

Reset to Default

By

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INT. COURTROOM. DAY.

The small courtroom is filled with people. DANIEL MICHEAL TOTH sits in the front row. He is about 40, clean shaven, with a short hair cut

He wears the orange jumpsuit of a prison convict.

Sitting next to him is his ATTORNEY and sitting a table away is the PROSECUTOR. Facing all of them is a PAROLE BOARD.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER

At this point I would like to move right into the Victim Impact Statements. We'll be hearing from Ms. Sarah Allison first.

SARAH ALLISON, a middle aged woman, stands up and steps forward from the crowd. She reads from a sheet of paper.

SARAH

Thank you. Fourteen years ago I handed my husband Jim his jacket and suitcase, straightened his tie at our front door, and kissed him goodbye as he headed off to work. Less than three hours later he died in an explosion that collapsed the floor right from underneath his feet. Part of the blame for that explosion rests on the shoulders of Daniel Micheal Toth.

Daniel does not look up from the table.

CUT TO:

MALE VICTIM 1 (AGE 22)

My mother was a gentle person. Always willing to lend a helping hand. Because of Mr. Toth's failure to report what he knew, failure to do anything what-so-ever, my mother was ripped violently away from this world, and my life, on June sixth, nineteen ninety-nine.

CUT TO:

FEMALE VICTIM 1 (AGE 34)

All my brother ever wanted was to help people. In grade school our teacher asked him what he wanted to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE VICTIM 1 (AGE 34) (cont'd)

be when he grew up. He said, "a cop" with out hesitation. He always knew.

CUT TO:

MALE VICTIM 2 (AGE 60)

...Now he and seven others are gone forever, and it's because of Mr. Toth's selfishness in not coming forward with what he knew.

CUT TO:

FEMALE VICTIM 2 (AGE 28)

For us the punishment will never end. So I believe it's only appropriate that his punishment never end.

CUT TO:

FEMALE VICTIM 3 (AGE 65)

And I for one still believe that you were a lot more involved then your conviction found you to be. And I think you deserve to rot in there for as long as possible!

Female Victim 3 is guided back to her seat by the bailiff.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER

Thank you. Now we have been made aware of KATHERINE TOTH's inability to appear today; due to financial constraints. She has, however forwarded a statement through Mr. Toth's attorney, which all this board's members have read and will consider in their deliberations. So we have just one last Victim statement, and that is actually a leniency plea from Mr. Harris Duncan.

HARRIS DUNCAN (40s) comes forth, prepared statement in hand.

HARRIS

I, like many others speaking today, lost a loved one on June sixth, when Daniel Toth's friends used a cell phone to detonated a bomb in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (cont'd)
the lobby of the Georgia State Supreme Court. My wife Jackie was killed, and like the others before me, it hurts to this day. *Unlike* the others I have prepared a statement for leniency. This has nothing to do with how I feel about him. I hate him. He played a roll in taking away the best thing in my life. So why then?

Harris pauses to clear his throat.

HARRIS
First, it is for me. I just can't do this anymore. Every year goes by and I start to forget about him. I spend time with friends and family, and joy begins to come back into my life. Then this hearing comes around and every year that joy vanishes like smoke. It takes too much out of me to hate him, but every time I hear about him, every time I see him, I can't do anything but hate. I need to let go.

Harris turns the statement over in his hand.

HARRIS
The second reason has to do with Jackie, my wife. Jackie was a wonderful woman, you see. She always saw the best in people, and she always knew how to coax it out of them. She believed there was goodness in every human heart, and if you were in her presence she expected to see it. She also believed in second chances. She believed in the capacity of the human heart to learn from it's mistakes and overcome it's failings.

Harris goes off script.

HARRIS
So you see, I am tired. I can not keep coming back here. I must let go, and if this is the last statement I am to give on my wife's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (cont'd)
behalf, I must speak what I know
she would've wanted to say.
(to Daniel)
Daniel Micheal Toth...

Daniel does not look up.

HARRIS
You have spent over twelve years in
jail. I have seen you apologize and
express remorse. You claim to
regret your actions and seek to
better yourself in life. So go do
it. Go be free, so I can be too. Go
back to your life, back to your
family, back to society, and do
goodness towards them. Jackie
would've believed there was still
good in you; and from where she
watches now, she'll expect you to
accomplish it. You will be in her
presence now. Not mine.

Harris sits down. A MURMUR travels through the room.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER
Thank you. Mr. Duncan. We appear to
have heard from all relevant
parties. Mr. Toth?

Daniel still does not move an inch.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER
Mr. Toth?

Daniel finely looks up and makes eye contact.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER
Do you wish to make a statement?

EXT. PRISON. DAY.

KATHERINE TOTH stands outside the prison gate, her red sedan
parked off in the grass. She is in her mid to late 30s. She
looks young in many ways, but there is a tiredness in her
eyes.

The large prison gate slides opens and Daniel Toth steps
out. He wears a button up blue shirt and tan khakis. He
carries a small plastic bag with his belongings.

(CONTINUED)

Kathy smiles and runs to him, throwing herself into his arms. He hugs her back and they kiss.

KATHY

I can't believe this is happening,
that this could be real. I thought
I'd never see you again. Out here,
in the open air, I mean.

DANIEL

(smiling)

Yeah, it's real. It's something.

Kathy steps back and gives him a once over. She tousles his clean cut hair.

KATHY

Looks like they've got some pretty
good barbers in prison. They did
you up good. You look like you're
gonna try to sell me something.

DANIEL

I guess they thought it would help
my case to look like a used car
salesmen. I don't know why.
Precisely the kind of person I'd
want to see locked in a cage, I
think.

Kathy takes his bag and starts to her car.

KATHY

Here, let's get you home already.
It's been long enough.

Daniel follows.

DANIEL

Where's Josh?

KATHY

He had something important with
friends apparently. Said he
couldn't cancel.

DANIEL

Must be *really* important.

KATHY

He'll be home by the time we get
there.

Kathy opens the car door and climbs inside.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Kathy drives down the sparse country roads. Daniel watches the trees flash by. He turns to Kathy.

DANIEL
Tell me you got a cigarette.

KATHY
I'm still quitting.

DANIEL
Damn.

Daniel turns back to the window. A devilish smile flits across Kathy's face.

KATHY
But...

She reaches into the center console and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

KATHY
I knew you'd want them.

DANIEL
Ah! You're the best babe.

Daniel takes the cigarettes and begins 'packing' them.

KATHY
I packed them already.

DANIEL
You suck at packing them.

Daniel pulls off the cellophane and rips out the silver paper inside. He draws out a cigarette and Kathy is right there with the light. He takes a deep drag and exhales.

KATHY
Open the damn window.

Daniel opens the window and throws his cigarette litter out of it. Outside the car, the fast food restaurants and strip malls of a dilapidated suburbia begin to pass by.

Daniel focuses in on a sign reading, "Welcome to Jonesboro. Population 4,725"

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
(sighs)
Home sweet home.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The red sedan takes a turn onto a less trafficked road. It passes a large billboard reading, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. -Matthew 3:2".

A police cruiser pulls out from behind it, following the sedan.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Daniel flicks his cigarette out the window and closes it. As he does he spies "Joe's Bar and Grill" coming up the road. It's a run down little dive with a gravel parking lot and iron bars across the window.

DANIEL
I can't believe they haven't taken
a wrecking ball to that place yet.

KATHY
They almost did when Joe died. Joe
Junior managed to get the money
together somehow.

DANIEL
Tell me how the hell I've been gone
for over ten years and yet
everything looks the same.

KATHY
There ain't a whole lot of progress
happening in these parts Danny.

DANIEL
Probably just as well, when you get
a look at the world and see what
it's progressing towards.

Behind them the cop car's lights go on and siren blurts out.

DANIEL
Nice work speed demon.

KATHY
I'm not speeding.

Kathy checks her rear view mirror.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY
Shit. It's Frank Horton.

DANIEL
(smiling)
Frankie? That little prick?

Kathy pulls the car over.

KATHY
Careful. He's the sheriff now.

Behind them SHERIFF FRANK HORTON gets out of his cruiser. He's in his late 30s and wears big dark sunglasses and a cowboy hat. He's got the makings of a beer belly creeping over his belt.

DANIEL
Looks like someone's moving up in the world.

KATHY
Yeah except Judy divorced him last year.

DANIEL
Oh, good for him.

Horton walks to the passenger side of the car and knocks on the window. Daniel rolls it down.

HORTON
Do you know why I pulled you over?

Kathy tries to hand over her papers.

KATHY
I'm sorry Sheriff Horton, if I was speeding I really didn't notice it.

Horton waves away her papers.

HORTON
That won't be necessary. You weren't speeding. No, *someone* threw a cigarette out of your passenger window.
(to Daniel)
You know the fine for littering is two hundred dollars?

DANIEL

You really gonna charge me two hundred dollars for throwing a cigarette on the ground after all that tobacco you spit everywhere.

HORTON

I don't chew tobacco anymore, Toth.

DANIEL

Sorry, it's been hard for me to keep up with current events.

HORTON

Well that's appropriate.

Horton pulls out his ticket book.

KATHY

Sheriff please don't write a ticket. I'll go back and pick up the cigarette if you want.

Daniel gives her a reproachful look.

HORTON

(to Daniel)

Tell you what, I'm going to let you off with a warning on this one. But only because your in such respectable company.

KATHY

We're very grateful.

HORTON

Not a problem. How have you been Kathy?

KATHY

Been doing well.

HORTON

And Josh? He still playing basketball?

KATHY

No, he chose not to sign up this year.

HORTON

Keep on him. A boy needs extracurriculars.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

I try.

DANIEL

So how's Judy, Frank?

HORTON

(gruffly)

Wealthy. And that's 'Sheriff
Horton' now.

DANIEL

Sure.

Horton straightens up.

HORTON

Alright, I'm gonna let you be on
your way. But Toth...

Daniel locks eyes with Horton.

HORTON

Every one knows you're back, and no
one here wants the attention. So
keep out of trouble. I don't want
to be spending anymore time on you
then I have to.

DANIEL

Yes sir.

Daniel gives a mock salute as Horton walks off. Daniel looks
to his wife with a smile.

KATHY

Are you done?

Daniel just rolls up the window as the car pulls away.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Kathy opens the door and enters with Daniel behind her. The
living room is a mess with laundry strewn on the arm chair
and papers covering the coffee table.

KATHY

(yelling)

Josh, your father's here!

(to Daniel)

Sorry about the mess. I meant to
clean, but there's just not enough
time in the day.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Don't worry about it. It looks nice.

Kathy gives Daniel a skeptical look.

DANIEL

Or it *would* look nice. If it was clean, you know.

Daniel motions to the TV stand, atop which sits a box style TV.

DANIEL

Like this. This is a nice piece of furniture.

He gives it a KNOCK.

DANIEL

Is this new?

Kathy shakes her head as she sets her purse and plastic bag on the table.

KATHY

Josh come say hi to your father!

DANIEL

I'll go find him. Same room?

KATHY

Same place. The room's a little different.

Daniel starts down the hallway.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM. DAY.

JOSH TOTH (16-17) sits in a chair at the edge of his bed. His room is well kept. The bed is made, coats hung on the hook, shoes lined up neatly underneath. There's an Army poster on the wall, as well as posters for various rappers and hard rock bands.

Josh himself is also well kept. His style of dress looks inspire by the rockers and rappers who adorn his wall, but he is clean and well groomed.

In his chair he plays a First Person Shooter type video game.

(CONTINUED)

On screen his character pulls the pin on a grenade, waits a few seconds, then hurls the grenade at a group of nearby enemies. It explodes in mid-air, taking them out.

A soft knock comes at the door and Daniel enters.

DANIEL

Hi Josh.

Josh looks up and gives a slight smile. He gets up without pausing the game, and gives Daniel a hug without dropping the controller.

JOSH

Hey dad.

Josh sits back down and goes back to the game.

JOSH

So how does it feel to be a 'free man'?

DANIEL

I don't know yet.

Daniel looks around the room. Colognes and deodorants are lined up neatly on the dresser top. The wood is dusted and polished.

DANIEL

Looks like you've got the nicest room in the house.

JOSH

I like to take care of my stuff.

DANIEL

Maybe you could help your mom out sometime. The rest of the house looks a little overwhelmed.

JOSH

Yeah... I mean I try to help out sometimes. Maybe now that your home you can chip in.

DANIEL

You can bet I will. We're all gonna have too.

A beat plays out to the soundtrack of gunshots and explosions.

DANIEL

I think your mom was going to call out for a pizza. You want anything on it?

JOSH

Mom knows what I like.

DANIEL

Okay... Well I'll see you at dinner then.

Daniel silently withdraws from the room. A kamikaze scream followed by a blast erupts from the artificial war zone.

JOSH

Damn it!

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Daniel stands at the sink washing dishes. The back screen door opens and Kathy enters carrying a pizza box with a paper bag on top. Daniel rushes over to her.

DANIEL

Here, I'll take that.

KATHY

No I got it. They didn't have onion rings so I hope you like mozzarella sticks.

Kathy unloads her haul at the counter.

DANIEL

That's fine. Hey look!

Daniel holds up a dish.

DANIEL

Clean plates.

KATHY

Where did you find them?

He motions to the dish drying rack.

DANIEL

I made them myself.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY
You didn't have to.

DANIEL
Bullshit. I've been gone over a decade. That's a lot of house work I owe you.

Kathy reaches around him to grab some cups, but stops and leans in towards him seductively.

KATHY
(whispering)
You know there's a few other things you owe me. Better start paying up soon.

DANIEL
Oh yeah?

Kathy nods as she pulls away and sets the cups on the table.

DANIEL
Is there room on the bed or do I need to do some laundry first?

KATHY
(smiling)
You shit.
(yelling)
Josh dinner!

DANIEL
Jesus. Why don't you just call him on the phone and save your voice?

KATHY
Ex-nay on the phone-gay.

DANIEL
(laughing)
That is not even close to correct pig Latin.

KATHY
Just sit down and eat your deep fried cheese.

Daniel and Kathy both sit down at the table and begin digging in. Josh rushes in and starts loading up a plate.

KATHY

It lives. Sit down, stay awhile.

JOSH

Nah, I'm gonna eat in my room.

KATHY

You're not playing that stupid game on your father's first night back. Now sit down and eat dinner.

JOSH

It's not just a game. My friends are on there and this is the only way I can talk to them.

KATHY

You mean besides when you see them at school, and when they come over, and when you all go out to God knows where.

JOSH

Yeah, besides all that.

Josh grabs a soda from the fridge heads off. Kathy jumps up.

KATHY

Hey, I don't think so!

Daniel puts a hand out to stop her.

DANIEL

Let him go. I don't want to force it.

Kathy sits back down. She unfolds her napkin, aggressively.

DANIEL

He'll come around soon enough.

KATHY

He's gonna stay in there all night.

DANIEL

(winking)

You saying we'll have some time alone?

Kathy considers this.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Daniel and Kathy lie entangled in the sheets of the bed. He, from on top, flops down next to her. They are sweaty and exhausted.

DANIEL

So, do I still got it?

Kathy just smiles and nods as she sinks into her pillow. Daniel lights up a smoke. Next to the bed is an open window with a fan in it. Daniel switches on the fan and turns it to vent his smoke outside.

DANIEL

So Josh... he hates me doesn't he?

KATHY

He doesn't hate you.

DANIEL

He doesn't *like* me.

KATHY

He doesn't really know you. He's hardly seen you. I don't think he remembers a time when you weren't in jail.

DANIEL

I wrote him letters. He's said he doesn't like to write, so, whatever. But why did you stop bringing him with you?

Kathy opens her eyes and looks at him from the pillow.

KATHY

Maybe that was a mistake, or I let it go too far. Kids were starting to tease him. People were telling him what you had done, or *versions* of what you did, and he started asking not to come. He was going through so much, I didn't want to force him to go through anything he didn't have to.

DANIEL

I don't know what to do about this.

Kathy closes her eyes again.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

It'll just take time. Now get to bed. We're going out for your license tomorrow and then I want you to call Rocco. He's offered to give you some working hours. Could be a permanent thing.

Daniel stubs out his cigarette, fixes the fan, and sinks into his pillow as well.

DANIEL

Kathy?

KATHY

Hmm?

DANIEL

Is there anything he wants, that I could get him?

KATHY

You want to buy his love?

DANIEL

No, just his attention.

KATHY

Josh doesn't ask for much and he's pretty good about getting what he wants on his own. ...There is this phone.

DANIEL

He doesn't have a phone?

KATHY

He has a phone. He wants a smartphone.

DANIEL

What's a smartphone?

KATHY

It's like a phone, but...

DANIEL

Smarter?

KATHY

He could get it for cheap in a year with his upgrade, but he wants it now.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

So what does it cost now?

KATHY

Like, two hundred dollars.

DANIEL

What the fuck!? Two hundred dollars for a phone?

KATHY

If he bought it today, yeah. Don't worry about it. There's no reason for him to have a smartphone when the house doesn't even have basic internet.

DANIEL

Well I'm going to look into it anyway. See if I can find something for cheap.

KATHY

Phst, good luck.

Daniel slides over to her, puts an arm around her and closes his eyes.

DANIEL

Smartphone eh?

INT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. NIGHT.

Daniel sits on a bar stool nursing a near empty beer. The place is an empty, dimly lit dive. Classic rock and country play unobtrusively over the radio.

Behind the bar is JOE JUNIOR. He's in his 40s, balding, and is eternally polishing the first mug of the rest of his life.

Sunlight streams in as the front door opens. In steps ALFRED WEAVER. Al is a heavysset man in his 50s with graying hair and a thick mustache.

Al surveys the room and stops.

AL

Well if it isn't Daniel Toth!

Al saunters up to the bar and gives Daniel a wallop of a back slap. He motions to Joe.

(CONTINUED)

AL
Hey Joe, Get us a couple rounds on
me.

DANIEL
You don't have to do that.

AL
Nonsense, I owe you fourteen years
worth of beers.

DANIEL
I owe you fourteen years of beer
too, so let's just call it even.

Joe drops off the two beers. Al pushes one Daniel's way.

AL
Take it. I owe you.

Daniel considers this and finally grabs the beer, taking a
big swig from it.

AL
Maybe you should take it easy on
that. You have been dry for almost
a decade and a half.

DANIEL
(smiling)
Maybe I need to play catch up.

Daniel takes another deep gulp.

AL
There we go. Now I heard you were
getting out, but I didn't expect to
see you so soon.

DANIEL
Yeah, I'm getting back to it as
quickly as possible.

AL
Well I hope you didn't plan on
getting back to all of it.

DANIEL
No not all of it. I don't think my
people would be thrilled with me
hanging out here with the likes of
you.

(CONTINUED)

AL

You stop right there. Don't bunch me in with all that. I left that scene just like you did.

DANIEL

Not *just* like I did.

AL

Regardless, I own a legitimate business now.

DANIEL

Oh yeah? What kind?

AL

It's a gardening supply store.

DANIEL

You? Gardening? Since when.

AL

I developed a knack for it. We sell plant seed, power tillers, watering cans, potting soil-

DANIEL

Fertilizer.

AL

Yeah that too.

Al and Daniel both drink down their beer.

AL

You know if I still had people they probably wouldn't want me to be hanging out with the likes of you either.

Al finishes his beer in one gulp and stands.

AL

Maybe I ought to be going.

DANIEL

Now wait a second, I didn't mean to offend. I came back and so little has changed that I guess I just figured you were the same old Al.

Al lays his money on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

AL

Well you're very wrong about that
Danny boy. *Everything's* changed.
Maybe I'll see around.

Al exits the bar as Daniel jumps up behind him.

EXT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. NIGHT.

Al is getting into his black pick-up truck as Daniel rushes out the door.

DANIEL

You know the truth is I was hoping
to see you here tonight.

Al closes his front door and converses from the driver's seat.

AL

Why's that?

DANIEL

You used to know some guys who sold
electronics. I was wondering if you
could help me find something.

AL

After all that, it's a favor he
wants.

DANIEL

You do owe me.

AL

What are you looking for?

DANIEL

A smartphone for my son. A nice
one, with all the uhh... Apps and
stuff.

AL

I know what a smartphone is
asshole.

Al sighs and checks his watch.

AL

You got cash on you and an hour to
spend?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
Sure thing.

AL
And how about that thing.

Al motions to Daniel's blue pick-up truck parked nearby.

AL
Does that thing still run or did
you push it here for nostalgic
purposes?

DANIEL
It runs.

AL
Good then follow me. We'll go get
your son a phone.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

Daniel's blue pick-up follows Al's black one over winding,
deserted country roads.

Al's truck takes a left just after an old abandoned barn.
The trucks follow a path that's basically just tire tracks
through grass.

As the trucks reach the crest of a hill, a large sheet metal
fence comes into view. The fence sets a 50 by 50 yards
perimeter. Around what we cannot see.

EXT. TIM'S COMPOUND. NIGHT.

Al parks his truck at the end of the path, in front a large
rolling gate, and gets out. Daniel parks behind him and does
the same.

They both walk up to an intercom panel off to the side. Al
presses the talk button.

AL
Hey Timmy, it's Al. You there?

DANIEL
Where the hell are we?

Al motions him to quiet down. A floodlight above the
intercom turns on. A surveillance camera is affixed next to
it.

(CONTINUED)

TIM (O.S.)
Who are you with?

AL
It's my old friend Dan. Turn off
the light and let us in.

TIM (O.S.)
What do you want?

AL
He's looking for a phone for his
son. I said you could help him out.

TIM (O.S.)
Leave the cars outside.

The flood light goes off and the gate opens. Al and Daniel cross the threshold and the automated gate closes behind them.

Inside is a one level building with white walls and the windows boarded up. Painted across the wall is a large confederate flag.

Off to the side, in a field, are two black mannequins with targets painted on them in red. They are riddled with bullet holes.

On the other side of the building is a garage.

Inside the garage a motor ROARS to life and the doors slide open. A white panel van pulls out.

It drives towards the men, swings a K-turn and backs up to them. The lights go off and the engine dies.

TIMOTHY YATES steps out of the van. He's in his 20s, thin and has long scraggly hair. He walks to the back of the van.

TIM
This couldn't wait til morning?

AL
Oh shut up. You sleep less at night
then in the morning anyway.

TIM
(to Daniel)
Who are you?

DANIEL

I'm Dan.

TIM

How about a full name, dude?

DANIEL

My name is Daniel Micheal Toth.

He puts his hand out to greet.

DANIEL

Nice to meet you.

Tim hesitates, but shakes.

TIM

Yeah, Timothy Yates. Let's get this over with.

Tim opens the back of the van. He pulls out an AK-47 first and leans it against the back bumper.

AL

You don't need to be nervous, Tim. Dan's seen this kind of thing before.

TIM

That doesn't make it better.

Tim reaches into a green duffel bag and pulls out three phones.

TIM

Alright, this one's got a lot of memory, but shit battery life. This one's got long battery life, but shit memory. And this one's got a pretty good camera, but the touch screen barely functions. What'll it be?

DANIEL

I don't know.

TIM

What's your boy gonna use it for?

DANIEL

Calling people?

(CONTINUED)

AL

Just give him the best one you got.
And give him a discount on me.

Tim thrusts a phone into Daniel's hands. And throws the other two back in the bag.

TIM

Yay. That'll be twenty bucks.

Daniel pulls the money from his pocket while Tim pulls the phone's adapter from the bag. They exchange.

TIM

Here, you'll need that. So,
anything else? Bluetooth, hands
free car kits, tablets?

DANIEL

No, this is fine.

TIM

Great. See you later fellas.

Tim tosses the rifle back into the van, closes the doors, and starts towards the drivers side. Al and Daniel walk towards the gate. Tim stops.

TIM

Hey! You might need to restore the
factory settings on that thing.
Sometimes I forget to wipe them.

Tim jumps in the van and drives to the garage. The two men stand at the closed gate.

DANIEL

I ask you for a phone and you bring
me on a god damned clandestine
operation.

AL

It's a nice phone. He'll like it.

The gate slides open.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel sits on the couch, lit by a single lamp, playing with the phone.

Kathy walks in wearing pajamas.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

When the hell did you get in? Where were you?

DANIEL

I stopped by Joe's and saw Al, so we talked for a bit.

KATHY

I hate every part of that sentence.

DANIEL

It's not what you think, look.

Daniel holds up the phone.

DANIEL

I got it.

KATHY

Oh no, how much did you spend?

DANIEL

Twenty dollars.

KATHY

Danny, is this stolen property?

DANIEL

It's not stolen. It's abandoned. People lose their phones all the time, and they make their way to this guy Tim who sells them out the back of a panel van. Completely on the up and up.

KATHY

You should come to bed.

DANIEL

This thing is actually pretty neat. Here look at this.

He holds up the phone and she comes closer and leans in.

She looks at the phone. Then she looks at him.

KATHY

It's a picture of a bench.

DANIEL

Yeah that was on here already. But now look at this picture *I* took.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel swipes the phone with his finger and holds it up again, grinning.

Kathy looks at it... and hits him as he bursts out laughing.

KATHY

You better erase that before you give it to him.

DANIEL

That's what I'm doing. I'm trying to figure out how to erase everything.

Kathy walks off as Daniel turns back to the phone.

KATHY

Then come to bed.

DANIEL

Right behind you. Hey, what's 'pine tryst'?

The bedroom door closes with a THUD. Daniel continues flipping through screens when...

DANIEL

What's this?

INSERT-PHONE SCREEN

"SAVED MESSAGE 1: 3620 Camp Circle, Decatur, July 8th 4:05pm, 555-749-6047"

Daniel gets up with the phone and goes to a nearby desk.

He pulls a drawer open and grabs a pen and note pad. He writes the information down and flips through the phone again.

INSERT-PHONE SCREEN

"SAVED MESSAGE 2: 2356 Century Parkway, July 12th 5:00pm, 555-836-3487"

Daniel rips the page off and stuffs it in his pocket.

DANIEL

Alright. Time to stop.

He flips through the phone some more then comes to...

INSERT-PHONE SCREEN

(CONTINUED)

"Press OK to Reset to Default Settings"

Daniel hits OK and the phone shuts down. A second later it boots up again to show the main screen.

INSERT-PHONE SCREEN

"12:08am, July 6th, 2013"

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. DAY.

The sun is beginning to set as Kathy's red sedan pulls into the driveway and parks behind the blue pick up. Kathy gets out of the car. She's wearing business casual today. She looks up.

Josh is standing on the roof of their one level house. He's holding his phone up and taking pictures.

KATHY

Josh, get off of the roof.

JOSH

(beaming)

Did you see the phone dad got me?

KATHY

Yes I did. Now get off the roof.

JOSH

I'm just showing Becky my shitty town.

KATHY

You can show her from ground level.

A jaunty string quartet piece plays as Josh's RINGTONE. Kathy continues into the house.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Daniel is washing dishes again as Kathy walks in.

DANIEL

Hey, how was your day?

KATHY

OK. How about you? Did you get any hours?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

No, I start tomorrow. But I went and got some tools I'll need and I practiced a little bit on our sagging fence in back.

Kathy stops and sniffs the air.

KATHY

Did you cook?

DANIEL

Sort of...

But Kathy has already zeroed in on the oven. She throws it open and looks inside.

KATHY

Oh.

DANIEL

Yeah.

KATHY

It's not so bad. I think I have a sauce that can save it.

Josh comes running through the living room and past the kitchen.

Daniel starts the dishes and Kathy searches the fridge.

Josh comes running back through.

JOSH

See you later guys.

KATHY

No, Josh not again!

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Josh stops just inside the front door. Kathy comes in from the kitchen with Daniel trailing.

KATHY

Your father made dinner and-

DANIEL

No I didn't. You can save yourself and get some real food while your out. But first where are you going and who with?

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Just hanging out. With Todd.

Daniel comes to the door and looks out, while Kathy retreats to the kitchen.

At the end of the parking lot is TODD. Todd is a thuggish looking kid, about 17. He is currently sitting behind the wheel of a silver Mercedes Benz.

The year of the model appears to be early to mid 2000s, but still, it's a Mercedes freakin' Benz. The undercarriage sports red neons.

DANIEL

Hello Todd!

Todd just nods.

DANIEL

(to Josh)

Alright you can go. Don't let him drive that thing too fast.

JOSH

Thanks dad. And thanks again for the phone.

And he's out, the door shuts closed behind him.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Kathy's making a sauce now and Daniel stops just inside the door to the living room. He leans on the frame.

DANIEL

You never told me about this 'Becky'. Is it a girlfriend?

KATHY

Kind of. But she lives in another state. Tennessee.

DANIEL

I've always wanted to see Nashville. I think we've earned a family vacation, don't you?

KATHY

Our first vacation as a family is not going to be some secret mission to get our son laid.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
(laughing)
Wait I didn't say-

The phone on the wall RINGS right into Daniel's ear, startling him. Kathy laughs at him as he answers.

DANIEL
Hello.

CALLER (O.S.)
Is this Daniel?

DANIEL
Yes, can I-

CALLER (O.S.)
I hope you and your whole family
rot in hell you deserve to die you
murdering piece of shit!

CLICK

DANIEL
Who is this! Hey! *Who the fuck is
this!*

Daniel SLAMS the phone down hard enough to crack the cradle, than picks it up and starts punching numbers in.

KATHY
Who was it? Who are you calling?

DANIEL
The police.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Daniel stands on the porch stoop in front of the closed front door. Kathy and Sheriff Horton stand side by side facing him. Horton's hat and glasses are removed, revealing surprisingly sympathetic eyes.

HORTON
Unfortunately everyone knows how to
block their number. Now if it was
just one person I might say to
start keeping a record of the
threats, but let's be honest, this
is a lot of different people.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

It had almost stopped completely there for awhile, but I guess people are hearing he's out now.

HORTON

Yeah it's picking up again, but with a little luck it will drop right back off again too.

DANIEL

So your advice is to wait it out? They threatened my family!

HORTON

Look I can send a squad car by your house a few times a day, make sure no one's bothering you in person. But the best thing you can do to put an end to this is just what I told you the other day. Keep a low profile. Stay out of people's hair. When people think of you they get riled up. Give them a chance to forget you.

DANIEL

Wait it out. That's what you do when there's nothing else to do.

HORTON

I know. That's why you're doing it.

KATHY

Thanks for coming out, Sheriff.

DANIEL

Yeah, thanks *Frankie*.

Daniel turns and enters the house.

HORTON

Don't forget Kathy, it's mostly just kids playing pranks. And everybody else could be calling from as far away as Canada for all we know.

KATHY

Thanks Frank. I'll try to remember that.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Kathy enters, closing the door behind her.

KATHY

You should've let him come in.

DANIEL

Why? If he's gonna do nothing he can do nothing on my porch.

KATHY

He's doing what he can.

DANIEL

Are you fucking kidding me?! I'm not back in town for more than two minutes and he's already up my ass, harassing us, telling me to, 'watch my back'! I got people threatening my family, screaming in my ear, 'Fuck you die! Fuck you die!' and that prick acts like it's my fucking fault for daring to step outside my front door and-

KATHY

A bomb exploded Daniel!

(anguished)

People died. It *is* your fucking fault!

Kathy storms down the hallway. The bedroom door SLAMS shut. Daniel stands useless.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Daniel sits on his porch stoop smoking, drinking and generally looking miserable.

Josh walks up to the porch from the driveway and stops at his dad.

JOSH

You OK?

DANIEL

Yeah I'm fine. Me and your mom got into it a little.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Is she mad about the phone?

DANIEL

No, it's not the phone. It... it just is. It's no one's fault. We'll be fine.

JOSH

Don't spend all night out here.

Josh steps by him to the door.

DANIEL

Hey, what happened to your ride?

JOSH

Oh, he just dropped me off down the street.

Josh's string quartet ringtone goes off and he disappears inside the house. Daniel takes a swig.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD. DAY.

Daniel walks past bulldozers, backhoes and other equipment to his blue pick-up. He wears a flannel shirt, blue jeans and a hard hat. He's sweaty and sunburned.

Reaching his truck he jerks open the hatch and tosses his tool box into the truck bed peevishly.

As he heads to the driver's seat a burly man about equal to Daniel's age steps out from behind a van. This is ROCCO.

ROCCO

Hey Dan, wait up.

Daniel opens the door and tosses his hard hat inside.

ROCCO

Just wanted to tell you, you've been doing good work these last couple days.

DANIEL

Thanks. So does that mean you want me tomorrow?

ROCCO

If you want.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
Sounds good. I'll see you tomorrow.

Daniel hops behind the wheel.

ROCCO
And don't mind Bill and Keith.
They're hard on all the newcomers.
But I can tell them to tone it
down.

DANIEL
I don't need any special treatment.

Daniel guns the engine.

DANIEL
I've dealt with worse men than Bill
and Keith.

Daniel pulls out.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Daniel's car rolls slowly down a congested highway, the
radio plays in the background.

RADIO DJ(O.S.)
You're listening to 97.1 WSRV,
Atlanta's number one station for
your favorite classic rock hits.

RADIO NEWS GIRL(O.S.)
The time is three forty five in the
afternoon. This is your July eighth
traffic and weather report. I-75 is
backed up all the way to the 4-0-1
after...

Stopped at a red light, Daniel retrieves his wallet and
pulls out a piece of note paper.

INSERT-NOTE PAPER

"3620 Camp Circle, Decatur, July 8th 4:05pm, 555-749-6047"

Daniel considers the paper, then scans the roadside.

There's a gas station down the road a bit with a payphone on
the side of the building.

Daniel looks back and forth between the payphone and the
paper, then shrugs and pulls the car in the shoulder.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY.

Daniel stands by the payphone looking at the sheet. He looks at his watch, then picks the phone up and pops in some change.

He dials the number and waits. It RINGS once.

RINGS twice

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
 You have reached 555-749-6047. At
 the beep please leave a message.

Daniel hangs up before the beep. He looks at the phone, puzzled, stuffs the note in his pocket and walks away.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Daniel comes in through the door.

DANIEL
 I'm home.

Kathy appears in the kitchen doorway.

KATHY
 Did you have a good day?

DANIEL
 Yeah. He says I should keep coming.

KATHY
 Good, I'm glad. I'm making pasta
 for dinner. It should be ready
 soon.

Kathy withdraws back to the kitchen. Daniel notices the TV.

On the TV is a newscast. The footage is showing the aftermath of some kind of destruction. There are firefighters, bloodied people and smoke surrounding everything. The scroll at the bottom reads, "Explosion in Georgia" The sound is muted.

DANIEL
 (to Kathy)
 What happened?

Kathy doesn't answer, so Daniel grabs the remote and turns the sound up.

(CONTINUED)

A reporter stands amongst spectators and other reporters. Police cars and a barricade can be seen a few feet behind her. A distant smoke trail rises from behind some buildings.

TV REPORTER

...saying now that all indications are that this blast was intentional. A bomb squad has been called in and the Atlanta Metro area is being placed on high alert.

The report cuts to the news anchor.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Thank you, Alice. For those of you just tuning in, at just after four this afternoon an explosion occurred in Decatur, Georgia outside the DeKalb County Courthouse. The blast shock buildings as....

Daniel digs into his pocket frantically and pulls out the sheet.

INSERT-NOTE PAPER

"....Decatur, July 8th 4:05pm...."

He loses his feet and ends up sitting on the couch.

Kathy comes in and Daniel shoves the note back in his pocket.

She fetches her purse from an end table, as she turns she stops to watch the TV.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

You've said the blast was intentional. Do the police have any information as to suspects or a motive?

TV REPORTER

The police are not speculating on any suspects or motive yet, but my sources tell me that they are treating this as an act of terrorism.

Kathy grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

I don't think we need to be hearing about this kind of news. Could you help me set the table?

Kathy walks back to the kitchen. Daniel staggers up to follow but stops.

DANIEL

You know what, I just realized I'm out of cigarettes. I'm gonna run out real quick. Do you need anything?

KATHY(O.S.)

No, but please be quick. Dinner's almost ready and I'd like to eat as a family for once.

DANIEL

I'll be right back.

Daniel hurries out the front door.

EXT. QUICK STOP STORE. NIGHT.

Daniel sits in his truck in the crowded convenience store parking lot. He smokes a cigarette with the window down and listens intently to the radio.

RADIO NEWSCASTER(O.S.)

Police have evacuated the buildings immediately surrounding the courthouse and are using bomb sniffing dogs to sweep the area. The bomb went off just as many of the courthouse's staff were exiting to go home for the day. Aerial shots on the news seem to indicate that the blast originated close to a bench that was just off the stairwell. You can see what's left of the bench as well as a large blood stain on the pavement.

Daniel takes in a deep drag and let's it out shakily.

DANIEL

Oh God...

Daniel turns and looks out his window.

(CONTINUED)

Sheriff Horton sits in his patrol car, parked right next to him. Horton's window is down too. He's staring daggers at Daniel.

Daniel rolls up his window and puts his cigarette out in the ash tray,

RADIO NEWSCASTER(O.S.)
...new numbers coming in now that
put the casualty numbers at five
dead, and twenty-three injured.

Daniel pulls his truck out and drives off.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Daniel and his family sit eating dinner. Kathy and Josh go on about their day.

Daniel just sits, absently pushing his food around the plate.

Josh bursts out laughing and jabs Daniel on the shoulder.

JOSH
Right dad?

DANIEL
Hmm? I'm sorry. I wasn't listening.

KATHY
Are you okay honey? You look pale.

DANIEL
I'm fine. I'm just tired, from work
I guess.

KATHY
You should get to bed early
tonight. You've got long days ahead
of you.

DANIEL
Yeah.

JOSH
(to Kathy)
So anyway they kicked him out of
school-

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel and Kathy sit on the couch. She's fallen asleep with some reality show on. He's holding the note sheet. But this time a different part of it grabs his attention.

INSERT-NOTE PAPER

"2356 Century Parkway, July 12th 5:00pm, 555-836-3487"

Down the hall comes the sound of a DOOR OPENING and CLOSING.

Daniel listens to FOOTSTEPS. Then another DOOR CLOSING.

Now the SHOWER RUNNING.

Daniel gets up slowly. Kathy stirs awake as he starts down the hall.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel enters the room and immediately sees the smartphone on Josh's bedside table. He grabs it and begins searching through it. Swiping and tapping frantically.

Kathy comes in behind him, looking groggy.

KATHY

What are you doing?

Daniel jumps and turns, phone in hand.

DANIEL

I'm trying to find something I saw on here before.

KATHY

I thought you said you erased it.

Daniel thinks on that.

DANIEL

Yeah I did.

KATHY

So, whatever it was isn't on there anymore. Will you stop going through our son's stuff?

Daniel sets the phone back down.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Yeah okay.

KATHY

And close the door on your way out.

Kathy exits leaving Daniel to stand there looking lost for a beat when-

A hip-hop RINGTONE begins playing.

Daniel looks at the smartphone. The screen is black.

Daniel zones in on the sound. He grabs Josh's jacket off a closet hook and rifles through the pockets.

He pulls out a basic cellphone that is ringing off the hook. The screen reads, 'Call from... Todd'

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Josh enters his room wearing a T-shirt and sweatpants while drying his hair.

Daniel sits in a chair against the wall.

DANIEL

We need to talk.

JOSH

What's up?

DANIEL

Close the door.

Josh closes the door behind him and steps forward. Daniel holds the cellphone up.

DANIEL

Why do you have two phones?

JOSH

That's my old phone. You just got me a new one.

DANIEL

Let me phrase this another way, why do you have to *active* phones?

JOSH

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

This rang. Todd called. You have two active phones and I know mom is only aware of and paying for one. So what do you use the other phone for?

Josh looks like a deer in headlights. Daniel stands.

DANIEL

You don't really need to answer that. See I already know some of the activities that a person engages in that makes them need a second phone. And when that person is a teenager, I know that none of them are good.

JOSH

I couldn't keep my old number so I-

DANIEL

Stop. It's too late. No excuse you make will convince me, so here's the deal. I'm not going to tell your mother about what I think this means.

He holds up the phone.

DANIEL

But I'm keeping this.

JOSH

Dad, you can't!

DANIEL

The smartphone is still yours, but this is mine now, and not for a little while; forever. You can decide for yourself if you want to keep paying for a line you'll never use again.

JOSH

This isn't fair, I didn't even do anything!

DANIEL

In the meantime I strongly suggest you cease whatever activity prompted this, cause if I ever discover what this is really all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL (cont'd)
about, you are going to be in a
hell of a lot more trouble than you
are now.

JOSH
Is that so?

DANIEL
Don't talk back to me boy.

JOSH
You're not even supposed to be
here.

DANIEL
Well I am.

Daniel exits the room and Josh kicks the door shut behind him.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Daniel steps out on the porch looking frazzled. He lights a cigarette and blows the smoke towards the stars. His gaze comes back down and he freezes.

Across the street, pulled up to the curb is a police cruiser with it's lights off. The windows are too dark to see inside.

For a moment it just sits there. Then the engine starts up and the lights turn on. It pulls away from the curb and rolls leisurely down the road.

Daniel looks after it.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Daniel sits at the kitchen table ladling cereal to his mouth while Kathy darts around the kitchen like a mad woman.

KATHY
I might have to stay late today.
Corbin has some extra patients
coming in, so if you get home
before me could you start up
dinner?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
Yeah no problem.

KATHY
Do you know when you'll be home?

DANIEL
No idea.

Kathy slams the lid down on her travel mug, grabs her purse and gives Daniel a peck on the cheek.

KATHY
See you later.

DANIEL
Have a good day.

As soon as she is safely out the front door Daniel gets up and goes to the phone. He dials and waits.

DANIEL
Hey Rocco how are you doing?
(pause)
Okay, but I've got a problem.
Something happened last night and I
don't want to go into it, but I'm
gonna be filling out police reports
all day.
(pause)
No, everyone's fine. We've been
getting crank calls and stuff and
it escalated a little more last
night and Kathy wants me to bring
it to the cops today.
(pause)
Yeah
(pause, laughs)
Yeah, I know. Listen I'll be in
tomorrow and I'm really sorry about
this. It won't happen again.
(pause)
Thanks, bye.

Daniel hangs up the phone and heads out the door.

EXT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. DAY.

Daniel pulls his blue pick-up into the driveway and jumps out. There is only one other car present. He heads inside.

INT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. DAY.

Daniel walks in. The place is empty except for Joe Junior sitting at a table and watching a TV.

He looks up at Daniel. Looks over at a wall clock.

The hands read twenty after eleven.

Joe looks back to Daniel.

JOE

Hi.

DANIEL

Hey, I was looking for Al. Do you know when the last time you saw him was?

JOE

Yesterday around noon.

DANIEL

Are you sure?

JOE

Yeah. He comes in at noon almost every day for lunch.

DANIEL

I drove by his house on the way here and didn't see his truck. You think he'll be stopping in today?

JOE

I don't see why not.

DANIEL

Mind if I wait?

JOE

Of course not. Can I get you anything?

Daniel takes a seat at one of the tables.

DANIEL

Beer and a burger.

Joe lifts himself up and makes his way around the bar. Daniel looks at the TV.

It's news coverage of the explosion. The bottom scroll mentions, "six dead".

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Six dead? When I fell asleep last night it was five.

JOE

Yeah. It could've been worse though.

DANIEL

What do you mean?

Joe comes to the table with Daniel's beer.

JOE

An explosion that size would have done a lot more damage if it was inside the building. Instead he put it on a bench like, thirty feet away from the building. He didn't have the balls to go inside.

DANIEL

Maybe they have other plans and don't want to get caught.

JOE

I say take the chance. If you're gonna do something do it right.

Daniel looks wearily at Joe as Joe just stands there, looking at the TV and shaking his head.

JOE

Pussy.

Joe walks back around the bar and Daniel lifts the beer to his mouth.

JOE

How do you like your burger?

DANIEL

In this place? Well-done.

INT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. DAY

The clock on the wall reads ten after twelve.

Daniel looks down from this at his near empty beer, then at Joe who's back to watching the news channel's twenty-four hour disaster porn.

He takes his last gulp of beer, then stands and walks to the bathroom.

INT. BAR BATHROOM. DAY.

Daniel leans over the sink and splashes water on his face. He looks in the mirror at himself. He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

He rips a towel from the dispenser and notices some graffiti on it.

A swastika is drawn in black sharpie marker. Underneath is written, "All roads lead to Elohim City".

Daniel frowns at this and exits the bathroom.

INT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. DAY

Daniel stops outside the restroom alcove

DANIEL

Hey Joe! I thought you said Al would be here by now?

JOE

He usually is.

DANIEL

I ain't got all day.

JOE

Well if he's not here by now he probably won't be here today.

Daniel crosses the room as he talks.

DANIEL

You got a number on him, so I can get in touch?

JOE

I don't give out other people's numbers.

DANIEL

Well what about this garden store of his? I'm sure he'd greet a customer.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Nope, it's closed on Tuesdays.

DANIEL
Christ. Well tell him I'm looking
for him when you see him.

JOE
Can do.

Daniel takes out his wallet.

DANIEL
What's the damage?

EXT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL. DAY.

Daniel walks to his truck and fires it up.

The truck backs up and pulls to the road. It hesitates then
turns left.

It drives about twenty feet then abruptly cuts a U-turn and
goes speeding in the opposite direction.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Daniel's truck flies down the winding, deserted country
road. It passes the old abandon barn and turns onto the
lightly used path.

Tim's compound rises into view on the hill.

EXT. TIM'S COMPOUND. DAY.

Daniel's pick-up stops just outside the gate. He jumps out
and hits the intercom talk button.

DANIEL
Hey Tim, It's Daniel. Open up.

There's no response.

DANIEL
Come on Tim, I need some help.

Still no response.

Daniel hits another button and a loud BUZZER sounds from
inside.

(CONTINUED)

He waits. And hits it again. And again. And again.

And holds it.....

Nothing.

Daniel walks to the back of his truck and climbs into the bed. He angles to see over the fence, then climbs to the roof of the cab and looks again.

Everything looks pretty deserted inside. Not much has changed from the other night. Just a building, some black mannequins and....

There's a black pick-up peeking out from behind the garage.

DANIEL
(yelling)
Al! Hey Al, let me in!

Daniel leans in from the top of his truck and grabs hold of the fence. He hoists himself atop it and drops off the other side.

He walks in slowly, heading towards the front door of the main building.

Flying above the door is a black flag. A portrait of Adolf Hitler is pictured with the words, "Don't tread on me, either" printed in red dripping blood font underneath.

He reaches out and KNOCKS on the door.

Silence.

He POUNDS.

No response.

Daniel steps away from the door and looks towards the garage. The black pick-up can still be seen.

Daniel walks towards it. As he reaches the garage he looks down the alley way that divides it from the main building.

It runs straight through to the other side and is uncluttered.

He continues on past the garage and starts to round the corner when...

BANG! A shot rings out. A slug impacts the sheet metal fence with a THUNDEROUS CLANG.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel hits the deck and turns to see Tim.

Tim emerges like a ghost from the alleyway, training a shot gun on Daniel.

He looks agitated.

TIM
What do you want?

DANIEL
Whoa, hold up. I just need to talk to Al.

TIM
Al's not here.

DANIEL
(motioning behind him)
That's not his truck?

TIM
I told you, Al's not here.

DANIEL
Then maybe you can help.

Tim steps closer.

TIM
Why the fuck are you here? Are you with the cops now?

DANIEL
No!

TIM
Then why the fuck are you here?!

DANIEL
I just had some questions about my son's phone.

Tim looks at Daniel like he's the looniest motherfucker in the world.

TIM
What?!

DANIEL
My son's phone, I have some questions about it.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Call tech support motherfucker! Are
fucking kidding me?

Daniel stands up slowly

DANIEL

It's not about how it works. I need
to know where it came from.

TIM

What do mean?

DANIEL

How did it come to you? Who owned
it before me?

TIM

I don't know.

DANIEL

How can you not know?

TIM

I got fifty more phones in the bag
just like it. I don't know where
your specific phone came from.

Daniel looks frustrated. He's thinking.

DANIEL

Did you or Al give me that phone on
purpose?

TIM

Huh? Of course we did. You asked
for a phone and we gave you a
phone. I mean-

DANIEL

No, I mean that *specific* phone.

Tim lowers the gun completely.

DANIEL

Are you trying to use me for
something?

Tim just looks puzzled now. He cracks a smile.

TIM

Dude, what was on that phone?

Daniel hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
Just stuff.

TIM
Well what stuff?

DANIEL
Just stupid things.

TIM
How stupid could it be? You came
all he way out here. You jumped my
fence.

DANIEL
I was just curious.

TIM
Curious?! Look around you asshole!
Does this look like the kind of
place you break into cause you're
fucking *curious*?!

DANIEL
I'm sorry I bothered you.

TIM
(laughing)
Oh my God. Get the fuck out of
here.

Daniel starts walking back to the gate.

DANIEL
If you see Al-

TIM
Out!

Tim disappears back into the alleyway as Daniel reaches the gate.

Daniel brushes dirt off his pants and gathers himself. He takes one last look over his shoulder at the black pick-up.

The gate begins rolling open.

Daniel steps out and with the metallic GRINDING OF GEARS, the gate reverses itself closed immediately.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Kathy stands at the kitchen counter opening a bottle of wine.

She turns the screw, pushes down the arms, and pries the cork out. She drops the wine opener onto the counter.

She slowly pours out a nice full glass of deep red wine.

She puts a wine stopper in the top of the bottle and pushes it to the back of the counter.

Lifting the glass to her nose, she savors the aroma while gently swirling the liquid inside.

She puts it to her mouth to take a sip when...

Daniel BUSTS in through the back door, looking like a zombie who likes to kick things.

He drops a tool box on the floor, kicks his boots off and collapse onto a kitchen chair.

Kathy takes a good long look at this wreck of a man she's married to...

and places the glass of wine in front of him.

KATHY

Here. You need this more than I do.

Daniel chugs it like a beer and slams it down.

DANIEL

Thank you.

Kathy takes the glass back to pour some more.

KATHY

Long day at work?

DANIEL

Sure. Kathy, does it mean anything that I'm back?

KATHY

Of course it does.

DANIEL

Really? If I got hauled back to jail tomorrow it wouldn't be like, 'oh well. Life goes on'.

(CONTINUED)

Kathy turns to Daniel with a refreshed glass.

KATHY

Did you do something that's gonna
get you sent to jail?

Daniel looks painfully perplexed for a moment.

DANIEL

It's a hypothetical. Am I doing
good now that I'm out?

KATHY

Absolutely.

DANIEL

Like...?

Kathy takes a seat next to Daniel and places a hand on his
knee.

KATHY

Your pitching in around the house
for one. This place is finally
looking clean again for the first
time in I don't know how long, and
that's all you. Josh finally has a
real father. I finally have a real
husband. Your working, so we'll be
able to send Josh to some sort of
good college without him having to
go completely into debt. None of
that stuff happens without you
here.

Kathy leans in and kisses him.

DANIEL

Can I ask you something?

Kathy nods.

DANIEL

Why did you wait for me?

Kathy struggles to form answer.

The phone RINGS.

DANIEL

Ugh. I've got.

Daniel raises himself to his feet and lumbers to the phone.
He picks it up and puts it to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
Daniel speaking.

CALLER (O.S.)
*I'm gonna slit your throat, cut off
your balls and shove you testicles
down your neck!*

DANIEL
Take a number.

Daniel hangs up the phone and turns towards Kathy.

It RINGS again.

DANIEL
Ahhhhhh!

Daniel yanks the phone off the cradle and jams it in his ear.

DANIEL
Baba Boeey! Baba Boeey! Baba Boeey!

Daniel stops and listens. His face changes.

DANIEL
What's up Horton?

INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

Daniel and Kathy sit across from Sheriff Horton at Horton's desk. Josh sits in the corner of the room; head down.

HORTON
I clocked your son's friend doing
forty-five in a forty mile an hour
zone and pulled him over.

KATHY
(to Josh)
Who were you driving with?

JOSH
(sullen)
George.

HORTON
As I was talking to George I
detected the scent of marijuana. I
searched the car and found about
two pounds of pot.

(CONTINUED)

Kathy stares daggers at Josh.

DANIEL
So what happens now?

HORTON
I'm not going to make him stay the night in jail, but he will be charged with possession.

KATHY
What's the punishment?

HORTON
He'll have to appear in court. The mandatory minimum is one year in jail, but the prosecutor may settle with a fine.

KATHY
What's the likelihood of that happening?

HORTON
I'll talk to him myself.

Horton stands.

HORTON
Alright, young man, you're free to go. But if you end up back here I'm not doing you any favors, understand?

Josh just nods.

KATHY
Thank you. I'll make sure he doesn't.

Kathy stands and shakes Horton's hand. Daniel and Josh head to the door. Daniel holds open the door for them.

HORTON
Daniel, can I have a word?

Kathy stops and turns. Daniel hesitates at the door.

HORTON
It'll only take a few minutes. They can go ahead and fill out some paper work.

Daniel turns to Kathy.

DANIEL
Alright. I'll be right out.

He closes the door and returns to his seat.

DANIEL
What's this about?

HORTON
First off I'm sorry about Josh.

DANIEL
Look it's one thing to harass and
intimidate me, it's another thing
to hassle my son.

HORTON
The kid had over two pounds of
marijuana, Daniel.

DANIEL
I realize that. I'm gonna deal with
it. But forty-five in a forty. Come
on. You didn't pull him over for
speeding, and I'm betting you
didn't search the car cause you
smelled anything either. You pulled
him out and searched him for being
my son.

HORTON
Now wait a minute-

DANIEL
No! I can't go get a pack of
cigarettes without you being up my
ass. You've got squad cars stalking
outside my house-

HORTON
Those squad cars are there because
you reported threatening calls! But
if the police being outside your
house scares you more then death
threats, I can make them stop!

DANIEL
Oh, I'm sure you would.

Horton reaches below his desk and lifts up a folder. He
SLAMS it on the desk and opens it. He grabs a pen.

(CONTINUED)

HORTON

I've been instructed to ask you some questions.

DANIEL

By who?

HORTON

I need to know everything you did on July eighth. Morning to night.

DANIEL

Why?

HORTON

You know why.

DANIEL

Are you accusing me of something?

HORTON

No, but less than one week after you're released a bomb goes off twenty miles away; inside a courthouse of all places.

DANIEL

Outside a courthouse actually.

HORTON

This is procedure.

DANIEL

And if I don't feel like talking to you?

HORTON

I'll assume you have something to hide.

Daniel sighs. Horton starts taking notes

DANIEL

I woke up around six in the morning. Left for work around seven and got there a little after eight.

HORTON

Where do you work?

DANIEL

I'm with Rocky Construction now. We did work in Porterdale, on Heaton Road.

(CONTINUED)

HORTON

Who are some of the people you worked with?

DANIEL

Rocco. Someone named Bill. I think another guy was named Keith. I didn't get any last names.

HORTON

Alright, and then what?

DANIEL

It was short day so I left around 4 and got home around five thirty.

HORTON

Did you make any stops on the way home?

DANIEL

No.

Horton looks up and studies him.

HORTON

Continue.

DANIEL

After I got home I went out to get cigarettes, saw you, then went back home, ate dinner and went to bed.

HORTON

And the names you mentioned will verify your story.

DANIEL

Yes. Listen...

Horton looks up.

DANIEL

I don't know anything about the people who planned this attack, just like I didn't know anything about the attack fourteen years ago that I *served my time* for!

HORTON

Well that's not true. You knew a little, at least. I mean, Daniel, you sold them their arsenal.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Fine, did I sell them guns and explosives? Yes. And I went to jail for it. But I had no idea they were going to execute an attack.

HORTON

So you're saying that if you knew an attack was coming you'd stop it?

Daniel's eyes fall on a page a day calendar that sits on Horton's desk.

The date is July 9th. His eyes return to Horton.

DANIEL

Yes. Look, it's impossible to tell with these types of guys whether they're just little boys in adult bodies who like to shoot shit and play war or whether they're actually willing to do something.

Horton begins searching through the papers in front of him.

HORTON

You know I was there when they raided your house. When they searched your mom's old apartment; my condolences by the way. I was there for every piece of evidence gathered in this town. Oh here it is.

Horton plucks out a few pages and puts the rest aside.

HORTON

This one was my favorite. It never made it to trial though. It's a short story you wrote.

Daniel shifts in his chair.

HORTON

You know what I'm talking about?

DANIEL

It's from my first year in college.

Horton reads from the pages.

(CONTINUED)

HORTON

"The explosion ripped through the building with the fury of an angry God. Flames engulfed the entire police station. Cops stumbled out into the street, bleeding and blinded. Micheal rose up his rifle from his perch in the church steeple. He took careful aim and fired. The fifty caliber BMG round tore through the neck of a running nigger cop-"

Daniel coughs and shifts again. Horton looks up.

HORTON

I'm sorry does that word make you uncomfortable?

He looks back to the page.

HORTON

"-decapitating him instantly" well that's creative. "He grabbed the rope next to him and pulled on it hard. The church bells rang from the steeple in all their glory. A woman below pointed up at him screaming. Micheal raised the rifle again and bellowed down in a thunderous voice, "Come and get me, pigs."

Horton places the page down and looks up.

HORTON

It goes on like that.

DANIEL

I was nineteen.

Horton stands up and comes around the desk.

HORTON

Here's what I think. I believe that your old friends; the ones who bombed that building. I think they would've had no problem, absolutely no hesitations whatsoever, about telling *every single detail* of their plan to the man who wrote that story.

Daniel meets his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
Do have anymore *questions*?

HORTON
No. Your free to go.

Horton goes to the door and opens it. Daniel leaves. But on his way out...

DANIEL
Did you really think you were keeping me?

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kathy lies on the bed in her sleepwear while Daniel gets into his

KATHY
What are we going to do about this?
We can't even ground him for real.
He's home all the time while we're at work. He's got ten hours a day with zero supervision

Daniel finishes pulling a T-shirt on.

DANIEL
School will come soon enough. But from now on we search his room, his bags, everything. He doesn't go anywhere without us knowing what's on him.

KATHY
For how long?

DANIEL
As long as it takes. We keep him away from his friends for a little while too.

The phone RINGS

KATHY
Oh God. Isn't it a little late for this.

DANIEL
I got it.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Daniel enters the kitchen and answers the phone.

DANIEL
Hello?

There is heavy breathing on the line.

DANIEL
Hello?

The voice that comes through is whispered and scrambled.

CALLER (O.S.)
don't talk. snitch!

The line goes dead. Daniel hangs up the phone and lingers next to it.

RING!!!

Daniel picks the phone up hesitantly.

DANIEL
What?

More breathing.

DANIEL
Hello?!

AL (O.S.)
Danny.

DANIEL
Al? Is that you?

AL (O.S.)
What are you up to Danny?

DANIEL
Al, did you just call me a second ago?

AL (O.S.)
Why? Are you getting strange calls?

DANIEL
You sound drunk. What is it you need?

(CONTINUED)

AL (O.S.)
What is it you need?

DANIEL
It's after midnight and I don't
feel like going in circles like
this. I'm hanging up.

AL (O.S.)
You jumped the fence looking for
me. What do you need?

A distant CRASH comes from outside. And the sound of a car
TURNING OVER.

DANIEL
You know what Timmy helped me out
just fine. I've got to go now-

AL (O.S.)
I've got a lot of plates in the air
right now Danny. I don't need you
getting in the way.

DANIEL
(hurrying)
I'm sorry. I'll stay out of the
way. I've gotta go now.

Daniel hangs up the phone and runs for the door.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Daniel rushes out the door and to the road.

Distant tail lights can be seen in the distance. Much too
far to see anything else though.

Daniel turns to go back inside when he sees...

A knocked over trash can lying beside the house. It rocks
gently back and forth.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel comes back into the house, closing the door and
locking the dead bolt behind him.

He goes to the window and draws the curtains.

As he walks towards the hall his eye catches on something
tacked to the wall. He stops.

(CONTINUED)

It's a monthly calendar. The picture is a patriotic scene of an American flag waving in the wind. It is being saluted by members of the armed forces.

The month is July. Friday the 12th looms ominously.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Daniel drives down the road smoking and listening to the radio.

RADIO DJ(O.S.)

I don't understand why there has been so little information from the police. We know where the blast happened, that it was triggered from a distance, and that it was some kind of fertilizer bomb, but after that there's been no information.

RADIO DJ 2(O.S.)

Well I remember they said the heat from the blast was so intense that there wasn't a whole lot of evidence left intact.

Daniel pulls the car over and puts it into park.

RADIO DJ(O.S.)

Don't give me that. The police have scientists and bomb forensic laboratories and all sorts of resources. They should be coming up with something by-

Daniel kills the engine and jumps out of the truck.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY

Daniel makes his way to the sidewalk and walks into the Jonesboro Public Library.

INT. JONESBORO PUBLIC LIBRARY. DAY.

Daniel walks past the rows of book shelves and to a computer station in the back corner.

He sits down and begins typing away. A search engine page opens.

(CONTINUED)

Inside the search box Daniel types "3620 Camp Circle, Decatur, GA".

The results pop up. The first is a link to "DeKalb County Courthouse". The rest of the links are news items about the explosion.

Daniel clicks through a few photos of the devastation. He leans back and collects himself.

DANIEL

Alright.

Daniel pulls the note paper from his pocket and reads from it as he types, "2356 Century Parkway, GA"

The results pop up. "FBI-ATLANTA"

Daniel clicks on a photo. A tall skyscraper with a smooth blue glass facade is shown rising above a few newly planted elm trees.

Daniel exits out of everything. Stuffing the piece of paper back in his pocket, he hastily exits the library.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Daniel drives down the road again. Smoking again.

He comes up on a pedestrian walking down the side walk, recognition grows in his face.

He slams on the breaks with a SCREECH and pulls to the side. He sticks his head out of the window.

DANIEL

Josh!

Josh looks up. His face is bloody and bruised.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Daniel drives down the road with Josh in the passenger seat. Josh holds a paper towel to a gash on his forehead.

DANIEL

What happened?

JOSH

I just got beat up.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

By who?

Josh just shakes his head.

DANIEL

You're not even supposed to be out of the house you know. If you'd stayed home-

JOSH

It wouldn't matter.

DANIEL

What do you mean?

JOSH

They know where I live. I left the house so they wouldn't find me.

DANIEL

Who Josh?

JOSH

I can't tell you. It'll just make things worse.

DANIEL

Does this have something to do with drugs?

Josh stays silent.

DANIEL

Josh you have to tell me *something*.

JOSH

Yes... It has to do with drugs. I owe someone money because the cops took that weed.

DANIEL

How much money?

JOSH

Two thousand dollars.

Daniel winces.

DANIEL

Alright, we're going to the police.

JOSH

No!

DANIEL

You're being threatened Josh-

JOSH

No, the cops will want a name.

DANIEL

Then you give them one.

JOSH

(desperate)

Damn it dad, you know they can't do anything about our threats. They write up forms and drive by the house, but that's all. Right now this guy just wants to beat me up, if I go to the police and start naming names....

Josh just shakes his head. He's on the verge of tears.

JOSH

I can just keep my head down and try to avoid him. Eventually he'll lose interest.

DANIEL

Are you sure about that?

JOSH

No, but I'm stuck dad. Don't you get it? There's no right thing to do.

DANIEL

Yeah I get that.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. DAY.

Daniel's truck pulls in the driveway.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Daniel puts it in park and turns to his son.

DANIEL

Listen to me. We've got a lot of forces coming down on us right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL (cont'd)
But I'm not going to let anything happen to us. I'm going to protect you whatever it takes, okay?

JOSH
How?

DANIEL
Leave that up to me. You just stay at the house. I don't care if he knows you're there. Just lock the doors. If something happens call the cops and hide.

Josh nods.

JOSH
Are you going to tell mom?

Daniel leans back in his seat and thinks.

JOSH
She'll make me go to the police.

DANIEL
You can tell your mom whatever you like. Tell her you got into a fight with a friend. I'll back the story.

JOSH
Thanks dad.

DANIEL
No problem. Come on let's put some ice on that.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Daniel stands at the fridge, rummaging through the freezer. He pulls out an ice pack and hands it to Josh.

Josh places it gently over his eye.

DANIEL
Go to the bathroom. I want to do something with that gash.

Josh turns and exits. Daniel starts to follow, but stops.

His eyes rest on a blinking answering machine light. He presses the play button.

(CONTINUED)

CALLER (O.S.)

You better watch you're back Daniel
Micheal-

Daniel hits a button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Message deleted.

ROCCO (O.S.)

Hey Daniel it's Rocco. Where are
you? I haven't been hearing from
you. Let me know what's going on.
Do you still want this job? Call
me.

Daniel hits a button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Message deleted.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Daniel's truck is on the move again. Driving slowly through
the neighborhood. It pulls into the driveway of a handsome,
but cozy, two level house.

He park's behind a black pick-up truck.

Daniel gets out and walks up to the front door, knocking on
it.

He waits a beat, looking up and down the road. The door
opens revealing Al.

AL

Daniel? What are you doing here?

DANIEL

I know I said I'd stay out of
you're way the other night, but you
know what? I've got a lot of plates
in the air too.

AL

Other night? What are you talking
about.

DANIEL

You called up my house. You sounded
mad... and drunk.

(CONTINUED)

AL

Well, I must have been, cause I don't remember that.

DANIEL

Al I'm gonna ask this once and I need you to be straight with me. Are you, or anyone you know, responsible for the threats that are being leveled at my family?

AL

What?! No! Of course not. I'm not exactly sure what to make of you now, but I'm not threatening your family.

DANIEL

You swear?

AL

Yes, Danny. Jesus.

DANIEL

Good. Then I need you to do something for me that'll prove it.

AL

What?

DANIEL

I need you to get me a gun.

AL

(scoffs)

I don't know about that one. Your a convicted felon. If I gave you a gun-

DANIEL

That's exactly why I need it to be you. I can't walk into a sporting goods store to buy one. I've got no where else to turn.

AL

God damn it.

DANIEL

Al, my family is in danger. I know you can get me a weapon easy and I know you can make it untraceable. I promise this will never link back to you.

(CONTINUED)

AL

Hold on.

Al closes the door. Daniel stands and waits, looking nervously around.

The door opens again and Al comes out. Now he looks nervously around.

Satisfied, he shoves a small revolver into Daniel's hands.

AL

Here take this.

DANIEL

This isn't registered to you is it?

AL

Of course not. It's untraceable. There's six rounds in it. Beyond that you're on your own for ammo.

DANIEL

That's fine. Thank you.

AL

And now I think you really *do* need to get out of here. Take care.

Al retreats back into the house as Daniel shoves the gun in his waistband. Daniel steps off the porch.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel sits at a desk that rests against the front wall of the house. He stares out into the night, waiting.

Josh sits on the couch watching TV. He's eating pizza.

JOSH

When's mom coming home?

DANIEL

I don't know. She said she had to work late.

JOSH

She's been working late a lot lately.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
She didn't work late before?

Josh just shrugs and takes a bite of pizza.

JOSH
Can I change this?

Daniel looks over his shoulder.

DANIEL
Sure.

Josh flips through the channels and stops on some trashy reality show.

Daniel turns towards him.

DANIEL
Oh god. You watch this shit too?

JOSH
It's entertaining.

DANIEL
It's stupid.

JOSH
Yeah, I know.

Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL
What did your mom do to you?

Daniel turns in his chair when-

Something SMASHES through the window hitting Daniel in his head.

He falls to the ground. A brick lands with a THUD a few feet from him.

JOSH
Dad!

Daniel reaches up, grabbing his head.

The sound of SQUEALING tires is heard.

Daniel's eyes fill with fury.

He jumps up and runs for the door, pulling the revolver from his waistband as he does.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Daniel runs through his yard to the street.

A WHITE CAMRY is peeling down the road.

Daniel rises the gun and starts FIRING.

The first two shots hit nothing.

The third shot SLAMS into the back windshield.

The car veers heavily to the left, almost running off the road, then corrects itself.

Daniel fires the last three shots.

As the car makes a wild right turn, one of the rounds SMACKS against the passenger door.

The car corners the curb, then disappears out of sight.

Daniel stands there breathing heavily. A drop of blood rolls down his face.

He turns to see Josh at the doorway, looking stunned.

DANIEL

Everything's fine. Go back inside.

Josh lingers.

DANIEL

Go!

Josh runs back inside.

Daniel looks back down the road. He brings his hand to his head again; wincing.

INT. DANIEL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Daniel sits at the kitchen table. Kathy stands above him, nursing his wound with a wet paper towel. Josh stands in the doorway to the living room.

KATHY

So some asshole just through a brick through the window?

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Yeah.

KATHY

Well, what happened next?

Daniel and Josh exchange a glance.

DANIEL

He just drove away.

Kathy turns to Josh.

KATHY

Were you hurt?

Josh shakes his head.

KATHY

(to Daniel)

We should really take this to the police.

Josh backs silently out of the room.

DANIEL

That's not going to do anything.

KATHY

People are throwing bricks through our window.

DANIEL

And what are the police going to do about that?! We still don't know who did this and I didn't see any Horton's men out there tonight guarding the place! I'm telling you the police can't help us!

Kathy takes a seat.

KATHY

Then maybe we should start giving more serious consideration towards moving.

Daniel locks eyes.

DANIEL

That might be a really good idea. Just get out of dodge all together before the shit hits the fan.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel thinks.

DANIEL
Do we really have the money for
this?

KATHY
If this insanity is the alternative
I don't think it matters.

DANIEL
We should sleep on it.

Daniel stands up. He puts a hand on Kathy's shoulder and leans over. He gives her a kiss on the head.

DANIEL
I love you.

She puts her hand on his and looks up at him.

KATHY
I love you too.

Daniel straightens up.

DANIEL
I'm gonna go get dressed.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Daniel enters the room and closes the door behind him. He takes off his shirt and examines a bruise that's formed on his shoulder.

He walks over to his side of the bed and removes the gun from his waist band.

He rolls out the cylinder. It's empty.

He pushes the cylinder back in and tucks the gun gently under his side of the mattress.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Josh lies in bed wide awake. The clock on his bedside table reads 6:55am. Warm morning light leaks in through the curtained window.

A LIGHT KNOCK comes at the door. Josh, who lies facing away from the door, does not respond.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens and Daniel peeks his head through.

DANIEL
(whispers)
Josh?

No response.

Daniel moves over to the bed and sits on it. He reaches a hand out and lightly shakes Josh's leg.

DANIEL
Josh?

Josh turns over and half-heartedly pretends to wake up.

JOSH
Yeah.

DANIEL
I've got to go to work today. I know I've been here for a few days, but if don't go today I'll be out a job.

JOSH
I know.

DANIEL
Just remember what I said. Stay home and keep the doors locked and you'll be fine.

JOSH
Okay.

DANIEL
Okay.

Daniel leans down and kisses Josh on the forehead.

DANIEL
I'll see you later.

Daniel gets up and exits.

Josh lies on his bed, listening.

Daniel's footsteps THUMP down the hall.

Then a door OPENS AND CLOSES.

Josh gets up and looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

A car TURNS OVER and WHEELS ROLL OVER CONCRETE.

Josh heads out the door.

INT. DANIEL'S HALLWAY. DAY.

Josh moves silently down the hallway and peers out into the empty living room. Then he moves back to the door to his parent's room.

He turns the door knob slowly and pushes the door open.

His parent's room is empty.

Josh steps inside.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER. DAY.

Rocco sits at his desk filling out paper work.

Daniel steps in through the door and Rocco looks up.

ROCCO

Daniel, I'm surprised to see you. I thought you weren't coming back.

DANIEL

I'm sorry about that. It's been a challenging week.

ROCCO

Look I know you've got stuff to sort out at home, but we've got a job to complete. I can't put together a work schedule or manage a competent team if I don't know whether or not one of my men is going to show up. Maybe you tried to get back to work too early.

DANIEL

Maybe, but I'm ready now. I'm getting things under control and it won't be effecting my work anymore.

ROCCO

(sighs)

It better not. This is your last chance.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
I understand.

ROCCO
Good. Now, go out there and find
Keith. You're doing whatever he
says today.

Daniel exits.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD. DAY.

Daniel drives a shovel into the ground, lifts the soil out
and throws it onto a growing pile beside him.

BILL and KEITH man shovels too, helping to dig a drainage
ditch.

KEITH
Okay, what about Stacy?

BILL
Not even close.

KEITH
Why not?

BILL
She's got no tits.

KEITH
Tits aren't everything

BILL
They aren't nothing either. You've
got have them.

Daniel steps away and grabs a water bottle the rests against
a nearby drain pipe.

BILL
Hey it's not break time yet.

DANIEL
Just grabbing some water.

Daniel takes a gulp of water.

KEITH
Come on Danny boy, no rest for the
wicked.

Daniel tosses the water down and gets back to the ditch.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
(singing)
Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes
are calling. From glen to glen, and
down the mountain side.

Keith joins in.

BILL AND KEITH
(singing)
The summer's gone, and all the
flower dying. 'Tis you, 'tis you
must go and I must bide. But come
ye *back*...

Their voices break on the high note. Daniel gives them a
dirty look.

BILL AND KEITH
(singing)
when summer's in the meadow...

Rocco walks up to the group unnoticed by the duet.

BILL AND KEITH
(singing)
or when the valley's hushed and
white with snow...

ROCCO
Alright guys, cut it.

BILL AND KEITH
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in
shadow...

ROCCO
Hey shut up!

Keith ceases. Bill finishes.

BILL
(singing quietly)
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love
you so.

Rocco scowls at him.

ROCCO
(to Daniel)
You've got a phone call. Said it's
about your son.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
About my son?

EXT. QUICK STOP STORE. DAY

There's quite a scene at the convenience store. There are several cop cars and an ambulance in the parking lot. The entrance to the parking lot is roped off with police tape.

There is a crowd of spectators being kept back and it isn't easy to see anything else that's going on.

Daniel's truck pulls into the parking lot. Daniel jumps out and immediately notices Kathy's red sedan.

He walks over to it. The driver's side window is down.

Inside Kathy has a white knuckled grip on the steering wheel. There are tears streaming down her face. Her body is frozen.

DANIEL
What happened?

KATHY
(whimpering)
I don't know. I can't get out.

DANIEL
Do you want to stay here?

Kathy shakes her head, "no".

Daniel opens the door and takes her hand. He helps her from the car and they walk towards the crowd, him supporting her weight.

They reach a POLICE OFFICER manning the perimeter, who puts a hand out to stop them.

POLICE OFFICER
Sorry folks you've got to step back.

DANIEL
We're the parents of Josh Toth.

The officer's face changes.

DANIEL
Can you tell us what happened?

The officer hesitates, then begins nervously.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER

Your son tried to rob the store. As he left, a police officer on his way in confronted him. Your son pulled a gun-

KATHY

That doesn't make sense. He doesn't have a gun.

POLICE OFFICER

and the officer fired upon him.

DANIEL

Is he...?

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sorry to tell you this, but your son died a short while ago.

Daniel looks off, stunned.

KATHY

(cracking)

That doesn't make any sense! He didn't have a gun!

POLICE OFFICER

We confirmed his identity through personal effects and the officer at the scene.

Kathy slips off Daniel collapsing in a heap and sobbing uncontrollably. As the officer stoops to console her Daniel drifts off.

He moves along the perimeter, scanning the crime scene.

There's a drying pool of blood near the entrance way.

He passes a store employee being interviewed by a cop.

EMPLOYEE

...he kept apologizing. Said, "I'm sorry I just need the money"...

Daniel's eyes stop and he freezes.

Sheriff Frank Horton sits on the curb, hunched over and head low. An EMT is taking his blood pressure. The man looks beaten and deflated.

A look of realization passes Daniel's face, quickly giving way to fury.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
You son of bitch!

Horton looks up. Daniel launches towards him.

DANIEL
You son of a bitch!

HORTON
He was wearing a mask!

Other cops step in to grab Daniel.

DANIEL
I told you to stay away! You fuck!
YOU FUCK!

Daniel pushes one of the cops to the ground. Another cop kicks his leg out from under him. Daniel falls to the ground, smacking his head against the concrete on landing.

Dazed, he allows himself to be subdued. He turns his head away from Horton.

On the other end of the perimeter Kathy is still sobbing in a collapsed heap.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Kathy sits on the couch hugging a plastic medical bag labeled, "Personal Belongings". She stares silently at her feet.

Daniel sits next to her, face in his hands.

Somewhere in the house the seconds TICK off a clock.

Daniel sits up and stares into the distance.

DANIEL
(resigned)
Josh stole the gun from me.

The statement hangs in the air for a beat.

KATHY
What?

DANIEL
I got the gun to protect us. He must have found it.

Kathy straightens up.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
It was unloaded.

KATHY
Why was he trying to rob a
convenience store?

Daniel shakes his head and looks away, but says nothing.

KATHY
Don't do that. You know.

DANIEL
Josh told me that he owed money to
someone over the pot Horton took.

KATHY
How much money?

DANIEL
Two thousand dollars.

Kathy begins to stand.

DANIEL
I told him we should go to the
police, but he said they were just
harassing him. That if he talked to
the cops he'd be in more danger.

Kathy staggers towards the hallway.

KATHY
You killed him.

Daniel stands abruptly.

DANIEL
No! That fucker Horton killed him!
He hounded him, arrested him, put
him in that situation in the first
place and then as if that wasn't
bad enough *he took a gun a
physically shot-*

Kathy breaks.

KATHY
Noooo!
(with hate)
This is you! This is you!

She hurls the bag with all her force at his head. He blocks
it away.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

You shit!

Daniel starts cautiously toward her.

KATHY

Don't touch me! Get out!

Kathy moves towards the hallway.

DANIEL

Kat.

KATHY

Get out! It shouldn't take long.
Just grab everything you own and
leave! Don't come back and don't
call! I want you scrubbed from my
life!

Kathy sweeps down the hall and disappears into the bathroom,
SLAMMING the door.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Daniel grabs a heap of clothes out of a drawer and chucks it
into a suitcase. He closes the drawer, then zippers up the
suitcase.

He walks to the bedroom door, but stops.

He goes to his side of the bed and opens the drawer of the
end table.

Josh's old confiscated phone sits there. Daniel pockets it
and leaves the room.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel comes into the living room and picks up the "Personal
Belongings" bag. He searches through it and pulls out the
smartphone.

He pockets that phone too and places the bag on the couch.

Daniel takes one last long look down the hallway.

He picks up his suitcase and walks out the door.

INT. TRUCK. NIGHT.

Daniel sits in his truck, which is parked on the side of a deserted road. Both of his son's phones sit in his lap.

He turns the old phone on. A little JINGLE sounds and the main screen pops up.

INSERT- OLD PHONE SCREEN

"11 unread messages"

Daniel starts flipping through the messages.

INSERT- OLD PHONE SCREEN

"From: TODD (555-827-8573) MESSAGE: Where u at?"

Every message he passes is from Todd.

"Yo were u arrested? Hit me back"

"U best not b talkin"

"Don't b a snitch"

"Wheres my money?"

Daniel fast forwards to the last message.

"Don't make me hunt u"

Daniel grabs the smartphone and begins flipping through it.

INSERT- SMARTPHONE SCREEN

"Free Reverse Phone Number Lookup"

In the search window Daniel types 555-827-8573.

The top result reads, "Marcus Millar. 18 Paramore Rd, Jonesboro, GA"

Daniel tosses the old phone aside and places the smartphone by the gearshift.

He starts the truck and pulls off.

EXT. PARAMORE ROAD. NIGHT.

Daniel's truck rolls slowly past a sign reading, "Paramore Rd". It's lights are off.

INT. TRUCK. NIGHT.

Daniel scans the houses as he rolls slowly by them.

He breaks-

A mailbox at the end of the road reads, "18".

Parked in the driveway of the house is a WHITE CAMRY with a gun shot hole in the back windshield.

There is one other car in the driveway and the house lights are all off.

Daniel pushes a random button and the screen lights up. "12:37am" is the time displayed

Daniel puts the truck in park and kills the engine.

EXT. PARAMORE ROAD. NIGHT.

Daniel gets out of the truck and hops into the truck bed.

He pulls a tool box towards him, and opens it.

He searches for a bit, then pulls out a long, thin headed paring chisel.

He closes the tool box.

INT. TRUCK. NIGHT.

Daniel waits in the dark, the only light the amber from his cigarette.

He checks the time on the phone.

"1:46am"

He sets the phone back down and continues studying the house.

There's no signs of movement in or outside the house.

No signs of movement anywhere on the block in fact.

(CONTINUED)

Just then lights sweep across the darkened street as a car pulls onto the road behind Daniel's truck.

Daniel tosses his cigarette out the window, rolls it up and slouches down.

In the side view mirror he can make out the car. It's a silver Mercedes Benz. Though it's undercarriage neons make it look red.

Daniel stays hunkered down as the BASS BEAT from the Benz grows louder.

The Benz finally passes and pulls into the driveway next to the Camry.

Todd gets out of the drivers seat, and a GIRL of about 17 stumbles out of the passenger seat; obviously drunk.

Daniel rises in his seat a bit as he watches Todd walk over to the Girl, who is now leaning against the Camry for support.

The Girl looks into her purse and takes out her keys.

The Camry's lights flash and the HORN sounds.

She starts to open the driver's door, but he stops her.

The two argue for a bit, but then start kissing.

Daniel reaches beside him and grabs the chisel.

EXT. PARAMORE ROAD. NIGHT.

Daniel gets out of the truck and makes a bee line for the two. As he gets close...

DANIEL
Excuse me, Todd?

Todd turns.

TODD
Yeah.

Daniel cracks him over the head with the blunt end of the chisel. The girl SCREAMS.

Daniel grabs him, slams him against the car, then throws him towards the end of the driveway.

The boy falls down and Daniel is on top of him.

(CONTINUED)

The Girl grabs Daniel from behind.

He pushes her away and she lands on her butt. He points the chisel in her direction.

DANIEL

Stay down.

Underneath him, Todd begins to struggle. Daniel holds the chisel blade in front of Todd's eyes and the struggling stops.

TODD

Please...

DANIEL

Are you the one who was threatening my son?

Todd just starts crying.

DANIEL

Answer me! My son, Josh. He owed someone money. Was it you?

Just tears.

Daniel backhands him.

DANIEL

Was it you?!

TODD

Yes.

Daniel presses the blade against Todd's throat.

DANIEL

My son just died today trying to get you your money.

TODD

(sobbing)

Please don't kill me, I'm sorry. I wasn't going to hurt him. I swear. Please don't kill me.

There's rage in Daniel's eyes, but it falters.

He pulls the blade from Todd's neck and relaxes his grip.

He leans back and just looks at the boy for a moment.

The Girl sobs quietly behind him.

(CONTINUED)

A glint returns to Daniel's eye.

He PUNCHES Todd in the face. He STRIKES him again, and STRIKES again.

Then he lifts the boy by his collar and SMASHES the back of his head into the concrete.

The Girl SCREAMS uncontrollably.

Daniel stands and walks back to the truck.

The Girl scrambles to Todd. Todd MOANS loudly and writhes in pain.

Inside the house a light goes on.

Daniel gets into his car and guns the engine.

Daniel cuts an immediate U-Turn. The tires SQUEAL slightly. The blue pick-up rockets away.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Daniel's truck pulls into the parking lot of a seedy looking Motel. Lowlifes deal drugs outside the open doors of rooms.

Provocatively dressed, and dazed-looking women stand on the corners and troll the parking lot.

Daniel parks his truck and gets out with his suitcase in hand. He walks to the hotel lobby.

PROSTITUTE

Hey baby. What to have some fun.

Daniel ignores her and enters the lobby.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT.

Daniel walks to the desk. The 'receptionist' sits leaned back in his chair, a joint stuck in his mouth.

RECEPTIONIST

You need something.

DANIEL

A room.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST
Smoking or non?

DANIEL
Doesn't matter.

RECEPTIONIST
Just one night?

DANIEL
'Til whenever I check out.

RECEPTIONIST
That'll be forty dollars and I'll
need a credit card.

Daniel hands over a credit card. The receptionist swipes it, turns and plucks a key off the wall. He hands the key and card back to Daniel.

RECEPTIONIST
207. Enjoy your stay.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Daniel walks back through the lot to the staircase. The Prostitute pursues him.

PROSTITUTE
Come sugar. Let me help you enjoy
your stay. It can get awful lonely
up there.

DANIEL
No, thank you.

PROSTITUTE
Tell you what...

She grabs his arm as he reaches the staircase. He jerks it away, turns around and leans in menacingly.

DANIEL
Listen to me. Half an hour ago I
beat the shit out of a seventeen
year old boy and threatened to stab
him in the neck with a chisel. So
you and your friends, *leave me
alone.*

The Prostitute books it, throwing a scared look back over her shoulder.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel enters the room and switches the lights on.

A roach runs for cover.

Daniel drops his case by the door, stumbles to the bed, and hits the mattress sprawled out and face down.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. DAY.

He wakes up that way too. Slowly lifting himself and taking in his surroundings.

CUT TO:

The TV is on. A morning news show plays.

Daniel stands at the motel window looking out at the sunrise.

TV NEWS HOST (O.S.)
It's another beautiful Atlanta morning and, even better it's Friday. The time is nine-o-one. The date July twelfth. This is your morning show.

Daniel pulls the paper from his pocket.

INSERT-NOTE PAPER

"2356 Century Parkway, July 12th 5:00pm, 555-836-3487"

Then jotted underneath, "FBI".

Daniel tosses the paper on the hotel desk, grabs his suitcase and puts it on the bed.

He throws it open and searches through it.

He pulls his blue button up dress shirt out of it. He holds it up.

CUT TO:

The shirt hangs on a hook by the bathroom door. Daniel hangs a pair of tan khakis, folded over a coat hanger, next to it.

He steps back and thinks.

INT. PHARMACY STORE. DAY.

Daniel, looking haggard and unwashed, darts up and down aisles of the store.

He sees what he's looking for and stops. He grabs a can of shaving cream and a package of disposable razors off the shelf.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM. DAY.

Daniel stands in front of the bathroom mirror. His hair is wet and he wears nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist.

His face is covered in shaving cream. He lifts a disposable razor to his cheek and begins to shave.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

Daniel's truck cruises down the highway. Daniel is now clean shaven and wearing his button up dress shirt with khaki pants. He looks like a cubicle stiff.

Propped up on the center console is the smartphone. It's GPS app is being used. The address entered is, "2356 Century Parkway, Atlanta, GA."

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Daniel's blue pick-up truck flies down the highway. The tall blue glass facade of FBI's Atlanta division emerges in the distance.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

As Daniel continues down the highway the FBI building comes to be exactly to the right of him; and it's close. Between the highway and the FBI is just a parking garage.

Daniel pulls his truck into the shoulder and kills the engine.

Daniel reaches into the center console and brings out a pen and paper.

On the page he writes, "Getting Gas. PLEASE Don't Tow!" and sticks it in the front windshield.

He grabs the smartphone and checks the time.

"3:53pm"

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Daniel exits his car and walks to the concrete guardrail. He looks up and down the highway.

He waits for a few of the closest cars to pass, then jumps it.

He scuttles down a short embankment and heads in the direction of the parking garage.

EXT. FBI BUILDING. DAY.

Daniel comes around the corner of the parking garage.

The F.B.I. building looms high above.

People in various kinds of business attire walk up and down the sidewalk that passes the building.

Daniel crosses the street and walks towards the main entrance walkway. He gets to it and stops.

Set at the beginning of the walkway, just several feet from the road, is a bench.

Daniel looks around, his eyes scanning the situation. He takes a seat on the bench.

CUT TO:

Daniel sits on the bench with his head down, pretending to play with his phone.

INSERT-SMARTPHONE SCREEN

"4:29pm, July 12th, 2013"

A man in a suit sits next to him. The man places a gray backpack with red trim at his feet.

Daniel looks at the man. It's shotgun Tim.

DANIEL

Tim?

Tim looks at, and recognizes, Daniel. His eyes widen in panic. He looks around him as if ready for a trap to spring.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Relax.

TIM

Dammit. I knew you were with the cops.

DANIEL

I'm not with cops.

TIM

Bullshit.

DANIEL

Think about this. I know what's in that bag right now, and I know what you're about to do. If I were with the police there's no way in hell you would be getting so close to this building.

TIM

How do you know what I'm about to do?

DANIEL

I just do. Just like I know you did it in Decatur on Monday.

Tim straightens up.

DANIEL

Is Al involved?

Tim grabs the backpack and starts to get up. Daniel grabs the backpack too and jerks it back down.

DANIEL

Wait.

TIM

Let go.

DANIEL

No. You're going to leave this bag with me. You're going to leave it with me and you're not going to make the call.

TIM

I'm not handing this over to you.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

Yes you are. Cause if you don't
I'll walk right into that building
and tell them everything I know;
about you *and* Al.

TIM

(skeptical)
Would you?

DANIEL

I've got nothing to lose, Tim. You
should take that serious.

Tim sits on edge with his hand on the bag. Daniel keeps his
hand on the bag too. He looks off into the distance,
thinking.

DANIEL

You got a family, Tim?

TIM

What?

DANIEL

Parents? Siblings? A girl.

TIM

A mom and brother; and a girl in
Oklahoma.

DANIEL

That's kinda far.

TIM

I was gonna move her out here
eventually.

DANIEL

To your fort?

TIM

No, a regular house, dick.

DANIEL

Then what? Settle down and have
some kids?

TIM

I don't know. Look, are you gonna
let go or should I just detonate it
now?

(CONTINUED)

A group of men walk by. Daniel and Tim bow their heads and stay silent until they pass.

Daniel looks at Tim.

DANIEL
Why do we do this, Tim?

TIM
Do what?

Daniel shakes the bag.

DANIEL
This. Why do we do it?

TIM
The government's taking away all our freedoms and rights one by one. We do this for our country.

DANIEL
That's a stock answer.

TIM
It's the truth.

DANIEL
Why do we care? Why give a shit about this country?

TIM
It's our home. It's where we live.

DANIEL
Yes. And it's where our families live. We do this because we think we're going to make the world a better place for the ones we love. Not for some romantic ideology, or some bullshit patriotism, but just our natural instinct to try to make this world better for our loved ones. Tim, listen to me.

He is.

DANIEL
Detonating this backpack isn't going to make this world any better for the people you care about. Trust me. *I know.* Detonating this bomb will do more damage to the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL (cont'd)
people you care about then the
federal government could ever hope
to. You don't do this for family.
You *can't* do it for family. You do
it *despite* family. Are you willing
to make your mom and your brother
and your girl casualties?

Tim can not answer.

DANIEL
This war isn't for people with
families. Leave me the bag and go
home.

Tim's unsure. He looks around again, then looks back at
Daniel, deciding. He straightens up, hesitates...

And releases the bag as he stands. He starts walking away.

DANIEL
Tim.

Tim stops and turns.

DANIEL
When you made the call on Monday,
what happened?

TIM
I think you know.

DANIEL
No. I mean... did it ring?

Tim stops and thinks. Then gives Daniel a strange look.

TIM
No. No, it went directly to voice
mail.

Tim turns away and walks off. Daniel gets up, throws the
backpack over his shoulder and walks off too.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Daniel walks back to his truck. He opens the driver's door
and puts the pack in the passenger seat. He rips the note
from his windshield and tosses it to the ground.

Daniel gets in his blue pick-up, starts it, and pulls back
onto the road.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.

Daniel's truck sits in an abandoned parking lot, it's engine running.

INT. TRUCK. DAY.

The gray backpack with red trim sits open in Daniel's passenger seat. The device inside is made up of a small propane tank duct taped to two other, unlabeled cylinders. A couple wires run out of one of the cylinders and to a cell phone that is also taped to the device.

Daniel sits staring at it. He looks at his smartphone on the center console.

"4:59pm" turns to "5:00pm"

Daniel just stares at the device and it's blank cell phone screen, waiting.

He rolls down the window and lights a cigarette. He blows the smoke at the pack.

Outside he hears LAUGHTER.

Daniel looks out his window.

Over one hundred feet away is a park. A mother and a toddler play on the jungle gym.

The child runs to the ladder of a slide, climbs it, then goes sailing down into it's mother's arms.

Daniel smiles.

The child is on the ground now. It runs away from the mom. The mother runs after, slightly stooped, pretending she can't keep up.

Daniel continues to watch for a bit, then he looks around the truck.

The lot is still abandoned.

Daniel takes a deep drag of his cigarette and blows it out the window.

He looks to the smartphone on the center console.

"5:00pm" turns to "5:01pm"

(CONTINUED)

His gaze lingers on it for a bit longer. Then he stuffs the device back in the bag and zippers it up.

He puts the truck in gear.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I'm writing this because I want you
to know that I'm aware of the pain
I caused you.

Daniel's truck drives across the parking lot and into the setting sun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Daniel enters the room with the backpack and sets it on the bed next to his ready and waiting suitcase.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I know that everything that has
hurt you over the past fourteen
years has, in one way or another,
been my fault.

CUT TO:

Daniel sits at the room's small desk and begins putting pen to paper.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Daniel steps onto the balcony walkway, up to the railing, and looks down on the parking lot.

Prostitutes and drug dealers scurry underneath.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I know I've failed.

CUT TO:

Daniel's blue pick-up pulls out of the motel's parking lot.

INT. TRUCK. NIGHT.

Daniel drives, staring out at the road ahead.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I know I've failed you. And more
importantly I've failed Josh.

EXT. DANIEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The Daniel's house is dark and lifeless.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I want you to know that if I could
go back to ninety nine, I would
choose you and Josh, and only you
and Josh.

Daniel walks onto the porch stoop and tapes a note to the door.

INSERT - NOTE FACE

"To Kathy, An Apology"

DANIEL (V.O.)
But I can't.

INT. TRUCK. NIGHT.

Daniel drives into the night, smoking a cigarette.

DANIEL (V.O.)
It's funny. When I was young I used
to wish things were simpler.

Daniel tosses his cigarette out the window.

DANIEL (V.O.)
And now they are.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

A shadow moves against a white front door. A door bell
CHIMES.

Inside the house, the THUMPING of footsteps gradually grows.
The doorknob turns and the door flings open.

(CONTINUED)

Frank Horton stands in his pajamas at the door. He looks out into the night, but the porch is empty. No wait....

At Horton's feet sits a gray backpack with red trim.

Inside, faint MUSIC begins playing.

The pack DETONATES

The entire front of the house is SHATTERED as flames rise high into the air.

The shock wave SMASHES the windows of the cars in the driveway. Their alarms BLARE frantically.

Somewhere in the neighborhood a dog BARKS repeatedly.

An engine ERUPTS to life.

Daniel's blue pick-up PEELS off down the road.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
You have reached 555-836-3487. At
the beep please leave a message.

BEEP.

The truck disappears around the corner.

DANIEL (O.S.)
(deranged)
Come and get me. Pigs.

CLICK

END TITLES