

RICHARD JEWELL

written by

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based upon the article  
AMERICAN NIGHTMARE: THE BALLAD OF RICHARD JEWELL  
by Marie Brenner  
and based upon the book  
THE SUSPECT by Kent Alexander and Kevin Salwen

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FULL BLUE

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FADE IN:

1

ON TWO FBI AGENTS

1

TOM SHAW and DAN BENNET, seated on the edge of a coffee table in this RURAL APARTMENT, uncomfortably close TO us -- staring AT us.

SHAW

Okay, Richard. I'm going to hand you this phone now...

Shaw is 45. Grim as hell, he dials a PHONE, hands it TO us. We are:

INT. BOBI'S APT. (GEORGIA) - DAY (1996)

RICHARD JEWELL, seated opposite them on a sofa, eyes the phone. He's 34, Georgian, shy, stocky, unathletic (and -- if these feds are right -- a killer, a mad bomber).

SHAW

When you hear a BEEP on the other end, I want you to say into it, 'There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.'

JEWELL

I'm sorry, what?

BENNET

We need a voice exemplar. Like ya to say it a few times.

SHAW

'There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.' Might be the only way to clear your name, Richard.

JEWELL

I wanna help you fellas. I'm law enforcement, too, same as you.

SHAW

Then you should know better than anyone else how evidentiary something like this could be.

(as Jewell tightens)

'There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.' Might be the only way to clear your name, Richard.

(CONTINUED)

It's not a request. The phone BEEPS. Jewell takes it, steels himself. Then, quietly --

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.

SHAW  
Good. Again, please. Louder.

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.

SHAW  
Again. In fact, let's just do a  
series.

Jewell tightens, perspiring. We PUSH IN ON HIM as:

JEWELL  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a --

SLAM CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE:

10 YEARS EARLIER -- 1986 -- ATLANTA, GA.

FADE IN:

INT. U.S. SMALL BUSINESS ADMIN. - SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Jewell, 50 clipboard in hand, carefully catalogues AISLES of pens, tape, etc. Supplies are his domain. He wears a uniform top and khakis.

3

INT. U.S. SMALL BUSINESS ADMIN. - SUITE/BRYANT'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Jewell pushes his SUPPLY CART through the suite like an unseen shadow -- offering a shy smile to all he sees. He's just passing by some lawyer's OPEN OFFICE DOOR, when:

... he hears half of a PHONE CONVERSATION from within -- that UNSEEN LAWYER shredding someone:

UNSEEN LAWYER (O.S.)

I don't GIVE a damn! You are violating the most basic and sacred rights of business owner who doesn't have the means to fight you! So I'm going to fight you. And I'm going to bury you until you do right by her!

Whoever this guy is, he's fearless. Jewell stays in place.

UNSEEN LAWYER (O.S.)

Listen, if you wanna threaten me, do it to my face. We're at 233 Peachtree. 19th floor. C'mon by, we validate.

(then; calmly)

Good talking to you, too, Senator.

Senator? Whoa. The call ends, Jewell FROZEN outside the door. He starts to push his CART away, just as -- oh, no --

Unseen Lawyer, WATSON BRYANT, leans out of that office:

BRYANT

Who are you?

Bryant is 35, a Southern preppy in a three-piece suit. Jewell tightens, caught.

JEWELL

I'm Richard, sir. I'm sorry I was listening. I don't want you to think I'm rude. I'm not like that.

BRYANT

You always start every sentence with 'I'?

Jewell reddens a bit, Bryant enjoying the guy's torment.

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

Sorry. I'm the supply room clerk.

BRYANT

Good. I need some more ta--

JEWELL

-- Second drawer of your desk,  
sir. Tape and a new box of pens.

Huh? Bryant crosses to his DESK, opens the second drawer. Tape awaits. And a new box of pens. He eyes Jewell.

JEWELL

Saw you were running low. Look in  
the next drawer down.

Bryant opens the bottom drawer. Five SNICKERS BARS stare back at him. He studies Jewell, almost spooked.

BRYANT

How'd you know I liked Snickers?

JEWELL

Saw wrappers in your trash can.

BRYANT

Richard, from now on, your name is  
'Radar.'

That felt like a compliment. Jewell half-smiles...

INT. ARCADE - DAY

Jewell fires a GUN -- his stance professional, his focus singular and sober, his eyes cold. BANG! BANG! But:

The gun is PLASTIC, and he's firing at a VIDEO SCREEN -- the only adult in this MALL ARCADE filled with KIDS.

Down goes a bad guy, then another. BELLS RING! He's just set a "NEW RECORD SCORE!" Kids in here turn. One of them (JASPER, 10) eyes Jewell: TEACH ME! PLEASE!

JEWELL

(still firing)

I leave the blue invaders be.  
Waste of ammo.

JASPER

Whoa. Thanks...

(CONTINUED)

That's Jewell: an arcade hero. He glances to his right and FREEZES awkwardly -- just saw someone entering:

It's Bryant, entering this same arcade -- a large soda from Chick-fil-A in hand.

Bryant pauses, wasn't expecting to see Jewell here. But now he'd look like a shit if he walked away, so...

He reluctantly drifts toward Jewell, who fires again.

BRYANT

Nice shooting, Radar. Come here often?

JEWELL

It's practice for my career in law enforcement, sir. APD, FBI.

BRYANT

What the hell would ya wanna do *that* for?

An instant distaste for authority. Jewell notes it.

JEWELL

Believe in protectin' people, sir.

Bryant puts coins in the neighboring machine, starts firing. That fast, they're side-by-side, semi-competing.

JEWELL

I study the Penal Code every night.

BRYANT

Is that so?  
(keeps firing)  
What's the violation number for public intoxication?

JEWELL

OCGA 16-11-1, sir.

BRYANT

(mildly threatened)  
Domestic battery?

JEWELL

OCGA 16-5-23.

Jewell is rattling all of this off while kicking Bryant's ass in the video game.

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

You're pretty methodical.

JEWELL

I do like to go from A to B to C  
to D. This going from A straight  
to D and *arguing* over everything,  
I say no.

Bryant's GAME ends. Jewell throws a quick look at  
Bryant's score, trying to be charitable.

JEWELL

That's pretty good, for a first  
time.

BRYANT

*First time?* Ya know what?

Bryant reaches into his pocket, pulls out EIGHT QUARTERS,  
slams them down. A challenge. Jewell notes them.

JEWELL

They only gimme a half-hour for  
lunch, sir.

BRYANT

You can say you were with me.

He pumps another quarter into the machine. Game on.

We DROP --

OUTSIDE THE ARCADE

LOOKING IN on them -- two "grown men" in a video  
shootout. Loving it...

INT. U.S. SMALL BUSINESS ADMIN. - LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jewell, no cart tonight, drifts through the STACKS -- law  
books, criminal codes. Then he STOPS:

JEWELL

Mister Bryant?

REVEAL Bryant, at a table, reading. He looks up,  
annoyed.

BRYANT

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

I'm not gonna be workin' here  
anymore. Came t'say bye.

(off Bryant's  
surprised)

I got a new job in security. Start  
tomorrow.

BRYANT

That's great, Radar! It's law  
enforcement, like you wanted.

JEWELL

Yeah. My mom's taking me out  
tonight to buy some neckties and  
stuff. Gotta dress right.

BRYANT

I suppose you do.

JEWELL

Goin' to T.J. Maxx. Anyway,  
thanks. For everything --

He starts toward Bryant, who tightens. Is he going to  
hug me? Ask me to adopt him? Bryant bracing --

But Jewell simply lays something on the table --

A SNICKERS BAR. Bryant stares at it.

JEWELL

Saw you were running low...

Jewell's shy, odd kindness again. Bryant eyes him.

BRYANT

Ya got enough *money*, Richard? For  
all those neckties you need?

JEWELL

I guess.

Bryant extracts his wallet and pulls out a \$100 bill.  
Jewell's eyes go wide. Bryant hands the \$100 to Jewell.

JEWELL

I don't underst--

BRYANT

This comes with a *quid pro quo*.  
Ya know what that is?

JEWELL

Yeah, Latin. This for that.

(CONTINUED)



BRYANT

That's right. Fair exchange. So,  
here it is: When you get your  
badge -- and I can see that day is  
coming -- don't become an asshole.

JEWELL

Huh? Why would I become an...

BRYANT

A little power can turn a person  
into a monster, Richard. Don't  
let that happen to you.  
Understand?

Jewell has NO idea how to respond. Bryant just stares.

JEWELL

I'll get this back to you, sir.  
First paycheck. I promise.

Bryant breathes out a disappointed/ironic smile, well  
aware that nothing he said has sunk in.

INT. PIEDMONT COLLEGE - DORMITORY - HALLWAY/ROOM 201 -  
AFTERNOON (1996)

TIGHT SHOTS of a COP: Badge. Maglite. Nightstick.  
Danner APB police boots. Taser. SIDEARM. Serious shit.  
He is:

Jewell, 10 YEARS LATER, the most serious CAMPUS COP ever,  
scowling his way down a DORMITORY HALLWAY toward a room.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1996 -- PIEDMONT UNIVERSITY. DEMOREST, GA.

He raps on ROOM 201's door with his NIGHTSTICK. We hear  
the SHATTERING of a BOTTLE within. And drunk LAUGHTER  
as:

STUDENT #1 (O.S.)

You dumbass!

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)

I got flustered! Get the door!

They crack up. Jewell raps again; doesn't think drinking  
on campus is funny. At all. The door opens, but --

STUDENT #1 sees Jewell and SHUTS THE DOOR AGAIN. We  
hear:

STUDENT #1 (O.S.)

*It's that rent a cop!*

(CONTINUED)

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)

*Shit!*

A beat. Jewell waiting. The door opens again... and:

STUDENT #1

Yes, Officer?

Jewell doesn't speak -- just pushes the door open with his NIGHTSTICK, very Clint Eastwood... then enters.

Silence. The broken BOTTLE OF SCOTCH lies on the floor.

He notes the BEER POSTERS on the walls. Shakes his head, brushes aside a chunk of wet glass with his police boot.

And the kids lose it, laughing aloud. Jewell really hates that. He gets in Student #1's face, too close:

JEWELL

Somethin' you wanted t'say?

STUDENT #1

Yes, are you familiar with the notion of unlawful search and --

JEWELL

-- Keep pushing me. Keep testing me. See if you like where it gets you.

Jewell leans in. Student #1 steps back, but slips and falls backward to the floor. THUMP. He's unhurt -- but Jewell is instantly panicked: I almost hurt someone.

Silence hangs. The kids don't know what to do. Jewell tries to cover with bravado, but it's an act:

JEWELL

I told you, no drinking on my campus. Remember? Now get up.

INT. PIEDMONT COLLEGE - CLEERE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jewell sits opposite DR. W. RAY CLEERE, 60, the PRESIDENT of this college. Cleere studies Jewell's thick FILE.

CLEERE

I don't know why no one called my attention to your file before. All these complaints about you. Physically assaulting a student. And have you really been pulling people over on the *highway*?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

Yes, I have, sir. Figured if you do drunk tests on the *road*, the trouble never gets to the campus.

CLEERE

We don't have any *jurisdiction* on the highway.

JEWELL

I believe in law and order, sir. Can't have a country without it.

CLEERE

(re: file)

You were dismissed from the Habersham County Sheriff's Office?

JEWELL

-- You said you didn't want any Mickey-Mousing on your campus.

CLEERE

When did I say that?

JEWELL

Founders' Day, last year. Remember, sir? By the punch bowl. I introduced myself and told you I was gonna be the best campus officer you ever saw. You said, 'That's fine. I don't want any Mickey-Mousing on these grounds.'

Jewell takes out his OFFICIAL NOTEPAD, opens it:

JEWELL

'No Mickey-Mousing on these grounds.' See? You said it. Now, what about the kids in that dormitory, drinkin' and everything? You just gonna let that go on?

CLEERE

Do you want to resign -- or would it be better if I fired you?

EXT. RIFLE RANGE (ATLANTA) - DAY

Meet DAVE DUTCHESS blasting away with a DEER RIFLE. Jewell's in the next lane with a Rambo-worthy SIG-400 ASSAULT RIFLE.

(CONTINUED)

DUTCHESS

It was a shit job anyway, hassling college brats. 'Sides, there's gonna be so much security work the next couple months, you're set.

JEWELL

I worked hard at that job. Those kids were just runnin' wild.

DUTCHESS

*Olympics*'re comin', brother. You can police the whole world!

EXT. UNNAMED ALLEY (ATLANTA) - NIGHT

A DEAD MAN lies in an ALLEY. Stab wounds all over him.

KATHY SCRUGGS eyes the body dispassionately. She's 35, beauty-pageant pretty. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Brassy, sexy, and profane. Also a dogged and prolific reporter.

KATHY

First dead body?

Beside her is a YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER who just might vomit. But Kathy looks gleeful, breathing in the ugliness.

KATHY

This part is crucial. It's called the Homicide High-Step.

She straddles the body carefully, respecting the crime scene.

KATHY

Don't worry. I've got a gun in my glove compartment.

That didn't help. Kathy uses a PEN to peel back the victim's COAT, revealing a disembodied FINGER.

KATHY

Yep. Pinkie came clean off. That happens in stabbings sometimes.

Photographer swallows a gag. Kathy loves that.

YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER

Isn't there something pre-*Olympic* we could be doing right now?

KATHY

Honey, there'll be 15,000  
reporters in town to cover the  
Games. Shouldn't somebody tell  
*this* poor shithead's story?

YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER

Not much for sentiment, I guess.

KATHY

His disaster could be your  
opportunity. Now click away.

Just then, a SQUAD CAR pulls up. And two COPS get out...  
not surprised to see that Kathy has beaten them here.

KATHY

Fellas! What took y'all so long?

10

INT. AJC BUILDING - 8TH FLOOR - NEWSROOM - DAY

10

Welcome to the *ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION* (the "AJC").

Busy. Tense. A mounted DIGITAL CLOCK is counting down:  
2 Days, 4 Hours, 6 Minutes, 32 Seconds, 31, 30... until  
the lighting of the torch. And this paper is ready as --

Kathy storms through the newsroom toward BRANDON HAMM.

HAMM

Oh, shit. What'd he assign you?

KATHY

The 'Celebrations at Centennial  
Park!' Woo-hoo. Something  
*finally happens* in this city and I  
get a Kenny Rogers concert!

HAMM

Could be worse. Could be  
Equestrian.

KATHY

I'm getting my tits done. *Soon.*

HAMM

Not sure how that applies here --

KATHY

By this time next year *we're all*  
*gonna be scrambling for jobs on*  
*TV.* Maybe a C-cup?

(CONTINUED)

She does a mini-shimmy. A few FEMALE REPORTERS two desks away look on disapprovingly. Hamm smiles.

HAMM

I'd miss you, Kathy. Even if they wouldn't.

KATHY

(loud; at the women)

Girls, I'm sorry all my hot-ass murders keep knocking your boring bullshit off the front page!

(at Hamm)

Wanna get a drink?

HAMM

I'd only slow you down.

She walks away. Hamm grins.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Tom Shaw is seething. Glaring. Just got assigned to:

SHAW

'Centennial Park'? What the fuck!

INT. BRYANT'S LAW OFFICE - RECEPTION/OFFICE - MORNING

A cramped RECEPTION DESK manned by NADYA LIGHT: lovely, fierce, Jewish, Russian-born, has a mini TV on her desk. To her right is a COPIER IN A CLOSET. To her left is --

Bryant, in a TINY OFFICE, wearing HIKING SHORTS and a polo shirt, his receding hairline hidden under a BALL CAP. Reading a novel. His view is a BRICK WALL.

No more U.S. Small Business Admin. No more 3-piece suits. A SIGN on his credenza reads, "I Fear Government More Than I Fear Terrorism." What happened to him? Something's off here.

Nadya leans in -- she's got a great Russian accent:

NADYA

Watson, we're out of toner.

BRYANT

Okay.

She waits for him to understand. He doesn't.

NADYA

If I go out, you'll have to answer  
the phones.

BRYANT

Oh. I'll go, then. Thank you.

NADYA

There's a sale at the Walmart.  
Ten percent off if you can name  
anyone from the U.S. Olympic Team.

BRYANT

(reflex-grumpiness)

Jesus.

NADYA

I know: people smiling for  
sixteen days. It's going to be  
awful.

BRYANT

No, it's going to be WONDERFUL.  
For Coca-Cola, CNN... and anyone  
with a parking lot.

Out he goes.

13

EXT. BOBI'S APT. BLDG. - PARKING LOT/GROUNDS - DAY

13

A huge, EMPTY parking lot, ringed by low-rent two-story  
structures and woods. A half-empty, brush-filled  
swimming pool sits close by the HIGHWAY.

14

INT. BOBI'S APT. - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

14

We've been here before. A PLAQUE says, "A Home Without a  
Dog is just a House." A PORTRAIT of Jewell (in a  
HABERSHAM COUNTY DEPUTY SHERIFF's uniform) hangs on the  
wall.

\*

Jewell, in a polo shirt with an AT&T LOGO on the front --  
("SECURITY" across the back) eats a DONUT while watching  
a TV REPORT on MICHAEL JOHNSON, World's Fastest Human.

BARBARA "BOBI" JEWELL, mom, is baking five POUND CAKES, a  
side business. Her dog BRANDI hovers.

BOBI

(from the kitchen)

Can you believe it's really here?  
An Olympics! In our city!

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

(from the sofa)

This is it, Momma. My one moment  
in time. I prove myself,  
somebody'll make me a *cop* again.

BOBI

That's right, baby.

Bobi hobbles (bad foot) to the sink. Jewell drifts in.

JEWELL

I been thinking. I'm not gonna  
move out 'til after you've had  
your surgery. You might need me  
around. Would that be all right?

BOBI

You get goin' now. We can tend to  
all that when the Games are over.  
But none of that heavy foot of  
yours driving there. No heavy  
foot!

JEWELL

I won't, ma'am. I won't, Mother.

BOBI

'Cause why?

JEWELL

'Cause wherever I'm goin' it'll  
still be there ten minutes later.

BOBI

That's right. Give Momma a kiss.

He obeys. Bobi smiles. Then, a moment of doubt --

JEWELL

It is law enforcement, ain't it?  
Even if I'm just guardin' a bunch  
of stereo equipment.

BOBI

Heck, yes! You're still a good  
guy wardin' off bad guys, ain't  
ya?

RICHARD

OK mama, I'll see you at the park.

Jewell smiles; Bobi's his rock. He starts to head out.



15

FLAME

15

NEARLY BLINDING US...

REVEAL: NBC'S BROADCAST -- MUHAMMAD ALI lighting the Olympic Torch with an entire stadium cheering.

INTERCUT WITH:

BEAUTIFUL OVERHEAD SHOTS

Pageantry.

The Games of Atlanta, 1996, have begun. Then --

16

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK (ATLANTA) - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

16

FIREWORKS light up a night sky over this park. It is the place to celebrate. Every night of these games.

60,000 PEOPLE on 21 acres rimmed by downtown high-rises. A giant neon COCA-COLA SIGN atop the tallest of them.

FOUNTAINS spurt water into the air; KIDS run through. Joy. Pride. And KENNY ROGERS in concert!

People dance, sing, pose for PICTURES. Shirtless men, girls in tank tops. A hot, sexy night, America hosting the world. A GUY calls out --

GUY

PARTY OF THE CENTURY, BABY!

Bobi laughs as she sings along with "The Gambler" on stage. Clapping. So much fun.

The stage is run from a SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER 100 feet away -- 5 stories of steel, covered with white plastic siding.

KIDS gather here, on benches, swapping OLYMPIC PINS.

But we don't see much SECURITY. Gates are unmanned. The entries are porous. Targets everywhere, unprotected.

Tom Shaw is here. So bored. And angry about it.

He spots Kathy Scruggs, equally bored. Heads over.

SHAW

Hello, Kathy.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

Welcome to the Happiest Place on Earth! Fucking nightmare. Isn't there anything *crime-y* goin' on anywhere?

SHAW

Hell if I know. I'm here.

KATHY

Christ. Wanna dance?

SHAW

Love to, but I'm on duty.

KATHY

Fuck duty.

She starts to dance up against him. He grins.

17

INT. AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - STAIRWELL/3RD FLOOR -  
SAME TIME

17

Jewell, in his SECURITY GUARD shirt, lugs VIDEO EQUIPMENT up stairs behind NBC cameraman, into:

CAMERAMAN

Anywhere's fine. Thanks, man.

JEWELL

No trouble. You need anything else up here?

SEVERAL TECHS are busily working. They wave, no thanks.

18

INT. AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS  
LATER

18

Jewell descends... to find TWO OTHER SECURITY GUARDS (ROB and LONNY) scrawling GRAFFITI on the stairwell steps.

JEWELL

What're you guys doing?

ROB

Leavin' our mark.

Here's what they wrote: "Welcome to the Coca-Cola Olympics!" And "American by Birth, Southern by the Grace of God."

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

First Olympics the South's ever  
had and you guys do that? Didn't  
your folks teach you any better?  
(as they shrug)  
Life's tough. Tougher when you're  
stupid.

EXT. AT&T PAVILION - SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - NIGHT

Music blares. Jewell stands guard, vigilant and alert.

A PREGNANT WOMAN walks by. Jewell's reaction is instant:

JEWELL

Do you need some water, ma'am?

PREGNANT WOMAN

Hmmm?

JEWELL

Water? It's a warm night.

He reaches UNDER a bench where HIS COOLER sits. Inside,  
WATER and COKES on ice. He grabs one of each.

PREGNANT WOMAN

You're just giving 'em away?

JEWELL

I keep 'em here for pregnant women  
and police officers.

She takes the water, a bit suspect of his Boy-Scoutness.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Thanks.

JEWELL

Have a good night.

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - NEAR THE STAGE - SAME TIME

Music rocking. Kathy dances, tipsy/sexy...

Shaw is a few feet away, trying to scan the crowd.

KATHY

Why so grim, big guy?

SHAW

'Cause I'm bored.

KATHY

We're all bored.

SHAW

Yeah, but I was born for better!

Kathy laughs, keeps dancing.

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - GRASSY KNOLL - SAME TIME

Three ATLANTA PD COPS (MAX GREEN, MIKE SILVER, and WILL JONES) grouse with BILL MILLER of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation (GBI). Jewell approaches, handing them each a COKE. They nod, as:

SILVER

All these athletes complainin'  
'bout gettin' to their venues late  
on account of the traffic, and I'm  
thinkin', 'What about the COPS?  
We can't get anywhere, either.'

JONES

I was half-ready to run my siren  
last night just so I could get to  
the supermarket, so damn crowded.

PEOPLE AMBLE PAST -- the cops barely paying attention.

MILLER

It's just poor planning by the  
Olympic Committee. There ain't a  
one of them jake-legs has got a  
damn clue about traffic patterns.

GREEN

(knows already)

Whadda you think, Richard? You  
think that committee's a buncha  
jake-legs?

JEWELL

I don't know. They got a heckuva  
job to do, coordinating all this.  
And MARTA, don't forget. I'm glad  
I don't hafta do it.

(as the cops chuckle)

What? It's tough to get all this  
logistics right all the time.

GREEN

Shit, Richard, they ain't  
listening in on us.

(CONTINUED)

They laugh. Then something turns Jewell's head:

A WHITE MALE, bearing a BACKPACK, walking BY us -- LONG HAIR, tattoos beneath a TANK TOP, and sunglasses.

Something about him -- and that backpack...

JEWELL

Hey, any'a you-all ever seen that  
guy before?

The cops shake their heads, unalarmed. Jewell thinking.

JEWELL

That backpack look funny to you?

GREEN

Funny how?

Jewell doesn't reply, just drifts toward the WHITE MALE.  
The COPS laugh. We STAY WITH JEWELL -- passing through:

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - CROWD - CONTINUOUS ACTION

No one's on stage; "MACARENA" plays over loudspeakers,  
the CONCERT CROWD dancing.

But not Jewell. His eyes are riveted on that WHITE MALE,  
bearing that BACKPACK through the thick crowd.

... right past Kathy. And Shaw.

... Jewell gets closer,

White Male reaches the barrier near the stage.

Now Jewell KNOWS something's wrong. White Male takes off  
his backpack, starts to unzip it. Time to move. NOW.

Jewell pushes past people in the crowd.

White Male pulls a BEER from the backpack.

Then another beer, then two more. Oh. Jewell freezes.

The White Male turns to his friends and surprises them  
with beers.

Jewell realizes he was wrong, is embarrassed.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. BOBI'S APT. - JEWELL'S ROOM/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 23

Jewell sits on his bed, ill today -- nauseous, pale, and sweaty -- wearing his AT&T SECURITY shirt. Bobi watches more Olympic coverage: TOM BROKAW of NBC.

BOBI

My, he is handsome. You don't want a sandwich or anything, Baby?

JEWELL

Naw, I don't feel well, Momma. My stomach.

BOBI

Somethin' you ate?

JEWELL

Guess so.

BOBI

Why you eat at those places...

He eyes this tiny apartment, angry at himself...

BOBI

What, baby?

JEWELL

Nothin'. Just... World owes you better 'n this, Momma.

BOBI

World owes us both. But this is what we got. Now go do your job.

Bobi pulls him close.

24 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - NIGHT 24

Another 60,000-PERSON PARTY, like an Olympic Town Square. On stage, JACK MACK AND THE HEART ATTACK are playing.

Jewell stands his post at the tower, nearly doubled over from cramps. Officer Green kids him about it:

GREEN

This *could* be a good thing.

JEWELL

Yeah? How?

(CONTINUED)

GREEN

We could bring you out to the diving venue and have you fart the Chinese National Anthem.

(as Jewell's a blank)

Why don't you switch shifts with someone? Go home?

JEWELL

This is my favorite band. I'm okay.

GREEN

*Jack Mack* is your favorite band?

JEWELL

I'll be fine.

The raucous crowd cheers. Feels like the whole world is celebrating. Jewell runs off, hurting -- as we:

A FAMILY drifts by: The BRADENS -- MOM, DAD, JERROD (8), MARIAH (6). A cotton-candy dream of a night for them.

MARIAH

(gymnastic leap)

Look, Mommy! I'm Kerri Strug!

MR. BRADEN (DAD)

Hold it! Do that again.

He grabs his video camera. Mariah happily performs. Mom and dad beam, just a few feet from Jewell's bench.

We SEE THE VIDEO THEY'RE SHOOTING -- dark, grainy. Then:

EXT. AT&amp;T PAVILION - MOMENTS LATER

Jewell, in knots, cramping, runs up to Bill Miller of GBI:

JEWELL

I'll be back.

MILLER

Go!

Miller chuckles. Jewell runs for a RESTROOM --

... right past Tom Shaw, who is ever-watchful... as:

Outside the sound and light tower -- Mariah hams it up for the camera. Her brother Jerrod, too, stag-leaping, as:

(CONTINUED)

25 RICHARD JEWELL - 6/20/19 (Full Blue) 23.  
CONTINUED: 25

JERROD  
Look, Dad! I'm Mitch Gaylord!

Dad, right in front of Jewell's BENCH, tapes it all.

26 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - GROUNDS - SAME TIME 26

Jewell hurries through the crowd -- passing a GAY COUPLE, two MUSLIMS, a SIKH, a MIXED-RACE COUPLE kissing. Foreign LANGUAGES in the air.

A BEER gets spilled on his shirt by DRUNK PARTIERS who don't even notice. Jewell tightens and continues along, invisible among the music, the energy, the joy.

27 EXT. AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - MINUTES LATER 27

Little Jerrod does another stag-leap beside his sister.

MR. BRADEN  
Okay. Enough gymnastics?

He heads toward them... We notice something, unattended:

A MILITARY BACKPACK laying under Jewell's BENCH. It's BIG, olive green. (The Army calls them ALICE PACKS.)

Mariah just noticed it. She drifts toward it, curious... reaches out to touch it as --

JEWELL (O.S.)  
'Scuse me.

Jewell, returning to his post. Mrs. Braden looks up --

MRS. BRADEN (MOM)  
Mariah! You leave that alone. It isn't yours to play with!

Mariah stiffens. Jewell smiles at her.

JEWELL  
Better listen to your ma.

Mariah obeys. Jewell now a foot from the ALICE PACK as:

SOUNDS echo from the FENCE BEHIND THE AT&T TOWER: drunken LAUGHTER and BOTTLES BREAKING. Jewell heads around the tower. We FOLLOW... to find:

TEN DRUNK TEENS throwing empty beer bottles at the back of the sound and light tower. Laughing.

(CONTINUED)



JEWELL

Hey, y'all gotta stop doin' that.

They regard him: a heavysset guy in an AT&T shirt.

DRUNK TEEN #1

What're you gonna do, cancel my  
phone service?

His buddies laugh. A TV CAMERA CREW passes by. The  
Drunks holler, trying to get the crew's attention.

DRUNK TEENS #2

Put us on TV!

The crew ignores them. Jewell stays on task:

JEWELL

The cops aren't gonna ask as  
nicely. They get you for drunk  
and disorderly, that's cuffs and a  
night in the lockup.

DRUNK TEEN #2

They'd have to CATCH me first.  
Which ain't gonna happen.

JEWELL

Oh, yeah?

DRUNK TEEN #3

I'm Michael Johnson, world's  
fastest man. Wanna see my medal?

MORE HUGE LAUGHS. This is a goner. Jewell turns --  
walks back around the tower toward Bill Miller of GBI.

JEWELL

Hey, I got some drunks back there  
breaking bottles on the tower.  
Maybe they'll listen to you.  
(as Miller groans)  
People respect a badge.

Miller goes... which is when Jewell STOPS... and NOTICES --

That ALICE PACK under his bench. It's BIG. Very.

He studies it, his face blank -- then calls out to  
Miller:

JEWELL

And see if any of 'em left a  
backpack under my bench.

(CONTINUED)

27 RICHARD JEWELL - 6/20/19 (Full Blue) 25.  
CONTINUED: (2) 27

MILLER

What is it with you and backpacks?

Jewell shrugs, regarding the ALICE pack. Miller goes...

28 INT. 9-1-1 CALL CENTER - NIGHT 28

A slow night -- as a 9-1-1 OPERATOR takes a call:

9-1-1 OPERATOR #1

(into headset)

9-1-1.

She hears a MALE VOICE through a BAFFLING DEVICE:

MALE (V.O.)

(through headset)

Can you understand me?

9-1-1 OPERATOR #1

(into headset)

Yes.

MALE (V.O.)

(through headset)

You defy the order of the militia.

9-1-1 OPERATOR #1

(into headset)

What?

CLICK. Operator shrugs, annoyed. Back to work.

29 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - NIGHT 29

Jewell stares at that ALICE PACK. The concert is just b.g. noise now. He checks his WATCH as Miller returns:

MILLER

It ain't theirs.

JEWELL

No?

Miller shakes his head. They look around:

THOUSANDS of people out here, dancing. But no one close enough to belong to that backpack.

JEWELL

Okay. We got a suspicious package. Better call it in.

(CONTINUED)

Miller eyes it, unalarmed. But Jewell seems so sure...

MILLER

Probably just somebody run off  
drunk and forgot they left it.

JEWELL

Yeah. Let's call it in anyway.

MILLER

Shouldn't we unzip it and see  
what's in there first?

JEWELL

I wouldn't. There's a protocol.

Miller steps toward it... But the closer he gets to the  
ALICE pack, the bigger it looks. So he STOPS, irritated.

MILLER

Son of a bitch had to get left  
under your bench, didn't it.

He grabs his radio. Jewell approaches Green of APD:

JEWELL

We got a suspicious package --  
need to clear these people out.

GREEN

Hang on, hang on. What package?

Jewell nods toward the ALICE pack. Green eyes it.

GREEN

Probably nothing.

JEWELL

Yeah, but... Need a perimeter.

GREEN

Shit, Richard. Could be just  
filled with BEER?

JEWELL

It ain't beer. I know it.

Jewell eyes that TOWER -- the ALICE pack sitting up  
against its base -- and he heads inside. Green sighs.

Jewell rushes in to the SOUND ROOM where FOUR TECHS  
barely look up from the board.

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

We have a situation downstairs.  
Need you guys to get out of here.

SOUND TECH #1

What kinda situation?

JEWELL

A suspicious package in front of  
the tower. Law enforcement is  
aware of it and on the scene.

SOUND TECH #2

Well, if the cops tell us we have  
to go, we'll go.

(as Jewell eyes them)

Band's in the middle of a set. We  
can't just shut down.

JEWELL

I come back here, there'll be no  
questions, no hesitation. You're  
just gettin' the hell out, yeah?

Everyone nods. He counts the heads in the room. FOUR.

EXT. AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - BENCH - SAME TIME

The 10 DRUNK TEENS eye the ALICE pack, NO IDEA that it's  
the reason the cops need a perimeter.

DRUNK TEEN #1

I think we should take it.

DRUNK TEEN #2

Fuckin' A.

DRUNK TEEN #1

I think we should take it to the  
House of Blues, and see if there's  
anything in it we can sell.

DRUNK TEEN #3

Clutch idea.

Drunk #1 reaches down, GRABS THE ALICE PACK --

SILVER (O.S.)

Hey! You leave that alone and get  
out of here!

Drunk #1 releases the ALICE pack. But in the process he  
moves it without meaning to so it's no longer sitting up.

32 INT. SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - 3TH FLOOR - SAME TIME

32 \*

Cameraman and a TEEN INTERN here. Jewell enters.

JEWELL

Need you to clear out. Got a bomb scare in front of the tower.

That got the Teen's attention, fast. He stands.

CAMERAMAN

We get bomb threats all the time in D.C. They're never anything.

TEEN INTERN

Cool for you. But I'm outta here.

The kid leaves. Cameraman grabs his CAMERA, follows.

33 EXT. AJC BUILDING - BUS STOP - SAME TIME

33

Kathy sits on a wall, awaiting a shuttle bus. Bored. RON MARTZ (former Marine, fellow reporter) comes by.

MARTZ

Local cop discovered yesterday that he's actually second-cousins with a Polish gymnast. Is that a story?

KATHY

Doesn't get me hard.

MARTZ

I know. Me neither.

Kathy shakes her head.

34 EXT. AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

34

Jewell emerges, sees Silver of APD. The CONCERT in b.g.

JEWELL

Got eleven people still inside.

SILVER

You know this is a false alarm.

Jewell smiles thinly as a BOMB DIAGNOSTIC TEAM arrives. Two guys, ZOELLER and FORSYTHE, in shorts, as:

35

INT. 9-1-1 CALL CENTER - SAME TIME - 12:58 AM

35

Another call comes in:

9-1-1 OPERATOR #1  
(into headset)  
9-1-1.

Same MALE VOICE -- this time pinching his nose:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(through headset)  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.

CLICK. He hangs up. Huh? OPERATOR #2 punches something into her computer, then turns, confused, to OPERATOR #3:

9-1-1 OPERATOR #2  
Do you know the address to  
Centennial Park? I just got this  
man talking about there's a bomb  
set to go off in thirty minutes in  
Centennial Park. But the computer  
won't process it.

9-1-1 OPERATOR #3  
What? Lord, child. You spelling  
it wrong. It's C-E-N-T-E-N...

36

EXT. BAKER STREET - SAME TIME

36

A MAN wearing a FISHERMAN'S HAT, his BACK TO us, hangs up the receiver at a BANK OF 10 PAY PHONES and walks away...

\*

37

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - AT&amp;T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - SAME TIME

37

ALICE HAWTHORNE and her daughter FALLON (14) are beside the sound and light tower -- Fallon posing for a picture.

Jewell approaches, calm but firm:

JEWELL  
Folks, need you to move away from  
the tower, please...

Huh? Alice looks around, sees Officers Green, Silver, Jones, and Miller quietly moving people away. Odd.

FALLON  
I'm getting tired, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE HAWTHORNE

Me, too. Let's take the last of  
these pictures and go home.

Off they go, unfazed. No one out here looks alarmed.

Jewell approaches PARTIERS on a knoll behind the tower.

JEWELL

Need you folks to clear the area,  
please. Need a perimeter here.

GREEN

You go, Richard!

Jewell keeps at it. We DRIFT TOWARD THE BENCH, where --

Bomb-team-guy Zoeller lies on his back, looking at the  
ALICE pack with a PENLIGHT. Opens the flap, slowwwwwwwly. \*

THREE PIPES inside. And wires. A BOMB. Oh, fuck.

Zoeller FREEZES, then inches away from the bomb, his arms  
never moving from that same position --

Gets to his partner, FAST. Jewell notices. They all do.

JEWELL

They told us in training: 'You  
ever see a bomb guy go pale, RUN.'

GREEN

Amen, brother.

Zoeller and Forsythe consult in hushed tones... Jewell  
and the COPS drifting in. Then Zoeller turns:

ZOELLER

We have three pipe bombs inside  
that pack, big as I've ever seen.  
I want a hundred-foot perimeter  
cleared immediately.

Oh. The cops eye one another.

MILLER

You guys got a bomb blanket  
or -- ?

FORSYTHE

The Render-Safe team can be here  
in 20 minutes.

He steps away to radio it in. Everyone standing still.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

Richard, I'm never givin' you shit  
about anything ever again.

GREEN

You said it, bubba.

SILVER

Let's just go to work.

The COPS find a different gear now, fanning out urgently.  
Jewell has one thought: the people inside that tower.

INT. SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - 1ST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jewell bursts in. The same TECHS are at the soundboard.

JEWELL

You guys gotta get outta here.  
NOW.

(as everyone freezes)

We've got a bomb. NOW.

Three guys head out. A FOURTH GUY tries to gather a  
bunch of VIDEOTAPES. Jewell pulls him away.

JEWELL

Y'hear? Down the stairs! Go!

Fourth guy heads for the stairs. We RETURN TO:

INT. SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - 5TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jewell bursts in, finds a GUY WORKING A SPOTLIGHT.

JEWELL

We're evacuating. Go.

Spotlight guy starts to power his equipment down -- but  
Jewell GRABS HIM, pushes him to the door.

JEWELL

GO!

Pushing him into the STAIRWELL -- SHOT CONTINUING --  
where Jewell looks down, counts 11 PEOPLE descending...

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - STATUE - SAME TIME

Alice Hawthorne poses for a shot in front of a BRASS  
STATUE. Her daughter Fallon frames it up.

(CONTINUED)



40

FALLON

Smile!

Alice smiles. Fallon takes the picture. But:

ALICE HAWTHORNE

I blinked. Take another one!

Fallon lifts the camera again...

41

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - THE CROWD - SAME TIME

41

People dancing, partying.

42

EXT. AT&T SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER/PAVILION - MOMENTS LATER

42

Urgent movement. COPS SHOUTING, people moving back. Tom Shaw is part of the effort now. Jewell emerges from the Sound and Light tower. He spots Green:

JEWELL

Building's clear.

GREEN

You should get outta here,  
Richard.

JEWELL

Uh-huh. You, too.

They both start pushing people back, but folks are slow to respond. It's a party, isn't it?

Behind the tower, Jewell comes upon a NECKING COUPLE.

JEWELL

Need you two to clear outta here.

They keep kissing. We RETURN TO:

THE BENCH

... where the ALICE pack sits...

THE STATUE

Fallon taking a last picture of her mother...

(CONTINUED)

42 RICHARD JEWELL - 6/20/19 (Full Blue) 33. 42  
CONTINUED:

THE GROUNDS

Shaw, Miller, urging people to move, when --

43 INT. BOBI'S APT. - BEDROOM - SAME TIME 43

Bobi is sound asleep. Suddenly, her eyes SNAP OPEN -- as if startled by an urgent and horrible dream. She gasps --

BOBI

Richard...

44 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - RESUMING 44

JEWELL -- behind the tower, moving in on that couple while checking his WATCH --

JEWELL

I'm not kidding. Y'all gotta --

Just then, BOOOOM! A CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSION. DEATH ITSELF.

And the world just STOPS.

Jewell and the couple are knocked flat. (But the tower itself has protected them.) We --

CUT TO BLACK.

DARKNESS

For a moment --

a feeling of surreality. The SOUND OF SHRAPNEL SIZZLING PAST US like rifle fire, eerie... Then we HEAR --

SCREAMS. TERROR. We're blind, until we SLAM UP ON --

Jewell's eyes opening foggily. He turns, in SLOW MOTION, and sees a HORROR:

COPS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR -- Miller, Green, Silver, Jones, Shaw --

And Jewell's BENCH, rocketing upwards. SMOKE pluming.

The SIDING torn off the AT&T tower -- and worst of all --

ALICE HAWTHORNE -- spinning in a 360, then falling.

(CONTINUED)

Then... an unearthly SILENCE. END SLOW MOTION as we bleed in more sounds of SCREAMS, PANIC, terror, confusion. Good God.

Pieces of NAILS start falling to the ground like noisy drops of rain. PING. TING. PING-TING. The kissing couple beside Jewell is catatonic, barely breathing.

JEWELL

You two okay? You okay?

They nod, sort of. He crawls away -- around the tower -- to find sheer, bloody carnage -- a BATTLEFIELD:

WOUNDED everywhere. COPS laid out. People senseless. Alice Hawthorne dead. Fallon dazed, her arm bleeding. An unspeakable scene, smoke hanging. \*

Over 100 people are down -- dazed, bleeding, flattened. VOICES POP OUT:

VARIOUS PEOPLE

I need a doctor!/I need help!/  
Somebody! Help!

NAMES called aloud:

VARIOUS PEOPLE

Dad? Mom?

Jewell turns: BYSTANDERS and MORE COPS are RUSHING TOWARD THE SCENE NOW. People reaching for cell phones.

A TURKISH CAMERAMAN races in, ready to start shooting. But the guy COLLAPSES from a heart attack, dead on the spot. More people SCREAM. We WHIP BACK TO:

Jewell, his eyes wide. There's Green among the DOWNED COPS. Jewell gets to his feet, his balance shaky. He heads for Green, while stumbling past Shaw, and:

Jewell gets to Green who is face-down, his jersey and flesh torn open by shrapnel.

JEWELL

How bad?

GREEN

I'm fine, I'm fine. Go!

More GROANS around them, more screams, more cries. Over Jewell's shoulder, the tattered SOUND and LIGHT TOWER -- still standing, but its front side has been blown off.

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

You hang tough, brother. Help's coming.

Green nods. Blood everywhere... We hear our first SIREN now. Jewell moves toward Silver as:

Incredibly, amid all this chaos, he sees TECHS racing back into the blown-up tower. He hurries over.

JEWELL

What the hell're you doing?

SOUND TECH #1

I left my laptop in there.

JEWELL

You can get it in the morning.

SOUND TECH #1

SOUND TECH #2

It's got all my WORK on it! I got shit in there, too!

JEWELL

NO ONE is going back inside this building until we know it's structurally sound. There could be a SECOND device!

The Techs turn away. Jewell hurries toward Silver, who's bleeding badly -- passing a dazed Bill Miller as:

Miller numbly takes his WALLET out of his back pocket, to find a piece of SHRAPNEL stuck inside. His GBI BADGE just saved his ass. Literally. Shaw awakens.

We CRANE UP to take in all this chaos. Panic, blood, terror, people running, ambulances speeding TOWARD us. A nightmare. And Jewell is in the middle of it all. We --

DISSOLVE TO:

ONE HOUR LATER -- The BRASS STATUE where Alice Hawthorne had posed for a picture now has NAILS embedded in it.

Another NAIL has been embedded in a KODAK CAMERA lying unclaimed on the ground. A NEWS CREW gets a shot of it.

Barricades have been erected. EMTs at work. AMBULANCES everywhere. And a cluster-fuck by the TOWER -- guys from GBI, APD, ATF, USOC, arguing.

Shaw's among them, his forehead bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

APD COP

This is homicide. It's ours.

GBI GUY

This park is state property. That makes it ours!

ATF GUY

You guys can BOTH get the fuck out of here. This is ATF.

SHAW

No, YOU get the fuck out of here!  
This is OUR crime scene!

Jewell walks past, dialing his cell.

JEWELL

(into cell)

Mom, it's me. They had a bomb go off down here, but I am okay.  
Turn on the TV. Love you.

EXT. STREETS (ATLANTA) - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT (LATE)

Atlanta locked down. BARRICADES. MILITARY VEHICLES. RAMPARTS. A red CNN glow behind every window. We FIND:

Ron Martz of the *AJC*, shaken, standing at the gate of Centennial Park as wounded are rushed past. It's an echo of Iraq for him. Suddenly, someone puts a hand on his:

Kathy -- smiling warmly. Martz appreciates it. She shuts her eyes, lowers her head.

KATHY

Dear God... whoever did this...

Prayer. Nice. Martz shuts his eyes, too.

KATHY

Please let us find him, before anyone else does.

Martz's eyes snap open. NOT praying this prayer anymore.

KATHY

And please, whoever he is... let him be fucking interesting. Amen.

She releases Martz's hand. He shakes his head.

47

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - AT&amp;T PAVILION - 6 AM

47

Jewell stands outside the tattered tower. The ambulances are gone now. The wounded have all been moved. But the barricades remain, swarmed by LAW ENFORCEMENT. Eerie.

He watches as they collect evidence and interview people. At his feet is a shard of what used to be HIS BENCH. He looks around, then pockets it. A souvenir.

BARKER (O.S.)

Are you Jewell?

Jewell whips around, caught. Oh, shit. Here comes TIM BARKER of AT&T, all business.

JEWELL

Yes, sir. I was just --

BARKER

I'm Tim Barker, AT&T Media Relations. Did I hear this right? You discovered the bomb?

Oh. Jewell relaxes, pleased.

JEWELL

Yes, sir.

BARKER

That makes you a hero. Know that?

JEWELL

I was just doing my job, sir.

BARKER

That's a nice thing to say, Richard. But we've had a lot of requests from people who'd like to talk to you. Would that be okay?

(as Jewell just stares)

CNN. Katie Couric. Those types. Your superior gave the okay.

JEWELL

There were a LOT of police personnel here, sir, clearing people out. Wasn't just me.

BARKER

You're the one who spotted the package. You're the one people want to hear from.

48 INT. "MAKEUP" TENT - DAY (LATER) 48

Jewell sits in a makeup chair. The MAKEUP GIRL finishes him off.

MAKEUP GIRL

You're all set. They'll come get you in just a minute.

JEWELL

Thanks.

She leaves. He regards himself in the mirror -- about to go on "The Today Show." He gulps hard, looks up at GOD:

JEWELL

God. I know you got other things on your mind right now, like catchin' the guy who did this and all. But, seein' as this is live TV, and I feel like I'm about to throw up inside my mouth... could you please make sure I don't say anything stupid out there? Amen.

49 INT. BOBI'S APT. - DAY 49

Bobi is watching TV, beaming, because Jewell is on the air, LIVE, being interviewed by Katie Couric.

KATIE COURIC (V.O.)

(on TV)

*Do you feel like a hero?*

JEWELL (V.O.)

(on TV)

*No, ma'am. I'm just a guy who did the job he was trained to do...*

BOBI

(so proud)

*My boy...*

50 INT. BRYANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MORNING 50

Bryant's at his desk, HEARING the Jewell interview via the TINY TV on Nadya's desk in the next room -- finds it borderline unbelievable, but kind of thrilling.

BRYANT

*Good for you, Radar...*

51

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - "TODAY" SET - MORNING

51

Jewell leaves the set with Barker, passing TWO APD COPS:

GRATEFUL APD COP #1  
Good job, Richard.

GRATEFUL APD COP #2  
Way to go, man.

Acceptance from real cops. Very gratifying.

JEWELL

Hey, I was workin' with a couple  
guys who were injured: Green?  
Silver? Miller? They okay?

GRATEFUL APD COP #1

Word is, all the cops are expected  
to make a full recovery.

JEWELL

Well, that's great. Thanks.

Then a GUY IN A GREAT SUIT approaches. Barker smiles.

BARKER

Richard, there's someone I'd like  
you to meet. This is Mister  
Brenner from Bernstein & Crane.  
You know that company? They  
publish books.

JEWELL

Nice to meet you, sir.

BRENNER (GREAT SUIT GUY)

Hello, Richard. I'd like to talk  
to you about your story. Ya free?

Jewell feels a bit like he's floating now.

52

INT. BOBI'S APT. - KITCHEN - DAY

52

Bobi bakes more pound cakes. TV on, LOCAL NEWS, another  
Jewell interview. TV is also on in the living room --  
ABC -- yet another Jewell interview. He enters.

BOBI

You're everywhere! And the phone  
never stops. I need a secretary!

JEWELL

Momma, a guy from New York just  
asked me if I wanted to write a  
book!

(CONTINUED)



BOBI

Well, lah-dee-da!

JEWELL

I don't even have to DO anything.  
Someone else thinks it up and  
types it and all; I just say yes  
or no to stuff. For money!

BOBI

You're a ROCK STAR! Tom Brokaw  
was even talking about you!

Jewell beams, catches a glimpse of himself in a MIRROR --

And there it is, for the first time ever: PRIDE -- a  
hero looking back at him. Feels GREAT. But...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - OFFICE - DAY

Movement. Urgency. Agents responding to real crisis.  
BRUCE HUGHES, the SAC (Spec. Agent In Charge) of this  
field office, approaches Tom Shaw:

BRUCE HUGHES

Shaw. You doin' okay?

SHAW

Not really, sir. Fucking bomb  
went off on my watch. My fucking  
park.

BRUCE HUGHES

We didn't have enough eyeballs  
there. That's on us. Let's just  
catch the son of a bitch, yeah?

Tom Shaw nods, grateful. That helped.

BRUCE HUGHES

I need you to get out to Habersham  
County -- background on a former  
sheriff's deputy. Might have some  
connection to the bombing.

SHAW

Oh? Who is he?

Bruce Hughes pauses, knowing this is NOT a small piece of  
news:

BRUCE HUGHES

The security guard.

(CONTINUED)

53 RICHARD JEWELL - 6/20/19 (Full Blue) 41.  
CONTINUED: 53

BANG. That fast, Tom Shaw has his man. And it's Jewell.

54 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - STREET - DUSK 54 \*

Jewell gets out of his PICKUP, ready for work.

Instantly, PEOPLE notice him. PARENTS point him out to their KIDS. That feels great. And shockingly new.

He passes a U.S. SWIMMER (we recognize the SWEATS on the guy); the Swimmer nods with great respect and:

UNNAMED SWIMMER

Way to go, man. Made us all real proud.

Respect from an ATHLETE. Jewell beams, thrilled. But:

55 INT. PIEDMONT UNIVERSITY - CLEERE'S OFFICE - DAY 55

Dr. W. Ray Cleere (who fired Jewell in this very office not long ago), studies Jewell's old file.

Opposite Cleere... is Tom Shaw.

CLEERE

I want to be clear -- I haven't accused him of anything.

SHAW

I understand.

CLEERE

I just... I see the attention he's getting; it's the KIND of attention he was always seeking here when he was harassing students, pulling people over on the highway. Crazy behavior. And I decided if my fears were correct -- if he WASN'T actually the hero they're makin' him out to be -- and I'd had information pertinent to that fact which I'd failed to bring to light? It could jeopardize lives.

SHAW

Dr. Cleere, you did the right thing, calling. And we will look into it.

Cleere nods. We FIND a PHOTO of Jewell, which BECOMES:

56

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

56 \*

The PHOTO of Jewell fills a screen. Bruce Hughes sighs:

BRUCE HUGHES

Why is the Goddamn ACOG re-opening  
that park? We don't have *shit*.

Ten other SENIOR FBI GUYS (and Tom Shaw) in here. An  
ERASURE BOARD reads "CENTBOM." Tension, pressure...

BRUCE HUGHES

Okay. I want to hear more about  
Jewell. Patrick?

All eyes on PATRICK WILLIAMS from the Behavioral Sciences  
Team --

WILLIAMS

When I look at Jewell, I think  
about the bomb scare at the L.A.  
Olympics in '84: a bag left on a  
bus by the same cop who then  
*discovered* it. And the fires in  
Idaho this summer -- started by a  
*firefighter* who wanted the credit  
for putting them out. There is a  
profile that emerges, the false  
hero.

Tom Shaw believes that to his core. The whole room does.

WILLIAMS

In interviews, Jewell's account of  
the bombing seems vague, and he  
looks uncomfortable discussing the  
victims. I also found his  
mentioning on TV that he was  
hoping to get back into law  
enforcement a bit inappropriate.  
There's a lot here that's  
troubling. And everything Agent  
Shaw has learned about him does  
sync-up with this profile.

BRUCE HUGHES

You agree with that, Tom?

SHAW

I do, sir.

Bruce Hughes digests that... Then:

BRUCE HUGHES

Let's put eyes on him.

57

INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - DAY

57

Bryant reads the paper, annoyed by the society page.

BRYANT

Fools' names and fools' faces.

Nadya leans in, mildly floored:

NADYA

Watson?

(as Bryant waits)

Got a call for you.

BRYANT

Is it Bill Gates randomly wondering if I need a million dollars? 'Cause if so, yes.

NADYA

It's *Richard Jewell*.

Bryant laughs, thinks she's kidding. She isn't.

BRYANT

'Richard Jewell' Richard Jewell?

NADYA

Yes.

BRYANT

I see. Uh, okay.

She disappears to her desk. Then LINE 1 lights up.

BRYANT

(into phone)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

58

INT. BOBI'S APT. - SAME TIME

58 \*

Jewell on the phone.

JEWELL

(into phone)

Mister Bryant? I'm sorry to bother you, just got your number from Information. I hope you remember me.

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

(into phone)

Richard, you're a national hero now. You can call me Watson.

JEWELL

(into phone)

Oh. Thank you, sir. How are you? How's your family?

BRYANT

(into phone)

We're all fine. I see you've moved up from video games!

JEWELL

(into phone)

Didn't mean to, but yeah, guess I did.

BRYANT

(into phone)

Well, good job, that's a prideful thing. What can I do for you?

JEWELL

(into phone)

Sir, have you ever done a book deal? Do you do that?

BRYANT

(into phone)

Contracts are contracts. Why?

JEWELL

(into phone)

This bomb thing. Got some New York guys asking me to write a book and I don't know anything about that, so I thought maybe you could help me.

BRYANT

(into phone)

I'd be happy to.

JEWELL

(into phone)

Are you not at the U.S. Small Business Admin anymore? I tried there first.

BRYANT

(into phone)

No. I got outta there.

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

(into phone)

Oh. How come?

BRYANT

(into phone)

Lifestyle decision. You just make sure not to sign anything until I see it first. Okay? We'll start there.

JEWELL

'Kay. Thanks, Watson.

Bryant ends the call. Kind of a stunned smile. Nadya leans in, pretty excited, as --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Shaw, a drink before him, signals for a refill, as --

KATHY (O.S.)

Must be a lotta heat on you guys.

Shaw turns. Here's Kathy, in a shorter-than-short skirt and a barely-buttoned blouse. Shaw grins.

SHAW

No more so than usual.

KATHY

Right, just your *average* deadly bombing on U.S. soil during an Olympics. Happens all the time.

SHAW

Pressure's on you guys, too. CNN's got it wall-to-wall. Might account for your shorter-than-usual skirt and your tits-ablaze blouse.

KATHY

Admit it, though. I'm smoking hot!

The truth? Yes, he thinks she's smoking hot.

KATHY

Give me something I can print, Tom. I'll treat you right.

SHAW

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

I know the Bureau's looking at someone.

SHAW

What makes you think so?

KATHY

Sources. Friends. Who is it?

SHAW

If you couldn't fuck it out of them, what makes you think you can fuck it out of me?

She smiles, wets her lips. Shaw exhales... then:

SHAW

Ya know what people don't get, Kathy? How much work goes in to making a case. It's effort, 24-7.

KATHY

You're right. So educate me.

Shaw hesitates. Kathy lets her hand drop onto his lap.

SHAW

I WON'T HAVE THIS SCREWED UP. There was a *slaughter* out here. It's a miracle there weren't more fatalities.

KATHY

I wouldn't run it unless I had independent corroboration from a second source. That would put us in a different zone, as you know.  
(her hand drifting)  
Tom. You're about to burst.

She leans in -- that open blouse. He's hard as an anvil.

SHAW

First time in my life I ever wished I was gay.

Kathy smiles... then Shaw gives it up:

SHAW

The Bureau's looking at the security guard. Jewell.

WHOA. Kathy freezes. Did I hear that wrong? Nope. Trying to calm herself, she takes out her notepad.

(CONTINUED)

SHAW

You always look at the guy who found the bomb, just like you always look at the guy who found the body. But Jewell's got a bad past. Fits the hero-bomber profile to a 'T.'

KATHY

Yes, yes, shit! The fat loser living with his mother! So obvious! Why didn't I see it?!  
(her mind racing)  
This puts a clock on things.  
Wanna get us a room? Or should we just go down to my car?

INT./EXT. BOBI'S APT. - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Bobi opens the door to find --

Bill Miller on the doorstep -- Jewell's GBI buddy.  
Bobi's thrilled.

BOBI

It's so good to see you, Bill!  
It's been a while.

MILLER

It's nice to see you, Bobi!  
Where's the hero?

BOBI

He's right here. Come on in!

Bobi, proud as hell, welcomes him in...

INT. BOBI'S APT. - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They're onto second helpings of lasagna now --

MILLER

What kinda charge ya figure it was?

JEWELL

Not sure what kinda explosive the guy used -- black powder, match heads, maybe some kinda chlorate, packed with nails.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JEWELL (CONT'D)

Funny thing is, when those drunks moved it, they saved a bunch of lives, 'cause it was s'posed to blow OUT, into a crowd, for maximum casualties. They left it on its BACK, so it exploded upwards, most of the ordnance going into the sky. There's nails from it on rooftops all over downtown. You'd typically have a battery and a timing device, could even be a simple clock. I...

INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT

Miller is in the back of a moving van, a sickened look on his face. He unbuttons his shirt and we see why:

He was wearing a WIRE during that dinner. A FBI OPERATIVE removes it gently...

INT. AJC - 8TH FLOOR - NEWSROOM - MORNING

Kathy glides through, stopping at Martz's desk.

KATHY

Sweetie, I need you to do one of those better-word-things you do.

MARTZ

You mean rewrite you?

KATHY

Yes. You know I write like a brick. And this one's kinda *special*.

MARTZ

What is it?

KATHY

Oh, nothing. Just the FBI is looking at Richard Jewell as the bomber...

Martz's eyes go wide. We --

CUT TO:

64

INT. AJC - 8TH FLOOR - NEWSROOM - MORNING

64

Managing Editor JOHN WALTER listens as Kathy pitches him.  
Staffers looking on.

KATHY

'The security guard who first alerted police to the pipe bomb that exploded in Centennial Olympic Park is the target of the federal investigation into the incident that resulted in two deaths and injured more than 100.'

Her reading CONTINUES OVER:

65

INT. BOBI'S APT. - DAY

65

Bobi bakes a pound cake. Jewell playing a video game.

KATHY (V.O.)

'Richard Jewell, 33, a former law enforcement officer, fits the profile of the lone bomber. This profile generally includes a frustrated white man who is a former police officer, member of the military, or police 'wannabe' who seeks to become a hero.'

66

INT. AJC - 8TH FLOOR - NEWSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

66

Kathy continues pitching the piece to Walter:

KATHY

'Jewell has become a celebrity in the wake of the bombing, making appearances on the "Today Show" and' --

WALTER

-- Bureau knows you have this?

KATHY

My guy says it's *everywhere* now; the networks have it. CNN has it.

MARTZ

I got a guy at GBI said the same thing. Bureau's looking at Jewell.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

Then why isn't anyone reporting  
it? Does anybody feel we're  
getting worked here?

KATHY

Goddamn it, John, these are OUR  
Olympics! If we're not gonna lead  
on this story, *what the fuck are  
we DOING here?*

Walter exhales hard... and decides:

WALTER

Okay. Tear up the afternoon  
edition and replate the front  
page. We're running it.

EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO/BAR - DAY

PATRONS watch a big-screen TV as the STORY EXPLODES:

BREAKING NEWS on CNN -- The ANCHOR holds up a copy of the  
AJC and reads the piece verbatim over the air.

CNN ANCHOR (V.O.)

(into camera)

'The security guard who first  
alerted police to the pipe  
bomb...'

Shock on every face. People reaching for cell phones...

INT. AJC - 8TH FLOOR - NEWSROOM - DAY

Kathy enters. CNN is blaring from TVs. And:

Everyone in here turns... and APPLAUDS her. 100 CO-  
WORKERS, even the women who resent her short skirts.

It's a journalism mountaintop. RESPECT FROM HER PEERS,  
at last. Kathy beams with humility and gratitude.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONFERENCE ROOM

Tom Shaw is at work as the story breaks. Everyone around  
him LIVID. And Tom Shaw knows he's a dead man.

Bruce Hughes storms in, irate. Everyone turns.

BRUCE HUGHES  
Who the fuck leaked this  
investigation to the AJC?!

Of course, no one confesses. Tom Shaw eyes his shoe-tops.

BRUCE HUGHES  
SHAW!

Tom Shaw's eyes go wide. Instant terror. How do they know?

SHAW  
Sir?

BRUCE HUGHES  
Get Jewell in here. Non-  
confrontational interview. TODAY.  
Bennet has a tactical approach.

Tom Shaw's heart begins to beat again. He looks to Dan Bennet. We RETURN TO:

INT./EXT. BOBI'S APT. - AFTERNOON

TV OFF. Jewell sleeps. Bobi bakes more pound cakes...

A firm KNOCK at the front door. Jewell awakens, rises, goes to the door... Opens it:

JEWELL  
Hello?

Shaw and Bennet stand here. Oddly, we hear HUNDREDS OF VOICES shouting from the PARKING LOT:

VOICES (O.S.)  
Richard! Richard!

But Jewell can't see anyone from here.

BENNET  
Richard Jewell?

JEWELL  
Yes?

BENNET  
Special Agents Dan Bennet and Tom Shaw, FBI. Ya got a minute?

JEWELL  
Sure! What can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

FBI! Wow! Bobi drifts over, visible behind her son...

SHAW

Bureau's making a *training video* on how to handle a suspicious package. We'd like you to be in it. How's that sound to you?

JEWELL

That sounds great!

BOBI

See that, Richard? You did it! You showed 'em what kinda cop you can be. And look at this now!

The disembodied VOICES in the parking lot call out again. Jewell ignores them. Bennet eyes Shaw...

SHAW

Only thing is, we're shooting it *today*. Think you could follow us back to the field office? Time's kinda tight.

JEWELL

Uh, I got work still. My shift.

SHAW

This won't take long.

JEWELL

Sure. I wanna help in any way I can. I'm law enforcement, too.

SHAW

We know that. You ready to go?

Jewell wearing his SECURITY SHIRT, kisses Bobi goodbye.

BOBI

So proud of you, baby!

He emerges, following Shaw and Bennet down the steps, Jewell completely unaware of what's awaiting him. Then --

EXT. MONACO APTS. - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jewell FREEZES, shocked: 200 MEDIA MEMBERS descend, a HORDE -- cameras, mics, booms -- coming right at him.

HORDE

Richard, has the FBI charged you?/  
Have you hired an attorney?/Is the  
FBI investigating you?

He's surprised but unafraid -- pushes through, smiling:

JEWELL

I imagine they'll investigate  
anyone who was at the park that  
night. That includes *you all*,  
too.

He laughs it off; no one else does. Shaw and Bennet get  
to their SEDAN. Jewell gets to his TOYOTA PICKUP.

HORDE

ARE YOU A SUSPECT?

JEWELL

Course not.

He gets in his truck.

INT. JEWELL'S TRUCK - DAY (LATER)

Jewell drives. In his REARVIEW, he sees FOUR VEHICLES,  
trailing him. Odd. He makes a left. So do they...

\*

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - PARKING LOT - DAY

He enters the FBI FIELD OFFICE LOT and parks. The FOUR  
CARS BEHIND HIM park, too. He gets out of the truck.  
Bennet and Shaw emerge from their car to greet him.

JEWELL

Sorry. I think I have some media  
following me.

SHAW

No. Those are our guys.

Oh. Jewell nods, processing that...

INT. BOBI'S APT. - SAME TIME

Bobi flips on the TV... and FREEZES:

There's Jewell's PHOTO -- her baby boy -- with the words  
"BOMBING SUSPECT" stamped across his face.

She stares, poleaxed... Then reaches for a PHONE...

75

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

75 \*

Tight, windowless. Jewell opposite Bennet and Shaw.  
There's a CAMERAMAN in here, taping the interview.

BENNET

You came back around the tower,  
and spotted the package  
unattended.

JEWELL

Yes, sir.

BENNET

Did you see anyone walking away  
from the bench?

JEWELL

No, sir.

SHAW

So, you had no idea who'd put that  
package there?

JEWELL

No, sir. But whoever did it  
oughtta fry.

SHAW

We think so, too, Richard.

(a beat)

We wanna do this authentically --  
some of that has to do with how to  
treat a suspect. So, for this  
part, let's pretend you're someone  
we've *brought in*, okay? We've  
just read you your Miranda rights,  
and you've agreed to waive them.  
Here, here's a waiver so it all  
looks real.

Bennet places an ACTUAL RIGHTS WAIVER before Jewell.

BENNET

So, you sign it, then we go on  
with the interview.

JEWELL

Okay.

They hand him a pen. He pretends to sign, moving the pen  
through the AIR and not on the page. They pause.

(CONTINUED)

SHAW

Sorry if I wasn't clear enough,  
Richard. We need you to actually  
*sign* the waiver.

Huh? Jewell's internal alarms just started to ping.

JEWELL

But... this is a real document...

BENNET

Of course. We're going for  
authenticity here.

Hold it. Jewell studies them. Some panic growing now...

JEWELL

Sorry, sir, but I wouldn't feel  
right signing something like this.

BENNET

Richard, we --

Shaw whispers something to Bennet, who nods.

SHAW

We're gonna take a short break.  
Let's stop the camera.

The cameraman stops taping. The feeling is odd, creepy.  
Bennet and Shaw leave the room. We STAY HERE --

Jewell sits in tense silence, trying not to fidget or  
look guilty. Impossible.

JEWELL

I was a deputy sheriff. Habersham  
County.

Cameraman is unimpressed. Jewell sags. Time stops.

Then Shaw returns with a grin:

SHAW

Okay! We're going to pretend none  
of this ever happened.

(at cameraman)

Let's start a new tape, please.

Cameraman pops the TAPE out of his camera, hands it to  
Shaw, who tosses it in a waste basket as the cameraman  
puts in a NEW TAPE. He nods to Shaw, "ready," and...

(CONTINUED)



SHAW

So, what we're gonna do now is, Agent Bennet is gonna walk in and re-introduce himself to you, show you his credentials, just like we're doing a professional interview. Then he's going to read you your Miranda rights, and --

JEWELL

Um... Why would ya do that?

SHAW

To make the video more realistic.

Shaw opens the door. Bennet re-enters. A feeling of make-believe in the air. We're "rolling" again... and:

Now Jewell KNOWS: They think I did this!

JEWELL

Uh... I think maybe I should contact my attorney.

SHAW

Why would you need an attorney? I thought you were a hero. Is there something you want to tell us?

JEWELL

No. I just, I better call him.

76

EXT. CHILIVIS BLDG. (BUCKHEAD) - DAY

76

A free-standing two-story building off a nondescript alley. Bryant, oblivious to the world, pulls his TOYOTA FORERUNNER into his PARKING SPACE.

