

COUNTERCULTURE

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THROUGHOUT THE 1970S, THERE WAS AN AVERAGE OF ONE TERRORIST ATTACK PER DAY ON UNITED STATES SOIL. ALL ORCHESTRATED BY AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS IN THEIR TWENTIES.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION STATISTICS

TEASER

INT. NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: MARCH 6, 1970

Knotted clumps of hair fall to the floor.

LARRY SKOLNICK (24), on edge, drags an electric razor over his mutton-chop sideburns and mustache. Inch by apprehensive inch, destroying something he'll never get back.

Larry clicks off the razor and examines himself in a mirror. Fresh-faced for the first time in years. He shifts uncomfortably, wearing someone else's suit and tie.

A KNOCK at the door. Larry lets out a long breath...

LARRY

Yeah.

BUDDHA (25), hair to his shoulders, in a ratty University of Michigan T-shirt, opens the door.

BUDDHA

Wow, you look--

LARRY

Shove it.
(then, mocking)
Ya dirty hippie.

Larry and Buddha laugh... but their grins fade.

LARRY

We're really doing this.

BUDDHA

Someone has to.
(beat)
It's gonna be smooth-city. In and out, make the warning call, back in time for Bonanza. Today you leave a dent that can't be ignored. Ya dig?

Larry nods, comforted. Buddha yells upstairs.

BUDDHA

Hey Audrey, you gotta come get a look at Larry. He looks like he's running for--

KABOOM! AN EXPLOSION LAUNCHES BUDDHA SIDEWAYS. BLACK. SILENT. A MOMENT BEFORE...

Larry GASPS to life. But the world is on mute. His ears blown out and bleeding. A cloud of black dust swirls in the air. Far away, flames glow orange.

Larry crawls through the rubble.

LARRY

(muted)

Buddha. Audrey? Where are you?

But he can't see anything through the dust.

Larry's hearing suddenly snaps back into focus -- a gas line BURNS -- people SHOUT -- a wall CRUMBLES -- overwhelming Larry with daylight. He follows it outside...

EXT. NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry's bare feet crunch over shards of glass as he staggers onto the street. Every window on the block shattered. He turns back to the townhouse...

It's been demolished. Vomiting rancid black smoke into the New York City air. Just then, the entire structure collapses.

No blood. No body parts. His friends simply cease to exist. As that horror registers... SIRENS approach. Neighbors file out of their homes. Larry has to get the fuck out of here.

He hustles down an alley -- but stops short.

Face-to-face with a FEMALE NEIGHBOR (40s). Her eyes drift over Larry's burnt clothes. It's obvious that he came out of the burning building. A long, tense beat before...

The Neighbor pushes open her front door, offering an escape.

OSCAR (PRE-LAP)

Silence is violence. Silence *is* violence.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

OSCAR THORNE (26), a shy guy who's recently come out of his shell, pencil behind his ear, paces while practicing a speech scribbled on a torn sheet of notebook paper.

OSCAR
 (reading)
 You can't do nothing. We can't do
 nothing.
 (then)
 Shit, that's not right.

KATHY DOLAN (27), fingertips smudged with typewriter ink, a mane of unkempt hair down to her butt, been causing trouble since the womb, guards the door.

KATHY
 Oscar, we've gotta boogie.

But Oscar isn't done rehearsing:

OSCAR
 Silence is violence, you can't do
 nothing, we can't do nothing.

KATHY
 Oscar.

OSCAR
 Your silence is violence.

That feels better. Oscar writes a note, looks up to Kathy.

OSCAR
 Kay. Rock and roll.

He picks up a strange SQUARE BRIEFCASE and they exit into--

INT. PHILADELPHIA, HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway of a public high school. Oscar and Kathy hurry past classrooms full of STUDENTS reciting the Pledge of Allegiance in chorus with a PA system.

STUDENTS
 I pledge allegiance to the Flag of
 the United States of America, and
 to the Republic for which it
 stands, one Nation under God,
 indivisible, with liberty and...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The school PRINCIPAL (60s) leads the pledge into a microphone -- but jumps as his office door bursts open.

Oscar and Kathy charge in from the other side.

PRINCIPAL
Who are you?

KATHY
Drops the mic, pops.

PRINCIPAL
I'm in the middle of the morning
pledge.

OSCAR
You can do it again tomorrow.

Kathy shoves the flustered Principal out of his office and locks the door as Oscar pops open the briefcase -- it's a RECORD PLAYER. He plugs it into the wall and drops the needle. Kathy mimes guitar licks as we... INTERCUT:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - INTERCUT

"Peace Frog" by The Doors floods into classrooms.

Students trade excited whispers, but hush when they hear Oscar's voice. A voice with an energy you'd follow anywhere.

OSCAR
"Liberty and justice for all."
Everyday you say these words, but
you're no dummies. You look out
your window and see this isn't the
country our parents promised us.

At the Principal's door, a TEACHER searches through keys.

OSCAR
You see those with black skin
beaten by police. You see the
working class used like cattle,
sent to slaughter by the thousands
to invade Vietnam.

The Teacher unlocks the Principal's office -- just as Kathy wedges a chair against the door knob.

OSCAR
You see these human rights abuses
and what do you do? Nothing. Like
the Good Germans that smelled smoke
from concentration camp towers, but
stayed quiet. Your silence is
violence.

Nailed it. The chair begins to slip as teachers throw their weight against the door.

KATHY
It's not gonna hold.

Kathy opens a window and climbs outside, but Oscar isn't finished yet.

OSCAR
You can't do nothing. We can't do nothing. In five, ten, fifty years -- people are gonna look back and say that today, right here, this is where everything changed.

The office door breaks open. A Teacher grabs Oscar by his shirt -- but he squirms loose and follows Kathy outside -- dragging the intercom microphone with him as he shouts:

OSCAR
America's youth must join together and rise up!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Students CHEER from their classroom windows as Oscar and Kathy run away, laughing, exhilarated. They tumble into--

INT. KATHY'S CAR - LATER

The back seat of Kathy's 1965 VOLKSWAGEN, giggling as they make out. Windows fog. Oscar runs a hand up under Kathy's dress, pulls down her underwear.

OSCAR
Did you hear them cheering?

KATHY
That cheese-eater, "I'm in the middle of the morning pledge."

OSCAR
I think those kids heard us this time. Like, really heard.

KATHY
You did great. So great.

OSCAR
Couldn't have done it without you.

Kathy unbuckles Oscar's belt -- but she's frozen by Oscar staring adoringly into her eyes. Short hot breaths. Kathy feels it to... so she pulls away.

KATHY

I told you to stop looking at me like that.

OSCAR

Oh c'mon, Kathy. There's nobody else here.

Kathy attempts to change the subject.

KATHY

We should hit another high school next week. The one in Lincoln Heights. Those inner city kids will get real fired up.

But Oscar isn't ready to move on.

OSCAR

What're you so worried about?

KATHY

Relationships are a distraction. If you're committed to another person, you can't fully give yourself to the movement.

OSCAR

For a rebel you're shockingly good at falling in line with the rules.

KATHY

I've got no problem with rules, Oscar. Rules make society work. I've got a problem with the ruling class exploiting others to pad their pockets. So if I have to follow a few silly rules to change things -- then so be it.

A quiet moment, before...

OSCAR

Do you have any idea how hot you get when you're preaching?

KATHY

Shut up.

OSCAR

Your face turns red and all of your
freckles come out, it's adorable.

Kathy stifles a grin. Oscar pulls her back into his lap. They
kiss again, this time interrupted by the CAR RADIO:

CAR RADIO

*This just in, reports of an
explosion in New York City's
Greenwich Village. Police believe
the building was being used as a
radical bomb factory...*

Off Oscar and Kathy exchanging "holy shit" faces...

EXT. ARMY RECRUITMENT CENTER - DAY

DRAFT CARDS BURN, held in the air by PROTESTORS chanting
outside an Army Recruitment Center.

PROTESTORS

Draft beer, not boys. Drop acid,
not bombs.

A uniformed SOLDIER yells to the protestors:

SOLDIER

I can smell you college pissheads
from here. This is America, love it
or leave it.

PROTESTORS

Change it or lose it!

SOLDIER

One night in the jungle you'd all
be pissing yourselves anyway.

TOMMY CIMINO (24), wild eyes, crew cut growing in uneven,
cigarette dangling from his mouth, steps out of the crowd.

TOMMY

What'd you's say?

SOLDIER

You heard me. If the Army got one
look at you they'd send you back.

TOMMY

Funny thing, they already did.

Tommy pulls off his shirt, revealing NAPALM BURNS covering his entire torso.

TOMMY

Ask me how it happened.

SOLDIER

Be cool, man. I didn't know.

TOMMY

What you don't know could fill the Library of Congress. Now ask me.

Tommy steps up to the Soldier with a flat, dark stare.

SOLDIER

(gulp)

How did it happen?

TOMMY

Me and three guys called in an airstrike. F-4's were supposed to wait for us to get clear, but time is money... the napalm poured into our foxhole 'til we were swimming in it. And you know what? You're right. We pissed all over ourselves.

Tommy laughs, finding the humor in it for the first time, about to jam his cigarette into the Soldier's eye, when--

Kathy's Volkswagen pulls up and Oscar leans out the window.

OSCAR

Tommy! Tommy, get in the car.

TOMMY

What the happs?

OSCAR

An explosion in New York. Somebody was building a bomb.

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT - LATER

Oscar, Kathy and Tommy hurry up a flight of stairs and into an apartment living room to find:

RUSS ROBBINS (27), handsome, California tan, impeccably calm, with eyes glued to a wood-paneled television.

KATHY

What are they saying? Do they know who it was?

RUSS

(shakes her head)

They think somebody was wiring some dynamite and it went bad.

CLOSE ON TV: A REPORTER stands before the burning townhouse.

REPORTER (ON TV)

...firefighters are struggling to control the blaze. A dozen rescue workers were critically injured while searching for survivors...

TOMMY

I bet it was the Symbionese Liberation Army. Or the Panthers. Those cats are for real.

OSCAR

Whoever it was, they were planning something major.

RUSS

Walter Cronkite said it was the biggest blast ever in the five boroughs.

TOMMY

Far out. Somebody was really doing it.

KATHY

And now they're probably dead, so control your hard-on.

TOMMY

Bring that pretty face over here and control it for me.

Tommy pulls Kathy's head towards his lap, but she resists. They wrestle as Russ spots a commotion on the television.

RUSS

Hey shut up. Something's happening.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Folks, we've just received breaking news.

(MORE)

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

*The NYPD has reason to believe that the townhouse burning behind me was occupied by members of a radical left-wing group that, according to their literature, aims to overthrow the United States government. This group calls themselves...
The Weathermen.*

Oscar, Kathy, Tommy, and Russ fall silent. Holy fucking shit. They trade severe glances.

KATHY

No way.

OSCAR

This was us?

Russ moves to the TV and clicks through channels... finds an identical image of the townhouse burning on each one.

RUSS

It's on every channel.

TOMMY

Far out. It's happening. We've started the revolution.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

The townhouse has been reduced to a smouldering pile of bricks. Framework bent and blackened. Firemen douse the last of the flames as NYPD guards the scene.

KEN GARRITY (40s), decisive, resourceful, FBI badge around his neck, shoes like mirrors, asks everyone he sees:

KEN

I'm looking for William Sullivan.
Anyone know Sullivan?

COPS shake their heads. Ken approaches another.

KEN

Excuse me, do you know who William Sullivan is?

COP

Why should I, you're the one looking for him.

KEN

Good point.

Ken finally spots...

WILLIAM SULLIVAN (58), thinning hair, rimless glasses frame eyes that miss nothing, standing alone within the rubble.

KEN

Excuse me, are you by any chance Sullivan?

SULLIVAN

Agent Garrity. I was hoping to have this conversation an hour ago.

KEN

I took the train from Philadelphia.

SULLIVAN

Fifty-seven stick of TNT, four pipe bombs, one 1916 anti-aircraft shell and two bodies. That's what we've found inside so far.

Ken takes in the wreckage, wowed.

KEN

The Weathermen built a bomb.

SULLIVAN

You are the Kenneth Garrity responsible for this report; outlining the threat posed by radical youth groups formed on college campuses?

Sullivan hands Ken a folder. He doesn't even have to look.

KEN

I got a message saying to find you here, but nobody explained why.

SULLIVAN

(re: report)

What did Pat Henley in Philadelphia say when you gave that to him?

KEN

He said that kids taking over high schools and throwing Molotov cocktails was child's play compared to threats we're facing from the communist party.

SULLIVAN

So you sent it over his head.

Ken takes a beat before responding: *am I here to be reprimanded?*

KEN

Before being transferred to Domestic Intelligence--

SULLIVAN

Before *requesting* to be transferred.

KEN

Before this I worked organized crime. It occurred to me that these kids are organizing the same as the mafia, chapters in different cities that act autonomously, but report to a central leadership. Boston, Philly, Chicago, San Fran...

(then)

They'll learn how to build bombs.

SULLIVAN

You actually think these hooligans could overthrow the United States government?

Said like a condescending question, but Ken detects a test.

KEN

Over half the country's population is under eighteen years old. Given the current climate, I think they could do real damage.

(then)

What's this about?

SULLIVAN

As of today, the hooligans are a top priority. You'll be leading the investigation out of the New York office. All of these agents now report to you. You report to me.

KEN

And who do you report to? Sir.

SULLIVAN

The man you sent the memo.

Ken is startled, but tries to hide it.

As Sullivan moves off, Ken musters the courage to crack open the folder, even though he already knows what it says:

"TO: DIRECTOR OF THE FBI, J. EDGAR HOOVER."

INT. OSCAR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Clothes are piled on the floor. Adventure comics organized into neat stacks. Oscar sits on a bare mattress, re-reading his notes from the high school takeover in a new light.

Kathy pushes open the door.

KATHY

House meeting.

OSCAR

I've met some of those kids from New York. Larry and that one they call... what's his name?

KATHY

Buddha.

OSCAR

Yeah, Buddha. I never asked why they called him that.

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Oscar follows Kathy through a haze of cigarette and pot smoke lingering in this cheap apartment turned revolutionary frat house. Past a handful of lower-level tribe members, arrest reports taped to a wall like trophies, a Richard Nixon campaign poster riddled with bullet holes.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Oscar and Kathy join Tommy, who waits as Russ finishes a phone call. Russ hangs up and turns to the group:

RUSS

That was New Jersey. Someone got close enough to see the house. The pigs have the street closed three blocks down.

(beat)

They saw them wheel out body bags.

The group casts their eyes to the floor. Fears confirmed.

KATHY

The pigs are gonna be all over this. We should lay-low until things die down.

TOMMY

Lay low? This is when we need to be amping things up. People can see now we're for real, not just talking about it.

KATHY

We're no good to the movement if we're all in prison. Russ?

Oscar, Kathy and Tommy turn to Russ for a verdict.

RUSS

I'll reach out to The Leadership for answers. Until then, we carry on with business as usual. Kathy, how long 'til you distribute the next newsletter?

KATHY

A few days if I hurry. I'm putting the finishing touches on a few really killer articles.

RUSS

Hurry. And include something about the townhouse. Tommy, keep prepping for the protest training. Oscar, you've got work today?

OSCAR

I can get someone to cover.

RUSS

Not a chance. We need all the bread we can get. Now everyone get together, huddle up.

Russ gathers the group into a circle with arms wrapped around each other.

RUSS

Take a breath. This is the beginning of something great. We're gonna bring the war home, like we've always talked about, right into those motherfuckers' backyards. Can you feel it?

An excited energy pulses through the group...

OSCAR

Yeah.

KATHY

Yeah.

TOMMY

Hell yeah.

...mixed with a fear that's palpable, but forbidden to speak of out loud.

INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

Oscar rides the bus, watching the world go by outside his window. Past a vigil for the mothers of soldiers killed in Vietnam. In a black neighborhood, trashed has been pushed to the side of the street instead of picked up.

The bus passes graffiti that says: **"WE ALL BLEED THE SAME..."**

INT. ZENITH TELEVISION - LATER

"**COLOR**" is written across a banner that hangs over a display of televisions for sale. Each portrays a much brighter view of the world: Sesame Street. Bewitched. Green Acres.

Except for one. Oscar, in a repairman uniform, watches news about the townhouse on a TV with its electronics exposed.

JERRY (O.S.)

Oscar.

JERRY (40s), Oscar's boss, approaches in a huff.

JERRY

We talked about this. You're upsetting the customers.

OSCAR

Sorry, Jerry.

Jerry changes channels until he lands on Mary Tyler Moore.

JERRY

There, that's better. Don't you just love her?

(off Oscar's deadpan)

Tell me again Oscar, what do we sell here?

OSCAR

Televisions.

JERRY

No smart ass, we sell a distraction. From all that hoopla out there. Now if you're done with this set please move on. Mrs. Bernstein called twice this morning about her twenty-three inch.

Jerry walks off, but Oscar follows.

OSCAR

It's ready for her to pick up.

JERRY

Then you can start with the other repair orders.

OSCAR

They're all done.

JERRY

All of them?

OSCAR

With the Chromacolor sets it's all the same problem. They shrunk the cabinet size, but added new electron guns that run hotter so they're gonna keep overheating unless they add a fan to the chassis. The best spot would be behind the 3-stage amplifier.

JERRY

(sarcastic)

I'll make sure to mention it to the CEO at our next brunch.

Jerry walks off.

Oscar looks to a television playing "I Dream of Jeannie." Sitcoms play all around him. A cacophony of LAUGH TRACKS that grow louder and louder, until--

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT, BASEMENT - NIGHT

A Heidelberg Printing Press WHIRS, stacking hot copies of an article titled "All Fires are the Same Size at the Start" in an output tray. Basement walls soundproofed by egg cartons.

Kathy works at a typewriter, drafting another article, in her zone, unable to hear anything over the noise.

Suddenly, a man's hands clasp over Kathy's shoulders, intimate, familiar. She tenses. It's Russ.

KATHY

Shit, Russ. You scared me.

RUSS

The Leadership wants to meet tomorrow morning. They're calling at nine with a location.

KATHY

Righteous.

Russ massages Kathy's shoulders.

KATHY

Russ, I want to get this done by tomorrow.

He kisses her neck...

KATHY

Russ.

...twists the strap of her dress around one finger and presses himself against her -- Kathy shoves him hard.

KATHY

I said stop.

RUSS

A month ago you would've hopped onto the press and done it right here. When'd you go so straight?

KATHY

I didn't go straight. I got bored.

Kathy moves -- but Russ blocks her path.

RUSS

So I'll change it up.

KATHY

"Free love" doesn't mean you get to fuck whatever you want. Move.

They hold eyes for a tense beat -- printing press WHIRRING -- until Russ pivots just enough for Kathy to slide by. The moment she rounds the corner, her tough exterior cracks.

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

A clock on the wall strikes nine -- the phone mounted on the wall RINGS -- Russ plucks it off the cradle.

RUSS

Hello.

A FEMALE VOICE responds:

FEMALE VOICE

Walk east down Market, turn left onto 15th, continue through the tunnel and into the park.

RUSS

I don't understand.

FEMALE VOICE

That's the trajectory. Follow it. And bring Oscar.

She's gone. Russ hangs up, turns to Oscar, Kathy and Tommy.

OSCAR (PRE-LAP)
Why do you think The Leadership
asked for me?

EXT. PHILADELPHIA, MARKET STREET - DAY

Oscar and Russ walk past a sign that says MARKET STREET,
following instructions from the phone call.

RUSS
I don't know, but look at all this
cloak and dagger. Something's up.

They pass a phone booth, where a SPOTTER turns to watch them
go and says into the handset:

SPOTTER
I've got them on market. Turning
your way now.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - INTERCUT

On the other end of the line is SPOTTER #2, crouched on a
fire escape with a phone cord run out of an apartment window.
Below, Oscar and Russ turn onto 15th street.

SPOTTER #2
I see them. So far so good.

Oscar and Russ keep walking.

RUSS
Hey so what's the skinny with you
and Kathy these days?

OSCAR
The usual, you know.

RUSS
No. I don't actually.

OSCAR
We've been messing around here and
there. Nothing much to say.

Oscar and Russ enter a PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL. Back on the fire
escape, Spotter #2 stands and flashes a thumbs up.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

A few blocks away, SPOTTER #3 sees the thumbs up signal through binoculars. His BINOCULARS POV pans to -- Oscar and Russ' silhouettes walking through the tunnel.

SPOTTER #3

I see them, coming through the choke point now. No tails.

Oscar and Russ exit the tunnel into a park.

RUSS

I'm only bringing it up, because I want you to be careful.

OSCAR

Of Kathy? I think I'll be okay.

RUSS

I hear ya. That girl's a lot of fun. Thing is, when you're batting out of your league, no offense, it's easy to get distracted. And right now we all gotta keep our eyes on the prize. You dig?

OSCAR

Yeah, okay, man. Relax.

RUSS

Hey, don't do that. Don't fucking do that. Look at me.

OSCAR

I got it, eyes on the prize.

RUSS

Good.

Russ pats Oscar on the back as -- a car pulls up. Spotter #3 opens a back door as the DRIVER says:

DRIVER

Hop in.

INT. POOL HALL - LATER

A few tough-looking "Greasers" (working class) shoot pool. The Spotters flank a table where Oscar and Russ sit opposite:

BERNARDINE DOHRN (28), fierce, whip-smart, wearing Ray-Ban shades and a see-through blouse so no one remembers her face.

In a few years, Hoover will famously call her "La Passionata of the Lunatic Left."

BERNARDINE

The New York tribe was assigned a special action. To deliver a device and then place a warning call to the target's front desk so they had time to evacuate. We don't know what went wrong...

RUSS

Someone should've told us what we were doing.

BERNARDINE

What do you think we've been talking about all this time. It can't just be rhetoric forever. Do you disagree?

RUSS

No. Of course not. We should have had a heads up, that's all.

BERNARDINE

I'll pass your criticism along.

With that settled, Bernardine turns her attention to Oscar.

BERNARDINE

You graduated top of your class at Columbia. Is that right?

OSCAR

I did pretty well, yeah.

BERNARDINE

Where we're going, modesty is not a useful quality.

Bernardine slides a sheet of paper across the table... Oscar unfolds a BOMB CIRCUIT SCHEMATIC.

OSCAR

What's this?

BERNARDINE

The design New York was using. Can you tell me what went wrong?

OSCAR

I studied Electrical Engineering. I don't know anything about bombs.

Bernardine and the Spotters flinch, glance around nervously.

BERNARDINE

Pickles.

OSCAR

I'm sorry?

BERNARDINE

For now on you call it "pickles," much less risky to talk about carrying two pounds of pickles into a building. Law enforcement are "Shoes," because you can always spot a pig by their shoes. You'll get the hang of it.

OSCAR

It doesn't matter what we call it--
(checks his tone)
I'm not the right guy for this.

BERNARDINE

Right now you're the only guy we have, so -- what can you tell me?

A pregnant pause. Oscar looks back at the diagram.

OSCAR

An alarm clock closes the circuit, sending point-six-five volts to this NPN transistor here...
(clocks her blank stare)
Anyway, that lights a fuse of some kind. But like I said, without doing some research... I can't really say. Sorry.

Oscar pushes the schematic back across the table to Bernardine. She sizes Oscar up... and comes to a decision.

BERNARDINE

The Leadership has decided to transition Philly into the next phase. That means no more calls to or from your house. Find a pay phone, one you can get to every morning at nine. We'll call a few days before the action with the address of the target.

Oscar and Russ exchange a stunned look, realizing...

OSCAR

You want us to build a -- pickles?

BERNARDINE

Someone needs to finish what New York started.

RUSS

Is this really a good time? After the townhouse, the pigs have to be looking at everything.

BERNARDINE

Do you boys know what a Daisy Cutter is?

Oscar and Russ shakes their heads no.

BERNARDINE

It's a scientific marvel of evil-genius. Our war planes drop them into the jungle, dispersing a cloud of flammable gas that seeps into buildings. Milliseconds later, a second charge ignites the cloud -- indiscriminately frying everyone it touches. Point is we'll never build weapons powerful or wicked enough to rival the Pentagon. Our revolution relies on igniting people's thinking. And right now, they're thinking we're incompetent.

RUSS

You're right.
(to Oscar)
She's right.

Bernardine stands, leaving the schematic on the table.

BERNARDINE

The world's not gonna change unless we change it, Oscar. Time to put your money where your mouth is.

She exits with the Spotters trailing behind. Off Oscar, wondering what just happened?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY**

Russ pries the telephone off the kitchen wall with a crowbar and chucks it into the trash. Meanwhile...

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - SAME

Kathy's bedroom is a hippie-spiritual refuge. Shag rug. Tapestry draped ceiling. Walls covered with Bob Dylan, Creedence Clearwater, and The Turtles posters. Beside her bed is a photo of 6-YEAR-OLD KATHY with her MOTHER and FATHER at a Communist Party rally.

Oscar and Kathy talk with voices low.

KATHY

We knew this was coming eventually.

OSCAR

Eventually is one thing, but now? You saw that house burning. Those kids from New York are dead.

KATHY

War means casualties.

OSCAR

I hate it when you do that. Don't just regurgitate slogans from your paper. There's a good chance you and I end up the same as them, or in prison.

KATHY

Can you honestly say anything we've been doing is working? How many more high schools are we gonna take over? How many more protests?

OSCAR

People could get hurt.

KATHY

People are getting hurt all around us. Twenty soldiers a day. Not to mention the Vietnamese they don't even bother to count.

OSCAR
Stop doing that. I know the numbers. It's just...

KATHY
What? Spit it out.

OSCAR
We're talking about building a bomb. It's -- scary.

A pause. No denying that. Kathy turns on her record player and drops a needle onto "Sunshine of Your Love" by Cream. Voices masked, she moves close to Oscar and admits...

KATHY
I'm scared too, but this moment -- right here -- this is where everyone else has turned back. My parents got this far, then gave up before they accomplished anything. We have to stay strong.

OSCAR
I never imagined I'd be the one doing it.

Kathy considers this.

KATHY
Back at school, you remember that pizza joint we picketed?

OSCAR
They were refusing to seat blacks.

KATHY
But on the second day it started raining and we were losing the crowd. I thought it was over.
(then)
Do you remember what you said to get them back?

OSCAR
"We can live normal, happy lives or we can do the right thing. Our generation has to choose."

Off Oscar, challenged by his own words...

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A wooden drawer slides open. Oscar hunts through Dewey Decimal cards -- finds one titled "The Explosives Handbook" -- plucks that book off a shelf.

Followed by "The Chemistry of Pyrotechnics" and "Introduction to Nitroglycerin." The NSA won't start tracking these things for twenty years. Later...

A LIBRARIAN stamps each book with a return-by date.

LIBRARIAN

School project?

(off Oscar's nod)

Remember, don't crack the spines or dog-ear the pages.

INT. FBI NEW YORK, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

KA-THUNK, a photo of students protesting is projected onto a wall. Ken Garrity clicks through identical scenes at colleges all over the country, lecturing to a room of FBI AGENTS.

KEN

Columbia. Berkley. Ann Arbor. These demonstrations gave rise to Students for a Democratic Society, which by 1968 had one-hundred thousand members and chapters all over the country. Until 1969, when SDS' most militant leaders broke away and formed The Weathermen.

KA-THUNK, Ken clicks through slides of:

KEN

Bill Ayers, Mark Rudd, Jeff Jones, and Bernardine Dohrn.

Ken lands on a photo of the woman who gave Oscar the bomb circuit schematic. Agents whistle cat calls.

KEN

Yeah, yeah, get it out of your system 'cuz she's counting on you to underestimate her. Dohrn has a law degree from the University of Chicago, worked for years under Martin Luther King Jr. and now aims to inspire young people, all over the country, into armed protest.

Agent FRED LAZAR (30s), a hotshot on the rise, snickers:

LAZAR

As long as they keep blowing themselves up, I say we let 'em keep protesting.

KEN

(forcing a laugh)

That's rich. That's a good one. Can I get the lights, please?

Lights click on. Lazar shifts uncomfortably.

KEN

Let me ask you something, Agent...

LAZAR

Lazar.

KEN

Agent Lazar. What do we have so far on the townhouse?

LAZAR

18th West 11th Street was the second home of Ruth and Eugene Rabkin, whose daughter Audrey's dental records match one of the bodies recovered. The other is a white-male, not yet identified.

KEN

That's it? No phone records? No personal belongings recovered? Twenty-five other residences on that block and nobody saw anything?

LAZAR

That's it.

KEN

In other words... jack shit. Next time just say that, cut right to the chase -- jack shit.

(beat)

So I'm curious, how is it you're cracking jokes when our suspects are outwitting the Federal Bureau of Investigation?

LAZAR

Boss, with all due respect, these kids -- they're throwing a glorified temper tantrum.

The comment strikes a nerve with Ken. He swallows it.

KEN

Two years ago, Congress rejected the surtax to finance the war. You know why? The anti-war movement. That means thousands of law-abiding boys had their legs blown off and lives wasted, because they couldn't fight properly. Because of these ungrateful criminals. And that was before they started blowing up city blocks. So here's a better joke. Knock, knock...

LAZAR

(begrudgingly)
Who's there?

KEN

Shut the fuck up and do your job.
Lights.

The lights go off and Ken clicks to the next slide--

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAINS - DAY

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Revolvers fire at paper targets. 20-SOMETHINGS, wearing baseball and hockey helmets, are lined up at an improvised firing range in the woods.

Tommy paces the formation like a drill sergeant.

TOMMY

You are an urban fighting force, born in America behind enemy lines. Only resist if there are cameras watching. When they are, lure the pigs to strike back. Blood spilled from your wounds will earn sympathy from the people.

Tommy pauses at JOYCE (17), tenacious, dirty-blonde, younger than the rest, squinting adorably as she squeezes off rounds.

TOMMY

Put more weight on your front foot to counteract the kick of the gun.

JOYCE
Like this?

TOMMY
Yeah, right on. I'm Tommy.

JOYCE
Joyce.

TOMMY
Not every day I meet a pretty girl
who knows how to shoot.

Off their flirtacious smiles... we **TIMECUT TO:**

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAINS - LATER

A TAB OF LSD is placed on Joyce's outstretched tongue. She and Tommy hang out after the morning target practice.

JOYCE
How long does it take?

TOMMY
About half an hour. Then you'll see
the other side of the coin.

Joyce has no idea what that means, but responds:

JOYCE
Far out.

TOMMY
So what's your story?

JOYCE
My story?

TOMMY
Why are you here? Instead of...
wherever you're supposed to be.

JOYCE
My brother Jacob was drafted in
May. My mom paid a doctor to
diagnose him with -- what's it
called... epilepsy. He had a way
out of it, but when my dad found
out, he tore up the note.
(stern father voice)
"The law is the only thing holding
this country together."

Tommy clocks the anger burning in Joyce's eyes. He scoffs.

TOMMY

Laws only hold up 'till the shit hits the fan, then it's every man for themselves.

JOYCE

Totally. Anyway... Jacob's plane went missing a few months later. So I guess I'm here, because I want them to pay. Is that bad?

TOMMY

Not even a little. Ya know, we're recruiting a new group of trainees soon. I could nominate you.

JOYCE

Really?

TOMMY

People with personal stakes always make the best members.

Off Joyce, inspired...

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT, OSCAR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rain casts shadows over the Bomb Circuit Schematic that Bernardine gave Oscar. Library books spread out. Oscar, burnt out from hours of studying, turns a page--

To a photo of the ATOMIC BOMB exploding over Hiroshima.

Oscar, gears turning, recalling a distant memory, traces his finger over the black and white mushroom cloud...

INT. OSCAR'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Suburbia, USA. A sunny front lawn. Swimming pool in the back. This home and everything in it is blessed with the comfort of knowing that everything will always be okay. A phone RINGS.

ABBY (50s), silver hair, reading a magazine, calls out.

ABBY

Will. William? Can you get that?

WILLIAM (50s), polo shirt and slacks, picks up.

WILLIAM

Hello.

INT. PHILADELPHIA, PHONE BOOTH - SAME

Oscar is on the other end of the line, sopping wet, in a phone booth being assaulted by rain. INTERCUT:

OSCAR

Hi dad.

WILLIAM

Oscar, my number one son. To what do we owe the pleasure?

OSCAR

Just wanted to say hi. How are you? How's mom?

WILLIAM

Oh you know, she's good. How's things at the television store?

Oscar tenses, *that only took thirty seconds.*

OSCAR

Work is fine.

WILLIAM

Because, you know, that recruiter called again last week. He said there's still a lot of interest in you at General Electric.

OSCAR

Bet he'd lose interest if you stopped promising I was gonna call him back.

WILLIAM

It's a six-figure starting salary.

Silence. An impasse they've reached many times before. Oscar chooses his next words carefully...

OSCAR

You read about the townhouse in New York?

WILLIAM

Of course. Ugly business.

OSCAR

I got a copy of their underground paper, the group that did it, and I was surprised actually... some of what they're saying made sense.

WILLIAM

Nothing sensible about throwing your life away.

A beat. Then Oscar angles into the real reason he called:

OSCAR

Anyway, it must've been on my mind, because last night I had this dream. More of a memory, really. I was sitting on the floor of our old house, listening to the radio with you and mom when Truman dropped the A-bomb... and I think you were both -- clapping?

William registers the unease in his son's voice.

WILLIAM

What's this all about?

OSCAR

Nothing. I woke up and I wasn't sure if I was remembering it right.

WILLIAM

We'd been fighting for seven years. The Japs were never gonna give up, so Truman did what he had to do. Damn straight we were clapping.

OSCAR

A hundred-thousand people died.

WILLIAM

You're right. It was a terrible thing. But for a good reason.

This lands hard on Oscar, but before he can respond -- HONK, HONK. A car pulls up and Tommy rolls down the window.

TOMMY

Oscar, we're taking a ride.

Oscar plugs his ear, speaks to his father.

OSCAR

How did you know?

WILLIAM
How did I know what?

OSCAR
That it was a good reason.

WILLIAM
Because the United States of
America wouldn't have done it
otherwise.

And there it is, an insurmountable generational divide.

WILLIAM
Are you sure you're okay?

OSCAR
I'm fine. Gotta jet, dad. Tell mom
I love her.

Oscar hangs up and jogs through the rain to Tommy's car.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Oscar slides into the back seat beside Kathy. Russ and Tommy are in front. Windshield wipers battle the rain.

OSCAR
What's going on?

Russ hands Oscar a RED BANDANA.

RUSS
Put this on. Just like Butch
Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.

TOMMY
I figured out how to get you your
dynamite.

Off Oscar, not quite ready for this...

EXT. POTTSTOWN ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

Oscar, Kathy, Tommy and Russ - wearing bandanas over their lower faces like bandits - creep along a chain-link fence, past a sign that says: "POTTSTOWN QUARRY. NO TRESPASSING."

They climb over.

Flashlights click on and search the space, illuminating massive piles of limestone and big yellow trucks. Until Tommy spots what they're looking for... a PORTABLE TRAILER.

TOMMY
Hey, over here.

Oscar, Kathy, Tommy and Russ convene at the door. Tommy jimmies two hairpins into the keyhole. After some fiddling...

RUSS
What's the problem?

KATHY
You said you've done this before.

TOMMY
I said I've seen guys do it.
Just -- hold on.

Oscar scans the quarry, growing more nervous by the second.

OSCAR
I don't like being out here.

Tommy steps back -- and suddenly kicks open the door. The sound of WOOD SPLINTERING echoes off the quarry walls, amplified into a DEAFENING CRACK that carries for miles.

TOMMY
Whoops. We should hurry.

INT. PORTABLE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Russ stands guard as Oscar, Kathy and Tommy ransack the trailer. Stealth mode abandoned for smash-and-grab. Oscar pulls back a plastic tarp -- and freezes. Eyes wide.

OSCAR
I found it.

Tommy and Kathy join Oscar, huddled over BOXES OF DYNAMITE.

KATHY
There must be forty, fifty sticks.

They scramble the dynamite into Tommy's backpack.

EXT. POTTSTOWN ROCK QUARRY - MOMENTS LATER

Oscar, Kathy, Tommy, and Russ hustle back the way they came and spot the fence ahead. Homefree. But then a SECURITY GUARD'S flashlight stops them in their tracks.

SECURITY GUARD

Who's there?

They haul ass -- get to the fence and climb -- but the Security Guard catches up and grabs Tommy by his backpack.

TOMMY

Careful man, that's TNT.

SECURITY GUARD

Are you crazy?

The tug-of-war continues as the guard pulls his pistol -- which Tommy kicks out of his hand -- to Kathy's feet. She and the Guard both dive for it and wrestle for control.

The Guard spins the gun on Kathy. A breathless moment... suddenly, the Guard is SMASHED over the head and buckles to the ground, unconscious. His flashlight rolls.

Kathy fumbles the flashlight around to reveal -- Oscar with a bloody chunk of limestone in his hand. He helps her to her feet and, with faces inches apart...

OSCAR

Are you okay?

KATHY

I think so.

RACK FOCUS TO: Russ, clocking the affection between them.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doors slam. Tommy jams the car into gear and peels out.

TOMMY

See that? Oscar iced that pig hard!

Oscar and Kathy's eyes lock. Holy fuck. We're okay. Both manage a nervous laugh...

BANG! The car nails a pothole. Dynamite rocks hard in Oscar's lap. He steadies it, terrified, riding a bomb at 90 MPH.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. PHILLY TRIBE HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY**

INSIDE A REFRIGERATOR

Darkness. Humming. A light clicks on as the door opens and Oscar crouches, moves leftover pasta aside to reveal--

The stolen dynamite. He exhales... and lifts it out.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

Oscar slides twenty sticks of dynamite into a water pipe. Solders blasting caps to the hour hand of the pocket watch. Strips wires. Attaches a 9-volt battery and--

KABOOM! AN EXPLOSION BLASTS OSCAR BACKWARDS THROUGH THE KITCHEN WALL AND HE'S FALLING, FALLING, FALLING--

INT. OSCAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oscar wakes with a jolt, sweating, panicked. Kathy asleep in the bed beside him. Just a dream.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Oscar opens the refrigerator... considers the stolen dynamite... but closes the door without grabbing it.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Oscar is back at the kitchen table, but instead of dynamite, he's wired the circuitry to A LIGHTBULB. Kathy enters.

KATHY

Morning.

OSCAR

Is it? Because something's seriously bogus with this design. It should be stable, but every time I close the loop...

Oscar connects the 9-volt battery -- and the lightbulb glows. He makes an exploding sound with his mouth.

KATHY

That's what happened to New York?

OSCAR

(nods)

If that was dynamite instead of a lightbulb, we'd all be in pieces. One short circuit, that's all it takes. But I can't find the freakin' problem.

Oscar throws down his tools. Kathy covers her fear with:

KATHY

You're gonna figure it out. I know you will. And when the country sees how vulnerable the government really is, they're all going to join us.

It's a line Oscar's heard a million times, but the passion in Kathy's eyes makes him want to believe.

OSCAR

Then you and I can be together.

KATHY

I'd like that.

The first time she's said it out loud. Just then, the front door opens. Oscar and Kathy separate as Russ enters. He looks between them, an odd expression on his face... scheming.

RUSS

I just got off the phone with The Leadership. We have our target.

EXT. NYPD HEADQUARTERS, 240 CENTRE STREET - DAY

"NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS" is chiseled above the entrance of a block-wide stone fortress. Dozens of squad cars parked out front. A constant flow of uniformed police move through its revolving doors.

Tommy exits the building and trots across the street into--

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tommy slides into the front seat beside Russ. Oscar and Kathy in the back. All gawking at the building, intimidated.

TOMMY

Two security guards at the front doors, patting everyone down and checking bags.

OSCAR
This is too gnarly.

KATHY
What about the bathrooms?

TOMMY
Fifty paces from the lobby. Men and
women's. But the doors don't lock.

Russ studies the building, takes a deep breath.

RUSS
The Leadership wants to time the
action to coincide with a
communique they're dropping at
radio stations Thursday night.

OSCAR
The most lead time I can give on
the timer is twelve hours.

TOMMY
So we go in that morning--

RUSS
--which gives us two days.

The group turns back to the building. Russ fights to keep his
voice casual as he says:

RUSS
Kathy will plant the pickles.

OSCAR
What? Why her?

RUSS
Because the shoes are less likely
to stop a pretty girl. You have a
problem with that, Oscar?

Not one he can share. Kathy covers:

KATHY
He's right. It should be me.

Russ studies Oscar's reaction in the rear-view mirror...
confirming his suspicions.

INT. KEN GARRITY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An Oldsmobile pulls into the driveway of a modest brick home in Philadelphia's blue collar suburbs. Ken Garrity behind the wheel. He cuts the engine and sits, contemplating the American flag hanging off his front porch.

But the look in his eyes isn't what we'd expect. Instead of pride, it's... regret. Ken puts on an optimistic smile.

INT. KEN GARRITY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ken's wife BARBARA (40s), tough, Farrah Fawcett hair, chops carrots while listening to a TV on in another room.

KEN (O.S.)

Hello?

BARBARA

In the kitchen.

Ken enters, drops his coat and briefcase.

KEN

Sorry I'm late, that commute's a bear. Amtrak to 30th street, then an hour on the Schuylkill.

BARBARA

You'll get the hang of it.

KEN

Hi.

Ken wraps his arms around his wife. She squirms, escapes the moment by motioning to a table set for three.

BARBARA

Dinner's almost ready.

KEN

Does this mean our daughter will be gracing us with her presence?

BARBARA

In the family room.

Ken leans around a wall, revealing...

His DAUGHTER, or the back of her head at least, watching television within earshot.

KEN
No hello for your dad?

DAUGHTER
(without turning)
Hello.

KEN
How was school?

DAUGHTER
Fine.

KEN
Can you be any more descriptive?

She sighs loudly and turns -- it's JOYCE, the high school girl that Tommy gave LSD.

JOYCE
I could, but if you must know it was shit the first time so I'm choosing not to re-live it in intimate detail.

Off Ken, fighting to hold onto that optimistic smile...

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ken eats dinner in silence with his wife and daughter. An empty fourth chair at the table creates a cataclysmic fissure between the family. Framed photos show Joyce's brother, Ken's son, in military uniform (before he died).

BARBARA
We got a new computer in the office today. The girls can take dictation right onto the screen.

JOYCE
Ms. Magazine says computers are man's apparatus to enslave women for another generation.

KEN
Since when do you read Ms. Magazine?

JOYCE
Since always.

More silence. Ken searches for something to say, opens his mouth -- RING, RING. Barbara picks up the phone.

SANDRA (RECORDING)
*I walk my dog in the morning.
 Sometimes we'd see kids on the
 front stoop, smoking cigarettes.
 Two boys and a girl.*

On the other side of the glass is the Neighbor that helped
 Larry escape the townhouse, tears on her cheeks.

KEN
 Rescuers confirmed only two bodies.
 They searched brick by brick.

LAZAR
 I know, but Boss, she says she gave
 a white-male fresh clothes and a
 subway token -- after the
 explosion.

We PUSH IN on Ken as he realizes...

KEN
 One of them's still out there.

INT. ALBANY TRAIN STATION - DAY

Larry Skolnick (survived the townhouse explosion), a shell of his former self, wearing borrowed clothes, falters through a sea of commuters and steps up to a TICKETER window.

LARRY
 Hi. I, uh -- the ten o'clock to
 Montreal. One.

TICKETER
 Seven dollars and sixty cents.

With trembling hands, Larry counts through a hard-earned collection of dirty coins. The Ticketer eyes him suspiciously, just as -- **BANG!**

Larry drops to the ground with his hands over his head. Coins CLATTER to the ground as he peeks out to see...

The sound was only someone dropping their luggage. Commuters stare as Larry catches his breath, a nervous wreck.

INT. ZENITH TELEVISION - DAY

Every television in the shop plays a sitcom, except for one.

NEWS ANCHOR (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

Today, the United States Army charged 14 officers with suppressing information related to the My Lai Massacre, the murder of 504 unarmed civilians in South Vietnam, including men, women, children and infants. Their bodies mutilated in ways too horrific to speak about on television.

Oscar is distracted by LAUGHTER. He turns to see:

A YOUNG COUPLE buying a TV from Jerry. Their hands joined, no reason to hide it, happy despite it all.

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT, BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dozen tribe members work in an assembly line: compiling and binding newsletters with an ILLUSTRATION OF THE BURNING TOWNHOUSE on the front cover. Kathy walks down the line.

KATHY

Good - make sure the covers are clean - hustle it up.

Russ enters and says over the noise:

RUSS

House meeting, ten minutes.
Everyone except Kathy upstairs.

The tribe members file out. Russ waits until he and Kathy are alone. His eyes wander creepily up and down her body, then...

RUSS

I want you to know I think your parents would be very proud of what you're doing here. Finishing what they started.

Kathy doesn't know what to make of this.

KATHY

Thanks.

With that, Russ smiles and turns away. The fuck was that?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy rounds the stairs to see tribe members gathering on the living room floor. Candles and incense burning. Oscar enters, returning home from work.

OSCAR
What's going on?

KATHY
I don't know.

Oscar and Kathy find seats amongst the tribe, everyone whispering curiously -- until Russ takes center stage.

RUSS
There are many out there who underestimate us, say we're only playing at revolution. But that's all about to change, because an explosion is an event, leaves a dent, that cannot be ignored. It declares loudly that something happened here.

The tribe chimes in with "yeahs" and "right ons."

RUSS
This is a critical time for our movement. We've reached a delicate moment where the scales will tip, either in our favor or against. And therefore, the rules we've agreed to live by are now more important than ever. Smash Monogamy...

Oscar and Kathy's eyes flick to each other. Then away.

RUSS
We chose to ban romantic relationships, because nothing, no one, can ever come before our cause. But two people in this room have broken that trust.

Whispers pass through the ranks. Oscar swallows hard.

OSCAR
Russ, don't we have bigger things to worry about right now?

RUSS

No, Oscar, we don't. Because discipline -- discipline is everything. Our revolution will live and die by our will to do what's difficult.

More "yeahs" and "right ons" from the tribe.

RUSS

Now I'm not insensitive. The desire for companionship is only human, but we must hold ourselves to a higher standard. Because partial rebellions don't lead to revolution. So you two lovebirds, you have this opportunity to stand and confess before your comrades.

Kathy gets Oscar's eye. Discourages him.

RUSS

Not a word? Your arrogant lack of self-criticism reveals your true colors. Nobody who breaks our rules can be allowed to weaken the chapter. All those who agree?

Tribe members raise single fists to show their support.

RUSS

Right on, pack your bags... Dennis and Cynthia.

Oscar and Kathy exhale. DENNIS and CYNTHIA, two other tribe members, are stunned.

CYNTHIA

We fooled around, like twice. So has everyone.

DENNIS

This is bogus, man. You're all sheep. This is totally bogus.

Kathy watches Dennis and Cynthia escorted out of the room, then turns back to Russ... staring directly at her.

And Kathy realizes -- this was a warning, he's fucking with her -- but before that thought can fully sink in...

Tommy burst through the front door.

TOMMY
Did you see the TV?

RUSS
No, why? What's wrong?

Tommy clicks on the television to see -- a SKETCH OF LARRY SKOLNICK'S FACE on national news.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
*...police now believe that a white-
male in his twenties survived the
Greenwich Village townhouse
explosion and are asking that
citizens report any individual
matching this description.*

Off Kathy, feeling the walls caving in...

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Kathy yanks dresses off hangers -- stuffs them into a duffle bag -- packing in a frenzy.

OSCAR
Slow down. Where are you going?

KATHY
That sketch will play until the pigs -- shoes -- whatever you want to call them, until they grab him.

OSCAR
If they grab him.

KATHY
Larry will spill what the townhouse bomb was meant for and the whole NYPD will be waiting for me to walk into that building.

OSCAR
So we postpone, get a meet with The Leadership and tell them we need a new target.

KATHY
It's not that simple, it's -- it doesn't matter. It's too much.

OSCAR
This is about Russ? We can be more careful.

Kathy considers telling Oscar about her run-in with Russ in the basement... but thinks better of it.

KATHY

Easy for you to say. I'm done.

OSCAR

You're done... with the movement?

Kathy continues packing, avoiding eye contact.

OSCAR

What happened to "silence is violence?"

KATHY

There are other ways we can help.

OSCAR

If you believed that you wouldn't be here in the first place. What happened to not turning back when things get tough?

Kathy pulls the photo of her and her parents off the wall... considers it... then tucks it into her bag.

KATHY

I did the best I could.

OSCAR

Where are you gonna go?

KATHY

I can stay with my sister for a while. I'll look for a job with a new left paper - something that doesn't have to be distributed in secret. I'll just do the best I can. Like everyone else.

OSCAR

You'll do nothing.

The ultimate sin. Kathy has no rebuttal to that, except:

KATHY

Come with me. Oscar, we can be together now. No reason to wait. No more sneaking around. Come with me.

Off Oscar, an impossible decision to make...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT/EXT. KATHY'S CAR - DAY**

Oscar and Kathy drive out of town, whatever they could pack in a hurry tossed into the back seat.

KATHY

If we drive through the night, we can be there as early as tomorrow.

Oscar swallows hard, steeling his nerve.

OSCAR

Lemme know when you want me to drive.

INT/EXT. KATHY'S CAR - LATER

HOURS PASS as Oscar watches the world go by outside. A phone booth. An Army Recruitment center. A pizza shop. Kids filing into a high school. With every mile, a more poignant reminder of the struggle he's leaving behind.

INT/EXT. KATHY'S CAR - LATER

The car slows to a stop at a red light. Oscar hears a commotion and turns to see 2 COPS frisking a BLACK MAN outside of a record store.

BLACK MAN

This is some bullshit. I didn't do nothing.

COP #1

Armed robbery. An hour ago. You fit the description.

BLACK MAN

Oh yeah, what description is that? Cuz an hour ago I was here minding my own damn business.

Cop #2 knees the man in the gut. Dozens of pedestrians take notice, but avert their eyes and keep walking.

COP #2

Curse at us again and it's your front teeth. Now get in the car.

Oscar knows this is the last thing he should get involved in right now. The light turns green. Kathy hits the gas -- but Oscar pops open the door and steps outside.

KATHY

What are you doing? Oscar. Oscar?

Kathy calls Oscar's name as he marches across the street.

OSCAR

Excuse me, officers. You're making a mistake.

COP #2

Get lost hippie, before we find some grass on ya and haul you in with him.

OSCAR

You're welcome to search me, but you won't find anything. The thing is that my friend here you just assaulted and I have been together all morning. We came bright and early to dig the new Dylan album. So if you arrest him I'm gonna have to follow you to the station and give an alibi, then your boss will be super pissed and -- well, like I said, it all seems like a lot of trouble for an innocent mistake.

The Cops and Oscar stand eye-to-eye. Looky-loos gather on the sidewalk. Are they buying it? After a tense silence...

Cop #2 swings his night stick into Oscar's shins -- CRACK! -- dropping him to the asphalt.

COP #2

We said get lost, hippie.

Oscar moans in pain as the cops shove the Black Man into their squad car and drive away. Kathy runs to Oscar's side.

KATHY

Oscar?! Are you crazy?

OSCAR

I'm fine. I'm okay.

When Oscar lifts his head, he's got a big stupid smile plastered on his face. And that's when he realizes...

OSCAR
I can't go with you.

KATHY
What? Of course you can. You
have to.

He watches all of the looky-loos go back to their lives,
shakes his head.

OSCAR
Everyone can't sit around waiting
for everyone else to step up. I
don't know if we're doing the right
thing, but I know we've tried
everything else. And we can't do
nothing. We had that part right.

KATHY
If Larry gets nabbed, walking into
that police station is a suicide
mission.

OSCAR
That's a risk I have to take.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Larry stirs awake as his train pulls into some unfamiliar
city. He rubs his eyes, turns and sees... a PASSENGER reading
a newspaper with the sketch of his face.

They lock eyes. Shit. Larry hurries off as the doors close.

EXT. UNFAMILIAR CITY - LATER

Larry moves through unfamiliar streets, clocks more strangers
that seem to be watching his every move.

EXT. UNDERPASS - LATER

Larry ducks into a homeless encampment. Past dumpster fires
and anonymous people pushed to the fringe. Then, suddenly--

POLICE CARS screech up.

POLICE
Freeze! Get down! On the ground!

Cops pull their guns. Larry drops to his knees, caught.

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

INSIDE A REFRIGERATOR

A light clicks on as the door opens. Oscar considers the stolen dynamite... and lifts it out.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

Oscar detaches the test lightbulb from his bomb circuitry.

He slides twenty sticks of dynamite into a water pipe. Strips wires. Attaches a 9-volt battery. Hand quivering, heart racing, knowing that one wrong move could level the building.

Tommy enters and pulls a chair up to the table. Followed by Russ. And, finally...

Kathy. They're all in this together.

Oscar plugs blasting caps into the explosives. Coils the blasting caps to a single wire, which he solders to the hour hand of the pocket watch. Cringing as SMOKE WISPS...

TOMMY

Boo!

Tommy leaps -- and the group FLINCHES hard. He laughs...

KATHY

You fucking asshole.

...as everyone catches their breaths, and "Subterranean Homesick Blues" by Bob Dylan KICKS US INTO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Tangled hair falls to the floor. Kathy uses kitchen shears to cut her mane off at her shoulders. A respectable length.

KEN (PRE-LAP)

Special Agent Ken Garrity...

INT. FBI NEW YORK, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A reel-to-reel tape recorder spins. Ken sits opposite Larry Skolnick at a metal table under harsh lights.

KEN (CONT'D)

...interviewing Larry Skolnick,
charged with illegal possession of
dynamite, criminal conspiracy and
voluntary manslaughter related to
the Greenwich Village townhouse
explosion on March 6 of this year.

LARRY

I don't know anything about that.

Ken sits back, taking his time.

KEN

Then clear up for me why a neighbor
ID'd you as the man she gave
clothing to after the blast?

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT - DAY

CAMERA FLOATS through the house... past Kathy stretching on
nylons for the first time in her life... Tommy cutting a
basketball in half... and Oscar slipping the bomb into a
trash bag...

INT. FBI NEW YORK, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ken paces behind Larry, rattling his nerves.

KEN

You were living at the townhouse.
You were there when the bomb
misfired. And you left your friends
there to die.

LARRY

I watch the news, pops. Everyone in
that place was toast when the bomb
went off.

Ken SLAPS photos of Buddha's burned and butchered remains
onto the table. Larry looks away, tries not to vomit.

KEN

Her, probably. Truth is we didn't
find enough pieces of Audrey to
know. But "Buddha" had smoke in his
lungs, means he was still breathing
when you left him--

LARRY

You're lying.

KEN
--alone, afraid, slowly suffocating
under piles of rubble.

Larry's shell starts to crack...

INT. PHILLY TRIBE APARTMENT - DAY

Kathy opens a magazine to an advertisement that shows a woman using a new oven: "It's a Wifesaver!" She applies lipstick, then eyeshadow, mimicking the woman in the ad. Meanwhile...

Oscar gently places the bomb into the hollow half-basketball.

INT. FBI NEW YORK, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ken leans into Larry's face, turning up the heat.

KEN
Tell me you didn't know he was
still alive, Larry. Tell me that
and I can make the manslaughter
charges go away.

LARRY
I -- I wasn't... I didn't...

KEN
You're part of the New York chapter
of the Weathermen.

LARRY
No...

KEN
Yes. Now I want to know the
locations of the other houses. I
want to know what that bomb was
meant for. And I want to know what
else they're planning.

LARRY
I don't know anything.

KEN
Tell me. Tell me right now or you
spend the rest of your life in the
windowless box you deserve.

Ken SLAMS his fist onto the table. Larry jumps, lost, exhausted. And as his mouth cracks open to speak, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NYPD HEADQUARTERS, 240 CENTRE STREET - DAY

Oscar, Kathy, Tommy and Russ once again pull up to NYPD headquarters. Voices caught in their throats.

RUSS

It's gonna be okay. Get in and get out. We'll be here waiting.

Kathy takes a breath... and pops the door.

INT. NYPD HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Penny loafers step through revolving doors. PAN UP to reveal Kathy in her "straight" disguise: nylons, polyester skirt, and a blouse covering a pregnant stomach.

Time slows as all eyes seem to be on her. The RECEPTIONIST on the phone. The WARY COP with his hand on his hip. The JANITOR blocking the rear exit.

Kathy steps up to a SECURITY GUARD.

GUARD

Morning ma'am. Place your purse on the table and step through here.

He gestures to two vertical poles spaced apart and wired to a black box -- a 1970s METAL DETECTOR.

GUARD

It detects metal, brand new just installed. But don't worry it's perfectly safe.

Shit. Kathy's hand instinctively goes to her "stomach." Mind racing, now all eyes really are on her...

KATHY

If it's brand new how do you know it's safe?

GUARD

I assure you--

KATHY

I assure you that contraption isn't
going near my baby, but feel free
to feel me up all you want.

Kathy raises her arms. The dumbfounded guard glances to the Wary Cop, who looks Kathy over... and motions her through.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy goes directly to a stall and shuts the door.

She lifts her blouse and removes the half-basketball shaping her stomach. Taped inside: the bomb and a screwdriver.

Kathy drops to her knees, unscrews a foot-wide perforated drain cover. She lowers the dynamite into the drain... tightens the cover and bolts.

CLOSE ON THE POCKET WATCH. Only the hour hand remains, carrying an exposed wire towards a screw -- drilled through the face -- that will complete the circuit.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - LATER

Russ checks the time on his WRIST WATCH. He drops two quarters into a pay phone and dials.

RUSS

There is a bomb in your building.
You have ten minutes to evacuate.
This is not a joke.

Russ hangs up and trots up a fire escape.

EXT. A BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Russ walks across a building rooftop. Oscar, Kathy, and Tommy aim a telescope at the Manhattan skyline. After a beat...

OSCAR

My parents were right about one
thing.

KATHY

What's that?

OSCAR

Some bombs are good.

TELESCOPE POV

The NYPD HQ from a distance. **BOOM!** A corner of the bottom floor blows out, sending glass and debris flying. As the sound from the explosion echoes... and dust settles... we see that the fortress is still standing, but undeniably violated.

BERNARDINE (V.O.)

This is Bernardine Dohrn. I'm going to read a declaration of a state of war...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Bernardine (the Leadership that tasked Oscar with building the bomb) speaks into a microphone, recording her haunting 1970 communique to cassette.

BERNARDINE (V.O.)

...all over the world, people fighting Amerikan imperialism look to Amerika's youth to use our strategic position behind enemy lines to join forces in the destruction of the empire...

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - DAY

Tommy and Kathy drive along the Schuylkill River, smoking a joint, enraptured by Bernardine's voice on the radio.

BERNARDINE (V.O.)

...kids know the lines are drawn. Tens of thousands have learned that protests and marches don't do it. Violence is the only way...

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kathy looks out her bedroom window, watching people snag copies of her newsletter from a stack dropped on the sidewalk. She smiles proudly. Just then, the door opens... and Russ enters with an aroused, triumphant look on his face.

BERNARDINE (V.O.)

...revolutionaries move like fish in the sea. The war and the racism of this society has created the ocean for this revolution...

Kathy, stoic, unzips her dress as Russ climbs on top of her.

INT. ZENITH TELEVISION - DAY

Every TV in the store, and those facing the street, are tuned to a broadcast of Bernadine's voice. Oscar grins as his boss bangs on the front door, locked out.

BERNARDINE (V.O.)

...if you want to find us, this is where we are. In every tribe, dormitory, barracks and townhouse where kids are making love, smoking dope and loading guns...

INT. FBI NEW YORK, KEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ken Garrity nurses a half-inch of scotch, listening to the radio as he unpacks a photo of his dead son.

BERNARDINE (V.O.)

...we will continue to attack symbols and institutions of Amerikan injustice. This is only the beginning.

Ken feels a presence at the door. It's William Sullivan, Hoover's right hand man.

KEN

I questioned Larry Skolnick for five hours today. He stared down years in prison and didn't say a word.

(beat)

Did you ever think we'd be this afraid of our own children?

SULLIVAN

Collect your things. I'll give you a ride home.

INT. SULLIVAN'S TOWNCAR - LATER

A chauffeur drives Ken and Sullivan through the streets of New York. Past occasional throngs of youngsters hooting and hollering in celebration.

SULLIVAN

I urge you not to consider tonight a defeat. More, an opportunity.

KEN

The blast will yield more clues.

SULLIVAN

Certainly, but I'm speaking of something else.

(off Ken's look)

In 1968, there was a top-secret program created under the Department of Justice called COINTELPRO. It allows the Director to take extra-ordinary measures against enemies that meet certain criteria.

KEN

You think the Weathermen qualify?

SULLIVAN

I think they could.

KEN

And tonight will help.

SULLIVAN

A lot of people are already there, thanks in no small part to your report. However, you failed to note the possibility that the group has been in communication with the CPUSA.

KEN

I haven't found anything connecting the Weathermen and communists.

SULLIVAN

The possibility of a connection. If you looked closer, perhaps you would. And if you were to amend your report, the Weathermen would be considered a threat against national security...

KEN

(catching on)

...qualifying them under the COINTELPRO charter.

SULLIVAN

To "disrupt or neutralize through whatever means necessary."

Ken tries out the dirty word:

KEN

Neutralize?

SULLIVAN

Actions taken by agents working under the program won't be reported to the Attorneys General. They won't be reported to anyone.

Sullivan's town car slows to a stop. Ken looks around and realizes -- they're in front of the DEMOLISHED TOWNHOUSE.

KEN

What are we doing here?

SULLIVAN

Showing you what it's like to have your hands untied.

Ken's door opens. An AGENT we don't recognize ushers him out.

EXT. NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Where TWO MORE AGENTS stand. And suddenly things move fast.

They march towards the townhouse -- duck under crime scene tape -- click on flashlights that scan the room where this story started. Now a blackened pit. And at its center...

Larry Skolnick is gagged and bound, terrified, eyes pleading.

CLOSE ON KEN: What the fuck?

One Agent pins Larry down as another yanks the gag from his mouth and replaces it with his revolver.

KEN

What are you doing? Hey.

Neighbors' lights turn on as Larry howls into the gun barrel.

The Agents turn to Ken, who suddenly realizes what he's supposed to do.

KEN

Larry, you can stop this. They already know you were living here. They just want to hear you say it.

LARRY

Please. Don't hurt me don't hurt me don't hurt me.

Piss runs down Larry's leg. Ken's fear and anger and frustration swell into--

KEN

You little puke, fess up or I swear
on my son's grave we'll blow your
brains out the back of your
worthless hippie skull.

LARRY

Okay, I'll spill. I was here! I'll
tell you anything you want to know!

CLOSE ON KEN

Appalled, invigorated, going through all of the emotions.

END OF SHOW