

TWINLESS: A 9/11 TRIBUTE

Written by

David Shone

3234 Sunny Crest Lane, Kettering OH 45419  
937-776-6729

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - ENTRANCE - DAY

Exits TRACIE CONRAD, 22, a stylish Wall Street wannabe. Her hand leaves its mark as it presses against the clean clear glass of a revolving door.

SUPER: "The North Tower."

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - ENTRANCE - SAME

GRACIE CONRAD, 22, an active duty reporter for the U.S. Military's newspaper, The Stars and Stripes, meets Tracie, her identical twin sister, as she leaves work.

SUPER: "September 10th, 2001."

GRACIE  
Hey, little Sister.

TRACIE  
You have me by two minutes.

The two lock arms and walk.

SUPER: "Inspired by true events."

Gracie eyes her sister's bright blue handbag.

GRACIE  
Nice, purse. That new?

TRACIE  
It ain't old.

GRACIE  
So, what do you want to do tonight?

Tracie looks down at her work out bag.

TRACIE  
Work out. Then, watch a movie.

GRACIE  
Boring. I'm here until Friday. So, I'm expecting you to show me more of Manhattan than your apartment.

TRACIE  
Okay. Okay. Let's head back up. I need to change then.

INT. NORTH TOWER - LOBBY - SAME

Tracie leads Gracie into her building.

Fellow Stock Broker JANE, early 30s, New Yorker, wears high stiletto heels and a broad smile as she sees Tracie.

JANE

You're going the wrong way, girl.

Hey...

(sees Gracie)

Hi. I knew you had a sister, but I didn't know you were identical.

TRACIE

Jane, this is my sister, Gracie.

JANE

Gracie and Tracie? G and T.  
Seriously?

TRACIE

Yeah, our parents weren't expecting twins.

GRACIE

So, when they named us.

TRACIE

They were still in shock.

JANE

Whew. My girls came one at a time,  
and that was hard enough. Your  
Mother must me an angel.

Tracie and Gracie looks at one another.

GRACIE

What's the other option?

JANE

You're Tracie's sister alright. So,  
you here for work or pleasure?

GRACIE

I'm on a three day pass.

JANE

A pass?

GRACIE

I'm a reporter for the Stars and  
Stripes.

JANE  
The what?

TRACIE  
The military's New York Times.

JANE  
Fuhgedaboudit. Really?

GRACIE  
Yep.

Jane looks at watch.

JANE  
Sorry, girls. I've gotta go to  
catch my train.

TRACIE  
Kiss those kiddos for me.

JANE  
I will. Nice meeting you, Gracie.  
See ya, in the A.M., Tracie.  
(turns back)  
And make sure she takes you to  
Grimaldi's. It's the best pie in  
town. Tracie and Gracie, hilarious.

TRACIE  
Pizza. Good idea.

GRACIE  
Fuhgedaboudit.

Tracie leads Gracie into the elevator bays.

TRACIE  
New Yorkers have their own language  
and customs.

GRACIE  
She seems nice.

Elevator door opens.

TRACIE  
She is.

Door closes.

INT. NORTH TOWER - EXPRESS ELEVATOR - SAME

Gracie and Tracie travel up to the Ninety-Fifth Floor.

GRACIE  
Goodness.

Gracie looks up to the ceiling.

TRACIE  
What?

GRACIE  
Just feeling a little  
claustrophobic.

TRACIE  
So, you wouldn't like it if I  
started doing this?

Tracie jumps up and down in the elevator.

Gracie's face turns white.

GRACIE  
You're such a child.

TRACIE  
By two minutes.

SOUND: DING!

The elevator reaches the Ninety-Five Floor.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
Ninety-Five-Floor. My windows to  
the world.

The elevator's doors open, reveals sunshine and skyline.

GRACIE  
Wow.

Tracie steps out.

INT. NORTH TOWER - 95TH FLOOR - SAME

Tracie heads to the bathroom to change as Gracie wanders to  
the windows.

TRACIE  
Welcome. Look around a bit. The  
view is breathtaking.

GRACIE  
Heavenly.

Tracie leaves to change.

INT. NORTH TOWER - 95TH FLOOR - LATER

Gracie stares out. The city lays at her feet.

Tracie is now in her workout gear.

GRACIE  
How do you get any work done with  
such a view?

Tracie approaches from behind. Both their images reflect off  
the clean clear glass.

TRACIE  
No worries there. My cube's view is  
of the break room.

GRACIE  
Oh.

TRACIE  
But check this out.

Tracie leans her head against the glass.

Gracie does the same thing.

GRACIE  
Wow.

TRACIE  
Yeah. Wow. Let's live tonight, like  
there's no tomorrow, Sis. So, you  
ready for some fun?

GRACIE  
Yes.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BIKE PATH - MONTAGE

Atop rental bikes, Gracie and Tracie travels south along the  
Hudson River Greenway towards Battery Park.

The Twin Towers looms in the background.

1. G&T rides along FDR Drive.

2. G&T heads towards Brooklyn Bridge.
3. G&T passes Wall Street.
4. G&T crosses The Bridge.
5. G&T enters Brooklyn.
6. Stops at Grimaldi's Pizza.

EXT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - DAY

Gracie and Tracie locks their bikes outside the Italian restaurant that rests below the Brooklyn Bridge.

TRACIE  
This place has the best pie.

GRACIE  
I see why you love it here.

TRACIE  
It's great. Yet, at times, it gets lonely.

GRACIE  
Lonely? There's people everywhere.

TRACIE  
Yeah. Strangers.

GRACIE  
And Jane?

TRACIE  
Jane's great but she's busy raising two small kids.

GRACIE  
So you don't see her much out of work?

TRACIE  
Nope.

GRACIE  
There must be other people your age.

TRACIE  
Yeah... but we're all a bunch of workaholics.

GRACIE

Oh.

TRACIE

Hey. Don't worry about me, Sis. I'm happy.

GRACIE

Good.

TRACIE

Let's get a table. You're in for a treat.

Tracie leads Gracie into the restaurant.

INT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - SAME

Gracie and Tracie sits at an available table.

A Dean Martin song plays as a young WAITER.

WAITER

Buongiorno! Ah, twins.

TRACIE

Two Stellas, please.

WAITER

Coming right up.

Gracie looks up from her menu to the waiter.

GRACIE

What's good here?

WAITER

Good? What's good? Everything!

Gracie smiles at Tracie.

WAITER (CONT'D)

We use fresh ingredients, handmade mozzarella, secret recipe dough, and our pizza sauce. *Fantastico!*

GRACIE

*Fantastico*, sounds good.

WAITER

I will grab those beers now.



TRACIE  
How's Mom?

GRACIE  
I was going to ask you the same  
thing.

The two sisters share a laugh together.

TRACIE  
We're terrible.

Tracie shrugs her head.

GRACIE  
I know.

TRACIE  
So, how's work?

GRACIE  
Boring. I'm told what to write. My  
editor hates me.

TRACIE  
Well, that's what reporters do.  
Cover a beat, and report.

GRACIE  
I know. I just want more...

TRACIE  
Control in your stories?

GRACIE  
I'm serious.

TRACIE  
So am I. If you want total control,  
write a goddamn book.

GRACIE  
Thanks.

The waiter arrives with their beers.

WAITER  
Okay. Here you go. Have ya decided?

TRACIE  
Yes. A large...

GRACIE  
Large!?!

TRACIE  
Look. I'm hungry.

GRACIE  
Okay.

TRACIE  
A large with...mushrooms, Italian  
sausage, pepperoni, and extra  
sauce.

Tracie looks to Gracie.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
Good?

GRACIE  
No mushrooms.

Tracie hands the waiter back the menus and waves off her  
sister's single request.

TRACIE  
She can pick them off.

GRACIE  
Bossy.

TRACIE  
Bossy? Me? No... I just know what I  
want.

GRACIE  
Look at you.

TRACIE  
What?

GRACIE  
You're all grown up and all.

Gracie and Tracie look across the room to a mirror that  
captures them. They raise their beers to their reflections.

TRACIE  
You too. So, cheers.

SOUND: CLANGS the two Stellas.

INT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - LATER

Tracie and Gracie finishes up their dinner. Nothing is left  
of the pizza.

GRACIE  
Any men worth mentioning?

TRACIE  
Maybe.

GRACIE  
Maybe?

Tracie waves down the waiter.

TRACIE  
Check please.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Gracie and Tracie stroll along a tree-lined street. The lit-up Twin Towers loom high and ghostly in the background.

GRACIE  
So, who is this Mr. Maybe?

TRACIE  
Someone who works in my building.

GRACIE  
I need more details than that, Sis.

TRACIE  
How about a night cap?

Tracie dances down the block.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
He's... hmm. Different.

Gracie follows her.

GRACIE  
Different can be good. Ah! To be young, and in New York City!

TRACIE  
It has its perks.

EXT./INT. TRENDY NIGHT SPOT - NIGHT

Tracie leads Gracie into the establishment filled with CORPORATE TYPES fresh from work.

INT. TRENDY NIGHT SPOT - SAME

Tracie continues to lead Gracie deeper into the bar.

TRACIE  
This is my bar.

JOEY, late 20s, a jazzy-looking bartender heads over.

JOEY  
Hey, Tracie. The usual?

The bartender sees Gracie.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Tracie you never said you had  
a twin. Congrats!

TRACIE  
She's a real pain in the... oops.

Tracie smiles at Gracie.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
Joey, you should've told me she was  
still there. This is my much older  
Sister.

GRACIE  
Hi, Joey. I have her by two  
minutes.

JOEY  
Two French-Seventy-Fives?

TRACIE  
Perfect.

Tracie leads Gracie to a nearby table.

Gracie reads from the cocktail menu.

GRACIE  
Fifteen dollars each?

TRACIE  
Oh, you're worth it.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - LATER

Arm-in-arm, Gracie and Tracie strolls up the Avenue.

GRACIE  
What do you want out of life?

TRACIE  
Too be rich.

GRACIE  
Seriously.

TRACIE  
I am serious. I wish to be  
financial secure, have a husband  
who loves me dearly, and kids. A  
whole van full of them.

GRACIE  
That's what you mean about being  
rich, being a soccer mom?

TRACIE  
Yes.

Tracie hurries her pace.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
You're going to make a great,  
Auntie.

GRACIE  
Am I? I hope so.

TRACIE  
What do you want?

GRACIE  
This. Contentment.

Tracie sees an entrance to Central Park.

TRACIE  
Hey, let's cut-through the Park.

GRACIE  
Is that safe?

TRACIE  
You're Army, aren't you? So use  
that Kung Fu, sleeper hold shit  
they taught ya in basic training.

GRACIE  
Kung Fu shit? Really?

TRACIE  
Pretty girl. Dirty mouth.

The two share a laugh as they walk together holding hands.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CANOPY OF TREES - LATER

Tracie leads Gracie through the spectacle of Central Park at night. As they climb stone steps, they reach a wide path lined on both sides by benches and trees.

GRACIE  
The City feels alive.

TRACIE  
It is.

Tracie takes deep breaths as she fans her hands towards her sucking nostrils.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
Breathe it in, Sis. Smells like  
endless possibilities. You feeling  
what I'm feeling?

GRACIE  
Not our cheer routine.

Tracie steps to her sister's side and hoists up her imaginative pompoms.

TRACIE  
A little Firebirds pride, please.

A COUPLE #1 passes them and looks back in slight disbelief.

COUPLE #1  
Cheerleaders.

Tracie sticks her tongue out at them.

GRACIE  
Okay.

Gracie hoists up her imaginary pompoms too.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Try to keep up with me this time.

TRACIE  
Oh, that's how its going to be.  
Ready. Let's get fired up!!!

In unison, Tracie and Gracie does a big jump and goes right into a right lunge of their routine.

TRACIE AND GRACIE  
Firebirds spirit... Let's hear it!

They step back and shake their imaginary pompoms.

GRACIE  
Go, Firebirds! Let's get...

As they attempt the transition into their next move they tumble over each others feet into a batch of grass.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Oops.

The sisters giggle and laugh at one another's silliness as they lie flat on their backs.

