RADICAL FORECAST

by

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INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TOMMY KERSHAW (6) lies curled up sound asleep under his Official NFL blanket.

A poster of Cleveland Brown great, Leroy Kelly hangs on the wall beside him, and his Snoopy bedside light casts an orange glow in the room.

SUPER: KERSHAW RESIDENCE 1971

The room fills with red and blue strobe lights and distant car tires can be heard screech to a halt.

Tommy stirs as car doors slam and faint, indistinct voices filter in from outside.

Tommy wakes up, rubs his eyes and looks toward his window.

Tommy's chest heaves: He's terrified.

Very slowly, Tommy makes his way out of bed to his window.

He draws back the curtain to see two police cars a few doors down on his side of the street. Several policemen are crouched behind the cars.

The policemen have a searchlight trained on BARRY RENNER (20), who stands on a front porch across the street. His eyes are crazed and he holds a gun to his head.

The policemen and Renner yell back and forth. Their voices become more audible as they get more tense.

RENNER

I'm gonna do it!

POLICEMAN

Just calm down Mr. Renner. Think of your family.

RENNER

I don't care about my family, you stupid fuck! I just don't fucking care!

As Renner yells, two of the policemen start to work their way around the ends of the cars.

Renner sees them and goes wild.

RENNER

No you don't! No you don't! Fuck it! Fuck it! This is your fault!

He pulls the trigger. There's a blinding flash and a resounding boom.

Renner drops to the porch.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TOM KERSHAW (47) sits bolt upright in bed. Sweat pours off his face. He shakes and gasps for breath.

MIRANDA KERSHAW (44) quickly sits up beside him and strokes the side of his head.

SUPER: KERSHAW RESIDENCE 2012

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tom sits at the kitchen table, tie half done. He rubs his temples and stares into a soggy bowl of corn flakes.

Miranda enters, dressed in immaculate office attire.

She yells over her shoulder.

MIRANDA

Get a move on, Mike. We're late.

Then she spots Tom.

MIRANDA

Maybe you should try taking two pills before bed. You're not getting deep enough asleep.

TOM

No Miranda. I don't want more pills.

She crouches down beside him, as if talking to a child.

MIRANDA

Then maybe you should go talk to Dr. Wagner again. The dreams aren't slowing down at all. If anything, you seem to be having them more often.

Tom shoves his bowl aside and looks her in the eye.

TOM

It's not a dream, Mir. I know it's
not. It's a memory.

MIRANDA

It's a dream, Tom. Horrible dream, I know, but it's a dream. You say you're like six when the dream happens. I can barely remember anything from when I was six.

He pushes past her and stares out the window.

TOM

You'd remember this, Mir. Anyone would.

Just then MIKE KERSHAW (12) enters the room in typical twelve year old clothes.

MIKE

Ready mom?

MIRANDA

I've been ready, Michael. I've just been waiting for you.

The two of them start out the door.

Tom looks out the window.

MIKE

Bye, dad.

TOM

Bye, Mike.

Miranda comes back and gives Tom a kiss on the cheek.

MIRANDA

Give Wagner a call, okay? Oh, and can you please stop and pick up my prescription on the way home?

Tom looks out the window.

INT. CITY HALL - TOM KERSHAW'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom sits at his desk. A blank stare on his face as he feigns interest in the ledger sheet held in a folder.

CLARENCE MARTIN (55), extremely neat, tidy, and ordinary, sits across from Tom. He holds an identical ledger.

He drones:

MARTIN

You can see, Tom, that these figures indicate a trend that we must avoid.

Tom sighs, taps his pencil and looks about the room.

Completely oblivious to Tom's indifference, Martin continues on:

MARTIN

We're looking at a slippery slope here, Tom. A very slippery slope!

Tom catches sight of the clock. It's a minute to four.

He slaps the folder shut: startles Martin to silence.

MOT

Sorry, Clarence. I totally agree, but we'll have to finish going over this tomorrow.

Martin splutters indignantly.

TOM

Can't help it Clarence. I've got a critical errand I must run for my wife.

Tom leaves Martin sitting there looking lost.

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE DRUGSTORE - DAY

Tom walks like a man possessed. He dodges people as though he has sixth sense.

As he enters the drugstore, an older man exits out the other door at he same time.

Their eyes meet.

It's BARRY RENNER (61), and he continues out as if nothing special has happened.

Tom takes about ten steps through the door.

He stops dead.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. RENNER PORCH - NIGHT (1971)

The 20 year old Barry Renner holds the gun to his head.

His eyes are wild as he screams in silence.

The gun goes off.

BACK TO PRESENT

Tom bursts through the drugstore door into:

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Frantic, Tom looks back and forth. Up and down the street. The man is nowhere to be seen.

Tom takes off like a wild man up the street.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mike sits on the floor with headphones on. He plays a video game on the T.V.

The front door slams open and Tom flies in. His suit jacket a mess and his tie half off.

Mike drops the controller and pulls off his headphones.

MIKE

What the f. . . oh, dad!

Tom looks around like a wild man.

TOM

Where's your mother?

MIKE

In the kitchen. What's wrong?

Tom ignores him and rushes out of the room.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Miranda places silverware on the table as Tom rushes in.

He grabs her arm, and almost pulls her over.

TOM

I saw him, I saw him, I saw him!

MIRANDA

Tom! What?

TOM

I saw him, Mir! My God, I saw him.

Tom falls into a chair and begins to sob into his hands.

Just not possible. Just not. Just not.

Miranda spots Mike as he peeks into the room. She goes into mom 'damage control'.

MIRANDA

It's okay, Mike.

MIKE

What's wrong dad?

She gently pushes him from the room into:

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIRANDA

It's okay, Mike. Your dad is just having a lot of stress at work. That's all.

MIKE

But he looks like sh. . .

MIRANDA

Mike! Go upstairs and start your homework. I'll call you when it's time for dinner.

He gives her a dirty look, but he leaves.

Miranda takes a couple of deep breaths and counts to ten before going back to:

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom sits there, elbows on his knees, sobbing into his hands.

Miranda circles him cautiously.

She tries to act nonchalant. She checks the pots on the stove and glances in the oven.

Tom continues to sob.

After she checks the heat settings on the stove multiple times, Miranda gives up.

She kneels down by Tom.

MIRANDA

Tom? Tom, what happened?

He looks up at her with bloodshot eyes.

It can't be, Mir. It can't be, can
it?

MIRANDA

I don't know, Tom. I don't know what can't be until you tell me what can't be.

Tom's eyes have become glazed. His mouth hangs open.

Miranda gently shakes his shoulders.

MIRANDA

Tom. Tom. Tell me. Tell me what can't be.

Tom looks around the room as though he's either never seen it before, or expects to see something scary.

He gets up and blindly walks to the window.

MOT

It was him, Mir. At the drugstore.

MIRANDA

Him who?

MOT

But he's. . .he's dead, Mir.

MIRANDA

Tom, what are you talking about? It's not making sense.

Tom rushes over, pulls her to her feet. He grabs her shoulders and shakes her.

TOM

Mr. Renner, Mir! Mr. Renner!

Miranda pulls away and eyes him with deep suspicion.

MIRANDA

Mister. . .

TOM

Renner! Mr. Renner!

Miranda starts to back away slowly.

MIRANDA

Mr. Renner. THE Mr. Renner.

Yes. THE Mr. Renner who I watched commit suicide when I was six! The man I see at night in my nightmare!

Tom staggers towards her, his eyes crazy.

Miranda avoids him and moves to where the kitchen table stands between them. She checks for escape routes.

MIRANDA

Tom, you know that's impossible.

TOM

(manic)

I know, but. . .

MIRANDA

No, Tom! It's impossible for two reasons, and you have to calm down and understand this.

MOT

But. . .

MIRANDA

NO, Tom! NO! Think, Tom. Think. You have these nightmares so often your mind has turned them into your reality. You're obsessed with this man, Tom. Obsessed.

TOM

I am not.

MIRANDA

Yes Tom. Obsessed. Now think, Tom. You couldn't have seen the man at all, whether he was real or not. I don't have to spell it out for you, do I?

Tom slumps his shoulders. He doesn't look manic now. He just looks tired.

He sways a little, then slumps back into his chair.

TOM

I know, Mir. I know. Don't you think I've been over this with myself? If it is just a dream, Mr. Renner doesn't exist, and if it really happened, Mr. Renner is dead. I know. I know. He just (MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

looked so. . .those eyes were so

much like. . .

Miranda moves back over to where Tom sits. She no longer looks angry, just sad, as she cradles his head.

MIRANDA

It's okay, Tom. It's okay. Why don't you just go up and get washed for dinner. Let Mike know it's time to eat.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom and Miranda both lay sound asleep in their large four poster bed.

The early morning sun reveals a room awash in neutral colors, right down to the almond-colored carpet.

Tom stirs, which causes Miranda to stir.

Tom sits bolt upright and blinks his eyes against the bright light. He chuckles.

TOM

I made it, Mir.

MIRANDA

Mmm?

TOM

I made it. Even with everything that happened yesterday I made it through the whole night without the nightmare! You were right, Mir. I was just imagining things. Couldn't possibly have seen a dead man.

MIRANDA

Nice dear.

Tom chuckles some more and looks at the clock.

TOM

Oh wow, it's after eight-thirty. We'd better get moving. Mike has to be at the soccer field by eleven.

MIRANDA

Mmmm, hmmmm.

MOT

Do you want first shower or me?

Miranda doesn't stir.

TOM

Right. Me first then.

Tom hops off the bed and whistles all the way to the bathroom.

Miranda pulls the covers up over her head.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot for the field looks like a dealership for mini-vans and SUVs.

Tom guides their Ford Escape into a spot right by the road.

Mike hops out in full uniform, duffel bag in hand, and disappears between the cars before Tom and Miranda can get their seat belts off.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Tom and Miranda, folding seats in hand, walk along one of the several busy fields. Players are on the field, doing warm-up drills.

They come upon some friends, GREG HAWTHORN (39) and his wife BETH ANTHONY-HAWTHORN (38).

Greg and Beth have already staked out their spot.

They look comfortable in their folding chairs.

**GREG** 

Hey you guys! Beautiful day.

TOM

No doubt, buddy. How are you two this morning?

BETH

We're fine, Tom. Come and sit down, Miranda. Why don't you boys go and get us some hot chocolate.

Greg hops up a little too fast.

GREG

Great idea! C'mon, Tom. My treat!

Tom frowns and gives him a sideways look.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS Greg and Tom stand in a long line at the concession stand.

Tom looks bewildered. Greg looks anxious.

**GREG** 

Hope Mike and Jeff can pull it off today, eh Tom?

TOM

(hesitant)

Yes. Yes, I do.

Tom starts to take out his wallet. Greg cuts him off.

**GREG** 

Oh no, Tom. Your money's no good here. This one's on me.

TOM

Since when? What the hell, Greg? You've never bought in your life.

GREG

What's wrong with a guy buying a hot chocolate for his friends.

TOM

Nothing, if that guy isn't normally tighter than a duck's ass! What's going on, Greg?

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Miranda and Beth watch the boys warming up on the field.

BETH

Mike sure is growing up fast. He looks more like Tom every day.

MIRANDA

I still think he looks more like me, but yes, he is growing up fast. Your Jeff, too. Hard to believe it was all those years ago we were looking at them in the nursery together.

Beth glances about with nervous excitement as they talk.

BETH

Ages. And Jeff gets more like Greg every day.

Miranda's eyes are still on the field.

MIRANDA

I'll bet. I can see it in him.

BETH

What about Mike, Mir?

This gets Miranda's attention.

MIRANDA

What?

BETH

Mike. Is he. . .like. . .Tom.

MIRANDA

Not sure I like the way you asked that, Beth. You and Greg are acting kind of strange today. What's going on?

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS Hands on hips, Tom's face livid.

TOM

There's nothing wrong with me!

**GREG** 

Sorry, buddy. It's just that Ben Fletcher was downtown yesterday afternoon, outside the drugstore.

Tom goes from mad to startled in an instant.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Miranda looks mortified.

BETH

Ben said that Tom came flying out of the drugstore, looking like a madman.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS Tom looks mortified.

GREG

Ben said you searched up and down the street like a man possessed.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Miranda has her head in her hands.

BETH

Then, Ben said, Tom just tore off up the street, like he was being chased by the devil.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

Tom looks utterly defeated.

**GREG** 

Ben was just worried about you, Tom. We're all just worried about you.

Tom's look of utter defeat turns into a slow boil the longer Greg speaks.

GREG

The way you acted, what Ben saw, if there's anything wrong, Tom, anything we can help with. . .Beth and I are here for you.

Tom understands now.

TOM

You and Beth.

**GREG** 

Yes, Beth and I will help in any way we can.

Tom boils over.

TOM

Including splitting us up to question us separately!

GREG

It's not that way, Tom. We just. .

TOM

Wanted to get a straight answer from Mir while distracting me? Move it!

Tom grabs him by the arm and pulls him away from the concession stand.

GREG

But what about the hot chocolate?

TOM

Fuck the chocolate. We're gonna get this straight right now!

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Miranda sobs into her hands.

Beth consoles her, a hand on her shoulder.

Tom drags Greg up to them

MOT

Beautiful. Just beautiful.

BETH

Tom! I, Miranda and I were just. .

Tom half shoves Greg over by the chairs and squares himself up to Beth.

TOM

I know exactly what you were 'just', Beth. Your not-so-subtle 'better half' was 'just' doing the same shit with me!

Greg cringes.

GREG

Tom. Language.

TOM

To Hell with the language, Greg. I wouldn't be using this language if you and 'the missus', hadn't started this. I just came here to watch a soccer game. Now I have to explain myself for something I'm none too proud of, and it certainly has nothing to do with my being insane! At least not yet.

Miranda's look of panic says she believes he's about to open up about the nightmares, and she doesn't want that.

MIRANDA

No Tom, I wouldn't. . .

Tom quells her with a look.

Listen you two, there has been more pressure than you can imagine lately downtown. The city has some serious budget issues, and it's all resting square on my shoulders.

GREG

But Ben Fletcher.

MOT

Saw just what he told you he saw. I cracked. I really did. But it was a momentary thing, and I've moved beyond that now, with the help of Mir, here.

Miranda gives a weak, relieved smile and nods as though this was exactly what she expected Tom to say.

Greg and Beth don't look entirely convinced, but they don't look as though they want to push it, either.

TOM

Now, can we please just drop this crap. I'd like to forget the office for awhile, and have some fun watching my son play soccer.

BETH

That's fine, Tom. We all know how work can be.

Off Greg's look of incredulity.

BETH

And we won't say another word. I'm so sorry we upset you. Let's just enjoy the game. Then maybe we can take you guys to lunch?

Tom and Miranda both look dubious at this idea.

**GREG** 

To celebrate the boys win, of course!

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - LATER

The boys play hard, up and down the field.

The parents, Tom, Miranda, Greg and Beth not withstanding, all yell like mad. Encouraging their young scions.

The scoreboard shows a tie game with about five minutes left to play.

Suddenly, through all the screams, grunts, whistle blowing and booting of the ball, Tom's eyes are drawn to a space between the parents on the other side of the field:

Right to a man walking furtively along the sidewalk. He takes quick glances side to side, as though he wants to know if anyone sees him.

It's Barry Renner. Despite the warm weather, he wears a long overcoat..

With a quick step, he crosses the street.

Tom's cheers fade away, as he starts to sweat. His actions become more nervous as he sees Renner disappear between two houses.

Miranda realizes he has stopped cheering. She can tell something isn't right.

MIRANDA

Fom. Is something wrong?

He ignores her as he looks after Renner.

She follows his line of sight, but only sees houses.

She shakes his arm.

MIRANDA

Tom!

He startles. Notices her.

MOT

What is it, Mir?

MIRANDA

That's my question for you. What's wrong?

TOM

I. . . I have to go back to the car.

MIRANDA

The car? What for?

TOM

I, I forgot. . .I forgot my sunglasses.

MIRANDA

Sunglasses. You haven't needed them the whole game, and now it's almost over.

Tom starts to move away from her.

TOM

Well, I'm. . .I'm starting to get a bit of a headache from the sun. You know how sensitive my eyes are.

Miranda does not look convinced.

MIRANDA

Sure, but Tom. . .

Tom rushes away and hollers over his shoulder.

MOT

Only be a minute!

Miranda looks after him and sighs.

She watches as Tom disappears amongst the cars.

Moments later, she sees him come out from behind the cars. He crosses the street and disappears between the same two houses as Renner.

Greg and Beth don't even notice, they keep on cheering.

Miranda looks lost.

EXT. THORNTON ST. - CONTINUOUS

Tom comes out from between two houses onto the next street.

He runs down the block, frantic for a view of Renner.

After several houses, Tom catches sight of Renner's long coat as it disappears around the corner of a house.

Tom creeps up slowly. The house Renner went behind has boarded up windows. A sheriff's sale notice in the window.

Tom very cautiously moves down the side of the house. He peers around the back:

Just in time to see the sliding glass patio door shut, catching the tip of Renner's coat. Renner frees the trapped cloth, then disappears inside.

Tom looks longingly over his shoulder towards what he's left behind, and decides to go on.

He creeps as slowly as he can toward the door, mimicking all of the guys he has ever seen in action films.

Tom flattens his body against the back of the house, inches up to the glass doors, and peers inside.

The door slides open hard, and a very angry Barry Renner bursts forth.

RENNER

And just who the fuck are you!

Tom stumbles over the concrete block edge around the patio.

MOT

I'm, uh. I'm. . .

Renner towers over the fallen Tom. In his long black coat, Renner intimidates.

RENNER

(livid)

Why the fuck are you following me? Who are are you?

TOM

I'm, uh. I'm. . .

Renner kicks at him.

RENNER

You'd better say something fast man, or I'm really gonna get pissed.

Tom manages to get to his feet. He wipes off his pants.

TOM

My, my name is Tom. . .uh, Tom Hampton, Mr. Renner.

Renner looks stunned, but recovers quickly.

RENNER

Renner? My name's not Renner.

TOM

Not. Not, Renner? But. . .

RENNER

My name is not Renner. It's Jacobs. Bob Jacobs.

Jacobs? But, but, you look just like a man I. . .when I was a kid, I saw a man named Mr. Renner. He.

. .

Renner steps a little closer. It's not that noticeable, but it has overtones.

RENNER

He what, Mr., uh, Hampton?

TOM

He, uh, he. . .he committed, uh. . .he committed suicide.

Renner steps back. He eyes Tom with suspicion.

RENNER

Suicide?

TOM

Y - yes. He, uh, when I was six the cops woke me up during the night and I saw, out my window. . .I saw a man -- Mr. Renner. He, he was on the porch down the street. He had a gun, and. . .

Tom runs out of steam. He's drained.

Renner's demeanor switches on a dime. He steps forward, like a father, and puts his hand on Tom's shoulder.

Tom looks him in the eye.

RENNER

He what, Mr. Hampton? This, Mr. Renner.

Near to tears, Tom rambles on.

TOM

He. . .he killed himself. Right there on his porch. Shot himself right in the head! I've never forgotten it all these years. The nightmares, every week!

RENNER

It's okay, Mr. Hampton. It sounds like so many years ago. You just need to let it go.

MOT

I know, I know. But, but. . .so help me God, you look just like, I thought you were -- your eyes! You had to be him.

Renner looks him straight in the face, like a television doctor in a commercial.

## RENNER

It's okay, Tom. We all have our crosses to bear. Some heavier than others. You have never been able to get over what you saw that night, and I can sympathize with that, but how could I possibly be here if I killed myself so long ago? It's not me, Tom. I'm not that man. Now, I need to get back to work on this house I've got to sell, and you need to get back home.

Tom looks on in disbelief as Renner moves back to the sliding door and opens it.

When he's halfway inside, Renner turns back -- his fatherly look gone, replaced by a cold, cruel stare.

## RENNER

But, if you know what's good for you, don't let me catch you following me again. Ever.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The parking lot bustles with chattering teens and their parents. Cars line up to exit as Tom crosses the street.

He finds Mike already in the car: Miranda leans against it.

She twirls his sunglasses on her finger.

MIRANDA

Nice of you to come back. How's your headache?

Tom is winded from rushing back.

TOM

Headache? My head?

He notices the glasses.

MOT

Oh, my headache. Well, I was coming to get them, when I saw this, this. . .guy.

MIRANDA

Guy?

TOM

Right. This guy. He, he was. . .he was creeping over there in front of those houses. I was sure he was a burglar

MIRANDA

A burglar.

TOM

Yes.

MIRANDA

So,

(pause)

You decided to run after him between the houses. Leaving us here alone, missing the end of your son's game.

MOT

I just wanted to do what was right, Mir.

MIRANDA

Bullshit!

She snaps his glasses in half. Throws them at him.

MIRANDA

You saw 'that man' again, didn't you now?

TOM

No. No Mir. I thought I saw a burglar. You should have seen him. You'd have thought so too. He was.

. .

Miranda gets right in his face.

MIRANDA

So where is he now, Tom?

TOM

Well, he, I. . .

MIRANDA

Did you catch him? Did you confront him?

TOM

No, I. . .he, I, he, he. . .got away.

MIRANDA

He got away.

TOM

Yeah. He, he got away. I, I couldn't catch him.

Miranda starts to get in the Escape.

MIRANDA

Then come on, hero. Let's go.

Tom starts around to the driver side.

TOM

Go? Go home?

MIRANDA

No, my hero. The police station. You've got to tell them what you saw. You have to give a description. Since you want to do what's right, that is.

Mike sits in the back, oblivious with a pair of headphones on, as this confrontation carries out in the front seat.

TOM

No! Uh, no. That won't be necessary. He wasn't a thief.

MIRANDA

And how do you know that, hero?

TOM

Well, I asked him what he was up to, and he was just getting the key to his house around the back.

MIRANDA

The back.

TOM

Yes. He'd forgot it, you see, and he was getting it from around the back.

MIRANDA

That's funny, just a moment ago, you said you never caught up with him. Now I find out you've had a whole conversation.

TOM

Well, uh. . .

Tom turns to the back seat.

MOT

Hey, buddy! Sorry I missed the end of the game, how'd you do?

Mike ignores him completely, rocking his head to the music in his ears.

Miranda has had enough.

MIRANDA

Just drive home, hero. I've had enough of this shit. If you cared about Mike's game, you'd have stayed for it. I'm not telling you how it came out, and I doubt he will either. Just drive.

(pause)

And I'm telling you now. . .if you don't drop this 'I'm seeing the dead guy' thing, you and I are going to have some real problems.

EXT. RENNER PORCH - NIGHT (1971)

Barry Renner screams in silence, the gun wavers by his ear.

Suddenly, he looks straight at us and screams:

RENNER

And you'd better mind your own business, if you know what's good for you!

Renner turns the gun on us and fires.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom wakes with a start, but holds back from sitting up.

Sweat pours from his forehead.

Miranda sleeps soundly beside him.

Tom holds tight to his pillow and the sheets.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Mike eats in silence, headphones on.

Miranda moves about the kitchen, busying herself with normal breakfast preparations on the stove.

Disheveled, Tom enters the kitchen and plops down.

Miranda finishes what she's cooking. Scoops it onto one plate, and sits down to eat.

Tom sits there. He glances back and forth between Miranda and Mike as they both finish eating.

Miranda and Mike get up and leave the house.

Tom sighs, and pours himself a cup of coffee.

EXT. CITY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Tom parks his car in the lot behind the city building.

He exits the car and hesitates. From here he can see the city building and the library. Tom leans against the car and glances back and forth from building to building.

Covertly, he glances around to make sure he is alone. He takes out his cell phone and dials.

TOM

Hello, Helen? I'm afraid I'm not going to make it in today. No, no, nothing serious. I just don't feel too good. Don't want to bring a bug in and get everyone else sick. Hopefully I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.

INT. CITY LIBRARY - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Tom fidgets in line behind a couple of people.

He jumps as his cell phone vibrates in his pocket.

He takes the phone out to find he has a text -- "Sorry for how I acted. Things will be fine I know. Just stay away from that man! Forget about him. See you tonight. Love, Mir"

Tom groans and types out a slow, painful text - "Already forgotten. Promise! See you after work. Love you too, Tom"

The line gone, Tom has been left standing several spaces from the counter. He still stares at the phone.

LIBRARIAN

Sir? Sir? You are next, sir. May I help you?

Tom finally notices her. He pockets the phone and approaches the counter. Nervous.

TOM

Good morning. Do you keep newspapers here? Old newspapers?

LIBRARIAN

How old?

INT. CITY LIBRARY - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The librarian leads Tom down a long wall of old-style wooden newspaper holders.

She pulls one out now and then. Finally she declares:

LIBRARIAN

The Sentinel. The Daily Sentinel. Nineteen Seventy-One. Being so old, I'm not sure the year will be complete, but it should be close. You can not remove these from the library, but there is a table over in the corner where you can examine them.

Eyes wide, Tom looks at the massive number of racks.

TOM

Thanks. Thank you.

LIBRARIAN

Let me know if you need anything. I'll be at the front desk.

Tom starts to look through the racks. He blows off the thick dust, coughing, choking and sneezing as he goes.

EXT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Miranda, with Mike, pulls the Escape in the driveway.

She opens the garage door to reveal an empty garage.

MIKE

No dad yet.

Miranda sighs and grinds her teeth.

MIRANDA

Nope. No dad yet.

She takes out her cell phone as they head inside.

INT. CITY LIBRARY - BASEMENT - LATER

Tom sits in the middle of a mountain of newspapers. He scans an obituary column.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Smoke rises from pots on the stove. The table is set.

Miranda listens to the recording on her cell phone - "The party you are trying reach is not answering. . ."

She pounds the End button and starts to dial another number.

INT. CITY LIBRARY - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

More papers have piled up, Tom scans an obituary column.

Suddenly, he stops and fist pumps.

TOM

Yes. Yes!!

He pulls out his cell phone and snaps a picture.

Tom sees that he has a missed call from Miranda and looks at the time on his phone.

TOM

Oh shit!

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - LATER

Miranda sips a glass of wine at the table. A plate of cold food sits in front of Tom's chair.

The garage door can be HEARD OPENING.

A car door SLAMS.

The front door flies open and Tom rushes into the kitchen.

TOM

TOM (cont'd)

budget all day. I don't think that guy ever goes home.

MIRANDA

Shut the hell up, Tom.

Tom ignores her and bulls on.

TOM

What a shame this awesome dinner got cold. So sorry, Mir. I'll just pop it in the nuker.

Tom grabs his plate and heads for the microwave.

Miranda smashes her glass on the table.

MIRANDA

I SAID, SHUT THE HELL UP!

Tom loses his grip on his plate. It crashes onto the counter, smashes to bits and food flies everywhere.

Tom shakes like a leaf as he tries to scrape the scattered food off the counter.

TOM

What's going on, Mir?

MIRANDA

That's my question for you, 'dear'. I called Mr. Harlan at home, when you hadn't shown up here, and I found your phone had been shut off.

TOM

Mr. Harlan? At home? Why would you. . .what did you. . .

MIRANDA

Well, 'dear', for some reason, I thought you'd be home on time, after I got this loving text from you saying that you'd be home right after work. You recall that don't you?

Tom tries to reply, but she cuts him off.

MIRANDA

You see, I'd planned a very nice dinner; In way of saying I was sorry for overreacting yesterday.

(MORE)

MIRANDA (cont'd)

Then, as even you may have been able to figure out, you didn't show.

Tom continues to try and scrape food off the counter. Most of it is going on the floor, as he sputters:

TOM

Oh, well. . .yes, I was running late. Mr. Harlan, you see. . .

MIRANDA

. . .was kind enough to inform me that you had called off sick today. Oddly enough, you don't 'seem' sick. Physically, that is.

TOM

Yes, well, I was feeling a touch of the stomach flu. So I. . .

MIRANDA

What? So you what? Came home and went to bed? Went straight to the doctor? YOU DIDN'T DO EITHER OF THOSE THINGS, AND DON'T EVEN TRY TO THROW ONE MORE SHOVEL OF BULLSHIT AT ME! Blankets and pillows are in the closet. The couch is in the living room. If you even try to come near the bedroom, I'll rip your head off.

MOT

But Mir, I found out that Mr. Renner. . .

Miranda lets out an animalistic cry and throws Tom's glass straight at his head. He ducks just in time and it shatters against the cupboard doors.

She stalks from the room without another word.

EXT. RENNER RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Barry Renner screams in silence. He pulls the trigger and drops to the porch.

This time the police do not rush over, and after a few seconds Renner gets back up and stares straight at us.

RENNER

You'd better listen to her. . .if you know what's good for you.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom shoots up from his sleep and falls off the couch. His head slams into the coffee table.

EXT. CITY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Tom sits in his car: he stares at the picture of the obituary on his cell phone.

He looks about the parking lot until his eyes settle on the back entrance to the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DENNY THOMPSON (63), the Chief of Police sits at his desk, looking at arrest reports.

Tom knocks on the open door.

THOMPSON

Can I help you?

MOT

Chief Thompson? My name is Tom Kershaw. I work upstairs in accounting. Can I have a moment?

THOMPSON

Sure. Come on in. Sit down. How can I help?

Tom sits down slowly. He takes out his cell phone: fingers it nervously.

MOT

Well, Mr. -- Chief -- Thompson, I was wondering. . .how long have you been on the force?

THOMPSON

(confused)

Um, since '69. Why would you need to to know that?

MOT

Back in 1971, when I was six. . .one night I was woke up by police cars, on Wolf Ave. There was this man, Mr. Renner. He was on his porch -- he had a gun.

Tom flips open his cell phone. Calls up the picture.

You see, Chief, all my life I've wondered if what I saw that night was real, or a dream. I saw that Mr. Renner kill himself and then, yesterday, I found this at the library.

Tom leans over the desk and shows him the obituary.

Thompson nods his head.

THOMPSON

Yes. Oh, yes. I do remember that. It was a horrible, sad night.

TOM

So, you were there?

THOMPSON

Yep. I was there. Guess I try to forget it. Hell of a thing for a wet-behind-the-ears second year man to see. We thought there were no witnesses.

MOT

Just me, I guess. I watched from my bedroom window, three doors down, across the street. I never mentioned it to anyone. I've had horrible nightmares, reliving it, ever since.

THOMPSON

Seeing that would cause anyone nightmares, Mr. Kershaw. But no, you weren't dreaming. It really happened. Maybe now you can get some sleep?

TOM

I'd like to think so, but that's not all.

THOMPSON

What's not all?

Tom gets up and starts to pace the room. Tom can't stop fiddling with his cell phone.

Thompson eyes him with suspicion.

MOT

Look, I know you say you were there. . .

Thompson draws himself up, obviously offended.

THOMPSON

I don't 'say' I was there. I was there!

TOM

I know, Chief. I know. And I believe you, because I saw it. But. . .

Thompson fidgets with his reports.

THOMPSON

But what, Mr. Kershaw? I saw Barry Renner commit suicide that night. You've seen his obituary for yourself.

Tom leans in on the Chief's desk. His eyes are crazy.

TOM

But what if he didn't die?

Thompson shakes his head. He leans back to get some distance from Tom.

THOMPSON

Mr. Kershaw -- Tom. I saw the man pull the trigger. I saw the bullet hole in the side of his head. Barry Renner died that night. I know it for the truth.

Tom blurts it out:

MOT

I'VE SEEN HIM!

Thompson sighs. He looks worn down.

THOMPSON

You couldn't have seen him, Mr. Kershaw. I think we've established he'd dead.

TOM

I did see him. Twice! I spoke with him. Chief! He threatened me!

Thompson comes around the desk and gently starts to steer Tom towards the door.

THOMPSON

I'm sure it's just a part of your nightmares, Mr. Kershaw. Barry Renner has been dead for 41 years. Now, if you don't mind.

Tom pushes back against the Chief.

TOM

No! No! I saw him at the drugstore, and at an abandoned house over on Thornton St. That's where he threatened me!

Thompson finally manages to get Tom beyond the door frame.

THOMPSON

I'm sorry, Mr. Kershaw. I can't help you any further. If you know what's best for you, for your mental well-being, you'll let this go.

Thompson shuts the door in Tom's face as he opens his mouth.

INT. CITY BUILDING - TOM KERSHAW'S OFFICE - LATER

Tom stares at the clock; the ledger in his hands just droops, as Mr. Martin drones on again.

The clock hits four, and Tom shoots to a standing position.

Martin nearly falls out of his seat.

MOT

Sorry, Clarence. Time to head out. I've got a lot to take care of at home.

EXT. CITY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dejected, Tom approaches his car. He glances over the top, his eyes grow wide, and he quickly ducks in.

He crouches down behind the dash as low as he can. He sneaks peeks as often as he dares.

There, behind the police station, is Barry Renner talking to Chief Thompson. Their conversation is heated.

They snap back and forth for a few moments, and then Renner stalks off around the corner of the building.

Chief Thompson glances around, and then goes back in the building.

Tom sits there. He stares at the spot where the two men argued.

He looks at his watch and sighs.

INT. CITY LIBRARY - BASEMENT - LATER

Tom sits at the table with newspapers piled on it.

He finds the paper with the obituary and checks the date.

TOM

June 17th, 1971. Now, let's see if there was a story about this tragedy.

Tom pulls out more papers: Cleaning dust off as he goes.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mike wolfs his food down like a starved animal.

Miranda sits and pokes at her food. She stares at:

Tom's plate: which sits there - empty.

Mike finishes his food, and heads to the sink.

MIKE

Don't worry mom. Dad probably just got held up at the office. Why don't you give him a call?

MIRANDA

No.

INT. CITY LIBRARY - BASEMENT - LATER

Tom throws down a newspaper on the pile that has grown.

TOM

One month! Not one single stinking story about a guy killing himself before that obit. And the G-D obit doesn't say a damn thing either.

He digs and picks up the paper with the obit and reads:

MOT

TOM (cont'd)

residence. Family only services to be held presently.

(pause)

What the Hell kind of obituary is that? Died suddenly. Family only. Bullshit. I know it's just bullshit! Maybe I missed something.

He starts to dig back through the papers: pawing frantically through the pages.

Suddenly he stops and stares at a headline: "COLLEGE TERRORIST LEADER BELIEVED TO BE IN YORK"

Intrigued, he begins to read.

The librarian comes up behind him quietly.

LIBRARIAN

Mr. Kershaw?

Tom practically rips the newspaper as he startles.

TOM

Yes? Yes?

LIBRARIAN

I'm sorry, Mr. Kershaw, but it's time to close the library. I'll have to ask you to leave. We will put the papers away.

TOM

Fine. Sure. I just, uh, need to find my cell phone. I'll be up in a minute.

She eyes him with suspicion, but leaves.

Tom pretends to hunt for his phone, watching out of the corner of his eye until he's certain she's gone.

He grabs the paper he was looking at, folds it as tightly as he can, and stuffs it down his pants.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom quietly enters the living room. It's empty. He carefully moves to the:

KITCHEN

Equally deserted, his empty plate still sits on the table.

Tom spies pots on the stove and checks them out. They are full of the dried up cold remains of dinner.

He sighs and looks in the fridge.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

You're damn lucky the locks weren't changed.

Tom curses as his head slams into the inside of the fridge.

Miranda stands in the kitchen doorway -- hands on her hips.

MIRANDA

I thought about trying the hospital, but then I realized I didn't care that much.

Tom rubs his head as he comes out of the fridge: A carton of orange juice in his hand.

MOT

Aw, come on, Mir. You don't really mean that.

Miranda's stone facade threatens to crack. She chews at her lip, her eyes start to tear up.

She straightens up, and tries to hold it in.

MIRANDA

I would like very much NOT to feel that way, Tom. You're making it tough though, the way you're acting. Then, I get a phone call from the library tonight, right before you snuck in here. They say you stole an old newspaper? What in Hell would you want with an old newspaper from the library?

MOT

I talked to the police Chief, Mir, and he says he was there when Mr. Renner died.

Miranda looks dangerous again.

MIRANDA

So now you know he's dead. So what the Hell, Tom!

TOM

But then, but then Mir, I came out of work today and I saw Renner arguing with the Chief behind the police station. Renner was pissed! He stomped off.

MIRANDA

You're delusional, Tom.

TOM

No. No. I saw them. Then, I went to the library and I found this story. . .

Tom reaches down his pants to retrieve the newspaper.

Miranda throws up her hands.

MIRANDA

Stop right there. That's it. This craziness ends right now. To think I started to go soft there for a second. Your insanity must be rubbing off. Leave whatever is in your pants in there. I don't want to know.

The paper has slipped further down than Tom realized. He gropes further into his pant leg.

т∩м

But Mir, just let me show you.

MIRANDA

No Tom. It ends now. I'll give you one week to straighten up and fly right, or you're out the door. And I mean it. Mike is acting like he doesn't see it, but he's not stupid - and I'm not either.

TOM

But Mir.

MIRANDA

One week. And I'm being generous.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tom sits on his blankets on the couch. The rumpled newspaper spread out on the coffee table.

Tom reads:

TOM (V.O.)

It is believed by Federal Authorities that one of the highest ranking members of the radical domestic terrorist group, The Weather Underground, is operating out of York, OH. Federal Agent John Kemp, of the Akron, OH office, said in an interview that he is fast closing in on the terrorist leader. "I'm 99% sure of where he is staying, and I hope to put him out of commission within the next few days," Agent Kemp was quoted as saying.

(pause)

The Weather Underground, formed in 1969, is a terrorist offshoot of the radical Students for a Democratic Society. They believe that America should immediately stop what they call its "Imperialistic Activities". The Weather Underground chooses to demonstrate its agenda by means of terrorist acts, such as the bombing of public buildings. The group states that their ultimate goal is a classless world. World communism.

Tom closes the paper, rubs his head and leans back.

TOM

It's got to be him.

EXT. WOLF AVE. - 1971 - NIGHT

The 46 year old Tom stands in the yard looking at the policemen behind their cars. He is in the grown up size of his 1971 pajamas.

The wind blows much harder than it does in his usual dream. Tom shivers in his thin pajamas.

Renner stands on his porch. He screams in silence.

Suddenly, the police, in unison, turn and face Tom. Their mouths move but there is no sound.

As one, they all draw their weapons.

Greg and Beth Hawthorn show up right beside Tom. They both start laughing as the policemen's guns begin to fire.

Tom turns and runs for his life.

EXT. CITY STREET - MIDDLE OF TOWN - DAY

Tom, still in his pajamas, runs between vehicles waiting at a red light.

He hears footsteps, looks to see that BEN FLETCHER (39) is running right beside him.

TOM

Ben?

BEN

You'd better let it go, Tom. If you're not crazy and you know what's good for you -- You'll let it go.

Ben looks forward.

BEN

Look out.

Tom looks forward to see he has entered the intersection.

A huge truck bears down on him: no chance of escape.

Tom covers his face so he won't see the impact.

BLACK SCREEN

Nothing happens. Tom uncovers his face to find himself at:

EXT. THORNTON ST. - ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Rain is pouring down. Tom stands at the back sliding doors.

Slowly the doors slide open.

Barry Renner walks out. Rain pours off Renner's hair as he walks up to Tom.

Renner pulls a gun. Points it at Tom's head.

RENNER

Man, you just don't know what's good for you.

Renner pulls the trigger, but instead of a loud bang, there is the sound of a PHONE RINGING.

Renner continues to point the gun, and it RINGS again.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tom, who had fallen asleep sitting up, stands up quickly and rams both of his shins right into the coffee table.

He staggers across the room and picks up the phone.

TOM

Hello? Oh, hello Mr. Harlan. No. No. I am coming into work. I'm so sorry. Forgot to set the alarm. Yes. Yes. I'll be right in.

Tom hangs up, drops to the floor and rubs his shins.

He looks up at the clock.

TOM

Ten o'clock. Shit.

INT. CITY BUILDING - TOM KERSHAW'S OFFICE - LATER

ANTHONY HARLAN (49), Tom's boss, paces the floor.

Tom sits and listens -- cowed.

HARLAN

This has got to stop, Kershaw!

MOT

Yes sir, I know. It's been a rough few days.

HARLAN

So I've heard. I spoke with Miranda the other night.

TOM

(timid)

I know.

Harlan leans in on Tom's desk.

HARLAN

And I spoke with Ben Fletcher, the Mayor's assistant. He is a friend of yours, isn't he, Kershaw?

TOM

Well, yes. Yes he is, but before you. . .

HARLAN

He tells me you 'flipped out' in the middle of town the other day. Like you had some kind of breakdown or something. Is that true?

TOM

Like I said sir, it's been a rough few days. I've, I've just been feeling a little stressed, you know. This Parks budget. . .

Harlan leans in even closer to Tom.

HARLAN

You're not bucking for a section-eight, are you, Kershaw?

Toms leans back - as far away from Harlan as he can.

TOM

Section, section-eight? Like Klinger in MASH?

HARLAN

Exactly! Minus the women's clothes that is, but nuts is what I mean.

TOM

Heavens no, sir! I'm fine. Really. I just overslept this morning, but I'm doing great now.

HARLAN

Then no more bullshit! Understand?

TOM

Yes sir. No more bullshit.

HARLAN

I want that budget on my desk in the morning.

Harlan slams the door as he exits the room.

Tom picks up the budget ledger and stares at it.

He throws it on the desk in frustration and takes the newspaper out of his drawer.

He opens it to the story, and pulls his phone over.

He dials 411.

TOM

Yes, can you please give me the number of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Akron office? Thanks.

INT. CITY DRUGSTORE - LATER

Tom browses the magazine rack.

DAVID KEMP (29) dressed as sharp as you'd expect of an FBI agent from the Akron, OH office. Off the rack suit and scuffed dress shoes: sidles up beside Tom.

He pretends to busy himself with the magazines.

DAVID KEMP

Do you know if they have the latest issue of Weatherwise?

TOM

I'm not sure, Mr. . . Kemp?

DAVID KEMP

Too bad, Mr. Kershaw. I love that magazine. It was also one of my father's favorites. He still subscribes, even though he's retired.

TOM

It's a good magazine, but I prefer to view the weather firsthand.

EXT. CITY DRUGSTORE - BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Tom exit the store and walk around behind a large rubbish bin.

DAVID KEMP

So, Mr. Kershaw. What is this all about? As I said, my father is retired.

TOM

I know, Mr. Kemp. But I must talk to him. I can't trust the police.

Tom pulls the newspaper out of his coat.

TOM

Back in 1971, I witnessed a man commit suicide. At the same time.

•

Tom shows him the article.

TOM

. . .your father was on the trail of this Weather Underground leader.

Dave takes the paper and reads.

DAVID KEMP

Okay. So?

MOT

So, the man who committed suicide.
. his name was Renner. Barry
Renner. I watched it happen from
my bedroom. I was six.

Tom squeezes the newspaper and paces to and fro.

DAVID KEMP

Please, Mr. Kershaw, my caseload is heavier than you'd think.

MOT

I'm sorry, Mr. Kemp. What I'm trying to say is I've seen this Mr. Renner. He is not dead!

Dave leans against the trash bin. His look says he's sorry he came to talk to this crazy man.

DAVID KEMP

Mr. Kershaw, I do have a lot of work to do. I can't see how this can have anything to do with myself or my father, like you said on the phone.

TOM

(hysterical)

But it does! This man Renner is the Weather Underground leader! He obviously faked his death!

Dave sighs, and starts to walk away.

DAVID KEMP

And if this Renner did fake his death, why would he show up now, forty-one years later? I have to get back to work, Mr. Kershaw, and so do you.

MOT

Please, Mr. Kemp. Please tell me how I can get in touch with your father. He's unlisted. I checked.

DAVID KEMP

He's unlisted, Mr. Kershaw, for the same reason all FBI agents are unlisted -- so they won't be bothered by, um, people.

Tom grabs him by the arm. Spins him around.

TOM

By crazy people, you mean. Like me!

Dave very carefully removes Tom's hand from his arm.

DAVID KEMP

I suggest you get back to work, Mr. Kershaw. I'm going to leave now.

As Dave rounds the corner, Tom yells after him:

MOT

It's true, Mr. Kemp. I know it is, and I'll prove it to you. This guy has resurfaced to do something terrible. I'll prove it!

DAVID KEMP

Then prove it, and I'll help you out. And please, do not try to find my father. He's not an agent anymore. Good bye, Mr. Kershaw.

INT. CITY BUILDING - TOM KERSHAW'S OFFICE - LATER

Tom sits at his desk -- stares blankly at the budget ledger.

He tries to do some figuring, but winds up throwing his pencil across the room in disgust.

Tom takes out the newspaper and reads the article again.

MOT

I just know this sonofabitch never died. But how do I prove it?

The clock shows two-fifteen, but Tom leaves the office.

As Tom passes Harlan's office, Harlan leans out.

HARLAN

Got that report done, Kershaw?

TOM

Just putting the finishing touches on it, sir. I'll have it on your desk first thing tomorrow.

HARLAN

Then where are you going?

Tom heads down the stairs, calling back over his shoulder.

TOM

Just running to the bank. I'll be right back.

HARLAN

You'd better be, or I'll string you up by your toenails!

EXT. CITY BUILDING - FRONT WALK - CONTINUOUS

Tom comes out on the street. He looks up and down -- uncertain of exactly where he is going.

A movement across the street catches his eye.

Renner exits the hardware store with two bulging bags.

Renner tosses the two bags into the bed of an old, rusty pick up truck and hops in the cab.

Tom watches as the truck pulls out. Renner drives partway up the street, makes a U-turn and drives right past Tom.

Tom runs as fast as he can to:

EXT. CITY BUILDING - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom jumps in his car and peels out of the parking lot.

After about two blocks, Tom catches site of Renner's truck. He stays about two cars back as he follows.

Just past the edge of Town, Renner pulls into a gun shop.

Tom drives past and turns around in a parking lot. He watches Renner park and go inside. Then he pulls out and into:

EXT. GUN SHOP - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom carefully gets out of his car and sidles up beside Renner's truck.

Tom pulls out his cell phone and peeks in the bags.

Inside he sees short lengths of threaded pipe, pipe caps and pipe tape. Spools of wire, a box of garbage bags and duct tape.

Tom snaps a couple of pictures with his phone. Then sneaks back to his car.

Tom pulls out of the lot and goes back down the street, pulls in the parking lot and watches.

Renner exits the gun shop with another bulging bag, which he throws in the bed of the truck.

Tom snaps a couple of photos.

As Renner drives past, Tom lets a few cars go by, then pulls out to follow.

Renner pulls into a seedy looking redneck bar.

Tom circles back to see the truck empty in the:

EXT. SEEDY BAR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tom pulls into the lot and parks right by the truck.

Quickly he gets out and snaps a few shots in the gun shop bags without even looking and gets back in his car.

He calmly but quickly drives out of the gravel lot, so as not to attract attention.

INT. TOM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom breathes like a madman. His hands wring the steering wheel like it's a person's neck.

He pulls out his phone and calls up the last picture taken:

BOXES OF GUN POWDER

Elated, Tom pounds the steering wheel.

TOM

Gotcha, you sonofabitch!

Tom's phone buzzes. It's a text -- "Soccer practice is going great. Shame you couldn't make it, Dear."

Deflated, Tom bangs his head on the steering wheel.

TOM

Aw, shit.

EXT. CITY PARK - SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Tom drives by the soccer field. The parking lot is empty.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - LATER

Tom sits in line at the drive thru.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Miranda sits in the chair across from the door. She's dressed for bed.

Tom comes in with a crumpled McDonald's bag. He goes in the kitchen to throw it away.

Miranda does not acknowledge his entrance.

Tom comes back to the living room and sits meekly on the couch.

Miranda stares.

TOM

Mir. . .

MIRANDA

He's upstairs finishing his homework. You go explain.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - MIKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike sits at a computer desk, textbook open by the keyboard.

Tom KNOCKS on the door.

MIKE

M'in.

Tom slowly comes in.

TOM

Hey, buddy. Mom says practice went good.

Mike turns to look at him.

MIKE

Whatever.

Mike turns back to his homework.

Tom sits on the edge of Mike's bed.

MOT

Listen, champ. . .

Mike speaks without turning.

MIKE

Don't call me champ. I'm not eight anymore.

TOM

I know, Mike. I know. Your mom, well, 'I', just thought it'd be a good idea if we had a little talk about. . .

MIKE

. . .about the fact that you're never around anymore? About the fact that you think chasing after some dead guy-come-back-to-life is more important than us?

Tom can just stare -- lost for words.

MIKE

You think I'm deaf, dad? You think these walls and floors are sound proof! I've heard everything. I know what's going on! What I don't know is. . .is. . .

Mike turns to Tom -- tears in his eyes.

TOM

What is it, buddy?

MIKE

Are you, you know, going. . .crazy?

Mike breaks down crying.

Tom grabs him in a bear hug.

TOM

Oh no. No, buddy, I'm not. I promise. I've just got to work this out, and everything will be back just the way it was. I promise.

MIKE

Mom hates you, you know. She doesn't say it, not in front of me, but I can tell. She hates you (MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)

because of the way you've been blowing us off.

Tom hugs him even harder -- his eyes filled with tears.

TOM

Don't you worry, bud. I know your mom's upset. But we'll be fine. Once I get this worked out, we'll be fine.

Tom looks over Mike's shoulder to see Miranda as she peeks in the door. He gives her a tearful smile.

She doesn't speak, but quietly closes the door.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Six year old Tommy Kershaw watches out his bedroom window.

TOMMY'S MOM (O.S.)

Tom, you'd better get up. You're going to be late.

Tommy keeps looking out the window.

TOMMY'S MOM (O.S.)

TOM!

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tom, mummified in his blankets, lies facedown on the floor between the couch and the coffee table.

Miranda and Mike file past him towards the door.

MIRANDA

You've got about fifteen minutes to make it on time.

As the two head out the door, Mike looks back.

MIKE

Bye, dad.

EXT. CITY STREET - FRONT OF CITY BUILDING - MORNING

Tom drives by slowly and looks at the building. He turns on his left signal, then snaps it to the right signal, and turns away from the building.

EXT. FBI REGIONAL HQ - PARKING LOT - LATER

Tom pulls into a spot. He looks at the building and nervously drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

He pulls out his cell phone and heads for:

INT. FBI REGIONAL HQ - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

STELLA JORGENS (25) the receptionist, looks up from her typing as Tom approaches.

STELLA

May I help you?

TOM

Good morning. Is Agent Kemp in?

She consults an appointment book.

STELLA

Yes. Do you have an appointment?

TOM

No, I'm sorry, I don't. Agent Kemp and I spoke yesterday in York. I have some information I know he'll want to see.

STELLA

I'm sorry, Mr?

TOM

Kershaw. Tom Kershaw. It's very important that I see him, Miss.

STELLA

I'm sorry, Mr. Kershaw, but agents can not see anyone unless they have an appointment.

Just then Dave hurries from a hallway behind the desk.

DAVID KEMP

Stella, I've got to run. My dad just called. . .

He sees Tom and stops dead in his tracks.

DAVID KEMP

Mr. Kershaw.

TOM

We need to talk, Agent Kemp. I've got new information!

STELLA

I'm sorry Mr. Kemp, this gentleman just showed up. I explained to him he must make an appointment.

DAVID KEMP

It's okay, Stella. Mr. Kershaw, please come with me.

Dave stalks back down the hallway. Tom follows.

INT. FBI REGIONAL HQ - DAVE KEMP'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dave moves behind his desk and motions to a chair.

Tom sits down. He's frantic.

TOM

Agent Kemp, when you see. . .

Dave cuts him off.

DAVID KEMP

'Mr.' Kershaw. You can't just come charging in here like this. We do have a job to do.

TOM

Like protecting the public? Agent Kemp, I truly believe that this man Renner has returned to do serious harm!

With a sigh, Dave goes on:

DAVID KEMP

Okay, Mr. Kershaw. I'll give you a few moments. What kind of harm are you talking about?

TOM

I saw him again today. The places he went. I got photos.

Tom flips open his cell phone like a child with a new toy.

DAVID KEMP

Went places. You got pictures? You mean you followed him?

MOT

Well, yes. He was acting suspicious, so I tailed him. He went to the hardware store, then to (MORE)

TOM (cont'd)

a gun store, then a bar. You've got to see these pictures.

DAVID KEMP

Mr. Kershaw, what you did could be classified as stalking, or harassment. If this man Renner caught you, he could press charges.

TOM

He claims his name is Jacobs, but I know it's Renner! But I didn't get caught, and what if what he was doing is illegal, and as dangerous as I think? Wouldn't you want to know this stuff?

Dave taps his desk. Despite himself, he looks intrigued.

DAVID KEMP

Let's see the pictures.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S CAR - LATER

Tom sits in the passenger seat as they drive down a shady Akron side street.

Dave looks anxious.

Tom looks excited.

DAVID KEMP

I must be insane.

TOM

No, you're not, but I believe Renner is. These photos I took were enough to convince you to take me to your dad.

DAVID KEMP

He's gonna kill me. This is it.

Dave pulls the car into:

EXT. JOHN KEMP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John Kemp lives in a beautiful century home. Three stories high with glorious oak trees shading the front lawn.

Dave parks behind his father's retiree standard-issue Mercury Sedan.

Dave turns to Tom:

DAVID KEMP

Now listen, I'm still not sure this is a good idea. My father is liable to throw us both out on our ear, and get me drummed out of the Bureau.

MOT

Not when he hears what I have to say, and sees these pictures.

DAVID KEMP

Kershaw, he's not going to hear what you have to say, or see those pictures, unless you give me a chance to set this whole thing up first. Keep mum until I say so -- understood?

Tom starts to speak, then stops at the look on Dave's face. He nods his assent.

DAVID KEMP

Good. Then let's go.

They exit the car, but don't make it to the porch before JOHN KEMP (78) comes out the front door.

JOHN KEMP

David, what the Hell are you doing sitting out here in your car? And what are you doing here period? And who's your friend?

DAVID KEMP

Hi dad, it's good to see you too.

John waves him off.

JOHN KEMP

Of course, of course. This time of day during the week it must be Bureau business, and this guy must be involved. Since Dave won't tell me -- I'm John Kemp.

John takes Tom's hand in a firm business handshake.

TOM

Pleased to meet you, sir. My name is Tom Kershaw. I live in York.

John stands up straight, a funny look on his face.

Dave rolls his eyes as if he knew this were coming.

John rubs his chin -- wrinkles his nose.

JOHN KEMP

Kershaw. Hmmm. Kershaw. From York, you say?

TOM

Yes sir.

JOHN KEMP

Kershaws -- from York. It seems so familiar. It was way back. . .way back. . .Hmmm.

John circles in thought.

Dave stares at the sky and closes his eyes.

JOHN KEMP

I've got it! 1971, the Renner suicide. Weather Underground shit. I interviewed the Kershaws on, what was it. . .

TOM

Wolf Avenue.

John snaps his fingers.

JOHN KEMP

That's it! Wolf Avenue.

Dave sighs and stares at his shoes.

JOHN KEMP

That God Damn Barry Renner isn't dead -- is he.

Off Tom's amazed stare:

JOHN KEMP

I knew it! I said it all along.

Dave is deflated. He kicks at a stone.

DAVID KEMP

C'mon dad. Let's go inside.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Dave sit in two wingback chairs as John Kemp brings in three cups of coffee from the kitchen.

As John hands out the coffee:

JOHN KEMP

Let me just get this straight. You were how old, Mr. Kershaw?

MOT

Six.

JOHN KEMP

And you actually saw Barry Renner kill himself?

MOT

Yes sir. At least I thought I did. I never knew if it was real or a dream. The police lights and the yelling woke me up. I watched it all from my bedroom window.

John settles back in his chair. He looks confused.

JOHN KEMP

I'll be damned.

DAVID KEMP

What's wrong, dad?

John takes a long drink of his coffee.

JOHN KEMP

Well, it's just that we never thought there were any witnesses other than the police. Everyone said I was crazy, but I'd always believed the police were in on the fake. Now I'm not so sure.

Tom spills coffee on himself in his excitement.

TOM

Owww! Ouch! But they were! The cops were in on it, and I believe the current Chief is still in on it with him!

JOHN KEMP

What makes you think that?

TOM

I saw them talking -- actually they were fighting, right behind the police station. It was after I'd asked the Chief about Renner's suicide!

JOHN KEMP

You got a picture of that on that phone?

MOT

No, but I've got pictures of Renner at his truck, and pipes and junk of the bomb materials he bought today.

JOHN KEMP

Let's see 'em.

Tom hands John his phone. Tom and Dave sit and sip there coffee as John looks through the pictures.

John shakes his head and hands back the phone.

JOHN KEMP

Jesus H. Christ. He did pull it off.

DAVID KEMP

So that's Renner? Are you sure, dad? Those pictures aren't too good.

JOHN KEMP

I know, son. But that's definitely Renner. Even after all these years I can tell it's him, and he's still up to the same shit.

DAVID KEMP

But why, dad? Why, after forty-one years did Barry Renner decide to show back up!

JOHN KEMP

(livid)

Jesus H. Christ, son! And you call yourself an agent?

John reaches down by his chair and pulls out today's newspaper. He shoves the headline in their faces:

"PRESIDENT TO VISIT AKRON"

TOM AND DAVID KEMP

Oh shit.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S CAR - LATER

Dave and Tom sit in heavy silence: Dave drives.

Tom's phone vibrates and he takes it out to find a text - "Harlan says you're finished and I've changed the locks."

Tom groans and puts the phone away.

DAVID KEMP

Something wrong?

Tom shrugs his shoulders.

DAVID KEMP

Your wife?

TOM

'Fraid so. She's none too happy about my ghost chasing. You married?

DAVID KEMP

Nope. Not for me.

TOM

Wise man.

(pause)

Any chance I could stay at your place tonight?

Dave looks at Tom out of the corner of his eye.

DAVID KEMP

Uh oh.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - EVENING

Tom and Dave enter the small, one bedroom apartment.

DAVID KEMP

I hope you don't mind the couch.

MOT

Not anymore. I've gotten used to it.

DAVID KEMP

(laughs)

Good. We'd better get some sleep. Then we can get with dad and do some planning tomorrow.

INT. KERSHAW RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Forty-seven year old Tom Kershaw lies curled up sound asleep under his Official NFL blanket.

A poster of Cleveland Brown great, Leroy Kelly hangs on the wall beside him, and his Snoopy bedside light casts an orange glow in the room.

The room fills with red and blue strobe lights and distant car tires can be heard screech to a halt.

Tom stirs as car doors slam and faint, indistinct voices filter in from outside.

Tom wakes up, rubs his eyes and looks toward his window.

Tom's chest heaves: He's terrified..

Very slowly, Tom makes his way out of bed to his window.

He draws back the curtain to see two police cars a few doors down on his side of the street. Several policemen are crouched behind the cars.

The policemen have a searchlight trained on sixty-one year old Barry Renner, who stands on a front porch across the street.

His eyes are crazed and he holds a gun to the head of John Kemp.

Renner pulls the trigger.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - MORNING

Tom sits bolt upright on the couch. Sweat coats his face.

TOM

NO!

Dave stumbles out in his underwear. His gun in his hand.

He trips on the rug and falls on his face. His gun flies from his hand and skids across the floor.

Disoriented, Dave pops up -- he tries to look alert.

DAVID KEMP

What the Hell! What the Hell! Mr. Kershaw, are you okay?

Tom sits with his head in his hands.

TOM

Yes, I'm okay. It was just a nightmare. I'm sorry.

Dave relaxes his stance. He retrieves his gun.

DAVID KEMP

That's okay. It's almost time to get up anyway. What some coffee?

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

Tom and Dave sit at the kitchen table. Cups of steaming hot coffee in front of them

DAVID KEMP

So you have these nightmares every night?

MOT

Not every night, but 3 or 4 times a week.

Dave takes a sip of his coffee.

DAVID KEMP

And it's always the same? You relive that night you thought you saw Renner kill himself?

Tom blows the steam off his coffee.

TOM

That's just it. For 40-plus years it was always the same. I relived that night in 1971.

DAVID KEMP

Now it's changed?

MOT

Oh yes. Ever since I saw Renner. Met Renner, the dreams have become worse.

Dave offers Tom a bagel. Tom shakes it off.

DAVID KEMP

What was it tonight?

Tom starts to shake.

DAVID KEMP

It's okay. We're gonna nail this asshole. Don't you worry. What was the dream tonight?

Tom looks up at him with tears in his eyes.

MOT

Tonight I dreamed he killed your dad.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom and Dave sit in the same wingback chairs.

John sits in his La-Z-Boy chair. He shakes his head in disbelief.

JOHN KEMP

I'm not much in believing dreams, boys -- so no worries there. I missed this S.O.B. 41 years ago, and I'll be damned if I'm going to miss him this time.

John picks up yesterday's paper and scans the story.

JOHN KEMP

Now, it says here that the President is going to be in Akron for only about 4 hours this Saturday, stumping for his re-election. He's going to be speaking at a local high school football stadium.

DAVID KEMP

Oh, Jesus. That's a horrible place to protect him.

JOHN KEMP

Right, and if they haven't even contacted your office yet, Dave, then my guess is it's going to just be Secret Service and maybe some local police.

Tom looks back and forth between them.

TOM

So, what do we do?

EXT. THORNTON ST. - ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Tom sits in his car, four doors down across the street.

JOHN KEMP(VO)

You've go to keep an eye on Renner and see if you can find out if more people are in on it with him. But be careful, he's a dangerous man.

As time passes:

A little girl is pulled up the street by her large dog.

A group of bikers roll by.

Tom is distracted by the tight shorts of a young jogger.

A street sweeper toots as he goes by.

Slowly, Tom nods off against the car window.

Darkness falls.

As Tom dozes:

A man dressed in a long overcoat walks past the car and crosses the street. He goes into the abandoned house.

A light comes on in the house.

A large old sedan moves up the street, past the abandoned house. It turns around, then pulls in the driveway. It disappears around the back.

INT. TOM'S CAR - MORNING

Tom stirs as someone KNOCKS on the car window. He falls back asleep.

The KNOCKS becomes louder.

It's police Chief Thompson.

THOMPSON

Mr. Kershaw! Wake up, Mr. Kershaw.

Tom sits up, disoriented. In time, he focuses on the Chief.

MOT

Thompson?

Tom turns the car on and rolls down the window.

TOM

What are you doing here, Chief?

THOMPSON

That's my question for you, Mr. Kershaw. Are you bucking for a vagrancy charge?

Tom blinks the sleep from his eyes.

TOM

No, no Chief. I was just...
.waiting for a friend. They..
.HE, never showed up. I fell
asleep. That's all.

THOMPSON

Then I suggest you head on home, Mr. Kershaw. You're going to want to clean up before work.

MOT

Right Chief. Thanks. I'll be on my way.

Tom pulls away from the curb. He watches in the rear view mirror.

The Chief watches him back.

Tom looks at the dark, vacant house.

TOM

Damn.

INT. DAVE KEMP'S OFFICE - LATER

Dave works on some paperwork at his desk.

Tom paces back and forth in front it.

TOM

I blew it, Dave! I fell asleep. I missed everything.

DAVID KEMP

But how do you even know anything happened? You were asleep.

Tom raps on Dave's desk.

TOM

The Chief of Police? Since when does the Chief of a police department roam the streets catching people sleeping in their cars?

Dave gives up on his paperwork.

DAVID KEMP

That is odd.

TOM

It's more than odd, Dave. I'm willing to bet that Thompson was leaving an all night meeting at that house when he saw me. Damn it!

DAVID KEMP

Listen, we got the memo today about the President's visit. Some agents will be directly involved in dealing with him, but I'm not one of them. The rest of us are just supposed to watch out for anything we consider odd. I've told my super that I want to follow up a lead on suspicious activity in York. You and I will do a proper stakeout together.

TOM

Great!

DAVID KEMP

Preferably farther away than four doors down.

TOM

Uh, right.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John Kemp sits in a circle of men: HENRY HIGHTOWER (76), BOB ARNOLD (78) and KEN DEWAIN (72). The men drink coffee as John talks on his cell phone.

JOHN KEMP

(into phone)

Well, he's no agent. He doesn't know what it takes. Keep him awake this time. We've got to get more details on what Renner is up to.

John clicks off the call and turns to his fellow ex-agents.

JOHN KEMP

I've got David working with this Kershaw guy. They're staking out Renner's place.

Henry shakes his head and puts down his coffee.

HENRY HIGHTOWER

I know you were always the best of us, John, but I'm still finding this a little hard to believe. Barry Renner still alive? I just don't know.

KEN DEWAIN

Come on, Henry. I know it sounds crazy, but John always did say it was all wrong. You have any donuts, John?

John gets up and heads for the kitchen.

JOHN KEMP

Sure, if you don't mind packaged mini-donuts. Don't forget, no one was allowed to the funeral. 'Family Only', they claimed. I said it was bullshit.

Bob looks at his coffee as though he were in a trance.

BOB ARNOLD

So, let's get this exactly straight. This Tom Kershaw was, how old at the time?

JOHN KEMP (O.S.)

Six.

BOB ARNOLD

Right. Six. And while all those cops were outside, trying to talk Renner out of shooting himself, this kid was watching from his window?

John comes back into the room with a box of donuts.

JOHN KEMP

That's right.

HENRY HIGHTOWER

Then why didn't this kid ever say anything?

KEN DEWAIN

Oh come on, Henry, he was six. He probably peed himself on the spot. The kid was terrified.

John grabs a couple of donuts to beat the rush.

JOHN KEMP

The kid was more than terrified. It messed him up for life. The man still has terrible nightmares about the whole thing. Then he goes and sees Renner right there in York. Right down town.

Through a mouthful of donut:

HENRY HIGHTOWER

Right, and he was six years old and it was forty-one years ago. How do we know this is Renner? Maybe this guy is a nut and leading us on a wild goose chase.

John wipes the crumbs from his mouth.

JOHN KEMP

No, Henry. I'm telling you guys. Kershaw got some pics of Renner. They aren't good pics, but I know it's him. I also know Renner is running around town buying lengths of pipe, wire, and gun powder. Does that sound like a normal shopping list to you three?

BOB ARNOLD

Shit!

EXT. THORNTON ST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - EVENING

Tom and Dave scramble up a fire escape to the roof of the building: Each struggles with a cumbersome bag.

They scamper across the roof to the corner.

From here the abandoned house can be seen in the distance.

Tom and Dave settle down and empty their bags: Sandwiches, chips, pretzels, soda pop, coffee and two pairs of night vision goggles.

DAVID KEMP

Now I'm going to show you how to do a proper stakeout.

TOM

So far it beats sitting your car all night. I didn't even bring anything to eat.

DAVID KEMP

Shit, that's rule number one. Have a sandwich.

EXT. JOHN KEMP'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The crew calls it a day. John ushers them out the door.

JOHN KEMP

As soon as I hear from Dave tomorrow, I'll give you all a call and we'll work out a plan.

HENRY HIGHTOWER

I just don't understand why the office doesn't deal with this.

BOB ARNOLD

You mean the office admit they were wrong all these years?

Everyone but Henry laughs at this.

KEN DEWAIN

Dead right, Bob. You know better than that, Henry. We're on our own. Now come on, the Indians are playing Boston tonight and I want to see at least two innings before I nod off.

JOHN KEMP

I'll pick up some maps of the stadium tomorrow and see about getting the details of the President's itinerary.

BOB ARNOLD

Sounds good. Talk at ya tomorrow.

John turns to Henry, who has stayed back by the door.

JOHN KEMP

What's up, Hank?

Henry chuckles.

HENRY HIGHTOWER

You know you're the only person I've ever let get away with calling me that.

JOHN KEMP

And I've always felt special because of that, Henry. But you didn't hang back to exchange old memories. What's wrong?

Henry looks everywhere but at John.

HENRY HIGHTOWER

This Renner business. John, are you 100% sure it's him?

JOHN KEMP

You know I spent my whole career trusting my gut. I am 100% sure. And I'm not gonna let this a-hole get away this time.

HENRY HIGHTOWER

I certainly respect that, John. You were always the best. It's just. . .this is a young man's game, and I just don't feel I'm up to it anymore.

John places a consoling hand on Henry's shoulder.

JOHN KEMP

Don't worry about it, Henry. It's no big deal. You've earned your rest. Thanks for coming.

FROM BEHIND A BUSH IN THE NEXT YARD:

John and Henry shake hands. Henry gets in his car, John heads inside and turns off the porch light.

EXT. THORNTON ST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - LATER

Tom and Dave peer over the edge of the roof -- two pairs of glowing green lenses.

They speak in sharp whispers.

DAVID KEMP

There! There he is.

TOM

Where? Where? I don't see.

Dave grabs Tom by the shoulders and guides his vision.

DAVID KEMP

Across the street. He's sneaking between those houses.

In the GREEN of the night vision goggles, a dark figure, dressed in a long overcoat, walks swiftly across the street.

Checking left and right, it moves around behind the house.

After several moments, a light comes on in the basement window. Then a light comes on upstairs.

DAVID KEMP (O.S.)

Excellent. Now we wait to see who else joins the party.

EXT. JOHN KEMP'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

A dark figure moves up the front steps onto the porch.

A pair of black-gloved hands take out a set of lock picks and goes to work on the door.

EXT. THORNTON ST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Tom still peer over the edge.

TOM

An old sedan. License ETH 1275. Got that?

DAVID KEMP

Got it. Our little group is filling out. We'll give a bit and then head down to take a look.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is now in the dark.

The front door squeaks a little as it opens.

The dark figure comes in, a tiny flashlight sweeps the room.

A NOISE draws the intruder's attention to the top of the stairs where there is a faint light.

The intruder moves with great stealth up the stairs.

EXT. THORNTON ST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Dave pours a cup of coffee, Tom nudges him hard in the ribs.

TOM

There he is! There he is! The Chief!

Dave tries to find a good place to sit down the coffee cup, gives up and chucks it on the roof.

Dave shoves on his goggles as he scrambles up to see.

In the GREEN of the night vision goggles, a police cruiser creeps up the street.

Tom and Dave duck down as the car pulls into the circular drive of the school to turn around.

It moves back up the street and turns into the drive of the abandoned house.

It disappears around the back.

DAVID KEMP

C'mon, let's pack up. By the time we get down there, he'll be inside.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

John stands at his sink, face covered in lather as he shaves.

As John hums to himself, the dark intruder appears as a shadow in the doorway.

John hums to himself: he hears the movement of the intruder.

He spins around, just as the intruder's arm swings what looks like a pipe right down on John's head.

EXT. THORNTON ST. - ABANDONED HOUSE - LATER

Tom and Dave hunch low as they approach the abandoned house.

They speak in whispers.

MOT

What do we do if anyone else shows up?

DAVID KEMP

We'll worry about that if it happens. I've just got to see in that house.

They move across the driveway and flatten themselves against the side of the house, on either side of the window.

Dave motions for Tom to stay back: he peers in the window.

DAVID KEMP

There are four of them. Two must have come in one of the cars. I recognize the Chief, of course, but none of the others look like (MORE)

DAVID KEMP (cont'd)

Not like your pictures Renner.

anyway.

Tom angrily waves him away from the window.

MOT

He's got to be there. Let me look!

Tom takes Dave's place at the window. Dave glances around to make sure they are alone.

Tom peeks inside.

TOM

I don't understand it. We saw him go in. Where could he be? (pause)

At least it's obvious that we're on the right track.

DAVID KEMP

Yep, no doubt about that. We just need to connect this to Renner.

Dave moves up beside Tom so he can see too:

INSIDE

The four men sit at a dining room table. They are assembling the various parts of pipe bombs.

A faint 80'S RING TONE fills the air.

The men inside look around.

DAVID KEMP

Shit! Thought I had that on vibrate. Let's go.

Dave fishes his phone from his pocket and clumsily shuts it off as he and Tom run across the driveway.

The back door of the abandoned house slides open and dark figures emerge into the backyard.

Dave shoves Tom behind a bush in the backyard next door. He dives in behind Tom, and they crouch down in the shadows.

The men from the house spread out to search. Several times they pass by the bush, but no one stops to check.

The men go back inside.

Dave guides Tom several doors further down, and they duck around the side of another house.

Dave braves turning his phone back on.

DAVID KEMP

Who in Hell would be calling me at four A.M.?

(pause)

General Hospital?

INT. GENERAL HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE - MORNING

Dave and Tom stand next to the bed where John Kemp lies: A multitude of wires strung between him and various machines. Tubes hang from his mouth and tucked in his nose.

John's head is heavily bandaged. He is unconscious.

DAVID KEMP

Can't fucking tell me this isn't related.

Tom shuffles his feet and looks guilty.

DAVID KEMP

I never should have dragged him into this. That's why Renner wasn't at the house. The sonofabitch must have been watching us too!

Dave turns and stalks out.

Tom has to hurry to catch him.

Dave makes a beeline for the desk NURSE (30).

DAVID KEMP

John Kemp, in Unit three. How did he get here?

NURSE

Pardon?

Dave is short on patience.

DAVID KEMP

To the hospital. How did he get brought in to the hospital?

She leafs through some paperwork.

NURSE

He came in by ambulance.

DAVID KEMP

But who called the ambulance? He's unconscious.

NURSE

Oh, I certainly wouldn't know that, sir. It was American Ambulance, out on Kelly Avenue. You could check with them.

Dave looks tired and sheepish.

DAVID KEMP

Sorry for being so crabby. It's been a long night.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S CAR - LATER

Dave and Tom pull out of the hospital parking deck.

Tom chews his lip, and finally works up the nerve to speak.

MOT

Dave, I'm sorry. I never dreamt. I never thought Renner would. . .

DAVID KEMP

From everything I found in the files about Barry Renner and the Weather Underground, I'd believe anything about them. The organization they grew out of didn't even want anything to do with their violence. Barry Renner was the most violent of the lot.

TOM

Are we going after him?

Dave shakes his head.

DAVID KEMP

I'd like to, but we have no proof. We're going to check out dad's house.

EXT. JOHN KEMP'S HOUSE - LATER

Two police cars sit in front of the house, rooflights flashing as Tom and Dave pull up.

The front porch has police line tape draped across it.

Bob Arnold paces outside the tape in the front yard. He rushes to the car as it pulls up to the curb.

BOB ARNOLD

Dave. Dave, what the Hell happened? Do you know? The cops won't tell me what happened. I just came over to talk to your dad. I just saw him last night. What happened?

DAVID KEMP

Whoa, Mr. Arnold. Slow down. I'm afraid dad's over at General. Someone bashed him in the head with a pipe or something.

Bob almost collapses. Dave helps him over to the car as Toms opens the door. Bob slumps on the front seat.

BOB ARNOLD

Oh my God. That damn Barry Renner.

Tom and Dave share a startled look.

DAVID KEMP

Barry Renner, Mr. Arnold. Did my dad mention Barry Renner to you?

BOB ARNOLD

It's why we all met last night. He told us that Renner was still alive and that you were chasing him down. He wanted us to help.

Dave gets right down in front of him.

DAVID KEMP

By 'us', just who do you mean?

BOB ARNOLD

Henry Hightower, Ken Dewain and myself, although I don't think Henry was too keen on the idea. I was just dropping by to see if John had heard from you when, when...

Bob trails off, his eyes full of tears.

BOB ARNOLD

Is he, John, is your dad going to be. . .

DAVID KEMP

To be honest, Mr. Arnold. I'm not sure. Perhaps you should head home and get some rest. Tom here can take you.

Of course, Mr. Arnold.

Bob notices Tom for the first time. His eyes grow wide.

BOB ARNOLD

Tom? You're the fella who saw Renner fake his death back in seventy-one?

TOM

Yes sir, I'm afraid I was. Now, let's get you home.

Bob pulls himself to a standing position.

BOB ARNOLD

No, no. That's okay. I'll get myself home. I have to tell the guys.

Dave steps in.

DAVID KEMP

Mr. Arnold, I would appreciate it if you and the other men would just let this go. We will handle it all. I'll get my office involved and Renner will get his. I guarantee it.

BOB ARNOLD

You don't know Renner and his gang. These guys are really serious. I have to tell the guys. Please keep me up to date on your dad. I'll try and get over to see him.

As Bob walks away, Tom keeps at him

BOB ARNOLD

Please Mr. Arnold, tell the others just to stay away from this. We see what he can do.

Bob just keeps going to his car.

BOB ARNOLD

I'll tell the guys. I'll let them know. This Renner has to be stopped.

Dave just looks at Tom and shrugs.

DAVID KEMP

I'll see if the police will put some men on watching their house. Let's get inside.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave leads the way in the front door.

Paul (36), the policeman on duty, stops them.

PAUL

Sorry, you can't come in here.

Dave pulls out his FBI credentials and shows them.

DAVID KEMP

The man who was attacked here was my father. Can I speak to the officer in charge?

PAUL

Yes sir. He's upstairs, in the bathroom, I believe.

INT. JOHN KEMP RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS- CONTINUOUS

As Dave and Tom walk down the hall towards the bathroom, they notice a trail of blood that leads from the bathroom to John Kemp's bedroom.

DAVID KEMP

Well, now we know who called the ambulance.

TOM

You're dad's one tough old bird, as my grandpa used to say.

DAVID KEMP

He is that.

Sargent BEN JONES (48) comes out of the bathroom.

**JONES** 

Who the Hell's out here!

Dave quickly shows him his credentials.

DAVID KEMP

Dave Kemp, FBI. It was my dad who got attacked here. Are you the officer in charge?

JONES

Yep, name's Jones. Ben Jones. It's amazing your dad is alive.

DAVID KEMP

Mind if we. . .

Off Tom's look.

DAVID KEMP

. . .I take a look?

Jones looks suspicious at this. He holds up a hand.

**JONES** 

Wait a minute. Is he not FBI?

DAVID KEMP

No, but he is with me on this case.

Jones waves him off.

JONES

No. No. I'll let you in, Mr. Kemp, and only because you're Bureau, not because you're a relative. But I won't have any civilians in here. It's too important.

impor carre.

Tom looks defiant. Dave nods him off.

DAVID KEMP

Go on, Tom. I'll see you outside.

EXT. JOHN KEMP'S HOUSE - LATER

Tom paces in the front yard. He is not happy.

Dave comes out the front door.

Tom lunges at him as though he's going to go an a tirade.

Dave stops him:

DAVID KEMP

Jones is just doing his job, Tom. He has a lot of responsibility and liability. Besides, now I know for sure what happened.

TOM

What?

Dave pulls a baggie out of his pocket. In the baggie is a bloody scrap of paper with the word RENNER scratched in a barely legible hand.

DAVID KEMP

It was by the phone with his bloody hand prints on it. I should be able to use this to convince the office that we need some help.

TOM

Perfect! Now we can nail him.

DAVID KEMP

I'll drop you at the apartment on my way to the Bureau. You could use some sleep.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - LATER

Tom sits at the table with a cup of coffee and the newspaper with the story about the President's visit.

He holds his cell phone to his ear.

A recording comes from the phone - "The person you are trying reach is unavailable. Please try at another time. Good bye."

Tom presses END and rubs his eyes. His whole body droops from having no sleep.

TOM

Shit. Wonder if she changed numbers.

Dave comes in.

TOM

How'd it go?

Dave looks every bit as tired as Tom. He slumps down.

DAVID KEMP

It took some work, and I still think the S.A.C. Believes I'm crazy, but after I told him what happened to Dad, he said we can borrow Painter and Grant for the next two days.

MOT

Terrific. What do we do next?

Dave stretches and yawns.

DAVID KEMP

We sleep. I told the guys to meet us here tonight. We're gonna case that house again. The President is here in two days. We've got to find out more.

EXT. THORNTON ST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Dave and Tom stand with VIC PAINTER (30) and ADAM GRANT (27) close to the back of the school building.

DAVID KEMP

Okay, the attack on my dad tells us Renner has been watching us, so we have to be damn careful. Vic, I want you at the other end of the street, and Adam, I want you somewhere behind the house. They like to use those sliding back doors. Go totally separate ways and radio when you are in position. Tom and I will be on the roof of the school. Understood?

VIC

Got it.

**ADAM** 

No problem.

The two head off in opposite directions, sticking to shadows as much as they can.

Dave and Tom help each other onto the huge rubbish bin, then make their way up the fire escape to the:

ROOF

On the roof, Dave and Tom make their way to the same corner and start to set up camp.

DAVID KEMP

You know we can't let this go all the way to Saturday. We've got to stop these guys tonight.

Tom pulls on his night vision goggles: opens a can of soda.

TOM

Sounds good to me.

EXT. THORNTON ST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - LATER

Tom fights nodding off.

Dave looks at his watch: 3:00. He sighs.

DAVID KEMP

I can't believe they haven't shown. Maybe Vic or Dave have seen something.

Dave takes out his walkie-talkie.

DAVID KEMP

Vic, Adam. . . anything?

VIC

Nope.

**ADAM** 

Not a thing, Dave.

DAVID KEMP

All right, we'll give it one more hour, then call it a night.

He disconnects and turns to Tom.

DAVID KEMP

Sorry, buddy. Looks like tonight is a bust. We'll have to get together in the morning and work out a new strategy.

Just then Dave's phone vibrates in his pocket.

DAVID KEMP

What the?

He opens his phone to find a text: "You don't need a weatherman. . ."

DAVID KEMP

You don't need a weatherman?

Then Tom's phone vibrates. This brings him full awake.

He opens it to also find a text: ". . .to know which way the wind blows."

TOM

To know which way the wind blows? What the fuck?

A bullet RICOCHETS off the side of the school, just a few feet away from Dave's head.

They both flatten down on the roof.

DAVID KEMP

Silencer.

Dave's phone vibrates again.

Dave looks at the phone.

DAVID KEMP

Unknown caller.

TOM

Bet I know. See what the SOB has to say.

Dave answers:

DAVID KEMP

(into phone)

Hi Barry. Where the fuck are you?

RENNER (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Very funny, Agent Kemp. You are a sad example of our government's finest, aren't you?

DAVID KEMP

(into phone)

You may think that, Renner, but I'm taking your ass down.

RENNER (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Take me down? Shit man, you can't even follow me without getting caught. No, my friend, you won't be 'taking me down'. I'm going to do just what I want, and maybe this pathetic self-important country will finally get the point!

DAVID KEMP

(into phone)

We're not letting you anywhere near the President, and after what you did to my dad, you piece of shit. .

RENNER (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Your dad and his cronies just needed a sign to stay away. As for the President, killing him is the ultimate message to send, Kemp.

(MORE)

RENNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Ali always said if you kill the body, the head will follow. I subscribe to the opposite theory -- if you kill the head, perhaps the body will get the idea!

DAVID KEMP

(into phone)

You won't get away, Renner, I've got other agents watching this street.

RENNER (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
You mean Tweedle Dum and Tweedle
Dee? They 'were' watching the
street, but they're finding it kind
of hard with their eyes shut so
tight. Don't try to follow me,
Kemp, and you'll only find this
phone in a creek or a bush. It's a
throw away. Ta-ta!

DAVID KEMP

(into phone)

Fuck you!

The phone goes dead and Dave angrily clicks off.

DAVID KEMP

We have to go down and find Vic and Adam. They've done something to them.

MOT

Do you think it's safe to go down?

DAVID KEMP

Yeah. If he wanted to kill us we'd be dead right now. He seems to think this is some fun.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S CAR - LATER

Agents Painter and Grant moan and rub their heads in the back seat, as Dave drives down the highway.

The car windows are all wide open.

DAVID KEMP

Chloroform. Breathe in as much of the fresh air as you can, guys. You'll feel better. You can stay (MORE) DAVID KEMP (cont'd) at my place tonight. We'll come back and get your cars in the morning.

Vic grunts his assent.

Dave shrugs at Tom and sighs.

EXT. EAST HIGH FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Tom wanders through a huge crown of people.

Everything happens in slow motion as he searches the crowd.

The crowd seems only to be made up of Miranda and Mike, repeated over and over and over.

Tom looks beside him: Dave searches too.

All of the Mirandas and Mikes suddenly start to focus their gaze in the same direction.

Tom stops and turns to see what they are looking at.

The President stands on a raised dais: He starts to speak.

Only it isn't the President -- it's Renner.

RENNER

My fellow Americans. I stand before you today a man who wants to do what's best for you.

Tom stares: Renner is mesmerizing.

RENNER

And what's best for you. . .

Renner pulls out a metal explosive button trigger.

TOM

NO!!!!!!

RENNER

. . .is to die.

Renner presses the trigger and the whole scene goes up in a huge explosion.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - MORNING

Tom knocks the coffee table into the couch as he springs up from the floor.

Miranda!

Painter, asleep on the couches, jumps up:

VIC

What the fuck!

This wakes up Grant, who is on the floor behind the couch:

**ADAM** 

Huzzat?!

Dave stumbles from the bedroom. This time he is aware.

DAVID KEMP

Don't worry gentlemen. Everything is okay. Tom?

TOM

M'kay.

DAVID KEMP

Great. I'll make some coffee.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - LATER

The four men sit there with coffee.

VIC

So you've been having nightmares like that for the past forty-one years?

MOT

Not exactly like that, but yeah.

**ADAM** 

It's gonna be great when we nail this guy. We all owe his ass for somethin' now.

Dave collects the mugs and takes them to the sink.

DAVID KEMP

C'mon, I'll take you guys over to get your cars. Tom, the library is just around the corner. See if you can find a map of the East High School football stadium. After last night, we don't stand a chance in hell of getting any more info on Renner and his men. They won't show their faces until tomorrow.

(MORE)

DAVID KEMP (cont'd)

We need to formulate a plan from scratch.

EXT. CUYAHOGA FALLS AVE. - AKRON OH - LATER

Tom approaches the North Hill library. His phone vibrates in his pocket.

Wary, he takes out the phone and looks at the caller ID.

Excited, he clicks it on.

TOM

(into phone)

Mike?

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Mike hides around the corner of the stadium, his class visible in the background.

He cups his hand over the phone.

MIKE

(into phone)

Yeah Dad, it's me. Mom would kill me if she knew I was calling.

INTERCUT with Cuyahoga Falls Ave.

Tom sits down on the curb of the parking lot.

MOT

(into phone)

I can't believe it, how are you, aren't you in school?

MIKE

(into phone)

I'm fine, Dad. I'm in school, but we're over here at East High School.

Tom becomes tense.

TOM

(into phone)

East High School? Why?

MIKE

(into phone)

Government junk. Mr. Cranston is showing us where the President is (MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)

going to speak. He's dragging us here tomorrow to watch. What a waste of a Saturday.

Tom is on his feet.

TOM

(into phone)

No!

MIKE

(into phone)

What'ya mean, no? It's just boring crap, Dad.

MOT

(into phone)

No, no Mike. You have to tell your teacher not to bring your class there tomorrow.

MIKE

(into phone)

I know it's gonna suck, but why not?

Tom is beside himself.

TOM

(into phone)

I don't have time to go into it all, Mike, but I was right all along. This Renner guy is for real, and he is a BAD man. We're trying to stop him, but he's planning something terrible at the President's speech tomorrow.

Mike looks at his phone like he's not sure.

MIKE

(into phone)

Maybe Mom was right, Dad.

TOM

(into phone)

What? What does that mean?

MIKE

(into phone)

Maybe you are going crazy.

(into phone)

No Mike, I'm not. Please Mike, talk to your mom. I'll talk to her.

MIKE

(into phone)

She won't talk to you, Dad.

TOM

(into phone)

You can't go that speech tomorrow!

MIKE

(into phone)

Bye Dad.

Mike presses END, sighs and heads back to his class.

Tom looks at his phone in disbelief. He sinks onto the curb and covers his head.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - LATER

Tom sits at the table: a small pile of empty beer cans in front of him, and one in his hand.

He is visibly wasted.

Voices filter in from the hallway.

The apartment door opens and the voices of Dave, Vic and Adam can be heard louder now.

DAVID KEMP (O.S.)

Sorry we're so late. We stopped off to see dad. He's still. . .

Dave enters the kitchen, Vic and Adam on his heels.

DAVID KEMP

. . .unconscious, but. . .

Dave sees Tom and screeches to a halt.

Vic and Adam almost plow into him.

Dave stares and circles around Tom.

Vic and Adam look nervous.

DAVID KEMP

Tom? What the. . .what the Hell are you doing?

Tom looks up and tries desperately to focus on Dave.

TOM

Dave? Dave? Dave, guess who called me today?

Dave sits across from Tom, perplexed.

DAVID KEMP

Who, Tom?

TOM

My son!

DAVID KEMP

Well, Tom, isn't that a good thing?

Tom goes off.

TOM

It would be a good Goddamn thing if he hadn't told me his class is going to watch the fucking President tomorrow!

DAVID KEMP

Oh shit. Let me have that.

Dave pushes the empty cans aside and gently tries to take the other can from Tom's hand.

Tom yanks it back.

TOM

Oh no you don't, Goddamn it! You can't take that from me too!

Tom stands up, weaving like crazy.

He picks up his chair and swings it around.

TOM

I've lost Miranda! She won't fucking take my calls, and when my fucking son calls, he tells me he's going to get blown up!

Tom slams the chair in the counter: smashes it to pieces.

Vic and Adam run around the corner and grab him.

Tom collapses into their arms: sobs like a baby.

Dave comes around to Tom.

I've lost it all because of this fucker, Dave. This motherfucker cost me my wife, my job and now I'm going to lose my son forever, Dave. I just want to fucking die!

Dave sighs and looks Tom in the eye.

DAVID KEMP

I don't blame you, Tom. Renner has fucked us all in one way or another. But getting trashed, wrecking my furniture and wishing yourself dead isn't the way to help your son. You go get some sleep. Me and the guys will come up with something.

Dave motions with his head.

Vic and Adam half carry Tom out of the room.

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - DAY

Tom walks through the football field.

It is littered with corpses.

Tom looks around at all the corpses: They are all Mike.

Faint LAUGHTER filters in from the top of the:

STANDS

Tom stares at the 20 year old Barry Renner.

Renner is in the top row: He laughs and points at Tom.

RENNER

Bummer of a field trip, eh Tom? You shouldn't have fucked with me. Can't even protect your own son.

Renner jumps over the back of the stands into thin air.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom jerks awake, sweat pours from his brow.

Tom doesn't cry out: He doubles up in pain, throws one hand over his mouth and stumbles quickly from the room.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

Dave, Vic and Adam sit at the table eating breakfast.

Tom stumbles in. He shades his eyes from the light.

Tom pours himself a cup of coffee and turns to Dave.

MOT

Do you have any. . .

DAVID KEMP

Top shelf, bathroom cabinet.

INT. DAVID KEMP'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN AREA - LATER

Tom works on a big plate of eggs and sausage.

Dave, Vic and Adam sit with their coffee.

Dave talks as though nothing ever happened.

DAVID KEMP

We split into two teams. Vic and Adam, and you and I, Tom. I know for sure I didn't get a good enough look at the other two guys to recognize them in a crowd, but I think we can all spot Chief Thompson.

VIC

Sure, we worked with him enough.

Adam nods agreement.

DAVID KEMP

Yep, and you are the one who knows Renner by sight best, Tom. I don't have a clue how they'll be dressed up or how they will go about it. I do know one thing though, they couldn't pre-plant bombs, as the Secret Service will have sniffed the whole place out. So, they have to do it on the fly. We just have to be alert and nab 'em.

Tom takes the last bite of his sausage and burps.

TOM

Sounds foolproof to me.

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - WEST END - LATER

The stadium is crammed to overflowing.

Dave, Tom, Vic and Adam bypass the line waiting to get in and go right up to the Secret Service. The three agents flash their I.D.

The SECRET SERVICE AGENT (30) looks at Tom

DAVID KEMP

This man is with us.

The Secret Service agent motions to Tom.

Tom steps forward and submits to the metal detecting wand.

No sound, so the agent waves them through.

Inside is even worse: crowd so thick it's like a wall.

DAVID KEMP

Okay, you two head to that end of the stadium. We'll head this way. Call if you see anything at all suspicious.

Adam and Vic disappear into the crowd. Tom and Dave head the other way.

It seems every other person in the crowd is a Secret Service agent. Each replete with black glasses and ear buds.

Tom cranes his neck.

MOT

I can't see Mike or his class.

DAVID KEMP

Don't worry Tom. We want to save everyone, and Mike will be saved right along with them. C'mon.

They weave through the crowd.

Suddenly, applause breaks out.

Everyone turns to the stage as the band in the stands plays 'Hail to the Chief'.

The President comes up out of a tunnel in the stands. He is flanked by two ear bud-wearing Secret Service agents.

He waves to the crowd.

Isn't it amazing? It seems everyone always hates the President, but wherever he goes, it's standing room only.

DAVID KEMP

Good point. Let's go.

As Dave and Tom come around the end of the stands, Dave's radio comes to life:

ADAM

(over radio, filtered)

Kemp, Kemp, we've made Thompson.

Dave pulls out his radio.

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

You sure it's him?

**ADAM** 

(over radio, filtered)

Definite. He's dressed like Secret Service, but he's carrying a briefcase.

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

Can you take him?

ADAM

(over radio, filtered)

Vic's worked around behind him. I'm moving in on front.

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

Keep me posted.

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - EAST END - CONTINUOUS

Chief Thompson stands by the corner of the stadium. He looks for all the world like a Secret Service man, except he's too old and carries a briefcase.

Adam uses people in the crowd as a shield to move in while:

VIC

Moves in the same way to circle behind the Chief.

As Vic gets in place:

ADAM

Steps out into the open. He flashes his I.D.

ADAM

Chief Thompson? FBI. I suggest you come quietly.

Thompson startles and makes to run.

Before he can take a step, Vic has him in a hammer lock.

Adam pulls out Thompson's ear bud, fishes his cell phone from his pocket, and wrenches the briefcase from his hands.

Adam opens the briefcase. It's empty.

TONY (26), a Secret Service agent, spots the altercation and steps over.

TONY

Is there a problem, gentlemen?

Adam shows Tony his I.D.

**ADAM** 

Special Agent Grant, FBI, and that's my partner back there, Special Agent Painter. We caught this joker trying to play secret service. Picked the wrong two guys to try it on.

TONY

What's in the case?

Adam opens the case.

**ADAM** 

Not a thing. The guy's just a crank.

Chief Thompson struggles and chokes out:

THOMPSON

I'm Police Chief Denny Thompson, York. . .

Vic tightens the choke hold.

**ADAM** 

Oh, so you want to be a policeman now?

(MORE)

ADAM (cont'd)

(to Tony)

We'll get this guy outta your hair. I'll have Painter take him down to the office and see if he has a record.

TONY

Sounds good to me. I'll walk you out.

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - WEST END - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Tom still work their way through the crowd.

Dave's radio goes off.

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

Got 'im?

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Vic places Thompson into their car and locks the door.

**ADAM** 

(into radio)

Yeah, we got got him. Locked him in the car, but. . .

INTERCUT with West end.

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

But what, Grant?

**ADAM** 

(into radio)

His briefcase was empty. No bomb.

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

Shit, a decoy. I'll bet the other two are decoys as well.

ADAM

(into radio)

Can we take that chance?

DAVID KEMP

(into radio)

No dammit, but you guys concentrate on the other two, obviously the difference between them and the (MORE)

DAVID KEMP (cont'd)

real SS is the briefcase. Tom and I will focus on Renner.

ADAM

(into radio)

Got it.

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - WEST END - CONTINUOUS

Dave snaps off his phone.

DAVID KEMP

Shit. Come on, Tom. Keep up.

Tom loses ground as the two try to cut across the long lines at a concession stand.

Through the crowd, Dave catches sight of a man dressed in black with a briefcase.

Dave moves faster through the crowd.

DAVID KEMP

C'mon, Tom, move it!

Tom tries to move faster, but he's not as adept as Dave. He loses more ground.

As Dave breaks free of the crowd he calls out:

DAVID KEMP

You! With the briefcase -- FBI! Stay where you are.

The man with the briefcase takes off at a dead run.

Dave takes off after him.

Tom sees this and tries to run while still in the crowd.

He stumbles over the leg of an ELDERLY MAN: they both fall.

ELDERLY MAN

What're ya doin'? You tryin' to kill me?

Tom gets up and helps the elderly man stand up.

ТОМ

I'm sorry sir. Are you okay?

ELDERLY MAN

Not for lack of your tryin', I ain't.

As the man speaks, Tom catches sight of a dark figure moving around under the bleachers.

Tom gently 'moves' the elderly man out of his way.

TOM

Excuse me, sir.

Tom quickly moves down the tunnel of the stands.

He crouches low to better see the figure in amongst the support framework.

The elderly man yells after him.

ELDERLY MAN

Of all the rude, inconsiderate. I'm glad you're not my son!

The figure kneels on the ground, deep under the stands.

The crowd applauds and begins to sing as the band starts playing 'God Bless America'.

The figure moves away to reveal a dark object on the ground with a bright red LCD readout.

Tom startles and moves toward the framework.

TOM

RENNER!

The dark figure stops and turns toward Tom.

A bullet WHIZZES through Tom's sleeve: blood sprays out.

Tom clutches his arm and drops to the ground.

TOM

Damn silencer.

The dark figure takes off as fast as it can.

Tom tries to stand.

The figure begins to blend in with the shadows as it gets further away.

Dave shows up at the end of the tunnel:

DAVID KEMP

Tom! Tom! He got away. Where are you, Tom?

Dave looks down the tunnel and sees Tom on the ground.

DAVID KEMP

Tom! Are you all right.

TOM

I'll be fine, but Renner is getting away under the stands!

Tom points into the shadows and Dave follows his aim.

DAVID KEMP

I see him.

MOT

Go! Go! I'll be fine.

Dave takes off behind the stands.

Tom picks himself up and works his way to the object.

It's a pipe clamped to a board. Two wires, also affixed to the board, lead over to the timer with the

LCD READOUT - 2:39, 2:38, 2:37. . .

Tom grabs the bomb and tries to pull it apart with no luck.

He tucks it under his good arm and starts to make his way out from under the stands.

As Tom reaches the edge, he steps over part of the framework and his foot gets caught.

He slams down hard on his bad arm, his foot twists at a horrible angle.

Tom cries out as the bomb slips from his grasp and skids across the gravel.

He tries to reach back to free himself as FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH on the gravel by his head.

Tom turns and looks up to see:

MIKE

MIKE

What're you doing, dad? Are you okay?

Mike starts to work on freeing Tom's foot.

Tom goes berserk.

MOT

Mike, no, Mike! Forget about my foot. You've got to get out of here right now!

MIKE

No, I've got to get you loose.

Tom squirms like crazy.

TOM

You don't understand Mike, that thing is a bomb and you have to get the Hell out of here now!

Mike looks at the bomb and its:

LCD READOUT - :35, :34, :33

MIKE

Holy shit!

Mike runs over, scoops up the bomb and runs down the tunnel.

Tom yells after him:

TOM

Mike!

As Mike approaches the concession stand he yells:

MIKE

Everybody get down. It's a bomb!

Mike goes into a two handed discus spin and flings the bomb as hard as he can over the top of the concession stand.

Mike throws himself on the ground. The others follow suit.

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Renner has put some space between himself and Kemp. Adams and Vic trail behind.

Renner looks back and grins at his success as:

DAVE

Looks up to see the bomb arcing through the air.

Dave skids to a stop and yells:

DAVID KEMP

Hit the dirt!

Dave and Adam and Vic all dive on the ground.

Renner looks confused by their actions, and instinctively turns to see the bomb falling right into his path with the:

LCD READOUT - :03, :02, :01

EXT. EAST HIGH STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

The whole concession stand shudders as the blast hits.

Rocks and shrapnel hammer it like machine gun fire, pelting:

Who lies on the ground, arms over his head and:

MOT

MIKE

Who lies, curled up in a ball, arms over his head.

The crowd goes into a crazed frenzy.

Above Tom, the stands rumble like thunder as people flee.

As the debris slows down, Tom uncovers his head and moans:

TOM

Mike. . .

He blacks out.

INT. GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 401 - NIGHT

Dave, a scratched up mess, stands next to his father's bed.

John Kemp, head heavily bandaged, sits with a remote.

They are watching the news.

A crawler states: Presidential assassination attempt in Akron, OH. . .

Shots of Chief Thompson being driven away and Renner's body bag being zipped up.

Then a shot of Bob Arnold and Ken Dewain as they shove the other two thugs into a police car.

JOHN KEMP

What the Hell did you have them there for!

DAVID KEMP

I didn't have them there. I told them to stay away. I didn't even know they were there until the end. Glad they were, though. Because they nabbed those goons while I was chasing Renner.

JOHN KEMP

Crazy bastards could have been killed.

DAVID KEMP

Yep. Now let's watch.

ANNOUNCER

(on TV, filtered)

This was the scene today at East High School, Akron, Ohio, as a heinous attempt on the President's life was foiled by a joint FBI Secret Service operation.

JOHN KEMP

Joint operation, my ass!

Dave chuckles.

DAVID KEMP

It's okay Dad. Listen.

JOHN KEMP

Hmmph.

Tom, a mass of bandages with a walking boot, hobbles unnoticed up behind them as the announcer goes on:

ANNOUNCER

(on TV, filtered)

It is now known that the attempted bombing was carried out by Barry Renner, the former leader of the Vietnam era domestic terrorist organization know as The Weather Underground. Taking their name from a line in the Bob Dylan song Subterranean Homesick Blues, the Weather Underground executed a series of domestic terrorist acts in the early seventies to try and end what they called American Imperialism.

Is that what the crazy text was from?

Dave turns at Tom's voice.

DAVID KEMP

Oh, hey! Good to see you up and walking. Is it broke?

Tom eyes his foot.

TOM

Naw, just sprained. The best thing for me is to see you up and alert, Mr. Kemp.

Tom goes over to the bed and shakes John's hand.

JOHN KEMP

I'm just glad to know that Renner is really dead this time. Oh, listen up.

## ANNOUNCER

(on TV, filtered)

Renner, believed to be dead since a faked suicide in 1971, was apparently aided in the hoax by various members of the York Ohio police department who were sympathetic to his cause. One such policeman was present Chief of Police, Denny Thompson who was taken into custody today for his part in the attempted bombing. It is hoped he will name others involved in the 1971 incident.

John clicks the remote and the TV goes black.

JOHN KEMP

That's enough to make my night. You boys are okay, Thompson's gonna sing and Renner is history.

MOT

I may be okay, but I'm whipped.

DAVID KEMP

Go on out and have a seat. I'll be out in a minute.

Tom hobbles out into the hall and looks around for a seat.

He stops cold when he sees:

MIRANDA AND MIKE

Miranda hugs a heavily bandaged Mike to her shoulder as they walk up the hall.

When she spots Tom, Miranda stops.

They stare at each other.

Mike nudges her and she slowly moves toward Tom.

The hesitant steps become a run and she wraps her arms around Tom's neck.

They hold a passionate kiss for what seems an eternity.

She sighs and puts her head on his shoulder.

Tom pulls her back and looks in her eyes.

TOM Now do you believe me?

FADE OUT:

THE END