Title
The Boneyard Episode One: Young Pine and God's Country

Permalink
https://escholarship.org/uc/item/46s8w4f1

Author
Urdrian Jr, William Allen

Publication Date
2015

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation
The Boneyard Episode One: Young Pine and God's Country

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts in

Creative Writing and Writing for the Performing Arts

by

William Allen Urdrian

June 2015

Thesis Committee:
Professor Joshua Malkin, Co-Chairperson
Professor Stu Krieger, Co-Chairperson
Professor John Schimmel
The Thesis of William Allen Urdrian is approved:

___________________________________________________

___________________________________________________

Co-Chairperson

Co-Chairperson

University of California, Riverside
BLACKNESS

and the sound of heavy BREATHING... a THUD and BREAKING BRANCHES; dirt being CLAWED through as we

FADE UP:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

into the POV of a woman frantically pushing pine needles and frozen dirt through her bloody fingers; getting to her feet. She wears what’s left of a dirty white sun dress. She struggles to

HER FEET

which are bare and gnarled; runs, crunching patches of hard snow as her LEGS pick up speed. She looks above, to the looming

PINE TREES

searching for the sky; but there is only snow capped evergreens. Her arms flail; desperately grasping for the cold morning air to propel her faster... faster from her pursuer. To anywhere but here. She looks

BEHIND

to the black smudge of a FIGURE, maybe a hundred feet away; giving chase. It is too blurry to make out as human. Her eyes dart

FORWARD

again just in time to feel the horizon drop out from under her. She tumbles down the steep embankment. DARK; LIGHT. DARK; LIGHT, smashing the foliage as she rolls to halt in ankle deep water. She pushes wet sand; to her knees, and tries for her feet; too weak. She looks out over a

LAKE

struggling to find its edges, its shape, landmarks; LEFT; RIGHT; anything familiar; but there is only water... water and thick fog. She looks down into her own

REFLECTION
where she can just make out a patch of blue sky shimmering through the pines overhead. She PANTS; each breath a countdown.

She stares at the shimmering blue patch of sky in the reflection... as if she could jump into it... swim into it and far, far away from here. For a BEAT she is calm, and then the blue reflection is filled with the black smudge as she...

BLACKNESS

SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MISTY’S APT – NIGHT

MISTY JERKS awake. This has been her nightmare.

She breaths heavy; she wants to cry; then catches her breath; gains her composure. Looks at the clock: 4:31. She glances down at the NAKED MAN next to her. He stirs.

She jumps out of bed, naked herself: she’s fit, with a sizable, edgy tattoo on her left flank which creeps up under a CAST, covering her left shoulder from scapula to upper arm.

She scratches underneath. Heads to the bathroom.

As the SHOWER runs

MULTIPLE ANGLES

of Misty’s apartment: it is modern, almost sterile, except one PHOTO which sits atop the night stand next to Misty’s FBI badge and Glock 22: Misty and her identical twin sister, SONNY Dawn McQueen. Both wear mortar board and graduation gowns. Sonny smiles a bit brighter than Misty.

ANGLE ON

the open guest bedroom doorway down the hall where we can see a wall lined with newspaper articles, time lines; everything a good detective working a high profile case might have.

The Naked Man, now clothed, PASSES, sneaking out the front door. Inside the

GUEST ROOM
things are disheveled, more lived-in than the rest of the apartment.

On the wall, a NEWSPAPER article reads: **143 DIE IN AIR DISASTER, FIVE YEARS LATER IDAHO GOVERNOR AND PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL STILL SAYS TERRORISM.**

Below is a picture of GOVERNOR JANE GOSDUN, 40s, beautiful, dark features, ethnically ambiguous.

Below that are more pictures: scattered WRECKAGE of a 737, TERRORIST SUSPECTS, and the final mortal pictures of victims.

One is of SONNY, at the airport, surrounded by SIX CHILDREN of middle school age carrying luggage. Sonny wears the same white dress from the nightmare; intact. One LITTLE GIRL is turned profile with her hair covering her face.

**MAIN TITLE: THE BONEYARD, EPISODE ONE: YOUNG PINE**

Misty, now dressed, grabs her badge and gun, keys, and exits the door, which SLAMS as we

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - SPOKANE, WA**

A poster displaying: **Catching Real Monsters, A New Book by Marc McQueen - Reading Tonight** sits atop an easel.

**INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - SPOKANE, WA - CONTINUOUS**

Marc McQueen, late 50s, has just finished a talk on his new book and is fielding questions. His Manager, JAKE Bellows sits next to him, moderating.

**JAKE**

Okay, we have time for a few more.
You, young lady, three rows back.

She stands.

**YOUNG LADY**

Mr. McQueen. When you were working the Kelsie Kelvin case, did you actually buy the property where the remains were found? I mean... to be closer to the case?
Jake looks at Marc, should I intervene?

MARC
(to Moderator)
It’s okay.
(to Young Lady)
No, the land and estate have been in my wife’s family for over a hundred years. We were planning to move there when I retired anyway.

YOUNG LADY
But now your divorced?

Laughter from the crowd.

MARC
Separated, yes. It’s all in the book.

JAKE
Okay, next question. Yes, you, young lady in the flannel.

Jake indicates an OLDER LADY wearing typical North Western attire: flannel and North Face.

OLDER LADY
Bitter Creek’s execution is a month away, do you plan to witness him get the gas?

MARC
Yes. I was invited to witness-

OLDER LADY
Because I’ll be there, outside the prison when they strap him in. And I hope he feels every bit of it. Just like Kelsie Kelvin did.

CHEERS from the crowd. Jake struggles to regain control. This is going down hill fast.

JAKE
Okay... okay. One more question. That’s all we have time for. Okay. You... the blonde fellow in the back row.
Marc and Jake squint to see the BLONDE MAN, but a STAGE LIGHT obstructs their view as he rises.

BLONDE MAN
Do you feel that the victims in your book are martyrs for your success? Or that you, in fact, have become the martyr, Mr. McQueen?

MARC
Excuse me?

JAKE
Okay, that’s enough questions. Thank you all for coming.

With that, the CROWD rises and APPLAUDS. Marc struggles to find the BLONDE MAN in the sea of people but cannot. Jake shoots Marc a “what the hell” look.

CUT TO:

LATER; a book signing. A long line of people wait to get their copy signed by Marc.

MARC’S POV as he signs. He hands it over; notices a SUN TATTOO on BLONDE MAN’s hand as he grabs it. Marc looks up at the BLONDE MAN, but before he can say anything, the Young Lady cuts in front and hand him her copy.

YOUNG LADY
Can you sign it to Patricia?

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE

DR. FELDMAN, mid-60s, grampa-like, examines Misty’s cast. He sticks his finger underneath.

FELDMAN
Any pain? Tenderness?

MISTY
No.

FELDMAN
How’s your father? I read his new book.
MISTY
We haven’t spoken in months.

FELDMAN
Well that’s a shame.

Feldman brings out a small cutting saw. He methodically slices through Misty’s cast.

FELDMAN (CONT’D)
(over the buzzing)
I remember you two used to be thick as thieves.

The cast splits free. Feldman cracks it the rest of the way off. Misty rubs her bare shoulder for the first time in months.

MISTY
You don’t know how good that feels.

She begins to make small circle with her shoulder. Feldman abruptly stops her.

FELDMAN
Whoa there. Take it slow.

Feldman controls the range of motion. Begins making slow circles.

FELDMAN (CONT’D)
Can’t always jump without looking, you’ve been quick at the draw as long as I’ve known you, Misty Dawn.

Feldman increases the size of the circles.

FELDMAN (CONT’D)
You should call your father. He’s a good man. He loves you.

Feldman digs through a cannister on the counter.

MISTY
He loves himself.

FELDMAN
Lollipop?

CUT TO:
INT. MEDICAL LAKE MENTAL HOSPITAL – NIGHT

ANGLE ON a LOLLIPOP partially sucked. REVEAL a Young Blonde Woman, a MENTAL PATIENT dressed in whites, sucking on the LOLLIPOP. She HUMS something to herself; rocks back an forth; then...

ORDERLY
Give me that. Where did you get that?

The ORDERLY fights with the Mental Patient for the sucker.

MENTAL PATIENT
(screaming)
No! NO! Noooo!

The LOLLIPPOP drops to the ground as the Orderly whisks the Mental patient away; still screaming.

From OS, we see a hand reach in and grab the LOLLIPPOP.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Marc lays in bed, Patricia sitting on top of him.

PATRICIA
What’s it like? Being a celebrity?

MARC
It’s like being a normal person, except with a beautiful, naked, grad student sitting on top of you.

Marc flips her over; begins to kiss her.

PATRICIA
Again?

MARC
Life’s too short waste any time. Wouldn’t you agree?

PATRICIA
Have to “make your mark while on the world while you can. It’s all in the book.”
Marc intensifies.

MARC
This isn’t.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL LAKE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A vast, pristine hospital on a large landscaped patch of grass -- now covered with winter snow -- sits next to a small frozen lake. Inside the third-story window closest the lake, we see a figure...

INT. MEDICAL LAKE MENTAL HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

...Marcy McQueen, in her hospital whites, gazing out over the frozen lake, and to the snow-capped evergreens beyond. She holds the LOLLIPOP in her hand.

REVEAL Marcy’s hospital room, sterile, brick. Marcy hums something to herself; like a nursery rhyme, but inaudible; indiscernible; the same as the Blonde Mental Patient.

She places the lollipop in her mouth, deep down her throat, then, with arms behind her back, she jams the lolli’s stick against the brick wall and leans on it with her whole weight.

It lodges; she starts to CHOKE, but she doesn’t fight it, just looks out to the NIGHT SKY.

A PLANE flies overhead; maybe a 737. She tries to manage a smile through her GURGLES as she chokes to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN - MISTY’S DREAM AGAIN

POV running for her life, she turns and looks BEHIND
to the shadowy FIGURE, a hundred feet away; giving chase. This time the she can make it out as human, the figure raises something... a rifle. Her eyes turn FORWARD
as the rifle shot CRACKS through the air. Her left shoulder
explodes with IMPACT of a bullet, just then the horizon drops
out from under her.

She tumbles down the embankment: DARK; LIGHT. DARK; LIGHT.
Smashing the foliage as she rolls to halt in shallow water.
She pushes wet sand; to her knees, and tries for her feet;
too weak. She looks out over the

LAKE

searching for edges, a shape, landmarks; LEFT; RIGHT;
anything; but there is only water... water and thick fog. She
looks down into her own

REFLECTION

in the water where she can just make out a patch of blue sky
shimmering through the trees overhead. This time she hears
something; a PLANE flying overhead, then, sees the reflection
of the PLANE as it passes through the patch of BLUE SKY in
the water’s reflection.

She PANTS; each breath a count down... then the plane
explodes turning the blue patch to a bright orange firework.

She turns; looks to the sky; no plane. She looks to her
wound, it rapidly heals. Her white sun dress becomes clean
and new again. TIME STOPS.

A phone RINGS; RINGS. Somewhere in the distance. Somewhere
omnipotent. She looks behind her, the black figure, a MAN,
with his back to her. She stands; ties to circle around him;
to see his face. As she does, he turns, and the world, the
landscape, turns with him; as if on a pivot. She cannot see
his face.

Everything is now FROZEN, including lake. The phone RINGS;
RINGS. She looks into the distance to find the phone’s
direction, then back to the man, who has disappeared.

She follows the sound across the frozen lake. The sound grows
closer; louder.

Halfway across now, she can see thorough the fog to the other
side.

Suddenly, everything begins to rapidly THAW. Snow melts and
drips from the trees. The ice beneath her feet begins to

She RUNS; faster, faster, into the trees on the other
side.
She trudges through sleet and mud, until she sees it, a phone sitting on a black stool, in a clearing.

She stops; steps in front of it; looks for a second. It RINGS. She reaches for the phone, but suddenly she can’t move. Her feet are stuck in the mud up to there ankles. She sinks -- faster; faster. To her waist.

From this vantage, she can vaguely make out her FAMILY HOME, through the woods, in the distance. But different; older.

She sinks to her chest, to her throat, until all she senses is darkness and a muddled sound: RING; RING.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MISTY’S APARTMENT

Misty jerks awake. Her phone RINGS; RINGS. She composes herself, then answers.

A different MAN lays naked next to her; asleep.

She grabs her shoulder; in pain. A couple of drops of blood drip from her healed wound. She answers her phone.

MISTY
Hello?
(a beat)
Dad?

She soaks it in.

MISTY (CONT’D)
Jesus. When?

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A small push pull jet cascades snow-covered mountains lined with evergreens as it cuts through the winter air.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Misty’s white knuckles. Misty sits crammed between the window and a HEAVYSET WOMAN who hasn’t shut up since the flight began.
HEAVYSET WOMAN
...so that’s my third oldest. Here let me show you a picture.

The Heavyset Woman tries to leverage herself to reach her purse, underfoot.

MISTY
It’s fine. Don’t-

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Now let me see. Maybe it’ll have to wait until we land. So what about you? I’ve been blathering on all the way from Seattle about me and mine... what brings you to Spokaloo?

MISTY
My mom died last night.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Oh, dear. I’m so sorry. Natural causes?

MISTY
No, she choked herself to death.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Oh.

Misty stares out the window.

INT. FUNERAL CAR - DAY

Misty stares out the window.

MISTY
I can’t believe you fucking invited her. You’re incapable of being alone, aren’t you?

Misty’s POV of MEREDITH Shields, 40s, distinguished, beautiful, dressed in black, getting into a different car.

Reveal Marc McQueen sitting next to her.

MARC
She has just as much a right to pay her respects as anyone else.

11
MISTY
Is that a joke? Are fucking joking right now?

MARC
Misty.
(a beat)
This is a tough day for all of us.

MISTY
That’s right, deflect and interrogate. Classic.

The car pulls away.

MARC
We’re all worried about you, you know? You’re lucky whoever shot you wasn’t a better shot. This might have been your funeral.

MISTY
Not whoever. Nassar Al Hammi shot me.

MARC
Would you stop it with that. Al Hammi.

MISTY
He’s alive. I’ve tracked him.

MARC
Yeah. Where’s the proof. Huh?

MISTY
My camera was taken-

MARC
Taken out of your car when you were shot. A bullet -- by the way -- that was traced to a gang member who lives in the building next to where you were found. Not a ghost terrorist.

MISTY
He’s alive. I don’t expect you to believe me when you can’t see past your own ego.
MARC
You could be such a good agent.

MISTY
I am a good agent.

MARC
What does the shrink say?

MISTY
You know what...

Misty leans forward to the DRIVER.

MISTY (CONT’D)
(to driver)
...can you pull over here please.
(to Marc)
I’ll walk.

MARC
Misty?