They stare up into the starry sky.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
We're a wee bit rusty.

From the grass, Gracie reaches out for Tracie hand. For a brief moment they hold each other's hand.

TRACIE  
What if. We still rock!

GRACIE  
Tell me more about the man you met.

TRACIE  
I can't stop thinking about him.  
He's tall... dark and handsome.

GRACIE  
I'm jealous already. So... what's  
he like?

TRACIE  
A true Renaissance man. You know.  
Bash. Worldly. Opinionated. And,  
he's a little crazy, just like us.

GRACIE  
He sounds fascinating. So what does  
this amazing man do?

TRACIE  
Eat.

GRACIE

What?!?

TRACIE

He's a Sous Chef in my building  
who's always hungry.

GRACIE

Food court Sous Chef?

Tracie bounces up. Then, she offers her sister a hand up.

TRACIE

No. Better. He works at the Windows  
on the World.

Gracie gets up.

GRACIE

Where?

TRACIE

The restaurant atop my building.

GRACIE

Oh. Good for you, girl.

TRACIE

Yeah. Good for me.

GRACIE

Well?

TRACIE

Well, what?

GRACIE

Is he the one?

TRACIE

That's what scares me. He could be?

GRACIE

Does he have a name?

INT. TRACIE'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Tracie in her business attire makes herself a smoothie in her stainless steel blender. She hits a button and pulverizes the fruit as its engine WHINES. She pours the smoothie into a glass. BLOP! The glass fills with blueberry colored smoothie.



Her flip phone RINGS. It lies on the counter next to her big blue purse. It's her boyfriend OMAR'S phone number.

TRACIE

Omar!

She picks up her phone.

TRACIE (CONT'D)

Hey, dreamy.

OMAR (O.S.)

I missed you last night.

TRACIE

I missed you too, babe. Though, it was fun showing my Sis the City. Especially the Park.

OMAR (O.S.)

At night?!? Are you crazy?

TRACIE

Yep. I thought you knew that about me?

OMAR (O.S.)

Well, I can't wait to meet her.

TRACIE

Really? What about tonight?

OMAR (O.S.)

Done. Bring her up to The World tonight.

TRACIE

You're off.

OMAR (O.S.)

So. It will be fun. I will make something special.

TRACIE

Okay. Does Eight work?

OMAR (O.S.)

Perfect. I will reserve a table. What food does your Sister like?

TRACIE

Her palate is pretty plain.

OMAR (O.S.)  
Then, we will need to expand that.

Tracie looks at the kitchen clock.

TRACIE  
Shit!

OMAR (O.S.)  
What?

TRACIE  
I'm late. Gotta go.

OMAR (O.S.)  
See ya tonight, girl. Top floor at  
Eight.

TRACIE  
Can't wait. Bye, babe.

Tracie grabs her purse and races out of her apartment.

WTC STOCK  
FOOTAGE BEGINS:

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - THE DAY

Against a clear blue sky, American Airlines Flight Eleven from Boston heads to its final destination, infamy. The plane accelerates as it closes in on the North Tower of The World Trade Center. Aboard are ninety-two SOULS.

SUPER: "September 11th, 2001. 8:45 a.m."

Closer and closer, the jet comes. Then, at high speed, it collides into the North Tower.

SOUND: IMPACT! CRASH!

INT. NORTH TOWER - 95TH FLOOR - SAME

The craft's fuselage plows through the North Tower intact.

Then, the hull slows as it grinds to a halt. Overhead, within it's wreckage, strobes fluorescent tubes, on and off. Each snapshot captures a horrific image of twisted metal, blown out furniture, knocked over file cabinets, and BODIES. Lots and lots of bodies. Here, among them, a single coffee mug lays on its side. Its steamy contents circle the cup. The cup reads, "I Love N.Y."

Beyond the cup, a pair of black designer stilettos stick out from an avalanche of white fallen ceiling tiles. The woman attached to the shoes appears dead. It is Jane.

SOUND: Insert a steady AIR SUCKING SOUND, as if the tall building inhales a deep dying breathe.

Instantly, from the far corners of the room a storm cloud of white fine dust begins to obstructs our view as jet fuel GURGLES out from the destroyed plane's tanks.

SOUND: GLUG. GLUG. GLUG.

Slowly, to the right of Jane a woman stirs. She struggles as she pushes aside the ceiling tiles. It's Tracie.

TRACIE  
What happened?

Ominously, across the wide floor, an exposed wire BUZZES and SPARKS. Tracie sees it. Then, she sees Jane's feet.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
No. No. No.

On all fours, she backs away from live cord.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
This can't be happening.

The long electric wire dances before her as the aviation fuel ripples closer and closer.

Tracie tears up as she watches the wire spark.

TRACIE (CONT'D)  
F-f-u-u.

SOUND: KA-BOOM!

The clear liquid ignites. A hellish firestorm of horizontal flames protrudes up and out of the building.

INT. NEW YORK COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Enters OMAR CHERIF, fit, Iranian-born foodie, 30s. Works as a Sous Chef at the restaurant atop the North Tower of the World Trade Center, The Windows on the World.

When Omar walks in, he glides.

EVERYONE around him watches a TV in the corner.

Omar asks a stranger.

OMAR  
What's going on?

STRANGER  
The Twin Towers just was bombed.

OMAR  
What? Which one?

STRANGER  
I don't know.

OMAR  
What?!?

STRANGER  
Sorry. It's all fucked up.

Omar rushes to the TV.

NEWS HELICOPTER  
FOOTAGE BEGINS:

NEWS HELICOPTER FOOTAGE - FROM THE AIR - SAME

Air footage shows the destruction to the North Tower. Smoke pours out of a hole in the Ninety-Fifth Floor.

Copter-Five CAMERAMAN reports.

CAMERAMAN  
Studio. You on with me, copy? This is Copter-Five. Studio, you copy? Studio... One World Trade has been struck...

Omar turns and flees the coffee shop.

As he does, he calls Tracie. When he reaches...

THE STREET

He listens to this automated message.

VOICE  
*Sorry, all lines are busy.*

Over the buildings, he sees Tracie's building bellowing a thick cloud of white-grey smoke.

OMAR

Fuck!

A fire engine races down the street Omar is on with its SIRENS on and HONKS at the stopped traffic.

BYSTANGERS stand on the sidewalk in disbelief. Everyone's attention is on the Towers.

BYSTANDER

What just happened?

Omar sprints down the street.

INT. TRACIE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - MINUTES LATER

An out of breath Omar reaches Tracie's apartment. He stops as he hears music beyond the closed door. Then, he BANGS hard on the steel door.

MUSIC: song like Train's Drops of Jupiter plays.

INT. TRACIE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Gracie sings as she dances around her sister's apartment.

GRACIE

*And did you finally get the chance  
to dance along the light of day?*

SOUND: BANG. BANG. BANG.

This startles Gracie.

GRACIE

Oh!

She turns the music down and moves to answer the door. Before she does, she grabs a heavy nearby object.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

She looks through the beep hole. She sees on the other side of the door a tall handsome man.

OMAR (O.S.)

Tracie, open up!

GRACIE

Who's there?

OMAR (O.S.)

It's Omar. I need to see your face.

Gracie opens up the door but leaves on the chain.

GRACIE

Omar?

She unchains the door.

Omar enters and embraces Gracie.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

OMAR

I thought you were gone.

Omar kisses Gracie's cheeks.

OMAR (CONT'D)

God is good.

(in Farsi)

I thought you were gone.

Gracie pushes Omar back.

GRACIE

I'm not Tracie.

OMAR

What?

(long pause)

Gracie?

GRACIE

So, you're Omar?

Omar races around the apartment in a panic.

OMAR

Where's your sister?

GRACIE

Work.

Omar rushes to a tall window that face where the Twin Towers once stood. He looks out at the smoke clouds.

OMAR

N-o-o-o-o-o.

Gracie joins him.

GRACIE  
What going on?!?

Omar moves to the door.

OMAR  
I must find her.

Gracie presses her face to the glass.

GRACIE  
Is that my sister's building?!?  
Omar, I'm coming with you!

EXT. NORTH TOWER - DAY - SAME

As smoke pours out, panicking PEOPLE hang from the open windows of the North Tower of the World Trade Center.

One by one, they decide to jump free of the building, the smoke, and the burning flames.

WE see images of the fallen gliding down to their deaths.

The last one WE see wears Chef's Whites.

AMATEUR VIDEO  
BEGINS:

EXT. STREET LEVEL - SAME

Grey smoke bellows out of the North Tower.

A CAMERA WOMAN captures the moment.

CAMERA WOMAN  
Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god.

Nearby BYSTANGERS look upwards.

WALLA  
No.

CAMERA WOMAN  
We're fuck'n under attack!

SOUND: SIRENS.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - SAME

With SIRENS on, FIRST RESPONDERS race down the street.

AMATEUR VIDEO  
ENDS AND NEWS  
FOOTAGE BEGINS:

INT. BREAKING NEWS STUDIO - SAME

Appears a frazzled, slightly disheveled NEWS ANCHOR. He reads the NEWS from behind his desk.

Live footage appears over his shoulder. The News stream scrolls across the bottom of the screen, "A plane has crashed into the World Trade Center's North Tower."

NEWS ANCHOR  
A plane has...

Over his shoulder, in actual time, a passenger plane flies into the South Tower.

The Anchorman raises his hand to his earpiece in disbelief.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
Impossible.

NEWS FOOTAGE  
ENDS:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - SAME

Omar and Gracie race to the World Trade Center. Hand and hand, they struggle through A SEA OF PEOPLE of all ages, ethnicities, and occupations running the opposite way.

In front of them, flame pours out of the South Tower.

Then, the tower collapses.

WALLA  
No.

Disbelief covers Omar's face.

Then, a cloud of white smoke rushes down the street like an avalanche of ash.

OMAR  
Run!!!



Omar and Gracie seek shelter behind a parked van. Together, they huddle up in a ball.

GRACIE

Tracie.

A white cloud WHOOSHES by.

MATCH CUT: WHITE  
CLOUD

PLAY REAL-LIFE LAST CALLS FROM TWO VICTIMS OF THE WTC.

MELISSA DOI from the 83rd Floor calls 911.

SOUND: TOUCHTONES.

911 OPERATOR #1 answers.

911 OPERATOR #1

Nine-Nine-One.

MELISSA DOI

It's very hot, I see... I don't  
see, I don't see any air anymore!  
All I see is smoke.

911 OPERATOR #1

Okay dear, I'm so sorry, hold on  
for a sec, stay calm with me, stay  
calm, listen, listen, the call is  
in, I'm documenting, hold on one  
second please...

MELISSA DOI

I'm going to die, aren't I?

911 OPERATOR #1

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, say  
your prayers, ma'am, say your  
prayers.

MELISSA DOI

I'm going to die.

911 OPERATOR #1

You gotta think positive, because  
you gotta help each other get off  
the floor.

MELISSA DOI

I'm going to die.

911 OPERATOR #1  
Now look, stay calm, stay calm,  
stay calm, stay calm.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY from the 106th Floor calls 911.

SOUND: TOUCHTONES.

911 OPERATOR #2 answers.

911 OPERATOR #2  
Nine-Nine-One.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY  
I can see the smoke coming up from  
outside the windows down...

911 OPERATOR #2  
All right, we're on the way.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY  
Huh?

911 OPERATOR #2  
We're on the way, sir.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY  
Okay, please hurry.

911 OPERATOR #2  
Alright, just keep some windows  
open if you can open up windows and  
just sit tight. It's going to be a  
while because there's a fire going  
on downstairs.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY  
We can't open the windows unless we  
break them.

911 OPERATOR #2  
Okay, just sit tight.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY  
Okay.

911 OPERATOR #2  
All right. Just sit tight. We're on  
the way.

CHRISTOPHER HANLEY  
Alright, please hurry.

THE SMOKE  
PARTIAL CLEARS:

INT. NORTH TOWER BASE - SAME

The white cloud slowly disburses. This reveals the wreckage and remains of the Twin Towers.

SOUND: CHOKING ON DUST.

Before US, through the thickness of dust and ash, WE see burned out buses, cars, and lastly the ruins of LADDER-3.

A white cloud waffles over and covers the SCREEN.

MATCH CUT: WHITE  
CLOUD

EXT. SKY ABOVE JFK AIRPORT - PRESENT DAY

A large passenger jet slices through the clouds. As it descends, it approaches a long runaway.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT - SAME

The jet lands gently on the tarmac.

SOUND: AIR BRAKES.

SUPER: "John F. Kennedy International Airport."

SUPER: "Present Day."

INT. PASSENGER JET - PRESENT DAY

GRACIE CONRAD, now 42, sleeps at a window seat. She's comfortably dressed in a navy Dover Blazer, stripe sailor shirt, and blue jeans.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT speaks over the intercom.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Ladies and gentlemen, American  
Flight 774 welcomes you to New  
York. The City that never sleeps.  
The local time is Eight-Forty-Five.

Gracie stirs. She gathers her things.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
For your safety and the safety of  
those around you, please remain  
seated with your seat belt fastened  
and keep the aisle clear until we  
are parked at the gate.

Gracie looks out her window. She sees the New York skyline  
and closes the blind.

GRACIE  
I hate planes.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
The Captain will then turn off the  
Fasten Seat Belt sign, indicating  
it is safe to stand.

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - SAME

In steady streams, travelers rush through the terminal.

IMAGE: a digital clock reads, 9:11.

SOUND: CHATTER of overlaying conversations.

A prerecorded VOICE cuts through this chatter.

Gracie crosses the SCREEN towing her tote.

LOUDSPEAKER  
Never leave your bags unattended.  
Keep your bags with you at all  
times! If you see a bag unattended,  
please alert security using the  
courtesy phone.

Gracie pushes forward, humanity encircles her.

In mid-conversation with her mother, a BUSINESSMAN pushes  
rudely passed her.

GRACIE  
Nice! What?!? Not you, Mother. I  
was speaking to the herd.

Gracie half-listens as she passes an airport bookstore.

Displayed in the shop's window is a life size cut out of her  
holding up her new book, Twinless: Coping with 9/11.

Copies of the book are stack up high and form twin towers.

Gracie walks on by.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Cute.

Now, she heads down a escalator. Signage in front of her reads, Welcome to the Big Apple.

Gracie exits the airport through large sliding doors.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes. I will be careful. This  
isn't my first time here. I know.  
Bad things happen here. So do good.

The doors lead out and to the...

TAXI STAND

Gracie approaches a cab.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I will be home after my book  
signing. Yes... I promise. Bye,  
Mom.

She hangs up.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

And I thought I was a worry-wart.

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME

Gracie looks up to the DRIVER of Middle-Eastern heritage.

GRACIE

Manhattan, please.

The driver nods his acknowledgement as he glances down at the back cover of Gracie's book that rests on the passenger seat.

He looks to the cover image of Gracie. Then, via the rear view mirror, he stares at her hard.

DRIVER

I like your book.

GRACIE

Thank you.

Gracie breaks eye contact and looks out her window.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
The Public Hotel, please.

The driver cuts into traffic.

SOUND: HONK.

EXT./INT. QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - DAY

In heavy traffic, Gracie's Taxi enters...

THE TUNNEL

Her world has become small and tight as her Taxi drives bumper to bumper, deeper into the darkening earth.

DRIVER  
You okay?

GRACIE  
Feeling a little claustrophobic.

The driver smiles back via the rearview mirror.

DRIVER  
New York can make you feel small.

GRACIE  
Yeah.

She peers out her face to the window as the daylight fades.

INT. CAB - MOVING - LATER

Gracie passes Tracie's old building. She looks all the way up to her sister's floor. The window captures her face.

On the radio...

MUSIC: Everything But the Girl, Missing like song plays.

GRACIE'S  
FLASHBACK  
BEGINS:

INT. TRACIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gracie stands at the exact spot and looks out at the emptiness where the Twin Towers once stood. Her face reflects off the shiny glass.

SUPER: "Late September. 2001."

On the stereo, Everything But the Girl, Missing like song plays as Gracie begins a conversation with herself.

GRACIE

Hi, Sis. Where have you been? *Oh, you know... around. Yeah. I know.*

Gracie turns away from the window. Cardboard boxes of various sizes fill the apartment.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Well, I better get back to packing.

Gracie sits before her Sister's stereo, grabs the thin remote and starts the song over. She sings partially along.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

*Past your door but you don't live there anymore. It's years since you've been there. And now you've disappeared somewhere. Like outer space you've found some better place. And I miss you. Yeah.*

As the MUSIC plays, she curls up and cries.

INT. TRACIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

With her eyes all swollen from crying, Gracie opens up a dresser drawer. Once again, she stands before a mirror.

GRACIE

Look at these clothes.

Gracie pulls out a sweater.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Cute.

Gracie brings the sweater to her nose and inhales deeply.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

It still smells of you.

She gently places it in the box marked, "Keep."

This is when Gracie sees a business card in the drawer. She picks it up with the very tips of her fingers.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

What's this?

IMAGE: crisp, new Saffron Restaurant business card.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Saffron's. A taste of Persia. Hmm.

Gracie flips over the card. Omar name and phone number are written on it.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
O-m-a-r.

Gracie eyes herself in the mirror. She tilts her head left then right.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
We miss you, girl. I haven't felt  
whole since you left.

Gracie pulls herself from the mirror with a head jerk.

GRACIE'S  
FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. CAB - PRESENT DAY

The driver hits a big pothole.

SOUND: BAM!

The driver looks back via the rearview mirror and frowns apologetically.

DRIVER  
Sorry about that.

GRACIE  
I'm fine. It's comforting to know  
that some things about the City  
never change.

The driver smiles at this acknowledgement.

EXT. PUBLIC HOTEL - LATER

Gracie's cab illegally parks in front of the Hotel.

DRIVER  
The Public. Would you mind signing  
my book?

GRACIE  
Of course I can.



She reads his name of the license facing her.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Sahir.

DRIVER  
My name means...

GRACIE  
Friend. I know.

Gracie signs the book and hands it back.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
(in Farsi)  
Thank you for reading my book.

DRIVER  
(in Farsi)  
Thank you for writing it.

The Driver pops out to grab her bag after Gracie pays.

The VALET approaches Gracie with a broad smile.

VALET  
Welcome to the Public. May I take  
your bags?

GRACIE  
Thank you. Just one bag. I can  
manage.

The valet nods and leads her into...

THE HOTEL'S ENTRANCE

Gracie walks down a short corridor lined with plants and lush green vegetation.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
You can almost forget you're in the  
city.

VALET  
It's a sanctuary of sorts.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - ESCALATOR - SAME

Gracie climbs the LED-lit steps of the hotel's jazzy escalator and looks around.

GRACIE  
Ian, you never fail me.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - LOBBY - SAME

Gracie crosses the smooth marble floors of the small lobby of this upscale, boutique hotel. She approaches the CLERK who stands behind the front desk.

CLERK  
Welcome. Checking in?

GRACIE  
Conrad. Grace.

CLERK  
Ah, yes. Two nights. The Penthouse Suite.

The clerk hands over her key for the door.

GRACIE  
Thank you.

CLERK  
Enjoy, your stay with us, Ms. Conrad.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL CORRIDOR - 5TH FLOOR - SAME

Gracie drags her tote down a long corridor of closed doors.

GRACIE  
Five-Twelve. Five-Fourteen. Five-Sixteen. Oh, here I am. The Penthouse Suite.

Gracie sweeps her key in the door.

SOUND: CLICK.

The door opens.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - GRACIE'S ROOM - SAME

Gracie's room is ultra-modern with clean cut lines harnessing the room's splendid view.

She finds her bed by the window.

GRACIE  
This will do.

Gracie unpacks her tote. One freshly pressed suit folded in plastic, some workout clothes, a pair of bright colored running shoes, and a small clear bag of her toiletries. She places everything in drawers.

Then, Gracie plops down on the edge of bed.

Her iPhone RINGS. A picture of her mother pops.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Great.

Gracie answers it.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Hi, Mom.

She listens.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
No. I don't know what happened to  
your remote control. Use the one  
upstairs.

Gracie listens again.

MOTHER CONRAD (O.S.)  
Okay. Okay. I'm glad you haven't  
been mugged yet.

GRACIE  
Me too, Mom.

Gracie hangs up.

Heavy silence follows. HOLD. She looks around the room uncertain of what next to do. Think, Lost in Translation.

The passage of time becomes awkward, uncomfortable to Gracie. So, she jumps up from her bed.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Time for a run.

EXT. HIGH LINE - DAY

Gracie runs south down the High Line. She wears ear buds.

Her iPhone plays, Train's Drops of Jupiter like song.

WE follow her until she becomes small.

Gracie sings as she runs from US.

GRACIE

*Now that she's back in the  
atmosphere. With drops of Jupiter  
in her hair, hey, hey. She acts  
like summer and walks like rain.  
Reminds me that there's time to  
change, hey, hey. Since the return  
of her stay on the moon. She  
listens like spring and she talks  
like June, hey, hey. Hey, hey. But  
tell me did you sail across the  
sun. Did you make it to the Milky  
Way to see the lights all faded.  
And that heaven is overrated?*

EXT. CHURCH STREET - LATER

Gracie heads down the block zigzagging through people until she sees One World Trade Center, looming overhead.

She crosses the street to a broad Plaza of stone and water.

She is surprised at what she sees.

Cautiously, she approaches these Holy Grounds.

VISITORS and TOURISTS walk about.

EXT. 9/11 MEMORIAL - DAY

Within the square waterfall fountains, rippling water cascades down and down.

SOUND: RUNNING WATER.

Gracie stands quietly before her Sister's engraved name in the Nine-Eleven Monument. She touches it. She traces her finger along her Sister's name.

GRACIE

Hi, Sis.

An old WOMAN approaches with fresh flowers in her hands.

WOMAN

Hi.

GRACIE

Hi.

The woman looks at Gracie then Tracie's name.

Gracie points.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

My Sister.

The woman places the fresh bouquet of flowers at the base near Gracie's feet. Gently, she pats another engraved name. It reads, SAUL BELLOWS.

WOMAN

My Brother.

The two strangers embrace and console one another.

Gracie buckles a bit into the older woman's chest.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

There, there, dear. I gotchu.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - TILE WALL - DAY

Gracie stands by a massive blue and teal checkered wall which reads in big bold lettering, "No Day Shall Erase You From the Memory of Time, Vigil."

GRACIE

No day shall erase you from the  
memory of time. Perfect.

Gracie continues her visit.

EXT. 9/11 MUSEUM - DISPLAY HALL - LATER

Gracie wanders through a darken room full of damaged goods.

Within glass display boxes, she passes the personal items found within the wreckage of the Twin Towers.

Gracie buckles when she sees her sister's blue purse within the a lit display box. She touches the glass.

ALICE approaches her from a corner. Her nameplate states, she's the Museum's Director.

ALICE

Can I help you?

GRACIE  
This was my Sister's purse.

Alice steps closer.

ALICE  
Ms. Conrad?

GRACIE  
Yes.

ALICE  
Welcome to the museum. The entire staff is excited about your visit.

GRACIE  
Thank you, Alice. I've been here a dozen times, never have I noticed her purse before.

ALICE  
Well, many of our objects appear surreal. Come. May I show you where we have you set up for tomorrow?

GRACIE  
Of course.

Gracie looks back at Tracie's blue purse.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Lead the way.

INT. 9/11 MEMORIAL - LOBBY - SAME

Alice passes a life-sized promotional poster of Gracie, holding her book out, high and wide, in both hands.

ALICE  
So far, we have had over three hundred people RSVP.

GRACIE  
Is that good?

Alice turns and smiles back.

ALICE  
Yes. Very.

GRACIE  
Great.

ALICE

This morning, boxes of your books arrived via your publisher. Normally, it's best to get those signed before the event.

GRACIE

Okay. Is there a good place to do that?

ALICE

I have you all set up in my office.

GRACIE

Thank you, Alice.

ALICE

If you need anything, let me know... I'll be around.

Alice walks on. Then, she stops and turns.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I enjoyed your book and its theme of healing.

GRACIE

I covered twenty-years of terror. I think it's time for some love and compassion.

ALICE

I wholeheartedly agree. My office is at the top of the stairs.

Alice moves on.

Gracie heads to Alice's office.

GRACIE

Thank you.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - ALICE'S OFFICE - LATER

Gracie signs book after book. In the background are pictures of Alice with her family and noteworthy celebrities.

Gracie reaches the end of a box of books. She gets up and stretches. When she turns she sees a photograph of Alice with President Obama.

GRACIE  
You get around Alice. Obama.  
Bloomberg. Kate and William. Even  
Bourdain.

IMAGE: Alice and Anthony Bourdain in his Chef's Whites at a  
celebrity charity event.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Chef. Hmm.

Gracie looks out the window.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Windows on the World. Omar.

Gracie grabs her purse and digs through it until she removes  
a worn-out business card. On it, reads Saffron's Restaurant.

EXT. 9/11 MEMORIAL - STREET SIDE - LATER

Gracie hails a cab.

A cab stops to a quick halt.

Gracie pops in.

GRACIE  
Hell's Kitchen.

EXT. SAFFRON'S RESTAURANT - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Gracie's cab stops before Omar's family's restaurant. She  
gets out. Painted on the window, "A Taste of Persian Food."

INT. SAFFRON'S RESTAURANT - SAME

Gracie enters. She sees...

MASIH, the hostess' back as she folds napkins. She wears  
fashionable clothes and a silk headscarf, early 20s.

GRACIE  
Hi.

MASIH  
Sorry, we're closed.

GRACIE  
I know. Is Omar around?



MASIH  
Omar? Hmmm. Sure.

Masih eyes Gracie hard. Then, she looks here up and down.

MASIH (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

Masih stops in mid-stride and turns back quickly.

MASHI  
Wait a minute! You're Omar's pin-up girl.

GRACIE  
What?!?

MASIH  
He has an eight by ten of you two.  
Taken in Central Park, over the  
stove. It's been there for years.

GRACIE  
Oh. That. No. That was my sister.

MASIH  
Sorry. The two of you could have  
been twins.

GRACIE  
We were... until Nine-Eleven.

MASIH  
Got it. Sorry. Follow me. He's in  
the back.

Masih leads Gracie through swinging metal doors.

INT. SUFFRON'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - SAME

The kitchen bustles with cooks, cleaners. Pots of stews and soups simmer atop the commercial sized stove.

Omar wears his Chef's Whites.

MASIH  
Hey, Uncle Omar.

GRACIE  
Uncle?

Omar stands before the large stainless sink. He washes up some whole carrots with their green tops attached.

SOUND: SHHHHHH of fast flowing water.

MASIH

Omar!

Omar notices Masih.

OMAR

What!?!

MASIH

Someone is here to see you.

OMAR

What are you talking about Masih?

Omar turns sees Gracie.

Gracie smiles.

GRACIE

What's up, Chef?

Omar stumbles back a bit... The familiarity of Gracie's voice startles him.

OMAR

Tr..Gracie?

GRACIE

Yep. Right choice.

Omar moves through some people to reach Gracie.

The two embrace.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Quite an enterprise you have here.

OMAR

My family started it in the  
Seventies. Now, my Mom runs it.

AMIR, Omar's older brother appears from another room.

AMIR

With an iron fist. The rest of us  
just get in her way.

Omar laughs.

OMAR

Amir speaks the truth.

AMIR  
Introductions are in order.

AMIR, in his Chef's Whites offers Gracie his hand.

OMAR  
Gracie, this is my dear brother,  
Amir.

Gracie accepts it.

GRACIE  
Charmed.

The COOKS, CLEANERS, and Mashi eavesdrops on their conversation.

MASHI  
No introductions for me, Uncle.

OMAR  
Of course. Of course. Everyone else  
this is Gracie. Gracie, this is  
everyone us.

MASHI  
Rude.

Omar pats Amir's shoulder.

OMAR  
Mashi is Amir's eldest daughter.  
She gets her good looks from her  
Grandmother, and our mother.

MASHI  
Hey!

AMIR  
More like her mother. Thankfully.

Omar laughs from the depths of his soul. It is contagious.

The others join in.

MASHI  
Poor Na-Na.

Omar looks at Gracie.

OMAR  
Introductions are over. Now,  
everyone clear out!

AMIR  
Omar, we open in two hours.

OMAR  
I know, brother. Twenty minutes  
tops. It's Tracie's sister.

Amir nods and places his righthand fatherly on his younger brother's shoulder.

AMIR  
Okay. Nice meeting you Gracie.

Amir returns back to the small room he came out of.

GRACIE  
You too, Amir.

The rest of the staff lingers out of the kitchen.

OMAR  
Sit. You hungry?

GRACIE  
Starving.

OMAR  
Good. I've read your book. Twice  
now.

GRACIE  
And?

OMAR  
I wept both times.

GRACIE  
Is that a good thing or bad?

OMAR  
I haven't figured that out. Come.

Gracie sits on a stool before a stainless island.

Omar opens and walks into his fridge.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Ahh! What do we have here? Hmm.

Gracie looks around the kitchen. On a bulletin board is a well-worn and grease spotted eight by ten photo that Masih spoke earlier of.

IMAGE: Omar and Tracie in Central Park.

Gracie stands to inspect the photos of family, friends, catering events pinned to the board.

GRACIE

Ohh, cute.

One portrait is of a stern-looking head scarfed woman in her late sixties. She stands in the center of the kitchen with the rest of the family and staff behind her at attention.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

You must be Na-Na.

Omar rumbles in the fridge.

OMAR (O.S.)

This. This, and this.

Omar emerges from the fridge and loudly dumps ingredients down atop the island. He sees Gracie admiring the photos.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Central Park. Taken on the best day of my life, for sure.

GRACIE

Do you ever think what might have been?

OMAR

Too goddamn often.

GRACIE

Me too.

OMAR

So, how does breakfast sound with an Iranian twist?

GRACIE

Great.

OMAR

Good.

Omar claps his hands twice and looks to his Amazon Echo on a nearby shelf.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Music Maestro. Alexa! Play, Persian Bazaar.

Omar smiles at Gracie.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I prefer music when I cook.

ALEXA  
Playing Persian Bazaar station.

MUSIC: PB Station starts.

GRACIE  
Nice touch.

OMAR  
Home.

Omar HUMS along with the song. Then, he grabs a pot as the gas stove ignites.

IMAGE: the combustion of the gas.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Some good ole' comfort food. Heals all.

Omar expertly breaks an egg and the yolk from high above the pan falls into the pan.

SOUND: SIZZLE.

Omar repeats this action with another egg.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Add some pepper. And some salt.

Omar grabs the pan with the eggs and pours its contains onto a Sangak, rectangular flatbread.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Now, some cheese.

He grades the cheese by hand.

GRACIE  
Smells great.

OMAR  
Almost there. Now, a drizzling of my sauce. Just a drizzling.

GRACIE  
Looks like you enjoy what you're doing?

OMAR

I do. A recipe has no soul. So, I must offer up mine... and saffron. Viola! Here. Enjoy.

Gracie bites into the flatbread sandwich. This causes golden yolk oozes out down between her fingers.

GRACIE

Wow. Unbelievably good. I haven't had Sangak forever.

OMAR

How long where you in Iraq?

GRACIE

Almost five years. The Middle-East, over ten.

Omar grabs a metal coffee pot from the stove.

OMAR

Wow, that long.

GRACIE

Yep.

OMAR

What were your impressions?

GRACIE

Good people. Bad governments.

OMAR

Seems to be a theme in the region. The War on Terror has defined the last twenty years.

GRACIE

I'm done looking back. I want to live in the now.

OMAR

Your book?

GRACIE

Tells the stories of those who lived.

OMAR

And those who never really recovered.

GRACIE  
Yeah. Sorry about that.

OMAR  
You wrote the truth. For a long time, I wanted to be dead, so I could be with your sister. Hmm. Coffee?

GRACIE  
Sure.

Omar pours steaming black richness into her cup.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks. Now, you must try a bite of this superb sandwich.

OMAR  
I know it's good.

Gracie feeds him a piece of her sandwich.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Oh, that's good.

The two stare at one another of a moment.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
What's your plans for today?

GRACIE  
Putter around a bit. Explore. My agent arranged an interview on NPR for later today.

OMAR  
Wow. NPR. When?

GRACIE  
Midtown. At Five.

OMAR  
Ah. I see. And tomorrow you've a book signing.

GRACIE  
Yes, at the Memorial Museum.

OMAR  
Hmm. I've never gone.



GRACIE

Why? It's architecture is beautiful. Calming.

OMAR

Calming. You forget, I should've been it that building.

GRACIE

I haven't forgotten. If you died, I wouldn't be enjoying this wonderful creation of yours today. The now, Omar.

OMAR

Most of my friends didn't make it out. Some of them jumped to their deaths from the top floor. Hmm, life. It's an interesting journey.

GRACIE

So... You feel guilty about being alive?

Omar nods.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

It's called survivor's guilt. I'm riddled with it too. You still don't have conversation with her do you?

Omar oddly stares hard at Gracie.

OMAR

What?

GRACIE

Oh, nothing. Great sandwich, by the way. Thank you.

OMAR

Gracie, for twenty years now, I have lived with a huge whole in my heart.

Gracie gets up and gives him a big hug.

GRACIE

Me too, Omar. Me too.

OMAR

I knew her such a short period of time. You...

Gracie pulls back a bit.

GRACIE  
My entire life until that point.

OMAR  
Yeah.

GRACIE  
Omar. Be my tour guide today. Show  
me why you love this City so.

Omar takes off his apron and Chef's Whites.

OMAR  
That's an easy task, girl.

Amir returns to the kitchen.

AMIR  
Omar, we need the kitchen to prep.

OMAR  
No worries, brother. The kitchen is  
yours.

Omar grabs Gracie's hand and leads her out.

AMIR  
Where are you going?

OMAR  
Out.

Amir looks to the other cooks and cleaners.

AMIR  
Okay.

OMAR  
Gracie, the city of cities awaits.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - STREET SIDE - DAY

Omar and Gracie are atop a red 1965 Vespa moped with a woven picnic basket strapped to the back.

Gracie has her arms wrapped around him.

Omar hits the horn.

SOUND: WEAK HORN (2x).

GRACIE  
This safe?

OMAR  
Depends on your definition of  
safety.

Omar squeezes the throttle, and the scooter takes off.

The traffic light turns yellow.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
We can make it!

Gracie SCREAMS as they travel through the yellow light as it  
changes quickly to red.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Gracie! Yellow means go! Welcome to  
New York!

GRACIE  
Yee-ah! Glad to be here.

EXT. MANHATTAN - MOPED MONTAGE

1. Omar takes Gracie sightseeing.
2. They leave Hell's Kitchen.
3. Moped turns onto West 46th Street and heads west.
4. It passes Hamilton and Scientology signage.
5. Then, they cross Times Square.
6. Their moped heads north of Park Avenue.
7. Passes versus glamorous storefronts.
8. They turn west on 57th Street.
9. They stop at light at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street.
10. Tiffany's window frames them and their moped. Gracie  
gives Omar a big hug.
11. Trump Tower looms behind them. Omar gives the building  
the bird.

GRACIE  
What's that for?

OMAR  
Trump. And his Immigration Policy.

Turns down an alleyway to the loading docks of...

THE PLAZA HOTEL

Their moped comes to a halt.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Best place to park.

Gracie looks around.

GRACIE  
Is this allowed?

OMAR  
I do it all the time.

EXT. 59TH STREET - SAME

Omar leads Gracie across the street into...

CENTRAL PARK

The Plaza looms in the background.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEAR GAPSTOW BRIDGE - SAME

Omar tosses down a light blanket from the basket.

OMAR  
Here.

Omar turns and twirls and does a Three-Sixty.

The Pond glisters in the afternoon sun.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Perfect.

