

TREASON

A film by

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A dive bar with road signs and a layer of dust. A jukebox plays a song like *Exile on Main Street*-era Rolling Stones.

At the bar, JIM (50s, classic cowboy) drinks a bottle of BEER.

In the background, GRANT WILSON (50s) plays POOL by himself. He has aviator glasses, olive fatigues, and a self-satisfied sneer.

JIM

...And next thing I know, Tammy Gonzalez herself is down at my ranch, telling me where my cattle can go, what kind of feed to give 'em, and how to use my land.

BARTENDER

That ain't none of her business.

JIM

That is exactly her business. Regulate the hell out of us, so some suit can buy us out.

BARTENDER

She's supposed to work for us. We voted her in, didn't we?

JIM

Not me. Haven't voted since Reagan.

Grant walks over, sits next to Jim, and KNOCKS on the bar. The BARTENDER pours him a bourbon.

GRANT

She did you wrong, but they all do. It's not one man, one woman-- it's the whole damn system.

Jim raises his beer to Grant and they both drink.

GRANT

She tell you the penalty, if you don't play along?

JIM

Starts with fees, couple thousand each month. Long term, could be property seizure, jail time if I'm real lucky.

BARTENDER

It ain't right.

GRANT

No it's not. This country used to be a place a man could make a living. Buy himself property, have a family, and do honest work for honest pay. Now, they got us so tied up in loans and layoffs and regulations, it's hard to see straight. Much less build a life.

Jim and Grant drink.

GRANT

You like being free, don't you Jim?

JIM

I do.

GRANT

You've been raising cattle, how many years?

JIM

56 years.

GRANT

56 years, damn near your whole life. You think some city slicker with brand new boots knows cattle better than you?

JIM

No.

GRANT

Of course she don't.

Grant finishes his GLASS, sets it on the bar, and stands.

GRANT

Every man has a choice: he can take the hand he was given, and hope to hell the dealer doesn't have an ace up his sleeve, or he can leave and start his own game, with square odds and better company.

JIM

That's not a real choice. What you're doing, it's...

GRANT

What I'm doing is making my own
goddamned life. You ever want to
see what real freedom looks like?
Come on by.

Grant stands and pulls a wad of COLORFUL BILLS out of his
pocket. He puts two BILLS on the bar.

GRANT

(to Bartender)
Put his drinks on me.

JIM

You don't need to.

GRANT

Call it diplomacy. Keeping things
friendly at the border.

The Bartender picks up and inspects the BILLS.

BARTENDER

Grant, I told you twice.

GRANT

That is legal tender, recognized by
thirteen nations around the world,
and several online markets.

BARTENDER

We take cash.

GRANT

That is cash.

BARTENDER

American.

GRANT

Tell you what. I'll give you a good
exchange, five Nortons to the
dollar. How's that? Normally, it's
three to one.

BARTENDER

You find some real money, or I'm
calling the Sheriff. How's that?

GRANT

Are you ready to start an
international incident over two
whiskeys?

Grant sits, drinking a BEER. SAVANNAH WILSON (16) sits opposite, with stylish hair, a pink hoodie, and a smirk. On the table between them, a game of RISK in progress.

At the sink, CANDICE WILSON (40s) scrubs a stubborn pot, caked with grease. She has a plain cotton dress, tired eyes, and a forced smile.

GRANT

Come on, babe. The dishes can wait.

CANDICE

Kyle isn't back.

GRANT

If you attack, say, Venezuela, I'll roll for him.

SAVANNAH

Or she could attack Europe, and you roll for yourself.

GRANT

She can make up her own mind.

KYLE WILSON (17) enters. He has an intense stare, dark fatigues, and combat boots.

GRANT

Any news from the border?

KYLE

All clear.

Kyle sits.

SAVANNAH

Thank goodness.

Candice turns off the sink and sits at the table.

CANDICE

I'll take a card and end my turn.

GRANT

Smart.

Grant draws a card and hands it to Candice.

Savannah picks up three DICE and surveys the board.

SAVANNAH

Time to take over the world.

GRANT

How? We have you surrounded.

SAVANNAH

For now.

GRANT

Stop being stubborn and accept what's coming. Surrender, run away like you always do.

CANDICE

Grant.

GRANT

What? We're having fun.

SAVANNAH

I'd be fine if you two stopped picking on me.

GRANT

There's no rule against alliances.

Savannah stares at the board, then turns to Candice.

SAVANNAH

Mom, you want to start an alliance?

CANDICE

I don't know, honey.

SAVANNAH

We have Europe surrounded. If you hit Iceland and head south, I'll come through Ukraine and take down the Eastern Bloc.

GRANT

Hey. No table talk.

SAVANNAH

Is there a rule against it?

Kyle picks up the RULE BOOK and flips through it.

SAVANNAH

We don't have that psycho, psychic connection you and Kyle have. We have to use words.

KYLE

I don't see anything about talking.

Grant grabs the book and THROWS it across the room.

GRANT
Conspire all you like. It won't do
you a lick of good.

SAVANNAH
We will.

GRANT
Are you done stalling, or can you
play the damn game?

CANDICE
Language.

SAVANNAH
Mom. Are you with me?

Candice nods and looks down.

GRANT
This is mutiny.

SAVANNAH
How? We're enemies.

GRANT
It's rebellion.

SAVANNAH
Ukraine, defend yourself.

Savannah stands and shakes the DICE.

GRANT
This is your last chance, Savannah.
There's no coming back from this.

SAVANNAH
You attacked me. I'm defending
myself.

Savannah ROLLS her dice- 5, 5, 4.

Grant picks up two DICE and rolls- 4, 2.

GRANT
Bullshit.

Candice turns to Grant and starts to say--

GRANT
I know, I know.

SAVANNAH
Two down, three to go.

Savannah reaches to remove two SOLDIERS from Ukraine, and Grant SLAPS her hand away. He removes two soldiers.

GRANT
I can do it myself.

Candice stands.

CANDICE
Maybe it's time for a break.
Dessert, anyone?

SAVANNAH
After we take Europe.

Candice sits.

GRANT
You're another filthy horde of
Commies. We stopped you once, and
we'll do it again.

SAVANNAH
What's that make you? The Nazis?

Savannah picks up her dice.

KYLE
You know, Australia's not that well-
defended.

SAVANNAH
Ukraine, defend yourself.

Savannah ROLLS- 3, 3, 2.

GRANT
You gotta do better than that.

Grant ROLLS- 2, 1.

GRANT
Jesus fucking Christ!

CANDICE
Grant. Do not take the lord's name
in vain.

GRANT
Sorry. Just came out.

SAVANNAH
Only one left.

Grant removes two SOLDIERS.

GRANT
Roll those dice properly, on the
table. No more spin.

SAVANNAH
I'm not doing anything.

Savannah BLOWS on the dice, then ROLLS- 6, 6, 5.

SAVANNAH
I must be lucky.

Grant ROARS and sweeps the PIECES off the board.

SAVANNAH
Are you serious? It was one
country.

GRANT
If you won't respect the rules, we
won't play.

Grant crosses his arms and stares at Savannah.

CANDICE
Who wants pie?

6 **EXT. WILSON PROPERTY - MORNING**

6

The sun rises over the desert. In the distance, the Wilson house.

Kyle marches outside and raises the FLAG.

GRANT (O.S.)
What if we could create the ideal
society, the perfect nation, here
in our backyard?

7 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING**

7

A home office with a desk in the center, a large window looking over the property, an upright piano, shelves with model planes, and a cabinet with whiskey glasses and a crystal decanter of bourbon.

Grant, in a ROBE, sits at the desk, speaking into a MICROPHONE connected to a laptop.

GRANT

Without the resources to found our nation, that question lingered for ten long years, until 1998, when the Republic of Kallipoly was born.

He clears his throat.

GRANT

(nasally)

What happened in 1998, Mr. Wilson?

He leans back, considering.

GRANT

(normal voice)

It began with tragedy, as most great things do, with the death of my in-laws.

He leans back, then returns to the microphone.

GRANT

It began with tragedy, as all great things do, with the death of a dear relative, who left us a ranch. I settled in, got to work on a constitution, and by the end of the year, we had ourselves a nation.

A BUZZ from the INTERCOM on the desk.

RAYMOND (INTERCOM)

Grant? It's Raymond.

GRANT

Are you alone?

RAYMOND (INTERCOM)

Yeah?

Grant pushes a BUTTON on the intercom.

8

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

8

Grant stands underneath the flag, with a MILITARY HAT and a CUP of coffee.

RAYMOND HENRY (40s) walks to the house. He has kind eyes and a flannel shirt.

GRANT
Morning, Raymond.

RAYMOND
Grant.

GRANT
Welcome to...
(stretches arms)
Kallipoly.

9 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

9

Grant leads Raymond into the kitchen.

GRANT
Can I fix you a coffee?

RAYMOND
No, this won't take long.

GRANT
Good. I got a real busy day.

RAYMOND
Right.

10 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING**

10

Near the house, patio furniture, a barbecue, and various sports equipment.

In the background, Kyle jogs in place and shadow boxes.

Raymond points to his backyard.

RAYMOND
See, we started redoing the backyard, putting in a pool and everything.

GRANT
I did see. You run it by the fascists?

RAYMOND
I went by the county office--

GRANT
They have no authority.

RAYMOND

And they pulled up a survey. Seems your fence is ten feet into my property.

GRANT

No, you got it wrong. That survey, it's out of date. It doesn't include legal treaties, made with the previous owner.

RAYMOND

These treaties written down?

GRANT

They were gentleman's agreements, between me and Mr. McGregor.

RAYMOND

So there's no proof?

GRANT

How's my word?

Raymond considers, then notices Kyle- STARING at him, jogging in place.

11

INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING

11

Grant adjusts MODELS on the shelf.

RAYMOND

Listen man, I hate to do this, but we're squeezing in this rock waterfall, and the pump system needs more space than a golf course. We could really use that land.

Grant turns to Raymond.

GRANT

Are you declaring war?

RAYMOND

I'm coming to you as a neighbor, trying to work this out peacefully, so we don't need to get the court involved.

GRANT

Whose court? The Republic of Kallipoly is a sovereign nation.

RAYMOND

You're American, same as me, no
matter what flag you put out front.

Grant steps closer.

GRANT

Don't walk into my home, my nation,
and tell me what I am and ain't.

RAYMOND

Easy, Grant. I'm only saying,
legally, you're a citizen. I want
this fixed in a neighborly way.

GRANT

Neighborly way. Is that right? I
tell you what, neighbor. You want
my land, my property? You gotta
take it.

RAYMOND

This isn't one of your war games.
I'll take you to court, if I have
to.

GRANT

Raymond, you just stepped in a cow
pie that ain't never coming out
your rug.

RAYMOND

What does that even mean, man?

GRANT

I hope you're ready for war,
because you're getting one.

Grant goes behind his desk and Raymond walks to the door.

RAYMOND

You'll hear from my lawyer.

GRANT

You'll hear from my .45.

Raymond exits.

Grant walks to the PIANO, considers, then walks away.

He goes to the desk, shuffles papers, tap his fingers. He
looks around-- restless.

He picks up objects on his desk, examines them, and comes to his PEN HOLDER-- the SIGNATURE PEN is missing.

GRANT

Savannah?
(beat)
Savannah! My office, now.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

I'm busy.

GRANT

Now!

Savannah enters.

SAVANNAH

Yes, Daddy?

GRANT

Did you take my pen?

SAVANNAH

Which one?

Savannah walks to the shelf and picks up a MODEL PLANE.

GRANT

My signature pen. I don't know how many times I've told you...

Savannah almost DROPS the plane.

GRANT

Put that down!

Savannah puts the plane back.

GRANT

Do not touch my property, unless I give you explicit permission.

SAVANNAH

You're supposed to play with toys.

GRANT

That is a replica model. Do you know how many hours I spent building that? It's not some toy you buy at a store.

SAVANNAH

You get it on Amazon?

GRANT

No, I...where is my pen?

Savannah reaches into her ponytail and pulls out a gold-plated PEN.

SAVANNAH

This one?

Grant snatches the pen.

GRANT

Damn it, Savannah. I wrote our constitution with this pen. It's part of our history, not something you twirl in your hair.

SAVANNAH

It's a rollerball with Elvish on the side.

Grant holds up the PEN, dramatically.

GRANT

That's Latin. Do you know what it says? 'Aut vincere, aut mori'. Conquer or die, our national motto.

Savannah crosses to the desk and sits on it.

SAVANNAH

Mine is 'Live out loud'.

GRANT

This isn't a joke.

SAVANNAH

Are you sure?

Grant paces and gestures with the PEN. Savannah plays with the PEN HOLDER on his desk.

GRANT

Do you have any respect for the Republic of Kallipoly?

SAVANNAH

Why would I? The only thing it does is kill my social life.

GRANT

If your deadbeat friends don't respect our nation, they shouldn't be your friends.

SAVANNAH

That kind of rules out everyone,
except a few gun nuts and total
weirdos.

GRANT

What about the Henderson boy?

SAVANNAH

Bobby Henderson? He got expelled
for bringing a knife to school.

GRANT

I'm sure he had a reason.

Savannah puts down the pen holder and stands.

SAVANNAH

He was angry and desperate for
attention. Sounds familiar.

GRANT

One more word and you can say
goodbye to summer classes.

Grant moves behind the desk.

GRANT

You don't need a community college
hack to understand photography.

SAVANNAH

He isn't--

GRANT

Two words! That's it, no more
school.

SAVANNAH

I wasn't disrespecting you.

GRANT

You contradicted me. That's
disrespect, plain and simple.

SAVANNAH

So no one can disagree with you
about anything?

GRANT

Watch it.

SAVANNAH

Or what? You'll burn my books?

GRANT

You will respect me, and your country. Instead of taking pictures of ashtrays and fruit bowls, you'll spend the summer with me and your brother.

SAVANNAH

I'm not doing your stupid exercises.

GRANT

No, you'll film them. We need a new recruitment video.

SAVANNAH

You can't make me do this.

GRANT

Watch me.

Savannah stomps out of the room.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Mom!

12

INT. WILSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

12

Grant and Candice's bedroom, There is a king bed with embroidered pillows, dressers, and a vanity with a chair.

Candice sits on the bed, across from a candle on the vanity.

She fidgets, opens her eyes, and looks at a BIBLE.

She re-centers and closes her eyes.

CANDICE

Dear Lord. Thank you for all the blessings you have given us, and please...let them be enough.

A KNOCK at the door.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Mom?

Candice opens her eyes.

13 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

13

Grant and Kyle, in full military dress, try to hang the FLAG from a patio chair.

Savannah adjusts a CAMERA on a tripod.

SAVANNAH
It's still too low.

GRANT
Why don't we go back inside-- I wrote this as a desk piece.

SAVANNAH
We want natural light, to open it up. Your office looks too serious.

GRANT
This is serious. It's our State of the Union.

SAVANNAH
Okay, I'm ready. Just, do whatever you're going to do.

14 **CAMERA POV - LATER**

14

Home video quality, with a square, grainy resolution.

Grant stands motionless in front of the FLAG.

GRANT
Action?

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
Action.

He makes exaggerated, ill-timed gestures with his HANDS.

GRANT
Dear countrymen, friends, and enemies. I am Admiral Grant Wilson, the supreme leader of the Republic of Kallipoly.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
What are you doing with your hands?

GRANT
I'm...illustrating my point. Connecting with the audience.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
That's not how it reads.

Grant readjusts his stance and squares to the camera. He keeps his arms FLAT at his sides.

GRANT
The fat cat fascists in Washington
betray their people, terrorize
other lands, and refuse to
recognize our nationhood. We will
not accept their, their...line?

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
Tyranny. Didn't you write this?

GRANT
I thought it was a desk piece.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
It's like, four sentences.

GRANT
I know, I know. I wrote it.

Grant shakes his head, then SLAPS his face.

GRANT
We will not accept their tyranny
any longer, and nor should you.

Behind Grant, the FLAG wavers and lowers-- Kyle is holding it, but shaking from the strain.

GRANT
If you value your heritage, your
freedom, it's time to take a stand.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
Kyle? You're moving.

KYLE
I need a break.

GRANT
No you don't.

KYLE
My arms are tired.

GRANT
We're almost finished. Shut up and
hold it straight.

Kyle takes a DEEP BREATH, then straightens the FLAG.

GRANT
Quit breathing.

Grant smooths his shirt and looks into the camera.

GRANT
Join the Republic of Kallipoly
today, and be part of a brighter
tomorrow.

Kyle DROPS the flag, and Grant turns back.

GRANT
Fuck it, we're going inside.

15 **EXT. HENRY HOUSE - NIGHT** 15

The moon rises over Raymond's house.

16 **INT. HENRY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 16

A kitchen with a window to the driveway and GARBAGE BINS.

Raymond and VANESSA HENRY (40s, tight hair bun, yoga pants)
stand at the counter.

VANESSA
It's only ten feet.

RAYMOND
I know. I told him.

VANESSA
And did you hear them today?
Shouting and firing off rifles at
who know's what?

RAYMOND
It's wild country.

VANESSA
Quit talking like Clint Eastwood.
You're from New York.

Through the window, Kyle CRAWLS up the driveway.

Raymond holds Vanessa-- she faces the window.

GRANT

You know, Molly, it's getting awful hot out. Why don't you enjoy some shade inside?

MOLLY

I found a nice breeze.

Molly drinks, keeping her eyes on Grant.

GRANT

You mind sharing that breeze? Grab me a cold one, give a kick to company morale?

MOLLY

Drinking on the job? Wonder what the Better Business Bureau would say.

KYLE

Those sons of bitches don't know--

Grant puts a hand on Kyle.

GRANT

Easy boy. She knows all about the Bureau. Get back to that ditch.

Kyle continues digging. Grant puts down his shovel and walks to Molly.

GRANT

This why you hired me? So you could get drunk and talk shit?

MOLLY

It wasn't testimonials.

GRANT

Right now, you got two options.

MOLLY

That any way to talk to your boss?

GRANT

You shut that yap and let us work, or give us half pay and we'll head home.

A sunny day outside a Baptist Church.

Candice, in a pastel dress, sits on a bench and drinks a styrofoam cup of coffee.

The PASTOR (30s) walks to Candice.

PASTOR
If you're waiting for an encore,
I'm afraid you're out of luck.

CANDICE
Oh, I'm just...enjoying the quiet.

The Pastor sits next to her.

PASTOR
Certainly was a spirited Bible
Study today.

CANDICE
I'm sorry if I spoke too, freely.

PASTOR
Nothing to apologize for. Sometimes
I think we need more searchers, and
less believers.

They sit in comfortable silence.

PASTOR
You know, you haven't missed a
sermon in five months.

CANDICE
They've been a real comfort.

PASTOR
You set up for Sunday School, lead
the pot-luck.

CANDICE
I want to serve, any way I can.

PASTOR
And I thank you for it, I do.
You've given so much love to this
community.

CANDICE
But.

PASTOR
But I wonder if, well, more of that
love might be needed at home.

CANDICE

Pastor.

PASTOR

It's just, we haven't seen Grant or Kyle since Christmas, and word gets around.

CANDICE

It's hard to get them in, except for the holidays.

PASTOR

Then I'll come to them. I'd be happy to drop by, any time you like, provide any guidance I can.

