THE DEAD ZONE

"ARTICLES OF FAITH"

Production #13-4013

Written by

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Directed by

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Production Draft – Full Blue      May 03/05
Full Pink – Repaginated           May 06/05
Yellow Pgs: 1-2,7-9,12-13A,15,17,19,23-26,28,30,33-40,43-44,47,49,52-54,57  May 10/05
Green Pgs: 8,19-26,29,36-39,43-47,50-51      May 11/05
Gold Pgs: 1-2,4,11,14,17,23,25,36,41,57-58  May 12/05
2nd White: 3,59-60                May 13/05 *

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THE DEAD ZONE

“ARTICLES OF FAITH”

CAST

JOHNNY SMITH
BRUCE LEWIS
WALT BANNERMAN
REVEREND GENE PURDY
DEPUTY ROSCOE
DANA BRIGHT
WILLIAM COTTON
DARRYL COTTON/“SEATTLE KORPS”
JOSH BLAKE
MELISSA
RASHID MAHMUD (VICTIM)
SYEDA MAHMUD (RASHID’S MOTHER)
AZIZ MAHMUD (RASHID’S FATHER)
TAHMINA MAHMUD (RASHID’S SISTER)
ZAHRAS
BARTENDER BILLY
“BLITZKRIEG GAL” (V.O./HANDS ONLY)
“STORMTROOP 12” (V.O./HANDS ONLY)
“O.C. SKIN” (V.O./HANDS ONLY)
MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O. ONLY)

NON-SPEAKING

STUDENTS & INTERFAITH FESTIVAL ATTENDEES & ASSORTED PROTESTORS
ASSISTANT EDITOR & OTHER STUDENT NEWSPAPER STAFFERS
NEWS CAMERAMAN
COTTON’S POSSE/POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF
HARD-CORE PUNK ROCK TRIO, SKINHEADS & MOSHERS/CLUB GOERS
DARRYL’S SKINHEADS & PUNK FRIENDS
TWO BLACK CAR THIEVES (ONE IS VICTIM)
THE DEAD ZONE

“ARTICLES OF FAITH”

SETS

INTERIORS

MATHER HOUSE (BURAKGAZI HOME REUSE)
DARRYL’S BEDROOM WORKSPACE
PUNK GIRL’S BEDROOM WORKSPACE
ANOTHER TEEN’S BEDROOM WORKSPACE
FAITH HERITAGE CAMPUS
AUDITORIUM
PURDY’S OFFICE
DESERTED DORM
JOSH’S DORM ROOM
ADJACENT HALLWAY
CHAPEL
SCHOOL NEWSPAPER OFFICES

EXTERIORS

STREETS (WHILE DRIVING)
SUBURBAN OFFICE PARK
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE
BURAKGAZI HOUSE
PUNK CLUB
ALLEY
SHERIFF’S STATION

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

SHERIFF’S STATION
WALT’S OFFICE
LOCKUP

SEATTLE CHOP SHOP (DARK SPACE)

COTTON POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS *
OUTER OFFICE
COTTON’S OFFICE *

BURAKGAZI HOME
DINING ROOM

PUNK CLUB
*
*

SMITH HOUSE
LIVING ROOM

VEHICLES

JOHNNY’S RANGE ROVER
WALT’S CRUISER
BRUCE’S MURANO
NEWS TRUCK
CORONER’S VAN/WAGON

NONDESCRIPT SEDAN/JOSH’S CAR
LATE ‘90S MUSTANG & OTHER
“CHOPPED” CARS
DEAD ZONE: "Articles of Faith" - TEASER - 5/12/05 - GOLD 1.

THE DEAD ZONE

"ARTICLES OF FAITH"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1. ON A DRESSER: A CHILDHOOD BASEBALL TROPHY

Faint strains of death metal from computer speakers under the clacking of a keyboard and a young man's V.O.:

SEATTLE KORPS (V.O.)
Anybody hear about this "colorful" little incident in LA?

The V.O. continues as we pan off the trophy to the taped handle of an ALUMINUM BAT propped beside it. We're:

2. INT. A TEEN-AGED BOY'S BEDROOM WORKSPACE - DAY

Camera continues panning across a row of books, including titles by Nietzsche and a paperback "Mein Kampf"...

SEATTLE KORPS (V.O.)
A bunch of black kids shouting "Black Power" beat the crap out of two white high school geeks... and the cops refuse to classify it as a bias crime.

During which we push in tight on a COMPUTER SCREEN displaying the WEB FORUM of the "Aryan Nationalist Community." Our speaker -- "Seattle Korps" is his web handle, but we'll get to know him as DARRYL COTTON, 18 -- is typing, his V.O. matching the words on the screen.

SEATTLE KORPS (V.O.)
Talk about double standards.

The cursor mouses over to a "send" button and clicks it --

3. INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM WORKSPACE - DAY

Punk rock music and girlish touches here as a pair of female hands -- black nail polish and a Death's Head ring -- type a response, which we see on another computer screen. (Art Note: see Addendum A for how characters' typing in Sc. 1-4 may differ from their spoken dialogue.)

BLITZKRIEG GAL (V.O.)
There ain't no justice, Seattle Korps. When are people gonna learn that racism ain't just a "white thang"?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BLITZKRIEG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Time to pick a side 'cause RaHoWa
is coming!

A THIRD BEDROOM WORKSPACE - DAY - ON A MONITOR

Where a loop of violent computer game action plays in one window while another male teen's typed words appear in another.

STORMTROOP 12 (V.O.)
Yo, yo, Seattle Korps. Where you been, dude?

As we now INTERCUT between the three screens --

SEATTLE KORPS (V.O.)
Feels like "The Twilight Zone" but the yokels call it Maine. My Dad, in his infinite wisdom, decided to ditch the Pacific Northwest. "Make a new start."

BLITZKRIEG (V.O.)
Must be some local skins you can hang with.

SEATTLE KORPS (V.O.)
Yeah, only now he's threatening to ship me to military school. You believe it?

STORMTROOP 12 (V.O.)
Life's a bitch and then you die, my brother. Still, lethal skills may come in handy. Like Blitz says, the War's coming.

On which disturbing note, we pre-lap a somber adult voice --

MAN'S VOICE
One cannot understand intolerance without understanding its roots...

Dissolving from Stormtroop 12's computer screen to:

A TV MONITOR ON A WALL

It shows WILLIAM COTTON, 50, a smooth, charismatic speaker.

COTTON (ON TV)
...and its roots lie in fear and ignorance.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

COTTON (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Nowhere is this clearer than in the chasm that the terrible events of 9/11 opened between Muslims and Christians, a chasm we've just begun to bridge.

As camera meanwhile pulls back, revealing rows of listeners seated in folding chairs in the crowded FOYER of:

INT. FAITH HERITAGE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Packed with students, congregants, and members of various evangelical denominations and conservative Christian interest groups -- hence the overflow crowd. Banners proclaim Faith Heritage's "Tenth Annual Interfaith Festival." As camera enters the main space, Cotton is revealed speaking from the dais at the front. (Note: for his full speech, see Addendum C.)

COTTON
It wasn't Muslims who crashed those planes, but extremists who abandoned the central tenets of their faith: peace and love -- the same values we cherish.

Applause, as camera now finds Johnny, Bruce and Purdy watching from the back. Johnny claps dutifully.

JOHNNY
Who is he?

PURDY
William Cotton. A former Seattle minister who's been getting involved in local politics.

COTTON
(in background)
...There should never be another excuse for Muslims and Christians to go to war.

PURDY
(applauding)
A forceful speaker with an important message: tolerance.

Johnny indicates a group of militant pro-lifers, their mouths taped, holding signs that say "Abortion = Murder". (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
I'm not sure everyone's getting it.

PURDY
Dialogue is the key.

Bruce nods toward a thicket of TV and print reporters.

BRUCE
Not to mention press coverage.

PURDY
(gratified)
It's the first time the festival's enjoyed this sort of media attention.
(see an aide gesturing)
I'm glad you stopped by, Johnny.

As he moves off...

BRUCE
I'd rather be bowling... enjoying my morning off instead of...

Then both his and Johnny's eyes alight on the same beguiling sight -- DANA BRIGHT, waving to them from where she stands with her TV news crew.

BRUCE
Now it all makes sense.

As Johnny smiles at him and heads over...

WITH DANA

A cameraman and soundman are recording Cotton's speech, while a bespectacled, conservatively dressed YOUNG MAN stands nearby taking notes in a reporter's notebook.

JOHNNY
Dana.

DANA
If it isn't my favorite psychic.

They hug, Dana holding it for a significant extra beat.

DANA
(over his shoulder)
Bruce.

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
Dana.

Johnny fingers Dana's laminated news badge, impressed.

JOHNNY
"Network correspondent"?

DANA
Boston isn't exactly New York, or even Washington... but it's a start.

BRUCE
How'd you get roped into covering Purdy's shindig?

DANA
My bosses remembered I started out editing the student paper here.

Hearing which, the Young Man glances over.

DANA
Speaking of which, I'd like you to meet the current editor. Josh Blake, this is Johnny Smith and Bruce Lewis.

Josh nods to them but doesn't offer his hand; he's too busy taking notes. His voice has a sardonic edge.

JOSH
"The Miracle of Cleaves Mills." Reverend Purdy likes to drop your name in his sermons.

JOHNNY
Don't believe everything you hear.

JOSH
I don't.

At which point Cotton finishes his speech to a STANDING OVATION. Josh, however, seems to scoff at the applause.

JOSH
"And they will deceive every one his neighbor, and will not speak the truth."

Johnny looks at Dana, who shrugs. They turn back toward --
COTTON

Who's making his way up the aisle flanked by a bunch of YOUNG MEN in jackets and ties, many with short haircuts, like a kind of junior secret service retinue. People reach out to shake Cotton's hand, and as he approaches --

THE CROWD

surges toward Cotton, carrying Johnny with it, along with Josh Blake (but not Bruce), shoving them up against the breakwater of young men (including Darryl Cotton, who we won't recognize since we haven't seen his face yet).

Johnny reacts as he's jostled by the crush of bodies. Suddenly, there's a big WHOOSH and as we push in on --

JOHNNY'S FACE

His eyes close, his head tilts from vertical to horizontal, and cuts and bruises appear as we MATCH, MOVE, MORPH TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - CU JOHNNY

Dressed as someone else: a murder victim. He's lying on his back. Then someone drags him out of frame. FLASH!

JOHNNY/MURDER VICTIM is propped against a wall. FLASH!

WHITE PAINT is splashed across his body. FLASH!

An OLD BRUSH paints letters on a wall. We pull back to reveal the phrase "WHITE POWER!" And, under it, another word: "RAHOWA!"

Then the brush is dropped in a puddle of white paint. Off the paint, as tendrils of blood swirl into it...

BACK TO SCENE

As Johnny finds himself left behind by the crowd surge, unable to tell who or what gave him the disturbing vision.

As he exchanges a troubled look with Bruce...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

12 OMITTED

13 EXT. FAITH HERITAGE - PARKING LOT

Bruce and Johnny walk toward Johnny's car.

BRUCE
No idea what triggered it?

JOHNNY
The crowd was so thick, I could've gotten the vision off of anyone.

BRUCE
But you're sure it was a racist killing?

JOHNNY
Whoever did it painted the words "White Power". Plus another word I didn't understand. "Rahowa."

BRUCE
Ra-ho-what?

DANA (O.S.)
It's an acronym...

They look up to see Dana leaning back against Johnny's Land Rover with a knowing smile.

DANA
Means "Racial Holy War." The "Jihad" every good little white supremacist hopes and prays for.

JOHNNY
Dana, I --

DANA
Meant to say goodbye but got caught up in something? Sounds familiar. Mind if I tag along?

As Johnny and Bruce trade a look...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Dana brings two cups of coffee back to a bench where She and Johnny have been sitting, waiting to see Walt.

(CONTINUED)
DANA
Splash of milk but no sugar, right?

Johnny takes it from her, indicates Walt's closed door.

JOHNNY
Roscoe said Walt'd be another five minutes.

DANA
Good ole Roscoe.

(sitting)
So, here we are again. The psychic and the reporter. Kinda makes you nostalgic, doesn't it?

JOHNNY
Kinda.

DANA
So, how've you been?

JOHNNY
Not bad, considering.

DANA
"Considering"? That covers some ground.

JOHNNY
And you?

DANA
Well, with the help of copious amounts of therapy, I managed to break some bad habits. Like falling for very successful but very manipulative men.

JOHNNY
Ah.

DANA
Don't worry, you didn't qualify -- on either count.

JOHNNY
Thanks.

DANA
Anyway, I decided to give my social life a rest and focus on my career.

JOHNNY
How'd that work out?
CONTINUED: (2)

DANA
Great, as far as the career goes.
(brightening)
So, a handsome tabloid hero like
yourself? How come I'm not reading
about you and Angelina Jolie?

JOHNNY
We're keeping it on the down-low.

DANA
Haven't found the right gal, huh?

JOHNNY
I've found one or two.

DANA
Really?

Johnny's saved by ROSCOE, who opens Walt's door, waves
them over. As Johnny stands...

JOHNNY
We're on.

Off Dana's private smile, and our sense that she still
has feelings for Johnny...

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - DAY - ON A MONITOR

We're looking at a photo and "rap sheet" of a skinhead
biker type, which is then replaced by a similar one.

WALT (O.S.)
Most of my "likely suspects" either
drifted out of the area, or are
in jail on other charges.

REVEALING Walt, Dana and Johnny around the monitor.

DANA
And there's no record of a crime
like this that already happened?

WALT
Not one matching Johnny's vision.

JOHNNY
So it's definitely in the future.
(considers)
What do you know about some of
the more extreme fundamentalist
groups attending Purdy's festival?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Walt indicates some paperwork.

WALT
Some pro-lifers filed a request to hold a protest at a local family planning clinic. But other than that, very little. Faith Heritage is its own little world. Even has its own police force.

JOHNNY
Maybe we should check with them.

DANA
The "campus cops"? Forget it. I've got my own sources.

CLOSE ON A RED PROOFING MARKER

As it passes over the "Articles of Faith" masthead, pausing to check the smaller type of an adjacent slogan: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

JOSH (O.S.)
Did you let 'em know we're running color?

WIDER, revealing we're:

INT. "ARTICLES OF FAITH" OFFICES - DAY

Josh is proofing a printout of the next day's front page, which we don't fully see. An ASSISTANT EDITOR nods, then Josh reacts to Dana entering with Johnny. Some of the other young staffers move to greet her, clearly star-struck. Josh slides a blank sheet over his front page.

WITH DANA AND JOHNNY

Dana is handing a young female student her card.

DANA
If your clips are strong, I'd be glad to recommend you for an internship.

JOSH (O.S.)
Seducing my staff to the dark side?

(CONTINUED)
DANA
Selling your soul isn't a
requirement for working in TV,
though it never hurts.

Laughter from some of the other students, which irks Josh.

JOSH
C'mon people! We've got a paper
to put out.
(to Dana, suspicious)
Bad time for a "victory lap."

DANA
I'm not here to poach a story, if
that's what you're worried about.
We need your help.

Josh remains wary. Johnny takes the lead.

JOHNNY
I know you have your doubts about
me, but my visions are real. I
had one this morning of a murder.
A hate crime.

Josh is intrigued despite himself.

JOSH
After Cotton's speech?

JOHNNY
How'd you know?

Josh considers, then leads them toward the layout table.

JOSH
No poaching, right?

He removes the blank sheet, revealing the next day's front
page. It's an exposé on William Cotton, with the headline
"Interfaith Speaker has Supremacist Ties," and a picture
of a SOMEWHAT YOUNGER COTTON speaking at a small rally
with WHITE POWER SYMBOLS on banners behind him.

JOSH
Meet William Cotton, the '90s
version, with a decidedly different
slant on "interfaith tolerance."

Johnny and Dana are both pretty stunned.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
This the same guy?

JOSH
It took an FOI request to get the feds to cough up their surveillance photos.

Dana nods, impressed, as she eyes the photos.

DANA
For someone who lectures on tolerance, he's certainly kept some odd company.

JOHNNY
Why would Purdy bring him here? Isn't he aware of his past?

JOSH
I don't know. I wanted to run the story before giving anyone in the administration a chance to spin it. But Cotton -- the new guy -- has credentials. He wrote a book on Muslim-Christian relations that made him a go-to guy on the college speaking tour.

JOHNNY
What if he's genuinely turned a new leaf?

Josh leads them into a small OFFICE, where his LAPTOP is open on his desk, displaying a web page.

JOSH
The home page of the American Liberty Organization, the political party Cotton started after he moved here from Seattle. Superficially, it's clean. But scratch the surface...

Johnny meanwhile tries to angle the screen toward him. But as he does, MATCH, MOVE, MORPH around the laptop to --

INT. JOSH'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - VISION

Pulling back from the same web page, to find Johnny watching as Josh works intently on his Cotton story.
Meanwhile, his girlfriend, MELISSA, closes a comparative religion TEXTBOOK she's been highlighting on the bed, comes over and begins seductively massaging his neck.

    JOSH
    Don't. It'll just make us both crazy.

    MELISSA
    (tentative)
    That such a bad thing?

Josh reacts to her tone, taking off his glasses as he turns to her, the better to look her in the eyes.

    JOSH
    Melissa, we agreed.

    MELISSA
    We've been together four years.

    JOSH
    And we'll always be together.

He stands, clasping her hands.

    JOSH
    But if we had sex now... before we're married... we'd have to use birth control, and that would be blocking God's will, right? Is that what it means to be a disciple of Jesus Christ and make Him the Lord of our lives?

    MELISSA
    No, I guess not.

Off Johnny, as Josh pulls her into an embrace, chastely kissing her cheek...

Johnny comes out of the odd vision feeling like a peeping Tom, almost blushes when he sees Josh staring at him.

    JOSH
    You still with me?

    JOHNNY
    Yeah, I'm with you.
CONTINUED:

JOSH
(re web page again)
When you look deeper, literally --
And here he begins tabbing to other internet pages --
CONTINUED: (2)

JOSH
Cotton's site is cross-linked to all these others having to do with government conspiracies, ultra-violent video games... even some of the less virulent supremacist web forums. They're all sites frequented by young alienated teens.

DANA
In other words, he's still recruiting from the same pool.

JOHNNY
I need to talk to him.

EXT. SUBURBAN OFFICE PARK - DAY
The Land Rover parks outside a small glass office building.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY
Dana rummages in an equipment bag in the back seat as Johnny turns off the ignition, still mulling that last vision. Dana senses his distraction.

DANA
Where are you?

JOHNNY
Vision I had about Josh... and his girlfriend. Made me feel like a peeping Tom.

DANA
That hot, huh?

JOHNNY
Just the opposite. Didn't think kids still held out 'til they got married.

She turns holding a VIDEO CAMERA, loads a fresh cartridge.
DANA
Well, you definitely wouldn't call Faith Heritage a "party school." All those bibles can work like a cold shower. Me, I was never much of a reader.
(hands him the camera)
Here. You're my cameraman.
(off his reaction as he handles it)
Don't tell me you have a problem with a little bit of guile?

JOHNNY
No, it's just I saw you making out with your cameraman.

DANA
That was just...
(realizing he's messing with her)
Very funny. I forgot what a pain you can be.

She gets out.

INT. ALO HEADQUARTERS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY
Camera tracks past desks where a staff of young men in shirts and ties -- the same young men who flanked Cotton after his speech -- are preparing to quit for the day, approaching the door to an inner office --

INT. COTTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Where Cotton is mid-interview with Dana, as Johnny films.

COTTON
Our philosophy's simple: less government in people's lives. Socially, it means promoting tolerance. "Live and let live."

WITH JOHNNY
As he films, at one point backing into a credenza, then dropping one hand to steady himself. We can tell he's fishing for visions. Apparently, without luck.
DANA
You seem to be reaching out mostly
to young males.

COTTON
They're the future.

DANA
I was hoping you'd be more
revealing.

Cotton eyes Johnny, smiles.

COTTON
And I was hoping you'd explain
why you're using a psychic as
your cameraman. Mister Smith,
Isn't it?

Johnny lowers the camera, busted. Dana covers --

DANA
Uh, my regular guy got sick.

COTTON
(not buying it)
Is that right?

JOHNNY
It's my fault. I should have
introduced myself.

He holds out his hand but Cotton just eyes it suspiciously.

DANA
There's a story running tomorrow
in the Faith Heritage student
newspaper. It claims you have
ties to certain right-wing
organizations.

Cotton sighs but surprisingly doesn't seem too upset.

COTTON
My past is no state secret, Miss
Bright. It's just been
misconstrued by the liberal media.

JOHNNY
In what way?
CONTINUED: (2)

COTTON
To promote tolerance, you have to understand the roots of intolerance. I'm afraid I need to cut this short.

But as he rises to usher them out, Johnny's camera accidentally knocks over a PHOTO on his desk. A photo of Darryl Cotton. As Johnny picks it up --

VISION FLASH - A DARK, WAREHOUSE-LIKE SPACE - NIGHT

It could be the same place where Johnny saw the murder from the killer's POV, only now he seems to experience it from the victim's, as Darryl Cotton, sleeves rolled up to expose the ARYAN SYMBOLS tattooed on his forearms, advances toward us with an ALUMINUM BAT. We glimpse his expression of rage and revulsion before he swings the bat at camera. At the moment of impact, we --

RESUME SCENE

Johnny reacts slightly as he sets down the photo.

JOHNNY
Your son?

COTTON
Yes, it is.

Dana picks up on Johnny's interest.

DANA
I don't suppose you'd let us talk to him? Get his perspective on his father's political career?

COTTON
I'm afraid Darryl's busy packing. I'm sending him to school overseas.

DANA
Too bad. Maybe next time.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY (DAY 2)

Walt enters his office, Dana and Johnny trailing.
CONTINUED:

WALT
The only thing I could find is this stolen vehicle report from Seattle. Couple years ago. Cotton reported his son's car stolen, then called back the next day to say they found it abandoned.

Dana studies the report.

DANA
Not very damning, is it?

ROSCOE pokes his head in, his look grave.

ROSCOE
Chief, we've got a problem.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Johnny follows Walt through a man-sized hole in a brick wall, reacts to what he sees in the shadowy building. Crime scene photographers' flashes going off, illuminating -- Puddles of bloodied white paint.

A paint-splattered BODY slumped against a wall.

Crude letters over it, spelling "White Power."

A medical examiner studies a bruise on the victim's face -- we see dark-skinned Middle Eastern features.

ON JOHNNY, as he hangs his head, realizing he's too late.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Some time later, the CSI techs starting to wrap up. Bruce waits with Johnny and Dana as Walt approaches with an evidence baggie with a wallet and another item in it.

WALT
Wallet IDs the victim as Rashid Mahmud, address in Cleaves Mills.
Eighty bucks inside.

DANA
So much for robbery.

Bruce nods bitterly to the white-painted words.

BRUCE
They painted the motive on the wall.

Johnny gives Bruce a look... it's apparent the crime has affected him on a personal level... as Walt approaches with an evidence baggie, several items inside.

WALT
These still have to go to forensics, but if you want to touch an edge...?

Johnny reaches into the baggie, touches the edge of the wallet. Nothing. The second item is an old cross-shaped WAR MEDAL. Johnny touches an edge. We hear a WHOOSH, then he looks up.

JOHNNY
It's a Victoria Cross, awarded to his grandfather in World War II.

DANA
From father to son to son.

The M.E. gives Walt a nod. His team is done.

WALT
You're on, John.

Johnny hesitates for a beat -- a diver about to plunge into a forbidding pool -- then finds Bruce's reassuring hand on his shoulder. We hear a WHOOSH. Johnny looks back at his friend for a beat, nods, then goes to work.

He crouches to touch some puddled paint... some debris...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  

Then is drawn to the painted letters. WHOOSH --

ANOTHER CU VISION FLASH OF A BRUSH PAINTING THE LETTERS

RESUME - JOHNNY

Approaches Rashid's body, now being zipped into a body bag. Two CSI technicians give him room as he stares at the dead eyes staring up at him. Then his fingertips lightly touch the young man's face --

POV FLASHES

Once again, Johnny is the victim, only now he's alive, dressed in Rashid's clothes, as he reels away from camera from a blow by some barely seen, club-like weapon.

JOHNNY/RASHID
Stop! Please!

Camera rushes toward him as he throws up his hands.

JOHNNY/RASHID
Why are you doing this?!

Once again the club-like weapon whooshes through frame -- a final blow that sends Johnny/Rashid sprawling, dead.

RESUME - ON JOHNNY

As he slowly pulls the body bag zipper past Rashid's still open eyes.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A run-down industrial neighborhood. WITH Johnny, Walt, Bruce and Dana as they exit the building. Rashid's body is being loaded into a CORONER'S VAN. City cops and sheriff's deputies hold back a growing CROWD.

BRUCE
Where'd these people come from?

DANA
Someone has a police scanner.

JOHNNY
They heard about a hate crime.

(CONTINUED)
They're all deeply troubled by what they've seen.

WALT
This sort of thing doesn't happen here.

BRUCE
It does now.

JOHNNY
Is there a preliminary cause of death?

WALT
Blunt trauma to the head. We didn't find a weapon.

ON JOHNNY --

MEMORY FLASHBACKS (BLACK AND WHITE)
- The club-like weapon knocks Johnny/Rashid to the ground.
- Darryl Cotton swings the baseball bat at camera.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHNNY
Could it've been a baseball bat?

Walt eyes him.

WALT
There something you haven't told me?

JOHNNY
(a beat, then)
I think Rashid knew the person who killed him.

Walt can tell Johnny's holding back.

WALT
Okay. We'll check out friends, acquaintances and family. If this is a hate crime, people are gonna be screaming for an arrest.

JOHNNY
Exactly why I don't want to point a finger at anyone 'til I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)
During their exchange, Dana's news truck pulls up. Now her cameraman and soundman hop out and wave her over.

JOHNNY
You called them?

DANA
(apologetic)
The media's going to be all over this. I might as well get a head start.

(moving closer, sotto)
What's between us stays between us.

But despite her assurance, Johnny watches uneasily as she moves to meet her crew.

MALE ANCHOR'S VOICE
The day after an apparent race-motivated murder, the aftershocks roil a small Maine community.

OMITTED

EXT. MAHMUD HOME - DAY
A neat, two-story suburban home at the end of a cul-de-sac. The media is laying siege.

MALE ANCHOR'S VOICE
Dana Bright was the first to report from the scene and now comes to us live from Cleaves Mills. Dana?

Finding Dana doing her stand-up.

DANA
Dan, I'm standing outside the home of Rashid Mahmud, the young man whose bludgeoned body was found last night only a few miles from here. News of the crime prompted reactions ranging from shock to sorrowful introspection in this small-town community, which this week played host to a religious conference sponsored by Reverend Gene Purdy's Faith Heritage Alliance.
38 INT. FAITH HERITAGE AUDITORIUM - DAY

Shot of Purdy leading a prayer in the packed hall.

DANA (V.O.)
I spoke with Reverend Purdy after an afternoon prayer service.

39 EXT. FAITH HERITAGE AUDITORIUM - LATER - ON PURDY

PURDY
Every day brings us news of some terrible but distant crime. But when a crime raises the specter of intolerance, we're forced to stop and take stock, question our own prejudices.

DANA (O.S.)
Has this changed your attitude about Cleaves Mills and Maine?

PURDY
I believe this is an aberration. Cleaves Mills is a God-fearing community.

40 EXT. MAHMUD HOME - DAY - ON DANA

DANA
Others might question that statement, among them Josh Blake, editor of the Faith Heritage student newspaper, which today reported that a local speaker at Purdy’s conference -- William Cotton -- has white supremacist ties.

41 INT. "ARTICLES OF FAITH" OFFICES - DAY - ON JOSH BLAKE

DANA (O.S.)
Do you feel there could be a connection with this crime?

JOSH
That's not for me to say. The fact that Cotton's building a political organization here scares me.
42 EXT. MAHMUD HOME - DAY - BACK ON DANA

As she notices Walt and Johnny entering the house.

DANA
"Scared" is how most people here feel. Scared about the end of one small town's innocence.

CLICK! A woman's hand turns off a TV on which the broadcast was playing. Reveal we're:

43 INT. MAHMUD HOME - DAY

SYEDA MAHMUD, 40, Rashid's mother, looks up apologetically at Walt and Johnny. Her husband AZIZ, late 40s, stands nearby. Their daughter TAHMINA sits at a dining table, disconsolately leafing through a family PHOTO ALBUM. The Burakgazis are Pakistani immigrants and their house displays many decorative touches of their home country.

SYEDA
I don't know why I keep it on. I keep hoping for some kind of explanation... something that...

She can't finish her thought. Her husband holds her, leads her to the table to sit.

AZIZ
It's all right, Syeda. Let me speak with them.

She sits, letting her daughter comfort her, tears coming as she sees the photos in the album. Aziz eyes Walt.

AZIZ
You have news about my son's murderer?

WALT
We have information that suggests your son may have known his attacker. Did Rashid have any enemies?

AZIZ
Enemies? No. He was a kind boy, very shy.

JOHNNY
You can't think of anyone who might want to hurt him?

Aziz's eyes go to Johnny. He doesn't recognize him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WALT
This is Johnny Smith. He's helped us in the past.

JOHNNY
I'm very sorry for your loss.

He takes a small envelope from his shirt pocket, empties it into his hand. Aziz reacts to his father's MEDAL, then, filled with emotion, reaches for it. As the medal connects their hands --

VISION - PAST - EVENING

Johnny finds himself sitting next to Rashid at the dining room table. The family is gathered for a meal, along with an attractive and self-assured young Pakistani woman, ZAHRA, 19, who's seated on Rashid's other side.

ZAHRA
We called it the "Fast-a-thon."
More than 150 colleges participated. The idea was to give non-Muslim students a "taste" for the meaning of Ramadan, and for what it's like for the poor to go hungry.

Aziz nods enthusiastically. We realize this is an arranged date for Rashid, who shyly studies his food.

AZIZ
See, Rashid. A college girl who's also observant.

SYEDA
Faith and good works. The path to salvation, as the Koran says.

ZAHRA
I hear you're applying to college, Rashid. What are your top choices?

But as she smiles at him innocently, her hand secretly finds his thigh under the table. Johnny notices, then notices Rashid react uncomfortably and brush her hand away.

RASHID
I was hoping to find a school close to home.

He shares a pained private look with his sister.
CONTINUED:

AZIZ
Not too close, I hope. The way he eats, we can't afford him.

The table laughs. Rashid tries to muster a grin. Off Johnny, observing his unease...

BACK TO PRESENT

As Johnny reacts, as puzzled by this vision as he was of the one he had of Josh Blake. Meanwhile, Aziz clutches the medal, quietly overwhelmed.

WALT
Mister Mahmud. We'll find who did this. I promise.

But it's a promise that ultimately offers little solace to this grief-stricken family.

EXT. MAH Mud HOME - DAY

Johnny approaches Bruce, who waits by his car.

BRUCE
Learn anything new?

JOHNNY
Nothing that helps us.

Dana saunters up with a disarming smile.

DANA
Hey, my car just died. Can you handsome young men give me a lift?

Annoyed with her, even if she's just been doing her job, Johnny starts to get into the Murano.

DANA
Even if I've got a tip where we might find Darryl Cotton?

JOHNNY?
"We?"

DANA
Mm-hmm. But "we" might want to pick up some earplugs first.
INT. PUNK CLUB - NIGHT

A hard-core POWER TRIO thrashes out a song on a cramped stage while a bunch of young punks and skinhead types MOSH in the pit. Finding Johnny, Bruce and Dana making their way through the crowd. Bruce shouts over the din.

    BRUCE
    Man, do I feel old!

    JOHNNY
    You're cold?

    BRUCE
    Old. I feel old!

Johnny nods as they approach a PUNK COUPLE drinking beers and making out. Meanwhile, Dana continues on to the bar.

    JOHNNY
    Hi! You guys know a kid named Darryl? Darryl Cotton?

The couple shrug, give Johnny's clothes a disdainful once-over, then go back to twining their tongues. Bruce taps Johnny's shoulder, indicates Dana, who's waving them over to the bar, where she's been conferring with the tattooed and goateed bartender, BILLY. Johnny and Bruce head over.

    DANA
    This is Billy. He knows Darryl.

    JOHNNY
    Is he here tonight?

    BILLY
    Was. Had to throw him out.
    (re mosh pit)
    He and his friends were getting a little too aggressive.

Johnny and Bruce eye the moshers, who appear to be engaged in an Ultimate Fighting free-for-all. "Too aggressive"?

    BILLY
    Those skinheads don't get it. The music's not about violence. It's about energy.
    (re a side door)
    Try the alley.

As he moves off to deal with some clamoring patrons...
EXT. PUNK CLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT

Johnny, Bruce and Dana exit the club, Johnny leading them through a throng of smoking teens and twenty-somethings. He reacts as he finally sees --

DARRYL COTTON rough-housing with a bunch of skinheads and punks, most a bit older than him.

JOHNNY
That's him.

DANA
So. How do you normally handle a situation like this? "Hi, my name's Johnny Smith. I'm a psychic and I'd like to shake your hand to see if you're guilty of murder."

Johnny looks at Bruce...

BRUCE
Okay, but you stay close.

He approaches the skins, Johnny and Dana trailing.

BRUCE
Hey, you guys see a kid with a blue mohawk run by? He just jacked my stereo.

Darryl gives him a sneering once-over.

DARRYL
Sure you don't have that backwards, bro?

BRUCE
Sorry?

DARRYL
Where I come from it's guys like you who jack stereos. Jack cars. Anything that's not nailed down.

His friends laugh, ad lib: "That's cold." "Tell the brother." Bruce tenses, instantly fired up, but Johnny puts a restraining hand on his shoulder.

JOHNNY
Darryl Cotton?

DARRYL
Who wants to know?
JOHNNY
My name's Johnny Smith. I'm a psychic, and I'd like to shake your hand.

He extends his own. Darryl eyes it suspiciously.

DARRYL
Why?

JOHNNY
To see if you killed Rashid Mahmud.

The laughter stops cold. Dana and Bruce are as surprised as Darryl and his posse.

DARRYL
What makes you think I snuffed that raghead?

JOHNNY
Well, for starters you're clearly a racist. Second, the killer wrote "white power" on a wall, and those appear to be white power tats on your arms.

(re his extended hand)
How about it?

Darryl's pals are enjoying this. They encourage him: "Go ahead." "Do it, man." "C'mon Darryl, we'll still love ya." But Darryl just eyes Johnny coldly.

DARRYL
Get lost.

JOHNNY
Not yet.

He grabs Darryl's arm. MATCH, MOVE, MORPH TO:

INT. COTTON HOUSE (MAHMUD HOUSE RE-USE) - DAY

Now it's Darryl's father who grips his son's arm, incensed, as he shoves a Bangor Daily News front page in his face (all we can see clearly is a headline, which screams: "Police Seek Hate Killer"). Camera pivots to show Johnny watching.

COTTON
Tell me you didn't do this!

But Darryl stubbornly refuses to deny it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DARRYL
I thought you'd be proud of me.
(re his tats)
It's what we stand for, isn't it?
Or doesn't that matter anymore?

As he jerks his arm away, we again MATCH, MOVE, MORPH --

BACK TO SCENE

As Darryl jerks his arm away from Johnny --

DARRYL
Get off me, freak!

He SHOVES him hard. And now BRUCE loses it, shoving Darryl into another skin and sending them both sprawling, precipitating a BRAWL. Bruce takes hits, along with Johnny, who tries to protect him. DANA steps back.

NEW ANGLE

As other bystanders try to pull the combatants apart. Suddenly the action FREEZES with a CLICK. Then UNFREEZES. Three more clicks, three more freeze-frames, the last one showing Bruce getting clocked from behind.

Pull back to reveal Josh Blake standing behind a corner. As he lowers a DIGITAL CAMERA to check the image...

INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dana rises anxiously from a couch as Johnny, a bit bruised and roughed up, enters from the foyer. He nods, indicating the upstairs.

JOHNNY
I put a couple of butterfly band-aids on his cut, got him to lie down for a bit.

DANA
And you?

Johnny holds up an ice pack.

JOHNNY
My injuries are less serious.

(CONTINUED)
DANA
But no less deserving of attention.
(taking the ice pack)
Sit.

Johnny does. She gingerly applies the ice to a bruise.

DANA
Bruce takes his job pretty seriously, doesn't he?

JOHNNY
His job?

DANA
Looking out for you.

JOHNNY
Yeah, I guess he does.

DANA
I seem to remember putting in for it myself once.

Johnny smiles, takes her hand. But at that moment, her cell phone rings. A distinctive melodic tone.

DANA
My producer.

She reluctantly fishes her cell from her purse, answers.

DANA
Yes, Gary, I know I've been off the clock but --
(beat, listens)
No. I didn't know that --
(another beat)
I'll get right on it.

She hangs up, turns to Johnny, troubled.

DANA
The Articles of Faith web site just posted a story saying that the police have a suspect -- Darryl Cotton -- and that you led them to him.

JOHNNY
What?
They have pictures. Blake must've followed us, little creep.

JOHNNY
It's not true.

DANA
Doesn't matter. Blake's made it a story, and the way my bosses see it, I've been scooped twice by a student newspaper.

She brushes his cheek with her fingers as she rises.

DANA
I may have to call you later. For a quote.

Off Johnny as she exits...

Tracking with Johnny and Bruce, Bruce carrying a MAG-LIGHT, as they enter the dark building, ducking under police tape. Bruce has a small bandage on one temple.

BRUCE
I can't believe I lost it like that last night.

JOHNNY
It's understandable.

BRUCE
Well, yeah, he provoked me.

JOHNNY
I meant because of what happened that night you turned 17. Your Dad let you borrow his car...

(off Bruce's look)
I saw it here the other day, when you put your hand on my shoulder.

BRUCE
Saw me getting pulled over and beat up by those rednecks? For dating a white girl?
JOHNNY
(nods)
I'm guessing that wasn't the only
time you had to deal with racism.

BRUCE
I'm still dealing with it. The
convenience store clerk checking
his surveillance mirror when I'm
in the back. Or some middle-aged
lady who "casually" crosses the
street when she sees me coming.
Makes me think a punk like Cotton's
just vocalizing stuff that's in
everyone's subconscious.

Johnny looks around at the former crime scene.

JOHNNY
Maybe, but everyone isn't killing
people, covering them with white
paint, and writing racist slogans
on walls.

BRUCE
Which is why I want us to nail
him.
(looking around too)
Thing is, you've already touched
just about everything there is to
touch.

He has indeed. As Johnny surveys the surroundings --

MEMORY FLASH (BLACK AND WHITE) - JOHNNY AS THE VICTIM
REELS BACK FROM A CLUBBING BLOW

BACK TO SCENE
Johnny orients himself, indicates to Bruce the place where
he, as the victim, was standing in the vision.

JOHNNY
Stand there and face away from
me, okay?

Bruce does. Johnny adjusts his own position behind him.

JOHNNY
The killer would've stood here.

Camera tilts down to his feet as he shifts them. Bruce
glances back, observing this...

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
You think "standing in his footsteps" could trigger a vision?

JOHNNY
Maybe if I could find them.
(an idea)
Give me your flashlight.

Bruce hands him the heavy metal MAG-LIGHT. Johnny grips it by the base... we see his feet shift again, a wider stance... then we tilt up as he raises it high. WHOOSH --

CU: THE MAG-LIGHT HAS SUDDENLY BECOME A CLUB-LIKE STEERING WHEEL LOCK (LIKE "THE CLUB"). AS IT SWINGS DOWN OUT OF FRAME...

BRUCE (V.O.)
Whoa!

BACK TO SCENE

Bruce has turned just in time to catch Johnny's downward swinging arm (his turn would coincide with the victim's turn just as he gets hit with the first blow). They both take a breath.

JOHNNY
It wasn't a baseball bat.
(beat)
Darryl Cotton isn't the killer.

Off which...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

INT. "ARTICLES OF FAITH" OFFICES - DAY

Purdy's doing spin control, quieting a hubbub of shouted questions from reporters, as Josh and his staff stand by.

PURDY
Mister Blake has done us a service by pointing out William Cotton's ties to certain extreme elements.
Past ties we were unaware of.

More shouted questions: "What about Cotton's son?" "Darryl Cotton?" "The murder?" "Hate crime." Etc.

PURDY
Mister Cotton may have made a break with his past. But his son's involvement with this crime reminds us that our failure to openly confess and atone for our sins is what dooms them to be repeated.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Nice sermon, Gene.

Heads turn to see Johnny in the back, holding up a NEWSPAPER headline declaring: "Cotton's Son a Suspect."

JOHNNY
There's just one problem. The story isn't true.

As the reporters react to this --

JOSH
The paper stands by every word.

Johnny sees a well-thumbed BIBLE on Josh's desk.

JOHNNY
Would you swear to that? On this --

But as he picks up the bible, WHOOSH --

INT. JOSH'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT - VISION

Josh holds the bible open and prays aloud, clearly upset. Widen to reveal Johnny observing once again...
CONTINUED: 57

JOSH
"For whosoever shall commit any of these abominations, even the souls that commit them shall be cut off from among their people."

BACK TO SCENE 57A

Johnny's puzzlement at this vision causes him to miss a beat before stammering --

JOHNNY
Darryl Cotton is not a suspect.

Again the reporters react, again Purdy gets their ear --

PURDY
I've been assured that the Sheriff's department is seeking him as we speak.

On Johnny as he reacts, Purdy meanwhile continuing...

PURDY (O.S.)
Tonight I'll lead a candle-lit vigil, followed tomorrow by a march in memory of Rashid Mahmud.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY 58

Johnny and Bruce trail Roscoe through the busy station.

ROSCOE
We've got a witness who put the Cotton kid with the victim on the night of the murder.

JOHNNY
A witness?

ROSCOE
(nods)
The news stories must've spooked him. Sheriff's got everyone out shaking the trees.

He stops at a desk to hand a clerk some paperwork.

ROSCOE
If you came to us sooner, we could've brought him in quietly.

(CONTINUED)
58 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
I didn't want to implicate him
until I was sure.

ROSCOE
And now you're sure he's innocent?

JOHNNY
I had a vision that he was involved
in an assault, but I don't think
it's this one. I need to talk to
your witness.

Off Roscoe's indecision...

59 EXT. PUNK CLUB - DAY - ESTABLISHING

60 INT. PUNK CLUB - DAY

A quieter, barfly crowd. A soundman setting up some amps
on the empty stage. Bartender Billy sets down some beers.

BILLY
I already told the cops everything.

Revealing Johnny and Bruce at the bar.

JOHNNY
Why'd you wait to come forward?

BILLY
Didn't know the kid was a suspect
until I heard it on the news.

As Johnny and Bruce exchange a look --

BILLY
Hey. All I know is that they
left together.
(points to a stool)
The other kid sat right there.

As Johnny touches the bar stool... MATCH, MOVE, MORPH --

61 INT. PUNK CLUB - NIGHT - VISION

Once again in full swing, the house band wailing. It's
the night of the murder. Johnny watches Rashid sitting
alone and looking out of place as he sips a soft drink.
Rashid checks his watch, looks relieved, and heads for
the side door...

...just as Darryl Cotton crosses from the mosh pit.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He throws a sweaty arm around the young man's shoulders, pulling him close in a menacing, taunting way. Rashid's shoulder bangs into the door frame as Darryl laughs. Johnny notes the bartender observing what indeed could look like the pair exiting together --

INTERCUT: JOHNNY - PRESENT

As he gets off his bar stool, heads to the side door --

BRUCE

John?

IN THE VISION... JOHNNY ALSO APPROACHES THE DOOR, MOVING THROUGH THE CROWDED NIGHT-TIME BAR...

IN REALITY... JOHNNY PAUSES AT THE DOOR, TOUCHES THE FRAME WHERE RASHID'S SHOULDER BRUSHED IT --

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, DAY BECOMES NIGHT AGAIN, AND RASHID AND DARRYL ARE EXITING TOGETHER INTO --

EXT. PUNK CLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Johnny follows them out, sees Rashid -- now out of sight of the bartender -- pull away from Darryl, who joins his skinhead friends. Johnny turns to look after Rashid, who is heading toward the end of the alley.

SUDDENLY, THE BACKGROUND BECOMES FOREGROUND AS JOHNNY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ALLEY

Where he watches Rashid approach the passenger side of a nondescript SEDAN at the curb, as the unseen driver pushes open the door for him. Off Johnny, reacting to this --

BACK TO PRESENT - EXT. PUNK CLUB - ALLEY - DAY

As Bruce comes out the side door to join Johnny, who's still looking toward the street.

JOHNNY

It only looked like they left together...
Johnny's continuing his explanation to Walt, Bruce by his side.

JOHNNY
... Rashid went around back and got into a car.

For some reason, Walt looks dubious...

JOHNNY
I'm telling you, Walt, Darryl didn't do it.

WALT
John... there have been some developments while you were out.

BRUCE
Developments?

DANA
This is Dana Bright reporting live with a WPKV exclusive. Darryl Cotton, sought by police in connection with the murder of a local teen-ager, has surrendered and agreed to make a public statement. Darryl?

As she holds the microphone, we reveal Darryl standing beside her, looking slightly nervous.

DARRYL
I've been accused of murder. They're calling it a "hate crime." Well, if it's hate to stand up for what you believe in, then I plead guilty.

Reactions as Johnny, Bruce and Walt realize that Darryl is apparently confessing on live television. Nor are they the only people reacting as we cut to:

Bartender Billy and patrons watch a set above the bar (it's still too early for the band but the club is slightly more crowded) --
CONTINUED:

DARRYL (ON TV)
They say the "victim" of my hate
was a Pakistani kid, an immigrant.
But I don't hate immigrants. How
could I? I'm descended from
immigrants.

INT. FAITH HERITAGE AUDITORIUM FOYER - NIGHT - PURDY WATCHES

DARRYL (ON TV)
But my ancestors -- white
Protestant Europeans -- built
this country. Made it what it
is, or at least what it was.

INT. "ARTICLES OF FAITH" OFFICES - NIGHT - JOSH BLAKE WATCHES ALONG WITH THE OTHER REPORTERS AND EDITORS

DARRYL (ON TV)
Now the people we call "immigrants" --
Asians, Arabs, Mexicans -- don't
come here to build but to exploit,
to grab what they can for
themselves.

JOSH
Unbelievable.

But we sense a deeper sense of surprise, and puzzlement,
in his private reaction...

INT. COTTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Darryl's father watches, stunned at what he's hearing:
the sound of his nascent political career unraveling.

DARRYL (ON TV)
Just like the blacks and the Jews
and all the other minorities that
only care about tearing this
country down. So do I feel hatred?
Yes...

COTTON
Sonuvabitch!

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Bruce and Walt reacting, jaws clenching.
CONTINUED:

DARRYL
Hatred for them, and for anyone who'd turn a blind eye while they drag us all down into the muck they came from.

And now he stares at the camera, nervousness gone, almost fierce in his determination.

DARRYL
My father taught me that this is war. You choose a side, or die.

Dana, like everyone else in the station, is too stunned to realize he's finished. Finally, Walt nods to a deputy --

WALT
Cuff him.

The room erupts with noise, ringing phones. Walt grabs the cuffed Darryl, leads him by a shaken Johnny --

WALT
Whaddaya think, John? He still sound innocent?

Johnny just shakes his head. But as Walt roughly leads Darryl away, Darryl's shoulder brushes Johnny. WHOOSH --

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY - VISION

Starting close on Darryl Cotton's peaceful, recumbent face, eyes closed as though he's sleeping. Then a sheet is pulled over it and we pull back to reveal Johnny watching as Darryl's dead body is loaded into a coroner's wagon. (Note: we should not see any bloodstains or anything else that might indicate what caused his death.)

BACK TO SCENE

Off Johnny, his shock at Darryl's confession now compounded by this vision of his imminent death...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Tumult still. Johnny and Bruce trail Walt, as Dana's crew breaks down.

WALT
Whaddaya want from me, John? The kid confessed. Hell, he's proud of it.

JOHNNY
Something's wrong here.

WALT
Look, you said he was involved in an assault. Maybe your visions just mixed up the particulars.

JOHNNY
I know what I saw... and what I didn't see.

DANA
(approaching)
What are we disagreeing about?

Johnny reacts curtly.

JOHNNY
I don't have time, Dana.

DANA
Darryl found me, Johnny. He asked to make that statement.

But Johnny still feels burned; he can't bring himself to trust her.

JOHNNY
Excuse me.

He goes after Walt who's moving off...

JOHNNY
I had another vision. I saw Darryl being taken out of here dead.

WALT
Dead? How?

JOHNNY
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WALT
I'll keep him isolated, post a suicide watch. He won't be arraigned until Monday. He should be safe till then.

JOHNNY
Thank you.
(to Bruce)
Let's go.

As they move off, Dana watching him in the b.g....

BRUCE
If Darryl's innocent, why'd he cop to it?

JOHNNY
Good question. Right now I'm more worried about finding the real killer.

BRUCE
Where do we start?

Off Johnny's look...

OMITTED

INT. MAHMUD HOME - DAY (DAY 4)

Starting close on more PHOTOS of Rashid, alone, with his sister and with his family. Revealing Tahmina, Johnny and Bruce in the dining room. She's been adding to an album... apologizes for the slight mess...

TAHMINA
My father is a photographer. I keep finding more pictures of Rashid.

Johnny studies some of the loose photos. There's one that shows Tahmina and Rashid as toddlers posed together.
A more recent shot shows them together on a hike.

JOHNNY
You two were very close.

TAHMINA
(nods)
When we came to America, neither of us spoke English. We only had each other.

JOHNNY
So he'd never keep something from you?

Tahmina is immediately uneasy...

JOHNNY
Tahmina, I'm a psychic. When I was here before, I had a "vision"... of what I think was a date your parents arranged for Rashid. The girl was very smart and attractive, but he didn't seem too interested. Then he looked at you...

Silence.

JOHNNY
Tahmina, was there anything you didn't tell the police about your brother? A girlfriend he didn't want anyone to know about?

A beat, then she shakes her head.

TAHMINA
Rashid didn't have a girlfriend...

Something about her tone causes Johnny to realize...

JOHNNY
Tahmina, was your brother gay?

Tahmina nods.

TAHMINA
Our parents would never understand. But he was going to tell them anyway.

BRUCE
Did Rashid have someone he was close to?
TAHMINA
They met on the Internet. He never said his name, but I saw an email. It was signed "J".

JOHNNY

TAHMINA
Just the initial.

On Johnny as another realization hits him --

MEMORY FLASHES (BLACK & WHITE)
- Dana introducing Josh Blake --

DANA
Josh Blake, this is Johnny Smith...

- Josh Blake lecturing his girlfriend in his dorm room.
- Josh praying over his bible --

JOSH & JOHNNY'S VOICE
"For whosoever shall commit any of these abominations...

RESUME

JOHNNY
...even the souls that commit them shall be cut off from among their people."

Bruce eyes him...

BRUCE
Leviticus, chapter 18. It's a passage the fundamentalists use to demonize gays.

JOHNNY
I think I know who it was. And why he wouldn't want his boyfriend to come out...

(MORE)
82 CONTINUED:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(to Tahmina)
Do you have something your brother
touched?

Tahmina takes off her EARRINGS...

TAHMINA
He gave me these for my birthday.

As Johnny takes them... WHOOSH!

83 OMITTED
AND
84

85 EXT. PUNK CLUB - ALLEY - NIGHT - VISION

Once again, Johnny watches Rashid approach the car, only
now as the passenger door is pushed open, camera tracks
in, revealing Josh in the driver's seat, welcoming Rashid
with a smile. Suddenly, the camera angle flips and we're --

86 INT. JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT - VISION - CONTINUOUS

Vision-Johnny visible in the b.g. as Josh takes a club-
like steering wheel lock off the passenger seat, tosses
it in back as Rashid climbs in. Rashid leans forward, as
if to kiss him, but Josh puts a hand on his chest --

JOSH
Not here.

FLASH TO...

86A OMITTED

87 INT. JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT - VISION - OUTSIDE ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Johnny sits in the back, observing Rashid and Josh. Rashid
is arguing quietly, his conviction overcoming his shyness.

RASHID
I don't care what the Koran says,
anymore than you should care what
the Bible says.
CONTINUED:

JOSH
How can you say that?

RASHID
Because I know what we feel isn't wrong.

JOSH
(a beat, then)
Let's go inside. One last time.

Rashid nods, turns to open his door... as Josh's gaze goes to the Club in the back seat. RRIPPP! Now we're:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - SERIES OF VISION

TRACKING ANGLE - Rashid walks just ahead of Josh, turns -- and Josh smashes him with the club! FLASH TO:

JOSH stands over Rashid's body, reacts with shock and panic to the bloody club in his hand. Then his eyes go to an old pile of paint cans and brushes... FLASH TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - VISION - ON JOSH'S CAR TRUNK

As the bloody club, the paint can and brush -- all wrapped in an old transparent plastic drop cloth -- are tossed inside. The trunk lid slams shut, then we FLASH OUT TO --

RESUME: INT. MAHMUD HOME - DAY

As Johnny reacts, eyeing the earrings in his hand, then the pictures of the smiling Rashid...

OMITTED

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - WALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Walt shuts his office door, turns to Johnny and Bruce --
WALT
Blake's not in his dorm or at the newspaper. I've got an APB out on his car.

BRUCE
What're the odds the murder weapon's still in his trunk?

But Johnny's mind is on something else.

JOHNNY
It still doesn't explain why Darryl would confess to a murder he didn't commit.

He eyes a baggie holding KEYS, a butterfly KNIFE, and a nylon WALLET with a white power SYMBOL stitched on it.

JOHNNY
Are those his?

WALT
(nods)
Grab a touch if you like. They're not evidence.

Johnny takes out the wallet... WHOOSH --

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Another flash of a bloody, sheet-covered covered body being loaded into the coroner's wagon.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHNNY
I'm still seeing Darryl dead.

WALT
I've got a deputy outside his cell. Nothing's gonna happen here.

JOHNNY
It'll happen... somehow... unless I figure out how or why.

He sees Dana, working at a computer in the main office.

JOHNNY
Why's she still here?
WALT
She's been cross-checking our records on the Cottons.

Johnny crosses to her. An awkward beat.

JOHNNY
Found anything?

DANA
You said you had a vision of Darryl Cotton attacking someone with a baseball bat?

(when he nods...)
Look at this. The night William Cotton reported his son's car stolen in Seattle, there were three murders. Two were by gunshot. The other cause of death was blunt trauma.

(flips to an autopsy report)
The autopsy found flakes of aluminum in the wounds, indicating the weapon could've been a baseball bat.

She calls up a new screen: a Seattle driver's license photo of an 18-year-old black teen.

JOHNNY
The victim?

DANA
(nods)
A black teenager, and the murder remains unsolved. Police suspect a feud between two gangs of car thieves.

JOHNNY
Car thieves... a stolen car.

Off Johnny, mind working...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LOCK-UP - DAY

Darryl Cotton sits up on his bunk as Roscoe leads Johnny in, then nods to deputy who's been sitting outside the cell, reading. The deputy rises, exits.

ROSCOE
We'll be right outside.
Johnny looks through the bars at Darryl, who glares back.

DARRYL
I confessed. Isn't that enough for you?

But his bark has lost some of its menace; he's acting his part now, covering the turmoil in his feelings.

JOHNNY
I know who killed Rashid. Right now I'm more worried what may happen to you.

DARRYL
Me?

He approaches, nods scornfully to the door Roscoe's waiting behind.

DARRYL
They got me on a suicide watch. You think I'm suicidal?

JOHNNY
Why else would you confess to a capital crime? Unless you wanted to punish yourself. Or someone else? Your father maybe?

Johnny's words cut through Darryl's defenses. A beat.

DARRYL
I've said all I have to say.

But Johnny can see he's waverling.

JOHNNY
That's the beauty of it.

He loosely grips the bars...

JOHNNY
You don't have to say anything.

Johnny grabs him. Darryl is caught off-guard. WHOOSH!

INT. SEATTLE GARAGE/CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Johnny crouches near two black teens -- the young CAR THIEF from the license photo and a friend -- who are stripping a late-90s Mustang when A HALF DOZEN WHITE GUYS in stocking masks, armed with bats and clubs, burst in.
CONTINUED:

The friend drops a tool and runs, jumping up on a car and wriggling out a small window (or just escaping through a back exit) before one of the white guys can grab him. But the car thief trips over a jack, falls and twists his ankle. He groans, clutching it, as a few of the masked men start to advance. But their leader holds up a hand --

MASKED MAN

No!

He peels off mask; it's William Cotton. The others peel off their masks, and we see that one of them is Darryl (looking slightly younger). His father hands him a bat. When Darryl hesitates --

COTTON

Do it.

Darryl takes the bat, starts to advance slowly. A ROARING fills his head -- a mix of "hatecore" music and supremacist chants, the word "RaHoWa" a repeated refrain.

Finally, his face a frightening mix of revulsion and anger, Darryl raises the bat and screams as he swings it down!

ANGLE - VISION JOHNNY

Wincing at the sight and sounds of several O.S. blows.

NEW ANGLE

As Darryl backs away with that same horrified, almost disbelieving expression we saw on Josh's face after he murdered Rashid. Cotton steps up to his son, taking the bat from him and putting a hand on his shoulder.

COTTON

It's a war, son. You choose sides or you die.

Off Johnny...

RESUME: INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - LOCK-UP - DAY

JOHNNY

Choose sides or you die.

Darryl pulls himself away, his expression once again stricken...
CONTINUED:

DARRYL
I hated him for that. I hated myself. And now he wants to send me away, like none of it ever happened?

JOHNNY
Then make it right.

Darryl looks at him, helpless and vulnerable for the first time... as Roscoe enters with William Cotton and a lawyer.

COTTON
Get away from my son!

Roscoe unlocks the cell.

JOHNNY
What's going on?

ROSCOE
He's being released to his father. (re Cotton)
He got a court order dismissing Darryl's confession as "coerced."

JOHNNY
(to Cotton)
You can't take him out of here.

COTTON
The hell I can't. Get out of my way.

As Darryl throws him a last look before being led out...

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Johnny wanders in looking a little dazed. Bruce and Dana cross to him...

DANA
What happened?

JOHNNY
His father got him released. They're taking him out now.

BRUCE
Good luck getting him out of here. Purdy decided to end his march outside.
Johnny sees the baggie of Darryl's possessions, apparently left behind. He quickly reaches for the keys... WHOOSH --

POV VISION FLASH - DARRYL TURNS AS HE'S BEING CONDUCTED THROUGH A THICK CROWD... AS HE'S SUDDENLY HIT BY TWO BULLETS

RESUME - JOHNNY GRABS BRUCE

JOHNNY

C'mon!

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Roscoe conducts the Cottons and their lawyer through the CROWD of students, congregants, and townspeople filling the parking lot. Many hold BIBLES, others SIGNS with the word "Hate" in a circle with a slash through it. But the peaceful attitude is marred by random shouts of "murderer!" - and "racist!" as Darryl is led past.

JOHNNY AND BRUCE

Exit the building. Johnny scans the crowd, sees Darryl halfway across the lot, and starts after him --

ALTERNATING TRACKING AND POV SHOTS

as Johnny shoulders his way through the crowd, which seems to be growing more hostile, meanwhile trying to keep his eye on Darryl. Bruce follows in his wake.

JOHNNY

Excuse me... Sorry...

Suddenly, he sees someone else in the crowd -- Josh Blake. Looking nervous, holding an anti-hate sign with one hand, his other hand in a bulging coat pocket. Johnny instantly gets the picture.

JOHNNY

It's Blake. He's here to shoot Darryl, shut him up before he can recant his confession.

(a quick decision)

I'll go after him, you warn Darryl.

They split up, making their separate ways through the

(CONTINUED)
singing and at times jeering crowd.

JOHNNY

Rushes up behind Josh Blake, but when he grabs his shoulder, spinning him around, it turns out to be another young man holding a sign. Johnny looks around quickly, spots Josh having moved to another vantage. He's already drawing his gun, but he's too far away for Johnny to reach. Instead he shouts to --

JOHNNY

Bruce!

BRUCE turns... sees Johnny pointing to Josh, who's leveling his gun. Bruce rushes the rest of the way toward Darryl, brushing past a surprised Roscoe, then shoving Cotton aside and tackling Darryl, shielding the surprised young racist with his body as a GUNSHOT whizzes over them...

JOSH

Still aiming, trying to draw a bead on Darryl. The moment of hesitation allows Johnny to tackle him, knocking his arm up and causing another shot to go wild. They both go down as the panicked crowd scatters. Josh struggles as Johnny pins him down --

JOHNNY

It's over Josh. I know.

(CONTINUED)
JOHNNY
One dead boy. Two more who'll be tried for murder. I'm not sure we can call that a victory.

PURDY
It's... confusing, isn't it?

The others turn to him. We see he's also deeply troubled.

PURDY
You think you recognize the face of hatred, then you look in a mirror and wonder if you see it staring back at you.

(tries to explain)
The thought that a young man like Josh Blake could be moved to hate and fear his own nature because of his faith, then to lash out at others...

BRUCE
Or how about Darryl Cotton, trying to be a "good" son, even if that meant hating and killing?

Purdy looks around at the scattered, stricken bystanders... the press trucks and reporters.

PURDY
This town needs to heal. It's a time for reflection... and prayer.

JOHNNY
And how do you do that, Gene? How do you just "pray" that things get better?

At first Purdy thinks it's another jibe. Then he realizes Johnny's serious.

PURDY
You start by asking that question.

As he moves off, Johnny turns to see Dana doing a stand-up not far away. The two exchange a look, then Dana turns back to her cameraman...

INT. SMITH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny comes in from the foyer, reacts to find Dana sitting on his couch, fiddling with a set of keys.

(CONTINUED)
DANA
I never did return these.

JOHNNY
Thanks.

DANA
I took a cab in case you're worried that my camera crew's lurking around the corner.
(rising)
We're completely off the record.

A little time has allowed Johnny some regrets.

JOHNNY
I was pretty hard on you, wasn't I?

DANA
You're even harder on yourself.
But I forgive you.
(beat)
I just wanted to say goodbye.

She walks close and kisses him gently and lingeringly.

DANA
Goodbye.

She starts to walk away.

JOHNNY
Dana...?
(when she turns)
It was good seeing you.

Dana cocks a hip, studies him with that familiar knowing smile.

DANA
Sometimes I think you're carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders. If you ever want to lighten the load, you know where to reach me.

Johnny nods, then watches her exit. Off his expression, a mixture of affection and regret...

STORMTROOP 12 (V.O.)
I say it's crap!

Once again we're watching --
A SERIES OF COMPUTER SCREENS, VARIOUS HANDS TYPING

(Art note: see Addendum B for typed format of chat room dialogue in Scenes 104-105)

STORMTROOP 12 (O.S.)
Now they're claiming some faggot church boy killed that raghead.

BLITZKRIEG GAL (O.S.)
Don't believe the media. Just remember who owns it.

STORMTROOP 12 (O.S.)
Yeah, I know our boy did it.

A new voice, a new pair of typing hands, joins in.

O.C. SKIN (O.S.)
Pardon my jumping in but can I add my voice to the choir?

BLITZKRIEG GAL (O.S.)
Welcome to the fold, O.C. How's the weather out there?

O.C. SKIN (O.S.)
Sunny and warm. A perfect day to start a war.

BLITZKRIEG GAL (O.S.)
Amen to that, brother man. RaHoWa!

STORMTROOP 12 (O.S.)
RaHoWa!

And as the youthful voices of hate fade...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END
ADDENDUM A
(Typed messages for Scenes 1-4)

SEATTLE KORPS: Anybody hear about this "colorful" little incident in LA? A bunch of black kids shouting BLACK POWER beat the CRAP out of two white high school geeks... and the cops refuse to classify it as a bias crime. Talk about double standards.

BLITZKRIEG GAL: TANJ seattle korps. when r people gonna learn that racism ain't just a 'white thang'? time to pick a side cause rahowa is coming!!! :[]

STORMTROOP 12: Yo, yo Seattle Korps. Where u been dude?

SEATTLE KORPS: Feels like "The Twilight Zone" but the yokels call it Maine. My Dad, in his infinite wisdom, decided to ditch the Pacific Northwest. "Make a new start."

BLITZKRIEG GAL: must b some local skins u can hang with :)

SEATTLE KORPS: Yeah, only now he's threatening to ship me to military school. You believe it?

STORMTROOP 12: LABATYD, my brother. Still, lethal skills may come in handy. Like Blitz says, the War's coming.

ADDENDUM B
(Typed messages for Scenes 104-105)

STORMTROOP 12: I say it's CRAP!!! Now they're claiming some faggot church boy killed that raghead.

BLITZKRIEG GAL: don't believe the media. just remember who owns it.

STORMTROOP 12: Yeah, I KNOW our boy did it!

O.C. SKIN: PMJI but can I add my voice to the choir?

BLITZKRIEG GAL: :) welcome to the fold, o.c. how's the weather out there?

O.C. SKIN: Sunny and warm. A perfect day to start a war.

BLITZKRIEG GAL: amen to that brother man. rahowa!

STORMTROOP 12: RAHOWA!!!
ADDENDUM C
(Cotton's full speech, Scenes 4-7)

COTTON

One cannot understand intolerance without understanding its roots, and its roots lie in fear and ignorance. Nowhere is this clearer than in the chasm that the terrible events of 9/11 opened between Muslims and Christians, a chasm we've just begun to bridge. It wasn't Muslims who crashed those planes, but extremists who abandoned the central tenets of their faith: peace and love -- the same values we cherish.

(beat)

These were not men bent on a holy task on behalf of a vengeful deity, but lost souls who had forgotten the true dictates of their own sacred text, the Koran. Just as we Christians say, "thou shalt not kill," so the Koran teaches that God has sanctified life, and that it is a sin to take it.

This is important, because if we can keep in mind the beliefs we share, then we can learn to understand our differences. And with that understanding comes another: There should never be another excuse for Muslims and Christians to go to war.

(beat)

There are those in the Muslim world who would say that we in the West have embarked on another crusade. There are other voices within our own society that would argue the opposite: that it is Islam that seeks to remake the world in its own image, and is therefore a threat that must be contained or destroyed. In both cases, these are arguments born of fear, a fear that in turn is the result of ignorance. A general will say "know your enemy"; I say "know your fellow man." Know his words, and the meaning of those words. A word, for example, such as "Jihad."

(MORE)
COTTON (CONT'D)

Most of you assume that it means a "holy war" against infidels. But a true Muslim scholar will argue that it refers not to an external struggle but to an inner one -- a struggle for enlightenment. This "holy war" isn't one we need to fear, but rather one we need to share in. Share in as we question the depth of our own religious convictions. Share in as we ask ourselves how far we're willing to go to banish fear and ignorance and replace them with acceptance and understanding?

(beat)

"How far?" I ask you now. "How far?" you should ask yourselves, as well as your neighbors, your family, friends and loved ones.

(beat)

For if in the end we can face the demons that lurk in our heart, then we can look into a stranger's heart and see not a reflection of our own fear, but instead a kindred soul, beloved of God, as we all are. I ask you, my friends, let us join our hands and bridge this chasm together. Banish the darkness that once threatened to claim us and embrace the light.

(beat)

If I can leave you with one word it is this: tolerance. Let each of us embrace it. Thank you.

END OF ADDENDA