

FIRST DOWN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

SUPER: GLENDALE, ARIZONA

Friday night scrimmage. Stands are nearly empty. Assistant coach AL MASSOUD, 30s with Middle Eastern features, watches his son PAUL, 15, fly across the middle. He's overthrown.

AL

Get some radar for that kid.

The teams set up for third down, Paul stands wide right. Same play, Paul catches it but gets wrecked. Drops the ball.

Al marches to the HEAD COACH, 50s.

AL

What the heck are we doin'? They saw that comin' a mile away.

HEAD COACH

It was a good call. Your son dropped it.

AL

Yeah he dropped it. They lined him up a good fifteen yards away.

Fourth down. Paul sucks air, stands wide right on the punt.

AL

You're playin' him special teams?

An OPPOSING PLAYER CLIPS Paul on the return. No call.

Paul struggles to get up. Al trots onto the field.

AL

(to REFEREE)

You know that's clippin', right? Check the rule book.

He walks Paul toward the sidelines.

AL

I'm pullin' him.

HEAD COACH

What?

AL

You heard me.

HEAD COACH

It's a scrimmage for God's sake.

PAUL

Dad, I'm alright.

AL

You wanna walk when you're eighteen?

HEAD COACH

(pointing)

Hey. You wanna coach this team?

Al waves him off, walks Paul to the sidelines.

HEAD COACH

Thought so.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER

Paul strides ahead of his father, fists clenched.

AL

If you're pissed off, that's fine.  
Better than a broken neck.

PAUL

No it's not. Those guys are assholes,  
Dad. Wait 'til Monday. *Daddy pulled  
Pauley outta the game. You shoulda  
seen it...*

They approach Al's Ford Expedition. A COUPLE, 30s, stands nearby. They are dressed ultra conservatively, almost Puritanically. The Wife talks into a cell phone.

WIFE

That's terrible. We'll be on the  
first flight tomorrow.

HUSBAND

What?

WIFE

We need to go to London. My Aunt  
Virginia died.

HUSBAND

The fucking Super Bowl's Sunday.

WIFE

Don't swear. I hate it when you swear.

Al and Paul load their gear into the back of the SUV.

HUSBAND

You have any idea how much I paid for those tickets?

WIFE

They were frivolous to begin with. We're leaving tomorrow. And thanks for the sympathy, by the way.

HUSBAND

I won't even have time to unload them. Christ...

WIFE

Darn it, Oliver.

Al slams down the liftgate.

HUSBAND

Hey, Pal, you wanna go to the Super Bowl?

AL

Excuse me?

HUSBAND

Free of charge. It's Christmas Eve, what can I say...

He hands Al the tickets.

WIFE

Oliver!

PAUL

Whoa...

AL

This is a joke, right?

HUSBAND

You and your son have a good time.

WIFE

You don't have to do that.

AL  
You're serious.

HUSBAND  
As serious as a funeral, apparently.  
(to Wife)  
And don't you complain. You're always  
doin' this shit. Talkin' both sides  
of the coin. Come on, let's go.

Husband and Wife get into their 90s Ford Escort, still  
arguing. Al turns to Paul, who snags the tickets.

PAUL  
I forgive you, Dad.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A caravan of eighteen-wheelers speeds down the highway. All  
labeled: CACTUS DISTRIBUTION, BEVERAGES AND MORE.

The trucks exit at the sign for University of Phoenix Stadium.

INT. AL'S EXPEDITION

Al and Paul cruise past the stadium.

AL  
We'll be there Sunday, you believe  
that?

PAUL  
(waving tickets)  
Yup.

A moment of silence.

AL  
I dunno. Maybe I'm gettin' old.

PAUL  
What?

AL  
Nothing. I feel a little guilty,  
that's all.

PAUL  
Why?

AL  
Somebody dies. I get seats to the  
Super Bowl.

PAUL  
Dad, are you high?

Al chortles.

PAUL  
Seriously. We got a counselor at  
school. Ms. Peacock. I hear she's  
really nice.

AL  
Oh yeah? How 'bout *shut up*?

EXT. MASSOUD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Al pulls into the driveway. Paul jumps out as soon as he  
stops, pelts toward the house holding the tickets aloft.

PAUL  
Ma! Guess what we got?

INT. AL'S EXPEDITION

Al peers into the rear view mirror.

AL  
You're goin' to the Super Bowl,  
Jackass. Hot damn.

INT. MASSOUD HOUSE - KITCHEN

Paul shows the tickets to his mom ESSA, 30s and regal with a  
Jordanian accent. His sister GRACE, 12 and all elbows and  
knees, slouches at the table flipping through an entertainment  
magazine.

ESSA  
He just gave them to you?

PAUL  
Yup, I swear. Is that crazy or what?

ESSA  
I don't know...

PAUL  
You don't believe me?

ESSA

I believe you. I don't believe the story.

GRACE

Whoopieee. Foot-ballllll.

PAUL

Like you wouldn't wanna go?

GRACE

Not with you.

PAUL

Don't worry, there's only two tickets.

GRACE

(mocking)

Don't worry, there's only two tickets.

ESSA

Stop it.

Al bounces in.

ESSA

Al, did you spend our vacation money on this?

AL

Na uhh.

(points at Paul)

He's my witness.

ESSA

Just so I understand... you are walking through the parking lot... somebody approaches you... and gives you two tickets to the Super Bowl?

AL

Pretty much.

GRACE

Yeah, right.

Al ruffles Grace's hair.

ESSA

Why would someone do that?

AL

I dunno. Somebody died, I guess. His wife was all upset on the phone.

ESSA  
There were two people?

AL  
Yeah. A couple.

GRACE  
Maybe they were getting a divorce.  
Everyone gets one of those.

Al casually swipes the magazine from his daughter.

GRACE  
Hey...

ESSA  
But these must be worth a lot of  
money.

AL  
What can I say? The guy didn't ask  
for money, I didn't offer any.

ESSA  
Sounds fishy. Speaking of which,  
there's tilapia in the oven.

PAUL  
Again? How come you don't make kofta  
anymore?

ESSA  
Quiet. Focus on your big prize.

Grace sashays over to the fridge.

GRACE  
Dinner was delicious, Mom.

ESSA  
Okay, Grace.

Paul sneers at his sister. She crinkles her nose at him.

INT. MASSOUD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Al sits at a corner desk checking the Super Bowl website.  
Pictures of the children decorate a bulletin board.

ESSA (O.S.)  
They fixed the cable, by the way.



AL

Finally.

Essa enters in a nightie.

ESSA

Look at you, all excited.

She comes up, massages his shoulders.

ESSA

So, did you win?

AL

Field goal with two seconds left.

ESSA

Sounds like a good night.

AL

I'm really lookin' forward to overtime...

ESSA

Hurry up. Your clock is running out.

She kicks off her slippers and climbs into bed.

AL

Timeout. I just gotta check one thing.

ESSA

That person from Arizona State University called again. Didn't you call him back?

AL

Nope.

ESSA

Do you know what he wants?

AL

They're looking for an assistant coach, I think.

ESSA

That's great. It's a step up, no? You should call him tomorrow.

AL

I kind of like where I am.

He glances at a picture of Paul in his football uniform.

AL

Keep an eye on things.

Essa peeks up from her pillow, pretends to snore.

Al charges the bed, leaps...

AL

Fumble!

INT. MASSOUD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The morning of the Super Bowl. Paul enters, pumped. He flicks on the TV, swings open the fridge.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

We have another report coming out of Dulles International Airport. An attempted hijacking of Flight Number 76...

Paul snags a Gatorade and a half-eaten sub sandwich. Parks himself at the table.

ON TV

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

It is being reported that - just before takeoff - two Arab men attacked and killed a stewardess before turning their sights on the cockpit. Both men were then gunned down by a Flight Marshall who was aboard the aircraft.

Al enters, tucking in his shirt.

AL

I thought I told you to hold off on the trash. Raccoons are gonna have a picnic out there.

He looks up. Paul's eyes are glued to the TV.

AL

What's goin' on?

PAUL

Another terrorist thing.

Al walks over to the TV.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

We take you now to FBI spokesman Robert Zeeman with more on the bomb threat made at Sky Harbor International Airport.

AL

Whoa... they had one here?

He turns up the volume. On the TV, FBI spokesman ZEEMAN, 48, graying hair and no-nonsense, takes the podium.

ZEEMAN (V.O.)

Let me begin by saying that no passengers or flight personnel were injured on Flight Number 735. We are still searching for an explosive device. None have been recovered thus far. Investigations are also underway at Deer Valley and Goodyear. As well as other airports. If you have any questions, I can take them now...

AL

Not this shit again. Neighbors were just startin' to like us.

EXT. MASSOUD HOUSE - LATER

Al and Paul pile into the Expedition. Essa and Grace walk over. Essa hands them two bottles of water.

PAUL

Have fun doin' nothin'.

GRACE

I'm selling your X-Box.

ESSA

Don't go running off with any cheerleaders.

AL

I won't.

PAUL

She was talkin' to me, Dad.

INT. STADIUM - LATER

Super Bowl XLII. Patriots versus Bears. Crazy hats, foam fingers and other paraphernalia begin to fill the stadium.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

The roof of the stadium is open. Al and Paul search for their seats. Paul races ahead.

PAUL

Over here. Man, these seats are awesome!

Al catches up, looks at the field spread out before them.

AL

Not bad, huh?

He sidles in, plops down next to a man, 40s, wearing a tall Pilgrim's hat. The man writes longhand in a journal. This is MATHER.

AL

(re: the hat)  
Patriots fan, right?

MATHER

Yes. You could say that. You?

AL

Cardinals, actually. I got an aunt in Boston. No ties to Chicago. So I guess I'm rootin' for you guys.

MATHER

We're happy to have you.  
(shakes Al's hand)  
I'm Mather.

AL

Al. This is my son, Paul.

MATHER

Hello, Paul.

Paul nods, turns his attention to his souvenir program.

AL

How do you like the new stadium?  
Spent a fortune on it.

MATHER

It's very accommodating. Maybe a *little* extravagant. How much did they spend?

AL

Close to half a billion, I think.

MATHER

That is a pretty penny.

AL

Might as well enjoy it.

A perky blonde and a gray-haired man take the seats next to Paul. DAISY, 15, and her uncle JOE, 50s.

DAISY

(bumping legs)

'Scuse me. Sorry.

PAUL

What're you --

(notices her beauty)

apologizing for?

Daisy giggles, and it makes Paul smile.

DAISY

Hi. I'm Daisy.

PAUL

I'm Paul. I think.

DAISY

This is my Uncle Joe.

PAUL

Nice to meet you, Uncle Joe.

Joe smirks at the horny young Paul. Al thumps his son on the back of the head.

AL

What'd you do? Pop a few Viagra on the way over here? Some o' that ginseng?

Joe chuckles, puts on his reading glasses and opens a program.

DAISY

I want a hot dog. You wanna come --

Paul bolts from his chair after Daisy.

JOE  
Don't take too long. It's only a  
four-hour game.

MATHER  
(smiles)  
Adolescence.

AL  
You said it.

MATHER  
Those were simpler days.

He takes out a cell phone, fiddles with it.

AL  
Nice phone. Is that the Chocolate  
one? Blackberry? Raspberry?

MATHER  
I'm not quite sure. I do enjoy it.  
It's the one excess I allow myself.

AL  
That's good. Good for you. You  
gotta splurge once in a while, right?

An awkward silence. Mather continues pressing buttons.

AL  
You got your e-mail, internet, camera,  
GPS probably, text messages...

MATHER  
... and media player.

He hands Al the phone.

AL  
Lemme check this out.

ON CELL PHONE DISPLAY: A STREAMING VIDEO

of Essa and Grace, bound in chairs with extension cords. No  
audio.

Al's expression changes in an instant. He turns to Mather.

MATHER  
Do you like the Patriots to win?

He snatches the phone. Al grabs him by the shirt collar.

AL  
Who the fuck are you?

MATHER  
Calm yourself.

AL  
I asked you a question.

Security Guards STEPHEN, 30s, and BRUCE, 20s and bulky, spot Al from the main concourse. Stephen heads down the stairs.

MATHER  
I believe we already exchanged names,  
Mister Massoud.

Al's grip loosens, he gives Mather a look of disbelief.

STEPHEN  
Alright, what's the problem here?

AL  
(stands up)  
This asshole.

STEPHEN  
Sir, watch your language.

AL  
He's got my wife and daughter hostage.

STEPHEN  
What?

Two white cops make their way down the steps: BRISTOW, 40s, and KEARNEY, 30s.

AL  
It was on his phone. He showed it  
to me.

MATHER  
Am I on Candid Camera? This is  
ridiculous.

BRISTOW  
Whadda we got? A little pre-game  
show?

STEPHEN  
He claims his wife and daughter were  
taken hostage. By this man.

MATHER  
Preposterous.

STEPHEN  
Where's the phone now?

AL  
He's got it.

STEPHEN  
May I see it?

MATHER  
Am I required to show it?

STEPHEN  
Yes, Sir, you are.

Mather hands him the phone, Stephen inspects it.

MATHER  
I cannot believe this.

AL  
Believe it.

He glances around. Fans eye Al suspiciously.

STEPHEN  
Sir, I can't find any videos on this phone.

AL  
What? Can I see that?

He takes the phone, presses buttons.

AL  
(turns to Cops)  
He must've deleted it. I can't --

STEPHEN  
Please give him his phone back.

Al lobs Mather the phone.

AL  
Look, I'm not making this stuff up.

BRISTOW  
Sir, at this point, we don't have reason to believe you, or disbelieve you. Would you kindly take a seat?



Al turns to Joe, who's non-committal.

BRISTOW

We're not gonna have a problem here.  
I can guarantee you that.

Al sits down. The Cops slowly walk away.

Stephen looks at Al, heads down to the front of the section.

Mather returns to his writing. Al stares at him.

MATHER

(eyes on journal)  
You'll need to consider your endgame.