CANDICE

Thank you, Pastor. I...bless you.

25 **INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON**

25

Grant's TRUCK is parked outside the roadside BAR.

Kyle sits in the passenger seat, TAPPING his FINGERS on the dashboard.

26 **INT. ROADSIDE BAR - AFTERNOON**

26

Grant sits at the bar with a bourbon. He talks at the Bartender, who does side work behind the bar, trying not to pay attention.

The jukebox plays a song like *Let It Bleed*-era Rolling Stones or early outlaw country.

GRANT

I bet they're listening right now, through that phone of yours. Reading your emails, tracking every video you ever watched. They ain't for or by the people-- they're against 'em. Keep you in debt, scare you to the polls, and line you all up for the shakedown. Then the slaughter.

The Bartender stops his work to say something, then shakes his head and stops himself.

GRANT

And that's just you, the American people. The rest of the world, we get it even worse. Vietnam? Cuba? Iraq? You boys can't stop meddling, talking democracy and free markets while you make sure no one else gets a say.

The SHERIFF (50s, clean uniform, cowboy hat) enters and walks down the bar, unseen by Grant.

GRANT

Shit rolls downhill, ya know? Your founding fathers, your Puritans, they were run out of town, bullied right out. They had a chance to break the cycle, make a new world, and they turned bully, too.

SHERIFF

What's the count?

The Bartender holds up three FINGERS. Grant turns to see the Sheriff, then turns back.

The Sheriff walks to Grant and pats him on the shoulder.

SHERIFF

Way you were going, I'd guess you were four, maybe five deep.

GRANT

It ain't bourbon talking. It's righteous truth.

The Sheriff sits next to Grant. The Bartender fills a glass of water and gives it to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

I'd wager three puts you over the legal limit.

GRANT

It look like I'm driving?

SHERIFF

That's your truck out front, isn't it?

GRANT

And my boy, waiting to drive me home. Anything else, Sheriff?

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

Don't you have something better to do than harass foreign dignitaries?

SHERIFF

I'll know when I see one.

Grant turns to the Sheriff, locks eyes, and SHOTS his bourbon.

Grant KNOCKS on the bar. The Bartender looks to the Sheriff, who nods. The Bartender pours more bourbon.

SHERIFF

You need to quit all this us and them talk. Where were you born? Hell, where are you right now?

GRANT

Tell you the truth, I don't know. They said it was the land of the free, but sure doesn't seem that way.

SHERIFF

Keep it up, Grant. I'm waiting for a reason.

GRANT

That's it, Johnny Law. Scare the innocent and protect the powerful.

SHERIFF

Don't you get tired of all this? Pretending to be someone special, and you're just a nobody?

Grant taps his FINGERS on the bar, considering.

GRANT

Don't you have another black boy to shoot?

27

INT. TRUCK - AFTERNOON

27

Kyle taps his fingers on the dashboard, in rhythm. He's going through the alphabet in MORSE CODE.

Through the windshield:

Grant exits the bar, followed by the Sheriff.

The Sheriff waits at the door, arms crossed, watching Grant.

Grant goes to the passenger side of the truck, opens the door, and throws the keys at Kyle.

GRANT
You're driving.

28

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

28

Candice, in a pristine white apron, stands at the counter and chops CARROTS on a wooden cutting board.

She hums "This Little Light of Mine", lost in the work.

Grant enters and SMELLS the air. He CREEPS closer to Candice, stepping lightly.

Grant GRABS her around the waist-- she DROPS the knife.

GRANT
Hey, it's me.

CANDICE
Don't...sneak up on me like that.

He grabs her HAND and KISSES it.

GRANT
Sorry, babe. Can't turn off the training.

Grant walks to the stove and opens a simmering DUTCH OVEN.

GRANT
You said we were having ribs.

CANDICE
We are. Braised short ribs, in a red wine reduction.

GRANT
Short ribs? Those goofy things Koreans eat?

Candice closes the LID.

CANDICE
This is from a Bobby Flay cookbook. You like him.

GRANT
I like anything you're cooking.

He goes to the cutting board and eats a CARROT. She follows and SHOOS him away with a DISH RAG.

CANDICE

Go on, take a seat and stop eating
the salad.

Grant sits at the table and props his feet in an empty chair.

Candice goes to the REFRIGERATOR, opens a BOTTLE of beer, and sets it in front of Grant. He takes a long drink.

GRANT

There it is.

CANDICE

How'd it go at the Patterson's?

She returns to the counter and resumes CHOPPING.

GRANT

We put down some pipe, and she
paid.

CANDICE

Did you ask about their deck?

GRANT

We got enough online sales coming
in, I can quit begging for loose
work.

CANDICE

I know, but most of the handyman
jobs get done over the summer.

GRANT

Candice, we'll be fine.

CANDICE

Where's Kyle now? Studying for the
SATs, I hope?

GRANT

He's in a combat simulator.

Candice stops chopping.

CANDICE

He can't play video games until he
studies.

GRANT

It's no game. That's the closest he'll come to real combat, until he enlists or a Muslim opens fire at Albertson's.

Candice turns to Grant.

CANDICE

Grant, the SATs are important, especially when he only has a homeschool diploma.

GRANT

Only? That boy learned more here than whatever the hell they're teaching down the road. Real skills, things he can use, not empty facts he'll forget in a year.

CANDICE

Colleges have to compare him to other students. That's the whole point of a standardized test.

GRANT

No, the point is to shovel more money into the ivory tower.

CANDICE

Maybe. But college is still a wonderful opportunity.

Kyle enters, behind Candice.

KYLE

I'm not going to college.

Candice FLINCHES.

CANDICE

Y'all need to stop sneaking around.

GRANT

Can't. It's in our blood.

Kyle grabs a CARROT and eats it. Candice playfully HITS him with the RAG.

CANDICE

And stop eating my salad. Dinner'll be ready in 20 minutes.

KYLE
I'm hungry now.

CANDICE
Patience is a virtue.

GRANT
And confidence is king. The boy
knows what he wants, and he takes
it.

Kyle goes to the REFRIGERATOR, browsing the shelves and snacking on various foods.

Candice puts the carrots in a SALAD BOWL.

CANDICE
Kyle, you should at least apply, in
case you change your mind.

GRANT
If the whole world changes, he can
go to the community quackhouse.

CANDICE
That's not the same as leaving and
having a real college experience.

GRANT
What, smoking doobies on a bean
bag? Growing a beard and protesting
the meal plan?

CANDICE
It's more than that. It's making
new friends, trying new things.
Finding yourself.

GRANT
Sounds dangerous.

Kyle closes the refrigerator.

KYLE
College is for pussies.

Candice WINCES.

GRANT
You know your mother doesn't like
that word.

KYLE
Sorry, sir.

CANDICE

Think of all the fun you could have, the things you'd learn. The people you'd meet.

KYLE

I learn everything I need here--

GRANT

See?

KYLE

--on my computer.

CANDICE

Don't you want to go somewhere new?

KYLE

If I go anywhere, I'm joining the Marines.

CANDICE

Please, think about it. Okay? For me.

Kyle looks to Grant.

GRANT

Don't worry. The boy'll be just fine.

29 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

29

A minimal bedroom with a neat bed and an acoustic guitar in the corner.

Kyle stands in front of a wall, wearing all black.

He stares straight ahead and practices a series of mean EXPRESSIONS. He clenches his jaw, furrows his brow, squints, bulges his eyes.

He cracks a smile, blows raspberries, and makes silly faces.

An ALARM sounds-- a BUGLE. Kyle turns off the alarm, picks up a BACKPACK, and exits.

30 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT**

30

Grant sits at the desk. He repairs the MODEL PLANE with tweezers and superglue, working by a desk lamp.

Kyle enters, crouching then crawling to the desk.

Kyle makes a NOISE-- Grant looks up. Kyle stays perfectly still until Grant returns to his work.

Kyle creeps closer, raises into a crouch, then ROLLS in front of the desk, into a standing position. He aims a GUN at Grant, who puts his HANDS up and JUMPS back.

GRANT

What the hell are you doing?
Pointing a loaded weapon at me?

KYLE

It's a squirt gun.

Kyle points the gun at his own temple and FIRES.

GRANT

What if I'd mistaken you for a
burglar and shot you?

KYLE

I had to show you I'm ready. Send
me out there, Admiral. I'm the best
scout you got.

Grant stands and moves his CRAFTING materials to the side.

GRANT

All right, let's see how ready you
are. Gimme that rucksack.

Kyle hands Grant his BACKPACK. Grant opens it and sorts through, removing objects as he names them and placing them on the desk.

GRANT

Binoculars. Rope. Tactical knife.
Serrated edge?

KYLE

Yes sir.

GRANT

Compass. Zip-ties.

Grant removes a SHOTGUN.

GRANT

You don't need a shotgun.

KYLE

I won't know what I need 'til I'm out there.

GRANT

Kyle, you're hopping a fence to check on the neighbor's construction. Why would you need a shotgun?

Kyle mimes through each scenario.

KYLE

A coyote comes at me in the brush. Raymond spots me and grabs a rifle. The Sheriff drives by, mistakes me for a burglar, and opens fire.

GRANT

It's a stealth operation. You fire this off, and your cover's blown to hell.

Grant puts the shotgun on the desk, then puts the removed OBJECTS into the backpack.

KYLE

What if it gets rough?

GRANT

Bring a taser.

KYLE

Sir, I'm not going out there naked. I need a gun.

GRANT

Absolutely not.

KYLE

An air soft gun? They're silent.

GRANT

Fine. A small one.

Kyle reaches for the backpack.

GRANT

Hold on.

Grant PATS the backpack, opens a pocket, and removes a PLASTIC CASE. He opens it.

GRANT
What the hell is this?

KYLE
Tranquilizers.

Grant closes the case and puts it back. He hands the backpack to Kyle.

GRANT
Stow that shotgun, then observe and report. Got it? Engage only if fired upon.

KYLE
Yes sir.

Grant unrolls a PROPERTY MAP, with a RED CIRCLE.

GRANT
See how much progress they've made on this pump system, and what we'd need to take it out. Hypothetically.

KYLE
While I'm in there, I could--

GRANT
No, this is a recon mission.

KYLE
Sir, all due respect.

GRANT
That's not a good start.

KYLE
What's the point of this mission? We know the make and model, so I have the specs.

GRANT
How?

KYLE
They're all online.

GRANT
No, how did you confirm the make and model?

KYLE

I found the installation order in their trash.

GRANT

You go through the neighbor's trash often?

KYLE

Only when it's important.

Kyle grabs the SHOTGUN and stands at attention.

GRANT

Good work, soldier. We need your vigilance, now more than ever.

Grant walks to the WINDOW and looks out.

Grant looks back-- Kyle is still at stiff attention.

GRANT

Dismissed.

Kyle marches out of the room.

GRANT

Jesus.

Grant pours a glass of BOURBON.

31

EXT. HENRY HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

31

A patio with upscale furniture and a sliding glass door leading to the kitchen.

Raymond and Vanessa sit at a table, drinking glasses of WHITE WINE.

VANESSA

Another point for San Francisco-- the nightlife.

RAYMOND

You said you wanted to settle down, some place nice and quiet with plenty of land. Well, we got it.

VANESSA

Maybe there's a reason this was on the market.

In the distance, a lone FLASHLIGHT turns on and moves through the backyard.

RAYMOND

It's nice here. Just takes some, getting used to.

VANESSA

Are you used to someone poking through your trash and wandering around your backyard?

RAYMOND

Vanessa, we lived in San Francisco.

VANESSA

That was different.

The flashlight comes closer.

VANESSA

Call the cops.

RAYMOND

I'm not calling the cops.

VANESSA

Do you want me to do it?

RAYMOND

He's a kid. Tomorrow morning, I'll go to the court, get this thing in motion. Soon as Grant sees an official summons, he'll come to his senses.

VANESSA

Aren't you confident.

The flashlight TURNS OFF.

32

INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Grant hunches over the desk, crafting.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Men like him, they don't want a fight. They want attention.

CLOSER

Grant attaches WIRES to a homemade BOMB.

CANDICE
Kyle, I'm your mother.

KYLE
Sorry. Admiral's orders.

CANDICE
I'm also the Vice President.

KYLE
Yes ma'am.

CANDICE
Constitutionally speaking, I have a
right to all military intelligence.

KYLE
In a national emergency--

CANDICE
Emergency? What emergency?

KYLE
That's classified, too.

CANDICE
Kyle.

Kyle slumps his shoulders and looks down.

KYLE
I was measuring land for a guard
tower.

CANDICE
Next to Raymond's fence?

Kyle nods, then starts to leave.

CANDICE
Wait.

Kyle stops.

CANDICE
Why don't you take 20 dollars and
go into town tonight, have some
fun. Maybe hang out with Trevor? I
haven't seen him around in a while.

KYLE
Trevor's busy.

CANDICE

Oh.

KYLE

And I don't need to pay for movies.

CANDICE

I know. But you might make some new friends, meet a nice girl.

KYLE

I...can't, tonight. Gotta go.

Kyle exits.

35 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY**

35

Savannah stands in the center, eyes closed and breathing deeply.

She moves into a basic YOGA sequence.

GRANT (O.S.)

Savannah?

Savannah continues her routine.

GRANT (O.S.)

Savannah!

She steps into another POSE, and STUMBLES-- distracted.

GRANT (O.S.)

SAVANNAH!

She stops and hangs her limbs loose with a sigh.

36 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

36

Savannah sets up the CAMERA. Grant and Kyle stand in camo fatigues, and Grant holds a parade RIFLE.

KYLE

You need more spin.

GRANT

I know how to do it.

Grant tries to FLIP the rifle and MISSES badly. The rifle falls and Kyle picks it up.

Kyle readies the RIFLE, weighs it in his hands, crouches, and FLIPS it. The rifle SPINS above his head, too high, and he almost CATCHES it-- it DROPS through his hands.

SAVANNAH

Maybe skip the color guard routine.

GRANT

We'll do the dialogue first. Kyle, get behind me.

Kyle stands directly behind Grant.

GRANT

No, to the side. And hold that rifle up. Like we mean business.

Kyle steps to the side and points the rifle at the camera.

SAVANNAH

This is coming off a little Al Qaeda.

GRANT

They got results, didn't they?

SAVANNAH

I guess. Can we start?

37

CAMERA POV - LATER

37

Home video resolution.

Grant stands with his hands on his hips, puffing out his chest. Kyle stands behind him, arms crossed and staring at the camera.

GRANT

...And you're getting direct instruction from one of the finest military minds in the world. I studied combat history at Cal State Bakersfield, served three years in the Merchant Marines, and have devoted my civilian life to research and field testing.

Kyle opens a KNIFE and holds it up.

GRANT

Every specialization we offer, from knife throwing--

Kyle THROWS the knife off camera.

GRANT
--to tactical scuba diving--

Kyle does an ACTION POSE.

GRANT
--is backed by years of experience.
And guaranteed personally by me,
Admiral Grant Wilson.

Grant POINTS at the camera and FREEZES.

SAVANNAH
You don't need to do your own
freeze frame.

GRANT
Don't interrupt a take!

Grant walks off camera.

KYLE
Should I do some push-ups?

38

INT. WILSON HOUSE - SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

Savannah lies on the bed, feet up, with a LAPTOP.

Playing on the laptop:

Kyle, in the backyard and SHIRTLESS, does JUMPING JACKS.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
Kyle, please put your shirt on.

In the bedroom, Savannah skips through the footage.

SAVANNAH
I can't.

Behind Savannah, the DOOR cracks open-- Kyle peeks through.

The door opens further, and Kyle enters, on tiptoes. He sneaks to Savannah, until he's right behind her, and watches the LAPTOP over her shoulder.

KYLE
Are those the dailies?

Savannah FLINCHES.

SAVANNAH
What the hell are you doing? Knock
before you come in.

KYLE
That's not in the constitution.

SAVANNAH
It's basic decency.

Kyle moves closer.

KYLE
Are those the dailies?

SAVANNAH
Don't talk like that.

KYLE
Isn't that what they're called?

SAVANNAH
On actual productions. This is a
long take of you idiots jerking off
in the backyard.

KYLE
I'd rather be jerking off than
behind the camera.

Savannah sits up, away from Kyle.

SAVANNAH
That's gross.

KYLE
You started it. And you couldn't do
half those exercises.

SAVANNAH
Yeah, raising your rifle and leg at
the same time looks really tough.

KYLE
You wouldn't last a day in the
field.

SAVANNAH
Neither would you.

Kyle points at the laptop.

KYLE

This needs to look cooler. Can you add some explosions?

SAVANNAH

That's stupid, and a waste of time. I'd like to sleep tonight.

KYLE

It's important. For the good of the nation.

SAVANNAH

Will you shut up about your stupid nation?

KYLE

It's your nation, too.

SAVANNAH

I'm an American, not a Kallipolooney.

KYLE

Kallipolino.

SAVANNAH

None of this is real, it's some stupid fantasy Dad makes us all live in.

KYLE

If you hate it so much, why don't you leave?

SAVANNAH

I will.

Kyle marches out of the room.

SAVANNAH

Love you too.

Savannah returns to the LAPTOP, playing a clip of Grant and Kyle SHADOW BOXING with each other.

Grant marches into the bedroom, followed by Kyle.

GRANT

Kyle told me you're having a problem with the recruitment video.

SAVANNAH

Sure am.

GRANT
What is it?

SAVANNAH
Kyle.

GRANT
Look at me when I'm speaking.

Savannah sits up and faces them.

SAVANNAH
Okay. Speak.

Grant paces the room.

GRANT
This video is important, to all of us. It's the cornerstone of our PR push, an introduction to our Republic. Why we started, how we've triumphed, and what the future will bring.

SAVANNAH
You want me to say all of that with you two doing push-ups in the dirt?

GRANT
And some voiceover.

SAVANNAH
That's impossible.

GRANT
Nothing's impossible. That's the magic of moviemaking.

SAVANNAH
It doesn't work like that. They have green screens, teams of designers, and footage of interesting people doing interesting things.

Grant steps to the LAPTOP and points, touching the screen.

GRANT
There, behind us. The green on those trees. Can you use that?

SAVANNAH
Don't touch the screen, you're smudging it. And no, I can't.

GRANT

Work with us here, Savannah. We don't want much. A few tasteful explosions, a symbol for the American threat, like a...demon eagle.

KYLE

Zombie Uncle Sam.

GRANT

That's good. That is really good. Can you do that?

SAVANNAH

Sure, that's one of the presets.

KYLE

We need a symbol, too.

GRANT

I'm the symbol.

KYLE

Right.

GRANT

Can you give me a flaming sword?

KYLE

Me too.

GRANT

No, it's better with one. We don't want to confuse people.

SAVANNAH

You're asking for a whole new movie on top of the basic stuff we have.

GRANT

And?

SAVANNAH

It's going to take forever.

GRANT

Then you're wasting time.

Grant exits. Kyle HITS Savannah's arm, points at the laptop, and exits.

Savannah stares at the LAPTOP, arms crossed.

On screen, Kyle does his version of TAI CHI.

Savannah smiles.

39

INT. WILSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

Grant sits in bed, shirtless and reading a TABLET. Next to the bed, a pile of PILLOWS.

Candice, wearing a nightgown and BRUSHING her hair, enters.

CANDICE

Grant?

GRANT

I'm reading.

CANDICE

It's important.

GRANT

So's this. Did you know the American government was behind the John Wilkes Booth thing?

CANDICE

Grant.

Grant puts down the tablet.

GRANT

Go on.

CANDICE

I'm worried about Savannah.

GRANT

So am I. That all?

CANDICE

You're...being too hard on her.

GRANT

Babe.

CANDICE

I'm worried she'll leave again, this time for good.

GRANT

Guess we'll keep the doors locked.

CANDICE

And what, forbid her from leaving
the house?

GRANT

Yup. 'Til she learns manners. Won't
take a year, less if you let me use
force.

CANDICE

She's our daughter, not a prisoner.

GRANT

She lives under my roof, eats my
food, wears my clothes. I made that
girl. If I don't own her, I have an
18-year lease.

CANDICE

We made her. And she is no one's
property.

GRANT

By law she is, for two more years.

CANDICE

Grant, I'm serious.

GRANT

I can tell. Are you almost done? I
found this JFK theory about the
teacher's union, and--

CANDICE

Grant.

GRANT

Come on, it tracks. Their patsy was
arrested at a damn book depository.

Candice looks down, at the PILLOWS.

CANDICE

Do you know how long I spent
embroidering those pillows?

GRANT

Babe.

CANDICE

Hours and hours, on each one, and
every day, I set them up just
right, and you waltz in and throw
them off the bed.

KYLE

Not for me.

Around the corner, TREVOR (17, lanky, backwards hat) and ELSIE (16, jean shorts).

TREVOR

Look at this fuckboy.

KYLE

Hi Trevor.

ELSIE

Hey fuckboy.

KYLE

Elsie.

Kyle hands Savannah his soda. She smiles.

TREVOR

Daddy got you running errands?
Getting ready to blow up the dam or
some bullshit?

KYLE

No. What are you here to do?

TREVOR

Listen to that. You're a real
fucking soldier now, huh?

KYLE

Better than being pussy-whipped.

Elsie grabs Trevor's arm.

ELSIE

Come on. This loser's not worth it.

KYLE

Listen to Elsie. You do everything
else she says.

Trevor steps close to Kyle.

TREVOR

Shut the fuck up. You're a weirdo
loser who's never touched a girl.
Probably never will.

Savannah drops her smile.

SAVANNAH

Hey.

TREVOR

Unless your freak sister breaks you
off some.

Kyle JABS Trevor in the nose.

Trevor stumbles back, puts a hand to his nose-- it BLEEDS.

ELSIE

Back off, you fucking psycho.

TREVOR

What the fuck?

Savannah gets in the truck and starts the engine.

SAVANNAH

Come on, Kyle.

Kyle, fists ready, watches Elsie tend to Trevor.

ELSIE

Babe, it's not that bad.

Savannah HONKS.

Kyle snaps to and walks to the truck.

43

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

43

The truck is parked outside. Savannah and Kyle exit.

SAVANNAH

That was so stupid. And, kind of
sweet.

They walk to the back and each grabs a BAG of groceries.

SAVANNAH

Also a little impressive. I mean,
one punch?

Kyle takes the bag from Savannah, smiling.

KYLE

That's why they call me Rambo.

SAVANNAH

Don't.

KYLE

I always draw first blood.

They walk to the door.

SAVANNAH

Oh my God. Do you remember those
ammo belts you made? With the
toilet paper rolls?

KYLE

Dad wouldn't let me have the real
thing.

SAVANNAH

You were six.

Savannah stops.

SAVANNAH

Did he tell you about the court
summons?

KYLE

What court summons?

44 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - EVENING**

44

A BBQ with SMOKE pouring out.

Grant OPENS the lid and a wave of SMOKE knocks him back. He
coughs, waves the smoke away, and looks into the grill:

A mix of SAUSAGES and CHICKEN, all extremely BURNT.

45 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING**

45

The family sits around the table, each with a plate of burnt
meat and well-prepared SALAD. In the center, a platter of
more burnt meat.

Kyle dutifully eats, Grant pretends to savor a drumstick,
Candice eats salad, and Savannah sits with crossed arms.

Grant has a bottle of beer, the others have water.

CANDICE

Sweetheart, you have to eat
something.

SAVANNAH

I'm not hungry.

CANDICE
At least have salad.

GRANT
You think a hunger strike's hurting anyone but you? That hippie crap never worked.

SAVANNAH
I'm not doing a hunger strike.

KYLE
Why's she on strike?

CANDICE
You know, I bumped into Betsy--

GRANT
Your sister wants to run away.

SAVANNAH
What? I never said that.

GRANT
What is it, then? Upset about the water pressure? Aunt Flo still in town?

CANDICE
Grant.

Savannah stands.

GRANT
Where do you think you're going?

SAVANNAH
My room.

GRANT
Sit down, young lady.

Savannah sits.

CANDICE
Let's talk about this after dinner.

GRANT
No, we're doing it now. She needs to learn loyalty, respect.

SAVANNAH
I give respect to people that deserve it. Not...

Savannah looks at Grant.

KYLE
The Admiral?

SAVANNAH
Can you call him Dad? We live in
the fucking desert.

GRANT
A military rank does not depend on
your station, but time served and--

Grant points at Kyle.

KYLE
Excellence proven.

SAVANNAH
You gave that to yourself.

GRANT
While serving as President. There
is a clear separation of powers
here, and your doubt--

SAVANNAH
There's no doubt. I know you're
full of shit.

GRANT
You shut your goddamned mouth until
you speak with some respect.

CANDICE
Grant.

GRANT
Stop undermining my authority.
Where do you think she learned it?

SAVANNAH
Mom has nothing to do with this.

GRANT
She spoiled you rotten, and that's
why you turned out so, so...

SAVANNAH
Intelligent?

GRANT
No.

SAVANNAH

Decent? Sorry I'm not a psycho in training like Kyle.

KYLE

What's that supposed to mean?

CANDICE

I think everyone has said some things they regret, so--

GRANT

Quit trying to make peace. We're past that.

SAVANNAH

What's that supposed to mean?

GRANT

Our nation is at war, and you betrayed us.

SAVANNAH

How?

GRANT

Stealing state secrets. Reading mail that isn't yours.

CANDICE

What mail?

SAVANNAH

Kyle?!

KYLE

Sorry. I had to.

GRANT

Don't apologize, son. You did the right thing.

(to Savannah)

As for you, hell, I don't know where to start. I'd throw you in the brig, if we had one.

KYLE

We can build one.

SAVANNAH

You're both insane.

GRANT

And you're a liar, a spy, full of deception. This is a house of honesty, and you are a regular Rosenberg.

SAVANNAH

Are you kidding me? We're liars, every one of us. Kyle thinks this is real, Mom pretends we're okay, and you're a grown man who never left his tree fort.

CANDICE

Savannah, please.

SAVANNAH

No, this is good. Let's get it all out.

GRANT

What else does the little snowflake have to say? Are you emotionally scarred because we never bought you a pretty pink convertible?

SAVANNAH

Did you tell Mom about the court summons?

CANDICE

Grant, what is she talking about?

GRANT

Nothing. Another letter from Raymond.

SAVANNAH

It wasn't from Raymond. The court sent it, a legal summons.

CANDICE

When were you going to tell me?

GRANT

What's to tell? Raymond's bluffing, and I'm gonna call it. Simple as that. Our real problem is the spy sharing our supper, going through what ain't hers.

CANDICE

This is serious. They could put you in jail, for contempt.

GRANT
Under whose authority?

CANDICE
If you went over and apologized...

GRANT
Apologize? For what, asserting my
god-given rights, defending our
nation? I'm the victim here, being
stripped of land without due
process.

SAVANNAH
Isn't that the point of court? Due
process?

GRANT
That kangaroo court in town is
nothing but ignorance and outright
hostility.

SAVANNAH
Sounds familiar.

Savannah stands and walks to the door.

GRANT
Where the hell are you going?

SAVANNAH
My room. Or is the inquisition
still happening?

Candice puts a HAND on Grant's arm.

CANDICE
We could all use a break.

GRANT
This isn't surrender, or even a
truce. It's a cease fire.

SAVANNAH
Whatever.

Savannah exits.

GRANT
(to Savannah)
We'll be on full lockdown tonight.
Alarm, sensors, everything!

46

INT. WILSON HOUSE - SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

Savannah paces the room, then pulls a SUITCASE out of her closet.

She sits on her bed and looks around, itemizing all of her belongings: trinkets, books, clothes, etc.

She grabs a PILLOW and SCREAMS into it.

A soft KNOCK at the door.

SAVANNAH

I'm fine.

The DOOR opens and Candice enters.

CANDICE

Are you sure?

SAVANNAH

No.

Candice sits on the bed next to Savannah.

CANDICE

You know your father didn't mean it.

SAVANNAH

He doesn't mean anything he says, and he's always talking. Kyle only gets to talk because he repeats whatever Dad says.

CANDICE

They both have strong beliefs.

SAVANNAH

You think Dad believes any of it? Freedom from government, fighting the liberal conspiracy, whoever he hates this week?

CANDICE

Sweetie, he's your father.

SAVANNAH

That's why I have to do something. I can't turn out like Kyle. He's a perfect clone, but worse, because he actually believes it.

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

He's going to die or get arrested,
and Dad doesn't care. He just wants
to play president.

CANDICE

It's been an emotional night for
everyone. If we all get a good
night's sleep, clearer heads will
prevail in the morning.

SAVANNAH

Mom, this is serious. I think I
have to leave, for my own safety.

CANDICE

Don't talk like that. I would never
let anything happen to you.

SAVANNAH

I know.

CANDICE

And trust me, your time will come.
But if you leave now, it'll hurt
too much. And you can't take that
hurt back.

SAVANNAH

Don't you get it, Mom? You know why
I need to go.

Candice puts an arm around Savannah, who snuggles into it.

CANDICE

You will always be my daughter, no
matter what happens. I love you
like nothing else. But your father
isn't as forgiving. He hasn't
spoken to Uncle Bill in fourteen
years.

SAVANNAH

Was he always an asshole?

CANDICE

Language.

SAVANNAH

Sorry.

CANDICE

He's...strong-willed. Always was.
The night we met, I told him I was
voting for Clinton, and he wouldn't
let me out of the bar until I
promised to vote Bush.

SAVANNAH

Did you?

CANDICE

No, but it didn't matter. If you
let him win, he'll forget all about
it.

Savannah separates from Candice.

SAVANNAH

You're enabling him.

CANDICE

I'm keeping this family together.

47 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

47

A DUMMY stands alone in the yard.

Kyle runs at it and FLIES through the air-- a JUMP KICK. He
grazes it, not a direct hit, and LANDS on his side.

He stands, steps back, and gets ready to go again.

48 **EXT. HENRY HOUSE - DAY**

48

The front walkway to the Henry house.

Candice walks to the door with a plate of cookies and knocks.

49 **EXT. HENRY HOUSE - PATIO - DAY**

49

Vanessa and Candice sit at the table, drinking ICED TEA.

VANESSA

Was it the uniform?

CANDICE

It didn't hurt.

VANESSA

Or the power? Must be fun to play
Vice President.

CANDICE

He wasn't President when we met. He was a John Deere salesman with a few crazy ideas.

VANESSA

And one of them came true?

CANDICE

Not overnight. He lost his job and got more serious, put up the flag and starting going to conventions, but it really picked up the last few years. He found some, well, militant groups online, and they buy more classes and beer coozies than we can come up with.

VANESSA

Isn't that the American dream?

CANDICE

I suppose.

They drink, let the silence hang.

VANESSA

You think he'll go for it? Put all this behind us?

CANDICE

I'll talk to him tonight. He's proud, but I think he'll see the wisdom.

50 **EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - DAY**

50

There are scattered cars in the lot and a COWBOY smoking a cigarette by the door.

At the back of the lot, Grant's TRUCK.

51 **INT. ROADSIDE BAR - DAY**

51

Raymond sits next to Jim, each drinking a bottle of BEER.

The jukebox plays a song like Zuma-era Neil Young.

JIM

How you liking the local brew?

RAYMOND
It's good. Different.

JIM
That's right. Can't get beer like
this in Frisco.

The DOOR opens, and Grant enters.

RAYMOND
Lot of flavor here. Maybe a little
bitter for my taste.

JIM
We still talking beer?

Jim and Raymond chuckle and clink GLASSES.

Grant walks to the bar next to Jim and KNOCKS.

GRANT
What's got you boys so tickled?

The Bartender pours a BOURBON and slides it to Grant.

JIM
Just gabbing, is all.

RAYMOND
Nothing worth repeating.

Grant picks up the glass and drinks.

GRANT
Must've been a doozy.

JIM
No, you got it wrong.

GRANT
Ray here is full of jokes. Aren't
you? A real wisecracker.

Grant puts an ARM around Raymond's shoulder.

BARTENDER
Take it easy, Grant.

GRANT
It's a compliment, okay? It's a
nice thing to say.

Raymond removes Grant's arm.

RAYMOND
You here to talk?

GRANT
I came to drink, but seems you're
taking over this flea-shack, too.

RAYMOND
I'm not taking over anything.

JIM
Sit down, I'll buy you a beer.

GRANT
I'm fine where I am.

The Bartender moves closer.

RAYMOND
It's okay.

GRANT
So he says, and so it is.

RAYMOND
Why don't you say what's on your
mind, or let us drink in peace.

GRANT
What a friendly way to tell me to
fuck off.

JIM
Hey now.

GRANT
I heard him, same as you. I know
exactly what he said.
(to Raymond)
What else you got?

RAYMOND
I'd be happy to talk property
lines, here and now. I have no
interest in court.

GRANT
You got the law involved, not me.

RAYMOND
You didn't leave me much choice.

Grant finishes his bourbon.

GRANT

And what are you leaving me? Go on,
build your life, and don't mind me.
I'll take whatever scraps are left.

RAYMOND

I'm talking ten feet. That's all.

GRANT

Is that all? A minor invasion? A
little slice of my nation, my
homeland. Who knows, maybe Jim can
get a slice too. You think your
judge'll go for it?

JIM

I got nothing to do with this.

GRANT

I know, Jim. You're too goddamned
dumb to trust.

BARTENDER

Grant, it's time to go.

GRANT

Not yet.

Grant KNOCKS on the bar.

GRANT

Pour me another.

The Bartender steps closer.

BARTENDER

Time to go.

RAYMOND

I'll come by later tonight, and
we'll talk this out. Okay?

Grant steps close to Raymond and points a FINGER in his face.

GRANT

One step on my property, it's an
act of war.

Grant walks to the door.

GRANT

And it'll be met in kind.

GRANT

No, goddamn it. We're doing this now, while I'm feeling it.

SAVANNAH

Feeling what exactly?

Kyle drags a DUMMY over-- it has RAYMOND'S FACE taped on the head.

SAVANNAH

This is completely insane. Like, a thousand steps too far.

GRANT

(to himself)

You dared to challenge...dared to insult me...dared to dare...

Savannah walks to Kyle.

SAVANNAH

Kyle, this is going to be a crime.

KYLE

Which one?

SAVANNAH

Depends how far it goes. At least a few misdemeanors.

KYLE

Then we have to be extra convincing. Make sure he doesn't snitch.

Kyle unsheathes a KNIFE.

KYLE

(to Grant)

Do we still have that dynamite?

SAVANNAH

Okay, that's it. I am not going to jail for you clowns.

Savannah puts up her HANDS and walks away.

GRANT

Get back to that fucking camera, and you press play.

Savannah goes back to her post.

Grant finishes his beer, sets it down, and staggers in front of the camera.

GRANT
Stay with me, all right? You keep
that camera on me.

Grant looks back at Kyle.

GRANT
Gimme that knife.

56

CAMERA POV - LATER

56

Home video resolution.

Grant paces with the KNIFE, in front of the Raymond DUMMY. Behind, Kyle wears a black SKI MASK and holds a stick of DYNAMITE and a LIGHTER.

GRANT
We're not afraid of you-- we, we'll
never be. Give up your little game
now, while you still have what's
important...your life.

Grant STABS at the DUMMY and grunts. He walks to the camera, knife out.

GRANT
And if you, if you call the cops,
it'll be last call you make.

Grant turns and THROWS the KNIFE at the DUMMY'S HEAD-- it MISSES, badly.

GRANT
Next time, I won't miss.

Kyle flicks open the LIGHTER, bringing the FLAME close to the DYNAMITE.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)
Is that real?

Grant turns to Kyle, then grabs for the DYNAMITE.

GRANT
Kyle!

The CAMERA turns off.

FADE TO:

GRANT
About what?

PASTOR
Whatever you like.

GRANT
Right. Can I get some coffee first?

60

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

60

Grant and the Pastor sit at the table, drinking coffee.
Candice hovers in the background.

PASTOR
We haven't seen you at service in
some time.

GRANT
We got the same book here, don't
we?

PASTOR
Don't you miss the community, the
gathering of the spirit?

GRANT
Not that spirit.

The Pastor drinks his coffee, considers.

PASTOR
I saw your video from last night.

GRANT
What? How?

PASTOR
Candice showed it to me.

Grant leans back in his chair and looks at Candice.

GRANT
What the hell?

CANDICE
I couldn't let you send that to
Raymond.

PASTOR

She did the right thing. The threats you made...if Raymond gave that to the police, you'd be in jail already.

GRANT

If he saw it, he'd never call the cops.

PASTOR

You were, convincing. But either road leads to more trouble. Instead of making war, why don't you try the Lord's way, and love thy neighbor?

GRANT

If your pal Jesus had one look at our world, he'd drop that 'Turn the other cheek' crap real quick.

CANDICE

Grant.

GRANT

He thought Sodom was something. Try San Francisco.

The Pastor stands.

PASTOR

I will pray for you.

GRANT

Save your breath.

61 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING**

61

The following montage is silent, with a soundtrack of a song like "Words (Between the Lines of Age)" by Neil Young.

Grant stands with a cup of coffee, staring at Raymond's property.

62 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY**

62

Grant stands at his window, looking to Raymond's property through binoculars. At his side, a bottle of BEER.

On his desk, a SIX-PACK.

69 **EXT. WILSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - EVENING**

69

Kyle marches to the Kallipoly FLAG, salutes, and lowers it.
He FOLDS the flag, precisely and with great care.

END MONTAGE

70 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - EVENING**

70

Grant is slumped over the desk, sleeping on the property map.
At his elbow, a glass of BOURBON. On the desk, the DECANTER
and the empty BEERS.

The DOOR opens and Savannah enters. She sneaks behind Grant,
on tip-toes, until she can see the map.

SAVANNAH

What the hell.

Grant rises.

GRANT

Do not enter my office without
knocking.

SAVANNAH

That's not in the constitution.

GRANT

Is there a reason you're here?

SAVANNAH

What is this map? An invasion?

GRANT

You are a spy, aren't you? First
you turn over my tape to your
mother, and now you're snooping
through my office. Again.

SAVANNAH

It's not hard when you're passed
out drunk.

GRANT

Goddamn it! I will not be spoken to
like that, by my own daughter.

SAVANNAH

Then stop this bullshit, and do the
right thing.

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Are you really going to risk
everything over ten feet of land?

Grant stands.

GRANT

What is the right thing? Groveling
at that smug bastard's feet?

SAVANNAH

You don't have to talk to Raymond.
Go to court, tell them it was a
mistake, and move the fence back.

GRANT

There was no mistake. Me and
McGregor, we had an agreement.

SAVANNAH

If you had proof...

GRANT

Since when does a man need proof
beyond his word?

SAVANNAH

Since always.

Kyle RUNS into the room and stands at attention.

KYLE

Sir, I'm ready to take the fight to
Raymond.

Grant turns to Kyle.

GRANT

What? Were you spying, too?

KYLE

Just doing my duty. What are my
orders?

SAVANNAH

Do you hear yourselves? You're one
step away from mailing out anthrax.

Savannah exits.

Grant paces in front of Kyle, inspecting him.

GRANT

You're packed, ready to go?

KYLE

Yes sir.

GRANT

When we have the cover of darkness,
I want you to go out and show
Raymond just what we mean.

KYLE

What do we mean?

GRANT

To take out that pump, for good.

Grant walks to a shelf and picks up a homemade EXPLOSIVE.

GRANT

This is highly sensitive material.

Grant holds the explosive out, delicately, and Kyle takes it.

KYLE

Yes sir. I know.

Candice enters.

CANDICE

Grant? We need to talk.

GRANT

(to Kyle)

Dismissed.

Kyle hides the EXPLOSIVE under his shirt and exits past Candice, not making eye contact.

Grant sits behind the desk and Candice walks to him.

CANDICE

Savannah told me your plan. You
need to stop this war, and settle
things in court.

GRANT

What war?

CANDICE

If you don't go, they'll decide
against us and take that land back,
and more for the trouble. We could
lose everything.

GRANT

They can't do that.

CANDICE

They can and will. We're cash poor, and after the third mortgage, the bank owns more of the house than we do.

GRANT

Cash poor? What about the savings account?

CANDICE

That's for college, for Savannah and Kyle.

GRANT

They'll need half that money, if that.

Grant finishes his bourbon and pours another.

CANDICE

How many drinks have you had?

GRANT

Not enough.

Candice steps away from the desk and gathers herself.

CANDICE

Speaking as Vice President.

GRANT

What?

CANDICE

This is a national emergency, and you are unfit to lead.

GRANT

You want to impeach me? You don't have the votes.

CANDICE

I want you to act up to your title, to behave like a president, not a tyrant.

GRANT

You don't think I'm presidential? You know what? I don't either. But tyrant, that's not right. No, I'm more of a...philosopher king.

CANDICE

Whatever you call yourself, you are failing your country.

Grant raises his glass.

GRANT

It's better to die free than live a slave.

CANDICE

Where are your chains? Where is your burden?

Grant stands.

GRANT

You want to see my burden? What's holding me back? Go look in the goddamned mirror.

CANDICE

You don't mean that.

GRANT

I would've dealt with Raymond, if it weren't for you. And Savannah, you've been poisoning that girl's head from the start.

CANDICE

This isn't about her, or Raymond, or me, is it? It's about you, like it always is.

GRANT

Keep talking, and I'll show you what it's about.

CANDICE

Grant, don't.

Grant steps closer to Candice.

GRANT

Keep talking.

Candice turns and exits.

Grant watches her leave.

GRANT

Candice.

He exits.

GRANT (O.S.)

Babe.

BEAT.

Savannah enters, looks around, and goes to the desk. She unrolls the property MAP and reads it.

Kyle enters and Savannah flinches.

SAVANNAH

Oh. It's you.

Savannah returns to the map. Kyle walks to the desk.

KYLE

I knew you weren't really one of us, but I didn't think you'd betray the Republic.

SAVANNAH

Excuse me?

KYLE

Attempted desertion, espionage. Exposing state secrets.

SAVANNAH

What, giving Mom your insane video?

KYLE

This goes way deeper than one leak. It's a pattern of sabotage and disrespect.

Savannah looks Kyle in the eyes.

SAVANNAH

I'm not playing your stupid game.

KYLE

It's not a game.

SAVANNAH

Are you sure?

Grant enters, quietly and unseen.

SAVANNAH

Can you leave me alone? I need to know how badly Dad's going to fuck everything up.

GRANT
 Kyle, see if it's dark enough.

KYLE
 Yes sir.

Kyle exits and Savannah tries to follow. Grant PUSHES her back.

GRANT
 You think I'm going to fuck everything up?

SAVANNAH
 It's a safe bet.

Grant SLAPS Savannah across the face.

Savannah puts a HAND to her face, shocked, then recovers.

SAVANNAH
 Fuck you.

Savannah runs out of the room.

Grant watches her go, then closes the door. He walks to the desk and grabs his BOURBON.

71 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 71

Kyle stands in front of the mirror, wearing all black.

He cycles through action and heroic POSES: fists out, flexing, karate stance, chest out and victorious.

An ALARM sounds-- the bugle.

72 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 72

Savannah stands at the sink, looking out the window, with a hand to her face.

Candice enters.

CANDICE
 Honey, are you okay?

SAVANNAH
 No.

Savannah turns and removes an ICE PACK from her face-- she has a RED MARK.

Candice goes to Savannah and holds her.

CANDICE

That son of a bitch. I'm so sorry,
Savannah. I should have been there,
to protect you.

Savannah wriggles free and walks away.

SAVANNAH

It looks worse than it is.

CANDICE

What happened?

SAVANNAH

I told him the truth.

Candice paces the room, frantic.

CANDICE

We're getting you out of here,
tonight.

SAVANNAH

What?

CANDICE

Where's Kyle?

SAVANNAH

He just left, all geared up for
something.

CANDICE

I can't, can't leave him. We have
to wait.

SAVANNAH

What are you--

CANDICE

When he gets home, we're driving
you to the station. You can take a
bus to Reno, then a Greyhound to
Portland. I'll call Aunt Carol, let
her know you're coming.

Savannah grabs Candice's HANDS.

SAVANNAH

Mom. You're coming with me.

CANDICE

I can't.

SAVANNAH

Why? What can you do here?

Candice withdraws her hands.

CANDICE

Kyle needs me.

SAVANNAH

Mom. Please.

CANDICE

I can't leave him alone with your father.

73

INT. WILSON HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

73

Grant stands at the window, BOURBON in hand, striking a heroic pose.

He looks behind, at the DOOR, then back to his pose.

Kyle enters.

GRANT

How was the mission?

KYLE

What mission? That was a goddamned snipe hunt.

Grant drops the pose and faces Kyle.

GRANT

You watch your tone.

KYLE

You sent me out there with a dud. Why? To run me tired, shut me up?

GRANT

The explosive didn't work?

KYLE

You know it didn't.

GRANT

You must have knocked the casing, slipped a wire loose.

Kyle reaches into his BACKPACK.

KYLE

I hit the detonator and nothing happened, so I went back to check, see if I'd set it right.

Kyle removes the "EXPLOSIVE" and DROPS it on the desk.

KYLE

Sure enough, I was detonating a paper bag full of newspaper.

GRANT

There must be some mistake.

KYLE

Cover of darkness, right Pop?

Grant stares at Kyle, reading him, then SMILES.

GRANT

Congratulations, soldier. Mission accomplished.

Grant walks to the liquor cabinet, grabs a GLASS, and pours bourbon from the decanter.

GRANT

This is the good stuff, pure as it gets. Straight up, the way God intended, and goes down smooth as you like.

Grant hands the glass to Kyle, then RAISES his own.

GRANT

I ain't gonna toast myself.

Kyle CLINKS his glass to Grant's. They drink-- Kyle coughs.

GRANT

Once you get past the burn, you and bourbon'll be fast friends.

KYLE

So this was a test?

GRANT

And you passed, with flying colors. Keep this up and you'll earn a promotion.

KYLE

To what?

GRANT

How's staff sergeant sound?

KYLE

Pointless. We don't have a staff.

GRANT

Not yet.

KYLE

And corporal comes after private.

GRANT

In peace time, but we are a nation
at war.

Kyle finishes his bourbon and puts it down.

GRANT

Easy. You have patrol later.

KYLE

I'm done.

GRANT

I can see that.

KYLE

No, with you and your bullshit.

GRANT

Watch what you say next.

KYLE

Why? Nothing matters to you, does
it? This bomb's a fucking fake,
just like you.

GRANT

Stand down soldier.

KYLE

I'm not your soldier, and you're
not my Admiral.

GRANT

You can't leave.

Kyle steps closer to Grant.

KYLE

You can't stop me. I can outrun
you, outfight you, outshoot you.

GRANT

You didn't say outsmart.

KYLE

It won't come to that.

Candice enters and runs to Kyle.

CANDICE

Kyle! Thank God you're all right.

Candice gets between Grant and Kyle, pushing Kyle back.

GRANT

Why wouldn't he be?

Candice turns to Grant.

CANDICE

Did you send him out there to blow
up Raymond's pump?

GRANT

Don't worry. He didn't do it.

KYLE

Because you gave me a fucking toy.

CANDICE

Honey.

GRANT

Do not speak to your commanding
officer with such disrespect.

Savannah enters, unseen.

KYLE

You don't deserve my respect.

GRANT

Listen to that mouth. Your Marines,
they'd have you eating boot soon as
you step off the bus.

KYLE

What do you know about the Marines?

GRANT

I served.

KYLE

In the Merchant Marines, because
you don't have the gut for war.

Savannah LAUGHS-- everyone turns to her.

Kyle walks to Savannah, examines her FACE, then spins to
Grant.

KYLE

Did you do that to her?

GRANT

She did it to herself.

SAVANNAH

You fucking coward.

CANDICE

Savannah, we should go.

Grant paces the room, holding court.

GRANT

No, no. Everyone should hear this
treason. You want to join the
Marines, prove you're a big man?

KYLE

I'm not proving anything. I want to
fight, actually shoot people, not
play in the backyard.

GRANT

You want a fight so bad, we can
square up right now.

CANDICE

Grant.

GRANT

No, this is good.

Grant CIRCLES Kyle, who follows suit.

GRANT

You want a shot at your old man? Go
ahead, but you better put me down.
You don't want me up and angry.

KYLE

You're all talk. One punch and
you'll fold.

SAVANNAH

Hit him, Kyle.

GRANT

Come on, son. Pop me one.

CANDICE

Stop it, both of you!

GRANT

It's between me and the boy.

KYLE

I'm a man, goddamn it. I'm not your boy.

GRANT

You are my boy, for six more months.

KYLE

Says who? The Americans? Their laws mean nothing to you, right?

They stop and face each other.

GRANT

What's that supposed to mean?

KYLE

You're still playing by their rules, living in their world. Call yourself whatever you like, but you're not special. You're another stupid American.

GRANT

I am the Admiral of Kallipoly!

KYLE

You're a dipshit playing dress-up.

Grant SWINGS his FIST, hitting Kyle in the JAW. Kyle stumbles back, dazed, and TOUCHES his jaw.

Kyle shakes it off and balls a FIST.

GRANT

Hey now. I didn't mean, I...you surprised me, you...

Kyle PUNCHES Grant across the face. He FALLS to the floor.

CANDICE
Kyle, that's your father!

KYLE
I know.

Grant climbs to his knees, lifts himself on the DESK, and stands, HANDS raised.

GRANT
Okay, okay. Shot for a shot. Okay?
All square.

Kyle cocks his head, unsure.

Grant stumbles into a wild HAYMAKER, aiming for Kyle's head. Kyle DUCKS the punch and JABS Grant in the GUT.

Grant FALLS, holding his stomach and breathing heavily.

Kyle stands over Grant, FISTS ready.

Savannah holds Candice back.

SAVANNAH
Mom. We need to pack the car.

CANDICE
I need to...he needs...

SAVANNAH
We're leaving. Tonight.

CANDICE
Don't hurt him any more.

KYLE
I won't, if he stays down.

SAVANNAH
Kyle, you're coming with us.

KYLE
Where are you going?

SAVANNAH
Aunt Carol's.

GRANT
Like hell you are!

Kyle STEPS closer and Grant covers his HEAD.

KYLE

Go on.

Savannah pushes Candice to the door.

SAVANNAH

Mom. Pack the car, now. Mom,
please.

Candice exits.

Kyle walks around the DESK and opens DRAWERS.

SAVANNAH

What are you doing?

KYLE

Completing the mission.

Kyle pulls a stick of DYNAMITE out of the desk.

SAVANNAH

Is that...Kyle, that's real
dynamite. You can't do this. It's
pointless, it's all bullshit.

KYLE

So you said.

Kyle studies the property MAP.

SAVANNAH

You're throwing everything away,
for a plan that never made sense.
What are you going to accomplish
out there?

KYLE

Something. I'm going to actually do
something. I have to defend our
nation.

SAVANNAH

I thought you were done with him.

KYLE

I am. But this asshole's too weak
to lift a finger, and we have
barbarians at the gate.

Kyle stands, holding the DYNAMITE.

SAVANNAH

What about the Marines? They won't take you if you're arrested for domestic terrorism.

KYLE

That's crazy. Do I look like a terrorist?

SAVANNAH

Yes! Kyle, please don't do this.

Kyle puts the dynamite in his BACKPACK and puts it on.

KYLE

This is who I am. I know Dad's a fucking moron, but not everything he said was wrong. All we need is a few tweaks to the constitution, and a leader with a vision.

SAVANNAH

That's you?

KYLE

Why not? You could be my VP, help me rebrand everything, starting with the name. Kallipoly. What does that even mean?

SAVANNAH

It's from Plato, kind of. And it's really sweet you want me to nurse your delusions, but I'm out of here, for good.

Kyle walks to Savannah.

KYLE

You're going to leave, and never come back?

SAVANNAH

That's the plan.

KYLE

Then your vote doesn't count.

Kyle brushes past Savannah and exits.

SAVANNAH

Kyle!

(to Grant)

Say something! You could stop him!

Savannah runs out.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Mom!

74 **EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

74

Kyle moves through the desert, in a crouch.

He stops, looks around, and continues.

75 **EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT**

75

Raymond and Vanessa sit, each with RED WINE.

RAYMOND

It's quiet.

VANESSA

Mm.

RAYMOND

You think she talked him down?

VANESSA

We'll see. I'm just tired of talking about him, worrying, trying to predict what crazy thing he'll do next.

RAYMOND

Me too.

VANESSA

Is that why you riled him up? Let him play the big man at the bar?

RAYMOND

I was trying to settle it.

VANESSA

You gave him a stage. Who knows what he'll play at next.

Raymond cocks his head, listening.

RAYMOND

Do you hear something?

VANESSA

Don't change the subject.

RAYMOND
No, I'm serious.

76 **EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

76

Shaky, handheld camera behind Savannah.

Savannah RUNS through the desert.

It's dark, hard to see. She stumbles, looks around.

SAVANNAH
Kyle! Kyle?!

77 **INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

77

Candice stands at the OPEN WINDOW, on the phone.

CANDICE
Well, nothing's happened yet, but
it's about to...He has a stick of
dynamite, that's right...No, my
husband did...I know.

Grant enters the kitchen, behind Candice.

CANDICE
Please, just send anyone you can.
Sheriff, ambulances. Maybe a fire
engine.

Grant GRABS the PHONE from Candice and hangs up.

Candice PUSHES Grant. He stumbles back.

CANDICE
You stupid son of a bitch.

GRANT
You ratted me out? You called,
called the cops on me? Me?

The phone RINGS.

CANDICE
You sent our son out there with a
bomb. What the hell is wrong with
you?

GRANT
I didn't make him do a goddamned
thing.

Candice steps away.

CANDICE

Enough.

GRANT

He's got a mind of his own. That boy, he's, he's...

CANDICE

Grant, it's over.

Grant steps closer, hands out.

GRANT

Babe. It's me, okay? Give me, give me a chance. Let me fix it, fix him. I love you. You're everything.

CANDICE

I have to do right by our kids.

GRANT

The kids'll be fine.

From next door-- BOOM, an explosion.

78

DESERT

78

Savannah RUNS toward a FIRE and a plume of SMOKE.

SAVANNAH

KYLE!

In the distance, SIRENS approach.

FADE TO:

79

EXT. ROADSIDE BAR - DAY

79

A few cars in the lot.

80

INT. ROADSIDE BAR - DAY

80

LOCALS chat at the front, near the Bartender. The jukebox plays a song like *Rolling Thunder Revue*-era Bob Dylan.

At the far end of the bar, Grant sits alone, sipping a BOURBON. He taps his FINGERS on the bar, out of rhythm.

The DOOR opens and Raymond enters.

GRANT
Goddamn it.

The Bartender looks to Raymond.

BARTENDER
I don't want any trouble here.

RAYMOND
Neither do I.

Raymond walks down the bar to Grant.

GRANT
Come to peacock?

RAYMOND
I saw your boy today, at the
hospital. He's out of bed already,
doc's orders be damned.

GRANT
Right.

RAYMOND
You been to visit?

GRANT
Not just yet.

Grant finishes his bourbon and KNOCKS on the bar. The
Bartender walks over and FILLS his glass.

GRANT
Go on. Order something.

RAYMOND
I'm not staying long.

GRANT
Shit, Ray. Don't make me drink
alone.

Raymond nods to the Bartender, who grabs a bottle of BEER.

GRANT
How'd you know I'd be here?

RAYMOND
I guessed.

The Bartender sets the BEER down and Raymond picks it up.

Grant holds his BOURBON up.

GRANT

To the death of freedom, and the
victory of cowardice.

Grant CLINKS Raymond's beer and drinks.

RAYMOND

Here's to peace.

Raymond drinks.

RAYMOND

You know, I hope it works out for
you, Grant. I really do.

GRANT

I'll bet.

RAYMOND

And, not to speak out of turn, but
you should see your boy. Whatever's
between you, it can be fixed.

GRANT

That right? Bet you got an answer
for everything, don't you?

Raymond drinks, then sets down the BEER.

RAYMOND

I should be going.

GRANT

Don't quit now. You got plenty of
beer, and we're finally getting
somewhere. Ever since you moved in,
you've been all smiles, a real
neighborly guy. But beneath that
smile is a goddamned rat.

RAYMOND

I don't know where you--

GRANT

You took everything from me, barely
left me a bottle. I hope you're
pleased as shit with your spread.

RAYMOND

Grant, it wasn't personal. That was
my land.

GRANT

You wanted what was mine and you took it, my entire life. My birthright. That's as personal as it gets.

RAYMOND

Look--

GRANT

I was promised the world, and now I've got nothing.

BARTENDER

All right, Grant.

RAYMOND

No, it's fine. I'm leaving.

Raymond takes another drink and sets down the beer.

GRANT

Hey, Ray?

RAYMOND

Yeah?

GRANT

How'd my wife look?

RAYMOND

Happier. Take care, Grant.

Raymond walks away, and exits.

GRANT

Fuck you, too.

Grant raises his BOURBON.

GRANT

To freedom.

Grant SHOTS the bourbon and puts the glass down.

GRANT

Every man, he has a choice. He can settle in and play their game, or he can make it on his own.

The truck drives down the road, into the horizon.

Candice drives, Savannah sits in the middle, and Kyle sits shotgun. He has a BANDAGE on one eye and an arm in a SLING.

They all look ahead.

FADE OUT.