77

INT. CHILIVIS BLDG. - LOBBY/STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

77

Bryant climbs stairs. Drab carpet underfoot, drab walls.

78

INT. CHILIVIS BLDG. - 2ND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

78

Bryant emerges into a lifeless hallway. A door says "Law Offices of G. Watson Bryant." He enters:

79

INT. CHILIVIS BLDG. - BRYANT'S "SUITE" - CONTINUOUS  
ACTION

79

Nadya at her desk: livid.

NADYA

You can't leave your phone off,  
Watson! I needed to reach you!

BRYANT

What's wrong?

She holds up this afternoon's AJC: "FBI SUSPECTS 'HERO'  
GUARD MAY HAVE PLANTED BOMB."

Whoa. Bryant grabs the paper, scours the front page.

NADYA

He's called you three times from  
an interrogation room at the FBI  
Field Office! Terrified.

BRYANT

Jesus. Am I the only lawyer that  
guy knows?

NADYA

For your sake, I hope so.

Bryant turns to page two. More RELATED ARTICLES:

"Security Guard Had Reputation as Zealot." "Motive?  
Could Be Sociopath, Attention Seeker." And "Crimes  
Committed by Guards Plague Security Industry."

BRYANT

Paper says the Bureau has him dead  
to rights.

NADYA

In Russia when the government says  
someone's guilty, it's how you  
know he's *innocent*. Is it  
different here?

ZERO doubt in her voice. But Bryant is wavering.

NADYA

I'll tear up the messages. I'm  
sure we'll get another three or  
four cases this juicy tomorrow.  
And you have SO MUCH ELSE to do...

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

Would you connect me to the field office, Nadya?

NADYA

Right away...

She dials. He waits. She hands him the phone.

NADYA (O.S.)

FBI Field Office.

BRYANT

(grabs the phone)

This is Watson Bryant, attorney for Richard Jewell. I'd like to speak to my client, please.

FBI OPERATOR (V.O.)

(through phone)

I'm sorry, sir, we have no one here by that name.

BRYANT

(into phone)

Yes, you do. Put me on the phone with my client, please. Now.

FBI OPERATOR (V.O.)

(through phone)

Please call back later, sir. Maybe we'll have more information.

CLICK. And that fast, Bryant's deep hatred for institutional bullshit has flared to life. Pure rage.

BRYANT

Goddammit.

Nadya dials again. Bryant hears --

FBI OPERATOR (V.O.)

(through phone)

FBI Field Office.

BRYANT

(into phone)

This is Watson Bryant again, attorney for Richard Jewell. My next call is going to be to Mike Wallace of 'Sixty Minutes' to ask him why the FBI would deny a citizen his constitutional right to legal counsel. Can I have the spelling of your name, please?

(CONTINUED)

FBI OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
I'll connect you, sir.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM

Jewell sits. Bennet enters, hands Jewell a PHONE.

BENNET  
Call for you.

Jewell eagerly picks it up:

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
Hello?

BRYANT  
(into phone)  
Richard, it's Watson. What're you  
doing in there?

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
They said they needed me for a  
training film.

BRYANT  
(into phone)  
They don't! You're a suspect.  
Have you signed anything? Have  
you confessed to anything?

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
Course not. I didn't do this,  
Watson.

BRYANT  
(into phone)  
Just don't say *anything*, to  
anyone. Let me talk to the agent  
in charge.

Jewell hands the phone to Shaw.

JEWELL  
He wants to talk to you.

SHAW  
(into phone)  
This is Agent Shaw.

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT  
(into phone)  
No more questions. Not another  
WORD.

SHAW  
(into phone)  
He's been cooperating fully.

BRYANT  
(into phone)  
NOT ANOTHER WORD!

He SLAMS down the phone. END INTERCUT.

81 EXT./INT. MONACO APTS. - PARKING LOT/BOBI APT. - NIGHT 81

Jewell's blue Toyota pickup pulls into the lot. The MOB  
turns, en masse, swarming toward him.

Bobi, at the window, watches helplessly through Levolors:

BACK TO JEWELL

He gets out and is instantly engulfed:

CROWD  
RICHARD, WERE YOU CHARGED?/ARE YOU  
THE FBI'S LEAD SUSPECT?/RICHARD,  
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN TOLD?

JEWELL  
I'm not a suspect. I'm not a  
suspect.

REPORTER  
Richard, did you set that bomb?

JEWELL  
No, sir. I didn't do this.

He gets to the stairs, besieged... and:

He enters, whipped. Bobi looks shaken. A PHONE RINGS.

JEWELL  
Momma, they're all after me now.

Bobi nods. The PHONE RINGS again. Jewell looks to the  
TV -- TOM BROKAW and BOB COSTAS, reporting.

(CONTINUED)

BROKAW (V.O.)

(on TV)

They probably have enough to  
arrest him right now, probably  
enough to prosecute him, but you  
always want to have enough to  
convict him as well. There are  
still holes in this case.

The color drains from Bobi's face. Tears falling.

BOBI

Richard, what is he saying? Why  
would Tom Brokaw say that about  
you?

No reply. The PHONE rings again. It will NEVER STOP.

INT./EXT. SHAW'S BUICK - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Shaw is alone in his car, windows rolled up, pounding the  
dashboard, furious.

SHAW

GODDAMMIT! FUCK, FUCK, FUCKING  
KATHY!

EXT. MONACO APTS. - PARKING LOT/STEPS - NIGHT (LATER)

Bryant drives up in his 4Runner, passing NEWS VANS,  
TRUCKS. The MOB ignores him. He parks, makes his way  
through the hungry crowd, wearing his HIKING SHORTS.

BRYANT

'Scuse me...

They realize he's on his way to the STEPS leading to  
Bobi's apartment. He's SOMEBODY!

That fast, the CAMERAS are on and the MICS ARE OUT.

But Bryant's already at the door. Knocks. The door  
OPENS.

Bryant and Jewell eye one another, 10 years on. Bryant  
wondering: "Am I looking at a mad bomber???" Jewell  
thinking: "Hiking shorts? Balding?" It's a let-down...

So Bryant tries a tension-breaker:

BRYANT

Ya got that hundred you owe me?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD JEWELL - 6/20/19 (Full Blue)  
CONTINUED:

62.

83

83

Jewell frowns, ashamed. Lets him in. MORE QUESTIONS ARE HURLED FROM THE MOB. The closing door silences them...

84

INT. BOBI'S APT.

84

INSIDE NOW. Jewell and Bobi study Bryant. The PHONE RINGS incessantly. Bryant pulls the cord from the wall.

BRYANT

For the next little while, the only person you need to talk to is me.

JEWELL

Momma, this is Watson. Watson, this is my mother, Barbara. Bobi.

BRYANT

He does not open his mouth again if there is a cop present, or an FBI agent, or someone from GBI, or a CROSSING GUARD. Is that clear?

JEWELL

Raised to respect authority, sir.

BRYANT

'Authority' is what's outside that window, looking to eat you alive.  
(as Jewell reacts)  
Let's get to work.

85

INT. BOBI'S APT. - 2 AM

85

Bobi sleeps. Jewell looks out the window at the MOB.

BRYANT

You belong to any kind of extremist groups, Richard?

JEWELL

No.

BRYANT

Posse Comitatus, Aryan Nation, anything like that?

JEWELL

I hate all that stuff.

BRYANT

Any anti-government affiliations, or religious cults or...?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL  
No, no. That's not me.

BRYANT  
Any of your *friends* affiliated  
with any fringe organizations?

JEWELL  
No.

BRYANT  
NRA?

JEWELL  
Is the NRA fringe?

No reply. Bryant makes sure Bobi's asleep... Then:

BRYANT  
Richard, this is a capital crime  
here. Death penalty. I can help  
you, but only if I know the truth.  
Did you do this?

Jewell looks wounded by the question. Gathers himself.

JEWELL  
No.

Bryant stares right through him... Decides:

BRYANT  
Then let's beat the hell outta  
these bastards.

86 EXT. MONACO APTS. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (LATER)

86

Bryant emerges. The horde SWALLOWS HIM:

CROWD  
ARE YOU RICHARD'S ATTORNEY?/  
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SIR?/WHAT HAS  
THE FBI TOLD YOU?/DID HE SET THAT  
BOMB?

87 INT. BOBI'S APT. - SAME TIME

87

Jewell plugs the phone back in. An INSTANT RING.

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
Hello?

(CONTINUED)



ANONYMOUS CALLER (V.O.)  
(through phone)

It was a good thing, that bomb.  
Weren't gonna be long before the  
Zionist Organizational Government  
comes in and starts a --

Jewell hangs up, unplugs the phone again.

INT. BRYANT'S 4RUNNER - PARKED

Watson gets in and exhales: WHAT HAVE I JUST GOTTEN  
MYSELF INTO? Bryant starts to drive away, then -

KATHY (O.S.)

Not quite *real estate law* -- is  
it, Mr. Bryant?

Jesus. Kathy's in his backseat, coiled like a snake.

BRYANT

Who the hell're you?

KATHY

I *could* be the best friend you'll  
ever have. Kathy Scruggs. *AJC*.

BRYANT

Of course. Get out.

KATHY

Have you secured an actual defense  
attorney for Richard?

BRYANT

No comment.

KATHY

See, 'no comment' doesn't help me.  
Which means I can't help you.

BRYANT

That's why you're here? To help  
me?

KATHY

Watson, I'm not sure you grasp the  
tank that's about to roll over you.  
This is the U.S. Government --

BRYANT

Want me to call the cops?

KATHY

Cops love me. I tell their stories all day. Let me tell yours.

BRYANT

Out.

Kathy eyes him. We --

CUT TO:

EXT. "TODAY SHOW" SET - MORNING

A LIVE ON-AIR INTERVIEW: Bryant and BRYANT GUMBEL.  
(Mixture of REAL FOOTAGE.)

GUMBEL

What do you think of the manner in which the FBI has treated your client?

BRYANT

I think whoever the bum was who leaked that Richard Jewell was the focus of this investigation should be prosecuted or dealt with in some serious way. I don't think that this investigation should be, aaahhh, conducted under world spotlight like this.

GUMBEL

Why are you so convinced of his innocence?

BRYANT

Because I've known Richard for a while. I've looked him in the eye and I've asked him the question.

GUMBEL

Were you aware that he had been arrested in the past for impersonating an officer?

WHOA. Deer in headlights moment. Bryant recovering.

BRYANT

I don't know a lot of things about a whole lot of people that I know.

(CONTINUED)

GUMBEL

There are also misdemeanors on his record. And he seems to have a cabin in the woods that the police are eager to examine now.

BRYANT

I, uh, I have not yet conducted a thorough investigation into Richard and his history. I don't have Richard's police record. You may.

GUMBEL

Were you aware he'd been asked by the Habersham Sheriff's Department to seek psychological counseling?

BRYANT

I have not, uh, I have not yet gotten up to speed on some things, that's all.

GUMBEL

I'll ask you again -- why are you so convinced of his innocence?

BRYANT

I believe him.

GUMBEL

Pure and simple.  
(to the camera)  
Twenty-three past the hour. We'll be right back.

Bryant smiles thinly. He KNOWS that was a disaster.

INT. BOBI'S APT. - SAME TIME

Bobi and Jewell just watched that. The PHONE rings.

JEWELL

(into phone)

Yes?

BRYANT (V.O.)

(through phone)

YOU WERE ARRESTED FOR  
IMPERSONATING A FUCKING OFFICER?!

JEWELL

(into phone)

Once. It was complicated.

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
WERE YOU PLANNING TO TELL ME?!

JEWELL  
(into phone)  
Yeah, course, just, in all the  
hoopla yesterday I forgot.

BRYANT (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
Goddammit, Richard!

91 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - TRACK - NIGHT (NBC FOOTAGE) 91

MICHAEL JOHNSON is in the blocks, about to run a 200 as:

92 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - SAME TIME 92

Bryant stands beside the SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER -- a CRIME  
SCENE now, ringed by a fence, metal detectors, SECURITY.  
He eyes the battered tower, Nadya beside him. Then:

BRYANT  
Go.

93 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - TRACK - RESUMING (NBC FOOTAGE) 93

BANG. Michael Johnson BURSTS out of the blocks.

94 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER - RESUMING 94

Bryant starts walking. To where? Nadya eyes her watch.

95 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - TRACK - RESUMING (NBC FOOTAGE) 95

Michael Johnson is flying down the track, at the turn...

96 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - GROUNDS - MOVING SHOT - RESUMING 96

Bryant keeps walking, eyeing his watch, all business...

97 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - TRACK - RESUMING (NBC FOOTAGE) 97

Michael Johnson, nearing the FINISH LINE...

98 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - BAKER ST. EXIT - RESUMING 98

Bryant exits the park, walking briskly, Nadya beside him. Another check of his watch. Where's he going?

99 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - TRACK - RESUMING (NBC FOOTAGE) 99

Michael Johnson BREAKS THE TAPE. The CROWD CHEERS.

100 EXT. BAKER ST. - NIGHT 100

Bryant and Nadya arrive at the BANK OF NINE PAY PHONES. (The TENTH has been removed by the FBI.)

BRYANT

Time.

NADYA

Six minutes.

101 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - TRACK - RESUMING (NBC FOOTAGE) 101

The 200 TIME is posted. NEW WORLD RECORD. HUGE CHEER...

102 EXT. BAKER ST. - RESUMING 102

Bryant eyes his watch...

BRYANT

Okay. We know the second 9-1-1 call was placed at 12:58, from the PAY PHONE that had been right here. We also know Richard was *inside the park* near the sound and light tower at 12:57 when Bill Miller called the backpack in. He would've had to cover the distance in two minutes.

NADYA

Then he couldn't've placed the call.

BRYANT

Coulda ridden a bike, I guess.

NADYA

There and back? No one noticing?

Bryant coming to a grudging conclusion --

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

He actually didn't do this. Shit.

They look around -- ATLANTANS breeze down the sidewalk,  
confident that the bomber's been caught. But he hasn't.

EXT. TRAILER PARK (NORTH CAROLINA) - MORNING

The MAN in the FISHERMAN'S HAT who placed those pre-bomb  
calls emerges from his trailer and shuts the door. We  
don't see his face.

\*

INT. BOBI'S APT. - MORNING

Bryant, holding a SEARCH WARRANT, looks out the window.

HIS POV

40 AGENTS out there, with DOGS. A physical-evidence  
team, a bomb-squad team, ATF -- each with different  
colored shirts on. They approach the door.

BACK TO BRYANT

Offended. Jewell is beside him, petrified.

BRYANT

You don't talk. *I talk.* They're  
just gonna look around. Ya got  
any guns in the house?

(as Jewell nods)

Go get them, lay them on your bed.  
We don't want any surprises.

Jewell disappears. Bryant looks to Bobi. She's shaking.

INT. BOBI'S APARTMENT - JEWELL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WEAPONS lie on the bed. Shotguns, rifles.

BRYANT

Were you expecting a zombie  
invasion or something?

JEWELL

They're for deer. I hunt. And  
this is all just standard camo  
gear.

BRYANT

Richard, I wanna explain something to you. Okay? All you're guilty of right now is *looking* like the kind of guy who might set off a bomb. But everything you do that *promotes* that image is going to hang us. So --

He stops himself. Just saw sheer TERROR in Bobi's eyes.

BRYANT

Sorry. Poor choice of words. I just, is there anything *else* odd or quirky I'm going to discover today?

JEWELL

Kinda. I haven't paid my taxes in two years.

Bryant sighs. Bobi nervously fills the silence:

BOBI

I hate guns. I don't know why. My daddy loved guns; I just never did. Every time Richard goes hunting I tell him, 'Don't you drag a dead Bambi into this house. I am NOT eating Bambi!' Richard can shoot, though. He scored a 98 out of 100 on his shooting test when he was a deputy with the Habersham County Sheriffs.

Just then, a loud KNOCK at the door.

BRYANT

*You don't talk.* I talk. Say it.

JEWELL

I don't talk... But I want those guys to know *I'm* law enforcement, too. Just like them.

BRYANT

See, that's TALKING. That's what we don't want.

BOBI

You picked the right lawyer, Richard.

Jewell nods. Bryant goes to the front door, opens it.

106 INT. BOBI'S APT. - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 106

Bennet, Shaw, and the 40 AGENTS in different-colored shirts crowd onto the landing. They file in, like a row of brightly-colored pennants, with DOGS.

BRYANT

It's like the United Goddamn  
Colors of Benetton.

JEWELL

Take everything, take the carpet.  
I am law enforcement, just like  
you. So, take whatever you're  
going to take because it's all  
going to prove that I didn't do  
anything.

Bryant shoots him a look: STOP talking. Jewell nods.

SHAW

You're going to be counsel, Mister  
Bryant?

BRYANT

That's right.

Bryant hands Shaw a business card, "The Law Offices of G. Watson Bryant." Shaw eyes it, deeply unimpressed.

Bennet hands Bryant a bag. Bryant takes it, angrily.

BENNET

If you wanna stay in here, you  
have to put these on.

107 INT. BOBI'S APT. - DAY (LATER) 107

Jewell, Bobi, and Bryant wear BLUE RUBBER GLOVES and RUBBER SOCKS as they sit on a couch, watching the agents tear through clothes, toiletries, food. Bryant fuming.

An AGENT looks through the few BOOKS in here, stopping to peruse a VINCENT BUGLIOSI BOOK about the OJ trial.

JEWELL

That's a great book. Lotta detail  
in it about police procedure.

Agent just bags it in a Ziploc. Jewell sags.

AGENT #2(Diader Rosario) comes by, toting a big CARDBOARD BOX of stuff from Jewell's bedroom, struggling to get to the door.

(CONTINUED)



JEWELL

You need a hand with that?

No reply. Jewell rises to get to the door -- despite a look from Bryant. But Bennet opens it.

AGENT #3(Don Johnson) eyes a case of DISNEY MOVIES on VHS.

BOBI

I use those when I babysit.

Great. Each VHS gets bagged in Ziploc. Bobi tightens...

SHAW

I think it might be better if you all just stepped out and let us do our jobs.

Bryant tears off his rubber gloves and socks, stands up.

BRYANT

C'mon, Richard.

SHAW

(yells)

Johnson. Rosario. You find anything?

108 EXT. MONACO APTS. - STEPS/PARKING LOT - HOURS LATER

108

Jewell and Bryant sit on the STEPS outside the door as:

Every box is taken out and loaded onto trucks. Shaw supervising it all. The MOB broadcasting every step.

JEWELL

Ya never did tell me the name of the firm you'd moved to, Watson.

BRYANT

I opened my own.

JEWELL

Oh. How come?

BRYANT

Firms mean partners, and partners think they can tell you who to be. I don't care much for being dictated to.

Then they hear Bobi yelling as TWO AGENTS exit the unit, boxes in hand, down the steps. Bobi's mad as hell.

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

What's wrong, Momma?

BOBI

They've went through my *under-*  
*things*. How much indignity do  
they want us to take?

She's shaking. Bryant stands, livid, goes after them:

BRYANT

Hold on, fellas!

The agents head for the FBI TRUCKS. Bryant bounds down  
the steps into the PARKING LOT in pursuit, but --

THE MOB CONSUMES HIM, instantly SURROUNDING him in a  
cocoon of bodies so tight that he can't get through.

BRYANT

Excuse me. Excuse me. I need  
to --

No room to move at all. And the QUESTIONS come:

CROWD

WATSON, WHAT ARE THEY LOOKING  
FOR?/HAS HE BEEN CHARGED?/DID HE  
DO IT, WATSON?

BRYANT

No, he didn't. He's innocent.  
Richard Jewell is a HERO.

KATHY

If he's innocent, why's the FBI  
here?

BRYANT

We WANT them here. We welcome  
this.

KATHY

No, you don't.

That landed. The MOB keeps pressing, pushing. Bryant  
can't move an inch, a suffocating compression of people.

Just then, Shaw emerges from the unit, sees Jewell  
sitting alone. That's an opportunity.

SHAW

Hey, Richard. Mind comin' in here  
for a minute?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

Sure.

109 INT. BOBI'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

109

Shaw sits on the edge of the coffee table, beside Bennet. Jewell on the sofa. Shaw grabs a TELEPHONE, dials -- it's a moment we've seen before:

SHAW

Okay, Richard. I'm going to hand you this phone now...

Shaw hands the PHONE to Jewell.

SHAW

When you hear a BEEP on the other end, I want you to say into it, 'There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.'

JEWELL

I'm sorry, what?

BENNET

We need a voice exemplar. Like ya to say it a few times.

SHAW

'There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.' Might be the only way to clear your name, Richard.

Jewell does NOT want to do this, but they're the law. The phone BEEPS. Jewell takes it, steels himself, then:

JEWELL

(into phone)

There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.

SHAW

Good. Again, please. Louder.

JEWELL

(into phone)

There is a bomb in Centennial Park. You have thirty minutes.

SHAW

Again. In fact, let's just do a series.

(CONTINUED)

Jewell considers that. Perspiring a bit. Then...

JEWELL

There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
(as they want more)  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a bomb in Centennial  
Park. You have thirty minutes.  
There is a --

But Bryant blows through the front door and ERUPTS:

BRYANT

Are you fucking kidding me!

JEWELL

Watson, it's standard procedure.

BRYANT

(yanks phone away)  
The hell it is!

SHAW

Mister Bryant, we --

BRYANT

Maybe you can do this, maybe you  
can't. But you are NOT doing this  
today. Let's go, Richard.

JEWELL

I really don't mind. It'll just  
clear me.

BRYANT

LET'S GO.

Bryant literally pulls him out.

Hour #7. Jewell on the steps. Bryant stands. Dave  
Dutchess is now here. The MOB hasn't moved. Meanwhile:

-- Agents talk to NEIGHBORS.

-- Agents look through the complex's DUMPSTER and LAUNDRY  
ROOM.

\*

-- They trash Jewell's once-orderly room.

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO JEWELL

Sitting, waiting, a sad figure. Dutchess disgusted.

DUTCHESS

Dicks.

Jewell, Bryant, Dutchess, and Bobi are still here as --  
AGENTS file out, boxes in hand. Here's Shaw:

SHAW

We're done in there.

Jewell stands, turns. Looks into the parking lot:  
Several VANS and TRUCKS have now been loaded.

Bryant heads inside. Bobi, too. Jewell follows, but --  
He STOPS. A sudden tightness in his chest. Bryant turns --

BOBI

Richard?

Jewell nods, but it's unconvincing. He heads inside.

The four of them sit, stunned. The place feels violated.  
Jewell's room is a wreck. Bobi moves to the window.

INSTANT SHUTTER CLICKS from outside. We're CAGED. She  
watches as the FBI VANS drive away. Goes to the kitchen.

Everything is in ZIPLOC BAGS. Flour, sugar, all bagged.

BOBI

They took all my Tupperware. What  
would they need with my  
Tupperware?

JEWELL

The bomber used Tupperware to hold  
the nails. That's standard.

BOBI

What's it got to do with YOU? And  
why would they take all my baby-  
sitting tapes? My Disney movies?

We hear a KNOCK at the front door. Bryant goes to it.

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

Probably wanna see if we'd  
recorded anything over the tapes --  
ya know, political statements or  
something.

BOBI

Why're you *defending* these people?

JEWELL

I'm not. I'm just explaining.

BOBI

Well, STOP it!

She slaps the table. Jewell doesn't fire back. Then:

NADYA (O.S.)

Hi.

They turn. Here's Nadya, carrying a BAG OF GROCERIES.

BRYANT

This is Nadya. She works with me.

NADYA

Thought you might want some  
dinner.

BOBI

Bless your heart. Thank you.

JEWELL

Hi. I'm Richard.

Nadya smiles, well aware.

EXT. WOODS (NORTH CAROLINA) - NIGHT (LATE)

A HOODED FIGURE vanishes into the Carolina woods...

EXT. WOODS BEHIND MONACO APTS./PARKING LOT - NIGHT (LATE)

Jewell waits while Brandi squats to pee. A quiet moment.

But 50 PRESS MEMBERS are watching him. Surreal, eerie.  
The dog finishes. Jewell heads back home as:

HORDE

Richard, has the FBI charged you?/  
What're they saying to you?/Did  
you blow those people up?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

I did not do this. I *didn't* do  
this terrible thing!

Then he STOPS. That sudden TIGHTNESS in his chest again.  
He shakes the symptoms off, keeps walking...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Jewell's belongings, bagged and tagged, fill this room.  
An EVIDENCE TEAM inspects two HOLLOWED-OUT GRENADES...

INT. BOBI'S APT. - DAY

Bryant, an INVENTORY LIST in hand, stares at Jewell:

BRYANT

Grenades, Richard?

JEWELL

They're paperweights. I bought  
'em at a military surplus store.

BRYANT

Christ...

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - EVIDENCE ROOM

Agents analyze Jewell's SCRAPBOOK. Taped inside it is  
that tiny SLIVER FROM THE BLOWN-UP BENCH at the park...

INT. BOBI'S APT. - RESUMING

Bryant keeps his eyes on the list --

BRYANT

A piece of the bench?

JEWELL

It was a souvenir.

Bobi, fed up, climbs on the sofa to take down that  
PORTRAIT of Jewell in his Habersham deputy sheriff's  
uniform.

BRYANT

Leave it up, Bobi.

BOBI

Makes me sad now, thinking they're  
doin' this to one of their own.

She turns up the VOLUME on the TV as we DRIFT INTO a --

119 MONTAGE OF PRESS COVERAGE 119

JAY LENO (ON VIDEO) -- Calling Jewell "The Una-doofus."

JAY LENO (V.O.)

... a scary resemblance to the guy  
who whacked Nancy Kerrigan. What  
is it about the Olympics that  
brings out fat, stupid guys?

Big LAUGHS from the crowd.

-- TIGHT ON a *NEW YORK POST*, calling Jewell "a fat,  
failed former sheriff's deputy" and "a village Rambo."

-- MORE VIDEO, MORE PRINT. A tidal wave. Jewell is a  
national joke. We see that land on his face as our  
MONTAGE BECOMES...

120 INT. AJC BUILDING - NEWSROOM - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 120

FROM ACROSS the newsroom we watch Kathy and Ron Martz  
type madly, like Woodward and Bernstein... Then:

INSERTS: One HEADLINE after another -- burying Jewell, the  
FBI's case building but without any evidence. Front page  
after front page, IN our face, slamming loudly, then --

121 INT. BOBI'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 121

Bryant, Jewell, and Bobi sit -- dejected and silent. The  
place smells STALE. Feels like a PRISON...

Bryant looks out the window: The HORDE is out there, as  
always. So are FIVE FBI SEDANS.

Jewell turns a BASEBALL GAME up loud. Things are feeling  
a little CRAZY in here.

122 INT. DONUT SHOP - DAY 122

Jewell pays at the counter. TWO GUYS behind him in line  
stare: That's HIM! Jewell can feel their excitement.

(CONTINUED)



DONUT BUYER

Now, you ain't gonna blow us up,  
are ya?

No reply from Jewell, just a wounded smile. He gets his  
change, takes away TWO BAGS, and exits.

JEWELL

Thank you.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jewell emerges. Bryant waits here, in Jewell's PICKUP.

So do FIVE FBI SEDANS. Oddly, Jewell heads for one of  
them -- the one that Shaw is in.

Bryant tightens: What's Jewell doing? Jewell taps on  
the sedan window. Shaw rolls the window down. What  
the???

... as Jewell hands over one of the two bags of donuts.

JEWELL

Thought you guys might be hungry.

SHAW

Uh... we can't accept these.

Across the street, 100 PHOTOGRAPHERS CAPTURE IT ALL...

JEWELL

It's not a bribe or anything. I  
just know stakeouts suck.

SHAW

Would you take them, please?

Disappointed, Jewell collects the bag and walks away.

INT. JEWELL'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jewell gets in. Bryant livid.

BRYANT

What the hell was that?

JEWELL

It's a cop thing.

BRYANT

A: You don't need any more  
donuts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT (CONT'D)

I'm sick of everyone calling you fat. B: You don't need any more attention.

JEWELL

You never done a stakeout.

BRYANT

Richard, you just gave the world a headline: 'Jewell Tries to Buy Off Cops with Donuts!' I can't help you if you're gonna let them make a joke out of you.

JEWELL

Thought if the cops liked me more, they might not be so hard on us.

Bryant freezes. That felt so sad and heartbreaking...

BRYANT

They're NEVER gonna like you. Let's just get 'em to respect you. Okay?

He opens Jewell's GLOVE COMPARTMENT to stuff the bag in -- ... which is when Bryant sees a small TEDDY BEAR inside. Huh? Bryant just stares, then extracts the Teddy bear.

BRYANT

What's this?

JEWELL

Oh. I used to work a lot of car wrecks when I was in the sheriff's office. Sometimes there'd be kids involved, and they'd always be scared. So, I kept Teddy bears in my trunk, to calm 'em down. Just became a habit.

There it is -- Jewell's pure, innocent kindness again. And Bryant is ashamed, feeling like a major asshole.

BRYANT

Never know when you're gonna happen upon a car wreck, I guess.

JEWELL

No, sir.

Bryant puts the bear away, shuts the glove compartment.

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

Let's keep this between us, so  
they don't accuse you of being a  
child molester.

Jewell starts up the truck, pulls out -- right past Shaw.  
Bryant tosses the DONUTS into Shaw's window.

BRYANT

Live a little.

We LEAVE the lot. The FIVE FBI CARS follow.  
Infuriating.

125 INT. BOBI'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - DUSK (MINUTES LATER) 125

Bobi watches TV. Bryant enters without a knock,  
RESOLVED.

BRYANT

Get up, Bobi. I'm taking you two  
to dinner.

BOBI

Where's Richard?

BRYANT

In the car. I can't sit in this  
apartment anymore. Let's go.

126 INT. BRYANT'S 4RUNNER (MOVING) - EVENING 126

Bryant drives. Bobi rides up front, Jewell in back.  
Those same FIVE FBI SEDANS trail behind. He pulls into:

127 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 127

The FIVE SEDANS are forced to follow. Bobi looks around.

BOBI

Watson, where're we goin'?

BRYANT

You just sit tight, Bobi.

She shrugs. Bryant makes a SWOOPING LEFT. Huh?

... and all the FBI SEDANS follow.

He makes a SWOOPING RIGHT now. Bobi and Jewell confused --

(CONTINUED)

But all the sedans follow... And now we get it. He's just fucking with them. Bryant drives a little faster.

They have to follow suit.

BOBI

Oh, my Lord...

... we watch as Bryant drives in a big CIRCLE, until he's actually behind the sedans.

Bobi starts to laugh, waving at the sedans -- all these agents trying to do surveillance, hopelessly fouled now.

BOBI

You see that, Richard?!

And Jewell laughs, his first bright moment in a while. Bryant beaming, driving the sedans in circles...

INT. BLIND WILLIE'S - NIGHT (LATER)

A JAPANESE MAN stands on a small stage, mic in hand, singing a KARAOKE version of "Rebel Yell." Pretty awful.

But Jewell, Bobi, and Bryant have finally found a place to be unrecognized.

JEWELL

I like it in here, Watson.

BOBI

I like how you handle yourself generally, Watson. Ain't afraid of them agents, that's fer sure.

A WAITER brings a cocktail for Bryant. Beer for Bobi. Coca-Cola for Jewell. They half-toast to one another...

BRYANT

We lucked out, karaoke night.

BOBI

You know, Richard can sing.

BRYANT

That right?

BOBI

Sure can.

JEWELL

Momma...

BOBI

What? He sang all the time when  
he was young. And he was good.

"Rebel Yell" ends. Polite applause. The stage is empty.

BOBI

Why don't you show him, Richard?

JEWELL

I don't think I should...

BOBI

Why not? You're certainly good  
enough for this establishment.

JEWELL

I had enough attention lately.  
Court of public opinion and stuff.

BOBI

I don't see any cameras, do you?  
Please? For me?

JEWELL

Momma...

BOBI

You won't get up there and sing  
for your gray-haired momma like  
you did in school?

Jewell tightens, weighing it. Bryant eyeing him... Then:

BRYANT

Let's hear it, son.

That surprised Jewell -- kind of surprised Bryant, too.

JEWELL

Really?  
(as Bryant nods)  
Awright, then.

He rises, unaware that --

Kathy just drifted in, without fanfare. She lingers by  
the bar, out of Jewell's eye-line as --

He gets up on stage.

This has to go badly, right? He picks a song, grabs the  
microphone. NO ONE recognizing him. The song starts.  
Bon Jovi. Jewell air-guitars...

(CONTINUED)

The first strains of "Wanted Dead Or Alive." Then --

JEWELL  
*It's all the same/Only the names  
have changed --*

Guess what? He's great. Bryant can't believe it.  
Thrilled. Kathy's kind of shocked, too.

Bobi puffs up a bit: See? Around them, PEOPLE start to  
notice the guy on stage, pouring his heart out:

Richard Jewell, singing Bon Jovi to the dive bar. Their  
heads sway to the beat.

Kathy, despite herself, just started to rethink things...

A GUY at the next table (Japanese-American, wears a suit,  
call him KEN) leans over to Bryant:

KEN  
That guy is really good.

BRYANT  
I know.

KEN  
And he's a dead ringer for Richard  
Jewell!

Bobi nearly gasps, but:

BRYANT  
Yeah. He gets that a lot.

Ken CHEERS LOUDER, as:

JEWELL  
*'Cause I'm a cowboy/On a steel  
horse I ride/I'm wanted/Dead or  
alive...*

129 INT./EXT. BRYANT'S CAR/MONACO APTS. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 129

Bryant pulls up in front of the building. The HORDE  
awaits out here, like sharks...

JEWELL  
Thanks, Watson.

BRYANT  
G'night, you two.

(CONTINUED)

A beat. Jewell doesn't want to get out. Truth is, something shifted tonight. Bobi can see it.

BOBI

We're lucky to have you, Watson.  
And I don't just mean that  
legally.

JEWELL

Mom --

BOBI

No. I'm gonna say it. Richard never had a man around to look out for him. His daddy wasn't worth a pitcher of warm spit, that's for sure. Walked right out on us.

BRYANT

Listen, I'm just trying to get my hundred bucks back.

BOBI

And then he had a step-daddy who I thought might be a good man and father, but HE up and left us, too. Ain't no man ever stood up for him. It's why Richard wanted to be a cop -- to take care of people, 'cause he knew what being forgotten about felt like. And now here you are, taking on all this for him. It touches me, Watson.

Bryant nods... looks at the HORDE out there... and says something that's been on his mind for too long:

BRYANT

Richard... We have to get you a proper defense attorney.

Huh? That hovers. Jewell eyes Bobi...

JEWELL

I don't wanna do that.

BRYANT

This is out of my league. You know that. A month ago I was doing *real estate closings*.

JEWELL

You're the only one I trust.

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

Well, I don't always trust cops,  
but sometimes I NEED one. And  
right now you need a defense  
attorney who specializes in  
capital crimes. Preferably from a  
small firm that the Bureau  
respects. That's not me.

JEWELL

It's not me, either.

BRYANT

Listen, Goddammit --

JEWELL

I'm not walkin' into court with a  
team of lawyers behind me like  
O.J. That makes people think you  
did it!

... which is when his voice breaks. He stops short...

... WILL NOT LET HIMSELF CRY. But it's close.

And Bryant is stopped cold. This argument just ended.

BOBI

We should get inside.

BRYANT

Night, you two.

They get out. Bryant watches them go.

The MOB descends, instantly suffocating Jewell and Bobi.

Jewell grabs her hand, plowing through the bodies --

Bryant looks sickened. He gets out of his car, SHOUTS:

BRYANT

You're *killing* him! Every Goddamn  
one of you -- KILLING A PERSON.  
Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?

No one in the mob replies.

But Jewell and Bobi appreciated it. They make it safely  
into their apartment. Door shuts. The mob dissipates.

Bryant gets back in his car, pulling out of the lot, then  
onto Buford Highway...



130 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - MORNING 130

Kathy, eyeing her watch, begins to walk -- FAST -- from the site of the explosion.

131 EXT. CORNER (BAKER ST.) - PAY PHONES - MOMENTS LATER 131

Kathy arrives at the SIX PAY-PHONES and eyes her watch. \*

Just realized the same thing Bryant did: The math doesn't work. Jewell couldn't have done it. Oh.

132 INT. BOBI'S APT. - FRONT DOOR - DAY 132

The door opens. Here's Bryant, with more bad news:

BRYANT

They want your hair now. And your palm prints, the damn bastards.

Jewell sags. Bobi's not around. We --

TIME CUT TO:

133 INT. BOBI'S APT. - DAY (LATER) 133

Jewell sits while HAIR STRANDS are plucked from his head by a uniformed MEDIC in gloves. One at a time. Bryant watches, fuming. Bennet and Shaw supervise. TV on.

SHAW

25 pulled, 25 combed.

Medic nods. Bryant looks like he might kill somebody.

BRYANT

I want you to know, you might have a warrant for this -- but if you wanted to do this to me you'd have to fight me. You'd have to beat the shit out of me.

SHAW

Not too lawyerly, Counselor.

Today's AJC sits on the table. Its HEADLINE: "Jewell Kept Souvenirs of the Bomb in Mother's Apartment." On that TV, over a PICTURE OF JEWELL -- \*

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (V.O.)

(on TV)

The guy was seen with a homemade  
BOMB at his home a few days  
before!

Bryant angrily shuts the TV OFF.

JEWELL

Let's just get this over with  
before my mom comes home. I  
wouldn't want her seein' this.

Bryant crosses to that framed PORTRAIT of Jewell in his  
HABERSHAM COUNTY DEPUTY SHERIFF'S UNIFORM. He adjusts  
the frame as if it had been askew, to call their  
attention to it. \*

BRYANT

Tell me, Richard, you still proud  
to be law enforcement?

JEWELL

I just wish I'd done my job better  
that night. I wish I'd gotten  
everybody far enough away. Maybe  
if I had, I wouldn't be sitting  
here right now.

Bryant eyes Shaw and Bennet.

BRYANT

You're right. He's a monster.  
Have you dummies done the math yet  
on the call from the pay phone?

SHAW

Fuck the pay phone. My clients  
are the people who were in that  
park. And they deserved not to  
have their fucking heads blown  
off.

BRYANT

I actually feel sorry for you  
guys. When the real bomber does  
it again, and the country asks,  
'Where was the FBI?' You're gonna  
say, 'We were busy getting hair  
samples from Richard Jewell'?

Shaw doesn't reply.

MEDIC

I'm done here.

(CONTINUED)

SHAW

Good.

(a beat)

Thanks for the professional  
courtesy, Richard. Ya know, one  
cop to another.

BRYANT

There's the door.

They leave. Medic follows. Bryant steaming.

BRYANT

We need to start being a little  
less solicitous and a lot more  
righteous with these bastards.

JEWELL

It's just hairs. They'll grow  
back.

BRYANT

WHY DOESN'T THIS SHIT MAKE YOU AS  
ANGRY AS IT MAKES ME?! Jesus!

JEWELL

Just 'cause someone's not *yelling*  
doesn't mean they're not *angry*.

BRYANT

You're angry?

JEWELL

Course.

BRYANT

Then stop being such a doormat!  
Stop tryin' to be their best  
friend! I'm tired of it.

JEWELL

I'm tired of stuff, too!

BRYANT

Yeah? Like what?  
(as Jewell's silent)  
Like what?

Jewell walks into the kitchen, leaving Bryant alone.

We hear a CABINET opening. Bryant calls out:

BRYANT

You reach for a cookie right now  
and I'm gonna KILL someone!

(CONTINUED)

133 RICHARD JEWELL - 6/20/19 (Full Blue) 91.  
CONTINUED: (3) 133

We hear the cabinet close.

134 INT. BOBI'S APT. - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION 134

The DOORBELL RINGS. Bryant crosses to it, opens it.

BRYANT

What.

Nadya stands here. On the doorstep. Grim as hell.

BRYANT

What's wro--

She covers his mouth, urgently.

NADYA

Sssssshhhh.

She steps INSIDE. Bryant at a loss. Jewell appearing.

Nadya shuts the door and holds up a NOTE:

"Our office is bugged -- in the ceiling.  
Our phones are also bugged.  
THIS PLACE IS PROBABLY BUGGED TOO."

Bryant and Jewell just stare. Jewell whispers:

JEWELL

How can they keep doin' this,  
Watson?

BRYANT

That's easy. They can do it  
because you don't matter.

That felt ugly but true, and it hangs there.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - NIGHT (NBC FOOTAGE) 135

CLOSING CEREMONIES. America bidding farewell.

136 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 136

This huge space, EMPTY now. Just a meager clean-up crew.

- 137 EXT. OLYMPIC SWIMMING VENUE - DAY 137  
Empty. The games are a memory.
- 138 EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - DAY 138  
Empty. No more sound and light tower. No sign of the crime.  
But a space is being measured for a SCULPTURE to commemorate the tragedy.
- 139 INT. BAR - NIGHT 139  
Shaw sits alone, getting hammered. Then --  
Kathy appears, takes the barstool beside him. Shaw's expression instantly hardens into cold contempt.  
Kathy signals to the bartender for Shaw's drink to be refilled. Shaw doesn't react.
- SHAW  
I can't fucking believe you'd have the nerve to sit here.
- KATHY  
Jewell couldn't've placed the call.  
(as Shaw glares)  
The math is wrong. I tried to cover the distance between the site and the pay phones; he couldn't've --
- SHAW  
We know that.
- KATHY  
You know that?
- SHAW  
Just means he had an accomplice.
- KATHY  
An accomplice.
- SHAW  
Sure. Why not?
- KATHY  
The 'Lone Bomber' profile. The wannabe cop. With an accomplice?

(CONTINUED)

SHAW

First, profiles are a jumping-off point. And *Oklahoma City had two bombers*, remember?

KATHY

So who is it?

SHAW

Right. I'm gonna tell you. After you burned me like that.

KATHY

Fine. I'll just write that the case against Jewell is starting to weaken. Bad facts, et cetera.

SHAW

Where did you get this idea that I work for you? Or that we work together? In fact, I don't know why I'm even talking to you.

KATHY

(knowing grin)

I know why.

He gets up to go, leaving his Scotch on the bar.

KATHY

Whoa. Never saw you leave one unfinished before.

SHAW

It's yours. Choke on it.

The feeling is foggy -- a MEMORY... or a DREAM --

We're outside the SOUND AND LIGHT TOWER, one minute before that ALICE PACK will explode. COPS move people away. Confusion and urgency. SOUND dipping in and out.

REVERSE ANGLE TO JEWELL

He's looking at all these COPS and BYSTANDERS, who are about to be injured. There's Alice Hawthorne, who is about to die. And Jewell knows it... So:

He crawls under that bench and pulls the ALICE pack into him, wrapping himself around it like a human bomb blanket.

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED:

140

He knows what's coming -- a hero's death. Shuts his eyes, can hear the bag TICKING... 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... Then:

It EXPLODES. An electric white LIGHT. Jewell literally coming apart in an eruption of violence and sound as --

141

INT. BOBI'S APT. - JEWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (REALITY)

141

Jewell's eyes slam open... We --

142

INT. FAST FOOD PLACE - DAY

142

Dave Dutchess eats a burger, all alone... until:

Bennet and Shaw plant themselves opposite him, badges out. Quite an unpleasant surprise. Dutchess tightens.

BENNET

Mister Dutchess. Ya got a minute?

Dutchess sighs. We hear the beginnings of a HELICOPTER SOUND and MATCH THAT SOUND TO:

143

INT. BOBI'S APT. - NIGHT (LATE)

143

On TV: a WWII movie. John Wayne. Muted.

Outside, we hear a HELICOPTER hovering. Dutchess is here, opposite Jewell, Bobi, and Bryant. A feeling of shock and gloom hanging. And this is whispered:

DUTCHESS

... They've decided that since you couldn't have placed the 9-1-1 call, you must've had a partner. They think that partner must be your homosexual boyfriend... which they've decided is probably me.

That lands on the faces of everyone...

DUTCHESS

And they asked me to wear a wire.

JEWELL

Jesus...

BOBI

Richard.

JEWELL

Sorry, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

DUTCHESS

I told 'em to shove it. I said you were a hero. They said, 'If he's really a hero, then he has nothing to worry about and neither do you.' Also said one of your GBI buddies -- the one you made lasagna for when he came over -- *he was wired, too.* Got a LOT on you.

That hurt Jewell deeply. He's silent. Dutchess goes on:

DUTCHESS

(reluctantly)

Um... There's one other thing: They asked me if I'd ever had any experience with pipe bombs... I had to tell 'em the truth.

Bryant shuts his eyes without meaning to...

DUTCHESS

Ya know, little ones. We used to drop 'em down groundhog holes when I was a kid in West Virginia.

BOBI

David. My Lord...

DUTCHESS

I told 'em this was years before I even met Richard. I said it a couple times. Still... I'm sorry.

JEWELL

It's okay.

But it's not okay. They all know it. Outside, the sound of that HELICOPTER grows louder, closer...

Bobi, depressed as hell, returns to the TV and UN-MUTES it. The sounds of a MOVIE BATTLE fill the room: WWII MORTAR ROUNDS and GUNFIRE erupting. But instantly --

JEWELL

Mom!

Jewell LEAPS for the remote, turns the TV off.

JEWELL

How's it gonna look if we're in here watching movies about things blowing up?! Don't you know they're LISTENING!?

(CONTINUED)



It's Bobi's breaking point. She cries, runs to her room, slams the door. Jewell hurries over, gets there, knocks. Tries the handle. It's locked. That HELICOPTER hovers.

JEWELL

Mom? I'm sorry. C'mon out. We can watch whatever you want.

We hear Bobi's sobs through the door. Jewell sinking.

JEWELL

Mom, please? Don't stay in there. C'mon out. I won't say nothin' again. Please...

Bryant and Nadya are left on the sofa, watching. Jewell keeps knocking on Bobi's door --

JEWELL

Momma, please. Whatever you want --

Bobi opens the door, her eyes wet. The room goes SILENT, save for the sound of that Goddamn HELICOPTER overhead...

BOBI

Richard, I'm scared.

JEWELL

Me, too, Momma.

BOBI

I don't know how to protect you from these people...

He grabs her and hangs on. Bobi crying.

Bryant and Nadya are across the room. Jewell eyes them, while still embracing his mother:

JEWELL

Three days, Watson. She's had THREE DAYS to be proud of her son in her whole life. Now this. It ain't right.

BRYANT

Then are you ready to start fighting back?

Jewell nods. Yes, he's ready. Not a small moment.

144 EXT./INT. CHILIVIS BLDG./BRYANT'S 4RUNNER - MORNING 144

This normally dead street is PACKED with PRESS today.

Bryant drives Jewell into the driveway/alley of this building, his truck pushing the MOB aside as he smiles warmly for the cameras.

Instantly, Nadya (in her car) and Dave Dutchess (in his) pull their cars NOSE-TO-NOSE in front of the alley, blockading it behind Bryant's.

145 INT. CHILIVIS BLDG. - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 145

An odd, musty feel. Medieval TAPESTRIES hang on the wall. The shades are down because the MOB is right outside, in the alley -- so the room is sunless.

Jewell sits, scared, as he's wired by RICHARD RACKLEFF (50s, stocky, an FBI lifer, private sector now.)

JEWELL

Don't see why we can't just let the FBI do this.

BRYANT

You'd trust them with the results?

Bryant opens the shades, waves out the window.

JEWELL

Who ya wavin' to?

BRYANT

My new friends.

An FBI VAN WITH BUBBLE-WINDOWS sits across the street.

JEWELL

Oh...

Jewell's anxiety RISES. Rackleff looks to Bryant: Get lost. Bryant eyes Jewell... then leaves. We --

TIME CUT TO:

146 INT. CHILIVIS BLDG. - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 146

The polygraph. The pressure cuffs. The needle. And:

RACKLEFF

Richard, whose idea was it for you to take a polygraph test?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

Watson's.

Jewell's sweating. Rackleff eyes the readout.

RACKLEFF

How do you think you'll do on it?

JEWELL

Fine.

RACKLEFF

Do you know who put that bomb in  
Olympic Park?

Bang. Their eyes meet. Jewell gulps.

147 INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

147

Nadya rests on the couch. Bryant looks out the WINDOW at  
that BUBBLE-WINDOW VAN and the MOB loitering outside.

BRYANT

Can you make some more of those  
pirozhkis? They were good.

NADYA

Careful, Watson. In Russia if a  
woman makes pirozhkis twice for a  
man, it means they're engaged.

He grins. Rackleff enters, looking grim.

Bryant springs toward him, motioning for him to be QUIET,  
pointing to the ceiling and indicating, "BUGS."

Rackleff nods, leans in, and WHISPERS:

RACKLEFF

*Your boy is tanking. Hard.*

Bryant's eyes widen. Nadya's, too. Bryant WHISPERS  
BACK.

BRYANT

*What does that mean?*

RACKLEFF

*His pulse, respiration, and skin  
conductivity are all off the  
charts -- all pointing to massive  
deception. And guilt.*

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT  
(oh, fuck)  
I. Uh...

RACKLEFF  
*Looks to be in the throes of an  
anxiety attack. Think you could  
calm him down a little?*

148 INT. CHILIVIS BLDG. - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 148

A DONUT sits on a plate.

Jewell, still wired-up, eyes it. Bryant beside him.

JEWELL  
That mean I'm doin' bad?

BRYANT  
You're doing fine. He thinks your  
blood sugar's low. Eat it.

Jewell bites into the donut, his eyes shutting.

BRYANT  
Can I tell you something, Richard?  
(as Jewell shrugs)  
I went to Episcopal school as a  
kid. When I was in first grade,  
two nuns accused me of writing  
something unholy on my desk --

Jewell's wondering: Why is he telling me this?

BRYANT  
I hadn't done it, but they were  
*sure* I had. So they sent me back  
to kindergarten for a week -- just  
to humiliate me; then they asked  
me if I'd learned my lesson. I  
said I hadn't because *I hadn't*  
*written on the desk in the first*  
*place*. They asked me how I'd like  
to go sit in kindergarten for TWO  
weeks. I said, 'You can throw me  
in there for a year -- I still  
can't apologize for writing on the  
desk because I DIDN'T DO IT.'

JEWELL  
You said that to *nuns*?

BRYANT  
I did. And they backed off.  
(re: FBI agents)  
Power doesn't make a person right.  
Just tell your story, okay?

Jewell nods, ready.

149 INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - 4 HOURS LATER - DAY

149 \*

Bryant and Nadya sleep on the couch.

Rackleff enters after a 4-HOUR test, exhausted. Nadya bolts up. Bryant waits, afraid to breathe.

BRYANT  
(re: ceiling bugs)  
Maybe we should talk somewhere el--

RACKLEFF  
He passed, highest level. 'No deception indicated.'

Bryant wants to SHOUT or jump up and down. WE CAN WIN THIS THING. But he remains calm.

BRYANT  
Thank you.

Jewell appears, over Rackleff's shoulder. Equally exhausted. Bryant eyes him. A shared moment...

150 INT. AJC BUILDING - 8TH FLOOR - NEWSROOM - DAY

150

The place thrums. Kathy at her desk. Martz walks by:

MARTZ  
Anything interesting?

KATHY  
Gangland murder. Fucking yawn.

Martz smiles, moves on. Kathy typing away, when --

BRYANT (O.S.)  
Hi, Kathy.

She looks up. And her eyes go wide -- because:

HERE ARE BRYANT AND JEWELL. In the lions' den.

It comes to a halt. SILENCE. Kathy bracing herself --

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

It was a souvenir from the  
*bombing*. Not the *bomb*. I said  
that when you asked for a quote.

KATHY

I know. I'm sorry.

BRYANT

And who are you to make fun of a  
guy for staying with his mother?  
She was going to have SURGERY; he  
wanted to help her out. What's  
weird about that? Tell him.

(off no reply)

While you're at it you can tell  
him how he '*approached this*  
*newspaper* seeking publicity for  
his actions.' Which he didn't.

KATHY

That was added during editorial.

BRYANT

Or how he fits the lone-bomber  
profile to a T, a 'wannabe'  
seeking to become a hero, when all  
he did was actually SAVE LIVES.  
Go ahead. We've got all day.

KATHY

It was a mistake. I'm human.

BRYANT

So's Richard.

With that, Bryant and Jewell head out. Kathy's silent.

INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

Bobbi stands at a bank of microphones in a ballroom full  
of REPORTERS AND CAMERAS, Bryant just a few feet away as:

BOBI

I am so very drained. I hope and  
pray to God that this never  
happens to anybody else. I do not  
think any of you can even begin to  
imagine what our lives are like.

Shutters clicking, tape rolling. She goes on:

(CONTINUED)

BOBI

They have taken all privacy from  
us. They have taken all peace.  
They watch and photograph  
everything we do. And why?  
Because my son did his job,  
because he saved people.

Bobi looks to her side: Bryant, encouraging her...

BOBI

I am asking the President for help  
today. Mister President, my son  
is a hero. I think the FBI knows  
that by now; the evidence makes it  
plain. If they do not intend to  
charge my son, please tell us.  
Please tell the world...

Bobi has one more sentence to get through. And it is --

BOBI

Mister President, please clear my  
son's name...

And she loses it, breaking down in sobs, on camera.  
Bryant steps up, gently guiding her off the podium...

INT. HOTEL - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bobi is a wreck. Bryant leads her into a large KITCHEN --

Jewell has been waiting here among BUSBOYS and CHEFS.  
Bobi falls into his arms, sobbing.

JEWELL

Momma, it's awright...

BOBI

I don't know what happened. I  
thought I didn't have any more  
tears left. Was that okay,  
Watson?

Jewell and Bobi turn, and their jaws drop a bit because:

Bryant's eyes are wet, too. It shocks him as much as it  
shocks them. BUSBOYS watch. He gathers himself, then:

BRYANT

This all has to end now, Richard.  
I mean really end. You know that.  
(as Jewell nods)  
I'm calling the FBI.

(CONTINUED)

152

BOBI

Ya see? That's what I'm talkin'  
about. He just ain't afraid of  
nobody.

JEWELL

You should hear what he says to  
nuns, Momma.

Bryant studies Jewell -- a long beat -- then:

BRYANT

Let's go show 'em who you are.

153

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - MORNING

153

AMERICAN FLAGS and American power. OCTOBER 6, 1996.

154

INT. BOBI'S APT. - SAME TIME - MORNING

154

Jewell stands at a mirror, putting on a tie. Big day.

155

INT. BRYANT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - MORNING

155

Bryant knots a tie, too. Definitely the best-looking  
suit we've seen him in yet. Very lawyerly.

Nadya is at the desk, methodically packing all his FILES  
into a briefcase for him. Somber, but confident. Their  
eyes meet -- pure gratitude from Bryant.

156

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - DAY

156

Bryant's 4 Runner pulls up. Jewell and Bryant emerge, in  
suits.

157

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - LOBBY - DAY

157

Jewell signs in, Bryant behind him. A SECURITY GUARD  
(old, black) waves them through a METAL DETECTOR.

158

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - HALLWAY - DAY

158

Jewell and Bryant exit an elevator, led by Agent Bennet  
down a hallway to chairs outside a CONFERENCE ROOM door.

BENNET

We'll be right with you.

(CONTINUED)



Agent Bennet enters the conference room, leaving Jewell and Bryant alone in this quiet corridor. Silence.

BRYANT

They're going to ask to see me first. To set the ground rules.

JEWELL

I want them to know I'm not gay.

BRYANT

Believe me, you'll get the chance to tell them.

Shaw passes by, staring right through them before vanishing into the conference room.

Jewell eyes the floor. Then a SOUND. He turns:

It's an OFFICE CLERK... pushing a SUPPLY CART BY us. Pens, Scotch Tape, etc.

Jewell watches him go, memories swirling. Bryant, too.

BRYANT

See if he's got any Snickers bars, will ya?

Jewell almost laughs. Almost.

BRYANT

You know what a 1001 is, Richard?

JEWELL

Lying to a federal agent.

BRYANT

It's a felony. You say anything in there that isn't true, they can put you in jail *without* ever proving you're a bomber. So if you don't know what to say, you say nothing. You ask for a five-minute break, you consult with me. But you do not improvise. Got it?

Jewell nods. Bennet leans out of the conference room --

BENNET

Mister Bryant?

Bryant eyes Jewell: We've got this. Then ducks into:

159 INT. FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME 159

Windowless and lined with EVIDENCE: An actual BENCH from outside the tower, the actual PAY PHONE from the 9-1-1 call, aerial photos of Centennial Park. And:

Shaw, Bennet, and Bruce Hughes -- at a table.

BRYANT

Who does your decorating? Ted Kaczynski?

A small jab, but it made Bryant feel better. RETURN TO:

160 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - HALLWAY - RESUMING 160

Jewell sits, eyeing that Guy pushing the SUPPLY CART.

SUPPLY CART GUY comes to a door, opens it, disappears inside, leaving his CART in the hallway.

Jewell rises, without even knowing why, and drifts toward the cart, down the hall... Just about to reach it when...

DOOR OPENS. SUPPLY CART GUY emerging. Their eyes meet.

SUPPLY CART GUY

Can I help you?

JEWELL

No, I just...

Supply Cart Guy vanishes down the hall with his wares.

Jewell returns to his seat, just as --

The CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR OPENS. Bryant emerges.

BRYANT

Are you ready?

JEWELL

I think so.

BRYANT

I mean ready -- to look at these guys not as suspect to agent but as cop to cop. Don't give them any more deference than they're due, Richard. They don't deserve it. And DON'T keep calling them 'sir.'

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

They're still the U.S. Government.

BRYANT

No. They aren't the U.S. Government. They're just three pricks who WORK for the U.S. Government. Understand the difference? *Nobody* in that room is a better man than you, Richard. Believe me.  
(as that landed)  
You'll be fine.

A father-son moment. It got through. Jewell rises.

161 INT. FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONF. ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 161

Jewell enters. His accusers await. We --

TIME CUT TO:

162 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONF. ROOM - DAY (LATER) 162

Jewell has been in here for hours, flanked by Bryant.

SHAW

Richard, have you ever accessed an Internet site called Candyman's Candyland for information about *The Anarchist's Cookbook*?

JEWELL

No, I have not.

SHAW

But you did have police training in handling explosives.

BRYANT

We've covered this.

SHAW

Did you ever collect any pieces of pipe from Centennial Park when it was under construction?

JEWELL

No, I did not.

(CONTINUED)

SHAW

Did you ever tell anyone in that park, 'Take my picture now, 'cause one day I'm going to be famous'?

JEWELL

No, sir.  
(as Bryant eyes him)  
No, I did not.

SHAW

Sure about that?

JEWELL

Hundred percent.

SHAW

Did you ever tell anyone that you were on your way to Atlanta and 'It's gonna be a mess out there'?

JEWELL

I meant the traffic jams.

SHAW

Was there a specific reason you asked to be stationed at the sound and light tower?

JEWELL

I liked listening to the music. The night before, I'd had my mom come out to hear Kenny Rogers. Also, it was a great place to look at girls. I am not a homosexual.

SHAW

You and David Dutchess are not lovers?

BRYANT

Asked and answered.

SHAW

Richard, you said earlier that on the night of the explosion, as you were moving from the tower to the stage and back again, you did not have a fix on the time. Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

When you have the runs -- excuse me -- you're not thinking about what time it is. You're just trying to get to a bathroom.

SHAW

So you can't say exactly when you saw those drunks throwing the beer cans at the tower.

JEWELL

No.

SHAW

Or when you first saw the backpack?

JEWELL

That's correct.

SHAW

Had you ever seen a backpack like that before?

JEWELL

I suppose so.

SHAW

Had you ever seen that particular backpack before?

BRYANT

Asked and answered. Can we move on?

SHAW

Richard, did you conspire with David Dutchess or anyone else to plant a bomb at Centennial Park?

Jewell sags. We PUSH IN ON him, his eyes shut, as --

His MEMORY: the moment of the BLAST. Death in SLOW MOTION. Green down. Other COPS down. Alice Hawthorne dead. Fallon shrieking. Blood, smoke... Then --

CUT BACK TO:

164

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONF. ROOM - RESUMING  
(PRESENT)

164

Jewell opens his eyes. Bryant stepping in for him --

JEWELL

No.

SHAW

*Then how the fuck did you know to  
be behind that AT&T Tower at  
exactly the right moment so it'd  
protect you from the explosion?*

Jewell's knocked back. Shaw eyes him, venomous.

SHAW

Cops flying into the air. *I was  
one of 'em.* And you come out  
without a scratch. How is that?  
HOW IS THAT?

If Jewell is going to buckle, now is the moment... But:

JEWELL

Can I ask you fellas something:  
Do you have any kind of actual  
CASE against me?

That surprised EVERYONE -- Bryant, the feds. But --

... It's time to speak truth to power, at last:

JEWELL

I mean evidence. Was there  
anything in my mother's  
Tupperware? Any bomb-making  
materials in her apartment?

BRYANT

Richard, you don't need to  
volunteer anything here. Let's  
let them ask the --

JEWELL

-- I used to think federal law  
enforcement was just about the  
highest calling a person could  
aspire to. But I hafta say, I  
don't anymore. Not after all  
this.

Bryant just decided to let Jewell go...

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

I did my job that night. Some people are alive right now 'cause of that. But the next time some security guard sees a suspicious package somewhere, ya think he's gonna call it in? I doubt it. He's gonna say to himself, 'I don't wanna be another Richard Jewell. So I'm just gonna run.' And how's that make anybody any safer?

(as no one replies)

You-all can keep followin' me; I guess I can stand it. But every second you spend on me is time you aren't on the guy who actually DID it. And like Watson said, what happens when he does it again?

(as again, no answer)

So, are you gonna charge me with anything? Can you?

The truth? No. They can't. They don't have anything.

JEWELL

Then I'm gonna go now.

He rises, heads for the door. Bryant smiles proudly.

165 INT. FBI - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER 165

Jewell and Bryant climb in. The doors shut. Bryant is near tears with pride. Jewell, too.

166 INT. FBI OFFICE (ATLANTA) - CONF. ROOM - SAME TIME 166

Shaw sits alone. Done. And he knows it.

167 EXT. MONACO APTS. - BOBI'S FRONT DOOR - DAY (LATER) 167

Bryant walks Jewell to the door. Knocks.

Bobi opens up, studies their faces for a clue... a sign.

BOBI

How'd you do?

Bryant's about to answer but the words sputter a bit -- there's some surprising emotion behind them. Then:

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

He did great.

Bobi wraps her boy in a hug. Bryant smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Jewell and Bryant sit, not eating, both tense. People recognize Jewell, but no one meets his eye.

Shaw enters the coffee shop, spots them, heads over.

SHAW

Gentlemen.

BRYANT

Agent Shaw.

Barely acknowledging Jewell at all, Shaw extracts a letter from a briefcase, handing it to Bryant --

BRYANT

What's this?

Shaw nods, "Read it." Bryant does so. Two paragraphs --

Beginning with: "Your client is no longer a suspect in the investigation of..."

BRYANT

I'm assuming you'll be announcing this to all the major news outlets -- Tom Brokaw and the like.

SHAW

Mr. Bryant, I still think your client is guilty as hell.

No reply. Shaw goes. Jewell is silent.

JEWELL

So... It's over? Really over?

BRYANT

Over. You won, Richard.

And it all hits -- hard. The MONTHS of wounds, tension, grief. Jewell tries not to cry, but it's impossible -- his head drops. A BIG SOB spills out.

(CONTINUED)



Bryant takes his hand. Jewell keeps crying. He grabs at that letter, pulls it close. We LEAVE them here...

INT. BOBI'S APT. - SAME TIME

Bobi opens the door to find 20 FBI GUYS standing here, with CARDBOARD BOXES.

BOBI

Oh.

In they come, bearing her returned belongings. BOXES, left in the middle of the room.

Bobi opens a box. All her TUPPERWARE inside. Each piece has NUMBERS on it now, in black marker. She sighs.

We FIND that PORTRAIT on the wall -- Jewell in the uniform of the HABERSHAM COUNTY POLICE. Then we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUTHERSVILLE POLICE DEPT. - HQ - DAY (2003)

Jewell is in uniform again -- now as a Luthersville, Ga. POLICE OFFICER. He's at a table, cataloguing evidence. ANOTHER COP passes by:

OTHER LUTHERSVILLE COP

I'm goin' to the diner, Richard.  
You want anythin'?

JEWELL

Naah. Brought my own. Thanks.

Other Cop smiles, goes. Jewell is "one of the guys" around here. Respected. That feels pretty great.

As he continues to work, we --

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Richard Jewell served with distinction in the Luthersville, Ga. Police Department."

"He brought lawsuits against Piedmont College, NBC, the *New York Post*, and CNN -- winning settlements from each."

Just then, he looks up to find BRYANT standing here.

JEWELL

Hey, Watson! How you doin'?  
How's Nadya?

(CONTINUED)

BRYANT

They found him, Richard.  
(as Jewell's a blank)  
Eric Rudolph -- just confessed to  
planting the bomb at Centennial  
Park.

SILENCE. It takes a second for that to land -- every  
other COP in here looking to Jewell now...

But Jewell doesn't react. Just can't.

JEWELL

When's he being arraigned?

BRYANT

I don't know.

JEWELL

Find out, okay?

Bryant nods...

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY (2005)

Jewell and Bryant emerge from a COURTROOM. THROUGH a  
door behind them we see a man (ERIC RUDOLPH) in an ORANGE  
JUMPSUIT being led away. We --

SUPERIMPOSE:

"The real bomber, Eric Rudolph, was captured and  
sentenced to four life sentences on domestic terrorism  
charges -- including the bombing at Centennial Park."

The courtroom door closes. Bryant and Jewell head down  
this corridor toward the exit.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Kathy Scruggs died at the age of 42. Medical examiners  
were unable to confirm if the cause had been intentional  
or accidental. Agent Tom Shaw died a year and a half  
later of a heart attack, still convinced of Richard  
Jewell's guilt."

Jewell and Bryant enter the elevator.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jewell and Bryant descend in silence... until:

(CONTINUED)

JEWELL

Oh. Almost forgot. This is for you.

Jewell hands Bryant an envelope.

BRYANT

What is it?

Jewell shrugs, "Open it." Bryant opens it:

Inside, a 100-dollar bill. Bryant grins...

JEWELL

All square?

Bryant nods, his fondness obvious. But just then --

The elevator stops on 8 and a GUY gets in. Call him JOE NOBODY. The doors close.

Down we go, in silence. But --

Joe Nobody grimaces. He KNOWS he recognizes Jewell from somewhere. Just can't figure out where. It's bugging him.

Jewell and Bryant have experienced this 500 times now. It's always annoying. But they let it go.

We can feel Joe Nobody racking his memory. Where have I seen this guy's face before? But he's drawing blanks.

Elevator stops on the 2nd floor. Joe gets out. Finally.

Then, just as the doors start to close, his eyes light up. It just came to him. He turns to Jewell, so excited:

JOE NOBODY

Now I remember! You're the  
Olympic bomber.

That lands on the faces of Jewell and Bryant -- a sense that this will never end, not really, anyway. Jewell knows that in his soul.

As the doors close, we hear...

WATSON

No, he's the hero.

As he will forever come to his defense.

...continue the EPILOGUE:

(CONTINUED)

"In 2007, with his suit against the *Atlanta Journal Constitution* entering its eleventh year, Richard Jewell died, at the age of 44, of heart failure."

"Five months later, the suit was dismissed."

FADE OUT.

THE END

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