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FADE IN:

INT. FARMYARD - SHACK - NIGHT

It is nothing more than a 14 by 18 shack attached to the back of an old barn. It is put together with planks that leave small gaps in the walls. It has the overall look of a cabin. Covering most of the open space on the walls, but unseen in the dark, are patriotic sayings of our Forefathers. The furniture is basic and rustic made mostly from pine boards and 2 by 4s. Two walls are made up of cabinets and bookshelves loaded with books. The back wall against the barn has a door that leads into the barn. The opposite wall has a makeshift sofa against it. Next to the sofa is a clock radio on a crate. On the opposite wall is a black and white television. Placed throughout the shack are weapons of various makes, models, and calibers.

It's pitch black in the shack. The only clear light is coming from the clock radio. The illuminated numbers read 2:04. A moment later the numbers change to 2:05 and the radio CLICKS ON to the radio station located at 770 on the dial; a talk radio station. The 2 o'clock hour is covered by MARK LEVIN, a man who speaks passionately against the IRS.

The opening scene INTERCUTS from Levin at the radio station talking, to the activities in and around the shack.

INT. RADIO STATION - LEVIN - NIGHT

The lighting at the station is very dim. The only things seen are Levin's mouth close to the microphone.

LEVIN((V.O.))
(in the middle of talking
about Washington and)

THE IRS

EXT. FARMYARD - CONTINUOUS

Nothing but someone's lower legs are seen walking around the farmyard. While outside the shack LIDDY'S TALK SHOW can still be heard quietly.

INT. FARMYARD - SHACK - CONTINUOUS

the illuminated numbers on the radio are seen from farther away. FOOTSTEPS THROUGH DRY GRASS approach.

The RICKETY DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN. A slight hint of moonlight enters when the DOOR OPENS then is momentarily shadowed by the body of JOHN RANDOLPH, a tall, lanky survivalist in his early 30s. He has a genius IQ which he mainly uses to prepare for the revolution he is convinced will happen within his lifetime.

His entire wardrobe consists mostly of blue jeans, t-shirts, and a denim jacket. He has been a part of the underground economy since he graduated from college at the age of 18. Randolph is carrying a M1 Garand rifle.

INT. SHACK - CLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Flips to 2:06

Randolf rests the butt of the gun on the floor in front of the radio which illuminates the rifle.

Randolf TURNS THE VOLUME UP ON THE RADIO. The scene remains in very dim light.

LEVIN IS HEARD THROUGHOUT THIS OPENING SCENE.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Randolf's full form is just barely seen as he sits on the sofa and EJECTS THE 8 ROUNDS AND THE CLIP FROM THE RIFLE.

Randolf starts to break the rifle down to clean it.

Occasionally Randolph stops and listens to the intense parts of LEVIN'S TALK. He resumes cleaning, pauses a moment, then leans forward and pulls the knob that CLICKS THE TV ON.

The TV is tuned to C-SPAN. The volume is off.

Randolf, seen much better now in the light from the TV, resumes the cleaning of his rifle.

INT. SHACK - TV - CONTINUOUS

The IRS assistant director's name appears at the bottom of the screen as he's seen talking.

INT. RADIO STATION - LEVIN - CONTINUOUS

Only his mouth close to the microphone is seen.

LEVIN
(ripping the IRS)

INT. SHACK - TV - CONTINUOUS

On the screen is the Assistant Director of the IRS. RANDOLF STARTS TO PUT HIS WEAPON BACK TOGETHER (O.S.)

LEVIN GETS MORE INTENSE (O.S.)

MARK LEVIN(V.O.)
(talking about the
atrocities of the IRS)

INT. SHACK - POV FROM BEHIND RANDOLF - CONTINUOUS

RANDOLF (O.S.)
(under his breath)
Tell me why we shouldn't kill you.

Randolf draws the receiver back and lets it SNAP SHUT. He raises the rifle to his eye, takes aim at the TV, and DRYFIRES.

LEVIN (V.O.)
Get off the phone, you big dummy!

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMYARD - GARDEN BEHIND SHACK - NEXT MORNING

the sun is just over the horizon. The entire farm has an overall rundown look. A long dirt driveway leads to the farm from a country road.

The place where Randolph stays is nothing more than a sturdy shack he's fixed up a bit. Outside the shack is a rain barrel full of water. Farther back behind the shack is a corral with an old horse inside and a field with rocks and stumps.

Randolf, dressed in a pair of old jeans and a sweat shirt, works in his garden pulling weeds. The garden is mostly herbs he uses for healing and medicinal purposes. Also in the garden are various vegetables.

PETER THOMPSON, the owner of the farm, approaches from behind. Peter is a mid-seventies World War 2 veteran in fairly good shape but not strong enough to work the farm the way he would like.

He is a man who has no problem speaking his mind. He's been widowed for years. He likes Randolph, but has no idea why. He studies Randolph a moment.

Randolf sees Peter out of the corner of his eye, half smiles with a slight wave.

PETER
Morning, Johnny.

Randolf returns to his gardening and continues to weed.

PETER
Were you walking around last night?
About 1:30, 2 o'clock?

RANDOLF
Yeah, that was me. Did I wake you?

Peter, startled a bit, worries he gave the wrong impression.

PETER
Me? No! I'm up most of the night.
(a slight pause)
Well, at least since Maggie passed
on.
(reflects a brief moment)
What were you doing? Did you need
something?

Randolf stands and CLAPS his pants to clean his dusty hands.

RANDOLF
That was part of the deal,
remember? You let me stay here and
I watch over the place.

PETER
(shocked)
Oh, good God, I don't expect you to
walk the perimeter!

Randolf CHUCKLES as he picks a tomato to hand to Peter.

RANDOLF
I'm up most of the night anyway.
May as well do something.

Peter shakes his head as he takes the tomato.

PETER
You can't sleep either? Did you
lose someone too?

Randolf cocks his brow and looks to Peter.

RANDOLF
I've never had anyone.

PETER
(shocked)
Never!? No one?

Randolf shakes his head slightly as he heads for the peppers.

RANDOLF
You like bell peppers?

Peter smiles a bit, then quickly nods his head.

PETER
Love peppers.
(pauses, melancholy)
I wish I could plant again.

RANDOLF
Why don't you?

Peter looks to the field. Randolf follows his eyes.

EXT. FARM - THEIR POV

A hundred yards behind the barn is a field that apparently hasn't been worked for years.

PETER(O.S.)
Too many stumps and rocks in the
way. I'd never get them cleared

EXT. FARMYARD - GARDEN BEHIND SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Peter studies the field a bit more, then shakes his head hopelessly. He gives an "Oh well" shrug then bends to study a perfect pepper still on the plant.

PETER
How do they get so big so fast? You
haven't been here that long.

Randolf is still studying the field. He snaps to.

RANDOLF
Huh, oh...

Randolf picks a few weeds and tosses them. Randolf hikes his thumb toward the old horse in a corral behind him.

RANDOLF
General Patton over there.

Peter looks confused for a moment then turns to his horse.

EXT. PETER'S POV - CONTINUOUS

The old horse can barely move to nibble straw.

PILES OF HORSE MANURE.

RANDOLF(O.S.)
He's a regular fertilizer factory.

EXT. FARMYARD - GARDEN BEHIND SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Peter picks the pepper, raises it to his nose and takes a deep breath to smell it. He hikes his head toward the horse.

PETER
The factory needs some feed. You think you could go into town and get some? You can take the pickup.

RANDOLF
Sure. Whatever you need.

Peter smiles affectionately. Then holds up the pepper.

RANDOLF
You want an omelet before you go?
These are great in omelets.

Randolf stands and CLAPS HIS HANDS CLEAN.

RANDOLF
Sure. Why not?

He and Peter head toward the farmhouse.

RANDOLF
Is there a barber in town?

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN - BARBER SHOP - HOURS LATER

It's a old time shop with two chairs for cutting and a few for waiting. There's one man in a barber chair getting a haircut and three just hanging around reading papers and GOSSIPING. They are all in their 50s and 60s. The barber, in his 50's, pretty much just nods a lot while the others do most of the talking.

The first old man picks up the newspaper and turns the page. He reads for a second.

OLD MAN #1
Hmmp. You know who died?

The DOOR OPENS(O.S.) AND THE BELL TINKLES(O.S.) They all turn to see who entered.

INT. BARBER SHOP - RANDOLF - CONTINUOUS

Randolf looks over the place.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Randolf, seeing all the men, looks up at the clock.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Clock on the wall reading 9 o'clock.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Randolf starts to turn to leave.

BARBER
Have a seat. You're next.

Randolf turns back and points at the 3 old men.

RANDOLF
Aren't they before me?

Barber looks to the 3 old men.

BARBER
Them? Naw. They just pretty much take up space. Have a seat.

Randolf shrugs and takes a seat in the other barber chair.

The barber continues on the man he's working on.

Old man #1 turns the page, reads, then starts to nod.

OLD MAN #1

'Bout time they raised taxes on the corporations. Now maybe they'll fix the roads. I blew out another shock on that pot hole at the edge of town.

OLD MAN #2

Yeah, that's a bad one.

Randolf turns quickly in disbelief, closing his eyes for just a moment as he shakes his head ruefully.

The barber notices and addresses him.

BARBER

You alright?

Randolf spins the chair to face the old man #1.

RANDOLF

Yeah, I'm fine.

(to #1)

Wait a minute. Excuse me.

Old man #1 looks over his paper to Randolf.

RANDOLF

You don't really believe that any corporation ever paid a tax, do you?

#1 looks to his friends, HUFFS A LAUGH, then turns to Randolf.

OLD MAN #1

How old are you, boy? And what do you think you know about it?

#1 looks to his friends as though he shut Randolf up with a brilliant comeback.

Randolf looks away in a questioning manner, asking himself.

RANDOLF

How old am I?

Randolf nods, understanding now, and turns to #1. Randolph holds up a profound finger.

RANDOLF

I see.

Old man #1 puts the paper down in his lap to try and get a better read on Randolph.

RANDOLF (CONT'D)

You think the limited years of one's life forbid him the art of reason.

Old man #1 one pulls back a bit as though he was struck. He looks to his friends again, shrugs, then back to Randolph.

RANDOLF (CONT'D)

When you, Sir, epitomize the contradiction of the tenet that with age comes wisdom.

The barber LAUGHS. #1 shakes his head, confused. He asks his friend, next to him.

OLD MAN #1

What'd he say?

Old man #2 shrugs.

OLD MAN #2

I don't know, something about tennis, I think.

BARBER

Don't pay them no mind. If they weren't bitching about something, we wouldn't know they were alive.

The man getting his hair cut is finished and gets up from the chair. The barber invites Randolph to switch seats. He does and the barber tosses a towel around him.

BARBER

Now, what were you saying about paying taxes?

Old man #1 puts his paper aside and sits back pompously.

OLD MAN #1

Yeah, Einstein, I want to hear this story. Because I know Tom here,

(points to the Barber)

(MORE)

OLD MAN #1(cont'd)
is a corporation. Not a big one,
but none the less, a corporation. I
know he pay taxes.

Randolf cocks a brow to #1.

RANDOLF
You know that, do you?

#1 looks to his friends. A moment passes and they all nod in agreement. #1 leans forward as he turns back to Randolf.

RANDOLF
Does he pay them, or does he just
pass that expense on to you?

The barber smiles. #1 sits back in his seat, thinking. #2 and 3 look at each other, pondering.

Randolf allows the barber to spin him back around and starts to cut his hair. Randolf looks into the mirror to address his listeners.

RANDOLF (CONT'D)
And as far as pot holes, they're
not any corporation's
responsibility.

The 3 men are listening attentively.

RANDOLF (CONT'D)
When you pull up to the gas pump,
at least 25% of every dollar you
pay is to take care of road
repairs.

EXT./INT. BARBER SHOP - 20 MINUTES LATER

From the outside looking passed the barber pole, Randolf talks MOS while he gets his hair cut.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CLOCK - CONTINUOUS

on the wall reads 9:23.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Randolf's haircut is just about complete.

Another 4 men have joined the 3 old men. They are all but enthralled. Old man #3 reads the headlines in his paper.

OLD MAN #3
 Okay, then what about this? Says we
 got a balanced budget for the first
 time in decades.

#2 leans to see the paper and shakes his head.

RANDOLF
 (incredulously)
 No.

#2 looks a little disbelieving.

OLD MAN #2
 But it says here . . .

The barber turns to them.

BARBER
 Be quiet.
 (to Randolph)
 Go ahead.

The barber finishes the haircut.

RANDOLF
 It's real simple. There's over 100
 billion dollars that's been taken
 out from Social Security FICA tax
 and put into the general fund
 that's not counted as a deficit.

One of the new men, dressed like an accountant, holds up an
 interrupting finger.

ACCOUNTANT
 They have to count it somewhere?

RANDOLF
 They count it on the debt. But the
 debt is supposed to be the
 cumulative deficit.

ACCOUNTANT
 That's triple entry bookkeeping.

RANDOLF
 Right. If you or I did it, we'd end
 up in Leavenworth. When you add it
 up, they're about a half trillion
 short.

The accountant SNAPS HIS FINGERS with a realization.

ACCOUNTANT

That's why Greenspan and Moynahan got together to reform Social Security in 1983.

RANDOLF

Yeah, tax reform to D.C. means to raise taxes and throw the money away.

Randolf hands the barber some bills and looks in the mirror at his haircut. He nods and heads for the door.

RANDOLF (CONT'D)

They increased the tax 25%. And there's nothing in the till. It's time for America to wake up. Good day, Gentlemen.

Randolf leaves the shop as the others are looking at each other, some nodding, some confused.

EXT. TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

It's a town like a modern day Mayberry. Little stores, clean sidewalks, people are generally nice. It's a beautiful day and the people are dressed accordingly. Quite a few people walk down the sidewalk window shopping. Not far from the barber shop in the center of the block is the feed store. Randolf goes into the feed store.

20 yards from the feed store is a music store. JOE LYNCH, a 30 year old business man who plays guitar and sings at a local bar for extra cash, walks out of the music store. He's carrying a large speaker on his shoulder out to his van. Parked next to the van is Peter's pick-up truck.

As Joe makes his way to the van, people bump into him. He barely keeps his balance as he makes it to the van and puts the speaker inside. He heads back into the music store.

A moment later Randolf exits the feed store carrying a 50 pound sack of feed. People, not looking, are almost bumping into Randolf. Randolf shakes his head in disbelief at the carelessness of the people every time he dodges one of them.

Joe exits the music store with another speaker on his shoulder. At the same time a drunken fat man MUMBLING INCOHERENTLY is on a collision course with Joe.

EXT. TOWN - RANDOLF'S POV - MOMENTS LATER

The fat man staggers into Joe knocking him off balance.

EXT. TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Joe is driven forward and loses his balance. He's juggles the speaker trying to keep it from falling.

Randolf hurries to help him. He snags one of the speaker handles and helps Joe get the speaker back onto his shoulder.

Joe looks a little surprised because he can't see who helped him. When he has a firm handle on the speaker again he looks around to see who helped him. He sees Randolph.

JOE

Thanks, thought I lost it that time.

Randolf looks at a couple people who bump into them as they walk by. Randolph again shakes his head.

RANDOLF

These people are amazing.

Joe smiles and nods a bit as he hikes the speaker up to get a better grip then heads to his van.

JOE

That's one way of putting it.

Randolf walks to the pick-up and tosses the sack in the bed.

Joe puts the speaker in the van next to the other.

Randolf watches as Joe closes the van door and heads back to the music store.

Randolf hesitates for a moment, shrugs, and follows.

INT. TOWN - MUSIC STORE - CONTINUOUS

It's a typical music store with various instruments throughout the store.

Joe grabs a large sound board. It's half his size and very awkward. He struggles to get it off the floor.

RANDOLF(O.S.)
You need a hand with that?

Joe looks a little surprised then quickly agrees.

JOE
Sure.

Randolf grabs an end and helps carry the sound board out.

EXT. TOWN - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Randolf exit the store with equipment in hand. They're making their way to the van when two women stop right in front of them to window shop. Joe and Randolf look at the women, then each other, HUFF A LAUGH, and shake their heads.

JOE(LOUDLY)
Hot pizza coming through.

The women are startled as they're bumped. They look at the sound board, think a moment, then point at it.

WOMAN #1
That's a pizza?

RANDOLF
Yeah. It's one of those supremes.
Got the works!

The women step aside and let them pass.

Joe and Randolf reach the van and open the back doors.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. VAN DOORS - CONTINUOUS

opens and lets light in. The van is full of equipment. At the back of the van stands Joe and Randolf. They shove two satchels on top of the equipment.

EXT. TOWN - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

outside the van. Joe and Randolf are seen shoving the satchels inside. On the sidewalk by Joe is his guitar case.

Joe SLAMS the van door closed and picks up his guitar.

RANDOLF

You play that thing or you just delivering this stuff?

JOE

Me and my partner play a couple nights a week at the Library.

Randolf looks a bit confused.

RANDOLF

I thought they liked things kind of quiet at a library?

Joe thinks for a moment, then realizes the confusion. He reaches inside his pocket and pulls out a pack of matches and hands them to Randolf.

JOE

No, the "LIBRARY 4". It's a little bar at the edge of town. It's nice. Stop by, I'll buy you a drink.

Randolf reads the matchbook.

RANDOLF

(a bit reluctant)

I don't know. I stay kind of busy.

JOE

Well, we play on the weekends if you change your mind.

Joe offers his hand to Randolf and they shake hands.

JOE (CON'T)

Thanks for the help.

RANDOLF

Not a problem.

They head for their respective vehicles.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMYARD - LATER THAT DAY

Randolf gets out of the pick-up and grabs the sack from the bed. He carries it into the barn.

In the b.g. the SCREEN DOOR SLAMS and Peter makes his way out to the barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Randolf dumps the feed into a barrel.

PETER(O.S.)
How much was it?

Randolf finishes emptying the feed. He looks to see Peter standing at the barn door with his wallet in his hand. Randolph waves the thought off of having Peter pay him back.

RANDOLF
I got it. It wasn't that much.

Peter pulls a few bills from the wallet and tries to insist.

PETER
Money is money.

Peter starts to hand it to Randolph, then pulls it back for a moment, sort of wondering.

PETER
Do you work?

Randolf tosses the sack to the side as he smiles.

RANDOLF
Of course I work.

Peter thinks for another moment.

PETER
When? You're almost always here working, studying, or cleaning guns.

Randolf nods slowly, just understanding the question.

RANDOLF
Oh, you mean a real job.

Peter tries to hand him the bills again.

PETER
What do you do for money?

Randolf hikes his thumb over his shoulder as he walks passed Peter, ignoring his money. Peter puts his money away.

RANDOLF
I shingled that roof up the road
last week. That paid pretty well.

PETER
You did the Barrickman place? You
do nice work.

RANDOLF
Thanks. I'm starting your place
next week.

Peter panics a bit as he follows Randolph out of the barn.

PETER(O.S.)
I can't afford a new roof!

EXT. FARMYARD - BEHIND HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randolf walks toward the house looking up at the roof. Peter
is right behind.

The SHINGLES are pretty well shot with quite a few missing.

PETER
I can't even afford the permit.

Randolf looks at Peter like he's a nut.

RANDOLF
Permit? I'm not getting a permit.

Peter looks worried.

PETER
I don't want anymore trouble.

RANDOLF
Trouble? What trouble do you have?

Peter, realizing he let something slip out, quickly shakes
his head no.

PETER
Huh? Oh, me? None, not really. Next
week'll be fine.

Randolf studies Peter suspiciously, then shrugs it off.

CUT TO: