

INSURGENCY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHEAST WASHINGTON STATE - DAY

A high wide shot of VAST GREEN FOREST with a dirt LOGGING ROAD cut through it -- Old America scarred by New America. And here, at the edge of the continent, no people or machines visible, and a palpable sense of hidden, looming threat.

Over this, a long, complicated DARK NET IP ADDRESS unfurls across the screen:

TOR IP ADDRESS (TK)

The final integer appears, then one last keystroke, and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INSIDE THE TOR NETWORK

Traveling a thousand bits per second through darkness sparked by neon shards of NUMBERS, LETTERS, INFORMATION, flecks of COLORED LIGHT ...

Imagine an ONION-ROUTING MATRIX, a Dark Net Russian doll, a series of DARK NET STATIONS at fantastic velocity peeling off a layer of original code and replacing it with another layer of encryption, skimming it down and building it up, protecting the core of the message, until, somewhere at the end of the dark tunnel, on someone's laptop screen ...

THE MESSAGE REAPPEARS whole and multiply encrypted on a TOR-NETWORK BULLETIN BOARD:

"Delivery tomorrow. Sunsets look better in the desert. Lazarus."

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP, WESTERN MICHIGAN - DAY

A RUGGED MAN steps out of a rundown auto body shop, laptop backpack over one shoulder, locks the door behind him, and climbs into his pick up truck.

EXT. LOBSTER DOCK, MAINE - DAY

A Maine LOBSTERMAN swabs down the deck of his lobster boat tied up at the dock. His phone VIBRATES in his pocket, he reaches for it.

INT. DATA PROCESSING CENTER, HOUSTON TX - DAY

Hidden by his work station, a DATA PROCESSOR surreptitiously switches away from his work to a TOR-BASED BULLETIN BOARD.

INT. COURTROOM, TEMPE ARIZONA - DAY

A stone-faced COURT CLERK watches several dozen mostly LATINO IMMIGRANTS receiving their American citizenship.

IMMIGRANTS

I hereby declare, on oath, that I
absolutely and entirely renounce
and abjure all allegiance and
fidelity to any foreign prince,
potentate, state, or sovereignty...

The Clerk's phone VIBRATES.

INT. POST OFFICE, TEMPE ARIZONA - SUNSET

A large urban post office, empty of workers and closed for business, dimly lit except for the burnt-orange sunset glow filtering through a window, spilling onto ...

... A brown-papered PACKAGE half-buried in a "PICK UP" bin near the service desk.

We CLOSE ON the return address handwritten on the package: "LAZARUS". And then ...

... THE PACKAGE -- AND THE POST OFFICE -- ERUPTS IN A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. STATE PARK, SANTA CLARA COUNTY CA - EARLY MORNING

A dark, pulsing, twisting, moving mass fills the screen. Visually magnetic, a single entity (whatever it is) rising, dipping, organically alive and whole, until suddenly--

Some powerful high-speed foreign object SLAMS into it--

JUSTIN

(shocked)

What the hell!

JUSTIN CLARK, (27, good-looking and confident up-and-coming tech entrepreneur), tears his face away from the LCD screen of his DSLR to see ...

... A red-tailed HAWK flying off with a smaller bird in its talons, leaving the FLOCK OF STARLINGS Justin's been filming in chaos.

Intense and pissed-off, Justin raises the camera back to his eye.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Come on, you guys... Recohere...
That's it...

Bit by bit, the flock of starlings rebuilds itself, small groups linking up until the whole is once again a single organism in the sky.

Justin's mood improves. Still filming with one hand, he whips out his iPhone and dictates rapidly:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Surprise lethal attack weathered,
flock rebuilds via small cells.
Individuals coordinate cell spacing
at relative fixed speed. Recohered
flock continues toward objective.
What objective? Is there a leader?
Does ability to recohere mitigate
flock's vulnerability to attack?
How can flock be repurposed, not
just absorb attack and loss, but
become the attacker?

His phone PINGS softly with an incoming text from "AVA CHEN" (words appearing on-screen): "U at work?"

Justin decides to ignore the text. But a moment later, another PING: "Stage 3 test scheduled? Need results. Boseman asking."

This gets his full attention. After a moment, he sends back: "Making progress. Dinner?"

Another PING: "Telling Boseman 1 week."

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Shit.

Justin looks back up at the sky. All the birds gone, like none of it ever happened.

EXT. HIVE UAV, SILICON VALLEY - LATER THAT MORNING

Justin parks his Jeep Wrangler behind a hangar-like building on the outskirts of town.

INT. HIVE UAV - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

He walks briskly through the door (an interior sign reads "HIVE") already playing back the video on his camera's LCD screen.

Reception is TINA, a recent Stanford grad. Above Tina's head hover TWO HUMMINGBIRD DRONES. Walking past the desk, Justin's image flits across the drone-directed SECURITY MONITORS to Tina's left.

TINA
Morning, Justin.

JUSTIN
Tina, where's Rajiv?

TINA
(follows)
Operations. You didn't answer my texts. Ava Chen from Boseman Crandall, three times. She kept asking if you were in yet.

JUSTIN
What did you tell her?

TINA
That you were bird-watching.

Over his shoulder, Justin gives her a *What the fuck?* look. Enters his office ...

INT. JUSTIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

... Walks to his desk, plugs the DSLR into his laptop. The video uploads ...

TINA
(follows)
Justin, she's sounding tense. Are we on track?

JUSTIN
I need Rajiv.

Tina walks out. Justin resumes watching VIDEO, now on his laptop. He switches to SUPER SLO-MO, the starling flock expanding, contracting, rising, dipping, twisting ...

... The moment the hawk strikes, he freezes the picture: around the point of impact, you can see the beginnings of the unraveling of the flock.

RAJIV (Indian, late-20s) enters.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
B.C.'s demanding stage three.

RAJIV
Not a good idea for us right now.
We're not ready.

JUSTIN
Then we have to bluff it.

RAJIV
(shakes his head)
Justin ...

JUSTIN
(indicates the video)
If nature can figure it out, we can figure it out. The patterns already exist in the animal world -- I saw it again this morning. Every time we go outside, the code's staring us right in the face. We just have to crack it.

Rajiv looks doubtful. Just then, the TWO HUMMINGBIRD DRONES from reception fly over his head into the office.

Justin taps his phone twice and both drones make a soft landing on his desk and idle there, tiny propellers whirring, micro surveillance CAMERAS recording everything. The effect weirdly ominous, Orwellian.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Rajiv, we nail stage three, we're a billion-dollar unicorn within six months.

RAJIV
And if we don't?

JUSTIN
We've got one week.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIONTOWN, WA - LATE AFTERNOON

We are in a rural hamlet in Northeast Washington State of perhaps 300 people: post office, general store; cafe; barber shop; hunting/fishing outfitter; print shop.

SUPER: "Uniontown, Northeast Washington State"

A PICK-UP TRUCK drives slowly down Main Street, parks in front of the print shop.

INT. FREEMAN'S PRINT SHOP - SAME

CHRIS FREEMAN (early 30s, short-haired and bearded, ruggedly fit, with erect posture and piercing eyes), dressed in a military-issue camouflage shirt and carrying a backpack, unlocks the door, flips on lights, walks around the counter (framed posters and prints on the wall above, loose prints in standing files) and into a ...

BACK ROOM

Containing a central framing table and an old sofa. He pulls a rugged-case LAPTOP out of the pack and sets it on the table. Takes a moment to stretch his neck -- long drive -- then clicks on the Tor browser and types in a TOR IP address, adds a few more keystrokes as ...

... Over the image of Chris on his laptop, we see two SCHEMATICS digitally drawn before our eyes, each overlaying the other so that we have only the vaguest sense of what we might be seeing:

-- The onion-router matrix of the Tor Network

-- A detailed architectural blueprint of a government building

The schematics fade away. Chris studies the laptop, on which a LIVE-FEED wide shot of the front of a GOVERNMENT BUILDING has appeared, the words "U.S. Passport Agency" just visible on the facade, behind an American Flag hanging from a pole. As he watches ...

... A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE, accompanied by a SECURITY GUARD, appears at the glass front door and politely turns away a Customer hoping to enter, then locks the door: closed for business.

After a moment, the Guard reaches into his jacket and scratches his armpit, clearly unaware that he is being observed by a hidden camera.

Chris switches to a different tab, puts in a new TOR IP, and routes himself to the DARK NET BULLETIN BOARD we saw earlier. He types:

"Show resumes on usual channel. All-American and highly recommended. Send word to all fans and stay tuned. Lazarus."

He clicks Send.

CUT TO:

INT. ROADSIDE BAR, WESTERN MICHIGAN - EVENING

Sitting at the bar, the Rugged Man from the auto body shop checks his phone. We watch him quickly read a message and make eye contact with another MAN at the end of the bar, then that man picks up his phone and reads a message.

CUT TO:

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, HOUSTON TX - EVENING

The Court Clerk sits alone eating a burrito, staring with angry suspicion at a family of recent SYRIAN IMMIGRANTS waiting at the counter to buy dinner.

