

HOME FEAR

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FADE IN

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - DAY

The lanes wide and clogged with tractor-trailers, the landscape flat and green. America's heartland.

SUPER: "DAY ONE." A very white and bland Ford Crown Victoria speeds through heavy traffic. It looks like a classic unmarked cop car.

No special lights, bull bars or bristling antennas, but drivers tap brakes or move aside, profiling it as a predator.

SULLEN WOMAN (V.O.)
...I dunno what to do anymore...

OLD MAN (V.O.)
...depression, for so many years?
Try the pills, honey...

A cell phone call. Which a digital CHIRP interrupts.

ANGRY TEENAGER (V.O.)
...only going to Susy's, mom, Jesus...

A CHIRP and a new call.

SENSUAL WOMAN (V.O.)
...you know what I'm going to do?

The Ford passes a minivan driven by a woman talking on her cell phone. We see she is Sensual Woman.

SENSUAL WOMAN (V.O.)
But then you know my plans already...

INT. THE FORD

Whose driver is listening to all this. Vaguely amused. DEREK (29), is eager, nearly mature. In casual, student clothes. Happy to be on the move and attached to little.

On the passenger seat sits a complex professional radio that plays the cell phone calls over a speaker.

EXCITED MAN (V.O.)
Tell them to me.

SENSUAL WOMAN
Going to drive on up to that Holiday
Inn and bounce on you. Bounce for
hours all over my hot Ricky.

Sensual Woman glances over at Derek a bit quizzically.

Derek pulls ahead. Mashes a radio button. CHIRP.

EXT. THE FORD - LATER

As it approaches a Mercedes in the left lane.

LOUD BUSINESSMAN (V.O.)
 ...years past the dot-com crash,
 9/11 was a tech lifetime ago, bullshit
 you're not in cycle for updated
 servers. Your budget is indecent,
 it's third world. Ah, hell.

The Mercedes swerves over to the right. The Loud Businessman inside adjusts his headset and scopes out his pursuer.

LOUD BUSINESSMAN (V.O.)
 Sorry. Shit. Thought a cop was on
 me. Let's meet anyway..

Derek accelerates fast across a gap in traffic.

INSIDE

He turns off the radio. Plays with an iPod connected to the stereo.

After a pause, a barely perceptible WAILING.

The WAILING becomes a SIREN behind.

DEREK
 (curious)
 Ohio justice.

He rummages in the center console. Pulls out a gun, shifts in his seat. The gun goes in a metal safe on the floor.

An Ohio State Patrol car closes, strobes firing.

Derek drifts the Ford onto the shoulder and stops.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - SHOULDER

STATE TROOPER, trim, late 40s, gets out of his cruiser during a safe break in traffic. He's the incarnation of authority and professionalism.

STATE TROOPER
 Afternoon, sir. Show me your ID and
 registration, please. I clocked you
 at an excessive speed.

DEREK
 (relaxed)
 Yeah, not a problem.

Derek fumbles inside the console again. Brings up a wallet.

As the Trooper handles it a large badge is revealed. And an ID card: "DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - I.C.E." with Derek's picture and info.

STATE TROOPER
Immigration and Customs?

DEREK
Enforcement. That's right.

The Trooper inspects the credential and badge carefully. Judges them valid. Compares the photo to Derek. Returns the wallet.

STATE TROOPER
That an issue weapon in the car
holster?

DEREK
Sig P229 D.A.K., department issue.

STATE TROOPER
Quality equipment. Agent Sheridan,
stay safe out there, sir. And please
help us keep Ohio's roads safe.

DEREK
You bet.

A businesslike nod from the Trooper. The Trooper leaves.

DEREK
Thanks for your service, Ranger Rick.

EXT. OFF RAMP - LATER

The Ford traces the long exit at very excessive speed.

EXT. GAS STATION

The Ford pulls in. Derek enjoys the groove from the stereo - pulsing club music.

CUSTOMERS

as they come and go. Pumping gas... Opening trunks... Faces, outfits, tattoos, gestures, hats, scowls, smiles...

INT. THE FORD

Derek ignores what's outside the car. He's engrossed in a swirling, frantic videogame on a Sony PSP.

His cell phone VIBRATES. He checks the caller ID. Lets it ripen several buzzes before answering.

GRUMPY MAN (V.O.)
 Sheridan. Sheridan...
 (pause)
 Derek. 10-20.

Derek breathes heavily into the phone.

GRUMPY MAN
 Moron. 10-20.

DEREK
 A mysterious code known to the ancient
 masters. What's it mean?

GRUMPY MAN
 Location. As in yours, assjack.

DEREK
 Al, my assignment was to go west. I
 did. Investigate. I will, even if
 that means waterboarding immigrants
 and methheads. But weren't you a
 warehouse rent-a-cop before your
 promotion to abusing me?

AL PAPARELLI (49), on phone, enjoys any chance to vent his
 considerable pent-up steam. Talking to Derek works.

AL
 Lead Operations Supervisor.

DEREK
 Yet you memorized these radio codes,
 and became a manager? Neat.

AL
 Yeah. How about "F.N.G.", F.N.G?
 That's a code for fucking new guy.

DEREK
 Now I know it - you codemasters'll
 change it.

AL
 OK, screw your location. My real
 question is why's the big board blank
 next to the word "Derek."

Derek has nothing. He pauses the PSP. He sees several poorly-
 dressed Hispanic men loitering at the edge of the lot.

AL
 It's Q3. You're blank for quarter
 one and two. We spoke about
 performance based fundage. Know how
 you earn it?

DEREK

(heard this before)
...like the baker down the block.

AL

Exactly. The more business you give him, the more he drops in your bag. Pop some assholes in Gitmo? You get a sexy-sweet cinnamon roll. Half-assed layup of illegals back to Tijuana? A moldy scone. Even for a F.N.G., you're pitiful, man.

Derek spots the 19-YEAR OLD HOT CLERK inside the station's snack shop. She seems to actually enjoy her job.

DEREK

Pittsburgh's still pending?

AL

Can't skate through on Pittsburgh. Task Force won't bite. Find me fresh fish, fresh paper, put some animals in cages. Catch a real jihadi, or two fake ones, who gives a shit.

DEREK

Fake ones?

AL

We don't just need touchdowns, we gotta harass the other team all over the field.

DEREK

What if this other team is out to lunch? What if they don't relate through goofy sports metaphors? Maybe the lace-up bomb belt is just out this summer.

AL

Camel jockeys aren't car bombing Burger Kings in Maine yet, you think we're safe? You're not safe from me. You're not safe from bean counters noticing your salary don't buy much actionable intel. You are not safe from my ass-shredding boss when he blackballs you so black you won't be able to go back to graduate studies of your own cockadoodle.

DEREK

I took this job to proactively defend freedom, like you, Al.

AL

You're a slacker mofo and I know you've got debts. Forty-eight hours. After that I take a hit too. And then trust me - fresh, frisky wannabes take your place in that car. They'll sweat so hard making cases they'll turn that bad boy into a fucking new guy terrarium.

Derek ponders this as Al cools off.

DEREK

I met Ohio's finest on the road.

AL

Yeah? Flip 'em the Fed creds?

DEREK

He was kind of sweet about it.

AL

I wanna get in the field and do that.

DEREK

The fields reek of cow crap here.

AL

That's fertilizer, my son. Fer-tile-izing the great American soil. Get your hands in that richness. Find something in the Midwest mulch, even a seed. Get creative, man. We'll make it grow!

Derek checks out the Hot Clerk again. He locks up the car safe holding his pistol.

Composes himself in the rear view mirror: a fairly convincing mix of determined and tough. He hangs up.

DEREK

I'm in the game.

INT. GAS STATION

Derek emerges from the bathroom. Spends a long moment choosing snacks, then waits in line admiring the Hot Clerk.

HOT CLERK

You find everything you needed?

He pays with a business AMEX. She notices his badge.

DEREK

(level)

Unless you've got terrorists nearby.

HOT CLERK

Oh, no, no, I don't think, uh, there's anybody like that around. You think?

Derek's smile would charm water from cactus.

DEREK

I'm not sensing any threat.

She's a little thrilled, but they're distracted by LARGE TRUCKER (30s), who pushes through the shop doors, pissed.

LARGE TRUCKER

You believe those illegals out there? Waitin' to take over.

HOT CLERK

Trey, they're just trying to get by.

TREY

Shit. Cry me a muddy river.

HOT CLERK

(to Derek)

You caught any? Real ones?

DEREK

That's my job.

HOT CLERK

(approving)

That's sick.

Derek's out the door. Hot Clerk waves goodbye.

EXT. INDIANA/OHIO BORDER - LATER

The Ford passes under the border archway on I-70. Derek munches chips and HONKS the horn.

INT. THE FORD

Derek drives, fiddling with the iPod. Sees a sign for the next exit: Highway 35 North to Muncie.

DEREK

Good song, bad song.

He clicks the iPod. Gets an uptempo cover of Johnny Cash's "When The Man Comes Around." He's satisfied, takes the exit.

EXT. HIGHWAY 35 - TINY TOWN

SUPER: "Economy, Indiana"

A flashing yellow stoplight and a vacant gas station mark this backwater town. Derek slows to marvel at it.

Parked behind shrubs, a county Sheriff watches Derek pass.

EXT. HIGHWAY 35 - MUNCIE BYPASS - LATER

The Crown Vic turns off the highway onto a wide, 4-lane road. Old weedy rock quarries on each side. Giving way to car dealers, nail salons, strip malls.

INT. THE FORD

Derek is sleepy. He scans stores and signs as he drives.

EXT./INT. MUNCIE MALL - PARKING LOT/THE FORD

SUPER: "Muncie, Indiana"

Derek parks and unbuckles. Stretches his arms as suddenly--

A DARK FACE

SLAMS into his window.

Derek startles. It's a wet nose. A snout. Big ears.

DEREK

Dammit.

Scrabbling with its paws on the glass, BAYING at Derek, a WEIMARANER on hind legs. Unsatisfied, it drops down and picks its way through the cars.

From nearby, a SHOUT and the dog picks up speed.

Derek gets out. Sees MEAN MOM (30s) unloading her kids.

MEAN MOM

Freaky goddamn dog!

(to kids)

Go, let's go, I'm not in the mood.

The kids shamle toward the Mall. The dog's gone.

Derek sees MAXIMUM ESPRESSO's sign across the street.

INT. MAXIMUM ESPRESSO

Derek slouches contentedly with coffee and laptop. On the screen is a web form: "AGENT WORK LOG". For the last few days he chooses "Nothing to report." Clicks "Submit."

At that, sounds of ARGUING filter in from outside. LOUD VOICES getting LOUDER in a foreign language.

TWO ARAB MEN enter, one paunchy and loud (30), one wiry and exhausted (23). WIRY sits, protesting weakly under PAUNCHY'S badgering.

They speak colloquial Arabic to each other (no subtitles).

PAUNCHY ARAB
(to barista)
Cafe, cafe.

The BARISTA (female, 20s) tries to be helpful.

BARISTA
Coffee? What kind you like, sir?

Paunchy interrupts to answer his POP-TUNE-JINGLING cell phone.

PAUNCHY ARAB
(gestures)
Cafe...only cafe.

Derek watches the men. Idly, he swivels his laptop toward the argument. Starts up recording software.

PAUNCHY ARAB
(Arabic; into phone)
Yeah. Yeah, I know he's a screwup.
The prototype has to be rebuilt. We
have to redo some calculations.

Wiry Arab SNEEZES miserably.

PAUNCHY ARAB
(Arabic; to Wiry Arab)
The Architect says 'may Allah have
mercy on you.'

WIRY ARAB
(Arabic)
'May Allah give him guidance.' I'm
so tired. I used the wrong ratio in
one mixture.

PAUNCHY ARAB
(Arabic; exploding,
into phone)
Now he sits here, the little shit,
moaning about sleep!

Paunchy raises both hands skyward, exasperated. Customers turn to watch, getting worried. Paunchy Arab senses this and calms down.

Derek can't believe the scene. He watches recording levels.

PAUNCHY ARAB
(Arabic; into phone)
We still have time. The project
will continue, God willing. OK,
Syed. See you later, at the studio.

Paunchy Arab hangs up and smiles to the room, hand raised in apology. Sweet-faced. The Barista is unfazed.

PAUNCHY ARAB

(to Barista)

I'm so sorry. A very late night studying and I lose my temper a little. How are you today?

BARISTA

I hate all-nighters. You said "cafe."
You mean drip coffee?

PAUNCHY ARAB

Absolutely. Two please, very large, and three of your excellent brownies to go.

He drops change in the tip jar.

DEREK

heads outside with cell phone, ignoring the Arabs.

EXT. MAXIMUM ESPRESSO - PARKING LOT

Derek takes quick photos with his phone's camera of license plates. Snaps the last as--

THE ARABS

leave the shop and head to an older Honda Accord.

Derek straightens up. Frames the shop's sign for a picture, just catching the Arabs in it as they bicker, oblivious. He shoots again as they drive off.

A VW JETTA

pulls in and parks at a crazy angle next to the Ford.

JETTA DRIVER, female (31), college prof clothes, gets out. She watches Derek take a last shot.

JETTA DRIVER

What are you shooting?

DEREK

Coffee shops. Neon signs.

JETTA DRIVER

Cool. You ever use a better camera?

DEREK

Sometimes. It's just a road-warrior hobby.

They drift toward the shop. Derek opens the door for her.

INT. MAXIMUM ESPRESSO - CONTINUOUS

JETTA DRIVER

Thanks. Traveling through Muncie to get someplace else is a good idea.

DEREK

Doesn't seem bad so far.

Both of them smile and Derek heads to his table.

He connects his phone to the laptop. Uploads photos. Attaches photos and sound file to an email: "To: AL - Subject: fish biting." Sends it.

Jetta Driver leaves with coffee. She fails to totally resist a quick look back at Derek, who likes the way she walks.

He dials Al.

AL (V.O.)

Mission control.

DEREK

Did you call me a slacker mofo?

AL

Hell yes, you're useful like pimples.

DEREK

We need a translator.

AL

Come on. I just logged out.

A METALLIC CRUNCH outside gets the shop's attention.

DEREK

(into phone)

Gimme a sec.

EXT. MAXIMUM ESPRESSO - PARKING LOT

Jetta Driver stands near her car, mortified. Derek's unconcerned. He inspects the Ford's mangled quarter panel.

JETTA DRIVER

God, I should never, ever back up. I'm a teacher but I really do have good insurance.

DEREK

I'm a consultant, and my company has fantastic insurance.

He passes her a business card. She scribbles her info on a scrap of paper.

JETTA DRIVER

Helen May. Guess you can document my atrocities with your phone.

DEREK

Trust me, it's not going to cost you. Easier to log it as an expense. They won't even call.

She reads his card and wants to believe.

HELEN

Are you serious?

He snaps photos of the damage.

DEREK

As long as they make the big wins they don't worry about details. Plus I'll say something nice.

HELEN

Incredible, thanks...
(reading from card)
Beebe, David, Sharma & Rose, LLC.

DEREK

Great bunch of guys.

HELEN

And thank you.

She gives him the scrap paper.

DEREK

You're a teacher. Photography?

HELEN

Art history. My own art's firmly stuck in the hobby stage.

DEREK

Creating is hard work.

HELEN

It's even tougher to sell.
(pause)
So, what kind of consulting...?

His phone RINGS. He checks the caller, disappointed at the interruption. She checks her watch.

DEREK

...I should take it.

HELEN

...Thursday night class. Well, I hope you survive Muncie. You've got my number.

(awkwardly)

If you need it.

DEREK

Glad we could chat again.

HELEN

Yeah!

She gets in the Jetta.

DEREK

(into phone)

Al.

AL (V.O.)

I'm walking to the elevator, slack attack. Tomorrow.

Helen carefully backs up and leaves.

Derek sees someone inside the shop staring at his unattended laptop, a TALL STUDENT (20, male, disheveled).

DEREK

(into phone)

C'mon, I found something out of place. I couldn't make it up if I tried.

INT. MAXIMUM ESPRESSO

Derek moves quickly to his table.

TALL STUDENT

Tight screen saver.

Derek's laptop screen is filled with psychedelic 3D renderings of Manhattan. Colors twist, buildings dissolve and reform.

DEREK

Yeah. Back to work.

Derek sits. Wags his cell phone in the air.

TALL STUDENT

Got a link for that?

DEREK

I pirated it from the NSA.

TALL STUDENT

Very tight!

(MORE)

TALL STUDENT (CONT'D)
(off Derek's stare)
Sorry man.

Tall Student goes away.

DEREK
(into phone)
You playing it?

AL
Couple of Arabs, I can't tell what
they're saying.

DEREK
Get Frank. He doesn't go home.

AL
I doubt you found career salvation
in eight hours. I'm hosed on the
commute. You know how Angie freaks
if I don't make a pasta on Thursdays?

Al hangs up.

DEREK
Well, that sucks.

He starts a videogame on the laptop.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICE

Al is puffy-faced and mentally checked out. He's almost to
the elevator when he spots FRANK KARIF (28), bearded, lean
and anxious, hustling through the halls.

AL
Hey, Frank.

FRANK
You don't look happy, sir.

AL
Seeing you, I've gotta make a choice.

FRANK
I'm eighty-nine intercepts behind
this week. The more I reprioritize
the more hellish my job becomes...

Off Al's look, Frank stops venting.

FRANK
What choice?

AL

Lose my bonus, or all hope of domestic tranquility?

FRANK

Sir, I'm aware you have more contacts who hire for three-letter agencies.

AL

It's Arabic, easy points.

FRANK

But I'm collection, not analysis.
If I could work with Anneka--

AL

I know about your psycho obsession.

They walk to Al's cube. Al logs back in to his workstation, still standing, and brings up Derek's sound file.

AL

We may not need her.

FRANK

Who doesn't obsess over a Swedish-Nigerian beauty who's fully single?

The Arabs' conversation plays. Frank jots Arabic notes.

FRANK

Loud guy calls him, uh, an idiot..
"The prototype...calculations."
Lost it at the sneeze.

AL

I heard "Allah" in there.

Frank adjusts the software. Loops the recording.

FRANK

Yeah. After the sneeze it's their version of "excuse me, bless you" like that.

AL

What's the shout?

FRANK

The quieter guy says he did something wrong in the mixture. Loud one insults him, says he's a whiner.

After a couple more loops Frank finishes his notes.

FRANK

"There's time. The project will continue, God willing." And the guy on the phone must be named "Syed."

AL

Mixture. Project.

FRANK

Maybe they're super intense guys who bake cakes. Not really in bounds for me to call it.

Al glances at a clock.

AL

Anneka?

FRANK

Ethereal Anneka.

Al sits.

AL

Dinner window's shot. Somewhere in Ashburn, Virginia, in my adjustable-rate sinkhole, my wife's starting an insurgency against my manhood. Conference line, fifteen minutes.

On his workstation Al opens more attachments from Derek's email. The license plate photos pop up one by one.

INT. MAXIMUM ESPRESSO - DUSK

A series of explosions glows as an enemy base BLOWS UP on Derek's PC. VICTORY MUSIC plays quietly.

He watches the traffic streaming by outside.

Stares at the photo of the Arabs' Honda. Makes a decision.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Derek works the machine fluidly. Enters passwords. Loads a web browser with a plain-looking page: "PROTECT PORTAL Beta". Zips through a dense list of databases: government agencies by name, by state, cryptic acronyms.

He clicks "Indiana" and "Department of Motor Vehicles".

And punches in the Honda's plate.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Derek parks by a darkened house. He gets out, wearing running shorts, and starts jogging like it's his regular route.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "BALL STATE UNIVERSITY"

A bland, converted home at the edge of Ball State University's campus. Derek slows to a walk, leans against a lamppost and pretends to stretch.

Students talk and laugh behind open windows. Derek continues.

EXT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - NIGHT

Massive, shaped like a jumble of books on end. Floor-to-ceiling walls of glass glow, showing off the stacks.

Derek stands and sweats. Takes in the never ending migration of students.

A pair of women gossip close as they walk... Shuttle buses crawl between stops... A group of men wearing ball caps with Greek letters... Two bicyclists chase each other, laughing and shouting...

DEREK

unfolds a map and orients himself. He turns and sees the sloping glass of the Architecture Building.

INT. ARCHITECTURE BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Derek runs/climbs the stairs.

He leaves the stairwell and walks slowly to recover his breath.

INT. ARCHITECTURE BUILDING - ATRIUM - NIGHT

Derek walks on one of several floors open to a multistory atrium, glass sloping overhead.

He casually reads signs and nameplates on walls and doors as he moves.

A MODEL

of a building site in elevation, made of paper, balsa wood and carved Styrofoam, sits on a low table.

THROUGH DOORWAY

Derek peers in at an open studio space crammed full of desks, drafting boards, chairs, and creative materials. More scale models. Nobody's here.

Derek turns at the THWOCK of a tennis ball being hit. A pause, then another THWOCK...

LOOKING UP

from the floor of the atrium as a tennis ball rises in the air.

Derek looks down from above as a group of students with racquets race underneath to hit the ball vertically, yelling at each other.

DEREK

turns away from the atrium. He passes more studios. Stops at a sign near a doorway. Sees hand-drawn, stylized caricatures of the Arabs: PAUNCHY, WIRY, and a third man.

EXT. BALL STATE CAMPUS - NIGHT - LATER

Derek jogs. His phone RINGS. He looks for a private spot.

DEREK

(quietly; into phone)

You went home?

AL (V.O.)

The thought of you keeps me up nights.
We have two names.

DEREK

Masood Salem and Adil Ghazi? It's the guy on the phone I don't have.

AL

The hell you know their names?

DEREK

You should change your password for the Portal.

AL

Shit. I never wrote that one down.

DEREK

DMV and Department of State made these two easy. Masood has the car and both have educational visas enrolled at Ball State.

AL

You got balls enough to use my password, you're still working after dinner. You are in the game.

DEREK

I admit these guys are worth a quick scout, coach. And my IRA could use a boost.

AL

The business of America is business.
Translation's on its way, what else?

Derek sits on a bench and stretches.

DEREK

These two are in the architecture
school.

AL

Bitches. Two 9/11 guys in Hamburg
were architects. This a seed?

DEREK

Who knows. Cell phones?

AL

None under their names. Prepaid,
maybe. We got two subjects known,
one UNSUB. Why's UNSUB got no visa?

DEREK

He's probably a citizen. America's
a melting pot, Mister Pa-pa-relli.

AL

Yeah, and somebody wants to poison
the soup.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

As the phone call continues over the scene... Derek manhandles
a rugged cargo case, secured with padlocks, into the room.

DEREK (V.O.)

Find an UNSUB by, let's say, an Arab-
like name. Because his friends talk
funny.

Derek unpacks a suitcase on one of two beds.

AL (V.O.)

You've done this homework before.
We can't arrest Americans but we
damn sure can investigate friends of
terrorist suspects.

DEREK

sleeps, the TV still on, tuned to infomercials.

DEREK (V.O.)

For America's pleasure I warmed our
best-selling lube, Patriot Act brand.

EXT. CAMPUS DRIVE - MORNING

SUPER: "DAY TWO." The Ford creeps along a one-way road snaking through the campus quadrangle.

AL (V.O.)

Relax. Here's a phrase to stimulate any cranky loyalty glands...

Campus Drive is choked with parked cars. Derek takes the only open spot, next to a sign reading "ADMIN STAFF ONLY."

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Derek wears a button down shirt and khakis. He moves up stairs among students.

AL (V.O.)

..."on that day, everything changed."

INT. RECORDS OFFICE

An Irate Man argues with Derek.

IRATE MAN

Completely unacceptable. This is a university that cares for students and their rights.

DEREK

I'm here to help keep them safe, Mr. Wolfson.

Director of Records JIM WOLFSON (45) wears a blue shirt and corduroy jacket. He sits forward in his chair. Derek leans back in his.

WOLFSON

I just cannot understand you. No warrant, no crime. You're fishing. You're not many years out of college yourself.

DEREK

These checks will probably go nowhere.

WOLFSON

Did you learn any history?

DEREK

I've cleared dozens of suspects who never knew they had our attention.

WOLFSON

Prying into people's lives based on nothing is an abuse in itself.

DEREK

You can make the police state
nightmare argument...

WOLFSON

...damn right, and I am.

DEREK

...but people debated and people
voted and here we are.

A STUDENT ASSISTANT (female, 20s) interrupts the meeting.

STUDENT ASSISTANT

Sorry, Jim. Provost's office. He's
coming over himself.

WOLFSON

Good. Thanks, Jenny. Call the FBI.
I don't even know if his badge is
real.

Jenny nods and leaves. A long pause.

DEREK

I took criminal justice after mom-
and-dad approved liberal arts. I'd
like to complete my master's but you
can only get so many loans.
(beat)

I'm not ignorant of the issues.

WOLFSON

But you're happy to pay the price.
What about the rest of us?

DEREK

We've all got to deal with the world
the way it is.

WOLFSON

Have you really convinced yourself
of that?

A KNOCK and the door opens immediately. UNIVERSITY PROVOST
DICK PHELPS (60s) enters like an icy draft. He offers a
dead bureaucrat handshake to Derek.

PHELPS

Dick Phelps. You need to see some
records.

DEREK

I do, sir.

Derek shows his badge. Phelps considers it briefly.

WOLFSON

Dick, he doesn't have a need to know, he's prospecting. Trying to hit a gusher of terror, the Constitution be damned.

PHELPS

Glad you called, Jim.
(a dismissal)
Thanks.

Phelps motions to Derek and starts to leave. Wolfson deflates.

DEREK

It's not like we're swinging bags full of oranges.

WOLFSON

Of course not. We outsourced that.

Phelps looks at Wolfson blankly.

PHELPS

(to Derek)
Parked downstairs?

DEREK

Yeah.

Jenny returns.

JENNY

Sorry. FBI, line two?

PHELPS

(to all)
That's not necessary.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Phelps walks Derek down to the bowels of the building.

DEREK

Lucky I found the right contact.

PHELPS

Not everyone is familiar with interagency cooperation.

DEREK

So many public databases have been dumped into private ones, we pay and we play at will. Not yours.

PHELPS

Indiana's values can surprise from
time to time.

They pass a long line of students waiting to pay bills and
register for classes, directly into a hushed office.

The staff knows Phelps and tries to avoid him. OFFICE MANAGER
(female, 60s, round), is the exception. Phelps defrosts
around her. They treat each other as fellow warriors bonded
by office politics.

OFFICE MANAGER

Dick, it's been weeks.

PHELPS

Mary, can you get Bill here whatever
he needs from records?

MARY

Of course I can.

She gestures to IT GEEK (20s), who hustles over.

PHELPS

(to Derek)

What is it you need, Bill?

Derek smiles, checks the screen of a nearby PC.

DEREK

Green screens. C.I.C.S. Good old
mainframes.

IT GEEK

(suspicious)

What access you need?

DEREK

Bill needs everything. And no
tracing.

IT GEEK

What?

Mary glances at IT Geek.

IT GEEK

No tracing? Wow.

Mary beams at Phelps.

MARY

Anything else, Dick?

PHELPS

Mary, it must be said. You're our
guiding light.

IT Geek points out a PC for Derek/"Bill" to use.

IT GEEK

(sotto, to Derek)

Wow.

INT. RECORDS OFFICE - LATER

Derek works at a PC, takes pages out of a small printer. He feeds the pages into a FAX machine. Mary and Phelps trade administrative war stories a few desks away.

Derek fishes something from his pocket: Helen's scratch paper. He does one more search. Her employee details fill the screen, and Derek prints one more page.

After he collects pages from the FAX, Derek unplugs it from the wall. IT Geek watches this and shakes his head.

IT GEEK

FBI can still read from the RAM chips.
Residual capacitance. Read it on
Slashdot.

Derek smiles as he plugs the FAX back in.

DEREK

Hint--I'm faxing the FBI.

IT GEEK

(cowed)

No one was here, especially not Bill.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Derek and Phelps shake hands.

DEREK

You made this easy, sir.

PHELPS

Consider a good word for me back
east.

Derek finds a parking ticket on the Ford's windshield. Phelps waves him back over and takes the ticket.

PHELPS

The least I can do for my country.

DEREK

Every little bit helps.

Phelps watches Derek drive off.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

SUPER: "DAY THREE". Derek on bed, plays computer games.
Dials his phone.

AL (V.O.)
What.

DEREK
Update?

AL
Waiting is the game. Tomorrow.

INT./INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICE/MCDONALD'S - DAY

SUPER: "DAY FOUR." Al Paparelli sits at a long table, dialing a conference phone, nervous. Frank Karif flirts with ANNEKA (30s, gorgeous), who returns his attention good-naturedly.

DARK SUIT MAN (50s), comfortable in his own skin, looks out the window.

MCDONALD'S TABLE

covered with papers and food as Derek tucks in.

He answers his phone while SLURPING soda, expecting a reaction from Al.

DEREK
'lo?

AL
(formal)
Derek, how are you? We have some guests on the line. This is Walt Whiting.

WALT WHITING (in the dark suit) is an establishment type with an easy manner and a soft voice. Derek stops slurping.

WALT
Hi, Derek. I'm visiting because of your new case.

DEREK
It's a case now?

FRYER BUZZERS and KITCHEN NOISE filter onto the call.

AL
You at a secure location?

DEREK

Absolutely...

Derek moves to a quieter table with his papers.

WALT

I'm from...another agency, if you're wondering, Derek. Why don't we review the analysis, Anneka?

He nods to Anneka, who transitions from bantering to professional poise in an instant.

ANNEKA

In brief, based on essentially random field observation we screened two known subjects of foreign Arabic origin and one United States citizen. No known activity by subjects, no known correlations foreign, domestic, financial. Communications evaluation and local traffic analysis produced an empty threat matrix and the absence of contributing vectors implies potential alpha is doubtful.

Al is impressed and depressed by this. Walt's enthused.

ANNEKA

No bullshit? I'm more worried about the guys at 7-11 handling the hot dogs without tongs. And I have several other assignments.

WALT

That's a great summary. Appreciate your work, Anneka, Frank.

Walt stands and shakes their hands.

WALT

Al and I have a few other things.

Anneka and Frank leave. Al prepares for the worst.

DEREK

I'll head to Indianapolis.

WALT

Hold on that. We're moving on this case.

AL

We are?

WALT

I'm approving expenses.

DEREK

A deep-dive on totally clean students?

Walt gestures expansively.

WALT

Guys, we work a broad canvas. In intelligence there are triumphs, losses, and there are perceptions. Advertising our capability even without an actual threat is, you might say, a low-risk value add.

AL

Umm-hmm.

WALT

Think of this as a training exercise in the real world. The public sees us work and we sharpen our methods.

Al starts to get it.

AL

You mean people feel better if we bring in a few suspects, even if they get cut loose.

WALT

Everyone likes to know efforts are being made. Believe me, the enemy gets the message, too.

AL

Not so many cases in the news anymore.

DEREK

Maybe because they tend to fall apart. Most of those losers are guilty of listening to an FBI infiltrator who kept buying pizza and guns and saying "yo, yo, let's go do some crimes."

AL

Give me a break. We caught some real bastards.

DEREK

We're switching to fake bastards?

AL

If that's what it takes.

