

THE SAVIORS

Written by

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BLACK.

Wind howling.

A methodical creaking sound - a rusted metal heart beat.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a pair of blue eyes opening.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

SEAN HARRISON - white, mid-30s, jeans and t-shirt - stirs awake in his messy bed. He turns and is sad to see no one next to him - just the indent of a body in the sheets.

SEAN

Kim?

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - HALLWAY/FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sean walks through the hall of his middle class suburban home. At the other end, in the foyer and sitting against the front door is...

KIMBERLY HARRISON - mid-30s, African-American - her head in her hands. Her SUITCASE PACKED at her side.

SEAN

Kim?

He arrives in front of her. She looks up, eyes wet with tears. She stands and wraps her arms around him in a hug, then breaks and looks into his eyes - devastated.

She places something in his hand, closing his fingers around it.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

KIMBERLY

We fucked it up.

Sean looks down - opens his fist to reveal Kim's WEDDING RING in his palm.

Kim turns to the door and takes the knob in her hand. Slowly she turns it.

The door cracks open and a bright, blinding light powers in. Kim swings the door the rest of the way and the light engulfs them both.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

Sean's eyes grow wide with fear. He pursues her into the light...

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Sean only makes it a few feet out his front door when he freezes in terror. The usually green and friendly suburban neighborhood replaced by a DESERT WASTELAND - miles of nothing but dry, cracked earth.

Kim nowhere to be found.

SEAN

Kim?

Creak. Creak. Creak.

We pull back to reveal a STREET SIGN - HUSHED WILLOW RD. Bent and rusted. Swaying in the wind.

SLAM!

Sean spins to see the door of his house slammed shut. A brass door knocker is inscribed with the sur name, HARRISON.

In the knocker's silver, reflective glow, Sean notices TWO SHADOWS creeping up behind him. Just as he turns to face them...

DING DONG.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sean's eyes crack open. He slowly lifts his head off the back of his faded recliner and looks around the dim, half-finished basement. His heart racing.

DING DONG

His wife's voice from upstairs.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Sean...they're here.

Footsteps stomp above. He looks down at the half-drunk beer in his hand - lifts it to his lips and finishes it.

He wipes sweat from his forehead - affected by the dream.

SEAN

Shit.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Kim stops at the front door, fixes a few strands of her hair in the hall mirror, and then opens it to reveal...

JAHAN RAZI - Middle-Eastern American, mid-30s, skinny with round eyes. a beige hijab covers her head but not her face.

KIMBERLY

Hi. You must be our guest.

Jahan says nothing.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Do you speak English?

(slowly)

Are you here for AirBnB?

AMIR (O.C.)

Yes.

Kim looks past Jahan, down the driveway to see...

AMIR RAZI - Middle-Eastern American, mid-30s, handsome. He wears a simple T-shirt and a five-o'clock shadow.

At his feet are several bags, and a large BLACK TRUNK. He abandons them and goes to the porch with Jahan.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Sorry, my sister's deaf. Hi.

(holds out his hand)

Amir Razi. This is Jahan.

Kim shakes both their hands.

KIMBERLY

Nice to meet you.

(looks at the luggage)

Let me get my husband to help you.

(she turns - yells)

SEA-

Sean appears, getting blasted by her voice.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

SEAN

(joking)

That's OK. I hate hearing out of those things anyway.

Kim turns red. Sean smiles at the guests - arm out.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Sean Harrison.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sean and Amir carry the black trunk by the side handles - it looks very heavy.

SEAN
OK. Down for a second.

They lower it to the floor. Sean sucks in some air.

SEAN (CONT'D)
That's a beast.

AMIR
Everything we own.

SEAN
Listen, sorry about the deaf joke
in there. I had no idea-

AMIR
Seriously. Not a big deal. Jahan
has a good sense of humor about it.

Kim and Jahan turn the corner with the rest of the bags.

KIMBERLY
Break time already, boys?

SEAN
Wanna switch?

They notice Jahan has gravitated toward the stove - on it a pot of something simmering on low.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, that's my dad's famous chili.

AMIR
It smells great.

Kim and Sean catch Amir also gazing at the pot. Sean looks at his wife. She nods.

SEAN
You...two hungry? We have plenty.

Amir and Jahan look back at him with appreciative eyes.

EXT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - FRONT - NIGHT

A modest yellow two-story house sits peacefully under the overcast night sky - lights glowing in the windows. SEATTLE'S FAMOUS SPACE NEEDLE majestic and tall in the distance.

A metal, gleaming street sign stands firm on the corner of the lawn: HUSHED WILLOW RD.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amir and Jahan sit at the table, scraping their bowls of chili for the last of the deliciousness.

Sean and Kim are only half-finished with theirs.

Amir plops his spoon into the bowl and sits back.

SEAN

You guys were hungry.

AMIR

Long trip. Feel like we haven't eaten in decades. What was it called again?

Sean looks up, a bit stunned.

SEAN

Chili...are you serious?

AMIR

I've never had it.

SEAN

But I mean...it's chili. Who hasn't had or heard of chili?

Jahan's hands jump into action as she speaks in SIGN LANGUAGE.

AMIR

(translating)

We were brought up on a pretty simple diet. Greens, potatoes. When we were lucky there was meat. So chili is a treat for us.

SEAN

(light)

Happy you liked it, but don't get any ideas - we ain't feeding you the rest of the week!

Jahan smiles and nods. Kimberly lifts a small kettle.

KIMBERLY

More tea?

Amir waves it off.

SEAN

Aren't you going to miss San Diego?
Hope you weren't too attached to
the sun.

AMIR

I know that won't bother my sister.
She's a physicist, which means
she's basically a shut-in.

KIMBERLY

(impressed)
A physicist.

SEAN

That's pretty much my favorite kind
of scientist.

Jahan smiles. Signs, "Thank you".

KIMBERLY

Started looking for a place yet?

AMIR

We have family here. A cousin who
we're staying with.

KIMBERLY

Oh, then...why are you doing
AirBnB?

AMIR

His house is currently tented.

SEAN

Bugs?

AMIR

Apparently.

SEAN

Well, we're happy to have you.
Shall we get you settled in?

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

We watch through the window of the detached garage as Sean
and Amir exit the back kitchen door, and out in the backyard
lugging the trunk. Kim and Jahan follow behind with the bags.

The side door opens and we push back as Sean and Amir enter.

SEAN

Let's drop it near the bed.

They take a few more steps and gently place the trunk at the edge of the Queen size bed. The women drop their bags.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Your luxury garage.

The two-stall garage has been converted into a cute little room: stained, wooden floors, a small bathroom across from the bed, a kitchenette with counter, a thin wardrobe closet, two chairs, and a wall clock. Nothing fancy, but quaint.

AMIR

Hey, this is way nicer than some places we've stayed.

SEAN

Oh, and those new curtain rods should be here tomorrow. Give you more privacy.

Kim digs in her pocket, hands Amir a KEY.

KIMBERLY

Key to the back gate.

SEAN

The wifi-code on the mini-fridge.

MEOW.

All turn to discover a dirty, orange CAT sitting in the doorway of the garage. It "meows" once more.

KIMBERLY

And that is Skillet.

Jahan's eyes light up as she bends down to pet the cat. The animal HISSES and Jahan quickly pulls her hand back.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

(shooing the cat)

Git!

The cat turns and sprints off into the night.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Skillet's a neighborhood stray we leave food out for. He's usually not such an asshole.

Jahan seems visibly sad from the encounter. Sean claps his hands together.

SEAN
And that, uh...thats the tour.

AMIR
Thanks again. For the dinner and
the company.

KIMBERLY
Absolutely. It was fun.

Jahan signs.

AMIR
(translating)
My sister thinks it's a great step
forward for humanity, when we let
strangers sleep amongst us.

KIMBERLY
I hadn't ever thought about it like
that. Far more poetic than "this
mortgage won't pay itself."

An awkward silence.

SEAN
Well, welcome to Seattle and have a
good night.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sean and Kim exit the garage, the door closing behind them to
reveal a cute, WELCOME GUESTS sign on hunter green painted
structure.

As they get closer to the house, Kim's smile fades.

KIMBERLY
(quietly)
You told me the curtains were up.

Sean's smile fades.

SEAN
(quietly)
Did I?

She shakes her head, frustrated, and goes back inside.

Sean lingers, takes a deep breath, and follows her.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sean locks up - catches Kim staring at the mess from dinner.

KIMBERLY

They seem nice. Great to have guests again. I was beginning to worry.

She grabs some dishes and plops them in the sink. Sean grabs the glasses and kettle.

SEAN

And for eight days. Praise Allah.

Sean laughs. Kim gives him a "really, Sean" look.

KIMBERLY

How's that estimate coming?

The mood shifts. He turns away from her, emptying the kettle in the sink.

SEAN

Marty's coming over tomorrow.

KIMBERLY

You think it's worth it?

SEAN

For the right price.

KIMBERLY

It's just gonna delay things.

SEAN

(turning back; careful)
You thought any more about another session?

Kim goes quiet, then...

KIMBERLY

I don't think it'll solve anything.

She finishes her wine.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

All right. Good night.

She pushes off the counter and walks past her husband - offering him no kiss.

Sean watches her head down the hall, turn into the master bedroom, and close the door. With a sigh he pours more wine.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Kim sits up in bed staring down at the DIARY in her lap. Her pen hovers above her last sentence: I was surrounded by good people tonight, yet all I wanted was to be alone. The sooner this is over the better things will be.

She sighs, closes the diary. She runs her finger over the BUTTERFLY EMBLEM on the front cover, then places it in the drawer of her night stand.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sean flops down on the couch and untangles a wadded up blanket - suggesting this is not his first night. When comfortable, he flips on the TV - surfs.

He looks up at the ceiling, lonely and stuck...

Suddenly, SOMETHING out in the yard - beyond the sliding glass door of the living room - catches his eye. A SHADOW.

Sean squints. Whoever it is they remain motionless in the middle of the yard - STARING AT HIM. Unnerving him until -

The FLAME of a lighter illuminates her face - a cigarette dangling from Jahan's lips. She lights it, takes a deep drag.

Sean relaxes. She's just out for a smoke. What was he even scared of in the first place?

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Sean turns the light on in the dirty and dark basement.

MARTY KLINGER (40, bearded and rail thin) scans the ceiling - a line of discoloration running across it.

MARTY

Honestly? 6 or 7K easy.

SEAN

Jesus.

MARTY

Ain't a terrible friend price.
Plus, this puppy won't sell with that much water damage.

SEAN

I know, but still. Jesus.

Sean goes over to the basement fridge and pulls out two beers. He offers one to Marty.

MARTY
Too early.

SEAN
(shocked)
Really?

MARTY
No. Of course not.

He takes the beer and the two sit down on a ratty couch next to an old TV. - Sean's never completed man cave.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Haven't got drunk down here in a long ass time. Shit, haven't seen you in...Chirst, I don't know.

SEAN
Just been busy, man. Honestly. And then this Kim disaster.

Sean goes over to a DART BOARD on the wall and grabs all six darts - hands three to Marty.

MARTY
Keepin' me at arms-length ain't gonna make her fall for you again, buddy.

SEAN
What's that mean?

MARTY
Please. I know what she thinks of me. Not good enough to hang out, but good enough to fix your shitty house for a divorce.

Sean misses the dart board completely.

SEAN
That's not how it is at all.

Marty stares at him in disbelief.

SEAN (CONT'D)
It's not!

MARTY
She's leaving you, Sean. You don't have to defend her anymore.

SEAN
It's a mutual decision.

MARTY

Shit. Mutual as my doctor's decision to stick his finger up my asshole.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Money's tight. Tensions just...got too tense.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Can't you find a job?

SEAN

I've been working on making my portfolio "cooler" and "hipper". Trying to attract the big dogs, but I'm getting pulverized by kids with half the skills asking for less.

Marty throws a bullseye, pulverizing Sean.

MARTY

No. It's not you. And it's not the kids. It's... fuckin...

Marty mumbles to himself. Sean resets the dart game.

SEAN

What?

MARTY

Same reason my Dad's restaurant went under last year. Too many taxes. Too many families on welfare we all have to pay for cuz they all want free shit.

SEAN

Who's the "they" in this fantasy world of yours?

MARTY

You're just baiting me to sound racist.

SEAN

Quacks like a duck...

MARTY

I ain't racist. I'm angry. And there's plenty of good ones. Like Kim.

Sean shakes his head - hopeless.

SEAN
How'd you turn my failed marriage
political?

MARTY
I got skills.

Sean misses the dart board AGAIN.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Unlike you at darts.

SEAN
Well, it's Kim's board, so I guess
I won't get to practice.

MARTY
That was a sad little statement you
just made.
(beat)
You don't think you two will work
things out?

SEAN
(changing the subject)
What I *think* is I want you to quote
me a better price on that ceiling.

MARTY
I promise you, man, that's murder
cheap.

Marty sinks a bullseye. Sean scratches his head.

SEAN
I'll talk to Kim.

He throws his last dart - hits a sad little ONE.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Sean walks Marty to his truck.

MARTY
Hey, you wanna get day drunk right
now? I got squat rest of the day.

SEAN
Not sure it looks great, me
partying while I should be looking
for work.

MARTY
(not convinced)
OK, partner.

Marty catches sight of Amir and Jahan walking up the sidewalk. He nudges Sean.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Oh, there goes the neighborhood.

Sean's face sinks. Marty socks him in the shoulder, laughing.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I knew you'd hate that. Goddamn snowflake.

BARK! BARK! A big PIT BULL in the neighbor's yard peaks its wet snout through the gate, barking at Amir and Jahan as they pass by.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(sly wink)
Dogs know all.

SEAN
That dog is an equal bark-atunist.

Marty leans back with a grin.

Amir spots Sean and waves as he's unlocking the backyard gate. Sean waves back. Now Marty's face sinks.

MARTY
An unexpected turn.

SEAN
Our new guests.

MARTY
AirBnB. Good places for Middle-Easterners to lay low.
Smack dab in the middle of Liberalville.

SEAN
They're from San Diego.

MARTY
Even worse. Sleeper cells bro.

SEAN
(making light)
You're lucky we've been friends since puberty.

Marty unhooks his tool belt and tosses it in the truck.

MARTY

(thinking)

You know, the Vice President is coming to town to endorse Mayor King for his Senate run.

SEAN

Of course he is. They both believe in gay conversion therapy.

MARTY

I like Mayor King. Says what he thinks, which makes him a damn good target.

SEAN

I can never tell if you're for real or just joking anymore.

MARTY

I'm little bit country *and* a little bit rock & roll, brother.

He pats Sean on the back.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Lemme know about that ceiling.

Marty hops in his truck and drives off.

