

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS"

By

Robert Skotte

[robskotte@gmail.com](mailto:robskotte@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sun hangs low on the eastern horizon, almost blocked by the trees on each side of the streets.

Cars parked in neat and straight lines along the empty sidewalks.

INT. GARRETT RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

The rays from the rising sun barely penetrate the blinds. A jagged line of sunlight falls on a bed.

In it lies HELENA GARRETT (30's), black, semi-covered by a bedspread.

Her eyes are open. And wet.

A tear runs from the corner of her eye, along her cheek and disappears into the fabric of the pillow linen.

BUZZ

The alarm clock startles her. She reaches over and kills the sound. The digital clock reads: "5:30".

KITCHEN

Coffee brews on an old and noisy coffeemaker. Wearing a bathrobe, Helena sits down at the kitchen table, wet hair clings to her face.

On the wall in front of her hangs a picture of a cheerful black toddler, barely a year old.

Helena's eyes fixed on the picture.

She sighs deeply. Lips tremble.

Helena hears baby talk coming from the adjacent room. Her eyes light up.

HELENA

Tevin?

TEVIN'S NURSERY

Helena bursts into the small room.

Winnie The Pooh wallpaper cover the walls. Various toys and baby clothes lie gracefully stacked on shelves.

A silent mobile hangs above an empty crib.

She stares at the crib, brings her hand up to her mouth and cries. Sobbing, Helena approaches the crib. She picks up a furry teddy bear, holds it up to her nose and smells it.

She turns on the mobile. A soothing melody fills the room.

Her body trembles as tears run down her cheeks. Helena leans against the wall and glides down to a sitting position.

She hugs the bear and weeps while the music fades --

EXT. PRISON FACILITY

-- into shouts and yells. A large agitated crowd, lead by a wild-eyed man on a bullhorn, cry out spontaneous rants.

Handheld signs wave in the air. One of them read: "DIE BABYKILLER!"

Several police officers keep a close eye on the angry crowd.

Behind them looms a large white squarish building complex. High walls and guard towers belittle the hundreds of people gathered outside.

Reporters at the scene, busy working the crowd. Large news vans from various networks surround the crowd.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - CELL

Alone inside a cell sits a pale YOUNG MAN (30's) on a worn bunk. He wears a red prison jumpsuit. His hands and feet shackled.

SUPER: "TERRE HAUT, FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL COMPLEX, DEATH ROW".

A piece of paper rests on his knees. Using a pencil he scribbles on the paper.

EXT. LAKE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A twenty foot yellow Ryder truck is parked on an embankment near a lake. The sun shines, the water still.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

Dear Jennifer. This will be my last letter to you. When you read this I'll be dead.

The young man exits down the ramp at the back of the truck and closes it. Dressed casually, he walks to the driver's side door and climbs into the cabin.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

But cry not for me little sister, cry for the hundreds of innocent Americans who died at the hands of an oppressing government. Cry for those who stood up to tyranny and paid the ultimate price.

The truck's engine roars to life.

INT. TRUCK - CABIN

The young man puts on an army cap and checks the large caliber handgun lying on the passenger seat. Satisfied, he puts the truck into gear.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

My death will not be in vain. The revolution will come, the government will fall. And when it does, everyone will understand why I had to do it. Why I took the fight to them.

EXT. LAKE

The truck slowly moves forward along a gravel track and disappears behind trees.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Traffic. The yellow truck sticks out among sedans and SUVs as it drives away.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

Thomas Jefferson once wrote 'The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots...and tyrants'. I will give mine today, Jennifer. Tomorrow, the tyrants will bleed.

INT. PRISON FACILITY (PRESENT DAY)

The young man puts the pen and paper on a small table by the wall and lays down on the bunk. His eyes fixed on the ceiling, his expression cold.

His hands search for something on the bunk and finds a paperback copy of Andrew MacDonald's 'The Turner Diaries'. He brings it up to his face and flips through the pages.

The young man reads a little but stops. He grabs the pen and paper again and continues his writing.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bacon sizzles on a pan, the fat sputters. A hand tips a small bowl of egg onto another pan and gently stirs the egg around as it heats.

BILL (50's) takes a sip from a coffee mug with his free hand. He checks his watch.

BILL

Jen?

On a small kitchen table lies the morning newspaper. A picture of the young man adorns the front page. Underneath his picture, large black letters say: "TODAY IS JUDGEMENT DAY".

Bill turns off the stow, puts the food on dishes and places them on the table.

Two slices of toast pop up from the chrome toaster next to the stow.

BILL

Jennifer? You want some breakfast, honey?

He turns on the radio, pours himself a fresh cup of coffee and sits down at the table.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
 ...less than an hour away from the execution where he will be administered a deadly cocktail of three separate drugs. We've just been told that a minister is with him at this very moment, performing the last rites...

SUPER: "6:09 AM"

JENNIFER (20's) enters the kitchen. She wipes the sleep from her eyes and sits down.

JENNIFER  
 Good morning, dad.

BILL  
 'Morning, honey.

She pours herself a glass of juice and bottoms it.

BILL  
 You sleep okay?

She shakes her head.

BILL  
 Yeah, I know. You want some eggs.

JENNIFER  
 I'm not really hungry, dad.

Bill looks at the food in front of him. He pushes his plate away.

BILL  
 Me neither.

JENNIFER  
 I'm sorry. You went to so much trouble.

BILL  
 I couldn't sleep anyway. The wait is...

He sighs.

BILL  
 I just had to do something, you know? Something normal. Get my mind off things.

She grabs her fathers hand and gently caress it. Bill clears his throat and wipes his eyes.

BILL  
So, you talked to your mother?

JENNIFER  
Yeah. We spoke on the phone last night.

BILL  
And?

JENNIFER  
She wasn't sure.

Bill lets out a disappointed snort.

BILL  
Your mother isn't sure she's going to attend her only son's funeral?

JENNIFER  
She was afraid that with the media and all, that she wouldn't be able to...  
(beat)  
You know what she's like.

BILL  
Indeed. What about your sister?

JENNIFER  
She'll be there.

BILL  
Good. That's good.

They enjoy a moment of silence.

BILL  
Have you talked to him?

JENNIFER  
Yeah, we spoke last Monday.

BILL  
How's he holding up?

JENNIFER  
You know. He's strong. He's got a strong will.

BILL

Oh, yeah.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Alright, we're about forty-five minutes away from the execution of the man that, according to a recent Gallup poll, is the most hated man in America.

JENNIFER

Reporters will be swarming this place when it's over.

BILL

I think they're here already.

Bill motions toward the window. Jennifer gets up and looks out of the window.

JENNIFER

Fucking bastards. Fuck off!

BILL

I wish you wouldn't talk to them like that, they're just doing their job.

JENNIFER

They're fucking vultures.

BILL

Enough with the swearing, all right?

JENNIFER

I'm sorry, dad.

Jennifer sits back down and lights a cigarette.

BILL

I'll never understand why he did it.

(shakes his head)

And even if I do, that doesn't make it right. I mean, it'll never be right. But I just can't figure out why my little boy would do such a horrible thing. All those innocent people, why? What was he --

Bill chokes up as tears flood his eyes. He wipes them away. They come back.

JENNIFER  
Collateral damage. Those people  
weren't the target, dad.

BILL  
Collateral damage?

JENNIFER  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like  
that.

BILL  
Did I...? I know the divorce wasn't  
easy on you kids but did I do  
something to spark this. I mean,  
was I too hard on him? Too soft?

JENNIFER  
No, of course not.

BILL  
I keep thinking, should I have done  
this? Should I've have done that?  
Would that have changed anything?

JENNIFER  
Dad.

BILL  
I know he was different when he  
came back from the Gulf, but --

Bill's eyes grow distant.

BILL  
I know he was into guns a lot,  
maybe I should've...

JENNIFER  
Dad! We grew up just fine. You and  
mom did nothing wrong. Nothing. It  
was the government. They betrayed  
him, betrayed all of us. They  
started a war, dad.

BILL  
(covers his mouth)  
Jesus. You sound more and more like  
him.

JENNIFER  
Look, I just need you to --

BILL  
Let's drop it, okay? Let's just sit  
here for a while.

Bill checks his watch, sighs. He takes his daughter's hand in his.

BILL  
It's almost time.

EXT. CEMETERY

A car pulls up to the curb. Helena exits the vehicle and walk across the grass to a little nondescript headstone - one among many.

She carries a small bouquet of flowers and the teddy bear.

SUPER: "6:21 AM"

Helena stops at the grave and places the bouquet in front of the headstone. She hugs the teddy bear, looks down to the ground. She smiles.

INT. GARRETT RESIDENCE - KITCHEN (FLASHBACK)

TEVIN GARRET (1) sits in his highchair by the table dressed in his pyjamas. A small bowl of oatmeal in front of him.

Helena brings up a spoonful to his mouth but the toddler turns his face away and makes an defiant sound. Helena sighs.

HELENA  
Come on, Tevin, at least give it a  
try.

The phone rings. Helena walks to the phone and picks it up. She chats for a couple of seconds before hanging up.

When she returns to the kitchen, the bowl lies tipped over, oatmeal drips to the floor. Tevin smiles, his face and clothes covered with oatmeal.

EXT. CEMETERY (PRESENT DAY)

Helena's lips shiver.

HELENA  
We were running late again and  
I...I yelled at you.

Tears run down her face.

HELENA

I'm so sorry, baby. I should've stayed home with you that day. I know you were trying to tell me something. Please forgive mommy.

Helena sinks to her knees and cries out loud.

HELENA

Why did you have to kill him? Why? What did he ever do to you? He was the love of my life and you took him away from me, you bastard.

She takes several deep breaths, composes herself.

INT. DAY CARE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Toddlers mill about as Helena takes off Tevin's jacket. She leads him staggering by the hand into a larger room with a panoramic windows overlooking a large plaza.

She bends down and kisses Tevin.

HELENA

Mommy have to go to work now, honey.

Even though he's only a toddler -- Tevin knows what this means. He breaks out into tears and clings to Helena.

HELENA

Oh, baby.

A small boy, ELIJAH (2), comes over and pats Tevin on the back, comforting him as Helena leaves.

EXT. DAY CARE

On the first floor of the building, behind a large panoramic window, stands a group of toddlers, their faces almost pressed against the glass.

Tevin is one of the toddlers. His cheeks are wet from tears.

Helena waves and blows a kiss to him. Tevin smiles back.

She gets into her car and drives away.

EXT. CEMETERY (PRESENT DAY)

Helena smiles through tears.

HELENA

You were so brave, Tevin. So brave.

The grief overwhelms her again.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - CELL

The young man sits on the bunk. ROBERT NIGH (40's), dressed in suit and tie, sits across from him on a cheap stool.

ROBERT

They told you how it's gonna happen?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah, the Warden told me yesterday and also this morning.

He smiles.

YOUNG MAN

He was pretty...meticulous.

ROBERT

I'd imagine he was. They just wanna make sure there won't be any surprises.

The young man nods.

ROBERT

Will there be? Surprises?

YOUNG MAN

Nah, I don't reckon there will.

Robert leans back against the wall, stares at the young man.

ROBERT

You know, a lot of people will witness the execution. Not just here but on a closed-circuit TV feed hundreds of miles away and I think --

YOUNG MAN

They should broadcast it live on national TV.

ROBERT

They won't do that. They're afraid that it'll make a martyr out of you.

YOUNG MAN

A martyr?

He chuckles.

YOUNG MAN

Well, that ship has sailed.

ROBERT

Many will hope for some kind of closure today and you're the only one who can give it to them.

The young man's expression turns hard and stony. He doesn't show any emotions what so ever.

He stares at the two empty cups of Ben and Jerry's mint chocolate chip ice cream on the small table opposite the bunk.

Robert nods. He motions at the ice cream cups.

ROBERT

How was you last meal?

YOUNG MAN

Cold.

ROBERT

Okay.

(turns somber)

I'm sorry for getting all lawyer on you now but I have to advise you against your discission.

YOUNG MAN

About the appeals?

ROBERT

Yeah. You waived your right of appeal with Judge Matsch last year but it's not too late. We can still fight this.

The young man shakes his head.

YOUNG MAN

No. I told you, no more appeals.

Robert sighs. He looks at the young man with genuine concern in his eyes.

YOUNG MAN

Robert, it's okay. I'm ready.

Robert takes a deep breath.

ROBERT

I believe you.

YOUNG MAN

What will happen to my body, you know, after...

ROBERT

It'll be taken to a local funeral home where you...where it will be cremated. They'll pass your remains over to me afterwards.

YOUNG MAN

And you'll give the ashes to my dad, right?

ROBERT

Of course.

The young man hands Robert a letter.

YOUNG MAN

Please give this to Jennifer.

Robert accepts the letter. He fights to keep his composure.

ROBERT

I will.

Footsteps approach.

Robert stands. He blinks a couple of times and wipe the tears from his eyes. The young man gets to his feet, his shackles clang against each other. The two men stare at one another.

ROBERT

Well, I guess this is it.

YOUNG MAN

Thank you, Robert. For everything.

The young man extend his shackled hands. Robert grab them.

ROBERT

I--I don't know what to say.

YOUNG MAN

Pretty unusual for a lawyer, huh?

Robert chuckles. And turns serious again.

ROBERT

Any last words you want me to pass along?

YOUNG MAN

Yes. Invictus by William Ernest Henley.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - EXECUTION CHAMBER

Officers from the Federal Bureau of Prisons ready the execution gurney.

It it the same size as a grown man, it has got a head rest and an appendix on either side where the arms will rest.

They check that the straps are all operational. Intravenous tubes leading to a small machine on the wall are readied.

SUPER: "6:47 AM"

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bill and Jennifer still sit at the table. Balled up used Kleenex' lay scattered among the dishes on the table.

Jennifer puts out a cigarette in an already crowded ashtray. She lights a new one. Bill checks his watch.

EXT. CEMETERY

Helena places the teddy bear at the headstone. She bows her head for a moment and then walks back to her car.

INT. CAR

Helena turns on the radio.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

With the execution scheduled to commence at 7:00 am, a mere ten minutes from now, tensions are beginning to mount outside the prison where crowds by the hundreds have gathered.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - WITNESS ROOM

Men and women enter the room and move to their designated seats. Robert sits down. He removes his tie and unbuttons his collar. He looks around, takes a deep breath.

They sit in front of a short row of windows, looking into the execution chamber. A set of curtains pull across the windows and block the view.

The lights dim.

CELL

Guards check the young man's shackles. The WARDEN observes.

WARDEN

Do you understand the proceedings I described to you.

YOUNG MAN

Yes.

WARDEN

Do you have any questions?

YOUNG MAN

No.

CORRIDOR

The party proceed down a nondescript corridor. Their footsteps echo against the walls. They come to a door.

THE BUTTON ROOM

A doctor waits inside the small room. Next to a window, looking into the execution chamber, hangs the infusion pump, an apparatus with three red buttons.

On top of it, three glass cylinders with fluid inside. A tube runs from its bottom and through the wall.

EXECUTION CHAMBER

The young man pauses at the sight of the gurney. Just for a second. He inhales deeply and his expression turns cold again.

The guards lead him to the gurney. Helped by the guards, the young man lies down. The guards unshackle him and strap him to the gurney, one restraint at the time, until he is firmly secured.

On cue, the doctor enters the chamber. He leans over the young man and swabs a small patch on both his arms with alcohol. He then insert two intravenous drips, one in each arm of the young man.

The doctor nods to the Warden and leaves.

SUPER: "6:55 AM"

INT. HOUSE

Bill and Jennifer stare at each other. Their hands interlocked across the table.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Alright, we're gonna switch over to Barry Simcic now, a former prison warden from Texas and an expert on executions by lethal injection.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - WITNESS ROOM

The curtains pulls back and the people see the young man strapped to the gurney inside the execution room. The Warden stands next to him.

A woman makes a barely audible sound, a man folds his arms across his chest, another man's knuckles turn white.

Robert strains his eyes to focus on the young man.

EXECUTION CHAMBER

The young man turns his head but the tainted windows prevent him from seeing anything but a faint reflection of himself. The large analog clock on the wall shows 6:58.

WARDEN

Do you have any last words?

WITNESS ROOM

Everyone leans forward, anticipating.

MAN

(whispering)

Come on, you bastard.

Robert turns to the man. His jaw-muscles work overtime.

EXECUTION CHAMBER

The young man doesn't say a word, his expression focused and determined.

WARDEN

Very well.

The Warden leaves the chamber. The young man turns his head and stares at the ceiling. His breathing relaxed.

THE BUTTON ROOM

The Warden nods to the two guards. They place their thumbs on the three buttons on the infusion pump. Their heads turn to the clock on the wall.

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK.

The clock reaches 7:00.

WARDEN

On three, two, one. Now.

They press their respective button simultaneously.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
Barry, as I understand it, he will  
be given three different drugs, is  
that right?

BARRY SIMCIC (V.O.)  
That's right.

A piston slowly presses downward inside the first cylinder on  
the infusion pump. The fluid runs through the tube leading  
into the wall.

BARRY SIMCIC (V.O.)  
The first drug is sodium  
thiopental, it renders the person  
unconscious

#### EXECUTION CHAMBER

The fluid shoots through the thin tube coming out of the  
wall. It enters the young man's bloodstream via the  
intravenous drip in his right arm.

His chest rises and falls rapidly, his breathing quickens.  
The young man's eyes flicker for a moment. And then they  
close. His breathing slows.

Another fluid runs through the tube.

BARRY SIMCIC (V.O.)  
The second drug administered will  
be either pancuronium or  
tubocurarine. Both of these drugs  
will stop all muscle movement  
except the heart. This causes  
muscle paralysis and the lungs will  
collapse. This alone will cause  
death by asphyxiation.

The young man's chest rises and falls slowly.

Slower.

His chest no longer moves.

#### WITNESS ROOM

Silence. Anticipation. All eyes fixed on the young man in the  
adjacent chamber.

INT. HOUSE

Jennifer wipes her eyes with yet another Kleenex, Bill runs a hand over his wet face. He cries, his body shakes.

BARRY SIMCIC (V.O.)  
 The third and final drug is potassium chloride. This will stop the heart from beating, and eventually cause death by cardiac arrest.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - THE BUTTON ROOM

The Warden looks at the clock. It reads 7:13. He turns to the doctor.

WARDEN  
 If you will, please.

He motions towards the chamber and the doctor ducks behind the curtains.

EXECUTION CHAMBER

The doctor checks the young man's vital signs. A heartbeat monitor by the gurney shows a flat line. He nods to the windows. The curtains close.

WITNESS ROOM

The lights come on. Robert gets to his feet along with the rest of the witnesses. He looks pale as he staggers out of the room.

INT. HOUSE

The phone rings. Bill and Jennifer look at each other. They don't move. The phone rings again. Bill takes a deep breath and gets up. He walks to the phone, one tiny step followed by another.

He picks up the phone.

BILL  
 Hello?  
 (beat)  
 Robert?  
 (MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Yeah, she's with me right now.

Bill's body shivers, his knees tremble. He almost drops the telephone but composes himself instead, drawing in a deep breath.

BILL

Thank you, Robert.

(beat)

I will.

He hangs up the phone, leans against the wall.

BILL

He's dead. Your brother is dead.

Bill's voice breaks and he starts to cry. Jennifer runs to him and they embrace, crying in each others arms.

BILL

My little boy is dead.

#### INT. CAR

Helena's head rest against the headrest, her eyes closed.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

We've just gotten confirmation that Timothy McVeigh, one of the men convicted of the Oklahoma City bombing on April 19 1995, was pronounced dead at 7:14 am. He was thirty-three years old.

Helena's eyes open. She sighs.

#### INT. PRISON FACILITY

A guard pushes a gurney along a narrow corridor. The person lying on the gurney is covered by a white blanket.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Who was Timothy McVeigh and what led this decorated Gulf War veteran to blow up a federal building in Oklahoma? Why did an American boy turn into an American terrorist?

EXT. CEMETERY

The car's engine comes to life and Helena drives away.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
Why did he choose to kill one  
hundred and sixty-eight of his  
fellow Americans, including  
nineteen children?

INT. MCVEIGH RESIDENCE

Bill and Jennifer stands in a tight embrace, crying in each others arms.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
With his execution successfully  
completed, we may never fully know  
the answers to these questions.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car pulls up to a house. Robert exits the car carrying an urn. He walks to the front door.

INT. MCVEIGH RESIDENCE

Bill opens the door and Robert enters. They give each other a warm embrace.

Robert hands the urn to Bill. Jennifer looks on with tears running down her cheeks.

Robert gives Jennifer the letter.

JENNIFER'S ROOM

Jennifer lies on her stomach across an unmade bed. She holds the letter up to her nose and smells it. With gentle movements, she opens the letter.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)  
Dear Jennifer. This will be my last  
letter to you. When you read this  
I'll be dead.

INT. GARRETT RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Helena sits alone in a chair. The TV is on but she is not watching. Her eyes fixed on the two cardboard boxes on the floor.

She gets up, grabs the two boxes but pauses. She puts the boxes down.

Helena closes her eyes, takes a deep breath and picks up the boxes again.

INT. MCVEIGH RESIDENCE - JENNIFER'S ROOM

Teardrops hit the paper and are quickly absorbed. Jennifer scans the words, one letter at a time, absorbing everything to its fullest.

MCVEIGH (V.O.)

I am dead now, true. But the fight against the tyrants continues without me. And even though they managed to claim the life of yet another patriot, know that I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.

Jennifer puts her head down on the bed.

INT. GARRETT RESIDENCE - TEVIN'S NURSERY

Helena puts the boxes on the floor. She stares at the clothes and toys on the shelves. She runs a hand over the fabric of a tiny shirt.

She grabs the baby clothes from the shelves and carefully places them in the boxes.

INT. MCVEIGH RESIDENCE - JENNIFER'S ROOM

Jennifer folds Tim's clothes neatly and puts them in a box of her own.

EXT. ALFRED P. MURRAH FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The nine story tall rectangular building overlooks a busy downtown plaza. A steady stream of people enter the building through its revolving doors.

SUPER: "OKLAHOMA CITY. APRIL 19, 1995".

Brass plates near the entrance indicate that this building, among other, houses regional offices for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF) and the FBI.

The revolving doors swing and Helena exits the building.

On the first floor of the building, behind a large panoramic window, stands a group of toddlers, their faces almost pressed against the glass.

Tevin is one of the toddlers. His cheeks are wet from tears.

Helena waves and blows a kiss to him. Tevin smiles back.

She gets into her car and drives away.

As the car leaves, the large yellow Ryder truck pulls up in front of the building.

INT. TRUCK - CABIN

TIMOTHY MCVEIGH shuts the engine off. He picks up the gun next to him, sticks it in its holster under his armpit and puts on a jacket.

McVeigh brings out a lighter from his pocket. He picks up the fuse that hangs from a hole in the cabin's wall behind him.

He ignites the lighter. The orange flame dances a bit from a draft.

McVeigh moves the flame closer to the fuse.

And lights it.

With a hissing sound, the fuse comes to life.

McVeigh opens the door and steps out.

EXT. STREET

McVeigh walks away from the truck and the building. As he rounds a corner, he reaches inside his pocket, pulls out two earplugs and insert them into his ears.

EXT. ALFRED P. MURRAH FEDERAL BUILDING

Smoke fills the inside of the truck-cabin.

INT. TRUCK - CABIN

The fuse lively eats away and disappears through the hole in the wall --

CARGO HOLD

-- and reappears.

Thirteen fifty-five gallon drums stand arranged in a T-shape.

All connected via a fuse.

EXT. ALFRED P. MURRAH FEDERAL BUILDING

Visible above the truck, Tevin Garret peers down through the window.

FADE TO BLACK

BOOM!

THE END