INT. STADIUM - ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

ANNOUNCER

Welcome back, Everyone. We are just moments away from Super Bowl Forty-two. Fans are continuing to pile in. John, what's your take on how these two teams match up?

COLOR COMMENTATOR

Well, as you know, Dwight, the Bears were here last year. They lost to the Colts. So believe you me, they'll be hungry to make things right. But this game also represents a chance for the Patriots to make amends, too. Remember 1986? The Fridge, Squish the Fish, that whole thing? You think Patriots fans have forgotten? I don't think so. Even with the three rings.

(to camera)

Dust off those cobwebs, folks, because we're takin' you back in time twenty-two years. Back to Super Bowl Twenty. The Patriots scored first that game. And it was all downhill from there.

INT. STADIUM - FRONT GATE

Fans pile in. Including a row of SIX JOVIAL MEN, 30s and 40s Caucasians, all wearing Pilgrim hats.

Bruce and security guard FEDERICO, 30s and wiry, trade looks.

BRUCE

Well, Pilgrim...

FEDERICO

Could really go for a turkey club  
right now.

INT. STADIUM

In every nook, in every section. Equidistant from each other.  
A grand total of 72 PILGRIMS have settled.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

Joe's seat is now empty. Al twists in his chair, scanning  
the crowd for his son. Mather writes away.

AL

If my son's not back in two minutes,  
I'm gonna show you how easy it is to  
break someone's neck.

MATHER

I have no interest in your son.

AL

Oh yeah? What is it then -- money?  
*Surprise...*

MATHER

Actually, money is the opposite of  
what I want.

AL

Who the hell -- Lunatic. Why'd you  
pick me?

MATHER

I thought we already discussed this.

AL

No. We didn't.

MATHER

(closes journal)

For starters, you're a family man.  
A dying breed. I knew my little  
movie would mean something to you.  
Second, you're first generation,  
aren't you?

(off Al's look)

I, myself, have never been to Jordan.  
But I imagine it's quite beautiful.

AL

You're just a psycho terrorist, is that it?

MATHER

Me? I'm just a Pilgrim. Who appreciates the danger of stereotyping.

Al turns away. Spots a TEENAGE BOY -- not Paul.

AL

What do you want?

MATHER

Your cooperation on a task. Nothing more.

AL

What kind o' task? Blood drive? We can start right now.

MATHER

I admire your enthusiasm. You're going to need it.

AL

And if I don't?

MATHER

I don't make threats, Al. Threats are for people without power.

Al turns away, his hands shake with rage.

AL

I lost two friends in 9/11 because o' shit like you. If you had any balls you'd punch someone in the face. Instead, you go around keyin' people's cars.

MATHER

Isn't that what we do?

AL

No. It's not. If it pisses you off so much, why don't you leave?

MATHER

(tips his hat)  
We were here first.

Al flips open his phone, dials.

MATHER

I don't want to discourage you from contacting your son. But we know *precisely* where he is.

Al looks at the Fans nearby. They appear harmless enough.

MATHER

So explain to me what goes on here. You have two teams, I take it. And a ball. Whoever carries the ball to the opposite side of the field most frequently wins the game?

Al shuts his phone, looks at Mather in disbelief.

Mather passes him a laminated

SECURITY BADGE

Al's photo. And full legal name: ABDEL MASSOUD.

MATHER

Five minutes prior to intermission, you will need to go to the front of this section. A man will be there to greet you.

AL

What? Why?

MATHER

That pass will grant you access onto the field for their mid-game festivities.

Paul and Daisy return with food, laughing.

PAUL

(re: hot dog)  
Hey, I brought you one.

AL

That's okay. You have it.

PAUL

What? I'm not gonna eat both, Dad. She'll think I'm a fat slob.

Daisy kicks him playfully.

AL  
Then throw it away.

MATHER  
Tisk tisk.

AL  
Shut up.

Paul turns to his dad, curious. Al looks straight ahead.

DAISY  
Want some o' my cheese fries, Fatso?

PAUL  
Be quiet and type in your number.

He hands her his phone.

DAISY  
When are they gonna start?

Paul looks again at Al. Al's foot shakes up and down.

PAUL  
Hey. What's up?

AL  
Nothing. Why?

Paul peers down at Mather who reads his journal.

PAUL  
You sure?

AL  
Yeah. Forget it.

PAUL  
Forget what?

Mather peeks over. Paul catches him.

MATHER  
Seventy-three thousand people in attendance. Think you'll be down there someday?

Al turns to face Mather, blocks out his son.

AL  
I'm goin' to the john.

MATHER

Hurry back...

He nods at a PILGRIM in the distance. Al tries to discern who the nod was made to, but it's too late.

Joe walks down the steps, back to his seat. Al leans over to Paul.

AL

(in Arabic)

Meet me at the concession stand in five minutes. Don't talk to this kook. Yell if you need to.

He brushes past Mather.

MATHER

Just remember. We're never tempted to do anything good.

On the way up the steps, Al spots a wall of POLICEMEN standing behind an iron railing. Including Bristow and Kearney.

Al bounds past them.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Al moves at a rapid clip. His eyes ricochet off those of fellow Fans.

Al stops behind a column and takes out his cell.

He scrolls past the names: ESSA and GRACE. Lands on: HASSAN.

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Empty. The phone rings.

LIVING ROOM

Super Bowl pre-game show on the TV. Loud. GUYS and GIRLS mingle on couches and chairs. Including HASSAN, 30s.

KITCHEN

Hassan claps his hands clean of snacks, answers the phone.

HASSAN

Yo.

AL (V.O.)  
Hey, it's me, Al.

HASSAN  
(guffaws)  
You couldn't resist, could you?  
You just had to rub it in.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

AL  
Listen to me, Hassan. Essa and Grace  
were kidnapped. There's some crazy  
guy here. I think he's gonna attack  
the stadium.

HASSAN (V.O.)  
That's good.

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Hassan's eyes are glued on the bare breasts of his GIRLFRIEND,  
20s. She saunters in, her sweater raised up to her neck.

AL (V.O.)  
What?! Are you listening to me?  
Grace and Essa were kidnapped.

HASSAN  
Whoa, whoa, what?

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Al looks up. Across from him, leaning against a column, is  
a tall PILGRIM, 40s, with ghostly-white skin.

Ghostly holds out his hand and levels it at about Grace's  
height. He shakes his head.

Indiscernible speech crackles from Al's phone.

INT. HASSAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Hassan hangs up. Dials 911.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

Mather cracks his knuckles, smiles over at Paul.

Joe enjoys a free hot dog. Paul turns to Daisy, who looks at the field through her binoculars.

PAUL

I'll be back. Watch out for this guy, okay?

DAISY

Hurry up.

Paul shimmies past Mather, who grabs his wrist.

PAUL

What're you doing? Let go of me.

Daisy and Joe notice. As does Stephen.

MATHER

But they're just about to start.

Paul jerks away from him and leaves.

An ELDERLY COUPLE passes Stephen. The woman grips his arm.

ELDERLY WOMAN

We just love your new stadium.

STEPHEN

Thank you, Ma'am.

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND

Al stands at the end of a line. An ATTENDEE, 17 with a facial tic, grabs a bottled water from a refrigerated case on the counter.

FAN

(pays)  
Thanks.

TIC

Enjoy the game.

Next in line is a PILGRIM, 30s with unkempt hair. Al notices Tic crouch UNDER THE COUNTER to retrieve a bottled water.

TIC

Two dollars, please.

Unkempt pays, strides past Al. Coming the other way is Paul.

PAUL

What the hell's going on?



Al steps out of line, walks with Paul.

AL  
Listen. They got your mom and Grace.

PAUL  
What? Who're you --

AL  
The nut-job with the hat. He showed  
me a video -- on his phone -- he's  
got your mom and sister tied up.  
The whole thing with the --

Paul BOLTS for Section 118. Al gives chase.

AL  
Take it easy. Whoa... Stop!

He grabs Paul by the shirt collar.

AL  
Relax for a second.

PAUL  
How the hell did they --

AL  
The tickets were a setup.

PAUL  
What the fuck are we gonna do?

AL  
Don't swear. You're gonna get us  
thrown out.

PAUL  
(to gawking Fans)  
What're you looking at?

A COP, standing by a restroom, looks on.

AL  
You gotta calm down. It's important  
we stay in control here. Alright?

Paul relents.

AL  
Something big's goin' down. I'm not  
sure what. I don't know how many o'  
them there are.

PAUL  
How many of who?

AL  
Pilgrims. It's supposed to happen  
at halftime, I think. I dunno, it  
might be alright, as long as I play  
along. But they might want you as  
collateral.

He empties cash from his wallet.

AL  
Take this. Get in a cab and head  
over to Billy's. Don't go home.

PAUL  
You want me to leave?

AL  
I can't protect you here.

PAUL  
I wanna help. You can't protect me  
forever, Dad.

AL  
Hey. You gotta leave now. This is  
serious. Stay away from the guys  
with the hats. And keep your cell  
phone on.

He gives Paul a stern look and disappears into the crowd.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

Al squeezes past Mather and sits in Paul's seat.

DAISY  
Is Paul coming back?

Al glares over at Mather, who removes his cell phone and  
polishes the display screen.

Al moves back to his original seat, Mather pockets the phone.

MATHER  
Make up your mind.

Al props up a brand new running sneaker. Mather watches as  
he reties the laces.

MATHER

So many things. We buy and buy.  
The travails of selling out.

AL

Whatever you're planning on doing,  
it's not gonna work.

Mather looks up, the Goodyear Blimp flies overhead.

MATHER

I was hoping for a closed roof.  
(fixates on blimp)  
Helium is inert. Much like the people  
here. Colorless, odorless, tasteless  
and non-toxic. Predictable. It  
will solidify only under great  
pressure. That's where you come in.

AL

There's way too much Security here.  
You're a dreamer.

MATHER

I need you to stop thinking like an  
assistant coach.

AL

Yeah? You're gonna spend the rest  
o' your life in jail.

MATHER

My father told me... there are three  
kinds of people. You've got the top  
dogs -- those who drive around in  
money. Live in money. Then you've  
got the people just beneath them.  
Who are hungry for something more.  
Finally you've got those who are  
comfortable being just where they  
are. In the lesser role. The  
*assistant*. I never could understand  
the third kind.

INT. STADIUM - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

PLAYERS trot to the 50-yard line for the coin toss.

Patriots win, Players share a laugh. A blank-faced PILGRIM  
looks on.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

Al notices Stephen down front. He leans against a railing, surveying the crowd up above.

Al stands up.

MATHER

You're expending a lot of energy today.

AL

(leans in)

One finger lands on my wife or daughter, I'm comin' after you like a disease.

MATHER

Interesting choice of words.

AL

Isn't it?

MATHER

Why all this fuss? As long as you do as you're told, your family lives. So I don't understand where all this stress is coming from.

Al heads down the steps toward Stephen.

AL

Look, I don't wanna start a panic or anything. But I think this guy's up to something.

STEPHEN

Which guy? Your friend?

AL

He's not my friend.

STEPHEN

What's he up to?

AL

I don't know, exactly.

STEPHEN

You came down here to tell me this?

AL

I think he's planning something.

STEPHEN  
But you don't know what.

AL  
It was something he said.

STEPHEN  
Why are you so determined to get  
yourself thrown out of here?

AL  
I'm not.

STEPHEN  
What'd you pay for your seats?

AL  
Nothing. But that was --

STEPHEN  
Nothing?

He looks up. Mather's not there.

STEPHEN  
You'd think you'd appreciate it.

AL  
He wants me to meet someone. At  
halftime. Says if I don't --

STEPHEN  
Hey. I'm ready to walk you out right  
now. Is that what you want?

INT. SMALL BASEMENT

Dark. One candle. Leather-bound, gilt-edged books of sermons  
and witchcraft rest on a shelf.

Essa and Grace are tied back-to-back. Grace whimpers, Essa's  
cheek is swollen.

ESSA  
It will be okay.

INT. STADIUM - FIELD

The Bears kick off to the Patriots. The crowd goes wild.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE - SECTION 124

Mather dials his cell phone.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE - SECTION 114

Al's cell phone DISPLAY: ANONYMOUS. He answers.

MATHER (V.O.)

Remember what I said about temptation.  
(beat)

Don't forget your appointment. I'm  
afraid I won't be able to reschedule.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE - ENTRYWAY

Paul stays out of sight behind a column adorned with  
photographs of memorable sports moments.

Ghostly floats by. Paul turns for the exit. Spots a HAPPY  
COUPLE, his age. The boy's arm is draped around the girl.

Paul stares at them. Veers back onto the main concourse.

INT. STADIUM - CARDINALS TEAM SHOP

Al snags a Cardinals jersey off the rack, and a cap.

He spots an open

REGISTER

CASHIER rings him up. Al sees he's out of cash.

CASHIER

That'll be one hundred and twenty --

AL

One hundred? *What?* That's crazy.

CASHIER

Sir, these items are both officially --

AL

Never mind. Here.

He hands over his credit card.

INT. STADIUM - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Al dumps his old shirt, throws on his game jersey and cap.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Bruce walks with Federico behind someone in a BEAR costume.

BRUCE

Super Bowl always brings out the biggest freaks.

FEDERICO

Cuz it's super.

Bruce spots Al in the crowd up ahead.

BRUCE

Hey, that's the guy I was telling you about. What'd he *suit up for the big game?*

FEDERICO

Let's see where he goes.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE - SECTION 132

Paul turns a corner and parks himself outside a restroom. Takes out his cell. Unkempt passes by.

As Paul dials, Unkempt waits around the bend. Out of sight, but within earshot.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

As the crowd cheers, Daisy answers her cell.

DAISY

Hello? Where are you? What?! I can't hear you!

She turns away from Mather, tries to block out the noise.

Mather stands up and joins the crowd in celebration, stomping his feet. Daisy hangs up, narrows her eyes at Mather.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Al motors along, unsure where he's headed. He pivots and notices Bruce and Federico about twenty yards back.

AL

This is nuts.

He picks up the pace, jogs down a staircase.

Al spots two TEENS, both wearing face paint. Beyond them, a KIOSK with the sign: Face Painting -- Show Your Team Pride!

Al squeezes past a few Fans, cuts left in front of another, and takes the only empty seat, in front of a SOCCER MOM.

SOCCER MOM

Looks like a Cardinals Fan to me.

AL

Yeah...

Soccer Mom gets to work applying red and white makeup.

SOCCER MOM

Havin' a good time?

AL

Exciting.

He senses Bruce and Federico behind him.

Soccer Mom finishes up. Al pops open his wallet.

AL

I just remembered... you take credit cards?

SOCCER MOM

No charge. We just want you to enjoy the game.

AL

Take this.  
(hands Cardinals cap)  
It's brand new, I just bought it.

SOCCER MOM

Why thank you. You don't have to do that.

Al brushes past Bruce and Federico.

EXT. MASSOUD HOUSE

A police cruiser pulls into the driveway. Two COPS get out, head to the front door.



The Lanky Cop knocks.

BEEFY COP  
Nobody home?

LANKY COP  
(peers in)  
Looks that way.

BEEFY COP  
Let's get a green light first. Put  
a call in to CSU.

INT. SMALL BASEMENT

Essa contorts her wrists. She reaches one of Grace's knots.  
Picks away at it.

GRACE  
Mom, I don't wanna be here...

ESSA  
I know, Sweetheart. Mommy is gonna  
do everything she can.

She cuts herself on a wire that protrudes from the cord.

GRACE  
Are they gonna hurt us?

ESSA  
No...

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

Paul edges down the steps. Mather's gone.

He sits next to Daisy.

PAUL  
Hey.

DAISY  
Where were you?

PAUL  
Lookin' for you.

INT. STADIUM - UPPER CONCOURSE

Mather looks on, through binoculars.

MATHER  
(mutters)  
Foolish child.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

DAISY  
We should go.

She reaches for her purse.

JOE  
Just a sec, hold on. How did he  
know for sure? What'd he say?

PAUL  
He told me about the video. He said  
to stay away from the guys with the  
Pilgrim hats. It has something to  
do with them.

JOE  
I saw lots of people wearing Pilgrim  
hats. Doesn't make them all bad,  
does it?

DAISY  
Uncle Joe, I don't think his father  
would lie.

JOE  
I'm not saying he lied. But I spent  
seventy-five hundred on these seats.  
What if he's wrong? Or maybe just...

PAUL  
My father's not crazy, okay?

JOE  
Are you sure you're not just trying  
to impress my niece with all this  
conspiracy mumbo jumbo?

PAUL  
What?

JOE  
You been drooling all over her since  
we got here.

PAUL  
No I haven't.

JOE

(re: upper concourse)  
Or maybe you got some friends up  
there who're gonna swoop down and  
take our seats when we leave?

PAUL

You're the one with the conspiracy.

INT. STADIUM - UPPER CONCOURSE

VIEW FROM MATHER'S BINOCULARS

Paul leaves alone.

MATHER (O.S.)

Make sure he doesn't go far.

Ghostly stands at Mather's side.

INT. FBI OFFICE

Agent Zeeman stares at a fold-out map on his desk of the  
Southwestern US. A mug of black coffee, his paperweight.  
On a bookcase behind him, a mini TV shows the Super Bowl.

An AGENT, 30s with a shaved head, appears in the doorway.

ZEEMAN

Any word from Quantico?

SHAVED HEAD

Not yet. We got a potential  
kidnapping in Glendale.

ZEEMAN

Potential?

SHAVED HEAD

Police got a call from a guy saying  
his friend called him from the game.  
Said his wife and daughter were  
kidnapped.

Zeeman swivels to look at the TV.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Al, in red and white face paint, spots Mather about fifty  
yards away. He stands out in the open, surveying.

Al doubles back toward the elevator.

USHER

May I see your pass, Sir?

AL

My pass...

He hands the Usher the security badge Mather gave him.

USHER

Sir, this is for the halftime show.  
Elevator use is only for loft owners  
and the disabled.

A LOFT OWNER, 50s, glides past Al onto the elevator.

INT. SMALL BASEMENT

Essa finally undoes the cords around Grace's wrists. She leaps out of her chair.

Grace works on her mother's knots.

ESSA

Hurry...

Grace panics, her fingers aren't strong enough.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Little girl...

Grace spins around. In the doorway, the husband and wife who gave Al the Super Bowl tickets, OLIVER and PRISCILLA.

PRISCILLA

What are you doing out of your  
binding?

GRACE

(backs away)  
Mom...?

PRISCILLA

Please sit down. There is no place  
for you to go.

Grace turns and runs.

PRISCILLA

Have you raised your daughter to be  
disobedient?

She ambles down the hallway after Grace.

GRACE (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Mom... Mommy...

ESSA  
Don't hurt her. Please!  
(to Oliver)  
Please...

Grace screams. Essa writhes in her chair.

Oliver places his hand on Essa's shoulder.

OLIVER  
It is almost over.

Priscilla yanks Grace back into the room by her hair.

PRISCILLA  
You must listen to those who are  
older than you.

Grace whimpers. Priscilla sits her down. Oliver helps retie her wrists.

PRISCILLA  
People will think you are weak. You  
mustn't cry.

The knots are done. Priscilla blows out the candle.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Paul marches behind a line of people.

Strolling the other way is Unkempt. Paul ducks into the Cardinals Team Shop.

INT. STADIUM - UPPER CONCOURSE

Al emerges through the archway. Five minutes remain in the first quarter. Fans do the wave.

His cell phone rings. DISPLAY: PAUL. He doesn't hear it.

He spies a PILGRIM two sections over, not doing the wave.

INT. STADIUM - UPPER CONCOURSE - SECTION 421

Al approaches the seated Pilgrim from the rear. Two Frat Boys sit behind him, both lit up: JETH and SKELL, both 21.

AL

Hey. Any way I can convince you  
guys to trade seats?  
(brandishes tickets)  
Section One-eighteen.

JETH

Are you high?

AL

No.

SKELL

What up, Dog? Why you want up here?

AL

It's embarrassing. My wife and I  
had a fight.

JETH AND SKELL

Awwwww.....

AL

Anyway... I feel weird sittin' there.

SKELL

Yo, why'd you bring your bitch to  
the game?

JETH

You know this is the Super Bowl,  
right? Ever heard of it?

AL

Yeah. It was stupid.

SKELL

You know they always screwin' shit  
up...

AL

Are we good?

SKELL

If this ain't right, we'll be back.

JETH

Aight?

AL  
Trust me, you're gonna love those  
seats.

JETH  
Say it.

AL  
What?

JETH  
Say "aight."

AL  
Come on. We're all missing the game  
here.

JETH  
Say it, or we ain't movin'.

Al turns to Skell but he's no help.

AL  
Fine. Aight. Happy?

JETH  
Ha haaaa.

They trade tickets, the Frat Boys leave. Al takes the seat  
right behind the Pilgrim. He has frizzy red hair, talks on  
a cell phone.

RED HAIR  
No. I haven't. Yes, I know. Darker  
side. Did you already get yours?

Al moves in closer, makes like he's tying his sneakers.

RED HAIR  
If you get thirsty, remember not  
to...  
(laughs)  
Okay. Bye.

Al sits back, shields his face with his hand. Red Hair  
reaches down for a bottled water. And leaves.

Al gives him a bit of a head start. Then follows.

INT. STADIUM - CARDINALS TEAM SHOP

Paul peers out, no sign of any Pilgrims. He cuts into a  
procession of Fans.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Paul looks back, no sign of anyone suspicious.

As he continues along, Fans begin to peel off.

Paul spots Unkempt right behind him. And BOLTS.

Daisy glances up from a water fountain.

DAISY

Paul!

Paul glances back. Unkempt doesn't.

INT. STADIUM - RESTROOM

Ghostly dries his hands. Only one stall door is open.

His phone CHIRPS. He checks a text message.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Paul's at a gallop.

Up ahead is Mather, leaning against a column with his arms folded. Paul veers to the right.

INT. STADIUM - RESTROOM

Paul charges in, spots the one empty stall. Doesn't notice that none of the "occupied" ones contain feet underneath.

He enters the final stall. And is greeted by Ghostly's ELBOW.

INT. STADIUM - UPPER CONCOURSE

Red Hair glides twenty yards ahead of Al.

He senses someone behind him, turns around. Al takes cover behind a FAMILY of four.

The Family changes course, no sign of Red Hair.



INT. STADIUM - RESTROOM - STALL

Red Hair sets his bottle down on the floor. From his pocket he removes a

FOOTBALL KEYCHAIN

He pops open the football. Inside is a needle wrapped in clear plastic tubing. He stuffs it in his pocket.

OUTSIDE STALL

The restroom is empty, except for Al. He hears a tearing noise from inside the stall.

INSIDE STALL

Red Hair rips at the silk lining of his hat with his keys. His back is turned to Al, who now watches from the floor of the adjacent stall.

Al snags the bottle. Red Hair puts his hat back on, turns, finds nothing. He peers under the walls.

OUTSIDE STALL

Red Hair emerges and finds Al holding the bottle.

AL  
Lookin' for this?

RED HAIR  
Yes, that's right.

AL  
What's in it?

RED HAIR  
What's it look like?

AL  
I'm onto you, Jerk-off. I already talked to your boss.

RED HAIR  
Oh, you mean Mather? That's great.

AL  
Wonderful. Answer my question.  
What is this?

RED HAIR  
It's water, of course.

Al nods. Makes like he's going to throw it at him.

RED HAIR  
I wouldn't do that.

AL  
Why not?

RED HAIR  
You could always try and find out.

AL  
How 'bout I give you to three before  
I pour this down your throat?

RED HAIR  
You'd become a martyr by default.

AL  
There's worse things...

He sets the bottle down. BOUNCES Red Hair off the stall door.

Red Hair comes at Al with an open hand, walks right into a backhander that spins him back into the stall.

Al moves in. Red Hair swings the stall door, Al blocks it with his sneaker and thrusts it back at him.

AL  
Fuck off.

He unleashes a flurry of swings, some of them connect. The walls of the stall shake.

Al grabs Red Hair by the throat.

AL  
Where's my wife and daughter?

RED HAIR  
You're going to get what you deserve.

He head-butts Al, hops onto the back of the toilet. Delivers a high KICK that drops him.

Red Hair leaps for the stall door. Hangs from it, driving his heel downward. He catches Al's nose.

Al twists to get into the next stall as Red Hair kicks away.

Al emerges from the adjacent stall with a bloody snarl.

AL

C'mere.

He knocks the bottle over, it rolls under the sinks. He grabs Red Hair by the front of his shirt, hoists him up, and RAMS him into the back wall.

A COLLEGE GUY enters, sees Al turn around all crazy-eyed, does an about-face. His lagging BUDDY catches a glimpse.

BUDDY

What's goin' on?

COLLEGE GUY

I dunno. Cardinals didn't make it.

Red Hair kicks Al hard in the stomach. Al falls to one knee, sucks wind.

RED HAIR

You like soccer?

He aims his instep at Al's head. Mistake.

Al catches his foot, carries him across the floor like a rag doll.

He HURLS Red Hair against a mirror. It SHATTERS. Red Hair lands on his back, across two sinks.

AL

Good luck.

Red Hair hops onto one sink.

RED HAIR

What are you doing all the way down there?

He kicks shards of mirror at Al.

AL

Come down. I'll show ya.

Red Hair spies the bottle in the corner, reaches down and snags it.

He raises the bottle overhead and laughs.

RED HAIR

Ahhh... Now who has the power? Do you know what a single drop of this can do?

AL

What's Mather gonna do to you when he finds out you screwed up his plan?

RED HAIR

They say if you save one life, you save the world. Maybe the opposite is true, too.

AL

Your boss is full o' shit. But I don't think he's gonna buy that one.

He charges, clears the sink, and THUMPS Red Hair into the wall.

Red Hair collapses onto the floor, unconscious. The bottle rolls around on the floor.

Al takes him by the collar and belt, drops him into a stall.

He inspects the inside of Red Hair's hat, notices the tear.

The sound of the restroom door opening. Al flings the hat into the stall.

Three teenage BOYS enter. Al brushes glass from his jersey.

GANGLY BOY

What happened in here?

Al snatches up the bottle and leaves.

INT. MASSOUD HOUSE - KITCHEN

An overturned chair, a broken glass on the floor. Dirty dishes in the sink. A CRIME SCENE UNIT TECH takes photos.

Another TECH lifts hairs off the floor, tucks them into plastic evidence bags. The CSU SUPERVISOR, 40s, pockets a notepad. Exits into the

HALLWAY

where Beefy Cop chats with Lanky Cop.

CSU SUPERVISOR  
What time did the call come in?

BEEFY COP  
Half hour ago.

CSU SUPERVISOR  
We got a tap on the phone?

LANKY COP  
Workin' on it.

The Supervisor nods, checks his watch. Passes by the Living Room. Dark, an ultraviolet light sweeps across the wall.

He climbs up the stairs.

INT. MASSOUD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

He turns on the light. Nothing appears out of place.

Walks to the bulletin board, studies the pictures of Paul and Grace.

He spies something by his feet, crouches. Using tweezers, he lifts it from the rug.

BEEFY COP (O.S.)  
Anything good?

CSU SUPERVISOR  
Pea gravel.

BEEFY COP  
(brandishes invoices)  
Cable company work orders. Four of  
them in the past ten days.

CSU SUPERVISOR  
That oughta raise an eyebrow.

INT. STADIUM - STORAGE ROOM

Dim. Boxes and crates litter the floor.

Paul kneels in a corner behind a column of trash containers. Dried blood is caked under his nose. He's bound to metal shelving, his mouth taped shut.

Tic appears, holding a metal pipe.

TIC  
 Heard a lot about you. Sophomore.  
 Playin' Varsity. Must be pretty  
 good.

He sits on a crate, examines the pipe.

TIC  
 Heck, you might be startin' wide  
 receiver tomorrow. As long as you  
 play your cards right.

He taps Paul's knee with the pipe like a drum.

TIC  
 How does that song go...  
 (taps harder)  
 Sure like to know where your daddy  
 is.

Paul's cell phone rings. Tic bursts out laughing.

TIC  
 If that's him, I'm gonna shit myself.

He reaches into Paul's pocket. Cell DISPLAY: DAD.

TIC  
 Gee whiz. He looks out for you,  
 don't he. I say we talk to him.

He drops the pipe, rips the tape off Paul's mouth.

TIC  
 Don't be stupid now.

He flips open the phone.

AL (V.O.)  
 Paul. Are you there?

Tic moves in tight to listen. His mouth twitches.

PAUL  
 Yeah. I'm here.

AL (V.O.)  
 Did you make it to Billy's?

PAUL  
 No.

Tic kicks him.

AL (V.O.)  
What? Where are you?

PAUL  
I... I'm on my way.

TIC  
(pulls phone away)  
Ask him where he is.

Paul hesitates, Tic slugs him in the arm.

PAUL  
Where are you?

AL (V.O.)  
No man's land. But I found --

Tic shuts the phone and pockets it.

TIC  
No man's land. Is that where you  
sand people are from?

He duct tapes Paul's mouth, circling his head.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Al, blood on his shirt and gripping the bottle, looks down at Section 118. No sign of Mather or Daisy. Only Joe and the Frat Boys.

Al spots Bruce watching the field from the concourse. Three minutes remain in the first quarter. Patriots lead, 7-3.

Al heads over.

AL  
Hey. I got something I think you  
should know about.

BRUCE  
What's that?

AL  
Has something to do with this.  
(brandishes bottle)  
Not sure what it is. But this is  
what they're doing.

BRUCE  
What who's doing? What're you talking  
about?

AL  
I got this off one o' them in the  
bathroom.

BRUCE  
One of who?

AL  
The Pilgrim guys. They're all over  
this place.

Bruce looks suspiciously down at the bottle, back at Al.

AL  
There's something they got hidden in  
their hats. The guy who was sitting  
next to me is their boss.

BRUCE  
If this is another false alarm...

AL  
I'd go to prison, right?

Bruce notices the blood on his jersey. Takes the bottle.

AL  
That's not the whole story. They  
want me involved. That's what the  
video was for.

BRUCE  
We couldn't verify that.

AL  
Yeah... What's your name?

Bruce nods at his name badge.

AL  
Bruce. I got two kids, I'm married,  
and I coach my son's high school  
football team. I don't need this.

Bruce gives him a discerning look.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Al follows Bruce. Coming the other way is Stephen.

STEPHEN  
What's up?



BRUCE

I think we should check this out.

He holds out the bottle.

STEPHEN

What's that?

Bruce leans in, mutters something to Stephen.

STEPHEN

Were you going up to talk to Mike?

BRUCE

Yeah. We can't sit on this.

STEPHEN

No, I know. But I need you at post.  
I can take him.

BRUCE

That's cool. I was gonna call ya.

He hands Stephen the bottle.

STEPHEN

Let's go, Sir.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE - ELEVATOR

Al boards with Stephen. An USHER with a crewcut holds out a stop sign to two LOFT OWNERS approaching.

CREWCUT

We're gonna wait for the next ride.

BURLY LOFT OWNER

It's my friend, right? He takes up  
too much space.

The doors close.

INSIDE ELEVATOR

AL

It's good to finally have a little  
vindication.

STEPHEN

Definitely.

INT. STADIUM - SUITE LEVEL

The elevator doors open. Al gets out first.

AL  
How many floors in this place?

STEPHEN  
Too many.

He opens an unmarked door.

INT. STADIUM - STORAGE ROOM

Al enters, peeks behind at Stephen who shuts the door.  
He turns the corner and sees Paul. Bound, mouth sealed up.  
Al spins around.

AL  
You son-of-a --

STEPHEN  
Careful.

Al runs over to Paul. Goes to work on freeing him.  
From the shadows, Mather emerges. Eating an apple.

AL  
You're not getting away with anything.  
Cat's outta the bag.

MATHER  
For your sake, I hope that's  
incorrect. What have you told our  
friend Bruce?

AL  
Why don't you ask him yourself?

MATHER  
I plan to.

He nods at Stephen, who strolls over to Al. SLUGS him in  
the stomach. KNEES him in the face.

Al drops to the floor. Blood streams from his nose. Stephen  
hogties him.

MATHER  
Where did you learn to do that?

STEPHEN  
I used to watch TV.

Al opens his eyes, dazed.

MATHER  
America is a country that understands  
brute force. Wouldn't you agree,  
Abdel?

He meanders into an alcove. Reappears, pushing a swivel  
chair with a large gray trash barrel upended over it.

MATHER  
Sometimes visuals are important.  
Just like in elementary school. And  
what better time for a visual than  
during the spectacle you call the  
Super Bowl. On today -- *of all days* --  
the Sabbath.

He raises the trash bin, stops.

MATHER  
Feel free to think of this as a  
commercial. For what will happen to  
Grace and Essa. If you do not comply.

He removes the trash bin. Underneath is a dead Usher, bullet  
hole in his forehead. Paul groans.

AL  
Look away, son.

MATHER  
My suggestion is that you don't.  
Forgive me for disagreeing. Honoring  
our parents is important. But there  
are four lives at stake.

AL  
A lot more than four, it sounds like.

MATHER  
Four is the number *you* should be  
concerned about.

He rests his hand on the corpse's shoulder.

MATHER  
This here is Duane. At one time,  
Duane worked as an usher here. But  
he had bad habits.  
(MORE)

MATHER (CONT'D)

Habits such as drinking. And  
gluttony. On one recent Sunday in  
our little bungalow, we learned that  
Duane had succumbed to philandering  
as well. Despite the fact that he  
had been married for three years.  
With two children. One of them, a  
newborn.

(shakes his head)

*Consume, consume... though we have  
no more room.*

He brandishes his half-eaten apple, tosses it over his  
shoulder.

MATHER

Now, Al... our hope is that your  
family means *more* to you than it did  
to Duane.

AL

What if I'm wrong?

MATHER

Wrong about what?

AL

Watching seventy-three thousand people  
die. That's your plan, isn't it?

(off Mather's look)

And me knowing I played a part...?

MATHER

In other words, sacrifice your wife  
and daughter -- and Paul -- for the  
greater good?

AL

What if it's the right thing to do?

Mather covers the body.

MATHER

Americans, these days, they like to  
bluff. Perhaps we should test your  
hypothesis. Your feelings of doubt.  
Stephen, may I see your gun?

Stephen hands him the gun. Mather glides over to Paul,  
presses the barrel into his forehead.

Paul hyperventilates, looks askance at his dad.

MATHER

In the days of King Arthur, when a knight boasted, it was taken seriously. Do you know why? Because it was *expected* that he would follow through. What about you, Abdel? Are you ready to follow through?

AL

You made your point. Put the gun down.

MATHER

(sneers)  
It's settled.

He hands the gun back to Stephen.

AL

How do you expect people to change if you kill 'em all?

MATHER

The same way they did after the date you referenced. Fear has a way of tempering arrogance. It may be our only hope.

Tic enters, drinking a bottled water.

MATHER

How much time?

TIC

'Bout a half hour. Maybe less.

MATHER

Bring the boy as far away as you can without being noticed.

TIC

Will do.

STEPHEN

I gotta be heading back.

MATHER

Bring Bradford in.

He heads for the door.

AL  
(to Paul, in Arabic)  
It's gonna be okay. There's still  
time.

Mather stops, turns. Glides back to Al.

He reaches into his jacket, produces his

JOURNAL

He places it in front of Al and flips through the pages.  
All of the writing is in Arabic. Beautiful cursive letters.

MATHER  
I think I now understand your dilemma.  
You mistook me for a typical American.  
(shuts journal)  
You should've known better.

INT. STADIUM - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tic and Paul descend. Paul's face has been wiped free of  
blood.

Tic catches Paul trying to make eye contact with Crewcut.

TIC  
So you and Grace get along good?

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Daisy's on her cell phone. She looks up, spots Tic and Paul  
exiting the elevator.

DAISY  
Wait. I just saw him. He was with  
someone.

She's on the move.

DAISY  
I won't.

She shuts the phone. Takes the corner, sees a door closing.  
It's marked: Authorized Personnel Only.

Daisy turns back, the coast is clear. She proceeds through  
the door.

INT. STADIUM - STAIRWELL

Daisy hears the hustle of footsteps heading downstairs.

TIC (O.S.)  
Bet I can make you run.

A thump, Paul hollers. Daisy picks up the pace.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT

Daisy slowly opens the door, enters. A massive, concrete expanse. Followed by three long hallways.

Daisy peers down the hallway to the right, sees Tic and Paul entering a side door.

STADIUM WORKER (O.S.)  
Are you supposed to be down here?

Daisy freezes. Turns around. A STADIUM WORKER, 30s, tosses a bag of cement onto a large pile.

DAISY  
Yeah... I have to meet someone.

STADIUM WORKER  
Yeah? Who?

DAISY  
Uhh... I'm not sure what his name is.

STADIUM WORKER  
You're gonna have to do better than that, Sweetie.

He moves toward her. Daisy takes off, back through the door she came in.

STADIUM WORKER  
Where ya goin'?

INT. STADIUM - BREAK ROOM

A CONCESSION WORKER, 20s with bushy eyebrows, enters with a rolled up magazine.

He pops open the fridge, it's chock-full of soda cans. Snags a bottled water off the top of the fridge.

He reads the magazine. Takes a sip.

BUSHY EYEBROWS  
(re: magazine)  
Idiot.

His nose runs. He wipes it.

He brings his hand to his chest.

BUSHY EYEBROWS  
What the fuck...

He pushes away from the table. The bottle spills.

His pupils constrict.

His breathing becomes labored, he drools.

He vomits into his lap.

A puddle of urine forms under his chair.

His body twitches.

His arms and legs and head jerk violently.

He falls onto the floor. Suffocating.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - UTILITY ROOM

A row each of washers and dryers. A vending machine, and a sink. Tic shoves Paul in, his hands bound behind his back.

TIC  
This still feel like the Super Bowl  
to you?

He smacks Paul to the concrete floor.

TIC  
I asked you a question.

He kicks Paul in the gut.

TIC  
Look at you. Crawl' around like a  
dog. I used to have a dog.

His facial tic is working overtime.

TIC  
That's a nice belt you got on ya.  
Alright if I have a look?



He removes Paul's belt.

TIC

You're probably the smartest kid in class, ain't ya. Don't seem so smart to me.

He shapes Paul's belt into a loop, smacks his open palm.

TIC

Now then... if you were someone like me... what would you do with someone like you?

INT. STADIUM - STORAGE ROOM

Al lies on his back, sweat dripping down his cheeks. Unkempt leans against a workbench, combing dandruff from his hair. A bottle rests on top of the workbench.

AL

So you're Bradford. You don't look like a Bradford.

Unkempt doesn't respond, more so from being disturbed than from being close-mouthed. He continues combing.

AL

Mather must pay you good to kill off a third o' Glendale. Don't you have a family?

He peers up at the brackets that support the metal shelves. A screw juts out at the corner.

Al slithers over, rolls onto his side. He watches as...

Unkempt removes a needle from his pocket, plunges it through the top of the bottle; the attached tubing unravels inside.

Al struggles to get his wrists close enough for the nylon cord to make contact with the screw.

Unkempt pulls a box cutter from his jacket and goes to work on the lining of his hat.

Al reaches the screw, drags the cord back and forth over it.

Unkempt uncovers an aerosol device. He fastens it to the tube. Snaps it into place over the pop-up drink-thru lid.

Unkempt also removes a surgical mask from the lining of the hat. He puts it on, turns around. Al freezes.

Unkempt laughs, miming like he's using surgical tools.

INT. STADIUM - BREAK ROOM

A CONCESSION WORKER, 50s with curly hair, enters and finds the body. The victim's pants are stained brown.

CURLY

Oh my God, what happened?

She steps into the puddle of urine. Turns him over.

CURLY

(shakes him)

Randy...

She checks his pulse.

CURLY

(calling)

Somebody get in here.

A CONCESSION WORKER, 30s with blue eyeshadow, rushes in.

BLUE EYESHADOW

Christ. What happened?

CURLY

He's dead.

BLUE EYESHADOW

What? Did he have a heart attack?

CURLY

I don't know.

BLUE EYESHADOW

What is that -- pee?

Curly coughs. Her nose runs.

BLUE EYESHADOW

Is it too late to call an ambulance?

Curly coughs louder, she wheezes.

BLUE EYESHADOW

Are you alright?

Curly shakes her head. Blue Eyeshadow pulls her away.

## BLUE EYESHADOW

Come on.  
(calling)  
David...

She helps Curly out the door, shuts it behind her.

A droopy CONCESSION WORKER, 40s, enters via the rear door.

## INT. STADIUM - STORAGE ROOM

Unkempt sits on a crate, playing with the box cutter. He bobs back and forth, muttering incoherently.

Al frees his hands. Picks away at the cord binding his feet.

Unkempt drags the box cutter across his forearm.

## UNKEMPT

Blood is real.

He hears a rip. Turns toward Al. Al lies perfectly still.

Unkempt moves toward him, curious.

He turns Al's shoulder down, examines the cords.

Al SURPRISES Unkempt with an uppercut to the balls, brings him down to the concrete by the collar.

Al SLUGS away at his face with his left hand.

Unkempt rolls away, blood streaming from his nose.

Al gets up onto his knees. Unkempt slides the box cutter open all the way.

Al positions his back against the corner, puts out his hands.

## AL

Bring me the knife.

Unkempt charges at him with the knife in his right. Al snags a box from the shelf and blocks him.

Unkempt tries again, Al thwarts him again.

Unkempt steps back, kicks the box out of Al's hands.

He comes at Al, aiming for his throat. Al CLAMPS onto Unkempt's forearm with his right.

Unkempt KICKS him twice in the ribs, Al won't let go.  
With his left, Al takes Unkempt by the belt buckle.  
Hoists him up and POWERS him down to the floor.  
Unkempt is out. Al reaches over him, snags the box cutter.  
Slices through the cord, pockets the knife.  
Al lifts Unkempt up, drops him into a trash bin. Lowers  
another one over him.  
Al examines the bottle. Moves for the door. Stops.  
He finds a box underneath the workbench. Tucks it inside.  
Al takes out his cell phone. Scrolls to find Paul. Considers  
dialing... ..

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT

Daisy peeks back in. The coast is clear.  
She heads down the hallway that Tic and Paul trekked.  
A side door suddenly pops open. Tic emerges, his back to  
Daisy. She scoots into a tiny nook.  
Tic breezes past the nook. Daisy takes cover behind a stack  
of traffic cones. The top cone tips, falls to the floor.

HALLWAY

Tic stops dead in his tracks. Turns.

NOOK

Daisy waits. Not a sound.  
She rises to her feet. Edges back toward the hallway.  
Looks out. No one on either side. She crosses it.

INT. STADIUM - BREAK ROOM

TWO COPS block the entrances. TWO EMTs look over Bushy  
Eyebrows.

NOVICE EMT  
Some kind of poison?

VETERAN EMT  
What kind. This guy shit his pants.

Department of Homeland Security Agent YANES, 35 and edgy,  
rushes in.

YANES  
Whadda we got?

VETERAN EMT  
Could be some kind of nerve agent.  
We'll need to quarantine it.

YANES  
Lock it up. Only hazmats in here.  
I'll notify CDC.

CORRIDOR

A CONCESSION MANAGER, 40s, talks to ailing Curly. She stands,  
taking deep breaths.

CONCESSION MANAGER  
Do you feel sick?

CURLY  
My chest feels a little tight.

She casts a worried look at the Break Room.

BLUE EYESHADOW  
You should get checked out.

She wipes her nose. A rugged EMT, 30s, flashes a light in  
Curly's eyes.

RUGGED EMT  
Definitely constricted. We'll take  
you to a hospital.

Curly's knees buckle. Rugged EMT catches her before she  
hits the ground.

BLUE EYESHADOW  
Christ, what's happening?

INT. STADIUM - FIELD

The Bears field goal KICKER sends one through the uprights.  
Players celebrate, the crowd cheers.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And that pulls the Bears to within one. Definitely a nail-biter, John.

COLOR COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

We seem to have some kind of brouhaha on the main level. A crowd's gathering over by the concession stand.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Gosh, I hope they didn't run out of beer. That would cause a brew-haha...

COLOR COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Dwight, you're too much.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - UTILITY ROOM

All the washers are on, the room is loud. Daisy enters.

Paul is hunched against the vending machine, chained to a water hose. He's without a shirt, red welts cut across his back. Daisy runs over.

DAISY

Are you okay? Did he do this?

She places her hand on his back, Paul winces.

Daisy tugs at the chain.

PAUL

You gotta cut the hose. Got anything in your purse?

DAISY

I don't carry anything sharp. It's a thing with me.

TIC (O.S.)

Too bad.

Daisy spins around. Tic pushes her backward onto Paul.

TIC

Look at the happy couple. Gettin' all cozy-like.

Daisy reaches into her purse.

TIC

Uh oh.

He trots to the opposite corner.

TIC  
You like football?

He shields his face with his forearms, leaving only a tiny gap to peek through. Daisy removes a can of pepper spray.

TIC  
Peek-a-boo.

He CHARGES full throttle at Daisy. She sprays, shrieks.

Tic mocks her scream, dives at her legs. Daisy wilts, the can of spray is thrown backward.

Paul kicks away at Tic.

TIC  
Oh now that's not nice. You gotta wait your turn.

He RAMS Paul's face into the side of the vending machine. Daisy reaches for the spray.

Tic STOMPS on her hand, Daisy yelps.

TIC  
When are you two gonna learn?

He twists his boot over Daisy's hand.

TIC  
Want me to show you how it's done?

He snatches the can of pepper spray and goes to town on Paul's back. Paul YELLS like the damned.

Tic turns Daisy onto her stomach. Climbs on top.

TIC  
Sounds like your boyfriend's busy. Maybe you and I can get along just fine.

DAISY  
(crying)  
No... don't...

TIC  
Must take a while to get an ass like this.

Daisy struggles to get out from under him. Tic bops her in the back of the head.

TIC

Stay a while.  
(caresses her hair)  
Should tell my boss we got another  
comin' for dinner.

He takes out Paul's cell phone. Paul goes ballistic with the chain. The hose will not give.

As Tic holds Daisy down, he types a text message.

TIC

I bet you like to fuck on Sunday.  
That's what you heathens do.

Daisy reaches back to scratch him. Tic evades.

TIC

Now, now...

Paul stands up, the chain now drapes across the back of the vending machine. He pushes forward, the machine wobbles.

TIC

You ever been to church? You might  
learn a thing or two about chastity.

Daisy looks helplessly back at Paul. He motions for her to get closer to the machine.

TIC

That's a nice earring you got. Bet  
it costs a lot. Your hair smells  
nice, too.

Daisy squirms, edges closer.

TIC

Where you runnin' to?

Paul drives forward, the chain gnawing into his wrist.

The vending machine tips, Daisy moves even closer.

The machine keels over...

PAUL

Hey, Hillbilly.

Tic looks up. Daisy rolls out of the way.



The machine covers him. A low groan.

Daisy -- instinctual -- boards the machine. Jumps up and down.

She stops. Looks at Paul.

Bounds off the machine, over to the water hose. Disengages it from the wall mount.

The chain drapes at Paul's side. Daisy strides up to him.

DAISY

(eye to eye)

Where's your shirt?

INT. STADIUM - SUITE LEVEL

Al walks behind two drunk LOFT OWNERS, 40s.

BLOTTO

Say *good-night*, asshole. Pats are done. Same as '86, baby.

THREE SHEETS

Game's not even halfway over. And we're winnin'.

BLOTTO

Says you.

AL

How long 'til halftime?

THREE SHEETS

I dunno, ten minutes?

BLOTTO

You goin' on stage?

The Loft Owners laugh. TWO CATERERS, and an USHER walk toward them. Al avoids eye contact.

The doors to the lofts are closed, but for the last two.

Al bypasses the first one. The second contains FOUR BUSINESSMEN who immediately notice Al in the doorway.

The Usher stops, looks back at Al.

AL  
 (to Businessmen)  
 Sorry. My mistake.

Al notices the Usher looking, slips into

LOFT 204

CORPORATE PARTY ANIMALS, 30s-50s, rage about the game. Al passes a row of chafing dishes and a telephone. He spies a

PRIVATE BATHROOM

Al whisks in and shuts the door. Catches his breath.

He turns to the door, expecting a knock.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

Ten minutes remain in the second quarter.

Joe spins in his seat, looking for Daisy. The Frat Boys scope out the ladies.

Mather notices a TEXT MESSAGE on his phone: "I Got Blondie." He doesn't recognize the sender.

Mather dials Tic.

JETH  
 Na, na, nah... check out the one ova there. By Fatman. Ooo... what she doin' with that faggy-ass boyfriend?

SKELL  
 Damn, you screwed up for real. That bitch got up two minutes ago. Her ass so fat I'd have to fuck her from a distance.

A MOTHER and DAUGHTER turn back, mortified. Mather shakes his head at them.

JETH  
 (gets up)  
 Gonna grab some brew.

SKELL  
 Grab me one, too, bitch.

JETH  
Fuck off, slice.

SKELL  
I gotta drain it anyway.

They leave. Mather hangs up, glances over at Daisy's seat.

JOE  
I'm sorry. You haven't seen my niece,  
have you?

MATHER  
Daisy, was it?

JOE  
That's right.

MATHER  
No. Has she been gone a while?

JOE  
(nods)  
Getting a little concerned.

MATHER  
Have you tried calling her?

JOE  
Left my cell phone in the car.

MATHER  
I don't mind calling for you. Do  
you have her number?

JOE  
Can't remember. Too many numbers...

Mather nods. Looks down front where Stephen stands.

MATHER  
I don't want to alarm you, but maybe  
you should talk to Security.

JOE  
Think so?

MATHER  
That's what they're here for.

He waves down at Stephen.

Stephen trots up the staircase.

MATHER

This gentleman here is concerned his niece might be missing.

STEPHEN

Okay.

MATHER

Maybe she's with her friend.

JOE

I don't know.

Mather twitches his cheek at Stephen, imitating Tic.

STEPHEN

Why don't you come with me, Sir? We can send out an announcement.

JOE

I really don't want to cause any trouble. Sometimes she goes off on these wild goose chases...

STEPHEN

That's fine.

INT. STADIUM - SUITE LEVEL

Bruce marches down the hall, talking into his radio.

INT. STADIUM - LOFT 204 - PRIVATE BATHROOM

Al stands atop the sink, looking up at the vent fan. He reaches for the cover, can't quite grab on.

AL

You're not Bruce Willis, Jackass.

A fist POUNDS on the door.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Whoever's in here, come on out.

Al jumps down. Bruce pounds again.

Al hesitates, opens the door.

BRUCE

You. What the hell are you doing here? Did ya get lost on the way back?

The Corporate Party Animals openly stare at Al.

SALES ANIMAL

They got bathrooms downstairs, ya know.

INT. STADIUM - SUITE LEVEL - HALLWAY

Al leaves the loft with Bruce.

AL

Stephen's one of 'em.

BRUCE

(stops short)

What?

AL

When I left with him, he took me to some kind of storage room -- it's on this floor. My son was tied up. They took him away.

Bruce's radio chirps.

BRUCE

(into radio)

What's up?

FEDERICO (V.O.)

Code Red. Break Room B.

BRUCE

Be right there.

(to Al)

Show me the room.

Al leads the way down the hall.

He tries the knob to the storage room. It won't open.

AL

You got a key to this door?

Bruce keels over at Al's feet. A THROWING STAR at the base of his skull.

AL

Oh shit...

He looks up. Red Hair stands twenty yards away.

Al stoops by Bruce's side. Blood dribbles from his mouth.

Al stands up, moves toward Red Hair. He sprints away and hops a railing.

At the end of the hall, Sales Animal emerges from his loft.

SALES ANIMAL

Whoa...

(calling to associates)

Get out here!

He trots toward Al.

SALES ANIMAL

(into next loft)

Somebody call Security.

Al scrams.

Turns the corner, smacks away at the elevator button.

The sound of lumbering footsteps approaching.

AL

Come on...

The doors open. He boards the

ELEVATOR

AL

I gotta get to a hospital quick.

Crewcut presses the button. The elevator descends.

CREWCUT

Not feeling well?

AL

Bad shellfish, I think.

Crewcut nods.

AL

Actually, I heard someone else  
throwing up. Maybe send up an EMT?

CREWCUT

Thanks for the heads-up.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT

Joe and Stephen amble down a long, dimly-lit hallway.

JOE

I can't get over the size of this place.

STEPHEN

... speaking of wild goose chases.

JOE

Yeah. Does this hall ever end?

STEPHEN

I promise you. It does.

DOWN THE HALL

Paul and Daisy stand behind a tall crate. Paul peers through binoculars at the two figures walking away.

PAUL

There's two of 'em. Let's wait 'til they're gone.

BACK TO JOE AND STEPHEN

STEPHEN

When was the last time you saw your daughter?

JOE

Niece. I don't know, a half hour ago. That horny kid came by.

STEPHEN

Horny kid. You mean the Arab?

JOE

I think so. How'd you know?

STEPHEN

I overheard him talking to his father.

Joe slows to a stop.

JOE

Shouldn't we be headed to the broadcast room?

STEPHEN

This stadium is built on twenty-five acres of land.

(shakes his head)

Can you even imagine the property taxes?

He looks blankly at Joe.

Joe runs as fast as he can.

Stephen FIRES two shots into Joe's back. He falls face first.

THROUGH PAUL'S BINOCULARS

Stephen walks over to Joe.

PAUL (O.S.)  
He just shot that guy!

DAISY (O.S.)  
We gotta go.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Think your uncle would believe me  
now?

Ghostly appears at Stephen's side.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Who's that?

Ghostly and Stephen look up. At PAUL. The FLASH of gunfire.

PAUL  
(drops binoculars)  
Run!

He and Daisy take off!

Paul clutches the three yards of chain still bound to his right wrist. They try three doors between them, all locked.

Two more GUNSHOTS ricochet against the walls. Stephen makes up considerable ground.

Paul finds a door, opens to a staircase going down.

A BULLET pierces the glass pane in the door. They rush through.

STORAGE AREA

Open shelves. No place to hide. Paul and Daisy blow on by.

They zip down a

CORRIDOR

Behind them, the CRASH of a door being flung open. Paul leaps over a wooden pallet. Daisy drops her purse.

DAISY  
Where are we going?



PAUL

I dunno. Just keep up.

He looks back. Stephen's got them in his sights. Another GUNSHOT, then a click. Paul makes a hard right into a

BOILER ROOM

Storage tanks. Pressure vessels.

Paul spies a

NARROW TUNNEL

He takes Daisy by the wrist. They dive through. About ten yards from each opening, they stop and wait.

Running footsteps slow to a halt. Paul motions to Daisy to watch one end while he watches the other.

STEPHEN appears on Daisy's end.

STEPHEN

Mind if I play?

Daisy shrieks. Stephen ducks in. Paul and Daisy scramble in the other direction.

Daisy lags. Stephen nearly grabs on.

They're out. Paul spies a crate, stuffs it into the tunnel.

PAUL

Come on!

They flee.

Stephen shoves the crate out of the way, lunges out.

Paul and Daisy scurry down a

PASSAGEWAY

Two doors. One on each side. And a big dead end.

Paul pops open the door to a

STOREROOM

packed with bundles of paper towels. No exit doors.

Stephen turns the corner, fifteen yards away. Paul grabs Daisy and plunges through the door across the hall.

TINY RESTROOM

Paul shuts the door. LOCKS it. Stephen's too late.

The sound of Stephen CHARGING at the door.

The wall behind them is five feet away. Paul lies on the floor, pressing his feet against the wall for leverage.

Daisy joins him. The door buckles, Stephen RAMS away.

The door opens enough for Stephen to grab onto the side.

DAISY

He's gonna come in...

PAUL

No he's not! Plant your feet! Use your shoulder!

He springs up. Whips his chain through the crack in the doorway. CATCHES Stephen's hand.

STEPHEN

Fuck you!

Paul swings again -- harder -- Stephen pulls his hand out.

The door closes. The ramming stops.

Paul and Daisy stare at the door. Quiet. Nothing.

DAISY

Is he gone?

PAUL

No.

He hops on the sink. Up above, the cover to an air duct.

Paul smacks the cover off, it clangs on the concrete floor.

Stephen CHARGES the door, it buckles.

Daisy presses her head against it.

DAISY

What're you doing?

PAUL

Just hold on.

He tries to grab onto the ceiling, a little out of reach.

He leaps, cuts his hand. Hangs on. Stephen pounds away.  
Paul hoists himself up through the air duct.

DAISY

Hurry...

The door caves further with each THRUST.

DAISY

Stop it! You're not getting in here!

She looks up. Paul lowers his chain, it dangles six feet off the ground.

PAUL

We gotta time it. When he charges,  
you jump. Okay?

Daisy nods. Stephen charges. Daisy fends him off, gets up.  
Stephen charges again.

PAUL

NOW!

Daisy leaps, grabs onto the chain. Stephen BARRELS through the door, loses his balance and crashes into the wall.

Paul yanks Daisy up. Stephen jumps, latches onto Daisy's foot.

PAUL

Kick your feet!

Daisy flails. Stephen catches a Skecher to the nose, falls.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - AIR DUCT

Paul and Daisy peep down into the tiny restroom.

Stephen's injured hand latches onto the rim of the duct.

Daisy pulls off her shoe and punishes him with it.

Stephen lets go.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Have fun breathing carbon monoxide.

PAUL

We won, asshole.

He trades looks with Daisy.

INT. STADIUM - ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

An injured Chicago Bear receives treatment down on the field.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

That player came out of nowhere.  
I'm sure he just had the wind knocked  
out of him.

COLOR COMMENTATOR

Dwight, we're getting word of an  
incident on the suite level.  
Apparently, a security guard was  
seriously injured and --

ANNOUNCER

(turns to camera)

We'll keep you abreast of the  
situation as soon as that information  
becomes available.

INT. STADIUM - SUITE LEVEL - HALLWAY

Mather slinks by a SECURITY GUARD talking to a COP. He turns  
the corner just before TWO DHS AGENTS appear at the end of  
the hall.

INT. STADIUM - SUITE LEVEL - STORAGE ROOM

Mather enters to find Unkempt in the trash bin, awakening  
from his deep slumber.

MATHER

You let him leave.

He looks around. Unkempt mumbles something indiscernible.

MATHER

You didn't take your medication today,  
did you.

He crouches to pick up a remnant of the cord that bound Al.  
Unkempt struggles to get out of the trash bin.

Mather drapes the cord around his neck and strangles him.  
Unkempt gurgles, twists inside the bucket.

MATHER

It breaks my heart. Some are doomed  
the moment they're born.

Unkempt goes limp. Mather places a trash bin upside down  
over him.

He takes out his cell phone, dials.

MATHER

Have her make the call.

INT. SITTING ROOM

Dim. A lantern rests on a sideboard. Oliver is on the phone.

OLIVER

I see.

He nods at Priscilla. She sets down her book of sermons.

Snags a hammer off an end table and exits the room.

EXT. STADIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The rear door of a Coroner's truck is slammed shut. A HAZMAT  
TECHNICIAN speaks to a CORONER, both in biohazard suits.

The Hazmat Tech makes his way over to Yanes, who stands twenty  
yards away at a COMMAND POST with ten other DHS AGENTS.

HAZMAT TECH

Fried out his nervous system. This  
guy suffocated.

YANES

Something I can use. What're we  
looking at?

HAZMAT TECH

GB.

YANES

What the hell's GB?

HAZMAT TECH

Sarin poisoning.

Yanes' jaw drops.

## HAZMAT TECH

If you were in the room with this guy, you should get tested. Probably in your clothes, too.

INT. STADIUM

SERIES OF SHOTS (INTERCUT)

- 1) Pilgrims entering restrooms throughout the stadium.
- 2) Pilgrims assembling sarin devices in restroom stalls.

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE

A DOZEN DHS Agents debate loudly in a conference room.

SWITCHBOARD AREA

Head of Security, MIKE, 50 with a perpetual burr in his saddle, stops by the desk of an OPERATOR, 40.

OPERATOR

They know for sure?

MIKE

Yeah.

OPERATOR

This is serious.  
(answers call)  
Stadium Security, this call is recorded.

ESSA (V.O.)

(teary)  
It's my husband. He is inside the stadium.

OPERATOR

What's the problem, ma'am?

ESSA (V.O.)

He's planning to... he's going to do something...

Operator gestures to Mike, he throws on a headset.

OPERATOR

What's he going to do?

ESSA (V.O.)  
I found some things... some  
blueprints... he is wearing a red  
jersey... and red... red and white  
face paint. My husband's name...

Static. The call disconnects.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - UTILITY ROOM

Paul's cell phone jingles from underneath the vending machine.

INT. STADIUM - MAIN CONCOURSE

Al stays out of sight behind a large column. On his cell.

AL  
Come on, pick up, pick up.

PAUL (V.O.)  
(outgoing message)  
Hi, you've reached Paul. Sorry I  
can't take your call...

Al turns the corner and finds Federico and Sales Animal.

He BOLTS.

SALES ANIMAL  
That's him!

Federico gives chase and TACKLES him. Al's cell phone slides  
across the floor.

AL  
Get off me! You don't know what  
you're doin'.

Fans stop to gawk. Some SHOUT words of praise at Federico.

FEDERICO  
(cuffs him)  
Game over.

INT. STADIUM - STORAGE ROOM

Mather assembles his sarin device on the workbench.

Red Hair enters.

RED HAIR

Nothing yet. And those two brats  
got away.

MATHER

Where is Roger?

RED HAIR

I couldn't find him.

Mather turns, slugs the trash bin that covers Unkempt. It  
tumbles to the floor.

MATHER

This mission has been a long time  
coming. There *is no* alternate plan.  
Understood?

(Red Hair nods)

Find our little pawn.

Red Hair exits. Mather stares at Unkempt.

MATHER

Your mother should've listened.

Stephen enters, talking into his radio.

STEPHEN

I'll be right there.  
(to Mather)  
They've got him upstairs.

MATHER

Are the Highers with him?

STEPHEN

They're on their way. Roger's dead.

MATHER

Infernal damnation...

STEPHEN

Everyone's been fed.

MATHER

Bring him down to the field and  
contain him. No mishaps.

STEPHEN

You should lose the hat. In case  
someone decides to believe him.

MATHER

Make sure that doesn't happen.



INT. UNMARKED CAR

The car races down the highway. Zeeman sits in the passenger seat, on his cell. He listens to Essa's teary phone call to Stadium Security.

ESSA (V.O.)

I found some things... some blueprints... he is wearing a red jersey... and red... red and white face paint. My husband's name...

MIKE (V.O.)

The line cut out after that.

ZEEMAN

Sounds like she was under duress.

MIKE (V.O.)

Second thoughts, maybe? Squealin' on her husband won't get her into heaven.

ZEEMAN

She sounded scripted. Just the one bottle?

MIKE (V.O.)

So far. We shut down concessions.

ZEEMAN

Name of the guy you apprehended?

MIKE (V.O.)

Massoud. Definitely Arab.

ZEEMAN

Play the first part again.

ESSA (V.O.)

It's my husband. He is inside the stadium.

ZEEMAN

Jordanian, actually.

He shuts his phone, pockets it.

ZEEMAN

The whole airport thing is starting to feel like a footnote.

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE - HOLDING ROOM

A large window looks out into the hallway, DHS Agents march by. Al sits at a table. Federico stands across from him.

FEDERICO

I knew Bruce seven years.

AL

I didn't kill 'im. This is all a fuckin' nightmare.

FEDERICO

Tell me about this nightmare.

AL

There's a plot against the stadium. But I'm not the guy you're looking for.

Federico slides the utility knife across the table.

FEDERICO

Wanna tell me what that was doin' in your pocket?

AL

Doesn't belong to me.

FEDERICO

You just carry it around. Where'd you get the sarin?

AL

What?

FEDERICO

Don't give me *what*. Where'd you get it?

AL

I don't know what the hell you're talkin' about.

Federico hovers over Al.

FEDERICO

Killed one of the concession workers. Put three more in the hospital. And you're in here playin' hard-to-get?

AL

You're talkin' about the bottle?

FEDERICO

Bruce alone would've gotten you the needle. But now...?

He shakes his head.

AL

Your threats mean nothing. I'm innocent. My wife --

FEDERICO

Tell me how big this thing is.

AL

Stephen's involved. The guard. He took me to --

FEDERICO

Jihad, my ass. Tell me how big it is now.

AL

I am telling you. Stephen's the one who probably --

Federico YANKS Al backward to the floor.

FEDERICO

Mention Stephen again.

He peeks up at the glass. Two GUARDS look in, walk on by.

FEDERICO

Think they'll care if I filet myself a terrorist?

He hoists Al back up, shoves his head forward.

AL

The Pilgrims are behind it. The ones with the --

FEDERICO

(snorts)  
Pilgrims?

AL

Their boss' name is Mather.

FEDERICO

And who're you, The Duke? Wanna take a stab at who ratted you out? One o' your seventy virgins, maybe? Your wife called.

AL  
... they must've...

FEDERICO  
Today's ally, tomorrow's enemy.  
Ain't that right?

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - AIR DUCT

Daisy and Paul inch along in darkness.

DAISY  
I can't see anything.

PAUL  
Shh... We have no idea where he went.  
Do you have any matches?

DAISY  
I don't smoke.

PAUL  
What about your cell?

Daisy hands him her cell phone. Paul flips it open. The display illuminates twenty yards ahead.

DAISY  
Should we go back?

PAUL  
He could be there waiting.

DAISY  
I can hardly breathe.

PAUL  
Let me think.

Daisy sneezes.

GUNSHOT. Daisy SCREAMS. A bullet pierces through the pipe one yard ahead.

Paul closes the phone. The hole is the size of a baseball. A light flickers from down below.

THROUGH HOLE

Paul spies the top of a Pilgrim hat.

A metal pole PLUNGES through the gap. Daisy shrieks.

Another GUNSHOT grazes Paul's calf.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - AIR HANDLER ROOM

A long metal pole stands upright through the air duct.  
Ghostly points the gun and waits.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - AIR DUCT

Paul creeps, the pipe ripples. He stops.

PAUL

Give me something to throw.

Daisy reaches into her pocket and takes out a quarter.

Paul hucks it ten yards ahead. It clangs against the metal.

Quiet.

Two more BULLETS, inches away from them. Paul takes hold of Daisy. They scramble back toward the tiny restroom.

Another SHOT ricochets through the pipe.

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE - HOLDING ROOM

Federico gulps down a glass of water.

FEDERICO

Want some? I wouldn't drink it where  
you're headed.

He tosses the cup. Leans his palms on the table.

FEDERICO

Fresh out of excuses?

AL

There's a storage room. On the suite  
level. Steve -- Let's just say I  
was taken there.

FEDERICO

Should I put on some popcorn?

AL

This look real enough?

He brandishes rope burns and cuts on his wrists.

AL

They showed me a body. Rolled him out on a swivel chair. Mather kept callin' him Duane. Said he worked as an usher here. That he was a drinker. That he cheated on his wife. Said he just had a baby. Stop me when this sounds familiar. I've never been here before in my life. Tell you the truth, I can't afford it. So let me ask you... did Duane show up for work today?

A knock on the door, Stephen enters.

STEPHEN

Rico, you got a second?

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE - HALLWAY

Two Hazmat Techs walk by in full gear.

FEDERICO

What's going on?

STEPHEN

I'll bring him down and have him escorted. What's he saying?

FEDERICO

All kinds o' shit. We're transportin' him?

STEPHEN

Yeah.

FEDERICO

This doesn't add up.

STEPHEN

What do you mean?

FEDERICO

You know the usher who started two years ago? Duane Simmons?

STEPHEN

Yeah, I know Duane.

FEDERICO

It's like he read his CliffNotes. He knew all about 'im.

STEPHEN

He could be a season ticket holder.

FEDERICO

Says he's never been here before.

STEPHEN

Remember who we're talking about.  
Bruce is dead. I'll probably be the  
one to call his wife. These guys  
are *skilled* at lying.

Federico turns away, frustrated.

STEPHEN

Give me ten seconds with him.

He enters the holding room, shuts the door.

THROUGH WINDOW

Stephen's back is to Federico. He speaks to Al in a calm  
tone, the words are indiscernible.

Al shakes his head at Federico.

INT. STADIUM

SCOREBOARD: Two-minute warning.

INT. STADIUM - BASEMENT - HALLWAY

Paul and Daisy jog along, peeking around every corner. An  
endless slew of beer kegs are lined up against the wall.

DAISY

We should've stayed where we were.

PAUL

We would've been shot.

A metal clang behind them. Paul and Daisy turn around...

GHOSTLY

floats around the bend, lugging the long metal pole.

They BOLT.

Paul glances back, Ghostly is only fifteen yards away.

Paul pulls a beer keg down from the wall. Then another. And another. They roll toward Ghostly.

He sidesteps some, hops over others. TRIPS on one.

Ghostly gets up, picks up the pace.

He aims the pole at Daisy's feet.

PAUL

Come on!

Daisy loses a shoe. She and Paul turn the corner...

No more barrels. Only a set of double doors up ahead. It's an all-out sprint.

Paul and Daisy make it to the doors first. They bust on through. Ghostly HEAVES the pole.

It slices through the opening of the doors. Paul slams the doors in Ghostly's face. He and Daisy hold on tight.

Ghostly can't overpower both of them. Paul glances behind him.

When he turns back, Ghostly claws his cheek through the broken pane of glass. Paul spits at him.

He and Daisy hunker down.

PAUL

Grab the pipe. It's against the wall.

DAISY

Can you keep him out?

PAUL

Just do it!

Daisy snatches up the pole. The doors begin to buckle.

PAUL

Slide it through.

Daisy snakes it through the door handles, across both doors.

Ghostly reaches through the opening, grabs onto the pole. Paul leans back and punishes Ghostly's hand with the chain.

Ghostly pulls his hand out without a sound.

He sticks his hand back through, Paul whips the chain...



Ghostly CATCHES it. Yanks Paul flush against the doors.

Paul yells. Daisy takes a bite out of Ghostly's hand. Again, he pulls back without a sound.

DAISY  
Come on, let's go.

Paul glances back at the door, takes off with Daisy.

INT. STADIUM - SERVICE LEVEL - NOOK

STEPHEN  
(uncuffs Al)  
You stick with us, you're home free.

He shoves Al onto a

MAIN CORRIDOR

Stephen walks two paces behind.

Oncoming, three SECURITY GUARDS and a HEFTY COP.

STEPHEN  
Say anything and you'll cut your  
college tuition in half.

The four pass by. One of the Security Guards gives Al a suspicious look. Stephen opens the door to an

ELECTRICAL ROOM

STEPHEN  
Move.

Al walks in. Switch boxes, and oversized power conditioning units. Stephen locks the door.

STEPHEN  
So you talked to my pal Rico.

Al doesn't respond.

STEPHEN  
Where's your badge? You got it?  
(slaps Al in the face)  
You got it?

Al removes his badge from his pocket. Stephen takes it and hands him another.

STEPHEN

Pin it over your heart. You know  
where that is, don't you?

INSERT BADGE

Al's picture. Name: David Brenner.

AL

Who the hell's David Brenner?

Stephen UPPERCUTS Al in the ribs, he falls backward against  
a switch box.

STEPHEN

David Brenner's your lifesaver, that's  
who he is.

Al gasps for air. Stephen kicks the badge over to him.

STEPHEN

We figured you for a spectacle.

He throws Al a rag, checks the display on a pocket device.

STEPHEN

Wipe that stuff off your face.

Al pins the badge on. As he wipes the makeup from his face,  
Stephen crouches in the corner by a metal case on the floor.

He unlocks an oversized, high-tech Nerf launcher.

AL

What the hell is that?

Stephen points the launcher at Al.

STEPHEN

You like Nerfball, right? Now listen  
to me carefully, David. Aim the  
first six shots into the crowd.

He pops open a cover on the side of the tube. Pulls out a

NERF FOOTBALL

Glow-in-the-dark. Autographed. NFL Logo. Super Bowl XLII.

STEPHEN

Aim for the upper concourse. I don't want you taking out your son's eye.

(puts ball back)

The seventh one goes on the stage. And this here's your trigger.

(demonstrates)

I hope you're not afraid to pull it.

AL

Who's performing?

STEPHEN

What?

AL

Who's doing the halftime show?

STEPHEN

Why?

AL

I wanna know who I'll be killing.

STEPHEN

It's Pink. Feel better?

AL

No. You?

STEPHEN

Let's go.

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE - HALLWAY

Two SWAT OFFICERS and Mike turn the corner. No sign of Al in the holding room. They spot Federico.

MIKE

Where is he?

FEDERICO

Stephen brought him down.

MIKE

Brought him down where?

FEDERICO

Said he was havin' him escorted. He didn't call you?

MIKE

Mother --

FEDERICO

Fuck, I knew it.

SURLY SWAT

(to Mike)

Stay with 'im.

The Officers hightail it out, knocking over a Security Guard.

SURLY SWAT

(into radio)

Officers report. Subject's on the loose. May be a guard with him.

INT. STADIUM - STAGE

Strobe lights. Cheers. Flash bulbs.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome... PINK.

PINK and her BAND make their way out. The stage is designed in the shape of an exclamation point. The Crowd goes insane.

SECTION 118

Mather grips his bottle. Looks over at Jeth.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Pilgrims, amidst the strobes, sarin devices at the ready.

INT. STADIUM - FIELD ENTRANCE

Al holds the Nerf launcher, Stephen one pace behind. They walk up a ramp.

STEPHEN

Think you'll be able to handle the spotlight?

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We ask that you keep your eyes peeled during the performance... as Nerf

(MORE)

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
balls personally autographed by  
Pink... may be headed your way...

STAGE

Pink hops aboard the dot of the exclamation point. Eight feet in circumference. Three feet of space separate her from the band, arranged linearly on a thirty-foot stage.

PINK  
Everyone here ready to rock it?

Pink's lead guitarist kicks it into gear. The Fans surrounding the stage jump and dance.

FIELD

STEPHEN  
Remember the magic number.

Al aims, upper concourse. He FIRES away. The neon ball glows its way toward the target. The crowd cheers.

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE - HOLDING ROOM

Federico now sits in Al's chair. DHS Agent Yanes enters.

YANES  
So you had a hunch, and you let him  
leave anyway.

FEDERICO  
Steve's above me. What was I supposed  
to do?

YANES  
Mike's above both of you, isn't he?  
Why didn't you tell him about this  
hunch o' yours?

Federico's at a loss for words.

YANES  
Federico, gimme something I can hang  
my hat on. Something that would  
convince me you didn't conspire in  
an act of terrorism against the United  
States.

Federico's turn to shit his pants.

Agent Yanes' nose runs, he wipes it. His eyes water, he rubs them.

He coughs, wobbles backward. Federico glances at the door.

INT. STADIUM - FIELD

Pink sings. Al unleashes shot number TWO. Upper deck. A spotlight finds the lucky Fan.

INT. STADIUM - SECURITY OFFICE

Mike talks with Bristow. Kearney studies a row of closed-circuit TVs. He moves in close on one.

KEARNEY

How'd he manage that?

ON CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV

Al lets loose number THREE, over and beyond the stage.

INT. STADIUM - SECTION 118

The ball lands on the walkway near Mather.

MATHER

(to himself)

Having fun, are we?

He pops open the aerosol cap, places the bottle under Jeth.

A fine mist disperses from the device as Mather walks up the stairs.

MATHER

Enjoy.

FIELD

Al fires number FOUR. A little low, it hits a luxury box.

STEPHEN

(into radio)

What?! I can't hear you.

MIKE (V.O.)

FBI wants to talk to you. Got a minute?

Stephen glares at Al. Al aims way up high on number FIVE. The ball arches, lands on the catwalk. The crowd BOOS.

Al spots Pink on one of the giant scoreboards.

FIELD ENTRANCE

Surly Swat has Al in his sights. Then Stephen. Then Fans get in the way.

SURLY SWAT  
(into radio)  
Storm the field.

FIELD

Al fires number SIX at the stage. It whizzes past the drummer.

The TV cameras lock onto Al. He turns toward the

SIDELINES

Two dozen SWAT Officers, along with six FBI Agents, charge the field. Al stalls. Stephen sees the stampede coming.

STEPHEN  
NOW!

He reaches for the launcher.

Al butt-ends him in the chops. Takes off...

Stephen gives chase. The Officers and Agents muscle their way through the mass of people.

Pink's eyes are closed, in the moment. Al barrels straight for her, spotlight and cameras on him.

Stephen reaches out his hand. Caresses the trigger.

Al jerks the gun away from him. AIMS HIGH.

FIRES. Through the open roof....

In mid-air, the Nerf ball EXPLODES. Lights and windows shatter. Metal beams ripple. Sparks rain down on Fans.

Pink and company head for the hills.

Al takes the

STAGE

AL

(grabs mike)

You're under attack!

Stephen attempts to board. Al SHOVES him back into the crowd.

AL

Look around you for Pilgrims! With  
tall hats! They're carrying bottles!  
They look like water!

He KICKS a taser from the hands of one SWAT Officer. Dodges  
pepper spray from another.

AL

Listen to me! They're not water!  
It's poison!

UPPER CONCOURSE

Fans take notice of Pilgrims nearby.

ON SCOREBOARD

AL

If you see a bottle out in the open --  
smother it! Whatever you can find!  
Cover it up!

ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This I have never seen. John?

MAIN CONCOURSE

Fans leave in droves. Mather stares down on Section 118.  
Fans are doubled-over, coughing and convulsing.

AL (O.S.)

Tackle any Pilgrim holding a bottle!

Mather tosses his hat onto the Fans below, and walks away.



## STAGE

A SWAT Officer negotiates his way past guitars and drums. He TACKLES Al off the stage. They tumble into the crowd.

## STADIUM: SERIES OF SHOTS

Pilgrims deploying bottles are TACKLED by Fans; their devices smothered.

## FIELD ENTRANCE

Paul and Daisy emerge from a side door, at the base of a ramp.

DAISY

That's the field up there, right?

PAUL

Crap, it's halftime.

GHOSTLY appears out of nowhere, takes Paul by the throat. Hoists him up against the wall.

DAISY

Let go of him!

She flails at Ghostly. He levels her with a FIST without looking.

## FIELD

It's a scrum. Al tries to squeeze his way out from under a pile of Fans and SWAT Officers.

One Officer latches onto Al's game jersey.

AL

It's not me! Let go of me!

A few GUYS join the mix on Al's behalf. They climb on top of the pile. A few earn themselves pepper spray in the eyes.

## FIELD ENTRANCE

Daisy's on the ground. Paul struggles to breathe. Ghostly smirks, squeezes harder...

He never saw it coming. A PATRIOT Defensive Lineman FLATTENS Ghostly. Paul falls to the floor, gasping for air.

PATRIOT

You don't do that to a kid.

FIELD

Stephen gets crowd-surfed backwards toward the authorities. Al writhes his way out of the pile and takes off.

Officers and Agents give chase. Al cuts left and jukes right across the field, working his way through the mob of people.

Paul emerges from the ramp with a woozy Daisy. He spots Al.

PAUL

I gotta go. Find your uncle.

Daisy nods. Paul kisses her.

PAUL

I'll call you. It's gonna be okay.

DAISY

You don't have your phone.

PAUL

You think I'd forget your number?

He departs.

MAIN CONCOURSE

Mather heads for the exit doors along with a host of Fans. He takes out his cell phone. BUMP. It falls and breaks.

Mather turns around. A GIRL, missing her two front teeth, smiles up at him.

GIRL'S MOM

Say you're sorry, Sweetie.

The Girl sticks her tongue out at Mather.

FIELD

Al hops the boards, enters the crowd. Paul's in hot pursuit.

Some of the lights turn on. Al bounds up the concrete stairs like Rocky. Security Guards spot him, reach for their radios.

Al makes his way onto the

MAIN CONCOURSE

Sees the doors are heavy with police and other authorities.

Al senses the heat, makes a beeline for a broken window.

Leaps... SMASH!

EXT. STADIUM

Al emerges with a cut to his cheek, a rip in his jersey. He surveys the

PARKING LOT

An ARMY of Hazmat Techs heads into the stadium.

Al takes off... passes Agent Yanes who looks up from a gurney. An oxygen mask covers his face.

PAUL (O.S.)

Dad!

Al stops and turns, Paul catches up.

AL

Let's go, let's go!

They hop into the Expedition. Al peels out of the spot.

INT. AL'S EXPEDITION

AL

You alright?

PAUL

Yeah. What're we gonna do?

AL

We find them. What's with the chain?

EXT. STADIUM - PARKING LOT

Police have set up a checkpoint. A SWARM of DHS Agents. Two cars are ahead of Al.

INT. AL'S EXPEDITION

AL

Why didn't you leave when I told you to?

PAUL  
Cuz I'm an idiot.  
(re: checkpoint)  
This is for you, isn't it.

AL  
Yup.

PAUL  
We can't stop.

AL  
Nope.

He GUNS it. CRASHES through the barricade. Officers shout.  
SHOTS ring out.

Al runs a red light, swerves onto the

MAIN DRAG

Green exit signs up ahead. A police SUV pops up in Al's  
rear view. Flanked by two cruisers.

AL  
Should've stayed home.

He takes the exit hard.

INTERSTATE

Al takes it up a notch. Or three. Red and blue lights race  
toward him.

He runs a Honda into the breakdown lane, it sideswipes the  
guardrail, careens into oncoming traffic. The cruiser evades.

PAUL  
Where are we going?

AL  
Mather said something. Might be our  
only shot.

PAUL  
What?

The police SUV fills the rear view. Al plays slalom with  
the cars.

AL

He's not just their leader. He's like a priest to those guys. Talkin' about the Sabbath, convening in a bungalow... Who talks like that? If I'm right... there's only one bungalow church in Arizona.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - CLOAKROOM

Oliver gazes through a bay window at the side street below. Priscilla enters.

PRISCILLA

Has he called yet?

OLIVER

No.

PRISCILLA

How much time?

OLIVER

Minutes, I presume.

PRISCILLA

What shall we do?

OLIVER

I'll bring them up for safekeeping. But it's probably best for you to uncover the hole.

INT./EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER

It rips through the night sky. Al and Paul down below.

CHOPPER

(into radio)

He's on the One-o-one. Drop the spikes on both sides of the Ten. Come to Papa...

INT. AL'S EXPEDITION

Al speeds in the middle lane, the police SUV right behind.

AL

We need a shortcut.

The cruisers speed up, box Al in behind an 18-wheeler.

AL  
Camelback's comin' up.

POLICE (O.S.)  
(over speaker)  
Pull over.

Paul spins around.

PAUL  
Dad?

The cruiser to Al's left nudges him to the right. The opposite cruiser drops one lane over.

Al speeds up to the rear of the semi, blocking the cruiser from cutting him off. Then...

The 18-wheeler moves away from the action.

AL  
Stay with me.

An exit sign up ahead.

POLICE (O.S.)  
(over speaker)  
Pull over now.

The police SUV zeroes in on the left corner of Al's bumper. Nicks it.

The rear of the Expedition tilts to the left. Al SLAMS the brakes, PIVOTS the wheel right!

The cruisers blow by, Al evades being rear-ended by the SUV.

The Expedition spins to a stop. Beyond the exit.

AL  
Hold on, Grace.

He bumps it into REVERSE.

Cars. Trucks. Minivans. Swerve to get out of the way. The cruisers and police SUV turn around.

An oncoming 18-wheeler JACKKNIFES. Sparks, shards of metal, scraping across the asphalt...

Al's eyes fixate on the exit ramp. He dodges a HOTSHOT on a motorcycle, hops an embankment.

The trailer DISENGAGES. Heading straight for the ramp.

Al rumbles over a curb, loses his passenger rear view to a metal post, SQUEEZES past the trailer!

The tractor and police SUV nearly collide. The SUV flips onto its side, blocking the fast lane.

Now flush with the ramp, Al drops it into Drive. GUNS it!

The trailer keels to one side. Boom. The cruisers are denied access to the exit.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Quiet. A row of single-story houses to the left. On the right, a cemetery. Followed by a bungalow.

Al turns the corner hard. Kills the headlights. Parks under a tree.

EXT. BUNGALOW CHURCH

One and a half stories. Under the bay window, a sloped roof hangs over the front porch. Lights are on, both floors.

INT. AL'S EXPEDITION

They stare at the church.

PAUL

How should we do this?

AL

Can't be sure how many are in there.  
I'll go check it out.

He pops open the door.

PAUL

You don't want me to come with you?

AL

You're gonna help us get outta here.

Paul turns away, stares out the window.

AL

Look. This whole thing... I couldn't have done it without you.

PAUL

But I didn't listen to you.

AL  
 I'm not just talkin' about tonight.  
 (beat)  
 I want you to know that I'm proud of  
 you.

He gets out, shuts the door.

AL  
 If I'm not out in ten... drive this  
 thing through the front window.

He walks away.

PAUL  
 (calling)  
 Dad.

AL  
 (walks back)  
 What?

PAUL  
 Good luck.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Al hops a gravel sidewalk. Creeps onto the cemetery grounds.  
 He spots Priscilla emerging from the back door of the church,  
 doubles back behind a tree. And watches.

EXT. BUNGALOW CHURCH

Priscilla removes metal stakes from the ground. They secure  
 a 6 x 4-foot tarp.

She folds up the tarp, uncovering an open grave. Al moves  
 to a closer trunk -- a twig snaps -- Priscilla stops.

Silence. Priscilla peers into the shadows. Al doesn't move.

Priscilla sets down the tarp. And picks up a shovel.

The hoot of an owl. Priscilla spins around. Finds nothing.

A hand covers her mouth. Her scream is muffled. Her right  
 arm, locked.

AL  
 Where's my wife and daughter? Are  
 they in there?



Another muffled scream, Al tightens his grip.

AL

Tell me and I won't hurt you.

Priscilla claws at his cheek. Al takes her down to the dirt.

He lugs her toward the hole. Priscilla struggles to break free.

AL

(into her ear)

Tell your Aunt Virginia I said Hello.

He shoves her head first into the grave. Priscilla's unconscious.

Al moves for the back door. The light upstairs goes out.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - REAR ENTRANCE

Al enters. A long, narrow hallway stretches out before him.

Footsteps in the distance. Al spies a door to his right. A key sticks out of the lock. He pockets it, turns the knob.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - BASEMENT

Al finds a light switch on the wall. He shuts the door behind him. Edges down the steps.

He peers under a ceiling beam. Two empty chairs, back to back. Extension cords litter the floor.

OLIVER (O.S.)

(calling)

Priscilla...

Al glances back up the stairs. He does not see the handgun that rests on a corner bookcase. Along the wall of the staircase, hanging from a 2 x 4, gardening tools.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - REAR ENTRANCE

Oliver emerges from the narrow hallway. Notices the back door is ajar. He peeps out at the open grave.

Shuts the door. Turns around. Stares at the basement door.

Oliver nears it. Reaches out for the knob. Standing a full pace behind, he swings the door open.

Nothing. Oliver peeks through the crack along the doorframe.

Too dark to see. He moves closer.

And catches a TROWEL in the eye.

Al comes out from behind the door, grabs Oliver by the shirt collar and sends him tumbling down the steps.

He shuts the basement door, locks it.

Turns onto the narrow hallway, looks to the right...

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - WORSHIP AREA

Plank flooring. Ten rustic pews on either side of an aisle. A modest altar. Behind it, antique brass candlesticks sit on shelves carved into the wall.

Al continues down the hallway, starts up a staircase.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Paul plunks himself down in the driver's seat. He checks his watch.

INT. STATION WAGON

It slows to a stop fifty yards behind Al's Expedition.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - CLOAKROOM

Al finds Grace and Essa huddled in a corner, bound and gagged. He rushes over, removes the tape from their mouths.

AL

It's gonna be alright.

ESSA

They came to the front door and...

AL

It's okay.

He hugs them.

GRACE

(crying)

They were gonna kill us, Daddy.

AL  
It's gonna be okay.

ESSA  
Where is Paul?

GUNSHOTS from downstairs. Grace screams.

ESSA  
No... no...

The sound of running footsteps.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - STAIRCASE

Oliver sneaks up the stairs, gun in hand. A scrape rides the length of his temple.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - CHOIR LOFT

Al sets Essa down next to Grace in the corner of the balcony. He spots a large wooden bench, with arms and a high back.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - CLOAKROOM

Oliver enters, proceeds cautiously.

He peers into the passageway that leads to the choir loft.

CHARGING sideways toward him is the wooden bench, scraping across the floor. Oliver FIRES and misses.

With his shoulder pressed up against the base of the bench, Al BOWLS Oliver over. He drops the gun.

Oliver scoots to pick it up, Al TACKLES him in time.

He BOUNCES the back of Oliver's head on the hardwood floor.

AL  
You fuckin' hurt *my* family?

He SLUGS away at his face.

Oliver grabs Al by the collar, yanks him down and HEAD-BUTTS him in the mouth.

They grapple. Oliver rolls Al onto his back. Al spits blood in his eyes. Flings him off.

They're toe-to-toe, trading punches. Al goes for Oliver's temple.

OLIVER

By now, you should be accustomed to dying for your cause.

Al levels him with a left. Oliver snags the gun.

Al THRUSTS him through the bay window! Glass everywhere.

EXT. BUNGALOW CHURCH

Oliver slides down the sloped roof.

He claws his way up, over the glass. Still clutching the gun.

Al appears in the window. Oliver FIRES and misses, slides back down.

Oliver works his way back up, grabs onto the window sill.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - CLOAKROOM

Al KICKS the gun out of Oliver's hand. Hoists him back in by the throat.

Al squeezes hard. Oliver gasps for air, swipes at him.

Al walks Oliver through the domed passageway, KICKS open the door to the

CHOIR LOFT

Grace and Essa scream. Oliver reaches out for Grace's hair, latches on. Yanks hard.

Grace WAILS. Essa gnaws on Oliver's forearm. He lets go.

Al TOSSES him over the balcony. An awful CRACKING noise.

He looks down. Oliver rolls over limp against a pew.

Al bites his way through Grace and Essa's restraints.

Grace hugs her father. They walk back through the

CLOAKROOM

Al snags the gun. They head downstairs.

INT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - VESTIBULE

Al, Essa and Grace hurry toward the front door.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Dad?

They all freeze. Al turns to Essa.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(calling)  
DAD.

Al leads the way through the double doors, into the  
WORSHIP AREA

where Mather stands at the altar, knife to Paul's throat.

MATHER  
Let us pray.

AL  
It's over, Mather. Let him go.

They pass Oliver on their way to the altar.

MATHER  
A cause is never over, Al. How did  
you find us?

AL  
You talk too much.

MATHER  
That's far enough.

He pushes down with the knife. The family comes to a halt,  
ten yards away.

AL  
What do you want?

Priscilla enters through the double doors. Shotgun in hand.

MATHER  
Welcome, Priscilla. We were just  
getting started.

Priscilla takes a seat by Oliver.

MATHER

Now... If you had to pick, which would you choose?

AL

What?

MATHER

Not *what*. Who.

Al turns to look at Priscilla, who shifts her sights between Paul and Grace. Essa steps in front of Grace.

MATHER

Looks like your wife is helping you decide. There's a novelty. It's just as well, isn't it. Lord knows... it wouldn't be her you'd protect.

AL

What'd you say?

MATHER

More is always better. Isn't it, Al. Just like the Super Bowl.

ESSA

What is he talking about?

AL

Don't listen to 'im. He's crazy.

MATHER

Is that the reason you've been reluctant to pull the trigger... on that job offer? You found another *hen* to roost?

AL

Shut up, you liar. He's full o' shit, Ess. You lost. You fuckin' lost! He's just trying to take me down with him.

MATHER

*Our little systems have their day;  
they have their day and cease to be.  
They are but broken lights of thee.  
And thou, oh Lord, are more than  
they.*

Al removes the gun from under his jersey and FIRES at Priscilla. Misses twice.

Priscilla RETURNS FIRE. Grace and Essa take cover behind a pew.

Al's third SHOT catches Priscilla in the neck. The fourth gets a click.

Blood streams from Priscilla's neck. She hurries to reload. Fires wide right. Slumps over onto Oliver.

MATHER

I take it Grace would be your pick.

He presses the knife against Paul's throat. Blood trickles.

AL

Stop!

ESSA (O.S.)

Don't hurt my son...!

MATHER

It occurs to me now... who would I choose? Seems I'm in need of a companion.

(beat)

Is she chaste, Abdel?

AL

You son-of-a-bitch.

He looks back at Priscilla. Mather tightens his grip on Paul.

MATHER

(calling)

Oh, Essa...

Essa and Grace remain hidden behind the pew.

MATHER

If you wish your son to remain only mildly hurt, now would be a good time to come out.

AL

I thought you didn't make threats.

Mather grins at Al. Essa peeks out.

MATHER

There she is. Come on over to me.

Essa slowly gets up, moves toward Mather.

MATHER

I'd like you to lie down on the altar.  
Face first, if you would. I'd prefer  
to look at your lovely face. But  
these are desperate times.

Essa creeps to the corner of the altar, lies down face first.

Paul slowly pulls his right hand out of his pocket, the chain  
runs down to the floor. He winks at his dad.

AL

Hey, Mather... Do you know what  
clipping is?

Mather glares at Al.

AL

Clipping. Ever heard of it? You  
didn't seem too up on your football.

MATHER

You take me for a fool?

AL

Maybe...

Paul SWINGS the chain across his body. It STINGS Mather in  
the back of the legs.

Mather stumbles backward. Paul sprints over to his mom.

Mather gives chase, wielding the knife.

Al CLOTHESLINES him down to the altar. The knife flies back  
against the wall.

Mather gets up. Spits at Al.

MATHER

I expected more from you.

He kicks at Al, Al blocks him.

Al KNOCKS Mather on his ass with a hard right. Hovers over  
him... grabs onto his shirt.

Al rains down punches, Mather dodges half of them.

Mather DRIVES his left palm upward into Al's jaw. He bleeds  
from the mouth.

Mather rolls away, makes a break for the knife. Snags it.



Al pulls a brass candlestick down from the wall.

Mather and Al makes circles on the altar.

AL  
All that planning...

MATHER  
Waste not...

He leans back, HURLS the knife. Al ducks.

The knife sticks in the wall. Al shakes his head at Mather.

Mather CHARGES, Al sidesteps him. Mather CRASHES into the lectern, collapses in a heap.

Al pins Mather against the podium and PUMMELS his head with the candlestick.

Mather does his best to avoid, but Al is relentless.

MATHER  
You failed...

AL  
No.

One final blow. Mather ceases to be.

Al wipes the blood from his mouth. Turns to face his family.

The double doors burst open. FOUR POLICEMEN enter, guns drawn. Al drops the candlestick. It rolls on the floor.

EXT. BUNGALOW CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Rain has begun to fall. Police, EMTs, FIREMEN, DHS Agents, REPORTERS. Red and blue lights flicker across the cemetery.

A Policeman takes bolt cutters to Paul's chain.

PAUL  
Thanks.

Al and Paul are led to a squad car.

They pass Essa and Grace, sitting in the back seat of an undercover cop car. Essa looks at Al beseechingly. He shakes his head at her, grins back.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Al and Paul get in. A metal screen separates them from the COP at the wheel, 50s, white with salt-and-pepper hair.

A moment of silence. Al watches the fiasco outside.

PAUL

We didn't do anything wrong... Right?

Al turns to Paul, wanting to reassure him.

Paul glances up. Salt-and-pepper looks at him through the rear view mirror.

The passenger door opens and closes.

ZEEMAN (O.S.)

This is not my idea of a pilgrimage.

Al studies Zeeman, who looks out through the windshield.

ZEEMAN

Mister Massoud... your wife and daughter will be taken to the hospital. Your Expedition's been impounded.

Al watches the unmarked vehicle leave.

ZEEMAN

Glendale Police will want to have a word with you, too.

Paul turns to his father, worried.

ZEEMAN

Turns out... your house is ripe with bugs. Not the munching kind.

He turns to face Al.

ZEEMAN

A call made by a friend of yours led us to that discovery.

Al breathes a sigh of relief.

ZEEMAN

A more thorough search continues.

Al and Paul clasp hands. Quietly. Victorious.

ZEEMAN

A little early to tell... but your  
halftime show might've saved lives.

The squad car pulls away from the curb.

ZEEMAN

This is gonna be a long night.

He removes a bottled water from the cupholder.

ZEEMAN

Care for some water?

Al looks keenly at Zeeman.

AL

Yeah.

FADE OUT

THE END