Sean shakes his head. What an asshole.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sean sits on the couch with his laptop, searching for jobs on Craigslist. The news is on the TV in the background.

NEWS REPORTER

The three day visit will kick things off with a private lunch between Mayor King and the Vice President atop Seattle's iconic Space Needle, where they will discuss the Mayor's run for the Senate.

Sean emails his resume to a shitty company looking for a graphic designer, then sits back with a heavy sigh of defeat.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sean opens the door to a UPS man with TWO CYLINDRICAL TUBED PACKAGES. He takes them.

SEAN

Gracias.

He looks at the UPS man, noticing for the first time he is Mexican, and suddenly feels weird about his choice of word.

UPS

(unaffected)

You're welcome.

The UPS man hops off the porch - the neighbors pit bull launches into a barrage of barks until he gets back in his truck.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sean plops the tubes on the table, and opens the first one. He slides out the CURTAIN RODS he ordered.

He then opens the second one, BUT NOTHING SLIDES OUT.

He takes a peek inside the tube - a ROLLED UP piece of paper, like a poster. He grips it with his fingers and pulls it out.

He unfolds it on the table to reveal what looks to be a BLUEPRINT for a multi-level structure - the text written in FARSI.

Sean checks the address and name on the package. Right address but... wrong name. It's for AMIR RAZI.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

Sean carries the package to the garage.

Without curtains on the window he can see Amir and Jahan on their knees in full Muslim prayer gear - facing east.

Sean freezes, the visual causing a moment of wonder. Then, he creeps up, not wanting to disturb them - places the package at the door.

When he stands, he is startled to find Jahan STARING AT HIM from her kneeling position.

He awkwardly nods and heads back to the house.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean eats dinner alone in the living room, watching TV. But he's not really watching. Something's on his mind.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Kim sits at the kitchen table by herself, picking at a plate of pasta, and generously sipping wine. She's immersed in a tattered old novel - a dime-store thriller.

Suddenly, Sean enters with his dinner plate, walks past the table, and over to the window that looks out at the garage.

Kim watches him. After a moment, he turns back and sits down opposite of her, setting his plate in front of him.

KIMBERLY
Everything all right?

SEAN
Mm-hm.

She nods then returns to her book.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I saw them praying. On prayer mats.

KIMBERLY
That's what Muslim's do.

SEAN
I know, of course, I know. It just caught me off guard because they don't really seem...religious I guess.

Kim looks up weakly from her book.

KIMBERLY
She wears a hijab, Sean.

He nods. She goes back to her book. He taps the table, something still bothering him.

SEAN
I got a weird package today.

KIMBERLY
(not really interested)
Oh yeah?

SEAN
It actually wasn't for me. It was for our guests, but I opened it by accident because I thought it was curtain rods.

KIMBERLY
(looking up)
Did you hang those rods?

SEAN
It's not about the rods.

KIMBERLY
Then what? What are you trying to dramatically tell me, Sean?

SEAN
Nothing.

He picks up his plate and exits back into the living room. Kim rolls her eyes and returns to her book.

A moment passes. Sean enters again, sitting down. Kim closes her book, annoyed.

KIMBERLY
Sean...

SEAN
You're gonna call me paranoid. Actually you're gonna call me something worse.

KIMBERLY
Jesus. Out with it.

SEAN
They were blueprints.

KIMBERLY
What were blueprints?

SEAN
The package for Amir. They were rolled up schematics for some structure, and all the plans were in Farsi.

Kim stares at him in disbelief.

KIMBERLY
Are you serious right now? So if someone sends a creepy white dude some lotion and a basket he's Buffalo Bill?

Sean blinks several times, process the analogy.

SEAN
I mean...probably. But that's beside the point.

KIMBERLY
What *is* the point?

He thinks.

SEAN

I don't know. That's why I'm saying it out loud.

KIMBERLY

Well let's look at the pieces you're trying to fit together. Muslims. Blueprints.

(her eyes grow wide)

Terrorist bastards! Maybe I should call up all my gang-banging friends to pop some caps in their asses.

Sean hears it out loud and is suddenly ashamed.

SEAN

Fuck. You're right. I....shit. You know, Marty was over and I think he just got inside my head and-

KIMBERLY

Oh, right. Racist Marty. What'd he say about the damage?

SEAN

Don't call him that, and 6 to 7 thousand minimum.

KIMBERLY

Quacks like a duck.

Sean laughs.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

What?

SEAN

I said that earlier.

KIMBERLY

Huh.

(thinking)

I guess we don't have a choice.

SEAN

Well, we sort of do.

Kim gives him a tired look.

KIMBERLY

Sean...

SEAN

(frustration growing)

Yeah. No. We don't have a choice.

KIMBERLY
There's nothing left to-

SEAN
(angry)
No, I know. Only thing left is fly
the white flag. Fix the water
damage and split up the assets.

KIMBERLY
I'm not in the mood for this tone
of yours.

SEAN
Shit. That sucks, cause I'm not in
the mood for this divorce of yours.

KIMBERLY
Oh, it's *my* divorce.

SEAN
It is, Kimberly. It's *your* divorce!

KIMBERLY
Quit being a jerk.

SEAN
Quit being a bitch!

Her face twists in rage. Sean knows he chose the wrong word.

She stands, abandoning her food. Sean watches as she marches
to the basement door, slamming it behind her.

He looks around, then hits the table with his fist.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I'm sorry.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Kim has all six darts in her hand. She tosses each one with a
steady wrist - an old pro.

Bullseye. Twenty. Twenty. Bullseye. Bullseye. Three.

Fuck. She tips her head to the ceiling and sighs.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Skillet mosey's over to the back door of the house and MEOWS.

Suddenly, a tiny bowl with left-over chicken is placed in front of him. The hungry cat gets to work, scarfing down the food.

Sean kneels down and pets him. He looks up at the garage. All is dark.

After a moment he stands and leaves.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sean sleeps on the couch. The TV on low in the background.

BANG!

A jarring sound wakes him. The pit bull next door begins to bark.

SEAN
What the fuck?

Sean checks his iphone: "3:32am."

We hear the bedroom door open and footsteps come down the hall. Kim enters, hair a mess, barely awake.

KIMBERLY
Fuck was that?

Sean gets up and puts on his pants.

SEAN
Sounded like something backfiring.

Another BANG! The garage window BLAZES BRIGHT with a BLUE LIGHT - multiple flashes of orange and white sparks accompany it, along with a low HUM. Pots and pans rattle in the kitchen until...

The garage goes dark. Everything calms. Silence...except for the pit bull's continued barking.

The husband and wife look at each other.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sean sits at the table drinking a beer while Kim stares at the window, tapping her fingers on the counter.

KIMBERLY
It was like a vibration.

SEAN
Yeah.

KIMBERLY
Then...that weird light...

SEAN
Yeah.

KIMBERLY
Maybe we should check on them?
Maybe they're hurt.

They stare at each other for a long beat.

CREAK! They turn and see Amir, dressed in dark clothes, leave the garage and head out the back gate.

They turn off the kitchen light and duck down. As Amir passes he stops, looks into the kitchen window. Can he see them?

Finally, he quietly exits the premises.

Kim looks down at her knees against the floor - realizes...

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
What the fuck am I doing? This is
absurd. I'm going to bed.

SEAN
But...

KIMBERLY
No, Sean. I've spent my life
watching people make knee-jerk
judgements about me because of my
skin color and here I am doing the
same God damn thing.

SEAN
It has nothing to do with their
skin color. It's because their
activity is suspicious?

KIMBERLY
They blew a fuse. Let's not make
this anything bigger than it is.

SEAN
The blueprints? The Vice
President's visit.

She stares at him, shakes her head.

KIMBERLY
Tell Marty he's got the green
light. Let's just get this over and
done with.
(walking away)
And hang those Goddamn curtains.

She leaves him alone again. Sean holds his anger in, then turns back to the window.

After a moment, he wipes a single tear from his eye.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sean opens a lid of cat food and dumps it in a bowl.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sean opens the door and places the bowl down, - collecting the empty chicken bowl from last night.

SEAN
Skillet?

Sean waits - but to his surprise, the cat doesn't come for his breakfast.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

Sean, with his tool kit and curtain rods, knocks on the garage door.

Jahan answers, in her hijab. She smiles brightly and offers a "good morning" in sign language.

SEAN
Morning. Sorry to bother...oh, this is a little...no very embarrassing. I've forgotten your name.

She shakes her head, assuring him it's fine, then begins to sign the letters of her name.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, that doesn't help. Sorry.

She nods, then shrugs.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I, uh, came over to hang the curtain rods. Also because I heard the noise last night. Thought I should check your breaker.

Jahan, nods, then steps aside. Sean enters, embarrassed.

INT. GARAGE / AIRBNB - CONTINUOUS

Candles are strewn about, but otherwise the place is immaculate. A few fresh oranges on the mini-kitchen counter.

He gets to work on the curtain rods.

As he pieces them together, Jahan peels an orange and watches him. It makes Sean uncomfortable. Her eyes never leaving him.

When he finishes, he pulls the curtains closed and smiles.

SEAN

Full privacy, my lady. Now, let me investigate your electrical problem.

Jahan points up to the light fixture in the ceiling. Sean tries the switch. Nothing.

SEAN (CONT'D)

No worries. I have replacements.

He moseys over toward the fuse box, his eyes still exploring. A stack of notebooks on the bed next to a laptop computer.

Sean starts HUMMING, "Fools Rush In".

He notices the small CLOCK hanging to the right of the breaker is off. The clock is frozen at "3:32".

Sean taps it and it starts running again. Pushing the big hand forward, he resets the time - still humming.

Finally, Sean removes the lid on the box and checks the breakers. They're fine. Flipped back already.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Ah. Your brother must have flipped this back ahead...

(catching himself)

Or you. You're just as capable of-

He turns to see Jahan standing behind him, STARING.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll replace your bulbs and be out of your hair.

Sean starts his hum back up and opens the small closet and reaches up on the top shelf to grab two extra bulbs.

He slyly looks around - the blueprint tube on the bottom, against the back of the closet. And something else...

He stops humming when he eyes a plastic crate filled with...PARTS? Very high-tech looking processors, boards.

Wires, coil, metal discs...scrap materials, but almost unrecognizably high tech scrap.

Then...

HUMMING. Coming from behind him. Coming from Jahan.

A chill runs down Sean's back when he recognizes the tune. "Fools Rush In". He turns - Jahan's back to him as she hums. Then...

She stops. Turns her face to him, showing him the chair she has placed under the light fixture.

Sean nods, now very nervous, then steps up and removes the fixture. Lowering it, he discovers it filled with SHATTERED GLASS - both bulbs broken.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Sean sits on a chair facing the window that looks at the garage. He sips on a beer, two empty bottles on the counter, and has his laptop open.

He types in the search bar: Items used for bomb making.

He cruises the web, hoping to connect the items he saw, when...

The front door opens, and Kim enters - home from work.

Sean jumps into action, tossing out the bottles and trying to act natural.

Kim enters the kitchen looking tired.

KIMBERLY

Hey.

SEAN

Hey.

She opens the fridge and grabs a beer herself. She looks over at Sean, then the chair.

KIMBERLY

What's happening here?
(then it dawns on her)
Oh Christ, no.

SEAN

Now wait, there's new evidence. I went over there today and-

KIMBERLY

Sean!

SEAN

To hang the curtains. That's it.
The woman let me in-

KIMBERLY

She has a name, Sean.

SEAN

What is it?

Kim suddenly realizes she doesn't know either. A bit embarrassed...

KIMBERLY

Continue.

SEAN

Well, for starters I don't think
she's deaf.

KIMBERLY

Come again.

SEAN

I was humming an Elvis song. Then
she started humming the exact same
song.

Suddenly, Kim seems interested. She leans in.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Also the light bulbs shattered. And
then...I found something in the
closet. Something not normal.

Kim is now fully invested, on pins and needles.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It was a-

Knock, knock, knock.

Both are startled. They turn to see Amir through the back
door window smiling, and holding an over-stuffed grocery bag.

Sean opens the door.

AMIR

That chili was good, but now it's
our turn to impress you.

Sean turns to Kim. She recovers for him.

KIMBERLY

I can't and won't argue with people
wanting to feed me.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Jahan is working her magic at the stove, while Amir cuts vegetables by the sink. Sean and Kim sip beers and watch.

SEAN
Fesen...

AMIR
Fesenjan. Fesenjan.

Sean points to a bag of walnuts.

SEAN
Walnuts? With lamb?

AMIR
One of the few authentic Persian dishes we know.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - WHOOSH! CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - WHOOSH!

Sean and Kim look at Jahan who turns the gas stove's dial on, listening to the flame catch and start - then turning it off and repeating the process.

She seems mesmerized by how easy the flame arrives and vanishes. Amir touches her hand. She stops, smiles bashfully.

Sean and Kim share a look.

AMIR (CONT'D)
We had an electric back home.

KIMBERLY
Well, I need to get out of these work clothes.

Amir looks over Kim in her ripped jeans and t-shirt.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I manage a bar. Pretty loose dress code.
(to Sean)
Hun, you wanna tell me about that basement estimate?

He catches on.

SEAN
Yes.
(to Amir)
We'll be right back.

AMIR
And we'll be cooking.

Sean follows Kim toward the bedroom. He turns around - catches Amir watching him. Amir smiles, then turns back.

Sean shivers, then enters into...

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once the door is closed, Kim pounces in a low whisper.

KIMBERLY

OK?

SEAN

Are you noticing they're both a little off?

KIMBERLY

Sean, the thing. The thing in the closet. You've poisoned my mind, so tell me what it was!

SEAN

Oh, right. It was a crate filled with...stuff.

KIMBERLY

Stuff?

SEAN

Wires, and coil, computer guts.

KIMBERLY

Don't we have a similar crate in the basement?

SEAN

This wasn't firewires and extension cords. It was...I mean, it was some next level shit. I know computers, Kim, and the chips on these boards weren't arranged for smoother playback on cat videos. I'm talking sci-fi movie technology. Secret government technology.

Kimberly blinks a few extra times, processing his words.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You're over-blinking.

KIMBERLY

I am not.

SEAN

You are. And you know when you over-
blink it's because you're being
careful about what you say next.

KIMBERLY

Well...Sean...I'm just trying to
makes sense of what you think this
all means.

SEAN

They're building something. With
technology that my nerd tech ass
has never seen. Something that
requires energy.

She thinks.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Something that can trip the circuit
and shatter two bulbs.

She thinks some more.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Do you see a narrative forming
here?

KIMBERLY

(lost in thought)
Huh.

SEAN

Do we...call someone?

KIMBERLY

No. God, no. Ninety percent chance
we're being paranoid assholes.
(thinks)
Eighty percent.

SEAN

Then what do you suggest?

KIMBERLY

I think...we go back out there and
we eat dinner.

