

Pilot Script for  
AN ACT OF SELF-DEFENSE

From the novel by Erne Lewis

WGA registered

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**EXT. SMALL NEAT FARM HOME IN SOUTHWEST OKLAHOMA - DAY**

Large shade tree, song birds, flower and vegetable gardens, barn and other outbuildings with wheat fields in the background. Front door is open. Camera follows 75 year-old Maria Ribisi past the rose bushes and into the house.

**INT. RIBISI FARM HOME**

Maria Ribisi is old and bent with scoliosis but her face is alive and happy as she arranges red roses from the entry garden in a bouquet on the dining table. Nicolo Carpenter, early 30s, 6'1", 185 pounds, dark brown hair, brown eyes, emerges from a bedroom in a T-shirt that shows his olive skin below his dark tanned face and arms. He is wearing tan dockers and is putting on a bright colored short sleeve shirt.

NICOLO CARPENTER

Your flowers are beautiful, Nonna.

She looks up to see him, smiles and gives him a hug as he steps close.

MARIA RIBISI

I love them Nicolo. I love growing them and I love bringing them inside.

NICOLO CARPENTER

Is Nonno coming with us?

MARIA RIBISI

No, Francesco would rather clean the barn than visit the doctor's office.

Nicolo picks up her prescription bottle, examines it and sets it back down. He walks to the back door.

NICOLO CARPENTER

You shouldn't wait until you are nearly out, Nonna.

He holds the back door open for her. She smiles but shakes a finger at him.

MARIA RIBISI

Don't scold me Nicolo. I thought I had more pills in another bottle.

Nicolo helps her up into his old pickup. She winces in pain but not so that he could see her. When he walks around to the drivers side she continues.

MARIA RIBISI (CONT'D)  
 They only let me buy enough for 30 days. Why is that? I only use them when the pain is bad.

Nicolo gets into the drivers seat.

NICOLO CARPENTER  
 You work too hard Nonna. You should rest more.

MARIA RIBISI  
 I don't like resting. I love my gardens and I enjoy cooking.

She smiles.

MARIA RIBISI (CONT'D)  
 And I love my Nicolo.

Nicolo grins. He starts the pick-up and drives toward the farm road. As they approach the farm-road in front of the house he sees his mother walking out to the mailbox from the Carpenter Ranch opposite the Ribisi's farm. She carries letters in her hand that she waves. She is 40 yards away. He puts his arm out the window and waves to her then honks his horn twice quickly and pulls onto the paved road and heads to town.

MARIA RIBISI (CONT'D)  
 On nice days she likes to walk to mailbox.

Nicolo smiles and glances at his grandmother as the pickup accelerates.

NICOLO CARPENTER  
 And your daughter likes to garden and to cook, just like her Sicilian momma.

**INT. DR THOMPSONS OFFICE AND WAITING AREA. [DAY]**

Several patients are seated including a 10 year old boy with an arm in a cast, an elderly couple who greet Maria, and others. Rachel, the receptionist, (early 30s) comes out to meet Maria and sit briefly beside her.

RACHEL  
 Ciao Maria. How are you? You certainly look good today.

MARIA RIBISI

I am well, Rachel. Enjoying my roses. Please come for coffee when you can. I want you to see them.

NICOLO CARPENTER

If you come for coffee she will have to sit and that will be the only rest she gets all day. She never leaves her gardens except to cook. (He grins) But I am glad she cooks.

Rachel stands and grins with Nicolo.

RACHEL

I must come soon then, Maria, so that you can rest. I assume you are here to get your prescription renewed? I'll ask Dr. Thompson if he . . .

The entry door is thrown open and seven uniformed men rush in carrying weapons. Waiting patients gasp and recoil in fear. The armed men wear bullet protective vests declaring them to be either Federal or Oklahoma Drug Enforcement Agents. All wear pullover masks except for one. He is not in uniform and he is obviously in charge. The County Sheriff comes in a moment later. He is not in uniform nor is he wearing a bulletproof vest. He is wearing a white Stetson hat and a pistol strapped to his belt. He and four of the uniformed agents continue into the examination rooms. Three agents stay in the waiting room. Screams and shouting come from the examination rooms.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE

[very loud] KEEP SILENT AND STAY SEATED!

RACHEL

[still standing] What do you want? Who are you?

AGENT 1

[angry] SHUT UP! THIS IS A DRUG RAID!

He puts his hand on the top of her chest and pushes her backward causing her to fall into a chair. Maria gasps.

MARIA RIBISI

[whispers] Fascisti.

NICOLO CARPENTER  
(still seated) She's the  
receptionist! (angrily) Why are you  
pushing her?

Agent-In-Charge steps next to Agent 1 and looks at Nicolo.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE  
You were told to shut up. If you  
speak out again you will regret it.  
[He looks at Rachel] You come with  
me.

He walks into the examination rooms. Rachel, now fearful and wide-eyed, looks at Nicolo before following Agent-In-Charge. They disappear into the examination rooms. Silence in the waiting room with the exception of muffled sobs.

NICOLO CARPENTER  
[Whispers to Maria who is  
frightened and tearful] Don't  
worry, we can go home soon.

Uniformed Agent 1 jerks around. His eyes are angry, the skin around them livid. He points a Taser at Nicolo.

UNIFORMED AGENT 1  
I warned you.

Maria stands up in front of Nicolo and points her finger at the agent.

MARIA RIBISI  
No! You don't shoot my Nicolo!

Nicolo leaps up and puts his arms around Maria

NICOLO CARPENTER  
Nonna, please sit down. We'll be  
quiet officer.

The Taser is still pointed at Maria. Nicolo pulls her behind him as the Taser is fired. The two barbs with attached copper wires enter Nicolo's side and back. He falls to the floor face first, his body jerking in painful spasms as every muscle contracts violently. Maria screams at the sight of Nicolo on the floor his body jerking violently. Everyone in the room was screaming. Two people run out the door. Agent-In-Charge rushes back into the room in time to see them leave.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE  
What the hell's going on!

AGENT 1

They were out of control. Talking  
and walking around.

FEMALE PATIENT

The hell they were!

AGENT-IN-CHARGE

You! [to female patient] Shut up  
and put your hands behind your  
back!

He looks at agents

AGENT-IN-CHARGE (CONT'D)

Cuff her! And cuff the druggie on  
the floor.

He looks at those in waiting room

AGENT-IN-CHARGE (CONT'D)

Anyone else want to question our  
authority? (pause) Then shut up and  
sit down until we're ready to deal  
with you.

He turns and walks back toward the patient examination rooms.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE.**

Dr. Thompson stands in the middle of his office with two agents and the Sheriff watching as another agent fits the Doctor with handcuffs on a prisoner transport belt. Dr. Thompson appears to be in shock. He looks at the Sheriff who shakes his head almost apologetically. Agent-In-Charge enters.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE

Did anyone read him his rights?

AGENT 3

Yeah. I did him.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE

Dr. Thompson, you are under arrest  
for prescribing schedule II  
controlled substances in promotion  
of illegal drug use. We are taking  
you to Oklahoma City where you will  
be charged and arraigned in federal  
court and held until your hearing.

He turns to the agents.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE (CONT'D)

Put him in my van. Then the nurse and receptionist in the ODEA van. Keep them separated. Don't let them talk.

Agents not wearing masks or body armor arrive and begin photographing the rooms and removing files and computers. The supervising agent has a name tag indicating he is Sam Adams, a forensics Investigator. Agent-In-Charge speaks to him.

AGENT-IN-CHARGE (CONT'D)

Sam, after we leave get photos, names, addresses and recorded statements from the people in the waiting area and the examination rooms. I want to know what drugs they have been getting from Thompson. Don't let them go until you have everything we need.

#### **INT. RECEPTION AND WAITING AREA**

Dr. Thompson, with his hands cuffed tightly to a belt, is led out by 2 agents. He is still in shock but looks furtively at his patients as he is taken outside and placed in one of the waiting DEA vans.

Maria is horrified to see Dr. Thompson being led away. She looks down at Nicolò. His nose and mouth are bleeding from when his face hit the floor. He is still shaking but no longer having muscle spasms.

Agent 1 disconnects the wires from the barbed Taser darts still in Nicolò's side and back. The agent pulls Nicolò's hands behind his back and cuffs him.

AGENT 1

Now maybe you'll shut up.

He grins at Maria then walks away. Rachel and 2 nurses are led out wearing handcuffs and taken to the waiting van. A crowd has gathered outside. Some are asking questions. One is angry. We hear Maria weeping as we

FADE TO BLACK  
THEN WRITTEN  
SCREEN DIALOGUE

#### **AN ACT OF SELF-DEFENSE**

"The natural progress of things is for liberty to yield, &

government to gain ground . . . even under the best forms of government, those entrusted with power have, in time, and by slow operations, perverted it into tyranny." Thomas Jefferson

**A YEAR LATER - INT. ANNA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Anna and Chris Carpenter sit in a dark car observing a very large home in a wealthy residential area of Washington DC. Anna in the driver's seat, is 38, attractive, medium length dark hair, medium height, dark brown eyes, olive skin. Chris is 6 foot, 185 pounds, short dark hair, dark brown eyes, olive skin. He is her brother and a year older. They are wearing 2 way radio headsets. Anna has pushed the seat back to make space for her laptop. She taps a few keys. Both have slight Midwest accents.

ANNA

Senator Hackman just tweeted his daughter that he and Myrna are in their hotel room.

She taps more keys, looks at her dimmed laptop. Security Code indicates "away".

ANNA (CONT'D)

The security system is enabled. No one at home.

CHRIS

I'm looking for a bedroom near the master bedroom?

ANNA

That's my guess. His medical file says he snores. That keeps his wife awake so he sleeps in another bedroom. I hope you will find some indication of which one. They have several guest bedrooms. And they sometimes have grandchildren visiting.

As Chris talks he is checking his tools.

CHRIS

Trust me. I won't put it in any room with teddy bears or dolls.

ANNA

You're so thoughtful.



Chris puts on surgical gloves and removes a long thin clear plastic flexible tube from a bag and coils it into his jacket pocket. She looks at the long flexible tube.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It doesn't look that dangerous.

CHRIS

It isn't. Until the transmitter sends 3 programmed radio signals simultaneously. Anyway, I left that device at home.

Chris reaches up and flips the light switch so the interior lights won't come on when he opens the car door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Let's stay in touch.

Chris opens the car door and talks to her as he walks toward the front door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tell me if you see any traffic or if any neighborhood lights come on.

When he reaches the front door he reaches into his jacket pocket removing something that looks like a calculator or a small computer and keys a code. It registers DISARMED. He then uses lock picks to open the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm in.

#### **INT. SENATOR HACKMAN'S RESIDENCE**

Chris moves through the house using a penlight to find the right bedroom. He finds a bedroom near the master bedroom that contains a large bathrobe lying on the bed, three political books on the floor and two on the bedside table, some pills on the bedside table and a comfortable chair with a sweater lying on the arm.

CHRIS

This looks like it.

Chris pulls the thin clear plastic tube from his pocket and lays it on the bed. He turns the table lamp upside down and inserts the tube into the bottom of the lamp stem that holds the lamp power wire. A small 1/4 inch long antennae wire hangs down out of the lamp stem when the lamp is turned right side up and set onto the bedside table.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm done.

Chris walks back down the darkened hall.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Everything clear?

Anna looks around.

ANNA  
Yes. All clear.

**EXT. HACKMAN RESIDENCE**

Chris comes out the front door, shuts it, checks that it is locked, rearms the security system, and returns to the car.

**INT. ANNA'S CAR**

As Chris gets in the car.

ANNA  
That was too easy.

CHRIS  
It will get more difficult. Six more to go, when the time is right.

Anna drives away.

ANNA  
I hope we won't have to use them all.

CHRIS  
We will. Congress won't pass the amendment because we write them a threatening letter. The bastards love power like you love chocolate. They'll need to believe they have no alternative and they'll need several demonstrations before they will believe it.

Anna nods and smiles bitterly.

ANNA  
You're right. And Orville Hackman will make a damn good demonstration.  
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

He's more responsible than any other Congressman for Nicolo being in prison.

CHRIS

But?

ANNA

It's just that I keep hoping for some way to avoid . . . doing this.

She looks at Chris with confidence and determination.

ANNA (CONT'D)

But Chris, if they don't approve our amendment, I can send Orville Hackman his radio message. If its my turn, I'll hate doing it, but I will remember what all these evil, arrogant, sanctimonious bastards did to Nicolo and our grandparents. (pause)And I won't hesitate.

Fade to black

**ANOTHER YEAR LATER - INT. JACOB'S HOME [DAY]**

Bathroom Dressing area, Anna is applying special makeup to disguise herself as a blue eyed blond. Chris attempts to coach her. Jacob, late 50's, not quite 6 foot tall, 170 pounds, reddish blond hair, blue eyes, watches but says little. He and Anna are anxious. Anna's hands are shaking as she attempts to apply contact lenses. Chris does not appear to be nervous.

ANNA

How does anyone get these damn things in?

CHRIS

I think you need to push it gently against your eyeball. To make it stay.

ANNA

Chris, You don't know a damn thing about contacts.

CHRIS

Its hard to do it when your hands are shaking. Take the Valium and calm down a little.

He leans forward. She jerks back as if he is about to take the contact lens from her.

ANNNA

I'll do it thank you. When did you learn so damn much about contacts?

CHRIS

CIA spy school. We spent several weeks playing dress-up.

Anna gets a blue lens in and closes her eyes and rolls them around, opens them to look in the mirror. One eye is now blue and the other dark brown.

ANNA

Got it!

She picks up the other lens.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This better get easier!

CHRIS

It'll be easier than you fear, Sis. We have checked and double-checked everything. And frankly the security guards are not all that bright.

Anna gets the other lens in. She begins adding the white skin dye to her face with a small sponge.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You'll walk into the DOJ in your sexy Sue Thomas outfit and the guards . . .

ANNA

That's the problem, Chris. I look like a Barbie doll in these clothes. I won't look like a Department of Justice agent

CHRIS

Oh hell yes. Some DOJ agents look like working girls. They're just daring some manager to give them an excuse to scream sexual harassment. Don't worry about that. The Security guards will love it.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

They'll be watching you so carefully they may forget to check your bags for explosives and anthrax.

Jacob is watching Anna closely and applying body-english in sympathy. He hands her a tissue.

JACOB

The data you fed into their computer systems and the way Sue Thomas looks in the agent profiles list appears to be amazingly authentic.

CHRIS

It's perfect. She'll pass through without a hitch.

Chris begins to apply some of the white dye to the back of her neck.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Just remember to initialize your DOJ badge and ID in the parking garage. That'll let the federal satellites track you as you walk down the street and into the DOJ North Entry. It will report that Sue Thomas Postal Crimes Special Agent just walked in the Security entrance. The eye and face scan data you fed into their system will confirm you.

JACOB

The guards won't ask any questions that could trip her up?

CHRIS

Oh hell no. They get in trouble for thinking. They're there to tell her she can go when the computers pass her. Otherwise they're supposed to look intimidating. If she walks in with the badge broadcasting her identity to the satellites they will give Sue Thomas no trouble. Sue Thomas could get them in trouble.

JACOB

How does that work, the badge I mean?

CHRIS

She has a badge in the car and a gadget that she will use to cause the badge to transmit her exact position to the satellites and from them to DOJ. All federal agents are required to use them.

ANNA

I won't use it until I am in the parking garage and about to leave for the DOJ.

JACOB

You are both incredible. Think of what you've accomplished. Anna has given us access into most of the federal computer systems. We were able to plan our program based on accurate information about their resources. And we will know much of what they plan and how to frustrate them. I am amazed at what you each have done.

CHRIS

I think we're in good shape. But a plan is only good until the first shot.

ANNA

I hope we can frighten them into a quick capitulation.

Jacob shook his head ruefully.

JACOB

Congress won't give up their stolen power unless their lives really depend on it. Each of them will try to convince themselves that they won't be hurt.

Anna begins pulling and tying her hair into position for adding the blonde wig.

ANNA

For 2 damn years we have planned and prepared for this. I thought I would be proud and brave and determined. So why am I shaking like a frightened child?

CHRIS

Just the natural shakes before the action, Sis. The courage will kick in when you walk into the DOJ. The pride comes after the action.

JACOB

Try to keep our goal in mind. That will help you deal with it. Liberty really is worth fighting for.

ANNA

You're right. I hope we make it happen. (pause) But I'm still scared spit-less. Now help me dye my shoulders and arms white.

She pulled her blouse off over her head. She wore a skin colored see through bra. Jacob turned his head away, but a little slow.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Just the arms and shoulders and the upper back . . .where the blouse won't cover it. I can get the front.

Chris started applying the dye to areas that might not be covered by the blouse.

CHRIS

We got this stuff from the BND, the German version of the CIA. Works great. I THINK its just temporary.

Anna glared at him.

**INT. ANNA'S CAR MORNING TRAFFIC - DAY**

Arlington, VA, Leesburg Pike, minimal traffic, depressed economy with boarded up buildings, bums, breadlines, dirty streets and abandoned cars with missing wheels. ANNA is disguised as a blonde with long hair, bright red lipstick, tight blouse, tight skirt, blue eyes. She is frustrated, pounds the steering wheel as she drives down Leesburg Pike.

ANNA (V.O.)

This is insane! How can I be doing this?

She follows the car ahead without noticing it went through a yellow light. She crosses after it is a red light.

An SUV crossing from the left slams to a stop just short of hitting her car. Big guy in the SUV honks long and loud, leans out and screams,

FAT GUY  
Wake up, Bimbo

ANNA rolls her eyes. Pounds the wheel again, then several seconds later smiles

ANNA (V.O.)  
Well he thinks I'm a bimbo.

She turns off Leesburg Pike onto a cross street and then into a warehouse lot. She stops her car in front of a large automatic garage door and opens it with a remote from her purse. She drives in, stops, exits the car, pulls a DOJ mailbag from the back seat and walks to an older white Ford Thunderbird. A sticker note is next to the door handle. "Use your gloves, Sis."

ANNA shakes her head, pulls gloves from her handbag and puts them on. She opens the car door, tosses the mailbag in the passenger seat and gets in. She reaches to turn the key and sees her hand shaking, glares at her shaking hand, takes Valium pills from her purse, swallows one and starts the car.

2

**INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD**

2

Anna is crossing the Roosevelt Bridge heading into DC. We see traffic ahead and the Washington Monument, and then Constitution Ave and the Capitol Mall on the right.

She pounds the wheel as she passes the Department of Justice

**INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD IN PARKING GARAGE**

Anna activates the DOJ badge with the initializer. She hangs it around her neck and looks up.

ANNA  
(Voice over) Okay satellites. I'm  
Sue Thomas. I hope you see me.

She puts on her sunglasses, straps the bag over her shoulder, puts gum in her mouth to help create the Sue Thomas character and walks toward the elevator.



**EXT. WASHINGTON DC**

ANNA (as Sue Thomas) walks along Pennsylvania Ave toward the DOJ building. It looms above her.

ANNA (V.O.)  
It's show-time Sue.

She approaches the two massive doors but an outside security guard steps in front of her and opens it for her. She looks at his name tag.

ANNA  
Thanks Al.

She steps inside.

**INT. DOJ SECURITY CHECK**

ANNA walks in as if she owns the place.

ANNA  
Howzit goin guys?

She tosses the mail bag and her purse on the table, pulls off her sunglasses, puts on a big smile. Their eyes follow her appreciatively as she steps through the metal detector.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Chris was right. They aren't thinking.

GUARD 1  
Just step through this scanner first please, Agent Thomas.

ANNA  
I can do that, Officer Smith.

GUARD 1  
And now Agent Thomas if you would just step over here and put your forehead against this brace and look into the screen.

ANNA  
You bet.  
(V.O.) Hope I got the eye data loaded right.

Anna was seated and scanned before he finished his instructions. The machine identified her as Agent Sue Thomas.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Thank you officer Smith

GUARD 2  
Now for the face scan, please,  
Agent Thomas.

He was smiling and obviously enjoying the exchange. Anna found her position quickly. When the machine announced she was Sue Thomas, she moved away.

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)  
Thank you Agent Thomas. Can I  
direct you anywhere?

ANNA  
No Thanks Know right where I'm  
goin.

ANNA (V.O.)  
If Chris's room plan is right.

Guard 1 handed her the mail bag and her purse.

GUARD 1  
Have a nice day.

She walks away with her high heels clacking against the marble floor, her mail bag over her shoulder and her hand bag in her hand. After she has walked 40 feet or so a guard calls her name.

GUARD 2  
Ms. Thomas!

Anna stops and is momentarily frozen. She turns and looks at the guard.

ANNA  
Yes?

The guard holds out her sunglasses.

GUARD 2  
I think you forgot these.

She walks back to him. He enjoys the view.

ANNA  
Thank you Officer. That was so nice  
of you to notice.

GUARD 2  
My pleasure.

Anna smiles as she takes the sunglasses and turns to leave. She walks a few steps and stops. She looks back. He is watching her walk away. She stops to put her glasses on her head and looks at him until he turns.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Well Sue, You're not too damn  
smart. You almost left your finger  
prints and maybe DNA.

She walked down the hall to the stairs. Then glanced up to see the surveillance cameras before walking down the stairs.

ANNA  
(Chris's voice over) they record  
every detail. But every detail will  
be of Sue Thomas. Sue Thomas will  
be in the papers and on television.  
Not Anna Carpenter.

She found the mail room, and poured the letters into the bin, rolled up the bag and headed down the hall.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Almost done! Oh God, let me out of  
here.

#### **EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE**

Anna walks out of the Department of Justice building toward 9th street and looks up at the J Edgar Hoover Building as she walks across Pennsylvania. She looks back furtively to see if she has been followed. As she walks North on 9th street she removes her lanyard with the badge and ID card holder and puts it in her purse. She enters the parking garage elevator lobby. She is alone. She removes a Kleenex from her purse and rubs the badge and ID holder to remove fingerprints. She then drops everything into a trash bin. She gives a nervous shiver then pushes the elevator button, then stares at it and wipes the button with the Kleenex.

ANNA (V.O.)  
I'm definitely nuts

#### **INT. PARKING GARAGE [DAY]**

Anna walks to her car and reaches to open the door but remembers her gloves. She pulls them on and reaches for her keys but drops them. She picks them up and tries to unlock the door but her hand is shaking. She unlocks the car and gets in. She lays her head back against the headrest and closes her eyes.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Dammit! Why am I shaking now? I did  
it. I just have to get back to  
Jacob's.

She shakes her head slowly, opens her eyes and starts the  
car.

**INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD**

Anna drives out of the garage and turns left on Ninth Ave NW  
toward Constitution Ave. Two Capitol Police cars parked  
outside the parking garage immediately pulled behind her. The  
one directly behind her is looking at her and talking on his  
microphone. She grips the wheel tightly. She keeps looking  
back and almost runs a red light. Brakes hard.

ANNA  
Goddamn it. Not now!

They follow her closely to Constitution and when she turns  
right they stay close behind her. She continues west on  
Constitution and enters the entry ramp for the Roosevelt  
Bridge. They turn right up 23rd street. Her head and  
shoulders slump in relief.

She smiles.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Oh thank you lord

She calls Chris as she crosses the Potomac. He answers  
immediately.

CHRIS  
Everything okay?

ANNA  
No dammit, I'm scared.

Chris waits for her to continue. She waits for some sympathy.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
But I made the delivery. I just  
crossed the Potomac.

CHRIS  
That's terrific, Sis! We knew you  
could do it! Now Jacob's breathing  
again. He's been a little nervous.  
I don't know why.

ANNA

Very funny.

CHRIS

I see he's headed for that expensive bottle of Cabernet.

Unintelligible voice in background.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh he says we will save it until you're here. He's just letting it breath.

ANNA

Chris, this better get easier.

He didn't reply.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I'm thinking too.

CHRIS

We better get off these phones. Even if they are throwaways.

**INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD**

Anna turns left off Leesburg Pike driving past the warehouse. She parks in front of an apartment building, leaves the key in the ignition and the windows down. She opens a paper bag and as she backs out of the car she scatters hair and fabric pieces around the interior.

ANNA (V.O.)

This should keep the FBI forensics lab busy . . . If the car isn't stolen.

She gets out, puts her purse strap over her shoulder and begins walking toward the warehouse. There is no sidewalk. She walked along the side of the street. Birds chirp in tall shade trees. The pride kicks in. She smiles.

ANNA (V.O.)

I did it! Chris will be proud of me. He won't say it but he will be . . . So will Jacob.

We hear tires on the pavement next to her. She is suddenly tense, her eyes wide. A silver late model BMW convertible pulls slowly next to her. 3 feet away. It's on the wrong side of the street but there is no traffic.

Anna glances at the driver, then looks straight ahead. She steps up into the low weeds as she continues walking.

ANNA (V.O.)  
God no! Not now!

A good looking fair-haired male, maybe 30, at the wheel. He wears expensive driving gloves and pushes his expensive sunglasses up on his head. She looks disgusted.

ANNA  
Your daddy must be rich. But I'm not interested. Keep going, Slick.

SLICK  
You are much too gorgeous to be walking on such a hot day.

ANNA  
Tell it to the officer, slick.

She stops and holds up her cellphone to take his photo. Then she begins keying in something.

SLICK  
Dumb bitch!

He spins his tires driving away.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Jerk.

She smiles and continues walking to the warehouse but becomes serious then nervous. She looks in all directions as she approaches the warehouse.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Dammit! He'll remember me. And he'll remember where he saw me.

#### **INT. SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Senator Parler's staff office. Several people doing office chores. Bobby, a staffer is opening and reading a large stack of mail addressed to the Senator. He opens a letter from the Attorney General. As he reads he becomes excited.

BOBBY  
Holy shit!

He stands and reads some more. Other staff are looking at him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

He starts to run with the letter in his hand but stops and goes back for the envelope, then runs to the glass enclosed office of Bill Morrison, Parler's Chief of Staff.

**INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE**

Morrison is on the phone.

MORRISON

Mr Felding I can assure you that Senator Parler will be delighted to speak to your organization.

BOBBY

(interrupts in a whining voice) Sir you have to see this. Please sir.

Morrison glares and waves him away as he continues to talk.

MORRISON

He has frequently expressed his admiration for you and your organization.

BOBBY

(speaking over Morrison) This is important sir.

Bobby pushes the letter and envelope in front of Morrison. Morrison looks at it.

MORRISON

Hold on one second Mr. Felding.

Morrison reads for a few seconds.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Sir, I am so sorry. We seem to have something of an emergency here. I will call you back as soon as possible -- later today, if I can.

Caller on the other end is saying yes of course as Morrison disconnects. He glares at Bobby.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

He reads it and hands it back to Bobby.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Make me a copy and bring it back. I'll call the Senator. Then make a hundred copies for the other Senators. Get those copies to the leadership offices, Republicans too.

Bobby returns in a moment with the copy. He lays it on Morrison's desk and leaves. Morrison is listening to Senator Parler.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

My guess is because sending it through the Attorney General's office got the letter here fast, it insured we would all read it immediately, and it also demonstrated they can get through the Department Of Justice security system. They also knew the post office takes several weeks to check letters for anthrax, bombs and chemicals. Sending it through the DOJ is also causing a hell of a stir, judging by the shouting in the hallway. Shall I read it to you? It's kind of long. Yes sir, I can describe it well enough.

He pauses a moment.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

I'll skip to the important stuff. They call themselves the Term Limits Revolution, the TLR. They say the public has been demanding term limits for years but Congress has stiff-armed them. They give Congress 3 days to approve their Term Limits Amendment and offer it to the states for approval. If Congress does not pass it in those 3 days the TLR will assassinate 2 long-term incumbents every day until it is approved.

Morrison listens as the Senator yells.



MORRISON (CONT'D)

Yes Senator, I'll read the amendment itself (pauses) To insure that future members of Congress shall be citizen legislators and not professional politicians . . . Section 1. No person shall be a member of Congress who shall have served for a total of more than eight years in elected state and/or federal political office. Section 2. No person shall be elected for any political office while serving in Congress. That's it Senator.

Senator yells again

MORRISON (CONT'D)

That's bad enough but the paragraph that will get attention is this one: For the people to regain control of Congress and then perhaps their liberty, this is the only form of revolution now possible. It has an added advantage. Instead of the millions of innocents that might otherwise die in another American Revolution, our method has the advantage that if blood must be spilled it will be the blood of the political aristocracy, the same politicians that have stolen the lives, liberty and property of all Americans. Or perhaps it will be our lives that are taken. If so, we die for the noblest cause we can imagine.

Morrison listens with the phone away from his ear. Then feigns a worshipful demeanor.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Oh I agree, Senator. It would be a disaster for the nation to lose its greatest statesmen. Senators like you could never be replaced by citizen legislators.

Morrison moved the phone from his ear as Senator Parler could be heard cursing loudly.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

I agree Senator. We can't let them get away with this.

(MORE)

MORRISON (CONT'D)

The Department of Justice must catch the bastards quickly. But it may not be easy. How many are they. Do they have someone inside the DOJ? Or the FBI or Homeland Security? Term limits appears to be only a part of what they are after. They claim they seek a return of individual liberty. I guess they think citizen legislators would be more likely to support liberty than the present members of Congress.

He listens again and asks.

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Yes Senator, Shall I call the Attorney General?

Morrison listens and grimaces

MORRISON (CONT'D)

I think that's wise Senator. He listens to you.

Pause to listen

MORRISON (CONT'D)

Yes Senator, I see the press already has this and they're roaming the halls looking for Senators to comment.

Morrison listens

MORRISON (CONT'D)

No Senator. I will not let the press get near you until you give me the word.

**INT. JACOB'S HOME - DAY**

Living area. 3 televisions are on but two are muted. A couch is opposite the televisions. A large easy chair is at one end of the couch and turned at an angle for television viewing. This is where they will monitor the news to learn what the media are reporting on what the government is doing. The kitchen table with 4 chairs is a few feet from the back of the couch.

The time is about 11 am. Anna and Jacob are watching TV as the television news media learns the Term Limits message was sent to 378 long term members of Congress.

Cameras show frightened staff and an occasional wide-eyed member of congress. Jacob grins.

JACOB

We seem to have upset our rulers.

ANNA

I expected anger and panic from Congress. I didn't expect to see panic on the faces of the staff.

Jacob carries their coffee cups to the kitchen.

JACOB

Their panic is not surprising. There are more than 14,000 congressional staff. And 90% of their effort is getting their boss re-elected. If our amendment passes incumbents cannot be re-elected. And 90% of those staff members will not be needed by the new Congress.

Anna walks with him into the kitchen.

ANNA

At some point the millions of people working for government agencies will realize their jobs will not be safe either. Citizen legislators will not be interested in paying taxes to support a huge regulatory bureaucracy.

JACOB

And that will make a lot more people angry . . . those losing their government jobs and those receiving money extorted from other taxpayers. Getting the voters to approve the amendment won't be a slam dunk.

Anna glowers at Jacob.

ANNA

But it will pass?

JACOB

I think so.

Anna accepts her coffee from Jacob and returns to the couch. Jacob heads for the office.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I should work on tonight's message.

He sits at his computer and looks at the photos of his deceased wife , their children and grandchildren and his former sailboat *Liberty*.

JACOB (V.O.)

I wish I could talk to all of you.  
Wish I could tell you why we have  
done this, why we did it this way,  
why I couldn't tell you . . . And  
why I still can't.

He runs his hands through his hair.

JACOB (V.O.)

Damn but I do wish I could hold you  
. . . all of you.

He looks at his keyboard. Then let's his gaze wander back to the photo's. He brought up a blank word document and began writing a letter to his daughters and grandchildren:

JACOB (V.O. AS HE TYPES)

To Mary and Patrick and my grandson  
Jacob; to Carol and Gregory and my  
granddaughter Angelina. (camera  
shows photos of those mentioned) I  
am sorry for the shock this letter  
will give you. It is to be  
delivered in the event of my death.  
Please know that I have grieved  
every day for my loss of your  
affection. You know how much I  
loved you all. Nevertheless I could  
not tell you of our plans without  
placing your lives in danger.  
The boat accident - my staged death  
at sea - was meant to protect me  
from investigation. Because of my  
history with the term limits issue  
the Department of Justice would  
have quickly arrested me.

He ran his hands through his hair in anxiety before  
continuing.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Now you will want to know how this  
all started. It happened 3 years  
ago -- several months before you  
all left Arlington.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

Perhaps you will remember the tragedy of Nicolo, Chris and Anna's brother. And of the pain and distress suffered by their grandmother Maria.

**EXT. SOUTHWEST OKLAHOMA PLAINS THE RIBISI FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Small neat farmhouse with flower and vegetable gardens, barn and other outbuildings.

Nicolo returns from the fields on a tractor. He is covered with dust that leaves no skin showing. He drives the noisy tractor next to his grandmothers flower garden, cuts the engine, leaps off and with a grin that shows all of his perfect white teeth against his dust covered skin, gives his grandmother a hug.

Maria beats him with her hat for getting her dirty, but then laughs and dusts herself off.

MARIA RIBISI

Shame on you for getting me dirty.  
Now help me inside Nicolo. My back  
is beginning to hurt.

His smile disappears. He holds her arm as they walk toward the back door.

NICOLO

Has mom found a doctor that will  
prescribe the Oxycodone?

She shakes her head.

MARIA RIBISI

No. She tries but they won't take a  
patient that needs Oxycodone. They  
fear the police.

They reach the back porch and he helps her up the step. She winces but not so that he can see her. Now she is angry.

MARIA RIBISI (CONT'D)

Why did they arrest him, Nicolo? He  
was a good doctor. He helped me.  
Why did they shoot you with that  
pain gun? I have only one more  
pill. I won't be able to get out of  
bed, Nicolo. I am afraid.

He opens the door for her. He looks determined.

NICOLO  
I think I know where I can get it,  
Nonna. I will try to get you some.

As she goes through the door she looks up at him.

MARIA RIBISI  
Can you? That would be wonderful,  
Nicolo.

Nonno (Grandfather) Francesco yells from inside.

FRANCESCO  
Nicolo, You finish the harrowing?

Francesco laughs as Nicolo comes into view

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)  
You covered with dirt. You should  
leave dirt in the field to grow  
more wheat.

Nicolo grins while standing at the door.

NICOLO  
I do need a shower, Nonno. I'll  
take these clothes off outside.

Nicolo takes his cloths off and standing in his briefs beats the dusty clothes against the wall to knock the dust off. He starts into the house.

#### **INT. NICOLO'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT**

Nicolo is parked beside the highway. He is making calls to try to locate someone who can tell him where he can buy Oxycotin. He finally speaks with a friend of a friend.

ROY  
Roy. Who's this?

NICOLO  
Hi Roy, my name is Nick. I need to  
buy some Oxycodone for my  
grandmother. I was told you could  
help me.

ROY  
Who gave you my name?

NICOLO  
A guy named Wesley. A friend gave  
me his name. Can you help me?  
(MORE)

NICOLO (CONT'D)

Or can you tell me who can? My grandmother is in a lot of pain.

ROY

Maybe. You calling from a cell phone?

NICOLO

Yes.

ROY

How much do you need?

NICOLO

She uses 3 pills a day.

Roy laughs

ROY

So you want 3 pills?

NICOLO

I hadn't thought about it. One thousand will last her a year. That should be enough, for a year anyway. (He laughs). How much will that cost?

ROY

Call me back tomorrow at this time. I'll see what I can do.

NICOLO

Can I get a few now? She really is in pain. I need to get her something tonight.

ROY

Sorry. Call me tomorrow at this time.

Roy disconnected. Nicolo looked at the phone for a minute then called a neighbor.

NICOLO

Mrs. McGuire, this is Nicolo. My grandmother needs something to help her back pain. I think I can get her something tomorrow but she needs it tonight. Do you have any Oxycodone or anything strong that might help her.

MRS. MCGUIRE

I am so sorry, Nicolo. She saw Dr. Thompson didn't she? That was a darn shame what those police agents did to him. And now your grandmother has to suffer. But I just don't have any Oxycodone. Nothing stronger than Tylenol.

NICOLO

Do you know anyone that might have some.

MRS. MCGUIRE

Max Carter had a knee replacement several months ago. He might have some.

NICOLO

I had forgotten that. I'll try Max. Thanks for the suggestion.

Nicolo disconnected and tried Max Carter.

NICOLO (CONT'D)

Hi Mr. Carter this is Nicolo Carpenter.

**INT. RIBISI RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

It is nearly midnight before Nicolo gets back home. The pain is getting stronger and Nonna and Francesco are tense, knowing it will get worse. But Nicolo smiles and holds up a pill bottle.

NICOLO

Max Carter sent you some. He said you are welcome to them if you will make him some cannelloni.

Francesco looks worried. He takes a pill from Nicolo and gives it to Maria with a glass of water.

FRANCESCO

What we do to get more? You cannot go every night for pills from friends. Maria needs doctor that won't be arrested for helping her.

NICOLO

That would be best. But I think I can buy enough tomorrow night to last Nonna for a year.



Francesco looks very worried

FRANCESCO  
You be careful Nicolo. Please, you  
not get into trouble. You talk with  
your father?

NICOLO  
I will be very careful, Nonno. I am  
buying the Oxycodone from someone  
my friend knows. I think it will be  
okay.

He turns to his grandmother.

NICOLO (CONT'D)  
Can you sleep now Nonna?

She smiles and nods.

MARIA  
Thank you Nicolo. Yes soon I can  
sleep and tomorrow I will make  
cannelloni for Max.

Nicolo turns to go to his bedroom.

FRANCESCO  
You talk your father tomorrow?  
Please Nicolo?

He didn't want to do that. He very much did not want to  
bother his father. But he nodded as he continued to his  
bedroom.

NICOLO  
Yes. Nonno. I will.

**EXT. THE CARPENTER FARM - DAY**

His parents farm is across the road. It is early morning and  
his mother is clearing the table of the breakfast dishes. He  
kissed his mother on the cheek.

NICOLO  
Hi Mom. Dad.

He set at the kitchen table. His mother (also Maria) poured  
him coffee. His father had been reading his newspaper but put  
it down to talk.

DAD CARPENTER  
Saw you making a lot of dust  
yesterday. Get the job done?

NICOLO  
I need another half day. I'll do it  
tomorrow. But I'd rather be rained  
out.

DAD CARPENTER  
Wouldn't that be nice? We damn sure  
need it.

His Dad turned his chair a little toward Nicolo.

DAD CARPENTER (CONT'D)  
How's your grandmother? I know  
you've been worried. We have too.  
We haven't been able to find a  
doctor that will take her. When  
they hear she needs Oxycodone they  
are full of sympathy but they  
mention Dr. Thompson and beg off.

Maria is washing dishes.

MARIA CARPENTER  
I spoke to Papa this morning. He  
said you got a few pills from Max  
Carter. And momma slept well and  
got up early to make Max some  
cannelloni. Thank you Nicolo.

NICOLO  
I can't get many more that way. But  
I have found a guy who'll sell them  
to me.

DAD CARPENTER  
Who's that?

NICOLO  
I got his name from someone I know  
. . . but not very well.

Dad Carpenter looks concerned

DAD CARPENTER  
Doesn't sound right. We both know  
it's black market. I guess I'm okay  
with that but how do we know he  
doesn't take your money and run.  
(MORE)

DAD CARPENTER (CONT'D)

How do we know it's really  
Oxycodone and not just aspirin and  
switched labels?

NICOLO

It scares me too. But what else can  
we do? We aren't allowed to buy  
from a pharmacy where we can trust  
the seller and the product. Nonna  
has to have it. Where else can we  
get it?

They both are uncomfortable. Maria pours herself a cup of  
coffee.

NICOLO (CONT'D)

If the drug doesn't work or if he  
runs off with my money, it's not  
the end of the world. I'll just  
have to try again. I know it can be  
purchased somewhere. And Nonna must  
have it. She must! She can't live  
with the pain. And I won't let her!

Maria sits down at the table. She dabs at a tear.

MARIA CARPENTER

What else can we do?

No one speaks for a bit. Nicolo slouches in his chair. Dad  
sits cross-armed but then relaxes, shakes his head  
reluctantly.

DAD CARPENTER

Guess we have to try something.

**INT. NICOLO'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT**

Nicolo is parked beside the farm road calling Roy.

ROY

Hi Nick. Thought it might be you.

NICOLO

Hi Roy

ROY

Still interested in buying 1000  
Oxycodone?

NICOLO  
Yes but she needs the control  
release 10mg pills. Can you do  
that?

ROY  
Sure. We have it all. When do you  
want it?

NICOLO  
Tonight? Can we get it tonight?

ROY  
If you have the money.

NICOLO  
How much will it cost?

ROY  
\$2,000

NICOLO  
That's \$2 per pill. She paid \$.30  
At the pharmacy.

ROY  
It costs me a lot more than that.

NICOLO  
I'll take them. Will you take a  
check?

Roy laughs

ROY  
You get the cash and call me back.  
We can meet.

NICOLO  
I don't know where I could get that  
much tonight.

ROY  
Whenever. I'll wait to hear from  
you.

Nicolo turned the truck around and headed back home. But he  
turned into his parents house.

**EXT. CARPENTER FARM HOME**

It was about 9 PM when Nicolo parked his truck next to his  
dads. His father heard him and came outside.

DAD CARPENTER

I saw you leave. How did it go?

NICOLO

He wants cash and I don't have that much on me.

DAD CARPENTER

How much?

NICOLO

\$2,000. That's more than 4 times what she paid at the pharmacy.

DAD CARPENTER

Guess I'm not surprised. The reward has to justify the risk. Prison is a damn big risk.

NICOLO

I hope she has enough pills to get her through till tomorrow night. Mr. Carter only had a few and they're half the dosage she needs.

**EXT. RIBISI FARM HOME - DAY**

It is early afternoon. Nicolo has been to the bank and withdrawn \$2,000. He has just driven up and Francesco comes out to meet him. Francesco looks worried.

NICOLO

How is Nonna?

FRANCESCO

The pain is starting. Pills are gone. They not very strong, Nicolo.

Nicolo is worried.

NICOLO

I got the money and tried to purchase her medicine but the seller won't meet me until tonight. I'm sorry. Maybe Mom can call her friends to find some.

Francesco is angry.

FRANCESCO

Why does government stop us from buying medicine to stop Maria's pain.

(MORE)

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)

Why they arrest Dr. Thompson and put him in prison. In Italy we have no problem with these medicines. No doctor is needed. The pharmacy sells them to people who need them.

**EXT. FLOYD'S TAVERN - NIGHT**

Floyd's tavern is on the edge of town on the highway. Minimal outside lighting. Roy drives a 10 year old van. He is waiting beside the van as Nicolo drives up. Roy looks as if he might use drugs. He looks to be 40 or 45 years old, 140 lbs, 5' 9".

ROY

Take it you're Nick?

NICOLO

That's right. You're Roy?

ROY

Yep. You have the money?

NICOLO

I do. \$2,000 right? He pulls out an envelope. You have the Oxycodone?

Roy slides the van's side door open.

ROY

Let's step into my office.

Roy has Nicolo get in first. He follows and closes the door. He hands Nicolo a box with the Merck label on the outside. Nicolo confirms it is a box of sealed Oxycodone bottles produced by Merck, as promised. He had feared getting a sack of pills that were not identifiable.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's what we agreed right? Ten bottles, 100 control release 10mg pills per bottle.

Nicolo looks relieved.

NICOLO

Right! Yes.

Nicolo handed Roy the envelope with the \$2,000. Roy opened it, dropped the envelope on the floor, counted it out and put it in his pocket.

ROY

Nice doing business with you.

Nicolo started to shake his hand but Roy opened the door and got out. Nicolo gets out. Roy walks around to the drivers side and says over his shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Shut the door, would ya?

Nicolo shuts the door as Roy gets into the front seat and starts the engine. He backs out without looking back at Nicolo. For a moment Nicolo stands with his box of Oxycodone watching the van drive away.

**INT. RIBISI FARM HOME**

Nicolo rushes into the house opening the box of Oxycodone bottles. He and Francesco go together into Maria's bedroom. She is in great pain and is very tense, but she manages to smile when she sees all the pills. Francesco gives her 2 to get control of the pain.

MARIA  
(suddenly weeping) Thank you  
Nicolo. Thank you. Thank you!

She swallows the pills with water. Nicolo sits on the side of her bed.

NICOLO  
I am sorry it took so long, Nonna.  
But now you will have the pills you  
need. No more pain, Nonna. No more.

Francesco has tears in his eyes

FRANCESCO  
Thank you Nicolo! Thank you! You  
are good boy!

There is a knock on the door and a moment later a much louder knock. Francesco was walking toward the door when the door exploded inward.

No one moves. They are shocked and unbelieving as four SWAT officers carrying automatic weapons and wearing bulletproof vests, goggles and dark masks rush in past the splintered door yelling HANDS UP. Francesco and Nicolo are staring at the officers in pained disbelief. An officer (not wearing a mask) from the State of Oklahoma Bureau of Narcotics and Drugs comes in behind 2 more agents from the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. The County Sheriff, follows. The masked agents hold their weapons pointed at Nicolo and Francesco. The Sheriff seems almost disgusted.

SHERIFF HICKS

Francesco, Nicolo, these people are here to search for a large supply of Oxycodone. Someone told them you purchased a large amount. I thought I should be here.

NICOLO

I . . . I don't . . . This

FRANCESCO

(angry) Why you break down my door. Of course we have Oxycodone. You know Maria must have for her back.

DEA AGENT 1

Where is it? Where're you hiding the Oxy.

NICOLO

HIDING? WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? GODDAMN YOU!

DEA AGENT 2 slams Nicolo in the kidney with a fist from behind and kicks him behind the knee collapsing him onto the floor. Francesco yells and starts toward him, but is blocked by the Oklahoma Agent. Francesco tries to get around him.

FRANCESCO

NO! YOU DON'T HURT HIM! YOU DON'T!

Maria screams from the bedroom and comes to stand in the doorway. Her face is white with pain and fear. Nicolo resists and the agent holds an automatic weapon against his head. Francesco starts to help Nicolo but Sheriff Hicks pulls him back before the Oklahoma Agent can hurt him.

DEA AGENT 2

GET ON YOUR STOMACH WITH YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK!

Nicolo rolls onto his stomach. He is weeping and beating his head against the floor. The agent handcuffs him. And stands up leaving Nicolo face down on the floor.

DEA AGENT 2 (CONT'D)

STAY DOWN ASSHOLE.

DEA AGENT 1

Now where's the Goddamn Oxy? Or do we start taking this house apart?



FRANCESCO

(angry) I get it for you. Then you go from our home.

Francesco turns to go into the bedroom. Nonna Maria steps back so that Francesco can get by her. Agent 1 knocks Francesco against the door jamb, hurting his shoulder and head.

DEA AGENT 1

I go in first, cowboy. You point it out but stay the hell back.

Donna Maria gets in the agents face and screams Sicilian insults at the Agent. Then switches to English.

MARIA

You are evil! You are vicious animal.

DEA Agent 1 pushes her out of his way.

DEA AGENT 1

Shut up grandma or you'll be on the floor.

Nicolo started up.

NICOLO

DON'T Don't hurt her! you . . .

DEA agent 2 used his heavy boot to shove Nicolo's head down.

DEA AGENT 2

Rise up again and I'll kick you hard enough you won't be able to get up.

SHERIFF HICKS

Let's all try to calm down and just get through this okay? Nobody needs to get hurt.

NICOLO

Call my dad, Sheriff Hicks. Please. They're just across the road.

DEA AGENT 1

(yelling to the others from the bedroom)  
Well now, this is one hellofalot of Oxy. Ten years in McAlester prison easy. And maybe we can just take this farm while we're at it.

(MORE)

DEA AGENT 1 (CONT'D)

This is where he lives and where he  
sold the drugs.

MARIA

NOOOOO! You can't do that! He got  
them for me!

The agent grins at her as he wanders back into the living  
area carrying the box. He looks at the Oklahoma Agent and  
nods. The Oklahoma agent looks down at Nicolo.

OKLAHOMA AGENT

Nicolo Carpenter, I am placing you  
under arrest for possession and  
distribution of Oxycodone a  
Schedule II drug under the  
Controlled Substances Act. You have  
the right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will be  
held . . .

Nonna Maria screams and Francesco yells at the same time.  
Agent 2 pulls Nicolo to his feet.

NICOLO

He was working for you, wasn't he?  
Roy was working for you?

MARIA

NOOOOOOOO! NOT NICOLO! NOOOOOOOO!

An agent puts handcuffs on Nonna Maria. She is horrified,  
unable to speak. Francesco is looking at the Sheriff and  
doesn't see her. Now they are putting handcuffs on him. Now  
Maria sees Francesco being handcuffed and screams.

FRANCESCO

You cannot do this! Is wrong!  
Nicolo is good! We are good people.

Nonna Maria falls to the floor unconscious.

NICOLO

NONNA! NONNA!

He looks at Sheriff Hicks

NICOLO (CONT'D)

GOD DAMN YOU. GOD DAMN ALL OF YOU.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF PILOT