

Between Knits and Purls
an original screenplay by
© Stephen Settimi

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1 EXT. THE POLANSKY'S HOME (WASHINGTON DC) - NIGHT

A gabled roof crowns a small modest home framed with shrubbery set back off a quiet street in Anacostia —a suburb of Washington DC. At the side of the driveway rests a well maintained DARK GREEN VINTAGE FORD CAMPER.

2 INT. RUTH'S HOME - BEDROOM

SUPER OVER BLACK "A FEW YEARS AGO"

FADE IN FROM BLACK in an overly furnished bedroom cluttered with family pictures on the walls, a hoard of knickknacks, and a large queen size poster bed lies CLEVELAND POLANSKI (70's). He pats the mattress.

CLEVELAND

Come on!

HOAGY, a Boston Terrier stares excitedly at Cleveland from the floor. The pooch jumps up on the bed.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

RUTH POLANSKI (60s) enters bedroom, spots Hoagy lying on a pillow next to Cleveland. Cleveland looks up at Ruth as she comes to the side of the bed.

RUTH

I see you're all snuggled in! Do you have to have him on the pillow!

CLEVELAND

He's comfortable here. Move over, son. Make room for momma.

Ruth feigns annoyance. She finds her way between the sheets, delivers a pleasant smile to the two, reaches over and turns off a lamp on a nightstand.

SUPER OVER BLACK "THREE YEARS LATER"

3 EXT. RUTH'S HOME - DAY

Ruth comes out the front door carrying her purse, a brown lunch bag, and knitting bag.

She turns for a moment to look at a now neglected dust and leaf-covered Ford Camper resting in the driveway. A FOR SALE sign is lodged on the dashboard.

4 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM (WASHINGTON DC)

STANLEY (68), thin and wiry, a stoic Botoxed face, wears wire-rimmed glasses. He stands by a printer, glances up occasionally at two CCTV MONITORS, one displays an empty INTERIOR HALLWAY, the other captures the FRONT OFFICE and retirees ANNIE, GAYLE, and MEREDITH.

ANNIE (75) adjusts a hearing aid in her right ear, has bobbed-cut straight gray hair, wears black framed glasses. She knits at a blanket draped over her knees.

GAYLE (late 60's) four-foot eight, homely, wears wire rimmed glasses with super thick lenses. She examines rows of knitting hanging off the knitting needle.

MEREDITH (70's) tall and spindly, sits at a CALL DESK with a KNITTED AFGHAN draped over her shoulders. She wears a headset with microphone. She leans in and squints at a COMPUTER SCREEN sitting on the desk.

A small smirk tugs at Stanley's mouth as he watches the three ladies knit.

5 INT. METRO TRAIN (WASHINGTON DC) - DAY

Ruth Polanski sits alone in a sparsely filled train car clutching a PURSE on her lap and a KNITTING BAG snuggled close to her side, KNITTING NEEDLES and YARN pour over the top.

Ruth studies each passenger boarding and departing the train.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR LOCAL CHARITIES, MISSING PETS, MISSING CHILDREN, AND UPCOMING CONCERTS COMPETE TO COVER THE CEILING SIDE PANELS.

LED DISPLAY at the head of the car blinks, "METRO CENTER - 1 MIN."

Ruth tightens the grip on her purse and knitting bag.

TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
NEXT STOP, METRO STATION. METRO
STATION IS THE NEXT STOP.

Ruth peers out the window taking in the old neighborhoods and warehouses. The train heads underground. Windows go BLACK.

TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT (CONT'D)
NOW ARRIVING - METRO STATION

6 EXT. METRO STATION - STREET LEVEL - DAY

Ruth steps off the Metro escalator on to the sidewalk. We follow her for several blocks. She makes eye-to-eye contact with some smiling PASSERSBYS. Some friendly, some not.

UNBATHED HOMELESS PERSON with a blanket sits on the sidewalk against a building. Ruth opens her purse to retrieve a COIN POUCH.

SNATCHED!

A KID (16) grabs the pouch and runs off. RUTH GASPS and clutches her purse and knitting bag tighter, momentarily frozen in shock. Recovered, she opens her purse and pulls out a tucked-away, carefully folded FIVE DOLLAR BILL and hands it to the Homeless Person. Her fingers tremble slightly as she places the bill into a grimy, half-gloved hand.

7 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - (WASHINGTON DC) - DAY

A HONEYCOMB CONCRETE-STAMPED SIX STORY EDIFICE

JIM WHITAMORE (32) and his very pregnant wife, RUBY (28) walk hastily along a tree-lined sidewalk to the main entrance of the building.

8 INT. FBI - FRONT RECEPTION

Jim and Ruby pass through SECURITY, a sign directs them down a corridor.

"RETIREMENT PARTY - LYLE WHITAMORE 32 YEARS OF SERVICE"

Jim and Ruby enter a reception room teeming with personnel exchanging platitudes, sipping on champagne and eating hors d'oeuvres served by waiters dressed head to toe in black.

Ruby scans the crowd of casually dressed desk jockeys mingling with the buttoned-down suit-and tie professional rank counterparts.

Ruby tugs on Jim's beige and brown houndstooth sport coat with leather elbow patches. She points to a small crowd gathered around LYLE WHITAMORE (65), a spry, distinguished looking man with combed-back, dark brown hair and a few wisps of gray coming off the temples, and faint crow's feet at the corner of his eyes.

JIM'S P.O.V

Lyle is surrounded by doting colleagues and one, JAKE STANSON (60's) a roguish retiree, wearing a droopy beige sport coat, no tie, and sneakers. He leans in and whispers into Lyle's ear.

JAKE STANSON
You ain't going like it.

LYLE
What's that?

JAKE STANSON
Retirement!

BACK TO SCENE

Lyle's booming laughter moves Jim and Ruby to join Lyle and Jake. They gather at Lyle's side.

PODIUM ON STAGE

JENSEN PEALE (58), a suited bureaucrat with neatly combed and parted silver hair. stands on a small stage in front of the gathering and flanked by a LARGE BLUE FLAG bearing the SEAL of the FBI on one side, and the AMERICAN FLAG on the other.

Jensen TAPS the microphone at the podium.

TAP...TAP...TAP

JENSEN
May I have everyone's attention.
(beat)
Lyle, I know this is the happiest
day of your life, but can I ask you
to break away for just one more minute
of your time?

ATTENDEES laugh.

Lyle walks up to the podium.

Attendees applaud. Then fall silent in anticipation.

YOUNG UPSTART (23) breaks an anticipatory silence.

YOUNG UPSTART
LYLE! LYLE!

An awkward silence briefly draws everyone's attention to the Young Upstart. Admonished he steps back into the comfort zone of his peers.

Jensen extends a hand to Lyle.

JENSEN
Lyle, I wish I could say I'm sad to
see that you're leaving.

A few more laughs surface from the crowd.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
But the fact is, I'm ecstatic to
have had the pleasure of you being
part of our family and we're proud
of your years of service.

ROUND OF APPLAUSE

JENSEN (CONT'D)
I think you know this, but if there's
anything we can do to make your
transition go smoother, you know you
can depend on us, and know who to
ask. We'll always be your other
family.

Jim and Ruby beam wide smiles.

ROUSING ROUND OF APPLAUSE

Jensen leans in to Lyle and whispers into his ear.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
I'm serious. It's been a pleasure,
Lyle. Going to miss you here.

Lyle nods, removes a .38 SPECIAL handgun from an inside
shoulder holster and places it on the podium.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Most agents keep theirs as a memento.

LYLE
Not this agent.

JENSEN
(to the crowd)
Lyle tells me he has some pretty big
plans when he leaves the Bureau. My
guess is that he plans to take off
for a bit.

Lyle smirks and looks off to Jim and Ruby, standing proud.

LYLE
Matter of fact I do.

Lyle steps aside from the podium, slides his hand down the
side of his belly and grabs a roll of happy fat.

LYLE (CONT'D)
I plan on taking off all of this I
stockpiled after years of sitting at
a desk.

STORM OF LAUGHTER APPLAUSE

FADE TO BLACK

9 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING (WASHINGTON D.C.) - CONTINUOUS

FADE IN FROM BLACK

Ruth peers up at the mid-rise building from the sidewalk.

THE FRIEZE READS "I.O.D.F. EST. 1820"

A set of darkened windows frame the top floor.

10 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

Ruth enters the front door. Confronted by a long set of stairs, she pauses a moment to consider the effort, then settles on taking the elevator instead.

ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS

Out-steps JULIAN OROBO (30's), a tall handsome man looking to be of Nigerian descent.

With him walks VÁLERA QUINN, a young 30-something year old smartly dressed Amerasian, wearing a leisure business suit.

Ruth steps into the elevator. She looks up at Válera and Julian inquisitively. She clutches her handbag.

Julian and Válera catch Ruth's trepidation and share a slight smile. They step out of the elevator.

ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES

VÁLERA
What was that all about?

INSIDE ELEVATOR

Ruth presses a button for the 6TH FLOOR.

11 INT. OFFICE SPACE - 6TH FLOOR - FRONT OFFICE

Stanley enters from the Back Boiler Room with a CLIPBOARD,

PHOTOGRAPHS OF IMPOVERISHED CHILDREN, AND SHEETS OF PAPER.

He lays the items on the table next to a DECORATIVE GIFT BASKET displayed on a banquet table overflowing with knitting needles and vibrant skeins of yarn, lending a touch of brightness to the gray walls and harsh lighting. On a wall hangs a WHITE BOARD with NAMES of the women and NUMBERED POINTS next to each.

Stenciled in huge letters across the top "WORLD'S CHRISTIAN CHILDREN FUND".

COLORED HELIUM BALLOONS float half-deflated from the ceiling on both sides suggesting a past celebration.

Annie and Gayle chat among themselves showing each other their knitting and pointing to pages in a pattern book.

Meredith outfitted with a headset and microphone sits at a COMPUTERIZED CALL DESK. She leans in and squints at the screen. A restless right leg fidgets. She watches the monitor patiently. It scrolls an endless set of names, cities, and phone numbers.

COMPUTER SCREEN - "PICK UP CALL IN 10 SECS."

Meredith anxiously waits for the cursor to start blinking and be patched in.

Ruth enters the Front Office and joins the knitting clutch at the semicircle. She takes a chair next to Annie and Gayle.

ANNIE
(without looking up) Hello Ruth.

Meredith peeks around from the computer monitor to send Ruth a quick howdy-do wave.

Ruth settles in at a round of chairs joining Gayle, Annie, and Meredith. She pulls out her knitting needles and the start of a ribbed scarf.

RUTH
Hello, Annie.

GAYLE
Where's Hoagy today?

RUTH
He's not feeling well.

STANLEY
Meredith, take a break.

Meredith removes her headset and joins Ruth, Annie, and Gayle.

They start chatting among themselves.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Ladies.

Stanley waits patiently for their attention.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Today is our big push! Lots of calls.
You're doing... well, okay but not really your best.
The women are too busy chatting to hear him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Ladies, your attention, please.
The ladies take on a penitent look.
Annie holds up her knitting to show Stanley.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Very nice.
Stanley moves to the large white board hanging on the wall,
His back to the ladies, he examines the scores posted behind
each of the ladies' names. He stops at "Gayle". Speaks while
changing numbers on the board, lowering Gayle's points.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Gayle, you'd do better if you follow
the script. Everyone needs to follow
the script. That's the only way we'll
get our donations in. Right?
Stanley turns around to see the women, not listening,
chatting, occupied by their knitting.
Gayle reaches over to Annie and points out a row of knit
hanging off her needles.

GAYLE
That's different.
You'll need to show me that one.

ANNIE
What's that you say?

GAYLE
(loud)
You need to show me how that's done!
Annie smiles and continues to knit.

STANLEY (O.S.)
I want to share something with all
of you. It's a letter of appreciation
from World's Christian Children Fund's
Board of Directors.
(lengthy pause)
Ladies! This letter of appreciation!

The women look up and break away from their knitting, They
sit attentively.

Stanley clears his throat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Dear knitting club, your work has
helped keep hundreds if not thousands
of children from starvation. Many,
many more have been lifted out of
poverty. Some have even gone on to
Be leaders in their community."

The ladies are enthralled and beam smiles. Satisfied, they
pick up their knitting and chatting where they left off
—ignoring Stanley.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Please take another look at these
precious children.

Stanley sifts through the photos on the table and without
looking up, flashes each one toward the ladies who are too
consumed in their knitting to pay attention.

Exasperated, Stanley steps in to interrupt. He pushes the
photos directly into their hands. Each drop their knitting.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
(beat)
Well... What do you think?
Can't we do better, Ladies?
Look at these poor children!

Annie, not able to bear the sight, hands the photograph to
Ruth and picks up knitting.

Ruth looks sadly at the two photographs in her hand. Passes
one of them to Gayle.

Gayle brings photos up closer to her eyes and shakes her
head.

GAYLE
It's so sad.

Ruth turns over the photograph and looks inquisitively at a trademarked imprint on the back of the photo, "MYSTOCK TM"

Stanley catches Ruth's inquisitiveness. He nervously gathers up the photos from all the women.

STANLEY

Now, can we all do better?

Annie holds up her knitting - a pair of BOOTIES.

ANNIE

I really need to get these booties done before the holidays, Stanley.

MEREDITH

Oh, those are so cute!
Looks at those, Ruth. Aren't they adorable!?

Ruth and Gayle look, nod and smile.

Stanley shakes the photos at them and points emphatically to the wrapped basket on the table.

STANLEY

Get your points in ladies and you'll earn the bonus package and save the children!...for the Holidays!

COMPUTER SCREEN AT THE CALL DESK: NAMES AND NUMBERS SCROLL
CURSOR FREEZES AND BLINKS ON A NAME "CALL IN PROGRESS"

RUTH (O.S.)

I still have mine from the last rush.
And look....

Ruth pulls her knitting out from her bag and holds it up.

MEREDITH

Is that a shawl?

RUTH

Bed throw.

GAYLE

I love the mix of Moss with the Ribbing! And your Seed Stitch is so perfect!

MEREDITH

You have a long way to go. I don't think you have enough yarn to finish, Ruth.

Without looking up, Annie adds...

ANNIE
Oh, sure she does!

RUTH
I hope it's enough. It was the last
skein they had in this color.
I looked all over the store! And
even went to Misty's Weave.

GAYLE
I'm surprised! Misty usually has
everything!

Stanley annoyed. He anxiously looks back and forth from
computer screen to the knitters talking about yarn.

ANNIE
That's beautiful, Ruth.

STANLEY
Okay. Okay. Very nice, ladies.
But let's not forget our obligation
to the WCCF. Now, I have here a new
call script.

Stanley produces copies of SCRIPTS laminated in plastic and
hands them out.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
This one just approved by the Board
and I think it will have a big impact
on how many donations each of you
can bring in every day.

The ladies smile at each other.

12 INT. RUTH'S HOME

SUPER "SIX MONTHS EARLIER"

Ruth sits in an over-stuffed chair.

Her knitting flows out from a bag perched on an ottoman.

On the side table a copy of CHARLES CUMMING'S, THE TRINITY
SIX turned open on top of several other spy and mystery
novels.

Ruth reads through a list of names in the OBITUARY section
of a NEWSPAPER.

Hoagy lies half asleep on the floor. One eyed closed, the
other on Ruth.

Ruth's eyes move across the page to a small sidebar ad.

DO YOU ENJOY KNITTING? WHY NOT JOIN A KNITTING CLUB? YOU CAN HELP CHILDREN WORLDWIDE WHILE YOU ENJOY KNITTING WITH OTHER KNITTERS JUST LIKE YOU! HELP THE CHILDREN BY RAISING FUNDS FOR NEEDY CHILDREN WORLD WIDE. WIN PRIZES! CALL TODAY: (202)439-9999 --

Ruth ponders, wonders... she takes a cell phone out from the side pocket of a frumpy, flowered dress and fumbles to dial one number at a time, looking back at the ad to gather each number.

2-0-2-4....3-9...9-9-9-9.

13 INT. RUTH'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Standing at a counter, Ruth carefully spreads mustard on a slice of bread, then layers sliced turkey breast with precision. She pauses, glances down at Hoagy lying on a cot on the floor licking his backside.

RUTH
Please stop that. I just don't know
who you are anymore. You haven't
been the same since Cleveland passed.
(long pause)
Stop licking yourself. You'll never
heal!

She finishes wrapping the sandwich and slips it into a BROWN LUNCH BAG, a wistful look crosses her face.

POOCH licking his backside.

RUTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know it's a loss.

Ruth looks down at Hoagy still licking.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I miss him too.

Ruth continues. She wraps CUT CELERY STICKS in cellophane and slips them into the brown lunch bag

14 INT. RUTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

We wander into the living room for a view...

