The sound of driving over gravel.
A van door opens. Ruffling. A muffled groan.

FROM BLACK:

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DAY
A blindfold is removed.
The sun blares with a blinding intensity.
A bound man, CASSIDY (50s), comes to awareness. He squints.
A long gravel road. Parched trees and abandoned buildings line the near horizon.
Cassidy hears the truck door close. He rolls to his side and cranks his neck.
He watches a black truck with tinted windows speed away, spitting up gravel and blooming a dusty trail.
Cassidy calmly examines his surroundings.
A few articles were left behind: bottled water, a notebook, and a suit in a protective sleeve.
Cassidy struggles against his bindings. His shirt and tie are dirty and wrinkled.
His wrists are wrapped with cordage.
His mouth is gagged by a cloth.
He edges his belt around until the buckle is in his grasp.
He undoes the belt and uses the fastening pin to pull apart his wrist bindings.
He twists it between the coils until it loosens enough to free himself.
He pulls out the gag and gasps for air.
A digitized melody breaks the silence - the ring tone of a cell phone. The song: 1980s hit "Pop Goes the World."
Cassidy looks for the source of the song, as it continues.
He unzips the protective sleeve to reveal a tuxedo.
His eyes light up.

CASSIDY
The wedding?

The phone keeps "ringing". He checks the outside vest pocket. Nothing.
He reaches to the inside pocket, and retrieves a small flip phone from over a decade ago.

The small screen reads: NEW MESSAGE.

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

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

INSERT PHOTOS:


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

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

INSERT PHOTOS:

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

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

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

CASSIDY

Marilyn?

He shuffles his feet, spinning around.

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

" she still lives "

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

Another message arrives.

" contact no one = no police - no military "

Then another.

" just me - n you "

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

Another message arrives.

" look 2 the book for answers "

Cassidy turns his attention to the weathered notebook.

The book has a hard cover with an intricate design pattern.
The book is bound with a few thick elastics to keep it together. Loose pages stick out of the edges.

Another message arrives.

" wedding starts soon "

" tick tock "

Cassidy tightens his grip on the phone.
He looks to the tux. His brow lowers. Anger sets in.
Cassidy steps to the book, bends, and snatches it up.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING - YESTERDAY

Cassidy snatches up the newspaper.
He's clean shaven and fresh.
He's wearing that same shirt and tie - clean, no wrinkles.
He sips a mug of coffee as he reads the paper in his middle-class kitchen.

MELODY (OS)
Come on. It's on Saturday.

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

Her arms are crossed, unimpressed.

MELODY (CONT.)
Don't try and ignore me.

CASSIDY
Did you ask your mom?

MELODY
She said to ask you.

CASSIDY
I don't think so, Melody.

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

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

MELODY
Come on. Why not?

CASSIDY
Who are you going with?
MELODY
Courtney and Kurt and Mandy and
Liam and--

CASSIDY
Alright, alright. Does your mom
know these boys?

MELODY
Ya. And girls.

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

MELODY
(laughs)
Good idea. Thanks.

CASSIDY
Here she comes.

MELODY
Right... Radio silence.

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

JANET
How's it look?

CASSIDY
Looks good.

JANET
"Good"? Good? That's--

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

JANET
(laughs)
Just you wait, Melody. One day this
will be you.

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

CASSIDY
Come on now, Mel.

Cassidy puts his arm around Janet. Affectionate.

MELODY
I'm just jokin, ma. You look
beautiful. Can I have twenty bucks?
JANET
You see how she just flipped that?

CASSIDY
She's your daughter, Janet.

Janet playfully punches Cassidy in the arm.

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

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

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

JANET
We can only hope.

MELODY
Not like, Thomas.

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

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Aggressive heavy metal music plays in the background.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few papers litter the desk: rejection letters from colleges, and a rejection from the military.
Thomas goes about his task with intent, bobbing his head to the loud music.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A small sub-division lined with two storey houses.

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

**CASSIDY**
She really wants to see them.

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

**CASSIDY**
She's old enough.

**JANET**
That's what worries me.

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

**JANET**
Us?

**CASSIDY**
Yeah. All of us.

**JANET**
We'll see. Lemme think on it.

The front door opens. Thomas exits.

**CASSIDY**
Where ya goin, son?

**THOMAS**
Walk.

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

Thomas puts on his large headphones and dismisses them.

**CASSIDY**
Thomas?

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

Cassidy looks to Janet. She seems worried. He shrugs.
JANET
At least you got a word out of him.

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

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

CASSIDY
He's not much for words.

JANET
I wonder where he got that from.

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

JANET
A bit?

They kiss.

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

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - TODAY

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

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

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

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

Cassidy closes the notebook and wraps the elastic around it.

He scans his surroundings again.

He notices a vacated vehicle 100 meters away.

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

CASSIDY
Who is this?

VOICE
(distorted)
This is a recording. Do not contact anyone regarding this matter. Lives are at stake.
Cassidy spins on the spot, looking for someone on a phone. No one. Just the long road and the abandoned area.

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

CASSIDY
What do you want?

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

CASSIDY
Fuck.

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

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

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

CASSIDY
Who are you?

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

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

The phone call ends.

Cassidy, frustrated, stops himself from throwing the phone.

CASSIDY
(loosing hope)
Oh God.

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

The phone chimes again. A photo.

INSERT PHOTO: Bridesmaids drape a cloth over a long table.
Another photo: Janet, smiling with her bridesmaids.
Another: a bomb with a timer - less than 7 hours remaining.
The final photo is timestamped: 08:36AM, 09/10/01 (September 10th, 2001).

FADE:

EXT. STREET - YESTERDAY
Boots walk along an asphalt street.

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

Until Melody runs over.

MELODY
Thomas. Wait up... Thomas?

Thomas can't hear her over his headphones.

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

MELODY
I could smell that from down the street.

Thomas, annoyed, removes his headphones.
MELODY (CONT.)
(smirks)
Pass the dutchie to the left hand side?

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

They keep walking. Melody examines him.

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

MELODY
Thanks, bro.

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

MELODY
Been there. Done that.

THOMAS
Right.

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

THOMAS
Fuck that.

MELODY
Whatever. I'm excited.

THOMAS
You would.

They walk for a bit, sharing an awkward silence.

MELODY
So... where you headed?

THOMAS
Nowhere.

MELODY
Come on, Tommy, whatchu doin today?

THOMAS
Same old.

MELODY
Lemme come.

THOMAS
Why do you wanna?
MELODY
Are you okay, Thomas?

THOMAS
Fuck off, Melody.

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

THOMAS
Talk?

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

THOMAS
That's more like it.

MELODY
What is this? Kush?

THOMAS
Good, right?

Melody coughs. A lot. Thomas laughs.

MELODY
Ya. Good.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY

Cassidy stands in front of a mirror adjusting his tie.

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

CASSIDY
Just one more appointment.

JANET
Travel agency?

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

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

JANET
I can't believe it. Tomorrow. It'll be official. Mrs. Janet Cassidy.
CASSIDY
I like the sound of that.

JANET
Me too.

Cassidy's smile twitches. Thinking.
Janet notices. She raises an eyebrow.

JANET
What? Tell me.

CASSIDY
You think Alan would approve of me?

JANET
What?

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

JANET
Yeah. I think so.

CASSIDY
Sorry.

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

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

CASSIDY
Of course.

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

She runs a soft hand across his cheek.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - TODAY

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

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

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

He checks his watch: 10:23AM.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car door opens - rusty and noisy.
Cassidy tosses the tux into the backseat.

He plops into the frontseat.

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

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

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

     CASSIDY
     Dammit.

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

He lifts the armrest and peers inside. Nothing.

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

The page is typed with driving instructions.

He starts the car engine.

EXT. STREET - BIT LATER

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

The car honks as it weaves through morning traffic.

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

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

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy wipes some sweat off of his brow.

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

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

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

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

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

There are some hardcover books stacked in the window.
A teenage boy, TARIQ (17), walks down the sidewalk, handing out flyers to passerbys.

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

He checks his surroundings.

Tariq continues down the sidewalk, getting closer.

Street vendors haggle with customers.

Cassidy gathers his thoughts. He checks his watch.

Tariq approaches Cassidy.

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

CASSIDY
Uh. So to speak.

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

CASSIDY
Islam?

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

CASSIDY
Sorry, kid, I'm a little busy.

TARIQ
We are never too busy for understanding.

CASSIDY
Insha Allah.

TARIQ
You speak Arabic, sir?

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

TARIQ
Do you bare witness to our prophet?

CASSIDY
Like I said, I'm bus-- Here, kid. I'll take a flyer.
TARIQ
Wait. Do you actually want it?

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

TARIQ
Do you bare witness--

CASSIDY
Heh, you speak Arabic, right?

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

CASSIDY
Can you help me? I need something translated.

Cassidy pulls out the notebook from his pocket.

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

CASSIDY
Where is he? Can I talk to him?

TARIQ
He's at home, I think.

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

TARIQ
Pay?

CASSIDY
Yeah. Please. Take a look.

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

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

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

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

TARIQ
(worried)
Who are you?
CASSIDY
Whadda ya mean?

TARIQ
Where'd you get this?

CASSIDY
Why? What does it say?

TARIQ
(anxious)
I gotta go. Sir.

CASSIDY
No wait. What is it?

TARIQ
I'll get in trouble.

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

TARIQ
Are you from the wars?

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

TARIQ
I better go.

CASSIDY
Wait. Heh, what's your name?

TARIQ
Tariq.

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

TARIQ
You don't have a wedding ring.

CASSIDY
Smartass.

Tariq laughs. Cassidy smiles with him.

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

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

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

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

Tariq taps his foot.

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

CASSIDY
Here. Payment. Happy now?

Tariq remains hesitant.

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

TARIQ
Why are you here then?

CASSIDY
Someone... Made me.

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

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

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

TARIQ
This book. It's from bad mens.

CASSIDY
What does this have to do with Marilyn?

Tariq sifts through the pages of the notebook.

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

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

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

TARIQ
Are you going to hurt someone?

CASSIDY
I'm just supposed to meet someone.

TARIQ
Don't... Leave. Go home.

CASSIDY
I can't. They'll all die.

TARIQ
You die. You stay.

CASSIDY
Why?

TARIQ
They are serious mens.

CASSIDY
So am I.

INT. ARCADE - YESTERDAY

Videogame soldiers get blasted away.

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

THOMAS
Fuck ya. We win.

MELODY
Right on.

They give each other a high five.

THOMAS
I'm gonna go get more quarters.

MELODY
Still? Let's play somethin else.

THOMAS
I thought you liked the gun games?
MELODY
Not as much as you. It's in your blood.

THOMAS
What do you mean?

MELODY
You're a natural born killer.

THOMAS
Like Woody Harrelson?

MELODY
(laughs)

THOMAS
Whatever.

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

THOMAS
Not now, Mel. Drop it.

MELODY
Geeze. That time of the month or what?

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

MELODY
Come on. Let's get some munchies.

THOMAS
I like the way you think, Melly.

EXT. STORE - BIT LATER

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

THOMAS
Dude needs to learn English.

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

THOMAS
Whatever. "Bro".

They walk down the street. Melody bites into a Twizzler.
MELODY
So... You bringin Leah to the
wedding tomorrow?

THOMAS
Leah?

MELODY
Yeah. I thought you to were back
together again.

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

MELODY
What?

THOMAS
She says I'm slippin.

MELODY
Maybe she's right.

THOMAS
Not you too.

MELODY
Why don't you wanna talk about it?

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

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

THOMAS
I just wanna forget it ever
happened.

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

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

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

THOMAS
It's not the same.

They walk down the street. Not saying any more on the
subject. Melody watches Thomas with curiousity.
MELODY
You wanna see Evanescence play? My friend's got an extra ticket. I can call Courtney and see--

THOMAS
What?

MELODY

THOMAS
I dunno.

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

THOMAS

MELODY
Cool beans.

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

MELODY

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

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

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

CASSIDY
Any luck?

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

CASSIDY
(clears throat)
Mo? Any luck with the translation?

Mo lowers his glasses. He strokes his beard a moment, examining Cassidy.
MO
Who gave this to you?

CASSIDY
What does it matter?

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

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

MO
Yes. It very bad.

CASSIDY
What?

Mo tucks the notebook into his light jacket.

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

Cassidy watches him carefully.

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

CASSIDY
I can't tell you that.

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

CASSIDY
Take?

MO
You CIA? FBI?

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

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

Cassidy watches him.

CASSIDY
Mohammed?

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

It's sharp tip glints.
CASSIDY
Look, like I said before, I was told to come here.

MO
(sneering)
Whoever told you that, must not like you very much, Mr. Cassidy.

CASSIDY
Mo?

Mo lunges at Cassidy with the piercing letter opener.
Cassidy knocks Mo's forearm away.
In that same motion, he drops the tux, and flat-palm shoves Mo in the chest.
Mo stumbles back a step.
Enough time for Cassidy to grab that thick text from the counter. He whips it into the blade hand.
The bladed letter opener drops. Mo winces in pain.
Cassidy grabs a pen from the counter. He picks up another book to defend with.
Mo rises, the letter opener tight in his grasp.

MO
How did you find that? What happened to him?

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

MO
Lies!
Mo charges Cassidy again.
He dodges a series of swipes. One careems off his book.
Cassidy swings the book up and strikes Mo's jaw.
He slams his elbow into the blade hand. The blade falls.
Now, Cassidy has the pen pressed under Mo's Adam's Apple.

CASSIDY
I don't want to hurt you.

MO
Liar. Do it.
CASSIDY
I just want answers. What does it say about Marilyn Cassidy?

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

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

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

MO
This book has nothing to do with your bitch wife.

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

It pierces the flesh.

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

MO
Fuck you.

CASSIDY
What? Didn't catch that.

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

CASSIDY
A diary? Who's?

MO
I don't know.

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

MO

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

CASSIDY
What? Tell me.

