FIRST DOWN

by

Antonio Gangemi & Aimee Parrott

Registered WGAw No. 1198601

E-mail: aimeeandtony@yahoo.com
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
Whoopeee. Foot-baallll.

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 kufta 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. MASSOUUD 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
to 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.

HAASSAN
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 ELDERSLY 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

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
Awwwwww........

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.
He sits on a crate, examines the pipe.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Don't be stupid now.

He flips open the phone.

Paul. Are you there?

Tic moves in tight to listen. His mouth twitches.

Yeah. I'm here.

Did you make it to Billy's?

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.

CREW CUT
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)
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.
(suckles his head)
*Consume, consume... though we have
do* *no more room.*

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

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

What if I'm wrong?

Wrong about what?

Watching seventy-three thousand people
die. That's your plan, isn't it?
(off Mather's look)
And me knowing I played a part...?

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

What if it's the right thing to do?

Mather covers the body.

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.
(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. Crawlin' 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.
BLUES 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... ...
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.

CREW CUT
Not feeling well?

AL
Bad shellfish, I think.

Crewcut nods.

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

CREW CUT
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?


    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.
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.
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.
STEVEN
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?

STEVEN
What?

AL
Who's doing the halftime show?

STEVEN
Why?

AL
I wanna know who I'll be killing.

STEVEN
It's Pink. Feel better?

AL
No. You?

STEVEN
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
(onto 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.
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.

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

He walks away.

(calling)
Dad.

(walks back)
What?

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.

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