

THE KNOLL

by

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SUPER OVER BLACK:

History is a relentless master. It has no present, only the past rushing into the future.

To try to hold fast is to be swept aside.

-- John F. Kennedy.

THE SOUNDS OF DISTANT CHEERING...

INT. TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY - SIXTH FLOOR -- DAY

CHEERING CONTINUES -- A PARADE CROWD. Innocent. Happy...

An aging warehouse. Old brick walls. Dimly lit. Cardboard boxes stacked in every direction.

WORN SHOES SLOWLY WALK ACROSS THE DUSTY WOODEN FLOOR

Careful steps. Straight. As if walking a last mile.

SUPER IN BOTTOM CORNER: **November 22, 1963. 12:28 p.m.**

A RIFLE HANGS IN A MAN'S GRIP

Barrel pointed down, strap hanging loose. A 6.5mm Carcano bolt-action. Wooden stock. A poor man's weapon...

HIS HAND LOADS IN ROUNDS

Methodically pushing live jackets the color of dull brass down into the barrel -- HE LOCKS the bolt into place --

ANGLE ON THE MAN STANDING A FEW FEET INSIDE THE WINDOW

We see nothing of his view through it. Only him. Slight and wiry. Beads of sweat on his face, warm November day. Thinning hair but only 24 years old and tightly wound.

LEE HARVEY OSWALD. The crowd noise SPIKES TO DEAFENING, just below outside --

HE KNEELS AT THE WINDOW SILL -- boxes arranged to form a sort of blind in the corner --

Dust particles swimming through the shaft of light on his face, the gun -- rifle at the ready --

-- CROWD CHEERS at a FEVER PITCH --

-- His HEAVY BREATHING, his very HEARTBEAT --

CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS STREET -- SUNSET

SUPER TIMESTAMP: "18 Hours Earlier"

HEAVY BREATHING, HEARTBEAT CARRY OVER

CLOSE ON OSWALD RUNNING

Now in a flannel shirt, jeans -- breaths in PANICKED GASPS, stumbles, near-falls, constant glances back --

CLOSE ON A POLICE OFFICER RUNNING IN A FULL SPRINT

A blur of navy blue -- CRUNCH of foliage under boot, CRASH of tree branches being batted aside --

EXT. LOW-RENT HOUSE -- SAME

A YOUNG WOMAN IN HER 20'S WAILS AND SCREAMS, mouth and nose bloody, cheek swelling purple --

ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER HOLDS HER BY THE ARMS

CORPORAL LEROY CURTIS (39) -- stops her from running after --

CURTIS
DAMMIT, NOLAN! WAIT FOR BACK-UP!

EXT. DALLAS STREET -- CONTINUOUS

OSWALD DARTS INTO THE ROAD, running out of breath --

CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT, almost plows through him --

PURSUING COP TACKLES HIM FULL-SPEED OVER THE HOOD

The men rolling in a BANGING heap across metal --

THEY FALL TO THE ASPHALT

Our cop, JIM NOLAN (26), pins the suspect with his knees as he reaches for Oswald's wallet...

NOLAN
All right...
(reading ID)
Oswald. Lee Harvey.

EXT. LOW-RENT HOUSE -- SAME

The woman now calmed to heavy sobs. MARINA OSWALD.

The officer: Corporal Curtis--a weathered country boy with some gray peeking out from the sides of his pomaded hair.

Curtis still holds Marina's arm, keeping her put --

MARINA

He did not do anything! He did not do anything!

CURTIS

Marina, you called us, sweetheart--

NOLAN RETURNS TO THE HOUSE WITH OSWALD

Nolan: square jaw, sharp and athletic in his sweaty Dallas PD blues.

Oswald: Opposite in every way. Small chin. Permanent scowl.

Nolan gets a good look at Marina's battered face.

NOLAN

It's all right, ma'am... you're gonna be fine...

(turning on Oswald)

You like hittin' your wife, Lee?

OSWALD

This is a private affair between Marina and I--

FISTS TIGHTEN ON HANDFULS OF FLANNEL, Nolan JERKS Oswald close to his face:

NOLAN

Takes a real tough guy to beat on a woman, Lee. You know what happens to tough guys like you in County?

CURTIS

Easy, Jim--

TIRES SCREECH ON THE STREET

Black Ford in an abrupt stop. A gray suit and hat outside in seconds flashing a badge. This is BARSTOW (41) --

BARSTOW

Get your hands off 'em...

NOLAN
Hell you s'posed to be--

BARSTOW
Get your hands off 'em. Barstow.
With the Bureau.
(grabbing Oswald)
Man's with me--

Nolan gets toe-to-toe with the agent --

NOLAN
FBI? You gotta be kiddin'--

BARSTOW
I LOOK LIKE I'M KIDDIN'?

CURTIS
(stepping between them)
Jimmy, dammit, don't be a hero!

NOLAN
So that's it?! Fed says so an' he's
off the hook? No. We're takin' him
in. This woman called the police
and that's us--

BARSTOW
(cutting, to Marina)
This true, Marina?

Marina has quieted to sniffles upon sight of the agent.

MARINA
*...Lee did nothing, just leave us
alone...*

Barstow tosses Lee toward his black Ford.

BARSTOW
Get in the car, Lee.

OSWALD
You don't tell me what to do!

BARSTOW
Get in the GODDAMN car.

OSWALD
We hit Lewisville, we go our
separate ways--

BARSTOW BACKHANDS OSWALD ACROSS THE MOUTH

Barstow makes like he's about to hit Lee again, but instead spins on the cops --

BARSTOW
(to Nolan, Curtis)
You boys would do better to keep
outta Bureau business. Understand?

Nolan moves to speak, Curtis holds him back with his hand.

CURTIS
Understood.

Barstow heads back to his Ford, pulling Oswald with him.

NOLAN
(calling out)
We'll see ya real soon, Lee.

The car drives off. Nolan turns to the stricken woman.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
You all right, Marina?

She can only nod. Doesn't meet their eyes.

CURTIS steps in front of Nolan, severe --

CURTIS
What part of 'back-up' don't you
understand?

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Turn-of-the-century place that's gone to the dogs. Songs of CRICKETS, CICADAS in the blackness. The middle of nowhere.

AN ELDERLY LANDLADY LEADS A MAN THROUGH THE HOUSE

She's spindly, leather and bones. He's tall, late 30's, close-shaved hair. Hollow eyes. Let's call him BADGE.

LANDLADY
Jus' me in the house so the back's
all yours...

BEDROOM. She flicks on a light. Not much. Ancient iron bed, lamp, dusty night stand.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
Here's your room. Modest, but...
part of the charm, I guess...

Badge walks in, surveys it with no expression. Carefully puts a worn suitcase on the bed.

BATHROOM. She flips the switch. Even less. Tub shower, old curtain. Small mirror and sink.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
Hope it's to your liking...

No answer. She turns, sees him facing away from her.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
You don't talk much.

He opens the suitcase -- his BACK TO HER --

HE PULLS OUT A PISTOL AND PLACES IT ON THE BED -- SHE DOESN'T SEE as he continues unpacking --

PULLS OUT A SMALL SERRATED COMBAT KNIFE -- military issue -- places it next to THE GUN --

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
In town to see the president?

HE PULLS OUT A NAVY BLUE UNIFORM SHIRT -- places it on top of THE GUN -- then tosses a DALLAS POLICE BADGE on it --

CUT TO:

INT. DALLAS POLICE HQ - MUSTER ROOM -- SAME

More than a hundred uniform and plainclothes officers. The clock on the wall reads 8:15 a.m.

OFF TO THE SIDE, Nolan and Curtis, in the midst of being dressed down by CHIEF JESSE CURRY (50). Balding, glasses, husky and boorish.

CURRY
You think I need more to worry
about? You think I need the *FBI*
callin' me the day of the parade?
Tellin' me two officers are
harassing a federal contact--

NOLAN
We responded to a call, he was
beatin' the shit out of her--

CURRY
Corporal Curtis.

CURTIS
Yes, sir.

CURRY
Get your partner under control.
'Fore I make an example.

CURTIS
Yes, sir.

CURRY
I mean it. Not today. Of all days,
I do not need it today.

NOLAN
Coulda killed her.

CURRY
Nolan. You're on traffic duty. I
want you as far from the motorcade
as possible. Read me?

LATER:

Officers seated as Curry addresses them:

CURRY (CONT'D)
...president's convoy will now
travel down Main Street, turn right
on Houston Street, then left onto
Elm Street. Then it will enter onto
Stemmons Freeway and proceed
directly to the Merchandise Mart,
where several of you will be
posted. Federal agents have been on
the premises since this morning.

ANGLE ON Nolan sitting next to Curtis in the back.

NOLAN
Lewisville.

CURTIS
What?

NOLAN
What'd he mean? 'We hit Lewisville,
we go our separate ways.'

CURTIS
The hell you talkin' 'bout?

NOLAN

Oswald fella said it. Right before
that FBI sombitch smacked him.

CURTIS

You need to learn when to leave
well enough alone, Jimmy.

ANGLE ON Curry, continuing to drone on.

CURRY

...You must take action if it
becomes obvious that someone is
planning to commit an act that may
be harmful or degrading to the
President...

NOLAN

Hell, chief said the same damn
thing on TV two nights ago.

(turning to Curtis)

I'm outta here. Cover for me?

Curtis eyes him. Nolan ducks out.

EXT. POLICE HQ - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan slips from the room unnoticed. Looks back, stops...

SEES A FELLOW OFFICER IN FRONT OF HIM

J.D. TIPPIT (39). Marlboro Man handsome and shy --

TIPPIT

You leavin'?

NOLAN

Uh, yeah.. My part of the detail
starts early...

TIPPIT

(wry smile)

I'll bet it does. What's her name?

NOLAN

(grinning, leaving)

I'll see ya later, J.D.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSTON STREET -- LATER

The black Ford pulls up on Houston Street.

INSIDE THE CAR, Barstow sits in the front seat --

ANOTHER MAN sits in the passenger seat, stocky, unassuming -- tweed coat, CAMERA IN HIS LAP -- Let's call him NUMBER ONE -- he's busy loading film into the camera --

OSWALD sits in the back seat -- in work clothes.

BARSTOW

Go.

Oswald starts to get out.

BARSTOW (CONT'D)

Lee.

Oswald waits.

BARSTOW (CONT'D)

You forgot your curtain rods.

Oswald's shoulders slump, embarrassed -- takes a long paper-wrapped package from the back seat, gets out of the car --

ON HOUSTON STREET as Oswald makes his way...

TILT UP ON THE BOOK DEPOSITORY waiting in the morning gloom. A 72-year-old red brick warehouse. His final destination.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE -- LATER

Windswept wooden slat home, desolation and barren land.

SCREEN DOOR BANGS OPEN -- FOLLOWING BADGE as he walks out in a full Dallas police uniform carrying a LONG TOOLBOX --

Walks to a parked DALLAS PATROL CAR, empty and waiting there as if it's been delivered --

HE PUTS THE BOX IN THE TRUNK, closes it -- Gets in the car...

INSIDE:

A MANILA ENVELOPE in the passenger seat -- Badge opens it -- drops a set of KEYS into his hand -- STARTS UP THE CAR --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET AT LAMAR -- LATER

CLOSE ON Nolan's pensive face, a million miles away --

WIDER TO REVEAL him standing in the middle of an extremely busy intersection -- LONG HORN-HONKING FROM WAITING CARS --

HE SNAPS TO, starts directing gridlocked traffic --

ANGLE ON A YOUNG WOMAN IN HER RED PICK-UP TRUCK WAITING

SLAMMING her hand on her metal door, red handkerchief tied over her auburn hair. This is REBECCA (22) --

REBECCA
C'MON, LET'S GO!

NOLAN SEES HER -- beautiful, striking amidst this mess of vehicles, faceless pedestrians --

His eyes LIGHT UP -- he instantly fills with confident bravado --

NOLAN
(waving her over)
Rebecca! Hey!

REBECCA SEES HIM from inside her car -- recognition eliciting a very different reaction as she slumps back in her seat --

REBECCA
(to self)
Oh, great...
(mustering the strength)
How's it goin'?

NOLAN
Pull over here...

REBECCA
What?!

Nolan walks to an empty fire lane curb, waving to her --

NOLAN
Pull over here, please...

REBECCA PULLS HER TRUCK TO THE CURB

Nolan walks to her window, sees she's bent out of shape. She GLARES at him -- THROWS it into park --

REBECCA
I do somethin' wrong?

NOLAN

Jus' wanted to say hi. How you been?

REBECCA

(suspicious)

...I don't know, Jim, how you been?

NOLAN

Fine, these last three months, I--

REBECCA

(losing patience)

Really? 'Cause last time I saw you, it was at the bottom of a bottle a Wild Turkey.

He can't deny that one. He places a hand on her arm --

NOLAN

How're your folks? Haven't seen 'em since the ol' neighborhood. They still out in Wylie?

REBECCA

(shakes his hand off)

Lubbock. You know where I can park?

NOLAN

(undeterred)

Tell you what, why don't you leave it right here. I'll keep an eye on 'er for ya.

She eyes him, unsure. Gets out. Pulls her tan jacket, purse close, as well as a big shoulder bag.

REBECCA

I do need to get to the parade--

NOLAN

So you can get a look at Jackie?

REBECCA

That's what you think, isn't it? I'm a woman so I must be obsessed with Jackie. Do my hair like her. Wear the same dresses.

(pause)

I'm actually tryin' to *film* the motorcade as it goes by.

Rebecca flips open the top of her shoulder bag. Pulls out an 8mm film camera. Nolan nods at the sight of it, impressed.

NOLAN

That's right, you're workin' at
WFAA now--

REBECCA

(she's said too much)
WBAP. And, no. They never hired me.

NOLAN

What? I thought you got back from
UT an' went right to--

REBECCA

It's a man's world, ain't it?

She closes the door on her truck -- he continues to lean
against it -- doing his best self-assured cop pose --

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You sure I can just leave it here?

NOLAN

Sure. One condition, though. You
let me buy you a drink after the
parade-- Dinner. Whatever you want.
Jus' catch up, talk ol' times.

He smiles smugly. She turns back to the truck, keys out --

REBECCA

I'll move it, thanks--

NOLAN

Hey, come on now--

REBECCA

We tried dinner a few months ago,
remember? Didn't go so well.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY -- SAME

CLOSE ON a freight elevator slowly going up, OSWALD waiting
behind the gate -- holding the WRAPPED PACKAGE --

ELEVATOR STOPS ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

Oswald PULLS OPEN the gate, raises the second cargo door --

He surveys the vast floor of cardboard boxes, windows --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET AT LAMAR -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca getting back in her truck -- Nolan steps to the door:

NOLAN
Wait, wait, wait--

She hesitates as his bravado gives way to defeat --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Look, I'm just...
(pause)
Leave it here. No strings attached.
You don't ever have to talk to me
again. Jus' let me do you a
kindness.

REBECCA
I don't trust you.

NOLAN
Well, I aim to fix that.
(pause)
It's safe with me. Honest.

A beat.

REBECCA
...all right fine...

She gets out, walks off toward DEALEY PLAZA --

He watches her go. After a few seconds, he follows her,
letting TRAFFIC SNARL IN THE INTERSECTION...

DOWN MAIN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca walking -- Nolan running to catch her --

They encounter hundreds and hundreds of people gathering on
the sidewalks and streets ready for the president -- Waving
flags, greeting signs, everything --

NOLAN
(trying to keep up)
Wait, where you gonna film from?

REBECCA
(calling over the noise)
Somewhere near Elm and Houston.

He LAUGHS at that -- she stops, spins on him, his smile dies.

NOLAN
I'm sorry... Whole plaza's full.
People been there since this
morning.

Rebecca stares at him, hadn't accounted for that.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Pardon the expression, but you
ain't gonna see shit.

EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - HOUSTON AT ELM -- MOMENTS LATER

ESTABLISHING: For this moment in time, the center of everything in Dallas. Everything in the United States.

The Plaza is basically a square of three streets cutting through a slanted park of rolling glass, white concrete public monuments forming the border of its western edge.

Behind the monuments, the Triple Underpass, entrance to Stemmons Freeway, and the vast railroad yard to the North.

People are everywhere. Milling about, waiting, some already cheering, some protesting. All ages, all races, women, men.

A snapshot of 1963 America comprises this rapt audience.

REBECCA MAKES HER WAY INTO THE PLAZA -- NOLAN following --

ANGLE ON THE TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY -- Its rooftop Hertz electric clock reads **12:13** --

REBECCA quickly jaywalks across the street --

NOLAN
(becoming a cop for a
moment)
HEY!

She stops -- Nolan meets her in the center of Houston right before Elm -- a car HONKS at them --

ANGLE ON THE CAR -- a Dallas patrol vehicle --

BADGE IS BEHIND THE WHEEL. Nolan holds up a hand to the fellow cop without really looking: "Give me a second" --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
(to Rebecca)
You're jaywalking.

REBECCA
There's nowhere. Nowhere good...

NOLAN
(thinking, then:)
I know a place. I'll clear you. No
civilians. Back over there.

HE POINTS TO THE GRASSY KNOLL -- A hill of green capped by a white concrete peristyle. Abutting the underpass with trees cut across its back, the Depository looming to the east.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
A clear shot.

SCREAMS fill the air. Nolan turns. Commotion at the street corner of Elm and Houston.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Just go. Right by the Bryan
monument, by that grassy area.
There's a wooden fence... You see
any cops, tell them you're cleared
by Officer Jim Nolan, Oak Cliff
Precinct. Tell them your name.
(pause)
Tell them you're a reporter.

REBECCA
You sure? I don't wanna get in
trouble--

NOLAN
Don't worry about it. If anyone
gets in trouble, it'll be me.

He smiles at her. Her disapproving faces eases up a bit --

NOLAN TAKES OFF toward the disturbance -- Rebecca steps out of the street as the cars pass, watching him run --

ANGLE ON Nolan as he runs toward the SCREAMING -- He arrives, parts through people gathered into a tight cluster --

A MAN HAS AN EPILEPTIC SEIZURE ON THE GROUND

Writhing, foaming -- Nolan immediately down next to him, tries to keep him still, hold his head, prevent injury --

FEMALE ONLOOKER
What's wrong with him?

A MOTORCYCLE COP pulls up, steps off his bike --

NOLAN
Seizure.
(to second officer)
Call an ambulance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF DAL-TEX BUILDING -- SAME

ACROSS THE STREET from the Book Depository -- a seven story building in Dealey Plaza --

DOOR SWINGS OPEN -- QUICK FOOTSTEPS across the loose gravel and black tar -- TWO MEN walk directly to the ledge --

THEIR VIEW:

HIGH ABOVE THE PARADE -- the entire plaza below -- Looking straight down Elm toward the Triple Underpass --

ANGLE ON one man in a dark jacket, sandy hair, square face, very serious -- Let's call him NUMBER TWO -- he holds BINOCULARS in his hands --

ANGLE ON the man next to him, older, shorter -- FEDORA angled low, RATTLY COAT pulled tight -- Let's call him NUMBER THREE -- he has a WALKIE-TALKIE in his hand --

NUMBER THREE
(into walkie-talkie)
In position.

BARSTOW (V.O.)
(through walkie)
--Hold secure...

CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY KNOll - STOCKADE FENCE -- SAME

Overlooking the knoll, a corner of the plaza monument, Elm Street below. Trees shade the immediate area.

THE PATROL CAR PULLS INTO THE LOT -- BADGE steps out -- like clockwork -- heading right to the fence --

REBECCA pulls out her camera as DISTANT CHEERING erupts from far up Main Street. She braces her arms on the wooden fence:

MATTE -- REBECCA'S POV

Through her camera's viewer. She pans down Elm. A pretty good angle, but best right in front of her --

BARSTOW (O.S.)
Excuse me.

REBECCA looks up from her camera. Barstow has one hand on her arm while the other displays a billfold of credentials identifying himself as a Secret Service agent.

BARSTOW (CONT'D)
You can't be back here.

REBECCA
Oh... I'm a reporter. Rebecca
Harper, cleared by Officer Jim
Nolan--

BARSTOW
I don't care, get outta here.

HE PULLS HER AWAY FROM THE FENCE VIOLENTLY --

She stumbles back -- stares for a single second --

BADGE APPROACHES in his uniform-- her eyes go to his badge --
THE NUMBER ON IT: **1019** --

REBECCA turns and leaves, unsure of what just happened...

MATCH CUT TO:

MATTE -- CAMERA LENS

LONG ANGLE, watching REBECCA from across the street as she makes her way down the grassy knoll -- the dark figures of BARSTOW AND BADGE behind, on the other side of the fence --

LENS FOLLOWS REBECCA as she glances behind her, walking --

PHOTO SNAP --

PHOTO SNAP --

PHOTO SNAP --

REVEAL NUMBER ONE holding the CAMERA -- the man in Barstow's car from earlier -- standing on the OTHER SIDE OF ELM --

HE WALKS OFF -- SNAPPING photos of everything, as if attempting to capture every face in Dealey Plaza --

CUT TO:

EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - HOUSTON AT ELM -- SAME

An ambulance pulls away, SIRENS going as onlookers watch --

ANGLE ON Nolan trotting away from the scene -- Even more people in the plaza now, CHEERING, a buzz of excitement --

He looks to the knoll, sees Rebecca walking down the grass --

ON THE KNOLL --

NOLAN

Hey, where you goin'?

DISTANT CHEERS closer now as the motorcade nears -- Rebecca glares at him --

REBECCA

Thanks a lot, Jim! I just got strong-armed by the goddamned Secret Service!

NOLAN

What? There's not any--

But she hurries ACROSS ELM STREET past him to...

THE PLAZA GRASS, quickly fixing her camera -- FINDS HER ANGLE as the CHEERS become ROARS --

ANGLE ON THE MOTORCADE entering the sunlight at Main Street and Houston -- cycle engines REVVING, the lead cars turning --

ANGLE ON Nolan about to go after her, but he stops, sees --

THE MOTORCADE MAKING ITS WAY DOWN HOUSTON TOWARD ELM

Sun-glitter of ticker tape -- cadre of motorcycle officers -- Nolan can barely make out JACKIE KENNEDY's pink dress...

BEHIND THE STOCKADE FENCE ON THE KNOLL:

BARSTOW on a walkie-talkie, watching the motorcade approach --

BADGE KNEELS DOWN AND OPENS THE TOOL KIT --

ASSEMBLES A POWERFUL BLACK RIFLE IN SECONDS --

BARSTOW
(into walkie-talkie)
Awaiting All-Clear...

ROOF OF THE DAL-TEX BUILDING:

At the ledge, NUMBER TWO scans the plaza with BINOCULARS --

MATTE -- BINOCULARS:

FOCUSING ON the back of the MOTORCADE -- the PRESIDENT'S LIMOUSINE -- No rear security detail -- WIDE OPEN --

NUMBER TWO lowers his binocs -- nods once: AFFIRMATIVE --

NUMBER THREE SPEAKS INTO HIS WALKIE-TALKIE --

NUMBER THREE
(calm, focused)
Green. Green.

ELM STREET:

PEOPLE SWARM THE SIDEWALKS AS THE MOTORCADE TURNS

NOLAN looks to the Hertz clock on top of the Depository --

THE TIME READS 12:29... THEN 12:30...

CHEERING, CALLING OUT --

ANGLE ON REBECCA FILMING, eye jammed into the viewfinder --

MATTE -- REBECCA'S FILM

GRAINY 8MM FILM captures the motorcade as it passes in front of the Book Depository, headed toward the GRASSY KNOLL --

ANGLE ON NOLAN watching, people CHEERING -- A few yards in front of him, to his left -- the motorcade approaching --

SOMEONE IN A DARK COAT OPENS AN UMBRELLA -- Nolan sees the BLACK CANOPY FABRIC -- the BROWN WOOD CURVE of the handle --

THE CRACK OF ENGINE BACKFIRE echoes out -- Nolan LOOKS LEFT --

BIRDS FLY FROM THE ROOF OF THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

BEHIND THE STOCKADE FENCE ON THE KNOLL:

BADGE BRACES HIS RIFLE ON THE WOOD, TRAILS THE MOTORCADE

-- Eye carefully trained in the sight --

-- Finger on the trigger --

-- Sunlight glinting off his DALLAS BADGE --

ELM STREET:

A SECOND DISTANT CRACK DISTINGUISHES ITSELF FROM THE CROWD

GOVERNOR CONNOLLY'S YELL OF PAIN -- it draws Nolan back to the motorcade -- now RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM --

THE PRESIDENT'S ARMS AND ELBOWS RAISE, HANDS TO THE THROAT

NOLAN -- eyes wide, mouth open, realizing what's happening --

HE TAKES ONE WEAK STEP TOWARD THE MOTORCADE --

BEHIND THE STOCKADE FENCE ON THE KNOLL:

CLOSE ON BADGE AIMING HIS RIFLE --

-- Less than a second lapses --

-- FINGER PULLS THE TRIGGER --

A THIRD DEAFENING SHOT --

-- Rifle DISCHARGES against Badge's shoulder --

-- SHELL EJECTS OUT --

-- SHOCK OF SMOKE --

ELM STREET:

ON NOLAN AS EVERYTHING GOES TO COMPLETE SILENCE.

PEOPLE'S FACES IN THE PLAZA:

A man with his son on his shoulders.

Women in front of the Book Depository.

NUMBER ONE, camera in hand, watching. Emotionless.

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT RUNS TO THE MOTORCADE, CLIMBS ON

Pushes Jackie back to her seat as the car ROARS AWAY --

BEHIND THE STOCKADE FENCE ON THE KNOLL:

Badge hands the rifle to Barstow -- Barstow crouches, begins disassembly --

ANGLE ON REBECCA FILMING -- She looks up slowly, stunned --

REBECCA'S POV -- THE STOCKADE FENCE

BEHIND IT, BADGE -- he looks DIRECTLY at her amidst a lingering haze of smoke -- SIRENS WAILING NOW --

ANGLE ON NOLAN -- PEOPLE RUN PAST HIM -- He draws HIS GUN --

RUNS FAST UP THE KNOLL -- no idea what he's running to, just running --

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - STOCKADE FENCE -- CONTINUOUS

BADGE BENDS DOWN -- picks the single shell casing out of the gravel, puts it in his pocket -- efficient -- task complete --

BARSTOW DEFTLY CLOSES THE TOOL KIT -- His hands covered in black grease -- hands the kit to Badge, who calmly walks it back toward the parking lot -- practiced, clean --

NOLAN CHARGES UP THE HILL -- Comes around the fence -- running at such a speed that he PLOWS INTO BARSTOW --

BARSTOW

Secret Service! Secret Service!
This area's cordoned off! Turn
around and go back the way you
came!

NOLAN

THE PRESIDENT'S JUST BEEN SHOT!

BARSTOW

*LISTEN, GO BACK the way you came,
you're interfering with federal--*

AND THEY RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER. Nolan's eyes narrow -- Barstow backs off somewhat -- his hands come up -- Nolan sees the GREASE ON THEM --

NOLAN

You FBI or you Secret Service?!

AGENT

*I'M WITH THE SECRET SERVICE, PUT
THE GUN AWAY NOW!*

Confusion in Nolan's face -- BEYOND BARSTOW, BADGE CLOSES AN OPEN TRUNK -- Nolan makes eye contact with the cop -- No recognition --

Nolan steps back. Holsters his gun.

BARSTOW
Now get outta here before I--

NOLAN PULLS BARSTOW'S TIE, PUNCHES HIM TWICE IN THE FACE

It's quick, fierce -- sends Barstow swiftly to the gravel of the parking lot --

BADGE WALKS OFF TOWARD THE RAILROAD YARD AT A QUICK PACE

Nolan immediately gives chase --

EXT. RAIL YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan runs at top speed as Badge easily disappears into --

A SMALL MAZE OF BOXCARS, parked in the dusty area around the tracks --

Nolan slows down -- pulls his gun -- puts himself up against the side of one of the boxcars -- inches toward its edge --

THE SCRATCH OF GRAVEL -- possibly footsteps? -- Nolan looks wildly from left to right -- tries to catch his breath --

HE SWINGS OUT FROM THE BOXCAR, GUN POINTED FORWARD

Nothing there. Swings THE OTHER WAY -- nothing there, either.

HE BACKS UP against the boxcar's rear door -- continues to slide around -- gun up by his face --

HE SWINGS OUT AGAIN -- BUT BADGE CATCHES HIS GUN

Wrestles it from Nolan's hand -- NOLAN DISARMED as Badge knocks the gun to the tracks -- GRIPS Nolan's forearms --

BADGE'S FACE IS BLANK, A DEAD STARE INTO NOLAN'S EYES

Nolan SHAKES with physical exertion...

THROWS HIMSELF TO THE GROUND AND TWISTS HIS WEIGHT FORWARD

A trained move -- hand-to-hand combat 101 -- it sends Badge OVER HIM into the dirt -- Both men scramble to their feet --

NOLAN THROWS A FULL-BODY CROSS PUNCH, BADGE DEFLECTS IT

Whatever Badge's training, it's even better...

BADGE PUNCHES NOLAN IN THE THROAT --

-- BRINGS A KNEE INTO NOLAN'S CHEST --

The moves like lightning -- air knocked from Nolan's lungs --

BADGE TOSSES NOLAN ONTO THE TRACKS

Nolan HITS HIS HEAD on the thick metal rail -- OUT COLD --

BADGE PULLS HIS SERVICE WEAPON, AIMS AT NOLAN'S HEAD

BARSTOW -- nose bloody -- appears next to him -- LOWERS the false cop's wrist --

BARSTOW

No collaterals in the operation zone.

Barstow flips Nolan over with a foot --

BADGE KNEELS DOWN -- gets a good look at Nolan's face -- pulls HIS KNIFE from his boot -- reads his name bar:

BADGE

(French accent)

Nolan.

BARSTOW

Badge number 527.

BADGE

(looking up at Barstow)

There was a woman. Filming.

BARSTOW

I have her name.

SIRENS FILL THE AIR -- Barstow looks --

POLICE AND PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS -- Some thirty yards off -- canvassing the whole area -- coming CLOSER --

BARSTOW (CONT'D)

We have to go. Now. There'll be a better opportunity for him.

The men walk off in separate directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY -- SAME

A COMMOTION of people -- onlookers, reporters, police, plainclothes law enforcement -- people pushing to get in, others trying to get out --

ONLOOKER (O.S.)
...shots came from in there!

THE MOTORCYCLE COP RUSHES UP THE STEPS, GUN DRAWN --

It's the cop who helped Nolan with the seizure victim --

INT. TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY - LUNCH ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Oswald trots down stairs, pulls himself together -- puts on his best nonchalance -- approaches a vending machine --

PUTS A COIN IN, A COKE BOTTLE ROLLS DOWN -- He pulls the cap off on the machine's opener --

MOTORCYCLE COP (O.S.)
HEY!

OSWALD TURNS AROUND -- sees the cop standing in the lunch room doorway -- GUN POINTED RIGHT AT HIM -- OSWALD FREEZES --

THE BUILDING MANAGER JOINS THE OFFICER -- sees Oswald -- the cop doesn't take his eyes off Lee as he says:

MOTORCYCLE COP (CONT'D)
Do you know this man?

BUILDING MANAGER
Yes--

MOTORCYCLE COP
Does he work here?

BUILDING MANAGER
Yes, he works for me.

THE OFFICER LOWERS HIS GUN -- heads off with the older man up the stairs --

OSWALD TAKES A SIP OF COKE -- his hand SHAKING...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- SAME

A burly man lost in his mid 40's stands in front of his students. The years on his face, time in his cool gray eyes betray a quiet wisdom and distant worry. This is FRANK.

Several of the students--boys and girls--are crying. Others stare at their desks, numb.

FRANK

(solemn)

School is dismissed for the rest of the afternoon. Go home and be with your families.

The kids slowly gather their things, shuffle out of the classroom, still sniffling. As they open the door, an aging SCHOOL SECRETARY steps inside.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

I'm sorry to interrupt, but...
there's a police officer here who would like to speak with you?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Frank walks out past the students being picked up by parents. He reaches a Dallas patrol car -- BADGE is standing there.

FRANK

You're not supposed to be here.

Badge says nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't even know how you found this place.

Again, nothing from Badge.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(in perfect French)

<Are you here to make things difficult for me? Because I can also make things difficult for you. >

BADGE

There is a man--an officer--and a woman--

FRANK

I'm aware. Is this why you came?

BADGE

I came to say I won't charge you extra for additional work.

(pause)

Is the package wrapped yet?

FRANK

I'm on my way now. Poor bastard
probably thinks he shot him.

(pause)

You will find these people?

Badge says nothing. Gets into his patrol car -- drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL YARD -- LATER

Nolan sitting awake on the train tracks. Wincing, holding his head. He lets out some gasps for air. Overcome with emotion --

COPS CANVAS THE LOT IN THE DISTANCE WITH SHOTGUNS --

Nolan rubs his face. Finally regains some composure. Pushes himself to standing, stumbles back toward Dealey Plaza --

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY - FIRST FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Nolan steps into chaos. Police, sheriffs, FBI everywhere trying to keep people out of the building.

CURTIS (O.S.)

Jimmy.

Nolan turns around to see Curtis. The older officer is worrisome, like he's just seen a ghost. He pushes Nolan away from the action into a quieter hallway:

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Where the HELL you been--

NOLAN

I chased someone. Someone in a cop uniform. Dressed like you and me, I chased him through the rail yard.

Curtis takes it in, face filling with dread.

CURTIS

Jimmy, they're lookin' for you.
Curry got word you attacked a
Secret Service agent--

NOLAN

No, goddammit, listen, it was that
FBI jackal from yesterday--

CURTIS

Jimmy, you're walkin' an awfully
fine line--

NOLAN

Curtis, I saw two men--

CURTIS PUSHES NOLAN AGAINST THE WALL -- NOLAN PUSHES BACK --
too hard -- his anger getting the best of him --

CURTIS puts a hand on his shoulder -- WALKS HIM BACK TO THE
WALL -- holds him there:

CURTIS

TAKE IT EASY. Now look, I know
you're hot right now. Your blood's
boilin'. Mine is, too. But you're
in deep shit, you understand? You
struck a federal officer, I don't
care *what kind*. And you been radio
silent for over an hour.

(pause)

You're outta chances. Dallas PD is
your last one. You wanna get booted
out of another uniform?

(quieter)

We're picking up guys all over the
plaza for questioning...

MONTAGE -- OPERATION'S REACH

In black and white:

-- [from the iconic photograph] Police march THREE "TRAMPS"
through Dealey Plaza -- but we further recognize them as
NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO, and NUMBER THREE --

CURTIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...but they're saying the shots
came from inside this building.

-- A police CAPTAIN in a hat and thick glasses holds up
OSWALD'S RIFLE on the sixth floor of the Book Depository --

NOLAN (V.O.)

That's bullshit--

CURTIS (V.O.)

You got to relax. Everything is
under control.

-- PARKLAND HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- Dallas police and U.S.
Secret service ARGUE AND SHOUT AT EACH OTHER -- shoving --
FIGHTING OVER THE COFFIN in between them --

PARKLAND DOCTOR
(over the ruckus)
This is a Dallas homicide and
protocol DEMANDS we perform an
autopsy--

-- Nearby, BARSTOW watches them -- using the distraction, he places a PRISTINE BULLET on a bloody stretcher --

CURTIS (V.O.)
We got the gun. We got the bullet.
Now we just need the man.

-- On an OLDER POLICE SERGEANT, talking to NUMBER ONE, NUMBER TWO, and NUMBER THREE in the rail yard lot -- their posture now slouched, unaware, INNOCENT -- as if playing characters --

NUMBER TWO
(thick accent)
Red Jacket, West Virginia,
originally, sir.

POLICE SERGEANT
Well, where you boys employed at?
Where you stayin'?

NUMBER TWO
Jus' passin' through on the rails,
sir. Stayed at the rescue mission
last night... Why? What's goin' on?

The SERGEANT EYES THEM -- then:

POLICE SERGEANT
All right. Get outta here, then.

The men STROLL AWAY from police -- released from custody -- FREE TO GO -- their steely, observant natures returning --

CURTIS (V.O.)
Look at me, son.

BACK TO SCENE:

Nolan meets Curtis' eyes.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
We're gonna get him.

Curtis holds him against the wall for a moment, then leaves.

NOLAN'S POV -- Curtis passes two men in shirts and ties setting up a small movie camera -- loading it with film.

CLOSE ON THE FILM as something clicks in Nolan's head -- he quickly walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DARKROOM -- LATER

The small bathroom has been converted into a makeshift photo lab. Very bare bones, chemicals in the bathtub, the window blacked out, the only illumination a dim red.

REBECCA carefully clips dripping 8mm film to the shower line. Then turns on a blow dryer to remove moisture.

LATER, Rebecca winds the film onto a plastic spool.

A MUTED KNOCK on the front door startles her.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca goes to the front door, film in hand. Opens it.

ANGLE ON Nolan standing in the entryway.

NOLAN

How are you?

REBECCA

That's a hell of a question.

She steps aside and he walks into the apartment. It's a small and humble place, some things still in boxes.

SHE PLACES THE FILM ON THE COUNTER.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I thought you said I never had to talk to you again.

NOLAN

Tell me what you saw back behind the fence.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENTH STREET -- SAME

A Dallas patrol black and white cruises through the Patton Avenue intersection in a quiet Oak Cliff neighborhood. Only going about ten miles an hour.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE #10 -- CONTINUOUS

At the wheel, officer J.D. Tippit. Calm, on his beat.

SUPER IN BOTTOM CORNER: **Tenth Street, Oak Cliff, 1:11 p.m.**

POLICE RADIO

(through speaker)

Attention all squads. The suspect in the shooting at Elm and Houston is reported to be an unknown white male, approximately thirty, slender build, height five feet, ten inches, weight 165 pounds, reported to be armed with what is thought to be a 30 caliber rifle. No further description at this time or information. KB-364, Dallas.

Tippit drives for a few more moments. Peers at something through his windshield...

TIPPIT'S POV -- UP TENTH STREET

In the far distance, a man in a beige jacket walks toward the squad car with his head down --

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan and Rebecca talk.

NOLAN

Did you get his name?

REBECCA

No.

NOLAN

And the police officer?

REBECCA

I saw him, but from far away. The second time I saw him...

(pause)

It was right after the shooting. He was behind the fence.

(pause)

And... and there was smoke around him. A blue haze.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE #10 -- CONTINUOUS

Tippit continues to drive forward slowly -- watches the man come closer... closer --

The man LOOKS UP -- sees the police car in front of him -- TURNS AROUND, begins to walk in the OTHER DIRECTION, away --

ANGLE ON Tippit -- he rolls the black and white forward, accelerating, following him --

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan and Rebecca.

NOLAN

But you're absolutely sure it was smoke? You were lookin' through the camera, couldn't it have been some trick of the light, some kind of--

REBECCA

(hard)

I know what I saw. There was smoke.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE #10 -- CONTINUOUS

Tippit has pulled up right next to the man. From Tippit's view out the passenger window, he can only see the man's chest, waist, notice his hands are in his pockets.

The man stops walking -- Tippit likewise slows and stops --

TIPPIT

Howdy.

A beat as the man just stands there. Then he leans down, rests his arms on the open passenger window sill.

OSWALD

Howdy.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

On Nolan.

NOLAN

The film you shot.

REBECCA

I already developed it.

She looks at him, grim.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE #10 -- CONTINUOUS

Oswald continues to lean on the window, nervous, almost trembling -- Tippit observes him --

TIPPIT
You got a name?

OSWALD
Alek. Alek Hiddell.

TIPPIT
Where you headed?

OSWALD
Just for a walk.

A long beat as Tippit and Oswald hold eye contact.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca has already set a small projector in place on the coffee table. She finishes spooling the film.

REBECCA
Get the lights.

Nolan walks over, hits a switch, darkening the room.

THE PROJECTOR whirs to life, light shooting from the lens...

ANGLE ON Rebecca and Nolan, side by side, watching...

THE HOT SQUARE OF LIGHT on the white wall, film ends flipping through until...

A SHOT OF THE DISTANT MOTORCADE

Headed down Houston toward Elm.

An angle never seen before.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE #10 -- CONTINUOUS

Tippit and Oswald.

OSWALD
May I go?

TIPPIT
Hold on a second...

Tippit opens his door, steps out...

EXT. TENTH STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Tippit exits the car -- hand on the butt of his gun but still calm, almost nonchalant --

A GUNSHOT --

LOUD AND CLOSE -- striking Tippit in the stomach before he can even turn around --

ANGLE ON OSWALD AS HE **FIRE**S **TWICE MORE**

Hitting Tippit in the right side of his chest, the shoulder --

TIPPIT FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT

Blood already everywhere -- the officer fading from consciousness --

OSWALD STARTS TO WALK AWAY

Past the back of the squad car --

HE STOPS, TURNS AROUND

Walks back to where Tippit lay in the street --

WIDE ON TENTH AS OSWALD **FIRE**S **ONCE MORE**.

An EXECUTION SHOT.

CLOSE ON Oswald as he turns -- stuffs the gun in his pocket -- walks off at a fast pace --

OSWALD
(muttering)
Dumb cop... poor dumb cop...

Oswald breaks into A SPRINTING RUN --

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON the projection. The film has progressed, the motorcade now full in the frame, the knoll behind it...

NOLAN
Any second now...

REBECCA GASPS -- covers her mouth -- continues to stare --

REBECCA
Did you see it?

ON NOLAN'S STUNNED FACE --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
That's the man in the uniform
behind the fence. And the man next
to him... Did you see the muzzle
flash?

NOLAN
I saw it. I saw him. I chased him.

REBECCA
They killed the--

SOMEONE KICKS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR

Nolan and Rebecca turn --

THE FIRST THING NOLAN SEES IS THE GUN

Held low, a black assault rifle with an extended barrel --

NOLAN TACKLES REBECCA BEHIND THE COFFEE TABLE

Just as the GUNMAN **FIRE**S A BURST --

RIPPING UP THE SOFA OVER THEIR HEADS IN A STRAIGHT LINE

The bullets coming quick in a SILENCED HISS --

A SHOT HITS THE PROJECTOR BASE, BLOWING IT APART

The film image on the wall GOES DARK --

NOLAN PULLS HIS GUN AND **FIRE**S TWO SHOTS

From across the coffee table --

ONE BULLET HITS THE DOOR FRAME, THE SECOND HITS AN ARM

The gunman grunts in pain -- falls back out of the doorway --

EXT. APARTMENT WALKWAY, 2ND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

-- hits the ground, pulls himself against the wall -- it's
BARSTOW -- he holds his bleeding arm --

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Rebecca scrambles across the floor to the shattered projector, pulls the film off, checking it --

NOLAN
(whispering)
C'mon!

She frantically spools it up -- hands SHAKING --

REBECCA
It's fine, I think it's fine--

He pulls her by the shoulder into...

THE DARKROOM BATHROOM

The dim red light still on as Nolan pushes her behind him --

-- HIS GUN READY --

OUTSIDE ON THE WALKWAY

BARSTOW -- bleeding bad -- TOSSES the rifle away -- pulls a SILENCED PISTOL -- SWINGS LOW INTO THE APARTMENT --

THE LIVING ROOM -- no one in there -- he sees --

A SLIVER OF RED LIGHT coming from the bathroom --

IN THE BATHROOM:

NOLAN peeks out -- sees the killer raise his gun...

THREE SILENCED SHOTS SHATTER HOLES IN THE WOODEN DOOR

Rebecca and Nolan duck away --

BARSTOW BARRELS THROUGH THE DOOR

-- NOLAN GRABS HIM AND THEY STRUGGLE --

THEY FALL HALF INTO THE BATHTUB OF CHEMICALS WITH A SPLASH

REBECCA looks for a way out --

SHE RIPS THE BLACKOUT CLOTH OFF THE WINDOW

Spilling WHITE LIGHT into the room -- she wraps the fabric over her arm -- NOLAN AND BARSTOW FIGHT in the tub --

REBECCA PUNCHES THE WINDOW GLASS OUT WITH HER PROTECTED FIST

Just as Nolan flips on top of Barstow -- HOLDS HIS HEAD UNDER WATER -- NOLAN brings up his gun --

FIRE A SHOT CLOSE RANGE INTO THE WATER

The chemical bath IMMEDIATELY TURNS RED WITH BLOOD

REBECCA GASPS, STUNNED AND STARING

NOLAN. In shock. He just killed a federal agent --

BUT NOLAN WASTES NO TIME -- pulls at Barstow's suit, raises the dead man out of the water -- eyes OPEN but lifeless --

NOLAN RUMMAGES THROUGH BARSTOW'S SUIT POCKETS

Finds a Secret Service badge, two wet passports. DROPS Barstow back into the tub.

Nolan opens the passports --

THE FIRST PASSPORT IS MEXICAN -- contains Barstow's photo --

THE SECOND PASSPORT IS CUBAN -- contains OSWALD'S PHOTO --

Lee Harvey, staring back at Nolan. Plain as day.

NOLAN
Jesus Christ...

POLICE SIRENS OUTSIDE -- Nolan looks up, starts to move to them -- REBECCA grabs him --

REBECCA AND NOLAN make their way out the broken window --

EXT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING as Rebecca and Nolan run to her beat-up red Chevy truck -- jump inside and PEEL AWAY --

INT. REBECCA'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Rebecca drives -- Nolan begins to violently scratch himself -- WRITHE in his seat -- the chemicals burning his skin --

NOLAN
What the hell was in that bathtub?

REBECCA
Oh God. Developer and bleach--

NOLAN

Goddamn, it's burnin'...
(looking at road)
Turn on Tenth, I live right at
Denver...

REBECCA

They're gonna *know* where you live--

NOLAN

They were there for you.

It hits Rebecca. She looks down to the film spool next to her in the seat --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Stop, this is it.

Rebecca BRAKES HARD in front of Nolan's clapboard house --

REBECCA

Oh my God. Oh my God--

NOLAN

Listen to me. We're gonna be fine if we stick together. Just wait here.

REBECCA

We need to go *now*, they're gonna--

NOLAN

Just. Wait.

EXT. NOLAN'S PLACE -- MOMENTS LATER

He jumps out, trots inside -- GUN DRAWN --

ANGLE ON Rebecca watching him go --

Every second is agonizing. She looks in every mirror --

INT. NOLAN'S PLACE -- CONTINUOUS

Sparse living. He enters, slows down. Gun ready. But the chemicals are really getting to him. Makes his way to --

THE BATHROOM

Turns the shower on, steps inside fully clothed in his Dallas uniform -- lets the water run down him -- relief and anguish as he POUNDS the tile wall with his fist --

EXT. REBECCA'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON Rebecca inside... Wildly nervous...

EVERYONE ON THE STREET is suspicious. She gives everything -- even a dog BARK -- a second glance --

INT. NOLAN'S PLACE - BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nolan rips off the top of his uniform and t-shirt, exposing bare chest and a nasty scar on his abdomen -- pulls on a white t-shirt, a jacket -- throws on jeans over his boots --

GRABS HIS BADGE, PUTS IT IN HIS JEAN POCKET

OPENS A DRAWER AND PULLS OUT A COUPLE BOXES OF AMMUNITION

Stuffing them in his jacket -- listening for anything -- watching for any movement the entire time --

EXT. NOLAN'S PLACE -- MOMENTS LATER

IN THE TRUCK, Rebecca waits for him, every second rattling her nerves just a little more... She glances to the film...

SHE THROWS THE TRUCK IN GEAR with the column shifter -- ready to take off --

-- but THROWS IT BACK into park. SLAMS the steering wheel in frustration --

NOLAN FINALLY APPEARS -- runs to the truck -- gets in --

REBECCA
Took you long enough.

She FLOORS IT.

CUT TO:

EXT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, 2ND FLOOR -- LATER

CLOSE ON an OLD WOMAN IN CURLERS being interviewed.

OLD WOMAN IN CURLERS
(thick accent)
An' I heard two loud gunshots next door, and there was plenty a commotion, too. Then some glass broke, like someone dropped a vase or somethin'.

REVEAL the person interviewing her... BADGE--still in his Dallas police uniform.

BADGE

*Apparently, your neighbor was
cleaning her rifle. It went off
accidentally.*

OLD WOMAN IN CURLERS
Where you from?

BADGE

...Amarillo.

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Badge walks inside. Steps into...

THE BATHROOM

Where Frank stands looking at the floating body in the tub.

BADGE

What's that smell?

FRANK

That's the bleach cooking the skin
off his head.

(pause)

The passports are gone.

Badge cricks his neck. That's bad. Frank turns to him --

Grabs a GAS CAN off the sink. Thrusts it in Badge's arms.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Scratch this place.

Frank leaves. Badge begins DOUSING THE BATHROOM -- GASOLINE
pouring in the tub with Barstow's corpse --

CUT TO:

MATTE -- TELEVISION

Footage of WALTER CRONKITE live at his news desk in black and white. He puts his glasses on as he announces:

CRONKITE

From Dallas, Texas... the flash
apparently official... President
Kennedy died at 1 p.m.

(MORE)

CRONKITE (CONT'D)
Central Standard Time... 2 o' clock
Eastern Standard Time... some... 38
minutes ago.

Cronkite struggles to regain composure after speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S TRUCK -- LATER

Rebecca drives while Nolan examines Barstow's Secret Service credentials:

CLOSE ON THE BILLFOLD -- the badge is real enough -- Nolan slides the ID card out -- SCRATCHES at the Secret Service insignia with his fingernail --

PEELS IT OFF -- revealing an FBI insignia -- That, too, is already faded, peeling away --

NOLAN

This guy Barstow wasn't Secret Service or FBI...

REBECCA

What was he?

NOLAN

...I don't know.

Nolan picks up OSWALD'S CUBAN PASSPORT -- flips through it -- comes back to the photo -- stares at it --

REBECCA

Where am I going?

NOLAN

Keep drivin' South. We need to get somewhere open and empty.

REBECCA

Jim... maybe it'd be better if we went our separate ways--

NOLAN

Look. This ain't about me an' you right now. I'm just tryin' to keep us from gettin' killed.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAS THEATER -- LATER

CLOSE ON Oswald sitting in the dark, sweating as the glow of the movie screen turns his face ghostly.

SUPER IN BOTTOM CORNER: **Texas Theatre, Oak Cliff, 1:48 p.m.**

FRANK (O.S.)
Lee.

Oswald JUMPS at the sound of his name -- but he glances back, sees Frank seated behind him -- seems to relax somewhat.

OSWALD
Frank...

FRANK
It's all right, Lee. You did good.

OSWALD
Do you have the passports?

FRANK
You'll get them in Lewisville.

OSWALD
I can't wait that long, I can't--

SHHH. Someone doesn't enjoy talking during the movie.

FRANK
(whispered, in Oswald's
ear)
Getting out of Dallas is impossible
right now, Lee--

OSWALD
(shaking head)
No--

FRANK
A man is coming. He will transport
you to the safe house. Just like we
discussed. Relax, and wait.

OSWALD
I want to get to Cuba. Marina and I
will start a new life. She will
forgive me. We'll bring the
children...

FRANK
The hard part is over, Lee.
(pause)
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
Enjoy the movie. He'll be here any
minute. You're home free.

Frank stands up, walks out of the theater.

A few moments go by. Oswald tries to breathe. Relax.

THE HOUSE LIGHTS FLIP ON -- the movie DISAPPEARS and its
SOUNDTRACK DIES OUT -- Oswald looks to the theater doors --

DALLAS POLICE OFFICERS RUSH IN -- NOT what he expected -- a
double-cross --

A sea of blue down both aisles -- CURTIS leads the group on
the right side -- a MANAGER points Oswald out to Curtis --

RECOGNITION CROSSES CURTIS' FACE -- HE HEADS TOWARD OSWALD --

Oswald won't even look at him --

OSWALD
This is it...

OSWALD JUMPS TO HIS FEET AND PULLS HIS REVOLVER

CURTIS SEIZES THE GUN, WRESTLES WITH HIM AS **A SHOT GOES OFF**

CURTIS PUNCHES OSWALD IN THE FACE -- knocking him back into a
swarm of Dallas police as CHAOS ENSUES --

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIR PARK -- NIGHT

A vast art deco pavilion that speaks to a Texas heyday of
thirty years previous. Now the park lies deserted, fountains
dry, sidewalks windswept, monuments silent and looming --

ON REBECCA AND NOLAN:

Walking down the empty promenade, moving quickly...

REBECCA
State Fair happens here.

NOLAN
Every October. Rest of the time
it's as quiet as a mouse.
(pause)
You ever go as a kid?

AN ERRANT NOISE draws their attention. After a bit, nothing.

REBECCA

You sure we're safe out in the open
like this?

NOLAN

For eleven months of the year this
place doesn't exist. But it still
has a pay phone.

NOLAN REACHES A SET OF PAY PHONES OFF TO THE SIDE

Rebecca stands close by, not happy --

REBECCA

(standing)

Who you callin'?

NOLAN

(picking up receiver)

My partner.

She HANGS IT UP on him.

REBECCA

Jim, this isn't a grocery store
robbery, okay? We're talkin' about
*the murder of the President of the
United States.*

NOLAN

(anger flaring)

Exactly. The president is dead. And
your film shows who did it. We have
a duty--

REBECCA

We have a *duty* to not get ourselves
killed! Let's think this through--

NOLAN

If we stay out here on our own,
we're gonna end up dead. Feel free
to disagree with me, but I've got
the gun.

A stare off. He picks up the phone, dials. Waits...

NOLAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Get me Corporal Curtis.

INTERCUT -- NOLAN / CURTIS PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. DALLAS POLICE HQ -- SAME

A WATCH COMMANDER hands Curtis the phone.

CURTIS

Jimmy, you better be coolin' off.

NOLAN

I need to come in.

CURTIS

Why?

NOLAN

Some stuff has happened, Curtis.
Some... hell, I'll say it, some
crazy shit.

CURTIS

I know. We got the guy. Right here
in the station. You're never gonna
believe this... it's that Oswald
character.

(pause)

I guess you were right about that
Fed... I don't know what to
think...

Nolan's face drains somewhat...

INT. MAKESHIFT BRIEFING ROOM -- SAME

Cinder block walls, dim lighting -- like a back utility room
for some nameless old building -- equipment and gear strewn
about -- interconnected with a mess of wires --

A small telephone SWITCH BOARD sits against the wall -- a
hand PLUGS IN A WIRE -- FOLLOW the headphone cords back...

TO REVEAL FRANK -- listening in on the police phone
conversation -- NUMBER ONE next to him -- also listening --
taking NOTES --

NOLAN (V.O.)

(through No. 1's
headphones)

...there's more of them, Curtis.

CURTIS (V.O.)

(through Frank's
headphones)

Jimmy, cool it. This guy. He shot
Tippit.

(MORE)

CURTIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(pause)
J.D.'s dead.

IN FAIR PARK:

Anger, remorse, failure. It buries Nolan in waves.

NOLAN
Send a patrol car to pick me up,
I'm at Fair Park.

CURTIS
Fair Park? The hell you doin' over
there? Listen, let's meet up
tomorrow, talk it out--

NOLAN
Curtis, I'm sittin' out here in the
cold with an eyewitness to the man
who killed the goddamn president.

A long pause.

CURTIS
I'll put it out.

NOLAN
Keep it quiet. Someone you trust.

CURTIS
I'll come myself--

NOLAN
No, stay there. Try to find out
more about this Oswald.

Nolan hangs up. He turns to Rebecca.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
A friend of mine was killed. In the
line of duty.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ - DISPATCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Curtis again on the phone:

CURTIS
(into phone)
I need a unit request from South
Dallas patrol only. I want either
Johnson or my nephew Tommy.

INT. MAKESHIFT BRIEFING ROOM -- SAME

Frank and Number One listen to Curtis' call on headphones:

CURTIS (V.O.)
(through headphones)
Have them go to the Fair Park main
gate and await further
instructions.

Frank UNPLUGS the call -- NUMBER ONE moves over to a POLICE SCANNER and RADIO -- FLIPS A SWITCH to CHANNEL 1 --

SCANNER VOICE (V.O.)
(scratchy, from speaker)
*Officers Llewellyn Johnson or
Thomas Curtis please respond, South
Dallas patrol...*

JOHNSON'S VOICE (V.O.)
(scratchy, from speaker)
This is Johnson, go ahead...

SCANNER VOICE (V.O.)
*Please proceed to Fair Park main
gate and await further
instructions, over...*

JOHNSON'S VOICE (V.O.)
Roger that, 10-4...

After a moment, Number One picks up the radio --

NUMBER ONE
(into radio)
Officer Johnson, this is Unit 5-1,
we are already on route, we can
take it from here, over.

JOHNSON'S VOICE (V.O.)
10-4, Unit 5-1, it's all yours.

Frank FLIPS the radio switch from CHANNEL 1 to CHANNEL 2 -- takes the radio from his cohort:

INT. BLACK AND WHITE #51 -- CONTINUOUS

Badge sits in his patrol vehicle. Hand on his radio:

FRANK (V.O.)
(through radio)
They're at Fair Park.

BADGE
Copy.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIR PARK - MAIN ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Nolan and Rebecca walk to her truck some twenty yards away --
 It sits parked in front of a row of old black iron bars --
 open in the middle --

On either side of Nolan and Rebecca, long and tall pavilion
 buildings now stand silhouetted in darkness --

REBECCA
 But what about my truck?

NOLAN
 It stays. Lot harder to take a shot
 at a police car and get away with
 it.
 (looking at her)
 It'll be safe. You got the film?

REBECCA
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah, you still got the gun?

A wry smile from him. She returns it.

NOLAN
 Lot different than high school,
 ain't it?

He checks the ammo in his pistol as they near the gate --

REBECCA
 Can I ask you something?
 (pause)
 Was that the first person you'd
 ever killed?

He continues to examine his gun -- stalling -- then:

NOLAN
 As a police officer? Yes.

A beat. Before she can respond:

NOLAN (CONT'D)
 (noticing something ahead)
 Hold up.

A DALLAS PATROL CAR SITS PARKED AT THE ENTRANCE -- still several yards from them -- partly shaded and quiet --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
(walking forward)
Evenin'...

No answer. Nolan and Rebecca slow as they reach the car --

NO ONE INSIDE. Nolan looks around --

MATTE -- SNIPER SCOPE

CROSSHAIRS REST ON NOLAN from an elevated angle --

REVEAL BADGE PERCHED ON THE HIGH GATE WALL IN THE DARKNESS

Aiming carefully with his rifle --

REBECCA TURNS, SEES A GLIMMER IN THE DARKNESS -- She peers --

CLOSE ON the dim light REFLECTING against the DALLAS BADGE on the sniper's uniform --

REBECCA
JIM!

Jim turns to her JUST AS A SNIPER BULLET HITS HIS SHOULDER
KNOCKING HIM to the ground --

NOLAN
(to Rebecca)
RUN!

REBECCA FLEES TOWARD THE GATE -- BADGE **FIRE** AT HER --
BULLETS impact the iron bars, SPARKS shoot off --

NOLAN ROLLS UP ON HIS GOOD ARM -- **FIRE** HIS OWN GUN at the darkness --

BULLETS RICOCHET AND SPARK AGAINST CONCRETE -- BADGE ducks down to avoid getting shot --

NOLAN EMPTIES HIS GUN -- PUSHES HIMSELF TO STANDING -- runs off past the gate -- into the DARKNESS of Fair Park --

BADGE JUMPS DOWN TO THE SIDEWALK -- Falls into a practiced crouch and stands -- Walks to the squad car --

HE TOSSES THE RIFLE INSIDE -- pulls A SHOTGUN from the passenger well -- calm, icy, as he COCKS the barrel --

HE FOLLOWS THEM into the cloak of night, walking with ease, determination --

EXT. PROMENADE, AUTOMOTIVE BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

NOLAN CATCHES UP TO REBECCA -- YANKS HER through heavy shadow -- up cement steps -- THROWS HER behind a concrete pillar --

HE PEEKS AROUND THE CORNER -- the SILHOUETTE OF BADGE walking toward them with the shotgun at his side -- 40 yards away --

NOLAN TURNS, SEES HEAVY METAL DOORS IN FRONT OF HIM --

NOLAN
(whispered)
Stay right here.

NOLAN THROWS HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOORS -- they bend inward but DO NOT OPEN, LOCKED --

BADGE **FIRE**S THE SHOTGUN -- MUZZLE FLASH briefly lighting up his expressionless face in the darkness --

SCATTER SHOT BLASTS CHUNKS OUT OF THE CONCRETE PILLAR -- REBECCA cowers down, squeezes her eyes shut --

NOLAN KICKS THE DOORS -- Nothing --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Dammit!

BADGE COCKS, **FIRE**S AGAIN -- BLASTS THE WALL NEXT TO NOLAN --

REBECCA
JIM, DO SOMETHING!

BADGE CONTINUES TO WALK TOWARD THEM -- never speeding up --

NOLAN KICKS THE DOORS A SECOND TIME AND THEY GIVE -- SWING WIDE INTO BLACKNESS --

BADGE COCKS HIS SHOTGUN --

NOLAN
C'MON!

REBECCA RUSHES FORWARD -- follows NOLAN -- BOTH DISAPPEAR INSIDE JUST AS --

BADGE **FIRE**S AGAIN -- HITS THE PILLAR, DAMAGED DOORS WHERE REBECCA JUST WAS -- He trots up the steps, RELOADING with shells from his pocket --

INT. AUTOMOTIVE BUILDING - MAIN HALL -- CONTINUOUS

NOLAN AND REBECCA stumble into a VAST SHADOWED HALL the size of an airplane hangar -- stretching a LONG 100 YARDS in both directions -- nearly PITCH BLACK --

REBECCA
I can't see--

NOLAN
Hold my hand--

SHE HESITATES FOR A SPLIT SECOND -- NOLAN notices --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Rebecca!

SHE GRABS HIS HAND AND THEY RUN LEFT -- No light, no cover, just empty open space --

BADGE'S SILHOUETTE STEPS INSIDE THE HALL -- SHOTGUN braced across his chest -- He hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS TO HIS LEFT --

BADGE WALKS AFTER THEM -- FASTER now -- raises the shotgun up and **FIRE**S -- the sound MONSTROUS in the large echoing hall --

COCKS AND **FIRE**S AGAIN as he pursues -- MUZZLE FLASH illuminating the eyes of the killer --

BADGE'S POV -- HE **FIRE**S AGAIN -- THE QUICK FLASH ALSO LIGHTS UP NOLAN AND REBECCA for a half-second -- but then DARKNESS --

BADGE **FIRE**S TWICE MORE -- WILDLY IN AN ARC -- unable to get an exact read on their position --

NOLAN AND REBECCA RUN -- reaching the END OF THE HALL -- two more DOUBLE DOORS --

REBECCA
(a mess)
...please be open...

NOLAN BARRELS THROUGH THE DOORS AND THEY SWING WIDE --
fortunately unlocked as REBECCA FOLLOWS --

INT. AUTOMOTIVE BUILDING - SECOND ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

NOLAN CLOSES THE DOORS BEHIND THEM -- turns around --

Another hangar-sized room, this one about as big as a baseball diamond. Extremely high ceilings with WOODEN BOXES lining the walls -- STACKED HIGH in one particular corner --

THEY GO TO THE BOXES -- NO WAY OUT --

NOLAN

Shit.

-- NOLAN looks up --

THE CEILING IS A GOOD HUNDRED FEET UP -- NOLAN peers --

CLOSER ON A SQUARE RIM OF LIGHT ON THE CEILING -- in the far corner -- A TRAP DOOR TO THE ROOF --

NOLAN SCRAMBLES UP THE WOODEN BOXES -- GROPES THE WALL --

FINDS A METAL LADDER BOLTED IN PLACE -- Nolan WHISTLES to REBECCA --

INSIDE THE SECOND ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER:

A SHOTGUN BLAST RIPS APART THE DOORS --

BADGE KICKS OPEN THE BROKEN WOOD -- CRACKING it further as he steps inside -- SHOTGUN AIMED and ready to fire --

HE SWINGS THE BARREL AROUND THE ROOM --

It's empty. He walks to the boxes --

ANGLE ON NOLAN AND REBECCA HIGH ABOVE HIM -- CLINGING desperately and silently to the ladder -- She's above Nolan, he's below her -- both of them LOOKING DOWN at Badge --

CLOSE ON NOLAN'S BLEEDING SHOULDER -- soaked wet -- almost reflective in the dimness --

BLOOD POOLING, ABOUT TO DRIP OFF --

BADGE TURNS AROUND -- away from the boxes -- where are they?

BEHIND BADGE -- BLOOD DRIPS onto one of the boxes -- almost audibly IMPERCEPTIBLE -- running down the side in a DARK RED STREAK --

ANOTHER DROP. ANOTHER DROP. Quiet TAPS against the wood.

CLOSE ON BADGE -- he doesn't turn around -- SLOWLY raises his eyes to the ceiling --

REBECCA SHAKES SILENTLY AGAINST THE LADDER BARS -- trying to hold still, not breathe, her muscles exhausted --

BADGE STORMS OUT OF THE ROOM

The doors SHUT behind him.

ON NOLAN AND REBECCA as they wait a moment --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
(still quiet)
Okay, go...

They make their way up the ladder --

EXT. AUTOMOTIVE BUILDING - ROOF -- MOMENTS LATER

THE TRAP DOOR SWINGS OPEN -- Rebecca, Nolan crawl out of the dark hole, deposit themselves on the roof --

NOLAN crawls over to the building's edge --

LOOKING OUT OVER THE REST OF FAIR PARK --

Still night. Nothing but wide open spaces. Kill zones.

He sees --

REBECCA'S TRUCK still sitting by the main gate -- about 300 yards away -- THE PATROL CAR still near it --

REBECCA NOTICES NOLAN'S ARM -- SOAKED in blood by now --

REBECCA
Jim. Jim, you're shot--

NOLAN
I think your truck is the only way outta here...

THE PATROL CAR COMES TO LIFE -- headlights FLASH on -- it waits there a moment, then pulls away --

REBECCA
He's leaving!

NOLAN
Maybe. We're gonna wait.

They watch the spot carefully.

EXT. FAIR PARK - MAIN GATE -- LATER

THE TRUCK RESTS ALONE by the turn-in area.

NOLAN AND REBECCA NOW WAIT IN THE SHADOWS -- watching it from a ways off --

NOLAN
I'll drive. An' when I say 'go,'
you go, understand?

REBECCA
You think I'm gonna take a walk in
the park?

A beat. Nolan waits. Then:

NOLAN
Go.

THEY SPRINT TO THE TRUCK -- NOLAN makes it inside -- REBECCA
a few steps behind --

NOLAN STARTS IT UP -- HEADLIGHTS SUDDENLY IGNITE ON THEM --
THE DALLAS PATROL CAR LIES SHADOWED IN THE DARK --

REBECCA
(freezing)
Oh, SHIT--

REBECCA THROWS HERSELF INTO THE TRUCK BED --

NOLAN FLOORS THE TRUCK --

BADGE FLOORS THE PATROL CAR --

For a split second both cars are in a GAME OF CHICKEN --
about to smash head-on ANY MOMENT --

NOLAN JERKS THE WHEEL LEFT -- the truck VEERS into the park --

BADGE JERKS THE WHEEL RIGHT -- fishtailing -- in PURSUIT --

BOTH CARS RACE DOWN THE NARROW PROMENADE --

BADGE PULLS AHEAD -- SOON THE CARS RACE NECK AND NECK --

BARELY fitting in the small walkways --

REBECCA SLIDES AROUND IN THE TRUCK BED -- tries to contain
her SCREAMS --

BADGE JERKS HIS WHEEL LEFT, SMASHING INTO THE TRUCK

NOLAN tries to keep control --

Ahead of them, A DEAD END of brick, buildings --

NOLAN JERKS RIGHT, PUSHES THE SQUAD CAR AWAY --

BADGE has to adjust right -- running out of road --
THE SQUAD CAR ROARS UP PAVILION STAIRS -- GOING TOO FAST --
-- LEFT WHEEL CATCHES WRONG AND THE CAR FLIPS --
-- CORKSCREWS IN THE AIR --
-- HITS THE PROMENADE WALKWAY GRILL FIRST --
-- STANDS UP PERPENDICULAR TO THE SIDEWALK FOR A SECOND --
-- FLIPS BACK ONTO ITS WHEELS --
-- ROLLS BACKWARDS TO A STOP --
Finishing a kind of violent vehicular cartwheel --
NOLAN BURIES THE FRONT END OF THE TRUCK INTO A FOUNTAIN --
-- THE TRUCK SPINS AROUND --
-- REBECCA THROWN BACK AGAINST THE TRUCK BED WALL --
-- THE TRUCK SKIDS TO A STOP --

For a few seconds, silence in the park.

INSIDE THE PATROL CAR -- BADGE, bleeding from the head --
GETS OUT -- PISTOL in one hand -- SHOTGUN in the other --
WALKS calmly to the truck -- A good THIRTY YARDS away --

INSIDE THE TRUCK -- NOLAN shakes off the accident -- tries to
TURN OVER the engine as it MOANS --

ON BADGE:

RAISES THE PISTOL UP AND **FIRE**S, BLOWING THE TRUCK'S BACK
GLASS WINDOW OUT --

BADGE EMPTIES HIS GUN -- **FIVE SHOTS** -- TWENTY YARDS AWAY --

-- REBECCA STAYS DOWN INSIDE THE TRUCK BED --

ON NOLAN -- turning the engine OVER AND OVER --

ON BADGE -- TOSSING AWAY HIS SERVICE REVOLVER -- empty and
worthless to him -- keeps walking forward --

-- HE RAISES THE SHOTGUN --

-- **FIRE**S ONCE -- TWICE -- THREE TIMES -- AGAIN --

-- PAINT, METAL FLYING OFF THE TRUCK -- TEN YARDS AWAY --

ON NOLAN -- ducking down -- the engine turns over -- ROARS TO LIFE -- NOLAN SLAMS DOWN ON THE GAS PEDAL -- TIRES SQUEAL --

-- BADGE FIRES TWICE MORE --

THE TRUCK RACES AWAY AND JUMPS OUT ONTO THE STREET --

Disappears around a corner.

BADGE stands in the middle of Fair Park. Jaw clenched.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBECUE JOINT -- SAME

Quintessential Texas eatery. Like a converted tool shed turned into a place that serves up smoked meat. Neon beer signs, HANK WILLIAMS on the radio.

ANGLE ON FRANK seated against a foggy cracked window at a table, plate of greasy food in front of him.

ANGLE ON a few tables behind him -- NUMBER ONE watches the door, meal untouched -- TWO glances back at Frank over his shoulders from another table --

THREE watches Frank from the counter --

STAY ON FRANK as he talks to someone seated across from him:

FRANK

So this boy locked up at the station downtown. He looks great on paper. Terrible at conversation. You know what I mean?

(pause)

He was supposed to come out of that theater horizontally.

MAN (O.S.)

That's not my problem. I'm just eyes and ears. That was the deal.

FRANK

Well, the deal has changed. You owe a lot of people a lot of money.

(pause)

Now I can help you with that. But there's a trade-off.

(pause)

I'd hate to see you lose your clubs. Without your clubs, who are you to anybody in this town?

THREE TEENAGE BOYS approach them -- normal kids, if a little shell-shocked from recent events -- Frank switches gears...

TEENAGE BOY 1
Hey, Mr. Bishop...

FRANK
How you boys holding up?

TEENAGE BOY 2
Fine, I guess...

FRANK
Don't worry. This country's strong.
We'll get past this.
(pause)
We're still going to have that test
next Tuesday.

TEENAGE BOY 3
Yeah, we been studyin'...

FRANK
Good boys. I'll see you next week
at school.

He nods to the boys and they leave --

REVEAL THE MAN ACROSS FROM FRANK -- early 50's, black suit,
balding -- nervous and squirrely -- He spins a GRAY FEDORA
with one hand on the table in front of him --

JACK RUBY.

RUBY
(weak smile)
Mr. Bishop, huh?

Frank stands, wipes his mouth with a napkin.

FRANK
I'm nobody to you, Jack. Just like
you're nobody to me.
(tosses napkin down)
You've got 36 hours to put it
together.

Frank leaves as Ruby continues to spin his hat on the table.

ANGLE ON ONE, TWO, THREE -- watching Ruby for a moment --
then they rise and exit after Frank.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

No way around it: a rough area. Rundown warehouses, a couple of junkies shivering in doorways. But considering the recent danger, it's relatively nice and quiet.

REBECCA AND NOLAN arrive in front of one such warehouse. Nolan is clearly in a lot of pain, the shot to his shoulder looking worse.

REBECCA

Thought we were headed somewhere safe...

NOLAN

Safest place to hide is the hole you crawl into.

REBECCA

Yeah, but this is a *shithole*...

Nolan KNOCKS on a door. It opens, a tall junkie with hollow eyes named WAYLON (24) answers the door.

WAYLON

(recognizing him)

Jim?

NOLAN

Waylon.

WAYLON

You been shot.

NOLAN

Yeah. One reason we're here.

WAYLON

What's the other?

NOLAN

Need a place to stay. Just for the night.

A moment as Waylon looks them over. Finally lets them in.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Waylon leads them into a tiny room. Cot on the floor. This used to be a warehouse office maybe thirty years ago.

WAYLON

Shower's in the back.

NOLAN

I know.

WAYLON

Thought you were doin' better.

NOLAN

Thought I was, too.

(pause)

Thanks, Waylon.

Waylon nods, leaves them alone.

REBECCA

Friend of yours?

NOLAN

You could say that. I used to live
here.

Nolan takes his jacket off, RIPS the sleeve clean -- reaches
under the cot, pulls out a dusty BOTTLE OF VODKA --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Right where I left it.

REBECCA

You really think now's a good time
for a drink?

NOLAN

Haven't had a drink in four months.

Nolan pulls his t-shirt off -- Rebecca sees the SCAR on his
abdomen -- FRESH BULLET WOUND in his shoulder -- Nolan sees
her staring --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Went clean through... Should be
fine...

Nolan pours the vodka over the wound -- GRUNTS through
gritted teeth in extreme pain -- calms down -- sits back
against the wall and closes his eyes for a moment.

Rebecca stares at him. He's shirtless, lit from behind by a
raw bulb desk lamp. The sharp contours of his body.

Nolan hands Rebecca the sleeve of his jacket --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Tie this around, will ya? As tight
as you can make it.

She wraps the fabric around the wound -- pulling it TIGHT -- he GRUNTS again -- Both of them realize their close proximity to each other --

REBECCA walks away -- sits in a chair facing the cot --

REBECCA

Growin' up in the neighborhood, you
were always nice, good to my folks.
I didn't pay you too much mind.

(pause)

But by the time I got to high
school... Lord almighty. There you
were, this red-blooded All-American
running back senior.

The nostalgia fades from her face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
So what happened to you?

NOLAN

Nothin' that needs talkin' about.

REBECCA

When you came back from the
service. Somethin' changed.

His casual demeanor drops. His face goes dark.

NOLAN

I was stationed out of Fort Hood.
Okay Marine. Clean bunk, good shot,
fastest man on base.

(pause)

They integrated my unit. The Corps,
in its supreme foresight, gave us
one colored guy. Just one. Kid
named Hewitt. Good marine. Funny.
Sharp. Cover for ya in a pinch. We
all liked him. Enough of us did, at
least.

(pause)

Comes time to go on leave, bunch of
us head down to Austin. Hewitt
comes along, 'cause you know. He's
one of us. Til the drinkin' starts.
This one bastard. Monahan. Angry
drunk. Starts in on him. Low an'
behold, other guys join in.

(pause)

An' I can see Hewitt ain't takin'
it good. An' it's gettin' bad.
Shovin' him. Callin' him names.

(MORE)

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Stuff like that. So I step in. Jus' to calm everybody down. Course I'm drunk, too, so it don't go over so well. I get hot, there's a fight.

(pause)

At the end of it, Monahan's dead.

A beat.

REBECCA

(quiet)

How'd he die?

Nolan shifts on the cot, uncomfortable.

NOLAN

Somehow... punched him just the right way... broke his neck.

(pause)

Weird, ain't it? Shit luck, I'll tell you what. Shit luck.

(pause)

Ducked a manslaughter charge but was dishonorably discharged. Moved back home, couldn't look my dad in the eye. Moved in here 'cause by then... I's jus' drunk all day.

REBECCA

So that scar. On your stomach.

NOLAN

Different bar fight. Don't really remember that one.

REBECCA

Least you didn't get in a brawl when we went out--

NOLAN

Look... I'm sorry about that night.

A beat.

REBECCA

Don't be. What did I expect you to say? Shoulda known those feelings I had were unrequited.

(pause)

'Course, I didn't expect you to laugh so hard...

She looks to the floor, the hurt still fresh.

NOLAN

What you said that night. I been
thinkin' about it ever since.

(pause)

It kept me goin' while I cleaned
up. Gave me a goal.

She looks back at him, a small glimmer in her eye...

REBECCA

Well... there might be a statute of
limitations on old crushes.

He smiles, as does she. Neither knows where to go from here.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(standing)

I'm gonna try that shower. Probably
be dirtier when I come out.

She leaves Nolan alone with his thoughts.

LATER:

The sound of OLD PIPES IN THE WALL RUNNING WATER as --

NOLAN PULLS OUT THE PASSPORTS -- flips through them again --
goes through Oswald's -- completely blank. Stops again on
the photo --

Flips through Barstow's passport -- starting on the photo --
stops on HANDWRITING scrawled across a single page --

A STRING OF NUMBERS: 011-052-55-555-7121

UNDERNEATH, AN ALPHA-NUMERIC: P-121

REBECCA'S SHRILL SCREAM PROPELS HIM TO HIS FEET -- NOLAN
grabs his gun -- DARTS downstairs --

INT. BATHROOM -- SECONDS LATER

NOLAN BURSTS INSIDE -- REBECCA SCREAMS AGAIN at the sight of
him -- quickly covers herself in an old towel --

NOLAN

What happened?

REBECCA

The water went cold!

Nolan's face fills with confusion for a second -- he comes
back to Earth --

NOLAN

What?

REBECCA

The water went cold... sorry...

He looks at her -- half-wet, back against the corner of the cement shower stall -- clinging to her towel -- water stream still on --

HE LOOKS AWAY out of respect -- takes in the awful bathroom -- barely lit -- more a place where one would hose down livestock -- he sees the rusted nozzles on the wall --

NOLAN

Here. Old farm boy trick.

He puts his gun down on the floor -- steps into the freezing stream of water -- turns the right nozzle clockwise -- IT COMES OFF in his hand --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Shit...

REBECCA

Wait... it worked...

Steam begins to fill the shower stall -- Nolan looks up into the hot water --

HER HAND COMES TO HIS SHOULDER -- HE TURNS AND SHE KISSES HIM

-- The shower continues to soak him from behind --

The kiss becomes more intense -- THE RUSTED NOZZLE DROPS FROM HIS HAND onto the floor -- He pulls away for a moment --

NOLAN

Wait...

REBECCA

No.

SHE KISSES HIM AGAIN -- THE TOWEL DROPS onto the floor --

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ -- LATER

MATTE -- BLACK AND WHITE TELEVISION

Oswald in custody, surrounded by police and reporters -- an impromptu press conference of sorts --

SUPER IN BOTTOM CORNER: **Dallas Police HQ, 11:23 p.m.**

OSWALD

Nobody has told me anything, except that I am accused of, uh... of, uh... murdering a policeman...

EXT. LOWER GREENVILLE -- SAME

Late night on lower Greenville, barely anyone out at this usual hot spot strip --

FOLLOWING ANGLE ON BADGE -- the cuts on his face cleaned up -- he patrols the streets in a black convertible Mercury --

No expression -- Just cold malice in his eyes --

OSWALD (V.O.)

I know nothing more than that. I do request... someone to come forward. To give me legal assistance.

INT. MAKESHIFT BRIEFING ROOM -- SAME

FRANK stands at a long wooden table, going over photographs with NUMBER ONE --

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS as they're laid out on the table:

SHOTS OF DEALEY -- Rolling green grass and dots of people -- some before the shots started -- PEOPLE FLEEING in the ones taken after [some of these are real photos from that day] --

SEVERAL PHOTOS: A WOMAN IN A TAN COAT, RED HANDKERCHIEF --

Tied over her head -- she holds a CAMERA in her hands and faces the knoll -- [again, actual historic photos of what many call the unidentified "babushka lady"] --

REPORTER (V.O.)

Did you kill the president?

FRANK circles' the lady's small form in one photo with a red pen -- NUMBER ONE passes him more photos -- these are CLOSER SHOTS -- surveillance-style --

OSWALD (V.O.)

No, I have not been charged with that.

NUMBER ONE

Here's a better angle.

FRANK looks -- these shots more plainly reveal REBECCA leaving the knoll before the assassination -- Frank places a photo of Rebecca next to the one he circled in red --

INT. POLICE HQ -- SAME

As Oswald is led away the sound of COMMOTION rises --

JACK RUBY nervously stands behind several reporters --

REPORTER (O.S.)
What happened to your face?

OSWALD
A policeman hit me.

INT. MAKESHIFT BRIEFING ROOM -- LATER

The lights in the room have been darkened --

NUMBER ONE FLIPS ON A SMALL PROJECTOR --

An 8mm image burns onto a white screen that's been stood up, rolled down -- it shows the presidential MOTORCADE --

THE ZAPRUDER FILM.

FRANK walks closer -- the assassination footage silently reflecting in his glasses for a moment...

FRANK
There, stop it there.

NUMBER ONE flips a switch on the projector -- holds the image in a jittering FREEZE FRAME --

A CLUMP OF THREE FIGURES STAND IN THE PLAZA GRASS

Blurry spectres as the image wobbles --

CLOSER ON A FIGURE IN A TAN COAT, HANDKERCHIEF --

FRANK (CONT'D)
That's her. Who else has seen this?

NUMBER ONE
(reading from a type-out)
Cameraman was a Mr. Abraham Zapruder, 58, of Dallas. Gave two copies to the Secret Service this evening. The original is already for sale to LIFE Magazine.

Frank squints hard at REBECCA'S grainy image --

FRANK
It's her film I want.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM -- LATER

Nolan pulls a new shirt from a drawer and puts it on --

He puts the gun on a table next to Rebecca's spool of film --

OPENS BARTSOW'S PASSPORT -- turns to the handwriting --

PLACES A ROTARY PHONE into his lap -- picks up -- begins to dial the long string of numbers --

INTERCUT -- NOLAN'S PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. SMALL OFFICE -- SAME

File clutter on a desk -- single lamp on -- cigarette burning in a full ashtray -- black phone RINGING -- a hand answers --

AT FIRST WE DON'T SEE THE SPEAKER'S FACE -- only parts -- his mouth -- eyes -- hands -- glowing cigarette and smoke --
This is the STATION CHIEF --

STATION CHIEF
Mexico City.

Nolan has no idea what to say on his end.

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)
(immediately suspicious)
Who is this?

NOLAN
Barstow.

A beat.

STATION CHIEF
What do you want?

NOLAN
I want to speak to the man in charge.

STATION CHIEF
(cynical laugh)
Miss the office that much, huh?

NOLAN
Somethin' like that.

STATION CHIEF
But I guess no one ever really
leaves the agency, do they?

Nolan stares at BARSTOW'S PICTURE --

NOLAN
There's one way to leave.

REVEAL THE STATION CHIEF'S FACE -- one of extreme
intelligence -- older, stern, mid 50's --

He lets the cigarette burn in his fingers for a moment as
mentally pieces the call together --

STAMPS OUT the cigarette --

STATION CHIEF
Where are you?

NOLAN
Dallas.

The station chief waves to staff off-screen: Get over here.

STATION CHIEF
This had better be some kind of
sick joke.
(pause)
Who is this?

Nolan HANGS UP.

REBECCA enters the room, hair still wet.

NOLAN
What's the agency?

Nolan hands her the passport -- she examines the writing --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
That number calls somebody in
Mexico. American. Kept mentioning
the agency.

REBECCA
Jesus...

NOLAN
What?

REBECCA
Central Intelligence Agency.

The weight of that hits them both. She continues reading --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What's P-121?

CUT TO:

INT. MAKESHIFT BRIEFING ROOM -- SAME

Frank sits while NUMBER TWO stands near him --

NUMBER TWO
(totally sans accent)
We are looking into previous
addresses for the officer.

NUMBER ONE pins photos to a corkboard -- historical
photographs -- shots of Rebecca -- NOLAN'S POLICE ID PHOTO --

FRANK
Follow up on every one. And I need
unit 5-1 scrubbed from the Dallas
motor pool manifest since that
psycho wrecked the patrol car.

With that order, NUMBER THREE nods, leaves the room --

The phone RINGS -- Frank answers --

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hello?

INTERCUT -- FRANK / STATION CHIEF PHONE CONVERSATION

The station chief at his desk, looking at files --

STATION CHIEF
Apparently an employee of mine has
gone missing. Case officer Barstow.

Frank WAVES OFF the others -- they look to each other --
Frank turns back to the phone --

FRANK
Sorry to hear that...

STATION CHIEF
We haven't been able to reach him
in a while. He was a good pal of
yours, right?
(MORE)

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)
During your agency days?
(pause)
We're still pals, aren't we, Frank?

FRANK
Maybe we should get on a more
secure line--

STATION CHIEF
Keep something in mind, Frank.
(pause)
You don't work here anymore. So
don't act like you do. The more I
think about it, this thing in
Dallas has your fingerprints all
over it, and if it comes to light
you were involved, I'm going to
forget in a big hurry what great
pals we are.

The man HANGS UP on Frank.

Frank turns to his remaining operatives, the color DRAINING
from his face --

FRANK
Let's start packing this place up.

INT. SMALL OFFICE -- SAME

The station chief has just hung up. He turns to someone off-
screen, looking up from his desk --

STATION CHIEF
We need to find the man who called
here.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAROUSEL CLUB -- MORNING

Hole in the wall establishment. Desolate, like the streets
around it. A handwritten sign fixed to the door. CLOSED.

INT. THE CAROUSEL CLUB -- SAME

A sleazy dive bar with black plastic booths, red carpet.
Likewise empty. Nobody here and only a few lights on.

ANGLE ON the bar where Corporal Leroy Curtis sits in uniform.

Drinking alone.

AN ARM WRAPS AROUND HIS NECK, A TIGHT HEADLOCK
WIDER to reveal Nolan behind him -- Curtis FIGHTS the grip --

NOLAN
You got about three seconds to
explain yourself--

Curtis COUGHS -- a WAR OF STRENGTH as his face turns red --
he CLAWS at Nolan's arm --

CURTIS
It wasn't me... it wasn't me--

NOLAN
You send a cruiser and I end up
getting shot at--

CURTIS HEAD BUTTS NOLAN BACKWARDS

Nolan stumbles back -- Curtis STANDS, TURNS --

NOLAN BELTS HIM ACROSS THE FACE AND SENDS HIM THROUGH A TABLE

NOLAN WALKS CLOSER to Curtis on the ground -- Curtis makes
for his GUN --

REBECCA (O.S.)
Don't even.

Curtis looks --

ANGLE ON REBECCA -- NOLAN'S GUN TRAINED ON HIM --

NOLAN stands over Curtis -- OFFERS HIM A HAND --
-- PICKS CURTIS BACK UP TO HIS FEET.

CURTIS
You're outta your damn minds.

Curtis sits back on his stool, facing them.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
I put it out to my trusted guys--

NOLAN
That's horseshit--

CURTIS
Who do you think I am, Jimmy?
(pause)
(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

All I knew, you were dead an' gone.
I was scared shitless but I
couldn't go through the proper
channels, 'cause that's what put
you there in the first place.

(pause)

Why the hell you think I'm sittin'
here drinkin' at 9:30 in the
morning?

NOLAN

That all you been doin' since then?

CURTIS

No. I did some checkin' up. The car
that responded to the park was unit
Five-One.

NOLAN

Who's unit is that?

CURTIS

DPD doesn't have a Five-One. Not
according to the motor pool.

(pause)

So now you've got my attention.

Nolan looks to Rebecca -- NODS: "it's okay." -- SHE LOWERS
THE GUN -- Nolan takes it from her -- sets it ON THE BAR --

NOLAN

I need to talk to Oswald.

CURTIS

Jimmy, you're crazy--

NOLAN

You can get me close to him.

ON REBECCA -- looking Curtis over -- CLOSE ON HIS BADGE --
Rebecca reads the number scrawled across it --

1019 -- THE SAME NUMBER SHE SAW ON BADGE AT THE GRASSY KNOLL.

REBECCA'S EYES WIDEN -- She TRIES to remain calm --

-- SHE EYES NOLAN'S GUN ON THE BAR --

CURTIS

No way. Even if I could, Curry
would break my badge in half if he
found out.

NOLAN

No one needs to know. No one *can* know. Don't you get it? Oswald's just a pawn in this.

REBECCA PLACES HER HAND ON THE BAR -- Unassuming -- Watching Curtis talk to Nolan --

CURTIS

A what?

REBECCA'S HAND INCLES TOWARD THE GUN --

NOLAN

It's quaint that he's the only one been caught. These other guys don't get caught. They either get away or get killed.

(pause)

Barstow's dead.

CURTIS

Jesus, Jimmy...

(pause)

What about that fella in the police uniform? You tell anybody about him?

NOLAN

No. Haven't had a chance...

NOLAN looks past Curtis -- sees REBECCA'S HAND MOVING TOWARD THE GUN -- her chest rising, falling quickly --

NOLAN LOOKS BACK TO CURTIS -- EYE CONTACT --

CURTIS TURNS -- SEES REBECCA GOING FOR THE GUN --

HE BACKHANDS HER WITH A CLOSED FIST TO THE HEAD -- KNOCKING HER OUT and to the floor --

NOLAN LEAPS AT HIM -- TACKLES HIM onto the bar in a CRASH OF GLASS -- THEY FIGHT THERE -- AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS --

NOLAN GETS A PUNCH IN -- HARD into Curtis' face --

CURTIS KICKS NOLAN OFF -- Sends him BACK INTO RACKS OF BOOZE BOTTLES -- They SHATTER and Nolan falls to the floor --

-- CURTIS GOES FOR NOLAN'S GUN FROM THE BAR --

NOLAN'S ON HIS FEET IN SECONDS -- Delivers FAST BODY BLOWS to Curtis' kidneys -- the older man turns, trying to guard --

NOLAN SENDS JAB POPS TO HIS FACE -- HOOKS TO THE SIDE --
CURTIS tries to block, CAN'T -- NOLAN DEFLECTS CURTIS'
PUNCHES with a marine corps efficiency --

NOLAN UPPERCUTS CURTIS BACK AGAINST THE BAR -- his veteran
partner done for, bleeding heavily from the mouth -- As he
falls --

HE GRABS A LIQUOR BOTTLE -- SPINS AND SMASHES IT ACROSS
NOLAN'S HEAD -- Nolan falls to the floor --

CURTIS GRABS NOLAN'S GUN FROM THE BAR

-- AIMS IT at his younger partner --

-- NOLAN stays on the floor --

-- CURTIS PULLS THE HAMMER BACK -- but his HAND SHAKES --

CURTIS

I told you it ain't the time to be
a hero...

NOLAN

Goddamn you... How could you be a
part of this?!

CURTIS

You think I knew it was gonna go
this far?!

(pause)

Jesus CHRIST, son, you are as shit-
all stupid as rookies get.

(pause)

Jack Ruby comes up to me couple
months ago. He owns this bar. Been
a good friend to a lot of police
over the years. Wants me to sell
him my badge. Couple thousand
dollars. No questions asked.

(pause)

What do I care? Served the beat in
Oak Cliff for twelve years. Korea
before that. What do I got? Two
stripes and a neighborhood full a
niggers. Starin' down the barrel of
another twenty years before my
pension kicks in.

NOLAN

Look what they done--

CURTIS

Don't you get righteous on me. I coulda done a lot worse. They wanted me to kill Oswald, too. At the theater. Shoot on sight, Ruby said. Promised me a few more grand... But I couldn't do it... I mean... I just couldn't...

(pause)

After last night, they come to my house. They threaten me. Say I gotta remove 5-1 from the motor pool manifest or that's it... What could I do? Once I knew I'd been a part of... I thought you were already dead...

(pause)

You just couldn't leave well enough alone, could you, Jim?

NOLAN

You're not gonna kill me.

CURTIS

I won't have to.

Curtis keeps the gun trained on him -- picks up a phone -- DIALS -- drops the receiver down and leaves it off the hook --

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Now they're comin'. I call that number, they're comin'.

NOLAN

What's P-121?

CURTIS

I can think of two people who'd know, an' it sounds like you killed one of 'em. The other is sittin' handcuffed in police HQ with the whole world watchin' his every move.

NOLAN

You let them kill the president, Curtis.

CURTIS

(worked up)

I know. I voted for the sombitch...

(breaking down)

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that somethin' like this was possible... That they could kill the President of the United States. That this country would even allow it...

(somber)

And that somehow... I would help make it happen.

NOLAN

You gonna let a small group of violent men change the world like that?

CURTIS

They already have, son.

(pause)

We already have.

CURTIS KEEPS THE GUN TRAINED ON NOLAN --

-- But then lowers it.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna disappear.

(pause)

You should do the same.

(pause)

Go.

Nolan slowly stands up, in disbelief --

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Go. I don't know how far you'll get. But go. They'll be here any minute.

Nolan JUMPS over the bar -- REBECCA is already starting to wake up -- He pulls her to her feet --

ONE LAST LOOK OF HURT CONTEMPT FROM NOLAN --

CURTIS (CONT'D)

GET OUTTA HERE!

Nolan takes Rebecca out through the back of the club --

Curtis stands alone for a moment.

Sits back down at the bar. Pours himself another drink.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Back in Nolan's old place. Rebecca sits on the cot, leaning against the wall -- her left cheek swelling up and turning dark --

NOLAN THROWS THE BOTTLE OF VODKA AGAINST THE WALL

And it EXPLODES -- he sighs -- trying to calm his anger -- He sits down by the OPEN WINDOW -- looks back to Rebecca --

NOLAN

You all right?

REBECCA

Yeah.

(turning to him)

You?

Nolan doesn't answer. Silence for a while.

NOLAN

He said two people know.

REBECCA

What?

NOLAN

Two people know what P-121 means.
One's Barstow. He died in your
bathtub.

(pause)

The other is Oswald.

REBECCA

Jim. Maybe it's time we cut loose.
Never come back. I'm sure we can
find some place--

NOLAN

I failed as a marine. I will not
fail at this. I'm a police officer.
I have a duty. There was a *murder*.
I will not stop until I get every
last one of these sons a bitches.

(pause)

Dead or alive.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE -- NIGHT

Badge sits in a rocking chair shrouded in shadow. Staring intently. But at nothing. In complete silence.

BANG OF THE SCREEN DOOR in the living room -- FOOTSTEPS -- moments later, FRANK enters the bedroom -- STARTLES on seeing Badge staring at him from the dark --

Badge does not answer. FRANK SNIFFS -- something draws his attention and he walks to the bathroom --

CLOSE ON the DEAD LANDLADY hanging out of the basin bathtub -- FLIES BUZZING -- FRANK repulsed by the sight --

BADGE
Too many questions.

Frank comes back -- sees BADGE unmoved in his chair --

FRANK
I want the cop GONE. I want the girl GONE. The film. Destroyed. I want INFORMATION on them so that all ends can be tied off. I want it shut down and sealed up QUIETLY. Oswald is going to blink out of existence. I have a man in play to do the job. You need to make sure he finishes it.

(pause)
You will aid me in accomplishing all these things. Then you will go back to whatever hell you crawled out of.

BADGE
And where will you go?
(pause)
Cuba?
(pause)
Or back to school?

BADGE tosses a MANILA FILE across the floor -- FRANK picks it up -- thumbs through it --

WAYLON'S PICTURE inside -- A MUGSHOT -- AN ARREST RECORD --

FRANK
(reading)
Better.
(closing folder)
I'll take care of it. The agency is sniffing down our trail.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
We generate too much heat... I
don't have to tell you what happens
to the both of us.
(pause)
And bury that body.

Frank leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Rebecca sits on the front stoop, alone. Afraid. Tired. The neighborhood quiet at this hour.

NOLAN steps outside from the front door.

For a moment, neither say anything.

NOLAN
Oswald's under heavy lock and key.
Place is swarming with press. Not
even the invisible man could get in
there right now.

REBECCA
I mean he's only the most guarded
murder suspect in the entire world.
I'm surprised they wouldn't let you
just take him out to lunch.

NOLAN
There might be a chance tomorrow
morning. Just before they transfer
him to County.

Nolan sits down next to her.

REBECCA
You walk in there, you're dead.

NOLAN
I'm not gonna run. Not this time.

Rebecca nods -- then STORMS DOWN THE STREET -- Nolan goes
after her --

CATCHES UP to her -- TAKES HER by the arm --

REBECCA
(tears welling)
Let go of me.

NOLAN

Rebecca, don't. I can't protect you
out there--

REBECCA

I don't *need* you to protect me,
Jim. I was doin' just fine without
you--

NOLAN

Listen, you can hate me tomorrow
when this is all over--

REBECCA

You think this is over tomorrow? We
don't even know what the hell is
goin' on. We don't know who, what
orchestration... we don't even know
why it happened...

A beat.

NOLAN

You know this is right.

She takes a long look at him. It's true, unfortunately.

REBECCA

I need a minute.

NOLAN

Just come inside--

REBECCA

In a minute, Jim.

Nolan slowly turns away from her, heads to the house --
REBECCA hops into the truck bed to sit and calm herself --
wipe the wetness from her eyes --

NOLAN looks back before walking to the front door -- She
avoids his direction --

CUT TO:

INT. DALLAS JAIL CELL -- MORNING

Early sunlight cuts through iron bars, creating a striped
pattern of warmth and cold on the floor.

CLOSE ON OSWALD sitting on his metal bunk. Awake. Likely
never slept.

A plainclothes cop in a light suit, STETSON HAT nears -- Lee JUMPS to his feet -- goes to the bars --

OSWALD

I want to speak to my wife. I want to speak to Marina--

The cop OPENS THE BARS -- tosses a BLACK SWEATER at Oswald, who catches it --

STETSON HAT

Put that on.

(pause)

Gonna be cold out there this mornin'.

HE SLAMS THE BARS CLOSED -- walks away...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOVE FIELD TERMINAL -- SAME

This is where the president arrived to thousands of cheering onlookers -- But now it's stone quiet in the early morning --

THE STATION CHIEF STEPS OUTSIDE -- dark fedora, white shirt, dark suit -- both unassuming and imposing --

HE GETS INTO A WAITING BLACK CHEVROLET -- it speeds off --

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Nolan sits on the concrete steps outside, gazing out as the sun comes up over the rooftops. He hasn't slept either.

NOLAN (V.O.)

The City Courthouse is right there on Harwood, between Main and Commerce. The first floor will be full of press. The floors above that are jail cells. They're takin' Oswald to County out through the basement. There's two ramps down. I don't know which side they'll go out of.

INT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

NOLAN opens a closet door -- gets down on his knees -- pulls out a cardboard box and OPENS it --

OLD MEN'S CLOTHES inside --

REBECCA (V.O.)
Curtis might be there. I'm sure
others. You walk in there as
Officer Jim Nolan... You don't want
to be recognized.

LATER:

NOLAN puts on a shirt and tie, takes care to tie the knot, throw on a gray tweed coat while he inspects his appearance in the mirror --

NOLAN (V.O.)
I know. I'll keep a low profile.

EARLIER:

This conversation in real time, Nolan and Rebecca sitting and discussing the plan. She's distant -- withdrawn --

NOLAN
I need to get to Oswald before he
hits that basement. He spends most
of his time in interrogations but
there's gotta be some downtime
before the transfer--

REBECCA
The best chance you have is to get
into that armored car with him.
That'll give you a few minutes to
talk during the drive to County.

NOLAN
You're right. I gotta get in the
that truck.

REBECCA
It'll be tough. I wouldn't just
jump in.
(pause)
You're liable to get shot.

They make eye contact -- tense, sad -- it's a distinct possibility he could die -- he looks away --

NOLAN

I'll make my way down with the others and act like part of the detail. When they get in, I'll flash a badge and get in, too. Maybe I can even get some time with him beforehand.

LATER:

Nolan finishes dressing -- looks in the mirror -- dressed sharp, if not a little faded -- holds a dark fedora in his hands -- EXHALES --

REBECCA enters -- he sees her in the reflection -- her face full of tired dread --

NOLAN

I look like I'm goin' to a funeral.

REBECCA

Jus' make sure it's not your own.

INT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE - ENTRYWAY -- LATER

NOLAN -- Rebecca hands him THE SPOOL OF FILM -- he puts it in his coat pocket --

WAYLON stands some ways off, watching them -- the weight of all this has sobered even him --

REBECCA

Bring this back to me.

NOLAN

I will. Hold onto the passports. If something happens... you go far and keep goin', all right?

Nolan hands Rebecca HIS GUN --

REBECCA

No--

NOLAN

Take it.

She does -- NOLAN looks to WAYLON -- the men share a single solemn nod of understanding: "Thanks."

NOLAN goes for the door --

REBECCA
Jim...

He stops -- REBECCA GOES TO HIM, HUGS HIM TIGHT --

Catches him by surprise.

He hugs her back -- they part --

-- HE LEAVES, uneasy --

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

INSIDE REBECCA'S TRUCK as Nolan pulls his hat low -- STARTS THE ENGINE UP -- DRIVES away from the front of the house --

-- A few moments go by on the quiet street --

FARTHER UP THE ROAD -- under an metal bridge overpass --

ANOTHER CAR cruises to a stop against the curb --

FRANK sits behind the wheel --

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HQ - OFFICE -- LATER

OSWALD, now in the black sweater, sits in a chair -- fidgets with his handcuffs -- He looks pale, ill -- SWEATING --

CHIEF CURRY stands ahead of him, ARMS CROSSED -- next to him stands the STETSON HAT from Oswald's cell -- along with the older CAPTAIN with thick glasses --

OSWALD
What you fail to realize is that
this country will not remember the
death of this president as
important.
(pause)
What will be more important is who
did it.
(quickly)
I did not kill President Kennedy. I
did not kill Officer Tippit. I
didn't kill anybody. I told you
before, I am just a patsy--

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HQ -- SAME

ESTABLISHING: A MOB of people around this old municipal building -- THRONGS GATHER all over the street --

SHOUTING, DEMANDS OF JUSTICE, REVENGE -- From everywhere the cry for Oswald's blood --

Everyone anxious to get a look at the president's murderer --

PRESS PERSONNEL SPILL OUT OF THE HQ ENTRYWAY

MEN ON PAY PHONES OUTSIDE -- CAMERA CREWS FIGHTING FOR AN ANGLE -- Still others arrive, SETTING UP GEAR -- STATION TRUCKS CLOG THE STREETS --

FROM THE CROWD STEPS NOLAN --

SUPER IN BOTTOM CORNER: **Dallas Police HQ, 11:16 a.m.**

He carefully makes his way though the torrent -- He sees:

THE ENTRANCE RAMP TO THE BASEMENT -- A concrete path down into the darkness -- PRESS ALREADY TRAVERSING INSIDE --

A POLICE SIREN WHOOPS IN ONE BURST -- NOLAN quickly looks around, TENSE -- COPS ARE EVERYWHERE -- Watchful Dallas PD blue moving like cold blood through the veins of the crowd --

WHEN AN OFFICER LOOKS IN HIS DIRECTION, NOLAN AVOIDS HIM

Looks AWAY -- Looks DOWN -- Turns from the SIGHT OF A UNIFORM -- The sea of people creating DEAD ENDS -- WRONG TURNS --

NOLAN KNOCKS INTO SOMEONE -- Excuses himself -- The man SHRUGS HIM OFF -- nervously PUSHES PAST --

JACK RUBY...

NOLAN KEEPS GOING -- The front door GETTING CLOSER --

INT. POLICE HQ - OFFICE -- SAME

CURRY PULLS OSWALD TO HIS FEET by the arm -- STETSON HAT fastens one handcuff to Curry -- the CAPTAIN opens the OFFICE DOOR -- letting in a FLOOD OF NOISE --

CURRY

Get officers and line the damn hallway! The whole city's outside!

EXT. POLICE HQ -- MOMENTS LATER

NOLAN PUSHES FORWARD -- HE GETS TO THE STAIRS --

YOUNG COP STOPS HIM WITH A HAND -- LOOKS HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE

YOUNG COP

Hold it--

NOLAN

(coolly)

With the Bureau.

Nolan FLIPS OPEN BARSTOW'S CREDENTIALS, FLASHES THE BADGE --

Young cop eyes NOLAN --

YOUNG COP

All right. Go ahead.

Nolan STEPS INSIDE HQ --

INT. POLICE HQ - OFFICE / HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Curry holds Oswald in the doorway as uniformed officers squeeze off traffic through the passage -- PRESS still pockmarks the area -- CACOPHONY OF VOICES --

FLASHBULBS GO OFF IN OSWALD'S FACE -- He tries to keep his eyes off everything -- FACE GOING NUMB -- STUNNED --

CURRY

Get them back, for Christ's sake!

STETSON HAT

What about the press?

BRIGHT FILM LIGHTS TURN ON -- FLOOD THE HALLWAY WHITE --

CURRY

Just get to the basement fast--

EXT. POLICE HQ -- SAME

AN ARMORED VEHICLE TRIES TO BACK DOWN THE BASEMENT RAMP

Too many PEOPLE IN THE WAY...

THE ARMORED CAR HONKS ITS HORN -- Trying to get clear --

JACK RUBY MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE RAMP

Blending in amidst the COMMOTION --

INT. POLICE HQ - ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER

NOLAN fights through the TIGHT CORRIDOR -- barely wide enough for a single person to pass through --

STILL AVOIDING COPS AS THEY APPROACH HIM -- Pulls the brim of his hat EVEN LOWER --

He looks up for just a moment -- sees OSWALD UP AHEAD near Curry's office -- Still another THIRTY YARDS -- AN ETERNITY OF DISTANCE in this mess --

AT CURRY'S OFFICE:

Curry readies to take Oswald into the hallway --

REPORTER (O.S.)
(shouting)
Why did you kill the president?

ANOTHER REPORTER (O.S.)
(shouting over the last)
Are you a Soviet spy?

CURRY TAKES ONE STEP -- HIS PHONE STARTS RINGING IN HIS OFFICE -- Curry stops --

REPORTERS BOMBARD OSWALD WITH QUESTIONS --

The two senior OFFICERS PUSH THE REPORTERS BACK -- Nearly BLINDED BY THE LIGHTS in front of them --

OSWALD SQUINTS in the HARSH BRIGHTNESS --

CURRY
(to Captain)
Take him. I have to get this, it's probably the fucking mayor on the phone--

CURRY HANDCUFFS OSWALD TO STETSON HAT

CAPTAIN
(calling back)
Chief, you ready?

CURRY
Just get him the hell out of here!

CURRY RETREATS INTO HIS OFFICE -- SLAMS THE DOOR --

THE TWO POLICEMEN TAKE CUSTODY OF OSWALD -- Begin walking down the hall --

NEAR THE ENTRANCE:

NOLAN has made little progress -- Sees OSWALD FADING DOWN THE HALLWAY AHEAD --

NOLAN KICKS IT INTO OVERDRIVE -- BEGINS SHOVING REPORTERS ASIDE --

-- A GAP OPENS UP AND NOLAN MOVES INTO A TROT --

NOLAN'S POV -- FIXED ON THE BACK OF OSWALD'S BLACK SWEATER --

-- CLOSER --

-- CLOSER --

-- NOLAN'S LEATHER SHOES JUKE THROUGH THE MAZE OF LEGS --

-- CLOSER --

-- CLOSER --

NOLAN

Hey... HEY--

OSWALD HEARS THE COMMOTION BEHIND HIM -- Begins to turn around -- His walking SLOWS --

CURRY (O.S.)

NOLAN!

A HAND GRABS NOLAN'S SHOULDER -- PULLS HIM BACK -- Spins him to a spot AGAINST THE WALL -- It's CURRY, right in his face --

NOLAN SEES OSWALD TURN BACK AROUND --

-- HEAD INTO THE ELEVATOR -- DISAPPEARING FROM HIS VIEW --

CURRY (CONT'D)

(close, angry, private)

I oughta have you arrested right here--

NOLAN

Sir, whatever Curtis told you--

CURRY

Curtis? What do you know about Curtis?

NOLAN
Curtis told me--

CURRY
Corporal Curtis committed suicide
last night.

SHOCK ON NOLAN'S FACE -- HE CAN'T BREATHE --

-- THE HALLWAY STARTS TO SPIN --

REPORTER (O.S.)
*They're headed down into the
basement!*

NOLAN SNAPS TO, BREAKS FROM CURRY AND RUNS

SPRINTING down the hall --

CURRY TURNS TO A FEW UNIFORMED OFFICERS --

CURRY
Bring him back here NOW.

THE COPS TAKE OFF --

ON NOLAN, RUNNING -- HE DUCKS INTO THE STAIRWELL ENTRANCE --

IN THE STAIRWELL:

NOLAN TAKES THE STAIRS SEVERAL AT A TIME -- RACING --

IN THE JAIL ELEVATOR:

The STETSON HAT stands on one side of OSWALD -- HANDCUFFED to
him -- the CAPTAIN stands on the other side --

IN THE STAIRWELL:

NOLAN continues down the steps --

OFFICERS ABOVE HIM GIVE CHASE --

IN THE JAIL ELEVATOR:

A DREADFUL CALM WASHES OVER OSWALD --

-- THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN --

-- OSWALD BATHED IN SEARING LIGHTS --

-- A SWARM OF PRESS -- MEN IN THE SHADOWS --

WAITING for him.

THE CAPTAIN AND STETSON HAT WALK HIM OUT -- The CAPTAIN ahead of the prisoner --

-- THE ARMORED CAR BACKING CLOSER -- still on the ramp --

JACK RUBY WAITS AMIDST A LINE OF REPORTERS

Anxiously watching -- HAND IN HIS COAT POCKET --

TV CAMERAS ROLLING -- MICROPHONES HELD OUT --

-- OSWALD CONTINUES TO WALK FORWARD --

NOLAN EXITS THE STAIRWELL --

-- Coming out DIRECTLY ON OSWALD'S LEFT -- LESS THAN A FOOT AWAY FROM HIM -- It shocks him how close --

-- NOLAN MOVES TO OSWALD -- MOUTH OPENING TO SPEAK --

-- OSWALD JUST BARELY SEES HIM FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE --

-- STARTS TO TURN --

JACK RUBY STEPS FROM THE CROWD, BRANDISHING A PISTOL --

-- NOLAN SEES THE MOVEMENT TO HIS LEFT --

-- RUBY LEAPS TOWARD OSWALD --

RADIO REPORTER (O.S.)

(to Oswald)

Do you want to say anything in your defense--

GUNSHOT.

.....

..... Sound Rushes BACK INTO THE ROOM...

FRANTIC SHOUTING IN THE GARAGE --

COPS, REPORTERS JUMP ON RUBY FROM BEHIND --

-- PULL HIM AWAY AS OSWALD COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR --

-- EVERYONE ELSE SCATTERS IN EVERY DIRECTION -- PUSHING, SHOVING -- Some going for the gunman -- Others SCARED FOR THEIR LIVES --

MEN PIN RUBY TO THE GROUND, WREST THE GUN AWAY --

NOLAN GOES TO OSWALD ON THE GROUND

GRABS HIM BY THE SWEATER, LEANS DOWN TO HIS FACE --

A GLINT OF RECOGNITION IN OSWALD'S EYES --

NOLAN
(desperate)
What's P-121?!

Oswald already fading from consciousness --

NOLAN (CONT'D)
What's P-121?!

Oswald starts to mouth something -- NOLAN COMES CLOSER --

OSWALD
(whispered)
...Marina...

OSWALD'S EYES ROLL BACK -- POLICE RIP NOLAN AWAY --

Toss him aside as they DRAG OSWALD BACK BEHIND DOORS --

NOLAN STANDS, dazed -- CHAOS around him -- SIRENS WAILING --

AMIDST THE CROWD -- Nolan sees uniformed officers trying to control the scene --

One such officer turns around -- BADGE.

DIRECT EYE CONTACT.

BADGE moves toward him -- NOLAN turns and walks away -- DUCKS into the stairwell -- BADGE follows --

IN THE STAIRWELL:

BADGE enters the stairwell -- COPS RUNNING DOWN STEPS TOWARDS HIM -- Badge looks CLOSER --

HE SEES NOLAN on the flight above -- NOLAN stops, glances down, sees BADGE -- KEEPS GOING --

BADGE heads up the stairs, pushing past the cops --

INT. POLICE HQ - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan steps out into the hallway. If it was busy before, now it's INSANE. He walks forward -- keeps HIS HAT LOW -- continues to glance back --

BADGE steps out into the hallway -- FOLLOWS him -- the frenzied crowd making it difficult --

NOLAN reaches an elevator -- hits the button -- DOORS OPEN -- he steps inside --

BADGE trots to reach the elevator -- gets there just as the DOORS CLOSE, giving him only a glimpse of Nolan --

BADGE heads through a STAIRWELL DOOR --

IN THE SECOND STAIRWELL:

BADGE PULLS HIS KNIFE FROM HIS BOOT as he ascends -- the blade protruding only a few inches out of his clenched fist --

INT. JAIL CELL LEVEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The ELEVATOR OPENS -- Nolan steps out -- reaches the JAILER'S DESK -- the uniformed man steps from his behind his desk --

JAILER
Can I help you?

NOLAN
They just shot Oswald...

JAILER
(looking past him)
Jesus, really--

NOLAN HITS HIM HARD ON THE BACK OF THE NECK -- Knocking him out -- Nolan catches the man's weight -- lets him down to the floor easy --

NOLAN
Sorry, buddy...

NOLAN GRABS THE JAILER'S KEYS

Heads for the main door -- UNLOCKS IT --

BADGE ENTERS through the stairwell door --

NOLAN sees him -- HE RUNS -- GROUP PRISONER CELLS the entire length of the hallway -- SIX MEN to a cell --

PRISONERS YELL AT THE SIGHT OF NOLAN -- BANGING against their iron bars -- ONE PRISONER FLICKS A LIT CIGARETTE at him --

BADGE THROWS OPEN THE MAIN DOOR -- coming after him --

NOLAN UNLOCKS A PRISONER DOOR

Slides it open -- PRISONERS can't believe their eyes -- They wander out into the hallway --

NOLAN UNLOCKS ANOTHER PRISONER CELL -- THEN ANOTHER --

MORE ROWDY PRISONERS FLOW OUT OF CELLS BETWEEN HIM AND BADGE

Slowing the chase -- Nolan grins, likes his clever plan -- He turns to the exit at the end of the hall --

A PRISONER GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND

IMMEDIATELY TEARING AT HIM -- PULLING HIM TO THE FLOOR --

NOLAN FIGHTS WITH THE PRISONER -- CLAWING --

NOLAN HEAD BUTTS HIM -- PULLS AWAY --

Flees to the exit on the other side of the hallway --

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE PRISONERS SEE BADGE

In his blue police uniform -- their ROWDINESS TURNS TO RAGE --

THEY RUSH HIM --HE KNIFES THE FIRST ONE IN THE GUT --

BADGE DROPS THE MAN TO THE FLOOR -- The rest of the PRISONERS STEP BACK -- NEARLY AT A FULL-ON RIOT --

BADGE steps back behind the main door -- SWINGS IT CLOSED --

NOLAN DUCKS OUT THROUGH A DOOR AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALL --

UNLOCKS then RE-LOCKS the door before disappearing --

ON BADGE'S END OF THE HALL:

ANOTHER UNIFORMED JAIL COP reaches the jail floor --

BADGE SEES HIM, POCKETS THE KNIFE --

The other cop sees the unconscious jailer --

JAIL COP
What the hell's goin' on?

BADGE
Lock this. I'll go for help.

The cop goes to the main door -- LOCKS it -- the prisoners SCREAM AND SHOUT inside the hallway -- contained for now --

COP'S POV -- A PRISONER HOLDS HIS BLEEDING GUT ON THE FLOOR

BADGE HEADS BACK OUT THROUGH THE STAIRWELL --

EXT. POLICE HQ -- MOMENTS LATER

NOLAN exits the building -- pushing out to the street even as people RUSH to get inside --

NOLAN WALKS QUICKLY -- Takes off his hat --

TOSSES IT IN AN ALLEY as he passes --

Keeps walking -- Keeps GLANCING BEHIND HIM --

As he's looking back, he walks right into...

EXT. DEALEY PLAZA -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan turns, stops upon seeing where he is.

The Book Depository. Elm Street. Flowers placed in memoriam by the Grassy Knoll.

The scene of the crime.

Nolan can't bear to look.

He quickly walks away, down another street.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S TRUCK -- LATER

Nolan drives, wipes the sweat from his face. Tries to focus on the road as he makes his way through the run down industrial area of Deep Ellum --

EXT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Nolan PARKS the truck -- walks to the front door -- KNOCKS --

No answer.

NOLAN

It's me.

Nothing. He KNOCKS again.

Finally, he tries the knob -- it's OPEN --

INT. DEEP ELLUM -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan carefully steps inside the place --

It's TORN APART.

A bookcase overturned. Seat cushions off the couch. Furniture knocked over. A broken window.

NOLAN
(calling out)
REBECCA!

He walks through the broken home. No one there.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
REBECCA!

He heads back out the front door --

EXT. DEEP ELLUM WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Nolan walks onto the street -- unsure where to go next --

In the distance... the sound of a CONTINUOUS CAR HORN --

NOLAN RUNS --

HE BECOMES A BLUR --

EXT. INDUSTRIAL INTERSECTION -- MOMENTS LATER

The CAR HORN louder now -- SIRENS in the far distance --

NOLAN REACHES THE INTERSECTION -- Slows...

Stops.

Stares.

NOLAN'S POV -- A CAR CRASHED INTO A LAMP POST.

A MAN LIES AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL

Completely arrested in a smoking heap -- the front end BENT AROUND the metal pole --

NOLAN WALKS CLOSER -- HORN growing louder as he approaches --

He reaches the driver's side.

The man's hair soaking with blood -- dripping in a steady stream to the concrete and shattered glass below --

Nolan pulls the head back --

The HORN stops --

Waylon. Dead.

A FEW ONLOOKERS HAVE GATHERED AT THE OPPOSITE CURB --

NOLAN LOOKS TO HIS LEFT -- Can see into the car --

NO ONE ELSE IS INSIDE -- THE DOOR STILL OPEN --

He goes to the other side -- WILD WITH NERVES --

Peers in through the open passenger door --

Empty. He sees --

A BULLET HOLE THROUGH THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE WINDSHIELD --

A path straight to DEEP RED ON THE CORNER OF THE SEAT --

Nolan touches it with his hand --

Pulls back shaking fingers covered in fresh blood.

SIRENS GROWING CLOSER...

A BLACK CHEVY SCREECHES ONTO THE STREET --

NOLAN -- The look in his face says HE'S READY TO DIE --

CAR STOPS NEAR HIM -- THE STATION CHIEF BEHIND THE WHEEL --

STATION CHIEF

Get in.

NOLAN

Who the hell are you?

STATION CHIEF

Mexico City.

Nolan REALIZES -- connecting the dots -- all of this happening too fast --

NOLAN

WHERE IS SHE?

STATION CHIEF

Get in the car--

NOLAN
WHERE IS SHE?!

STATION CHIEF
Get in the GODDAMN car.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -- OPERATION'S END

INT. PARKLAND MORGUE -- DAY

Oswald dead on a stretcher. Orderlies pull a white sheet over his blank stare.

INT. LOW-RENT HOUSE -- SAME

Marina sits on a couch alone. Crying. Tears full of fear.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE -- SAME

Desolate and empty, both inside and out. The screen door repeatedly BANGS OPEN in the wind.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL -- SAME

NUMBERS ONE, TWO, THREE, part ways without a word, each of them boarding different buses out of town.

One by one, the buses pull away.

EXT. ROUGH PRAIRIE -- SAME

Empty plains of dry short grass. Expansive sky for miles.

A SMALL FIRE on the ground -- BADGE stands over it, now dressed as a civilian --

TOSSES THE BLUE POLICE UNIFORM INTO THE FIRE --

Then Curtis' badge.

Badge KICKS DIRT over the Dallas law shield with his foot.

INT. DALLAS JAIL CELL -- SAME

BARS SLAM on Jack Ruby while he nervously paces inside.

INT. GARAGE -- SAME

Frank inspects the damage to the side of his vehicle. Clearly from a side-swipe accident.

HE PULLS NOLAN'S SIDEARM from the back of his waistband and examines it --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY OVERLOOK -- LATER

The station chief's car, parked in a quiet turnoff.

THE DALLAS SKYLINE ominously in the distance.

NOLAN KNEELING IN THE OVERGROWN GRASS NEAR THE CAR --

Emotionally destroyed from all that's happened --

THE STATION CHIEF stands near the driver door, watching him --

STATION CHIEF

Officer James Nolan. Badge number
527. Dallas Police Oak Cliff
Precinct. Dishonorably discharged
from the Marine Corps, November 16,
1962. Born May 29 in Waco, Texas
1937--

NOLAN

Is she dead?

A beat.

STATION CHIEF

Honestly, I don't know. But I don't
see a reason why they'd keep her
alive.

(pause)

I'm sorry.

NOLAN FACE REDDENS, tears well up -- he tries to swallow it --
relaxes -- he's burned out, used up --

NOLAN

If you're gonna kill me, I'd rather
you just get it over with...

The station chief eyes him.

STATION CHIEF

Do you know who I am?

NOLAN

You're the man on the phone.

STATION CHIEF

And I know all about you. What does that tell you?

NOLAN

You're with the CIA.

The chief tosses a black folder in front of Nolan --

STATION CHIEF

The man who killed your girl. He is not.

NOLAN gathers his wits -- OPENS THE FOLDER --

CLOSER ON FRANK's black and white ID photo -- several pages of documents -- much of it stamped CONFIDENTIAL or TOP SECRET -- whole passages redacted, BLACKED OUT --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)

Hasn't been since '61. Kennedy cleaned house after the Bay of Pigs invasion. Got rid of a lot of people, all the way up to the Deputy Director.

(pause)

This man's friends died in Cuba. His record was tarnished. Career destroyed. He has personal reasons for hating the President of the United States.

Nolan continues to flip through the documents -- much of it BLACKED OUT and unreadable -- save for words like -- "UNSTABLE," "VIOLENT TENDENCIES" --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)

When this... unspeakable thing happened two days ago... I had my suspicions. But I didn't want to believe it. He was one of ours, for Christ's sake.

(pause)

Then you called me.

NOLAN

What about Oswald?

STATION CHIEF

My guess is a decoy. Meticulously built.

(MORE)

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)

In every operation, there is always one man who takes the fall. Usually it's a man who believed he was part of something large and meaningful...

(pause)

But in the end he was probably just a pawn in a game he never knew existed.

Nolan SLAMS the file closed -- STANDS -- goes to the chief --

NOLAN

Why are you telling me all this?

STATION CHIEF

Smart question. Why do you think?

NOLAN

Because you want me to go after him. But even I knew where he was, even if I trusted you, what makes you think I stand a chance against some rogue CIA soldier?

STATION CHIEF

Because I believe you want justice just as much as I do. Maybe more.

NOLAN

What's P-121?

STATION CHIEF

I don't know. Likely some code for the operation.

NOLAN WALKS OFF --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)

Jim.

Nolan stops --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)

We'll be watching.

Nolan goes, not wanting to listen to any more --

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY -- LATER

Rebecca's truck speeds far out of the city --

INSIDE THE TRUCK:

Nolan driving, no real destination in sight -- at his wit's end -- SOMETHING catches his eye -- he PULLS THE WHEEL HARD to the right --

Pulls up into the gravel lot of a rundown roadside saloon.

INT. ROADSIDE SALOON -- LATE AFTERNOON

Hours have passed. CLOSE ON NOLAN sitting at the bar. The older BARTENDER wanders over.

BARTENDER

Son, you been here long enough, you
may as well order somethin'.

Nolan holds up a finger: one beer.

THE BOTTLE ARRIVES IN FRONT OF HIM

Cold, moist in his grip.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You hear they shot Oswald?

Nolan eyes him. Turns his attention back to the beer.

NOLAN

I did hear.

Nolan raises the bottle, about to drink --

BARTENDER

Came over the radio on my way up
from Lewisville this morning.

Nolan stops.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Poor Jackie. Right?

Nolan puts the beer down on the bar. Looks at the old man.

THEN HE HURRIEDLY STANDS -- tosses a sawbuck down for the
bottle -- heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY -- LATER

The red truck barrels down a two lane highway, endless horizon stretching off in every direction --

ON A ROAD SIGN -- Highway marker -- the white shape of Texas set against black --

The words -- "NORTH" "LEWISVILLE" --

The highway number -- "121" --

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S TRUCK -- SUNSET

Nolan drives --

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- Coming up on Lake Lewisville --

Sprawling in the distance -- miles and miles of man-made lake -- sparse brown landscape of trees, brush, blackbirds -- rural winter quiet --

The setting sun turning EVERYTHING GOLD -- SHADOWED --

NOLAN PULLS OFF THE HIGHWAY -- slows down --

NOLAN'S POV -- LAKE LEWISVILLE --

A small turn-off that gives way to the water --

A LONG WOODEN PIER --

A handful of boats in slips -- covered for the season --

NOLAN stops off the highway...

A SUN-BLEACHED SIGN LABELS THE AREA:

PIER 121.

NOLAN
(echoing Oswald)
Marina.

NOLAN GRABS THE FILM out of his coat pocket -- puts it in the GLOVE BOX.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 121 -- MOMENTS LATER

BADGE walks down the wooden pier -- boots CLACKING on the wood -- the lake spread out in the distance like dull glass -- faded autumn trees gating it from the rest of the world --

Hardly a sound out here. Vacant for the winter.

BADGE APPROACHES A 35' CHRIS CRAFT

Moored in the calm water off the pier -- White wood and blue trim, enclosed cabin. Before the age of cheap fiberglass.

FRANK STEPS OUT OF THE CABIN --

FRANK
Welcome to Lewisville.

Badge says nothing.

LATER -- ON THE BOAT:

Frank unties the line as the Chris Craft -- now powered up -- pulls away from the pier and out into the OPEN WATER --

Frank walks onto the deck -- BADGE stands there -- looking out onto the lake -- THE SUN NOW GONE -- the sky a dull purple and quickly getting darker --

FRANK (CONT'D)
The officer. Did you take care of
him?

BADGE doesn't look at him -- continues to watch the water --

BADGE
...he is no longer a problem.

Satisfied, Frank steers the helm --

ON THE SHORE -- NOLAN watches them, hidden --

ON THE BOAT:

FRANK
We'll head out across the lake to
the dam, where it's deepest. That's
where we'll drop our anchor.
(pause)
From there, you can disembark.
Cross the dam into the marshes of
the river. Your payment--in full--
is on the other side.

BADGE

I don't trust you.

FRANK

I don't trust you, either. That's
why there's no money on the boat.

Badge PULLS HIS KNIFE -- but keeps it at his side --

FRANK (CONT'D)

You can kill me now, but that'll
just make it a farther swim.

Badge eyes him -- walks away down the starboard side --

FRANK HEADS BELOW DECK --

INT. CHRIS CRAFT CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Frank steps down into the small enclosed space lined with
windows looking out onto the water --

REBECCA SITS ON A BENCH -- One wrist HANDCUFFED to a chrome
running rail fixed to the bulkhead wall --

She's bruised, battered, bloodied -- presumably from the
accident, and whatever may have happened since --

FRANK SITS DOWN across from her -- TOSSES THE PASSPORTS on
the table -- leans forward into her face--

FRANK

Before the sun comes up, you're
going to tell me where that film
is.

(pause)

You might think you won't. That
you're strong. Willful.

(pause)

But we're going to spend the next
several hours proving that isn't
true.

REBECCA SPITS IN HIS FACE -- bloody -- he wipes it away --

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's good. Put up a fight now.
Later, when you give up... when you
sink to the bottom of this lake...
you'll know you at least put forth
an effort.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 121 -- SAME

NOLAN SCRAMBLES FROM COVER near the pier -- watches the BOAT grow smaller as it moves out further into the water --

He looks around -- spots the SMALL COVERED BOATS moored for the winter -- goes to them --

PULLS BACK ONE COVER -- a small, rusting fishing boat -- He JUMPS into it -- Searches the ignition -- NO KEYS --

GOES TO A SECOND BOAT -- pulls back the cover -- reveals a PRISTINE FINISHED WOODEN SPEED BOAT --

He drops into the cockpit -- FINDS KEYS --

TURNS THE IGNITION -- the boat ROARS TO LIFE -- begins to churn the lake water of its slip --

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS CRAFT CABIN -- LATER

Frank stands over a small gas stove -- HEATING THE METAL END OF A PAIR OF PLIERS IN THE FLAME --

FRANK

On the last day of my history class, I always read Eisenhower's farewell speech to the students. Do you remember it?

She says nothing -- looks away -- jaw quivering --

FRANK (CONT'D)

(quoting)

'The conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience.'

(pause)

'We recognize the imperative need for this development. Yet we must not fail to comprehend its grave implications. Our toil, resources and livelihood are all involved; so is the very structure of our society.'

(pause)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

'In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsolicited, by the military-industrial complex.'

He looks to her.

EXT. THE OPEN WATER -- SAME

NOLAN PUSHES THE SPEED BOAT TO ITS LIMIT -- cutting through the water at an incredible speed --

AN AMERICAN FLAG FIXED TO THE STERN FLAPS WILDLY ---

NOLAN GAINING ON THE CHRIS CRAFT IN THE DISTANCE --

INT. CHRIS CRAFT CABIN -- SAME

Frank sits down across from Rebecca -- Terror in her face, even as she tries to look away, hide it --

FRANK

I ask the students to analyze that speech. Tell me what it means.

He PINCHES the HOT PLIERS together a few times --

FRANK (CONT'D)

They always say the same thing.

They say it's a warning.

(pause)

Then I ask them if they agree. They all say yes. Of course they do. No one should ever *disagree* with the President of the United States.

EXT. THE OPEN WATER -- SAME

THE CHRIS CRAFT drifts quietly -- Several yards off its bow, the DAM WALL -- slanted concrete jutting out of the water about six feet up -- choking the lake off from the river --

IN THE SPEED BOAT -- NOLAN continues -- NOT SLOWING DOWN --

-- BOW POINTED RIGHT AT THE CHRIS CRAFT'S PORT SIDE --

-- NOLAN THROWS THE THROTTLE FORWARD -- TOP SPEED --

INT. CHRIS CRAFT CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

FRANK GRABS REBECCA'S FACE -- TRIES TO HOLD HER STILL AS SHE FIGHTS --

HE BRINGS THE PLIERS CLOSER --

FRANK

But I say... the complex is the reason we're even here. The reason these kids get to go to a school in a free world. Our toil, resources, livelihood...

(pause)

...this very society depends on it--

INT. THE OPEN WATER -- SAME

It's NIGHT now -- NOLAN RACES THE BOAT TOWARDS THE CHRIS CRAFT -- THE ENGINE SCREAMING --

ON THE CRAFT:

BADGE stands on the bow -- hears the WHINE OF THE ENGINE -- TURNS AND SEES THE SPEED BOAT GUNNING RIGHT FOR THEM --

IN THE SPEED BOAT:

NOLAN STANDS UP -- LOOKS AT BADGE --

NOLAN LEAPS OUT OF THE COCKPIT -- HITTING THE WATER HARD -- Disappears with a SPLASH into the black murk --

THE SPEED BOAT PLOWS INTO THE FRONT OF THE CHRIS CRAFT

NEARLY RIPPING THE BIGGER VESSEL'S BOW OFF -- A BLAST of WOOD SPLINTERS --

IN THE CABIN: -- FRANK SLAMS INTO THE HULL --

OUTSIDE:

BADGE IS THROWN BACK -- OVERBOARD -- He, too, disappears with a SPLASH --

THE SPEED BOAT CONTINUES ITS TRAJECTORY -- Hull and bow destroyed --

THE HULK OF THE SPEED BOAT EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL

WIDER ON THE LAKE as the orange FIREBALL MUSHROOMS off the darkness of the water --

SPLINTERS OF WOOD SPLASH DOWN -- Pockets of OIL FIRE BURN --
NOLAN SURFACES -- bursting forth and gasping for air --

INT. CHRIS CRAFT CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Frank lies unconscious against a back wall -- BLEEDING BADLY
from the head --

REBECCA GASPS -- WATER SPILLS INTO THE CABIN --

The boat is quickly sinking --

Already water rises past her knees --

REBECCA
(screaming)
NO!

EXT. THE OPEN WATER -- SAME

NOLAN HEARS HER -- can't believe it's her voice -- STARTS
SWIMMING toward the sinking cabin FAST --

INT. CHRIS CRAFT CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

REBECCA FRANTICALLY PULLS AT HER HANDCUFF -- the water RISES
to her waist --

UNDERWATER:

NOLAN SWIMS INSIDE -- hoists himself over the gunwale --
squirms down into the destroyed hull -- finds the cabin door
and goes through it --

HE SURFACES --

NOLAN
Rebecca?!

SHE SEES HIM -- HE GOES TO HER --

REBECCA
Jim... Jim, I'm in trouble, here...

HE SEES THE HANDCUFF -- PULLS at the chrome rail -- BOLTED
TIGHT to the cabin wood --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(crying)
Please... please...

NOLAN TUGS AT THE RAIL, CRIES OUT WITH EACH PULL

As HARD as he's ever been able -- PRIMAL, ANIMAL as he YANKS AT THE RAIL -- it WON'T BUDGE --

THE CABIN TILTS FORWARD -- the door to top deck shrinking as the water rises and the boat is pulled under --

IT DISAPPEARS -- A pocket of air now in the angled cabin -- LESSENING BY THE SECOND --

REBECCA LOOKS, FRANK IS GONE -- lost in the rising water --

THE WATER TO THEIR SHOULDERS NOW -- NOLAN CONTINUES TO PULL AT THE RAIL --

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Go, get outta here--

THE CABIN LIGHTS SHORT OUT -- Leaving them in darkness -- lit only by the MOON reflecting off the water outside --

-- WATER AT THEIR NECKS --

HE PULLS HER INTO A LONG KISS

Then breaks from it --

NOLAN
I'm not leaving you.

THE WATER RISES PAST HER HEAD --

-- NOLAN INHALES DEEP AND GOES UNDER --

UNDERWATER:

Refracted moonlight and MUTED SOUND --

REBECCA STRUGGLES AGAINST THE HANDCUFF -- BUBBLES escaping her mouth --

NOLAN PULLS AT THE RAIL --

REBECCA'S EYES FLUTTER -- THEY CLOSE --

-- She floats weightless as the cuff pulls her down --

-- NOLAN BRACES HIS FEET AGAINST THE CABIN WALL --

-- GRABS THE RAIL WITH BOTH HANDS AND PULLS --

-- THE WOOD BEGINS TO CRACK --

NOLAN TEARS ONE SIDE OF THE RAIL OUT OF THE BULKHEAD

HE GRABS REBECCA -- GUIDES THE HANDCUFF FREE OF THE RAIL --
-- WRAPS HIS ARM AROUND HER WAIST AND DIVES --
-- SWIMMING FOR THE CABIN ENTRANCE --
-- MAKES IT THROUGH AND CLIMBS TO THE SURFACE --

EXT. THE OPEN WATER -- MOMENTS LATER

NOLAN SURFACES WITH REBECCA -- she's unconscious --

NOLAN
Rebecca... Rebecca, c'mon,
darlin'...

NOLAN SEES THE DAM WALL several yards away -- begins to swim
for it -- avoiding splintered wood --

THE FIRES HAVE BURNED OUT, BOTH BOATS HAVE SUNK -- the lake
quiet once again --

EXT. DAM WALL -- MOMENTS LATER

NOLAN reaches the cement breaker -- CRAWLS UP the steep slope
-- DRAGGING REBECCA behind him --

HE REACHES THE TOP -- a narrow cement walkway about a half
mile straight ahead in either direction --

He lies her on the path -- checks her breathing --

GIVES HER MOUTH TO MOUTH -- Nothing --

CHEST COMPRESSIONS -- more MOUTH TO MOUTH -- nothing --

A BOOT KICKS HIM IN THE CHEST

Sends him ROLLING DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL --

EXT. RIVER MARSHERS -- CONTINUOUS

NOLAN TUMBLES INTO THE MUD -- Splashing down into the
thinning and winding bed of the Trinity River shallows --
twisted trees and lush foliage spawned by the drained basin --

NOLAN ATTEMPTS TO GET TO HIS FEET --

SOMEONE GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND -- Throws Nolan back down into the shallow river water -- Nolan turns over --

BADGE COMES TOWARD HIM -- soaking wet and bleeding -- face partly burned -- NOLAN SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET --

EXT. DAM WALL -- SAME

Rebecca lies motionless on her back...

WATER RUSHES UP OUT OF HER MOUTH as she COUGHS -- turns over on her side -- GASPING for air --

EXT. RIVER MARSHES -- CONTINUOUS

NOLAN PUNCHES BADGE IN THE FACE -- but Badge carries the momentum --

TAKES NOLAN BY THE SHOULDERS AND KNEES HIM IN THE CROTCH --

PUNCHES HIM ACROSS THE FACE -- PULLS HIS KNIFE --

SWIPES AT NOLAN -- CUTS HIM ACROSS THE CHEST --

SWINGS AGAIN -- SLASHES NOLAN'S ARM -- THEN HIS FACE --

BADGE LUNGES TO KILL --

NOLAN DROPS TO THE GROUND AND ROLLS INTO BADGE'S FEET -- Knocking him over into the mud --

BADGE STANDS UP -- Nolan struggles on the ground -- can't breathe -- grabs a WET PIECE OF HEAVY DRIFTWOOD --

SWINGS IT INTO BADGE'S KNEE -- The man CRIES OUT -- FALLS into the mud --

NOLAN STRUGGLES WITH HIM THERE -- Hands slipping in the wet dirt, blood --

BADGE TRIES TO FORCE HIS KNIFE INTO NOLAN'S CHEST -- NOLAN FIGHTS THE KNIFE OFF -- PUSHES against Badge's body --

NOLAN SMASHES A HANDFUL OF MUD INTO BADGE'S BURNED FACE -- Some of the wet and charred flesh giving with the attack --

BADGE SCREAMS AND FALLS BACK -- Blood from his own face running into his mouth -- NOLAN ROLLS ON TOP OF HIM --

THE MEN TUMBLE DOWN TO THE SHALLOW RIVER --

BADGE'S HEAD STRIKES A ROCK EMBEDDED IN THE GROUND --
Dizzying him -- HE DROPS THE KNIFE ON THE SHORE --

THEY HIT THE WATER --

NOLAN PRESSES HIS FOREARM DOWN ON BADGE'S THROAT AS THEY
STRUGGLE --

BADGE'S HEAD SUBMERGES WITH EACH PUSH -- THEN RESURFACES --

-- NOLAN PUSHES DOWN WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH --

-- STRANGLING BADGE WITH HIS FOREARM --

-- BADGE PUSHES HIM OFF --

-- NOLAN REACHES FOR THE KNIFE ON THE SHORE AND TAKES IT --

HE BURIES THE BLADE INTO THE SIDE OF BADGE'S NECK

BLOOD SPRAYS INTO THE MUDDY WATER --

BADGE'S EYES ROLL BACK AND HE GOES LIMP

Half-floats there in the inches of river water. Dead.

EXT. DAM WALL -- MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca pushes herself to her knees, coughing the water out
of her lungs --

SHE SEES TWO FEET WALK TOWARDS HER -- Black shoes, black
pants -- she looks up --

EXT. RIVER MARSHES -- MOMENTS LATER

Nolan walks back toward the DAM WALL -- starting to RAIN --

FRANK steps out of the darkness -- face half-covered in BLOOD
-- pointing Nolan's own SERVICE REVOLVER at him --

FRANK
Where's that film?

Nolan stares at him --

NOLAN
Mailed it to the Morning News.

FRANK
Sure you did.

NOLAN

You don't believe me?

FRANK

You think that's the right thing to do, don't you? Tell the truth?

(pause)

If America woke up tomorrow morning and learned that we killed John F. Kennedy. What would happen? Would they throw a parade in your honor, Jim?

(pause)

The country would be broken. Its spine. Its spirit.

(pause)

Do you think that's why I did this?

NOLAN

You conspired to kill the President of the United States--

FRANK

We conspired to keep this country ALIVE!

The RAIN falls harder now...

FRANK (CONT'D)

You should've seen Cuba before Castro. Beautiful. Another land of opportunity.

(pause)

I was there. Bay of Pigs. I was on those beaches when that coward Kennedy decided to let us die. I got out, but the men who didn't? Castro took his time killing them.

(pause)

It was so close to being ours, and I had to watch it all vanish. Everything taken from me. Why? So we could focus on civil rights?

(pause)

You know what really brings America together? As a nation? As an economy? A common enemy. The Nazis. The Soviets. Cuba. Vietnam on the horizon.

(pause)

If we ever stop going to war, this country will be out of a job. Without an identity.

NOLAN

That's not what this place is about.

FRANK

If that's what you think, then you're as naive as Kennedy was.

Nolan laughs darkly, in spite of it all.

NOLAN

So you'll just kill me here.

FRANK

Jim, don't you recognize this gun?
(pause)

You're distraught over the loss of your partner, and a woman you could never take care of because you're a drunk. Not to mention the fact that the president was killed on your watch.

(pause)

You drove yourself out to the Trinity River and shot yourself with your own service weapon.

NOLAN

No one will believe it.

FRANK

That's the beauty of conspiracy, Jim, these people want to believe. They're desperate to.

(pause)

They want it tied together neatly. Suicide. A car accident. Vigilante justice. One lone gunman. One mastermind. It all can be compartmentalized and stored away. Forgotten about.

(raising gun)

God bless America.

A RIFLE SHOT BLASTS APART THE BACK OF FRANK'S HEAD

Dead before he hits the ground --

NOLAN LOOKS AROUND WILDLY --

STATION CHIEF

Easy--

A MAN IN THE SHADOWS -- dark coat, shirt and tie -- the brim of his fedora low --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)
I've got a lot of men trained on
you right now.

Nolan blinks through the rain --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)
Your country owes you, son.

Nolan looks at Frank's dead body in front of him --

NOLAN
There's only one way to leave the
agency.

The station chief eyes Nolan...

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Am I next?

A long beat as they stare at each other.

The station chief HOLDS UP THE FILM -- taken from the truck --

STATION CHIEF
Is this the only copy?

Nolan STARTS FORWARD, looking wildly around for Rebecca --
the chief holds up a hand --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)
Relax. She's safe. On the pier.

A beat.

NOLAN
What will you do with it?

STATION CHIEF
Keep it. As leverage.

NOLAN
Leverage against what?

STATION CHIEF
Call it job security.

Nolan looks to where he left BADGE'S BODY -- it's GONE.

NOLAN
What about justice?

STATION CHIEF
Justice was done tonight. Just not
on your terms.

RAIN BEGINS TO FALL -- Nolan blinks through it -- then WALKS AWAY, toward the dam wall -- past the station chief --

STATION CHIEF (CONT'D)
Put it behind you, Nolan.

The station chief looks up into the rain -- NOLAN TURNS BACK -- Sees the chief RAISE A BLACK UMBRELLA AND OPEN IT --

Nolan stands in the dark of the marshes, rain drenching him.

Then he walks away, back toward the pier. It's finished.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 121 -- LATER

Rebecca stands at the end alone. Arms crossed. Looking out onto the quiet lake as rain continues to fall.

NOLAN WALKS DOWN THE PIER

She turns as he reaches her --

THEY EMBRACE -- HE HUGS HER TIGHT -- CLOSES HIS EYES...

FLASH CUT TO EARLIER:

NOLAN replays the encounter with the chief in his head --

The station chief looks up into the rain -- RAISES A BLACK UMBRELLA --

NOLAN TURNS BACK -- SEES the CHIEF'S DARK COAT -- the BLACK CANOPY FABRIC OF THE UMBRELLA as it opens -- the BROWN WOOD CURVE of the handle --

STATION CHIEF (V.O.)
In every operation...

FLASH CUT:

After Nolan has gone -- NUMBERS ONE, TWO, THREE emerge from the woods behind the station chief -- dressed in dark military gear -- one ARMED WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE --

STATION CHIEF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...there is always one man who takes the fall.

FLASH CUT:

The three operatives pick up FRANK'S BODY --

CLOSE ON FRANK'S VACANT AND MUD-SPATTERED FACE --

STATION CHIEF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A decoy. Meticulously built.

They load the corpse into the back of a WAITING BLACK VAN --
then they get in as well --

THE STATION CHIEF GETS INTO THE PASSENGER SIDE --

BACK DOORS CLOSE -- THE VAN DRIVES OFF -- NO HEADLIGHTS --

Disappearing into the rain and blackness of the night --

FLASH CUT TO THE ASSASSINATION:

NOLAN back on THE KNOLL -- watching, people CHEERING --

STATION CHIEF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A man who believed he was part of
something large and meaningful...
(pause)
But in the end...

SOMEONE IN A DARK COAT OPENS AN UMBRELLA -- Nolan sees the
BLACK CANOPY FABRIC -- the BROWN WOOD CURVE of the handle --

CLOSER ON THE SIDE OF THE MAN'S FACE -- THE STATION CHIEF...

-- CROWD CHEERS at a FEVER PITCH --

THE ECHOING MEMORY --BACK TO SCENE:**-- OF A GUNSHOT.**

NOLAN pulls back from Rebecca on the pier -- face haunted by
what he now knows --

STATION CHIEF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...he was just a pawn in a game he
never knew existed.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER:

In September 1964, the Warren Commission concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone in the killing of President John F. Kennedy and the wounding of Texas Governor John Connolly, and that Jack Ruby acted alone in the murder of Oswald.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE -- DAY

An older Nolan and Rebecca take seats across a small desk. A microphone and tape-fed recorder sit before them.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Please state your names for the record.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

In 1976, the United States House of Representatives Select Committee on Assassinations (HSCA) re-opened the Kennedy assassination. The Committee investigated for two years, interviewing hundreds.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE -- DAY

Nolan and Rebecca.

NOLAN
James Nolan.

REBECCA
Rebecca Nolan.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

The HSCA's 1979 report concluded with high probability that at least two gunmen fired at the president's motorcade.

FADE UP SECOND SUPER:

The committee further believed, on the basis of evidence presented, that President Kennedy was likely assassinated as the result of a larger conspiracy.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE -- DAY

Nolan and Rebecca.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
On the day of November 22nd, 1963,
can you please describe to me what
you saw on the Grassy Knoll?

Nolan and Rebecca look to each other.

Nolan turns to the microphone -- opens his mouth to speak --

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

The HSCA was unable to identify any other possible gunmen, or
the extent of the conspiracy.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER:

The great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie --
deliberate, contrived and dishonest, but the myth,
persistent, persuasive, and unrealistic.

Belief in myths allows the comfort of opinion without the
discomfort of thought.

-- John F. Kennedy.

END.