Mo bangs on the rug below him. Upset. Fighting tears.
Mo notices the intricate pattern on the rug. His mood shifts. His culture stares back at him.

MO
Never. They'll do it without me.

Mo grabs the letter opener, fallen on the ground.

Cassidy notices. He lunges for Mo.

It's too late.

Mo savagely plunges the tip into his neck.

Cassidy rushes to his aid. It's pointless.

Blood sprays out onto the tux's protective sleeve.

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

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

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

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

He checks his watch: 11:44 AM.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - BIT LATER

Tariq continues to hand out flyers to passerbys.

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

He swings the protected suit over his shoulder.

TARIQ
Cass? Did he--

CASSIDY
Kid? Come with me.

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

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

TARIQ
What do you mean?
CASSIDY
This notebook. It's important. I'm gonna need your help.

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

CASSIDY
So did I.

TARIQ
What happened?

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

TARIQ
You pay?

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

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

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

TARIQ
Eat? Yes. Come. I know a place.

Cassidy scans his surroundings one last time.

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

Cassidy follows Tariq down the street.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY

A plate with a large sandwich lands on the kitchen counter.
Sports broadcasters discuss the baseball playoff race on TV.
Cassidy brings the large man-wich to his lips.

JANET (OS)
Wait.

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

Janet walks into the kitchen.

JANET
Don't do that yet. Wait.
CASSIDY
For what?

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

CASSIDY
Yes, dear.

JANET
Your sister too?

CASSIDY
Yes, dear.

JANET
And Thomas?

CASSIDY
Yes, de-- What?

JANET
(obnoxious)
Haircut. Scheduled... Did he blow it off again?

CASSIDY
Um?

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

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

JANET
What about the driver? Did you call--

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

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

CASSIDY
I know.

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

She slides into a stool, next to Cassidy. She rests her head on his shoulder.
He picks up his sandwich. And bites.
Without even looking to Janet, he slides her the other half.
She smiles. Picks it up. And bites.
They eat for a moment. Janet "mmmm"s at the taste.

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

JANET
Shit. That's what I forgot.

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

JANET
And you? Ready for boy's night?

CASSIDY
Mmm hmm.

JANET
Whacha got planned?

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

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

CASSIDY
Huh? Not even close.

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

CASSIDY
I hope so. Been a while.

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

CASSIDY
I'm glad you thought.

JANET
Me?

CASSIDY
Ya. I'm glad you found me.
JANET
It took long enough. But. We're beginning to feel like a family.

CASSIDY
You're right.

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

CASSIDY
I know.

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

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

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

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

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

They smile, staring into each other's eyes.

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

JANET

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

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

CASSIDY
And I am?

JANET
Come tomorrow you are.

CASSIDY
If only the boys could see me now.
JANET
The wars are over, who cares what they think now. You're my Mr. Mom, soldier.

CASSIDY
Mr. Mom?

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

EXT. PARK - TODAY

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

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

TARIQ
What's funny?

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

TARIQ
What's that mean?

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

TARIQ
You cook and clean? That is funny.

CASSIDY
(stern)
It is?

TARIQ
(drops the smile)
I mean. That's good. Man should help woman... Especially... in the kitchen.

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

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

CASSIDY
Yes?

VOICE
(distorted)
Congratulations, Mr. Cassidy. You accomplished the first step of your mission.
CASSIDY
Listen to me--

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

CASSIDY
Bullshit.

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

CASSIDY
What did he do?

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

CASSIDY
Marilyn? Where is she?

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

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

VOICE
Wife? Which one?

CASSIDY
Fuck you. I'm gonna--

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

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

VOICE
A hero. To some. Thankfully, you stopped him before he enacted his plan. But there are others who follow in his footsteps. Cancel their plan and you save your wife.
CASSIDY
Tell me then. Fuck. Get it over with. What's next?

VOICE
Another hero requires an ending.

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

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

CASSIDY
What?

VOICE
You can end this infection.

CASSIDY
Who do you fight for?

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

CASSIDY
That doesn't make any sense.

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

CASSIDY
Who exactly is this "us" that y--

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

CASSIDY
You're fucking crazy.

VOICE
Listen to my words. Follow this mission. Then decide upon my sanity. You will be tasked to your (MORE)
VOICE (cont'd)
next location. You have one hour to
slay their hero. Bye bye... Butch.

The phone hangs up. Cassidy is angered and confused.

CASSIDY
What did you just say? Hello? Fuck!

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

TARIQ
Okay. Okay. I believe you now.

The phone plays that cheesy 80s song again.

A new message. Cassidy checks it. An address.

EXT. STREET - BIT LATER

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

He slams on the breaks.

A green truck nearly crashes into the Sedan from behind.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy swears and curses as he navigates the course.

CASSIDY
Which one's your uncle's?

TARIQ
There.

Tariq points to a small apartment complex.

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

CASSIDY
And you're sure he'll help?

TARIQ
He does not like them either.

CASSIDY
This better not be a trap, Tariq.

TARIQ
A trap?

CASSIDY
Forget it. Sorry. 10 minutes. In and out. Let's go.
TARIQ
Don't worry, Cass.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Arabic music echoes from the other end of the hallway.
Two small children, in diapers, ride bikes through the hall.
Cassidy knocks with a heavier fist.

TARIQ
Uncle. Uncle? It's me.

VOICE
Tariq?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tariq retorts, looking at his feet.

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

Then he puts his open palm out towards Cassidy.

SHIHAB
Give?

CASSIDY
Money? Right. I told him I'd pay. But I need go to a bank fir--
SHIHAB
Tariq. He likes to lie. Can I see
book? Is it true?

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

SHIHAB
It's true. Come. Sit.

Shihab waves Cassidy inside.

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

EXT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

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

MELODY
Oops.

JANET
Clean it later. Can't. Move.

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

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

MELODY
Aww. Don't break up guys.

JANET
It's just a movie, Melly.

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

JANET
Do you wanna watch something else
then?

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

JANET
That's life.
MELODY
Yeah.

JANET
There is pain, but there is love too.

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

JANET
(laughs)
Where'd ya hear that one?

MELODY
In my head. Made it up.

Melody stares at the TV. Janet watches her daughter.

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

MELODY
I can't wait.

Really?

MELODY

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

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

JANET
(smirks)
And when's that?

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

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

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

JANET
A toast.
To girl's night.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - YESTERDAY NIGHT

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

CASSIDY (OS)
To boy's night.

INT. SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

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

CASSIDY
I wish you were more excited.

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

CASSIDY
Don't say that, Thomas.

THOMAS
What? "Razor"?

CASSIDY
Don't.

THOMAS
It makes me sick.

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

THOMAS
What's that supposed to mean?

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

THOMAS
You wanna compete about who loved her more.

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

THOMAS
What?
CASSIDY
It won't be... If you're not happy too.

Thomas fiddles with the strings of his hooded sweatshirt.

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

CASSIDY
And you're not? Why? What happened?

Cassidy puts his hand on Thomas' shoulder. Concerned.

THOMAS
Leah?

CASSIDY
She'll be there. Don't worry.

THOMAS
She won't. She left me.

CASSIDY
What? No?

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

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

CASSIDY
Steve. Two more. Thanks.

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

THOMAS
Really? Another?

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

THOMAS
Cheers to that.

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

The bartender brings two fresh beers.
CASSIDY
Thanks, Steve.

THOMAS
A sense?

CASSIDY
Well. Experience, let's say.

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

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

THOMAS
Beers and baseball. Cheers.

They clink bottles.

INT. APARTMENT - TODAY

Two tea mugs clink.

SHIHAB (OS)
Cheers.

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

Tariq hunches over a computer, nearby.

CASSIDY
Thanks for the tea, Shihab.

SHIHAB
You are welcome, Tow-mass.

CASSIDY
Cass'll do.

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

CASSIDY
What is it?

SHIHAB
Tariq spoke the truth. It is a diary.

TARIQ
Told you, Uncle.
CASSIDY
What does it say about my wife?

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

CASSIDY
But Marilyn? I have to--

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

TARIQ (OS)
That's so photoshopped.

Cassidy spins to Tariq at the computer.

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

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

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

CASSIDY
The bomb? At the wedding?

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

CASSIDY
Photoshop?

TARIQ
Look.

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

A photo manipulation program is active on the monitor.

Tariq opens a photo of a supermodel in a bikini.

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

TARIQ
See. Like that. Fake.
SHIHAB
What you do that for?
(realizing)
You? What?

Shihab curses out Tariq for the exploitive photos of women.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHIHAB
Fear. They want us fear.

CASSIDY
Who are they? What do they have planned?

Shihab holds the notebook. Thinking. Stroking his beard. He examines Cassidy, suspiciously.
CASSIDY
Shihab? You can tell me. In my past, I fought with the Saud-- Fuck it. Is it the Kye-da?

SHIHAB
How you know that name?

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

TARIQ
Bill Clinton? No way?

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

CASSIDY
So, it is them. What are they planning?

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

SHIHAB
An attack. Al Qaeda. They attack us.

CASSIDY
What do you mean: us?

SHIHAB
(looks up from book) America.

CASSIDY
Where? When?

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

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

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

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

SHIHAB
It say passport for different group. Different place.
CASSIDY
See. I need you. Help me, Shihab.
Please.

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

CASSIDY
Why?

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

CASSIDY
In America?

SHIHAB
Yes... And no. Here too.

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

CASSIDY
Here?

SHIHAB
What? That's down the street.

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

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

He rises from the couch and paces the room.

SHIHAB
Did they follow you here?

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

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

Cassidy dives for Tariq. They hit the floor.

Finally, the shots stop.

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

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

Cassidy crawls over to Shihab. He peers out the window.
He notices a sniper scope shine in the back-bed of that green truck. A man is prone aiming a rifle straight up at--

Cassidy ducks a shot.

CASSIDY
Tariq. Run.

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

CASSIDY
Y'ullah. Y'ullah.

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

Cassidy follows quickly behind.

He snatches the notebook from the table as he goes.

INT. CAR - BIT LATER

Cassidy slams on the gas, weaving through traffic.

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

Cassidy curses as he jumps lanes to catch up.

The UPS van finally moves ahead.

Cassidy spots the green truck.

CASSIDY
Who the fuck are they?

TARIQ
Uncle?

He chases the green truck down the busy downtown streets.

Tariq is nearly comatose in the passenger seat.

CASSIDY
Why did they shoot?

TARIQ
Uncle?

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

TARIQ
The man on the phone?
CASSIDY

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

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

TARIQ

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

CASSIDY

We're about to. Find. OUT!

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

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

The truck's engine smokes.

The White driver can't get it started again.

Cassidy approaches the vehicle. Each step deliberate.

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

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

CASSIDY

Who are you?

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

CASSIDY

WHO ARE YOU?!

TARIQ (OS)

Cass!

Cassidy turns his head.

A handgun is aimed right at his face.

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

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

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

The man is struck by Cassidy, several times.

First, Cassidy disarms the weapon, striking the inner arm. Then another strike to the armpit.
A hard elbow smashes the shooter's nose. He falls.

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

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

The gun lands on the pavement.

**CASSIDY**

Talk!

**DRIVER**

They hired us. To watch.

**CASSIDY**

Who?

**DRIVER**

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

**CASSIDY**

Tell me. Now.

**DRIVER**

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

**CASSIDY**

What did they say?

**DRIVER**

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

**CASSIDY**

Go on. Tell me.

**DRIVER**

Don't kill me.

**CASSIDY**

Time's wasting.

**DRIVER**

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

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

Cassidy reaches for the gun, to disarm the shooter.

Instead, the bloodied man turns the gun on himself.

He smiles and puts the barrel in his mouth. He fires.
His blood spatters Cassidy's face.

INT. SPORTS BAR - YESTERDAY NIGHT

Cassidy splashes water on his face.

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

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

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

Thomas smiles at his Dad as he approaches.

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

Cassidy plops down on his stool at the bar.

THOMAS
Jeter just hit a home run.

CASSIDY
Of course he did.

THOMAS
I'm tellin ya. Yankees all the way.

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

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

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

THOMAS
Wanna bet?

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

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

CASSIDY
Had?... Fun?

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

CASSIDY
Texting?
THOMAS

CASSIDY
What'd she say? She still hate you?

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

CASSIDY
That's great... Excellent.

THOMAS
"Most excellent".

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

CASSIDY
What changed her mind?

THOMAS
I guess she knows how important it is.

CASSIDY
Important?

THOMAS
Ya. To me.

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

Cassidy puts his hand on his son's shoulder.

CASSIDY
Go on, then. Get outta here.

THOMAS
What? Really?

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

THOMAS
Dad? You sure?

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

THOMAS
I'll try my best.

CASSIDY
"Do or do not"...
"There is no try".

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

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

**CASSIDY**
Do I? And I'm not drunk?

**THOMAS**
Alright. I'll see you tomorrow morning.

**CASSIDY**
Bright and early.

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

**CASSIDY**

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

**CASSIDY**
Who's being all parenty now?

**THOMAS**
Whatever. Thanks, Dad.

**CASSIDY**
For what?

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

**CASSIDY**
Yeah. It's been a while.

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

**CASSIDY**
Tell her yourself. And would it kill ya to call her mom once in a while.
THOMAS
You're right. Later.

Thomas rises and leaves. Cassidy watches him fondly.

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

THOMAS

With that Thomas leaves.

STEVE
So I couldn't help but overhear?

CASSIDY
Hear what?

STEVE
The Red Sox? Really?

The two men laugh.

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

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

EXT. STREET - TODAY

Cassidy's white Sedan races through traffic.

TARIQ (OS)
Cass? Wrong way. You're going back where we came from.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy looks over to Tariq in the passenger seat.

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

TARIQ
I don't wanna go back there.

CASSIDY
I don't either. But we have to.

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

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

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

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

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

TARIQ
How?

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

The phone rings again. Cassidy presses the TALK button.

VOICE
(distorted)
Cassidy. You still there?

CASSIDY
I'm on my way.

VOICE
Time is running out.

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

VOICE
What?

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

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

CASSIDY
Marilyn?! Tell me.

VOICE
Finish the task. Answers await.

CASSIDY
I know she's dead. It isn't possible. I buried her.
VOICE
Did you? Perception isn't always reliable. Are you quite certain of that?

CASSIDY
I know it's a fake. Those photos.

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

CASSIDY
(upset)
Marilyn is gone. Forever. I know.

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

Cassidy hangs up in anger.

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

TARIQ
Are you okay?

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

TARIQ
Sorry, Cass.

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

The phone interrupts again. Cassidy answers it.

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

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

CASSIDY
Your voice?
VOICE
It's me. No more games. I didn't send anyone to stop you. I promise that.

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

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

CASSIDY
Whose is it? How did you get it?

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

CASSIDY
Others?

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

CASSIDY
Who are they? Former military?

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

CASSIDY
Why should I believe that? Why disguise your voice?

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

CASSIDY
You sound familiar.

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

CASSIDY
Dammit... How do I know these men are who you say they are?
VOICE
Those names come from that book. Others risked their lives, some died, to get that into your hands. Will you dignify their sacrifice?

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

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

CASSIDY
You're fuckin nuts.

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

CASSIDY
What happens tomorrow? Tell me!

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

CASSIDY
Fuck. Tell me what--

VOICE
Finish your task first.

CASSIDY
Tell me!

VOICE
"One step at a time, Butch."

CASSIDY
(re: that quote?)
What did you just-- Who? Sundan-- Is that you?
VOICE
Tick tock.

And with that, the stranger hangs up.

Cassidy bangs on the keys to end the call.

Tariq looks over. Confused. Perplexed.

Cassidy furrows his brow. And slams on the gas.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Sedan races down the street, through downtown.

Cassidy avoids near collisions.

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

Cassidy looks up at some billboards.

CASSIDY
America?

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

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

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

They sit on the edge of her bed.

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

LEAH
Slow down, tiger.

THOMAS
I missed you, Leah.

LEAH
(sarcastic)
It was a long four days.

THOMAS
It felt like forever.

LEAH
You and melodrama make a better couple than us.

THOMAS
What?

LEAH
I'm joking, Thomas. Relax.
THOMAS

LEAH
How much did you and your dad drink?

THOMAS
Enough.

LEAH
First, things first. Wanna see my dress?

THOMAS
You finished it? I thought you threw it out?

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

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

LEAH
Check it out.

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

LEAH
Whadda ya think?

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

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

LEAH
I try.

THOMAS
You definitely do.

They kiss by the closet.

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

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

Leah waits for an answer. Thomas runs his hands through his long hair. He holds up a few strands.
LEAH
Finally. You're gonna let me?

Thomas nods. Reluctantly. Leah smiles.

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

INT. CAR - TODAY

An address on a small phone screen.

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

Tariq looks through the notebook, in the passenger seat.

CASSIDY
Stay here.

TARIQ
No way. I'm coming.

CASSIDY
You bulletproof all of a sudden?

TARIQ
Like the car is?

CASSIDY
I don't want you to get hurt.

TARIQ
Too late for that.

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

INT. APARTMENT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The entrance intercom.

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

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

Cassidy and Tariq anxiously await at the entrance doors.

INTERCOM
Yes?

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

The intercom hangs up. Cassidy turns to Tariq and shrugs.
TARIQ
Let me.

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

TARIQ
Duh.

Tariq presses several buttons on the intercom. A different caller finally answers.
Tariq speaks in Arabic.
Cassidy watches the teen talk. Suspicious for a moment.
Then Tariq cups his mouth and talks - like there is poor reception or something.
The door buzzes and clicks open.
Tariq grabs the handle. He smiles. Sly.
Cassidy tries not to be impressed.

TARIQ
After you.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Cassidy walks down the long hallway with Tariq. He undoes his tie as they make way.
They stop outside of Apartment 305.
He motions Tariq to knock on the door. Cassidy hides from the peep hole.
Arabic shouting comes from behind the door. Several voices.
Cassidy and Tariq hear someone approach the door.
The light shifts behind the peephole.
A man speaks Arabic. Tariq replies to him. He holds up one of his folded flyers to the peephole.
Cassidy unravels his tie. He wraps it around his grasp.
Tariq and the man continue to talk.
Cassidy spools and tightens a length of the tie.
Tariq continues to chat until the door finally opens.
A tall, thin, clean shaven Arabic man looks down at Tariq. He reaches out and snatches the flyer away.
Cassidy takes this moment to attack. He darts his hands out. He wraps the tie around the man's wrist.

He twists and pulls the man off balance. The man tumbles into the hallway, down on the ground.

Cassidy strikes him in the face with a hard knee.

Shouting comes from within the apartment.

Heavy footsteps rush the door.

Cassidy motions Tariq to move back.

Another Arabic man bursts out. He has a knife.

Cassidy uses his tie to disarm his opponent.

He pulls the man's arm into his own back. The man yells in pain. A prepared knot tightens around the wrist.

The knife falls from his grasp.

He grapples the man into a half-nelson. The man tries to grab Cassidy's face.

Cassidy slips the other end of the tie around the man's neck. It tightens quickly.

He grabs his opponent's free hand by the wrist and breaks it with a hard pull against the joints.

The man crumples to the ground. One wrist broken, the other tethered to his neck, choking him the more he struggles.

Shots fire from within the apartment.

They shred the hallway walls. Cassidy ducks to the ground. He looks to Tariq.

    CASSIDY
    Run.
    
    TARIQ
    No way.
    
    CASSIDY
    Now!

Tariq hesitates. He kicks the fallen man on the ground.

    TARIQ
    Bitch.

And with that Tariq turns and runs down the hallway.

Another shot enters the hallway walls.

Cassidy peeks into the room, from the floor.
A tall grey-bearded Middle-Eastern man with a small Russian sidearm rushes towards the door, shouting out in Arabic.

CASSIDY
Um? Wait. Let's talk.

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

The man yells again in Arabic. More violently.

CASSIDY
Assalumu' laikum?

One of the injured men in the hall yells out.

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

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

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

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

The bearded man approaches the entrance.

Cassidy waits patiently. The man advances, gun drawn.

The bound man yells out in Arabic.

Cassidy notices the gun barrel enter the doorway.

He pivots into the entrance.

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

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...the apartment.

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

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

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

Cassidy has the man pinned to the table.

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

Cassidy grabs the gun wrist.
The man struggles to overpower Cassidy and aim the gun at him. Cassidy pushes back. He turns into the man's chest.

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

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

The pain distracts enough for Cassidy to steal the gun away. He rises and aims the gun at the squirming and bleeding man splayed across the table.

**CASSIDY**

Who are you?

**MAN**

Fuck you mother.

**CASSIDY**

Talk!

**MAN**

No no no... Us, no talk.

**CASSIDY**

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

**MAN**

Do it. Kill me.

**CASSIDY**

I'm sorry then.

Cassidy steps closer, gun aimed.

**MAN**

"O man, have you not seen".

Cassidy battles his conscience. Deciding to kill or not. The gun slightly tremors in his grasp.

The man watches the gun.

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

**CASSIDY**

You Saudi?

**MAN**

Too late for that.

**CASSIDY**

We used to work together. What changed?
MAN
Change? Nothing changes.

CASSIDY
You're wrong.

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

CASSIDY
What are you planning?

MAN
You'll see.

CASSIDY
Not if I stop you.

MAN
(laughs)
You? You too scared to even hold gun.

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

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

CASSIDY
Al Qaeda.

MAN
What?

CASSIDY
I know.

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

CASSIDY
I'm not the only one either, pal. I'm one of many. And one by one. You. And your friends. They're dead.
MAN
Your work in Saudi did nothing.
Nothing but arm us. Teach us to
fight. Teach us to kill... You gave
up, old man.

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

CASSIDY
I never gave up.

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

He looks to the schematics spattered with blood.

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

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

Tariq is there. Staring. Shocked. Perplexed.

CASSIDY
I thought I told you to run?

TARIQ
The bullets stopped.

Tariq stares at the dead man. Horrified. Confused.

CASSIDY
I had to.

TARIQ
(shakes head)
I saw you.

CASSIDY
Then you know.

TARIQ
You didn't have to.

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

TARIQ
Jihadists. I know. But how do--

CASSIDY
Look at this. What does it say?

Cassidy shows Tariq the schematics.

TARIQ
Building. Virginia?
CASSIDY
What build-- Langley. Fuck!

TARIQ
What is it? Who is Virginia?

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

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

EXT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT

The stars are out, high above the Cassidy household.

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

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

JANET (OS)
I thought I heard you come in.

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

THOMAS
Sorry.

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

THOMAS
Um. He couldn't drive.

JANET
He's that drunk?

THOMAS
Ya. Kinda.

JANET
Well, where is he? What happened?

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

JANET
Where is he?

THOMAS
I thought he'd be home by now. He's probably hangin out with Steve.
JANET
The bartender? Okay. I'm definitely calling.

THOMAS
He'll be okay. Is Melody asleep?

JANET
I think so. It's late.

THOMAS
She wants to go to a concert on--

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

THOMAS
What if I went?

JANET
What if you what?

THOMAS
Ya. I wanna go with her.

JANET
Really?

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

JANET
You seem-- What happened today?

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

JANET
That's news to me.

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

JANET
Did you just call me--

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

JANET
Alright, I suppose. If you take her.
THOMAS

Great.

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

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

They separate.

THOMAS

See ya tomorrow.

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

And lowers his hood, revealing a much shorter haircut.

THOMAS

Heh, whadda ya think? Too short?

Janet is so pleased. Her smile beams.

JANET

Thomas? It looks good... Thank you.

Thomas smiles, and turns away, leaving the kitchen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TODAY

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

The phone rings.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy answers the phone.

CASSIDY

They're dead.

VOICE

They're what?

CASSIDY

You heard me.

VOICE

That wasn't necessary.

CASSIDY

This time. It was.

VOICE

Did you receieve my last message?
CASSIDY
I'm on my way. Now tell me. What's this all about... Sundance?

VOICE
I thought our little nicknames might jog your memory.

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

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

CASSIDY
How high up does this go?

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

CASSIDY
And why the fuck not?

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

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

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

CASSIDY
But we helped them?

VOICE
We want their oil. They want us gone.

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

VOICE
They are planning an attack on your home soil. If they succeed my country could be next.
CASSIDY
How long have you known?

VOICE
Too long.

CASSIDY
These guys, they had schematics for Langley.

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

CASSIDY
Don't lie to me.

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

CASSIDY
Dammit. Tell me their plans.

VOICE
How far away are you?

CASSIDY
I'll make it.

VOICE
I hope so... We all do.

CASSIDY
Wait--

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

Tariq jumps in his seat. Startled.

CASSIDY
Jesus Christ! Fuck.

Cassidy reaches for the broken phone.

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

Tariq picks up the battery pack. Then the phone. He goes about trying to fix it.
CASSIDY
Fuckin prick. I don't really know. He wouldn't tell me.

TARIQ
You believe him?

CASSIDY
Can you fix the phone?

TARIQ
Do you believe him?

CASSIDY
Fuck. It better not be broken.

TARIQ
I can fix.

CASSIDY
It's my only link.

TARIQ
Do you belie--

CASSIDY
Yes, dammit... I do.

TARIQ
Why don't we call the police?

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

Tariq fidgets with the phone, putting it back together.

TARIQ
Not yet you can't.

INT. HOUSE - YESTERDAY NIGHT
Knock knock. Thomas raps on Melody's bedroom door.
She answers the door. Sleepy. She looks up to Thomas.
He's smiling large. A joint held up between his fingers.

EXT. HOUSE - BIT LATER
Thomas and Melody lay on their back lawn, staring up at the stars. They're heads are lined up side by side, but their feet point in different directions.
They share that joint back and forth.
MELODY
Did he really do the BILL & TED air guitar thing?

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

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

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

MELODY
Thanks a lot, Tommy.

THOMAS
Soon enough, Melly Belle.

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

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

MELODY
Fuck off. Really?

THOMAS
Am I great or what?

MELODY
"Or what"?

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

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

THOMAS
(laughs)
Nope. Keep it open.

MELODY
How did you patch things up?

THOMAS
That? I have no idea.
MELODY
That's awesome.

THOMAS
Excellent even.

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

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

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

THOMAS
Apparently.

MELODY
Fuck apparently. More like definitely.

Melody rubs his short hair.

MELODY (CONT.)
I like it.

THOMAS
I'm scorin points left and right.

MELODY
Why? Why now?

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

MELODY
Mom?

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

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

EXT. RECEPTION HALL - AFTERNOON - TODAY

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

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

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

Thomas pours a glass of punch. He's dressed in Victorian gentleman's garb. His short hair is parted to the side.
Leah, in her gown and corset, hands a small sandwich to Thomas. She bites into her own.

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

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

THOMAS
Who's this? One sec.

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

THOMAS
Dad? -- Where the fuck are you?

INTERCUT: INT. CAR
Cassidy talks to his son on the phone while he drives.

CASSIDY
I stayed at Steve's. Hangover.

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

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

THOMAS
Um. Sure. Who?

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

THOMAS
Okay. Shoot.

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

THOMAS
Ya. Who is it?

CASSIDY
It's under Bowman.

THOMAS
All right. I'll hit you back soon.
CASSIDY
Thanks, son.

THOMAS
Alright. Gimme a sec.

CASSIDY

THOMAS
Ya.

CASSIDY
Love ya, son.

THOMAS
I know. Me too. Later.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS
Cassidy hangs up the phone. He fights a tear.

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

CASSIDY
I know.

TARIQ
Will your friend help?

CASSIDY
If he can't, no one will.

CASSIDY
How far til we get there?

TARIQ
It's this next exit.

CASSIDY
Thanks.

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

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

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS
Thomas finds Janet at the mirror. He holds his phone up.

THOMAS
Dad called.
JANET  
Gimme that. Where the fuc--

THOMAS  
He's comin. Don't worry.

JANET  
What the-- heck happened?

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

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

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

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

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

He looks back up to the reception.

INT. STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON - TODAY

Nubile girls dance for dollars.

Their varied audience ranges from business men to bikers.

A tall blonde strips to loud music.

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

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

He is too shy and nervous to keep eye contact.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The white Sedan is parked across from some motorcycles.

Cassidy exits the vehicle. Tariq opens the passenger door.

CASSIDY  
Tariq? What are you doing?

TARIQ  
Helping you.
CASSIDY
Then stay with the car. Um...
Protect my tux.

TARIQ
No way.

CASSIDY
They're not gonna let you in, kid.

TARIQ
You can make them.

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

TARIQ
(obviously lying)
No.

CASSIDY
Tariq?

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

CASSIDY
Yeah. I thought that was weird.

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

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

Cassidy leaves the car, and Tariq behind.

Tariq kicks the front wheel.

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

CASSIDY
Heh. I'll take pictures. Alright?

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

INT. STRIP CLUB - BIT LATER

The blonde dancer finishes her routine.

Cassidy walks into the main "showroom". He scans the area - looking for someone suspicious.
He approaches an empty booth and takes a seat.

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

A WAITRESS approaches Cassidy.

WAITRESS
Thirsty? What can I getcha?

CASSIDY
Molson Canadian. Thanks, doll.

WAITRESS
Be back in a minute.

The waitress smiles as she leaves, swaying her hips.

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

Cassidy looks to the main stage.

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

Cassidy takes a photo of Amal.

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

Amal enters the bathroom.

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

INT. BATHROOM — CONTINUOUS

Amal relieves himself at a urinal.

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

Amal finishes up.

Cassidy clears his throat.

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

AMAL
Who sent you?

CASSIDY
No. Answer me. Same question.

Amal curses out Cassidy in Arabic. Cassidy can make out a few words.
CASSIDY
I know all about that. What's your mission here?

AMAL
Jihad.

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

AMAL
Fuck you. What you know?

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

AMAL
Fuck you.

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

AMAL
Let me go.

CASSIDY
Why do this? Why die for it?

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

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

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

CASSIDY
Go on. What have you been doing?

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

CASSIDY
We know more than you think.
AMAL
Liar.

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

AMAL
How you know that?

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

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

CASSIDY
Keep going.

AMAL
It's too late.

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

AMAL
"O man, have you not seen"?

CASSIDY
(confused)
I, what--

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

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

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

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

The large man wails.

Amal runs past Cassidy, making for the exit.

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

The brute waves his gun towards Cassidy.

He swerves under the weapon arm, grapples the brute, and snaps his arm at the elbow joint.
Cassidy grabs the gun, twirls it, and smashes the brute in the face with the hard metal handle. SMASH. And again.

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

CASSIDY

Don't.

Amal limps out of the restroom - screaming in Arabic.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The strip show is still in full effect.

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

Then - Amal bursts into the room, screaming.

Hassan quickly rises from his seat.

The other tattooed brute speaks into his phone.

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

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

Amal limps along, pointing behind to the restroom.

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

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

Hassan rushes to the aid of Amal.

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

The brute rushes for Cassidy, pushing aside a stripper.

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

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

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

Another shot tears into the table.

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

The bathroom brute grabs Cassidy. Out of nowhere. With his one good hand delivering a half-nelson.
Cassidy wastes no time. He shoots his captor in the leg. The brute lets him go. Cassidy spins and fires two shots into the tattooed man's chest.

Hassan helps Amal hobble towards the exit. An old man sips his beer. Seated. Watching the escapades.

BALD MAN
Hassan! Amal!

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

BALD MAN (CONT.)
Go. The exit. Run!

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

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

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

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

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

TARIQ
Cass!

Cassidy cranks his neck and spots Tariq, pointing.

CASSIDY
Get outta here, kid. Go!

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

The sounds of gunfire break the trance.

Tariq backs up, slowly.

The bald man aims at Tariq.

Cassidy notices. Time slows to a crawl. He yells. And fires. Several rounds rip up the bald man. He falls dead.

Tariq turns and runs.

Cassidy rushes for the opposite end of the club - towards the red exit.
EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Cassidy limps out of the exit door.

CASSIDY
Stop.

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

Hassan begins to laugh.

HASSAN
Fool.

Cassidy has his weapon aimed and ready.

A beer bottle shatters.

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

The bikers are shot up, quickly.

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

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

CASSIDY
Answers. Now.

HASSAN
There are no answers.

CASSIDY
Fuck you. Tell me.

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

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

CASSIDY
Why?

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

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

CASSIDY
I know about your plans to attack the CIA in Langley.
HASSAN
Who are you?

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

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

CASSIDY
What do you have planned?

Hassan grins an evil grin. He laughs to himself.

CASSIDY  
(pistol aimed)
Answer me!

Hassan raises his hand, flattens it out, pretends he's flying. He makes jet sounds with his mouth. Then he makes the exaggerated sound of an explosion. He laughs again.

Amal joins in. They laugh like Hyenas.

BLAM! Cassidy shoots Hassan point blank in the head. His body falls to the ground.


AMAL
We aren't the-- Only. Ones.

CASSIDY
I know.

AMAL
You never find us all.

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

Cassidy shoots Amal dead.

He drops his gun onto the asphalt.
INT. CAR - BIT LATER

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

CASSIDY
Check it out.

Tariq opens the wallet. He examines the cards within.

CASSIDY (CONT.)
They're trained pilots.

Tariq holds a card for a flight school.

TARIQ
What's that mean?

Cassidy doesn't answer. He starts the car.

CASSIDY
I'm taking you home.

TARIQ

Tariq flips through the notebook. He reaches inside.

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

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

CASSIDY
Where was that?

TARIQ
The notebook. Near the back. Look.

Cassidy opens the envelope. A plane ticket rests inside.

CASSIDY
Fuck.

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

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

Cassidy reverses out of the parking lot and drives away.
TARIQ
You need me. It's not over yet.

CASSIDY
It is. This was the last task.

TARIQ
But the pilots?

CASSIDY
Well, they're not flying that plane anymore.

TARIQ
The book says other planes too.

CASSIDY
And you tell me now?

TARIQ
I didn't know what it meant.

CASSIDY
Does it say where?

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

CASSIDY
Too bad, kid. It's over.

TARIQ
No way, Cass.

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

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

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

Cassidy enters the highway.

TARIQ
I helped though?

CASSIDY
Yes. You did.

TARIQ
But the wedding? The bomb? Maybe I can still help.
CASSIDY
I got a feelin it was all a lie.

TARIQ
Like your wife?

CASSIDY
Yeah. Like Marilyn.

TARIQ
What will you do now?

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

TARIQ
Vows?

CASSIDY
My wedding. I'm done here.

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

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

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

CASSIDY
You have to.

TARIQ
I don't want--

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

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

CASSIDY
Read this.

Cassidy passes the phone to Tariq.

CASSIDY (CONT.)

TARIQ
It says "see you at the wedding". Aren't you scared?
CASSIDY
Not anymore. I was. But I know who he is. An old friend. An ally in an old war.

TARIQ
Please. Cass. Let me--

CASSIDY
Tariq. I'll see you again.

TARIQ
Promise?

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

TARIQ
What?

CASSIDY
I told you I'd take photos.

TARIQ
(smiles)
Photos? Really. Boobies?

CASSIDY
Yeah. "Boobies". Enjoy em.

Cassidy chuckles to himself.

Tariq clicks through the photos. Smiling.

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

The phone rings.

CASSIDY
Alright. Give it back.

TARIQ
One more second.

CASSIDY
Later, kid. Boobs can wait.

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

CASSIDY
It's done. I'm on my way.
EXT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

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

STRANGER
Hurry. They're getting quite anxious.

CASSIDY (OS)
I finished your tasks. Let them be.

STRANGER
Excellent.

CASSIDY (OS)
Say it. Say you'll let them be.

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

CASSIDY (OS)
Fuck you.

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

INTERCUT: INT. CAR

CASSIDY
Those men are dead.

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

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

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

STRANGER
As the envelope said. Tomorrow. Your final task.

CASSIDY
What is it? What the fuck do I have to do?
STRANGER
Much like today, you must stop the enemy. I trust you are the best for the assignment. Alas, it is best to live in the moment. Enjoy the wedding, Butch Cassidy.

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

STRANGER
You won't.

The stranger hangs up his phone.

He enters a waiting cab. And speeds away.

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

THOMAS
Heh, Bowman, who was that?

BOWMAN
I'm not sure.

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

BOWMAN
Hmmm. Could be.

THOMAS
Well, come on in. You wanna beer?

BOWMAN
I shouldn't. It's still early.

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

BOWMAN
Maybe one.

THOMAS
Right this way, Bowman, sir.

Thomas leads Bowman to the entrance.

THOMAS (CONT.)
Heh, my dad says you run a contractors business. You need any help for the fall? I'm good with my hands.
BOWMAN
It's not that kind of contracting.

THOMAS
What? No way.

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

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

FADE:

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CHANGING ROOM - LATER ON

The protective sleeve unzips, revealing the tux within.
Thomas removes the tuxedo. He notices the small blood spatter on the protective sleeve.
He lowers his brow. Thinking.
He hides his suspicions with a smile. And removes the pants from the protective sleeve.
Cassidy walks by, using a portable shaver.

THOMAS
You've seen better days.

CASSIDY
(smirks)
Understatement of the year.

Thomas gives the dress pants to his dad.

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

CASSIDY
Thanks, son. Was Janet pissed?

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

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

The plane ticket falls out of the tux jacket.
Thomas picks it up and reads the label: UNITED 93.
Confusion sets in. He hands the ticket to Cassidy.
THOMAS
What's this?
Cassidy thinks on this a moment. He buttons up his shirt.

CASSIDY
I'm gonna need your help tomorrow too.

THOMAS
Does Mom know?

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

THOMAS
So what is it?

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

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

CASSIDY
Thanks, son.

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

CASSIDY
Wait.

THOMAS
Ya?

CASSIDY
Last night. It. It was great.

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

CASSIDY
I promise.

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

EXT. AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING - TOMORROW

The airport parking lot buzzes with activity.

A black SUV pulls up.
INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS - TOMORROW

Casidy holds his plane ticket. He stares at it.

Bowman sits in the driver seat.

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

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

BOWMAN
I wonder if any of my guys were involved?

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

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

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

BOWMAN
What's gonna happen on this flight?

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

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

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

They say nothing on it.

BOWMAN
Dammit. Why you?

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

BOWMAN
You haven't changed a bit.
CASSIDY
(struggling)
If it's true... If today happens...

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

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

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

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

BOWMAN
Where's our friend?

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

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

CASSIDY
SEALS these are not. More like
pencil pushers.

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

CASSIDY
I've got a lot of questions myself.

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

BOWMAN
Call me when you land.

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

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

CASSIDY
Oh. One last thing.

Cassidy reaches into his jacket. He pulls out an envelope.
Inside is a folded up flyer from Tariq. There is a message written for Tariq on the reverse.

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

CASSIDY (CONT.)
Can you deliver this for me?

Bowman smiles and shakes his old friend's hand.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - MAIN ROOM - TODAY

The wedding march plays as Cassidy awaits his bride. He looks back at the small gathering of close friends. He waves to Melody. He winks at his son - his best man. Then Janet strolls down the aisle.

OVERLAY: The sounds of an airplane flying.

Cassidy watches his bride. Tears build up.

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

The wedding ring in a box, held by Thomas. Cassidy removes it and looks to his smiling bride.

INTERCUT: Cassidy sitting in his plane seat.

The rings goes over Janet's finger.

INTERCUT: Cassidy scans the plane passenger's faces.

The whole reception area claps and cheers.

Cassidy kisses his bride.

OVERLAY SOUNDS: Click. Click.

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

Family and friends throw confetti at Janet and Cassidy.

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

Melody and Thomas beam with pride.

Cassidy leads Janet into the limo.

INTERCUT: Passengers look to another. Scared.
Cassidy and Janet wave goodbye, from within the limo, as it drives past the celebration.

INT. PLANE - MORNING - TOMORROW

The hijackers yell at the passengers.

    HIJACKER
    Listen to us and nobody gets hurt.
    Nobody move!

Some passengers are frozen still. Motionless. Some cry.

Cassidy undoes his seatbelt.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING - LATER TOMORROW

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

Thomas walks in with a steaming mug of coffee.

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

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

Then footage of that crashed plane in a large field.

Thomas notices the scrolling text: UNITED 93.

He drops his coffee. The mug shatters.

INT. PLANE - MORNING - TOMORROW

The hijacker continues to shout commands.

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

INTERCUT: FUTURE MONTAGE

A rainy funeral.

Janet and the kids are amongst the mourners.

The tombstone reads:

    "THOMAS CASSIDY"

    "AUGUST 13, 1948 - SEPTEMBER 11, 2001"

THE PLANE

A muscular man undoes his seatbelt.

An athletic man notices, and does the same.

Their eyes meet. The athlete nods.
It's Fall and the trees are bare of leaves.

Thomas barbeques dinner for Melody and Janet.

Melody waits on the deck, seated with her phone.

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

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

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

The sounds of a cheering crowd.

Thomas taps his wedding ring against a bottle of beer.

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

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

The curse is lifted.

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

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

Cassidy isn't phased.

The athlete and the muscle man watch Cassidy.

You?! Stop. Sit down.

Cassidy calmly walks down the aisle of the plane.

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

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

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

Then a college student with glasses rises from her seat.
The hijackers panic. They quickly dart their aimed blades from one passenger to another.

The main hijacker points his box-cutter to Cassidy.

HIJACKER
Heh? Heh! You! Don't!

Cassidy keeps advancing, arms out-stretched. Ready to defend.

HIJACKER
You! Stop now!

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

CASSIDY
Make me.

FADE OUT: