

HOMEFRONT

Screenplay By

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FADE IN: OVER CREDITS

EXT. K-MART PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

A BLACKED-OUT SUBURBAN pulls alongside another SUBURBAN parked in an empty corner. THREE MARSHALS changing into TACTICAL OUTFITS look up.

TWO MEN from the second vehicle get out and quickly start putting on their gear.

TYLER

Get lost?

DIAZ

(strapping on his vest)  
Traffic. Why aren't we doing this at dawn?

TYLER

The guy milks cows. He's up at like two a.m.

An older LEAD MARSHAL (50's) grabs a clipboard from the dash.

LEAD MARSHAL

Alright, now that we're all here...

He passes around a MUG SHOT and a HOUSE SCHEMATIC.

LEAD MARSHAL (CONT'D)

...our target today is Glen Clay, white male, 36, 5'8, 180 lbs. Now you should all remember the intel, this guy's no joke. Two rotations in Iraq and he likes his toys that go bang. I don't want anything spooking him, so local PD is riding with us. Team two takes the back of the house, while team one goes through the front. No muss. No fuss. Any questions?

The FIVE MARSHALS just nod their heads and grunt as they continue getting dressed for the operation.

I/E. BLACK SUBURBAN - AFTERNOON

ANGLE - Through the front windshield of the LEAD SUBURBAN as it speeds over a dirt road, kicking up dust.

We pass a worn FARMHOUSE. An OLDER WOMAN, stands out on the front lawn, watching the SUBURBANS fly by.

Inside the vehicle, a young DEPUTY SHERIFF sandwiched in between TYLER and DIAZ, turns back around. He looks over to the MEN, hoping for some kind of reassurance. He gets none.

DIAZ stares at a passing FADED SIGN that reads "WHIPPOORWILL ROAD." A sudden SHOUTING pulls his attention.

LEAD MARSHAL

We got trouble!

Through the windshield, we see TWO PICKUPS parked nose-to-nose, blocking the road.

The FRONT SUBURBAN slams on its brakes. Everyone is thrown forward.

LEAD MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Deputy, stay in the truck and stay down!

THE CLICK of SAFETIES being flipped off.

The LEAD MARSHAL pulls out his GLOCK and pushes open the passenger door. Blinding sunlight streams into the BLACKED-OUT interior.

We follow the LEAD MARSHAL up against the hood. TYLER and DIAZ, armed with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, solider up to his left and right.

Twenty yards ahead, FOUR MEN steady themselves behind the PICKUPS, RIFLES at the ready.

LEAD MARSHAL (CONT'D)

(holding up some papers)

Glen Clay, we have a federal warrant for your arrest! Now you put those guns down!

Our target, GLEN CLAY, stands firm as the MEN around him, yell back at the MARSHALS.

MAN #1

You ain't arresting nobody!

DIAZ

Drop the weapons now!

MAN #2

You've got no business--

TYLER

--Drop the fucking weapons!

THE LEAD MARSHAL shouts over the MEN.

LEAD MARSHAL  
Glen, I'm gonna give you ten  
seconds to put down your weapon.

Finally CLAY speaks, his voice calm, yet resolute.

CLAY  
Marshal, I'm gonna give you five.

The LEAD MARSHAL's face slackens.

One of the MEN, leaning against the pickup, raises his gun to his cheek.

A FINGER moves inside the trigger guard of an automatic weapon.

Another FINGER, settles on a rifle's trigger.

WIDE ANGLE - Both sides holding their ground as an eerie silence hangs over the STANDOFF.

CUT TO:

A SINGLE GUNSHOT echoes across the wide pasture, startling a LONE BULL.

In response -- a THUNDEROUS wave of GUNFIRE follows.

CUT TO BLACK:

"HOME FRONT"

EXT. NEWS FOOTAGE MONTAGE - CREDIT SEQUENCE

ANGLE - A report from NBC Nightly News. A sobbing WOMAN is pulled off a coffin as she falls into her husband's arms.

CORRESPONDENT  
Diane, this is second Cholera  
epidemic to strike Haiti since the  
devastating 2010 earthquake. The  
current outbreak having already  
claimed over 2,000 lives...

CUT TO:

ANGLE - Blurry amateur footage of TEAR GAS CANNISTER skipping across the asphalt into a crowd of PROTESTERS.

PEOPLE scream and scatter, running in every direction as the CAMERAMAN is knocked to the ground.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - A MAKESHIFT memorial on a PROJECT WALL bears the NY1 logo. The camera zooms into a flyer of a HISPANIC girl, surrounded by glowing candles.

REPORTER

Did you have any idea of what was going on in the apartment?

HISPANIC JANITOR

I heard screaming...much screaming.

We begin pulling out to reveal the edges of a TELEVISION.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - A BBC News World report. TWO NEWSCASTERS sit behind a desk, looking into camera.

FEMALE REPORTER

In Jakarta yesterday, a grenade detonated on a bus in a crowded market, killing thirty-one people.

Pulling out further, we see the TELEVISION sits in the corner of a dark bedroom. Piles of books surround it.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Witnesses say the blast, set off by a teenage boy, injured at least five security workers.

ANGLE on TV - FOUR MEN sprinting away an ELDERLY MAN covered in blood. The wail of an ambulance. A FATHER crying.

CUT TO:

A DARK FIGURE lies in BED, remote in hand and cellphone to his ear. He stares at the news report. This is MICHAEL WHITE.

MORE FLASHES of DESTRUCTION -- except these images aren't being broadcast -- they're WHITE'S MEMORIES.

EXT. AFGHAN STREET - DAY

THE AFTERMATH OF A MARKET BOMBING -- Firefighters hosing down streets. Smoldering piles of twisted metal. A charred sandal. Pools of blood.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE - The IMAGES from the TV, reflecting in WHITE'S EYES.

WHITE  
 (into the phone)  
 Yeah, sorry I'm listening, one sec.

The TV SCREEN shuts off.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
 Well, it's normal to feel that way,  
 it's mom, but it's what she needs  
 and it's the best place for her...

A SIDE LAMP turns on as WHITE (43) takes off his glasses and rubs his face. With curly blonde hair and scruffy beard, WHITE exudes a sense of rugged intelligence.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
 I can't, Jeanie, I'm sorry. Next  
 one, I promise...You too. Bye.

Putting down the phone, WHITE grabs a bottle of AMBIEN off the bedside table. He washes down a PILL with a tumbler of SCOTCH and shuts off the light.

EXT. MANHATTAN - MORNING

ANGLE - A CELLPHONE RINGS as a flock of PIGEONS flutter past a HOMELESS MAN, dozing on the steps of the SUPREME COURT.

ANGLE - A RUNNER jogs down the WESTSIDE HIGHWAY, the jagged SKYLINE behind her. The PHONE rings again.

A POLICE OFFICER walks around a TRUCK outside the BATTERY TUNNEL. Another RING, then the sound of someone picking up.

WHITE (O.S.)  
 (groggy)  
 Ummm....Yeah...hello?

INT. BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

The SUN flares behind thick curtains. WHITE, still in bed, clutches a CELLPHONE. A clock behind him reads 9:30 a.m.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Michael White please.

WHITE  
 (eyes half-closed)  
 Who is this?

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE MORNING

A pair of shiny black DRESS SHOES move across a marble floor. The click of heels echoing through the corridor.

A second pair of shoes, well-worn BOOTS, follow behind.

Through pools of light, the SHOES pass over the UNITED STATES SEAL set in the floor.

An ESCORT, a young man in a shirt and tie, reaches a DOOR. After a quick knock, he opens it wide as WHITE steps inside.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A small room bathed in harsh florescents. A relief map of the United States hangs on the wall.

WHITE scans the room, dark circles under his eyes. He wears a wrinkled corduroy jacket and faded blue-jeans. A copy of the NEW YORK TIMES is tucked under his arm.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Thank you Gregory.

The ESCORT slips out as we pan to THOMAS HAYES (37) very much the unimposing bureaucrat. He rises to shake WHITE'S HAND.

HAYES  
 Mr. White, Thomas Hayes with the Associate Director's Office. Thank you for coming down on such short notice. Hope I didn't wake you.

WHITE  
 Don't worry, I was awake.

HAYES motions as WHITE sits, putting his paper down on a steel table between them.

WHITE  
 You know an invitation from the FBI is kind of like having your grandmother ask you to lunch.

HAYES  
 How's that?

WHITE  
It's hard to say "no."

HAYES chuckles.

HAYES  
I see you brought your paper.

WHITE  
Just catching up.

HAYES  
Been busy?

WHITE  
I've been sort of...out of the  
loop.

HAYES  
Is that so?

WHITE  
(getting agitated)  
I spent seven months this year in  
the Middle East. I needed a break.

HAYES  
It's a tough job, I know. I  
considered a career in journalism  
myself. At Georgetown, before  
Quantico. Worked on the school  
paper, the whole nine yards.

WHITE  
The Hoya. I used to grab it  
sometimes when I was with the Post.

HAYES  
(brightening)  
No kidding.

WHITE  
Yeah for the beer coupons. Look,  
forgive me for sounding rude, but  
you mind telling me why I'm here?

HAYES  
How much do you know about the  
situation we spoke of?

WHITE  
Only what I've just read.

WHITE motions to the FRONT PAGE of the paper. The headline reads, "2 MARSHALS, 2 CIVILIANS DEAD IN VIOLENT CLASH."

HAYES

Yes, it seems to be striking quite a nerve with people. In fact, the Associate Director himself has requested that I speak with you. You see, the women left behind after the fire-fight, the ones involved in the stand-off, they've agreed to surrender, but only under one condition. They want you to go up there, to the farmhouse, to interview them and listen to what they have to say. If you do so, the women and their children will come out...peacefully.

WHITE

You're saying they asked for me?

HAYES

Yes, they asked for you by name.  
(letting it sink in)  
I know it's a strange request.

WHITE

No, they want to be heard...before it's too late.  
(looking up)  
It's quite common, actually.

HAYES

Well, I won't sugar coat this, these women are armed and have threatened to use those arms.

HAYES reaches down, pulling out a file from his briefcase. He hands over TWO PHOTOS to WHITE.

ANGLE - A photo of a small FARMHOUSE in the distance, a piece of yellow POLICE TAPE hanging across the foreground.

WHITE flips to the next PHOTO, taken with a telephoto lens.

ANGLE - A YOUNG WOMAN stands in the doorway of the farmhouse, shotgun by her side. She's yelling at a man with "FBI" stenciled on his jacket.

HAYES (CONT'D)

That's her; Patience Clay. She's the one who made the offer.

WHITE

(scrutinizing the photo)  
And what about the others. Any  
closer to finding them?

HAYES

Two Federal Marshals are dead.  
We'll find them. Trust me.

WHITE

And what was it that prompted all  
this? Something about eminent  
domain?

HAYES

A simple land dispute that turned  
into a personal war with the local  
municipality. In recent months Clay  
had been threatening officials,  
disrupting services and we believe  
stockpiling weapons. Typical  
behavior for someone of his ilk.

WHITE

I'm not following you.

HAYES

The man is a hater who spews  
nothing but vile and mindless  
rhetoric.

WHITE

Sounds like you take his views very  
personally.

HAYES

Personally, I'd say string him up.

WHITE

Well, there's always the First  
Amendment to consider.

HAYES

(a pitiful chuckle)  
I guess that's the answer I'd  
expect from the writer of probably  
the most sympathetic piece ever  
written about the Palestinians.

A long silence.

WHITE

Hayes doesn't sound Jewish.

HAYES

My mother. And you?

WHITE

Same, my mother...but it wasn't sympathy, Agent Hayes, it's called impartiality, or maybe they didn't cover that in class.

HAYES

(swallowing his anger)

Getting back to the task on hand, Mrs. Clay has requested an answer by three p.m. If you accept, we would have a car escort you up there as soon as possible. Of course we're not expecting an answer right this second, you should take some time, to be 100% sure of your decision...

HAYES watches as WHITE mulls it over.

HAYES (CONT'D)

...Although I have to say, it seems like an incredible opportunity.

WHITE

(poker-faced)

It is intriguing. And I'd have your full assurance the Bureau or any other agency won't try to compromise my piece?

HAYES

Of course.

WHITE

You can't promise that and you know it.

HAYES

The Associate Director is fully prepared to speak to the Times' lawyers. If you'd like, I can get the ball rolling on that right now.

WHITE

That would be a good idea.

HAYES

Mr. White, if I may, is there any reason as to why they might have requested you in particular?

WHITE  
No, not that I know of.

HAYES  
Are you sure?

WHITE  
Yes, I believe so.

HAYES  
(coy smile)  
Guess your reputation precedes you  
then.

A ringing CELLPHONE. HAYES looks at the number.

HAYES  
If you'll excuse me.

HAYES moves to the corner of the room. We only hear pieces of a muffled conversation. After a moment, he returns.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, that was the Associate  
Director. I need to leave now.  
Here's my card and again, thank you  
for coming down.

WHITE rises, a bit surprised as he takes HAYES' card.

WHITE  
Yes...of course.

HAYES  
Gregory will be back to escort you  
to your ride. We look forward to  
hearing from you, Mr. White. As I  
mentioned you have until three p.m.

WHITE looks up at a CLOCK on the wall that reads 12:16 p.m.

WHITE  
(calling out)  
What happens then?

HAYES  
I'm sorry?

WHITE  
If you don't have an answer by  
three.

HAYES  
She wouldn't say.

The door closes as WHITE picks up the PICTURES off the table.

INT. WHITE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Upper East Side. A large one bedroom. Rows of bookshelves.

CORNER DESK

WHITE sits at his COMPUTER, scanning an updated article. A new headline reads "STANDOFF CONTINUES IN UPSTATE NY."

He glances over at the photos HAYES gave him. Staring at the image of PATIENCE CLAY, WHITE reaches into a drawer to grab a magnifying loop.

Lifting up his glasses, he runs the loop over the PHOTO. Peering into the dim corner of the image, he stops.

ANGLE - Hidden in the doorway, shielded by PATIENCE, we can make out the FRIGHTENED FACE of a SMALL CHILD.

WHITE leans back in his chair, staring at the IMAGE of THE WOMAN and her CHILD.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

WHITE talks on his CELLPHONE as he grabs a sweatshirt from a closet and stuffs it into a knapsack.

WHITE

Jim, I want to do this.

JIM (O.S.)

(through the phone)

Look, I'm excited you want to get back out there, but maybe this is a little extreme?

WHITE

(negotiating)

Well then, I have to do this...

(Off Jim's silence)

...just support me on this, okay?

Now at the drawer of his bedside table, he pulls out a digital RECORDER. He presses play -- the batteries are dead.

JIM (O.S.)

Just be careful. Who knows what kind of nutjobs these people are.

WHITE

You're worse than my mother, you  
know that?

Exiting the bedroom, WHITE reaches back to grab his AMBIEN.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CORNER DESK - CONTINUOUS

Rummaging through the shelf over his computer, WHITE shoves  
two notepads and some pens into his bag.

JIM (O.S.)

So, did it come?

WHITE

Hold on. Let me check.

He grabs a FEDEX box from a stack of mail and rips it open.

WHITE pulls out a FRAMED ARTICLE from the TIMES. A PLAQUE  
reads "*For excellence in journalism 'HOMEFRONT' by Michael  
White.* He stares at the inset photo of an AFGHAN GIRL in a  
VEIL proudly displaying a bomb vest strapped to her chest.

WHITE (CONT'D)

(quieting)

It's great...really.

JIM (O.S.)

Nice work, buddy.

WHITE

Call you when I land.

JIM (O.S.)

Be safe.

Hanging up, WHITE stares at the PLAQUE. WE PUSH IN on the  
AFGHAN GIRL'S EYES, framed by her BURKA, staring back at us.

He quickly tosses the AWARD in a DRAWER and slams it shut.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

A BLACK CROWN VIC sits double parked on a brownstone block.

INSIDE CAR

TWO AGENTS sit in the front seat. AGENT COLE (30) good-  
looking, African-American, checks a map. The other, the  
driver, MATTHEWS (45) Caucasian, peers into his rearview.

COLE

We're definitely gonna be late.

The back door opens as MATTHEWS eyes his passenger.

MATTHEWS

Good afternoon, Sir.

WHITE

Michael White. Thanks for the ride.

MATTHEWS

I'm Agent Matthews, this is Agent Cole.

COLE

Some reading materials, Sir.

(passing a folder)

Also, would you mind fastening your seat belt? Want to make sure we get you there in one piece.

COLE turns back around, smiling at his partner.

MATTHEWS

Given the circumstances, I may find it necessary to drive at speeds which exceed the state limit. I hope that doesn't bother you.

WHITE

Go for it.

EXT. FDR DRIVE - DAY

The car sits in heavy traffic.

WHITE turns from the window, picking up the manila envelope.

He pulls out a thick folder and a CD player, bound with a disk. A file tab reads: CLAY, GLEN. SS# 104-50-4686.

Opening the folder, we see a military PORTRAIT of a young man in full uniform, stapled to the inside cover. A grainy 8 1/2 x 11 sits predominately on top of CENSORED DOCUMENTS.

ANGLE ON PHOTO - CLAY at a GUN SHOW, smiles for the camera as he holds a MACHINE GUN. TWO MEN on either side, give a thumbs-up. A circle is drawn around CLAY in red grease pencil.

EXT. NEW YORK THRUWAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

The car whizzes along the highway, heading north. The Catskills forming on the horizon.

A sign reads, "Exits 24-28 Leatherstocking Region."

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

We push in on WHITE in the backseat, listening to a TAPED PHONE CALL.

CLAY (O.S)

You tell him, I'll come down there  
and straighten it out myself...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

No, that won't be necessary.

CLAY (O.S.)

...Cause if showing up with a  
shotgun in my hand is the only way  
I'm going to move up on his list of  
priorities, that's fine by me.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Now come on Glen.

CLAY (O.S)

Treat me like a nigger and that's  
how I'm going to act.

A BLACK HAND knocks on the window. WHITE jumps.

COLE

(through the glass)

Sure you don't want a drink?

WHITE shakes his head as COLE walks towards a mini-mart.

He turns back to the folder. A MUGSHOT of GLEN CLAY, now completely bald, stares back -- defiant.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

- A dirt field covered with hundreds of SURVEYORS' STAKES, each one topped with dayglow ribbon blowing in the wind.

- A TRACTOR lumbers down a single lane highway, backing up a line of COMMUTER CARS.

- A farmstand closes up for the day. Behind it, a billboard reads "COMING SOON - WALMART, AMERICA'S #1 SUPERSTORE."

- A MAN driving a LARGE MOWER moves in long, shadowed circles over a GOLF COURSE.

- The lights of the GOLDEN ARCHES flickering on against a painted pink sky.

INT. CROWN VIC - LATE AFTERNOON

WHITE stares out the window as the CAR passes a boarded-up MILL.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

POV FROM INSIDE CAR - We turn from a two-lane blacktop onto a one-lane dirt road; the forest coming up to the shoulder.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - DUSK

Just ahead, TWO STATE POLICE CARS and orange cones block a dirt road turn-off. Several NEWS TRUCKS are parked next to a row of NEWS PEOPLE rehearsing in front of their cameras.

A group of tired PROTESTERS stand behind a barricade.

The CAR rolls up as a STATE TROOPER approaches. MATTHEWS holds out his ID. The TROOPER begins moving the cones.

Seeing their new audience, the PROTESTERS lift their signs and push against the barricade, shouting at the passengers.

WHITE studies the crowd. A weathered, quiet-looking FARMER holds up a sign.

*Rebellion to tyrants  
is obedience to God!*

THE FARMER locks eyes with WHITE as the VEHICLE pulls away.

INT. CROWN VIC - DUSK

POV FROM INSIDE CAR - Emergency vehicles and law enforcement trucks line the road as the CROWN VIC creeps up the hill.

THE VEHICLE turns into the driveway of a RUNDOWN CABIN.

Two body-armored MARSHALS, smoke and stare as WHITE steps out of car.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
That him?

WHITE turns to the CABIN as COMMANDER WELLS (56) leans out the front door. He stands tall, but trim, wearing a blue windbreaker, with a head of white buzzed hair.

MATTHEWS  
It's him.

WELLS trots down the driveway, huffing and grumbling.

WELLS  
What kind of schedule are we  
working with here, cause it sure as  
hell isn't mine?

WHITE is distracted by the CROWN VIC, backing out of the driveway.

WELLS  
You want some coffee?

Before WHITE can respond, WELLS heads for a makeshift mess-tent off to the side of the CABIN.

WHITE offers a questioning face back to the TWO MARSHALS.

WHITE  
That's Commander Wells?

SMOKING MARSHAL  
Yes, Sir.

WHITE  
Looks like trouble.

SMOKING MARSHAL  
Trouble for the animals in that  
house, if that's what you mean.

The MARSHAL drops his CIGARETTE, grinding it into the dirt.

INT. MESS TENT - EVENING

WHITE sits at a table. WELLS walks over with coffee and two burritos wrapped in foil.

WELLS  
They're cold, but not half bad.

WHITE  
I'll pass. Thanks.

WHITE scans the rear of the modest CABIN.

WELLS  
Belongs to Flemming, the farmhand  
on the run with Clay and his  
brother.

WELLS downs a full cup of coffee and WINCES.

WELLS  
Before I bring you in there, I want  
you to know something, off the  
record...and I'm not trying to save  
my own ass here. We've gone and  
fucked up this situation enough as  
it is. But as commander of this  
operation, I want to make it clear,  
I do not think it's a good idea you  
going in that house. You go up  
there, there's a damn good chance  
you're not coming back. That's what  
I told Dick from the start.  
(off WHITE's look)  
Dick Muller.

WHITE  
The Associate Director?

WELLS  
We served together way back when.  
It's Dick that wants to see this  
through, so outta respect to him,  
I'm gonna defer. Anyway, that's my  
opinion, whatever that's worth.

WHITE  
Two of your men are dead. Seems  
like enough to me.

WELLS exhales, picking at the foil of his burrito.

WELLS  
You ever tell a woman the daddy of  
her kids is dead?

WHITE  
Can't say that I have.

WELLS

Had to do it twice yesterday. My first time, if you can believe it. Not something I want to do again.

WHITE

(pointed)

Who fucked up, Commander Wells?

WELLS gives him a look and snorts.

WELLS

I won't hold that one against you. It's your job. I fucked up alright? Now I own this shit storm.

(getting up)

You know what you are? You're just the apple in this little piggy's mouth.

(smiling)

Time to meet the firing squad.

INT. FLEMMING'S CABIN - EVENING

WHITE steps inside a stark, three-room cabin -- now a makeshift command center. A GENERATOR hums somewhere outside. Power cords snake across the wooden floor.

THREE MEN and ONE WOMAN sit quietly around an old kitchen table. WELLS brings over WHITE, introducing him around.

WELLS

Michael White, John Devine, FBI's Hostage Recovery Team.

WHITE shakes hands with DEVINE (52) a beefy, barrel-chested man with short blond hair.

WELLS

Gary Callhoun from Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

CALLHOUN (41) looks up from a well-worn notepad and nods.

WELLS

And Joanne Jackson from CID Joanne's got to get back to Washington. I think she just wants to say a few words.

JACKSON (47) African American, sharply dressed in a navy blue suit. She gives WHITE a plastic smile.

WELLS

Oh, and Sheriff Lake, from  
Gloversville. He's known these  
families for years. Sorry, Sheriff.

A nervous SHERIFF LAKE sits away from the table. WHITE makes eye contact as the SHERIFF tries to hide his unease.

JACKSON

Thank you for your help, Mr. White.  
I know the last thing any of us  
wants to see is more bloodshed in a  
re-telling of similar situations  
we've encountered in the past--

WHITE

--I assume you mean Waco?

CALLHOUN shifts in his seat as JACKSON tries to continue.

JACKSON

Yes. Using what we've learned from  
previous experiences we're prepared  
to try an alternative course of  
action, which is why you're here.  
But if I may, Glen Clay has been on  
our radar for some time. You've  
read the files, so you know he's  
been associated with numerous  
members of domestic terrorist  
organizations. In my opinion, that  
should have been enough for us to  
take action long ago. However, we  
could not. We waited for Mr. Clay  
to act and now he has. Not only did  
he break the law then fail to  
appear in court, but he fired the  
opening salvo in a battle that  
killed two of the Commander's men.

She nods to WELLS as the SHERIFF crosses his arms.

JACKSON

Now we know full well you'll be  
reporting on what you see and hear,  
and that's fine by me. We want the  
public to know how we are dealing  
with these situations. But I urge  
you to be careful, not only with  
your own safety, but with the  
opportunity you have been afforded.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Because if you are not the responsible journalist everyone tells me you are, Mr. White, there will be no more opportunities.

(getting up)

I hope I've made my point clear.

WHITE

I think you have.

JACKSON

Commander, Gentleman. Good luck and God bless.

Everyone turns to watch JACKSON leave. The FRONT DOOR slams shut, leaving them in a moment of awkward silence.

WELLS

Alright, John, let's tell him what we've got.

DEVINE walks over to a SATELLITE PHOTO of the FARMHOUSE.

DEVINE

From what we can figure, there's four women and their children inside. Now considering the threats Mrs. Clay's made so far, and our intel on a sizable arsenal, our main concern is the children. There was also a local boy in there, William Miller, who was injured in the shoot-out. We offered medical attention, but they refused. Sheriff thinks he's probably dead by now. The Sheriff was unavailable during the extraction, but was called by Mrs. Clay after the fire-fight. He went in, searched the house and concluded that Glen and his men were not there. At that point, reinforcements arrived and a manhunt was initiated.

WHITE scans the cabin, noticing what appears to be a SHRINE in the corner. A CROSS hangs on the wall. Below it, a framed square of NEEDLEPOINT SCRIPTURE that reads:

*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.*

WHITE pulls at his beard -- a glimmer of fear in his eyes.

INT. FLEMMING'S CABIN - NIGHT

ANGLE - A photo of a FARMER hoisting a BOY onto a tractor.

WHITE stares at the framed picture as the SHERIFF approaches.

SHERIFF LAKE

Flemming's father musta died a couple of years after that was taken. He's been here ever since.

WHITE

And the mother?

SHERIFF LAKE

Run off. Heard the old man beat her til she couldn't take it no more.

DEVINE walks over, holding a LARGE FLASHLIGHT.

DEVINE

Here's what we've agreed to with Mrs. Clay. Once we give the signal, the floodlights will be turned off for exactly five minutes. More than enough time for you to walk up to the house and meet whomever will be coming out on the lawn to greet you. Once your identity has been confirmed, you'll be led inside.

WHITE

Why are we turning off the floodlights?

DEVINE

Because Mrs. Clay demanded it. She's worried about snipers.

WHITE

And what if something goes wrong?

DEVINE

You're to signal with three clicks.

DEVINE clicks the FLASHLIGHT on and off three times. He hands it over to WHITE who repeats the action. DEVINE nods.

CALLHOUN lights a cigarette and exhales. There is an uncomfortable tension in the cabin.

WHITE

So, how long do I get?

WELLS

'Til five p.m. tomorrow.

WHITE

I thought I was getting twenty-four hours?

DEVINE

We want it to be daylight when you walk out of that house. No surprises. If you're not out by 5:15, we're going to assume something's gone wrong.

WHITE

And if for some reason I don't make it back out in time?

DEVINE

Then we'll assess the situation, and if necessary, take the house.

WHITE recoils.

WHITE

But the men are gone. All this... just for some women and children?

WELLS

We don't know where those men are. And I'm sorry if the Sheriff's walk-through does not satisfy my curiosity, especially when I've got a state-wide manhunt going on. Now, we got a fugitive in there, illegal weapons, and a bunch of women threatening our officers. She's lucky we haven't gassed the place as it is.

WHITE

And why haven't you?

DEVINE

Too risky with the children.

CALLHOUN

Sir, I'm the one that brokered this deal. Mrs. Clay's not dumb and she's not crazy. She guaranteed me you wouldn't be harmed--

WELLS

(to CALLHOUN)

--Come on Gary, a guarantee from these people doesn't mean shit.

DEVINE

Relax Jim.

WHITE

Wait, who's in charge here?

DEVINE

(glancing at WELLS)

Well, this is a coordinated effort--

WHITE

--No, I mean, say something were to happen, which of you has the authority to stop this?

WELLS

This isn't some Q and A. You don't like it, just say the word and we'll get you a ride home.

WHITE

Sheriff, you know these people. What do you think?

SHERIFF LAKE

You're in the burned-over district, Mr. White. People up here have always been passionate about their notions, whether that be suffrage or the second coming--

A PHONE rings. CALLHOUN rushes over, grabbing a HEADSET.

CALLHOUN

Mrs. Clay? It's Gary...fine, thank you...yes, I'm sorry. We're a bit behind schedule...Yes, he's here...

WELLS

(leaning in)

We underestimated these folks. Don't you make the same mistake.

Covering his headset, CALLHOUN turns to WHITE.

CALLHOUN

She's waiting, Sir. You ready?

WHITE stares at WELLS, then at the rest of the men. Finally, he nods his head, "yes."

CALLHOUN

Yes, Mrs. Clay, we'd like to send him up...7:20 exactly...No, nothing like that is going to happen--

CALLHOUN pauses, then looks up at WELLS.

CALLHOUN

She hung up.

WELLS

Son-of-a-bitch.  
(into his radio)  
This is IC-1, we're coming out.

WHITE struggles with his jacket zipper, looking a bit pale.

WELLS

You okay?

WHITE

Yeah, I'm fine.

WELLS exits through the back door as WHITE catches THE SHERIFF's gaze. THE SHERIFF nods before averting his eyes.

EXT. FLEMMING'S CABIN - NIGHT

WELLS pauses as WHITE comes through the back door.

An evening MIST hangs in the air. The outlines of rusted farm equipment shine in the moonlight.

Crossing the backyard, they step into a BAND OF TREES.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The MEN walk single file over a worn path. A WHITE GLOW shines from up ahead, giving the trees an alien-like pallor.

Walkie static ECHOES, hinting at a faceless ARMY.

WHITE

Where are they?

WELLS

Everywhere...pretty much.

In the clearing up ahead, we see TWO METAL TOWERS topped by FLOODLIGHTS. Obscured by the branches, they look like medieval war machines.

WHITE stops at the tree-line and stares.

A FARMHOUSE sits on top of the hill, lit up by floodlights.

WELLS

This is as far as I go. Now don't forget the signal...  
 (into his walkie)  
 ...Standby everyone...  
 (back to WHITE)  
 ...Remember, once we hit those lights, you're on your own. Ready?

WHITE nods, trying to muster up his courage.

WELLS

Good luck.  
 (back into the walkie)  
 Alright this is it, and five...four...three...

WELLS motions "GO" as WHITE pulls his knapsack tight against his shoulder and steps out of the brush.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT

Walking a few feet out into the clearing, WHITE stops. He stares out at the open FIELD ahead of him.

ANGLE - WHITE'S BODY, silhouetted in the backlight. His breath visible in the cold air.

He turns back to WELLS, now just a blind spot in the lights.

WHITE

(in a loud whisper)  
 You got any last words of advice?

WELLS' VOICE comes from the darkness.

WELLS

Yeah...watch your ass!

The LIGHTS suddenly shut off, plunging WHITE into darkness.

OVER BLACK

WHITE'S breathing. The rustle of his nylon jacket. The sounds of nervous fidgeting.

The FLASHLIGHT clicks on. The BEAM, reflecting off the moisture in the air, as it moves from side-to-side.

WHITE takes a deep breath and starts walking.

After a few steps, his FOOT brushes against something in the grass. He shines the light down...

ANGLE - A completely camouflaged SNIPER glares up at him.

WHITE jumps and quickly pulls the light away. Trying to catch his breath, he continues on.

After a moment, he drops near a bush. Dry heaves. Wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

Out in the darkness, we hear a distant GRUMBLING, almost a HOWL. WHITE shines his light. Nothing. He walks faster now.

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE WOODS - SAME

WELLS tracks WHITE through NIGHT VISION binoculars.

BINOCULARS' POV - A HUMAN SHAPE and the FLASHLIGHT'S SPOT flaring in DAY-GLO green.

EXT. PASTURE - NIGHT

The FLASHLIGHT focuses on a worn path leading up the hill.

WHITE passes an OLD TOOL SHED. He sweeps his beam across it.

Up ahead, we see THE FARMHOUSE, a dim glow coming from the blanket-covered windows.

Suddenly, a very LARGE MAN appears behind WHITE.

Before he can react, the HULKING FIGURE lunges forward. A HAND covers WHITE's mouth, the other grabbing his FLASHLIGHT.

LARGE MAN

Make a sound and I'll kill you.

WHITE nods. The LARGE MAN pulls his hand away.

LARGE MAN

Hands behind your back.

WHITE complies as a plastic ZIP-TIE is pulled tight around his wrists and a CANVAS BAG thrown over his head.

WHITE  
(muffled whisper)  
Sir, I was promised I wouldn't be  
harmed!

LARGE MAN  
Shut up and get ready to run.

WHITE  
What?

THE LARGE MAN clicks off the FLASHLIGHT.

LARGE MAN  
MOVE!

CAMERA'S POV - The frame jerking back and forth as we're  
pushed across the grass.

EXT. TREE LINE - SAME

BINOCULARS' POV - The FLASHLIGHT'S BEAM shutting off as two  
illuminated FIGURES now run across the lawn.

WELLS  
What the hell?

BACK TO THE PASTURE

CAMERA'S POV - The sound of heavy breathing as we stumble.  
Get back up. Run even faster.

BACK TO THE TREE LINE

BINOCULARS' POV - The illuminated FIGURES suddenly disappear  
as we scan back and forth, searching across the lawn.

WELLS  
(into his mike)  
Someone get those lights back on!

THE PASTURE

CAMERA'S POV - The CREAK of WOOD and METAL as we are pushed  
face first into the DARKNESS.

THE TREE LINE

A FLOODLIGHT in one of the TOWERS turns on -- filling the  
frame with an intense white light.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - A flaring match, lighting an oil lamp.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The lamp brightens to reveal WHITE sitting on a cot in an UNDERGROUND ROOM. The canvas bag still covers his head.

WHITE  
Where are we? We're underground  
aren't we?

THE LARGE MAN pulls WHITE to his feet and spins him around. He cuts the zip-tie binding his wrists.

WHITE  
Who are you?  
(more silence)  
Answer me!

THE LARGE MAN spins WHITE back around and pulls off his HOOD.

LARGE MAN  
(fingers to his lips)  
Shhh.

Grabbing WHITE'S KNAPSACK, he tosses the FBI'S FOLDER across the floor. The sweatshirt, notepad and pills are dumped out as well.

WHITE  
There's nothing in the bag, man!

THE LARGE MAN turns and lunges at WHITE, ripping the coat from his body, lifting his shirt, rubbing his legs.

WHITE  
Take it easy! I'm not wearing a  
wire. I'm not stupid--

He pulls out a RECORDER from WHITE'S JACKET, glaring at him.

WHITE  
Now wait, it's a recorder, okay?

THE LARGE MAN raises the DEVICE, threatening to SMASH it.

WHITE  
It's for the interview!

Eyeing WHITE, he slips the recorder into his pocket. WHITE stares at him, getting his first good look at THE LARGE MAN.

WHITE  
 (grabbing his arm)  
 Wait...you're Flemming aren't you?

FLEMMING grabs WHITE'S HAND, twisting it away.

FLEMMING  
 Don't you touch me!

A VOICE comes from the other side of the room.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 That's enough, Robert!

Both MEN turn to PATIENCE CLAY (31) standing in the doorway. She wears a white cotton housedress and dungarees with her chestnut hair tied up in a bun.

As she crosses the room, her wide eyes and soft features betray her authority.

PATIENCE  
 Mr. White.

WHITE  
 Hello, Mrs. Clay.

PATIENCE  
 Are you okay?

WHITE  
 Yes, I think so.

PATIENCE  
 Robert, I'd like a few minutes  
 alone with our guest.

FLEMMING is hesitant.

PATIENCE  
 Don't worry, I'm sure Mr. White  
 means no harm.

PATIENCE smiles at WHITE.

FLEMMING  
 Pat, I'm just on the other side of  
 that door.  
 (to WHITE)  
 Try anything and you're a dead man.

FLEMMING crosses the room and closes the door behind him.

PATIENCE

I should apologize for Robert. He gets a little skittish sometimes. He didn't want to open the front door, felt it might be a trap. I think this whole experience has been quite trying on him. Robert's a fragile man.

WHITE

Mrs. Clay, I was under the impression there were five of you here, five plus the children.

PATIENCE

Six counting Robert.

WHITE

There aren't any others, correct?

PATIENCE

No.

WHITE

Because I'm not going to lie to you. You're surrounded by a small army out there and I'm sure they'd like nothing more, than for you folks to give them the excuse they need to come blasting in here. Not that they need much provoking.

PATIENCE notices the PHOTOGRAPHS strewn about the floor.

PATIENCE

I'd like it if you just called me Pat.

WHITE

Considering Mr. Flemming's actions, I'd feel much more comfortable if you talked to Mr. Callhoun.

PATIENCE

Yes, they've been calling non-stop since you arrived, but I wanted to come down and see you first.

WHITE

Then you'll talk to them? Please Pat.

Ignoring him, she picks up a photo of CLAY from the floor.

PATIENCE  
Where did you get this?

WHITE  
From the FBI.

PATIENCE  
Do you trust the FBI.

WHITE  
I don't trust anyone.

PATIENCE lets the PHOTO drop onto the cot.

WHITE  
Pat is short for Patience?

PATIENCE  
I don't know. I've never met  
another Patience. Have you?

WHITE  
I don't think so. It's a very  
pretty name.

PATIENCE  
(averting her eyes)  
Thank you.

Another long silence. WHITE is made uncomfortable by it.

PATIENCE  
Well, we have you for the next  
twenty-four hours, is that right?

WHITE  
I'm supposed to leave at five.

PATIENCE  
They mentioned that. We'll just  
have to use your time here wisely.  
I need to go upstairs, but I'll be  
back soon and we can get started.

PATIENCE walks across the room. Reaching the door, she turns  
back to WHITE, locking eyes with him.

PATIENCE  
You look different than I remember.

WHITE  
Excuse me?

PATIENCE

From the television. We always liked it when you were a guest on those Sunday morning news shows. That was a real treat for us. We'd be late for church sometimes, cause Glen, he'd just drop everything, and I mean you could really get him worked up, right up into the screen practically. He's the one you should be talking to, not me.

WHITE

(a comforting smiling)  
I'm sure you'll do just fine.

PATIENCE

(smiling in response)  
Thank you.

PATIENCE closes the door as WHITE continues to stare at the spot where she just stood -- disarmed by their exchange.

He begins picking his things up off the floor, including the PHOTO, PATIENCE was looking at.

ANGLE - The same picture of CLAY holding up the MACHINE GUN. We now recognize one of the MEN with him as FLEMMING.

WHITE lowers himself onto the cot. Looking around the room, we see the dirt walls are lined with shelves of bottled water, canned food and dry goods.

Grabbing his pad, WHITE starts jotting down his notes. As he writes the name PATIENCE, he hears a strange RUSTLING coming from the corner of the room.

WHITE gets up, shining his lantern towards the NOISE. It seems to be emanating from a METAL VENT in the wall.

As the RUSTLING becomes more frantic, WHITE'S anxiety grows until he finally knocks on the BUNKER DOOR.

WHITE

Mr. Flemming? Are you there?

There's no response as WHITE knocks again. Finally, he opens the door, just wide enough to peek his head through.

ANGLE - A CHAIR sits against the WALL -- empty.

With a lantern in hand, WHITE cautiously steps into the hall.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

WHITE'S POV - An EARTHEN HALLWAY lit by lanterns. A SLIDING DOOR sits at the far end.

WHITE  
Mr. Flemming?

He hears the RUSTLING again -- much clearer now, coming from the other end of the tunnel.

WHITE'S POV - Devoid of any lights, this side fades into darkness.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Glancing over his shoulder, WHITE begins walking down the dark passageway. He stops at a WOODEN DOOR, pushing it open.

INT. SECOND STORAGE ROOM - SAME

A ROOM slightly larger than his own, lined with supplies. Set against the wall are FOUR COTS and a BUNK BED. Moving in closer, we notice the beds are lined with sheets and pillows.

Something metallic in the corner, catches WHITE'S eye.

ANGLE - A GUN RACK holding a trove of serious looking WEAPONS including a few AUTOMATIC RIFLES. Next to it -- a shelf overstocked with boxes upon boxes of AMMUNITION.

Backing out of the room, WHITE closes the door behind him.

INT. TUNNEL - HALLWAY - SAME

WHITE continues to creep down the dark hallway. The RUSTLING, coming from this direction.

The TUNNEL begins to narrow as WHITE is force to crouch against the low ceiling. The noise is much LOUDER now.

After a few more steps, WHITE holds up his lantern to reveal -  
- A DEAD END. A dirt wall, pocked with shovel marks.

At his feet, a BIRD flutters violently on the ground. Its wing broken as a BARNCAT swats it back and forth.

As the CAT darts through WHITE'S legs, he turns to find a GUN pointed at him from the darkness.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Don't shoot! There was a noise.

FLEMMING steps out of the shadow, glaring at him.

FLEMMING  
Go back where you came from.

WHITE  
Sorry...yes, of course.

WHITE maneuvers around FLEMMING and starts down the TUNNEL. Behind him, we hear a LOUD STOMP as the RUSTLING ceases.

INT. BUNKER - SAME

WHITE sits back down on the cot. After a moment, FLEMMING enters. He sets a PLATE OF FOOD down on a small table and begins praying as WHITE watches him.

Finally he raises his head and begins to eat.

WHITE  
Mr. Flemming, that tool shed I passed, is that how we got down here?

WHITE waits for a response, but is only met with silence.

WHITE  
What about the tunnel? Where was that supposed to lead?

FLEMMING shifts in his seat, trying to concentrate on his food. WHITE gets up and cautiously approaches the table.

WHITE  
Is there a reason you won't talk to me?

FLEMMING looks up, motioning to PATIENCE'S VOICE in the hall.

FLEMMING  
She did what you asked.

WHITE looks over as PATIENCE steps inside. She holds the hand of a YOUNG BOY while balancing a CELLPHONE against her ear.

PATIENCE  
(into the phone)  
You can speak with him in a minute.  
...Yes, I'm looking right at him...

She nods to WHITE.

PATIENCE

...cause I'm asking about you right now, Gary. Is this something you've been trained to do...to negotiate?

Uncomfortable, WHITE looks to FLEMMING then back to PATIENCE.

PATIENCE

Well, it's a good thing I'm not trying to jump off a building... Cause if I needed you to talk me out of it, I'd be in a lot of trouble, wouldn't I?

She tosses the phone to WHITE.

PATIENCE

They want to talk to you.

WHITE

(into the phone)  
Hello...No, no trouble, I'm okay--

PATIENCE

--That's enough.

WHITE

I think she wants me to--

PATIENCE

--Hang up.

FLEMMING rises menacingly from his seat.

PATIENCE

Hang up now, Mr. White!

WHITE ends the call. FLEMMING lowers himself back down.

PATIENCE

Funny thing about that phone. They sent it up to the house with this little robot. And it just knocked on the door and gave it to me with its little robot hand.

(to the BOY)

Isn't that right, Patrick?

PATRICK

It was a real robot and everything!

PATIENCE

(smiling at the BOY)  
Patrick, this is Mr. White.

WHITE  
Hello Patrick.

PATRICK  
Are you a friend of my Mom and  
Dad's?

WHITE looks up to PATIENCE. She nods with a slight smile.

WHITE  
Yes...Yes, I am. You think we can  
be friends, too?

A bit unsure, PATRICK nods slowly before pulling away from his mother and running across the room.

PATIENCE  
Now you be careful.

WHITE and PATIENCE watch the BOY play for a bit.

WHITE  
Mrs. Clay, am I being kept down  
here against my will?

PATIENCE  
(glancing at FLEMMING)  
No.

WHITE  
Then could we go upstairs? I'd like  
to get a feel for what's going on.

PATIENCE  
Of course.

EXT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

PATRICK leads PATIENCE down the hall as WHITE follows behind.

WHITE  
These rooms are quite impressive.

PATIENCE  
Glen had engineering experience  
from the Army. His daddy started  
the first one in the 50's for  
storage, then Glen and the boys  
spent about a year fixing 'em up.

PATIENCE slides open a door that leads into a ROOT CELLAR. A section of shelves lay to the side that hid the entrance.

She picks up PATRICK as they climb a rickety STAIRCASE.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WHITE walks through a country kitchen. A POT sits on a stove.

He follows PATIENCE through a swinging door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

WHITE steps into the room. Light from the TOWERS outside, creep around quilts hung in the windows, giving the room a church-like glow.

He glances over at a BOY (19) with a heavily bandaged face, lying on a cot. A pretty RED-HEADED GIRL, around the same age, shakes out a thermometer. She looks at him and smiles.

A YOUNG WOMAN, (26) with a face full of freckles and a do-rag on her head, enters from across the room. Startled by WHITE'S appearance, she almost drops her basket of laundry.

PATIENCE

Marybeth, say hello to Mr. White.

MARYBETH looks him over -- as if shocked he actually came.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Marybeth's my sister-in-law.

MARYBETH

Hello.

WHITE starts to walk toward her.

PATIENCE

I wouldn't get too close to the windows, if I were you. The blankets will keep out the light, but they won't stop bullets. Come I want you to meet Joanne.

Avoiding the windows, PATIENCE and WHITE approach an OLDER WOMAN (69) sitting in a chair.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

This is our neighbor, Joanne Sammons.

JOANNE looks up from her leather-bound BIBLE.

PATIENCE

Joanne, this is the man from the newspaper I told you about.

(to WHITE)

Her family had one of the biggest dairy farms in the state once.

WHITE

Hello, Mrs. Sammons.

JOANNE

My husband and son are dead.

WHITE

Yes, I know...I'm very sorry.

JOANNE grabs WHITE'S hand, pulling him close. She stares into his face.

JOANNE

No, there's no sympathy in his eyes, Pat.

WHITE pulls away as JOANNE releases her grip.

PATIENCE

He's probably just thinking about the wives and children of the dead Marshals.

WHITE nods as JOANNE goes back to her reading.

MARYBETH

You hungry? I can fix you a plate.

WHITE

Don't go out of your way.

MARYBETH

No bother, it's already made.

PATIENCE gestures to the dining table as they sit. WHITE stares at the WOUNDED BOY.

WHITE

Is that William?

PATIENCE

Yes.

WHITE

The Sheriff didn't think he'd make it through the first night.

PATIENCE  
The Sheriff was wrong.

WHITE  
Maybe he should be in a hospital.

PATIENCE  
He's in good hands. Isn't he Stacy?

STACY, the young girl attending to WILLIAM, musters a smile.

STACY  
I think his fever is going down.

MARYBETH sets down a plate of food as PATIENCE grabs PATRICK up off the floor.

PATIENCE  
Bedtime, sweetie.

PATRICK  
Noooo.

PATIENCE  
(handing him to MARYBETH)  
Now be a big boy. I'll be up soon.

PATIENCE motions towards WHITE'S plate.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I hope you're not a  
vegetarian or something.

WHITE  
(digging in)  
Far from it.

PATIENCE  
Of course you're not.  
(smiling)  
You're not the type.

WHITE  
What do you mean?

PATIENCE  
I guess someone who's a vegetarian  
would've bought into a formulated  
belief system of some kind.

WHITE  
I'm not sure I understand.

PATIENCE

That's because you don't buy into anything, do you?

PATIENCE studies WHITE, as if he were an animal on display.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

You're a Jew, is that right?

WHITE

I am.

PATIENCE

Don't worry, mine is not a heart filled with hate, for Jews or for people of any persuasion.

WHITE

Does your husband share your beliefs?

PATIENCE

You're one of the chosen. That must be a source of great comfort.

WHITE

Not really. The supernatural is not my forte.

PATIENCE

I didn't think so.

WHITE

(a self-conscious laugh)  
You have an awful lot of opinions about me, don't you, Mrs. Clay?

PATIENCE

(laughing with him)  
Well, I didn't pick your name out of a hat. You always seemed like a fair person, even on the TV. You knew there were two sides to every story. I admire that.

WHITE

A blessing and a curse.

They nod and smile in mutual agreement

WHITE

(pointing with his fork)  
By the way, this is very good.

PATIENCE gets up, heading toward the kitchen.

PATIENCE  
Better save room for dessert.

EXT. CORRAL - NIGHT

A small cluster of BLACK COWS jostle by a trough. One of the COWS moos deeply, unnerved by someone moving in the corral.

TREE LINE

The same scene, now as a long shot in B&W THERMAL IMAGING -- A number of LARGE WHITE FORMS stand in the corral. We sense hidden movement amongst them, but nothing more.

WELLS pulls down his binoculars, keying into his mike.

WELLS  
Someone get Devine up here.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Already on his way, copy.

INT. KITCHEN - TABLE - SAME

We pan up from an empty dessert plate to WHITE, jotting down quotes on his notepad. PATIENCE sits across from him.

PATIENCE  
The real issue is we live in a country that puts the free market before human capital. And free markets, they can't measure quality-of-life. An actual living wage, a roof over your head, a home-cooked meal.  
(off WHITE's nodding)  
You want some tea? I only have herbal, though.

PATIENCE gets up as WHITE puts his dirty plate in the sink.

WHITE  
Please, I have enough trouble sleeping as it is. I will say you are very well informed for not having a TV or computer.

PATIENCE

Been almost a year. For a while, I was obsessed with reportage, but what I found was an amazing redundancy in our media. No, we've changed the channel, to the only source of information we need.

WHITE

And what about a culture that doesn't read the Bible?

PATIENCE

Culture from cultivate, as in to cultivate the land. To become close to God, by studying his textbook on earth, which is nature. And from nature, we draw our sustenance.

As PATIENCE reaches into a cabinet next to him, WHITE notices a GOLD CROSS dangling against her bare neck.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

You're not interested in a bunch of Christian theology, are you?

WHITE

(looking up)

I'm...I'm interested in whatever you want to tell me.

PATIENCE flushes, having caught WHITE, staring at her.

WHITE (CONT'D)

So, I assume you went to college?

PATIENCE

(quieting)

Major in Economics, minor in History.

WHITE

Ah...And where was that?

PATIENCE

Binghamton.

WHITE

Did a lecture there once. Good school. Now history, I love. Economics, not so much.

PATIENCE

(brightening)

Oh, I'm fascinated by it. The sociology. The behaviors. Like the stock market or gambling. Try as we might, we just can't separate ourselves from our emotions.

PATIENCE pauses at the relevance of her words. She looks up.

WHITE

(staring back at her)

It's what makes us human.

She nods, lost in thought. WHITE watches her for a moment, before returning to the table to grab his note pad.

WHITE

I'm curious, have you ever found it difficult reconciling your faith with other aspects of your life?

PATIENCE

You mean how can a college educated girl like myself buy into such a bible-thumping mumbo--

WHITE

--That's not what I meant.

PATIENCE

It's what you were thinking. Yes, there were times when my faith wasn't as strong, like in college, ...when I looked at the world differently. But honestly, I didn't like what I was seeing.

PATIENCE pours his tea and sits.

PATIENCE

(pointed)

Religion doesn't kill people. People kill people. Belief is what helped humans to survive. It's what brought groups together who weren't kin. It's what enabled us to evolve into cooperative societies. Without it, we're just mindless consumers, searching for our next hamburger. Or looking for that bigger car or just seeing what's on TV. That's no way to live.

As PATIENCE moves closer, WHITE pauses his note-taking. We can't tell if she's proselytizing or truly connecting, but he's swayed regardless.

PATIENCE

At some point, Michael, you have to start believing...in something. I like to believe, it makes me feel...good.

WHITE blushes at the depth of his reaction as PATIENCE, embarrassed as well, retreats to the sink.

PATIENCE

I'm sorry, I get carried away sometimes. You tried to ask me before about my husband.

WHITE

Yes...if you wouldn't mind.  
(hesitant)  
His association with Aryan Nations.

PATIENCE

(now washing dishes)  
Tch, he's not involved with those people.

WHITE

He's believed to be a member.

PATIENCE

My husband goes to gun shows to buy and sell guns. That element is always there, recruiting, sharing their ideas. And Glen, he'll talk politics with just about anyone, but as far as him joining a group like that, it'd never happen. He wouldn't join a bowling league. Glen's not a joiner.

WHITE

He joined the army, didn't he?

PATIENCE

That's not fair.

WHITE

They have tapes you know. Conversations between your husband and an undercover ATF agent. It's not easy to listen to.

PATIENCE

There's no limit to how far these people are willing to go, is there? My husband was a different man back then. He's changed...quite a bit.

WHITE stares at PATIENCE with both admiration and pity.

WHITE

How long have you know Glen?

PATIENCE

Since high school. We dated on and off.

WHITE glances out the BACK KITCHEN WINDOW.

ANGLE - The FLOODLIGHT'S throw on the FARMHOUSE, creating long black shadows over the backyard.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Then I went to school, and he went into the military...

POV FROM BACKYARD - We pull back on WHITE staring out the window, slowly moving past a MAN standing out on the lawn.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Things didn't get serious till I came home and Glen got back from Iraq, when his dad died.

ANGLE ON MAN - A YOUNG GLEN CLAY (25) stands, dressed in a ill-fitting BLACK SUIT with an army issue buzz-cut. He stares down at the ground, his face filled with distress.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

In the deep background, a FIGURE exits the back door of the FARMHOUSE and begins walking towards us.

PATIENCE

Glen? Glen, you okay?

Emerging from the FLOODLIGHT'S silhouette, we recognize the FIGURE as a young PATIENCE, also dressed in black.

CLAY

I just needed some air.

PATIENCE

You want to come back inside?

CLAY  
Not just yet.

PATIENCE looks into his eyes with a comforting smile.

PATIENCE  
Give me your hand.  
(off CLAY's hesitation)  
Come on...now give it.

CLAY reaches out as PATIENCE wraps his arm in hers.

INT. PASTURE - NIGHT

PATIENCE and CLAY walk together in the moonlight.

From a thatch of WOODS comes the repeating WHISTLE of a BIRD.

CLAY steps dead in his tracks. After a moment, he exhales and blinks as if he's just come out of a trance.

PATIENCE  
You alright?

CLAY  
You hear that? It's a  
whippoorwill...

CLAY looks over to the sound, lost in his own thoughts.

CLAY  
...I just had this flash of him,  
sitting 'round a fire one year when  
he took us hunting. Danny had read  
that if you heard it's whistle, it  
meant someone was gonna die, but  
Dad and Uncle Frank, they liked  
what the Mohegans believed...that  
the whippoorwill was one of the  
Gods of the night that helped make  
the moon. And cause of the way the  
moon rises over the pasture, they  
called the farm, Whippoorwill.

PATIENCE  
That's nice. I like that.

A long silence. CLAY drops his head.

CLAY  
I shoulda stayed Patty. Daddy  
needed me here and I left him. I  
was over there. For what?  
(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)  
For nothing. Running the farm by  
himself. That's what killed him.

Eyes welling up, CLAY turns away, embarrassed.

PATIENCE  
If you're gonna talk like that we  
can go back right now, I mean it.

CLAY wipes his eyes with a slight chuckle.

CLAY  
Thank you, Patty...really.

PATIENCE  
For what?

CLAY  
For being here with me...with us.  
(shaking his head)  
You know ever since I've been home,  
I got this feeling, like I lost  
something...

CLAY turns to PATIENCE, now with a knowing smile.

CLAY  
...Something I gotta get back.

PATIENCE is caught in CLAY'S gaze as he leans in close -- and  
kisses her tenderly.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

PATIENCE now sits in a chair opposite WHITE.

PATIENCE  
I never thought Glen would be the  
type of person I'd marry. All the  
girls liked him, but he was lacking  
in a few categories.

WHITE  
Such as?

PATIENCE  
Maturity, sense of self. But that  
week we buried his father, it was  
like I was meeting someone new.  
Something profound was happening.  
He was finding his way back...to  
the farm, to his family...  
(MORE)

PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
(mourning over her loss)  
...to his faith.

A faraway COMMOTION outside interrupts their conversation.

PATIENCE snatches her SHOTGUN and flanks the window. She peels back a blanket and listens, light pouring in.

Someone yells "FREEZE" in the distance.

PATIENCE  
(eyes locked outside)  
Michael, would you go get Robert?

Outside, leaves RUSTLE. Something or someone is moving through the BRUSH.

PATIENCE  
Now, please!

PATIENCE takes off for LIVING ROOM as WHITE pulls open the cellar door. He freezes at the sound of her shouting, before running toward her VOICE.

WHITE rushes into the LIVING ROOM. MARYBETH cowers on the stairs while JOANNE shields STACY in the corner.

WHITE looks toward the FRONT DOOR -- now wide open.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

WHITE steps into the FLOODLIGHT'S glare, shielding his eyes.

REVERSE POV - A harsh WHITE LIGHT fills the frame.

PATIENCE (O.S.)  
...I swear I will shoot you!

VOICE (O.S.)  
Ma'am. Put the gun down!

At the edge of the wrap-around PORCH, WHITE finds PATIENCE, locked in a standoff with TWO TACTICAL COMMANDOS. They crouch by the side of the house, guns raised.

WHITE  
Stop it! Please!

The second COMMANDO swings his gun onto WHITE who already has his hands up high.

COMMANDO #2  
Tell her to put the gun down now!

As the MEN start to advance, WHITE looks back to PATIENCE. With his hands still in the air, he STEPS in front of her.

WHITE  
Pat, stay behind me!  
(to the MEN)  
What the hell are you doing here?

COMMANDO #2  
Someone saw movement outside the house!  
(in his hand mike)  
Stand down, stand down.

PATIENCE  
It was probably a damn deer!

WHITE  
Stay with me, Pat!

WHITE starts to edge along the PORCH, back towards the door.

WHITE  
(to the MEN)  
You tell Wells, I'm doing what I came here to do, which is get these people out alive!

WHITE has almost inched his way to the door now. From the corner of his eye, he spies FLEMMING behind a window, gun up.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
You go tell him that. Right now!

Moving in front of the open door, PATIENCE steps back inside. WHITE does the same as he slams the DOOR and throws the LOCK.

With shallow breaths, WHITE rests his head against the door.

PATIENCE  
(to everyone)  
It's okay. We're alright. Stacy, go check on the babies, please make sure they're still asleep.

PATIENCE puts a hand on WHITE's shoulder, trying to calm him. He glances over at her hand.

PATIENCE  
You alright?

FLEMMING watches them, eyeing WHITE suspiciously.

FLEMMING

I don't like it, Pat. They send him  
in here and then they do that!

ANGLE - The FBI's cellphone RINGS.

Snatching the PHONE off the mantle, FLEMMING smashes it in  
the fireplace.

WHITE

Don't! What are you doing?

FLEMMING turns back around, his RIFLE now leveled at WHITE.

FLEMMING

They send him here to trick us!

PATIENCE

Stop it Robert!

FLEMMING

(To WHITE)

Open that door and get out.

Marching toward FLEMMING, PATIENCE grabs the RIFLE, trying to  
wrestle it from his hands. Surprised by her aggression, he  
lets go as she stumbles back -- but now holding the RIFLE.

FLEMMING (CONT'D)

Gimme the gun Pat--

PATIENCE

--You know why he's here. Now he  
stays!

WHITE

If they really were trying to take  
this house, there would be a lot  
more than just two men out there.

PATIENCE

He's right. Now why don't you go  
get some sleep, before your watch.

FLEMMING walks over and takes hold of the RIFLE, waiting for  
PATIENCE to let go. As she finally concedes, he glares at  
WHITE before storming out of the room.

PATIENCE

I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that.  
(off WHITE's silence)  
If you'd rather stop for a bit.

WHITE  
(glancing at his watch)  
No, please, we should keep going.

PATIENCE  
(noticing his hand)  
You're shaking.

WHITE  
Guess I'm not used to this much excitement.

PATIENCE  
I'm sure that's not true. You must have seen it all. Iraq, Palestine, Afghanistan?

WHITE  
All the hot spots.

PATIENCE  
Oh, I would think it's quite fascinating.

WHITE  
(breaking a smile)  
I'm sure you would.

PATIENCE walks over to the FIREPLACE as WHITE follows. She loses herself for a moment, caught in the hypnotic flicker.

PATIENCE  
I should thank you. You could have been killed out there.

WHITE is silent.

PATIENCE  
You're not married, are you?

WHITE  
No.

PATIENCE  
Why not?

WHITE  
Well, not for lack of want.

PATIENCE  
Children?

WHITE  
Someday.

PATIENCE

I'm sure you'll find a nice girl.  
Someone to go on all your  
adventures with...  
(a distant smile)

WHITE stares at PATIENCE as if trying to unmask her intentions. Feeling his eyes, PATIENCE pulls herself from the flames. She turns, holding his gaze.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

You don't remember me, do you?

WHITE is confused.

PATIENCE

Binghamton. Your lecture. I was  
working for the events department.  
I drove you back and forth. I even  
walked you to your hotel after  
dinner. Though I think you might  
have had a bit too much to drink.

WHITE is frozen, his face still trying to process the shock.

WHITE

My God--

PATIENCE

--and don't worry, I was the one  
who made a pass at you. Well, not a  
pass really, but for me it  
was...out of character.

PATIENCE looks at WHITE's hand, her eyes travelling up to his face.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

But you were very sweet, you wished  
me good night and...that was it.

WHITE

Patience, I...I can't believe this.  
(rubbing his forehead)  
Do you have any idea? If the FBI  
knew or if someone found out we'd--

PATIENCE

--You think I care what the FBI  
thinks?

WHITE

But this is my job we're talking  
about...my reputation!

PATIENCE

Was it your job to go out there and risk your life...for us?

She turns back to the FIRE, her voice cracking as she tries to keep her composure.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

It's funny because, you didn't say anything profound or make some gesture I'd never forget. You didn't do anything. That's the point.

WHITE

I don't understand.

PATIENCE

I am not a fickle woman, Michael, and this is not some celebrity crush. I called you...because I knew you were a decent person. That I could trust you. Not that you'd be inclined to sympathize, that's not what I was looking for, just someone who was decent. I thought if we had that...then we at least had a fighting chance.

She wipes her eyes, back in control as WHITE looks at her.

WHITE

What do you want from me?

PATIENCE

(pointed)

I want you to ask me another question.

She drops into her chair, waiting for WHITE to do the same.

PATIENCE

Whatever you want I'll tell you.

WHITE flips through his notepad. He gives her a long last look as she holds his gaze -- almost daring him to continue.

WHITE

Okay then - the standoff. Your husband, he fired the first shot, correct?

PATIENCE hesitates.

PATIENCE

You managed to ask the one question I can't answer. I could see them from up here, but not who fired first. But, I know my husband, he wouldn't...as God is my witness.

WHITE

He was angry with the government-

PATIENCE

-Of course he was-

WHITE

-over the loss of the farm?

PATIENCE

Sure, but that's not what started it.

WHITE

You mean his resentment?

PATIENCE

The War, it was lot tougher on him than he'd admit. He realized it was about the oil, but it was the mismanagement on the ground that made it even worse. He took to calling himself a "soldier of fortune." That's what really started it.

WHITE

(knowingly)

War can be a very frustrating experience.

PATIENCE

It was nothing compared to the mess back home. You know anything about running a farm?

WHITE

I do not.

PATIENCE

With a farm, as long as you can keep producing, you qualify for the subsidies. The government helps to keep you alive cause they have to, but you're on life support. When Glen's daddy died, he inherited a five-figure nightmare, a death tax.

(MORE)

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Most family farms can't recover from a hit like that. But we scrimped and borrowed. It even looked like we were gonna make it, but when milk prices crashed, there was no saving us.

WHITE

Crashed?

PATIENCE

Market manipulation by a greedy few. So it was sell off or sell out.

WHITE

Sell off, you mean the land?

PATIENCE

Not at first, first you cut whatever you could live without. They kept on after us, but Glen, he wasn't going down without a fight.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Walking up the porch stairs, PATIENCE pauses at the echo of a GUNSHOT and turns, staring uneasily at the MEN in the grass.

OPEN FIELD

Another GUNSHOT. WILLIAM lies on his stomach, looking through a rifle scope. CLAY kneels, peering through binoculars.

CLAY

Looks like you pulled the last one.

DANNY (28), wearing a mechanics jumpsuit stands behind them. He's shorter, a little thicker than his brother, GLEN.

DANNY

That Terry can shoot like a son of a bitch.

CLAY

Watch the language Daniel.

DANNY

But Patty went inside.

CLAY

I don't care.

WILL  
 (handing over the gun)  
 How much do I owe you for the  
 rounds, Glen?

CLAY  
 You help Robert turn that hay on  
 Saturday, we'll call it even.

DANNY  
 You're lucky if you get him out of  
 the trailer. He's got himself a  
 date with Stacy Ferguson.  
 (teasing)  
 If the trailers a rocking, don't  
 come a knocking...

CLAY  
 I hear about any funny business and  
 it's back home to mama, you got me?

WILL  
 Yes, sir.

CLAY  
 Why don't you bring that girl up to  
 the house on Friday for some bible  
 talk, and we'll have a nice dinner.

WILL nods as CLAY turns to a MAN waving from the driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLAY approaches JOHN GRECO (40's) leaning against a PICKUP.  
 GRECO wears dungarees and a short sleeve shirt with a tie.

DANNY and WILL hover behind CLAY.

GRECO  
 Glen, Boys...  
 (exhaling)  
 ...I had a sitdown with Councilman  
 Greene yesterday. I gotta be  
 honest, it's not good. You don't  
 have many options here.

CLAY snorts.

GRECO  
 Just give them the goddamn land.

CLAY

I'd appreciate if you didn't use that kinda language around here.

GRECO

Armstrong said he recommended you do the same. Give it to 'em now, they'll give you fair market. You know you'll get less if you don't.

CLAY looks out over the land, staring at a LARGE TREE.

CLAY

You see that big maple out there? How it just stands all alone, nothing to protect it from the wind, nothing to keep it upright, except for one thing...it's roots.

GRECO

You want to talk roots? You think your father would be proud, you acting like this? If it was him, this woulda been settled months ago. He wasn't no fool.

Gritting his teeth, CLAY stares at the RIFLE in his hands.

CLAY

If it was a school or a hospital, heck even a landfill it'd be a different story, but remind me, what is it again you're building?

GRECO shakes his head.

CLAY

(a simmering smile)  
That's right...a corporate park.

GRECO

You know we need this!

CLAY

Except you want to take part of my farm to do it...And for what? For some road no less, and I ain't got no say in it!

Unable to contain his rage, CLAY points his gun at GRECO.

CLAY

Get off my land John, before I do something I don't want to do...

GRECO glares at him, not moving. In response, CLAY raises his gun, just above the MAN'S HEAD and FIRES.

CLAY

Now!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A LOG pops in the FIREPLACE. PATIENCE stokes the coals.

PATIENCE

We tried holding them off, but it was like a dam breaking. We had no choice. Having to sell the land, that just pushed him over the edge.

WHITE

What do you mean over the edge?

PATIENCE

I'm not gonna say he's crazy, but I will say this, when a man like Glen who's honest and hardworking, who tries to do the right things in life, when that man can't support his family anymore, he's broken. Some men will just lay down, but men like Glen, they'll do just about anything to keep what little dignity they have left. Now I don't agree with all that's happened, but I am not gonna stand back and let them take the rest of him.

A LOUD THUD comes from upstairs. PATIENCE looks to the ceiling.

WHITE

Everything okay?

Another THUD...as PATIENCE slowly rises from her chair.

PATIENCE

Marybeth?

MARYBETH pushes through the swinging door.

MARYBETH

Yeah?

She freezes as they look up to the sound of FOOTSTEPS now moving across the ceiling.

MARYBETH  
Someone's upstairs!

PATIENCE  
It's probably just the children.  
(scanning the room)  
Stacy!

STACY (O.S.)  
Right here!

STACY peers up from behind a table.

PATIENCE  
Where's Joanne?

STACY  
She's asleep.

MARYBETH  
Maybe they're on the roof!

PATIENCE  
Shhh!

They listen in silence. Nothing.

MARYBETH  
I'm gonna get Robert.

PATIENCE  
No! I'll go.

WHITE  
(grabbing a lantern)  
I'm going with you.

PATIENCE grabs a shotgun by the front door.

PATIENCE  
Oh no, this time your staying here.  
(chambering a round)  
I'll be right back.

PATIENCE rushes up the stairs and into the DARKNESS. WHITE looks to the others before heading up after her.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

WHITE stands ALONE in the hallway.

WHITE  
 (whispering)  
 Mrs. Clay?

A SOUND comes from behind a door. He moves towards it as PATIENCE appears from the other end of the hallway.

PATIENCE  
 False alarm. My son, he was hopping around.

WHITE  
 (pointing to the door)  
 What's in here?

PATIENCE  
 That's the babies' room...I didn't want to wake them.

WHITE  
 I thought I heard something.

PATIENCE opens the door, sticking her head inside. After a long moment she withdraws, her face pale.

WHITE  
 Everything okay?

PATIENCE  
 Yes.

WHITE  
 You sure?

PATIENCE  
 Seeing the babies in there. It just kind of hit me. Sorry if I...

He moves toward her and she moves toward him. They bump.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
 Scared you...

WHITE  
 Not at all.

PATIENCE  
 I should let them know everything's okay.

PATIENCE points for WHITE to lead the way. He pauses.

WHITE  
 Mind if I use the facilities?

PATIENCE  
 Yes...right there.

She points as WHITE disappears behind the bathroom door. PATIENCE hesitates, then exits down the stairs.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sound of FLUSHING. WHITE washes his hands, staring at his reflection. He pulls a string, TURNING OFF the light.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

WHITE wanders down the hall, stopping in front of the open door to the CLAY'S BEDROOM.

As he steps inside, his eyes scan the room, traveling across the soft, white sheets of an ANTIQUE POST BED.

WHITE approaches a mirrored VANITY. Picking up a beautiful sterling BRUSH, he pulls out a few long hairs.

Hearing a CREAK in the hall, WHITE puts down the BRUSH.

Making his way out of room, he stops short at a FRAMED PICTURE of PATIENCE hanging on the wall.

We push into the PHOTO -- PATIENCE in a WEDDING DRESS, gazes into the camera, her intense copper eyes framed by a VEIL.

WHITE shudders as we're reminded of the photo from his AWARD; the eyes of the FEMALE BOMBER peering from behind her BURKA.

A HAND touches WHITE's shoulder, startling him.

STACY

Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

WHITE

It's okay. How's your boyfriend?

STACY

He's asleep.

There's an uncomfortable tension between them. It's obvious STACY wants something.

STACY

So, you're leaving here tomorrow?

WHITE

Yes.

Bursting into tears, STACY buries her face in his shoulder.

STACY  
Take me with you. Please?

WHITE stands with his arms awkwardly at his sides.

WHITE  
You want me too?

She nods while sobbing.

STACY  
Please mister, I don't wanna die.

WHITE finally puts his arms around the girl, comforting her.

WHITE  
Nothing like that is going to  
happen, okay? I promise.

PATIENCE (O.S.)  
(from downstairs)  
Stacy, you leave that man alone!

STACY quickly pulls herself away.

STACY  
She sent me to fetch you.

WHITE  
(with a reassuring smile)  
Come on, let's go.

As STACY heads down the stairs, WHITE pauses at the top step.

He turns back to the BABIES' ROOM and puts his ear to the door. Hearing nothing, WHITE gently pushes it open.

THE BABIES' ROOM

All is quiet. A BABY sleeps in a bassinet. SARAH, the toddler, lies in her crib.

WHITE notices a CLOSET DOOR at the end of the room -- ajar.

PATIENCE (O.S.)  
Mr. White, you alright up there?

He turns and rushes out of the room.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

As WHITE comes down the stairs, PATIENCE stares up at him, arms folded. STACY stands next to her.

WHITE  
 Sorry, my stomach is a bit upset.

PATIENCE  
 (to STACY)  
 Check on William's dressing please  
 and go lie down.

They both watch her walk, head down, into the next room.  
 WHITE looks back at PATIENCE -- her anxiety apparent.

WHITE  
 I think she's just a little scared  
 that's all.

PATIENCE  
 We're all a little scared, Mr.  
 White.

WHITE  
 (trying to calm her)  
 Michael.

PATIENCE  
 (softening)  
 Michael...  
 (exhaling)  
 ...Well, we don't really drink  
 alcohol in this house, but right  
 now, I think I could use some.

PATIENCE holds open the swinging door for WHITE. He looks at  
 her, then follows.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

ANGLE - A glass being re-filled with a pour of WHISKY.

PATIENCE puts the bottle back in the cupboard and her empty  
 glass in the sink.

PATIENCE  
 I can't tell you the last time I  
 even had a drink. Glen won't touch  
 the stuff.

She hands the glass to WHITE, looking a bit calmer.

WHITE  
 (looking up)  
 Thanks.

WHITE flips through a PHOTO ALBUM as PATIENCE looks on.

ANGLE - A PHOTO of DAIRY WORKERS milking cows. Big grins.

WHITE flips again.

ANGLE - CLAY, holding open a truck filled with metal MILK CANISTERS, mocking his self-satisfaction as PATIENCE smirks.

PATIENCE  
(forlorn smile)  
Running a dairy's hard work, but we  
had good times too.

PATIENCE sits down across from WHITE.

WHITE  
Did you and Glen ever think of  
upgrading?

PATIENCE  
Upgrade, diversify. Glen even went  
to visit a few organic dairies, but  
you wouldn't believe how much it  
costs to make something that's  
natural.

WHITE looks like he sympathizes with her.

PATIENCE  
We tried, we really did.

Seeing the culmination of their hard work reduced to a few  
snapshots, PATIENCE mood darkens.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)  
Corporate consolidation is killing  
this country. Two companies own 90%  
of the milk production on the east  
coast. Two.

WHITE  
Which is where I come in, right? To  
let the public know what's going  
on?

PATIENCE  
This isn't about us, or the dairy  
business. This is everywhere. The  
public knows, they just can't do  
anything about it. And our  
government which was created to  
protect us, is either too weak or  
too corrupt to fight it.

(MORE)

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

Write all the articles you want, it  
won't do any good. We're past the  
point of no return.

WHITE is confused by PATIENCE's resignation.

WHITE

But isn't that why I'm here?

PATIENCE doesn't answer.

WHITE

That's what you wanted - for me to  
tell your story?

PATIENCE

(rubbing her temples)

I'm sorry. I'm very tired. I need  
to get some sleep.

She rises and starts to walk out of the room. WHITE looks at  
her as a creeping sense of suspicion washes over him.

WHITE

Mrs. Clay...Patience?

PATIENCE

(turning back)

Yes?

WHITE

Do you know where your husband is?

PATIENCE

Good night, Michael.

WHITE watches her exit through the SWINGING DOOR. Waiting a  
beat, he gets up and pushes the DOOR open a crack.

ANGLE - As PATIENCE heads up the stairs, she pauses on the  
steps, throwing one last look towards the kitchen.

WHITE peers at her. It looks as if she's watching him stare  
at her. Finally, PATIENCE turns and disappears up the stairs.

Withdrawing into the kitchen, WHITE scans the room, realizing  
for the first time he's actually alone. He looks over to a  
BACK DOOR and then to the CELLAR DOOR.

After a momentary debate, he reaches for the CELLAR door.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

WHITE steps into his room, stopping short.

ANGLE - The TAPE RECORDER lies smashed on the floor.

FLEMMING appears from the shadows, stepping over the crushed recorder. He brushes by WHITE, heading for the door.

FLEMMING  
Better safe than sorry.

WHITE begins angrily picking up the broken pieces.

WHITE  
When exactly are you going to  
realize that I'm here to help you,  
huh, Robert?

FLEMMING pauses as WHITE, emboldened by his ANGER, continues.

WHITE  
And I'll tell you this, whether you  
want to or not, there's something  
you and I are going to need to  
discuss.

FLEMMING stares down at the ground.

FLEMMING  
I'm sure you can talk to Patience  
about it.

WHITE  
I can't. She wasn't there. You  
were.  
(Off FLEMMING's look up)  
I want to talk about the shooting.

FLEMMING  
I don't care much for the papers.  
Never did tell the truth.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
But that was the deal wasn't it?  
I'm here to get to your story, then  
you folks are going to surrender.  
That's what I was told!

FLEMMING  
I don't care who told you squat!

WHITE

When is someone in this house gonna  
tell me what the hell is going on?

FLEMMING

(moving toward him)

Don't you push me cause I ain't in  
no mood to be pushed!

WHITE takes a step back as FLEMMING grits his teeth and  
exits, slamming the door behind him.

Angered by the exchange, WHITE throws his knapsack under his  
head as he lies down on the cot. Feeling something under his  
head, he reaches down, pulling out the bottle of AMBIAN.

Seeing the BOTTLE, WHITE chucks it across the room.

WHITE lays back down, trying to calm himself. He stares at  
the ceiling, before reaching over to extinguish the lantern.

BLACKOUT

After a moment, WHITE curls up into a fetal position.

EXT. AFGHAN STREET - DAY

Narrow cobblestone walkways lead to busy streets.

WHITE walks through a pack of pedestrians, accidentally  
knocking into an AFGHAN TEENAGE GIRL dressed in a burka.

As he notices THE GIRL'S intense GREEN EYES, a wave of shock  
washes over both of them...

FLASH CUT TO:

WHITE sits with the same AFGHAN GIRL in a small, earthen  
room. TWO MASKED MEN with WEAPONS stand guard. WHITE takes  
notes as a YOUNG MAN interprets.

INTERPRETER

(repeating)

That is why I choose this path,  
because God will reward me.

The GIRL'S GREEN EYES widen as she flashes an innocent smile.

BACK TO:

WHITE, stands motionless, though his face betrays deep fear.  
The TEENAGE GIRL turns and runs, disappearing into a crowd.

Looking like he's about to follow her, WHITE hesitates. He turns in the opposite direction, knocking into TWO MEN.

FLASH CUT TO:

WHITE, running down the street as a SHOPKEEPER watches him.

FLASH CUT TO:

OVERHEAD - We push in on WHITE on his HOTEL BED, staring up at the ceiling, listening to his heartbeat grow louder -- then a distant EXPLOSION. The wail of a SIREN.

FLASH CUT TO:

The TEENAGE GIRL, alive in the schoolroom.

TEENAGER  
(in broken-english)  
Because God will reward me.

The INTERPRETER turns to WHITE, pleased.

FLASH CUT TO:

ANGLE - A FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHT as WHITE opens his eyes...

CAMERA'S POV - FLEMMING shining a flashlight in our face.

FLEMMING  
Wake up Mister, we got something to  
show you.

FLEMMING steps back as TWO SHADOWS appear over us.

VOICE  
Hello, Michael.

A flashlight clicks on, revealing the faces of GLEN and DANNY CLAY.

WHITE  
Welcome home, Mr. Clay.

CLAY smiles as WHITE is suddenly pushed down against the cot. Out of the darkness comes a FIST - that smashes into his jaw.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BUNKER - DAWN

The muffled cries of BABY. WHITE opens his eyes as he lies face down on the cot, his JAW SWOLLEN and his HANDS ZIP-TIED.

He lifts his head to SHOUTING from upstairs, then the sound of someone CLOMPING down the stairs.

The door swings open as DANNY rushes in, a SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE slung over his shoulder.

DANNY  
Come here, you.

DANNY grabs WHITE by the back of his shirt. He lifts him onto his feet, dragging him out of the room.

WHITE  
Take it easy!

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

DANNY drags WHITE into the ROOM. Everyone is there including FLEMMING, who holds a SEMI-AUTOMATIC as well.

WHITE is thrown on the couch, wincing as the zip-tie digs into his wrists. PATIENCE, seeing him for the first time since CLAY's return, is taken aback.

PATIENCE  
You didn't have to hurt him, Danny!

DANNY  
Now, I say we gotta look at what we got. Well, we got hoss here--

PATIENCE  
--No!

DANNY  
We don't have any choice Pat.

PATIENCE  
We have to send him out...at five.  
If he doesn't go when he's supposed to, they're going to think something's wrong.

DANNY  
Something is wrong! He knows we're here.

MARYBETH  
Maybe he could call and say he needs another day.

DANNY  
Marybeth, please!

PATIENCE  
What do you think, Mr. White?

DANNY  
(before WHITE can answer)  
I don't give a shit what he thinks!

PATIENCE  
Well, I do.

DANNY turns to PATIENCE then to CLAY.

DANNY  
Is that right, Pat?

PATIENCE  
Yes, Danny, I care very much what  
he thinks.

WHITE  
I...I can call if you want me to.

DANNY stares sternly at WHITE.

DANNY  
I say we just sit tight. Sit tight  
and wait them out.

MARYBETH  
Oh, you musta put a ton of thought  
into that, didn't you?

DANNY doesn't answer as MARYBETH gets up, screaming.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)  
Huh, Danny? Is that's your big  
plan? Just sit here and wait!

CLAY stands. His odd energy seems to affect the rest as they  
quiet. All eyes follow him as he kneels beside WILL.

CLAY  
William?

WILL  
(opening his eyes)  
...Yes.

CLAY  
I'm sending you and Stacy out.

WILL  
(weakly)  
No, please.

CLAY  
 (rubbing Will's head)  
 Look at this mess of hair. When you  
 cutting this mess?

WILL  
 I'm sorry, Glen.

CLAY  
 It's okay. Let God smile on you,  
 you hear me?

STACY begins to sob in relief.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
 Let him smile.

WHITE steals a nervous glance at PATIENCE. Catching their  
 exchange, CLAY approaches WHITE.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
 (searching WHITE's eyes)  
 Pat tells me you're an honest man.

WHITE  
 I'd like to think so, yes.

CLAY  
 Do you plan on telling the truth  
 about us, our story?

WHITE  
 Isn't that why you asked me here?

CLAY  
 Do you plan on telling those men  
 out there the truth...about us  
 being in here?

WHITE  
 (hesitant)  
 I think I'd have to...

CLAY slowly nods in agreement. He turns, locking eyes with  
 PATIENCE.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
 ....But I can talk to them, try and  
 get you more time.

CLAY  
 I don't think it's time we need.  
 Robert, show our guest to his room.  
 I'd like to talk to my family.  
 (MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)  
(back to WHITE)  
And Michael...My wife asked you  
here. I didn't.

WHITE'S POV as he looks to PATIENCE. She averts her eyes as FLEMMING blocks our view -- his large form moving towards us.

EXT. BUNKER - DAWN

As WHITE steps inside, he quickly shoves his foot against the door.

WHITE  
(hurried)  
Robert, if things don't go right,  
those men are going to kill you.  
You, Danny, Glen, maybe everyone  
else in this house. Now are you  
going to let that happen?

FLEMMING'S eyes burrow into WHITE.

WHITE  
Are you?

FLEMMING  
This ain't your fight.

FLEMMING pushes the door shut as WHITE hears the LOCK turn.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - SAME

We push in on CLAY, DANNY and JOANNE sitting at the kitchen table. FLEMMING takes a seat while MARYBETH puts out food.

PATIENCE watches CLAY putting only a tiny spoonful of rice on his plate.

PATIENCE  
Glen, aren't you gonna eat? You  
must be starved?

GLEN looks up and smiles. Grabbing PATIENCE'S HAND, he pulls her down onto his lap.

GLEN  
I'll be fine.

Caught in his gaze, PATIENCE gives him a hopeful smile as they lean into each other -- and kiss.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

An early morning MIST enshrouds the farm. Down the driveway, the FADED BLOODSTAINS are still visible in the dirt.

CUT TO:

THE RED PICKUP, doors hanging open, sits in the pasture. The MIST floating through the CAB.

CUT TO:

A SNIPER positioned at the TREE LINE stares into a CLOUD of GRAY. After a moment, the outline of a BLACK BULL appears. It stops and stares as the SNIPER lowers his eye to his scope.

ANGLE - The BLACK BULL, now in the RIFLE'S CROSSHAIRS.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

ANGLE - WHITE looking up to the sound of the DOOR unlocking.

DANNY enters. He unsheathes a HUNTING KNIFE as WHITE flinches.

DANNY

Give me your hands.

DANNY cuts off the zip-tie as WHITE rubs his wrists. He watches DANNY drag a chair in front of the cot and sit.

DANNY

Go ahead, shoot.

WHITE

Excuse me?

DANNY

You got any questions or should I just start?

WHITE suddenly understands and grabs his notebook.

WHITE

Ahh...no, no, go ahead.

DANNY

I want to talk about my brother, about before the arrest.

WHITE glances at the RIFLE as DANNY props it against the cot.

CUT TO:

DANNY talks as WHITE furiously scribbles down notes.

DANNY

I first read about it in the Herald, that they were planning on building this corporate park. It was supposed to bring a bunch of jobs, which we needed ever since the leather business went overseas. You know Gloversville?

WHITE

I remember seeing the sign.

DANNY

Glove making capital of the world once. Imagine, one little county making gloves for the entire world.

ANGLE - The same sprawling, but abandoned MILL from the drive up, now enshrouded in an early morning MIST.

DANNY

About a month later, we got a call from Bill Sammons. He said the town wanted about half of his fields to build the damn thing. He tried to fight it. Hired a lawyer. Didn't have a chance, greater good, least that's what the bureaucrats said. You been out there yet?

WHITE

Can't say that I have.

ANGLE - A nondescript work site. CONCRETE pours from a truck, creating a wet, shiny field of grey.

DANNY

About five miles that way. It's empty now, though with the deal they got on the other half of the land and the tax breaks, somebody made out like a bandit.

ANGLE - The CORPORATE PARK, now completely abandoned. WEEDS already growing up through the parking lot asphalt.

WHITE

So how does the access road fit in?

DANNY

Well, the reason they wanted the land, is cause it's so close to the Thruway, all you got to do is get to Route 30. Except you got the State park on one side and the town on other, and they weren't going through neither.

WHITE

And where's Route 30?

DANNY

Right on the other side of the farm. So John Greco was repping the county, and he came out to talk about buying our land to build this road. At first Glen said no...

JOHN GRECO's initial meeting with CLAY. He steps out of his PICK UP with an outstretched hand and big grin.

DANNY

...then the banks got involved. We still owed back taxes. Didn't have a choice. After what happened to Sammons, it's just as well. Still killed him though. He'd just sit for hours, watching 'em dig.

A DOG barks at an EARTHMOVER, scraping off a layer of topsoil in a pasture. We PAN to CLAY, calling the dog to his side.

DANNY

After that Glen started writing the letters; to the Governor, the State Attorney General. A ton of 'em.

WHITE

Did the letters contain threats?

DANNY

Not of violence. At first, he just talked about land usage, civic responsibility, but at some point, he started telling 'em what they were doing was going against God.

CUT TO:

MARYBETH sits, blowing on a cup of tea.

MARYBETH

Oh, I knew something was up.

WHITE

How?

MARYBETH

Well, I was six months pregnant at the time, eating everything in sight. So I'm heating up some mac and cheese and there come in these three, giggling like idiots.

INT. DARK KITCHEN - NIGHT

The BACK DOOR slowly opens as DANNY, GLEN and ROBERT tiptoe inside, trying not to laugh.

The KITCHEN light flips on as we pan to MARYBETH, arms folded across her belly. Caught, the BOYS burst out laughing.

MARYBETH

They'd been out blocking the road.

WHITE

I don't understand.

A STEEL CHAIN shimmers in the moonlight as it's wrapped around the trunk of a tree.

MARYBETH

Yeah, with trees. They'd cut 'em down and drag 'em across the road.

The STEEL CHAIN is pulled tight as a TRACTOR drags the tree.

MARYBETH

It was just crazy. The night before they'd did one tree. And then that night was two. And then the next night is when Glen got arrested.

A second TREE being pulled across the road and laid down.

WHITE

What did they charge him with?

MARYBETH

Criminal mischief. But then it got switched to a federal. They said he was keeping the mail from getting through, which was bull, but they needed something to get the government into it.

DAYBREAK - Two trees are laid across the road blocking a MAIL TRUCK as the DRIVER stands, scratching his head.

WHITE

And you really think someone would really bother building a federal case against Glen?

MARYBETH

Go see for yourself. At the courthouse. They changed the paperwork. I saw it.

WHITE

And what does the government have to gain by targeting someone like him?

MARYBETH

A free thinking man's the last thing this government wants to see. Where there's one, they'll soon be many.

(proud)

You know Glen's son. He was named for Patrick Henry.

CUT TO:

WHITE'S reaction, as we pan to JOANNE rubbing her fingers over and over.

JOANNE

Glen asked me if I'd start home-schooling the boy, which I thought was a good idea. I'd taught in that district for years, watched the schools just deteriorate. And that boy is smart, like his daddy. You know Glen can quote you the whole Bible front to back. Tell you which page it's on practically...

JOANNE starts to shake her head. She looks back up at WHITE.

JOANNE

Pat asked me to go with her when Glen got bailed out. When we got back, he wouldn't even come inside.

CLAY stands out in the middle of driveway.

JOANNE

He was just standing out there for the longest time, just staring at that road.

A YOUNG BOY (15) digs a small hole in the blazing sun.

JOANNE

I guess there's a spot out there where he buried one of his dogs, when he was a boy. He'd forgotten all about that dog.

THE BOY stands over a DEAD DOG lying in the freshly dug grave. He wipes his face and begins filling in the hole.

JOANNE

So he got a pickaxe and just started pounding at that asphalt, trying to break through, and he was crying.

CLAY pounding away at the asphalt in the blazing sun. His intensity increasing until he swings like a man possessed.

JOANNE

I swear, the more they take from that man, the stronger the holy spirit burns in him.

WHITE

Joanne, losing your husband and son this way. Has it caused you to question your faith at all?

JOANNE

No.

WHITE

Aren't you the least bit angry with God?

JOANNE

Angry with God? It's God that made 'em.

WHITE gives her an uncomfortable smile.

CUT TO:

FLEMMING shifts in his chair.

WHITE

So, what made you change your mind?

FLEMMING

Pat asked me to.

WHITE glances down at his notes.

WHITE

Mrs. Sammons mentioned Glen had buried a dog out under the road.

FLEMMING

Yeah, a shepherd.

WHITE

Do you know the dog's name?

FLEMMING

Cub. That supposed to be important?

WHITE

No, it's nothing.

FLEMMING

You got something you wanted to ask me, cause this beating around the bush business ain't gonna get it.

WHITE

Actually I have a very important questions you could answer...Who shot first?

FLEMMING

You got two speeds, don't you?

WHITE

Okay, Robert, then why don't you start from the beginning...please.

FLEMMING is suspicious, but continues.

FLEMMING

Well, I guess we were just sitting down to dinner when the phone rang.

EXT. SAMMONS' FRONT YARD - DUSK

TERRY splits wood with an axe. He stops mid-swing, something catching his eye.

FLEMMING (V.O.)

It was Terry Sammons who saw them coming.

Dropping the axe, TERRY turns and runs for the house.

FLEMMING (V.O.)  
He knew where they were headed, and  
he knew why.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - SAME

The sound of a PHONE ringing. We push in on the CLAYS in the midst of an early supper. WILL and STACY are there as well.

CLAY watches as PATIENCE answers the phone.

PATIENCE  
Hello...What's wrong?..Yes, he's  
here.  
(turning to CLAY)  
It's Terry, says it's important.

CLAY gets up from the table as FLEMMING and DANNY look up.

CLAY  
(taking the phone)  
Hello...How many?..Thank you Terry.

He calmly hangs up and turns to the table.

CLAY  
They're coming.

FLEMMING jumps up as DANNY and WILL follow suit.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DUSK

FLEMMING tosses a rifle to CLAY as he and DANNY run out the front door. WILL follows behind, handing out ammo.

CLAY turns back to PATIENCE, standing in the doorway.

CLAY  
Promise me, no matter what happens,  
you don't leave this house.

PATIENCE nods.

EXT. THE MOUTH OF THE DRIVEWAY - DAY

The TWO PICKUPS pull nose-to-nose across the road, blocking the only passage across a deep cattle ditch.

FLEMMING (V.O.)  
 We got as much ammo as we could  
 carry and we set up the trucks...

The BOYS take positions behind the trucks, rifles drawn.

FLEMMING (V.O.)  
 ...Then we waited.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

MARYBETH is recounting her version of the SHOOT-OUT.

MARYBETH  
 So, we ran into the living room...

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

PATIENCE runs to the window, MARYBETH and STACY following.

MARYBETH (V.O.)  
 ...And we watched as the cloud of  
 dust grew closer...

ANGLE - The SUBURBANS racing up the dirt road.

MARYBETH (V.O.)  
 ...They were moving so fast, it  
 looked like they were going to plow  
 right through them.

INT. DRIVEWAY - SAME

The BOYS dig in. BOOTS grinding into the dirt.

FLEMMING  
 Here they come!

DANNY  
 Don't be afraid, Will!

The DUST CLOUD is suddenly aglow with red brake lights. The  
 SUBURBANS skid to a stop as the doors fly open and ARMED  
 MARSHALS dressed like SWAT COMMANDOS, pour out.

A FIGURE with a RAISED PISTOL shouts from across the ROAD.

LEAD MARSHAL  
 Glen Clay, we have a federal  
 warrant for your arrest!

DANNY looks over to CLAY then to FLEMMING.

DANNY  
You ain't arresting nobody!

THE CAMERA focuses on a COMMANDO'S AUTOMATIC WEAPON.

COMMANDO ONE  
Drop the weapons now!

FLEMMING  
You've got no business--

ANOTHER COMMANDO, his face covered by black goggles, screams.

COMMANDO TWO  
--Drop the fucking weapons!

LEAD MARSHAL  
Glen, I'm gonna give you ten  
seconds!

CLAY  
Marshal, I'm gonna give you five.

A COMMANDO shakes his head, bringing his gun to his cheek.

In response, DANNY lowers his eye to the rifle-scope.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

MARYBETH's face is pressed against the WINDOW.

MARYBETH (V.O.)  
And then for a second there...

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DUSK

CLAY stands tall, staring down the MEN across the road.

The LEAD MARSHAL furrows his brow -- the barrel of his gun,  
coming into focus.

MARYBETH (V.O.)  
...for the slightest second...

We pan from the CLAYS to the MARSHALS, everyone poised to  
open fire.

MARYBETH (V.O.)  
...no one breathed.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

FLEMMING glares at WHITE.

FLEMMING  
What do the Marshals say?

WHITE  
They say Glen did.

FLEMMING  
'Course they're gonna say that.

WHITE  
You saying he didn't shoot first?

FLEMMING doesn't answer.

WHITE  
How close were you when the  
shooting started?

FLEMMING  
Right next to him.

WHITE  
So you'd know?

FLEMMING  
I know they had no business coming  
on his land.

WHITE  
They had a warrant, Robert.  
Glen was supposed to appear in  
court and he didn't, so a bench  
warrant was issued for his arrest.  
Legally that gives them the right  
to come on the property. That's how  
it works in this country.

FLEMMING  
I'll tell you how it works. That's  
his land. They was always looking  
to take it. Glen thought if he went  
to court, they'd stick him in jail  
and that'd be the end of it. But  
it's his land. His blood's in it.

WHITE  
Take it?

FLEMMING  
They did it to the Sammons.

WHITE stares at him, helpless.

WHITE

And what about the Sammons? Did you see them get shot?

FLEMMING

I know they come to help, but driving up on those Feds was suicide.

EXT. WHIPPOORWILL ROAD - DAY

Bill Sammon's RED PICKUP comes racing past FLEMMING'S cabin.

FLEMMING (V.O.)

They come around the corner by my cabin, and they were flying.

The TRUCK speeding around a bend of trees.

FLEMMING (V.O.)

I don't know if they were ready to shoot, but they come up so fast...

A BARRAGE of GUNFIRE. One of the MARSHALS turns to see the RED PICKUP barreling down from behind.

FLEMMING (V.O.)

....Feds musta thought they were being flanked, cause they just turned and laid into 'em.

IN SLO-MO - Two more MARSHALS swing around, one of them SCREAMS as he OPENS FIRE.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

JOANNE now sits on the cot next to WHITE.

JOANNE

That's why Terry and Bill were there. They were just trying to protect Glen.

WHITE

What do you mean, protect him?

JOANNE

They had to...he's our pastor.

INT. CHURCH PULPIT - SAME

CLAY steps up onto the small stage and tries to settle himself behind the pulpit.

CLAY

Uhh...Reverend Holden asked me if  
I'd like to come up here and speak,  
so first off, good morning.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

As the PICKUP hurls towards us, BULLETS slam into the windshield, striking TERRY and his FATHER.

CONGREGATION (O.S.)

Good Morning.

INT. CHURCH PULPIT - SAME

CLAY nods, gaining his confidence.

CLAY

Now most of you know I've been a  
little unhappy about what's been  
going on here in Church, recently.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

The RED PICKUP slows to a stop in the middle of the pasture.

CLAY (V.O.)

And I know there's more'n a few of  
you who agree we're getting away  
from the word of God a bit.

EXT. GUN BATTLE - DAY

IN SLOW MO - TWO MARSHALS spin back around to FACE the CLAYS.

We see MUZZLE FLASHES and quick BURSTS of GUNFIRE as BULLETS puncture the sides of CLAY'S pickup.

INT. CHURCH PULPIT - DAY

Framed in the center of a WOODEN CROSS, CLAY starts to preach -- his words and his passion flowing with ease.

CLAY

Cause the Bible's why I bring my family here. Not for car washes or gossiping. And I think the same goes for you all...

(holding up his hand)

...Now hold on Reverend, you asked me up here. Let me say my peace...

EXT. GUN BATTLE - DAY

WILL's eyes are filled with fear as DANNY fires, chambers a round, fires again.

A BULLET piercing a MARSHAL'S thigh.

CLAY (V.O.)

...And that's why I love this great land of ours, because even its most holy document says we all got the right to live our lives as we wish, as long as we respect each other's right to do the same...

Another MARSHAL taking a BULLET in the CHEST.

INT. CHURCH PULPIT - DAY

PATIENCE smiles at her husband. He smiles back.

CLAY

...Point is, my family and I have decided to do our worshipping at home from now on...

EXT. GUN BATTLE - DAY

A BULLET ricochets off the pickup, grazing WILL's head. He drops to the ground in agony, his head bleeding.

INT. CHURCH PULPIT - DAY

CLAY is now glowing with confidence.

CLAY

...So, if any of you folks are interested in coming by for some of Pat's cooking and my preaching then we'd love to have you. Thank you.

CLAY steps down from the pulpit. The REVEREND is expressionless as he and PATIENCE pass. They walk down the aisle as FLEMMING, DANNY and MARYBETH file out behind them.

EXT. GUN BATTLE - DAY

As the SHOOTING dies down, CLAY shouts across the road.

CLAY  
I'm going to give you men one  
chance! Right now. Go on! Get out!

THE CLAYS hold their fire as those MARSHALS that are able to, climb in the vehicles. The ones that aren't, are hoisted in.

CLAY rushes to help WILL, cradling the boy in his arms.

FLEMMING (V.O.)  
They musta thought more of us was  
coming, cause they got out quick.

The SUBURBANS spin around and take off down the hill.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

FLEMMING hangs his head.

WHITE  
So what happened after the Marshals  
left?

FLEMMING  
Glen convinced Daniel to leave.  
Said the government would be out  
for blood. He was worried about the  
women and children.

WHITE  
Why did you stay behind?

FLEMMING  
Glen asked me to look after them,  
and to tell Patty about having the  
Sheriff come take a look around.

WHITE  
How about calling me?

FLEMMING  
That was her idea.

WHITE

That's an automatic weapon you're carrying, isn't it?

FLEMMING

Semi.

WHITE

Is that what you used against the Marshals?

FLEMMING

If we'd had, there'd be a lot more than just two dead. All we brought was hunting rifles.

WHITE

But if you had these more powerful weapons, why didn't you use them?

FLEMMING

We didn't plan on killing anybody. I never killed nobody in my life.

WHITE

And what about Glen...Now did he fire that first shot or not?

FLEMMING

He didn't fire at all. There was bullets whizzing everywhere. He didn't even flinch. He said God protects the right and if we were right, God would protect us too.

WHITE

Why did he leave then?

FLEMMING

Christ himself was tested.

WHITE shakes his head in frustration as FLEMMING furrows his brow.

FLEMMING

Don't you shake your head at me. You ain't got no right to judge.

WHITE is taken aback.

WHITE

I am not judging you, Robert.

FLEMMING

You are. I see it in your face. How we think, it upsets you.

WHITE

And why would you say that?

FLEMMING

Because you care. Don't tell me you don't!

WHITE

How do you--

FLEMMING

---Because I see the way you look at her!

WHITE is stunned by FLEMMING's frankness.

FLEMMING

You gonna deny it?

WHITE moves his chair closer.

WHITE

If you know how I feel then tell me, Robert, who shot first? Was it Danny...you?

FLEMMING stares down at the ground.

WHITE

If I knew, maybe I could--

FLEMMING

--He was scared. You'd be too, all those guns pointed at you.

WHITE

(realization hitting him)  
William.

FLEMMING

He ain't no more than a boy.

There's a KNOCK on the door as PATIENCE steps inside.

PATIENCE

I brought you some tea.

FLEMMING

I gotta get back upstairs.

FLEMMING shares a silent exchange with WHITE and leaves.

PATIENCE  
How's it going?

WHITE steals a glance at his watch, the time reads 2:30 p.m.

WHITE  
Good. Whatever you said to them,  
worked. They're really opening up.

PATIENCE  
So I assume you'll be looking to  
get the other side of all this...  
the folks in town.

WHITE  
Yes, I assume so.

PATIENCE stares at him with a big, distracting smile.

WHITE  
(smiling back)  
What? Why are you smiling like  
that?

PATIENCE  
We're staying, Michael.

WHITE recoils in shock.

WHITE  
What do you mean you're staying?

PATIENCE  
Things have changed.

WHITE  
Now, wait, that wasn't the deal--

PATIENCE  
--I know, I'm sorry.

WHITE  
Patience you're making a mistake!

PATIENCE  
(getting up)  
Don't worry, you'll be allowed to  
leave at five as we agreed.

WHITE rises to meet PATIENCE.

WHITE

But, if you don't come out, they'll know the men are in here. I can't--

PATIENCE

--I'm sure they know...Glen and Danny left the truck on the road about five miles north of here. They must have found it by now.

WHITE paces back and forth.

WHITE

Yes, I'm sure they must--

PATIENCE

--And with Robert grabbing you--

WHITE

--Patty please, none of that matters...

(grabbing her shoulders)  
...You can't do this!

PATIENCE

Michael!  
(pulling out of his grasp)  
Don't.

WHITE backs off, sitting down on cot. His head in his hands.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

You've done all you can--

WHITE

--Is that why you brought me here...for your own selfish glory?

PATIENCE

That wasn't the plan. Believe me.

WHITE

Well, I don't.

PATIENCE

I'm sorry, Michael. I really am.

WHITE

(looking up)  
The first time we met...Maybe the reason I didn't say something to you back then, is because I'm supposed to say it to you now. Maybe that's why I'm here!

(MORE)

WHITE (CONT'D)

Please Pat, don't do this. You know  
if you stay you could be killed--

PATIENCE

--We've made our decision.

WHITE stares at PATIENCE, trying to break her conviction.

WHITE

So that's it then?

Her silence only seems to antagonize WHITE more.

WHITE

You know, I admired your passion,  
until this very moment, when it  
turned into something mindless.  
What kind of person, what kind of  
mother would do this...to her own  
children?

PATIENCE

(breaking down)

What's the alternative! Give them  
to those men out there. Is that  
what you're suggesting? You know  
what'll happen to them! Like Hell I  
will. Like Hell!

PATIENCE begins to sob.

PATIENCE

My children are staying...with me.

WHITE grabs her in his arms, hugging her tight. As PATIENCE  
cries on his shoulder, she looks up at him.

PATIENCE

I know you tried...I wanted you to,  
I did, but...I can't. I can't  
leave.

WHITE stares into her tear-stained eyes as they're caught in  
each others' gaze. They move closer, their lips almost  
touching when the sound of a CHILD pulls their attention.

ANGLE - CLAY, staring at them from the doorway as he holds  
PATRICK's hand. His face reveals nothing.

PATIENCE steps back, wiping the tears from her eyes.

PATIENCE (CONT'D)

I appreciate your concern, Mr.  
White. Thank you.

She takes a deep breath and turns, walking towards the door.

PATIENCE  
(to PATRICK)  
Come on pumpkin, let's go upstairs.

PATIENCE scoops up the BOY and exits without looking back.

CLAY  
(a long beat)  
She's a good woman, isn't she?

CLAY sits down on the cot, a BIBLE in his hands.

CLAY  
I saw you standing in our bedroom.

WHITE is silent.

CLAY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Michael, you're not a  
threat to me. How old are you?

WHITE  
I'm forty-two.

CLAY  
That's a fine age. You've lived  
enough to know, you've life enough  
to change.

WHITE nods as CLAY turns, staring out into space.

WHITE  
What are you considering?

CLAY  
I'm waiting...for him to let me  
know what it is he wants me to do.

WHITE  
Don't you think he wants you to  
save them...maybe send out the  
women and children?

CLAY  
I'm sending Will, Stacy and Joanne  
out.

WHITE  
Send them all out. Do that and I  
promise, they'll be taken care of.

CLAY considers WHITE'S resolve.

WHITE  
 If you fight them, you'll lose.  
 You'll lose and you'll die--

CLAY  
 --Yea though I walk through the  
 valley of the shadow of death--

WHITE  
 --Stop it--

CLAY  
 --I will fear no evil--

WHITE  
 --Just stop it will you!

As WHITE goes to grab his wrist, CLAY slams him up against the wall. Held in CLAY'S grasp, WHITE pleads with him.

WHITE  
 They'll be taken care of, I swear.  
 I swear to God.

CLAY  
 (smirking)  
 What's become of that notorious  
 objectivity, Michael?  
 (releasing him)  
 God will lead us out of here. I'll  
 put my faith in him before any man.

WHITE  
 And if he doesn't? You're willing  
 to condemn your whole family!

CLAY  
 Those men out there, they're the  
 ones condemning us. We are their  
 offering!

WHITE  
 An offering to what?

CLAY  
 To a false god. A beast called  
 progress. We all feed it. If I die,  
 if my family dies, then we are  
 their sacrifice. If they want my  
 land, my body, my spirit, then I  
 say take it. Take of me without  
 guilt, for this is my gift.

WHITE sinks back down along the wall.

WHITE

What the hell was I thinking? This was a mistake.

CLAY

You'll still have what you came for.

WHITE

What? You think I'd go through all this...just for some story?

CLAY

Why else would you be here?

WHITE turns away, gritting his teeth.

WHITE

Well, you're wrong.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(sensing WHITE'S angst)

Am I?

WHITE turns back, now glaring at CLAY

WHITE

Yes.

CLAY

Then tell me Michael.

WHITE

It was a girl...in Kandahar...A story, I was doing. She had martyred herself a few days after our interview...

WHITE struggles to continue as CLAY draws closer.

WHITE

...There was something I didn't include in the article. I saw her, on the street just before it happened. I knew what she was going to do. I could have told someone, a police officer, a soldier. I could have stopped her, saved innocent lives. Instead I sat in my room and I waited for the sirens.

CLAY feels the weight of WHITE'S unburdening.

CLAY  
Why didn't you--

WHITE  
--Because, I thought the minute I started caring...about what happens out there or to you people in here, that's the minute all the pain I've seen comes crashing down over me. I thought that's the only way I could stay sane. I was wrong.

CLAY  
We were your redemption.

WHITE  
You were.

CLAY  
And now.

WHITE  
I wish I never stepped foot in this house.

CLAY  
Why is that?

WHITE  
Because I do care. I care very much about what happens...to all of you.

CLAY smiles at the irony of WHITE's empathy.

CLAY  
If it's God's path, then so be it. He'll tell us what he wants us to do. It's hard to hear, his voice. It can sound like your own, but that's the trick of a feeble mind.

WHITE looks up at CLAY. He's thinking.

WHITE  
What does it sound like?

CLAY gives WHITE a puzzled look.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
His voice...if it is different from your own, then it must sound like something else, right?

CLAY

Yes.

WHITE

Can you describe it? Is it young or old? A man's voice? Or maybe a woman's?

CLAY

It is beneath you to mock.

WHITE

Please, I'm only trying to understand.

(approaching CLAY)

Will you describe it?

CLAY

No, but not because I don't want to.

WHITE

How often have you heard it?

CLAY

I've heard it at several different points in my life.

WHITE

Can you hear it now? I mean, can you recreate it?

(closing his eyes)

I know that when I talk to myself, it's my voice I hear...but if I try, I can hear other voices. I can hear your voice. Or my father's voice and he's been dead for years, but I can still hear him if--

CLAY

--I can't, I can't describe it.

WHITE

Forget describing it. But still, you can hear it, right?

CLAY

What are you getting at?

WHITE

Just...can you hear it?

CLAY lowers his head for a brief moment.

CLAY

It's not a voice as such, but it's  
in my body...in my heart.

WHITE

It's like a feeling almost.

CLAY smiles.

CLAY

Yes, a feeling.

WHITE

Now what about your son's voice?  
Can you hear your son?

CLAY

My son?

WHITE

Yes. I want you to try and listen.

Closing his eyes, CLAY bows his head and listens.

WHITE (CONT'D)

Can you hear him? Can you hear  
Patrick?

CLAY

I can.

WHITE

Now can you feel him, Glen?

After a moment, a smile grows across CLAY'S face, this one  
bigger than the one before.

Rising to his feet, CLAY stares up at the ceiling and walks  
out the room. Watching him go, WHITE goes to the door and  
peers down the TUNNEL.

ANGLE - CLAY stands by the stairs. He turns back to look at  
WHITE before heading up into the LIGHT.

Walking back inside, WHITE drops into a chair. Rubbing his  
face, he notices his pad on the table. Opening it to a blank  
page, he picks up a pen and begins to write.

INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM - SAME

We push in on CLAY, sitting in a chair. At his feet, PATRICK  
builds a house out of wooden blocks. Feeling his father's  
eyes, PATRICK looks up and smiles.

FLEMMING appears in the doorway.

CLAY  
(to PATRICK)  
What do you say we all go see if  
there's anymore of mom's pie left?

INT. BUNKER - SAME

As WHITE flips to a blank page, he glances at his WATCH.

ANGLE - The watch face reads 4:22 p.m.

INT. KITCHEN - TABLE

Two plates of PIE sit untouched. We pan up to FLEMMING fingering the edge of a B&W PHOTO from the night before.

FLEMMING  
(shaking his head)  
You can't give up now. You know  
what they'll do to you...to  
Patience.

CLAY puts his hand on FLEMMING's shoulder to calm him.

CLAY  
It's okay Robert.

FLEMMING (CONT'D)  
It ain't. This wasn't how it was  
supposed to happen!

CLAY  
Trust that this is his intention.

FLEMMING  
You don't deserve this--

CLAY  
--He is a merciful God.

FLEMMING  
No, Glen! You're wrong!

FLEMMING sweeps the pictures and the plates off the table.

ANGLE - Plates, silverware, glasses smashing onto the floor.

INT. BUNKER - SAME

The door swings opens to reveal WHITE writing furiously. Seeing DANNY in the doorway, he puts down his pen and starts to gather his things.

DANNY  
(watching him)  
Glen said you were right.

WHITE  
About what?

DANNY  
About us leaving...

WHITE freezes, taking this in.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
...Thank you.

Nodding with an almost stoic sadness, DANNY turns and exits.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM

WHITE steps into the LIVING ROOM. CLAY stands by a window, looking outside. SUNLIGHT streams through a crack in the blankets, setting half his face aglow with white light.

WHITE  
Is it true?

CLAY  
Yes.

WHITE  
Thank god.

CLAY chuckles.

CLAY  
Though it wasn't Patrick's voice,  
it was my Father's, telling me it  
was okay to leave. Years ago when I  
first went off. That's what I  
heard...Maybe staying here isn't  
the answer. Maybe it's okay to  
leave.

WHITE  
I'm very glad to hear that.

CLAY

God didn't intend for Abraham to slay his own son on Mount Moriah. It was a test. So he sent an angel to stop him. The Archangel, Michael.

WHITE smiles, resigned to the idea that he will never truly get through to CLAY.

CLAY

(looking back outside)  
You know, the hardest part of belief, is having the selflessness to be wrong...not about God, but about your own interpretation.

They both turn to PATIENCE and MARYBETH coming down the stairs, carrying the children. PATIENCE looks up and smiles.

CLAY

(to WHITE)  
Now how do you suggest we get out of here?

CUT TO:

ANGLE - WHITE speaking aloud as the CLAY FAMILY forms a semi-circle around him.

WHITE

...My biggest concern are the snipers stationed in the tree-line and out on the pasture, so I suggest the women and I go out first, the men following closely behind. Our hands should be on top of our heads and the minute our feet hit the grass, we'll get down on our knees. Do that and there's no way they can possibly shoot us.

FLEMMING

I ain't kneeling before them.

PATIENCE

Please Robert, do what Mr. White suggests.

CLAY

(stepping forth)  
I'd like us to take a moment, to hear the words of Job.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

Like us, he endured misfortune, but  
his confidence in God never  
wavered.

ANGLE - The CLAY FAMILY joining hands as they bow their heads  
in reverence. After a moment, CLAY begins to speak.

CLAY (CONT'D)

*I know that you can do all things,  
that no plan of yours can be  
thwarted. Surely I spoke of things  
I did not understand, things too  
wonderful for me to know.*

We pan across their faces; CLAY, PATIENCE, DANNY, MARYBETH,  
FLEMMING, JOANNE, STACY, and then WHITE, who holds WILL'S  
hand as he lays on the cot. CLAY holds the boy's other hand,  
thereby completing the circle.

CLAY (CONT'D)

*I will question you and you shall  
answer me. My ears have heard of  
you, but now my eyes have seen you.  
Therefore I despise myself and  
repent in dust and ashes.*

EVERYONE

Amen.

WHITE studies WILL'S limp hand. The BOY is motionless, the  
color drained from his skin. He glances at CLAY as a knowing  
look passes between them.

ANGLE - A GRANDFATHER CLOCK chiming FIVE times.

Everyone is preparing to exit the house. PATIENCE adjusts the  
bun in her hair as WHITE looks at her victoriously.

PATIENCE

(bittersweet smile)

I guess this is the end, isn't it?

WHITE

It's not the end, Pat. I'm going to  
do everything I can. I mean that.

PATIENCE steps up to WHITE, staring into his eyes. She leans  
in and hugs him, whispering into his ear.

PATIENCE

I now know why I asked you here...I  
hope you do too.

PATIENCE pulls back, looking into his face as WHITE nods.

As CLAY approaches, they both glance at FLEMMING, who looks concerned, out of sorts. CLAY tries to give him reassuring smile, but FLEMMING looks away.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The front door of the farmhouse opens as STACY steps out. With her hands raised high above her head, she walks slowly out onto the porch.

STACY

Please don't shoot! We're coming out...We're all comin' out!

PATIENCE appears in the doorway now. She moves silently across the porch. After a moment, WHITE emerges behind her.

WHITE

Commander Wells, it's Michael. Glen, Robert and Danny are here! They're giving up. Don't shoot!

STACY is near hysterics as she walks out onto the lawn and maneuvers herself to the ground.

As PATIENCE steps off the porch, she turns, giving WHITE a comforting smile.

IN SLOW MOTION - PATIENCE, jerking. The smile sliding off her face.

We suddenly hear the MUFFLED SOUND of GUN REPORT and a BULLET streaking in through the air as it makes impact.

IN SLOW MOTION - Another bullet slamming into PATIENCE'S shoulder. She reaches out for WHITE...

CLOSE UP - Their fingers touching as she falls backward.

WHITE leaps out in front of her, throwing his hands out in desperation. He frantically scans the tree-line.

WHITE

(pleading)

What are you doing! Stop! Stop!

Off to his left, STACY is sobbing on her knees as she is thrown forward, the impact knocking her flat on her stomach.

WHITE

You can't do this! They're unarmed! They're giving up!

WHITE's mind races. He turns back to the house as JOANNE crumples on the porch behind him.

ANGLE ON HOUSE - A SHADOW moves in the window and then a SUDDEN MUZZLE FLASH.

We PUSH IN ON WHITE as the realization hits him -- The GUNSHOTS are coming from inside the house.

WHITE'S own screams, echoed by invisible gunshots, are now joined by shouts from the woods.

He races toward the FARMHOUSE, tripping over DANNY's lifeless body draped across the porch's bottom step.

A hand grabs WHITE'S shoulders, pulling him to his feet. WHITE looks up to find CLAY, his face a mixture of SURPRISE and ACCEPTANCE.

CLAY  
Run, Michael.

WHITE  
What the are you doing!

CLAY  
(resigned)  
This isn't me. I'm sorry. God had his plan, I guess you and I just couldn't hear it.

FLEMMING walks out onto the PORCH and without any hesitation, puts the barrel of his rifle against CLAY's temple.

CLAY  
(closing his eyes)  
It must have been whispered...to Robert.

FLEMMING pulls the trigger as CLAY collapses to the floor. He chambers another bullet, taking aim at WHITE.

WHITE  
(bringing up his hands)  
Please...don't...

FLEMMING  
Leave!

WHITE takes a step back, ready to run.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Daddy?

PATRICK stands in the doorway, staring at his FATHER lying in a pool of blood.

FLEMMING  
Boy, get back in your room!

WHITE  
Do what he says Patrick!

ANGLE - PATRICK scurrying back up the stairs.

FLEMMING  
(back to WHITE)  
I said leave!

WHITE  
Please, Robert...

FLEMMING  
...NOW!

In the distance, we hear the shouts of the FBI, getting closer.

FLEMMING turns, running towards the stairs as a wave of horror washes over WHITE's face.

WHITE  
No, Robert...not them.

WHITE takes off after him.

INT. STAIRS - SAME

As FLEMMING starts racing up the stairs, WHITE grabs him from behind. With gravity on his side, he spins the much LARGER MAN back into the foyer.

Now face-to-face with WHITE, FLEMMING raises the GUN BARREL prodding him back towards the PORCH.

FLEMMING  
Don't make me shoot you.

WHITE  
You're supposed to be protecting them!

FLEMMING  
That's what I'm trying to do!

FLEMMING again moves for the stairs as WHITE goes after him. However, this time he turns before WHITE can reach him.

As the RIFLE swings around, WHITE grabs hold of the barrel. FLEMMING pulls the trigger as a bullet, just missing WHITE'S SHOULDER, smashes into the ceiling.

As FLEMMING tries to wrestle him from the barrel, WHITE loses his footing and crashes to floor.

ANGLE - FLEMMING now stands over WHITE.

FLEMMING

This is God's will, Michael.

FLEMMING raises the RIFLE, pointing it at WHITE'S head. They lock eyes as FLEMMING pulls the trigger...

THE RIFLE clicks. Nothing. FLEMMING is momentarily surprised, as he realizes he forgot to chamber another round.

Suddenly, a SHOT rings out as FLEMMING teeters. WHITE scampers backwards as he lands dead at his feet.

ANGLE - A TACTICAL SNIPER stands in the doorway.

We slowly begin to pull back on WHITE, sitting in shock as waves of both dread and relief slowly wash over him.

ANGLE - Numerous COMMANDOS cross back and forth, SWEEPING the house.

As we pull back further, WHITE looks up to a passing COMMANDO carrying PATRICK.

ANGLE - The frightened BOY stares back at him over the MAN'S shoulder.

Unable to control his emotions any longer, WHITE drops his head and begins to cry.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - HOURS LATER

ANGLE - A sleeve stained with BLOOD. WHITE stares at his arm, lost in thought -- his corduroy jacket wrinkled and shoes caked in mud.

HAYES (O.S.)

Well, you saved those children. You can feel good about that, at least.

WHITE looks up as HAYES continues to stare down at a file. A MICROPHONE and RECORDER sit on the table between them.

WHITE

I suppose.

HAYES continues to page through his notes.

HAYES

The outcome was almost inevitable.  
I'd say you did the best you could.

HAYES finally looks up as WHITE glares at him.

HAYES

Now, I'd like to revisit your  
discussion with Wells.

WHITE

We already went over that.

HAYES

(a tense smile)  
Well, I'd like to go over it again.

WHITE

How long do you plan on keeping me  
here, Agent Hayes?

HAYES

A few of more hours should do it.

WHITE

I'm calling my lawyers.

HAYES

Actually, we spoke earlier. I hear  
your piece is slated for next  
Sunday's magazine. That's quite a  
deadline.

WHITE

Then you can understand why I'm not  
going through it all again. Now  
that's it. We're done.

HAYES turns off the recorder and leans back in his chair.

HAYES

Look, I'm not going to tell you how  
to write your story. But I will  
tell you, we are very concerned  
about the disparaging fashion in  
which this agency has been  
portrayed in the past.

WHITE

This wasn't a Ruby Ridge or Waco...

HAYES

Maybe the Attorney General doesn't see it that way--

WHITE

--And I'm not going to be used in some blame game with the Marshals if that's what this is all about.

HAYES

(voice raising)

What this is about, is the use of a third party intermediary, and to what degree that party proved detrimental to the operation.

WHITE leans back in chair, shaking his head in disbelief.

WHITE (CONT'D)

You know, it didn't even occur to me until the ride home...even then I wasn't quite sure.

HAYES stares at him, confused. WHITE reaches over, pressing "record" as the machine whirls.

WHITE

Why didn't you people tell me about the truck?

HAYES

What truck?

WHITE

Glen Clay's truck, which sat on that road five miles from the house. Five miles, Agent Hayes. They ditched it a full 24 hours before I arrived...

HAYES shifts in his chair as WHITE pushes the microphone closer.

WHITE

And don't tell me you didn't find it. You had every law enforcement agent for a hundred miles all over that county. You people knew they were close.

HAYES

Clay's returning was considered highly unlikely--

WHITE

--I read the profile. You knew he had a martyr complex. You knew there was a chance he'd come back. Yet, you let me go in there anyway. You let them turn off the fucking lights, for God sakes!

HAYES

Why the hell would we do that?

WHITE

Because you wanted me in that house. I was your insurance policy, wasn't I?

HAYES

Insurance?

WHITE

In case something did go wrong. At least you people learn from your mistakes.

HAYES

I'm not following you.

WHITE

You know exactly what the hell I'm taking about. *Third party intermediary...deterimental to the operation.* You were going to blame me, weren't you! Admit it!

HAYES

(laughing)

That's ridiculous.

WHITE leaps from his chair, grabbing HAYES by his lapels -- the TWO MEN locking eyes as WHITE tries to pull him to his feet.

WHITE

Admit it! You people jeopardized my life!

HAYES

Would it have really made a difference? You wanted this story. In fact, from what I just heard, you needed it!

HAYES smiles, his face crimson with rage.

HAYES (CONT'D)

You should be thanking me!

As the words sink in, WHITE nods, slowly letting him go.

Backing away, WHITE turns and picks up his overturned chair. He calmly sets it upright and sits.

HAYES

(adjusting his collar)

Though now that it's on the table, should we be expecting these types of allegations in your article?

WHITE

Like you really care?

HAYES

I think the question is, will your readers care?

WHITE

Most won't, but I'm going to hold out hope, at least for Patience's sake, that maybe this time people will care. You never know, Agent Hayes, maybe this time, they'll actually stand up and do something about it.

HAYES

That's exactly my point. I don't have to tell you there is a considerable amount of discontent in this country. Now I hope most people will voice their opinions in the polls. But for those who feel the need to take action. Those are people we are most concerned about. It's gonna get a lot worse before it gets any better...So with regards to your article--

WHITE rises to his feet.

WHITE

--What more do you people want from me? I gave you everything...at least everything you're entitled to.

HAYES

What would we not be entitled to?

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Something I haven't had in a long  
time. Something that's mine.

HAYES  
And what would that be?

WHITE  
An opinion.

HAYES  
Like I've been saying, we're very  
interested in your opinion.

WHITE  
Then you can read it in the  
paper...just like everyone else.

Grabbing his notebook off the floor, WHITE goes to leave.

WHITE (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Agent Hayes.

As WHITE reaches the door, HAYES calls out.

HAYES  
Mr. White.

Pausing, he turns back around.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
Good luck with your story.

WHITE smirks.

WHITE  
Good luck with yours.

EXT. FEDERAL PLAZA - MORNING

Shielding his eyes from the MORNING sun, WHITE steps out of  
the Federal Building.

Stopping at a newsstand, he buys a copy of the TIMES.

WHITE glances at the FRONT PAGE and continues down BROADWAY,  
slowly disappearing into a sea of faces.

FADE TO BLACK

\*