

O.K.C.

by

Clay Wold

Inspired by the true story of

Chad Wold

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALFRED P. MURRAH BUILDING - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

A beautiful spring morning in the American heartland.

A cross-section of American men and women head to work in this imposing nine story concrete structure.

Some in suits, some blue collar, some in military attire, while others carry their children and babies in for day care.

INT. SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE - MURRAH BUILDING - DAY

Hot and stuffy. DANA BAILEY, 21, African-American carries her fussy baby boy, GABREON, into a long line with her daughter, PEACHLYN, 3, and her mother, CHERYL HAMMON, 44, in tow.

CHERYL
I told you we'd be late. Ain't I told
you? I told you, we had to be here
early for the social security cards.

Gabreon continues to fuss, then cries out.

A few annoyed patrons turn and look.

Dana notices the annoyed few.

DANA
Momma, I'll be back when you get
close, okay?

CHERYL
Okay, but don't go far, baby.

Dana steps out of line swaying Gabreon as she hums to him.

Something catches Dana's eye. She turns and looks out the large wall of windows at --

EXT. 5TH STREET - DAY

A two-ton RYDER truck driving the wrong way on the one way street pulls up behind a brown Chevy truck and parks in the handicap space.

Army recruiters exit the Murrah as a mom carries her baby in.

Moments later, the RYDER EXPLODES in a BLINDING FLASH of LIGHT.

KA-BOOM!

The world IMPLODES in fiery shards of glass, steel and concrete.

LEGEND: OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - APRIL 19, 1995 - 9:02:16 A.M.

EXT. JONES ESTATE - ENID, OK - SUNSET

A 100-year-old plantation lined with cottonwoods.

STEPHEN JONES, 54, an intellectual giant and legal scholar, dressed out of an LL Bean catalog, carefully prunes one of the hundreds of award winning "Oklahoma Roses" in the long bed.

He looks up at SHERREL JONES, 40s, Martha Stewart-ish, at the end of the rose bed. She offers a smile and a playful pose.

Several YARD BOYS trim the trees, prune the hedges and fertilize the acres of lawn beyond Sherrel.

Stephen's cell rings. He pulls it from a pocket and answers as he heads for the house to escape the noise,

STEPHEN

Hello.

He opens the double doors into the --

INT. LIBRARY - JONES HOUSE

Stephen navigates his book-lined library bathed in shadow.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Stephen Jones?

STEPHEN

Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Jones, this is the Department of Justice, Watch Command Center, Washington, D.C. please remain on the line for Chief Judge Randle of Oklahoma City.

Stephen slips into an old leather Chesterfield chair, then reaches for an ever-present yellow pad and a Montblanc pen.

VOICE (O.S.)

Your Honor, Mr. Jones is on the line. It is secure. Go ahead.

CHIEF JUDGE RANDLE (O.S.)

Stephen, do you know why I'm calling?

STEPHEN

I'm guessing it's not to reminisce about law school.

CHIEF JUDGE RANDLE (O.S.)

No, Stephen it's not. To cut right to it, I've talked to the other judges and I want to know, if asked, whether you would accept an appointment, under the Criminal Justice Act, to represent the person or individuals and/or others unknown who have been or will be charged with the Oklahoma City bombing?

Stephen's mind races at hearing the question he'd been expecting. His eyes move as if searching for the answer.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JONES ESTATE - NIGHT

Wind howls through the cottonwoods as a thunderstorm rolls in.

INT. LIBRARY - JONES ESTATE - NIGHT

SHERREL (O.S.)
Stephen? Are you there?

After a moment, Sherrel appears in the doorway.

She sees him sitting in profile illuminated by the full moon fingering a dram of 40-year-old Glenfiddich single malt, neat.

SHERREL
Why are you sitting in the dark?

STEPHEN
The call you were afraid would come
has come.

Sherrel's face falls.

SHERREL
(sotto)
My God!
(to Stephen)
What are you going to do?

INT. JONES, WYATT & ROBERTS LAW OFFICES - ENID, OK - DAY

Stephen enters his tastefully decorated law firm of 30 years to find it busier than usual with the receptionist, 30s, answering the constantly ringing phones.

ROBERT REAPE, 50's, law partner, and master legal tactician spots Stephen.

ROBERT
We need to talk.

Stephen and Robert step into --

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE

Classic conservative style with a few well placed family photos scattered about the bookshelves. Stephen crosses the room.

ROBERT
When were you going to tell us?

Stephen steps behind his magnificent turn of the century desk.

STEPHEN
Pardon?

ROBERT
McVeigh!

STEPHEN
 I just got the call last night.
 (off Robert's look)
 Besides, as senior partner I didn't
 know I needed your permission to take
 on a new client.

He slips into an old leather Kensington wing backed king chair.

ROBERT
 He's not "just" a new client...

STEPHEN
 That's right. We have a duty...

ROBERT
 (steps forward, then)
 To our families. To their futures.
 Not his. He's done. The moment he
 walked out in that orange jumpsuit
 the country convicted him.

STEPHEN
 And that's exactly why I said, "yes."
 He needs us. If there was ever a
 client who would put our system of
 justice to the test, it's him. He
 needs us.

ROBERT
 What about our current clients? Those
 we've represented for 30 years. They
 will leave en masse. This case will
 cost us millions!
 (off Stephen's look)
 You've got to withdraw.

STEPHEN
 (considers, then)
 I can't.

ROBERT
 Can't or won't?

Stephen stares at Robert testing their 30-year partnership
 forged in the defense of untenable cases and unlikable clients.

STEPHEN
 Can't.

EXT. EL RENO CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - EL RENO, OK - DAY

Stephen steps out of his Lexus and eyes the sun-baked medium
 security correctional institution. He takes a moment, then
 approaches the gated checkpoint below the guard tower.

INT. CELL - SEGREGATION - EL RENO CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION

A THICK GUARD, 40s, appears at the cell door. A thin pair of
 backwards upside-down hands stick out through the food slot
 and are quickly cuffed.

INT. SECURITY CHECK

Stephen follows a PUDGY GUARD, 50s, through a metal detector.

INT. HALLWAY

A pair of khaki size 10 prison issue loafers shuffle along as fast as the shackles will allow. Two pair of spit and polished big black guard boots keep pace with the loafers.

INT. CORRIDOR

An air locked door buzzes, then opens. Stephen follows a THIN GUARD, 30s, down a long hall to an --

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Stephen enters to find TIM MCVEIGH, 27, tall, lean, awkward farm-boy-next-door, in khaki prison issue, seated at a table.

Stephen watches McVeigh, preoccupied with picking his nails. He clears his throat causing McVeigh to look up, wide-eyed.

STEPHEN

(approaching)

Mr. McVeigh, my name is Stephen Jones.
I've been appointed to represent you.

McVeigh rises revealing the limits of his shackles as Stephen offers his hand. Their handshake jingles the shackles.

STEPHEN

They treating you alright?

McVeigh glances nervously at the door.

MCVEIGH

Yes, sir.

Stephen pulls out a business card.

STEPHEN

Good. Now, I or a member of my staff
will be available to you around the
clock, if you should need anything.

He places his card on the table in front of McVeigh who eyes it, then looks up at Stephen with soulful almost dim-witted eyes.

MCVEIGH

Can I ask you a question?

STEPHEN

Certainly.

MCVEIGH

When can I get outa here?

Surprised, by McVeigh's casually ludicrous question, Stephen asks,

STEPHEN

Well, why don't you start by telling me how you ended up here?

MCVEIGH

The U.S. Marshals brung me over from Perry where I was waitin' to be arraigned for not havin' no tags on my Marquis.

Shocked by McVeigh's presented obliviousness to his current reality, the ever patient Stephen tries again.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry, let me be more specific. Where were you on the morning of April 19th?

MCVEIGH

Before Perry?

STEPHEN

Yes.

MCVEIGH

I was headin' north on I-35, before...

Stephen's had enough, and cuts the rambling McVeigh off.

STEPHEN

Mr. McVeigh, I don't know if you truly understand the gravity of the situation you find yourself in. So let me clarify it for you. They are going to charge you with the murder of 168 people, including 19 children and 8 federal agents.

MCVEIGH

Charge me?!
(leans in)
What about them?!

STEPHEN

Them?

McVeigh slams the table from underneath, startling Stephen.

MCVEIGH

The United States government!
They've killed millions!

Stephen notes McVeigh's rage, but maintains his manner.

STEPHEN

This case is not about the United States government, Mr. McVeigh. It's about you.

MCVEIGH

Me?!

(huffs, then)

It should be about them!

STEPHEN

Be that as it may, my job is to represent you, not them. And in order to do that effectively I need to know everything you know about the bombing.

MCVEIGH

No, you don't.

(off Stephen's look)

You just need to present a necessity defense.

Stephen, stunned by McVeigh's absurd suggestion.

STEPHEN

A necessity defense?

MCVEIGH

That's right. Someone had to send a message that "we the people" will not tolerate another Waco or Ruby Ridge.

STEPHEN

So that's what this was? Payback?

MCVEIGH

No. "This" was the first shot of the second revolutionary war.

Stephen waits a moment unable to tell if McVeigh is serious.

STEPHEN

Seriously? You want me to present preemptive vengeance as your necessity defense?

McVeigh can tell from Stephen's tone that he's not going to be getting what he wants.

MCVEIGH

(hollers)

Guard!

He stands and heads for the door leaving a dumbfounded Stephen alone with his card still on the table.

INT. FOYER - JONES HOUSE - ENID, OK - NIGHT

Stephen enters rubbing the back of his tension-filled neck. Then he smells it, something wonderful as he sets his briefcase down and drops his keys on the table.

SHERREL (O.S.)

Stephen?

Stephen follows the scent down the hall to a large --

INT. KITCHEN

He finds Sherrel, putting the finishing touches on a five star meal for two.

SHERREL
You look tired.

Stephen offers a small smile. She gestures to the table.

SHERREL
Here. Sit. I made your favorite.

Stephen steps to Sherrel, takes her in his arms, and studies her beautiful face.

SHERREL
How'd it go?

Stephen rolls his eyes as he lets go of her.

SHERREL
That good?

Sherrel hands Stephen a glass of Pinot.

STEPHEN
I can't tell if he's a perp, patsy or martyr.

SHERREL
Meaning?

STEPHEN
On the surface, he appears to be a farm boy with the emotional response of an adolescent, but when pressed he expresses flashes of audacity and anger that leads one to want to believe the lie agreed upon.

SHERREL
And that is?

STEPHEN
That he acted alone.

SHERREL
He didn't?

STEPHEN
I don't know. He won't talk to me.

SHERREL
So what are you going to do?

He gives her an inconclusive look.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA LAW SCHOOL - MISSOULA, MT - DAY
Students come and go.

INT. LECTURE HALL - U OF M LAW SCHOOL

PROFESSOR O'NEILL, 50s, authoritatively smug and in mid-lecture to 71 eagerly scribbling LAW STUDENTS when he spots --

CHAD WOLD, 27, All-American, slipping into class with an arm load of books and an apple in his mouth.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Ah, Mr. Wold, so nice of you to join us.

Chad bites into the apple, then pulls it from his mouth, and hands it to a FELLOW STUDENT, 26, as he passes by.

CHAD
My apologies. I...

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Would you be so kind as to brief us on Montana v. Running Weasel?

CHAD
Ah, sure. Montana v. Running Weasel.
(recalling the case)
Two out of state hunters are robbed at rifle point in the hills west of Dayton. Neither hunter has cash, so one writes a check at the behest of the masked rifleman to the order of Joe Running Weasel. Result, Running Weasel is found guilty and sentenced to five to seven years in the state penitentiary.
(off Prof. O'Neill's approving look)
However, it was a bad decision.

Fellow students perk up at Chad's objection to the decision.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Excuse me?

CHAD
Neither hunter ever positively identified Running Weasel as the rifleman. Therefore, he should never have been convicted based on the evidence presented.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Well, Judge Thomas apparently thought differently of the circumstantial evidence presented and sentenced accordingly.

CHAD
Yes, but shouldn't a man be punished for what you can prove he has done, not for what circumstantial evidence suggests he may have done?

Bell rings. Students rise to leave.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Mr. Wold, a moment.

Students exit as Chad approaches Professor O'Neill.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Mr. Wold, you're becoming quite the
idealistic contrarian.

CHAD
You say that like it's a bad thing.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Bad? No. Dangerous? Very.

Chad, surprised by O'Neill's response.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Now, Oxford Law may have tolerated
your dissension, hell, they may...

CHAD
Buckingham.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Excuse me?

CHAD
My law degree is from Buckingham.

PROFESSOR O'NEILL
Be that as it may. In order to
practice law in Montana, you will need
to pass my class, and the bar exam, so
I would advise that you keep your
opinions to yourself and simply
reiterate the material required.
Am I clear?

CHAD
Crystal.

EXT. U OF M LAW SCHOOL - DAY

Chad exits and immediately finds a pair of hands covering his
eyes from behind.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Guess who?

Chad considers the question, then plays this familiar game.

CHAD
Bambi?
(no response)
Kitty?
(no response)
Trixie?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
(laughs, dropping her
hands)
Oh shut up and kiss me.

Chad turns around and pulls ASHLEY SMITH, 28, an All-American beauty close. They kiss.

CHAD
And to what do I owe this visit?

He takes her hand as they start across --

EXT. ARTHUR AVENUE

ASHLEY
You forgot?

CHAD
Forgot what?

They step onto the --

EXT. SIDEWALK - ROW HOUSES

ASHLEY
What today is.

Chad looks cluelessly at Ashley as they pass JENNY, 24, grad-student pushing a stroller.

ASHLEY
Hi Jenny.

CHAD
(to Ashley)
March 3rd?

ASHLEY
No.

CHAD
Monday?

ASHLEY
No.

CHAD
Poker night?

ASHLEY
No.

EXT. FRONT YARD - ROW HOUSE

Chad leads Ashley, stewing, past the "For Lease" sign in the front yard and up the steps onto the --

EXT. PORCH - ROW HOUSE

Chad grabs the mail and sorts out the wedding RSVP's.

ASHLEY
I can't believe you forgot...
(keys the dead bolt)
Three years of dating and this is the first time you forgot...

She opens the door and looks in to see --

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROW HOUSE - DAY

A large banner reads, "Happy 3rd Anniversary."

Balloons, scattered about. Perfectly decorated.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - ROW HOUSE

 ASHLEY
Oh my God! You didn't forget.

She turns and throws her arms around Chad.

 ASHLEY
I love you.

They release and Chad looks into her eyes.

 CHAD
Forever.

She kisses him.

 ASHLEY
Always.

He kisses her back, only to be interrupted by a, "woof."

They turn and look down to see BUCK, their six month old black lab in the doorway with his rubber squirrel. They laugh as Buck cocks his head.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROW HOUSE - EVENING

Chad watches TV news from the couch with Buck at his side in the f.g. while in the b.g. Ashley fills a popcorn bowl in the kitchen.

 ASHLEY
So I was thinking...

She heads for the couch with the popcorn bowl and assorted home listing in hand.

 ASHLEY
Our lease is up in three months, so we really need to start looking for a home...

 CHAD
Shhh.

Surprised by the "shhh," Ashley follows Chad's view to the --

TV SCREEN: FBI sketch of Tim McVeigh and John Doe #2.

The TV news goes to a commercial.

ASHLEY
 What is it with you and that case?
 (off Chad's look)
 He did it, and he's gonna fry for it.

CHAD
 Did he?

ASHLEY
 Well yeah, they wouldn't've arrested him if he didn't.

CHAD
 Really?
 (off Ashley's look)
 What about the other guy?

ASHLEY
 Who, John Doe number two?

She plops down next to Chad on the --

COUCH

CHAD
 Yeah. In less than two hours after the bombing they arrested McVeigh, and within days they trotted him out in front of the press corps in that orange jumpsuit.
 (off Ashley's look)
 But after a six week long nationwide manhunt and a two million dollar bounty the feds quietly called off their search for John Doe number two.
 (a beat)
 Why?

ASHLEY
 I don't know. Who cares?

Surprised by her answer, Chad gives Ashley a quizzical look.

CHAD
 I do.

His declaration catches Ashley off guard.

ASHLEY
 Well, whoever he is, I'm sure he's long gone by now.

She sets the bowl of popcorn on the coffee table and offers Chad the home listings.

ASHLEY
 Now, can we talk about open houses?

CHAD
 (thinking it through)
 I want to go.

ASHLEY
 Well yeah, I'd hope so, it's gonna...

CHAD
No. There. Denver. I want to go see
if I can work on the case.

ASHLEY
What? You're not even a lawyer yet.

CHAD
Yeah, but I could work as a paralegal,
aide, assistant, something.
(off Ashley's look)
I think I should call him.

ASHLEY
Who? Stephen?

CHAD
Yeah. He's a family friend. Maybe he
can use an extra hand.

ASHLEY
What about...?

CHAD
Ash, this case is going to be the
trial of the century. It's going to
make careers.

ASHLEY
But, what about...?

CHAD
Ash.

He gives her a look and she can tell his mind is made up.

ASHLEY
(shakes her head)
Fine. Do what you want.

She stands, knocking over the bowl of popcorn as she heads
for the door. Buck hops down and vacuums up the remains.
Chad glances back, but before he can say anything Ashley's
disappeared around the corner.

After a moment, the screen door slaps shut o.s. Chad looks
at the cordless phone, considers, then picks it up and dials.

He stands up as it rings once, then answered.

CHAD
(into the phone)
Hi Stephen, it's Chad Wold...
(listens)
I was calling to see if I could...
(listens)
Now?
(listens)
Yeah. Absolutely. Thank you.

Click! The line goes dead. Chad's mind races.

INT. BEDROOM - ROW HOUSE - LATER

Chad quickly slips a couple of suits into the garment bag hanging on the closet door.

The screen door slaps shut o.s.

 ASHLEY (O.S.)
 (called out)
Pizza.

Chad zips the garment bag up as Ashley, pizza slice in hand, enters.

 ASHLEY
What are you doing?

 CHAD
 (glances back)
Stephen said yes.

 ASHLEY
To what?

 CHAD
To me, working on the case.

Shocked, Ashley drops the slice.

 ASHLEY
What? What about our wedding, the
bar exam, your final, buying a house?

 CHAD
 (continues to pack)
The wedding plans are practically
finished... and amazing by the
way... I'll postpone my final.
And I'll take the bar exam after
the verdict...

 ASHLEY
But what about us?

Chad stops, turns to Ashley.

 CHAD
Us? Ash, this, this is for us. This
case could make my career. Give us
the life we only dreamed of. Nice
house, white picket fence, 2.5 kids,
dog named Spot, and a cat named Kitty.
We can have it all. But to do that, I
have to do this.

Before Ashley can respond, Chad grabs the garment bag, slings it over his shoulder.

 CHAD
I'll call you as soon as I get in.

He gives her a kiss, then disappears out the door leaving Ashley alone, except for Buck who looks up from the slice of pizza and whimpers.

She looks around the now empty bedroom as the enormity of what's just happened washes over her.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - LATE AFTERNOON

Striking shadows shroud the monolithic building.

INT. FILE ROOM - PROSECUTORS OFFICES - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

Legal assistants pour arm load after arm load of discovery files into the hundreds of banker boxes that fill the room.

Assistant United States Attorney JOE HARTZLER, 40's, balding, tense and tight, by all accounts an unapproachable man enters on his motorized scooter and the frenzied room comes to a halt.

HARTZLER
What are you doing?! Shuffle
and stuff! Shuffle and stuff!

He claps his hands together, then pulls a handful of files from a stack and stuffs them into banker boxes.

HARTZLER
C'mon, c'mon. They want discovery,
we'll give them discovery.

The room resumes stuffing files into the banker boxes. Hartzler motors around the room and out the door to an awaiting female PRESS SECRETARY, 30's.

EXT. STEPS - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - LATE AFTERNOON

Hartzler follows the Press Secretary out to the top step. Sound-bite hungry reporters swarm the steps from below.

Hartzler basks in the attention. The Press Secretary points to REBECCA MOORE, 30's, a local TV reporter in the front row.

PRESS SECRETARY
First question.

REBECCA
Is it true that the grand jury has
indicted Timothy McVeigh, Terry
Nichols and Others Unknown?

HARTZLER
Yes, that's true.

