

**Identity Crisis**  
**"Pilot"**

by

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"IDENTITY CRISIS"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET OUTSIDE A CAFE - DAY

As viewed THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD of an approaching car, inching along in heavy traffic...

The exterior of the SUNSHINE CAFE: big picture window, bright sign, a couple of large, potted plants.

After a couple walks by, the lull in pedestrian traffic is interrupted by a man of unknown descent, sharply dressed, head down, carrying a briefcase. He enters the cafe.

The car stops at the intersection for a traffic light. The front seat occupants can now be seen: two men in suits.

The driver, JUAN CASTILLO, 28, Hispanic - an unlit cigarette dangling from his mouth - speaks up.

CASTILLO

Boss, I still think we...

GLEN FOSSE, 42, Caucasian, interrupts with authority and crass, as if to be the senior member of the duo.

FOSSE

I don't give a shit what you - or your partner - think. It's my show now. We do things my way.

Castillo stares at Fosse momentarily, then looks away, responding with forced deference.

CASTILLO

Yes, sir.

Fosse surveys the traffic with disdain, then turns to face Castillo again.

FOSSE

I'm gettin' out here. Find a parking space with a good view.

Castillo nods. Fosse exits the car, eying traffic as he proceeds in the direction of the cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A bustling cafe, filled with a wide variety of folk - all ethnicities and races, mostly adults - typical energetic lunch crowd, enjoying good food and lively conversation.

As a waitress strolls by, a bell hanging from the front door rings, signaling its opening.

Fosse enters the cafe and takes an immediate left, trying his best to be inconspicuous as he takes a seat at a small corner booth, all the while slyly eying...

...identical twin sisters ZOE and CHLOE - 30, slender, attractive - sitting at a 2-top a few tables away.

A waitress arrives at Fosse's table and attempts to hand a menu to him but he waves her off, ordering just a cup of coffee instead. She nods and departs.

As Zoe and Chloe converse in the background, Chloe's attention seems drawn to the man with the briefcase...

...who sits at a table by himself not far from them, face unseen, his back to the twins.

As Fosse takes note of this in the background, his attention divided between the twins and that man...

...the man's flip phone buzzes, startling him. He grabs the phone, opens it, reads the screen, then sets it back down.

A waitress appears, setting a cup of hot tea on the table.

The man, face still unseen, immediately begins dipping the tea bag over and over, his hand shaking nervously.

The man bows his head and appears to chant a brief, silent prayer. He then takes a sip of tea, sets the cup back down in the saucer, digs some change out of his pocket, and sets it on the table.

Fosse observes the man stand, turn, and begin to make his way toward the front door. As he brushes by the twins...

...Fosse notices one of them (Zoe) stare at the man as he slides by, then make a comment to the other (Chloe) - unintelligible over the cafe clatter.

Chloe lifts and tilts her head, eying the table where the man was sitting.

Fosse attempts to do the same, but a group of people are now standing in his line-of-sight, obscuring his view.

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET OUTSIDE THE CAFE - DAY

Castillo, still in the driver's seat, LOOKS BACKWARD, puffing on his coffin nail. As he attempts - not so skillfully - to parallel park into a space he has found...

...the VIEW THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD reveals...

...the man (minus his briefcase) opening the front door, turning, and walking briskly down the sidewalk away from Castillo.

The man can be seen retrieving some kind of device from his pants pocket, which he holds high into the air.

INT. CAR - DAY

Having finally backed into the space adequately, Castillo TURNS AROUND to pull forward. Just then...

...a MAMMOTH EXPLOSION is heard emanating from the cafe, which Castillo witnesses!

His face is AGHAST in TERROR, the half-smoked Camel drooping, and then pirouetting from his mouth.

CASTILLO

Holy shit!!

SEEN FROM HIS POV, Castillo SLAMS the gear shift into park, then hastily exits the car and HOOFS it toward the cafe.

The sidewalk and street are strewn with shards of glass, bricks, and pieces of lumber, intermixed with a handful of human bodies - some showing signs of life - some not.

Nearby bystanders react in horror - some rushing to the site to check on the injured - others using their cell phones to make calls or video the carnage.

As Castillo arrives at the cafe, an injured woman, lying near the entrance amongst the debris, reaches out and grabs at his ankle but misses...

...as Castillo slides by and enters the cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The destruction and carnage are overwhelming -

- body parts lie amidst brick, pipes, lumber, and pieces of furniture.

As Castillo comes upon the charred remains of a customer...

...he feels his breakfast coming up and falls to his knees, puking. He stays there, panting, then wipes his mouth, trying to summon the courage to continue.

He finally stands and looks around, anguish etched on his face, calling to his boss.

CASTILLO

Fosse....Fosse!

Castillo, continues his search, finally spotting a familiar face in a nearby pile of debris. Rushing to it reveals...

...FOSSE, partially buried in rubble, showing no signs of life.

Castillo lifts a 4x4 off of him and then puts his ear to Fosse's mouth. Hearing and feeling nothing...

...he frantically removes debris from Fosse's chest and performs CPR, all the while attempting to resurrect Fosse with his words as well as his actions.

CASTILLO

C'mon Fosse. Breathe, dammit!

(beat)

Don't even think about dyin' on me,  
you son-of-a-bitch!

Alternating between chest thumps and breaths into his mouth, Castillo finally stops when his efforts prove fruitless.

Castillo slumps to the floor, head down, exhaling deeply.

His grief is interrupted by the sound of others entering the cafe. He turns to face them, still on his kness, digging out his badge and holding it out in front of him.

CASTILLO (CONT'D)

FBI. This place isn't safe.

A young man in the small crowd of people speaks up.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, man - we're just here to help.  
What can we do?

CASTILLO

You can get the hell out before  
this building collapses on you.

Castillo dips his head momentarily and sighs, then addresses the group solemnly.

CASTILLO (CONT'D)

There's no one here you can help.

As the crowd disperses, exiting the cafe, Castillo sinks in despair, sitting, hands on the floor, his arms bracing him.

SUDDENLY, he feels someone's grip on his wrist. He WHIRLS around to see...

...Fosse holding that wrist, staring at him with a pained expression, grunting as he speaks with short breaths.

FOSSE

Decided...to take...your advice.

Castillo responds with a look of astonishment.

CASTILLO

You heard me?

Fosse nods, his grip loosening, closing his eyes. After a moment - and a brief look of panic from Castillo - they spring back open and he tightens his grip once more.

FOSSE

Find her.

CASTILLO

But sir...you...

Fosse clenches his teeth as he weakly barks out...

FOSSE

Go! That's...an order!

Castillo begrudgingly nods, stands and resumes his search. After sifting through more bodies and rubble...

...he finally comes upon what he is looking for and gasps.

CASTILLO

Oh dear God!

As he stares at something unseen, dismay contorts his face, revealing the gruesome nature of the sight.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - ZAHIR RESIDENCE - DAY

An ornate front door, probably to a mansion.

SUPERIMPOSE: Three days earlier

An arm reaches INTO FRAME and pushes a button by the door, sounding its chime.

Shortly, the front door of the Zahir house opens and there stands a cute, petite little girl - MIRANDA ZAHIR, 7.

Her expression brightens when she sees who is at the door.

MIRANDA

Aunt Zoe!

Miranda steps forward and gives Zoe a big hug, then looks up at her with adoring eyes.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you could come!

ZOE

Wouldn't miss it for the world,  
sweetie!

Zoe hunches down so as to be eye level with Miranda.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Now, how 'bout you help me find  
your sister so I can wish her a  
happy birthday!

Miranda looks to either side of Zoe inquisitively.

MIRANDA

Where's Uncle Frank?

Zoe's expression turns sour.

ZOE

Sorry, honey. He couldn't make it  
today.

Miranda's gaiety quickly dissolves into dejection.

MIRANDA

He never comes over any more. Is  
Uncle Frank sick?

Zoe gazes at Miranda solemnly.

ZOE

Sort of. He's going through some things right now.

EXT. IRAQI VILLAGE - day [DREAM SEQUENCE]

FRANK DENTON, then 26, is pinned down by enemy fire in the rubble of what was once a house, along with three other soldiers.

The four alternate between returning fire and hiding behind rock structures to shield themselves from the cascade of bullets, which come in waves.

One soldier, attempting to fire his weapon, gets only a click. He sits down behind a pillar and turns to Frank.

SOLDIER 1

Out o' ammo, Sarg!

Frank nods and grabs a military backpack. He digs around inside. As he retrieves an ammo clip...

...a GRENADE is tossed into their midst, landing closer to the other three than to Frank.

Another soldier spots this and alerts everyone.

SOLDIER 2

Grenade!!

The four attempt in vain to take cover but...

...the GRENADE EXPLODES almost immediately.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. FRANK & ZOE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank awakens, his eyes and mouth open wide, sweat dripping from his temples. He sits up on the couch, panting. Panning his surroundings, he gets his bearings...

...then puts his face in his hands and begins to sob.

An empty liquor bottle and glass can be seen on the coffee table to his side.

EXT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - BACK YARD - DAY

An elegant, well-manicured backyard, complete with in-ground swimming pool and adjoining jacuzzi, in which reside a man and a woman, each enjoying a glass of wine.

Several other adults are scattered about, conversing, while an equal number of kids play in and around the pool.

One stocky child jumps off the diving board, doing a cannonball into water and splashing the wet stuff on...

...a nearby fit, handsome - but unsuspecting - adult - AMARI ZAHIR, 40, Kuwaiti - causing him to recoil...

...and others around him to break out into laughter.

INT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Zoe organizes party favors as Chloe chops vegetables. They both look out the window facing the pool at the sound of the laughter.

Zoe sighs as she looks admiringly at Amari, who is all smiles as he points to the child and nods, as if to be saying, "You got me good!"

ZOE

Amari is so good-natured. Does anything upset him?

Chloe turns to her sister and smiles broadly.

CHLOE

Not really. Pretty even keel...

Chloe's expression then takes a turn for the worse.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Well...except for...you know.

Zoe nods. Her lower lip quivers and she starts to tear up. Chloe notices and responds apologetically.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Zoe. I shouldn't have -

Zoe regains her composure somewhat and interrupts.

ZOE

That's ok. Can't be ballin' like a little baby every time the subject comes up.

Chloe nods and hesitates for a moment, unsure of whether to ask her question or not.

CHLOE

So, how's Frank...any better?

Zoe hangs her head, shaking it contrarily.

ZOE

No. If anything, worse. He spends hours every day sitting on the couch, drinking himself into oblivion, watching old video footage of Cassie.

Chloe sets down her knife and steps to Zoe, giving her a big hug.

CHLOE

I'm so sorry. What can I do?

As they break their embrace, Zoe responds defeatedly.

ZOE

Don't know. I tried getting him to go to that therapist friend of Amari's. He won't.

Zoe swallows hard, choking back tears, then continues.

ZOE (CONT'D)

It's like he feels he deserves to be miserable. He just can't forgive himself for what happened.

CHLOE

In Iraq...or with Cassie.

ZOE

Both. Everything bad that happens around him that he can't fix is his fault.

Zoe looks out the window and sees Amari welcome his youngest daughter, JAZMIN, 4 - the birthday girl - into his arms. Again, she sighs heavily.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I wish I had your -

Zoe stops short, choking up once more. Chloe waits for her to finish, then interjects when she doesn't.

CHLOE

Wish you had my what?

Zoe shakes her head, lowering it in shame.

ZOE

Nevermind. We should -

At that moment, Jazmin excitedly runs into the kitchen.

JAZMIN

Mommy, mommy! Daddy says I can open presents now!

Jazmine takes her mom by the hand, tugging at her joyfully.

CHLOE

Okay, okay.

Chloe turns to Zoe.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You good?

Zoe sniffs, wipes a tear from one eye, and nods in the affirmative, though rather unconvincingly.

Jazmin steps over to Zoe and reaches her right hand up. Zoe smiles and takes it in her left hand and the three head toward the sliding glass door.

EXT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - DAY

VIDEO FOOTAGE of Cassie's fifth birthday (two years ago):

Zoe and Chloe step out of the kitchen through sliding glass doors, but hand-in-hand with Cassie, who has her eyes closed.

Frank, operating the camcorder, addresses Cassie.

FRANK (O.C.)

Ok, Cas. Open your eyes.

She does. Her eyes sparkle and her jaw drops as she spies...

...a huge "Frozen" birthday cake, decorated with figures and other adornments from the movie. Wrapped presents grace the stand the cake sits upon.

CASSIE

Oh my gosh!

Cassie races to the cake - the camcorder follows her. All smiles, she examines every inch of the cake - every trinket.

She then turns toward the camcorder and runs to Frank, who hands it off to Amari - to continue filming - just as Cassie runs into Frank's arms, who kneels down to embrace her.

CASSIE

I love it! Thank-you, Daddy!

FRANK

You're very welcome, sweetie.

As Frank lifts Cassie up...

INT. DENTON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A WIDE SHOT reveals the video to be playing on a TV, with an inebriated, teary-eyed Frank watching from the couch, remote in one hand and a glass of bourbon in the other.

VIDEO: Frank ushers Cassie over to the table and she chooses her first present to unwrap as Zoe, Chloe and others assemble around her.

Frank downs the contents of the glass and tries to refill it, only to discover the bottle is empty. RAGING briefly...

...he FLINGS the empty bottle at the fireplace. It SHATTERS on the rock and brick.

Frank shakes his head in disgust. Staring at the broken glass, he tries to stand too quickly and dizziness ensues. Frank tries in vain to steady himself but falls back on to the couch, passed out.

The remote slips from his hand and drops to the floor.

VIDEO: A joyful Cassie opens the last of her presents - a Frozen figurine doll. She turns to her parents, who are standing together, for one last joyful hug.

INT. DENTON RESIDENCE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Pitch black. The silence and darkness are interrupted...

...first by the sound of a key turning in a keyhole, and then the opening of a door, allowing the porch light to partially illuminate the entryway of a home.

A hand reaches over and flicks on a light switch, brightening up the foyer and revealing - ZOE...

...who hangs up her keys and slogs toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Zoe comes upon the couch, discovering Frank, who is still sprawled out, unconscious.

She then spies the broken whiskey bottle and shards near the fireplace, causing her to shake her head in anguish.

Noticing the video of Cassie's birthday party has come to an end and has reverted to the "replay" screen on the TV, she trudges toward it...

...but a picture of Chloe and family on an adjacent knick-knack stand snares her attention and she diverts to it.

She picks up the picture of her sister's family, staring at it longingly, sighing, and begins to tear up.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chloe clears dishes from the kitchen table as Jazmin finishes her cereal. Chloe calls out toward the girls' room.

CHLOE  
(yelling)  
Miranda!

Miranda answers from her bedroom.

MIRANDA (O.C.)  
Coming, Mom.

Miranda races into the kitchen in school attire, backpack in hand, getting Chloe's attention.

CHLOE  
Got your homework?

MIRANDA  
(nodding)  
Yup.

Just then, Amari enters the kitchen, addressing all.

AMARI  
How 'bout I take Miranda to school today?

Chloe turns toward Amari, with a look of astonishment.

CHLOE  
You? But her school's not on the way to the...

AMARI  
(interrupting)  
Feelin' the need for some father - daughter time.

Amari turns to Miranda and crouches down, sporting a big smile.

AMARI (CONT'D)  
Whataya say, champ?

Miranda, taken aback, looks at Chloe and then back at Amari.

MIRANDA  
Um...sure, Dad.

Amari takes Miranda's hand, leading her toward the door.

AMARI  
Got everything you need?

Miranda nods.

AMARI (CONT'D)  
Then let's go.

As the two turn toward the front door, Chloe intercedes.

CHLOE  
Hey, you two!

They stop and turn around.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
When should I plan for dinner?

Amari fumbles for a response.

AMARI  
Oh...I have a...class to teach tonight.

Chloe responds with a puzzled look.

CHLOE  
Tonight? I thought that was a Tuesday-Thursday thing.

AMARI  
Well...this is a...new class. Starts tonight. Afterwards, I'll grab a bite out with some of the other faculty members. Lots of issues to address.