GRACIE  
You know how to impress a girl.

Omar unpacks two bottles of wine from the basket.

OMAR  
Red or white?

GRACIE  
You expecting more people?

OMAR  
One for me. One for you.

GRACIE  
Okay. White.

OMAR  
Good choice.

Omar expertly opens the bottle.

SOUND: POP!

Omar pours. Then, he hands a glass to Gracie.

GRACIE  
Cheers.

OMAR  
Cheers.

Omar tosses down his wine.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Ahh!

Omar pours Gracie more wine.

GRACIE  
Any food in that basket of yours? I  
have to speak intelligently at  
Five.

Omar peers in.

OMAR  
Nope. Yikes. I forgot about your  
interview.

GRACIE  
It's radio. I should be okay. But I  
need to eat more if I'm going to be  
drinking like this.

Omar bounces up.

OMAR  
Let's get you a dog.

GRACIE  
Lead away, oh gracious host.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOT DOG STAND - SAME

Omar leads Gracie through "I Love New York" infused souvenir booths until they reach Nathan's Hot Dog stand on the corner of 59th Street and Grand Army Plaza.

Omar turns to Gracie.

OMAR  
How do you take your dog?

GRACIE  
Loaded with chili and onions.

OMAR  
Smart girl.

Omar turns to the VENDOR.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Four dogs loaded, please.

The vendor gets to work. Then, he hands them their food.

VENDOR  
Best dogs in town.

Gracie takes a big bite.

GRACIE  
Hmm.

OMAR  
Food binds us together.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - BLANKET - SAME

Omar takes a big bite of his dog. As he does...

GRACIE  
So, what line did you use on my  
sister to get her here?

Omar speaks with a full mouth.

OMAR  
Pass the mustard.

GRACIE  
Clever. Did you do that with a full  
mouth too.

Omar thinks about it.

OMAR  
I think I did. So... Any men in  
your life?

GRACIE  
There was in Baghdad. A fellow  
reporter.

OMAR  
And?

GRACIE  
IED got him. What about you?

Gracie takes a drink of her wine.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Any women in your life?

OMAR  
No. But my Mother keeps having  
women from our church randomly show  
up to dinner.

Gracie spits out her wine.

GRACIE  
Mine too! She wants me married more  
than I do.

OMAR  
Yeah. I guess when the time is  
right. It is right.

GRACIE  
I'm just waiting for the right  
person.

OMAR  
Yeah. Well... We better get moving  
toward Midtown soon.

Gracie looks hard at Omar and smiles big.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
What?!?

GRACIE  
I can see why my sister loved you.

OMAR  
That is very kind of you to say.

GRACIE  
No. True.

Omar nods his appreciation.

OMAR  
Let's cut across the Park. Enjoy  
more of this glorious day.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TUNNEL - DAY

Omar walks with Gracie through the tunnel that leads to Bethesda Fountain.

Pedestrians pace about.

Omar is attention is drawn to the lake.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BETHESDA FOUNTAIN - DAY

Omar stops by the lake. Gracie is behind him.

COUPLES in row boats dot the lake.

A gondolier in his gondola APPEARS. The gondolier uses his long oar to guide the boat.

GRACIE  
Look! They have gondolas.

OMAR  
Yeah. I love this Park. Every visit  
restores me.

Gracie's phone starts to ring.

GRACIE  
Ugh!

Gracie looks at the screen.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
It's my Mother.

OMAR  
Answer it.

GRACIE  
Why? She just seeing if I've been  
mugged yet.



OMAR  
Gracie, answer it.

Gracie does.

GRACIE  
Hi, Mom. What's up?

MOTHER CONRAD (O.S.)  
Are you okay?

GRACIE  
Mother, I've just finished  
picnicking in Central Park.

MOTHER CONRAD (O.S.)  
Oh, I saw on the news a jogger was  
killed there.

GRACIE  
That was thirty years ago.

Omar smiles at Gracie. He enjoys the pain he put her in.

MOTHER CONRAD (O.S.)  
Still.

GRACIE  
Mom, remember Tracie's old  
boyfriend.

MOTHER CONRAD (O.S.)  
The Italian?

GRACIE  
No. The Iranian-American.

MOTHER CONRAD (O.S.)  
The what?!?

GRACIE  
Here.

Gracie gives the phone over to Omar.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Impress her with your wit and  
charm.

Omar grabs the phone and without missing a beat.

OMAR  
Mrs. Conrad... what a pleasure it  
is for me to finally hear your  
voice.

GRACIE  
Oh, brother. I'm in trouble now.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CANOPY OF TREES - LATER DAY

Omar and Gracie stroll arm in arm.

OMAR  
Your Mother was... nice.

GRACIE  
Twenty minutes nice?!?

OMAR  
What? She was feeling chatty. So I  
let her talk.

GRACIE  
Chatty?

OMAR  
Someday you will wish to have the  
chance to call her.

GRACIE  
What do you know of Mommy guilt?  
You still have yours.

OMAR  
Yes... but it was my Grandmother  
that raised me. My Mother was  
always at the restaurant.

GRACIE  
Oh.

OMAR  
That's who I wish I could call this  
very second.

GRACIE  
What would you ask her?

OMAR  
What am I doing wrong with her  
stew?

GRACIE

Funny.

Gracie stops. Then, she races to the grass.

Omar follows.

OMAR

What are you up to now?

GRACIE

This is the exact spot of our  
Central Park cheer routine.

OMAR

Your what?!?

GRACIE

Let's get Fired Up, Firebirds!

Gracie preforms a trust fall onto the patch of grass. She looks up at Omar and the clouds above.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

We still rock it, girl.

Omar joins her.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Where do you think my sister  
vanished off to?

OMAR

I imagine, the same place as my  
Grandmother.

GRACIE

Yeah. She's been gone from us for  
so long.

OMAR

I know. Twenty years now. When I  
saw you today. My heart dropped.

GRACIE

Why?

OMAR

For a split second, I thought you  
were her, or a ghost.

GRACIE

I understand. There's times when I'm in large crowds and I think I see her. I race to her. Cut people off. Push into others. Turn them about.

OMAR

And?

GRACIE

And... I scare people who look nothing like her.

OMAR

Is that why you wrote your book?

GRACIE

Sort of. I guess, I needed to say my good-bye to her in a weird way.

OMAR

I get it. There's certain dishes I prepare that remind me...

Gracie breaks a smile.

OMAR (CONT'D)

What?

GRACIE

I spend years in the Middle-East and men rarely find there way into the kitchen. And if they did, they could not cook.

OMAR

I know! It's amazing. Women control the kitchen there. But here, it is different.

GRACIE

How?

OMAR

My Grandma embraced what was good from the past and what was good for the future. America. She opened up a new world to me. She taught me how to cook: Baghali Polo, Fesenjan, Bademjan, Gormeh, Sabzi.

GRACIE

That's rare for Middle-Eastern women to share their kitchens with men. Even more, their secrets.

OMAR

I know. And I am eternally grateful for her.

GRACIE

Thank you.

OMAR

For what?

GRACIE

Today.

OMAR

We better go.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BOW BRIDGE - DAY

Omar and Gracie cross the Bow Bridge. Their hands linger by their sides, dangerously close to touching one another.

INT. RADIO STATION - LATER

Omar stands beyond the room's glass barrier.

IMAGE: lit On-Air Sign.

Gracie sits before a big microphone. She has headphones on and listens to an eyewitness account on Nine-Eleven.

EYEWITNESS (V.O.)

I had just gotten in to New York that morning from JFK. And I took a cab ride to the World Trade Center. To my offices on the Eighty-Eighth floor. All of a sudden, there was this rumble. A sound, and a lot of commotion. Just out the window, you look and you see, papers tumbling through the air. Paper, smoke, and fire. Lots of fire.

TERRY GROSS, is across from her and interviews Gracie.

TERRY

That must be difficult to hear.  
Knowing what your identical sister  
went through before her building  
collapsed.

GRACIE

My sister worked on the North  
Tower's Ninety-Fifth Floor.  
American Airlines' Flight Eleven  
from Boston final destination. The  
plane flew through her floor... and  
her.

TERRY

Wow. So, why write this book? Why  
put the time and effort into  
reliving your sister's death?

GRACIE

As a reporter for the Stars and  
Stripes I have spent ten years in  
the Middle-East covering our War on  
Terror. I have seen lots of death  
on both sides.

TERRY

And? What have you learned?

GRACIE

Placing a loaded gun to a man's  
head isn't going to make him love  
you... Or want to change.

TERRY

Yeah.

GRACIE

That's what I attempted to describe  
in my book. Not the horrific event  
on Nine-Eleven, but the reaction.  
The kindness... the courage of  
complete strangers. This morning I  
visited the Memorial. Saw my  
sister's name engraved in stone. An  
old woman who lost her brother came  
up to me, as I buckled a bit. She  
consoled me. Told me, in a way only  
a true New Yorker can... I *gotchu*.

TERRY

Hmm. When America was attacked twenty years ago, brave first responders came to Ground Zero to rescue people buried in the rubble and to retrieve the remains of those no longer alive. Could you read from your book one account?

GRACIE

Sure.

Gracie picks up her book and reads.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Lieutenant Antonio Bellini, firefighter assigned to Engine Company Forty of the Fire Department, City of New York. I happened to be looking up and saw the explosion or the building fail with the ensuing fireball and cloud. It didn't appear to me at that moment the building was coming down. But when the noise level began to pick up, it was obvious that something wrong was going on. Big time. We all proceeded to run southwesterly towards Liberty and West. At that point there was chunks of debris coming down on us. I dove under a nearby car for safety. That's when the white cloud appeared. It totally surrounded me. Darkness came. Dust was everywhere.

Gracie stops and clears her throat.

TERRY

Lieutenant Antonio Bellini who recently died from lung cancer?

GRACIE

Correct. Many of the first responders are dealing with health problems due to the toxic Nine-Eleven dust. Three times the number we lost on Nine-Eleven have died.

TERRY

Thank you for writing this book.

GRACIE

Well, thank you for having me.

TERRY

This is Fresh Air. I'm Terry Gross.  
And my guest today is Gracie  
Conrad, the author of...

EXT. TIME SQUARE - LATER

Gracie and Omar walk north, under the bright lights of Time Square. Various theater advertisements Hoover over their heads and shoulders during their stroll.

Around them, an international group of SIGHTSEERS taking photos with selfie sticks.

SOUND: SNAP!

IMAGE: of a young group of multi-ethnic people. In the background Omar and Gracie walk.

EXT. NEW YORK - STREET - DAY

Omar and Gracie walk continues away from the tourist and cut down a narrow side street.

GRACIE

Do you ever get used to this?

OMAR

What?

GRACIE

The people? The traffic?

OMAR

Times Square is not a good  
representation of New York City.

GRACIE

Why?

OMAR

Hey, that's new.

Omar points.

OMAR (CONT'D)

That's New York.

GRACIE

What?



OMAR  
A spice shop!

Omar looks at Gracie like a boy about to enter a candy store.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Let's pop in.

GRACIE  
Why?

OMAR  
The sign says that they have ten  
different kinds of curry powder.

GRACIE  
Is that good?

OMAR  
It ain't bad.

EXT. SPICE SHOP - SAME

Omar hurries to the door. Gracie follows. The shop looks like  
its been there for two hundred years.

INT. SPICE SHOP - SAME

Omar rushes to the back of the store. Spices, herbs, and  
seasonings lines his path.

Gracie catches up.

GRACIE  
Who would have thought there would  
be so many options.

OMAR  
Here.

An Indian CLERK stands behind the counter.

CLERK  
Welcome.

Omar inhales.

OMAR  
Wonder. Color. Smells.

He inhales deeply again.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Along with texture. Coarse. Fine.  
Blended.

He sees a large glass container of red fine saffron powder.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Ahh. Saffron.

He uses a big scoop to transfer the saffron into a plastic bag very carefully.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
A mystical spice with religious  
connotations. Rich and healing.

The clerk inspects him closely.

Then, she looks to Gracie.

CLERK  
Need any help?

GRACIE  
Me? No. The man with the spice  
fetish. Maybe.

