

THE CURSE OF HAM

Written for the Screen by

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EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD (CHARLOTTE NC) - DAY

PROFESSOR JOHN MOROZ (40) and his daughter Amy (16) bicycle down a tree lined street.

AMY

Sheila says her parents yelled every night for two weeks, then one night her mom just called up from Missouri.

JOHN

Well that's not happening with us. You're old enough to understand that sometimes marriages hit a speed bump. We'll work it out.

AMY

Are you my shrink or you my dad?

JOHN

One's my job and one's my pleasure, you guess which one. Besides you don't get rid of us that easy. Race you to the bike path.

John gets the jump on Amy. He's athletic. But she's an athlete too, approaching her prime, not past it.

Amy catches him as they reach the greenway. She heads downtown at speed. John tries valiantly but can't catch her.

As Amy approaches the Bank of America Stadium she dismounts and begins walking her bike. John soon follows and deeply out of breath walks with her.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - DAY

It's a carnival atmosphere outside the stadium. A large crowd is in town for The NCAA Football Semi-Finals.

Amy blows an Elephant honk.

AMY

Is this what you meant by herd mentality?

JOHN

You think I tricked you down here for a Social Psychology lesson?

AMY  
 Popi, you know I'm getting too  
 smart for you and too fast.

The Clemson tiger mascot, whipping up the crowd, passes and places a tiger bow in her hair.

She removes the bow and places it on a souvenir stand.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 And not easily swayed by animal  
 totems. Go Heels.

John high fives Amy.

They come to a makeshift stage where a band is playing.

JOHN  
 You know these guys?

AMY  
 I think they played a dance at  
 Harper...

From under the stage a large explosion rents the air. The concessive force tosses bodies up and out in a twenty yard radius. Flying shrapnel shards turn arms, legs and faces into rivulets of blood. John lands face forward hitting a grass berm with a dull thud.

Amy lays tangled in the wheels of her bike. Grey smoke hangs in the air. The panicked crowd stampedes in terror over and between the prostrate injured.

Amy's eyes open slowly. She sees a young woman kneeling over her mother. The old woman's head ringed by an ever-widening pool of blood. A 10 penny nail sticks out of the woman's skull. Amy's focus quickly shifts to the foreground where her father lies a few yards away.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Popi, Popi

She crawls to him.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Popi.

O.S. THE CROWD SCREAMS. MULTIPLE SIRENS APPROACH WAILING.  
 RADIO CHATTER LEAKS INTO THE SOUNDTRACK.

RADIO VOICE #1  
 Reports of another extremist act of  
 bloodshed, this time at the BofA  
 stadium, are currently sketchy,  
 news crews are just now beginning  
 to arrive on the scene...

FADE TO BLACK.

AMY (V.O.)  
 Popi, Popi...Popi.

MAIN TITLE - The Curse Of Ham

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

John lays asleep on his bed, the family cat ARISTOTLE curled  
 up on his belly. Amy leans into frame.

AMY  
 Popi, Popi.

Awakened from his dream John's eyes open. Aristotle jumps off  
 the bed.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 You feel good enough to take me to  
 the game?

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The television plays in the background. CALLIE BASNIGHT-MOROZ  
 (38) puts up the remains of breakfast. John enters.

INSERT - TV SCREEN Visuals of helicopters, drones, ATF raids  
 and bloodhounds fill the screen.

TV NEWS REPORT  
 It's been eight long months since  
 the BofA bombing and The Southeast  
 Hate Crimes Task Force, Special  
 Agent in Charge, Sami Shakir  
 says...

A blip of SAMI SHAKIR (50s) appears before the screen goes  
 black as John hits the remote TV "off."

JOHN  
 That guy's got me on my last nerve.

AMY

Come on Popi I can't be late for pre-game or they'll put Sheila in.

CALLIE

You sure you're up for this.

JOHN

Yeah.

Callie hands him an Egg Biscuit.

CALLIE

Take this or you'll get a headache.

JOHN

I got this.

She hugs him and gives Amy the big "Thumbs Up."

CALLIE

(Yells after them)

Love you, John.

EXT. MYERS PARK HIGH SCHOOL (CHARLOTTE) - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The Girl's soccer match is in progress. Amy is in Goal. The opposition serves a ball in from the wing. Amy easily snags it out of the air.

John sits with EDDIE CRUZ and other parents in the stands.

JOHN

Way to go Aim!

EDDIE CRUZ

Kill'n it!

Amy rolls an outlet pass to her outside back.

EDDIE CRUZ (CONT'D)

So they're ok with you taking it slow back to work?

JOHN

If they tried to get rid of me now, I think they'd look petty. I've got five years in and maybe tenure.

Amy makes a difficult save and punts the ball downfield.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Great save baby. Play it out the back next time.

Head Coach TASHA LABELLE shoots John a badass look.

EDDIE CRUZ

If I were you I'd be pissed at the whole lot of them. That radio station, the FBI, ATF.

JOHN

Who you gonna' hold responsible? The country's chock full of whack-a-doodles all over the spectrum. I try to keep my opinions confined to the ballot box. Psych department politics is more than enough for me.

EDDIE CRUZ

Got that right.

JOHN

But if I'm being honest, Eddie, those super duper patriot types really get under my skin.

An errant shot bounces into the crowd and then off John's head. John is stunned into a moment of silence then...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! God Damn it! Ohhh!...

John throws his food, then his thermos violently onto the field. He folds up into a fetal position and begins rocking back and forth moaning softly to himself.

The game continues but Amy is distracted and she watches him in the stands. Coach LaBelle too turns around. The parents gather around John trying to figure out what's wrong.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

John is sitting on the bed with Callie.

CALLIE

Let me take you back to the doctor, it's been eight months. There's got to be something else we can do.

JOHN

They'll just say give it more time.  
I've been through that enough.

CALLIE

This isn't helping Amy either,  
John. I don't know what's she's  
going to face at school Monday.

JOHN

She'll just tell them her Daddy's a  
Lunatic, they'll buy that. She's  
good at sales, she gets that from  
you.

CALLIE

Just charm em'. She gets that from  
you.

John grabs his head in pain.

JOHN

Jesus! This is so beyond me Cal.  
You know, the slightest thing just  
sets me off. But...I swear it's not  
me. I'm a professional at this  
shit. But week long headaches, the  
acting out, this shit isn't in the  
DSM and when you finally get a few  
days and start to feel normal, bam,  
something you can't control knocks  
you right back in it. It's like an  
out of body experience.

CALLIE

Now you're sounding like one of  
your case studies.

JOHN

I'm going to understand it. I'm  
working through it. I promise.

CALLIE

You're sure?

JOHN

Pretty sure. I'm over the PTSD

CALLIE

You're never really over the PTSD.

JOHN

This is something else.

CALLIE

Remember when I came back in country, it took two years to feel safe leaving the house.

JOHN

Yeah

CALLIE

And when we had Amy I'd swear there was someone outside, ready to steal her and you had to do the shopping.

JOHN

I did it, didn't I?

CALLIE

And we're good right?

JOHN

Yeah. God, I just want things to go back to normal.

CALLIE

(Rubbing John's head)

So somewhere in there is the man I married, you just need to find him.

She kisses him on the forehead and exits.

John pulls the shades, lays down on the bed. He reaches into the night table for a pill bottle marked "Tramadol." He takes a tablet and puts an ice pack on his forehead.

Aristotle jumps on his belly as he falls asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - BOMBING - DAY

SUPER: Eight Months Earlier

EMTs triage the wounded. Ambulances carry off the most seriously hurt. Police, FBI, and ATF agents interview bystanders and pick through the wreckage.

News crews are setting up when three rockets whistle through the air. They explode in the still thick smoke. Everyone falls to the ground.

The first explodes into an image of a pale moon. The second reveals a star child within the moon. The third spells out the word "EVROPA." After a few moments the images evaporate.

CUT TO:

CNN reporter SUZANNE DURST dusts herself off and regains her composure on camera.

SUZANNE DURST

Well that was...exciting...not to make light of this very serious and rapidly unfolding situation.

In the background we see ROBERT "BUDDY" ORR (late 30's) with fans taking selfies despite the carnage that lay around them.

SUZANNE DURST (CONT'D)

We have with us nationally syndicated Shock Jock, Buddy Orr, who has been a conduit for the Moon of Europa terrorist group. Is that a fair characterization Buddy?

BUDDY

Whatever, Suzanne.

A hand with paper enters the frame. Buddy signs an autograph.

SUZANNE DURST

Buddy is there anything that you can tell us that might put this horrible tragedy into some perspective.

BUDDY

Not really Suzanne other than they still haven't learned how to spell very good.

SUZANNE DURST

Anything else Buddy?

BUDDY

Well, it's a sad day for America when innocent citizens think they have to take it into their own hands to get the government to respond to the needs of...

SUZANNE DURST

Thank you Buddy Orr. I understand that Zaine Coates is with someone now from the combined Federal Task Force, Zaine.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

INSERT - TV SCREEN CNN NEWSCAST

ZAINE COATES

I'm with Sami Shakir, Special Agent in charge of the Southeast Hate Crimes Task Force. Agent Shakir this string of hate crimes plaguing the Southeast...

A nurse tries to rouse John. His eyes open and gaze upon the TV bombing scene.

JOHN

(Drugged Up)

That's mine. It's mine.

NURSE

I'll get your family.

INSERT - TV SCREEN CNN NEWSCAST

SAMI SHAKIR

These Moon of Europa people, they're just your run of the mill white nationalist grievance militia and we'll run them to ground, like we always do.

DR. SCHRAFF, Callie, and a bandaged up Amy stand around John.

DR. SCHRAFF

He's suffered a serious concussion. That's a TBI...

CALLIE

I was in Iraq...

DR. SCHRAFF

(Ignoring Callie)

...Traumatic Brain Injury. In most cases the effects are temporary headaches, problems with balance, coordination...

CALLIE

He's a college Professor.

DR. SCHRAFF

...concentration, memory. He should be fine in 4 to 7 weeks. He needs to rest, avoid sports, TV, computers and excessive cognitive activity.

CALLIE

He's a college Professor.

DR. SCHRAFF

I'll prescribe something for the pain and to help him rest. You can wait downstairs while we get him discharged.

CALLIE

He can't stay here?

DR. SCHRAFF

We need every bed for the victims coming out of surgery. I'm sorry Mrs. Moroz, right now, it's just a madhouse.

They start to leave.

DR. SCHRAFF (CONT'D)

And you young lady, you sure you're OK.

AMY

I've had worse on the soccer pitch Doctor, really.

They exit and John stares at the TV.

INSERT - TV SCREEN CNN NEWSCAST

SAMI SHAKIR

It was pretty low tech. A pipe bomb strapped with nails and a low explosive black powder propellant.

Buddy Orr is inching his way back into the frame.

ZAINE COATES

Oh, looks like we have Mr. Orr here again. You have a question Buddy?

BUDDY

How would you know that by just standing here and appearing on TV?

SAMI SHAKIR

Very good question Mr. Orr. You see if it was a high explosive accelerant like Nitroglycerin Dynamite I'd have a headache by now. Black powder as an accelerant would have no such effect.

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Callie and Amy help John out of the car. A neighbor from across the street looks on. John waves.

JOHN

I'm OK.

A car pulls up fast to the curb. Out sprints SHEILA CRUZ (16) Amy's BFF and rival for the starting Goal Keeper position.

SHEILA

(Hugging Amy)

Are you ok, are you ok?

AMY

I'm good Sheila. You need to ask my dad.

SHEILA

Oh, how do you feel Mr. M.

JOHN

Fine Sheila, just real sore. Why don't you and Callie help me up the steps.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - AMY'S ROOM - DAY

Amy is throwing some spikes and cones into a gym bag.

CALLIE

Amy honey, I don't think you should be going on like this is all normal. At least hang out here the rest of today with your friend.

AMY

We'll be just down at the park mom. You can almost see us.

CALLIE

You might not be ok, Amy. What, did they spend 10 minutes with you?

AMY

I've been spiked worse.

CALLIE

They said if you don't want to go to school tomorrow they have people you can talk to. That must have been horrible.

AMY

Sheila and I have a pact. If one of us can't practice the other has to fake it. That way whoever starts gets it on merit. (Hooks her two pinkies together) It's the girls pinky swear compact.

CALLIE

Well promise me one thing.

AMY

What's that?

CALLIE

If you start having bad dreams you'll let me...

AMY

Mom...

CALLIE

What?

AMY

(Slowly, jokingly)  
In Charlotte...no one can hear you scream.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

John is slumped on one end of the couch. Sheila sits on the other end tossing a soccer ball. The TV is on.

TV NEWS (O.S.)

Remarkably there appears to be only one fatality, a 52 year old woman who was struck in the skull by a nail. Her daughter may lose the lower part of a leg. Doctors say...

Amy enters, leans down and hugs John tightly.

AMY

I love you so much Popi. We are so lucky. I just want you to rest and get all healed up, ok. We'll be back in a little.

Sheila and Amy exit.

SAMI SHAKIR (O.S. ON TV)

Perhaps it was a Copy Cat or Hero bomber who called into Buddy Orr's show but it was too late.

Callie enters carrying Amy's dirt and blood stained clothing. She sits next to John.

JOHN

I feel like shit.

CALLIE

That's pretty much what the doctor ordered. Did you take the medicine?

JOHN

Twenty minutes ago.

CALLIE

Hopefully it'll kick in.

INSERT - TV NEWS Broadcast

SAMI SHAKIR

We'll just add it to our growing pile of forensics.

A local cable commercial pops on.

BUDDY

Buddy Orr here for B. ORRganic Compounds in Charlotte. At B. ORRganics we put the Alpha in male power, brain power and nature's power. Remember there's a war on! For your body and for your brain...

FADE OUT.

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

It's morning. Callie backs her hatchback down the driveway, Amy at her side. On the car signage reads "Callie Basnight-Moroz, Realtor Broker/One." She roars out of sight.

John enters. Backs his car down to the road and stops. He looks one way, then the other, then back, then back again, then back again.

It is apparent he can't remember from one moment to the next what he's seen. In frustration he just backs out.

O.S. SCREECHING CAR SKIDS TO A STOP, HORN BLARING.

A neighbor peers out the window. John pulls back up into the driveway. He exits the car.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

INSERT - John's hands open the Tramadol bottle. The label reads "Take as needed for pain. WARNING LIMIT 400MG per day."

He takes two tablets and pockets the bottle.

EXT & INT. CITY STREETS - JOHN'S CAR - DAY

John navigates rush hour traffic changing lanes frequently to the displeasure of honking horns.

O.S. RADIO MUSIC STATIONS ALSO CHANGE FREQUENTLY SETTLING ON THE "BUDDY ORR AND CUJO IN THE MORNING SHOW."

BUDDY (ON RADIO)

...coming to you live via satellite  
and simulcast on cable, coast to  
coast from beautiful downtown  
Charlotte NC. Even after the most  
recent unpleasantness we've got  
another statement here from the  
Moon people for you my little Orr  
Nuggets.

Getting off on the Tramadol John changes lanes and channels to an oldies station. John sings loudly along with Wilson Pickett's version of...

JOHN (SINGS)

Sugar Ah, honey, honey. You are my  
candy girl. And you got me wanting  
you.

He pulls up to the turn signal for the Univ. Of North Carolina, Charlotte entrance and stops.

JOHN(SINGS) (CONT'D)  
 Honey Ah, sugar, sugar. You are my  
 candy girl And you got me wanting  
 you.

Bongo-ing on the steering wheel he ignores the green light.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I just can't believe the loveliness  
 of loving you.

O.S. HORNS HONKING.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I just can't believe it's true. I  
 just can't believe...

Horns honk. He snaps to and turns into the university.

INT. UNCC - CLASSROOM - DAY

John stands before 100 plus advanced level undergrads.

JOHN  
 The aim of Clinical Psychology, at  
 least as I see it, is to integrate  
 science and practice. That is to  
 advance Clinical Psychology as an  
 applied science. But as opposed to  
 what? Unscientific Clinical  
 Psychology? Junk Science Clinical  
 Psychology? Dr. Phil Clinical  
 Psychology?

The class laughs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Matarazzo says, in his "Manifesto,"  
 that probably the closest thing to  
 a counter argument is that, since  
 science doesn't have all the  
 answers, yet, that until it does,  
 perhaps the best we can do, is  
 muddle along relying on our  
 clinical experience, judgment,  
 creativity and intuition. Or to  
 paraphrase the late President,  
 George H Bush, Voodoo Clinical  
 Psychology.

Class laughs. A student raises her hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Yes, Ms. Rogoff I believe.

HANNAH ROGOFF  
In Carkhuff's "Differential  
Functioning of Lay and Professional  
Helpers" evidence indicates that  
the patients of lay counselors do  
as well or better than the patients  
of professional counselors.

The class wallas and grumbles.

JOHN  
In 1968 people believed a lot of  
things, Ms. Rogoff, like Bell  
Bottoms were attractive pants, and  
the Grateful Dead was music.

A student raises his hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Yes, Mr. Kwamoto

NACHO KWAMOTO  
Actually Professor they were very  
much music. Playing with Miles and  
improvising around Ornette  
Coleman's harmolodic musical  
theories. But it was Dr. Carl  
Rogers, I believe, who codified Ms.  
Rogoff's comment, when he  
identified the central factors in  
humanistic therapy as Congruence,  
Unconditional Positive Regard, and  
Empathy. He said you can apply all  
the science you like to your  
therapeutic environment but in  
regards to your scientific  
argument, without those, it don't  
mean a thing if you ain't got that  
swing.

The entire class cracks up embarrassing John.

JOHN

Do you really believe, do you really believe, Mr. Kwamoto, that a reliance on...on intuition...intuition and unscientific methods hastens an advancement...scientific or, or otherwise and that contrary to the cardinal principal of the "Manifesto" that the exact nature of services rendered or otherwise, must be that the claimed benefits of service can be outweighed by such amateurish side effects...and

The students are staring at John lost in his own word salad.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...that those benefits, real or imagined, must be ruled out empirically and that any possible beneficial side effects, studied thru scientific validation, are not some hoo doo hokum pokus contrary to all accepted scientific method and empiricism.

John looks at his watch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well I guess well pick this up Wednesday with "Diagnosis and Classification" Chapters 7 thru 11.

INT. UNCC - HALLWAY - DAY

John stands talking animatedly to someone unseen on the other side of a glass door marked "Psych. Dept., Chair."

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - DAY

John's car up the driveway. He exits and enters the house.

O.S. THE BUDDY ORR AND CUJO SHOW (The BOACS).

CUJO (ON RADIO)

Hey Buddy, we have another missive from your old pals the Moon of Europa.

BUDDY (ON RADIO)

Oh joy, let me read it. (Mocking a southern accent) In a just, reality driven, reason driven...

INT. BOACS RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Buddy is holding a long scroll sheet of paper with big block letters of various sizes pasted on it.

BUDDY

This one is good. ...constitutional law driven country, many people would be in jail or out on bail... Hey, is that I-ambic pentameter Cuj? ...awaiting trial for election fraud, and treason. But this isn't our country anymore. So we the Moon of Europa...

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

John has the BOACS simulcast on the TV. He fills a pot and cooks pasta. Occasionally sticks his head in the living room to watch Buddy.

BUDDY

...who currently live in the Occupied States of America, put the elite globalists, the corrupt, compromised FBI, who will jail us indefinitely if we exercise our right to protest and vote in non-rigged elections, on notice...

CUJO

Sorry to interrupt your beautiful soliloquy Buddy but we have breaking news from the FBI.

John enters the living room. On John's TV Sami Shakir is holding the same long paper sheet as Buddy.

SAMI SHAKIR

As you know we have been able to accumulate an abundance of evidence from this last horrific attack and I hope this most recent piece will bring the responsible parties to justice.

REPORTER

Aside from the obviously  
overwrought, florid and  
grandiloquent polemics and of  
course spelling errors, what new  
have you learned?

Reporters laugh.

SAMI SHAKIR

Well, I'll leave most of that to  
the English majors among you but we  
have recovered enough DNA from the  
paper to make a positive ID. We  
will let you know anything more if  
and when it develops.

The gaggle yells out questions. Sami walks off stage. The  
BOACS simulcast reappears.

BUDDY

...on notice that we the historic  
people of the United States, will  
resist multiculturalism and  
globalism.

JOHN

(Mocking Buddy)  
Multiculturalism and globalism.

BUDDY

Cuj, how stupid can you be to leave  
a fingerprint and DNA. Why not just  
piss all over your bombing note.

CUJO

Got that right Buddy.

John Exits. The TV plays on.

BUDDY

Cuj, Moon people or not, the  
heritage of this country is being  
deluded every day. Yesterday I saw  
a Korean Sushi Burrito truck down  
on Independence Boulevard and it  
was nothin' but Bubba's on line  
eat'n it up.

CUJO

Caller line 2.

John enters the kitchen. He runs to the pasta water boiling  
over. Aristotle is yapping to be fed.

RADIO CALLER #1 (O.S.)  
 Dwelling on the past is a waste of  
 time Buddy. You should use your  
 pulpit to make things happen.

John grabs a towel. As he begins to wipe up he sees he's also  
 left the sink overflowing. Aristotle is yapping louder

RADIO CALLER #2 (O.S.)  
 This whole period in American  
 history is disgusting and proves  
 beyond any doubt that all power  
 emanates from the culture.

BUDDY  
 Thank you Mao. Caller 3.

John turns off the water and wipes some of it up. Aristotle  
 is insistent. He gets the dry cat food out of the cabinet.

RADIO CALLER #3 (O.S.)  
 We are what we tolerate Buddy.  
 That's the only way they're able to  
 get away with it.

Bending down John fills the cat bowl. He stands up and bangs  
 his head into the open cabinet door. He flings the cat food  
 across the floor into the standing water.

JOHN  
 (Cries out)  
 Damn it! Damn it!

He looks up at Callie and Amy standing there as the cat food  
 soaks into a brown goeey island on the floor.

CALLIE  
 I don't think this is the R&R the  
 doctor ordered, John. Do you want  
 to get well or not. Just go lie  
 down. We'll clean this mess up.

RADIO CALLER #4 (O.S.)  
 Today Critical Race Theory,  
 tomorrow our guns, Buddy, I say,  
 use them or we'll lose them.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. John's clutches a pillow to his head and  
 falls to the bed. Moaning he draws it tighter around him. He  
 rolls over on his back and covers his face with it. In  
 obvious discomfort he squeezes it harder.

Finally in frustration he throws the pillow and grabs an open pill bottle. He swallows two more pills. He places a melting ice pack on his forehead.

As John drifts off tear stains mix with melting ice down his cheeks.

INT. DILAPIDATED VICTORIAN COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Panning a table reveals a motley crew of militia.

CUJO (ON RADIO)

Well Nuggets it looks like your old Buddy just done it again. That Moon People talk's just a little too close to the bone for the man I suppose. So he won't be with us for awhile as he makes his amends tour starting this weekend in Birmingham's Party Barn Comedy Shop. But he has asked me to read this statement for him.

The shot travels past nails, pipes, end caps, model airplane controllers, Nichrome wire, wax paper, blocks of C4 explosives in zip lock bags and a bottle of aspirin.

CUJO (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

"If my remarks of last week were in any way construed to be in sympathy with the heinous bombings of the recent past then I am profoundly sorry to anyone who might have been offended." Well doesn't that just sound like our Buddy, Nuggets?

The traveling shot lands on the last bomber, Buddy Orr.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

John and Callie watch an action picture.

JOHN

How'd I let you drag me to one of these run and gun things.

CALLIE

Sorry it doesn't have subtitles.

JOHN

I guess it's better than another  
night of soft rock in a darkened  
room.

Callie puts her hand in Johns hand.

CALLIE

Don't tell me you've lost interest  
in me.

John moves her hand to his lap.

JOHN

Do I need to explain Maslow's  
Hierarchy of Needs again.

Callie immediately pulls it away and laughs.

They settle in to watching the picture.

A SERIES SHOTS -- JOHN BECOMES SICK

John's gaze starts to become glassy-eyed. His head falls  
sideways. He catches himself, then straightens out.

On screen is a very fast cut action sequence.

The action is reflected on John's face.

The film flickering, reflected in John's eyes.

Johns POV: The film on the screen flickers so badly it seems  
to have come off its sprockets.

John is visibly pale in his seat.

John's Pupils: unlocked film frames roll over his Iris.

John holding his gut stands up, makes his way to the aisle.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

John rolls slowly on the bathroom stall floor clutching  
himself. He pulls himself to his knees and empties the last  
bit of Popcorn and Coke into the bowl. Exhausted he hangs at  
the waist crouching.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)

You ok man? You want I should get  
someone?

JOHN  
Yeah, no...thanks, I'm ok.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Callie sits by herself watching the film. John returns.

CALLIE  
You Ok?

JOHN  
Yeah, just too much snack bar.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

John and Callie exit the theater and walk out of frame.

INT. B. ORRGANICS STORE (CHARLOTTE) - DAY

John back to camera peruses the shelves.

JOHN  
You got anything that promotes  
brain health?

BUDDY (O.S.)  
Yea, try that Alpha Brain Force.  
Use it myself.

John wheels around.

JOHN  
You actually work here.

BUDDY  
Got some extra time on my hands  
since I didn't quite tow the party  
line about them Moon Doggies.

JOHN  
That's funny, that's why I'm here  
too. Got my head bumped in the  
bombing. I just need a little extra  
something to clear the fog out and  
stop headaches and maybe nausea.

BUDDY  
Well they are making a deal out of  
it aren't they?

JOHN

Yeah, it's the craziest thing. This personal, painful thing that happened to me, to me, I can't even process, it's the biggest story in the world.

Buddy smiles, shakes his head in agreement.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And all these pundits, and politicians on TV, they're telling me what it's supposed to mean and how I'm supposed to feel about it.

BUDDY

Ain't it just like em'

Hands John the supplements in a bag

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Here, on the house. Via con dios soldier.

EXT. PROVIDENCE H.S. (CHARLOTTE)- SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The Myers Park Vs. Providence match is well under way. Sheila Cruz in goal.

A cross is sent into the box. Sheila comes out to grab it and gets whacked in the knee, knocked down. She cannot continue.

Amy comes in. As Sheila is helped off she passes Amy.

SHEILA

You got this girl.

SERIES OF SHOTS - - AMY TAKES OVER FOR SHEILA - DAY

Amy in goal takes charge of setting the back line.

Amy kick saves a shot.

Coach LaBelle and her assistants applaud.

Amy sets the wall for a free kick. The ball bounces off it.

Amy sends a kick high into the air. The final whistle blows.

The team bus pulls away from the Gym and Amy is standing alone. After more than a few beats she walks out of frame.

Amy walking down residential streets. A van pulls up, the door opens and Amy gets in.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John on the couch with an ice pack on his head. Amy enters.

AMY  
You forgot to pick me up.

JOHN  
Why didn't you call?

AMY  
I was worried about you Popi. You need to stay home and rest, like they said.

JOHN  
You get a ride?

AMY  
I walked.

JOHN  
No. What about Sheila?

AMY  
She got hurt and couldn't drive.

JOHN  
You walked?

AMY  
Not really.

JOHN  
Walked or not walked?

AMY  
If I tell you, you promise not to get mad and never tell mom?

John thinks this over.

AMY (CONT'D)  
I got a ride with a stranger. I mean it was ok, nothing happened.

JOHN  
Jesus, I guess all that stuff they tell you about doesn't sink in does it.

AMY

Not really. Please don't tell mom,  
never, ok?

JOHN

You promise to never do it again?

AMY

If you promise to rest and get  
better, and never tell mom.

JOHN

OK.

They hug John takes a few beats.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Guess who I met at the store?

AMY

Who?

JOHN

Buddy Orr.

AMY

Ooh, ick!

JOHN

Well then, ok, I have a confession  
too. I tried to teach a class.

AMY

What happened?

JOHN

It sucked. I mean I sucked. I  
couldn't keep it together.

AMY

Oh Popi.

JOHN

I almost did it but then it just  
went off into an infinite  
regress...word salad. And the worst  
part, my students knew it. Maybe I  
could have pulled it off in a 101  
but not an advanced clinical group.

AMY

Popi, sometimes I lay in bed at  
night and I think about this whole  
mess and it makes me mad at God.

John Laughs.

JOHN

Maybe you'er becoming an adult.

AMY

A kid in school told me that God was just an invisible friend in the sky adults made up to keep from getting lonely at night. Do you believe in God, Popi, or just science?

JOHN

Jesus Aim. Ok, you're gonna' ask me that, now? Ok, I guess if science is the nut, then maybe God is the nutshell. I guess that's how I get to sleep at night, that and 2 Milligrams of Melatonin.

AMY

Thanks Popi. I get to sleep by trying to forget.

INT. BRAZILIAN JIU JITSU ACADEMY - DAY

Callie is demonstrating self defense with the male Professor to a class of woman. Callie is a Black Belt. Amy stands along the side and observes.

Callie spins on her back keeping the Professor off of her. With a swift two leg kick she puts him on his back.

The class applauds. She gets up. He gets up behind her and grabs her around the neck. She flips him over her head onto his back again. The class applauds. She helps him up. They bow to each other.

PROFESSOR

In most cases it is not necessary to vanquish your attacker, just buy yourself enough time to disengage and remove yourself from danger.

The professor sidles up from behind Cassie, puts his arm around her shoulder and hugs her tight to his body.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Hey, what's up girl?

Callie instantly grabs his arm, whips it behind him and has him on his knees, her knee pressed into his back.

They stand to demonstrate.

CALLIE

Instead of pushing away and trying to run, you grab the wrist, pull the attacker's far shoulder toward you, while you duck under the other shoulder and swing the arm behind. Then from behind you push down on the knee with your foot and shove your knee in their back...hard.

This forces the professor to his knees.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Then you can disengage.

PROFESSOR

Once more, full speed.

Callie demos the move full speed. The women applaud. Callie and the Professor bow deeply and the class breaks up.

Callie and Amy walk to each other amid the women.

CALLIE

Amy, I'd really like you to learn this. I'd feel better knowing you're protected out there. It would help your goal keeping. It's all about balance.

AMY

Mom, you'd think we're at war or something. Maybe after the season. I don't know how I could fit it with practice and school.

CALLIE

Think about it, it's important.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TRUCK DEPOT - DAWN

A silhouetted Buddy Orr unloads a pickup truck. He blends potted plants with the existing foliage outside the building.

Buddy moves his truck to the wooded end of the parking lot. He carries a package into the woods, returns, then drives off.

EXT. DILAPIDATED VICTORIAN COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Teams of Bloodhounds fill the screen. Agents are digging up the yard. The "Moon People" are led out into FBI vans.

INT. BOACS RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Buddy on a studio monitor from a motel breakfast buffet. He scarfs down waffles and eggs as he speaks.

CUJO

Well now that we're Junior G men  
for helping capture the Moon people  
looks like you'll be back with us  
Monday Morning.

BUDDY

Firstly I got to thank all the  
Nuggets at the Matthews Comedy  
Corner for coming out last night.  
But one thing I've learned from  
this quality time I've spent with  
my fans is that Buddy Orr never  
knuckles under, not for no  
corporation, not for no dollar. And  
I will never stop fighting for you,  
the real, the great and true  
American people.

INT. CITY STREETS - JOHN'S CAR - DAY

John Driving.

BUDDY (ON RADIO)

Those get up every morning to put  
in an honest days work and expect  
the government not to hand that  
dollar over to someone in section  
eight housing...

INT. CITY STREETS - CALLIE'S CAR - DAY

Callie driving Amy and Sheila.

BUDDY (ON RADIO)

for an Obama phone, Obamacare, and  
an ice cream cone. So it's time now  
ya'll come to the Buddy Orr-icle.  
And I ask you to join me in a  
Crusade, when we start to take back  
this great land of ours.

CUJO

Buddy might just be a little over  
the top there Nuggets.

INSERT - Studio video monitor.

BUDDY

No sir. I...will...be back...but  
not with my tail tucked between my  
legs. That's my promise, whatever  
it takes.

INT. DR. SCHRAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Schraff is administering a light pen eye tracking test.

DR. SCHRAFF

Looks good. How have the headaches  
been?

JOHN

Not as bad but I still get them.

DR. SCHRAFF

That's normal. Take the medication  
as needed. I'll renew it. And I'll  
send my clearance over to the  
University I guess now that they've  
caught those terrorists your people  
don't have so much to worry about.

JOHN

What?

DR. SCHRAFF

Sorry I suppose that was the wrong  
thing to say. I mean we're all a  
lot safer with them out of the way.  
If you have any further concerns  
Professor Moroz please call my  
secretary Ms. Marin.

EXT. UNIV. OF NORTH CAROLINA CHARLOTTE - MORNING

Morning shots of campus

INT. UNCC - CLASSROOM - MORNING

John enters the classroom. The class stands and applauds him.

JOHN

Thank you. Ah where were we. Oh yes, Mr. Kwamoto. I believe we were discussing the relative merits of K.D. Lang versus R.D. Laing.

The class laughs.

EXT. TRUCK DEPOT - MORNING

Two delivery trucks pull up beside a loading dock.

Explosions cascade along the building destroying the trucks.

INT. BOACS RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Cujo is alone in the studio vamping. Behind him video monitors play footage from the "Drug Depot Bombing"

O.S. JINGLE PLAYS "Its Buddy and Cujo in the morning."

CUJO

We're expecting the return of Buddy momentarily. But with the renewal of terrorist activity it's not surprising that traffic around Charlotte is a mess. So lets join the network for the latest update.

Sound is potted up. Sami Shakir, rubbing his head, is interviewed on CNN by Suzanne Durst.

SAMI SHAKIR

...We can't make that kind of assumption Suzanne. The Moon people are in custody and this bomb was propelled by a high explosive accelerant. I began to get a headache soon after I...

A large explosion blows through the assembled media. Suzanne and Sami go flying out of the frame.

CUT TO:

Zaine Coates in studio

## ZAINE COATES

That was the scene earlier this morning when a secondary bomb intended for Federal authorities went off an hour after the Vaccine Distribution Depot in Matthews, NC was bombed. Our Suzanne Durst and Special Agent Shakir were taken to local hospitals. Their injuries are considered not life threatening.

INT. APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS, NC - BUDDY'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Buddy drives listening to the BOACS and press reports.

ZAINE COATES (ON RADIO)

The FBI says they have an eye witness ID and a vehicle plate number.

EXT. US HIGHWAY 64 - FAT BOYZ PIG-N-GRILL CITGO - DAY

Buddy pulls up and goes inside. He comes out with a greasy paper sack. He switches out his magnetic license plates.

CUJO (ON RADIO)

Well folks this ain't like Buddy. You know, promises made, promises kept. So we'll keep reachin' out and you keep tun-in'. Till then, are-reach-a verde and ya'll be good to each other, hear!

EXT. DIRT MOUNTAIN ROAD - TRAILER - DAY

Buddy's pickup pulls up to an isolated old trailer.

From a shed he loads the truck with barrels wrapped in plastic. He covers them with a tarp and tie downs.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Buddy scatters objects around the trailer, throwing clothing onto the floor. He takes the greasy sack and rubs it on clothing in the closet. He rubs the sack on his bed sheets

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Buddy throws two ALICE packs onto the seat of the truck and heads off up a steep mountain logging road.

MONTAGE -

FBI Interrogation Room - A Moon of Europa member is being questioned.

REPORTER #1 (O.S.)  
Is radio personality Robert Rogers  
"Buddy" Orr a person of Interest?

Buddy's pickup arrives high atop Snowbird Mountain.

SAMI SHAKIR (O.S.)  
No comment, at this time.

Buddy drags the barrels up to a clearing in the woods.

REPORTER #2 (O.S.)  
Do you believe you can keep your  
personal animus apart from your  
investigative duties?

Buddy digs a deep pit, buries his barrels, and covers the pit with foliage.

SAMI SHAKIR (O.S.)  
Are you referring to my two tours  
in Iraq, my 15 years with the  
bureau, my families ethnic  
heritage, or the fact that I almost  
got my ass blown away last night?  
Next.

Buddy driving down along a logging road.

REPORTER #3(ON RADIO)  
Do you believe Cujo is involved?

SAMI SHAKIR (O.S.)  
Next.

The Radio cuts out. Buddy turns it off.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Buddy's hiking up Big Tusquittee Mountain with his ALICE packs, rifle and machete.

He comes to an impassable Rhododendron Slick. He cuts his way in. At the mountain's peek it opens up to a Middle Earth like thicket of dense vines and trees. A rock outcropping creates a cathedral roof almost invisible in Summer.

Buddy sets out one of his ALICE packs. It's a Solar Powered Global WiFi Satellite Internet rig. He pulls up the antenna, and hits the connect button. It gives a short beep.

EXT. DIRT MOUNTAIN ROAD - TRAILER - DUSK

Buddy's ditches his truck in the woods behind his trailer. He enters the trailer and emerges with a large survival back pack. He hikes off up into the mountains.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Sheila sit on the couch with the TV sound off. Sheila squeezes a power ball, Amy a Hand Grip. John and Callie enter. John sees Sami Shakir on the news.

JOHN

Jesus, At least maybe we can get away from this for awhile.

AMY

(Sarcastically)  
Have a nice date night.

JOHN

(Sarcastically)  
You too.

They exit.

SHEILA

Turn it up.

SAMI SHAKIR (ON TV)

We've had confirmation of his location and he will be pursued by Blood Hounds, helicopters with Forward Looking Infrared Radar, and Remote Piloted Drones. We also have resources in the community I am not at liberty to disclose.

SHEILA

Don't you want to just kill him. I mean after what he's done to those people and your dad.

AMY

Sheel, I don't know I...

FLASH CUT: The BofA bombing: Amy's POV - The woman kneeling over her mom with the nail in her head

AMY (CONT'D)

...lets put on the movie

Sheila puts on "Bend it Like Beckham" from the DVR.

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- THEY WATCH THE MOVIE

Amy sits on the coffee table as Sheila cuts her hair.

A soccer ball goes flying towards a girl Keeper who saves it.

Amy sticks her hand up and Sheila high fives it.

Sheila cuts Amy's Bangs and moves the hair from the nape of Amy's neck.

On TV two soccer players grab hands to make a free kick wall.

Sheila cuts the hair away from Amy's ears.

Sheila's hands rub Amy's neck as they watch the big game action sequence. Amy's hands rub her own thighs

Sheila cuts the back of Amy's hair shorter and softly blows the hair away.

Soccer boots entwine fighting for the ball.

Sheila's face close in on Amy's ear. Her hands reach up and puff up the front of Amy's new hair do.

Sheila snips the finishing touches. She takes Amy's face in her hands. The cut is exquisitely short and Megan Rapinoe perfect.

SHEILA

You are perfect, Amy!

O.S. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.

AMY

Back already?

JOHN (O.S.)

I didn't quite make it through dinner.

John and Callie enter

SHEILA

What do you think Mrs. M?

CALLIE

Well...it's...it's short.

JOHN

I sorta' like it, très chic.

Amy and Sheila low five behind their backs.

CALLIE

Amy, whatever. Get a broom and sweep all this up off the floor.

Callie walks out.

AMY

It's just fashion, mom.

INT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR RAMESH PATEL (50s), a Neurologist, finishes his examination. A CAT scan is up behind him.

DOCTOR PATEL

This is difficult for me. In fact I don't want to know who this doctor was but never should they have just given you this narcotic and sent you home catch as catch can.

JOHN

(Depressed)

How does this happen?

DOCTOR PATEL

In triage decisions are made that are not always the best. They were probably worried about concussion and PTSD which you probably had too. But now it is not that. Presently what you are suffering from is an extreme Post Concussion Syndrome. Even other Neurologists may not know much about this and it often goes untreated or undiagnosed because it presents so differently in patients. In your case headaches, vomiting and the sickness you experienced last night at your restaurant.

JOHN

I also lose my temper...which I've never done before and...

DOCTOR PATEL

Sudden personality changes, extreme sensitivity to cranial impact, mood swings, migraines, clumsiness, forgetfulness...

JOHN

Yeah clumsiness. For how long? I just want to get back to normal.

DOCTOR PATEL

There is no timetable. I saw this often in Iraq with my IED patients.

JOHN

My wife was there but she seems to know only about PTSD.

DOCTOR PATEL

Well I can tell you this. This Tramadol, it's an opioid analgesic and you have been taking enough of it that when it wears off you go into withdrawal, which causes more headaches, so you take more.

JOHN

I took it last night.

DOCTOR PATEL

Case in point. You're going to have to stop. Unfortunately the University insurance won't cover a hospital stay this long after the inciting incident, so you're going to have to do this at home. You're going to have terrible headaches at first but you can't take the Tramadol, in fact, throw it away. You can take Tylenol but no aspirin, it promotes brain bleeding. Stay in a darkened room, in bed if possible, two weeks. No TV, no computers, or movies, you saw what the frame flicker does to your brain waves.

JOHN

Oh yeah.

DOCTOR PATEL

If after that you're still feeling ill and vomiting we can revisit this. I'll write a note to the university in support of your medical absence.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Buddy hikes along a flowing creek. He steps strategically into piles of wet grass and leaves. He then jumps into the creek heading back in the direction he came from.

INT. BUDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

Sami Shakir and agents comb through and bag Buddy's possessions. Shakir comes to a shelf of reading material: "Will Durand's "History of Civilization", Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of The West", Ortega Y Gasset's "The Revolt of the Masses", The Bible, Che Guevara, "The Turner Diaries."

SAMI SHAKIR

McGearty, come here, take a look at these.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Buddy changing shoes to a basketball sneaker. He rubs the greasy sack on them and heads downhill through the woods.

Buddy comes to a clearing. He sneaks close down to the back of a gas station. Then he heads back uphill.

EXT. BUDDY'S TRAILER - DAY

McGearty hands the DOG HANDLER Buddy's clothing in a bag.

AGENT MCGEARTY

Nice and clean for ya'.  
Shakir enters.

SAMI SHAKIR

How much longer?

DOG HANDLER

Give me twenty to get 'em ready.

SAMI SHAKIR

You got ten.

## MONTAGE - BUDDY CHASED BY THE FBI. JOHN'S WITHDRAWALS

Buddy rapidly hiking up a mountain creek. He jumps out, runs through the woods then back into the creek.

After a 100 yards he jumps out of the creek and runs back in the direction he came from on the opposite bank.

At the trailer The Dog Handler and agents head off into the woods.

Buddy sits on the edge of the creek. He stuffs the greasy sack into a basketball shoe and sets it floating downstream.

Buddy changes shoes. Grabs some low hanging limbs and Tarzan-like swings away from the creek.

Buddy jumps down to the forest floor and hikes away uphill.

Hounds and agents through the woods rapidly on Buddy's trail.

John lays in bed covering his head, lights out, shades drawn, soft music on the radio. He moans and rolls over.

O.S. HELICOPTERS FLY OVERHEAD.

Agents and hounds track through the woods, enter the creek and abruptly stop having lost the scent. One dog picks up the trail on the other side of the creek and they all head back the way they came.

Buddy walks along an asphalt road. He hears something coming. He runs into the underbrush and lays low. A state trooper passes. A drone follows overhead.

When all's clear Buddy runs back down into the woods.

John in bed moaning, softly perspiring.

Buddy climbs back up onto the edge of a logging road. He stumbles painfully, takes down his pack and removes his boot. His foot is a mass of blisters.

Buddy covers the blisters with salve and heads back down and into the soft brush below.

John asleep soundly is pouring sweat. Amy cracks the door. She is observes her father.

FLASH CUT: BofA BOMBING - AMY'S POV - John unconscious on the ground. His closed eye lids vibrate as in REM sleep.

On the verge of tears Amy slowly closes the door and backs away.

Helicopters are silhouetted against the low hanging sun.

Hound dogs pant, their breath turns to smoke in the cooling air. Agents and their handlers have slowed to a walk in the darkening woods. The Bloodhounds trudge on.

Buddy jogs up a mountainside to an asphalt road. He turns off and heads up to the mountain's peak. His breath turning to ice crystals.

The team of searchers and their dogs have come to the last creek where Buddy backtracked. They stop.

John sweating profusely.

Buddy reaches the high mountain top walking on the outer edges of his blistered feet. The pain is too much. He drops to his knees and scraps up icy leaves and pine needles with frozen fingers. He puts down a poncho. He wraps himself inside it.

John begins shaking. Callie enters and covers him. She lays on top of him to warm him

The FBI team scans the darkness with flashlights. They have lost the scent. They turn and head back in the dark.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

It is deep into the night and Hypothermia has set in. Buddy wrapped in his poncho is shaking violently. He musters the strength to strip off his wet clothing. Naked, he pulls the poncho up tight, and slides inside, curled into a ball.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John too is curled up, hanging on. Callie adds more blankets. She holds her hand to his fevered forehead and weeps.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAWN

Morning breaks over the ridges. Buddy scans the horizon through his field glasses. Helicopters sweep the far mountains heading away from him.

He smiles weakly. He unwraps the slight remains of a hot dog and fries, frozen solid. He warms them in his hands.

O.S. HOUNDS FAINTLY IN THE DISTANCE.

Buddy heads off in the opposite direction.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Reprise of Scene 3:

John asleep, Aristotle on his belly. Amy dips into the frame.

AMY

Popi, Popi.

John's eyes open. Aristotle jumps off the bed.

AMY (CONT'D)

You feel well enough to take me to  
the game?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

INSERT - TV SCREEN CNN NEWSCAST

The pack of Bloodhounds swarm behind Suzanne Durst and Sami Shakir wieldy baying at their handler.

SUZANNE DURST

I'm standing in front of Fat Boyz  
Pig-N-Grill reputed to serve the  
best hot dogs and Barbecue in Macon  
County. Apparently this is where  
the chase ended this morning in the  
Feds quest to capture fugitive DJ  
Buddy Orr. Agent Shakir, what  
exactly happened here?

SAMI SHAKIR

Well Suzanne, it's not like in the  
movies, it takes all the energy  
these dogs can muster to work  
twenty minutes at a time and they  
can do that, at best, five times a  
day.

B-Roll of helicopters, ATF, and bloodhounds fill the screen.

SUZANNE DURST

It's been eight long months since  
the BofA bombing and The Southeast  
Hate Crimes Task Force and Special  
Agent in Charge, Sami Shakir  
says...

John enters. A blip of Sami Shakir appears on screen.

JOHN

That guy's got me on my last nerve.

AMY

Come on dad I can't be late for pre-game or they'll put Sheila in goal.

BEGIN FLASH FORWARD: REPRISE OF SCENES 2 AND 5 IN QUICK CUTS.

An errant soccer ball bounces off John's head.

JOHN

Damn it! God Damn it!

John throws his food and thermos. John clutching himself.

Amy's POV: She watches John rock in the fetal position.

The BofA bombing: Amy's POV. The two kneeling woman, rack focus to John as he opens his eyes slowly.

As Amy see her father in the stands The ball shoots past her into the net.

INT. MOROZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Continuation of Scene 7:

John out asleep. Callie comes to the door holding her hand over his cell phone.

CALLIE

John, John...It's the department head. He says the two weeks are up, are you coming in Monday?

He motions for the phone. Aristotle jumps on him.

JOHN

Yea, yea, fine. I know he's a TA. I can see how they're worried. No for sure, the GRE's. I'll make sure they're prepared. Yeah, thanks.

He hangs up and looks at Callie.

CALLIE

All good?

JOHN

Right as rain.

EXT. TUSQUITTEE MOUNTAIN - RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

A gentle rain falls on a tarp suspended below the rock outcropping. Buddy speaks into a small Camo covered laptop.

BUDDY

Greetings from Camp Freedom,  
Nuggets. In today's message, the  
first of many I believe, I will  
read from Thomas Jefferson's letter  
to William Stephens Smith  
concerning Shay's Rebellion Nov.  
13, 1787.

EXT. RADIO STATION (CHARLOTTE) - DAY

A large contingent of Nuggets carry signs and march in protest encircling the building

NUGGETS (CHANT IN UNISON)

Free Buddy, Free Buddy...

BUDDY (V.O.)

"What country can preserve its  
liberties if their rulers are not  
warned from time to time that their  
people preserve the spirit of  
resistance? Let them take arms!

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (CHARLOTTE) - DAY

Nuggets carry signs and march in protest disrupting traffic and taunting police.

NUGGETS (CHANT IN UNISON)

Free Buddy, Free Buddy...

BUDDY (V.O.)

What signify a few lives lost in a  
century or two? The tree of liberty  
must be refreshed from time to time  
with the blood of patriots and  
tyrants. It is its natural manure."

Buddy hits send on his Global Satellite Backpack, then collapses the dome antenna.

EXT. MYERS PARK HIGH SCHOOL - ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

Rain pours down on a grey day, swamping the field.

INT. AUXILIARY GYM DAY

The girl's soccer team weight trains. Off to one side Coach LaBelle stands before a large TV monitor. A montage of Goal Keeper spills plays behind them.

The keepers do hand strengthening exercises. Sheila and Amy compete for who can squeeze the longest.

TASHA LABELLE

Ladies, the difference between a win and a loss can be as simple as hanging on to the ball. And that can be just a matter of strength, confidence, and relaxation in the moment.

Amy pushes herself hard while smiling at Sheila.

TASHA LABELLE (CONT'D)

Now, who wins on the field is usually who wins in the gym.

The Keepers accelerate their squeezes until red faced one by one they drop their grip apparatus. Amy is the last woman standing. She high fives Sheila, then grabs her hand in pain.

INT. UNCC CAMPUS - DAY

Students dodge rain drops on the Mall.

INT. UNCC - HALLWAY - DAY

A SERIES OF MATCH FRAME SHOTS THROUGH JOHN'S CLASSROOM DOOR.

John teaching his class, gesticulating making big motions.

John quickly writing on the board.

Engaging his students in animated conversation.

John lays on his desk as if in therapeutic analysis.

John completes writing on the board "Science Vs. Intuition"

A student is laying on the desk. John is in a chair behind her with a pipe, sitting cross legged a la Sigmund Freud.

John is collecting papers from the students, "45 days to GRE's" written on the board.

INT. MOROZ HOME - JOHN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

John with the stack of papers to grade, head in hands.  
Aristotle walks back and forth on his desk.

JOHN  
Ari, you ever get the Cephalalgia?

ARISTOTLE  
Meep.

JOHN  
I thought not.

Callie sticks her head in.

CALLIE  
You say something?

JOHN  
No, not really.

CALLIE  
Is this one of those normal days or  
are you (makes air quotes) back in  
it?

JOHN  
I had a good day.

CALLIE  
Glad to hear. Try and stay with us  
John, Ok?

JOHN  
Yeah.

Callie exits. John looks at the pictures on his desk, his  
family during younger days. Holds his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(To Aristotle)  
She deserves better.

He grabs the stack of papers and starts to read.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- John is noting and grading papers ending  
with him holding his head in his hands. The stack of papers  
is only 25% done. He goes back to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS -- John is noting and alternately pausing to rub his head. He strikes through sections of the papers.

DISSOLVE TO:

John, head on the desk, the stack is only 50% done. Aristotle walks up and bumps his head.

John picks his head up. Opens his desk drawer and pulls out a new bottle of Tramadol. He swallows one.

DISSOLVE TO:

The stack is 75% done. John continues to grade papers. The Radio App plays on his computer.

RADIO VOICE #3

Authorities continue to comb the Smokey mountains for Buddy Orr. They say his Army records indicate no extraordinary survival skills as he washed out of Ranger Training School.

SAMI SHAKIR (ON RADIO)

We are concentrating our search on his home turf. We believe he's probably getting support from the locals.

BUDDY (ON RADIO)

This next ones really gonna' be a big headache for ya' Sami.

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE INSURRECTION BEGINS

U.S. Post Offices explode

Nuggets demonstrate and clash with police

NUGGETS

(Chanting in Unison)  
Nugget Nation, Nugget Nation...

Political Party Headquarters are fire bombed

RADIO VOICE #3

Yet Orr continues to taunt law enforcement and has apparently inspired his followers to commit copy cat acts of terrorism...

INT. JOHN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

John ponders a paper.

BUDDY (IN JOHN'S HEAD)  
...That's an "F"

John reads a Paper.

RADIO VOICE #3  
...through a series of clandestine  
audio emails he is somehow getting  
to them via the dark web.

John Marks a paper.

BUDDY (IN JOHN'S HEAD)  
That's an "A".

John marks the paper. The stack of papers is 100% done.

EXT. TUSQUITTEE MOUNTAIN BRANCH BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING

Faint preaching can be heard from its interior.

INT. TUSQUITTEE MOUNTAIN BRANCH BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING

Lay Minister REV. JULIUS BASNIGHT (57), Callie's father,  
commands the pulpit. At 6'5", 185 pounds, he's equal parts  
fire and brimstone and Andy of Mayberry.

JULIUS  
Matthew 5:39, "That ye resist not  
evil."...Contrary to what the name  
suggests, the practice of non  
resistance is positive and active.

Callie, Amy and John sit in the first row pew.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
John 17:16 says Christians are not  
of this world. And in 17:15 he  
says, One of those evils is the  
exercise of physical force to  
accomplish the purposes of life.  
Even in these tumultuous times and  
as in peace and as in war.

Random "Amen"s from the congregation. Callie nods in  
agreement.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 Christ declared to Pilate "My  
 kingdom is not of this world."

"Amen"s.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 We are commanded "to walk, even as  
 he walked, to follow in his steps.

John is falling asleep. Callie pokes him in the ribs awake.

CALLIE  
 (Whispers)  
 Wake up, you need to hear this.

JULIUS  
 When he was abused, he did not  
 return abuse; but entrusted himself  
 to the one who judges justly." He  
 himself bore our sins in his body  
 on the cross.

The entire congregation rises in agreement.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 And while it is not easy to resist  
 evil by spiritual means, Christians  
 are left with no other alternative.

A large round of "Amen"s.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 The choir will now sing "Pass Me  
 Not, O Gentle Savior." Please open  
 your hearts as we pass the plate to  
 accept your generous Sunday  
 offerings.

The choir sings. The plate is passed.

EXT. BASNIGHT FAMILY FARM (TUSQUITTEE CREEK, NC) - DAY

John and Amy pack Julius's station wagon for a hunting trip.  
 On the porch Callie cleans her Deer Rifle as Julius packs.

CALLIE  
 For a man whose supposed to be  
 highly intelligent he's sometimes  
 thick as a box of rocks, Daddy.

JULIUS  
 What about Amy?

CALLIE

She takes after him. Won't talk a lick about it. I know there's stuff percolating there but she just clams up.

JULIUS

I didn't think PTSD was hereditary...or a family tradition.

CALLIE

Just contagious.

JULIUS

Do you know why you joined up?

CALLIE

Another family tradition? 911? I'm a great American?

JULIUS

Callie, you always needed something to struggle against. When you ran track you smoked. When you had to take a language, it was Chinese.

CALLIE

It's the future Daddy.

JULIUS

When you could go to App State, you went to Iraq.

CALLIE

You went.

JULIUS

And I got a lung full of it.

Julius yells across the yard.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Amy, just put that cooler in the back seat, Honey.

CALLIE

At least you only had one enemy to worry about. There were guys in our unit worse than the Mooj. We had to take a crap in pairs.

JULIUS

Some men are still in the shadow of the cave, I'm sorry.

CALLIE

Work that into your next sermon.

JULIUS

For sure you ain't coming.

CALLIE

Naw, I think maybe I've lost my taste for killing Bambi. This is better a father-daughter-Pa Pa, thing.

JULIUS

I'm just gonna' take her out to my stand and back, show her some ropes. Maybe I can get her to open up some.

CALLIE

Good luck.

They start to get up.

JULIUS

Guess what I'm trying to say Callie, is, if you're looking for something else to struggle against, don't make it your daughter.

They walk to the car.

Callie inspects the weapon and hands it over to Amy.

CALLIE

You make sure these boys know what they're doing with this safely.

Julius rubs Amy's new hair do.

JULIUS

If I can teach her one tenth of what her momma knows, she'll be fine.

AMY

I got yur six, Julius.

Callie is taken aback by Amy's inappropriate familiarity.

John, Amy and Julius pile into the station wagon. Callie watches as they leave.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - MORNING

A Cottontail Rabbit struggles against a snare on the forest floor. A hand leans in and slits its throat.

Buddy picks it up. Drains it of blood. And moves on.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - MORNING

The rabbit roasts on a spit over a low smokeless campfire.

Buddy at his satellite backpack hits send. Something gets his attention. He lowers the antenna, picks up his field glasses.

He tracks a small group of hunters way down the mountain. He pulls out some zip ties. Panning the glasses he sees what the deer hunters cannot, about 100 yards from them, a doe.

A shot rings out. The deer charges through the woods and up the mountain towards Buddy's camp.

Buddy grabs his rifle and scurries above the slick to observe. They're too old and out of shape to chase uphill.

The deer charges through Buddy's camp, knocks over his campfire and sets its hindquarters afire.

The deer goes crazy and sets Buddy's tarp on fire. Buddy runs back to the camp.

The deer runs into the woods, rolls on the ground putting itself out.

Buddy reaches the camp and puts out the fire by flapping at it with clothing. Buddy checks on the hunters. They are nowhere to be seen.

EXT. BASNIGHT FAMILY FARM - NIGHT

Callie sits rocking on the front porch. Julius's station wagon rolls up and the three get out.

Callie is visibly disturbed seeing her daughter emerge caked in dried blood.

Amy walks toward her holding up a dead doe's head.

CALLIE

Daddy, how the hell did this  
happen?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

SERIES OF SHOTS -- MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

The three silently walk along.

Julius pushes a thin branch out of the way. It snaps back and hits John's forehead. He manages to control himself.

Julius stops them.

JULIUS

(Quietly)

See this oval patch. A Buck scraped this with his hoof to leave his scent for some does-si-does.

FLASH CUT: Julius, John and Amy silently walk along.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

John, give Amy that spray, don't forget your shoes.

They apply the Hunter's Scent Eliminator.

FLASH CUT: Julius walking points toward a ridge.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Up there, Amy, in that depression you might find some deer when the hunters pressure em' down here.

FLASH CUT: Callie swinging on the porch, looking into the distance.

FLASH CUT: The three sitting on rough hewn chairs in Julius's Deer Blind. All is silent but for the forest.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

It's like fishing, ain't it John?

JOHN

I suppose.

JULIUS

Amy, I know you and your daddy's been through a lot. Maybe we should just enjoy the woods today.

FLASH CUT: Callie on the porch swing, looks out over the tree line with "the Thousand-yard stare."

FLASH CUT: Amy secretly tries to get a signal on her iPhone

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Amy, that White Oak yonder. That's like a Western Sizzlin' to a deer.

A doe sticks its nose out of the brush across the clearing.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Those Acorns, they've got no Tannins, so that's like Doe Candy.

FLASH CUT: John is dozing off. Julius in storyteller mode, whispers and sings.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

The Lakota People, when they went into the hunt, they'd sing. "Your knives shall be sharpened, your arrows shall be sharpened, make ready your horses..."

Amy hides her phone.

FLASH CUT: ECU on Callie. She swings slow to a stop.

BEGIN CALLIE'S FLASHBACK:

SECOND BATTLE OF FALLUJAH -- SERIES OF SHOTS

A combat unit is pinned down amidst rubble by heavy fire. Callie dives into the shot firing. A moment later another soldier jumps on top of her from behind, spread eagle. She Jiu Jitsu kicks him up and off of her. She charges forward into the house to house combat.

FLASH CUT: Amy holding the rifle below her chair secretly slips a cartridge into the rifle's chamber.

FLASH CUT: The doe reveals its whole head.

JULIUS

...Good young warriors, What you do is good."

FLASH CUT: Callie looks back. The soldier who accosted her lies dead back in the rubble.

FLASH CUT: Amy brings the rifle to her eye.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

And they preyed to the animal. Thankful to it for giving up its life to them.

FLASH CUT: The doe moves out under the oak tree.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 Amy, I don't believe that animal's  
 spirit is in your heart.

FLASH CUT: Through Amy's scope the doe bends to eat Acorns.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 (singing)  
 "So today we shall feed the feeble,  
 the mothers with children who have  
 no man...

FLASH CUT: Callie looking back is frozen. She is jarred from behind by a Ranger and rejoins the combat.

FLASH CUT: The doe reflected in Amy's eye.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 "We shall help those who cannot  
 feed themselves." (Stops singing)  
 Like Christ.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - DAY

Amy is crawling toward John. John opens his eyes. She looks up at the mother and daughter. The daughter picks up her mother's head to comfort her. The mother's skull separates. Her brains fall into the daughter's hands.

FLASH CUT: Doe reflected in Amy's eye.

JOHN  
 (Waking)  
 I heard you load that gun, Amy

BOOM! Amy drops the doe with one shot through the heart.

Both John and Julius are shocked.

JULIUS  
 ...like Christ. Ok well, I guess  
 I'm gonna' have to teach you how to  
 clean this mess up then.

FLASH CUT: The deer is splayed out on the ground. Julius finishing zipping open the hide, notices the rear hooves are burned.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 Looky here Amy, looks like you  
 killed yourself a cripple.

FLASH CUT: Amy kneeling over the dead animal and begins to  
 gut it.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 Up at the top there, that's the  
 heart. Put that aside. Now pull on  
 those guts, all the way down, get  
 the Liver and Kidneys...

Amy is getting covered in blood.

FLASH CUT: Through his field glasses Buddy can see John,  
 Julius and Amy, covered in blood, field dressing the deer.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT/INT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

John, Callie, and Amy travel silently into the night.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Buddy is speaking into his laptop.

BUDDY  
 Nuggets, it's up to you. The  
 hoarders of wealth and the  
 Globalist bankers, the traffickers  
 in illegal immigration, who steal  
 your jobs, load our factories onto  
 barges, tow them from port to port  
 in search of the lowest possible  
 daily wage...

INT. SE HATE CRIMES TASK FORCE HQ (ASHEVILLE, NC) - DAY

Sami Shakir and Agent McGearthy listen to Buddy's Voice Email.

BUDDY  
 ...and those who seek to replace  
 you, and those who call themselves  
 Christians...and those who do not.  
 They can be stopped!

SAMI SHAKIR  
 This guy's all over the place.

AGENT MCGEARTY

Yea, but he ain't totally off base.

Shakir glowers at McGearty.

EXT. UNCC RECREATIONAL SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The Psych Dept. "Clinicians" are playing their arch rivals the "Pavlov's Dawgs". Callie, Amy and Sheila are in the stands. Eddie Cruz plays third for the Dawgs. John is at bat.