SEAN

And then reconvene later.

She throws up her hand - palm flat. Sean smacks it sideways
with his, then they invert and smack again. They do this
three times, then fist bump to a finger explosion.

The secret hand shake ends, and a wave of sadness washes over
them - a moment of happiness ripped from the past.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'll...let you dress.

KIMBERLY
K. Thanks.

He nods and lumbers out of the room. She sits down on the bed - lets out a large sigh.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two hot plates of delicious Persian food sit in front of Sean and Kim. Amir and Jahan watch them take their first bite.

They chew, and then slowly, large smiles form on their faces.

KIMBERLY
Oh my God.

SEAN
This is insanely delicious.

Amir and Jahan smile proudly.

AMIR
All the credit should go to Jahan.
I merely cut vegetables and leaned
against the counter for moral
support.

KIMBERLY
Jahan, you're a damn wizard of
flavor.

Jahan signs, "thank you".

SEAN
(bold)
Jahan, are you completely deaf?

She nods. Signs.

AMIR
(translating)
She reads lips.

SEAN
(not convinced)
Elvis Presley fan?

Jahan stares at him - not answering. Kim jumps in nervously, raising her wine glass in the air.

KIMBERLY

Well, I'd like to toast to our guests and this incredible taste sensation they laid before us.

Amir and Jahan raise their tea. Sean his wine.

AMIR

Dast-e shoma dard nakoneh.

SEAN

You speak Farsi?

AMIR

Just a little. It literally means "May your hand not hurt you." A form of thanks.

SEAN

Huh. Cool.

Everyone clinks glasses.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Kim guides Jahan down the hall, giving her a tour.

She stops at a baby picture of Sean in a toy car hanging on the wall.

KIMBERLY

See how fat he used to be?

Jahan laughs, then points to their wedding photo. Kim and Sean are slightly younger but so much happier.

Jahan places her hand over her heart. Kim smiles awkwardly.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes, it was a beautiful day.

She turns and watches Sean laugh with Amir at the dinner table down the hall.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Their laughter subsides. Amir gives Sean a guilty look.

AMIR (O.C.)

I have a secret, Sean.

SEAN

You do?

Amir takes a moment, readying himself.

AMIR
I'm not proud of myself but... I peaked through your window. The basement window.

SEAN
Why..?

AMIR
I am a bit of a snoop. Old habit. Saw you have a dartboard.

SEAN
I do. Well, It's Kim's. I suck.

AMIR
(laughs)
Yeah. Me too. But I do enjoy it.

Amir gives him a knowing look.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

All four of them stand in front of the dartboard taking turns - enjoying themselves.

Sean hits the black outer ring of the one. Amir laughs.

AMIR
You weren't lying. You're bad.

Amir steps up. Takes his turn. He lands right next to Sean's dart. He turns and smiles.

AMIR (CONT'D)
And I wasn't lying either.

They laugh. Sean and Amir slap hands.

SEAN
As long as we suck together.

Kim and Jahan look at each other. Roll their eyes.

Amir notices the water damage line on the ceiling.

AMIR
How long has this been an issue?

KIMBERLY
God. Going on three years now?

AMIR
I could help, if you like.

SEAN

How so?

AMIR

I'm in the construction business.

This new information relaxes Kim.

KIMBERLY

You're a builder?

AMIR

Architect. Moved here to start my own firm.

Kim gives Sean a "that makes sense" look. He nods.

SEAN

Your own boss. I hear that.

KIMBERLY

(a bit drunk)

Maybe you could hire Sean. He needs a gig.

Sean frowns.

Jahan steps up to take her turn. She lands on the 9.

SEAN

(to Amir)

Who were you working for down there?

AMIR

Carrier Johnson and Culture. Great company but we just think this is the right move.

KIMBERLY

Wow. A physicist and an architect.

Kim steps forward with her dart raised.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

(a bit drunk)

Well I might just be the manager of a bar, but I can do this.

She lets the dart float from her hand and...BULLSEYE.

Amir and Jahan are impressed.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - PATIO - LATER

Sean rolls a joint as Amir and Jahan sip their water. Kim pours herself another tequila soda.

Amir and Jahan stare out over the backyard - the green grass and shrubs. The crickets in perfect harmony. The Space Needle burning brightly in the evening sky.

AMIR
Even at night I can tell how green
everything is.

SEAN
Ha. Yeah, well it rains here
enough.

Jahan signs.

AMIR
What is the noise? The musical
stinging.

SEAN
Musical stinging?

They all quiet down and listen. Then...

KIMBERLY
The crickets?

Amir's face brightens.

AMIR
The crickets.

SEAN
They...don't have crickets in San
Diego?

AMIR
Maybe. Too noisy where we lived.

Jahan signs.

AMIR (CONT'D)
(translating)
How long have you lived here? In
this house?

SEAN
Oh, man...it's been...five years.

AMIR
Fantastic location. Fantastic view.

Amir looks out at the Space Needle off in the distance.

KIMBERLY
Never gets old.

AMIR
(lost)
I imagine not.

An awkward moment passes.

SEAN
Maybe we should light this joint.

Amir looks to Jahan, who shakes her head.

AMIR
We should probably turn in.

SEAN
(disappointed)
Oh. OK. Another time then.

AMIR
Yes. Another time.

Amir and Jahan hop off the patio and head to their garage/AirBnB.

BARK! BARK! The pit bull next door follows them on the other side of the fence in the neighbor's yard.

SEAN
(to Amir and Jahan)
Sorry. We hate him too.

We hear the neighbor's back door open.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Shut up, Frank!

The dog quiets down and the neighbor's door closes.

KIMBERLY
(to Amir and Jahan)
Obedience school, am I right?

Amir and Jahan nod and smile - head inside the garage. Sean and Kim sit a moment longer in silence.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
So...I'm feeling a little stupid.

SEAN
Why?

She looks at him as if he's the dumbest man alive, then nods her head toward the back door.

She stands and enters. Sean wants to smoke the joint, but knows he has to go talk to her.

He pockets it, and follows, but stops short when he notices Skillet's bowl STILL FULL OF FOOD. Sean's mind wanders...and then he follows his wife inside.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sean enters as Kim is fixing a new drink.

SEAN
What just happened?

KIMBERLY
Nothing happened. Actually, that's the problem. Nothing happened. Those are perfectly lovely people and you had me actually considering they weren't.

SEAN
Hold on, I was only reporting what I saw and-

KIMBERLY
God, Sean, you always suck me into your lunatic ideas because you have a stupid energy that I like.

SEAN
I do?

KIMBERLY
That's a bad thing. It's a bad thing because these ideas, these dreams and conspiracies don't actually pan out. They're a distraction. This bullshit excuse of building your portfolio to get bigger clients - it's an excuse to keep you from actually working. Actually contributing. So here I am, once again, neck deep in your adventure, knowing that when it ends I'm going back to the real world, and you're on to the next big distraction.

Sean is stunned. It hurts.

SEAN
Wow. I had no idea I was the world's biggest fuck up.

KIMBERLY

Oh come on, I didn't say-

SEAN

You said plenty.

(pause)

So Amir and Jahan...just another one of my "dreams and conspiracies?"

KIMBERLY

Yes!

(lowering her voice)

Yes. He's an architect. Blueprint mystery solved.

SEAN

The crate of parts? That's still suspicious, right?

KIMBERLY

She's a fucking physicist. Last I heard they still use equipment to do science.

SEAN

Come on, be honest, there's a vibe. Like they're always on guard. Always...watching.

KIMBERLY

(calm but frustrated)

That's because they're Muslim. I get it. You don't.

Sean thinks. Then...

SEAN

They didn't know what crickets were.

Kim can't take any more. She shakes her head, grabs her drink, and marches into her room, closing the door.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kim is in bed. Lights out and staring.

Restless, she flicks on the light, opens her night stand drawer. Reaching down, her diary is GONE.

KIMBERLY

What the fuck?

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Sean's joint blazes between his lips - his laptop on his lap. He stares at the still full bowl of cat food. Then...he opens a search browser.

He stares at the garage. All is quiet. Curtain closed.

He types in the search bar: Amir Razi.

Way too many results. Nothing useful.

He tries again. Types in: Amir and Jahan Razi.

Still nothing useful.

He sits...thinks...then...

How many days to tent a house for bugs?

The search pulls up an immediately interesting fact:

Typically the treatment takes up to 24 hours, in some cases 48.

Sean nods. He's caught Amir in a lie.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Sean has dragged a chair to the window again, and plopped himself down. An open beer at his side.

SEAN

I got alllllll night, my friends.

CUT TO: LATER

Sean is fast asleep in the chair, drooling on his shirt.

BOOM!

Sean's eyes fling open, almost falling off his stool. He looks through the window at the garage. All is quiet and dark. Then...

A SPARK OF LIGHT. The interior window illuminates. Through the curtain is the silhouettes of Amir and Jahan.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The door silently opens, and Sean slips out into the yard.

Another small BANG followed by a spark of light feed his curiosity as he inches toward the garage.

He peers through the window, but can't see through the curtains. He presses his ear to the door. Hears voices.

Suddenly, the light returns to the window, only now in a rhythmic throbbing. The ground RUMBLES. Sean grows terrified.

His hand shaking badly, he grips the knob and FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR - gasps as a bright light hits him.

Silence...no, not silence. Wind and...

Creak. Creak. Creak.

Through the doorway of the garage is the impossible. The DESERT WASTELAND he dreamt about before. The miles of dry, toxic earth. The rusted metal street sign.

HUSHED WILLOW RD.

Creak. Creak. CREAK.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sean's head lifts from the counter - looking around and out of breath. Out the window all is normal with the garage.

The front door slams off screen, scaring him.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sean watches as Kim's SUV pulls out of the driveway and off to work.

He leans against the front door, his heart still racing.

Finally, he pushes off and heads down the hall.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - LATER

Sean sits in the chair again, coffee by his side. His laptop is open as he sits on a web page - F.B.I. REPORT SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY.

He stares at the words long and hard. Finally, he opens up a text document and begins to create a list:

Blueprints. Parts. Power surge. Leaving the day of V.P. visit.

He thinks. Then adds...

Missing cat.

Sean sips his coffee and stares at the list. Is it enough?
Does he need more?

Suddenly, the garage door opens. Sean ducks low and peeks over the edge to watch Jahan exit without Amir. She goes out through the gate.

Sean immediately starts a log, entering the time she left.

DING!

Sean checks the new email. An answer to his Craig's List query. Dear Sean, We are very interested in speaking to you about possible employ-

Sean closes the window. No time for that.

He opens up a new window and types in the firm name "Carrier Johnson and Culture" and finds the phone number.

Sean dials. Waits.

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)
Carrier Johnson and Culture.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - FRONT - LATER

Night slowly falls around the Harrison residence. The Hushed Willow Rd. sign sits in perfect stillness. The Space Needle's tip touching the clouds in the distance.

Kim's car pulls into the driveway.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Kim enters the dark house. She flips on the foyer light.

KIMBERLY
Sean?

SEAN (O.C.)
Kitchen.

She makes her way down the hall.

KIMBERLY
Why are you sitting in the dar-

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She turns the corner to see Sean camped out in the dark by the window - a blanket thrown over him to hide his silhouette. A handful of beer bottles grace the counter and the glow of his laptop illuminates his face.

SEAN
He lied to us, Kim.

KIMBERLY
Oh, fuck me.

Sean stands and goes to her.

SEAN
Listen. I called Carrier Johnson
and Culture.

KIMBERLY
What?

SEAN
His old firm. Kim...they've never
heard of Amir Razi. There's no
record of his employment. We've got
him!

KIMBERLY
(over it)
When's Marty starting on the
basement?

SEAN
Tomorrow. Now look at this. I've
logged their activity-

Sean turns to retrieve his lap top then freezes in horror.

Staring at him through the kitchen window is Amir. He heard everything.

Sean backs up to Kim as Amir slowly opens the back door and steps inside.

AMIR
It's true. I never worked for them.
Also...
(suddenly, a Middle-
Eastern accent)
We are not American.

Sean and Kim's eyes grow wide.

AMIR (CONT'D)
We are refugees.

CUT TO: LATER

Sean and Kim sit across from Amir at the kitchen table - a fresh cup of tea in front of him.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Jahan and I grew up in a war torn hell.
(thinks)
I was fifteen when the bombs found my family.

Kim is appalled. Her hand covers her mouth.

SEAN
I don't understand. Why the lies?

Amir shrugs.

AMIR
Look around. Watch the news. Listen to your president and the people who support him. We are not welcome here. Best we blend in. The same amount of looks, but less of the abuse.

Sean feels embarrassed.

KIMBERLY
Amir...we are so, so-

SEAN
Jahan isn't deaf.

Amir shakes his head.

AMIR
Jahan was once a spy for a small resistance group. She was part of a team who saved many lives with their information, but was found out while still behind enemy lines.

Tears begin to build in Kim's eyes.

AMIR (CONT'D)
They executed the others, and removed Jahan's tongue. A stern warning that they were in charge. That the scales were not to be tipped.

Silence.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Crickets don't sing in a world with
no songs.

More stunned silence.

AMIR (CONT'D)
I am sorry to have deceived you. We
only want to start over.

He stands, nods goodbye, then makes his way out the back door. We hear the neighbor's pit bull bark at Amir as he walks toward the garage.

Sean is speechless. He turns to Kim - her eyes red.

SEAN
How was I supposed to know? How was
I-

She stands.

KIMBERLY
I'm going out.

SEAN
Wait...you are? Where are you
going?

KIMBERLY
Somewhere not here. Definitely a
bar.

SEAN
You just came from a bar.

KIMBERLY
A different bar. Where I'm a
stranger.

She turns to leave.

SEAN
Kim...How was I-

KIMBERLY
You just were.

She heads right back the way she came.

Sean jumps as the door slams shut. His face shifts in anger.

He stands and goes to his laptop on the counter - enters a new log:

6:46pm. Kim walks out. I hate everything.

He stares at the log for a long time, then erases it - his head falling into his hands.

INT. HIPSTER BAR - LATER

CLOSE ON: A DART hitting the bullseye.

Kim throws darts, relieving her stress - a whiskey neat by her side.

She hits a second bullseye, then a third.

Suddenly, a tall, handsome CLICHE slinks up next to her.

THE CLICHE
Hell of a wrist you got.

She looks him over, smiles at the attention, but gives him little to go off.

THE CLICHE (CONT'D)
Listen, I don't want you to be alarmed, but I'm a time traveler in search of the year people actually met in person and not on some phone screen.

He gives her his best smile. She laughs.

KIMBERLY
Wow...that was special.

The Cliche retrieves her darts, grabbing an extra set of three for himself. Hands them to her.

THE CLICHE
Sorry. They say open with a witty first line.

KIMBERLY
They do, huh?

THE CLICHE
I'm Dustin.

KIMBERLY
Kim.

DUSTIN
Very pretty.

He tosses the dart. Hits a twenty.

KIMBERLY
Dustin, I'm just looking to have a quiet drink and stab some cork.

DUSTIN
We can whisper.

She throws her dart. Eighteen.

KIMBERLY
I'm married.

DUSTIN
Oh yeah? I was once.

This interests Kim. He throws another twenty.

KIMBERLY
What happened there?

DUSTIN
Oh, the usual. Married young. Bad communication. Stopped having sex.

This all rings a bell. She throws an outer-ring bullseye.

She looks down at Dustin's chest - hanging off a silver chain is a SHARK TOOTH.

KIMBERLY
You get that classy necklace before or after the divorce? Wait. I know the answer.

DUSTIN
You're a real ball buster, Kim.

He throws his final dart - a six.

Kim is about to dismiss him again when she sees something that causes her to freeze up.

Across the bar, in a dark corner sipping tea - AMIR. He's flipping through a notebook, taking PHOTOGRAPHS OF EACH PAGE with a phone - no, wait...it's not a notebook...

She squints her eyes, then takes a step back in shock when Amir lifts the notebook up to examine a page more closely.

A BUTTERFLY EMBLEM. IT'S HER DIARY!

Amir glances in Kim's direction. She leaps into action, placing herself in front of Dustin, almost kissing him to hide her face.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Well, hello.

KIMBERLY
I just really respond to compliments.

DUSTIN
Oh yeah? What else do you respond
to?

Kim looks over his shoulder. Amir has placed the diary flat
on the table, and now doodles on a cocktail napkin.

KIMBERLY
Obedience.

Dustin leans in and whispers.

DUSTIN
And what is it you want me to do?

He gives her earlobe an overly wet kiss. Kim cringes but
holds it together.

KIMBERLY
Don't be obvious, but do you see
the gentleman writing on a napkin
behind you?

Dustin smiles, then casually turns like a spy on his first
day. He spots Amir, then turns back.

DUSTIN
The Arab?

Kim bites her lip, but continues on.

KIMBERLY
Uh huh. I wanna play cloak and
dagger. That...
(deep breath)
...Arab has sensitive intel about
our government.
(leans in)
And nothing turns me on like
sensitive intel. If you can snap a
photo of its contents without being
caught...
(right in ear)
I'll give you one Hell of a
promotion.

She nibbles on his ear just enough. Dustin is enamored.

DUSTIN
Man, I really like you.

KIMBERLY
Go get um, sharky.

Dustin salutes her, then turns to study his subject.

Kim backs up, positioning herself behind a wood beam so Amir can't see her. He holds up a cell phone, studying an image, and then places it down and continues to write in the book.

Dustin walks toward the bathroom near Amir's table, but can't find the right angle to get a good picture of the napkin.

He thinks...then....

He sits one table over. Amir doesn't bat an eye - too busy with his work.

Kim watches as Dustin takes out his phone and angles it at a bar mirror behind Amir. After a moment, Dustin stands and heads back over with a shit-eating grin.

DUSTIN
You're gonna howl tonight.

KIMBERLY
Let's see what you got first.

DUSTIN
No, ma'am. I'll text it to you.

Kim groans.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Which means I'll need your number.

Well played. Kim sighs.

KIMBERLY
578-5998.

Dustin enters it in, then hits send.

Kim's phone vibrates. The photo has arrived. She opens it.

DUSTIN
(proud)
All I had to do was zoom in to the back of the bar mirror behind him. The whole thing was in the reflection.

Kim's eyes widen. She feels sick. She looks up at Dustin.

KIMBERLY
Follow me out the door.

DUSTIN
(excited)
And to Hell and back.

She takes his hand and uses his body to slink toward the front door. Just as she exits she turns to look at Amir.

He is STARING RIGHT AT HER.

She presses herself closer to Dustin and exits.

EXT. HIPSTER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Kim immediately releases Dustin.

KIMBERLY

So...my place or yours? I guess
yours cause...husband and all.

She stops in sudden realization.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Shit. My purse.

DUSTIN

I'll grab it for you.

He bounds back inside. Kim pulls her purse that was tucked under her arm the entire time, turns, and walks quickly away.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Kim enters the kitchen expecting to see Sean sitting on his stool staring out the window. No Sean. No stool.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She pokes her head into the bedroom. No Sean.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BASEMENT

The door opens and Kim walks down the steps to find Sean sitting in his ratty chair drinking a beer and staring at the water spot in the ceiling.

KIMBERLY

What are you doing?

SEAN

Not being a paranoid asshole.

Kim nods...steps to him.

KIMBERLY

My diary went missing. I thought
maybe you took it looking
for...answers or something.

SEAN
(annoyed)
I didn't take your diary.

KIMBERLY
I know.
(pause)
I just saw Amir at a bar.

Sean looks over, exhausted.

SEAN
OK.

Kim brings out her phone and pulls up the picture. She hands it to him. Sean looks down at the screen for a long time.

It's a mirror reflected image of the contents on Amir's table: Diary, cell phone, napkin.

KIMBERLY
(pointing)
There's my diary, but even more disturbing...

Kim uses her fingers to zoom in on the napkin. It's slightly blurry, but enough details stand out to show it's...

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
A hand drawn map. Look, there's the Space Needle. And our neighborhood and...
(she zooms in tighter)
The X is our house, Sean.

There's text, but it's blurry and in Farsi. Kim points to one last detail. Sean's eyes grow wide. It's a date. July 28th.

He stands.

SEAN
Holy shit. This is the date the Vice President has lunch with Mayor King in the Needle. He was drawing this?

She nods.

Sean's face drops. Then...a twinkle in his eye.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

KIMBERLY
Holy shit.

SEAN
How'd you get this close without
being seen?

Kim stumbles for an answer.

KIMBERLY
I'm...stealth as fuck, you know
that.

The sound of the gate outside rattles them. They listen as it
closes. Must be Amir. After a moment - silence.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
We should order pizza.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wrapped in a blanket and in the dark, Sean and Kim sit on
separate chairs watching the garage - an almost empty pizza
box on the counter.

The curtains are closed on the garage window, but the
occasional shadow moves past from time to time.

KIMBERLY
It's almost three in the morning.
Why are they still up.

SEAN
Takes time to build a bomb.

They sit in silence. Then...

SEAN (CONT'D)
Does it scare you? The thought of
starting all over again.

KIMBERLY
(struggling)
It's terrifying.

SEAN
(not convinced)
But necessary.

Kim looks at Sean and gives him a sad smile. They sit in
silence, staring out the window.

CUT TO BLACK

Then...a SPARK OF WHITE LIGHT. It consumes the dark.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

EXT. WASTELAND - DREAM

The white fades out, revealing the familiar desert wasteland with the crumbling skyline.

A high wind kicks up the dirt. Heavy breathing is heard.

Sean and Kim step into frame - holding hands and staring out at the destruction in awe.

Suddenly, Sean's legs give out on him and he tumbles to the ground. Kim tries to help him up but he can't seem to stand.

As he struggles, BLOOD begins to seep through his pants. It pools around his legs and softens the ground.

Sean screams as he begins to sink in a dirt-red puddle of his own quicksand. Kim grips him tight, but can't pull him out...

VOICE (O.C.)

Yo!

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sean's eyes crack open, his heart racing. His motion causes Kim to wake suddenly as well, having been asleep on his shoulder.

Marty laughs behind them.

MARTY

What the fuck you guys doing?

They turn to see Marty leaning into the kitchen, and quickly gather themselves.

SEAN

We fell asleep.

MARTY

In the kitchen?

KIMBERLY

I gotta go run some errands before work. Hi Marty.

She leaves without even making eye contact with him.

MARTY

Hey, Kim...

Sean looks out the window at the garage. Everything looks the same as it was the night before.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Kitchen sleeping, eh? I'll have to try that with the wife. Closer to the beer and all.

(whispers)

You guys doggy it over the sink?

Marty makes a hip thrust motion.

SEAN

No. We just.. No.

He starts grinding coffee beans.

CREAK. The garage door opens. Sean stops grinding and, like a dog scouting a squirrel, stares at Amir as he walks out.

Marty notices Sean's crazed looked.

MARTY

You gonna stare a little harder or finally ask him out?

This shakes Sean from his daze.

SEAN

Sorry. Bit cloudy today.

Amir looks up and spots him. Flashes an awkward smile and a wave, then exits the gate.

MARTY

Get your shit together, boy. We got work to do.

INT. HARRISON CAR - AFTERNOON

Kim, now dressed in vintage jeans and loose Zelda t-shirt, listens to the radio as she drives to work.

NEWS REPORTER

An increased police presence will be felt in the city this week in preparation for the Vice President's visit - a three-day meeting that is expected to end with his endorsement to Mayor King in his run for senate. Any tourist's hoping to visit our most iconic landmark will have to delay their plans a day or two, as the Space Needle will be closed for a private lunch between the two political heavyweights.

Kim spots the Space Needle in the distance through her windshield.

She grabs her phone and dials - puts on her best sick voice.

KIMBERLY

(raspy)

Hey Faith. Bad news...yeah, can you hear it? I don't know. Some bug bit me. Yeah, soup and tea for me. Thank you. Hopefully I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.

She hangs up, and turns the car in the direction of the Space Needle.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Marty pokes holes in the ceiling with a crowbar. The soft, water soaked plaster chunks off easily, exposing the wood and pipes underneath.

Sean watches from below, not paying much attention to his rambling friend.

MARTY

I just think the TV version didn't have to add that element to the story. George R. R. Martin didn't put it in there for a reason, so why do it? But I do like that we get to see that Dragon mom's titties from time to time.

Sean notices a set of FEET approach the small, ground-level window above - JAHAN's scuffed boots and frayed jeans. They face the house, motionless.

He's now fully distracted as he keeps his eyes on her feet. Is she listening? Spying?

MARTY (CONT'D)

You know, Gretchen hasn't aged all that well, shit neither have I, but one thing I will give her is her titties. Those things are as round and buoyant as the day we met.

Sean's heart pounds in his ears as he continues to stare at the feet.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I also wish dragons were real. I bet scientists could splice two animals together and make one, don't you?

A CIGARETTE DROPS to the grass. Jahan's foot steps on it. Then, she bends down to pick it up - the edge of her profiled face peaking through her head scarf comes to view. Her eye slowly turns and looks at Sean - staring at him coldly.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What do you think? Like an alligator and an eagle? Sean?

Jahan walks away, and Sean notices he can breath again.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Sean!

SEAN

Huh? Yeah, man. Dragons are cool.

MARTY

Damn right they are.

(to himself)

Damn right they are.

(looking at the ceiling)

Bit of a mess up here. Gonna need to replace the support beams as well. Warn Kim to stay out of the hall until I'm finished. Or don't.

He gives Sean a mischievous grin.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Seriously though, use your back door.

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE - AFTERNOON

Kim gets out of her car and heads toward the entrance of the iconic, Seattle building - tourists and locals alike mill about.

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kim enters with her ticket and has a look around - analyzing every nook and cranny as if she might find an answer to a question she's still unsure of.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Sean pulls out two beers from the fridge and hands one to Marty.

MARTY

So, how them Muslims in your garage doing? You ever catch em praying on those rugs?

SEAN
How's that any different than
kneeling on a pew?

Sean sits at the table with Marty.

MARTY
(shrugs)
My God's cooler.

SEAN
They're technically the same God.

MARTY
Bullshit. Mine's a God of love.

SEAN
Uh huh. You should read about all
the loving shit your God did.

MARTY
I don't actually care. I just like
it when you get worked up.

SEAN
Ours is an antagonistic friendship.

MARTY
Cheers to that.

They clink and drink. Sean thinks.

SEAN
However...

Marty looks up. Seems important. Sean is hesitant.

INT. SPACE NEEDLE - OBSERVATION DECK - AFTERNOON

The elevator opens and Kim steps out with several others onto the observation deck that allows her to look out over the entire city.

It's breathtaking, but she's not interested in the view. She wanders around, her eyes scanning everything.

She presses her face against the glass and spots her house.

Then, she turns and finds a SECURITY GUARD standing quietly in the corner, watching over the scene. Kim approaches, stopping in front of the serious looking woman in blue.

After a awkward beat.

KIMBERLY
Bet you're dreading the Vice
President's visit.

SECURITY GUARD
Who? Me?

KIMBERLY
Sure.

SECURITY GUARD
No. I don't work that day. The
federal government brings in their
own team. I'll be home far away
from this madness.

The Security Guard gives a friendly smile.

KIMBERLY
Cool. Cool.

Another awkward beat of silence.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
You know... I was actually thinking
about bringing my family down here
over the weekend, wave to the V.P.
but...not to sound paranoid but we
live in turbulent times. You think
security will be good?

The Security Guard turns to Kim and looks her up and down.

SECURITY GUARD
It'll be pretty secure, Miss. Just
like any typical day in downtown,
only with federal agents.

KIMBERLY
The feds. Those guys are good.

The Security Guard gives Kim a look.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
And gals. Those guys and gals.
(beat)
And goodbye.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Marty feels around the edges of the bathroom mirror, getting
a grip. Sean stands behind him in the reflection.

MARTY
Those are premonitions.

SEAN

Huh?

MARTY

Those dreams you're having. End times and shit.

He lifts up and removes the mirror from the screw on the wall. Turns to Sean.

MARTY (CONT'D)

God's sending you a warning. Showing you the future that will be if you don't do something about this.

He scoots by Sean and out of the bathroom. Sean follows.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marty takes the mirror to the cabinet by the back window, holds it up, then makes a mark with his pencil on the cabinet's door.

SEAN

Or my mind's overreacting causing nightmares because of my looming divorce. You know, the more logical explanation.

MARTY

God. Logic. Call it what you want, buddy. Point is, those Muslim's are up to some heavy shit and you've been chosen to stop them.

Marty DRILLS a screw into the cabinet, then hangs the mirror on it. When it's secure, he opens and closes the door - the garage outside seen at different angles through the mirror.

He turns with a grin.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(proud as fuck)

Now you can safely watch the garage during the day without being spotted.

SEAN

You think I should contact them? The F.B.I.?

MARTY

No.

SEAN

Really?

MARTY

Can't trust em.

SEAN

The F.B.I.?

MARTY

For all we know, they're the ones let them in the country in the first place. No. What we need is a professional to get us some solid evidence. Then we take it directly to the people.

SEAN

What professional?

MARTY

I know a guy. Private investigator friend of mine. Hired him to follow Gretchen when I thought she was sleeping with her boss?

SEAN

Gretchen was having an affair?

MARTY

Naw. Turns out she was throwing me a surprise party. Good dude, though. We became friends.

SEAN

I don't know. I think maybe this is bigger than that.

MARTY

Listen, if my guy can uncover some serious proof...then it's safer to approach the proper authorities, because then we have leverage. We tell them with what you have now and they can snuff us right out.

SEAN

I regret telling you.

MARTY

You won't when we save thousands of lives. I'mma make a call.

He stands and takes out his phone. Sean takes a large sip of his beer, unsure about everything.

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE - AFTERNOON

Kim steps outside and has one last look around.

Then, she sees him - thirty yards away taking pictures of the Needle. AMIR.

Kim quickly ducks around the side of the building, then peeks around the corner.

Amir scans the courtyard as if he's confused - as if he's lost something. He snaps one last picture, then walks toward the entrance.

Kim quickly snaps a photo of Amir with her phone, just as he enters the Space Needle.

Kim breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sean is back in his same spot, lights off, blanket wrapped around him, watching the garage through the window.

KIMBERLY (O.C.)
Anything?

Startled, Sean almost falls off his chair.

SEAN
Oh, come on. I'm already on edge.

KIMBERLY
Sorry.

He closes the news window.

SEAN
You gotta come in through the back for a while. Hallway is dangerous until Marty finishes.

KIMBERLY
OK. Anything?

SEAN
No. Nothing interesting, Amir came back half an hour ago.

She nods, something to say.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What's that look?

Kim takes out her phone and holds up a picture - the back of Amir against The Space Needle.

KIMBERLY

I think we need to make a call.

INT. FBI - DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR sits behind a tiny, uncluttered desk in a mostly white room. He's dressed well, in a black suit and blue tie - a phone pressed to his ear while he draws circles with a pencil on a pad of paper, and picks crumbs off a half-eaten bagel - bored.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Ya-huh. Flashes of light. Ya-huh.
Blue prints. What were they for?
You don't know. Ya-huh. You don't
say. Your diary. The terrorists
took your diary. Ya-huh. Ya-huh.
I'm gonna stop you right there.

(looks at his computer)

Already ran your guest's names.
Amir and Jahan Razi aren't on any
watch lists and honestly, I'm not
hearing much here. Now, we get a
lot of calls about "suspicious"
activity and there's no way I can
bump up your diary snoopers over
the last gentleman's sighting of
Hitler eating jalapeno poppers at
T.G.I.Fridays. If you see something
more substantial we encourage you
to give us another ring. Thank you,
and God bless America.

He hangs up the phone and takes a large bite out of his bagel
- completely unaffected.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Kim are cheek to cheek - sharing the phone.

SEAN

Did he just hang up on us?

KIMBERLY

Yeah. And made us sound crazy.

He thinks.

SEAN

He did encourage us to get
something more substantial.

They share a look.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the microwave beeping.

Sean opens it and pulls out popcorn. He dumps it in a bowl and brings it to Kim. She sits in her usual spot, facing the window. Sean sits next to her and the two obsessively watch the garage in the distance under a blanket.

Suddenly the garage door opens. They duck low - holding their breath.

Jahan steps out and lights a cigarette.

Sean and Kim watch her smoke - chewing popcorn - riveted.

KIMBERLY
(whisper)
Hey, have you seen Skillet?

Sean turns with a knowing look.

SEAN
(whisper)
Exactly.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Sean sits in his chair, eyes still trained on the garage. Kim is passed out, sleeping on his shoulder. Sean looks at her fondly. She's beautiful.

Her eyes open. She looks up at him. A brief moment where they might kiss...

KIMBERLY
Fuck.

Kim pulls away and gets up.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
My neck.
(stretches)
What time is it?

Sean checks his phone.

SEAN
Two thirty.

KIMBERLY
I gotta sleep. Wake me up if you see or hear anything.

SEAN
Okay. Good night.

Kim yawns as she escapes down the hall.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Kim lies under the covers trying to sleep. She tosses and turns, sweating. She stares at the window facing the garage. She can't see out of it from this angle but just the sight of the window is tempting...it's also freaky.

Kim closes her eyes, trying to block out the bad thoughts.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sean slaps himself in the face to keep from falling asleep.

SEAN
(singing to himself)
Take on meeeee. Take on me.

He slaps himself again.

KIMBERLY (O.C.)
Sean.

He leaps, startled.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Sorry, sorry. I don't know how to do it without scaring you.

Sean catches his breath and sits back down.

SEAN
It's okay.

He can see a gleam of excited mischief in her eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What's up?

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kim has re-arranged the bed so that it faces the window - making it easy to see out of.

KIMBERLY
That way we can keep an eye on the situation while one of us sleeps. We take turns.

Sean looks at his wife, surprised at the idea. There's a silent and awkward beat.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

What?

SEAN

Nothing. It's a good plan.

They hop into bed together. Kim keeps a safe distance as there's enough room on the king size bed.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll take first shift. Wake you when I start to drift.

KIMBERLY

OK.

She remains sitting upright and wide-eyed. They watch the window together - the thrill and the fear keeping them up.

CLOSE ON Sean's eyes. The window reflecting in his pupil. His eyelids grow heavy. Heavier. Then...

They close.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

When they reopen...

EXT. WASTELAND - DREAM

Sean is staring at a dirty, beige hijab on the ground. Every once in awhile it shifts - something underneath.

Kim sits in the sand behind him - blood on her hands.

Sean moves toward the hijab. It moves. He freezes. Then continues.

Slowly he reaches down and grips the fabric. He lifts.

A horrible growl stings his ears. Underneath the hijab is Skillet the cat, buried in the sand up to his neck - blood on his fur. Fangs out.

CUT TO: MORNING

Sean's eyes crack open - he gasps.

Kim looks over at him, wide awake and on her shift.

KIMBERLY

Hey. You OK?

He looks around, sweat on his brow.

SEAN
Yeah. What'd I miss?

KIMBERLY
Raccoon wandered by around 5:30ish.

She notices Sean looks pale.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D (CONT'D))
You look spooked.

SEAN
(dazed)
Premonition.

KIMBERLY
Premonition?

SEAN
Nightmare.
(slowly)
I feel like...something is warning
me.

KIMBERLY
Something?

Before Sean can continue, his phone buzzes. He answers:

SEAN
Hey, Marty. One sec.
(to Kim)
You going in to work?

KIMBERLY
No. Laid the ground work yesterday
for a nasty cold.

Sean nods.

SEAN
Bacon and eggs?

KIMBERLY
The proper start to any stake out.

He leans in to kiss her unconsciously, then freezes. They stare at each other for an awkward moment, then he retreats.

SEAN
Sorry. Muscle memory.

KIMBERLY
Uh huh.

He climbs out of bed and lumbers from the room. Kim raises her hand to her mouth, a little overwhelmed with emotion.

From the next room she hears Sean answer his phone.

SEAN (O.C.)
Hey. Oh. OK. When? Hold on.

Sean returns to the bedroom, a guilty look on his face.

SEAN (CONT'D)
We're meeting Marty for breakfast.

KIMBERLY
(leery)
Why?

She can see why from Sean's face. He told him.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Goddamn it, Sean.

Sean puts the phone to his ear.

SEAN
We'll meet you there.

INT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Kim and Sean enter the quiet diner and spot Marty in a booth in the back, sitting next to a THIN BALD MAN twirling a toothpick in his mouth.

KIMBERLY
Jesus, let the cliches begin.

SEAN
Let's just hear him out.

They make their way to Marty's booth.

MARTY
Hey, I ordered everyone the sausage scramble. Best thing on the menu.

Sean and Kim slide into the booth.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Sean, Kim...this is private detective Jim Clemente.

Jim extends his hand - toothpick still in mouth.

JIM CLEMENTE
Big pleasure. Marty's filled me in and this is a helluva lot more exciting than the cheaters and tax evaders I'm usually trailing.

KIMBERLY
 (rudely)
 Eat already, Jim?

JIM CLEMENTE
 Excuse me?
 (realizing)
 Oh, the toothpick.

Sean nudges her.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
 I'm an ex-smoker. Since I quit I
 find it helpful to have something
 in my mouth. Tidy up my oral
 fixation.

KIMBERLY
 Sorry. I'm just a little punchy
 with all that's going on.

JIM CLEMENTE
 I'm a hard person to offend.
 (claps his hands)
 So, you tell anyone else?

KIMBERLY
 We called the FBI.

JIM CLEMENTE
 Lemme guess...they blew you off.

SEAN
 They told us to come back with
 something more substantial.

JIM CLEMENTE
 (sarcastic as fuck)
 That's our government. Working hard
 to keep its citizens safe.

MARTY
 Fuck the feds. Jim's got a real eye
 for detail. If he can't nail these
 fuckers to the wall, no one can.

KIMBERLY
 Great. The Sherlock Holmes of
 racism.

JIM CLEMENTE
 I like this one. Reminds me of my
 daughter. Listen, I'm good at
 squeezing into tight spots, and
 getting my nose filthy with foul
 scents. What we need to be focused
 on is putting together a narrative.
 (MORE)

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
One with enough pieces that the
right people will take serious. I
also wouldn't mind a peek in that
garage.

SEAN
That's going to be a problem. They
never leave it unattended. If one
goes out, the other stays.

JIM CLEMENTE
That's manageable, and we'll go
over some options for it.

MARTY
My idea is a BBQ. Have a few guests
over, invite the Muslims-

SEAN
Amir and Jahan Razi.

Jim sparks up, writes that down.

MARTY
(defending his words)
Are they Muslim?

SEAN
Well should I invite Laurie and
Philip Weinberg, A.K.A. The Jews?

MARTY
Your point's not lost on me, Sean,
but check it - you invite them out
for food and drinks and Jim sneaks
in and does his thing.

JIM CLEMENTE
I know cats that are jealous of my
sneakin' skills.

KIMBERLY
(rudely)
You "know" cats?

Jim points at her, grinning.

JIM CLEMENTE
We're gonna be good friends.

MARTY
We got two more days until the Veep
arrives, so every minute counts.

A waitress arrives and places four sausage scrambles in front
of them. Marty grabs his utensils.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hell yes. I'm about to fly my plane directly into this scramble.

Sean and Kim stare at him.

SEAN

Do you hear yourself?

He picks up a forkful and pretends its a plane pattering toward his open mouth. He pushes the food inside, making a small explosion sound.

The Harrison's shake their heads.

EXT. GARAGE / AIRBNB - DAY

CLOSE ON Sean's hand knocking on the garage door. No answer. He knocks again. Amir opens it a crack, seeming flustered.

AMIR

Sean, hello.

SEAN

Hey man. How's it going?

Amir shrugs - blocks Sean's view of the inside.

AMIR

It goes.

SEAN

Right on. Right on. Hey, I wanted to fully apologize for the other day. I let fear conquer logic and-

AMIR

Please, Sean. It's fine. We were the ones who lied to you.

SEAN

OK. Sure. Yeah. Well, uh, Kim and I are going to have a little BBQ party tomorrow. Handful of friends. Nothing huge. Some good people so you and Jahan can just be yourselves. Refugees, not fake Americans. I mean...shit, everything I say comes out sounding terrible.

(he breathes)

We'd love for you and Jahan to join us.

Amir takes a long beat to think about the invite.

AMIR
Tomorrow?

SEAN
Yeah. Around 3.

Amir seems like he's a tad bothered by it, but quickly smiles.

AMIR
Yes. I am sure we will stop by.

Sean remains in the door frame, nodding.

SEAN
We'll be grilling some burgers and dogs. Classic American fare.

He remains. Amir starts to close the door on him.

AMIR
Must get back to prayer.

SEAN
Oh, yes! Sorry. See you tomorrow.

The door closes. Sean wipes the sweat off his palms and heads into his house.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sean and Kim sit in their usual spot. Sean takes hits off his pipe, Kim sucks down a bottle of water.

Amir and Jahan's shadows pass by the window occasionally.

Silence.

KIMBERLY
What if we're wrong?

SEAN
Then we never speak of this again.
But...

KIMBERLY
Yeah. I feel it too. Something's up.

SEAN
Not just another one of my dreams and conspiracies?

KIMBERLY
Whatever it is, you've sucked me in again.

She smiles.

SEAN
I'm your drug dealer. And you need
that fix.

KIMBERLY
Oh, do I?

SEAN
I know you.

KIMBERLY
(getting serious)
It's been nice...doing things
together again.

SEAN
It has been.

They stare out the window.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Do you believe people can
be...chosen?

KIMBERLY
What? By like a deity?

SEAN
I guess. By God. Or whatever.

Kim thinks a moment.

KIMBERLY
No. I believe people think they
are. Indoctrination or mental
disorder.

SEAN
So if someone was having visions...

Kim shrugs.

KIMBERLY
They should probably see a doctor.

Sean nods. A small silence.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
What time is it.

SEAN
Nearly midnight.

KIMBERLY

I think we take this show to the bed. You take first shift.

SEAN

Be right there.

She ruffles his hair and walks out. Something is reigniting between them. Sean smiles, then stares out the window.

The garage's window curtain parts slightly. Sean dips low. Someone is looking back at him.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Kim lies on her side, away from Sean, trying to sleep but eyes open.

Sean sits up, half watching the window, half playing on his phone.

The sound of the garage door opening causes them both to perk up.

Out the window they watch as Amir and Jahan exit the garage and peak over the neighbor's fence, quiet and shady.

Amir gives a soft whistle.

Suddenly, Frank the pit bull appears, barking his head off! BARK! BARK!

Jahan tosses something in the yard. The dog grabs it. Swallows. A treat!

Jahan continues to feed the mutt, keeping it quiet, while Amir uses a flat piece of chipboard - leaning it on the other side of the fence like a small SLIDE.

A treat is placed on the wood, and Frank lumbers up it to devour the deliciousness. Another treat is placed near the top. He follows.

Jahan backs up and begins to leave a TRAIL OF TREATS toward the garage door. Frank hops over the fence and gobbles them up. Jahan enters the garage - Frank follows.

Amir grabs the piece of wood, enters the garage, and closes the door.

SEAN

(realizing)

Skillet...do you think they also have Skillet?

KIMBERLY

Sean..what are they doing with these animals?

Silence.

Sean and Kim grip each other as fear grips them right back.

They wait...and wait...and...

A FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT blasts through the garage window - orange and white sparks accompany. A low rumble. Then...darkness.

The Harrison's hold each other tighter.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Sean.

SEAN

Yeah?

KIMBERLY

I'm scared.

SEAN

Don't be. If they are terrorists they won't want to blow their cover by hurting us.

She looks up at him.

He looks deep into her eyes. Sparks fly. He leans down and gently kisses her on the lips.

Kim reaches up and takes his face in her hands - they melt into each other as they fall back on the bed. Clothes quickly shed as hands wander feverishly up and down each other.

Straddling him, Kim guides her husband inside her as their breathing accelerates. This feels dangerous and new - yet old and familiar. The best of both worlds.

Breaking the moment briefly, Kim thinks of something.

KIMBERLY

Wait, wait. Turn around.

Sean is confused - then he looks out the window and gets it.

SEAN

Oh yeah. Good idea.

Sean grips onto Kim and spins around so she can continue to ride on top while keeping an eye on the garage - their secret mission making the sex that much hotter.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

EXT. WASTELAND - DREAM

Amir lies dead on the cracked earth of the wasteland - eyes open and glassy.

Kim stands next to Sean (who sits on the ground), both staring at Amir's body.

Amir abruptly rises at the waist and sits up, staring at them.

AMIR

It's not a bomb.

He smiles - blood pours out of his mouth.

From behind Sean and Kim...SINGING IN FARSI.

VOICE (O.C.)

(singing; Farsi)

Wise men say
Only fools rush in...

Kim and Sean turn to find Jahan, standing a few yards away and singing.

JAHAN

(singing; Farsi)

But I can't help
Burning in Hell with you

Suddenly, Kim and Sean's hand ERUPT INTO FLAMES. They hold them up, screaming as the fire eats its way down their wrists and covering their bodies.

Jahan smiles, showing us the STUB she had for a tongue - impossible to sing with.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

KIM'S EYES FLING OPEN. She slowly sits up, clutching her chest from the dream.

Sean looks over at her from his sitting position on watch.

SEAN

Morning.

She looks over at him, still coming around.

KIMBERLY

We have to stop them.

Sean leans over and plants a warm kiss on her lips.

SEAN

We will.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kim mixes a large potato salad while Sean stares out the window (through the affixed mirror) sipping a beer.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

The front door. Sean and Kim share a look.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Sean opens to the door to reveal his neighbor, GRETCHEN - a middle-aged divorcee with a little extra weight and red eyes from crying.

SEAN

Hey, Gretchen. Everything okay?

GRETCHEN

Have you seen Frank?

Sean does his best to act natural.

SEAN

No. He's missing?

GRETCHEN

He can't get out of the yard. The fence is too tall.

SEAN

I'm sorry. I'll keep my eyes peeled.

Gretchen stares - distraught. Her best friend gone.

GRETCHEN

He's a good dog. I know his barking annoys you but...he's a good dog.

SEAN
I'll keep my eyes peeled. I
promise.

The sad, little woman nods, turns and walks off the porch.
Sean exhales and closes the door.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kim leans against the counter frowning when he returns.

KIMBERLY
I feel bad.

SEAN
Hey, for all we now Frank's having
a great time in there.

KIMBERLY
You don't believe that.

SEAN
No. I don't.

He moves close to her, taking her hands in his to comfort
her.

SEAN (CONT'D)
But we'll know soon. If Clemente is
as good as he likes to brag he is,
we should have enough evidence
after the BBQ.

KIMBERLY
Is it just me, or does Clemente
have a severely punchable face?

SEAN
He reminds me of a B-movie
detective.

Kim laughs.

KIMBERLY
That is exactly what he is.

They share a smile - then a small kiss.

Kim gets back to her potato salad. Sean watches her a moment,
feeling good, then turns his attention back to the garage.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

A dozen or so white people (one black couple) mingle in the
backyard.

Sean, Kim, Marty, and Jim Clemente hover together in their own corner, waiting for the guests of honor to come out of the garage.

MARTY
Just go knock on the door.

JIM CLEMENTE
Bad idea. Let them emerge on their own. Less suspicious.

MARTY
What if they never emerge?

Suddenly, the garage door opens, and Amir and Jahan exit and look around at the BBQ in full swing.

KIMBERLY
Look alive boys.

JIM CLEMENTE
See you on the other side.

Jim breaks away from them and wanders into the crowd.

Sean waves at Amir and Jahan. They smile back, head to them.

KIMBERLY
Marty, how 'bout you pretend to be mute.

MARTY
You'd like that.

KIMBERLY
Very much.

The couple arrive.

SEAN
Glad you guys could make it.

AMIR
Seemed a crime to stay shut in on a beautiful day.

SEAN
This is Marty. He turned that garage into the palace you're currently staying in.

Marty extends his paw - overly friendly.

MARTY
Sean's been blabbing away about the real nice couple renting the place. Honored to finally meet you.

Sean is a bit nervous with Marty's exuberance.

AMIR
A pleasure, Marty.

A SQUIRREL bounds across the yard. Jahan's eyes grow bright as she follows it in awe - like she's never seen one before.

MARTY
Got a four-year-old makes that face every time he sees a squirrel. Glad to see the wonder of God's creation remains with adulthood.

Jahan touches Amir, happy to have seen the critter.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(to Amir)
Hey, listen, you ever played cornhole?

Amir looks strangely at him?

MARTY (CONT'D)
It ain't nothing dirty. Come on, you can be on my team.

He leads Amir away from the garage to a strategically set up game of cornhole - two wood pieces, holes, and beanbags.

Sean looks at Jahan.

SEAN
Jahan, want to be my partner?

She shakes her head politely.

KIMBERLY
(to Jahan)
Maybe you'd help me in the kitchen with the punch?

Jahan nods and follows Kim into the house.

Sean finds Jim in the crowd and gives him a nod. Jim nods back, then slinks over to the garage.

He tries the door. LOCKED. Pulls out a small set of lock picks and quickly gets inside.

Sean's so nervous he suddenly realizes he hasn't taken a breath in a bit. He inhales, then wanders over to the cornhole game in progress.

Marty is teaching Amir the basics. A young, hip white couple are their opponents.

MARTY

Then we just add up the score of each round until someone hits 21. Simple.

AMIR

Yes. Simple.

Sean looks back at the garage - nervous.

INT. GARAGE / AIRBNB - CONTINUOUS

Jim Clemente looks around the tidy little space, takes a large sip from his drink, then quietly starts snooping.

Jim opens the drawers. Empty. Empty. Empty. Notebook. Jim takes out his phone and flips a few pages - all in Farsi. He fires off some photographs - comes across a crude sketch. A small BOX WITH A DOME covering it. He takes a picture.

Jim notices the laptop on the bed and opens it. It's off. He powers it up. While he waits...

He notices the CLOCK on the wall frozen at "4:14." Wandering over, he taps it and it begins to work again. He checks his watch, then pushes the big hand forward - resetting the time.

He checks out the closet. Feeling around the top shelf his hands fall on something near the back. He pulls out...

A handheld device put together by salvaged parts - gun-like in appearance but wider near the tip.

JIM CLEMENTE

You're not a garage door opener.

He takes a picture. Puts it back. Looks down.

A cardboard tube.

He opens the top and slides out the blueprints. His eyes bounce around every detail - eyeing the text in Farsi.

He snaps a picture - rolls it back up, places it in the closet.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The blinds of the kitchen window are CLOSED. Kim stands over Jahan as she pours ingredients into a large punch bowl. She seems to be enjoying the process.

KIMBERLY

Looking good. Now dump about a quarter of the bottle of vodka.

Jahan looks at Kim, then points to the bottle. Kim nods.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

That'll get our guests good and loopy.

Jahan begins to pour. Kim notices something on the back of her hijab. Two, small RED SPLOTCHES.

Jahan feels her presence and turns. Kim grows nervous.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Uh, you have...a stain on the back of your...

Jahan pulls the loose fabric of her hijab to her eyes and sees the spots. She grows a little embarrassed.

She mimics eating something small for Kim.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Strawberry?

Jahan points at her. Correct.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

I've got something that will take that right out.

She turns and gets under the sink, finding a bottle of stain remover. When she stands and turns back, she gasps.

Jahan has removed her hijab. The left side of her head is sparse with hair, instead giving dominance to knotted, BURNT FLESH. Her ear is pressed in, melted.

Jahan lowers her face, apologizing for her appearance. Kim jumps into damage control.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

No, Jahan, I am so sorry I reacted that way. I wasn't...I didn't expect...

Nothing she says will do. Instead she takes the hijab, smiles and sets in on the counter - her back to Jahan.

Jahan returns to her job making the punch. Kim looks over at her - notices something else. Something strange on the back of Jahan's head.

A TATTOO. An UPSIDE BARCODE - the extending lines reaching up, like tall buildings. A series of numbers resting on the short lines: 072817 503

Kim quickly turns back to her task, afraid to get caught staring.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Amir tosses a bean bag and SINKS IT IN THE HOLE. Marty claps his hands and laughs.

MARTY

Man-o-man, I chose the right partner.

Sean nods, then looks back at the garage.

INT. GARAGE / AIRBNB - CONTINUOUS

The toilet flushes.

Jim steps out of the bathroom, he eyes a plate of fruit on the small kitchenette counter. Oranges, grapes, and strawberries. A large FOLDER next to it.

He opens it. Slides out photos and documents of the Vice President of the United States, and Mayor King. A folder full of research.

JIM CLEMENTE

Making this real easy, assholes.

Jim snaps a picture.

Then...he spots the large, black TRUNK shoved in a corner.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)

That's certainly big enough for a dog and a cat.

He listens to the party outside. He goes toward the window to check on how clear the coast is.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kim is about to spray the spots on the hijab when she pauses, staring at what could potentially be more evidence. Instead of spraying, she wets a paper towel and dabs at it, transferring some of the red to it.

Jahan waits patiently. She looks out the kitchen window at the garage...then notices a set of WHITE FINGERS as they part the curtains - someone in her space peering out.

Kim pockets the paper towel, then turns to Jahan only to discover the back door swinging shut. Jahan is gone.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Amir sinks the winning shot. Marty cheers! The other team smiles and shakes hands.

Sean notices Jahan walking quickly toward the garage, Kim exits the house in a panic, holding her hijab.

KIMBERLY
Wait, your scarf...hat...Hijab!
Jahan, Jahan!

SEAN
(to himself)
Shit.

He looks over at Marty, helpless.

Jahan gets closer to the garage. Kim's pleas not working.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Fuck, Marty.

Marty looks down at the bean bag in his hand - makes a decision. He rears back and tosses it hard, SMACKING Jahan in the back of the head.

She stumbles forward, then turns with a confused look, her burnt face shocking everyone.

Amir grabs Marty in anger.

AMIR
Why did you hit her?

MARTY
Dude, I am so sorry. I...uh...

Sean watches as Jim slips out of the garage. Locks it, and blends back into the BBQ. He relaxes.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I'm an idiot. Saw a bee on her and the first thing I think to do is hit her with a bean bag. Good news is the bee is gone.

Amir stares at him, annoyed and gripping him tight.

Finally, he lets go of Marty and goes to Jahan, putting his arm around her and leading her into the garage.

Everyone awkwardly attempts to shuffle back into party mode.

Jim approaches.

JIM CLEMENTE

Well, that got the blood pumpin'.

SEAN

Anything?

JIM CLEMENTE

Lots of things. Found a notebook with some possible bomb sketches. A dossier on the Veep and the mayor. Some high-end technology stuff. Star Trek looking device - my guess a tracker or remote detonator of sorts but I don't know. Tech I've never seen.

He shows them the picture on his phone.

KIMBERLY

Oh my God...

JIM CLEMENTE

Shit, and you know those blueprints you found written in Farsi?

Jim shows them his phone that has Google translator loaded - Farsi to English: GROUND ZERO.

SEAN

Je-sus.

Kim pulls the spotted fabric from her pocket, hands it to Jim.

KIMBERLY

Possible blood on the hijab.

He takes it.

JIM CLEMENTE

(overly-excited)
Fantastic.

KIMBERLY

What about Skillet? And the dog?

JIM CLEMENTE

Fart in the wind, except...
(building drama)
There is that trunk. That big, black trunk.

KIMBERLY
You think they chopped them up!?

JIM CLEMENTE
I think there's a trunk.

He gives her a sly smile.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
We have a lot of pieces here
people, and not a lot of time.

SEAN
So we what? Contact the FBI again?
Call the police?

JIM CLEMENTE
Local Po? You want the bad guys to
win? No, everyone keep being cool.
I have a guy. Once I've verified
what we got here it'll all be over.

SEAN
So we're supposed to trust you?

JIM CLEMENTE
(smiles)
You're supposed to trust me. Enjoy
your BBQ.

Jim wanders off - thinking he's a hero. Sean looks at the
punch.

SEAN
How strong is that?

KIMBERLY
Raise the dead strong.

SEAN
Good.

He ladles a large cupful.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Police begin the procedure of blocking off streets. Prepping
for the arrival of the Vice President of the United States.

EXT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Sean and Kim load a few SUITCASES into the back of their SUV,
continuously looking over at the back gate.

KIMBERLY
Why hasn't Jim called yet?

Sean lifts another suitcase into the popped open back.

SEAN
He will.

Sean closes the back of the SUV.

KIMBERLY
Sean...last night I dreamed we
failed.

He turns to her with wide eyes.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Everything was just a wasteland.

SEAN
Kim...I have the same dreams. Marty
called it a premonition. Something-

KIMBERLY
Warning us.

SEAN
...choosing us.

AMIR (O.C.)
Evening.

Sean and Kim jump a little, then laugh it off when they turn
and see Amir staring at them in front of the back gate.

AMIR (CONT'D)
Apologies.

Sean heads toward him.

SEAN
No worries. I was on my way to talk
to you actually.

He stops in front of Amir, trying to play it cool.

SEAN (CONT'D)
First off, I'm so sorry about
today. With the bees and the-

Amir holds up his hand.

AMIR
It is nothing. Jahan was just a
little spooked. And a little
embarrassed. Her appearance and-

SEAN
Yes...sorry.

Kim arrives at Sean's side. An awkward pause falls over them.

AMIR
Are you going somewhere?

SEAN
Yes. Uh, Kim's sister-

KIMBERLY
She's sick. Nothing sudden. She's
been sick awhile, but she's-

SEAN
She lives a few hours south of here-

KIMBERLY
We're going to stay with my dad for
a few days. Visit her in the
hospital.

AMIR
I am so sorry. Very sorry.

KIMBERLY
Thank you.

SEAN
I realize you and Jahan leave
tomorrow. Just wanted to say it's
been a real pleasure and if you
would...

He digs into his pocket and pulls out a single, silver KEY.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Just put door and gate keys on our
kitchen table and lock the bottom
lock from the inside on your way
out.

Amir stares at the key in Sean's hand. Finally, he takes it.

AMIR
Of course.
(to Kim)
I will pray for your sister.

KIMBERLY
Thank you.

Another awkward pause. Sean claps his hands together.

SEAN

OK. We should head out. The best of luck to you both. Maybe we grab a beer...or a tea some day soon.

AMIR

Maybe we do.

The men shake hands. Kim stumbles a bit, then gives Amir a hug.

KIMBERLY

Take care.

The Harrison's turn and head for their SUV. Amir watches at the gate.

INT. HARRISON CAR - CONTINUOUS

They close the doors.

SEAN

(through his teeth)
He's still watching us.

KIMBERLY

(through her teeth)
So drive away, dear.

EXT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean starts the car, pulls out of the driveway, and vanishes up the street.

Amir remains a beat longer than is comfortable. He looks down at the key. Finally, he returns to the garage.

INT. HARRISON CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Both Sean and Kim breathe out hard and heavy.

SEAN

Were we obvious?

KIMBERLY

No. No. We were fine. We were great.

SEAN

Didn't feel great.

KIMBERLY

No, it didn't...but here we are.

SEAN

Yeah. OK.

They drive in silence.

Sean makes a turn, then starts to look around. Suddenly...

His headlights pour over Marty who leans against the back of his pick-up truck.

Sean pulls the SUV in behind him and cuts the engine.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Kim exit, Marty waiting patiently.

MARTY

Were you obvious?

Sean and Kim look at each other.

SEAN

No. We were great.

MARTY

All right. Hop in.

He goes to the driver's side and slides in the truck. Kim steps up into the trucks flatbed, then helps Sean up. When they are settled, Marty puts the truck in drive and they creep off down the road - leaving the SUV behind.

EXT. BACK OF PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Kim sit in the back, the warm Seattle night kissing their faces, blowing their hair as they rumble down the dark streets.

After a moment of silence...

KIMBERLY

What happens after?

SEAN

What do you mean?

KIMBERLY

With us. Sean, before this mess we were done. The thought of giving us another shot didn't seem like an option.

SEAN

Things have changed.

KIMBERLY

Have they? Or is this just a danger
high? Something we'll come down
from when it's over.

SEAN

I love you.

She looks at him, unsure how to respond.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Kim, I love you.

Before she is able to respond, the truck slows, then stops.
Marty gives a low whistle from inside.

His door opens and he exits, helping Kim out of the back
first, then Sean.

All three take a moment to stare out at the field they are in
front of, and beyond that...

Sean and Kim's BACKYARD.

Marty hands the couple each a set of hefty, yellow goggles.

MARTY

Night vision, kids.

He straps his own to his head and adjusts a few knobs.

SEAN

You have three sets of night vision
goggles?

MARTY

I got seven.

Marty marches forward quietly, creeping low through the
field. He arrives at a tree stump, gets low then waves Sean
and Kim over.

Giving each other another look, they quickly join Marty. All
three get low and stare at the back of the house - the garage
in plain sight.

MARTY (CONT'D)

This was a good plan, Kim.

KIMBERLY

This was your plan, Marty.

MARTY

Just trying to be inclusive.

They all watch. Wait. Breathe.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Stay sharp. If they leave to plant that bomb we gotta follow em, so we know where to point the authorities.

KIMBERLY

Every little bit, I guess.

MARTY

That's right. Easy to arrest a couple martyrs, difficult to get them to tell you where the boom boom is. Settle in.

They all go quiet, staring at the garage.

CUT TO: LATER

Everyone remains in the same position, however it's clear they are growing restless.

SEAN

(to Marty)

Seriously, any word from Clemente?

MARTY

Oh, yeah. Gotta a thumbs up emoji.

KIMBERLY

What's that mean?

MARTY

I assume shit's in motion.

KIMBERLY

You assu-

MARTY

Look alive!

The garage door opens and all fall silent, pressing their bodies to the ground.

Amir immerges, followed by Jahan. They step out in the lawn and have a look around - each holding a GUN-SIZED PIECE OF TECH that they wave about.

SEAN

What are those things?

KIMBERLY

Shhh.

They watch as their Airbnb guests slowly approach the back door of the house that leads to the kitchen.

Amir uses Sean's key. The door opens. They vanish inside.

MARTY
Now's our chance.

He stands. Sean and Kim scramble to their feet.

SEAN
Our chance for what?

MARTY
(mocking)
Sorry about Seattle, America. We
decided to wait for the authorities
instead of take action.

Marty doesn't wait for a reaction. He begins to creep through the field toward the backyard.

Kim looks at Sean.

KIMBERLY
They're in our house Sean. Why?

She follows Marty. Sean remains a moment. Takes a deep breath, then catches up to them.

They arrive at the property line - voices low.

MARTY
I'mma check out the garage. You two
creep on the windows. Keep an eye
on them. They make their way back
you text me.

Before they can argue, he swiftly makes his way to the garage - looks around, then quietly ducks inside.

SEAN
Well...

KIMBERLY
Well.

Kim makes her way toward the house. Sean right behind her.

EXT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

They duck low under the patio window, then carefully peek inside. Dark. Quiet.

They move along the back toward the sliding glass door, then press themselves against the house when a small BEAM OF LIGHT flashes out the glass.

When it is gone they peer around the corner.

Inside they see two shadows searching the room. The tech in their hands acts as a flashlight, but it's so much more. Several blinking lights throb in the dark - a steady pace.

Sean tugs at Kim - whispers in her ear.

SEAN
Those must be the tracker devices
Clemente showed us.

KIMBERLY
So what are they tracking?

Amir and Jahan make their way out of the room and down the hall.

Sean motions for Kim to go around front.

EXT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

They slink around the house and head for the front porch.

Through the window they watch Amir and Jahan wave their tech around, illuminating the photographs on the wall.

They arrive at the basement door, open it, and descend.

SEAN
The hell are they looking for?

Kim motions for him to follow her this time, and they creep over to the small window at ground level that peeks into the basement.

They watch as the shadows wave their tech around - the lights remaining in a steady pulse.

Sean's phone vibrates. A text from MARTY:

You fuckers need to see this.

Sean shows the text to Kim. She nods. They rise slowly and head toward the garage.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sean and Kim enter the gate. All is quiet. Marty exits the garage.

SEAN
They're in the basement.

MARTY
Then you better see this before
they ain't.

INT. GARAGE / AIRBNB - CONTINUOUS

Without saying a word, Marty closes the door, then moves to the computer on the bed.

Sean and Kim notice the trunk has been pried open. They freeze - gasp in horror.

Black and sleek. The size of a large cooler, but the shape of a tear drop. Multi-colored lights throb quietly over its surface, while a small, spinning blue light circles the mechanics inside. A DEVICE of deadly proportions.

SEAN
(in shock)
Jesus.

KIMBERLY
Marty, this thing is active.

MARTY
Yeah, right?

KIMBERLY
Shouldn't we get the Hell out of here?

MARTY
We will.

Marty taps a THUMB DRIVE plugged into the computer's port.

MARTY (CONT'D)
But first...found this gold brick.
These cock-suckers gotta plan-

SEAN
Yeah, no shit. So let's call the cops before this thing goes off.

MARTY
You didn't let me finish, Sean.
These cock-suckers got a plan...looks like you're being set up.

Marty spins the laptop around to show Sean and Kim the screen.

Numerous FOLDERS labeled with names. One in particular stands out. The one labeled: THE HARRISONS.

The husband and wife share a nervous look.

Marty double clicks the folder and it opens up to photos and documents. Marty begins to scroll through a series of candid pictures both Sean and Kim were unaware were being taken.

- Sean and Kim arguing through the kitchen window.
- Sean drinking in the basement.
- Kim leaving for work in the morning.
- The two of them asleep on each other in the kitchen.
- Kim throwing darts at the bar.
- Kim snooping around the Space Needle.
- Kim talking to the security guard at the Needle.

SEAN
They've been watching us?

MARTY
Goes way deeper, my friend.

Marty pulls up a document with Sean and Kim's INTERNET BROWSER HISTORY. A few HIGHLIGHTED searches including Sean's, ITEMS USED FOR BOMB MAKING.

MARTY (CONT'D)
The Muslim's got everything. Phone records, credit card statements. These assholes have your high school report cards.

Marty reaches into a folder and pulls out a folded piece of paper - hands it to Sean.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Found this with the bomb.

Sean takes it - unfolds it. It's a small POSTER.

In REDS and YELLOWS, the poster shows rows of white men standing in formation - all holding SPACE NEEDLES as if they were GUNS. The text is bold - a call to arms: STAND WITH US, BEFORE WE FALL AGAIN.

SEAN
This is a propaganda poster for a war that doesn't exist.

MARTY
That's cause they're about to start it. A goddamn race war, buddy, and they're pinning it on us.

Everyone goes silent.

Suddenly, the back door of the house opens - the hinges alerting our heros.

All duck and peek out the garage window. They watch Amir and Jahan step out. They wander out to the middle of the backyard, continuing to wave their tech.

They stop short and stare out at the Space Needle.

KIMBERLY
We got to get out of here.

SEAN
They're right there.

KIMBERLY
They're going to be right *here* any second.

He agrees.

Kim quietly turns the door knob and slinks outside.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kim, followed by Sean, followed by Marty, sneak out as Amir and Jahan stare at the Needle - their backs to them.

One steady foot in front of the other they make their way to the kitchen's back door.

Kim turns the knob and cracks it open silently. All is going well until...

Marty's foot kicks the cat's food bowl, spilling the pellets everywhere.

The sound echoes down the lawn. Amir and Jahan turn on a dime - stare right at them.

SEAN
Run...run now!

Amir and Jahan head directly at them in a full on sprint.

Sean, Kim, and Marty rush inside.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Through the kitchen and into...

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - HALL/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Down the hall, they race and into the foyer.

Kim fumbles with the locks on the door while Sean rushes her. Finally she gets it, flings it open to reveal...

Jahan standing in their way - the strange tech in her hand like a gun.

Everyone turns, only to find Amir turning the corner - stopping a few feet from them, also pointing his tech.

Silence falls over the old house.

Marty gives them a slow clap - ready to tango.

MARTY

Kudos you towel-head mother fuckers. Kudos. How long this plan take you? Ten years? And ol' Marty unraveled it in just a few days.

Amir steps cautiously forward, the hallway floor groans under all the weight.

AMIR

(American accent)
We won't let this happen.

MARTY

Your accent's for shit.

AMIR

Because I'm also American.

Jahan steps into the house. Kim pushes against Sean.

NOTE: Amir has no accent from this point on.

AMIR (CONT'D)

What you think you're about to do...it's not noble. It's not right.

SEAN

Funny how we think the same thing about you.

Marty steps up to Amir.

MARTY

Not too mention, three of us and two of you. And as a card carrying member of the NRA, I'm fairly certain those glorified flashlights don't fire bullets.

AMIR
 (desperate)
 The future can be more than just
 war.

Marty grabs Amir by the collar and slams him against the wall.

MARTY
 No, sir. We don't negotiate with
 terrorists.

The floor CREAKS. Jahan moves closer, concerned for her brother.

SEAN
 What are you doing, Marty?

MARTY
 You two git. I might linger back
 and have some-

Suddenly, the floor below them CAVES IN.

Sean and Kim are swallowed up into the basement.

Jahan tries to step back but fumbles forward. Amir breaks loose of Marty and leaps toward the opening, grabbing hold of both her wrists.

AMIR
 I got you.

He attempts to pull her back up to his side when Marty grabs the back of Amir, holding him tight, then presses his boot down on Amir's arm, cutting his flesh on the lip of the hole.

Amir screams, his grip loosens, and he watches as his sister PLUMMETS - her face staring up at him.

CRUNCH!

She lands hard and solid on a broken wooden frame - pushing through her back and out her chest.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 Jahan!

Marty pushes him back, and slams his fist into Amir's face.

Amir looks up - blood dripping from his nose.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 (dark)
 You fucking hick.

MARTY

You come onto our soil. Kill innocent lives because we don't agree with your insanity.

AMIR

(tears of anger)
We were born here.

Marty laughs.

MARTY

Yeah, well now you're gonna die here.

He lunges at Amir, who rolls quickly out of the way, and back onto his feet.

Marty reaches for him, but Amir scrambles into...

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amir spots the fireplace poker and makes his way toward it. Just as his fingers wrap around the metal shaft, Marty shows up behind him, slamming him hard into the stone fireplace.

Tossing Amir to the floor, Marty rips the poker from his hands and leans into Amir's neck with it - choking him.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jahan is still, her eyes to the sky, blood on her chest.

Kim slides out from under a pile of wood and tile. She coughs up a lung-full of dust, then looks around.

KIMBERLY

Sean?

SEAN (O.C.)

I'm OK. I hope.

She sees a pile of wood shift near Jahan's body, then an arm toss some planks out of the way.

Sean sits up, checking himself over. Kim climbs up to him.

KIMBERLY

Anything broke?

SEAN

Uh...no. Twisted maybe. Bruised definitely.

KIMBERLY
We don't have much time.

SEAN
Call the cops. Call someone.

Kim takes out her phone but the screen is SCRAMBLED.

KIMBERLY
Shit.

She shows it to Sean. He takes out his to the exact same results.

SEAN
They don't want us calling out.

KIMBERLY
What do we do?

THUD!

Both look above them.

SEAN
Marty.

Kim helps Sean to his feet.

KIMBERLY
OK. Let's go get him.

He nods and they makes their way toward the stairs.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marty continues to choke Amir - his face turning purple.

MARTY
Blow up your own kind if ya want.
But not mine!

Amir is able to get both his feet under Marty's chest. With a swift and hard motion, he KICKS THEM BACK.

Marty stumbles fast off Amir and SLAMS into the sliding glass door, SHATTERING IT, and rolling out into the darkness of the yard.

Amir gasps for air as he pulls himself up.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

He stumbles into the foyer and peers down at his sister. She looks right back up at him - dead.

No time to wipe his tears - the basement door opens.

Amir rushes off into the kitchen just as Sean and Kim exit.

SEAN

Marty?

They turn the corner into...

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shattered glass door causes them both to freeze.

SEAN

Marty?

Something shifts in the black of the night - just beyond the shattered glass.

Then, Marty lumbers in, rubbing his neck.

MARTY

Fucker kicked me through the door.

Kim checks the cut on Marty's neck.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oh, we friends now, Kimmy?

KIMBERLY

Seriously, are you OK?

MARTY

Been through worse. Come one. We gotta end this.

SEAN

Let's just go. Now.

Marty turns, dead serious.

MARTY

He's got a bomb in there, Sean. His sister is dead, and he's trapped. He ain't gonna wait for the cops. You wanna die running or fighting?

Marty heads out of the room.

Sean looks to Kim. They stare for a moment, and then...

She holds out her palm. He looks down at it, then slaps it. They do their secret handshake one last time, each movement sends stabbing pains through out their bruised bodies.

INT. HARRISON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Kim enter the kitchen. Marty is there, still as stone. He holds out his finger, motioning for them to freeze.

He points to something terrifying - reflecting in the MIRROR on the cabinet door - a DARK SHADOW, waiting for them just outside. Pressed against the house.

Marty gives them the "wait here" sign, then advances on the window. The Shadow shifts. Marty quietly slides a large KNIFE from the butcher's block...holds...then LUNGES, swinging his arm out the window and...

...curving it toward the wall of the house. The knife PLUNGES into the Shadow's chest. The Shadow SCREAMS.

MARTY

Ha!

Marty races out the kitchen door.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Marty bursts onto the yard, Sean and Kim right behind him.

Rushing up to the shadow to finish the job, Marty is mere inches away when...

BANG!

Marty stumbles back - a bullet hole in his stomach. He looks up at The Shadow that shot him, shocked.

The Shadow shifts, its head finding the moonlight to reveal...

Jim Clemente.

JIM CLEMENTE

Oh fuck. Marty?

Marty falls to his knees. Sean goes to him, helping him stand. Kim kneels down to Clemente.

SEAN

Marty-

MARTY
 (strained)
 All good. Shit, Clemente...I'm so
 sorry man.

Marty stumbles. Sean catches him, lowering his large friend
 to the ground to sit.

SEAN
 There ya go.

Kim wraps her fingers around the knife handle sticking out of
 Clemente's chest.

JIM CLEMENTE
 (so much pain)
 No...no leave it in. You're not
 supposed to remove knives. I'll
 bleed out.

MARTY
 Christ, I am...I am so sorry.

JIM CLEMENTE
 It's fine...I mean it's not
 but...help me up.

Kim grabs his arm and helps him to his feet. He raises his
 revolver, stabbed but still ready to fight.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
 The shit in that notebook...the
 thing they built...it's big. It's
 strong. Nuclear strong. Sent
 everything I had to my buddy in the
 bureau.

SEAN
 We gotta call the police.

JIM CLEMENTE
 Already on their way.

Suddenly, a light BLAZES TO LIFE through the garage window.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
 But I don't think we have the
 luxury of time.

Jim reaches down and pulls a smaller SECOND REVOLVER from his
 ankle, hands it to Kim.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
 You two are gonna be my shadow.
 When we get to the garage we'll -

He tries to take a step forward, but the pain cripples him. He drops to his knees.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
Shit. Marty. Marty, you son of a bitch...

He looks up, notices Sean's blank expression as he stares down at the man in his arms.

Marty lies still, his eyes open.

Kim approaches, kneels down behind Sean, rubbing his back.

JIM CLEMENTE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Marty... I'm sss...

Clemente falls face first to the ground. Dead.

A metallic BANG from the garage. The light throbs through the curtains. Sean's eyes filled with anger.

SEAN
Up to us.

He pulls himself up, then reaches down and takes Clemente's gun out of his hand.

KIMBERLY
OK.

They stare at each other - close. Almost kissing when...

A loud rumble shakes the garage, breaking their moment.

They turn and race toward the garage. They try the door. Locked.

The hum from inside grows louder.

Sean slams his body against the wood.

CRACK!

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The door busts off its hinges, and Sean tumbles into the room bathed in a blue light. Kim steps in behind him, gun raised.

The lights on the device throb at an accelerated speed - the spinning blue light whirring faster and faster. A COUNTER NOW READS: "2:51".

Amir is nowhere to be found.

SEAN

Where'd he-

Before he can finish, Amir bursts out from behind the door and wraps his arms around Sean, struggling for the gun.

The two men stumble about while Kim aims her gun at Amir. There's too much movement. If she fires she could hit Sean.

Sean uses all his strength to point the gun at Amir, but his enemy is strong, and to his dismay, Sean finds the barrel creeping toward himself.

BLAM! BLAM!

Amir squeezes Sean's finger on the trigger twice, putting a bullet in both Sean's right and the left leg - incapacitating him fully.

Releasing his grip on the gun, Sean falls back, unable to stand. He hits the ground as Amir steps back and immediately trains the gun on Sean's head.

Kim gets a solid aim on Amir.

KIMBERLY

STOP!

He freezes. All three become statues in a stand-off as the device continues to hum - the timer reading "2:20".

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Turn off the bomb!

Amir looks over at Kim with grave, furious eyes.

AMIR

Fuck you and your war! And fuck every powerful coward around this world who retaliates out of fear!

KIMBERLY

Turn it off, Amir.

AMIR

Whatever hateful ideology you hope to fulfill...this will go beyond what you imagined. There's going to be nuclear bombs crisscrossing the sky all over again if you don't stand down.

Kim's hands begin to shake. Amir's finger tightens on the trigger slightly. Sean lies on the ground, breathing heavily.

KIMBERLY

Turn off the bomb, no-

Amir swings his arms toward her, ready to shoot. Kim reacts faster.

BLAM!

The bullet tags Amir in the chest. He stumbles back, then stops - looks at her. Then...HE LUNGES!

Before she can react, Amir grabs her wrist and pushes the gun away from him. Her finger squeezes and...

BLAM!

A bullet TAGS THE DEVICE - creating a small HOLE where sparks begin to fly.

Amir presses down on Kim, his weight taking her to the ground. His hand slips around her neck - cutting off her air.

Kim looks over at Sean on the floor, then loosens her grip on the gun.

Sean puts out his hand and it falls directly into his palm.

Kim's eyes roll back and...

BLAM!

A bullet hits Amir in the back. He screams.

Kim rears back her legs and kicks him off with all she has. Amir flops backward, bumping up against the bed.

Kim pushes herself up and rushes to her husband, dropping to her knees.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Sean-

SEAN

We have to stop it.

Amir coughs. Kim marches up to the wounded man as he spits up blood. She grabs him by the collar and places her gun against his head.

KIMBERLY

Turn it off.

Amir remains calm, his eyes made of ice.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Don't make me kill you-

AMIR

You already killed all of us.

TIMER: 1:52... 1:51...

Amir peels his hand from his chest and stares his blood - a sadness rolling over him.

AMIR (CONT'D)
We couldn't stop it. We couldn't
stop you.

KIMBERLY
We're not the fucking terrorists
here. YOU ARE!

SEAN
We're the ones trying to stop you
from blowing up the city!

Amir's grows confused.

AMIR
I do not understand...you think...

Amir's eyes grow wide with sudden realization.

The device hums louder - the lights quickening their pulse.

AMIR (CONT'D)
(defeated)
We looked everywhere. This is
ground zero. This is where the bomb
explodes. This is where World War 3
begins. It has to be here.

KIMBERLY
Last chance, Amir. I mean it.

He looks up at her, into her eyes - angry.

AMIR
We wasted all our time thinking you
were part of it...but you weren't.
You were just two more ignorant
assholes getting in the way of
progress.

Kim stares him down, then...

KIMBERLY
Fuck you. I'll do it.

She goes to the device - feels around the edges of the panel,
but can't figure it out. No wires or buttons.

The lights go from blue to red.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I can't get it open! I can't...

TIMER: 30... 29...

She stands, looking around. Helpless.

Then, she rushes back to Sean and hooks him under the arms - attempting to drag him out.

SEAN
What are you doing?

KIMBERLY
We have to run.

SEAN
I can't. Kim, stop.

She continues to pull him, but he's too heavy.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Kim! You have to leave me.

She stops, then swings around, kneeling low and looking into his eyes.

KIMBERLY
Sean...

SEAN
(sincerely)
I'll only hold you back. Run.

She stares at him, tears filling her eyes.

TIME: 10.. 09....

SEAN (CONT'D)
(tears dripping)
Please...run...

She remains, looking into his eyes. She places her forehead against his.

The device vibrates heavily. The clock on the wall STOPS -
5:03 a.m.

Amir slide to his stomach and begins to pull himself toward them, leaving a bloody trail behind.

AMIR
It's not a bomb!

The light bulb overhead BURSTS.

Kim places her hands on Sean's cheeks and slowly pulls him to her.

KIMBERLY

I love you.

Their lips touch. They kiss deeply.

TIME: 3... 2...1...

ZIP!

A BLUE ORB shoots from the high-tech device and covers Sean and Kim. One moment they are in the garage kissing, and the next...

They vanish in the blink of an eye.

Amir stares at the spot they once where - perplexed and dying quickly.

He drags himself to the device and places his hand gently on top of it - an old friend.

AMIR

(weakly)

It's not a bomb.

A quiet moment, and then...

SPARKS FLY from the BULLET HOLE in the device. Amir's eyes grow wide as he watches the machine malfunction and begin to rumble. A horrific realization falls over him.

AMIR (CONT'D)

But it's just as powerful.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - EARLY MORNING

The birds are starting to chirp. Early morning commuters just getting on the road.

Then, off in the distance - somewhere in the suburban part of the city...a TINY EXPLOSION OF LIGHT.

The light is followed by bright RIPPLE of energy. That energy quickly rolls over the land, heading fast and furiously toward the downtown area...

The Space Needle directly in its path as a white light BLINDS US, leading us to...

SILENCE. Then...

CHYRON: 53 YEARS LATER

INT. WASTELAND - 2072

The very same wasteland in Sean and Kim's dreams. Cracked earth. Crumbling buildings. Howling winds.

No signs of life, except...

A familiar ORANGE CAT - SKILLET. He wanders about, sniffing the air.

We follow skillet for a bit as it stops every once in awhile to investigate a toppled mailbox or an old, deflated car tire.

Finally, the cat leads us to the only other life form in this wasteland - FRANK THE PIT BULL.

Skillet freezes - arches his back and hisses. Frank tips his head, then growls. And then...the chase begins!

The pit bull chases the cat through the dead lands, leading us to a familiar sound...

Creak. Creak. Creak.

Skillet leaps up onto the bent and charred Hushed Willow Rd. Sign. Frank stops below and barks.

ZAP!

A BLUE ORB materializes near the sign. Both Skillet and Frank watch as the orb unfolds itself, revealing Sean and Kim - still locked in their kiss as the orb around them dissolves.

The hot, post-apocalyptic wind hits their bodies and they break from the kiss, startled to still be alive, but confused as to where they are.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

They stare at their old street sign swaying in the wind.

MEOW.

Skillet the cat suddenly brushes up against Sean's leg, looking for attention.

He looks down at the orange creature standing on the cracked, scorched earth.

SEAN

Skillet...?

BARK! BARK! They look and find Frank the pit bull barking at them. A sudden realization hits Sean and Kim.

KIMBERLY

Oh my God...

QUICK POP:

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Sean and Kim sit up in bed as they watch Jahan lead Frank the pit bull into the garage with treats.

Amir closes the door and...

ZAP! The strange light goes off.

INT. WASTELAND - 2072 - BACK TO SCENE

Sean and Kim notice the torn PROPAGANDA POSTER that hangs on the metal pole of the street sign.

QUICK POPS:

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Sean, Kim and, Marty look at the propaganda poster - rows of white men standing in formation - all holding SPACE NEEDLES as if they were GUNS: STAND WITH US, BEFORE WE FALL AGAIN.

SEAN

This is a propaganda poster for a war that doesn't exist.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Amir places his spoon in the empty chili bowl.

SEAN

You guys were hungry.

AMIR

Long trip. Feel like we haven't eaten in decades.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Sean and Kim sit listening to Amir at the kitchen table.

AMIR

Crickets don't sing in a world with no songs.

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - GARAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Amir lies on the ground, bleeding out, staring at the Harrisons.

AMIR

This is where World War 3 begins.

INT. WASTELAND - 2072 - BACK TO SCENE

Sean and Kim remain silent a moment more, in shock at the decayed, scorched world around them.

SEAN

(at-a-loss)

They were real...the premonitions,
they were...memories.

KIMBERLY

Sean...

Sean turns and follows her gaze. Tears well in his eyes - the site too much for him.

SEAN

Amir...was right. We got in the
way. We...fucked it up.

Tall buildings now skeletons of their former selves - many crumbled and toppled over. Most notable amongst them is the one we haven't yet seen. A fallen, iconic giant. Rusted and in pieces.

The Seattle Space Needle.

Kim links her fingers with Sean's, as they stare at the horror - at their future - together.

CUT TO BLACK

SILENCE.

CHYRON: 53 YEARS AGO.

Then we hear the sound of Amir's voice over black.

AMIR (V.O.)

My sister thinks it's a big step
forward for humanity when we let
strangers sleep amongst us.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON RESIDENCE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Amir and Jahan, alive and well, stand across from Sean and Kim, having just finished dinner (this is the same scene as the opening - but from Amir/Jahan's POV).

KIMBERLY

I hadn't ever thought about it like that. Far more poetic than "this mortgage won't pay itself."

Amir watches as Sean looks over at Kim, who looks away from him - avoiding his eyes.

Jahan gives a Amir a look. He nods.

SEAN

Well, welcome to Seattle and have a good night.

Amir waves goodbye to Sean and Kim as they leave, then closes the door.

They both peek through the window and watch them amble up to their house.

AMIR

What do you think?

Jahan shakes her head, unsure.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I know. Too boring. Too plain. But maybe that's what makes the perfect terrorist. Average normal nobodies. And yet... this is ground zero. This very spot.

Jahan nods, makes the motion with her fingers on her eyes that they will WATCH THEM CLOSELY.

Amir moves to the window and gazes out at the standing Space Needle in the distance. He takes out the triangular metal from under his shirt.

AMIR (CONT'D)

Strange to think in six days this will all be gone.

Jahan shakes her head.

AMIR (CONT'D)

You're right. Not this time. We know it's here. We'll find it.

Jahan opens the trunk to reveal the TIME MACHINE - quiet and dark. She opens a panel on the side and presses a few buttons - checking the system.

Two lights come on clean - one FLASHES. Jahan signs at her brother. He looks over her shoulder.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 She's overheating again.
 (Thinks)
 OK, let's shut it down for now.
 She's too powerful and I don't want
 to risk of her malfunctioning
 before we can fix the ventilation.

Amir goes to the window and stares out. He spots Skillet the cat stalking a squirrel in the yard.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 I'll find us a test subject or two.
 Make sure it's working properly and
 we can get back.

The cat pounces and the squirrel escapes. Amir smiles.

Amir turns away from the window. Jahan pats her brother gently. He looks down at her.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 We'll stop this. We'll find the
 bomb and stop this. And then go
 home to something beautiful.

She makes a gesture with her hands from her heart.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 I love you too.

She smiles, pulls out a pack of cigarettes and heads for the door.

AMIR (CONT'D)
 You should remove your shoes.
 There's actual grass out there. I
 hear it feels wonderful on your
 bare feet.

EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jahan wanders out in the night, enjoying the feeling of actual grass under her feet.

She finds a spot in the middle of the yard and looks up at the stars. She stays that way for a long moment, then slides out a cigarette and LIGHTS IT.

She then refocuses her gaze on the house. She stares at Sean through the sliding glass door. He seems to be staring right back at her - menacing...knowing?

She takes a long drag and continues to watch him. She watches his every move. Her prime suspect.