

M I L I T I A

by

Henry Dunham

UTA

310.273.6700

Madhouse Entertainment

310.587.2200

HARD CUT IN:

EXT. GRAYLING MICHIGAN, FOREST - DAY

The wind breathes through a suffocating forest in the fall. We stalk through the decaying trees. The mud. The dead leaves.

We come to a hill top. The wind sifts the dead leaves to the right, the left. One area staying still as the wind unearths:

A MAN. Lying prone on the hilltop in decaying leaf camouflage. A Bolt-action RIFLE propped and aimed at a DEER near a stream. We come in close on his eye as it looks through the scope...

We hear a single GUNSHOT sound out in the far away distance. Low pitched. Fading out like a breath. His eye doesn't flinch.

He categorizes the sound of the gunshot, then fires.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - LATER

A bloody DEER HOOF leaks out from under a fluttering blue tarp in the bed of a '91 CHEVY PICK-UP as the truck winds through the forest. The man's shadow in the driver seat.

EXT. TRAILER IN THE WOODS - EVENING

The Chevy pick-up parked next to it. Wet FIREWOOD in stacks. A detached, rusted generator. Laundry lines and chicken wire.

The DEAD DEER hangs from a rope draped over a tree branch. The blood stained blue tarp on the ground under its body.

The man skins the deer. We see him now as he works. Long, greasy hair. Stubble. Sunken eyes that don't know sleep.

Another low pitched GUNSHOT in the distance. Like a single fracture in some Arctic iceberg. Hollow, deep and thundering.

The man recognizes and acknowledges his sonic acquaintance.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

An OLD TV plays a black and white re-run. A ceiling mapped with water stains. A BED pressed against a wall with warped wood panelling. One CHAIR. One TABLE. Each coated in dishes. Cans. Newspapers. Each cheaper than the last.

The man sears meat on an electric plug-in stove. He sits in the lone chair, cuts a piece of meat, lifts it to his mouth...

Three fast, loud, high pitched GUNSHOTS sound out in the distance. Different from the others...Automatic.

His hand stops.

EXT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The man RUSHES outside and stares out into the dark forest that engulfs him. We push into the blackness and listen...

The high-pitched GUNFIRE continues in the distance. Escalating in tempo like rain on a canvas tent roof. Accelerating.

The GUNFIRE CHORUS reaches its crescendo, when three harsh, THUNDEROUS SOUNDS erupt in the distance. Explosions.

And then silence. The reverb of the assault dissolves into the wind like an apparition.

The man stays still. Eyes focused on the soundless woods. Alarm in his eyes. Bordering dread. He knows what he heard.

This is **GANNON(40)**.

INT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The man pulls a cardboard box from a closet. Tears it open:

A folded POLICE UNIFORM. PICTURE FRAMES. A KEVLAR VEST. A PAIR OF BLACK-TOE SHOES, and a CB RADIO. He pulls the CB out. Plugs it into the wood wall's open electrical socket. His finger trembles as he reaches toward it, turns it on...

POLICE PATROLMAN (V.O.)
-CONFIRM SHOTS FIRE- ON -CER -ERAL, -
MULTIPLE DOWN, WILCOX ROAD, -EDIMATE -
DISTANCE REQUEST. OVER.

A police scanner. Gannon squints as he tries to make out the words from the SHRILL, SCRATCHY voice...

DISPATCH (V.O.)
*Oscar Bravo thirty-two, say again,
please...*

POLICE PATROLMAN (V.O.)
I REPEAT, MULTIP- DOWN. -EAVILY ARMED
GUNMEN OPENED FIRE ON -AL, ALL
ADDITIONAL- MED EVAC -MMEDIATELY-

It cuts out. Static. A cell phone RINGS on a nearby table. He looks to it. 'OLSEN...' He answers.

GANNON

I heard it.

OLSEN (V.O.)

Time you got?

Gannon checks his watch. 5:21 p.m.

GANNON

Five-twenty-one.

OLSEN (V.O.)

Get to the safe house by five-thirty.

Olsen hangs up. Gannon scrolls the phone's address book to a name we don't see. He calls...

Gannon's eyes twitch with fear as each ring leads to nothing. No answer. He hangs up, then composes a text:

'CALL ME.'

Gannon moves his camo hunting jacket off the coat rack to reveal a green waxed cotton military jacket. Puts it on.

He looks at a DUFFEL BAG next to the chair. Unzips it:

A document protector. Birth certificate. Passport. Sleeping bag. Hand warmers. Knife. First-Aid Kit. A SURVIVAL PACK.

His hand stops on an item. He pulls it out: a SIG SAUER P226. Checks the clip. Loaded. Tucks it in the back of his jeans.

He zips the duffel and picks it up.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

We follow Gannon's truck through the forest road like a firefly in the night. A ghost in an uninhabited woodland.

INT. GANNON'S TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Gannon pulls his phone out. Lights it up. 'INBOX: 0.'

His eyes sharpen, then rise to see the road sign:

'CROSS CREEK.'

He turns.

EXT. CROSS CREEK LUMBER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A MASSIVE warehouse in darkness. Two FORKLIFTS parked outside it. Then a single exterior LIGHT turns on and shows...

A man. Standing outside. Silhouetted in shadow. A hand raised, he lowers it after activating the outdoor MOTION SENSOR light.

Gannon's truck pulls up. He gets out and approaches the man. Sturdy. Built. Green military jacket. **OLSEN(41)**.

GANNON

Well?

Olsen checks his watch. 5:31. He nods back to the warehouse.

OLSEN

Inside.

Gannon follows Olsen through the door. Shuts it tight.

The motion light stays on a moment. Then clicks out.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE/MAIN AISLE - NIGHT

A dilapidated lumber warehouse. Aluminum corrugated walls. AISLES of LUMBER stacked high. A single line of industrial lights hang from the ceiling. Some work. Most don't.

Gannon follows Olsen down the main lumber aisle toward the warehouse center and notices the EMPTY main area...

GANNON

The others?

OLSEN

On their way.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

They get to the center of the warehouse, standing between aisles like miniatures in some massive archaic timber library. Eight CHAIRS form a circle in the center of the room. Olsen sets his duffel down. Turns to Gannon.

OLSEN

About thirty minutes ago a gunman opened fire on a group of people in Grayling. I don't know who. I don't know where. I don't know why. All I know is the gun was automatic.

GANNON

News didn't say what he shot up?

OLSEN

'Public shooting.' 'A lot of fatalities.' That's all so far--

A SQUEAL of car brakes from outside. Gannon looks to the entrance. The hushed sound of a car door opening and closing.

Through the set of loading bay windows, we see the exterior of the warehouse LIGHT up. The motion light outside...

The door opens...**BECKMANN(34)**. Dark, parted hair. Glasses. Methodical. Two PACKS on his shoulder and back as he enters. Gannon sees him, *then takes his phone out...*'INBOX: 0'

BECKMANN

Did they figure out whose it was?

OLSEN

Whose *what* was?

BECKMANN

A man walked out of the woods with an automatic weapon and started shooting at a *funeral* at Wilcox cemetery. Do they know whose yet?

The motion light goes out. Gannon's eyes flinch once he registers what Beckmann said...

GANNON

Shooting was on a *funeral*?

BECKMANN

That's what I said.

That information reverberates like a gunshot when...

The loading bay windows LIGHT up. Gannon's head jerks toward the opening door. **MORRIS(52)**. Shaved head. Goatee.

Gannon doesn't acknowledge him. He sends another text:

MORRIS (O.S.)

He got away. The shooter got away.

'CALL ME. NOW...'

BECKMANN

He didn't kill himself?

MORRIS

No.

OLSEN

Th' fuck's that got to do with anything?

BECKMANN

Public shooters usually realize how bad they fucked up once they finish. Then they realize the solution to that feeling is still in their hand--

GANNON

Doesn't matter. He's alive.

OLSEN

(to Morris)

It's a safe bet the cops have no idea where the shooter is?

MORRIS

Still searching the area. Helicopters. Ground units. Dogs. Door to door.

BECKMANN

There's still enough leaves in the tree to give him cover from heli units. Dogs can't pick scent up in--

The door BANGS open. **HUBBEL(60)** Slovenly. Mountain man survivalist. Gannon looks at him. Then again, BEHIND him as if expecting more...

OLSEN

What do you know?

Every word from Hubbel sounds like gravel being raked.

HUBBEL

Guy walked out of the woods. Opened fire on a funeral with an AR-15.

Their faces drop.

OLSEN

What?

HUBBEL

An AR-15 assault rifle. Body Armor. Grenades. Flashbangs. IED's planted on the surrounding headstones. Military grade everything.

MORRIS

Lot of firepower for a bunch of mourners.

GANNON

We confident on the AR-15 part?

HUBBEL

Heard it on the news.

BECKMANN

I don't think the news knows AR-15's off the rack are semi-auto. The gunfire was automatic. I heard it.

GANNON

Then it's safe to assume you heard a modified AR-15.

BECKMANN

Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't...

(motions to the room)

we the only ones who have those?

Beat. Gannon stays focused on the DOOR as the others bicker...

OLSEN

AR's are legal. Auto kits are gettable. Doesn't mean anythi-

HUBBEL

--Wasn't just a funeral either.

(beat)

Was a cop's.

Every man in the room feels that information like an earthquake. Gannon turns to Hubbel. His attention focused.

GANNON

What?

HUBBEL

Cop funeral. Cops in attendance.

OLSEN

They know what the losses are?

HUBBEL

IED shrapnel took out most of them. More departing at Saint Joseph's.

Gannon blinks like he can no longer distinguish nightmare from reality. His hand SHAKES as he takes out his PHONE...

OLSEN

This *boring* you, Gannon?

Gannon's eyes rise up. The men STARE at him...

The DOOR opens, without the exterior light turning on. Gannon looks...**KEATING(26)**. Sinewy. Big eyes. No words out of him...

OLSEN (CONT'D)
You hear anything, Keating?

No reaction. We're not sure if Keating's deaf, mute, or dumb.

MORRIS
Let's not waste time waiting for
'Chief' to have his first words.

The windows LIGHT up. Gannon looks to the door. No movement. The militia men stare at the lit exterior windows. Waiting...

The door CREAKS open. **NOAH(29)**. Thin. Shaken. Long dirty hair combed to the side.

Gannon stares at him. Trying to hide the relief in his eyes, the world taken off his shoulders. We hear him BREATHE for the first time. Gannon NODS at Noah. Noah NODS back...

OLSEN
You look like shit.

Noah speaks, uncertain of every word he says.

NOAH
(checks himself)
Sorry. But, um, they...they're sayin'
the shooter on the cop funeral was,
was a militia man.

The air sucks out of the room. Gannon's eyes shut almost like he was waiting for it. Disappointed by the inevitable.

OLSEN
And how the fuck did they ID him as
that?

GANNON
Doesn't matter how they ID'd him.

OLSEN
Oh no?

GANNON
Matters that they announced it.

Gannon looks around the silent room. Men in green military jackets. Duffels. Combat boots. The archetypical militia.

BECKMANN

So a *militia man* just shot up an entire *police funeral* and now the remaining cops and inevitable military reinforcements are searching for...us.

NOAH

Yeah, that's what they said.

HUBBEL

Then...we shouldn't let that happen.

BECKMANN

Well put, Hubbel. So we?

OLSEN

We leave. Pack the fuck up.

GANNON

It's too late.

OLSEN

What?

GANNON

Cops know militia's got presence in the area so they'll stack checkpoints on the highway. Probably did it ten minutes after the first gunshot. Then a call gets made to the Guard, reinforcements get sent, and an underfunded police force with not enough cops or cars to put them in turns into a decent sized army with military gear and not enough *lumber warehouses* to check.

HUBBEL

Call the cops. Say we didn't do--

GANNON

They come here, find a militia with automatics, explosives and armor piercing rounds. We're a militant group with intent. Each of us does twenty years.

OLSEN

So you got an idea or did you just want to complain out loud?

GANNON

Only option we got is hole up. Stay put, right here.

MORRIS

'Til when *boss*?

GANNON

'Til they find the shooter.

(beat)

Who's got their phone?

Every member reaches in their pockets. Holds theirs up.

GANNON (CONT'D)

It's standard practice to check out every member of any militia. Guarantee they've got a trace on each of your numbers and will try to track signals.

OLSEN

Batteries out. Now.

Each member removes theirs. Olsen points to a TRASH BIN. They toss the batteries in. Gannon follows suit. Then...

MORRIS

Why don't we follow up?

Beat.

GANNON

Why don't we follow *what* up?

MORRIS

Hit the cops. Go to the precinct big and noisy. Roll 'em over.

Silence. Gannon focused on Morris, assessing his sincerity.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

We knew this would happen. Now it is. So why wouldn't we join in--

OLSEN

--We're not attacking the cops 'cause I'm not starting a fucking war. End of discussion.

Olsen stares at Morris until he recedes like a scolded dog.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

We need to clear the armory. Anything that could tie us to the shooting. Get it to the incinerator. Let's go.

The militia men start down an aisle. Olsen turns to Beckmann.

OLSEN (CONT'D)
 You can convert the CB radio over to
 airwave signal, right?

BECKMANN
 Right.

OLSEN
 And cops can't trace that, right?

Beckmann nods.

OLSEN (CONT'D)
 Do it. Get to the comm office and
 call the other militias near here.

BECKMANN
 And tell them what exactly?

OLSEN
 Tell them we didn't do it.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE AISLE NUMBER ONE - MOMENTS LATER

The militia moves down the aisle toward a large vault door.
 Gannon follows close behind, his eyes stay locked on NOAH...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An old vault door with an updated key pad. Gannon and Noah
 stand behind the militia. Olsen enters a code into the pad.
 The door opens, fluorescent LIGHTS switch on as we enter...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

An ad hoc armory. Bullets. Body armor. Camouflage. Grenades.
 First aid. Canned food and jugs of water. A doomsday paradise.

The men unroll duffel bags from their lockers and pack as
 much of what's in them into the bags.

Gannon steps to a set of metal blinds, puts a key into a
 lock and turns. Pulls down on the chain and raises the blinds.

A line of twenty-five automatic AR-15 rifles.

Each marked with a duct tape number, '1' through '25.'

Gannon grabs '1' and puts it in a duffel. '2'.'3'. His eyes
 hit the end of the gun row. He stops. We see it...

'18'...

Gone.

GANNON

One's missing.

The men freeze. Olsen looks over Gannon's shoulder and sees the MISSING AR-15. Turns to the room.

OLSEN

Who's got eighteen?