WALT

Did you know stage magicians were used in World War Two to make the

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

Normandy invasion fleet seem bigger and in more places than it actually was? Some of the most effective spies have been complete fakes, liars telling lies to master deceivers.

DEREK

You want to put sheep into wolves' clothing. To scare them, or us?

WALT

Nicely put. We're working with what we have, so let me stop you before you invoke COINTELPRO and other historical oversteps.

Pause. RESTAURANT SOUNDS get louder as a lunch rush builds. Derek watches random customers in their routines.

WALT

Are you aligned with our mission?

DEREK

Sneaking around is fun. I won't lie someone into prison.

Walt quiets a rising Al. Leans closer to the phone mic.

WALT

That diligence is exactly why I want you to stay on point, Derek. We're big picture, but you'll create details. You're our check and balance in crafting this work.

DEREK

When does the story end?

WALT

Since nothing is likely to turn up, when we have a detailed case study. We're ruthless only with real wolves, I want to assure you of that.

Walt waits quietly.

DEREK

I want to make a difference.

INT. BANK - DAY

A TELLER (female, 60s) counts out a stack of traveler's checks. She slides them across to Derek along with his business AMEX.

TELLER
Five thousand. Traveling on?

DEREK
My boss makes the rules, but I'm
dreaming of Hawaii.

TELLER
(warmly)
You take care.

Derek enjoys stuffing the checks into an envelope.

EXT. BANK - ATM MACHINE - DAY

Derek checks his own account. Balance: \$-76.35.

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Derek approaches the same Teller.

TELLER
Traveling bug's got you today.

He slides some of the traveler's checks back to her.

DEREK
I missed a bill back home, can you
believe it? A wire transfer for
five hundred, please.

INT. CAMPUS BIKE SHOP - DAY

Derek browses racing bicycles.

SHOP COUNTER

where Derek counts out traveler's checks to a bored salesman.

Derek rolls his new Trek 21-speed outside.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The Trek leans against the Ford as Derek grabs items from
inside the car: messenger bag with a Ball State logo, folders,
helmet... His pistol goes in the bag.

Derek straddles the bike, answers his cell.

AL (V.O.)
Got the FAX.

DEREK
Two hits on "Syed". We have all
three of them.

AL

Good. Whiting's emails are very polite, but even I can tell he's busting my ass for updates.

DEREK

I thought I'd ghost the three musketeers a bit, can't exactly go shake their hands. There's an extra-credit lecture tonight for architecture students.

AL

Not bad.

DEREK

Also I've been shopping.

Derek rides. Steers the bike with one hand.

AL

Spend more. Big bucks makes us big time. What's with the wind?

DEREK

Native transportation method.

EXT. PRUIS MUSIC HALL - EVENING

Derek locks up his bike. Follows students into the vaguely piano-shaped building just before the doors close.

INT. PRUIS MUSIC HALL

The hall is set for a lecture. A SMALL MAN (60s) with tousled hair and a partially unbuttoned shirt chats with Helen from the stage.

Derek notices Helen but turns and ascends to seats high up in the hall, scanning the crowd.

Small Man moves to the podium and the lights dim slightly. He has a French accent.

SMALL MAN

Welcome. Enchante, Ball State. Thanks to all who decided they needed to attend something cultural and get a little extra credit. A beautiful tradition. I'm Herve Casar.

Brief applause and chuckles from the crowd. Derek consults small photos of the Arabs, watches stragglers arrive.

CASAR

But maybe Hoosiers are more interested
in art than most. Or the themes of
my book...

He holds up a hardback.

CASAR

..."Individual/Systeme," an
exploration of the power one single
human has among society's many systems
today. Shit. Heavy. By the way,
opening with profanity may be a kind
of sleazy way to get on with young
people. Well, if it offends you,
you can piss off now.

The students laugh harder.

CASAR

No? Now listen to me.

A bright slide appears on a large screen above the stage:
Leger's set design for "The Creation of The World."

CASAR

Cubist painter Fernand Leger wrote
'I consider that a machine gun or
the breech of a seventy-five cannon
is more worth painting than four
apples on a table.' He chose to
paint the reality of the modern world.

LATER

An old black and white abstract movie plays: Leger's "Ballet
Mechanique".

Derek notices the doors of the hall open. Figures enter.
TWO MEN, hunched over, search the front rows until they find
someone they know, gesturing quietly and sitting.

STILL LATER

Images of Leger's paintings on the screen.

CASAR

The individual's power today: a single
pilot can ferry hundreds safely or
crash them into the ocean. One geek
can invent new worlds in software or
silently destroy identities. You
can become famous in a moment with a
song, or with a bomb in a crowd.
How to use power is a choice. Some
now despise Leger.

(MORE)

CASAR (CONT'D)

They see something false in his colorful celebrations of modern people and machines. His buildings are too cheerful! His people look like robots! Modernity is dark! Maybe it is a little fake, but these robot people look happy in their jobs. Maybe they enjoy life. Maybe you out there would make good robots. I'll leave you with questions. Will you paint an apple or a gun? Will you tolerate false friends? False government? False wars? False love? Do you, finally, want truth?

Students APPLAUD, some with enthusiasm.

Derek watches the front row. He consults his photos, spots:

Paunchy Arab (Masood Salem) and Wiry Arab (Adil Ghazi). They talk with a LIVELY WOMAN (25, dark hair, glasses).

The crowd files out, but these three wait behind.

Helen assists Casar as he signs copies of his book for a small group of fans. Derek lines up.

He catches a brief look from Helen. She smiles but keeps busy opening a box of books.

Lively Woman calls out to a MAN who joins her and the Arabs. It is SYED AL RABAH (22, Arab, slick clothes, handsome and confident). He hugs Lively Woman warmly while she chastizes him.

They're drowned out by the chattering in the hall. Derek takes pictures of the friends as they prepare to leave.

HELEN (O.S.)

Hunting me down? The accountants on your case after all?

Helen stands right next to him.

DEREK

Hey. No, the accident's still OK.

HELEN

Out for an evening of great ideas, then? I see you brought a real camera. I'm impressed.

DEREK

It was this or a random small-town bar. Your event?

HELEN

The department head's. She's sick.
Mortified that she can't meet the
great man.

DEREK

He's good. Some of it seemed to
actually connect to the crowd.

HELEN

He's brilliant, and a good guy.
He's also a divorced Frenchman who
seems more than a little lonely.

DEREK

You don't crave father figures?

HELEN

I prefer someone with a little less
history. Look, I just met you, and
crushed your car, but I have a feeling
you're willing to pose as a paramour
for a few crucial moments.

DEREK

Pose?

HELEN

The reception. He's going to party
with VIPs way later than I want to.
I have a teenager to care for and
I've done my duty.

Lively Woman yells and waves at Helen.

HELEN

Ciao, Francesca.

FRANCESCA

Ciao, Dr. Helen!

Francesca bounces out of the room with the Arabs and other
international-looking students. Derek hesitates with the
camera, decides against it.

HELEN

My favorite student. She calls me
doctor because she thinks I deserve
it.

DEREK

I accept, doctor. I wouldn't decline
a lady in need of a poseur.

HELEN

Let's go.

They walk down to the stage.

DEREK

Plus it takes the pressure off me to ask you out first.

HELEN

Don't relax yet, this is pretend.

Casar's fans are down to a few earnest students hanging on his every syllable. He sees Helen and wraps up. Helen grabs empty boxes. Derek, unprompted, grabs Casar's unsold books.

CASAR

Thank you all, wonderful to feel your spirit. The moment arrives when I need champagne or the reliable Bud Light to maintain my brilliance. Helen lights our way.

They walk out to the lobby. Drinks and food are set out on tables. Professors and older folks mingle here. Hangers-on keep talking to Casar.

HELEN

(to Derek)

Thanks for the books. You're doing well.

CASAR

Helen, can they accompany us?

HELEN

(to students)

Everybody's welcome if they're twenty-one and brave enough.

(to Casar)

Herve, thank you so much. Can you check with Dr. Clark? My date's here. Derek, Herve Casar.

Casar appraises Derek as they shake hands.

CASAR

Date? Ah, competition. Helens are sometimes the object of war.

DEREK

We love freedom as much as the French, how could we fight? And you're right about Leger. He knew the beauty of Manhattan. I'm pulling for modernism.

CASAR

Competition indeed. Helen, thank you for your hospitality.

He kisses her formally on the cheeks.

CASAR

And I wisely leave you to Derek, who strikes me as a soldier, or at least a gentleman.

HELEN/DEREK

(simultaneous)

Night.

Derek pointedly opens the outside door for Helen.

EXT. PRUIS MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

HELEN

Not a bad performance. Walk me to my car?

They walk toward a garage.

DEREK

Much riskier.

After a few steps...

DEREK

Did you say something about a kid?

HELEN

He's seventeen, not so much a kid, but he takes some attention.

DEREK

Seventeen.

HELEN

I've seen a lot of models sit for human form classes in winter. Something tensed up just there.

DEREK

Cousin?

HELEN

Nephew. That was very close to smooth.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

DEREK

You're seeing relief now. Dinner tomorrow? You choose, I park.

HELEN

Lunch? Do you mind? Daytime dates first, kind of a rule.

DEREK

Sure, rules are important.

They reach Helen's Jetta. She gets in.

HELEN

Good. Call me. We'll make up another adventure.

DEREK

I think we will.

Helen drives off, passes worryingly near parked cars.

EXT. BENEFICENCE STATUE - NIGHT

Derek pedals past a bronze angelic figure with graceful arms. Water splashes out of stylized fish at its base.

He dismounts and sees--

ELLIOTT HALL

an elegant older residence hall. Derek walks his bike across lawns and around the building.

Under a tree he takes out his cell phone and marks "Adil" on a digital map. His face is illuminated by the phone's backlight.

EXT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

on a street with few streetlights, cheap cars, and STEREO BLARING from windows. Derek walks his bike on a weedy sidewalk. Looks like no one is home.

Derek travels the length of the block. In the cab of a four-wheel-drive pickup truck with large add-on lights, he notes a SLEEPING FIGURE wearing a hat.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Derek turns in and rides behind the houses. The student rental looks dark from this side too. People are home in others. Derek marks "Syed/Masood" on his digital map.

A door SLAMS open.

GRUNGY STUDENT (20s) carries trash bags to the alley from the adjacent house, humming. He spots Derek.

GRUNGY STUDENT

What's up, man? Want our crappy-ass couch? It's free.

He points to a decayed horror of fabric. Derek smiles.

DEREK

I'm good.

GRUNGY STUDENT

All good man!

Grungy Student CACKLES, goes inside. Derek pedals back out of the alley and around the block to the street side.

He notices Sleeping Figure is gone from the truck.

INT. ARCHITECTURE STUDIO - NIGHT

Lights go on in the empty room. Derek enters and immediately crawls under a table next to a PC. He wears thin gloves, quickly opens the PC's case.

Scopes out the PC's guts and retrieves a small Mylar package from his messenger bag. Removes electronics from the Mylar, installs this in the PC with double-sided adhesive, connects power and data cables, and closes the case.

Next he drops a CD-ROM in the optical drive and powers it up. Derek moves on to other PCs as we see this one start.

Simple text flows by: "Rootkit 2PWN installing..."

A BEEP and the text stops: "Rootkit 100%. System altered."

Derek returns to this PC, removes the CD-ROM, shuts it off.

DEREK

(satisfied)

Woot.

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Derek sweats. He takes the Trek off his shoulder and unlocks the hard plastic cargo case.

Snug in cut-outs of grey foam, a compact M4 assault rifle, another pistol and other equipment take up much of the case. Derek tucks leftover Mylar packages into vacant holes.

HOTEL - MORNING

SUPER: "DAY FIVE." A cell phone vibrates itself off a bedside table. Finally Derek wakes and answers it.

DEREK

(into phone)

Yo.

AL (V.O.)

PC action?

DEREK

PC covered. I see what they do.
I'm backdoored in right now.

On Derek's laptop screen, he views, remotely, the screen of one the computers he just bugged. Desktop wallpaper with Arabic calligraphy. Derek browses files.

AL

Leave 'em easter eggs?

DEREK

Standard inflammatory jihadist web links.

He opens a file. Sees 3D design images, specifications.

DEREK

The project seems to be a set design for a music show, maybe a play on campus.

AL

Keep looking. And phones?

DEREK

I'll need to trace close-up since we don't know the numbers.

AL

OK. Sent you a contact. Material help with the case.

DEREK

Contact?
(struggles to think)
Is anyone else on our guys?

AL

Why would they be? Get out to this guy soon.

DEREK

C'mon coach...

AL

Jesus, I bet the Crusaders didn't whine like this. Report later.

Derek stands and hangs up the cell. He winces - twinges of pain from bike riding.

DEREK

They had camels.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

The white Ford speeds across a bridge. Below a wide, muddy river flows.

EXT. GRAVEL DRIVE - MORNING

A rough, under-maintained side road changes to pressed gravel.

Farmhouses, mobile homes are surrounded by working fields. Divided by rusty barbed wire fence lines.

Outside the Ford, the DISTANT THUMP of ROCK MUSIC...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

Derek stops next to an unkempt graveyard as the road quality drops again to dusty, broken dirt.

Derek browses the headstones. The music is loud, even across a soybean field. He uses binoculars to check out the source...a house and a cluster of outbuildings.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

the house has been built and rebuilt in an odd amalgam of styles. Could have been a summer camp or a commune building. Near it is a muddy Toyota Pruis.

Stacks of PA speakers, sawhorses, tools and supplies sit scattered outside the buildings.

BARN DOORS

swing gently.

EXT. DANIELS FARM - MORNING

Derek drives closer as the music rises: The Band's "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" at concert volume and quality.

MAN WITH A GUN

steps out.

White-haired, 50s, slightly thick in the middle. And carrying an AK-47. Derek grimaces, stops.

He puts both hands on the steering wheel, palms up.

Man With A Gun reacts too, draping his rifle from its sling over a sawhorse. He gestures, smiling.

Derek gets out slowly. Music AMAZINGLY LOUD.

DEREK
(shouting)
Can you turn it down?

Man With A Gun disappears into the barn. Derek immediately unholsters his pistol. The music quiets.

DEREK
Federal agent! Mr. Daniels?

MAN WITH A GUN (O.S.)
Seth! Seth Daniels.

Seth reappears, his hands full. Notices Derek's serious demeanor. Seth raises two canning jars.

SETH
I am the informant you're looking
for! Lemonade?

He gulps from one of the jars.

SETH
That tune's classic Americana, hate
to cut it. Sorry about the AK. I'm
used to doing my own thing out here,
except when the girlfriend's around.

Seth looks and dresses like an aging hippie... faded denim, Birkenstocks. Derek relaxes a bit. Takes the full jar.

SETH
Alright. Cheers. God Bless America.

DEREK
Cheers.

Derek drinks, splutters.

SETH
Indiana homebrew, plus lemonade.

DEREK
Can't drink on duty.

SETH
How can a field agent ever chill
out?

DEREK
When I'm not actively investigating?

SETH
Pretty arbitrary. Anyway, don't be
bummed. Just Bacardi.

Derek looks over the speakers and soundboard. Gas-powered generators in various states of repair.

THE BARN

is choked with everything for a machine shop, electronics supply store and a traveling band.

DEREK

You do events? A lot of pro gear.

SETH

There's nothing like music under the sun for the soul. I do other stuff. Small engines. Computers for the farm folk. I'm quite a tinkerer.

Derek sweats.

DEREK

Guess I get to make some of my own rules.

He sucks down the lemonade.

SETH

Alright. I was afraid you were Herbert.

Derek thinks briefly. Then he presses his fingers together, palms apart.

DEREK

No, "I reach."

SETH

Alright! You've watched enough STAR TREK to pass a late-twentieth century culture test. You've established rapport.

He clinks his jar against Derek's.

SETH

You need solid connections for your alleged terrorists. A tinkerer has lots of connections.

Seth drinks liberally from his jar.

SETH

They'll need explosives. Too smart to go for traceable fertilizer or commercial demolitions. And they want something portable, am I right?

DEREK

I'm only developing the suspects.

SETH

Trust me, renting a truck and blowing up a Fed building is old news. These wayward worshippers of the one true God are gunning straight for soft underbelly. The homeland is the battlefield. Death visits Main Street.

DEREK

You're more read-in than I am.

Seth is pleased to hear it.

SETH

I'm good at filling in blanks.

DEREK

How'd you get into this?

SETH

Typical 60s radical. Pissed off. Young. Later I wanted to serve and do my part, and couldn't. Not with these knees.

(pause)

I've gone my own way down many roads.

Seth pours more lemonade, filling Derek's to the brim. Derek pulls it back, not before it spills over.

SETH

Too slow. Now I see our enemies ready to leverage our weakness against the illegal swarms to put our civil liberties out of business once and for all.

DEREK

Most of the people I've sent back wanted to build a life.

Derek wanders through the barn.

SETH

Let me introduce you to the animals I've worked on. No morality. Women and children are meat to them. Savages who will exploit anyone and anything.

DEREK

But you work with them?

SETH

I monitor, and I compromise for a bigger goal. Like the cops.

Derek opens a cabinet door to reveal an arsenal. Dozens of rifles, shotguns, antique and new, boxes of ammo.

DEREK

Civil War designs? Let me guess. Reenactments.

SETH

Last year I added sound effects to the flash pots. Boom! You a shooter? Pistol matches? Clays and shotties?

DEREK

Well, now that I'm drinking.

EXT. FIELD - METAL PRAIRIE DOG SILHOUETTE

CLANGS repeatedly as it spins around and around, RIFLE SHOTS cracking nearby, rhythmic. Each impact sets the target spinning again.

SETH

through a scope, a hundred yards away, admires Derek's work.

SETH

Holy shit. Longstreet could've used a few more like you in the Devil's Den.

DEREK

I don't think about it too much.

He hands his rifle to Seth, who unloads it and checks the action.

DEREK

You've seen the connection work?

Seth hands the M4 back. Picks up a World War II-era M1 Garand rifle. Fires a couple of SHOTS. The second hits the target.

SETH

Got money? Mexico's drug war is ours now. Gangs versus gangs versus police versus Mexican Army. Juarez, Gulf, Sinaloa cartel, whoever. Drugs go north, guns go south. Military stuff could come north, too. C4? Artillery shells? Your jihadis hook into that world, they are golden.

DEREK

Any local activity? No offense,
that's newspaper-level assessment.

SETH

Well, shit, Derek. If you know who
to talk to in Delaware County to
make this happen, you don't need to
fucking hang around and drink my
brew.

DEREK

Even for an exercise I need specifics.

SETH

I'll break it all down.

A pause as they clean guns.

DEREK

It's nice here.

SETH

I get worked up. I want to hit back,
you know?

Seth watches Derek.

SETH

What's your spook-profiler take on
me?

DEREK

Child of the 60s, a protester,
nonconformist. Turned hard core
love-it-or-leave-it.

SETH

Fuck me, I inhaled. I also moved
beyond the summer of love. I hated
that war. Hated the look on my
parents' faces as it was tearing us
apart. But did Vietcong come and
machine gun tourists in Times Square?
They fought us, they hated us, but
they didn't demand that we submit,
they didn't come here to wipe us out
like the towelheads!

He collects himself.

SETH

This flower child grew up. I see
the tightrope we're walking.

DEREK

You're not alone.

Derek walks back to his car with the M4. Passing by a low outbuilding he notices a pickup truck. Parked out of sight of the road. Heavy-duty lights on the grille and cab.

He puts the rifle into its case but doesn't bother to lock it up.

Derek gets in the Ford and hands Seth a card.

DEREK

Let me know about Mexico.

SETH

10-4, good buddy. Let's get 'em.

EXT. SUBURB - DAY

Derek drives past pleasant middle-class houses.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Derek parks on the street. Leans back, radio on, eyes closed.

LATER

Derek snoozes. He wakes as a minivan pulls into the driveway. OLDER ASIAN WOMAN (late 60s) gets out slowly, in obvious pain.

Derek checks his face in the mirror before approaching.

DEREK

Mrs. Yamamoto?

MRS. YAMAMOTO

Who are you?

DEREK

I'm Derek, ma'am, I called about your ad. Renting the house?

She looks at him with deep suspicion.

MRS. YAMAMOTO

Oh. I'm not sure I'm going to rent it this year.

DEREK

I've got a contract at the university. But you're not renting it?

MRS. YAMAMOTO

At Ball State?

DEREK

The business school. I won't hang up a single picture.

MRS. YAMAMOTO
 My Kyoko may come back this summer.
 I don't know.

Derek opens up a clipping of the newspaper ad.

DEREK
 Your ad says a gourmet kitchen? I
 do a little rustic French, for myself.

Mrs. Yamamoto comes alive. She reaches for Derek's hand.

MRS. YAMAMOTO
 Let me show you.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Simple, worn furnishings. No one's lived here for awhile.
 They step into

THE KITCHEN

not huge but stunningly redone as a professional space.
 Stainless steel work areas gleam under a full complement of
 commercial appliances, cookware and tools.

MRS. YAMAMOTO
 My husband made it for Kyoko. He
 passed away. Now she's a chef in
 Boston. Such a dream for her.

DEREK
 I'd love to play in here.

MRS. YAMAMOTO
 She's so busy now.

Mrs. Yamamoto is lost in her feelings.

DEREK
 I can pay in advance. Unless she's
 coming back.

She smiles.

MRS. YAMAMOTO
 Pick up the keys tonight. Make
 something delicious like Kyoko does.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT

Derek leaves the hotel office holding a receipt. Near the
 Ford he sees SUIT GUY (30s, African-American, tall, friendly
 smile, imposing) leaning against another boring sedan.

SUIT GUY
 Hey, Derek Sheridan?

DEREK

Yes sir.

Suit Guy shows a wallet with an FBI badge.

SUIT GUY

Jeff Korvald, FBI, Muncie Resident
Agency. I.C.E.?

DEREK

Yep.

JEFF

Open case? Passing through?

DEREK

More like training.

Pause. Neither into sharing more.

JEFF

Allow me. You talking to any
informants locally? People with
personality?

DEREK

I'd be reporting to Joint Task Force
if I were.

JEFF

J.T.T.F.? So, terrorism? Fine, fine.
You gave to me, what can I give back?

DEREK

Not much. How's the posting?

Jeff smiles broadly.

JEFF

I'll pass along what my predecessor
told me: "Jeff, it's just the most
corrupt little town in America."

DEREK

Look, you can talk to Task Force.
It's not personal. I'm sure you're
a good guy.

JEFF

Oh, I am a good guy. J.T.T.F. has
priorities. Jeff has some of his
own. Some cases that seem left behind
lately. Terror, but, like, homegrown.

DEREK

Wish I could help.

Derek gets in the car, leaves the door open.

JEFF

Looks like they're cleaning your room. Budget for a tasty safehouse?

DEREK

Got my assignment, I'm doing my bit.

Jeff offers his hand.

JEFF

You can find me downtown.

They shake.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Dusty room, weathered table. Light streams from outside through a windowed door.

THROUGH THE GLASS

an older van stops, parks. Sounds of van doors OPENING.

SMUGGLER (20s, Hispanic, muscle-bound) comes in the door carrying a heavy wooden crate. Puts it on the ground.

He speaks to someone offscreen, in the room.

SMUGGLER

Got two large, four small, how--

He stops as if silently ordered.

Goes outside to unload more.

EXT. BENEFICENCE STATUE - DAY

Derek gets up from a bench as Helen walks up. She's with backpack-wearing, bicycle-pushing DYLAN (17, geeky but aware).

HELEN

Hi. Dylan, this is Derek.

DYLAN

He doesn't look like a killer.

HELEN

Hey.

Dylan grins and waves at Derek.

DEREK

I'll have to work on my persona.

They walk among passersby toward the sound of MUSIC.

DYLAN

It's cool. Just glad one of us has
a chance at a summer fling.

HELEN

Betrayed by my wonderful nephew.
When's the next Greyhound for Miami?

DYLAN

OK if I head out to the library?

DEREK

Plenty of college girls to meet out
here.

DYLAN

I'm kind of a loser. I like girls
you meet in computer labs, quiet
places.

DEREK

A man who knows what he wants. A
better chance you'll get it.

DYLAN

(to Helen)

He's intelligent. Bye, guys.

HELEN

Please don't commit any felonies.

Derek rides away.

EXT. OLD QUADRANGLE

Leafy open space crisscrossed by sidewalks, surrounded by
buildings. Today it hosts crowds who visit tables and small
tents of an International Festival.

A STAGE is in front of an older Art Gallery building.
Recorded tunes play as a band sets up.

DEREK

He's pretty funny.

HELEN

He's cynical and smart. Miami summers
started driving him crazy so my sister
ships him away for a break.

DEREK

I understand. Even growing up near
New York, I love to travel.

HELEN

I did a London semester but travel isn't free. Muncie summer culture will have to do.

DEREK

It does smell good. Do you like hummus?

They stop at a food booth.

HELEN

Anything garlicky is a yum-yum.

She's embarrassed.

DEREK

Yum-yum?
(to vendor)
Two please.

HELEN

I can't believe I said that.

He pays for the dishes of Greek food.

DEREK

Are you old enough to be in college?

HELEN

Yes, remember I'm an instructor.
Oh, naan.

DEREK

We have to get yum-yum naan. You're pretty goofy for a instructor.

They buy Indian flatbread at a booth with a tandoor oven.

HELEN

I can be myself on the weekend.

DEREK

So you're something else with students.

HELEN

Well, what does consultant mean?
What are they consulting with you about?

They sit and watch the preparations on stage.

DEREK

Security. Best practices, auditing, regulations.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's big business, so I consult about curriculum for M.B.A.s. No garlic is involved.

HELEN

So you say. Is that the real you?

Pause. Derek eats.

HELEN

Is that pushing first-date, public place, getting acquainted stuff? Sorry.

DEREK

No, consulting about how to limit theft, fraud and terrorism wasn't a dream of mine. You don't end up where you expect.

HELEN

Things fall out of the sky and buildings come crashing down. We all learned that.

DEREK

The more you know about security the more you know there's no such thing. There's eyes closed and eyes open.

HELEN

My eyes were opened. For years, it's like I'm in a holding pattern and can't land anywhere. Is that crazy? We're stuck in these endless wars. What are we winning over there?

DEREK

I like your questions.

Long pause. Applause as the next band drifts onstage.

DEREK

I think this yum-yum needs some Yoo-Hoo.

HELEN

I love Yoo-Hoo.

DEREK

That sounds wrong for a first date.

Helen laughs as she stands.

HELEN

I'll find something appropriate.

Helen finds a stand selling lemonade. In line, she turns to watch the band assemble on stage.

The band is dressed up a la Motown. Women singers, African-American and white, sway together in glamorous gowns as the beat begins to Freda Payne's "Bring The Boys Home."

A SALESWOMAN (20s, big loop earrings) hands lemonades over.

SALESWOMAN

(excited)

This song gives me chills.

HELEN

Yeah.

Helen feels the emotion of the anti-war anthem right away.

Children dance crazy kid-dances near the stage... Older students cheer the band. A group of older adult PICNICKERS holds up a tie-dyed blanket with a peace sign on it.

Helen smiles even as tears well up. She watches -

DEREK

as he absorbs the song. He's moved too. Controls a lump in the throat. Focused on the singers.

Helen circles to Derek's side. Puts down lemonades. Watches him. She touches his shoulder, surprising him. They watch the band as the song plays.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM

Green-painted mortar shells sit exposed in a crate on a table. Plastic explosive, det cord, wires, electronics are nearby.

GLOVED HANDS

of someone unseen work to wire a timer to the shells.

INT. ART BUILDING - STUDIO

Derek and Helen stand very close together in the dark. They speak softly as they move through a slow dance of approach and retreat, barely touching.

HELEN

This one's mixed media. Eight-hundred millimeter lens. Photographs and acrylic paint.

DEREK

Theme?

HELEN
Distance.

DEREK
Title?

HELEN
Untitled.

She turns away. Derek follows and gently grasps her hands.

DEREK
Digital camera?

HELEN
Film. Developing feels alive.
Chemicals in my nose, it's dark like
the womb.

DEREK
Untitled.

HELEN
I can keep working on it until it's
named.

DEREK
Until then it has potential.

He moves close, almost kisses her. She bends away.

HELEN
It's about panic.

DEREK
The subjects look happy.

HELEN
Panic before something nice happens.

They can't stand it anymore and kiss. Derek interrupts it.

DEREK
Course outline to write up.

HELEN
Papers to grade.

They both look dizzy. Derek stumbles out the door.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM

The cover goes on the box of mortar shells. Gloved Hands places it in a roomy backpack, sitting next to several others in different colors.

EXT. CAMPUS SHUTTLE BUS - NIGHT

Helen, all smiles, rides the jostling shuttle.

EXT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

THE FORD is down the street from the house. Derek waits, in a good mood, illuminated by his radio's display.

Call it "Mega-radio" since it is also a spectrum analyzer and capable of locating nearby transmitters, etc. The display fills with data: phone numbers, signal strength.

Right now it's picking up a transmitting cell phone. DIRECTIONAL ARROWS point toward Derek himself.

Derek checks his phone. It's taking a call silently. He answers.

AL (V.O.)
How's the C.I.?

DEREK
How're you, Al? I'm on phone detail.

AL
You're perky. Get some digits?

DEREK
I will. And that C.I. is a bit off.

AL
He's feisty. He's a patriot. He's what we've got.

DEREK
OK, then. Sounds great, coach.

Derek hangs up and watches the street. He hums a tune.

INT. MUNCIE MALL - NIGHT

A large cleaner's cart rumbles along. The JANITOR (50s, fit) picks up drink cups and random trash from a bench.

Most of the shops he passes are closed. Remaining shoppers and employees hurry to get out.

JUICE CASTLE

has its security gate half open. Janitor peers through the slotted steel. He sees the back of SOMEONE.

JANITOR
Garbage for me? Yello?

The figure doesn't respond.

JANITOR
Taking it out back?

Janitor shrugs and pushes the cart around a corner. The corridor leads to the mall's movie theater and doors to the outside.

TWO TEEN BOYS

run up outside, chased by a dog. It's the Weimaraner that Derek met, but playful now.

The boys try to block the dog as they open the door, but they're in a hurry. The dog sprints past them. The boys head to the theater.

JANITOR
Not again, you dumb puppy.

The dog runs down the corridor, to Janitor, in circles...

By the Juice Castle gate, THICK WHITE SMOKE pours out into the main hallway.

EXT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek flips open his phone and looks at Helen's number.

He's getting sleepy, when Mega-radio's display goes bright again... Signal strength wavers... Arrows point towards the rental house.

Derek reorients the thing a few times. The arrows stay fixed on the rental. He hits a control to save the number.

DEREK
(sotto)
Good night and God bless.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

The movie plays an action scene... THUNDER of guns, skidding cars. The boys thrill to a late night at the movies.

For a moment...

Then a HUGE NOISE overwhelms the movie soundtrack. An EXPLOSION jolts the boys into a panic.

Fire alarms SHRIEK. Emergency lights glow.

MALL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

the boys, stunned, tiptoe past the concession stand. Smoke billows. Flames, bricks and debris. Every bit of glass in the entryway doors smashed out.

INT. THE FORD - NIGHT

Derek drives, pleased with the day and himself. Mega-radio comes alive on a scratchy local frequency.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Fire one, fire five, fire seven,
 fire medical response, code one. Go
 to TAC one. Explosion, fire, Muncie
 Mall.

Interested, he turns up the volume.

DISPATCHER
 P.D. all available, TAC two. Bomb
 squad requested...

He accelerates.

A flurry of replies on-air: "En route," "Copy," etc...

EXT. MUNCIE MALL - NIGHT

Derek passes through an outer cordon of cops and onlookers with his credentials. Another line keeps everyone out except firefighters.

Jeff Korvald, with a nod, invites Derek over to those in charge: a tight huddle including FIRE CHIEF BEN WALKER (50s, grey hair, tattooed arms) and POLICE CAPTAIN BETH WILLIAMS (40s, black, uniform just-so).

WALKER
 Scene's secure. Nat gas secure.
 Confirmed one deceased, one dead
 dog.

WILLIAMS
 Bomb resource's still waking up.

WALKER
 I sincerely doubt there's a live
 secondary.

WILLIAMS
 Place is full of grills and fryers,
 probably the gas line?

WALKER
 No, did not say that--

JEFF
 (smooth)
 Guys, I hate to butt in. Like you
 to meet Derek Sheridan, Homeland
 Security.

The locals share a look.

WILLIAMS
Feds all over us, Ben, watch out.

Derek shakes hands with both.

DEREK
Just in the area.

JEFF
I know we're going to do this right, fire investigators, local bomb unit and all. Let's also remember about public statements. Keep the "no evidence of terror" point out front.

WILLIAMS
Any reason to suspect terror yet?

WALKER
Seen a lot of gas explosions and it doesn't feel good to me.

JEFF
(diplomatic)
Gotcha. I think Derek can confirm Homeland Security's stance.

WALKER
I get it. Screw the facts?

DEREK
It's the right tone until there are facts. Where'd it start?

WILLIAMS
Juice Castle. Healthy smoothies, gut bomb burgers and dogs.

Walker sees someone approach.

WALKER
Hey, it's Ray-Ban. He's been in the shit. Go take a look, man, tell us what you see.

TWO PARAMEDICS

roll up a stretcher: BILLY "RAY-BAN" PATTERSON (22, military buzz cut and muscle) and JENNY FUENTES (27, Latina, curvy).

RAY-BAN
Yes, sir.

DEREK
 (to the Chiefs)
 Mind if I take a look?

They nod.

Derek follows the medics, crunching over glass into the blast zone.

INT. MUNCIE MALL - CORRIDOR

The Weimaraner lies broken near the edge of the disaster. The Janitor is not in one piece. A work boot and partial leg rests close to the dog. Jenny inspects it. Stands up.

JENNY
 I'm getting more bags.

She walks outside. Ray-Ban passes the hole blasted in the side of the former Juice Castle, marking body parts with reflective flags.

Derek shines his flashlight around, amazed at the damage.

Ray-Ban mutters in a musical drawl as he prowls for remains.

RAY-BAN
 Shit, shit, motherfuck. Goddamn
 hounddog. No, hell no, no shit.
 That's cocksucking bullshit.
 Fuckfucker. Fuck-fuck. C-crap-crap.
 Fucking look at the motherfucker.
 Shithead-heads. Cock-fuck-total-
 cock!

DEREK
 (angry)
 You think that's funny?

Ray-Ban steps to Derek quickly, but addresses him quietly, with total respect, like a soldier reporting to an officer.

RAY-BAN
 It's a cognitive defect, not a choice.
 When I'm around casualties.

He taps his head.

RAY-BAN
 Iraq, sir.

DEREK
 What?

Jenny returns with more bags and flags.

RAY-BAN

Jenny, what am I?

JENNY

You're one-hundred-percent crazy, mixed-up white boy. But you love everybody.

RAY-BAN

She forgets my M.O.S. Sixty-eight whiskey, formerly ninety-one bravo, A.K.A. combat medic, currently a civilian EMT for Delaware County.

DEREK

Sorry.

RAY-BAN

Oh no, sir, it's startling. Busted the boys up on patrol in the sandbox. I don't mind! I'm an entertainer.

He does a dance step in the debris.

The Chief, Captain and Jeff arrive. Walker puts a fatherly arm around Ray-Ban's shoulders.

WALKER

What do you think, Billy?

RAY-BAN

I never qualified for demo, sir, but my free-wheelin', ground-poundin', freaky hilljack opinion is I.E.D. Full stop.

JEFF

Can you elaborate?

RAY-BAN

Blast pattern? Damage radius inside a structure? Mortar bundle. Wham, bam, thanks Saddam.

WALKER

(to Jeff)

The cover story is bullshit.

The Chiefs move outside with Jeff.

Ray-Ban continues identifying the remains. He keeps his swearing tic almost inaudible.

Derek crouches. Watches the work, queasy.

DEREK

Saw a lot over there?

RAY-BAN

I mourn for 'em. I mourn for everybody face down in the dirt over there, on all sides. We're children of a greater power, you know?

DEREK

You going back?

Jenny laughs.

JENNY

They can't have him. We need him.

RAY-BAN

I'd go yesterday. But after an extra funky R.P.G. party, my inner ears went out of spec for good. I get around OK on foot but hell if I can drive without showing Jenny my lunch. No sense of direction either. You believe that? A country boy who gets lost a block from home?

Ray-Ban runs to Jenny.

RAY-BAN

But my lady in a shining ambulance... She gets me to the A.O. Jenny Fuentes, everybody! Number one with no bullets. I still work with the best.

He steps close to Derek.

RAY-BAN

(quietly)

If you're in the catching business, you should get after whoever did this. Over here? In Muncie?

He touches Derek's arm sympathetically.

RAY-BAN

We're gonna prepare the vic for transport. I know you don't like seeing this.

Derek nods.

EXT. MUNCIE MALL - PARKING LOT

Derek walks to his car, disturbed. Jeff jogs to catch up.

JEFF

Derek! Got some more time?

DEREK
It's been a long day.

JEFF
You see no connections to your op?

DEREK
The headline is "natural gas leak."
Happens all the time.

JEFF
I see that brain working.

DEREK
Not on this.

Jeff stops following.

JEFF
My judgment must be off again.
(loud)
That's why I'm posted here.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - MORNING

SUPER: "DAY SIX." Derek sprawls on a couch, asleep. His phone vibrates helplessly on the floor.

LATER

Derek's eyes blink open. He automatically reaches for the phone, dials.

AL (V.O.)
How the hell can you sleep in? *

DEREK
Juice Castle. Adil Ghazi worked there part-time on his F-1 visa.

AL
Morning glory springs to life. It blew sky-high last night, remember. We've got trouble.

DEREK
I was on our boys earlier capturing the phones.

AL
You sent me one prepaid number from the rental house called by a second...

DEREK
Which is Adil.

AL

...we assume is Adil. The timing is such he could've been reporting in.

DEREK

But you don't know, cause we just got the numbers. Taps don't happen overnight for a training gig.

AL

Taps and phone logs in a few hours.

DEREK

We're not going to find anything.

AL

One-hundred percent sure, slackmo?

Derek doesn't reply.

AL

You saw the dead guy?

DEREK

Yeah.

AL

Bomb or not, our boys or not, we have to get our ducks in a row. You should wash up, including the car.

DEREK

They're set designers.

AL

Gotta update Whiting.

Derek rips open a protein bar. Chewing his breakfast, he opens the cargo case and pulls out a gadget.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Compact two-story with cinder-block walls. Clean and organized. Dylan watches TV on a laptop PC.

Helen grades papers at a desk. Watches a clock: 11:46. More than once she stares at the phone. 11:47.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN

DIGITAL READOUT of an RF detector, digits cycling as Derek moves slowly from corner to corner of the room. Bored, he shuts the thing off and stows it in the cargo case.

Hefts the case and goes outside.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - THE FORD

Derek takes Mega-radio out of the case. Rummages for the case's padlocks. Not here. He closes the trunk.

He works Mega-radio... walks around the car. No signals strong or close.

IN THE CAR

He drives half a block and hears a BURST of strange tones. Mega-radio shows "GSM 1800mhz," a cellular band.

He stops. In a few seconds, the display goes blank.

Drives a bit more and the signal returns. The arrows point behind the car. He looks behind...

UNDER THE CAR

Derek searches with a flashlight. Finds a strip of plastic stuck to the bottom of the Ford's bumper... Traces a wire to a small box... Yanks the thing off.

Still holding the tracker bug, he answers his cell.

DEREK

Hi. Isn't it a rule that the boy calls?

HELEN (V.O.)

It is. I...

DEREK

I was going to call you earlier. Something came up.

HELEN

You didn't flee for good then.

DEREK

No. I did have to work. And I thought you might like anticipation as much as I do.

They both enjoy a silent pause.

HELEN

Yeah. Waiting can be good. Not for too long.

DEREK

I'll see you tonight. Bye.

HELEN

Bye.

Derek puts the tracker on the Ford's dashboard.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MUNCIE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Ford pulls in. Derek gets out, stuffs the tracker and antenna into a pocket. Walks briskly down the street.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Derek steps on. Stuffs bills into the till. Passes the few riders at the front of the bus and sits.

Discreetly, he wedges the tracking box out of sight. Gets up and leaves the bus.

DEREK
(to driver)
Forgot my backpack, don't wait.

INT. THE FORD - LATER

Following the same bus at a distance. Derek pulls aside and parks, scrutinizes passing cars.

A LARGE SEDAN

passes, moving fast. It's Jeff Korvald.

DEREK

places a call.

JEFF (V.O.)
Hello?

DEREK
Why are you following the Heekin
Park bus?

JEFF
How... Why are you on it?

DEREK
How long?

JEFF
I didn't think you'd cooperate.

DEREK
You're right.

JEFF
Your case is weirding up, am I right
on that?

DEREK
Only you tracking me is weird.

Derek hangs up and drives away.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - LATER

Derek waits in the Ford in an unkempt industrial district. Seth arrives in his muddy Prius, rolls down a window.

SETH
Alright. Let's meet the man.

Derek stays in his car.

DEREK
I'll drive.

Seth shuts his car off and gets in the Ford.

SETH
Drive on, Macduff.

INT. THE FORD

Derek drives, slightly wary of Seth.

SETH
Stan Velasquez, twenty-eight. Not a coyote, but in the construction biz he meets people.

DEREK
Stan?

SETH
What? He's full-blooded American, from Xenia, Ohio.

DEREK
It's a fine name. He's not officially an informant?

SETH
He's clean enough but could tap the mainline if he wanted. Grist for your mill, brother.

DEREK
Big mess at the Mall.

SETH
Minimum wage slaves and fire. Can't insure against stupid.

Seth laughs. Derek does too.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Seth and Derek enter the dusty room where the mortars were delivered. The muscle-bound Smuggler from earlier, STAN VELASQUEZ, reads a glossy hi-fi magazine at the table.

STAN
Chupacabras, my man.

Seth laughs at the nickname, bumps fists with Stan.

STAN
You seen these speakers? Shit's beautiful.

SETH
Next home theater install, we'll try 'em at the farm first.

STAN
Hell yeah. Need your amp firepower.
(to Derek)
S'up. You la migra?

They shake.

DEREK
On the job.

STAN
Seth can tell you I'm a good boy. I know bad people, yo.

DEREK
That's what he tells me. Any news?

Stan looks to Seth.

STAN
Shit, yeah. Hard to get guns in Mexico, right? Guy's been moving AR clones, five-five-six ammo south. Payment in drugs.

DEREK
How's a good boy know?

STAN
The system's wacked, man. I've helped a few people navigate the waters, speed things up.

DEREK
Smells like coyote B.S. to me.

STAN

Nah, these are dudes with skills.
Welders. Engineers. Give 'em jobs.

DEREK

Forge documents and histories then?

Stan bristles.

STAN

Fuck it. I'm trying to pay back
through Chupacabras here, trade info,
feel me?

SETH

Tell him.

STAN

Los Moros. Arabs. There's one my
guy knows about. El Morapio. It
means unbaptized wine. Smart dude,
into radios, hacking.

DEREK

He's in Mexico?

STAN

That's it, yo. He's, like, consulting
with a cartel.

Stan looks to Seth again for a moment.

STAN

They say he may be bringing heavy
Army stuff north. My guy was sniffing
for favors.

Seth looks triumphant.

DEREK

OK. Thanks for the time.

STAN

Yeah. Put in a word, man. El
Morapio's game isn't blow.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - DAY

As Seth is about to get out of the Ford, Derek speaks up.

DEREK

El Morapio? For real?

SETH

More real than some exercise in
futility.

DEREK

No movement on your reports?

SETH

Come on, until someone dies nobody gives a shit. Bet Juice Castle fixes their training manuals now. Peace.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - LATER

Derek changes into a jazzier shirt. Silently debates cologne.

His phone beeps for a text message: a set of GPS coordinates: 40 10'44.71" N, 85 36'13.49" W. He checks his watch. A second message comes in: "GIVE ME A CHANCE. JEFF."

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The summer light dims. The Ford crosses a creek and turns into a short driveway. Jeff is waiting inside his car.

DEREK AND JEFF

approach a vertical pipe set in concrete near the creek. Water splashes endlessly from the opening.

JEFF

It's a natural spring. I ride my bike out here, you can drink it.

Derek cups a handful and drinks.

DEREK

Nice.

JEFF

Up this way.

Derek follows Jeff along the creek.

JEFF

I'm sorry about the tracker.

DEREK

What were you after?

JEFF

You heard of Gerald Francis Howard?

DEREK

The bomber with three first names.

JEFF

Convicted of blowing up a retired post office in Virginia and conspiring to level Appomattox Court House.

DEREK

Right.

Jeff pivots and points across the creek.

JEFF

He grew up in Virginia but he spent his summers on that property back there. Teenagers and explosives. Inherited it at age 21 from his uncle. Bought land up to the creek in 1999.

DEREK

He was caught five years ago.

JEFF

Guess who he bought the last sliver of land from, who had it in his family for years?

Jeff holds up a picture. It's Seth.

JEFF

Ever seen Seth Daniels?

Derek's quiet.

JEFF

You drove to his house. I believe we both know he's currently a C.I. I believe you are not aware he was a Wheat-Thin away from indictment along with Howard.

DEREK

Things get sketchy with informants.

JEFF

He wasn't setting Howard up. He wasn't sent in by us, by anyone.

Derek heads back to the car.

DEREK

Good luck.

JEFF

He built bombs after 9/11 in a cinder-block bunker with Howard, right over there. He's a maintenance guy at Ball State. You read the complaints against him for snooping on students?

DEREK

Management's not listening? It won't help if I do.

JEFF

Howard's plan was to blow up the Court House empty, like the post office, as a symbol. Daniels changed the timers for a Monday morning when the tourists would get blasted.

DEREK

Why would they let him go?

JEFF

The focus is international. If not foreigners, then the loner who snaps, Mister Who-coulda-predicted.

Derek gets in the Ford.

JEFF

Red, white, and blue hate we do our damndest to suppress. It's not sexy.

DEREK

I don't like the guy, but I have no evidence.

Derek considers Jeff. Reluctantly opens up.

DEREK

My "training" mission is trailing guys we know are harmless.

Jeff is energized by this.

JEFF

You're going through the motions against blank targets. He's gonna piggyback on that. He's patient, he's smart...

DEREK

I'll bring it up, seriously.

Now Jeff's about to burst a vein. Derek backs the Ford up.

JEFF

We have to work together, now. Everyone's looking the other way on Daniels.

DEREK

Maybe the small town's getting to you.

JEFF

You saw the Mall. He's a dangerous sonofabitch!

Derek drives away. Jeff fumes. The spring burbles.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD

Derek speeds. He dials.

AL (V.O.)

Hey-o.

Al's more relaxed than we've heard him.

DEREK

We need to look into the C.I.,
Daniels.

AL

Got a hunch? Don't worry about it.

DEREK

Does he have a hidden record?

AL

You did a good job. Stock's rising,
I'm chilling at home. Take the night
off.

DEREK

How about the phone logs?

AL

Go see a movie.

Al hangs up.

EXT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE

Syed and Masood walk up steps to their house as an old van
rumbles up driven by Grungy Student. He yells.

GRUNGY STUDENT

Hombres! A man, a van, a planetarium,
laser Pink Floyd! You in?

Syed laughs.

SYED

Are you high, freak?

GRUNGY STUDENT

Not yet, my sheik, but the night is
sooo young.

Masood is dubious. Syed pulls him toward the house.

SYED

Dump your stuff, tonight's for fun.

Masood opens the door. They throw their backpacks inside.

MASOOD
(frantic)
My phone. My phone.

Syed pulls him toward the van.

SYED
Let's go.

GRUNGY STUDENT
Where's Adil? He's a babe magnet
second only to the sheik!

The Arabs climb in the van.

SYED
He's sick, my friend. Let's roll.

The van takes off in a cloud of exhaust.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Helen makes a tiny, excited noise when the doorbell rings.
She opens the door to Derek.

HELEN
Hey. One second.

Dylan looks up from the computer. Helen gets a handbag.

DEREK
How was the library?

DYLAN
Met some cuties in the computer lab
who play text-based games on a VAX.

Derek gives him a thumbs-up.

DYLAN
(to Helen)
I have food, I will be on campus
watching a movie, not too late.
I'll call you if I have to.

HELEN
I want a kid as easy as you.

DYLAN
Doesn't work that way. Bye, auntie.

Helen leaves.

OUTSIDE

Helen peers at Derek.

HELEN
You stressed?

Derek takes her hand on the way to his car.

DEREK
Yeah, I was.

HELEN
Oh, I like this.

Derek stands close as he opens the door for her.

DEREK
Might strike out early. I picked
the darkest, most romantic place I
could find, but I'm new in town.

HELEN
No excuses. These are my best flats.

INT. PIZZA KING RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Helen is laughing as they enter.

DEREK
I got their very best table.

HELEN
You are a class of guy I'm not used
to.

Derek smiles. He leads her to an out-of-the-way table.
Each table has a phone for dialing in orders to the kitchen.

DEREK
Wait for it.

He produces a red-and-white checked tablecloth, spreads it
over the red vinyl covered tabletop. Helen sits.

HELEN
Sit down and get ready. I love this
square pizza. Extra onions. Garlic
breadsticks.

She picks up the table's phone.

INT. THE FORD - NIGHT - LATER

Derek and Helen are full of food and bright-eyed. Derek
looks over at her.

HELEN
Anticipation, remember.

DEREK
Not looking for a smooch. Too late
for coffee.

HELEN
Where do you want to go?

DEREK
Somewhere quiet.

He points to the back seat, where a bottle of wine and a
blanket sit.

HELEN
You've proven honorable intentions
with a fine meal. I suppose I can
go for a ride in your carriage.
That way.

Derek drives.

HELEN
Music? I don't want to sit and beam
at you like a stuck lighthouse.

DEREK
Wow, sure. iPod's right there.
Don't be cruel.

She fiddles with the iPod.

HELEN
O-ho, afraid of insights into your
secret self?

Bruce Springsteen's "Brilliant Disguise" plays.

HELEN
Sensitive, but strong.

She clicks again. Blondie's "Dreaming" plays.

DEREK
I have nothing to hide!

Helen SINGS ALONG, and Derek joins in, over, as

THE FORD

drives through Muncie and into the country.

EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Helen and Derek sit on a blanket near the Ford. They watch the sky above the water. A warm mood between them. Helen upends the empty wine bottle and breaks the quiet.

HELEN

When something good comes out of nowhere it's hard to believe.

DEREK

I've kept moving lately.

HELEN

Standard fear of commitment?

DEREK

More like I want something more random. Unscripted. Maybe that can be trusted.

Derek looks pensive.

HELEN

We're having a happy accident. Aren't we?

DEREK

(very quiet)

There's more to the story.

HELEN

No, not now.

She stands up. Goes to the car and turns on music. Elvis Costello's cover of "You're Innocent When You Dream".

MUSIC plays over an INTERCUT SEQUENCE--

She offers Derek her hands.

HELEN

Ask me to dance.

He stands, his expression clouded. Helen moves close and leads Derek in a slow waltz.

INT. ELLIOTT HALL - ADIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Adil sits on the edge of his bed, miserable with flu. He stirs ramen noodles in a glass bowl.

His watch BEEPS. Adil checks it. Takes soap and washcloth, leaves the room.

EXT. INTERSTATE 69 - NIGHT

Grungy Student's van barely keeps up with traffic.

INSIDE

Syed, Masood and friends joke and sing along to music we can't hear.

EXT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

The street's quiet.

UNMARKED CARS

round corners on both ends of the block. Plainclothes AGENTS in the cars, with radios, park and scan the area.

IN THE ALLEY

another car idles here, watching the Arabs' house.

EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Helen and Derek mid-hug. A deep, comforting embrace.

INT. ELLIOTT HALL - ADIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Adil lays a prayer mat in the correct direction on the floor. Performs his last daily prayer, with effort.

OUTSIDE

A LONG RIFLE sights in on the dorm from behind a tree. A BLACK-CLAD MAN operates it, a UNIFORMED SPOTTER lies nearby with a large scope.

HELMETED MEN in body armor, with submachineguns, advance to the dorm's entryway.

They grab a student coming out of the building and hold up fingers for 'silence.'

More men pound out of blank vans and take up surrounding positions. An FBI COMMANDER guides University Police in setting up roadblocks.

INT. PLANETARIUM

Syed and the gang, pleasantly high, watch the spectacle of lasers playing over the ceiling above.

EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Helen and Derek kiss slowly and tenderly. They undress each other carefully.

INT. ELLIOTT HALL - STAIRS - NIGHT

FBI SWAT moves up in formation. They enter a hallway. Some cover Adil's door... Others usher students away.

INT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE - DOORWAY

THE DOOR is smashed off its hinges by a battering ram. SWAT members rush into the empty rooms, lights blazing.

INT. ELLIOTT HALL - ADIL'S ROOM

Adil folds up his prayer mat. He turns on a small TV, tunes to a baseball game and watches closely.

Something FLIES into the room from the door. Adil can't react before the flash-bang grenade DETONATES...

EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

FACES of Helen and Derek next to each other as they make love.

INT. ELLIOTT HALL - ADIL'S ROOM

Agents carry hog-tied, panicking Adil into the hallway.

EXT. WHITE CASTLE HAMBURGERS - NIGHT

Syed and the others pile out of the van, post-show.

EXT. ELLIOTT HALL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Agents load Adil into one of the blank vans... a circle of armed SWAT members all around. He's tied down on a metal gurney. A GAG goes in his mouth. A HOOD over his head.

EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Helen and Derek lie on the blanket and stare up at the stars.

EXT. BALL STATE CAMPUS - NIGHT

The FBI convoy takes off at high speed. Shocked students stand by the scene, gossiping with each other.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Syed and Masood get out of Grungy Student's van. Francesca meets them, hugs Syed. They go inside to a party in progress.

-- end of INTERCUT SEQUENCE.

INT. THE FORD - NIGHT

Derek turns into the Scheidler Apartments drive.

HELEN

Stop here.

DEREK

Sure.

(faux singing)

It's just you, me, and all that stuff
we're so scared of.

HELEN

Did you make that up?

DEREK

Springsteen.

(Springsteen voice)

Cuddle up now, little dove.

They kiss.

DEREK

You want to walk from here?

HELEN

This was wonderful. I just want to
sleep alone tonight.

DEREK

I understand. You're the hottest
art history teacher in the world.

HELEN

Bye.

She gets out. Derek drives off.

HELEN

runs across the grass and between buildings, holding her
shoes, dancing by herself.

DEREK - MOMENTS LATER

floors it on the empty road.

DEREK

Yeeeeaaaahhh!

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Adil is loaded, gurney and all, into the belly of a C-130
Hercules cargo plane. A LOADMASTER (20s, female) oversees.

INSIDE THE PLANE

Adil's unstrapped from the gurney. AIRMEN shackle his feet.
The shackles are locked to the floor and he's placed in an
upright chair. His fingers are secured with grey duct tape.

Two extremely fit, casually dressed soldiers approach the plane. MEDIC OPERATOR (20s, male), carrying a heavy bag, and LEAD OPERATOR (30s, male), with a paperback book.

LEAD OPERATOR

He's a nobody. Probably do a one-eighty right back here.

FBI AGENTS drag the gurney off the plane. Loadmaster points to moisture at Adil's feet.

LOADMASTER

Watch it, sir. Urination.

LEAD OPERATOR

We got it, airman.

Medic Operator gently peels off the duct tape from Adil's hands. Adil struggles and makes noise behind his gag.

MEDIC OPERATOR

(close to Adil)

I loosened you up. You're going to be fine.

He pulls an injection kit from his bag. With steady hands, he checks Adil's arm for a vein. Adil tenses more.

Medic cleans Adil's arm with an alcohol pad and Adil goes berserk.

MEDIC OPERATOR

OK. We're going to talk.

He removes Adil's hood and gag, adjusts restraints. Adil's eyes are wild, his hair sweaty. Too afraid to speak. Lead Operator compares a photo to Adil's face. Then sits down and reads his book.

MEDIC OPERATOR

You're not being deported. We're going to North Carolina, not Guantanamo.

He shows Adil the syringe. Adil makes incoherent sounds.

MEDIC OPERATOR

This will calm you down, that's all.

His voice and gentle touch seem to convince Adil, who relaxes. Medic gives the injection quickly as he speaks to Adil.

MEDIC OPERATOR

We have to do this for your safety. I understand this is stressful, and probably a mistake, OK?

(MORE)

MEDIC OPERATOR (CONT'D)

It gets loud in here, headphones
might help you sleep?

Adil nods, desperately grateful. Medic puts headphones on Adil, gives him a "thumbs up" sign. Takes the gag and hood to his own seat.

Lead Operator looks up from his book. Sees Adil, who is groggier all the time, watching him.

He picks up the hood and moves to Adil's side. Removes Adil's headphones.

LEAD OPERATOR

Know what ghost riding is?

Adil thinks hard, feeling the sedative.

ADIL

Ghost ride the whip. On YouTube.

LEAD OPERATOR

Used to mean riding your bike and jumping off, watching it roll along with nobody on it. Now kids do it with cars, leave it in gear and get out, dance on it, whatever. That's your life now. Ghost riding your life. You're rollin', but you ain't drivin'. Hell, maybe nobody is.

On goes the hood. Adil is tormented all over again. He can barely keep his head up. He cries out.

Lead Operator sits back down, reads his book. Medic Operator shakes his head with a wry smile.

MEDIC OPERATOR

Bored much?

Lead Operator shrugs.

LEAD OPERATOR

Keep 'em guessing.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek reads emails on his laptop. From Al: "Hit targets. FBI SWAT. Results in the morning. Not my call."

Derek paces, dials Al on his cell, angry. No answer.

DEREK

Shit!

His phone RINGS. Helen's number. He tries to calm down.

DEREK

Hi.

NOISE on the call. Derek struggles to understand.

HELEN (V.O.)

I hate doing this, I'm sorry.

DEREK

What's wrong?

HELEN

Dylan came home late. He's upset.
I don't want to put this on you.
Can you come over?

Dylan SOBS in the background of the call.

DEREK

Sure, see you soon.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT

Worried Helen answers the door. Hugs Derek quickly.

DEREK

Is he drunk?

Dylan is curled up on the sofa, staring blankly.

HELEN

Just emotional.

DEREK

Where'd he go?

HELEN

On campus. A film series.

Derek pulls a chair to face Dylan.

DEREK

What's up?

DYLAN

Why would we help them do that?

DEREK

Do what?

DYLAN

They buried them inside walls.
Jumbled up. Anybody they wanted to.

DEREK

Who did?

Dylan tears up. He lets Derek put a hand on his shoulder, but his anguish pours out.

DYLAN

The government did. We helped them. They buried people in walls. They disappeared and they buried them inside walls. They lied about it, and we let them do it. We told them to do it! They dragged people away and buried them in walls!

HELEN

Just a movie, Dylan.

DEREK

It's OK. Was it Jack Lemmon, in South America?

Dylan nods.

DEREK

I've seen that. It scared you because you care about people. You're OK.

HELEN

We all have moments like this, honey. Nothing's going to happen to you.

Dylan seems calmer.

DEREK

Want to go for a walk?

DYLAN

Yeah.

DEREK

Go ahead. We'll be there.

Dylan goes outside.

HELEN

I'm sorry. Thanks.

DEREK

A political film beats crack any day.

HELEN

I know. But it was pulling my heart out.

Sound of a CAR REVVING outside. Helen and Derek start for the door.

HELEN

My car...?

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dylan REVS Helen's Jetta. When he drops the clutch the Jetta careens backward and SMASHES the back of Derek's Ford, parked directly across, popping the trunk open.

The Jetta stalls as Derek and Helen run forward. Dylan jumps out, scared. He looks at the Ford's trunk, sees the poorly secured cargo box on its side, contents spilled out.

Dylan and Helen are stunned to see the assault rifle.

DEREK

Guys, it's alright.

HELEN

What's that for?

Dylan backs away as Derek reaches for his wallet.

DEREK

I'm sorry.

HELEN

Why do you have a gun?

Derek shows her his badge.

DEREK

I'm a Federal investigator.
Counterterrorism.

Dylan, fully horrified, runs behind Helen's apartment.

HELEN

Wait, Dylan!

DEREK

Hold on. I can't leave this here.

Derek closes the box. Helen doesn't know where to run.

HELEN

Oh my god, this is too much.

She runs through the apartment to the back porch. Derek lugs the box inside the apartment.

HELEN

He took his bike!

DEREK

Think of familiar places. We'll
find him.

She notices the cargo box. Starts to cry.

HELEN
What's going on?

DEREK
(re: the box)
I'll take it away.

HELEN
I don't care about that. What are
you doing? Why did you lie to me?

DEREK
I should have told you.

He tries to hug her. She refuses and runs

OUTSIDE

Helen remarks the Jetta. Gets out, shaking, looks around
for Dylan. Glares at Derek.

DEREK
Did you ever run away?

HELEN
No.

DEREK
He'll go as far as he can until he's
exhausted. Let me drive.

EXT. STUDENT RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

A few police and FBI chat near the house. Grungy Student
walks down the street. Sees the cops. Shifts to a hesitant
walk, hunches his shoulders a bit and tries to seem small.

As he approaches his house a FAT COP (40s) motions to him.

FAT COP
Evening. See some ID?

GRUNGY STUDENT
Josh Abramov. I live here.

He digs for his wallet.

FAT COP
Know the folks next door? Arab guys?

Josh shrugs.

JOSH
They're students. Architecture, I
think.

FAT COP
Seen them? FBI's looking.

JOSH
I've been studying. Sorry.

Fat Cop waves him past.

INSIDE

Even before turning on lights, Josh nervously dials a phone.

JOSH
(into phone)
Francesca. How are our boys?

INT. ART BUILDING - HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Things are calmer between Derek and Helen.

HELEN
He checks in here a lot. He roams
all over the campus, probably places
he shouldn't.

DEREK
Might be at your place already.

HELEN
It's bizarre. How could anyone arrest
them?

DEREK
I'm going to fix it.

HELEN
I know I've already seen good in
you. Isn't this going too far?

A pause. A KNOCK at the door. Dylan enters, wiped out.

DYLAN
I'm tired.

Helen hugs him.

HELEN
I know. Derek can drive us home.

IN THE HALLWAY

Helen locks up and they walk away.

DYLAN
What kind of gun is it?

DEREK

Ahh...a Colt.

DYLAN

Cool. You a US Marshal?

DEREK

Not exactly.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "DAY SEVEN." Derek wakes suddenly. It's afternoon. He gets off the couch and opens up his laptop.

Skims through online files on the case. He reaches the phone usage records for the Arabs' cell phones.

Sees a note highlighting Syed and Masood's numbers: a series of calls from their phone to one owned by Stan Velasquez.

INT. ARCHITECTURE BUILDING - DAY

Derek is in shirt and tie and wears his badge on his belt. He carries his laptop. He knocks on an office door.

DR. HAVORSKY (60s, salt-and-pepper hair) swivels in his chair.

DR. HAVORSKY

Yes?

DEREK

Dr. Havorsky, I'm Agent Sheridan with Immigration and Customs.

DR. HAVORSKY

This isn't about my cigars, is it?

DEREK

No, sir, I'm chasing down probably a simple mistake involving two international students.

DR. HAVORSKY

Syed and Masood, in Human Factors?

DEREK

Actually, that's them. Can you check the times of these calls?

Derek shows him the laptop. Dr. Havorsky reads.

DR. HAVORSKY

Those are during Human Factors, yes.

DEREK

Do you allow phone calls during class?

DR. HAVORSKY

No. I'm very strict about that.
Not allowed in the room. Those two
never miss a class, you know. Very
diligent. Are they in trouble?

DEREK

No, just need to talk to them.

Dr. Havorsky flashes with anger.

DR. HAVORSKY

I'll never help you fascists hurt
them.

DEREK

(floored)
How's that?

INT. ARCHITECTURE STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Derek looks around the desks. Finds a power strip with two
cell phone chargers plugged in, attached to nothing.

EXT./INT. ARCHITECTURE BUILDING/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Derek on the phone as he walks to the Ford nearby. Al's
eating takeout food at the conference table. Walt hovers,
talks on a cell phone.

AL

Hey, hey. Bonus boy.

DEREK

Cut the crap. They didn't make any
calls to the Mexican connection.

AL

Listen a second--

DEREK

They were in class. Someone stole
their phones and placed the calls.
They don't know the connection!

AL

Slow down, high-speed.

DEREK

What's next? A bullet in my head
and you round up some convenient
brown people?

AL

This isn't the movies, drama queen.
There's no cleaner hunting you down,
you're our boy!

DEREK

This is insane.

AL

We want the two that got away. If they're clean, they'll be fine.

DEREK

The only thing in their computer is the jihadi crap I put there.

AL

If this is becoming real, we take them down for real. Solid gold.

DEREK

It was never real. The only thing they did was argue in a coffee shop!

AL

Hold on.

Derek drives, fast. Walt hangs up his cell.

AL

Derek, Walt's here.

DEREK

I know who's feeding you.

WALT

Derek! Al says you're tired.

DEREK

Daniels isn't just a C.I., he's a complete impostor. He's the bomber.

WALT

We're aware of all of this.

DEREK

There's a dead janitor who'd like you to get your head out of your ass and into forward motion.

WALT

We could use your help finding Syed and Masood before Daniels does.

DEREK

Sure, and why not Adil?

WALT

He's been transferred to a military prison for his safety.

DEREK

Damn sweet of you! How's their story end now?

WALT

Despite worrying evidence, we'll humbly redeem the accused. We apologize and vow to improve. That's the kind of country we are.

DEREK

I don't believe you. I'm going after him.

AL

Whoa-whoa-whoa, time out, man!

DEREK

Why do it your way?

WALT

Training means testing the whole system. But I won't lie to you, that's semantics. The truth is, this is how we fight now. Better safe than sorry. And you need to grow the fuck up.

DEREK

Talk amongst yourselves. I'm out.

He hangs up. Looks up, sees a RED LIGHT. Slams the brakes. The Ford dips forward, antilock engaged, tires CHIRPING.

The car's a foot into the intersection. Derek steps out. Pops his cell phone's battery out into the car. Puts the phone on the ground and stomps on it repeatedly.

Finally he scrapes the broken bits under a front wheel, revs the Ford up and runs back and forth over them.

A few nearby drivers watch this and CHEER as he drives away.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Helen opens the door to find an agitated Derek.

DEREK

I'm about to stretch whatever trust we have to the limit.

HELEN

Oh. Glad I had breakfast. Let me do this.

She hugs him tightly and sighs.

DEREK

Dylan OK?

HELEN

Fine. Reading.

He guides her outside and speaks quietly.

DEREK

Everything's going to be fine soon,
but I need to be sure you're safe.

HELEN

From other feds?

DEREK

From the guy I'm going after.
(pause)
Sorry.

HELEN

How would he know me?

DEREK

A long shot, but I owe you. No cell
phones, no credit cards, avoid your
car, park mine at the safehouse. Is
this freaking you out?

HELEN

You want to take me to your safehouse?
Kind of romantic.

Derek relaxes a bit.

DEREK

I figured Dylan would be the yes
vote.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Helen and Dylan carry luggage and backpacks from the garage.

DEREK

It's only for today. I'm going to
rent a car and get lunch. Orders?

DYLAN

Spy food.

HELEN

Won't you need a credit card?

DEREK

A Fed I.D. and traveler's checks go
a long way.

DYLAN

What if they were tracking your phone before you broke it? G.P.S. inside.

DEREK

Everyone's a spy. The enemy wouldn't have access to that. Hopefully my agency doesn't doubt me.

Dylan's having too much fun.

DYLAN

Sure, but what if there's a mole in your outfit? We'll die here as he drinks away his guilt in Havana!

INT. ISOLATION CELL

Adil sits shackled to a cushionless chair in a steel-walled room. He calls out pitifully in Arabic. No one responds.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Derek pulls up in a Mustang convertible. Jeff Korvald is parked nearby. Derek walks up to Jeff's window.

DEREK

This is the third crazy risk I've taken today.

JEFF

We're partners. No cell phone, radio's off, car's clean. Only you and I know this address.

DEREK

I'll email you. I'm going to the farm later.

JEFF

Not smart with no backup.

DEREK

You be my backup.

JEFF

There's SWAT teams loitering around, but I'm not in command. I'm off to the Indianapolis office to try the personal touch. Takes time to swing the pendulum back.

DEREK

He's going to kill again, soon.

JEFF

We're going to stop him. I'll be back ASAP.

They shake hands. Jeff drives away. Derek brings food

INSIDE

Helen and Dylan stand near the window.

HELEN

Nice car. Is he on our team?

DEREK

No peeking out the blinds. He's OK. Next, find Adil's friends. The girlfriend...Francesca?

HELEN

She's with Syed.

DEREK

Who would she really trust?

HELEN

She likes me, but...maybe Elaine. Francesca's a physicist, Elaine's her mentor.

DEREK

Last name?

HELEN

Elaine Havorsky.

DEREK

Lucky. Know where they live?

DYLAN

Google Earth coming up.

EXT. HAVORSKY RESIDENCE - DAY

An upscale, custom-designed home. Derek runs across the lawn, pistol drawn. He bangs on the front door.

DEREK

Dr. Havorsky! Let me in!

No answer. Derek searches for another entrance.

IN THE HOUSE

Muffled CRIES can be heard. Derek arrives outside. He struggles, but forces a door open.

DEREK
Federal agent!

He follows the sounds to a darkened room. Three bodies lie together, bound with duct tape. Dr. Havorsky, Francesca, and ELAINE HAVORSKY (60s, elegant).

Derek pulls a blade from his belt and frees them.

FRANCESCA
He took them! Josh told me to keep them here but the man came with guns. He took my mobile, too.

DEREK
Your phone? That's how he found you. I'm Derek, I know your teacher, Helen.

Francesca's unmoved. Searches for her glasses.

DEREK
I'm a Federal agent. I'm trying to save them.

DR. HAVORSKY
That's what the other fascist said. My father dealt with people like you in Europe. Always the same.

DEREK
Except he pointed his gun at you, didn't he?

ELAINE HAVORSKY
He drugged them, took them one by one to his truck.

DEREK
You saw a truck?

ELAINE HAVORSKY
It sounded like a truck when he left.

DEREK
I can take you someplace safe.

Francesca eyes Derek. She can't see well without her glasses but she unleashes fists against his arms and chest, anguished.

FRANCESCA
I hate you. You stupid people. Why steal him? You're the fucking terrorists!
(Italian)
You're the fucking terrorists!

Elaine Havorsky comforts her as Derek stares, dazed.

DEREK

Call the Muncie police. Tell them.

(pause)

I have to go.

DR. HAVORSKY

Just get out!

EXT. FARM - DAY

Seth's pickup bed contains a drowsy Syed. Seth drags unconscious Masood up a ramp by his shoulders, binds their limbs with duct tape.

He loads drugs into a syringe, injects each. Checks pulses again. Satisfied, he secures a large tarp over both men.

SETH'S PICKUP drives down country roads.

IN THE CAB

Seth sings along with Creedence Clearwater Revival: "Who'll Stop The Rain."

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Derek's on a pay phone. Gets Jeff Korvald's voice mail.

DEREK

Jeff. You know where to find me.

He hangs up. Drops more quarters and dials again.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

This is Chief Williams.

DEREK

Chief, it's Derek Sheridan. We met at the Mall scene?

WILLIAMS

Yeah.

DEREK

There's a suspect who might have hostages. How are you for backing up I.C.E.?

WILLIAMS

(controlled)

I haven't heard from my liaison. To be plain, I'm not supposed to be talking to you, Derek.

Williams hangs up.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Derek enters, anxious.

HELEN
You found them?

DEREK
Francesca's safe. The other two...
Nothing to do but sit. Wait for the
night.

DYLAN
Found some cards. Euchre?

Helen and Derek aren't feeling fun.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - DUSK

Derek cleans his rifle's optics with a can of compressed air. Loads it in the cargo case. Dylan watches with interest. Mega-radio is on, receiving little traffic.

DEREK
Nothing on the air. Time to go.

HELEN
I'm not thinking about this.

DEREK
I'm going for evidence, not to
confront.

HELEN
We'll be here.

DEREK
Call Jeff if you have to. Only him.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Derek leaves the Mustang on the roadside. He wears a vest covered with tools, extra magazines, smoke grenades...

He flips up lens covers on his rifle's scope.

THROUGH NIGHT VISION

he scans the area. Moves deeper into the woods.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Near Seth's place. Derek moves slowly, uses the scope. Spends a long moment watching Seth's house. A few lights provide ample detail. No Prius, no pickup. No activity.

Derek walks across the field, wary.

INT. SETH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek jimmys a sliding glass door. Uses a bright flashlight to search...

IN AN OFFICE

Derek finds a pile of cell phones. Stashes them in a bag.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

NIGHT VISION

not Derek's. A SHOOTER watches him as he retraces his path to the woods... Lines Derek up in crosshairs. FIRES.

A HEADSTONE

is gouged by a bullet. Derek drops and rolls. MORE SHOTS. Derek orients to the sound, tries for cover... ANOTHER SHOT hits very close.

Derek doesn't shoot. He pulls the pin on a flare, but fumbles a short throw... It ignites, a sudden bright burning.

IN NIGHT VISION

the flare BLOOMS WHITE. The shooter looks away.

DEREK scrambles backward, chooses another grenade and yanks the spoon off it. Smoke billows, a cloud lit up by the flare. Hard to see through even with artificial eyes.

The shooter FIRES FULL AUTO now, several bursts, as Derek scuttles farther away, dragging his rifle.

A TRUCK STARTS somewhere as Derek sprints through the woods. He reaches the Mustang and takes off.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - NIGHT

Derek drives. A set of lights gains on him. He doesn't know the road and has to slow the Mustang on several tight turns with dark drop offs.

HIS PURSUER is close and now flicks on an insanely bright bank of off-road lights... Derek hits his rear view mirror to avoid the reflection.

SETH'S PICKUP

surges forward...clips the Mustang, which edges off the road and slides sickeningly into a ditch. Seth's pickup speeds away.

DEREK

scrambles out of the ditch, unhurt. He runs to a nearby house and knocks. COUNTRY MOM (40s, in sweats) answers. She levels a long shotgun at Derek and is mighty unfriendly.

DEREK

Can I use your phone?

COUNTRY MOM

Hell no. I heard shots.

DEREK

I'm a Federal agent, there was an accident.

COUNTRY MOM

I don't know you. I'm armed.

Derek sees that. Slows his breathing. Backs away.

DEREK

Sorry to bother you, ma'am.

Derek walks back to the road. He's stuck in the country.

A horn HONKS. PICKUP DRIVER (60s, farmer) pulls up slowly and gestures from his older truck.

PICKUP DRIVER

Stuck? Got a chain.

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

Pickup Driver expertly sets the chain. Pulls his truck forward for a couple seconds and the Mustang is safe.

DEREK

Thanks so much. What do I owe you?

Pickup Driver says nothing. With a curt wave, he's off. Derek's in no mood to question the good luck...

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek enters, carrying his rifle. Nobody's in the front room.

DEREK

Helen? Dylan?

He hurries through the house. Empty... Checks the back yard... They're gone. He slumps against the wall, miserable.

The front door opens. Jeff, Helen and Dylan enter with ice creams and fast food.

DEREK
What the hell?

JEFF
These people right here needed some
ice cream. Looks like you've been
busy.

Derek squeezes Helen's hands, relieved, grabs a food bag.

JEFF
We're back on track with all agencies.
This place is nice, but we'll get
more done at my office.

DEREK
They come, too.

JEFF
My couch is broken in.

INT. MUNCIE FBI - NIGHT

A simple office. Derek and Jeff go over maps and notes.
Dylan listens, rapt, to a very serious conference call in
progress...

DEREK
He fired on me, he has hostages.
He's ready to go.

JEFF
Labor Day picnics and concerts at
Ball State, plenty of people.

DEREK
Suspects were building some kind of
set for Emens Auditorium. Could be
the target.

JEFF
Daniels works for the Ball State
physical plant. He has access. We
suspect he has multiple devices and
technical aptitude.

BOMB SPECIALIST (30s, deadpan) speaks up.

BOMB SPECIALIST (V.O.)
Quantify that?

JEFF
Team's at his compound now. Used
timers in the past.

DEREK

He's into electronics. Can assemble, probably modify via schematics.

BOMB SPECIALIST

Gotta expect remote triggers.

AL (V.O.)

Wide-area jamming? D.H.S. has an As350 Eurocopter in Terre Haute, electronic warfare prototype.

BOMB SPECIALIST

All about sophistication level.

DEREK

If he's using an active link, jamming guarantees we set them off.

AL

This platform's supposed to do it all, adaptive.

BOMB SPECIALIST

Army teaches me nothing's perfect, every day.

DEREK

Encrypted signals.

BOMB SPECIALIST

Someone's been to school. We lose jammer-equipped vehicles in dynamic A.O.s like Afghanistan. We accept risks. You're talking a university campus.

AL

I hear you.

JEFF

We'll have local SWAT, FBI teams and police. Bring the chopper.

DEREK

Eyes on the crowd. Sometimes it works.

AL

Thanks, all.

INT. MUNCIE FBI - MORNING

SUPER: "LAST DAY." Helen and Dylan sleep on couches in a meeting room. Derek watches them.

MAIN OFFICE

Jeff dozes in a chair. Derek nudges him awake.

DEREK

University Police found the truck.
Ball State motor pool. Small amount
of blood in the bed, maybe a scrape.

JEFF

Probably in place before last night.

DEREK

Let's go.
(re: Helen and Dylan)
I'd like them in a car nearby. Every
cop will be with us.

Jeff nods, chugs coffee.

EXT. BALL STATE CAMPUS - MORNING

A Homeland Security EUROCOPTER banks overhead as the campus comes to life. BULGES on the bottom and special antennae on the helicopter mark it as a special model. It passes over

TEACHER'S COLLEGE

Tallest building around, ten stories of concrete and windows.

VARIOUS ANGLES

stages and booths are set up for the last day of the International Festival. A clear, sunny sky above it all.

EXT. EMENS AUDITORIUM - MORNING

Police, alone or in pairs, guard the entrances to the massive building.

EXT. PRUIS MUSIC HALL - MORNING

Law enforcement cars and vans colonize the sidewalks here as a kind of command post. Jeff and Chief Williams meet with university officials.

Derek brings breakfast to a police car near Helen and Dylan.

HELEN

Not the best date I've ever had.

DEREK

I didn't plan this part too well,
did I?

DYLAN

Wouldn't he be crazy to try something?

DEREK

He is crazy.

EXT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - MUSIC PLAZA - LATER

The building's closed, the windows dark.

A BIG BAND ORCHESTRA sets up in a plaza between the library steps and other buildings. The audience sits on folding chairs and on landscaping all around.

Police chat with the crowd and wander. A K-9 unit patrols.

The BAND LEADER walks out and opens his arms to the crowd... Applause... A hush as he turns to the musicians.

The band starts up, fat and brassy.

INT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - STUDY ROOM

Seth opens his eyes. The MUSIC echoes up from the plaza, filters in here. He sits with his M1 rifle, more guns on his belt, and a backpack. He leaves the small room.

He walks to a display of large blow-ups of historic photographs and documents. The Constitution, Declaration of Japan's surrender, more. A "Freedom Shrine." Seth stands straight, his rifle against his shoulder, and admires it.

EXT. MCKINLEY AVENUE

A shuttle bus moves near Bracken Library.

INSIDE

the shuttle's light on students. A colored backpack sits unattended behind the last row of seats.

INT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - FREEDOM SHRINE

Seth checks his watch. 12:05.

INT. MECHANICAL ROOM

Syed and Masood lie limp near electrical panels and equipment in a room with windowless steel doors.

Thick bike lock cables wind around the men. Each has a backpack slung on his chest.

A digital alarm clock is on the floor.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS

The colored backpack begins to HISS. A TORRENT OF SPARKS spews out from it...

THE DOORS

open, the driver shouts... Passengers dive off... A BLAST tears off part of the roof, but mostly there's flame and a huge volume of white smoke...

EXT. FBI VAN

FBI TECH (30s, male) monitors radios and video monitors. Fat Cop is here. His radio comes alive with urgent voices. He waves to Jeff and Derek.

FAT COP

Got a fire! Or a bomb. Campus shuttle, blew the roof off.

JEFF

Where?

FAT COP

McKinley. Behind the library.

Derek gets in the van.

DEREK

Signals?

FBI TECH

Local spike. Model airplane frequency. Trying for position.

JEFF

(into radio)

What have we got?

FAT COP

EMS is rolling.

EXT. SHUTTLE BUS

Engulfed by fire. Black smoke replaces the white from the blast, victims limp away. Police arrive on foot.

EXT. FBI VAN

Law enforcement huddles.

WILLIAMS

(into radio)

Stop all the shuttles, right now. Evacuate now, cordon them all off.

FAT COP

They park 'em overnight at facilities, right where Daniels works.

DEREK

Lots of smoke, little blast.

JEFF

Smoke round, maybe. Signal tracked?

DEREK

They're tuning, if we get another try.

JEFF

Move the helicopter close.

WILLIAMS

We need to think about getting everyone out of here.

INT. BRACKEN LIBRARY

Seth, at a different window, watches the shuttle bus flames. He holds a hobby radio-control transmitter.

Returns through the stacks, back to his viewpoint over the music plaza. He looks out the window and hits a switch.

EXT. TEACHER'S COLLEGE

Multiple windows on upper floors EXPLODE outward. Dark smoke pours out and into the sky.

EXT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - MUSIC PLAZA

At the edge of the crowd, many hear the blasts and shattering glass over the music...

Faces look up, horrified, at the Teacher's College. It stands tall but wounded, bleeding smoke into the blue sky...

Reaction ripples through the crowd.

INT. MECHANICAL ROOM

The clock on the floors starts to CHIME. Insistent. Syed and Masood stir. Syed stops the alarm.

They MOAN as they try to stand. Confused, they AD LIB Arabic. Their backpacks are heavy and they slump forward... Limbs shaky, they support each other.

The door opens easily...

EXT. FBI VAN

The smoke is visible from here. Activity picks up, police in motion. Helen and Derek try to stay out of the way.

FBI TECH

It's real close! Could be the library.

JEFF

Time to jam everything.

DEREK

We've got to be careful with that.

JEFF

(into radio)

Shut down the bands he's used.

HELEN

(to Derek)

My god, what if he's going to blow up a whole building?

Derek doesn't look too confident.

DEREK

We'll get him.

WILLIAMS

(into radio)

Alright, crowd control time. Let's keep it organized, not a stampede.

EXT. BALL STATE CAMPUS

The Eurocopter passes over the library.

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY

Syed and Masood leave the room behind. Outside light through a set of double doors. They grope the handles a few times and finally open it.

STAIRS

they climb upward to the sunshine...into the music plaza.

INT. BRACKEN LIBRARY/EXT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - MUSIC PLAZA

Seth sees Syed and Masood appear. Unnoticed yet by the crowd gripped by music or fear.

He watches through binoculars.

POLICE

try to guide the crowd away... People move forward to gawk at the smoking building.

SYED AND MASOOD

stumble forward almost comically, shoulder to shoulder, cables tying them to backpacks and to each other.

SYED

Help...help...

Syed, open-mouthed, walks away from Masood, aiming for an empty chair. The cable to Masood stretches out ten, fifteen feet....

SETH

watches the Arabs separate. He cheers out loud.

SYED

reaches to a CONCERT GOER (40s, female) for support and falls to the ground. The flap of his backpack is undone...

FAT GREEN MORTAR SHELLS

slide out of his pack. Concert Goer sees, and SCREAMS.

The band stops. Police draw weapons on Syed and Masood.

Both men collapse to the ground, waving their arms. Syed sees the mortar shells, very close.

SYED

No! Don't shoot, don't shoot!

DEREK AND JEFF

close in, both sighting down their rifles at the Arabs. FBI SWAT members follow. The Eurocopter hovers above.

DEREK

That's them!

THE CROWD

is collectively nuts now. It surges away from the Arabs and the cops pointing guns.

JEFF

Everyone out. Out!
(to cops)
Back off!

SETH

stops cheering.

SETH

Son. Of. A. Bitch.

DEREK

hesitates. Drops his rifle and runs to Syed.

JEFF

Wait for the team!

Derek looks at him: "too late." The others stay back in cover.

SYED AND MASOOD

are back on the ground, exhausted. Derek checks them over.

DEREK

(loud, to Jeff)

Need bolt cutters. Tied up with cables.

Jeff relays this.

DEREK

(to Syed and Masood)

Doing OK. Do you remember anything?

Syed smiles a bit. Shakes his head. Masood weeps.

Derek slowly traces wires...from plastic explosive on the shells' casing into a pocket of the backpack...

JEFF

What the hell, man! Get out!

DEREK

Only looking.

In the pocket, the leads connect to a modern smartphone.

DEREK

Cell phones!

Now Jeff moves in next to Derek.

JEFF

Already down.

Jeff helps search Masood. Same setup.

JEFF

He probably has a backup.

DEREK

I know. Why are they cabled together? Short-range. What would we do next?

He looks at both smartphones.

JEFF

Separate them. If bomb squad could only defuse one...

DEREK

Bluetooth.

He uses a pen to tap on one of the phones. Studies the display.

DEREK

There's an active link. Move out of range, thirty feet or so, boom.

Derek looks up. Sees an FBI SWAT guy with bolt cutters.

DEREK

Need those!

Derek gets the cutters, starts severing the backpack cables.

SETH

watches, agitated. He pulls a cube of plastic explosive from his bag, places it on the window...

Runs.

SETH'S WINDOW

explodes. The floor-to-ceiling panel disintegrates. Seth runs back in position, raises his rifle and SHOOTS.

DEREK

flinches from the explosion, keeps working... Syed is freed, Jeff helps him to crawl... Seth's fire chips into the concrete.

FBI SWAT

returns fire at Seth, who runs away from the window.

MASOOD

smiles weakly as Derek clips the last cable. Derek helps him walk, leaves the backpack bombs behind...

POLICE AND SWAT

take up positions around the library.

JEFF AND DEREK

collect themselves. Chief Williams joins them.

JEFF

Huge building. A lot to cover, and he's armed. Oughta seal it off.

DEREK

I am highly motivated.

Dylan runs up to Derek, Helen chases.

DEREK

You have to get back.

DYLAN

The tunnels! You said this guy works for facilities? He'll know about them. He could escape to any building.

WILLIAMS

Maintenance tunnels. Power lines, steam pipes. Could be right.

DEREK

How do you know?

Dylan clams up. Derek focuses on him.

DYLAN

I'll show you.

DEREK

Zero chance.

DYLAN

Spiral staircase down, turn left, then right. Steel door with no sign.

EXT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - ACCESS RAMP - CONTINUOUS

Derek and Jeff creep forward up a wide wheelchair ramp, a few FBI SWAT members nearby.

Jeff rushes up to a covering wall by the doors.

GUNFIRE comes from inside. Jeff is hit, falls.

SETH

crouches inside behind a table. He moves.

DEREK

fires covering bursts into the doors. FBI SWAT pull Jeff aside. Derek checks Jeff...hit in arm and shoulder.

The SWAT team carries Jeff back down the ramp.

Derek sees he'll be on his own.

DEREK

I'm going.

Jeff manages a nod through his pain.

Derek SMASHES more glass, unlocks a door. Enters the dark library. Ahead, a large concrete spiral staircase... He heads down.

INT. BRACKEN LIBRARY - BASEMENT

Derek rounds a corner. Steel door ahead, ajar, and a BODY.

The dead man's in work clothes, wears a heavy keychain on his belt. Shot in the chest.

Derek moves on into the tunnel. Insulation-wrapped pipes, cables, conduits stretch along the walls.

INT. TUNNELS

Derek moves fast, watches for Seth and wary of ambush. He passes a power vault full of humming transformers... and reaches the end of the lights.

Ahead, the tunnel is absolutely dark. He has no flashlight.

His rifle does. Up comes the scope and he sees

NIGHT VISION

the image is strange in the enclosed space. Derek moves carefully.

A bend is ahead... impression of a silhouette...

SETH

rolls a flash-bang down the tunnel. It DETONATES.

DEREK

is blinded, stumbles after the concussion.

He crawls forward, squints, until he recovers...

Overhead lights in the tunnel again. Derek jogs...

INT. ART BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Seth leaves the tunnel behind into a basement. He struggles to move, favoring one leg.

Approaches a staircase. Winces as he climbs.

DEREK

enters the same basement. He hears SCREAMS and then GUNSHOTS, above. Follows...

SECOND FLOOR

Derek looks down the hallway, sees broken glass.

ART GALLERY DOOR

made of glass, shot up by Seth. Derek peers through. Blood on the marble floor...

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Derek aims at Seth, who leans against a large sculpture, in pain. Hand bloodied... M1 Garand hanging from the other.

SETH

You don't know what's important.
You're not serious. That's what
your problem is.

DEREK

If I shoot you will I become a big
thinker?

SETH

We need unity to resist our enemies.
Remember? Months after we were hit
so hard. While New York burned we
could do anything.

DEREK

You killed real people.

SETH

You set up the innocent.

DEREK

Not for this.

SETH

You had your reasons.

DEREK

Appomattox Court House? What was
that? To revolt against the tyranny
of the Parks Service? Restart the
Civil War?

SETH

Lee was trained in the North, knew
their tactics. A man of principle.
Yet he fought to build a free country.

DEREK

Powered by slaves. He was reckless. He might've dragged out a victory, but he went for glory, big symbolic battles.

SETH

Well, nobody's perfect.

DEREK

You're far from a general. You're a criminal.

Seth stands, both hands on the rifle. One of his knees almost buckles. Turns away from Derek.

SETH

Damn knees. Kept me from official service. I tried my own way. Don't shoot me in the back, brother. Tell me you wouldn't do that.

DEREK

Drop it and I don't have to shoot.

Seth, with both hands, one dripping blood, raises the rifle above his head as if in surrender. Shuffles toward the front doors.

DEREK

Don't move! I will drop you.

SETH

The weak betray the good.

Derek moves in, ready to belt him with his rifle butt.

DEREK

Give it a rest.

But Derek's tired, too, and steps wrong, suddenly off-balance in the BLOOD on the marble floor... Seth swings the solid, wooden Garand with both arms...

Derek blocks with his own rifle but is knocked over.

EXT. ART GALLERY - TERRACE

Seth runs down steps and out onto the quadrangle lawn. People fleeing the other scene and the remaining Festival attendees stream through the area. They shout and flee from Seth...

DEREK

runs onto the terrace. He aims at Seth and FIRES a perfect shot, and another. Seth tumbles to the ground.

EXT. OLD QUADRANGLE - LATER

Derek drinks a soda. FBI and police roam, collecting evidence. Seth's body lies under a sheet.

Ray-Ban and Jenny load the body up. Derek walks to them.

DEREK

Do you know about the FBI agent?
Jeff Korvald?

JENNY

He's hurt but he's going to make it.
Pass-throughs.

RAY-BAN

My man, I saw the action, I see the
results. Damn sure wouldn't go hungry
in Kentucky.

DEREK

I'm not happy about it.

RAY-BAN

Mourn 'em too? I get that.

They're ready to go. Derek points to Ray-Ban's sunglasses.

DEREK

Aren't those Oakleys?

RAY-BAN

Yes sir, namesakes lost in the
sandbox. When nicknames stick,
they're stuck to your soul. The
soul's not negotiable.

They roll the body away. Derek turns to look around the Quadrangle: the Art Gallery, the trees, and people comforting each other.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Derek locks up. Mrs. Yamamoto drives up.

MRS. YAMAMOTO

I have your refund! Sorry you're
not staying.

DEREK

No, please keep it.

MRS. YAMAMOTO

You sure? I'm so happy, my Kyoko is
getting married. Maybe I'll sell it
and move to Boston at last.

DEREK
Congratulations. Good luck.

She sways, almost dancing.

MRS. YAMAMOTO
Say goodbye to Muncie!

Derek's bike is in the Ford's trunk, secured with bungee cords. He drives away.

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Helen opens the door. They hug for a long, uneasy moment.

HELEN
What's next?

DEREK
That's a bigger question than usual.

HELEN
There is something here...

DEREK
There is.

HELEN
I have to say this now, or I won't be able to deal. With myself.

DEREK
I can take it.

HELEN
Don't you feel like you chose the wrong job?

DEREK
The wrong rules.

HELEN
Yeah.

DEREK
I have to get some things over with.

HELEN
I have classes to work on, committed for the whole year. Can't leave. I'll be right here.

DEREK
I think I'll be on the road.

HELEN
Maybe something random will happen.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - NIGHT

Derek passes everything in sight. The bike's wheel hangs from the Ford's trunk and spins in the slipstream.

A WAILING sound behind. Flashing lights. Derek pulls over.

A trim Trooper walks smartly towards Derek's window. Leans down. The same State Trooper Derek met earlier.

STATE TROOPER

License and registration, please,
sir. You were traveling at a high
rate of speed. Dangerous at night.

Before Derek hands over his wallet, the Trooper gets it. He points his flashlight and takes an extra look...

STATE TROOPER

Welcome back to Ohio, maggot! You
have a credential. You do not have
a credential authorizing you to kill
people on my roads!

AD LIB a searing rant from State Trooper, now a full-on drill instructor of contempt. His hat wags, his finger stabs and his flashlight blinds Derek, who starts to cry.

FADE OUT.