PRESS SECRETARY
Next question...

The reporters shoot their hands up as they fire questions...

REBECCA
Excuse me...

The Press Secretary points at a SECOND REPORTER, 40s...

REBECCA
Excuse me...

Harztler looks down at Rebecca silencing the second Reporter.

REBECCA
I have a follow up question.

Harztler nods.

REBECCA
Who are the Others Unknown?

Surprised, Harztler blanches. The Press Secretary points to the second Reporter in the back.

PRESS SECRETARY
Next question.

Hartzler looks up and out at the second Reporter.

SECOND REPORTER
Is it your intention to ask for the death penalty?

HARTZLER
No. It is my intention to send Mr. McVeigh to hell!

And that's it. Hartzler turns his scooter around and heads back into the courthouse with the Press Secretary in tow.

EXT. DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

Sunrise bathes the city a golden hew.

INT. RECEPTION - DEFENSE OFFICES - DENVER, CO - DAY

Chad, bright eyed, enters the fast-paced chaotic office. He spots Stephen approaching with SARA THOMAS, 26, an attractive legal assistant, at his side.

STEPHEN
(offering his hand)
Thanks for coming down.

CHAD
(shaking hands)
Thanks for the opportunity...

STEPHEN
Listen, I'm late for a depo, but Sara here can give you the tour and get you all set up. Okay?

Before Chad can respond, Stephen steps into a conference room leaving Chad disappointed and somewhat confused.

SARA
You must be Chad?

CHAD
(offering his hand)
Yes.

SARA
 (shaking hands)
 Sara Thomas. One of Stephen's three
 assistants.

CHAD
 Three?

Sara turns a disappointed Chad and they head down the --

INT. HALLWAY

SARA
 Yes, we have 19 attorneys working for
 the defense and 43 staff.

CHAD
 And the prosecution?

SARA
 Over 100 attorneys, 10 times the
 staff, not to mention the thousands of
 FBI, AFT, and Secret Service agents.

She steps into the doorway of the --

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM

Chad follows Sara in to find three other assistants, NICK,
 MARIA and TOM, all in their 20s, sitting behind long tables
 and with red phones pressed to the ears.

SARA
 Well, this is it. Not much, but
 it'll have to do.

CHAD
 Do what?

Sara points to the only unoccupied red phone on a temporary
 card table next to the photocopier in front of the long table.

SARA
 It rings, answer it.

And with that, she vanishes. Before Chad can react, the red
 phone rings. He grabs it and answers,

CHAD
 McVeigh defense team.

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)
 I know who did it.

Chad grabs the yellow pad and pen on the card table.

CHAD
 Who?

He scribbles notes across the yellow pad.

In each of the following scenes Chad remains at the card table
 and appears in different wardrobe as do Nick, Maria and Tom in
 the b.g.

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The government...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The FBI...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The CIA...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Only Nick and Maria remain in the b.g.

CHAD
The ATF...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The DOJ...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The NSA...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Only Nick remains in the b.g.

CHAD
The PLO...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The Iranians...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The Aryans...?

INT. PHOTOCOPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
The Iraqi...?

Sara appears in the doorway, sees Chad on the phone.

CHAD
Hakim al-what...? Hakim al-Hakim...?

Click! The line goes dead. Chad hangs up as he writes "Hakim al-Hakim" on the yellow pad, then notices Sara standing in the doorway.

SARA
Let's call it a night, shall we.

Chad stands and stretches as he looks around, noticing that he's alone, except for Sara.

SARA
C'mon. I'll buy you a drink.

Chad looks up at the wall clock. It reads, 11:37 p.m., but before he can answer Nick appears.

NICK
Hey, discovery just arrived. C'mon.

EXT. SEMI TRUCK TRAILER - ALLEY - DEFENSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Nick leads Chad and Sara out the back door to see the CHUBBY DRIVER, 50s, throw open the trailer door --

INT. TRAILER

Revealing hundreds of banker boxes strapped to the walls.

EXT. SEMI TRUCK TRAILER - ALLEY - DEFENSE OFFICES - NIGHT

SARA
(to Chad)
Welcome to the real "One L."

Chad looks beyond the semi and sees two more waiting to deliver their loads. His eyes widen.

INT. HALL - DEFENSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Nick leads Chad, Sara, Maria and Tom as they push dollies stacked with banker boxes.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Chad, Sara and the other assistants, methodically comb through, index, and summarize the discovery documents from the hundreds of banker boxes that line the walls.

MONTAGE

With each shot, banker boxes move around the room with Chad, Sara, Nick, and the other assistants appearing in different wardrobe. With each wardrobe change an assistant disappears.

Chad looks at the government's grand jury indictment and focuses in on the words, "McVeigh," "Nichols" and "Others Unknown."

He flips through page after of page FBI and AFT files. Most everything is blacked out except the words, "the," "is," and "and." Chad scowls.

He flips through an FBI file and finds the original sketch of "John Doe #2."

Chad photocopies the sketch, then pockets the copy.

He opens a government file to find the first page is page "7," and the next is page "92." Perplexed, Chad flips through the file trying to find the missing 85 pages, but they are not there. He makes note of it, then returns the file to the box.

Chad reads through McVeigh's military record, including his "Ranger Assessment Psychological Evaluation" and his commendations page listing a "Bronze Star."

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICE - LATER

Alone, back to the door, and at a stack of banker boxes, Chad eyes the file that reads, "Oklahoma City Medical Examiners Final Report on the Murrah Building bombing."

He flips through the Final Report and notices the phrases, "seven bodies missing a single leg," and on the next page, "eight legs recovered."

Chad flips back to the previous page, sees, "seven bodies..."

Confused, he flips back to the first page and fingers, "Prepared by Dr. Jonas Jensen (405) 555-9000."

Chad checks his watch, it reads, 9:08 p.m. He dials his cell. It rings once, then answered.

CHAD
(into the phone)
Dr. Jonas Jensen, please.
(listens)
His voicemail? Sure. Thank you.
(listens)
Doctor, this is Chad Wold with the McVeigh defense team, I have a couple of quick questions concerning your Final Report. Please give me a call back at your earliest convenience.
(303) 555-4211. Thank you.

He hangs up and returns to the Final Report.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Find anything interesting?

Chad turns around to find Stephen in the doorway.

CHAD
Yeah, but a lot of the docs have been blacked out or are missing pages making it hard to make sense of their case.

STEPHEN
And that tells you what?

CHAD
They're not going to try the case on the evidence, but rather the emotions.

STEPHEN
(leading)
So?

CHAD
We need to find the facts.

STEPHEN
Exactly.
(pats the door jam)
You need anything, let me know.

Before Chad can ask, Stephen disappears out the door.

EXT. DENVER, CO - DAY

The sunrise paints the cityscape with a collage of color.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES

There's a knuckle rap on the wall. Chad, asleep at a file covered table wakes to see Sara in the doorway.

SARA
C'mon, Stephen wants you to meet
someone.

EXT. ENGLEWOOD FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - LITTLETON, CO

Chad climbs out of Stephen's Lexus and eyes the imposing maximum security facility surrounded by a two-story electric fence garnished with strands of razor wire.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
It's like I'm talkin', but nobody's
listenin'.

INT. SECURITY CHECK - CONTINUOUS

Stephen and Sara lead a wide-eyed Chad through the routine metal detector, wanding, and pat down by SECURITY OFFICERS.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
For the last time.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

An air locked electronic door buzzes, then slides open. Stephen, Sara and Chad follow a SECURITY OFFICER through it.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
I. Can't. Tell. You!

INT. TABLE - INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephen sits between Chad and Sara and opposite McVeigh. They look as exasperated as McVeigh looks obstinate.

STEPHEN
Why not? What are you afraid of?

SARA
We can protect you.

MCVEIGH
Protect me? You're just a girl.
You couldn't protect a warm cup of
piss. Let alone the god damned
federal buildin'. How the hell do
you expect to protect me?!

Stephen and Chad, surprised by McVeigh's verbal attack.

SARA
(leans in)
Look, you ungrateful son-of-a-bitch.
You don't give us something to use,
something we can defend you with, in a
not too distant future the fed's are
gonna strap your skinny little white
ass into a chair and you're gonna ride
the lightening until your eyes pop out
and you shit yourself in disgrace!
Now, you want that? Fine! But quit
wasting our time!

Furious, she stands and storms out.

McVeigh, surprised, looks at Stephen, who appears equally
confused.

STEPHEN
Pardon me. I'll be right back.

He goes after Sara leaving Chad and McVeigh alone.

McVeigh locks eyes with Chad, sizing him up.

MCVEIGH
So, you must be the kid they call when
there's no one left to call.

CHAD
Meaning?

MCVEIGH
Six other young fresh faced probie
lawyers sat in that seat before you.

Confused and feeling setup, Chad makes the most of the
opportunity.

CHAD
Well then, that makes me lucky number
seven.

MCVEIGH
(chuckles, then)
I wouldn't say that. From where I sit
it looks like career suicide.
(off Chad's look)
Acquittal or no you'll be known as one
of the men who defended the most hated
man in America.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - E.F.C.I. - CONTINUOUS

Stephen and Sara watch Chad and McVeigh on a CCTV.

CHAD
(on the CCTV screen)
Gee, from where I sit it's the
opportunity of a lifetime. An
opportunity to defend the
indefensible.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
And a chance to learn the truth about
you, Nichols and the Others Unknown.

MCVEIGH
Others Unknown? There were no others.
Just me.

CHAD
Really?

He pulls the photocopied sketch of John Doe #2 from his pocket.

CHAD
What about him?
(tosses the sketch in
front of McVeigh)
John Doe number two.

MCVEIGH
(eyes the sketch)
Him?
(eyes Chad)
He's nobody. Doesn't exist.

He flicks the sketch back at Chad.

CHAD
Huh.

MCVEIGH
What?

Chad slips the sketch back into his pocket.

CHAD
Well, it's just a shame he doesn't
exist because a good defense strategy
for this case would shift all or part
of the blame for the bombing to anyone
else but you.

McVeigh snaps,

MCVEIGH
What! No! No, I told the old man I
want a necessity defense!

CHAD
A necessity defense?
(off McVeigh's look)
Are you joking? There's not a jury in
the world that would acquit you based
on a necessity defense.
(thinks a moment)
Unless.

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 (considers)
 Unless, that's what you want. Not to
 be acquitted.
 (off McVeigh's glare)
 Is that what you want? To go down in
 history as the unrequited martyr of a
 revolution that never was.

McVeigh's glare softens to amusement.

MCVEIGH
 (covering)
 Look at you, Mr. Know-it-all, got it
 all figured out, don't'cha?

CHAD
 No. But neither do you.

McVeigh's eyes flash their first moment of uncertainty.

CHAD
 Now answer my question.

MCVEIGH
 (baiting him)
 What was it?

CHAD
 Do you or do you not want to be
 acquitted?

MCVEIGH
 What do you think?

CHAD
 Doesn't matter what I think. Only
 matters what you want.

They lock eyes reappraising their roles in this relationship.

MCVEIGH
 What I want?
 (off Chad's nod)
 I want the truth of the bombing to
 come out. I want to be acquitted.
 I want to embarrass the government.
 And after all the evidence is heard,
 I want the truth to remain a mystery.

He flashes his eyes.

CHAD
 (considers, then)
 Those sound like contradictory
 objectives.

MCVEIGH
 Yes, but in this particular case, they
 are not mutually exclusive.

CHAD
 They're not?
 (off McVeigh's look)
 Well then can you explain it, because
 I don't understand how...

MCVEIGH
(smirks, then)
Then you must not be my lucky number
seven.

He turns and hollers,

MCVEIGH
Guard!

He stands heads for the door. Alarmed, Chad blurts out,

CHAD
I know about the "other guy."

SECURITY ROOM: Stephen and Sara, stunned.

McVeigh stops, glances back.

MCVEIGH
You don't know shit!

CHAD
(casually confident)
Then keep walking.

Surprised by Chad's bravado, McVeigh stares him down trying to get a read on him.

MCVEIGH
What do you know?

Chad locks eyes with McVeigh, taking control.

CHAD
When I know what you know, you'll know
what I know.

Curious, McVeigh acquiesces.

MCVEIGH
Fine.
(returns to the table)
What do you want to know?

CHAD
Everything.

MCVEIGH
Startin' when?

CHAD
Whenever you met Nichols.

MCVEIGH
Terry? We met in '88...

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - FORT BENNING, GA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tim McVeigh and TERRY NICHOLS, 33, weak-jawed and balding, get off a bus. They look around at the parade grounds packed with fresh recruits. McVeigh's eyes beam with anticipation.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
At Fort Benning basic.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - FORT BENNING, GA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Nichols walks out, his freshly shaven head followed by McVeigh. Nichols stops, rubs his own head, then looks at McVeigh and rubs his; like an older brother would.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
We hit it off right away.

EXT. FORT RILEY, KS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Typical army base. Recruits and soldiers on the move.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Then after basic...

INT. BARRACKS - FORT RILEY, KS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh, at a table, breaks down the last few weapons and drops the parts into a large pile before him.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
We were assigned to Fort Riley and the
Big Red One.

He blind-folds himself, taps a timer, then reaches into the pile and quickly reassembles weapon after weapon from feel.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL BUILDING - FORT RILEY, KS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh pushes his way to the front of a mob of recruits and fingers up the list of posted grades. His finger stops at the top of the list. He smiles and pumps his fist.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
I kicked ass there. Tested, top of my
class.

EXT. BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - FIRING RANGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh fires off a few rounds from the 25mm gun mounted atop the Bailey.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Hell, I even fired a rare perfect
score in thousand meter comp.

He grabs his binoculars and zooms in on the 25mm's target. Dead center.

EXT. EXIT GATE - FORT RILEY, KANSAS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Nichols in civilian wear shakes hands with McVeigh still in Army regs.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
But then Nichols opted out in '89,
hardship discharge.

Nichols climbs into the back of a yellow cab.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 'bout the same time I applied for
 Ranger School.

He watches the yellow cab pull away, then looks down at the
"Ranger School App" in his hand. It's stamped, "Approved."

INT. CARGO HOLD - C-130 - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh in camo gear sits among hundreds of other soldiers.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 But my Ranger plans got put on hold
 when the Gulf War started up in '90
 and I got shipped out to Desert Storm.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I.

CHAD
 Sounds like you'd made G.I. Joe proud.

MCVEIGH
 G.I. Joe?
 (huffs, then)
 What the hell do you know?
 (off Chad's look)
 You serve?

CHAD
 No.

MCVEIGH
 Then you have no idea what we did over
 there.

CHAD
 I know you won a "Bronze Star" for a
 long-range shot that killed one Iraqi
 regular.

MCVEIGH
 One?

He huffs, shakes his head, then looks away.

CHAD
 There were more?
 (no response,
 insistent)
 Were there?

MCVEIGH
 (turns back)
 You want to know?
 (leans in, personal)
 You really want to know what I did
 over there?

CHAD
 Absolutely.

EXT. DESERT - IRAQ - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)

A Bailey Fighting Vehicle out on patrol.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 We're out on recon in a BFV, and we
 jump what looks like two dozen Iraqi
 regs with no place to hide. Nothin',
 but sand and dunes.

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

Twenty-four well bundled Iraqis hurry across a dune.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 We radioed it in, but we never got no
 response. But that didn't matter
 much, 'cause once they opened up on
 us, it was on.

One of the well bundled Iraqis fires a few shots, BLAM, BLAM,
 BLAM, at the --

BAILEY FIGHTING VEHICLE

McVeigh jumps up, grabs his 25mm and starts firing back with
 precision. BLAM...! BLAM...! BLAM...!

He keeps firing, BLAM...! BLAM...! BLAM...!

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

The well bundled Iraqis run for their lives. One after
 another they fall...

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 Popped'em all, except one.

One Iraqi bolts over the top of a dune and disappears.

EXT. DESERT - IRAQ - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bailey Fighting Vehicle rolls up and stops in front of the
 two dozen dead and dying Iraqis.

McVeigh and the GI's hop out of the Bailey Fighting Vehicle,
 weapons in hand. They cautiously make their way through the
 small dead and dying Iraqi bodies checking them for Intel.

McVeigh, nerves on fire, towers over one well bundled Iraqi
 who he's gut shot with the 25mm.

McVeigh tilts his head to block the sun from the Iraqi's
 face. The Iraqi's mouth moves beneath the wrap.

Silhouetted, McVeigh uses the tip of his M16 to remove face
 wrap only to discover a 12 year old LITTLE IRAQI GIRL,

LITTLE IRAQI GIRL
 (in ARABIC, gurgling)
 Why?

Horrified. He loses it. Pukes instantly.

He falls to his knees, grabs his canteen and lifts the little
 girl's head, then pours water into her mouth.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
I couldn't believe it. I'd gut shot
this lil' girl.

Bloody water flows freely from the Iraqi girl's abdomen.

LITTLE IRAQI GIRL
(in ARABIC, gurgling)
I sorry... I sorry...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I. - DAY

Shocked, Chad listens to every horrifying word.
McVeigh takes a moment, wipes away a tear.

MCVEIGH
When it was over. I just wanted to
put it all behind me. Pick up where I
left off.

CHAD
Ranger School?

MCVEIGH
Yeah. They told me to wait, to get
into better shape. But all I wanted
to do was to put Iraq behind me, so I
rotated in.

CHAD
But you washed out after two days,
right? Failed psych eval.

MCVEIGH
No!
(shoots Chad a look)
It was foot rot.

CHAD
(hands up)
My apologies.

MCVEIGH
After that, nothin' was ever the same.
From G.I. Joe to Washout in less than
48 hours.

CHAD
Ever talk to anyone about it?

MCVEIGH
Like who? Army shrink? Not likely.
I'd be a Ranger right now if the God
damn government didn't make me go to
Iraq.
(thinks back, then)
Sometimes, I still get nightmares.

CHAD
About that little girl?

MCVEIGH
No. 'bout the Iraqi.
(off Chad's look)
(MORE)

MCVEIGH (cont'd)
 Can't stop thinkin' 'bout how many of
 ours he may've killed after he got
 away.

Perplexed, Chad doesn't know what to make of that, so he
 presses forward.

CHAD
 You opted out shortly after that,
 right?

MCVEIGH
 Yeah, discharged... honorably.

CHAD
 Well if it's any consolation. Based
 on your service record, I think
 you'd've made a hell of a Ranger.

MCVEIGH
 Think so?

CHAD
 Absolutely. I mean how many of them
 could have done what you did?
 (off McVeigh's
 appreciative look)
 But what I don't get, and I don't
 think "they..."
 (gestures to the CCTV
 mini-cam)
 ...will believe, is that a Shooter
 built this bomb.

Offended by Chad's assertion, McVeigh lashes out,

MCVEIGH
 Then to hell with you and them!

CHAD
 Hey, I'm not saying it. I'm just
 saying that "they're" going to need
 something more than your say so, some
 sorta proof...

MCVEIGH
 (agitated)
 Proof?! Like what?!

CHAD
 Like, the what, where, why and how?

McVeigh clenches his jaw glaring at Chad internally debating
 whether to answer or not.

CHAD
 Look, if you don't want to...
 You don't know, that's fine...

He stands...

MCVEIGH
 Sit!

Chad looks down to see that McVeigh's demeanor has changed with his eyes locked on target. Chad sits back down.

MCVEIGH
Now, it's your turn. What do you know?

Chad takes a moment studying McVeigh's face.

CHAD
No. Not until I get the what, where, why and how.

McVeigh glares as if it were a test of wills, until finally,

MCVEIGH
Fine.

SECURITY ROOM: Stephen and Sara watch with interest.

MCVEIGH
After I got out, I ran into Terry on the gun show circuit. We got to talkin' about the atrocities at Ruby Ridge and Waco and decided someone had to do somethin'. Why not us?

INT./EXT. TRUCK - HIGHWAY - MOVING (FLASHBACK)

Nichols drives a banged up 1984 Chevy truck as it barrels down the highway. McVeigh rides shotgun.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
So one day we drove down to McPherson, Kansas.

EXT. CO-OP - MCPHERSON, KS (FLASHBACK)

Nichols' truck loaded to capacity drives away.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
And bought us 80 50 pound sacks of ammonium nitrate.

INT./EXT. STORAGE UNIT - HERRINGTON, KS (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh and Nichols stack the sacks inside a storage unit.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Then we racked the sacks in a Herrington storage unit along with the three barrels of nitromethane and the other necessary items.

EXT. FIRESTONE CAR LOT - JUNCTION CITY, KS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh gives \$250 cash to a SALESMAN, 40's, then climbs into a yellowish '77 Mercury Marquis rust bucket and drives off; license plate attached.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 Then 'bout a week before the bombin'.
 I traded my Pontiac with blown heads
 in, plus two-fifty cash, for the
 Marquis.

INT. DREAMLAND MOTEL - JUNCTION CITY, KS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh enters room 105.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 After that we set up a Base of Op at
 the Dreamland Motel, outside Junction
 City, and checked on renting the
 Ryder.

CHAD (V.O.)
 Why Dreamland?

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 It's close to Ft. Riley and the Ryder
 rental shop.

INT./EXT. MARQUIS - MURRAH BUILDING - OKC, OK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh drives the Marquis by the Murrah Building and down a
 nearby alley. Nichols' truck can be seen following through
 the rear window of the Marquis.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 Next day, Terry followed me down to
 Oklahoma City to scout out the Murrah
 Building and drop off the Marquis.

INT. ELLIOT'S BODY SHOP - JUNCTION CITY, KS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh stands at the counter filling out the rental agreement.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 After that I picked up the Ryder in
 Junction City, then I told Terry to
 meet me back in Herrington so we could
 get it loaded.

INT./EXT. STORAGE UNIT - HERRINGTON, KS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh loads 50 pound sacks of ammonium nitrate into the
 back of the Ryder that holds 16 blue 55 gallon barrels.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
 But as usual, he was late. So I had
 to load it all by myself.

CHAD (V.O.)
 Wait a minute.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I.

CHAD
 You're telling me you loaded 4,000
 pounds of ammonium nitrate and three
 four hundred pound barrels of
 nitromethane into the back of a Ryder
 with no help or ramp?

MCVEIGH
Yeah. Terry showed up right when I
got done.

CHAD
Is that where you built the bomb?

MCVEIGH
No. We put it together out at Lake
Geary.

Chad catches McVeigh's eye, holds it, then asks,

CHAD
How?

MCVEIGH
Why? What's that matter?

CHAD
Call it proof.

McVeigh breaks eye contact momentarily, then,

MCVEIGH
Fine. We ah...

INT. REAR OF RYDER - LAKE GEARY, KS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh and Nichols move the 16 blue 55 gallon barrels into a
V-shaped charge in the back of the Ryder.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
(thinking it through)
We moved the 16 barrels into a ah, V-
shaped charge.

McVeigh and Nichols pour seven bags of ammonium nitrate into
each barrel, then hand pump in 10 gallons of nitromethane.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
(thinking it through)
Then we poured six, no seven bags of
ammonium nitrate into each barrel,
then topped'em off with 10 gallons
each of the nitromethane.

McVeigh slips a stick of Tovex into a hole in the top of the
barrel. McVeigh weaves the Primacord into a fuse.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
After that we slipped some Tovex in
through the top of each barrel and
hooked up the blasting caps before we
weaved the Primacord into a fuse.

Once done, Nichols hops out of the Ryder, then turns back to
McVeigh in the truck and salutes.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Once we was done Terry headed home.

INT./EXT. RYDER - HIGHWAY 77 - MOVING - EVENING - (FLASHBACK)

Cruises down the uneven and bumpy highway as the sun sets.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
And I headed south workin' my way down
the 77, 'til I crossed into Oklahoma.

INT. CAB - RYDER - NIGHT

McVeigh, cold, curled up on the seat, sleeping.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
That's when I pulled off the road and
got some rack time in the cab.

EXT. RYDER - INTERSTATE 35 - MOVING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

McVeigh, focused, cruises along as the sun rises.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Next mornin', I woke up 'bout 7:00
a.m. and locked on target.

INT. REAR OF RYDER - MOVING (FLASHBACK)

Sixteen barrels in a V-shaped charge with Primacord sticking out of the tops of each sloop back and forth and occasionally bounce when the Ryder hits a bump.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Took just under two hours to reach...

EXT. RYDER - STREET - MOVING - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK (FLASHBACK)

The Ryder turns the corner approaching the Murrah Building.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Oklahoma City. Once I hit town I was
on auto pilot.

INT. MURRAH BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dana Bailey, humming and swaying her fussy baby boy Gabreon.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Nothing coulda stopped me from
accomplishin' my mission.

Something catches Dana's eye. She turns and looks out the large wall of windows at the --

EXT. STREET - MURRAH BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A two-ton Ryder truck travels the wrong way on the one way street, then pulls up behind a brown Chevy truck, and parks in the handicap space.

The driver's door opens and closes.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
I pulled up and parked at the front
doors of the Murrah, lit the fuse and
hopped out, then ran for it.

Moments later the RYDER EXPLODES in a BLINDING FLASH of LIGHT.

KA-BOOM!

The world EXPLODES with an EAR SHATTERING BLAST of fiery
shard of glass, steel and concrete.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I.

CHAD
Where'd you go?

MCVEIGH
Alley, few blocks away. Hopped in the
Marquis and took off.

CHAD
Alone?

MCVEIGH
Yeah.

CHAD
Why I-35?

MCVEIGH
Fastest route out of town.

CHAD
But you got pulled over, what, 90
minutes later?

MCVEIGH
Yeah.

EXT. SHOULDER - I-35 NORTH, OK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Marquis door opens. McVeigh in a blue windbreaker gets out
and approaches the highway patrolman still sitting in his car.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Patrolman met me at the...

Patrolman CHARLES HANGER, 40's, buzz-cut, climbs out of his
Oklahoma Highway Patrol car and meets McVeigh at the rear of
the Marquis.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
...back of the Marquis and pointed out
my missing license plate.

McVeigh looks momentarily surprised, then looks back at the
rear bumper. The license plate is gone.

CHAD (V.O.)
You got arrested for a missing plate?

McVeigh reaches back to his left rear pocket for his wallet.

Patrolman Hanger sees a bulge in the windbreaker under McVeigh's left arm.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
No. I got arrested...

McVeigh slowly puts his hands on his head and turns around.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
...for carrying a concealed weapon.

Patrolman Hanger presses the nose of his service revolver to the back of McVeigh's head, then reaches into McVeigh's windbreaker and retrieves a --

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Desert Eagle .45, one talon in the pipe.

CHAD (V.O.)
Wait a minute.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I. - DAY

McVeigh stares at Chad.

CHAD
You just blew up a building, killing 168 people, including 19 children and eight federal agents. But you don't kill the cop?
(a beat)
Why?

McVeigh stares at Chad a moment, then smirks.

MCVEIGH
You first. What specifically do you know?

They stare at each other the longest time, trying to read the others poker face, until McVeigh sees it --

MCVEIGH
You didn't know shit!

He chuckles. Chad stays focused.

CHAD
Why didn't you kill the cop?

McVeigh grins, then leans in.

MCVEIGH
When you know that, you'll never feel the same sense of national security you once did.

Before Chad can respond, McVeigh leans back and hollers,

MCVEIGH
Guard!

He gets up and heads for the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - E.F.C.I. - SUNSET

Chad and Sara walk out in front of Stephen, on his cell.

SARA

(to Chad)
Okay, but why didn't he kill the cop?

CHAD

Better question is, "Who's he covering for?"

(off Sara's look)

When I showed him the sketch, he had a glimmer of recognition before saying, "He's nobody. Doesn't exist."

SARA

So?

CHAD

"He's nobody," implies that "he" does exist. Add that to his glimmer of...

SARA

I don't know, I think it's pretty thin.

CHAD

You might be right, if he hadn't come back to the table when I said, "I know about the other guy."

SARA

Yeah, but you didn't know.

CHAD

Not true. But he didn't know that. And he needed to know what we know.

SARA

Wait. What's not true?

CHAD

According to the Medical Examiner's Final Report there were seven bodies recovered from the rubble, each missing one leg.

SARA

So?

CHAD

They recovered eight legs.

Shocked, Sara gives Chad a quizzical look.

SARA

You're suggesting that there's not one, but two other people involved in the bombing, excluding Nichols?

CHAD

That's right. John Doe number two and the "other guy."

Puzzled, Sara asks,

SARA
But that still doesn't answer my
original question, "Why didn't he kill
the cop?"

Before Chad can respond, Stephen cuts in...

STEPHEN (O.S)
Because he's a martyr, not a bomber.

Chad and Sara turn around to see that Stephen's off his cell.

STEPHEN
C'mon, was I the only one paying
attention when he described building
the bomb? My kid would have sold it
with more certainty.
(off their look)
Mr. McVeigh may be a lot of things,
but an explosives expert he is not.

He takes the lead heading for his Lexus.

STEPHEN
(to Chad)
Tomorrow, I want you to follow up with
the M.E., and find out all you can
about the eighth leg.
(off Chad's look)
Then I want you to find an explosive
expert who can tell you everything we
need to know about this bomb.

CHAD
Done.

STEPHEN
(to Sara)
Where are we on the summaries of the
witness statements?

SARA
Nick, Maria and Tom should be
finishing them up as we speak.

STEPHEN
Good.

He opens the door to his Lexus and slides in.

EXT. HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Beautifully lit hotel.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Tired, Chad enters his four-star suite and is surprised to
find a romantic table set for two. Curious, he looks around.

CHAD
Ash?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
 (stepping out of the
 kitchen)
 You're home.

CHAD
 Yeah. I live here. Everything okay?

ASHLEY
 (approaching)
 Of course. But it's been a month.
 Can't a girl come down and make her
 guy a home cooked meal?
 (face to face)
 Besides, I missed you.

She gives him a kiss. They release.

CHAD
 This looks...

Ashley heads back toward the kitchen.

ASHLEY
 It's all in the fridge, but it'll only
 take just a few minutes to heat it up.
 So, just sit back and relax.

Chad steps to the table and sees a stack of home listings,
 RSVP's, mail and an open letter from the U of M Law School.

He picks up the letter. It reads: "Reservation Law -
 Incomplete."

ASHLEY (O.S.)
 (re: letter)
 I'm sorry.

Chad looks up to see Ashley approaching with a couple of
 glasses of Merlot.

He folds the letter up and pockets it as he accepts the glass.

CHAD
 (covering)
 No worries. It's an administrative
 issue, easily taken care of with a
 call.

ASHLEY
 Yeah?

CHAD
 An appeal at most.

He takes a sip of wine as Ashley picks up the home listings.

ASHLEY
 Good. Because you know we only have
 two months left on our lease...

She offers Chad the home listings.

CHAD
Those can wait.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her deeply as he walks her back toward the bedroom. As they clear the doorway, he kicks the door shut behind them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - JONES ESTATE - ENID, OK - NIGHT

Sherrel, on the phone, sitting up, alone, in bed.

SHERREL
(into the phone)
Stephen.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DEFENSE OFFICES - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Stephen, a dram of Glenfiddich single-malt in hand, stands at the window looking at a letter on his firm's stationery.

He focuses on "Dear Mr. Jones:" and "Re: Dissolution of Partnership."

STEPHEN
(distracted)
Yeah.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

SHERREL
I'm sorry.

STEPHEN
Yeah. Me too.
(takes a moment)
But hey, we built it once before, we
can build it again once this is all
over.

SHERREL
I know you will, but what are all your
people supposed to do until then?

The weight of her question hits Stephen hard, his heart sinks as he turns back to his desk and eyes the stack of witness statement summaries.

INT. BEDROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Alarm clock on the night stand reads: 4:39 a.m.
Ashley slowly wakes to find Chad getting dressed.

ASHLEY
Where you going?

CHAD
Work.

Ashley moves up onto her elbow.

ASHLEY
But I came down here to spend time
with you.

He turns to the mirror and ties his tie with Ashley in the b.g.

CHAD
I know, and I love you for that.

ASHLEY
Then don't go. Stay.

CHAD
I can't.

ASHLEY
Why not?

Chad looks at Ashley's reflection in the mirror.

CHAD
Ash. It's complicated.

ASHLEY
(sitting up)
Then uncomplicate it.

Seeing no out, Chad turns back to Ashley.

CHAD
We're onto something. And if we're right, it'll be a game changer.

ASHLEY
But what about us? Picking a house?
Passing the bar? Getting married?

CHAD
Ash.

From his expression, Ashley can tell his mind is made up.

ASHLEY
I know, I know. "This is for us."

CHAD
(smiles, then)
And that's why I love you.

He leans down to kiss her. She grabs his tie and catches his eye. Face to face.

ASHLEY
(pseudo-serious)
Promise me. We'll pick a house tonight?

CHAD
I promise.

He gives her a quick kiss as she lets go of his tie, then he heads for the door as she falls back into bed.

EXT. DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

The sunrise cuts through the cityscape.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES

Chad finishes writing McVeigh's "four wants" on a whiteboard on the wall. "Want the truth of the bombing to come out." "Want to be acquitted." "Want to embarrass the government." "And after all the evidence is heard, I want the truth to remain a mystery."

He steps back and eyes the quotes, then looks at the enlarged wall map of Kansas and Oklahoma.

He's marked the map with file photos of each location McVeigh mentioned; Dreamland Motel, Junction City, KS, Ft. Riley, KS, Storage, Herrington, KS, Murrah Building, Oklahoma City, OK.

His eyes scan over the photos ending with the Dreamland Motel.

He stares at Dreamland until an o.s. neighboring office phone rings snapping him back. Checks his watch. It reads 7:02 a.m.

As if remembering, he steps to the card table, and opens the Yellow Pages. He flips to "Rock Quarries" and fingers the first listing, "Agnasio Mineral Development," then dials. It rings once, then answered.

CHAD
(into the phone)
Hi, this is Chad Wold, McVeigh defense team...

Click. The line goes dead. Chad glances at the phone, then fingers the next listing, "Bestram Blasters Enterprises," and dials. It rings twice, then answered.

CHAD
(into the phone)
Hi, this is Chad Wold, McVeigh...

Click. The line goes dead. Chad looks at the phone, then fingers the next listing, "Campos Quarries," and dials. It rings once, then answered.

CHAD
(into the phone)
Hi, this is Chad Wold, McVeigh defense team.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
(through the phone)
How can I help you?

CHAD
(into the phone)
Really?

INT./EXT. SEDAN - HIGHWAY - MOVING - OUTSIDE DENVER, CO - DAY

Chad, behind the wheel, sets the map down next to the Medical Examiner's Final Report as he pulls into a Campos' Quarry.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CAMPOS QUARRY - OUTSIDE DENVER, CO - DAY

Chad's sedan pulls up to a heavy equipment warehouse that uses two railcars for walls and has a sheet metal roof.

Chad gets out of his sedan, leaving his suit coat behind as BURT CAMPOS, 60s, portly workhorse of a man heads for the rear of a one-ton truck.

CHAD
Excuse me. Are you Burt Campos?

BURT
And you are?

CHAD
Chad Wold, McVeigh defense team.
(offers his card)
Your secretary said you might be open
to answering some questions.

BURT
(eyes the card)
Concernin' that Oklahoma City business?

CHAD
Yes sir.

Burt slides a box out of the back of the truck.

BURT
You mind giving me a hand while you
ask your questions?

CHAD
Yeah, sure.

Burt hands Chad the box, then heads into the --

INT. WAREHOUSE

Burt leads Chad to a work bench cluttered with assorted tools of the trade, including boxes, bags, gas cans and blasting caps.

The wall behind the workbench is lined with years of Snap-On Tool calender girls, known here as "Burt's Beauties" and framed photos and medals from his Navy Seal days '63 to '83.

CHAD
That you?

BURT
(eyes the wall)
Yeah, retired in '83. Been blowin'
rock since.
(turns to Chad)
So, what'cha got for questions?

He notices Chad still holding the box.

BURT
Oh shoot, sorry 'bout that. You can
set 'em down over there...
(points at a
neighboring
workbench)
Then stack 'em up on the top shelf, if
you please.

CHAD

Okay.

He heads for the neighboring workbench, his back to Burt.

CHAD

What I need to know is, if you were to
mix 350 pounds of ammonium nitrate...

Burt grabs an empty six ounce pineapple juice can as Chad
stacks the blasting caps on the neighboring shelf.

BURT

350?

He pours some white (prills) pellets into the juice can.

CHAD

Yes, and then topped it off with 10
gallons of nitromethane.

BURT

Why 10, when you'd only need three and
half max to make it go boom?

CHAD

(unsure)
I don't know. It's what I was told.

Burt grabs a couple of different cans, before selecting a
yellow can of liquid, smells it, then tops off the juice can.

BURT

What next?

CHAD

(recalling)
Then you inserted something called
Tovex...

He finishes stacking the blasting caps.

BURT

Sausages or gel-packs?

CHAD

(approaching)
Does it matter?

BURT

No, not really.
(inserts a Tovex gel-
pack)
Booster's a booster. Here hold this.
(hands Chad the
sealed juice can)
C'mon.

He heads for the large warehouse door leading to a ramp.

INT./EXT. RAMP - WAREHOUSE

Chad, juice can in hand, follows Burt out onto the ramp.

CHAD
My question is, would a device using
those specs explode?

BURT
(re: juice can)
Let'er roll and let's find out.

Chad's eyes go wide as it dawns on him as to what he's
holding. He quickly bends down and rolls the juice can down
the 60 foot long hard-pack crushed gravel ramp.

10... 20... 30... 40... 50... KA-BOOM!

Startled, Chad flinches, but Burt stands firm.

BURT
(lights a cigar)
Asked, and answered. Any questions?

Shocked, Chad stares at the football size hole that appears
in the ramp as the dust settles.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - HIGHWAY - MOVING - OUTSIDE DENVER, CO - DAY

Chad checks his watch, then pulls his cell and dials.
It rings, once, twice, then answered.

CHAD
(into his cell)
Professor O'Neill. Chad Wold.
(listens)
My apologies for...
(listens)
Professor, I'd like to...

Click! The line goes dead. Surprised, Chad eyes his cell.

CHAD
(disappointed)
That could've gone better.

A few moments later, Chad's cell rings. He answers,

CHAD
(into his cell)
Professor O'Neill...

DR. JENSEN (O.S.)
(through Chad's cell)
No.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

DR. JENSEN, 60s, academic, cleans his glasses at his desk.

DR. JENSEN
(into a desk phone)
This is Dr. Jonas Jensen, you left me
a voicemail a couple of days ago.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

CHAD
Oh, yeah, thanks for calling me back.
(thinking)
My question was concerning the seven
bodies missing one leg each and the
eight legs found in the rubble of the
Murrah Building.

DR. JENSEN
Yes, what about them?

CHAD
How is that possible? Seven bodies,
eight legs?

DR. JENSEN
Well, my 30 plus years of experience
tells me that the one who leaves the
least behind is usually closest to
ground zero.

Pleased by the answer, Chad asks,

CHAD
Are you saying the eighth leg belonged
to the bomber?

EXT. DEFENSE OFFICES - DENVER, CO - DAY

SARA (V.O.)
(into her cell)
Yes, we're on our way.

INT. RECEPTION - DEFENSE OFFICES

Chad enters as Sara is leaving.

SARA
Where have you been?

She grabs Chad before he can respond and escorts him out.

SARA
We're going to be late for the flight.

CHAD
Flight?

SARA
Stephen wants to run the eye witness
statements by us before presenting
them to Judge Matsch.

CHAD
Why us?

SARA
Because we're the only two on staff
who haven't read them.

INT./EXT. CAR - PARKING GARAGE - DEFENSE OFFICES - MOVING
Sarah drives as Chad rides shotgun.

CHAD
You know he lied to us.

SARA
Who?

CHAD
McVeigh. He didn't build the bomb.

SARA
How can you be sure?

CHAD
'Cause I just built one.
(off Sara's look)
Well, Burt Campos, an explosive expert
just built one to scale for me in his
warehouse.
(off Sara's look)
But here's the thing. According to
Burt, the description McVeigh gave us,
once completely mixed and assembled,
the bomb could not have been moved.

SARA
Why?

CHAD
Instability.
(off Sara's look)
If completed as McVeigh said then it
would have been impossible for him to
move it from Lake Geary parking lot
without it exploding, let alone the
bumpy 250 mile trip to Oklahoma City.

INT. DC 10 - DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Sara leads Chad back to their seats in coach.

SARA
Then how'd he get it to Oklahoma City?

CHAD
Burt said that someone could pre-
assemble the pieces prior to entering
Oklahoma City, then quickly complete
the assembly upon reaching the Murrah
Building.

SARA
But that would mean...?
(off Chad's look)
John Doe number two...

CHAD
Or the "other guy."

INT. ARRIVALS CORRIDOR - WAYNE ROGERS AIRPORT - OKLAHOMA CITY

Sara and Chad head for the exit.

SARA
You can't be serious.

CHAD
I'm just telling you what Dr. Jensen told me.

SARA
But why hasn't anyone claimed the eighth leg?

CHAD
He said that family and friends of the victims always claim their dead, but no one ever claims the bodies of bombers.

EXT. CURB - WAYNE ROGERS AIRPORT - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Stephen escorts Sara and Chad out to his waiting sedan.

STEPHEN
Any way to identify it?

CHAD
Dr. Jensen said that it was the left leg of a Middle eastern man in his thirties.

Surprised, Sara gives Chad a curious look, as does Stephen.

STEPHEN
And you think this eighth leg belongs to John Doe number two?

CHAD
No, I think it belongs to the "other guy."

Stephen gives Chad a look as if he's onto something.

CHAD
(grins, to Sara)
Not so thin now is it?

STEPHEN
Don't go getting cocky just yet. It's a long way from supposition to admissability. But I like where you're going with this.

CHAD
So you think there is a middle eastern connection too?

INT./EXT. SEDAN - WILL ROGERS APO - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Chad, riding shotgun, turns to Stephen who is driving a sedan with Sara sitting in the middle of the back seat.

STEPHEN

So it seems.

He glances down at the stack of witness statement summaries between them.

STEPHEN

Two weeks before the bombing a General in the Saudi Counterterrorism unit warned the FBI about an Iraqi terrorist cell that was operating in the U.S.

(off Chad's look)

This information was later confirmed by the CIA's counterterrorism units in Iran, Syria and Philippines.

CHAD

Are there any locals who can confirm that?

INT./EXT. SEDAN - I-240 NORTH - OUTSIDE OKLAHOMA CITY - MOVING

Stephen, at the wheel, Chad rides shotgun, with Sara in back.

STEPHEN

Two. The first, Judge William Asley, gave an interview to his hometown newspaper, the *Oregonian*, stating that the U.S. Marshal's Service had alerted him two weeks prior to the bombing of a possible terrorist attack on Oklahoma City's federal buildings. The Judge immediately relocated his personal office to another building.

CHAD

And the second?

STEPHEN

Federal Prosecutor Brenda Wilson admitted that two weeks prior to the bombing the entire Federal Family had been warned that an Islamic Fundamentalist group had issued a Fatwah specifically targeting the federal buildings in retaliation for the '96 trials and convictions of the World Trade Tower terrorists Akim Murad and Ramzi Yousef.

(off Chad's look)

In fact, not a single agent from either the FBI or ATF were in the Murrah Building the morning of the bombing nor were their children in the day care.

CHAD

(re: Asley & Wilson)

They willing to testify?

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STREETS - DOWNTOWN OKLAHOMA CITY - MOVING

STEPHEN
No. Judge Asley claims that he was
misquoted. And Wilson claims that her
words were misinterpreted.

CHAD
Misquoted and misinterpreted?

STEPHEN
So they say.
(off Chad's look)
However, there are others.

He pulls over to the curb.

CHAD
Like?

Stephen gets out followed by Chad and Sara.

EXT. NW 5TH STREET - EMPTY LOT - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Neither Chad nor Sara notice the empty lot behind Stephen.

STEPHEN
(summary in hand)
Like, Sheriff's deputy Wayne Gimble,
who on the morning of the bombing,
walked out that door...

He looks up from the summary as he does throughout the rest
of the sequence and points across the street at the --

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT BUILDING

GHOSTING is from Chad's POV - *GHOST IN SHERIFF'S DEPUTY WAYNE
GIMBLE, 30's, journeyman cop as he steps out and spots the
BOMB SQUAD sweeping the area.*

STEPHEN
...at 7:00 a.m. after pulling a long
third watch and saw the Bomb Squad
sweeping the area.

*Gimble watches the Bomb Squad a moment, then lets it go and
heads for his car.*

STEPHEN
Believing it to be a training exercise
he let it go and headed for his car.

Gimble gets into his car and drives away.

STEPHEN
Thirty minutes later...

*GHOST IN a sedan driven by DARRYL ALLEN, 40's, suit, as he
cruises up the street toward Stephen.*

STEPHEN

...attorney Darryl Allen was driving up this street on his way to the office when he noticed a Bomb Squad truck parked on the side of the Courthouse.

Stephen points at the Courthouse near the empty lot where the Bomb Squad truck *GHOSTS IN*.

Allen passes by Stephen and looks over at the Bomb Squad truck parked on the side of the Courthouse.

STEPHEN

Allen said that the tactical team seemed to be canvassing the area.

GHOST IN the Bomb Squad tactical team canvassing the area around the Courthouse.

STEPHEN

At 7:45 a.m., Marsha Sims looked out that window...

He points across the street at an office building.

INT./EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

GHOST IN MARSHA SIMS, late 50's, and assorted CO-WORKERS 40's looking out the windows, down at the parking lot next door.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

She claims that she and several co-workers watched as the Bomb Squad gathered in the parking lot next door.

EXT. NW 5TH STREET - EMPTY LOT - DOWNTOWN OKLAHOMA CITY, OK

STEPHEN

Since reporting that to the authorities Marsha's house has been broken into twice, causing her to take early retirement. Her current whereabouts unknown.

Surprised by this, Chad starts to ask, but is cutoff by...

STEPHEN

Wait, it gets worse.

He turns toward the empty lot as do Chad and Sara.

STEPHEN

Five minutes later.

GHOST IN -- the MURRAH BUILDING onto the empty lot.

EXT. MURRAH BUILDING - (GHOSTED IN)

GHOST IN a car as it pulls up. RHONDA COLLINS, 30's, soccer mom, hops out of the car, grabs her baby boy, ANTONIO, 6 months, then shuts the car door.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Rhonda Collins pulled up, hopped out,
and grabbed her 6 month old baby boy
Antonio.

*GHOST IN the Bomb Squad sweeping the area in front of the
Courthouse.*

STEPHEN (O.S.)
But before she could turn around she
noticed the Bomb Squad sweeping the
front of the Courthouse.

*Rhonda watches the Bomb Squad sweep the area in front of the
Courthouse. Rhonda hesitates, then turns and carries Antonio
into the Murrah Building.*

STEPHEN (O.S.)
She hesitated a moment, then upon
second thought, turned and carried
Antonio into the Murrah Building.

GHOST OUT Antonio as Rhonda enters the Murrah Building.

EXT. NW 5TH STREET - EMPTY LOT - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Chad stares, as if he can actually see the ghosting images
coming and going.

CHAD
(sotto)
My God.
(to Stephen)
Are any of them willing to testify?

STEPHEN
Some. As well as others.

CHAD
What about the Bomb Squad?

STEPHEN
Complete denial.
(off Chad's look)
Sheriff J.T. Shepherd and Bomb Squad
Captain Bill Ready both deny that the
Bomb Squad was in the downtown area
until after the explosion. Rather
they claim the entire Squad was at
their training facility 10 miles from
ground zero until they got the call.

CHAD
Seriously?
(off Stephen's look)
Four eye witnesses see the Bomb Squad
sweep the area for at least, what, 90
minutes before the bombing? And the
Bomb Squad denies being there? Why?

Stephen steps to the sedan and opens the door.

STEPHEN

Good question. But an even more important question is, "Why did McVeigh lie about his role in the delivery of the bomb?"

Chad and Sara share a curious glance.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STOP LIGHT - STREET - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK

Stephen at the wheel, Chad rides shotgun with Sara in the back.

STEPHEN

(holding another
summary)

Murray Culpepper, a data specialist, told the FBI that at 8:02 a.m. he saw two men getting into McVeigh's Marquis right over there.

He points through the stoplight to the --

EXT. CORNER CURB - STREET - DAY

GHOST IN McVeigh's '77 Mercury Marquis idling.

GHOST IN McVeigh, white t-shirt and jeans as he slips into the driver seat. A SHORT STOCKIER MIDDLE EASTERN MAN, 30's, with a dark complexion and dark hair hops into the passenger seat.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Culpepper described one of the men as white, short hair, wearing a white t-shirt and jeans, and the other as being short, and stockier with a dark complexion and dark hair.

McVeigh's ghosted in Marquis pulls away from the curb.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STREET - MOVING - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Light turns green. Stephen drives through as if following the ghosted image of McVeigh's Marquis.

CHAD

How can he be sure of the time?

STEPHEN

Culpepper was late for work and was checking his watch when he saw the two men.

Chad accepts the answer with a nod.

STEPHEN

Twenty-eight minutes later Karl Hill, a Tulsa banker claims he pulled up behind both the Ryder truck and McVeigh's Marquis.

EXT. STREET - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

GHOST IN KARL HILL, 40's, banker, in his new BMW as he follows the ghosted in Ryder and the Marquis.

McVeigh drives the ghosted in Marquis with one passenger riding shotgun and the other in the back.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Hill said McVeigh was driving the Marquis and that he had two passengers. One in front and one in back.

Stephen's sedan follows the ghosted in Ryder and Marquis.

Ghosted in through the rear window of the Marquis, McVeigh looks around as if he were lost.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Hill thought the driver of the Marquis looked lost, so he pulled up next to the Marquis to offer directions.

Hill's ghosted in BMW pulls up alongside the ghosted in Marquis. Hill rolls down his window.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Hill claims that McVeigh immediately shot him a nasty look, then swerved at him. Hill said he responded by slamming on his brakes and backing off.

McVeigh, ghosted in, throws Hill a hard look, then swerves at him. Hill stomps his brakes and backs off ghosting out.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STREET - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

CHAD
Wait, stop.

Stephen pulls off the street and stops in a --

INT./EXT. SEDAN - LOADING DOCK PARKING LOT - DAY

CHAD
McVeigh said that he dropped the Marquis a couple days before the bombing and that he delivered the bomb alone.

STEPHEN
Your point?

CHAD
Who's in the Marquis with McVeigh and who's driving the Ryder?

STEPHEN
That's the two million dollar question now isn't it?
(off Chad's look)
See the loading dock over there?

He points out at the --

EXT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

DENNIS SAGER, 30's, burly, GHOSTS IN and paces back and forth until he sees the ghosted in Ryder truck turn the corner.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Dennis Sager, a warehouse worker was waiting there for a delivery, when he saw the Ryder turn the corner and approach. Thinking it was his, he waved it in.

Sager waves the Ryder in.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

However, the Ryder failed to slow. As it passed by Sager, he realized his mistake and cursed the Ryder.

As the Ryder passes by, Sager swears at the Ryder DRIVER, 30's dark complexion, with dark hair, for not stopping.

The Ryder PASSENGER, 30's, Middle Eastern man, swears back in a foreign language.

Sager and the Ryder Driver lock eyes.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

The Ryder's passenger turned to Sager and swore back. Sager later described the driver as matching the FBI's sketch artist rendering of John Doe number two as described by Dana Bailey.

The Ryder pulls out onto the street and rounds the corner.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STREET - MOVING - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Stephen pulls back out onto the street and follows the ghosted-in Ryder around the corner.

STEPHEN

Seven minutes later Matt Mitchell...

EXT. SERVICE STATION - STREET - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

GHOST IN MATT MITCHELL, 40's, grease monkey, and other CO-WORKERS watch the Ryder pull into their parking lot followed by McVeigh's Marquis.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

...and other co-workers watched the Ryder truck pull into their parking lot shortly after opening at 8:40 a.m.

McVeigh gets out of the Marquis and approaches Mitchell.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Mitchell said that McVeigh got out of the Marquis and introduced himself, then asked for directions to the Murrah Building.

McVeigh and Mitchell shake hands.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
 Mitchell told McVeigh that he's only a few blocks away and pointed him in the right direction.

Mitchell points in the direction of the Murrah Building.

McVeigh steps to the Ryder and tells the driver something, then returns to the Marquis.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
 McVeigh then stepped over to the Ryder, talked to the driver, then returned to the Marquis.

Mitchell catches the eye of the thick, darker, more morose Middle Eastern Ryder driver as he drives off being followed by the Marquis.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
 The Ryder pulled out and gave Mitchell a look at the driver who he later described as thicker, dark, more morose Middle Eastern looking man fitting the description of the FBI's John Doe number two.

Stephen's sedan follows the ghosted in image of McVeigh's Marquis as it pulls out onto the street tailing the Ryder.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STREET - MOVING - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Stephen follows the caravan of ghosted vehicles from a distance as they round the corner.

STEPHEN
 A few minutes later Leslie Coore took this same route we are on.

He turns the corner and pulls over as a car driven by LESLIE COORE, 30's, motherly GHOSTS IN and approaches.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK

Stephen gets out of the sedan, followed by Chad and Sara.

STEPHEN
 (summary in hand)
 But then Leslie noticed something...

He points across the street at the --

EXT. MURRAH BUILDING - (GHOSTED IN)

GHOST-IN several Middle Eastern men, 30's, standing between a BROWN CHEVY TRUCK and the parked Ryder.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Several Middle Eastern men standing
between a brown Chevy truck parked in
front of the Ryder that sat in the
handicap space facing the wrong way on
a one way street.

GHOST IN Leslie as she takes a few photos.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Leslie thought it strange and took a
couple of pictures only to have them
later confiscated by the FBI when she
reported taking them.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET

CHAD
Why would they...?

Stephen stops Chad with a gesture,

STEPHEN
Army Recruiters Megan Tolliver and Amy
Orchard were threatened with court
martial...

EXT. MURRAH BUILDING - (GHOSTED IN)

*GHOST IN Army Recruiters MEGAN TOLLIVER, 20's, and AMY
ORCHARD, 20's, as they pass by McVeigh, John Doe #2 and the
other Middle Eastern men on their way back to work in the
Murrah Building.*

STEPHEN (O.S.)
...if they ever revealed that they had
seen Middle Eastern men near the Ryder
truck the morning of the bombing.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET

Chad tries again to say something, but is cut-off by...

STEPHEN
Let us not forget Donna Bauer who had
just gotten a ticket on her way to
work when she noticed a black
government style helicopter hovering
above the Murrah Building.

*GHOST IN a black government style helicopter hovering above
the Murrah Building.*

EXT. MURRAH BUILDING - (GHOSTED IN)

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Thinking it odd, Donna drove by the
Murrah Building and noticed two Middle
Eastern men talking with three other
Middle Eastern men in a blue Chevy
Cavalier that was parked behind the
Ryder.

GHOST IN a car driven by DONNA BAUER, 40's, soccer mom, as she drives by the front of the Murrah Building. She sees TWO MIDDLE EASTERN MEN, 30's talking with THREE MIDDLE EASTERN MEN in a BLUE CHEVY CAVALIER.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET

STEPHEN

When Donna reported what she had seen to the FBI, they told her that she should never again repeat the story or it could hurt the country.

CHAD

What do you mean, "hurt the country?"

STEPHEN

I don't know.

(off Chad's look)

But what we do know is that Dana Bailey was in Social Security Administration office of the Murrah Building, not more than 25 feet from where the Ryder parked.

INT. LOBBY - MURRAH BUILDING (GHOSTED IN)

Dana Bailey, humming and swaying her baby boy side to side. Something catches Dana's eye.

She turns and looks out the large wall of windows at the --

EXT. STREET - MURRAH BUILDING (GHOSTED IN)

The passenger door of the Ryder opens and out climbs a --

Middle Eastern Man, 30's, olive-complexion with short curly hair, clean-cut face, with a blue Starter jacket, blue jeans, and tennis shoes with a white baseball cap decorated with purple flames.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

To this day, Dana claims that a Middle Eastern man, in his 30s, resembling John Doe number two climbed out of the Ryder and hurried to the rear, then rushed to the front.

Middle Eastern man hurries toward the rear of the Ryder and pounds the rear cargo door twice, then rushes toward the front of the Ryder.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Moments later. The world, as Dana knew it, ended.

There is a BLINDING FLASH...

KA-BOOM!

Dana's world EXPLODES with an EAR SHATTERING BLAST of fiery shards of glass, steel and concrete.

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREET

Chad cringes as if seeing it happen before him.

CHAD
(sotto)
My God.

STEPHEN
(summary in hand)
Within minutes First Responders were
on the scene.

*GHOST IN G.S.A. MICHAEL LOUDENSLAGER, 48, fit, now bloodied
and battered as he rises from the rubble. He looks around at
the catastrophe.*

STEPHEN (O.S.)
G.S.A. Loudenslager was actually in
the building when it blew. He somehow
survived, crawled out and immediately
began pulling people from the rubble.

Loudenslager carries a VICTIM, 30s, down out of the rubble.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
Dr. Chumley and Officer Yeakley were
just two blocks away when the
explosion occurred and were among the
first on the scene.

*GHOST IN DR. CHUMLEY, 60's, portly, and POLICE OFFICER
YEAKLEY, 30, buff African American running up the street
toward the billowing cloud that had been the Murrah Building.*

STEPHEN (O.S.)
They arrived in less than a minute to
find the Bomb Squad in riot gear, and
ATF in their protective attire already
pulling people from the rubble.

*Dr. Chumley and Officer Yeakley arrive to find the ghosted in
Bomb Squad in riot gear and the ghosted in ATF agents in
protective attire working to rescue people from the carnage.*

CHAD
Wait a minute. The Bomb Squad and ATF
were already here, on site?

STEPHEN
According to G.S.A. Loudenslager,
Dr. Chumley, and Officer Yeakley.
Yes.

Chad glances back at Sara who stares back in disbelief, then
turns back to Stephen; trying to comprehend the magnitude of
the implication.

CHAD
What are you saying?

STEPHEN
Not me. The people of Oklahoma City.

CHAD

Okay. The people of Oklahoma City. Nine of them. Nine eye witnesses place six middle eastern men with McVeigh throughout the hour leading up to the delivery and detonation of the bomb. However, none of the nine ever place McVeigh in the Ryder, but rather leading the way in his Marquis.

STEPHEN

Exactly.

Shocked by Stephen's confirmation, Chad takes a moment, before asking,

CHAD

So, who are the six?

STEPHEN

I don't know. But you're going to find out.

(off Chad's surprise,
to Sara)

And you, you're going to follow up on Loudenslager, Chumley and Yeakley. Let's see if they're willing to testify.

Chad and Sara share a look.

CHAD

And you?

STEPHEN

I'm going to go see the Judge.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - STREETS - MOVING - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Alone, Chad drives with a handful of the witness statement summaries at his side. He glances down at the summaries, eyes his watch, then pulls his cell, and dials. It rings.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

A beautiful 19th century townhouse with D.C. in the b.g.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - TOWNHOUSE

A sliver of magnesium moonlight cuts through the room. Two cell phones sit on the night stand next to an FBI badge and an alarm clock that reads: 2:57 a.m. One cell phone rings.

A hand reaches out and grabs one cell, then the next as it rings, again. FBI Agent GREG BERGER, 28, clean-cut, answers,

GREG

(sleepily)
This better be important.

CHAD (O.S.)

(through the phone)
Hey buddy, it's me...

Click! Greg hangs up.

Moments later, the same cell rings again. Greg answers.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

CHAD
I know it's late, so I'll make it quick. Any chance you can help me find out who the six Middle Eastern men fleeing the scene of the Oklahoma City bombing are?

GREG
You got names, or plates?

CHAD
No, not yet.

GREG
No names, no plates, no NCIC.

Click! The lines goes dead. Chad grimaces.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Tired, Chad, enters with witness statement summaries in hand, and finds a cold romantic dinner for one sitting on the table, home listings to the right of the plate and no Ashley in sight.

Chad's shoulders drop. He picks up the home listings, slips his tie off and heads for the --

INT. BEDROOM

He enters to find Ashley asleep, hugging the edge of the bed.

Chad's face says it all, and it's not good.

EXT. DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

Painted with the glow of the rising sun.

INT. BEDROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

Ashley, still hugging the edge of the bed wakes and reaches back feeling for Chad, but he's gone. She finds instead the home listings. She grabs them and looks to see a Post-It note that reads, "Your choice. Love, C"

Ashley rolls her eyes, then drops the listings, and turns over.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES - SUNRISE

Chad, alone, in front of the wall map of Kansas and Oklahoma.

He adds a profile photo of a brown Chevy truck in front of a profile photo of the Ryder sitting below the Murrah Building photo. He then adds a profile photo of a blue Chevy Cavalier behind the Ryder.

He steps back, eyes the photos, as if searching for their escape route.

CHAD
(sotto, to himself,
re: truck & Cavalier)
Where, oh where did you go?

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Mid-morning sun warms the granite building.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Stephen shuts the door behind Hartzler, on his scooter, and JUDGE MATSCH, 50's, distinguished, as they make their way over to his desk.

HARTZLER
Your Honor, these allegations are preposterous. They don't even pass the smell test.

Judge Matsch turns to Stephen.

JUDGE MATSCH
Mr. Jones.

STEPHEN
I'd like some leeway your Honor. As we all remember, the prosecutor asked the Grand Jury for, and was granted an indictment of McVeigh, Nichols and the Others Unknown.

HARTZLER
Your Honor. The evidence speaks for itself. McVeigh acted alone. Those are the facts.

STEPHEN
Then why did you ask for an indictment of the Others Unknown? And why was there an APB out for three Middle Eastern men seen fleeing the scene in a brown Chevy truck, and three in a blue Chevy Cavalier for six weeks?

Judge Matsch turns to Hartzler.

JUDGE MATSCH
Mr. Hartzler?

HARTZLER
Your Honor, due to the nature of this case there are certain pieces of evidence that if revealed could compromise national security operations both here and abroad. Therefore, the Department of Justice requests that this evidence be ruled inadmissible.

STEPHEN
 (to Hartzler)
 You can't be serious?
 (to Judge Matsch)
 Your Honor, since when did the
 Department of Justice get to decide
 what "is" and "is not" admissible?

HARTZLER
 Your Honor, we at the Department
 strongly...

JUDGE MATSCH
 Enough!
 (to Stephen)
 At this time, with what you have, I'm
 not willing to allow it in. However,
 it is your time, do with it what you
 will. Therefore, if and when you have
 something more concrete, such as the
 names of the suspects, then I'll
 reconsider. But let me remind you
 that come hell or high water this
 trial will begin tomorrow, as
 scheduled.

Stephen's face falls.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES - DAY

Chad looks up from a file and at the Dreamland Motel photo on
 the wall map. Sara, at the end of the table is on the phone.

SARA
 (into the phone)
 Are you sure?
 (listens)
 Okay, thank you.

Perplexed, she hangs up, eyes searching to make sense of it.

SARA
 Loudenslager's dead.

CHAD
 (turns to Sara)
 When?

SARA
 In the bombing.

Chad, surprised.

CHAD
 But Stephen said Loudenslager survived
 the bombing and was seen rescuing
 people from the rubble.

*FLASHBACK TO: Shots of Loudenslager rescuing survivors from
 the Murrah Building. One shot of Loudenslager dead, seated
 at a desk inside the rubble of the Murrah Building.*

SARA
 I know, but he was found dead at his
 desk inside the building two days
 after the bombing. He's one of the
 168.
 (off Chad's look)
 How about you?

STEPHEN (O.S.)
 Any luck?

Chad and Sara turn to see Stephen in the doorway.

CHAD
 (glances at Sara,
 then)
 No, not yet. How'd it go with the
 Judge?

STEPHEN
 Inadmissible.

CHAD
 What? Why?!

STEPHEN
 Doesn't matter. The Judge won't allow
 it in.

CHAD
 So that's it?!

STEPHEN
 Without something more concrete like
 names, yes that's it.

CHAD
 (thinks a moment)
 What about McVeigh?
 (off Stephen's look)
 What if we confront him with the
 witness statements and see what he has
 to say?

EXT. ENGLEWOOD FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - LITTLETON, CO

Stephen and Chad step out of Stephen's Lexus.

MCVEIGH (O.S.)
 A liar?

INT. TABLE - INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I.

Chad and Stephen sit across from McVeigh with the stack of
 witness statement summaries between them.

MCVEIGH
 (to Stephen)
 That's rich coming from a "liawyer."

Stephen ignores the slight. Chad grows frustrated.

STEPHEN

Mr. McVeigh we're here to defend you,
but in order to do that you have to be
honest with us.

MCVEIGH

I have been. The bombing happened
just like I said. There were no towel
heads involved!

(quickly sweeps the
summaries off the
table)

Just me!

Neither Chad nor Stephen react to the clearing of the table.

STEPHEN

Mr. McVeigh...

Chad surprises Stephen and McVeigh by interrupting,

CHAD

(to Stephen)
With all due respect,
(to McVeigh)
The only thing your bomb would've
blown up is you!

Stephen is as surprised as McVeigh is offended at Chad's
assertion.

MCVEIGH

What do you know?! You don't know
shit!

Stephen checks Chad with a glance, but is ignored.

CHAD

Maybe you're right. But at least I
know more about building this bomb
than you do.

MCVEIGH

Yeah? Like you knew about John Doe
number two and the "other guy?"

CHAD

You mean the actual guys who built it
and set it off?

Surprised, McVeigh's eyes betray him and flash a moment of
doubt.

CHAD

(re: fear)
You feel it now don't you?
(off McVeigh's masked
fear)
Get used to it. 'Cause where you're
going, that's all there is. Unless...
(off McVeigh's look)
Unless you tell the truth, right now.
You're done.

McVeigh takes a moment, considers, swallows, then eyes Chad.

MCVEIGH
 You want the truth?
 (off Chad's nod)
 You really wanna know what happened
 that day?

CHAD
 Yes.

MCVEIGH
 (to Chad)
 No matter where it leads?
 (to Stephen)
 No matter who's involved?

STEPHEN
 Yes.

McVeigh takes another moment. His demeanor straightens and stiffens into a more militaristic persona.

MCVEIGH
 I didn't wash out of Ranger School.
 I was cherry picked out. Hand
 selected based on my psych eval.

CHAD
 By who?

MCVEIGH
 The United States government.

Surprised, Chad and Stephen share a glance.

MCVEIGH
 Specifically, Black Ops. Took my
 honorable discharge and disappeared
 into the masses of menial labor as a
 cover while I trained in secret.

CHAD
 For what?

MCVEIGH
 I didn't ask, and they didn't tell, I
 just followed orders.

CHAD
 Whose?

MCVEIGH
 Uncle Sam's.

STEPHEN
 Who's your Handler?

MCVEIGH
 FBI SAC Barry Pratt.

STEPHEN
 What was the Op?

MCVEIGH
 A sting operation.

STEPHEN
Intended target?

MCVEIGH
The militia movement.

CHAD
What militia?

McVeigh smirks, then thinks back.

MCVEIGH
Since the '80's there's been a growing distrust of the U.S. government by some of this country's most fanatical citizens.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of different armed militias. Some small in numbers, some large.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
These citizens formed armed militias, paramilitary groups. Some right wing, some left. By the early '90's government estimates put the militia membership anywhere between 75,000 to 100,000 with militias in all 50 states.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of the corridors of power in D.C., including the White House, Pentagon, ATF, CIA Building DEA Facilities, DOJ Building, FBI HQ, and the NSA monolith.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Those in Washington in the position to make decisions chose to infiltrate these groups using all arms of law enforcement. Informants, provocateurs, and cutouts like myself were to imbed ourselves.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Randy Weaver's remote cabin surrounded by the local, state and federal law enforcement. Quick shots of McVeigh doing TV and print interviews.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
So in '92 when the U.S. Marshals went after Randy Weaver at Ruby Ridge I was sent to Idaho to get face time on camera, do interviews, and to ingratiate myself to the movement, thereby creating a cover story.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of the Branch Davidian Compound surrounded by local, state and federal law enforcement. Quick shots of McVeigh doing TV and print interviews.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
After Weaver went down I was sent to the Branch Davidian Compound in Waco, Texas to once again get face time, do interviews. After that I was accepted by the movement as one of their own.

CHAD
You joined'em?

MCVEIGH
No. I'm a cutout. No official
connection or affiliation.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of the CIA Building. File footage
of Andreas Strassmeir, Guenter Strassmeir and Chancellor
Helmut Kohl, and Elohim City.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)
Now feeling the growing pressure to
get me imbedded, Pratt reached out to
CIA Agent Victor Patache. Victor
introduced me to Andreas Strassmeir,
son of Guenter Strassmeir who was
Chief of Staff to Germany's Chancellor
Helmut Kohl. At this time, Andy is
Security Chief of Elohim City which is
the nerve center of the movement.

CHAD
Wait a minute. The FBI and CIA are
involved in this?

MCVEIGH
Don't forget the ATF, DOJ or the NSA,
because they all had informants,
provocateurs or cutouts like me
inside Elohim.

Both Stephen and Chad are surprised by this.

MCVEIGH
Now, Andy tells me the rumbling
membership wants to do something, to
make a statement. Something big. I
tell Pratt and he tells me they're
putting together a sting operation to
bring the whole house of cards down.
Something so big that it will break
the backs of the movement before they
can become a problem at the national
level.

CHAD
What was the Op?

MCVEIGH
To be caught in the act of delivering
a nearly complete, yet fully
operational truck bomb to the
doorsteps of a Federal Building.
(off Stephen's &
Chad's look)
So, I reconnected with Nichols, we
gathered up the materials needed, and
then I set up Base of Op at Dreamland.

CHAD
What went wrong?

MCVEIGH

Pratt changed the target at the last minute from Denver to Oklahoma City. Said the patsy's had been picked, the warnings made, and the arresting teams would be in place.

CHAD

What happened?

MCVEIGH

It all went bad.

CHAD

Bad?

MCVEIGH

Yeah, the bomb was never supposed to go live and explode.

CHAD

Then why did it?

MCVEIGH

I don't know.

Chad and Stephen take a moment to process all they've heard.

CHAD

That's why you didn't kill the cop.

MCVEIGH

That's right.

(off Chad's look)

Now you know what really happened that day and why. And isn't that the scariest thing of all.

STEPHEN

Why didn't you tell us this in the beginning?

MCVEIGH

Would you have believed me?

(to Chad)

Would you?

He locks eyes with Chad. Each trying to read the other.

EXT. PARKING LOT - E.F.C.I. - DAY

Stephen and Chad head for the Lexus.

CHAD

What do you think? Do you believe him?

STEPHEN

It's possible, but not probable, and allows room for the federal government's plausible deniability.

CHAD

Meaning?

STEPHEN

He's knows too many of the players by name and too much information to be making it all up as he goes.

CHAD

(looks at Stephen)
What are you saying?

STEPHEN

I'm saying the names and places are probably true, but the story is probably false.

CHAD

Why would he lie, now?

STEPHEN

Remember his third directive?

(off Chad's look)

"I want to embarrass the government."

(a beat)

What better way than to implicate them in a national tragedy.

CHAD

(thinks, then)

So what do we do with this?

STEPHEN

We look for evidence that corroborates this story, and if we find it, we take it to the Judge and wait for a decision.

He glances at Chad to find that he's stopped, lost in thought.

STEPHEN

What is it?

CHAD

In both of McVeigh's stories nothing was the same, except, the Dreamland Motel. In both stories he referred to it as his Base of Op.

STEPHEN

So? Coincidence.

CHAD

What if it's not? What if it's the only part of his story that is true?

(off Stephen's look)

If McVeigh was really there, maybe the middle easterners were too.

STEPHEN

It's worth a shot. Go.

EXT. DREAMLAND MOTEL - JUNCTION CITY, KS - SUNSET

Chad's rental car pulls into the gravel parking lot of this single story, 24 unit three star motel.

INT. OFFICE - DREAMLAND MOTEL

Chad tired, walks into find LARRY HUMMEL, 50's, working class, retired military, behind the counter on a slow night.

LARRY

Can I help you?

CHAD

I hope so.

(offering a card)

I'm Chad Wold, McVeigh defense team.

LARRY

Then you're too late. Them sons-a-bitches from the FBI and ATF already cleaned me out. Took everythin' I had includin' my god damn guest register.

CHAD

Your guest register?

LARRY

Yeah, they only give me back a set of redacted copies. You believe that?

CHAD

Redacted? How do you know that?

LARRY

'Cause I calculate the room occupancy every night after closin'. And if room 105 had been vacant, then the occupancy rate would have been 92 percent, not 96 as I noted, like I do every night at the bottom of the page. So whoever redacted them didn't know where the 96 came from so they didn't know to change it to 92.

CHAD

Would you be willing to testify to that?

LARRY

Hell yes. And that's why the FBI sent a dozen of them sons-a-bitches out over the last 18 months to get me to change my story.

CHAD

To what?

LARRY

To not include Hakim.

QUICK MEMORY FLASHBACK TO: Chad in the photocopy room writing the name "Hakim al-Hakim" on the yellow pad...

CHAD

Who?

LARRY

Hakim al-Hakim. He's a short stalky middle eastern guy.

Chad pulls out the sketch of John Doe number two.

LARRY
(eyes the sketch)
Yeah, that's him. He was always with that McVeigh fella. I even ran into the two of them with all them other Middle Easterners down at the Pub and Sip.

CHAD
Middle Easterners? Plural.

LARRY
Yeah. Brothers Amir and Amad, and friends Mohammad, Abraham, and Hafid. Hell, even Khalil, Ramzi and Ayman showed up on occasion. Thick as thieves they were.

CHAD
Do you have those redacted copies nearby?

LARRY
Depends? You stayin' the night?

Caught off guard, Chad responds,

CHAD
Of course.

He reaches for his money clip...

LARRY
One room or two?
(off Chad's look)
Slow season and all.

Chad hands Larry his AMEX...

CHAD
Two of course.

LARRY
(grinning)
Two it is.

He opens a drawer and pulls the redacted register out, then places it on the counter.

Larry opens it and flips to page 108. He looks down the center column. And there it is.

CHAD
(re: register)
Why the two blank lines?

LARRY
I make all guests sign in. Even the invisible ones.

Chad looks up from the register.

CHAD
The invisible ones?

LARRY
Right there.

He points at the line below the two blanks.
It reads: "Ali Hammed."

CHAD
Ali Hammed?

LARRY
That's him.

CHAD
Can you describe him?

LARRY
My age. Middle eastern. Charmin',
but spooky. Very military, and had a
way with accents and languages. Like
them movie actors.

CHAD
Why do you think the FBI didn't redact
him?

LARRY
Ali? They never asked about him, so I
never told.

CHAD
So they don't know he was here?

LARRY
Not from me.
(off Chad's look)
Hell, they don't even know he always
took the room next to McVeigh.

CHAD
Why?

LARRY
Don't know, never asked, but Ali was
always "quietly watchin' McVeigh."
Hell, I don't think McVeigh ever knew
Ali was there, watching.

CHAD
Watching? That's it?

LARRY
Yeah, 'til the morning before the
bombin'...

EXT. DREAMLAND MOTEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Spanish looking MAID, 20's, looks through a half open door.

LARRY (V.O.)
 When my maid who will remain nameless
 for obvious reasons went to clean
 McVeigh's room and found the door
 cracked open...

INT. ROOM 105 - DREAMLAND MOTEL (FLASHBACK)

ALI HAMMED, 50's, handsome, fit, military, wipes all the
 clothing and trash off the bureau into a trash bag. He wipes
 down the bureau, then moves toward the bathroom.

LARRY (V.O.)
 And Ali was baggin' up bunches of
 stuff and wipin' the room down.

CHAD (V.O.)
 McVeigh's?

LARRY (V.O.)
 Yeah. She said Ali was in a hurry,
 but not like a burglar. Like he'd
 done it before.

INT. OFFICE - DREAMLAND MOTEL

CHAD
 Can I get those two rooms?

LARRY
 You already have.

He hands Chad two room keys.

INT. ROOM 105 - DREAMLAND MOTEL - NIGHT

Chad enters, flips the lights on and looks around.

Tries to get a feeling for the room as he looks in the
 drawers, under the counters, behind the mirrors. Nothing.

He considers for a moment, then goes next door.

INT. ROOM 106 - DREAMLAND MOTEL - NIGHT

The door opens. Chad enters and flips the light switch.
 Nothing happens. Tries, again. Nothing. It's burned out.

CHAD
 Perfect.

Then he sees it. A faint ray of light beaming across the
 room through the musky haze.

Chad approaches, only to knock his knee on the chair below
 the ray of light.

CHAD
 Damn it!

He turns on the desk light and the ray of light disappears,
 but he sees the pen tip size hole in the wall.

Chad peers into the hole, sees through into room 105.

GHOST IN McVeigh and Hakim al-Hakim as they enter the room with Ho-Wun take-out in hand and pass by the hole in the wall.

EXT. PUB & SIP BAR - JUNCTION CITY, KS - NIGHT

Chad, minus his coat and tie walks in. Looks around at the small town working class clientele as he makes his way over to the INDIAN BARTENDER, 40's.

CHAD

Excuse me. Have you seen this man?

He shows the sketch of John Doe #2 to the Bartender.

BARTENDER

Looks like the fella who used to come in here couple years back with that McVeigh fella.

CHAD

Together?

BARTENDER

Yeah. Almost every night before the bombin'.

GHOST IN McVeigh walking in with several Middle Eastern men.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Usually holed up in one of them back booths, back there.

He points to the back. Chad looks, as if seeing the ghosts.

GHOST IN McVeigh and several Middle Eastern men sliding into a back booth. A WAITRESS, 40's, places beers on the table.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

And if you ask any of my girls, a handsy bunch, and lousy tippers, the lot of them.

CHAD (O.S.)

The lot?

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Yeah, sure. There musta been five to seven off and on. Rarely the same fellas night after night.

GHOST IN McVeigh sitting in the back booth as the Middle Eastern men ghost out, only to be replaced by other Middle Eastern men ghosting in.

BARTENDER

The only regulars were that first fella you showed me and McVeigh.

INT./EXT. PARKING LOT - PUB & SIP - JUNCTION CITY, KS - NIGHT

Chad walks out, glances at his watch, pulls his cell and dials. It rings once, then answered.

CHAD
 (into his cell)
 Hey. You still at work?

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

The wall clock in the b.g. above a tired Nick reads: 10:52 p.m.
 Both he and Sara are in the f.g and elbows deep in the files.

SARA
 (into her cell)
 Where else would I be?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

CHAD
 Any luck?

SARA
 What, are you kidding? Remember Dr.
 Chumley?

CHAD
 Wasn't he one of the...

FLASHBACK TO: Shots of Dr. Chumley and Officer Yeakley
 arriving on the scene to find the Bomb Squad and ATF already
 on location.

SARA (V.O.)
 First responders? Yeah well, five
 months after the bombing, his Cessna
 210 crashed and burned shortly after
 take-off just outside Amarillo, Texas.

FLASHBACK TO: A shot of the crashed and burned wreckage of
 Chumley's Cessna 210.

CHAD
 He's dead?

SARA
 Yep.

CHAD
 What about the cop?

SARA
 Yeakley? Zip so far. He's taken a
 leave of absence and I can't seem to
 locate him. Found his ex, but not
 him. You?

CHAD
 (proudly)
 I got names.

SARA
 (delightedly surprised)
 Really? Give.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - HIGHWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Chad, behind the wheel, rubs the back of his tired neck, and cranks the air conditioning. He glances at his watch, then pulls his cell, considers, then dials.

INT. BEDROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Ashley's cell rings. Her hand shoots out from under the pillows and fumbles for the cell on the night stand as it rings again. She grabs it and sleepily answers,

ASHLEY
(into her cell)
Hello.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

CHAD
(into his cell)
Hey, it's me.

ASHLEY
(sitting up)
Where are you?

CHAD
(glances at odometer)
'bout 153 miles west of Junction City.

ASHLEY
Where?

CHAD
(little laugh)
Forget it. I'm working.

ASHLEY
Working?

She glances at the alarm clock. It reads, 1:08 a.m.

ASHLEY
You can't keep working these hours.

CHAD
I know.

ASHLEY
When do we get time?

CHAD
We will. I promise.

ASHLEY
(pseudo-mocking)
Promises, promises.

CHAD
Ash...

ASHLEY
No. I want a nine to five life.
Not this.

Click! The line goes dead. Concerned, Chad eyes his cell. He considers re-dialing, then pockets his cell.

EXT. DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

Sunrise paints the city a golden hew.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES - DENVER, CO - MORNING

Sara and Nick, tired from the all-nighter are still at the table covered in files. They flip through file after file, searching the top sheet summaries for the six suspects.

The six suspects names are written on the whiteboard: Amir Sigi, Amad Sigi, Mohammed Facht, Abraham Demah, Hafid Josma, and Hakim al-Hakim.

NICK
I'm telling you, we've already been over these files and the six aren't here.

SARA
You got a better idea? Let's hear it. If not, keep looking.

She turns and is surprised to see a very tired Chad enter, carrying his coat and tie.

SARA
Hey,
(glances at her watch)
You're not supposed to be back until this afternoon.

CHAD
Didn't want to wait for the flight.

The red phone nearest Chad rings. He grabs it and snaps,

CHAD
McVeigh defense team...

YEAKLEY (O.S.)
(through the phone)
My ex-wife says you been lookin' to talk to me.

CHAD
Ex-wife...?

He glances at Sara and she whispers,

SARA
Yeakely?

YEAKLEY (O.S.)
(through the phone)
Downstairs, two minutes.

Click! The lines goes dead. Chad hangs up.

CHAD
 (to Sara)
 C'mon.

He and Sara head for the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DEFENSE OFFICES - MORNING

Chad leads Sara out the front doors and into a semi-busy sidewalk of passing pedestrians. They look about.

YEAKLEY (O.S.)
 Keep walkin'.

Chad and Sara turn back to see OFFICER YEAKLEY, 30, a huge African American man in civilian clothes step up between them as they walk.

CHAD
 Are you Yeakley?

YEAKLEY
 All you need to know is that the ATF was sweepin' the insides and the Bomb Squad was sweepin' the outsides of all the downtown government buildings the mornin' of the bombing.

CHAD
 We know.

YEAKLEY
 So you've seen the security footage?

Chad and Sara perk up.

SARA
 There's footage?

YEAKLEY
 Of course. There's eight buildings with a view of the front of the Murrah Buildin' that have their own exterior security cameras; 19 in all.

CHAD
 And you've seen it? The footage?

INT. POLICE STATION - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Yeakley walks down a hall and stops at a half open door. He looks in and sees several FBI agents gathered around a monitor watching security footage of the Murrah Building.

YEAKLEY (V.O.)
 I was workin' late one night and went to hit the head when I passed by the temporary office of the FBI's local SAC Mr. Pratt when I saw him and several other agents watchin'...

He cuts himself off before getting emotional.

CHAD
Watching what?

YEAKLEY
The event.

CHAD
The explosion?

YEAKLEY
Yeah. And I can tell you from my own
two eyes, the man you're defendin' is
not the middle eastern man seen on
camera climbin' out of the passenger
side of the Ryder.

Chad shows the sketch of John Doe #2 to Yeakley.

CHAD
Was it this guy?

YEAKLEY
(eyes the sketch)
Yeah, that's him.

Chad and Sara share an optimistic look as Chad pockets the
sketch.

CHAD
Any chance you have a copy of this
footage?

YEAKLEY
Not yet. But I'm workin' on it.

CHAD
You willing to testify to this?

YEAKLEY
Not a chance. I've got an ex-wife and
kids to think about.

CHAD
But we can protect you.

YEAKLEY
Like you protected Loudenslager, and
Chumley.

Ouch! This hit Sara hard.

YEAKLEY
Keep diggin'. You two're on the right
track.

He steps ahead of Chad and Sara to the curb and a waiting cab.

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES

Chad and Sara enter.

NICK
I'll be damned.

He looks up from a blank booking sheet dated: 4/15/95, 1307 hrs.

SARA

What?

Chad and Sara approach.

NICK

How'd we miss this?

Chad takes the file from Nick and eyes it with Sara looking over his shoulder.

CHAD

It's just scribbles.

SARA

No, it's old fashioned shorthand.

CHAD

Can you read it?

SARA

No, but Stephen might.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DEFENSE OFFICES

Chad, tired, and tense with a tired Sara stand before Stephen's desk as he eyes the shorthand sheet in his hand.

CHAD

Well?

Stephen looks up from the shorthand.

STEPHEN

If this is true and we present it as an alternative theory to the government's case, it could be seen as implying if not outright implicating the government on some level of conspiring to aide these six suspects in their getaway.

CHAD

So, you gonna take it to the Judge, or not?

STEPHEN

(re: Chad's tone)
Excuse me?

CHAD

What? The Judge wanted names, we got him the names.

Stephen lets the quip go.

STEPHEN

Why don't we go see what McVeigh has to say first?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - E.F.C.I.

Stephen slides a "one-sheet" of the DMV photos of the six suspects across the table to McVeigh. He eyes the photos.

MCVEIGH

Am I supposed to know these guys?

Before Stephen can answer, Chad chimes in,

CHAD

According to a number of Junction City residents you not only know them, but you socialize with them.

(points at Hakim al-Hakim)

Specifically, this one, there.

MCVEIGH

You do know that eyewitness testimony is notoriously unreliable, right?

CHAD

Actually, it's considered more reliable than circumstantial evidence, which is all the government has.

MCVEIGH

(glances at Stephen, then to Chad)

Look, if you two don't believe me, call my Handler, Agent Pratt, he'll vouch for me.

CHAD

We did.

Surprised, Stephen's eyes glance at Chad, then back to McVeigh.

MCVEIGH

And?

CHAD

He hung up on me.

(off McVeigh's surprised look)

So, would you like to strike your two previous stories and try a third?

McVeigh stews, internally debating his next move.

CHAD

No? Then we'll see you in court.

He stands and turns away...

MCVEIGH

Terry.

Surprised, Chad turns back.

MCVEIGH

He built the bomb.

Chad sits back down next to Stephen.

MCVEIGH
After he got out of the Army in '89,
he met some people through his wife's
family who taught him how to build
one.

CHAD
Then this wasn't a Black Op?

MCVEIGH
No, it was. They just didn't know
that I had Nichols build the bomb.

CHAD
So why did it go live?

MCVEIGH
I don't know. You'd have to ask him.

CHAD
I'm asking you.

MCVEIGH
And I'm tellin' you I don't know. He
drove the Ryder out to Lake Geary and
told me to pick it up later that day.

CHAD
And you never once looked in the back?

MCVEIGH
No. My job was delivery.

EXT. PARKING LOT - E.F.C.I.

Stephen and Chad head for the Lexus.

CHAD
Do you believe him?

STEPHEN
I think he knows more than he's
telling, but I still don't think he
knows everything.

Chad tries to muffle a yawn.

STEPHEN
When's the last time you slept?

CHAD
Couple of days, I'll be fine.

STEPHEN
You really should...

CHAD
(terse)
I'll be fine.

Stephen notes Chad's tone with a look, then lets it go.

INT. JUDGE MATSCH'S CHAMBERS - COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Stephen and Hartzler, on his scooter, follow Judge Matsch over to his desk.

HARTZLER

Your Honor, these allegations are even more preposterous than the last. Government involvement? A sting operation? What's next? They gonna blame the World Trade Towers attack on the government too?

Judge Matsch turns to Stephen.

STEPHEN

Your Honor, as of this morning, we have positively identified the six previously discussed suspects who were seen fleeing the scene, and an additional three Junction City eye witnesses put these same six suspects in McVeigh's company prior to the bombing.

JUDGE MATSCH

So, where are they?

STEPHEN

Unknown at this time due to law enforcement's detainment and inexplicable release of all six suspects.

HARTZLER

Your Honor...

Judge Matsch cuts Hartzler off.

JUDGE MATSCH

Released?

STEPHEN

Yes your Honor.

JUDGE MATSCH

When?

INT./EXT. CAVALIER - MOVING - I-35 SOUTH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

AMIR drives with his brother AMAD SIQI, both 30's, Pakistani, riding shotgun with MOHAMMED FACHTI, 30's, Middle Eastern, in the back of the blue Chevy Cavalier.

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Moments after the bombing Pakistani's Amir and Amad Sigi along with Mohammed Fachti fled Oklahoma City in their blue Chevy Cavalier.

EXT. SHOULDER - I-35 SOUTH, OK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Blue Chevy Cavalier pulled over on the side of the road.
Amir, Amad and Mohammed are cuffed and placed in the back of
a state law enforcement vehicle.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
Two hours later they were picked up on
I-35 South en route to a safe house in
Dallas.

EXT. POLICE STATION - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Amir, Amad and Mohammed exit and happily run down the stairs
to a car driven by Ali.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
They were temporarily detained and
interrogated, then inexplicably
released at the behest of the FBI.

INT. JUDGE MATSCH'S CHAMBERS - COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Judge Matsch, surprised, glances at Hartzler.

HARTZLER
Your Honor...

Stephen continues, cutting Hartzler off...

STEPHEN
Abraham Demah of Hamas and Hafid
Josma, a Hezbollah Intelligence
officer were detained at...

INT. CHICAGO O'HARE - CHICAGO, IL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

FEMALE SECURITY OFFICER, 40's, searches the luggage of
ABRAHAM DEMAH, clean cut, and HAFID JOSMA, neat beard, both
in their 30's.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
...Chicago O'Hare, when bomb making
materials and clothing matching the
description of the suspects were found
in their luggage.

The Female Security Officer finds Primacord and Tovex in the
luggage. She hits a security button and a dozen Security
Officers close in on Abraham and Hafid.

INT. JUDGE MATSCH'S CHAMBERS - COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

JUDGE MATSCH
And the sixth suspect?

STEPHEN
Hakim al-Hakim was...

INT. GATWICK AIRPORT - LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An ENGLISH SECURITY OFFICER, 50's, searches the luggage of
HAKIM AL-HAKIM, 30's, Iraqi, short curly hair, clean-cut face.

The English Security Officer finds a blue Starter jacket and a white baseball cap decorated with purple flames.

The English Security Officer eyes Hakim. His eyes shift, looking for an out. But before he can move, the Officer hits a button and an armed Security team closes in on Hakim.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
Detained as he attempted to catch a flight to Jordan.

EXT. POLICE STATION - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Abraham, Hafid and Hakim stroll out and down the stairs to an awaiting car driven by Ali.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
The three of them, Abraham, Hafid and Hakim were escorted back to Oklahoma City, interrogated for five hours and then inexplicably released at the behest of the FBI.

INT. JUDGE MATSCH'S CHAMBERS - COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Judge Matsch turns to Hartzler.

JUDGE MATSCH
Why were they released?

HARTZLER
Your Honor, we interviewed thousands of people during the course of this investigation. I can promise you that if these people were material to this case they would have been held over for trial.

STEPHEN
Again, your Honor, since when does the prosecution get to decide what "is" and "is not" material evidence?

INT. HALL - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Chad rubs his eyes, then checks his watch as he paces to keep his tension at bay. Finally, a straight-faced Stephen exits the judges chambers heading for Chad and the elevators.

CHAD
(approaching)
Well?

STEPHEN
Inadmissible.

CHAD
What?! Why?!

Stephen gives Chad a look regarding his tone.

STEPHEN
Judge's prerogative.

Chad touches Stephen's arm, stopping him.

CHAD
No! No! That's bullshit!

Stephen turns to Chad whose back is to the judges chambers.
Hartzler, in the b.g., approaches on his scooter.

STEPHEN
Hey!
(re: courthouse)
Watch your tone.

CHAD
My tone?! To hell with my tone!

STEPHEN
Stop! You're out of line.

CHAD
Out of line?! This whole thing is out
of line! It's a God Damn show trial!

Stephen gives Chad a look.

STEPHEN
What do you want me to say? We all
have our parts to play. And ours is
to present the evidence that is
admissable.

CHAD
And that's the problem. It should all
be admissable. Let the people decide.

Hartzler slowly cruises by and looks up with a smug smile.

HARTZLER
Gentlemen.

Chad huffs and glares at Hartzler as Stephen nods.

STEPHEN
(to Chad)
Look, take a couple of days...

CHAD
What?! No! I'm...

Stephen cuts Chad off with a look.

STEPHEN
I'm not asking.
(off Chad's look)
Don't make me say it.

Chad stares at Stephen in disbelief. His heart falls as
Stephen steps into the elevator alone leaving Chad behind.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - SUNSET

Chad, stunned, enters with coat and tie in hand.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Chad?

He doesn't respond as Ashley enters.

ASHLEY

You okay?

(glances at her
watch)

Why aren't you at work?

CHAD

Work? There is no work. This is
nothing more than a dog and pony show.

ASHLEY

What?

CHAD

There is no real trial. There never
was. They convicted this poor bastard
the day they trotted him out in the
orange jumpsuit.

(considers, then)

I'm not even a lawyer yet, and I've
already lost the biggest case of my
career.

ASHLEY

Chad, stop. What's going on?

He looks at her and she at him.

ASHLEY

Talk to me.

CHAD

I don't wanna talk about it.

He reaches out for her, and pulls her close.

CHAD

All I want is to go home, marry you,
buy a nice little house and be a nine
to five probate lawyer, maybe raise a
couple of rug rats.

Ashley holds his gaze a moment.

ASHLEY

You sure?

CHAD

I've never been so sure of anything in
all my life.

Ashley smiles. They kiss.

CHAD

Now, where are those home listings?

Ashley pulls him close, and kisses him as she walks him
backwards toward the bedroom door.

ASHLEY
They can wait.

They pass through the doorway and disappear into the dark room.

EXT. DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

The sun breaks over the city washing it with color.

INT. OFFICE - DEFENSE OFFICES - DENVER, CO - MORNING

Sara enters to find a well-rested Chad, in jeans and a button down, grabbing a few of his things.

SARA
What're you doing?

CHAD
Leaving.

SARA
You're quitting?
(off Chad's look)
Why? Because you had a tiff with
Stephen?

Chad huffs, and looks away.

SARA
Then why?

Chad looks back, catching her eye.

CHAD
Because the system doesn't work.

SARA
Then work the system.
(off Chad's look)
Look, the system's not perfect.
It's skewed and manipulated by
passionate pleas from lawyers, by
unreliable witness testimony and yes,
inadmissible evidence.

She catches Chad's eye and plies a different tactic.

SARA
But forget all that. Forget the case.
Forget the job. Forget it all. Don't
you just wanna know the truth? What
really happened that day? And why?

Chad's heart quickens, his mind reconsidering.

SARA
But hey, maybe you're not that guy.
Because that guy couldn't just up and
walk away leaving the rest of us to
standby and "quietly watch McVeigh"
get the spike.

She turns back toward the door.

CHAD
What'd you just say?

Sara smiles, then turns back, considers, then reiterates,

SARA
Leaving the rest of us to standby and
"quietly watch McVeigh"...?

CHAD
(elated)
That's it!

He drops his things and heads for the door.

SARA
What? Where are you going?

CHAD
(passing Sara)
To find the invisible man.

SARA
Who?

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY - CONTINUOUS
Sunshine cuts sharp shadows across the face of the building.

GREG (V.O.)
Ali Hammed?

INT. OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY - CONTINUOUS
Greg shuts his office door.

GREG
(into cell phone)
Who's he?

INT./EXT. CAB - PENA BLVD. - DENVER INTL. APO - CONTINUOUS
Chad rides in the back of the cab as it cruises into the airport.

CHAD
(into his cell)
He's my Hail Mary. See you in four hours.

The cab pulls over to the busy departures curb.

EXT. SIDEWALK - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Stephen crosses the street and is mobbed by news hungry reporters. He doesn't break his stride.

Rebecca Moore pushes her way to the front of the moving mob.

REBECCA
Mr. Jones, with the prosecution
resting their case yesterday, is it
true that you're going to be
introducing evidence involving the
Others Unknown?

STEPHEN
(striding forward)
I, unlike the prosecutor shall not be
trying the case in the media, but
rather in the courtroom.

He reaches the federal courthouse stairs.

REBECCA
Mr. Jones, what about...?

STEPHEN
(cutting her off)
Good day.

He heads up the stairs leaving the pack of reporters below.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C. - LATE AFTERNOON

CHAD (V.O.)
What do you mean, "you haven't?"
I gave you his name.

INT. RECEPTION - FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C.

Chad clips a visitor badge to his button-down as he and Greg
pass through security, heading for a hall.

GREG
Excuse me?

Chad checks himself, realizing his tone was out of line.

INT. HALL - FBI HEADQUARTERS

Greg leads Chad down the hall.

GREG
What makes you think we have a file on
him?

CHAD
You're the FBI, you have files on
everybody.

Greg shoots him a harsh look.

CHAD
C'mon. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't
important.

GREG
I'm sure it is to you, but what about
the rest of us?

CHAD
Us? This is for us. For everybody.

He stops, turns to Greg, then looks to see that no one else is within earshot.

CHAD
Look, we both know that McVeigh's not smart enough to pull off the bombing by himself. So if not him, then who?

GREG
And you think this Ali Hammed...?

CHAD
(finishing Greg's line)
Does. Yes.

He can see that Greg's intrigued and prods.

CHAD
C'mon, don't'cha wanna know what really happened that day?

Greg considers it, then gives in, but before he can answer...

SPECIAL AGENT (O.S.)
Mr. Wold.

Chad and Greg turn to see a SPECIAL AGENT, 30's, corporate, approaching.

SPECIAL AGENT
If you would.

He gestures to another hallway.

Chad glances at Greg who gives him a nod as if to say, "go."

EXT. ARBORETUM - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Special Agent escorts Chad out, then gestures toward the WELL-DRESSED MAN, 60's, distinguished, standing alone in front of a still meditation pond.

Chad walks over to the Well-Dressed Man.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
What do you see?

CHAD
(confused)
I'm sorry.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
When you look into the water. What do you see?

Chad looks. Before he can answer the Well-Dressed Man does.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
I see two futures. One promising. The other in ruin.

CHAD
Is that a threat?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
On the contrary, Mr. Wold. The FBI is not in the business of threatening the citizens of this great country, we're in the business of protecting them.

CHAD
Good, then we're on the same page.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Are we?
(turns to Chad)
Because I was under the distinct impression that you were about to piss in my pond.

Chad, momentarily taken aback.

CHAD
How so?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Don't play the fool Mr. Wold, it does not suit a man of your education.

CHAD
Then tell me...

WELL-DRESSED MAN
(loaded, feeling Chad out)
What do you know about Ali?

Chad, surprised that the Well-Dressed Man knows the name.

CHAD
You mean Ali Hammed?
(off the Well-Dressed Man's look)
Not much. That's why I'm here.
You?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Ali is nothing more than a phantom, a ghost, a myth of the Intelligentsia.

An awkward moment passes.

CHAD
That's it? That's all you know?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
We're the FBI, Mr. Wold, not God.

CHAD
Well, then I'll just have to find him myself, won't I?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
I wouldn't advise that.

CHAD
Why not?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Because the places it will take you
and the things you will learn cannot
be unlearned.

CHAD
Meaning?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
In the end, if you continue down this
path, you will never feel the sense of
national security you once did.

CHAD
(considers, then)
We through?

Well-Dressed Man nods. The Special Agent appears and
approaches Chad.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

The Special Agent escorts Chad out the front doors.
As Chad walks away, he pulls his cell.

INT. WELL DRESSED MAN'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Well-Dressed Man sits behind the desk with Greg standing
before him.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Then give him whatever we have.

GREG
Sir?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
You heard me.
(off Greg's look,
loaded)
When you have nothing to hide, hide
nothing.
(a moment)
We clear?

GREG
Crystal.

Well-Dressed Man eyes him a moment.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Dismissed.

Greg exits.

INT. HALL - FBI HEADQUARTERS

Greg walks down the hall as his cell rings. He answers,

GREG
(into his cell)
Mom?

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Chad steps toward the street.

CHAD
(into his cell)
Cute. Did you get what I need?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

GREG
No, not yet. I'm gonna need some
time.

CHAD
(glances at his ticket)
I only have two hours and I need you
to pull one other name.

GREG
Whose?

CHAD
Hakim al-Hakim.

He hangs up as he reaches the --

EXT. CURB - FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C.

A cab pulls up. Chad gets in.

INT./EXT. CAB - STREET - MOVING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

CHAD
(to CAB DRIVER)
Dulles, please.

His cell rings. He answers,

CHAD
(into his cell)
Hello?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
(through Chad's cell)
Where are you?

Chad's eyes go wide realizing that he forgot about Ashley.

CHAD
Ah, working.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - CONTINUOUS

Ashley paces in front of the packed bags near the door.

ASHLEY
(into her cell)
Working? You said you...

CABBIE (O.S.)
(to Chad, through cell)
Arrivals or departures?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

ASHLEY
Who's that?
(no response)
Where are you exactly?

Chad tenses, uncertain of how to answer.

CHAD
D.C.

ASHLEY
Washington? You said, you were done.
You said...

She cuts herself off. Speechless, Chad tries to find the words, but before he can Ashley blurts out,

ASHLEY
You know what? Do what you want.

CHAD
Ash...

ASHLEY
No. I'm done.

CHAD
Ash. Stop. Stay. Please. I'll be
back tonight. I promise.

He waits for a response that doesn't come, then nervously,

CHAD
Ash?

A moment that lasts forever for Chad.

ASHLEY
Promise?

CHAD
(relieved)
Absolutely.

INT. LOUNGE - DULLES AIRPORT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Half full of business travelers. Chad sits alone, going over his notes.

GREG (O.S.)
What the hell have you gotten yourself
into?

Chad looks up to see Greg standing before him.

CHAD
You found'em?

GREG
No. When I ran their names through
NCIC it came back blank. We have
nothing on them. They don't exist.

CHAD
(suspicious, leading)
Sooooo?

He offers a seat across from him.

GREG
(loaded)
I made some "calls."
(sits, then)
And your "Hakim al-Hakim," aka John
Doe number two.

FLASHBACK TO: Shots of Captain Hakim al-Hakim leading a
parade ground march of Saddam Hussain's Elite Republican
Guard in Bagdad, Iraq.

GREG (V.O.)
Not his real name by the way, was once
a member of Saddam Hussain's Elite
Republican Guard. A captain in the
999's.

CHAD
The 999's?

GREG
They ran Saddam's covert counter
terrorism unit. Black Ops.

FLASHBACK TO: Shots of thousands of Iraqi soldiers and
Republican Guardsmen surrendering to the U.S. Army. Iraqi
POW's on U.S. Army transport planes. Iraqi POW's being
interrogated.

GREG (V.O.)
That is until he and 5,000 of his
comrades surrendered during the
Persian Gulf War. Once they became
POW's we brought them here to the U.S.
for interrogation.

FLASHBACK TO: Shots of Iraqi POW's being released from U.S.
facilities.

GREG (V.O.)
But after the war, most of them were
granted refugee status.

CHAD
Why?

GREG
Some say it was because they would've
been executed by Saddam upon returning
to Iraq. Others say it was a failed
bid to win favor from the minorities.

CHAD
Wait a minute. You mean, there are
5,000 ex-Iraqi commando's living here
in the U.S.?

GREG
I wish we could be so sure. It seems
as though we've lost track of most of
them.

CHAD
What? How?

GREG
(embarrassed)
We don't know.

CHAD
Jesus.
(shakes his head)
What about Ali Hammed?

GREG
Ali Hammed is no average Joe. He's
the original Mr. Invisible. A true
ghost.

CHAD
What do you mean?

GREG
I mean, Ali Hammed surfaces every
couple of years starting as far back
as the late 70's.
(off Chad's look)
And his resume reads like a regular
who's who of international terrorism.

FLASHBACK TO: News reel footage of the '79 hostage crisis in
the U.S. Embassy in Tehran, the '80 assassination of Anwar
Sadat, the '85 explosions in Vienna and Rome, the '88
Lockerbie, Scotland air disaster, and the '91 bombing of a
ship in Zamboanga harbor in the Philippines.

GREG (V.O.)
His name first surfaces in the late
70s during a Mossad investigation of
the Egyptian Islamic Jihad. Then
again in '79 in connection with the
taking of 52 hostages in the U.S.
Embassy in Tehran. And again, in '80
the assassination of Sadat. Then in
'85 when 20 are killed in coordinated
explosions in Vienna and Rome and
again during the investigation into
the '88 Lockerbie, Scotland air
disaster and most recently in '91 when
a ship was bombed in Zamboanga harbor
in the Philippines by the Abu Sayyaf.

CHAD
Abu who?

GREG
Abu Sayyaf.

FLASHBACK TO: News reel footage of the Abu Sayyaf terrorist
group in Cebu City, Philippines.

GREG (V.O.)
They're a paramilitary terrorist group
specializing in bombings and
kidnappings and led by the infamous
Edwin Angeles.

CHAD
Infamous? Not invisible?

GREG
No. We know exactly where he is.

CHAD
Where?

GREG
The Basilan Provincial Jail.

CHAD
Where's that?

INT. TICKET COUNTER - DULLES AIRPORT

CHAD
(to Ticket Agent)
Isabel, Philippines.

EXT. 747 - AIRBORNE - DAY

Cruising at 35,000 feet.

EXT. AIRPORT - ISABEL, PHILIPPINES - DAY

Chad exits the busy airport and enters a swarm of "Tagalog"
speaking cabbies. He doesn't understand a word they're
saying as they hustle him toward their cabs.

INT./EXT. CAB - CURB - AIRPORT - ISABEL, PHILIPPINES

Chad slides into the back of the cab.

CHAD
(to the CABBIE)
Basilan Provincial Jail.

EXT. BASILAN PROVINCIAL JAIL - ISABEL, PHILIPPINES

The cab pulls away leaving Chad on the street eyeing a filthy
two-story cement building with iron barred walls.

INT. BASILAN PROVINCIAL JAIL - ISABEL, PHILIPPINES - DAY

It's a hole. Filthy beyond measure.

Prison Guards pat Chad down.

INT. HOLDING CELL - BASILAN PROVINCIAL JAIL

Chad enters to find, EDWIN ANGELES, 30's, medium build, mild
mannered man sitting alone on a bench.

CHAD
Edwin Angeles?

EDWIN
And you are?

CHAD
Chad Wold, McVeigh defense team.
(offers his hand)
I'd like to ask you a few questions,
if you've got the time.

Edwin smirks and looks around at the hell hole he is in.

EDWIN
Mr. Chad, I've got nothing but time.

CHAD
Good. What can you tell me about "Ali
Hammed?"

Edwin's eyes flash a glimmer of recognition.

EDWIN
(covering)
Who?

CHAD
His name came up during the
investigation into Abu Sayyaf's '91
bombing of a ship in the Zamboanga
harbor.

EDWIN
(covering)
Sorry. I do not know this man.

CHAD
Are you sure?

EDWIN
Quite.

Disappointed, Chad thinks a moment, then pulls out the sketch
of John Doe #2 and shows it to Edwin.

CHAD
What about this man?

EDWIN
That is Hakim.
(off Chad's look)
Hakim al-Hakim. He ran Terry the
Farmer for Ramzi.

CHAD
Terry the Farmer?

EDWIN
That is what we called him, because he
said he had many acres of farm back in
the states.

CHAD
Can you describe him?

EDWIN
Average American, weak jawed, balding,
big glasses, quiet.

CHAD
You willing to testify to that in
court?

EDWIN
An American court?

CHAD
Yes.

EDWIN
One condition.

CHAD
And that is?

EDWIN
I get a full pardon, and my wife and I
receive U.S. citizenship.

Chad, surprised by the bold request.

CHAD
I'll see what I can do.

Edwin offers his hand.

EDWIN
Promise me?

Chad hesitates a moment, then shakes Edwin's hand.

CHAD
I promise, I'll see what I can do.

Edwin smiles exposing several missing teeth.

CHAD
Now, what can you tell me about Terry
the Farmer and Hakim al-Hakim?

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

There's an incessant knocking on the entry door. Stephen,
appears from the bedroom in a robe and approaches the door,

STEPHEN
I'm coming, I'm coming.
(reaching the door)
This better be good.

He opens the door to find scruffy Chad still in his jeans and
button down.

CHAD
It's better than that.
(inviting himself in)
May I?

Stephen steps aside as Chad enters. They head for a couple of chairs in the --

INT. LIVING ROOM

STEPHEN
Where have you been? Sara said you
took off a couple of days ago.

Chad drops into a chair as Stephen steps to the bar.

CHAD
The Philippines.

Stephen looks back as he pours a couple of glasses of Glenfiddich, neat.

STEPHEN
Excuse me?

CHAD
I was following a lead on Ali Hammed.

Stephen nods, then approaches with two glasses in hand.

STEPHEN
And?

He offers one to Chad, who accepts it as Stephen takes the opposite chair.

CHAD
It was a bust for Ali, but a gold mine
for Nichols, aka Terry the Farmer.
(off Stephen's look)
It seems as though Nichols was well
known by Abu Sayyaf and its notorious
leader Edwin Angeles.

Stephen looks skeptical, but continues to listen as he sips his Glenfiddich.

INT. STRIP BAR - CEBU CITY, PHILIPPINES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edwin enters and recognizes POLICE CAPTAIN EDUARDO TORRES, 50's, slight. He approaches as Eduardo stands up from the table and introduces Terry Nichols. Edwin and Terry shake hands.

STEPHEN
How?

CHAD (V.O.)
Nichols went to the Phillipines in '94
to meet his mail-order bride named
Marife. It was Marife's father,
Eduardo Torres, a local police captain
who introduced Nichols, aka Terry the
Farmer to Edwin.

EXT. DOLE PLANT - DAVO CITY, PHILIPPINES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Old abandoned manufacturing plant. One car sits out front. Two other cars pull up and stop.

CHAD (V.O.)
Edwin tells me that he and Terry met with the "boys" for five days in late January of '95 in an old abandoned Dole plant warehouse in Davao City to discuss "the bombing of specific U.S. targets and what kinda charge would bring 'em down."

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

STEPHEN
The "boys?"

INT. DOLE PLANT - DAVO CITY, PHILIPPINES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edwin welcomes and introduces Terry to the following as they enter the warehouse from different directions: RAMZI YOUSEF, 30's, Pakistani, Amir and Amad, Mohammad, Hakim, Abraham and Hafid.

CHAD (V.O.)
Yeah, Edwin said the "boys" included Ramzi Yousef, a couple of Moro Islamic Liberation Front brothers named Amir and Amad Siqi, two Iraqi's, Mohammad Fachti, and Hakim al-Hakim. Oh and a guy from Hamas named ah, Abraham Demah, and what he calls a pisser named Hafid Josma from Hezbollah.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
Wait a minute.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

STEPHEN
Aren't those our six?

CHAD
Exactly.

Stephen, surprised.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - CEBU CITY, PHILIPPINES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PHILIPPINE POLICE burst in and arrest dozens of ABU SAYYAF MEMBERS including Edwin Angeles.

CHAD (V.O.)
By February '95 Edwin's men were getting itchy to blow something big, but before they could, someone snitched and they all got arrested.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO

CHAD
That's when Osama bin Laden...

STEPHEN
Who?

CHAD
Osama bin Laden. He's the son of some
rich Saudi...

FLASHBACK TO: Osama bin Laden and Khalid Shaikh Mohammed photos.

CHAD (V.O.)
...It's Osama who finances the Abu
Sayyaf through Khalid Shaikh Mohammed,
uncle to Ramzi Yousef.

STEPHEN
Ramzi? The World Trade Tower bomber?

CHAD
Exactly. Now, due to the mass round-
up of Abu Sayyaf members Osama's
operations in the Philippines had
become skeletal at best, but he still
wanted to make the most of the money
spent on the "boys" who remained.

EXT. AIRPORT - ISABEL, PHILIPPINES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Terry walks out and is greeted warmly by Ramzi Yousef who
leads him to an awaiting car with Amir and Amad in the back.

CHAD (V.O.)
So, Terry flew over to the Philippines
for a few weeks, met with Ramzi, Hakim
and the "boys" to finalize the plan.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
What plan?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO

CHAD
To hit Oklahoma City.

STEPHEN
But McVeigh said the original target
was Denver?

CHAD
I know, but Edwin said, Osama was very
specific about the Oklahoma City
Federal Building.

STEPHEN
Why?

CHAD
Because it had the fatal flaw?

STEPHEN
What?

CHAD
Access.
(off Stephen's look)
It stood in the middle of the American
heartland, and that made it the ideal
target.

Stephen, stunned.

CHAD
So, what do you think? Time to take
it to Matsch?

STEPHEN
"Judge" Matsch. And no, not yet.
Not after his last decision.

CHAD
What? Why not? This is a game
changer.

STEPHEN
Not quite, but close.
(off Chad's look)
We need confirmation. Get that, and
we might have a shot at admissability.

CHAD
From who?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HOUSE - GEORGETOWN, D.C. - CONTINUOUS
Greg, on his cell, sits up in bed.

GREG
Ramzi Yousef? Why him?

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - CONTINUOUS
Chad walks down the hall with his cell to his ear.

CHAD
(into his cell)
Because he knows who really built the
Oklahoma city bomb.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HOUSE - GEORGETOWN, D.C. - CONTINUOUS
Greg, speechless.

INT. SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - NIGHT
Nervously Chad enters.

CHAD
Ash.

She doesn't answer. He crosses the room to find the dining
table cleared.

At the head of the table, on the right sits the witness
summaries, on the left the home listings, and in the middle sits
Ashley's engagement ring and a Post-It note: You choose. - A

Chad's heart falls to the floor. He's crushed.

His cell rings. He quickly answers,

CHAD
(into his cell)
Ash?

INT. FILE ROOM - DEFENSE OFFICES

SARA
(into her cell)
No, Sara. You okay?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

CHAD
(covering)
Yeah, fine. What's up?

SARA
Yeakley. He's dead.

CHAD
What? How?

FLASHBACK TO: Newspaper headlines and photos of Yeakley found dead in a field.

SARA (V.O.)
Found dead in a field a mile from his car, face beaten to a pulp, elbows, wrists and throat slit, and finished off with a shot to the head.

CHAD
Suspects?

SARA
No. Ruled a suicide.
(a beat)
But here's the thing, no knife nor gun were found at the scene.

The file room phone rings in the b.g.

CHAD
What? How's that...?

SARA
Hang on. Other phone.

She answers the file room phone.

SARA
(into the phone)
McVeigh defense team.
(listens)
Now? You sure?
(listens)
Okay.

She hangs up, then puts her cell back to her ear.

SARA
(into her cell)
That was Federal Court Holding.
McVeigh wants to see you.

CHAD
Me? Why?

SARA
They didn't say.

Exhausted, Chad relents.

CHAD
Okay. Fine. I'll go.

He hangs up.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO
Chad yawns as he enters to find McVeigh at a table.

MCVEIGH
Am I keeping you up?

CHAD
(approaches the table)
Long flight from the Philippines.
Seems you were right about Nichols.

MCVEIGH
Like I said.

CHAD
So, why am I here?

MCVEIGH
Did you really call my Handler?

CHAD
Does it matter?

MCVEIGH
Does to me.

CHAD
Tell you what, you tell me the truth
about the delivery of the bomb...

MCVEIGH
I can't.

CHAD
Why not?

MCVEIGH
I do, they'll come for my family.

CHAD
Who will?

MCVEIGH
I can't tell you.
(off Chad's eye roll)
I'd rather get the spike.

CHAD
Suit yourself.

Fed up, he turns to the door.

MCVEIGH
You lawyers are all the same...

Chad opens the door...

MCVEIGH
You take what you want, and give up
nothing in return.

This strikes Chad deep, he pauses momentarily, then exits.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

Chad walks toward his sedan stifling his emotion.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - PARKING LOT - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

Chad gets in, his face a mix of emotion. He starts to break, but stifles it. He pulls his cell, stares at it, debating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROW HOUSE - MISSOULA, MT - NIGHT

Moving boxes everywhere. The place is half-packed. Ashley, asleep on the couch. The house phone rings. Ashley wakes.

It rings again, and Buck pops his head up from the floor below Ashley. He puts his chin on her leg and moans as the phone rings a third time, then goes to the phone machine.

CHAD (O.S.)
(through phone machine)
Hey Ash, it's me. Please pick up.

Ashley looks at the phone machine, debating if she should pick up. Buck cocks his head.

CHAD (O.S.)
(through phone machine)
I'm sorry. I miss you.

Click! The line goes dead. Buck moans. Ashley pets him.

ASHLEY
(sad smile)
Yeah, me too.

EXT. DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

The rising sun warms the cityscape.

INT. BEDROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - DENVER, CO - SUNRISE

Chad, back in his suit, checks himself in the mirror when his cell rings. He answers,

CHAD
(into his cell)
Ash?

GREG (O.S.)
(through Chad's cell)
No. But if you're still interested in
Ramzi Yousef, he's a lifetime guest of
Colorado's Supermax in Florence.

EXT. SUPERMAX PRISON - FLORENCE, CO - DAY

A large imposing structure. The Fort Knox of human confinement.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SUPERMAX

There's a beep and a click then the door opens. A GUARD, 30's, opens the door for Chad, back in a suit.

RAMZI YOUSEF, 35, a bearded, thin, twitchy little Pakistani sits facing the door.

Chad glances back at the Guard.

GUARD
Don't worry, he's shackled.

Ramzi raises his hands to show the cuffs and chains.

GUARD
You got 60 minutes.

Chad steps toward Ramzi as the Guard swipes the magnetic card reader and then closes the door; leaving them alone.

Ramzi studies Chad a moment.

RAMZI
Who are you?

CHAD
Chad Wold, McVeigh defense team.

RAMZI
Then we are comrades.

CHAD
I wouldn't say that.

RAMZI
No? Then why are you here?

CHAD
For confirmation. I want to know what really happened in Oklahoma City and why.

RAMZI
And what do I get in return?

CHAD
What do you want?

RAMZI
(considers, then)
A Book.

CHAD
I'll see what I can do.

Ramzi catches Chad's eye and holds it.

RAMZI
Your word?

He offers his chained right hand. Chad takes it. They shake.

CHAD
You have my word.

RAMZI
Well then, I better make this good.

He straightens up in his chair, takes a moment.

RAMZI
If you've gotten to me, then you probably think you know what happened and why, because you've gathered a few of the pieces of the puzzle, but you have no real understanding of how they fit together.

CHAD
And you do?

RAMZI
I know more than I ever wanted to. But for you to truly understand the "how and the why" you must first understand the three pieces of the puzzle that conspired to create our network of terror.

CHAD
And they are?

RAMZI
Osama, Saddam and the Sleepers.

CHAD
Sleepers?

RAMZI
We will get to them later. But first, you must go back decades to the United States decision to support Israel, thereby becoming Israel's partner in all crimes against Palestine; and by association the Muslims of the world.

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of the U.S. supporting Israel. Footage of Osama bin Laden rallying Jihadists and burning effigies.

RAMZI (V.O.)
And that, my friend, was all Osama bin Laden needed to rally our people's hatred for the United States. Thus began their passive fat-wah.

CHAD
That's absurd.

RAMZI
Even more absurd is Saddam Hussain's reason.

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of U.S. supporting Iraq in the Iraq/Iran conflict. Footage of President Bush 41 appointing APRIL GLASPIE, 40's, bureaucrat as the Ambassador to Iraq.

RAMZI (V.O.)

Throughout the '80's the United States allied itself with Iraq in the Iraq/Iran conflict, but then ex-CIA Chief George Bush was elected President in '88 and appointed April Glaspie as his Ambassador to Iraq. A woman Ambassador to a Muslim country. Saddam took this as the ultimate insult.

CHAD

Why?

RAMZI

Because when the world's only remaining superpower sends a woman Ambassador to a Muslim country, it is considered a slap in the face. A disgrace beyond words, and a humiliation not soon forgotten.

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of Osama bin Laden in and around the Afghanistan caves and remote dwellings. Footage of Saddam Hussain in his lavish palaces and standing before his parading army.

RAMZI (V.O.)

Now, around this time, Osama, begins to run low on funds and is lacking the Intel to take his operation international, so he reaches out to Saddam and a partnership is born of mutual hatred for the United States. They spend the next two years putting in place a plan that will unfold over the next several decades.

CHAD

What plan?

RAMZI

It started with the Persian Gulf War and the true reason for the invasion of Kuwait.

CHAD

And that was?

RAMZI

Not for the oil. That was merely their cover story. The true reason was Saddam and Osama's need to eliminate 6,000 hand picked Kuwaiti citizens.

CHAD

Why?

RAMZI

So that Saddam's Republican Guard
could confiscate clean Kuwaiti ID's.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Saddam's Republican Guard
raiding Kuwaiti government buildings and selectively
confiscating clean ID's, passports, medical records,
scholastic records.

RAMZI (V.O.)

They focused on students and families
studying abroad. Their passports,
medical records, scholastic records,
family records, everything.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Saddam's Republican Guard
retreating out of Kuwait.

RAMZI (V.O.)

Once the operation was complete,
Saddam looking beaten retreats, and
the world thinks the United States has
won the war.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Saddam's palaces filled with
hundreds of boxes of clean Kuwaiti ID's.

RAMZI (V.O.)

However, the real winners are Saddam
and Osama who are now in possession of
6,000 clean Kuwaiti ID's.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Saddam in his palaces handing
out clean ID's and records to al-Qaida, Hamas and Hezbollah
terrorists. Quick shots of Osama in Afghanistan handing out
clean ID's and records to al-Qaida, Hamas and Hezbollah
terrorists.

RAMZI (V.O.)

They waste no time in granting
hundreds of these ID's to al-Qaida's,
Hamas's, and Hezbollah's most
fanatical terrorists, all of whom have
sworn a blood oath against the United
States.

CHAD

You said hundreds, not thousands.

RAMZI

That's right. Osama and Saddam
reserved the majority of the clean
Kuwaiti ID's for the Sleepers of the
future.

CHAD

Sleepers?

RAMZI

Covert agents who infiltrate a target
country years in advance, create cover
stories, build lives and begin
recruiting homegrown Jihadists all
while waiting for the order to strike.

(MORE)

RAMZI (cont'd)

Now, knowing Saddam and Osama's
raging hatred for the United States
they have probably already given out
most of those ID's, and the Sleepers
are most likely already here.

Chad, as amazed as he is horrified.

RAMZI

Now, in the fall of '92...

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of President Bush signing an
Executive Order. Quick shots of Persian Gulf War POW's
milling about the U.S. POW camps.

RAMZI (V.O.)

...As a gesture of peace, the outgoing
President Bush signs an Executive
Order allowing more than 5,000 Persian
Gulf War POW's, Saddam's Red Brigade
and Elite Guard, who reside in POW
camps on American soil, entry into the
United States.

CHAD

What?

RAMZI

And in '93...

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Persian Gulf War POW's being
released from the U.S. POW camps.

RAMZI (V.O.)

...As a gesture of good faith, and to
rally minority support, President
Clinton granted the 5,000 POW's
permanent refugee status. Some even
applied for citizenship.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Persian Gulf War POW's stepping
off Greyhound buses in Chicago, Dallas and Oklahoma City.

RAMZI (V.O.)

Many, if not most migrated to Muslim
friendly cities like Chicago, Dallas,
and Oklahoma City.

CHAD

Why?

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of Hamas's Benevolence Fund in
Chicago. Footage of Hezbollah's Peace in the Middle East
Fund in Oklahoma City and PLO's Outreach in Dallas.

RAMZI (V.O.)

Because these cities are known
gateways for money laundering and
money funnels like the Hamas's
Benevolence Fund in Chicago, the
Hezbollah's Peace in the Middle East
Fund in Oklahoma City and the PLO's
Outreach in Dallas.

CHAD

Wait a minute. Go back to the Kuwaiti ID's and the Sleepers. What proof is there that those actually exist?

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of the '93 World Trade Tower bombing.

RAMZI (V.O.)

I can only speak for me and Akim Murrad, as we were among the first to successfully use the clean Kuwaiti ID's to enter the U.S. unnoticed on a scouting trip to bring down the World Trade Towers in '93.

CHAD

(considers, then)
But, they're still standing.

RAMZI

(angry, serious)
Yes, but they wouldn't be if I had more money...
(lightens up)
But not to worry, more money is coming.

Chad, horrified at what he's hearing.

RAMZI

Now, in '94...

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of the '94 election results. Republicans win back Congress.

RAMZI (V.O.)

...Your President Clinton loses Congress, thereby creating a politically tenuous situation.
(off Chad's look)
Saddam and Osama see this as a sign and order the "boys" to move. The target is selected, the patsy is primed and the fuse prepared.
(jerks his hands up, loud)

BOOM!

Chad jumps back. Ramzi chuckles a moment.

RAMZI

Oh how I wish I could have seen my baby blow. She must have been beautiful.

CHAD

Your baby?

RAMZI

My most beautiful design to that time.

CHAD

"You" built the Oklahoma City bomb?

RAMZI
 (shakes his head, then)
 Oh, my friend, you're listening, but
 you're not hearing. You're looking,
 but you're not seeing.
 (off Chad's expression)
 "I designed" it.

FLASHBACK TO: File footage of Davao City and the Dole Plant.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
 Where?

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DEFENSE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS
 Stephen behind his desk with Chad standing before him.

CHAD
 In Davao City, Philippines. At an old
 abandoned Dole plant. Once Osama
 picked the target, Ramzi finalized the
 plan, then they called in Terry the
 Farmer.

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of Terry Nichols walking out of
 Isabel Airport in the Philippines. He's met by Edwin Angeles
 and Ramzi Yousef.

CHAD (V.O.)
 Terry flew in, memorized Ramzi's
 design and returned to the States;
 plan in hand and McVeigh the Martyr
 waiting to fall.

STEPHEN
 McVeigh The Martyr?
 (considers, then)
 If this was really Ramzi's plan, the
 single most lethal terrorist attack on
 U.S. soil, why let McVeigh, an
 American take all the credit?

CHAD
 Misdirection. Ramzi said it was the
 key to winning any covert war. It
 buys one time.

STEPHEN
 What about the other six suspects?

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of a blue Cavalier and a brown
 Chevy truck fleeing the scene of the Murrah Building.

CHAD (V.O.)
 Ramzi said, they would have done as
 instructed, and withdrawn through
 prearranged routes.

STEPHEN
 Including John Doe number two?

CHAD
 Hakim al-Hakim?

Stephen nods.

FLASHBACK TO: Security camera footage of Hakim al-Hakim as he climbs out of the Ryder's passenger door, hurries to the rear and pats the wall twice, then runs to the brown Chevy truck.

CHAD (V.O.)
Once the Ryder was parked, Hakim was supposed to signal the "other guy" in the back, then take off in the brown Chevy truck with Abraham and Hafid.

Surprised, Stephen asks,

STEPHEN
And who was the "other guy?"

FLASHBACK TO: Quick shots of a 30-something middle eastern man on a mission standing in the back of the Ryder, in the middle of the 16 blue barrels with the lit fuse in hand.

CHAD (V.O.)
Ramzi said, "he was some nobody, some patsy from some Mosque who was dumb enough to believe the hype that 72 virgins wait for him in the sweet hereafter."

Again, Stephen's surprised, but asks,

STEPHEN
And now?

CHAD
Now, Ramzi said, he's waiting for his masterpiece to arrive.

STEPHEN
And that is?

CHAD
He wouldn't tell me, but he said we'd know it when we see it.

Speechless, Stephen tries to find the words, until finally,

STEPHEN
All this because we support Israel?

CHAD
No, Ramzi said, "All this because our President sent a woman to do a man's job."

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The midday sun paints the stone with a golden hue.

HARTZLER (V.O.)
That's insane!

INT. JUDGES MATSCH'S CHAMBERS - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

Stephen and Chad stand next to Hartzler on his scooter before Judge Matsch who is seated behind his desk.

HARTZLER

You're Honor, this is preposterous.

(re: Chad)

He's not even an attorney for Christ's sake.

JUDGE MATSCH

All the same. I would like to hear what he has to say.

HARTZLER

But what difference can it make? It's all hearsay, speculation, conjecture and supposition.

JUDGE MATSCH

Like you said, what difference does it make.

(to Chad)

Mr. Wold.

Chad glances at Stephen as Hartzler rolls his eyes.

CHAD

Your Honor, from what I've been able to piece together from principal witnesses, the truth behind the bombing reaches far beyond this case and could taint even the highest levels of power.

JUDGE MATSCH

How so?

CHAD

I'd rather not say.

(glances at Hartzler)

Considering the hearsay rule.

JUDGE MATSCH

Excuse me?

CHAD

I'd rather have the principals speak for themselves.

JUDGE MATSCH

Then call them as witnesses.

STEPHEN

We can't. One is in a Filipino jail awaiting trial on 54 counts of kidnapping and the other is in a 23 hour a day lock down in Colorado's Supermax.

HARTZLER

You can't be serious?

JUDGE MATSCH

Your key witnesses are a couple of convicts?

STEPHEN

Yes. But only they can connect all the dots.

JUDGE MATSCH

I'm sorry Stephen, but if this is all you've got, then...

CHAD

We just need a subpoena, your Honor. That gets us Edwin and he connects Terry the Farmer to Ramzi and Ramzi to Osama and Saddam.

JUDGE MATSCH

Terry, Ramzi, Osama, Saddam?

CHAD

Terry Nichols, Ramzi Yousef, Osama bin Laden, and Saddam Hussain.

Judge Matsch considers a moment.

JUDGE MATSCH

I'm sorry, Stephen, if you can't paint a better picture than this.

STEPHEN

A better picture? We just got this information in the last couple of days. If we had it during discovery a year and a half ago, you'd be looking at the Mona Lisa right now.

JUDGE MATSCH

I'm sorry Stephen. Motion denied.

Chad and Stephen look crestfallen. Hartzler grins.

INT. HALL - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

Chad and Stephen make their way down the hall.

CHAD

(astonished)

What the hell just happened?!

STEPHEN

You heard the Judge. Motion denied. And I'm all out of witnesses.

Chad stops, mind racing.

CHAD

Maybe not.

Frustrated, Stephen stops, turns back.

STEPHEN

You don't get it, do you?
(off Chad's surprise)
It's over.

CHAD

No, it's not.

(off Stephen's look)

We have an extradition treaty with the Philippines don't we?

STEPHEN

Why?

CHAD

If we can get Edwin Angeles charged as a co-conspirator, we can get an extradition order. With the order I can go get him released and escort him back here.

He turns back and heads for the elevator.

INT. OFFICE - BASILAN PROVINCIAL JAIL - PHILIPPINES - DAY

Cluttered. An old administrative office.

Chad stands in front of a large government issue desk.

CHAD

No. Listen to me. It's an extradition order. Not a...

WARDEN BOULETTE, 50's, paunchy little man behind his desk.

WARDEN BOULETTE

Mr. Chad. I know what an extradition order is. I think it is you who...

GUARD

Sir.

He hands Warden Boulette a single fax sheet. He reviews it.

CHAD

What is it?

Warden Boulette hands the fax to Chad. The header reads, "Extradition Order." Across the middle is stamped, "Denied."

Chad, devastated, looks up from the fax.

WARDEN BOULETTE

Good day, Mr. Chad.

One of the Office Guards steps to Chad and grabs his arm.

CHAD

(pulling free)

No! Wait! You've gotta listen to me!

Warden Boulette looks up from his desk.

WARDEN BOULETTE

No, Mr. Chad it is you who must listen to me. Leave now or I am sure we can make room for you in the back.

Chad locks eyes with Warden Boulette. A test of wills only to be broken by two Office Guards grabbing Chad's arms.

EXT. BASILAN PROVINCIAL JAIL - DAY

Sun beating down hard. Sweaty Entry Guards stand watch.

Suddenly the doors open and the Office Guards shove Chad out into the --

EXT. STREET

Chad catches his step, turns back just in time to see the doors shut. He straightens his shirt, then checks his watch.

EDWIN (O.S.)

Mr. Chad!

Chad turns and looks at the prison bars, then sees a filthy Edwin racing out across the dirty prison yard.

EDWIN

You...

He stumbles, sliding across the dirty grounds.

Chad steps toward the prison walls. Tower Guards turn toward Chad. He glances up at the Tower Guards watching him.

EDWIN (O.S.)

Mr. Chad!

Chad turns to see a bloody Edwin clinging to the prison bars.

EDWIN

You promised!

Shocked at Edwin's condition, Chad steps close to the bars.

Suddenly, Edwin's bloody hands reach through the bars and grabs Chad, pulling him close.

They lock eyes. Chad is speechless.

Cell Guards race out across the yard and grab Edwin's arms, pulling his bloody hands from Chad's shirt.

EDWIN

Mr. Chad, you promised!

Cell Guards drag Edwin by his arms back toward the darkened open door as he pleads,

EDWIN

You promised, Mr. Chad! You promised!

Horrified, Chad's heart sinks as he can only watch as Edwin disappears into the dark abyss of the prison.

The heavy door slams shut.

Chad looks down at his blood stained shirt.

INT. 747 - AIRBORNE

Chad looks up from his blood stained shirt. He sits alone, slumped, racked with guilt.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - NIGHT

Illuminated with streetlights.

INT. MCVEIGH'S CELL - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

McVeigh sleeps. A GUARD, 30s, appears at the bars.

GUARD

McVeigh!

McVeigh wakes, looks up to see the Guard.

GUARD

You got a visitor.

McVeigh sits up, rubs his eyes as the door opens.

Chad enters, still looking as he did on the 747.

Without looking up, McVeigh gestures to a chair in the corner as the door closes.

MCVEIGH

(re: Chad's shirt)

What the hell happened to you?

Chad takes a seat, coming into view of McVeigh who eyes him.

CHAD

Doesn't matter.

MCVEIGH

Then why wake me?

Chad huffs off McVeigh's slight.

CHAD

Because I wanted to ask you one last question, but on my way down the hall I realized, that the question didn't matter anymore. All that mattered, is that you did what you did. Not why.

He looks lost as if still trying to figure it out, until McVeigh takes the bait.

MCVEIGH

Why do you think I did it?

CHAD

Me?

(off McVeigh's nod)

I think you did what you did for one of two reasons.

(off McVeigh's look)

I think you are an average American guy who wanted his slice of the American dream, but when it all fell apart, you wanted payback and got involved with some very bad people.

(off McVeigh's look, baiting him)

Or.

(off McVeigh's anticipation)

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)

The unimaginable occurred, and the people of this country should be horrified.

(off McVeigh's grin)

That said, our government may be a lot of things, but after everything I've seen, heard and read, they're not coordinated or competent enough to conspire to pull off what you've said they've done. Yet, the most paranoid, among them might've tried to cover up a conspiracy that never was, thereby making it appear to have been one.

(off McVeigh's confusion)

Either way, what you believe to be your martyrdom has actually turned you into a patsy for those you are apparently unaware of.

MCVEIGH

(disbelief, angry)

A patsy? You think I'm a patsy?!

CHAD

That depends. Do you know Ali Hammed?

MCVEIGH

Who?

CHAD

Then yes, you are "their" patsy.

MCVEIGH

(seething)

Oh yeah, then what's that make you?! I call, and you came runnin'.

CHAD

True, but the difference is, when the verdict comes in tomorrow and this is over, I'll go home, get married, and have a full life.

(off McVeigh's look)

And you. You will still be sitting here...

(eyes McVeigh's cell)

Waiting for the spike.

MCVEIGH

Go to hell!!

CHAD

You first.

MCVEIGH

(shouts)

Guard!!

Chad turns and opens the unlocked cell door, then exits leaving McVeigh alone with the thought of all he's done.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Bright sunny day.

INT. COURTROOM - FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DENVER, CO - DAY

Chad opens the doors to find the room packed with reporters. Stephen and McVeigh sit at the defense table. Judge Matsch turns to the jury.

JUDGE MATSCH

Has the Jury reached a verdict?

The JURY FOREMAN, 40's, stands.

JURY FOREMAN

We have your Honor.

JUDGE MATSCH

What say you?

JURY FOREMAN

We, the Jury, in the above entitled action find the defendant, Timothy McVeigh guilty on all counts.

McVeigh displays no reaction. Stephen turns to McVeigh as Chad approaches through the mass of exiting reporters.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry.

McVeigh glares at Chad as he approaches. The U.S. Marshals take McVeigh into custody and escort him out the door.

Stephen picks up his briefcase and places a folio inside.

STEPHEN

Well, that's it.

CHAD

What happened here?

STEPHEN

To paraphrase Atticus Finch, "Simply by the nature of our work, every lawyer gets at least one case in their lifetime that affects them personally and makes them better than they were, and more than they are. This, was yours."

He turns for the door with Chad at his side.

CHAD

But we lost. The system failed.

STEPHEN

No. The system didn't fail. The people failed the system.

CHAD

What about the truth?

STEPHEN

Sometimes the people don't want to hear the truth.

CHAD
But if they don't listen now...

STEPHEN
They're bound to repeat it. Yes,
they are.

He stops halfway down the aisle, turns to Chad.

STEPHEN
The question is, where will you be
when they do? In the courtroom?
Or a probate office?

He turns and heads for the door leaving Chad alone to
consider the question.

Chad surveys the courtroom, his eyes stopping on the Flag of
the United States of America. A look of quiet confidence
grows across his face.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - ROW HOUSE - MISSOULA, MT - DAY

Chad's sedan pulls up and stops. The "For Lease" sign now
reads, "Leased."

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROW HOUSE - MISSOULA, MT

Chad enters to find it empty. He wanders into the --

INT. BEDROOM

It too is empty. Chad's face fills with regret.

The screen door slaps shut o.s. and Chad turns to see Buck
sliding across the wood floor into the door jam with a thud.

Ashley appears in the doorway.

ASHLEY
You're back?

CHAD
Of course.

ASHLEY
Why? Because you lost?

CHAD
No.
(steps toward her)
Because without you, win or lose, in
the end, I realized none of it
mattered to me as much as you do.

A small smile crosses Ashley's face. Chad takes another step.

CHAD
Whereever we go from here, we go
together.

ASHLEY
Promise?

He closes the distance.

CHAD

Forever.

He takes her in his arms.

ASHLEY

Always.

He kisses her, and she him. They release and Ashley looks down at her left hand, and there it is; her engagement ring. She smiles.

INT./EXT. CAR - CURB - ROW HOUSE - DAY

Chad slides into the driver's seat and turns to Ashley.

CHAD

(grinning)
Where to?

Ashley hands him the home listings.

ASHLEY

You tell me.

They share a smile and lean into kiss, but Buck pops up between them from the backseat and licks both of their faces.

They part and smile as Chad pulls away from the curb.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Ali Hammed was arrested on September 10th, 1998, then vanished from the radar after pleading guilty in May of 1999 to bombing the United States embassies in Kenya, and Tanzania.

Ali spent less than eight months in custody for the bombings before being inexplicably released. He later counseled the 9/11 terrorists on how to hijack a plane while still working as an informant for the FBI and CIA. Ali's whereabouts are unknown.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Ramzi Yousef abandoned Islam in 2007 and has since converted to Christianity; reading his bible daily. Ramzi is serving a life sentence in Colorado's Supermax prison.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Edwin Angeles was gunned down in the street in front of his wife and child by the Abu Sayyaf on January 15th, 1999. No one has ever been charged with his murder.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Hakim al-Hakim later went to work loading food services onto planes for American Airlines at Boston's Logan International Airport. Hakim walked off the job after he loaded his last plane and watched it take off.

Forty-seven minutes later hijackers crashed American Airlines Flight 11 into the North Tower of the World Trade Towers. That was September 11th, 2001. Hakim's whereabouts are unknown.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Terry Nichols was later found guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced to serve 161 life terms to run consecutively. Terry is serving his life sentence in Colorado's Supermax prison.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Timothy McVeigh refused to appeal the verdict and was executed by lethal injection on June 11th, 2001; exactly three months before 9/11. His last words were, "I am master of my fate: I am captain of my soul."

McVeigh was executed in less than four years after being found guilty. It had been 38 years since the federal government had executed anyone.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Stephen Jones returned to Enid, Oklahoma and rebuilt his firm from the ground up. To this day he remains one of the cornerstones of the Oklahoma legal system.

FADE TO BLACK:

LEGEND: Chad Wold passed the bar exam, married Ashley and built a successful civil litigation practice in the northwest United States.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL PARK - OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - SUNSET

A slow moving shot through the Memorial Park and the 168 chairs symbolizing each victim who died in the bombing.

LEGEND: Dedicated to all those who have fallen to terrorism.

FADE OUT:

THE END