

FADE IN:

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / MEETING ROOM - DAY

Christmas decorations surround a meeting with Editor-in-Chief, WINSTON, 60s, Junior Op-Ed writer, MARY BERG, 20s, Political Affairs, PATTY, 30s, and TEN STAFF MEMBERS.

WINSTON

Our last formal meeting before Christmas and the New Year, we're going to rotate holiday breaks early this year, leading up to the treaty signing at the U.N. the first week in January, when it will be all hands on deck.

MARY

I've been pre-drafting. What about some slice of life, fluff, in the midst of turmoil.

Winston doesn't know how to react, biting his tongue.

WINSTON

Send it in and we'll take a look. That's op-ed. Patty, with political affairs, a lot of uncertainty, the polls are split on whether this is a good treaty to sign, many questioning the move, and just as many suggesting it's better to keep the devil close.

PATTY

If you get rid of the devil, the priest will have nothing to do. It was a quote from Richard Nixon.

WINSTON

I like the quote, use it. What does uncertainty in Russia mean..? How should we react..?

PATTY

It'll be status quo. Positive on the outside, with deep seated historical undertones. The world is always changing. Our job is make it sound like it's not gone completely mad.

Winston notices Mary's malaise.

WINSTON

Mary, maybe instead of fluff, see if you can find a new perspective. Doesn't Bill work as a linguist for the Air Force..?

MARY

Then he got restless, then it was codes, or something. And then he was training, obtained a security clearance, went through combat training, and then he told me he can't tell me anything.

The room is pretty impressed.

PATTY

It could be worse.

MARY

He gets bored easily and decided that being a contractor would be better for us. To tell you the truth, I don't care.

A chill comes over the meeting.

WINSTON

It sounds impressive from here.

MARY

He's restless, moves from one thing to the next, and I don't see him anymore. He comes home for a day, or two, then he's gone again.

(pause)

He is literally all over the map.

She stares into space in a gap of silence.

WINSTON

He's busy doing something.

MARY

I'm not sure I wanna know.

EXT. TEHRAN - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

The auburn skyline seen from the embassy district redirects the warm glow through distinct architecture. A graphic reads: "TEHRAN"

EXT. TEHRAN STREET - DUSK

Two men in a dusty Landrover dressed as locals, wearing sunglasses, watch a residence on a busy street.

INT. LANDROVER - DUSK

BILL BERG, 20s, make up to darken his complexion, unshaven, dressed like a local, has a serious look. RECON, 20s, also looks and dressed as a local sits next to him.

BILL

Cameras cover the entrance. The communication wires are on the right side.

RECON

They'll be down for a couple minutes while I install the boxes. If someone comes out..

BILL

It'll be over quickly. Get it done.

Bill checks his gun when his cell chortles, rolling his eyes. His conversation with Mary INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

BILL (CONT'D)

Give me a second.

RECON

(hushed)

Turn it off! What are you doing..?

BILL

(quietly answers)

Hey, hon.

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / MARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary's at her desk, her suspicions at bay. Her conversation with Bill INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

MARY

It's nice to hear your voice. I miss you.

BILL

I miss you too.

MARY

We had our staff meeting this morning and I'm working on the treaty signing.

Bill squints in agony, needing to go.

BILL

Everybody wants peace.

MARY

(fighting emotion)  
Winston asked if I'd talked to you.

BILL

What did you say..?

MARY

I said I would if I could.

BILL

I'm sure everyone's doing what they can.

MARY

Is that all you have to say..?

Recon motions, "hurry up".

BILL

I'll see you soon, okay.

MARY

I thought we could talk about Christmas.

BILL

Honey, I can't right now. I'm just about to step into a meeting.

MARY

It's after work there, isn't it..?

BILL

Love you, gotta run. Bye.

Bill ends the call, turns his phone off, combination torture and duty. Mary's suspicions deepen.

RECON

I don't talk to my wife out here.

BILL

It's hard on them, you know.

RECON

My wife isn't really sure what I do. She just knows it pays well.

BILL

We better go.

EXT. TEHRAN STREET - DUSK

Recon exits the Landrover, assimilates with the street traffic, stops to buy bread and a newspaper, making his way toward the residence in question.

Bill follows, dressed in a long cotton pullover, hangs in front of the market, picks fruit, over pays for it, nods, discretely watching the residence.

Recon cuts down a side path, avoiding a camera above him, pauses to surgically open the building's communication box, cuts the wires to install a device.

Street action INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. SUSPECT'S FLAT / BACK ROOM - DUSK

A back room crammed with lots of components and electrical supplies, among used equipment, sits the Persian SUSPECT, 30s, with a serious look, with two armed ACCOMPLICES.

Two large monitors connected to a computer loose internet connection. The Suspect nods to Accomplice 1 to have a look.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) RESIDENCE COMMUNICATION BOX - Recon hurries to finish installing the small device.

2) STORE FRONT - Accomplice 1 exits to investigate.

3) PRODUCE MARKET - Bill sees the man exit and moves briskly toward him, head down, positions his side arm through his long garment, a paper bag of fruit in his free hand.

4) STORE FRONT - Accomplice 1 and Bill collide, spilling the fruit, causes a disturbance. Accomplice 1 produces a weapon while Bill makes praying motions, expressing sorrow. Accomplice 1 lowers his gun, Bill stays cool.

5) RESIDENCE COMMUNICATION BOX - Recon quickly finishes installing the device, closing the box and exiting.

6) SUSPECT'S BACK ROOM - Suspect sees his connection come back up. Accomplice 2 exits to go outside.

7) ALLEY - Accomplice 1 sees the back of Recon at the end of the alley, exiting.

8) STORE FRONT - Accomplice 2 waves Accomplice 1 back inside, watching Bill pick up the spilled fruit.

EXT. TEHRAN FLAT - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

A non-descript low rise building close to the suspect's building.

INT. TEHRAN FLAT - DUSK

Bill peers cautiously out the window through drawn shades, taking a bite of a sandwich. A radio with local music plays low. Follow Bill around a wall divider.

Revealing a sophisticated intercept operation. Components sitting on a table under fine copper mesh netting, supported by thin framework. Recon is monitoring the highly sensitive snooping equipment. They speak with hushed voices.

RECON

We're receiving the transmitter.

BILL

Okay.

RECON

Is everything okay?

BILL

My home life is going to shit while there's a lot of chatter about a big event.

RECON

A cell tower close by was responsible for multiple pings, so we took a closer look from the air.

BILL

It's a simple operation, just electronics, they don't solicit business.

RECON

If they're suppliers, any intel on the towers we setup..?

BILL

We intercepted inbound coded bursts from Europe and our east coast. That's why we're here.

A heavy moment between the two.

RECON

Coded bursts from the towers..?

BILL

Yeah.

RECON

No shit. So we're monitoring his com directly to lead us to a possible threat at home..?

BILL

Yeah.

Low beeping is heard, they turn around.

Lights on a receiver panel blink and emit a low beeping sound, activating their digital recorder. Recon lifts a connected headset, listening until it stops. He quickly views it on a laptop.

RECON

Encrypted e-mail.

BILL

Good. Can you hang in here for a few days..?

RECON

That doesn't sound good.

BILL

It isn't.

Recon turns to Bill.

RECON

This isn't easy. Maybe you need to lay it out for her. It's country first, but you love her more, then she has to make sense of it.

IN THE BATHROOM

Bill washes make up off his face and shaves, pausing to look at himself in the mirror with concern.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY - ESTABLISHING AERIAL SHOT

Identifying the capital region and landmarks.

EXT. BILL AND MARY'S HOME - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A well appointed condo complex securely gated.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

Bill enters, his go bag over his shoulder, briefcase in hand, setting them down. Mary is dressed for the office, ready to leave for the day.

BILL

I got home as soon as I could.

He moves for an embrace, getting a short frosty one, making coffee to go.

MARY

You need a shower.

BILL

I missed you.

Mary's trapped in her thoughts, Bill pours a cup of coffee.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've been traveling a lot.

He faces her with tired eyes.

MARY

Don't you like being here..?

BILL

Of course I do. There's this thing we're dealing with.

MARY

A thing. What kind of thing..?

BILL

A thing I can't discuss.



MARY

I get tired of the vague answers  
all the time.

BILL

Honey, we went over this when we  
got started. We knew there'd be a  
lot of travel.

Mary comes emotionally forward, stops.

MARY

Travel. You're not here anymore.  
That's not travel.

Bill gently hugs her.

BILL

Okay. I understand. Can we talk  
about me possibly doing something  
different in the new year..?

MARY

So this is it. You're home now,  
right..?

Bill looks her in the eyes with uncertainty, getting frost.

BILL

That's what we're all hoping.  
Sometimes doing the right thing  
isn't convenient.

MARY

Then welcome home, maybe.

Mary can't escape her feelings, exiting.

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / WINSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary stares vacantly out the window in a nearby office.  
Winston observes her lost gaze.

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / PATTY'S OFFICE - DAY

Patty is interrupted on the phone by Winston, opening the  
shades so they can both see Mary.

PATTY

(into the phone)  
I gotta go.

She hangs up the phone, seeing Winston's discomfort, rising to meet his source of concern at the window.

WINSTON  
She's lost.

PATTY  
Pretty much.

Winston closes the blinds.

WINSTON  
I can't lose her, or her contacts.

PATTY  
Relationships. I try to avoid them.

WINSTON  
Maybe she needs to get away.

PATTY  
She is getting away. With me, in New York. We'll be there for the leadup to the treaty signing.

WINSTON  
Okay. Just make sure you have a good time, peace or no peace.

EXT. NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY (NSA) - FT. GEORGE G. MEADE, MD  
- DAY - ESTABLISHING

The sign identifies it, buildings behind.

INT. NSA / ENTRANCE - DAY

A photo flash hits Bill's face. His picture is mounted inside an ID tag, blue in color. The serious minded GUARD hands Bill the tag.

GUARD  
You're restricted to the blue zone.  
Your contact here today..?

BILL  
Doctor Cutter, cryptography.

Bill advances to the next checkpoint, opening his briefcase on the counter to be checked, a familiar routine.

DR. ALAN CUTTER (60s), cryptographer, waves to Bill, let through with his briefcase.

ALAN  
This is a surprise.

BILL  
I got here as soon as I could.

INT. NSA / ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered office, indicative of a man obsessed with numbers and patterns. The men sit.

ALAN  
You're back sooner than I expected.

Bill produces a small drive, slides it across the table.

BILL  
We identified the property, it fit all the parameters. We're set up. These are the latest encryption samples to work with.

Alan receives the drive as an ASSISTANT enters with papers. Alan hands him the drive.

ALAN  
Start running this right away, please.

Assistant receives it, nods.

ASSISTANT  
Right away, sir.

The Assistant briskly exits.

BILL  
What are you thinking..?

ALAN  
It's a serious threat if messages to or from the U.S. are involved.

The men spend a moment in thought.

BILL  
What are the chances of me being home for Christmas..?

ALAN  
You're new, a contractor, it's in your control. We'd prefer that you stay on top of it.

BILL  
Can Mary be briefed..?

ALAN  
Not right away. We're operating at  
an elevated risk. How is she  
doing..?

BILL  
She's not adapting that well since  
I started working away.

Alan leans back, looks out the window.

ALAN  
People like us wander in the mud  
and darkness, receiving tepid  
handshakes in empty offices with  
nobody around, but we shape the  
world, hopefully into something  
better.

BILL  
Of all the danger I've been in,  
nothing scares me more than losing  
her.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary enters the plain office of a PRIVATE DETECTIVE waiting  
to meet her. She's nervous.

MARY  
I called.

DETECTIVE  
Have a seat.

She sits.

MARY  
I've never done something like this  
before.

DETECTIVE  
Most people haven't.

MARY  
I'll pay you cash.

DETECTIVE

On the phone, you said that you think your husband might be having an affair.

MARY

Yes.

DETECTIVE

And why's that..?

MARY

He's a contractor, sales, it's for the government. He's been away so much, that it doesn't feel right.

Detective makes a few notes.

DETECTIVE

Where does he travel..?

MARY

He's overseas, but isn't specific, he's been evasive when I call, lately it's been Tehran, before that, Bucharest. He hasn't been available after the standard work hours when he's away.

DETECTIVE

Have you straight out asked him..?

MARY

He says he can't tell me because he works with security technology. I don't want to inflame things.

DETECTIVE

Why's that..?

Mary fights some emotion.

MARY

Because when he comes home, even though it's for a short time, he's always extremely apologetic and regrets being away so much and I want to believe him.

DETECTIVE

Do you argue, or fight about things..?

MARY

No, if anything, I've been cold to him and I don't want to be.

DETECTIVE

Have you looked at his phone, or checked Visa statements..?

MARY

He has a new phone that's heavily secured. He gets these large deposits into an account I don't have access to. He says it's an expense account for him and his assistant. He doesn't take a Visa, I think he only uses cash.

The Detective sits in thought, concerned.

DETECTIVE

So what are you thinking..?

MARY

He's always been fascinated by life abroad and foreign locations. Maybe he met somebody and he's just going to disappear one day, I don't know.

DETECTIVE

Often, as much as I hate to admit it, the truth of our lives today is on our phones. We could download his phone's content and bypass security. It's a portable unit and it only takes a couple minutes. Then you return the phone and we'll go through the data. It'll take some time.

MARY

He's home tonight. There's a grocery mart nearby and I'll need to get a couple items for dinner.

The Detective hands her a card.

DETECTIVE

Okay, send me the address and I'll meet you there.

INT. NSA / COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Alan's Assistant is working near the mainframe, making a whirring noise. Suddenly it calms down, activating a noisy teletype printer, then beeps repeatedly.

ASSISTANT

All right, all right. Did you just give up..?

He goes to the printer, rips a few sheets, removes the side holes, turns over the sheets. His eyes grow large.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

He runs, we follow him.

RUNNING DOWN THE HALL

Toward a checkpoint, he yells in advance.

ASSISTANT

Let me through..!

The Guard recognizes his urgency, blowing through the detectors.

NEAR ALAN'S OFFICE

Bill surveys a report, sees the Assistant run by, puts it down and briskly exits.

INT. NSA / ALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The fresh faced, out of breath, Assistant busts into Alan's office, lays the print out in front of him.

ASSISTANT

It's out.

Alan takes a quick look as Bill puts his head in the door, being waved in by Alan.

ALAN

(to his Assistant)

Thank you.

Bill sits down as his Assistant exits. Alan finishes reading, doesn't say anything, hands it to Bill.

Bill reads it, not very long, puts it down. The looks on their faces say enough.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
I need you on a plane in the morning. Please.

Bill can't refuse, nodding

BILL  
Okay.

ALAN  
Whatever it takes. Get this son of a bitch.

Alan uses his phone to send the suspect's phone contact.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
You have a text of the suspect's number in Brussels.

Bill stands, checks his phone, nods.

BILL  
We'll be in touch.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DUSK

Mary puts items on the counter for dinner, a candle burns near a bottle of red, breathing for a planned dinner together. Bill enters, downcast. She sends him a smile.

MARY  
Another one of those days.

BILL  
Yeah.

Bill lays his phone on the counter, sets his briefcase down. They come together, he lightly embraces her, they stay close.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Whatever's going on, whatever's wrong in the world, it's not you.

MARY  
I haven't been very supportive lately.



BILL

A cup of coffee, laundry, I flip a few excuses around, then I'm gone again.

MARY

I need to learn how to be more self sufficient.

BILL

Never a bad thing.

MARY

They're pushing me at work.

BILL

Let them push. Be a pleaser and your career will grow.

MARY

You're in a cheery mood.

BILL

There's an issue with some of our units.

MARY

I don't know what that is, but I know you.

BILL

Thanks. When this settles down I can be home more.

MARY

(flirting)

Why don't you go pack, I need to run to the store to get a couple things.

They come apart.

BILL

You're the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Mary watches Bill go upstairs, then discretely puts his phone in her pocket, puts her same looking phone where Bill's was, then exits.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - DUSK

Mary drives into the parking lot of her nearby grocery mart, noticing the Detective in the car beside her. She discretely hands him Bill's phone through the driver side window.

MARY

This is his phone. I have about fifteen or twenty minutes.

INT. DETECTIVE'S VEHICLE - DUSK

The Detective plugs Bill's phone into a portable device and begins the download process. The Detective nods like everything is fine.

DETECTIVE

I'll see you when you get out.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - DUSK

Mary exits into the grocery mart.

CUT TO:

Mary comes out with a few items in a bag, discretely swings by the Detective's car. He hands her the phone back.

DETECTIVE

I'll be in touch.

Mary watches him exit before she gets in her car.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DUSK

Mary enters with a single bag of a few grocery items, finds Bill in the kitchen to her surprise.

MARY

All packed.

BILL

I started some laundry, otherwise, yes.

She pours them each a glass of wine. Bill moves toward the phone on the counter, picks it up.

MARY

Put that down.

He does, somewhat reluctantly. She hands him the wine, pouring on some charm, moves between him and the phone.

BILL

To us.

They lightly toast and then kiss.

MARY

To the call of duty.

Mary discretely takes Bill's phone out of her side pocket and sits his phone back on the counter, taking hers back before making her way to the counter.

In an awkward moment, Bill stares at Mary.

BILL

There's so much I want to tell you.

MARY

You don't have to.

BILL

This thing I'm working on feels different. I'm new and I don't know how I should feel.

MARY

Are you restless..? Again.

Bill stares in thought.

BILL

Not this time.

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / MARY'S OFFICE - DAY

The blinds all open, seeing outside, the newsroom, offices, CNN playing on a TV in Mary's spacious corner office, Mary and Patty lay out the stories on a white board.

PATTY

There are twelve member nations signing the agreement, plus the rest of the member nations in attendance.

MARY

The art department's working on a visual diagram of the seating.

PATTY

In the days leading up to the signing, here's a list of subsidiary articles.

MARY

Hotel and revenue spin-offs, only two days after a massive Times Square celebration.

PATTY

The usual in depth political analysis.

Mary sees a story on CNN, turns up the volume.

INSERT - TELEVISION

Playing a news bulletin.

NEWS ANCHOR 1 (O.S.)

And today, the White House is announcing added security measures for this year's Times Square celebration and the peace treaty signing just two days into the new year. Authorities are being tight lipped about the move, with plans to bring in portable accommodations to parts of Staten Island and Manhattan Island. The portable housing will support an influx of police, army, and air force units. And unconfirmed reports this morning suggest the city should be extra vigilant as it is set to announce the highest security threat level since nine eleven.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary turns the TV off, stares into space for a long time. Patty moves closer to her.

PATTY

You okay..?

MARY

I'm not sure yet.

PATTY

Yet..? What does that mean..?

MARY

I'm worried that Bill might be having an affair.

Patty stands back, everything moves into new territory.

PATTY

He works at something to do with security, and as you just saw.

MARY

He's all over the place, away all the time, these mysterious deposits of money, never any details about who he deals with, or what he's doing.

Patty writes "SECURITY" in capital letters on the board.

PATTY

So, obviously, security's a big concern. We need to explore that.

MARY

I kind'a started exploring it myself.

PATTY

You didn't do anything stupid, did you..?

MARY

I hired a detective.

PATTY

So, maybe.

MARY

I can't shake the feelings.

PATTY

What did you do..?

MARY

I took his phone to the detective and he downloaded it.

Patty looks at her, like, "you did what..?".

PATTY

And.

MARY

He's going to call me.

PATTY

Maybe we're going to write the  
break through exclusive of the  
year.

Mary stares out at the offices.

MARY

He's afraid of something. Is it  
that he doesn't love me anymore..?

PATTY

It can't be that bad.

MARY

Something's wrong and I need to  
help make it right again.

EXT. SEVEROMORSK SHIPYARD - SEVEROMORSK, RU - DAY -  
ESTABLISHING

The naval base in Russia has miles of buildings and  
decommissioned naval hardware lined row after row in a gated  
lot. A graphic reads: "SEVEROMORSK, RUSSIA"

EXT. SEVEROMORSK SHIPYARD - DAY

A middle-eastern DRIVER waits in an unmarked white van  
without plates near a guarded security gate marked with  
radioactive symbols.

INT. UNMARKED VAN / SEVEROMORSK SHIPYARD - DAY

Driver checks his watch, puts a black mask on, prepares a  
rocket launcher between the seats.

He starts the van, moves forward in front of the gate, rolls  
the passenger window down.

EXT. SEVEROMORSK SHIPYARD / SECURITY GATE - DAY

The van pauses, then fires the rocket launcher, exploding the  
security gate.

Out of the fire and smoke, THREE MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN appear,  
all carrying heavy leather cases to the van, opening the back  
doors.

## INSERT - VAN'S CUSHIONED HARNESS

Supports the two leather cases with radioactive labels. The harness is in a sealed crate, quickly snapped shut.

## BACK TO SCENE

The men get in the van that discretely exits before anyone arrives.

## INT. RUSSIAN SHIPPING DEPOT - DAY

The crate from the van is covered, wheeled inside by two men, meeting a SHIPPING AGENT. The men know each other, the agent glances up at a camera, steers them out of camera range.

SHIPPING AGENT

Where to..?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

United States.

Shipping Agent takes a peek under the cover, sees markings.

SHIPPING AGENT

What is this for..?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Isotopes.

Shipping Agent nods.

SHIPPING AGENT

For who..?

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Zayd Technology, New Jersey.

SHIPPING AGENT

There's a risk that it's too hot.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN

Everything is insulated.

Shipping agent looks at them both, the second man carrying a shoulder bag plops it on top of the case. The shipping Agent opens it to peek inside.

## INSERT - SHOULDER BAG

Is full of cash.

BACK TO SCENE

The first man nods, hands him the address.

MIDDLE EASTERN MAN  
You'll take care of this..?

SHIPPER  
Definitely.

EXT. STATE SECURITY SERVICE - BRUSSELS, BD - DAY -  
ESTABLISHING

The country's security service building is plain, sitting above a subtitle that reads: "STATE SECURITY SERVICE, BELGIUM".

INT. STATE SECURITY SERVICE / MEETING ROOM - DAY

Bill and Recon in a meeting with the station's DIRECTOR, in a board room with a projector and his laptop computer.

BILL  
We ran an operation in Tehran to monitor a supplier suspected of providing ignition components. An intercepted contact between the suppliers and this number in Brussels has threatened the treaty. The same person may be in contact with someone on our east coast. We have the local number, a secured mobile phone.

Director refers to the number, types into his computer.

DIRECTOR  
Let me have a look.

The Director puts the picture, name, and background information of EDGAR ROMANOV, 50s, on the projection screen.

BILL  
What do you know about him..?

DIRECTOR  
Edgar Romanov, a retired Russian army munitions specialist, later working with the Strategic Rocket Forces as a nuclear technician before he retired. No criminal charges, a decorated officer.



Recon and Bill share a long look and stare at the screen.

BILL

Any idea where we can find him..?

DIRECTOR

He lives in a luxury condo near the diplomat's core.

RECON

What's he doing in Brussels..?

DIRECTOR

Reports say he's a lobbyist for Syria. He has a connection, his wife, a Syrian national. She was recently reported missing with their daughter.

BILL

We'd like to enter his residence.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

There's a few decorations up, signs of packing for Mary's trip to New York, she works at the laptop with a glass of wine, looking a little down. Patty knocks, lets herself in.

PATTY

Knock, knock.

MARY

Who let you in..?

Patty comes in, sees an empty wine bottle on the counter with another one open.

PATTY

Geez.

MARY

Grab a glass.

PATTY

You're going to feel like crap tomorrow.

MARY

I don't care, grab a glass.

PATTY

I came by to see how you're doing.

MARY

I'm great.

PATTY

I see that.

MARY

Are you packed..? I'm packed. Do you feel like a cigar..? I'm thinkin' of a story about the best cigars in the whole U.N.

PATTY

I'm not packed. We don't smoke. And you've been drinking.

MARY

Party pooper.

Mary chortles laughter as her phone chimes, Patty wags her head, Mary checks her phone, celebrates.

MARY (CONT'D)

Yes..! It's the detective. He wants to see me, right away.

PATTY

Can't you put it off..?

MARY

Nah, I'm goin', and you're comin' with me.

PATTY

Are you going bonkers..?

Mary sends a text back, becomes more serious.

MARY

I'm already bonkers. You're coming with me. We're going to hear it together.

PATTY

Mar.. I don't think it's a good idea. He's your husband, this isn't for me to hear.

MARY

C'mon, we're leavin'.

PATTY

You're not driving.

MARY

Fine.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - NIGHT

Patty pulls her car in next to the Detective's, they get out, Mary goes to the driver's window, Detective rolls it down.

MARY

This is Patty. She works with me.  
I want her to hear everything.

DETECTIVE

(low voice)

Maam, Mary, I really don't think that's a good idea. Your husband has a reason for his behavior. He would not want someone even having this conversation.

MARY

(a little loud)

What..! He's some kind of spy or somethin'..?

DETECTIVE

Get in. Both of you.

INT. DETECTIVE'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

They both get in the back, the Detective looks back.

PATTY

I told her this isn't a good idea.

DETECTIVE

You're right, it's not.

PATTY

She already told me about the phone, so you might as well just tell us.

DETECTIVE

He's a private security contractor all right, but he's not in sales.

MARY

Then what the hell is he..?

DETECTIVE

He has a high level security clearance with contacts at both the N.S.A. and the C.I.A. He just received a hefty deposit from the N.S.A. That already says more than I should be telling you.

MARY

Isn't there a woman somewhere..?

DETECTIVE

No, there was only a phone number in a text message from a secure and unlisted number.

Shows her the number.

MARY

I'm sure he has more phones, passports, and who knows what else. Does he use guns and weapons..?

DETECTIVE

Yes.

MARY

I was kidding. You mean he's.. What if he's an assassin..?

Mary looks at the number, dialing.

DETECTIVE

Excuse me..?

MARY

I'm calling the number.

PATTY

That's a really bad idea.

MARY

It's ringing.

DETECTIVE

She's right, Ma'am. It's a bad idea.

Mary's conversation with Edgar INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EXT. BRUSSELS / WALKING STREET - BRUSSELS, BD - DAY

It's morning, Edgar walks with a shoulder bag and suitcase, checking glass windows, suspiciously avoiding detection. His phone rings, removes it from his overcoat, checks the number.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Reads "WASHINGTON D.C."

BACK TO SCENE

His face looks relieved, carefully watching what is happening around him, his dialogue with Mary INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EDGAR

Hello.

MARY

Hello. Who am I speaking with..?

EDGAR

This is a private number.

A long pause, Edgar caves.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

How can I help you..?

MARY

That depends.

EDGAR

I'm in a bit of a hurry.

MARY

Your number was on my husband's phone, but he's never home.

EDGAR

Do I know him..?

MARY

He says he's in sales, security technology, places like Tehran, places I worry about.

Edgar hears her concern, softens.

EDGAR

I'm Edgar.

MARY

I'm Mary.

Detective and Patty gesture, like, "don't do that".

PATTY  
(hushed)  
No personal information.

EDGAR  
We live in a troubled world, Mary.

MARY  
I called because I'm the troubled wife of an overworked husband who is so "de misterio", he might be having an affair.

EDGAR  
Excuse me.

MARY  
Do you have a wife, or maybe a daughter, who might also use this phone..?

Edgar becomes terrified, hushed.

EDGAR  
Not on the phone, they might be listening.

MARY  
Who's listening..?

The Detective and Patty shudder at the insanity.

EDGAR  
You're from Washington and I'm taking a chance. I need your help.

MARY  
You need my help..?

Looks change in the Detective's car.

EDGAR  
I have a story to tell. A big story.

EDGAR'S POV - LOOKING IN A STORE GLASS' REFLECTION

Two middle eastern men follow him, he ducks under an arch tunnel, exiting the square, picking up the pace, looks back, the men pursue, looks forward, glances at his watch, a car appears at the end, stops, he jumps in.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY - MOVING

In the back seat, Edgar glances back, watches the men watching the sedan drive away, conversation continues with Mary that INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

MARY

Hello..? Are you there..?

EDGAR

Yes, I'm being followed.

MARY

I write for the Washington Gazette.

EDGAR

I'll exercise discretion and expect the same in return.

MARY

Okay. My associate and I are on our way to New York.

EDGAR

Be careful, I'll be in touch when I get there.

There's a long pause, Edgar looks for cars behind him.

MARY

You're on your way to New York..?

EDGAR

Yes. I have to go.

Edgar ends the call with a worried gaze.

Mary nods to Patty and the Detective with sober concern.

MARY

He has a story, a big story. He wants to meet us in New York.

EXT. EDGAR'S APARTMENT - BRUSSELS, BD - DAWN

State Security van arrives in front of Edgar's apartment complex. Bill and Recon exit with the Director and TWO ARMED SECURITY, approach the entrance.

INT. EDGAR'S APARTMENT / HALLWAY - DAWN

The men approach Edgar's door, Security have weapons ready, Director knocks on the door, Bill and recon nervously watch.

DIRECTOR  
(knocks)  
Edgar Romanov, State Security..!

No response, he knocks louder.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
State Security, open the door..!

No response again, Security slams a foot into the door. It shatters open, entering to look around.

SECURITY  
Clear..!

The rest calmly enter.

INT. EDGAR'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Following the men inside, seeing a slow creep through the contemporary digs of Edgar Romanov, everything in place.

INTO THE KITCHEN

The counters are clean, hearing a soft beep of a programmed clock.

INTO THE DINING ROOM

Seeing its sparse, Danish modern look, tasteful. Bill picks up pictures of his family, takes pictures of pictures showing Edgar's wife, two daughters, and a sister.

INTO THE LIVING ROOM

Is a high-end display of modern furnishings, time activated halogen lights that turn on, illuminating a sculpture, art on the walls, and audio of a symphony.

INTO THE DEN

Is his neatly appointed desk, a light it turned on, his last call numbers are cycled through on the phone, photos taken of the numbers.



THE FRIDGE IS OPENED

They see it is empty and clean.

BILL  
 (concern)  
 He's gone.

EXT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (CIA) - LANGLEY, VA - DAY -  
 ESTABLISHING

The plain structure rests in the Virginia countryside. A sign reads: "CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY"

INT. CIA / ANALYSIS - DAY

A meeting room with some of the most experienced minds in major terrorist events is focused. NATHAN BLOWERS is the CIA's DDO, sitting beside him are Bill and Alan.

NATHAN  
 Nathan Blowers, DDO, Central.  
 I've just read a risk assessment report by a Bill Berg. He must be new, is that right, Alan..?

ALAN  
 Yes, it is.  
 (refers To Bill)  
 Bill's a former language analyst for the Air Force, then he worked for us in cryptography, and then completed some specialist training before becoming a contractor. He's the field agent on this file.

A FEMALE STAFFER puts her hand up.

NATHAN  
 Yes..?

STAFFER  
 Counterterrorism unit. Central.  
 Any word on the Russian officer's whereabouts..?

NATHAN  
 No. Until we do, run facial recognition on all passports at all ports of entry into the country.

Bill hands out a picture of Edgar, his first meeting, observed by Nathan. Bill sits down again.

BILL

The acquisition of components from Tehran suggest a significant effort, due to the volume. Where they are in a building process is unknown.

(pause)

And new to the report is stolen weapons grade plutonium from Russia, a troubling development. But there's nothing to link the events, so far.

NATHAN

What else do we know about him..?

BILL

He's a retired member of their Strategic Rocket Forces. He has the knowledge to create a deadly device.

(pauses)

But I don't think he is.

NATHAN

Can you elaborate..?

BILL

His wife's a Syrian national, she was reported missing with their daughter. When we entered his apartment, it was the home of an upscale family man who's living on a comfortable military pension.

ALAN

He's a threat.

BILL

Thirty hours ago, I would have said absolutely.

ALAN

What's changed..?

Bill scans the concerned faces.

BILL

We think the intercepts outlining threats were sent to him, not by him.

ALAN

Okay.

BILL

We could be missing something.

Concerned faces wonder what it is.

INT. RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Bill and Mary, dressed well, enjoying a glass of wine.  
There's an awkward tension.

MARY

I didn't think this would happen.

Bill raises his glass, Mary hers.

BILL

Either did I. Merry Christmas.

MARY

Peace on earth.

They raise eyebrows as they touch the glasses.

BILL

We can hope.

MARY

We're doing a series of articles  
about the signing.

BILL

When I'm away, I always read your  
articles.

MARY

Where's the strangest place you  
read one of my articles..?

Bill knows the answer and smirks, then looks at her.

BILL

Knowing you're here is what got me  
through every time.

She melts, touches his hand.

MARY

I always wished that I could be  
with you, no matter where you were.

BILL  
Wow, that is some supreme butter.

They both build smiles.

MARY  
Can we order another bottle..?

BILL  
I have to drive and I'd rather just enjoy your company.

MARY  
A big part of the coverage is going to be about security.

BILL  
As it should.

MARY  
The people who pay my salary would like your anonymous input.

BILL  
What did you tell them..?

A WAITER arrives with their dinners.

WAITER  
Madam.

Sits her plate down.

MARY  
Thank you.

WAITER  
And for you, Monsieur.

Sits Bill's plate down, nods to them both.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
Bon appetit.

BILL  
Thank you.

The Waiter leaves, Bill smiles.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Where were we..?

MARY  
What did I tell them..?

BILL  
Ah, yes.

MARY  
Well, getting you tipsy failed.

BILL  
Miserably.

MARY  
Now I'm groveling.

BILL  
Similar to begging.

MARY  
It is in fact begging.

BILL  
What were we talking about..?

Mary tilts her head, a bit miffed.

MARY  
(hushed)  
You know damn well what I'm talking  
about.

BILL  
I absolutely do. Thank you for  
indulging me.

MARY  
I'm going to New York to report on  
the treaty preparations.

BILL  
I thought we were spending the  
holiday together.

MARY  
You weren't going to be here.

BILL  
Everything's okay between us, I  
want you to know that.

MARY  
Glad to hear it.

BILL  
We could both be there.

MARY

The new year together in the city  
that never sleeps. I'd like that.

BILL

It won't be sleeping, even for a  
minute.

MARY

Good.

Bill's distant gaze says it's anything but good.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAY

The decorated living room is tranquil and festive, spoiling Mary with Lebanese gifts, a clutch purse, local snacks. Mary sits by the lit tree as Bill enters with a tray of coffee.

BILL

A breakfast in Lebanon is about  
sweets, Turkish coffee, and nuts.

Mary holds one of the silver coffee holders.

MARY

They're beautiful.

BILL

I'll take you there one day.

MARY

Into your world of adventure.

BILL

Is Mary Berg bored with her life as  
a journalist..?

She smirks at the truth.

MARY

Years of searching for the truth  
and it seems further away than ever  
before.

Bill looks at her, then gazes into the fire.

BILL

I can't say I'm a lot different  
that way. I've been running from  
job to job, and through it all  
expected you to be the rock that  
holds us together.

MARY  
Does adventure bring clarity..?

BILL  
I've never felt more unclear about  
everything than I am right now.

MARY  
That's encouraging.

BILL  
When the problem is complicated,  
it's important to keep working at  
it so that one day it won't be a  
problem anymore.

Mary gazes into the fire.

MARY  
I'm willing to be on that journey  
with you.

BILL  
Pinky swear.

They hook pinky fingers, share a warm smile.

MARY  
There's no going back.

BILL  
Merry Christmas.

MARY  
And what..? A dangerous new  
year..?

Bill lightly swallows at the truth of her words, looking into  
the fire, soft music in the background. Bill checks the  
time.

BILL  
One thing I can tell you is that  
our clients don't celebrate  
Christmas. I have a meeting to  
attend today.

MARY  
Then, I'll see you for dinner.

Bill stands, Mary smiles, watches his exit.

INT. CIA / ANALYSIS - DAY

Nathan, Bill, and Staffers, in a meeting with CAROL MYERS, head of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA).

CAROL

My staff has been bringing me up to speed over the last week. We're preparing to do whatever it takes to secure New York.

NATHAN

Then we should appear strong and host all the events as scheduled.

Serious looks, a few nods, Bill is uncomfortable.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Bill.

BILL

I don't love the idea. The threat was specific.

NATHAN

You'll get used to this.

A few smiles sent to the new guy, Bill retreats.

CAROL

We have sufficient resources.

NATHAN

Troop numbers.

CAROL

We're increasing it to six battalions.

NATHAN

Additional hardware.

CAROL

I can get a carrier in the harbor over the next few days, plus armored vehicles and other support.

NATHAN

We'll brief law enforcement the best we can.

CAROL

We'll be visible in the streets, more than the city has ever seen.

(MORE)



CAROL (CONT'D)  
Times Square will be locked tighter  
than a prison.

Another long pause, trying to grasp what's being discussed.

NATHAN  
How should we talk to the public  
about this..?

CAROL  
Carefully. The optics are going to  
be horrible.

A female STAFFER lightly knocks.

STAFFER  
Sorry to interrupt. We got a hit  
on a facial recognition search.

Nathan raises his hand, she gives it to him, then exits.

NATHAN  
Thank you.

He reads the sheet with concern. It shows a picture of Edgar  
as it's passed around it around. Bill's look is skeptical.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
LaGuardia. Valid passport. He's  
in New York.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A festive, romantic, Christmas dinner for two is being  
enjoyed with candles and Christmas music. Bill smiles  
politely, but often with a distant gaze.

BILL  
I'd like to start going to church  
again in the new year.

Mary begins to open a bottle of wine, Bill takes it away.

MARY  
What..?

BILL  
I want to have a conversation.

MARY  
About church..?

BILL  
That, and your New York trip.

MARY  
We used to go all the time.

They settle in, resume their Christmas dinner.

BILL  
When I started to travel too much,  
you stopped going. How come..?

MARY  
They'd say where's Bill all the  
time and I got tired of making up  
excuses.

BILL  
We were both better with it, than  
without it.

MARY  
Are you afraid I'm becoming a  
hardened journalist who drinks too  
much..?

BILL  
To be frank, yes.

Mary shares his distant gaze that understands.

MARY  
From the minute you leave, until  
you walk back in through that door,  
I do nothing but worry. I drink  
because.. I worry.

(pause)

You've seen hundreds of women and  
died in hundreds of ways in my  
imagination. And none of them were  
good deaths.

BILL  
I need you to hang in there.

MARY  
(frustrated emotion)  
I'm smart enough to know you're not  
selling security gadgets to  
retailers in Lebanon.

Bill's eyes shut for a moment.

BILL

I'm doing whatever I can to help the country and our future. And this I know..!

MARY

What's that..?

BILL

Drinking too much isn't going to help anything. And I need to find a way to be home more with you.

MARY

Well they've been fighting over there since the beginning of time, so good luck.

BILL

It's important to be grounded in something other than the world's problems because it'll steal your soul if you let it.

MARY

I'm trying.

Seeing her emotion, he takes her hand.

BILL

Good. Something else.

MARY

What.

BILL

I think you should cancel your New York trip.

MARY

I'm going with Patty. We're going to a Broadway show. And the signing needs to be reported on.

BILL

It's not a good time to go.

MARY

I want to go..!

BILL

There are specific and credible threats against the city for the new year's celebration and the treaty signing.

MARY

My employer wants it covered.

BILL

There's embedded coverage at these events. You don't need to be there.

MARY

I have a lead.

BILL

What kind of a lead..?

MARY

A source I can't reveal. It's for a story.

BILL

Can you wait until I get there..?  
I'll go with you.

MARY

Okay.

BILL

Did you just talk me into letting you go to New York..?

MARY

I think so.

Bill mocks his disappointment.

BILL

Avoid major landmarks, stay in visible public places, don't go wandering off.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY - ESTABLISHING AERIAL SHOT

The city that shows no sign of sleeping.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - NEW YORK, NY - DAY

Mary and Patty enjoy the Christmas tree in the plaza, observing ice skating.

PATTY

We made it, Mar.. It's a dream.

MARY

If we're going to misbehave, we better do it quickly.

They chortle laughter.

PATTY

To the safe bar..! Where all the informants go.

MARY

Bill might meet us there to make sure we don't defect.

PATTY

Code name, El Chaperone.

MARY

We need some wine.

PATTY

It's eleven thirty.

MARY

And all is well.

They giggle.

A line of military vehicles ominously appear on the street. People notice an armored personnel carrier that turns into the pedestrian plaza and parks. Mary's look changes.

PATTY

Across the street.

Mary's glued to the sight as another armed vehicle arrives on the plaza.

MARY

Maybe we should grab a coffee and start talking to people.

Patty feigns disappointment, knowing it's the right thing.

PATTY

Our show goes in at two.

EXT. COFFEE HUT - DAY

Patty sips her coffee, watching the hardware arrive in the plaza, notices Mary's vacant look, dressing her coffee.

PATTY  
It's just a precaution.

MARY  
Bill didn't want us being here.

PATTY  
We knew security would be tight.

MARY  
This looks big.

PATTY  
There's a story and we're going to find it.

AT THE INTERSECTION

They cross on the walk signal, startled by the sound of attack helicopters flying in unison overhead.

MARY'S POV - ATTACK HELICOPTERS

Passing overhead.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - DAY

The mood changing from fun to fact finding, they see a LIEUTENANT giving directions.

LIEUTENANT  
All right now, spread out.

Patty has her press credentials raised.

PATTY  
Washington Gazette. A lot of activity here.

LIEUTENANT  
Yes, Ma'am.

MARY  
Is this necessary..?

LIEUTENANT  
According to the higher ups.

PATTY  
Can you talk why..?

LIEUTENANT  
Nah, but you can put two and two  
together like the rest of us.  
Lotta' nutbars out there.

MARY  
Thank you, Lieutenant.

PATTY  
I'm calling Winston to see if he  
has an update.

Patty dials her phone, her conversation with Winston  
INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / WINSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Winston's watching CNN, live coverage of an aircraft carrier  
entering the harbor in New York. His phone rings, answering.  
His conversation with Patty INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

WINSTON  
Editorial.

PATTY  
Winston, it's Patty. We're seeing  
a lot of military personnel and  
hardware in the city. Any word on  
a briefing..?

WINSTON  
I haven't heard. There's an  
aircraft carrier moving into the  
harbor. I'm watching it live.

PATTY  
Aircraft carrier.

WINSTON  
Maybe this isn't a good idea. Why  
don't you both come home.

PATTY  
Bill's coming tomorrow.

WINSTON

Do me a favor, go to the hotel, put on the TV, order room service and lock the door until Bill arrives.

PATTY

We're going to a matinee.

Mary smirks.

WINSTON

Can you not do that..?

PATTY

We'll take it as advice.

Patty withholds her laughter.

WINSTON

Good. Do that, I have to go.

PATTY

Okay, bye.

WINSTON

Be smart.

PATTY

We'll be in touch.

She terminates the call, raises her eyebrows.

MARY

Verbal baby sitting, no answers.

PATTY

Copy that, major Mar.

Mary produces her phone, dials. Her conversation with Bill  
INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

MARY

Let's see what Bill doesn't tell us.

INT. CIA / ANALYSIS - DAY

Bill stands in a group watching the live coverage on CNN. His phone vibrates, he sees it's Mary, steps away, answers. Bill's phone voice is hushed and INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

BILL

I'm in a meeting.



MARY

I'm with Patty at Rockefeller Center.

BILL

Don't stay there. Go back to the hotel.

MARY

Bill, there are troops here, armored vehicles, we saw attack helicopters, and Winston just told me there's a carrier in the harbor.

BILL

Yeah.

MARY

Yeah, what..?

BILL

Go back to the hotel.

She spins away, exasperated.

MARY

What do you want me to say in the paper..?

BILL

I want you to go back to your room and write stories about how things are going to be okay and that this is all just a precaution.

MARY

I'd like to have something to say.

BILL

I'll see you tomorrow.

MARY

Hello.. I'm a reporter. There are stories on every corner right now.

BILL

Wrong answer, Mar. Straight to the hotel.

MARY

That's a big donut, Bill. I've got so many of your donuts and I'm kind'a sick of'em.

BILL  
We've had this conversation, I'll  
see you tomorrow. I love you.

MARY  
I hate to say it because you're  
being a pain in the ass, but okay,  
I love you too.

Mary ends the call.

EXT. THEATRE - DAY

Patty leads Mary to the theatre's entrance, a line up in  
place for the matinee. Mary's phone dings, she looks at it,  
pulls Patty aside.

MARY  
It's a text message.

PATTY  
Bill..?

MARY  
No, the guy who knows Bill, who  
knows something.

PATTY  
That guy. Maybe we should listen  
to Bill.

MARY  
Nobody's saying squat. Look  
around. Something the hell is  
going on.

PATTY  
Meeting a stranger might be a bad  
idea right now.

MARY  
Not if we get a major story first.

Patty wags her head, knowing it's a terrible idea.

PATTY  
Okay.

Mary sends a text.

MARY  
He's going to send an address.

PATTY  
Marr.. Maybe we should listen to  
Bill this one time.

MARY  
Too late. I sent it out to the  
universe.

PATTY  
(rolls her eyes)  
The universe.

Mary's phone dings again. She looks.

MARY  
We're on. But we're going to miss  
the matinee.

Patty closes her eyes, opens them.

PATTY  
Where is it..?

MARY  
The pier, not far from here.

PATTY  
No. Tell him to meet us at  
Starbucks.

MARY  
You think a spy's going to tell us  
what he does at Starbucks..?

They exit the theatre lineup together.

EXT. PIER - DAY

A section of pier, not far from Edgar's warehouse, Mary and  
Patty appear, dressed for the season, looking for a black  
SUV, driving towards them from the opposite end. They wait.

PATTY  
Can we just run..?

MARY  
This is how you get a story.

The SUV arrives, Mary and Patty move toward it. Edgar gets  
out, alone.

EDGAR  
I'm Edgar.

MARY

Mary. And Patty. We're both reporters.

EDGAR

I see.

MARY

My husband said not to go out. Do you know anything about a threat to the city..?

EDGAR

As a matter of coincidence, I do.

MARY

What's going on..?

EDGAR

I was a nuclear technician with Russia's Strategic Rocket Forces, then a lobbyist for Syria. My wife was a Syrian national.

PATTY

Was..?

EDGAR

In Syria, members of the Islamic State kidnapped and murdered her and my daughter when I refused to provide schematic diagrams and parts for a large bomb.

MARY

I can get you the help you need tomorrow.

EDGAR

Good, extremist sympathizers are here in New York and they're looking for me.

Mary and Patty are concerned.

MARY

What is this about..?

EDGAR

My remaining sister and other daughter were on vacation here when they were kidnapped.

MARY

By who..?

EDGAR

I don't know who they are, or how many, but they are building a bomb. I was forced to provide the components and diagrams.

MARY

What kind of bomb..?

EDGAR

The father of all bombs. It's a multi-kiloton nuclear device built into a truck.

Mary and Patty stare at each other.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

They've been working on the plan for years.

MARY

I need to phone Bill. He'll be able to help.

SUV's doors are opened for them.

EDGAR

I'll take you back to your hotel.

They get in.

INT. EDGAR'S VEHICLE - DAY - MOVING

They continue a slow drive on the pier, Edgar keeping nervous watch in the mirrors.

MARY

What were your interests in Syria..?

EDGAR

Stability. This group thrives on chaos and death.

MARY

Why should the United States trust you..?

EDGAR

There will always be competing interests, but if this bomb were to ever be detonated, it will be an environmental disaster with the loss of life in the hundreds of millions.

PATTY

It's a big story all right.

Mary dials Bill on her phone. Their conversation INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. BILL AND MARY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

Bill prepares food in the kitchen, his phone rings. He opens his phone to answer, seeing it's Mary. His conversation with Mary INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

BILL

So this is what it's like.

Mary nervously looks around, animated.

MARY

Bill..!

BILL

Are you at the hotel.

Long gap, she can't find words.

MARY

No. I did something stupid. I thought you were having an affair because you couldn't ever tell me anything and I needed to know.

BILL

(concerned)

Where are you..?!

MARY

In New York on the pier in a vehicle. I..

(gasping, hushed)

I'm with Edgar.. His number was on.. A detective downloaded your phone when I went to the store.. You're right about my drinking, I'm sorry.. It was on a text message from an unlisted number.

BILL  
Stop..! Tell me exactly where you  
are so I can get someone over  
there.

MARY  
Not now, you need to listen to  
this.

BILL  
(hushed)  
Edgar's why I've been away so  
much..! You're in danger..!

MARY  
Not from him..! Did you ever just  
call him..?

BILL  
What..? No.

MARY  
He used to work with the Strategic  
Rocket Forces, but he supports the  
new government and he needs your  
help.

Bill listens with surprise.

BILL  
Okay.

MARY  
The Islamic State extorted him to  
help design and supply parts for a  
massive bomb. He said it's built  
into a truck.

BILL  
What else..?

Edgar has activity behind him, looks back frantically.

MARY  
His wife and daughter were murdered  
when he refused to cooperate. His  
remaining family was kidnapped on a  
vacation here. Edgar's here to  
find them and disarm the device.  
But he needs your help.

EDGAR'S POV - THREE ARMORED SUVs

Starting to fire at them, bullets whizzing by, the back window breaking, Patty screams.

BACK TO SCENE

BILL  
Is that gunfire..!

Mary scrambles for cover.

MARY  
Yes..! We need help..!

EXT. PIER - DAY

Edgar's car racing throughout the pier, attempting to evade and outrun the black SUVs. Running through and around empty warehouses, Edgar's tires all shot.

BILL (O.S.)  
Where are you..?!

MARY (O.S.)  
A pier on the waterfront..!

Edgar's tires are completely shot out, they all have to exit the vehicle and run, girl's run into a warehouse, Edgar produces a gun to return fire.

BILL (O.S.)  
Stay with me, I'm calling it in..!

Bill frantically dials their home phone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUES

Mary and Patty hide in the mostly empty warehouse, sneaking to evade one of the SUVs that came in the other end. Conversation with Bill INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

MARY  
(quietly)  
Shit. They're looking for us.

BILL  
Stay calm, help is on its way..!

The black SUV spots them, stops.



MARY

They see us.

(weeps)

I love you. I'm sorry. We gotta run.

Mary and Patty bolt for the warehouse door, trailed from behind, they slide through the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUES

Mary and Patty exit the warehouse into the arms of a pair of black cloaked thugs, faces covered, armed, securing both women easily, putting them into the back of the SUV.

FOLLOWER 1

Phones..!

Their captor takes both their phones, throws them down, crushes them. Captors flee with them in a black SUV.

Edgar returns fire, pelting the back of the bullet proof SUV.

The SUVs hear thundering helicopters and sirens, leaving Edgar, speeding away as fast as they can.

A BOEING V22 OSPREY

Fast approaches from the carrier in the harbor, hovering, while a pair of Apaches scour the area. Edgar puts the gun down and raises his hands.

POLICE ARRIVE

To secure the scene and talk to Edgar.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, MD - DAY

Bill and Recon, a bag and brief each, hustle to one of three idling Apache attack helicopters, get in, the set lifting together.

INT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER - DAY - MOVING

Bill stares out the window, still in shock, watched by Recon.

RECON

Hey.

BILL

Yeah.

RECON

We'll find her.

EXT. APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS - DAY - MOVING

The set of three Apaches pull ahead underneath us, moving north up the seaboard.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The scene of the shootout and kidnapping is well attended. Bill and Recon arrive in a U.S. Air Force vehicle, get out to see Edgar's shot up rental vehicle.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Bill enters the warehouse with Recon, a significant presence and investigation starting, a mini bus holds Edgar, Air Force Investigations sets up a Mobile Command unit.

RECON

This should be interesting.

INT. WAREHOUSE / MOBILE COMMAND - DAY

Recon and Bill sit down in front of Edgar, the command module being setup by TECHNICIANS behind them. A live link to the CIA's boardroom comes on behind them, Nathan and Carol seen.

RECON

This is Mary's husband, Bill.  
We're live linked to Langley.

BILL

We don't have a lot of time.

EDGAR

I was ambushed. I met with Mary to ask for your help.

BILL

Have you been in contact with Tehran about components..?

Edgar looks away, comes back.

EDGAR

I have been forced to do things  
that are suspicious.

BILL

An investigation I'm heading  
suggests you have.

EDGAR

My sister and daughter were also  
kidnapped in New York. I came to  
find them.

RECON

Any idea why..?

EDGAR

There's an active terror cell, I  
refused to cooperate.

RECON

Cooperate with who..?

Edgar looks at them both, ends on Bill.

EDGAR

My number was in your phone.

Bill glances at the camera to Langley. Nathan and Carol  
watch the monitor with resolve, Staffers behind them.

BILL

You were in communication with  
Tehran about components.

EDGAR

I didn't know them. The list was  
sent to my family's captors, who  
then sent the list to Tehran.

BILL

We intercepted direct communication  
between you and Tehran.

Edgar, looks down, stressed.

EDGAR

I was forced to do it.

BILL

Forced to do what..?

EDGAR

Provide the schematics, the design layout. A parts list that I was forced to submit.

Looks are exchanged in the monitor link with Langley.

NATHAN

Did you provide a working design..?

EDGAR

They kept increasing demands. If I didn't comply, my family would all be dead.

RECON

We'd like a copy of the design.

Edgar nods, hands over a thumb drive, Recon plugs it in.

BILL

What kind of bomb are we talking about..?

EDGAR

Over a hundred kilotons of power, seven times greater than the Nagasaki bomb, the father of all bombs, capable of killing millions, causing permanent damage to the hemisphere and the environment.

Edgar looks at Bill, who looks in the camera to Langley.

BILL

Why didn't you reach out..?

EDGAR

When my wife was alive, she insisted on diplomacy in Syria. I helped her. We thought we had a deal.

BILL

What happened..?

EDGAR

Representatives for the Islamic State agreed in principal to a withdrawal from her homeland. It was to be a celebration, my daughter was with her.

His voice trails off. Bill understands.

BILL  
They were kidnapped.

EDGAR  
(emotional)  
Murdered. They were hung from an  
overpass to warn others not to try  
again. My daughter was sixteen.

Recon puts a picture of his hanging family members on the  
screen for a few seconds, then switches it back to the feed.

BILL  
We don't make deals with  
terrorists, mister Romonov.

Edgar's look down understands.

RECON  
We'll work to uncover any clues  
that tell us where they are.

BILL  
Vehicles, descriptions.

EDGAR  
Black S.U.Vs. with bullet proof  
windows and body armor.

NATHAN  
The truck could be anywhere.

Recon looks into the camera.

RECON  
Can you brief N.Y.D.O.T..?

NATHAN  
We'll ask them to increase staffing  
and send people over to assist.

BILL  
How do you plan to communicate  
this..?

NATHAN  
We aren't. We carry on with the  
utmost secrecy.

BILL  
I need to brief Mary's employer.

NATHAN  
Carefully.

Bill activates his phone, the conversation with Winston  
INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. WASHINGTON GAZETTE / WINSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Winston's hard at work, checking the time, news on, staff  
moving back and forth. His phone rings, puts the call on  
speaker, his conversation with Bill INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

WINSTON  
Editorial.

BILL  
Winston, it's Bill Berg.

WINSTON  
Bill. I can't reach Mary, or  
Patty.

BILL  
Take me off speaker, Winston.

He does, picks up the handset.

WINSTON  
I'm here.

BILL  
There's been an incident.

WINSTON  
What kind of an incident..?

BILL  
We can't talk about it publicly.  
They've been taken and they're  
missing.

Winston tries to process it, hushed.

WINSTON  
How long can I keep it from the  
staff when they aren't turning in  
their assignments..?

BILL  
Everything you see in New York  
right now is dedicated to resolving  
this. Give us a few days.

WINSTON  
A few days.

EXT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An established mirror windowed tech firm in a high end industrial park, secure perimeter fencing, manicured landscaping.

EXT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY - DAY

Its security gate opens, letting a party rentals van drive in. Driver, GUS, 20s, and passenger, GARY, 20s, pause to let the gate close behind, when the black SUV and vehicles from the shootout push and honk from behind.

Party rentals van moves forward and stops.

GUS  
Jesus murphy..! What an asshole.

PARTY RENTAL DRIVER'S POV - CARS SPEEDING PAST

Around his van, driving off toward a warehouse door, noticing body damage on the last SUV.

BACK TO SCENE

GARY  
What a putz. Did you see that..?  
Someone else thought so too.

Gus sees the SUVs peeling off to the right.

GUS  
If my driving's poor, just fuckin'  
shoot me. Way it should say.

GARY  
Okay, happy face time. Even though  
you're douche bags, you're still  
gonna get your shit.

GUS  
We're going for drinks later.

GARY  
Bout time.

The driver pulls up to the main entrance, parks, begins unloading party supplies.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / GALLERY - DAY

Gus and Gary load in the last supplies, lavish party set, technology displays, they look up.

GUS'S POV - OVERHEAD MODEL

Of a life size satellite.

BACK TO SCENE

GUS

Wow.

GARY

Is that a satellite..?

CEO, ZAFIR AHMAD, appears, wearing a smile.

ZAFIR

It is indeed a satellite.

GARY

What does it do..?

They chuckle, Gus passes his clipboard and pen, Zafir signs for the rental. Zafir looks up with a serious gaze.

ZAFIR

It does everything a dangerous world requires.

GUS

We suck at danger.

GARY

That should be our slogan.

GUS

If you need anything else, give us a call.

Zafir watches them exit with dark eyes.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three black armored SUVs are parked in the closed warehouse. THREE JIHADISTS, armed, exit the vehicles, pull Mary and Patty out, wearing black hoods.



INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / HOLDING ROOM - DAY

One of their captors, his face covered, escorts Mary and Patty into the room, two other women are kept there, removes their hoods, then exits, locking the door.

PATTY  
(checks her watch)  
About forty-five minutes.

Mary sees ELANA, mid-40s, and ANNA, 20s, a bathroom, sink, cots, running water, a refrigerator, food, sleeping cots.

MARY  
We're outside the city.

ELANA  
I am Elana, this is Anna.

MARY  
You're Edgar's sister and she's his daughter.

Their faces brighten.

ELANA  
Did you speak to him..?

MARY  
He came to New York to rescue you.

PATTY  
Any idea where we are..?

ANNA  
We've been locked in here for over a week.

ELANA  
We hear them doing prayers in the next room. Lately, there have been arguments.

MARY  
My husband works for the government. They know there's a terrorist cell in the city and they're looking for us.

A face covered Hostage enters, hands them coveralls.

HOSTAGE 1  
Put these on.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An active investigation underway, Recon projects the bomb's complex schematic diagram on a light wall.

INT. WAREHOUSE / MOBILE COMMAND - DAY

Bill's on a video conference with Nathan.

BILL

We're putting out an alert for the black S.U.Vs. with some damage.

NATHAN

I'm just getting word that a demand statement's been issued.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Edgar's sister, other daughter, Mary, and Patty, sitting in a row with leather neck collars, coveralls, frightened, Zafir's covered face holds a newspaper close.

ZAFIR

The final day of judgement by God is at hand. We declare ourselves victorious and demand your withdrawal in our homeland and surrender immediately. We demand your obedience to the prophet, Muhammad and his followers, and we declare our independence as the caliphate state of Islam. And finally, we demand that a billion dollars from the government of the United States be wired to a numbered account. If these demands are not met before December thirty-first, at midnight, we will unleash a doomsday bomb in New York that will destroy your homeland in retaliation for the destruction you have brought to ours.

The image follows Zafir into the truck, showing the complex workings of the massive bomb. The screen goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

There are grim looks on watching faces.

NATHAN

We have thirty-six hours.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / BROADCAST ROOM - DAY

Zafir, his head covered, admires the four ladies tied together by their necks, an ISIL flag behind them, his employees, followers, pray on their knees.

ZAFIR

You must pray..! Keep praying..!

The followers continue to pray under great duress.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Mary and Patty are led into the room like dogs before their necks are unshackled, still in shock. They're next to another HOSTAGE, obviously brainwashed.

MARY

(hushed)

Whoever this guy is, he's crazy and he's brainwashed you, made you into slaves. You can't believe in this. The United States does not deal with terrorists. This is a suicide mission.

Hostage 1 stands there vacantly.

MARY (CONT'D)

(hushed)

No human being in all of history who's done horrible things, like killing millions of innocent people, has ever been remembered as great.

He looks at her, his face covered.

MARY (CONT'D)

(hushed)

He's a psychotic human being and he has to be stopped. You have to fight back. I have contacts in the government, I'll testify for you.

HOSTAGE 1

Get some rest.

INT. BAR - DUSK

Decorated for Christmas and the New Year, Gus and Gary are into a few beers, sitting at the bar, starting to get a little boisterous.

GUS

Ayyy, Schmitty, tell knuckle nuts here it's his turn to pay..!

GARY

Da' hell with that! You invited me, thank you very much..!

BAR TENDER

Now, he's got a point. I hate ta say it..!

GARY

This ain't no date, tools..! I'm not seein' any bazookas an' he didn't even shave today..!

Rollicking laughter by the pair. A breaking news story comes onto the television without sound. Gus glances up, sees "NEWS ALERT" and a picture of the black SUVs.

BAR TENDER

You boys ain't ready for any decent girl talkin' like that..!

Gus grows quiet through the laughter.

GUS

Ayyy, keep it down a minute, I wanna hear this.

(to Bar Tender)

Turn it up for me, will yah.

Bar Tender turns the television volume up.

INSERT - TELEVISION AT THE BAR

Still images of the black SUVs captured from a security camera, showing the same damaged SUV he saw.

NEWS ANCHOR 2 (O.S.)

Again tonight, authorities are asking the public to come forward with any information they have about these vehicles involved in a shooting at the pier district.

(MORE)

## NEWS ANCHOR 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

One of the vehicles was damaged in the attack. If you see these vehicles, police advise you not to approach it and call nine, one, one. The suspects are considered armed and extremely dangerous.

BACK TO SCENE

Gary glances at Gus, who knows it's the same vehicle.

GARY

What, you think it's the same assholes we saw..? It's a fancy business, it don't make sense.

GUS

If they ain't, they sure look the same.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Among a hub of vehicles, the mini bus, agency, and law enforcement vehicles, and the Mobile Command Center, is a wall sized projection of the complex bomb circuitry.

A small group surround Bill, Recon, and Edgar, studying the projected diagram.

BILL

Who can build something like this..?

EDGAR

Almost no one.

BILL

I'll get a list of tech firms, see if anything comes up.

EDGAR

They demanded multiple fail safes and overrides.

BILL

What are we talking about..?

EDGAR

There's a manual radio control.

He uses a red laser pointer and shows where things are.

RECON  
Frequency.

EDGAR  
U.H.F. It has a long range capable  
receiver connected to the  
detonator.

Recon makes notes into a pad.

BILL  
What else..?

EDGAR  
There's a mobile phone interface,  
so an incoming call can override  
everything, another direct path to  
the detonator.

RECON  
Is there any kind of an on board  
interface. Something that can be  
manually activated..?

EDGAR  
A button, or switch. Classic  
suicide bomb interface.

BILL  
Someone inside the truck can send  
us back to the stone age..?

Recon continues to make notes.

EDGAR  
Yes. And if somehow all those  
elements are controlled, it has a  
final fail safe, a clock controlled  
count down.

RECON  
Set for when..?

EDGAR  
We have to assume it's midnight, on  
December thirty first.

RECON  
The main processor will have a  
quartz controlled battery that  
remembers the time and runs  
offline.

Edgar stares at the diagram, slowly moves toward it.

EDGAR

Why did he do that..?

Recon and Bill see his interest, move beside him.

RECON

Do what..?

EDGAR

This guy's about self reliance,  
command and control.

BILL

Why do you say that..?

EDGAR

He requested a broadband monopole  
aerial type.

RECON

For a radio controlled clock.

EDGAR

Yes, an R.C.C. with a battery  
backup.

RECON

It overrides the processor's clock  
and constantly communicates with  
the international date clock.

EDGAR

No one inside the truck can stop  
the countdown.

RECON

Could run it through a G.P.S.

EDGAR

Or local radio transmitters. He  
has a choice.

Everyone there stares at the diagram.

BILL

How do we shut it down and stop  
time..?

Recon looks at his notes, then back up to the diagram.

RECON

We have twenty-four hours to figure  
it out.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large truck's trailer side has a large Christian themed graphical panel with the text: "New Year, New Revival"

There are commercial speakers, cameras, a satellite dish, and numerous antennas mounted to the trailer of the truck.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / TRUCK BOMB - DAY

Zafir is in the middle of two racks of complex components and systems, activating switches, bringing the bomb to a live status, running diagnostic checks, hearing beeps and whirrs.

ZAFIR'S POV - TWO LARGE PAYLOAD CANISTERS

Are mounted, one on each side, near the floor in shock mounted slings.

BACK TO SCENE

The back side of the truck is lined with seats on both sides, lined with TWELVE HOSTAGES, Caucasian men, late teens, early twenties, faces exposed, silent, and terrified looking.

Zafir, a form of pure evil, wanders the aisle.

ZAFIR

You're not on the street anymore.  
Thank god for that. The street is  
dirty and caustic like this morally  
bankrupt nation. It doesn't get  
any better than this. You will  
either be rich beyond belief, or  
with too many virgins to count. You  
are new warriors of the caliphate  
state, and this is our revival.

INT. NEW YORK D.O.T. - DAY

Bill is at the control console of thousands of traffic cameras security cameras in the greater New York area. A D.O.T. SECURITY operator replays a video capture for Bill.

D.O.T. SECURITY

We picked up the black S.U.Vs. in  
town and tracked them about twenty  
minutes out of town, until they  
left our coverage zone.



BILL

The last phone tip was another ten minutes south. They were still moving. We'll keep trying.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

People are lined up for blocks, waiting for heavy security screening among heavily guarded security gates and barriers. A NEWS ANCHOR and CAMERA PERSON are doing a news hit.

NEWS ANCHOR 3

Despite unprecedented security at the new year's celebration here in Times Square, people are lined for blocks and are looking forward to tonight's event. When asked about security concerns, the response we got was overwhelmingly positive. People here just want to have a good time. Back to you, Jeff.

INT. PARTY SUPPLIES / LOADING BAY - DAY

Their busiest day of the year, Gus and Gary are loading party supplies into their cargo van. Gus pauses, seeing the news on a TV on top of a desk nearby. Someone jumps in to load.

Gus moves toward the TV.

INSERT - TELEVISION BREAKING NEWS

An Anchor with a "BREAKING NEWS" banner under them.

NEWS ANCHOR 4 (O.S.)

Police are still asking for assistance in locating those black S.U.Vs., they've been unable to locate them. If you have any tips, please call one eight hundred tips.

BACK TO SCENE

Gus mutes the sound on the TV and picks up a phone on the desk, dials.

GUS

Hello. Yeah, it's about those black S.U.Vs. I think I know where they went.

(listens)

(MORE)

GUS (CONT'D)

Where am I..? I'm at work, Party Rentals, and it's our busiest day.

(listens)

You're on your way. Do you know where we are..?

(listens)

Yeah, that's it.

Gus goes to Gary, finished the loading, sees Gus' face.

GARY

What's wrong..?

GUS

I phoned about the S.U.Vs. They told me not to leave, some sort of an investigation is going on.

GARY

You think I should just go make the run with needle brain..?

GUS

I think you should send him and stay. It sounds pretty serious.

Gary turns toward the third guy, who looks at him.

GARY

I have to stay.

The third guy gets in the delivery van, checks his clip board, another guy joins him, they drive away.

UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLES

Arrive with lights and sirens. Bill and Recon, flanked by TWO ARMED SPECIALISTS, approach Gus and Gary.

BILL

Who's Gus..?

GUS

That's me.

BILL

We don't have a lot of time. Tell us what you saw.

GUS

It don't make any sense, but I'm sure it was the same S.U.Vs.

GARY

One was shot up, I'm pretty sure,  
like the pictures.

RECON

You said it doesn't make any sense.

GUS

Yeah, I mean it was a fancy place.  
Big glass office. They're having a  
party tonight.

GARY

The owner signed for the supplies  
and we left.

BILL

Where did you see the S.U.Vs..?

GUS

The asshole drivers pushed us  
through the electric gate, like,  
get out of our way, and went off  
toward the warehouse.

GARY

It's the only way in, so we pulled  
forward to let'em by.

BILL

Can you give me all the information  
you have on this company..?

GUS

Yeah, sure.

Gus goes to make a print out.

RECON

Tell us about the owner.

GARY

He smiled, but he was intense. I  
dunno, maybe forties, or fifties.  
Dark complexion. I can't remember  
his name.

GUS RETURNS WITH THE PRINT OUT

Hands it to Bill, scans it and nods, passes it to Recon.  
Bill and Recon trade looks with the Armed Specialists.

BILL

All right, we need to get going.  
Thanks again.

Gus and Gary watch them all leave at a brisk pace.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Zafir supervises FOUR FOLLOWERS, armed and more serious than the boys, escorting the four women, neck bound in coveralls, into the large truck, locked into seats.

HIGH ANGLE - ON THE LARGE LOADING DOCK

Zafir leads their final prayers, a row of four armed Followers, behind which are twelve boy Hostages, all dressed in black cloaks and head coverings.

BOYS WITH THEIR HEADS DOWN

Look briefly at each other, then straight ahead, praying.

HOSTAGES LOAD INTO THE TRUCK

Zafir closes the loading door, shutting them all inside, slaps the side of the truck.

THE TRUCK'S DRIVER AND PASSENGER

Armed in black coveralls, carrying a dizzying variety of guns between them, with no nonsense expressions, move forward.

THE LARGE TRUCK EXITS THE WAREHOUSE

Watched by Zafir, who checks his watch, exits inside.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / GALLERY - DUSK

Guests of variety enter the gallery, being offered cheese, crackers, drinks, and wine. A large monitor shows Times Square coverage under classical music.

Zafir enters, pauses, changes his menacing expression to a smile before entering to shake hands.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The large truck, with bomb, drives north toward New York.

A MILITARY BUS AND A TACTICAL VAN

With U.S. Special Forces drive south.

INT. MILITARY BUS - DAY - MOVING

Edgar and Bill calmly sit together up front.

EDGAR

My wife, when she was alive, always wanted me to do something else.

BILL

Mine too. It's a complex world.

EDGAR

She thought you were having an affair.

BILL

I don't blame her.

EDGAR

She knew it was a mistake. I needed your help and offered her a story.

Bill gazes out the window, not happy about it.

INT. BOMB TRUCK TRAILER - DUSK - MOVING

Mary stares glumly, Patty beside her, Elana and Anna, across from them, twelve boys with face garb slowly take them off, showing ordinary American boys in fear and distress.

PATTY

When did it dawn on you that he was a madman..?

HOSTAGE 2

When he took all our phones, locked us all in a room, and forced us to pray.

HOSTAGE 3

He said this was all made up, that the bomb was fake.

Mary trades looks with Patty.

EXT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / WALL - DUSK

U.S. Special Forces scale the wall, move toward the warehouse, followed by Bill and Edgar, all armed.

EXT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / WAREHOUSE - DUSK

U.S. Special Forces enter the warehouse, guns up, a very intense search.

BILL

Keep an eye out for innocents.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / HOLDING ROOM - DUSK

The door into the room where the hostages were kept is open, Special Forces quickly see the room is empty. Bill and Edgar follow, seeing the personal items of their loved ones.

BILL

They were here.

EDGAR

There's no truck.

Special Forces quietly exit to continue searching.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / SECURITY ROOM - DUSK

TWO SECURITY GUARDS, late teens, early twenties, their faces are noticeably bruised and marked. They see the Special Forces entering the warehouse.

SECURITY GUARD'S POV - SECURITY MONITORS

Show Special Forces units entering the building with authority.

BACK TO SCENE

The guards don't react, they show relief.

SECURITY GUARD

C'mon.

Guards see Zafir's personal ARMED GUARDS for his protection on a monitor just outside the office doors.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Special Forces, Edgar, and Bill, see the Armed Guards in the distance, hide behind crates. Special Forces prepare weapons for long range shots.

They fit noise suppressors, set the rifles up on stands on top of crates, look into the sights.

INSERT - SHARPSHOOTER'S POV

Of a clean shot of each Armed Guard.

BACK TO SCENE

With hand gestures, they know who they have in sight, trade glances with Bill, who nods approval.

Sharpshooters simultaneously drop the three men, everyone moves toward the door into the office, guns up.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / OFFICE HALLWAY - DUSK

The door is opened, an initial wave surprising PARTY GOERS, letting shrieks and gasps, followed by Bill and Edgar.

BILL

Zafir Ahmed..! We're here for  
Zafir Ahmed..!

EDGAR

Clear the building, into the  
parking lot.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / SECURITY ROOM - DUSK

The young Security Guards, with their hands up, anticipate their arrival, Bill seeing the wounds on the guards.

BILL

He do this to you..?

SECURITY GUARD

(nods yes)  
He's crazy.

Recon sees their busses and vehicles pull into the parking area.

RECON

Lock the gate.

Security Guard presses a switch, locks the entrance gate.

BILL  
Where is he..?

SECURITY GUARD  
The party in the gallery.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / GALLERY - DUSK

Zafir is at the far end of the gallery, flanked by his own GUARD, making small talk with a couple, admiring the satellite model. The Forces enter, shut the music off.

BILL  
Everyone out..! Party's over.

Edgar sees Zafir and the guard as people quickly exit.

EDGAR  
Far end..!

BILL  
(sees him)  
Zafir Ahmed..! Stay where you are.

Hidden behind a metal display, Zafir's Guard produces a semi automatic rifle and starts shooting up to the ceiling area.

Screaming, innocent people, run toward the exit. Special Forces find cover and return fire, attempt to advance.

Zafir's Guard hits wires holding the satellite model.

Special Forces advance, Bill yells.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Get back..!

The large satellite model breaks from the ceiling and comes crashing down, smashing tables, food, everything.

Zafir's Guard protects him, running in front of Zafir, giving and receiving gunfire on the way to an exit door, he breaks it open, they both escape into the basement.

Pursued by Special Forces around the broken model, Bill stops, looks up, sees the large screen's live feed from Times Square.

BILL'S POV - LARGE SCREEN TV



Showing a "BREAKING NEWS" feed from Times Square, showing the bomb truck smashing through the barricades, heaving itself into the middle of the square, and stops.

BACK TO SCENE

Bill waves the Special Forces forward, quickly removing his phone and dials. His conversation with Nathan INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Nathan..! The truck in Times Square has the bomb inside. There are hostages inside, evacuate the area. We were too late.

Nathan stands with Carol and the Joint Chiefs, horrified by the images.

NATHAN  
Did you find him..?

BILL  
We're in pursuit.

Bill terminates the call, hurries around the debris to the exit, descending into the basement.

INT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / ESCAPE TUNNEL - DUSK/NIGHT

Bill catches up with Special Forces who took chase in the long corridor, now stopped at a large, heavy locked metal door, Special Forces putting explosive paste in the door.

FORCES MEMBER  
It's barred on the other side.  
Back up.

Everyone backs up, the material is ignited, blows the door open, they rush through.

EXT. ZAYD TECHNOLOGY / ROAD - DUSK/NIGHT

Zafir and his Guard run to another armor plated SUV, outfitted with antennas and communication gizmos, they quickly get in and speed away down a quiet road.

Moments later, Forces emerge from the tunnel, but there's no sign of them.

BILL

The truck's in Times Square. We need to get there.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DUSK/NIGHT

The driver of the bomb truck stares at Special Forces with his weapon raised.

INT. CIA / ANALYSIS / BOARDROOM - DUSK/NIGHT

Carol watches the situation in Times Square through CNN live coverage and transmitted bodycam video from the ground, speaks to people on the ground.

CAROL

Keep working on evacuation. Put the truck in the middle of the square. Start sealing off all street access for several blocks.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DUSK/NIGHT

The bomb truck is escorted forward by Special Forces to the middle of Times Square, where it stops and shuts its engine down as evacuation continues around them.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - DUSK/NIGHT

Military vehicles, Soldiers, and armed vehicles start blocking off streets, moving civilians and vehicles out of the area.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DUSK/NIGHT

Apache helicopters survey the city's core.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

A Soldier with protective gear, slowly approaches with his hands up, a phone in his right hand, he tosses it toward the truck.

In response, the truck trailer lights up the side panels, then hearing Zafir's voice through its outside speakers.

ZAFIR (O.S.)

I can see you and hear you, a phone won't be necessary.

Zafir's talking INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. ZAFIR'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Zafir's armed Guard is driving with Zafir in the back seat, surrounded by remote viewing gear and monitors showing views around the truck and inside it. Zafir's speaking into a mic. Reactions from Times Square INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

ZAFIR

The government has been informed, a billion dollars wired to my account, and everyone goes home happy. Otherwise, I'm afraid this whole region will be destroyed, and all of you with it.

A few remaining onlookers, Special Forces, and Police hear the broadcast from the truck, reacting with indifference.

ZAFIR (CONT'D)

This isn't pride, it's a fact. This is the largest nuclear device ever created. And I have multiple ways of detonating it.

(pause)

Thank you to the city staff, the television networks, police, military across the board, and all the various emergency services, and the intelligence services. You were all so close. Now it's time to settle in and get comfortable.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

The Mobile Command and more Special Forces units arrive, becoming quiet on the street, Army troops and armored vehicles active in securing the area.

Bill and Edgar rush out of the bus as more lights are being added, seeing the truck in the middle of the square, the armed Followers in the truck cab.

BILL

He doesn't seriously think we're going to give him a billion dollars.

EDGAR  
He's a psychopath.

BILL  
You said you didn't know him.

Bill stops, Edgar keeps walking.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Hey. I'm talking to you.

Edgar stops, slowly turns comes back, looks at Bill, one eye to the other.

EDGAR  
He forced me to watch him brutally murder my wife and daughter.

It wipes Edgar out, stares into dead air.

EDGAR (CONT'D)  
He has no conscience.

Recon finds them.

RECON  
Incoming conference call for you both, right away.

They head back toward the Mobile Command.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Bill, Recon, and Edgar face a nervous Nathan, Carol, and a full board room in Langley through a camera interface.

NATHAN  
This isn't ideal. What can you tell us..?

BILL  
Have you talked to Treasury..?

NATHAN  
No.

His look suggests he isn't going to.

BILL  
Zafir Ahmed has complete control of the bomb from a remote location.

RECON

(looks at Bill, he nods)  
The device has multiple fail safes  
and paths to detonation. We could  
try to pull everything down  
individually, or we could pull the  
entire grid down.

Bill and Recon see strained looks from Langley.

CAROL

I'll consider a recommendation.

NATHAN

There's another option to consider.

BILL

What are you thinking..?

CAROL

An E.M.P. device.

BILL

High altitude nuclear..?

CAROL

Only as a last resort.

BILL

What else do you have..?

CAROL

There's a counter-electronics high  
powered microwave being fitted onto  
a drone. We can fly in a tight  
perimeter overhead.

BILL

Nathan.

NATHAN

We think the microwave will shield  
the device from receiving or  
sending all signals for as long as  
the drone can stay in the air.

CAROL

If it's coordinated with a  
blackout, expect an Air Force  
Special Ops unit to take the lead  
in securing the device.

BILL

Okay, we have a few hours. Maybe we can soften the mood with pizza.

They all look at each other with weight.

RECON

I'll be in contact with the world time clock in Greenwich to coordinate a shutdown.

BILL

(a bit emotional)

I've been a step behind the whole way. I ignored my wife in the process. I failed my country, I failed my wife. I'm sorry.

(pause)

The last time I talked to Mary, she said the darndest thing. We've been sneaking around all this time, and she just picked up the phone. She asked me how come we don't just pick up the phone and talk. We don't do that.

(pause)

Now, I need to do that. I need to be with her.

Bill exits the Mobile Command, watched by Recon.

RECON

I have to go.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Bill wanders emotionally toward the sealed off area, stacked with barriers and armed soldiers, holding up his ID, trailed by Recon, watching him go, doesn't call him back.

BILL

I have to see my wife.

The Soldiers reluctantly let him through. They watch Bill slowly approach the truck's front, watched by the armed Followers.

They put high beam headlights onto Bill, blinded. He hears Zafir's voice through speakers on the truck.

ZAFIR (O.S.)

Hello Bill.

BILL  
Zafir..?

INT. ZAFIR'S S.U.V. - NIGHT - MOVING

Zafir sees Bill on a monitor in front of him. His conversation with Bill INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

ZAFIR  
It is. How are you holding up..?

BILL (O.S.)  
I've been better to be honest.

ZAFIR  
We'll all be better after I receive the deposit.

BILL (O.S.)  
I'm sure they're working on it.

ZAFIR  
What can I do for you..?

BILL (O.S.)  
I need to see my wife.

ZAFIR  
The back door is open. You can visit in the open where I can see you. Running would be a huge mistake.

INT. CIA / ANALYSIS / BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Nathan, Carol, and a slew of important people watch the scene in Times Square through multiple camera views, street views.

INSERT - TELEVISION

With a "BREAKING NEWS" banner, focused on a live aerial shot.

NEWS ANCHOR 5 (O.S.)  
This is a live shot in Times Square. As you can see, the whole area has been evacuated, there are barricades with police and the military present, who have sealed off the area. We're seeing a shot of this man approaching the truck at the center of this stand-off.

(pause)

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR 5 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We're receiving instructions to  
 evacuate the airspace above  
 Manhattan and Times Square. This  
 will end our ability to report on  
 what appears to be a major incident  
 in Times Square.

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Bill opens the truck's back doors, swings them open, sees the huge mounted device at the back, four women and the twelve boys in the front, also sees the camera above him.

MARY  
 Bill. Where are we..?

BILL  
 Times Square. Nobody runs away.  
 The calvary's here, but we play by  
 his rules.

Mary trades looks with a Hostage, he takes off his cloak, looks at the other boys.

HOSTAGE 1  
 If we go outside wearing these,  
 you're saying you agree with this.

The rest of the boys take their cloaks off too, slowly start exiting the truck.

MARY  
 (quietly)  
 Good. Nice and easy.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Recon stands next to an armored personnel carrier with a SHARPSHOOTER on the roof. Looking through his scope, a strong security presence surrounds the Mobile Command.

SHARPSHOOTER  
 They're coming out.

Recon raises a pair of binoculars. Edgar joins him.

RECON'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Watches Hostages exit the truck, Followers stay where they are. Bill takes the neck collars off the women.



RECON  
Okay, let's go.

He leads Edgar and a Soldier pushing a cart with three folding tables, eighteen chairs.

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Recon, Edgar, and the Soldier stop when the truck's high beams blind them.

RECON  
Tables, chairs, and a heater.  
Pizza is on its way.

EDGAR  
I want to see my sister and  
daughter.

ZAFIR (O.S.)  
You have two hours of comfort left.

The high beams come down, they move to deliver the tables, chairs, and heater, outside the truck.

HOSTAGES ARE SEATED AT TABLES

Outside the truck, Bill and Mary sit across from each other, the boys at the two other tables, all frightened. Edgar holds Elana and Anna in a long embrace.

MARY  
This isn't the thing I imagined  
when you told me there was this  
thing you were worried about.

BILL  
As it turns out, it's much worse.  
(smirks)  
How often does that happen..?

Mary sends Bill an apologetic smirk.

MARY  
Almost never. But here we are.

BILL  
Sitting right in the middle of it.

MARY  
The middle of your thing.

BILL

Yeah.

(pause, listens)

I've never heard the city this quiet before.

Emotion creeps into their conversation.

MARY

Maybe you're onto something.

BILL

Maybe.

MARY

If something bad happens, how do you think they'll remember us..?

Bill thinks, as do the rest of them, looks shared.

PATTY

Geez, it better be a hearing center.

MARY

A hearing center..?

PATTY

We didn't do so well at it.

EDGAR

My wife and I worked for peace in Syria. One day there will be. A center for peace.

BILL

Maybe a church that isn't a church, but a place where we agree on some basic things and let the rest go.

ELANA

To have our family name associated with our homeland in Syria where my sister and niece met their end. A reminder of the sacrifice.

ANNA

A veterinary clinic. Animals are innocent of the suffering and atrocities that humans cause.

RECON ARRIVES WITH PIZZAS

Standing in high beams, squinting, at the front of the truck.

RECON

Pizza.

The lights shut off, Recon pauses at the side of the truck cab and raises a pizza to the Followers, who looks at him, like, "What do you think you're doing..?"

RECON (CONT'D)

Just take it, will yah.  
Compliments of the people you're  
trying to annihilate.

The window comes down just enough for the driver to pull the pizza box inside the cab.

RECON ARRIVES AT THE TABLES WITH PIZZAS

Putting two pizzas on each of the boy's table, then the remaining two on Bill's table. Recon opens the last pizza box to help them, holding the lid discretely up.

RECON

You must be starving, here's some  
napkins.

He puts them out, let's everyone take a slice, eyes discretely seeing the inside lid of the pizza box.

INSERT - NOTE INSIDE THE PIZZA BOX LID

Reading: "WHEN THE CITY GOES DARK, EXIT EAST"

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone sees it, nobody says anything.

BILL

Thank the guys for the pizza. And  
God bless America.

Recon nods, business like, exchanges a fist bump with Bill.

RECON

You're one of the most capable  
field operatives I've ever worked  
with.

BILL  
I beg to differ, but thanks anyway.

RECON  
We did the best we could.

BILL  
(to the others)  
Recon's the best partner I ever had. He's the only one I've had, but still. The things we've seen and done together.

Mary's eyes fill, further understanding. Edgar's eyes fill as he hugs Anna and Elana again, speaking softly.

EDGAR  
Follow the others. I love you.

ELANA  
We love you too.

MARY  
I never said how I'd like to be remembered.

BILL  
Time is literally running out.

MARY  
I'm not going to.  
(transfixed)  
It's not going to end here.

Looks are traded as Recon exits back to the Mobile Command. Bill's conversation with Zafir INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. ZAFIR'S S.U.V. - NIGHT

Keeping an eye on the cameras outside the truck, hearing the conversations, Zafir is agitated, activates his mic. His conversation with Bill INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

ZAFIR  
Bill, come here.

Zafir watches Bill move closer to the truck.

BILL (O.S.)  
I should be getting word on the transfer any minute.

ZAFIR  
I'm starting to doubt that. I'm  
tired, Bill.

Zafir folds back a cover to a large red button, slowly  
touches it, lightly and gingerly teasing it.

BILL (O.S.)  
Why don't you come in and we'll  
talk about it.

ZAFIR  
I was on the verge of one of the  
largest contracts of my career.

BILL (O.S.)  
Yeah, what happened..?

Zafir squirms, increasingly angry.

ZAFIR  
What happened..?!

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT - INTERCUTS

Recon lights out of his chair, spins, back to the screen of  
Bill talking to Zafir, hearing their audio, looks into the  
screen where Carol and Nathan are.

RECON  
Where's the drone..?!

Carol's on her phone, speaking into it.

CAROL  
We don't have time for tests for  
final checks, get it in the air.

Carol ends the call.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
It's taking off from the carrier.

Recon stays fixed on the screen showing the truck.

RECON  
Keep him talking.

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - CONTINUES

Bill paces at the side of the truck where Zafir can hear him.

ZAFIR (O.S.)  
It's terrible to admit that you  
want the world to be as miserable  
and unstable as possible.

BILL  
Why would you want that..?

ZAFIR (O.S.)  
Because, I had the solution to it  
all..!

Zafir pretends to push the button, makes exploding sounds.

BILL  
Is it the satellite..?

ZAFIR (O.S.)  
Not just a satellite. You know  
what the irony is, Bill..?

BILL  
No, I don't.

EXT. DRONE FLYING OVER NEW YORK - NIGHT - MOVING - INTERCUTS

The drone is below us, flying over New York city.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - INTERCUTS

Air Force Special Forces, get their night vision goggles  
ready as they exit the bus near the Command Center.

INT. ZAFIR'S S.U.V. - NIGHT - MOVING

Zafir's mood swings wildly, frightening his armed Guard, who  
looks back and sees his button fantasy.

GUARD  
Take it easy.

Zafir gazes blankly out the window, voice emotionless.

ZAFIR  
The irony. The irony is that I'd  
never be able to do what I'm about  
to do.

(MORE)

ZAFIR (CONT'D)

It was going to be the end of all threats, a focused signal gathering spy satellite for the US government, the ultimate surveillance weapon in the war on terror.

BILL (O.S.)

What happened..?

ZAFIR

They reneged on the deal.

BILL (O.S.)

(hesitant)

I'm sorry to hear that.

Zafir gets very wound up emotionally. Through his wound up exchange, the lights on his console start to blink, going out completely before he slams the button.

ZAFIR

Sorry..! Sorry..! We invested years for nothing..! At the end when they reversed their decision, you know what they said..?!

BILL (O.S.)

What did they say..?

ZAFIR

They said that peace and diplomacy are working, so they don't need the satellite anymore. And you know what else..?!

BILL

What..?

ZAFIR

FUCK YOU AMERICA..!

(slams button, yelling)

Liars and thieves who will pay for your moral corruption..!

After a moment, realizing it didn't work, he snaps the mic off, barking.

ZAFIR (CONT'D)

Times Square..!

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT - CONTINUES

Bill notices that he lost contact with Zafir, quickly notices his phone is dead, moves toward Mary.

BILL

The drone's been activated, we can start to move.

(points)

That way.

The truck's Followers get out of the truck, armed and angry, move toward the hostages and raise their weapons.

Bill looks back, sees their guns.

THE CITY GOES DARK

The truck's lights flicker, they see hostages run, Followers start to fire, but quit because they're under fire, retreating to behind the truck to engage U.S. Special Forces.

The Jihadists then run east under heavy fire, greatly outnumbered, taking periodic cover to return fire in heated exchanges.

U.S. SPECIAL FORCES POV - NIGHT VISION

Moving through the dark, returning fire toward the truck, entering it through the back.

BACK TO SCENE

Night vision off, flashlights come out, portable battery powered lights on stands, working with precision, referring to plans, securing the truck area with return gunfire.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Lights flicker wildly, everything electrical is flickering or off, gunfire is heard, Recon remembers.

RECON

I need to call Greenwich.

(calls out)

Can I get a sat phone..!

He's handed a sat phone, dials zero.



RECON (CONT'D)  
 Operator, can you hear me..?  
 (listens)  
 Don't hang up, this is a national  
 emergency and I need your help.  
 (listens)  
 I need you to get me through to the  
 international time clock in  
 Greenwich, England.

Bill's conversation with the overnight watchman in Greenwich  
 INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TIME CLOCK / FOYER - GREENWICH, GB - NIGHT

WALLY, the lone watchman, is asleep at his desk doesn't hear  
 the phone ring for an agonizing nine times, finally picks it  
 up. His conversation with Recon INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

WALLY  
 Greenwich station.

RECON (O.S.)  
 Hi, who am I speaking with..?

WALLY  
 It's Wally. Wally Walden. Try  
 saying that three times.

RECON (O.S.)  
 I need you to listen carefully,  
 Wally. I'm in New York and I'm  
 with the U.S. government. This is  
 an emergency. I need you to shut  
 the world time clock down.

Wally puts his shoes up on the desk, amused

WALLY  
 You don't think I've lived, is that  
 it..? Not sure how you got this  
 number, but this is the new year.  
 Have yah been in the sauce..? I  
 imagine.

RECON  
 No, Wally, that's not it, I haven't  
 been in the sauce.  
 (covers phone mic.)  
 Can someone get another sat phone  
 and wake someone in the British  
 P.Ms office. Have them call  
 Greenwich for us right away.

WALLY  
Yah still there..?

RECON  
I'm here.

WALLY  
Cat got your tongue..?

RECON  
No cats here, Wally. I'm waiting  
for someone from your P.Ms office  
to call for us. Put a TV on for  
something to do.

Wally puts a TV on, instantly seeing the live coverage under  
a banner: "BREAKING NEWS: NY BLACK OUT - BOMB SCARE AND  
HOSTAGES IN TIMES SQUARE".

Wally's phone starts to ring again.

WALLY  
Let me put you on hold for a sec.  
(presses button)  
Greenwich station.  
(listens)  
Will do, yes Ma'am, right away.  
(presses button)  
Indeed, there's a bit of a pickle  
in New York. The only thing is it's  
four twenty A.M. here and I have no  
idea how to shut the international  
time clock down.

RECON  
There's no candy coating this,  
Wally Walden. You either find a  
way to shut that clock down before  
midnight in New York, or a large  
bomb explodes and millions of  
people will die. Start waking  
people up if you need to.

WALLY  
I'll see what I can do.

RECON  
And Wally.

WALLY  
Yes.

RECON  
Don't take your time.

WALLY  
Are you being cheeky with me..?

RECON  
Just turn off that clock.

Wally puts the phone down, deep in thought.

EXT. DRONE FLYING OVER NEW YORK - NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT -  
MOVING - INTERCUTS

The drone, below us, flying in a circle over a darkened New York city.

EXT. CITY STREET / NEAR TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Zafir's SUV, pursued by Police and an armored personnel carrier in the dark, lights, sirens, racing on a sidewalk, stops near them, he and his Guard exit, return gunfire.

BILL, MARY, PATTY, ELANA, ANNA, TWELVE BOYS HIDE

In the dark of a stone building's large alcove. A discarded and broken little girl's doll is stuck on an audio loop on the ground near them.

INSERT - BROKEN DOLL ON THE GROUND

Dirty and broken, haggard looking to say the least, loudly reciting over and over again.

BROKEN DOLL (O.S.)  
And a happy new year..  
(pause)  
And a happy new year..  
(pause)  
And a happy new year..

BACK TO SCENE

Followers from the truck hear the doll, they turn back, finding them hiding, starting a shootout. Bill shoots the doll. A Soldier flushes them out, they run.

TWO FOLLOWERS

Take off running toward the barricade.

THE SOLDIER

Lifts his radio, but it doesn't work.

EXT. CITY STREET / EAST BARRICADE - NIGHT

Truck Followers run toward the barricade, dressed in bullet proof clothing and helmets, taking bullets, slowing down slightly.

ZAFIR'S SUV SPEEDS TOWARD THE BARRICADE

From the other side, Soldiers notice, turn, and return fire, glinting off the SUV.

ZAFIR'S DRIVER LOCKED INTO A TRANCE

Driving full speed toward a blockade of people, machinery, and physical traffic, praying to himself.

DRIVER

If it's time, Allah, I'll see you  
in the promised land.

RUNNING FOLLOWERS SPRINT TOWARD THE BARRICADE

Taking heavy gunfire and bullets, returning fire, exposing suicide vests, raising ignition buttons.

TRUCK DRIVER

For Allah and the caliphate  
state..!

SOLDIERS AT THE EAST BARRICADE

See the vests and disperse.

SOLDIER 2

Vests..!

Soldiers disperse with Zafir's SUV racing toward the barricade from the other side.

EAST BARRICADE - SUICIDE BOMBERS EXPLODE THEIR VESTS

Blowing apart an opening with fire and force, enough for Zafir's SUV to drive through the chaos.

EXT. CITY STREET / NEAR TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

The Soldier staying with Bill, Mary, and the hostages, leaves them to help his own unit members hurt in the blast. Bill watches the SUV proceed toward the truck with its lights off.

BILL

Back to the truck.

No one hesitates, following Bill in the dark, staying out of sight as they sneak back.

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Special Forces have the truck trailer walls dismantled to work on the installed device from every angle inside and out, every member working on a task.

INT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Several of the soldiers inside the truck, stand, stare at a small clock, still counting down, very concerned.

INSERT - BOMB CLOCK

Ticking down from "7:14".

BACK TO SCENE

SPECIAL FORCES 1

We've dismantled every system, it's still counting down. There are trip wires, we can't start cutting connections until we find the battery, or the clock stops..!

Interactions with Zafir's SUV INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Zafir's SUV creeps closer to the truck bomb, bullets whipping by us, the SUV taking hits on the body and windows without stopping it.

Zafir nudges his window down a notch, puts the barrel of a semi automatic weapon through the crack and starts firing on the truck bomb. Reactions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

U.S. SPECIAL FORCES CLOSE THE REAR DOOR

Of the truck bomb as SIX SPECIAL FORCES stand with shields at the back to deflect bullets, some getting slightly wounded.

SPECIAL FORCES 2  
C'mon now boys, you can do it..!

INT. INTERNATIONAL TIME CLOCK / UTILITY ROOM - GREENWICH, GB - NIGHT

Wally stands in the dark with a flashlight, looking at the breaker panel after he finishes pulling all the breakers to off. He picks up his cup of tea and walks.

FOLLOW WALLY TO THE CLOCK ROOM

His flashlight raised in the dark, turning into a big cavernous room with a large clock and several others, all the times in the world.

He raises his light, sees they're all still running, exhales, takes a sip of tea, opens his cell phone, dials, listens.

WALLY  
Aye, Jimmay, it's Wally here. Sorry to call so early.  
(listens)  
Okay then, ten pounds on Manchester. Double or nothing..?  
(listens)  
Don't go yet. There's a pickle in New York and they need to shut the clock down. I pulled all the breakers and the clocks are still running.  
(listens)  
Blimey, really, all the way out there. It's like three minutes to midnight in New York.  
(listens, exhales)  
I reckon I better hurry then, Jimmay. Over and out.

Wally shuffles to the door, takes a set of keys, puts a rain coat on, a slicker hat, opens the door to a gale, exits.

INT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT

The truck and bomb itself are taking bullet refractions, Special Forces scouring through dense wiring, trying to source the hot wire with a volt meter, testing lines.

SPECIAL FORCES 3  
Two minutes forty-five seconds.

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

A furious firefight going on outside the truck, Zafir's SUV getting pummeled by bullets, he and his Gurad returning fire at the truck and opposing forces.

Bill and the Hostages watch and wait nearby in the dark.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Recon sees the clock, the continuing heavy gunfire on the truck bomb, runs outside.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Recon runs to the armored personnel carrier with its big gun on the roof, animated.

RECON  
Take the shot..!

The Soldier quickly aims the large gun and fires.

EXT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Zafir's SUV takes the heavy caliber gun blast, exploding in fire. The Guard gets out, on fire, a gun in each arm, continuing to shoot, getting shot himself numerous times, until slowly buckling to his knees, then dead to the ground.

Then Zafir emerges, bullet proof helmet, vest, and clothing, marching toward the truck, partially on fire, cut, bleeding, possessed, insane, yelling, shooting his gun.

ZAFIR  
YOU WON'T FIND IT..! THE WAR IS  
FINALLY OVER..!

## ZAFIR'S GUN RUNS OUT OF AMMUNITION

He drops it, staggers toward the truck, stopped by Edgar stepping out of the shadows with a gun raised, emotional.

EDGAR

You killed my wife and daughter.  
They were trying to do something  
good.

ZAFIR

(heavily wounded)  
I hate to be an existentialist at a  
time like this, Edgar, but it just  
doesn't matter anymore. It's over.

EDGAR

What did it achieve..?

ZAFIR

What does anyone ever achieve in  
the end..?

Zafir walks past Edgar, weeping with his gun still raised, expecting to walk into gunfire, when Bill steps in front of him, his arms raised.

BILL

It's not up to you or your deity.

ZAFIR

My life is over.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL TIME CLOCK / POWER PLANT - GREENWICH, GB - NIGHT

Wally hustles toward us, his light cutting mist, lightning, and hard rain through knee length grass, turning down steps to a cement bunker door, quickly opening the door with a key.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TIME CLOCK / POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The light from Wally's flashlight searches the wall, full of utility services, finding a clearly marked power shut off that reads: "CLOCK POWER - DO NOT PULL"

Wally looks at the switch in his whimsical way, emits his accent filled thoughts.



WALLY

Seems kind'a far fetched to me.  
It's gotta be a prank. I better  
protect myself.

Wally takes his phone out, prepares and takes a selfie.

Then, immediately, Wally pulls the power handle down to off,  
everything dark except his flashlight.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Wally saves the world. Wait till  
they see this at the pub.

INT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT

Special Forces watch the countdown clock still ticking down,  
frantically searching, most have given up, emotional, trading  
looks with each other.

A soldier opens the back truck door, surveying the blown up  
SUV, the anxious looks from Bill and the hostages, waiting  
for news.

SPECIAL FORCES 4

We're sorry.

Heavy and defeated looks are traded.

INSERT - BOMB CLOCK

Counting down: "0:43, 0:42, 0:41, 0:40, 0:39, 0:38, 0:37",  
and then nothing, it stops at "0:37" and stays there.

BACK TO SCENE

Extreme relief and nerves, the Special Forces briefly bump  
fists. Special Forces 4 steps outside again. He takes a  
moment to inhale the fresh air, nods to Edgar and Bill.

SPECIAL FORCES 4

Wait.

BILL

Wait for what..?

SPECIAL FORCES 4

It stopped.

Edgar is taken with emotion, as are the hostages for a moment, but Zafir's disappointment turns to anger, tries moving into the Sharpshooter's sights, blocked by Bill, also emotional and wounded.

BILL

You're not going to die in your sick hero fantasy, Zafir. I won't let you. I'll recommend life over death in your sentencing.

(pause)

You're going to wake up every day knowing what you squandered.

ZAFIR

Don't do this to me.

BILL

The world isn't always right, or fair, but we can't keep killing each other over stuff that doesn't matter.

Zafir, exhausted, just stands there, then apprehended a moment later and put into cuffs before he's taken away.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

In the quiet darkness, Recon watches Zafir being escorted into custody and put him into a secure vehicle. Mary approaches Recon.

MARY

If you and Bill just saved the world, can I have the exclusive..?

Recon stares in relief.

RECON

Do I get my partner back..?

MARY

I wouldn't have it any other way.

He watches her walk away.

INT. TRUCK BOMB / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Edgar watches his team cut the miles of wiring apart, disconnecting as many components as they can, isolating the major parts from each other. Bill walks in.

SPECIAL FORCES 5  
 Okay, the device is isolated,  
 everything can be turned back on.

EXT. DRONE FLYING OVER NEW YORK - NIGHT - MOVING

The drone makes one last pass over the city core as the lights all come back on slowly in order, then veers toward the aircraft carrier in the waterway, exiting.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Bill wanders toward the Command Center, looking for Mary. The city lights come back on around them, Recon on his cell phone.

RECON  
 Hey, Wally. I think you just  
 stopped time and saved the world.

Recon's conversation with Wally INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. INTERNATIONAL TIME CLOCK / FOYER - GREENWICH, GB - NIGHT

Wally's sitting at his desk with a candle, on his cell phone, watching a gale out the front glass doors, wagging his head. His conversation with Recon INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

WALLY  
 Is that right, now, laddy.

RECON (O.S.)  
 Yeah, it would have been really bad  
 if you didn't do what you did.

WALLY  
 What was it..? Some badly made  
 thing..?

RECON (O.S.)  
 No, it wasn't. That's all I can  
 say right now.

Wally stares, transfixed, Recon waiting after a long pause.

RECON (CONT'D)  
 Hello, Wally..?

WALLY

Yeah, yeah, mate, I'm still here.  
I made a soccer bet with Jimmay  
before I asked him how to shut the  
clock off. I think I'll wait next  
time.

RECON (O.S.)

It's okay, we made it with thirty-  
seven seconds. Thank Jimmy for us.

WALLY

I took a selfie in front of the  
switch. Can I send it to yah..?

RECON (O.S.)

Yeah. We had the airspace closed  
and communications shut down, but  
this is my phone, sure.

WALLY

I have ta be honest wit yah, mate.  
I nearly didn't do it.

Wally prepares to text his photo, sends it. Recon stares  
into space for a moment, thinking.

RECON (O.S.)

But you did. Right now, that's all  
that matters.

WALLY

I just sent you a picture.

Recon checks, opens the text, enlarges the picture.

INSERT - WALLY'S PHOTO ON RECON'S PHONE

Making an outrageously goofy expression in front of the time  
clock power switch.

BACK TO SCENE

Recon wags his head.

RECON (O.S.)

That would be tough if you hadn't  
pulled the switch.

They share a laugh.

WALLY

Wouldn't it, now.

RECON (O.S.)  
 You can start time again, Wally.  
 We're all safe here tonight.

WALLY  
 Jolly good, then. I'm glad I could  
 help. Well, back into the gale.

Wally hangs up the phone and looks around, before donning his coat and slicker hat again.

EXT. CITY STREET / TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT

Special Forces load the bus, followed by the twelve Hostages, Patty, Elana, Anna, Edgar, Mary, Bill, and finally Recon all get in the bus. It exits the scene.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hours later, the truck bomb sits in the warehouse, the Mobile Command and the bus are parked, tables and chairs out, several debriefings with INTELLIGENCE OFFICIALS finishing.

Mary and Bill slowly walk away from the scene behind them together, Bill takes her hand.

BILL  
 How was it..?

MARY  
 Strange.

BILL  
 The whole world is strange. I'm  
 strange.

MARY  
 I'm not sure I could do the work  
 you do, withholding information.

BILL  
 It's okay, this isn't about me.

MARY  
 All I ever want to do is tell the  
 truth.

BILL  
 Sometimes even the truth is  
 temporary.

MARY

You think the truth is temporary..?

BILL

Sometimes. It changes everything when you think about it.

MARY

What about the peace treaty..?

BILL

Temporary.

MARY

Duty.

BILL

Always.

MARY

Your job.

BILL

Not sure.

They stop and face each other.

MARY

The only thing more terrifying than what just happened would be a world without people who do what you do.

BILL

What about us..?

MARY

I need to grow and evolve.

BILL

I thought maybe you'd prefer it if I was home more.

Mary flirts, using her finger to tickle his chin.

MARY

Well, mister everything's temporary, even the truth, and I can't tell you if I wanted to..

(pause)

I'm into permanency with the man I love, that's you, telling the truth, always, and making sure the world gets as much of the truth as it deserves, temporary, or not.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(pause)

How can I do that if you're home  
all the time..?

BILL

Sounds like we're going to spend a  
couple days in New York together.

They come together in a warm embrace.

EXT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

The U.N. SECRETARY GENERAL, at the podium, signs a new peace deal, he stands, then everyone stands, applauding louder than normal.

Mary turns to her right, seeing Bill in an earpiece, standing on the outside aisle. She smiles, Bill turns, sees Mary, doesn't react, slowly walks the aisle.

AT THE PODIUM

The U.N. Secretary General announces the deal.

SECRETARY-GENERAL

In the troubled world that we live,  
it's easy to become cynical, it  
would be easy to give up on doing  
the right things, even when they  
matter the most. Today's agreement  
would not have happened without  
people who aren't named, and won't  
be named, but who consistently  
sought to do the right thing in  
anonymity. It's because of them and  
others who serve our interests in  
the most dangerous conditions that  
we are signing this agreement  
today.

EXT. STEWART INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Mary and Patty are the lone reporters walking past a U.S. C-17 Transport aircraft being loaded with supplies and with U.S. Special Forces standing near their gear.

MARY

I want to know their names, where they grew up, why do they serve, no matter where they're from, and what keeps them sane in the face of danger.

PATTY

We're part of their world now.

We slowly pull back and high in the air, seeing Mary and Patty interview soldiers and service members.

FADE TO BLACK.