The lady laughs hard and smiles now.

Gracie goes to Omar.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
What does it smell like?

Omar twists the bag closed.

OMAR  
Home.

Then, he uses a small wire to secure it.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I better be getting back to the  
restaurant. It's a Saturday night.

GRACIE  
Okay. Thanks for today.

OMAR  
It was fun. You need anything? A  
spice souvenir.

GRACIE  
No. I'm more a salt and pepper  
girl.

Omar pays for the bag of spices he poured.

OMAR  
Utter blasphemy.

The clerk behind the counter weighs the bag.

CLERK  
That will be three-hundred and  
seventy-five dollars.

GRACIE  
What?!?

Omar pays and as he does he turns to Gracie.

OMAR  
Saffron. Ounce for ounce, more  
expensive than gold.

GRACIE  
Wow. Really?

OMAR  
Really. You hungry for dinner?

GRACIE  
Is all you ever think about is  
food?

Omar smiles broad and wide.

OMAR  
Occupational hazard.

Gracie nods, yes.

The clerk behind the counter nods her head too.

LADY  
Wise man.

EXT. SAFFRON'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The dinner CROWD fills the place, as OTHERS wait patiently  
for their table. Meanwhile, WE follow the back of a SERVER as  
he moves through the swinging doors into...

THE KITCHEN

Where Persian music plays.

Omar is doing his thing over the stove. He stands in his Chef's Whites with a long handled pan in his hand, twelve inches above the gas flame.

Omar grabs a bottle of oil and drizzles it into the pan.

IMAGE: BALL OF FLAME!

Omar pours the contents of the over some white fluffy rice. Then, he picks some tiny leaves off a nearby plant.

OMAR  
Something for decoration.

Omar grabs a clear bottle of yellowish red liquid.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
And saffron sauce.

Omar puts a dab of sauce on his finger and licks it.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
(in Farsi)  
Perfection.

Omar plates from another pan the Tamarind-Stuffed Trout with its head still attached. Gently, he sets the fish atop a bed of greens. Omar hits a silver call bell, DING!

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Order ready, for the VIP with a  
winning smile at the bar.

A SERVER grabs the order, looks at a few of his coworkers and smiles big. Then, he takes the order to Gracie.

ZAHRA, Omar's Mom appears from the rear. Sneaking out from her head scarf, is salt and pepper hair, petite, earthy, her Chef's Whites are spotless. She is a woman who appreciates order, discipline, and surprises.

ZAHRA  
VIP? Winning smile? Someone I know?

OMAR  
Tracie's Sister is in town.

ZAHRA  
T-r-a-c-i-e? Ahh, so that's why you  
left us a cook short tonight?

OMAR  
Yes... I was overdue on some time  
off.

ZAHRA  
True. O-m-a-r?

OMAR  
Yes, Mother.

ZAHRA  
Be careful.

Zahra pats her son the arm.

OMAR  
I will.

Zahra stops by the door.

ZAHRA  
Does Tracie's Sister have a name?

OMAR  
Gracie.

ZAHRA  
Seriously?

Omar nods yes.

Zahra looks to the ceiling.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, sometimes I wish I was still in  
Tehran.

Zahra leaves the kitchen.

Omar through the window in the door sees his Mother head  
directly to the bar and Gracie.

OMAR  
Uh-oh.

INT. SAFFRON - BAR - SAME

Gracie sits at a stool before the bar. The meal Omar prepared  
for her is in front of her.

Masih is behind the bar.

MASIH  
Another French-Seventy-Five?

GRACIE  
No. I'm good.

Gracie takes a bite of her Trout.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
This is divine.

MASIH  
Tamarind Stuffed Trout, Omar's  
signature dish.

GRACIE  
Yum.

MASIH  
Be warned... When my Uncle makes a  
girl Great-Grandma's stew...  
that is when he loves you.

Masih takes her drink.

GRACIE  
Thanks for the tip.

Gracie looks at Omar in the kitchen. As she does, Zahra  
approaches from the kitchen.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh. Here comes Na-Na.

Gracie turns and attempts to hide her face.

Zahra greets her.

ZAHRA  
I hope everything is to your...

Zahra acts like she's seen a ghost.

GRACIE  
Ah, yes. Delicious. You okay?

ZAHRA  
You're twins?

GRACIE  
Yes. Identical.

ZAHRA  
I see. I met your Sister once.  
Here.

Zahra points at a nearby table where a family is finishing up their dinner.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
At that very table.

GRACIE  
What was your impression of her?

ZAHRA  
She wasn't Iranian.

GRACIE  
(laughs)  
True. Would you like to join me?

ZAHRA  
Perhaps, Gracie, after I work the room a bit.

Zahra moves to a table full of people.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, Farhad. It's been far too long.

Gracie watches as she finishes her meal.

GRACIE  
Time for theater.

Gracie gets up and wanders to the kitchen.

INT. SAFFRON - KITCHEN - SAME

Gracie enters the kitchen.

Omar takes off his Chef's Whites and asks.

OMAR  
How was your dinner?

Gracie shrugs her shoulders and says.

GRACIE  
Okay.

Omar stops dead in his tracks.

OMAR  
Just okay?

Gracie shrugs her shoulders again.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
You're a hard one to please.

GRACIE  
I'm kidding. It was delicious.  
Thank you.

OMAR  
Good. I'm glad. You in for a night  
cap?

GRACIE  
Sure.

Omar and Gracie leave Saffron's.

Masih and Zahra watches them go with great interest.

MASIH  
Uncle seems to have fallen fast.

ZAHRA  
Hmm. Too fast. The loss of the  
first one nearly killed him.

Masih looks at her Grandma.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)  
Come. Those dinner dishes aren't  
going to wash themselves.

EXT. BOWERY STREET - NIGHT

Gracie leads Omar to her hotel. As they pass a street VENDOR  
selling Hot Mini Cakes, Omar stops cold.

OMAR  
Wait. These things are delicious.

GRACIE  
How many times a day do you eat?

OMAR  
Not enough.

Omar walks up to the vendor.



OMAR (CONT'D)  
Two bags please.

The vendor hands over to bags of steamy cakes.

GRACIE  
You love food.

OMAR  
I'm a street-cart connoisseur who  
appreciates food but loves the  
people who spend their lives making  
this.

Omar pops a hot mini cake into Gracie's mouth.

Gracie chews it slowly.

GRACIE  
One day with you and I feel like I  
gained five pounds.

Omar peers into the brown bag.

OMAR  
Want another one?

Gracie falls into Omar a bit.

GRACIE  
Yes. Feed me.

Omar does.

EXT. BOWERY STREET - LATER NIGHT

A hand-holding, Omar and Gracie stroll down the street.

GRACIE  
That's when our Humvee hit an IED.  
Boom! Darkness. I wake up in a  
hospital bed two days later and I'm  
told Bill died. I fought depression  
for years over that one. Hell, I  
still fight it.

Gracie face turns away from Omar.

OMAR  
Yeah. After your Sister's death.  
Others moved on with their lives. I  
could not. I tried drugs. Slept  
with strange women. Nothing worked.

GRACIE

Why?

OMAR

There's a deep emptiness in me, the  
void your Sister so easily filled  
with her smile. Your smile.

Omar draws closer.

GRACIE

I'm not Tracie.

Omar moves to kiss Gracie.

OMAR

I know.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - ARTS BAR - LATER

Gracie and Omar sit and chat among cushioned blue velvet  
walls. In a tiny enclave of blue satin and bench, small  
candle lit table, and one leather chair, they talk.

OMAR

Take a look at Iran's place on the  
map. It's a Silk Road crossroad for  
the world's cuisine. Far East.  
Europe. Africa and the Arab states.  
We assimilated the best and made it  
our own.

GRACIE

Like Saffron?

OMAR

Exactly! Influenced by the spice  
trade with India.

GRACIE

Tomorrow.

OMAR

Y-e-s.

GRACIE

I want you to come to the museum  
with me.

OMAR

Why?

GRACIE  
I think it will do you some good.

OMAR  
I doubt it.

GRACIE  
Please.

OMAR  
Okay.

Omar uses the back of his hand to caress Gracie's cheek.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
So often I wondered what you would  
look like... older.

GRACIE  
Omar. You must stop looking back.  
I'm Gracie. Not my Sister.

OMAR  
I know.

Gracie moves closer. Her lips nearly touches.

This action startles Omar.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
What?!?

GRACIE  
Shh. Too much talk.

Gracie kisses him.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
I heard there's live music playing  
on the rooftop.

INT. ROOFTOP BAR - LATER

The Rooftop Bar is a mixologist's playground. Ultra-modern in look and lighting. Different color lights focus on the bar's well-stocked shelves. The place screams style and sheer ambiance. Where people in well-cut blazers and jeans quench their thirsts.

Gracie bellies herself up to the bar and tells the BARTENDER.

GRACIE  
One French-Seventy-Five. Please,  
and a?

Gracie looks to Omar who stands behind her.

OMAR  
Mac Twelve on the rocks.

GRACIE  
And a Mac Twelve on the rocks.

BARTENDER  
Certainly.

The bartender gets to work.

Loud MUSIC comes from outside near the pool.

Gracie and Omar observe their surroundings.

GRACIE  
There used to be a Public in  
Chicago.

The bartender arrives with their drinks.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Please charge it to my room.

The bartender nods.

Gracie hands Omar his scotch.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Here. Cheers!

OMAR  
Cheers. What were you saying?

GRACIE  
Ian Schrager is a genius when it  
comes to space.

Gracie and Omar wander out into the night.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Outside the city's skyline is lit up to perfection.

GRACIE  
It's so beautiful.

OMAR

It is.

(points at each)

There's the Chrysler Building. The  
Empire State. The Woolworth  
Building. And...

Gracie points up to One World Trade Center.

GRACIE

One World Trade Center.

OMAR

Yep.

GRACIE

Let's find a seat.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - CORNER SEATS - LATER

As the wind plays with Gracie's hair, Omar helps her out.

OMAR

Here.

GRACIE

Thanks.

Gracie eyes Omar.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I've been thinking.

OMAR

And?

GRACIE

I'm not ready to go home yet.

OMAR

And why is that?

GRACIE

You.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Omar and Gracie walk down a long corridor. As they reach the  
Penthouse Suite, Omar stops.

OMAR

This is a mistake.

Gracie moves closer and kisses him hard.

GRACIE  
Hmmm. Maybe.

She then turns and opens the door to her room. From the doorway, she curls her index finger to signal him to come in.

Omar smiles and enters her room.

INT. GRACIE'S SUITE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Omar and Gracie are naked with covers sprawled out on the floor. They are both sweaty.

GRACIE  
Omar?

OMAR  
Yeah.

GRACIE  
How often do you get to Chicago?

OMAR  
Almost never.

Gracie moves closer.

GRACIE  
Let's change all that.

Gracie kisses Omar passionately.

Omar returns her kiss.

PAN RIGHT TO THE  
DARKEN WINDOW:

INT. GRACIE'S ROOM - SAME WINDOW - NEXT DAY

Light shines in as Gracie walks around in Omar's shirt.

Omar is still rests in bed.

Gracie pours herself a fresh cup of steaming hot coffee from a silver urn.

From the mound of blankets piled high, Omar moans.

OMAR  
Hmmm. Thank you.

GRACIE

For what?

Omar raises and uses a pillow to help him sit up.

OMAR

Reminding me what it feels like to  
be alive.

GRACIE

It was fun for me too. Coffee?

OMAR

I would love some.

Gracie pours Omar a cup and serves him. As she hands it to him, Omar fingertips touches her wrist.

OMAR (CONT'D)

What time is your signing?

Gracie giggles.

GRACIE

We have time.

Gracie dives under the covers.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATER

Both Omar and Gracie are flat on the floor, each on their bellies.

OMAR

I'm starving.

Gracie gets up and gives him a peek on the cheek.

GRACIE

I need to shower.

OMAR

After you signing, you must come to  
my restaurant. I will make you some  
of my Grandma's stew.

Gracie turns back and smiles nice and big.

GRACIE

I would like that.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Gracie and Omar hold one another hands as they cut across the hotel's lobby full of GUESTS.

INT. PUBLIC HOTEL - ESCALATORS - SAME

Gracie and Omar stand side-by-side.

GRACIE

What do you want to do today?

OMAR

The Yankees are playing.

GRACIE

Sorry, I'm a Cubs fan.

OMAR

(teases)

You should be sorry, Cubby.

GRACIE

When was your last Series win?

OMAR

Don't even go there. We won more titles than any other franchise...

Gracie cuts him off and she swings and faces him.

GRACIE

Live in the now!

OMAR

Ouch! We have more titles in the last century than... one.

GRACIE

Oww. You're evil.

EXT. PUBLIC HOTEL - ENTRANCE - SAME

Gracie and Omar appears from the hotel. Together they walk down the corridor of green to the street.

Omar looks at his watch.

OMAR

We have time.



GRACIE

Let's walk a bit before we grab a cab.

OMAR

Sure thing. I better grab my moped, if it's still there.

GRACIE

Okay. So we will meet at the museum.

OMAR

Yeah.

GRACIE

Promise?

OMAR

Promise. I will be there.

A valet approaches them.

VALET

Need a cab?

GRACIE

No, we're good.

VALET

Enjoy this fine day.

EXT. ELIZABETH STREET GARDENS - SAME

Gracie and Omar cuts through English style gardens.

Gracie stops on the path lined with two crouched lions of medium height on either side.

GRACIE

Omar?

OMAR

Yes.

GRACIE

How hard will it be to win over your Mother?

OMAR

Oh, I don't know. She's a good woman at heart.

GRACIE  
So what happened?

OMAR  
She's had a hard childhood. She  
doesn't trust strangers.

GRACIE  
Really? Why?

OMAR  
We left Tehran when my Grandfather  
was murdered by the Savak. The  
Shah's secret police.

GRACIE  
Murdered? Why?

OMAR  
I don't know. He was on a walk in  
the park with my Mom, and a  
complete stranger.

Omar acts this out.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Placed a big gun underneath my  
Grandfather's chin and pulled the  
trigger. Bang.

GRACIE  
And your Mother?

OMAR  
My Mother never speaks of it.  
Though, my Grandma told me they  
found her in the park. Covered in  
my Grandpa's blood. Begging him to  
please get up.

GRACIE  
How terrible.

OMAR  
There was no investigation. It  
appeared the authorities knew who  
had authorized it.

GRACIE  
Why?

OMAR  
He opposed the powers that be.  
That's why I love the idea of  
America. Give me your tired, your  
poor, your huddled masses yearning  
to breathe free.

GRACIE  
Freedom. It hasn't seemed that way  
of late.

OMAR  
No. But we can hope.

EXT. 9/11 MEMORIAL - THE FOUNTAINS - LATER

Gracie looks at her watch and speaks to herself.

GRACIE  
He should have been here by now.

Right then, Gracie sees Omar heading toward her on his moped.  
He buzzes down the street.

Omar stops before her.

SOUND: WEAK HONK. HONK.

Omar takes off his helmet.

OMAR  
Sorry, babe. I had to grab a quick  
bite to eat.

GRACIE  
Of course you did.

Gracie embraces him.

EXT. 9/11 MEMORIAL - THE FOUNTAINS - LATER

Omar and Gracie wander around the fountain and the cascading  
waterfalls in silence.

Then, they begin to talk.

OMAR  
It's beautiful.

GRACIE  
I told you.

OMAR  
Where is she?

GRACIE  
Over there.

Gracie leads Omar to Tracie's name. She grabs his fingertips and guides them to her Sister's name. Slowly, she traces the engraved letters.

OMAR  
Thank you.

GRACIE  
I'm going to give you a moment. But  
you're not off the hook yet. See  
you in the lobby.

OMAR  
Okay.

Gracie leaves.

Omar's hand still rests atop Tracie's name.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hey, babe. I hope you're not mad.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - BEFORE 9/11 - LATER

Gracie stands with Alice as Omar enters.

ALICE  
Mr. Cherif, welcome.

Omar nods his acknowledgement.

Gracie gently interlocks his arm with hers.

GRACIE  
Come on.

ALICE  
Please follow me.

Alice leads them down the steps deeper inside the museum under the huge steel Tridents.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - BASEMENT WALL - SAME

On the wall reads, "September 11, 2001."

Alice wanders ahead.

Over the loudspeaker, are SURVIVOR's stories.

EYEWITNESS (V.O.)

We got down to the Thirty-First floor, that's when the second plane hits the building. The building gives a rock. Shifts to the left. Then to the right. Everyone grabbed on to the stairwell. And then, we knew we were in danger.

Omar and Gracie look around.

OMAR

This is amazing.

GRACIE

I was here yesterday for two hours.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - MEMORIAL HALL - SAME

Alice takes them to the Last Column. The steel structure is covered with signatures of those who helped.

OMAR

I remember seeing this.

ALICE

Anchored into bedrock this thirty-six-foot-tall piece of steel. Uncovered by workers during the nine-month recovery period... First responders last reported to have been near here, near the lobby before the tower's collapse.

GRACIE

Due to its proximity to this last known location of first responders, the column became a marker of loss.

IMAGE: Last Column's signatures.

ALICE

True. In March, two-thousand-and-two, after the remains of some missing members of FDNY Squad Forty-One were found in the area, a squad member painted SQ 41 on the column to denote the recovery.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Other agencies including the NYPD  
and FDNY left similar markings.

OMAR  
Every inch of her is covered.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - ARTIFACTS - SAME

Gracie and Omar wander through the glass enclosed artifacts.

Omar stops as he reaches a glass box enclosed with a bright  
blue leather purse nearly destroyed.

OMAR  
Oh, my god.

Gracie grabs Omar's hand.

GRACIE  
I know.

Omar inches closer.

OMAR  
Tracie's. I remember when she  
bought this.

Omar tears up.

GRACIE  
She loved it.

Omar stands back from the display. Then, he stares at the sad  
reminders of that clear day so long ago.

OMAR  
Why?

GRACIE  
Come.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - NOTES OF HOPE - SAME

Alice ends her tour.

ALICE  
I will be upstairs. Take your time.

OMAR  
Thank you, Alice. You don't  
understand what this means to me.

ALICE  
Yes, Chef. I think I do. See you  
upstairs.

GRACIE  
Look at the map of the world.

An entire wall is covered by a interactive map of the world.  
Heartfelt notes appear and disappear off of it.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
You can write notes here.

Gracie writes.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Miss ya, Sis.

Gracie hands Omar the pen.

Omar writes the Arabic symbol for, "Love."

OMAR  
For us, love is all about the pain.

Gracie hugs Omar.

GRACIE  
My signing is about to begin.

OMAR  
Okay.

GRACIE  
I saved you a chair.

OMAR  
Okay.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - FIRETRUCK LADDER 3 - LATER

Gracie stands at a clear podium with a destroyed ladder  
firetruck as her backdrop. Before her, sitting in chairs are  
hundreds of PEOPLE.

GRACIE  
Context and memory play powerful  
roles in all the truly great  
moments in one's life.

INT. 9/11 MUSEUM - FIRETRUCK LADDER 3 - LATER

Behind a podium, Gracie finishes her lecture.

GRACIE

Mark Twain once said, nothing kills joy quicker than comparison. Me being a twin, I believe him. My Sister came to this City to feel what it means to be alive... and she did just that. Every given moment. She lived in the now.

IMAGE: Gracie closes her book.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

An enduring AUDIENCE claps their hands.

Omar pops up from his chair. He touches his heart and then raises his hand to the heavens.

OMAR

(mouths)

She would be proud.

GRACIE

(mouths)

Thank you.

Omar gives Gracie the universal "call me" sign.

Gracie nods.

Then, Omar waves bye and leaves.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Thank you all for coming. Any questions?

A twenty-something WOMAN raises her hand from the back.

One of Alice's ASSISTANTS hands her a mic.

WOMAN

Thank you, Ms. Conrad for sharing your story. But I was born in Ninety-Nine. So I don't remember a Pre-Nine-Eleven World. Could you describe it for me?



GRACIE  
I could try. But you are going to  
have to trust me.

The woman looks a little scared.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
You up for it?

WOMAN  
Sure. Okay.

GRACIE  
Close your eyes.

WOMAN  
What?

GRACIE  
Close them. It takes some trust.

WOMAN  
Okay.

The young woman closes her eyes.

GRACIE  
*Now that she's back in the  
atmosphere. With drops of Jupiter  
in her hair.*

The CROWD chuckles.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
Young woman, twenty-years ago was  
our time. Your time is now. The War  
on Terror is over. All sides must  
heal. But, I can leave you with  
this, from an amazing woman a few  
years younger than you. *Since our  
leaders are behaving like children,  
we will have to take the  
responsibility they should have  
taken long ago.*

ALICE  
Greta Thunberg.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH STREET - DAY

Omar's moped zooms north, he looks around at the city he loves. He appears to be at peace. He sings Train's Drops of Jupiter like song.

OMAR

*Can you imagine no love, pride,  
deep-fried chicken. Your best  
friend always sticking up for you.  
Even when I know you're wrong.*

As Omar approaches light, it turns YELLOW.

OMAR (CONT'D)

*Can you imagine no first dance,  
freeze-dried romance. Five-hour  
phone conversation. I can make it.*

Omar squeezes the throttle and the moped increases her speed.

OMAR (CONT'D)

*The best soy latte that you ever  
had...*

Halfway through the intersection, a car zero ins on Omar and his moped, IMPACT!

Omar flies through the air. His moped is CRUSHED as it rolls underneath the car.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Gracie wanders in through the big sliding doors.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - SAME

Gracie approaches the Information Desk. A white-haired VOLUNTEER sits behind it.

VOLUNTEER

Can I help you?

GRACIE

Yes, Omar Cherif's room number?

VOLUNTEER

The actor?

GRACIE

No. The Chef.

VOLUNTEER

Oh, I see.

The volunteer looks up the name on the computer.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

He was just released from the ICU.  
Fifth floor. Room Five-Thirteen.

GRACIE

Thank you. The elevators?

VOLUNTEER

Down the hall to your right.

GRACIE

Got it. Thanks.

Gracie wanders to the elevator bay. She hits the up button and it IGNITES.

SOUND: DING!

She slowly enters the elevator. Her body language shows her discomfort. She kicks the Five button.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I hate these things.

INT. HOSPITAL - FIFTH FLOOR - SAME

Gracie wanders down the long corridor. Some doors are closed. Others are not. From the open ones, scared PATIENTS and worried looking FAMILY MEMBERS gaze out.

Gracie reaches room Five-Thirteen. The door is closed. She knocks softly upon the door.

Abruptly, the door OPENS.

APPEARS Zahra in a head scarf.

ZAHRA

What!?!

GRACIE

May I see...

Zahra abruptly CLOSES the door.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Your son.

ZAHRA (O.S)  
Only family!

Gracie KNOCKS again.

Masih OPENS the door a crack. She wears a colorful head scarf with bits of her dark hair showing.

Inside the room is full of dark-colored PEOPLE.

MISIH  
Hi, Gracie.

GRACIE  
Hi.

Misha looks back.

Amir smiles a bit.

MISIH  
Na-Na is not in the most hospitable  
of moods.

GRACIE  
I noticed. How is he?

MISIH  
He's in bad shape. But...

Misha starts to tear up.

MISIH (CONT'D)  
It doesn't look good.

GRACIE  
I see.

MISIH  
I would love to invite you in...

GRACIE  
But?

MISIH  
Na-Na won't allow it.

GRACIE  
Why? She doesn't even know me.

From within the room.

ZAHRA (O.S)  
Masih. Close the door!

MISIH  
I...

GRACIE  
Okay.

Masih closes the door a pinch.

Gracie with her head down moves away from the room.

MISIH  
(whispers)  
Meet me in the chapel, in five  
minutes.

Gracie turns.

GRACIE  
Okay.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Masih wanders in and sees Gracie kneeling at the Altar.

Masih respectfully sits and waits until Gracie is finished.