The militia members trade glances with one another. Frozen. Olsen looks back at Gannon, motions to a chest next to the weapons rack. Gannon opens it: a pile of kevlar vests...

OLSEN (CONT'D)

How many?

GANNON

One less than we're supposed to.

OLSEN

Grenades?

Gannon looks over the militia. Trying to find an even halfway guilty expression on one of the men's faces.

GANNON

Safe to assume we're several short.

All remain stone faced.

OLSEN

One of you did it. Man the fuck up and say you did, or I'm gonna radio the cops and give them our location.

Gannon watches Olsen, gauging his sincerity.

MORRIS

What the fuck, Olsen?

OLSEN

If I don't give up who did this and the cops find us, they'll kill everyone here. Do not think I'm fucking with you.

(to Morris)

Where were you?

MORRIS

McNeil's bar. Left twenty minutes ago.

OLSEN
Got a bill?

MORRIS
Paid cash. Left the tip.

Morris hears how guilty he sounds. Olsen lets him. Turns to Hubbel...

OLSEN
Where were you?

HUBBEL
On a hunt.

OLSEN
Prove it.

HUBBEL
There's a still warm eight point buck in my truck bed.

OLSEN
(to Keating)
Where were you? Fuckin' sign or something.

Nothing. Olsen turns to Noah. Asks with his eyes.

NOAH
I was at the range. The guy working sold me like, a hundred rounds maybe about thirty minutes ago. I mean, he's probably still there.

Olsen looks out at the militia, waiting for one of them to give any indication of guilt, when we hear...

MORRIS (O.S.)
And you?

We see Morris, talking to...Gannon.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
How do we know it's not you?

Olsen directs his attention at Gannon. Gannon watches Morris.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
How're we sure this isn't some fucked up 'ex-cop attacks his own' shit?

The militia STARES at Gannon. An ex-cop.

GANNON

I was hunting. Truck's outside.

MORRIS

So's mine. So what?

GANNON

I'm not gonna prove my innocence to you-

OLSEN

Answer the question.

Gannon peers at Olsen, having realized the suspicion on him has gone from ridiculous to sincere. He turns back to Morris.

GANNON

I'm assuming you've hunted once in your life and know that kill bleeds out in the truck bed. Go look in mine and you'll see a pool of blood I haven't hosed yet.

MORRIS

Both you and Hubbel have dead game in your truck? Little convenient?

GANNON

It's deer season. So, no.

MORRIS

Then what's your point? You're not a suspect cause your *car's covered in blood*?

GANNON

'Cause the blood isn't *dry*.

(beat)

If I was gonna kill a bunch of cops and then come back here, it'd probably be 'cause I didn't want to get caught, and if I didn't want to get caught I wouldn't have left a bunch of *blood* in my bed, and if I wanted to kill a bunch of *cops* and get away with it, why would I put a bunch of dead ones in my truck bed?

Beat. The point lands with Olsen. Morris scrambles to keep the spotlight on Gannon.

MORRIS

Doesn't mean you didn't do that to cover up-

Olsen bristles...

OLSEN

Enough.--

BECKMANN

Wait, how do we know some tweaker
didn't break in and steal the gun?

NOAH

(sincere)

Well, it's locked.

Morris stays on it...

MORRIS

It makes perfect sense. An ex-cop
hermit livin in the woods, snaps--

OLSEN

--That's enough.--

MORRIS

--And all of a sudden there's a
shooting and his bullshit cover is
he's hunting--

OLSEN

--I said that's *enough*--

MORRIS

--And we're the ones left finding a
reason to explain why the fuck we
even let him in here in the fucking
first plac--

OLSEN

--Because four militia's went down
in the past four fucking *years* by
infiltrating U.C's, and their main
interrogator...

(re Gannon)

The *only* one who could smell an
undercover cop and keep us clean,
let's me not have to worry about
that. Now unless you have something
to say that's of *any* use, would you
mind shutting the fuck up?

Quiet. Morris backs down.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

No one's going anywhere until I find
out who did it.

BECKMANN

All right. How...are you planning on doing that?

Olsen turns around to Gannon...

OLSEN

You're gonna question them.

Gannon tightens up. The room looks at him in silence. Morris stifles a laugh. Then sees the sincerity on Olsen's face.

GANNON

What?

OLSEN

The only option we got is proving that we are innocent. That tonight was a *lone gunman*.

GANNON

And if I say no?

OLSEN

Then all of us are going to war just 'cause one of us is out of his mind.

Gannon surveys the members in the room. The standing militia. He lands on NOAH. Scrutinizing.

GANNON

I need a baseline.

INT. OLSEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gannon sits in a chair opposite Morris in a small, single fluorescent lit office room. Just the two of them.

GANNON

Height?

Morris sits there STARING at Gannon. Hate in his eyes.

MORRIS

Fuck you.

Gannon watches Morris's posture. His hand gestures.

GANNON

Weight?

MORRIS

Fuck you.

GANNON
Did you do it, Morris?

Morris's POINTER FINGER FIDGETS. Barely. Gannon sees it.

MORRIS
Fuck. You.

GANNON
What state do you live in?

JUMP CUT:

HUBBEL. In the chair opposite Gannon.

HUBBEL
Michigan.

GANNON
How tall are you?

HUBBEL
Five-eight.

Gannon eyeballs him. Hubbel is at least six-three.

GANNON
When's the last time you measured
yourself?

HUBBEL
Mrs. Wilson's class.

JUMP CUT:

KEATING now sits across from Gannon. Silent.

GANNON
When's your birthday, Keating?

Keating remains SILENT. Gannon gets nothing from him.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Did you do it, Keating?

Keating's LEFT EYELID barely flinches...

GANNON (CONT'D)
Where were you before this?

NOAH (O.S.)
I was at the range.

JUMP CUT:

NOAH. In the chair opposite Gannon. His tone, noticeably, a little more sure of himself...

GANNON

What time you get there?

NOAH

I don't know, 4:30 maybe? I didn't look at the clock.

GANNON

Why didn't you respond to my text?

NOAH

I didn't have my phone, Gannon.

GANNON

Does anyone in this militia know you're a cop?

Noah looks up. FEAR in his eyes...

FLASHCUT-

A younger, cleaner Gannon stands with Noah. Both of them smiling in a picture...

In police uniforms.

BACK TO:

NOAH

I don't...I don't know.

Noah keeps from crumbling under the weight of his uncertainty. We now see him shed a bit of his uncertain demeanor with Gannon. Gannon stays matter of fact. Level. Honest and calm.

GANNON

Are there any others inside?

NOAH

Any other what?

GANNON

Any other *moles* in this *militia*?

NOAH

I don't know, I don't think so. But I don't know for sure. I don't know where anyone is, or what the hell happened--

GANNON

Relax.

NOAH

I am relaxed.

No he isn't. Gannon reaches into his pocket. Pulls out another CELL PHONE. Noah's eyes LIGHT up.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Wait, what are you, what are you doing? You can't have that--

GANNON

It's a burner, it's off. But when I turn it on--

NOAH

--You can't do that--

GANNON

--The signal's gonna get traced and the cops'll be here in ten minutes--

NOAH

--Yeah but Gannon, don't--

GANNON

I'm gonna turn it on. I'm gonna call the cops. And I'm gonna tell them you did it.

Beat.

NOAH

What? What are you talking about?

GANNON

Giving you up gets you out of here.

NOAH

But--

GANNON

--I don't care. If the cops wanted to send you in here like some bet, keeping an eye on a fucking backwoods militia, then they can take a loss. I'm sending you back to them, and once you're out, you get confirmed with your superior as undercover. Okay?

Noah's face visibly quakes at the mention of his superior. Gannon puts his thumb on the POWER BUTTON of the cell phone...

NOAH

Wait, wait, wait. Stop--

GANNON
--Noah, we don't have time to--

NOAH
--He was there.

Gannon's thumb stops...

GANNON
Who?

NOAH
Marlowe. My superior. The only guy
who knew I was undercover. They said
his name over the radio.
(beat)
He was at the funeral. He's gone.
You turn me over to them and they'll
kill me just like they would you. I
can't go back.

Gannon's face DROPS. He looks down at the phone's power
button. Takes a deep breath and nods. Puts the phone away.

GANNON
Did he have a second in command?

NOAH
Yeah. At the 47th precinct. Kowalski.

GANNON
You have a distress call if you needed
extraction?

NOAH
'Hotel Charlie Echo.' You just call
and say it twice.

GANNON
And would Kowalski know that?

NOAH
I don't know. I don't know if Marlowe
told Kowalski stuff like that.

GANNON
It's worth a shot.
(beat)
Whoever did it, I'm going to find
out. I'm going to prove it and I'm
going to get you out of here. No
matter what. You got it?

Noah can barely say it. Eyes are full.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Gimme a nod.

Almost against his will, Noah nods.

GANNON (CONT'D)

There ya go.

NOAH

Make sure they confess on tape
somehow. Otherwise we'll have nothing.

GANNON

I know what I'm doin'.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gannon stands in front of the militia members. Each one awaits his words like a sentencing. Olsen stares at Gannon, waiting.

GANNON

I got it down to two.

OLSEN

Then pick two.

Gannon looks at MORRIS...

GANNON

Him.

MORRIS

This a fuckin' joke right? I've been
standing here this whole fuckin'
time and you're gonna start tellin'
me what I'm--

GANNON

-If you got nothin' to hide, got
nothin' to worry about.

OLSEN

Okay. You said 'two.'

Gannon switches to: *KEATING*. The militia looks at the mute.

GANNON

Keating.

MORRIS

The fucking *mute*?

Gannon looks at Beckmann...

GANNON

Take Morris to the basement. Tie him to a chair.

Beckmann moves to Morris...

MORRIS

Put a hand on me and I'm gonna pull you in by it and crush your skull.

Beckmann stops. Looks back at Gannon.

BECKMANN

Can someone else do this?

Gannon pulls the SIG SAUER from the back of his jeans. Hands it to Hubbel.

GANNON

Stay ten feet behind him. Keep it aimed at his chest in case he turns.

Morris looks at Gannon. FUMING. Turns and walks toward the BASEMENT DOOR. Hubbel follows Morris, ten feet behind him, GUN POINTED at his chest. Gannon turns his gaze to Keating...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Make this easy on me, Keating.

Keating sits in one of the eight chairs. Makes no fuss. Gannon grabs ROPE from an aisle's end. Begins TYING him to the chair.

OLSEN

(to Beckmann)

And take Noah out back.

Gannon STOPS tying. Looks at Noah. Then turns to Olsen...

GANNON

I didn't say Noah.

Noah looks BACK AND FORTH between Gannon and Olsen. His uncertain demeanor back and heightened...

NOAH

But, but I was at the range. I said earlier I was at the range--

OLSEN

--Yeah, I thought about that. Except the range is twenty minutes away. You got here ten minutes after I called you. So where were you?

NOAH

I was at the range. I swear.

Gannon turns to Olsen. Seeing there's no way around this.

GANNON

You sure about this?

OLSEN

You really in the position to be questioning me, Gannon?

Gannon can only stare down Olsen for so long without attempting to usurp his authority. Olsen looks to BECKMANN...

OLSEN (CONT'D)

When you're done, rig the thermal lamp outside. Need eyes on the road.

BECKMANN

Got it. Does that foreman of yours still fish? Would his gear be here?

OLSEN

Does that really matter right now?

BECKMANN

I can hack a fish finder to pick up radio signals. We'd know if anyone with a CB is coming near us. Like...a cop for example.

OLSEN

Check his office.

Beckmann takes Noah toward the back door..

GANNON

Wait...

Beckmann STOPS. Gannon hands Beckmann a piece of PAPER.

GANNON (CONT'D)

When you're on the CB, if you hear 'Kowalski' come in on the radio...

(re: paper)

You say that to him. Twice. He's an old friend.

Beckmann reads the paper. Then looks up at Gannon.

BECKMANN

And this means...?

Gannon stares right into Beckmann.

GANNON

It means I've got the situation under control, and stand down. Now.

Beckmann looks at Olsen for approval. Olsen nods. Noah stares at Gannon. Gannon nods barely at him.

Beckmann nods, then takes Noah toward the OUTSIDE DOOR. Olsen stands next to Gannon. Stares right into him.

OLSEN

Get goin'.

Gannon turns to the open BASEMENT door. Pitch BLACKNESS. He looks back at Olsen...

GANNON

Anybody got a tape recorder?

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

A massive basement. LACQUER BARRELS, TOOL CHESTS and FORKLIFT TIRES line the walls. Broken fluorescents on the ceiling. Rows of cathedral like PILLARS and support beams hold up the warehouse floor above. In the CENTER of the room:

Morris sits in an aluminum chair. Hands TIED.

We follow Gannon down the stairs. Hubbel waits at the bottom.

GANNON

You carry that deer to your truck on your own?

Hubbel nods.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Then carry it down here.

Gannon starts toward Morris. Hubbel watches a moment, then ascends the stairs.

Morris's eyes TWITCH with rage as Gannon approaches. Closer and closer. Hate BUILDING behind his pupils with every step.

Gannon gets to Morris. Stands over him. Asserting dominance. The two of them locked in a stare like DOGS in a underground fight, held back by nothing but a RIPPING leash...

Gannon then nods like Morris just finished his audition.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Hey.

His tone switched completely. Casual. EASY.

GANNON (CONT'D)

How ya doin'?

Morris taken aback by the subversion.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Sorry 'bout this.

(motions to room)

Had to bring you down here 'cause I think it's Keating.

Gannon sits in the chair opposite Morris like an old friend. Relaxes. Morris can't tell if this is a ploy or genuine.

GANNON (CONT'D)

If I don't have Keating relaxed and thinking he's gonna get away with this, I don't have him.

MORRIS

Then why the fuck am I still tied to a chair?

GANNON

Has to feel like I really interrogated you before I get to him.

Morris stays still, his eyes DARTING around the room as if waiting for an explosion that hasn't gone off just yet.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Oh, one sec.

Gannon stands, walks to a SHELVING UNIT on a nearby wall. Gallon jugs of different CLEANING SOLUTIONS. LACQUERS. DISINFECTANTS. He chooses three distinct JUGS. Calls out:

GANNON (CONT'D)

You good? Hubbel tie the rope too tight? That shit'll fuck your circulation if you don't speak up.

Morris shakes his head 'no.'

GANNON (CONT'D)

I'd take it off, but need to keep up appearances if somebody comes down.

Gannon takes three JUGS and a pair of all purpose RUBBER GLOVES off the shelf. He walks back to Morris and sits. Morris looks at the items but says nothing.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Cops deserved it if you ask me.

No reaction from Morris.

GANNON (CONT'D)
I knew it when I was one. That someone would snap on us. That someone would do something like this.

MORRIS
Ticking clock.

GANNON
I mean, I still remember what you said to me the night I joined. After you found out I used to be a cop.

Knowing full well what he said to Gannon, Morris dodges.

MORRIS
'M sure I probably said a lot--

GANNON
You said, '*one day someone's gonna snap on you people and kill every last one of you. And I might just do it myself.*'

MORRIS
Pretty good memory you got.

GANNON
Pretty memorable thing to say.

MORRIS
Tellin' me I'm the only one thinking that at a *militia* meeting?

GANNON
No. Not a single person here doesn't feel that way.

MORRIS
Including you?

GANNON
Including me.

MORRIS
But I'm sitting *here*, and you're sitting *there*.

GANNON

Because the hypothetical situation
you threatened me with a year ago
happened tonight.

Morris SQUINTS. Nods once. Understanding Gannon's true intent.

MORRIS

So we're not just keeping up
appearances then, are we?

Gannon REACHES into his pocket. Pulls out a TAPE RECORDER.
Already on. Already recording. Puts it down between them.

Then shakes his head.

GANNON

No.

BANG. The door to the basement OPENS. Hubbel comes down...

Dragging a DEAD DEER behind him. Morris looks over as Hubbel
drags it over toward them. Gannon doesn't miss a beat.

MORRIS

This the part where you ask me why I
hate cops so much?

GANNON

Ten years ago you took a psych eval
after your discharge from the corps
that showed fear of authoritative
figures due to an abusive father. I
know why. Do you?

Morris is taken aback by his personal knowledge. Hubbel gets
to them, the DEAD BUCK now lies next to Morris and Gannon.

Gannon nods at Hubbel. Hubbel looks at the two of them, zero
understanding of what's transpiring. He leaves.

GANNON (CONT'D)

The truth is, my job is to profile.

MORRIS

What a fuckin' shock.

Gannon stands, takes the FIRST JUG, and POURS IT ON THE BUCK.

GANNON

So for the sake of the situation at
hand and our lack of time, let's
just assume you're the shooter.

Gannon sizes Morris up.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Late forties, early fifties. I don't see a clover tattoo so I'll assume ex-aryan, but it doesn't matter. You look the part we'll let you play it.

Gannon begins pouring the SECOND JUG on the buck...

GANNON (CONT'D)

So like anyone in the seat of the accused you got two options: Confession or denial. Difference with *you* is if you confess to *me*, right here right now, I'll get on that radio upstairs and call it out to the news. It'll be public. It's known. You get to go to jail. Cause in a case such as yours, jail isn't punishment. It's defense.

Gannon does the same with the THIRD JUG. Morris notices, STEAM coming off the buck...Almost SMOKING.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Because if you don't confess to *me*, right here right now, the cops will find you. Sure as water's wet and time ticks, they will catch you. And when they do you won't go to trial. You won't go to jail. You will be tortured within an inch of your fuckin' life. And when they're done they're gonna make you disappear. No one's gonna know your name, no one's gonna know why you did it and no one's gonna say you're a martyr. You're gonna be who everybody asks '*what the fuck happened to him?*'
(swipes his hand)
Nothin'.

Morris fidgets as he realizes the deer is in an accelerated decomposition. He tries to recover his front...

MORRIS

So all you got is something I said to you, what, one night? A year ago? That's what's got you so sure I did it?

(beat)

You got no evidence.

GANNON

Like the fact that you live thirty minutes away but got here in fifteen?

MORRIS

And?

GANNON

Exact distance as Wilcox cemetery.

MORRIS

So? Doesn't mean I came from home--

GANNON

Or that you're connected with the Jackson Aryan Brotherhood responsible for six cop murders in the past three years?

MORRIS

Doesn't mean I did those hits--

GANNON

Or that you have military history dismantling Improvised Explosive Devices in Iraq.

MORRIS

Dismantling. Not making.

GANNON

Best way to learn how to make something is learn how to take it apart. An affinity for assault rifles, and an admission to me, an ex cop, a year prior to the attack that you'd carry one out *exactly* like tonight's?

(beat)

Evidence isn't a question. I've seen people disappear over a lot less.

Morris blinks. Tries not to look over at the DEER, as it gets down to MUSCLE AND TISSUE.

GANNON (CONT'D)

So. Again. You see what happens to you if you deny this. You become a stain on a basement floor. So confirm my hunch, and I'll help you avoid that.

Morris looks at him long and hard. His eyes considering. Gannon waits to hear the reason...

MORRIS

If I was gonna admit anything...

Gannon awaits Morris's conditions...

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 You really think I'd admit it to
 you? Some fucking, hermit, *ex-cop*?

GANNON
 Who would a *hillbilly, ex-Aryan bro*
 feel more comfortable around?

Morris readjusts himself almost like seeing an escape route.

MORRIS
 And *if* I did it, *why* would I have
 done it?

GANNON
 A.B.'s blood in, blood out.

Morris doesn't respond. The CRACKLING sound of the
 DECOMPOSITION hitting the bone structure of the dead buck.

GANNON (CONT'D)
 And if you had the balls to drop
 out, I bet they never left you alone.
 And those guys don't threaten with
 death. They threaten going to work
 on you. Your friends. People you
 love.
 (beat)
 And I bet you'd go to some extremes
 to stop them. Like attacking the
 people the Brotherhood hates most
 just to get busted back into Jackson.
 And their good graces. It's a credit
 act. Seen it a million times before.

Morris's face changes, like Gannon's hit a nerve. Thinking
 on the reasons Gannon listed, almost looking scared. Then...

MORRIS
 You fuckin' serious?

Gannon's eyes SHARPEN at that.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 Am I the fuckin', moron *ex-Aryan bro*
 who's lookin' to get busted back
 into prison? You really, that's the
 best you really got?

Gannon sits back. Crosses his arms. EVALUATING...

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 (sarcastic)
 Sure. Yeah. That's it.
 (MORE)

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 I'm...I'm fuckin' *scared*, man. I'm
 fuckin' spooked.

Gannon still watches. Waiting...

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 They're gonna kill me, bro. Even
 though I'm still friends with every
 one of them, but yeah...I'm terrified.

Gannon still watches...

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 Can, can you please help me? Please,
 officer? No one cares about me and I
 don't care about *anyone anymore*--

GANNON
 --*There it is. 'Anymore'*.

Gannon SMILES. Morris just got interesting. Morris's eyes
 TWITCH like he just showed his hand...

GANNON (CONT'D)
 There's something I can't figure out
 about you--

MORRIS
 --I don't give a fuck--

GANNON
 --I know. You're a hardass, and you
 can't care about anything cause then
 you're not a hardass anymore.
 (beat)
 But in knowing your timeline, even
 pre-Aryan if I can call it that, you
 had all these priors. Armed robbery.
 Assault with a deadly weapon. Breaking
 and entering. All these events and
 then...nothing. Then you join this
 militia and you stop.

Gannon stands. Walks to the DISINTEGRATED CARCASS. Picks
 something up. Walks back and sits down. Morris looks away.

GANNON (CONT'D)
 Which would lead me to believe
 something happened. Something that
 isn't in the reports. Isn't on the
 books.

(MORE)

GANNON (CONT'D)

And that event stopped you from actually *doing* anything, sent you into this militia, and now you just *talk* about shit. So, what was it? What got you so sour, Morris?

(beat)

If it's not fearing the brotherhood, what the fuck is it?

Morris doesn't move. We see now Gannon picked up BLOODY, CHARRED PAIR OF ANTLERS attached to the dead bucks SKULL.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Cop give you a speeding ticket?

Morris doesn't move.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Repo your car?

Morris doesn't move.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Put your skinhead bro away?

Morris doesn't move.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Fuck your wife?

Morris doesn't move.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Kick your son's ass?

Morris doesn't move.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Bang your daughter?

Morris's eyes dart up at Gannon.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I see.

(beat)

Daughter, eh?

Morris at him and for the first time his expression shows...

He's been invaded.

MAN ON CB (V.O.)

Rick McCollum here. Gary, Indiana. Respondin' to a distress call I got?

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

A CB RADIO sits on a desk next to a small MONITOR. A WINDOW on the wall in front of the desk looks out onto the MAIN ROAD leading from the warehouse out into the world.

Beckmann turns to the RADIO. Patches in.

BECKMANN

Rick, we're isolated tech-wise and not giving any specific locations, so please excuse my vagueness.

Beckmann turns on the MONITOR next to the CB. Adjusts KNOBS on a control panel to its right. The MONITOR TURNS ON...

MCCOLUM (V.O.)

Uh, all right.

A GHOSTLY, WHITE IMAGE pops up on the monitor. The entire FOREST and road leading in from the front of the warehouse, viewable as if it were daytime. Thermal NIGHT VISION.

BECKMANN

I'm calling out to all the militias making sure you know we had nothing to do with anything on the news...

MCCOLUM (V.O.)

Copy that. You mean what's happening in Michigan?

Written on the thermal cam monitor: 'BLACK=HOT, WHITE=COLD.'

Beckmann looks at the WHITE LANDSCAPE as a TINY BLACK DOT runs across the screen. A squirrel.

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

Or Pennsylvania?

Beckmann turns the FISH FINDER unit on. It sends out a PULSE on the green, shoddy GRID MAP of the surrounding area. CLEAR.

BECKMANN

No, Michig...wait...

Beckmann STOPS. Turns to the CB radio...

BECKMANN (CONT'D)

What happened in Pennsylvania?

Beckmann listens to the CB. The crackling silence. Then...

MCCOLUM (V.O.)
You serious?

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Gannon sits in the aluminum chair in front of Morris like a lawyer hearing out his client. The deer now just a STAIN.

GANNON
Tell me what happened to her.

MORRIS
Unless you got a death wish, I'd--

GANNON
I do. Tell me what happened to her.

Morris sees Gannon's sincerity in needing to know.

MORRIS
My daughter's not evidence.

GANNON
If you tell me what happened,
confessing it in public can help
your plea.

MORRIS
Why?

GANNON
If it's something a jury could
understand, you may be put in a safer
prison. One that *doesn't* have Aryan
brotherhood.

Morris blinks at that. His eyes rounding about the room almost like realizing something, and putting it to use.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Because what if you *weren't* wrong?

That strikes a chord in Morris. He looks up at Gannon.

GANNON (CONT'D)
What if tonight was the right thing
to do?

Morris does everything in his power not to show emotion.

MORRIS
You got kids?

GANNON

Two.

MORRIS

Boys? Girls?

GANNON

Girls.

MORRIS

How old?

GANNON

Eight and twelve.

MORRIS

What if one of them got raped?

GANNON

I'd kill the guy who did it.

MORRIS

What if it was a gang?

GANNON

I'd kill the gang.

MORRIS

And what if they killed her after?

Beat.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

What if when the gang got busted,
you found out...*there was an
undercover cop inside? Watched it
happen, and did nothing?*

Gannon does everything in his power to not show his disgust.
Morris keeping his emotions in check by a thread...

MORRIS (CONT'D)

So you tried to get the case on public
record, but the lawyers didn't have
enough to make a case. Plus who's
gonna represent a guy who's been a
part of what I have? So cops keep
the case private, the cop anonymous
and turn you into a crazed conspiracy
nut. I never knew who he was. But I
bet you knew him.

Gannon stays quiet.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 You guys go hunting? Watch the game
 on Sunday? Celebrate once he heard
 he wasn't being charged?

Morris eyes are BLOODSHOT.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 If what happened to my daughter was
 done by a normal person, he'd be
 looking at the death penalty.
 (beat)
Why shouldn't a cop?

GANNON
 This is not your fault. You did what
 any parent would do. And now it's
 time for people to know.
 (beat)
 They started it, Morris.

Morris's mouth shakes, on the brink of confession...

MORRIS
 And I finished it. I killed the son
 of a bitch who watched my daughter
 die.
 (beat)
 Then, I waited a week. And I came
 back for the rest.

Gannon takes a deep breath of relief...

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 So you want me to confess to doing
 what needed to be done? All right.
 (beat)
 Bring the radio in.

Gannon stands. Pats Morris on the shoulder.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 Get your fuckin' hand off me.

A beat as Gannon thinks.

GANNON
 What was his name?

MORRIS
 Who?

GANNON
 The cop you killed?
 (MORE)

GANNON (CONT'D)

The undercover cop who let it happen
to your daughter? What was his name?

Morris is silent. His eyes BARELY flicker...

MORRIS

Michaels.

Gannon looks back and sees Olsen standing at the bottom of
the stairs. Watching. Gannon thinks a moment...

Then stands. Walks toward Olsen. Tells him, hushed...

GANNON

We got our man.

OLSEN

He's lying.

Beat.

GANNON

Sounded like a confession to me.

OLSEN

And I'm telling you that confession's
a lie.

GANNON

And you know this how?

OLSEN

Radio just announced it, the funeral
was for a cop named Callahan. Not
Michaels.

Gannon taken aback by Olsen's knowledge.

GANNON

Could be dis-information. Wouldn't
be the first name they released a
fake name to protect identity.

Olsen stares Gannon down. Gannon thinks long and hard as he
looks at Morris, then...

GANNON (CONT'D)

We use him anyway.

Olsen looks at Gannon, amazed by his audacity.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Hand him over as the one who did it
and the cops have their man.

OLSEN
Give up our location and the entire
group to hand over the wrong guy?

GANNON
We're buying time here. And we don't
know that they'd break him.

OLSEN
You really think they wouldn't?

GANNON
Can't know for sure.

Olsen takes a REVOLVER out of his own back pocket. Opens the
cylinder. LOADED. Olsen walks back to Morris...

MORRIS
Well? Where's the fuckin' radio--

Olsen FLIPS THE GUN to its butt end, and PISTOL WHIPS Morris
right in the jaw. Hard. Morris looks up at Olsen, SPEWING
anger...

MORRIS (CONT'D)
LET ME OUT RIGHT NOW, YOU PIECE OF
SHIT. LET ME OUT RIGHT FUCKIN' NOW.
RIGHT FUCKIN' NOW--

Olsen COCKS the hammer back on the revolver.

Morris stares down at it. Quieted. When...

Olsen places the revolver in MORRIS'S LAP.

Morris looks down at the gun. Then up at Olsen. Confused.

Gannon puts his hand on his back...

He gave his gun to Hubbel. HIS EYES WIDEN...

Olsen goes round the back of Morris...

AND UNTIES MORRIS'S HANDS.

Morris sits free.

Loaded gun in lap.

Olsen in front of him.

OLSEN
Well. Have at it.

Morris looks down at his free hands.

The GUN in his lap.

Gannon moves toward him slowly...

Close enough to stop him if he goes for it...

OLSEN (CONT'D)

You just wanted to give your daughter
some publicity.

(beat)

You didn't do shit, did you?

Morris, paralyzed from the shame. Coward. Liar. Fraud.

Olsen nods. Looks back at Gannon as...

The BASEMENT DOOR opens...

BECKMANN (O.S.)

I need you up here. Right now.

Olsen takes his gun off Morris's lap like a scolded child.
Walks away from him and passes Gannon...

OLSEN

Still think they wouldn't break him?

Olsen ascends the stairs. Gannon holds a beat, staring out
at Morris, then follows behind.

We then push in slowly on Morris as he sits there.

CLOSER AND CLOSER.

THE TAPE RECORDER ON. Its crackling sound, still recording.

BECKMANN (V.O.)

It's spreading...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Gannon and Beckmann stand in the communications room. Olsen,
turned away from the desk and the CB, relays the information.

BECKMANN

There were three more attacks on
cops. All by militias.

GANNON

Where?

BECKMANN

One in South Dakota on a police precinct, another in Utah on a district court and another in Pennsylvania on a cop car.

GANNON

Funeral shooting gave the other militias a green light.

BECKMANN

I wasn't aware they were waiting for one.

OLSEN

How many cops down total?

BECKMANN

Eighty, give or take.

OLSEN

Give or take how many?

BECKMANN

If I knew the answer to that I wouldn't have said 'give or take.'

GANNON

You talk to any of the leaders?

BECKMANN

Two. Both are about to launch attacks.

GANNON

Where?

BECKMANN

Pennsylvania. And another six miles from here planning to attack the 47th precinct--

Gannon's face drops. His eyes widen.

BECKMANN (CONT'D)

'Wipe out the last of 'em' they said. Kept saying they were inspired--

GANNON

Stop them from attacking the 47th. No matter what.

Beckmann and Olsen notice Gannon's sudden change.

BECKMANN

Did you bet on the 48th or something?

GANNON

If they attack the 47th, we're close enough proximity wise. We'd be under the same umbrella.

BECKMANN

We're a different militia.

GANNON

To who?

Olsen nods.

OLSEN

Do it. Tell them we've got nothing to do with any of this. It's not some fuckin *example*, so stop tryin' to follow it.

Gannon turns back to Olsen.

GANNON

I need to talk to Keating. Now.

HUBBEL (V.O.)

You talk to people?

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Keating sits in the aluminum chair. Hubbel LEANS against an aisle's end. Hands in pockets like a shy kid in the hall.

HUBBEL

Never seen you talk. Don't know if you even ever spoke before.

Nothing back from Keating. We see in the DISTANCE: Gannon and Olsen walking down the MAIN AISLE TOWARD THEM...

HUBBEL (CONT'D)

I lived out here eighteen years now, so I don't hear many either.

Nothing. Hubbel looks over and notices a TRASH BIN nearby.

HUBBEL (CONT'D)

They got schools for kids like you?

Gannon and Olsen's footsteps GET CLOSER...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Olsen and Gannon approach Keating and Hubbel...

Olsen stares at how Hubbel talks to Keating in the distance. No response from Keating whatsoever...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hubbel still leans against the aisle. Keating obviously not listening, but Hubbel goes on talking anyway...

HUBBEL

I's a highway contractor. 'Til one of my crew fucked up a pour, used a cheaper concrete than usual. Made a pot hole so big a semi hit it and capsized. Eighteen car pile up. Five dead. I cover for the foreman, get the crew to keep quiet.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Olsen squints as he watches Hubbel talk to Keating, not even a hint of understanding in Keating's eyes.

Olsen's brows furrow. *Uncertainty in his eyes...*

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hubbel PUSHES off the aisle. Now standing next to Keating, waiting for Gannon and Olsen...

HUBBEL

One night, foreman's talking to me about '*coming clean*.' Sept his coming clean was a lie. He'd get reduced time if he said me and the crew wanted to use the cheaper concrete that caused the rupture. I didn't have one, but the crew's all got family counting on them. How're they gonna take care of their own from Jackson Correctional?

(beat)

So I killed him. Moved out here. Saved the others 'lot of trouble.

(beat)

Got to say, sometimes, I get tired. I miss it. Back there.

Gannon and Olsen arrive, Olsen focused on Keating's SILENCE.

GANNON

Hubbel, set up somewhere else.

(MORE)

GANNON (CONT'D)

(to Olsen)

Need to see Keating's locker before-

OLSEN

It's not Keating.

Gannon STARES into Olsen. Hubbel looks at the two of them.

GANNON

What?

OLSEN

We know it wasn't Morris.

GANNON

We do.

OLSEN

Then that leaves Keating, the fuckin' moron mute who isn't even capable of *talking*, let alone some goddamn *inspiring attack*, and is basically retarded. Or Noah, the one who...isn't.

(beat)

Keating's not the guy.

GANNON

And you've arrived at this new found certainty *how*?

OLSEN

'Cause of the reasons I just said.

GANNON

Those aren't reasons. They're *traits*. I need to question him to know for sure.

OLSEN

No, we don't. Cause it wasn't him.

GANNON

Then what exactly is your solution?

Beat. Hubbel walks off toward the TRASH BIN...

OLSEN

We write a confession, get Noah to call the cops on the CB, have him say he did it.

(beat)

Then we hand him over to them.

Gannon's eyes try and hide his panic at the idea...

GANNON

Why...why would we do that?

OLSEN

Noah got here last. Where the fuck was he? Why are you not seeing this?

GANNON

So you want to give Noah to the cops because he was late?

OLSEN

No, because he--

GANNON

--And since when do you have to talk to shoot a bunch of people?

OLSEN

Do you fucking get what's happening out there? This thing has spread. And if I don't pin this on one person, it's gonna turn into something that never ends and a lot of people are gonna die. Nobody in the goddamn world's gonna believe Keating's capable of this. Nobody. So what the fuck is your suggestion?

GANNON

It wasn't Noah.

Olsen gets in Gannon's face.

OLSEN

Why the fuck not? Why couldn't it be Noah, you smug son of a bitch? What the fuck do you know that I don't?

Olsen's anger BARELY camouflages his fear. Gannon watches Olsen like he's an equation to be solved.

GANNON

You're right. Give him up. He's the best option you got.

Olsen sees Gannon's sincere. He walks toward the *BACK EXIT*...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Besides, it's not like when these shootings happen, the gunman's ever described as '*quiet*'...

Olsen STOPS. Looks back at Gannon.

GANNON (CONT'D)
'Detached.' *'Anti-social.'* Like the
 people who knew him have ever said
*'I would'a never thought he would do
 something like this.'*

Olsen sees Gannon's play. Gannon turns back to Olsen and
 says it with DEAD CALM.

GANNON (CONT'D)
 I'm questioning my fucking suspect.
 Do not get in the way.

Olsen's eyes WIDEN...

OLSEN
Did you just tell me what to do?

BECKMANN (V.O.)
 Calling out to Abilene militia...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Beckmann patches into the CB RADIO, trying to contact a nearby
 militia. The night vision monitor next to him still WHITE
 HOT, the GRID MAP still pulsing...

BECKMANN
 Over. Anyone in Abilene, do not engage
 with the 47th precinct. I repeat, do
 not engage with-

A *'ping'* sound.

Beckmann stops speaking. Looks at the fish finder unit...

A *BLIP ON THE SCREEN.*

His eyes LIGHT up.

Then a small, FAINT FLASH OF LIGHT on his face...

He looks out the window to see far down the road coming in.
 Coming over the hill like a halogen sun RISING in the woods...

CAR LIGHTS.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Olsen looks at Gannon in awe of his insubordination.

OLSEN
Tell me that again.

Olsen walks back. Face to face with Gannon. GUN in the back of his jeans...

OLSEN (CONT'D)
Go on. Tell me again--

HUBBEL (O.S.)
We knew this was gonna happen...

Gannon and Olsen look over at Hubbel next to Keating...

Hubbel holds a CELL PHONE.

Retrieved from the TRASH BIN containing all the members phones...

HUBBEL (CONT'D)
--And when it did, we knew they'd come back at us with everything they got.

OLSEN
Hubbel, put that down.

Hubbel's hand on the PHONE'S POWER BUTTON...

HUBBEL
So we get to go to war with cops. Who didn't really want that?

GANNON
If you turn that on, they're gonna find us. They're gonna come here.

In his own world, he continues his ramblings...

HUBBEL
Maybe it's wrong to be happy the world's breaking down, but a war may be our only way back into the world...

The three of them HELD BY THE SILENCE. When we hear it...

BECKMANN (O.S.)
CAR.

Gannon and Olsen see Beckmann run out of the office.

BECKMANN (CONT'D)
COMING DOWN THE ROAD. HERE.

Olsen turns to the loading bay windows. FLASHING WITH LIGHT from the APPROACHING CAR LIGHTS...

OLSEN
LIGHTS OUT! LIGHTS OUT, NOW! NOW!

The members shut off every light inside the warehouse. Gannon goes for the BACK DOOR, but Olsen STOPS HIM.

OLSEN (CONT'D)
You stay right fucking there.

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

THE ROAD LIGHTS UP from the approaching CAR as it gets closer and closer we begin to see...

A POLICE SQUAD CAR.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Pitch dark inside. All the militia men line up against the main loading bay door to the front of the building.

Gannon LOOKS through one of the windows. The cop car almost there. Gannon immediately looks to the door to out back...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

On the ground, still tied to the tree, NOAH sees the headlights LIGHTING UP THE OUTSIDE.

His eyes WIDEN...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Gannon looks to the back door, then he sees:

Every member has his AR-15. Locked and loaded.

Including Olsen.

GANNON
What the fuck are you doing?

Olsen gives Gannon a look of absolute certainty.

OLSEN
You mean what the fuck are we doing.

Gannon sees the look in Olsen's eye.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

Get ready.

The militia kneels underneath the windows, as the cop car lights pour through them, just above the makeshift army.

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The cop car PULLS UP to the warehouse. Shuts its engine off. The COP,(35), gets out of the car. Mustached. Archetypical.

He walks up to the warehouse. Turns on his FLASHLIGHT...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Noah hears the cop's flashlight click on. His FOOTSTEPS approaching...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Gannon and the members stay pressed against the door as the flashlight POURS in through the windows. INCHES above their heads, above their guns. Beckmann speaks, hushed.

BECKMANN

Keating. He'll look through the window and see Keating...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Keating sits in the room's center. Tied and still. Easily viewable with a light...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The cop walks to the warehouse front. His flashlight about to shine through the window and illuminate Keating when...

The outdoor motion light comes ON. ILLUMINATING the woods...

The Cop stares into the window...

All he sees is his reflection. He puts his flashlight up against the glass of the window.

Nothing but the glare. He puts his FACE up to the glass...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - CONTINUOUS

The cop peers through the glass, the flashlight almost hitting Keating tied up in the center. The cop moves to the next window. Gannon whispers:

GANNON
Light stays on thirty seconds, right?

Olsen nods.

The cop moves to the next window. Gannon's eyes widen. He sees the cop is moving toward...

The exit door. Gannon nudges Olsen.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Is that locked?

Olsen looks at the door. His eyes widen...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The cop looks in each window. Closing in on the exit door...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Olsen watches the cop continue. Paralyzed with fear. Hubbel speaks behind him, repeating it like a mantra...

HUBBEL
We kill him. We keep going.
(beat)
We kill him. We keep going.

Gannon's heart races. He thinks. Olsen looks to the other members of the militia...

OLSEN
Ready...

The militia men lock their weapons as quietly as they can...

GANNON
Olsen, stop it, goddammit...

Olsen and the militia men stand...

Their weapons TRAINED on the Cop's face outside the window...

Each gun barrel CENTIMETERS from the Cop's face as he attempts PEERING through each window...

OLSEN

On three...

GANNON

Olsen, put the fucking gun down--

OLSEN

One...

GANNON

Olsen--

OLSEN

Two...

It hits Gannon.

GANNON

We call in the other militia's location.

Olsen stops. Looks down at Gannon.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Cops will leave the area if they find a militia. Just not ours.

The members look at Olsen. Guns trained on the cops face outside the window. Waiting.

HUBBEL

No. We do this. We do it right now.

Olsen thinks. LOWERS his gun. Gannon doesn't waste a beat.

GANNON

(to Beckmann)

The location of the militia that was gonna attack the 47th. Call it in. Now.

Gannon stays locked on Beckmann. Adamant. Beckmann looks behind Gannon at Olsen. Uncertainty on his face...

Beckmann goes. Olsen looks to Gannon, realizing Beckmann trusts Gannon's judgment more than his...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Beckmann turns the radio on and switches to channel 9. The cop CB channel. We hear the woman from earlier...

POLICEWOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
*Six-one-two, that's a negative
 sighting on--*

Beckmann holds his hand over the CALL BUTTON. Hits it...

BECKMANN
 I'd like to report the location of a militia in Kitchman planning on attacking the 47th precinct. Their location is 1-8-9-2-1 Top Hill Court...I repeat...Multiple armed militia men waiting there to...to stage an attack on the 47th precinct.

POLICEWOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (beat)
Say again, please.

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The cop gets to the last window of the garage. Shines his flashlight in. Nothing. All that's left is the door...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Gannon sees the cop move to the door.

Hubbel watches the Cop move...

He grips his AR tight...

Gannon's eyes close...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The cop gets to the door. Puts his hand on the handle. Turns. Nothing. Turns again. Nothing. No movement.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

In between Hubbel and the door...

Gannon holds the door handle closed with all his strength.

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The cop pulls on the door. It's locked. But his eyes catch something on the ground...

Tire tracks. Leading to the back. He follows them...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Noah sees the flashlight round the corner and SHINE on the tracks...

The cop rounds the corner. Kneels to the tracks. About to raise his flashlight and shine it on Noah. When...

The cop's shoulder radio BEEPS.

POLICEWOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

All units proceed to 1-8-9-2-1 Top Hill Court. Multiple armed militia men on site. I repeat. Multiple armed militia suspects on site. Tactical support units en route...

The cop holds still.

Noah is frozen. The cop stands. Turns. Walks.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Gannon watches the cop walk away...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The cop gets in his car. Turns it on. LIGHTS shine out into the forest. He turns the cruiser around. Heads out.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE LOADING BAY - NIGHT

Gannon looks at the others members. Frozen in relief. He looks toward the back door.

GANNON

I need to check on Noah. Make sure the cop didn't see him. Once I'm back, I want Keating isolated. No one near him.

Olsen looks at him, questioning. Gannon starts to walk, the silence deafening as he waits to be called out. Then...

OLSEN

Hubbel...

Gannon stops, turns around. Hubbel stands at attention.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

Go with him.

Hubbel follows. Gannon looks back at Olsen. The two of them engaged in a silent stand-off.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

You won't mind a little company.

Gannon then turns and heads to the door.

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gannon walks outside. All he can see of Noah is his hands tied to the tree. Gannon looks back to Hubbel.

GANNON

I need to talk to the suspect alone.
So stand right there and try not to
fuck everything up by being you.

Hubbel stays quiet. Gannon walks out to Noah. Rounds the tree and sees him sitting there. Beat.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Wasn't Morris.

NOAH

How do you know?

Gannon thinks a moment, hesitates before saying it...

GANNON

It's Keating.

NOAH

You questioned him?

GANNON

No.

NOAH

Well, then how do you know?

Beat.

GANNON

Because it has to be.

NOAH

You'll never get him to confess. He
doesn't talk.

GANNON
Then he can write it down.

NOAH
Gannon...

Gannon looks at Noah.

NOAH (CONT'D)
They'll kill me if you don't get him
to confess.

He looks down at Noah. A care and sentiment in his voice
toward Noah we haven't heard before.

GANNON
I said I'll get you out. And I will.
(beat)
You're my little brother.

Noah looks at Gannon like the little brother he is.

GANNON (CONT'D)
And I'm not letting anything happen
to you.

Gannon stands up. Walks back. Hubbel follows.

The door closes.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Morris still sits in the chair. Hands still untied.

Paralyzed with shame. Humiliation.

His legs start to pull back, as he stands up.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN AISLE - NIGHT

Morris enters. He sees Keating tied up. Gannon and Hubbel
entering from out back...

They turn and see Morris. Looks of pity. Embarrassed for
him. Ashamed of knowing him.

Hubbel lets out a small LAUGH.

Morris stares at Hubbel. His eyes almost breaking.

Morris's eyes dart over and settle on the ARMORY...

He walks down the aisle into the shadows.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Gannon and Hubbel stand next to Keating, after having seen Morris leave. Gannon looks down at Keating.

GANNON

All right--

OLSEN (O.S.)

Need you up here.

Gannon turns up and sees Olsen standing on the cat walk to the communications room.

GANNON

Kinda in the middle of something--

OLSEN

Now.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Beckmann and Olsen sit. Radio ON, listening. Gannon enters.

Olsen turns toward him.

OLSEN

You ever try and go over my head
like that again--

Beckmann holds up a finger, as he turns the CB up...

AM NEWS 1130 REPORTER (O.S.)

--that the attack took place over 30
seconds and the assailant firing off
400 rounds, but police have informed
us it took 90 seconds and 1200 rounds.
Also the attack took place on the
SOUTH side of the cemetery, which
has authorities puzzled, considering
the difficulty to gain access to the
south side by car--

Gannon listens to the information getting more specific.
Beckmann turns it down. Olsen grows visibly more disturbed...

GANNON

The south side?

Olsen then stares at Keating down below.

OLSEN

If you can't prove it's Keating, I'm going to write the confession note, I'm going to string a noose, and I'm going to hang Noah.

That gets Gannon's attention.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

Beckmann said public shooters usually kill themselves. Then this one can too. Just a little later than usual.

Keating in the background, waiting in the midst of the aisles of lumber over Gannon's shoulder.

GANNON

Then let me get back to work.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE ARMORY - NIGHT

Gannon opens a locker in the armory. Inside it we see Keating's things: BODY ARMOR. JACKET. CAMOUFLAGE. BOOTS.

Then a stack of books: *Catcher in the Rye*. *Animal Farm*. *Breakfast of Champions*. *Dorian Grey*. *Slaughterhouse 5*.

Then on the ground next to the books...

Six hundred-round magazines of AMMO.

Gannon looks down at the copy of '*Catcher in the Rye*.'

Ravaged. Its cover and binding, yellowed with palm sweat. Scotch tape stitches up rips. Bent corners and edges.

He notices on the tip of one page: *handwriting*.

Gannon opens the book...

His eyes widen.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Keating sits in a chair in the midst of the lumber aisles. Hubbel next to him. A lost expression behind Keating's eyes.

Keating's open '*Catcher in the Rye*' drops on the ground. Gannon stands over it. We see inside the book:

Every page, the original words of the author are whited out. Erased. And on top of each line:

Keating's own words.

His own work. Scribbled and written in, filling in every white space the book has to fill. An orgy of evidence.

Gannon looks at Keating as he stares off.

GANNON

Know you don't talk much.

Gannon pulls a GUN out and FIRES it into an aisle's lumber.

The sound ECHOES off the aluminum walls like a canon in a cave. Gannon sees Keating's shoulders shrugged to his ears...

GANNON (CONT'D)

...But now I know you hear just fine.

(re: Catcher)

Page nine was hard to miss.

Catcher in the Rye is open to page nine, written at its top:

'WILCOX.' The name of the cemetery.

Then beneath the name, a detailed map of attack like in a war room. Lines of fire mapped out like weather patterns. Written on the opposite page:

'Each and all. They will lay reticent. Taciturn...'

Gannon reads it aloud.

GANNON (CONT'D)

'Each and all. They will lay reticent.

Taciturn. Every one of them...

Gannon peers over Keating's shoulder and sees: a forklift. Gannon walks toward it, eyeing the height...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Gone to the dim and out with silence.

*And their crime is fit only for the
penalty of execution...*

Gannon walks to an aisle's end to a coil of ROPE. He pulls twelve feet of rope, cuts it, then walks back to the forklift. Looping the rope into itself...

GANNON (CONT'D)

...And it could have been ceased.

Yielded. Extinguished...'

Gannon loops the rope primarily at the end. Keating watches as Gannon continuously works the rope as he talks...

GANNON (CONT'D)
*...If the ones who spoke would have
 instead listened.'*

Until he finishes. Gannon turns around and Keating looks down at what Gannon holds in his hands...

A NOOSE.

GANNON (CONT'D)
 Little overwritten if you ask me.

Gannon tosses the noose over one of the forklifts. Resting at ground level. Then Gannon motions to the book.

GANNON (CONT'D)
 Can only guess once that's translated to English it means 'I will kill a bunch of people.'

Keating remains silent. Gannon switches the forklift control to raise the forks to their maximum height.

The noose now hangs at eye level. Barely swinging, almost waving at Keating. Gannon turns back to Keating.

GANNON (CONT'D)
 If you don't confess...
 (motions to the noose)
 Olsen's just gonna say you did.
 They're gonna put your neck in that.
 And you're gonna swing from it. Which
 would be a tragedy...
 (motions to *Catcher*)
 ...considering no one would know
 what you've got to say in this--

KEATING
 --This was nice.

Gannon stops. Shocked. Staring at Keating. Gaping at him like seeing a statue move.

KEATING (CONT'D)
 A very nice thing to watch. But did you actually think it would work? This little ploy would make me want to confess?

Gannon realizes his jaw dropped. He tries to correct it.

KEATING (CONT'D)
 A stage reading of my work, which is inadmissible at best, would excite
 (MORE)

KEATING (CONT'D)
 me into taking responsibility for my
 actions? I can see you're not using
 MITT interrogation format by your
 lack of structure, but *nice* as this
 was, it was ineffective.

Olsen and Hubbel round the corner, guns drawn.

OLSEN
 You fire off a fuckin' round?

Gannon looks over at him, about to speak when...

KEATING
 Yes. He did.

Olsen gapes at Keating. After a beat:

OLSEN
 Did he just talk?

POLICE SQUAD CAR #1 (V.O.)
 (from CB)
 --*Negative, Clark County, Nevada
 just had three separate attacks...*

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Beckmann looks at his NOTATIONS on which militia's he's
 contacted. Crosses off 'TAYLOR COUNTY' as the police radio
 FILLS the room...

POLICE HQ RADIO (V.O.)
 Copy that. Hearing there's activity
 in Texas as well. Over.

He pins it to a MAP on the wall...

POLICE SQUAD CAR #2 (V.O.)
 Copy. How many Tac units got
 dispatched to Top Hill? Over.

Other RED X'S on it, showing each militia contacted...

KOWALSKI'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Kowalski, here. That's twenty *three*
 units, two-three. Over.

Beckmann's face darts to the CB...

KOWALSKI'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Running up to Groves and Witheby,
 got a call on a vacant auto. Over.

Beckmann looks down at the piece of paper. On it:

'HOTEL CHARLIE ECHO.'

Beckmann presses the call button. He speaks into the mic...

BECKMANN

Yes...ah, Lieutenant Kowalski? Over.

POLICE HQ DISPATCH (V.O.)

This is a closed channel, goddamit!

BECKMANN

C-copy that. Lieutenant Kowalski, I have a message to deliver to you.

(beat)

'Hotel Charlie Echo. Hotel Charlie Echo.'

Silence. Then:

KOWALSKI'S VOICE (V.O.)

Who is this?

BECKMANN

I can't...I can't tell you--

KOWALSKI'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hang on, HQ. Got a group of men inside the vehicle on Groves and Witheby. Over...

POLICE HQ DISPATCH (V.O.)

Copy that, Kowalski, proceed with caution. Whoever this is, this a closed goddamn channel--

KOWALSKI'S VOICE (V.O.)

--HQ HQ, HQ. Got a group of men descending on my position from tree-line! Immediate assistance requested, I repeat immediate!--

Beckmann listens in horror as GUNFIRE breaks out on the radio.

POLICE HQ DISPATCH (V.O.)

KOWALSKI!?

Silence. The radio crackles. Beckmann is paralyzed.

KEATING (V.O.)

Try not to seem so shocked.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gannon stands over Keating. Hubbel and Olsen between the main aisle. Watching. The noose hanging there between them.

KEATING

Any person with my level of intelligence would keep silent in the current environment.

Hubbel scoffs.

HUBBEL

Fuckin' outcast mute all of a sudden talks like he's a book?

OLSEN

I've got a feeling this has been rehearsed.

Gannon turns to Olsen and Hubbel.

GANNON

If you want me to find out whether Salinger here did it, walk the fuck away.

Olsen and Hubbel stay a moment. Unwilling to be commanded by Gannon in front of Keating, Olsen takes an extra second to look at Gannon. Like he would love nothing more than to put his teeth on a curb, and Hubbel nothing more than to watch it. They then leave.

Now just Gannon and Keating, alone.

GANNON (CONT'D)

You picked a pretty special night to talk for the first time.

KEATING

Most topics under discussion here I fundamentally disagree with, or am not qualified to give an opinion on.

GANNON

So why even be here?

KEATING

I was instructed to '*socialize*' more.

GANNON

By who?

KEATING

You seem smart. Guess.

GANNON

And you chose a militia to *socialize*?

KEATING

This is the only place that qualifies where no one cared whether or not I spoke. As long as I showed up and *believed in the cause*.

Beat.

GANNON

I want to revisit a couple questions now that I'm basically dealing with a new person.

KEATING

Be my guest. Re-establish your baseline.

GANNON

What's your name?

KEATING

Keating Vassileff.

GANNON

Where do you live?

KEATING

Sixty four-twenty, Cloughton road.

GANNON

How old are you?

KEATING

Twenty-three.

GANNON

What's the highest grade of education you completed?

KEATING

I was four credits short of graduating summa cum laude on a Mitchell Scholarship at University of Michigan. At ninetee--

GANNON

--Did you commit the shooting?

KEATING

Which one?

GANNON

What do you mean which one?

KEATING

One put an officer in the ground, another took down those attending his funeral. Which one?

GANNON

Did you conspire to commit either?

KEATING

'Conspire?' As in making plans in secret with another human being in attempt to carry out an unlawful or harmful act?

GANNON

Yeah. That.

KEATING

'Another human being.'

Keating smiles like the concept is so foreign he almost could laugh. The noose hanging between them still.

KEATING (CONT'D)

You need to understand something about me.

GANNON

What's that?

KEATING

I'm isolated. And because of my isolation I've had to compensate. And my personal form of such was learning. Absorbing knowledge. Collecting information.

GANNON

Okay?

KEATING

So I know every single way you'll *fail* to do what you're currently *trying* to. MITT technique. Scan method. Integrated irrelevant questions. None will work. So please, sit down. Give me everything you have. *Show me my mistakes. Show me how you know it was me.*

GANNON

And I got a feeling you're not gonna make that easy, are you?

KEATING

Easy for me? Yes. You? I can't say.

Gannon grabs a FOLDING CHAIR from a lumber aisle. Walks back to Keating. Puts the chair down in front of him. Sits across from him.

The noose hangs between them like the hand of a metronome.

Gannon kicks the '*Catcher in the Rye*' on the floor.

GANNON

You've got 'Wilcox' written on a map of the cemetery and detailed plans of the exact style of attack--

KEATING

--Plans? Yes. Of what? Who could say.

GANNON

I could. There's a three hundred page manifesto of reasons the world never noticed you wrapped in the psychopath's gold standard novel at my feet.

KEATING

I'm still learning my writing style. Can't stifle a stream of consciousness just yet.--

GANNON

--Enough ammunition in your locker to take out a branch of government.--

KEATING

--That's a *militia* armory. There's enough ammunition in it to incriminate every one of us.

Keating smiles. Almost saying 'not yet' with his eyes. Gannon takes a breath and stands up, paces around Keating.

GANNON

Ever lied to get out of trouble?

KEATING

I've never been in trouble.--

GANNON

--Ever wanted to get even with someone?--

KEATING

--'Getting even' requires *lowering* yourself. So, no.

(beat)

Force of assertion plus leverage to get a confession. It's not working. Change tactics.

Gannon squints at Keating as if deciphering an instruction manual. Growing frustrated at the lack of progress.

The noose still hanging between them...

GANNON

What's gonna happen if they find your DNA at the cemetery?

KEATING

They will.

Gannon stops pacing.

KEATING (CONT'D)

I walk there. All the time.

GANNON

You're a smart kid, Keating--

KEATING

--'Compliment to gain rapport.' This is insulting to the mental capacity of the accused. Is that something they recommend when teaching this method?

(beat)

You know what's interesting?

Gannon leans forward. Puts his hands on the chair's back. Wishing it were Keating's neck. The noose almost feeling like it's hanging over his shoulders.

GANNON

What--

KEATING

--Why haven't you brought up the fact that Morris and Noah have splash patterns of mud on their pant legs, and I don't?

GANNON
 Didn't rain today.

KEATING
 No, but it rained all week. It's probably safe to assume there's mud near a cemetery if you're escaping on foot.

GANNON
 Probably safe to assume you have more than one pair of pants too, detective--

KEATING
 --And why haven't you swabbed copper and potassium chloride on our wrists to see whose show gun powder residue? Because you'd see I haven't shot a gun in days? But one of them has?

Keating's eyes smile. Gannon tightens.

GANNON
 That doesn't prove--

KEATING
 --Please. And have you forgotten that we live two miles from each other?

GANNON
 And?

KEATING
 I assume you heard it? I thought it was thunder at first. Then it kept coming. So I turned on my police scanner...
 (beat)
 'Shots fired on officer funeral, in progress, explosive devices detonated, multiple officers down, ten ten Wilcox road, immediate assistance requested...'

FLASHCUT-

Gannon's eyes widen as he listens to the police scanner in his trailer...

BACK TO:

Gannon's eyes trained on Keating. The noose over his shoulder almost like a thought bubble.

GANNON

So you know what they called in. You could've heard it while you were attack--

KEATING

I could have heard a radio over an AR-15 assault rifle? An average radio sounds out at seventy decibels. A single gun shot is at least--

GANNON

One hundred and forty. You don't need to do the math for me.

Keating smiles. Wasn't expecting that. Gannon assesses Keating, looks him up and down. Takes in a breath of certainty. Understanding.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I get it.

(beat)

You know, they always ask if I'm lonely out there. They smile and nod when I respond like they thought I'd forget how to talk. They tell me loneliness is dangerous as smoking. Leads to heart disease. Depression. Suicide. Premature death in all its variants. But I say bullshit. I say togetherness? Connection? That's *weakness*.

(beat)

I say loneliness gave us everything. All our great books. Music. I say loneliness separates us. 'Us' being the capable apart from the incompetent. I say loneliness is *strength*. Loneliness *builds*...

Keating perks up. Not expecting to be understood by someone such as Gannon.

GANNON (CONT'D)

I lie.

Keating's eyes recognize the turn.

GANNON (CONT'D)

The truth is I'm the social castaway. Tucked in a room with the blinds pulled shut. Pop bottles on the floor. Desk next to the bed and plates with pizza soldered onto them.

(MORE)

GANNON (CONT'D)

Pornsites a click away and a different girl for every night of the week. The genius who knows the smartest ways to hate the world and the fastest ways to go insane. Brilliant. Morose. Typical. Just like you.

The word 'typical' hits Keating...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Both of us, carbon copies of a thousand social ingrates. Each of us thinking we're poles apart from the other. Thinking we're the example others look to. Each of us enjoying all the fruits pretension has to offer.

(beat)

You're brilliant, Keating. Just like me.

A long beat as Keating adjusts.

Almost like he's getting ready to confess. Then:

KEATING

Do you leave your TV on at night?

Off Gannon's silence. The noose now almost hanging over Gannon's shoulder...

KEATING (CONT'D)

You know what happens in solitary confinement: Sensory deprivation. Social skills nullified. They move their beds to the wall so they can feel something.

(beat)

Loneliness doesn't build. It amplifies. It makes you notice what you wished you didn't. And the question is: how do you fight that feeling? Have friends you hate? Marry who you don't love? Sleep with your TV on? *Join a militia for an unknown reason?*

Beat. Gannon doesn't dare try to speak.

KEATING (CONT'D)

What did put you out there by yourself, Gannon? Eavesdropping on the world that lost its use for you?

(MORE)

KEATING (CONT'D)

Punishing society by depriving it of your presence? And then what could possibly bring you into this? I told you why I joined the militia, but why would you?

Gannon watches that question pass him by as if trying to evade a predator by staying still. Hoping it won't see him.

KEATING (CONT'D)

You don't strike me as a minuteman. So that takes belief out. And an ex-cop moves out on his own suggests you wanted to get away from guns, not be near them again. So I'm left with: a person. Someone in here who secretly matters to you. So, who is it?

Gannon tries not to let it show.

KEATING (CONT'D)

As great as I am, I can't say it's for me. Beckmann seems a little high strung to be your friend. Hubbel no. Morris no. That leaves Olsen...

Gannon is fuming at Keating, ready to pounce...

KEATING (CONT'D)

And *Noah*. What's so special about him, Gannon? What's it going to feel like having to hang someone so important to--

Gannon picks up Keating's '*Catcher in the Rye*,' tears out pages, crumples them, grabs Keating by the throat.

His hand on Keating's nose, his thumb pressing into nostrils, choking him as he jams the pages into Keating's mouth...

GANNON

What'd you just say? Sorry what?

Keating's eyes bulge as his face turns beet red...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Not talking so much when you have to eat your bullshit diary, are you?

Keating's eyes almost smiling at Gannon as he boards him with his personal pages...

GANNON (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' say it, you little shit.

Gannon and Keating stay eye to eye. Keating's mouth full of paper, choking...

GANNON (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' say you did it or I'll feed
 you your whole fucking diary.

One more moment, and Keating will die.

Gannon lets him loose. Keating coughs out the paper. Spit leaking from his mouth as his lungs gasp for air.

Gannon backs away from him. Staring at Keating, looking at what he just did and not recognizing his own actions.

He hears footsteps coming. He looks over, expecting to see Olsen and Hubbel coming to stop him...

Beckmann.

He walks over to Gannon, trying not to look at Keating, and hands Gannon the piece of paper. Gannon opens it. '

HOTEL CHARLIE ECHO' on it. Underneath it...

'Kowalksi.'

Gannon's eyes close.

KEATING
 Bad news?

Gannon drops the paper. Lets it fall to the floor. Gannon walks to the end of an aisle, and sits on the ground. Back to the aisle's end. Defeated.

Olsen and Hubbel then enter. They see the scene of distress.

OLSEN
 Where we at with Holden Caulfield?

Gannon and Keating stare each other down. Keating smiles, Gannon in the palm of his hand. Gannon just stares back at Keating, unable to find his way around him.

OLSEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Gannon...

Gannon doesn't respond. He can't. Olsen looks to Hubbel:

OLSEN (CONT'D)
Bring Noah in.

Gannon looks over at the copy of '*Catcher in the Rye.*'

GANNON

Not yet...

Olsen and Hubbel stop. They look over at Gannon as he reaches for the book. He stands up...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Columbine. Aurora. Newtown...

He rips off the back cover of the book. He takes a pen out of his pocket and writes on the inside cover.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Everyone knows the names of the shooters. Everyone knows their manifestos.

Hubbel and Olsen watch as Gannon finishes his note. He turns around and walks to Keating. He shows it to Keating, as he reads what it says:

'I did it. Because I wanted the world to know my name.'

Gannon'

Gannon then puts it in his own chest pocket.

GANNON (CONT'D)

All of you just wanting to be heard...

Gannon then removes the revolver from his jeans. Keating looks down at it, wondering just how broken Gannon has become...

GANNON (CONT'D)

To be known.

When Gannon opens the revolver's cylinder. Empties the chambers. Six bullets rattle on the floor under neath him.

GANNON (CONT'D)

What happens if I take that from you, Keating?

Keating's eyes, for the first time, look threatened. As if Gannon has stumbled by chance into a guarded territory.

Gannon sits in the chair in front of Keating. Picks one bullet up from the floor. Puts it into a cylinder in the revolver.

Gannon spins the cylinder. Slams it shut. Puts it to his own head. Olsen and Hubbel watch.

OLSEN

Gannon, what the fuck are you doing?

Keating eyes him. Gauging his sincerity.

KEATING

Bullshit. You won't--

CLICK. Gannon pulls the trigger.

Keating watches Gannon, his eyes pried open in shock.

GANNON

You asked me a question, Keating.
Let me answer it for you.

Gannon lowers the gun and opens up the gun's cylinder...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Five years in as a cop. Working my way up by dismantling gangs. Militias. Any and every group they needed. I join them, plant enough evidence on 'em, then call in a raid. Me and another cop, *Richmond*, we'd been undercover in a KKK cell for eight months. We're about a week away from the calling in the raid.

(beat)

Then one night I get a call from my superior...

Gannon reaches down, and takes another bullet off the floor...

FLASHBACK-

INT. GANNON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Years ago. Gannon's clean shaven. Short hair. The quintessential cop. Driving down a lone forest road at night.

GANNON (V.O.)

Said he needed to meet me for something out in the middle of nowhere.

He flicks the truck's turn indicator, and as he turns down a forest road,

INT. GANNON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Gannon squints into the distance...

GANNON (V.O.)
That's when I saw him...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Far down the road Gannon's truck lights outline the SILHOUETTE of...a MAN. Leaned up against a truck. Waiting for Gannon.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

Gannon drops the second bullet into the revolver's cylinder. Keating watches...

FLASHCUT-

Gannon's truck pulls up and stops. His lights turn off and put us back in the MOONLIT WOODS. Gannon gets out. Walks to the waiting man.

GANNON
What are we doin' out here?

ROMAN(55). Hollow cheeks. Tall and thin, reaper like. A revolver in hand. Gannon looks at the gun. Concern in his eyes.

GANNON (CONT'D)
I said-

Then Gannon sees on the road next to him. Movement. Another SILHOUETTE of a man emerges from the woods.

GANNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then the rest of them came out...

Then ANOTHER SILHOUETTE. And another. And another. Eleven COPS surround Roman.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

GANNON (CONT'D)
Eleven of them.

Gannon spins the revolver's cylinder and puts the gun to his head. Two bullets in it. Four empty cylinders.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Out there waiting with him. Watching him...

His eyes locked on Keating. He pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

Keating's eyes visibly flinch this time. Gannon lowers the gun, picks up a third bullet...

GANNON (CONT'D)
I went out there for a meeting about
the Klan cell...

FLASHCUT-

Gannon sees the other cops faces. Staring at him in the night. Haunted looking.

GANNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But then he starts in about loyalty.
Loving the force. Being part of it.*

One of Gannon's feet inches back toward his truck. Roman sees him moving out the corner of his eye.

Roman opens the loaded revolver's cylinder. He pulls out ONE BULLET, tosses it to Gannon's feet.

GANNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He starts tossing bullets to my feet.
Like tacks to measure if I'd moved.*

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

Gannon loads the THIRD BULLET in the revolver's cylinder...

Three loaded. Three empty.

FLASHCUT-

Roman tosses the SECOND BULLET to Gannon's feet. Gannon doesn't move an inch. The THIRD...

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

Gannon spins the cylinder in the gun.

Keating, Hubbel and Olsen watching...

FLASHCUT-

Roman tosses out The FOURTH bullet. The FIFTH.

The eleven cops watch Roman as if at the control panel of his psyche. Supervising. Regulating every movement and word.

GANNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He said I had to prove myself. My
loyalty to them.*

Roman flicks the revolver's cylinder back in.

ONE bullet left in the gun.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

CLICK. The revolver pressed against Gannon's own head.

OLSEN
Gannon, that's enough.

Gannon picks up a FOURTH bullet off the ground...

GANNON
Then he told me what we were doin'
out there.

FLASHCUT-

Roman looks up at Gannon, moonlight reflecting in his eyes like a villain in some woodland ghost story.

ROMAN
If we do this and blame the Klan
cell you're in, we can raid them and
any other groups they're working
with by Ricoh law, tonight. You're
out.

Gannon looks around in the dark woods.

GANNON
If we do what?

Beat. Roman reaches into his pick-up truck window and flicks on his HEAD LIGHTS. They shine into the woods...

Gannon's attention shifts to what the headlights illuminate. His expression goes cold. We see it down the road:

A MAN. On the ground. Tied to a tree. Hands bound. Mouth taped. Beaten. Bloodied. In a blue police officer's uniform. Salt and pepper hair. **RICHMOND(35)**.

GANNON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They'd tied him there in his officer's
clothes. Made it look like a torture.

Gannon stares at Richmond. Tied there. Helpless.

ROMAN
We've been sending him threats from
the Klan cell for the past three
months. Got finger prints from Klan
members left at his house.
(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

And we can place three of their key leaders near this scene tonight. So now all you need to do...

Gannon looks back at Roman. His eyes certain and studied. His hand offering the gun out to Gannon...

GANNON

But why him?

Roman's eyes change. Almost pleading with Gannon.

ROMAN

Because we need a body, and the only other person who we can place prints on, is you.

Gannon looks back at the cops. Surrounding Roman. Their eyes reflecting the headlights like wraiths in the night...

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

CLICK. Gannon pulls the trigger. Nothing. Gannon opens the cylinder. Two bullets left.

He loads one in.

FLASHCUT-

Roman holds the revolver out for Gannon.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Do it, Gannon. We get all we need from this.

Gannon stares down at the revolver.

GANNON (V.O.)

Kill your friend for the lie, or let them kill you.

Gannon reaches out and takes the gun from Roman.

Then walks toward Richmond.

Roman steps out in front of the cops like an overlord. Watching Gannon do his bidding.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

Five bullets in the revolver's six cylinders. Only one empty.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Kill a member of your own group just to take down a different one.

(beat)

And it's my dad handing me the gun...

Gannon spins the revolver's cylinder. Snaps it in.

FLASHCUT-

Roman stands staring at Gannon, his son. Gannon gets to Richmond...

Richmond looks up at Gannon. Fear in his eyes, begging for his life.

Gannon looks down on Richmond. His apology on the edges of his eyes. His hand tightens on the pistol grip.

Gannon raises the gun at Richmond...

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

Gannon stays still. His eyes full. The gun in his hands.

Keating, Hubbel, Beckmann and Olsen watch him.

GANNON (CONT'D)

They raided fifteen Klan cells that week. Stopped god knows how many murders.

(beat)

That was the last time I saw him. I left after that. Moved out on my own.

(beat)

I lost my dad that night to them. I will not lose any one else. I will not.

Gannon puts the gun to his head...

FLASHCUT-

Gannon looks back at Roman. Standing surrounded by the cops in the woods. Roman nods once at him.

Roman then walks back toward the group of ten cops. He stops. Looks back at Gannon. Roman calls out...

ROMAN

You comin'?

BACK TO WAREHOUSE:

Keating watches Gannon. His potential significance about to be taken from him...

Gannon stares right back at Keating. Truth in his eyes. Not playing chicken anymore.

GANNON

Tonight? It should've been me who did it.

Keating straightens up at that.

GANNON (CONT'D)

So now when they find me, it will be...

Gannon pulls the gun's hammer back...

The others in the room stay quiet almost like trying not to disturb a dragon.

Keating looks around at the other members as they stare at Gannon mesmerized by the admission...

Gannon's trigger finger tightens...

KEATING

No.

Gannon stops.

All the men looking at Keating. All awaiting his words.

All lives depend on his.

Keating breathes deep.

Lets it out.

KEATING (CONT'D)

I did it.

Gannon lowers the gun.

Gannon looks back at Olsen, Hubbel and Beckmann without a second of hesitation.

GANNON

Get the fucking radio ready.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Gannon, Olsen, Beckmann, Hubbel and Keating enter.

Beckmann has a video camera propped up and angled on the chair and radio...

They surround Keating as he stands over the chair seated in front of the CB radio. Staring down at it a moment.

He puts his hand on the chair. Gannon comes up behind him. Puts his hand on Keating's shoulder.

Keating looks back at him. Gannon nods. Keating pulls the chair back and sits down.

We see through the video camera, an awkward, poor quality recording of Keating's face. Almost too close to him...

Gannon reaches out to the CB...

AM NEWS 1130 REPORTER (V.O.)

--We're hearing now that because of the ripple effect of attacks on police and police precincts, district courts, and now, an attack on the capital in Arizona, the situation is being passed up to Homeland Security. We'll have any and all updates as they come--

Gannon changes it to Channel 9. Beckmann hits 'record' on the camera...

POLICE HQ DISPATCH (V.O.)

--Available. Try to determine what happened. Hold till Homicide gets there. Over.

Keating holds the call button...

POLICE SQUAD CAR #1 (V.O.)

Copy that, HQ.

POLICE HQ RADIO (V.O.)

Also, vehicle up on Willoughby with his mic stuck open on Channel 1. Tell him to shut it off? Over.

Keating holds his hand on the call button. Gannon stares at Keating's thumb as it hovers over the call button. Waiting...

POLICE SQUAD CAR #2 (V.O.)

Copy.

Gannon stares at it, waiting for him to click the button...

GANNON

Keating--

Keating CLICKS the call button. The radio silences. Waiting for his words. The collective breath of the room, held in...

KEATING

My name is Keating Vassilef. I'm 23 years old. I live at sixty four-twenty, Cloughton road...

Keating's eyes flicker, almost like the fact he's being listened to is just too much to handle...

KEATING (CONT'D)

I'm the gunman who attacked the funeral.

Gannon breathes. We see through the video camera close up as Keating confesses...

KEATING (CONT'D)

I planned the attack alone. I carried it out, alone. The militias had no prior knowledge of my intentions, nor do they condone my actions.

Gannon puts his hand on Keating's back. Gannon looks down. Closes his eyes. Relief. Gannon looks at the group. Nods...

KEATING (CONT'D)

The weapon was my AR-15, which I obtained legally and without any additional participant in the delivery of the weapon or ammunition.

The others put their hands on Keating's back, out of frame of the video camera's view.

Olsen watches the men responding to Gannon over himself...

But he follows anyway. Puts his hand on Keating.

KEATING (CONT'D)

I chose to attack the *north* side of Wilcox cemetery because it has the fastest route to the highway...

Gannon's eyes open...

FLASHCUT-

EARLIER, Beckmann and Gannon listen to the news broadcast...

AM NEWS 1130 REPORTER (V.O.)
 -The cemetery, which was attacked on
 the south side, which has authorities-

BACK TO:

Gannon looks down at Keating as he continues talking. Confused as to why he would get that fact wrong. Keating proceeds...

KEATING
 ...So that the attack could take
 place in less than thirty seconds...

FLASHCUT-

EARLIER, Beckmann and Gannon listen to the news broadcast...

AM NEWS 1130 REPORTER (V.O.)
 --Learning the attack took two minutes
 opposed to initial reports of thirty
 second--

BACK TO:

Gannon watches Keating as he continues...

KEATING
 And and and that's when I fired off
 about...four hundred rounds, about
 four hundred, exactly...

FLASHCUT-

EARLIER, Beckmann and Gannon listen to the news broadcast...

AM NEWS 1130 REPORTER (V.O.)
 -The round count moving from four
 hundred rounds to somewhere closer
 to fourteen hundred-

BACK TO:

Gannon stares down at Keating. Then around at all the members. Their hands on Keating's shoulders...

KEATING
 I chose to escape on foot near the
 road because, because it would have
 the least amount of attention for
 that kind of travel, and no one would
 suspect someone such as myself to
 have the mental acuity to see through
 the expectations of what people think
 I'm capable of, consistently.

Keating speaks into the microphone, for the first time like the world is listening.

Gannon's eyes try not to search the expressions of the other members in the room...

He'll let Keating be insane, as long as the others believe him too. But then sees it...

Beckmann. Looking over at him. He knows.

KEATING (CONT'D)

The reasoning for my *assault*, for my *raid*, on these people, is justified and warranted by those attacked, who forced me to be the champion of this cause because, because they chose to ignore *me*. They chose to not listen to *me*. They chose to not *include me*. So, so I, so I, so I *included* them.

Gannon and Beckmann. Both knowing Keating's insane...

KEATING (CONT'D)

Their inadequacies, their their their inefficiency, their ineptitude, their mediocrity, their blatant *inferiority* is what delivered this reckoning.

But both keep theirs hands on Keating. Letting him lie...

KEATING (CONT'D)

And I acted as the pitchfork. As the staff. As the...as the...

Keating soaks up the moment. Soaks up the significance.

KEATING (CONT'D)

And that's...that's why I did what I did. I will be waiting on the corner of Mound and Middlebelt road. Unarmed.

He takes his hand off the control unit. Silence. Gannon stares at Keating. No words. Both Gannon and Beckmann sacrificing the truth to save the group...

Beckmann takes his hand off Keating...

Stops the video camera.

But then:

COP ON RADIO #1 (V.O.)

Another false confession.

The militia members look at one another...

COP ON RADIO #2 (V.O.)
Third one in the last hour. Might
want to think about changing channels
to cut down on the nut factor here.

COP ON RADIO #3 (V.O.)
They'll just keep comin'. Don't pay
attention to him.

Gannon closes his eyes as the cops call out the lie. Gannon
watches each member realize Keating is lying.

Gannon watches each member, one by one, take their hands off
Keating's shoulder...

Gannon has no choice. His hand, the last one left on
Keating...

He takes his hand off Keating.

We see Gannon's eyes as he remembers...

FLASHCUT-

The notebook. The plan of attack. The code above it...

'Wilcox'.

BACK TO:

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Gannon looks down at Keating, like a teacher catching a
student cheating.

GANNON
'Wilcox.'
(beat)
Wilcox High.
(beat)
You were gonna attack the goddamn
high school.

Olsen looks to Gannon. Nods 'outside.' Gannon stands.

Gannon follows him out.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE SECOND LEVEL CATWALK - NIGHT

Olsen stands. Gannon exits the communications office.

OLSEN

It's Noah.

(beat)

We're hanging him.

Gannon stares at the window across the way on the other side of the warehouse wall. He sees the forest through it.

Knowing full well who's tied to the bottom of one of those trees. Olsen walks to the door of the communications room...

OLSEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Beckmann, write me up a confession.

Olsen looks back. Gannon is gone.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE ARMORY - NIGHT

Morris sits. Locking and loading two AR-15's.

Putting on body armor.

Grenades.

His eyes tearing...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Noah sits still in the darkness. When he hears the back entrance open. Close shut.

He listens to the footsteps approaching...

Gannon rounds the tree.

Standing there. Looking down at the tree's base.

At Noah.

Shrouded in the darkness.

Gannon kneels in front of Noah.

GANNON

Morris didn't do it.

Noah looks up at Gannon. His eyes glinting in the dark.

Gannon holds a GUN.

GANNON (CONT'D)

Keating didn't do it.

With every silent second, Gannon's heart drops lower at the possibility...

GANNON (CONT'D)

If you did this Noah, you are a monster. A monster.

Noah looks up at him.

GANNON (CONT'D)

But you're still my brother. So please, Noah.

(beat)

Please tell me you didn't do this.

Noah's eyes tear...

GANNON (CONT'D)

Tell me...you didn't do this, Noah.

He fights through the emotion to get it out...

NOAH

My whole life, all I ever wanted, was to be as good as you.

FLASHCUT-

Noah and Gannon as cops, Noah watches Gannon get a BADGE of honor. From the back of the room. Out of the way...

BACK TO:

NOAH (CONT'D)

Just one time. To not be an embarrassment to you. Just once.

Gannon's heart drops. He peers into Noah...

GANNON

Why would you come back? Why wouldn't you just run?

Silence.

NOAH

You don't understa--

The back entrance door opens. Olsen and Hubbel walk out. Gannon stands. Olsen gets to the tree and looks at Noah.

Then motions to Hubbel...

OLSEN

Untie him.

Hubbel goes around back of Noah. Starts untying his hands.

GANNON
What are you doing?

Hubbel finishes. Stands Noah up and starts taking him inside.
Noah is almost catatonic. Not putting up any defense.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Olsen...

Olsen keeps walking Noah inside.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Olsen, he didn't do it.

Hubbel and Olsen protecting him like bodyguards.

Gannon lies.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Olsen, let him go! He didn't do it!

Nothing. No response. Gannon screams in desperation.

GANNON (CONT'D)
Are you listening to me? HE DIDN'T
FUCKING DO IT!

Olsen steps inside...

GANNON (CONT'D)
Olsen, he's my brother.

Olsen stops. Looks back at Gannon.

Emptiness behind the eyes.

OLSEN
I don't care.

Olsen walks into the warehouse. Noah with him. Hubbel by his side.

Gannon follows into the warehouse...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Gannon stops a moment at the door. His heart pounding.

Then his eye catches something...

One of the massive piles of SAWDUST...

He reaches into his pocket.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Hubbel brings Noah to the center of the room.

Olsen lowers the forklift. The noose still hanging from it.

Noah watches the noose drop. His eyes widen, he tries to run. Hubbel restrains him. Gannon gets there right as...

Olsen takes the noose. Puts it over Noah's head.

Noah continues struggling when Olsen sees the only answer...

He points a gun at Gannon. Then looks at Noah...

OLSEN

Stay still.

Noah stiffens.

They drop the noose around Noah's neck. Tightening it. The militia men surround Noah...

Keating. Gannon. Olsen. Hubbel. Beckmann.

Noah looks at Gannon from the noose. Tears roll down his face as he waits for some sign from his brother that it'll be okay...

Gannon's heart thudding through his shirt...

Frozen at gunpoint by Olsen. Then, he looks at Olsen:

GANNON

How do we know it wasn't you?

Olsen stops. Stares back at him.

GANNON (CONT'D)

You called us. You bring us here.
How do we know you didn't do it?

The other members look at Olsen. Waiting for an explanation.

OLSEN

You don't.

Olsen nods to Hubbel at the forklifts controls. Hubbel presses the lever.

The forklift begins to rise.

The loose rope tightens...

We come in close on Noah's feet on the ground...

They lift.

All the men stand watching Noah rise up.

Gannon watches, gun to his head, paralyzed...

The forklift stops at its maximum height.

High enough that Noah's toes touch the ground, but his heels are lifted.

Hanging.

Gannon's eyes dart between Noah, Olsen, and behind him, almost like he's waiting for something...

Searching for any way to stop it. He closes his eyes...

Then they hear it...

A cell phone RINGING.

Sounding out and ECHOING off the walls.

Their eyes widen and stomachs drop.

OLSEN (CONT'D)
Who's got their phone?!

The men look at one another.

OLSEN (CONT'D)
Who the fuck's got their phone!?

The sound RICOCHETS off the wall like an echo chamber...

OLSEN (CONT'D)
Spread out! Now! Find it! Find it!

The men sprint down the aisles throughout the lumber warehouse. The ringing filling the warehouse...

Olsen looks at Beckmann.

OLSEN (CONT'D)
Get upstairs! Now!

Beckmann runs. Olsen looks at Hubbel.

Then another. And another. And another. A cloud of dark spots on the thermal camera rising up like a storm.

Cresting the hill like an army...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE AISLE NUMBER TWO - NIGHT

Keating searches down the aisle. The 'RINGING' getting closer.

Keating stops. Listens...

He runs down the aisle toward the back entrance and sees it:

The saw dust pile. The ringing coming out from within it.

HUBBEL (V.O.)

You know where it is, don't you?

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gannon stares at Hubbel. His gun on Noah. The phone RINGING in the distance...

HUBBEL

Don't you?

Gannon nods. A beat.

GANNON

I turned it on to bring them here.
They're coming. And I need you ready,
Hubbel. I need you ready for a war.

Hubbel watches Gannon. Assessing his sincerity. His gun still on Noah. Hubbel lowers it...

HUBBEL

How long do we have--

Gannon lunges at Hubbel's gun, knocks it out of his hand and takes him down...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE AISLE THREE - NIGHT

Olsen runs toward the end, the phone ring getting closer...

It stops.

Silent.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gannon pummels Hubbel, Noah losing consciousness...

Gannon gets on top of Hubbel, pins his throat...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE AISLES END - NIGHT

Olsen arrives and sees Keating stand over the sawdust pile.

The phone in his hand.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gannon presses into Hubbel's throat with his forearm. All his weight on it.

Hubbel's struggle slows. Stops. Bloodshot eyes go dim.

Gannon leaps up and drops Noah from the noose. Noah COUGHS and GASPS as his lungs beg for air...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE AISLES END - NIGHT

Olsen takes the phone from Keating.

Gannon's burner phone.

Its timer blinks: '0:00'

Olsen's eyes crossover into hate...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE - NIGHT

Beckmann's eye catches the spots on the thermal screen. He looks up. Sees them coming.

His eyes widen as he almost falls out of the chair running...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

In the darkness of the woods. Silence. Then...

A MAN walks by us. Then ANOTHER.

A wall of SWAT OFFICERS descending on the warehouse...

GUNS up.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gannon gets Noah up, Hubbel's body lying next to them.

GANNON

Come on.

They stand and turn around to see Olsen and the others. Olsen staring down at Hubbel's body. Gannon's phone in hand.

OLSEN

The whole fuckin' time.

Gannon holds still. Then moves in front of Noah, covers him.

Olsen walks to Gannon. Gun loaded, he cocks the hammer back.

OLSEN (CONT'D)

You ruined us.

Raises it to Gannon's head. Gannon closes his eyes...

BECKMANN (O.S.)

THEY'RE OUTSIDE!

Olsen looks up to the communications office...

Beckmann stands outside it, looking down on them, white faced.

Then they hear it: Three, hollow, concussive THUMPS sound out outside.

The men turn to the windows as they hear a HISSING sound coming at them...

Getting louder and louder until...

Three TEAR GAS CANISTERS CRASH through the windows.

Olsen screams out as the tear gas fills the room...

OLSEN

MASKS!

The members scatter to their lockers...

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE ARMORY - NIGHT

Each member pulls out a Desert Storm hooded GAS MASK.

INT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Gannon and Noah cough out in the main hall when Gannon grabs him and pulls him in.

Gannon leads Noah through the SMOKE, coughing out any and all air in his lungs. He searches through the fog until...

He hits the loading bay wall.

Sees the door to the outside not far off. He tracks along the wall until he feels the door knob. Opens it.

Pulls Noah out and through...

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Gannon and Noah stumble out of the warehouse. SMOKE pouring out the door.

The motion sensor light flashes ON.

Gannon pulls Noah along as they stand and look out and see it in the new light...

A line of militarized POLICE. A firing squad.

Kneeled and prone and aiming at them and the warehouse.

The single halogen motion light outside the warehouse showing Gannon and Noah just how many of them there are.

One of the cops motions with his assault rifle: 'Down.'

Gannon and Noah kneel. Hands behind their backs. Head bowed.

Then they hear it.

The loading bay wall behind them ROARS to life. The entire side wall of the warehouse, rising.

TEAR GAS pouring out of it.

Olsen. Keating. Beckmann. Morris. Covered in body armor. Standing inside the loading dock door.

Guns up and pointed at the line of militarized police. Gannon and Noah kneeling between the two groups.

The SWAT team pointed at the militia.

The militia pointed at the SWAT.

Gannon calls out behind him:

GANNON
Olsen. Don't do this.

Olsen moves up to gain a better vantage on the SWAT. The others following behind him...

Gannon stares out at the line of SWAT. Monstrous looking...

GANNON (CONT'D)
Please...

Olsen keeps moving. Gannon's eyes close.

FLASHCUT-

The cop stands outside the loading bay windows of the warehouse. The MOTION SENSOR LIGHT TRIGGERS...

ILLUMINATING the outside of the warehouse and the treeline...

We PUSH IN on the motion sensor light...

Gannon mouthing 'Thirty seconds?'

BACK TO:

EXT. LUMBER WAREHOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gannon looks back at the motion light...

Then back out at the wall of SWAT and militarized police. The line of militia behind him...

Gannon closes his eyes...

GANNON
Olsen...tell the truth...tell them
what happened...
(beat)
Tell them you and I did it together.

Olsen stops moving. Freezes. The rest of the militia holds...

GANNON (CONT'D)
You and me. Not the group. They had
nothing to do with it. Just us...

Olsen stands still. Frozen by the suggestion. We come in close on the motion light. Still lit...

GANNON (CONT'D)

If we tell the truth, the group will
go free. It will end this.

The militia men's eyes dart between Olsen and the SWAT. Trying
to discern whether Olsen duped them all...

Olsen's eyes lock on Gannon in shock of the accusation...

OLSEN

He's lying. Keep your guns on them
or they'll open fire.

Gannon stays focused on the lit forest and SWAT in front of
him.

Motion light still lit...

GANNON

Put your gun down and I'll give myself
up to them.

Olsen's body frozen in rage, in anger...

OLSEN

Shut the fuck up, Gannon.

Gannon stays focused on the motion light. Still lit...

Olsen's eyes dart between Gannon and the SWAT teams...

His body, frozen. His finger, the only thing trembling...

GANNON

Just please put the gun down, Olsen.
Let's just tell the truth...

Olsen stares out at the brightly lit SWAT. Uniformed and
homogenous and terrifying...

The militia men next to Olsen. Weak. Meager...

Morris's eyes tearing with rage at Olsen...

Keating's wide with psychosis at Olsen...

Beckmann's driven with anger at Olsen...

Gannon stays focused on nothing but the lit forest. The lit
SWAT members...

We come in close on the motion light. Still on...

Olsen slowly cocks his gun. Just then...

The motion light flicks off.

Sending the woods and the SWAT into total DARKNESS.

But the lights from inside the warehouse stay ON, silhouetting each member of the militia. Perfectly outlined targets.

Gannon tackles Noah to the ground...

Olsen OPENS FIRE into the woods at the SWAT.

The militia follows suit and begins FIRING. Aimlessly into the woods almost as if at some cloaked menace, just as the SWAT RETURNS FIRE.

Surgical and precise and immediate and impersonal.

Gannon and Noah both on the ground, their hands over their heads as the continuous cacophony of GUNFIRE spreads through the woods...

Gannon looks over at Noah on the ground. Unprotected in the wake of the firing. Gannon's hands drop from covering his own head, to the ground...

He CRAWLS. Toward Noah. Keeping his head down, nothing to hide behind, between the two firing lines. Gannon finally gets to Noah...

And covers him.

Protecting him. Hands on their heads as BULLETS split the air just above them.

Hubbel fires into the woods at the SWAT as three rounds hit him in the chest. He drops.

Morris keeps firing, switching aim, YELLING out as he tries to find a target in the darkness. He then takes two rounds to the leg, hunching him over, then two in the back. He falls.

Keating looking around, horrified at the violence he so piously fantasized over. He ceases firing just as two rounds hit him in center mass. He crumbles.

Beckmann drops to reload a cartridge from behind the garage wall when three rounds burst through the corrugated steel of the wall, sending him to the ground.

Olsen fires out. The last of all of them. Defiant and tireless and pretending he still has a chance...

A bullet hits him in the cheekbone. Then three in the chest.

Olsen goes down.

Quiet.

The motion light turns back on.

The militia bodies slumped to the ground.

Gannon and Noah stay prone.

The outside of the lumber warehouse begins to colorize with RED and BLUE as the police cars turn on.

Gannon gets on his knees and puts his hands up. He calls out toward the line of militarized police...

GANNON (CONT'D)

We had nothing to do with the attack.
(motions to Noah)
He's U.C. He can confirm status if
you bring him in.

The cops stare silent at Gannon. None move. Then we hear...

VOICE (O.S.)

Get Noah up.

The voice. We hear it...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Get him back to the precinct to be
debriefed.

We know the voice. Then the cop steps into the light:

Kowalski.

FLASHCUT-

Beckmann looks at the CB as Kowalski SCREAMS out over the gunfire on the CB radio...

KOWALSKI (V.O.)

--HQ HQ, men descending on my position
from tree line! Immediate assistance-

BACK TO:

Gannon looks at Kowalski. Sees his badge. His face drops...

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

Thirty-two, Oscar Victor Charlie...

Gannon hears her voice. He knows it too...

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)
I've got two Caucasian males at the
Cross Creek lumber warehouse...

FLASHCUT-

Beckmann, Gannon and Olsen listen to the News Reporter...

AM NEWS 1130 REPORTER (V.O.)
--it took place over thirty seconds,
but police are now telling us it--

BACK TO:

Gannon's eyes light up. *The same voice as the News Reporter...*

FEMALE OFFICER
Need immediate evac...

Another patrolman sounds out. Gannon hears his *shrill voice...*

PATROLMAN
Somebody get HQ on radio. Tell 'em
we need a body disposal unit out
here.

...Scratchy sounding.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)
Seven down. All Caucasian males.
Right fucking now, please?

FLASHCUT-

Gannon in his trailer, listening to the attack on his police scanner. The *shrill, scratchy* voice of the cop yelling out...

PATROLMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-CONFIRM SHOTS FIRE- ON -CER -ERAL, -
ULTIPLE DOWN, WILCOX ROAD, -EDIATE -

BACK TO:

The voice of the Patrolman from the attack.

Gannon's heart drops out from underneath him.

Gannon looks out at all the cops standing there. Staring at him. Watching him as if he's the last one in on the joke.

Gannon looks down at Noah.

GANNON
There was no attack.
(MORE)

GANNON (CONT'D)

(beat)
You faked it.

Noah looks at Gannon, then back at the bodies of the downed militia men...

NOAH

All they did was make threats. Say they were going to attack us. We needed them to actually do something...

FLASHCUTS-

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

So we fake an attack on ourselves...

- Somewhere in the woods, a line of POLICE OFFICERS firing handguns into the woods. Another FIRES off an AR-15, aimlessly...

Another cop sets off three IED charges in the distance...

- Gannon stands outside his trailer. Listening to the attack...

NOAH (CONT'D)

And then all it took...

- The warehouse's armory blinds roll up. The line of AR-15's. A hand comes and takes #18. We see who takes it...Noah.

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

Was hiding a single gun...

- We watch as Olsen singles out each militia member. Screaming at each other...

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

...To make them tear themselves apart...

- Hubbel loads his gun next to Keating.

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

And we plant the seed of society being torn down...

- We see Beckmann on the radio. Calling out to the other militias...

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

The chaos they were preparing for, actually happening...

- We see a room of policeman, one in particular on the radio, calling back, pretending to be militia men...

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...Spreading. Making them believe the others were following along. That the country started some revolution together. And off they go...

- The militia in the warehouse as the policeman shines a flashlight through the loading bay windows. All of them huddled up against the wall...

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Coming together as the stereotype we needed them to be...

- The militia stands. Guns in hand. Pointed at the SWAT...

BACK TO:

NOAH (CONT'D)
 An ex-Aryan Brotherhood member, with ties to cop murders. A missing highway repairman responsible for five deaths. Some kid plotting to shoot up his old high school. These aren't a loss. These are pieces on a board being used for a bigger play.
 (beat)
 A northern Michigan militia is found with automatic weapons...

- The AR 15's...

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Armor piercing rounds...

- The boxes of ammunition in every locker...

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Plans to 'attack a police funeral'...

- Noah finds Keating's Catcher in The Rye in his locker. His eyes assessing the discovery. Figuring out how to use it.

- Gannon then slams it on the floor between them...

NOAH (CONT'D)
 And a single town's almost tragedy turns into the country's reason to end...
 (re: militia)
 This.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

(beat)

No more militias. No more backwood psychopaths with automatic rifles. No more lunatics who can go buy a machine gun and walk into a school. A single night gives us all a tipping point to end *this*.

Gannon watches his little brother become something he never thought possible. His jaw clenches to hide his awe.

NOAH (CONT'D)

They believed they weren't alone in this. But really...

Noah looks up at Gannon. Saying it as if he means him...

NOAH (CONT'D)

They're part of *nothing*. *Except what we needed them to be.*

Gannon's eyes shatter. Paralyzed by the information. Then:

GANNON

You got them to fire on you, but you can't prove actual intent. You can't prove you didn't fire on innocents.

NOAH

You're right. We couldn't. But you could...

Noah's words hit Gannon like a sucker punch of realization...

FLASHCUTS-

- *Gannon watches Morris admit his plan to carry out the shooting on the police...*

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

What if you bring in the best interrogator the police ever had?

The tape recorder between them. On and recording.

- *Keating pontificates madly over the CB radio. Illustrating his reasons for wanting to attack and kill cops.*

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

Someone who's made people confess to things they never did countless times?

The video camera, on and recording his performance...

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Someone who knows we track signals
 and will keep the militia on a
 defensive, unreachable lockdown...

- *The militia members throw their cellphones into the trash...*

BACK TO:

NOAH (CONT'D)
 You did perfectly, Gannon. Better
 than we could've imagined.

Then...

GANNON
 You'll never get away with it. They'll
 catch you.

NOAH
Who?

Gannon removes his pistol from the back of his jeans and
 raises it...at Noah.

The Patrolman sees it. Levels his gun at Gannon.

PATROLMAN
 DROP THE WEAPON!

Noah looks up at his brother. Cold. Lifeless. Staring at his
 sibling with curious intrigue, as if he's watching a pawn
 trying to pretend it's a knight.

Kowalski and the others follow suit and take aim at Gannon...

KOWALSKI
 DROP THE WEAPON! RIGHT NOW!

All Gannon's attachment to Noah, gone. Drained dry from the
 shock...

FEMALE OFFICER
 PUT DOWN. THE GUN.

Gannon looks into this stranger's eyes who used to be his
 brother. Listening to the surrounding cops SCREAM at him.
 Those who faked him out. Voices in his head...

Then Noah says it. Easy and effortless and cold and true.

NOAH
 Put it down, Gannon.

A beat.

Gannon lowers the gun. He can't do it.

Noah scrambles to his feet. He walks away from Gannon, cautiously, like from a stranger you don't trust just yet.

Gannon calls out. His voice trembles like a kid left out...

GANNON

Why wouldn't you just tell me?

Noah stops. Looks back at Gannon.

GANNON (CONT'D)

You knew the whole time. Everything
I just did.

(beat)

Why wouldn't you just tell me?

Noah stares at Gannon, almost shocked by the idiocy.

NOAH

Gannon, I'm sorry. You're...

(beat)

You're not a cop anymore.

Noah turns, and walks back to the police. Gannon watches...

FLASHCUT-

Roman walks back to the group of cops in the woods...

BACK TO:

The cops pat Noah on the back as soon as he gets to them.

Kowalski calls out...

KOWALSKI (O.S.)

Guns down!

Every cop lowers their gun.

Gannon looks at the officers all staring at him.

Looking at Gannon's disheveled appearance almost like seeing a rumor get confirmed.

Gannon looks around the warehouse. The scene. The dead militia.

Kowalski approaches Gannon. A pity in his eyes that could almost read as genuine care. He looks around the scene as well. Nothing to say between them.

He pats Gannon on the arm.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself out there.

Gannon gives him no reaction. Kowalski turns, walks back to his squad car. Then he calls out...

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
You know...
(beat)
We could use some help.

Gannon stays still. Kowalski opens his cruiser door. He looks out to Gannon...

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
You comin'?

Gannon's face in darkness, black as oil. He looks out at Kowalski...

FLASHCUT-

Gannon hunts in the woods alone...

BACK TO:

He stays still outside the warehouse...

FLASHCUT-

Gannon dresses the deer outside his trailer. Alone.

BACK TO:

He stays still as the police LIGHTS paint him blue and red...

FLASHCUT-

Gannon cooks dinner in the double-wide trailer's kitchen. He sits in his single chair, eating alone.

Gannon lies asleep in the trailer's bedroom, The TV on.

BACK TO:

Gannon looks over at Kowalski waiting at his car. He sees Noah standing there. Standing amidst a sea of cops.

Kowalski. Marlowe. Alive and well. Staring at him.

Waiting for him.

FLASHCUT-

Roman stands surrounded by the cops in the wooded road.
Staring at Gannon like ghosts.

BACK TO:

Gannon's face, completely blue and red from the cop lights...

Gannon nods.

GANNON

Yeah.

CUT TO BLACK.

'M I L I T I A'

THE END.