A carpeted room filled with memories: A PICTURE OF CLEVELAND rests on a fireplace mantle next to a URN. Overstuffed cozy winged chairs and sofa, coffee table, an older large wooden TV console.

We scan past a PLAQUE on the wall.

"THE WAY TO RIGHT WRONGS IS TO TURN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH UPON THEM."- IDA B. WELLS

A mahogany framed GLASS GUN CABINET stands in a corner.

Inside, an antique collection of handguns is artfully arranged. A COLT SINGLE ACTION ARMY with an ivory grip rests alongside a SMITH & WESSON SCHOFIELD, and a pair of finely engraved DUELING PISTOLS sit in a velvet-lined case.

Ruth enters the room with Hoagy prancing behind her.

She picks up the knitting bag from a chair and carries it into a front hall where she slips on a coat.

Hoagy watches her every move and follows her into the hall.

RUTH
(sympathetically)
Don't look at me like that. You had
a treat, and no, you can't come with
me today.

Hoagy licks his back side.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Stop that, please.

15 EXT. RUTH'S HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ruth steps out the front door. Locks it behind her.

Walking down the sidewalk, she stops at a newspaper box, drops in coins and walks away with a paper.

16 EXT. WHITAMORE'S HOME (ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA) - DAY

A red brick colonial style home with a nice garden out front and English Ivy crawling up the side, situated on a tree-lined street of near identical homes.

JIM (V.O.)
My wife is about to have a child.
I just can't talk right now, and we
need to get to the hospital.

RUTH (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

17 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Jim on the phone nervously watches Ruby in labor standing patiently in the foyer.

JIM
It's not that I don't want--

RUTH (V.O.)
So a small donation would be okay?

INTERCUT WITH

18 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - SAME

Ruth sits at the Call Desk watching screen intently.

RUTH
Oh! Oh my!
(pause)
What was that!?
(pause)
Is she okay?

Stanley's hovering nearby raises his hand 'slices his neck', signaling Ruth to end the call.

RUTH (CONT'D)
What hospital? I see you are in
Alexandria. My nephew is very close
by if you need a ride.

BACK TO SCENE

Ruby waits anxiously in the foyer at the front door.

WATER BREAKS!

RUBY
Honey!

BACK TO SCENE

Stanley's jaw drops! He reaches over and snatches the headset off of Ruth.

MONITOR SCREEN "CALL DISCONNECTED.

STANLEY
(agitated)
What was that?

RUTH
His wife is having a baby. Just
now!

Meredith, Gayle, and Annie look at each other with great concern.

MEREDITH
Oh, isn't that wonderful. Is it going
to be a boy or girl?

RUTH
I don't think they know.

ANNIE
(not hearing) What is it?

MEREDITH
She's having a baby?

ANNIE
What?

GAYLE
(loud)
A baby! She's having a baby.

ANNIE
Ruth, honey. No! You're too old!

GAYLE
No, dear.

STANLEY
(frustrated)
Stop it! Stop it! Ladies!

Meredith looks at Stanley with contempt.

MEREDITH
(to Ruth)
So who's having the baby?

RUTH
The Whitamore's.

STANLEY
Ladies. Ladies! Please! Please, pay
attention. What did we just learn
here?

MEREDITH
How much did they pledge, Ruth?

STANLEY
(interrupting)
Nothing! There was no pledge!
Zilch! The call failed!

RUTH
No, you cut the line.

STANLEY

That's what I mean. The call failed.
You didn't get a donation, Ruth.

RUTH

Mr. Whitamore's wife was having a
baby.

STANLEY

A likely story. He was probably just
making it up to get off the phone
with you.

RUTH

Oh, I don't think so.

ANNIE

What was that?

MEREDITH

(loud)

The caller's wife was having a baby!

STANLEY

Ruth! He was trying to get off the
phone with you. Why? Because you
weren't following the script!

19 EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY (ALEXANDRIA)- DAY

Jim pulls up suddenly in a car at the Emergency entrance.
Helps Ruby out of car.

NURSE and ORDERLY bring up a WHEEL CHAIR.

They rush Ruby into the Hospital.

20 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Ruby is rolled down a hallway. Jim runs along side.

JIM

You should have heard her, Ruby. She
was so concerned about getting you
to the hospital. She even offered to
have her nephew get us here.

RUBY

Please. Not now, Jim.

(straining)

That's all you been talking about
Since leaving the house. Sorry. I --

Ruby MOANS in labor pain.

21 INT. FBI - JENSEN'S OFFICE

Jensen, Válera and Julian sit around a small conference table.

JENSEN

I don't think Soldiers For Christ are involved. Well, if there's evidence that the co-conspirators are Hezbollah, then maybe so, but not Al-Qaeda. Too decentralized.

JULIAN

The only connection we have then so far between Soldiers For Christ and any other group -if there is another, is a mutual quest for a sovereign good over what they see as a world gone to Hell in a hand basket.

JENSEN

Yep, that pretty much sums it up,

VÁLERA

It sounds like they both share the common notion of being selected by their special gods to carry out a crusade of what they see as entrenched secular evil.

JENSEN

They taught you all that at Liberty?

Válera laughs.

VÁLERA

Hardly! Madison.

JULIAN

So where do we stand?

JENSEN

Let Jim Whitamore do his squirrel work. If he comes up with anything significant we'll step in. But don't either of you offer any help. We maintain arms-length involvement only. Válera, can you give heads up to the Section Chief?

VÁLERA

Will do.

JENSEN

Julian.

(MORE)

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Check with our point person at
Intelligence and see if they don't
have any intelligence.

JULIAN
Now, that's an oxymoron.

VÁLERA
Right!?

22 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MONTH LATER

Ruby breast feeds LIZZY (infant).

Jim sits at a nearby desk typing on a computer.

Ruby holds Lizzy up and pats her back. Lizzy BURPS UP milk.

Jim sees it, picks up a TOWEL off a service table, hands it
to Ruby, and returns to the computer.

JIM
Remember the phone call when you
went into labor?

RUBY
Oh, yeah. I thought, what the Hell?
I'm in labor and my husband is trying
to explain that some marketer --

JIM
I think she said her name was Ruth.
She said, Grandma Ruth.

Ruby cuddles Lizzy.

RUBY
Grandma Ruth. She must have been
convincing if you're still working
on that.

JIM
Not necessarily her but the Fund she
mentioned. I keep thinking I read
something about that group.

RUBY
Probably some scam.

JIM
I'm sure she was reading from a
script, but still.

RUBY
I think they all do that.

JIM
But it was after I told her that you
were having a baby, her whole tone
changed.

RUBY
That was sweet of her.

Jim watches Ruby breast feed Lizzy.

JIM
I mean, how easy it would be --

RUBY
There you go with your evil under
every stone curiosity.

JIM
I guess, I really just want to get
back to her and let her know
everything turned out okay. She was
so caring.

RUBY
Aww! That's why I married you!

Ruby stands and hands Lizzy off to Jim.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Hold her for a minute, Hun. I got to
get this cleaned off before a stain
sets in.

Lizzy burps milk on Jim's shirt.

23 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

DARIUS (27), tall, dark skin, and a faint beard on a cell
phone, pacing the floor.

KAZIZ (20's) heavy set, chubby cheeks, peers over half-framed
glasses at a computer screen of ZOMBIES ATTACK, a first-person
shooter game.

Both men occasionally look up at the CCTV Monitors.

CCTV #2 - INTERIOR HALLWAY - VACANT CCTV #1 - FRONT OFFICE -
THE FOUR LADIES AND STANLEY

INTERCUT WITH

24 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - SAME

Meredith is at the Call Desk wearing a headset and staring at the screen. Stanley paces behind her coaching. Annie, Gayle, and Ruth sit knitting, talking among selves. Hoagy lies asleep on a knitted blanket inside a wicker basket at Ruth's feet.

BACK TO SCENE

Stanley rushes in through the door throwing his hands up in the air.

Darius, on phone, silently motions Stanley to calm down. He points to a sofa, gesturing him to sit down and chill.

Stanley takes a seat. He looks up at the monitor. Sees women knitting. He puts his head in his hands and stares at the floor. Darius argues on phone.

DARIUS (in Hausa)
Yes, yes, yes, Hopefully today.
(listens)
Me too!

Darius looks over to Kaziz, then to Stanley.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Who picked this guy!? He's worthless!

Kaziz curses computer screen (in Hausa) as he plays Zombies Attack.

Darius ends the call. Picks up a sheet of paper and hands it to Stanley.

Stanley takes a long look at the sheet.

STANLEY
Who was that on the phone?

DARIUS
What's the hang-up?

STANLEY
(contemplative pause)
Yeah, I know. Numbers are down.

DARIUS
Down? Understatement, Stanley. We're over 50k short this week. And that means Buck is only going to get \$15k.

That's less than half of what we promised his ROI. How many women do you have working the phones?

Stanley points to the CCTV #1 on the wall.

STANLEY

Phones?! I see one call desk. Look there! One phone! I keep telling you. We got to scale up. We need another call desk if you want more donations.

KAZIZ

How many knitters do you have now?

STANLEY

Are you blind!? Look! Does it matter? There's only one call station.

Darius delivers a long hard stare at Stanley.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

There were others. They quit.

25 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - SAME

Ruth looks up from knitting, hearing argument coming from the Back Boiler Room. She puts down the knitting and approaches a slightly cracked Back Boiler Room door and peeks inside and listens.

STANLEY (V.O.)

Damn it! They are volunteers! What do you expect? You want those old bags here every single day?

DARIUS (V.O.)

That's your job! If that's what it takes, or get more of them. You find a way to bring in the cash. That's the only reason you're here!

Ruth's otherwise calm expression turns to alarm at what she hears.

Meredith comes up from behind, STARTLES Ruth.

BACK TO SCENE

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Hey! Kaziz!

KAZIZ

What!?

DARIUS
Did you order another unit?

STANLEY
Speak English! God damn it!

KAZIZ (in Hausa)
Yeah, Alibaba!

Stanley stands and goes to look over Kaziz's shoulder and confronts him.

STANLEY
Did you order another call desk?
(to Darius)
Is this what he does all day! Cheap
goon. Instead of helping me out he
plays that stupid game. Idiot!

Kaziz doesn't look up and continues his play.

KAZIZ (in Hausa)
Tell this asshole to get away from
me or I'm going to lay him out!

DARIUS
I don't suppose he likes what you're
saying about him. Besides, he's nephew
to Ahmed-Umar

STANLEY
And who the Hell is that? What the
hell does Ahma-Ama-whatever has to
do with any of this operation?

DARIUS
Who do you think is financing this
gig? Seventy-five percent of the
take goes to him. Out of that, and
Bucks cut, we get paid.

Stanley shoots Darius a contemptuous look.

STANLEY
What? No way! We agreed this is
supposed to be a 50:50 split with
Buck and that Christian Camp outfit.

If that's what's going down, working with some Arabs, I'm
out of here!

DARIUS
Ahma isn't Arab. He's Yemeni. And no
one's out of here until the last
(MORE)

DARIUS (CONT'D)
 arms are shipped, and that means
 when we get enough dough to buy em!
 Now shut up, and get back out there
 and get those old bags on the phones.

26 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - SAME

Ruth and Meredith, chilled to the bones, stare at each other
 and shudder with every word heard.

KAZIZ (V.O.)
 Hey, idiot! Ahmed is smart. Very
 smart. He's a very smart man! I like
 smart men.

STANLEY (V.O.)
 So the idiot does know English! That's
 a remarkable statement coming from
 an idiot.

DARIUS (V.O.)
 I've been observing. You know what I
 see? I see a handful of old women
 knitting. Talking about knitting,
 family, grand kids, their pets, their
 neighbors...Everything. Then when
 the call is engaged they flub it.

STANLEY (V.O.)
 Let me go out there and give them
 another pep talk

DARIUS (V.O.)
 You do that

Ruth, trembling, pulls away from the door and pushes Meredith
 back with her.

Meredith scrambles back to her seat.

Ruth takes a seat at the Call Desk. Hoagy runs up to her and
 jumps on her lap. She holds him tight.

Stanley enters.

27 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

Darius and Kaziz watch the monitor and the exchange goings
 on in the Front Office.

DARIUS
 What's going on?

KAZIZ

I don't know. You think I should
call Ahmed?

DARIUS

What! Are you nuts!

KAZIZ

We haven't brought in one donation
today. Ahmed needs to know!

Kaziz takes out a cell phone.

Darius snatches it.

DARIUS

Give me that you stupid idiot!

28 INT. RUTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TABLE LAMPS light up the living room.

The Weather Channel plays on TV, volume low.

Ruth sits in an over-stuffed chair reading a SPY NOVEL.

Hoagy at her feet.

TELEVISION

...RAIN IN THE MIDWEST FROM THE GREAT
LAKES INTO THE OHIO RIVER VALLEY..
FLOODING EXPECTED... COLORADO
REPORTING 18" OF SNOW COVER WITH ICY
SLIPPERY CONDITIONS ALL THE WAY ALONG
INTERSTATE 80 INTO WYOMING... AND
HERE AT HOME, EXPECT MORE RAIN
TOMORROW IN THE DC METRO AREA...

Ruth puts the book down and picks up TV remote and channel
surfs.

RUTH

(to Hoagy)

I suppose every organization as big
as that is has to have rules. Right?
But we might have to break some rules
to get to the truth. Right Hoagy?

Hoagy puts out a yelp.

RUTH (CONT'D)

That's right! Rules are made to be
broken.

The news continues and fades out as Ruth goes out to the kitchen.

TELEVISION
 ...AND TODAY THERE'S MORE NEWS OUT
 OF EASTERN REGION OF NIGERIA. BOKO-
 HARAM STORMED A VILLAGE IN BURUUMBA
 SEIZING ELEVEN YOUNG GIRLS AND SEVERAL
 YOUNG BOYS.

29 INT. RUTH'S HOME - KITCHEN

TELEVISION (V.O.)
 YES, THAT'S RIGHT JOHN. THEY ARE
 BELIEVED TO BE 7 TO 16 YEARS OLD. WE
 HAVE WITH US PHILIP BOGGINS OF WLLU
 ON THE LINE TO EXPLAIN MORE...

Ruth searches in refrigerator.

RUTH
 It's a shame. It's such a shame.
 Let's see. Last night we had liver.
 How about fish?

Hoagy licks his chops.

30 INT. RUTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ruth enters and stops at TV. Stares at it for a moment hearing more bad news.

She switches stations and lands on WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

CELL PHONE BUZZ

Ruth searches her dress pockets, her knitting bag, crevices in seat cushion. Finds it.

RUTH
 Hello?
 (listens)

JIM (V.O.)
 Hello. Is this Ruth?

RUTH
 Yes it is. Who is calling?

JIM (V.O.)
 This is Jim Whitamore.

RUTH
 Oh Mr. Whitamore!
 (MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)
(listens)
Well, tell me! Boy or girl?
(listens)
Marvelous!
And what is her name?

INTERCUT WITH

31 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - DINING ROOM

Jim on phone listens intently.

ON DINNER TABLE SPAGHETTI - WINE - BREAD - SALAD.

Ruby breast feeds Lizzy while eating spaghetti. NOODLES WHIP past Ruby's mouth as she sucks them in. Sauce splatters on Lizzy's face.

JIM
(to Ruth)
Her name is...Oh, hold on just a minute.

Jim grabs a napkin and wipes Lizzy clean.

JIM (CONT'D)
Elizabeth. Her name is Elizabeth.

RUTH (V.O.)
You know the kids will all call her Lizzy the Lizard.

Jim is taken back, looks at Ruby then to Lizzy who MORPHS INTO AN IGUANA and back again.

JIM
Uhh...Yes, I suppose so. I'm sorry to call you like this. You introduced yourself as Grandma Ruth? What's your real name?

RUTH (V.O.)
It's Ruth Polanski. No relation to Roman! Grandma Ruth is what our club calls me. There's Grandma Ann, Grandma Meredith, Grandma Gayle... There were more grandmothers too but they stopped showing up.

JIM
That's too bad. I apologize for calling you so late. Just wanted to talk to you a bit about your job.

BACK TO SCENE

RUTH
No, no. It's not late. Wheel of
Fortune just came on.

TELEVISION - WHEEL OF FORTUNE

JIM (V.O.)
Ruth, I'm an investigative journalist.

INTERCUT WITH

32 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - SAME

Jim looks at Ruby while listening to Ruth.

Ruby smiles and cocks her head doubtfully. As if to say
'almost an investigative journalist'.

JIM
(listens)
Actually, just starting out as an
investigative reporter at the Post.

Ruby affirms, nodding her head.

And I wanted to do a story about you and World Christian
Children Fund.

RUTH (V.O.)
You should probably talk to Mr.
McCormick. But I'm afraid that might
be impossible because there are strict
policies in place.

JIM
Like what?

Jim listens and takes notes on his laptop.

BACK TO SCENE

Ruth thumbs through a Handbook.

RUTH
(laughs)
There are well... quite a few. You
want me to tell you all of them?

JIM (V.O.)
No not just this moment. How did you
come to find out about the Fund?

RUTH
In the Post. It was in the Obituaries
section.

33 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - SAME

RUBY
Tell her how kind she was. Put her
on speaker.

Jim places the call on speaker.

JIM
You were so kind to us when you called
the other week. My wife and I wanted
to thank you personally for being so
concerned.

RUBY
Thank you so much, Ruth! You're so
kind. And Lizzy says hi.

BACK TO SCENE

Hoagy licks his back side.

RUTH
No!

Ruth reaches down to correct Hoagy's behavior.

34 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - SAME

Ruby turns to Jim with a confused look.

JIM
Sorry if we offended you Ruth.

RUTH (V.O.)
Just stop that! If you keep licking
back there I'm going have to put a
collar on you... Sorry Mr. Whitamore.

Ruby flashes a shocking, surprised look at what they just
heard.

JIM
(to Ruby)
She must have a pet.

RUBY
(discreetly to Jim)
I hope that's who she's talking to!
(to Ruth)
What's your pet's name?

RUTH (V.O.)
His name is Hoagy. And he's very
angry right now, and mischievous.

JIM
Ruby and I want to treat you to lunch
to show our appreciation of your
thoughtfulness. Would that be okay?
(listens)
Please, we insist.

Jim turns to Ruby for approval.

She nods, smiles, kisses Lizzy.

BACK TO SCENE

Ruth picks up Hoagy and places him on her lap.

RUTH
(listens)
Thursday will be fine.

35 EXT. WASHINGTON DC - SMALL BISTRO - DAY

A busy sidewalk cafe with outdoor sidewalk seating.

BARISTA (20) waits on YOUNG PROFESSIONALS standing in line
for an espresso.

Jim and Ruby sit at a table with glasses of iced tea.

Lizzy in a stroller. Jim rips open multiple packs of sugar
and stirs one at a time into the glass of tea.

RUBY
Some tea with your sugar, babe?
(pause)
Do you think she'll come?

JIM
I hope so. She's my only in to that
organization.

RUBY
It could be dangerous if it's what
you think it is.

JIM
Honey, we talked about this.

RUBY
I know we did. But if they are
involved in some sort of crime ring,
or maybe it's a sleeper cell!

JIM

If I can just get in there and get a few pics... some documents, maybe? The Grandmas are the only way in.

RUBY

Hey. How did the interview go with that State Department guy?

JIM

FBI, you mean.

RUBY

Same thing.

JIM

They're totally interested... I think. They said anything I uncover just to get back to them.

RUBY

That's not very helpful. It's all on you.

JIM

Yeah, I know.

RUBY

So what's the connection with the Knitting Club?

JIM

I'm not sure of any connection, even if there is one.

Jim pauses to give more thought to Ruby's question.

JIM (CONT'D)

(boldy)

That's what I'm investigating!

Ruby laughs.

Lizzy squirms.

She repositions Lizzy in the carriage.

Ruth strolls up from the sidewalk carrying a knitted pet carrier. Hoagy inside.

She stops and looks up at the cafe.

SIGN OVERHEAD - "THE CAREFUL CAFFEINE"

Ruby spots Ruth.

RUBY

Do you think that's her?

Jim turns to look. He smiles, stands to greet.

JIM

Ruth?

RUTH

Hello. How do you do?

JIM

Well, thank you. Ruth Polanski, this is my wife Ruby.

RUTH

Hello dear. I heard your voice on the phone.

(to Jim)

How did you recognize me?

Jim points to Hoagy in the carrier bag.

JIM

Dead giveaway.

Ruth laughs then notices Lizzy in the carriage.

RUTH

Ruby, is this her? -- How sweet!

Lizzy in carriage, squirms, emits a smile. Ruby bends down and rubs Lizzy's cheek.

JIM

Sit down, Ruth. How's your day going?

RUTH

Very well. We were at the vet this morning. Got there at 8 and sat waiting until 9:30. Nine-thirty!

RUBY

Something the matter with your friend?

RUTH

Maybe a little infection back there where he got snipped. He just licks himself raw.

JIM

He looks a little drowsy.

HOAGY - EYES HALF-MAST

RUTH

It's the medication. Makes him sleepy.
But keeps him from licking.

JIM

Ruth, sit down. Let's order a little
lunch before the business crowd fills
the place. Say, Ruth what can you
tell me about that charity you're
working at?

Ruth looks over a SHORT MENU of sandwiches and drinks.

RUTH

Well, I'm just a volunteer there.

JIM

Yes, you did say that. What do you
do there?

RUTH

Well, you know it's a knitting club
and we all meet there to knit, and
between the knits and purls we each
give a little of our time to raise
money.

WAITER (20's) approaches the table.

WAITER

Excuse me.

RUTH

(whispers)

But not too much, otherwise we
wouldn't have enough time to talk
and knit!

Ruby and Jim look at each other. They are charmed.

WAITER

Have you made a decision yet?

RUBY

I'll take the BLT on rye if you have
it, and with plenty of mustard. Not
the yellow kind.

WAITER

Gotcha, (to Jim and Ruth) Ready?

JIM
I'll have the same. How about you
Ruth?

RUTH
I haven't a chance to look. Let me
see.

(pause)
Hmmm. What soup do you have?

WAITER
Broccoli and cheese.

RUBY
Say, that sounds good. I'll have
that instead with toast... rye.

RUTH
Yes, it does. Me too, please!

Waiter jots down order and walks off.

JIM
How many knitters are you?

RUTH
Well, let's see. There is Charlene
and her sister Charlotte, but they
won't stay. Too nervous. Then there's
Meredith, Annie and Gayle, and, and,
well, that's it! Just the four of us
now. Oh, and Meredith.

Did I mention her?

(recounting)
Annie, Gayle, Meredith, and myself.

We're the regulars.

JIM
Just the four of you.

RUTH
And Charlene and Charlotte, if they
show.

Jim takes out a notepad and jots down the names. He looks up
at Ruth. She looks back at Jim inquisitively.

JIM
Sorry, if I don't jot this down I'll
totally forget.

RUBY
He will too!

JIM
What's Stanley's last name.

RUTH
McCormick. I mentioned him to you on
the phone the other day. Remember?

Ruby gives Jim a 'get-on-the-ball-babe' look.

JIM
Oh yes, of course. Sorry. Any one
else?

RUTH
There's a couple fellows in the back
room. Never seen them, but they're
not nice men!

JIM
No? Why's that?

RUTH
For one they called us old bags, and
secondly I think they're up to no
good. Running a side hustle is my
thinking.

Ruby surprised at Ruth's choice of words.

JIM
Like what?

RUTH
I don't know for sure but they're up
to something. They're foreigners you
know.

JIM
I see. Say, do you think there's a
chance I could go with you some day?

RUTH
You mean to the Knitting Club?
(laughs)
I'm not sure if Mr. McCormick would
allow that. Policies, you know.

JIM
Policies?

RUTH
Yes, remember? I mention there was a
policy handbook.

Ruby gives Jim another disappointed and more persistent, 'get-on-the-ball-babe' look.

Ruth digs in her bag and produces the policy handbook.

WAITER

Here we are: broccoli soups, and BLT
for the gentleman. Anything else?

(to Ruby)

Something to drink, Ma'am?

RUBY

Ice tea please.

Ruby hands the booklet to Jim.

JIM

More for me too.

RUTH

Just water for me.

JIM

Let me look at this after we eat.

The three start in on their meal. Ruby tempts Lizzy to try the soup. She won't have anything to do with it.

RUTH

(to Ruby)

May I?

RUBY

Sure, if you like.

Ruth dabs a small amount of soup on a spoon.

Lizzy squirms, gives it a try, then frowns, and shakes her head negatively.

RUTH

Awww...

RUBY

(to Jim)

She's your daughter, for sure.

36 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ruby leans up against Jim on the sofa with Lizzy asleep on her stomach.

She rubs Lizzy's belly as she watches Jim work. He pages through the policy handbook Ruth gave him.

The laptop rests on his lap.

JIM
Get a load of this one:
(reads)
NO OUTSIDE GUESTS ALLOWED. NO PERSONAL
CALLS. KNITTERS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN
THE BACK OFFICE UNDER ANY
CIRCUMSTANCES.

RUBY
Let me see.

She takes the Handbook from Jim and reads.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Well, you could always join the club
and go in old-lady-drag, Mrs.
Doubtfire.

Jim laughs.

JIM
I guess the only way in is to sneak
in. Hand me the newspaper, babe.

Jim pages through to the Obituary section and spots the ad.

He picks up his phone to make a call.

RUBY
You're calling them? Here, Mrs.
Doubtfire. Better I call. Give me
your phone.

Ruby puts in the number and turns speaker on.

SOUND OF PHONE RINGING

CELL PHONE (V.O.)
THANK YOU FOR CALLING THE KNITTING
CLUB!
(PAUSE)
YES, YOU CAN HELP CHILDREN WORLDWIDE
WHILE YOU ENJOY KNITTING WITH OTHER
KNITTERS JUST LIKE YOU. THE OFFICES
ARE NOW CLOSED. PLEASE CALL BACK
AGAIN BETWEEN 9 AND 3. THANK YOU.
AND GOD BLESS.

Ruby hangs up. Looks at a DIGITAL WALL CLOCK 8:59 A.M. She
waits on the second hand and tries again.

INTERCUT WITH

37 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

Stanley lifts up his ringing phone.

STANLEY

Hello, World Christian Children Fund.
How can you help a child today?

BACK TO SCENE

Ruby hands phone to Jim.

RUBY

Gotta have the lucky touch.

Jim feigns the voice of an elderly man.

JIM

Hello. I'm interested in joining the
knitters club.

Ruby is astounded and tries not to laugh.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hank Falcon.

Ruby mouths, Hank Falcon?

JIM (CONT'D)

(listens)

Yes, I guess I am a rarity. Not many
men know how to knit.

(listens)

Yes, I saw the ad in the post.

(listens)

Yes, as a matter of fact. My friend
Ruth Polanski told me all about the
Club.

(listens)

Many years. Her husband, Cleveland
was a very close friend of mine. I
stayed in touch with Ruth to make
sure she was doing alright after he
passed.

Ruby snickers.

BACK TO SCENE

Stanley leans against Kaziz's desk.

Kaziz stares at Stanley with contempt.

JIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Is there a fee?

Darius stands with arms folded, observes Stanley on the phone.

STANLEY
No fee Mr.Falcon. Just a little bit
of your time on the phone to solicit
donations for the Fund. It's an
important mission we're on and we
want people who want to help children
worldwide.
(listens)
Yes, that's all. I hope you don't
mind the company of ladies. We haven't
had any men join the Club before.

JIM (V.O.)
I won't mind that! My partner passed
away and I miss the companionship.

BACK TO SCENE

Ruby looks at Jim and feigns being heartfelt.

BACK TO SCENE

Stanley cups the phone.

STANLEY
(to Darius)
We might have our first gay person
join the Club.

KAZIZ
What!?

DARIUS
How do you know that?

STANLEY
He lost his partner that's code for
gay. Come on! Get with it.

JIM (V.O.)
When can I join in?

STANLEY
Come by tomorrow morning.

BACK TO SCENE

Jim cups phone and turns to Ruby.

JIM

I'm in!

Ruby shines a proud smile.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sounds good to me. I have my morning constitution, then I walk my dogs.

Jim motions to Ruby, 'watch this one'.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh, wait. Ruth tells me I might be able to win prizes if I bring in some donations?

BACK TO SCENE

Stanley takes on a pretense of effeminacy.

STANLEY

Yes there are prizes! Monthly, we give away skeins of yarn, knitting needles, pattern books... all sorts of goodies. So you can make sweaters, blankets, and booties for your grand kids, shawls... Stockings.

Darius and Kaziz cut up.

Kaziz swivels around and goes back to play another game of Zombies Attack on the computer.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

(listens)

We'll see you then!

Stanley ends the call.

DARIUS

Who was that?

STANLEY

Some old fart, Hank Falcon. He wants to join the Club.

DARIUS

(to Kaziz)

Hear that, Kaziz? Where are we with the other phone setup?

KAZIZ

It's ordered.

38 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - KITCHEN

Jim takes a seat at the kitchen table with Ruby and Lizzy.

RUBY
Jim, you're going through with this?

JIM
I'm joining the knitting club.

RUBY
What are you going to do? Wear a
disguise?

Ruby laughs.

Lizzy smiles.

JIM
I can look older.

RUBY
Okay, Boston Blackie, tell me how's
that going to fly? Ruth is probably
in her 70's or 80's and so are the
others for sure.

JIM
Hold on.

Jim exits kitchen and returns multiple times through the
doorway dressed up differently each time as an old man.

Each time Ruby laughs more and more to the point of hysteria.

His last disguise is the stereotypical dime store hair piece,
black plastic nose with attached mustache and spectacles.

RUBY
(laughing)
I'm sorry honey. It's not going to
work.

Jim ponders a moment then calls out.

JIM
Dad! Dad!

RUBY
Lyle!

JIM
Dad, come in here.

ENTER Lyle sporting a marine blue and white track suit of his favorite team, the Miami Dolphins.

In his hand, a matching coffee mug.

Lyle bends over and kisses Lizzy.

LYLE
How's my Lizzy lizard!

Jim frowns, then turns to see Lizzy MORPH into an iguana.

Lyle pinches her cheek.

JIM
Hey dad, sit down here for a bit.

LYLE
What's the disguise for?

JIM
Just fooling round.

Jim removes disguise.

LYLE
Masquerade party?

RUBY
Did you already have breakfast?

Lyle pours himself another cup of coffee at the counter.

LYLE
Oh yeah, yeah. Got up about 5 this morning. Actually, three. Laid there till 5.

JIM
You mind helping me out on a project?

LYLE
Depends on what it is.

JIM
Nothing too much. I just want you to join a knitting club.

Lyle turns back and leans against the counter, mouth gaping with a surprised look. He balks at the question. Chuckles.

LYLE
A knitting club?

INTERCUT WITH

39 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE

A muted scene of Annie, Ruth, Meredith, and Gayle. They Sit on the folding chairs arranged in a semicircle at the edge of the LARGE AREA RUG. The ladies knit and chat.

The call desk sits empty.

The prize basket of yarn and needles stationed by itself in the center of the banquet table.

LYLE (V.O.)

(laughing)

A knitting club? Where you knit?

JIM (V.O.)

Yeah, you know, like Ryan Gosling or David Arquette.

LYLE (V.O.)

What am I not hearing here?

BACK TO SCENE

Lizzy fusses.

Ruby undoes her blouse and breast feeds her.

RUBY

I think Jim wants you do some spy work for him.

Lyle looks back and forth between Ruby and Jim. He laughs.

LYLE

That's funny!

JIM

It could help me break a story.

LYLE

(long pause)

Okay, only maybe son. What are you working on?

JIM

I think there's a charity scam possibly funding a terrorist group.

RUBY

That's what I told Jim.

LYLE
(skeptical)
A terrorist group?

JIM
They're called Soldiers For Christ.

Lyle goes back to the counter and tops off a cup of coffee.

LYLE
I know about them? Some rag-tag
patriot outfit in Tennessee or
Louisiana. Some backwater place like
that.

JIM
How do you know about them?

LYLE
(flatly)
The news.

JIM
Well, I think they're tied in with a
religious extremist group overseas.

LYLE
Good! They should make great
bedfellows.

JIM
But there's another part to it.

They're duping old ladies making them think they're raising
money for kids.

LYLE
(brushing it off)
Well aint that appropriate! Fuckin'
assholes.

RUBY
Come on, Lyle. You promised you
wouldn't swear around Lizzy.

JIM
Yes? So you'll help me out a little
on this? It's real important that I
get this story.

LYLE
Which is it then, really? You want
me to join a knitting club or Soldiers
For Christ?

Jim gives Lyle an exasperated look.

JIM
Yes, maybe both?

LYLE
Pick one.

JIM
The knitting club.

LYLE
Let me think about it.

Lyle, shakes his head, laughs and takes a seat at the table next to Lizzy. He tickles her.

LYLE (CONT'D)
I don't know the first thing about knitting.

RUBY
There's nothing to it. It's knit one, purl two, knit one, purl two.

Simple.

LYLE
Name one real guy you know who knits.

Jim thinks hard then lands on Lyle's favorite team coffee mug.

JIM
Okay. Mike Rivera of the Florida Dolphins knits.

LYLE
Miami Dolphins' Rivera? Right!
And he knits? Really?

RUBY
(to Jim)
Honey. He actually crochets.

LYLE
That's right he actually... crochets?

JIM
There you go. He crochets! Same thing!

RUBY
It's not the same thing.

JIM
Yes it is.

LYLE
No, it's not.

RUBY
Tom Hanks knits! So does George Lucas.
Rosie Grier.

LYLE
Rosie?

JIM
Yeah, Rosie Grier! See dad. You can
do this.

LYLE
(bewildered)
Who knew.

JIM
Well?

RUBY
I can teach you. It's easy, Lyle.

LYLE
Okay. Shit.

After a sharp look from Ruby.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Alright. Why not. I'm retired.
Something new to do. A new skill!
Might be fun. Might even meet some
hot dame!

RUBY
Stay right here. I got some yarn and
needles upstairs.

LYLE
Here we go!

Ruby hands Lizzy to Lyle, buttons her blouse and exits the
kitchen

40 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The ladies as they were, but now all with script in hand.

STANLEY
I'll give you all a minute to look
it over then we'll give it a try.
(long pause)
Who wants to go first?

Annie, absorbed, searches for something in her knitting bag. She pulls a small skein of yarn and studies the fibers up close.

RUTH
I'm happy to read, Stanley.

STANLEY
Okay but remember, we don't read
from the script. We speak to the
caller. Make it sound sincere. A
natural conversation. Let's give it
a try. Come on over here and let's
answer the calls!

Ruth tucks her knitting away and walks up to the Call Desk and sits in front of the computer screen. She puts on the headset.

MONITOR SCREEN "PICK UP IN 10 SECONDS - ATTENTION YOUR DEVICE
IS MUTED"

Ruth sees the alert and pushes an audio switch on.

MONITOR SCREEN "MICROPHONE ON"

Stanley waits impatiently watching Ruth get comfortable in her seat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Caller connected, Ruth! Let's hear
it. Quiet, ladies... Gayle, Annie,
Meredith, listen now.

MONITOR SCREEN "CALL DISCONNECTED."

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Too slow, Ruth.

Ruth reacts nervously to Stanley's reprimand. Her eyes shift from him to the Script, to the computer screen and back again.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
You have to be ready, Ruth. Look at
your monitor, Here comes another.
Look! Look!

Stanley stands next to Ruth and points at the screen.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Look! It's from Louisville...

MONITOR SCREEN "JONAS & MARY RANDY, LOUISVILLE, KY."

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
THIS IS THE RANDY RESIDENCE. PLEASE
LEAVE YOUR NAME AND PHONE NUMBER"

Ruth, flustered, looks all over the screen.

STANLEY
What are you doing?

RUTH
Where do I hang up?

STANLEY
Ruth, we've been over this before.
It's AU-TO-MAT-TIC! The computer
manages the calls.

Gayle turns to Meredith.

GAYLE
Isn't that nice?

MONITOR SCREEN "CALL DISCONNECTED — PICK UP IN 10 SECS."

STANLEY
Here comes another!
Ruth, ready?

Meredith, Gayle and Annie put their knitting down, rise and huddle around Ruth.

Soft whispering among themselves.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Shhh! Ladies. Listen now.

Ruth reads from script.

The ladies watch with intent.

MONITOR SCREEN "JENNIFER STROUT, SKANEATELES, NY"

RUTH
Hello, this is Grandma Ruth from
World Christian Children Fund. May I
ask for a moment of your time. I
know you're busy.

CLICK!

Ruth is oblivious.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I'll be brief.

Stanley rolls his eyes, shakes his head and watches Ruth.

RUTH (CONT'D)
You're very kind. Can you give me
just a minute of your time? Will
that be okay?"

Ruth examines her finger nails as she waits for a response.

A few seconds fly by and she glances up at computer screen.

MONITOR SCREEN "CALL DISCONNECTED.

Ruth throws an apologetic look to Stanley and then takes in the sympathetic looks from the other ladies.

41 EXT. FARM WAREHOUSE - LOUISIANA (BAYOU COUNTRY) - DAY

Behind a white, weathered farm house off a graveled, county road, near a levee, a steel WAREHOUSE BUILDING sits off to the side.

BUCK CALLAHAN (30+), a 'country boy', wearing dungarees and work boots exits the farm house talking on a cell phone, and heads to the warehouse.

DARIUS (V.O.)
I just told you. It'll be today.
(pause)
What's the problem?

Buck enters the warehouse.

42 INT. FARM WAREHOUSE

TWO MEN at a long work bench pack small crates with ASSAULT RIFLES and MUNITION CLIPS.

BUCK
The problem is that y'all told us
that yesterday.

DARIUS (V.O.)
Slight glitch in operations.

BUCK
So when and how much we lookin' at?

INTERCUT WITH

43 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK OFFICE

Darius looks over Kaziz's shoulder at the computer.

DARIUS
(to Kaziz)
Print that screen.
(to Buck)
Looks like about 27k.

BUCK (V.O.)
What! Three days ago we was talkin'
closer to 40.

DARIUS
Donations are way down. Anyway, that's
the split. Two to one.

BUCK (V.O.)
Hell no, it aint! We agreed 50:50.
You tellin' me that your side is
takin' 18 of that?

DARIUS
That's right.

BUCK (V.O.)
Y'all went and promised a minimum of
35k every week. Now you go and tell
me we're goin' be shafted out of
over eleven grand!?

ENTERS Stanley. He goes to a steel cabinet and pulls out a
GIFT BASKET.

STANLEY
One of the old gals just won the
prize!

KAZIZ
Whooppee!

Stanley grabs the basket and exits to the front office.

CCTV MONITOR #1 - FRONT OFFICE STANLEY ENTERS WITH GIFT
BASKET. LADIES ALL EXCITED.

DARIUS
(to Buck)
You know man. I don't have any control
over the take. I'm just facilitating
the transaction between you guys and
Ahmed.

BUCK (V.O.)
Y'all fuckin' with us.

DARIUS
(to Buck)
I gotta go. Look for the transfer
tomorrow.

Darius ends the call.

BACK TO SCENE

BUCK'S CELL PHONE SCREEN - "CALL ENDED"

BUCK
Fuckin' god damn immigrants!

Buck walks to rear of warehouse. KENNY SHILTS (23), tall,
thin, blonde with small goatee stands at a 3D PRINTER.

He watches the last of a GHOST GUN being printed.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Is that ready yet?

KENNY
Just about. This is the last pass.

The two wait patiently watching the gun come to life.

BEEP!

THE LID OVER THE BUILD PLATFORM SLOWLY OPENS.

Kenny with a big smile hands the gun over to Buck.

KENNY (CONT'D)
There it is. Fully functional.

BUCK
Get me some shells.

Kenny reaches below the platform and produces a box of 45
caliber shells.

Buck loads the clip and jams it into the gun. It snags a
bit. He looks at Kenny disappointed.

KENNY
Don't worry,

44 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Buck exits out of the warehouse.

A ROUND TARGET riddled with bullet holes hangs on tree at a good distance.

Buck aims the handgun.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

TARGET - LIGHT BILLOWS OF SMOKE EMERGE FROM THE NEW HOLES.

Buck rapidly fires off the remaining shells.

TARGET DROPS OFF THE TREE.

45 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

CCTV MONITOR #2 - INTERIOR HALLWAY - Lyle at front door carrying a bag with knitting needles and yarn half-way falling out.

LYLE wears HEAVY FRAMED GLASSES and sports a FEDORA. Green polyester slacks. He straightens his clothes. Adjusts the glasses on his face. Smooths out an ascot tied around his neck. Rings a doorbell.

BUZZ!

Kaziz looks up at the CCTV monitor

KAZIZ
(in Hausa)
Some dude at the door.

BUZZ!

BUZZ!

ENTER Stanley with a proud look of accomplishment.

Darius fixed on the CCTV monitor watching Lyle at the front door.

DARIUS
Who's that at the door?

Stanley looks up at the monitor.

STANLEY
That's probably the old guy who called.

KAZIZ
That's the guy? What kind of man
knits?

DARIUS
A faggot man.

Darius and Kaziz laugh.

STANLEY
What's so funny? The way this guy
talks on the phone... Man! I'll bet
you both, two to one, he'll be
bringing in more than any of the old
bags. Think about it. Women at home
alone and a man with a nice soft
voice calls them from World Christian
Children Fund.

Darius and Kaziz look at each other and smile.

KAZIZ
Faggot for sure.

CCTV MONITOR - LYLE, IMPATIENT, RINGS AGAIN.

BUZZZZZ!

DARIUS
(to Stanley)
You going let him in?

STANLEY
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Hold your horses.

46 INT. OFFICE SPACE - OUTSIDE HALLWAY

Lyle stands facing the door, sees the door knob turn and
door open.

Stanley faces him, studies Lyle up and down, sizes him up.

STANLEY
You must be Hank. Welcome.

Lyle glances beyond Stanley's imposing figure and sees
Meredith, Annie, and Ruth sitting close to each other
knitting. Gayle at a call desk talking to a donor on the
line.

CHARLENE and CHARLOTTE, twins, in their 70's look the same,
and dress the same, sit at two NEW CALL DESKS.

Lyle extends a hardy handshake to Stanley.

LYLE

Hank Falcon. Nice to meet you.

Lyle fishes in a knitting bag for a folded-over newspaper.

He shows it to Stanley, pointing to the advertisement.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I called about the World Christian
Children Fund and a knitting circle.

STANLEY

The Knitting Club. Yes, yes. You've
got the right place. I did mention
that the Club is mainly women?

47 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE

Inside, Lyle surveys the room again. He taps a SPOT ON THE
ARM OF THE GLASSES, while pretending to adjust the frame.

PHOTO - CHARLENE AND CHARLOTTE

He turns, smiles at Stanley. Adjusts his glasses again.

PHOTO - STANLEY

LYLE

So. Here we are.

STANLEY

The ladies at the call desks are
taking donations. You'll get a chance
too after training.

Lyle turns and sees a CCTV CAMERA mounted on the ceiling.

PHOTO - CCTV CAMERA

Lyle points to the camera.

LYLE

Say, why the camera?

STANLEY

Training purposes. It's our feedback
loop to the ladies. Never hurts to
look back and see how we perform in
real time.

LYLE

People actually call in?

STANLEY

(pause)

We actually call them. No inbound calls allowed. It's all automated.

LYLE

Like robo-calls?

STANLEY

Exactly.

Stanley walks Lyle to the knitting semicircle. Each knitter nods and greets Lyle as he is introduced by Stanley.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

This is Annie and Meredith. They'll be up next. And this is Ruth. From what you told me, I guess you two know each other.

Ruth casts a look of trying to retrieve a memory of meeting Lyle.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Over there at the call desks are Charlene and Charlotte. Our new grandmothers!

LYLE

Ruth. Pleasure to meet you.

STANLEY

Don't worry, Hank. You'll get thoroughly trained before I put you on the phones. And when you're not taking calls, you can knit!

LYLE

Ha, yes. Tell me how this works? I've got my knitting stuff here. Do I just sit down and start knitting?

STANLEY

Yes, but you'll need to get a little training on the phone. Have you done charity work before?

LYLE

Can't say I have. Well, not directly.

STANLEY

Main thing we're looking for are donations.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

All the actual charitable work takes place outside this office: Sudan, Chad, Guatemala, Somalia, Mexico, Palestine... Ukraine... the list goes on and on. We are truly global!

LYLE

I see.

STANLEY

But, it's a bit late in the day for training. Ruth usually does it. Why not take a seat here.

(to Meredith and Annie)

You ladies mind?

Meredith and Annie look up. Annie lowers her glasses to get a better look.

MEREDITH / ANNIE (in unison)

(gushing)

Not at all / Yes please.

STANLEY

Sit here. Get to know the ladies in the Club. And make yourself at home! There's coffee over there. And the ladies usually bring some cake or cookies. Not sure what they brought today.

LYLE

Alright! Hello ladies.

Lyle pulls up a folding chair.

STANLEY

Ladies, this is Hank Falcon. He's interested in joining your Club!

LYLE

Hello. Okay if I sit here then?

ANNIE

Well, yes. Let me move my things.

Annie takes her bag off the chair and looks for a place on the floor. Meanwhile, Lyle takes a seat next to Ruth.

LYLE

(to Ruth)

Why is it women always put their bags and purses on a chair?

RUTH
Floors are not very clean.

LYLE
It's not as if you're eating off of
it.

Stanley exits to Back Office.

CLOCK ON WALL - 2:00 PM

Lyle being taught to knit. Ladies help and observe.

TIME GOES ON
2:50 - 3:30 - 4:15 - 5:00

ENTERS Stanley from back office.

STANLEY
Time to go home, ladies...and man!

The knitters pack it up.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Before you all go. I want to share
some numbers with all of you.

Stanley walks over to the White Board observing the list of
knitters and their points, and number of calls. He reads
from a sheet of paper and changes the counts on the board.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
With the help of Charlene and
Charlotte, we brought in a total of
105 donations. Not bad!
That's about 1 out of every 3 calls.
Much better than last week!

LYLE
How much money did the Fund make?

Lyle taps the temple on his glasses.

PHOTO - SCORE CARD ON BLACKBOARD

STANLEY
So tomorrow can I have a couple
volunteers for Bright-Eyes Mornings?

MEREDITH
(to Lyle)
Stanley never says how much.

GAYLE
I can do Bright-Eyes Morning!

ANNIE
What did he say?

Annie looks at everyone else to pick up on clues of what's being said.

RUTH
Why yes! We all want to know.

ANNIE
What?

STANLEY
Read your Handbook!

GAYLE
(aside to Lyle)
It's against policy.

Stanley takes a Handbook off the table, hands it to Lyle.

STANLEY
Before you go. Take this. It's our policy manual. All the policies are in there.

Lyle flutters the pages.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Headquarters wants everyone to be on the same page so there's no miscommunication.

LYLE
I was just curious, how much.

STANLEY
Thank you ladies. Hank, I hope we didn't scare you off.

LYLE
(laughs)

48 EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY (BAYOU COUNTRY) - NIGHT

AERIAL TRACKING

A white van travels down a dark road.

Ahead a single overhead road lamp shines at the entrance of an underpass.

A freight train lumbers overhead.

The van disappears in the underpass and emerges from the other side. It continues down the road.

49 INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Kenny fumbles with a pack of cigarettes, pulls one out and slips it between his lips. Eyes off the road, he drops a lighter and bends over to grab it.

INTERCUT

50 EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - SAME

The van swipes a large RED MAILBOX at the shoulder of the road. Knocks it over.

PASSENGER SIDE OF VAN SCARRED WITH A LONG RED GASH.

BACK TO SCENE

Kenny, frantic and wide-eyed, yanks the steering wheel a full left turn.

51 EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The van corrects its course and follows the dark highway. Ahead, an overhead street lamp shines down at a cross road. The van passes by.

A BEIGE CAR pulls out from the cross road on to the highway.

HEADLIGHTS pop on. It pursues the van.

Tail lights fade into the darkness.

52 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The streets have all but emptied out.

Válera sits in a car among others park on the opposite side of the street.

She sips coffee to stay alert. Her eyes fixed on the front door. Time passes. She looks at her phone.

11:00 PM.

SECURITY GUARD (50's) exits the building, checks cell phone, locks the front door and walks away down the sidewalk.

Out from a narrow alley at the side of the building appears Stanley with Darius and Kaziz.

Válera raises an OPTICALLY ENHANCED CELL PHONE and video records their movements.

P.O.V. - PHONE

The three part their ways at the sidewalk.

Darius and Kaziz tread down one direction and disappears around a corner.

Stanley walks the opposite direction and steps into a BLACK VAN.

MATCH CUT:

53 EXT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - NIGHT

A MAROON COLORED CAR pulls up to the curb on a partially lit tree-lined street two houses down from the Whitamore's.

It parks in the shadow of a large Sycamore.

INSIDE CAR - A MAN'S HANDS REST ON A STEERING WHEEL.

One hand pulls back the cuff of the other.

SMART WATCH READS 11:50 PM.

Julian steps out of the car with a MANILLA ENVELOPE in hand.

He moves quickly from the street to the shadows shrouding the sidewalk and walks up to the mailbox at the Whitamore home.

54 EXT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - MORNING

Lyle jogs up the sidewalk wearing a bandanna on his head, a loose and sweat-drenched Dolphin's T with matching shorts.

He stops at the mailbox at the foot of the walk and retrieves the mail, pages through it as he sprints up to the front door. He walks in.

55 INT. WHITAMORE'S HOME - KITCHEN

Jim at a table works on his laptop.

An assembly of newspaper articles and printed pages lay in different stacks.

A compact printer spools off some pages.

Lyle enters the kitchen with the stack of mail. He puts it down alongside Jim's work, then plops down on a chair breathing heavily but not totally out of breath.

LYLE

Mail call.

Jim looks up.

JIM
Hey, morning, Dad.

Jim casually goes through the mail. Throws junk mail in a nearby waste basket. He picks up the manilla envelope bearing no address. Curious, he opens it and pulls out a slip of paper.

CLOSE IN: A SHORT LIST WITH THREE NAMES - BUCK CALLAHAN,
KENNETH SHILTS, AHMED-UMAR

JIM (CONT'D)
Check this out!

Jim hands the slip of paper to Lyle.

LYLE
I recognize one of these.

JIM
Which one?

LYLE
Buck Callahan. Who sent these?

Jim displays the blank envelope without stamps.

JIM
Odd.

LYLE
Maybe not.

Lyle hands the list back.

Jim does a search of the names on the Internet.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Hey! I met Ruth. Sweet lady. By the way, did you get a chance to talk this over with her? She didn't seem to know who I was. Not even a clue.

Lyle stands and goes to the counter to pour a cup of coffee.

JIM
(preoccupied)
Not yet.

LYLE
More coffee?

JIM

No.

LYLE

(pause)

Well that explains why she didn't
know who I was or what I was doing
there.

Jim stops working and looks up.

Lyle joins him at the table.

JIM

So what do you think of the operation?
Any clues?

LYLE

Well, I think I know how to knit-one
purl two. If that means anything.
Tomorrow I get to learn ribbing!

Lyle pulls a messy start of his knitting out of a bag sitting
on the chair next to him.

JIM

C'mon dad. Did you notice anything
peculiar?

Lyle pulls the camera glasses out of the knitting bag.

LYLE

Check it out.

JIM

Fancy glasses.

LYLE

For a kid in your generation, you
sure don't keep up with the technology
do you?

Jim examines glasses.

He sees what they are.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Well, pair up boy!

Jim connects the glasses.

LYLE'S COLLECTION OF PHOTOS REVEALED ON SCREEN

LYLE (CONT'D)
Met all the ladies in the Club,
including Ruth -sweet gal. All widows,
I think.

Lyle points to the picture of Charlotte and Charlene.

LYLE (CONT'D)
They say that couple there are new.
Skittish ding bats, but sweet.

Jim points to a pic of Stanley.

JIM
Who's that?

LYLE
Stanley McCormick. Kind of looks
like John Waters, right? He keeps
going in and out of the back room.

JIM
Maybe Steve Buscemi.

Lyle stands from the table, goes to the counter and pours
another cup of coffee. He hesitates for a moment.

LYLE
(pause)
I know this is your thing, son but
you mind if I give you some advice?

JIM
Of course not!

Lyle returns to sit at the table with Jim.

LYLE
This special Ops of yours could stand
some grounding.

JIM
What do you mean?

LYLE
Ruth. If she's your fountainhead
then you need to get her involved
now!

Jim laughs.

JIM
I guess I didn't fall far from the
tree. You and I are meeting at her
house in Anacostia tomorrow.

56 EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - EASTERN HILLS - AFTERNOON

AERIAL TRACKING

The white van snakes down a winding road.

57 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - ENTRANCE - -LATER

The van reaches the end of the pavement. Ahead, the paved road turns to a cinder and gravel drive. A steel gate separates one from the other.

Overhead a large sign suspended by rusty chains reads GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP.

A ten foot tall barbed wire security fence extends in both directions and disappears in a wooded thicket.

INTERCUT WITH

58 INT. VAN - SAME

Kenny behind the wheel, looking worn out from a long drive, rubs a SILVER CROSS RING on his finger. He looks up at the sign saddling the entrance to the camp.

BACK TO SCENE

The van moves slowly up to the gated entrance.

Robotically controlled CAMERAS scan the car from both sides.

Kenny fidgets with his ring.

Through the windshield we see the gate slowly opens. Kenny drives in.

59 EXT. CAMP CLEARING - AFTERNOON

Kids of all ages, dressed in bright yellow shirts and gray shorts, are spread across the camp. T-SHIRTS EMBLAZONED WITH A CHRISTIAN CROSS on the front and an AMERICAN FLAG FLANKED BY RIFLES across the back.

Among them stride OLDER TEENS wearing BROWN SHIRTS and KHAKIS reminiscent of Nazi Germany.

Kenny drives through the camp following a circuitous route.

He takes it all in, a mix of nostalgia and purpose in his expression.

P.O.V. - KENNY - DRIVING

PLAY FIELD

A group of kids chase a ball on a soccer field. Their laughter echoes. At the goal post, COACH (40's) blows a whistle.

CHILD drops to the ground exhausted. Child gestures out the last play.

Further down the drive a TARGET RANGE. A stack of short rifles lean against a wooden rail. On top are several hand guns of different calibers neatly arranged all in the same direction.

COUNSELOR (30's) wearing protective ear gear and wrap around goggles watch with the eye of hawk FIVE KIDS target a SILHOUETTE PAPER TARGET 10 yards out.

Kenny's tour continues...

LAKEFRONT

Counselors on the shore supervise children paddling canoes, each with a WOODEN CROSS mounted on its bow.

Two boats pull up broad side to one another, each with FIVE BOYS AND TWO GIRLS.

One boy stands mid-center in each canoe and tries to off-balance his opponent in the opposite canoe with a long jousting pole.

Just ahead in a clearing...

OUTDOOR CHAPEL

A rustic chapel made of logs stands nearby a short row of SLEEPING BARRACKS. A SMALL GROUP OF KIDS sit on log benches, heads bowed in prayer.

Their COUNSELOR holds an open Bible, sunlight catching the edges of the gilded pages.

BACK TO SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

The van halts near an ASSEMBLY HALL.

Kenny steps out, squinting in the bright daylight. He twists back and forth to crack his back then steps up the wooden stairs to the entrance of the large log structure.

Mounted on a panel to the right of the door reads a plaque:

PUT ON THE FULL ARMOR OF GOD, SO THAT YOU CAN TAKE YOUR STAND AGAINST THE DEVIL'S SCHEMES. FOR OUR STRUGGLE IS NOT AGAINST FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT AGAINST THE RULERS, AGAINST THE AUTHORITIES, AGAINST THE POWERS OF THIS DARK WORLD AND AGAINST THE SPIRITUAL FORCES OF EVIL IN THE HEAVENLY REALMS. —
EPHESIANS 6:11-12

60 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - ENTRANCE - LATER

The beige colored car pulls to a stop at the pavement edge near the Camp entrance.

Through the rear window from behind we see the silhouette of two figures sitting in the front seat.

61 INT. BEIGE CAR - SAME

Válera sits behind the wheel tapping the steering wheel.

She looks to her left and sees nothing but trees and the wired fence. She glances up to the overhead sign, In the passenger seat, Julian fidgets with his phone.

JULIAN
No service. Dead air here.

Válera pushes a button to roll down the windows on both sides.

VÁLERA
I don't know.
(pause)
Just smell that air, Julian.

Julian takes a long drawn sniff.

JULIAN
Nice. But I'll still take the city.

Válera reaches round to the back seat and grabs a bag. She pulls out a GPS PHONE and hands it Julian.

VÁLERA
Here, try this one.

Julian takes the phone. His eyes light up.

JULIAN
You've got reception! What the hell,
Válera.

She turns away and looks out the window with a proud smile on her face.

Julian places a call.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Extension 434.

(listens)

Just got here now. Followed him.

(listens)

Affirmative. Will do.

VÁLERA

What's the plan?

JULIAN

Have to sit tight.

Válera puts the car in drive and inches it forward a few feet and makes a U-turn.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

VÁLERA

Gatlinburg, just 18 miles back. We can come back later. We'll sit tight in a more comfortable location. There's a barbecue place back that way.

JULIAN

They got carry-out?

VÁLERA

Hell, I don't know. Why?

JULIAN

We can't leave here. One of us has to stay. What if the van pulls out and we lose him?

VÁLERA

Yeah, you're right. Can't chase a running dog without a tail.

Válera stops the car. She waits a few moments then turns to look at Julian.

After a very long moment Julian gets the hint and steps out of the car.

VÁLERA (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

JULIAN

Wings!

Válera watches Julian disappear through the rear view mirror as she drives off.

Julian stands near the gate under an approaching night sky being lit by a bright full moon. He checks his watch, looks about, boredom quickly sets in. He slips under a gap in the fence, and ventures into the camp.

62 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - DUSK

Julian stands hidden behind a cluster of pine trees nearby the Assembly Hall and observes the scene, He pulls out a cell phone and starts recording.

He spots Kenny and sees a GROUP OF MEN on the porch.

After a moments, Kenny steps off and gets into the white van.

The van pulls around the back of the Assembly Hall, scarred with s deep red crease running its length.

MOMENTS LATER out from behind the other side of the Hall, emerges another white van but now with a different DRIVER (30+) with goatee and black hair.

Julian looks at his watch: 1900 HOURS.

The van pulls away and heads toward the exit of the camp.

Julian quickly trails it through the stand of pines as far as he can navigate through the maze before losing sight of the red tail lights all together.

JULIAN

Damn!

63 INT. RUTH'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jim and Lyle sit at a small table neatly set with matched silverware, plates, and glasses.

Underfoot lies Hoagy.

Ruth takes a pot of STEW AND DUMPLINGS off the stove and brings it to the table.

Hoagy stands up abruptly in anticipation.

Ruth leans in to Jim.

RUTH

It's a shame Ruby and Lizzy couldn't come along.

LYLE

That sure looks delicious!

RUTH
Thank you, Lyle. (soft laugh) I wish
Jim would have told me about you
before we met at the Knitting Club.

Lyle sends Jim a 'I-told-you-so' look.

JIM
I feel bad about that, but you not
knowing about my dad beforehand made
your first time meeting more genuine.

RUTH
Well, yes. I suppose it did.

Ruth looks admirably at Lyle and shakes her head.

RUTH (CONT'D)
You had all of us ladies talking!

Now, you two just start in. I'll get our salads. Wine?

JIM
Not necessary, Ruth. Water will be
fine.

LYLE
Wine would be great!

Jim sees Lyle diving into the stew, then reconsiders.

JIM
You know. Wine would be great for me
too. Are you having some?

RUTH
Of course!

64 INT. RUTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The TV is on but muted.

Lyle and Jim sit on a over-stuffed sofa.

Two half-filled wine glasses sit on top of a coffee table.

Ruth across from them in her usual chair.

Hoagy at her feet.

Lyle is in the middle of telling a humorous yarn about an
incident while at the Bureau.

Jim peruses the room and its collection. He stalls briefly
at the Ida Wells plaque, then moves on to the gun cabinet.

LYLE

...So the Section Head comes up to my desk. Now, I'm really busy at the moment, but he just charged up to me and threw a stack of papers down in front of me. I said, "what do you want me to do with that".

Lyle laughing, takes another swallow of wine.

RUTH

(heightened curiosity) Well, what did he say!

LYLE

Now keep in mind, this guy didn't have rank over me...

FADE OUT

65 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - NIGHT

FADE IN

LYLE (V.O.)

(sotto)

... Just another political appointee. I was a senior intelligence officer at the time. Well, the guy walks away and heads to the john.

Julian, sits just on the other side of the gate on a fallen tree at the edge of the woods. His coat collar up high around his neck. He blows into clutched, cold hands, looks up and sees headlights coming toward the camp.

Válera pulls up.

Julian rushes up to the car and jumps in the passenger seat.

JULIAN

What the heck, Válera!? What took you so long just for barbecue?
(looking about)
And where is it?

VÁLERA

I ran into some locals up there and decided to gather some intel on this camp.

JULIAN

What if he would have left? I'd be sitting here waiting while he heads to wherever he's going with the stash.

VÁLERA

I did think about that, Julian.

JULIAN

Well, he did leave! He took off and has me sitting there with my pants down. And no barbecue?

VÁLERA

Chill, dude.

Válera reaches around back and retrieves a box of wings.

VÁLERA (CONT'D)

I got you, boo.

JULIAN

Don't call me that.

66 INT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - ASSEMBLY HALL

THIRTY-ODD KIDS all dressed in pressed brown shirts and gray slacks, hair nicely parted and groomed, stand at attention and listen to a CAMP LEADER (50's) finish an address.

A TALL CROSS stands directly behind him with two AMERICAN FLAGS at its side.

COUNSELOR #1 stands on one side of him, and COUNSELOR #2 and COUNSELOR #3 on the other.

They fix their eyes on the kids standing at attention.

COUNSELOR #4, hands clenched behind his back, strolls among the kids, pointing to one and then another not standing straight or not paying attention. He paces his delivery slowly, succinctly.

CAMP LEADER

Each of you are the chosen warriors of the righteous path. You are not here by chance. No. You were called. Hand-picked by the Almighty to be His sword and shield in a world drowning in corruption, sin, and despair. You, each of you, are here to prepare for a crusade, a holy battle. How can I help? What can I do? I'm going to tell you. As Christians, you will fight for the children yet unborn. For friends and family members drowning in sin. You will fight for the weak, the broken, the lost, so that they too
(MORE)

CAMP LEADER (CONT'D)
may find the salvation that only
Christ offers, and which only true
Christians can achieve. Above all,
you will fight for our country. You
may feel the weight of this calling.
And that is good!
(beat, loudly to kids)
Isn't it!?

A resounding "Yes, sir!"

67 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

BUZZ!

BUZZ!

The sound of the door bell causes Darius and Kaziz to look up at the surveillance monitor from a table and a game of cards.

CCTV MONITOR #2 - Buck Callahan stands shuffling side-to-side impatiently at the front door.

68 INT. INSIDE HALLWAY

Buck aggressively presses the doorbell and stares up at the camera with a snarling face.

BUCK
It's Buck Callahan! Open up,
assholes!

69 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kaziz stands up abruptly and heads out toward the door.

DARIUS
Hey! Hold up.

Darius reaches inside a drawer beneath the table and pulls out a HANDGUN.

70 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE

Darius and Kaziz cross through the front office to the entry door.

Darius takes a position behind the door around a corner.

Kaziz opens the door slowly.

DOOR FLIES OPEN! It throws Kaziz backwards.

Buck steps in with a GLOCK in his hands, looks nervously down the hall before closing the door behind him.

He pushes Kaziz up against a wall, gun in his face.

BUCK
Where's our money, prick?

Darius comes around from behind with the hand gun and pushes it up against the base of Buck's skull.

DARIUS
Put it away!

Buck raises his arm with gun in hand and turns to face Darius.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Put it down.

Buck lowers the gun and drops his arms to his side.

Kaziz takes the gun and grabs Buck's arms from behind.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
You come to my house and pull a gun on us? Are you totally whacked, hillbilly?

BUCK
I want our cut.

DARIUS
I told you you'd get it.

Darius walks to the back office.

Kaziz forces Buck along behind him pointing the gun in his back.

The door to the Back Boiler Room SLAMS shut behind them.

The front office sits empty. Folding chairs in their tidy semicircle at the edge of the LARGE AREA RUG. Two knitting bags left behind on the chairs, yarn trailing.

MUFFLED ARGUING behind the door.

ENTER Stan through the still opened front door. A look of panic washes over his face. He charts the room then slowly opens the door to the back office.

BUCK (O.S.)
You think we're goin' let this slide?

BANG!

STANLEY (V.O.)
 (standing at the
 doorway)
 Shit! What the fuck!

DEAD SILENCE.

Seconds pass then Kaziz emerges, pushing Stan out of the way, he scans the room, lands on the knitting bags. He rifles through one and pulls out a colorful KNITTED AFGHAN -- hours of tiny, patient stitches, moss and ribbing, made for a grandchild somewhere.

He looks at it a beat. Almost admires it.

KAZIZ
 Come on moron!

They go into the back office. The door closes.

71 EXT. CHAIN BRIDGE - NORTH OF WASHINGTON DC - 1:00 AM

Under a pitch black sky, Stanley's black van idles at the center of the bridge. The highway is eerily quiet.

Sound of rushing rapids from the Potomac River rise from 100 ft below.

Darius and Kaziz wrestle a wrapped bundle from the van -- the afghan's cheerful pattern absurd against the dark.

KAZIZ
 (yells to Stanley)
 Come on, stupid. Get out here and help!

The three hoist the bundle up onto the guard rail and shove.

HOLD ON THE WATER BELOW. The afghan blooms open in the black river -- a spread of color turning slowly in the current floats away.

MATCH CUT TO:

72 INT. RUTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE SAME PATTERN, a knitted bed throw -- moss and ribbing -- filling the frame. Still agile, Ruth's fingers carefully cast off the last bit of yarn from her needle.

Ruth hugs Hoagy close at her side.

OFF CAMERA UTIL NOW Jim and Lyle listening intently, waiting patiently for Ruth to continue.

RUTH
It's just a bit hard to believe that
World Christian Children Fund would
be involved in anything like this.

What I heard those men saying... It gave me the shivers.

JIM
Understandably.
(looks to Lyle)
And from what you've told us, and
what we know now, the Fund is nothing
more than a front for arms
trafficking.

RUTH
(worriedly)
So Stanley and those other men are --

JIM
We're not yet sure how deeply he's
involved. But there's a fellow named
Buck Callahan. Had you ever heard
them mention his name?

RUTH
No.

LYLE
He's been a person of interest for
many years. Part of some right wing
insurgency here in the U.S.

JIM
He was a person of interest after
January 6th. Until --

Lyle grabs Jim's arm to stop him from going further.

RUTH
(to Hoagy)
Did you hear that, Hoagy. There's
an insurgency!

Ruth pulls the dog in closer to her.

RUTH (CONT'D)
I knew there was something wrong!
How could they lie about helping
children!?

Furrowed wrinkle lines cross Ruth's forehead. A look of
abandoned betrayal fills her eyes.

LYLE

I hate to say this Ruth, but they've just been using you gals in the Club to solicit donations for illegal purposes.

Ruth's eyes tear up. She holds Hoagy tighter.

Jim and Lyle exchange worried looks.

RUTH

That's awful! It's just awful!!

LYLE

(consoling)

It is awful.

JIM

Now, if you can help out a little we can bring it all to the light of day.

RUTH

Why yes, of course.

JIM

We think there's a back door in the offices. If we can just get inside there we might find what we need to catch these guys red-handed.

LYLE

We got to get the collection records. We think we can trace the cash from there.

RUTH

There is a back door! I saw it when I heard them call us a bunch of old bags. Lyle and Jim's eyes light up.

JIM

(to Lyle)

That confirms Válera's report.

RUTH

What do you want me to do?

JIM

Well -- if someone caused a commotion up front, drew the men out of the back office --

LYLE

No.

JIM

Dad --

LYLE

Absolutely not. Thirty-two years,
Jim. I have seen what men like this
do to people who get in their way.

(to Ruth, gently)

Ruth, you've done more than enough.
You keep going to that club, you
knit, you smile, and you see nothing.
Say nothing. The Bureau handles the
rest. Are we clear?

Ruth folds her hands in her lap. The picture of compliance.

RUTH

Why, of course, Lyle. Whatever you
think is best.

Lyle nods, satisfied. Jim studies Ruth -- something in her
serenity worries him.

Unnoticed by either man, Ruth's eyes drift to the gun case
in the corner. Cleveland's Colt catches the lamplight.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(to Hoagy, sweetly)

Isn't that right, Sweetie.

73 INT. RUTH'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house dark except for the stove light. Ruth in her robe,
phone pressed to her ear, voice low. Open on the counter:
THE TRINITY SIX, spine cracked, passages underlined.

RUTH

(into phone)

Meredith. It's Ruth. Don't turn on
your porch light... Because that's
how they know you're up, dear, I
read all about it... Now listen
carefully. Tomorrow we knit like
nothing's wrong. And bring your
biggest bag.

She hangs up. Dials again -- one number at a time.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(into phone, louder)

ANNIE. IT'S RUTH... RUTH... R-U --

oh for heaven's sake.

(beat)

BRING. YOUR. BIG. BAG.

Hoagy watches from his cot, one eye open, deeply concerned.

74 INT. FBI - JENSEN'S OFFICE

Jensen sits behind a desk, Lyle sits at the front of it toying with a NEWTON'S CRADLE. Moments pass.

Julian and Válera on SPEAKER PHONE.

VÁLERA (V.O.)

Julian has a layout of the camp grounds. It's a veritable brigade of young recruits. They're all just kids!

JULIAN (V.O.)

Got some video of camp leaders. Look to be members of SFC. Should have some intel on that soon.

KNOCK at the office door.

JENSEN

Come in.

ENTER Jim. He's taken by surprise to see Lyle entertaining himself at Jensen's desk.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

Hold on Válera, Jim Whitamore just stepped in. I want him in on the conversation.

JIM

Dad what are you doing here?

JENSEN

Sit down Jim, I want you to hear this. Go on, Julian.

JIM

(to Lyle)

What's going on?

LYLE

I called in a favor.

JULIAN (V.O.)

We caught up with the van outside of Charleston. There was a different driver in the van. Followed him in and got the address. Some warehouse close to Wando Welch Terminal.

VÁLERA (V.O.)

We contacted field agent Simms to stake out the place. It's now under surveillance. In the mean time, we need authorization to fly to Louisiana.

JENSEN

For?

JULIAN (V.O.)

Follow-up on the leads and scout location.

VÁLERA (V.O.)

We want to size up both ends of the cartel. We have the van and driver isolated. We need to get back to Buck Callahan's swamp shop and pick him up.

JENSEN

No need. He's dead. Found floating down the Potomac, washed up at Roosevelt Island. I sent agents, Strong and Marshall to Louisiana. They're heading up things there.

Jim, wide-eyed, looks over to Lyle.

LYLE

(casually)

I guess shit floats.

Jensen shoots Lyle a disparaging look.

JULIAN (V.O.)

Should we return to DC or move on to Louisiana?

JENSEN

Hold up on that. Double check with Simms and see if they need anything from us.

VÁLERA (V.O.)

Will do.

JULIAN (V.O.)

How's life on the outside, Lyle?

Lyle looks to Jim and then to Jensen. Grabs the love handles at his sides, frowns.

LYLE

Not sure yet. Working on it.

VÁLERA (V.O.)

I have an update on surveillance of the Boiler Room building in DC. The three suspects' identities are confirmed.

JENSEN

Hold that discussion. I'll reach back to you later on that.

Jensen ends the call.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

I'm glad you both came in. I didn't know your dad was in on your investigation. As it turns out there is some information we might be able to share with you, and some vital information we would need in return.

JIM

So is that how it works? You need something from me and so now you're willing to help me out? Nice.

LYLE

Careful, here, Jim. Don't poison the well. The Bureau might be able to help you out. Could be a win-win here.

(pause)

Impact your career maybe? Not so sure it will move the needle on anything here though.

JENSEN

Love the sardonic humor, Lyle. You haven't changed. Good thing you retired when you did. Your condition is getting worse.

Jensen and Lyle share a laugh.

JIM

Hey, I'm all ears but if the case is cracked before I get all the information I'll never get the whole of it. I need to know the mechanics. Who all the players are in the U.S. and abroad, and what's going down where and when.

JENSEN
We're on the same page.

JIM
Except in one respect. If you get to
it before me it'll end up in another
file on your desk stamped Top Secret.
And it'll never see the light of
day.

Jensen delivers Lyle a wry look.

LYLE
What can I say, Jensen. I guess I
taught him well.

Jensen takes a moment for thought, clasps his hands together,
his index finger steepling his lips.

JENSEN
Here's what I can offer.

Lyle looks to Jim, and sees on his face a look of cautious
optimism.

LYLE
We're listening.

75 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY

FADE IN FROM BLACK - In an otherwise bleak lobby, Lyle appears
standing near a wall wearing green polyester slacks. He
pretends to read a newspaper covering half his face.

Ruth walks in to the lobby arm-in-arm with Meredith talking
intensely in hushed tone. She glances over to see Lyle reading
the paper and nudges Meredith to look. He signals them with
a thumbs-up then a keep-silence-finger over his lips

They nod quaintly then take the elevator to the sixth floor.

Gayle drifts in from the street and waits at the elevator.

Impatient, she takes to the stairs. Seconds later...

Annie enters the building.

After a few moments waiting at the elevator, the doors open,
Charlene and Charlotte walk out in a huff while tucking away
dangling strings of yarn and needles.

CHARLENE
(to Charlotte)
He's just a mean man, Charlotte.
(MORE)

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
How can he expect us to knit if we
have to be on the phone all day?

They walk past Annie without a word and stomp out of the building.

ANNIE
Where are you going?

CHARLOTTE
It's slave labor, sister That's
what it is!

ANNIE
(not hearing)
What was that?

A bewildered Annie steps into the elevator.

The door closes.

Lyle folds up the newspaper. At the elevator, he pushes the
UP BUTTON and waits.

76 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Stepping out of the elevator on the 5TH FLOOR, Lyle spots an
Exit Door to a stairwell.

Lyle looks up and down the stairwell and takes one more flight
up.

WALL SIGN AT DOOR: "6TH FLOOR"

The fire exit hallway is lined with identical unmarked doors.

He steps off distances between each door until he reaches
the last one.

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS - SOUND OF LABORED BREATHING

Gayle out of breath, surfaces on the 6th floor. She sees
Lyle at the end of the hall.

GAYLE
Hank!

SURPRISED Lyle looks back to the stairs.

LYLE
Why, hello, Gayle. You're taking the
stairs! Good aerobic exercise.

GAYLE

Oh, you can't get in that way. It's the back door. Come on. We have to go through the front entrance.

Gayle exits the back hallway into the front hallway.

Lyle follows retraces his long strides and follows Gayle on his way out, obviously noting number of steps between each door.

77 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERIOR HALL - 6TH FLOOR

Gayle waits for Lyle at the office front door. He steps out into the front hall, methodically counting each step until he reaches Gayle.

GAYLE

How many steps does that make for you today?

LYLE

So far, about 2400 since leaving home.

Gayle raises her arm and pulls back a long sleeve knitted sweater to look at her SMART WATCH. She clicks a button then shows Lyle a count of steps.

WATCH: 3300 STEPS

GAYLE

You need to get one of these.

LYLE

You have me beat, Gayle.

GAYLE

Are you ready for Bright Eyes Morning?

LYLE

Let's go!

Gayle rings the bell. Door lock automatically opens. They step in.

78 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

Stanley is at a table arranging a gift basket with a mish-mash of yarn and needles. He helplessly tries to tie a ribbon and bow at the top.

Kaziz rocks back and forth and shoots ZOMBIES appearing out of no where on a monitor. His eyes are fixated on the game.

On the other monitor streams of data fill the cells of an accounting program.

Darius leans against the wall with his back to the CCTV monitors and talks on a cell phone.

DARIUS

He's dead.

(listens)

We got rid of it.

(listens)

No problem.

(listens)

Yeah, yeah at Charleston warehouse.

Darius listens on the phone but with an eye on Stanley.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

No, he doesn't know. He's an idiot.

(listens)

Same as always, We process tonight and the wire goes out.

(listens)

Don't worry. It goes out tonight.

You'll get the shipment and funds.

(listens)

Don't worry! You'll get the shipment.

He ends the call

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Kaziz, Hand me the stack of receipts.

79 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FRONT OFFICE

Ruth and Meredith SCREAM

RUTH/MEREDITH

Thieves! Burglars!

Lyle is got off guard and alarmed.

Annie frantically rummages through her knitting bag spewing LOUD ACCUSATIONS of theft.

Hysterically, she pulls out skeins of yarn, needles, patterns, unfinished booties, throwing them everywhere.

Meredith pulls out a knitted SWEATER WITH ARMS TWICE THE NORMAL LENGTH. A Smith & Wesson drops out. She quickly stuffs it back in her bag.

With that Lyle rushes to her and tries for her bag. She denies him.

ANNIE
(hysterical and loud)
It was in my bag when I left! It
was my favorite Afghan blanket!
It's gone!

MEREDITH
(loud)
Someone stole Annie's Afghan!

Ruth slowly steps backward reaching the call desk.

GAYLE
(loud)
Someone stole Annie's blanket! Ruth!
Have you seen Annie's Afghan?

RUTH
I'll look over here. It's got to be
somewhere here.

INTERCUT WITH

80 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

Gapping mouths, Stanley and Kaziz stare in disbelief at the
CCTV monitor of the goings on in the fort office.

STANLEY
What the Hell is going on now?

KAZIZ
Better check to see what got those
hens' feathers ruffled.

BACK TO SCENE

Annie more frenetic. She scours the room looking up and under
everything, -- but then again, looking for nothing -- The
others play along.

Lyle pretends to search among the chairs, while doing so, he
slides one across the floor to the opposite wall where Ruth
stands waiting. Ruth steps up on it and slaps a black sticky
patch over the CCTV camera.

Meredith, at the call desk, pulls the LAN lines out
disconnecting the machine.

BACK OFFICE

Stanley stands fixated on the monitors.

Out of the corner of his eye, Kaziz notices the right-hand computer monitor go black. He does a double-take, quickly stands up, removes his headset.

KAZIZ (CONT'D)

What the fuck! Get out there Stanley.

Darius sees the panic on Kaziz's face and turns to look up in the same direction.

DARIUS

Stanley!

It takes Stanley a second to react, then races out the door into the front office.

BACK TO SCENE

In all the commotion Lyle slips out the front door and slaps a black patch over the CCTV camera in the hallway.

Just as Stanley enters, Gayle takes Annie's arm stopping her tirade. She slaps her across the face. Stanley runs up to the two ladies.

STANLEY

What's the hell is going on here?

81 INT. 6TH FLOOR STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Lyle enters the stairwell to find Jim waiting.

JIM

(hushed)

Dad.

LYLE

You made it.

Lyle, counting the same long strides, he lands at the last unmarked door. He retrieves his cell phone and waits patiently.

JIM

You sure this is the right door?

LYLE

(disappointed)

Son, you forget how many years I've been doing this kind of stuff.

JIM

I think you forget how dangerous that all was.

Jim pulls out Lyle's former service revolver from an inside jacket pocket and hands it to Lyle.

JIM (CONT'D)
Compliments of Jensen.

82 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room falls silent. Annie rubs her cheek with tears in her eyes and scowls at Gayle.

ANNIE
Why so hard?

STANLEY
Now ladies, make up.

He claps his hands. Chop! Chop! Let's get back on the phones ladies!

Ruth and Meredith take a quick look at each other, then without skipping a beat, slide the computers off the Call Desk.

CRASH!

Stanley is flabbergasted and yells.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
What, the fuck!?

Darius and Kaziz bound into the room. The sight of the two angry men stun the women.

All four Knitters take deep breaths and SCREAM HYSTERICALLY.

Ruth takes a cell phone out of her dress pocket and presses SEND on a message in-the-wait.

Gayle and Meredith go for their knitting needles and confront the men. Stanley steps backwards until he feels the point of Annie's needle jabbing into his back. Meredith and Gayle scream at Stanley.

RUTH
How could you!

MEREDITH
We trusted you! You cheated us.
You lied!

KAZIZ
What's with these bitches?

DARIUS
Idiot! They know what's going on.
Can't you figure that out?

83 INT. 6TH FLOOR STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Lyle's phone lights up. It's Ruth's ping. He turns to Jim.

LYLE
Ready?

JIM
Let's go!

With a LOCK-PICKING TOOL already in hand, Lyle carefully picks the lock and opens the door to the Back Boiler Room, and sticks his head in for a quick look.

LYLE
This will only take a minute.

84 INT. OFFICE SPACE - BACK BOILER ROOM

Lyle walks into the room and instantly spots the computer and two monitors on Kaziz's desk.

LOUD COMMOTION COMING FROM FRONT OFFICE

RUTH (V.O.)
Don't you threaten us.

KAZIZ (V.O.)
We got no problems taking care of
you old cows.

DARIUS (V.O.)
Shut up, you stupid idiot!

STANLEY (V.O.)
Now, let's just all calm down here.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Where's my Afghan!?

INTERCUT WITH

85 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE

Kaziz raises his hand to knock Annie down. Stanley reaches for it.

STANLEY
Stop!

Darius walks up to Annie face to face and delivers a deadly stare.

DARIUS
How about I take you where your Afghan
went? Would you like that you old
hag?

GAYLE
Leave her be.

Darius swings around to Gayle.

DARIUS
You too, you old crow. Alright, all
of you over there on the chairs. Sit
down now! WE're going to have a
little talk.

He motions to Kaziz and Stanley.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Grab a couple of those chairs.

The men take seats facing the women -- it's stand-off.

Kaziz, leans back in his chair with crossed arms, issues a
an arrogant, cocky smile.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Now--

KAZIZ
Just take 'em out.

BACK TO SCENE

ON KAZIZ'S COMPUTER - The Zombie Attack game is frozen in
play, the other monitor screen: BLACK. Both CCTV monitors on
the wall: BLACK.

Lyle seizes Kaziz's machine. Ripping out the cords from behind
it, grabs the unit and carries it to the backdoor and hands
it off to Jim waiting ready to take it.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

DEAD SILENCE.

LYLE
Call the Bureau! Extension 434!
Go!

Jim fumbles to reach his cell phone while holding on to the
machine.

JIM
Dad! Be careful.

Lyle, with gun in hand pointing straight up along the side of his face.

86 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The four women sit meekly on the folding chairs where they were ordered. Too meekly.

Ruth's eyes flick from the men's occupied hands... to the rug under their feet... to the ladies. A tiny nod.

RUTH
(yells)
Now, ladies!

Ruth, Meredith, Gayle, and Annie hit the floor, seize the edge of the carpet and YANK.

The rug shoots out. Darius and Kaziz fall HARD BACKWARDS.

Kaziz scrambles, clawing for his holster --

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! - stops him mid-action.

Annie, on her feet, Cleveland's SMITH & WESSON pointed at the ceiling, plaster raining down. Darius FREEZES, hand an inch from his gun.

ANNIE
(dead calm)
Ah-ah.

The other three women stare at Annie in mute astonishment.

Lyle BURSTS through the back office door, gun drawn, and takes in the scene: two arms traffickers pinned under plaster dust and a rug, held at bay by a seventy-five-year-old woman in a cardigan.

LYLE
(quietly, to himself)
Thirty-two years.

ENTER Jim.

JIM
Dad!

Meredith heaves the rug's heavy weave over the top of the two men. Ruth and Gayle draw Cleveland's Colt and the Schofield from their knitting bags and take aim.

Stanley stands shaken and stunned, looking totally helpless.

STANLEY
Stop. Please stop!

Meredith pulls three knitted straightjackets out of the ladies' bag and throws two at Darius and Kaziz and the other at Stanley.

MEREDITH
Put those on, now!

GAYLE
Best do it, bitches!

KAZIZ
No problem. No problem.

Stanley raises the sweater and makes a snide comment before putting it on.

STANLEY
Not my color.

Meredith walks up to Stanley and points the Colt 45 at his forehead. Okay!

GAYLE
(to Stanley)
Put it on, crone!

DARIUS
Kill him. Go ahead!

LYLE
(loud)
Meredith, put it down!

Lyle's voice brings a sudden halt to the action, Meredith lowers the pistol.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Put it down, Annie

RUTH
(loud)
Annie! Annie! You can put it down!

Meredith and Gayle wrap the lengthy sweater arms tightly around the three villain's waists, tying the ends into perfect square knots...almost

LYLE
Make them tight!

DARIUS BREAKS FREE and quickly charges at Ruth. He reaches for her gun. At the point of contact he sense the presence of something at the side of his head. He turns. Annie, her eyes squinted nearly closed, has the Smith & Wesson positioned just inches away from his face.

RUTH

Best put on the sweater.

87 INT. OFFICE SPACE - FRONT OFFICE - LATER

FADE IN FROM BLACK a muted scene of the ladies collecting their knitting. Two FBI AGENTS untie the 'straight jackets' on Darius, Stanley, and Kaziz, and put on handcuffs. Another AGENT talks with Lyle at the side.

88 INT. FBI - JENSEN'S OFFICE

STAFF (30's) enters office and hands Jensen a THUMBDRIVE.

JENSEN

Thank you. You have the backup?

STAFF

Yes sir.

Jensen stands, reaches over his desk and hands Jim the drive.

JENSEN

Here you are. Data from the hard drive.

(pause)

It didn't come from here. Understood?

JIM

Absolutely.

JENSEN

There's a timer on it.

Jim, puzzled, looks closely at the thumbdrive, picking it up

JENSEN (CONT'D)

In 36 hours the drive automatically wipes itself clean.

INTERCUT WITH

89 EXT. LOUISIANA - BAYOU COUNTRY - FARM HOUSE - DAY

IN A MUTED SCENE, two BLACK CARS pull up to the farm house.

A white van parked out front. FOUR AGENTS wearing charcoal black jackets with LARGE YELLOW GOLD LETTERS - "FBI" pour out one of the cars. TWO AGENTS out from the other Four Agents

chase toward the warehouse, two go to the rear, two to the front. Weapons drawn. TWO AGENTS race up to the front door of the farm house with guns raised.

MOMENTS LATER out from the warehouse steps Kenny locked in arms with two Agents.

BACK TO SCENE

Lyle walks into the room. Válera, Julian, and Jim stand.

JENSEN
(to Lyle)
Just can't stay away.

A chuckle sweeps the room and imparts an air of calm.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
We were just talking about --
(pause, to Lyle and
Jim)
Hey, Good job, by the way. Both of
you.

Válera and Julian were just debriefing on the youth camp. Right now, it looks like there's a connection to a massive delivery network with links to Yemen. At least that's what it's adding up to be. Along the lines we were talking. They're churning out weapons like flapjacks. Ghost guns.

JULIAN
(to Jim and Lyle)
Válera and I trailed Buck's
accomplice, to Port Royal in
Charleston. He's holed up there in a
warehouse near the terminals.

JENSEN
The bust will be pretty easy. We
have agents moving in the crack of
dawn tomorrow. Simms is heading that
up.

Jim stands.

JIM
I need to get down there.

The others remain seated and give Jim a look that makes him retake his seat. A long pause ensues.

LYLE
Hold on, son.
(pause)
So we're done here?

JENSEN
I think you can finally hang it up,
Lyle.

Lyle takes the service gun out of the shoulder holster, gives it a kiss and places it on the desk in front of Jensen.

Jensen pushes it back to him.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Not this time. Not quite yet. You
keep it.

JIM
Yeah, Dad. Keep it. Something to
talk about with your grandkids.

90 EXT. RUTH'S HOME - DAY

Gayle walks up to the front door of the house and rings the door bell. After a moment Ruth opens the door.

RUTH
Hello there, Gayle! Come on in.
They're all here!

91 INT. RUTH'S HOME - KITCHEN

Around the kitchen table sits Ruby with Lizzy on her lap.
Annie and Meredith hover behind them and dote on Lizzy.

MEREDITH
She's so cute! What a precious thing!
Oh my!

ENTER Ruth and Gayle.

RUTH
We're all here.

The others look up beaming from the baby's touch.

MEREDITH
Hello, Gayle! Have you recovered!?

Gayle laughs along with Meredith.

GAYLE
Oh my. Yes!

RUTH
Ruby, this is Gayle. She was
there that day!

RUBY

Hello, Gayle. You're one of the brave
from what Jim tells me.

RUTH

Sit down, Sit down.

GAYLE

Who's Jim?

RUTH

Jim is Lyle's son.

GAYLE

Lyle?

MEREDITH

Yes... Who is Lyle?

ANNIE

What?

RUTH

Hank Falcon.

MEREDITH

Hank Falcon?

RUBY

You ladies didn't know?

Gayle leans in with rabid curiosity.

GAYLE

(to Ruby)

So, Jim is Lyle's son.

(to Ruth)

Do we know him?

RUTH

No.

GAYLE

Then Lyle is an undercover cop!

RUBY

Actually, he's former FBI.

Gayle practically jumps out of her dress and looks at each
of the women at the table.

GAYLE

FBI!

(to Annie and Meredith)

Did you hear that?

Annie just nods and smiles.

RUBY

And Jim's an investigative reporter.

Gayle interrupts.

GAYLE

Like Sean Hannity?

RUBY

(breaks out laughing)

Hardly!

(politely)

He uncovered this story and wants it published.

RUTH

About the World Christian Children Fund!

Gayle and Meredith shake their heads like trying to shake off a bad memory.

ANNIE

(without looking up)

Horrible! Awful!

RUBY

It's not over yet. Lyle and him are tracing down a lead to some kind of a camp outside Knoxville. God's Fort or something like that in Tennessee.

Meredith takes on a look of concern. Eyes wide, she looks at Ruth.

MEREDITH

God's Fortress Youth Camp for Kids! That's the one I've been sending money to!

RUTH

No, you haven't, Meredith!

MEREDITH

(frightened)

Oh, Ruby. They are in great danger! We have to do something!

RUTH

We've got to act ladies!

A round of trepidation and then a nod of consensus circles

92 THE TABLE. MEREDITH, GAYLE, RUTH, AND ANNIE ALL SIGNAL BUY-
in.

Ruby watches on with a deep worried look.

93 EXT. FBI - HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Lyle and Jim walk side by side out of the FBI building.

They cross the street to the National Mall and on to L'Enfant Metro Plaza.

LYLE

I hope you got your story, son.

Jim produces the thumbdrive from his side pocket.

JIM

Right here are the data. The rest is
just some headwork and pitching it
to the editors.

LYLE

Where did you come by that?

JIM

Jensen Peale.

LYLE

Timer on it?

JIM

(confused)

Yeah, so you know about that?

LYLE

(laughing)

Oh yeah, I know.

(pause)

There's no timer on it. That's
Jensen's homage to Mission Impossible.
Says it all the time.

My advice to you is to use whatever's on there as quick as possible because once the cover on the case file closes, all that info will be sequestered and goes classified.

JIM

Right. And that brings me to where
we need to go.

Lyle throws a questioning look.

94 INT. L'ENFANT METRO STATION - YELLOW LINE - MOMENTS LATER
COMMUTERS wait at a platform. A speeding train slows down and pulls up quietly to a stop.

ANNOUNCEMENT: "YELLOW LINE - DCA - RONALD REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT"

Lyle and Jim board the train.

ANNOUNCEMENT: DING. DING "DOORS CLOSING"

The train whisks away from the station.

95 INT. RONALD REAGAN NATIONAL AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER
Lyle and Jim stand facing an ARRIVAL / DEPARTURE SCREEN.
They scan departing flights and see what they're looking for.

"KNOXVILLE - GATE A24 - NOW BOARDING"

JIM

A24, Dad.

The two hustle through the terminal dodging oncoming passengers, talking as they go.

LYLE

Did you let Ruby know?

JIM

Are you kidding?! I had to run it through her even before considering it.

96 EXT. CHARLESTON - PORT ROYAL - MORNING

Outside a small storage warehouse a white van is parked up against a loading dock. Two, black, unmarked cars race up to the dock. Three FBI AGENTS jump out of the first car.

FBI AGENTS #1 and FBI AGENT#2 walk up to a side door adjacent to the metal freight door. FBI AGENT #3 grabs a HALLIGAN BAR out of the trunk of the car and joins the other at the door.

FBI AGENT #1

(to Agent #3)

Hold on for a minute

He knocks.

FBI AGENT #1 (CONT'D)
FBI! Open the door!

Agent #3 pushes the others aside.

FBI AGENT #3 (O.S.)
Let me in there!

With two quick brutal attacks, Agent #3 pops open the door the halligan. They storm inside.

Julian and Válera step out of a second car.

97 INT. WAREHOUSE - PORT ROYAL

Lit only by a set of grimy skylights, several wooden crates are neatly arranged in front of steel freight doors. The three Agents pry open the crates one at a time. Inside each, stacks of BIBLES and bundles of CHRISTIAN LITERATURE fill the crates. Agents #1 unlatches the steel door to roll it up. Daylight pours in.

98 EXT. CHARLESTON - PORT ROYAL - CONTINUOUS

FBI AGENT #4 breaks into the rear door of the white van with a CROW BAR. The doors fly open.

FBI AGENT #4
(to Válera and Julian)
Nothing here.

Válera looks through the passenger side window into the van.

A BOBBLE HEAD doll of a line-backer is attached to the dash. Candy wrappers and empty energy drink cans litter the passenger seat and floor board.

Julian steps in front of the van and checks the license plate.

JULIAN
(to Válera)
These aren't the same plates.

He walks around and exams the side of the van - no deep red paint scar -

JULIAN (CONT'D)
It isn't the same van.

Válera calls out to Agents inside the warehouse.

VÁLERA
What do we have?

AGENT #3
Looks like just a bunch of religious
stuff.

JULIAN
All of it?

Válera and Julian share a look of bewilderment and step up
into the warehouse.

VÁLERA
(to Julian)
They switched vans.

JULIAN
At the Camp.

Agent #3 pushes a few books around on the top of the stacks.

FBI AGENT #3
Pretty much. Hey, wait a minute.
There's more in here.

JULIAN
Empty the crates, all of them!

The three Agent struggle to topple the crates. CLUMP!

Landing hard on top of the printed books, pamphlets and wood
shavings, drop dozens of 3-D printed SMALL ARMS and boxes of
ammunition.

FBI AGENT #1
Got something here!

VÁLERA
Where's this stuff heading?

Agent #1 rips the BILL OF LADING off the side of a crate.

FBI AGENT #1
Aden, Yemen.

Válera and Julian look to each other for answers.

JULIAN
Where's the rest?

VÁLERA
God's Fortress.

JULIAN
(pause)
Let me reach back to Jensen and
advise.

Julian pulls out a cell and makes a call,

99 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - NIGHT

AERIAL

Below spots of light shine on to the gravel road snaking through the camp. Adults leading teams of youth marching toward barracks. We can vaguely hear the Christian gospel music: "PRESS ON".

100 EXT. HIGHWAY TO GATLINBURG - NIGHT

P.O.V. - JIM & LYLE

Out the front windshield, distant HEADLIGHTS approach fast from behind.

SLOW-MOTION, Jim turns his head. Passing them is the vintage dark green Ford Camper van with Ruth at the wheel and her posse onboard.

SHOCKER!

Jim turns to Lyle who's dropped jaw reflects what they both just saw. Jim accelerates down the road in fast pursuit

LYLE

What the Hell? Catch up with them,
Jim.

When all of sudden, THUMP,

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

Their car lists to the side. They turn to look at each other.

JIM

Damn!

101 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The dark green van with lights off is tucked away in the shadows of the trees just off the road near the Camp entrance.

Ruth, Meredith, Gayle, and Annie crowded up behind the windshield and peer out like a brood of owls.

Other GOSPEL MUSIC plays at a distance through the trees.

102 INT. INSIDE THE FORD VAN

The ladies whisper among themselves.

GAYLE
What do we do now?

RUTH
We do reconnaissance.

ANNIE
What's that you said, Ruth?

MEREDITH
(loud)
Reconnaissance, honey.

ANNIE
Yes. Standard perimeter sweep, two-by-two, stay off the ridge line.

The three women turn slowly to look at her - where did that come from?

Under a full moon, Ruth hands the others black hoodies and small back packs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Is this all necessary?

RUTH
Yes, dear. I read all about it in the spy novels. Now, come along, ladies let's get this mission over with! No telling what danger Jim and Lyle are in for.

GAYLE
Who's Lyle, again?

Meredith heaves a sigh of tiredness then leans into Gayle and whispers.

MEREDITH
(quietly)
That would be Hank Falcon, dear.

GAYLE
(quietly)
Oh yes. What a gentleman.

ANNIE
And good looking too!

The other three women look at each other with wonderment in how Annie hears anything.

The four 'spies' slip under a fence and disappear into the deep woods.

RUTH (V.O.)
Single line! Keep your eyeballs
peeled and ears perked.

103 EXT. HIGHWAY TO GATLINBURG - LATER

Jim and Lyle at the side of the road struggle to change a flat tire. Lyle holds a flashlight on Jim as he scavenges the side of the road for something lost.

JIM
I'm sorry, dad. I had all the lug
nuts in the hub cap. It just tipped
over. It's here somewhere.

LYLE
How many you got on there?

JIM
Four.

LYLE
Good enough. Let's pack up and get
going.

No telling what jam those ladies are going to get into.

Just then HEADLIGHTS LIGHT UP THE ROAD from behind. A car pulls up. Two people get out of the car and approach Jim and Lyle. Their features disguised in the shadows cast by the headlights shining from behind them,

JULIAN
Lyle! What the heck? What are you
two doing out here.

Lyle gives Julian an exasperated look that speaks, 'come on now do I have to tell you'?

VÁLERA
Hello Lyle, Jim. What a surprise.
Jensen thought you might need backup
when we learned you were heading to
the camp.

JIM
How do they know these things?

LYLE
There's a few loose ends to tie up.

Válera not sated, studies Jim's face for more information, getting none, she looks for more from Lyle.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I'm with him.

Válera scans the scene with a flashlight, spots a LUG NUT and picks it up.

VÁLERA

Hey you missing this?

LYLE

(to Jim)

Isn't that usually where you find stuff -right under your nose?

JULIAN

Let me guess, you're heading to God's Fortress.

Lyle turns to Jim.

LYLE

Guess we're busted.

VÁLERA

Yeah, so are we. Trailing Ruth Polanski and her lady friends.

JUST THEN Jim's cell phone BEEPS! A text message notification pops up from Ruby all in caps. "RUTH AND LADIES HEADING TO TENNESSEE IN HER VAN. THEY'RE PACKING GUNS!!!"

JIM

Hey, got service!

Jim flashes the message in front of Lyle, then to Válera and Julian.

MOMENTS LATER back in their cars, Jim and Lyle tailgate Válera and Julian down the dark highway toward the camp.

104 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - ENTRANCE - LATER

The duo team pull up several yards from the gate. Julian gets out and goes up Jim and Lyle's car.

JULIAN

There's a fire road this side of the fence about ten yards up on the right. Follow us.

The cars proceed and disappear into the thicket. MOMENTS LATER their headlights shine on Ruth's van.

Out of their cars, they survey the area: distance from the road, the drive, the thick woods surrounding them, the night sky, and the inside of Ruth's van.

BOXES OF AMMUNITION of different brand and caliber lie on the floorboard of the van.

VÁLERA

They've gone in.

Válera and Julian, and Jim and Lyle, exchange worried looks among each other.

105 EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Ruth and her *bons compagnons* stop in the middle of a clearing among the trees. The night sky alit with stars. Out of the dark the sound of the BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC sifts in.

GAYLE

We must be close.

MEREDITH

Sounds like it's coming from somewhere over there.

ANNIE

What is it? I don't hear anything.

RUTH

This way, ladies.

Ruth waves them on to follow her. The team disappears again into the darkness of the forest. The music continues then fades as they proceed further into the dark woods.

FADE TO BLACK

MOMENTS LATER - FADE IN

Surrounded by trees and mosquitoes punching any exposed skin and the SLAPS that follow, the ladies stop to get a bead on their location.

GAYLE

Where are we, Ruth?

RUTH

I think the music was coming from over that way, but now I'm not sure.

ANNIE

I don't hear any music.

Meredith points to a different direction.

GAYLE
There isn't any, honey.

MEREDITH
No, I think we were heading that way
before stepping over that creek back
there.

Meredith looks down at her wet and muddy shoes.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)
But now, I'm not sure.

ANNIE
What was that, Meredith?

RUTH
(loud)
I think we're lost, Annie.

Annie points to yet another direction.

ANNIE
We were heading that way before we
stopped.

GAYLE
Six of one, half a dozen of another.
I say we follow Annie. They say when
one of your senses go bad the others
get keener.

RUTH
Go ahead Annie. Lead the way.

Gayle steps forward, takes Annie's arm. They're led deeper
into the forest. As their voices fade...

GAYLE (V.O.)
Yes, I think Annie's right. Let's
keep going this way.

RUTH (V.O.)
I'll take up the rear.

106 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - WAREHOUSE

A GUARD (20's) leans against the steel warehouse structure
dressed as formally as an SS Officer wearing a military jacket
and tie and pressed gray slacks with a neat crease.

107 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - DRIVEWAY

Julian, Válera, Jim, and Lyle snake through tree lined hedges
on opposite sides of the drive. They push on.

The sound of a sole bugle takes its place playing REVEILLE. A distant YARD LIGHT blinks through the swaying tree branches with a faint yellow glow.

MOMENTS LATER the four find themselves nearby the Assembly Hall hidden among a cluster of pine trees where Julian had staked out before. The sound of Reveille stops. A stream of YOUNGER KIDS flow out of the hall and head down the gravel drive joining OLDER ONES falling out of marching formation.

VÁLERA

Lyle you and Julian stay here. Jim and I will sneak around the backside and see if there's any activity.

Jim conveys a worried look to Válera.

VÁLERA (CONT'D)

You do want an exclusive, don't you?

Jim mans up.

JIM

Of course, yes. Let's go.

JULIAN

We'll keep you posted.

Julian holds up his new GPS PHONE.

VÁLERA

So you finally upgraded. Good boy, Julian.

Come on Jim. Keep low.

Válera and Jim slink around the backside of the assembly hall to the warehouse. They crouch low behind bushes and trees at the perimeter. Alongside the warehouse loading dock sits a white van. Válera's PHONE VIBRATES.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

JULIAN

(to Válera, whispers)
Anything?

Válera looks through a pair of BINOCULARS and surveys the front of the warehouse.

VÁLERA

(whispers)
Looks like our missing white van is here.
Sideswiped and all with red paint.

Kenny steps out from inside the warehouse and reaches inside the van to pull out a MANIFEST.

VÁLERA (CONT'D)
Hey, leave Lyle there to keep watch.
I think we're going need some back
up.

Communication goes silent as Válera and Jim hear conversation between Guard and Kenny

GUARD
(to Kenny)
Need help offloading?

KENNY
(slightly nervous)
Not just now.

He goes back into the warehouse.

VÁLERA
(to Julian)
It's the missing van we thought we
followed to Charleston.

JULIAN
So they must be running two vehicles.
One back and forth from Louisiana to
here, a milk run.

VÁLERA
And the other from here to the port.
(to Jim)
You getting the scoop, Jim?

Jim chuckles quietly and nods while holding his phone up close to his mouth, whispering dictation into an a8pp.

108 INT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - WAREHOUSE

Camp Leader stands near a set of crates with pen in hand and a clipboard of a Manifest sheet, Kenny stands at his side.

Camp Counselor #1 sorts through the contents of the crate calling out an inventory of weapons moving them from one crate to another. Counselor #4 pads the items in the new crate with wood chips and religious pamphlets and bibles.

COUNSELOR #1
Three .38 Specials with 3 packs of
ammunition.

Oh, and looky here, a very cool Glock! I think I'll keep this one.

Counselor #1 holds the gun up to the lights and admires it more closely.

COUNSELOR #1 (CONT'D)
What a piece of art.

CAMP LEADER
Never mind that. Put it back. How many are there?

Counselor #1 digs deeper into the contents of the crate.

COUNSELOR #1
Three.... four, five, and...
(searching)
That's it. Five.

Camp Counselor turns to Kenny.

CAMP LEADER
They're supposed to be eight. That's how many we paid for.

KENNY
Hey, listen man. That was the last of the stock. Buck got tipped off about a raid and told me to blow out of there. Said us just pickup everything and bring it here. That's what I did. So, what's here is what's here.

CAMP LEADER
You're shying us a few grand in merchandise.
(to Counselor #1)
Any more provisions in there?

COUNSELOR #1
Yep. I count 10 Ak47s. And looks like, one, two, three...
(counting)
Huh... Nine .45 ACPs.

CAMP LEADER
(angrily)
Again short!

KENNY
Hey, don't kill the messenger, dude.

CAMP LEADER
Call Buck, tell him we need to talk.

Kenny, nervous, but feigns nonchalance.

KENNY
Okay, sure, man. Whatever.

CAMP LEADER
Now.

KENNY
No problem. I'll call him right now,
Don't get your panties in a twist.

Kenny places a call.

CELL PHONE (Recording)
WE'RE SORRY, YOU HAVE REACHED A NUMBER
THAT HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED OR IS NO
LONGER IN SERVICE. IF YOU FEEL...

Kenny holds phone up to Camp Leader's ear.

Camp Leader sits down at a small desk. He brings out from a drawer an old school calculator placing it hard on the desk.

109 EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - NEAR WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SOUNDS OF ACTIVITY FROM THE CAMP

FADE IN FROM BLACK

The three women appear out from the thicket a short distance from the warehouse. Crouched down, they survey the surroundings through the trees. A yard light lights up the backside of the warehouse.

Ruth points to the rear door.

RUTH
We'll sneak in through that door,
Stay down. Follow me!

Meredith, Gayle, and Annie crouch down low and waddle like ducks behind Ruth to the rear door.

MEREDITH
(pleading)
This is killing my knees.

GAYLE
Me too, Meredith!

The grimace on Annie's face echoes the same complaint as she falls back toward the rear.

110 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - WAREHOUSE (REAR ENTRANCE)

FADE IN FROM BLACK

The foursome stealthily stand at the rear entrance of the warehouse now with guns in hands looking nervously about.

111 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - FRONT OF WAREHOUSE

Guard at the door takes a seat on a bench, lays a RIFLE over his lap, and casts his eyes to the night sky.

LYLE (O.S.)
Beautiful isn't it?

STARTLED, Guard leaps to his feet and aims the rifle at Lyle.

INTERCUT WITH

Jim stands behind Válera at the perimeter as she watches the scene go down through a pair of BINOCULARS.

VÁLERA
(exasperated)
Aww, Lyle!

JIM
What is it?

VÁLERA
Here have a closer look.

Válera passes the binoculars on to Jim.

P.O.V - JIM THROUGH THE LENSES

Lyle and Guard at front of building.

BACK TO SCENE

Jim's jaw drops.

P.O.V. - JIM THROUGH THE LENSES

The rear door of the van pop open and five FBI AGENTS jump out and come up behind Guard.

BACK TO SCENE

Lyle casually relieves Guard of his rifle. Agents handcuffs the Guard and pull him into the rear of the van.

LYLE
My gawd! Jake Stanson!
(MORE)

LYLE (CONT'D)
I thought you were long gone. I
thought you retired.

JAKE STANSON
Yes, and no.

LYLE
Jensen?

JAKE STANSON
That's the yes part.

LYLE
And the no?

JAKE STANSON (60's)
(chuckles)
Well, It seems my aunt, Meredith
Klinsky was bilked out of a chunk of
change from this outfit claiming to
be a Christian day camp for inner
city kids. So she sent them a lot of
money. Not once, but many, many times.
Every time they asked! I knew there
was something wrong when she called
me all upset this knitting club and
some scam. So I -

LYLE
You made a call to Jensen.

JAKE STANSON (60'S)
Yep. He told me about the bust in
DC. And that I could find you down
here if I was so keen to jump back
into the game.

FOOTSTEPS

Jake looks back over his shoulder and sees Válera, Julian,
and Jim step out from hiding and walk toward them.

JAKE STANSON (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
Your posse?

LYLE
Looks like it. We're going in?

JAKE STANSON
In a minute. No rush.

Jake draws out a pack of Camel unfiltered cigarettes as if
by second nature, lights it up.

FBI AGENT #1 steps out from the rear of the van pulling a very rattled, handcuffed Guard out along with him.

Guards neatly pressed grey slacks now with a wet stain in the front.

JAKE STANSON (CONT'D)
(to Guard)
Got your instructions, pigeon?

Guard nods his head and is led to the door.

112 INT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Camp Leader enters some last numbers in the calculator, checks the sum, then scribbles the tally on the Manifest, circling a sum of \$15,850. He tears the sheet off the clipboard and hands it to Kenny.

CAMP LEADER
(to Kenny)
When you get back to Buck, hand him this invoice. And tell him, he needs to settle up with me before the freight is loaded, or it ain't leaving the port.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

GUARD (V.O.)
Sir!

CAMP LEADER
What is it?

GUARD (V.O.)
There's still one crate out here.
You want it brought in?

CAMP LEADER
(to Kenny)
Holding out on us?
(to Counselor #4)
You want to let him in?

Counselor #4 goes to unlock the double-bolted door. On the second bolt... BAM! The door flies open. The force of the door sends Counselor #4 against the wall. FBI Agent #1 and Jake Stanson barge in with guns pointing.

JAKE STANSON
FBI! Everyone, hands above the head.

INTERCUT WITH

113 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - WAREHOUSE (REAR ENTRANCE) -
SAME

The women hear it all at the rear door.

FBI AGENT #1 (V.O.)
Hands behind your backs. All of ya!

JAKE STANSON (V.O.)
You heard him.

ANNIE
Do you hear that? Two men. The far
one's nervous -- he keeps racking
the slide.

The other women gape at Annie -- she can't hear "pass the
sugar," but she can count guns through a wall. Annie opens
her backpack and pulls out a crow bar.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Stand aside. I know how this is
done.

RUTH
Come on ladies.

MEREDITH
Oh my!

GAYLE
She frightens me!

ANNIE
Are you deaf!? I said stand aside,

BACK TO SCENE

Camp Leader pulls a gun out of a shoulder holster underneath
his jacket, TAKES A POTSHOT at Jake, misses him. He turns
to make an escape out the rear door.

REAR DOOR POPS OPEN FROM THE OUTSIDE. Camp Leader is
confronted by four, armed, and angry women.

114 EXT. GOD'S FORTRESS YOUTH CAMP - WAREHOUSE

FADE IN FROM BLACK - FBI Agents lead hand-cuffed Guard,
Counselor #1 and Counselor #4 to the back of the van.

JUST THEN, Camp Leader is pushed out through the front door
of the warehouse, followed behind by Ruth, Gayle, Meredith,
and Annie all with guns pointed at him.

Camp Leader is led off. He and Kenny cross paths. Their eyes meet.

CAMP LEADER
(to Kenny)
You sell out!

KENNY
Fuck you!

ANNIE
(aghast)
The profanity! Did you hear that!

GAYLE
My, your hearing is much improved!

Annie, not responding, sends Gayle a questioning look then a sly smile.

Kenny is escorted toward a SECOND CAR that rolls up to the scene.

LYLE
(to Ruth)
You know just how dangerous this all was, for you, your friends, Ruth.

-- *As an homage to Austin Powers*

RUTH
Danger is my middle name.

-- *playing it forward*

LYLE
(beat; surrendering)
And you are the *international woman of mystery*

JAKE STANSON
They all are, Aren't they?

Ruth and Meredith look on eagerly at the arrest. Quietly, Gayle chastising Annie, dissuading her of using her weapon again, while trying to disarm her. She timidly resists, then surrenders.

THE SUN USHERS IN THE DAWN WITH A SUPERLATIVE RED SKY AT THE HORIZON

FBI agents secure the area, escorting handcuffed suspects into vehicles.

CHILD PROTECTION round up the kids from the barracks. The tension dissipates into calm efficiency as the operation wraps up.

Lyle sits with Jake Stanson on the warehouse deck, casually watching the chaos settle into order.

LYLE
(half-smiling)
Well, Jake, looks like your aunt
Meredith's instincts were dead on.

JAKE STANSON
(smoking his cigarette)
Never doubt knitters. They see things
the rest of us don't.

Válera and Jim approach, carrying a steel lock box.

VÁLERA
Found this.

Válera carefully opens the box to display STACKS OF CASH.

JAKE STANSON
(to Lyle)
Good business these fake charities
ne's pas? Why don't you take off.
We'll lock it all down.

LYLE
Sounds good.

Jim walks up to Jake and extends his hand.

JIM
Hi, I'm Jim Whitamore. You mind if
I ask you a few questions?

Lyle and Jake share a final smile with each other.

Ruth, Annie, Meredith, and Gayle stand triumphantly in the yard reflecting on the events.

LYLE
(to Jake)
You think the agency's hiring? I
might know a team.

Jake laughs, extinguishing his cigarette.

Lyle walks toward the women.

LYLE (CONT'D)
Ladies, your ride's ready.

Ruth's green Ford van pulls up, Julian steps out and hands Ruth the keys.

AGENT #1

You left these in the ignition.

As the sun rises higher, the FBI convoy departs, leaving the once-menacing camp silent and deserted.

115 INT. RUTH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - WEEK LATER

Ruth sits in her cozy living room holding court with her knitting circle - Gayle, Meredith, and Annie.

A tray of tea and cookies rests on a coffee table.

On Ruth's lap: the first bright rows of a NEW AFGHAN - moss and ribbing on display. A small paper tag pinned to the corner: "FOR ANNIE."

RUTH

And then Annie -yes, Annie! You bring out that crowbar!

The ladies laugh and keep knitting.

GAYLE

I was shocked. Couldn't ever imagine!

MEREDITH

(loud)

We all were shocked, Annie! Wielding that gun at those gangsters and then that crowbar at the camp! Where on earth did you pick all that up?

ANNIE

(placidly knitting)

What was that, dear?

RUTH

(smiling into her tea)

She heard you.

Annie's needles never stop. Just the faintest smile.

LYLE (O.S.)

Ruthy?

Off on the sofa by himself, Lyle struggles with a knitting stitch. Hoagy lies at his feet. Ruth goes to his rescue and sits by his side.

DOORBELL CHIME.

RUTH
Meredith, can you get that?

Meredith at the front door, opens it. Jim and Ruby with Lizzy in a bassinet stand in the waiting.

MEREDITH
Come in. Come in.

Gayle, and Annie put down their knitting and rush up to meet Jim and Ruby. They pinch Lizzy's cheeks and whisper sweet-nothings to her. The clutch moves into the living room with Ruth and Lyle.

Ruby saddles Gayle with the Lizzy in the bassinet.

RUBY
Thank you guys so much for taking Lizzy for the day. This award means so much to Jim.

JIM
I still can't believe it.

LYLE
Believe it, son. You earned it.

Jim looks eyes with his dad.

JIM
Couldn't have done it without you, pops.

Ruth stands and puts her finger in the air.

RUTH
"There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a vice which does not live by secrecy."

LYLE
Well said, Ruth!

Annie, seemingly not hearing a word of the conversation, walks off to an overstuffed chair on the other side of the room, sits down, and knits.

GAYLE
(whispers to Meredith)
Who said that?

ANNIE (O.S.)
Joseph Pulitzer.

Shocked, the others look at Annie and then to each other astounded and flabbergasted.

ROUND OF LAUGHTER fills the living room. Hoagy, starved for attention, yaps.

CAMERA SETTLES on the plaque on the wall:

"THE WAY TO RIGHT WRONGS IS TO TURN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH UPON THEM." - IDA B. WELLS