A Clinician shouts from the bench.

CLINICIAN #1

Come on Johnny boy, Theraperize  
'em!

The Pitcher winds up and pitches low.

BUDDY (IN JOHN'S HEAD)

That's a good one.

John swings at a bad pitch.

UMPIRE

Strike one.

EDDIE CRUZ

I thinks he's suffering from a  
little Countertransference there.

Amy yells from the stands.

AMY

Show'em where you live Popi!

SHORT STOP

Dorothea Dix, Psych Ward, John.

The pitcher deals and John backs off an inside pitch.

UMPIRE

Ball one!

From John's POV the pitcher is blurry and horizontally shifting into a double vision rainbow pattern.

From the Clinicians bench.

CLINICIAN #1

Show these zoo keepers what a real  
psychologist can do, John!

The pitch heads toward John.

John's POV: Buddy Orr Plays off second base

BUDDY

Swing!

John swings at the bad pitch.

UMPIRE

Stee-rike two!

John scans the field.

SECOND BASEMAN

Looks like your hour's almost up  
John!

SHEILA

Hang in there Mr. M!

John takes another pitch.

UMPIRE

Ball two!

The pitcher throws inside. John backs off the plate.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Ball Three!

BUDDY

Good eye.

FIRST BASEMAN

Don't let yourself get conditioned  
to swinging at bad pitches, Johnny!

John backs out and stares down the entire Dawgs team. The pitcher throws an inside fastball causing John to hit the dirt hard.

John stays down two beats.

He then rises with full force and charges the pitcher. Before he reaches the mound a full bench clearing brawl breaks out and he is prevented from throwing any punches.

Callie looks on in horror and shame.

The Donnybrook continues but the college professors' hearts aren't really in it and they soon disperse. Revealing John laying on the ground. They help him up.

Amy and Sheila look on in laughter.

EXT/INT. CHARLOTTE CITY STREETS - JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

Callie drives as John hangs his head, Amy sits in the rear.

HUSKY MAN'S VOICE (ON RADIO)  
How long before we'll be forced to  
the back of the bus?

SOUTHERN WOMAN (ON RADIO)  
I think he's speaking up for the  
average American.

SOUTHERN MAN (ON RADIO)  
You can't make an Omelette without  
crackin' a few eg...

Callie turns the radio off.

CALLIE  
What are you twelve John? Your a G-  
D college professor, so G-D please  
start acting like one.

AMY  
They were assholes mom.

CALLIE  
Enough from you young lady.

JOHN  
(slowly)  
I...Can't...

CALLIE  
What you can't do is embarrass me  
in front of my friends and the  
whole G-D world anymore, John

AMY  
Mom!

CALLIE  
We have got to right this ship  
people.

She turns the radio back up.

SAMI SHAKIR (ON RADIO)  
 So I am appealing to the public for  
 any information that will help us  
 capture Buddy Orr. We are offering  
 a \$500,000.00 reward.

MONTAGE -

Containerized cargo burns at multiple port locations.

Trucks blow up on bridges, tunnels and highway entrances.

A three story building displays Buddy's image against an  
 American Flag as a gun fight and riot erupts on the steps of  
 a state capitol building below.

Insert - TV SCREEN CNN NEWSCAST

Neo Nazi's and Nuggets march

MARCHERS (CHANT IN UNISON)  
 You will not replace us, Jews will  
 not replace us...

SAMI SHAKIR  
 You can call it an insurrection or  
 just a bunch of militia yahoos,  
 Suzanne. But whatever it is, Mr.  
 Orr has obviously been directing  
 them somehow through his messages  
 and we will stop him.

Suzanne Durst in studio.

SUZANNE DURST  
 Transportation around the country  
 is already slowing and we expect it  
 to affect the supply chain of goods  
 in stores for the next two weeks.

INT. UNCC PSYCH DEPT. - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Five professors, two from the Pavlov's Dawgs, and the  
 Department Head sit around the table with John.

DEPT. HEAD  
 John, there have been some  
 questions about your behavior away  
 from, well frankly away from but  
 also on campus.

JOHN

I know that...

FIRST BASEMAN

Some of your antics in the classroom have been reported as not exactly befitting our academic code of conduct.

JOHN

But...

PROFESSOR #1

And the irregularity of your office hours combined with your teaching absences have caused the students to...

JOHN

You guys realize of course that I have suffered a serious TBI nine months ago.

He looks them all up and down.

BUDDY (IN JOHN'S HEAD)

Let 'em have it, Johnny Boy.

JOHN

That's Traumatic Brain Injury for you non-initiates. Not to mention PTSD. And then there's the lingering PCS. Post Concussion Syndrome which I know you don't know diddly about.

DEPT. HEAD

John that still doesn't...

JOHN

Of course you do know that all of my absences were medically cleared by multiple doctors from the University Hospital and that the paper work is on file and that I have copies that I can easily forward from my lawyer's.

DEPT. HEAD

Now John before you go there and jumping the gun, we think you should...

JOHN

Look guys, I've pretty much worked through my issues with this. I'm off the medication and I'm dealing with the last little lingering effects...

SHORT STOP

Like anger management.

JOHN

That was softball, not academia.

The Department head slides a stack of papers towards John.

DEPT. HEAD

And what about this?

John Shuffles through all the papers he graded at home. Every paper has either an "A" or an "F" grade.

DEPT. HEAD (CONT'D)

Care to explain that.

John continues to examine the papers.

JOHN

Well I...

DEPT. HEAD

We can't be giving out degrees partially administered by a professor who is seen to be, well, seen to be brain damaged.

John looks up devastated.

FIRST BASEMAN

You'll need to go on administrative leave, John, until you're cleared by a neurologist and a psychologist.

SHORT STOP

Of our choosing.

DEPT. HEAD

Unpaid leave of course.

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - DRIVE WAY - DAY

Callie's Car is parked in the driveway. John takes a bag of groceries from a box in the open hatchback.

Callie enters and goes to the car door for a grocery bag.

CALLIE  
How'd the meeting go?

JOHN  
Academia, the usual stuff, a little rough, you know.

John puts the bag down, reaches for the empty box. He stands up and wham, hits his head on the hatchback.

John throws the box hard towards Callie, it and its interior box separate, both just missing Callie's head. Callie flinches hard and drops the bag. Groceries splatter.

CALLIE  
(Screaming)  
I won't have, I won't have it!  
John, I can't live on the edge of being triggered every day. John!  
You...are out of control!

John is stunned into silence. Amy looks on through a window.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Do you believe me. I have to know that you believe me...John?

JOHN  
It really wasn't that close.

CALLIE  
Do you understand what I just said?

JOHN  
(Tearing up)  
I do. Good God Callie, I swear I know. But do you understand this?

CALLIE  
This is beyond reason, I understand that.

JOHN  
Do you believe that I'm trying? That it's like I'm trapped in a car and someone else is driving and I'm trying to grab hold of the wheel. Do you believe that? Even what I just told you, I'm not sure it was me saying it.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

And each time I hit my head it's like a God damn week or two step back and then it clusters.

CALLIE

Jesus John, listen to yourself! You're a fucking shrink or maybe a lunatic, so you God damn better figure it out! Fast! I can't.

She walks off. John stands alone and tears finally flow.

JOHN

I am sorry...I am so sorry.

Buddy sits on the hood of the car and addresses John.

BUDDY

It wasn't really that close.

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

John pulls the shades down, takes two Tramadols. He lays on the bed, puts an ice pack on his head, a pillow over his face and waits for the drugs to take effect.

INT. SHEILA CRUZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amy cooks for her teammates. Venison sizzles on the cook top.

Amy

I killed it myself with one shot, through the heart, skinned it and saw our future in its entrails.

SHEILA

Like Julius Caesar in English class.

AMY

Yeah, but more like the First Nation's people.

Amy takes a knee.

AMY (CONT'D)

We now pray to the deer and thank it for giving up its life. So we can take in its primal nature and absorb its life forces to train on.

The teammates take a knee as the meat sears and browns.

SHEILA

Amy, you are so fucking legendary.

INT. JOHN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

John joins The Zoom "Post Concussion Syndrome Forum."

INSERT - ZOOM MULTI-SPLIT SCREEN.

ATTENDEE #2

My IED guys from Iraq, they're all dealing with the same shit. They say Magnesium and B12 helps.

ATTENDEE #1

I feel like it's not PTSD, or depression.

ATTENDEE #4

I'm lost inside myself, man.

ATTENDEE #3

The harder I hit my head the longer the headaches lasts.

ATTENDEE #1

And the headaches, they're making me dangerous.

ATTENDEE #2

Melatonin.

ATTENDEE #3

I'm looking out and I'm not connected to anything or anybody.

ATTENDEE #4

I sit in my room all day and I'm just wanting to die.

Aristotle walks across the keyboard, the zoom meeting reverts to the main page.

JOHN

Thanks Ari, I don't think I could take much more of that.

EXT. SHEILA CRUZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fire engine lights flashing. Eddie Cruz is on the phone. Amy, Sheila and the team mill about sheepishly in the background.

EDDIE CRUZ

Yeah, Callie, she set off the smoke alarm but not the sprinklers. You should come get her and sorry about John...About The suspension...oh, you didn't...well, sorry you had to hear it from me. See you in a few.

INT. JOHN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

John is looking up in-network therapists. The door swings open and Callie stands with Amy. Her face smoked up like a footballer's with lampblack under her eyes.

CALLIE

Amy, explain this to your father.

Amy wordlessly turns and walks away.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

JOHN

Not great.

CALLIE

You've got anything else about work you want to tell me.

JOHN

Uh, no.

CALLIE

Ok then.

Callie turns and walks out.

EXT. EXURBAN DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Callie driving potential buyers toward Mc'Mansions. Smoke rises in the sky. Police lights flash down the road.

O.S A SERIES OF NOT TO FAR OFF POPS, SPARKS, AND EXPLOSIONS.

Callie becomes unfocused, disturbed and distracted staring at the growing plumes of black smoke.

FLASH CUT: Black smoke rises from an Iraqi desert city in the distance.

The car runs off the road and jerks to a halt with a front wheel stuck in a drainage ditch.

Her clients are shaken but uninjured. A state trooper comes to the car as she rolls down her window

STATE TROOPER

Sorry Ma'am, I can't let you through but I can pull you out of this ditch.

CALLIE

(Collecting herself)  
What's the problem.

STATE TROOPER

I'm not at liberty to say. You can turn around over there.

CALLIE

Well ain't that a fine howdy do.

The Trooper gets his tow chain and starts to pull them out.

INT. MOROZ HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Amy is buzz cutting the side walls of her haircut.

O.S. BUDDY'S BROADCAST MUFFLED FROM ANOTHER ROOM

BUDDY (O.S.)

The first step will be gun confiscation, starting with an Assault Weapons Ban and that's whatever a liberal decides what an Assault Weapon is.

INT. MOROZ HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Callie sits contemplatively lit only by the silent TV.

O.S. A METALLIC REPETITIVE CLANKING IS ADDED TO BUDDY'S MUFFLED BROADCAST.

BUDDY (O.S.)

So it's no wonder that bridges have become some of our first targets. Remember my Nuggets, as far back as China, walls have been more successful in promoting peace than bridges.

Callie gets up to investigate.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amy, buffed up, is curling free weights while watching a woman's body building video on her computer.

Callie knocks and enters simultaneously. She stands in the doorway taking in her daughter's newly buzz cut hair.

CALLIE

God sakes a-liv'in, Amy! If you got something you're rebelling against please just come out and say it. My nerves are shot.

Amy ignores her and continues working out.

INT. MOROZ HOME - JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John tossing and turning is having a terrible night's sleep. His phone plays the Satellite Radio App.

BUDDY (ON APP)

The government makes it illegal to pay for abortions but not for Planned Parenthood. So they're innocent because they paid for the hit man's hotel room, rental car, and meals, but not a dime for the actual killing.

John makes one big turn, whacks his head on the head board.

JOHN

Damn it! Damn It!

He folds over in pain. He grabs his Tramadol and takes three.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - NIGHT

Lying on his back, Buddy Orr contemplates the heavens and the universe he has created.

RADIO VOICE #4

Mr. Orr's voice mails are going to a distribution list formally owned by his media enterprise. The government seems unable to stop them and they have gone viral.

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

John is cutting wood on a saw horse. Callie's car pulls up. She exits, ignores him and goes inside.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Callie enters. John is making some kind of bang proof head board contraption. Stirrups hanging off the footboard.

She notices the half empty Tramadol bottle open on the side table. She pockets the bottle.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Amy and Sheila have small boards set up between bricks. Callie comes out the backdoor.

AMY  
Hey mom, watch this.

Amy karate chops the board in two. Callie breezes past her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(Yelling after her)  
Sheila can do it too!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

John is sawing as Callie approaches, pill bottle in hand.

CALLIE  
What the hell is this? I'm living  
with a junkie. Is that the real  
root of the problem, John?

JOHN  
It's for the pain.

CALLIE  
You told me the Doctor took you off  
it.

JOHN  
He did.

CALLIE  
And you put yourself back on it.

JOHN  
I keep hitting my head. You saw.

CALLIE

John, I can't make any sense of this. You're supposed to be better but you're not. You're addicted to this pain killer or you're not. You're acting like a responsible father and a college professor...but you're not. And you're daughter's, well frankly I don't know what to make about her or any of this but I do know somehow it all started with that bombing when you put our daughter in harm's way knowing that things were happening so somehow you're responsible for that too and even if it isn't really your fault...or not. I just don't know but I do know that I just can't deal with this madhouse any more and things are happening inside me that I thought were long gone and I just can't, I just can't...I just need to get away from this shit to sort it all out and let it settle.

Buddy sitting on a saw horse.

BUDDY

She never really got you, John.

JOHN

Callie that's not entirely...

CALLIE

Fair? Fair or not John... and what the fuck is this (Pointing to his wood working)...Oh hell that doesn't even matter. So you straighten it out John, you and our daughter...

JOHN

She's figuring herself out.

CALLIE

And you are what, undoing yourself? You haven't been truthful with me John and I don't even know about what and for how long. But somehow you're turning...you're turning a part of me into a part of you I don't like.

She throws the open bottle scattering pills on the driveway.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I love you John but it seems like you need these more then you need me so here they are. I'll be at Daddy's.

She gets in her car and drives away. He gathers up pills and puts them back in the bottle.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. John watches TV with the sound off. The news shows militia training in the Midwest. Amy enters prepared for bed.

AMY

Popi, you think mom was serious?

JOHN

I don't know for sure.

AMY

Sometimes she says stuff cause she just gets mad. Do you think she's coming back soon?

JOHN

I hope so.

AMY

She did before.

JOHN

Maybe.

AMY

Do you think we should try and get her?

JOHN

Maybe, after a while. She needs time to think and cool off. I'm afraid I've made a mess of it, Amy. Maybe she's better off with out me for a while.

She grabs his neck.

AMY

Maybe, we made a mess of it.

JOHN  
I don't blame you, honey.

AMY  
Shit happens, Popi. I'm just a kid,  
but I learned that much.

JOHN  
Yeah, and it flows downstream.

She kisses him on the forehead.

AMY  
Goodnight Popi, feel better, I love  
you.

JOHN  
Love you too Aim.

Amy exits. John takes three Tramadol's.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John asleep pulls and pushes against his contraption. His  
mattress rocks up and down. But he doesn't hit his head.

The bed heaves and groans. He wakes up and groggily struggles  
unlocking himself from the stirrups. He exits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

John in the dark lightly grazes the wall. He stops, crosses  
his arms against the wall and rests his head.

Buddy leans against the wall.

BUDDY  
Are you gonna' let your daughter  
see you like this.

JOHN  
Stop, stop it.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

John finishes his piss.

Buddy in the bathroom mirror.

BUDDY

Are you going to lose your woman  
like you lost your job?.

SERIES OF SHOTS - - JOHN'S POV: THREATENED BY THE HOUSE

Weaving down the hallway from the bathroom.

John unsteadily walks, the walls close in on him.

Half open doors threaten him.

He bangs into the wall corner.

Hits the living room couch. Buddy sits on the couch.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You need to go and tell that woman  
what's what!

John lightly touches the basement stairs door before opening  
it.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amy is awakened by noise's and footsteps down the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

John on the stairs misses his head on an overhang. He goes to  
a closet. Gets out a box.

Buddy sits on the basement stairs

BUDDY

That's my man.

John heads back upstairs.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

John puts on his hunting gear. He grabs an unopened box of  
Tramadol.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - DAWN

Amy at her window sees John packing his car. He exits.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

John is throwing food in a small six pack cooler

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAWN

Amy in her hunting gear and ski jacket opens the car trunk. She gets in and closes it from the inside.

John enters with the cooler, throws it in the back. He gets in and drives off.

INT. TRUNK OF JOHN'S CAR - DAWN

Amy curled up in the dark bumps along.

O.S. RADIO MUFFLED - JINGLE "IT'S CUJO IN THE MORNING"

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

John drives along the highway.

SAMI SHAKIR(ON RADIO)

Down sizing the task force is not a defeat, it's a realization that we've narrowed down his possible hiding places.

REPORTER #3(ON RADIO)

And you still believe he's in his home area.

SAMI SHAKIR(ON RADIO)

If he had hiked the 36 miles up to Big Tusquittee or Snowbird the rougher terrain and climate will probably take care of him for us.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

A Drone flies low near Buddy's camp.

REPORTER #3

Reports persist of local woman helping him in exchange for sexual favors.

SAMI SHAKIR

There's no accounting for taste.

INSERT - FLIR SCREEN: Moving infrared imagery of foliage, deer, birds, and a bear with her cubs.

SAMI SHAKIR (V.O.)

In any case we will be waiting him out.

Buddy runs to a spider pit under a boulder and dives into it.

INSERT - FLIR SCREEN: Buddy's camp blends seamlessly into the mountain.

SAMI SHAKIR (V.O.)

Late fall's here and there's no way he can survive the Appalachian winter. The cold and wet is our ally.

INT. TRUNK OF JOHN'S CAR - DAY

Amy asleep.

SAMI SHAKIR (RADIO MUFFLED)

And that will only increase his heat signature. We will make him suffer.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Buddy watches through field glasses. Task Force helicopters dot the clouds on the foreboding smoky horizon.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS ROAD - DAY

John pulls his car off the two lane black top and into the trees as far as it will go.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

CUJO (ON RADIO)

It's a beautiful Carolina Fall day here and I hope in your Neighbo...

John grabs a pistol out of the box. He loads Ammo. He swallows three Tramadol with his thermos. Then exits the car.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

Amy asleep.

O.S. CAR DOOR CLOSES AND JOHN'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH AWAY.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Buddy hikes from his camp toward the higher peaks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

John walks examining various plants and rocks.

DISSOLVE TO:

John along a creek checking colored wet rocks.

DISSOLVE TO:

John rubs his hand over a tree's bark. Pulls it off. Examines its gummy underside, tastes it.

DISSOLVE TO:

John through gladdened trees.

JOHN  
(Con conversationally)  
Buddy, Buddy, come on out...show  
yourself.

He walks on, fondles his gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(Louder)  
Buddy!

John deeper into the forest.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Come on Buddy, we got a date with  
...destiny.

Walks.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(Quieter)  
Buddy, Buddy.

Walks.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(Whispers)  
Buddy.

He comes to a small creek, removes his shoes, dips his feet.

EXT. SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN - DAY

Buddy approaches where he had buried the barrels of supplies.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

Amy in the dark begins to stir.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

John higher up into the woods. They are darker and steeper.

JOHN

(Yells)

Hey, Buddy Boy, we got a session  
and you're late. You know you get  
charged anyway! Hah.

John walks on.

EXT. SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN - DAY

Buddy at his stash. Something's been digging up his barrels.

BUDDY

Damn Bears.

He starts to dig out what remains.

INT. CAR TRUNK- DAY

Amy Lightly bangs on the trunk.

AMY

Popi. Popi!

EXT. SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN - DAY

Buddy digging and picking through the remains of his stash.  
The food has been opened and spoiled.

His winter clothing lies ripped up on the ground. The few  
items he can salvage he throws into his pack.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

The days shadow's grow long as John is deeper and higher into the woods. He sits down beneath a tree upon a rotted log.

JOHN

(Sings)

No Buddy knows the trouble I've  
seen, No Buddy knows my...Buddy.

He takes his gun and rests it on the ground. He takes out three more Tramadol's and force swallows them dry.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hughhh! Hugggh!

He gags, coughs and shudders but keeps them down.

John breaks off a piece of the log. Ants scurry out from underneath. It is teeming with life. He lifts it to his face.

INT. CAR TRUNK- DAY

Amy is kicking and banging at the back side and top of the trunk .

EXT. SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN - DAY

Buddy heads down the high mountain amid sparse fall foliage.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

John pulls some ants off of bark and fungi. He picks at it as if he is going to eat it.

JOHN

It's me or you Ants? last rites.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

Amy is losing steam as she thrashes away.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

John picks up the gun, holds it to his head. He presses the ant covered fungi to his face. Ants crawls across his cheeks.

EXT. SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN - DAY

Buddy hikes across the vast Appalachian mountainscape.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

John, holding up the fungi, his face now covered in ants and bugs. He is lost in the micro-macrocosm of life playing out before his very eyes. Ready to pull the trigger.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

Amy in one last burst explodes against the trunk. It doesn't give but instead flips open a tool kit embedded in its ribs. Out falls an emergency flash light.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

John takes his last step forward. He starts to pull the trigger, his foot kicks Buddy's leg snare, wrapping his leg, whipping him back against a tree. John slams his head, and is knocked out five feet from the gun laying in the dirt.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

Amy flips the flashlight on. There has been an emergency release button inside the trunk all along. She presses it and frees herself.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - NIGHT

The last light leaves the sky. Buddy enters his camp. Far off in the woods an erratic meandering light catches his eye.

Through his field glasses he looks for signs of intruders. The light recedes but something else gets his attention. It's the dark unmoving figure of John.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - NIGHT

John sits dopey headed against the tree.

BUDDY (IN JOHN'S HEAD)  
What were you gonna' do with this,  
shoot your dick off?

John begins to rouse seeing the real Buddy picking the pistol up off the ground.

Buddy checks John for weapons, goes through his pockets and takes John's wallet and pill bottle.

Buddy searches the wallet.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

And this is going do you a fat load  
of good up here.

Buddy pulls out a wad of cash and throws it in the air.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Give me one good reason why I  
shouldn't end you right now?

JOHN

(Super groggy)  
You need the company.

Buddy zip ties John and rough drags him up towards his camp.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - NIGHT

Amy cold, wandering aimlessly with the flashlight.

AMY

Popi...Popi.

EXT. BASNIGHT FAMILY FARM - NIGHT

There is activity inside the house.

INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Julius is cleaning. Callie is on her cell phone.

CALLIE

Voice mail again. I think they're  
doing this on purpose.

JULIUS

Do you know what the first name for  
the fallen angel was Callie?

CALLIE

Oh, here we go.

JULIUS

"Accuser", this just might be a  
test for you.

CALLIE  
I never tested well.

Julius cleans a picture shelf. The first picture is Callie as a Ranger sitting on a Hum Vee during the Iraq war.

JULIUS  
And it just might be a test for  
John and Amy too.

CALLIE  
Well, they're testing me for sure.

Julius looking at the picture.

JULIUS  
The hotter the fire the stronger  
the steel.

Julius cleans another picture. It's his platoon in Operation Desert Storm, rifles raised in front of an Abrams tank.

CALLIE  
Daddy, sometimes life's more  
complex than a Sunday sermon.

Julius holds his tongue and puts down the picture.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAWN

Sunrise breaking over the Appalachian ridges.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

A varmint cooks on a spit over a low campfire. John, slumped over, is Zip tied to a tree. Buddy talks into his computer.

BUDDY,  
...so when some Libtard chains  
himself to a Redwood he shuts down  
an entire logging camp.

Buddy looks at John.

BUDDY  
But if a pro-lifer even breaths  
heavy on an abortionist he winds up  
in a Super Max. Till next time  
Nuggets. Keep it going. You got the  
man on the run.

Buddy closes the laptop, addresses John.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
You got to find your inspirations  
where you can up here.

Buddy throws a picked clean varmint bone at him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
What the hell's wrong with you  
anyway?

John still slow to react and groggy.

JOHN  
Concussed, PCS.

BUDDY  
How'd that happen?

JOHN  
You. The BofA.

BUDDY  
Shit, that long ago?

JOHN  
It can go on for a while.

BUDDY  
Well, we ain't got a while  
compadre. Anyway that was a  
mistake.

JOHN  
A mistake?

BUDDY  
Wasn't supposed to happen.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DILAPIDATED VICTORIAN COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Moon of Europa set timers on the bombs.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
I told those knuckleheads to set  
the timers for 3am, after the game.  
Just to disrupt the flow of  
commerce, you know, nobody gets  
hurt. But they set em' for 3pm.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

JOHN  
You should have picked co-  
conspirators who could tell time.

BUDDY  
Probably.

JOHN  
And you were able to convince these  
people to go along with you?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - NIGHT

Fans take selfies with Buddy.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
I got charisma, what can I say. But  
You know what, life's pretty damn  
suck ass for most folks these days.  
So if you invent something for them  
to hang on to they'll snatch at it,  
like black helicopters, or crisis  
actors. Meanwhile they'll drive  
F150's with GPS to their sanctuary  
land and worry about FEMA camps and  
the New World Order, not even  
realize they've turned their minds  
into virtual concentration camps,  
like prisons of string.

JOHN  
How poetic.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

BUDDY  
So I created "The Moon Of Evropa"  
for them. The "V" was a nice touch,  
don't you think?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - NIGHT

Moon of Europa plant bombs on the stadium grounds.

BUDDY (V.O.)

America was founded a country of liberty and limited government. But the socialists, the liberal democrats, the collectivists chipped away at it until it ain't nothing but a multicultural, secular nation of welfare queens bowed down before Oz, the all mighty Feds.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

JOHN

How's Cujo feel about that?

BUDDY

You're a funny guy.

Buddy throws another bone at John.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

When an Arsonist's living in your house what do you do?

And another bone at John.

JOHN

Burn it down, start over?

BUDDY

So, you ain't so dumb.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - DAY

A large explosion tosses bodies up and through the air.

BUDDY (V.O.)

It's like the Chinks say, out of crisis, comes opportunity, if the right buttons are pushed. So I pushed 'em.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

BUDDY

And here we are.

JOHN (TO HIMSELF)

Here we are. (To Buddy) This whole fucked up mess, my whole fucked up life, this insurrection, was just an accident, a mistake?

BUDDY

Sorry compadre, you're just collateral damage.

JOHN

And you think you and your Nuggets are going to take the whole freak'n government down from this, your little tree house.

BUDDY

And they'll hardly even notice. Remember when it was just some Wacko low level simmering insurgency. Quote, unquote Nuggets, out in the Heartland, rousing rabble, blowing up mailboxes, then some Fed Ex shipments, a state house or two. Well one day the soldiers, the cops, the FBI, they'll get tired of killing their own for an out of touch government they don't support anymore. John, you ever read Clausewitz or Machiavelli?

JOHN

Long time ago.

BUDDY

Then you know. It'll force the liberals to take action and once they're backed into a corner, the conservative states, they'll have to take sides, pass new laws, and Whamo! A new Constitutional Convention and a new White Illiberal American Democracy.

JOHN

And you planned this all from (Sings jingle) "Buddy and Cujo in the Morning"

BUDDY

Politics by other means, Clausewitz. And I ain't the only one thinking this way.

JOHN  
And your telling me this because?

BUDDY  
You ain't never gonna' get to tell  
nobody else.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Amy wanders in the morning light. She searches her utility side pockets and finds Julius's deer skinning knife and a half eaten candy bar. She eats the candy bar and walks on.

EXT. MOROZ HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Callie pulls up. The house is wide open. Callie goes in.

CALLIE (O.S.)  
John!...Amy!

A skinny Aristotle holds a dead rat. He runs into the house.

ARISTOTLE (O.S.)  
(Presenting)  
Meow, Meow!

CALLIE (O.S.)  
Jesus, Aristotle!...John!

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

John, holds his head. Once in a while he lets out a moan.

BUDDY  
How long's this gonna' go on Chief?

JOHN  
Coupla' days.

BUDDY  
No it ain't.

JOHN  
I lost my Meds.

BUDDY  
I got 'em.

JOHN  
I need them or I'm going to go into  
withdrawal.

BUDDY  
What are they Oxy?

JOHN  
Something like that.

BUDDY  
Well I don't believe in them,  
they've had a deleterious effect on  
society.

JOHN  
Well, you're not much of a Redneck  
Buddy Orr.

BUDDY  
Well you ain't much of a Spic.

He takes out John's wallet.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
John Christian Moroz.

John manages a laugh.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Or I'll guess I'll just call you  
Juan since you seem so ashamed of  
your spic-ola heritage.

JOHN  
So you're a racist too.

Buddy takes his rifle and begins to clean it.

BUDDY  
No, just a proud Identitarian. I  
don't hate anybody. I just care  
more about my folks than yours.

JOHN  
And you think this land was made  
for you by you.

BUDDY  
What did you do for a living, Juan?

JOHN  
I'm a college professor.

BUDDY  
Oh perfect, now this is gonna' be  
fun. We got ourselves a Secular  
Humanist.

JOHN

Whatever.

BUDDY

So Professor Juan, how much do you think that Arawak tribe cared about those Siboney when they killed them, raped their woman and took the Caribbean Islands from them.

JOHN

Is this a game we're playing?

BUD

Humor me, Juan. How about when the Carib Indians took those islands from the Arawaks? Do you think they should have offered them affirmative action?

JOHN

I'll take yes for 200, Buddy.

BUDDY

How about when Columbus took the islands, wasn't that just a more advanced tribe with better weapons?

JOHN

So better weapons means more humanity, more intellect...higher morality? Buddy, you're what we call a Jolly Psychopath.

BUDDY

Whose we?

JOHN

Clinical Psychology.

BUDDY

Oh, this is going to be fun. Juan, it just gets betterer and betterer. We don't make the rules, Professor Juan, we just play the game.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Amy, higher in the woods trying to get a cell signal to no avail. Her battery is low. Her skin is red and blistered.

INT. JOHN'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Callie on the computer using "Find My iPhone" to locate first John's and then Amy's phone. Neither is available.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

The late Fall sun parallels the forest terrain. Amy stumbles uphill through fingers of light and darkness.

Exhausted, she pulls her hood over her head and in surrender, plops down on a thick bed of pine needles.

INT. INTERSTATE HWY. - POLICE ROADBLOCK - CALLIE'S CAR - DUSK

Callie stuck in a line of cars. She is on her cell. Aristotle parades around the front dash.

CALLIE

She's with my husband I think, I don't know, I can't be sure. I don't think so. It's complicated. I wasn't home at the time. I don't know how many days. Yeah, Yeah, I'll call back, I will.

Cars start moving. She throws Aristotle in the back seat.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - NIGHT

Fall wind blows the trees. Buddy cooks a rodent on a spit.

BUDDY

Why the hell you up here anyway?

JOHN

To find you, to end it.

Buddy picks up his rifle.

BUDDY

No prob-lem-o Juan.

JOHN

You going to feed me first?

BUDDY

No last meals here Chief, this is strictly B.Y.O.Rodent.

Buddy starts to eat. John starts to shiver. Buddy pulls out the pill bottle. Throws a blanket on John.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You ain't gettin' none of this  
neither. But I guess I could stand  
a little entertainment.

Buddy swallows three pills with water.

JOHN (SOTTO VOCE)

Hypocrite.

BUDDY

Not much chance of catching a Jones  
up here, is there Juan?

Buddy finishes his Rodent. John's shivers and shakes grow.

Buddy stands, draws circles and small squares in the dirt and an arc in front of them. Buddy cups his hands over his mouth.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, (Echoing)  
now, ladies and gentlemen, direct  
from a string of sold out  
engagements in the heart of every  
right thinking American across this  
great land of ours and up your  
block, he's number one in your  
program and taking it to your hard  
core leftist, cock sucking, latte'  
drinking cousin Earl, straight like  
a cannonball, it's Mr. Robert  
Rogers "Buddy" Orr!

Buddy makes crowd adulation noises.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Aw thank you, thank you, please  
enough, enough, sit down please,  
sit. Oh, I see we have the Mud  
People with us tonight (He looks at  
John)

O.S. IMAGINARY CROWD LAUGHS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I kid, I kid, We all love the Mud  
People don't we. Yes, we love our  
Black jokes, our Mexican jokes,  
don't we? Of course once you heard  
Juan, you heard Jamal.

O.S. IMAGINARY CROWD GROANS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

That one was for you Juan. But seriously folks it's in the Bible. Any Mormons here tonight? No, good. You know I was raised a Mormon and we were taught to respect our forefathers...and our five mothers.

O.S. RIM SHOT AND IMAGINARY CROWD LAUGHS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

They love their Old Testament and they love that story of Noah, that Geriatric Billy Yoker, with the boat full of unhousebroken pets. Oh that must have been a joy. You know who cleaned up that mess, Mrs. Noah. And the kids, Ham, Shem and Japeth. I guess Curly was taken.

O.S. IMAGINARY CROWD TITERS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

And Ham...God commandeth you to eat no animal of the cloven hoof and you go and name your kid Ham, no, no, you know this ain't gonna' turn out any good.

Buddy's getting glassy-eyed as the drugs take effect.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

So late one night, after they make landfall, Ham sneaks into Noah's tent. (As an aside) He had "Daddy issues."

Buddy looks out into the "audience". The rest of his story is projected in gossamer imagery onto his imaginary stage as Buddy's drugs really kick in.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Noah's had a snoot full and Ham see's the old man's buck naked. Ham being the Pelosi liberal that he is, according to some biblical scholars by the way, sucks the old man off.

O.S. IMAGINARY CROWD SHOCKED REACTION.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Noah awakens! Horrified! But yet...pleasantly satisfied. Let's face it guys, a good BJ's a good BJ, wherever you find it, right. Ham proud of his handiwork gets his bro.s who walk in backwards and cover Pops with a blanky. Now according to the Jews, who are like half-baked Christians, according to the Germans anyway...

O.S. IMAGINARY CROWD SHOCKED GROANS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Oh now you're angry! Sucking off daddy-o was okay but...fuck you, you yoga pants wearing snowflakes. This is in Leviticus, so check it out. Randy Ham fucked his mom too and they had a son, Canaan. So Noah, who had a long time to think about this, because he lived like 950 years, was pissed. And he said. Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be to his brothers. And his descendants who were/are the Canaanites, your Jews, your Blacks, your Browns, (gesturing to John) your Mud People. So you Non-Whites so sorry, you Satan Spawn, you cursed wretched of this Earth. Don't blame me assholes, go get your own country, it's in the bible. Go talk to God...if you can find him.

John sweats, shivers and shakes from withdrawals.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Oh, and so Buddy you may ask, what saith Noah of all this hazarai? Noah saith, Canaan, both my son and grandson, your spawn will be cursed to be servants unto your brethren until this land be but a cinder unto heaven. But my son, Ham, that Sperm Hoover, that Motherfucker, no curse shall be upon him. Why you may ask? Because even the dumbest sorry ass Redneck knows, that even the absolute worst Ham, can still, always, be cured!

O.S. IMAGINARY CROWD BIG LAUGHS.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Well good night everybody, drive home safely. Remember, try the varmint.

O.S. IMAGINARY MUSIC PLAYS BUDDY OFF AS THE CROWD APPLAUDS.

He grabs a small piece of meat from the spit, puts it in John's mouth. John is barely responsive, but chews on it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You've been a great crowd, I'll be here all week.

John begins to convulse and vomits on himself. Buddy stands half wanting to let John wallow in it but relents. He wets a cloth and cleans up the unresponsive John

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Amy trudging up the mountain. Light reflecting off her silver ski jacket. Her arms grudgingly propel her forward. She checks her phone for a signal. It reads "No service."

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

A live mouse is lowered in front of John's sleeping face. Buddy holds it by the tail. It wriggles across his nose.

BUDDY

Wakey Wakey Juan, don't want to miss breaky.

John shudders and shrugs in revilement.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Ain't gonna' be no Who-a-vos Ranch air-os, Juan.

Buddy pops the mouse into his mouth, crushes and swallows it.

Something down the mountain catches his attention. There are flashes of light moving through the trees.

He grabs his rifle and exits.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Amy makes it to a mountain peak clearing. She scans the horizon. She sees something that might be a cell tower.

CUT TO:

Buddy's footsteps and rifle.

CUT TO:

Amy holding her phone up. It reads 1/2 of a bar.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS IN THE DISTANCE.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

A varmint left in a pan simmers. John is staring at it when a mama Black Bear and two cubs enter the camp.

The bears precede to root around, eat the food, tear things up and scare the shit out of John.

A baby bear curiously paws at John and fondles his clothing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Amy tries to get a cell signal. Footsteps crunch behind her, she turns as Buddy closes in.

AMY

Oh thank God.

Buddy slaps the phone out of her hand, sends it flying. He grabs her by the hood and forcibly pulls her to his camp.

BUDDY

Come on Sweet Cheeks, join the party.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

The Mama bear nose to nose with John who is dead still. After a beat the bear takes three long slurps up John's face.

Buddy marches Amy into camp. He makes himself as large as he can.

BUDDY

Shoe! Shoe Bear, Shoe! Shoe!

The bears run off.

Amy looks towards John. She opens her mouth to speak. John indicates with a head nod not to acknowledge each other.

Buddy pushes Amy to a tree and zip ties her.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Callie's car passes. A cluster of leaves are blown off some trees revealing a small corner of John's car.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Buddy is scanning the horizon. In the distant sky a drone launches a missile. It blows up on a mountainside.

BUDDY

What am I going to do with you two.  
I ain't gonna' feed you and I sure  
as hell ain't gonna' let you go. (To  
Amy) and you, you just make my life  
complicateder and complicateder.

AMY

Don't flatter yourself.

Buddy walks over and rubs his hand down Amy's cheek.

BUDDY

You can go ahead and talk to your  
Diddy. I saw you on your little  
hunting trip. Nice shot by the way.

AMY

Get your hands off me!

INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - DAY

Callie has her phone out, dialing.

JULIUS

Lying to the FBI's a felony.

CALLIE

Politicians do it all the time.  
(Into Phone) How do I report a  
kidnapping, my husband, I think he  
kidnapped my daughter, no, no, no,  
John Moroz, Amber alert?

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I guess so. Then what? OK, 704 620  
7354. Thanks. I will.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Last rays of sunset over the mountains.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - NIGHT

BUDDY

I'd pray for your soul son but I  
just don't think there's a place in  
heaven for Mud people.

AMY

Mud people, what are you like  
twelve?

JOHN

Buddy doesn't really believe that,  
do you Buddy, not an erudite man  
like yourself.

BUDDY

And I thought my act just made you  
sick.

AMY

What act?

JOHN

You missed it. Buddy here's more  
than just a dime a dozen Malignant  
Narcissist.

AMY

Like a hack comic?

JOHN

Like true genius filled with hate.

BUDDY

You don't get it Doc.

AMY

Pobrecito!

BUDDY

Deep down people are just  
different, like Tacos and Tators.

AMY

That's really heavy, Buddy, well  
thought out too. I give it C plus.

Buddy ignores her jibes.

BUDDY

...and genetically motivated to  
dislike people of other races. It's  
Hobbes State of Nature. (To Amy) You  
read Hobbes or Spengler?

AMY

Calvin and Hobbes.

JOHN

Nice try, but I don't believe you.

BUDDY

Not even a participation ribbon?

AMY

A Wooden Spoon, Buddy.

JOHN

Oh no, you definitely are a genius.

BUDDY (TO AMY)

I'm in control here girly.

JOHN

And I've met you before, in country  
clubs, on the couch, in prisons.  
You all are truly unique, separated  
at birth, and you know it. But the  
one thing you can't escape...

BUDDY

What's that?

JOHN

...you're human, Buddy,...and you  
need to belong to a troop, just  
like any other ape. But it's a  
curse too, because you're sure you  
know how much smarter you are than  
the rest.

AMY (SOTTO VOCE)

Those damn dirty apes.

JOHN

And you just can't join, The Lions Club or the Catholic Church, or Cujo.

BUDDY

Fuck Cujo, he's just a prop, like a clown nose.

Amy laughs.

BUDDY (TO AMY) (CONT'D)

You liked that one. I caught you.

JOHN

That's why you have to invent your own church. Doesn't even matter what it stands for, Socialism, Capitalism, Libertarianism, as long as it's the Church of Buddy.

AMY

If God is a nutshell, Buddy, you'd be the nut.

BUDDY

Nice try Sigmund Frauds. Did you see that rocket go off.

JOHN

Heard it.

BUDDY

Well, that little pop gun, that was reality and I made it happen, out of nothing but words, my words, and language...is the house of being.

JOHN

Heidegger.

BUDDY

Now you're catching on, Juan.

Amy questioningly mouths the word "Juan" toward John.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Out of allegory...comes reality. And you and your half-breed little daughter over here are now living my reality.

Buddy runs his hand down Amy's face. She bites him. He slaps her. She refuses to react and stares him down.

JOHN

(Angry)

You hit children Buddy? Not man  
enough to hit me?

BUDDY

Spare the Rod Juan?

Buddy plays it off and walks over to John.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You know, Juan, how all those  
newscasters and politicians tell  
you terrorism don't work.

JOHN

So

BUDDY

What a joke, think about it, you're  
here, she's here. Think about your  
life over the past twenty years,  
months, days, minutes. People like  
me, Juan, we make the world you  
live in now. We just use  
philosophy, books...the bible, to  
explain it to the rest of you.  
(Gets eyeball to eyeball) I'll let  
you be in my dreams, Juan, if I can  
be in yours, Bob Dylan said that.

INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Callie is on her laptop. Aristotle walks across the keyboard  
and launches the iPhone App. A quick flash goes off and  
catches her attention, than another, than it's gone.

CALLIE

Daddy, Daddy! I Swanny, I saw the  
phone app go off. They're on Big  
Tusquittee.

JULIUS

That's ridiculous, Callie, ain't  
nothing up there this time of year  
except wind and a few sleepy bears.

CALLIE

I saw it Daddy, twice I did.

JULIUS

I know you want it to be true.  
It's probably just what the Army  
calls a ghost in the machine.

CALLIE

Daddy, what if they're stuck up  
there on Big T? What if they...

Callie starts to break down.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Daddy, I'll be damned, I lost so  
much already. I don't know where  
John is, in his head, or where he  
went off to. And if I lose my baby  
too, I'll be damned if I'm gonna'  
just sit on my ass and don't do  
something about it.

JULIUS

Callie, it's a fools errand.

CALLIE

I've been on em' my whole life, you  
said so yourself, why stop now?

JULIUS

That's not what I men...

CALLIE

I'm not losing my baby, Daddy, I'm  
not losing my baby, I'm not...

She breaks down in tears. Julius holding Callie.

JULIUS

Callie, you didn't need to...I'll  
go at first light.

CALLIE

No, I'm going Daddy. This is my  
family mess and we need to fix it.

JULIUS

Well I know better than to try and  
talk sense to you at this point, my  
daughter.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - NIGHT

John is deteriorating tied to the tree. Amy watches as Buddy  
records a voice email.

BUDDY

Now I'm not talk'n about kill'n folks. I'm talking about hitting 'em where it hurts, in the pocket book. In the..

AMY

He's lying.

Buddy hits the keyboard to stop and start.

BUDDY

In the pocket book, in his iconic institutions, his golf clubs, ski resorts, private jet...

AMY

He's up on Big Tusquittee Mountain!

Buddy grabs a ball gag and duct tape from his pack. Amy struggles against him. He gags and tapes her mouth shut.

BUDDY

For a millennial she sure ain't too tech savvy.

JOHN

(Weakly)

She's a jock.

INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Julius is asleep. Callie is packing her hunting gear.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - NIGHT

Buddy and John asleep. Amy works against the zip ties. Her wrists are red and bleeding. She gives up and goes to sleep.

INT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CALLIE'S CAR - DAWN

Callie drives along the two lane black top. The radio is on.

RADIO VOICE #5

...and now that Winter's right around the corner your going to need a log splitter and it looks like Alvis Bishop's got an extra one he wants to part with.

Callie passes the spot where John's car is, bare of leaves.

The car catches her attention. She pulls over, backs up and pulls in behind John's car.

Callie gets out her gear. She checks the area for foot prints and heads off into the woods.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOTS -- Appalachian weather closing in, animals preparing for winter.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Amy showing signs of Hypothermia. Buddy throws a blanket over her shoulders.

BUDDY

You're going to die a natural death, Juan.

JOHN

How you figure that?

BUDDY

Maybe exposure, it's God's will, you brought it on yourself.

JOHN

Tied to a tree?

BUDDY

You said yourself you were brain damaged. Nature's got a cruel sense of humor. Now you get your wish.

JOHN

And her?

BUDDY

They find you two a ways away from here. Who knows? Maybe you shot her, maybe you molested her, with a stick, that's a very sick thing to do, Juan, (Mocking) Popi. Just another loco brain damaged Spic.

JOHN

Just let her go Buddy!

Amy, gagged, is muttering to herself. Buddy throws a poncho over her, covering Amy completely head to toe.

BUDDY

Sorry Juan, The die is cast, the bed is made, we've crossed the Rubicon, Que Sera Sera. Hate to mix metaphors professor but your geese is cooked.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Callie walks through the woods. She sees some of the leaves and branches John had broken and earth he disturbed on his trek. She follows their path.

She comes to the tree John pulled the bark off of. She presses onward.

INT. SE TASK FORCE HQ - DAY

A skeleton crew sifts documents. Behind Sami Shakir is a map of Buddy Orr sightings, Quebec, Barcelona, and Singapore. There is a diagram of witnesses including John and Amy.

Agent McGearty enters.

AGENT MCGEARTY

Looks like weather's on its way, they're closing down for the day.

SAMI SHAKIR

Is this your way of telling me you're going home, agent?

AGENT MCGEARTY

I suppose.

Sami looks around the office.

SAMI SHAKIR

Well seeing how I don't see any weather here in the office, I suggest you stay and help me with these reports until your shift ends.

AGENT MCGEARTY

Yes sir, Roger that boss.

SAMI SHAKIR

Yes, Roger that.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Callie comes to the creek John had stopped at. She notices a partial footstep in the soft dirt headed away from the creek.

Next, a few small waist high broken branches lead her uphill.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Increasing cloud cover darkens the day as Amy's random movements under the poncho lets us know she is still alive.

BUDDY

Do you know what your problem is,  
Juan?

JOHN

(Weakly)  
I'm sure your going to tell me.

BUDDY

You still believe in Good Guys...  
and Bad Guys.

JOHN

And you believe in?

BUDDY

Action figures, Juan. Captain  
America, Wonder Woman, The Scarlet  
Witch.

The first snowflakes of the season begin to fall.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

America wants The Marvel Universe,  
Juan and now America wants Buddy  
Orr and The Nuggets. We ain't the  
smartest and we ain't the fastest,  
but we say what they wish they had  
the guts to say and we get away  
with it. We make the Libs crazy and  
they love us for it.

JOHN

And it doesn't matter who or what  
gets in the way.

BUDDY

Nope, just bigger fish eating  
little fish, and who gets to bait  
the hook.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Callie tracking but the light snow is starting to obscure the forest. Snow begins building up on her as well.

She bundles up against it and takes out her phone to call Julius but gets no service.

INT. SE TASK FORCE HQ - DAY

Sami Shakir at his desk. McGearty brings him a report.

AGENT MCGEARTY

Looks like one of our bombing witnesses may have kidnapped one of our other witnesses, his daughter.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Callie pushing up the Mountain amid snow flurries toward the clearing where Amy almost had a cell signal.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DAY

Amy's Poncho is flecked with snow. From underneath she weakly punches it off. John, also flecked in snow, is very low energy. Buddy moves an ember of a log closer to each of them.

BUDDY

But you and the kid don't get off that easy, Chief. Your deaths got to have a certain cinematic flair, a heightened sense of... verisimilitude, like in the movies.

John seeing Amy moving under her poncho, distracts Buddy.

JOHN

You want my professional opinion?

BUDDY

No.

JOHN

You're ooh ca shoe bee, Buddy, coo coo for Cocoa Puffs.

Amy, using her foot, surreptitiously rolls her log a little closer under the poncho for warmth.

INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - DAY

Julius at the window looking at the weather. His phone rings.

SAMI SHAKIR (ON PHONE)  
Is this Callie Basnight-Moroz?

JULIUS  
This is Julius Basnight her father.

INT. SE TASK FORCE HQ - DAY

SAMI SHAKIR  
This is Special Agent in Charge  
Shakir, FBI. I have a report here  
that says her husband has abducted  
your granddaughter, Amy.

JULIUS(ON PHONE)  
Maybe, probably.

SAMI SHAKIR  
Mr. Basnight, we'd really like to  
know which, as they were both  
involved in a terrorist bombing.

INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - DAY

JULIUS  
Well they both disappeared. The cat  
walked on her computer and she  
thinks she saw their cell phones  
flash from up on Big Tusquittee.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DAY

Callie in the clearing decides to head back down.

SAMI SHAKIR (V.O.)  
The cat?

JULIUS (V.O.)  
Agent Shakir, John's a very smart  
man but he had a bad brain injury  
and I just don't know what he might  
have done to himself or Amy.

Callie enters the woods and sees the log John had sat upon.

JULIUS (V.O.)  
My daughter went up there looking  
for him this morning.

Callie stumbles on something under the snow.

SAMI SHAKIR (V.O.)  
Mr. Basnight, you're telling me  
your daughter is hiking Tusquittee  
Mountain in a snow storm?

Callie wipes away the snow revealing one of Buddy's leg  
snares. She breaks off a large branch and fires off the  
snare. It sprays snow in a ten foot radius.

JULIUS (V.O.)  
Agent Shakir, My daughter was born  
and raised and she was a Ranger  
trained in Special Ops in Iraq, I  
think she can handle Big T.

She walks cautiously with the stick proceeding her.

SAMI SHAKIR (V.O.)  
Well she's certainly got a pair.

INT. SE TASK FORCE HQ - DAY

JULIUS(ON PHONE)  
What's that?

SAMI SHAKIR  
Nothing. You don't think John could  
have been in collusion with Buddy  
Orr do you?

JULIUS (ON PHONE)  
Who's got a pair now agent?

Sami Shakir looks at a local Radar App on his desktop.

SHAKIR  
Sorry, had to ask. Listen, there  
maybe a hole in the storm for an  
hour or two tonight when we could  
launch a Recon if I don't hear from  
you but I wouldn't count on it. So  
call me if you know anything.

JULIUS (ON PHONE)  
I will.

Shakir hangs up. He holds his head in his hands on his desk.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Snow getting heavier. Callie slowly through the woods hits another snare and sets it off. She stops, sees a faint fire light in the distance.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DUSK

Amy's hands struggling under the poncho flicks snow off as it builds up more quickly. John is fading fast.

BUDDY

So you think I'm just plain crazy?

JOHN

Nothing plain about you Buddy, some shoes just fit like a glove.

BUDDY

Like a second skin?

JOHN

You're the metaphor king, Buddy.

BUDDY

Then remember our old friend Randy Ham?

JOHN

Give me a break.

Buddy looks past John. Peering back toward biblical times.

BUDDY

Well Juan, apparently he had a touch of the Bestiality in him too, according to the Talmud.

Buddy starts to preach. His story of the Ark again appears, acted out by translucent figures.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Three copulated in the Ark, and they were all punished, the Dog, the Raven, and Randy Ham. The Dog was doomed to be tied, the Raven expectorates, and Ham was smitten in his skin by darkness. Like you Juan.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Callie slowly moves closer, perplexed by this bizarre scene of a gesticulating mad man in the snow. The wind blows the accumulating snow into drifts. She creeps in crouching.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DUSK

Buddy, getting a face full of snow, looking toward the sky.

BUDDY.

And it wasn't just the Jews. The Syrian Christians had a take.

Canaan outside Noah's tent turns black before his family.

BUDDY

"Instantly, by the force of the curse, Canaan, his face and entire body became black." The A-rabs, "Canaan's body became black and the blackness spread out among them."

The blackness spreads to all of Canaan's children and family.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

The Mormons, The Catholics, Islam. Everybody got a take. Why Juan? Because out of reality...comes allegory. It's a two way street, a virtuous circle.

JOHN (SOTTO VOCE)

Virtue?

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Callie moves closer and can faintly hear Buddy. She takes out her field glasses. She makes out the snowy figure against one tree as John but another of the snow drifts has now completely covered Amy hunkered down and tied against a tree.

BUDDY

Well according to our story the Israelites just got fed up with this whole, miscegenation, race mixing mess, all the fussing and the fighting, so the northern ten tribes ventured forth, journeyed over the Caucasus Mountains...

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DUSK

A long line of white Israelites march through Buddy's camp.

Buddy holds his arm up, brushes off the snow and shows John his white skin.

BUDDY

Now this is reality, as in  
Caucasian, Juan, Caucasian skin.  
From allegory, reality, so try not  
to get confused.

JOHN

Buddy, you are certainly lost, but  
not like the Israelites.

BUDDY

They trekked along the Black Sea up  
to Romania and on to settle in  
Northern Europe, Europa, no "V".

Buddy walks over to John and lightly slaps his face.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Capiche. So that's how the seed was  
split, the Serpent Hybrid.

A Serpent Hydra head rises up behind Buddy. It roars, splits  
and evaporates.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You and me, the Mud people and the  
White people, forever and ever  
amen.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Callie sees that John's hands are zip tied. She assumes a  
prone firing position. She aims through her scope.

EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DUSK

BUDDY

Every tribe has an origin story,  
Juan, and that's been my tribe's  
for a few thousand years now. The  
one that makes it okay to wipe out  
the other tribes, rape their woman,  
take their land, give them Small  
Pox, steal their labor, pry out  
their gold teeth, take their oil.

(MORE)

## BUDDY (CONT'D)

So when you two die, Juan, it's small potatoes. The framers, the founders, they got it right, in the eyes of their great unwashed, you're only three fifth a man...fair or unfair...Plessy or Ferguson, big fish, little fish, shirts or skins, reality...and...allegory.

John, at death's door, is laughing. Buddy is perplexed.

## EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Callie pans her scope from John laughing and fixes Buddy in her sights as the snow flakes fly.

## EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DUSK

JOHN

My name is  
John...Christian...Moroz...

## EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODS - DUSK

Callie wavers, the storm intermittently obscuring Buddy.

## EXT. RHODODENDRON SLICK - DUSK

JOHN

...Moroz is Ukrainian, genius. It means frost. I am Frosty the...Fucking...Snowman, Genius! I'm whiter than you'll ever be, you, fucking broken, irredeemable...genius.

A shot rings out, whizzes past Buddy cutting a branch behind him in two. Snow sprays everywhere.

Amy under the snow moving her hands as if to free herself.

Callie comes flying out of the woods, takes a shot while on the run, misses Buddy.

Buddy grabs his pistol, ducks behind Amy as a shield. He takes a shot. Callie dives into the snow behind a tree.

Callie fires a couple of shots at Buddy but they are high.

BUDDY

Who the hell are you!

Callie realizes her scope is useless this close in.

Buddy gets off a shot. It bounces off a tree next to Callie.

Callie tears the scope off and throws it.

Buddy's pistol jams.

CALLIE

I'm Callie Basnight-Moroz. I'm this man's wife. I'm a Christian and I don't want to have to kill you.

Buddy gets off a shot.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

So give up.

Buddy fires again.

BUDDY

Onward Christian Soldiers  
Sweetheart.

Buddy fires. Callie fires just missing Amy.

CALLIE

Where's my daughter?

John tries to warn Callie that Amy is under the snow drift. He doesn't have the strength to get it out.

BUDDY(SINGS)

Marching as to war.

Callie is firing all around Amy and John is freaking out.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You almost got your answer. You are so close.

Snow puffs as Amy gesticulates under the poncho. Callie doesn't see it.

Buddy ducks around the snow drift getting a good shot off at Callie from the side. He just misses by a whisker.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

She's treading where the saints  
have trod. Git it?

O.S. A HELICOPTER APPROACHING IN THE FAR OFF DISTANCE.

The snow lightens. Some holes appear in the clouds.

Callie charges Buddy drawing her Bowie knife.

Buddy pistol whips Callie across the face. Callie lurches away.

Buddy aims. Callie sticks her foot between Buddy's legs, yanks forward. Buddy falls back and fires into the air.

Callie jumps on Buddy stabbing him in the upper right arm. Buddy drops the gun.

Buddy grabs the gun with his left hand and starts pounding Callie on the back of the head.

Callie relents and as she begins to rise Buddy grabs her hand and wrestles the Bowie Knife from her.

CUT TO:

Sami Shakir in the helicopter cockpit sees the hand to hand fighting in infrared on the FLIR screen. He signals his pilot to land in the clearing and grabs the radio mike.

CUT TO:

Callie punches Buddy in the side of the face.

CALLIE

Where is she?

Buddy hits Callie in the back of the head with the gun butt.

BUDDY

Guess.

Callie punches back. Buddy strikes to the back of the head.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Guess again.

Callie punches Buddy in the face. Buddy bleeds profusely.

CALLIE

Don't make me kill you.

BUDDY

Guess again.

Buddy strikes again to the back of Callie's head. Callie wallops Buddy to the nose, then to the jaw stunning him.

Callie spotting the campfire sprints to it, grabs some small hot logs with her bare hands.

As Buddy rises Callie rushes him and presses the hot embers into Buddy's face around his swelling eyes.

Buddy falls back against Amy and the snow drift, blinking wildly unable to make out what Callie is doing.

Callie quickly back to the camp fire grabs Buddy's cooking knife. She returns and lays against Buddy pinning him. Callie goes to finish Buddy off. But Buddy's vision is clearing and he now has the Bowie knife in hand.

Callie and Buddy are pinned one against the other, draped upon the snowdrift with Amy's body inside.

Buddy holds the Bowie knife behind Callie's back, poised to strike. Callie, her Knife up against Buddy's flank, is ready to do him in.

INSERT - BUDDY'S POV Looking up past Callie, a helicopter flies low through the thinning clouds, lights flashing.

Callie emphasizing each word with a stab to Buddy's upper arm

CALLIE  
Where...is...Amy?

Buddy flailing with the knife unable to strike flesh.

BUDDY  
In the past.

With mist appearing in her eyes and repeated half stabs, Callie is now torturing Buddy.

CALLIE  
You are the past, Buddy. Me.

Stab.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
John...

Stab

Callie Crying

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
Amy, whatever, wherever, whoever  
she is...

Big stab.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
We are the future.

Bigger stab.

BUDDY  
As you were Christian soldier...

Callie's stab goes into Buddy's flank.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
...looks like I win.

Buddy drops his knife.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Vengeance is mine, saith the lord.

With tears flowing down both cheeks Callie drives her knife halfway into Buddy's ribs.

CALLIE  
Well you make sure you tell him  
that when you see him.

Callie withdraws her bloody blade for the coup de grâce.

Buddy gets a startled look on his face.

Callie begins her final thrust. Two hands reach around, grab her arms and pull her off of Buddy.

Sami Shakir has Callie in hand and pulls her away from Buddy.

Callie struggles to compose herself.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
And get that log out of your own  
eye first, you piece of shit,  
Matthew 7:1:5.

Another other chopper has landed in the clearing. Shakir hands Callie off to two agents. Buddy's camp is filling with the Task Force and EMTs. Snow flurries continue to fall.

Sami Shakir turns back to Buddy who inexplicably is upright against the drift, stone cold dead with his eyes wide open.

Shakir examines Buddy closely as his eyelids frost over. Sami pushes then pulls on Buddy but he is immovably stuck fast on something.

Fresh blood drips down rapidly from behind Buddy, down his pant legs and onto Shakir's dress regulation shoes.

Sami shakes off the blood.

SAMI SHAKIR

Jesus.

Shakir preys Buddy loose and drops him. Julius's skinning blade sticks out from the snow drift dripping fresh blood.

He digs off the snow and rips the poncho up revealing Amy, holding the blade in her blue fingers, nearly frozen dead.

He rips off the tape and removes Amy's gag. He puts his ears to her lips, turns and screams.

SAMI SHAKIR (CONT'D)

Medic! She's still breathing!

Callie, sees Amy from the helicopter, jumps out and runs.

CALLIE

Amy! Amy!

Two agents jump out right behind her, throw her face down and cuff her hands and feet.

Looking down Sami sees Amy has managed to stretch out her zip ties just enough to get the knife out of her pocket.

SAMI SHAKIR

(To himself)

Fucking remarkable.

He takes the knife and hides it in his pocket just as the Medics arrive.

DISSOLVE TO:

Snow again begins to fall heavily.

Task Force agents scour the camp and collect evidence. Sami Shakir stands amid the scene. He rubs his temples, sniffs the air.

The Medevacs Finish loading Callie, Amy and John and lift off.

From the ground POV we follow John's gaze through the helicopter window as it rises through the snow storm.

CUT TO.

JOHNS POV LOOKING DOWN

O.S. A GUN SHOT RINGS OUT AND ECHOES.

Push into the forest floor covered in pristine new fallen snow. Johns body lays face down, alone. The pistol is by his side. His head is ringed by a pool of ever widening fresh blood.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN IS BLACK

O.S. THE RIP OF A LONG ZIPPER CLOSING.

The flash of a silver zipper bisects the screen horizontally.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA STADIUM - BOMBING - DAY

The scene is utter chaos. John is enclosed in a body bag. Amy is tattered in shrapnel wounds and streaming in blood.

AMY

(Shrieking)

Popi, Popi, no, no. Oh god, no, no,  
Popi, Popi no.....

EMT's force her away as John's body is removed.

The camera booms up and pulls back revealing the scope of the carnage. Ambulances, Police and Media arrive as the shot travels across the street and up to the top of a parking deck.

A lone figure watches the pandemonium below with his back to us. As the shot continues to backwards Buddy Orr turns and walks toward camera.

He is soon joined from behind by a phalanx of his adoring Nuggets. The march continues to grow until the screen is filled by nothing but Buddy and his Nuggets.

The assembled mass heads toward us marching in lock step. Buddy gets closer and closer until only his "Nugget Nation" hat fills the screen.

FADE TO BLACK.

**The End**