EXT. SNOWY ROAD – DAY

Misty gets out of the car.

MARC
Misty, come on. Get back in the car.

She slams the door; trudges through the snow.

The car stays idle for a beat, then drives away.

Misty TRUDGES, becoming more INFURİATED with each step, then,
She slips: LIGHT, DARK, LIGHT, DARK – a brief flash from the
TUMBLE in the NIGHTMARE.

She settles a the bottom of the snow embankment which lines
the road; stares off into woods, checks left, right; sure
that she’s is alone, then bursts into tears.

MISTY
Goddamnit!

She cries for a beat or two, then sees something in the
woods. A WOLF, carrying something. She focuses: A BONE.
JOHN (O.S.)
Is that Misty Dawn McQueen down there?

She looks up the embankment, the SUN glares back at her; then back to the woods, the wolf is gone.

A shadow looms over Misty.

JOHN (CONT’D)
What are you doing down there?

MISTY
John?

Misty quickly wipes away her tears.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN’S SUV

JOHN Gusdon, a strapping man in his early 30s with a splash of Native American in his face, drives. Misty sits shotgun.

Police activity SQUAWKS on the radio. John turns it down.

JOHN
Sorry.

MISTY
(off squawking)
It’s okay.

JOHN
I mean, I’m sorry I wasn’t at the funeral. I’m not much good at those things. Your mother was-

MISTY
She was gone before. She’s really gone now.

Misty stares out the window. John scrambles to change the subject.

JOHN
So how’s the arm?

MISTY
Hurts. How’d you know about that?
JOHN
Your dad.

MISTY
You guy’s still... great...

JOHN
He’s been helping us out quite a bit. On the high profile stuff. Three top tens in the past two years. He’s good.

MISTY
So they say... yeah.

JOHN
Worked with him directly on the Sand Castle Apparent Murders. I’m sure you heard about that. Horrible. I even made it into his new book.

MISTY
Congratulations.

JOHN
Anyway, he keeps an unofficial office at the ISP. We’re all too happy to have him.

EXT. MCQUEEN ESTATE, MAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John’s SUV, which reads IDAHO STATE POLICE, pulls into the driveway of the McQueen estate -- a huge craftsman style home -- which is lined visiting cars.

INT. JOHN’S SUV

Misty looks at John.

MISTY
It’s good to see your face.

JOHN
It’s good to see your face.

MISTY
You coming in?
JOHN
No, I’m no good-

MISTY
-no good at these things. Right.

Misty dismounts the SUV.

JOHN
Misty.

John hands her a business card.

JOHN (CONT’D)
My personal number is on the back, in case... you know, you need anything.

Misty checks the back of the card. She smiles a rare smile.

MISTY
Jesus, John. Same number, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. MCQUEEN ESTATE, MAIN HOUSE

ANGLE from atop the stairs, 20 or so MOURNERS mill around down stairs with cheese plates and coffee. Law enforcement types. Clearly Marc’s friends, not Marcy’s.

Misty pours a glass of whiskey; looks on from an adjacent room.

The wake is in full affect. CRYSTAL, a Native American woman, 50s, looks on from beside Misty. Misty sizes Crystal up, then:

MARC
Marcy would have appreciated everyone turning up like this... she... she was unhappy in life. That’s no secret. It has been a difficult time of late, and... well... despite our difficulties, I loved my wife very much.

Misty shoots Meredith a cold look. Meredith looks down.

Crystal brushes past Misty; looks back at her.
FLASHES from Misty’s dream, and an omnipotent voice:

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
Your mother could see... she could
see things much more clearly than
he could. She had the eyes. Just
like you.

Back to reality. Misty sees Crystal, who has exited through
the back door. Misty watches her cross the yard through the
huge GLASS wall that lines the back of house.

She doesn’t look back. The SUN is setting.

Misty slams her whiskey, and goes after Crystal.

EXT. MQEEN ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Misty follows Crystal through the huge frozen yard.

MISTY
Hey! Wait! What’s your name? Wait!

But Crystal doesn’t look back. She disappears into the
woodline.

MISTY (CONT’D)
Wait!

Misty -- without a jacket -- begins to shiver.

MISTY (CONT’D)
Shit.

Misty follows her into the woodline. She looks this way;
that. No Crystal.

She zags through frozen trees and thick brush, a quarter of a
mile, maybe more.

Some old crime scene tape chokes the bottom of YOUNG PINE
tree, maybe seven years old. Near it is an exhumation hole.
Misty recognizes it.

MISTY (CONT’D)
Kelsie Kelvin. It’s been awhile.

She walks few more feet and comes to the
CLEARING
from her dream; except different; dirtier somehow. She sees the black stool, stuck halfway into the mud. She pulls it out and sets it upright.

She kneels and digs through the soft dirt and snow where the stool was. Something off-white; out of place.

She brushes through dead pine needles and dirt, then all at once, sees it: the SKELETON of a child, stuck in the frozen dirt, bowing down as if saying the nightly prayers.

Misty STARTS to her feet, gawking at the remains. The woods and sky reverberate with the omnipotent sound, RING; RING!

CUT TO:

EXT. MQUEEN ESTATE - NIGHT

Marc says goodbye to leaving mourners until all who remains is Meredith.

MARC
Why go to a hotel? You’re welcome to stay here.

MEREDITH
That would be a bad, idea, Marc.
Maybe the worse.

From behind Marc and Meredith, the woods that Misty ventured into light up with red and blue strobes. Marc and Misty look on for a beat in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CLEARING - MIDNIGHT

Uniformed ISP officers mill about in front of a taped-off crime scene. Misty with a blanket wrapped around her looks on as Marc and John examine the body.

Meredith ducks under the crime scene tape and joins them.

MEREDITH
Copy cat?

MARC
Not likely.
JOHN
We don’t know anything for sure yet.

MEREDITH
What do we know?

JOHN
The remains...

MARC
Male, eight to thirteen years old. The body is bound with the same brown burlap shreds and position the same way Kelsie Kelvin was. The stasis of the remains is similar. If it’s a copy cat, it’s the best I’ve ever seen.

MEREDITH
Bitter Creek, then?

MARC
Christ, how’d I miss this?

Misty leans down and picks up a piece the victims T-Shirt.

MISTY
Looks like you missed something else, Dad. Concrete Zombie: Apocalypse.

She holds up the Concrete Zombie: Apocalypse Tour 2009 T-shirt for all to see.

MEREDITH
What?

MISTY
2009. Bitter Creek has been locked up since 2008.

JOHN
Wait. Aren’t we jumping the gun here?

MEREDITH
So? So what?
MARC
So. It couldn’t have been Creek.

MEREDITH
A copycat then.

MARC
Or an accomplice that I missed.

MISTY
Or Bitter Creek is innocent.

The other three look at Misty like she is crazy.

MEREDITH
Don’t even utter those words.

MISTY
I’m just exhausting every possibility.

Meredith walks towards the cruisers in a huff.

MARC
Good eye, Misty.

Marc follows Meredith.

JOHN
Aren’t we getting ahead of ourselves here? Just be careful who you say things like that to. Creek is scheduled to be executed in a month.

Paul CLOCK, early thirties, nerdy-attractive, approaches Misty and John. He has a crime scene jacket on and an expensive camera around his neck.

CLOCK
Hey Misty. Long time. Sorry about your mom.

MISTY
Hey Paul. Thanks.

Clock SNAPS photos of the body.

ANGLE ON Marc and Meredith by the cruisers.
MEREDITH
What kind of bullshit is this, Marc? You really think he could be innocent? Do you realize what that would mean for both our careers?

MARC
Of course I do.

MEREDITH
So bullshit me not here. Is there any way that he could be innocent?

MARC
Here’s what I know.

Marc looks around to make sure no one is listening.

MARC (CONT’D)
Bitter Creek couldn’t have done this murder. And it’s too close to be a copycat. The position of the body, the bindings, none of that was released to the public. That leaves two options. Either Bitter Creek had an accomplice that I missed -- that we missed -- or we put an innocent man on death row.

MEREDITH
I want you on this, and want it quiet. No others need know. If the press gets wind of this, we’re fucked. Can you get your ISP friend to keep his office quiet?

MARC
Christ, Meredith, don’t you know who his aunt is?

MEREDITH
No. Why should I?

MARC
The Governor. Governor Gosdun.

Meredith soaks this in.

MEREDITH
Fucking hell. They have a good relationship?
MARC
He’s down in Boise to visit twice a month.

MEREDITH
Good. Then I guess he’ll play ball.

MARC
One more thing, Meredith. I want Misty with me on this. Reinstated. I’m going to need a back channel to the bureau-

MEREDITH
Absolutely not. She got herself shot. She’s off on some fantasy mission half the time tracking down a terror suspect that doesn’t exist on government time. She has six months minimum left of counseling and psych evals -- I’d have to pull-

MARC
-then pull them. I want her free and clear. No psych eval. No counseling. None of it. And I want it done tomorrow. No matter how this turns out for us, she comes out clean. If I’m in, this is non-negotiable, Mary.

MEREDITH
I think you’re forgetting that you don’t have a choice.

MARC
Neither do you.

Marc walks back toward the crime tape.

MEREDITH
Fine. Consider it done. You sure did pick a hell of time to be a father.

Meredith watches as Marc fills Misty and John in.

Misty is reluctant. Marc puts his hand on Misty’s shoulder. Misty pushes it away and storms off. John follows.

CUT TO:
INT. FRANK’S BAR

Frank’s is busy with the usual Saturday night crowd.

Misty sits at a booth; a couple of empties in front of her. John appears with two whiskeys.

Somewhere in the crowd, the Blonde Man piers at Misty.

CINDY, a waitress, low-rent pretty, early 30s stares at them both from behind the bar.

    MISTY
    I don’t even drink. Not in years.

    JOHN
    Why do you hate him so much?

    MISTY
    Why do you like him so much.

    JOHN
    He’s taught me a lot.

    MISTY
    You’ll never measure up.

    JOHN
    I’m not trying.

    MISTY
    Oh, you’re trying. We’re all trying.

    (a beat)
    When I was ten years old, my father took me on my first homicide. Not because he wanted to, we were on our way to go ice skating. Sonny was with my mom, she was going to meet us there, and he got a call. The Greenbank Strangler. You remember?

    JOHN
    Yeah, of course.

    MISTY
    He got the call, and I got, “sorry Skip.

    (MORE)
Daddy’s got to work.” Sonny got to go ice skating, and I got to watch him pull a raped and mangled woman out of the sound.

JOHN
I’m sorry.

MISTY
No. That’s the thing. I liked it -- I felt special. My special time with dad, you know?

JOHN
It made you into the detective you are today.

MISTY
And it made me into the detective I am today. I just wish that someone would have asked if that’s what I wanted. I wish I would have asked myself if that’s what I wanted. A cold case -- I get a choice? No. I go out on my own, and everyone thinks I’m crazy.

JOHN
What?

Misty downs the rest of her drink.

MISTY
Forget it. Another?

JOHN
This is important. We get this wrong, and careers end.

MISTY
Wouldn’t that be something? The great and powerful Marc McQueen falls from grace.

JOHN
I’m talking about my Aunt. She’s the one with the appeal in her hand and her finger on the button.
MISTY
Wouldn’t be the first time she was 
misinformed by the powers that be.

JOHN
What are you talking about?

MISTY
Nassar Al Hammi -- not dead. Not 
detonated over Boise. Not the Boise 
shoe bomber. Alive and well in 
Seattle. At least... well... he 
was. Now that they know -- now that 
I know -- wait...

JOHN
Misty. You’re drunk. Don’t you want 
to go home and get some sleep?

Misty puts her head down on the table.

MISTY
I just want to go ice skating.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC’S TRUCK – MORNING

Marc speeds down a winding road which hits a bump, jarring 
Misty in the shotgun seat. She wakes slowly.

MISTY
My head.

MARC
There’s coffee in the cup holder.

He hands her some aspirin.

MARC (CONT’D)
Aspirin.

MISTY
Where are we.

MARC
Starting at the beginning.
EXT. IDAHO STATE PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Marc drives through barbed-wired chain-linked prison corridor.

Two or three PEOPLE hold signs saying things like -- “Capital Punishment not the Answer.”

A few more PEOPLE hold signs saying things like -- “Gas Bitter Creek.”

INT. MARC’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MARC
(re: protesters)
Jesus Christ. Already?

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH ROW - INTERVIEW ROOM

Marc looms over BITTER CREEK, a Native American man in his fifties with a badly burned face. He hums something under his breath; eerily similar to the tune Marcy hummed before.

MARC
Watch’a humming there, Creek?

BITTER CREEK
I didn’t lie... didn’t...

MARC
Lie about what? Huh? Killing little kids?

BITTER CREEK
I didn’t lie...

MARC
You looking forward to our date? I am. March 25th. Twenty-nine days to go. You polishing up your dancing shoes?

BITTER CREEK
Shoes?

Misty stands in the back; fighting her hangover.
MISTY
What’s wrong with him?

MARC
He’s a heavily medicated. Creek has anger issues. He comes an goes.
(to Bitter Creek)
Murder any little girls today.

Creek looks Marc in the eyes.

BITTER CREEK
No! No! I didn’t murder anyone.

A beat.

BITTER CREEK (CONT’D)
What do you want, McQueen?

MARC
There he is. Good to see you again, Creek. Are you lucid now? Who’s the little boy your friend buried in my back yard? Right close to where you planted Kelsie Kelvin. Better yet, who’s your friend?

BITTER CREEK
I didn’t kill Kelsie.

MARC
Creek, we’re past that. Don’t you want to admit it already? Get right with Jesus? Before... you know?

BITTER CREEK
I was protecting her. She was my friend.

MARC
Is that why you buried her in the ground. Is that what a friend does?

BITTER CREEK
No.

MARC
No.

(bit)
And this other one? The little boy. Where’d he come from?

(MORE)
MARC (CONT'D)
Who’s your friend, Creek? Kept up the good work while you went away? Who is he? Where can I find him.

BITTER CREEK
She would burn in the sun. Burn...

MARC
You didn’t want her to burn up like you did? Is that it?

BITTER CREEK
Your daughter’s pretty.

MARC
The fuck you say?

MISTY
Mr. Creek. You say you didn’t kill Kelsie Kelvin. Why did you abduct her and take her into Washington. We have you on a Dairy Queen surveillance camera with her. She was in the back seat of your Bronco. Why was that?

MARC
The million dollar question. You going to answer it today?

Creek slips into the humming again.

MARC (CONT’D)
Didn’t think so.
(to Misty)
He refuses to talk about his trip west. Not in court. Not to me.

BITTER CREEK
I needed to take her away. Far away from the Sun... so she wouldn’t burn. A God too powerful... she...

Marc is taken aback.

MISTY
What God Mr. Creek?

BITTER CREEK
We all burn... and Seneca said... we all burn...
(MORE)
but she was my friend. I didn’t lie... didn’t... didn’t lie... not once.

MARC
And there he goes, back into his deep, dark cave.

Creek begins full-on humming and rocking back-and-forth.

MISTY
Mr. Creek? What god?

A beat while Bitter Creek carries on.

MARC
Be seeing you real soon, Creek.

Marc raps on the door. A GUARD opens it. Misty turns for a final look.

BITTER CREEK (CONT'D)
(as if to himself)
You are pretty. Like your mother.
She was here last night. In the wind. I didn’t lie... not one bit...

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN’S APARTMENT – DAY

Cindy packs up items from around Johns apartment, putting them neatly in a box.

JOHN
I’m not mad. I’m not even saying that we can’t ever see each other again. I’m just saying that now’s not a good time.

CINDY
What the fuck ever, John. You’re so full of shit.

JOHN
I’m trying to be honest here. I caught a huge case at work -- a cold case -- it could be good for my career.
CINDY
Is that what you and Misty McQueen were talking about last night?

JOHN
That’s not what this is about. This... we were supposed to be a... casual thing, remember?

CINDY
Oh yeah, I remember. And I remember you begging me to stay the night every time you fucked me. I also remember how Misty McQueen broke your little heart and how I was a good enough place holder until her twin fucking sister -- fucking Sonny -- moved back into town. I remember a lot of things.

Cindy goes for the door; box in hand.

JOHN
Come on, it’s not like that. Cindy.

CINDY
Go fuck yourself, John.

Cindy slams the door behind her. John looks relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. IDAHO HIGHWAY - DAY

Marc’s truck doing about eighty in a sixty-five. The winter snow is thawing leaving a layer brown sleet on the road and shoulder.

INT. MARC’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Marc dives as if the truck were a NASCAR. Misty sits shotgun reviewing a case file.

MISTY
Why do you think that he took Kelsie into Washington?

MARC
What do you mean?
Marc passes a car in the double yellow. Narrowly misses it. Misty is doesn’t flinch.

MISTY
Why take her twenty miles west into Washington, only to take her back to the cabin in Idaho, kill her and bury her there. Why take her to Washington at all? That’s a lot of risk.

MARC
Rational people think in terms of risks... Creek is anything but.
(a beat)
I tracked him from fingerprints in the vic’s home to his aunt’s cabin outside of Spirit Lake-

MISTY
(off file)
-one Aunt Seneca Creek-Prescott. (re: Creek’s statement)
“Seneca says we all burn.”

MARC
We tossed the place, found tons of physical evidence. Clothes from the victim. Hair fibers.

Marc passes another car. Accelerates.

MISTY
And you tested it? DNA?

MARC
No need. It was a direct match to Kelsie.

MISTY
And this... his MO... you still like him for it. After seven years?

MARC
With the one vic... yeah... now I don’t know. Kelsie lived close to Creek’s Aunts. He no doubt saw her playing... maybe she was nice to him...

(MORE)
MARC (CONT'D)
wasn’t scared of his face like the rest of the kids... who knows... and he befriended her. She didn’t seem to be scared of him on the surveillance tape, that would suggest that she knew him. In some capacity.

MISTY
One body equals circumstance? Two equals methodology? That just about torpedoes your profile on the guy, then, right?

MARC
You’d like that, wouldn’t you? For me to be wrong?

MISTY
I’d like to find out the truth. Jesus, why did you force me along on this if you didn’t want my opinion?

MARC
To save your career. To pull you out of this half-assed conspiracy theory before you burry yourself in it. It’s partially my fault-

MISTY
Of course... this is about you.

Marc narrowly passes another car.

MARC
Okay, lets have it then. Terrorists didn’t take down you sister’s plane, and Al Hammi is still alive. And your sister is where?

MISTY
I don’t know.

MARC
You don’t know. Is she dead or alive?

MISTY
Stop.
MARC
No. Let’s have it. She wasn’t on the plane. Is she alive?

MISTY
I don’t know.

MARC
She’s dead misty. As dead as Kelsie Kelvin and our John Doe. As dead as your mother.
(a beat)
Focus on the present, Misty. The past is a wilderness of horrors. And we are all on borrowed time. Act accordingly.

The truck swerves around another car and speeds down the road tossing sleet. It passes a sign: Kootenai County Line.

CUT TO:

INT. ISP POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Clock works busily, bagging up evidence. Labeling things. John sneaks up behind him.

JOHN
Hey Clock!

Clock jumps in his seat.

CLOCK
Fuck! You fucking jock!

JOHN
Nerd.

John looks over his shoulder.

JOHN (CONT’D)
How’s the processing going.

CLOCK
Done... and...

He seals the final baggy.
CLOCK (CONT’D)
...done. I sent both DNA samples up to lab on a rush.

JOHN
Both?

CLOCK

JOHN
Why both?

CLOCK
Because there was no profile on the Kelvin kid in the system.

JOHN
Huh...

CUT TO:

INT. MARC’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS
Marc pulls down a long dirt road lined with pines which dead-ends in a circular drive around a dilapidated log cabin.

JOHN
Could you hand me my pistol, Skip?

Misty is still upset.

MISTY
Don’t call me that.

JOHN
Look. I’m sorry, okay. I just-

MISTY
You’re an asshole.

JOHN
From time to time.

Misty pops the glove box; hands Marc his Glock. Marc checks the magazine.
Misty and Marc both clip their pistols to their belts. Check the perimeter. Nothing.

MISTY
Should we knock?

Marc nods. Goes to the door. Knocks. Misty keeps her rear echelon cover point; scans left and right.

Nothing... then... CLICK CLICK.

SENeca (O.S.)
What you want here?

Misty turns slowly. Puts her hands up.

MISTY
Easy now.

SENeca Creek-Prescott holds a double barrel shotgun trained at Misty’s chest.

MISTY (CONT’D)
FBI, Ma’am. Just here to ask you a couple of questions.

MARC
Put the gun down, Seneca.

SENeca (off Marc)
That you Marc? Long time.

Seneca lowers the shotgun.

SENeca (CONT’D)
Who you here to lock up? I ain’t done nothin’.

MARC
Nobody’s going to jail. We just want to ask you some questions.

SENeca
Better come round the back then. Best if the neighbors don’t see you around.
BACK PORCH – MOMENTS LATER

Marc sits with Seneca on the porch. Misty stands in the yard leaning against the railing.

SENeca
He never done that murder. I told you that from the get-go. Now you coming ‘round here asking me about his old friends and what’fer makes an old lady suspicious. But you’re gonna fry him irreguardless. Isn’t you?

In the wood line, up the hill a ways, Misty sees the same WOLF from the roadside. It stares at her. Beckons her.

MARC
I think that Bitter Creek did the murder. But new evidence has surfaced that suggests there may have had a partner in this. Now if you repeat that, I’ll deny it.

SENeca
Ah huh.

MARC
But if there’s another person involved, maybe he persuaded Creek to do the murder. Maybe he was going along. You see? So... please... think hard. Okay?

ON MISTY who walks toward the wolf. Marc and Seneca don’t notice. Marc continues with his questions.

Misty reaches the base of the hill. The wolf turns and enters the woods, as if asking Misty to follow.

Misty breaches the woodline.

She sees the wolf five hundred meters away; an impossible distance to have traveled so fast. The wolf begins to sink, like Misty did in her dream. It WHIMPERS and struggles as it’s sucked under the earth.

Misty runs toward it.

BACK ON Marc and Seneca.
SENECA
They wanted to take my house on account’a those evidences you found in there. Had to sell off half my land to hire a damn lawyer-

From in the woods.

MISTY (O.S.)
DAD! DAD!

Marc jumps to his feet. Locates the direction of Misty’s voice. Seneca stands.

SENECA
What she doing back there. She can’t be back there. That’s private property.

MARC
Stay here!

Marc un-holsters his weapon and runs to into the woodline. He sees MISTY kneeled down where the wolf went under.

MARC (CONT’D)
Skip, you okay?

MISTY
Dad. Over here.

Marc reaches her. Misty stairs down into a shallow, freshly dug hole. Half buried at the bottom is a cardboard box.

She brings out the box. Inside are a dozen or so Concrete Zombie: Apocalypse Tour 2009 T-shirts.

Marc looks at Misty in confused disbelief.

MOMENTS LATER

Misty and Marc approach the edge of the woodline; cardboard box in hand.

MARC
How did know were to find this?

They reach the edge of the woodline overlooking Seneca’s cabin.
MISTY
Dad. I think... I’ve been feeling
like... Sonny-

The TREE EXPLODES next to Misty’s head. Marc and Misty turn
toward the house, draw their weapons; take cover.

WIDE ANGLE ON another BLAST as SENECA, in the distance,
unloads the other barrel in her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN’S SUV – DAY

John drives through town; spy’s Cindy walking down the street
and into FRANK’S Bar. He notices the Blonde Man, wearing a
army field jacket, walking at a deliberate pace behind her.
He looks up; smiles at John.

JOHN
(under his breath)
The fuck are you?

His cell phone rings. He answers.

JOHN (CONT’D)
You get anything out of Creek?
(beat)

He throws on the sirens and speeds off.

INT. FRANK’S – DAY

Minutes later. Cindy puts her apron on, clocks in. She
acknowledges a couple of LOCALS sitting at the bar, then goes
to the back wall; lined with three booths. The Blonde Man
sits alone in one of them.

CINDY
What can I do for you, sweetheart?

The Blonde Man smiles a suspicious smile.

CUT TO:
EXT. CREEK RESIDENCE – AN HOUR LATER

John emerges from the woodline where ISP COPS mill about; joins Misty and Marc down by the porch.

    JOHN
    What a fucking mess. Jesus. Why do you suppose she did it?

An ISP OFFICER covers Seneca’s blood and brains with a tarp.

    MARC
    Anything in the woods?

    JOHN
    Still canvassing. Nothing so far.
        (re: box of shirts)
        How’d you come upon those?

Misty looks at Marc.

    MARC
    I sent her up there to have a look.

    JOHN
    Huh.

John’s phone rings.

    JOHN (CONT’D)

John hangs up.

    JOHN (CONT’D)
    Clock got both the DNA samples back.

    MARC
    Both?

    JOHN
    Yeah, he did a work up on Kelsie Kelvin as well.

    MISTY
    Smart.
JOHN
Yeah. Strange. He traced our John Doe to a homicide in Reno -- through DNA to a dead prostitute, killed a couple of years back.

MARC
I’ve heard stranger. Looks like we’re on a plane to Reno.

John looks like he’s seen a ghost.

JOHN
It’s just... the Kelvin kid.

MISTY
What?

JOHN
Clock says she’s alive and well.

CUT TO:

INT. ISP HEADQUARTERS

Misty, Marc, and John look over Clock’s shoulder at the computer monitor.

Clock brings up a photo of a Young Blonde Woman -- the Mental Patients from before. The caption underneath reads: JENNIFER McAllister.

CLOCK
Jennifer McAllister, nineteen years of age, ward of the state until age sixteen. Misdemeanor B and E, shoplifting, found mentally unstable in 2012. Currently resides at Medical Lake Mental hospital.

MARC
And where did you get the sample?

CLOCK
From the Kelvin file, 2008. Skin and hair. They do an intake profile for everyone admitted to Medical Lake. Both match to Jennifer McAllister. Weird right?
MARC
Run the DNA again. Maybe a chain of evidence mistake.

CLOCK
Already sent alternative samples to the lab. Should have them tonight.

MARC
Good. In the meantime, tell me about John Doe.

CLOCK
We don’t know much, just that the DNA is a match to a prostitute, Madeline Haas, killed in Reno in 2013. Killer unknown.

JOHN
Any children?

CLOCK
Also unknown.

MARC
Nice work, Clock. (to John)
Misty and I are on the first thing smoking to Reno. Will you call Reno PD and get me someone to liaise with?

JOHN
I’m on it.

MARC
And make sure that whoever it is knows that this is strictly off the books.

CUT TO:

INT. SESNA BUSHMASTER – DUSK

CLOSE ON Misty’s white knuckles as the plane takes off. REVEAL Marc sitting in the copilot seat next to CHIP, his friend and pilot.

MARC
Are you okay?
MISTY
Yeah, just a little rough on the takeoff’s. And landings.

MARC
You know the odds of both of you -- sorry.

The plane taxies. Misty closes her eyes tight.

A VISION: MISTY’S POV in a different plane; her sister’s plane; a 737. She looks to her left, there are two sixth-graders sitting next to her -- Kelsie Kelvin and a small BLONDE BOY.

The Blonde Boy reaches across Misty and points out of the window.

BLONDE BOY
Look Miss McQueen, there we are.

Misty squints to look. Across the taxiway on the other side of a chain link fence is her sister, Sonny, helping middle school kids into a white van. One of the kids is the Blonde Boy.

Misty’s vision plane takes off, it begins to SHAKE, she looks back to her left, the plane’s cabin has gone dark-green and smoky; the two kids have become skeletons; each bowing in prayer.

Misty begins to cry; looks back through the window. The vision plane is now in flight. TURBULENCE. Then she sees something on the plane’s tail: A YELLOW SUN painted on the tail-section, made up of SIX YELLOW STICK-Figure CHILDREN; their arms reaching out make the sun rays.

The plane BUCKLES.

END VISION: Misty in the backseat of the bushmaster. It SHAKES and BUCKLES.

Chip looks at Misty through the review.

CHIP
Just a little rough patch. Warm weather moving in. Should be clear of it in a jiff.

Marc looks at Misty; she’s WHITE.
MARC
Misty, what’s wrong?

Misty shakes; on the verge of tears.

Marc relinquishes his headset and climbs to the back seat of the plane. He hugs Misty.

MARC (CONT’D)
What is it. Chip is a good pilot. You can trust him.

MISTY
She... Sonny... she wasn’t on that plane. She didn’t die on that plane. She’s here... she’s somewhere else. Please believe me... I don’t know how I know... daddy... I just do. Just believe me. Okay?

MARC
Misty... I’ve got you. It’s okay.

Misty puts her head on his shoulder.

MISTY
I need to find her.

Chip looks on from the rearview.

CUT TO:

EXT. SESNA BUSHMASTER - CONTINUOUS

The plane banks left into the sunset making its final approach.

CUT TO:

INT. RENO POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Misty and Marc walk down a hall and are greeted by Detective RUIZ who shakes Marc’s hand.

RUIZ
Manny Ruiz, it’s an honor to meet you Mr. McQueen. I’ve read all your books.
MARC
Marc, please. This is my daughter, Misty.

MISTY
Agent McQueen. FBI.

They shake.

RUIZ
Pleased to meet you. Step into my office.

He motions them into RUIZ’S OFFICE where they...

RUIZ (CONT’D)
Have a seat.

Ruiz pulls a stack of files from the top of his cabinet.

RUIZ (CONT’D)
Madeline Haas, right? I’m afraid there’s not much to it. Caught a rough John. Found her in cheap hotel room off Fremont. Not a lot to go on.

MARC
We’re more interested if she had any children. We connected her DNA to a John Doe in our neck of the woods.

RUIZ
Right.

Ruiz checks the file.

RUIZ (CONT’D)
She had custody of one Paul Haas, minor child, until... looks like dad petitioned the court for custody. Mom didn’t fight it.

MISTY
Do you have an address on dad?
It’s a few years old, but you might get lucky.

Ruiz jots the address down on a piece of paper.

CUT TO:

INT. ISP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Clock works diligently at his computer. John appears behind him.

JOHN
What’cha up to, Nerd?

CLOCK
An age progression, you jock fuck.

JOHN
On the Kelvin kid? Why?

CLOCK
No, I already did that. This one’s on our John Doe.

ANGLE ON the computer monitor as Clock maximizes a window in his browser.

CLOCK (CONT’D)
This is the Kelvin kid.

The AGE PROGRESSION pops up: a digitized picture, identical to Jennifer McAllister.

JOHN
What the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. HAAS HOME - NIGHT

JAMES Haas, 50s, balding, unkempt, pours a stiff glass of whisky at his home bar. Misty and Marc flank him on either side.

JAMES
Sure you don’t want one?
MARC
No, we’re fine.

MISTY
I’ll have one.

James gives her a look; then pours.

JAMES
What can I tell you about Paul. Major pain in my ass. His mother let him run wild. Spent a year canvassing the streets to find him, another cleaning him up. My own goddamn fault for letting her take him in the first place. Hell of a teenager, in and out of trouble. Army finally straightened him out though.

MARC
Army?

JAMES
Yeah, he’s in Afghanistan. Been there for a year now.

MARC
Do you have a photo of your son?

JAMES
Sure. In here.

James leads them into the living room; to the fireplace mantle which is lined with photos.

JAMES (CONT’D)
Here.

He hands Marc a photo of the BLONDE MAN, young, dressed in an Army uniform with an American flag back-drop.

JAMES (CONT’D)
From basic training.

MARC
I’ve seen him somewhere.

Marc motions to another photo.
MARC (CONT’D)
And that’s him as a child?

Misty sees the photo; her face drains of blood.

ANGLE ON the photo. It’s the Blonde Boy from the plane in her vision.

JAMES
No, that’s his twin brother, Aaron.
Died in a plane crash when he was twelve.

Misty begins to wretch; she runs for the door. It slams in the background. Marc runs after her.

JAMES (CONT’D)
(as they go)
It’s the reason why Paul joined the Army. Fight the terrorists.

EXT. HAAS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Misty is leaning against the front porch railing, dry heaving.

MARC
Misty! Misty, what is it? What is wrong with you?

MISTY
(under her breath)
She wasn’t on the plane.

MARC
What?

MISTY
She wasn’t on the plane!! None of them were! I’ve been telling you -- no one will listen. Goddamnit!

MARC
What are you talking about? Who?

Misty grabs Marc by his jacket lapel; drags him to the tuck.

MARC (CONT’D)
Misty, what?
She opens the passenger door. Gets out her bag. Digs through it. Finds a scrapbook. She flips through, NEWSPAPER ARTICLES, PHOTOS: everything from the detective board in her guest bedroom back in Seattle. She finds a photo. Hands it to Marc.

MISTY
Look! Just look!

Marc looks at the photo.

MISTY (CONT’D)
There!

ANGLE ON photo.

There is Sonny Dawn McQueen, at the airport, surrounded by SIX CHILDREN of middle school age. Misty points to a little Blonde Boy: Aaron Haas.

MISTY (CONT’D)
Aaron Haas. Aaron-Fucking-Haas.
And... Christ...

Misty points to a LITTLE GIRL who is turned profile with her hair covering her face.

MISTY (CONT’D)
Kelsie Kelvin.

Marc’s face goes as white as Misty’s.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINDY’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clumps of half melted snow speckles the green in Cindy’s front yard. Paul Haas (the Blonde Man) follows Cindy up her porch stairs. The last of DANGLING ICICLES drip away.

CINDY
Looks like winters over early this year.

Cindy unlocks her front door and enters. Paul looks around for a beat, then follows her in. It starts to drizzle.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul follows Cindy to the kitchen.

48
CINDY
Drink?

PAUL
Love one.

CINDY
What did you say you were in town for?

PAUL
Oh... just looking for someone that’s been on my mind for quite some time.

CINDY
Are you guys close?

PAUL
Like family.

Cindy brings Paul a drink; gets suggestively close.

CINDY
Like family. Not like...

PAUL
No. Not like that.

Paul sets his drink down; kisses Cindy.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENO AIRPORT - SMALL AIRCRAFT RUNWAY - NIGHT

Storm clouds gather; lighting dances in the distance.

Misty and Marc walk toward the plane, which is already running, Chip behind the yolk.

Marc’s cell phone rings; he checks; it’s Clock. He answers.

MARC
(over the propeller)
Yeah?!

INTERCUT WITH:
INT. ISP HEADQUARTERS – CONTINUOUS

Clock, at his desk.

CLOCK
Marc. I’ve got something to show you.

MARC
What?!

CLOCK
There’s something you should know about-

MARC
I can’t hear you! Look, I’ll be there in two hours.

Marc looks to the sky.

MARC (CONT’D)
We need to beat this storm. I’ll be there directly.

The phone clicks dead.

CLOCK
Marc!

ANGLE ON Clock’s monitor. He has finished the age progressions. It’s a dead on likeness of PAUL HAAS.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN’S SUV

John drives down the street; past FRANK’S BAR, looks for Cindy. It starts to rain.

CUT TO:
INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT

Cindy and Aaron having sex. It gets rougher and rougher. Cindy doesn’t seem to mind.

CUT TO:

INT. SESNA BUSHMASTER

The Bushmaster bounces through the storm; jarring left and right. Misty and Marc stare at one another in the back seat of the plane; a silent apology.

Chip says something to Marc. Marc climbs into the front seat; puts his headset on. Misty stares out at the lightning and rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN

The streets start to flood. It washes what’s left of snow patches and ice from yards and roofs and out into the street. The street becomes a stream. Then a river.

CUT TO:

INT. SESNA BUSHMASTER - NIGHT

ANGLE ON Misty’s knuckles; not white, but relaxed.

The Bushmaster descends toward the runway.

CHIP
Hold on to your hat, people. We’re about to set down on a mud puddle.

Chip pulls back on the yolk.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cindy lies naked on the bed; partially cover by the sheet. Lightning strobies the room.
CLOSE ON Cindy’s face; sleeping. A lightning flash, she wakes; screams, as piece of duct tape pressed hard over her mouth. She fights.

REVEAL Paul straddling her; holding her down; beginning to tie her up.

    PAUL
    Sorry doll, I’m going to need an audience.

CUT TO:

INT. ISP HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY
A drenched Misty and Marc walk briskly down the hallway, into
CLOCKS OFFICE
where he is nowhere to be found.

    MARC
    Clock! Clock!
Clock appears behind them.

    CLOCK
    There you guys are.
Misty STARTS a bit.

    CLOCK (CONT’D)
    You have to check this out.
Clock wakes his computer up.

    CLOCK (CONT’D)
    Marc, Misty, meet grown John Doe.

ANGLE ON monitor and the age progressions.

    CLOCK (CONT’D)
    And grown up Kelsie, the same as Jennifer McAllister. The DNA test wasn’t corrupted. It was just—

    MARC
    We know.
CLOCK

What?

John enters.

JOHN
You guys are back.
   (re: monitor)
Hey, I know that guy.

CLOCK
What?

JOHN
I saw him going into Frank’s earlier.

MARC
You’re sure?

JOHN
Yeah. Why?
   (re: computer screen)
Who is... is that our John Doe?

MISTY
We need to find him.

MARC
Let’s go.

CLOCK
Let me print this up for you.

Marc pulls out the basic training photo of Paul Haas.

MARC
I’ve got one.

CLOCK
What?

Misty and Marc leave.

JOHN
Hold the fort down, nerd.

John follows.

CLOCK
What the fuck is going on?
Clock nervously spins in his chair.

CLOCK (CONT’D)
(to himself singing)
What the fuck is going on?

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK’S – NIGHT

Misty, Marc, and John enter with purpose; scan the room. There’s only a couple of drunks. John goes to FRANK, the owner and bartender.

JOHN
Where’s Cindy?

FRANK
She knocked off early. We’re dead, on account of the storm.

Frank pours John a whiskey. John makes a no thanks gesture. Misty and Marc join John at the bar.

FRANK (CONT’D)
You and her are on the outs, huh?

Misty shoots John a look.

JOHN
What makes you say that.

FRANK
She left with a guy.

MARC
What did he look like?

FRANK
I don’t know. Young. Blonde.

MARC
Was this the guy?

Marc shows Frank the picture.

FRANK
Yeah. Everything all right?
Misty slams the shot of whisky that Frank poured for John.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN’S SUV

John drives down the flooded road with Misty and Marc. The current of a river -- which used to be a street rushes -- against them.

They pull up to Cindy’s house.

MARC
Better call for backup.

JOHN
You want to explain to me exactly what is going on before I commit my officers to this?

MARC
If I knew... I would. The only thing that I’m sure of right now, is that this guy is fresh from Afghanistan and has weapons training. Past that-

A GUNSHOT as the back windshield of John’s SUV blows out.

JOHN
Jesus. Fuck.

EXT. CINDY’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The three dismount to the street-side of the SUV, taking cover behind it; ALL train their weapons on the house.

MARC
Misty. You okay?

MISTY
Yeah.

MARC
John?

JOHN
Yeah.
Paul Haas emerges from Cindy’s front door. He has Cindy in front of him; a human shield. Both are naked.

Paul has a large scarification of the SUN EMBLEM from Misty’s vision plane.

    PAUL
    At last we meet.

    MARC
    Paul Haas?

    PAUL
    The one and only. I can say that now. We both can, can’t we Misty? Huh? Can’t we, Misty Dawn McQueen. We’re both purified. Ready for transcendence.

    MARC
    What is it that you want, Paul?

    PAUL
    Shut! The! Fuck! Up! Marc! I didn’t come here to be profiled by you. I came to show Misty. She’s the one in my dreams. She’s the only other one that’s been purified. She’s my vessel to the Sun.

    MISTY
    What do you want to show me, Paul?

    PAUL
    Everything. The sun.

    MISTY
    I’ll make you a deal. You let Cindy go, and I’ll put my gun away, and then you can show me. How’s that?

    MARC
    Misty, what are you doing?

    MISTY
    I’m good dad. I’ve got this.

Two more ISP cruises hydroplane to a stop, flanking the SUV. Cops get out of them, respectively, and train their weapons down on Paul.
MISTY (CONT’D)
Keep those guys back, John.
(to Cops)
Lower your weapons, guys.

JOHN
(to Cops)
Do as she says, guys.

Paul watches them lower their weapons. Misty emerges from the rear of the SUV. She puts her hands up; holsters her weapon.

MISTY
Let her go, Paul. It’s just you and me, okay.

Paul lets Cindy go -- who runs to a ISP cruiser -- then points his pistol at his own temple.

PAUL
Only in the presence of purity can we ascend. We’ll wrap our arms around the sun.

Paul starts to breath heavy; readying himself. Misty lunges toward him; jars his pistol just as it FIRES; grazing Paul’s head. The pistol falls way.

Misty’s head hits the concrete step. She lays spooning an unconscious Paul, drifting in and out of consciousness.

MISTY’S POV staring at the SUN SCARIFICATION on Paul’s back. Light starts to fade; she goes into a seizure.

MARC
(muffled)
Misty! Misty!

BLACKNESS.

FADE UP ON

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Paul lays in coma; head wrapped in a bandage; restrained to his hospital bed.

Outside, the sun is out, but the rain still drizzles against the window.
DOWN THE HALL

in another room, Misty has just woken up; still groggy. Marc stands next to her.

MISTY
Dad. We have to find her.

MARC
Rest up, Skip. We’ve got a long road ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL LAKE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Jennifer McAllister sits in white pajamas, sucking on a lollipop, humming the same tune as Marcy and Bitter Creek.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

A Wolf runs through the woods. Where the snow once was, there is now green moss and mud.

We follow the Wolf as he crunches brown pine needles, glistening and wet from rainwater. The wolf runs faster, faster, through the trees, up muddy embankment, leaping over a freshly uprooted tree. Faster; faster.

He slows; gradually coming to a stop at the YOUNG PINE with the old CRIME SCENE TAPE around it.

AERIAL ANGLE of the WOLF next to the YOUNG PINE.

The storm has washed away all the snow, pine needles, rocks, and a few feet of dirt.

Radiating out from center -- the YOUNG PINE -- in a perfect circle, are the freshly unearthed skeletons of four middle-school-aged children, bound, and kneeling as if they were saying their bedtime prayers.

Each body, a sunray, in a large, macabre, sun-shaped hieroglyphic taking up the entire clearing.

Two sun rays are missing where the bodies of Kelsie Kelvin and Aaron Haas were exhumed.

The Wolf HOWLS.
A BEAT.

The Wolf runs away.  

CUT TO BLACK.

TEASER

EXT. LAKE PEND OREILLE - DUSK

An EXPANSIVE mountain lake in Northern Idaho. Snow-dusted Pines blanket cascading peaks which cut vertically into the water.

We punch in on an small aluminum fishing craft, it’s hull slaps in hypnotic rhythm on the whitecaps of the choppy October water.

JACKSON (JACK) FRY, 28, clean-shaven with a militant stature, sits in the front seat of the three man craft surveying the giant lake with a thousand yard stare.

LESS HARRINGTON, 50s, balding, under-dressed and bound, perched on his knees between the seats, is tossed from side to side by the rough water; shivering.

JASON FRY, 20s, wiry, RECORDS Less in close frame with a handheld camcorder.

DALLAS SHINE, 30, a bearded modern mountain man, steers the boat by it’s rudder engine handle. He steers to quarter a wave.

Less throws up, cries. Dallas kills the engine. Pulls a pistol from under his jacket.

Dallas hands Jack the pistol.

DALLAS
Death to tyrants. Time to decide who your are. If you’re with us, you’re with us ‘till the bitter end. Who are you Jackson Fry?

PUNCH OUT TO

The expansive view of the lake, over-top the vessel as it nears a compleat circle on it’s own wake.
Jack raises his pistol. A GUNSHOT in sync with BLACKNESS

FADE IN ON:

EXT. FT. CAMPBELL, KY - NIGHT

JACK (O.S.)
Who are you, Jack?

A sprawl of windowless sterile mechanic shops and plane hangers line a desolate air strip.

Amongst them, a small brick building marked ARMORY with one small window beside a bay door. From the window, a sliver of light appears.

INT. ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

Jack pries the blinds open with his thumb and forefinger; peers out the window.

JACK
Who are you?

He is looking for something; anticipating.

JACK (CONT’D)
Who are you?

A FLASH of light comes from high in the distance; a signal.

JACK (CONT’D)
(southern accent)
Mike McCluster, Sgt. Mike McCluster.

A small pickup pulls up in front of the building. Then backs up to the loading bay.

Jack pulls his pistol from behind his back, chambers a round, puts it back.

JACK (CONT’D)
(southern accent)
Mike McCluster. Mobile, Alabama.
Adjusts his accent.

JACK (CONT’D)
Mike McCluster, Mobile, Alabama. My
great grand daddy was the Mobile
Grand Wizard. True story.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

Sgt. FREDDY Bunker, young, built, early 20s, helps Jack load
a wooden crate into the back of his truck. Freddy covers the
crate with a tarp.

EXT. ROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

A series of JUMP CUTS as we follow the truck over the rural
base roads and out of a rear gate where an MP checks IDs from
drivers headed in the other direction.

A sign reads: Leaving Ft. Campbell, Kentucky.

We follow into the back forty, and further; country road
after country road, until the truck finally pulls down a long
dirt driveway.

EXT. ARYAN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Freddy come to a MAN with a rifle guarding a gate.
Freddy waves and the Man manually opens the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jack sits on the couch, waiting. CHILDREN are heard playing
in the room next door. TIMOTHY, about 7, runs in, stops at
the entryway, stares at Jack.

JACK
What’s your name?

Timothy doesn’t answer.

JACK (CONT’D)
It’s okay, come here.
Timothy approaches Jack. Gets close.

JACK (CONT’D)
(whispering)
My names Jack.

TIMOTHY
I’m Timothy.

JACK
Is that your brother and sister in the other room?

TIMOTHY
Yes.

JACK
And you’re the oldest, right?

TIMOTHY
Yes.

JACK
I’ve got a younger brother and sister too, and I’m the oldest too. It’s our job to protect them, isn’t it?

TIMOTHY
Yes.

JACK
Do me a favor, then, okay Timothy?

TIMOTHY
Okay.

JACK
Take your brother and sister into your room and hide under the bed, okay?

TIMOTHY
Okay.

Freddy appears in the doorway.

FREDDY
Mike. Come on, we’re out back in the carriage house.
Jack looks at Timothy in the eyes. Timothy runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARRIAGE HOUSE – MOMENTS LATER

An old style carriage house that sits behind a huge, rundown, Southern Victorian. One door sits ajar.

INT. CARRIAGE HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Nazi paraphernalia lines the walls of the carriage house. Above a moose head is a huge Aryan Nations banner.

Jim BOYLE, white, 60s, portly, Southern, pulls brand new M4 carbine out of a crate; pulls the clearing lever back.

JACK
...and so I joined up out of Mobile after that. Reckoned I better get gone for awhile. All for nothing, though, whole thing blew over. My grand-daddy had something to do with it I’m sure...

BOYLE
These have never been fired?

JACK
My great-granddaddy, now he was the Grand Wizard down there -- no never fired.

BOYLE
Grand Wizard, is that so?

JACK
They’re test-fired at the factory, but not since the crate was sealed.

FREDDY
These were on their way to Afghanistan, see I change the shipping manifest and Mike-
JACK
Freddy! We don’t need to go into that.
(to Boyle)
So what do you think, can we work something out.

BOYLE
What’s the matter, Mike? We’re all family here.

Boyle shoots a stern look at Freddy.

BOYLE (CONT’D)
My nephew here always did talk too much. But... he’s a good boy.

Boyle points the rifle toward the wall then tracks along the Aryan Nations banner until he trains it through the ajar door at an owl perched on a tree. CLICK.

BOYLE (CONT’D)
Grand wizard of the Klue Klux Klan you say. I like you Mike. Yeah, I think we can work something out.

Headlights fill the sliver from the ajar door.

JACK
We expecting somebody else?

FREDDY
Jenny.

Freddy heads outside.

JACK
What?

The blood drains out of Jacks face. Boyle notices.

BOYLE
What’s the matter, Mike? You look like you saw ghost.
(beat)
It is Mike, isn’t it?

We hear an INBOUND HELICOPTER.

Boyle pulls a pistol on Jack.
BOYLE (CONT’D)
Who are you?

JACK
(dropping the southern accent)
Listen this can go two ways. We don’t want you, we want your-

Freddy and JENNY, early 20s, beautiful, blonde, a bit trashy, run through the door.

JENNY
Mike! What’s going on?

FREDDY
Uncle Jim? There’s a bird in-bound.

Boyle spins toward THE TWO in the doorway. Jack draws his pistol and shoots Boyle in the neck. Boyle tries to wheel his pistol back toward Jack but spasms, squeezes the trigger, and hits Jenny in the chest.

Freddy drops down to his sister.

FREDDY (CONT’D)
You’re okay. You’re okay. Mike, she’s okay.

JACK
Fuck! God damn it Freddy, what did I tell you? Huh?!

The HELICOPTER gets louder; a SPOTLIGHT through the door; GUNFIRE near the front gate.

Jack drops down to Freddy and Jenny. Grabs Freddy by the face.

JACK (CONT’D)
What did I say? Leave Jenny out of this!

Jack takes her pulse.

JACK (CONT’D)
God damn it! God damn it!

FREDDY
What happened? I -- what-
Jack gathers his focus.

    JACK
    You’re uncle was working for the feds. He dimed us out.

    FREDDY
    How -- Mike? What do we do?

    JACK
    We give up.

Jack puts his hands in the air and walks toward the door.

END TEASER

ACT I

EXT. POST FALLS FEDERAL BUILDING

A medium sized building, deserted for the evening. Outside a sign reads: US FEDERAL BUILDING: POST FALLS, ID. A single CAR sits in the parking lot.

INT. POST FALLS FEDERAL BUILDING

SECURITY CAMERA POV: a JANITOR with a mop bucket walks across a deserted lobby; swipes his badge and enters the elevator.

INT. POST FALLS FEDERAL BUILDING - BASEMENT

The same Janitor removes four bricks of C4 explosives from his mop bucket, along with detonator pins. He removes a small building blueprint from his pocket.

EXT. POST FALLS FEDERAL BUILDING

ANGLE ON the single car, and a DIFFERENT JANITOR who looks remarkably -- but not exactly -- the same as the first, is asleep in his car.

66
The first Janitor stands next to the car, pitches a half-finished bottle of whisky through the open window, clips back on his stollen ID, then leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL

Jack and Freddy sit in small concrete holding cell. Jack leans in; looks at Freddy, waiting for him to answer something.

A Beat. Freddy begins to answer; Jack interrupts, back in his southern accent.

JACK
You got her involved, Freddy. And your uncle killed her. A fucking rat. You better decide where your loyalties lie. What did he need the rifles for?

FREDDY
What?

JACK
The rifles? What was he going to do with them?

FREDDY
How long have we been in here? How-

JACK
Fourteen hours, thirty-six minutes.

Freddy notices that Jack doesn’t have a watch.

JACK (CONT’D)
Now’s the time to make a deal, Fred. Now! You hear me? Think! What were rifles for? We need to give them something or we’re going down.

An MP enters the cell with a clip board.

MP
Warrant officer Fry? Jack Fry?

Jack grimaces.
JACK
No warrant officers in here.

The MP flips the first page of the clipboard up to reveal a picture of Jack.

MP
Yep, that’s you. This way sir.

Jack explodes; jumps and pins the MP against the wall. The MP goes for his weapon, but Jack is too quick and blocks his hand.

JACK
You just fucked me up, you son of bitch. You know that? You know that?

He checks the MP once more against the wall.

Freddy looks confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. KILROY BAY - LAKE PEND OREILLE - DAY

AERIAL SHOT of the populated bay in a otherwise vast unpopulated lake: restaurants, stores, boat slips.

A bit further down the bay sits the SHINE HOUSE, a historic-looking craftsmen-style house complete with dock and thirty-foot boat.

INT. SHINE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The basement, a sort of intellectualized man-cave. Inside a false bookcase is another room; an armory.

Inside, Dallas Shine checks M4 rifles, one after the other, clearing them first, then stacking them side-by-side in an armory rack until it is full. He hears a NOISE

UPSTAIRS

RACHEL SHINE, late 20s, pretty, rustic, puts away groceries in the kitchen. Dallas appears. He sneaks up behind her; quickly puts his arm around her neck.
DALLAS
Hey lady.

Rachel starts.

RACHEL
Jesus! Dallas.

She catches her breath. Dallas kisses her.

RACHEL (CONT’D)
What are you doing here in the middle of the day?

DALLAS
Perks of owning the company. Where’s the squirt?

RACHEL
At Devon’s birthday party, remember? You took him to buy the present.

DALLAS
So we have the whole house to ourselves?

Rachel pushes Dallas off.

RACHEL
Dallas!

DALLAS
Have it your way.

Dallas walks off; throws his arms. Rachel looks on; her eyes well. She wipes them.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Jack is pissed, pacing back and forth in front of the two way glass; locked in.

A metal table with two chairs sits in the middle. AGENT EVERSON enters with a file in his hand.
EVERSON
What’s wrong?

JACK
What’s wrong? You just screwed me in there. Why blow my cover? Why?

EVERSON
Not me Jack. No not me. Some lowly contributor to the AP. Looks like you made the front page again.

Everson throws the Morning paper on the table.

SUPER: A picture of John and Freddy in the back of a black-and-white; Jack comforts Freddy.

John stops pacing; looks at the paper. Three more photos line the bottom: Aryan Nations banner, Freddy screaming and crying at a cop, Jenny’s legs from through the ajar door.

JACK
You couldn’t suppress the photos? You’re a fed, aren’t you? I had him ready to talk in there.

EVERSON
Shoddy police work I suppose. Jack, you have to settle down, you’ll give yourself a nervous breakdown.

JACK
What the fuck would you know?

Everson pulls out one of the chairs.

EVERSON
More than you might think, Jack.

JACK
Who are you?

Jack sits.

EVERSON
My name is Everson. I’m an agent with bureau.

JACK
Yeah, which bureau is that. Can I have my god-damned cigarettes?
EVERSON
Yes, of course..

Everson reaches in his pocket and pulls out Jack’s cigarettes and lighter.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
This is a non smoking building.

Everson lights Jack’s cigarette.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
I’m with the FBI.

Everson puts the box out of Jack’s reach.

JACK
What fuck does the FBI want with an assault rifle beef?

EVERSON
You’re quite fond of that word, aren’t you?

JACK
What, fuck? I’m in the Army. Fuck is verb, adverb, and...

Jack drags his smoke.

JACK (CONT’D)
...noun in your case.

EVERSON
(undeterred)
Just another way to blend in, then, huh? But you can drop it if you want, correct? You can drop or pick up idiosyncracies, accents as you please. You can adjust to any American dialect, correct?

JACK
All right, enough of this bullshit, get my handler -- get the CID in here, where’s Davis?
    (toward the two way glass)
Davis!
EVERSON
(still undeterred)
Not to mention your Psych profile
Jack. Woah... off the charts for
undercover work. It’s all right
here.

Everson slides the folder to Jack. Jack doesn’t touch it.

JACK
You know you don’t listen very
well.

EVERSON
On the contrary, Jack. I heard you
loud and clear. Your handler
doesn’t exist anymore, because you
are no longer an Agent of the Army
Criminal Investigation Division.
Your cover has been blown.

Everson motions to the newspaper. Jack soaks it in.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
Although, ironically, that doesn’t
mean that you can no longer go
undercover.

JACK
It’s a national paper, Emerson...

EVERSON
Everson.

JACK
It’s a national newspaper, Everson,
which means no more under cover.
Not ever.

EVERSON
Unless you go undercover as
yourself.

JACK
(to himself)
As my self?

EVERSON
As yourself.

Beat.
EVERSON (CONT’D)
Contextually hard to fathom, I
know. But like I said, It’s all in
your psych profile.

Everson motions to the FOLDER. Then opens the door to exit.

EVerson (CONT’D)
Coffee?

John opens the folder. Everson exits.

JACK
Black.

SUPER: of folder contents: pictures labeled LLM, 1993. They
are old prints, discolored.

Everson peaks his head back through the door.

EVerson
Coffee’s in here.

CUT TO:

INT. SHINE HOUSE

Dallas watches through the window as Rachel and their 8 year
old son, JACK, load up her SUV.

Dallas picks up the phone. Dials.

DALLAS
We’re good to go, here.

INT. MP STATION CONFERENCE ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Everson walks through door with two small coffees. Jack is
seated on far side of large round table, reading one of a
stack of files.

SUPER, first on a photo of a young JASON FRY and Rachel Fry,
then on a photo of Jacks father, FENTON FRY, 65, shaved head
with a thick beard.

EVerson
Blacker than the darkest soul.
Just... for... Jack.
JACK
(startled)
What?

EVERSON
The coffee. How long’s it been since you’ve seen your father?

Everson sets the coffees down.

INT. SHINE HOUSE – BASEMENT

The basement is dimly lit. Dallas and Fenton sit around the table with two other men; BILL WILLIAMS (The Janitor from before) and JOHN BRADY, both 30s, both bland in a next-door-neighborly sort of way.

FENTON
Gentlemen, generals, thank you for your courage and sacrifice. We are about to embark on the single most important military action of our time. It will be scrutinized... deemed treason. In time however, we will have proven to be on the side of freedom. Of liberty. After today, there is no going back. There must be no reservations, we must endure.

INT. MP STATION CONFERENCE ROOM

Jack slides a thick folder marked LLM back across the table to Everson.

JACK
Forget it. I’ll never go back there.

EVERSON
You will Jack, you know how I know?

JACK
I don’t work for you.
EVERSON
Because you want to stop running. You need to stop. You’ve been someone else half your life and it’s eating you up inside.

JACK
Fuck you.

EVERSON
Rage, welling up, day-after-day. I’ve seen it before. I’ve run assets in the field just like you, Jackie-Boy.

JACK
Nothing like me.

EVERSON
Just like you. And they burn out. It’s inevitable. Forget who they really are in side. You started to slip yet Jack? Started to forget who you are, deep down? How much time you think you’ve got?

JACK
I’m a goddamn patriot! What the fuck have you done?

Everson opens the file folder.

SUPER of another shot of Jason, a police MUG SHOT.

EVERSON
How much time do you think he’s got?

CUT TO:

INT. VAN ONE

Jason Fry rides in a sterile, blacked out van. Beside him are Fenton Fry and Dallas Shine. They wear black BDUs and body armor. Each has an M4 and a black duffle.

FENTON
Time?

Jason Checks his watch.
JASON
16:30.

DALLAS
Mark.

FENTON
Mark.

Each adjusts their watch.

FENTON (CONT’D)
(to Jason)
Just remember your training and
you’ll be fine.

CUT TO:

INT. MP STATION CONFERENCE ROOM

EVERSON
You want your brother to end up in
cage for the rest of his life? Just
a matter of time until he does
something he can’t undo. Doesn’t
seem fair, does it? To pay for
daddy’s decisions? You want poor
Rachel to have to explain to little
Jack why the feds keep kicking in
their door?

Jack shoots Everson a confused look.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
Oh, you didn’t know? She named him
after you.
(a beat)
I will, Jack. By any all means at
my disposal, put down the LLM.
Course you could be reclassified
enlisted. Buck sergeant maybe? Do
some low-level intelligence ops...
until you’re sent packing on a
discharge. Then what? Fact is, you
were only trained...

Jack closes the file; slides it away.
EVERSON (CONT'D)

...for one thing. You’re very good. We’ve been handed a gift this time, Jack. You know how long we’ve been looking for a way in?

JACK

And I’m supposed to what? Go knock on the compound gate? Just passing through?

Everson takes a the newspaper out of the folder that he’s holding.

EVERSON

“Soldiers caught selling Army assault rifles to Aryan Nations.” That’s all anyone knows. And the next headline will read “US Army botches chain evidence in weapons case.” I need someone on the inside, Jack. You need... to be you. One more ride for the man of a million faces. I’ll make it worth your while... for you and your family, Jack.

Everson gives Jack a cell phone.

EVERSON (CONT’D)

A clean phone. My number in it.

JACK

Can I leave now?

EVERSON

Be my quest.

Jack gets up; goes to leave; turns.

JACK

Just what is it you think the LLM is up to?

EVERSON

Classified. Need to know, Jack. Take the phone.

(MORE)
EVERTON (CONT'D)
For when you realize how limited your options really are.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN TWO - DRIVING

The same type of van as before, but this one is occupied by four different MEN wearing the same gear. One of them is Bill Williams.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN THREE - DRIVING

Another van, occupied by four other MEN dressed in the same type of gear. One of them is John Brady, who checks his watch.

JOHN BRADY

Time?

CUT TO:

INT. VAN ONE - DRIVING

Fenton and Dallas pull their ski masks over their faces. Fenton stares at Jason. Jason pulls his mask down. Fenton slaps Jason on the shoulder.

The Van screeches to a stop in front of a...

EXT. BANK - DAY

Dallas, Fenton, and Jason dismount the Van; M4s at the ready. They enter...

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Dallas strikes a SECURITY GUARD with the butt of his rifle who instantly goes down. Jason clips the door shut with a carabiner.

BANK PATRONS scramble. Dallas jumps atop the counter; points his rifle down the line of TELLERS.
Fenton calmly walks to the center of the bank.

FENTON
Ladies and gentlemen, please remain calm. We are here for the federal reserve's money, not yours.

END ACT ONE

ACT II

INT. HOTEL FOYER


The cover of the book is decorated with a Time Magazine cover photo of YOUNG JACK and his Mother VICTORIA Prescott, fleeing a cult compound amongst an FBI raid. Victory shields Jack in her arms.

INT. HOTEL AUDITORIUM

Victoria stands behind a podium giving a talk to a full auditorium. Projected on giant screen behind her is an aerial shot of dead bodies from the Jones Town mass suicide.

Jack sneaks in the back. He wears sunglasses and a hat.

VICTORIA
...at any rate, the idea of killing one's self, on a personal basis, may never enter the rational mind of the individual. But coupled with months of indoctrination, isolation within a group, and as we see time and time again, the illusion, or reality of an outside threat can cause mass, ritualistic suicide. In the case of Jones Town, the threat was the looming retaliation for the murder of US Representative Leo Ryan.

Victoria briefly recognizes Jack. She looks again; he's gone.
Which brings us to chapter five, government subversion and the militant cult.

Victoria switches slides: A picture of the Branch Davidian Compound on fire, labeled Waco, TX, 1993.

EXT. SPOKANE WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS

POLICE SIRENS. A deserted courtyard with a fountain and concrete picnic tables. From a small opening we see a busy city street, then, Three of the masked robbers with M4s turn into the corner. Two of them carry full duffles on their backs.

All goes quiet, as the sound is PRELAPED with Victoria's talk.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
In 1993, the ATF and the FBI laid siege to the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas. The siege lasted fifty-one days.

The Masked Men stop. The one not carrying a bag takes cover between the table and the tree.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
At the end of which, eighty-three men, women and children are killed -- mostly burned alive -- by federal agents. Convinced that they were living in the biblical end times, the group amassed weapons.

The one without a bag nods at the other two, who continue out the back side of the courtyard. The BLACK VAN pulls up; the two load in and are gone.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
Federal agents lay siege to the compound, which was watched, in its entirety by the public at large.

POLICE MEN try to round the corner. The remaining Masked Man opens fire, hitting the brick wall in front of them, causing their retreat.
VICTORIA (V.O.)
For the first time in history, an event like this was watched, live on TV, an armed, subversive, anti-government group and the federal response to it.

The Police Men try to round the corner again. Once again, the Masked Man opens fire until: CLICK.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
The raid cost millions in American tax dollars, and brought into question the Federal Government’s ability to properly deal with such a threat...

The Masked Man drops the magazine, then throws the rifle, sliding through the corridor opening.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
...as well as the constitutionality of the attempt to seize weapons from private citizen, who by all accounts, obtained them legally.

The man removes his mask. It is Fenton Fry. He sits on top of the table and puts his hands behind his head. Waits.

VICTORIA (V.O.)
The bigger question, however, is do these strong arm tactics by the Federal Government only embolden the subversive? Does it fuel the fire?

The Police Men storm around the corner, tackling Fenton as we CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Victoria switches slides to a photo of the rubble of the Oklahoma City Building.
VICTORIA
April 19th, 1995, exactly two years
to the date of the Waco raid,
Timothy McVeigh detonates a cargo
track full of high explosives,
destroying the Oklahoma Federal
Building, killing one-hundred sixty-
eight men women and children,
citing retribution against the
Federal Government for the Waco
raid.

She switches slides to a photo of Timothy McVeigh.

VICTORIA (CONT’D)
When asked about the bombing,
McVeigh said, and I quote “When an
aggressor force continually
launches attacks from a particular
base of operations, it is sound
military strategy to take the fight
to the enemy.” To take the fight to
the enemy.

VICTORIA (CONT’D)
But make no mistake, despite any
claim to the contrary, despite
contentions of a legitimate claim
against the federal government,
despite their delusions of
grandeur, these are nothing more
than disturbed individuals who have
suffered psychological breaks from
boundaries of society. They are no
different then any other cult
member.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FOYER
Victoria scans the room for her son, but he is nowhere to be
found.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA’S CAR – NIGHT
Victoria drives down a rural road, talking on her hands free.
VICTORIA
I’m sure I saw him.

VOICE
You’ve stressed yourself out. You need some rest.

VICTORIA
I saw him. I’m headed to the island to write for a week or so.

VOICE

VICTORIA
No calls until next week. Goodbye.

Victoria hangs up. Turns on the radio. A political talk show is in full debate.

HOST
Welcome back to Through the Looking glass with I.L. Smithereens. The conspiracy hour is upon us. Tonight we’ll be discussing two congressmen gone missing. Welcome to the show, shed some light on us, Ray from Reno, Nevada.

CALLER
This is Democrat, hit-job, bull shit! Senator Donnelly goes missing in the woods? The man did two tours in Vietnam and he gets lost on hunting trip? I’m not buying it!

HOST
So you disagree that the two were connected?

CALLER
Please! With Senator Harrington, up Boston way? He was probably just trying to show off his sailing skills for his Ivy league Kennedy cousins. If he would have been in the service, maybe he would have learned to swim.
HOST
There you have it. Another lost soul who trusts his government, completely. Two Senators in thirteen days, one lost at sea, and one lost in the woods. You decide. Coincidence, or conspiracy?

Victoria looks in her rearview and sees Jack.

JACK
Hi mom.

VICTORIA
(startled)
Jesus Christ!

CUT TO:

INT. ISLAND HOUSE - NIGHT

I modern, expensive looking house on Whidbey Island, WA, overlooking the ocean.

Victoria pours two stiff drink from a set of crystal decanters. She exits to the

BACK PORCH

where Jack sits smoking a cigarette, looking out over the expansive view of ocean and boats. Victoria hands Jack a drink.

JACK
This is where you write?

VICTORIA
This is where I write.

JACK
And what’s the new one about.

VICTORIA
I’m a little stuck at the moment.

JACK
It’s nice. Here I mean.
VICTORIA
Jack!
(a beat)
Jack, I haven’t seen you in two years. What–

JACK
I’m getting out of the Army.

VICTORIA
What? Why? Did something happen?

JACK
It’s just time is all.

Victoria drinks.

VICTORIA
You never could lie to your mother. Did they dig? Into your past I mean?

JACK
No, they... none of that matters for the infantry.

VICTORIA
Jack... we’re past that. I know you’re not in the infantry.

JACK
Do you know why the FBI would be concerned about the LLM?

VICTORIA
I can think of about a hundred reasons. Why? What’s this about?

JACK
I mean now, after all this time? Why would they be looking at them?

VICTORIA
Because they’ve been quiet, I suppose.

JACK
Quiet?
VICTORIA
For these types of militias, activity is always good. Rallies, run-ins with the local law, that kind of thing. No activity at all, that’s a red flag.

JACK
Have you spoken to Rachel?

VICTORIA
No. Nothing’s changed. Jack...

Victoria rubs his shoulders; skulls her drink; gets up.

VICTORIA (CONT’D)
I’m going to get another drink, and when I come back, we’re going to talk about something more pleasant. You understand?

JACK
Yeah mom.

VICTORIA
Something pertaining to the future, not the past. I love you kid.

JACK
I love you too, mom.

Victories smiles, goes inside. Jack smiles, but it fades as he stares out over the water.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT MORING

The sun comes up over Jack who is passed out in a lounge chairs; empty bottle by his side.

He wakes up, slowly; hung-over. He goes

INSIDE

where he finds a note on the fridge; he digs around in the fridge; finds a beer; pops it and drinks as he reads

THE NAPKIN
which reads: "Tried to get you inside last night. You sleep like the dead. Off to the store to get stuff for your French Toast. Love Mom."

He flips on the

TELEVISION

where Fenton Fry is being escorted by US Marshals. He wears an orange prison jump suit and has a confident look on his face.

The headline under him reads: Notorious militia leader arrested in brazen daylight robbery.

   JACK
   Fuck me.

Jack drinks; tries to focus as though he’s dreaming.

Images flash between the bank, shots of onlookers, and black and white security camera footage of the robbery.

   PEPPER (V.O.)
   ...of the three suspects, he was the only one caught. He gave himself up, police say.

The report cuts to a police officer being interviewed.

   POLICE OFFICER
   We lost them for a good three minutes in the gunfire, he could have gotten away I think, but he waited, shot at us a couple of times, then just gave up.

The report cuts back to Reporter PEPPER JOHNSON, mid 20s, red hair.

   PEPPER
   Fenton Fry, the reclusive and notorious leader of the Lincoln Liberty Militia, who at one time was assumed dead, is being held for arraignment. The other two suspects escaped on foot with an estimated five million dollars. They are believed to be members of the LLM. No money was recovered.
Pull back to reveal that Pepper Johnson is reporting from behind caution tape in front of the LLM compound.

PEPPER (CONT’D)
Authorities declined to tell press how they would breach the compound, telling us that quote “they may have TVs, so tactical information will not be discussed.” A spokesman from the FBI refused to comment as to whether there would be a raid or not, but said, quote, “I wouldn’t change the channel.” We are now going to talk to some towns folk-

GUNFIRE ERUPTS from behind the caution tape. FEDERAL AGENTS scramble and take cover in the distance. Pepper takes cover. Absolute SILENCE, then an EXPLOSION from the compound. Heavy breathing. Then the feed goes dead.

The TV cuts back to the NEWS ANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR
It appears that there was some kind of explosion. Pepper. Pepper can you hear us? Dear god, I hope she’s okay. Do we have feed from the helicopter...

Jack and Victoria stare blankly at the TV; in shock.

END ACT TWO

ACT III

EXT. LLM COMPOUND - DAY

Jack surveys the ruins of the compound. He climbs the hill through where the gate once hung; now blown off its hinges.
He crosses under the caution tape, and looks at the main building, now reduced to rubble.

FLASHBACK DAYDREAM

A YOUNG JACK, YOUNG JASON, and YOUNG RACHEL play hide and go seek in the yard in front of the compound’s main building.

Jack counts off. Jason and Rachel scramble to hide.

YOUNG JACK
Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. Ready or not hear I come.

Young Jack sees Young Rachel hiding behind a tree close to the main building.

YOUNG JACK (CONT’D)
Let’s see, where could Rachel be?
Could she be, behind the tree?

Young Rachel makes an exited squeal and tries to run for base. Young Jack feigns at tagging her, then lets her touch base.

YOUNG JACK (CONT’D)
Now where could Jason be?

From the main building, a young Fenton appears with THOMAS PAINÉ, late 20s, calm disposition. He has a prominent T-shaped scar on his left cheek.

FENTON
Jack. Up here!

YOUNG JACK
Ah, man.

FENTON
Jack, now!

Young Jack complies.

FENTON (CONT’D)
What did I tell you about children’s games?

YOUNG JACK
That they aught better be left for children.
FENTON
And?

YOUNG JACK
And I’m no longer a child.

FENTON
That’s right. Twelve is old enough to fight. And children don’t fight. So what are you?

YOUNG JACK
A man?

FENTON
What kind of man?

YOUNG JACK
A free man.

FENTON
What kind?

YOUNG JACK
(reciting)
A free man. Master of my own destiny and sole owner of myself, my labor, my property and my freedom, devoid of, and free from, any and all federal taxes or tariffs there of.

FENTON
That’s right. That’s right. Now go with Thomas and the rest for target practice.

PEPPER (V.O.)
Can’t believe it’s still smoldering.

Jack is...

END FLASHBACK

...startled out of his daydream to find Pepper sifting through the rubble behind him.

JACK
What?
PEPPER
After three days, a cant believe it’s still smoldering. I guess it’s on account of the military grade-

Pepper picks up a digital tape recorder.

PEPPER (CONT’D)
Here it is -- on account of the military grade explosives. Not much left.

She examines her digital recorder.

PEPPER (CONT’D)
This is fried.

She hold out her hand.

PEPPER (CONT’D)
Pepper Johnson.

Pepper holds out her hand. Jack shakes it.

JACK
Yeah, I know.

PEPPER
This is the part were you tell me your name, you know, nice to meet you, maybe why you’re in the middle of the woods staring at some rubble.

JACK
Sorry. Jack.

A beat.

PEPPER
Okay... good to meet you, Jack. Did you know someone who was killed in the blast. You’re not a member are you?

JACK
What? No.
(beat)
No.
PEPPER
Okay, well, good to know you. I’ll let you, uh, get back to it.

Pepper takes out her camera; starts snapping pictures.

JACK
The agents that died, do you know their names? And which members? Which LLM, were killed.

PEPPER
No, not yet. They haven’t released any of that yet. Why?

JACK
I’m just trying figure out what happened. My-

TWO AGENTS come walking double time down the hill.

AGENT
This is a closed crime seen. Off limits. You need to leave, now.

PEPPER
It’s okay boys, we’re press.

She flashes her press badge.

AGENT
I know who you are. And this is a closed, federal, crime scene. Closed to the press.

Pepper grabs Jack’s arm.

PEPPER
Buy me breakfast?

One Agent gets out his phone; dials.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Pepper pours a packet of sugar into her coffee, then another, then another.
PEPPER
I don’t know how anybody drinks this stuff black.

Jack looks at his coffee.

PEPPER (CONT’D)
It’s a free country, I guess. So what’s your story? You look familiar, have we met?

JACK
No, I grew up around here, but haven’t been back in quite awhile.

Jack points to a cut on Peppers hand.

PEPPER

JACK
How did you end up reporting in Spokane?

PEPPER
I go where the story takes me. Kind of a tenant of investigative journalism.

JACK
The LLM. You’re investigating them?

PEPPER
Yes. But don’t tell my boss that. He thinks I work for him.

The WAITRESS appears and sets down breakfast. Pepper immediately starts wolfing it down.

PEPPER (CONT’D)
Hey, Jack.

JACK
Yeah.

PEPPER
You’re one of them, right? I’m mean off the record. You’re in the LLM. Right?
JACK
I told you, I-

PEPPER
Stoic. Military training. I can tell. I can read people.

JACK
And from that you assume that I’m some fanatical cult member.

PEPPER
Technically, they’re not a cult, they’re a militia.

JACK
How do you figure?

With a mouth full of food.

PEPPER
No God. No cult.

JACK
What?

PEPPER
Cults all have a religious component to them. God gave me the cool aid, or god wants to beam me up to the spaceship, or he’s calling me home because it’s the end times. The LLM has no God component. They’re anti-religion. They say its just another form of government control. But you already know that, because you’re a member...

JACK
I’m not a member.

PEPPER
...‘course, that’s basic, LLM, 101. Point is, no God, no cult.

JACK
You don’t know what your talking about.
Pepper’s phone rings. She gives Jack the one minute finger and answers it.

    PEPPER
    (into phone)  
    Yeah. Yeah.

Checks her watch.

    PEPPER (CONT’D)  
    Yeah. Twenty minutes. Because I’m in Idaho. No. Because I have business here. Yeah, you don’t pay me enough for that. Yeah.

Pepper hangs up the phone.

    PEPPER (CONT’D)  
    Got to go. Something came up across the border.

Pepper pulls out a wad of cash along with some inadvertent items from her purse. She drops the cash the table. Hands Jack a crumpled business card.

    PEPPER (CONT’D)  
    In case you want to talk, about you know, the family, give me a call. Completely off the record, or on the record. Whatever you want.

    JACK  
    Okay.

    PEPPER  
    See, I knew it.

Pepper scurries out, finishing her toast along the way.

Jack shakes his head; finishes his breakfast.

    CUT TO:

    EXT. DINER  

Jack exits the diner; turns left down an alley.

An unmarked black, government SUV squeals around the corner of the alley then screeches to a stop beside Jack.
Jack reaches for his pistol as the window comes down.

**EVERSON**

Get in.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 90 - DAY**

An AERIAL of the SUV as it speeds, weaving in and out of cars on the highway; it crosses the Washington-Idaho boarder.

**INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS**

Everson sits shotgun while CLARK -- a very young looking FBI Agent -- drives. Jack sits in the back. Everson is banged up; his arm is in a sling.

**EVERSON**

...not dead. No. But definitely pissed off. You've got one hell of a family, Jack.

**JACK**

Where are we going?

**EVERSON**

We're going to see your daddy, Jack.

**CLARK**

You're his son?

**EVERSON**

Jack... meet Clark. My new partner until Garcia gets his retina reattached. Clark just graduated the academy.

**CLARK**

I've been out of the academy for four years.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING**

REPORTERS and ONLOOKERS line the street and stairs to the main entrance of the building. Pepper runs to join them.
An unmarked GOVERNMENT CAR pulls up along side the crowd.

Two US MARSHALS dismount the van, open the back, and escort out a shackled Fenton Fry.

REPORTER ONE
Fenton, where have you been hiding the last ten years?

REPORTER TWO
Mr. Fry, why did you give yourself up?

FENTON
This government has been feeding us lies for a hundred and fifty years. Our liberty has been high-jacked. Watch the evening news. 5:45. We must demand the despot’s full attention.

ANGLE ON Pepper snapping photos as Fenton is escorted up the stairs and through the double doors.

EXT. SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING - REAR LOADING DOCK

The black SUV pulls along side the crowd and then up along side the rear entrance of the building.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

JACK
This is a bad idea.

EVERSON
I just need you to evaluate. Best guess whether he’s bullshitting us in there.

CUT TO:

EXT. IDAHO WOODS - DAY

MONTAGE

-Dallas and Jason hike down a steep embankment where another, JESS Turner, 20s, shaved head and beard, stands-by on the same small aluminum fishing vessel from the beginning.
He hoists a bag of money from the bank robbery -- visibly heavy -- and hands it off to Dallas and Jason who begin lugging it up the hill.

-Dallas and Jason, in a small fishing cabin at the top of the hill remove packs of cash from six or seven large duffles.

-Dallas and Jason using industrial strength plastic to wrap the money into larger bricks.

-Dallas removing opening an elaborate false bottom to cabin. Jason begins lowering the larger bricks of money down to him.

-Dallas and Jason seal up the cabin. Dallas sets motion sensors.

-Somewhere out in the woods, Dallas and Jason stand around a large fire burning the military gear the robbers used. Dallas breaks apart two of the M4 riffles and throws their pieces in the fire.

-The fire now out, Dallas checks the ashes for anything identifiable.

-Dallas and Jason bury all evidence of the fire.

-Dallas, Jason, and Jess speed across the water in the fishing vessel.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING

Jack and Everson look through the two-way mirror into the interrogation room where Fenton is shackled to a metal chair behind a metal table.

Fenton looks directly into the glass; seemingly at Jack.

    FENTON
    Death to tyrants.

END ACT THREE
ACT IV

INT. CLASSROOM - NORTH IDAHO COLLEGE

John Brady (from Dallas’s basement) teaches to a community college class of about FIFTEEN.

Behind him is a sign that reads: Clancy Brady for Idaho Congress. Below a photo of CLANCY BRADY with cheesy politician’s smile. The family resemblance is obvious.

JOHN BRADY

...so if we own ourselves, if you own yourself, and I own myself, then it follows that we also own whatever labor we personally produce. And if we choose to give that labor away, or trade that labor for monetary compensation, then that compensation becomes our property. So in essence, the federal government is committing theft when it levies taxes against the property of it’s citizens. Some would even go so far as to call it slavery.

The clock on the wall reads 3:00. Student begin to get up to leave.
JOHN
That’s the theory at least. Make sure to read John Locke for Monday. There will be a quiz.

One student, CLAY, remains seated, still taking notes as the rest disperse.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Rachel finishes up having sex with an RAY BAITS, 30s, in shape. She rolls off of him.

A beat.

RAY BAITS
I know it’s none of my business, but don’t you feel bad? I mean about your husband.

Rachel’s eyes water up.

RAY BAITS (CONT’D)
Hey, I’m sorry... I mean it’s none of my business.

RACHEL
No... it’s okay. He’s having an affair so it doesn’t...

RAY BAITS
How do you know?

RACHEL
He’s gone all the time... says he’s fishing in the mountains... or... I don’t know. Things just never add up. This was supposed to even the score, you know.

He sits up.

RAY BAITS
Hey... this is more to me then just breaking even... okay? I meant it when I said that I have feelings for you.
RACHEL
I do too. Have feelings.

RAY BAITS
Besides, if this was just breaking even, then we would have accomplished that a month ago.

He tickles her. Rachel sees the clock. 3:30.

RACHEL
Oh shit. Shit! School’s out, we have to go pick up the boys.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING

Through the two-way mirror, Jack and Clark look on as an agitated Everson interrogates a calm and collected Fenton.

NEW ANGLE inside interrogation room.

EVERSON
...seven agents. Seven good agents you wasted on Monday, with your booby trap.

FENTON
They were trespassing on private property.

EVERSON
Really, because I specifically remember getting a warrant.

FENTON
A legal document from an illegal government is rendered null and void.

EVERSON
Cut the shit. You wanted us to go in, you set us up. Where are your weapons. Where are your god-damned people?

FENTON
They’re not my people, they are free people. Free to own weapons.

(MORE)
FENTON (CONT'D)
Free to live where ever they may choose under the constitution of-

EVERSON
Where’s the new compound, Fenton? Where’s my five million dollars?

FENTON
“My five million dollars?” So you do understand. I took you as an oblivious yes man.

EVERSON
Understand what?

FENTON
You are my enemy. You are the fundamental, military arm of an illegal federal government which abuses the constitution and uses the federal reserve to oppress it’s people. It is your money because you are the government. You -- like the seven enemy KIA on Monday -- are an enemy combatant. And we are at war.

EVERSON
You are a terrorist, and I will throw you in a fucking hole.

Fenton loses his cool.

FENTON
It is you that is the terrorist! You use legislation and judicial tyrants to impose terror! I fight for the people. You fight to keep them oppressed.

Going to leave.

EVERSON
Have fun in Guantanamo sucking some Al-Qaeda-

FENTON
Sixteen million.

Everson turns back.
EVERSON
What?

FENTON
We took sixteen million of your money. There about.

EVERSON
Did you forget a bag? Or... I know... you-

FENTON
You have a bigger problem then you think, Everson.

EVERSON
How the fuck did you know my name.

FENTON

NEW ANGLE through the two way mirror. Everson looks back to Clark, who immediately picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH IDAHO COLLEGE - DAY

John Brady reaches his car; unlocks the door. A CLANCY BRADY FOR CONGRESS stickers line the back windshield.

CLAY (O.S.)
Professor Brady.

Clay approaches.

JOHN BRADY
Oh, hey Clay. What’s up?

CLAY
It’s about your lecture. Do you believe it?

JOHN BRADY
Believe what exactly?
CLAY
That the federal government is committing theft? Enslaving us?

JOHN BRADY
Look I’m a professor, Clay. I’m supposed to present all sides.

CLAY
Because I do. I believe it. I’m tired of barely hanging on while the government takes half my money to bail out the billionaires who line politician’s pockets. I did two tours in Iraq, now I can’t even get a job. If it were up to me, I’d fight back.

JOHN BRADY
How would you fight back?

CLAY
With arms if necessary.

JOHN BRADY
But that’s illegal, Clay.

CLAY
By whose law? Theirs? Like you said, I own myself. If I’m being enslaved by my government, they are violating my constitutional right to liberty. Right?

JOHN BRADY
Listen. I have a little group that meets a couple time a week -- strictly off the books -- and we discuss... philosophy. Stuff like this.

Brady pulls a piece of paper out of his bag; scribbles an address on it.

JOHN BRADY (CONT’D)
Be at this address tonight around five. Okay?
CLAY
Yeah, sure.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING

Inside the two-way mirrored observation room.

ANGLE ON clock, which reads: **4:30**.

Jack leans, lights a cigarette. Everson paces.

**EVERSON**
There’s no smoking in here. Fuck it, give me one.

Jack does so.

**JACK**
How’s he know your name, Everson?

**EVERSON**
While we were spying on him, he was spying on us. Not a hard thing to find out.

(a beat)
So?

**JACK**
So what?

**EVERSON**
So size him up. All this shit he’s rattling on about. Is he serious. Or just... you know, off his nut.

**JACK**
He’s been saying the same thing for 20 years. I don’t know.

(a beat)
Yeah... yeah, he’s serious.

**EVERSON**
And the money, is he telling the truth?

**JACK**
He... he doesn’t-
EVERSON
(off Jack’s look)
It’s true, isn’t it!? Goddamnit!

Clark burst through the door; reading off of his phone.

CLARK
It’s true. Six-million, seven-hundred-thousand and change from First Federal bank in Missoula, four-million and change from First Federal in Yakima. Grand total sixteen-point-two-million.

EVERSON
Jesus Christ! Why am I just hearing about this?!

CLARK
Nobody knew it was related -- different jurisdictions--

EVERSON
Three bank robberies in the same hour from the same bank!?

Everson paces again; drags his cigarette.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
That’s it! I’m bringing them all in! I’m going to lean on all of them.
(to Jack)
Your brother, your sister, her husband. I want them all prepped for interrogation inside the hour!

CLARK
The brother maybe -- parole violation. But Rachel and Dallas Shine are clean -- we have nothing to bring them in on.

EVERSON
We have the goddamned Patriot Act! We can do whatever we want!

Jack looks at his father through the glass. Then back to Everson.
EVERSON (CONT’D)
Don’t look at me like that. You’re a fucking enemy combattant too, Jackson Fry. We work for the same master, you and I.

JACK
As far as I can tell, I don’t work for anyone anymore. You bring my sister in, her family, and I’m going to walk out that door and disappear. For good. Unless you want to evoke the Patriot Act and throw me in a hole as well.

EVERSON
I could if I wanted you know. All people know about you is that you walked on an arms conviction.

JACK
And you can forget about bringing down the LLM or retrieving you sixteen million.

A beat.

EVERSON
You’ve got twenty-four hours. Bring me something, or so help me god, your whole family is going on the black list.

JACK
You’re an asshole, Everson.

Jack exits. Everson goes to the glass.

EVERSON
And used the service entrance. (to Fenton through glass)
Where the is my money. Where is the compound?

Behind Everson, Clark looks at his phone.

CLARK
There’s something else you should see.

ANGLE ON Clark’s phone.
A RECORDING FROM EARLIER:

REPORTER TWO
Mr. Fry, why did you give yourself up?

FENTON
This government has been feeding us lies for a hundred and fifty years. Our liberty has been high-jacked. Watch the evening news. 5:45. We must demand the despot’s full attention.

NEW ANGLE on Everson.

CLARK
It’s gone viral.

EVERSON
(through glass)
What are you up to, you son of a bitch?

CUT TO:

EXT. BRADY’S HOUSE

Clay knocks on the door of the above modest home. BILLY BRADY, 20s, a bit militant answers door. Through the crack, we can see a few more MEN of various ages milling about.

BILLY BRADY
Yeah? What do you want?

CLAY
Professor Brady told me to stop by.

John Brady sticks his head out.

JOHN BRADY
It’s John in my home. Clay this is my son, Billy. Billy, Clay. Come on in.

John recedes into the house.

BILLY BRADY
Here for the show, huh?
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING
ANGLE ON CLOCK: 5:15

Everson leans into Fenton.

EVERSON
What’s happening at 5:45 you son of a bitch?

FENTON
I wouldn’t want to spoil the surprise.

EVERSON
You’re bluffing.

FENTON
I assure you that I’m not.

Everson pounds the table.

EVERSON
Then what. Be a man and tell me what you’ve got planned.

FENTON
You’re asking the wrong question. You should be asking what I want.

EVERSON
And if I give you what you want, that’s going to stop this bullshit event from happening?

FENTON
No. The event in question is only a small display of our resolve. Its execution is inevitable. If I don’t get what I want, however, more events will happen in rapid succession until I get what I want.

EVERSON
I know what you want. Freedom.
FENTON
Then why did I turn myself in?

Everson clearly doesn’t know.

FENTON (CONT’D)
I want to be interviewed during prime-time.

EVERSON
Oh is that all? How about I bury you under the jail instead? Anything else I can get you?

FENTON
A suit. A nice one. I can’t very well go on national television in orange pajamas.

EVERSON
Hold on, let me write this down.

Everson gets out a pen and pad; writes.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
A suit... a nice one... prime time spot... okay... anything else?

FENTON
Yes the interviewer?

EVERSON
Who would you like? Geraldo Rivera? He’s about as crazy as you.

FENTON
L.L. Smithereens.

EVERSON
(still writing)
The conspiracy hour guy, perfect. I’ll get right on that.

Everson toss the pad on table in front Fenton and exits.

ANGLE ON PAD which reads: GO FUCK YOURSELF.

NEW ANGLE on the other side of two-way mirror where Clark has been watching. Everson enters.
CLARK
Should we put out alerts.

EVERSON
For what exactly? It’s been run up the chain of command. Out of our hands.

Clark’s face goes blank.

CLARK
What should we do then?

EVERSON
I don’t know... turn on the news I guess. My money says he’s full of shit. I hope he’s full of shit.

CUT TO:

INT. ISLAND HOUSE

A NEWS CAST in the middle of the weather report. Pull back to reveal Vitoria watching; phone to her ear.

VICTORIA
Of course I’m watching.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - POST FALLS, ID

The same NEWS CAST, pull back to reveal a bar full of PATRONS, some interested in the broadcast; some not.

Sitting center at the bar is Pepper. She watches the clock on her phone, which lays next to a stiff drink.

ANGLE ON WATCH 5:44 as it changes to 5:45.

All at once, and EXPLOSION from Pepper’s left, which rattles all the windows in the bar. Pepper and the PATRONS look toward...

ANGLE ON

...the explosion, and see’s a huge fireball beyond the windows. Then back to...
THE NEWS CAST

...which cuts from the WEATHER MAN back to the News Anchor.

NEWS ANCHOR
This just in... preliminary reports of an explosion at the Post Falls Federal Building. That’s Post Falls, Idaho, just on the border between Washington and Idaho. We are working to get a feed from the site...

Pepper throws some cash on the table, grabs her gear, and scurries out.

BLACKNESS

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT’D)
...we’re told that business hours from eight to six. We hope... our prayers go out to Post Falls tonight....

END ACT FOUR
ACT V

EXT. POST FALLS FEDERAL BUILDING - DUSK

Flames scorch what is left of the federal building. FIREFIGHTERS and EMTS frantically work.

ANGLE ON Pepper, who is talking into her cellphone.

INTERCUT WITH:

NEWS CAST

ANCHOR
We have Pepper Johnson with the first video feed from the explosion via... her cell phone. Pepper can you hear us?

PEPPER
I can, Janice. I apologize for the image quality, I will pan around so you can get an idea of the devastation. As you can see, the entire building has been reduced to rubble. I have seen at least four bodies, no survivors as of yet.

ANCHOR/JANICE
Heatless. Just heartless. It’s hard to imagine a motive for such an attack.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SPOKANE FEDERAL BUILDING

Everson talks on the phone behind the double sided mirror. Clark looks on.
EVERSON
Yes sir. No sir, I wouldn’t advise it. Because sir, we would be negotiating with terrorist. No sir, I can’t guarantee -- I have assets in the field -- we would be giving up any bargaining power -- well I can’t take responsibility -- yes sir. Yes sir. I understand. See you in the morning.

Everson hangs up the phone.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
Shit!

CLARK
What did he say?

EVERSON
He gets the show.

A beat.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
Shit!

Everson throws his phone at Fenton’s head but it explodes on the two way mirror. Fenton grins back through the glass.

EVERSON (CONT’D)
Get me a TV studio. Get me someone on the line from the FCC. Get me L.L. Smithereens. And get me a new phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. KILROY BAY - NIGHT

Dallas and Jason load crates on the aluminum fishing vessel in a shadowy part of the bay.

JASON
Is that all of them?

DALLAS
All of the M4s. I’ll see you at Fort Hancock.
JASON
Be careful.

DALLAS
You too. Remember, no lights.

Dallas kicks the boat, casting it off.

EXT. SHINE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Dallas pulls up in his truck. Rachel watches from a hammock on the front porch, sipping a wine cooler.

Dallas gets out; walks toward her.

RACHEL
(a little drunk)
Another fishing trip?

DALLAS
Not now, Rachel.

RACHEL
What did you catch? Blonde? Burnett?

DALLAS
I only have eyes for you, babe.

Dallas tries to lean in and kiss her. She pushes him off.

RACHEL
Get off of me.

DALLAS
Have it your way.

He starts inside.

DALLAS (CONT’D)
Haven’t you watched the news today?

RACHEL
What? Did they execute daddy? Do us all a favor? Or let me guess. They caught my brother with a bag of cash?
DALLAS
I wish. You better turn it on.

Dallas goes inside. Rachel drinks.

DALLAS (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Always knew your fuck-head family would drag us down. Should have moved out of here years ago. Expect the feds any time now.

Dallas returns to the porch with a beer; sits next to Rachel.

DALLAS (CONT’D)
What the hell you been doing all day?

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Ray Baits runs on a treadmill while watching clips on the news from the explosion.

His cell phone rings. He looks at the number.

RAY BAITS
Everson, you watching this shit?
What a shit storm, huh?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO

EVERSON
You don’t know the half of it.
Please tell me you have something on Rachel Shine. Anything that could break this open.

RAY BAITS
Sorry boss. As far as I can tell, she’s on the up and up. Besides the fact that she’s fucking around. Husband been going on a lot of fishing trips. Probably fucking around too.
Eversen
Any chance he’s good for the bank robbery?

Ray Baits
Outside chance, maybe. But I don’t think so. From what I can tell, they both hate the LMM... want nothing to do with it.

Eversen
Okay. Thanks, Ray.

Ray Baits
You got it boss.

Eversen hangs up; walks over to greet L.L. Smithereens -- 50s nerdy-debonair, who has just entered the building.

Eversen
Mr. Smithereens, I’m Agent Eversen FBI. Thank you so much for agreeing to this on such short notice.

L.L. Smithereens
Well I wasn’t given much of a choice. I was pretty much strong-armed into it.

Eversen ushers Smithereens toward the two chairs in the middle of a sound stage.

Eversen
All the same, thank you.

L.L. Smithereens
When this is over, rest-assured that you’ll be hearing from my attorney.

Time cut to:

Int. TV Studio - Later

Fenton, now in a suit and tie stands in the stage wing; Eversen over his shoulder.
EVERSON
(whispering to Fenton)
I’m going to see you put to death, traitor. And I’m going to piss on your grave.

Everson nods to the same two Marshals from before. They escort Fenton to the empty chair across from Smithereens; remove his handcuffs and hook his ankle shackles to bolts in the floor.

FENTON
Good evening.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
(unflinching)
Good evening.

ANGLE ON a the PRODUCTION MANAGER in the production booth.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
And five... four... three....

ANGLE ON CAMERA MAN who finishes motioning: two... one...

L.L. SMITHEREENS
Hello, I’m L.L. Smithereens, coming to you live with a special broadcast, under duress of the federal government, and at the request of Mr. Fenton Fry, who joins me now. How are you tonight Mr. Fry?

FENTON
I am well, thank you.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
Mr. Fry, please correct me if I am wrong, but you are the leader of Lincoln Liberty Militia, correct?

FENTON
I am.
EXT. LAKE PEND OREILLE

A dark shore on the north side of the lake; five YOUNG MEN wait. They guide Jason ashore with LED strobos.

L.L. SMITHEREENS (V.O.)
And would you mind describing your... organization for the audience?

FENTON (V.O.)
We are a group of true believers.

Jason steers toward the strobos in the pitch black.

L.L. SMITHEREENS (V.O.)
In what, exactly.

FENTON (V.O.)
In the Constitution of the United State of America. That the Constitution is beacon of freedom. Of liberty. That a man need only to find that beacon in all this blackness, and he will find his liberty.

Jason beaches the boat. A couple of the Young Men, including Jess, hug him as they off-load the crates of rifles. Two of the Men pull the boat ashore and camouflage it.

BACK TO STUDIO

L.L. SMITHEREENS
And how does a man... or a woman... find it? This beacon? In the darkness?

FENTON
By understanding that he... that she is the government. That the government has been hijacked by a machine which exists only to be fed.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
You’re referring, I’m assuming, to the Federal Government.
FENTON
I am.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
As you know, Mr. Fry, I am not a big fan of the federal government either, but even I can recognize that it does some good. National defense for example.

FENTON
Our President manufactures wars for war profiteers. The rich get rich while they send their impoverished constituents off to die under the guise of national security.

EXT. LAKE PEND OREILLE - WOODS

Jason and the others carry the crates up a heavily wooded, narrow path.

L.L. SMITHEREENS (V.O.)
Okay, what about invasion.

FENTON (V.O.)
That’s what the second amendment is for. If everyone were armed, who could invade us?

Jason and the group reach a gigantic, elaborate, concrete, bunker-style compound dug into the side of a the mountain. A CENTURY GUARD waives them past.

BACK TO STUDIO

L.L. SMITHEREENS
We’ll have to agree to disagree on the allocation of the second amendment, Mr. Fry. Why don’t we come to why we are here. You’ve turned yourself in. Why?

FENTON
To get this venue. To address the American people.

CUT TO:
INT. SHINE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rachel, jaw dropped, watches her father on her living room TV.

    L.L. SMITHEREENS
You sacrificed your freedom to get on TV.

    FENTON
I needed make our voice be heard... loud... and more importantly, clear. Without the spin machine of the propagandist media. I’m no sacrifice, I’m a soldier. And soldiers fight for freedom.

There is a knock at Rachel’s door.

    L.L. SMITHEREENS
And so killing... thirteen -- and counting -- innocent federal officers is what? A declaration of war?

EXT. SHINE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands, military duffle over his shoulder. Rachel opens the door.

She stands stunned; then finally...

    RACHEL
Jack?

    FENTON (V.O.)
There are no innocent federal officers, and we are already at war.

    JACK
Hey sis.

    RACHEL
Jack!

She throws her arms around him. Dallas looks on from the living room.
ANOTHER ANGLE from the woodline, Pepper snaps PICTURES of the two. More SHOTS as Dallas joins them on the porch. 

BACK TO STUDIO

L.L. SMITHEREENS
Care to elaborate on that?

FENTON
Each federal officer has taken a personal oath to defend the constitution of the United States, and then has personally made a decision to rape the very same constitution by doing the bidding of their corrupt leadership. All under the guise of its authority.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
So you would have federal officers disobey, or actively obstruct their superior officers. That could be considered treason.

FENTON
There’s a fine line between treason and patriotism. The annals of history have taught us this, time and time again. If a free man lets his own cowardice cloud his ability to discern the difference, well, then I will meet that man as an enemy on the battlefield.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
If not to declare war, why are we here. Will there be more bombings, more robberies?

FENTON
War was declared a long time ago by the federal government. I am here to sue for peace.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
Sue for peace? What are your terms?

FENTON
A country of our own, of course.

Smithereens is taken aback.
L.L. SMITHEREENS
A county of your own? Where?

FENTON
For immediate peace, the Lincoln Liberty Militia requires the Federal Government’s immediate acquiescence of the counties of Bonner and Boundary in Northern Idaho, the county of Pend d’Oreilles in Eastern Washington, and the county of Lincoln in western Montana.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
You want four counties. What about the residents that currently reside there.

FENTON
The US government can compensate them... relocate them as they see fit. Or... it is our hope that they will stay, as citizens of the new country, and live under the actual letter of the US Constitution, our guiding document. Our foundation.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
You want to re-start the country?

FENTON
We want to restart the county.

Smithereens is again taken aback.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
I... don’t... there are so many variables... so many questions...

INT. BRADY’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John and Billy Brady, Clay, and the others sit around the TV, watching the broadcast intently.

L.L. SMITHEREENS
...first... how could you ever expect to be successful in this endeavour.

(MORE)
L.L. SMITHEREENS (CONT'D)
You are only a small militia. In the hundreds if my research is correct.

FENTON
We are larger then you can imagine, Mr. Smithereens.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW LLM COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Jason walks through the compound; over a hundred strong. MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN.

L.L. SMITHEREENS (V.O.)
But the logistics... surely you’re not prepared.

Jason walks through the armory where the Young Men from the shore stack the latest M4s next to one-hundred others.

FENTON (V.O.)
We are better prepared then you can Imagine, Mr. Smithereens.

Jason continues to the stockade. As he walks, he is joined by an older Thomas Paine, T-Shaped scar still predominant. They walks side-by-side down a row of five cells; comes to the last two.

L.L. SMITHEREENS (V.O.)
But why? Why would the federal government, the most powerful government in the world, ever acquiesce its lands to you.

There, in the final two cells are CONNOR DONNELLY, 60s, lanky, disheveled and Less Harrington (from the boat in the opening scene). US Senators, both.

BACK TO STUDIO

L.L. SMITHEREENS
Why would the US government ever do that, Mr. Fry?

ANGLE ON FENTON
FENTON
Because we now hold two sitting US senators as prisoners of war.

BLACKOUT

END ACT FIVE