

DREAMLAND

Based on the life of Timothy McVeigh

Story · Steve Grant

Screenplay · D W Harper

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1 **EXT. SNOWSTORM, BUFFALO, NY -- LATE 70'S**

A fury of snow and wind.

In DIM FRAGMENTS OF OLD TUBE-VIDEO, REPORTERS struggle to stand in 70 mile an hour winds. Snow drifts 30 feet deep cover houses, and PEOPLE BUNDLED IN RAGS wave at helicopters from their rooftops.

Elsewhere, NATIONAL GUARDSMEN pull bodies out of a BURIED SCHOOL BUS. Whole highways full of stalled cars disappear under white.

Now the storm is over, and ashy flakes flitter down. The sun sets over the buried land, but it isn't beautiful -- the colors are lurid, strange.

It looks like the end of the world.

2 **INT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- DIM AFTERNOON**

A fire crackles in the fireplace. BILL MCVEIGH, father of 3, stokes the fire, wearing a thick winter coat.

His family huddles in the dim living room. TIMOTHY JAMES MCVEIGH, aged 17, and his two sisters JENNIFER (15) and PATTY (18) have blankets draped over their ski jackets.

Their mother, MICKIE, sits at the foot of the couch, shivering and sweating in a sleeping bag, her dark hair plastered to her forehead. She COUGHS.

JENNIFER
Dad, why is it so cold?

Bill pokes at the fire. They're burning a dresser drawer, and part of a chair.

He puts the poker by the fireplace, next to a shotgun, and turns to his children, his face grim.

BILL
Your mother and I have something to tell
you kids.

Mickie is crying.

BILL (CONT'D)
The storm... it wasn't just a snowstorm.
There was a nuclear war. And now... Now
it's going to be cold for a long time.
(shaking his head)
I think the Russians struck us first.
But... I'm sorry. We failed you kids. We
failed you.

Jennifer starts sobbing.

TIM
Is that why Patty can't see?

Patty lifts her head, and we can now see that she's wearing a bandage over her eyes.

BILL
 (nodding)
 She shouldn't have looked.

3 EXT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- NUCLEAR SUMMER

The radiation poisoning has gotten to Bill. His hair is falling out and he can barely stand, much less hold his rifle.

Tim digs a hole in the back yard, now free of snow, but covered in ash. A BODY is stretched out by the hole, covered in black plastic bags.

BILL
 We pray, Lord, that you will forgive us
 this day...

The wind blows the plastic -- we can see it's Mickie's face. OFFSCREEN -- a sudden burst of MACHINE GUN FIRE. And the sound of SOLDIERS.

BILL (CONT'D)
 (hefting the gun)
 You kids get inside.

Tim and Jen hurry to the cellar, Bill hefting the rifle to cover them.

TIM
 Come on Dad!

But Bill shakes his head.

BILL
 You take care of your sisters, Tim.

JENNIFER
 NO!

Bill SLAMS the cellar door.

4 INT. CELLAR

Tim shushes Jen, and leads his sisters to a cot, amid stacks of canned goods and drums of water, all lit by a Coleman lantern.

In the corner, Tim's GRANDDAD, ED MCVEIGH, sits in a high-back chair. Tim brings him some water.

GRANDDAD
 Where's your father, Tim?

TIM
 He's outside, Granddad.

Granddad nods. With effort, he reaches to a shelf, and pulls off a dusty box.

GRANDDAD
 He wanted you to have this.

Tim opens the box. Inside is a shiny Colt .45

Tim takes it. FOOTSTEPS upstairs -- the SOLDIERS are in the house! Dust settles through the cracks in the ceiling, Patty cranes her head, listening.

More creaking... and then a SHOTGUN BLAST. Followed by machine-gun fire. And a DULL THUMP.

Jen SQUEALS in terror, dust settling down.

JENNIFER
(covering her mouth)
I'm sorry Tim, I'm sorry.

TIM
(whispering)
It's OK Jen. Shh.

A CLIPPED RUSSIAN SNARL from upstairs. More FOOTSTEPS. Tim cocks the pistol, and begins to creep up the stairs, the gun GLINTING in the darkness. The shadows of soldier's feet flicker on the doorjamb, the doorknob rattles.

Tim will be sure to get the first one, at least.

5 **INT. TIM'S ROOM -- EARLY MORNING -- 1986**

Tim's eyes flutter under his lids. He is dreaming.

His room is neatly kept and unexceptional for a teenaged boy, living on the outskirts of Buffalo NY in 1986. Track medals stand on a dresser, a mirrored bureau is plastered with bumper stickers from local radio stations. A poster for "WARGAMES" hangs above the bed.

Hanging above the alarm clock is a hand drawn map of the United States, with concentric fallout-footprints extending eastward from the major cities.

It is 6 AM -- the radio comes on in the middle of a song.

Tim's eyes are still closed.

6 **INT. SHOWER**

Tim stands in the shower, naked.

7 **INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING**

The McVeigh kitchen is all wood paneling and chipped Formica. The window over the sink frames the same dead back lawn and swing set from Tim's dream.

Tim enters, drops his backpack on the counter, makes coffee, and exits.

TIM (O.S.)
Jen!

O.S. A car pulls up, a door slams. BILL MCVEIGH walks in, in factory uniform. Finishing 3rd shift. He sits, pulls out a cigarette, unfolds "THE BUFFALO NEWS".

Tim walks back in.

TIM (CONT'D)
'Morning Dad.

Bill nods, smokes. Tim makes peanut butter toast.

JENNIFER MCVEIGH, Tim's 15 year old sister, walks in. Her long hair is wet except for her bangs, which are blown dry.

She makes a beeline for the coffee pot, grabs a cup, and pours coffee. Adds milk and heaps of sugar.

She drinks the coffee like her life depends on it.

JEN
Is it snowing out there?

TIM
Some. They're saying it's gonna warm up.
But no accumulation.

JEN
Thank GOD.

Bill finishes his cigarette, slides \$10 over to Tim and gets up to leave. Jen follows. Tim quickly finishes his toast.

All three walk down a long hall. Bill goes into the door at the far end.

JEN (CONT'D)
Sleep good, Dad.

Jen goes into her room and shuts the door. A hair dryer kicks on. Tim looks over his shoulder, goes into his room, and shuts the door.

The empty hallway.

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8 EXT. BUFFALO NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- MORNING

The McVeigh's Buick Skylark backs out, lurches into first, drives for several hundred feet, pulls over at a curb.

9 INT. BUICK SKYLARK -- MORNING

Tim anxiously looks at his watch.

TIM
I just wish Missy'd get her shit
together.

JEN
I just wish you'd relax for like once.

Jen messes with the heat, points the vents to herself, jogging the controls back and forth.

TIM
Don't be a Spaz. The engine has to heat up. You're gonna overtax the thermostat.

Tim lays on the horn.

JEN
Spaz.

MISSY, a high school senior in a light sweater, runs out of the house carrying a stack of books. Tim hits the horn again.

JEN (CONT'D)
Stop it -- she's coming.

MISSY
(hopping in)
It's fuckin' cold!

The door slams, the car moves. Jen turns around -- Missy picks snow out of her heavily hair-sprayed bangs.

JEN
Oh my god, it looks so great!

MISSY
(turning)
What about the back?

Tim looks into the rearview mirror, smirking.

TIM
You look like a poodle.

MISSY
Shut up! I wasn't asking you!

Jen turns the rearview mirror so she can see Missy.

JEN
Tim doesn't know shit about hair. It looks great.

Tim grabs the mirror and pulls it back into place, Tim glancing at Missy. They cruise behind a slow school bus.

10 **INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY**

Tim stands in front of a classroom reading an English paper.

TIM
The Blizzard of '77 affected us all in many different ways. Our livelihoods, our families, and in our ways of seeing the world. But we learned a powerful lesson about these modern times; how much food and water do you have ready in case of another disaster? How long could your family survive without electricity, without heat?

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)
 In this America, have we come so far from
 the days when we all knew how to grow or
 hunt our own food, that we don't know how
 to go back any more? Is this "The End"?

Tim smiles; his paper rocked. He sits down at his desk, way in the back.

Tim's only high school buddy, JERRY WYSINSKI, a red-headed malcontent wearing a Confederate soldier cap, leans over.

JERRY
 (making fun)
 Is this "the end"?

TIM
 Shut up.

11 INT. COMPUTER LAB -- DAY

The words "NORTH SIDE OF HOUSE" appear full screen. The words are displayed on a computer monitor.

COMPUTER TEXT
 NAME?

Tim types "THE_WANDERER". The game loads...

COMPUTER TEXT (CONT'D)
 You are standing on the north side of a
 white house. There is a window in the
 wall in front of you.

Tim types at the klunky keyboard. He's at a workstation in an early 80's high school computer classroom.

TIM TEXT
 CLIMB INSIDE

COMPUTER TEXT
 You haul yourself through the narrow
 space, tumbling inside to reveal...

Missy sits down right next to Tim. He is immediately nervous.

MISSY
 Did you finish your program?

TIM
 Yeah. I did it last week.

MISSY
 You're smart.

TIM
 (shrugging)
 You get better grades than I do.

COMPUTER TEXT
 LIVING ROOM. You are in an elaborately
 furnished living room. An Oriental rug
 covers the floor.

MISSY
Grades aren't everything.

After a moment, Missy walks off. Tim watches her go.

COMPUTER TEXT
As you roll up the rug, it reveals
a trap door.

TIM TEXT
OPEN TRAP DOOR AND GO DOWN

COMPUTER TEXT
You pry open the trap door and
descend into darkness.

12 **INT. BURGER KING -- DAY**

RAMBUNCTIOUS TEENS enjoy their food. Tim, in uniform, sweeps the floor near their feet.

13 **INT. SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT**

Tim pushes a cart down the aisle of a supermarket, checking things off a list. Jennifer is out ahead.

At a freezer section, they pull bags of 'tater tots off the shelves, and frozen peas. Jen yawns.

JEN
Frozen peas.

TIM
(looking at the list)
We still need some cocoa, and 6 cans of cream of mushroom soup.

JEN
(sighs)
I thought we were going to get a movie.

TIM
Not if you don't move your butt.

She heads off by herself.

At the cash register, an OLD WOMAN rings them up, Tim waits with a checkbook, all business. An OLDER MAN watches with interest.

Tim gives the stranger a wary look, and pushes the full cart out of the market, Jennifer standing on the rim.

14 **INT. MCVEIGH HOUSE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

FULL SCREEN VIDEO: The movie "RED DAWN". Patrick Swayze, face painted with camo paint, tells C. Thomas Howell to drink a cup of deer's blood.

PATRICK SWAYZE
Drink it. It's the spirit of the deer.

C. Thomas drinks. Tim, Jerry, and Jennifer all sit in the McVeigh living room watching the movie, eating poptarts.

JEN
(sleepily)
Gross.

TIM
It's not gross. If you eat meat you may as well drink the blood.

JEN
It's still grody. I'd never do it.

JERRY
Then you'd probably die.

JEN
No I wouldn't. We've got 2 years of food in the basement. Tim said so.

TIM
Jerry's right, Jen. If there was a war, we might not be able to stay here.

Jen looks scared.

JERRY
We've got a fallout shelter. There's canned peaches down there from like 1955. It's nasty.

TIM
When the shit hits the fan, and you run out of peaches? You're not coming over here. I'd totally have to shoot you.

JERRY
Fuck off!

Jerry punches Tim's arm.

JEN
I'd shoot you.

15 EXT. GRANDFATHER'S BACK YARD -- DAY

CRACK! Tim fires a rifle at a target nailed to a tree an acre away. He hits near the bulls-eye.

Tim's grandfather sits at a picnic table, watching Tim shoot, his wide, mean face mostly expressionless. He's the sort of old man who no longer smiles for any reason.

TIM
(grinning)
Didya see that?

Granddad approaches, grimly focused on how Tim holds the rifle. He grasps Tim's shoulder, and firmly pushes the rifle stock against it like he's gluing them together.

GRANDDAD
Try it again.

Tim, eyes wide, fires. CRACK! A perfect bulls-eye.

TIM
Yeah!

GRANDDAD
Shh. Over there.

Tim squints. A RABBIT hunches in the grass 30 yards away. Tim's grandfather's eyes narrow. Tim looks a little unsure.

GRANDDAD (CONT'D)
Go on.

Tim nervously sights on the rabbit, FIRES. With a cottontail flash, the rabbit runs off. A miss.

Tim looks to his Granddad.

GRANDDAD (CONT'D)
(grimly)
That's a damn lucky rabbit.

16 INT. GRANDFATHER'S BASEMENT

Tim lifts the lid on a freezer. Inside is a wild variety of ancient frozen game. He finds a pack of pork chops.

In the corner is the same chair and shelf from his dream, along with drums of water and racks of canned goods.

17 INT. GRANDFATHER'S HOME -- DAY

Tim pours warm water over frozen pork chops, and walks into the living room, where his grandfather adjusts the TV.

GRANDDAD
You heard much from your Mother?

TIM
Not in a while.

GRANDDAD
You miss her?

TIM
No. Not really.
(shrugs)
She calls Jen sometimes. I pretend I'm not home.

GRANDDAD
Hmpf. You father seeing anyone new?

TIM
I don't think so.

GRANDDAD
(humorless)
It's been 2 years, you'd think he'd be
horny by now.

Tim smiles uncomfortably.

The old man exits. Tim looks at the mantle; a long hunting rifle is mounted above a few brass clocks, and there is a painting of an old mill with a water wheel.

Granddad comes back in, with a check in his hand.

GRANDDAD (CONT'D)
When I was your age, Timmy, I didn't care
about nothing but myself. A lot's been
put on you at your father's house, and
you've been a real man about it. Now I
want you to have this. For your
graduation.

He hands Tim a check. By Tim's expression, it must be a lot.

18 **INT. GYMNASIUM -- NIGHT**

A dark gymnasium, full of HIGH SCHOOL PROM-GOERS. It's decorated as a romantic New York city-scape, with streamers and twinkling lights. Junior marshals wear top hats.

Across the dance floor, Tim and Jerry wear tuxes, Jen and Missy wear gowns. They're drinking punch.

Tim looks nervous, and drunk. Missy takes his hand.

On stage, Jerry takes the microphone:

JERRY
I'd like to dedicate this song to the men
and women who lost their lives in the
Challenger disaster. We will never
forget.

Kansas' "Dust in the Wind" cues up. Tim and Missy slow-dance.

19 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD BY A LAKE -- NIGHT**

Several promgoer's cars are parked by a moonlit lake.

20 **INT. BUICK SKYLARK -- NIGHT**

Headlights illuminate scrub bushes. Tim, still in tux, sitting in the driver's seat, swigs a beer. So does Missy.

She anxiously adjusts her prom dress, Tim hasn't made a move all night.

TIM
I've decided to wait, maybe until
Jennifer graduates. If I get some real-
world experience, I can get more out of
college later on.

MISSY
What do you think you'll do?

TIM
Consulting, computer programming and
stuff.

MISSY
I'm going to Lockport Community.
Undeclared.

Missy doesn't want to be talking about this stuff.

TIM
You could do a lot better than that,
Missy. I mean with your grades and stuff
you could go anywhere you want to.
Buffalo sucks.

MISSY
I like it here.

A silence. Two PROMGOERS drunkenly drag/push each other though
the headlights, laughing. Missy eyes Tim.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Are you a virgin?

TIM
What the hell kind of question is that?

MISSY
I don't know. You've never had any
girlfriends in school, is all.
(beat)
It's fine if you are, lots of people are.

TIM
Well I'm not.

MISSY
Who was it? I won't tell anyone.

Tim swigs his beer.

TIM
This woman, friend of my mother's.

MISSY
Wow. How old was she?

TIM
I don't know, 20's. 30's. She'd come
over, few months after my mother went to
Florida. She really liked sex.

MISSY
Wow.
(drinking)
You ever been with anyone my age?

TIM
Not really.

MISSY
Wow.

After a long silence, and a few sidelong glances, they fumble into groping. Missy looks out the window a few times, nervously. More fumbling.

Pretty soon they're having sex. Then they're finished.

Tim clings to Missy, his head on her chest. Missy pats Tim's hair. He clings to her for an uncomfortably long time.

MISSY (CONT'D)
You OK?

TIM
Yeah. Just a minute.

Tim abruptly disengages, pulls up his pants, looking away.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

Tim heads for the bushes. He looks over his shoulder back at the headlights, finding a safe distance, unzips to pee.

He is crying. He wipes his face.

Distantly, a horn BEEPS and someone HOLLERS, whooping it up. Tim pulls himself together, makes his way back to the car.

TIM (CONT'D)
Sorry. Had to go.

MISSY
You sure you're OK?

TIM
Sure.

Fumbling with his keys, Tim almost starts the car, then stops.

TIM (CONT'D)
You're a really nice girl, Missy.

MISSY
I've always thought you were really nice too.

(anxious)
I guess we should be getting home. Maybe I should drive.

Tim nods. She gets out, Tim watches her cross in front of the headlights. She opens the door.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Skootch over.

21 INT. MCVEIGH HOUSE KITCHEN -- LATE SUMMER DAY

Jen leans against the counter, Sweet 16 donut in hand. She takes a bite. Tim walks in, wearing the full costume of an armoured car guard, showing it off.

JEN
WOW! That looks awesome!

TIM
(putting items on the table)
Equipment belt with mace, speedloaders, and holster. Body armor. Smith and Wesson .38 revolver. When you ride, you wear the vest, you carry the gun. No exceptions.

JEN
Is it loaded?

TIM
Of course it's loaded.

JEN
Damn. Let me see.

Tim hesitates, jokingly skeptical.

JEN (CONT'D)
Jesus, I'm not going to shoot anyone!

He flips the safety on and hands it to her.

JEN (CONT'D)
Wow. It's heavy!

TIM
The guy said I'm the youngest they've ever hired. He said they liked my initiative. All I have to do is study this, take the test and I'm in.

He throws a manual on the table and grabs a donut.

JEN
Is it dangerous? What if someone sets up a roadblock?

TIM
The Armored Ground Carrier can penetrate most obstructions. And if someone did manage to effectively block the road, say with a bulldozer, it's the duty of the driver to use any necessary force to stop the assailants until assistance arrives.

The book shows a generic guard shooting at generic assailants.

TIM (CONT'D)
The guys in the back stay locked in and protect the cargo.

JEN
How much do they carry?

TIM
Anywhere from 1 to 10 million on paydays.
We may get calls sometimes to go to the
airport -- 3, 4 o'clock in the morning.

Jen puts down the donut and looks at the manual.

JEN
This is way cooler than Burger Fag.

22 **EXT. ARMORED CAR MOTOR POOL -- MORNING**

Tim, JOHN and DAVID walk out to their armored truck. John is in his late 20's, prematurely balding, David is in his 40's, they both have pronounced beer guts and bad cop mustaches.

23 **INT. ARMORED CAR -- DAY**

Up front, JOHN and DAVID happily ride.

In back, Tim rides in the NOISY, cramped vault, separated from the men up front, bumping along, looking very uncomfortable. Actual money bags at his feet.

He watches John and David on a bad black and white monitor. DAVID clicks on a CB:

DAVID
Lunchtime, Kid.

24 **EXT. BURGER KING -- DAY**

The truck is parked in a Burger King parking lot. Tim and John sit in the cool AC of the front.

JOHN
(slyly)
Kid. Look.

Tim looks. Out back, a SMOKING MANAGER stares at the truck.

JOHN (CONT'D)
He's casing us. People do it all the time
and think we don't notice. Look. He's
totally thinking about it.
(under his breath)
Yeah, you think about it, bitch.

Tim looks at John, a little wide-eyed.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Watch this.

John hops out, struts around the truck, checks the tires.

Then he stares right at the manager, and puts his hand on his pistol. His eyes narrow. He unhooks the clasp on his gun.

The manager notices, gets scared, and puts his cigarette out. Goes inside. John hops in, with a shit-eating grin.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Teach a bitch a fuckin' lesson.

David comes out of the BK with lunch, wearing mirrored sunglasses. Tim has to hop out, and go back to the vault.

They hand him his bag of food, and lock him in.

25 **EXT. PLOT OF LAND, UPSTATE NEW YORK -- DAY**

Tim and Jen stand by an empty two-lane highway in the freezing cold. Scrubby trees dot the landscape.

The Buick is pulled off to the side of the road. Sticking out of the dead grass is a "For Sale" sign.

TIM
I'll build the cabin right here... and if I dam up that stream I can put in a water-wheel. With the land to hunt on, we'll be totally self-sufficient.

Jen tries to imagine the water-wheel.

JEN
And you already got the loan or whatever?

TIM
Ten Thousand Dollars.

JEN
That's awesome.

Tim wanders into the woods, planning.

TIM
(over his shoulder)
This way, there'll always be a place where --

JEN
Tim!

Tim runs back over to Jen. Jen looks down at her feet.

JEN (CONT'D)
Look.

Jen crouches down and digs a little, pushing away leaves. It's an arrowhead. She holds it in her hands.

26 **INT. BUICK/EXT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON.**

Tim and Jen pull into the carport, Tim pulls out the keys. He is angry.

TIM
I want you to think about what you're saying, Jen.

JEN
I've already talked it over with Patty and Mom. And with the school.

TIM
Well you've not talked it over with me.

JEN
It's just for next year. The schools in Florida are like way better.

Tim glares straight ahead.

TIM
Maybe if you live with Mom for a while you'll realize what kind of a person she really is.

JEN
I knew you were going to be like this. You're such a dick. GOD.

Jen gets out of the car, and slams the door. Tim watches her go inside.

27 **INT. BUFFALO BAR - AFTERNOON**

MUSIC plays in the dim bar; it's payday happy-hour. Tim has his paycheck out on the counter, and scribbles math on the stub. David slaps him on the back.

JOHN
(in horrible pickaninny accent)
Miss liberty sho do take a bite!

John passes Tim a beer.

DAVID
...porch monkeys is what you're paying for, our taxes pay for every kid they have, they make money if they have more kids. Won't be long 'til people like you and me are in the minority, son. Hell, by the time you're my age, Buffalo's gonna look like Africa.

JOHN
That's the truth. Already does.

Tim swigs his beer, unsure of these racist fat-asses.

TIM
By the time I'm your age I don't plan on living in Buffalo.

David takes offense. John slaps Tim on the back.

JOHN
I heard that buddy. I heard that.

DAVID
You need to educate yourself, son.

David pulls a red book out of his back pocket.

DAVID (CONT'D)
The Turner Diaries. It's about when the race war comes to America.

John winces. The front of the worn book features a pretty woman with a heroic expression. The back reads

WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN THEY COME FOR YOUR GUNS? This shocking tale of the America's second civil war that the government tried to ban is finally available in this limited edition.

28 INT. BANK -- DAY

Tim sits in a dingy Buffalo bank, in full security guard outfit, waiting for a pretty young BANK MANAGER. He is reading "The Turner Diaries".

TURNER DIARIES (V.O.)
October 13, 1991. At 9:15 yesterday morning our bomb went off in the FBI's national headquarters building. Overturned trucks and automobiles, smashed office furniture, and building rubble were strewn wildly about -- and so were the bodies of a shockingly large number of victims.

The manager waves at him, collecting bags from several tellers. PEOPLE wait in line, chatting.

TURNER DIARIES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All day yesterday and most of today we watched the TV coverage of rescue crews bringing the dead and injured out of the building. It is a heavy burden of responsibility for us to bear, since most of the victims of our bomb were only pawns, no more committed to the sick philosophy or the racially destructive goals of the System than we are.

BANK MANAGER
I'm sorry I've made you wait, sir.

TIM
It's no problem at all, Ma'am.

29 INT. ARMORED CAR -- DAY

The speedometer climbs to 60 as Tim blasts down a side street, surging through a rundown neighborhood. The radio blares "Carry On My Wayward Son".

TIM
(over the music)
I don't agree with the methods they use, really, but I guess that if it came to war then it'd be a whole other ball game.

DAVID
(eyeing the speedometer)
Take it easy there, son.

David steadies his cup of coffee. Tim turns up the AC, and pulls into a bank parking lot, much too fast.

TIM
Now some guys came out to my property the other day and tried to --

CUT TO:

2 SECONDS OF BLACK, THEN

30 **EXT. PARKING LOT -- SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT -- DAY**

Plastic fragments litter the road. A starburst impact on the driver's window of the sedan they hit, its fender badly torn.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN steps out of the car, dazed, forehead bleeding. Tim unbuckles and jumps out of the truck, hand on his pistol.

Tim takes her arm and lowers her to the pavement.

John steps out of the rear of the truck. A little blood trickles down Tim's forehead. The radio blares on.

TIM
It's OK ma'am, it's my fault, I'm at fault. You need to stay still until --

WOMAN
I just have to, I just have to --

David stomps over and YANKS Tim away, hard.

DAVID
WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING,
YOU COULD'VE KILLED HER!

TIM
FUCK YOU!

Tim's hand absently goes to his gun. David curls his lip in disgust.

DAVID
Get in the truck, you little punk.

The music stops. John jumps out of the truck, his nose is bleeding.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We'll get you an ambulance, Miss.

31 **EXT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Tim pulls into the carport, shuts off the engine. Television light flickers against the windows.

32 INT. MCVEIGH LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The Iran/Contra hearings play on the television.

OLIVER NORTH
 We were soldiers. It is a soldier's job
 to follow orders, to carry them out to
 the very best of his ability. I believed
 that what Admiral Poindexter was doing
 was for the good of our country, and I
 still do believe that, Senator.

Bill McVeigh is dressed for work, and smokes a cigarette. Tim walks in, still wearing his gun, and carrying a six-pack.

He sits, cracks open a beer.

BILL
 Tim. How was work?

TIM
 (tightly)
 It was OK.

COMITTEE CHAIR
 If you could just answer the question,
 Mr. North.

OLIVER NORTH
 I am answering, your question, Senator.

BILL
 Smart man. They wanted him to take the
 axe for it, and he just flipped it around
 on them. They look like a bunch of fools
 and he's going to be a hero. Very smart.
 (frowning)
 Were you in a fight?

Tim's got a Bandaid over his left eye. He drinks.

TIM
 We had an accident at work. Fender
 bender, nothing too serious.

BILL
 Hmpf. Jen called you. They're going to
 have a hurricane, and she's all excited
 about it. You should give her
 a call.

Bill picks up the keys. Points at Tim's head.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Careful with that head of yours. You've
 only got one.

Bill half-salutes, exits, leaving Tim staring at the TV, where Senator Daniel Inouye is declaring North a new American hero.

33 INT. TIM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tim sits in his room, staring at a "Soldier of Fortune" magazine, talking on the phone.

TIM

Yeah. Last week these assholes came out and asked us to stop shooting and I whipped out my deed and was like, it's my property and you're on it. That was pretty nice. They were like oh, sorry, we'll just put our thumbs back in our asses now. Pretty nice.

Tim fiddles with the phone.

TIM (CONT'D)

(joking) Tell Patty she's a stupid frickin' ho' and a nosy Florida ho' which is totally the worst. Tell her I said so. No! NO! Aw shit. Hi Patty. Yeah.

(serious) Oh yeah. They made me the driver. I'm driving now.

Tim looks himself in the mirror. He picks at the Bandaids.

TIM (CONT'D)

(suddenly angry) No I just said Jen should get some kind of protection. Florida's the fucking rape capital of the world, Patty. She's 16, I think she knows how to use a firearm!

(pause) I don't give a shit what Mom says. It's Jen's money and she should use it however she wants. It's a free country. Jesus. Put Jen back on. And mind your own fucking business.

Tim mimes flipping the bird. But his tone turns mellow.

TIM (CONT'D)

I just want her to be safe, you know?

(pause) Hey kid. Don't let Patty ruin your life while you're down there, OK?

34 INT. JEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tim flips the light on in Jen's old room. It's perfectly neat. Pictures of her and Tim are on the dresser, with their grandfather, their older sister Patty, and Tim's mother.

Tim picks a few up, gazing at them, looking very much alone.

He puts the pictures back, and flicks off the light.

35 INT. ARMY RECRUITER'S OFFICE -- DAY

The office is situated in a seedy strip-mall, with a storefront window covered in "Be All You Can Be" army posters.

TIM
 I believe the structured environment of the armed forces would be a place where I could develop my skills and abilities more than I am currently able to as a civilian. I'm focused, hardworking, and I'm good in high pressure situations. Plus, my real-world experience in security gives me an edge over recruits who are right out of high school.

A stout army RECRUITER, mid-40's, smiles like a car salesman behind his dingy desk, humoring Tim. He surveys Tim's file.

TIM (CONT'D)
 I guess I'm what you'd call a "weekend-warrior" type. That's part of why I think I'm Green Beret material.

The recruiter shuts Tim's file.

RECRUITER
 Mr. McVeigh, with your test scores, you can write your own ticket. I've got a kickup worth three thousand dollars here for a 96 Bravo, Military intelligence.

The recruiter punctuates everything he says with stale public-speaking-class style hand gestures.

TIM
 I can see the importance of that position, but I'm pretty set on Special Forces.

RECRUITER
 It's your call, son. But Special Forces isn't an entry level position. We need to get you into a position that can get you into Special Forces. I've got an 11-Mike opening right here -- mechanized infantry.

The recruiter hands Tim a glossy brochure featuring speeding tanks and starts filling out paperwork.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)
 Tell you what. I signed two boys from Pendleton this week. Let's say you recommended them. Gives you a bonus.

TIM
 Um. Is that legal?

RECRUITER
 Ultimately, yes.
 (filling out the form)
 How long have you wanted to be in the army, son?

TIM
 All my life.

36 EXT. FT. BENNING -- GA

The army base is situated between a sandy pine forest and a swamp. A helicopter flies over, spraying bug spray.

37 EXT. PINE FOREST, FORT BENNING, GA -- DAY

YOUNG RECRUITS sit in pairs on pine straw, swatting mosquitos. They're covered in sweat, sitting on blankets, and surrounded with the internal workings of M-16s.

Tim is paired off with a wiry, hyper, dark-haired recruit named MICHAEL FORTIER. Mike struggles to break down his M-16. Tim breezes through the operation, puts his back together.

TIM
(raising his hand)
TIME!

MIKE
Motherfucker! Nobody told me I was going to be a fucking gun scientist.

Tim pulls the charging handle out of the bolt carrier.

TIM
Work back to front. Pop out the takedown first. That's why they call it the takedown.

Two muscle-bound recruits seated next to Tim and Mike struggle with their guns. One, FARNSWORTH, already doesn't like Tim.

FARNSWORTH
I saw him fucking that thing last night.
You cleaning out the jizz, McVeigh?

Tim raises his hand.

TIM
Done!

MIKE
Ahh, fuck.

DRILL SERGEANT
ARE YOU SENILE, NICHOLS? ARE YOU GOING TO WAR WITH GRANDMA AND GRANDPA?

Nearby, TERRY NICHOLS wrestles hopelessly with his gun. At 35, and wearing thick glasses, he is by far the oldest recruit here, paired with a young black recruit, LEWIS.

The lanky old DRILL SERGEANT glowers over the man.

DRILL SERGEANT (CONT'D)
I GOT AN ARMY BASE FULL OF HIGH SCHOOL FAGGOTS AND RETARDS BUT YOU PRIVATE NICHOLS TAKE THE MOTHERFUCKING CAKE. ARE YOU HIGH ON GERITOL PRIVATE NICHOLS?

Terry keeps struggling with the stock.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR
 I ASKED YOU A QUESTION PRIVATE NICHOLS.
 IS IT THE GERITOL HIGH THAT MAKES YOU
 OPERATE AN M-16 LIKE MY DEAF GRANDMOTHER
 GOD REST HER SOUL?

TERRY
 DRILL SERGEANT, MY RIFLE HAS A
 MALFUNCTION.

DRILL SERGEANT
 YOU STILL HAVE NOT ANSWERED MY QUESTION
 PRIVATE NICHOLS.

Terry suddenly grabs Lewis' rifle, assembles it like he's some kind of machine, faster than anyone else. He swings it up into parade rest. Everyone gawks.

TERRY
 DRILL SERGEANT, IT IS NOT THE GERITOL.

A few of the recruits snicker, but Terry keeps a dead serious face. The sergeant glowers.

MIKE
 Trippy man, what a fucking trip for that old cat to be in here with us assholes.

38 INT. BARRACKS, FT. RILEY -- NIGHT

Soldiers file in, exhausted. While other soldiers are getting into bed and kicking back, Tim makes his bed neatly.

LEWIS
 What the hell you doing?

TIM
 I sleep on top of the covers. Gives me 10 extra minutes in the morning.

LEWIS
 (friendly)
 What you trying to prove, boy?

TIM
 Don't call me boy.

LEWIS
 (exasperated)
 You all right. Whatever.

Mike is already tucked in.

MIKE
 You got to relax man, or no one's gonna like you.

TIM
 They don't have to like me.

Tim plops down on his bunk.

MIKE
 (softly singing)
 "Blood makes the grass grow/kill/
 kill/kill!" Man. This place sucks.

39 INT. FORT BENNING MESS HALL -- DAY

In the busy mess hall, Terry Nichols is eating alone, in the middle of a long table.

TIM
 My name's Tim McVeigh.

Tim sits, and extends his hand to shake, all business.

TERRY
 I'm Terry Nichols.

TIM
 I thought it was pretty cool what you said to the Sarge the other day. That guy's really got it out for you.

TERRY
 He's in his army, I'm in mine.

Tim ponders this.

TIM
 If you don't mind me asking, what's a guy your age doing in basic?

TERRY
 I love my country. This army needs honest patriots.

Tim thinks about this.

TIM
 What were you doing before this?

TERRY
 Agriculture. Beets, some corn. But farming's a losing game. The Fed doesn't much like farmers.

Mike Fortier and TWO OTHER RECRUITS noisily sit down next to Tim and Terry.

MIKE
 Dudes.

TIM
 Mike.

MIKE
 (to Terry)
 They have you on fireguard all night man?
 That's some shit.

Terry pushes up his glasses. Eats his food.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I heard they're sending us to Ft. Riley.
Which I also hear is a total shithole.

TIM
Is that in Texas?

MIKE
No. Fucking Kansas.

TERRY
Riley's an old Indian fighting fort,
Custer's cavalry was stationed there.

TIM
That's pretty cool.

TERRY
Not too cool for the Indians. Government
wants your land, they send in the troops.

TIM
Well you can't just have angry Indians
riding around wreaking havoc and stuff.

TERRY
(gesturing with fork)
The federal government and private
corporations, not the citizens, stole the
Black Hills from the Sioux and mined out
two billion dollars in gold.

Mike and the other recruits look skeptical. Tim listens.

TERRY (CONT'D)
The Supreme Court even agreed with the
Indians, but the federal government only
paid out twenty million.

MIKE
That's more than they ever gave me.

TIM
How'd they get away with only paying
twenty million?

TERRY
You don't need to pay when you have an
army. When you have an army, you can
print money. You can unprint money.

Terry aggressively salts his mashed potatoes.

MIKE
If you don't like the federal government
so much, what are you doing in the army?

TERRY
I'm a patriot. Loving your country and
loving your government are two different
things. People need to realize that.

MIKE
(still skeptical)
Gotcha.

TIM
I read that when Crazy Horse defeated
Custer at the Little Bighorn, the Sioux
ate Custer's liver so his soul would stay
trapped on earth.

TERRY
Now that I didn't know.

Everyone contemplates this as they finish their lunch.

MIKE
(looking at his fork)
I wonder whose liver this is.

40 **EXT. FOREST, FT. BENNING, TRAINING OPERATION-- DAY**

Tim tracks through weeds, in full camo gear. He looks like he's in a commercial for the army. Terry is the squad leader, giving Tim and the other soldiers hand signals to advance.

A target pops up. Terry nails it. Another. POW! Tim nails his. They push forward -- crawling running, ducking. Up ahead -- a RED FLAG sticks out of the ground.

Tim leaves his cover, charging for the flag. He makes it half way when --

CRASH! LEWIS dives for the flag at the same time, knocking Tim sprawling. Lewis GRABS the red flag and holds it aloft.

But Tim FLINGS himself at Lewis, tackling him. The two hit the dirt, flailing and punching.

Lewis is getting the best of Tim. Terry comes running over.

TERRY
HEY! BREAK IT UP. BREAK IT UP!

The drill sergeant comes running through the woods.

DRILL SERGEANT
CEASE FIRE!

Terry yanks on Tim, and ANOTHER SOLDIER yanks Lewis away.

LEWIS
I'll beat the piss out of you, boy.

TIM
I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU, YOU FUCKING --

TERRY
(in Tim's face)
THAT'S ENOUGH, PRIVATE! CONTROL YOURSELF!

Mike and a few other soldiers appear, and now, the sergeant.

DRILL SERGEANT
 SQUAD LEADER NICHOLS, CAN YOU TELL ME
 JUST WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?

Terry salutes. Lewis and Tim glare at each other.

TERRY
 It was an accident, drill sergeant.
 Privates Lewis and McVeigh reached the
 target simultaneously, and collided.

Blood is trickling out of McVeigh's nose, and he's beet red.
 Lewis stands at attention, sweat on his brow.

DRILL SERGEANT
 Is that so?

LEWIS
 YES DRILL SERGEANT!

TIM
 Yes, sir.

TERRY
 Permission to resume operation, Drill
 sergeant?

DRILL SERGEANT
 Granted. On my signal.

The Drill sergeant stalks off through the woods.

TERRY
 Now I want you both to shake.

Lewis casually extends his hand. Tim hesitates, still furious.
 He shakes. O.S. The whistle blows.

41 **INT. TRANSPORT BUS -- NIGHT**

Soldiers sleep in their seats. Outside, small towns file past.
 Tim and Terry sit in the back of a bus.

TERRY
 What about your mother?

TIM
 She left when I was 14. But I was pretty
 happy about it, I guess.

TERRY
 Why do you say that?

TIM
 She cheated on my father. Then everyone
 found out about it. It really sucked.

TERRY
 (nodding)
 My mother had mental illness.

Terry shakes his head.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 It's our society, Tim. You can't have a functional family in a dysfunctional society, and you can't have a functional society in a dysfunctional country. That's just not how it works.

(beat)
 I mean, I've got a wife and a kid, and I'll do anything to keep that together. But it's not easy. There are forces in this world trying to pull us apart.

Terry opens his wallet and shows Tim a picture of his family.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 That's Lana, and Josh there. He's six.

TIM
 That's a good looking kid.

TERRY
 I just hope he has a country to grow up in. Way things are going, he could be in for a bad ride.

Terry flicks off his light, and stares out the window as the towns roll past. Tim gets up and moves towards the front of the bus.

Mike Fortier's light is on. He's reading the Turner Diaries. Tim sits down next to him.

MIKE
 Dude this book is totally insane.

TIM
 Have they invaded Little Rock yet?

MIKE
 Arkansas is in flames, man.

42 **INT. MESS HALL, FT. RILEY -- DAY**

Tim tears open a box, containing several copies of "The Turner Diaries". He walks to a table of WHITE SOLDIERS, hands one out. A table of BLACK SOLDIERS, including Lewis, takes notice.

LEWIS
 McVeigh! Yo! Over here.

Tim looks up. One of the white soldiers near Tim mouths "Oh shit" and two others grin at Tim like he's busted.

Tim walks over to the table, books in hand. At another table, Terry watches.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Hey. Can I have one of those?

Tim evenly looks at Lewis -- and hands it over.

TIM
Sure. But you might get offended.

LEWIS
(sarcastic)
Offended? I heard this book was all about killing niggers. Why would I be offended?

TIM
You might disagree with that part, but there's plenty of stuff you'd probably agree with if you read it. I've read it about twenty times, and I'm not a racist or anything.

LEWIS
Really? I'm real glad to hear that. Totally relieved. People'd been talking about how you was some kind of white supremacist and I was like that shit's not even possible in the army.

Tim looks Lewis in the eye. The other soldiers quiet down.

TIM
You should read it and see what you think.

LEWIS
That's exactly what I'll do.

Lewis pulls out a five. The other soldiers at Lewis' table slap him on the back. One soldier doesn't laugh.

BLACK SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)
Boy, you're gonna get your ass kicked.

Tim looks at the soldiers steadily. Walks back to his table and sits down. Everyone is kind of quiet.

TERRY
You need protection?

TIM
It's cool. I'm not a racist.

Tim eats, stiffly nonchalant. Across the mess hall, TWO OFFICERS talk, looking Tim's way.

One marches over. Tim moves the box of books off the table and puts them on a chair. Mike hunkers down.

MIKE
Fuck dude. Now you've done it.

The officer, a FIRST SERGEANT, shows up. The men stand, saluting, looking anxious.

FIRST SERGEANT
Timothy McVeigh?

TIM
Yes Sir.

FIRST SERGEANT
You have been invited for the Special
Forces Assessment and Selection, to be
held this September 10 at Ft. Bragg.

He hands Tim a packet.

FIRST SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Congratulations. Col. Felman wishes you
good luck.

The Sergeant turns and leaves. Tim is stunned.

MIKE
Hot-damn! We gonna have us a Green Beret!

Mike slaps Tim's back. Terry beams with pride.

43 **INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT**

LOUD MUSIC plays. Tim excitedly talks on the payphone, soldiers pass, high-fiving him and slapping his back.

TIM
I go up in 6 weeks. If I qualify it takes
about two years, with everything.
(grinning)
Well if you want to you better see me
before I'm in the Forces. After that, who
knows where I might end up -- might have
to change my name, go undercover and
stuff. Anything could happen. But listen.
I want you to call Granddad and tell him.
Tonight.

Tim leans against the wall.

TIM (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I love you too, Jen. Keep your nose
clean, twerp.

Terry cocks his bowling ball, concentrating on the pins. Pitches. A perfect strike! Mike whoops, Terry plays it cool.

Now Mike, Terry and Tim are talking while the other team bowls. Terry's tow-headed 8 year old, JOSH, does a find-a-word next to his dad.

TIM (CONT'D)
They take away our guns and they can do
whatever they want. Look at the Brady
bill.

MIKE
Never happen. Not in my lifetime.

TERRY
You have to look at the deeper trend,
Mike.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 It's like the frog in the boiling water.
 You put a frog in hot water he'll hop
 out. But if you put him in when it's
 cold, and heat it up slowly, he'll just
 boil to death.

MIKE
 Frogs can't think, man. They're reptiles.

Mike gets up for his turn. Terry drinks his beer, looking up
 at a hanging television set.

TIM
 Don't listen to him. Mike's a smart-ass.

TERRY
 He's normal, Tim. He's learned to not
 have a care about anything but himself,
 and having fun, no matter what the cost.

Mike is indeed having fun, no matter what. He's talking up
 some PRETTY GIRL, now. Terry glowers.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 They're getting us ready for something.
 Something big. There's a full company of
 U.N. Peacekeepers coming to the base on
 Sunday. Going to be here for a few weeks.
 Maybe longer.
 (blackly)
 I smell a war, Tim.

Tim is antsy, distracted. He swigs his beer.

TIM
 Maybe that's exactly what the country
 needs. And there's not much use being in
 the army if you don't go to war once in a
 while.

TERRY
 So you'd just fight any war, and not
 question whether it was right or wrong?

TIM
 (shrugging)
 I'm a soldier.

TERRY
 This army doesn't need any more soldiers.
 It needs leaders. You're a natural
 leader, and a true patriot. Being a
 patriot means taking responsibility.
 Which is something most "soldiers" seem
 to have forgotten.

Now Farnsworth and Mike are pushing each other around, falling
 onto someone else's lane, laughing their asses off.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Don't be one of them. No matter what
 happens.

44 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT -- KANSAS -- NIGHT

Tim and Terry walk through the dusty gravel parking lot, Tim swinging Josh up onto his shoulders. They get to Terry's car.

TERRY
Josh, can you stay in the car for a minute? Tim and I need to have a talk.

JOSH
OK.

Josh nods, gravely.

TIM
See you round, kiddo.

Josh gives Tim the thumbs up. A few DRUNK SOLDIERS kick up dust in their jeep. Tim and Terry walk.

TERRY
They're never going to give me real rank, not in this man's army. Sure, they'll let me brown-nose my way through the bureaucracy for the rest of my life, stealing honest taxpayer's money. With the Berets, you've got potential to make a difference in the mindset.

(beat)
Me, I'll do better as a civilian.

TIM
What do you mean?

Terry is silent for a while.

TERRY
I'm leaving the army, Tim. Lana's divorcing me, and I'm taking a hardship discharge to sort this thing out.

Tim is stunned.

TIM
Can't you just take some time off?

TERRY
It's not that easy. If she gets custody... I just can't risk losing Josh. You'll understand when you're a father.

TIM
That's bullshit, Terry, and you know it! You're good at this. I'm good at this. I mean...
(at a loss)
You need to just hang in a little longer, and things will get better. I know they will.

TERRY
I've made my decision, Tim.

Tim searches Terry's face.

TERRY (CONT'D)
My farm is less than an hour away from
the base. You can train there if you
want, and I'd be honored if you did. My
door is always open to you, Tim. Always.

TIM
Yeah. I'm gonna go back inside, OK?
(bitter)
I'll see you around, Terry.

Tim heads back to the bowling alley, Terry watches him go.

45 **INT. BOWLING ALLEY, JUNCTION CITY, KS -- NIGHT**

Tim walks into the bowling alley. Mike and Farnsworth and all the other soldiers are gathered around a television set, all quiet, serious.

Saddam Hussein and an Iraqi flag, superimposed. A title swings in; "KUWAIT INVASION".

Tim walks up.

TIM
What's going on?

MIKE
This dude just invaded Kuwait.

46 **EXT. ARIAL VIEW -- KUWAIT**

The earth peels past, farmland gives way to ocean, and ocean to desert. Tim peers out the window anxiously. It's the first time he's flown anywhere.

47 **EXT. TENT CITY -- NIGHT**

A COUPLE OF SOLDIERS drink beer, someone snaps a picture. ANOTHER GROUP plays poker. Music BLARES. Tim is at a makeshift desk, wearing a thick coat, writing.

TIM TEXT (WRITING)
Day 37. Dear Jen. Your big brother has
just been made Big Sergeant, probably so
they can put him on the front lines when
the shit finally gets around to hitting
the fan. I'm pretty worried So-Damn-
Insane (what we call Saddam here) might
surprise us.

Private JACINTO comes up.

JACINTO
Sergeant, you got 50 dollars?

Without looking up, Tim reaches in his pocket and pulls out a wad of bills.

JACINTO (CONT'D)
Goddamn man, you rob a bank?

Tim lays a \$50 out, along with a ledger book, and looks Jacinto in the eye.

TIM
Do you know what 130 percent of 50 is?

JACINTO
You're a bitch, man.

TIM
You owe me 65 dollars on Friday. The next Friday you owe me 85.

JACINTO
If I ain't blowed up.

Tim puts out his hand. Jacinto shakes it.

FARNSWORTH (O.S.)
(catcalling)
Sergeant McJew!

Tim flips someone the bird and goes back to the letter.

48 EXT. TENT CITY -- DAY

The 11-Mike infantry looks like some kind of alternative universe spring break celebration.

MUSIC BLARES, SOLDIERS walk around wearing t-shirts on their heads like turbans, some play volleyball, some sunbathe on a huge rubber water tank.

Tim is away from the fray, up on the turret of his tank, using tape, and a can of spray paint, to stencil "BAD COMPANY" on the Bradley. His nose is covered in zinc oxide.

He leans back to admire his work. Happy... until he notices the muzzle of the bradley. It's covered in grease and sand.

49 EXT. TACO WAGON, TENT CITY -- DAY

Lewis and Jacinto stand in a long line of soldiers waiting for food at an army taco wagon. Tim walks up, looking pissed.

TIM
You were supposed to pull and maintenance the cannon this morning.

LEWIS
Too hot up on that turret for my minimum wage ass. Why can't they make a gun self-cleaning, like an oven?

JACINTO
If it was, it'd be clean by now.

TIM
I'm serious. I'm going to have to write you both up if you don't get your act together.

LEWIS
When you write up your report, be sure to put in the part about you being a racist fucking cracker.

TIM
I'm glad I'm the gunner on this crew and not you.

LEWIS
Shit, I'm glad for that every day.

Suddenly a HUGE DARK CLOUD floats up.

JACINTO
What the shit?

An ALARM goes off. Soldiers start running every which way, putting on gas masks. ONE SOLDIER starts crying hysterically.

Tim throws on his gas mask, grabs his chem-suit and comes running around a tent, gun in hand, loping, in control. He grabs a PANICKING SOLDIER and shoves a gas-mask in his hands.

Something is on FIRE. A shirtless soldier runs towards the men, making the universal cut-off symbol.

SOLDIER
IT'S JUST THE LATRINES! FALSE ALARM! THE LATRINES ARE ON FIRE!

More soldiers appear.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
SIMPSON SET OFF THE FUEL BY ACCIDENT, THE LATRINES CAUGHT FIRE. HE'S OK. FALSE ALARM.

Tim pulls off his mask, breathing heavy.

Other soldiers gather at the edge of the tents. A distance away, what would appear to be 6 outhouses are ABLAZE. A few soldiers fall down laughing.

Tim throws his mask down, disgusted.

50 **EXT. ARABIAN DESERT, TENT CITY -- DAY**

Tim walks with LT. DAVIS, a young officer fresh out of West Point, away from the main camp.

TIM
I think America has some serious issues, but I don't think it's because of race, so I'm not what you'd call a racist which is a misconception of some of the men.

LT. DAVIS
 I don't totally follow you on that one, McVeigh. And it's probably better if I don't. The point is that some of the men feel like you treat them unfairly. It's affecting morale.

TIM
 Well Sir, I don't think morale would be a problem if the men had something to do. We're getting fat and lazy, waiting for Saddam to shit or get off the pot.

LT. DAVIS
 At the moment, your goal as a leader is to maintain the integrity your unit, not blame the situation.

Tim's eyes narrow, but the Lt. steadily smiles.

LT. DAVIS (CONT'D)
 How about I set you up for some team-building skills seminars. They've got air conditioning in the seminar trailers.
 (patting Tim's shoulder)
 You'll like it.

Lt. Davis gives a perfunctory smile, and walks away.

51 **INT. TENT -- NIGHT**

Most soldiers are sleeping, but Tim lies awake. Distant RUMBLING in the distance. He sits up, anxious. Jacinto is sitting up too, looking scared.

Tim goes outside, Jacinto follows, wrapped in a blanket. In the distance, TINY POINTS OF LIGHT float up into the sky, followed by flashes, and a low THUMP. Jacinto watches too.

52 **EXT. ARABIAN DESERT, TENT CITY -- NIGHT**

Under Kleig lights, Lieutenant Davis walks into the group. The troops stand to and salute.

LIEUTENANT
 Our unit has been given the honor of spearheading the ground offensive. We're going in balls to the wall with the heavy armor, air support, ARTy, you name it.

The Lieutenant clears his throat.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
 It's called Operation Desert Saber, which I think is a pretty cool name. We're the sharp end of the stick, men. Our job is to effect a breach in the Iraqi lines.
 (beat)
 We're facing the Elite Republican guard.

Most of the men look worried. Tim listens intently, excited.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
 Now I know some of you guys are scared. I also know that some won't be coming back. But we're the best trained, best equipped fighting force in history. No matter what they hit us with, we're going to hit 'em back twice as hard. Saddle up, men.

53 EXT. ARABIAN DESERT -- NIGHT

Tim's head projects from the turret of the Bradley. The Bradley speeds through the desert. It's almost pitch dark. The sound of other tanks is deafening.

Jet noise crescendos overhead. Tim looks up at the stars, then ducks down, closing the hatch behind him.

54 INT. BRADLEY GUNNER'S STATION -- NIGHT

YOUNG GIs huddle in the back of the speeding tank, the radio screeching, and the noise DEAFENING. Tim peers into the night vision periscope.

SCOPE: The winking of what could be MUZZLE FLASHES form a line of GLOWING GREEN GLOBS. The line of advancing Bradleys extends as far as the scope can see.

TIM
 Bunker line ahead. We're receiving small arms fire.

JACINTO
 Roger that! Engage! Engage!

SCOPE: Tim finds a bunker's outline in his sight. It has radio antennae coming out the top. An IRAQI SOLDIER steps out of the door --

The turret servos WHINE as Tim drops his cross-hairs onto the Iraqi man. The cannon FIRES. The Iraqi's head and upper torso DISAPPEAR.

55 INT. BRADLEY GUNNER'S STATION -- NIGHT

The men high five and hoot. Jacinto slaps his back.

TIM
 I GOT HIM!

JACINTO
 1000 meters. Sergeant McJew can shoot!
 Yes SIR! Did you SEE THAT SHIT?

56 INT. BRADLEY GUNNER'S STATION -- NIGHT

The tank rolls along, the soldiers are mostly silent. In the scope, Tim sees a muzzle flash from a low hill. He swivels and sights...

LEWIS
 Troops left! They're trying to surrender!

57 EXT. IRAQI EARTHWORKS -- PRE-DAWN

Tim's tank arrives next to another Bradley. Out of the darkness, 30 IRAQIS walk toward the tanks, their hands up.

Tim pops his hatch and turns the turret to cover the POW's.

The Iraqi troops are emaciated, dressed in rags. One of them holds up a white flag. The rear hatch of the other tank opens and 6 GIs roll out the back, followed by the Lieutenant, who talks to a combat radio.

In their advanced uniforms and night vision goggles, the GIs look like flawless robots by comparison.

LIEUTENANT
(to Tim)
You got it up there?

TIM
Yes, sir.

In the background, a COMBAT BULLDOZER moves on, plowing a heavy wave of earth into a line of enemy trenches.

Beyond the bunker, the bulldozer has poured earth into an occupied trench. HANDS stick out of the pile, and LEGS.

One of the prisoners starts yelling in Iraqi Arabic, and pointing at the trench. The other Iraqi POWs start murmuring.

The lieutenant produces a gun and holds it at the man's head.

LIEUTENANT
Prisoners stay quiet. You understand?
TURN AROUND.

The POW's turn around, their hands on their heads, silent.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
We've got this covered, Sgt. McVeigh. You can move on.

Tim goes back into the Bradley, popping the hatch shut. Jacinto watches action from a monitor.

JACINTO
(quietly to Tim)
Look at that man. They buried those dudes alive. The ones in the trenches? That's what that other dude was freaking out about.
(beat)
I don't think we're supposed to do that.

FARNSWORTH
They're fucking ragheads, man.

TIM
Let's move out.

58 EXT. ROAD TO BASRA -- MORNING

The sun is rising on what looks like a traffic jam in hell.

A blackened highway twists and turns into the white horizon, 80 solid miles of smoking, torn vehicles. TANKS, AMBULANCES, TRUCKS and MERCEDES alike pile up as far as the eye can see.

The only color is from the bright reds, greens and golds of civilian clothing, strewn out of ruptured suitcases.

"Bad Company" rolls past the carnage, then comes to a stop. The back gangway lowers, and Tim gets out of the tank, followed by the other soldiers.

TWO GAS-MASKED SOLDIERS start pulling the hood ornament off a Mercedes. Another one picks up a twisted AR-15 by the snout.

The HALF BURNED REMAINS OF A MAN smolder nearby.

LEWIS
Shit. Look.

Near the man are crawling tracks, leading to the unmistakable forms of a WOMAN and CHILD, also dead.

Lewis staggers away, pulls off his mask, and throws up.

Tim turns around. FARNSWORTH has put a cigar in the mouth of the burned man, while another soldier takes pictures.

Tim marches over, and with the butt of his rifle, knocks Farnsworth SPRAWLING.

TIM
HEY! GET BACK IN THE FUCKING TANK.
EVERYBODY BACK TO YOUR POSITIONS.

59 INT. BRADLEY GUNNER'S STATION -- DAY

Everyone climbs back in, pulls off their gas masks. Jacinto puts on his communications gear as the tank begins to move.

TIM
What's your fucking problem? You don't touch the bodies. NO ONE fucking touches the bodies!

The men are all quiet, staring at Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)
What's CTAC have to say?

JACINTO
Hold on.
(wide-eyed)
Dude.

He looks at Tim, listens to his radio.

JACINTO (CONT'D)
They're saying we won.

Tim furrows his brow. The other soldiers look.

TIM
What?

JACINTO
War's over. So-Damn gave up. We won.

LEWIS
Fuck. Wow.

JACINTO
(to the radio, so all the men
can hear)
Hey motherfuckers. We won. We're going
home!

Everyone starts cheering.

Tim looks confused.

60 **INT. PASSENGER PLANE -- DAY**

A civilian airline, full, scattered with RETURNING SOLDIERS in dress uniform. Tim sits in his uncomfortable seat, staring out the window at the harsh blue of the upper atmosphere, a stack of pictures in his hand.

A FATHERLY MAN sits next to Tim. His WIFE and KID watch a movie, wearing headphones.

FATHERLY MAN
You on your way back from the Gulf?

TIM
Yeah.

FATHERLY MAN
You boys did a great job over there.
(beat)
I heard... How many soldiers did we lose?
Like a couple hundred? That's amazing.

TIM
Seventy nine.

FATHERLY MAN
What?

TIM
We lost seventy nine men.

FATHERLY MAN
Oh.
(beat)
That's even more amazing.

Tim nods, distant. The man wrinkles his brow.

FATHERLY MAN (CONT'D)
How many did the Iraqis lose?

^{TIM}
I don't know. 100 thousand? 150?

FATHERLY MAN
Oh.

The man is genuinely perplexed by the inconceivable ratio.

FATHERLY MAN (CONT'D)
So where you headed now?

^{TIM}
Fort Bragg. I'm up for Special Forces.

FATHERLY MAN
The Green Berets? Congratulations!

^{TIM}
I've not been tested yet.

FATHERLY MAN
You'll make it. I'm sure of it.
(smiling)
My name is Bill.

He puts his hand out to shake.

^{TIM}
That's funny. My dad's name is Bill.
Bill, would you excuse me?

Tim gets up to leave, a stack of photos spilling. Bill watches him go.

He looks over at the glossy images lying in Tim's seat. Dead Iraqis, burned bodies. The pictures are horrifying.

61 **INT. AIRLINE BATHROOM**

Tim brushes his teeth over the tiny sink, like there's a bad taste in his mouth.

2 SECONDS OF BLACK. CUT TO:

62 **INT. JFK SPECWAR CENTER, FORT BRAGG, NC -- DAY**

Tim stands in a medical hall wearing an examination gown, standing on a scale. The orderly moves the weights.

^{ORDERLY}
Woah. 195, that's a twenty pound jump.
What the hell they been feeding you guys?

^{TIM}
Once we got into Kuwait, pretty much
anything we wanted.

ORDERLY
 I can give you a six week medical leave
 to get in shape before trying for the
 berets, sergeant. It's a good option. A
 number of the men have done it.

TIM
 (shrugging)
 I'll see what happens.

ORDERLY
 Your funeral.

63 **EXT. FORT BRAGG TRAINING GROUNDS, PINE FOREST -- DAY**

A group of soldiers in woodland BDU's hike along a muddy trail, carrying heavy rucksacks. 2 Green Beret TRAINERS jog alongside, shouting a march.

TRAINER (SINGING)
 MY GRANDDADDY WAS A HORSE MARINE, WHEN HE
 WAS BORN, HE WAS WEARING GREEN! ATE HIS
 STEAK SIX INCHES THICK, PICKED HIS TEETH
 WITH A SWAGGER STICK! DRINKING AND
 FIGHTING AND FUCKING ALL DAY, MY
 GRANDDADDY KNEW NO OTHER WAY!

Tim jogs with them, limping, staring at the shoulders of the men in front.

He abruptly stops running. The men run on around him.

SFAS CAPTAIN
 KEEP MOVING, MCVEIGH.

Tim looks at the captain like he can't understand him. He staggers to the side of the path, sits, and pulls off his boot. His foot is caked with blood.

SFAS CAPTAIN(CONT'D)
 Put your boot on, son.

TIM
 I quit.

The captain looks at Tim, tight-lipped.

Tim lies down.

64 **EXT. CRAZY HORSE SALOON, BUFFALO, NY -- NIGHT**

Thick snowflakes fall on the saloon parking lot. A yellow Mercury sedan pulls into view and parks.

The driver's door opens and Tim steps out, dressed in a plaid shirt and a heavy parka. He's bareheaded, still sporting a precision flattop.

65 **INT. CRAZY HORSE SALOON -- NIGHT**

Country music blares over the sound system. Tim walks in and looks around uneasily. He goes to the bar.

A female BARTENDER comes over.

TIM
Does Jennifer McVeigh work here?

The bartender points, goes about her business. In the middle of the saloon, A THRONG cheers and jeers.

Tim stands up and walks over, pushing through the crowd. JENNIFER and a BIKINI GIRL wrestle in a vinyl lined tub filled with lemon Jello.

The other girl climbs out and a whooping MALE CUSTOMER, mid-40's, climbs in. Jennifer looks up, meets Tim's eyes.

Tim turns, angrily pushing through the crowd.

66 **INT. MERCURY -- NIGHT**

Tim sits, furious, his breath fogging the windows in the car.

Jen is wrapped in an overcoat and rubber boots, leaning over and looking into cars. She spots Tim.

JEN (O.S.)
Tim? Hey!

The passenger door opens. Jen sweeps off the fast food wrappers that litter the seat, and lunges over, hugging Tim.

JEN (CONT'D)
I knew it was you!

TIM
How long have you been doing this?

JEN
I'm making good money. Turn the damn heat on.

Tim turns over the ignition and lets the car idle. Jen turns the heat all the way up, and pushes her wet hair back.

TIM
Does dad know you do this?

JEN
No. We've not heard from you in 4 months!
Where the fuck have you been?

TIM
I quit the army.

Jen looks totally confused.

JEN
But... What about the Beret test?

TIM
I dropped out. I got their fucking oil back and now I'm done.

Tim rubs his eyes.

TIM (CONT'D)
I wanted to come see you and Dad.

JEN
You could have called us.
(worried)
Wait out here and I'll ride home with
you, OK?

TIM
Ok. Yeah.

Jen gets out, hustles across the parking lot, leaving Tim
staring after her.

67 **INT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- TIM'S ROOM -- DAWN**

Tim is twitching in his sleep. With a gasp, Tim wakes up from
a nightmare.

Plastic milk-crates with all of his gear stack in the middle
of his old room.

68 **INT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- DAWN**

Quietly pushing the door to the master bedroom open, he can
see that his father is sound asleep, faintly snoring.

Tim anxiously checks in on Jennifer -- she's also asleep. He
pulls the door shut with a click.

69 **INT. GRANDFATHER'S HOME -- DAY**

Tim's Grandfather is watching television when the doorbell
rings. He gets up, opens the front door.

Outside, Tim is hunched over, practically hyperventilating.
His shirt is off and he's dripping sweat.

GRANDDAD
Timmy?

TIM
Hey Granddad.

GRANDDAD
I didn't know you were home.

Tim smiles.

TIM
I ran. I ran here.

GRANDDAD
(perplexed)
Well come on in.

Tim comes in, looking confused. Goes into the kitchen, pours a
glass of water, and drinks it.

GRANDDAD (CONT'D)
How've you been?

TIM
Pretty great.
(eyes averted)
I thought I'd come see you. I...

He puts the glass on the counter. Picks it back up, and washes it. He is trembling. His smile is all wrong.

TIM (CONT'D)
I'm back home now.

His voice is shaking.

GRANDDAD
What's wrong, Timmy?

TIM
I wanted, to, uh.

Tim is having a nervous breakdown.

TIM (CONT'D)
I wanted to see you. Everything is.
Everything is.
(beat)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Tim struggles to speak, but no words will come.

70 **INT. SPARE BEDROOM, GRANDFATHER'S HOME -- DAY**

Tim is curled up on the bed. Out in the hall, his grandfather is on the phone.

GRANDDAD
He's over here. He'll be fine.

He hangs up.

GRANDDAD (CONT'D)
Timmy, can I get you anything from the store?

Tim doesn't respond. Granddad pulls the door shut.

The old man goes to the living room, picks up his keys, pulls on a jacket. Pauses.

He takes a rifle down from the mantle, and removes the shells, pocketing them. Replaces the rifle.

Then he goes to a cabinet, unlocks it, pulls out a handgun, empties the shells into his hand, pockets them, along with a box of ammo. Puts the gun back, and re-locks the cabinet.

71 **EXT. GRANDFATHER'S HOME -- DAY**

The old man's car slowly pulls out of the carport, drives away. The house is still.

72 INT. GRANDFATHER'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Tim is wearing one of his Granddad's old shirts. The old man scoops scrambled eggs onto Tim's plate, and puts his hand on Tim's shoulder as he puts the frying pan away.

He sits across from Tim, eating his toast.

GRANDDAD
Did you sleep good?

Tim nods, gratefully. But he doesn't eat his food.

TIM
I... um. After I got out of the army... I got a job, working for a farmer. She wanted me to kill gophers. I could get ten dollars each and she said I could shoot as many as I could find.

(beat)
The first one I found must have just come out of hibernation. He couldn't move too fast. The first shot didn't kill him. I had to shoot him twice. Then... then I told her I quit.

GRANDDAD
You quiet down now, Tim.

Tim stares at his plate.

TIM
It's wrong to kill things, Granddad. When they don't have a chance.

73 INT. GRANDFATHER'S BUICK -- DAY

Granddad drives, Tim stares out the window.

74 EXT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- DAY

The buick pulls up, and Bill McVeigh steps out of the house. He comes over to Granddad's window, and looks in.

GRANDDAD
I brought your boy back, Bill.

Bill looks past granddad to Tim.

BILL
How's it going there, Son?

TIM
It's good.

Tim gets out of the car, and heads into the house. He looks back at the car. Bill and Granddad are having a discussion.

He goes inside.

75 INT. CALSPAN FACILITY -- DUSK

Tim stands in front of an empty table in an empty room. Drop ceilings, fluorescent lights, the CHATTER of work being done somewhere else. He wears the uniform of a security guard.

A SUPERVISOR enters carrying keys and a clipboard.

SUPERVISOR
Timothy McVeigh?

TIM
Yes.

SUPERVISOR
Gulf War.

TIM
Yep. Eleven Mike. Mechanized infantry, I was a IFV gunner, sergeant first class.

SUPERVISOR
You don't have that syndrome do you?

TIM
What?

SUPERVISOR
That Gulf War problem, that syndrome?

TIM
No. I don't.

The manager exits. Tim watches as he taps down the hall a short distance, unlocks a utility room door and disappears. Tim looks back at the empty desk. The manager returns.

SUPERVISOR
Here's your ID badge, keys, and your radio and pager. Smith and Wesson .38 revolver. Holster and speedloaders. When you're on duty, you carry the gun -- no exceptions. And it has to be loaded.

Tim produces a Glock .45.

TIM
I'd prefer to use my Glock. It's licensed.

SUPERVISOR
(frowning)
You can keep that in your car. We've got a tight procedure here. You understand that, don't you?

76 INT. CALSPAN FACILITY -- NIGHT

Tim walks around the corner of a long dark hall, lit flashlight in hand. He flicks on a light switch. The fluorescents flicker up.

He unlocks a door, briefly checking the office, then relocks it. He reaches the next door, unlocks it, and looks inside.

77 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Tim sits in a recliner watching television, wearing his security guard outfit and drinking a beer. BRAZIL plays on the television.

ROBERT DENIRO
There are people in Central Services
who'd love to get their hands on Harry
Tuttle.

ON SCREEN, Tuttle yanks a wad of wires out of Sam's wall.

SAM
Are you saying this is illegal?

ROBERT DENIRO
Well, yes... and no. Officially, only
Central Service operatives are supposed
to touch this stuff. Could you hold
these?

Jen walks in, dressed up.

JEN
Knock knock.

TIM
Hey Jen.

JEN
How's it going?

TIM
Pretty good.

JEN
Missy, Gary and a couple of people are
going over to Bennigan's tonight. You
should come.

TIM
I'm kind of tired.

JEN
That's 'cos you're not doing anything.
Come on. It'll be fun, goofball.

78 **INT. BENNIGAN'S RESTAURANT, BUFFALO, NY -- NIGHT**

Tim, Jen, and Missy sit in a booth. A variety plate of appetizers swings onto the table.

MISSY
So what do you do all night? I mean,
can you use the phone?

TIM
The idea is to patrol.

Jen grabs a 'tater skin off the plate. Missy makes eyes at Tim, and Tim looks nervous.

MISSY
All night? Do you get any breaks? Gary gets a break every two hours.

JEN
Tim does research on his breaks.

MISSY
How can you eat those fucking things?

JEN
Because they're fucking good. Tim found out that I don't have to pay my taxes.

MISSY
What?

JEN
Yeah. Everyone does it because they think they have to, but, there's nothing in the Constitution about getting taxes taken out.

MISSY
Are you on crack? The Constitution is all about taxes.

TIM
If it was about paying taxes then we'd still have a king.

Missy looks confused.

TIM (CONT'D)
You can't accept everything the government tells you and assume it's law, Missy. That's just ignorance.

Jen nods in agreement.

TIM (CONT'D)
As a good citizen -- and a patriot -- we have to question the so-called lawmakers and fact check them against the real deal: the Founding Fathers.

MISSY
Uh-huh. GARY! We're OVER HERE!

She waves. GARY comes over, puts out his hand to shake.

GARY
Heard a lot about you, sergeant!

Tim squints, taking an immediate dislike to Gary.

TIM
You can just call me Tim.

79 INT. MERCURY -- NIGHT

Strip malls and convenience stores peel past in the night. Tim and Jen ride in silence; they've been fighting.

TIM
They don't fucking know what they're talking about, and they don't care if they're right or wrong because it's all some bullshit game to them.

JEN
They're my friends.

Tim drives in angry silence. Jen is near tears.

JEN (CONT'D)
What is WRONG with you?

TIM
Just drop it. I'm sorry. It doesn't matter.

JEN
Mom thinks that maybe you have post traumatic stress syndrome.

TIM
I can't believe you still talk to her.

80 INT. TIM'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Tim sits at the foot of his bed, a spiral notebook, opened to a blank page. He writes:

TIM WRITING
AMERICA FACES TROUBLE

He erases "TROUBLE" and replaces it with "PROBLEMS".

TIM WRITING (CONT'D)
AMERICA FACES PROBLEMS. Crime is out of control. Criminals have no fear of punishment. Prisons are overcrowded, so they know they will not be imprisoned long. This breeds more crime, in an escalating cyclical pattern.

He stops for a moment.

TIM WRITING (CONT'D)
Taxes are a joke.

He closes the notebook. On the cover he's written "PERSPECTIVES ON AMERICA".

81 INT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- MORNING

Bill McVeigh reads the morning paper, Tim's editorial fills half a page. Bill reads, puts the paper down. Smokes.

TIM
(smiling)
Well what do you think?

BILL
Well written. You'd still do good in
college.

TIM
But what do you think about the ideas?

BILL
Well. America has always faced problems.
I don't know if we're going to have a
civil war about it any time soon, but you
do bring up a lot of interesting points.

TIM
(angry)
I'm trying to wake people up, Dad, not
"bring up interesting points". People
have to learn what's going on from
somewhere. And they're sure not going to
learn it in college.

Bill looks at Tim, searching his son's face.

BILL
(harshly)
You don't understand the first thing
about how this country works, Tim. I
don't see how you expect to fix it.

Bill gets up to leave. Tim glares at the table.

Bill stops at the hall, turns.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you, Tim. I'm proud of
everything you do. You know that, don't
you?

Tim doesn't meet his gaze.

82 **INT. CALSPAN EXECUTIVE OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Tim is in an unused office, reading the plaques on the walls with his flashlight. He flicks on an executive's television. "Nightline" shows footage from the first World Trade Center bombing.

Tim watches for a while, riveted in the blue glow, paper falling around the confused businessmen.

He picks up the phone and dials.

TIM
Terry? It's Tim. McVeigh.
(smiling)
Yeah. I'm up in Buffalo.
(beat)
A little after 4. Yeah.
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)
 I was just calling to see how you were.
 What's up with you these days?

A long silence.

TIM (CONT'D)
 The freakin' world trade center. Yeah,
 that was some shit. You know it was an
 inside job. You know it!
 (beat)
 No one cares.

Tim looks around the office.

TIM (CONT'D)
 Security. It's pretty cool, they've got a
 lot of top secret contracts and stuff,
 I'm not supposed to talk about it. This
 phone is probably tapped and shit.

Tim is quiet for a long time. He doesn't move.

TIM (CONT'D)
 Yeah, OK. That might be cool. I might do
 that. Listen. You take care, OK?

83 **INT. MERCURY -- 4AM**

Tim drives home in the wee hours, lost in thought.

Ahead, FRESH SKID MARKS burned into the road describe an arc
 that leads through a smashed guardrail -- and a WRECKED SEDAN,
 the lights still on. Tim SCREECHES to a stop.

84 **EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY, WEST NY STATE -- 4AM**

Tim jumps out, runs to the sedan. Looking in -- it's empty.

15 feet away, a MOTORIST lies on his back, moaning. Tim runs
 to him, crouches, checks his pulse.

Back at the Mercury, Tim reaches in and pulls out a CB MIC.

TIM
 Breaker Zero Niner, Breaker Zero Niner.
 Citizen requests immediate medical
 assistance on route 8, near, uh, mile
 marker 24.

Tim drops the CB, runs around to pop the trunk and grabs a big
 shoulder bag blazed with a red cross.

RADIO
 This is the police dispatch, caller.
 We have paramedics en route.

Tim jogs back to the motorist, dresses his head wound. The man
 stirs.

TIM
 You've been in an accident. Don't try
 and move.

MOTORIST
It was fucking deer.

TIM
You're going into shock. I'm going to elevate your feet.

Tim raises the man's feet and wraps him in a reflective mylar sheet. Then he pulls out an IV bag.

TIM (CONT'D)
I'm going to give you some IV fluids to keep you stable.

Tim sticks the needle in the motorist's arm and tapes it in place. Then he tucks the bag under the motorist's hip. In the distance, SIRENS.

TIM (CONT'D)
You're gonna be OK, buddy.

MOTORIST
Are you a paramedic?

TIM
(hesitating)
I'm a Green Beret.

85 **INT. TIM'S ROOM -- PREDAWN**

Tim flips on the light, carrying a dufflebag. He looks around, thinking. He suddenly starts packing his things.

86 **EXT. MCVEIGH HOUSE -- PREDAWN**

Tim backs out of the side door, carrying two milk crates of his stuff to the Mercury. The car is neatly packed.

Tim pulls out, pauses, looking at the house one last time.

87 **EXT. NICHOLS FARM, DECKER, MI -- DAY**

From the front porch of the Nichols' farm: Tim's Mercury arrives. TWO DOGS run alongside the car, BARKING.

88 **INT. NICHOLS KITCHEN -- DAY**

Tim knocks on the screen door, the dogs going crazy.

TIM
Hey! Terry?

TERRY (O.S.)
BOSCO! RANGER! DOWN! DOWN!

Terry opens the door, does a double take.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Tim.

TIM
(beaming)
Thought I'd take you up on your offer.

Terry pushes up his glasses, grinning with surprise.

TERRY
Well Dang, Soldier. It's been too long.

They shake hands, slap each other on the back.

TIM
Where's Josh?

TERRY
He's with his mother right now. So big
you wouldn't recognize him, anyway.
(over his shoulder)
Marife!

The sound of a washing machine. MARIFE enters. She is small, barely over 20, and Filipino, with dark hair and skin.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Tim, I'd like you to meet my wife,
Marife. She's from the Philippines.

MARIFE
You are Terry's good army friend.

89 **INT. NICHOLS DINING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Tim watches MARIFE NICHOLS walk around the table distributing a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken to Tim, Terry and JAMES, Terry's balding, extroverted older brother.

TERRY
Wow! That new style really is spicy.

MARIFE
(sitting)
It is better.

JAMES
It's no original recipe, that's for sure.
What do you think, Tim?

TIM
A hot meal is always a good thing.

One of the dogs begs for food.

JAMES
So you were in the Gulf?

TIM
Right up front.

JAMES
Kill anybody?

Terry shoots James a look.

TIM
Yeah, I killed some people. It's why I
was there.

JAMES
Well, good! The way things are going
around here, I may need to send you down
to the county courthouse.

Everybody laughs except MARIFE, who scowls at James as she drags Bosco to the door and puts him out.

MARIFE
(matter of factly)
You will lose the farm.

TERRY
Marife, we're not losing the farm.

90 INT. NICHOLS FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT

Terry inserts a VHS tape into the VCR. James and Tim sit on the couch. Tim drinks a beer. The video characters "Tom Freedom" spell out against a backlit American flag.

TERRY
I heard this guy on the short-wave,
Radio Free Michigan. He's pretty good.

Marife strides in.

MARIFE
Terry, we are going to go into the town?

TERRY
(paying her no attention)
OK. Here we go.

POORLY COPIED VIDEO FOOTAGE recaps the showdown at RUBY RIDGE; FEDERAL AGENTS storming a mountain home, a dead dog, ambulances. And a federal grand jury.

NETWORK ANCHORMAN
...after a second contingent of Federal agents arrived at the scene on the 10th day. Sammy Weaver, Kevin Harris, and Vicki Weaver were pronounced dead at the scene, as was her unborn daughter. But today, the jury decided unanimously that the deaths were unavoidable, and the federal agents were in the line of duty when the deaths occurred.

A BAD VIDEO EDIT to an American flag, and then the VIDEO zooms out -- the flag is clothes-pinned to a laundry line, and flanked by A SKI-MASKED MAN in a tri-corner hat, frock coat and camouflage pants.

TOM FREEDOM
Tom Freedom here with another installment of AMERICA UNDER SIEGE! Thanks for having the moral courage to tune in.
(MORE)

TOM FREEDOM (CONT'D)
 Before we get to current events, I want
 to talk a little bit about REAL money
 that has REAL value...

VIDEO TYPE: REAL VS. JEW

TOM FREEDOM (CONT'D)
 ...like gold, and Jew-controlled credit
 money from the federal reserve. We need a
 little... background... Dammit! Do you
 hear that? Betsy, put the camera on that.

The camera shifts wildly, searching for the sound of a
 helicopter. It finds a poorly focused blob.

TOM FREEDOM (CONT'D)
 You see that? Black helicopters! They
 think they can scare me.

VIDEO TYPE: "BLACK HELICOPTER"

MARIFE (O.S.)
 Terry! I have to go to the Wal-Mart!

TERRY
 We're watching the tape, hon.

MARIFE (O.S.)
 Terry! I wash the shit out your pants.

TERRY
 MARIFE!

Terry gets up and pulls Marife around the corner. They argue
 in the hall.

TOM FREEDOM
 And don't think they won't be flying over
 your land, mutilating your cattle,
 dropping their bio jelly on you...

Tim squints at the TV, and watches James taking this in,
 believing every word. Terry pokes his head back in.

TERRY
 (poking his head in)
 Hey guys. You go ahead and finish up the
 tape. I've got to take Marife into town.

JAMES
 OK, brother.

ON SCREEN: Tom Freedom holds up a noose.

TOM FREEDOM
 Now I was doing some math the other day,
 not that New World Order metric math,
 and the numbers come out that this nylon
 rope's your most cost effective
 politician stretcher...

91 EXT. BARN, NICHOLS FARM -- AFTERNOON

The barn overlooks a wide field of wilted soy. Tim checks an irrigation faucet, and Bosco and Ranger caper around.

He rounds the side of the barn; plastic tubes point skyward on weighted bases. James carries more of the tubes out of the interior of the barn as Tim walks up.

TIM
Terry said you might need some help out here.

JAMES
Sure, just get the rest of these projectors, I'll get the control unit.

Tim goes into the barn and brings out the remaining tubes. James connects hoses to a box covered in gauges and dials.

TIM
Is this some kind of fertilizer machine?

JAMES
Oh -- this is better than fertilizer, this is a rainmaking machine.

Tim looks skeptical.

TIM
Does it work?

JAMES
The lying bastards at the National Weather Service would like you to think it doesn't work. But it does.

TIM
Then why doesn't everyone use one?

JAMES
Well, all I can manage to do with this small rig here is counter-jam their weather jamming. They've got a giant one setup in Alaska, trying to bake us out, kill the family farmer. Can you move that one out two feet?

TIM
Sure. OK.

He moves the tube.

JAMES
So Terry says you and he are going to be in business together.

92 INT. MIDWEST CONVENTION CENTER -- DAY

A drab convention center, housing a gun show. FAT MEN with pony tails, BLEACH-BLOND WOMEN in camouflage and rebel flag hats walk by. All carry NRA gift bags.

Tim and Terry stand at parade rest behind a table, they both wear green fatigue pants and matching red berets.

A handmade sign reading "A WELL ARMED PEOPLE IS A FREE PEOPLE" sits next to a stack of "The Turner Diaries", along with assorted gas masks and military surplus.

TERRY

What good are your rights if you've got nothing to back them up with? Same as a dollar with no gold standard; worthless.

Terry is talking to a YOUNG WOMAN, who examines a pistol.

TERRY (CONT'D)

When you carefully examine what has been happening over the past few years, you see that the federal government has become judge, jury, and executioner, like in Ruby Ridge. Instead of guaranteeing those citizens life, freedom and liberty, they deprived them, they stole it. Now take this...

But the girl puts the gun down and wanders off.

A MAN AND WIFE have donned two of their gas masks and are trying to have a conversation with each other.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Those are fifteen a piece.

The couple put the masks down and leave.

A 65 YEAR OLD BALD MAN surveys Tim's wares. He's a gun dealer who goes by the name of SEAN CONNERY. Connery points to an shoulder mounted rocket launcher tube behind Tim.

SEAN CONNERY

What about that?

TIM

I've sold that already, sir. But I do that special, see. I sell you a separate kit you can use to reload a flare round, or even other kinds of rounds...
(beat)
...once you get the hang of it.

The older man smiles knowingly, and extends his hand.

SEAN CONNERY

I'm Sean Connery.

TIM

Like the actor?

SEAN CONNERY

Just like the actor.

TIM

Pleased to meet you. I'm Tim... Tuttle.

SEAN CONNERY
 You come to the Fayetteville show, and
 bring me as many of those as you can with
 the kits, bring 'em to Fayetteville and
 I'll buy all of 'em.

TIM
 You got it, sir.

Sean hands his card to Tim, winks, and leaves.

TERRY
 (stretching)
 I'm going to hit the floor, see what the
 competition is up to.

Terry wanders off through the crowd.

Across the show floor, the crowd separates to make way for a gang of military types. They're all in good physical condition, clean-shaven, with tight military haircuts.

The group walks up to Tim's table. Their leader, HERMANN THE GERMAN, is several years older than the rest, with a lean, angular face. The rest are clearly brothers, MATT, MARK and LUKE MCKNIGHT, all in their twenties. They're sharing a deep-fried onion, and two of them wear "WHITE POWER" shirts.

Hermann picks up some of the gas-masks with distaste, and speaks with a thick german accent.

HERMANN
 These are worthless. You see this?
 (showing one to a McKnight)
 CS gas will go right through, eliminate
 the oxygen, and down you go. Worse than
 nothing.

TIM
 You're mistaken, sir. You may not have
 seen them before, but those are military
 issue, not available on the regular
 market. I was in the gulf, they're
 exactly what we used there.

HERMANN
 (laughing)
 "Military issue". Exactly. U-S military.
 Worthless.

MARK
 (in accent)
 I gots the gulf war syndrome terrible
 afta I woe the mask, I be guessin' Sadam
 who-sane musta sold em to us hisself!

The other brothers laugh their asses off, following Hermann. Tim fumes, a SALESMAN at another table shakes his head.

Terry shows up.

TERRY
 What's wrong?

TIM
I need you to watch the shop.

93 **EXT. OUTDOOR PISTOL COURSE -- DAY**

RAPID GUNFIRE peals across the dust of the pistol course. Rope pathways lead through freestanding walls and huts made from discarded tires and plywood.

LUKE MCKNIGHT, the fastest of the McKnight brothers, busts through the course at high speed.

With a MECHANICAL BUZZ, a man-shaped silhouette pops up over the edge of one of the tire walls. Luke DIVES to his stomach, SHOOTS the target twice. A KLAXON SOUNDS.

LUKE
Clear!

REFEREE #1
Clear!

REFEREE #2 looks down at his stopwatch.

REFEREE #2
Five twenty four point 3!

REFEREE #1
Luke McKnight moves into first!

LUKE
ARYAN NATIONS!

LUKE tears off his hat and shooting glasses. MARK and MATT, run out, hooting and tackling him to the ground.

REFEREE #1 comes over with a clipboard.

REFEREE #1
Up next is... Tim Tuttle from Michigan.

Tim walks out of the viewing dugout and up to the start area. He pulls out his Glock and chambers it.

The starting gun fires. Tim races forward, following the course. A target POPS UP. He fires without slowing, and it goes down. The McKnight brothers watch him closely.

His pace quickens to a SPRINT, he's in top form. Another target goes down. And another.

The KLAXON sounds. Tim stands at attention, hyperventilating, wiping sweat out of his eyes.

TIM
CLEAR!

REFEREE #1
FOUR THIRTY EIGHT. TUTTLE WINS!

Referee #2 hands Tim a trophy, and shakes his hand.

MATT
You kick ass, bro!

The McKnight brothers slap Tim on the back. Hermann the German slips a business card into Tim's shirt pocket.

HERMANN
My friends call me Hermann the German. If you want real work, you will call me sometime, Tuttle. Yes?

Tim gives him his best steely look.

94 **INT. NICHOLS KITCHEN -- LATE AFTERNOON**

James and Terry laugh, drinking beer. Tim walks in the door, preoccupied. Marife debones a chicken with a butcher knife.

JAMES
Hey Tim! I did my asseveration today, renounced my citizenship.

TIM
Yeah?

Tim opens the fridge and gets a beer. He sits.

JAMES
I went down there to the courthouse and I said, "I'm not paying your corrupt state taxes, and I'm not registering my car, and you can take my driver's license and you can stick it up your asses, because I, James Nichols, am a non-resident alien, a natural born human being born from the area you know as Michigan, and not your corporate admiralty court state of Michigan." See, Terry already did his -- but now we've freed up the whole farm -- all of it.

Tim swigs his beer, skeptical.

TIM
Free? They're just gonna put you in jail.

JAMES
Well they can sure as hell try.

James bristles. Terry steps in.

TERRY
I even made James and me license plates out in the barn for the trucks. See?

Terry hands Tim a handmade license plate. Cut from sheet metal, spray-painted white, the word "JAMES1" stenciled on in red. "NICHOLS FARM" and a barn and tractor crudely painted.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Marife painted the barn on there.

TIM
That's pretty good, Marife.

Marife nods and continues deboning the chicken. Tim looks around the crummy kitchen, and swigs his beer, preoccupied.

95 **INT. WAYNE COUNTY MICHIGAN MILITIA MEETING -- NIGHT**

A mid-50's MILITIA MAN wearing combat fatigues stands in front of a loose collection of 10 MILITIA MEN and one MILITIA WOMAN with a child. Tim, Terry and James sit in back, also wearing fatigues.

MILITIA LEADER
Miss Yother's motion to protest the Ruby Ridge verdict at the Wayne County Courthouse on Friday, September the fifth is seconded. I motion that we meet here the night of Thursday, September four, at 7pm to prepare flyers and pickets. Davis, can I put you in charge of getting the materials? And if Barbara can make her lasagne that would make us all happy about it.

Scattered chuckles. Tim stands up, grimly serious.

TIM
I'd like to move that we drive to Idaho and bring Lon Hiriouchi back to Michigan to stand trial for the murder of Vicki Weaver.

TERRY
I second that motion.

MILITIA LEADER
(grimacing)
Mister, uh...

TIM
Tuttle.

MILITIA MAN
Tuttle. While I certainly understand your anger over this matter, illegal acts are not the policy of the Wayne County Militia. Furthermore, if you continue to make inflammatory and illegal remarks we will have to ask you to leave.

TIM
If I can speak bluntly, sir, I'm not sure what in the hell you people have been getting ready for if this isn't it.

People shift in their seats.

TIM (CONT'D)
 They've struck the first blow 10 times over, and the time has come for the American Militia either to take action or turn your guns over to someone willing and able to use them, BEFORE they get outlawed. Not after.

MILITIA MAN
 I understand that you're angry, son, we are in a bad time, but we have to use our heads --

JAMES
 (standing, hysterical)
 Are you sir an agent of the federal government? Have you now or have you ever been employed as a spy?

MILITIA MAN
 You folks can leave.

JAMES
 (to the room)
 He has to tell us. If he is.

TERRY
 (standing)
 You folks, keep safe.

He salutes, and exits. James follows suit.

96 INT. TERRY'S PICKUP -- DAY

All three men sit in the front seat of the pickup. Terry and James argue. Tim stares out the window.

JAMES
 I'm just saying that if he was an agent the best way to find out is to ask because they're required to --

TERRY
 That's state law. The Fed don't have to tell anyone anything, James.

JAMES
 It's entrapment, pure and simple, if they don't, and by asking him that I just saved us from any --

TIM
 Can you shut the fuck up, James? Just SHUT UP.

The three ride in silence.

JAMES
 (quietly)
 I don't know if you need to talk to me like that.

Tim stares out the window. Despondent.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 If you need to talk to me like that then
 you can leave the farm.

Tim doesn't say anything. Terry looks over, worried.

97 **INT. DARK TRAILER -- DAY**

BANG! BANG! BANG!

In the dim darkness, a TANGLE OF LIMBS moves.

MIKE FORTIER (VOICE)
 GOD DAMN! HOLD ON!

98 **EXT. TRAILER PARK, KINGMAN, AZ -- DAY**

This is the kind of park devoted to permanently parked RVs, tow-trailers, even a few pop-up campers, all hodge-podged in under the red mesas of west Kingman.

Tim stands on the aluminum steps, banging on the door. A bumper sticker stuck to the trailer reads "IF THE TRAILER IS A ROCKIN' DON'T COME A KNOCKIN'!!", and underneath that someone's written, in magic marker, "OR WE'LL SHOOT YOUR ASS".

Tim knocks some more.

TIM
 MIKE!

The door opens. Mike squints in his bathrobe, sporting sideburns, a goatee, and a mop-top of messy hair.

MIKE
 Fuck. Hey motherfucker! What are you
 doing here man?

TIM
 I was getting tired of freezing my nuts
 off in Michigan, and wanted to see your
 sorry ass.

Mike lifts an upraised fist skyward.

MIKE
 Desert Storm! Yeah! Hey LORI! It's Tim.
 From the army.

In the gloom, a blender whirrs. Lori comes out of the dark trailer -- she's young, blonde, pretty, wearing a tank top.

She hands Tim a frozen margarita.

LORI
 Welcome to Kingman!

TIM
 Hey Lori. You're a brave lady to marry
 this guy.

LORI
We're fucking crazy.

MIKE
She's hot, huh?

Lori slaps Mike's butt.

99 **INT. FORTIER TRAILER, KINGMAN, AZ -- NIGHT**

A half-eaten pizza sits next to tacos, a bag of Doritos, an open jar of salsa, and pints of ice cream.

MIKE
Baby, can't we even put these chips in a bowl? Tim is our honored guest!

LORI
Why don't you get your skinny ass up and get us a real bowl, Michael?

MIKE
Yeah! Timmy, when you're our honored guest, you get the good bud.

Mike pulls a bong out of the kitchen cabinet.

LORI
Yeah, not that shit we sell the beaner kids.

Lori packs the bong and immediately lights up. Mike takes it and fires up, hands it off to Tim. He gingerly inhales.

100 **INT. FORTIER TRAILER, TV ROOM -- LATER**

RED DAWN plays on the TV. A Russian helicopter swoops in on an American resistance fighter. Tim wears a white t-shirt and a police shoulder holster with his .45, which he fiddles with.

TIM
I love this movie.

MIKE
What man?

TIM
This movie. It's the truth. It's just that the Russians are like the UN now.

ONSCREEN, Patrick Swayze shouts "WOLVERINES", a tank explodes.

MIKE
You gotta meet my man Willy, he's up on all that shit. UN, UFO's, you name it. He keeps files. There's, like, this whole, what's the word. Armada. A whole armada off the Florida Keys now.

TIM
(drifting)
They're in Alabama now, too. And all over
Canada, everywhere...

MIKE
Lil' droopy there, bud. We can fix that.

Mike hauls himself out of the recliner to get something from the refrigerator. Tim watches him with squinted eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We have got the best home business.

LORI
Mike and I are moving into the
recreational drug of the future --
Crystal methamphetamine!

Mike comes back, snorting, wiping his nose. He hands a little vial to Lori.

She snorts some off a fingernail, then hands the vial to Tim. He looks confused. He's never done anything like this.

LORI (CONT'D)
Here, hon. Like you're blowing your nose,
but in reverse.

She scoops some into a tiny spoon, then holds it under Tim's nose. He laughs nervously. Snorts. OW! His eyes water, he winces, blinking.

LORI (CONT'D)
It burns the first time pretty bad.

MIKE
You'll get used to it.

101 **EXT. RV. PARK -- SUNSET**

Behind the RV park, a rusted out car topped with trash makes a home-made shooting range. Mike BLASTS a milk jug, and then a window, and a tire.

Tim lowers his pistol, HYPER-FOCUSED, and takes out the tip of an antenna, aims again, and then perfectly shoots it at the base -- it slowly topples. Mike Hoots! Tim proudly smiles.

POW! POW! POW! The car is littered with holes -- Mike and Tim hit the dirt! It's Lori, behind them, waving an AK-47.

LORI
WOLVERINES!

Mike and Tim roll on the ground laughing.

102 **INT. FORTIER TRAILER, KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON**

Tim writes on a yellow legal pad with a ballpoint pen -- he's filled many pages. He's pale and haggard, the shirt and holster still on, but now the pistol is on the table.

Mike stumbles in from the bedroom.

MIKE
Dude, when did you get up?

TIM
Never went to sleep.

Mike makes an upraised fist.

MIKE
Desert Storm.
(beat)
Shit. What happened?

Mike looks around; the kitchen/living room is perfectly neat.

TIM
Cleaned the place up.

MIKE
You didn't have to do that, man.

TIM
It was a shithole, Mike. You and Lori
need to work on your lifestyle here.

Mike scratches his head, sloppily pours cereal in a bowl.

MIKE
We get along, man.

103 **EXT. WILLY'S HOME, REMOTE DESERT -- DAY**

A black jeep pulls up in the driveway of an unpainted cinderblock ranch house with slit windows, MANGY CATS scatter.

Tim and Mike step onto the porch. They're wearing sunglasses, neither of them have shaved. Mike knocks.

MIKE
Hey Willy? It's Mike.

SOUND: A shotgun is pumped. Tim flattens against the wall and pulls out his pistol.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Dude! Chill out.
(through the screen door)
Hey, Willy, this is my new partner, Tim.
We were in the army together. He's a
total hardass from way back.

The door opens. WILLY is a fat, bearded paraplegic in an electric wheelchair. A pistol grip shotgun lays on his lap.

WILLY
Why didn't you CALL me and tell me you
were bringing him?

MIKE
You told me not to talk on the phone anymore.

WILLY
Dumbass! You can say, "I'm bringing a friend." You can't say "I need more meth"

MIKE
Ok, man. Fine. Whatever.

Willy rolls into the gloomy, messy home.

WILLY
Can't be too careful these days. You know anything about dealing drugs, Tim?

TIM
I'm more into guns, actually.

Willy pours whisky into 3 different glasses, eyeing Tim. There's a rattlesnake DON'T TREAD ON ME flag on the wall.

WILLY
Guns. That's good. Guns, Drugs and Oil.
The business behind the business.

MIKE
Don't forget sex.

Willy shoots Mike a look. Tim swigs his whisky.

WILLY
Well, Tim, the deal is this. If you fuck me over, I'll kill you. That's my deal.
You alright with that?

TIM
Sounds cool.

Willy extends his hand to shake.

WILLY
(grinning)
I love doing my business.

104 **INT. FORTIER TRAILER, TV ROOM -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

Tim lies on the couch in the wee hours, wide awake. OFFSCREEN, he can hear Mike and Lori having sex.

They go on and on. Tim buries his head between two pillows.

105 **INT. FORTIER TRAILER -- DAY**

Mike stands in the doorway of his trailer, wearing his bathrobe. Outside, TWO COLLEGE-AGE GUYS with bleach-blonde hair walk back to their Stingray.

MIKE
Anytime dudes. We're here for your 24-hour recreational needs.

The guys quickly get in the car and tear off. Mike closes the door and starts laughing. Tim wears a wife-beater and a shoulder-holster, paces around the room, counting twenties.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You scared the SHIT out of those guys!

TIM
I can't believe you just made \$4,000.

MIKE
Hey, why don't you come down to TJ with me and Lori? We're bringing enough Vicodin back to start our own hospital.

TIM
That's cool man. But I better get back on the road.

Mike looks a little hurt. He pulls a joint out of a ceramic cactus and lights up.

MIKE
Hmpf. You going back to Terry's?

He offers Tim the joint. Tim waves it away.

TIM
Nah, Florida. My sisters are down there. They could use a man around the house.

MIKE
I always thought Terry was cracked, man.

TIM
Terry's one of the few people who really know what's going on in this country, you'll realize that one day.

MIKE
That's cool. 'Til then; he's a crackpot.

Mike pulls open a drawer in the kitchen.

MIKE (CONT'D)
If you're going to do all that driving, at least take some copilots.

Mike rattles a bottle of pills.

TIM
That's OK.

MIKE
Dude, take them. These are really good for driving, not that pussy shit the truckers take. Here. It'll make me feel better knowing you have them.

Tim takes the bottle.

106 EXT. PATTY MCVEIGH'S HOUSE, PENSACOLA, FL -- DAY

Tim's Mercury pulls in, honking. He hops out, His t-shirt reads, "HK FIREARMS: IN A WORLD OF COMPROMISE, SOME DON'T".

JEN
Tim!

Jennifer runs out and throws her arms around Tim. Their older sister PATTY MCVEIGH, 27, stands in the door to the small home, smoking a cigarette.

Patty hugs Tim when he walks up.

PATTY
My God look at you, I thought you quit
the army.

JEN
Jesus, Patty, leave him alone.

Behind the screen door, an OLDER WOMAN stands.

MICKIE
Hi Tim.

Tim's mother is in early 50's, and some years of sun and smoking can't hide the fact that she was once very beautiful.

Jen looks to Tim anxiously.

TIM
What are you doing here?

PATTY
Mom is staying with us for a little while, Tim.

TIM
(coldly)
Oh. Hi.

MICKIE
Are you going to at least give me a hug?

Tim does, rigidly. Jen and Patty exchange looks.

TIM
Patty, can I use your phone?

107 INT. KITCHEN, PATTY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jen drinks a beer as Patty spoons out tuna casserole for Tim. Patty sits down at the table and lights another cigarette. She watches Tim wolf down the food. Mickie eats, stiffly.

PATTY
...And after the second time she came in like that I knew it was more than just regular partying. I wrote her up.
(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)
 I told her she might be a manager and everything but that didn't mean that she didn't have to play by the rules the rest of us play by. She couldn't fire me at that point anyway.

MICKIE
 (distantly)
 Do you think they'll make you a manager now?

PATTY
 They should. It'd be good for business. So Tim. Have you got any good prospects?

TIM
 I've got my own business. Selling military surplus. I've got, I'd say, 6 or 7 people across the country that work for me. It practically runs itself.

PATTY
 Driving around to gun shows?

TIM
 There's a lot more to it than that.

MICKIE
 Patty said you were working at the Buffalo city zoo.

Tim looks at his mother for a long time.

TIM
 I did for a while, last year. I quit. Buffalo sucks.

JEN
 Yeah! Full of welfare trash while I'm putting myself through school.

PATTY
 Well. It's no better down here.

TIM
 The weather's better.

JEN
 That's for fucking sure.

They eat in silence.

MICKIE
 I always wanted to have my own business. Have my own hours, be my own boss. That's good, Tim. I'm glad for you.

Tim doesn't look at her. Mickie is near tears. She drinks.

MICKIE (CONT'D)
 Well. I'm going to be staying over at Jack's for a few days. That way Tim can use the guest room.

(getting up)
 (MORE)

MICKIE (CONT'D)
 You must be so tired from all that
 driving.

With a last look at her son, Mickie leaves.

PATTY
 Why do you have to be like this?

TIM
 Like what.

PATTY
 You need to talk to your own mother once
 every three or four fucking years. Jesus.

Patty follows Mickie out.

108 **EXT. PENSACOLA CITY SUBURB -- NIGHT**

Tim and Jen walk down the middle of the street.

TIM
 Everyone at school found out about it
 before I did. Do you have any idea what
 that was like?

JEN
 Maybe she wasn't happy with Dad.

TIM
 Yeah, well you don't leave your family.
 You don't do that. It's selfish. You know
 why she can't get her life together?
 Because she's guilty. She's got bad
 conscience.
 (beat)
 You should have told me she was here.

JEN
 I was afraid you wouldn't come.

They walk in silence. As they come back to the house, Mickie
 is packing her things into a beat up Chevelle.

She puts the car in gear, backing out. Jen reaches in and
 gives her a hug and a kiss, turns, leaving Tim and Mickie
 alone.

The two look at each other for a moment, and then Tim turns
 and walks back to the house.

109 **INT. GUEST BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Tim sits on the bed, wide awake, staring out the window.

110 **INT. PATTY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON**

Tim is stretched out on the sofa. Half-watching TV. Jen lies
 on the floor, propped up over the Turner Diaries, doing her
 nails, and watching TV.

TIM
(sleepily)
Jen, can you change it?

Jen reaches over to the remote with wet nails.

JEN
Jesus, you're so pathetic.

Jen flips through channels.

ON SCREEN: A news channel depicts ATF agents scaling extension ladders in an assault on a rambling metal building. The banner graphic reads "WACO, TEXAS".

TIM
Hold on -- go back.

TV COMMENTATOR
AN ATTEMPT TO SERVE RELIGIOUS FANATICS
WITH AN ILLEGAL WEAPONS WARRANT GOES
TERRIBLY WRONG.

ON SCREEN: Dust plumes stitch up a wall as ATF agents attempt to enter a second floor window. Bullets hail. The agents fall, one rolling off the roof.

JEN
Holy Shit!

Tim jerks up, wincing. Patty walks in.

PATTY
Is this the thing on the radio?

JEN
Must be. It's some kind of raid.

TIM
These guys suck! Look at those crappy
nine millimeters they've got! Bet they're
wishing they brought some M-16's right
now. Their shit is so weak.

PATTY
Oh it's that Koresh guy. I can't believe
you don't know about this! He molested
all those 12-year-old girls.

ON SCREEN: Agents tumble off the roof. OTHER AGENTS flee, then one after another, 5 agents fall, shot.

JEN
Oh shit -- they're getting their asses
kicked.

TIM
HEAD SHOTS! GO FOR THE FUCKING HEAD!

ON SCREEN: One agent takes a spectacular tumble.

PATTY
Jesus!

Patty snatches the remote and turns the TV off.

JEN
Hey! Turn it back on!

PATTY
Are you both fucking crazy? They're a bunch of child molesters with machine guns!

TIM
Patty, turn the fucking TV back on, this is important!

PATTY
No it's not! Those nutbags have nothing to do with us!

TIM
This is what I've been TALKING about, Patty. First, they target the nuts, and-

PATTY
They SHOULD target the nuts! Look at yourself, Tim. You've got Jen believing all your bullshit, you've got no real job, you carry a gun everywhere and god knows what else. YOU'RE a freakin' nut!

TIM
You're a fucking facist. I'm leaving.

JEN
You just GOT HERE!

111 **INT. YELLOW MERCURY/EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY -- NIGHT.**

Tim speeds through a rainstorm, listening to a right-wing radio talk show, trying to stay awake.

RADIO
We can't rule out the idea that there is something David Koresh knows that they don't want us to know. What is David Koresh's secret? Caller 4 we've got you on the line now.

Pulled over under an overpass, he rummages in his glove compartment for the prescription bottle Mike gave him.

Finds it. Hesitates. Takes one of the white pills.

112 **EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- DAY**

The yellow Mercury noses over the top of a hill littered with people, tents and RV's. It looks like a cross between a Boy Scout Jamboree and an Grateful Dead concert.

An improvised flagpole flies the American flag. Another flies it upside down. Tim finds a spot and parks.

Tim steps out of the Mercury dressed in desert fatigue pants, a boonie hat and mirrored sunglasses. The sun is so bright that even the air is white. A FAT BEARDED VET sits by an RV.

They shake hands, and the man points towards the prairie, towards the ex-schoolhouse compound.

Tim comes to the ridge. In the distance, the haphazard BRANCH DAVIDIAN COMPOUND sits in the middle of a large grass field, 2 SCHOOL BUSES parked in the weeds in front.

Clusters of AGENTS in blue FBI windbreakers dot the landscape, along with a variety of trucks, and Bradley tanks.

A BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER flies overhead.

113 **EXT. ROADBLOCK, WACO**

Tim walks to the roadblock; the place where the party stops.

Two army trucks are parked in a V, and TWO SOLDIERS stand guard, rifles in hand. Tim approaches one.

TIM
Hey there captain. I'd like to request an escort to the compound.

SOLDIER #1
Civilians need to stay on the hill.

TIM
This road is public land, owned by the state of Texas. You have no jurisdiction over who can and cannot pass. So whether you provide an escort or not, I'm going to go get a closer look.

One soldier closes in, the other uses his walkie talkie.

SOLDIER #1
(menacing)
I wouldn't advise that, sir. It's for your own safety. Now you can either leave, or the police can take you away.

From beyond the trucks, a TEXAS HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICER is walking towards them, talking on a radio.

TIM
What you're doing here is illegal.

114 **EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- AFTERNOON**

Near the base of freedom hill, PEOPLE play horseshoes under a plywood sign that reads "GOD WILL JUDGE US".

Tim watches through binoculars as an M2 BRADLEY FIGHTING TANK HOTTAILS across open scrub, and does donuts in front of the compound, tearing up the ground.

115 EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- TWILIGHT

Tim opens his trunk, pulls out a roadcase and assembles a night vision spotting scope.

He pounds out 10 pushups, and jumps up onto the hood of the car, sitting crosslegged, a can of Mountain Dew, a small notebook and a mechanical pencil arranged around him.

SCOPE: The soldiers down the hill set up loudspeakers around the compound. Tim writes in his notebook:

1903hrs LOUDSPEAKER SETUP

116 EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- NIGHT

Stadium-sized Kleig lights flare on, brilliantly illuminating the aluminum sides of the Davidian compound. In the dark night, the building seems to float in space.

LOW-FLYING HELICOPTERS spotlight the compound and Freedom Hill. With each pass, spectators around campfires wave their fists and yell. DUST kicks up under the searchlights.

MONOCHROME GREEN IMAGE: An M2 Bradley pops open, the helmet of the vehicle's gunner pops out. A DELIVERY BOY hands the gunner a pizza.

Tim puts down his night vision goggles and rubs his eyes. His hands shake. He swigs his soda and writes in the notebook.

2315hrs OP2 3RD WATCH MEAL - DOMINOS PIZZA. AGAIN.

LOUDSPEAKERS: Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made For Walking" kicks up at concert volume, hammering out over the prairie.

Tim's notebook:

2330hrs THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKING

3 TEENAGE GIRLS walk by in the darkness, giggling and whispering. Tim pops some of the speed Mike gave him, and heads off through the grass.

117 EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- NIGHT

The army's psychological warfare music pays on. But now, an ELECTRIC GUITAR sails high into a tweaky Van Halen-esque riff.

It's DAVID KORESH, up on the roof jamming on his candy apple red Fender Stratocaster.

The campsite behind Tim's erupts into a chorus of "HELL YEAHS!" Tim sweeps the binoculars to see TEENAGE GIRLS wave lighters in the air.

A homemade banner unfurls underneath a Davidian window.

With his scope, Tim can make it out clearly:

"FLAMES AWAIT. ENJOY THE SHOW."

118 **EXT. DAVIDIAN COMPOUND -- EARLY MORNING**

Tim creeps through a gulch, on his belly. It's quiet.

Through the grass, he can see a parked tank. He slowly lifts himself up to the edge, and uses binoculars to survey the Davidian compound. The lights are on inside --

He sees a hallway, it looks like a school hallway. A DAVIDIAN WOMAN is holding her BABY by the window. She has a handmade sign that says "I am a mother of 3. Please don't shoot me."

She stares out the window at the tanks, she's talking to her baby, rocking it, and the baby points. She doesn't seem too worried.

The sunrise bathes everything in a red-orange glow.

119 **EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- MORNING**

NEW SPECTATORS arrive in their trucks and RVs, some ENTERPRISING WACO-WATCHERS serve PANCAKES off of a griddle, "PANCAKES 4\$ SAUSAGE 4\$".

120 **INT. MERCURY -- MORNING**

Tim eats the breakfast in his front seat, eyes de-focused, his face sunbaked. He puts the plate on the dash. More SPECTATORS arrive, staring into the car.

Tim's car is a wreck, half campsite, half media center -- papers, a sleeping bag, photocopies and bumper stickers stack on every available surface. He's been here for a few weeks, by the looks of it.

121 **EXT. FREEDOM HILL, WACO, TX -- AFTERNOON**

Tim sits on the hood of his car. MICHELLE RAUCH, a 20 year old student reporter, interviews Tim, her dutiful AV-GEEK CAMERAMAN shooting with a BULKY VHS camera.

TIM

The FBI is trying to keep a lid on everything down there. They don't want anybody looking over their shoulder. That's why we call this Freedom Hill. We're here to make sure this doesn't turn into a turkey shoot like Ruby Ridge.

MICHELLE

So you're here as a protest?

TIM

No, more like a citizen's overwatch group, like whistle-blowers. Our presence is keeping the children and innocent civilians out of harm's way. I'm a Gulf War vet, and I know what these weapon systems can do.

Michelle writes this down.

TIM (CONT'D)
There are real Constitutional issues being fought over here, like the fact that the whole armed forces presence is in violation of the Posse Comitatus act, you can't use the army against citizens. And it's your job - the press's job - to get the truth out, spread the word.

MICHELLE
I'm with the SMU college newspaper.

TIM
Everyone has to do their part, Michelle. Once Americans see what's really going on here, they won't stand for it. I've got a lot of friends that feel the same way.

MICHELLE
Really? Can I interview them too?

TIM
What? Oh -- no. I mean they're not here. But they're watching.

MICHELLE
OK. Well. Thanks for your time. Can I get your full name?

Tim nervously looks into the camera.

TIM
McVeigh. Timothy James McVeigh.

Michelle turns to the cameraman.

MICHELLE
(addressing the camera)
Day 50, with no end in sight, throngs of spectators still gather, hoping that they, too, can have their moment in the spotlight. Will David Koresh relent, and let his congregation free, or will the struggle for a solution continue, into the foreseeable future? This is Michelle Rauch, reporting for the SMU Student-run television.

A bible-carrying man in a straw hat wanders over, ranting, the cameraman swings to him.

STRAW HAT
I was a serpent! I crawled the earth. I saw the ashes that will cover this land, raining on us all like the sins of the father...

Tim marches off, frustrated, passing DRUNKARDS and PARTIERS in RV'S, people COOKING OUT, people playing ACOUSTIC GUITARS.

122 INT. KINKO'S, WACO TX -- AFTERNOON

Tim flings open the glass door. Fluorescent lighting washes over him. The Kinkos is nearly empty except for a couple of WORKERS and the droning of copiers.

He slaps his originals for "THE TRUTH ABOUT WACO" down on the counter.

TIM
I need 50 copies of this collated
and stapled.

The worker starts slowly writing the order on a post-it.

TIM (CONT'D)
This is really important.

LATER -- Tim slumps in a chair. A TV hangs on the wall, playing the Waco standoff.

CLOSE CAPTIONING
...Week six of a standoff, David Koresh
has agreed to release the Davidians if
his statement is read to public news...

A HEAVY-SET WOMAN in the chair next to him cradles the courtesy phone to her head. She laughs loudly, coos softly, and keeps saying the word "baby" over and over.

Tim's leg starts to shake.

Tim marches to the counter, grabbing the phone, dialing.

KINKOS WORKER
Sir, that's not for public use.

TIM
You can cancel my copies.

KINKOS WORKER
Sir, I have to ask you to...

TIM
I'm with the government.

KINKOS WORKER
(to the back, tiredly)
BRENDA!

TIM
Marife, it's Tim. Tell Terry I'm coming
to visit.

123 INT. MERCURY -- LATE AT NIGHT

Music BLARES. Headlights streak past. Tim rubs his eyes. Opens the pill bottle with his teeth. Chews one up, wincing.

124 EXT. NICHOLS FARM -- AFTERNOON

Tim's drives up, honking his horn, pulling in next to James' buick and Terry's pickup. He rubs his eyes and shambles out of the car, picking up spilled fast food wrappers.

No one has come to the porch yet. Which is strange. The dogs are barking inside.

Tim pulls out his duffle bag and makes his way up the stairs. Terry finally opens the door. Tim smiles tiredly.

TIM
Texas to Michigan in 20 hours. That's gotta be a record.

But Terry doesn't smile.

TIM (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TERRY
You've not been listening to the radio.

Tim searches Terry's face. He puts down his duffle bag.

125 INT. NICHOLS LIVING ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

ON TELEVISION; the Davidian Compound is CONSUMED IN FLAMES. Tim looks sick and confused.

TERRY
I think they gassed them. That's how the fire got started.

JAMES
(crying)
They gassed them, Tim.

James hangs his head. Terry moves up to the television, points as he speaks.

TERRY
They sent those tanks in through the rear -- wait, let's see if they show the back of the building -- yeah, here. Blew in holes and pumped in CS gas. Then they lit the match.

Tim blinks, like he can't understand what's going on.

TIM
It's not possible. There are people there. Witnesses. They couldn't do that.

TERRY
They're saying the Davidians set themselves on fire. There were 50 women and children trapped in this side room when --

Tim changes the channel. A burning school bus.

TIM
This isn't... They can't do this.

TERRY
I'm glad you're here with us, Tim, we're all glad you're here.

An awkward silence. Terry reaches out and takes Marife's hand in his. She looks perplexed.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I mean it just makes you think. I mean it makes you really think about what this all means.

Tim stares at Terry. And then at the TV.

Tim jumps up, wild-eyed. The DOGS start BARKING.

TIM
What do you mean, Terry? Think about WHAT?

TERRY
Calm down.

TIM
THEY CAN'T DO THIS, TERRY! They can't KILL PEOPLE WHILE WE SIT ON OUR ASSES AND WATCH! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THINK? WHAT THE FUCK IS THERE TO THINK ABOUT? THEY CAN'T DO THIS!

Tim picks up a chair and SWINGS IT AT THE TV, SMASHING and SMASHING it. It's pretty resilient.

TIM (CONT'D)
GOD DAMN!

Tim whips out his gun --

-- and shoots it.

Marife runs out of the room. James looks like he might, too.

MARIFE
(O.S.)
I CALL THE POLICE!

TIM
You said you were a patriot. Are you?
(to James)
Are you?

Although the screen is shattered, the TV audio continues. Tim's breathing is heavy, and sweat beads on his tired brow.

TERRY
You should put the gun down now, Tim.

TIM
They've made war here, Terry. You either
stand and fight, or you run.
(beat)
But you don't think.

Tim holsters the gun, and walks outside.

126 **EXT. NICHOLS FARM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

Terry comes out on the porch. Tim sits on the bottom step. The sun is setting. Terry sits down next to him.

There are tears on Tim's face. He doesn't look at Terry.

TIM
I shouldn't have left.

Terry doesn't know what to say.

TERRY
Come inside and get some sleep, Tim.
We'll talk about this in the morning.

Terry helps Tim up. They go inside the house.

127 **INT. NICHOLS KITCHEN -- MORNING**

Tim, Terry and James sit at the kitchen table, eating breakfast. Marife nibbles toast by the kitchen TV.

TIM
The Oklahoma City Federal Building.
That's where the agents that burned
Waco are from.

Terry gently lays down his fork. He looks around uncomfortably. He lowers his voice.

TERRY
I just don't think it's as simple as
that. I've got a family here.

TIM
So did David Koresh.

TERRY
Marife, could you excuse us?

With a hateful glance at Tim, Marife flips off the TV and leaves. James watches the two men talk without saying a word.

TIM
I'm going to take the building down. You
don't have to help if you don't want to,
Terry. I'll understand if you can't.

Tim looks hard at Terry. Terry finally meets his gaze.

TERRY
I'll see if Marife can go back home
for a while.

Tim nods, his face stern.

TIM
You're doing the right thing.

128 **EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY -- BRIGHT SUNNY DAY**

Tim's Mercury circles the Murrah building, Terry taking pictures. Two ATF officers walk into the building, waving at someone inside. Terry snaps a picture.

129 **EXT. NICHOLS PORCH -- DAY**

The Mercury is parked alongside an old beat up Scout and a jacked-up Ford Ranger.

Terry is on the front porch. James and his friend GARY grin, smoking and drinking. Gary is in his 40's, and wears fatigue pants and a black Air Force t-shirt.

Tim comes out on the porch, stone-faced. He glares at James, and then at Gary.

TERRY
Gary just came up from Lewisburg with
the kerosene.

GARY
Hey man, long time no see.

Tim extends his hand and firmly shakes.

TIM
(suspiciously)
I don't think we've met.

GARY
Back in Texas at the Coopersville Armory Show. Last spring. You sold me a bunch of MRE's. I got one of your bumper stickers on the truck out there.

Tim still doesn't recognize Gary, but he puts out his hand.

TIM
I'm Tim Tuttle.

130 **EXT. BACK ACREAGE, NICHOLS FARM -- DAY**

Tim mixes white granules with diesel fuel in a Tupperware bowl. He pours the mixture into a Coke bottle using a funnel.

Terry reads from a book, "Explosives: Democracy in Action".

TERRY
It says to mix in a cup at a time.

James walks up with Gary and sets down a box of dynamite with a grunt. Gary nods to Tim and to Terry. Tim inspects.

TIM
We need 3 times this much.

JAMES
If you buy too much in one place they
alert the fed.

GARY
That's totally the case, man.

TIM
Then you should have gone somewhere else.

Tim sticks a blasting cap into a bottle full of white granules and screws the cap on. Tim lights the green safety fuse.

TIM (CONT'D)
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Tim throws the bomb. It lands in the dirt of the field. It smokes, then EXPLODES with a small pop. The white granules scatter everywhere -- unexploded.

GARY
Ain't gettin' hot enough, man.

TIM
For comparison.

Tim lights a stick of dynamite. Terry nods approvingly.

TIM (CONT'D)
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Pause. Then an EXPLOSION that throws a shower of dirt skyward and onto the men.

131 **EXT. BACK ACREAGE, NICHOLS FARM -- DAY**

Tim scrunches over another Coke bottle. His face red, his hands white with chemical dust. Terry sweats his ass off, rolling the drum of diesel fuel away from the scene.

TIM
CLEAR?

JAMES
Hey, now --

James and Gary struggle across the unsafe area, but Tim lights the Coke bottle and throws it anyway.

TIM
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

The bomb slops down the field. Smoke rises from the fuse. Yelling obscenities, Gary and James run out of the area.

The smoke stops. Tim looks over at Terry as they hide behind the embankment. Tim looks over the edge of the embankment.

No explosion.

TIM (CONT'D)
God damn.

GARY
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

Ignoring him, Tim pulls out his pistol and shoots the bottle.
BOOM!

By the time the smoke clears, Tim is walking to the house.

132 **INT. NICHOLS KITCHEN -- DAY**

Tim and James square off in the nearly destroyed kitchen. An amazing array of dirty dishes, bags of fertilizer, chemicals, mixing bowls and fast food wrappers fill the scene.

The linoleum is burned in places, and the sink looks like they've poured cement in it. Pictures of the Murrah Building are tacked to the wall.

TIM
I'll tell you what we don't need is we
don't need your fuckup friends coming
around here and fucking everything up!

JAMES
Now I've known Gary for 2 years -- and
he's not a fuckup.

Tim steps up to James. Terry walks in.

TIM
James, we got a chain of command here --
you don't work with me, you work for me.
That's how it is or it's...

JAMES
Son -- the day I work for you is the
day I rot in hell. You can take this
chicken shit operation and stick it
right up your ass!

James walks out. Terry sits down at the table.

TIM
How much of the racing fuel do we
have left?

TERRY
None. No more tests. We don't have money
to buy additional supplies and without
James...

TIM
We don't need him.

TERRY
It was his money, Tim. And he owns most
of the farm. And he's my brother.

Tim thinks on this. He reaches into his wallet -- Hermann the German's card.

TIM
Give me the phone.

Tim takes the phone in the other room. Terry starts cleaning up the kitchen. He talks to himself, mumbling some imagined fight. Tim walks back in.

TIM (CONT'D)
Hold on...

He motions for Terry to get a pen.

TIM (CONT'D)
(writing)
Uh huh. "New Jerusalem".

He hangs up.

TIM (CONT'D)
I can get us money. I'll be gone a couple of days.

133 EXT. NEW JERUSALEM, MULDROW, OK -- DAY

The Mercury pulls up to a rusty steel ranch gate. A weathered sign reads "THE FREE STATE OF NEW JERUSALEM" and under that; "Unauthorized entry will be met with lethal force".

Tim drives through.

New Jerusalem is a shanty town of trailers, houses built out of pink insulation styro and recycled boards. It looks like a postmodern rendition of the great depression.

He drives slowly. A PA SYSTEM crackles out:

MINISTER (P.A)
...and how could the Lord have intended America, HIS country, HIS people, to enter the time of the Apocalypse? As lambs fit for slaughter? Or as lions?

Tim passes several MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN, who apart being visibly poor, all wear firearms of one kind or another.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
And who are the soldiers of Zion here in our land? The African race. The homosexuals. The so-called minorities. Their greatest weapon? CONFUSION. A terrible confusion of the natural ORDER.

White crosses are everywhere, even stuck to the poorly rigged powerlines and PA system. Tim pulls up to a BLONDE WOMAN with an AK-47 slung over her shoulder, and asks her directions.

She points.

MINISTER (CONT'D)
Now Jesus taught us that the Lord loves every living thing. But he wants them BACK in their PLACE.
(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)
 Whether they get there peacefully or
 not... It's really their decision.

134 **EXT. HERMANN'S TRAILER -- DAY**

Hermann's trailer is set apart from the main complex, and appears to have once been on fire. On the steps to the trailer, BRETT, an oddly handsome young man wearing black jeans and no shirt, cleans an AR-15.

He sees Tim approaching and fixes him with a mean look.

BRETT
 HERMANN!

Hermann opens the door, and waves Tim inside.

Tim returns Brett's hard stare as he follows Hermann into the darkness of the trailer. Brett follows Tim in.

135 **INT. HERMANN'S TRAILER -- DAY**

A Nazi flag hangs on the wall of the dingy headquarters of New Jerusalem's Chief of Security. Racks of magazines, newsletters, albums and stereo equipment line the walls.

HERMANN
 You are early. The brothers will be late.
 Brett, check him.

Brett walks in, and comes up to Tim. Tim bristles.

TIM
 I'm armed.

BRETT
 (in Philly/Jersey accent)
 No shit. I need to check for a wire.

Brett frisks him.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 No wire.

Brett heads into the dark recesses of the trailer.

HERMANN
 Have a seat.

Tim sits, looking uncomfortable. Hermann seems to be getting dressed for a combat operation.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
 Tell me about yourself, Mr. Tuttle.

TIM
 I'm putting together a team of patriots, and we're looking for a way to fund our operations. If you have any connections to people who are interested in investing in the future of America --

HERMANN
 I am sorry but my time today is limited,
 I want to know what your experience is.
 Your training.

TIM
 (hesitating)
 I used to drive armored trucks. Before I
 was in the army.

HERMANN
 And what did you do in the army?

TIM
 (hesitating)
 I was a Green Beret.

HERMANN
 Hmpf. Well. You've come a long way.

Hermann pulls on leather gloves, and a combat jacket. Brett comes back in with a camera.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
 The McKnight brothers will be here soon.
 They are former combat soldiers like
 yourself. You may use this room for your
 meeting, it is clear of any surveillance
 devices.
 (beat)
 Make yourself comfortable.

He hands Tim a beer out of a cooler, and exits, SHOUTING at someone off screen.

BRETT
 You got a beer. Hermann likes you.

Before Tim can react, Brett lifts the camera -- FLASH!

136 **INT. HERMANN'S TRAILER -- NIGHT**

Brett hunkers over a laminator machine, making a new ID for Tim. Tim paces.

BRETT
 I was just a regular old hellbound
 skinhead until I got saved. White
 Christian Identity changed my whole life.
 It's catching on, too. New Jerusalem is
 just the beginning.

TIM
 What time were they supposed to get here?

O.S. A RUMBLING TRUCK drives up. Doors slam.

BRETT
 Right about now.

The trailer shakes as the brothers hammer up the stairs,
 BANGING on the door. Brett opens the door --

MATT
(pushing in)
HERMANN!

Matt has long hair pulled back in a pony tail, a ballcap, and sunglasses. LUKE and MARK push past him.

MARK
Tim Tuttle from Michigan! BANG! You're a great shot!

MATT
(to the trailer)
HERMANN YOU KRAUT FUCK!

BRETT
Hermann's out. But he left you this.

Brett drags over a sloshing beer cooler.

LUKE
Hermann fuckin' cares.

Luke tosses beers to everyone at high speed. Matt grabs a chair, flips it around and sits, facing Tim.

MATT
Hermann says you're looking for work.
(SWIG)
He also says you're not F-B-I.

Matt looks over at Luke. Luke leans against the wall, fingering his pistol.

MATT (CONT'D)
And I, for one, believe him. I mean, if you are, we'll figure it out, and cross that bridge when we come to it.

Matt's smile is menacing. Tim looks around the room. The McKnights clearly have no problem with threats or violence.

TIM
(steeling himself)
I'm not an agent, but I am a patriot. I need money and I'm willing to do whatever I need to do to earn it. If you can't help me then I need you to put me in touch with someone who can.

MATT
How much we talking?

TIM
Fifty, sixty thousand dollars.

MATT
Damn. That's a lot of money. What is that, brothers, 3, 4 weeks of work? Shit.
(beat)
What you need it for?

TIM
I owe the government. For Waco.

MATT
Sounds like a excellent reason. You got friends that can shoot like you do?

Tim nods.

MATT (CONT'D)
Alright then.

(beat)
Welcome to the Aryan Republican Army. The first thing you need to know is that the A-R-A operates on a need to know basis. We don't want to know where your cell is from, where they live, or any of that other bullshit. We talk about the task at hand and nothing else. We meet, do jobs, and keep out of each other's business as much as possible. What's most important is that we share a common, ultimate goal.

Matt kicks back more beer and grins at his brothers.

MATT (CONT'D)
Which in our case is the violent overthrow of the federal government.

Brett smiles warmly.

137 **INT. FORTIER TRAILER, TV ROOM -- LATE NIGHT**

The Nintendo plays itself in front of Mike, dozing in his recliner. The phone rings.

MIKE
Honey, could you get that?

LORI (O.S.)
Why don't you get it?

MIKE
I don't want to get it.

LORI (O.S.)
I'm in the bathroom.

Mike puts down the controller and picks up the phone.

MIKE
Yeah? Hey, motherfucker!

Mike suddenly gets up out of the chair. Pacing, jumpy.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What? Yeah, we're good. Yeah man, I can't take this oppression. What? Yeah! This bank oppression!
(pause)
OK! OK! Solid! Cool, I'll see you then.

He puts down the phone and fumbles for a pad of paper, writes.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I just wrote it down like you said. OK.

He hangs up, thinks. He walks down the hall to the bathroom.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey, hon! That was Tim.

YEAH? LORI (O.S.)

MIKE
Yeah...

He softly pushes the bathroom door open. Lori sits on the toilet. She looks up at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I think he wants me to come rob some banks with him.

LORI
What?

MIKE
I think he wants me to rob banks?

LORI
Wow. That's intense.

138 EXT. MOTEL, CAPE GIRDEAUX, MO -- DAY

Tim's Mercury sits in a deserted hotel parking lot. The McKnights' "Blitzenvagon", a beaten-down station wagon with faux wood paneling, swings in, CELTIC PIPE music blaring.

Tim, Mike, and Terry get out of the car, and the McKnight brothers get out of theirs. The men all size each other up.

MATT
Tuttle. These your men?

TIM
Yeah.

MARK
What are y'all's handles?

TERRY
I'm... Tom Freedom.

LUKE
(squinting)
Like the guy from the tapes?

Tim looks over at Terry.

MIKE
I'm Fontane!

Tim looks over at Mike.

Luke looks nervously over at the BLACK MAID, who looks towards the group as she exits a room facing the motor court. Luke nudges Mark.

MARK

Matt. I think that nigger lady is spying on us.

MATT

What?

LUKE

That nigger lady is spying on us.

Matt calls out to the maid, pulling back his jacket to reveal his sidearm.

MATT

HEY! You mind your own goddamned business. Spook.

Terry pushes up his glasses, looking embarrassed.

139 **EXT. RURAL BANK -- DAY**

A van skids to a stop outside the bank. Cargo doors open and five men jump out wearing black balaclavas, ski goggles, body armor, and blue FBI windbreakers.

They sprint to the glass double doors, three of them carrying assault rifles.

140 **INT. BANK LOBBY -- DAY**

WHAM! Tim butt-strokes the uniformed bank guard across the face with his assault rifle. The guard goes down. Tim looks astonished.

Matt inspects the bank patrons, Tim covers the door.

MATT

Everybody get down! FBI!

MATT leaps up onto the teller divider.

MIKE

We're here for a robbery! A BANK ROBBERY!

Luke leaps over a divider.

LUKE

Come on, man!

Terry hustles round the teller gate, slipping. He comes up to meet Luke, then stands there.

LUKE (CONT'D)

The bag!

Luke shovels money out of the drawers. By the time they reach the third teller station, Terry is shaking so badly that Luke is having trouble getting the cash into the bag. Tim covers.

TIM
(whisper)
Will you fucking cool it?

TERRY
I'm sorry.

LUKE
GO!

Matt slams out the doors and into the van. Luke follows. Mike leaps off the countertop, punching his fist into the air.

MIKE
WOLVERINES!

141 **EXT. RURAL BANK -- DAY**

Terry sprints with the money bag. He trips over his own feet and falls. Money spills out of the bag and onto the sidewalk.

Tim exits the bank. He grabs Terry up by the collar of his jacket, propelling him into the van. Luke jumps out. He and Tim begin to shovel some of the money into the van.

MARK
Let's go!

In the distance, SIRENS. Tim and Luke jump into the van. The door slams shut and the van peels away.

142 **INT. HOTEL ROOM SUITE -- NIGHT**

Terry, Luke, and Mark pass around a bottle of whisky. Soft-core porn blasts from the TV. Terry nervously drinks, eyes fixed on the screen like he's never seen pornography.

Mike is happily getting out a small stash and rolling a joint.

MIKE
So Tim said you guys were in a band? Like
music?

LUKE
It's called Day of the Sword.

MARK
It's race-core.

Matt and Tim talk business in the adjoining suite. 6 neat stacks of \$100 bills on the bed.

TIM
We'd need two cars, and a follow car. The trucks block the front, the car blocks behind. 4 men, 6 would be better. They carry up to a few million.

MATT
How well armed are the drivers?

TIM
Pretty armed. But we could deal with it.
We can talk about it more next time.

Tim picks up a sport bag, and drops two stacks of money in.

MATT
Pleasure doing business with you, Tuttle.

143 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT -- DAY

The men walk to Tim's Mercury, silent, not looking back.

Tim hops in and kicks the car in gear. Terry stares wild-eyed at Tim. They move onto the highway, Tim checks his rearview.

TIM
Count it.

MIKE
GOD DAMN THAT WAS COOL!

Terry counts the money, looking behind as well. Even he can't hide his pleasure at the easy money.

144 INT. FEED & SEED STORE -- DAY

Terry approaches the register.

CLERK
Howdy. What can I do you for?

TERRY
Yes. I just bought a house. A farmhouse.

CLERK
Great. What can I help you with?

TERRY
I need, I need eighty fertilizers.

Terry's hands start to shake. He puts his hands on the counter.

CLERK
Come again?

TERRY
I need twenty bags of ammonium nitrate
for treating the flowers.

CLERK
Twenty bags of ammonium nitrate? Eighty-
pound bags?

TERRY
I'll need several years' worth. I know
that's a lot. I'm going to buy other
stuff later.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 But I wanted to get started with the ammonium nitrate. The twenty eighty-pound bags. For the flowers.

CLERK
 OK. Fill out this PO and let me call the warehouse and see what they've got back there.

TERRY
 Uhm. I'll just get my checkbook. For the payment.

CLERK
 (frowning)
 Sure thing.

145 INT. TERRY'S PICKUP -- DAY

Tim sits at the wheel of Terry's pickup, Josh sits in back. Terry exits the Feed n' Seed, all but running, and jumps into the passenger seat.

TERRY
 Let's go.

TIM
 Let's go get the stuff?

TERRY
 No. Let's just leave.

Tim starts the car and slams it into reverse.

TIM
 Goddamn it Terry! I'm not the fucking farmer here!

Josh's eyes are wide.

TERRY
 You shouldn't swear, Tim. It cheapens the language.

Tim pours on the gas and whips out of the parking lot.

146 INT. KITCHEN, FORTIER TRAILER -- MORNING

Mike drinks a cup of coffee in his robe and a pair of madras shorts. Tim sits at the table with CULBERTSON, a sun-baked blonde chemistry student who is younger than he looks.

Lori watches the men, smoking a cigarette.

TIM
 This is the building.

Tim places another box of cereal flat on the counter.

TIM (CONT'D)
 This is the truck.

LORI
That's as big as the building.

TIM
It's not to scale, Lori. Now, the ammonium nitrate and diesel fuel go into these drums, and we stack them like this.

Tim reaches into the cabinet and pulls out several cans of soup, which he stacks in a "V" pattern, with the mouth of the "V" pointing towards the building.

LORI
Why stack them like that?

CULBERTSON
That makes a shaped charge, the energy of the explosion gets focused into a jet.

TIM
Exactly. That's why the last ones didn't work. We needed to shape the charge.

Tim hands the guy the book "Explosives, Democracy in Action".

TIM (CONT'D)
Can you read this?

Culbertson reads it, starts chuckling.

CULBERTSON
What you planning on blowing up, Bro, the White House? Damn. Yeah I can build that. Shit yeah.

TIM
How much will it cost?

CULBERTSON
Uhh. 15, 20 large.

TIM
I'll need to see a test.

147 INT. BROWN VAN -- DAY

Willy is in the back of the rickety van, a 10 GALLON DRUM strapped in next to him. Culbertson drives up a dusty desert road, Tim in the passenger seat. Mike holds onto a strap.

WILLY
Frosty fucked me. I bailed his bitch wife out of jail and when I needed him, where was he? I'll teach him a lesson. Blow his damn house down.

The van LURCHES.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Take it EASY up there!

TIM
You're able to shape the charge inside
the cannister?

CULBERTSON
Yeah, I got the Tovex wedged on one side.
My main worry is that it's going to be
too powerful.

148 EXT. DESERT HOUSE, OATMAN, AZ -- DAY

Culbertson pushes a hand truck up to the front porch of this rickety wooden house, loaded with a 20 gallon paint drum topped with a duct-taped walkie-talkie.

He's wearing a flak jacket and a helmet.

WILLY (MEGAPHONE)
FROSTY! This is your LAST CHANCE. You can
come out and settle up now, or ELSE.

Willy hunkers behind the van, his wheelchair sunk deep in the sand, next to Tim and Mike. He also wears a flak jacket. Culbertson comes around the corner, sweating.

CULBERTSON
The charge is set.

FROSTY (FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE)
WILLY, GET OFF MY PROPERTY OR I'M CALLING
THE POLICE.

Inside, a SHOTGUN is pumped.

WILLY
THE POLICE CAN'T HELP YOU, FROSTY, IT'S
TOO LATE FOR THAT. YOU GOT 10 SECONDS TO
CLEAR OUT OF YOUR HOUSE.

Culbertson puts a duct-taped walkie-talkie in Willy's hands. Tim and Mike put in earplugs. The men hunker down, waiting.

Willy pushes the button. BLAM! An explosion ROCKS the area.

As the smoke and dust clears, Culbertson pushes Willy around the truck to see.

Bits of sand and dirt rain down, but the house is quite intact. A few of the windows are blown out.

FROSTY (FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE)
MOTHER FUCKER!

Willy looks at Culbertson, ENRAGED.

MIKE
That didn't do shit.

TIM
(bitterly)
Thanks for the demonstration.

WILLY
Put me back in the truck.

149 EXT. HERMANN'S BUNKER -- NIGHT

Hermann and Tim, in winter coats, stand outside the trailer door. A strand of red Christmas lights flicker.

TIM
(unhappily)
I've been having some problems on my project. I need technical advice.

HERMANN
On explosives?

TIM
(alarmed)
On a few things.

HERMANN
Do not worry. The McKnight brothers said nothing to me. But your friend Fontane talks when he is excited.

Hermann thinks for a moment.

HERMANN (CONT'D)
You heard the expression, the enemy of my enemy is my friend? It's an Arab saying. Do you have any business outside the country? Friends overseas?

TIM
No.

HERMANN
What about your friend Tom Freedom?

TIM
Tom?

HERMANN
Yes. The farmer. The dirt grower.

TIM
He travels overseas to the Philippines a lot, his wife's from there.

HERMANN
The Philippines. But this is perfect. Terry can find your help there.

TIM
I need to be the one to go.

HERMANN
You can't. It would seem too strange. The dirt grower in the Philippines is the answer. He has family.

TIM
I'll ask him.

150 INT. NICHOLS DINING ROOM -- DAY

Terry and Tim huddle close by the phone. Terry reads from a piece of paper. He wears a shoulder holster these days.

TERRY
1-8-325-456-8845. One ring only.

Tim dials, lets it ring one time, then hangs up. Hits redial.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Three rings.

Tim hangs up. They wait.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Are we sure this works?

The phone rings. Tim picks up.

TIM
Yes?

Tim scrawls down an address. He hangs up. Terry looks at the scribble.

TERRY
(in wonder)
That's Cebu City. Marife's from there.

151 EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Tim's Mercury is parked in the unloading zone at the airport with its hazard lights on. The day is grey, a fine mist falls on the windshield. PLANES take off.

152 INT. MERCURY/EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Terry sits hunched and nervous in the passenger seat, his bag in his lap.

TERRY
What if I can't find the place?

TIM
Terry, you've got the address, and the map -- I've already drawn out the route. It's a hotel, you'll see it.

TERRY
Did you ever find out the guy's name?

Terry looks glumly at the people filing into the airport.

TIM
They're expecting you. They know your handle. All you have to do is show up and give him the photos and the information.

TERRY
What if something's wrong -- what if I
can't trust him?

TIM
Terry, I don't know. You're going to have
to use your own judgment. You'll just
talk to him and then he'll give you some
papers or tapes or something with the
information we need and then you'll come
back.

TERRY
(sudden)
What if my bags are searched on the way
back?

Tim is momentarily at a loss. An AIRPORT GUARD walks up to the car and taps on the driver's window.

AIRPORT GUARD
You've got to move this vehicle.

TIM
You've got to go.

Terry opens the car door and starts out, leans back in.

TERRY
If I'm not back in three weeks, I left a
package for you. With my ex-wife. If I
don't come back, I want you to... Look
after Josh. OK? Can you do that for me?

TIM
I'll be here when you get back, Terry.

Terry nods, and walks to the terminal. Tim notices the airport guard staring at him, intrigued. Tim pulls out.

153 **EXT. VEGAS BANK -- HALLOWEEN DAY**

Tim sits at the wheel of the Blitzenvagon, wearing a cheap plastic wolf-man mask. He pulls it to the side, scans all around, and slips it back on.

Suddenly, FOUR MEN come haul-assing out of the bank, also wearing cheap halloween masks -- Frankenstein, Dracula, a Scarecrow, and another Wolf-man.

The disguised McKnight brothers JUMP in and the Blitzenvagon TEARS OFF. Brett yanks off his mask --

BRETT
That was unreal!

MATT
You know someone around here who can get
us some weed?

154 EXT. ARIZONA DESERT -- MOONLIT NIGHT

The Blitzenvagon's headlights illuminate scrub, and a campfire burns. Mark sings and plays guitar.

MARK
(singing)
Johnny told his Mama, Mama I'm going away. I'm going to hit the big time, gonna be a big star some day. Mama came to the door with a teardrop in her eye. Johnny said don't cry Mama, smile and wave goodbye. Don't you know that you are a shooting star? Don't you know?

Brett, Mark and Luke listen, rapt, and Mike sits crosslegged on the scrubby ground, rolling a joint, nodding to the music.

Tim sits on a beer cooler next to Lori, who stares around, a little nervous -- these are real bankrobbers! Mike bobs his head in time to the music, and smiles at Tim and Lori.

BRETT
Mind if I grab a beer, bro?

Tim and Lori hop up.

AWAY FROM THE FIRE --

Tim and Lori walk by themselves, away from the party. They come to a stop -- far below them, highway 40 twists and turns through Kingman.

LORI
These guys are pretty wild. They're like, the real deal.

TIM
Yeah. Real revolutionaries.

LORI
Are they helping you with the, um, operation?

TIM
They're on a need-to-know basis. But yeah.

LORI
What do you think you'll do... after?

TIM
I'll have to go underground. Might not see you guys for a while.

Lori looks at Tim, studying his face.

LORI
You're handsome.

Tim looks at Lori, surprised.

LORI (CONT'D)
I mean, you should have a girlfriend. One
that could go underground with you and
everything. Girls dig that shit.

TIM
(half-joking)
Maybe after the revolution.

Tim looks back towards the fire, embarrassed.

LORI
So you're really going to do it?

TIM
Yeah. When Terry get's back, we should
have everything we need.

LORI
I guess I just never realized how real it
was all going to be. I don't think I
could do it. I'd be pretty nervous,
wondering if I was doing the right thing.

Tim stares out at the highway, and the stars.

TIM
When you know in your heart what's right,
you don't have any questions.

SOMEONE walks up.

BRETT
Hey -- we were wondering where you got
off to.

Lori is startled. She looks at Brett suspiciously.

TIM
Check out this view. Lori was just
showing me... careful, it drops off.

Brett sidles up, swigs from his beer.

BRETT
Wow that's something.

LORI
We should get back.

She starts heading back to the fire.

155 INT. DENNYS -- RAINY DAY

Tim and Jen sit in a Denny's, two finished platters of food
next to them. Jen listens to him intently.

TIM

What if someone was in the army, and, like, good enough to be in the Berets, but they needed them to do things that an official Green Beret couldn't do? Like for legal reasons.

JEN

Okay...

TIM

Like, maybe they would pull that person aside, and set him up with a mission.

JEN

Like you're in the CIA.

TIM

Yeah, but even the CIA can't do certain things. There's no name for it. The missions are conducted on a need-to-know basis. So they send the person out, into the civilian world, and have him report back once in a while. Like a cell.

JEN

Okay. I guess I understand what you mean. You're like some kind of spy?

TIM

I'm not saying that, Jen. This is just hypothetical.

Jen looks confused. She looks down at a bag, next to her in the booth. It's open, bound stacks of \$20 bills sticking out.

JEN

So if I take this money, and deposit it in three different accounts, I'm like doing the government a favor?

(beat)

I don't know, Tim. It seems weird.

Tim looks past Jen, paranoid about two COPS at the counter.

TIM

Look. You don't have to believe me. But I need you to trust me. I wouldn't ask you to do this if it wasn't safe, and if it wasn't really, really important. This is a really critical time, Jen.

JEN

(angry)

You know what, this really sucks, Tim. I've not seen you in like a year, and you show up and it's like this?

TIM

You got my letters didn't you?

JEN
 Yeah I fucking got your letters. I sent
 you all that stuff, didn't I? I want to
 know what you're really doing.

Tim says nothing. Jen looks out the window for a long moment.

JEN (CONT'D)
 Granddad had a stroke. He's in
 the hospital.

Tim registers this, totally shocked.

TIM
 Why didn't anyone tell me?

JEN
 I called you at Mike's. He said he
 couldn't tell me where you were.

156 EXT. BUFFALO CITY STREETS -- DAY

Tim pulls into a slushy hospital parking lot. He looks up at the dark windows and the dull sky.

157 INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Tim sits at his grandfather's side. Ed McVeigh is on a respirator, his skin white as paper.

TIM
 The doctor said you're going home in a couple of days.

The old man's eyes are open, and he moves his mouth a little. He can't speak.

TIM (CONT'D)
 They said you would probably get your speech back in a few months. That happens a lot.

Tim looks at the door.

TIM (CONT'D)
 I'm working on a big project right now. I'm the head of it. I've got some people working for me, people in different parts of the country. It's hard work, but I'm good at it. I have to travel a lot, because... Because the project is going to go national pretty soon. I...

Tim trails off. He is crying.

TIM (CONT'D)
 As soon as I'm done I'll be able to be with the family again, you know, at holidays and things, I might even move back to Buffalo. I hope, I'm going to help Jen build a house, up here near you and Dad. She'll be --
 (voice cracking)
 (MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)
I really believe in what I'm doing,
Granddad.

The old man stares at Tim.

158 **EXT. GRANDFATHER'S HOME -- DAY**

Tim shakes a keyring out of a brown envelope. Opens the door.

159 **INT. GRANDFATHER'S HOME -- DAY**

The house is exactly as it was before, gloomy as a history museum. Tim walks from room to room. He takes the rifle down from the mantle.

Now he's packing things into boxes. Everything in the house.

Now Tim uses the phone, writes on a pad.

TIM
Hi. I was calling about closing this
account?
(pause)
Mr. McVeigh is deceased. This is his
grandson.

160 **INT. AIRLINE TERMINAL -- DAY**

Passengers deplane in fits and starts; Tim nervously watches the crowd for Terry. Finally, Terry does emerge. Tim smiles and waves --

-- but Terry is accompanied by TWO MIDDLE EASTERN MEN.

One is THE CONSULTANT, 36, dressed in loose formal wear. The other, SAM, is 28, dark-haired with a goatee, and is in excellent physical condition. Sam wears an Adidas tracksuit.

As they approach, Tim can barely contain his panic.

161 **INT. MERCURY -- DAY**

The four men ride down the interstate. The Mercury runs at its maximum controllable speed. Tim drives with Terry in the passenger seat. Everyone except Tim eats burgers and shakes.

The Consultant puts down his burger and pulls out a cell phone. He dials, has a brief conversation in Arabic, he hangs up. He tells Sam something in Arabic, they laugh. Terry cringes.

TIM
(in the rearview)
So where are you from? You're not
Filipino.

CONSULTANT
Technically, I'm Baluchistani -- the
area you would know as Pakistan. Sam is
American. Born and bred.

This elicits chuckles from Sam.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)
Are we staying in Oklahoma City?

TIM
No. We've rented a farm in Kansas. It's close to our supplies.

CONSULTANT
We need a neutral location for your team. Where we won't seem out of place.

Sam says something to the CONSULTANT in Arabic.

TIM
Can he speak English as good as you?

CONSULTANT
Yes.

TIM
Then I suggest you both speak it from here on out. You're not in Pakistan anymore.

162 EXT. MOTEL 6, GRANTS, NM/INT. MERCURY -- SUNSET

The motel is situated on a low bluff overlooking interstate 40. A power plant's smoke stacks plume exhaust in the distance. The Mercury pulls up.

CONSULTANT
Tuttle -- are we meeting your team here?

Tim doesn't say anything.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)
I want to know how many rooms to get.

TIM
My team isn't coming here. This isn't the staging area, it's New Mexico.

CONSULTANT
This isn't Kansas?

The Consultant and Sam get out of the car. Terry moves to exit. Tim grabs his arm. Tim holds Terry's arm until the Consultant and Sam are at the check-in office.

TIM
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING? WHO THE FUCK ARE THESE GUYS?

TERRY
I made a judgment call.

Tim hits the steering wheel.

TIM
I am so sick of you fucking up!

TERRY
 Tim, I'm sorry if you disagree with the decision I made. But I made it, and now we need to deal with the consequences.

Tim glares out his window. It's almost dark.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Instead of you yelling at me, I think we should devise a strategy as to how best to use these guys as a resource. They've got useful information.

Tim looks Terry in the eye.

TIM
 You're right. These guys are probably a lot more useful to me now than you are.
 (beat)
 You go back to Kansas, and I'll be by to pick up the ANFO next week. Other than that, you don't need to be involved in this, anymore. You're done. Go home.

Tim opens the door and gets out of the car. Terry watches Tim go, stunned. Tim doesn't look back.

163 EXT. SCRUB, BEHIND THE MOTEL 6 -- SUNSET

Tim and the Consultant walk through the scrub.

TIM
 I'm not sure what Terry told you, but we have the project under control. I can't have you stepping in this late. You need to go. We can get you as far as Amarillo, and --

CONSULTANT
 Let me be as direct as possible. Your truck bomb will not destroy the building.

They stop.

TIM
 You don't have your facts straight. I'll have 2 and a half tons of an ANFO explosive on a truck that I'm going to drive RIGHT UP to the front door. It's a shaped charge, which will maximize the damage...

CONSULTANT
 Except that shaped charges do not work on that scale, Mr. Tuttle. And I think you know that.

Tim angrily looks out over the highway.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)
When professional demolition engineers destroy a building, they isolate the load bearing elements of the building and attach cutting charges to them -- inside. They are triggered by the explosion outside. It is simple, once you have it set.

TIM
We don't have the equipment for that.

CONSULTANT
I can get you the equipment.

The Consultant smiles. Tim studies his face.

TIM
This is my project. You make suggestions and I give the orders. Everyone answers to me.

CONSULTANT
Of course.

Tim turns back to the hotel, walking fast. The Consultant calls after him.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)
I do have one more recommendation.
About Mr. Nichols.

TIM
Terry's my problem, stay away from him.

164 INT. PHONE BOOTH, MOTEL 6 -- EARLY EVENING.

Tim dials a number, using a phone card.

TIM
Hermann. It's Tim. I have a problem.

HERMANN
We should not discuss problems on the phone.

TIM
There are men, from the Philippines. They came back with Terry.

There is a long pause.

HERMANN
This is not a problem.

The phone clicks dead. Tim hangs up. Stares back at the hotel. He produces a vial, and sniffs some meth.

Blinking, he dials another number.

TIM

Uhm. Jen? Hey. It's Tim. Sorry it's been a while. Listen. I was just calling to let you know that... uh.

(looking back at the hotel)

I'm going to be out of touch for a little while. I don't know when I'll be able to call you back. But you should... You should get rid of my letters, OK? And... no matter what happens, you should, uh, know that I love you. OK? Very much.

He hangs up.

165 **EXT. DREAMLAND MOTEL, JUNCTION CITY, KS -- MORNING**

A dilapidated brick motel sprawls just off the interstate. A chain link fence wraps around a decaying swimming pool, surrounded by rusted lounge chairs and a deflated volley ball.

A giant neon sign spells out DREAMLAND under the shape of big yellow star that points up to the Kansas sky.

A faded panel truck lurches into the parking lot, followed by the Blitzenwagon, towing a farm cement mixer.

Mike slams the door to his truck.

MIKE
KANSAS!

TIM
Hey, Mike.

Mike and Tim embrace. The McKnight brothers climb out of the beaten-down wagon.

LUKE

We've robbed twenty goddamned banks, and we're still dragging ass in this fucking sled.

MARK

This wagon sucks shit.

A sleek blue rental car pulls up and parks. After a moment, Sam and the Consultant get out. Matt comes out of the hotel room and stares at the two new guys.

TIM

These guys are helping us.

Mike gives Tim a worried look. The men size each other up.

MATT

Wild. Pleased to meet you.

He extends his hand to Sam.

166 INT. DREAMLAND MOTEL -- DAY

Tim and the Consultant sit at the dinette in one corner of the room. Maps, yellow legal pads, and highlighters litter the table. The shades are drawn.

On the other side of the room, Sam and the McKnights sit on the bed joking and watching porn.

Mike sits alone on the other bed, awkward and fidgety, his eyes darting between Tim, the Consultant and the television.

TIM

We have been centralizing our supplies for the past month now, to these two new storage locations --

NOISE from the TV and the McKnight brother's LAUGHTER. Tim circles the two new locations.

TIM (CONT'D)

We've got our ammonium nitrate in Council Grove, and the racing fuel at Tom's farm -- right here.

There is a knock at the door. Matt draws a weapon and peeks out the window. The Consultant reaches into his jacket.

Tim goes to the door, looks out the peep-hole. Hermann the German stands outside, rocking on his heels.

TIM (CONT'D)

It's a friendly.

Tim lets Hermann in. Grinning, Hermann surveys the room. The Consultant and Sam exchange a strange look.

HERMANN

It is good to be in Kansas!

The McKnights hoot. Behind him is a big moving truck, painted yellow. Brett hops out.

HERMANN (CONT'D)

I heard you folks needed to do some moving.

Brett comes in with a couple six packs, staring at Sam and the Consultant with suspicion.

167 INT. YELLOW TRUCK -- DAY

Tim and Brett park the Ryder truck across from the Murrah building. Tim hops out and puts some money in the meter. Hermann and the Consultant park the rental car behind.

Tim and Brett hop in the back.

TIM

It took us just under 5 hours.

The two men ignore Tim. Brett looks bored.

CONSULTANT
Where will the first device be coming from?

HERMANN
About 10 blocks from here, an auto shop.

TIM
Is that the decoy truck or the real one?

The two men look back at Tim, like interrupted parents.

HERMANN
The real one.

168 INT. STRIP-CLUB -- JUNCTION CITY, KS -- NIGHT

Tim, Hermann, Brett and the Consultant sit around sharing a pitcher. TOPLESS WOMEN dance on the bar. Tim swigs his beer.

HERMANN
...you are lucky to be part of Tim's operation. It will be very famous, for many generations.

Tim is getting drunk. A TOPLESS DANCER comes by the table.

DANCER
Would you fellas like another pitcher?

TIM
Do you know who I am?

DANCER
No honey but you know I'd love to.

TIM
On April 19th you will. You will know exactly who I am.

DANCER
And why is that?

The Consultant and Hermann look hard at Tim.

TIM
It's my birthday.

169 EXT. STRIP-CLUB -- JUNCTION CITY, KS -- NIGHT

Tim throws up near a dumpster. Stands, wobbly. Back by the car, Hermann and the Brett are laughing about something.

170 INT. DREAMLAND MOTEL -- MORNING

Mike crouches by Tim's bed, looking over his shoulder.

MIKE
Tim. Hey man. Wake up.

Tim is groggy, visibly hung over.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 That one guy left last night after you
 went to sleep. Packed everything out and
 took off. I don't think the Sam dude knew
 he was going to do that.

TIM
 Where is Sam?

MIKE
 He's out by the pool.

171 EXT. POOL -- DAY

Sam wades out of the pool, wearing only a Speedo.

SAM
 This pool is terrible!

TIM
 Where did your friend go?

SAM
 He had to go take care of some business.

Now they stand in the parking lot, and Sam unlocks the trunk of the rental car, a towel draped over his shoulder.

Neatly arranged inside are what can only be SIX IDENTICAL BOMBS; steel cylinders topped with wires and electronics.

Brett walks up with Matt, both wear mirrored sunglasses.

MATT
 You boys got a license for them bombs?

SAM
 I like you. You have a sense of humor.

MATT
 I just like explosives.

Sam shuts the trunk with a careful click.

MIKE
 (totally agitated)
 Tim? Let's get some breakfast. Okay?

172 INT. MCDONALDS, JUNCTION CITY, KS -- MORNING

Tim eats an Egg McMuffin, seated in a booth that faces the street. Mike slides into the space across from him.

Mike sips his coffee.

MIKE
 Man, I'm into the brothers, but the
 towelheads... I was like, wow, I'm
 surprised that Tim doesn't zero out these
 guys out of habit.

TIM
I hear you on that one.

MIKE
That one guy -- the tall one -- he was giving me the bad eye, man. I'm glad he left.

Mike fumbles with a ketchup packet.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Dude, I really got to hand it to you! The big day is here! It's like, nothing stops you man. You're a real force of personality.

TIM
What's up?

MIKE
I need to... Well, Lori's squirrely, you know. She's not really into this anymore. I mean...
(beat)
you seem to really have it under control here, man.

Tim looks his friend, hard, in the eye. Then out the window.

TIM
You better keep your mouth shut, Mike.
I'm serious about that.

MIKE
Dude, I'd never. Ever.

Tim won't look at Mike. He balls up his napkin, picks up his tray, and gets up from the booth.

TIM
Have a good life.

Mike watches Tim walk out and into the grey day.

173 **EXT. MCDONALDS, JUNCTION CITY, KS -- DAY**

Tim walks along the road, a light rain falling. Up ahead, a BRAND NEW RYDER TRUCK drives up.

LUKE
(from the truck)
You need a ride, buddy?

Tim hops in next to Luke.

174 **EXT. LAKE GEARY -- DAY**

The Ryder truck navigates down the lumpy road to the lake. The other yellow truck, the decoy that Hermann brought, sits next to the McKnight's wagon.

The Ryder backs in next to the decoy. Matt and Tim hop out.

Mark pours a bag of white fertilizer granules into the mixer, sweating. Brett is in the back, pushing a blue drum in place.

BRETT
(looking at his watch)
I was starting to worry that there was a problem.

TIM
No problem at all.

Brett hops out, dusting off his hands.

BRETT
Hermann's meeting us in Oklahoma City.

TIM
Where's Sam?

BRETT
He had to go. Don't worry. He showed me how everything works.

175 **INT. LOBBY, A. P. MURRAH BUILDING -- MORNING**

Tim pushes open the heavy glass doors to the Murrah Building. The government building's lines are crisp in the clear morning sun, the edges look too sharp to touch.

Tim, Mark and Brett walk in, all dressed as telephone workmen, carrying utility boxes and a stepladder.

176 **INT. ELEVATOR.**

The men ride down together.

177 **INT. HALLWAY, A.P. MURRAH BUILDING -- MORNING**

They find their spot and set down their equipment.

Tim pulls out a set of blueprints, while Brett climbs to the top of the stepladder with a power drill.

A FAMILIAR MAN in an ATF jacket walks past the end of the hallway, talking to a MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT. They stop.

The familiar man's eyes meet Tim's. A FLASH OF RECOGNITION.

It's GARY, James' friend. From the bomb-building. Different hair, and ATF jacket, but it's unmistakably him.

Tim turns around, confused.

MARK
What's up man?

TIM
(panicking)
Uh. Nothing.

Tim looks back down the hall. The men are gone. Mark reaches into his tool bucket and pulls out a charge.

MARK
I can't believe how easy this is. We
should do this kind of thing more often.

Tim notices that Brett is staring at him.

BRETT
Something wrong, buddy?

178 **EXT. BODY SHOP, BRICKTOWN, OKC -- DUSK**

A Ryder truck sits in the work bay of the body shop.

Mark McKnight rides around the corner in a small forklift. The McKnights unload eighty-pound bags of ammonium nitrate and blue plastic drums.

TIM
(to Luke)
You know where Hermann is?

LUKE
I thought he was with you.

TIM
What about Brett?

LUKE
Weren't you just with him?

HERMANN
(out of nowhere)
Tim. May I have a word with you?

179 **EXT. ALLEY -- DAY**

Hermann and Brett stand in the alley. Brett is wearing sunglasses.

HERMANN
When you were in the building today, did
you see anything strange?

Tim looks at Hermann, and at Brett, who seems very interested in the answer.

Tim realizes he can't trust either of Brett, or Hermann.

TIM
No. Like what do you mean?

HERMANN
You would tell me, wouldn't you? If
you did?

TIM
(angrily)
I'll tell you whatever I think you need
to know, whenever I think you need to
know it. That's how this works, isn't it?

Hermann looks at Tim with a steely gaze.

HERMANN
 I have reason to believe there might be
 an... information leak. I want the
 operation to be a success.

TIM
 Well if I find anything out you'll be the
 first to know.

Tim walks away from the men, jaw clenched, mind racing.

180 **EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY -- DAY**

Tim crosses a busy street to a pay phone. He hesitates again at the phone, thinking hard. He looks terrified.

Finally he gives in, and dials.

TIM
 Terry. It's me. Listen, I'm down
 in Oklahoma City. There's, uh, been a
 change. I need you to come get me.

181 **EXT. LOADING AREA, YMCA, DOWNTOWN OKC -- SUNDOWN**

He puts his keys in a magnet box and sticks it under the car. He places a note on the dash that reads "DO NOT TOW. WILL BE BACK TO PICK UP CAR."

He looks around, totally paranoid.

He walks to the end of the alley and turns, staring back at the Mercury, thinking.

182 **INT. TERRY'S PICKUP -- NIGHT**

Tim climbs into Terry's truck. Josh is seated in the middle, excited by the surprise trip and seeing Tim.

JOSH
 Hey Tim! Dad drove all the way down here
 to pick you up!

TERRY
 (awkwardly)
 Josh, when your best friend calls
 you and needs help, you help him.

TIM
 Yeah. That's what they do.

They ride in silence as Terry pulls onto the interstate. Tim looks like he might be sick.

TERRY
 What's wrong?

TIM
 When's the last time you saw Gary?
 (beat)
 James' friend.

TERRY
I guess it's been a couple of months.

TIM
Has James seen him recently?

TERRY
Not since he got some racing fuel from
him. That was, uh, February.

Terry looks at Tim, hard. Now he's very worried.

TERRY (CONT'D)
What is it, Tim.

TIM
I saw Gary. Today. He's with the ATF.
He's an agent.

Now Terry looks like he might be sick. Josh looks at the men, uncomprehending.

TIM (CONT'D)
I'm pretty sure he saw me too.

Terry looks at Tim. He's never seen Tim so scared. The men drive in silence for a while. Suddenly, Terry puts on his hazard lights, and slows.

TIM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TERRY
I just remembered something. Last time
James saw him, he said he was with this
German guy.
(beat)
That guy you know from New Jerusalem is
German, isn't he?

TIM
Yeah.

TERRY
Do you think he's an agent too?

TIM
(lost)
I don't know.

Trucks whizz past them.

TERRY
It just doesn't make sense. Why would
they do this? They could have already
arrested us.

TIM
Maybe they want to set an example. They
could set it up, so that at the very last
minute, it doesn't happen. It doesn't go
off.

Terry bites his nails. That would be how they'd do it.

183 **EXT. DREAMLAND/INT. TERRY'S PICKUP -- NIGHT**

Terry pulls into far side of the Dreamland parking lot. Cuts the engine, stares at the hotel. Josh is asleep.

TIM
I'm going to go to jail, Terry.

TERRY
We can go, Tim. Right now. You could be in Canada by tomorrow. You don't have to do this.

Tim looks at Terry for a long moment. He shakes his head.

TIM
This is exactly what I have to do.

Tim squeezes Josh's shoulder, and hops out.

TIM (CONT'D)
Be a good kid, Josh.

Terry watches Tim walk into the hotel room and shut the door.

184 **INT. DREAMLAND MOTEL -- 2 AM**

The old mechanical clock on the nightstand emits a buzz and a click. Brett is asleep in his bed. Tim is wide awake, on top the covers, his hand on his gun.

He watches Brett sleep.

Tim gets up, and exits without a sound.

185 **EXT. DREAMLAND MOTEL -- NIGHT**

Tim walks outside, away from the hotel. The McKnight's wagon is parked next to the dingy decoy truck.

Everything is still.

The highway is empty, except for a pair of headlights that hang unmoving in the distance. The stars are very bright.

There's a dimly lit phone booth at the base of the Dreamland sign. Tim walks up to it, staring at the payphone inside.

He picks up the phone. The dial tone hums. He puts it down.

Tim turns, and walks back to motel.

When he tries the key, the door is locked. He tries it again. He can't make any sound. Inside the room, a LIGHT flicks on.

Tim looks in the window.

Brett is getting out of bed. He has a gun. He walks over to Tim's bed. SOMEONE is asleep on Tim's bed, on top of the covers.

It's ANOTHER TIM.

Brett lowers his pistol to the other Tim's sleeping head.

Tim, outside, starts banging on the window.

186 **INT. DREAMLAND MOTEL -- 2 AM**

Tim jerks awake. He's still on his bed.

Brett is still asleep. The clock flicks to 2 AM. The buzzer goes off.

Tim sits up, starts packing his bag, eyeing Brett.

Brett gets up, goes to the sink, flips on the harsh fluorescent light. Brett wipes his face with a towel, turns, looking at Tim. Their eyes meet. Brett looks at his watch.

BRETT
You ready?

187 **EXT. BODY SHOP, BRICKTOWN, OKC -- EARLY MORNING**

Tim and Brett stand outside of the non-descript body shop, looking at their watches in the grey light.

The DECOY YELLOW TRUCK drives up, driven by Matt. Mark hops out, keys jangle.

MATT
Mornin' fellers.

The steel door of the body shop comes up. Inside is the Ryder truck. Hermann grins as Tim and the McKnights file in.

188 **INT. GARAGE -- MORNING**

Hermann passes out two hand-drawn maps, one to Tim, one to Matt. Matt is wearing mirrored sunglasses, and a ball cap.

HERMANN
(looking Tim in the eye)
The route that you will take must be precise. It will avoid surveillance cameras. It will also allow the decoy to arrive at the courthouse on time. At this corner, Brett will arm the device then you will continue on to the target.
(beat)
Are there any questions?

Brett and Hermann exchange a look.

TIM
(taking the map)
Sounds good.

MATT
Hell yeah.

189 INT. RYDER TRUCK -- MORNING

Tim sits behind the wheel. Brett has the map. Tim engages the transmission, and the truck pulls out onto the street, into rush hour traffic, behind the decoy truck.

In front of them, the decoy makes a left. Tim makes a right.

Tim stops at one stop light after another, checking the rearview mirror. The truck lurches under the weight.

190 EXT. RYDER TRUCK -- DAY

The ryder truck's blinkers are on.

IN THE BACK -- Brett is crouched among the blue drums, doing something. Tim hops in, Brett jerks up, surprised.

BRETT
You're supposed to be at the wheel.

TIM
I thought you could use some help.

BRETT
(tersely)
I've got it.

Tim looks at Brett, his expression grim.

TIM
These go on here, don't they?

Tim takes a jumper cable and affixes it to the top of a blue drum. Brett is very still.

BRETT
Yeah.

191 INT. RYDER TRUCK -- DAY

Tim drives. Brett looks terrified.

BRETT
Make, a, a left up here.

Tim goes straight.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You were supposed to go left.

TIM
This is a better way.

BRETT
This isn't the plan. You have to go back.

Tim doesn't say anything.

They pass a truck labeled "BOMB SQUAD" sitting on the courthouse steps. FIREMEN stand around it, sipping coffee.

They turn left onto Federal Square.

192 **INT. RYDER TRUCK -- MORNING**

Tim pulls into position in front of the A.P. Murrah Building.

Tim reaches underneath the seat, pulls out a handmade wood box with a key. He turns it. Brett watches, sweat beading on his brow. Tim looks at him and smiles.

TIM
Good working with you.

Brett freezes, like he's not sure what to do. Then he hurriedly exits the truck, crossing the busy street, looking back once, and then running off.

Tim drops the keys behind the seat.

He steps out of the truck, locking the door behind him.

193 **EXT. DOWNTOWN OKC -- MORNING**

Tim walks across the street, stops midway to allow a car to pass immediately in front of him.

He looks forward to the YMCA, then breaks into a run, moving over the concrete and asphalt in long strides. The glass of the federal building shines in the morning sun.

He rounds the corner.

His Mercury is waiting for him, just where he left it. He drops to his hands and knees, locates the key box. He opens the door, slides behind the wheel, and turns the key.

The engine catches, turning over with a cough and then a roar.

Timothy McVeigh pulls into traffic, passing people, cars, and buildings on his way out of town, his face expressionless.

We study his face as he drives.

He flips on the radio.

The explosion that destroyed the Murrah Building on April 19th, 1995, killed 168 men, women and children, making it the worst terrorist attack on American soil to that date.

Tim McVeigh was caught within the first two hours of the bombing. Initially charged with having a missing license plate and illegal possession of a firearm, he was later connected to the Oklahoma City bombing, tried, and sentenced to death in 1997. After refusing to appeal his case, Tim was executed by lethal injection in Terre Haute, Indiana in the Spring of 2001.

The last phone call Tim made from prison was to Jennifer.