CHLOE  
So...

Amari cuts her off.

AMARI  
So...could be a late one. Don't wait up.

Amari turns to Miranda.

AMARI (CONT'D)  
Come along. Gotta make sure you get to school on time.

As Amari tugs Miranda out the front door, she turns around.

MIRANDA  
Bye, Mom!

Chloe responds emotionally, raising her voice.

CHLOE

Bye, baby. Love you. Have a great  
day at...

Just then twosome exit through the front door and it shuts.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

...school.

Chloe stares at the door momentarily, bewilderment etched on her face, then turns to Jazmin, who gazes up at her mom as if sensing something's wrong.

INT. DENTON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank slowly comes to after another drunken night on the couch. He blinks and rubs his eyes, then moves his head to and fro, trying to get his bearings.

In an attempt to sit up, he accidentally rolls himself off the couch and on to the floor. Frank lies there for a moment, stunned by his ineptitude.

He then struggles to his knees and, after getting upright, uses the coffee table as a brace to awkwardly rise to his feet.

As he heads for the kitchen, using his hands to steady himself by grabbing any piece of furniture in his path, he calls out for his wife.

FRANK

Zoe! Zoe!

Hearing no response, he traipses into the kitchen and is about to open the refrigerator door when his peripheral vision catches sight of a...

...NOTEPAD on the kitchen table with something scribbled on it. He turns, leans down, and squints at it.

Realizing it's addressed to him, he picks it up, holds it at arms length, and begins to read:

NOTE: "Frank - went to the cemetery. Knew you wouldn't want to come. Be back later. Zoe"

Frank tosses the notepad back on to the table. He leans over, bracing himself with both hands at the table's edge. Sighing deeply, Frank hangs his head in shame.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A car turns off a main highway and into a cemetery. After a short drive, it pulls off to the side of the road and stops.

Zoe gets out and walks over to a group of three tombstones, kneeling at each one and placing a solitary red rose at the base of each tombstone.

She stops and kneels at the third one:

CASSIE DENTON 2008-2015

...can be clearly seen on it. She crosses herself and says a silent prayer.

She then stands and after a moment of silence, begins a one-way conversation with her deceased daughter.

ZOE

Hi baby. It's your mom.

Zoe glances skyward as she speaks.

ZOE (CONT'D)

But, if you're lookin' down from heaven, I guess you already know that.

Zoe returns an apologetic eye to the slab of marble bearing her daughter's name.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I haven't come more often. Wish I had a good excuse. I don't.

Zoe looks away and wipes a tear from her cheek, then returns her gaze to the headstone.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Your father sends his love.

Zoe shakes her head in disgust, hanging it in shame.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Sorry - that's a lie. Hell, he probably doesn't even know yet that I'm here.

Zoe struggles to keep it together, exhaling deeply and sniffing before continuing.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I hope you've found it in your heart to forgive him.

(beat)

I have. I had to. For his sake as well as mine.

Zoe wipes another tear as she stares at the sky...

ZOE (CONT'D)

Thing is, honey, he can't forgive himself.

...and then back at Cassie's memorial.

ZOE (CONT'D)

He's a mess - we're a mess - and I  
don't see that changing anytime  
soon.

With a tilt of her head and look of desperation, Zoe speaks  
to the heavens.

ZOE (CONT'D)

So if there's anything you can do  
from where you are that might give  
him some peace, well...

Zoe chokes up, trying to keep it together, but whimpering  
softly.

As Zoe struggles to regain her composure - and unbeknownst  
to her - a car can be seen behind her, pulling up to and  
just in back of her car.

Zoe steps toward the tombstone, kissing two fingers of her  
right hand and then touching the grave marker as she speaks.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Love you, baby.

Zoe takes a couple steps and is now in front of two other  
headstones. She sighs deeply, then speaks weakly.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Hi Mom...Dad. It's Zoe.

Zoe clears her throat. After a brief silence, she resumes.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I miss you both so much. I think  
about you every day.

Zoe pauses and fumbles for what to say next.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Things...um...aren't so good  
between me and Frank. He's given in  
to his demon and...well...I don't  
know how much longer I can take it.

Zoe wipes her eyes, staring at the ground, then lifts her  
head and continues.

ZOE (CONT'D)

With you two gone and now Cassie -  
(beat)  
All I've got is Chloe to -

Just then, a voice from behind her interrupts.

GABY (O.C.)

So what am I - chopped liver?

Startled, Zoe whirls around to see GABY MUNOZ - Hispanic, slim, attractive, 31 - walking up to meet her.

Zoe's face brightens and she opens her arms to greet her friend with a loving hug. As they break their embrace, Zoe addresses her gaff.

ZOE

I'm sorry, Gaby. I wasn't thinking.  
I know you're in my corner, too.

GABY

That's ok. I understand.

After a brief silence...

ZOE

How did you know I was here?

Gaby smiles slyly.

GABY

You called in sick. You never call in sick. Figured you were having a rough day...and, that I might find you here.

ZOE

You could have just called.

GABY

Eh...I wanted to surprise you.  
Besides, best friends console each other in person.  
(beat)  
So...what now?

Zoe hesitates, appearing perplexed.

ZOE

Don't know. Guess I hadn't thought the day out any further than this.

GABY

(smiling wryly)  
Then I know exactly what we're going to do.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY - Gaby appears to be telling an amusing story as Zoe listens intently. A waitress begins setting all the fixin's for fajitas on the table.

B) INT. GYM - DAY - Zoe and Gaby, dressed in workout clothes, walk on treadmills, side by side, as they converse and glance up at the TVs hanging from the ceiling. A hunky guy walks by: Zoe takes notice - Gaby appears to give her some good-natured ribbing.

C) INT. SPA - DAY - Zoe and Gaby lie on side by side tables, stomach down, getting back rubs, dressed only in towels. The satisfaction on their faces says it all.

D) EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT - Gaby's car pulls into a parking space in the lot adjacent to a local night club.

END MONTAGE

INT. GABY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gaby turns the ignition key, pulls it out and prepares to leave the vehicle. She grabs the door handle but stops upon noticing that Zoe is not moving.

GABY

You comin'?

Zoe, obviously uncomfortable, fidgets and shakes her head.

ZOE

Look, Gaby. I appreciate the meal, the massage, everything. Did me a world of good. But I really need to get home.

Gaby stares at Zoe momentarily with disbelief.

GABY

To do what? Wallow in self-pity while you watch that drunk of a husband get shit-faced again?

Zoe turns away, her expression indicating she was hurt by the remark. Gaby notices.

GABY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That was uncalled for.  
(beat)  
But you need to hear the truth  
...and if not from your best  
friend, than who?

Zoe turns toward Gaby. A tear streams down one cheek.

GABY (CONT'D)

Zoe, the last thing you need right now is to be around people and things that depress you.

Zoe grits her teeth and nods, managing a slight grin.

ZOE

Ok. Let me just call Frank -

As Zoe pulls out her smart phone, Gaby reaches over and places her hand over Zoe's, stopping her.

GABY

Zoe, enough! If Frank got the three previous messages you left him today, he knows you're fine.

Gaby reaches over to Zoe with her other hand, now holding Zoe's hand and phone in both of hers.

GABY (CONT'D)

If he hasn't, he won't hear this one either.

(beat)

Tonight, it's just you and me, painting the town red. Deal?

Zoe bites her lower lip and nods begrudgingly.

ZOE

Ok...but you know clubbing is not my idea of fun any more.

Gaby smiles devilishly.

GABY

We'll see.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gaby and Zoe are in line with a sea of people - mostly middle-aged females. They slowly make their way to the entrance. Their I.D.s are checked and they are allowed in.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Zoe and Gaby walk into what looks to be a restaurant/bar similar to "Hooters", except the staff are mostly young, scantily-clad males.

Zoe seems taken aback as she looks around; Gaby is unfazed.

GABY

Gotta visit the little girl's room.  
Grab us a table.

Zoe nods but says nothing as she walks, seemingly mesmerized by the surroundings, to a high 2-top and sits down on a bar stool-type swivel chair.

Arriving shortly thereafter is one of the aforementioned scantily-clad male waiters. He oozes flamboyance as he chomps on a wad of gum.

WAITER

What'll it be, sugar?

Zoe is taken aback at first and is slow to respond. With hand on hip, the waiter reacts impatiently.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Chop, chop, honey. Haven't got all night.

ZOE

Sorry. Um...two glasses of chardonnay, please.

The waiter smirks and gestures playfully.

WAITER

Ooh, a two-fisted drinker, huh?

Zoe reacts defensively.

ZOE

The other glass is for my friend.

The waiter looks over at the empty chair across from Zoe's and then back at her.

WAITER

Your imaginary friend?

Now it's Zoe's turn to smirk.

ZOE  
She's in the ladies' room.

WAITER  
(patronizingly)  
Whatever you say, sweetie.

The waiter spins around and prances toward the bar. Zoe resumes taking in the view and atmosphere.

ZOE  
(to herself)  
How did I let Gaby talk me into this?

Just then, Gaby arrives at the table and takes a seat.

GABY  
So, what'd I miss?

Zoe looks at her, dumbfounded.

ZOE  
I don't even know where to start.

GABY  
You order for us?

Before Zoe can answer, the waiter arrives with the glasses of wine, noticing Gaby, and setting them on the table. He sneers at Zoe, who gives him a "see - told you" smirk.

WAITER  
(sarcastically)  
Hmmm...well, enjoy.

As the waiter departs, two 20-something males in tight jeans and button-down shirts waltz over to the table. One coozies up to Zoe, the other - JEFFREY - to Gaby.

JEFFREY  
Evening, ladies. I'm Jeffrey. Mind if we join you?

Gaby and Zoe both give him the once-over, unimpressed, and answer almost in unison.

GABY/ZOE  
Yes.

As Jeffrey and his friend smile and prepare to sit down, Gaby intervenes, directing her stare at Jeffrey.

GABY  
Yes, we mind!

The two stop in their tracks, looking confused, first at each other, then at Gaby.

JEFFREY

What?

Gaby shakes her head in disbelief.

GABY

We mind...as in...beat it - scram -  
piss off!

Jeffrey scowls at Gaby, leaning in and hulking over her menacingly while reaching his left hand toward her chin.

JEFFREY

And if we don't?

WHAM! Jeffrey suddenly finds himself bent over, face smudged against the table top, the arm that reached for Gaby now pinned behind his back by Zoe.

ZOE

You don't wanna go there.

As Zoe twists that arm at an unnatural angle, causing Jeffrey to grimace and yelp in pain...

...Zoe suddenly feels her right forearm being grasped by Jeffrey's friend, who has come to his aid.

FRIEND

Hey, bitch, you better...

Zoe wheels around, shaking her arm lose from his grip, releasing Jeffrey's head, and, with a strong, swift kick to the chest, sends her foe reeling backwards and...

...CRASHING into the previously seen waiter, who was walking by with a tray full of drinks, sending both louts...

...SPRAWLING to the floor. The glasses FLY off the tray and SHATTER on the floor, SPLASHING their contents on the two.

The leverage lessened, Jeffrey rights himself and turns so as to be facing Zoe, her grip on his arm still firm.

As he rears back to slap her...

...Zoe whirls back around, grasping Jeffrey by the throat and pinning him back on the table. Zoe gets in his grill.

ZOE

Either you got a thing for pain, or  
you're a real slow learner.

Just then, Zoe feels a hand on her shoulder. Immediately, she reaches up with her other hand, grabbing the man fingers, but realizes the man's grip will not be denied.

Still holding down Jeffrey by the neck, she turns just enough to gaze upon a giant of a muscular, African-American man, staring menacingly at her.

He addresses Zoe in a husky, intimidating voice.

BOUNCER

Ma'am, I'm afraid I need to ask you to come with me. Your friend, too.

Zoe releases Jeffrey, who springs to his feet, coughing and gasping for air. He briefly eyes Zoe with disdain.

JEFFREY

Crazy bitch.

Jeffrey storms off in a huff, passing right by his friend, who is just now picking himself up off of the floor, scowling, brushing alcohol off his clothes.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The aforementioned bouncer, grasping Zoe's right arm and Gaby's left with massive hands, shoves them out the door.

As the two regain their balance and composure...

GABY

Well, they could have at least let us finish our wine.

As Gaby primps her hair and tucks her blouse in...

ZOE

Sorry I got us kicked out.

GABY

Oh, don't be. That was so worth it!  
(beat)  
Besides, that's not the only club in town.

Gaby smiles devilishly.

GABY (CONT'D)

Girl's night out is just gettin' started!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A) INT. NIGHTCLUB - RUNWAY - A runway lined with 20 to 30-something woman, cheering and wolf-whistling. Some dangle \$5s or \$10s in the air. As "Sexy and I Know It" plays...

...a well-sculpted Chippendale-type dancer struts his stuff in front of them. As he makes his way down the runway...

...Gaby and Chloe come into view. The former is caught up in the hoopla, whistling and waving a fiver. The latter is oblivious, looking down at her phone, texting.

Gaby sees this and playfully slaps her hand, giving her a look of disapproval. Zoe puts her phone away and, as she raises her head slowly, her eyebrows rise as her jaw drops.

The dancer stops in front of her, still gyrating, as Gaby leans forward, tucking the fiver into his pants.

B) GAME AREA - FOOSBALL TABLES - A foosball flies past the goalie and SLAMS hard into the goal area of a foosball table.

Zoe and Gaby cheer and fist-bump each other. Each downs a flute of champagne as the two guys on the other side of the table sneer at them, then walk away dejectedly.

C) DANCE FLOOR - A sea of people dance to electronic club music. A DJ can be seen behind them, on stage, adorned with headphones, rocking to the beat as he spins tunes.

Gaby and a couple of cute 20-something guys try in vain to coax Zoe on to the floor, as the latter, sitting at a table, flags down a waiter, pointing to her empty wine glass.

D) BILLIARDS AREA - As Zoe and their competition look on, Gaby sinks the eight-ball in a corner pocket.

Zoe high fives her and hands her a half-drunk glass of champagne. The two clink glasses and chug the contents.

E) GAME AREA - ARM WRESTLING TABLE - A grimacing Zoe inches down the arm of a lean, scraggly fellow sitting across from her. The back of his hand finally touches wood and the ref calls the match in Zoe's favor.

As Gaby cheers, Zoe briefly dances around her chair, Rocky-style. She stops when a shot of Everclear...

...a spoil to the victor - plops down in front of her on the table. She knocks it back, then looks around in a cocky manner as if to say "who's next?"

F) DANCE FLOOR - Gaby coaxes a highly inebriated Zoe on to the dance floor. Now uninhibited, she freestyles, first with Gaby, then with one of the previously-seen cute guys.

G) RUNWAY - Zoe leaps up onto the runway and struts her stuff seductively as she sheds her blouse, revealing a sports bra.

She twirls the blouse in the air and then slings it out into the crowd.

A muscle-bound bouncer slices through the crowd. As it parts, he's greeted by the tossed blouse, which drapes his face. He removes it, glaring at Zoe...

...who latches on to the stripper pole. As she spins around it, all smiles, seemingly care-free...

...her momentum is halted by the bouncer, who has stepped up onto the platform with her. His stern look tells Zoe playtime is over.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Gaby and Zoe exit the club, sauntering precariously along a walkway toward the parking lot. The latter stumbles along, trying to button up her blouse, leaning on the former to stay upright.

GABY

Well, that was some night. And you said clubbing wasn't your idea of fun any more. We really oughta...

As Gaby goes on, Zoe breaks away, heading for nearby bushes.

GABY (CONT'D)

...do this more often.

Zoe gets down on all fours, puking on the ground as Gaby watches with dismay.

GABY (CONT'D)

Or not.

Gaby helps Zoe to her feet. Arm in arm, Gaby acts as a crutch as the two amble to Gaby's car.

INT. GABY'S CAR - NIGHT

As Gaby drives, Zoe, head in hands, leaned over in the passenger seat, laments her life.

ZOE

My life sucks.

Astonished, Gaby turns toward Zoe just long enough to speak her piece, then redirects her attention to the road.

GABY

Zoe, don't talk like that! You just had a little too much to drink, that's all.

Gaby turns to face Zoe again briefly, seeing her friend hunched over, looking like hell.

GABY (CONT'D)

Alright...maybe way too much to drink. But things will be better in the morning.

Zoe removes her head from her hands and stares at Gaby, shit-faced.

GABY (CONT'D)

Ok...perhaps not right away. But once your hangover subsides...

Zoe interrupts, turning her gaze out the front windshield.

ZOE

My life will still suck.

GABY

That's the Everclear talkin', Zoe, not you...

Zoe, despair etched on her face, turns back to Gaby, interrupting again with slurred speech.

ZOE

Did you lose...both o' your parents ...within six months of each other?

Gaby's expression sours as she glances at Zoe briefly, then returns her attention to the road, saying nothing.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Was your only daughter...killed in a car accident...by your drunken husband?

Gaby shakes her head no, sighing deeply, then turns back to face Zoe.

GABY

What about me, Zoe. Doesn't your best friend count for anything?

Zoe turns her gaze to the floorboards as she searches in vain for the right words to respond with.

GABY (CONT'D)

And what about your sister? You and Chloe are as close as...

Zoe perks up, interrupting again.

ZOE

Ah, yes. Chloe - the woman with the perfect life.

GABY

C'mon, Zoe. Nobody's life is perfect.

ZOE

Hers is.

Zoe displays a finger from a clenched fist each time she make a point, still slurring her speech.

ZOE (CONT'D)

She lives in a mansion...doesn't have to work outside the house... has two adorable daughters, which she sends to a ritzy private school ...and has a handsome, rich, fit, generous...handsome husband.

Gaby sends a glancing smirk Zoe's way.

GABY

You said handsome twice.

Zoe reacts in a surprised manner, justifying her remarks.

ZOE

Did I? Hmmm...well, he is very... attractive.

Gaby smiles slyly, glancing at Zoe before returning her attention straight ahead.

GABY

Is somebody smitten with Amari?

Zoe reacts defensively at first, then lets her guard down.

ZOE

No.  
(beat)  
Maybe.  
(beat)  
Look, I just wish...

Zoe doesn't complete her sentence so, after a moment of silence, Gaby responds.

GABY

Wish what?

Zoe hesitates at first, then comes clean about her desire.

ZOE

That Chloe and I could - you know - trade lives...just for a day.

Zoe suddenly perks up again as if to have an epiphany.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Like that movie! You know...the one where the mom and daughter get stuck in each other's bodies.

Gaby thinks for a moment, then responds inquisitively.

GABY  
Freaky Friday?

Zoe responds enthusiastically.

ZOE YA!  
That's it! I'll be...Jamie Lee  
Curtis and Chloe can be...  
(beat)  
...the other one.

GABY  
Lindsay Lohan.

Zoe reacts with disgust.

ZOE  
Lindsay Lohan? Really? Wait...

Zoe appears to have another epiphany.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
What day is today?

GABY  
Thursday.

Gaby notices the time on the dashboard clock reads 12:03.

GABY (CONT'D)  
Make that Friday.

Zoe's face brightens but her energy begins to wane as she struggles to complete her thought.

ZOE  
Aha! See Gaby? I'm gonna have my  
freaky Friday. When I wake up in  
the morning...I will be Chloe...and  
she will be me...well, that's gonna  
suck for her...but then I will have  
a...wonderful life...just like  
Jimmy what's-his-name...but without  
the...never-been-born...thingy...

Zoe trails off and passes out, falling sideways, her head landing square on Gaby's lap.

Gaby sighs, stroking the hair of her best friend with one hand as she steers with the other, fighting back the tears.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ZAHIR MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A toilet flushing can be heard. The door to the adjacent bathroom opens and Chloe walks out.

She turns and sits on her dresser chair, staring at herself in the mirror. As she picks up her hair brush...

...the sound of the front door being unlocked and opened can be heard.

Chloe glances at her cell phone, resting on the dresser, which reads 12:05. She grits her teeth and begins brushing her hair. She stops when...

...Amari enters the bedroom through the open door. Their eyes meet fleetingly. Amari stops momentarily, then continues on to his walk-in closet, going out-of-sight.

Chloe finally breaks the awkward silence, just loud enough for him to hear.

CHLOE

How was class?

After a brief hesitation...

AMARI (O.C.)

Fine.

Another brief awkward silence. Then...

CHLOE

It's after midnight. You could have called.

Amari steps out of the closet - having removed his button down and tie - now clad in a muscle T-shirt.

AMARI

I told you not to wait up. My colleagues and I had much to discuss.

Chloe glares at Amari briefly then softens her expression, thinking that she was being overly suspicious.

CHLOE

I'm sorry. Just worried, that's all.

Amari smiles in relief, his tense body language relaxing.

AMARI

That's ok. Next time, I'll call.

Amari steps over to Chloe, leans over, and kisses her on the head. One hand inadvertently touches Chloe at the base of her left breast, causing her to recoil with a grunt of pain.

AMARI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Still tender, huh?

Chloe nods, placing her right hand on the area of discomfort, still grimacing.

AMARI (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to get that checked out?

Chloe again nods, glancing at Amari, and then at her now anxious self in the mirror.

CHLOE

I was. But you know me and doctors, especially what with mom...

Chloe chokes up a bit, unable to continue.

AMARI

All the more reason to get it looked at, given your family history.

Chloe regains her composure just enough to respond.

CHLOE

I know. I'll go to the clinic tomorrow morning.

AMARI

Why not the hospital? I'm sure Zoe could get you...

CHLOE

(interrupting)

Don't need to burden Zoe with this, especially if it turns out to be nothing.

Chloe returns a very serious gaze to Amari.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

She has enough on her plate as it is.

INT. GABY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zoe, asleep on the couch in Gaby's living room, a bed sheet partially covering her.

Gaby enters from the kitchen with a glass of water and a bottle of aspirin. She sets both down on the coffee table in front of the couch, then sits on its edge.

She leans over and kisses Zoe on the forehead, then gently nudges her, trying to awaken her.

GABY

Time to wake up, sleeping beauty.

Zoe stirs, slowly opening her eyes. She shields them with one hand from sunlight streaming in from a nearby window. Squinting and groaning, Zoe addresses her prince.

ZOE

What time is it?

Gaby checks the clock on the wall, then responds.

GABY

About 10:30.

Startled, a distressed Zoe sits up quickly...

ZOE

Oh, crap...

...then flops back down on the couch, too dizzy to remain upright, lamenting her condition.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.

Gaby attempts to reassure her.

GABY

Don't worry. I called the hospital.  
Told 'em you were too sick to call  
in sick.

Zoe sighs in relief, still shielding her eyes with one hand.

ZOE

Thanks, Gabs. But what about you?

GABY

I traded shifts with Holly. I'll go  
in at eleven. Right now, got a best  
friend to doctor.

Gaby turns and picks up the glass and bottle. Zoe carefully scoots her self up against the arm of the couch, gently uprighting herself.

She takes the aspirin bottle, opens it, and shakes four tablets into her hand, then takes the glass from Gaby and swallows the pills via a big gulp of water.

As she attempts to set down the glass, Gaby stops her.

GABY (CONT'D)

Finish it. You need to rehydrate.

Zoe nods and chugs down the rest of the water. She then stares at Gaby, jealous and confused.

ZOE

Why aren't you hung-over?

Gaby smiles as she takes the empty glass from Zoe.

GABY

One - I didn't drink as much as you. Two - my body's used to it. Yours? Not so much.

Zoe gives a smirk and a slight nod. Both are quickly replaced by a look of panic as Zoe searches her pockets, then glares at Gaby.

ZOE

Where's my phone? Gotta call Frank!

Gaby attempts to calm Zoe, arms extended, palms out.

GABY

Zoe - relax! I've already texted Frank - told him not to worry - that you spent the night here.

A relieved Zoe begins to slump down further on the couch, then stops.

ZOE

Ok...but, wait...my phone?

Gaby stands up and retrieves it from a pocket in her nurse smock. As Zoe extends for it, Gaby moves it just out of reach.

GABY

Ah-ah-ah. Promise me you will try to get some more rest...

Zoe smirks at Gaby, hesitating, then relenting.

ZOE

Ok, fine.

She reaches for her phone. Gaby moved it toward her hand, then yanks it away at the last second.

GABY

...and that you'll drink plenty of fluids. There's bottled water and orange juice in the fridge...

Zoe's smirk becomes a scowl as she grows impatient.

ZOE

Alright, alright.

Again she reaches, again Gaby teases her, keeping the phone just outside her grasp.

GABY  
...and that you won't drive home  
'til you're able to safely.

Zoe responds in a huff after a big sigh.

ZOE  
Yes...Mom...I promise.

Gaby hands her the phone, which Zoe grabs gleefully.

GABY  
I gotta go. Take care of yourself -  
nurse's orders.

As Gaby turns to leave...

ZOE  
Gaby - one question...about last  
night.

Gaby stops and turns back toward Zoe.

GABY  
Ya?

ZOE  
I remember something about a  
stripper pole and flinging my  
blouse out into a sea of people.  
Please tell me that was just a  
dream.

Gaby takes out her phone, presses the videos icon, scrolls for a couple seconds, then turns the screen toward Zoe.

CLOSE-UP on the phone screen: VIDEO of Zoe flinging her blouse into the crowd, twirling around the stripper pole, sporting a seductive expression.

Embarrassed, Zoe slumps back onto the couch.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Oh, God.

Gaby responds playfully as she heads for her front door.

GABY  
Look on the bright side. If you  
ever give up nursing, you have  
something to fall back on.  
(beat)  
Toodles.

Gaby shuts the front door behind her. Zoe slinks to being flat on her back, staring at the ceiling, misery etched on her face.

INT. CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Chloe sits in the waiting room of the local clinic, scrolling through the picture folder on her phone.

The waiting room is full of people - all ethnicities and ages. Many sick children sit in the laps of their mothers.

A female staff member opens a door near the reception window and steps out.

STAFF MEMBER

Ms. Zahir?

Chloe steals her attention from her phone and rises.

CHLOE

Yes?

STAFF MEMBER

Please come with me.

Chloe inhales and exhales deeply, then heads apprehensively toward the door. As she passes through the doorway...

INT. GABY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY/BATHROOM - DAY

...Zoe does the same, but into Gaby's half bath from the hallway.

She looks at herself in the mirror, disgusted with her "Nick Nolte" mugshot appearance.

She turns on a sink faucet, splashing water on her face. As she once again gazes into the mirror, she briefly relives a scene from the previous night.

INT. GABY'S CAR - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

FROM ZOE'S POV: A highly inebriated Zoe regales Gaby with her plan for a "wonderful life."

ZOE

Aha! See Gaby? I'm gonna have my freaky Friday. When I wake up in the morning...I will be Chloe...and she will be me...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GABY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Zoe moves closer to the mirror, scrutinizing herself. She turns sideways, lifting up her blouse, revealing a mole on the small of her back, just above her waistline.

Zoe releases her blouse, refaces the mirror, and sighs.

ZOE

Well, it's Friday...and I'm still  
me.

(beat)

Shit.

A WAIST UP view of Zoe sees her motion as if she is pulling down her pants. As she then plops on the toilet...

INT. CLINIC - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Chloe, adorned in a patient gown, plops down in a chair next to some medical equipment. A young, male RN preps her arm to draw blood.

As the hypo nears her forearm, Chloe looks away, grimacing, a serene Monet on the wall snaring her attention.

INT. GABY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

That same Monet painting hangs on a wall in the hallway of Gaby's apartment.

Zoe walks by it and into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

She arrives at the fridge and opens the door. The view inside the fridge is replaced by...

INT. CLINIC - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

...an x-ray screen. Chloe steps in front of it. A doctor maneuvers the machine's arm and positions the tube head so the cylinder points at Chloe's left breast. The doctor then gets behind a partition and, as he flicks a switch...

INT. GABY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zoe stands as she hits the power button of the remote control, turning off the TV, and disgustedly tosses the remote onto the couch.

ZOE

(to herself)

Screw this.

She nabs her phone, keys and purse from the coffee table and strides to the front door, stopping briefly to shake off some dizziness, then opens the door just as...

INT. CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

...the reception area door swings open. The earlier-seen staff member again addressing Chloe.

STAFF MEMBER

Ms. Zahir?

Chloe nods, stands, and walks with trepidation toward the door. As she approaches the door...

...a man sitting in a chair near where Chloe was seated is viewed from behind. He slides down the newspaper he was reading, watching Chloe disappear behind the door.

He gets up and heads over to the receptionist's area, stopping at the window. The receptionist speaks to him.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

The POV changes, viewing the man face on, revealing his identity - FBI AGENT CASTILLO!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. CLINIC - DR. OFFICE - DAY

The staff member opens the door to an office. Zoe enters the room apprehensively.

DR. RUPERT SIMS, African-American, 50ish, dressed in typical doctor attire, sits behind a desk, examining a folder of documents. He looks up when Chloe enters.

DR. SIMS  
Come in, Ms. Zahir.

He motions toward the chairs in front of him.

DR. SIMS (CONT'D)  
Have a seat.

Chloe does so, leaning forward in the chair warily.

Dr. Sims sets down the folder, removes his glasses, and addresses Chloe stoically.

DR. SIMS (CONT'D)  
I've been reviewing your blood work  
and x-rays...

Given Sims' grim expression, an emotional Chloe interrupts.

CHLOE  
It's cancer, isn't it?

DR. SIMS  
Now, Ms. Zahir...

Chloe interrupts again, but more solemnly.

CHLOE  
You don't have much of a poker  
face.

DR. SIMS  
Are you going to let me finish?

After Chloe quiets and nods apologetically, Sims clears his throat, then continues soberly.

DR. SIMS (CONT'D)  
The elevated number of lymphocytes,  
coupled with the presence of  
immunoglobulins and certain  
antigens we refer to as tumor  
markers...

Chloe interrupts again, more animated and upset.

CHLOE  
Tumor? Oh God, it is cancer!

Sims speaks more sternly this time.

DR. SIMS  
Chloe!

Addressing her by her first name catches Chloe off guard and she settles down immediately, hanging her head.

CHLOE  
Sorry. Continue.

Sims reverts to his calm demeanor.

DR. SIMS  
The x-rays do show a mass of abnormal tissue. It's small and deeply imbedded. That's why you haven't felt a lump yet. It could be benign. We won't know until a biopsy is done.

Chloe nods and sighs deeply, starting to get misty-eyed.

CHLOE  
How...soon...can you do...?

Sims notices Chloe trail off, too upset to finish her sentence, and interjects.

DR. SIMS  
I'm sorry, Ms. Zahir. This a diagnostic clinic. A procedure like that will have to be done at the hospital.

Chloes slumps back in her chair, then droops her head into her hands.

INT. ZOE'S CAR - DAY

Zoe sits in her car, eyes closed, head in hands, waiting at a stoplight. A car behind her honks its horn, indicating the light has turned green.

Zoe's head springs up and, grasping the steering wheel with both hands, she hits the accelerator, zipping through the intersection.

EXT. DENTON RESIDENCE - DAY

Zoe's car pulls into the driveway of her house.

INT. DENTON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The front door opens and Zoe strides into the entryway.

ZOE  
Frank? Frank?

Zoe checks the couch, then zips down a hallway out of sight. A door can be heard opening and then slamming shut.

ZOE (O.C.)  
Frank? Frank?

Zoe - disheveled - reappears into the living room.

KITCHEN

She hurries into the kitchen, stops, and, as she sighs and looks around, spies the notepad on the table.

She recognizes the scribblings to be Frank's, not hers. She picks up and stares at the notepad, which reads:

NOTE: "Zoe - I can't live like this anymore. I'm going away for a while. Get my head on straight. I hope to see you again - perhaps when I'm better - but if not, have a wonderful life - you deserve it. Love, Frank"

Zoe stares straight ahead, eyes wide, mouth agape. She drops the notepad onto the table.

Breaking out of her stupor, she snatches her phone from her purse, brings up "contacts", and presses Frank's icon.

She puts the phone to her ear and hears this message:  
"This is Frank. Leave a message."

As the "beep" is faintly heard, Zoe drops the phone from her ear dejectedly, tossing it onto the notepad.

ZOE  
Dammit, Frank!

Zoe slumps over the table, still standing, her hands at the edge of the table, supporting her weight. She sobs briefly, then, choking back the tears, eyes her phone.

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - DAY

The view out the windshield indicates a school pick-up zone. Chloe sits in her car, slumped over the steering wheel, head down, whimpering softly.

Her phone, sitting in a docking station, suddenly rings...

...causing Chloe to spring back to life. She grabs the phone and, seeing who is calling, inhales and exhales deeply as she tries her best to answer nonchalantly.

CHLOE  
Hey Z. What's up?

A muffled, upset voice - Zoe's - is heard on the other end. Chloe reacts to her indiscernible comments.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What? Oh honey. I'm so sorry. What can I do?

After more unintelligible comments from Zoe...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Of course! Yes, I know the place.

As Chloe listens to Zoe, a knock on the passenger side window startles her.

She turns to see Miranda, who is pointing to the door knob impatiently. Chloe nods at her, turns toward her door, and presses the door unlock button.

The sounds of the door opening, someone sliding into the passenger seat, and the door closing can be heard...

...as Chloe, still facing her door, wipes away a few tears while finishing with Zoe.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Ok. See you tomorrow at noon. Love you, hon. Bye.

Chloe ends the call and speaks as she turns toward the passenger side.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

So sweetie, how was your -

Chloe stops short and lets out a brief scream when spies - not Miranda - but a large black man in a suit sitting in the passenger seat.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What the f-...who are you?

The man - MALCOLM WEST - 38, African-American - smiles slyly as he tries to calm Chloe, palms extended toward her.

WEST

I know. Strange black man in a rich white woman's car. Just be cool.

West opens up his jacket, revealing his badge.

WEST (CONT'D)

Malcolm West, FBI.

Chloe, still sporting a panicked look, responds.

CHLOE

Where's my daughter?

West turns around and points to Castillo, standing behind the car with Miranda.

WEST

Behind you...wave to her.

Chloe, forcing an "everything's fine" faux smile, waves to Miranda. She waves back nervously. Chloe turns to West.

CHLOE

What do you want?

WEST

To talk.

CHLOE

About...?

West pauses, becoming more solemn.

WEST

Your husband.

Chloe is obviously taken aback and sits there, stunned.

INT. UNIVERSITY - AMARI'S OFFICE

A female university student waves, smiling sweetly, as she leaves Amari's office.

STUDENT

Bye, Professor Zahir. Thanks!

Amari smiles and nods. As the door is being pulled shut, it suddenly stops and slowly reopens, revealing...

...a familiar-looking lean man in his mid-20s of mixed descent. He walks over to Amari's desk and leans over, bracing himself, hands on the desk, eyeing Amari.

MAN

Basim wishes to see you. Come with me...now.

A troubled Amari leans back in his chair, sighing deeply.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Chloe's car speeds along the highway toward home.

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - DAY

Chloe stares straight ahead, wiping the wetness from her eyes with her left hand.

After a sniffle, Miranda notices and speaks up.

MIRANDA

You ok, Mom?

Chloe glances at Miranda, the redness of her eyes apparent. She quickly returns her gaze to the road.

CHLOE  
Yes, sweetie, I'm fine.

Miranda turns toward her mom, leaning in slightly, her expression now one of disbelief.

MIRANDA  
You don't seem fine.  
(beat)  
Aren't you going to tell me?

Chloe sends a brief curious glance Miranda's way.

CHLOE  
Tell you what? About my  
conversation with that man?

MIRANDA  
Well, that, too, but...  
(beat)  
How'd it go at the clinic?

Chloe, taken aback, responds with surprise.

CHLOE  
How do you know about that?

MIRANDA  
Dad told me.

With a look of concern, Chloe eyes Miranda momentarily, then shifts her attention back to the road.

CHLOE  
So what else have the two of you  
been talking about?

Chloe leans and turns toward Miranda, eyebrows raised.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Like when he drove you to school  
yesterday.

Miranda recoils somewhat, fumbles for a response.

MIRANDA  
Nothin'...just school...and stuff.

Chloe, facing forward again, returns her gaze to Miranda, just long enough to give her that "Mom" look, indicating she'd better 'fess up.

CHLOE  
What...stuff?

Miranda, slightly panicked, grows silent for a moment, staring at her lap, then looks up at Chloe apologetically.

MIRANDA

Dad made me promise not to tell.

Chloe, taken aback, pauses for a moment to process, then glances at Miranda, trying to put her at ease.

CHLOE

Sweetie, your dad and I don't keep secrets from each other.

Chloe smirks as she returns her gaze to the road, lamenting in a slightly irritated tone to herself.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

At least not until now.

Chloe again turns and eyes Miranda reassuringly.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Whatever you and your father discussed...you can tell me.

Still uneasy, Miranda sighs and finally nods.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amari sits on the edge of the bed removing his left shoe, facing away from the door. Chloe enters from the living room, stopping at the doorway.

CHLOE

Another late night, huh?

Amari stops, glances at the clock on the wall, then begins to remove his right shoe.

AMARI

It would appear so.

Chloe folds her arms as she leans against the door frame, addressing Amari with a tinge of snideness.

CHLOE

You must have a lot to discuss with your...colleagues.

Amari stands and turns towards Chloe, perturbed by her tone.

AMARI (CONT'D)

Is there something you wish to say to me?

Chloe glares at Amari for a moment, then speaks.

CHLOE

I thought we agreed not to indoctrinate the girls into any religion.

Amari plays coy, shrugging his shoulders.

AMARI

What are you talking about?

Chloe moves her hands to her hips as she steps away from the door frame, leaning forward, agitated.

CHLOE

Did you really think you could tell Miranda things I wouldn't find out?

Amari tries to play it cool, talking as he walks toward the closet.

AMARI

Miranda and I discussed many things, Islam among them. In fact, she brought up the subject. I merely answered her questions.

Clearly upset, Chloe raises her voice, following Amari.

CHLOE  
Well, I don't appreciate you going  
behind my back!

Amari stops and faces Chloe.

AMARI  
And had I approached you about  
this, you would have said no.

Chloe steps closer to Amari raising her voice even more.

CHLOE  
Damn right I would have!!

INT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miranda and Jazmin lie awake amidst the darkness, Miranda on her back, hands clasped behind her head, Jazmin on her side facing away from Miranda.

As the argument in the next room escalates, muffled, angry shouts can be heard through the walls.

Miranda leans over and turns on a lamp, which sits upon a night stand between her bed and Jazmin's.

MIRANDA  
Jazmin...you awake?

Jazmin turns to face Miranda, nodding, anxiously.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
I've never heard them argue like  
this.

JAZMIN  
Me neither.

The shouting intensifies, though still muffled and made indiscernible by the walls...then stops.

The trudge of heavy footsteps can be heard coming from the living room. The entryway door can be heard opening, then SLAMMING shut.

As the two girls sit up and look at each other with angst, the bedroom door opens and in steps Chloe, in tears.

The two girls jump out of bed and rush to their mother, who kneels down to embrace them.

INT. ZAHIR RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

As Miranda and Jazmin eat breakfast, Chloe is on her cell, trying to reach Amari. Her disgusted expression indicates her failure as she disconnects the call.

Both girls notice; Jazmin is first to speak.

JAZMIN  
Mommy, where's Daddy?

Chloe turns to Jazmin, trying to put her at ease.

CHLOE  
Probably at his office. He has a couch there he likes to sleep on sometimes.

JAZMIN  
But why?

Before she can answer, a misty-eyed Miranda speaks up.

MIRANDA  
Are you and Dad getting a divorce?

Chloe hurries to in between the girls, one arm around each.

CHLOE  
What! Oh honey, of course not!  
(beat)  
Sometimes, even people who love each other have...disagreements.

Chloe and the girls embrace tearfully. Chloe's next words are meant to reassure her as much as the girls.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Everything's gonna be fine.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The previous bustling cafe scene is revisited.

Zoe sits by herself at a table, surrounded by tables replete with customers enjoying tasty meals and lively conversation.

A glass of ice tea and a menu sit opposite from her. Nursing a cup of coffee, she anxiously checks the time on her phone.

Just then, Chloe opens the front door, prompting the hanging bell to give up its familiar chime.

Zoe stands up and waves; Chloe sees and smiles, then makes her way through the sea of people to her sister.

They embrace, kissing each other on the cheek. As they sit down at the table, Chloe apologizes for her tardiness.

CHLOE  
Sorry I'm late. Miranda had a thing at school - ran a little long.

ZOE  
No worries. Just glad you're here.

As the two sit, Chloe notices the tea and menu.

CHLOE

Ah - thanks for the tea.

Chloe takes a sip and continues.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

So what's good here?

Zoe reacts with astonishment.

ZOE

You've never been? Coulda sworn  
Amari brought you here at least  
once before.

CHLOE

Amari used to come here with his  
university peeps back when it was a  
Middle Eastern food restaurant.  
When ownership changed and the menu  
was Americanized, it stuck in his  
crawl. He hasn't been back since.

ZOE

And he never brought you?

CHLOE

Nope. Amari likes to keep his  
family life totally separate from  
work. A bit odd that way.

Zoe scrutinizes Chloe for a second, then responds.

ZOE

And that doesn't bother you?

Chloe gulps another drink of tea, as if to be buying time  
while she thinks of just the right words to respond with.

CHLOE

It didn't...until yesterday.

Just then, the waitress show up at their table.

WAITRESS

You two need more time or are you  
ready to order?

Zoe speaks right up, eying first the waitress...

ZOE

I am.

...and then Chloe, who hurriedly grabs the menu and opens  
it. After a quick scan, she sets it down, addressing the  
waitress.

CHLOE

Not that hungry. Whatever she's  
having is fine by me.

The waitress turns to Zoe.

ZOE

Two bowls of black bean tortilla  
soup, please.

The waitress nods while jotting it down on her pad, then, as  
she departs, Zoe leans in toward Chloe.

ZOE (CONT'D)

It's to die for, trust me.

As the two converse in the background, the bell ringing is  
heard once again and someone enters.

FROM HIS POV: The man navigates through the crowd, lifting  
his briefcase to avoid it colliding with someone.

He saunters past the twins' table, Chloe's back to him. Zoe  
glances up at him, her eyes following him briefly, then  
returns her attention to her sister.

He sits at an empty table, tucking the briefcase under it.  
As he orders tea from the waitress who approaches him...

...the focus returns to the twins. Zoe notices Chloe is  
staring at the man off and on while they converse.

ZOE

You know him?

Chloe faces Zoe - then returns her attention to the man.

CHLOE

Not sure.

(beat)

Seems familiar. Couldn't say why.

The man, seen from behind, is texting on a "burner" phone.

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE: Screen reads:

"Amari's wife is here. Proceed as planned?"

Meanwhile, the waitress brings the bowls of soup and a  
basket of tortilla chips to the twins' table.

CHLOE

Mmm. Smells divine.

ZOE

And tastes just as heavenly.

As the two begin to eat, the earlier seen FBI agent, FOSSE, enters the cafe - in the background - sounding the chime - and slinks toward an empty booth, OUT OF FRAME.

Meanwhile, the mystery man hears a familiar beep, indicating a response to his text message.

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE as he picks it up. Screen reads: "Yes."

The man brushes the phone aside, out of the view of the waitress, who has just arrived with his tea. He begins to nervously dip the tea bag, his face still obscured.

Chloe takes a bite of soup, then dabs her mouth with her napkin, revealing no wedding ring on her left hand.

Zoe notices and glances down at her left hand, which is also minus its ring. She slinks that hand under the table.

As Chloe again stares at the man, Fosse can be seen in the background doing the same, just as Zoe voices concern.

ZOE

Sis, couldn't help noticing that...

As Chloe continues to gaze in the man's direction, seemingly lost in thought, Zoe changes course with her comments.

ZOE (CONT'D)

...you're not paying any attention to me...and since lunch today is all about making Zoe feel better...

Zoe, eyeing Chloe with frustration as her words haven't made a dent in Chloe's stupor, raises her voice, sternly.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Sis!!

Chloe snaps to and faces her sister, appearing flummoxed.

CHLOE

What? Oh..sorry...you were saying?

Zoe ogles Chloe, sporting a sly grin.

ZOE

Gotta say, sis. If this is your grand scheme for consoling me about Frank...it needs a little work.

Chloe droops her face in her hands, apologizing.

CHLOE

I'm so sorry, Z.

(beat)

A lot's happened in the last twenty-four hours.

ZOE

And might that include losing your  
wedding ring?

Chloe immediately lifts her head, her hands still folded at the chin. Fixating on her bare left hand, then covers it with her right, responding defensively.

CHLOE

It's nothing.

ZOE

Seems like something.

Chloe stares at her soup for a moment, then comes clean.

CHLOE

Look...Amari and I had a bit of a  
...tiff. I took it off this morning  
when I put some lotion on.

(beat)

Guess I didn't feel much like  
putting it back on.

As Zoe glances briefly down at her lap, giving a slight nod and sigh, Chloe eyes Zoe solemnly.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

There's something else.

As Chloe droops her head again, searching for the right words, the mystery man stands and strides past the twins empty-handed, getting Zoe's attention.

As he approaches the front door, Zoe, puzzled, peers at him with cocked head just as Chloe raises hers.

ZOE

Didn't that guy come in with a  
briefcase?

Chloe tilts her head, staring at the table he was sitting at.

Fosse, seeing this, does the same, but a table of people, just now rising to leave, blocks his view of the table.

The front door eases shut, the familiar bell ringing signaling the man's exit. He is briefly seen striding past the big front window.

INT. CAR - DAY

From the POV of the interior of a car parked across the street a couple blocks away...

...the man can be seen walking briskly away from the cafe down the sidewalk.

As he raises his hand with the clicker, one of the twins - impossible to tell which from that distance - steps out the door, yelling something indiscernible.

This catches the attention of the car's passengers, who now can be seen. The one in the front passenger seat is...

...AMARI! His observation of this quickly morphs his look of satisfaction into one of HORROR...

...just as the BOMB EXPLODES!

END OF ACT SIX

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Dust hangs in the air and debris litters the area outside the cafe following the explosion.

Some of those unaffected by the blast rush to the aid of the fallen; others can be seen using their cell phones to make calls or video the grizzly scene.

No one exits the cafe, although a man in a suit - Castillo - can be seen entering it.

INT. CAR - DAY

Amari sits in the seat, mouth agape, wide-eyed, appearing to be in shock.

He steals his gaze from the carnage, facing straight ahead, his eye and mouth movements a window to the "processing" of what he has witnessed.

Amari, then shoots an overwrought glance at the driver - SHAKAR OKOYE, African, 40ish, shrouded in tribal attire.

Amari turns and pulls the door handle. As the door opens and he attempts to hastily exit...

...he is pulled back inside by Okoye, his grip of Amari's arm strong, his expression stern.

As Amari turns to him, still panicked...

AMARI

I have to go!

Okoye tightens his grip.

OKOYE

No, my friend, you must stay.

AMARI

But my wife...was that her? Was she the one that...

Okoye interrupts, trying to reason with Amari.

OKOYE

If it was...you cannot help her.

AMARI

But...I have to know...

Again Okoye interrupts, as if to be the wise teacher, instructing his star pupil.

OKOYE

And you will...soon. But right now,  
Sahib awaits us. We must go to him.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE CAFE - DAY

The car pulls out of its corner parking space and turns to the right, avoiding the hectic scene up ahead.

A siren grows louder, announcing the approach of a police car. It comes into view as Abdullah's vehicle disappears around another corner.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

One last view of the aftermath of the blast: amongst the rubble of bricks, wood, broken glass, and bodies lies...

...ONE OF THE TWINS...

...unconscious, sprawled out on the pavement, all but obscured by the aforementioned debris, the dirt, cuts, and blood making her face barely recognizable.

END OF TAG

END OF EPISODE