

**THE ORDER**

by

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Based on the book:

THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

by

Kevin Flynn and Gary Gerhardt

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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**TITLE CARD OVER BLACK: THIS IS A TRUE STORY**

As the credits roll, VOICES are heard in the darkness.

ALAN BERG (ON A RADIO)  
No, no. I'm listening. Go on. You were saying Jews use the blood of Christian babies for-- what was it?

CALLER (ON THE RADIO)  
Well, for their services. They're rituals or dinners, so they can take over the world.

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)  
For their dinners? I see. So - is it - do they serve it in cups? This Christian blood -- it's a drink? Or is it more of a condiment, like a gravy, that we can pour over our food? Cause I've never been to one of this rituals so--

CALLER (ON THE RADIO)  
Are you making fun of me, you son of a bitch?

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)  
No, sir. Not all. You don't need my help for that. I just want to know how I can take over the world. Me.

CALLER (ON A RADIO)  
See! You're trying to bait me but I'm just trying to answer your question you -- you dumb kike.

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)  
All right. That's enough.

CUT TO:

**INT. DENVER - KOA RADIO STUDIOS - DUSK**

ALAN BERG (the infamous shock-jock) in the flesh, at the mic, chain smoking PALL MALLS as he wraps up his broadcast.

TITLE CARD READS: **1983**

ALAN BERG  
Whoa! We've got a lot of anti-semitism cooking here!  
(MORE)

ALAN BERG (CONT'D)

*Thank you caller, for that load of puritanical garbage. You know this is my problem with every fanatic, fundamentalist from the Catholics to the Orthodox to the KKK. What you all have in common is, and you're too ignorant to see it, is that you're too inept to get by in the world, so your only recourse is to try and curtail the enjoyment of others.*

As Alan wraps up, we hear his voice over --

**EXT. MOONLESS MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT**

-- where a single spray of headlights burning down a densely forested road. It stretches endless through the night.

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)

*Well, there you have it. It's a free country, but our minds are still trapped.*

The show plays inside --

**INT. BRUCE PIERCE'S TOYOTA CELICA - NIGHT**

-- as THREE MEN drive on the moonless road listening to Berg on the radio.

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)

*We'll be back with more tomorrow here on KOA, Denver. Thanks for listening and be safe.*

The driver bristles. His name is BRUCE PIERCE (29). A 6'2", long haired, handle bar-mustached, athletic, outdoorsman. Beside him is GARY YARBOROUGH (30). A tall, bearded, AWOL ex-Marine in an army green patrol cap and --

Clocking the darkness in back is a man named WALTER WEST. A late 20's country boy, MINI-14 RIFLE in his lap, taking a pull from a 5th of whiskey as Berg's show continues.

PIERCE

Gimme that bottle.  
(as he drinks)  
You hear this shit? This fucking Jew. Guy needs a couple barrels in his mouth.

Pierce shuts off the radio, eyeing West in the rearview.

WEST

Why we out here in the dark? What's  
Bob want? What is he fucking  
hunting in the dark?

PIERCE

I don't know. Maybe he wants you to  
join.

West passes Pierce the bottle then returns his attention to  
the gun in his lap as they ride on in silence, until --

GARY

Here we go.

A dirt logging road appears in the woods. Pierce turns the  
wheel for it, steering his Toyota off into the trees.

A short ways ahead, they arrive at a clearing. Pierce brings  
the car to a stop. Hands the bottle to Gary.

PIERCE

Come on. Fucking safety that gun.

West does as he's told, safetying the gun in his hand, as he  
follows Pierce out of the car into --

**EXT. KANISKU NATIONAL FOREST - NIGHT**

It's pitch black outside. The men creep through the forest.  
West, blabbering through a story, trying to make out his  
bearings. Pierce follows behind. Gary in the rear.

WEST

...I'm walking. It's dripping while  
I'm walking out of this bar. I'm  
literally splashing in my own piss.  
She doesn't think it's very funny  
but, I thought it was pretty  
funny... where the fuck are we  
going? I don't get it, man. If Bob  
wanted to talk, we could've done it  
at the bar.

*BOOM!* -- before West gets out the next word -- Gary shoots  
him point blank in the back.

West drops. Bleeding. Gasping. The men arrive over him.

PIERCE

That's the problem right there,  
Walt. You talk too damn much.

With that, Gary raises the gun and BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- fires three shots into West's chest that silences him permanently.

Pierce looks at the bloody body.

PIERCE (CONT'D)

Well that shut him up.

INSERT TITLES:                   **THE ORDER**

**INT./ EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

A breathtaking stretch of mountain-bound highway where an FBI ISSUED FORD BRONCO cuts through the trees. The license plate reads: NEW YORK. The inside's packed with BOXES. And behind the wheel, we meet --

TERRY HUSK. 50. Not from around here. Handsome and hard-lived. A vintage GOLD ROLEX on his wrist. A flashy RING on his finger. The gold jewelry of a street hustler, but the roving eyes of cop.

He peers out at the crystal blue waters of LAKE COEUR D' ALENE valley. Absolutely majestic. Husk admires it then --

**I/E. HUSK'S FORD BRONCO / MAIN STREET - DAY**

Husk drives through "a little slice of heaven." The streets of COEUR D' ALENE, IDAHO. A beatific lakeside vacation town beneath the Bitterroot Mountains. Lakeview motor inns and a western style Main Street. Quaint. Quiet.

The BRONCO finally parks before A BRICK HOTEL that oughta be on a postcard.

Husk gets out of the car. CITY SHOES hit the dirt. He breathes in the air. Takes in the hotel then --

**INT. HOTEL, COEUR D' ALENE - DAY**

Husk is checking in, in the lobby, which is actually a BAR. LOCALS eying him, warily, a stranger in town. A RECEPTIONIST at the desk eyes his ID. An FBI BADGE.

RECEPTIONIST

I knew the last guy a bit, was working outta that office. Retired to Texas, I think. Couple months now at least. Weren't sure y'all were coming back.

HUSK

Up to the bosses, might not'a. Had 'em toss me a bone. Promised I'd stay out of trouble.

Husk gives him a wink.

RECEPTIONIST

That shouldn't be hard. Ain't much trouble around here.

(as he rings him in)

So where you in from then, anyway?

HUSK

New York.

RECEPTIONIST / BARTENDER

New York City? No thanks.

Husk's hardly listening, his focus now drawn to a flyer tacked on the wall among other innocuous pamphlets.

A printed poster of a red and white striped flag, but in place of the stars, a blue shield is in-set with a blazing white sword. The words beneath it read:

*WHITE BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THERE'S NOTHING HATEFUL ABOUT SHOWING PRIDE IN YOUR RACE. COME LEARN HOW TO RECLAIM YOUR BIRTH RIGHT. WHITE POWER!*

Husk can't take his eyes off it as he hands him his keys.

RECEPTIONIST / BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Here's your room. You're all set.

Husk, a last look at the pamphlet, then --

**INT. HUSK'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Husk opens the door and steps into his new home. A small, squalid room. A window onto the street. He sets down his bag, regarding this place, then --

**EXT. WOODS, COEUR D'ALENE - DAY**

We see a telephoto shot of a lone BULL ELK, grazing on a snow blanketed hill. It's incredibly majestic and exposed.

Reverse to reveal: Husk, crouching far away in the trees, zeroing in on the bull, tightening his finger around the trigger as we hear --

HUSK (V.O.)  
 Hey, how are you all? I got here  
 and uh, I'm settling in but you  
 know, it feels kind of empty.

The Elk, sensing something in the air, turns his head in Husk's direction. A long frozen beat between the hunter and his target until --

The Elk returns to his stroll, moving slowly and exposed through the snow --

Only, Husk doesn't fire. Instead, he lowers the gun and sits alone in the cold, staring at the now empty hill then --

**INT. OFFICE, FEDERAL BUILDING, COEUR D'ALENE - DAY**

Husk is unpacking BOXES in a vacant one-room office. Walls hung with spider webs. Empty name plate on the desk with some of the last agent's FILES. His V.O. continues --

HUSK (V.O.)  
 So um, no rush but, when you guys  
 coming out? I thought maybe uh, a  
 week? Two weeks? But you should see  
 the landscape, it's well -- like  
 they said. It's really something.  
 The girls can go on some hikes. Or  
 not.

Out of his boxes, Husk sets a few items on his desk. The first is a PHOTO of HUSK and his then 10-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER on the boardwalk at CONEY ISLAND. Another is a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE OF PILLS. He pops a few as --

His action finally catches up to his V.O. He is on the phone, leaving a message.

HUSK  
 Just call. Yeah, let me know the  
 plans. All right. Love you.

Husk hangs up. Turns his attention to THE FILES.

One grabs him: A DOSSIER on THE ARYAN NATION. Surveillance photographs of a large WOODED COMPOUND. A GRAY HAired PASTOR leading his flock at a CHURCH.

Husk studies the Pastor in the photo, then looks out the window. On the quaint street outside SCHOOL CHILDREN hold hands, crossing the road with their TEACHER. The only action in town.

Husk considers that as we now meet --

**I/E. OLD DODGE DART / SPOKANE STREET - DAY (SPOKANE)**

BOB MATHEWS, a brown haired, good looking 30-year-old All-American guy. He sits shotgun in the car, anxiously checking his watch. A POLICE SCANNER on the dash rattling INNOCUOUS CHATTER. A slow day.

BRUCE

Where's the bomb, Gary? It shoulda gone off already.

GARY

I don't know. It was set. Sorry, Bob.

BRUCE PIERCE and GARY YARBOROUGH in back. A BEARDED, SUN-GLASSED driver at the wheel. His name's DAVID LANE.

LANE

What do you wanna do?

That's to Bob as he thinks, viewing a small local BANK across the street. Bob considers it then -- he puts on a ski-hat, grabs a PISTOL beside him and --

BOB

Keep listening.

Bob opens the door. The two men in the back do the same and --

**INT. SMALL LOCAL BANK - DAY**

Bob, Bruce, and Gary in JACKETS, WHITE-TEES and WINTER HATS, scale the LOBBY STEPS and arrive on the BANK FLOOR.

THREE STATIONS. A STAND-UP SAFE. NO CAMERAS. NO GUARD. A FEW ELDERLY CUSTOMERS.

Bob and his men exchange looks. Then Bob pulls down his mask and steps up to the TELLER, her eyes still on the till.



TELLER

Good morning. How can I help you?

The first thing she sees is a PAPER HALLOWEEN BAG on the counter. Then the mask on Bob's face.

BOB

It's going to be ok, but you're being robbed. Where's the manager?

Now she sees the gun.

BOB (CONT'D)

Call him now. Please.

TELLER

Ralph!

THE MANAGER steps out of the office.

MANAGER

What's going --

He sees the THREE MASKED MEN with GUNS. THE MUZZLE of BOB'S pointed right in his gut. EYES staring out through the mask.

BOB

Face down on the floor, sir.

Now the other CUSTOMERS SCREAM!

BOB (CONT'D)

Where are the keys to the safe?  
Ralph, open the safe or she's dead.

When the manager hesitates -- BAM! -- Pierce hits him hard in the face - brutal - bloody - shoving him to floor --

PIERCE

What the fuck did he say?

Bob trains his gun on the teller.

BOB

Tell Ralph you want to live. Tell him.

As she does, ANOTHER EMPLOYEE sidles furtively toward the wall. Bob doesn't see -- focused on the manager.

BOB (CONT'D)

Where are the keys?

As the manager unclips them from his belt, suddenly --  
 WAHWAHWAHWAHWAH! -- A FIRE ALARM STARTS TO BLARE -- the  
 Robbers all freeze.

PIERCE

Who the fuck did that it?!

All eyes hit the teller. Bob stays Pierce with a look,  
 stopping Bruce from attacking her.

BOB

Everybody get on the floor.

He holds up his gun. They all do as they're told.

BOB (CONT'D)

(to Pierce)

Let's go. Get the money. No dye  
 packs.

He throws Pierce the keys. The alarm still blaring as --

**EXT. SMALL LOCAL BANK - SAME**

Lane waits in the car, jumping when the POLICE SCANNER barks.

POLICE DISPATCHER (FILTERED)

4711, 4713 -- we've got a report of  
 a fire alarm at Washington Trust.  
 1752 Douglas Avenue. There's no  
 contact inside.

POLICE OFFICER (FILTERED)

4711 in route. I'm right there.

LANE

Shit.

Lane starting to panic while --

**INT. SMALL LOCAL BANK - SAME**

The alarm is still wailing as Bob checks his watch, keeping  
 his gun on the customers as Gary hits up the TELLERS, who  
 empty their drawers as --

Pierce unlocks the safe, swinging open the door to reveal --  
 jackpot. A SHITLOAD of cash.

BOB

Bag it up. Hurry.

As Pierce and Gary begin filling their BAGS --

**EXT. SMALL LOCAL BANK - SAME**

Lane's shitting bricks, 'cause in the mirror he sees a POLICE CRUISER pull up on the street. A COP stepping out, spotting the commotion inside -- about the unholster his gun when --

LANE (O.S.)  
Put it down. Now.

Lane's snuck up behind, jabbing a GUN to his head. The Cop smartly complies -- hands Lane his gun as Bruce and Gary rush safely out and --

**INT. SMALL LOCAL BANK - DAY**

Bob stands watch in the bank as Pierce and Gary, finish loading their bags, once they're full --

PIERCE  
Let's go. Let's go.

Bob stays behind with his gun, holding the hostages back as the guys race down the stairs for the door.

The last bags at his feet, Bob gives the manager a last word.

BOB  
I want you to stay down until we  
leave, sir.

Then Bob picks up the bag, hurrying out of the store where --

He bolts onto the street. The other guys loading their bags in the trunk.

Lane's got the Cop face down, eating concrete, guarding him with his gun until Bob gets his bags in the car then --

BOB (CONT'D)  
Let's go. Let's go.

Lane eyes the cop, raises his gun and -- BANG! BANG! -- he fires two shots -- *not at the cop*. AT THE TIRES. The cruiser sinks to the street as --

Lane jumps behind the wheel of the Dodge and they all rush in the car as --

The Cop rises in time to see the car fishtailing away, accelerating into the city as --

**INT./ EXT. DODGE DART - THAT MOMENT**

Bob takes off his mask, money bag in his lap, spilling over with cash. The men smile as they see it. Speeding away until -

*BANG!* -- A blast echoes out. RED MIST fills the car as it slams to a stop and -- we hold on it here.

*Bob's unmoving car. Blood painting the windows, on the quiet main street in town and --*

**INT. / EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT (A FEW HOURS LATER)**

-- at a small wooded TRAILER PARK, a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN washes laundry by the steps of her double-wide. Her name's ZILLAH CRAIG (25).

She's in a student smock and nurses uniform. She has big wire-rim glasses and is several months pregnant. She perks up, expectantly when --

TIRES RUMBLE over the gravel drive in the park and --

Bob gets out of HIS CAR. The Halloween bag in his hand. A DUFFLE on his SHOULDER. His clothes covered in "BLOOD."

ZILLAH

Oh my god!

BOB

Dye pack exploded. Come here. I can't stay long. I gotta get home.

ZILLAH

What's that?

Zillah's trying to catch up as Bob heads through door of a humble, unfurnished home. MOVING BOXES UNPACKED.

He clears off the lone table and dumps out the bag. A TON OF CASH. Dyed red.

BOB

Open the other one too.

Zillah stares at it, speechless. Then Bob smiles, opens the duffle and pours that bag out too.

ZILLAH

Holy crap. How much is this?!

Zillah laughs. It's THOUSANDS in CLEAN CASH from the vault. He puts his hand around her belly.

ZILLAH (CONT'D)  
 (of the baby)  
 He wants you to stay.

BOB  
 Yeah. Want me to stay?

ZILLAH  
 (making a baby voice)  
 Yeah.

They laugh, then Zillah kisses him passionately and --

**INT. KOOTENAI COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Through the window we see, Husk crosses the street toward a small Sheriff's Office beneath the mountains then --

Husk enters the office of SHERIFF LOFTLIN (60's), a broad shouldered, shit-kicking good-ol' boy.

HUSK  
 Sheriff Loftlin? Terry Husk.

They shake and takes a seat.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN  
 I gotta admit, I was surprised when you called. Bureau hasn't had a man in that office for some time. Let alone one with your record --  
 (flips through a file, impressed)  
 KKK. Cosa Nostra. Worried you might find this place boring.

HUSK  
 That's the hope.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN  
 I wouldn't sit by the phone. Serious crime around here's catching a trout with no license.

That gets a laugh as Husk's eyes sweep the station, clocking all the officers. All locals. All crewcuts. All cut from the same white country-boy cloth, except for:

A YOUNG DEPUTY - JAMIE. A slim, good looking guy, hair a little too long for around here. He and Husk exchange looks.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN (CONT'D)  
 You know, you should come over for  
 dinner sometime. We cook up a mean  
 bbq. Love to have you.

HUSK  
 When my family come in, that'd be  
 great.

Husk rises and Loftlin hopes that's the end but --

HUSK (CONT'D)  
 I had one question.  
 (beat)  
 Bout some flyers I've been seen  
 around town. White Power. All that.  
 They from the Aryan Nation?  
 (off Loftlin's silence)  
 Richard Butler behaving himself?  
 (more silence)  
 How far's his compound from here?

SHERIFF LOFTLIN  
 It's a long way up.

A voice from behind jumps in to correct.

JAMIE  
 They're up by Hayden Lake. It's not  
 too far.

Loftlin shoots Jamie a look.

HUSK  
 Oh yeah? How far?

JAMIE  
 Not too far. Fifteen, twenty minute  
 drive.

HUSK  
 Just there?

He looks back to Loftlin. Loftlin, caught.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN  
 Well, thank you Jamie. Appreciate  
 your help. Get back to work.

Jamie does as he told, leaving Loftlin with Husk.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN (CONT'D)  
 Look, I'll admit, Butler's church  
 is a nuisance but it's just talk.  
 (MORE)

SHERIFF LOFTLIN (CONT'D)

Bunch of overgrown yokels burning crosses, playing dress up. They mostly keep to themselves.

HUSK

(playing along)

No use poking a bear --

SHERIFF LOFTLIN

-- or scaring the tourists. If I were you, Agent Husk, I wouldn't waste your time with Richard Butler. You can catch a lot bigger fish in the river.

He flashes a smile --

HUSK

Have a good day.

-- and we follow him as he exits the station passing Jamie, who is lighting a smoke. Husk clocks it. Pat his pockets.

HUSK (CONT'D)

Mind if I bum one of those?

Jamie hands him a smoke. And Husk lights it with a ZIPPO, which he sets on the desk.

HUSK (CONT'D)

Have a nice day.

And Husk exits, leaving the lighter behind. Jamie noting the ENGRAVING on the back, then --

**EXT. KOOTENAI COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Husk's not exactly surprised as he walks to his car hearing --

JAMIE (O.S.)

Excuse me, Sir. You left this.

Jamie has followed, Husk's "forgotten" lighter in hand.

Husk receives it. Regards the engraving. We see now it shows a crudely etched naked woman. The words: "SAIGON - 1965"

JAMIE (CONT'D)

My dad was in the Corps too. Name's Jamie, sir. I mean, Deputy Bowen.

Jamie lingers a beat. Steals a look toward the office, then -

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
 You asked about Hayden Lake?  
 (beat)  
 Those pamphlets you saw, that's not  
 all that they're printing.

Off Husk in the cold, unsure what he's just hooked and --

**INT. / EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

A quaint little track house in the shadow of the mountains. A big wheel in the yard as inside --

JAMIE  
 They're using their press to make  
 counterfeit bills.

Husk, sitting in a toy-filled living room as Jamie shows him a BADLY PRODUCED COUNTERFEIT \$100. Husk examines it.

HUSK  
 Where'd you get this?

JAMIE  
 From a friend. Guy I grew up with  
 here. His name's Walter West.

Jamie shows a photo. WALTER WEST -- our opener's victim.

HUSK  
 He's a member of the AN?

Jamie nods, disappointed.

JAMIE  
 We were in high school together. A  
 couple weeks back, ran into Walt at  
 a bar. He was pretty loaded up,  
 started running his mouth. Showed  
 me that.

HUSK  
 You turn it in to the Sheriff?

Jamie looks down, remorseful. Ashamed. Husk understands.

HUSK (CONT'D)  
 He's a friend.

JAMIE  
 (nods)  
 Said it was just the beginning.



HUSK

The beginning of what?

(then)

Oh great. Thank you, ma'am.

That's to Bowen's wife, KIMMY, who brings them coffee.  
Kimmy's young, bright, INDIGENOUS, and carrying a BABY.

JAMIE

Thanks babe...

They kiss, then she goes. Husk watches Jamie watch her. In love. Husk considers. Once she's gone, Jamie moves to kitchen, pulling a FILE from a cabinet. A half dozen crime scenes. Waves Husk over to look.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

This was in June. Bomb went off at a Synagogue in Boise. A couple porn stores got robbed in Spokane in October. Bank got hit last month up the road.

HUSK

Yeah, I heard. West said the Nation's involved?

JAMIE

Seemed like some of 'em, yeah. Said they'd gotten into explosives. Raising a war chest for something.

HUSK

Where's your buddy, Walt, now?

JAMIE

He's been missing two weeks.

That gets Husk's attention.

HUSK

You check in with his family?

JAMIE

I called his wife, Bonnie Sue. She hasn't heard from him either but doesn't want to file a report.

Husk looks at the file, intrigued, when Jamie's SON (5), barrels in with a football, knocking over Husk's coffee.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Willie! Jesus, come on! -- Sorry.  
Kid never stops moving.

HUSK

Nice moves you got, buddy.

The kid smiles and pumps faster, tearing outta the room.  
Husk's eyes linger on the bi-racial boy.

JAMIE

You know what they teach at Hayden  
Lake?

(Husk does)

Think the bureau'd take a look?

Husk studies Jamie. Then the files. Finally.

HUSK

From my experience, hate groups  
like these don't rob banks.

JAMIE

What if it's different this time?

As Husk considers that warning --

**INT. / EXT. BOB'S CAR - MATHEWS ACRES - METALINE FALLS - DUSK**

Bob's car arrives at a pristine sixty acre compound secluded  
in the complete isolation of the Washington wilderness.

A smattering of out-buildings pepper the property. One is a  
one-story, metal-sided building called "THE BARRACKS."

The glow of a FIRE blazes far off on the property. A CROSS  
BURNING in the night. Bob regards it, displeased as Bruce  
approaches his window.

PIERCE

Some of the guys got excited.  
Little celebration.

BOB

Put it out. It's not a pageant.

PIERCE

(admonished)

All right, Bob. I'll put it out.

Pierce goes as instructed as Bob drives on toward --

**INT. THE BARRACKS, MATHEWS ACRES - MOMENTS LATER**

Beneath a SWASTIKA decorated sign reading: "WHITE PRIDE.  
WHITE UNITY. WHITE AMERICA" --

Gary Yarborough, TWO OTHERS, and a clean cut white man, David Lane (the getaway driver) organize the stolen money in a TWO-STORY CLUB HOUSE hung with Nazi paraphernalia.

It's all looked at with awe by a FIFTH MAN -- SAM STINSON (a tough, military attired survivalist.) The extent of the operation astonishes him.

White Supremacy leaflets pile on tables. COUNTERFEIT BILLS dry on the racks. Bunks are stretched end to end like, well -- AN ARMY BARRACKS.

He looks up when the men spontaneously applaud as Bob enters the barracks, with Bruce at his back.

BOB

No more of that cross burning. We don't want the attention. OK?

Bob approaches Gary, looking over the money count.

GARY

There's almost forty four grand.

BOB

Give every man five as their salary.

GARY

What do you wanna do with the rest?

BOB

A tithe for the cause.

Bob's eyes fall on Sam.

BOB (CONT'D)

Are you Sam?

Sam nods. Bob approaches.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm Bob Mathews. Appreciate you making the trip.

SAM

(as they shake hands)  
David told me you had an operation here but I didn't expect all of this.

BOB

It's a start. What else did Lane tell you?

SAM  
You were building a Militia and  
needed someone to train them.

BOB  
He said you're the best. You got  
access to weapons.

SAM  
I can get anything you need. But  
why? You guys gonna actually do  
something?

BOB  
We already are.

Bob produces some cash -- hands it to Sam.

BOB (CONT'D)  
How's a thousand dollars a month  
sound?

SAM  
(looking at the cash)  
Hard for a honest man to make that  
in our country.

BOB  
It's not our country anymore.  
(beat)  
In every revolution, someone fires  
the first shot. You wanna help us  
do it?

SAM  
Yes I do.

Bob hands him the cash.

BOB  
There's plenty more where that came  
from. Welcome.

Off Sam, eyeing the cash, already under Bob's spell then --

**INT. BOB MATHEWS' HOME - A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

Bob enters the humble, well kept little house where --

He finds a blond, serious young woman (25) washing dishes in  
the sink. This is DEBBIE, Bob's wife. He kisses her cheek.

DEBBIE  
Missed you. Where you been?

BOB  
Lotta work. I miss Clinton?

DEBBIE  
Just got him to bed. He was asking  
for you.... What's all that?

She's spotted the Halloween Bag in his hand.

BOB  
It's a surprise for you. Open it  
up.

He hands her the bag and Debbie discovers the money. Scared.

DEBBIE  
Bob -- what is this? What--

BOB  
It's for you. For our future.

DEBBIE  
Where did you get it?

She's scared and Bob's silence is broken only when --

CLINTON (O.S.)  
I can't sleep.

They turn to find their son, CLINTON (5), awake at the door.  
Bob seizes on the interruption.

BOB  
I'm sorry, Buddy. Did I wake you  
up? Let's get you back to bed.

Bob picks up his boy in his arms. Gives Debbie a kiss on the  
cheek. Re: *the barracks* --

BOB (CONT'D)  
I told the guys they could come by  
for some food.

Off Debbie, watching Bob carry Clinton up the stairs and --

BOB (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
*My name is Evan, and if you're  
reading these pages, then it means  
that I am gone.*

**INT. CLINTON'S BEDROOM, BOB MATHEWS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob sits by Clinton's bed, reading him a PAPERBACK BOOK.

BOB

*My adventure's been harrowing, but  
I hope my story will inspire you to  
see that change only comes when  
people are ready to fight for it.*

The book's called the TURNER DIARIES by WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE. Bob continues to read as his son falls asleep.

BOB (CONT'D)

*Chapter 1. The beginning. The woods  
in the valley were wet from the  
thaw.*

Off the illustrations in the book, like in a CHILDREN'S ADVENTURE STORY -- a pencil drawing of WOODS DISSOLVES US TO:

**EXT. WOODS, COEUR D'ALENE - DUSK**

-- where Husk is back on his hunt, crouching in the forest, waiting for the ELK to appear. He looks restless and tired.

**EXT. TAVERN - LATER**

Husk parks outside a tavern where--

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY (PRE-LAP)

Last place I thought I'd see you.

**INT. TAVERN - LATER**

Husk sits at a booth in a bar by the river across from JOLENE CARNEY (30's): a formidable, attractive, hard living Federal Agent. A couple beers between them. And a lot of history.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

How's it feel?... Having to call me  
for help?

HUSK

Don't look so happy about it.

She laughs.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Heard about your scare in New York.  
How you feeling?

HUSK

Old. Trying to slow things down.

An eye to his beer. Husk cuts her a look.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Alright. So, you're going to slow down then what?

HUSK

Thought I'd find a nice place. Have Molly and the girls move out here. Start putting the pieces back together.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Terry, you forget who you're talking to? You're going to put the pieces back together? That's what you're going to do?

HUSK

What?

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

(she laughs)

Oh, I missed you, Terry.

(then, to the point)

Why'd you call me about this case?

HUSK

What do you got?

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

I got nothing. What do you want me to tell you?

HUSK

Indulge me.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Three armed men inside, plus a driver. All white guys. Non-descript.

HUSK

Security cameras inside?

Carney shakes her head. Drinks her beer.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

They dumped the car at a Dentist's office. No prints. Nothing in it.

(MORE)

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY (CONT'D)

They'd bought it last month off the classifieds for \$500.

HUSK

So they're patient. Been waiting?

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Oh, they planned it alright. Took nearly 45 grand.

HUSK

Anybody you like for it?

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

(shakes her head, drinks)

You?

HUSK

Well... this kid in the Sheriff's office, thinks it might the Nation.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

That track with you?

HUSK

Not particularly, no.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

So this is you slowing down, huh?

Husk sips his beer and considers. A last lingering thread --

HUSK

What about explosives?

That gets Carney's surprise --

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

We found a bomb at a porn shop a couple days after the bank. But it never went off. The triggering device was mis-wired.

(beat)

Why are you asking me about explosives?

HUSK

(just smiles)

It's good to see you.

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Fuck you.

With a laugh, they both drink, then --



**INT. HUSK'S FORD BRONCO - ANOTHER AFTERNOON**

Husk drives in Coeur d'Alene. Jamie, shotgun beside him.

HUSK  
How well do you know this Bonnie Sue?

JAMIE  
She's a nice girl. We went to high school together.

HUSK  
If she doesn't wanna talk, remind her you are a friend.

Jamie nods, a bit unsure as --

**INT. / EXT. BONNIE SUE AND WALTER WEST'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Husk pounds on the door of a dilapidated A-FRAME in the woods. Jamie's heart pounding harder when --

The door's finally opened by a hard-living woman named BONNIE SUE WEST (35). Her guard already up.

JAMIE  
Hey Bonnie Sue. Can we talk?

She throws Husk a look. Understands NO's not an option.

CUT TO:

Bonnie Sue's crying. A cigarette burning untouched in her mouth as Husk and Jamie question her in her ramshackle home.

The place is a mess. Beer cans everywhere. Ash trays overflowing. A few pictures of her and her husband, WALTER WEST, peek out from under the rubble.

BONNIE SUE  
Is he dead?

JAMIE  
Why would you say that?

HUSK  
Deputy Bowen said you called to file a report after Walter went missing, but you never came in. Why'd you change your mind?

BONNIE SUE  
Walt's a drunk. He runs off.  
Not the first time that happened.

HUSK  
When's the last time you saw him?

BONNIE SUE  
(reluctant)  
I guess, three weeks now. He went --  
out with some guys. Never showed  
after that.

HUSK  
What guys? Who was he with?

Bonnie Sue's silent. Hands shaking now.

HUSK (CONT'D)  
Who are you hiding? Who are you  
protecting? Who?!

Bonnie's rattles under Husk's gaze and storms off. Jamie  
follows, most likely as Husk intended so he stay behind as --

Jamie joins Bonnie Sue, privately. As a friend --

JAMIE  
Hey. I don't know that guy. Sorry.

Jamie offers her a smoke. She takes it. Calming.

BONNIE SUE  
I always thought it was funny that  
you joined the police.

JAMIE  
Why?

BONNIE SUE  
'cause you were different. Back at  
school... You were nice.

JAMIE  
So were you.

BONNIE SUE  
(softens -- then)  
He was with Gary and Bruce.

JAMIE  
Bruce Pierce?

BONNIE SUE

(she nods)

I told him he shouldn't go. Didn't think it'd be safe. You think he listened to me?

JAMIE

Why didn't you think it'd be safe?

BONNIE SUE

'Cause Walt had a big mouth and they always got on him for it. I told him, shut up.

HUSK

A big mouth about what?

BONNIE SUE

(a long beat)

'Bout who Bruce and that crew were trying to recruit for their group.

JAMIE

(sharing a look with Husk)

You mean the Aryan Nation?

BONNIE SUE

No. This was different. Had a name.

JAMIE

You got any idea where they were headed that night?

Bonnie Sue takes a long beat. Finally --

BONNIE SUE

They said they're going hunting. Walter took his gun.

JAMIE

Where? Bruce's place?

Bonnie Sue puts out her smoke. Eyes Jamie with knowing and --

**I/E. HUSK'S FORD BRONCO - AFTERNOON**

Jamie's driving down a dirt logging road -- a concern gnawing inside him as Husk smokes beside him.

JAMIE

You know, not everyone here was born in a bedsheet, right?

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I know you were trying to pull some good cop, bad cop tactic but, you didn't have to be such a prick about it.

HUSK

It worked.

Jamie considers that as he drives on toward --

A HUNTING BLIND, peaking through the trees. Jamie spins his wheel toward it.

**INT./ EXT. HUNTING BLIND - AFTERNOON**

A squalid little shack. Swastikas on the walls, beer cans on the floor, but no sign of West.

Husk and Jamie move among the debris where Husk picks up a BOOK from the ground, turning over the cover.

*THE TURNER DIARIES by WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE.*

He doesn't give it much thought because Jamie points out his own discovery. A SHOVEL. The spade still caked with dirt.

He and Husk share a look. *This didn't end well.* Full of foreboding, the men spread out to search. 30 feet up ahead, Husk spots --

A narrow path through the trees where the brush has been snapped off near the ground. Like reeds packed down from a snow fall. Or like something heavy was dragged over it.

Ominously, the men follow it until they finally arrive at --

A small mound of dirt at the base of some trees. The men regard it, quite heavy. It can only be a grave.

After a long solemn beat, Husk begins to dig with his hands.

CUT TO:

The hole is nearly exhumed. Husk throws off a last load of dirt, as they stare at the grave, looking grimly down upon:

WALTER WEST'S BODY, laying there in the darkness.

HUSK

That Walt? That him?

JAMIE

Yeah.

Off Jamie, shaken--

**EXT. HUNTING BLIND - NIGHT**

A few hours later and the place is a crime scene. ARC LIGHTS blazing. Forensics all over, bagging, tagging the evidence.

Jamie stands beside SHERIFF LOFTLIN and Husk, his stare fixed upon West's body in the hole.

HUSK

I guess we take it from here.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN

Whatever you need.

Husk just points to Jamie. Loftlin's surprised. So is Jamie.

HUSK

Wanna show me Hayden Lake?

Off Jamie, afraid but committed, then --

**INT. / EXT. ARYAN NATION COMPOUND - DAY**

-- we're soaring over a prairie that goes on for miles, following Husk's car down a dirt road as --

Husk drives. Jamie shotgun, watching out the window as the FLAGS of the US, the ARYAN NATION, and THE CONFEDERACY whip in the sky above him.

Jamie considers them as they approach a large compound. Adirondack style buildings ringed with a metal fences. A SWASTIKA hanging off one of the buildings.

A mild mannered man meets them at the gate. TONY BENTLEY (50.)

TONY BENTLEY

Reverend Butler will see you. Let me show you where you're going.

The lawmen share a look as Bentley gets in the back and they drive through the gate into --

**I/E. HUSK'S CAR / THE ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND - DAY**

It could almost pass for a summer camp, were it not for the ARMED GUARDS patrolling the grounds. The GERMAN SHEPHERDS barking on their chains. The sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE rattling in the distance as --

Husk and Jamie drive through, eyeing the RESIDENTS: MEN DRESSED IN UNIFORMS. WOMEN hanging washing (those uniforms) on the lines. KIDS playing in the grass.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN sees the lawmen and SALUTES.

Husk and Jamie soak that in as they arrive at a CHURCH on the compound where they finally park and --

BUTLER (PRE-LAP)

We appreciate you coming by, Agent Husk. Not everyone in your profession is open to participating in civil discussion.

**INT. THE ARYAN NATION CHAPEL - DAY**

A huge stained glass window of a giant blue shield, a white sword, and a red swastika shines above the face of --

RICHARD GIRNT BUTLER, head of the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST CHRISTIAN. Leader and founder of the ARYAN NATIONS. A 60 year-old white-haired "Reverend" in a grey suit, black tie, with a face like a basset hound. He's seated next to --

Bentley, his number two. A bookcase behind them as they proselytize to Husk and Jamie, listening silently in the empty chapel.

BUTLER

You see, the church of Jesus Christ Christian is a place for all white men, like yourselves, to come and take hold of their history and a piece of their future. We believe the Christian Whites deserve a White homeland. But we don't advocate that our members break any laws to achieve it.

HUSK

But some of them do.

BUTLER

Hard to control a whole flock. You must understand that in a cult like the Federal Government.

He waits for Butler to laugh and let down his guard, then --

HUSK

Any idea where they are?

He shows them a picture of Bruce Pierce and Gary Yarborough. Butler hangs his head, like a disappointed father.

BUTLER

No, I do not. Gary and Bruce are avaricious young men who lack all self control and are no longer part of this congregation. Mr. Bentley saw to it personally.

HUSK

You did? Why was that?

BENTLEY

We heard they were using our press to print counterfeit currency and we asked them to leave.

BUTLER

Why're you looking for them?

Husk now shows WALTER'S MORGUE SHOTS to Butler and Bentley.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

My lord. That's just awful.

HUSK

We've heard that some of the strays from your church have been splintering off, forming groups of their own. Getting powerful.

BUTLER

You're worried Gary and Bruce are responsible?

HUSK

I were you, I'd be worried too. Cause they get a taste of power --  
(gets Butler's attention)  
Get control of your strays, or it won't be your flock anymore.

Bentley's skeptical, but Butler seems to take that to heart.

BUTLER

I don't know where they are. But if  
I hear, I will call.

Reverend Butler now stands, signaling the meeting is over.  
Butler smiles. Husk stands.

HUSK

Appreciate all your time.

But as they exit, Husk notices something by the door.

HUSK (CONT'D)

What's the book?

Butler pulls the book from the shelf. *The Turner Diaries*. The  
same book in the hunting blind.

BUTLER

It's a work of fiction, for the  
children.

(he hands it to Jamie)

You should read it sometime, son.

Jamie hands the book back and follows Husk out the door as we  
hold on Butler, watching the cops go with concern and --

**INT. BOB MATHEWS HOME - NIGHT**

A crowded BBQ is underway. Debbie oversees a few other YOUNG  
WIVES helping serve and clean up as Bob moves through the  
party with Randall Sam, warmly greeting his guests. Along  
with Bruce and Gary and many kids, we see:

SIX NEW RECRUITS eating and soaking in the family affair.  
We're focused on one:

TONY TORREZ. A frail, lonely, 20-year-old Latino kid who's is  
passing as white. He's eating PIE beside DAVID LANE (who we  
met him before.)

LANE

Don't be nervous. Bob's great. I  
know he's excited to meet you.

Tony nervously watches Bob work the room, full of charm. Then  
he sees -- Bruce Pierce arrive, approaching CONNIE, his wife.

BRUCE

Honey where's the baby? I need her.

CONNIE

Taking a nap. Don't you wake her.



BRUCE

But we need a child to bear witness.

(off Connie's displeasure)

Bob said it's an honor. Come on.

But Connie's not backing down. ANOTHER MOTHER speaks up. She is nursing an INFANT.

ANOTHER MOTHER

Tell Ken to come in. You can use Jamie-Anne.

The other mothers give her a look.

ANOTHER MOTHER (CONT'D)

What? He said it's an honor.

Debbie and Connie exchange an incredulous look. It's like one big family. Off Tony, enthralled as Bob approaches him --

BOB

Tony, great to have you. Thanks for making the trip.

TONY

Thanks for having me, sir. It's a real honor to be here.

BOB

It's my pleasure, Tony. Really. Did I hear your name is *Torrez*?

TONY

(quick to correct)

NO! *Taurus*. Like a bull. Cause I'm Spanish. I'm white. My parents are pure European. I'm not a Mexican.

BOB

(appears to accept this)

Tell me about yourself, Tony. I hear you're having some problems in Seattle?

LANE

Bunch of spooks took his job.

BOB

I'm sorry to hear that. David mentioned what happened when you were a kid. Mind sharing it with these guys?

Tony shakes his head, a bit emotional now. Bob touches his shoulder. It brings an outpouring from Tony.

TONY

This spook killed my best friend.  
Walked right up to him after a  
school and just --

BOB

(really listening)  
He shot him?... How did that make  
you feel? Must have felt powerless  
right?

TONY

I didn't know what to do. I was  
lost. I never went back to school  
after that. Didn't get my diploma --

BOB

-- made it hard to find honest  
work? And then you fall off, right?  
I'm sorry, Tony. That's not fair.  
And it's not your fault. But, it's  
going to be ok. There's a salary  
here for you. And friends. A  
family, ok? You wanna come join us.

Tony, already under his spell --

TONY

I do.

Bob shakes his hand, introduces Tony to the others as we hear--

BOB (PRE-LAP)

We stand here tonight because we  
share a common goal.

**EXT. MATHEW'S ACRES - NIGHT**

Moonlight falls across the two story barracks where --

BOB

To unite together as kinsmen who  
let their deeds do their talking.

Bob, Sam, Bruce, and Lane clasps hands in a circle, faces lit  
by candles, swearing in Tony and the NEW RECRUITS.

They look down at the 6 MONTH old baby, lying on a blanket in  
the circle of fire as Bob administers the oath.

BOB (CONT'D)

I, as a free Aryan man, hereby swear an unrelenting oath upon the green graves of our sires. Upon the children in the wombs of our wives, to join together with those brothers in this circle. Together, I commit, by whatever means necessary, to deliver our people from the usurping Jew and the Mud Breeds and bring total victory to the Aryan race. For we are now in a full state of war and will not lay down our weapons until we have driven the enemy into the sea.

As Bob's oath continues, Tony and the recruits watch enviously as Bruce places GOLD MEDALLIONS around the SENIOR MEMBER'S NECKS. They're engraved with the words "BRUDERS SCHWEIGEN." (*THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD.*)

BOB (CONT'D)

It is time to reclaim the land which was promised to our fathers. And through our blood and His will, let it become the land of our children to be. May god protect us.

These men, moments ago, law abiding fathers and husbands, now committed to revolution. They are openly emotional.

Tony's stirred with emotion as Bob shakes his hand, then --

**INT. BARRACKS, MATHEWS ACRES - DAY**

Gary and some men work a MULTILITH 1250 OFFSET PRINTING PRESS carefully stacking dried, uncut sheets of bills into boxes. An impressive operation viewed with awe by -- Tony and Lane.

LANE

There's really nothing to it. You guys'll hang em up to dry. They all ways gotta end up in here.

(the dryer)

You gotta separate all the bills. Tens. Twenties. Fives. In batches of fifty. Throw the rubber bands on them. Easy as that.

(but he can see Tony is scared so...)

One more thing.

Lane hands Tony a totem. A pendant on a string. We've seen it before. THE BRUDERS SCWEIGHEN MEDALLION.

LANE (CONT'D)

Bob wanted you to have this. He's real proud of you, Tony.

TONY

Seriously? He wanted me to have this.

LANE

Yep. You're one of us now.

Tony considers the medal as the press spit out bills while --

**EXT. DESOLATE COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

On a dark rural road in the middle of nowhere -- Bob Mathews sits in his car. Gary beside him. Waiting. And watching as --

Headlights finally appear in the distance, headlights throwing shadows over the few ABANDONED BUILDINGS. Slowing their way. Bob turns an eye to a MOLDERING SHACK where --

Bruce Pierce crouches in the darkness. RIFLE trained through a broken window at the road and those headlights arriving.

THROUGH PIERCE'S SCOPE: We see who's inside. It's Butler and Bentley. Pierce keeps the gun locked on them as --

The car parks before Bob's. Headlights facing off. The men get out of their cars, meeting on the side of the road.

Butler and Bob. The past and the future. Butler, straight to the point.

BUTLER

Son, I warned you before. You are playing with fire. You have a gift, Robert. A voice. But do not go down this path. We're not thieves. You're drawing too much attention.

BOB

From who?

BUTLER

The FBI found Walter's body.

Butler looks at the crumbling building, feeling something there in the darkness. Unsettled. Returns his eyes to Bob.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

We seek the same goals. In ten years, we'll have members in the Congress, the Senate -- that is how you make change but progress takes time.

BOB

That's your problem. Your time's running out and you've got nothing to show for it. Nothing. You preach racial economics. We live it. I'm not going to be you.

Bob turns to go, but Butler grabs his arm. A tense beat.

BUTLER

You stand down, Robert.

BOB

Or what -- ?

Bob looks him in the eye. Butler looks again to the building where this time he sees -- Pierce in the window. The gun.

Butler lets go of Bob's arm and watches as he gets in his car, Bruce joining them from the shack, and they drive off.

Butler watches the taillights. Bentley beside him.

BUTLER

Find out what they're doing next.  
We need to clip that boy's wings.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - DUSK**

A car is approaching. We can not see the driver. As it arrives at the house, we find --

Kimmy unloading groceries from her trunk with her son, surprised at the sight of the car. The window rolling down to reveal --

Bentley. Off his look --

**INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jamie's working in the kitchen, studying files of WALTER'S DEMISE, when his family comes in.

JAMIE  
Hey hey. How you doing?

Willie gives him a hug and runs off. Kimmy follows, a bit shaken and hands Jamie a book.

KIMMY  
This guy outside brought this for you.

Jamie regards it. It's THE TURNER DIARIES. Inside, he finds a handwritten note that reads:

*2403 WEST 16TH ST. SEATTLE - GARY YARBOROUGH*

KIMMY (CONT'D)  
What is it?

JAMIE  
When?

KIMMY  
Right now.

Fuck. Jamie is already on the move, racing after --

**EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Bentley, who's already pulling away, leaving Jamie in the drive, yelling --

JAMIE  
Hey... HEY!

Jamie watches him go, with that book in his hand as --

CARNEY (PRE-LAP)  
Is this lead solid?

**EXT. SEATTLE STREET - DAY**

Carney, Husk, Jamie and a team of FBI AGENTS are striding out to their cars in alley, ready to take down a door.

HUSK  
Yeah, it's solid.

A TITLE CARD READS: **APRIL 23, 1984 - SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**

Carney, dubious, clocks Jamie, nerves naked. A kid.

CARNEY  
Who the fuck is he?

JAMIE  
Hello ma'am. My name's Deputy  
Bowen.

HUSK  
He's the one I said put us on 'em.

CARNEY  
Put us on? Why the fuck did you  
bring him for then? You bring a  
date to the party?

Carney clearly disapproves but there's no time for that now.

CARNEY (CONT'D)  
Stay behind. I have lead.

Guns drawn, Carney leads the team toward a ramshackle house  
where --

**INT. LOW INCOME HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

BANG BANG BANG! An ELDERLY WOMAN alerts to the KNOCKING at  
her door.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Who is it?

She approaches it hesitantly and as soon as she opens up --

CARNEY  
FBI! BACK UP! Keep your hands where  
I can see them.

Startled, she does as she's told, backing away as Carney,  
Husk, Jamie and the FEDS storm inside.

CARNEY (CONT'D)  
Have you seen this man, Gary  
Yarborough? Ma'am?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
He...he just left. He rented my  
daughter's room for two weeks. With  
some friends.

Carney pushes for more as Husk clears the house, blowing into  
a BEDROOM, where --

Husk's face drops at a dangerous discovery.

HUSK

Carney!

She joins him as they look over Gary's crash pad. A COT and some clothes. A few COUNTERFEIT bills in the pockets and --

A work table cluttered with remnants of an electrical project. Abandoned fuses and timers. A powdered residue on the wood. Husk runs his finger through it.

Off Carney and Husk -- a look of vital concern because --

**INT. THE EMBASSY THEATER - DAY**

In a dilapidated movie palace, playing **HARDCORE PORN** to a sparse CROWD OF PERVERTS --

A MAN enters at the back and surveys the scene. He's carrying a SHOPPING BAG. He wears a fake mustache, skin darkened with make-up, but we see it's Gary Yarborough.

He moves down an empty row, far away from the viewers, and kneels beneath the seats, removing a heavy package from the bag. We don't see what's inside it but as he sets it down --

We hear the package begin to sound -- *TICK. TICK. TICK* as --

**EXT. THE EMBASSY THEATER - DAY**

Gary exits the once-grand 1920's movie palace, speeding across a seedy downtown street toward --

THE CUTLASS idling on the corner. An ORDER MEMBER at the wheel and Gary jumps in the back just as --

*TICK. TICK. TICK* -- **BOOM!**

A great, cratering EXPLOSION erupts in the theater. Smoke pours out as customers stagger out dazed and --

Gary and Lane watch from the car, both with *holy shit faces*. The driver floors it just as Gary picks up a WALKIE and --

GARY

Hey Carlos. It's done. Clear to go.

That message is received by --



**EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY**

Bob Mathews -- sitting two miles away, face blackened and disguised, in the beat-up WHITE VAN with no back windows, idling in an upscale Seattle mall parking lot, listening to the call on a WALKIE-TALKIE.

BOB  
 (into the walkie)  
 OK. Copy. That's our window. They  
 should be coming out now.

In the rearview, he can see --

A CONTINENTAL ARMORED TRUCK parked nose-in outside the BON MARCHE department store. Engine still running.

Bob's orders are heard by --

SAM -- at the wheel of a 1973 CHRYSLER NEWPORT parked closer to the store. He pulls on a mask as --

David Lane, standing outside an adjacent OFFICE SUPPLY STORE, dressed in TAN WORK CLOTHES, posing as a WINDOW WASHER. He pulls down his mask, grabs a GUN from his bucket and approaches the TRUCK as --

**INT. FBI CARS - EMBASSY THEATER - MOMENTS LATER**

Husk and Jamie speed as a CALL ARRIVES ON THE RADIO.

DISPATCHER  
 All bombs squad units. All bomb  
 squad units. You are to respond  
 ASAP. 1409 3rd Street. The Embassy  
 Theater. There's no report yet of  
 numbers.

Ahead of them, they turn the corner, just behind Carney's car to see -- THE THEATER. Smoke pouring out. Chaos.

Carney's car arrives first, jamming to a stop. She and her AGENTS jump out, racing toward the scene but --

Husk isn't turning. His eyes narrowing with a hunch --

HUSK  
 They're not there. It's a  
 distraction.

Off Jamie's fear -- believing that Husk's right, we find --



The Driver gets the message. He puts up his hands and gets out of the cab. Pierce escorts him around to the back of the truck where the Guard lies face down with a gun to his head.

PIERCE  
Get down, fucker. Let's go.

This time, the Driver does as he's told while --

BOB  
We're late. Hurry up.

Bob and Pierce begin transferring the money bags from the truck into the back of SAM'S CAR. While they work --

**I/E. HUSK'S SEATTLE RENTAL CAR - SAME**

Husk and Jamie, as before, in the car, RADIO CACKLING AGAIN.

RADIO DISPATCHER (FILTERED)  
Any available units! We've got a  
211 in progress. Please respond to  
the southside of NorthGate Mall.  
Repeat -- the suspects are armed.

HUSK  
Yep, there it is.

Husk doesn't even wait for the end -- he's already got the car in a reverse -- a squealing K turn that Jamie's never even attempted and then --

He's speeding away, like Steve McQueen through the city. Carney clocking them go from afar as --

CARNEY (ON THE RADIO)  
Terry! Proceed to the Embassy.

HUSK  
(into the radio)  
Negative.

He's not turning around. He's weaving through traffic toward--

**EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY**

Bob and his men are furiously loading bags from the truck into Sam's trunk while the GUARDS eat the pavement.

BOB  
There's a man in the lot with a  
machine gun.  
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

If you move before the police get here, he will shoot your head off.

The guards don't dare even breathe as the robbers rush for their vehicles to tear out of lot, just as --

HUSK'S CAR squeals to the scene, sees Bob's men loading in --

HUSK

There. There they are.

JAMIE

Shit.

But Husk can't make it that far. Traffic blocking his way. Forcing him to put on the breaks, so--

HUSK

You cover me!

-- 'cause Husk bursts from the car, shotgun in his hand, running after the FIRST CAR to pull off. Jamie knows he should follow -- but he's frozen in his seat, watching --

Husk races after the men, winded, raising his gun and then -- BOOM!

He blasts a shot at the car. It SHATTERS the windshield, but they're still getting away. He lines up the next shot when --

Husk hears tires behind him, swings his gun around, finds --

BOB'S VAN right behind him. Pierce with the MAC 10 through the glass -- pointed right at Husk's face. A STAND OFF. Pierce ready to blow him away until --

Bob puts a hand on Bruce's gun. Ordering him not to fire. Pierce reluctantly complies, keeping the gun aimed at Husk as--

Bob (disguised) studies Husk's face a long beat -- connection between the two men -- and then --

Husk's forced to stand down as Bob's speeds out in the city, Bruce's gun holding him back as --

HUSK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Husk left there, just winded, traffic blocking his shot, putting a hand to his heart as --

FROM INSIDE THE CAR, Bob watches Husk in the side mirror, heart fucking pounding, breathing a sigh of relief as --

Still catching his breath, Husk returns to his car where Jamie's still sitting just where he let him.

Husk slams the door as he enters and gets right in his face.

HUSK (CONT'D)  
 Did you fucking hear me?! Did you  
 hear me?! You fucker! Did you hear  
 what I said?! -- Fuck fuck fuck  
 fuck!

Terry punches the wheel, then finally punches the windshield, breaking it and probably his hand in the process --

HUSK (CONT'D)  
 Cocksucker! Fuck me.

Jamie just looks away, too ashamed to respond then --

**INT. BATHROOM, CITY BAR - A WHILE LATER**

Water's rushing in a shitty bathroom where Husk is washing his face. Hands bruised and still shaking. He finally shuts off the tap, takes a long look in the mirror then --

**INT. CITY BAR - A WHILE LATER**

Husk exits the bathroom and takes a seat at the bar. Jamie waiting there, chastened.

HUSK  
 Shot of Beam and beer. For him too.

The BARTENDER pours. Jamie still sheepish, in shock.

JAMIE  
 I don't know what happened. I  
 couldn't --

HUSK  
 (considers him)  
 You get a pass. That's it. Next  
 time I say move, fucking move.

The drinks arrive. Husk downs his shot at once.

HUSK (CONT'D)  
 Do this again.

Jamie considers him, drinks, when --

CARNEY

What a fucking shit show that was.

Carney blows in with a head full of steam. Husk just drinks.

HUSK

You find the cars?

CARNEY

Don't ever fucking do that shit to me again. You're not in lead anymore. You don't get to run off on your own without telling me first.

HUSK

There's wasn't time. And I was with Jamie.

Carney cuts Jamie a look. He wisely stays quiet.

CARNEY

Oh you were with Jamie? How'd that fucking work out for you, huh? Considering you motherfuckers let the target get away.

HUSK

(just on mission)  
Did you find the cars?

CARNEY

They dumped the cars at a lot. Wiped 'em down. There's no prints. Cause they had plenty of fucking time. No one saw 'em drive out.

JAMIE

Same M.O. as Spokane.

Both of them look at Jamie. He quiets.

HUSK

What about the bomb?

CARNEY

Timing device was a pocket watch. Lantern battery with C4. Same as Spokane.

HUSK

'cept this time it worked.

CARNEY  
Why a porn theater?

Husk lets Jamie take it.

JAMIE  
First robberies were a few adult  
book stores. We think they believe  
it's ungodly.

CARNEY  
Fucking choirboys, huh?

HUSK  
Well they're certainly not soft.  
Guy pointed a Mac-10 at me.

CARNEY  
I guess he didn't shoot so they're  
not dumb either. We found the  
guard's .357 in the van. Smart  
enough not to keep any evidence.

HUSK  
You mean besides all the money?

JAMIE  
How much did they get?

CARNEY  
Quarter of a million. Little more.

That takes both the men back.

HUSK  
I wanna know what they're doing  
with this money.

CARNEY  
I'll handle it.

HUSK  
Let's talk to who sold them the  
cars. Bought 'em from the  
classifieds, right --

CARNEY  
Terry--!

She stops him, alarmed to see BLOOD streaming out of Husk's  
nose. He tries to staunch it, embarrassed.

HUSK  
-- these fucking pills.

CARNEY

You're supposed put your head back.

HUSK

I know. It's the fucking pills. I'm fine.

CARNEY

(takes a beat)

Go home, Terry. Go back to Idaho. You said you wanted to slow down, well slow the fuck down.

HUSK

I am slowing down.

CARNEY

No, you are not.

HUSK

Is that an order?

CARNEY

Yes.

That squares it. Husk downs the last of his drink, grabs his keys and heads out. Leaving a stunned Jamie with Carney as --

**EXT. FBI OFFICE, COEUR D' ALENE - NIGHT**

Husk's car returns to Coeur D' Alene. Not to his hotel, but his office where --

**INT. FBI OFFICE, COEUR D' ALENE - NIGHT**

Husk - in his lonely office -- FBI files all around -- pouring a bottle of whiskey into a mug, dialing the phone.

He holds it to his ear as it rings. And rings. Until a pre-recorded MESSAGE PICKS UP.

PRERECORDED MESSAGE (FILTERED)

We're sorry. You have a reached a number that has been disconnected and is no longer in service. If you feel that you have reached this message in error, please check the number and try your call again.

Husk just sits there, listening to the dead air on the other end of the line, then --



**INT. HUSK'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Looking like shit warmed over, Husk dresses in the morning. Taking a drink from last night's glass of whiskey. Struggling to pull on his shirt as we see --

A LARGE SURGICAL SCAR down his chest. The miles beginning to show and --

**EXT. PARKING AREA, HILLS, COEUR D'ALENE - MORNING**

IN A WIDE -- Husk's car drives along an exquisite, desolate lake side road and parks by the water.

He exits his car -- the only one seen for miles -- grabs his rifle and gear and sets off up the trail toward --

**EXT. WOODS, COEUR D'ALENE - DAY**

The same woods where Husk hunted earlier.

Husk washes his hands in the river, silent and alone when -- in the distance he spots an ELK. Perhaps the SAME BULL as before wondering by the water. As Husk lines up his shot --

We're suddenly aware that someone is watching. Has followed. It's Bob. With his RIFLE. Taking aim from behind a boulder. It would be so easy now --

Only, Bob doesn't fire. Not yet. He slows to study the older man, locking his sights on the elk.

Husk has the animal in his crosshairs. Bob has Husk in his own. And just before either man fires --

Husk senses something behind him, quickly turning his gun toward the spot where Bob Mathews had stood, but he is no longer there.

Husk considers the silence and by now the Elk has gone too. Husk finally lowers his gun, then --

**EXT. PARKING AREA, HILLS, COEUR D'ALENE - A FEW HOURS LATER**

Empty handed again, Husk returns to his car, lays the gun in the trunk, and starts to head toward the wheel when he sees --

Another car parked by the lake. Bob's BRONCO. A MAN at the wheel. Husk takes a beat and approaches. It's Bob.

HUSK

Smoke?

BOB

No thank you, sir.  
 (of his hunting)  
 No luck, huh?

HUSK

Not today. Must be hiding.

Bob smiles, watching Husk light his cigarette.

BOB

Maybe it's the smoke. They like the  
 fresh air. Smell you coming for  
 miles.

HUSK

Is that so?  
 (off Bob's nod)  
 Hmm. You live near here?

BOB

Yeah. Pretty close. You're not from  
 here, huh?

HUSK

I'm new.  
 (silence lingers until)  
 You following me?

BOB

Yeah. It looked like you could use  
 some help.

Husk chews on that. The tension building until -- Bob finally  
 turns on his engine.

BOB (CONT'D)

You have a good night.

HUSK

You too.

Bob just nods and pulls out, leaving Husk in the lot throwing  
 a last curious look as Bob's taillights depart as we hear --

NAZI SPEAKER (PRE-LAP)

So without further ado, it's my  
 honor to introduce you to a leader  
 who has done Yeoman's work to bring  
 us deliverance.

INT. NATIONAL ALLIANCE CONVENTION - A FEW DAYS LATER

Bob, Zillah, Tony, and Lane sit in a wood paneled convention hall crowded with RACISTS. A banner above the stage reads: "NATIONAL ALLIANCE CONVENTION."

Bob's tries to screw up his courage as he listens to A WHITE HAired NEO NAZI at the podium, introducing the next speaker.

NAZI SPEAKER (PRE-LAP)

All the way from Idaho, please  
welcome Reverend Richard Butler.

From his seat, Bob watches Butler take the stage. An old man with a bible in his hand. The crowd applauds. Bob does not.

BUTLER

(holds up the bible)

This book holds our birthright. But  
it is not one being taught in our  
schools, by our elected officials.  
"The Promised Land" is not for the  
Jews, but the true Israelites --  
the Caucasians of the World who  
came to this country to forge a  
white nation and they deserve to  
build that home now. Let me read --

Butler opens the book, about to read a sermon, Bob can't listen anymore. He stands in the crowd. Butler meets his gaze. A long beat. Bob's eyes saying -- *I KNOW WHAT YOU DID.*

The whole congregation feels the tension. Butler chooses to calm it. He calls out --

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Yes -- Robert. Do you have  
something to say?

Bob looks at the crowd, clears his throat, steels his nerves--

BOB (PRE-LAP)

It's an honor to be here with you,  
but if you're like me, I'm not sure  
how much more talk I can hear.

Bob can feel the heat of the spotlight. The crowd sizing him. Not sure what to make of his boyish appearance.

BOB (CONT'D)

Because that's all it is, isn't it?  
Talk. Talk. Talk. Well, I for one,  
have had enough of just talk.

A small roar in the crowd. Bob locks Butler's eyes.

BOB (CONT'D)

Now I know how you feel. I do.  
You've lost your jobs. Your  
dignity. I watched my father get  
knocked down again and again and  
again. And he never pushed back.  
And they'll tell you, that's how it  
works. You just have to stand there  
and take it. One link at a time.  
One freedom at a time. But I won't  
do it. It is time for us to fight.

Land on Zillah and Tony, witnessing something seismic --

BOB (CONT'D)

My friends and I are with you today  
because we want you to join us on a  
mission, putting words into action.  
Our brotherhood has broken the  
chains of Jewish thought and  
parasitical usury. We've stood tall  
against the coloreds who have  
soured our lands. We, these yeoman  
farmers, are eating, breathing,  
sleeping, and growing together.  
They've become one mind, one body,  
one race, one ARMY. We're facing  
the extermination of our history.  
Of our very way of life.

The crowd is growing enraptured --

BOB (CONT'D)

Will you sit back and allow the  
nation that our forefathers  
discovered, conquered, and died for  
be eradicated or will you stand up  
like men and fight to survive?!  
Kinsmen, duty calls! It is time to  
take the future all your families  
deserve.

(in closing now)

In Metalline Falls, we have a  
saying. "*Defeat, never. Victory,  
forever.*"

As he repeats, the crowd begins to join, answering his calls.

BOB AND THE CROWD

Defeat - *never*. Victory - *forever*.

(again)

DEFEAT - NEVER. VICTORY - FOREVER.

(MORE)

## BOB AND THE CROWD (CONT'D)

(again)

DEFEAT! NEVER! VICTORY! FOREVER!

The chant continues. The whole audience standing. Raising their fist. Again and again. Their credo amplifying to simply-

THE CROWD

WHITE POWER! WHITE POWER!

Those words drown out all else. It is a star-making moment.

Bob shares a last look with Butler, who can only vacated the stage, leaving Bob with his acolytes as --

INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Husk drinks a beer in the center of a different type of frenzy. A small BIRTHDAY PARTY for Jamie's son. Kimmy (Jamie's pregnant wife) is hosting. Husk is lost, until --

Jamie arrives, clearing plates, something on his mind --

JAMIE

So, I've been thinking about these guys. It's obviously not just a cash grab. There's method to what they're doing. It's building to something, big. It's organized and someone's calling the shots. Like a general.

He bites off the rest because Kimmy's finally come over, the baby in her arms -- their son at her side -- a smile.

KIMMY

Hate to break up the powpow but --  
I think these guys are hungry.  
Should we light up the grill?

JAMIE

(getting the message)  
Yeah. Let me cook some of these hotdogs.

Jamie picks up his son, puts him on his shoulders, and exits, leaving Husk and Kimmy alone.

KIMMY

Must be hard -- being away from yours, huh? Jamie said you've got a daughter.

HUSK

Two.

KIMMY

When are they coming out?

HUSK

Well --

Husk doesn't know more than that. Kimmy sees and feels bad.

KIMMY

Sorry, I wasn't trying to pry --

HUSK

No. It's --

(he trails off, drinks,  
pivots to Jamie)

You two are good, yeah? How did you  
two meet?

Kimmy admires her husband with her kids at the grill.

KIMMY

We met in school. Senior year.  
Married. Had kids. Spent my whole  
life in this house. Grandparents.  
Parents. It's a generational house.  
Lotta love in here.

Husk can only nod. Aware that of what's building --

KIMMY (CONT'D)

There's something about you coming  
in here. Having these talks around  
the kids... I don't like that.

(beat)

You scare me.

She looks at him, takes some plates and departs. Husk sits in  
that silence, staring out the window at the party, then --

**INT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Husk wanders the house with his beer, starts to head back  
outside when --

He finds himself in the living room -- over taken by Jamie's  
work. The case.

His files. Notes. His police reporters. Then something among  
it all catches Husk's eye. THE TURNER DIARIES.

He picks up the book, and begins flipping the pages. Illustrations of ROBBERIES and DOMESTIC WARFARE. Passages dog-eared and annotated by Jamie. One section reads:

*"Today it began! After all these years of talking -- and nothing but talking -- we have finally taken our first action. We are at war with the SYSTEM, and it is no longer a war of words."*

Husk reads it, ominously when --

JAMIE

There are six steps in that book.

Jamie's arrived behind him at the door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Recruiting. Fundraising. Armed revolution. Domestic terror. Assassination. Number six is Day of the Rope.

Husk views that drawing. Bodies strung up at the Capitol.

HUSK

Were you going to tell me about this?

JAMIE

No.

HUSK

Why not?

JAMIE

Cause I didn't think you'd take me seriously.

HUSK

I am now.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BARRACKS, MATHEWS ACRES - DAY (MONTAGE)**

NEW RECRUITS now work every inch of Bob's land. Working tactical drills like Marines under Sam's command. Running. Training. An army growing and growing. As they do, we hear:

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)  
*See I just want to know what to do  
 when I get down to hell because  
 apparently, as you said, all my  
 friends are there. So I just wanna  
 now what I'm walking into.*

Now Sam and NEW RECRUITS throw back the TARP in the bed of a just arrived PICK-UP to reveal:

A VAST ARRAY OF WEAPONS. A HECKLER & KOCH MODEL 91 ASSAULT RIFLE. A sawed-off 9mm semi-automatic carbine. A beautiful little WALTHER PPK .380.

Sam nods to his men, who begin to unload them as we hear:

CALLER / BRUCE (ON THE RADIO)  
*See that's what you do. You're just  
 a kike. You don't get it, cause  
 you're just a kike. You're making  
 fun of something that's sacred to  
 Christians. You don't get it.*

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Now at the SHOOTING RANGE -- where Sam instructs THE RECRUITS with the newly acquired machine guns to raise their weapons and -- BANG! BANG! BANG! Gunfire explodes in the field as --

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO)  
 Oh, ok. Make it a Jew thing. Make it about Jews. What do you know about Jews?

Alan's voice continues as we end this sequence in --

**INT. BARRACKS, MATHEWS ACRES - EVENING**

-- where Alan's on the radio, playing to Bob and his crew. They fume at his words.

ALAN BERG (ON A RADIO)  
*Jews to your people are some sort  
 of mythological creature. Some sort  
 of beast. You don't know anything  
 about the Jewish people. It's just  
 an easy target. Cause you're too  
 afraid to see what's in yourself.*

As Bob listens, he studies a wall pinned with photographs of prominent JEWISH AMERICANS. Kissinger. Norman Lear. Alan Berg. All of them -- TARGETS.



ALAN BERG (ON A RADIO) (CONT'D)  
*You have to have some to blame for  
 your life, because you can't really  
 blame the people who have put you  
 in the position you're in. Whether  
 it's a government that doesn't care  
 about you and has taught you to  
 believe otherwise, or it's something  
 with in yourself.*

Bob taps Berg's photo.

BOB  
 Step five. It's time.

BRUCE  
 Let me get him. Let me do it, Bob.

Bob takes a seat, pondering Bruce's offer as --

ALAN BERG (ON THE RADIO - PRELAP)  
*-- but the one thing you believe,  
 is that the only really good Jew,  
 is a dead Jew and for some reason  
 you think he cares about you.*

**INT. DENVER - KOA RADIO STUDIOS - DUSK**

We're back with BERG at the mic, still chain smoking PALL MALLS as he wraps up his broadcast.

A TITLE CARD READS: **JUNE 18, 1984 - KOA STUDIOS, DENVER**

BERG  
 I hear this all the time. People  
 say things are dirty. Things are  
 ugly. Things are changing. They  
 don't like the new neighbor on  
 their street. They don't like the  
 new Synagogue in town. And when you  
 hear this all day, you might think,  
 we're so filled up with hate, it's  
 almost irreversible.

As Alan's broadcast wraps up, we begin to intercut with --

**EXT. KOA RADIO STUDIOS - MOMENTS LATER**

Berg exits the studio, shaking on a gabardine coat as he approaches his BLACK VW BUG, unaware that --

Bob, Pierce, and David Lane are parked across the street in a PLYMOUTH, watching Berg from the shadows.

ALAN BERG (V.O.)

*Now this may surprise you coming from me, but I think people are actual decent. That's why they call in. That's why they want to talk. They want someone to connect with.*

Pierce can hardly sit still as they watch Berg's BUG pull out of the lot.

ALAN BERG (V.O.)

*I think people want to give love. They want to say, "you're all right. Let's sit. Let's have a beer." But they're afraid they won't get it back. But I think our better instincts will prevail. But it's gotta start somewhere.*

We continue to intercut with Berg in studio as --

**INT. / EXT. ADAM'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Berg rides down a quiet, residential street. Bob follows at the wheel. POLICE SCANNER chirping. Pierce in the back, spinning a SILENCER onto the MAC-10's barrel as --

Berg pulls into the drive of A MODERN, TWO STORY townhome. No one else on the street.

ALAN BERG (V.O.)

*So I encourage you to do that tonight. Put something good out there, cause our words, our ideas, that's what's going to live on. That's what matters after all.*

Bob slows behind at a distance, cutting off his lights as --

**EXT. ALAN BERG'S ADAMS STREET HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

We end this sequence with Berg sitting in his car. A cigarette in his lips. His intercutting V.O. coming to an end.

ALAN BERG (V.O.)

*And that's all for me folks. This is Alan Berg. KOA, Denver. Signing off. Sayonara.*

Alan kills the engine. Finally opens the door, pausing to grab a grocery bag from the floor then --

He steps out of the car with the bag in his arms and starts for the door only --

He pauses, suddenly sensing movement behind him. He turns in the darkness to see --

Bruce Pierce approaching. Something large in his hands. Before Berg's aware what it is, it erupts -- **PFPPPTFTPT!**

Lightning rips from the muzzle as Pierce jams down the trigger, destroying the silence as --

12 SHOTS jackhammer instantly through Alan Berg's body.

He drops to the concrete, groceries crashing around him in a hail of .45 cartridges that roll down the drive as --

Pierce stands there just stunned, frozen a moment in the wake of the carnage before he sprints back to the car leaving --

Berg on the ground. His eyes still wide open though he's been shot through the head. Cigarette still smoking as the driveway pools with blood.

**INT. HUSK'S HOTEL ROOM, HOTEL, COEUR D' ALENE - MORNING**

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Husk's asleep. Or passed out. His hotel room a mess. Empty bottles and full ashtrays. The Turner Diaries, dog eared and noted. The KNOCK comes again.

CARNEY (O.S.)

Terry! Open up.

Husk rises, pulls on some clothes. He's opens the door to reveal -- Carney in the hall. She takes in his state.

CARNEY (CONT'D)

Really getting the place ready for the family?

Husk is in no mood for jokes.

HUSK

What?

CARNEY

Oh, you haven't heard?

(beat)

They murdered Alan Berg.

CARNEY (CONT'D)

They followed him home from the studio and shot him twelve times at his door. 34 wounds in all.

HUSK

What was the gun?

CARNEY

A Mac-10.

(same as Seattle)

They butchered him like he was an animal.

While their anger simmers --

**EXT. MATHEW'S ACRES - DAY**

Bob and his crew are attending a BBQ. Like before -- new recruits enjoy the hospitality of Mathews Acres. Potato Salad and burgers. Bob addresses them with Debbie at his side --

BOB

Hey everyone, I just want to say, thank you all for being here. This means a lot. When we first moved here, this was the dream. Kids playing. Having fun. A big family. In nature, that's what it's all about so... thank you for being here. Thank you to god. Let's have fun.

The men applaud. Debbie watches a bit wary, then --

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

She is watching from afar as Bob kneels in the shooting range beside Clinton, his young son. A rifle in Clinton's hands.

BOB (CONT'D)

Keep both your eyes open. Take a deep breath when you're ready, then just hold it and squeeze.

Clinton lines up the sight, follows his father's instruction and -- BOOM! -- he fires a shot. It bites into the target.

Bob and his friends all applaud. Clinton beams with his gun. Debbie watches, with the first stirrings of fear as --

INT. FBI OFFICE, COEUR D' ALENE - DAY

Husk's office bursts at the seams with FBI AGENTS and local OFFICERS from the SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. Sheriff Loftlin among them. Carney and Husk, center stage.

CARNEY

Everyone listen up. We got a theory about who this might be. Agent Husk is gonna lay it out for you.

She turns the floor over to Husk who takes over the stage. Husk takes a beat -- dives right in.

HUSK

We believe the men who killed Berg have splintered off from the Aryan Nation, and have formed a new group of their own, committing a series of robberies and murders inspired by the doctrine in this book.

He holds up THE TURNER DIARIES. The room's dead silent now. Husk hands the floor over to Jamie.

JAMIE

It tells the story -- the fictional story of a group of White Separatists, waging a race war against the United States Government. There's six steps in this book. Recruiting. Fundraising. Training. Assassination's step five.

DETECTIVE MULNIX

What's six?

JAMIE

Armed revolution.

HUSK

Large scale domestic terror attacks.

JAMIE

Poisoning city water supplies.  
Bombing federal buildings.

HUSK

Seizing the Capitol.

An FBI AGENT blurts out.

FBI AGENT  
You're talking about these guys  
like they're terrorists.

CARNEY  
What would you call 'em?

JAMIE  
There are plans in this book to  
assassinate the President.

No one's laughing now. Sheriff Loftlin included.

FBI AGENT  
This terrorist group of yours have  
a name?

HUSK  
In the book, they're called THE  
ORDER.

The room is just stunned. No one says a word. Until a hand  
shoots up in the back. It's Sheriff Loftlin.

SHERIFF LOFTLIN  
I've seen that book before.

CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. BRADY'S SPORTSMEN SUPPLY - DAY**

Tony's on a shopping spree a THE LIST, only he's not buying  
groceries. Tony's selecting an arsenal.

A CROSSBOW. THROWING STARS. GUNS. AMMUNITION. LOTS OF IT. He  
pursues his bounty with a CLERK who's checking a gun.

A brand new Smith and Wesson 9MM, semi-automatic pistol,  
model 469.

CLERK  
Smith and Wesson, model 69. She's  
clean. You need anything else?

Tony looks at the arsenal.

TONY  
Yeah, I'll take all over them.

CLERK  
Just need some ID.

Tony starts filling out a STANDARD FEDERAL FIREARMS FORM with his name and his address as the clerk counts his cash. We hold on this FORM. *We're gonna want to remember it and --*

Tony gets in A CAR on the street, arms loaded with weapons. Bob at the wheel, grins at the score and admires the pistol.

Tony basks in the praise. Off the slam of the trunk, CUT TO --

**INT. SHERIFF LOFTLIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Agents Husk, Carney, Jamie and Sheriff Loftlin stands in his office as he flips through a three ring binder on his desk.

Husk is livid.

HUSK

You had the guy two years ago and you fucking let him go!?

SHERIFF LOFTLIN

I pulled over some Nation guys on their way to a NAACP convention downtown. They had a trunk full of White-Supremacist shit they were gonna pass out. One of 'em brought up that book. The Turner Diaries. I remember, he said there's no escaping "The Day of the Rope."

JAMIE

You know what that means? It's the day when all race traitors are strung up in the street.

Husk looks at Loftlin's file. Shows a picture to Jamie.

HUSK

You know him?

JAMIE

Yeah, Lane. He's from around here. He's a fanatic.

HUSK

Where is he?

SHERIFF LOFTLIN

I think he's at his parents house. His dad is a Pastor.

HUSK

Write it down! Write it the fuck  
down!

Loftlin's hand shake as he writes down the address for --

**EXT. LANE'S ADOPTIVE PARENTS' HOME - DUSK**

THREE BUREAU CARS pull up to a RANCH HOUSE. Husk and Carney step out, in the lead, and head toward the door. Anticipating a fight, they unclip their guns -- hands at the ready when --

The door creaks open before they announce themselves and a slight, GREY-HAIRED MAN appears. He's 70 and prosperous and pails at the guns.

HUSK

Roger Lane? Is your son David home?

ROGER LANE

No. He doesn't live here.

(then)

What mess d'he get into this time?

Off Husk and Carney's surprise --

**INT. LANE'S ADOPTIVE PARENTS' HOME - DUSK**

The cops sit with coffee in a nicely appointed living room with ROGER (the man) and his pleasant wife, BIRDIE. Roger has hearing aides in both ears.

They are looking very grimly at the pictures of Berg's body.

BIRDIE LANE

We don't know where he is, but the last time we heard, David was living in Washington in a place called Metaline Falls. Some man there had some land and had given David some work.

It's the moment of truth. The Detectives both feel it.

CARNEY

Do you know the guy's name?

ROGER LANE

We don't know. Birdie, do we still have that picture?



BIRDIE  
Somewhere. Hold on.

Birdie gets up and looks through a drawer.

ROGER LANE  
Do you have children, Detective?

HUSK  
Uh, yeah. Two daughters.

ROGER LANE  
Do you love 'em? Do you care for them? Have you been there for them? You think you have control over who they are going to be, but the truth is you don't. You can try and protect them, it's about the best you can do, but you can't live their life for 'em.

Husk's moved by her words. At least, they make him feel sad. That's when Birdie returns with a picture.

BIRDIE LANE  
It was something peculiar. Like he had two first names. Bill Stevens or Mathew or --

BIRDIE  
That's it. The man's name was Bob Mathews.

Birdie hands the photo to Husk. It shows David Lane posing by a tree he's just chopped beside Bob.

HUSK  
Son of a bitch.

Husk recognizes him immediately, cursing himself as --

**EXT. MATHEW'S ACRES - DAY**

There's a great deal of activity. The TROOPS are packing up. Moving equipment and evidence from the barracks into trucks. Like they are packing up for battle.

Bob, presiding over a furtive meeting in the woods with his inner circle: PIERCE. YARBOROUGH. LANE. Viewing a MAP.

BOB

They pick up at an overnight depot near San Leandro, California and load up for a two day trip from San Francisco up the 101 to Eureka on the coast. It's the money run for the entire Northwest.

GARY

What's the take?

BOB

A normal run, maybe two and a half million. This could be four.

That number lands loudly. The men excited, but as they plan --

Debbie approaches from the house, passing a truck where Zillah waits in the passenger seat, hugely pregnant now.

Debbie makes a decision, pauses at the door --

DEBBIE

Hi. I'm Debbie.

ZILLAH

Oh... ok.

DEBBIE

(regards her belly)  
Good for you.

ZILLAH

Thanks.

The discomfort lingers, until Debbie finally departs to find--

Bob, still in a meeting with his men, until --

DEBBIE

Excuse me, Bob. Can we talk?

BOB

Now?

DEBBIE

Yeah.

She's not waiting. Bob turns to his men.

BOB

You guys just keep running it. Load up while I --

Bob goes, following Debbie to a private corner where --

DEBBIE  
What're you meeting about?

BOB  
You know I can't say.

DEBBIE  
What about her, does she know?

She's referring to Zillah. Debbie waits for an answer.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Cause people talk. Is she having  
your baby?

Bob looks her dead in eye.

BOB  
You have nothing to worry about.  
You know that, right hon? I love  
you. All I care about is us and  
Clinton. Ok? -- Ok?

Bob kisses her. Holds her. An embrace. A trap. Debbie's  
frozen in grasp while --

**INT. FBI OFFICE, COEUR D' ALENE - DAY**

Husk's once empty office is now flush with activity. NEW  
AGENTS set up desks, running new phone lines. A TELETYPE  
MACHINE rattles incessantly with incoming reports as --

Jamie walks through, his jaw fucking dropped. He weaves over  
to Husk and Carney who look at a file. BOB MATHEWS. A PHOTO.

HUSK  
Look familiar to you?  
(Jamie shakes his head)  
Robert Jay Mathews. Born '53,  
Marfa, Texas. Dad was an Appliance  
Store Salesman. His business went  
under when Bob was eleven and they  
moved into a trailer. He blamed the  
whole thing on immigrants.

CARNEY  
Subscribes to John Birch.

JAMIE  
He gets arrested in '73 for lying  
on his W-4.

HUSK

That's straight out of the anti-tax  
playbook.

(reading the file)

He joins the National Alliance, who  
founder --

JAMIE

William Luther Pierce --

HUSK

-- writes The Turner Diaries. Then  
he leaves that group too.

CARNEY

It's a pattern. He's a radical.

HUSK

He's a radical, sure, but he can't  
deal with authority. Look at his  
father. Look at his father.

(then)

Clever fucker. I met him.

CARNEY

When?

HUSK

Few weeks back. He was casing me.

Jamie and Carney, in disbelief when -- Agent Mulnix arrives  
with a MAP.

AGENT MULNIX

We found him. Metalline Falls.  
Bright Creek Road.

CARNEY

All right. We got the address.  
Let's go.

They already on their feet. Jamie swallowing his fear as --

**INT./ EXT. SWAT CAR - WOODS - DUSK (LATER)**

A CARAVAN of SWAT VEHICLES charge down the road toward  
MATHEW'S ACRES. Chimney puffing with smoke. The vans'  
barreling for it as --

Inside, Husk, Jamie, and Carney ride in the back of a van,  
suiting up for a raid. DOZEN SWAT AGENTS beside, all armed to  
the gills. Husk and Jamie are just silent as --

INT./EXT. THE BARRACKS, MATHEW'S ACRES - DUSK (AS BEFORE)

BAM! -- back at Mathews Acres, the SWAT TEAM kicks down the door and Husk storms inside the barracks to find --

FEDS  
Clear -- Clear -- Clear.

The whole place is empty. Husk turns his attention to the mountains of evidence that cover the clubhouse.

There is Aryan Nation literature and newspaper clippings of Berg's murder and the Seattle Robberies.

On another wall -- there's the PRINTING PRESS and a shrine to HITLER'S erected. There are shotguns, assault rifles, crossbows and grappling hooks.

Carney's frozen by the sight of it as --

Jamie peruses a hand-written document entitled: THE RULES FOR SECURITY while --

Husk moves through, when -- something stops him in his tracks. A manilla folder with the handwritten words: STEP 6.

Jamie watches as Husk opens it, fear sweeping his face as --

Husk looks through handwritten notes of ingredients, ammonium nitrate and nitromethane. Dozens of diagrams, hand drawn and meticulous:

THE BLUE PRINTS OF A BOMB. SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS of MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS from all over the country. FEDERAL OFFICE, COURT HOUSES, dozens and dozens of targets.

JAMIE  
Jesus Christ.

HUSK  
Pack all this up. I want everything... Carney?

Because Husk sees her still frozen there, staring at photos of LYNCHINGS and RACE MURDERS, quietly burning as she sees--

That sign: "WHITE PRIDE. WHITE UNITY. WHITE AMERICA." A SWASTIKA.

HUSK (CONT'D)  
Jo?

But Carney's already moving, heading out the door. Husk and Jamie alert to her mood as they follow her toward --



Carney's still burning hot. But is beginning to hear. Throws a last look to Debbie --

CARNEY

I'd be careful who I protect you  
dumb Nazi bitch.

Off Debbie's fear --

**INT. / EXT. MOTEL 6, UKIAH - MORNING (VARIOUS SHOTS)**

A DOZEN ORDER members, dressed in jeans and bandanas, kneel in a circle, as Bob reads a sermon. Preparing his men for *the largest heist in American History*.

BOB

*"God is a refuge and a fortress. He  
that dwelleth in the secret place  
of the Most High shall abide under  
the shadow of the Almighty."*

As Bob's voice continues, we see pops of their preparations:

The men loading a horrific assortment of firearms. There's an Israeli 9mm Uzi. An AR-15. Mathews has his 469 S&W.

BOB (V.O.)

*"In Him I will trust. Surely He  
shall deliver thee from the snare  
of the fowler, and from the noisome  
pestilence."*

WE SEE: Pierce, going man to man, painting their fingertips with CRAZY GLUE, like ladies at the beauty salon as --

BOB (V.O.)

*"He shall cover thee with His  
feathers, and under His wings shall  
thou trust."*

WE SEE: Once the glue's dried, they snap on SURGICAL GLOVES. Methodical and precise as Bob's sermon wraps up --

BOB

*"Thou shalt not be afraid for the  
terror by night, nor the arrow that  
flieth by day."*

The men are now ready. They all shoulder their weapons and load into THEIR CARS.

EXT. U.S. 101 - DAY (AN HOUR LATER)

A grey BRINKS ARMORED TRUCK is lumbering up a mountain bound highway passing --

A QUIET SIDE ROAD -- where Lane waits behind the wheel of a CUTLASS. Spotting it pass, he picks up a CB RADIO --

LANE

Breaker. Breaker, Mr. Black. It's going to be a nice day.

That message is received by --

Bob, shotgun in a PICK-UP beside Pierce, idling on the gravel shoulder of the highway, a mile up ahead. ANOTHER PICK-UP just behind with Gary at the wheel.

BOB

Get ready. It's coming.

The men all snap to it, slipping bandanas over their faces, Jesse James-style, as they watch --

THE GREY ARMORED TRUCK appearing in their rear-view, rumbling their way. It speeds by them on the road unaware when --

Pierce drops his truck into gear and pulls out behind it. Gary follows as well in a little caravan now. The robbers piled in back as --

The ARMORED TRUCK takes an exit for CALIFORNIA 20 EAST and the robbers all follow onto --

A tight two-lane lushly wooded highway, cutting steeply up the mountain. No shoulder. No escape.

Struggling on the hill, the ARMORED TRUCK slows to a crawl. The driver drops down a gear, trying to power through and --

That's when Bob shouts the order.

BOB (CONT'D)

Alright, take him now.

And Pierce abides, stomping his foot on the gas, swerving into the left lane, overtaking the armored truck where --

-- the TWO GUARDS in the cab shake their heads at the pick-up racing beside them, bandana-ed men in the back.

GUARD 1

Look at these crazy fucks. What the hell are they doing?



They get their answer right now when --

BAM! The pick-up swerves into their lane and slams on its brakes right in front of them --

GUARD 2

Watch out! Jesus Christ!

-- and the DRIVER slams on his brakes, screeching the truck to a stop inches behind the pick-up. The GUARDS still catching their breath when --

THE SECOND PICK UP TRUCK skids into the left lane and jams to a stop, pinning the truck there with no way to escape.

Six masked, armed men rise from the beds of both pick-ups, leveling weapons at their windows. Not making the same mistake twice -- one holds a sign that reads: *GET OUT OR DIE.*

The GUARDS all freeze up as --

Bob exits the front PICK-UP and jumps on the bumper of the ARMORED TRUCK with his pistol in hand.

BOB

The fuck out or you're dead!

To make the point even finer, Sam aims a "BAZOOKA" at their heads from the bed of the truck, but the GUARDS still don't move and so --

*POP! POP! POP!* -- Pierce booms 3 armor-piercing shots right through the bulletproof windshield with his MAC-10 -- *POW!*

Glass rains on the GUARDS who now throw up their hands --

GUARD 1

STOP SHOOTING! STOP SHOOTING! We're coming out just don't shoot!

-- and the GUARDS stumble out, hands raised in the air only --

They're so fucking scared, they forget to set the brake and the TRUCK starts rolling backward down the hill and is about to race away before --

*BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!* -- Pierce fires three shots and blows out the tires, grinding the truck to a stop.

Pierce throws Bob a look as the men catch their breaths and get right back to business, corralling the TWO GUARDS to the side of the road, forcing them to lie face down in the dirt --

BOB  
Is anyone in the back?

The GUARDS nod their heads and Bob hurries that way, *banging* his gun on the rear doors of the truck.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Throw out your gun and come out  
with your hands up.

It's silent inside. Bob's not going to wait. He nods over to Gary who -- BOOM! -- fires a shot through the bullet-proof window, sending a lethal message.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Next one's not a warning. Come out  
now or you're dead.

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)  
Alright! Just don't shoot! I'm  
opening the door now.

And Bob steps aside as the door slowly opens and a hand reaches out and drops out a gun.

FEMALE GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm not armed. Please don't shoot.

A FEMALE GUARD now steps out to find Bob's gun in her face.

BOB  
Get her down with the others.

Gary follows the order and escorts her away leaving Bob with the truck, throwing open the doors to find a king's ransom.

THIRTY LARGE MONEY BAGS stacked on the floor. Each packed to the gills. Just a shit ton of cash. Bob regards it in awe.

PIERCE  
Holy shit.

They both jump into the truck and get right to work. Bob tucks his Smith and Wesson into his belt and the two men begin to toss the 80LB bags of cash onto the road where --

It's bucket-brigaded man to man into the pick-ups. In the sweltering heat, the work is exhausting while --

IN THE FRONT PICK-UP

Lane waits at the wheel, a POLICE SCANNER chirping, as he checks his stop-watch.

LANE  
SEVEN MINUTES! Hurry up!

Because out on the road --

TRAFFIC's begun piling up in both directions behind the robbery, blocking the road.

IN A PICK-UP STALLED IN THE LINE, a GOOD SAMARITAN DRIVER is reaching for his GUN while --

Back in the TRUCK, Bob's still throwing bags out the door.

PIERCE  
Let's go. Wrap it up.

Bob goes back for one more, hoisting a last bag out the door when --

OUT ON THE STREET, the SAMARITAN's snuck out of his car, gun raised and -- BANG! BANG! -- he fires off shots and --

Pierce fires back and --

IN THE TRUCK, BULLETS pound the outside like a drum, startling Bob, who in his quickness to react --

DOESN'T SEE his Smith and Wesson pistol slip from his belt and fall to the floor of the truck. Bob's unaware as --

He exits the truck to see Pierce shoot at the Samaritan.

Now, SIRENS are approaching. And when Bob reaches for his gun -- he now notices that it's gone. But there's no time as --

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Let's fucking go!

Pierce yells from his pick-up. Bob's got no choice but to bolt. He picks up the money and takes off for the pick-up --

BOB  
Go!-Go!-Go!-Go!

-- as he jumps in the back with his men and the trucks both screech off, scattering ROOFING NAILS behind them as they roar away up the mountain just as --

THE POLICE CARS arrive. The nails BLOW OUT THEIR TIRES, skidding the cars to a halt before the pillaged armored truck where --

THE THREE GUARDS lay in the dirt, looking under the carriage, to see FOUR MILLION DOLLARS speeding away in the trucks and --

ONE OF THE GUARDS finally stands, peering into the back of the BRINKS TRUCK where the money's been looted, but left on the floor, is --

Bob's SMITH and WESSON. We hold on it there as --

Pierce squeals away with Bob at his side. The truck so loaded down with cash it's nearly scraping the road. It should be euphoric, but instead Bob's concerned.

He's feeling his jeans for -- *fuck*. It's not there. Off Bob, trying to conceal his worry, while --

**INT. FBI OFFICE, COEUR D' ALENE - NIGHT**

This place is now overflowing. So many FBI agents now work the case, they've taken over the whole floor. Husk, Jamie and Carney here too, sleepless and wrung out.

The news has just arrived and it's grim.

HUSK

How much did they get?

Fuck.

CARNEY

3.6 Million.

JAMIE

What does that buy?

HUSK

That buys an army. Where are we with the trace on his gun?

That goes to an FBI agent on the phone.

FBI AGENT

We're still waiting.

JAMIE

Waiting on what?

FBI AGENT

They couldn't pull any prints, but ATF traced the serial number to a store in Missoula. We're waiting on a name.

JAMIE

Missoula? -- do you know how far Missoula is from here?

FBI AGENT

Two hours.

JAMIE

So why the fuck are we fucking waiting!?

Jamie bangs the desk, surprising Husk, who has never seen him explode.

FBI AGENT

I made the call.

JAMIE

Why isn't anyone driving to Missoula?! Tell me. Tell me Mr. FBI?

He doesn't get an answer so Jamie grabs his coat, storms out.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(at the door)

I mean, you're the *fucking FBI!*

With that, he's gone. Husk just looks at the agent.

HUSK

He's got a fucking point.

**EXT. FBI OFFICE, COEUR D' ALENE - NIGHT**

It's freezing outside as Husk exits the building to find Jamie, smoking in the street.

HUSK

You alright?

JAMIE

I mean, that was fucking bullshit.

HUSK

I know. Get in the car.

Husk leading him to his car, parked there on the street and--

**INT. HUSK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Husk and Jamie sit in the dark, drinking from a flask.

JAMIE

You know it used to be everyday, I was running home to see them -- now, this -- this is all I think about.

Husk understands. Finally offers a story.

HUSK

I worked organized crime. Lucchesse Family. Heard of them?

(Jamie hasn't)

Nasty fuckers. Last year I worked New York, there were two dozen murders. And I needed to get inside. Had no witnesses. So I recruit this girl, the nanny of one of the bosses. She was younger than you. Smart. I persuaded her to wear a wire.

(takes a drink)

I don't know how they find out, but they did. We found her head in the East River. Found her arms, her legs. Never found her body. And I never got anyone for that.

JAMIE

Why are you telling me that?

Before Husk can explain, Carney knocks on the window.

CARNEY

We got a name on the gun.

**INT. ZILLAH'S TRAILER - DAY**

Bob, wrung out, returns to Zillah's Trailer. It's furnished and homey now, but it's empty.

BOB

Zillah.

No one answers. But a moment later, Bob startles when A heavy, 50-year-old WOMAN arrives from the bedroom.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jean?

JEAN

Where've you been? We've been calling all over.

This is Zillah's mother, JEAN CRAIG.

Bob continues into the bedroom where to his surprise, he finds Zillah awake, with --

A BABY GIRL in her arms. She's beautiful.

ZILLAH  
That's your dad.

BOB  
Oh my god.

Bob's overwhelmed. His eyes flush with tears.

ZILLAH  
This is your daughter.  
(then)  
I'm really sorry she's not a boy.

BOB  
She's beautiful.

ZILLAH  
Wanna hold her?

BOB  
Is she sleeping? She's so little.

Bob is nervous as he reaches down to lift up his daughter. He takes her in his arms, spilling over with emotion.

Zillah beams in agreement as Jean enters with a camera.

JEAN  
Sit up. Take a picture.

And Bob poses proudly, with his child in his arms as the flash fills the room and time seems to stand still.

A little light in the dark, but it will not last long as --

**INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY**

Carney, Jamie, and Husk -- on the move through the station --

CARNEY  
This guy's kind of a character  
He calls himself Torres, like  
anyone's fallin' for that. Says he  
won't wear a wire. Doesn't wanna  
make a call. He's fucking spooked.

JAMIE

With good reason. Last guy that talked, they left him a hole.

Husk considers that one out as they arrive at --

A HOLDING where Tom's sweating in the hot seat. He looks up at Husk, behind the bars, dangling Tony's ORDER MEDALLION.

HUSK

Did Bob give you this? It's cute.

TONY

Fuck you.

Husk smiles, signals for the guard to buzz him in, then he takes a FILE FOLDER and enters the CELL.

He sits next to Tony and opens the file.

HUSK

Alan Berg.

GRISLY CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of Berg bleeding on the ground. Tony tries to look away as --

Husk flips through the carnage. Tony is visibly shaken.

HUSK (CONT'D)

They shot him twelve times. Two in the face. Two in the neck. Six in his left arm. One in his abdomen that traversed through his liver and went out his stomach and one in the back. That's a hard way to go.

Tony tries to push the pictures away, but Husk won't let him. He gets right in his face.

HUSK (CONT'D)

Look at 'em!

(yanking Tony forward)

You didn't pull that trigger, Tony, but you don't tell us where they are, I'm gonna lean on you so hard you won't get off the floor. You understand me?

TONY

Get your fucking hands off me.

HUSK

How the hell do we find them?!



A standoff. It's tense. Husk's top about to blow until --

SPECIAL AGENT CARNEY

Terry -- Terry!

Husk realizes what she's reacting too -- blood dripping from his nose on the table.

HUSK

Fuck.

Everything stops. Husk covers his face, blotting up the blood. Takes a long beat to recover. When he does --

His mood's changed. He sits back in his seat. Looks at Tony, who is ashen. Sees him as the kid that he is. A long beat --

HUSK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

(quieter now)

26 years I've done this job. 26 years. Every Mobster, every Klansman. They've got one thing in common. They're trying to blame someone else.

(Tony's silent)

You think Bob's loyal to you? You think he's your friend.

(beat)

I know you think he's your friend. But Bob's using you, son. You're a tool to him. He's using you. You're a pawn. There's no loyalty here. Think he'd be there for you.

(that hits a nerve)

What do you think your friends going to react when he finds out you're a Mexican?

(beat)

Where is he?

Tony takes a long beat. One last look at Berg. Then finally --

TONY

There's a number you call. If you ever got popped, you leave a message with the switchboard. They call back with instructions. Tell you how to get out.

HUSK

Do you remember that number?

Off Tony, most likely wishing he didn't, then --

INT. /EXT. CAFE - SEATTLE - A COUPLE DAYS LATER

Tony smokes at the CAFE at the BUS STATION, wearing his nerves on his sleeves. Scanning the crowds, spying:

A MAN WITH A NEWSPAPER. A MOTHER with a HIKING BACKPACK. They stick out clearly as FEDS.

Tony's afraid they'll be noticed. He's about to just bail when outside he sees --

A PINTO pulls up to the curb. Tony checks his back a last time, stuffs out his smoke, as --

EXT. CAFE - SEATTLE - SAME

The cavalry is waiting to pounce. A SURVEILLANCE VAN packed with SWAT. Carney at the wheel of a nondescript CAR parked nearby.

Husk and Jamie in a VOLVO, staking out the now idling PINTO where --

Yarborough, in a newsboy hat, steps out, waits at the door.

HUSK  
(into his mic)  
That's Yarborough. The Brown Pinto.  
Washington Plates. WMV-921. Anyone  
got eyes on the driver? Is it Bob?

His back is to them. They can't make him out. Over the radio--

CARNEY (FILTERED)  
Negative. It's not him.

HUSK  
Fuck...

CARNEY (FILTERED)  
We should take them now or we'll  
lose 'em... Terry?

HUSK  
No! Everybody keep back. He's  
close. Nobody touches 'em 'til we  
have eyes up on Mathews.

They do as instructed, all watching anxiously as Tony exits the bus station, approaching the car and --

**INT. GARY'S CAR - THAT MOMENT**

Yarborough ushers Tony into the front seat. Tony looks at the driver. A dark man with a mustache -- PIERCE.

BRUCE

Good to see you, buddy. Anyone know that you're here?

(as Tony shakes his head)

Good. That's real good.

Tony calms, momentarily, as they pull onto the road while --

**INT. HUSK'S CAR - THE SAME**

Jamie looks to Husk for their play --

CARNEY (FILTERED)

They're on the move. We're gonna lose 'em.

HUSK (INTO HIS MIC)

Everybody keep your distance. Three cars back. I'm following.

-- and Husk pulls out behind them. Carney and the SWAT on his tail. Jamie, increasingly worried as --

**INT. GARY'S CAR - THAT MOMENT**

Pierce drives off. Tony's sitting shotgun. Yarborough in the back -- with the MAC 10.

TONY

Where we going? Where's Bob?

They don't answer and Tony's breaking a sweat now then --

**EXT. CAPRI MOTEL - DAY (A FEW MINUTES LATER)**

Pierce's PINTO pulls in to a two-level L-shaped Motel. Keeping their distance, Husk and Jamie park on the street, and watch from the window as --

Pierce and Gary get out and lead Tony to ROOM 14 on the ground floor. Gary has the key. He opens it up. Tells Tony to enter.

GARY

After you, man. Let's go.

Tony reluctantly complies. Disappearing inside as --

WE PAN OVER THROUGH THE LOT TO REVEAL

HUSK'S CAR -- just arriving. At a distance. Jamie and Husk spying the crew from afar.

JAMIE  
Should I call it in?

HUSK  
Not till we see him.

Husk's eyes, just glued to that closing door where --

**INT. ROOM 14, CAPRI MOTEL - SAME**

Tony enters a spartan room. Pierce and Gary follow in and they lock the door behind them. Tony's fear spikes again as --

He sees Bob -- waiting for them in the room with a gun.

BOB  
Have a seat.

Tony finally does. Trying not to focus on all the guns.

BOB (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry you got in all this trouble. I wanna help you out of it Tony, but I need your help first.

TONY  
They don't know I'm here, man. I swear. They just wanted me for the money.

BOB  
What'd you tell them?

TONY  
Nothing. I just did what you said.

BOB  
Did they ask about the gun?

Tony shakes his head.

TONY  
No. No gun.

BOB  
Did they ask about Berg?

Tony stammers -- can't find the words to respond. Bob scrutinizes him a long beat. Tony's nerves, getting fried.

BOB (CONT'D)

I want to believe. I do.

TONY

Why would I rat on you man? You guys are my friends and --

BOB

Are we friends, Tony? Because real friends come clean when they make mistakes. If you told them something, it's fine. But I have to know the truth.

(beat)

Just tell me what you told them.

Tony takes a long beat, scanning the eyes of the men.

BOB (CONT'D)

Come on. Tony. We can trust each other. Just tell me. Whatever happens, I'm here for you. If you're honest now, this will all be ok. We're brothers.

TONY

Thank you, Bob. I didn't say anything.

BOB

Nothing at all?

Dead silence. Bob stares at him. A long beat. Finally --

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about the gun. It's on me. Will you ever forgive me?

Tony looks at Gary with the gun. What can he say.

TONY

Yeah... sure.

Bob chews that for a beat. Puts a hand on Tony's shoulder.

BOB

It's going to be alright, Tony. I look out for my friends.

-- and with that Bob goes, leaving Tony in a panic, alone with Gary and his gun as --

**EXT. CAPRI MOTEL - THAT MOMENT**

Husk and Jamie, in the car, watches Bob and Pierce exit Tony's room and head for the exterior staircase.

HUSK  
That's Bob. Call it in.

JAMIE  
What are you doing?

-- because Husk is watching Bob and Pierce, scaling the exterior staircase where they finally split up. Pierce disappears into one 2ND FLOOR ROOM. Bob heads into another. As soon as he closes the door --

Husk is out of the car, creeping through the lot with his gun as Jamie puts in the call --

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
We've got eyes on Mathews. At the Capri Motel. We need back-up here now.

Jamie waits for the response, checking his gun as well as --

Husk stalks upstairs, silently approaching the second floor where --

**INT. BOB'S MOTEL ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Bob's in his room, grabbing a GUN from his bag (where we also notice HIS WALLET.) He clip checks his pistol, moving back for the door as --

**EXT. CAPRI MOTEL - THAT MOMENT**

Husk moves down the catwalk, gun trained on the door as --

The door suddenly opens and Bob steps onto the balcony --

HUSK  
Don't fucking move!

Bob turns to see Husk ten feet away, pistol trained. Bob's got his gun in his hand. A long beat.

HUSK (CONT'D)  
Show me your hands! Show me your fucking hands!

Before Bob can decide -- BOOM!

A gun shot explodes inches from Husk's head. It's from --

Pierce, in the parking lot, firing again, shattering a window -- sending Husk to the ground and --

The distraction's all that Bob needs. He takes off. Running the opposite direction down the balcony and --

When he reaches the end, he JUMPS over the railing -- dropping 15 feet to the ground -- a chain-link FENCE at his feet. He begins scrambling to scale it as --

Seeing Husk in danger, this time Jamie exits the car, laying down cover fire against Pierce so that --

Husk can give chase after Bob, hopping the railing and -- WHAM! -- he lands hard on the ground. Struggles back to his feet. Begins climbing the fence as --

Bob races across a street between the motel and a HILL -- nearly smashed by a CAR -- but he makes it across, escaping onto the HILL as Husk summits the fence, staying hot on his heels while --

**INT. / EXT. ROOM 42, CAPRI MOTEL - THAT MOMENT**

Jamie -- gun in hand -- approaches Tony's room. He takes a deep breath and then --

BAM! He kicks in the door, swinging in with his gun as --

BOOM! Gary's there with his MAC-10, ripping off ROUNDS which bite through the door, just missing Jamie who --

-- ducks back outside for cover, hiding against the wall as --

Carney and the SWAT VAN arrive in the lot. Agents pour out, converging on the hotel. Their arrival quiets the gunfire.

Jamie steels himself and bravely spins into the room to see --

Gary's not there. Tony, shitting bricks on the floor, points to the bathroom and Jamie rushes into it to find --

Gary trying to crawl out of the window. His body halfway out when -- BAM!

Jamie tackles him -- crashing him to the ground, wrestling for control of the Mac-10, which Gary's about to start pumping until --

THREE OTHER AGENTS jump into the fight and pound him with body-blows and he's finally subdued.

They finish him off with a punch to gut, which doubles Gary over as they cuff his hands behind his back and --

Jamie gets to his feet, winded and wounded, but looking for Husk, who's he spots out the window, racing off after --

**EXT. FIELD - THAT MOMENT**

Bob, who's sprinting down a steep hill that spills out into a wide field. Bob sprints across it as --

Husk runs down the hill and follows him into the field. Two men racing in the great expanse and --

Behind them, Jamie's joined the hunt, down the hill, into the grass, gaining on the two men as they arrive on --

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - THAT MOMENT**

A quiet, residential street. Single story, single family homes. Still quiet this early as Bob runs for his life as --

Husk and Jamie give chase, but Husk's losing steam, slowing down and Jamie starts to surpass him.

Passing Husk, Jamie tears off after Bob into --

THE LANEWAY BETWEEN SINGLE STORY HOUSES

A small pedestrian walkway linking yards.

Bob's flying through, never stopping. Jamie's gains on his heels as they pass house after house where KIDS play in the yards, watching the men speeding by.

JAMIE  
(to the kid)  
Where is he?

The kid points. Jamie's already running as --

ON THE STREET

Husk is catching his breath, ten yards behind, calling out --

HUSK  
Jamie! Slow the fuck down!

But Jamie's not stopping.

IN THE LANEWAY BETWEEN SINGLE STORY HOUSES



Jamie's still on Bob's tail, running into --

AN ALLEY BEHIND THE HOUSES

-- where Jamie skids out from the laneway to find --

Bob is waiting. Gun already raised. Before Jamie can move --

BAM! -- Bob fires a shot and --

ON THE STREET

Husk starts at the sound. Races after it into --

THE ALLEY

-- where Husk arrives to see Bob fleeing again. Jamie, apparently unscathed -- still running after Bob, but a little slower perhaps because --

Husk catches up -- Jamie waving him on so --

Husk does as he's told. Racing after Bob. Firing. But while giving chase, he peers back over his shoulder to see --

Jamie, looking down at his chest, suddenly blooming with blood. He's been hit and now begins to slow down and --

Husk's now caught in the middle. Bob running one way. Jamie bleeding there at the other. Husk looks back again to see --

Jamie's stopped running. The color gone from his face. He looks up at Husk and suddenly, Jamie's legs buckle and he falls to the ground.

Husk skids to a stop. Bob in his sights. But Jamie's bleeding out on the ground. He must make a choice and --

Husk races back to Jamie, allowing his target to escape. Bob running off, turns a corner, is gone as --

Husk arrives at his wounded partner, kneeling down as --

HUSK (CONT'D)

No no no no. Jamie!

Jamie bleeds everywhere. The light leaving his eyes. Husk takes him in his arms. Applying pressures. Holds his hand.

HUSK (CONT'D)

Keep your head back. Jamie, look at me. Look at me! Jamie. Jamie!

Jamie looks in his eyes and in an instant, he's gone. Husk sees that he's dead and sits there on the street, Jamie's blood on his hands.

He kneels down, trying to clean them in the dirt in the alley, but it isn't any use.

CUT TO:

Husk, standing catatonic and frozen, watching a team of paramedics load Jamie's body on a stretcher into the back of the MEDICAL EXAMINERS VAN. Carney stands at his side.

**EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

That feeling remains as Husk steps out of his car in front of Jamie's house. Jamie's son playing in the yard.

Husk searches for the courage to approach. Before he can --

The front door opens and Kimmy steps onto the porch. Her face stained with grief. Sees Husk standing there.

KIMMY

Willie, come in.

Willie looks between the adults --

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Now.

The boy gives Husk a last glance, then heads inside passed his mom, who lingers a beat on the porch.

She stares at Husk, trying to hold back her tears and anger, but she cannot and --

Husk can't find the words. So he's just left there in silence as Kimmy heads back in her house and closes the door, then --

Husk slides back in his truck. Carney waiting beside him.

After a very long beat, Carney hands him a WALLET. Bob's.

CARNEY

Found that in Bob's hotel room.

Husk's eyes drawn the wallet which he now opens to see -- PERSONAL PHOTOS in the PLASTIC SLEEVE. One of them catches his eye. He understands Carney's play.

Husk studies the photo. A last look at Jamie's house then --

**EXT. MATHEW'S ACRES - DAY**

Husk and Carney drive down a road they have traveled before and pull up before Bob's house.

Debbie, folding laundry, looks out from the window. She doesn't seem surprised, then --

**INT. BOB MATHEWS HOME - MATHEWS ACRES - MOMENTS LATER**

Husk sits with Debbie inside. Bob's folded laundry beside them on the sofa. Carney with her son in the other room as --

Debbie wipes away tears -- looking at the WALLET which Husk's just shown her. Our first glimpse of it too:

It PHOTO inside shows Bob and Zillah with their new baby girl. In the hospital together. Just a few days ago.

Debbie is steamrolled. Even more so when she pulls it from the sleeve to reveal another photo behind it. Replaced. It's of DEBBIE and CLINTON. Husk allows her pain to sink in.

HUSK

You didn't know?

Debbie begins to choke up.

DEBBIE

Do you know how we met? He put an ad in the paper. *"Looking for an intelligent, mature woman to share my life and my land."* A hundred women responded -- out of all them, he chose me.

She laughs at the memory. Quite bittersweet. Her eyes falling on Clinton, playing in the other room with Carney. His previous fear of her, quelled, by a candy she's giving him.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I couldn't have children. Bob said he didn't care. Was excited to adopt but I know it still mattered. He wanted his line to continue.

HUSK

Debbie, none of this is for you. Or Clinton. It's for him.

DEBBIE

You don't know him.

HUSK

I do. And at the end of the day --  
the sacrifices, the work, the women  
-- you can justify everything with  
a cause that you're fighting for --  
but in the end -- it's all about  
him. Believe me. You know that.

(beat)

Right now he's planning an attack  
that could kill hundreds of people.

CARNEY

I need your help to find him.  
Don't protect him because you think  
he's a saint.

DEBBIE

I know he's not a saint.

She hands Husk back the picture. Takes a very long beat --

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I've never been there before but  
there was always a plan - if they  
had to run. There's a house.

HUSK

Thank you. He won't know it was  
you.

DEBBIE

Doesn't matter. You won't take him  
alive.

Off Husk, heeding that warning as we -- DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. / EXT. FBI CAR - THE DECEPTION PASS BRIDGE - DUSK**

The bridge out to Whidbey Island. A CARAVAN racing across it.  
SWAT VANS and UNMARKED FBI VEHICLES. In the front of one --

Husk and Carney drive stoically on the way to one of the  
largest assaults in FBI HISTORY.

CARNEY

So was it worth it?

HUSK

What?

CARNEY

The work -- women - the sacrifices?

HUSK  
What do you think?

Carney considers, with a smile --

CARNEY  
Well, we've always worked quite  
well together.

Two partners, cut from the same cloth. Husk allows a small  
smile himself as --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND ROADS - DAY**

A TRUCK drives down a lush wooded road, taking a hidden turn  
into the forest, arriving in a clearing where --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - DAY**

-- a rustic cedar-framed CHALET perched on a bluff over  
looking the sound and the beach and Seattle far away.

The TRUCK pulls in beside SIX OTHER PARKED CARS and Bruce  
Pierce gets out and heads for the door --

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - DAY**

Bruce enters the simple two story cabin to find Lane, eating  
cereal among an arsenal of guns. Cash all around. Bomb making  
material. It feels funeral. Futile.

PIERCE  
Where's Bob?

Lane points up the stairs.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Finish your fucking cereal. We  
gotta get out of here.

Pierce heads off that way and --

Pierce walks into the bedroom where Mathews is at a desk,  
typing in a fever. He doesn't even look up. Pierce sees  
papers everywhere. An obsession. Lane joins him now and they  
regard Bob's mood. He's manic.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
Bob...? Hey Bob, you ready to go? I  
got the truck outside.

He finally finishes a pages. Hands Pierce the paper to Bruce. It's titled: DECLARATION OF WAR. There are others beneath it, like: OPEN LETTER TO CONGRESS.

PIERCE (CONT'D)  
What is this?

BOB  
Declaration of War.

PIERCE  
Who am I sending 'em to?

BOB  
Congress. House of Representatives.  
White House. New York Times. Denver  
Post. Everyone. It's happening. The  
war has begun.

PIERCE  
Bob... there's no fucking army.  
Everyone's gone.

Bob looks at his friend, unable to accept that he's lost him.

BOB  
Cattle die. Kinsmen die. I too  
shall die, but the one thing that I  
know that never dies, is the fame  
of a dead man's deeds. Someone has  
to fire the first shot.

Then Bob just sits back at this desk and keeps typing. Bruce and Lane watch him sadly as --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - NIGHT**

Darkness falls as Husk, Carney, and TWO DOZEN SWAT AGENTS creep through the trees surrounding Bob's cabin.

They pause in position. Waiting for orders. The SWAT GUYS ready their guns as --

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - SAME**

Inside, Lane and Bruce can hear Bob still typing away, when Lane peers out the windows and --

LANE  
Fuck. Bob let's go. We've gotta go  
now!

But Bob doesn't respond, so Lane's running through the house, gathering Bruce.

LANE (CONT'D)

Let's go. Let's go. They're fucking everywhere!

They frantically pack their bags, shouldering their weapons, abandoning Bob, racing out through a secret back door as --

Bob appears at the top of the stairs, watching them go. Aware he's alone, he takes his BRUDER SCHWEIGEN MEDALLION and puts it around his neck, preparing his mind for what's next as --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

Lane and Bruce, each carrying UZI'S, make off for a path through the field. They don't think the cops have seen so --

They try to make a run for it, racing through waist tall grass, about to get away when --

They run directly into the jaws of a WEDGE - FIVE CAMOUFLAGED SWAT AGENTS rising from the grass, AR's aimed at their heads.

SWAT LEADER

Put down your weapons!

It's futile. Lane and Bruce put up their hands, fall to their knees in surrender as --

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

IN THE WINDOW, Bob peers out to see his men arrested. Deflated, he grabs his gun and sits down on the bed. His mood, dark then --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THE SAME**

Lane and Pierce are frog-marched toward a SHACK on the property where Husk, Carney, and the ASSAULT TEAM gather.

CARNEY

Is he in there alone?

BRUCE

Fuck you.

No one's giving an inch. Husk and Carney, know where this is headed as --

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THE SAME**

Bob gears up for a fight. His flack jacket on. His guns, armed and ready. A gas mask in his hands. He sits on the bed and awaits the assault as --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

In the darkness of the shack, Husk and Carney stake out the house as the SWAT TEAM preps to attack.

CARNEY

Send them in.

HUSK

Bring him out alive. Alive.

Husk hopes that order will be heeded, watching --

TWO SWAT TEAMS depart, APPROACHING the house in the dark and--

*CRASH!* A SWAT LEADER smashes the front window, tossing a FLASH-BANG inside which -- *BOOM!* -- shatters the silence. The TEAR GAS comes next, filling the house up with smoke as --

Husk and Carney watch from the shack, holding their breath as--

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

FIVE MEMBERS OF THE SWAT TEAM put on their GAS MASKS and enter to find the first floor abandoned in haste. Papers burning in the fireplace. Cash strewn across the floor.

Their flashlights sweep silently through the house when --

*POP!POP!POP!POP!* GUNFIRE suddenly ERUPTS from above them as --

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Bob, in his gas mask, lets his MAC-10 roar -- shooting it straight through the FLOORBOARDS at --

THE SWAT TEAM BELOW.

They're ambushed. Diving for cover as Bob chews through the floor, indiscriminately firing and --

TWO MEN are hit! The TEAM fires back, lighting up the ceiling pock-marking the walls but --

They're badly out positioned as Bob continues to rain down a hail of gunfire from above while --



**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

Husk and Carney can only watch in horror as --

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

Bob's gunfire continues, picking off the SWAT TEAM as they exit the cabin, dragging their TWO INJURED PARTNERS out through the door --

SWAT LEADER  
Retreat! Retreat! We've got  
wounded. Pull back. Pull back!

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

The SWAT TEAM rushes out of the cabin, carrying the wounded, in a hail of cover fire as they retreat to the shack.

CARNEY  
Light 'em up.

HUSK  
NO! It's a mistake. It's a mistake.  
You're going to burn him alive.  
It's what he wants!

Because Husk sees what's next. From the woods where that signal's been received and --

A FLARE arcs through the sky like a tiny red comet, heading right for the house.

Husk's face falls immediately. Sees the future as --

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

The flare crashes inside the cabin and starts to smoke out the room.

Upstairs, Bob looks out the window as smoke starts to appear at the door. He looks down at his hand -- and for the first time, we see that he's hit. Bleeding badly.

He takes off his mask, wraps up his hand, weighing his options, then picks back up his gun as --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

Husk watches the house fill with smoke, catching like tinder, knowing Bob's not coming out so --

Without a word, Husk makes a break for it.

Carney, watching the fire, is suddenly aware of his absence.

CARNEY

Shit.

Because she knows where's gone. He's headed for house where--

**INT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - THAT MOMENT**

-- with his gun drawn, Husk steels himself and rushes into the smoke to find --

The FIRE is engulfing the house. Every inch of it burning.

Husk knows there isn't much time and begins hunting for Bob. Doesn't know where he is through the smoke.

He round a corner and sees the stairs up ahead. Smoke billowing up them. Husk covers his face and ascends --

THE STAIRS. Husk takes them, nearly blinded, but as he nears the top, he freezes, seeing --

BOB IN THE BATHROOM. It takes a moment to realize --

It's only his reflection in a mirror. His back is to Husk as he FIRES wildly out the window as the FEDS below. Unaware Husk's behind him.

Seizing the moment, Husk takes the next step, about to charge the room when --

Bob suddenly turns, sees Husk in the mirror and the men stare each other down in the mirror. A stand-off.

HUSK

It's over! -- Let's go.

Because behind him, the first floor is quickly becoming a tinder box. Flames whipping. They leave now or they're dead.

He looks back in the mirror. A lost look in Bob's eyes.

HUSK (CONT'D)

C'mon. It's over. It's done.

Husk lowers his gun, offer Bob a chance to surrender.

Instead, Bob just closes the door between them. Husk prepares to approach it when --

CRACK! -- the house begins to burn below him. The FIRE IGNITING the unspent AMMUNITION around the house which begins to wildly explode like fireworks in all directions and --

Husk has no choice but to run. He tracks down the stairs, first backwards, then running, sprinting out past the flames as--

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Bob sees the door begin to blister with flames. There is no escape now and fear begins to set it.

He's frightened. Not brave. He turns to the window but GUNFIRE pushes him back. His only option, the bathtub. Desperately, Bob dives inside. Hands shaking as he pulls on the gas mask and cowers as flames eat through door as --

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - SAME**

Husk emerges, sputtering, coughing in the field. Carney rushes to his side, holding him up as --

All the agents around him as they watches Bob's cabin engulfs in the night. The flames rising so high they wave over the trees. It happens so fast.

Husk watches in silence as the roof finally gives, collapsing into the first floor which crumbles in embers as the fire consumes it.

It will burn on for hours and Husk will be there, watching till the end as we -- DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. WHIDBEY ISLAND CABIN - MORNING**

The sun's rising. Smoke still striding in the distance as Husk finally descends the hill, the last man leaving the distant wreckage behind him as --

He finally arrives at the CARAVAN where the SWAT TEAM dismantles. An AMBULANCE waiting to eventually cart out the body. PEOPLE slap Husk on the back. Clapping CONGRATULATIONS.

But Husk's numb to their cheers as he finds Carney with her troops, questioning Lane and Bruce. She steps aside when she sees him.

CARNEY

We found this on Lane. It's Bob's.

She hands him a paper. It's Bob's DECLARATION OF WAR. Husk considers it, studying at Bruce and Lane, who are broken.

CARNEY (CONT'D)

We got 'em. It's done.

With that, Carney heads off, leaving in Husk with the paper. Reading the words Bob has written.

*"We declare ourselves to be in a full and unrelenting state of war... for blood, for soil, for honor, for the future of our children, we commit ourselves to battle, to the end."*

Husk lowers the paper, his eyes meeting Lane's, then he gets in his car, and off the slam of the door we --

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. WOODS, COEUR D'ALENE - DAWN**

Daybreak. A crystal clear sky, high above the mountains.

Below, the river is lit by the sunrise. It's majestic and pristine. On the banks, we find --

Husk, with his rifle. Walking along the water's edge as --

**THESE WORDS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN:**

***Bob Mathews died in the siege on Whidbey Island, December 8th, 1984.***

***It would take nearly two years before the other surviving members of THE ORDER were put behind bars.***

Husk has now found his perch, rifle glued to his eyes, staring down the telescopic sight at --

THE ELK in the distance, grazing far away along the water.

**THE SCROLL CONTINUES:**

***Bruce Pierce and David Lane were sentenced to a combined 150 years for their roles in Alan Berg's murder. Gary Yarborough received a total of 85 years for assault, weapons, and racketeering charges.***

***The Turner Diaries has been used as a blueprint for domestic terrorism for over forty years influencing events from the Oklahoma City Bombing to the Insurrection at the U.S. Capitol***

*on January 6th, 2021.*

And the last image is Husk, cross-hairing the Elk, finger tightening around the trigger, about to take the shot as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**