

CRACKDOWN

An Original Screenplay

by

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CRACKDOWN

FADE IN

EXT. OILFIELD - NIGHT

A massive drilling rig is working in the Texas night. Drill pipe is pulled out of the hole by ROUGHNECKS and stood back in the 100 foot derrick. Floodlights make it as bright as day on and around the rig.

ON THE RIG FLOOR

A roughneck looks over at the mud pits and sees the mud volume increasing. Just then, the alarm bell sounds. The DRILLER's head jerks at the computer screen.

ROUGHNECK

Hey, Drill!

DRILLER

We got us a gas kick! Let's get back in the hole! Get the mud weighted up!

Quickly, the men reverse the process of bringing out the drill pipe, which is now re-connected and sent back downhole.

The TOOLPUSHER, MUD ENGINEER and COMPANY MAN charge out of their trailers and head for the mud pits. They cut sacks of barite and dump them into the pits, which are now overflowing.

The toolpusher looks up at the rig floor just as a great eruption of drilling mud is blown up past the crown block, blinding the driller and floor hands with its ferocity.

The noise is deafening as the mud is blown out by the high pressure gas. The toolpusher screams noiselessly from the mud pits and waves the men off the rig floor. The driller and floor hands wipe their eyes and stagger toward the doghouse.

IN THE DERRICK

Soaked with mud and partially blinded, the DERRICKMAN attaches his belt hook to the Geronimo line, a taught guy wire stretched to the ground, and jumps off the 100' high platform just as the gas ignites.

The rig becomes an inferno.

The roughnecks fall down the stairs, reach the ground and run in all directions away from the burning rig.

DISSOLVE:

LATER - DAYLIGHT

The massive rig is enveloped in flames and smoke. SIGHTSEERS are kept back by State POLICE and CITY FIREMEN.

DISSOLVE:

LATER - NIGHT

Three dayglo-red eighteen wheelers hauling huge red D-12 Caterpillar tractors are steered through POLICE lines and the gantlet of NEWS REPORTERS. A smaller red truck follows. It has explosive warnings on its sides and rear.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD

We fly over the inferno in a helicopter and descend to land.

CUT TO:

ON THE GROUND

The pilot, JIM RAFFERTY, gets out of his dayglo-red MD-500 and stares at the inferno. He's in his fifties, tall and lean.

The roughnecks approach and shake hands, impressed to see him.

MILT MCGUIRE gets out of the passenger side of the helicopter.

ROUGHNECK

Well, by God, it's Jim Rafferty, ain't it. I've heard a lot about you!

MILT

Never wanted to meet him, though, did ya?

ROUGHNECK

Well, no sir, not on a burnin' well...

Jim and Milt, in dayglo-red coveralls and hardhats, confer with the company man and toolpusher and driller. The logos on their coveralls say

"Well Fire Control, Houston, Texas"

TOOLPUSHER

I don't see how you'll ever put that out!

JIM

You got a real gas well there!

TOOLPUSHER

It's a stinkin' monster, Jim!

MILT

Well, that's what you get when you drill into hell!

JIM

How much drill pipe you got in the hole?

DRILLER

'Bout four thousand feet...

COMPANY MAN

We were drilling underbalanced - it got away from us.

JIM

Sour gas?

TOOLPUSHER

Nope.

MILT

What happened to your blowout preventers?

DRILLER

Happened too fast. Hydraulic lines melted pretty quick.

Gas BURSTS through the ground, twenty feet away! The men's hardhats are blown off their heads and the company man is knocked off his feet. Its noise, too, is deafening.

Jim and Milt help the man to his feet. They pick up their hardhats and move farther from the rig and the new hazard.

JIM

Get that equipment back! Way back!

Red-suited FIREFIGHTERS jump on the Caterpillars and reverse them away from the high-pressure gas, which is sucked toward the burning rig.

Suddenly, the gas hits the flames and is ignited. Two fires now blaze in the darkness.

Milt yells into Jim's ear.

MILT

This damn thing's gonna crater on us!

The company man jerks his head at Milt.

COMPANY MAN

Crater!

MILT

You ever see a wild well crater, mister? That gas is coming up the backside of the casing! There's no way to control it! If we don't get these fires out, that gas is gonna keep burning around the rig and pretty soon the earth will melt and open up and just swallow everything! What do you want to do, Jim?

Jim yells in the toolpusher's ear.

JIM

What's your water supply?

TOOLPUSHER

We're haulin' water - no water lines!

Jim shakes his head. He yells at the company man.

JIM

Get every damn water truck in the country
out here - now!

The company man runs to his car and talks on his cell phone.

On the far side of the burning rig another jet of high pressure gas bursts through the ground and ignites immediately.

MILT

Damn gas is coming up everywhere!

JIM

Might crater, all right! We've got to
hurry! We got enough dynamite for three?

MILT

Plenty! Two hundred pounds!

Behind them, the fire has weakened portions of the rig floor and the derrick begins to sag.

JIM

Okay! Let's drag that junk out of there!

LATER

Big 120 barrel water trucks begin to roll onto the location. They come and keep coming, lining up carefully next to each other in line. The DRIVERS quickly connect their trailers with fat hoses in series to create three gigantic water supplies, one for each fire.

The three huge Caterpillars pull parts of the sagging rig away from the blowing well.

Jim and Milt prepare large explosive satchel charges.

PRE-DAWN

Each tractor has a long pole on the end of which is the well-wrapped dynamite package. Jim and two of his men wear shiny fire suits.

JIM (cont'g)

We get the explosives in position, we
get twenty seconds to get to cover! It'll
cook off after that! Let's go!

OVERHEAD

The violent, roiling, thundering scene from hell.

The three bulldozers are backed toward the three fires, the operators shielded by sheet metal and soaked by the fire hoses which are aimed at the explosives. Milt coordinates via radio so they all arrive at the fires at the same time.

ON THE GROUND

One of the tractor's tracks levers up a twisted piece of metal buried in the dirt as it comes to a stop. The metal gleams dully in the tractor's shadow.

As soon as the charges are in the fires, Jim and the two operators jump from the tractors and run for safety.

One operator, hindered by his bulky fire suit, trips on the sharp metal object and is snagged. He drops heavily and can't free himself.

Jim is running in the same direction and spots the man down. He goes to him and pulls the pants leg off the twisted snag and in one furious motion gets him to his feet. He spots the drainage ditch and pulls the man down in it with him.

Milt observes this and his stopwatch and twists the blasting generator. The three charges explode and extinguish the fires.

The invisible gas still roars out of the three holes.

LATER

Jim confers with the company man.

COMPANY MAN

Bet your insurance man wishes you'd just shoot yourself and end the suspense!

JIM

Insurance companies won't even return my calls.

COMPANY MAN

They don't like the part where you put the dynamite in the fire.

JIM

You need to get another rig in here fast and drill a relief well. Once you make contact with the original well bore, you can get the mud weight up and probably kill it...
Now, unless this thing catches fire again, the boss and I are going to Louisiana and shoot some doves.

LATER

Milt supervises the firefighters as they clean up their gear and load the tractors back on the low-boys. Jim puts his arm around Milt.

MILT

Let's go to the house. I've enjoyed
about all of this I can stand!

JIM

Gettin' old?

MILT

I'd like to get old. That's my main
goal in life. That well coulda cratered
real fast, Jim boy..

Jim sighs in agreement.

JIM

Yeah...

MILT

What I want to do is take the phone off
the hook and go to Louisiana and shoot
some birds.

JIM

Me, too. But not until I go home and
kiss your daughter.

Jim pats Milt and goes to the helicopter. Milt takes out a bottle of pills
and swallows one, unseen by Jim.

The helicopter's engine starts to whine and the blades turn.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFFERTY HOME - DAY

Jim parks his red company car next to his pickup truck. The large house sits
on forty wooded acres.

He gets out and goes to the door.

INT. RAFFERTY HOME

JENNY RAFFERTY is a gorgeous brunette. She runs to Jim as he enters. They
hug.

JENNY

It was on television... What a terrible
fire! I was so worried.

JIM

Piece o'cake. Your dad gave me the rest
of the day off.

Jenny fusses with his shirt collar.

JENNY

You can get some rest for your drive
to Louisiana..

Jim holds Jenny in his arms and kisses her.

JIM

Sounds good. Let's go get some rest.

Jenny kisses him back.

JENNY

Is that what you call it?

JIM

No, you're right. When I want to rest
I go to the restroom.

JENNY

(giggles)

When I want a bath I go to the bathroom.

JIM

We had a wreck in the rec-room once.

JENNY

Let's go to the bedroom.

She takes his hand and leads him down the hall.

JIM

We could live it up in the living room
Or pant in the pantry.

JENNY

Shut up and kiss me.

The bedroom door closes.

JIM (OS)

Say, what time do the children get home?

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Jim drive's Milt's pickup towards the dove fields in Louisiana.

INT. PICKUP

Milt eyes open from his nap. Jim sees him stir.

JIM

Well, Sleeping Beauty awakes!

MILT

What time is it?

JIM

Time to buy a watch. Twelve-thirty.

MILT

I forgot - who's minding the store?

JIM

Nobody. And I had all calls forwarded to Red Adair's number.

Milt chuckles and looks out the side window.

MILT

Red retired about twenty years after he should have. That's something I don't intend to do...

JIM

What - retire?

MILT

Are you listening?

JIM

I can't drive and listen at the same time. It's illegal.

MILT

I'm gonna give you the business.

JIM

You're always giving me the business.

MILT

I'm serious.

JIM

Okay, I'm listening. You're trying to tell me something.

MILT

You got two weeks' notice. Then I'm taking Lucy to the south of France and we're going to live there for the rest of our lives.

Jim slows and stops the truck by the side of the road. He stares at Milt.

JIM

What?

MILT

Jim boy, you're as good as Red Adair ever was. You're a natural at this game. You bring out the best in men and that's something you just can't buy... Anyway,

you don't need me as much as I need to
take Lucy to France.

JIM
You're wrong, Milt. I do need you.

MILT
Yeah, well - tough. In two weeks, I'm
gone!

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Jim starts the truck. As he drives off, he remembers.

JIM (VO)
Wait a minute! I lose you and I have
to pay you a pension!

MILT (VO)
That's a big ten-four. The cost of
living in France is pretty steep, I
hear.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jim and Milt carry old shotguns as they stalk birds in north Louisiana.

MILT (cont'g)
Nobody around for miles. You know, I
don't think this part of the country
is ever gonna get many people...

JIM
Nope. No jobs around here...

Milt fishes in his pocket for some pills.

MILT
You get some rest yesterday?

JIM
A little. You slept half the way from
Houston.

MILT
Well, I'm about to retire. That's how
you get.

Several doves burst into flight. Milt shoots one with his old Remington
auto. Jim gets a double with his old Winchester pump.

MILT (cont'g)
Nice pair, Jim.

LATER

A dozen doves take flight. Milt takes a double and Jim gets a triple. They collect their birds.

JIM

Nice pair, Milt.

MILT

Yeah. You keep that up. You'll be going home early and I'll need a ride.

LATER

The two men sit, sipping water from their canteens. In the distance they both notice a military truck being driven into the woods.

JIM

I seem to recall a big sunflower patch on the other side of those woods, about a half-mile.

MILT

Yep, I remember it. Musta been five hundred dove in those sunflowers...

They both get up and head for the woods.

LATER

At the edge of the woods, Jim and Milt are confronted by a high chain link fence with barbed wire on top, angled in. It appears to enclose the woods. Small red signs warn of high voltage.

MILT (cont'g)

Well, what the hell is this?

Jim and Milt walk along the fence. They come to a sign on it:

WARNING!
UNITED STATES PROPERTY
RESTRICTED AREA
NO TRESPASSING
DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED

JIM

Deadly force authorized? For what? What the heck is this place?

MILT

It was just a bunch of trees two years ago... We went right through there.

They look up and down the fence line.

JIM

If we went all the way around this

thing the sunflowers might not even be there anymore... Or they could be inside this fence, whatever the hell it is..

MILT

Yeah... Let's make our way back to camp.

They turn away from the fence.

DISSOLVE;

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Jim and Milt sit by a fire in front of their big tent, sipping coffee.

JIM

Life is good!

Milt swallows some pills. Jim notices and regards him with concern.

MILT

Got a little problem..

Jim frowns at Milt. Suddenly, Milt is stricken with a heart attack. He grabs his chest and slumps in his camp chair, gasping in pain.

Jim gapes at him for a moment and then jumps to his aid. The pill bottle falls out of Milt's hand and Jim grabs it and looks at it.

JIM

Nitroglycerin! Why didn't you tell -

Milt reaches feebly for the pills. Jim gives him one and then another and one more. They don't help much. Milt groans.

MILT

I'm havin' a blowout...

JIM

Gotta get you to a hospital!

Milt's eyes roll back and he passes out. Jim gives him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Milt is breathing but unconscious. Jim picks him up and takes him to the pickup. He runs back for the shotguns, gets in and starts the engine.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Milt groans loudly. Far in the distance Jim sees headlights. He focuses on them.

JIM (cont'g)

Hey, Milt. That government facility - with the fence - maybe they have a medic!

Milt doesn't respond. Jim drives out of their camp.

LATER

Jim speeds along a dirt road. He stops at an intersection and waits for two vehicles to cross. They are military trucks. He turns left and follows them through choking dust. The trucks approach the fenced area.

A SIGN:

FEDERAL EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY
NORTH LOUISIANA DETENTION FACILITY
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED

Jim cannot see the sign due to the dust. He follows the trucks through the opened gates and onto pavement. No more dust.

He slows and desperately searches for a medic's office.

SIGN:

FREEDOM IS OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW

Ahead of him, the trucks stop and several armed MEN in black fatigues and blue baseball caps jump out of the cabs and begin to open the canvas flaps at the rear of each truck. The tailgates are dropped and Jim sees a dozen or so CIVILIANS in each truck being ordered out. They all wear handcuffs.

JIM (cont'g)
(whispers)
What the hell?

One of the men in black squints into Jim's headlights. He approaches with his rifle at the ready. Somewhat panicky, Jim rolls down his window.

MAN IN BLACK
This is a restricted area!

JIM
I have an emergency! This man has had
a heart attack!

As Jim gestures toward Milt, the man in black aims his rifle at Jim's head. Other men approach.

MAN IN BLACK
Get him out of there!

EXT. PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

The men in black jerk open the door and pull Jim out and onto the ground. One of the men spots the shotguns in the cab.

MAN IN BLACK 2
Weapons!

This man brings out the shotguns. The first MIB looks at them incredulously.

MAN IN BLACK 1
You're under arrest!

JIM
Hey, take it easy! I said he's had a
heart attack!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP OFFICE

A prisoner, AIRHART, sits dourly on a metal chair. Two MEN IN BLACK are behind him. In front of him are the CAMP COMMANDANT (rank: major) and his nattily dressed interrogator, MARKOWITZ, who speaks with a slightly overbearing British accent.

AIRHART
You have no reason to arrest me. I have
revealed nothing.

MARKOWITZ
(brandishes notes)
Then how, Mr. Airhart, do you explain
three conversations with Tom Doyle of
the Houston Tribune?

AIRHART
The man is curious and persistent. I
revealed nothing.

MARKOWITZ
Time will tell, Mr. Airhart! For your
sake -

A knock at the door. The major answers.

MAN IN BLACK 2
Major and Mr. Markowitz, sir! We have
captured two armed men! Possible
resistance terrorists!

Startled, Markowitz glances at Airhart suspiciously.

MARKOWITZ
Let us not abuse Mr. Airhart further.

Markowitz puts on a black trench coat and snap brim hat. He and the major exit the office.

EXT. PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

The detainees are processed and moved through one-way, multi-pronged pedestrian control gates and then into a building.

Markowitz and the major approach the men who are guarding Jim.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)

Yes, yes! Who have we here?

Jim's and Milt's wallets are produced and handed to Markowitz.

JIM

Are you in charge here?

MAN IN BLACK 1

Quiet! They sneaked in behind these trucks, sir!

MARKOWITZ

Where is the other one?

MAN IN BLACK 1

In the truck, sir - passed out and apparently drunk.

JIM

He's not drunk! He needs a doctor!
He's had a heart attack!

MARKOWITZ

Take this one inside. Wake up the other one.

Jim is lifted roughly and marched to the office.

INT. CAMP OFFICE

Jim is pushed onto the metal chair. Markowitz enters, eyeing the wallets.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)

You would be... James Rafferty...

JIM

What the hell is this place? What are you doing here?

MARKOWITZ

I am defending the system, Mr. Rafferty. What are you doing here...?

JIM

I told you.

MARKOWITZ

If your friend is truly sick he will be attended to... What is your work, Mr. Rafferty?

JIM

(sighs impatiently)
... I'm in the oilfield.

MARKOWITZ

Oh, really?

JIM

Look - I'm very worried about Milt - he's my father-in-law - can you get some real medical help for him? Now?

Markowitz motions to the guard.

MARKOWITZ

Bring Mr. ... McGuire in, please.

One of the two guards behind Jim exits. Markowitz examines the identification again.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)

Rafferty... Rather ubiquitous name in Belfast and Londonderry... Any relatives in Northern Ireland, Mr. Rafferty?

Milt is carried in and placed on the floor. Jim gets up from his chair and tries to comfort him, but he is unconscious.

JIM

(scared)

Listen to me - this man is dying. If you don't have a medic here then you call an emergency helicopter and get him to a hospital!

MARKOWITZ

Yes, well, Mr. Rafferty! This facility does have a medical team and that team will be here in the morning -

JIM

Oh, come on!

MARKOWITZ

(pauses)

Wait.

Markowitz goes to the door and waves to someone outside.

EXT. PRISON OFFICE - NIGHT

Markowitz steps outside as the camp commandant approaches.

MARKOWITZ

Major, we appear to have a heart attack victim inside - I tend to believe the man's story - so, what are the prospects for getting an ambulance or helicopter in here?

MAJOR

(frowns)

Sir, my guidelines state that no unauthorized personnel are allowed in here. That goes for civilian ambulance drivers, civilian helicopter pilots and it goes for those two civilians in there in my office. This camp was put in this god-forsaken spot just to avoid this sort of thing.

MARKOWITZ

Yes, quite. I suppose this sort of thing hasn't happened before?

MAJOR

Well, no sir, it hasn't. We've only been open for business here for two months and this is all kinda new to me. But I've got my guidelines and I sure as hell don't intend to break 'em this early in the game.

MARKOWITZ

Hmm. Quite so, Major, thank you.

Markowitz steps back into the office.

INT. OFFICE

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)

Mr. Rafferty, you and Mr. McGuire have put me in a very difficult position, driving into a restricted detention facility behind two of our vehicles, fully armed..

JIM

Fully armed? We're on a hunting trip!

MARKOWITZ

Well! There you have it. Strictly speaking, I think you'll find that there is no hunting allowed within two miles of this facility.

JIM

(confused)

That can't be. There were no signs.

MARKOWITZ

The main thing, of course, is to get your father-in-law attended to.. The camp personnel are arranging something just now...

JIM

(relief)

That's good, that's good.

Jim puts his jacket under Milt's head.

JIM (cont'g)
Uh, if you don't mind me asking,
what is this place?

MARKOWITZ
This is a federal detention facility,
Mr. Rafferty.

JIM
A federal prison...

MARKOWITZ
Strictly speaking, no. Prison is for
those who have been convicted of felonies.

Jim stares at Milt as Markowitz speaks. Finally, he raises an eyebrow.

JIM
You say these people haven't been
convicted of anything?

MARKOWITZ
Our detention facilities contain mostly
illegal aliens, such as, for example,
Cubans from the Mariel Boatlift..

JIM
--Cubans?

FLASHBACK

Jim recalls the detainees being forced off the trucks. No Cubans.

MARKOWITZ
For the most part, yes.

JIM
The Mariel Boatlift was a long time ago.

MARKOWITZ
Indeed. They are, however, still here
and they are quite mad, I assure you.

Markowitz sucks on his reading glasses, eyeing him closely.

JIM
I guess the ones they brought in tonight
were the Scandinavian-Cubans.

MARKOWITZ
Ah, you're an observant fellow, Mr.
Rafferty! It's true that recently
passed laws have resulted in the

detention of those who have resorted to criminal methods to address their political grievances... The ones you saw here tonight have been classified as terrorists.

JIM

You holding them for trial?

MARKOWITZ

Under the recently passed laws, terrorists can be detained indefinitely.

Jim checks Milt's breathing and looks at his watch.

JIM

I guess I never heard of those laws... Look, I'm going to have to take Milt to a clinic - this just isn't working.

MARKOWITZ

(regretful)

Yes, well! I'm afraid that won't be possible, Mr. Rafferty.

JIM

--What do you mean?

Markowitz nods at the two guards, who rush Jim and capture him.

MARKOWITZ

Hold Mr. Rafferty for a moment in the cells, if that's all right with you, Major?

The major shrugs to mask his resentment at Markowitz' peremptory manner.

JIM

What the hell are you doing? What about my father-in-law?!

Markowitz and the major ignore Jim as he is manhandled to the cells.

MAJOR

(uneasy)

I have no guidelines for this sort of intrusion...

MARKOWITZ

I understand, Major. It is unfortunate, but there it is! I may have handled it differently, as I indicated outside, but this is your facility and you do have your... guidelines.

MAJOR

But they don't - ahh! What am I supposed

to do with this one?

MARKOWITZ

Major, I do have to catch an aeroplane to Washington. I would've liked to have had more time with Mr. Airhart - but!

MAJOR

Goddammit! What am I supposed to do with these intruders? The one in there..

MARKOWITZ

(sardonic)

Judging by his appearance, you won't have to worry about this one much longer. Mr. Rafferty, however... could be a problem.

MAJOR

... Well?

MARKOWITZ

You will now have to go through FEMA channels, Major.

The major sighs and picks up the telephone.

MAJOR

Please make yourself comfortable, Mr. Markowitz. I may need your ideas on this matter.

Markowitz looks at his watch and resignedly sits down.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

In the darkened cell, Jim stands behind bars. Airhart cannot be seen in the cell across the aisle.

JIM

Lunatics.

AIRHART

I am not a lunatic, Mr. Rafferty.

Jim, startled, looks toward the voice.

JIM

What's that?

AIRHART

I heard everything. You are in terrible danger. This is an evil place.

JIM

But what the hell - what is this place?

AIRHART

This is a dungeon, a modern-day dungeon
for political dissidents.

JIM

Who are you?

AIRHART

I am Airhart.

JIM

You're a prisoner...

AIRHART

Of course.

JIM

Well - why are you in this place?

AIRHART

I am the man who knows too much.

JIM

--About what?

AIRHART

About many things. However, my
familiarity with the recent election
is a most serious offence...

JIM

I don't follow you.

AIRHART

Mr. Rafferty, under today's regulations -
not laws, mind you - one is a terrorist
if he speaks out against NAFTA. Don't
you know that? Don't you know that if
you stand up for the First, the Second,
the Fourth or Fifth Amendments that you
are considered by the regime to be a
terrorist. Where have you been?

JIM

(lame)

... I guess I've been working...

AIRHART

(contemptuous)

Then this experience must come as quite
a rude shock to you...

JIM

Look - my father-in-law is out there,
dying. Yes - it's a shock.

AIRHART

I'm sorry, Mr. Rafferty. I really am.
But I'm afraid he won't be alone in that.

JIM

--How do you mean?

AIRHART

I mean that these people have planned something terrible for the American people... For God's sake! Look at yourself! Could you imagine being here, yesterday, as you were working?

JIM

(pauses)

And I thought it would be better with the Democrats...

Airhart snorts.

AIRHART

The parties are run by the same people. We are in a bi-partisan camp.

Jim just looks in Airhart's direction. Suddenly the door bangs open and the lights come on. Markowitz appears. Behind him are the major and two guards.

MARKOWITZ

Mr. Rafferty, orders from Washington are that you be detained here, indefinitely, until a directive can be formulated.

Markowitz sees Airhart in the second holding cell.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)

What is Mr. Airhart doing here! I ordered him back to his cell!

GUARD

Sir, I put him in here so I could assist with the intruders. There wasn't -

MARKOWITZ

The damage is done. Did you two have a nice chat?

JIM

What about my father-in-law!

MARKOWITZ

Mr. McGuire will be seen by the medical team in a few hours. And with that, I must be away. Mr. Airhart, I hope that Mr. Doyle does not quote you.

Jim's eyes narrow. Airhart remains silent.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)

Take these men to detention.

The two guards move to Jim's cell door. One guard inserts a key. The other readies his handcuffs.

GUARD

Get back from the door!

Jim moves back a couple of steps and when the guard starts to swing the door open, Jim launches himself at it, striking the steel bars with his shoulder. The door hits the guard's head, knocking him to the floor, stunned.

The other guard goes for his pistol but Jim kicks him between his legs, hard. He goes down. Jim retrieves the pistol and the other one, too, stuffing it in his waistband.

Markowitz and the major rush into the holding room but jerk to a halt at the sight of Jim's gun. The major goes for his pistol but Markowitz stops him.

MARKOWITZ

I pray you, no violence!

JIM

Hand it over!

The major reluctantly hands over his weapon. Jim stuffs it in the back of his pants and forces the major against the wall. He cuffs his hands behind him and runs him into the cell. The two guards are forced in as well and the door clanged shut.

JIM (cont'g)

You start screaming and he gets it.
Okay, let's go.

Jim grabs Markowitz by the collar and pushes him into the office.

INT. CAMP OFFICE

Jim pushes Markowitz toward Milt's still form.

JIM (cont'g)

Pick him up gently and let's get outside.

MARKOWITZ

You're mad! This man is practically
dead!

JIM

Shut up. You're practically dead, too.

EXT. PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Jim holds the pistol to Markowitz' head as he lugs Milt toward the truck. The guards are startled and brandish their weapons.

JIM (cont'g)
I'll drop this bastard right now!
Get back!

MARKOWITZ
He means it. He means it.

JIM
Put all your weapons in the back of my
truck! Now!

The guards do not comply. Jim jams the pistol in Markowitz' ear.

MARKOWITZ
Do as he says!

The guards slowly place their rifles in the truck bed. Jim opens the back door of the crew-cab pickup and Markowitz struggles to lift Milt onto the back seat.

JIM
Open the door.
(to guards)
Get back!

Markowitz opens the driver's door. Jim sits down behind the wheel and moves over, pulling Markowitz in by his collar.

MARKOWITZ
What are you doing?

INT. PICKUP

Jim gets down below the dashboard with the pistol pointed at Markowitz' stomach.

JIM
You're driving. Get moving.

EXT. PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Only Markowitz is visible in the cab as he starts the engine and slowly drives toward the gate. As he reaches it, another GUARD tentatively approaches with his rifle aimed at Jim's area.

GUARD 3
Sir, just say the word!

INT. PICKUP

Jim can hear and jams the pistol into Markowitz' groin.

JIM
Tell him to put the rifle in the back.

EXT. PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

MARKOWITZ

Put your rifle in the truck, in the back!

GUARD 3

But sir! We can take him!

MARKOWITZ

What about me, you fool? Open the gate!

The guard complies. The gate swings open and Markowitz drives out of the camp, passing the lighted FEMA sign.

INT. PICKUP

As the truck passes by the FEMA sign, Jim rises up from his cramped position and sees it for the first time.

JIM

Emergency Management. I thought you people were in disaster relief.

Markowitz is silent.

JIM (cont'g)

How are you going to manage this little emergency?

MARKOWITZ

What are you going to do to me?

Jim looks him over.

JIM

You aren't much, are you. Kill the lights and turn left.

MARKOWITZ

The major's men will find me.

JIM

If they catch us, I'll kill you. You are going to drive us to a clinic, so just keep driving and hope that we find one.

LATER

They approach a small town, passing by gas stations and convenience stores.

MARKOWITZ

I ask you again: What will you do with me?

JIM

We're going to find a clinic and then we're going to the police.

MARKOWITZ

The police?

JIM

Police, sheriff, whatever.

MARKOWITZ

How do you intend to approach the police, Mr. Rafferty? You are now a federal fugitive who has kidnapped a federal officer, a high-ranking federal officer, holding him hostage! You could be shot on sight!

Jim spots an Urgent Care clinic and indicates it. Markowitz pulls in and parks.

JIM

Keep your mouth shut.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Jim follows as Markowitz carries Milt into the clinic.

INT. CLINIC

The two enter with the unconscious Milt.

JIM (cont'g)

This man has had a heart attack! Please hurry!

A NURSE and a DOCTOR rush to help and guide the men into the emergency room. Milt is placed on the padded table and the men stand back as they go to work.

Markowitz looks boldly at Jim, who watches the emergency procedure. Finally, he looks Markowitz in the eye. They stare at each other for a few moments.

MARKOWITZ

Doctor, my name is Markowitz. I am a federal officer with the Department of Homeland Security. These two men are terrorists who have escaped from the FEMA detention facility some miles from here. Call the FBI and local police now!

The doctor and nurse continue their work on Milt. Markowitz bristles at their disobedience.

Jim keeps the pistol hidden but continues to stare at Markowitz, who now moves away from him. As he gets farther away he suddenly bolts for the door. Jim runs after him but Markowitz runs faster.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Markowitz flies through the door and runs into the night. Jim follows for a short distance but then returns to the clinic.

INT. CLINIC

Jim returns to the emergency room. The doctor and nurse look at him wonderingly as they continue to monitor Milt.

JIM
We're not terrorists. Just regular
people on a hunting trip.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Jim gets in Milt's pickup and drives away.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAFFERTY HOME - NIGHT

Two FEDERAL AGENTS knock on the front door. Positioned behind trees around the house are eight FEDERAL SWATs.

Jenny answers the door in her robe. One agent flashes his badge.

AGENT BROOKS
Mrs. Rafferty? Agent Brooks with the
FBI. Is Mr. Rafferty here?

JENNY
(confused)
Uh, no. He's on a hunting trip... What's
wrong?

AGENT BROOKS
We'd like to ask him a few questions.
May we come inside?

The agents push their way in, guns drawn. Jenny is forced back, aghast.

INT. RAFFERTY HOME

JENNY
What are you -

AGENT BROOKS
If he's not here there's no problem.

The agents separate and search the house. Jenny rushes to the children's room.

CHILDREN'S ROOM

Jenny stands at their door protectively. An agent tries to get by her. She bars the way.

JENNY
Get out of here!

The agent pushes by her and opens the closet. Satisfied, he leaves the room. Jenny trembles with anger and fear.

FOYER

The agents prepare to leave. Brooks hands her his card.

AGENT BROOKS
Please call us if your husband makes
contact with you.

Jenny looks at the card, crumples it and throws it in Brooks' face. The agents exit. Jenny begins to cry.

EXT. RAFFERTY HOME - DAY

The sun is shining.

INT. RAFFERTY HOME

Jenny listens to the radio as she washes the dishes.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
A Houston man is wanted in connection
with the murder of Milton McGuire, 65,
also of Houston. McGuire and the
suspect, 47 year old James Rafferty,
were on a hunting trip in Louisiana.
McGuire's body was found along a road
early this morning. He had been shot,
allegedly with Rafferty's shotgun,
which was found near McGuire's body.
Rafferty reportedly escaped in McGuire's
2006 Ford pickup. Police warn that
Rafferty should be considered armed and
dangerous.

In shock, Jenny sags against the counter.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jim pushes buttons.

JENNY (VO)
Hello?

JIM
Honey, it's me.

INT. RAFFERTY HOME

JENNY
Oh, Jim! Are you all right? What
happened to Dad? Why are they saying

all these awful -

JIM (VO)

He had a heart attack, Honey. I'm being framed. I'm going to call your mom. I love you and will call again soon, but I can't use the cell phone.

JENNY

Wait, Jim - the FBI forced their way in the house last night. It was awful!

PHONE BOOTH

Jim closes his eyes in fear and loathing.

JIM

I'm sorry, Honey, I love you.

CUT TO:

INT. MCGUIRE HOUSE

The telephone rings. LUCY MCGUIRE answers it. Three FBI AGENTS are in the room, monitoring the call. She glares at the agents.

LUCY

Hello?

JIM (VO)

Lucy, it's Jim..

LUCY

Oh, Jim! I know you didn't kill Milt!

JIM (VO)

I'm being framed, Lucy, by some very vicious people. Milt had a heart attack -

LUCY

Jim, Milt had a very bad heart. He was trying to deny it, hide it. The federals are here, tracing this call, so you just skeedaddle!

The FBI agents look at Lucy angrily. One of them picks up a cell phone and whispers into it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSTON TRIBUNE

Jim stands at the counter as the RECEPTIONIST speaks into her telephone.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Doyle? A Mr. Airhart to see you.

Jim waits. TOM DOYLE appears at the door. Doyle and Jim look at each other.

DOYLE

(quietly)
Come in.

DOYLE'S OFFICE

Doyle goes behind his desk and lights a cigarette. Jim stands.

JIM

You're the only writer named "Doyle" I
could think of.

DOYLE

Well? You're not Airhart.

JIM

Airhart sent me.

DOYLE

Airhart is... presumed dead.

JIM

Not as of last night.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFERTY HOME

Jenny, LIBBY (6) and TROY (4) have lunch in the kitchen.

LIBBY

Mommy, who were those men who came here
last night? Were they policemen?

JENNY

(startled)
Weren't you asleep then? It was dark!

LIBBY

No, Mommy.

JENNY

Honey, those men were in Daddy's business.

LIBBY

They were looking for Daddy.

JENNY

Yes. They were.

LIBBY

Mommy, were they mean boys?

Jenny looks at her and tries to keep from crying.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE

Jim sits in front of Doyle's desk. Doyle wears an inscrutable expression.

JIM

These crazy bastards either killed my father-in-law or they just let him die and then shot him with my gun. They're saying I killed him! I loved the man, Doyle.

(sighs)

Look, I left him at an Urgent Care clinic in Jonesboro, Louisiana. Call the clinic.

Doyle taps on his keyboard. He dials his phone, listens and hangs up.

DOYLE

Disconnected, no longer in service.

JIM

You see? Call anyone in Jonesboro and ask if the clinic was doing business last night.

DOYLE

(shrugs)

What can I say?

JIM

What can you say? You can say who Airhart is and why he's locked up?

DOYLE

What do you care about Airhart?

JIM

He called that place a dungeon. The Limey told me the people there haven't been convicted of anything... I didn't do anything and they're trying to get me. Airhart said he's the man who knows too much.

DOYLE

Your real problem is that Airhart talked to you.

JIM

That could be your problem, too, Doyle. Who is he?

Doyle fiddles with a cigarette. Finally, he looks at Jim.

DOYLE

Airhart owns, or owned, a company that

counts ballots...

JIM

... Yeah? He said something about the election. So?

DOYLE

He helped to rig the elections...

Jim looks at Doyle.

JIM

The presidential election?

DOYLE

And Senate. And House. Everything. He came to me, said he had cancer and wanted to tell the story... He says they're all rigged, have been since JFK... These days it's done by the computer companies, like his. There's just a handful of 'em.

JIM

But weren't the Democrats going to win anyway? Why'd they need to rig it?

DOYLE

To keep the Republicans from rigging it again. The Democrats were going to win in 2000, but they got ripped off, as we know. There's a lot of anti-war unrest, a big Democrat win would calm them down... Mainly, they do it because they can.

JIM

Well, why'd he come to you with his story?

DOYLE

He liked some of my pieces on the radicals, the resistance, the ones Markowitz calls the terrorists. These guys are always yelling about concentration camps. You're the only one who's seen one and told about it.

JIM

If you write about him, or quote him, he'll be dead. I got that impression.

DOYLE

He'll be dead either way. But, a big story might save him. I have to try.

Jim looks at Doyle's clock on the wall.

JIM

Listen, Doyle. I've got to get to a safe phone and call my wife back.

Doyle writes on a card.

DOYLE

Here's my home number... If you want to talk some more, here's where we can meet. Don't say it on the phone, just "Let's meet."

(pauses)

You want me to tell your story? It'll give you some public support...

Jim takes the card and looks at the handwriting.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFFERTY HOME - DAY

Long shot of front door, which is open. The telephone is ringing. We go through the door.

INT. RAFFERTY HOME

There is a doll on the floor. A little cowboy hat is on the floor. Jenny's purse is on the counter, next to the ringing telephone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jim listens to the ringing. He hangs up and tries another number.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILT'S HOUSE - DAY

We hear the telephone ringing.

INT. MILT'S HOUSE

The FBI agents are gone. Lucy McGuire is gone.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jim drives Milt's pickup through the parking lot, looking at the vehicles. He spots a similar pickup and parks near it.

Jim goes to the other pickup and, with a screwdriver, removes the license plates and replaces them with Milt's plates. He puts the stolen plates on Milt's truck.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jim parks the pickup in the woods. He takes binoculars from the other seat and heads into the darkness of the woods.

LATER

Jim carefully approaches his house, staying in the shadows of the woods. He searches the terrain through the binoculars. Then he focuses on the house.

BINOCULAR VIEW

The lights are out and the front door is still open.

CLOSE UP

Jim jerks the glasses away from his eyes and stares at the house, sweat breaking out on his face. Sick with fear, he finally gets up and staggers back into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The telephone rings. Doyle grabs it in the dark.

DOYLE

Yeah?

(listens)

You sure? Okay. Yeah, half-hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFALO BAYOU - DAWN

Doyle approaches Jim, who paces along the river in the misty dawn light.

JIM

Doyle! My wife, my children and my wife's mother! He got 'em!

DOYLE

(nods)

Are you sure? Maybe they're hiding -

JIM

Markowitz got 'em, Doyle. Our front door is still open!

DOYLE

(pauses)

What are you going to do?

JIM

I'm going to find them. You're going to help me. You know about these camps.

You know people who know about them. Get me to those people, now!

Doyle shakes out a cigarette as they walk. He lights up.

DOYLE

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

A Blackhawk helicopter, painted black, flies over the countryside.

INT. BLACKHAWK

Jenny, Libby and Troy huddle next to each other on the helicopter floor. Jenny's hands are cuffed behind her. The children are shocked by their treatment.

Markowitz sits in a seat, facing them.

JENNY

My husband did nothing! I've done nothing!

MARKOWITZ

Did nothing? He murdered your father! He kidnapped me!

JENNY

You're a liar! A filthy liar! You murdered my father!

Markowitz recoils slightly at the truth of her accusation.

MARKOWITZ

Your husband is very apt... His military experience is quite impressive...

Jenny looks at him hatefully.

JENNY

I'll bet he regrets serving his country now!

Jenny looks away to end all talk.

MARKOWITZ

To which resistance unit does he belong?

Despite herself, Jenny looks back at him curiously.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP - DAY

The black Blackhawk helicopter comes in for a landing. The door opens and two GUARDS get out.

Jenny, in handcuffs, is helped out along with Troy and Libby. Her handcuffs are removed and the three are led away.

Markowitz appears in the door.

MARKOWITZ
(yells over noise)
Au revoir, Mrs. Rafferty!

The helicopter takes off.

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

Jenny and the children are processed into the detention camp. They are dazed and frightened. Jenny looks at a GUARD.

JENNY
Where are we?

The guard looks at her coldly and ignores her question.

JENNY (cont'g)
Please...

GUARD
Arkansas.

JENNY
But I must call someone... I -

GUARD
You're in detention, gal. You don't get a phone call.

JENNY
But - my children! We've done nothing!

GUARD
You just be happy you have your kids.
Start complaining and we'll split you up.

Jenny fights the urge to be sick.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

An old pickup driven by Doyle makes its way through the woods. It passes a MAN hidden in the trees. He speaks into a hand-held radio.

The truck approaches a large, old log house. Other vehicles are parked under the big trees, away from the house. The pickup is parked under the trees.

Jim and Doyle get out. Jim takes a heavy canvas bag from the bed. They go to the house.

INT. LOG HOUSE

The door is opened before they knock. Several MEN are waiting.

BOB

Mr. Doyle...

They shake hands.

DOYLE

This is Jim Rafferty.

JOE

Doyle says you've been in a detention camp, huh?

JIM

Just visiting... Matter of fact, I brought some souvenirs from there..

He gestures at the heavy canvas bag. Joe takes it and opens the top. He pulls out the captured M-4 rifles.

One of the men, PETE, squints through tobacco smoke, sizing him up. Jim looks them all over.

DOYLE

Jim's wife and children have been taken. He needs your help.

PETE

And how can we help him?

JIM

Just tell me where they hold the women and children.

PETE

How the hell do we know where they hold them? Where's that camp you were in? Maybe they've got 'em there.

JIM

Maybe they do! You want me to bust back in there by myself?

Joe moves to a map on the wall. Bob points at it.

BOB

Jim, why don't you show us where the camp is?

Jim goes to the map and puts a finger on NW Louisiana.

JIM

The map isn't big enough to show it. It's near Jonesboro. I'd have to take you there.

JOE

You got any military experience, Jim?

JIM

Yep.

BOB

They said on television that you put out oil well fires. You work with explosives, don'tcha?

JIM

(nods)

I'm a blaster.

JOE

That's good. You'll fit right in.

PETE

Not so fast. We need to know how you got in that camp and we need to know how you got out. Tell you the truth, I don't get it.

Jim sighs in frustration. Bob motions to some chairs by the fireplace.

BOB

Okay, let's sit down and hear Jim's story... Who wants coffee?

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

Jenny and the children are led to their room by two female GUARDS.

LIBBY

Mommy, I'm hungry!

Jenny looks at the guards.

JENNY

Could we have something to eat?

GUARD

Breakfast is over. Lunch is at noon.

JENNY

But couldn't you get them -

The steel door is slammed shut. Jenny gathers Troy and Libby in her arms.

TROY

Mommy? Why are we in jail?

LIBBY

Where's Daddy?

Jenny kisses each child over and over.

LATER

Jenny helps the children with their shoes. The cell door opens.

GUARD

You got class in half an hour. The
kids go to the nursery.

The guard withdraws.

LIBBY

What did she say, Mommy?

Jenny tries to stay calm.

JENNY

She said that you and Troy can go play
with the other children.

LIBBY

But I don't want to leave you!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

Jenny sits in a classroom with twenty other WOMEN. A tough-looking female
instructor, NEWLY, stands in front of them.

NEWLY

Stand up.

The women get slowly to their feet.

NEWLY (cont'g)

Sit down.

The women sit down.

NEWLY (cont'g)

Stand up!

The women stand up, looking at her warily.

NEWLY (cont'g)

Sit down!

The women sit down.

NEWLY (cont'g)

Stand up!

Jenny begins to hate.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP - DAY

A black helicopter lands. Lucy McGuire is helped out and her handcuffs removed.

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

Lucy is escorted into the processing office. She glares at the sullen guards.

INT. JENNY'S ROOM

The door opens and Lucy is pushed into the empty room. She looks around and finally sits on one of the beds, shaking her head.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP NURSERY

Libby and Troy stay to themselves among thirty other CHILDREN of various young ages.

On the walls are UN flags, posters and propaganda.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

The women are still being disciplined.

NEWLY (cont'g)
STAND UP!

The women stand up.

NEWLY (cont'g)
SIT DOWN!

The women sit down.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNY'S ROOM

Jenny and the children enter the room. Lucy is astounded. Jenny is astounded. The children can't believe their eyes.

JENNY
Mom!

LUCY
--What - ?

LIBBY

Grandma!

Libby and Troy run to her and hug her. Jenny runs to her. Lucy stands up and they all hug each other.

The door opens again. The guard pushes a cart.

GUARD

Come here and get your food!

The captives silently take their plates. The door is closed.

LUCY

What are we doing here?

JENNY

We're being re-educated.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP - DAY

Black vans and cars are parked outside the chain-link fence.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

A disheveled-looking WOMAN stands before the other detainees.

MADGE

My name is Madge Murray. The reason I am in detention is that my husband was a terrorist with the militia.

Newly looks at the other detainees.

NEWLY

And is your husband still a militia terrorist?

MADGE

No ma'am. My husband's dead.

NEWLY

What happened to your children?

MADGE

Our children were taken from me and put in foster care.

NEWLY

You were found to be unfit parents, weren't you, Murray?

MADGE

Yes, ma'am.

NEWLY

Specific offenses?

MADGE

My husband tried to protect the southern border and we had lied to our children about the United Nations. Those were our worst offenses.

NEWLY

Are you sorry now for spreading lies to helpless young children?

MADGE

Yes, ma'am. I am very sorry.

NEWLY

Sit down, Murray. Next!

Madge sits down.

Lucy looks at Jenny and raises an eyebrow. Jenny shrugs helplessly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL YARD - DAY

A long freight train rolls through a downtown switching yard. Its many flatcars are loaded with military vehicles, all painted white with the letters "UN" on their sides.

Switches are thrown and the locomotives and cars move laterally across the vast yard and onto a different line.

INT. DISPATCHER'S TOWER

The DISPATCHER sees the UN train and picks up binoculars, eyeballing the train. He puts down the glasses and refers to his computer. He picks up the telephone.

DISPATCHER

Hello, George? This is Hal... Aw, I can't kick. Say, have you been out on the Longview road this week? Well, I never saw so many bluebells as are blooming out there. That's right, on the Longview road - I was eastbound when I saw 'em. You ought to go check it out!

CUT TO:

INT. LOG HOUSE

The men listen as Jim tells his story.

JIM

... and I called Doyle back and told him
I needed your help..

PETE

How do we know for sure that this
Markowitz has your wife and kids? Maybe
she just took off in a hurry..

Jim looks at Pete angrily.

JIM

Well, you figure it out! He's got 'em,
just as sure as he killed Milt.

The others think about that.

JIM (cont'g)

Who's the leader of this outfit, anyway?

BOB

We don't have a leader, Jim. This is
the Resistance.

JIM

What the hell does that mean?

PETE

It means just what he said. We don't
give orders and we don't take orders.

JIM

Well, how do you get anything done?

BOB

We talk things over first, Jim. If we
think something's worth the risk, we go
ahead and do it, together.

PETE

Let's go over it again. How do you know
they've been arrested?

JIM

I told you - the lights were out and the
door was open. I called her a dozen times.
They got her mother, too. She said the
feds were at her house when I called her.
They'd have no reason to run anyway!

JOE

Yeah, that's what they thought.

A cell phone rings. Pete answers it.

PETE

Yeah?

(listens)

When?

Pete puts the phone down.

PETE (cont'g)
There's a UN train headed through
Longview!

JOE
Damn.

The others groan. Jim looks at Doyle, who shrugs slightly.

BOB
Too far away, not enough notice.

PETE
Next time.
(looks at Jim)
Sorry. Your family..

JIM
Yeah. Well, that's my story. What
do you all have going?

They look at him.

JIM (cont'g)
I mean - what exactly is the Resistance?

PETE
What does it mean to you?

JIM
... The French Resistance...

PETE
No. In this country.

JIM
If you're against what I saw in that
camp, then I guess you're freedom
fighters. Markowitz considers you to
be terrorists, of course.

PETE
Yeah? And how many civilians have we
killed? How many women and children
have we bombed, kidnapped, tortured,
or burned alive?

BOB
We consider the government to be the
terrorists, considering what they do
and how many Americans and others are
terrified of it.

JOE

Look at your situation...

JIM

Yeah... Speaking of that, I came here to get some help... Now you say there's no one actually in charge here...

BOB

No one, Jim. We already told you.

JIM

I run a business. In business, someone's in charge. It's got to be that way.

BOB

The Resistance isn't a business, Jim. We don't make money.

JOE

We spend money.

PETE

Patriotism's expensive.

Jim looks at them.

JIM

How'd you get into this? What do you want?

BOB

How did we get into this... I guess, in my case, I got tired of being pushed around by people whose salaries I paid.

PETE

What do I want? I just want to be left alone. But they're not going to leave us alone. You, of all people, should know that by now.

JOE

My wife and I were home-schooling our kids. It was illegal where I'm from and I did almost a year in jail. When I got out, I joined the Resistance. I won't be going back to jail...

JIM

What about your family?

JOE

We're still home-schooling.

BOB

Thing is, Jim, if you want to be a free man in America you're going to have to fight for it.

PETE

You're going to have to kill for it. But I'll bet you're ready to kill now, right?

A dozen OTHER MEN come in the front door. Jim looks at them.

JIM

(distracted)

Well, the point is, I have to find my family. How do you all think I should go about that?

BOB

Probably ought to start by showing us that Louisiana camp.

JIM

Well, who wants to go?

GEORGE, a serious young man who just came in the door, steps forward.

GEORGE

Go where?

JIM

To a FEMA detention camp in north Louisiana.

The new guys pay attention.

GEORGE

You actually found one?

JIM

I found one.

MIKE

Count me in.

Jim looks at Mike.

BOB

You've all heard of Jim Rafferty from the news. Appears they got his wife and children.

JIM

And my wife's mother.

MIKE

And I assume you didn't kill your father-in-law.

Jim pretends he didn't hear that.

BOB

Pete, Joe and I are going with Jim.
We'll appreciate as much help as we
can get.

The rest of the men murmur their consent.

PETE

Doyle? What about you?

DOYLE

Yeah. Maybe I should go.

BOB

Okay! Let's leave from here at 0500
tomorrow. That's one hour before dawn.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN

ANNOUNCER

A spokesman for the Organization of
Petroleum Exporting Countries today
announced that it can no longer accept
dollars. Oil sales are henceforth to
be denominated in Euros. In Tokyo,
the dollar continues its fall against
the yen. The Chinese finance minister
said that his country could not continue
propping up the dollar indefinitely.
Today, in Washington, the Federal Reserve
chairman assured Congress that America is
not bankrupt.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY NYC HQ

Markowitz dictates to his ASSISTANT as he examines Jim's file.

MARKOWITZ

Subject James V. Rafferty is to be
considered armed and dangerous. A
psychological profile has revealed
marked suicidal tendencies. Therefore,
for the safety of the public and the
arresting officers, subject Rafferty
should be shot on sight.

(pauses)

Memo 2 - a journalist with the Houston
Tribune, Thomas Doyle, should be
arrested. That will be all, Marie.

The assistant exits. The red phone rings.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)
Markowitz... Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. UN BUILDING - DAY

A limousine deposits Markowitz at the entrance. He enters UN building.

INT. UNITED NATIONS

Markowitz goes to an elevator.

INT. UN OFFICE

Markowitz enters the outer offices of the Undersecretary of Security and Political Affairs. A RECEPTIONIST rises and ushers him to another door.

INT. SWERDLOV'S OFFICE

Undersecretary SWERDLOV rises to greet Markowitz.

SWERDLOV
(heavy Russian accent)
Ah, Markowitz!

MARKOWITZ
Secretary...

SWERDLOV
Please, sit. A drink?

MARKOWITZ
Thank you. Scotch.

Swerdlov snaps his fingers at an AIDE, who exits.

SWERDLOV
Financial crisis is worsening. You've heard?

Markowitz nods. The aide returns with the cocktails.

SWERDLOV (cont'g)
Natives getting restless?

MARKOWITZ
There's little they can do. Cheers.

SWERDLOV
Nevertheless, I must ask if you are prepared to commence Operation Garden Plot?

MARKOWITZ
Am I prepared to begin a crackdown on

the dissident population of America?

SWERDLOV

That is question.

MARKOWITZ

I am prepared, Secretary.

SWERDLOV

Very well. General Secretary wishes that suppression operation is well under way before anticipated collapse of market. Dissidents can then be blamed for crisis..

MARKOWITZ

At dawn tomorrow, Secretary, multi-jurisdictional task forces will begin strikes on the known leaders of the Resistance and other dissident factions. Our detention facilities are staffed and ready.

Swerdlov nods with satisfaction and raises his glass.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN

An ANNOUNCER reads the news. Behind him is a photo of Jim.

ANNOUNCER

A federal arrest warrant was issued today for fugitive James Rafferty of Houston. Rafferty is wanted for the murder of his father-in-law, Milton McGuire, who owned a Houston oil well fire fighting company. You are warned that Rafferty is armed and dangerous and has threatened suicide in the past and must not be confronted. If you see Rafferty, pictured here, please call the FBI.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS

Police teletype machines receive orders to shoot Jim on sight.

The flyers are posted on police station walls.

SWAT teams are issued with the flyers.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSTON TRIBUNE

Six FBI AGENTS enter the Tribune, Agent Brooks in the lead.

BROOKS
FBI! Where is Thomas Doyle?

The receptionist is startled.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Doyle has not been in today!

BROOKS
Show us his office!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOG HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete addresses the assembled rebels, Jim and Doyle.

PETE
We'll split up and take different routes
to Shreveport, rendezvous at the 42nd St.
Denny's at 2100 hrs tomorrow, and then
into Jonesboro.

LATER

Ten vehicles belonging to the rebels slowly pull out and head for the county road in the pre-dawn darkness.

COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The vehicles are well-spaced out as they emerge onto the county road.

LATER

The ten vehicles split at an intersection and entrance to the Interstate.

They head off in three directions.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAWN

A SWAT TEAM surround's Pete's house.

BULLHORN
Peter Madison! This is the FBI! You
are surrounded! Come out with your
hands up!

In a few moments, Pete's WIFE pokes her head around a curtain. Spotlights flood the window. Tear gas canisters are fired through the window. Pete's wife is hit in the head by a canister as it crashes through.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAWN

SWAT TEAM surrounds this house.

BULLHORN

Joseph Higgins! This is the FBI! Come
out with your hands up!

Tear gas is fired into Joe's house. Soon, it starts to burn.

QUICK CUTS

Homes around the country are under attack by the federal government.

EXT. DENVER HOME - DAWN

A SWAT TEAM is positioned around this house.

BULLHORN

John Wilson! This is the FBI! Come
out with your hands up!

As two SWATs prepare to fire tear gas through the windows, gunfire erupts from inside the house. Both SWATs are hit.

Suddenly, JOHN WILSON bursts through a window, hitting the grass and firing his rifle as he rolls. Other SWATs try to hit him but he is too quick.

Then, Wilson is up and running, charging each SWAT position. He shoots five of them and then takes cover, figuring out where the rest are.

CUT TO:

EXT. TULSA HOME - DAWN

A SWAT TEAM is firing into the home of another rebel, who is returning fire.

Suddenly, from behind, a storm of gunfire erupts.

Five rebels have the SWATs in a crossfire. The SWATs are killed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS SUBURB - DAWN

A column of federal cars and vans moves toward a rebel's home.

Suddenly, a car speeds through an intersection and crashes the lead federal car, knocking it sideways and blocking the road.

The stunned DRIVERS stop and look. A truck passes slowly from behind and a PASSENGER rakes each vehicle with automatic fire.

The truck stops and reverses so the shooter can finish off anyone still moving in the federal vehicles.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HIGHWAY 71 - DAY

Mike and George travel south in their pickup truck.

INT. PICKUP

Alongside the highway, a sign:

SHREVEPORT 65

MIKE

Another hour.

George, the driver, jerks his head to the left.

IN THE DISTANCE

A military helicopter flies in the same direction, at fifty feet altitude.

GEORGE

Nine o'clock.

Mike cranes his head around George.

MIKE

Hell.

GEORGE

Is that black or dark green?

MIKE

(squints)

Looks black to me.

GEORGE

That's FEMA, sure as hell.

MIKE

Could be a roadblock. Let's get off!

EXT. HIWAY 71 - DAY

OVERHEAD

Below us, the pickup veers off at an exit.

We continue down the four-lane for a mile at low altitude.

Brake lights come on as we top a hill. On the other side the traffic is stopped at a massive roadblock manned by fifty armed MEN in black fatigues. Several black helicopters are on the ground, one with its blades rotating.

The first black helicopter lands near the others.

DRIVERS and PASSENGERS are out of their cars as the black-suited men search their vehicles.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Mike approaches a MAN gassing his car.

MIKE
Say, excuse me. Did you come from
Shreveport?

MAN
(guarded)
... Yeah?

MIKE
Anything unusual back there?

MAN
They're runnin' a stinkin' roadblock,
if you call that unusual.

MIKE
What were they looking for?

MAN
Well, they didn't say!

MIKE
Hey, thanks.

Mike returns to the pickup.

INT. PICKUP

Mike gets in. He finds the cell phone and punches in numbers.

GEORGE
What'd he say?

MIKE
He said we're on the wrong road.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIWAY 71 - DAY

A crew-cab pickup with a camper shell goes toward Shreveport.

INT. PICKUP

Pete drives. Bob sits in front. Joe and Jim sit in back.

JIM
Doyle said you guys know where the camps
are...

BOB
Let's put it this way... Guys all over
the country are scouting out camps, but
most of them are on army bases, which

makes it hard to eyeball them. We get reports and rumors that we try to check out.

JIM

So what about a camp for women and kids?

BOB

(shrugs)

We've heard about one in the Everglades and one in Arkansas... There's no doubt that women and children have disappeared - we just can't say for sure that the feds have them. Kinda like your situation...

JIM

... Arkansas...

The cell phone rings. Pete answers.

PETE

Yeah?

(listens)

Okay, thanks.

He switches off.

PETE (cont'g)

FEMA's got a roadblock on 71, sixty miles north of Shreveport.

JIM

What are they looking for?

PETE

Guns, drugs, us, whatever. Might even be looking for you.

The cell phone rings again. Pete picks it up.

PETE (cont'g)

Yeah?

Pete listens expressionlessly, then puts the phone down on the seat.

He slows the truck and pulls off the road.

BOB

What is it?

Pete sits behind the wheel, looking straight ahead.

PETE

It's started. They hit all our places at dawn. Pam's dead.

BOB

Aw, Pete!

PETE

Joe, your house is burning.

Joe looks out the window. Pete looks at Bob.

PETE (cont'g)

No word on your place yet. Guys are fighting all over the country, apparently.

Bob takes the phone and punches numbers.

BOB

This is 51. Let's go on back.

(punches numbers)

Yeah, this is 51. Let's go back - the big crackdown.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD

The pickup makes a U-turn and heads back north.

BOB (VO)

We have to stick together now. Let's get in a convoy.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. 71 ROADBLOCK - DAY

The FEMA SQUADRON LEADER confers with other FEMA OFFICERS.

ALPHA LEADER

All right... We're not experiencing resistance here so let's have three units go to these locations and set up three more choke points.

He indicates three locations on the map.

Three SQUAD LEADERS head for three Blackhawk helicopters, followed by ten MEN each. The Blackhawks begin winding up as the men embark.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

NOTICES

are posted at the entrance to the high school:

"SCHOOL CANCELLED TODAY
CHECK WITH LOCAL TV

AND RADIO STATIONS FOR
RESUMPTION OF CLASSES"

Amid sporadic gunfire, SUSPECTS, WIVES and CHILDREN are brought to the gymnasium for processing.

They file inside, guarded by MEN IN BLACK.

INT. GYMNASIUM

A WOMAN in a nightgown and robe shuffles into the processing center with her three CHILDREN, also in pajamas. She approaches a table and an OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL
Name?

WOMAN
Mary Higgins.

The official checks a list.

OFFICIAL
Higgins... Mrs. Joseph Higgins?

WOMAN
Yes.

The official sneers at her. He points at a group of CAPTIVES.

OFFICIAL
Get over there with them.

CUT TO:

ACROSS THE STREET

CITIZENS look out their windows to see big black vans driven into the school.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS

Scenes of burned homes, dead and wounded AMERICANS, dead and wounded SWATs.

MEN IN BLACK fatigues bring out a dead FAMILY.

REBELS surround federal cars and pour gunfire into them. The cars are set on fire.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS HQ

Undersecretary Swerdlov is on the telephone.

SWERDLOV

Markowitz! How goes operation?

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY NYC HQ

Markowitz watches his computer screen with concern.

MARKOWITZ

There's a bit more resistance than expected, Secretary... However, I expect our people to gain the upper hand later today, or tomorrow...

UNITED NATIONS HQ

SWERDLOV

Where is area of greatest resistance?

HOMELAND SECURITY HQ

Markowitz raises his eyebrows as he considers his answer.

His screen shows a dozen major areas of resistance. His eye is drawn to Texas.

MARKOWITZ

... Ah - perhaps the Houston area... the Houston-Dallas axis...

SWERDLOV (VO)

You fly there now - supervise.

MARKOWITZ

--Secretary?

UNITED NATIONS HQ

Sverdlov is handed papers by his aide.

SWERDLOV

If FEMA cannot gain control of Houston by evening, I send United Nations in from Fort Polk by morning! Houston is your laboratory, Markowitz!

Sverdlov hangs up his telephone.

HOMELAND SECURITY HQ

Markowitz puts down his telephone. He stares at his screen.

MARKOWITZ

Marie! Have the aeroplane made ready for Houston immediately!

He turns off his computer and readies his effects.

MARKOWITZ (cont'g)
Beware the warrior class..

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

One of the three Blackhawk helicopters lands in the middle of the highway.

The ten men in black fatigues (MIBs) deplane and set up a roadblock. They strut around, brandish weapons and hold up their hands to stop vehicles.

FARTHER BACK

The militia convoy, Pete's truck in the lead, comes to a stop in the roadblock line, twenty cars back.

INT. TRUCK

The four men are armed. Pete keys his radio.

PETE

No prisoners.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Unseen by the men in black, the twenty men get out of their vehicles.

They approach the roadblock, shielding behind other cars. Doyle brings up the rear.

At the roadblock, several cocky MIBs are abusing the MOTORISTS.

Suddenly, one MIB sees the rebels approaching.

MIB

Hey! Look out!

The rebels fan out at the MIBs react and raise their rifles.

BOB

Throw down your weapons!

Pete opens fire and drops a MIB. The MOTORISTS duck down in their cars. The rebels start running toward the MIBs, firing accurately.

The MIBs panic and try to run for the helicopter. They are quickly shot down from behind.

Immediately, the motorists start their cars and drive away.

The rebels walk from MIB to MIB, finishing each one with a shot to the head. They gather the weapons.

Jim, carrying his captured rifle, approaches the helicopter. The frightened PILOT cowers in his seat, afraid to start the engines.

Jim stares at him and then motions to get out. The pilot sits there.

Pete sees this and jumps on board the Blackhawk. Soon there is a gunshot. The pilot slumps in his seat.

Pete drags him to the door and dumps him on the ground. Jim goes to the body and removes the Gentex helmet.

JIM
I wish you hadn't done that.

PETE
No prisoners!

JIM
I needed to ask him something.

Bob and Joe approach with explosives. Jim walks around the Blackhawk, appraising it.

Finally, he climbs in the door and goes forward. He appears in the cockpit. Bob follows him.

INT. BLACKHAWK

BOB
C'mon, Jim. We gotta blow this thing
and get out of here!

Jim sits in the pilot's seat and slides the side window open.

JIM
Why?

BOB
Well, we can't use it and we don't want
them using it against us.

JIM
We can use it.

The men outside gape at him, then go to the door and climb in to join them.

They crowd around behind Jim as he fiddles with toggles and buttons.

JOE
What did you do in the military, Jim?

Jim tries to figure out the cockpit.

JIM
Hell, I did a lot of things. I just
never flew one of these jobs. That's
why I wanted to talk to the pilot.

He frowns back at Pete and flips toggles on the ceiling. The main rotor begins to turn with a whining sound.

JIM (cont'g)
Why don't we take our vehicles somewhere
safe and leave them? I'll follow you
there and pick you up.

The four-bladed rotor speeds up, Bob slaps Pete and Joe on their shoulders
and goes to the door. They snap out of their thoughts.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Bob exits Blackhawk and gestures to the others, who get out as well.

BOB
Let's get the black pajamas off these
bastards and get all the gear into the
helicopter!

LATER

The black BDUs and placed in the door along with captured weapons and ammo.

Joe places his bag of explosives in as well.

The stripped bodies are left in a ditch by the road.

Most of the rebels climb in the Blackhawk. Pete stands at the pilot's
window, looking at Jim.

Jim yells out through the sliding window.

JIM
Someplace well-hidden! I'll follow!

Pete nods and heads for his truck.

He passes Doyle on his way to the helicopter.

PETE
You might as well pick up a weapon,
Doyle.

DOYLE
(shakes head)
I'm a writer, not a fighter.

PETE
Yeah? Try tellin' 'em that if they
catch you with us!

Doyle jumps in the Blackhawk as Jim slowly lifts off.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER

We fly over the six rebel vehicles as they are parked in a wooded area.

We land in a nearby clearing. The drivers get on board the Blackhawk.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

Newly has coffee with the guards.

NEWLY

Well, ladies, we are going to have visitors... the balloon has gone up and we shall be up to our butts in rebel bitches!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

Jenny and Lucy sit next to each other among the captive women.

Newly sneers at them malevolently.

NEWLY (cont'g)

McGuire! Why don't you share with us how you have gone astray? Stand up!

Lucy gets to her feet. Jenny impulsively reaches for her.

LUCY

Where did I go astray? I guess it -

NEWLY

Call me "ma'am," McGuire!

LUCY

--was when I didn't shoot those federals when they broke in my house, tapping my phone...

Jenny is horrified by Lucy's rebellion. The other detainees look at her curiously.

Newly's face is mottled with rage. Lucy sits down.

JENNY

(whispers)

Mom, please don't!

NEWLY

You old bitch! That's gonna cost you!

Lucy sits straight and dignified.

LUCY

I can afford it, you bulldyke bastard.

Newly regains control of her rage.

NEWLY
Can you afford ninety days in the hole?
Guards!

Two GUARDS rush in. Jenny takes Lucy's hand.

JENNY
Oh, Mom!

LUCY
Honey, I'll miss you. But I'd rather
be in the hole, whatever that is, than
look at her ugly face one more minute.

NEWLY
Get her out of here!

The guards hustle Lucy out of the classroom.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER

Jim handles the Blackhawk smoothly as we overfly Joe's house.

OVERHEAD

The chimney stands amidst the blackened rubble.

INT. HELICOPTER

Jim wears the pilot's Gentex helmet. Pete sits in the co-pilot's seat.

Only Jim can hear radio traffic.

ALPHA LEADER (VO)
Alpha Four, Alpha Four, this is Alpha
Leader..

Jim looks at Pete and raises his eyebrows. Pete watches the scenery below
and doesn't see him.

JIM
Alpha Four!

Pete looks at Jim, startled.

ALPHA LEADER (VO)
Roger, Alpha Four. What is the sitrep
at your Romeo Bravo?

Jim looks to Pete for directions to his house. Pete points. Jim banks the
Blackhawk toward that direction.

JIM
Uh, we have arrested several terrorists

and are taking them to the detention center... We're having trouble locating it..

ALPHA LEADER (VO)
--It's the high school gym, Alpha Four... in the town center. Do you need assistance with the terrorists?

JIM
Negative, Alpha Leader. We can handle them. Thank you and out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK - day

The FEMA SQUADRON COMMANDER frowns as he puts down his radio microphone. His AIDE stands by.

ALPHA LEADER
That sure as hell didn't sound like Ashby..

AIDE
No, sir.

ALPHA LEADER
Take a unit and investigate.

The aide salutes.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD

We circle the burned remains of Pete's house.

INT. HELICOPTER

The men look down grimly. Pete sighs and closes his eyes.

Bob leans forward and points at smoke in the distance.

BOB
(shouts)
My place is over thataway! That's probably it, burnin'.

Jim aims the helicopter at the smoke. Soon we are over it.

GEORGE
That's Bob's place, all right!

BOB
(bitter)
Tear gas! Burns real good!

JIM

Town center?

Pete points. Jim banks and heads for town.

JIM (cont'g)

Why don't some of you change your clothes?
Save some for me!

Nine of the men start taking off their clothes. Doyle shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

The FEMA helicopter flies over the former roadblock.

OVERHEAD

We see the stripped bodies in the ditch.

ON THE GROUND

The FEMA helicopter lands. The SQUAD jumps out and examines the bodies.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jim's Blackhawk descends on the football field.

INT. HELICOPTER

Jim hurriedly changes into the black BDUs. He and the rest get out. Mike stays behind to guard the helicopter.

The rebels wearing black appear to force the other rebels toward the gym.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jim and the others in black bring their "prisoners" to the GATE GUARD.

JIM

Got some terrorists here for ya.

GATE GUARD

Men go over there.

JOE

And where do the women and children
go?

The guard points to a different door.

GUARD

In there.

Joe clubs the gate guard with his rifle.

JOE

Son of a bitch.

BOB

Let's go!

INT. GYMNASIUM

The armed rebels saunter into the processing center. The ones in black approach FEMA GUARDS, who look at them briefly.

Pete and Bob go to the table for men. Jim and Joe go the women and children table.

The rebels watch Jim, who nods and draws his rifle on a PROCESSOR.

JIM

Hands up!

All FEMA personnel are disarmed. The rifles are given to the other detainees.

PETE

Okay, fellahs, these weapons are yours!
Use 'em to get more.

Joe and Jim seize the women and children processor.

JOE

Where are the women and kids?

PROCESSOR

Who the hell are you?

Jim slaps the processor hard.

JIM

Answer the man!

OS, we hear an approaching helicopter.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD

We're in the FEMA helicopter, approaching the high school. Jim's Blackhawk is on the ground.

INT. HELICOPTER

Ten armed MIBs sit on the floor of the helicopter.

OVERHEAD

All the rebels can be seen running out of the gymnasium.

AIDE (VO)

There they are!

Suddenly, all twenty rebels aim their weapons at us and fire!

INT. HELICOPTER

Plexiglas breaks, parts fly off the cockpit, MIBs are hit and the scene begins to revolve when the tail rotor is hit.

Spinning out of control, we fall from the sky!

AIDE (VO) (cont'g)

Auto-rotate!

The ground rushes up and we hit hard! The rebels run up to us.

ON THE GROUND

The groaning MIBs are pulled roughly from the broken helicopter onto the football field and shot. The door gun and ammo are removed.

JIM

You boys play pretty rough.

PETE

We play rough?

Jim stares at Pete. Bob reloads and stands by Jim. Doyle watches.

PETE (cont'g)

Do we burn their houses, kill their wives, put their families in camps? We'll be playin' rough when we hang 'em upside down and light fires under 'em.

BOB

This is all these traitors understand, Jim. They're not human.

PETE

They got your family, for God's sake!

Jim rubs his face.

JIM

Yeah. I know. You're right.

Bob lights a fuel-soaked jacket and waits to throw it in the helicopter.

BOB

Do you mind if we burn this one? It's in the spare parts category.

JIM

(sighs)

You may burn this one.

Bob tosses the burning garment into the helicopter. They back away from it.

OS

Gunshots. The men look around as the helicopter catches fire.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The detainees have executed their captors. The bodies are against the gym wall.

The detainees wave at the men and leave.

FOOTBALL FIELD

JIM

Great.

PETE

Now what?

JIM

They shot that guy who was in charge of the women and children!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOBBY AIRPORT - DAY

A FEMA jet comes in for a landing.

ON THE RUNWAY

Five black Suburbans pull up as Markowitz deplanes. He gets in the middle one.

INT. SUBURBAN

Markowitz is flanked by FEMA AIDES, who supply papers.

MARKOWITZ

Just tell me: How bad is it?

AIDE

Sir, it's very bad. It's a fiasco.

AIDE 2

We're not soldiers. We weren't prepared for this level of resistance.

Markowitz nods and looks out the window as they pass burned vehicles.

MARKOWITZ

Were those ours?

AIDE 2
They were, yes sir.

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS HQ

Swerdlov picks up his telephone.

SWERDLOV
Yes?

MARKOWITZ (VO)
Secretary, the Houston area is out of control. It is a job for the military.

SWERDLOV
Markowitz! Coordinate FEMA and United Nations actions. Punish terrorists harshly! Do not fail!

CUT TO:

EXT. FT. POLK - DAY

SIGN:

UNITED NATIONS
SOUTHERN AREA COMMAND
FT. POLK, LOUISIANA

OVERHEAD

We fly over the busy United Nations base to the rail yard where a long UN train is being put together.

UN SOLDIERS, wearing a variety of camouflage patterns but all with the light blue helmet, are formed up in front of boxcars. We hear various accents and languages. English, French, German, Indian, Nigerian.

White UN vehicles are driven up on railroad flatcars and secured.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP - DAY

Three Blackhawk helicopters land at the women's camp. FEMA GUARDS rush to the choppers as the doors open.

Out of the aircraft are pushed WOMEN and CHILDREN. Little GIRLS scream as the guards force them all toward the entrance.

INT. CLASSROOM

Newly looks out the window and sees the new detainees.

NEWLY
Dismissed!

Newly rushes out eagerly. The women go to the window to watch.
Jenny looks out dazedly.

JENNY
What has happened to our country?

CUT TO:

INT. SOLITARY - DARK

In the pitch blackness, Lucy is apparently on the floor.

LUCY
Milt, honey? Are you here? I thought
I heard you say something...
I need you. Aw, I can handle this - I
never was afraid of the dark, and I'll
see daylight in a little while... I just
need you here by me till it's over... I
love you, too, Honey.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

INT. OVAL OFFICE

The president's SECRETARY ushers SWERDLOV into the Oval Office.
The PRESIDENT stands and offers his hand, which Swerdlov shakes limply.

PRESIDENT
Mr. Swerdlov, how good to see you again.

The secretary waits for orders.

PRESIDENT (cont'g)
Uh, would you care for coffee?

SWERDLOV
No coffee, thank you - vodka.

The president takes Swerdlov to the sofas. They sit. The secretary brings vodka and coffee, exits.

Swerdlov slugs his down.

PRESIDENT
What is on your mind, Mr. Swerdlov?
SWERDLOV
You must address nation tonight, President.
Emergency.

The president looks at his visitor blankly but obediently.

CUT TO:

INT. FEMA HELICOPTER

The FEMA squadron leader, Alpha Leader, approaches the high school and the burning helicopter.

OVERHEAD

From above Alpha Leader's Blackhawk, we see below him twelve FEMA bodies next to the burning Blackhawk.

Below us, another Blackhawk edges in from the right side.

JIM (VO)
Fascinating, isn't it?

The FEMA helicopter jerks as Alpha Leader reacts.

INT. FEMA HELICOPTER

Alpha Leader's head jerks around as he sees Jim's Blackhawk off his starboard side.

Pete is in the open door, manning the machine gun. The gun blazes and we are hammered with bullets.

Our helicopter rolls sideways and goes into the ground in a smoking wreck, broken blades flying in all directions.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S HELICOPTER

Bob sits next to Jim in the co-pilot's seat.

BOB
Almost an unfair advantage we got here,
ain't it?

JIM
Yeah. Almost.

CUT TO:

EXT. FT. POLK - DAY

The UN train begins to roll out of the UN base. The boxcars' doors are open and the heavily-armed soldiers look out.

The flatcars carry Humvees, APCs and heavy trucks. Armed soldiers ride atop the boxcars and on the flatcars.

ATOP A BOXCAR

Looking forward, we see the vehicles on the flatcars.

Looking rearward, we see an Apache attack helicopter joining the train as an escort. It flies along overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSTON FEMA HQ

An AIDE knocks on Markowitz' door.

MARKOWITZ

Come!

AIDE

Sir, I have an odd report here.

MARKOWITZ

An odd report? I have a hundred odd reports.

AIDE

Sir, one of our Blackhawk helicopters has been attacking our own people.. It is feared that the terrorists have captured it.

Markowitz, stunned, looks at his aide.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND ROOM

Markowitz, surrounded by UNDERLINGS, grips the radio microphone.

MARKOWITZ

Alpha Four, speak to me..

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS BUSH - EVENING

Jim's Blackhawk rests under some high leafy trees near the rebels' vehicles. Lookouts watch from the bush. Farther in the trees is a small campfire.

Jim and the other rebels sit around the fire, cooking hot dogs.

Doyle gets out of the helicopter and goes to the fire.

DOYLE

Somebody's calling Alpha Four.

JIM

(gets up)
Well, it's about time.

The men take their hot dogs to the helicopter.

MARKOWITZ (VO)

Alpha Four, I know you can hear me..

BOB

If we answer, they'll locate us.

Jim nods, cocking his head at the voice.

MARKOWITZ (VO)

And, Alpha Four, I know who you are..

Jim looks at Doyle.

JIM

Doyle! That's Markowitz!

MARKOWITZ (VO)

... and you know who I am, don't you? Now, you have something of mine, but I have something of yours... actually, I have three - no, four - things of yours. As you Yanks say, that makes me the winner, what?

Now, just to acknowledge what naughty boys you and your chaps have been, I am going to take your four things and tear and smash them all up. Slowly, of course. And there's not a thing you can do about it..

Good night, Alpha Four.

Jim's face breaks out in perspiration.

He stares at the radio.

Then he walks around in circles.

JIM

I gotta find that camp!

BOB

Take it easy, Jim.

JIM

Take it easy? He's going to kill them all - he's going to torture them to death!

PETE

It's just talk. He's trying to mess your mind up.

Jim shakes his head bitterly.

JIM

No. This is the guy that let my father-in-law die, that arrested the rest of my family, remember? He's a psycho. He's probably running this whole operation!

The others are quiet.

Pete's cell phone rings.

PETE

Yeah?

(listens)

When? Okay.

He disconnects.

PETE (cont'g)

The UN's got a light armored battalion heading to Houston, by train, from Ft. Polk. On the LT line.

Jim leans against the helicopter, arms crossed, eyes closed.

BOB

Jim - we have to blow that train!

Jim opens his eyes and stares at Bob.

JIM

What I have to do is find my family before he kills them.

PETE

Jim, if the UN gets into Houston they'll occupy the whole city. They'll be raping and looting and mass murdering -

BOB

If we knew where they were, Jim, it'd be one thing. But we don't have an idea in hell!

Jim closes his eyes again in agony.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE

The president sits at his prop desk. He reads the Teleprompter.

PRESIDENT

Good evening. As you are aware, our country is experiencing a great deal of pain. There is a crisis in confidence with regard to our currency, which has been, as long as we can remember, the currency of the world. There is nothing wrong with our currency. The dollar is strong. Subversives in our country, in league with enemies overseas, have sought to undermine this great country by declaring

the dollar to be unreliable. They are attempting, in vain, to destabilize this government -

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSTON FEMA HQ

Markowitz watches the president's broadcast.

The aide brings Markowitz a report and puts it on his desk.

AIDE

Sir, didn't you want to greet the UN commander when he and his battalion arrive?

MARKOWITZ

Yes, of course, Gregory. How much time do we have?

AIDE

An hour and a half, sir. But with the security precautions it will take a half hour to get to the station...

Markowitz picks up his telephone.

MARKOWITZ

Why? We're flying there - not driving.

AIDE

Yes, sir.

The aide exits. Markowitz eyes the president as he uses the phone.

MARKOWITZ

Marie, connect me with Camp 11.

TELEVISION

PRESIDENT

... and so in the interests of our national security I hereby activate Executive Order 12929. For the duration of this insurrection I further declare our country to be in a state of national emergency. I, as your president, am authorized to place all food and related products under the control of the Department of Agriculture. The department and the United Nations will control the distribution of food to those areas of the country in which there is no resistance to the rule of law. In those areas where resistance and/or terrorism are encountered, food will be traded for weapons and for

information which leads to the capture
of terrorists..

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

The camp COMMANDANT takes a call.

COMMANDANT
Lawrence speaking.

MARKOWITZ' OFFICE

MARKOWITZ
Lawrence, Markowitz here. I'm calling
about the Rafferty woman, her children
and the McGuire woman..

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE

The commandant listens to his orders.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TEXAS BUSH - NIGHT

Jim's Blackhawk takes off with the rebels in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE

Newly walks into the commandant's office.

COMMANDANT
Newly, this is a job for you. I'm sure
you will make the most of it.

Newly looks at the commandant expectantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD - NIGHT

The UN train rolls through the night with its Apache helicopter escort
overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S BLACKHAWK

Jim flies close to the railroad track, looking down intently.

BOB

Jim, we don't have all night...

JIM

This track's as straight as a string.
We need a curve or -

In the dark they fly over a trestle which spans a river.

JIM (cont'g)

Whoa!

He banks the helicopter severely and goes back to check out the trestle. It gleams in the moonlight. The river also gleams. But the bush is dense all around the trestle.

BOB

Where are we going to put down?

Jim flies around the area - no landing spot.

PETE

How about the tracks?

JIM

Yeah.

There is a light on the horizon.

BOB

Hey, I saw a light over there!

Jim takes the helicopter up in the air. They look. Up, up - a light!

PETE

It's the damn train!

JIM

Well, we can't land on the tracks!
They'll see it and stop!

CUT TO:

INT. APACHE HELICOPTER

The attack helicopter PILOT sees a blip on his radar screen. He indicates it to the UN COMMANDER sitting next to him.

Now it is gone.

PILOT

There appeared to be an aircraft up
ahead but it's gone!

The commander looks at the radar screen and looks back into the night ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S BLACKHAWK

Jim takes the Blackhawk down into the river's ravine and turns on his landing lights. The green foliage is dense but there are no heavy trees.

JIM

Hang on!

BOB

Hey! Jesus!

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

The Blackhawk disappears into the undergrowth like a giant weed-whacker.

INT. JIM'S BLACKHAWK

Landing lights on, we descend into the greenery with chopped debris flying.

The rebels are terrified by the sight and the debris and the noise.

We land at a wild angle. Everyone gets out.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD - NIGHT

The UN train rolls toward the trestle.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE

The view up the track is a monotonous, straight route through the bush.

INT. BOXCAR

UN TROOPS sit sullenly in a boxcar, holding their weapons.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRESTLE - NIGHT

The rebels struggle up the ravine under the trestle. Joe lugs his bag of explosives. The rest carry their weapons.

They make it to the base of the trestle and stop to look at the structure.

JOE

Whaddya think - blow that column?

JIM

Hell, no. These tracks are welded. They might hold the thing together. We've got to blow a rail. Let's go up.

ON THE TRESTLE

They crawl up to the top and get on the tracks.

JIM (cont'g)
Let's see what you've got...

Joe opens his bag and brings out blocks of plastic explosive. Other rebels join them

JOE
And det cord and caps - electric and
fuse -

Behind them, the train's headlight breaks the horizon. They all look.

BOB
Man, we've got to hurry!

Jim examines the track's supports. He wraps the end of the det cord around a block. He then finds a crossbeam and pushes a block of plastic under the rail above it. He shoves the electric cap into the plastic and looks in the bag.

JIM
No contact detonators?

JOE
Just a generator...

JIM
Bring the det cord.

Jim grabs another block and heads up the tracks. He counts twenty ties and Joe brings the det cord, which Jim again wraps around a block. He shoves it under a rail above a crossbeam.

JIM (cont'g)
One more time.

They go up twenty more ties and repeat the operation. The headlight is getting bright.

PETE
Hey, I hear a helicopter!

BOB
Come on, boys!

Jim and Joe hurry back to the end of the trestle. Jim goes in the bag for wire.

JIM
How much electric wire we got?

JOE
'Bout a hundred feet.

JIM

--A hundred feet!?

PETE

Hey, they got a helicopter escort!
Sounds like an Apache! Hurry up!

Jim attaches the wires to the detonator and drops the other end between the ties.

He scrambles off the trestle, followed by all.

UNDER THE TRESTLE

Jim grabs the wires and attaches them to the generator.

JIM

Well, I can't get far enough away from
the blast! Dammit! You all get over
there in the brush and take cover!

The rebels disappear into the brush.

Jim climbs up the bank under the trestle and squeezes into the cramped space where the dirt and trestle meet.

He looks up through the ties at the night sky.

JIM (cont'g)

Hey! Somebody get up there and tell me
how close it is!

PETE

--I can hear the damn thing!

JIM

Go on!

Pete crashes through the bush and disappears.

PETE

Here it comes!

JIM

Tell me when it's a hundred feet from
the trestle!

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD

The train approaches the trestle.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE

Engineer's view of the trestle.

CUT TO:

TRESTLE

Pete looks as the train approaches. The Apache is overhead. He yells.

PETE

Now!

UNDER TRESTLE

Jim closes his eyes and grimaces, twisting the generator handle.

EXPLOSION!

The rail is blown up and sideways. We look up from under the trestle as the locomotive jumps off to the right and then off the trestle, down to the river.

Jim opens his eyes as car after car goes overhead, off to the right and into the river.

CUT TO:

INT. APACHE

The pilot and the UN commander watch in shock as the train disappears into the river. The boxcars are pulled into space by the loaded flatcars.

UN COMMANDER

Sacre bleu! Bloody terrorists! Find them!

The pilot switches on his infra-red detector and sweeps the bush.

EXT. BUSH - NIGHT

The rebels bring their weapons into position. Pete rests his Browning machine gun on Mike's shoulder.

The Apache circles the wreckage.

INT. APACHE

The infra-red detector shows the rebels as white figures on a black screen.

PILOT

There! Back there!

He turns the Apache toward the rebels and begins firing his flexible chain gun.

EXT. BUSH - NIGHT

Pete and the others open up on the Apache. It is hit heavily.

INT. APACHE

The bullet-resistant glass is plastered and turns opaque.

COMMANDER

Use your instruments! Fire! The
glass is armored!

PILOT

But it can just take so much!

The glass fails with the concentrated hail of .30 caliber machine gun
bullets. Several bullets get through and the commander is hit.

EXT. BUSH - NIGHT

The weapons continue to fire. The Apache turns and tries to climb. It comes
to a stop and then falls backward and crashes into the trestle and then down
into the river with the remains of the train.

The rebels look down at the river, impressed with their work.

JOE

Welcome to Texas!

MIKE

Peace on you bastards!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Markowitz and his aide get out of a black Jet Ranger helicopter, accompanied
by two BODYGUARDS. The PILOT aligns the two-bladed rotor fore and aft with
the fuselage and stays with the helicopter.

Markowitz and the others go to the platform and look down the tracks.

MARKOWITZ

What time are they due?

AIDE

Any time now, sir.

MARKOWITZ

Colonel Rene is riding in his gunship
as an escort...

Down the tracks, there is helicopter noise.

AIDE

I believe I hear Col. Rene now, sir.

Markowitz frowns slightly.

MARKOWITZ

That's odd.. Where is the train?

They look down the tracks into the noisy darkness. Suddenly, Jim's Blackhawk
emerges from the night, right over the tracks, and roars up to the waiting
men at eye level.

Jim hovers next to Markowitz and looks at him.

Markowitz' forced smile freezes. His mouth drops.

Inside the helicopter, we see Jim say something to Pete, who gets up and goes to the rear.

Instantly, Jim rotates the Blackhawk in a 180 degree maneuver, presenting Pete and his door gun to the Homeland Security men.

PETE

(yells)
Markowitz?

The aide looks at Markowitz involuntarily. The guards' weapons are not at the ready.

PETE (cont'g)

Your train's runnin' late! Let's go
for a ride!

Markowitz is paralyzed with fear. Pete shoots the two guards with his machine gun.

Markowitz watches them fall and makes his way off the platform, onto the tracks. He is pulled aboard the Blackhawk.

The aide closes his eyes and waits for his death.

PETE (cont'g)

He, punk! You want to live?

The aide opens his eyes hopefully.

PETE (cont'g)

You tell your bosses we're comin'
after 'em.

Jim pulls the Blackhawk up and goes over to the FEMA helicopter. The pilot tries to hide. Jim hovers over the Jet Ranger and slowly lets the Blackhawk down on top of it.

The main rotor snaps. The pilot cowers inside.

The Blackhawk lifts up and disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE:

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

Jenny and the children are pushed roughly down the hallway by a GUARD.

Newly follows along, smacking a black truncheon on the palm of her hand.

JENNY

What are you doing? Where are we

going?

LIBBY

Mommy! I'm scared!

A door is opened. Jenny and the children are pushed inside.

Newly follows them, smacking her truncheon. She speaks to the guard.

NEWLY

Bring the old bitch from the hole.

INT. SOUNDPROOF ROOM

Jenny tries to shield the children.

NEWLY

Take off your clothes.

JENNY

--What?

NEWLY

Strip!

JENNY

I won't!

Newly smiles and smacks the truncheon on her hand, approaching Jenny. Jenny backs away from her, pushing the children along behind her.

The door opens. The guard pushes Lucy in, squinting tightly in the harsh lights. Newly glances at the guard.

NEWLY

Go away!

The door shuts. Newly steps up to the blinded Lucy and swings the truncheon into the side of her head. Lucy drops instantly. Jenny screams and runs to Lucy. The children scream in horror.

Newly grins and grabs Libby by her hair. She raises the truncheon above her head. Libby cries out in pain and fright.

JENNY

No, please don't!

NEWLY

Are you going to strip?

Jenny gets up.

JENNY

Yes! Yes!

Jenny unbuttons her denim shirt. Newly's grip on Libby's hair relaxes as she watches.

NEWLY

Take it off!

Jenny takes off the shirt.

NEWLY (cont'g)

Everything!

Jenny unbuttons her trousers and lets them fall. She stands in her underwear. Newly licks her lips and her eyes get big. She drops Libby's hair and moves toward Jenny.

NEWLY (cont'g)

I said everything...

Newly gets within arm's length of Jenny. Irresistibly she reaches for Jenny's bra and pulls at a strap. Troy grabs the truncheon from her hand and Jenny stabs her fingers into Newly's eyes.

Newly screams. Jenny takes the truncheon from Troy. Newly claps her hands over her eyes. She pulls them away to reveal blood dripping from them. Newly continues to scream.

HALLWAY

The guard puts her ear to the door and barely hears Newly's screaming. She smiles to herself.

SOUNDPROOF ROOM

Newly screams and staggers around blindly. Jenny hits her head with the truncheon and knocks her out.

She hugs the children and hurriedly puts on her clothes.

HALLWAY

The guard listens at the door but there is no sound. Then, there is the sound of a helicopter landing outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP - NIGHT

Jim's Blackhawk lands. The rebels in black BDUs get out and approach the building.

INT. JIM'S BLACKHAWK

Jim gets up from his seat and goes to where Markowitz sits, hands tied, among the rebels in street clothes, plus Doyle.

OS - GUNFIRE

Jim just looks at Markowitz. He takes a rifle and gets out of the Blackhawk.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S CAMP

Jim walks past dead camp guards.

OS - MORE GUNFIRE FROM WITHIN

Joe appears with his wife and children.

JOE

Jim! I found 'em! I found 'em!

Jim claps him on the back and looks at Mrs. Higgins.

JIM

Ma'am, have you seen my wife, Jenny?
And our children?

Mrs. Higgins shakes her head.

JOE

I'm sorry - I don't know anyone.

Jim nods and moves on. Down the hall come five GUARDS with their hands up. Jim stops them.

JIM

Where's Mrs. Rafferty?

Jenny's guard shifts from foot to foot. Jim takes her by the throat.

JIM (cont'g)

Show me, now!

CUT TO:

SOUNDPROOF ROOM

Jenny tries to revive Lucy. The door opens. Jenny grabs the truncheon, jumps up and starts to swing it. Jim steps in and looks at her.

LIBBY

Daddy!

TROY

DADDY!

Jenny drops the truncheon and falls into Jim's arms.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. WOMEN'S CAMP - NIGHT

The women and children are put in FEMA vans and driven away by the rebels. Jim carries Lucy to the helicopter as Jenny and the children follow. Lucy opens her eyes and sees Jim.

LUCY

Don't pinch me - I must be dreaming.

She closes her eyes again.

Jim places Lucy on the floor. He looks at Markowitz.

JIM

Get him inside.

Two rebels hustle Markowitz off the helicopter. Jim helps Jenny and the children in. Doyle watches this emotional scene.

JIM (cont'g)

This won't take long.

DOYLE

Jim, wait.

Jim walks toward the building carrying the rifle. Doyle follows and touches Jim's shoulder. Jim stops and turns.

DOYLE (cont'g)

You going to start playing rough?

JIM

Doyle, do you have a family? Children?

DOYLE

I'm not married.

JIM

Then you don't know anything.

Jim continues into the building.

Doyle turns his back and returns to the helicopter.

Soon there is thirty seconds of gunfire from inside the building.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. IN THE SKY - NIGHT

Jim's Blackhawk flies through the night, away from the camp.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Ladies and gentlemen, the vice-president of the United States...

VICE-PRESIDENT (VO)

My fellow Americans, I have the sad duty to inform you that, at 3:47 AM Eastern Standard Time, the president suffered a stroke. He was pronounced dead by the president's physician at 4:08 AM. I was administered the oath of office seven

minutes later by the chief justice.

(pause)

Due to this tragedy the president's policy with regard to the uprising has been modified.. All United Nations troops have been ordered back to their bases at Ft. Dix, Ft. Polk and Ft. Collins. The president's executive order 12919, which he announced last night, has been rescinded. There will be a thirty-day period of mourning and during this time there will be no action by this government or by the United Nations with regard to the national unrest.

I ask all Americans to remain calm and rational while the government attempts to come to terms with the monetary crisis which is now upon us.

Thank you and good night and may God bless America.

The Blackhawk disappears into the night.

FADE OUT