Gracie gets up.

GRACIE  
Oh, I'm sorry, Masih. I didn't know  
you were already here.

MASIH  
No worries.

Gracie sits next to Masih.

GRACIE  
So, why does your Grandmother  
despise me?

MASIH  
It's not fair. But she blames your  
Sister for Omar's troubles.

GRACIE  
My Sister has been dead for twenty  
years.

MASIH  
Not to Omar.

GRACIE

Ah! I see. Anything I can do to change all that?

MASIH

No, she's old and stubborn. And you aren't Iranian. But...

GRACIE

But what?

MASIH

If you really love my Uncle, you must show her.

GRACIE

Why?

MASIH

Because right now, you're part of the reason Omar is all alone in this world.

GRACIE

Hmm.

Masih gets up.

MASIH

I'll be rooting for you.

Masih leaves.

Gracie returns to the Altar.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Gracie strolls back to Omar's room. She looks determined.

Gracie grabs the door handle and doesn't bother to knock.

As she ENTERS...

INT. HOSPITAL - OMAR'S ROOM - SAME

Everyone turns to the open door.

Gracie is being eyed by all.

Zahra rushes to confront her.

ZAHRA  
 (in Farsi)  
 Doesn't this white woman have any  
 manners?

Gracie confronts Omar's mother in the middle of the room.

Family and friends surround the two women.

GRACIE  
 (in Farsi)  
 No. This white woman doesn't. So,  
 step aside, please.

The FRIENDS and FAMILY members heads go back and forth with  
 the verbal exchanges.

ZAHRA  
 Please?!? Go away.

GRACIE  
 No.

The room reactions with a buckling-over CRINGE.

ZAHRA  
 No? I'm his Mother! Who are you?

Gracie steps closer. Zahra and her are face to face, eye to  
 eye. Then, Gracie shares.

GRACIE  
 Someone who loves your son.

ZAHRA  
 Love?!?

GRACIE  
 Love.

ZUHRA  
 No. No. No! This is madness.

Zahra looks around the room.

ZUHRA (CONT'D)  
 I had to live through one of you  
 already.

GRACIE  
 Sorry, not many people have second  
 chances.

Zahra steps before Masih.

ZUHRA  
What do you think of this?

MASIH  
Uncle Omar likes her.

ZUHRA  
She's white.

Amir steps up.

AMIR  
Omar has always been color blind.

ZUHRA  
True.

Zuhra's body language changes. Then, she steps aside.

APPEARS Omar in a hospital bed. He is hooked up to machines that keep him alive.

ZAHRA  
If you do love my son... pray for him. For he's fighting for his very life.

GRACIE  
Oh, Omar. What happened?

Gracie walks past Zahra and places her hand on her shoulder.

GRACIE (CONT'D)  
(in Farsi)  
Thank you.

ZAHRA  
(in Farsi)  
He's in God's hands.

Gracie sits on the edge of the bed.

GRACIE  
Hi, Omar. What did you think of my signing?

Gracie caresses his hand.

SOUNDS: monitor BEEPS, ventilator SUCKS.

Zahra prods people to move out of the room.



ZAHRA

Let's leave these two alone for a time.

Omar's family and friends file out of his room.

ZAHRA (CONT'D)

Who's hungry?

Gracie smiles as they leave.

Masih stops at the door and gets Gracie a thumbs up.

Gracie returns the gesture.

The room door CLOSES, and Omar and Gracie are finally alone.

GRACIE

Omar. Sometimes yellow lights mean stop.

DREAM SEQUENCE  
BEGINS:

EXT. BOATHOUSE - OUTSIDE CAFE - DAY

Omar leads Tracie through the Boathouse's outside café to its main entrance.

SUPER: "Central Park. August, 2001."

INT. BOATHOUSE - SAME

Omar leads Tracie through restaurant.

TRACIE

You still hungry?

OMAR

Only for a view.

Omar cuts through the restaurant through the kitchen.

CHEF

Hey, Omar. Hungry?

OMAR

Maybe later, Chef.

TRACIE

Where are we going?

OMAR  
Where's Andres?

DISHWASHER  
Outside. He got your message.

OMAR  
Great.

Omar takes the door that leads to the boats.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - SAME

Omar with Tracie in tow approaches ANDRES, a tall lanky Italian in a white sailor's shirt, red handkerchief tied around his neck, with a straw boater hat with matching band stands beside his Gondola.

ANDRES  
Omar!

Omar and Andres embrace.

OMAR  
Andres. This is Tracie.

ANDRES  
My pleasure.

OMAR  
Ready?

ANDRES  
I already grabbed the wine.

OMAR  
Then, let's shove off.

TRACIE  
Remember, the movie?

OMAR  
We have plenty of time.

EXT. ON THE WATER - DAY

Omar and Tracie's Gondola glides toward the Bow Bridge.

They pass under the bridge and a kissing couple in row boat.

Omar and Tracie cuddle up in the boat.

TRACIE  
This is romantic.

OMAR  
Is it?

Tracie gently hits Omar.

The cityscape looms in the background.

TRACIE  
You know it is my tall dark lover.

OMAR  
It is.

Omar and Tracie kiss.

Andres grabs his camera from a nearby bag.

ANDRES  
Hey you two. Turn around.

Omar and Tracie do.

Andrea focuses the camera's lens. His long oar rests against his lean, lengthy body.

ANDRES (CONT'D)  
Smile.

Omar and Tracie do.

SOUND: SNAP!

The film's negative captures Omar and Tracie at that exact moment. The two appear to be falling for one another.

Andres lowers the camera. Smacks his lips with his fingers.

ANDRES (CONT'D)  
Fanastico!

The gondola boat nears Bethesda Fountain, the gorgeous focal point of the Bethesda Terrace.

OMAR  
If we want to make that movie, we better get off here.

Tracie melts more into Omar.

TRACIE  
F-u-c-k the movie. This is perfect.

OMAR  
Yes, it is.

Omar gives Tracie a hard look.

TRACIE  
What?

OMAR  
Potty mouth.

TRACIE  
Hey, women have been told to be  
quiet for so many years that...

Omar interrupts.

OMAR  
Bullshit. You just like saying the  
word, fuck.

Tracie gives Omar a broad smile.

TRACIE  
I do. F-u-c-k feels good.

OMAR  
I think you're going to give my  
Mother a heart attack.

TRACIE  
Maybe that's exactly what she  
needs... me.

OMAR  
Hmm. Maybe.

TRACIE  
What?

OMAR  
Tracie.

TRACIE  
Yea.

OMAR  
Am I dying?

Tracie turns away and nods.

TRACIE

Yes.

DREAM SEQUENCE  
ENDS:

EXT. CHURCH STREET - DAY

Omar's moped zooms north, he looks around at the city he loves. He appears to be at peace.

The approaching light turns YELLOW.

Omar squeezes the throttle and the moped speeds. Halfway through the intersection, IMPACT!

Omar's moped is CRUSHED.

FADE TO BLACK:

THEN A QUICK  
BURST OF BRIGHT  
BLINDING LIGHT:

INT. WORLD TRADE CENTER ELEVATOR - DAY

A younger version of Omar stands in his Windows on the World Sous Chef's Whites.

The elevator heads up. Illuminates the top floor button.

SOUND: DING!

The express elevator stops on...

THE 95th FLOOR

Enters Tracie.

TRACIE

Hi.

OMAR

Hi, Tracie.

The two passionately embrace.

Tracie jumps up and wraps her legs around Omar's waist.

TRACIE

Where have you been?

OMAR

The Park.

Tracie kisses Omar's face.

Omar kisses Tracie's neck.

The elevator starts back up. The top floor button is lit.

It reads, "Windows on the World."

Omar sees his reflection off the door.

OMAR (CONT'D)

I'm young again.

TRACIE

As if you never left.

OMAR

Where is this place?

TRACIE

Where do you think it is?

OMAR

I don't...

The elevator reaches the top floor with a DING!

The elevator doors open.

Outside of the restaurant's lobby is packed full of FAMILIAR FACES of those who perished on Nine-Eleven. This multi-national assemble of business rich, working poor, and first responders covers every aspect of race and ethnicity.

They smile and wave at Omar as he attempts to enter.

Tracie gently holds him back with her hand on his chest. With the other hand, she pushes him away.

OMAR (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

TRACIE

Not your time.

Tracie reaches in and hit's the down button.

OMAR

What?!?

TRACIE  
Bye, Omar... for now.

As the elevator door slowly closes, Omar sees the last glimpse of Tracie. She smiles.

TRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Tell my Sister, she fuck'n owes me.

Omar smiles back at the closed elevator door as the elevator begins to free fall.

Omar grabs the railing and braces himself for IMPACT.

OMAR  
What's going on?!?

INT. HOSPITAL - OMAR'S ROOM - SAME

DOCTORS and NURSES surround Omar.

Omar is flat-lined. His heart is now stopped.

LEAD DOCTOR, George Clooney-like, smooth, good-looking.

LEAD DOCTOR  
Charge the Paddles.

LEAD NURSE, Julianna Margulies-like, does so.

Doctor grabs the paddles carefully.

LEAD DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Okay. Clear!

The paddles JOLTS Omar.

LEAD NURSE  
Nothing. The heart monitor is still flatlined.

The doctor does not stop.

SOUND: paddles SURGING charge.

LEAD DOCTOR  
Clear!

The paddles JOLTS Omar again.

The nurse looks at the monitor.

The line spikes then it drops down.

LEAD NURSE  
Nothing.

LEAD DOCTOR  
Again!

SOUND: paddles SURGING charge.

LEAD DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Clear!

The nurse looks at the monitor again. The flatline spikes up then it holds.

SOUND: BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

LEAD NURSE  
We have a pulse.

LEAD DOCTOR  
Good.

The Lead Doctor drops the paddles on a nearby table as he looks down at Omar.

LEAD DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
You're one lucky son of a bitch.

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDENS - LATER DAY

Gracie wheels Omar through a green garden until they reach a wooden park bench.

OMAR  
Sit.

GRACIE  
Okay. What do you want to tell me?

OMAR  
When I was near death, I had a weird dream about your Sister.

GRACIE  
You and her on an express elevator?

OMAR  
Yes! We were headed up to Windows on the World.

GRACIE  
And she said I owe her?



OMAR  
How do you know all this?

Gracie grabs each side of Omar's cheek with her hands.

GRACIE  
You talk in your sleep.

Omar's body movement tells it all.

OMAR  
Oooh.

Gracie kisses Omar on the lips.

GRACIE  
I know she's up there, Omar.  
Looking out for us. I don't need  
any proof.

EXT. SAFFRON'S RESTAURANT - FUTURE DAY

The restaurant is jammed pack with people: FRIENDS, FAMILY MEMBERS, CITIZENS of the world.

INT. SAFFRON'S RESTAURANT - SAME

Deep into the restaurant Omar and his family sit.

On the table is every imaginable Persian dish.

Besides Omar, is a pregnant, well-showing Gracie. Before Gracie is a big bowl of Omar's Grandma's Stew.

Next to Gracie, is her MOTHER, a big-haired lifer from the Midwest, 70s. She sits next to Zahra.

Zahra passes MOTHER CONRAD a bowl of big fluffy rice.

Mother Conrad nods and accepts it.

MOTHER CONRAD  
Thank you.

ZAHRA  
You're welcome.

Omar raises his glass for a toast.

THE TABLE  
Cheers!

OMAR  
To good food. Family. Friends.  
Togetherness... can heal the world.

SOUND: CLANGING of glasses.

Gracie's Mother whispers in her daughter's ear.

MOTHER CONRAD  
Where's the good food?

GRACIE  
Mother!!!

The table erupts with laughter.

Even Zahra laughs.

Gracie's Mother laughs too.

MOTHER CONRAD  
Oops.

Omar squeezes Gracie's hand affectionately.

IMAGE: Wedding Rings.

OMAR  
Hungry?

Gracie grabs his hand and rubs it over her belly.

IMAGE: Omar rubs Gracie's big belly.

GRACIE  
Yes, I'm eating for two.

FADE TO BLACK:

**THE END**