His phone, lying on the table, VIBRATES. He picks it up and reads a message.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE, SILICON VALLEY - EVENING

Justin's Silicon Valley bachelor pad: a small ranch-style house with attached garage and decent acreage, natural and private, tucked up in the hills. A climbing wall on one side of the driveway.

Lights on in the house, and in the garage too.

INT. JUSTIN'S GARAGE - EARLY EVENING

This particular two-car garage isn't for cars -- it's been outfitted as a personal mechanical engineering workshop. Computers and odd testing equipment along one wall. In the center, hanging from the ceiling by wires, seeming to fly in attack formation, are THREE METER-LONG PROTOTYPE DRONES that look hostile, more hawk than starling.

Justin stands staring at them, intensely ruminating, trying to see the problem, holding a mug of coffee but forgetting to drink it. When he does finally take a sip, it's cold.

At the sound of a CAR pulling up outside, he turns his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEMAN'S PRINT SHOP, UNIONTOWN WA - EARLY EVENING

Driving by Freeman's Print Shop and noticing a light on inside, JEFFERS, a local middle-aged man, pulls his car over and gets out.

INT. FREEMAN'S PRINT SHOP - BACK ROOM - SAME

In the print shop's back room, Chris continues watching the LIVE-FEED of the passport agency (early evening in Seattle). Suddenly, from the front, he hears the door pulled open (a little BELL on it).

JEFFERS
(from the front)
Chris? You open?

Chris barely has time to step up to the doorway before--

CHRIS
Jeffers. What're you doing here?

Chris tense as a board, Jeffers not reading it.

JEFFERS
Saw your lights on. Thought I'd
come in and pick up those prints.

Chris trying not to seem like he's blocking Jeffers' access to the back room, while doing just that.

JEFFERS (CONT'D)
Where you been, Chris? All closed
up the last two days.

CHRIS
Huh? ... Hunting. Listen, I'm just
about to close up. Could you come
back tomorrow?

MALE CUSTOMER
Those duck prints for my wife? I'd
sure appreciate it. Her birthday's
tomorrow.

A beat, Chris quickly factoring options.

CHRIS
 Sure. I'll bring 'em out front.
 Give me a minute.

He waits until Jeffers goes back to the front room, breathes out, then checks the laptop on the framing table ...

... The passport agency still on the LIVE-FEED -- though now there's a Woman standing at the curb in front of the building, waiting with indulgent patience for her dog to poop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (mutters)
 Jesus Christ.

He checks his watch.

JEFFERS
 (from the front)
 So how were the deer?

Chris pulls three framed prints in bubble wrap from the storage closet.

JEFFERS (CONT'D)
 I got a tasty recipe for venison
 stew.

Chris checks the LIVE-FEED again: the Woman and her dog are gone.

INT. FRONT ROOM - SAME

Chris hands the prints to Jeffers.

JEFFERS
 Thanks, Chris. How much I owe you?

CHRIS
 Sixty each.

Jeffers pays him in cash.

MALE CUSTOMER
 It's crazy, you know, my wife just
 loves ducks.

Jeffers leaves with the prints, and Chris double-locks the door after him.

Jeffers turns and peers quizzically back into the shop, gives an awkward wave, then finally goes on his way.

INT. BACK ROOM - SAME

Re-entering the back room, Chris resumes watching the LIVE-FEED of the passport agency, the early evening scene there once again still and quiet.

He starts pulling items out of his pack and laying them on the framing table:

COIL OF WIRE; PAIR OF WIRE CUTTERS; HEADLAMP; 3 CELL PHONES; 2 BERETTA M9 HANDGUNS; EXTRA 15-ROUND AMMUNITION MAGAZINES; BLOCKS OF C-9 PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE; BLASTING CAPS; CAN OF DAY-GLO ORANGE SPRAY PAINT; WATER BOTTLE; PROTEIN BAR.

Checks his watch again. Then, staring at the LIVE-FEED, he eats the protein bar.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE, SANTA CLARA CA - LATER

The house: an open kitchen connected to an open living/dining area, and off that bedrooms. Clean, minimal design and several wall-mounted HD screens. One thing we notice is that there are no family pictures of any kind, nothing personal that tells us who Justin is.

Hair mussed, jeans and no shirt, Justin works a fancy espresso machine.

He turns and takes in AVA CHEN, as she emerges from his bedroom wearing slim black pants and a white unbuttoned shirt, sharp heels: about 30, beautiful, dark-haired, half-Chinese, stylish, formidable.

JUSTIN

Want an espresso?

AVA

All right. We've got a lot to talk about before I go.

Ava strolls around the dining area looking at Justin's collection of beautiful, technically stunning PHOTOGRAPHS OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF SWARMS: BIRDS, FISH, DOLPHINS, BEES, BATS...

AVA (CONT'D)

I've noticed you don't have any personal photographs in your house. And you never talk about your family.

JUSTIN

Maybe I find animals more interesting.

She looks at him, intrigued or skeptical, hard to tell.

AVA

If my Chinese father came to my apartment and found pictures of animals instead of our family, he'd tell me I was a very bad daughter.

JUSTIN

You must have a lot of family pictures on your walls.

She approaches him.

AVA

I only put them up when he comes over.

Standing near him, she buttons her shirt slowly, dark eyes on his. When she gets midway, he lightly stops her hands, so her shirt is left half-open. She places her palm on his bare chest and leaves it there a moment, their faces inches from each other. Then she takes the espresso from his other hand and turns toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Justin (now with shirt on) and Ava sit on the sofa in front of a 90-inch wall-mounted HD screen. Ava drains her espresso in one sip. When she speaks, her tone is noticeably harder: this is business.

AVA

Do you have the earlier test?

JUSTIN

You don't need to see that.

AVA

Humor me.

Reluctant, Justin taps an iPad. The HD screen fills with fourteen meter-long HIVE DRONES flying in two groups of seven, the groups so proximate and synchronized they appear as a single flock.

The flock flies in perfect formation, along a river, toward a BRIDGE ...

Separating in half, the two cell groups fly through the under-arches in the bridge and out the other side, two halves reuniting into a single flock.

So far so good. But Justin knows what's coming now, and it's agony for him to watch. He glances at Ava, her expression impassive as ...

A red LASER BEAM appears on the fuselage of the lead drone and remains there until ...

The DRONE CATCHES FIRE AND CRASHES into the river.

Quickly, the rest of the drones break formation and scatter.

Justin ends the clip. His good mood gone.

AVA (CONT'D)

The way you described it, a leaderless swarm should be invulnerable to specific attack. The swarm compensates for any loss and remains on mission. Obviously, that's not what's happening here.

JUSTIN

We've been analyzing that particular sequence of technical malfunctions. We're on it.

AVA

Our concern is starting to run deeper than just technical issues.

JUSTIN

The design concept is rock solid.

Ava studies him, peeling his bluff off him with her eyes. She stands, smoothing her clothes.

AVA

I convinced Boseman Crandall that HIVE is going to be the future of advanced drone technology. Then I seeded you ten million of Boseman Crandall money.

(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
So you'd better actually be the
future, Justin. Or we're both
fucked.

JUSTIN
Understood.

She studies him.

AVA
Goodnight, Justin.

With a kiss on his cheek, she walks toward the door.

EXT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Justin stares after Ava's black Mercedes as it turns out of his driveway. He rubs his eyes, stressed. Then looks again, and notices...

An ENVELOPE lying on the driveway just past where her car was parked. Surprised, he walks over and picks it up. Looks around: How'd it get there?

The envelope is blank -- no writing on it, no stamp. He feels it in his hands: it has a bit of weight, something inside it.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He's careful opening the envelope. A USB STICK falls out. He holds it up: generic, no special markings. He stands considering, both suspicious and curious. Curiosity wins. He plugs the USB stick into his laptop.

It automatically uploads and self-opens into... The Tor Browser, then a website on the Tor Network, on which a VIDEO self-loads and begins playing.

At first, all we see is the look of shocked recognition on Justin's face. Then we see what he's looking at in the video:

CHRIS FREEMAN, the ex-soldier from the print shop in Washington State. Here seated alone at a bare table, composed, posture erect, hands in front of him.

JUSTIN
Chris.

The sight of Chris taps a well of deeply buried emotion in Justin ...

... As on-screen, Chris begins to speak in quiet, intimate tones.

CHRIS

Justin. Sorry to shock you.
Seeing my face again, out of the
blue ... Man, fifteen years.
That's half our lives. The last
photo any of us has of you was that
day your mom took you away from us.
You were twelve. The last time we
were all together as a family.

ON JUSTIN: as if his brother is physically right in front of him, speaking directly to his heart.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're probably asking yourself,
What the fuck? Where's he been all
this time, and why the fuck reach
out to me now? Because Dad's
dying, Justin. Yeah. He's got a
rare blood cancer and he's not
going to last long. I thought you
should know.

A sudden rush of confused grief blindsides Justin, and he has to pause the video or he will miss what's being said.

He gets his feelings under control, pushes play again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's his birthday in two days.
Hard to believe, but the Major's
going to be fifty-five. Not gonna
see fifty-six. So whatever anger
you got because we were never in
touch after you left -- and I get
it, I do -- I hope you'll set that
aside now and come home. Not next
month or next week -- now. Don't
tell your mom. Don't tell anybody.
Just make up your mind and come
home and see Dad while he's still
with us. Whatever else, you're his
son and he loves you. And he's
your father and you love him. I
love you too, brother. Always
will. Till blood do us part.

THE PICTURE GOES BLACK. Justin still staring at the screen, profoundly unsettled and affected, his own reflection staring back at him.

EXT. STATE PARK, SANTA CLARA, CA - EARLY NEXT MORNING

The area of the park where Justin filmed the starlings. He's well into a hard, early morning run -- sweat pouring off him, pushing himself to the limit, as if wanting to punish himself for something, burn the feelings right out of himself.

He runs past a nesting group of BIRDS, startling them so they FLARE UP as one and briefly black out our sight of him.

TIME CUT:

STATE PARK - LATER THAT MORNING

He sits on an outcropping of rock, cooling off. Thinking about Chris' message. His dying father. Trying to decide what to do.

In the distance, the FLOCK OF STARLINGS from his film rises suddenly into the air ...

Staring at the birds, his thoughts travel back in time--

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, TOWN OF FREEPORT WA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Fifteen years ago. Rain falling on the windshield of a station wagon parked in front of a neatly trimmed middle-class house. Sitting behind the wheel, dry-eyed and angry, is Justin's mother, JOAN (34). The engine on, the car loaded to the roof with luggage and other personal belongings.

EXT. MAJOR WILLIAM FREEMAN'S HOUSE - SAME

Justin's father, MAJOR WILLIAM FREEMAN (40), and Justin's half-brother Chris (15) stand facing Justin (12) on the front doorstep of the house. The Major has on his Air Force dress uniform, his chest full of medals. Yet the mood is of a battle just finished and badly lost. Justin's face is streaked with tears.

MAJOR

You're mother's waiting for you,
son. Go on.

JUSTIN

I don't want to. I want to stay
with you and Chris.

CHRIS

Tell her to go by herself. She doesn't own you. We're your family.

MAJOR

(stern)

Chris, be quiet.

(softer)

Justin, I've received orders from the court. Your mother gets to take you, and you have to go with her. I don't agree with it, but orders are orders. She and I are no longer married. She's promised me you'll have a good situation in California. Probably better. So that's it. You have to go now.

Justin presses himself against his father's chest. The Major hugs him stiffly, leans down into his ear and whispers a warning and a prophecy.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Your mother's going to try to poison you against me. Against your family here, all of us. Mark my words, Justin, that's what she's going to do. It's an old, old form of warfare. Don't let yourself believe her lies about us. We're your true family, the heart and soul of what makes this country great. This is your real home, Justin, and we'll be waiting for you. Till blood do us part.

Lifted by the certainty in the Major's voice, Justin stares up into his father's piercing eyes ... and believes him.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Now go.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PARK - SANTA CLARA, CA - EARLY MORNING (PRESENT)

Still sitting on the outcropping of rock, Justin angrily wipes bitter tears from his eyes. It's his mother he really blames, not his father. Then his eyes are dry. He takes a deep breath -- he's decided -- and stands up.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA - LATER THAT MORNING

Justin's Jeep sits across from an expensive house on a street in the Pacific Heights neighborhood.

The door to the house opens. Out walks Justin's mother, JOAN CLARK, 59, a handsome, fit woman with short coppery hair, wearing a white tennis dress and carrying a racquet. She gets behind the wheel of the Mercedes parked out front and powers down the window, about to drive away.

JUSTIN
(accusing)
Did you know Dad was dying?

Justin -- right there at her car window.

JOAN
Jesus, Justin, you almost gave me a heart attack. What are you talking about? Who's dying?

JUSTIN
Dad's got blood cancer.

JOAN
Who told you that?

JUSTIN
My brother.

JOAN
(suspicious)
You mean your half-brother. And you believe him?

JUSTIN
(warning her)
Don't start with that, Mom. Not now.

JOAN
(urgent)
Justin, I've told you you can't trust those people -- not your father, your brother, your uncle, any of them. I know what I'm talking about -- I was married to him twelve years. It's a miracle I ever got us out of there.

Justin shakes his head angrily and stalks back across the street.

JUSTIN
 (sarcastic)
 Thanks for the support, Mom.

JOAN
 Justin, don't let him suck you back
 in! I don't care if he's dying,
 you can't trust him!

Justin slams the door of his Jeep and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON STATE - HIGHWAY - DAY

North of Seattle, left of the highway: dark blue bays and
 pine-forested islands.

A rental car speeding along, heading north.

TIME CUT:

HIGHWAY - LATER THAT DAY

And further north. The country less prosperous (and less
 liberal): run-down harbors, trailer parks, half-full lumber
 trucks...

TIME CUT:

HIGHWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Passing a sign for "EAGLE POINT", the rental car takes the
 next exit.

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - SAME

Justin drives slowly through Eagle Point, staring out warily
 at his childhood hometown, which looks ... *exactly the same*
 as he remembers.

EXT. EAGLE POINT, WA - SAME

The town working-class, economically beaten-down, angry but
 prouder than ever to be American -- prouder and angrier now
 that the promise has all burned away. A small tight-knit
 community of independent like-minders. Here the military is
 what goes for a university, and a .22 rifle is what you give
 your son on his eighth birthday.

The houses have seen better days but the lawns are tended and tidy. American flags hang over many front doors.

The rental car turns onto the Major's street...

EXT. STREET - SAME

... And parks. For an uncomfortably long moment, Justin remains in the car. Finally, he climbs out and stands staring, with massive ambivalence, at the house he grew up in.

EXT. MAJOR'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Justin takes a couple of breaths, KNOCKS on the front door.

A pause, the door opens. The MAJOR standing there -- a strong, forcefully charismatic man in healthy late middle age, eyes filled with complicated emotion, yet also piercing in their gaze, not missing a detail.

Now a LONG, LOADED PAUSE -- father and son sizing each other up, physically and emotionally. Justin's gut reaction too complex/ambivalent for words: 1) His father, after fifteen years of absence; 2) His father, who never once contacted him after he left; 3) His father, who doesn't look the least bit sick or dying.

JUSTIN
(simmering anger)
Mom was right. You're not sick.

MAJOR
It's complicated.

The Major firmly pulls Justin into an awkward, one-sided hug, instinctively scanning the street over his shoulder.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
(emotional)
I always knew you'd come back.

INT. MAJOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

The Major leads Justin into a guest room. The whole house male and spartan, lacking a woman's touch.

MAJOR
Here's your bunk. Where's your kit?

JUSTIN

What makes you think I'm staying
the night?

MAJOR

Come on now, son, don't be like
that.

JUSTIN

You and Chris lied to me.

MAJOR

(indicates the room)
This was your room, remember?

Justin stares angrily at A NEEDLEPOINT PICTURE OF TWO CROSSED
MUSKETS on the wall.

JUSTIN

I remember.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

The Major pouring coffee. Justin, his anger now beginning to
boil, stares at a PHOTO on the kitchen wall of him and Chris
at 11 and 14. Chris already looks like the soldier he's
going to become; he looks knowing and tough, and protective
of his younger brother.

The Major sets two mugs of coffee on the table. Justin turns
on him.

JUSTIN

So you and Chris were in on this
from the start? Is that the deal?

MAJOR

Let's not jump to conclusions.
Have some coffee.

JUSTIN

What other conclusion is there?
Look at you -- you're healthier
than me. Mom said you were gonna
be like this. I shoulda listened
to her.

MAJOR

Your mother is a biased and
ignorant critic of a world she
never tried to understand in the
first place. No offense.

JUSTIN

Are you sick or not? Just spit it out.

MAJOR

It's not that simple.

JUSTIN

Then fuck this. You and Chris can do whatever the hell you want. I'm outta here.

Justin starts for the door.

MAJOR

Hold it!

It's like a military command, and Justin turns.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Just hold your horses, okay? Have a seat.

Justin pointedly remains standing.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Have it your way. Here's the bottom line. I went to the doctor the other week -- just a check-up. He does a little blood work, asks a few questions, takes some more blood, and next thing I know he tells me I got blood cancer. No cure.

Justin staring at his dad, whipsawed emotionally.

JUSTIN

Are you telling me you're really dying?

MAJOR

That's the diagnosis. As to the timetable, it was Chris' idea to use the medical intel to get you back here, and I admit I went along with it. Hell, Justin, we just wanted to see you again. Bad enough to exaggerate my situation. If that's a capital offense, then go ahead and shoot me.

Justin doesn't know what to think or feel anymore, his emotions all over the map. Slowly, he sits down at the table and takes a sip of coffee.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

You're angry about a lotta stuff. After your mom took you away, I shoulda been in touch. I wanted to, but honestly I thought the best thing I could do for you after all the crap you'd been through was just leave you alone to grow up. Maybe that was the wrong call.

This new subject brings out a different, more emotional kind of anger in Justin.

JUSTIN

How could you just bail on me like that?

MAJOR

(pushing back)

You took his name, didn't you? You became Justin "Clark".

A beat, Justin turning defensive.

JUSTIN

My stepfather legally adopted me when I was eighteen. Put me through college. So yeah, I took his name.

The Major reaches out and puts a hand on Justin's shoulder.

MAJOR

(emotional)

You'll always be a Freeman to me, Justin. You got our DNA. I can see it in your face.

ON JUSTIN: And now, for the first time, so can we.

EXT. MAJOR'S CAR (MOVING) - LATE AFTERNOON

The Major drives them across town. Several times, Justin sees him acknowledge the nods or waves of LOCALS as they pass. As if Eagle Point is the Major's town, everyone looking to him.

Throughout the ride, JUSTIN'S PHONE PINGS SOFTLY WITH INCOMING TEXTS from "RAJIV" that he tries to ignore.

-- "Where r u"

-- "URGENT"

-- "WHERE R U"

MAJOR
Everything okay?

JUSTIN
Fine.

The Major notices the terseness, but stays conversational.

MAJOR
So you went to Stanford? Computer systems design and bio-mechanical engineering double major. Impressive.

Justin looks at him, surprised.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
I'm your father, Justin.
(taps his temple)
Got your whole history right here. I remember your fifth grade science project -- those solar-powered model planes you built. You always had that kind of potential, even when you were little. You were just waiting for the right opportunity.

ON JUSTIN: like everything else, the idea of his father tracking his history like this makes him uneasy, even as a part of him hungers for the love and pride it shows.

JUSTIN
What about Chris?

MAJOR
What about him?

JUSTIN
I thought he'd be here.

The Major smiles like this is a preposterous idea.

MAJOR
Chris doesn't even have a phone.

JUSTIN
What?

MAJOR

Your brother lives way off the grid, Justin. I never know when he'll pop up. He's been that way ever since he got back from Afghanistan.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE IN THE FOREST -- AROUND UNIONTOWN WA - DUSK

In falling shadows, wearing combat fatigues, Chris sits cross-legged on the porch of a BOAT SHED on the bank of this SMALL LAKE deep in the woods. His eyes closed in meditation. An M4 RIFLE resting on his knees.

On the far side of the lake, a DEER nibbles a bush, its white tail glowing in the dusk.

Suddenly as if a timer's gone off in his head, Chris opens his eyes. Hardly seeming to move, he raises the rifle, aims at the deer's heart, tests the trigger...

... And doesn't fire.

CHRIS

You're dead.

The deer leaps away into the woods.

Chris watches it go.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEMAN'S BAR, FREEPORT WA - EVENING

The sort of blue-collar outdoorsman's bar that is the beating heart of many a rural American town east and west. American beers in long-neck bottles; animal heads on the wall; TV permanently tuned to either Fox News or Pursuit Channel (hunting and fishing 24/7).

Like his brother the Major and so many of the men who drink at his establishment, BO FREEMAN, early 50s, is ex-military. Physically tough. Says little, listens closely, trusts no one but his older brother and fellow vets.

We find Bo alone at his usual table near the bar, shrewdly observing the thirty or so REGULARS around the room as if he knows what each one of them is talking and thinking about -- because he does.

Looking over, he sees the Major and Justin coming through the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SAME EVENING

Chris walks steadily through the forest, his steps almost soundless in the lowering darkness.

At intervals, he raises his eyes to check on SMALL CAMOUFLAGED INFRA-RED CAMERAS he's hidden in the crooks of tree branches.

Finally, through the trees, there appears a small clearing, and a lighted CABIN.

INT. CHRIS' CABIN - SAME

The cabin's interior has been painstakingly and ingeniously outfitted for surveillance and lethal attack. Nothing has been overlooked. The main room centered by a single-user command center console. Windows few and small.

Of MULTIPLE LIVE-STREAMING MONITORS (most showing different perspectives on the exterior of the cabin and the surrounding woods) the most prominent has the LIVE-FEED OF THE SEATTLE U.S. PASSPORT AGENCY. The agency clearly closed now for business. Unaware of being filmed, People now and then pass in front of the building.

Chris enters the cabin and immediately checks the passport agency monitor for any change. All is the same, so he pours himself coffee from a thermos and sits down at the command center to wait.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEMAN'S BAR, FREEPORT WA - LATER SAME EVENING

Justin, the Major and Bo at Bo's table, with a round of beers.

BO

I gotta admit, owning a bar suits me better than anything else I've done since the Army.

MAJOR

You remember, your uncle was a crack sniper in the 101st.

BO
So what brings you back home,
Justin?

MAJOR
(winks at Justin)
Chris told him I was on my death
bed.

Justin doesn't smile; still emotionally on the fence about
the whole thing.

BO
How old were you when you left here
with your mom?

JUSTIN
Twelve.

BO
Well, old enough, I guess. What
makes you tick? You into politics?
Some kind of academic?

MAJOR
He's a bio-mechanical engineer and
computer systems designer.

BO
One of those Silicon Valley guys,
huh? Cars that drive themselves,
all that stuff? What's your
product?

JUSTIN
Technology.

BO
That's pretty general. You don't
think your dad and me are smart
enough to understand the details?

MAJOR
Take it easy on him, Bo.

JUSTIN
I didn't say that, Uncle Bo.

A faintly tense pause.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Okay. I've designed a drone technology that uses principles of group social organization to maximize the algorithmic potential of swarm behavior.

The Major and Bo listening carefully.

MAJOR

Commercial or military?

JUSTIN

Both. More military.

BO

I hear you call your company "Hive"
... like a swarm?

On Justin: a cold moment of unpleasant surprise.

JUSTIN

I never mentioned the name.

Bo and the Major exchange quick glances.

MAJOR

Chris must've told him.

BO

Right.

Justin looking at his uncle, not sold yet. Finally, he turns and glances around the bar ...

... And sees the bar Regulars all standing in SMALL GROUPS spreading outward from the locus of Bo's table. He's not certain, but for a few moments it almost seems as if each group is interacting with Bo and the Major and the other groups through small visual cues.

The PING OF A NEW TEXT brings his focus back to where he sits with the Major and Bo.

The TEXT from "AVA" (words on-screen):

"I know where u r"

ON JUSTIN, unhappily surprised.

MAJOR

Problem?

JUSTIN

No.

Justin glances around the bar again, now noticing in the back corner ...

... a BEARDED MAN hunched over a laptop.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. PASSPORT AGENCY, SEATTLE WA - SAME EVENING

The front of the Passport Agency (same perspective as Chris' earlier live-feed).

A COP approaches the building on foot, performing a routine check of the area. He pauses to pull A PACK OF MINTS out of his pocket, then drops the pack.

As he bends down to pick it up...

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE BUILDING, pulverizing everything, including the Cop.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' CABIN, UNIONTOWN WA - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON Chris' face, his EYES, irises faintly flared with fiery light off a screen, as he ...

... Stares at the LIVE-FEED of the Seattle Passport Agency, nothing left but fiery ruins. What looks like PART OF A HUMAN ARM, still covered in police blue, lies on the charred pavement in front.

Chris absorbed by every detail, but emotionally unmoved by the carnage. A soldier, not a zealot. He zooms in until the human arm is utterly clear, then past it, across the flame- and blood-spattered crater, until the camera finds what he's looking for:

A SLAB OF REINFORCED CONCRETE protruding from the rubble. He zooms in further, until...

Clearly visible now on the slab is a GRAFITTI-SPRAYED IMAGE OF A COILED RATTLESNAKE IN DAY-GLO ORANGE PAINT.

Chris FREEZES THE CAMERA OVER THIS BLOWN-UP IMAGE, SNAPS A PHOTO, quickly trims and pastes it onto a Tor-based document, clicks SEND, and we--

SMASH CUT TO:

INSIDE THE TOR NETWORK

Traveling a thousand bits per second through darkness sparked by neon shards of NUMBERS, LETTERS, INFORMATION, flecks of COLORED LIGHT, DARK NET STATIONS at fantastic velocity peeling off a layer of original code and replacing it with another layer of encryption, skimming it down and building it up, protecting the core of the image, until, somewhere at the end of the tunnel, where ...

INT. FREEMAN'S BAR, EAGLE POINT, WA - SAME EVENING

The BEARDED MAN in Bo's bar, hunched over his laptop, suddenly sits back and lifts his head. Something momentous has just appeared on his screen. He turns and looks across the room at Justin ...

... No -- Justin realizes that the Bearded Man is actually staring at the Major, some unspoken communication passing between them, and now Justin observes the Major glance at Bo, and Bo immediately calls over to the BARTENDER--

BO

Jeb, put on the news.

The Bartender switches on the widescreen above the bar, and now ON TV, under the banner "BREAKING NEWS", we see IMAGES OF THE SMOKING CRATER WHERE THE SEATTLE PASSPORT AGENCY USED TO BE. (The Cop's arm still visible on the ground.)

NEWS ANCHOR

The U.S. Passport Agency in Seattle was leveled this evening by a powerful bomb of unknown origins. At least one person, an on-duty police officer, has been killed in the attack. This marks the second bombing of a U.S. Government building in the past six months, following the destruction of a post office in Tempe, Arizona earlier this year. At this time, no terrorist organization has claimed responsibility for either attack.

Bo indicates, and Jeb switches off the TV. MURMURING fills the room, a low, animal hum, the news spreading among the Regulars. The Bearded Man has gotten up and joined a small cluster of men nearby. They are talking in low voices and glancing over at the Major and Bo and Justin.

Justin glances from one group of Regulars to another, quickly observing everyone's gestures and positioning.

MAJOR

What do you think about this rash
of domestic terrorism, Justin?

Justin looks at his father.

JUSTIN

(uncomfortable)

I didn't know about the earlier
bombing. When you're running a
start-up, the pressure's just ...
that's pretty much all you're
doing. Kind of a head-in-the-sand
thing.

At that moment, Justin's phone RINGS loudly. Voices around the bar hush, all eyes turning on him. Justin doesn't move. His phone RINGS again.

FROM HIS POV, the Major and Bo seem to be studying him closely.

BO

Anybody know you're here?

JUSTIN

No.

Justin checks his phone screen -- "AVA". He pushes the call to Voicemail and stands up.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Look, Dad, Uncle Bo, I'm really
sorry, but I can't stay. Things
with my company ...

MAJOR

(disappointed)

You're not gonna stay the night?

Justin shakes his head.

JUSTIN
I can't. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. AVA'S APARTMENT, SAN FRANCISCO - SAME TIME

A very cool, highly designed loft. Ava, in black yoga clothes, sits on an Eames chair with a laptop.

On her screen a Tor-based DETAILED GPS MAP OF WASHINGTON STATE, centered around Eagle Point. Seattle off to the south, and, to the northeast, at the edge of the map, the little town of Uniontown.

BUT IT'S A CHINESE MAP, ALL THE PLACE NAMES IN CHINESE AS WELL AS ENGLISH. And ...

... TWO GPS TRACKING BEACONS -- ONE IN EAGLE POINT AND THE OTHER IN THE HEAVILY FORESTED AREA AROUND UNIONTOWN -- ARE BLINKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIVE UAV, SILICON VALLEY - VERY LATE THAT NIGHT

Justin's Jeep parks in the HIVE parking lot, surprisingly full for the middle of the night.

INT. HIVE UAV, SILICON VALLEY - SAME

Justin enters the building (same clothes, straight from the airport). All the lights on. The TWO HUMMINGBIRD DRONES lift off Tina's empty desk and flutter around his head, and his exhausted, stressed face appears on the security monitors.

INT. HIVE UAV - SYSTEMS ROOM - A BIT LATER

A large technical workshop. Rows of SWARM ATTACK DRONES (same as in the test-flight video and in Justin's garage) on the floor, with more on tables being worked on by a couple of HARDWARE TECHS (20s) wearing dust-proof gowns, goggles, and surgical gloves.

Rajiv and LARS (code-writing whiz, mid-20s), red-eyed from exhaustion and stress, are glued to their computers.

Electronic hyper-seal doors slide open as Justin walks in.

RAJIV
Justin, where the hell have you
been?

JUSTIN
Visiting my Dad. Haven't seen him
in years and I heard he was sick.

RAJIV
That's tough, sorry.

JUSTIN
Thanks. He's doing better.

Justin pulls out his laptop and sits down next to them, all
business.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Where are we?

TIME CUT:

SYSTEMS ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The end of a brutal, frustrating all-nighter. Hardware Techs
gone. Emptied energy drink bottles and Slim Jim wrappers.
Justin, Rajiv, and Lars hunched now around a monitor
showing...

... A FREEZE-FRAME FROM JUSTIN'S STARLING VIDEO, the moment
of THE HAWK STRIKING THE FLOCK.

JUSTIN
(indicating)
Right there. You can see the flock
has no leader.

LARS
But that's the whole point, right?

RAJIV
Lars is right. The flock doesn't
need a leader to be effective.

JUSTIN
That's exactly where we've been
wrong. I realized it last night.
Take a look at this.

Justin PLAYS THE VIDEO. The Hawk attacks... The Flock
disintegrates... Then begins regathering in groups of seven--

He freezes the video.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

There. The flock's beginning to re-cohere. But it's already lost. Without a leader to direct it, it has no mission objective. We have to focus our coding on the leader.

RAJIV

And if the leader gets killed?

JUSTIN

Then we code for another to take its place. And another, and so on.

LARS

Impossible.

JUSTIN

We've got four days to make it possible.

RAJIV

Five days.

JUSTIN

Four. We need to test it ourselves first.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Justin, awake only on stimulants and stress, walks toward his office...

TINA

Thank God you're back.

He turns.

TINA (CONT'D)

Where were you?

JUSTIN

You really don't want to know.

Now he notices she's holding an ENVELOPE (same type as the other night). Alarm shoots through his veins.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Where did you get that?

TINA

I found it taped to the outside of the door when I got here.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

It's for you. Should I call security to check it out first?

JUSTIN

No, it's okay. Thanks, Tina.

Justin takes the envelope from her. "JUSTIN CLARK" typed on the front, nothing else.

INT. JUSTIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Justin closes his office door and tears open the envelope. As he half-dreaded, another USB STICK. But this one a bit different because...

... ETCHED ON ITS FACE IS A COILED RATTLESNAKE.

Too curious not to, he plugs the stick into his laptop. It automatically uploads and self-opens into ...

The TOR BROWSER, then a SITE ON THE TOR NETWORK, where there appears ...

CHRIS' PHOTO OF THE PASSPORT AGENCY RIGHT AFTER THE BOMBING.

Realizing what he's looking at, Justin recoils.

JUSTIN

Jesus.

Why would Chris send this to him? What would Chris be doing with it in the first place?

Justin stares at the photo again -- can't help it -- and this time notices ...

A PROTRUDING SLAB OF CONCRETE WITH A GRAFITTI-SPRAYED IMAGE OF A COILED RATTLESNAKE IN DAY-GLO ORANGE PAINT.

Then, suddenly, THE SCREEN GOES BLACK, THEN REFILLS with ...

... CHRIS, sitting where he was for his last ONE-WAY VIDEO MESSAGE, but now dressed in full camo.

CHRIS

I know you're busy, brother, but shit's happening fast. I apologize for telling you Dad was on his death bed. That was less than honest.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But it was time for you to come home -- I think you're starting to see that now -- and I really didn't have any other way of getting you there. We Freemans -- that's right, *free men* -- need to stick together. If we don't have each other's backs, who's gonna have ours once the battle starts? And make no mistake, the battle has begun.

Chris reaches out his hands and TYPES for a couple seconds.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I just sent that photo of the bomb site through the Tor Network to a bulletin board that I happen to know is regularly scoped by the FBI. Within minutes, the intel will be routed to Seattle. Then Chip Turner, head of the FBI's Counterterrorism Group in DC, will personally jump on it with both feet. Yeah, Turner's hungry for this one. It'll take his hackers about fifteen mikes to find their way to me. They'll have an armed team at my doorstep by wake-up tomorrow.

On Justin: stunned, trying to process ...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It was smart of you to get adopted. That ought to buy you a few extra days before Turner realizes we're related. What you don't know, Justin, is who you can trust when the roof caves in and you got nowhere to turn. Think about it, brother. Till blood do us part.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK ... THEN REFILLS WITH THE BOMB SITE PHOTO.

EXT. STATE PARK, SANTA CLARA, CA - SAME DAY

Justin jogs through the same part of the park where he filmed the starlings -- a hard, brutal run to try to clear his head.

Until, finally, he can't go another step.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' CABIN, UNIONTOWN WA - SAME AFTERNOON

Chris, in full camo clothing, at his command center facing...

A GOOGLE EARTH VIEW OF NORTHERN WASHINGTON STATE divided into a grid of squares of increasing visual amplification and proximity, and at the center of the picture ...

... HIS OWN CABIN.

Chris watches the screen with patient intensity. Waiting. He eats a protein bar, swigs some water.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PARK - SANTA CLARA, CA - SAME AFTERNOON

Justin still in his running clothes, walking slowly back to the parking area. His Jeep alone in the lot. He unlocks it, gets in and finds ...

... An ENVELOPE (same as before) on the driver's seat. "JUSTIN FREEMAN" printed on it.

Justin looks around, every sense screaming high alert: How the fuck did this get inside his locked car?

He tears open the envelope. This time, THE USB STICK IS BLACK CARBON WITH A COILED RATTLER ENGRAVED ON IT IN DAY-GLO ORANGE.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' CABIN, UNIONTOWN, WA - SAME EVENING

An ALARM SOUNDS from the Google Earth monitor.

A BLINKING RED CIRCLE has appeared around the square containing the cabin.

Chris types a command and the red circle stops blinking, the words "LOCKED TRACKING ACTIVATED" appear on the screen.

He sits back, tense but satisfied. They've located him.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY SAME EVENING

Justin slips the BLACK CARBON USB STICK into his laptop. It uploads automatically, and on the 90-inch wall-mounted HD SCREEN appears ...

... A LIVE-STREAMING PICTURE OF EMPTY FOREST. Nothing happening, but ominous. The light has the green tint of infra-red.

Justin stares at the picture in confusion.

TIME CUT:

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Justin snaps awake. Still on the sofa in yesterday's clothes.

The LIVE-STREAM still running on the big screen, still empty and action-less, but the forest now suffused with early morning light. He stares at the picture unthanking ...

... Then SITS BOLT UPRIGHT as--

A DOZEN HEAVILY ARMED F.B.I. AGENTS enter and cross frame, marching quickly through the forest.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' CABIN, UNIONTOWN WA - EARLY MORNING

Chris at his command center, CALMLY WATCHING ON MULTIPLE SCREENS THE SAME LIVE-STREAM of the armed Agents approaching his cabin through the forest. It's clear they have no idea they are being filmed.

Chris grabs his phone, switches in a new SIM CHIP, and punches in a number.

A Male Chinese answers.

MALE CHINESE

(Mandarin)

Lazarus. Why are you calling me?

CHRIS

(Mandarin)

Just wanted to make sure you were watching.

MALE CHINESE
I'm watching. I'm watching
everything.

CHRIS
That's all I wanted to know.

Chris hangs up. Removes the SIM CHIP from the phone and
crushes it under his boot.

Continuing to track the LIVE-STREAM on all screens, he
quickly straps on full BODY ARMOR and a COMBAT HELMET.

Now we see that M-4 CARBINES, AMMO CLIPS, AND GRENADES lie at
the base of each window. Ignoring them, he taps a command on
his laptop and suddenly ...

... ALL MONITORS SWITCH FROM THE LIVE-STREAM WITHIN THE
FOREST, TO A DRONE'S-EYE LIVE-STREAM LOOKING DOWN OVER THE
CABIN FROM ABOVE, NOW REVEALING ...

THE F.B.I. AGENTS ALREADY IN ATTACK POSITIONS AROUND THE
CLEARING.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Come and get me.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Justin stares in confusion and then dread as THE WALL-MOUNTED
HD SCREEN GOES BLACK AND REFILLS WITH THE DRONE'S-EYE LIVE-
STREAM OF CHRIS' CABIN AND THE PERIMETER AROUND THE CLEARING.
AND NOW HE SEES...

... THE F.B.I. AGENTS IN THEIR ATTACK POSITIONS.

JUSTIN
Chris...

He grabs his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEMAN'S BAR, EAGLE POINT WA - SAME TIME

Bo's bar, empty and quiet, suffused with early morning light.
Somewhere in the back of the building, a CELL PHONE STARTS
RINGING, and We DOLLY THROUGH toward the sound, into a...

BACK OFFICE

... Where the Major, Bo, and five of the bar Regulars (including the Bearded Man and the bartender Jeb) sit around a long table littered with OPEN LAPTOPS AND SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. The men all dressed in military or hunting fatigues. And STREAMING ON EVERY LAPTOP IS THE SAME DRONE'S-EYE PICTURE OF CHRIS' CABIN SURROUNDED BY ARMED F.B.I. AGENTS.

On one wall of the room is A LARGE, DETAILED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WITH DOZENS OF COLORED PUSH-PINS STUCK IN ROUGHLY HALF OF THE FIFTY STATES, FROM CALIFORNIA TO MAINE.

The Major calmly picks up the RINGING cell phone without answering.

MAJOR
(to Bearded Man)
Coordinates?

The Bearded Man quickly types a new TOR IP ADDRESS into his laptop. A GPS MAP OF SANTA CLARA, CA APPEARS, ZOOMING CLOSER UNTIL A SINGLE RESIDENCE IS HIGHLIGHTED.

BEARDED MAN
His house.

Holding up his hand for silence, making eye contact with Bo, the Major answers the phone.

MAJOR
Hello, son. Bo and I are watching
it, too.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE - SAME

Justin staring in horror at the unfolding images on the HD screen.

JUSTIN
(taken aback)
What?

INTERCUT:

MAJOR
Justin, there's nothing we can do
to help your brother at this point.
He understands that.

JUSTIN

No. I don't know what's going on here, but Chris needs to give himself up. You need to call him now, Dad.

MAJOR

He's a soldier, Justin, and a good one. This is how he wants to fight. He accepts the risk, and so do we.

JUSTIN

They are going to kill him.

MAJOR

Listen to me, Justin. The government's going to do whatever it thinks necessary to put us down for good, and Chris knows it better than anyone. That's what makes him a leader.

JUSTIN

I don't understand any of this.
He's your son.

Justin hangs up on him. Unable to look away from the HD SCREEN as ...

... The LEAD F.B.I. AGENT silently indicates to the other Agents and begins to press toward the cabin. A few seconds, and then ...

... THE GROUND EXPLODES UNDER HIM, BLOWING HIM TO PIECES.

A stunned pause. Then THE AGENTS LET LOOSE A HAIL OF AUTOMATIC FIRE, LARGE-CALIBER BULLETS RIPPING THROUGH THE CABIN WALLS FROM ALL SIDES.

Another pause, quiet and stunned; the Agents begin moving forward again and--

ANOTHER EXPLOSION BLOWS OFF AN AGENT'S LEG. HE LANDS ON THE GROUND, GUSHING BLOOD AND SCREAMING. TWO AGENTS (ONE OF THEM FEMALE) RUSH TO HELP AS THE OTHER AGENTS NOW GO BERSERK, FIRING IN A WILD BARRAGE UNTIL THE CABIN WALLS START TO LOOK SHREDDED.

Then all quiet again. No return fire from the cabin. And then as we watch ...

... AN AGENT WITH A SHOULDER-FIRED ROCKET LAUNCHER TAKES CAREFUL AIM AT THE CABIN AND--

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 (horrified)
 No!

FIRES.

CHRIS'S CABIN BLOWS UP IN A BALL OF FIRE AND SMOKE.

Justin stares in horrified shock. THE CABIN JUST GONE, as suddenly...

... The HD SCREEN GOES BLACK, THEN FILLS WITH A DAY-GLO ORANGE COILED RATTLESNAKE, THEN GOES BLACK AGAIN.

Justin sinks back onto the sofa: shock, rage, and grief. His only brother dead.

EXT. STATE PARK - SANTA CLARA, CA - DAY

Justin sits on the outcropping of rock, grieving for Chris and struggling to make sense of what he has seen.

In the distance, a FLOCK OF STARLINGS rises into the air, twisting, turning...

He watches the birds, as (in his head) he hears the CRACK!...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAJOR'S HOUSE, EAGLE POINT WA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

... OF A RIFLE SHOT, the bullet whizzing past a PAPER TARGET OF A MAN'S SILHOUETTE nailed to a tree.

WE ARE IN THE MAJOR'S BACKYARD. The rifle held by 11-YEAR-OLD JUSTIN.

MAJOR
 Do it again.

JUSTIN
 My shoulder's sore.

MAJOR
 Do it again.

Justin raises the rifle, tries to take aim, already knowing he's going to miss, FIRES and ...

... MISSES THE TARGET AGAIN.

The Major yanks the weapon out of his hands.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
You want to be helpless all your
life? You want to be a victim?

In one controlled motion, the Major whips the rifle around,
aims at the tree and FIRES ...

... HITTING the target in the chest.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
You're going to learn to do it
right if you have to stay out here
all night.

CHRIS
He needs to study.

The Major wheels around... It's CHRIS (14), standing in the
yard.

Slowly, taut as a wire, the Major raises the rifle so it's
pointing at Chris' chest.

MAJOR
What did you say to me?

JUSTIN
Chris didn't say anything.

CHRIS
(unafraid)
Justin needs to study, Major.

The Major glares at Chris ... Then, calmer, flips the rifle
around and hands it to him.

Justin walks toward the house. Just before entering, he
looks back and sees ...

... Chris aiming the rifle at the target.

CRACK! CHRIS' BULLET MAKES A HOLE IN THE CENTER OF THE
SILHOUETTED MAN'S HEAD.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE PARK - SANTA CLARA, CA - DAY

Justin pulls out of his memory. Tears in his eyes. No sign
now of the birds.

He realizes his phone is VIBRATING. A call from "MAJOR". He
lets it go to voicemail.

Then he listens to the message.

MAJOR

Son, we're going to hold a memorial
for Chris. Bo's bar, Thursday
night, nineteen hundred hours.
Hope you'll be there.

Justin DELETES THE MESSAGE. Then he gets to his feet.

INT. BOSEMAN CRANDALL OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ava at a conference table with two other Boseman Crandall Partners, listening without particular interest to the over-eager funding pitch of a would-be tech Entrepreneur.

Her phone VIBRATES with a TEXT from "JUSTIN" (words appearing on-screen):

"I know where u r"

She looks up suddenly, on edge: Is he in the office? She scans through the glass wall of the conference room.

Nobody there. Then Another TEXT:

"Outside"

EXT. BOSEMAN CRANDALL BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO - MINUTE LATER

Ava exits the building, looks around, and crosses the PLAZA to where Justin stands waiting for her.

JUSTIN

Have you been tracking me? How did
you know where I was the other
night?

AVA

It's my job to know everything
about you, Justin.

JUSTIN

I don't like being spied on.

AVA

You prefer being the spy?

JUSTIN

Yeah, I do.

(beat)

You know about my brother?

AVA
That must have been awful for you.

Justin's stare is skeptical.

AVA (CONT'D)
If I were you, right now I'd worry
less about my feelings and
intentions, and more about your
own.

JUSTIN
Is that some kind of threat?

She studies him coolly.

AVA
We're on the same side, Justin.
You just can't see it yet. Now you
should get back to work. The stage
three test is in less than seventy-
two hours.

She turns and starts walking back toward the building
entrance.

JUSTIN
I know more than you think.

Something in his tone ... On instinct, she glances up at the
SKY ...

... And sees A SURVEILLANCE DRONE HOVERING AT A HUNDRED FEET.

Unsettled, she enters the building.

Justin taps his phone and THE DRONE DESCENDS AND LANDS SOFTLY
AT HIS FEET on the plaza. He picks it up. PASSERSBY staring
at him and the drone.

His PHONE RINGS.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(answers)
What?

RAJIV
Justin, you need to get back here
right away.

JUSTIN
What's wrong?

RAJIV
Nothing's wrong. We've had a
breakthrough.

ON JUSTIN, momentarily stunned.

EXT. HIVE UAV, SILICON VALLEY - LATE THAT NIGHT

The electronic gate slides open, and Justin's Jeep enters the dark, empty HIVE parking lot.

INT. HIVE UAV - ENTRANCE/RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Justin lets himself into the HIVE building and DEACTIVATES THE ALARM SYSTEM. The place seems empty, as he wants it, until ...

... The TWO HUMMINGBIRD DRONES, triggered by his motion, autonomously lift off from the desk and ZOOM TOWARD HIM, security monitors lighting up--

But before his image can be recorded, HE REACHES OUT AND SNATCHES THE TINY DRONES OUT OF THE AIR AND CRUNCHES THEM IN HIS FISTS.

The monitors go dark again.

JUSTIN
You have no idea how long I've been
wanting to do that.

He drops the DRONE PIECES into the wastebasket next to Tina's desk.

Then it hits him: he is breaking into his own company.

INT. SYSTEMS ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

SEVEN SWARM ATTACK DRONES lying on the floor of the systems room like so many sleeping birds of prey.

Moving briskly, occasionally glancing at the door, Justin pulls his laptop out of his backpack and hooks it up to Rajiv's desktop. He types in the pass code, opens the Tor Browser, activates the Personal Data Persistence feature, then links into the "HIVE ATTACK SWARM SYSTEMS PLATFORM" and BEGINS TO DOWNLOAD IT TO HIS LAPTOP. Though it downloads quickly, the seconds seem endless.

It's done. He checks to make sure the DOWNLOADED MATERIAL is on his Tor Browser Folder inside his Persistent Folder, unhooks his laptop, and leaves the scene.

EXT. ABANDONED AIRSTRIP, NORTHERN CA - EARLY MORNING

The middle of nowhere. Nothing around but a COYOTE AND A COUPLE OF LIZARDS. Now we see ...

... An UNMARKED FURNITURE TRUCK driving along a dirt road and pulling onto an ABANDONED AIRSTRIP.

Justin climbs down from the cab, opens the back of the trailer and, one by one, carefully begins unloading the SEVEN SWARM ATTACK DRONES onto the cracked tarmac.

Now a CAR comes up the dirt road and pulls in next to the truck. Rajiv, Lars, and Tina get out.

They help Justin unload the last of the contents of the truck, including a PORTABLE DRONE LAUNCHER and FOUR SUITCASE-SIZED BOXES.

EXT. SKY - LATER

The SEVEN DRONES FLYING AT 100 FEET IN A TIGHT, BEAUTIFUL WEDGE-SHAPED SWARM, turning, dipping, rising.

EXT. GROUND - SAME

Justin with his LAPTOP, managing swarm guidance. As ...

... Nearby, Rajiv, wearing protective goggles, stands beside a PORTABLE, TRIPOD-MOUNTED DRONE-KILLING LASER. And ...

... Tina FILMS IT ALL with a handheld digital video recorder.

JUSTIN

Okay, Rajiv. Take out the leader.

Rajiv ACTIVATES THE LASER, AND A RED BEAM SHOOTs SKYWARD AND LANDS ON THE LEAD DRONE IN THE WEDGE. Within seconds ...

THE LEAD DRONE BURNS AND CRASHES, while ...

... Justin tensely monitors the flight-guide system, waiting to see if it will work.

This time, it does. Still flying at speed, the DRONES SUBTLY ALTER THEIR SWARM SHAPE, ANOTHER DRONE TAKING THE LEAD POSITION VACATED BY THE SHOT-DOWN DRONE. THE FLOCK REMAINS A SINGLE SWARM MOVEMENT, FAST, CONTROLLED, AND LETHAL.

Justin, Rajiv, Lars, and Tina all look at each other with barely contained excitement.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Now the camouflage.

He types commands into his laptop, and looks up -- they all do -- silently praying.

EXT. SKY - SAME

The remaining DRONES flying in their attack formation. Nothing different. And then as we watch...

... THEIR COLORING BEGINS TO CHANGE, turning darker and mottled on top and lighter oddly patterned on the bottom, until--

EXT. GROUND - SAME

TINA

Where'd they go?

LARS

They were just there.

The four of them staring up at the sky where just a moment ago the drones were flying ...

... BUT NOW THE SKY APPEARS EMPTY.

Holding his breath, Justin types another command on his laptop, and ...

... SUDDENLY THE DRONES REAPPEAR, their camouflage gone.

RAJIV

Oh my God, Justin ...

JUSTIN

It works! It fucking works!

WHOOPS of excitement, high-fives and hugs. Justin looks at each of them. A sober moment: what they've been working and dreaming toward for years.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Great job, all of you.

RAJIV
What do you think a billion dollars
smells like?

Justin LAUGHS with the rest of them, woozy from exhaustion.

JUSTIN
Okay, let's get everything back to
the shop. Tomorrow's the real
deal. Get some rest tonight.

EXT. NEAR HIVE UAV, SILICON VALLEY - LATER THAT DAY

The FURNITURE TRUCK AND CAR driving along the street leading
to HIVE.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Justin driving alone in the cab of the truck, just behind the
car, the (opened) HIVE GATE already in view ahead -- along
with TWO BLACK GOVERNMENT SUVs.

Suddenly, HIS PHONE STARTS BEEPING AN ALARM. He sees the
flashing words "HIVE SECURITY BREACH".

JUSTIN
Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. HIVE UAV - JUSTIN'S OFFICE - LATER SAME DAY

Silent and alone, deeply frustrated, Justin sits staring at
the closed door of his office. We can see his mind literally
running through every possible outcome of his situation, none
of them good.

The door opens and two FBI Agents, CHIP TURNER (late 40s) and
JANINE FOLEY (late 30s), enter and take two chairs facing
Justin.

AGENT TURNER
Mr. Clark, Agent Chip Turner of the
FBI's Counterterrorism Group in DC.
This is Agent Janine Foley with
Seattle division.

The smallest muscle in Justin's jaw twitches.

AGENT TURNER (CONT'D)

For the last fifteen years, you had no contact whatsoever with your brother Chris Freeman, your father William Freeman, or your uncle Bo Freeman.

Justin hyper-aware of Agent Foley's eyes fixed on his laptop backpack, sitting unopened on his desk.

AGENT TURNER (CONT'D)

Then, four days ago, you made a trip to your hometown of Eagle Point, Washington. You and your father went together to your uncle's bar. Later, you drove alone to Sea-Tac airport, changed your return ticket, and flew back to San Francisco on the next flight. You came straight here to your company, arriving at--

JUSTIN

What's your point?

AGENT TURNER

--2:15 A.M. Were you aware that last spring your father was forcibly discharged from the Air Force and stripped of his pension?

Justin stares at him, clearly taken by surprise.

JUSTIN

No.

AGENT FOLEY

He gave a public speech in which he said, quote, "What this country needs is a second American revolution against a government that is systematically tyrannizing its own people." End quote.

JUSTIN

So maybe he was drunk. Anyway, it's free speech.

AGENT FOLEY

Not if you're a Major in the United States military.

JUSTIN

I was twelve when my mother took me away from Eagle Point. None of this has anything to do with me. What do you want?

AGENT TURNER

Your cooperation.

JUSTIN

In less than twenty-four hours I have a meeting that will make or break my company.

AGENT FOLEY

You don't get it, do you?

JUSTIN

Get what?

AGENT FOLEY

Your birth name is Freeman.

Justin is about to respond -- then stops, feeling the hook set deeper.

JUSTIN

What do you want?

AGENT TURNER

There's a memorial service for your brother being held in your uncle's bar tonight at seven o'clock. We want you there as our eyes and ears on the ground.

JUSTIN

I told you. I have a meeting tomorrow that I can't miss.

AGENT FOLEY

If you're as smart as you think you are, I'm sure you'll find a way to do what we're asking and get back in time for your meeting.

JUSTIN

Asking, or telling?

AGENT TURNER

We have a plane waiting to take you to Seattle. From there, you're on your own recognizance. But don't worry, we'll be keeping tabs.

AGENT FOLEY

You know what they say: It's always
good to be with family.

Justin glares at the Agents, as we hear the SOUND OF JET
ENGINES RISING TO AN UNBEARABLE PITCH--

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEMAN'S BAR, EAGLE POINT WA - THAT NIGHT

A SEATTLE TAXI pulls up in front of Bo's bar. Justin gets
out and hands the driver a WAD OF BILLS through the window.
The taxi drives away.

From the street, Justin takes a moment to observe the bar.
The parking lot overflowing with cars and pick-ups. SHADES
DRAWN OVER THE WINDOWS tonight. AND THE AMERICAN FLAG ABOVE
THE FRONT DOOR NOW HANGING ... UPSIDEDOWN.

INT. FREEMAN'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Justin pulls open the door. He finds the room ...

... PACKED WITH PEOPLE (including all the Regulars), standing
room only, their backs to him and all silent, for they are
facing Bo's table by the bar ...

... Where the Major and Bo, in formal military dress, medals
gleaming, stand beside a LARGE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF CHRIS IN
HIS ARMY DRESS UNIFORM, THE BRONZE STAR AND PURPLE HEART
PLAINLY VISIBLE ON HIS CHEST.

The Major preparing himself to deliver his eulogy for Chris.

MAJOR

(emotional)

Chris would never talk about it.
He was a patriot who served his
country with distinction. And what
did the government do to thank him
when he got shipped home wounded?
They put him in Building 18. How
people mention Guantanamo and Abu
Ghraib now -- that was Building 18
at Walter Reed Medical Center. But
this wasn't a prison designed for
terrorists and Arabs in enemy
territory. It was a hospital in
our nation's capital, for our own
soldiers.

Justin sees the Major look out into the crowd and find him standing at the back. Their eyes meet.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

That's right, our government stuck its greatest patriots in that hell-hole so no one would have to see their broken bodies and souls. I visited Chris there several times. Rats and roaches everywhere. Stained carpets and mattresses. Black mold on the walls. No heat or water for weeks at a time. Dozens of patient suicides every year. That blood's on the government. Then Chris came home to find there weren't any jobs for patriots like him. The jobs had all been given to the foreign enemies he'd been fighting. And we know -- *we know* -- things have only gotten worse since then.

The Major looks for Justin again, finds him.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

But Chris wouldn't want me talking about any of this now. He was a man who preferred to let his actions speak for his words. He was an American patriot. We need more like him, many more, if we are to rise up now and fight for the honor and dignity that he lived and died for, the very best that this country is and can be, what it was born to be, what the Founding Fathers meant when they gave us our original freedoms and our second amendment rights. God bless my son Chris Freeman. God bless him, and god bless America.

CROWD

God bless America.

As now around the room A SOUND BEGINS ...

... A SLOW, RHYTHMIC POUNDING AGAINST THE FLOOR.

And Justin realizes that EVERY PERSON IN THE ROOM -- SOME DRESSED IN MILITARY CLOTHING AND OTHERS IN POLICE AND STATE TROOPER UNIFORMS -- IS HOLDING A MILITARY RIFLE, AND THEY ARE ALL POUNDING THE BUTTS OF THEIR RIFLES AGAINST THE FLOOR NOW, HARDER, HARDER, HARDER, until the floor under Justin's feet is shaking.

As at the front, the Major nodding in grave approval at the crowd...

... Until he looks again at Justin, still standing by the door, and SIGNALS THE CROWD TO BE QUIET.

The pounding stops. All heads turn toward Justin.

MAJOR

Come in, son.

Justin stands staring at his father, his uncle, all of them, in this town he once called home.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHEAST WASHINGTON STATE - EARLY MORNING

A GOOGLE EARTH SHOT of vast green forest with an ugly dirt logging road cut through it.

ZOOMING CLOSER, WE REALIZE THAT IT'S THE SAME FOREST AS THE OPENING, with the bare scar of the logging road, and...

... Moving laterally, THE BURNED, SCARRED AREA WHERE CHRIS' CABIN USED TO BE. And moving laterally even more ...

... WE SEE A LAKE AND, BESIDE IT, A SMALL STRUCTURE.

EXT. NEAR UNIONTOWN, WA - LOGGING ROAD - SAME TIME

The Major's car parked at the edge of the forest, where the logging road begins.

Justin gets out from the passenger seat.

MAJOR

At about a mile, cut east and you should pick up his trail markers. The lake's another half mile from there.

JUSTIN

What color are the markers?

MAJOR
Bright orange. Small, high up.

JUSTIN
What am I looking for when I get
there?

MAJOR
Anything that doesn't belong.

Justin grabs his laptop backpack from the backseat--

MAJOR (CONT'D)
Justin? Keep well clear of the
cabin site.

JUSTIN
I will.

Justin sets off down the logging road.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Justin hiking through forest. Checking the trees every so
often, looking for Chris' trail markers.

Finally, high up, he spots a tiny, hard-to-see DAY-GLO ORANGE
MARKER.

He pulls out his birding glasses to see the image better.

It's a COILED RATTLESNAKE.

TIME CUT:

FURTHER INTO WOODS - LATER

Justin still hiking, sweating now.

The RATTLESNAKE MARKERS appear sinister, adding another layer
of threat to the forest.

Finally, he reaches the edge of the SMALL LAKE.

And there is CHRIS' BOAT SHED.

INT. BOAT SHED - SAME

He enters, looks around. Careful, but also hungry to find
something from Chris, doesn't know what. The light is dim.

There is an OLD CANOE, some BOAT JUNK, FISHING GEAR, the remnants of a DUCK BLIND.

He switches on his phone light. Runs it along walls and floorboards.

Nothing, no message. Bitter disappointment washes over him, a feeling of being personally lost.

But then, at the last moment, he sees the tiny DAY-GLO ORANGE RATTLESNAKE painted on a floorboard in the corner. He rubs his hand over it.

The floorboard is loose. He pulls it up.

In the space underneath is an ENVELOPE exactly like the earlier ones.

Except the name on this one is "LAZARUS".

Justin tears open the envelope and removes the contents:

-- A BLACK CARBON USB STICK ETCHED WITH A DAY-GLO ORANGE COILED RATTLESNAKE.

-- A laminated sheet of paper with A SERIES OF TOR IP ADDRESSES.

Justin scans the IPs but doesn't recognize any. Then he pulls out his laptop and plugs in the USB stick. It uploads automatically and ...

... CHRIS APPEARS (wearing the same camo gear he was wearing the day he was blown up).

INTERCUT:

CHRIS

I salute you, brother. You've come a long way and I'm proud of you. I know you're still confused about what's going on here, but that's for your own protection. I think you understand that your real mission is just beginning. There's no victory without great sacrifice. I've paid mine, but yours is still ahead of you. There's a lot of work to do if we're going to take back our country from the powers that weaken and subjugate us.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You're going to have to build a guerilla force deeper and stronger than anything the government can imagine. You're going to have to lead a disparate group of soldiers of varying capability and knowhow, a people's militia, using every last bit of ingenuity you got. Your weapons are going to be needed, those you've already built and those you haven't designed yet. But for any of that to work, you're going to have to stay alive. So my last piece of advice to you is don't trust anyone. I mean that literally. A real leader looks out for his men, but he keeps his secrets to himself. You're Lazarus now. You'll know what that means soon enough. God bless America.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

EXT. LOGGING ROAD - LATER

Tired and sweaty, Justin hikes up the logging road. Ahead, he can see the edge of the forest and the paved road.

INT. MAJOR'S CAR - SAME

The Major behind the wheel, talking on his phone.

MAJOR

There's no free lunch, Bo. We don't get something for nothing. But if we're going to win -- and we have to -- this one's a risk worth taking.

The car door opens and Justin slides into the passenger seat.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

The Major hangs up. Justin watching him carefully, but trying to seem as though he isn't.

JUSTIN

Who were you talking to?

MAJOR

Some clerk down at the VA. Can't get a straight answer out of any of 'em. You find the shed?

JUSTIN

There was just some junk. Bunch of fishing gear. An old canoe.

MAJOR

Nothing else?

The Major glances at the backpack on Justin's lap.

JUSTIN

No, that was it.

The Major looks into Justin's eyes, something hard and suspicious briefly growing between them. Then lets it go -- for now.

MAJOR

Okay. Let's go home.

He starts the engine.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The Major's car driving away.

ON JUSTIN, looking out his open window at the passing forest, evergreen and unknowable.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW