

*...SHALL BE INFRINGED*

**OVER BLACK**

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(adult male voice)  
I'm am the son of a President.

A rifle SHOT - loud as thunder.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And the son of an assassin.

Another SHOT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
This is their story.

FADE IN:

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY**

A dozen high school STUDENTS weave in and out of rows of bookshelves in the center of the room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
It was a normal Tuesday morning.

Another thirty or so STUDENTS sit at computer workstations and reading tables surrounding the perimeter of the room.

The heels of a FEMALE LIBRARIAN echo on a tile floor as she walks about - monitoring activity.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In a perfectly normal school.

**SUPER: COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL, APRIL 20th, 1999.**

JERIMIAH JACKSON (18), fit and rugged reads something in a school binder at a table in the corner of the room.

ALLISON (18), a backpack full of textbooks on her shoulders, walks by. She steals a look at what's inside Jerimiah's binder - a GUN AND AMMO magazine.

Allison takes a seat at the table - points at the binder.

ALLISON  
You know, you ought to be studying.

JERIMIAH  
I'm studying.  
(off Allison's look)  
I'm going to be an Army Ranger - a sniper.

ALLISON  
(with a chuckle)  
Sure you are.

A dull THUD, like a muffled explosion from somewhere outside. It garners everyone's attention - but not their alarm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
At first, they all thought it was a senior prank. Firecrackers - something like that.

BANG - a louder explosion, quickly followed by GUNFIRE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But of course, it wasn't.

LIBRARIAN  
Everyone, take cover wherever you can. Underneath the desks - tables.

Most the students crawl beneath the workstations and reading tables. A few just sit there - frozen by indecision.

Jeremiah grabs Allison's hand. He hustles her towards the far bookshelf. They hold hands as they lean up against it.

Silence. The only sound the ticking of the library clock.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
It only took four minutes.

The library doors burst open.

Two TEENAGE GUNMEN, both wearing trench coats and baseball caps enter. One carries a double-barreled sawn-off shotgun. The other an automatic rifle.

Computer screens explode and obliterated book pages float in the air as both Gunmen unload. Those who didn't hide were the first to die.

SCREAMS from students echo in the room.

GUNMAN ONE  
Come out, come out from wherever you are.

Gunmen Two hunches down - peers underneath the tables.

GUNMAN TWO  
Peek-a-boo.

Shotgun BLASTS into the bodies of screaming teens. Blood puddles on the floor.

Another shot - another scream. Then another - and another.

Gunmen Two walks towards the bookshelves. Reaches the first one. A HISPANIC TEEN curled up on the floor is easy prey.

The RAT-A-TAT-TAT of the automatic rifle conceals his pleas.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Eleven students and one teacher  
were massacred that day.

Gunman Two reaches the last book shelve, turns the corner and takes dead aim at Allison and Jerimiah.

Jerimiah steps in front of Allison, shielding her.

One shot grazes Jerimiah's shoulder. The last in the rifle's magazine.

The WAIL of police sirens outside. Gunman Two gives Jerimiah an evil wink - then slips away.

Allison weeps as Jerimiah cradles her in his arms.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That was the moment her mission was  
born. The moment their fates were  
sealed.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

A wedding ceremony in process. Allison (21) wearing a bridal gown, and Jerimiah (21), dressed in military formals, hold hands as they face each other at the altar.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They were married in the fall of  
two thousand and two.

A baby bump obvious on Allison.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

An event dictated by both desire  
and circumstance.

**INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY**

Allison (now 23) sits among several dozen STUDENTS in a classroom. On her desk, a textbook: "CONSTITUTIONAL LAW."

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Allison continued her studies.

A PROFESSOR, recites as he writes on a chalkboard.

PROFESSOR  
A well regulated militia being  
necessary to the security of a free  
state, the right of the people to  
keep and bear arms shall not be  
infringed.

Allison grimaces as the Professor underlines: Shall not be  
infringed.

**EXT. BATTLE TORN IRAQ - DAY**

Jerimiah (23), in camouflaged Army Ranger fatigues, points a high-power sniper rifle through a hole in a brick building.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Jerimiah, true to his oath as well  
as his nature, went off to war.

POV: through the scope of Jeremiah's rifle: An IRAQI  
INSURGENT carrying a mortar towards another building.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
He was one of the best.

The WHOOSH of a bullet. The Insurgent's head explodes.

The Scope moves right - another INSURGENT in site. Another direct hit.

Jerimiah removes his helmet, wipes sweat from his brow.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Until he was caught.

**INT. PRISONER COMPOUND - NIGHT**

Jerimiah, thin, long scraggly beard, hollow eyes, clad in dirty Arabic garb curled up in the corner of a filthy cell.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
He was held in captivity for nearly  
eight years.

**INT. CHURCH - MORNING**

Filled with mourners. Allison (now 26) and her son, JOSHUA (5), both dressed in black sit in the front row.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She couldn't have known. The Army had reported him killed in action three years after his capture.

At the altar, a large photo of Jerimiah in his military formals - surrounded by flowers.

**INT. BACK OF RUSSIAN MILITARY VAN - (TRAVELLING) NIGHT**

Jerimiah (now 33), ragged and worn, pressed up against one wall of the van. Across from him, two RUSSIAN SOLDIERS watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His Iraqi captors sent him to a terrorist camp in Chechnya. He was rescued by the Russians when they raided that camp in two thousand, thirteen.

**INT. RUSSIAN MINISTRY OF DEFENSE BUILDING - DAY**

Jerimiah, now cleaned up, at a table in a small room. A RUSSIAN OFFICER drops a manila folder on the table.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

For you to decide.

The Officer leaves. Jerimiah opens the folder. One by one he sifts through the contents.

- A newspaper article: "Congresswoman Allison Jackson weds Peter Stone, CEO of Stone Technologies."

- A photo of Allison (33), her Son (12) and PETER STONE (40) at a community event. They hold hands - smile.

- Another article: "Stone considers Senate run."

Jerimiah closes the folder. His face falls into his hands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He couldn't go home.

**EXT. HILL ABOVE REBEL STRONGHOLD - CHECHNYA, RUSSIA - NIGHT**

Jerimiah, wearing Russian colors points a sniper's rifle at an Islamic encampment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was nothing to return to.

Jerimiah acquires the target - a BEARDED MAN in green army fatigues exiting a small wooden structure.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So, he agreed to help the Russians  
in their battle with the Chechen  
rebels.

Jerimiah squeezes the trigger - the Bearded Man collapses.

**INT. RUSSIAN BUILDING - MOSCOW - NIGHT**

Jerimiah (now 47), graying beard, wearing casual clothes,  
points a sniper's rifle at a BUSINESSMAN on the street below.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And eventually, their battle with  
Russian dissidents.

Jerimiah squeezes the trigger. PEOPLE on the street scream as  
the Businessman's blood splatters on the sidewalk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Immoral? Yes. Unexpected? No. He  
was in the abyss.

(a beat)

Meanwhile...

**INT. CORPORATE CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING**

Rich walnut walls adorned with all sorts of firearms -  
everything from the modern to the antique.

In the center of one wall, a corporate emblem: "*Whitaker Guns  
and Ammunition, Est. 1925.*"

JACK WHITAKER (70), weather-worn face, a grey-beard cowboy  
type in an Armani suit sits at the head of the conference  
table - TV remote in hand.

Next to him, BUZZ WHITAKER (65), similar in appearance.

**ON THE TELEVISION**

A CNN ANCHOR and two PUNDITS on the set.

CNN ANCHOR

Stunning results today from the  
latest Gallup poll on the upcoming  
presidential election. Senator  
Allison Stone has increased her  
lead over Chet Wilkins. It's  
currently an eleven percent gap.

(turns to Pundit One)

What do you make of this?

PUNDIT ONE

It's unprecedented really. She's pretty much been a single issue candidate - the repeal of the second amendment. It's amazing what happens when --

PUNDIT TWO

Your campaign is bankrolled by your husband?

PUNDIT ONE

You know better than that. How many more school shootings and workplace massacres do you think Americans will tolerate?

**BACK TO SCENE**

CLICK - the TV goes dark. Jack places the remote down on the conference table.

JACK

It's time.

BUZZ

I don't know, Jack.

JACK

You going to let some political cunt destroy what our family spent a lifetime building?

Buzz shakes his head. Jack removes a cell phone from his pocket - taps a contact and puts the phone to his ear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That call was to Abdul Halim. The munitions man for a Chechen terrorist cell. The very group that Jeremiah had spent years hunting for the Russians. It was a pretty simple deal. They eliminate Allison Stone. They get all the guns and ammunition they need from Whitaker.

**INT. RUSSIAN PRISON - NIGHT**

A naked, bloodied and bruised REBEL hangs from a metal beam.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER and a GUARD, holding the end of a high voltage wire, face him.

The Officer nods towards the Guard. The Guard clips the wire to the torso of the Rebel.

The Rebel screams in agony as his body contorts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Just thirty hours before the American election, the Russians persuaded a Rebel to reveal some valuable information.

**INT. RUSSIAN MINISTRY OF DEFENSE BUILDING - NIGHT**

The War Room - sophisticated computers and electronics everywhere. At a table in the center, two RUSSIAN AGENTS. Sitting across from them - Jerimiah Jackson (now 48).

One of the Russian Agents slides a manila folder towards Jerimiah.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They had no interest in the Rebels gaining access to more weapons. It was time to help the Americans.

Jerimiah's eyes widen as he reads the contents of the folder. He shakes his head in disbelief.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And they had just the right man for the job.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND - OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK CITY - DAWN**

A large, white, ranch-style structure. Rural and isolated. Shrubbery and trees everywhere.

A security gate surrounds the perimeter of the building.

Three black, limousines glistening with the morning dew sit parked in the compounds circular driveway.

SUPER: ELECTION DAY - NOVEMBER 7th, 2028

At the front door of the compound, a SECRET SERVICE AGENT, dressed in black stands at attention.

**INT. RESIDENTIAL COMPOUND - DINING ROOM - DAWN**

Formal and opulent. A large cherry wood china dining table in the center of the room.

At that table, Allison (now 48), clad in a thick, white bathrobe, stares at the screen of a laptop computer.

**INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN**

A grainy black and white video of the Columbine massacre taken from the Library's security camera.

Allison leans back, runs her hands through her hair. There are dark circles under her reddened eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She watched that video each and every Tuesday.

AGENT HARDWICK (55), crewcut gray hair, fills the doorway.

AGENT HARDWICK

Excuse me, Senator. I've been called back to headquarters. Agent Hopper will escort you and your family to the event.

Allison nods.

AGENT HARDWICK

You sure you won't change your mind? Open air events are far more difficult to --

ALLISON

We're keeping the schedule. As is.

**INT. SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING**

The DIRECTOR OF THE SECRET SERVICE (60) at her desk, holding court. Across from her Jerimiah, unshaven, haggard and Agent Hardwick, obviously displeased.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jerimiah arrived at JFK airport at three in the morning. Debriefed by the CIA and escorted to the Secret Service.

DIRECTOR

I want him briefed on every detail of the operation.

Hardwick says something. The Director shakes her head.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hardwick wasn't happy with the intrusion on his operations.

**INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN - CNN NEWS REPORT**

NEWS ANCHOR

Polls have opened and early reports indicate a strong turnout today.

An image of Allison appears in the corner of the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

Senator Stone will await the results at the Metropolitan Museum of Art where she'll be hosting a charitable event dedicated to artwork created by refugees. Protests are expected --

**EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY**

An enormous structure built from white stone and marble. Ornate columns stretch skyward. Ancient sculptures mounted on ledges. It looks as if it were built to house Greek Gods.

A large police presence at the base of the building - OFFICERS, barricades and metal detectors.

**ON THE ROOFTOP**

A large area designed for ceremonies and exhibits.

Various WORKERS mill about readying the area for a ceremony.

More than a dozen SCULPTURES and PAINTINGS are on display at various points on the rooftop.

On one side, a raised stage with a table in the middle. A large banner draped underneath reads: "ALLISON STONE - FOR OUR CHILDREN - 2028."

Table clothed tables and chairs arranged throughout the area. A bar area on the far side.

Jerimiah and Hardwick stand at the far outer wall of the rooftop. Just beneath them, the treetops of Central Park.

Jerimiah points at the skyscrapers and hotels that comprise New York City's skyline.

JERIMIAH

You get distances from each building?

AGENT HARDWICK

Of course. Three-quarters of them are out any known range. They don't pose a threat.

Hardwick points towards an array of buildings to the left of the rooftop.

AGENT HARDWICK

Those - maybe. But it would have to be a world-class shot.

JERIMIAH

You don't think they'd send a world-class shooter?

AGENT HARDWICK

We've accounted for that possibility.

Hardwick motions for Jerimiah to follow him. They walk towards a row of pedestals holding sculptures stationed in the center of the rooftop.

AGENT HARDWICK

There's no line of sight from any of those buildings to any portion of the rooftop left of where we're standing. The Senator has agreed to not pass this point. If she tries to, my men will intercede.

Jerimiah points to the trees in Central Park.

JERIMIAH

What about the park?

AGENT HARDWICK

Closed for the night. Agents on the ground throughout. They'll stay there until the Senator has left the building.

Jerimiah spots a bar area in the corner of the rooftop - walks towards it. Hardwick follows.

Jerimiah goes to a small set of storage shelves behind the bar counter. They're filled with a variety of bottles - whiskey, vodka and gin.

JERIMIAH

Were these inspected?

AGENT HARDWICK  
 We've run security clearances on  
 the company and every server  
 working tonight. There's no ---

JERIMIAH  
 Were the bottles inspected!?

Jerimiah removes a bottle of vodka from the shelf - points it  
 at Hardwick.

JERIMIAH  
 The British Embassy in Lebanon, two  
 thousand and twelve. Eight dead.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 He was referring to the  
 assassination of the British  
 Ambassador at a gala held in his  
 honor. Lebanese Freedom Fighters  
 had managed to plant several  
 Nitroglycerin filled vodka bottles  
 in the bar.

Hardwick motions a YOUNG SECRET SERVICE AGENT over.

HARDWICK  
 Have all the liquor removed. Assign  
 an agent to escort the owner to a  
 store to purchase replacements. I  
 want a complete chain of custody  
 from the store to back here.

The Agent rolls his eyes - couldn't help it.

AGENT HARDWICK  
 Is there a problem?

YOUNG AGENT  
 No, of course not, Sir.

AGENT HARDWICK  
 Then get to it.

JERIMIAH  
 (as the Young Agent  
 leaves)  
 Why in the fuck would you allow her  
 to hold an open-air event?

AGENT HARDWICK  
 (eyes narrow - angry)  
 You really think I had a choice?

Jerimiah shakes his head.

JERIMIAH  
Okay. Where are the positions?

Hardwick points to the access door.

AGENT HARDWICK  
We'll have an Agent there.

He then points towards an elevator door.

AGENT HARDWICK  
And there. Those are the only  
points of entry. Everyone will be  
screened through metal detectors  
before that.

Hardwick points towards the table on the raised stage.

AGENT HARDWICK  
And I will be stationed there.

Jerimiah nods as he continues to scan the surroundings.

AGENT HARDWICK  
And you?

JERIMIAH  
You know I need to be out of sight.

AGENT HARDWICK  
Yeah, I got that. I just didn't  
understand why.

JERIMIAH  
It's not a requirement that you do.

Jerimiah walks to an area to the far left of the stage.  
Hardwick follows. Jerimiah scans the entire floor - it's a  
good vantage point.

JERIMIAH  
Have your men put a screened  
partition here.

**EXT. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

Security barriers on one side of the street. Crammed behind  
them, a mob of shouting PROTESTERS, various ages - all angry.

Scores of helmeted POLICEMAN keep them in check.

Many of the Protestors wave signs. Some for gun control, some against. Some are clever, some vile.

The object of their focus, an approaching motorcade of black limousines escorted by a dozen New York MOTORCYCLE COPS.

**INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - FIFTH AVENUE (TRAVELLING) - DAY**

A DRIVER and AGENT BRIAN HOPPER (30s) in the front seat.

In the back seat, Peter Stone (now 57), Allison and her son Joshua (now 26). Joshua places his hand on Allison's.

JOSHUA  
I'm proud of you, Mom.

Allison squeezes Joshua's hand as stares at the protestors through the tinted window of the limousine.

**EXT. NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

The ceremony is in full swing. SERVERS weave in between tables filling the wine glasses of WOMEN dressed in formal gowns and MEN, dressed in tuxedos.

Jerimiah stands behind a screened partition to the left of the main stage, laser-focused on anything and everything.

A STRING QUARTET plays classical music.

A variety of ARTISTS, both genders - old and young, stand by their display chit-chatting with patrons.

Among them, a SYRIAN MOTHER (50), holding a CANE and ABRAHAM (24), stand by a ceramic sculpture of a woman cradling a child in her arms.

Allison, Peter and Joshua approach. Allison gently runs her hand over the frame of the sculpture.

ALLISON  
(re: the sculpture)  
It's beautiful. It's your piece?

SYRIAN MOTHER  
(blushing)  
Oh, no.

The Mother takes Abraham by the arm.

SYRIAN MOTHER  
It's his - my son, Abraham. Named  
in honor of your president.

ALLISON  
 (to Abraham)  
 It's magnificent. Beyond words.

Abraham extends his hand. Allison takes it.

ABRAHAM  
 Many thanks.

A FEMALE ARTIST standing next to a painting several yards away garners Allison's attention. She, heads towards it.

BEYOND THE PARTITION

JERIMIAH  
 (under his breath)  
 Stop her...stop her.

Just as Jerimiah is about to move out from the partition, Agent Hopper appears by Allison's side, stopping her progress towards the painting. He leans in - says something.

Allison waves at the Female Artist and mouths "thank you". Then turns around, heads back towards the main stage.

**AN HOUR LATER**

Allison at the head table. To her right, Peter. To her left, Joshua. Several campaign STAFF fill the rest of the seats.

Agent Hardwick stands at attention just behind Allison.

A STAFFER approaches Allison - whispers in her ear. Allison's face brightens with a smile.

The STAFFER goes to standing microphone behind the table, taps on the receiver.

STAFFER  
 Your attention, please.  
 (tapping the mic)  
 Please, we have an announcement.

The din of the room evaporates to silence as Allison rises from her seat, stands at the microphone.

ALLISON  
 I am sorry to say that I need to  
 leave this wonderful gathering and  
 go downstairs...  
 (murmurs and whispers)  
 It seems that I have to deliver an  
 acceptance speech.

The crowd stands. As they erupt into CHEERS and APPLAUSE, Peter and Joshua stand - join Allison.

Jerimiah watches from behind the partition as Allison kisses Joshua on the cheek. His eyes stay fixed on her as she turns to Peter, kisses him on the lips, smiles as he embraces her.

Jerimiah swallows hard - it's difficult to watch.

ALLISON

Peter and Joshua are going down now. I hear they're pretty good at warming up crowds.

Laughter from the crowd. Another kiss from Peter and he and Joshua are on their way.

The Syrian Mother hands her cane to Abraham. She places both hands on his cheeks - kisses him.

ALLISON

(at the crowd)

I just want to spend another moment with you. Words cannot express how grateful I am for all of your support.

The Syrian Mother slowly walks towards the outer wall of the roof, unnoticed by the cheering crowd.

ALLISON

Today is the day we start the journey of making our schools safe for our children. Making workplaces safe for their mothers and fathers.

The Syrian Mother reaches the wall. She hoists herself up, stands on the roof's ledge. She turns, faces the crowd, the brightly lit New York skyline providing an eerie backdrop.

The crowd's applause turns to murmurs - then to silence as they take the moment in.

All Agent's eyes, including Hardwick's on the Mother.

Jerimiah's stay fixed on Abraham - why hasn't he moved?

JERIMIAH (O.S.)

It's a diversion!

THE SYRIAN MOTHER

For Chechnya.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As it turns out, she wasn't Syrian.

GASPS from the crowd as the Mother turns, leaps from the roof towards a certain death.

SMASH - Abraham swings his Mother's cane against the center of the Sculpture. It bursts apart from the impact. Ceramic shards everywhere.

In the debris, an AUTOMATIC PISTOL that was hidden within the Sculpture. Abraham grabs it, takes dead aim at Allison.

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD (O.S.)

He's got a gun!

Jeremiah bursts out from the partition.

SCREAMS as the crowd scatters in a panic, taking cover wherever they can.

Hardwick moves in front of Allison. The first shot from Abraham ripping through his stomach.

More SCREAMS as Hardwick falls to the ground.

Allison, frozen by fear, now eye to eye with Abraham.

Jerimiah reaches her.

Four bullets - rapid fire succession - shred Jerimiah's back.

He places his hands on Allison's shoulder, trying to stay upright. They lock eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It took her a moment before she realized it was him.

Abraham falls to the ground as he is hit by a barrage of bullets from Agent Hopper.

A warm smile crosses Jerimiah's face. His eyes flutter as he slowly slides down the length of Allison's body.

ALLISON

No! No - no, it can't be....

DISSOLVE TO:

JOSHUA (now 40) looks similar in appearance to Jerimiah, sits on a stool, a copy of the U.S. CONSTITUTION in his hand.

JOSHUA

(Same voice as Narrator)

I loved my mother. I think I would  
have loved my father.

(looks away - ponders)

Given a chance to know him.

Joshua holds up the Constitution

JOSHUA

This is our Constitution. Less one  
amendment.

Joshua stands.

JOSHUA

I thought you should know how that  
really happened. The whole story.

Joshua places the Constitution on top of the stool - walks  
away.

FADE OUT: