

115 DEGREES

Screenplay

By

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Adapted from the Novel

THREAT

by

Pulitzer Nominated

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS - THE EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

November 11th, 2015. The day after.

The tower is dark. The city of lights - mourning. French armed military stand their posts below the tower pillars.

Parisian city streets, empty. Distant sirens trail off.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY

U.S. and French Military jets scream overhead. Air strikes pound distant ISIS positions.

EXT. REFUGEE SUPPLY DEPOT - DAY

International NGO's (Non Governmental Agency) white blonde haired. American DR. DAVID FOWLER (30's), Australian DIANNE RENEGAN (40) and France's MICHELLE ANDREPONT(20'S) nervously unload U.N. supplies from their relief convoy.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
Let's get this last truck done and
get back to the border.

Dr. Fowler looks out to see - thousands of terrorized Yazidi men, women and children coming towards the supply convoy.

DR. DAVID FOWLER (CONT'D)
Dianne? Michelle. Look!

Dr. Fowler glasses the lone road which leads through the heart of hell itself - a sea of terrorized oncoming refugees.

DR. DAVID FOWLER (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch. The whole country
is getting out.

Dr. Fowler reaches for his inhaler - takes in a deep breath.

MICHELLE ANDREPONT
There must be 50,000 of them.

EXT. A DESERT KNOLL - DAY

Suddenly an RPG grenade streams in from deep inside the refugee line itself. The lead convoy truck upends in a fiery ball of flame.

Refugees scatter - ISIS militants emerge from within the refugee line.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
GET DOWN!! GET DOWN!! Back these
trucks up!

Dozens of ISIS MILITANTS pour in from behind the relief
convoy brandishing free-wheeling AK-47's.

MICHELLE ANDREPONT
David! Behind you!!

David makes a run for the truck cab of the second convoy
truck.

INT. CONVOY TRUCK - DAY

Dr. Fowler reaches for the radio.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
Support base 1, support base 1.
Outpost desert support under
attack, repeat, under attack!

The passenger door is then ripped open and Dr. Fowler stares
down the barrel of a Russian made Kalashnikov.

DR. DAVID FOWLER (CONT'D)
Red Cross! We're with the Red
Cross! We're not armed.

The ISIS Militant jumps up into the passenger's seat and
points a weapon directly in Dr. Fowler's face.

He speaks with a uniquely French accent.

Michelle and Diane are rounded up and brought in view before
the truck and held.

ISIS MILITANT
We want to thank you and your
friends for visiting.

Militant holds out a type of **WANTED POSTER** up before David.
David and the blonde haired face on the flyer match
identically.

ISIS MILITANT (CONT'D)
White hair. There you are. Captain
Harrison Fowler. U.S. Warfare
specialist. You have worked with
the Kurdish forces. We've been
looking for you.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
I'm Dr. David Fowler. Red Cross!
That's not me. Here are my
credentials.

Through the window, a rifle butt is brought to the back of David's neck and head. A black hood is placed over his head.

ISIS MILITANT
We are now your Red Cross, Captain
Fowler.

EXT. INDIANA CORN FARM - DAY

Tall, green stalks of corn line fields as far as the eye can see.

Blonde haired, retired warfare specialist HARRISON FOWLER (30'S), identical twin brother to hostage, Dr. David Fowler, casually works the charcoals on the barbeque.

Days of war, long since behind him, days of summer ahead.

Dozens of extended FAMILY MEMBERS and close friends mill about over picnic tables with drinks and small talk.

Balloons tied to tables read: HAPPY 45TH ANNIVERSARY HENRY AND BARB!

FOWLER
Five minutes everybody! Coals will
be ready.

HENRY FOWLER (70'S), father to his twin sons, sits alongside DR. BRIGGITA FOWLER (30'S), David's wife.

HENRY FOWLER
Look at the boys. Growing like
weeds..

Henry's two grandchildren, AIDEN (9) and MICHAEL (8) play wiffle-ball nearby on the wide, manicured field.

FOWLER
Aiden? Get that arm up when you
throw the ball. You want to be a
big leaguer don't you?

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

BARBARA FOWLER (60'S), matriarch of the farm and family, wife to Henry, works over steaming kettles of corn on the cob, pumpkin pies and large prepared bowls of salad.

Granddaughter ADELIE (6) tugs at her grandmother's apron strings.

ADELIE

Nanna?

BARBARA

Oh, be careful sweetheart. Hot water up here. Why don't you go turn on the TV in the living room. I'll be out in a minute.

ADELIE

Okay...

Adelie turns away and makes her way through the kitchen and for the television in the adjoining living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Little Adelie reaches out and turns on the TV. We see a news broadcast.

Barbara continues to work with her back to us over the stove and sink.

NEWSMAN (TV)

Three Red Cross Relief workers were reported abducted yesterday morning near the Syrian border...

Barbara, with her back to us, freezes.

NEWMAN (TV) (CONT)

By representatives of ISIS.

Barbara turns. She steps to the corner entryway of the living room.

BARBARA

Oh, God... Oh, God no...

Pictures are shown of Dr. David Fowler, Australian Diane Renegan, and France's Michelle Andrepont.

Barbara - breathless.

ADELIE

(points)

Is that Daddy in the orange suit, Nanna?

EXT. FARMHOUSE PORCH - DAY

Barbara pushes through the screen door - devastated. The guests turn. They see trouble.

BARBARA

Henry!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry, Brigitta and her own sons, Aiden and Michael, family friends and Harrison enter. Before them on the network broadcast, they see son, husband and brother David, held captive at knife point by ISIS.

BARBARA

(breaks)

Henry. They have David. They have him!

HARRISON

What'd they say?

BARBARA

(whispers to adults)

He's been abducted near the Syrian border.

HENRY FOWLER

Take the kids upstairs.

Barbara, worst fears realized, reaches for Brigitta and her sons. News broadcast continues with more details.

BRIGITTA

Oh, God... No...

AIDEN

Mom, what's happening?

FOWLER

Take'em upstairs Brigitta. Go.

Brigitta leads the boys to the stairs. Concerned friends stream in the room.

Harrison moves closer to the television - turns up the sound.

NEWSMAN (TV)

Escaping Yazidi refugees fled their home towns from ISIS bombardment and imminent executions, Red Cross volunteers and Doctors without borders...

Henry turns to Harrison - distraught. Harrison's cell phone rings. He turns and picks up.

HARRISON
(quietly)
Fowler... Yes, sir.

EXT. NEW JERSEY'S BIG A - AQUEDUCT - DAY

Fowler pulls up his pea coat collar and sports a crew cut of new jet black hair.

Race horses abound along the fourth furlong heading for the stretch. Fowler circles his picks inside his racing forum.

BIG A ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
California Pharaoh by two full
lengths on the back stretch!

INT. EL RANCHERO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Fowler finds a seat at the bar. The Man behind the counter is friend and confidant retired SPECIAL WARFARE SPECIALIST DANNY HARMON (30'S).

FOWLER
Hey, Danny. Remember me?

HARMON
Didn't recognize you with the dark
hair? But I thought it might be you
they were talking about.

FOWLER
Can we get out of here?

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - NIGHT

Freedom Tower, bathed in France's tricolor of BLUE, WHITE and RED. Searchlights glitter off the Hudson River.

Fowler and Harmon stand at the stern of a Hudson ferry.

FOWLER
How much they tell you?

HARMON
I don't know anything, really.
Asked only if I would have a
conversation with an old friend,
all on a need-to-know basis.

FOWLER
The French and their DGSI secret
service have reached out.

(MORE)

FOWLER (CONT'D)

They're actively hunting and sharing. Real cooperation.

HARMON

Bout time.

FOWLER

It's a special circumstance case and our military and the administration has flipped the switch onto a civilian asset. The French are pretty sure about it.

HARMON

This tied to the Paris attacks?

FOWLER

The same possible cells here in New York. They think ISIS is set up here somewhere in the city - months away from something like Paris happening. How far along, they don't know. Where? Anybody's guess. But we have a few hints as to where to begin.

HARMON

You got other domestic help?

FOWLER

Basic lone wolf. Tacit NSA support. I'm charged with finding my own funding to keep any fingerprints away from the administration. It's off the books in every way and they'll deny it if I'm found out. It's a fucked up mission just so you know.

HARMON

(smiles)

Ah, another fucked up mission. The kind I like.

FOWLER

But it gets worse.

HARMON

How worse could it get?

FOWLER

It's personal, Danny.

HARMON

How's that?

FOWLER

One of the NGO's that was taken at Mount Sinjar? One of them is my brother.

HARMON

Brother?

FOWLER

(turns)

David. My identical twin. They think they have me. He was working with the Red Cross, Doctors without borders.

HARMON

They're giving it to him then.

FOWLER

Yeah. But they'll hold him for a while. That's why I got to move. I have to find out where he is, raise the money somehow off the grid, get the hardware and my team together, aircraft, Intel, weapons, a launching point, a way in and a way out.

HARMON

Kind of a suicide mission isn't it?

FOWLER

Knew you'd like it.

HARMON

We'll need the money. Without that, nothing happens. How you going to raise it?

FOWLER

(beat)

Ever hear the one about the twin, the mosque and a horse race?

HARMON

No, but I have a feeling I'm about find out.

INT. NEW YORK PAHLAVI MOSQUE - 1:00 A.M. - NIGHT

Like open butterfly wings, Holy Qurans line the long, tall ceiling and 60 foot hallway with open pages facing the floor below. (God is watching from above)

A pathway is cut to the sacred Masjid al-Haram prayer room which lies down the hall and in the distance.

Before us lies a Sacred Islamic Chest beset with a museum-type presentation - a replica of the very sacred chest which holds the 1400 year-old, sacred robe of Mohammed in Kandahar Afghanistan.

Gently, like a sacred whisper, open pages of the hanging Qurans begin to gently flutter above like silent blown about leaves.

Our eyes are led from the ceiling down to the floor to see the sacred chest.

We pull back from the Pahlavi's sacred chest to see, planted before it, a simple lone, tall, **Coors Light Beer Can.**

Bits and pieces of the note reads: "This proves that I can and that I will..."

INT. SMALL NYU DORM ROOM - 2:00 AM - NIGHT

A match strike explodes. Thunder cracks in the distance over the sleeping city.

We see a sparse living quarters, a small workbench, a vice, some tools, a single lone twin bed made up military style, with hospital corners, blueprints of what looks like a city mosque on a wall.

Fowler lights a nearby candle - a photo of the twin brothers.

A pair of hands work over a keyboard, we see a New York Times. Headline reads: "**Ground Zero Mosque' Opens with No Protests...**"

Fowler opens a file which reads: NSA - TOP SECRET.

He scrolls to see endless amounts of Classified Information from the F.B.I., CIA, French authorities and the NSA pertaining to a suspected, French militant - IMAM HASSAN RAUF (60'S).

Fowler holds up a 2008 photo of the New York radical IMAM HASSAN RAUF. He sits in the French Fremantle federal prison visiting area across from Algerian terrorist.

FOWLER

Hassan Rauf. French citizen.
Suspected North Africa operations.
81 dead...

Computer screen reads: ISIS, Eastern Syria, NEW YORK CITY.

Fowler reaches for his tight fitting gloves, Navy pea jacket, 9 millimeter Glock.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
I'm coming for ya' David.

INT. ESCALADE - 3:30 AM - SAME NIGHT

A drugged out carrier, SKINNY BOY (30'S) along with partner THULE (30'S) drives cautiously through dense New York City fog.

Thule loads up a fat line of crystal methamphetamine, lifts - up the mirror and snorts.

THULE
There it is. I love the Hudson
River fog in the evening.

Thule boy opens up a satchel laying on his lap and we see money, lot's of it. On top of that, a loaded automatic weapon.

SKINNY BOY
95 G's, Thule. We could do some
real damage.

THULE
We don't show up with it, what do
you think would happen? You'd be
dead before you could swipe up a
tinder girl.

From behind, lone headlights of a dark sedan. The sedan then veers off to another street - Fowler.

EXT. ISOLATED INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Skinny Boy and Thule anxiously hold at a very long red light. Meth runs like galloping horses through their veins.

SKINNY BOY
Fuckin'-A, man. I'm flyin'.

Heavy fog swirls and blinds.

THULE
Just keep focused. We deliver, get
our money. No mistakes.

We then hear the loud, explosive roar of a V-8 Cudas Boss 429. An attacking set of gunning headlights appear from nowhere.

Fowler's dark nondescript sedan, plows viciously into the idling Escalade. CRASH!! Glass and metal explode outward!

EXT. ISOLATED INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A hooded man (Fowler) gets out and crosses brandishing a 9 mm Glock. Fowler opens the splintered escalade door with loaded pointed, weapon drawn.

FOWLER
Just the money, boys. And, we're done.

Fowler grabs the satchel. Steps back.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Cops will be coming. I'd get out of here if I were you.

Fowler tosses a light incendiary device into own sedan. Flame and fog. He's up the street, turning a corner, out of view.

INT. UPSCALE NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Pitch black room, a MAN sleeps. The phone blares from an end table piercing the morning quiet.

Reaching for the receiver is the head of Pahlavi Mosque Security, SENHAREEB PARVENEH (55) A.K.A., (Real Name) FATHI HAYAM.

SENHAREEB
Hello? (beat) I'll get there as soon as I can.

EXT. NEW YORK BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

Fowler, dressed like an NYU Grad Student, shoulders a bookbag and raises a single hand held spotting scope.

In a second story window across the street, we see a small Islamic newspaper publishing company along with a scant staff of Middle Eastern employees.

Monikers inside read, "Islamic Free Press - Islamic Free Exchange of Ideas - Islamic Freedom of Print."

Fowler reaches for an NSA, French printout from his book bag.

We see a file photo of a young, beautiful Syrian woman. Report reads her name is AFRAH HAYAM (29), alias NIYOUSHA LAMMA DAYOUB.

Fowler looks to identify the Syrian woman from his files.

She appears stressed, on the move. She quickly gathers her things out from her desk and loads them into a book bag.

Suddenly, from inside the office, three Middle Eastern MEN and one WOMAN enter. They don't belong.

They violently push their way in. They are "SYRIAN OPERATIVE ISIS FRENCH NATIONALS HOMELAND SYMPATHIZERS (30's), **SOHS**.

They find and confront Niyousha at her desk - support staff cowers.

Yelling, intimidation ensues. Pushing and shoving. Colleagues get on the phone to the police.

Fowler breaks from his perch and quickly makes his way across the rooftop back toward the access door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Niyousha runs across 42nd Avenue, narrowly missing traffic both east and west. Cars honk, screech and stop abruptly!

She is pursued by the four Syrian ISIS sympathizers.

SOHS # 1

(Aramaic)

Subway. The stairwell!

Fowler hits the street running up 52nd Avenue keeping his eye on the girl and those closing in behind her.

INT. SUBWAY STAIRWELL - DAY

Niyousha flies down the subway stairwell, tripping, falling. The SOHS aggressively close in behind and push others out of the way to get to her.

FEMALE SOHS # 2

(French-Aramaic)

Move!

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

A bright subway train-light barrels towards us. Doors fly open. Commuters step forward and flood the platform.

Niyousha, momentarily in the mix of commuters, runs for the open train but just can't make it.

NIYOUSHA

No!! Open, please!!

The train pulls away. She turns.

The four SOHS see the girl against the tracks - begin walking towards her. Below, the open fall of the tracks below.

Niyousha is confronted.

SOHS # 1
(French-Aramaic)
Where is it?

NIYOUSHA
(French-Aramaic)
I don't know what you're talking about.

FEMALE SOHS # 2
(French-Aramaic)
The thumb drive from Aleppo. Your friends in Syria who sent it are with us now and so is Sayid.

SOHS # 3
(French-Aramaic)
You should do them a favor and not make it worse for them.

Niyousha, angered, leaps at the SOHS with clenched fists. She is no match and pushed back toward the open tracks.

Female SOHS # 2 steps forward. Bystanders mill about unsure of whether to scream, step in, or run.

FEMALE SOHS # 2
(French-Aramaic)
Under some persuasion, Sayid told us you're the one who uploads our information up to the net.

NIYOUSHA
(Aramaic)
Bring him back and we'll talk about it.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

FEMALE SOHS # 2
(French-Aramaic)
Tell us now and he will go mercifully and quickly.

Niyousha spits in the girl's face.

NIYOUSHA
(Aramaic)
You go to hell you Kufar Ape.
(MORE)

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

You will be known one day by all. I personally am going to see to it!

Female SOHS # 2 clamps down a bit harder and edges Niyousha closer to the tracks. Next train thunders closer.

SOHS # 1

(French-Aramaic)

If you wish to play with us, we can play too!

FOWLER (O.C.)

Let the girl go.

The SOHS turn. Standing alone is a mildly preppy looking Harrison Fowler along with his shoulder backpack.

SOHS # 1

(French-English)

What did you say?

FOWLER

(quietly)

I'm just asking for you to let her go.

SOHS # 1

(Aramaic)

Well, well, well. She's got a super hero with her today. Mr. Book-boy telling the four of us what to do.

The three men and the woman size up Fowler. Fowler remains quiet, still. Tension between the group grows.

FEMALE SOHS # 2

(Aramaic)

This guy's crazy. He doesn't know her, or who we are.

SOH #1

(Aramaic)

Maybe she's fucking him. You fucking this guy?

The SOHS step forward.

Fowler doesn't wait. He strikes with lightening speed. SOH # 3, the largest one first, Fowler piles a direct shot to the throat.

SOH #3 recoils.

Fowler then drops and leg-whips # 1. Female SOH # 2 pulls out a knife and takes a few wild swings at Fowler.

Fowler counters, quickly flips the knife and digs it into the thigh of SOH # 4 who screams in agony.

The fight is over before it started. Four SOHS lay on the ground writhing.

Niyousha looks around for more aggressors. She tongues away the blood from her lip, lucky to be in one piece.

FOWLER

There's gonna' be subway cops all
over this place in a few minutes.
I'd leave if I were you.

Fowler picks up his book bag, turns and heads back toward the stairwell.

NIYOUSHA

Hey?

INT. BACK PRIVATE ENTRANCE OF PAHLAVI CENTER - DAY

Sanhareeb enters the Pahlavi back doors and is met by a tired, bald, expressionless lean man, the ATTACHE to the Imam (40'S).

ATTACHE

He's waiting for you.

INT. RUNDOWN CITY CAFE - DAY

A real hole in the wall - 24 hour Fireball whiskey shots, eggs and burnt toast. Fowler sits in the furthest booth with his back to the wall.

Above him, a TV is mounted over his left shoulder - morning news.

He opens up his book bag - we see \$95,000 in cash, a Sten Machine gun and his Glock 9 mm.

NIYOUSHA (O.S.)

You didn't give me a chance to
thank you back there.

Fowler closes his bag and looks up.

Soaking wet from the pounding rain, grim, and not a friend in the world, the girl from the platform shivers standing before Fowler.

FOWLER

(beat)
Did you follow me here? Anybody
follow you?

NIYOUSHA

No. I just saw you from across the street. You mind if I sit down?
Warm up?

Niyousha slides into the booth and places her cold hands around the mug of his hot coffee.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

I appreciate what you did. For good reasons, most people stay out other people's business.

Niyousha - visibly shaken. Her hands tremble reaching for a napkin but she can't even hold on it.

FOWLER

Just relax. Breathe.

She looks around to see half-a-dozen BLUE COLLARS, DRUNKS, TRUCK DRIVERS, REGULARS nursing morning wake-up shots of bourbon and side orders of bacon.

NIYOUSHA

You come here a lot?

FOWLER

Close to the train. I like the egg whites and the regulars leave me alone. (Refers to bag) And, I can study.

Fowler zips up his book bag.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

What's your name, anyway?

NIYOUSHA

Niyousha. Niyousha Lamm Dayoub.

Fowler knows her from her file as Afrah Hayam - doesn't blink.

FOWLER

Hmmm. Persian?

NIYOUSHA

Part Persian, my father was Syrian.

FOWLER

Was?

BARTENDER(70'S) with broken, yellow teeth slouches across the counter and barks out.

BARTENDER

What can I get you's two?

FOWLER

Couple of eggs over medium. Coffee,
wheat toast. You?

NIYOUSHA

Toast is fine.

FOWLER

Two orders of toast, Jimmy.

BARTENDER

Good enough.

FOWLER

So, you were saying?

NIYOUSHA

My father. He was killed getting
out. Or, at least that's what I was
told.

FOWLER

I'm sorry.

NIYOUSHA

Not surprising. Life has little
value where I'm from. What's
yours'? Your name?

FOWLER

(lying)

Dennis Mason. Grad student. NYU.

NIYOUSHA

What are you studying?

FOWLER

Statistics.

NIYOUSHA

You handle yourself pretty well for
a guy who studies statistics.

FOWLER

Kind of an all by the numbers guy.
You live around here?

NIYOUSHA

Did. Near Central Park as of this
morning. The building supervisor
kicked us out.

FOWLER

Us, who?

NIYOUSHA

Sayid and me. He stole my money, my ID, everything I had and just didn't show up for the last five days. So, the supervisor asked me to leave this morning because I couldn't pay him.

FOWLER

Nice guy. Boyfriend?

NIYOUSHA

No. Nothing like that. We were paired up in groups before we crossed into Jordan. Aleppo was raided from every direction. My father and I were trying to get out. That's how we got separated.

FOWLER

And those guys at the tracks? Middle-Easteners with a French accent.

NIYOUSHA

They're recruiters. French Nationals actually. They're here. They came to my office. We run a Muslim advocacy outreach magazine. A "let us talk to you before you talk to them." Those guys have been intimidating the paper for a while. They don't like what we print. I've been getting their phone calls but never thought they would come in the office like they did.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Maybe what happened in Paris made them feel they could come out of the woodwork?

NIYOUSHA

(chilling)

And, more like them.

Fowler looks down the counter. TWO NEW YORK CITY POLICE OFFICERS(30'S) enter the cafe and sit at the counter.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

I'll go. I can see you're not interested.

FOWLER

No. That's all right. Stay. Sorry,
just a little distracted. Studies,
that's all.

Tensing, Fowler slides his 9 mm out of his satchel and keeps
the Glock on his lap beneath the table.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

(distracted)

You must have written something
pretty good to get their attention.

The Bartender turns on the TV above Fowler's shoulder. We see
CNN News with Anderson Cooper. We hear the Paris attacks
commentary lightly beneath the morning din of cafe noise.

ANDERSON COOPER (TV)

President of France Francois
Holland called the attacks "an act
of war" in a speech Saturday
morning local time. He went to
say, "And when faced with war, the
country must take appropriate
action." "An act committed by a
terrorist army, DAESH [ISIS],
against what we are, a free country
that speaks together with the
planet." New York City Police
Department and other law
enforcement personnel were put on
alert...

Fowler keeps his eyes on the other men.

FOWLER

I take it you won't be going back
to your paper anytime soon.

NIYOUSHA

I guess I won't be.

One of the Officers from the end of the counter slowly gets
up. He begins walking toward Fowler, towards the rear of the
cafe.

Beneath the table, Fowler cautiously glides his hand over the
handle of the Glock.

The Police Officer moves closer. Fowler places his finger
over the trigger. The Cop passes by heading to the bathroom.

Fowler carefully removes his finger from the trigger. The
Bartender plops down the morning breakfast and check.

FOWLER (V.O.)

What about getting some support at the Islamic center? I got a part time job as a delivery guy and I go there all the time. There's an outreach, I think.

Niyousha, running out of options.

NIYOUSHA

(deflated)

I would have if Imam Ades were still there. He was a good man. He believed in peace. But not Imam Rauf.

FOWLER

Why do you say that?

NIYOUSHA

Nobody really knows where he comes from. French-Saudi maybe. I just need to find Sayid. Get my I.D. Otherwise I don't exist. No apartment, no job. I'm completely invisible.

Niyousha reaches for the bill with what little she has - a few crumpled up dollars.

FOWLER

I just got paid.

Fowler throws out a twenty and reaches for his bag of cash, weapons and books.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Maybe I can help.

INT. ROOF GARDEN PAHLAVI CENTER - DAY

IMAM HASSAN RAUF (60'S), leads the way from the elevator. He's an ambitious man who fronts for American homeland ISIS interests and anyone else who will place him on the payroll.

The Attache and Sanhareeb follow.

ATTACHE

We got the call at 4:30 this morning.

OMID (40'S) a security lieutenant, stands heavy lidded and fatigued. Before him, a Coors can sits on a desk. The men approach.

SANHAREEB
 (Aramaic)
 Good morning.

OMID
 (Aramaic)
 Good morning, Mr. Parveneh.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
 (French-Aramaic)
 Show him.

Omid reveals the beer can then hands Sanhareeb a slip of paper that is torn from a small scratch pad.

The Attache turns and exits.

OMID
 (French-Aramaic)
 We found this in the beer can.

SANHAREEB
 (reads)
 TO IMAM HASSAN FROM YOUR NEW
 FRIEND. THIS PROVES THAT I CAN AND
 WILL PENETRATE YOUR SECURITY. THIS
 IS NUMBER ONE - YOURS. - THREAT -
 115 DEGREES.

The men fall quiet. Sanhareeb inspects the can. The Imam paces.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
 (French-English)
 Speak English. Show him the rest of
 it.

Omid places a bundle of pennies on the table.

OMID
 Pennies inside the beer can.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
 (Fench-English)
 What does this mean?

Sanhareeb takes his own handkerchief and separates the folds of the top of the paper bag and looks inside.

SANHAREEB
 And no sign of a break in?

OMID
 Nothing.

Attache reenters carrying the Imam's travel bags.

ATTACHE

They're waiting for us at Kennedy,
Imam.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

(French-English)

A stinking infidel just walks into
our holiest, most guarded rooms?
Puts pennies in a beer can with a
threatening note. Just like that? I
want security to check everyone. Go
through every employees backgrounds
again.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

The Imam and Attache dash across the roof. Sanhareeb follows.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

(French-English)

Today someone has put our faith on
notice. Whatever it takes,
Sanhareeb, find out who this is and
we will make a very public example
of him. God willing. Inshallah.

INT. NYU OFF-CAMPUS TENEMENT DORM - DAY

Fowler and Niyousha enter an enormous foyer. The check-in
office is empty. A sign reads, "Be back in Twenty!"

Fowler reaches for a key over the half door.

NIYOUSHA

This is for students?

FOWLER

Was converted for grads, special
students. Up the stairs. C'mon.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Fowler and Niyousha approach a room. He opens a dorm room
door. Inside is dark, dismal. He turns on a light - not much
but enough.

FOWLER

This is it. It's not the Plaza but
it's not down on the subway
platform either.

INT. CAMPUS ROOM - DAY

One small mattress, one empty set of drawers, a small light.
A bathroom off to the side.

FOWLER

You can stay here for a while.
Students come and go. I live on the
upstairs floor.

Niyousha, safe for the time being.

NIYOUSHA

I'm grateful. Truly.

FOWLER

I can cover you for a bit. Give you
time to find Sayid, your I.D. Get
your life back. Those guys won't
know you're here.

Fowler crosses and turns on the radiator.

NIYOUSHA

(carefully)

I just get the room? We just met.
Nothing is this easy. Everybody has
a price.

FOWLER

I won't be letting myself in and
suggesting more if that's what you
think. Don't bring any friends
here. Just keep it off the grid.

NIYOUSHA

And, all of this is just free?

FOWLER

I don't have a price if that's what
you're asking. And, I'm not trying
to jump your bones. Trust me on
that. Here's the key. I'll be back
around six. Bathroom is here. Hot
shower is in there. When I get
back, if you're here, you're here.
If you're not, you're not. Just
take it for what it is, if not,
that's okay too and I'll see ya'.

Fowler moves to the door, opens it, turns.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Mostly all students here. Anybody
asks, you're a friend of mine.

(MORE)

FOWLER (CONT'D)

These are all the locks. Here's the key. Gets some rest. Relax. You're not being set up.

The door shuts.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

Elevator opens. Fowler steps out. Disinterested grad students pass by him by in the hallway. Fowler blends like any other.

Fowler turns, scans. Corridor empty. He bends down and peers into the keyhole of the dead-bolt lock.

A small piece of lint protrudes from the keyhole. He uses a tweezers to remove the lint. He reaches for his weapon and carefully reaches the door.

He steps in closing the door behind him.

INT. FOWLER'S ROOM - DAY

Fowler pulls out the Sten Machine gun from his book bag and tosses the satchel of money on the bed. 95,000 dollars.

He turns on the light and the radio.

He crosses and eyeballs the closet keyhole. He reaches in with his tweezers and pulls out a second piece of lint.

He opens the closet and turns on the closet light.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

We see pressed school shirts and khakis which hang to the right. Dark street and mission clothes to the left.

He pushes against a false wall. It opens with ease.

Inside we see: One square foot box containing a dozen military hand grenades, one .357 Magnum, a long range Remington .270 sniper rifle with a scope and five large crates of ammunition.

Fowler puts the Machine Gun back in its case.

He checks his laptop computer, a box full of semi-conductors, wire and condensers, books on architecture, drawings, blueprints w/ NY City Building Codes.

He closes the closet door. He then sits at his small desk.

Files and newspapers lay neatly stacked i.e., headlines. Paris Attacks Rock France - ISIS Militant Cells - Charlie Hebdo - Attacked!

Fowler reaches for an envelope:

**UNITED STATES CLASSIFIED - OPERATION CIVILIZATION RESOLVE -
TOP SECRET: HIGHEST CLASSIFIED OPERATION.**

INT. ARMY NAVY GARRISON WEAPON SUPPLY FT. WAYNE INDIANA - DAY

U.S. ARMY CORPORAL PENNINGTON (30's) and CORPORAL JIMMY MATLOW (20'S) inventory a carefully guarded and missing cache of deadly SCG Bulk propellants - propelling charges, and devices containing C-4 plastic explosives.

CORPORAL PENNINGTON

(phone)

We have a leak down here in the
Special Warfare Weapons Depo. 2000
pounds of C-4 are missing. Looks
like thermal plastic explosives
with aluminum incendiary. All gone.
We've been penetrated.

INT. 57TH STREET HAIR SALON - DAY

LILLENE (50's), cold eyes, rough and aggressive, smacks morning gum like a mower through grass while overseeing her hair salon.

Fowler, wearing a hoodie, enters carrying his sandwich delivery hamper.

Lillene gestures him to the back.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Fowler enters. Behind a desk is an old cigar chomping man named LOU (60's). He reads a horse racing forum - bones stick out of his chest like snapped bamboo.

LOU

Hiya', Mason.

FOWLER

Hey, Lou.

Fowler places down his sandwich hamper.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Lillene's standing post out there
like she's the head of the Ted
Nugent committee.

LOU

My little Spanish Doberman. My
first line of defense.

Phone flashes with a red light. Lou holds up a twenty, waves off the change. Lou, picks up the phone.

LOU (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Lou listens intently, writes nothing down, then rolls his own head back and commits it to memory. (Nothing written - no evidence)

LOU (CONT'D)

I got it, Ski. A hunnert' to win,
Beefstake John in the fourth.

Hangs up.

LOU (CONT'D)

What's your action, kid?

FOWLER

Conrad's Favor in the sixth.

Lou nods, rolls his head again.

LOU

God almighty, what a shitty bet. I figure she'll go off at fifty to one. Word is out on you, Mason old boy.

FOWLER

Yeah, and what's the good word, Louie?

LOU

You're just a natural-born-loser.

FOWLER

Appreciate the sentiment. Here's your pastrami on rye.

INT. MASOULEHS PERSIAN CUISINE - DAY

Fowler enters the back door from the rain. A bell jingles above. Rain drives hard from outside. He shakes off his parka.

Up front, an Iranian WAITER (50's) is on the phone taking an order.

WAITER

Some shiriri, naan, okay, dry and wet pastries, havla, sohan. Enough for 12 or so? Okay.

Fowler moves closer to the front. He sees the rather large order going to the Pahlavi Mosque Head of Security.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Marjan Donya. Pahlavi Center. Yes,
ma'am. About forty minutes.

FOWLER
Pahlavi Center?

WAITER
Dennis? Freedom Tower'ish.
Downtown. You want this one?

Waiter hands Fowler the order. It reads: "TO BE DELIVERED TO
MARJAN DONYA - PERSONAL ASSISTANT - SANHAREEB PARVENEH - HEAD
OF SECURITY.

Tension rises. (They found the beer can).

FOWLER
(beat)
Yeah. I'll take this one.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanhareeb sits across from FBI SPECIAL TASK FORCE OFFICER
MICHAEL BOZIAN (40's) and WASHINGTON HOMELAND SECURITY
OFFICER JAMES ALLISON (50'S).

Sanhareeb is flanked by a dozen other Mosque security
personnel.

OFFICER ALLISON (CONT'D)
Could be a thousand homegrown
groups. One guy with a grudge, or
even someone from the inside.
Anybody come to mind? Anybody who's
made overtures before?

OFFICER BOZIAN
Mosque near the 9/11 site has its
share of controversy. Not something
people will soon forget.

SANHAREEB
We've had protests in the beginning
but it's all settled down. We've
earned the communities trust with
plenty of outreach.

OFFICER ALLISON
When did you start working here?

SANHAREEB

I fled Syria, came here and went to work for Imam Ades. It was his idea to bring forward the true, peaceful face of Islam.

OFFICER BOZIAN

Where is he now?

SANHAREEB

Heart complications. He went back home for treatment. I agreed to stay on.

OFFICER ALLISON

Then Imam Rauf took over?

SANHAREEB

Yes.

OFFICER BOZIAN

Well, someone doesn't like you here and by the appearance of "Threat", he's going to be back. And, he's going to want something. The question is, *what's it gonna' be?*

INT. MARJAN' DESK AREA - DAY

MARJAN DONYA (30's,) Sanhareeb's first assistant, stylish, professional, intelligent, sits at her desk, working, taking notes.

MARJAN

(phone)

Through Dubai. Six or so. Okay, thank you.

INT. SECOND FLOOR ELEVATOR - DAY

Elevator doors open.

Fowler stands carrying his delivery hamper, hoodie, pulled over his brow. Before him, Federal Officers Bozian and Homeland Officer Allison.

OFFICER ALLISON

Something sure smells good.

FOWLER

Masoulehs. 62nd Ave.

Fowler and the Officers cross. He extends a menu to Officer Bozian.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Here, please, take a menu.

The doors close.

INT. MARJAN'S DESK - DAY

Fowler approaches holding his head down. Marjan begins clearing her desk to make room for the delivery hamper.

FOWLER
Big meeting today?

MARJAN
Yes. Lunatics never rest. You can put it right here.

Fowler turns to see Security Personnel coming towards him down the hallway.

SECURITY PERSONNEL # 1
(Farsi)
It happened sometime this morning.
Pouya's shift.

Marjan takes notice of Fowler's black gloves.

MARJAN
Cold out there?

FOWLER
Like a knife cutting right off the river.

Fowler glances into Sanhareeb's office as the Security Personnel enter and begin taking seats.

MARJAN
What do I owe you?

FOWLER
Sixty-seven, thirty- nine.

Marjan hands Fowler three twenties, a five and two ones. She digs into her desk for the remaining change.

Fowler eyes Marjan's delicate fingers meticulously counting the cash and pennies before him.

She hands it to him.

MARJAN
Here you go.

FOWLER

Thank you.

MARJAN

That gets us even, and here,
another ten for you.

FOWLER

I appreciate that. Helps cover the
books.

More security personnel approach.

Fowler turns away from her desk, makes for the elevator.
Elevator doors open - Fowler's enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Fowler carefully places the pennies into a small plastic,
glad baggy with his gloved fingers. Presses button for first
floor.

INT. MASOULES PERSIAN CUISINE - DAY

Fowler enters the restaurant through the back door. He shakes
the water off.

A runty shallow face of a man approaches, ARMEEN (50'S).
Armeen reaches for Fowler's collar.

ARMEEM

Hey? What the hell is this, Dennis?

FOWLER

What?

ARMEEM

The dirty neck! Streaks of dirt
down your back like shit coming
down. You ever take a bath, kid?

Fowler steps back from Armeen to get some distance.

FOWLER

It's called hard work, Armeen.
Uptown and downtown all day long.

ARMEEM

Well, shower up, will you? I don't
need the health department up my
ass over you!

FOWLER

I get it.

Armeen turns and makes his way to the counter.

Fowler is slow to react. He then reaches for his hair, squeezes his fingers as black dye oozes through his finger tips.

EXT. 42ND AVE - DAY

Fowler sprints up the street at full stride.

INT. FOWLER'S ROOM - DAY

Fowler carefully places the pennies from the glad baggy in a glass jar with dozens of others.

INT. FOWLER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fowler meticulously covers the bathroom floor in plastic. He reaches for a new box of black hair dye.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - EVENING - NIGHT

The door is slightly ajar.

Niyousha sits at her laptop computer. In the side of her Mac is the thumbnail drive the SOHS operatives are after.

On screen we see various images of Syrian news, atrocities, bloodshed, lists of names, locations, images of the Paris attacks.

Fowler approaches the open door, gently knocks and enters.

FOWLER

Hello?

Niyousha, refreshed. Less agitated, aware, bright, unfaltering.

NIYOUSHA

(turns)

Hi.

Fowler steps inside the room and takes in Niyousha's newly added fixtures and surroundings.

FOWLER

(cautious)

Looks like you've been busy today.

NIYOUSHA

I went to the train station where I had my laptop and a few things stuffed in a locker.

With a perceptive eye, Fowler looks to see a CD player, a card-table with a make-shift dinner for two, flowers, a candle, and a cheap bottle of wine.

FOWLER

Where'd you get all this?

NIYOUSHA

I borrowed the table from Laura from down the hall, the flowers, Miss Coffin was throwing out, and the wine I got when I was out. Thought you might like a little dinner.

Fowler, uneasy.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

Fowler, begins to close the door behind him but then it's pushed open by a 300 pound black woman, LAURA ROCK (20'S).

LAURA ROCK

This is all... Oh, hi Dennis. This is all I had, Niya. Two chipped mugs, two tea bags and some sweet and low.

NIYOUSHA

(eyes on Fowler)

Thank you, Laura.

Laura leaves the room and shuts the door.

LAURA ROCK

Have fun!

The upbeat moment grows awkwardly quiet. The two stand in a staggered silence.

NIYOUSHA

(beat)

Something wrong? I just thought I'd try and give the place a little atmosphere. Say, "Thanks" you know? But I guess, I see now that was a bad idea.

Niyousha's welcome shrinks. She sits on the bed and turns away.

FOWLER

I just didn't expect this.

NIYOUSHA
(softly)
I'm sorry.

Fowler instinctively moves to the computer. Images of Syria, its chaos, brutality, the Parisian attacks.

FOWLER
(beat)
What's all this?

NIYOUSHA
The work I've been involved in.
It's what those guys on the
platform were after. The thumbnail.
Like I said in the cafe, we think
they're, French-Syrian Operative
Homeland Sympathizers, or "SOHS."
They did the same thing in Berlin,
but now they're here and more
aggressive.

FOWLER
They want your thumb drive?

NIYOUSHA
Yes.

FOWLER
How long have they known about you?

NIYOUSHA
I worked with a network out of
Berlin, called the Hayat. We use
all the information we can find to
counter ISIS, native born jihadist
converts wherever we can. We focus
on the counseling of families,
those whose son's and daughters are
persuaded by it. We try to reverse
it, if possible. Talk with them.
They've known of me for a while.

Fowler, intensely interested.

FOWLER
They tied to the mosque?

NIYOUSHA
I don't know. But they're getting
their support from somewhere inside
the states.

FOWLER

(cautious)

The drive. What's on it?

NIYOUSHA

Everything that can be reported about them and uploaded at designated times. They attack our sites so web addresses are smuggled around in newspapers, mailers, Craig's list. Strongholds, captives, torture, their plans, executions, human trafficking routes. All we can find, upload and share. We work with Anonymous. They're waging cyber war on their sites, and social recruiting platforms. We correspond through our contacts in Jordan to friends and families in Syria. Upload from wherever we can on thumb-drives like this that are smuggled out.

FOWLER

Locations of hostages?

NIYOUSHA

Information, rumors, sightings is always coming in.

Fowler doesn't bat an eye. He moves and looks to the laptop images; brutality, victims, refugees, militants pushing and bullying the locals.

FOWLER

(beat)

You're a threat to them.

NIYOUSHA

That's why I need my things. I went back to our old apartment.

FOWLER

This morning?

NIYOUSHA

After I got my computer. The manager was holding some of my stuff. He told me where I can find Sayid. He has my passport and ID.

Fowler pauses, then turns.

FOWLER

He give you an address?

INT. ISIS STRONGHOLD AREA "A" - DAY

David, wheezing from asthma, sits naked and tied to a chair in a filthy cell.

Surrounding militants hold up the wanted flyer and misidentify David for his actual twin brother, Navy Seal Captain Harrison Fowler.

They place it on the wall before David. They pull his hair back and place a long knife to his throat.

ISIS MILITANT # 2
You have done some very bad things
to our soldiers, Captain.

Dr. Fowler pays handsomely for his brother's capable reputation.

DAVID FOWLER
(slouches, barely audible)
I'm not him. It's not me. It's
not...

INT. ISIS STRONGHOLD AREA "B" - DAY

Michelle Andrepont and Dianne Renegan, beaten up and in shock, slowly begin undressing before dozens of captives.

Militant # 4 smiles. He undoes his belt.

ISIS MILITANT # 4
(Aramaic)
First me, then the rest of you.

INT. HALLWAY - NIYOUSHA'S OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

SOHS # 1 and Female SOHS # 2 follow the upbeat BUILDING SUPERVISOR (60'S) down the upper floor hallway.

BUILDING SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
She just did come by today but,
boy, she sure looked spooked.
Boyfriend ran out on her, didn't
pay the rent. They couldn't stay of
course...

SOHS # 1
Boyfriend?

BUILDING SUPERVISOR
Sayid. You say you're the girl's
sister?

FEMALE SOHS # 2

Yes, Sarat Dayoub. Our whole family is very worried about her. You can imagine.

BUILDING SUPERVISOR

Young girl, big city, alone, no passport, no place to live. We don't like asking people to leave, but...

They arrive at the apartment door.

BUILDING SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Well, I gave her the boy's address, you might want to start there.

The Supervisor opens the door.

Female SOHS # 2 reaches for a long knife from the back of her belt and coat, the other reaches for his I-Phone.

BUILDING SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

No problem. Happy to help. Here, c'mon inside.

EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

The cab leaves. Fowler and Niyousha, a dark, quiet street.

NIYOUSHA

This is it.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Fowler and Niyousha arrive at the bottom entrance.

FOWLER

It'll be better for me just to go up and get it. I'll give him my number if he wants to call you.

NIYOUSHA

Okay.

FOWLER

I'll be right back.

INT. BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT

Fowler works his way through the entrance and up the dingy, dank stairwell.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fowler steps out into the hallway. Eerily empty. Fowler takes his Glock out of his coat pocket. He screws on a silencer.

He arrives at 2B.

INT. SAYID'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Sayid's door, partially ajar. Fowler cautiously pushes it back open.

Fowler steps in.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dim, darkly lit. Fowler makes towards the bedroom. He approaches the bedroom door - pushes it wide with the tip of his silencer.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fowler enters. He sees two butchered bodies lying on the bed, i.e., Sayid and his black GIRLFRIEND (30'S).

The room is turned upside down and inside out. Drawers emptied and ransacked. Furniture knocked about, lamps turned over. (SOHS handiwork in search of the thumb drive)

Fowler hears a small noise coming from the closed closet door.

He keeps his weapon pointed.

Suddenly, pushing through the closet door, executioner SOHS #3 and #4 appear. Fowler fires without hesitation.

Four shots. One each to the head, one each to the heart. The body's drop to the floor.

Fowler pushes past them and checks the closet. Empty. He scans above him.

He inspects the SOHS' bodies for Intel. He finds passports, hotel keys, pocket change, a black phone book, addresses - a phone.

He places the phone book in his pocket. He turns on the I-Phone video.

We see the earlier landlord begging for his life as the ISIS militants prepare for his decapitation.

LANLORD
 (phone video)
 Please... God, no... Please..

The cutting begins. Fowler turns it off. Silence.

Fowler finds two things; Niyousha's New York City ID and her International Passport.

New York ID reads **Niyousha L. Dayoub**. The name on her passport reads, **AFRAH HAYAM - SYRIAN REPUBLIC**.

Fowler holds up side by side. Identical match.

From the hallway, Fowler hears the elevator doors open. He quickly picks up the shell casings and puts them in his pocket.

He rushes to the front door to see Niyousha approaching from down the hallway.

He rushes back to the bedroom. He tucks away his weapon. He drags the bodies of the two SOHS back inside the small walk-in closet and closes the door.

He picks up the last shell casing just as Niyousha enters the room.

Niyousha approaches and sees Sayid lying mutilated next to his girlfriend. Blood saturates the bed.

Horrified, speechless, she approaches the bodies.

FOWLER
 You shouldn't have come up here. I
 told you to stay downstairs.

Fowler places her passport inside his coat pocket.

NIYOUSHA
 Oh, God. What happened?

FOWLER
 They were dead when I came in.
 Looks like your friends from the
 platform may have paid a visit.

NIYOUSHA
 God no!

FOWLER
 Don't touch or bump into anything.
 I mean it.

Niyousha begins to get sick - nearly throws up. Fowler reaches for her arm. She buckles, he grabs her.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
It's not safe here. We have to get out, right now.

Niyousha snaps her arm back and goes back to Sayid. She takes the necklace off of his neck.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Let's go.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Niyousha, breathless, inconsolable. Tears flow, sobbing overtakes.

NIYOUSHA
Sayid. This is what they do.
Merciless. You see?

Fowler looks around and sees TWO NYPD POLICE OFFICERS running directly towards them from a block away.

Sirens blare in the distance.

FOWLER
Okay, look. Niyousha, ssshhh, quiet. Please. Stand up straight. You gotta' pull it together.

The Police get close, talking on shoulder radios. Fowler gets Niyousha turned up the street and walking.

He secures his Glock in his coat pocket.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Here, wipe your face. Turn it away from the street.

The Police rush by and dart past the stairwell of the subway station.

EXT. STOOP - NIGHT

Fowler and Niyousha stride across the busy street and reach an alley-stoop.

FOWLER
Listen to me. Niyousha, listen! I want you to get a cab. Get back uptown Riverside Arms. Here's your ID.

NIYOUSHA

Was my passport there?

FOWLER

I didn't see it. Don't open the door for anybody. Don't talk to anybody. Eyes straight. You understand? You wait at the dorm until I come back.

NIYOUSHA

Yes.

FOWLER

Look at me. I'm serious. Keep your head down and eyes focused. I've got someone to see. I'll be back later. Don't go anywhere else.

NIYOUSHA

I understand.

Fowler digs in his pocket for a couple of twenties and gives them to her.

FOWLER

Go!!

Fowler turns and heads up the street.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A train thunders by rolling in to a screeching halt.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Fowler opens up Niyousha's passport. He thumbs through the number of countries she's been to i.e., Turkey, Israel. Germany, Algeria, etc.

He examines the phone book taken from the SOHS. In it, he sees a number of physical addresses and the name Imam Hassan Rauf from the Islamic Center.

Below that name, it reads: **HUSSEIN'S APPLIANCE REPAIR.**

INT. EL RANCHERO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Harmon pours a beer for his customers. He turns to see Fowler at the end his bar. He approaches.

HARMON

Two pilots, the hardware, and the munition guys - just waitin'.

FOWLER

I'll have the money in place. Lock
'em in.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Niyousha sleeps. Her personal things are packed and ready to go. We hear a light knock on the door. She stirs.

NIYOUSHA

Who is it?

FOWLER (O.C.)

Dennis.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Niyousha, emotionally drained and traumatized, unlocks the door and let's Fowler in. He enters. She locks the door behind him.

NIYOUSHA

I was just sleeping.

Fowler looks to see, table, folded up and against the wall, Niyousha's things packed and placed in the corner - ready to go.

FOWLER

What's all this?

NIYOUSHA

It's time for me to go. I know I
come with a bit of what you
Americans say, "baggage."

Fowler reaches for the folded up table and opens it back up.

FOWLER

Sit with me for a bit.

He sets the chairs across from one-another.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

(beat)

You have any of that vintage wine
left?

NIYOUSHA

Ah, huh.

Niyousha moves to the cupboard, finds the bottle and pours
some two dollar Merlot into two chipped coffee mugs.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)
I was going to give the mugs back
to Laura tomorrow.

It's quiet. She crosses. Both sit across from the other.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)
It's not the Plaza, but...

FOWLER
Cheers.

NIYOUSHA
Cheers.

FOWLER
I'm sorry about your friend, Sayid.

NIYOUSHA
He didn't deserve that.

FOWLER
No, he didn't. So, do you have
somewhere to go?

NIYOUSHA
I know a family down in Miami. I
could get lost down there for
awhile. I still don't have my
passport. They'll probably deport
me back to Syria.

FOWLER
You're already here, so you have
rights. Could file for asylum,
officially, refugee status. Buy
some time.

She lights a table candle. Light bathes both their faces.

NIYOUSHA
Doing that will just let
immigration know I'm here and don't
have my passport. I don't know.

FOWLER
Listen. You could stay here until
things settle. You've met some
people, Laura, Mrs. Coffin, a
friend or two. It's good. But it's
not like, I can...

NIYOUSHA
(interrupting)
I know what you're going to tell
me. That this is far as it goes...

Niyousha drops her eyes to the table and leans in slightly.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)
(softly)
I know the kind of man you are,
Dennis. Quiet. You guard your time.
I understand that. I respect it
actually.

FOWLER
I have a life I'm preparing for. I
can't afford to get sidetracked. If
we can understand that?

NIYOUSHA
I know. I see it.

FOWLER
I generally don't answer too many
questions.

He moves in closer. She moves closer to him.

NIYOUSHA
I know. I'll stop asking them.

FOWLER
It's just the way things are. The
way they have to be.

NIYOUSHA
No more questions. I understand.
Sssh.

FOWLER
You have a place. You have your
thumb drives. You can work for
Syria from right here at the
Riverside Arms.

NIYOUSHA
You sure? You don't want me to
leave?

FOWLER
I want you to stay, regroup. I want
you to keep up your fight from
right here.

She lifts her eyes to meet his.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
That's how we'll go about it. Okay?

She reaches for his hands.

NIYOUSHA
It'll be just like that.

Both move toward the other. Fowler blows out the candle between them - darkness.

She brings her lips to meet his.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)
No more questions.

EXT. ISIS STRONGHOLD - SYRIA - DAY

Dr. David Fowler, Michelle Andrepont and Dianne Renegan are escorted with armed, masked militant guards to an execution area.

Appearances, gaunt, thin, terrorized. They are pushed to their knees.

Before them, three SYRIAN CAPTIVES kneel before three awaiting ISIS EXECUTIONERS.

Without warning, brandishing swords are brought mercilessly down through the necks of the prostrated Syrians.

INT. FOWLER'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - NIGHT

Fowler asleep - nightmares overtake. He turns and opens his eyes to see brother, Dr. David Fowler's severed head on the pillow next to his.

His eyes open wide - he awakens quickly, looks around, all but an empty room.

Sweat beads from Fowler's brow, shirt wet with penetrating sweat.

He gets up, reaches for his, pants, shirt, Navy pea coat, his 9 mm, a hand grenade, a scope, a wad of cash.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

Niyousha, energized, turns on a small TV and begins making coffee. She moves to inside the bathroom.

Off-camera, Good Morning America's GEORGE STEPHANOPOLOUS (50'S), interviews the PARENTS of captive David Fowler via remote from the Henry and Barbara's Fowler's home in Indiana.

On split screen, from overseas, we see the two other sets of PARENTS of France's Michelle Andrepont and Australia's Diane Renegan - devastated.

They are the WESTS (60's) and the RENEGANS (60's).

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS (O.S.)
American, Dr. David Fowler,
Australian NGO Dianne Renegan and
France's Michelle Andrepont who
were providing war relief supplies
to fleeing Yazidi refugees, were
abducted at the site in Kurdistan's
Sinjar following the coordinated
attacks in Paris...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Niyousha begins cutting her own hair and reaches for a box of **blonde** (feminine) hair dye treatment.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Fowler stands riveted to the 42nd Avenue, Times Square Jumbotron. On it, his actual parents and photos of his brother David.

Burl Ives sings: "It's a holly, jolly Christmas, it's the best time of year."

Father to both brothers, Henry Fowler, devastated. Subtitles from the jumbo read.

HENRY FOWLER
(subtitles)
We've been in touch with, Amnesty,
the Red Cross and other agencies...
We pray for our son, and the other
captives.

Fowler, determined, turns and heads down the subway.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Niyousha crosses 50th West Fourth St. Hair, now blonde and shoulder length is pulled back from behind her ears.

EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO PAHLAVI CENTER - DAY

Fowler inserts a twelve inch tire-iron into the manhole cover and pries it upward. He climbs down into the hole.

EXT. UNDERGROUND - DAY

A snap-light streamlines the view.

Fowler arrives to a hole in the bedrock. He rattles a tire iron - no rats. He points his flashlight inside. We see a small recording device.

Fowler plugs in his headphones. He hears a number of voices which speak Farsi.

INT. UPS STORE - DAY

Niyousha approaches her P.O. Box. She looks around. Trembling hands turn a key. We see a small box with a dozen more thumb drives.

INT. BRENTANOS BOOKSTORE - DAY

Niyousha walks inside. She is presentable, professional.

NIYOUSHA
I'm here to apply for the job
that's advertised in the window.

EXT. THE PAHLAVI CENTER - DAY

Key construction continues throughout. The entrance peaks with morning activity.

Sanhareeb and security assistant Omid mingle on the sidewalk, keeping their eyes open.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING NEAR THE MOSQUE - DAY

Fowler, from a safe and distant vantage point, focuses his long-range camera lens on Sanhareeb. He begins snapping pictures.

Fowler looks at his watch, 4,3,2,1...

INT. MOSQUE ELEVATOR - DAY

Suddenly, all power and circuits are thrown! Pahlavi personnel are suddenly thrown down hard and shaken to the floor.

EXT. MOSQUE STREET - DAY

Mosque and construction personnel flee to the safety of the streets in droves. Distant sirens begin to wail.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

FBI Officer Bozian and Homeland Officer Alison along with Sanhareeb examine the second beer can.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Same M.O. (reads) TO IMAM HASSAN
FROM YOUR NEW FRIEND. THIS PROVES
THAT I CAN PENETRATE YOUR SECURITY.
NUMBER TWO.- THREAT - 115 DEGREES.

SANHAREEB
He's not crazy. He's letting us
know what he can do. He's going to
want something very specific.

OFFICER ALLISON
And what might that be?

SANHAREEB
For the center to shut down. A way
of warning us?

OFFICER BOZIAN
I'm not even sure if it's
productive to clear out the mosque.

OFFICER BOZIAN (CONT'D)
Get your people evac' ready. In the
meantime, we wait. Leave it alone.
He's going to make a demand and
will want the money - a ransom.
He's got to show up SOMEWHERE to
pick it up sometime. By air or by
sea, we get him at the drop.

INT. DINER - DAY

Fowler places a wad of money on the counter before a second
muscular BOOKIE named MOONEY (30'S).

MOONEY
There he is. My Wednesday afternoon
sure thing. How is Mr. Long Shot
doing these days?

INT. WASHINGTON CRIMINALIST LAB - DAY

FBI AGENT ROTA (30's) previews a wide fingerprint that was
captured from the penny from the beer can.

Screen Text reads: **11 NAMES IN THE GREATER NEW YORK CITY AREA
WITH THREE POINT PARTIAL LOOP. INFORMATION AS FOLLOWS:**

We see: MARJAN ILLIEL DONYA, AGE 33, ALGERIAN FEMALE, 5'4,
110 LBS. 8991 91ST. ST. ROAD QUEENS, NYC. PASSPORT PHOTO
INCLUDED.

The fingerprint belongs to: Pahlavi mosque and Sanhareeb's
Personal Secretary - Marjan Donya.

Agent Rota picks up the telephone.

AGENT ROTA
Get me Agent Bozian.

EXT. PAHLAVI CENTER - DAY

Officers Bozian and Alison's car pulls to an abrupt stop before the mosque and both fly out of their car.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE DAY

Sanhareeb's face is fatigued, worn thin by the strain. Bozian and Allison, with loyalty to no one, consider the forensic printout. (The Secretary's fingerprint on the penny)

OFFICER BOZIAN (CONT'D)
Don't believe it, or, don't want to believe it?

SANHAREEB
(hoarsely)
I don't know. There's got to be an answer.

OFFICER ALLISON
No denying the print on that penny is your Personal Assistant's.

SANHAREEB
No. There is no denying. I'll bring her in.

MORE - MINUTES LATER

Marjan Donya sits before the three.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Since we don't know you as well as your boss, Mr. Parveneh, why don't you tell us a little bit about yourself.

She frowns, but...

MARJAN
Okay. Born and raised in Algiers. Immigrated when I was fifteen to Paris. Moved to Queens when I was twenty. Father found work as an automobile salesman. I mean, does this help?

SANHAREEB
How about some tea?

Marjan gets up. She slowly sits.

SANHAREEB (CONT'D)
I'll get it.

Sanhareeb slips out. Bozian takes his time.

OFFICER ALLISON
Why do you think your fingerprints
would be on file with the FBI?

MARJAN
Fingerprints? Oh, I applied once
for a job at the federal building
here in New York. Executive
assistant. They're on my work visa.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Where is your former husband now?

Sanhareeb re-enters with a tray of tea.

MARJAN
I don't know. He may have gone back
to Algeria for all I know. We don't
speak.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Has he tried to contact you?

MARJAN
Is he under suspicion? Am I?

OFFICER ALLISON
Do you think when the media blurs
out a picture of Mohammed, they're
blurring out democracy?

Silence. Marjan suddenly reaches for her yellow pad and pen
and begins scribbling ferociously.

MARJAN
4:30 P.M. - Office of Sanhareeb
Parveneh, NY City Pahlavi Center.
FBI Agent Bozian, Homeland Security
Officer Allison, Sanhareeb
Parveneh. Subject: Threat - 115
Degrees. Question: Donya to Agent
Bozian. Have you at any time read
me my rights in the previous ten
minutes?

SANHAREEB
No. No rights were read.

Marjan continues scribbling. The two Officers stand.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Marjan Donya, please stand and
place your hands behind your back.
You have the right to remain
silent...

EXT. HUSSEIN'S APPLIANCE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Fowler stands across the street and observes. Remaining SOHS
#1 and Female #2 exit the shop.

INT. HUSSEIN'S APPLIANCE REPAIR - DAY

A tall, thin man, HUSSEIN (70'S) speaks on the telephone.

HUSSEIN
(Farsi)
Two SOHS were just here. No, they
didn't say anything to me.

Fowler moves to the counter. He listens in on Hussein's
conversation.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)
(Farsi)
I have a customer. I'll call you
later. (English) May I help you?

FOWLER
(Farsi)
I think I may just need some
batteries.

HUSSEIN
(Farsi)
You speak, Farsi.

FOWLER
(English - smiles)
I've traveled some to the region.
That woman and man who were just
here?

HUSSEIN
(nervous)
Yes?

FOWLER
They looked familiar. Friends
maybe. I was thinking maybe I saw
them somewhere before.

Hussein stiffens.

HUSSEIN

They came in and didn't speak to
me. In and out. What do you want?

Fowler places the SOHS black address book on the counter.
Opens the page to the shop keeper's name. Hussein.

FOWLER

Top of the H section right here.
That couple seem to know you, Mr.
Hussein?

Hussein inspects. Beads of sweat begin to break from his
forehead.

The front door jingles once more. A nondescript CUSTOMER
(40's) enters. Fowler looks up in the aisle mirror, reaches
for his Glock and sees the customer fidgeting with bolts,
nuts and washers.

HUSSEIN

(whispers)

Sympathizers. They keep their eyes
on dissidents and place pressure on
their families back home to keep
them quiet.

FOWLER

You mean like the ISIS sympathizing
SOHS? Here? In our homeland? French
nationals, maybe?

HUSSEIN

Yes.

FOWLER

So the question is, are you working
for them, or merely on their list
for people to call on?

The customer looks to the counter and exits without a
purchase.

HUSSEIN

What do you want?

FOWLER

Your name is right here in this
book, "H" for Hussein, right above
the "I" in this book for "Imam
Rauf." NY City Pahlavi mosque, Imam
Rauf. Looks like the SOHS seem to
know both of you. I'd like to know,
how well do you know Imam?

INT. COVERED GARAGE - BLUE VAN - DAY

Fowler, wearing an HVAC company windbreaker, looks around - level empty.

EXT. 149-TH & 3RD AVE. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Fowler pulls the van to the side of the curb and parks. He gets out of the van and unscrews the license plate and throws it down the sewer grate.

He looks up and opens up the back doors of his van. A wooden crate reads: Ft. Wayne Indiana - U.S. Ammunition Garrison.

Fowler reaches in and we see THERMAL-INCENDIARY PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES - BLACK RELAY TIMERS.

He places a dozen of them carefully inside his backpack.

EXT. 3RD AVENUE & 149TH - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Fowler, now wearing a ball cap and a repair man's jacket, refers to the Intel in the captured SOHS cell phone.

He double-checks the address. He confirms it but why an abandoned, empty 50 story building?

Fowler shoulds his backpack, picks up his tool bag and finds a hole in the fence.

INT. - FIRST FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Dark and dank, the old building smells of human feces, city exhaust, and the dust of a pre tear-down.

Fowler snaps on his pencil light. From left to right, garbage, demolition piles, shadows, derelicts and open spaces.

He approaches a stairwell. He secures his Glock. He pushes open the door. It creaks open like a ship's rusty hatch.

Echoes spiral up the sky bound stairwell. He looks up, empty.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Late afternoon New York shadows crisscross the stretch of the long and wide abandoned floor. Steel pillars abound, windows blown out, piles of debris.

Junkies in a corner shoot up, the homeless sleep off a life of booze and neglect. Fowler keeps climbing the stairwell upward.

INT. TWENTIETH FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Fowler opens up the access door. He then sees in the far distant corner, a faint cubicle camp type set up with make-shift walls.

He carefully shuts the door behind him. He cautiously moves from pillar to pillar towards the cubicle.

INT. EMPTY CUBICLE - DAY

Fowler moves inside the isolated habitat with drawn weapon. Empty. He quickly sets down his tool bag and backpack.

He puts on his gloves. He looks to see a generator, heating elements, a couple of thrown down mattresses.

He rumbles through files, stacks of money, pictures of Syrian patriots, Sayid, Niyousha and her free press paper, those others who may be considered targets, newspaper articles of the Mosque itself and Imam Hassan Rauf!

He fills his tool bag with as much as he can load. Fowler then sees three suicide belts loaded with explosives.

FOWLER

Jesus...

Fowler then hears a number of voices approaching speaking Aramaic. He carefully tucks the suicide belts into his backpack.

Voices and the people behind approach from the stairwell across the desolate floor.

The two remaining SOHS and four other RECRUITS approach.

Fowler moves through the other side of the cubicle and is confronted only with a wide open and blown out window.

He approaches the sill and looks down. Twenty stories lie below - nothing more than an unforgiving city sidewalk.

The SOHS and energized recruits enter the cubicle - voices are clear and nearby. Fowler, faces the open window, has nowhere to go but out.

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

Female SOH quietly takes inventory. As the recruits are occupied, she steps out from the cubicle through the back toward the city street and adjacent window.

INT. TWENTIETH FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Female SOH takes a look around scanning the entire empty floor. Fowler is gone. She comes close to the edge of the window and holds.

Fowler stands only inches away on the outside of a 20th story, six-inch ledge.

EXT. TWENTIETH FLOOR LEDGE - DAY

Fowler drops his tool bag twenty floors below in an abandoned, vacant lot. He secures the straps of his back pack with the explosives through both his arms and shoulders.

Fowler, carefully drops down to the six inch ledge from the twentieth floor on the nineteenth ledge below him.

He nearly slips backward but grabs hold of the broken window trim with the tips of his fingers.

EXT. NINETEENTH FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Fowler climbs through. The female SOH looks out through the 20th story window above to the ledge below - empty.

INT. NINETEENTH FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Fowler quickly makes for an adjoining stairwell.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - STAIRWELL - DAY

From the darkness, Fowler's pencil light illuminates joist beam. He places down his backpack and begins to load up the his thermal incendiary explosives and relay timers.

Ready to blow from just a phone call away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fowler picks up his tool bag with his captured Intel. He tosses an incendiary device in the back of the van. It goes up in flames.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Fowler casually strolls and tosses the suicide belts into the river.

EXT. JFK ARRIVAL - DAYS LATER - DAY

The two remaining SOHS #1 and Female SOHS #2 stand and wait near a town car as Iman Hassan Rauf and Attache approach.

SOH # 1
 Syrian cultural exhibit.

SOHS #1 hands the IMAM a Metropolitan Museum brochure.

It reads: **The Metropolitan Museum and the Syrian Cultural Affairs presents, "The Great Works of the Syrian Empire".**

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
 Get in.

EXT. PAHLAVI CENTER - DAY

The Imam's town car approaches. Doors open and the Imam and Attache get out. They are met by Sanhareeb and Asad.

From up the street, Fowler snaps photos with his long range camera.

He focuses specifically on Sanhareeb. Click. Click. Click.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Niyousha uploads the thumb drive images up on her laptop. She scrolls. We see the onslaught of ISIS atrocities.

A light rap on the door. Niyousha approaches.

NIYOUSHA
 Dennis?

FOWLER (O.S.)
 Yeah, it's me.

She opens the door. Fowler carries with him a bag of groceries, bottle of wine and a charitable smile. He comes in.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
 Blonde now? Definitely liking the new cut.

NIYOUSHA
 Did it myself this morning in the bathroom.

FOWLER
 (smiles)
 You now look like a James Bond freedom fighter.

NIYOUSHA
 Well, it's actually for another occasion.

(MORE)

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

I checked in with my friends at the paper today, let them know I was okay although didn't tell them where I am.

FOWLER

Yeah?

NIYOUSHA

They also told me that next week, the Syrian Cultural Center is putting on an exhibit at the Met. "The Great Works of the Syrian Empire." They said the Syrian Counsel of Cultural affairs asked for me. So, I'm presenting. Thought a new look. New start. You have a suit?

FOWLER

(smiles)

I have a suit. When?

NIYOUSHA

Next Friday night.

FOWLER

I'll have a few tests out of the way by then. That should be a blast. Let's eat.

LATER 3 AM.

Niyousha sleeps soundly. Fowler sits in front of Niyousha's laptop, gleaning locations, terrain, Kurdistan coordinates, images from Mt. Sinjar.

He pops in his own thumb drive and makes copy of all her files.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Busy - active. Snow falls lightly from above. Fowler and Niyousha stroll along together. Christmas is in the air.

NIYOUSHA

The standard greeting of Christmas is Milad Majid, which is Arabic for Merry Christmas.

FOWLER

Milad Majid.

NIYOUSHA

You said that well.

FOWLER

You figure out what you're going to say tonight?

NIYOUSHA

I think so. Starts at seven. Oh, I'm late for work. Got to go!

FOWLER

Okay. I'll get some wine so we can celebrate afterwards.

She leans in - they kiss.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

I'll have my suit pressed and ready. Won't be late. I promise.

NIYOUSHA

(turns)

Merry Christmas, Dennis.

FOWLER

Milad Majid.

Niya darts in the bookstore.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET PHONE BOOTH - MORNING - DAY

Fowler puts a quarter in the phone.

INT. IMAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanhareeb, the Imam and Omid converse. A knock on the door. Entering, is Sanhareeb's new temporary ASSISTANT (30'S).

SANHAREEB

Yes?

ASSISTANT

Phone call for you, Mr. Parveneh.

SANHAREEB

Thank you. Put it through.

The assistant turns and closes the door.

SANHAREEB (CONT'D)

Yes, hello?

FOWLER (V.O.)

Milad Majid, Sanhareeb. You got a pencil and paper? I'm only going to say this once.

EXT. PAHLAVI CENTER SERVICE PLATFORM - DAY

100 workers coming and going. Snow is coming down hard. Sanhareeb, the Imam and Omid rush to the garbage container across from the loading platform.

SANHAREEB

Clear the area! Get those people off the platform and inside.

Omid and his small army of men begin to clear the area.

PEDESTRIANS begin bunching up on the sidewalks. Traffic begins to snarl in every direction - a real mess!

Sanhareeb approaches the garbage container. He gently pulls it open. He sees a SAKS FIFTH AVENUE BAG resting on top of the garbage.

Sanhareeb opens it. He sees a set of PAHLAVI BUILDING BLUEPRINTS.

A Note reads: **THIS IS NUMBER THREE - YOURS, THREAT - 115 DEGREES.**

INT. IMAM HASSAN RAUF'S OFFICE - MORNING - DAY

Imam Hassan Rauf, Sanhareeb and Omid enter. Sanhareeb carries the blueprints - shaking like hell.

SANHAREEB

I think I'm going to throw up.

Sanhareeb drinks a tall glass of water. He then reaches in the bag with a cloth and pulls out a small box.

The inscription on the top of the box reads.

BOX LEGEND

PAHLAVI CENTER 48 (A) 342-2 (CODE 7 C & D INCLUSIVE) PERMIT NO. 2176-11 COOPERMAN & DAWES ARCHITECTS STRATON & SONTAG BUILDERS

Sanhareeb opens the box up and spreads the prints on a table.

Sanhareeb (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

Somehow he's got the blueprints to the mosque.

Sanhareeb points to the Red Mark on the plans.

SANHAREEB (CONT'D)

That red star marks the wall in the utility room.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
 He's telling us he had access to
 the building. Check our computer
 system. I want everything encrypted
 by morning.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Five video cameras are put in place by three FEDERAL
 UNIFORMED OFFICERS. A red chalk mark outlines the designated
 target point.

TWO COPS assist wearing heavy and thick body armor.

Sanhareeb, Bozian, Alison, the Imam, CHIEF INSPECTOR LIBBY
 (50's) CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE REDDY (60's), the NY CITY MAYOR
 (60's) and THE POLICE COMMISSIONER (50's) group themselves
 around bomb expert, NYPD SERGEANT ANDONIAN (30's).

SANHAREEB
 (to the others)
 We've made the prayer suite - on
 the other side, the command center.

FLAK OFFICER
 (on video)
 We're ready, sir.

ANDONIAN
 (at the monitor)
 Okay. Make your cuts carefully.

INT. PRAYER SUITE - DAY

Sanhareeb, Bozian and all involved surround the Video
 Monitors. On video screens, we see the activity of the
 UTILITY ROOM.

Skill saws begin their cutting.

ANDONIAN
 We've got the video rolling.
 Anything happens we got the blast
 right here.

Sanhareeb, Imam Hassan Rauf, Libby, Reddy, The Mayor, the
 Police Commissioner and Bozian all share worried expressions.

Andonian lights a smoke - eyes glued to the monitor.

ANDONIAN (CONT'D)
 This guy knew what the hell he was
 doing.

FLAK OFFICER (V.O.)
(on video monitor)
Approaching area. Cutting nicely.
No resistance.

POLICE COMMISSIONER
You've kept a record of your work I
hope, Mr. Parveneh?

FLAK OFFICER (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Okay. We're finished cutting.

POLICE COMMISSIONER
Next time you get a call like that,
you don't take matters into your
own hands, Mr. Parveneh.

FLAK OFFICER (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Getting inside the wall.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
Doing as he was instructed,
Commissioner.

POLICE COMMISSIONER
I'm comforted by that, sir?

FLAK OFFICER (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Okay. Oh, God. Sergeant, we got
something!

ANDONIAN
What is it?

FLAK OFFICER (V.O.)
You might want to see this
yourself. Stepping away from the
site.

Andonian rushes out.

ANDONIAN
Wait here!!

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Andonian reaches in the dark hole carefully. He pulls out a
RELAY DETONATOR. He inspects it with great care.

He approaches the camera - dead shock disbelief..

ANDONIAN

We got about seventy-five, maybe a hundred pounds of plastic explosives wrapped around the girder, Commissioner. All military grade.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Officer Bozian takes Officer Allison aside.

OFFICER ALLISON

Military grade?

OFFICER BOZIAN

(whispers)

I'm going to start putting some calls into our friends at the Pentagon. See if they happen to have any Special Op guys, that may have gone off the grid.

Andonian and his men enter - shaken. He moves to the blueprints on the table. The security teams and authorities follow.

ANDONIAN

If, and I mean "if" it had been connected, the charge would have blown all the junction bolts out of the columns. And with that amount of plastic explosives, nothing but dominoes all the way down - just like the Trade Centers. There's something else.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

What is it?

ANDONIAN

Thermal-incendiary.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

What does that mean?

ANDONIAN

(beat)

Ammonium nitrate. White hot fire. He wasn't just satisfied with taking it down, he wanted to see it burn as well.

INT. FOWLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Niyousha's passport lies next to Fowler's monitor.

Fowler compares on split screen the likenesses of Niyousha (Afrah Hayam) to father, head of mosque security, Sanhareeb Parveneh (Fathi Hayam).

He reaches for his cell - dials.

INT. SANHAREEB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sanhareeb is alone staring out his window at the city view before him. His thoughts drift. The phone rings.

FOWLER (V.O.)
Hello, Sanhareeb. Nice little package today, huh?

SANHAREEB
Why are you doing this? What is it you want?

FOWLER (V.O.)
I have my reasons. But you. You don't seem like a man who was forced to live in one prison, then freely step into another. Sanhareeb? I lose you?

SANHAREEB
You've done your homework.

FOWLER (V.O.)
Always do.

SANHAREEB
So, it's personal?

FOWLER (V.O.)
It's always personal.

SANHAREEB
Why don't you tell me what you want? Maybe we can give it to you.

FOWLER
In time. But now you need to see what I'm really capable of. The stuff at the mosque, that's just the fun stuff to get your attention. 2436 Park Avenue up in the Bronx. There's nothing you can do about it, but watch, clear the building and imagine. Tonight at 7:30.

INT. 20TH FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

The SOHS break down their camp and scatter anything tied to them.

EXT. 3RD & 149TH - ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Flashlights crisscross from within. Patrolmen rustle up bums, winos, prostitutes.

PATROLMEN

Let's go, let's go! Get 'em up! Get 'em up!!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE SKYLINE - NIGHT

A chopper tears across night sky heading to the Bronx.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

PILOT (30'S), Imam Rauf, Sanhareeb and Andonian look down below to see a frenzy of trucks, squad cars, people lining the sidewalks and streets, on-lookers, and traffic cops.

PILOT

I've never seen so many fire trucks and police cars in all my life!

A second News HELICOPTER swings dangerously close to them.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Hold on!!

EXT. RUBBLE STREWN VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Five Choppers now hover above the city crowd. Garbage and debris flies everywhere.

BULLHORN OF POLICE HELICOPTER

Clear the area!! Clear the area!!

Two choppers begin landing in a nearby vacant lot. The whole neighborhood begins to pour out onto the streets.

Oil drums are lit and surrounded bystanders.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Flashlights snake their way down stairwells. Cops route out derelicts and half-naked prostitutes out of floors one and two.

COP

Anybody else, upstairs?

DERELICT

No, man... Ain't seen no one beyond
this floor.

EXT. SAFE VANTAGE POINT - STREET - NIGHT

Bozian, Imam Hassan Rauf, Sanhareeb, Andonian and FIRE
BATTALION CHIEF IPOLITO (50's), CAPTAIN NESS(50'S) look on.

IPOLITO

This sure is one fucking mess! You
guys sure your information is
right?

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Prostitutes pull up their panties while tripping over high-
heels, and broken bottles. They stumble out into the chaos
before them, bright lights flashing.

BOZIAN

It's 7:00. Get 'em out now!

NESS

(bullhorn)

This is the Captain speaking. Clear
the area now! All personnel get out
of the building. NOW! Clear the
parameter now!!!

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The OFFICERS come tumbling out of the front doors and
windows, wildly slipping in the snow and ice.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - EVENING

She primps in the mirror. A light knock on the door. She's
beautifully dressed. A last splash of perfume - elegant.

She opens the door. Standing before her is a very handsome
and poised, Harrison Fowler. Dark suit, tie, white dress
shirt.

FOWLER

Wow! Look at you. You're looking
absolutely beautiful.

NIYOUSHA

And you, Mr. Mason!

FOWLER

(a glint and a smile)
Shall we?

EXT. BRONX CITY SIDEWALKS - NIGHT

Police lines are drawn - city streets filled. Television reporters with cameras come rushing in.

Officers Bozian and Allison, Sanhareeb, Andonian, Fire Chief Ipolito and others stand by.

CAPTAIN NESS

What about it, Andonian?

ANDONIAN

If this guy used the same plastic explosive sheets he did downtown, there's not going to be a hell of a lot of that building left. A lot of fire, Chief. Aluminum nitrate

CHIEF IPOLITO

What? Son of a bitch! Nobody said anything about thermal incendiary! Get everybody four blocks back! NOW!!

EXT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Large banners read: THE GREAT WORKS OF THE SYRIA'S SELEUCID EMPIRE.

The cab arrives. Fowler and Niyousha exit. Fowler pays and they begin the ascent up the stairs.

Couples in evening attire begin to arrive - a very elegant evening.

EXT. ABANDONED GROUND FLOOR TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Vacated and empty floors await their destruction. Trash and plastic bags blow about.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

The hallways are filled with musicians playing ANCIENT, Syrian, Muwashshah music.

INT. MET BANQUET AREA - NIGHT

Fowler and Niyousha approach a large room prepared with 500 white chairs, a podium, a small 13 piece chamber orchestra and the great painter's works of Damascus.

FWLER

(checks watch)

Right on time.

EXT. ABANDONED GROUND FLOOR TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bozian and the others can only sit, wait and watch. Onlookers warm their hands over fiery barrels and take in the spectacle.

Choppers crisscross above - a real scene. Imam Rauf callously takes it all in.

EXT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

SOHS #1 and Female SOH #2 arrive along with two more - SOHS #5 and #6. Elegantly dressed, the ISIS sympathizers too ascend the steps.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM BANQUET AREA - NIGHT

Fowler and Niyousha take to their seats. A SYRIAN MALE GUEST SPEAKER (60's) approaches the podium.

SYRIAN EMCEE

Good evening.

NIYOUSHA

I'm a little nervous.

FOWLER

You're fine. This is what your work is all about.

SYRIAN EMCEE

Tonight is billed as an evening of contrasts. Both heroically and tragically so.

Fowler checks his watch, leans into Niyousha.

FOWLER

(whispers)

I need to make a call. I have my eye on you.

NIYOUSHA

Okay.

Fowler gets up and without fanfare, makes to the back of the room.

SYRIAN EMCEE

As much of our world is in crisis, with the recent attacks in Paris, at no other time are the young, constructive voices of today as important as they've ever been.

(MORE)

SYRIAN EMCEE (CONT'D)

As a special guest, we have with us tonight, someone who represents those youthful, optimistic minds, and one who carries with her a vision of our embattled Syria. One who has escaped the Assad regime, and its unrest and now works for social justice in and outside of the homeland, here in New York City. Please welcome, Niyousha Laam Dayoub.

The gathering applauds. Niyousha gets up from her chair and approaches the podium.

Fowler looks from the back of the room. She looks back to Fowler who provides all assurances.

Niyousha approaches the podium. The room grows quiet.

NIYOUSHA

Thank you. Thank you... Good evening.

SOHS approach from an adjacent hallway.

Niyousha makes eye contact with Fowler in the back of the theater. Both smile. Fowler nods in encouragement.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

As you all know, in recent weeks, the world has been gripped by the perils of terror. Both Islamic and the secular free press has been targeted, intimidated and attacked from around the world.

Fowler slowly takes his cell phone out of his pocket.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

As these conflicts intensify, even more generations are lost.

Fowlers texts.

INT. EL RANCHERO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Harmon towels the bar dry when his phone signals a text. It reads: **BRONX FIREWORKS TONIGHT. 8.5 MILLION TO BE IN PLACE.**

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Fowler carefully types in a second number triggering the detonation sequence connected to the incendiary, ammonium nitrate relay timer.

NIYOUSHA (O.S.)
History, and its great works, our
guides.

Fowler gets to the last digits. He then presses the last
remaining digit.

NIYOUSHA (V.O.)
The very pathways which keep the
true sentiments of mankind alive,
are to be protected, fought for.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

An incendiary white-hot flash overtakes the first and second
floors in a instant. Ammonium nitrate ignites. Fire!!!

NIYOUSHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Where barbarity must be met with
justice, justice too must too have
its even hand.

INT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Fowler closes the phone and lifts up his eyes to Niyousha.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)
Where the habits of man, have not
been shaped by the possibilities of
our time, but only by the incited
violence of a few.

INT. THE EIGHTH FLOOR - NIGHT

More white flash incendiary. Girders explode and snap like
hallow bones.

NIYOUSHA (V.O.)
Where tolerance must be embraced
and good judgment the rule.

Concussion blasts rock the cold air. Windows jettison from
above.

NIYOUSHA (V.O.)
Judgment cannot be myopic itself or
play to those self-serving fields
which wrap themselves up inside the
rationale of something holy.

INT. TWENTIETH FLOOR - ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Fire and concussions overtake the cubicle and the ISIS
arsenal.

Secondary explosions then take place 20 stories above the NY city sidewalks.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALKS - DAY

From the view below, we see the entire center of the building rises straight up like a surging sea, then begins to descend and gradually fall back onto itself.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)(V.O.)
The best of religions taken, and
the worse, discarded. It's hope,
harvested, it's judgments,
dismissed.

Lots of fire. All four charges on the ground floor go off.

ANDONIAN
Ammonium nitrate, TNT and aluminum
powder. Fire for days, boys.

EXT. STREETS - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

Embers fall upon Sanhareeb, Bozian, and the Imam like a Christmas shower.

SANHAREEB
The war is on, Imam. This war is
on.

INT. MUSEUM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fowler takes his cell's sim card data out of the back of his phone. He steps into a stall, crushes it with his heel, picks it up and flushes it down the toilet.

He steps out from the stall and approaches the sink. He turns on the water.

Another set of hands come out of nowhere and turn the water on from the second sink.

Fowler looks up to see the two familiar SOHS, and two new larger SOHS #5 and #6. Four in all. He turns.

The way out for him is blocked.

SOHS # 1
You remember us don't you?

A quick right hand catches Fowler to the jaw and he drops to one knee. Female SOHS # 2 pushes her way to him opening a knife with her right hand.

Fowler reaches for her wrist and bends it back mercilessly and snaps it in half.

SOH # 2
(screams)

Ah!

She drops the knife. Fowlers grabs her by the pant leg and upends her smashing her head against the porcelain sink!

The larger SOH # 5 then grabs Fowler by the neck in a full Nelson pulling him up to his feet, struggling, choking, suffocating.

FWLER
Ahhhh.

SOH # 1 reaches for the knife. Fowler lifts up his legs and scissors-chokes SOH # 1 squeezing the life out of him.

Fowler then pushes back from the vanity mirror plunging SOHS #5 and #1 inside the toilet stall itself. CRASH!

All three pile in. Tight quarters - hand to hand combat.

Fowler quickly spins and head-butts SOH #5. The man drops scraping his back against the top of the urinal. Blood everywhere.

A lunging knife from SOH #1 nearly misses Fowler's kidneys.

Fowler reaches for a roll of toilet paper and climbs up and over SOH #5 on top of the stall now looking down.

He quickly leg whips the stall door into the face of SOH # 1.

The man drops to his knees.

Fowler stands atop the stall, SOH #6 now readies for the fight. Fowler reaches and lights the toilet paper near the fire sprinkler raining on all below.

Fowler drops down inside the stall. He closes the door. SOH #6 opens the stall door but Fowler isn't there. Stall door # 2, and he's not there either.

Fowler opens up door # 3, reaches for the knife near the girl, spins and drives the deep blade into the back of SOHS #6 withering hamstring.

SOH #6 goes down screaming. Fowler quickly inspects the mid-sections of the fallen SOHS for explosives.

Short rights hands to end it. He moves to the bathroom door.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Fowler, soaking wet, steps out from the bathroom. He scans for Niyousha. Making eye contact, he signals to the front entrance of the museum.

MUSEUM EMPLOYEE (20) stands by.

FOWLER
Broken pipe in the men's room.
Wouldn't go in there for a while.

EXT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Fowler and Niyousha race down the steps. Fowler tosses the knife aside toward some park bushes.

FOWLER
C'mon. Let's get out of here.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Fowler and Niyousha sit next to each other in the back seat. He's wet. RUSSIAN CABBIE driver looks in the rear view mirror.

Fowler brings his finger to his lips.

NIYOUSHA
I guess I shouldn't ask.

FOWLER
(whispers)
SOHS...

A RUSSIAN CAB DRIVER (50's) slides into 5th Avenue traffic. Traffic snarls.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Traffic pretty thick, huh?

RUSSIAN CABBIE
Ruptured gas line up in the Bronx
on Park. Rerouting traffic all over
town. One of those abandoned
buildings. Fire all over the place.

Fowler reaches for Niyousha's hand, loosens his tie with the other - takes a breath.

FOWLER
Shhhhhh.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

TV news abounds with the spectacle of the Bronx fire.
Niyousha gets undressed into something comfortable.

NIYOUSHA
What happened up there?

FOWLER
A big gas main snapped. Boy, it
never ends does it?

Niyousha enters from the closet dressed down, looking
beautiful - relaxed. Fowler turns down the TV,

We hear the Charlie Brown Christmas song. Presents everywhere
and all for her.

Niyousha tends to Fowler's bruises.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
I'm thinking, no more appearances.
At least for a while.

NIYOUSHA
Go to work, go home. Come back.
That's it. I'm thinking no more
fights for a while for you.

FOWLER
I'm all for that.

NIYOUSHA
(smiles)
At least for a while.

Fowler leans in and kisses Niyousha.

FOWLER
I got something for you.

Fowler approaches the base of the small plastic Christmas
tree.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Open it.

She does revealing a small painting from Syrian master,
KHAIRAT AL-SALEH "*Woman with her Son.*" (Breathtaking)

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Of course, its not the original,
but considering on a student's
budget.

(MORE)

FOWLER (CONT'D)

I thought it might bring back a little bit of home to you. Maybe just a little...

NIYOUSHA

(taken)

It's stunning. Dennis... Thank you.

She looks at him. Looks deeply into the man before her. Still hard to get a read but she's smart enough not to ask.

Fowler leans in once more bringing his lips to hers'. Niya's eyes squeeze shut.

NIYOUSHA (CONT'D)

Feels like I'm home again.

FOWLER

Or, that maybe you found a safe one.

In the background, on the TV, Charlie Brown and Linus trudge through a bit of snowstorm together.

NIYOUSHA

Thank you for the painting.

FOWLER

(smiles - sincere)

Milad Majid, Niya.

NIYOUSHA

Milad Majid, Dennis.

INT. SANHAREEB'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Sanhareeb sits alone at his desk with a recorder. He plays the tape forward and backward.

FOWLER (V.O.)

Just a simple phone call away. Just a simple phone call away...

INT. PAHLAVI COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Andonian keeps his tired eyes on the monitor. Teams of bomb sniffing dogs patrol up and down various corridors.

ANDONIAN

One down. 99 to go.

INT. FOWLER'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING - DAWN - NEXT DAY

Clorox bleach spills onto a rag.

Fowler begins cleaning - everything - washing walls - picking up any black tinted hairs with a lint roller.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAWN - DAY

Fowler tosses his heavy suitcase loaded with various weapons into the river.

INT. LILLENE'S BOUTIQUE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Lou works the back office. Fowler stands next to Lou's desk carrying his hamper.

LOU

What's your action, kid?

FOWLER

Surprise today, Louie.

LOU

I don't think you could surprise me anymore, Mason.

FOWLER

I want the One-Plus-One at the Big A.

LOU

WHAT? Ah, Dennis, Denny, Den. Don't do it, kid. More money is lost on that bet. Be smart. I'm tellin' ya'.

FOWLER

One-Plus-One. And for two large.

LOU

He not only wants the lousiest bet on earth, he wants to play two grand to win it! Sheeezus.

FOWLER

One-Plus-One, Lou. At the "Big A." That's what I want.

EXT. STREET - PAY PHONE - DAY

Fowler steps in. He places down his hamper and dials. Phone rings. Sanhareeb picks up.

FOWLER

Hello, Sanhareeb?

SANHAREEB (V.O.)

I'm listening.

FOWLER

Two things. You got another package like the one you got before under the helicopter pad above the Imam's office. One big New Year's surprise for you boys.

SANHAREEB (V.O.)

You must want something real bad?

FOWLER

Tomorrow at 9 A.M. I'll call you with the details.

SANHAREEB (V.O.)

The second thing?

FOWLER

It's time to locate the Governor. He's the one I want. Get a good night's sleep, Sanhareeb. You're going to need it. Tomorrow at nine.

INT. UNDER THE STREET TUNNEL - DAY

Fowler plays back the tape recorder.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

(French-Aramaic) (V.O.)

"Under the helicopter pad? That's right above my office!"

He tucks the recorder into his pocket.

MONTAGE:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Fowler sits quietly going over a list. It reads; Thirty Two Bets / Manhattan / Twenty Two Bets / Brooklyn / Fourteen Bets / Queens / Fourteen - The Bronx.

INT. ISIS HOLDING AREA A - DAY

Dr. David Fowler sits in his cell, wheezing from asthma. A clump of food is slip in through the small opening in the cell.

EXT. PRIVATE PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Fowler pulls out onto the street with a 2011 Cherry Red Ford Mustang. Tailpipes blare with fire.

ISIS HOLDING AREA B - DAY

Michelle Andrepont and Diane Renegan, famished, rest blindfolded, half clothed.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanhareeb, Allison and Bozian.

OFFICER BOZIAN
What is it the Governor, and only
the Governor, can do?

SANHAREEB
A pardon, maybe? An escort
somewhere? Protection?

INT. G-20 CONFERENCE - DAY

PRESIDENT OBAMA (50'S).

PRESIDENT OBAMA
An attack on humanity and the
universal values we share.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Fowler and a BOOKIE (40's) exchange money.

OFFICER ALLISON (V.O.)
We should prep security if an evac
becomes necessary. The whole city
block.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Fowler's red Mustang screams up the causeway.

PRESIDENT OBAMA (V.O.)
We stand ready and prepared in
conventional and unconventional
ways.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

Fowler works the phones and crosses names off the list.

PRESIDENT OBAMA (V.O.)
To provide whatever assistance the
people of France need.

EXT. BRENTANOS - DAY

Niyousha strides up the sidewalk - ready for work. She darts inside the front doors of Brentanos.

INT. TRUCK DINER - DAY

Fowler breaks out a wad of cash. MOONEY the bookie breaks out laughing.

MOONEY
You want what bet?

FOWLER
You heard me. The one-plus-one.

INT. HENRY FOWLER'S HOUSE - DAY

Phone rings. Henry Fowler, father to David and Harrison picks up the phone.

HENRY FOWLER
Hello?

FOW (V.O.)
Dad, it's Harry. I can't talk right now. I'm going to go get, David. I want you to know that. I got to go. I'll talk to you later when back stateside.

EXT. SUBWAYS STATION STEPS - DAY

Fowler bolts down the stairs to catch the train.

INT. BAR - DAY

Across the bar, money is exchanged. The BOOKIE MAN (60'S) pours Fowler a drink and can only shake his head "no."

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Fowler checks off his list as he goes. CONNECTICUT 13 / JERSEY CITY 11 / NEWARK 12.

100 MPH plus.

INT. BRENTANOS BOOKSTORE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Niyousha sits with twenty others in the downstairs reading room.

A SYRIAN EX-PAT WRITER takes questions from students and speaks to Syria's geopolitical climate and that of resisting radicalization.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanhareeb and Bozian pour over evacuation plans.

INT. MARJAN DONYA'S HOUSE - DAY

Very thin and nearly drowned with fatigue and worry, Marjan lights up another cigarette. She paces, considering every single possibility.

INT. HUSSEIN'S APPLIANCE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Fowler stands before Hussein. The appliance repair man pushes forward a large manila envelope.

HUSSEIN
Everyone the Imam knows.
Categorized by family members
first.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

Ft. Wayne Base Commander COLONEL PANDREAS (40'S), BRIGADIER GENERAL HANOVER (60'S), FBI Officer Bozian, Homeland Officer Allison and Bozian.

Screen Texts Reads: **THE PENTAGON UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - ARLINGTON VIRGINIA**

OFFICER BOZIAN
General Hanover, it appears we've come across an extensive amount of military grade plastic explosives and thermal incendiary ammonium nitrate.

GENERAL HANOVER
(cautious)
Military grade.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Yes, sir. Would you know of any Operations Specialist who may have gone rogue? Someone who might have had a grudge? Or, access to such explosives? Trained in Special Warfare Operations?

The General and the Colonel exchange a look.

INT. LAURA ROC'S ROOM - NYU OFF-CAMPUS TENEMENT - NIGHT

New Year's. The room is packed with students, decorations, streamers.

A clock on the wall counts down. Five, four, three, two, one... Screams and cheers!! New Years reverie.

FOWLER
(softly)
Happy new year, Niya.

NIYOUSHA
Happy new year, Dennis.

FOWLER
C'mon. Let's go downstairs.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Both stumble in a bit drunk and lie down on the bed. It gets quiet - a few New Years Eve calls from the street below.

Small Christmas lights blink on and off. Niyousha lights a candle. Momentarily safe, content.

NIYOUSHA
(reflective)
Another year gone by. It's hard to believe. So much has happened.

FOWLER
Yeah...

She moves into his arms. She places her head on his chest.

NIYOUSHA
I can hear your heartbeat. But it makes me feel lonely this time.

FOWLER
Why?

NIYOUSHA
It reminds me. I have a whole life and family, friends. It's like everything I know, just doesn't exist anymore.

FOWLER
It won't be that way forever.

NIYOUSHA
I know I'm not supposed to ask any questions, but...

Fowler is quiet.

Niyousha (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... one day I'll wake up and you won't be back at six, or even here anymore will you?

FOWLER

Why do you say that?

NIYOUSHA

I just feel it. By things you don't say.

Fowler leans up on his shoulder. Her eyes meet his.

FOWLER

(measured)

Niya, look, I can't control how things happen. But I can look at you now, right here, and tell you I want to be with you. There's no other place I'd rather be.

NIYOUSHA

Me too. But it will change.

FOWLER

Life moves quickly. I can't say where I'm going to be and you can't either. Just know that if you feel like everything you've cared about has betrayed you, like what you've experienced by leaving your country, friends who you no longer see, like I've experienced, know, at least from me, this experience, our experience didn't betray you. It never would.

NIYOUSHA

Sounds like you're saying something I'm not hearing.

FOWLER

Things change. But for reasons that are impossible to comprehend. And, if they do, when it feels like you can't take anymore, take this, this moment now, the best of us, and the best of me, and know that it didn't betray you. There's no way that it could.

Both fall quiet. Fowler then leans over to her.

Fowler (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Everything's going to be okay. I promise. But you have to trust me.

He softly blows out the candle. Darkness.

NIYOUSHA
 (whisper - God has willed
 it)
 Masha' Allah.

INT. PAHLAVI CENTER AIR DUCT UNDER THE HELICOPTER PAD - 4
 A.M. - NIGHT

Plastic and heavy concrete lies sprawled about. The
 jackhammers stop the pounding.

Andonian snips the detonator connecting wires to the timer.
 He falls to his side. Others stand by.

ANDONIAN
 (exhausted)
 This one was connected. He's got
 the capability to burn this thing
 to the ground.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MORNING - DAY

Fowler places a TRAVELERS SUITCASE and 142 SELF-ADDRESSED
 PREPARED PACKAGES into a secured P.O. Box.

He turns the key and locks them in.

INT. MASOULEHS RESTAURANT - 8 A.M. - DAY

Rear area. Fowler cleans up his work station. He meticulously
 wipes down everything he's ever touched.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - 9 A.M. - DAY

The phone rings. The complete team awaits. The room is filled
 with tired men, Bozian and Allison. Sanhareeb picks up.

SANHAREEB
 Parveneh.

EXT. A NYC PHONE BOOTH - 9:03 A.M. - DAY

Fowler drops the hamper at his feet - he closes the door.

FOWLER
 Sanhareeb...

SANHAREEB (V.O.)
 Yes.

FOWLER
 You connect with the Governor?

SANHAREEB

There is now an open line to his office.

FOWLER

Good. So this is what I want. You ready?

SANHAREEB (V.O.)

Yes.

FOWLER

The first horse, in the first race tomorrow at the Aqueduct to win and to pay out at thirty to one. That's what I'm looking for. Now it's in the Governor's hands. Friday, January 2nd at the Big-A, the first horse, gate number 1, and to pay out at thirty to one. If this doesn't happen, my plans will be to drop the Pahlavi Center where you stand. I hope you understand it clearly.

SANHAREEB (V.O.)

We will tell the Governor.

FOWLER

Now, let me speak to the Imam.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - 9:05 A.M. - DAY

Sanhareeb, Officer's Bozian and Allison stand by listening in. A PAHLAVI DELIVERY MAN enters and hands Sanhareeb a large manila envelope.

It's marked: IMAM HASSAN RAUF.

SANHAREEB

Imam. He wishes to speak to you.

The Imam picks up the phone. The room grows quiet.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

Yes?

FOWLER (V.O.)

Now I need a little help from you personally, Imam. I want you to open up that envelope that just arrived. You got it?

Sanhareeb gives him the envelope.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

Yes.

FOWLER (V.O.)

(Aramaic)

Open it.

The Imam opens the envelope.

His lips begin to quiver, his hands begin to shake. He sees photos of his immediate family members, one after the other, after the other, after the other.

FOWLER (V.O.)

Teymor, Farzad, Piruz, Hohsen,
Anoush, your wife, mother, father.
Nice family. All the people you
care about and all within my reach.
Now, tell Officers Bozian and
Allison to get off the phone. Shut
the tap down. This between you and
me. Do it.

The Imam turns ashen white. The Imam snaps his fingers. The tap is turned off. He nods for the others to get off the phones.

EXT. NY CITY PHONE BOOTH - 9 A.M. - DAY

Fowler brings the phone closer to his mouth.

FOWLER

(Farsi)

Suddenly it gets a little personal
when it becomes about you and
yours' doesn't it?

IMAM HASSAN RAUF (V.O.)

(Farsi)

What do you want from me?

FOWLER

(English)

You're going to tell me where the
NGO's are that were taken at Mt.
Sinjar. And, you're going to tell
your people to make them available
for pick up, and to back off! You
don't? Your family's collective
destiny is right in my cross-hairs.
From Paris straight up to Raqqa
Syria. You want a little terror,
Imam? Now you have it?

INT. ISIS STRONGHOLD - CELL DOOR A - DAY

Cell door A opens. Heavy lidded, withdrawn, beaten and thin, a wheezing, David Fowler stands.

ISIS MILITANT
Time for you to die today, Captain.

INT. ISIS STRONGHOLD - CELL DOOR B - DAY

Cell door opens. Dianne Renegan and Michelle Andrepont stand gaunt, physically exhausted. They are given fresh orange execution jumpsuits.

DIANNA RENEGAN
I don't... I don't want to die this way.

INT. ISIS STRONGHOLD - CELL DOOR B - DAY

Cell door opens. Michelle West is nudged awake by a militant prison guard. She too is given her orange execution suit.

EXT. FIELD POST - DAY

The three are blindfolded, handcuffed and led inside a vehicle transport.

Executions imminent. Michelle and Dianne begin to sob.

INT. THE SOLARIUM - LAKE PLACID SKI RESORT - 10 A.M. - DAY

The Governor CLAY CAVANAUGH (60'S), wrapped in towels having been pulled from a sauna and massage isn't too happy.

GOVERNOR CLAY CAVANAUGH
(PHONE)
This is Governor Cavanaugh.

OFFICER ALLISON (V.O.)
Sir, my name is Officer William P. Allison from the New York City Homeland Security Office. We need a word, sir.

INT. LAKE PLACID SKI RESORT SUITE - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY

The Governor paces the floor. Nervous as hell. His Chief of Staff, Harvard whip RYAN JACOBY (30'S) stands by and assesses.

GOVERNOR CLAY CAVANAUGH
 Fix a fucking horse race? If the
 long shot doesn't come in tomorrow,
 the Pahlavi Mosque, right near the
 Trade Center Memorial comes down
 right behind it? It's been
 requested of us to fix a frickin'
 horse race!! Just how do we do it?
 THINK!

Jacoby thinks for a moment.

JACOBY
 One man. Anton Cabot. He owes you
 for the zoning you gave him. He's
 thoroughbred racing itself. He's
 the only one.

EXT. THE AQUEDUCT STALLS - DAY

The very wealthy and influential ANTON CABOT (85) strides
 carefully between the horse stalls

THE GOVERNOR (V.O.)
 Why Cabot.

JACOBY (V.O.)
 That's right. When a horse wins a
 race, they test the winners for
 drugs. But they don't test the
 losers.

Cabot casually moves from stall to stall.

JACOBY (V.O.)
 Cabot goes down to the barns before
 the race. Nobody's going to
 question his right to give the nags
 the once over. He leaves the winner
 alone, feeds the other eight
 horses, a lump of sugar with some
 stuff in it to slow them down.

Cabot feeds all the nags with sugar cubes but for one.

INT. LAKE PLACID SKI RESORT SUITE - DAY

The Governor sits, adjusts his towel - nervous - very
 nervous.

THE GOVERNOR
 Eight horses are slowed and our
 pony comes skipping across like the
 ten to twenty I'll be facing in a
 federal prison.

JACOBY

(beat)

But whose going to lean on Anton
Cabot?

INT. GROCERY STORE - 11 A.M. - DAY

Niyousha picks up a few things on her short list. The things
Dennis likes.

INT. THE HOLIDAY INN - 11:15 A.M. - DAY

Fowler approaches the counter. He is dressed in a suit and
tie. His hair is combed to the right.

FOWLER

Mr. Hagerty, I had a reservation.

ATTENDANT

We've been waiting for you. How was
your flight?

FOWLER

(smiles)

Little choppy over the Rockies.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S HALLWAY - 11:30 A.M. - DAY

Niyousha approaches her apartment carrying groceries. A typed
note is placed on her door.

It reads. "Just don't forget, I didn't betray you." Dennis...

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

Niyousha runs down the hallway and pounds on Fowler's door.
Nothing.

She falls to the floor - begins to melt, then sobs. Students
and Mrs. Coffin down the hallway rush to her.

MRS. COFFIN

Niya'?

EXT. AQUEDUCT RACE TRACK - 12:45 P.M. - JANUARY 2ND - DAY

The sky is blue, the track is fast and the stands are full.

In the first gate wearing yellow, the long shot going off at
3-1, **STEEL PIT**.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 And the horses are in the gates.
 War Story the clear favorite in
 today's mile and a quarter "One-
 Plus-One-Plus-One!"

The Horses then bust out the gates - nine abreast.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 And they're off...!

INT. MARJAN'S WORK AREA - DAY

Marjan looks fatigued - the accusation has taken its toll.
 Security Personnel surround her. (The thundering of horses).

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Here at the Big-A with the One-Plus-
 One!!

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - DAY

Niyousha sits at her table set for two - alone, numb and
 devastated. She's still crying. TV News - Sports in B.G. The
 Big A.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - DAY

Fowler strides up the sidewalk - earpiece in. He approaches
 FIRST CAPITAL ONE BANK.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Breaking around the first furlong
 is Fandango's Delight, Back Page,
 Cutting Edge and Windmill Sky.

INT. CAPITAL ONE BANK - DAY

Dressed as business man, Mr. Hagerty/Fowler sits with the
 BANK BRANCH MANAGER (40'S.)

BANK MANAGER
 Nice to finally meet your
 acquaintance, Mr. Hagerty. Many
 conversations on the phone. What
 are we doing today?

FWOLER / HAGERTY
 I'd like to set up a wire transfer.

EXT. AQUEDUCT RACE TRACK - DAY

The strong team of horses bend around the first turn. The
 public address system blares!

The leaders stampede right at us. Fans are on their feet - cheering.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And coming into the back stretch
it's now Fandango's Delight,
Perfect Fourth, Say Yes, Back Page,
the favorite War Story back by four
full lengths, and coming on strong
on the outside is Steel Pit.

INT. JOINT CHIEF OF STAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Screen texts reads: **CHAIRMAN OF JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF ADMIRAL
MICHAEL MULLEN.**

The Admiral (60'S) picks up the phone.

ADMIRAL MULLEN
Admiral Mullen.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now coming on strong on the
back furlong, two lengths back from
the leader is Steel Pit.

GENERAL HANOVER (PHONE V.O.)
Operation Civilization Resolve,
Admiral. He's pushed through. It's
fully on.

EXT. THE AQUEDUCT RACE TRACK - DAY

A broad team of horses dig into the final stretch - tight race.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
By one and a half lengths is
Cutting Edge but on her heels
drives Steel Pit! Steel Pit coming
on strong on the inside!

INT. SANHAREEB'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Marjan continues to pour over dozens of sign-in logs and phone sheets. She sips coffee, fingers tremble.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And head to head is Cutting Edge,
Back Page, and Steel Pit.

INT. MUSTANG - LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY

Fowler's tailpipes blare like roaring thunder.

RACE TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It's going to be close - we're down
to the wire and it's STEEL PIT by a
hair of a nose!! And those who took
the long-shot on the One-Plus-One,
the winner Steel Pit paying a
whopping sixty-dollars on the two
dollar bet at thirty to one...

INT. BACK ROOM BAR - DAY

The FAT MAN sits, Fowler stands.

FOWLER
One-Plus-One. Gimme' Fat Man.

FAT MAN
60 thousand. Lot of money. Want me
to send someone with you for
protection?

Fowler lifts up his shirt to reveal his 9 mm.

FOWLER
This gets me to the mailbox. Uncle
Sam takes it from there.

EXT. STREET MAILBOX - DAY

Fowler approaches the mailbox. He carries the envelope with
the 60,000 in cash. We now see the ROCKEFELLER address on the
manila envelope filled with money.

He puts it in the mailbox, mails it to himself to a
Rockefeller Plaza PO Box.

INT. LILLENE'S BOUTIQUE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Fowler gives Lou a smile.

FOWLER
Guess I'm a natural-born-winner
today, huh Louie? I'll take it now.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Fowler strides confidently up the sidewalk carrying a stack
of envelopes in his right arm.

INT. BAR - EVENING - NIGHT

TWO BOUNCERS sit near the door. Fowler enters. Mooney is
flanked by two SECURITY GUARDS.

MOONEY

Mason? Ah, c'mon. 60 dimes?
 Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?

FOWLER

Tomorrow's a long way from today. I
 gave you two grand, One-Plus-One. I
 want all of it.

Mooney reluctantly counts the money - slides it across the desk. Fowler puts it in his envelope.

Fowler (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I knew I could count on you.

Fowler backs off deliberately with his hand on the 9 mm.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fowler's a half a block to the mailbox. He sees Mooney's Goons coming right at him. Goon #1 reaches for his pistol.

FOWLER

Not today, Chief!

Fowler quickly kneels, reaches, wheels and fires! The Goon goes down clutching his groin area.

GOON

Ahhhhhhh....

Fowler then turns. Second Goon # 2 rushes towards him. Fowler fires a second shot directly into the knee of the second.

Knowing authorities will soon be on the scene because of fired gunshots, Fowler redirects law enforcement to where he no longer is; the off-campus housing dorm.

We zoom on the top label on the envelope marked:

**Mr. Dennis Mason
 NYU Off-Campus Residence
 Second Floor # 2D
 168 Riverside Drive. NY NY 10024**

He tears that address label off the top and tosses it in the gutter right next to the mailbox for the authorities to find.

He then drops the envelope filled with cash to the Rockefeller P.O. Box 5150 address.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - DAY

Fowler unscrews the license plates on his Mustang. He tosses an incendiary into the front seat, puts it in gear and plunges it into the river.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY

Fowler lays out a series of maps of Syria, Iraq and Jordan.

INT. MORRISANIA HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

WESLEY(30's) lies in bed with his leg sealed in plaster. Officer Allison pulls around the partition, Officer Bozian approaches.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Got a few questions for you,
Calvin. Gunshots fired in your
neighborhood.

WESLEY
Why should I tell you fucks
anything?

Bozian grabs Garth's knee and squeezes.

WESLEY(cont'd) (CONT'D)
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Bozian leans toward Goon-Garth.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Okay, man, shit!

The Nurse comes running in. Allison signals everything is okay. Wesley concedes.

WESLEY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
He was a punk. About thirty. After
he starts blastin', he takes out a
big manila envelope, tears off a
label, like balls it up and throws
it in the gutter.

OFFICER BOZIAN
He put anything in the mailbox?

WESLEY
No. He just took off up the street.

EXT. BRONX STREET - MOONEY'S DINER - NIGHT

Flashlights sweep the street and sidewalks from left to right the entire area. U.S. POSTAL SERVICE OPERATOR (40'S) open the sidewalk mailbox - empty.

OFFICER ALLISON

Damn it.

Bozian's flashlight splashes over the orange peel. He flips it over to reveal an address label.

Mr. Dennis Mason
NYU Off-Campus Residence
Second Floor # 2D
168 Riverside Drive. NY NY 10024

OFFICER BOZIAN

We got a name!!

INT. RIVERSIDE ARMS - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

SWAT TEAM files up and down the hallway with drawn weapons.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Niyousha sits quietly reading. Then BAM BAM BAM!!! The door rattles off it's hinges! Niyousha jumps from terror!

OFFICER BOZIAN

FBI. Open up!!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Fowler drops off more money into another mailbox. Checks his watch.

INT. NIYOUSHA'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Bozian and Allison pace. Niyousha sits terrified - shaking beyond her control.

OFFICER BOZIAN

So you're saying he didn't come
back last night?

NIYOUSHA

Will you please tell me what this
is all about?

Andonian puts his head inside the door.

ANDONIAN

Officer Bozian? Can I see you for a
second?

OFFICER BOZIAN

Yeah.

OFFICER ALLISON

You may want to get an attorney. An Officer will read you your rights, Miss. Consider yourself under arrest.

INT. FOWLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bozian and Andonian approach the open room. It's bare.

ANDONIAN

See anything?

OFFICER BOZIAN

Am I supposed to?

ANDONIAN

You won't find a hair or a fiber. He's traceless.

INT. BOZIAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Bozian and Allison. Not much to talk about - quiet.

OFFICER BOZIAN

He fixes a low-end, unsophisticated horse race, collects his money all over town and mails it to himself somewhere, fires two shots to get out of a tight situation.

OFFICER ALLISON

And knowing he may be exposed, leaves an address of a place he's just bailed out of.

OFFICER BOZIAN

How much time do you think we wasted not checking the bookies?

OFFICER BOZIAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Probably just enough so he could collect and sidestep any drop-off point where we'd be waiting for him.

INT. SANHAREEB'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marjan rushes in the door and hands Sanreheeb the menu from Masoulehs.

MARJAN

It's the delivery guy, the one who delivers the damn sandwiches! Don't you understand? Masoulehs! That's how he got my fingerprints!! Handing him the change for the deliveries!

EXT. MASOULEHS PERSIAN CUISINE - NIGHT

Swat Team vans and squad cars hit front and back.

INT. MASOULEHS PERSIAN CUISINE - NIGHT

Swat Personnel burst through front and back with M-16's drawn. Armeen and others raise their hands.

SWAT TEAM MEMBERS

Get your hands up! UP!

OFFICER BOZIAN

Where's your delivery guy? The one who delivers to Pahlavi?

ARMEEM

He quit two days ago! No word! He just didn't show up for his shift.

INT. NEW YORK CITY JAIL - DAY

Niyousha's photo is taken. Sliding bars cross her face.

INT. HOLIDAY INN ROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

We see a 9 mm and plop down on the bed. Fowler gets ready to pick up the money.

INT. NYPD CRIMINALIST LAB - DAY

Jessup makes a slight adjustment on his microscope.

Bleeding through the Riverside Arms address label, is another. We see through the smearing ink, Fowler's final destination:

ROCKEFELLER STATION - P.O. Box 5150

JESSUPS

We got it! A second address!!

INT. SECRETARY OF DEFENSE DEPARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY HAGEL (60's) stands by on the telephone.

SECRETARY ASHTON CARTER
Thank you, Admiral. I'll inform the
cabinet.

INT. RCA BUILDING - DAY

Fowler paces evenly with short steps. Duffel bags under his
arm, the other carrying his covered hand-grenades.

INT. POST OFFICE SUBSTATION - DAY

Fowler gets in line. Checks his watch - takes off his
glasses. Familiar POSTAL CLERK JOEY (50'S) awaits.

POSTAL CLERK JOEY
Hey, Dennis! You really got a load
today!

FOWLER
Yeah, that's why I brought the big
bags. Thank God for e-commerce,
huh?

Joey begins loading up Fowler's bags with the manila
envelopes filled with money.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Fowler, controlled, ducks into a stall with his bags. He
begins getting undressed.

INT. ROCKEFELLER LOWER CONCOURSE - DAY

Trailed by a DOZEN COPS, Sanhareeb, Bozian and Alison rush
through the Lower Concourse.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Fowler takes off his clothes and places them in a glad bag.
He puts on dark, nondescript pants and sweatshirt. He pops on
a beat up Mets baseball hat.

INT. POST OFFICE SUBSTATION - DAY

Bozian, Allison arrive with a near battalion.

OFFICER BOZIAN
P.O. Box 5150 been picked up yet?

POSTAL CLERK JOEY
Yeah, five, ten minutes ago.

OFFICER BOZIAN
Who picked it up?

POSTAL CLERK JOEY
Mason, like always.

Sanhareeb turns.

OFFICER BOZIAN
We've got half a dozen ways to go.
Rockefeller Plaza, Sixth Avenue,
Fiftieth, or the International
Building.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Fowler stands on the curb trying to flag down a cab. New
Years Shoppers flood the streets.

Fowler steps off the curb - nearly gets hit.

FOWLER
Taxi!

Bozian, Sanhareeb and the others hit Fifth Ave through
International Traders. Fowler looks back to see them.

BOZIAN
Look for bags. Anyone with bags!!

A Cab pulls over for Fowler. He opens the back-door and
begins sliding his loaded duffels inside.

Sanhareeb sees a glimpse of the bags in Fowler's hands.

SANHAREEB
There!

Fowler looks back to see Sanhareeb. The two men freeze.

Fowler then gets in the cab - Sanhareeb shouts for the others
and begins running up the sidewalk after Fowler.

Sanhareeb (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Hey! The taxi!

OFFICER BOZIAN
I see it!

The Cab lurches forward and merges into the frenzy of
traffic. Sanhareeb and others give chase but to no avail.

The taxi blends into a sea of yellow cabs.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Fowler looks back through the rear window to see Sanhareeb, Bozian and the others running towards him.

Fowler unpins a grenade.

FOWLER
Let's get uptown, Chief. And get on
it!

The cab makes the light and is soon lost in a river of yellow taxis.

EXT. SYRIA - SECOND ISIS STRONGHOLD - DAY

A tattered ISIS SUV arrives. David, Michelle and Dianne are pushed out of the truck into the darkness.

Other ISIS members appear from the darkness.

ISIS leader gives orders to militants. The captives shake awaiting their decapitations. A knife is pulled - ISIS leader approaches Dr. David Fowler.

He presses the blade against his throat.

ISIS LEADER
Enjoy your short stay with my
associates. If there is anything
you may need, just let us know.

David and the others are rustled and pushed forward into the insides of a ramshackle compound.

INT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK JAIL - DAY

Jail door opens. Niyousha, numb, is let out of a holding pen.

EXT. SOUTHERN KUWAIT LAUNCHING AREA - NIGHT

Two U.N. Baltic Stealth Apache attack helicopters rise. One attack ship, one recon and support ship.

INT. ATTACK HUEYS - NIGHT

Fowler, Harmon and their team prep the attempted hostage extraction.

INT. SANHAREEB'S NY APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Sanhareeb enters from a long three days, turns on the light. He sees a Coors Light can with a note in it sitting on a nightstand.

The strain begins to flood in again. Note reads: "Open cabinet door beneath the sink."

Sanhareeb goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He enters, opens up the door below the sink. He opens it. A paper bag awaits. He retrieves it and opens it up.

He pulls out a small cassette recording device and a passport. He sits on the toilet and presses, "Play."

We hear Fowler's voice.

FOWLER (V.O.)

Her name reads on her passport as Afrah Hayam, but like you, she changed it to protect herself. She fled Syria with her father, Fathi Hayam who was forced to oversee government executions against his will. Both fled Aleppo and each thought the other was killed crossing into Jordan.

INT. STEALTH APACHE CHOPPER - NIGHT

Fowler, Harmon and FOUR SPECIAL NAVAL DEPARTMENT WARFARE SPECIALISTS, sit poised, quiet, loaded for warfare. Fowler hands them each a Big-A AQUEDUCT LONG SHOT TICKET.

FOWLER

I got you guys a long shot that just happened to hit. Keep it. It's worth something.

INT. 2ND ISIS STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

David, Michelle and Dianne sit tied and blindfolded.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The President, the Joint Chiefs, General Hanover, Colonel Pandreas, Secretary of Defense Carter, Secretary Kerry arrive by escort.

INT. STEALTH APACHE CHOPPER - NIGHT

Fowler's strike team prep their weapons for an all-out assault. In Fowler's hand, an asthma inhaler.

HARMON

We're into Iraqi airspace.

INT. SANHAREEB'S BALCONY - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Sanhareeb reads the typed note. All of early morning New York lies before him.

FOWLER(V.O.)
Life can be pretty surprising
sometimes.

EXT. BAGDAD IRAQ - NIGHT

The Apaches then turn and begin to cut north by northeast to Syria.

PILOT
(headset)
Haven't been painted yet. They
don't know we're here.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Niyousha walks alone solemnly back to her apartment.

FOWLER (V.O.)
Can make you feel like you're
somehow underwater and will never
breathe again.

EXT. SOUTHERN SYRIA - NIGHT

The Apaches hug the water line avoiding all radar at every turn.

FOWLER (V.O.)
But then something happens. A
shift... You suddenly break
through.

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Joints Chiefs Admiral Mullen, Secretary of Defense Ashton Carter, Secretary of State Kerry, Brigadier General Hanover, Colonel Pandreas, VICE PRESIDENT BIDEN and President of the United States BARACK OBAMA all gather before a large video screen.

PRESIDENT OBAMA
Operation Civilian Resolve is now
fully engaged and underway.

Next to General Hanover, Pentagon Specialist, Major Remark.

PRESIDENT OBAMA (CONT'D)
Please, turn on the feed. Colonel
Pandreas? Tell us what we're
watching.

Behind the Colonel, we see Fowler's mission as it unfolds in
real time. From the cockpit of the Apache, dark water rushes
beneath Syrian hillsides.

COLONEL PANDREAS
"Operation Civilization Resolve" is
a two-tiered plan headed up by Navy
Seal Warfare Specialist, Chief
Officer Harrison Fowler. His
brother is captive, Dr. David
Fowler, one of three abducted NGO's
held in an ISIS stronghold near Al
Qamishli.

INT. SANHAREEB'S BALCONY - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Sanhareeb continues reading the note.

FOWLER (V.O.)
You should know, your daughter is
here in New York City. She goes by
the name, Niyousha Lam Dayoub. You
can find her at the Riverside Arms
on the Columbia campus.

Sanhareeb, stunned, sees one more thing. TWO AQUEDUCT LONG
SHOT TICKETS. He takes them out and examines them.

FOWLER (V.O.)
A little something for the trouble
and a little something so Afrah can
keep up her good work, and for the
both of you to get a new start. You
both deserve it.

EXT. SYRIAN FARM FIELD - NIGHT

The Apaches descend and make their approach. Tall grass blows
and whips. Fowler and his men, armed to the teeth, take up
their positions.

Harmon and the other pilots stay with the ships.

COLONEL PANDREAS (V.O.)
Fowler was approached because of
his brother on two pronged mission.
To secure the release of the
hostages and to penetrate the
Phahlavi mosque in New York City.

(MORE)

COLONEL PANDREAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We've been apprised of ISIS militants finding support through a supposed Imam who heads it up. Through a series of thresholds, Captain Fowler has managed to finance his own mission. Nothing of this can be traced back to the military or this administration. Not even the hardware that's being used. Complete anonymity.

The Administration Officials view all events as they unfold on the screen before them.

EXT. SECOND ISIS STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

The Special Ops approach the compound wall.

SOLDIER ONE

This place looks empty.

An RPG blows a hole in it. The strike team take their second positions inside and press forward.

The men scatter. So far, no resistance.

FOWLER

Keep your eyes wide open. Watch your feet for booby IEDS.

INT. SECOND ISIS STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

With weapons drawn, Fowler leads his team from room to room. Red beams scan hallways and empty closets. Empty.

Room after room, empty until.

INT. SMALL HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

The Strike Team using hand signals, point to the last holding area of the compound.

FOWLER

He's got to be in there.

SOLDIER 2

Minute thirty. Still no sign of enemy.

INT. LAST HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

The door suddenly opens with drawn weapons. Flashlights are brought to the heads and faces of the hooded captives.

David is hooded and tied to the others. All sit with backs to one another. They begin to scream from terror.

Fowler approaches and hears an all too familiar asthmatic wheezing. He pulls the hood off the head of his brother.

FOWLER

David, it's me, Harry. David!

DR. DAVID FOWLER

(mentally collapses)

Harry?

Hoods are taken off the others, Michelle and Dianne.

TEAM MEMBER

You're safe now... We're here to get you out.

FOWLER

David? You in one piece?

DR. DAVID FOWLER

I can't breathe. I can't breathe.
(Relieved) Harry...

FOWLER

Here, an inhaler. Take a deep breath. Just like in the corn fields, huh?

DR. DAVID FOWLER

Yeah. Oh, God.

FOWLER

Michelle and Dianne. We're U.S. Forces here to get you out and back home.

SOLDIER 1

There's nobody here. Anywhere.
Where is everybody?

DR. DAVID FOWLER

They brought us here yesterday.
They go out on patrols. They'll be back.

Earpiece squawks in Harmon's ear.

PILOT

Incoming at 400 yards. Three minutes out.

FOWLER

Time to go.

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The Administration holds their breath with every move on the screen. Images from Fowler's helmet cam, provides narrow imagery of hallways and cells.

SOLDIER 2

Why is this place empty? We get bad Intel?

EXT. SYRIAN FARM FIELD- NIGHT

ISIS militants crest over a small knoll and begin to launch gunfire.

Fowler falls behind providing cover.

FOWLER

Get'em to the choppers! Get to the chopper!

The captives are led and loaded on to the awaiting Apache and strapped in.

MORE - FULL SCENE

Blades whir above.

Fowler just clears the compound wall. Automatic burst fill the air. Fowler is then cut down and driven to the ground. He reaches for his shoulder.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Arrghh...

The Apaches begin to lift.

DR. DAVID FOWLER

He's not making it!!

David jumps off the landing runners and pushes towards his fallen brother in the face of incoming enemy fire.

HARMON

HOLD UP!! Swinging around. Give him some cover!

David arrives to Harrison.

DR. DAVID FOWLER

Get up! Come on, Harry. Get up.

Harmon lifts and spins the bird in the direction of oncoming enemy forces.

HARMON

Hold on.

He sprays the fields with cannon fire. Militants are cut down in droves.

DR. DAVID FOWLER

Harry! Get up!!

David shoulders his brother and gets him to his feet. Both men stumble under enemy fire to the awaiting chopper.

Others reach to pull them in. The bird lifts.

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Transmission is cut. Team members fall silent.

PRESIDENT OBAMA

Get the Eisenhower in place, strike fighters ready.

EXT. SYRIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Harmon and the two other attack choppers fly like hell navigating over the hilly countryside.

EXT. NIYOUSHA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Her things are packed and ready to go. We hear a light knock on the door. Expecting Mrs. Coffin, she opens it...

NIYOUSHAA

I'm just about packed Mrs. Coffin...

She then looks up to find her father, Sanhareeb - FATHI HAYAM.

SANHAREEB

Afrah?

It's not possible. She reaches out for him, and he, her. Each holds the other and doesn't let go, can't let go.

AFRAH-NIYOUSHA

(breaks down)

They told me you were dead... They said...

Distraught by the relief of tears.

SANHAREEB
No... I'm here... I'm here my
daughter. I'm here.

EXT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

Harmon races down the Tigris. We begin to hear Iraqi, Arabic
chatter over his communication systems.

HARMON
Iranian airspace. We must have
drifted over. We're not out of this
yet.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
(breaking down)
You didn't leave us.

FOWLER
Semper fidelis.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
Semper fidelis.

EXT. NIGHT - IRANIAN AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Two Iranian Phantom Fighter Jets take off and scramble
skyward.

PILOT
We're off the grid so hold on,
we're going to have to scramble.

EXT. IRANIAN AIRSPACE - NIGHT

The two Iranian Phantoms close in on Harmon and the freed
captives.

PILOT 2
(radio)
We've been painted. They know we're
here.

INT. APACHE CHOPPER - NIGHT

Harmon picks up the two enemies on his radar.

HARMON
Hold on. It's going to be bumpy!
Apache II. Apache II, incoming. Use
evasive maneuvers.

Harmon begins making evasive maneuvers along with the second
chopper. Chopper sways left, and right.

Phantom jets on either side close in. Persian Sea, 25 miles off.

EXT. THE PERSIAN SEA - U.S.S EISENHOWER - NIGHT

Striker jets scramble.

EXT. IRAQI SKY - NIGHT

The Phantoms close in. Harmon's Apache is no match for the Iranian aircraft. Border rapidly approaching.

INT. APACHE CHOPPER - NIGHT

The Iranians lock their weapon systems on the Apache.

HARMON
Son of a bitch! They locked on us.
Hold on! Evasive maneuvers.

The Phantoms fire their missiles. The missiles hug the countryside and fly directly towards the escaping Americans.

HARMON (CONT'D)
Incoming! Incoming!

Harmon and the others flies skillfully darting below a hillside mountain terrain. The missiles hit and explode into the countryside.

The Apaches just crosses the border.

HARMON (CONT'D)
Out of their airspace!

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SKIES - NIGHT

Two American Striker Fighters blow past the choppers providing cover.

Iranian counterparts pull back and trail off. The Strikers circle back and escort the apache choppers shipside.

INT. THE SITUATION ROOM - THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Handshakes all around.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
U.S. sources have confirmed.

EXT. THE PERSIAN SEA - NIGHT

Harmom's chopper is welcomed onto the U.S.S. Eisenhower.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
Through an unforeseen diplomatic
effort, hostages David Fowler,
Dianne Renegan.

INT. A NEW YORK BAR - NIGHT

A crowd erupts with the news of the hostages release.

INT. FOWLER FAMILY HOME - DAY

The parents of David and Harrison Fowler, Dr. Brigitta Fowler
and children sit, glued to the news. Suddenly multiple knocks
on the door are heard.

The front door is opened and the Fowlers are met by a surge
of ecstatic reporters.

ANDONIAN (V.O.) (CON'T)
Michelle Andrepont of France have
been freed from the grips of
Islamic ISIS militants.

INT. IMAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanhareeb and Imam Nassan Rauf sit across from one another.
Sanhareeb puts a cassette tape in a player.

SANHAREEB
You might want to listen.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF (V.O.)
The deposits should be made off-
shore initially, then to registered
American non-profits.

TERRORIST (V.O.)
Our sources are unlimited as you
know. They are waiting to come to
the United States and set up cells.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF (V.O.)
God willing. Inshallah.

Sanhareeb turns off the recorder.

SANHAREEB
Saudi Wahabi's? Tehran's Sharia?
Hezbollah? ISIS?

IMAM HASSAN RAUF
You know little, Sanhareeb.

Sanhareeb takes off his name tag, stands up and places it on
the desk before him.

SANHAREEB

(English)

I know enough. I am a simple Muslim man. But what you are doing, is not Muslim. The violence you bring, is not of God. And, you will be judged.

INT. LONG MOSQUE HALLWAY - DAY

Holy Qurans line openly the ceiling endlessly from above. In the distance, the sacred holy Masjid al-Haram prayer room.

Imam Rauf enters the hallway with his Attache.

Officer Bozian, Officer Allison are led by Sanhareeb toward the Imam from the opposite direction. Bozian has the tape in his hand.

Pages of Qurans above begin to flutter with the very judgment of God.

OFFICER ALLISON

Imam Rauf. Place your hands behind you back. You're under arrest. You the right to remain silent.

IMAM HASSAN RAUF

You betrayed us Sanhareeb!

SANHAREEB

It's you who betrays the people of this mosque, and the tenants of our faith. It is you who betrays Islam.

EXT. U.S. MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAY

The C-140 touches down and comes to a standstill. The hydraulic loading platform then begins to slowly drop.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)

As well, in a stunning turn-around, and after much controversy right here in New York City...

INT. PAHLAVI ISLAMIC CENTER - DAY

FEDS make the arrest of Imam Hassan Rauf.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)

Federal authorities have placed Imam Hassan Rauf under arrest for article 803 of the U.S. Patriot Act...

INT. U.S. C-140 - DAY

Fowler, Michelle Andrepont and Dianne Renegan are tended to by U.S. Military personnel, comfortably resting.

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)
He will be replaced by Iman Ades.

EXT. FRANCE'S MONT-DE-MARSAN MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAY

The parents of both Harrison and Dr. David Fowler, along with David's family, Brigitta and sons anxiously await.

Next to them, the parents of Michelle Andrepont and Dianne Renegan.

Military ambulances await along with government personnel from France, Australia, and the United States.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The C-140 makes it approach and lands.

EXT. C-140 - DAY

Shadows inside the loading bay begin to give way to light and form. The freed captives step out from the cargo bay into the light of day.

David, wearing a shoulder brace, is escorted down the ramp. Wife, children and parents.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
I'm back. Home dad, mom. We're all
home now. (Tears) I'm back home.

Michelle West and Dianne Renegan too meet their parents and hold on to each other for dear life.

MICHELLE ANDREPONT
I never thought I'd see you again.

Michelle drops to her knees to kiss the ground of France.

EXT. AIRCRAFT HANGAR - DAY

Harrison Fowler who now wears his Navy tans has his arm in a sling approaches in a jeep.

David and family begin walking towards him.

EXT. AIRFIELD - C-140 - DAY

Fowler pulls up to those at the cargo bay, smiles and gets out of his jeep. Barbara and Henry rush to him.

They embrace.

FOWLER
We got him back, Dad. Everybody's
back home now. Everybody's back
home.

The twins smile and embrace.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Welcome back, David.

DR. DAVID FOWLER
Thanks for getting me back Harry.

FOWLER
Next time get another travel agent.

Fowler looks at his watch. Military personnel and press surge forward.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

Fowler steps close and beneath the grand tower which soaring above him. France's tricolors proudly reign.

Life, back to normal but also forever changed.

INT. NY CITY CAFE - MONTHS LATER - DAY

Niyousha, who has gone back to her natural brown hair color, sits in the same booth she had done some 9 months back.

She wears both her fallen friends Sayid's necklace and Fowlers'.

FOWLER (O.C.)
I saw you from the street. It's
raining. I hope you don't mind. I
appreciate, you know...

Niyousha keeps her head down. She holds still. Cautiously, and nearly afraid to look, she does lift up her eyes to see an injured Dennis Mason. (Harrison Fowler)

She's speechless.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hi, Afrah. Thought I might find you here in one of our old haunts.

Fowler carries his arm in a sling. Niyousha is stunned.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

I went to Brentanos and they said I might find you here studying...

NIYOUSHA

(breathless)

What? Who? Dennis?

FOWLER

My real name is Harrison Fowler. My parents and friends call me Harry.

Afrah/Niyousha, no words. Fowler, handsome as ever, carefully sits across from her - eye to eye.

FOWLER (O.C) (CONT'D)

I like you as a brunette. So, I guess you might be wondering...

NIYOUSHA

You could say that...

Cafe sounds, calls for more early morning shots.

FOWLER

(beat)

This may take some explaining. Got a question for you first though.

NIYOUSHA

What's that?

FOWLER

You ever been to Indiana?

Niyousha looks up to see her father Sanhraheeb coming out of the bathroom. He approaches the table and sits back down.

NIYOUSHA

(cocks a brow)

You could ask my father?

SANHAREEB

Oh, hello.

FOWLER

(beat)

Hello.

NIYOUSHA

Father, this is... someone I know.
Harrison? Harry?

FOWLER

My friends call me, Harry.

SANHAREEB

You sound familiar. Have we met
before?

We Hold.

EXT. AN ABANDONED MOVIE DRIVE-IN - INDIANA - NIGHT

Flickering lights bounce about the large outdoor movie
screen. We see film-leader counting down 5,4,3,2,1.

Fowler, Niyousha and David all sit on lawn chairs, wearing
jeans and T-shirts in the back of an old open pick up truck.

Each have jars of fireflies.

FOWLER

As soon as the movie starts,
unscrew the top of your jar and let
'em fly. That's when all the horns
will start honking.

The movie begins...

DR. DAVID FOWLER

How long you know this guy?

NIYOUSHA

(smiles)

Somewhere between nine months and
nine life times.

DAVID FOWLER

Now that sounds about right.

FOWLER

Okay, get ready.

ALL

(counting)

One, two, three...

Niyousha and the twins reach up to the flickering light with their open jars of Fireflies.

Rising and floating above them, like flickering stars they lift, dart and fade.

HARRISON
Welcome home, David...

DAVID FOWLER
Thanks Harry. Good to be home.

We begin to slowly... fade to black.

THE END

*