

CHILDREN OF THE CORN 30

Written by
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INT. DINER - EARLY MORNING (DARK)

Very early morning in a small town diner. Americana is pouring from every wall.

Two young men sit at an East-West-oriented table, hands folded on the empty surface.

OFF SCREEN, a jukebox plays a slow country song.

TUCKER

(sliding his business
card across the table)

Locusts. They can carry three million times their body weight, when measured in grams. They can decimate an entire cornfield's yield in two days. A locust is gonna scurry on around a lit match - he doesn't want to get burned. He knows when to compromise. He knows when to bend to get ahead.

(pause)

I see him in you, but I wonder how your people will handle the concept.

ISAAC

They all hesitate, but I know only a few that can verbally deny the necessity of change. It's the helplessness that I can't stand. It's pitiful. I'm tired of being the prey.

TUCKER fiddles with his silverware for a beat.

TUCKER

Look...My offer is big, but it's a one time deal. I can get you a season's supply of a few herbicides - for the whole community - and I don't even expect a return, necessarily. I just wanna see what happens. If your people aren't impressed by the results - by the numbers - then nothing can be done for them.

ISAAC

They can be very stubborn. Like children, really.

(pause)

Children of the corn.

CLOSE ON ISAAC'S FACE. He looks directly at us and smiles.

CUT TO

OPENING CREDITS

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Tucker drives through the night. First through well-lit urban streets, then on deserted highways.

FADE TO

EXT. DOWNTOWN - EARLY MORNING (DARK)

Isaac walks from the diner, deeper and deeper into the glow of downtown.

He removes his smartphone from his pocket, taps the screen, and brings it to his ear.

INT. ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING (DARK)

GABRIELA sits before a traditional Amish table. The kitchen is dark except for a single white wax candle burning next to a phone-shaped wooden block.

She brings the block to her ear.

Only her face, the block, and her right hand holding it are visible in the candle's light.

GABRIELA

Yes, hello?

ISAAC (O.S.)

Gab, it's me. I just spoke with the Monsanto man. He's willing to help us...Maybe even cover the cost of herbicide this Spring.

GABRIELA

(brow narrows, voice raises)

I don't see what you hope to accomplish by talking to those people. No one here speaks your name anymore.

INTERCUT between ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE and DOWNTOWN

ISAAC

(firm)

There's no way they'll ignore the figures. They can't...YOU can't! We're talking three times the yield
(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 here, minimum...And that's just the
 first year!

Isaac continues to walk briskly, eyes neurotically darting
 between each passer-by.

INTERCUT between DOWNTOWN and ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE

GABRIELA
 (assertive)
 You need to come home, Isaac.
 Whatever it is that you want...No
 one is going to listen if you don't
 show yourself.

INTERCUT between ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE and DOWNTOWN

ISAAC
 (to the ground)
 Fuck.

Isaac lowers the phone from his ear and furiously TAPS the
 "END CALL" button with his finger.

INT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - THE NEXT DAY

The Cyber Purification Agency is headquartered in the
 basement of an average-looking suburban home.

Tucker parks his car and approaches the door.

On the keypad he enters:

"42069"

The door CLICKS open.

CUT TO

INT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - CONTINUOUS

The walls of the basement are covered with circuit boards and
 displays. A banner hangs with the SEAL of the CPA and the
 text:

CYBER PURIFICATION AGENCY

Beneath it, a large device marked "IDENTITY AUTHORIZING UNIT"
 sits next to a gigantic mound of electronics, paper stacks,
 and a desk.

In its chair is DRAKE, a twenty-something computer whiz kid
 wearing baggy jeans and a hoodie, MUMBLING incoherently to
 himself.

Young people in typical millennial collegiate clothing huddle in small plastic cubes (SYNERGY CAVES,) TYPING on laptops.

TUCKER
 (crossing the room)
 Plowed him...All we gotta do now is
 plant the seeds.

DRAKE
 (to Tucker)
 Fuck him. These people are no
 threat to us...Why not just end
 them and get it over with? They're
 helpless.

TUCKER
 It's my operation. I've done this
 before. I'll do it again.

Drake returns to TYPING.

After a beat, Tucker moves over his right shoulder to examine his screen.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 How are the crawlers coming?

DRAKE
 Just finished the public school
 databases, now the process begins
 on ALL governmental digital
 libraries. It'll be a few more days
 before I can give you the big
 picture.

(sighs)
 I've been pressing phase three for
 an estimated timeframe for print
 source eradication...They've yet to
 give me anything. Could you talk to
 them?

Tucker leaves Drake's side and approaches the nearest agent.

TUCKER
 Agent Mallard currently on
 assignment?

AGENT #1
 I think he went out for a smoke.

Tucker exits.

CUT TO

EXT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Phil Mallard is smoking with another agent, leaning against THE SHED.

Tucker approaches from around the corner, walking casually across the backyard.

He reaches for the PISTOL in his waistband.

He CYCLES the slide, raises the barrel, and stops so that it rests 3 feet behind Mallard's head.

POP

Mallard's body falls forward.

Without hesitation, Tucker replaces the GUN in his waistband and dials "911" on his cell phone.

With his free hand, he DRAGS Mallard's body toward the house.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Nine one one, what's your
emergency?

TUCKER
(accent thickened, tone
brightened)
Matt Schutz, thirteen oh six
Schoenfeld court. My son and I just
heard a firecracker or somethin'
'bout a quarter mile West. Could
you send somebody out here to check
it out?

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
An officer will be there shortly.

TUCKER
Thank ya.

CUT TO

INT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Tucker ends the call as he DRAGS Mallard's body through the door.

He deposits it in a corner.

The staff watches as he begins to BREW a cup of coffee on a Keurig machine.

Their eyes fly between Tucker and Mallard's CORPSE as it GARGLES and WHIRS.

Tucker's phone RINGS. He takes the filled cup and answers.

(pause)

TUCKER

I understand.

He ends the call, walks to Phil's body, frisks it, and produces a set of keys.

He walks to the door and exits immediately.

EXT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Agent Mallard's Mercury Mariner is parked in the driveway.

Tucker leaves the house and enters it.

The engine starts - it begins reversing.

CUT TO

INT. MALLARD'S MARINER - DAY - MOVING

Tucker is driving alone on a wide highway. Snow falls on the windshield. His face reflects mild discomfort.

He shifts in the seat.

CUT TO

INT. ISAAC'S CAR - DUSK - MOVING

MONTAGE - ISAAC'S CAR

Isaac's car floats on secluded country roads, Isaac himself looking anxious.

EXT. ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small farmhouse bordered by dark unknown. Its only illumination is dim candlelight through a window facing the gravel road.

Isaac's car crawls into the narrow lane, its headlights penetrating the darkness.

CUT TO

INT. MONSANTO WORLD HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A typical corporate meeting room with dreary, bare walls and

white fluorescent lighting. It's dominated by a long black table surrounded by 11 office chairs. Five are on each side, and one is on the end, facing a large projector screen that covers the opposite wall. There are no other objects in the room save for a faded fake plant in one corner.

THE CEO of Monsanto leans against the wall next to the projector screen, moving little and watching Tucker (in an identical position opposite him.)

He's in his late fifties and balding. He speaks slowly and deliberately, with a heavy southern accent.

CEO

This is it bud.

TUCKER

I'm still not sure why I'm here.

CEO

These guys only hear ideas from me, most of the time. Ideas...Talk. They're used to hearin' a lot of talk. Tell ya the truth, they've heard enough talk 'bout this, and it don't scare 'em. Now, ya see, you are the human manifestation of this entire plan. They'll take one look at you...

(grins)

They'll piss themselves.

CUT TO

INT. ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Isaac is eating dinner with his family. He sits at one end of a round walnut table, HIS FATHER on the other. Gabriela is on Isaac's right, opposite THEIR MOTHER. Two tall white candles burn on the table amidst an assortment of paper bags bearing the Taco Bell logo.

Isaac passes a soft taco to his mother.

ISAAC

(in his element)

This is it. This is the opportunity I've been waiting for. I have a willing ear in the most powerful organization in the world. I have to take it. YOU have to take it.

Gabriela looks at her mother's food. The parents remain in silence for a beat, unsure of how to respond.

ISAAC'S FATHER
I thought you studied law, son.

ISAAC
Yes, that's how I met him.

ISAAC'S FATHER
What can this man have to do with your schoolwork then? Is he in trouble?

ISAAC
No no, he's in too powerful a position with his company, and with the English by extension.

ISAAC'S FATHER
Is his company in trouble, then?

ISAAC
No...Well probably on a global scale, but no more than a company of its nature 'ought to be in.

Isaac's father devours another spoonful, looking puzzled.

INTERCUT between ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE and THE CONFERENCE ROOM

The door opens and THE BOARD begins filing in and taking their seats.

The CEO stands upright and smiles, greeting each man appropriately.

They are all identical - balding banker-types. They kind that's found on Wall Street, except in cheaper suits.

Tucker stands, but remains in his corner, studying each face with interest.

Greetings are short between them; strict professionalism and an already present familiarity replace the usual idle conversation.

The CEO takes his position at the chairless end of the table and places both palms on it.

CEO
Gentlemen...Why are you here?...Why are WE here?
(pause)
Money! We're here to get rich.
We're here to deliver the future of agriculture into human hands. We're here to save the world!

INTERCUT between THE CONFERENCE ROOM and ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE

ISAAC

Tucker is one of the kindest men I've met in the English world. I think he truly wants to help us, and that's a rarity among them.

ISAAC'S MOTHER

What about all the exceptions they give us? Our children can be schooled here, we do not pay the same taxes as --

ISAAC

(interrupting)

Exceptions from THEIR LAWS, mother. Written as if they apply to the whole planet. We're allowed to toy with differing from them, but only because it suits them. They find us entertaining. When our people grow strong again and spread - when our presence overcomes the container they have built for us, they will retaliate, believe me.

INTERCUT between ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE and THE CONFERENCE ROOM

CEO

Our children will remember this. It may be unglorified now - lacks the glamour of silicon valley - but we are the celebrities and fresh minds of the future, my friends! As the population grows and the demand for food increases, and the diseases creep from the masses into the mansions of Malibu, we will be there with superfoods, cures, and repellants! There's one thing you can always be sure of.

(pauses, already proud of himself for the punchline)

As far and wide as man's mind is allowed to expand, as abstract and creative as his thoughts may become, as wealthy and powerful as he may get, he will ALWAYS have to eat.

The board is decidedly unaffected, neither bored nor impressed.

The CEO pauses to turn off the lights and trigger the projector.

A slide appears:

"CYBER PURIFICATION AGENCY"

CEO (CONT'D)

Now, as I see it, we've just about dealt with every obstacle in the way of our future utopia. We didn't scream when the punks were kickin', so now they've moved on to hatin' the government, and the hippies are comin' to see that nobody can afford their goddamned organic shit. There's only one people left that explicit and fundamentally oppose human progress...The Amish.

INTERCUT between THE CONFERENCE ROOM and ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE

ISAAC'S FATHER

If we are the playthings of the English, why would Monsanto provide us with chemicals for free?

ISAAC

Tucker believes I can convince the community to try their agricultural methods. He thinks he's helping us. He hasn't considered, though, that eventually one of our people must conquer the other. If we temporarily use the tools they give us, we can quadruple our yield, and four times the food means four times as many mouths fed. I'm sure he'd never imagine a world under Amish rule. His surprise is another...Welcomed opportunity.

GABRIELA

(flustered)

So you're lying to this man?

Isaac's father stops chewing for a moment. He looks wearily at his son.

GABRIELA (CONT'D)

You dress like them and drive around in that disgusting automobile! You suggest we cover our home in their poison. You indulge in all of their technological comforts and

(MORE)

GABRIELA (CONT'D)
 conveniences...Perhaps even their
 women!

ISAAC'S MOTHER
 Gabriela!

ISAAC
 Virtue has to be compromised to
 further the interests of our
 people.

ISAAC'S FATHER
 Sounds like something they would
 say.

ISAAC
 (growing agitated)
 Good. I suppose then that I have a
 greater understanding of our most
 dangerous enemies than the head of
 our house.

INTERCUT between ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE and THE CONFERENCE
 ROOM

CEO
 To counter this threat, I created
 the Cyber Purification Agency and
 appointed this man...
 (gestures at Tucker)
 ...As its director.

Tucker remains in the corner, but nods in acknowledgement to
 the now-anxious eyes that study him.

BOARD MEMBER #1
 (turning to face The CEO)
 What is the purpose of
 this...Agency, exactly?

TUCKER
 To rid humanity of the
 Amish...Physically and culturally.
 We we're done, it will be as if
 they never existed.

INTERCUT between THE CONFERENCE ROOM and ISAAC'S FAMILY'S
 HOUSE

ISAAC'S MOTHER
 I don't understand, Isaac...You
 talk about our "growth" but we have
 no need to grow.

ISAAC
 If we are to survive mother, yes we
 do. The English world fundamentally
 (MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 worships ambition. It is the
 foundation - the MEANING even - of
 their lives, and the only
 protection from their ambition is
 ruthless ambition of your own.
 Right now, it's their people that
 grow in numbers and power. They
 need more and more land, more and
 more money, and soon they will
 begin to take ours. The only option
 for us is to do the same. If no one
 else is willing to sacrifice
 principle to save the entirety of
 our people, it will have to be me!
 If I am the only man in this family
 willing to protect it, then so be
 it! Shut your mouths, avert your
 gaze, and cower here because I WILL
 ACT!

Isaac SLAMS his silverware on the table and STOMPS out of the room.

CUT TO

INT. MONSANTO WORLD HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Tucker is now presenting and The CEO has taken his corner. The board is unanimously terrified: shaking, wide-eyed, and sweating as their eyes dart between Tucker and the slide he's discussing.

It reads:

"CULTURAL PURGE

1. Phrases drafted in conjunction with behavioral psychologists placed in popular media to eradicate memory
2. Computer specialists employed to erase all global electronic traces of the Amish, including online encyclopedias, social media, video streaming services, etc.
3. Agents experienced in on-the-field espionage deployed in a worldwide covert operation to destroy any physical media of the same type"

TUCKER

As you can imagine, the third phase is the most difficult undertaking of the whole operation, logistically. In my opinion, we need to consider bringing our completion date much closer. As the internet expands, the mess becomes larger and larger. The traces of
 (MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

the Amish duplicate and spread, ever increasing the complexity of their removal. We've nearly completed phases one and two, but we've had some setbacks with phase three. Luckily, I have assurances that things should move smoothly from now on.

BOARD MEMBER #2

(engaged in a tremendous effort to muster volume)
If I may, from where will the funding be coming for...All of this?

CEO

Does it matter? We're talking about the future of humanity here! And given that "humanity" includes all of this company, I'd say it's our highest priority.

TUCKER

Obviously, for the cultural eradication to succeed, all citizens with connections to the Amish must be eliminated as well.

The CEO chuckles.

FADE TO

INT. MONSANTO WORLD HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The presentation has just concluded. The CEO moves from the corner to turn on the lights. He stops at Tucker's side and rests his right arm on his shoulders.

CEO

Well gentlemen, you know now that I have the right man for the job. I brought in Tucker when the green movement began gaining ground in the nineties. He brought in a fresh theory: these people that fetishize simplicity and ignorance, they come from all walks of life, and they pose a great threat to a species that requires technological and cultural momentum to survive. They must be stopped at all costs. He's my secret weapon. I put my faith in him, and you should too.

(looks at watch, yawns)
It's getting quite late, though.
(MORE)

CEO (CONT'D)
I'll consider this meeting
adjourned.

Every member of The Board begins yawning ferociously as they reach for their briefcases to leave.

They're still yawning as they get up, and one by one they notice that Tucker is the only one in the room not yawning.

He stands completely still, emotionless, looking straight forward with apathetic eyes.

They exit quickly now, running in terror like prey, still yawning, the CEO right behind them, smiling and yawning, leaving Tucker standing alone in the conference room as it darkens.

FADE TO

INT. ISAAC'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - ISAAC'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING
(DARK)

Isaac's childhood room has only a rudimentary, uncomfortable bed, his open suitcase, two burning candles, and a Bible resting on top of a wooden nightstand.

Isaac lays on top of the blankets - still clothed - staring at the ceiling.

His phone RINGS.

He answers.

TUCKER (O.S.)
How did it go?

ISAAC
To be honest, I don't feel like
they're really my family anymore.
Their weakness is
stifling...Disgusting.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING (DARK)

Tucker stands in an empty parking lot, his back to the wall of an office building.

TUCKER
It's fine. We expected this, right?
You've always known it could only
be you.

ISAAC
I didn't expect to face COMPLETE
rejection. The effectiveness of our
(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)
 doctrine is quite amazing. Even a
 community this size should have one
 outlier...One ambitious Amish man.

TUCKER
 That's you.

Tucker pauses for a moment and listens.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 Look, if need be, we can try
 drafting a plan to apply the stuff
 covertly...Something like that.
 It'd give us a chance to prove it.

INTERCUT between THE PARKING LOT and ISAAC'S ROOM

ISAAC
 That's a frightening thought.

TUCKER (O.S.)
 That's your family talking.

ISAAC
 You're right.

TUCKER (O.S.)
 Okay, you've got me. You have the
 support of the most powerful
 biochemical manufacturer on the
 planet. And families fight, you
 know. Even extreme philosophical
 differences can be simply...Tossed
 aside. It's kinda what makes
 someone family.

ISAAC
 Thanks man, you've really helped.
 I'll talk some to the rest of the
 community tomorrow.

INTERCUT between ISAAC'S ROOM and THE PARKING LOT

Tucker ends the call and stares into the trees.

FADE TO

INT. AMISH COMMUNITY CHURCH - DAY

The church is small, sparse, and very wooden. The laughter of
 children can be heard from outside, but the church itself is
 completely empty except for JOSEPH BOWES, who slouches in the
 third pew from the front with his head back, snoring lightly.

A YOUNG WOMAN approaches giddily and taps his head with a pew
 Bible.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uncle Joe!

Uncle Joe awakens abruptly and looks at his niece with confusion.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't sleep in church, you know.

Joseph MUMBLES inaudibly.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Isaac's back. Gabriela was here first service talkin' about the deal he's making with Monsanto. He's very worked up about it. Made friends with a man named Tucker.

JOSEPH BOWES

(more attentively now)
What?

YOUNG WOMAN

(laughing)
No, you're awake now. I've done my job.

Joseph's niece kisses him on the cheek and skips away. He makes no attempt to recapture their conversation.

He pauses and stares ahead thoughtfully for a beat before rising from his pew.

CUT TO

INT. JOSEPH BOWES' RESIDENCE - THAT NIGHT

Joseph crouches in his cellar holding a single candle with his left hand, and digging through a small lockbox with his right.

He ruffles through several hand-written pages of diverse ages before he comes across a typed LETTER on stationary.

It's illegible except for the CPA SEAL and the sender's signature:

"Tucker

VP, Community Relations

Monsanto Co."

CUT TO

EXT. FIELD - LATER

The sky is clear, and the moon is bright, but only a large tree and Joseph Bowes are distinguishable from the horizon.

He maintains a slow pace across the soybean stubble, limping on his left leg.

A lone car's headlights appear around the corner.

As it SILENTLY approaches, it is apparent that Joseph will meet it as he crosses the road, so he pauses to let it pass.

Instead, its approach slows as its headlights grow closer.

They stop, shining directly on Joseph; he can see nothing else.

A car door OPENS.

TUCKER
(yelling)
Joseph Bowes?

JOSEPH BOWES
Who's th --

A metallic WHISTLING ends Joseph's inquiry.

Seconds later, his body hits the ground.

THUD

FADE TO

EXT. FIELD - DAY

In the light, the field is revealed to be a perfect river valley bordered by proud green bluffs. In the center, a magnificent and ancient bur oak spreads its branches.

Two police cars are parked parallel to one another on a private access road.

A group of lab technicians in white lab coats can be seen moving about inside a border of yellow tape, which flaps furiously in the wind.

Another car approaches, this one unmarked.

It parks behind the originals and SPECIAL AGENT DON HAWKINS steps out, licking a huge lollipop in a black suit and aviators.

He stops, rests his right hand in his pocket, and slowly surveys the landscape as he continues to lick.

The BODY of Joseph Bowes lays on the ground, his face frozen in terror. It is physically untouched save for a perfectly circular two foot diameter hole in his abdomen.

Agent Hawkins slowly approaches an observing uniformed POLICE OFFICER.

AGENT HAWKINS
You ever seen anything like this?

POLICE OFFICER ONE
(without turning)
They say we've had stranger. I
certainly haven't.

The officer turns now and immediately fixates on Don's lollipop.

POLICE OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

AGENT HAWKINS
(quickly shows badge)
Special Agent Hawkins, FBI.

Don resumes his slow search - seemingly without direction - his eyes combing near and far, occasionally brushing the ground with his polished shoes.

LATER

Don's lollipop is nearly gone now. He returns to his car and retrieves a DSLR from the back seat, along with another lollipop.

He clamps it with his teeth as he takes photos of the crimescene.

FADE TO

INT. DON'S CAR - DUSK - MOVING

Country plays on the radio.

Don finishes a cigarette and reaches for his cell phone.

He dials a number and brings it to his ear.

After a beat, a voicemail tone is heard.

AGENT HAWKINS
Sally, it's me...Pick up the damn
phone. Or just...Call me back.

CUT TO

INT. DON'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Don's motel is a cheap, single-level unit with a remoteless TV and duck-themed comforter.

A POSTERBOARD hangs on an empty wall covered with a map, newspaper clippings, magazine photos, hand-written notes, and thumbtacks interconnected by red yarn. Phrases like "School Shooting," "Amish Hatecrimes," and "Small Town Murder" dominate the headlines.

On the table below is an open briefcase full of lollipops.

Don lounges, feet crossed on the bed facing the board, pouring himself a glass of whiskey.

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE DON'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Don smokes a cigarette and stares absentmindedly at the nearby highway, occasionally glancing at his phone.

CUT TO

INT. DON'S MOTEL ROOM - NEARLY DAWN

Don's using his laptop now.

On the screen is a Yahoo Answers page.

The question (in bold) is:

"Is it true that amish people are taking over the world??!?"

FADE TO

EXT. AMISH COMMUNITY - DAY

Tucker and Isaac stroll through a cluster of busy farmers.

TUCKER

Unfortunately, we don't really have applicators fit to be pulled with horses.

ISAAC

Could your people just take care of it then?

TUCKER

(shaking head)
We need to keep this low profile...A convoy of trucks
(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 carrying tractors and sprayers
 through Amish country is going to
 attract a lot of attention.

ISAAC
 They'll have to be borrowed, then.
 I'm sure there are neighbors who'd
 be willing to help.
 (hesitates)
 I think I can convince them.

CUT TO

EXT. AMISH COMMUNITY - ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Don is wandering from house to house, knocking on each door,
 and intercepting anyone he encounters on the road between
 them.

He steps on the next porch and knocks. After a beat, an AMISH
 WOMAN opens the door. She has a filthy face and appears to be
 in her mid-twenties.

AMISH WOMAN
 (nervous, looking down)
 Yes?

AGENT HAWKINS
 (flashing badge)
 Special Agent Don Hawkins, ma'am,
 FBI. Do you have time to answer
 some questions?

AMISH WOMAN
 (moves back)
 I...I should really get my husband.

AGENT HAWKINS
 That's fine.

The two stare at each other for a beat, waiting for the other
 to move.

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)
 Is he in?

AMISH WOMAN
 He's in the field.

AGENT HAWKINS
 (unfolds notebook)
 Well then, what's your name?

She SLAMS the door.

Don stares straight ahead for a beat before turning on his

heels, starting for the next house on the road.

SAUL comes in frame from the right as he climbs the ditch, a five-gallon bucket of oats in his right hand. He's an Amish teen with a freckled face.

The outline of Tucker and Isaac can be seen in the distance, walking Don's way.

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)
 (nudging sunglasses)
 Scuse me.

SAUL
 (looking down)
 Yessir.

AGENT HAWKINS
 What's your name, bud?

SAUL
 Saul, sir.

AGENT HAWKINS
 Saul, okay. You've heard about what happened to Mr. Joseph Bowes, I'm sure.

SAUL
 Yes.

AGENT HAWKINS
 Do you remember anything unusual about that night, the twenty-third?

SAUL
 Not particularly, but my family's farm is two miles West, there.
 (points)
 We wouldn'a heard nothin' or anything.

AGENT HAWKINS
 Did you know Mr. Bowes?

SAUL
 Was a friend of the family.
 (pause)
 I'd worked with him a couple times.

AGENT HAWKINS
 Did anything about him seem odd to you?

SAUL
 He was always lyin'. Lied to nearly everybody 'bout everything. Sleazy
 (MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)
bastard.

AGENT HAWKINS
(scribbling in notebook)
Can you think of anyone that might
have wanted him dead?

SAUL
Not really. He was dishonest, but
not 'bout nothin' big.

AGENT HAWKINS
Do you remember any specific
examples of him lying?

SAUL
He was just always where he
shouldn'a been. Sneaking around on
land that wasn't his, asking about
things that ain't his business,
that sorta thing.

AGENT HAWKINS
Okay, thank ya bud.

Don hands over his business card, Saul takes it hesitantly.

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)
You let me know if you need
anything.
(offering hand)
Special Agent Hawkins, FBI.

SAUL
(looks at hand, remains
still)
You be careful round these parts,
mister. This ain't your home.

Saul picks up his bucket and continues on his way.

Don, unphased, spies Tucker and Isaac and moves their way.

AGENT HAWKINS
Gentlemen, you have a moment?

The men stop as they meet.

TUCKER
Yeah, sure.

AGENT HAWKINS
(flashing badge)
Special Agent Don Hawkins, FBI. I'm
investigating the murder of Joseph
Bowes, local Amish farmer. He
was...Hit with some sort of device
(MORE)

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)
 and left a few nights ago in the
 river valley 'bout a mile from
 here.
 (nods)

TUCKER
 We were just talkin' about that.
 Terrible thing.

Isaac nods.

AGENT HAWKINS
 (looks between them,
 studying)
 You two from around here?

ISAAC
 I am.

AGENT HAWKINS
 (retrieving notebook)
 Can I get your names, please?

TUCKER
 Tucker.

ISAAC
 Isaac.

AGENT HAWKINS
 (writing, mumbling)
 Isaac...Tucker.
 (pause)
 Last names?

Agent Hawkins finishes writing in silence for a beat, then looks up. Both Tucker and Isaac stare blankly.

Don stares between them for a long while, waiting for something.

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)
 (clears throat)
 Did either of you know Mr. Bowes?

ISAAC
 We'd talking in church a few times,
 but I didn't really know much about
 him.

Don writes for a beat, then turns to Tucker.

TUCKER
 (shaking head)
 Can't say I did.

AGENT HAWKINS

Were either of you in the area on the night of the twenty-third?

TUCKER

(staring off in recollection)

I was...Up in Des Moines for the weekend, speaking at a conference.

ISAAC

Actually yes, I was staying with my family for the night.

(glances at Tucker)

Our farm's not far from here.

AGENT HAWKINS

(looking down, writing)

Do you remember seeing or hearing anything unusual?

ISAAC

Not particularly, no.

AGENT HAWKINS

Have you ever noticed anything off about Mr. Bowes? Know anyone that might want him dead?

ISAAC

Certainly not. I mean, I didn't know him all that well, but he seemed innocent enough.

Don writes more in his notebook.

AGENT HAWKINS

(smiling)

Okay gentlemen...Thank you for your help.

Don shakes hands with Isaac, then Tucker. HOLDING on Tucker...

FADE TO

INT. TUCKER'S CAR - THAT NIGHT - MOVING

Tucker is giving Isaac a ride back to the city.

They sit in silence. Tucker is concentrated on the road, Isaac stares out the window.

The glow of streetlamps move rhythmically over their faces.

Red and blue lights join them suddenly, dancing about the

cabin.

Tucker's eyes move calmly to the speedometer.

Police sirens HOOT twice in quick succession.

ISAAC

Jesus.

TUCKER

(pulling over)

Yup.

The car stops, Tucker moves the gear lever to Park, and reaches for the glovebox, but pauses and retreats.

A moment passes.

Isaac begins to grow agitated; he moves his hand to his face.

ISAAC

(confused, looking around
the car)

What the hell?!

Isaac's eyes come to rest on Tucker's pants, where a brown stain is forming.

POLICE OFFICER TWO approaches, Tucker's face quickly turns to anxiety and pain.

The cop's flashlight shines through the window as he rolls it down.

POLICE OFFICER TWO

How are you gentlemen ton --
(hand flies to nose)

Fuck!

TUCKER

(timidly)

I'm sorry I was going so fast
officer...I had an emergency...I
was just trying to get to the
toilet.

Tucker looks down at his stained pants in simulated shame.

The cop's eyes follow and widen.

POLICE OFFICER TWO

(stepping back)

Jesus...Just go!

Tucker engages a driving gear as the window rolls up.

He maintains his facade until the officer is a bit behind

them, when it abruptly drops.

Isaac still stares at him in disbelief for a beat.

ISAAC
Okay, what the fu --

TUCKER
(interrupting)
The pants.

ISAAC
(puzzled)
What?

TUCKER
These pants were cheaper than that
ticket would'a been.

(pause)

ISAAC
Dear god.

Tucker slows the car as it approaches their destination.

Isaac opens the door, exits, and looks back in for a moment, but says nothing.

Tucker gives him a polite nod as he SLAMS the door.

As the car accelerates back to speed, Tucker places a phone call.

TUCKER
Seven zero uniform november echo
xray. I was intercepted a few hours
ago in a compromised location. The
situation required that I reveal my
identity to an FBI agent, badge
xray hotel alpha lima india alpha
echo. Hawkins, Don. Special Agent.
I need you to get on this
immediately.

Tucker's driving even faster now. The tires SCREECH as he takes a tight bend.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Police officer two drives. His partner, POLICE OFFICER THREE rides in the passenger's seat.

Tucker's car enters their view, oversteering wildly, cutting

them off.

POLICE OFFICER THREE

Shit.

POLICE OFFICER TWO

This guy again.

Three turns a knob, activating the cruiser's sirens and lights.

INTERCUT between THE POLICE CRUISER and TUCKER'S CAR

The lights flash in Tucker's rearview mirror.

He slows the car and pulls over.

As the car stops, he produces an ASSAULT RIFLE from the backseat.

He exits the car and SPRAYS automatic fire at the two officers from his hip, killing them instantly.

Tucker climbs back aboard and drives away.

HOLDING ON his face...

FADE TO

INT. COLLEGIATE LECTURE HALL - DAY

An empty (but lit) university lecture hall with no spectacular decoration.

Students begin trickling in, then pouring.

After the last has entered, the room is noisy and chatty for beat before Drake walks in, CLOSING the door behind him - ending all conversation.

He sets his laptop bag on the teacher's desk and clears his throat.

DRAKE

I'm sure everyone prepared for a pop quiz today...

Uproar ensues.

Every student lurches out of their seat and throws any available loose objects toward the front of the room.

One young man rips his laptop's screen from its body.

Another breaks the bundled software DVD in his textbook and begins devouring the pieces.

The students in the front row spit on Drake relentlessly.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
(continuing)
Unfortunately, today I have
something more important.

Abrupt SILENCE; the students are inexplicably back in their seats.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
(begins pacing)
As students of computer science in
a technical institution, you have a
unique perspective. The common man
today is surrounded by so many
things he can't understand. His
smartphone, his car, his home
computer. It's hard not to wonder
what exactly goes through their
minds when they see them operate.
It must be reduced down to...Almost
superstition, you know? Not
explicitly, of course, but in some
way, deep in the mind of the
average Joe, his smartphone becomes
his god.

(pause)
And for you, it will become a god
also, but one of a different sort.
Most seek to let their god do the
work, to only interact with what's
on the surface, but you! You hold
our technological god as one to be
known! And that is exactly how it
should be. We must always want to
know more. Not just for the sake of
the knowledge, but for the
betterment of our lives. Now, I'm
here to tell you something very
important.

(pause)
There's a war on. And, you wanna
know a secret?

(stops, pauses)
It's on us.
(resumes pacing after a
beat)

It's on every one of us thinkers.
Us learners. It's on, well, anyone
with progress in their minds. It's
a war waged on knowledge itself. A
war of ignorance. Not to brag, but
at this very moment, I'm at the
forefront of our defense. I'm the
walls that keep the enemy at bay,
if you will. I was approached; I

(MORE)

DRAKE (CONT'D)
 got in early. And it's been a great ride thus far. Now, I'm offering you a way in. We need the best guys on this...The competition will be tough. But if you fit the bill, you'll be working on an elite unit of new age, cyber-academic superheroes.

Drake walks back to his desk, picks up a clipboard, and shows it to the crowd.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
 On your way out, I want you to fill out your contact information on this form. I'll review your transcripts, and call you if you're worth it. This is big guys. You're the best of the best, and I want you in on this.
 (shouting)
 Let's make the world a better place!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE erupts from the students. A standing ovation.

HOLDING on Drake as he scans the room, grinning...

FADE TO

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

An empty state park on a cold spring day. It's surrounded by forest. A small playground is an island in the center of a flat grassy plain. Don's car is parked on the asphalt that cuts through it.

Don sits on a swing, licking a lollipop and moving slightly back and forth with his legs.

His phone RINGS.

He answers.

AGENT HAWKINS
 Hawkins.

CUT TO

INT. DIRECTOR STAFF'S OFFICE - DAY

DIRECTOR STAFF is a slim redhead in her early forties. Her office is exactly as you'd expect of someone of her rank. A small brass model of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" holds

pens on her desk. Pictures of her children adorn oak shelves along with a Detroit Lions foam hand.

She leans far back in her office chair and stares coldly at the wall.

DIRECTOR STAFF
The Bowes case has just been closed.

INTERCUT between DIRECTOR STAFF'S OFFICE and the PUBLIC PARK
Don ceases swinging and licking.

AGENT HAWKINS
What?

DIRECTOR STAFF (O.S.)
There's just not enough there, Don.
Everything points to an agricultural accident.

AGENT HAWKINS
You can't be serious.

INTERCUT between the PUBLIC PARK and DIRECTOR STAFF'S OFFICE

DIRECTOR STAFF
Oh come on Hawkins, you're better than this...
(forcing confidence)
He was a forty year old farmer for Christ's sake! He probably never left the fuckin' country.

The director pauses, waiting for Hawkins to laugh at her joke.

DIRECTOR STAFF (CONT'D)
Gimme a reason for someone to butcher this guy like that.

(pause)

AGENT HAWKINS (O.S.)
You've changed.

DIRECTOR STAFF
(chuckling)
Yeah, okay.

INTERCUT between DIRECTOR STAFF'S OFFICE and the PUBLIC PARK
Don gets up from the swing and starts walking.

AGENT HAWKINS
 Never thought you'd be the dirty
 cop.

DIRECTOR STAFF (O.S.)
 Excuse me?

AGENT HAWKINS
 (shouting)
 It's been a fucking week, Lauren.
 You really think I'm that stupid?
 We both know cases don't get closed
 clean in a week.

DIRECTOR STAFF (O.S.)
 You know, there's plenty of --

AGENT HAWKINS
 (interrupting)
 Ah, so you're fuckin' somebody,
 that's it. Gotta get it in while ya
 still can, I guess. Can't blame ya.

INTERCUT between the PUBLIC PARK and DIRECTOR STAFF'S OFFICE

Director Staff is sitting up straight now, her fear
 overcoming her repulsion.

DIRECTOR STAFF
 You're out of line, Special Agent.

AGENT HAWKINS (O.S.)
 Tell me, what piece of agricultural
 equipment used by this AMISH man
 could inflict such precise, deadly
 damage to him, and then vanish
 afterwards?

(pause)
 Also, could you possibly explain,
 assuming you know of such an
 apparatus, why he was using it on a
 field MILES away from land owned by
 anyone he knew, much less himself?

(pause)

Director Staff looks at George Washington.

DIRECTOR STAFF
 When's the last time you drank,
 Don?

INTERCUT between DIRECTOR STAFF'S OFFICE and the PUBLIC PARK

Hawkins stops for a beat.

AGENT HAWKINS

At least three weeks ago, why?

The line CLICKS.

Don checks his phone.

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Damnit.

He pivots on his heels to face his car in the distance, and sprints.

INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Isaac's house is modern and brimming with fashionable, hand-made vintage decor and shining stainless steel appliances.

In the dining room, Tucker sits opposite him at a dark wood table, covered in fresh organic salad, raw milk, and free range steak.

In the low light, Isaac isn't noticing the reaction these fresh foods elicit from Tucker. His eyes tear, his nose starts to bleed, and he oscillates to such extreme angles that serious concentration is required to prevent him from falling out of his chair.

ISAAC

(cutting steak and
chewing)

I've figured you people out, you know.

(pointing fork at Tucker)

I've been here long enough. I can pick up on all of your unspoken hierarchies and systems of control. It's fascinating, really. Not too difficult.

(pause)

Since childhood, I've always hated what the English say about us. They laugh, pointing at our beards, hats, and apple butter. It's like we're just animals to them - pets. Now that kind of talk! English privilege. That's what they should legislate! Handcuff the bastards!

(chews)

TUCKER

It's gotten worse, really. The green movement picking up Amish foodstuffs - turning all of the culture and heritage into a

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 middle-class hobby. "Ooo look at these people; they've explicitly chosen to lead a hard life. How interesting!"
 (pause)
 They should put you in a magazine!

ISAAC
 Without some sort of agricultural change, it really WILL become an act. What will they do, I wonder, when all of their hard work isn't enough to keep them all fed? Would they really die for their beliefs?
 (chewing slows, looks down)
 I hope I never find out.

TUCKER
 Me too.
 (pause)
 When I heard about the death of that poor man...I just IMMEDIATELY had to hold my children. Even got them out of bed.

Tucker looks over Isaac's shoulder and smiles.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 (chuckling)
 Me wakin' THEM up for a change, eh?

ISAAC
 (puzzled)
 Wait...

Tucker rises quickly from his chair, reaching for his waistband.

TUCKER
 Shit.

He brings the barrel of his GUN to bare on Isaac but totters about for a moment, dazed by his reaction to the organic foods.

POP

It's missed, and Isaac makes a quick break for the back door.

ISAAC
 What the hell?!

Tucker follows as quickly as his condition will allow, holding onto the wall for support.

He reaches the door after much effort, but Isaac is nowhere

to be found.

He leans on th door, GUN resting in one hand against his leg.

HOLDING on Tucker...

FADE TO

INT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - LATER

The CPA is busy. Drake is at his desk, MUMBLING to himself.
The agents work silently on their computers.

Upon his arrival, Tucker's condition creates a stir among the staff. He stumbles through the door and promptly vomits on the floor.

After a beat, he continues across the room, breathing heavily and resting at every object along his path. He moves OFF SCREEN.

Glances are exchanged between the staff before he returns, carrying a jug of RoundUp and a syringe.

He rests on a desk, prepares the contraption, and injects the liquid into his arm.

Immediately, he beings to relax.

DRAKE

I've got something that'll make you
feel better.

Tucker peaks first, then moves toward him.

He looks over Drake's shoulder as he begins a Google search:

"AMISH"

He presses a key.

"0 RESULTS FOUND"

Tucker pats his back and begins to move away.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Wait. There's more.

Drake now manually enters a URL into the browser:

"HTTP://EN.WIKIPEDIA.ORG/WIKI/AMISH"

"LOADING"

"ERROR 404 - NOT FOUND"

Tucker smiles.

After a beat, Drake pulls him slightly closer.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Phase two is now complete. I'm told phase three will follow within the week.

TUCKER

Good.

Tucker stands up straight and hooks his fingers into his belt loops. He calmly scans the room for a beat.

DRAKE

There is one thing though...You might want to say something to the team. For some reason, morale has been dropping. Our efficiency is starting to take a noticeable hit. We can't afford to let them sleep; we need to give them some platitudes to gnaw on.

Tucker nods and meanders towards the front of the room, looking from face to face.

None of the agents stop their TYPING.

TUCKER

Look around you - tell me what you see.

(sweeps the room with his arm)

This. All of this.

(pause)

This is the product of man's mind. The thinking men - the real men - THEY are the ones that built this world for you. Some of you can count yourselves among them. Others...Can't. But we all work for them. We must trust them, or turn to savagery when reality approaches.

Tucker begins walking slowly, looking directly at each agent as he passes them.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

These men stand at the head of the pack - shining bright - illuminating what's to come like the headlamp of a train's locomotive. I may not be one of

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 them, but my job - here - is to
 speak for them.
 (pointing)
 And for you, they have a directive.
 (beat)
 Stay young! Stay focused. Our
 species is but one small hesitation
 away from taking its biggest step.
 BY FAR, its biggest step.

Tucker now slowly paces the entire length of the space.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 You should feel privileged! Your
 job is to remove that last
 obstacle. Each one of you will help
 usher in a whole new renaissance of
 thought.
 (beat)
 Today, you are smarter than
 Napoleon. You're tougher than
 Patton. You're more courageous than
 Smith. We're about to evolve; we're
 about to transcend ourselves. And
 the odds that you would be
 here...You are - quite literally -
 the luckiest people who have ever
 lived.

Tucker is still pacing and looking. Not a single individual
 diverts any attention from his/her work.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
 Today, we finish the work of our
 ancestors. This species we're part
 of - this community. Long has it
 struggled to be free of its
 doubters. We've faced oddballs in
 all forms: critics, "thinking men,"
 leeches, and bygone lost souls.
 There have been entire campaigns of
 violence against us. Our culture
 has been pillaged. Some have even
 been lost entirely to those
 loose-mouthed "thinkers" with their
 endless empty arguments.
 (beat)
 Yes, we've toiled.
 (closing eyes)
 Picture something in your mind with
 me. See every one of the billions
 of workers who've spent their lives
 suffering for the comfort we enjoy
 today. They are the beaten and nude
 slaves. They are the soot-covered
 children in the factories. They are
 dehumanized infantrymen on the
 (MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

front line. Draw their faces from memory. You'll find them in your bones. We all carry them with us everywhere, these faces. From birth, we carry them. From infancy, we have a debt to them - a responsibility to remember.

(beat)

Now, keep them in your minds. See the billions sprawl out over a landscape.

(beat)

Now, let them come together slowly to form a heart...An arm...A leg...A head. Compile each of their faces into one singular manifestation; one body. This body contains all of OUR goals, OUR love for each other, and OUR progress. Now imagine a faction so radical, with an ideology so skewed, that they would reject the standards this body has worked so hard to create.

(beat)

Can you imagine?! Can you imagine a parent claiming to "love" their child as they simultaneously refuse to educate them? Can you imagine a human being rejecting modern hygiene, stranding himself in the dark ages of annual bathing? Can you imagine someone living now and thriving in self-inflicted isolation after all we have done to enable conversation?

Tucker moves rapidly to the wall, where the SEAL of the Cyber Purification Agency hangs, and viciously stabs the Amish man's face with his finger.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(screaming)

This is him! This is the prehistoric, anti-human vermin! This is the one who lives in a currencyless fantasy world and cunningly draws your kin in. He DARES reject us! This is what makes them so dangerous. They are Amish. We have to kill them. All of them.

Tucker stops and searches each face for a long while, each one unmoved.

Drake and Tucker make eye contact. Tucker nods.

Tucker leaves.

Immediately after the door closes, Drake turns to the room and releases a single SCREECH. All agents focus their attention on him and begin to form a line in front of the IDENTITY AUTHORIZING UNIT.

The first in line sits in the device. Drake connects his External Neural Port to the IAU. It begins WHIRRING and BEEPING. The agent screams and succumbs to extreme spasms.

When the process is complete, Drake disconnects the agent. He moves near the door and stands at attention.

Each agent is processed in this way. Afterwards, they all move to a sequential spot in a growing line.

After the last agent has been processed, Drake again SCREECHES, sending the line single-file out the door.

CUT TO

EXT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - CONTINUOUS

The agents exit the house and each goes a different direction.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Agents walk maniacally, threatening any that stand in their way.

EXT. AMISH COMMUNITY - DAY

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

1. CPA agents flood into the Amish town on a busy planting day, terrorizing and creating chaos.

2. CPA agents trip an elderly Amish woman. She falls to the ground, screaming. Agents pour Adderall and robitussin in a blender, and force feed her every ounce. Her screams intensify.

3. A CPA agent drops a helmet on a loyalist, and begins controlling him with an R/C remote.

4. An Amish man, late forties, is trapped on the ground by two CPA agents. He panics and screams. One retrieves an iPhone and holds it close to the man's face.

On the screen, a slider reads:

"MICROWAVE EMISSIONS"

The agent moves the slider to the most extreme, right through a dark red region labeled:

"LETHAL"

A loud CAPACITOR CHARGE sound is heard and the man's head explodes.

5. A TED TALK is projected on the side of a farm house. Children run away, screaming in horror.

6. A Ray William Johnson video is projected on one side of a barn, the other is spraypainted with segments of code.

INT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - NIGHT

The CPA is quiet and dark. The agents are working diligently and Drake MUMBLES at his desk.

One by one, the occupying agents are removed OFF SCREEN by a dark, hidden figure.

The last agent falls.

Drake looks straight ahead, wide-eyed, unmoving.

Behind him, the figure creeps closer.

It comes into the light, revealing Isaac's face.

CUT TO

EXT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - THE NEXT DAY

Don Hawkins arrives in his car. He pause by it for moment and licks the lollipop in his left hand. In his right is his smartphone, which displays a satellite map. A red pin is marked with the CPA seal and text:

"CYBER PURIFICATION AGENCY"

He holsters his phone and approaches the door slowly, scanning in all directions as he walks.

He stops at the door and retrieves his GUN from his shoulder holster.

He holds it at the ready as he turns the doorknob slowly.

INT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Biological ruin. The bodies of the CPA agents lie scattered about; none are recognizable. The electrical equipment is still functioning. It HUMS. The synergy caves are stained

with blood.

DRAKE'S BODY is curled up in front of his desk.

Agent Hawkins flips it over, revealing a partially-exposed circuitry where the stomach of a human should be.

AGENT HAWKINS
IMPROVISED

CUT TO

EXT. CPA BASE OF OPERATIONS - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Don stays close to the wall of the house and crouches as he walks across the yard.

He opens the door of a small red SHED.

The daylight illuminates the CPA AGENT inside.

Agent Hawkins, startled, trains his PISTOL on the agent's head.

AGENT
FBI! Put your hands in the air!

After a beat, the agent looks directly at Don and lowers into a brawling stance.

Don pauses. He throws his GUN behind him.

The two clash.

The agent clearly has the advantage.

In the midst of fighting, Don finds a MACHETE in the shed and finishes him with it.

FADE TO

INT. DON'S CAR - LATER

Don's car is parked in the McDonald's parking lot.

Tears and blood drips down his nose and his hands.

He brings his phone to his ear.

AGENT HAWKINS
(sobbing)
Hello?...Sally?
(pause)
Yeah...I'm fine.
(pause)
(MORE)

AGENT HAWKINS (CONT'D)

I'm fine. I just --

(pause)

I just wanted to tell you something.

(pause)

You remember the last time we fucked, you piece of shit?! You piece of shit! You WHORE. You useless, leaching BITCH! Here's what I want you to do. I want you to go in MY garage, get MY ladder, and hang yourself with the chain of MY garage door opener. Take your fucking Snuggies and MAIL ORDER EXERCISE MACHINES and shove them deep inside your DISGUSTING, DRY CUNT with my nine iron and maybe you'll finally plug that void where your SOUL SHOULD BE. Let me tell you right now, I've banged at least ten women a year since we've been married and I still feel like shit. You are the most effective combination of complete ignorance and absolute depravity the world has ever seen.

(pause)

The kids? Fuck 'em.

(pause)

Yeah, you might as well take them with you. All I see on their faces is the shit that rubbed off on the way out. The only way to fix that is with a twelve gauge. Do it now because I'm taking the money...I'm taking all the money. You won't be getting another wheat penny from me, you greedy bitch. I hope you all suffer horribly when you die.

Don ends the call and drives off.

CUT TO

EXT. LAKE - SUNSET

Tucker is reclining in a lounge chair facing a vibrant sunset over a calm lake.

He motions OFF SCREEN. An unidentified attendant quickly arrives and fills his wine glass with a gas can.

He makes a call and sips.

TUCKER
 (smiling)
 Hello, Isaac.

ISAAC (O.S.)
 You tried to kill me.

TUCKER
 Wrong tense, bud. Also killing your
 people.

(pause)

ISAAC (O.S.)
 Why?

TUCKER
 I want to. I can with minimal cost
 to myself. I have an arrangement.

(pause)

ISAAC (O.S.)
 Who are you working for?

TUCKER
 Everyone that wants you dead.

ISAAC (O.S.)
 So this is personal then?

TUCKER
 Absolutely not. I work for the
 highest bidder. Two hundred million
 dollars would guarantee the safety
 of you and your people, but we both
 know that's not going to happen.
 The Amish aren't suited to this
 world anymore, Isaac. Your hiding
 spots are drying up. You can't
 survive long if you refuse to play
 the game. I'm doing you a favor,
 really.

ISAAC (O.S.)
 Do you even have kids?

TUCKER
 No.

(pause)

ISAAC (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 God damnit, I sought YOUR counsel
 to help ease us into modernization!

TUCKER
 (chuckling)
 Oh come on, we both know that's not true. I've made a fortune from lying, don't think I can't spot it.

(pause)

ISAAC (O.S.)
 I really didn't want to do this...But if our friendship has just been an elaborate act, there's no reason not to.

Still on Tucker, the audio from Isaac's phone changes dramatically. A microcassette voice recorder plays for several minutes. From the recording, we hear only the sound of wind and the microphone RUBBING against clothing. This is mixed with occasional muttering from Isaac, POPS from the "fast-forward" and "play" buttons, and the soft mechanical WHIRRING of the player fast-forwarding. Tucker continues to look straight forward, unmoving save for regular sips of gasoline.

ISAAC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I recorded this conversation, Tucker. Every word. And I'm sending it straight to the police.

TUCKER
 Please do!

The call ends abruptly with a CLICK.

Tucker chuckles and motions for more gas.

CUT TO

INT. ISAAC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Isaac's in his kitchen. A microcassette player is on the counter in front of him.

ISAAC
 (confused)
 Hello?...Hello?

He moves the phone into VIEW.

The screen displays only the Cyber Purification Agency SEAL.

FADE TO

EXT. THE LAKEBED - DAY

Isaac stands on the edge of a dry, flat lakebed. Behind him, Gabriela waves her arms, attempting to herd and pacify a cluster of terrified Amish.

Opposing him, on the other side of the expanse, a small army of CPA agents forms a protective cluster around Tucker.

First, Isaac breaks through the line.

Tucker and Isaac shoot nonstop at each other as they travel through fields, parking lots, suburbs, and warehouses.

Tucker retreats, Isaac pursues.

Tucker emerges from around the corner of a large building, driving a COMBINE HARVESTER.

The REEL spins and razor sharp KNIVES become a blur from their rapid reciprocation.

He turns the contraption to face Isaac and it quickens.

CLOSE ON IN-CABIN SEATBELT SAFETY GRAPHIC

Tucker's elbow knocks the velocity control to 0, sending him flying through the windshield.

He tumbles, barely clearing the HEADER and its horrors, but he lands on Isaac's pitchfork.

Isaac holds eye contact with Tucker as he bleeds for a beat before lifting him up by the handle and delivering him to be devoured by the machine.

CLOSE ON IN-HOPPER AUGER, under no load for a beat.

It begins to SPEW blood.

What's left of Tucker - mostly skin - is expelled from the rear of the machine.

Isaac produces the CPA BANNER and wraps TUCKER'S REMAINS in it.

He drags them OFF SCREEN.

CUT TO

EXT. THE LAKEBED - LATER

Isaac returns - still dragging the bundle - to find more CPA agents amassed on the lakebed, advancing very slowly toward the Amish crowd.

With hate, Isaac unleashes upon the group, mowing them down as quickly as he can.

The last agent falls.

For a beat, Isaac scans the battlefield.

He turns around to find Gabriela and the Amish staring at him like cornered animals - all in shock.

He looks into each pair of disgusted, terrified eyes with greater and greater sadness. Then, greater and greater anger.

At last, he begins to bring his SHOTGUN to a ready position.

CUT TO BLACK before it reaches his shoulder.

THE END