CASSIDY  
I wish you were more excited.

THOMAS  
Excited? Everyone's all lovey  
dubby. Please. Pass me a razor.

CASSIDY  
Don't say that, Thomas.

THOMAS  
What? "Razor"?

CASSIDY  
Don't.

THOMAS  
It makes me sick.

CASSIDY  
Why? Don't you ever think of me?

THOMAS  
What's that supposed to mean?

CASSIDY  
We all hurt. Don't treat me like  
some old guy who couldn't possibly  
understand. She was your mom. But  
she was my wife.

THOMAS  
You wanna compete about who loved  
her more.

CASSIDY  
That's not it. Tomorrow is supposed  
to be a great moment of my life.  
But it won't be.

THOMAS  
What?

CASSIDY

It won't be... If you're not happy too.

Thomas fiddles with the strings of his hooded sweatshirt.

THOMAS

How can I? Everyone's gonna be dancing and drinking and... Happy.

CASSIDY

And you're not? Why? What happened?

Cassidy puts his hand on Thomas' shoulder. Concerned.

THOMAS

Leah?

CASSIDY

She'll be there. Don't worry.

THOMAS

She won't. She left me.

CASSIDY

What? No?

THOMAS

Yup. See. So, it's not cuz of Janet. It's just-- Everything... all together.

Thomas gulps his beer. Cassidy pokes at his food. He catches the attention of their waiter.

CASSIDY

Steve. Two more. Thanks.

Thomas looks over to his dad. He finishes his beer.

THOMAS

Really? Another?

CASSIDY

Ya two more. Me and my boy, we're gettin drunk. We got the game. We got chicken wings. We got beer. That's it. Right now... That's it.

THOMAS

Cheers to that.

CASSIDY

And you know what. Leah? She'll come around. I got a sense of these things.

The bartender brings two fresh beers.

CASSIDY  
Thanks, Steve.

THOMAS  
A sense?

CASSIDY  
Well. Experience, let's say.

THOMAS  
Ya know. I am happy for ya, dad.  
It's just-- It's weird to talk  
about--

CASSIDY  
I know. So... to beers and  
baseball.

THOMAS  
Beers and baseball. Cheers.

They clink bottles.

INT. APARTMENT - TODAY

Two tea mugs clink.

SHIHAB (OS)  
Cheers.

Shihab sips his hot tea across from Cassidy, sitting in the  
living room.

Tariq hunches over a computer, nearby.

CASSIDY  
Thanks for the tea, Shihab.

SHIHAB  
You are welcome, Tow-mass.

CASSIDY  
Cass'll do.

SHIHAB  
Cass. Well, I think I can tell you  
something about this notebook.

CASSIDY  
What is it?

SHIHAB  
Tariq spoke the truth. It is a  
diary.

TARIQ  
Told you, Uncle.

CASSIDY

What does it say about my wife?

SHIHAB

I'm not thinking your wife is in this book. This man, he prepare for something else. Something scary.

CASSIDY

But Marilyn? I have to--

SHIHAB

Save her. Yes. I know. But. This book? It is a plan. It is secret.

TARIQ (OS)

That's so photoshopped.

Cassidy spins to Tariq at the computer.

CASSIDY

That's from my phone. How'd you get my--

Shihab curses out Tariq in Arabic. It's a brief, but animated, discussion.

TARIQ

Sorry, Cass. I just borrowed it cuz I wanted to see the photos. I... I think it's fake.

CASSIDY

The bomb? At the wedding?

TARIQ

Um. I dunno. I mean the picture of your wife. It's so photoshopped.

CASSIDY

Photoshop?

TARIQ

Look.

Tariq points to his monitor. Cassidy and Shihab rise from their seats and walk over.

A photo manipulation program is active on the monitor.

Tariq opens a photo of a supermodel in a bikini.

He cuts and pastes another photo of an Arab woman smiling. He puts her head on the model's body.

TARIQ

See. Like that. Fake.

SHIHAB

What you do that for?  
(realizing)  
You? What?

Shihab curses out Tariq for the exploitive photos of women.

Cassidy walks back to the couch. Sits. Thinking. He runs his hand through his hair.

CASSIDY

Dammit... Well, it worked didn't it. I'm out here. Talking with you guys. Fuck. What else is faked?

TARIQ

No way. That notebook is way too hard to fake.

SHIHAB

Yes. I believe real. The notebook. I think. Have answers.

CASSIDY

Tariq said there was a name in there. A dangerous group. He didn't want you to get mad at him so--

SHIHAB

He knows what is best for him then. It's true. These mens I warn him of. They try and take our children and make them fighters. They take our life.

CASSIDY

What do you mean? What group? Maybe I know of them.

SHIHAB

I don't think so. They bad group. They think America evil. They want them to leave.

CASSIDY

Dammit. Just tell me. I don't have time for-- Please. Shihab?

SHIHAB

Fear. They want us fear.

CASSIDY

Who are they? What do they have planned?

Shihab holds the notebook. Thinking. Stroking his beard. He examines Cassidy, suspiciously.

CASSIDY

Shihab? You can tell me. In my past, I fought with the Saud-- Fuck it. Is it the Kye-da?

SHIHAB

How you know that name?

CASSIDY

My old job. Let's just say since I knew of them, Clinton knew of them.

TARIQ

Bill Clinton? No way?

SHIHAB

That not how you say it. It said: Kye-aye-da.

CASSIDY

So, it is them. What are they planning?

Shihab thinks a moment, staring at the notebook. Then he nods, affirmative.

SHIHAB

An attack. Al Qaeda. They attack us.

CASSIDY

What do you mean: us?

SHIHAB

(looks up from book)  
America.

CASSIDY

Where? When?

SHIHAB

I have to read more. Wait. Who is this?

Shihab pulls out a passport stuck inside the torn back cover. Cassidy takes it.

He looks to the photo of a clean shaven Arabic man.

CASSIDY

That's just it. I don't know. I need your help to figure all this out, Shihab. I can't read it.

SHIHAB

It say passport for different group. Different place.

CASSIDY

See. I need you. Help me, Shihab.  
Please.

SHIHAB

I can't come with you. It is  
dangerous. Too dangerous.

CASSIDY

Why?

SHIHAB

It say. Book says. They hire bad  
mens. Gangs. To protect them. Those  
mens are here.

CASSIDY

In America?

SHIHAB

Yes... And no. Here too.

Cassidy pulls out his phone. He shows it to Shihab.

CASSIDY

Here?

SHIHAB

What? That's down the street.

TARIQ

Cool. Let's go Cass. Like the  
bookstore. I'll keep watch.

Shihab swears at Tariq in Arabic. Frustrated, he throws the  
notebook onto the table.

He rises from the couch and paces the room.

SHIHAB

Did they follow you here?

Shihab walks over to a window looking out on the street. He  
peers out.

His chest explodes from gunfire. Out of nowhere. Silenced  
bullets rip apart flesh, and tear apart the apartment.

Cassidy dives for Tariq. They hit the floor.

Finally, the shots stop.

Shihab is dead. Bleeding out. Staring up to the ceiling.

Tariq cries. He curls into a ball. Totally shocked.

Cassidy crawls over to Shihab. He peeks out the window.

He notices a sniper scope shine in the back-bed of that green truck. A man is prone aiming a rifle straight up at--

Cassidy ducks a shot.

CASSIDY

Tariq. Run.

Tariq sobs, his knees crunched into his chest. Scared.

CASSIDY

Y'ullah. Y'ullah.

Tariq snaps out of it. He rises and runs for the door.

Cassidy follows quickly behind.

He snatches the notebook from the table as he goes.

INT. CAR - BIT LATER

Cassidy slams on the gas, weaving through traffic.

A large UPS van has blocked the street. The green truck is stuck a few cars behind it.

Cassidy curses as he jumps lanes to catch up.

The UPS van finally moves ahead.

Cassidy spots the green truck.

CASSIDY

Who the fuck are they?

TARIQ

Uncle?

He chases the green truck down the busy downtown streets.

Tariq is nearly comatose in the passenger seat.

CASSIDY

Why did they shoot?

TARIQ

Uncle?

CASSIDY

Tariq. Listen. The only way to help your uncle now is to find out who killed him. And who hired these gang bangers.

TARIQ

The man on the phone?

CASSIDY

Why? He told me to come here. He wants me to live to do his dirty work or someth-- Fuck!

Cassidy barely dodges an accident. He keeps up the pursuit.

TARIQ

Oh yeah. My uncle said the mens hired gangs to protect. Which gang?

CASSIDY

We're about to. Find. OUT!

Cassidy rams the truck. It affects the larger vehicle just enough that the driver swerves into a parked Jeep.

Cassidy swerves the Sedan around to block the truck's path.

The truck's engine smokes.

The White driver can't get it started again.

Cassidy approaches the vehicle. Each step deliberate.

He reaches into the truck, snatches the unfastened seatbelt, wraps it around the driver's neck and tightens it. Quick.

The driver gasps. His sunglasses fall down - revealing several small tattoos near his eyes.

CASSIDY

Who are you?

The driver gasps. He clutches at his throat. He can't loosen the seatbelt.

CASSIDY

WHO ARE YOU?!

TARIQ (OS)

Cass!

Cassidy turns his head.

A handgun is aimed right at his face.

The Sniper from the bed of the truck has him at gunpoint.

Cassidy puts his hands up, like he's surrendering. The shooter smirks.

Cassidy plows his foot into the man's stomach. He doubles over in pain.

The man is struck by Cassidy, several times.

First, Cassidy disarms the weapon, striking the inner arm. Then another strike to the armpit.

A hard elbow smashes the shooter's nose. He falls.

The driver pulls out a handgun. Cassidy catches sight of it. He dodges a close range gunshot.

Cassidy grabs the Driver's arm and breaks it, down across the open door.

The gun lands on the pavement.

CASSIDY

Talk!

DRIVER

They hired us. To watch.

CASSIDY

Who?

DRIVER

I dunno, man. Our boss. He sent us.

CASSIDY

Tell me. Now.

DRIVER

We're supposed to protect this guy. They said you were coming.

CASSIDY

What did they say?

DRIVER

Something about a fuckin book or some shit. I dunno. I'm just here to--

CASSIDY

Go on. Tell me.

DRIVER

Don't kill me.

CASSIDY

Time's wasting.

DRIVER

They said you were going to assassinate this religious leader of the--

BLAM. The Driver is shot dead by the Sniper. Silenced.

Cassidy reaches for the gun, to disarm the shooter.

Instead, the bloodied man turns the gun on himself.

He smiles and puts the barrel in his mouth. He fires.

His blood spatters Cassidy's face.

INT. SPORTS BAR - YESTERDAY NIGHT

Cassidy splashes water on his face.

He stares at himself in the bathroom mirror. A moment.

Thomas sits at the bar. He stares at his phone.

Cassidy returns from the bathroom. He looks to the bartender. He puts up his fingers, signalling two more.

Thomas smiles at his Dad as he approaches.

THOMAS

I told ya. You shouldn't have  
broken the seal so early.

Cassidy plops down on his stool at the bar.

THOMAS

Jeter just hit a home run.

CASSIDY

Of course he did.

THOMAS

I'm tellin ya. Yankees all the way.

CASSIDY

Nun-uh. This year it's the BoSox.

THOMAS

Yeah, right. And then you'll wake  
up.

CASSIDY

It ain't no dream. One day. You'll  
see. The curse will be lifted.

THOMAS

Wanna bet?

They shake hands. And laugh. They're tipsy drunk.

THOMAS

Dad. I hate to say this. But I had  
fun tonight.

CASSIDY

Had?... Fun?

THOMAS

Yeah. But. You won't believe it.  
Leah. She's been texting me.

CASSIDY

Texting?

THOMAS

Ya. The phone. Words? Typed.

CASSIDY

What'd she say? She still hate you?

THOMAS

That's just it. She wants to come tomorrow.

CASSIDY

That's great... Excellent.

THOMAS

"Most excellent".

They shred invisible air guitars like "BILL & TED".

CASSIDY

What changed her mind?

THOMAS

I guess she knows how important it is.

CASSIDY

Important?

THOMAS

Ya. To me.

They share a quiet emotional moment, a look into one another's eyes.

Cassidy puts his hand on his son's shoulder.

CASSIDY

Go on, then. Get outta here.

THOMAS

What? Really?

CASSIDY

Yeah. I'll finish the game. And your beer. Go on, git.

THOMAS

Dad? You sure?

CASSIDY

Ya. Tonight was great. Now go. Patch things up, son. Show her that smile.

THOMAS

I'll try my best.

CASSIDY

"Do or do not"...

THOMAS / CASSIDY

"There is no try".

They laugh, a bit too much for this shared quoting.

THOMAS

Dang. You sure do get nostalgic when you're drunk.

CASSIDY

Do I? And I'm not drunk?

THOMAS

Alright. I'll see you tomorrow morning.

CASSIDY

Bright and early.

THOMAS

I can't believe I get to go to my own dad's wedding.

CASSIDY

It's a new beginning. You and your new sister, and new mom. A new family. A new world.

THOMAS

Drama. You are drunk. Make sure you take a cab home. We'll grab the car later.

CASSIDY

Who's being all parenty now?

THOMAS

Whatever. Thanks, Dad.

CASSIDY

For what?

THOMAS

Even before me and Leah talked. You made me smile. Again.

CASSIDY

Yeah. It's been a while.

THOMAS

Like you said. A new world. I'll be home late. Tell Janet I said goodnight.

CASSIDY

Tell her yourself. And would it kill ya to call her mom once in a while.

THOMAS

You're right. Later.

Thomas rises and leaves. Cassidy watches him fondly.

Thomas reaches the door and looks back. They smile. Then he points to the bartender, Steve.

THOMAS

Steve? Cab. Make sure.

With that Thomas leaves.

STEVE

So I couldn't help but overhear?

CASSIDY

Hear what?

STEVE

The Red Sox? Really?

The two men laugh.

They continue to joke as someone watches from a booth. A mysterious man in a ball cap. The shadows hide his features.

He reaches under the table, pulls out a full syringe. He removes the safety tab from the needle tip.

EXT. STREET - TODAY

Cassidy's white Sedan races through traffic.

TARIQ (OS)

Cass? Wrong way. You're going back where we came from.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy looks over to Tariq in the passenger seat.

CASSIDY

It's the right way. That address near your uncle's. We gotta go back.

TARIQ

I don't wanna go back there.

CASSIDY

I don't either. But we have to.

TARIQ

Why can't we call the police. My uncle--

CASSIDY

He's gone. I wish he wasn't.

TARIQ

Why? Why did they kill him? My  
uncle never hurt anyone.

CASSIDY

What do you want me to say? The  
world isn't fair. It's full of bad  
people who hurt good peop--

The phone interrupts Cassidy. Tariq startles back at the  
sound. Cassidy sighs in frustration.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry, kid. I'm gonna stop him.

TARIQ

How?

Cassidy doesn't know how to answer. So he doesn't.

The phone rings again. Cassidy presses the TALK button.

VOICE

(distorted)

Cassidy. You still there?

CASSIDY

I'm on my way.

VOICE

Time is running out.

CASSIDY

Those guys didn't stop us. You'll  
hafta do better than that.

VOICE

What?

CASSIDY

The truck. Don't play stupid. I  
passed your test. Now what does  
this have to do with Marilyn?

VOICE

You're mistaken. I want you to  
succeed this mission. Trust me I  
do. Whoever those men were I  
didn't--

CASSIDY

Marilyn?! Tell me.

VOICE

Finish the task. Answers await.

CASSIDY

I know she's dead. It isn't  
possible. I buried her.

VOICE

Did you? Perception isn't always reliable. Are you quite certain of that?

CASSIDY

I know it's a fake. Those photos.

VOICE

Let's suppose that's true. Do you really want to risk your wedding? Are you that certain I am lying?

CASSIDY

(upset)

Marilyn is gone. Forever. I know.

VOICE

Those photos they got your attention, did they not? The plan worked. How else would I motivate you to complete these tasks?

Cassidy hangs up in anger.

Tariq watches the stern man get emotional. Cassidy fights it, wiping away an escaped tear.

TARIQ

Are you okay?

CASSIDY

I wanted it to be true. Even though I knew it couldn't.

TARIQ

Sorry, Cass.

CASSIDY

Tariq. No. Thank you. I shouldn't have believed hi--

The phone interrupts again. Cassidy answers it.

This time the voice on the phone isn't distorted. It's accented. Somewhere in the U.K.

VOICE

(accent)

I didn't expect that sort of emotion out of you, old friend. But there are necessary steps we must take. Your mission must be accomplished.

CASSIDY

Your voice?

VOICE

It's me. No more games. I didn't send anyone to stop you. I promise that.

CASSIDY

What am I fighting for then? Tell me. I've had enough of your riddles.

VOICE

We're on the same side. Your country doesn't believe me. But I'm right. And you know it. That notebook proves it.

CASSIDY

Whose is it? How did you get it?

VOICE

That book was only one of many. There are others at work.

CASSIDY

Others?

VOICE

Yes, others. Other agents, as well. To be realistic, I can only hope at least one of you succeed.

CASSIDY

Who are they? Former military?

VOICE

They are trusted candidates like yourself. I recognized your name. I chose to be your handler.

CASSIDY

Why should I believe that? Why disguise your voice?

VOICE

It was part of their plan. But I need you to trust me, old friend.

CASSIDY

You sound familiar.

VOICE

Tick tock. Which answers do you truly desire, Cassidy.

CASSIDY

Dammit... How do I know these men are who you say they are?

VOICE

Those names come from that book.  
Others risked their lives, some  
died, to get that into your hands.  
Will you dignify their sacrifice?

CASSIDY

Why give me this book then? If you  
know where they are? I need to know  
more.

VOICE

Do you? How many missions have you  
accomplished in your life? And how  
many times did you know their true  
purpose? You were trained to kill.  
As was I. But there is a chance for  
us to repent.

CASSIDY

You're fuckin nuts.

VOICE

While I do expect to fail. While I  
am willing to die. I have not lost  
my sanity. My options are very  
clear. Look to the book. Am I  
lying? There is a chance to save  
your country, Mr. Cassidy. Will you  
take it? We must not let tomorrow  
happen.

CASSIDY

What happens tomorrow? Tell me!

VOICE

A cascade of events will crash like  
a waterfall, creating a new  
landscape of fear. Things will  
never be the same. America will  
never know freedom again.

CASSIDY

Fuck. Tell me what--

VOICE

Finish your task first.

CASSIDY

Tell me!

VOICE

"One step at a time, Butch."

CASSIDY

(re: that quote?)

What did you just-- Who? Sundan--  
Is that you?

VOICE

Tick tock.

And with that, the stranger hangs up.

Cassidy bangs on the keys to end the call.

Tariq looks over. Confused. Perplexed.

Cassidy furrows his brow. And slams on the gas.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Sedan races down the street, through downtown.

Cassidy avoids near collisions.

The car stops at a red light. Cassidy looks out to a bus stop and an advertisement: a scantily clad woman.

Cassidy looks up at some billboards.

CASSIDY

America?

Many of them have suggestive imagery advertizing products. Lurid poses of women.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

Thomas kisses Leah (18), slender, with long curly hair.

They sit on the edge of her bed.

He runs his hand through her hair, as they continue to kiss.

LEAH

Slow down, tiger.

THOMAS

I missed you, Leah.

LEAH

(sarcastic)

It was a long four days.

THOMAS

It felt like forever.

LEAH

You and melodrama make a better couple than us.

THOMAS

What?

LEAH

I'm joking, Thomas. Relax.

THOMAS

Relax. Around you? Hardly.

LEAH

How much did you and your dad drink?

THOMAS

Enough.

LEAH

First, things first. Wanna see my dress?

THOMAS

You finished it? I thought you threw it out?

LEAH

I said some weird things the other night. I was pissed off.

Leah rises and walks to her closet. Thomas stares at her long legs as she goes.

LEAH

Check it out.

She opens the closet. Her dress is on full display: a pale Victorian gown with a corset.

LEAH

Whadda ya think?

Thomas rises out of the bed. He walks towards Leah.

THOMAS

Wow. It's... Perfect. I can't believe you made that.

LEAH

I try.

THOMAS

You definitely do.

They kiss by the closet.

Thomas separates first. They look into another's eyes.

THOMAS

Heh. There is something you could help me with. I'm not totally ready for tomorrow yet.

Leah waits for an answer. Thomas runs his hands through his long hair. He holds up a few strands.

LEAH  
Finally. You're gonna let me?

Thomas nods. Reluctantly. Leah smiles.

THOMAS  
Just do it quick. Before I change  
my mind.

INT. CAR - TODAY

An address on a small phone screen.

Cassidy stares at it, parked at an apartment building. He checks the time on the dashboard: 12:48.

Tariq looks through the notebook, in the passenger seat.

CASSIDY  
Stay here.

TARIQ  
No way. I'm coming.

CASSIDY  
You bulletproof all of a sudden?

TARIQ  
Like the car is?

CASSIDY  
I don't want you to get hurt.

TARIQ  
Too late for that.

Cassidy exhales in frustration and exits the car. Tariq quickly follows.

INT. APARTMENT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The entrance intercom.

Cassidy scrolls the names in the directory. His finger stops at a name, matched with apartment 305.

He presses the intercom buttons: 222. The number rings.

Cassidy and Tariq anxiously await at the entrance doors.

INTERCOM  
Yes?

CASSIDY  
Hi. My name is Thomas Cassidy. I'm  
wondering if you could--

The intercom hangs up. Cassidy turns to Tariq and shrugs.

TARIQ

Let me.

CASSIDY

Don't press the numbers for our  
guy. We don't wanna warn him.

TARIQ

Duh.

Tariq presses several buttons on the intercom. A different  
caller finally answers.

Tariq speaks in Arabic.

Cassidy watches the teen talk. Suspicious for a moment.

Then Tariq cups his mouth and talks - like there is poor  
reception or something.

The door buzzes and clicks open.

Tariq grabs the handle. He smiles. Sly.

Cassidy tries not to be impressed.

TARIQ

After you.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cassidy walks down the long hallway with Tariq. He undoes  
his tie as they make way.

They stop outside of Apartment 305.

He motions Tariq to knock on the door. Cassidy hides from  
the peep hole.

Arabic shouting comes from behind the door. Several voices.

Cassidy and Tariq hear someone approach the door.

The light shifts behind the peephole.

A man speaks Arabic. Tariq replies to him. He holds up one  
of his folded flyers to the peephole.

Cassidy unravels his tie. He wraps it around his grasp.

Tariq and the man continue to talk.

Cassidy spools and tightens a length of the tie.

Tariq continues to chat until the door finally opens.

A tall, thin, clean shaven Arabic man looks down at Tariq.  
He reaches out and snatches the flyer away.



A tall grey-bearded Middle-Eastern man with a small Russian sidearm rushes towards the door, shouting out in Arabic.

CASSIDY

Um? Wait. Let's talk.

The man seems to be calling out questions. He waits for an answer. Cassidy doesn't know how to reply.

The man yells again in Arabic. More violently.

CASSIDY

Assalumu' laikum?

One of the injured men in the hall yells out.

The bearded man fires another shot into the hallway. It hits close by to Cassidy.

Cassidy fake groans and moans like he was just shot. He rises, leaning against the door frame.

The injured man with the broken nose rushes Cassidy, passing the doorway as he goes.

Another shot fires into the hallway, hitting the running man in the ribs. He falls, inches away from Cassidy.

The bearded man approaches the entrance.

Cassidy waits patiently. The man advances, gun drawn.

The bound man yells out in Arabic.

Cassidy notices the gun barrel enter the doorway.

He pivots into the entrance.

He quickly grabs the man by his pant's buckle. Using this center of gravity he shoves the man back into...

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...the apartment.

Cassidy drives his shoulder into the gun arm, as he barrels his way inside.

The gun goes off. A shot fires into an apartment wall.

He crashes the man into a coffee table, sending papers to the ground.

Cassidy has the man pinned to the table.

The bearded man points the gun towards Cassidy's head.

Cassidy grabs the gun wrist.

The man struggles to over-power Cassidy and aim the gun at him. Cassidy pushes back. He turns into the man's chest.

Cassidy manages to bend the gun wrist so far that the man presses the gun against his own shoulder.

During the struggle, the trigger squeezes. The gunshot enters the man's shoulder.

The pain distracts enough for Cassidy to steal the gun away.

He rises and aims the gun at the squirming and bleeding man splayed across the table.

CASSIDY

Who are you?

MAN

Fuck you mother.

CASSIDY

Talk!

MAN

No no no... Us, no talk.

CASSIDY

Don't doubt me. I will end your life.

MAN

Do it. Kill me.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry then.

Cassidy steps closer, gun aimed.

MAN

"O man, have you not seen".

Cassidy battles his conscience. Deciding to kill or not.

The gun slightly tremors in his grasp.

The man watches the gun.

Cassidy calms his nerves. He notices the make of the gun: SIG-SAUER, from Russia.

CASSIDY

You Saudi?

MAN

Too late for that.

CASSIDY

We used to work together. What changed?

MAN

Change? Nothing changes.

CASSIDY

You're wrong.

MAN

You no leave our home. You spoil our holy land. Now we come to you. Spoil you land. See what you think.

CASSIDY

What are you planning?

MAN

You'll see.

CASSIDY

Not if I stop you.

MAN

(laughs)

You? You too scared to even hold gun.

CASSIDY

It's not because I'm scared... I need answers. Don't make me kill you.

MAN

You won't stop us. We six teams, you only one man that don't even know who we are.

CASSIDY

Al Qaeda.

MAN

What?

CASSIDY

I know.

MAN

You think you know us. You don't. Not yet. I live to see Jihad. You no kill me. You can't stop us. I am only one. There is more.

CASSIDY

I'm not the only one either, pal. I'm one of many. And one by one. You. And your friends. They're dead.

MAN

Your work in Saudi did nothing.  
Nothing but arm us. Teach us to  
fight. Teach us to kill... You gave  
up, old man.

Cassidy thinks a moment. He stares down the barrel of the  
gun. Calm.

CASSIDY

I never gave up.

Cassidy shoots the man in the head. Quick and painless.

He looks to the schematics spattered with blood.

It's some sort of handmade blueprint for a very large  
building. Arabic writing accompanies the sketch.

Cassidy bends down and folds up the schematic. He turns to  
the door.

Tariq is there. Staring. Shocked. Perplexed.

CASSIDY

I thought I told you to run?

TARIQ

The bullets stopped.

Tariq stares at the dead man. Horrified. Confused.

CASSIDY

I had to.

TARIQ

(shakes head)

I saw you.

CASSIDY

Then you know.

TARIQ

You didn't have to.

CASSIDY

Tariq. It's complicated. These guys  
are--

TARIQ

Jihadists. I know. But how do--

CASSIDY

Look at this. What does it say?

Cassidy shows Tariq the schematics.

TARIQ

Building. Virginia?

CASSIDY

What build-- Langley. Fuck!

TARIQ

What is it? Who is Virginia?

Cassidy doesn't answer. He enters the hallway, passing Tariq, leaving him behind.

Two loud shots echo. Tariq jumps at each. Startled.

EXT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

The stars are out, high above the Cassidy household.

Thomas walks up the laneway, his hoody drawn over his head.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas peers into the fridge. The soft glow highlights his features under the hood.

JANET (OS)

I thought I heard you come in.

Thomas rises from the fridge, turning towards Janet, who's dressed for bed.

THOMAS

Sorry.

JANET

I didn't mean it like that. Where's your dad? In the car?

THOMAS

Um. He couldn't drive.

JANET

He's that drunk?

THOMAS

Ya. Kinda.

JANET

Well, where is he? What happened?

THOMAS

It's not like that. We had a good night. Leah called me. He told me--

JANET

Where is he?

THOMAS

I thought he'd be home by now. He's probably hangin out with Steve.

JANET

The bartender? Okay. I'm definitely calling.

THOMAS

He'll be okay. Is Melody asleep?

JANET

I think so. It's late.

THOMAS

She wants to go to a concert on--

JANET

I know. She's too young to go with all those boys.

THOMAS

What if I went?

JANET

What if you what?

THOMAS

Ya. I wanna go with her.

JANET

Really?

THOMAS

Well, ya. Is that so hard to believe? Plus. Loud music equals loud fun.

JANET

You seem-- What happened today?

THOMAS

Me and Leah were on the splits. But now... We're good.

JANET

That's news to me.

THOMAS

Don't sweat it, Mom. She's comin tomorrow.

JANET

Did you just call me--

THOMAS

Ya. Took me long enough right. So can we go?

JANET

Alright, I suppose. If you take her.

THOMAS

Great.

Janet reaches out and puts a hand on his shoulder. He looks to it a second. Then he reaches out. They hug.

Janet is pleased, but slightly confused. She nestles in while he's still feeling affectionate.

They separate.

THOMAS

See ya tomorrow.

Thomas leaves the kitchen. Janet smiles. Then he looks back. He smiles.

And lowers his hood, revealing a much shorter haircut.

THOMAS

Heh, whadda ya think? Too short?

Janet is so pleased. Her smile beams.

JANET

Thomas? It looks good... Thank you.

Thomas smiles, and turns away, leaving the kitchen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TODAY

Cassidy's white Sedan drives through traffic on a highway full of cars.

The phone rings.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy answers the phone.

CASSIDY

They're dead.

VOICE

They're what?

CASSIDY

You heard me.

VOICE

That wasn't necessary.

CASSIDY

This time. It was.

VOICE

Did you receive my last message?

CASSIDY

I'm on my way. Now tell me. What's this all about... Sundance?

VOICE

I thought our little nicknames might jog your memory.

CASSIDY

We were allies. Why are you doing this? Isn't there another way?

VOICE

The methods were not my ideas. They devised a way for us to approach each of you individually.

CASSIDY

How high up does this go?

VOICE

Not high enough. They won't listen to us.

CASSIDY

And why the fuck not?

VOICE

We're not the first to tell them of this group. These plans.

CASSIDY

Tell me about it. Does this go back to the arms supply in Saudi?

VOICE

We armed them to fight the Russians. It worked. But now that they knew how to fight. Now that they had the means. They aimed their sights at us.

CASSIDY

But we helped them?

VOICE

We want their oil. They want us gone.

CASSIDY

What am I doing today? Tell me it was worth killing those men.

VOICE

They are planning an attack on your home soil. If they succeed my country could be next.

CASSIDY  
How long have you known?

VOICE  
Too long.

CASSIDY  
These guys, they had schematics for  
Langley.

VOICE  
Quite interesting. Our intel  
pointed to Washington. While I know  
of these Jihadists, I know not the  
full extent of their plans.

CASSIDY  
Don't lie to me.

VOICE  
The clock ticks. First, we must  
succeed our mission. This is your  
last task for the day. Then it's  
time for your new vows to your new  
wife.

CASSIDY  
Dammit. Tell me their plans.

VOICE  
How far away are you?

CASSIDY  
I'll make it.

VOICE  
I hope so... We all do.

CASSIDY  
Wait--

The phone call ends. Cassidy throws the phone against the  
dashboard. It breaks apart.

Tariq jumps in his seat. Startled.

CASSIDY  
Jesus Christ! Fuck.

Cassidy reaches for the broken phone.

TARIQ  
Let me. You drive. What was that  
about?

Tariq picks up the battery pack. Then the phone. He goes  
about trying to fix it.

CASSIDY  
Fuckin prick. I don't really know.  
He wouldn't tell me.

TARIQ  
You believe him?

CASSIDY  
Can you fix the phone?

TARIQ  
Do you believe him?

CASSIDY  
Fuck. It better not be broken.

TARIQ  
I can fix.

CASSIDY  
It's my only link.

TARIQ  
Do you belie--

CASSIDY  
Yes, dammit... I do.

TARIQ  
Why don't we call the police?

CASSIDY  
They'll detain me. There's no time  
for interviews and-- Wait. I know  
someone I can call.

Tariq fidgets with the phone, putting it back together.

TARIQ  
Not yet you can't.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

Knock knock. Thomas raps on Melody's bedroom door.

She answers the door. Sleepy. She looks up to Thomas.

He's smiling large. A joint held up between his fingers.

EXT. HOUSE - BIT LATER

Thomas and Melody lay on their back lawn, staring up at the stars. Their heads are lined up side by side, but their feet point in different directions.

They share that joint back and forth.

MELODY

Did he really do the BILL & TED air guitar thing?

THOMAS

Ya. Really. I think he was just so happy to hang out.

MELODY

That. And he was drunk. You think Steve would let me drink too.

THOMAS

You? You don't even look close to twenty-one yet.

MELODY

Thanks a lot, Tommy.

THOMAS

Soon enough, Melly Belle.

MELODY

Shut up. I told you not to call me--

THOMAS

Heh, Melly Beans, guess who convinced your moms to let you go to the concert?

MELODY

Fuck off. Really?

THOMAS

Am I great or what?

MELODY

"Or what"?

THOMAS

Whatever... And guess what? Leah's comin tomorrow.

MELODY

(raises up to a seat)  
Shut the front door.

THOMAS

(laughs)  
Nope. Keep it open.

MELODY

How did you patch things up?

THOMAS

That? I have no idea.

MELODY  
That's awesome.

THOMAS  
Excellent even.

They laugh together, and do the BILL & TED air guitar.

As he rises to a seat to play "guitar" with more enthusiasm, his hood falls.

MELODY  
Holy shitballs. You did it? You cut your hair.

THOMAS  
Apparently.

MELODY  
Fuck apparently. More like definitely.

Melody rubs his short hair.

MELODY (CONT.)  
I like it.

THOMAS  
I'm scorin points left and right.

MELODY  
Why? Why now?

THOMAS  
Cuz of earlier tonight. And well. I knew it would make mom happy.

MELODY  
Mom?

THOMAS  
Don't even. Now pass that shit, Bogart.

Melody laughs. She smiles large. She passes the joint. Thomas can't help but smile too.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - AFTERNOON - TODAY

Several bridesmaids and their husbands carry music equipment into the reception hall.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Janet fixes up Melody's hair, as they stand in front of a mirror. They're all dressed up.

Thomas pours a glass of punch. He's dressed in Victorian gentleman's garb. His short hair is parted to the side.

Leah, in her gown and corset, hands a small sandwich to Thomas. She bites into her own.

LEAH  
They're so little. But so good. Try one.

His phone rings. He checks the call display: UNKNOWN CALLER.

THOMAS  
Who's this? One sec.

He and Leah share a soft kiss. Then Thomas walks to the corner to take the call.

THOMAS  
Dad? -- Where the fuck are you?

INTERCUT: INT. CAR

Cassidy talks to his son on the phone while he drives.

CASSIDY  
I stayed at Steve's. Hangover.

THOMAS  
Tell me about it. What's up? You still gonna make it, right. Janet is spazzin out.

CASSIDY  
I'm on my way. I'll be there. But first. Can you look up a number for me?

THOMAS  
Um. Sure. Who?

CASSIDY  
An old buddy of mine. I wanna make sure he's coming.

THOMAS  
Okay. Shoot.

CASSIDY  
It's in my e-mail. Remember the password?

THOMAS  
Ya. Who is it?

CASSIDY  
It's under Bowman.

THOMAS  
All right. I'll hit you back soon.

CASSIDY  
Thanks, son.

THOMAS  
Alright. Gimme a sec.

CASSIDY  
Wait. Thomas? You still there.

THOMAS  
Ya.

CASSIDY  
Love ya, son.

THOMAS  
I know. Me too. Later.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy hangs up the phone. He fights a tear.

TARIQ  
Cass? Don't worry. We'll make it.

CASSIDY  
I know.

TARIQ  
Will your friend help?

CASSIDY  
If he can't, no one will.

CASSIDY  
How far til we get there?

TARIQ  
It's this next exit.

CASSIDY  
Thanks.

The phone chimes with a message. The phone number of Bowman.  
Cassidy dials it.

CASSIDY  
(into phone)  
Bowman. It's Cass. -- I know. --  
Have I got a story for you.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Thomas finds Janet at the mirror. He holds his phone up.

THOMAS  
Dad called.

JANET  
Gimme that. Where the fuc--

THOMAS  
He's comin. Don't worry.

JANET  
What the-- heck happened?

THOMAS  
I told you. He was drunk. He stayed  
at Steve's. Don't worry. He's on  
his way now.

JANET  
Okay... You better keep all phones  
away from me otherwise I might cuss  
out your father. And I can't be  
doing that. Not today.

Someone watches them from the other end of the large  
reception hall.

The White MAN watching has a short grey buzzcut. He wears a  
dark blue suit and a red tie.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a phone. He inserts  
a new SIM card into the open compartment.

He looks back up to the reception.

INT. STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON - TODAY

Nubile girls dance for dollars.

Their varied audience ranges from business men to bikers.

A tall blonde strips to loud music.

Two clean shaven Arabic men sip their mixed drinks at the  
round main stage.

The blonde slinks towards them. She removes her top. She  
stares at one of the Arabic men.

He is too shy and nervous to keep eye contact.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The white Sedan is parked across from some motorcycles.

Cassidy exits the vehicle. Tariq opens the passenger door.

CASSIDY  
Tariq? What are you doing?

TARIQ  
Helping you.

CASSIDY

Then stay with the car. Um...  
Protect my tux.

TARIQ

No way.

CASSIDY

They're not gonna let you in, kid.

TARIQ

You can make them.

CASSIDY

What? I'm not gonna-- You just  
wanna see a naked woman, don't you?

TARIQ

(obviously lying)

No.

CASSIDY

Tariq?

TARIQ

So what. My family doesn't let me  
use the computer. They're old  
fashioned. You saw the photoshop.

CASSIDY

Yeah. I thought that was weird.

TARIQ

It's all I got. Let me go inside.

CASSIDY

You're too young. You're gonna have  
to be patient. And trust me. It's  
worth the wait.

Cassidy leaves the car, and Tariq behind.

Tariq kicks the front wheel.

Cassidy arrives at the entrance. He looks over his shoulder.

CASSIDY

Heh. I'll take pictures. Alright?

Tariq, arms folded and unimpressed, looks up from his feet -  
with a smile.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BIT LATER

The blonde dancer finishes her routine.

Cassidy walks into the main "showroom". He scans the area -  
looking for someone suspicious.

He approaches an empty booth and takes a seat.

He examines his surroundings. There are two other smaller stages to the left and right. These dancers are topless.

A WAITRESS approaches Cassidy.

WAITRESS

Thirsty? What can I getcha?

CASSIDY

Molson Canadian. Thanks, doll.

WAITRESS

Be back in a minute.

The waitress smiles as she leaves, swaying her hips.

Cassidy retrieves his phone and snaps a photo of the waitress' sultry exit.

Cassidy looks to the main stage.

He notices one of the Arabic men, AMAL, rise from his seat and walk towards the restroom.

Cassidy takes a photo of Amal.

Two tall burly men with tattoos stand guard near the main stage. One of them notices Cassidy watching Amal. He hits the other one in the arm and points.

Amal enters the bathroom.

Cassidy rises from his seat and takes a few photos of the dancers, as he casually strolls towards the restrooms.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amal relieves himself at a urinal.

Cassidy enters. He checks the surroundings. No one else but him and Amal.

Amal finishes up.

Cassidy clears his throat.

Amal looks over and sees Cassidy holding up the notebook, pages open - aimed like it was as threatening as a handgun.

AMAL

Who sent you?

CASSIDY

No. Answer me. Same question.

Amal curses out Cassidy in Arabic. Cassidy can make out a few words.

CASSIDY

I know all about that. What's your mission here?

AMAL

Jihad.

CASSIDY

Alcohol? Naked women? You don't seem all that faithful to Islam.

AMAL

Fuck you. What you know?

CASSIDY

Let's say I took a crash course in Arabic culture. But I need some help with my homework. Tell me about this book.

AMAL

Fuck you.

CASSIDY

Alright. Alright. I got that part. Maybe you could be a little more illuminating.

AMAL

Let me go.

CASSIDY

Why do this? Why die for it?

AMAL

You know nothing. Tomorrow. You will see. All will see. Insha Allah.

CASSIDY

This isn't God's will. Tell me what you have planned. You're not leaving here until you do.

AMAL

We live here for months. Waiting. Learning. Among you defiled mens.

CASSIDY

Go on. What have you been doing?

AMAL

We more patient than you. You never know until it's too late.

CASSIDY

We know more than you think.

AMAL

Liar.

CASSIDY

The headquarters in Langley,  
Virginia. What do you have planned?

AMAL

How you know that?

CASSIDY

Tell me. Fill in the blanks. Or do  
I have to make you?

AMAL

We will attack... CIA headquarters  
is just the beginning. There are  
other plans... Other cities.

CASSIDY

Keep going.

AMAL

It's too late.

Amal's expressions shifts from fright and worry, to relief  
and a smile.

AMAL

"O man, have you not seen"?

CASSIDY

(confused)

I, what--

A strong hand suddenly grabs Cassidy's shoulder. He spins  
around to see a tall brute with tattoos.

The brute punches Cassidy in the stomach. He groans in pain.  
He doubles over. The brute laughs at him.

The brute reaches into his vest and pulls out a handgun. A  
large and shiny Desert Eagle.

Cassidy notices the glint of gun metal. He elbow strikes the  
brute in the groin.

The large man wails.

Amal runs past Cassidy, making for the exit.

Cassidy kicks Amal in the back of the knee. He falls to the  
ground, squealing high-pitched.

The brute waves his gun towards Cassidy.

He swerves under the weapon arm, grapples the brute, and  
snaps his arm at the elbow joint.

Cassidy grabs the gun, twirls it, and smashes the brute in the face with the hard metal handle. SMASH. And again.

Amal tries to rise. Cassidy spins the gun to grip. He aims it right at Amal.

CASSIDY

Don't.

Amal limps out of the restroom - screaming in Arabic.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The strip show is still in full effect.

The other Arabic man at the main stage, HASSAN, pays his waitress for another round of drinks.

Then - Amal bursts into the room, screaming.

Hassan quickly rises from his seat.

The other tattooed brute speaks into his phone.

Across the club, at the bar. A thin bald tattooed man swivels around, phone to his ear.

He reaches into his waist and grabs a police-issue Beretta.

Amal limps along, pointing behind to the restroom.

Cassidy exits, holding his ribs. The gun in his grasp.

Dancers scream. Panic spreads across the club. Customers rise and flee for the exit.

Hassan rushes to the aid of Amal.

The brute raises a GLOC handgun and aims it at Cassidy. Employees and customers rush by obscuring his view.

The brute rushes for Cassidy, pushing aside a stripper.

Cassidy tips a table over, and takes to a knee. He aims the Desert Eagle at the rushing brute.

The brute fires away. Shots land closer and closer to Cassidy. A bullet rips apart a corner of the table.

Cassidy fires twice. A knee cap. Then the brute's shoulder.

Another shot tears into the table.

Cassidy whips his attention to the bald man. He rises to run for new cover.

The bathroom brute grabs Cassidy. Out of nowhere. With his one good hand delivering a half-nelson.

Cassidy wastes no time. He shoots his captor in the leg.

The brute lets him go. Cassidy spins and fires two shots into the tattooed man's chest.

Hassan helps Amal hobble towards the exit.

An old man sips his beer. Seated. Watching the escapades.

BALD MAN

Hassan! Amal!

Hassan turns to the bald man - who points the other way.

BALD MAN (CONT.)

Go. The exit. Run!

Cassidy shoots at the bald man. He misses. Baldy returns fire. The shots tear up the strip club.

A lot of the patrons and employees have exited by now.

A short overweight man plows through the entrance doors - past a frozen on the spot Tariq.

Tariq looks to the carnage. He notices Cassidy exchanging shots with the bald tattooed man.

He also catches sight of Hassan and Amal running for the back exit door.

TARIQ

Cass!

Cassidy cranks his neck and spots Tariq, pointing.

CASSIDY

Get outta here, kid. Go!

A naked stripper runs towards Tariq. Her breasts bounce. Tariq stares in awe.

The sounds of gunfire break the trance.

Tariq backs up, slowly.

The bald man aims at Tariq.

Cassidy notices. Time slows to a crawl. He yells. And fires.

Several rounds rip up the bald man. He falls dead.

Tariq turns and runs.

Cassidy rushes for the opposite end of the club - towards the red exit.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy limps out of the exit door.

CASSIDY

Stop.

Hassan stops in his tracks, his arm holding up a stumbling Amal. He slowly turns his neck - looking to Cassidy.

Hassan begins to laugh.

HASSAN

Fool.

Cassidy has his weapon aimed and ready.

A beer bottle shatters.

Cassidy spins to see two bikers standing "watch" at the rear exit. The other biker drops his beer and reaches for a gun.

The bikers are shot up, quickly.

Cassidy dispatches them before their weapons are even aimed. Both of the bikers are seriously injured.

Hassan and Amal are shocked. Cassidy turns to face them.

CASSIDY

Answers. Now.

HASSAN

There are no answers.

CASSIDY

Fuck you. Tell me.

Hassan let's Amal stand on his own. He walks towards Cassidy. Towards the gun.

HASSAN

You can't scare me. I am willing to die. Paradise awaits.

CASSIDY

Why?

HASSAN

You'll never understand. Kill me. Or don't.

Hassan is mere feet away from the end of the gun barrel.

CASSIDY

I know about your plans to attack the CIA in Langley.

HASSAN

Who are you?

CASSIDY

What are you gonna do? How are you gonna get inside? I saw the building schematics. Are you going to bomb it or--

HASSAN

How does it feel? We come to your homeland. Now it your turn.

CASSIDY

What do you have planned?

Hassan grins an evil grin. He laughs to himself.

CASSIDY

(pistol aimed)

Answer me!

Hassan raises his hand, flattens it out, pretends he's flying. He makes jet sounds with his mouth.

Then he makes the exaggerated sound of an explosion.

He laughs again.

Amal joins in. They laugh like Hyenas.

BLAM! Cassidy shoots Hassan point blank in the head.

His body falls to the ground.

Amal stops laughing. He turns to run away.

Cassidy fires again. Into Amal's stomach.

Amal falls, defeated.

Cassidy stands over him.

AMAL

We aren't the-- Only. Ones.

CASSIDY

I know.

AMAL

You never find us all.

CASSIDY

No... You're right. But I tried.

Cassidy shoots Amal dead.

He drops his gun onto the asphalt.

INT. CAR - BIT LATER

Tariq shakes in his seat. Scared.

The driver door opens. Cassidy plops into the seat. He tosses a wallet at Tariq.

CASSIDY  
Check it out.

Tariq opens the wallet. He examines the cards within.

CASSIDY (CONT.)  
They're trained pilots.

Tariq holds a card for a flight school.

TARIQ  
What's that mean?

Cassidy doesn't answer. He starts the car.

CASSIDY  
I'm taking you home.

TARIQ  
What? No. Wait.

Tariq flips through the notebook. He reaches inside.

TARIQ  
See. I find this. It's not over.

Tariq hands an envelope to Cassidy. It has two words scrawled on the front: FOR TOMORROW.

CASSIDY  
Where was that?

TARIQ  
The notebook. Near the back. Look.

Cassidy opens the envelope. A plane ticket rests inside.

CASSIDY  
Fuck.

TARIQ  
See. Not over. You need me. The book talks about killing airplane captains. If they pilots they can fly. I bet they fly this plane. This ticket.

CASSIDY  
Smartass... We need to get outta here before the authorities arrive.

Cassidy reverses out of the parking lot and drives away.

TARIQ

You need me. It's not over yet.

CASSIDY

It is. This was the last task.

TARIQ

But the pilots?

CASSIDY

Well, they're not flying that plane anymore.

TARIQ

The book says other planes too.

CASSIDY

And you tell me now?

TARIQ

I didn't know what it meant.

CASSIDY

Does it say where?

TARIQ

No cities are named. Just plans.  
Let me help, Cass.

CASSIDY

Too bad, kid. It's over.

TARIQ

No way, Cass.

CASSIDY

Sorry, Tariq, I'm taking you home.  
Be with your parents.

TARIQ

No I can't. My Uncle. What do I  
tell them?

CASSIDY

The truth. They might know already.  
And if they do, they gotta be  
worried sick.

Cassidy enters the highway.

TARIQ

I helped though?

CASSIDY

Yes. You did.

TARIQ

But the wedding? The bomb? Maybe I  
can still help.

CASSIDY  
I got a feelin it was all a lie.

TARIQ  
Like your wife?

CASSIDY  
Yeah. Like Marilyn.

TARIQ  
What will you do now?

CASSIDY  
The mission's over. I'm gonna go  
say my vows.

TARIQ  
Vows?

CASSIDY  
My wedding. I'm done here.

TARIQ  
You can't stop. What of the Jihad?

CASSIDY  
I did my part. I have to trust the  
others out there did too.

TARIQ  
(upset)  
I don't want to leave you.

CASSIDY  
You have to.

TARIQ  
I don't want--

CASSIDY  
I don't care. You're going home.

The phone plays that song. A new message arrives. Cassidy  
reads the message to himself.

CASSIDY  
Read this.

Cassidy passes the phone to Tariq.

CASSIDY (CONT.)  
See. It's over. Mission  
accomplished.

TARIQ  
It says "see you at the wedding".  
Aren't you scared?

CASSIDY

Not anymore. I was. But I know who he is. An old friend. An ally in an old war.

TARIQ

Please. Cass. Let me--

CASSIDY

Tariq. I'll see you again.

TARIQ

Promise?

CASSIDY

I don't make promises. But we will. We will meet again. Now, quit bein so annoyin and check what else is on that phone.

TARIQ

What?

CASSIDY

I told you I'd take photos.

TARIQ

(smiles)

Photos? Really. Boobies?

CASSIDY

Yeah. "Boobies". Enjoy em.

Cassidy chuckles to himself.

Tariq clicks through the photos. Smiling.

Cassidy weaves through traffic. The clock on the dashboard reads: 14:13.

The phone rings.

CASSIDY

Alright. Give it back.

TARIQ

One more second.

CASSIDY

Later, kid. Boobs can wait.

Tariq exhales in frustration and hands over the phone. Cassidy answers it.

CASSIDY

It's done. I'm on my way.

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

The grey haired STRANGER talks on the phone in the hall's parking lot. He strolls along, using a cane.

STRANGER

Hurry. They're getting quite anxious.

CASSIDY (OS)

I finished your tasks. Let them be.

STRANGER

Excellent.

CASSIDY (OS)

Say it. Say you'll let them be.

STRANGER

They were never in any real danger, Cassidy. You were right. I needed to motivate you. And motivated you were, indeed.

CASSIDY (OS)

Fuck you.

STRANGER

An appropriate response. But do hurry. I'll be waiting for you.

INTERCUT: INT. CAR

CASSIDY

Those men are dead.

The stranger continues to slowly walk the length of the parking lot.

STRANGER

A necessary measure. I knew you were the right candidate. I can only help we all were successful. But as you no doubt know, we won't be aware of our success until tomorrow.

CASSIDY

The plane ticket? I found it. You bastard. When will this all end?

STRANGER

As the envelope said. Tomorrow. Your final task.

CASSIDY

What is it? What the fuck do I have to do?

STRANGER

Much like today, you must stop the enemy. I trust you are the best for the assignment. Alas, it is best to live in the moment. Enjoy the wedding, Butch Cassidy.

CASSIDY

Sundance. When I see you, I'm gonna--

STRANGER

You won't.

The stranger hangs up his phone.

He enters a waiting cab. And speeds away.

Thomas stands in the parking lot with an older bald gentleman, BOWMAN. They watch the cab rush off.

THOMAS

Heh, Bowman, who was that?

BOWMAN

I'm not sure.

THOMAS

I thought he was another of dad's war buddies.

BOWMAN

Hmmm. Could be.

THOMAS

Well, come on in. You wanna beer?

BOWMAN

I shouldn't. It's still early.

THOMAS

Ya. But it's a wedding. We're all gettin sloshed.

BOWMAN

Maybe one.

THOMAS

Right this way, Bowman, sir.

Thomas leads Bowman to the entrance.

THOMAS (CONT.)

Heh, my dad says you run a contractors business. You need any help for the fall? I'm good with my hands.

BOWMAN  
It's not that kind of contracting.

THOMAS  
What? No way.

BOWMAN  
I never said anything. Now. About  
that beer.

They share a chuckle. Thomas opens the door for Bowman.  
Bowman looks back over his shoulder, suspicious.

FADE:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CHANGING ROOM - LATER ON

The protective sleeve unzips, revealing the tux within.

Thomas removes the tuxedo. He notices the small blood  
spatter on the protective sleeve.

He lowers his brow. Thinking.

He hides his suspicions with a smile. And removes the pants  
from the protective sleeve.

Cassidy walks by, using a portable shaver.

THOMAS  
You've seen better days.

CASSIDY  
(smirks)  
Understatement of the year.

Thomas gives the dress pants to his dad.

THOMAS  
Don't worry. I covered for ya old  
man.

CASSIDY  
Thanks, son. Was Janet pissed?

Thomas grabs the jacket from within as Cassidy grabs the  
dress shirt.

THOMAS  
Pissed. Um. Understatement of the  
year, right?

The plane ticket falls out of the tux jacket.

Thomas picks it up and reads the label: UNITED 93.

Confusion sets in. He hands the ticket to Cassidy.

THOMAS

What's this?

Cassidy thinks on this a moment. He buttons up his shirt.

CASSIDY

I'm gonna need your help tomorrow too.

THOMAS

Does Mom know?

CASSIDY

"Mom"? And I thought the haircut was gonna take some gettin used to.

THOMAS

So what is it?

CASSIDY

You know, Bowman right. You met him? Well, there's this--

THOMAS

Oh. Military stuff. I get it. Say no more. I gotcha covered.

CASSIDY

Thanks, son.

THOMAS

I'll go tell them you're just about ready.

CASSIDY

Wait.

THOMAS

Ya?

CASSIDY

Last night. It. It was great.

THOMAS

It was. We'll hafta do that more often.

CASSIDY

I promise.

Thomas and Cassidy share a genuine moment. They smile. Hug.

EXT. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING - TOMORROW

The airport parking lot buzzes with activity.

A black SUV pulls up.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS - TOMORROW

Casidy holds his plane ticket. He stares at it.

Bowman sits in the driver seat.

BOWMAN

Al Qaeda? Well, I can't say I haven't heard of them.

CASSIDY

You're the only one I can trust, Bowman.

BOWMAN

I wonder if any of my guys were involved?

CASSIDY

No way. It's the Mujihadin. That book proves it. They were gonna hit Langley. But I stopped them.

BOWMAN

If they can attack CIA headquarters where else do they have planned?

CASSIDY

I don't know. I just know there's more of them.

BOWMAN

What's gonna happen on this flight?

CASSIDY

Tariq. Outside his house. Before I left. He told me. The book says the target is in Washington.

BOWMAN

The White House? How can they get inside the-- Cass? What are you gonna do?

The men share a sombre moment. They know what the mission entails. The potential cost.

They say nothing on it.

BOWMAN

Dammit. Why you?

CASSIDY

I made a vow. To you. To the country... I plan to keep it.

BOWMAN

You haven't changed a bit.

CASSIDY  
(struggling)  
If it's true... If today happens...

BOWMAN  
(reassuring)  
Cass. I'll do my best.

CASSIDY  
The book. Make sure the suits know  
about it.

BOWMAN  
I will. And your family? Should I  
tell them?

CASSIDY  
I don't want them in any danger.  
That's why I came to you.

BOWMAN  
Where's our friend?

CASSIDY  
Sundance? I don't know? I never saw  
him. Maybe he was never even here?

BOWMAN  
I've heard of their operations.  
They're not like my guys.

CASSIDY  
SEALS these are not. More like  
pencil pushers.

BOWMAN  
How could they get a hold of  
something like this book?

CASSIDY  
I've got a lot of questions myself.

Cassidy fidgets with the ticket. It's hard to say goodbye.  
They can't extend the moment any longer.

BOWMAN  
Call me when you land.

CASSIDY  
Thanks, Bowman. I'm counting on  
you.

BOWMAN  
I owe ya one, anyway. Maybe a few.

CASSIDY  
Oh. One last thing.

Cassidy reaches into his jacket. He pulls out an envelope.

Inside is a folded up flyer from Tariq. There is a message written for Tariq on the reverse.

Cassidy pulls out a cheque from inside - double-checking. It's a donation for the BAYVIEW MOSQUE.

CASSIDY (CONT.)

Can you deliver this for me?

Bowman smiles and shakes his old friend's hand.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - MAIN ROOM - TODAY

The wedding march plays as Cassidy awaits his bride.

He looks back at the small gathering of close friends.

He waves to Melody.

He winks at his son - his best man.

Then Janet strolls down the aisle.

OVERLAY: The sounds of an airplane flying.

Cassidy watches his bride. Tears build up.

INTERCUT TOMORROW: A plane above the clouds: UNITED 93.

The wedding ring in a box, held by Thomas.

Cassidy removes it and looks to his smiling bride.

INTERCUT: Cassidy sitting in his plane seat.

The rings goes over Janet's finger.

INTERCUT: Cassidy scans the plane passenger's faces.

The whole reception area claps and cheers.

Cassidy kisses his bride.

OVERLAY SOUNDS: Click. Click.

INTERCUT: The blade of a box-cutter extends a bit at a time. Click. Click.

Family and friends throw confetti at Janet and Cassidy.

INTERCUT: A shouting hijacker threatens the plane with the blade. He swings it violently in the air.

Melody and Thomas beam with pride.

Cassidy leads Janet into the limo.

INTERCUT: Passengers look to another. Scared.

Cassidy and Janet wave goodbye, from within the limo, as it drives past the celebration.

INT. PLANE - MORNING - TOMORROW

The hijackers yell at the passengers.

HIJACKER

Listen to us and nobody gets hurt.  
Nobody move!

Some passengers are frozen still. Motionless. Some cry.

Cassidy undoes his seatbelt.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING - LATER TOMORROW

Cassidy's family living room (later that day).

Thomas walks in with a steaming mug of coffee.

Janet and Melody stare at the TV. Jaws dropped. In horror.

The News plays footage of a plane striking one of the Twin Towers in New York.

Then footage of that crashed plane in a large field.

Thomas notices the scrolling text: UNITED 93.

He drops his coffee. The mug shatters.

INT. PLANE - MORNING - TOMORROW

The hijacker continues to shout commands.

A few passengers cower behind their seats talking on their phones. One cups the phone with her hand to be quiet.

INTERCUT: FUTURE MONTAGE

A rainy funeral.

Janet and the kids are amongst the mourners.

The tombstone reads:

"THOMAS CASSIDY"

"AUGUST 13, 1948 - SEPTEMBER 11, 2001"

THE PLANE

A muscular man undoes his seatbelt.

An athletic man notices, and does the same.

Their eyes meet. The athlete nods.

## BACKYARD

It's Fall and the trees are bare of leaves.

Thomas barbeques dinner for Melody and Janet.

Melody waits on the deck, seated with her phone.

Janet walks over to the chef, Thomas, and puts her arm around him. He kisses the top of her head.

## THE PLANE

The hijacker points a box-cutter to the athlete. And yells. The man sits back down in his seat.

Cassidy watches. He rises out of his seat. Calm. Determined.

OVERLAY: The sounds of a cheering crowd.

## SPORTS BAR

Thomas taps his wedding ring against a bottle of beer.

Thomas and the bartender, Steve, stare up at the TV. Both men are near tears.

The large TV: Fans cheering so loud. The Boston Red Sox have won the World Series. Finally.

The curse is lifted.

## THE PLANE

The hijacker threatens Cassidy. Swishing his blade through the air - trying to intimidate.

HIJACKER

Stop. No funny games. We just want money. Don't move. Everyone be okay.

Cassidy isn't phased.

The athlete and the muscle man watch Cassidy.

HIJACKER

You?! Stop. Sit down.

Cassidy calmly walks down the aisle of the plane.

He loosens his tie and wraps a length around his grasp. Ready to disarm the hijacker.

The athlete rises from his seat. The muscle man does too.

Then a thin man in a suit. And an older gentleman.

Then a college student with glasses rises from her seat.

The hijackers panic. They quickly dart their aimed blades from one passenger to another.

The main hijacker points his box-cutter to Cassidy.

HIJACKER

Heh? Heh! You! Don't!

Cassidy keeps advancing, arms out-stretched.

Ready to defend.

HIJACKER

You! Stop now!

Cassidy walks the aisle. Determined. Closer. And closer.

CASSIDY

Make me.

FADE OUT: