

A Guy  
in a Bar

By

Tyray D. Fowlkes

A troubled ex-marine seeks revenge after falling victim to mail fraud, unaware that illegal MK-Ultra experiments still control his mind.

[thereelgrownman@icloud.com](mailto:thereelgrownman@icloud.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. VIETNAM - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A montage of chaos unfolds, capturing the brutality of combat in Vietnam, 1974.

Amidst the turmoil, we see a young WILBUR ROVSKI (20M), his face a mask of fear and determination, fighting for survival.

His platoon is under siege, the air thick with the sounds of artillery and the frantic shouts.

A sergeant barks orders, urgency lacing his voice. Wilbur, heart racing, sprints behind a fellow soldier, desperation etched on his face.

**BOOM! CRASH! BOOM!**

Explosions erupt around him, sending shockwaves through the platoon.

The captain, isolated in his command post, frantically communicates over the radio, his voice barely audible above the chaos.

Wilbur spots a wounded marine and rushes toward him, but before he can reach him—

**BOOM!**

A grenade detonates nearby, hurling Wilbur through the air. He collides violently with a tree, everything fading to black.

EXT. VIETNAM WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Wilbur awakens, disoriented, dragged through the underbrush by soldiers in Vietnamese fatigues.

His hands and feet are bound, and his mouth is gagged. Panic surges within him.

He screams, but only faint voices echo around him—American accents cutting through the haze of fear.

SOLDIER 1  
(frantic)  
We aren't prepared for this!

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SOLDIER 2  
(shouting)  
GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME! QUIET HIM  
DOWN AND RESPOND TO THEM ON YOUR DAMN  
RADIO!

Wilbur struggles against his captors, desperation fueling his movements.

The generals pause, their focus shifting to him. Barges delivers a brutal punch, knocking Wilbur out cold.

A bag is placed over his head, plunging him into darkness.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - BORDER MOTEL - ROOM 15 - MORNING

The scene shifts to the present. WILBUR ROVSKI (69M) jolts awake, gasping for breath, relief mingling with the weight of his memories.

He reaches for his medication on the nightstand, hands trembling.

**BOTTLE ONE:** "Depression"

**BOTTLE TWO:** "Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder"

He takes a pill from each bottle, swallowing them down with a desperate gulp of water, as if trying to wash away the ghosts of his past.

Lying back in bed, he stares at the ceiling, profound sadness in his eyes.

A moment of stillness passes before he rises, the weight of his years evident in his movements.

He retrieves his room key-card from the dresser, the small action heavy with significance. He walks slowly toward the door, opening it to reveal-

EXT. HOTEL ROOM 15 - CONTINUOUS

Bright sunlight floods in, illuminating the dusty desert road ahead.

Wilbur steps outside, his gait reflecting the burden of his past, as he walks down the road, each step a testament to survival amidst the shadows of memory.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Wilbur enters the bar, the atmosphere thick with unwelcoming stares from the locals.

He approaches the counter, where the bartender, LANCE(34M), sizes him up before engaging.

Lance pours a drink, the sound of liquid filling the glass punctuating the tension.

LANCE  
(casually)  
How you holding up, old timer?

WILBUR  
(with a wry smile)  
I'm a new timer.

LANCE  
What's a new timer?

WILBUR  
Someone who don't tolerate no shit.

LANCE  
(grinning)  
I like the sound of that, Mr...?

WILBUR  
(with a hint of pride)  
Bill.

LANCE  
Alright, Bill.

Lance slides the freshly poured glass in front of Wilbur, who studies it.

WILBUR  
You knew I'd like whiskey?

LANCE  
(shrugging)  
The odds were good... and I market this whiskey on the side.

Wilbur raises an eyebrow, mildly impressed. Lance leans in, curiosity piqued.

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LANCE (CONT'D)  
You know, Bill, folks around here  
don't take kindly to new faces.

WILBUR  
(with a steely gaze)  
I'm not a new face.

Wilbur downs his drink, slamming the glass onto the counter,  
the sound echoing in the tense silence.

LANCE  
Oh, well, I'm sorry.

WILBUR  
(with a smirk)  
You weren't even a thought back then.

Lance pours another drink, and Wilbur downs it without  
hesitation.

LANCE  
You down your drinks like a thirty-  
year-old.

WILBUR  
Good ol' whiskey... separates the  
young from the old, and the weak from  
the strong.

Lance chuckles, and Wilbur glances around the room, meeting  
the glaring eyes of the locals.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
(brazenly)  
SO, ANY OF YOU LOCALS WANNA PAY THIS  
YOUNG MAN FOR MY DRINKS?

LOCAL 1  
(scoffing)  
AND WHY WOULD WE WANNA DO THAT?

WILBUR  
(voice rising)  
BECAUSE I SERVED IN THE VIETNAM WAR  
AND WENT THROUGH SOME SHIT FOR THIS  
SO-CALLED COUNTRY WE LOVE SO MUCH.

A few locals chuckle, while others remain stone-faced. Lance  
watches, a mix of nervousness and intrigue on his face.

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LOCAL 1  
(smiling now)  
WELL, SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, HECK  
YEAH, WE'LL PAY FOR YOUR DRINKS AND  
BUY YOU TEN MORE!

Wilbur lifts his glass in a toast to the locals, a glimmer of camaraderie forming.

LOCAL 1 (CONT'D)  
Hey Lance, who's your friend there?

LANCE  
(grinning)  
Bill, and his first two drinks are on  
the house.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT

A week passes, and the atmosphere has shifted. Wilbur has clearly made an impression. Laughter fills the air as he shares stories with the locals.

WILBUR  
(animated)  
Shit, I remember this one time back in  
'81. The vet hospital told me to see a  
psychiatrist for my disability, and I  
had this forty-five-year-old in  
stitches. I could tell what she really  
wanted.

The locals lean in, captivated.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
Of course, we had a few nights off the  
clock, and she couldn't get enough of  
ole Bill.

The men laugh heartily.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
One thing she asked me that I'll  
remember to this day: "What effect has  
the world had on you?" I said, "The  
world is fucked."

The bar erupts in laughter.

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WILBUR (CONT'D)  
(with a twinkle in his eye)  
Ms. Glory was her name. And, oh man,  
was she a screamer.

LOCAL 3  
(exclaims, grinning)  
GLORY! GLORY!

The locals erupt in laughter, whistling and cheering at Wilbur's story.

He takes a hearty swig of his drink, savoring the moment as the noise begins to settle.

LOCAL 2  
You sure dodged that one. So, in all your near seventy years, have you finally realized that beautiful-looking cherry pie was full of shit the whole time?

WILBUR  
(leaning in, playful)  
I'll go a step further—it wasn't a cherry pie at all; it was a big ole shit pie! I just never took a whiff. Just dove right in.

The locals roar with laughter, the kind that comes from shared understanding. Lance shakes his head, a mix of admiration and disbelief.

LANCE  
(chuckling)  
Damn, you're a wild man. It don't matter what age you are; we all see the shit.

LOCAL 1  
Yeah, listening to this man could teach the younger generations a thing or two.

WILBUR  
(with a smirk)  
You sure? I might still be full of shit.

Another round of hearty laughter fills the bar, the bond between them growing stronger.

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Just then, a striking woman, PAMELA (64F), saunters up to the bar, her confidence radiating as she locks eyes with Wilbur.

PAMELA  
(voice sultry)  
What is it that you do besides coming  
to this bar and going home all alone?

The room quiets, all eyes on Wilbur, anticipation hanging in the air.

WILBUR  
(with a sly grin)  
I just come to this bar and go home  
all alone.

He smirks at Pamela, a glimmer of mischief in his eyes as she walks away, leaving a trail of intrigue behind her.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - MIDNIGHT

Wilbur takes his final swig of whiskey, savoring the warmth as it slides down.

The bar is dimly lit, thick with the remnants of laughter and camaraderie. As he sets the glass down, Pamela glides by, her presence magnetic.

She discreetly slides a napkin in front of him, a playful smile dancing on her lips.

Wilbur's gaze follows her, admiring the curve of her back as she settles into a nearby seat, taking a sultry sip of her beer.

She catches his eye over the rim of her glass, her expression inviting yet mysterious. Wilbur smirks, intrigued, and unfolds the napkin.

The note reads: "*No need for smart phones,*" followed by her phone number, scrawled in elegant handwriting.

He glances back at Pamela, who lifts her beer in a silent toast, her eyes sparkling with mischief. The connection between them crackles with unspoken promise.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - PAMELA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The scene shifts to a more intimate setting. Wilbur and Pamela are entwined in a passionate embrace, their bodies moving in sync, lost in the moment.

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The room is dimly lit, shadows dancing on the walls as they explore each other, laughter and whispers mingling with the soft sounds of the night.

As the camera pulls back, the lights in the room gradually dim, enveloping them in darkness, a testament to the night they've shared.

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - AMANDA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

AMANDA (49F), striking with long hair and an infectious smile, is on her phone speaking with her ex-boyfriend, LIONEL (35M).

LIONEL (O.S.)

That diner's had enough of you. Let's hang out for a bit.

AMANDA

Lionel, I'm too old to "hang out."

LIONEL (O.S.)

(laughs)

You should adopt this knew thing called, "hanging out," all the kids are doin' it.

Amanda has a look of sarcasm.

AMANDA

I know 'you know' what all the kids are up to nowadays.

LIONEL (O.S.)

See, that's why we broke up. You dwell on the past too much. You still bringing up the age difference. It's a shame, though. Do you realize what you're passing up... all this.

Amanda scoffs at her reflection in the mirror, tugging at the skin on her cheekbone, trying to smooth out the lines.

LIONEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You couldn't handle the pressure of all the women I turned down just to be with you.

Amanda laughs, shaking her head with a hint of sarcasm.

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AMANDA

Oh, I'm sure it was thousands of women. But honestly, all these dives around here are meant for 21-year-olds anyway.

INT. LIONEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lionel sprays on cologne, excitement gleaming in his eyes as he rubs lotion on his face and slicks back his black hair.

He gives himself a sexy glance in the mirror, clearly reserved for Amanda.

LIONEL

I was thinkin' that Hurricane Bar and Lounge place over in Fort Valley.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

AMANDA

Well...

LIONEL (O.S.)

Great, see you in a few. I'm already dressed.

Amanda quickly responds.

AMANDA

Lionel, wait!

She hears the line click, looks at the phone, and smirks as she tosses it onto the bed.

She walks over to her closet and changes into a nice summer dress.

Amanda glances at a framed picture of her mother with the inscription, "In Loving Memory of Leslie Ann Petesburg." A look of sadness crosses her face as she reaches for her silver earrings.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT

Amanda and Lionel enter the bar, and the locals turn to stare at them, especially Amanda, for various reasons.

AMANDA

(muttering to Lionel)

I'm gonna totally ignore the staring.

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Lionel escorts Amanda to a table, pulling out a chair for her. They sit down as the locals continue to watch.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur observes them from the bar; amusement mixed with curiosity in his gaze. LANCE walks over to refill Wilbur's glass.

WILBUR  
Welcome wagon time.

Lance chuckles and walks away. Wilbur continues to sip his whiskey, but Pamela tries to get his attention. He's too preoccupied, his focus on Amanda.

Pamela's expression shifts to slight anger as she realizes he's staring at Amanda.

INT. AMANDA AND LIONEL'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda notices the locals beginning to ease up on their stares, except for Pamela, who glares at her while taking an angry swig of beer.

Lionel, noticing the servers are busy, stands up and walks over to the bar, leaving Amanda sitting alone. She exhales an annoyed sigh.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Lionel approaches the bartender, standing next to Wilbur.

LANCE  
What can I get you?

LIONEL  
Apple Martini and a Beer.

Wilbur takes a swig of his whiskey and turns to Lionel with a fatherly look in his eyes. Lionel struggles with a sense of unease, feeling Wilbur's gaze burning into him.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
What's up?

WILBUR  
You know that's not the smartest move,  
not too gentlemanly.

Lionel follows Wilbur's gaze and realizes Amanda is sitting

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by herself, looking uncomfortable.

LIONEL  
I'll remember that for future  
reference.

WILBUR  
College man, sorry if I overstepped.

Lance sits the drinks onto the bar, and Lionel hands him his credit card.

LIONEL  
Leave it open.

Wilbur maintains his composure, feigning indifference as Lionel walks away with both drinks in hand.

WILBUR  
He won't do that again.

Lance smirks as Wilbur takes one last look at the now annoyed Amanda, watching as Lionel places the drinks down on the table.

Pamela is fuming, not one to be disrespected, especially after sharing a night of passion with a man. Wilbur stands up and downs the rest of his drink.

LANCE  
You outta here?

WILBUR  
Yeah.

Wilbur exits through the back door.

INT. AMANDA AND LIONEL'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda catches Pamela's scowling glance. The song on the jukebox stops, and the locals are now enjoying their liquor highs.

LOCAL 4  
You're so pretty, you look so  
familiar.

AMANDA  
My family's from here, maybe you knew  
my mother, we looked just alike.

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LOCAL 4  
Leslie?

Amanda confirms with a nod, but a look of sadness lingers in.

LOCAL 4 (CONT'D)  
My condolences, she was sweet and very  
heartbroken.

Amanda smiles, a mix of gratitude and confusion in her expression. Just then, Pamela takes her last swig of beer, glaring at Amanda with simmering anger before storming out of the bar.

Lionel, sensing the shift in the atmosphere, plays a fast song on the jukebox.

Amanda stands up, feeling the rhythm, and dances with him. The locals watch, surprised, as if to say, "That's wild; nobody ever dances here."

LOCAL 6  
(shouting over the music)  
Look at them go!

Amanda and Lionel share a laugh, their chemistry palpable as they dance, momentarily forgetting the tension in the room.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT 2:00 A.M.

Amanda and Lionel, after several fun hours at the bar, stumble out, Amanda giggling drunkenly.

LIONEL  
(suddenly sobering)  
AWWW DAMN! ARE YOU FREAKIN' SERIOUS?!

He discovers both tires are flat, each with a huge slit mark.

AMANDA  
(gasping)  
Lionel, look! Two flat tires!

LIONEL  
Yeah, I noticed.

Amanda points at the tires, slightly swaying. She leans against Lionel, beginning to drunkenly sob on his shoulder.

Lionel examines the slit marks, confusion crossing his face.

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He dismisses his concern to console Amanda.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
It's okay, no big deal.

Amanda takes a deep breath, calming down.

EXT. HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT 4:00 A.M.

A Triple-A tow truck arrives.

CUT TO:

INT. LIONEL'S CAR

The tow truck driver pulls up behind them.

LIONEL  
(relieved)  
Took long enough.

EXT. LIONEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lionel gets out of the car to meet him.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
Man, did y'all piss someone off?

He points to the huge slit marks on both tires. Lionel's annoyance flares.

LIONEL  
(raising his voice)  
Yeah, keep your voice down!

Amanda, now somewhat sobered, steps out of the vehicle and walks over to Lionel.

She silently speculates about the incident as the tow truck driver connects the car to his flatbed.

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - AMANDA'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAWN

Amanda glances out the window as the tow truck drives off, then plops down onto her bed.

On the nightstand, a picture of Leslie Ann Petesburg catches the light, hinting at the emotional weight of the moment.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - MORNING

Wilbur enters the bar, greeted by the familiar hum of local chatter.

He nods to the locals, including Lance, who leans against the bar with a knowing smile.

LOCAL 5  
(raising an eyebrow)  
Gettin' an early start today, huh?

WILBUR  
(grinning)  
Gotta wet this new whistle.

LANCE  
Those new kids were here till closin'.

Wilbur takes a seat, the bar's atmosphere buzzing around him.

LOCAL 5 (O.C.)  
Those two were waiting on a tow truck.  
Some joker flattened their tires.

Wilbur's attention drifts as he sips his whiskey, the locals' conversation fading into the background.

LOCAL 3 (O.C.)  
What?!

LOCAL 5 (O.C.)  
Yeah, slashed two of their tires.

LOCAL 4 (O.C.)  
Well, that 'is' Leslie's daughter.

LOCAL 3 (O.C.)  
Leslie who?

Wilbur's gaze sharpens, as if a memory has just flickered to life.

LOCAL 4 (O.C.)  
Leslie Ann Petesburg.

Wilbur's expression darkens, lost in thought as the locals' chatter continues, a distant echo.

LOCAL 3  
That's a blast from hell. She was

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Satan on stilts over some guy.

Laughter erupts from the group, but Wilbur remains pensive, his mind racing.

LOCAL 4  
(laughing)  
She was just a kid back then. But her daughter's nice—unlike her!

The camera focuses on Wilbur, who seems to be wrestling with his thoughts.

FLIRTATIOUS MAN  
(flirting)  
I'm deep, baby. Full of mystery.

DRUNK WOMAN  
(scoffing)  
You're just as shallow as my drink.  
Lance, why is my drink empty?

Laughter fills the air, but Wilbur's focus remains elsewhere.

LOCAL 3  
Her daughter?

LOCAL 4  
Yeah, that was her daughter.

LOCAL 3  
I pay no attention, especially when her name comes up.

The crowd of locals gathers around, their curiosity piqued.

LANCE  
I've been meaning to ask you; you said you grew up around here? 'Cause nobody here remembers you.

Wilbur snaps back to reality, a flicker of discomfort crossing his face.

WILBUR  
I was here for a while. It's all still such a blur.

He drifts back into thought, tension building. Lance places a hand on Wilbur's arm, concern etched on his face.

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LANCE  
You alright?

Wilbur nods, taking a slow sip of his whiskey, but the unease lingers.

LOCAL 4 (O.C.)  
Not too much happens around here.  
Weird their tires were slashed.

LOCAL 5 (O.C.)  
Some people just have hidden anger in  
'em.

Wilbur interrupts, his voice low and intense.

WILBUR  
I know, I was one of them.

The room falls silent, all eyes on him, intrigued.

LOCAL 5  
Do tell, Bill.

Wilbur leans in, his tone shifting to something darker.

WILBUR  
I was on the phone with this rude vet  
disability rep. I found out where he  
worked and waited for him in the  
parking lot. Then... boom! There he  
was, just as smug and arrogant as  
ever!

The locals exchange uneasy glances, the atmosphere thickening with tension. Suddenly, Wilbur smirks, laughter bubbling up in a way that feels unsettling.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
You still don't believe I'm might be  
full of shit.

Relief washes over the group as they laugh, but Wilbur's eyes betray a deeper truth. He takes another sip, a glint of deceit flickering across his face.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - LORRAINE'S TRUCK STOP RESTAURANT -  
NIGHT

Amanda leaves work, her footsteps echoing in the quiet night. She pauses, spotting a strange black monster truck parked

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across the street.

A mysterious figure sits inside, staring intently at her. She squints, trying to recognize the person, but decides to ignore it.

Unlocking her car door, she slips inside and drives off, the monster truck remaining still in the shadows.

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - AMANDA'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Amanda throws her purse onto the bed, a sigh escaping her lips as she sinks down in mild despair.

The room is dimly lit, shadows creeping in as the weight of the day settles on her shoulders.

Her gaze drifts across the room, landing on an unopened priority package gathering dust on her dresser.

The label reads: "LESLIE ANN PETESBURG," with a redacted return address.

She stands, drawn to the box as if it holds the answers to her unspoken questions. A moment of hesitation hangs in the air.

Zoom in on the unopened package, the name "LESLIE ANN PETESBURG" stark against the brown cardboard.

Suddenly, her phone buzzes, breaking the silence. "Lionel calling." She hesitates, glancing at the package before answering.

AMANDA  
(annoyed)  
Lionel, what do you want?

LIONEL (O.S.)  
You weren't gonna answer, were you?

Amanda rolls her eyes, frustration bubbling beneath the surface.

AMANDA  
You can't keep doin' this. Waiting two weeks to call me at a time.

LIONEL (O.S.)  
It's not like we're dating. I'm giving you your space.

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Amanda scoffs, her irritation palpable.

AMANDA  
That's not what I meant!

LIONEL (O.S.)  
What did I miss?

AMANDA  
Nothin, I'm just on edge.

LIONEL (O.S.)  
We had a good time last time, I  
thought.

AMANDA  
Until we didn't. Don't you have a  
girlfriend yet? Call her and bug her!

Lionel persists, undeterred.

LIONEL (O.S.)  
You don't mean that. I'm just throwing  
caution to the wind here. Let me make  
it up to you. Be ready in thirty.

Before Amanda can respond, he hangs up. She stares at the phone, exasperated.

AMANDA  
Lionel, ugh!

She lets out a frustrated groan, but a hint of amusement flickers across her face. *"He's kinda cute,"* she thinks, shaking her head as she fights to suppress a smile.

The festive music from the next scene begins to seep in, creating a stark contrast to her internal turmoil.

With a deep breath, she walks over to the closet, but the camera lingers on the unopened package, capturing the weight of her decision.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - NIGHT 7:30 P.M.

Wilbur sits at the bar, nursing his whiskey. His expression is troubled, a stark contrast to his usual demeanor.

He stares into his glass, lost in thought, as if the weight of the world is pressing down on him. Lance slides over,

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sensing the tension.

LANCE

That woman from the other  
night—fucking gorgeous, huh, Bill?

WILBUR

(flatly)

Right.

Wilbur's anger simmers beneath the surface, his grip  
tightening around the glass.

INT. PAMELA'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Pamela struggles to engage GARCIA (57M), stealing glances at  
Wilbur. Frustration builds within her.

PAMELA

(leaning in)

Don't get too drunk tonight. I need  
you to perform well.

Garcia interrupts, his attention elsewhere.

GARCIA

Hope that little ray of sunshine comes  
in tonight.

Pamela's patience snaps.

PAMELA

(yelling)

DON'T YOU HEAR ME TALKING TO YOU! YOU  
FUCKING LUSH?

She throws her drink in his face, the locals turning to  
watch.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

SHE'S IN HER GRAVE, NOW THAT WHORE'S  
DAUGHTER IS BEING THROWN IN MY FACE!

LOCAL 4

What's the matter, Pam?!

PAMELA

I DON'T GET IGNORED!

Her gaze lands on Wilbur, drawing everyone's attention.

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PAMELA (CONT'D)  
BY ANYONE!

Wilbur remains in his own world, sipping his whiskey, unfazed.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
She's just like her mother, I can tell.

Wilbur continues to sip, his expression hardening.

LANCE  
Pam, you need to calm down.

PAMELA  
You don't even know him! Nobody knows him! You old man stride into this bar, and no one knows you.

The locals glance at Wilbur, who gulps down his drink and stands to leave.

GARCIA  
Calm down, baby, I'm sorry.

He steps in front of her as she watches Wilbur exit through the back. Pamela stares at his empty seat, rolls her eyes, and storms out, locals calling after her. Garcia slumps back into his drunken stupor.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - STREET - LATER

CUT TO:

INT. LIONEL'S CAR

Lionel drives, discomfort etched on his face. Amanda stares out the window, lost in thought. Lionel reaches for her hand, but she pulls away.

AMANDA  
What are you doing? Where are we going?

LIONEL  
(defensively)  
You're really going out of your way to shut me down.

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AMANDA  
I'm here, aren't I?

LIONEL  
Only 'cause I made you.

Amanda turns to him, her expression a mix of frustration and defiance.

AMANDA  
Lionel, I don't do anything I don't want to do.

Lionel raises an eyebrow, a hint of sarcasm creeping into his voice.

LIONEL  
Oh, so you do wanna be here with me?

Amanda smirks, a playful glint in her eyes.

AMANDA  
For real, where are we going?

LIONEL  
Someplace nice.

Lionel glances into his pocket, his fingers brushing against a small clear box containing a ring. He quickly pulls his hand back, a thoughtful expression crossing his face.

AMANDA  
Lionel, it's always a blast with you, but I need to start moving on and focusing on new things.

LIONEL  
I'm not stopping you.

AMANDA  
(firmly)  
You don't get it. No more random calls from you. Stop assuming I have nothing else to do. I may be older, but I still have a lot going on.

Lionel looks at her, a hint of sarcasm in his tone.

LIONEL  
Like what?

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Amanda's frustration boils over.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
You're so dramatic.

AMANDA  
Take me home, Lionel!

LIONEL  
What?

AMANDA  
Take me home! I don't appreciate you  
diminishing my feelings!

Lionel's expression hardens, anger flaring.

LIONEL  
I'm not doing that, Amanda!

AMANDA  
I'm serious! Turn the car around,  
right now, and take me home!

Lionel grips the steering wheel, his voice rising.

LIONEL  
I haven't been just calling you  
because I need something to do either!  
I fucking love you!

Amanda is taken aback, speechless. Confusion washes over her face.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry if you think that I don't  
pay attention to a lot of things...  
but... (hesitant) I do.

Amanda remains silent, processing his words. Lionel makes a turn down another street, a hint of humor returning to his expression.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
I'm hybrid—a perfect combination of  
love and guilt.

Amanda smirks, a playful challenge in her eyes.

AMANDA  
Well, that was definitely something. I

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

didn't know you had any feelings at all.

Lionel laughs, his demeanor softening as he gazes into her eyes. He reaches out, gently tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, his touch tender.

Lionel leans in and kisses Amanda on the cheek, a moment of intimacy shared between them.

INT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - RILEY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
10:00 P.M.

Lionel and Amanda sit in a cozy booth, the ambiance romantic with candlelight flickering around them. The air is filled with the aroma of delicious entrees and soft conversations.

AMANDA

Nice place. Definitely a change.

LIONEL

I knew you would like it.

Lionel's gaze lingers on Amanda, a smile playing on his lips.

AMANDA

You think you know everything.

LIONEL

I do, I even know what you're thinking.

Amanda smirks, teasing him.

AMANDA

You...

Lionel cuts her off, feigning surprise.

LIONEL

...YOU DO?

Amanda bursts into laughter, the tension easing.

AMANDA

I'm just glad we're here instead of that stupid bar. They were pretending that they liked my mother. Phonies.

LIONEL

Why do you care about them liking your

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

mother so much?

Amanda's expression shifts, a hint of vulnerability surfacing.

AMANDA

My mother's death wasn't an accident.

Lionel's eyes widen, surprise etched on his face.

LIONEL

Really?! As long as I've known you, you've never told me that.

Amanda's vulnerability deepens, her eyes glistening. Lionel's confusion grows, silently wondering what's really going on with her.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Is that what you're trying to move on from?

Amanda's expression shifts, a revelation dawning on her.

AMANDA

I can't believe all the attention we were getting, especially that woman scowling at me all night.

Lionel takes a sip of his wine, pondering her words.

LIONEL

That weirdo at the bar was in your grill too much. She was jealous.

Amanda raises an eyebrow, taken aback.

AMANDA

A weirdo was staring at me?

LIONEL

Yeah, he gave me shit about not being a gentlemen. He was kinda old.

Amanda chuckles, amusement creeping in despite the tension.

AMANDA

Yeah, but what does that have to do with her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIONEL  
She was staring at him, too.

Amanda pauses, processing this.

AMANDA  
She was jealous because of some weird  
guy staring at me from the bar?

Lionel shrugs, a playful grin on his face.

LIONEL  
Maybe.

Amanda shakes her head, a smile breaking through.

AMANDA  
It doesn't matter. I won't be back.

The camera zooms out from Amanda and Lionel inside the restaurant to the outside street.

We see the black monster truck pull up, a mysterious figure inside staring at them.

The engine revs ominously before it drives off into the night.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - RILEY'S RESTAURANT - MIDNIGHT

Amanda and Lionel walk toward Lionel's car, the night air cool and crisp. Lionel's expression is serious, his hand buried in his pocket.

LIONEL  
(stopping, facing Amanda)  
You know, what I said earlier, they  
weren't just words.

Amanda stares at him, speechless. Lionel's frustration bubbles over as he walks toward the driver's side of his car.

Suddenly, the black monster truck speeds down the road, barreling toward Lionel. Amanda, still caught up in the moment, doesn't notice.

AMANDA  
Lionel! Don't be mad.

The truck strikes Lionel with a sickening thud, the impact violent and shocking. The bottom half of Lionel crumples near

(CONTINUED)

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the curb, while the top half lands on the other side of the street.

The monster truck roars past, making a sharp turn around the corner, leaving chaos in its wake.

Amanda stands frozen in shock, her scream piercing the night as people rush out of the restaurant, drawn by the commotion.

The top half of Lionel shakes violently, a haunting image of the aftermath.

The camera pulls back, capturing the horror unfolding as Amanda collapses to her knees, tears streaming down her face, surrounded by a crowd of stunned onlookers.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - RILEY'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda stands beside an officer, visibly shaken.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (43M) observes from a distance, waiting for the officer to finish.

The officer walks away, and Dt. Greshim approaches Amanda, who is still in shock.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
I'm sorry for your loss.

AMANDA  
I already spoke with the officers.

Her eyes glisten with tears.

Dt. Greshim reaches into the ambulance, retrieves a few tissues, and hands them to her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
Were you able to get a license plate?

AMANDA  
No.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
Any other details you might remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

I told you; it was a black monster truck with tinted windows. That's all I saw.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM

I understand. I'm actually working another case, but I need to know if you saw anything unusual.

AMANDA

I didn't see who was driving.

Dt. Greshim nods, his demeanor calm and reassuring.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM

Yeah, I figured. This guy wasn't exactly blending in.

Amanda notices a hint of charm in Dt. Greshim's approach.

AMANDA

I don't know what else I can do to help. It was the same truck that was outside my work a couple of weeks ago. I'm sure of it.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM

Where do you work?

Amanda hesitates, glancing at his badge.

AMANDA

Lorraine's Truck Stop Restaurant, over on Valley Street.

Dt. Greshim studies her, his gaze lingering a moment too long, making her uncomfortable.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

DETECTIVE GRESHIM

Just trying to piece things together. Was your friend being targeted?

AMANDA

I don't know. We used to date. He calls every now and then, but I don't know what he's into.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A flicker of realization crosses her face.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
What is it?

AMANDA  
We went to a bar in Fort Valley a  
couple of weeks ago, and his tires  
were slashed.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
What time did you notice that?

AMANDA  
Around 2 AM. We had just left the bar.

Her voice trembles as she continues.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
He told me he loved me. I didn't say  
it back.

Tears well in her eyes again.

Dt. Greshim instinctively offers her another tissue.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
Just in case.

He writes down his name and number, handing her the card.

She looks at it, then back at him.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (CONT'D)  
I can imagine someone saying that to  
you.

A small smile breaks through her pain.

Suddenly, Amanda's expression shifts as a memory surfaces.

AMANDA  
Lionel mentioned something strange.

Dt. Greshim leans in, intrigued.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
What?

AMANDA  
An old guy was staring at me when we

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

were there.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
What do you remember about him?

AMANDA  
All I can recall is this nasty old woman who wouldn't stop staring at me. I can't shake the feeling that she might be connected to what happened.

Dt. Greshim's expression sharpens, as if a puzzle piece has fallen into place.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
What's the name of the bar?

AMANDA  
Hurricane Bar and Lounge.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - BORDER MOTEL - ROOM 15 - MORNING

Wilbur lies in bed, twitching in his sleep.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. VIETNAM 1974 - WOODS - DAY

Wilbur is dragged by military men in fatigues.

The bag over his head slips off, revealing top military generals he recognizes.

The generals, GENERAL BARGES (27M) and GENERAL MCNELLIN (31M) exchange glances, realizing Wilbur can see them, anger palpable.

GENERAL BARGES  
(voice booming)  
Round up the other men!

Wilbur squirms, trying to free himself from the zip ties.

The general drops Wilbur's legs and punches him.

GENERAL BARGES (CONT'D)  
This one won't come off.

He zips a bag over Wilbur's head.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - BORDER MOTEL - ROOM 15 - CONTINUED

Wilbur, still twitching, looks troubled.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. VIETNAM BARRACKS 1974 - ROOM 228 - NIGHT

Wilbur writes a letter to a mysterious love interest.

WILBUR (V.O.)

*"I don't know what they did to me out there, but I haven't been right ever since. These thoughts keep entering my head, and I feel like I'm losing control of myself—like a trigger on a gun that keeps firing whenever I hear a name from my past. I need your love to get me through this. It's been a long three years; leaving this place is only bearable with you in my life. I can't wait to meet you, my love."*

Wilbur places the letter in an envelope, seals it, and affixes a stamp. He picks up a picture of a beautiful woman.

On the back of the picture, an address is written along with a note:

**NOTE:** "Find me, my love, so that we can have our forever!"

SIGNED,

VICTORIA MELLARINA,  
2304 WOODBINE CT.,  
PALM SPRINGS, CA. 92262"

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. PALM SPRINGS, CA. VICTORIA'S HOME 1975 - NOON

A young, handsome Wilbur, dressed in a full marine uniform, stands at the door of a quaint house, bouquet of flowers in hand.

He rings the doorbell, his excitement palpable.

As he waits, his expression shifts from eagerness to shock and horror as the door opens to reveal a ninety-year-old

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

woman, her wrinkled face and rotten teeth a stark contrast to the woman in the photograph.

WILBUR  
Victoria?!

VICTORIA  
(smiling)  
Yes, I'm Victoria. Who are you,  
handsome?

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - BORDER MOTEL - ROOM 15 - CONTINUED

Wilbur wakes up abruptly in the motel room, gasping for air.

He looks around, disoriented, and takes a deep breath to steady himself.

He grabs a glass of water from the nightstand and swallows his pills, trying to shake off the remnants of the nightmare.

A sudden wave of rage washes over him as he recalls the memory.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - DAY

Detective Greshim enters the bar, immediately feeling the weight of the locals' stares.

He approaches the bartender, Lance, who is drying glasses with a wary expression.

LANCE  
What can I get you?

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
I'm looking for someone.

Lance glances at the locals, who are now listening intently, then resumes his task, feigning indifference.

LANCE  
Who you looking for? Must be important  
for you to come all this way.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
It is.

Dt. Greshim scans the room, noting the tension in the air.

(CONTINUED)

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He leans in closer.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for an older guy, maybe in  
his late 60s.

LANCE  
You know how many guys in their 60s  
come in here?

The locals chuckle, but DT. Greshim's gaze hardens.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
Someone in this bar was involved in a  
crime last night.

Lance's demeanor shifts, his bravado faltering.

LANCE  
I don't know anything about that. It's  
always a good time in here. Right,  
folks?

The locals raise their glasses, laughter echoing, but Dt.  
Greshim's patience is wearing thin.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
A man was targeted by a patron here. I  
need information.

LANCE  
Look, I can't keep track of every  
patron.

Dt. Greshim slams his fist on the counter, causing a few  
locals to stand, ready to defend.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
I'll arrest you for obstruction if you  
don't start talking!

Lance's bravado crumbles, fear creeping into his eyes.

LANCE  
What do you want to know?

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
There was a couple here two weeks ago.  
Their tires were slashed, and the  
woman mentioned an older guy staring  
at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE  
I can't remember every old guy who comes in here.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
But you remember the beautiful women, right?

Lance gulps, realizing he's on thin ice.

LANCE  
We have beautiful women in here all the time too. Could be anyone.

Greshim leans in closer, his voice low and intense.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
I need a name.

Lance hesitates, then finally relents.

LANCE  
Alright, alright! We just know him as Bill.

Dt. Greshim's expression sharpens, and he takes a step back, assessing the situation.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
Does he have a last name?

LANCE  
No one knows. Just Bill.

Dt. Greshim narrows his eyes, frustration evident on his face.

He glances around the bar, noting the locals' wary expressions.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
You're telling me that nobody knows anything about this guy?

LANCE  
(raising his hands defensively)  
Look, man, it's a small town! We see a lot of faces, but not everyone sticks around long enough to get a last name!

Dt. Greshim takes a deep breath, trying to rein in his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

temper.

He pulls out a business card and slaps it on the counter.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
Just in case you remember anything  
else.

Lance eyes the card warily, then reaches for it, but Dt. Greshim grabs his arm, holding him in place.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (CONT'D)  
(leaning in)  
If you hear anything, you call me.

Lance nods, a flicker of fear in his eyes as DT. Greshim releases him.

The detective turns to leave, but one of the locals, FLIRTATIOUS MAN, steps forward, a sneer on his face.

FLIRTATIOUS MAN  
You think you can just waltz in here  
and start throwing around threats?

Dt. Greshim turns, his expression hardening.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM  
I'm not here to make friends. I'm here  
to find a killer.

The tension in the room thickens.

The locals exchange glances, unsure of how to react.

Dt. Greshim's presence commands attention.

The local scoffs but steps back, sensing Dt. Greshim's resolve.

FLIRTATIOUS MAN  
Whatever you say, detective.

Dt. Greshim nods, satisfied for now.

He walks out of the bar, the door swinging shut behind him.

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - LORRAINE'S TRUCK STOP RESTAURANT -  
AFTERNOON

Amanda drops a few dishes, the sound of shattering porcelain

(CONTINUED)

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echoing through the diner.

The employees exchange annoyed glances.

The assistant manager approaches, annoyance etched on her face.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(cold)

You shouldn't be here today, Amanda.

She kneels to help Amanda clean up the mess.

AMANDA

I'll take care of it.

The assistant manager pauses, looking around at the other employees who are clearly frustrated.

Her tone softens.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

You need to grieve, honey. This isn't the place for it.

Amanda slumps into a nearby booth, her eyes downcast.

The assistant manager flags down a waitress who approaches with a scowl.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (CONT'D)

Get her a cup of coffee, please.

The waitress rolls her eyes but complies.

AMANDA

If I go home, I'll be alone with my thoughts.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

(interrupting)

Better than making more work for us.

The waitress exchanges a look with the assistant manager, both aware of the tension in the air.

She gestures to the other waitresses, who are impatiently waiting for Amanda to leave.

ASSISTANT MANAGER (CONT'D)

I'll cover your shifts. Just go home

(CONTINUED)

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and take care of yourself.

Amanda hesitates, then nods slowly, grabbing her purse and jacket.

She exits through the back door, leaving everyone behind.

WAITRESS  
(sarcastically)  
Are we done playing therapist now?

ASSISTANT MANAGER  
(smiling)  
Hopefully, she'll get fired soon so I  
can take over this place.

They share a knowing smirk as they walk away.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - BORDER MOTEL - ROOM 15 - AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. PAMELA'S CAR

Pamela drives down the road, her eyes catching sight of Wilbur leaving a motel room.

Intrigued, she makes a U-turn, watching him stride confidently down the street.

EXT. FORT VALLEY LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Wilbur enters the library.

INT. PAMELA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pamela parks nearby, grabbing ahead wrap scarf and sunglasses, preparing to follow him.

INT. FORT VALLEY LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Pamela secretly surveils Wilbur from afar as he signs in for a laptop pass, pays the librarian, and settles in front of a laptop.

Pamela casually approaches the librarian.

PAMELA  
How much?

Pamela points to the laptops

(CONTINUED)

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LIBRARIAN  
Three dollars each hour.

Pamela reaches into her purse, the librarian interrupts.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
You have to sign-in first.

PAMELA  
Right, stupid me.

Pamela hesitates as she notices the name on the sign-in sheet: "Wilbur Rovski."

Confusion crosses her face.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
I thought your name was Bill.

LIBRARIAN  
What?

PAMELA  
Oh, nothing.

Pamela signs in as "Clara," pays the librarian, and receives a slip with a password.

She tries to be inconspicuous as she walks past Wilbur, who is engrossed in his laptop.

She glances at his screen and spots an article about Leslie Ann Petesburg.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Why is he looking her up?

Surprisingly, she feels no jealousy—just a thought crosses her mind: "At least she's dead."

Pamela sits at a nearby laptop, her curiosity piqued.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Let's find out who you really are,  
Wilbur.

She searches for Wilbur Rovski and discovers articles detailing his past, including a mention of an unsolved

(CONTINUED)

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conspiracy and his status as a Person of Interest in Leslie's unexplained death.

Her eyes widen at the implications.

Suddenly, she looks up and realizes Wilbur is gone.

Panic sets in as she scans the library.

EXT. FORT VALLEY LIBRARY - CONTINUED

Pamela walks to her car, noticing a large black monster truck parked nearby.

She shrugs it off and climbs into her car.

EXT. FORT VALLEY DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS AFTER

As Pamela drives, a police car follows her.

INT. OFFICER KLINE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS  
OFFICER KLINE (50M), grabs his loudspeaker.

OFFICER KLINE  
Pull over.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Pamela pulls over, glancing nervously in her rearview mirror as Officer Kline parks behind her and approaches her car.

OFFICER KLINE  
Pam, you're wanted for questioning.

Pamela interrupts, a smirk on her face.

PAMELA  
Wanted for what? Slashing some tires,  
perhaps?

OFFICER KLINE  
I'm going to ignore that. Come on.

PAMELA  
(appalled)  
And leave my car here?

OFFICER KLINE  
I'll bring you back to it later.

(CONTINUED)

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PAMELA  
You sure this isn't another "lunch  
session," baby?

OFFICER KLINE  
(firmly)  
Just come with me now!

Pamela rolls her eyes, sarcasm dripping from her voice.

PAMELA  
Guess my important three-legged race  
can wait.

She turns off the engine with exaggerated irritation, then notices the monster truck from earlier pulling up behind them.

Her expression shifts to apprehension.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Do you see that truck there?

Officer Kline glances as he escorts Pamela to his squad car.

OFFICER KLINE  
Why, do you want some company? Get in.

Pamela gets inside the squad car just as Officer Kline closes her door.

He strides toward the monster truck, determination in his eyes.

OFFICER KLINE (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
ALRIGHT, KEEP IT MOVING... LET'S GO!

Pamela looks back, her heart racing.

Suddenly, the monster truck roars to life, barreling toward Officer Kline at an alarming speed.

Pamela stares in horror as he pulls out his weapon, firing at the truck.

The bullets ricochet harmlessly off the metal as the truck plows directly into him.

The impact sends Officer Kline flying, his body slamming against the front of the truck.

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Blood spills from his mouth as he struggles to comprehend the chaos.

The truck crashes into the back of the squad car, Officer Kline's head smashing through the rear window.

PAMELA  
(screaming)  
NO!

The monster truck reverses, dragging Officer Kline's body to the ground.

Panic sets in as Pamela gasps for breath, desperately searching for an escape.

The truck drives forward, crushing the squad car beneath its massive weight.

Glass shatters, and metal crumples as the vehicle flattens the car into a pancake.

Pamela spots an opening and crawls through the damaged rear passenger door, scraping her leg on the exposed metal as she escapes.

She stands, her heart pounding, and turns to see the monster truck continuing its destruction.

The weight of the truck lifts the back of her car, and as it drives off, the rear end slams down with a deafening thud.

Frozen in fear, Pamela struggles to catch her breath but quickly regains her composure.

She glances around, unsure of where to run.

The monster truck screeches to a halt, making a sharp U-turn, ready to finish what it started.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

The truck lunges forward as she bolts down the dirt road, the monstrous vehicle in hot pursuit.

Pamela screams, then spots a large cornfield to her right.

Without hesitation, she veers into the tall stalks, sprinting as fast as she can, the sound of the truck roaring behind

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her.

She reaches the middle of the cornfield and kneels down, straining to hear if the truck is still following.

After a tense moment, she stands and cautiously moves into a bare patch of land.

Suddenly, a chain with spikes wraps around her neck from behind, tightening instantly.

The scene ends as an unidentifiable STRANGE MAN drags her lifeless body through the open patch of the cornfield, leaving a trail of blood smeared across the dry ground.

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - AMANDA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Amanda sleeps restlessly, her brow furrowed.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - RILEY'S RESTAURANT - MIDNIGHT

Blurred visions invade her dreams: The roar of a monster truck.

Lionel's body is struck, blood splattering across the asphalt.

Amanda's cries echo as she collapses beside him.

She crawls to his lifeless form, spotting a ring case near his hand.

She opens it, and her sobs intensify.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PALM SPRINGS, CA. - LESLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 1975

The scene shifts.

A young 2-year-old Amanda is cradled in her mother Leslie's arms, the weight of sadness reflected in Leslie's eyes.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
Love is never fair.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - ENTRUST LAW FIRM OFFICE - DAY

The scene morphs again.

A 29-year-old Amanda unfolds a letter dated "2002."

The words blur, but the message is clear:

"Life insurance check for \$150,000.00, and the deed to your mom, Leslie Ann Petesburg's home is enclosed. So sorry for your loss. -ENTRUST LAW FIRM."

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - RILEY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
10:00 P.M.

The vision fades, and Amanda's voice breaks through the haze:

AMANDA  
(to Lionel)  
My mother's death wasn't an accident.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - AMANDA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Suddenly, Amanda jolts awake, sitting on the edge of her bed.

She glances at the dusty box labeled "LESLIE ANN PETESBURG."

With a determined breath, she kneels and opens the box, rummaging through its contents.

Her eyes widen as she uncovers documents revealing a government cover-up related to MK-ULTRA experiments from the Vietnam War.

Among the papers, she finds handwritten love letters addressed to a soldier named "Wilbur Rovski".

She stares at the name, confusion etched on her face.

AMANDA  
(muttering)  
Boyfriend, Mom?

She notices another envelope with a different name: "Victoria Mellarina, 2304 Woodbine Ct., Palm Springs, CA."

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AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(sighs, frustrated)  
Okay, not your boyfriend. Come on, I  
need answers.

As she continues reading about MK-ULTRA, her expression  
shifts to shock upon seeing:

"This method, EKM (Eliminate Key Messengers), is used to  
silence threats through trigger words linked to traumatic  
memories."

Fear washes over her as her phone rings in the background.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(answering)  
Detective, I'm glad you finally  
called.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, I've been busy looking into  
your case.

Amanda's hands tremble as she sorts through the documents.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I need you to ID someone. It might  
help.

AMANDA  
Who? Honestly, I wouldn't be much  
help.

Greshim interrupts, urgency in his voice.

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (O.S.)  
There's been another murder. A woman's  
body was dumped just outside of town.

Amanda's heart races, disbelief washing over her.

AMANDA  
What does this have to do with my  
case?

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (O.S.)  
She was a regular at Hurricane Bar &  
Lounge.

Amanda's eyes widen as she receives a text from Greshim with  
an image attached.

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CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
(gasping)  
OH MY GOD! THAT'S HER!

Panic sets in.

She paces, dragging the box closer to her bed, frantically searching for more clues.

A paper catches her eye: "We've discovered a flaw in EKM."

DETECTIVE GRESHIM (O.S.)  
I really need to find this guy.

AMANDA  
(frustrated)  
How am I supposed to help if I don't even know what he looks like?

She takes a deep breath, trying to steady herself.

Suddenly, something in the box catches her eye: a printout listing FBI agents involved in the MK-ULTRA program.

At the bottom of the list, a photo of Detective Greshim, but the name reads:

**"SPECIAL AGENT NATHANIEL ERICSON"**

Amanda gasps, overwhelmed with dread.

INT. SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson glances at his SmartScreen, tracking Amanda's address.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
You there? You alright?

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda hangs up abruptly, her mind racing as she continues to read the documents, panic rising within her.

INT. SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson attempts to call Amanda back, his keen FBI instincts kicking in.

The screen shows her address, and he speeds down the road, the GPS displaying:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"EN-ROUTE TO AMANDA'S LOCATION."

The car zooms off, urgency in every turn.

INT. AMANDA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amanda quickly shoves the contents back into the box, grabs her keys, purse, and jacket, and rushes out of the house.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda hustles to her car, tossing everything inside.

She speeds down the road, urgency in her movements.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - STREET - NIGHT

Agent Ericson repeatedly tries to call Amanda, but she sends him to voicemail.

Frustration crosses his face.

He spots a massive black monster truck turning in front of him and follows closely, apprehension building.

He lowers his phone to the passenger seat and closes his laptop.

The monster truck accelerates, and a smirk forms on Agent Ericson's face.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

(muttering)

There you are. What are you up to?

The monster truck slows, and the driver glances back through the window.

Agent Ericson tries to remain discreet, but desperation creeps into his expression.

He receives a call on his laptop's webcam, opening it with confusion.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING

Have you found the asset?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

I've got eyes on him. He's on some wild rampage. I'm out here with limited resources—what am I supposed

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

to do?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
You know what to do. Report back when  
it's done.

The monster truck suddenly stops in the middle of the road.

Agent Ericson halts his car, tension thick in the air.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (O.S.)  
AGENT!

Agent Ericson stares at the driver in the monster truck, who meets his gaze with bloodshot eyes filled with rage.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't screw this up!

Before Agent Ericson can respond, the monster truck shifts into reverse, barreling toward him.

Agent Ericson quickly shifts into reverse, horror etched on his face as he slams on the gas.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(shouting, glancing back)  
Get out of the way!

He waves his hand back and forth, urgently urging pedestrians to move aside.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - STREET - CONTINUOUS

He swerves to avoid a parked car, narrowly escaping a collision.

The two vehicles continue their chaotic reverse pursuit, the monster truck gaining ground.

Agent Ericson accelerates, fear gripping him as the truck collides with his car, jolting him.

He slows just enough for the monster truck to close in, then makes a sharp left turn, narrowly avoiding a direct hit.

Agent Ericson regains control of his vehicle, watching as the monster truck speeds past him.

He takes a moment to catch his breath, heart racing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The monster truck comes to a halt a short distance away, then turns onto another street.

INT. AGENT ERICSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Harding's voice crackles through the laptop, still connected.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (O.S.)  
Agent! Agent!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I lost him.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (O.S.)  
(voice rising)  
I REPEAT, DON'T SCREW THIS UP! FIND  
HIM! MAKE SURE HE ELIMINATES THE  
TARGET!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
SIR, WHY HER?!

The connection cuts off, leaving Agent Ericson staring at the screen, which still reads:

"EN-ROUTE TO AMANDA'S LOCATION."

Confusion and concern wash over him.

He battles with himself, thoughts racing.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Why her?

He shifts his car into drive, determination replacing doubt.

He closes his laptop and accelerates down the street.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - STREET - NIGHT 8:00 P.M.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA'S CAR

Amanda grips the steering wheel, her mind racing with thoughts of the documents and the implications of what she's uncovered.

She glances at her phone, still showing the missed call from

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Agent Ericson.

She speeds down the road, determination etched on her face, unaware of the danger closing in.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - MOMENTS AFTER

Amanda pulls up and parks a short distance from the bar, her eyes scanning the area for any sign of Agent Ericson.

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nervous, she rummages through the box on the passenger seat.

AMANDA  
(muttering)  
Come on Mom, there's gotta be  
something else here.

She pulls out a printed photograph of a woman who looks like a model.

A note on the bottom catches her eye.

**NOTE:** "Not sure this is evidence, but this woman was writing to him while he was in Vietnam. Do you know about this, Ms. Petesburg?"

Intrigued, Amanda notices an emblem on the photograph.

She pulls out her phone and uses Google Lens.

Amanda's eyes widen.

**GOOGLE LENS RESULT:** Exquisite modeling agency. Now defunct.

She scrolls through a long list of 70s models but comes up empty.

Frustrated, she realizes the photo is older—maybe mid-to-late 60s.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(determined)  
Ok, let's see.

She flips through the agency's catalog until—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(excited)  
Mallory Yenschov - Russian.

Holding the photograph up to her phone, she confirms the match.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
What in the world is going on here?

As she digs deeper into the box, she finds a picture of her pregnant mother from 1973, with an arrow pointing to her belly and a caption that reads,

CAPTION: "She may also be in danger!"

Amanda stares, fear creeping in.

A loud fire truck horn startles her.

She then finds a small picture of five men in Marine fatigues.

She studies each man closely, her gaze lingering on the one in the middle.

A flashback hits her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - RILEY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
10:00 P.M.

LIONEL  
That weirdo at the bar was in your grill too much.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Amanda's expression shifts to intrigue as she processes the connection.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda enters the bar, noticing the locals avoiding eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She approaches the bar, holding the picture of the Marines.

LANCE  
(looking up)  
What can I get you?

He recognizes her and smiles.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Oh, you're back.

AMANDA  
(hesitant)  
Yeah, but only for a sec.

Lance pours her a drink.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Thanks, but I can't—

LANCE  
(interrupting)  
Apple Martini, right?

Impressed, Amanda watches as he places the drink on a napkin.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
On the house.

AMANDA  
(leaning in)  
I just have some questions.

LANCE  
Yeah, I've been getting a lot of those lately.

AMANDA  
Which one of these men...?

Suddenly, a drunken patron, GARCIA, pounds the counter.

GARCIA  
(slurring)  
You gonna chit chat all night, or what? I thought your job was to serve drinks, to tickle our livers!

LANCE  
Your liver hasn't felt a tickle in years. Give me a sec.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
(to Lance)  
Looks like you've got your hands full  
with these crazy people.

LANCE  
(defensive)  
They're not crazy.

Lance pours a drink for another patron.

Amanda sighs, glancing at the picture again.

GARCIA  
(to Amanda, slurring)  
Hey, think you could help me get over  
my pain and grief tonight?

LANCE  
(snapping)  
You're not her type.

Garcia chuckles, and Amanda rolls her eyes.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
(to Amanda)  
Sorry about that. This guy's taking  
Pam's death hard.

AMANDA  
Pam? The older blonde from a couple  
weeks ago?

LANCE  
Yeah, she was a regular.

AMANDA  
What happened to her?

LANCE  
(hesitant)  
Strangled to death.

Amanda's face pales.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Yep, some psycho's out there. You  
should be careful, especially after  
what happened to your friend.

Amanda processes this, her mind racing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
What about Pam's boyfriend? Has he  
been in here?

LANCE  
(confused, voice rising)  
Pam's boyfriend?! Which one?

A few locals chuckle.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
(wiping the counter)  
Just teasing. It's tragic what  
happened. The place won't be the same  
without her.

She places the picture onto the counter, trying to regain  
Lance's attention.

AMANDA  
I just need you to look at something.

Lance is distracted by Garcia's demands.

GARCIA  
(to Lance)  
Another drink!

Amanda watches, frustrated.

AMANDA  
(to herself)  
Great, just great.

Lance pours Garcia a shot.

As he places it in front of him, Garcia grabs his hand, stern  
with anger.

GARCIA  
Bartenders don't seem to be her type  
either.

Lance, annoyed, turns back to Amanda.

LANCE  
(to Amanda)  
I take it you're not here to  
socialize.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Who said I ever was? I heard what that  
drunken idiot said. If you thought  
this was a social call, you're  
mistaken!

She points to the picture of the Marines.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Which one of these men has been here?

Lance's patience wears thin, but he can't help but be  
intrigued.

LANCE

The one in the middle.

AMANDA

Wilbur, right?

LANCE

He calls himself Bill.

Frustrated, Amanda downs her drink in one go, slamming the  
glass on the bar.

AMANDA

Thanks!

She storms out of the bar, leaving Lance staring after her,  
surprised by her intensity.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Amanda rushes back to her car, taking a deep breath as she  
settles in.

INT. AMANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She pulls out the picture of Wilbur, still needing answers.

Digging through the box again, she finds letters addressed to  
Wilbur from a Victoria Mellarina, written in her mother's  
handwriting.

AMANDA

(under her breath)

What are you hiding, Mom?

She dives in without hesitation and scans through them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amanda runs into a wall, but then realizes that the address may point her in the right direction.

She searches online for a picture of Victoria Mellarina.

The results come back with one resident of the house: a Victoria Mellarina.

She clicks on the picture and gasps at the sight of an old, hideous-looking woman.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(dumbfounded)  
No! It can't be.

She does another internet search for "Victoria Mellarina 1972-1975" and discovers that Victoria Mellarina was a 90-year-old woman at that time.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(reading aloud)  
"Victoria, I know we haven't met, but  
I feel so close to you..."

She scans through the letters, her eyes widening as she realizes the implications.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Wait, Mom... you didn't?!

A shocked expression crosses her face, then she bursts into laughter, wiping tears from her eyes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
No wonder people hated you, Mom... you  
were terrible. I can't believe you  
really 'catfished' him!

Her laughter fades as she looks back at the picture of her pregnant mother, the caption still haunting her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(serious now)  
She may be in danger...

She frantically searches through the letters, her heart racing.

One letter catches her immediate attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"Victoria, I know we haven't met, but I feel so close to you. I'm hoping that you'll be there for me in this tough time."

A beat.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
"I can't sleep and I can't eat; I really need your help. Please send some of my letters to the US District Attorney to look into this wrongdoing."

She pauses, taking a breath of despair, then continues reading.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"You are all I have, and all I need. I know how very dangerous this is and I know the risk. They might kill me, but the truth is more important than my life. I'm hoping for nothing but the best; justice will finally be served to these criminals. Then we can spend the rest of our lives together.  
Forever my love."

Suddenly, she notices a large black monster truck pulling up across the street.

The truck's engine roars to life, snapping Amanda back to reality.

EXT. HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

She gasps, stepping out of her car, squinting to see who's behind the wheel.

Wilbur, aka BILL, sits behind the wheel, his face painted in fatigue colors.

He stares at Amanda with intense anger.

Panic sets in as Amanda realizes who it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
(shouting)  
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

The man doesn't respond.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!

He shifts into drive.

Amanda freezes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
I JUST WANT TO TALK!

The truck speeds toward her, and she jumps back, heart pounding.

It veers to the right, narrowly missing her, then stops abruptly, brake lights glowing.

Locals from the bar rush outside, drawn by the commotion.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
GET OUT OF THE TRUCK, BILL!

The truck revs its engine, then takes off down the road, tires screeching.

She jumps into her car and speeds after him, the locals watching in confusion as the chase unfolds.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - ROAD - MOMENTS AFTER

Amanda races to catch up with the monster truck, her heart pounding as she pushes her car to its limits.

AMANDA  
(screaming, leaning out window)  
STOP!

The monster truck makes a sharp left, then a right, but Amanda stays close, determination etched on her face.

Ahead, a large warehouse looms.

Suddenly, the truck's lights flick off, plunging Amanda into

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

darkness.

It accelerates, leaving her in a cloud of dust.

Disappointment washes over her as she slows down, turning on her high beams.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
I'm not giving up that easily, BILL.

She rolls her window all the way down, straining to hear the truck's roar.

With her high beams cutting through the darkness, she drives slowly forward, searching for any sign of the vehicle.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda approaches the warehouse, its dark, eerie façade looming ahead.

She squints, trying to gauge how long it's been abandoned.

A monster truck sits parked nearby, empty.

With a racing heart, she pulls up, parks, and kills the engine.

AMANDA  
(to herself, barely above a  
whisper)  
What are you doing Amanda?

Despite her fear, curiosity pulls her closer.

She retrieves a flashlight from the glove compartment and steps out, her breath visible in the cool air, fingers trembling slightly.

She approaches the truck, checking the door-locked.

She notices the black spray-painted license plate, a chill creeping up her spine as she glances back at the warehouse.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
This is so stupid.

Instinct kicks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grabs a crowbar from the trunk, steeling herself.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda steps inside, the flashlight beam slicing through the darkness.

Spider webs cling to her face, and the musty smell of decay fills her lungs.

Creaks echo around her, but she pushes forward.

AMANDA  
(yelling)  
Please, just talk to me! I know what  
happened to you!

She trembles, gripping the crowbar tightly as she ventures deeper.

EXT. AMANDA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, a shadow darts past the car—Wilbur, a figure of terror.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda's heart races as she hears noises outside.

Panic sets in.

AMANDA  
(shouting)  
I WANT ANSWERS TOO!

EXT. ENTRANCE DOOR TO WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur slams the door shut, locking it with a heavy chain.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amanda rushes to the door, gasping as she realizes she's trapped.

AMANDA  
(yelling, almost crying)  
Bill, this isn't necessary!

With no way out, she steels herself and moves deeper into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dim lights flicker ahead.

She hesitates, scanning for movement.

Nothing.

Taking a deep breath, she approaches a slightly ajar door.

INT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks open.

INT. ROOM WITH STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

She steps inside, eyes drawn to a stairwell leading into darkness.

Fear grips her, but she knows she must press on.

AMANDA  
(whispering)  
Wilbur, that's your real name, isn't it? Where are you?

As she descends, the weight of dread settles in her stomach.

She gulps.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(voice trembling)  
A lot was taken from me too. it's not fair to either of us.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

A MAN'S LEGS in combat boots, and marine fatigues, stand ominously.

He releases a spiked ball attached to a chain, the sound echoing ominously.

INT. ROOM WITH STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Startled, Amanda freezes as the ball hits the floor.

AMANDA  
(shouting)  
I'M NOT LEAVING!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She scans the darkness, flashlight trembling in her grip.

The sound of metal dragging grows louder.

Suddenly, the beam reveals Wilbur, rage etched on his face, clad in military gear.

Amanda whimpers.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(hesitant)  
Nice to meet you, Bill.

Wilbur lunges, and Amanda bolts up the stairs, the spiked ball dragging behind him.

He hurls the spiked ball at her, missing by an inch as it embeds itself into the steps with a sickening thud.

Amanda stumbles, pain shooting through her hand as she brushes against the jagged spikes.

With a fierce determination, she races toward the door, back into the corridor.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Desperation fuels her as she searches for another exit, but every door is locked.

Wilbur, relentless, hurls the spiked ball at the wall beside her, the impact shaking her resolve.

Amanda manages to open a door, but Wilbur blocks her path, swinging the spiked ball to slam the door shut with a resounding crash.

Cornered, Amanda turns, determination igniting her fear.

AMANDA  
(defiant, shouting)  
You want a fight? Let's go!

She swings the crowbar, striking Wilbur's arm.

He retaliates, grabbing the crowbar and yanking her against the wall.

Her flashlight clattering to the ground, shattering the light.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - NB HIGHWAY 180 - LATER

Agent Ericson, frantic, calls his contact, JOE (41M).

Joe answers, his image appearing on the laptop's screen.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Joe, do you have a secure line?

JOE  
Always. What's up?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I think I'm watching a catastrophe  
unfold. The bureau's holding back. Can  
you dig up anything?

JOE  
I'll see what I can find.

The sound of typing fills the background.

INT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe's fingers fly over the keyboard, searching through the  
FBI database.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Anything yet?

JOE  
Agent is to keep a low profile. Once  
the asset is located, ensure task is  
handled.

Agent Ericson's eyes dart around, anxiety mounting.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
There has to be more.

INT. SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Run a complete background on Amanda  
Petesburg.

Suddenly, Joe's screen becomes slightly distorted.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
I thought this line was secure!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

This happens when you're out in the middle of nowhere. I'm pulling up a full background on Amanda. Just a moment.

Ericson grips the steering wheel, tension radiating from him.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - WAREHOUSE - TORTURE ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Amanda wakes, bound in a chair, bright interrogation lights blinding her.

Wilbur looms over her, setting up a sinister-looking torture device.

AMANDA

(muffled)

Please, let's talk, Bill!

Wilbur stares at her, a mix of anger and confusion flickering in his eyes.

He turns back to his device, ignoring her plea.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(desperate)

I can help you!

Wilbur's focus remains on his work, but Amanda's words hang in the air.

WILBUR

Help me? You don't know what I've been through.

Amanda's heart races as she tries to connect with him.

AMANDA

I know pain. I know what it's like to feel loss.

Wilbur pauses, his grip on the tools tightening.

WILBUR

You have no idea. You think you understand?

AMANDA

(earnestly)

I do! But I was a baby when it all

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

happened. Now that I know, I can help you find peace.

Wilbur's expression softens for a moment, but then hardens again.

WILBUR  
I'm going to make you pay for what she did.

Amanda's eyes widen in fear.

AMANDA  
What she did was horrible, but I'm not her! I can help you get to the bottom of things that happened in your life!

Wilbur's gaze flickers with uncertainty.

WILBUR  
You don't know what you're talking about.

Amanda takes a deep breath, trying to remain calm.

AMANDA  
I know about Vietnam. I know about the scars it left behind.

Wilbur's hands tremble slightly as he works on the device.

WILBUR  
(muttering)  
Did you know that the sins of the parents are left unto the offspring.

AMANDA  
That's not how it works! You can break the cycle!

Wilbur looks at her, conflicted.

WILBUR  
Love is never fair.

Amanda has a look of revelation, her voice steady.

AMANDA  
Love is never fair; she used to say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

Wilbur hesitates, the tension palpable.

Wilbur approaches Amanda.

His gaze fixed and ominous.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(urgently)  
Don't do this Bill! I have all the  
proof you need! Somebody out there was  
listening to you!

Wilbur's expression shifts, a flicker of hope in his eyes.

WILBUR  
You think you can just talk your way  
out of this?

Amanda shakes her head, desperation in her voice.

AMANDA  
No! I want to understand. I want to  
help you find closure.

Wilbur's anger resurfaces as he grabs a metal gag device,  
assembling it with a grim determination.

WILBUR  
You'll never understand.

Amanda's heart races as she realizes the gravity of the  
situation.

AMANDA  
(screaming)  
IF YOU'RE GOING TO TORTURE ME AND KILL  
ME, GO AHEAD! BUT IT WON'T CHANGE THE  
PAST!

Wilbur pauses, the weight of her words hanging in the air.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
You'll always remember what she did!  
But I can help you get justice for  
everything.

Wilbur's resolve wavers, and Amanda sees a glimmer of doubt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
Wilbur, please don't do this!

Wilbur stares at her, torn between his rage and her desperate plea.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - NB HIGHWAY 180 - CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. AGENT ERICSON'S CAR

Agent Ericson speeds down the highway, determination etched on his face.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(into the laptop)  
Joe, talk to me!

INT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JOE  
All I have is that she's just a small-town girl, but I'm digging deeper.  
She's hot, right?

INT. AGENT ERICSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson grips the steering wheel tighter, anticipation building.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(annoyed)  
Just pull the EKM data.

JOE  
Ok, pulling it now.

A beat.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Incoming.

Agent Ericson glances at his screen, a flicker of hope crossing his face.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Oh wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE  
Yeah, bet you didn't see that comin.'

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Run a full background on Leslie, and  
Private Rovski.

As he accelerates, the sign reads, "**Fort Valley 30 miles.**"

Joe's voice crackles through the laptop.

JOE  
Got something for you.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
What is it?

JOE  
Sending it now.

Agent Ericson's eyes widen as he processes the information.

JOE (CONT'D)  
You need that box too. Three words,  
LEV-ER-AGE!

Suddenly, an incoming call interrupts him.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(into the laptop)  
Stay with me, Joe!

He answers the webcam call, tension rising.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
Have you located him?

Frustration simmers in Agent Ericson's voice.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I can't let this happen!

A pause hangs in the air, heavy with expectation.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
You have a job to do! If you can't  
handle it, return immediately.

Agent Ericson's jaw tightens, his resolve hardening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I won't let him hurt her.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
Never let personal feelings cloud your  
judgment.

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (CONT'D)  
Final warning, fall in line or face  
the consequences!

Agent Ericson disconnects the call, anger boiling beneath the surface.

He takes a deep breath, then dials Amanda's number.

It rings.

**-OUTGOING CALL-**

Someone answers, heavy breathing fills the line.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(urgent)  
Private First Class Rovski.

In the background, a muffled scream pierces the silence.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
DON'T HURT HER!

The call disconnects abruptly.

Adrenaline surging as he accelerates down the road,  
determination etched on his face.

JOE  
Sounds like you're in a real mess,  
Ericson.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Did you get a trace on that location?

JOE  
Yeah, a warehouse outside of Fort  
Valley, sending the coordinates now.

Agent Ericson looks at the screen, his focus sharpening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car zooms down the highway.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC. - FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 1:00 A.M.

An elderly GENERAL BARGES (76M) storms into Special Agent Harding's office, his expression a mix of frustration and authority.

GENERAL BARGES  
What the hell is he doing?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
He's acting on a sudden rogue urge,  
sir. But I'm confident he won't  
intervene. He knows better than to  
interfere with the bureau's projects.

General Barges narrows his eyes, his disappointment palpable.

GENERAL BARGES  
Yet our military robot can still break  
him in half. He'll resolve both  
matters.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
It seems that way, sir. But it's a  
process.

GENERAL BARGES  
(interrupting)  
I know the damn process! Just make  
sure he understands since these other  
issues have surfaced.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(looking down at his paperwork,  
sighs)  
I'm well aware, sir.

GENERAL BARGES  
We can't afford a change of heart  
getting in the way.

A beat.

The camera closes in on General Barges' intense expression, revealing his determination.

GENERAL BARGES (CONT'D)  
Decisions determine fate.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - WAREHOUSE - TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT 1:30 A.M.

Amanda lies upright on a torture bed, a blank look on her face as Wilbur straps her down.

AMANDA

Wilbur, I don't know why she did it, but please, I'll do what it takes to make us square! (yelling) DON'T DO THIS!

Wilbur pauses, a flicker of uncertainty in his eyes, but then he grabs a metal gag device, assembling it with grim determination.

EXT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson approaches the warehouse, spotting a black monster truck and another car with a box in the back seat.

He moves to the chained door, gun in hand, aims, and fires at the chain.

It falls apart, and he enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TORTURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur and Amanda both react to the noise.

Wilbur drops the metal gag device, pacing anxiously.

AMANDA

(pleading)

MK ULTRA, Wilbur! You know about it, right?

WILBUR

(confused)

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

AMANDA

Vietnam, Wilbur. They're controlling you! We're both in danger. That agent's here. He's gonna kill us!

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson closes in on Amanda's location, hearing the commotion.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TORTURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur, instead of the gag device, grabs a circular saw, turning it on as he approaches Amanda.

Amanda screams.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson has a look of horror on his face, but presses forward.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TORTURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AMANDA  
(yelling)  
PLEASE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING!

Tears stream down her face as he gets closer.

Suddenly, Agent Ericson bursts into the room, gun drawn.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(loudly)  
PUT IT DOWN, PRIVATE ROVSKI!

Wilbur turns, the saw still roaring.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(firm)  
PUT DOWN THE SAW!

AMANDA  
Wilbur, you can't trust him! He's  
dangerous! Untie me!

Agent Ericson's expression shifts to one of shame.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I'm not here to hurt anyone. Just here  
to collect Wilbur.

AMANDA  
(yelling)  
Don't trust him, Wilbur!

Agent Ericson's frustration boils over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(blurts out)  
I'M HERE TO PROTECT YOU, DAMMIT!

Amanda falls silent, fear and confusion in her eyes.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Back away, Rovski.

Wilbur squeezes his eyes shut, struggling with his thoughts.

Agent Ericson takes a cautious step closer.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
I know, Wilbur, it's hard. I want this  
to be peaceful. I'm on your side. I'll  
get you both to safety.

Wilbur opens his eyes, desperation etched on his face as he takes deep breaths.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(voice rising)  
PUT IT DOWN, WILBUR!

WILBUR  
NO!

Wilbur revs the saw, ready to strike at Amanda.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(blurts out)  
SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER!

Both Amanda and Wilbur freeze, stunned by the revelation.

AMANDA  
(looking at Wilbur)  
He's lying! (turning to Agent Ericson)  
I saw the list! You're corrupt!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
It's true, Amanda. He's your father.

Wilbur's grip on the saw falters as he processes the information, confusion washing over him.

WILBUR  
My daughter.

A heavy pause hangs in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
I can't kill my only daughter.

A beat.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
(sorrowful)  
Love is never fair; she said that to  
me before I left.

Anger ignites in Amanda's eyes.

AMANDA  
(yelling)  
CAN SOMEBODY GET ME OUT OF THESE  
RESTRAINTS!

Wilbur stares at her, torn.

Agent Ericson rushes to Amanda, struggling to release her while keeping his gun trained on Wilbur.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
You're the one who broke her heart.  
You left us!

Wilbur looks away, guilt flooding his expression.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
It makes since, you were both kids...  
she was sixteen, you were eighteen...  
you left us, (angered) and now you  
want revenge?

WILBUR  
I didn't know, she didn't tell me.

AMANDA  
(interrupting)  
That's why she 'catfished' you. She  
wanted to humiliate you.

WILBUR  
(shouting)  
STOP IT!

AMANDA  
(angered)  
LESLIE ANN PETESBURG WANTED TO DESTROY  
YOU! SHE KNEW WHAT WOULD HURT THE  
MOST!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur's anger flares as he turns on the circular saw, advancing toward Amanda.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Private First Class Wilbur Rovski!

Wilbur, momentarily distracted, turns to face Agent Ericson.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Drop it, now!

Suddenly, Wilbur hurls the saw at Agent Ericson.

It narrowly misses him as Wilbur lunges at the agent.

They crash to the ground, the gun flying from Ericson's hand, firing a shot as it lands—PEW!

The two men wrestle fiercely.

The saw spins out of control, creating sparks on the ground as Agent Ericson struggles against Wilbur's extraordinary strength.

Agent Ericson breaks free, scrambling for his gun while Wilbur lunges for the spinning saw.

Tension escalates as both men crawl desperately for their weapons.

Wilbur regains control of the saw, swinging it wildly at Agent Ericson.

Ericson finally grabs his gun, turns, and fires—

PEW!

Wilbur dodges the bullet and bolts out of the room.

Agent Ericson takes a deep breath, turning to Amanda, who lies wounded in a pool of her own blood.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
NO!

He rushes to Amanda, cradling her in his arms, trying to revive her, rocking her back and forth.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Stay with me, Amanda! Please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But it's too late.

Her eyes flutter, and she goes still.

Wilbur watches from the doorway, shock etched on his face.

He turns and disappears down the corridor, leaving chaos in his wake.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - LESLIE ANN PETESBURG'S HOME -BEDROOM - DAY 1978

The scene morphs into a flashback.

A seven-year-old Amanda sits on the floor, looking up at her mother, Leslie, who kneels beside her, holding her close.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
(comforting)

You're so special to me. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I love you so much. Always make Mama proud.

Amanda smiles, her innocence shining through as she gazes at her mother.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT 3:00 A.M.

Amanda stirs awake on a bed, bandaged around her chest.

Agent Ericson stands over her, relief etched on his face.

AMANDA  
Where am I? What am I doing here?

Agent Ericson smirks, trying to lighten the mood.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Is that how you thank someone for saving your life?

Amanda's gaze sharpens as she notices the bandages.

AMANDA  
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Am I safe?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Yeah, for now.

AMANDA  
where are we?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
The gunshot didn't hit anything major.

Amanda narrows her eyes, frustration bubbling beneath the surface.

AMANDA  
That's not what I asked.

She sits up, wincing in pain, reaching for her blouse hanging on a chair.

Agent Ericson watches, regret flickering across his face.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
You can't leave.

Amanda shoots him an incredulous glare.

AMANDA  
I'm not waiting around for my psycho dad to finish the job. I'm here, with a gunshot wound, I'm being targeted, with death all around me.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
We're in Prescott.

She limps away, and he grabs her arm, frustration mounting.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Just stop!

Amanda spots her phone in his hand.

AMANDA  
Is that my phone?

He hesitates but hands it over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Unless you tell me everything, Nate,  
I'm leaving.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
It's not a simple story.

AMANDA  
(exclaiming)  
And that's not my problem! You owe it  
to me to at least tell me the truth.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(firm)  
I don't owe you. And I don't have to  
tell you a thing.

AMANDA  
You do if you want me to trust you!

Agent Ericson turns away, exhaling deeply.

He realizes Amanda isn't trying to escape; she just wants answers.

While he's lost in thought, Amanda discreetly starts recording with her phone, slipping it into her back pocket.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
You're impossible.

He turns back to her, meeting her determined gaze.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
We really don't have time for this.

AMANDA  
Why? You said we're safe. TALK!

Surprised by her intensity, he finds himself intrigued.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Alright. I'm Special Agent Nathaniel  
Ericson.

Amanda gestures impatiently for him to continue.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
I was sent here under the alias of  
Detective Greshim to check on the  
asset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
My father?

He nods.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I'm to make sure everything runs  
smoothly.

AMANDA  
And MK Ultra?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
It's my duty to keep information about  
MK Ultra discreet. If it got out, it  
would cause hysteria.

AMANDA  
But you still kept it to yourself,  
knowing the lives it's ruined.

Frustration flickers in his eyes, but he holds back.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I told you; it's complicated.

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(frustrated, rubbing his temples)  
And now, it's just exhausting.

Amanda's expression softens as she limps back to the gurney,  
pain evident not just from her injury but from her memories.

AMANDA  
What happened to my mother?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
She was eliminated.

Anger surges through Amanda as she slumps onto the bed.

AMANDA  
I knew it. Her death wasn't an  
accident. She was going to reveal  
Wilbur's letters about MK Ultra to the  
Attorney General.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
That explains it.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Look, we can give you a new identity,  
money.

AMANDA  
(interrupting, aggravated)  
And start over like none of this ever  
happened? I already have enough money!  
I already had a life!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
What do you want me to say? What do  
you want me to do?

Amanda's longing gaze meets his.

AMANDA  
Where's my car?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Government agents probably took it,  
but not everything.

AMANDA  
Give it back!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
You know I can't.

AMANDA  
It's not right! It belongs to me!  
You're just gonna sweep this under the  
rug! I want justice—for me, my mother,  
Lionel, and that man out there!

She locks eyes with him.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
As long as I get copies of all the  
contents, it's all yours.

Amanda looks away, folding her arms, but a hint of a smirk  
plays on her lips.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(playful)  
Well, since I'm your hero now, I guess  
I'm obligated to help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amanda turns back to him, a spark of defiance in her eyes.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC. - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAWN 4:00 A.M.

Agent Harding scans his monitors for drone footage that might have captured movement near Fort Valley.

He checks another screen showing camera activity closest to the warehouse, backtracking the footage to the last time he spoke to Agent Ericson.

He reviews the video, spotting Agent Ericson driving toward the warehouse, the monster truck, and Amanda's car in the distance.

Fast-forwarding forty-five minutes, he sees Wilbur quickly leaving the scene.

Harding zooms in as Wilbur gets into the monster truck.

Moments later, he watches Agent Ericson carrying a wounded Amanda to his car, rummaging through her vehicle, pulling out a medium-sized object.

Using a surveillance tool, he micro-zooms for a clearer view and sees it's a large package.

He continues watching until he sees Agent Ericson speeding away down the road.

Harding's expression darkens as he transmits to one of the onsite agents, SPECIAL AGENT WEST (29M).

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
Find out who Agent Ericson's closest secret contact is in that area.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (O.S.)  
Sir, I don't have immediate access.

Harding notices the monster truck driving in the same direction as Agent Ericson.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
Never mind.

A menacing look crosses his face.

INT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - EXAMINING ROOM  
- CONTINUED

AMANDA

I always dreamed of being a chef in my  
own restaurant, not a government  
activist.

Agent Ericson smirks, but Amanda's expression shifts as a  
thought strikes her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Do you know if that whistleblower is  
still alive?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

He wouldn't have been on the grid for  
years; he's likely deceased.

AMANDA

I'm the easiest target for them. They  
could have been gotten their hands on  
that package.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

They've been watching and waiting.  
There's an art to this kind of work.

AMANDA

I wish I'd opened it sooner.

Curiosity flickers in Agent Ericson's eyes.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

How did you stumble upon it?

AMANDA

After my mother passed, I found it  
hidden in our attic. It was my little  
secret spot when I was a kid.

Ericson's expression softens with sorrow and compassion as he  
gazes into Amanda's blue eyes.

She melts under his gaze, but a pain shoots through her  
wounded chest.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

Take it easy.

He helps her back onto the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their eyes lock, and the moment becomes charged with tension. Suddenly, they hear a struggle in the background.

AMANDA  
What was that?!

Agent Ericson approaches the doorway cautiously.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(yelling)  
Joe!

Amanda inches behind him as he pulls out his weapon.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Joe, are you alright?

No response.

He readies his gun.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Wilbur? Show yourself.

Wilbur steps into the room, and Amanda's fear spikes.

WILBUR  
(twitching his head)  
It's my duty.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
STAND DOWN, PRIVATE!

Wilbur, horror in his eyes, slowly approaches, ignoring the gun aimed at him. Amanda, trembling, finds her courage and steps out from behind Ericson.

AMANDA  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WILBUR ROVSKI!  
STAND DOWN!

Wilbur halts, his head tilting slightly, confusion washing over him. He straightens and salutes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
AT EASE!

He stares at her, bewildered, as if questioning everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur lowers his hand, and Agent Ericson, impressed, lowers his weapon and steps beside Amanda.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
How did you do that?

AMANDA  
Good thing about flaws—they work.

Ericson approaches Wilbur cautiously.

WILBUR  
I don't understand. What's happening to me?

Amanda's eyes glisten with emotion as she reaches out, placing her hand on his face.

WILBUR (CONT'D)  
You're my daughter.

AMANDA  
And you're not a killer.

A beat.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(turning to Ericson)  
Tell him the truth.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
You're part of a larger network. A secret government mind control program that has targeted unsuspecting individuals for years.

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
They orchestrate inhumane acts—depopulation, shootings, all under a political agenda. They make you look unstable. And because of your skills and past, they need to test you.

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Anyone who gets in their way is eliminated, and the public is fed a false narrative to cover up the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amanda's face pales as she discreetly checks her phone in her back pocket to ensure it's still recording.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
We need to get you both to another  
safehouse. And soon!

He steps closer to Wilbur, placing a hand on his arm, guiding him toward the exit with Amanda following closely behind.

INT. JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They find Joe slumped on the ground, unresponsive.

Agent Ericson quickly checks his vitals but is interrupted by a loudspeaker blaring outside.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (O.S.)  
AGENT ERICSON! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN  
THERE! COME OUT WITH THE GIRL AND THE  
ASSET! WE DON'T WANT THIS TO ESCALATE!

Fear washes over Amanda, while Wilbur stares in confusion. Agent Ericson ponders their next move.

AMANDA  
What are we going to do?

He grabs her hands, compassion in his eyes.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I don't want to risk never seeing you  
again, but you need to stay here. I  
believe you'll know what to do.

He pulls out his gun and walks outside. Amanda looks around for another exit, gripping Wilbur's arm.

EXT. JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson steps outside slowly, surprised to see a dozen agents, including Special Agent West, SPECIAL AGENT ROSS (24M), SPECIAL AGENT PULLUM (23M), SPECIAL AGENT MARKS (25M), and SPECIAL AGENT WESSIN (26M), all with weapons drawn.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST  
Toss your gun over to me.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Looks like the bureau sent all the  
little boys to do one man's job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The agents glare at him, resentment simmering. Ericson tosses his phone over.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST  
Where are they?

Ericson remains silent as West signals for Agents Pullum and Marks to check inside.

Special Agent West speaks into his watch.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (CONT'D)  
We're looking for him, sir. Him and  
the girl.

Ericson's anger flares.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (CONT'D)  
We have possession of the box as well.

Ericson's eyes widen as he sees his car being searched, agents pulling the box from the trunk.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (CONT'D)  
What were you thinking, Ericson? You  
thought you could get away with  
destroying everything our agency has  
built?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
You don't know anything about our  
agency or what it stands for.

West shakes his head, condescending.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST  
Another agent going down the drain,  
just like that rat whistleblower.

West signals for Agents Wessin and Ross to take custody of Ericson. They grab his arms, forcing him toward a government-issued Mercedes Benz Sprinter van.

EXT. JOE'S SAFEHOUSE REAR EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The agents are inside the safehouse, searching for Amanda and Wilbur. Outside, Amanda crouches beside Wilbur, urgency in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
(whispering)  
We can't stay here. I need you to  
trust me.

WILBUR  
(voice trembling)  
I don't want to put you in danger.

AMANDA  
(intense, yet soft)  
I know, but it's the only way to get  
you out of this.

Wilbur looks away, guilt etched on his face.

WILBUR  
Why did I leave you?

Amanda reaches out, gently lifting his chin to meet her gaze.

AMANDA  
(with conviction)  
It doesn't matter. You're not alone  
anymore. We'll fix this together.

They share a moment, the weight of their past hanging between  
them.

WILBUR  
(choked up)  
I'm so sorry for everything.

AMANDA  
(holding his gaze)  
We'll make it right. I promise. Dad.

Suddenly, the sound of heavy footsteps echoes from inside the  
safehouse. Amanda's expression hardens, determination  
replacing vulnerability.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(voice steady, commanding)  
Get ready, Dad.

The agents burst through the back exit; weapons drawn.  
Amanda's voice rings out.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WILBUR ROVSKI...  
ATTACK!

EXT. JOE'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sounds of a scuffle erupt inside the safehouse, followed by gunfire.

The agents scramble, panic setting in as West looks bewildered.

He receives an incoming transmission from Agent Pullum.

SPECIAL AGENT PULLUM (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, SIR.  
HE'S OUT OF CONTROL!

In the chaos, Ericson breaks free, snatching Agent Wessin's gun.

He jumps into the van, slamming the rear doors shut, locking himself inside.

AGENTS WESSIN AND ROSS  
(shouting)  
GET OUT OF THERE!

Gunshots ring out as Ericson forces the wounded agents out of the van, speeding away down the road, bullets ricocheting off the metal exterior.

EXT. JOE'S SAFEHOUSE REAR EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur wrests Special Agent Pullum's gun from him, firing but missing as Pullum dodges.

Agent Ericson arrives just in time, joining the fray as Wilbur battles both Pullum and Marks, showcasing extraordinary strength.

AMANDA  
(opening passenger door, shouting)  
I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT WE CAN'T  
LEAVE HIM!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(shouting)  
HE'LL KILL YOU! WE DON'T HAVE TIME!  
GET IN THIS DAMN VAN!

Suddenly, other agent vans pull around to the back of the safehouse, engines revving, ready to regain control of the situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilbur snaps the necks of the agents one by one, their bodies dangling lifelessly before he drops them to the ground.

He turns to face Amanda, a terrifying look in his eyes.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

Wilbur lunges at Amanda, but she finally comes to her senses, quickly entering the van and slamming the door behind her.

Agent Ericson floors the gas pedal, speeding down the dirt road as Wilbur chases after them, his powerful strides closing the distance.

EXT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - DAWN 5:30 A.M.

The van bounces over the uneven terrain, Amanda glancing back at Wilbur, who is gaining on them.

AMANDA  
(panicking)  
He's right behind us!

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
I know! Hold on!

He swerves the van as Wilbur leaps, trying to grab onto the back.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amanda hears a loud bump.

She glances in the sideview mirror and gasps at the horrific display.

AMANDA  
(shouting)  
It's Wilbur!

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Wilbur clings to the side of the truck, moving like a spider, determination etched on his face.

Agent Ericson jerks the wheel, causing Wilbur to wobble precariously.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amanda winces, feeling blood seep from her wound.

She glances at Agent Ericson, who notices her pale complexion.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(urgent)  
Just hold on!

He floors the gas pedal.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, DC. - CONTINUED

Agent Harding stands before a wall of monitors, tracking Wilbur, Amanda, and Ericson.

Military generals, including General Barges and GENERAL MCNELLIN (80M), surround him, tension palpable.

GENERAL MCNELLIN  
(frustrated)  
This is absurd! She's just one target!

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
We've deployed multiple agents, sir.  
They'll intervene if need be.

GENERAL BARGES  
(yelling)  
This is chaotic! Now we have a rogue agent and an uncontrolled weapon!

Harding's expression shifts to one of resolve.

He types a command, revealing drone footage of Wilbur crawling atop the rogue Sprinter.

GENERAL MCNELLIN  
(yelling)  
What's happening?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(calmly)  
Whatever happens, let it unfold. Look at the screen.

The generals watch as Wilbur pursues Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (CONT'D)  
(announcing)  
Agents, steer clear! Do not engage,  
but maintain distance!

General Barges stands, excitement flickering in his eyes.

GENERAL BARGES  
That's my boy.

EXT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUED

Wilbur inches closer to the passenger side of the van, then suddenly punches through the glass.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amanda screams as Wilbur reaches for her.

She ducks, pain flashing across her face.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(yelling)  
Hold on!

He swerves sharply, throwing Wilbur off balance.

Wilbur dangles, eyes locked on Amanda, a mix of desperation and determination.

AMANDA  
(voice trembling)  
Dad, I'm sorry. (with a sorrowful  
glance) PRIVATE FIRST CLASS WILBUR  
ROVSKI!

Wilbur snaps back to reality, confusion flooding his eyes.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
(tearful)  
STAND... DOWN!

He releases his grip, falling to the ground as Amanda watches, torn between relief and regret.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The generals watch in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL BARGES  
(shouting)  
She just deprogrammed him!

GENERAL MCNELLIN  
(panicking)  
Kill them! Kill them all!

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
Sir, are you sure? How will we spin  
this?

GENERAL MCNELLIN  
(interrupting)  
Just do it!

EXT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Ericson stare at a drone hovering ominously above them, its laser targeting Amanda's forehead.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(shouting)  
Get down!

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

The drone's laser locks onto Amanda.

She ducks just as the laser shifts, aiming at Ericson instead.

(SLOW MOTION)

A bullet flies through the air, piercing the front windshield.

SHATTER OF GLASS

The bullet strikes Ericson in the neck.

(NORMAL SPEED)

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Blood sprays as Ericson struggles to maintain control of the wheel, pain etched across his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
(screaming)  
NO!

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Amanda grabs the steering wheel, her instincts kicking in.

She slams her foot on the gas.

The drone re-engages its laser, aiming for Amanda again.

She locks eyes with the drone's camera, a moment of defiance.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

General McNellin and General Barges stand, watching the screen intently.

GENERAL MCNELLIN  
(shouting)  
Pull the damn trigger!

Agent Harding hesitates, then begins to adjust the drone's controls.

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

With one last surge of energy, Ericson lunges to push Amanda out of the way, aiming his weapon at the drone.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(gritting his teeth)  
Not this time!

(SLOW MOTION)

PEW!

EXT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

The bullet flies through the air, striking the drone.

The drone explodes mid-air, debris raining down.

(NORMAL SPEED)

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amanda and Ericson brace themselves as the van careens through the chaos.

EXT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ericson, bloodied and weak from his gunshot wound, struggles to shield Amanda with his body.

The van careens wildly, swerving left as Amanda fights to maintain control.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

AMANDA  
(painfully)  
I can't continue on.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(voice faint)  
Stay focused, Amanda.

Amanda glances at him, her expression shifting from fear to deep concern.

She realizes the gravity of their situation, but a spark ignites within her.

In a moment of clarity, she takes a deep breath, her resolve hardening.

She grips the steering wheel tightly, her instincts kicking in as she navigates the dusty road ahead.

AMANDA  
Just hold on, OK?

Ericson lies in her lap, his eyes fluttering as he fights to stay conscious.

Suddenly, a deep pothole looms ahead, and Amanda's heart races.

EXT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The van hits the hole with a jarring impact, sending it veering off the road.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

As the van swerves, another drone fires a shot, narrowly missing Amanda.

EXT. PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The van flips violently, tumbling through the air.

The world spins in chaos as the van crashes, finally landing on its side, dust and debris swirling around them.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The generals watch the drone footage, expressions of disbelief on their faces.

GENERAL BARGES

(relieved)

Good. Now have the agents check to make sure she's dead.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING

(announcing)

Agents, check the scene. Ensure the target is eliminated. I repeat, ELIMINATED!

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - CONTINUOUS

Agents Ross, West, Wessin, and others approach the wreckage, guns drawn.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST

(into watch)

Agent Ericson is badly wounded but still alive. And the target...

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The atmosphere is tense as the generals await the report.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (O.S.)

(hesitant)

...she's in a pool of blood. She's deceased. We have the asset, and the box has been destroyed.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING

Good job, men.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (O.S.)

(cautiously)

Dispose of the body, sir?

Agent Harding waits for confirmation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL BARGES  
Leave her there for the birds to feed  
on.

Agent Harding is taken aback by the harshness.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
No, leave the body.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (O.S.)  
Here in the middle of the desert?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(hesitant)  
Yeah.

Agent Harding has a look of disbelief.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL AGENT WEST  
Are you sure...?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (O.S.)  
(interrupting)  
It's an easy task! Agent!

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST  
What about Ericson, sir?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (O.S.)  
What do you think? Bring him in.

Transmission abruptly ends.

SPECIAL AGENT WESSIN  
We all know what that means.

West stares at the other agents, a grim understanding passing  
between them.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Agent Harding releases the transmission button, the tension  
thick in the air.

GENERAL BARGES  
Good, you managed not to screw up  
anything this time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The generals stand and leave the room, leaving Harding staring at the screen, shame washing over him.

INT. GITMO - SECRET UNDERGROUND DETAINMENT CELL - NIGHT

Agent Ericson sits against the wall, a bandage around his neck, despair etched on his face.

He stares blankly at the ground, lost in thought.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(approaching with a condescending  
smirk)

You made the wrong choice, Ericson.

Ericson doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on the floor.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (CONT'D)  
Was she worth it?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(defiantly)  
A lot of things are. Isn't that what  
you tell yourself?

Harding's smirk falters, replaced by irritation.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(leaning in)  
Geez, man. She deprogrammed him. How  
was she able to do that?

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(interrupting)  
You're wasting your time. She doesn't  
know anything.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
A destroyed box filled with our  
deepest secrets suggests otherwise.

Ericson's anger flares.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Where is she?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
Her obituary is on its way.

Ericson's face contorts with distress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (CONT'D)  
You're worthless now, agent.

In a sudden burst of rage, Ericson lunges at the gate, his frustration boiling over.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (CONT'D)  
(voice rising)  
I really had high hopes for you. We could have been calling the shots together. But now, you'll have thirty years for another chance.

Harding chuckles, a cruel glint in his eye.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
How do I know you're not lying to me?

A tense pause hangs in the air.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(angry)  
You had one job. You broke trust. Now you want to question me?

Ericson stands there, disgust etched on his face, but remains silent.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING (CONT'D)  
The generals showed mercy on you. You dodged detrimental consequences.

Ericson scoffs, his frustration palpable.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Can you at least tell me what happened to the asset?

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
I'll tell you this, make sure you get along with your neighbor.

Harding signals to the other agents to bring in a prisoner.

The sound of chains dragging echoes through the corridor.

A man with a long beard and visible torture wounds is led past Ericson's cell.

Ericson watches in shock, recognizing the man's age and the toll of his suffering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(calling out)  
So, Mister Rogers. Who's my neighbor?

Harding smirks and signals for the agents to leave the prisoners behind.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
(mockingly)  
Enjoy your stay.

Ericson slowly walks to the back of the cell, a flicker of hope igniting as he catches glimpses of Amanda.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(to himself, loudly)  
Why keep a whistleblower alive?

Silence fills the cell.

Suddenly, the prisoner begins mumbling something.

Ericson leans in, intrigued.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
How long you been in here?

No response.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
(sighing)  
You think you're doing the right  
thing, but you realize that no matter  
what you do, some people will go to  
great lengths to hide the truth from  
the world.

A pause lingers.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
I love my country... patriot or not.  
But captured, tortured, seized, and  
silenced forever... that's a fate I  
can't accept.

Ericson chuckles bitterly.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
I know who you are, agent.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The prisoner remains silent, lost in his own thoughts.

INT. AGENT ERICSON'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON

(frustrated)

I know you can't trust anyone, but it  
doesn't matter that evidence was  
destroyed and Leslie Ann Petesburg...  
is dead!

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Just talk to me.

WHISTLEBLOWER (O.C.)

(finally speaking)

Twenty-two years.

Ericson processes this, realization dawning.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Yeah, I figured as much.

The man falls silent again.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON (CONT'D)  
Why are they keeping you alive?

WHISTLEBLOWER (O.C.)

Until they gather the rest.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
Gather the rest? Gathering the rest of  
the whistleblowers?

WHISTLEBLOWER (O.C.)

Anyone... anywhere... any threat to  
their project.

A look of enlightenment crosses Ericson's face.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(realizing)  
Twenty-two years... that's gotta be a  
lot of people by now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHISTLEBLOWER (O.C.)  
(intensely)  
The "New World Order." 2030's coming.  
That's when the real slaughter begins,  
agent.

Ericson's expression shifts to one of shock and urgency.

SPECIAL AGENT ERICSON  
(leaning closer)  
What do you mean? What's going to  
happen?

INT. NEIGHBOR'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

WHISTLEBLOWER  
(whispering)  
Something big. Something that will  
change everything, forever. Complete  
and utter, chaos.

INT. AGENT ERICSON'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Ericson's heart races as he processes the gravity of the  
situation.

WHISTLEBLOWER (O.C.)  
(slurring)  
Their eyes are everywhere.

A beat.

WHISTLEBLOWER (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Ready and waiting to silence. Time's  
up, agent.

The atmosphere is tense as Ericson and the whistleblower have  
a silent understanding forming between them.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DAY

The wreckage of the Sprinter lies in the dust, smoke rising  
from the twisted metal.

Amanda is sprawled on the ground, blood pooling around her,  
isolated in the desolate landscape.

Her hand clutches her phone, partially hidden in the dirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT WEST  
(to his team)  
Let's get this truck outta here.

A beat.

SPECIAL AGENT WEST (CONT'D)  
(frustrated)  
We need to secure the area.

The agent walks off.

INT. GITMO - SECRET UNDERGROUND HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS  
Surgeons work diligently, mending WILBUR's wounds.

An artificial piece replaces parts of his body.

WILBUR lies face up, under anesthesia.

AGENT HARDING, GENERAL BARGES, GENERAL MCNELLIN, SENATOR CUMMINS (52M), SENATOR LOPEZ (48F), and other government officials stand nearby, tension palpable.

INT. GITMO - SECRET UNDERGROUND HOSPITAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
The target has been neutralized. Our  
weapon is under repair for the next  
operation.

SENATOR CUMMINS  
Those documents were destroyed?

The men exchange grim looks.

SENATOR LOPEZ  
Wait a minute. You're talking about  
years of crucial research.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
They no longer serve a purpose. We're  
moving in a new direction.

General Barges stands, his authority wavering.

GENERAL BARGES  
We have enough knowledge to enhance  
our machine. He'll be better than  
ever. Along with the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
This technology, combined with future advancements, will support our upcoming projects. We need to ensure their viability.

SENATOR LOPEZ  
Dismantling our work seems extreme.

SPECIAL AGENT HARDING  
It's necessary. Loose ends have a way of resurfacing, and we can't risk that.

GENERAL MCNELLIN  
That last loose end, lying in a pool of blood in the middle of the dirt, was a potential problem. I have full confidence that nothing will get in our way.

They exchange determined glances, a silent agreement forming.

INT. GITMO - SECRET UNDERGROUND INTERROGATION ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

Agent Ericson is being interrogated.

An agent punches his bloodied face repeatedly.

He spits out blood, defiance in his eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - LESLIE ANN PETESBURG'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

**CAPTION:** Spring, 1972.

The kitchen is filled with tension.

Leslie Ann Petesburg, 16, sits across from a doctor, who hands her a book titled, "How to Cope with Being a Young Mother."

Her parents watch, disappointment etched on their faces.

DOCTOR  
This will be a tough time for you. With your parents' support, it can be easier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doctor turns to Leslie's parents.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
She'll need it all.

They nod, but their expressions remain cold.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - LESLIE ANN PETESBURG'S CHILDHOOD HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUED

Moments later, we hear a faint conversation between Leslie and her parents.

INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
(pleading)  
I know what I'm doing!

LESLIE'S MOTHER  
No, you don't! You're sixteen!

LESLIE'S FATHER  
Who did this to you? Where is he?

Leslie dabs her eyes, her parents' anger palpable.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
His name's Wilbur. He's gone to war.

LESLIE'S MOTHER  
I'm going to talk to his parents.

LESLIE'S FATHER  
I'll kill him if he survives that corrupt war!

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
(interrupting)  
It's not all his fault!

LESLIE'S FATHER  
You're right! It's both your faults!  
You're just as much to blame as him!

Leslie breaks down, despair washing over her.

LESLIE'S MOTHER  
Does he know?

Leslie meets her mother's gaze, a flicker of compassion

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

breaking through the tension.

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - LESLIE ANN PETESBURG'S BEDROOM -  
MOMENTS LATER

The flashback continues.

Leslie, now in bed, rests in her mother's lap.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
He broke up with me. He didn't even  
love me.

LESLIE'S MOTHER  
I know, darling. Love isn't fair.

Leslie's face hardens.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
I hope he dies in that war.

LESLIE'S MOTHER  
I understand how you feel, but that's  
not the way to react. "Vengeance  
belongs to God," as the Bible says.  
And if you disobey HIM, HE will punish  
you. Just take care of yourself and  
your baby.

Leslie snuggles closer, seeking comfort.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. PALM SPRINGS, CA. - LESLIE'S APARTMENT - ATTIC - MORNING

CAPTION: Winter, January 1974.

The attic is dimly lit.

A now 17-year-old Leslie, having fled her childhood home,  
sits at a small desk, writing a love letter addressed to  
WILBUR ROVSKI.

The faint sound of a baby crying echoes in the background.

Leslie's expression is a mix of anger and determination as  
she reads aloud her letter.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
(reading)  
"Your secret admirer, captivated by

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

your supreme manliness. You're the hero I see in my dreams every night. I long for the day I run into your arms, the smell of lavender overwhelming your senses, not enough to diminish the yearning touch of my flesh as our passion explodes when we embrace.

A beat.

Leslie's face frowns.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
It is you, my love, that I speak of.  
My words are intentional to entice and seduce, for I am not coy.

A beat.

Leslie takes in a breath, frustration etched on her face.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
I am a woman of substance, truth, and no boundaries. I need you by my side through thick and thin. My letters will continue only if they are met with your attention, which I require. I know you'll reply; who can resist such a woman as me?"

She signs the letter,

"Yours eventually,

Victoria Mellarina."

Leslie lightly sprays the letter with lavender perfume, places a picture of the 70s Russian model, MALLORY YENSCHOV, inside, seals it, and affixes a vintage stamp with the return address:

"Victoria Mellarina, 2304 Woodbine Ct.,

Palm Springs, CA. 92262."

She hesitates, contemplating her next move.

Her mother's voice echoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
"Vengeance belongs to God," as the  
Bible says. And if you disobey HIM, HE  
will punish you.

Leslie battles within herself.

With a devious look, she seals the envelope, determination in  
her eyes.

The scene fades to black.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. FORT VALLEY, AZ. - HURRICANE BAR & LOUNGE - NOON

**CAPTION:** Summer, 2002.

The bar is lively, filled with laughter and chatter.

Leslie, now 46, enters with a group of friends.

The camera captures the back of a MAN in his late 40s sitting  
at the bar, his demeanor mysterious.

Leslie notices the stares from other patrons, a smirk forming  
on her lips.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
Where's your camera?

A local looks confused.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG (CONT'D)  
You don't have to stare. Just take a  
picture and give it to your plastic  
surgeon.

The local, appalled, quickly leaves.

Leslie's friends laugh, but a younger woman, PAMELA, sits at  
another table, eyeing them with disdain.

PAMELA  
You definitely have a distorted view  
if you think you're beautiful.

Leslie and her friends scoff, but Leslie stands, ready to  
confront Pamela.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
Looks like you've had too many  
surgeries already.

A beat.

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG (CONT'D)  
Just mind your business. And sip on  
your manly beer.

Laughter erupts from her friends as Pamela approaches,  
tension rising.

The two women scuffle, patrons attempting to break it up.

The MAN at the bar watches intently, sipping his whiskey.

INT. FLAGSTAFF, AZ. - LESLIE AND AMANDA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM  
- NIGHT 2:00 A.M.

The flashback continues.

Leslie kicks a large package into her house, closes the front door, and stumbles into her house collapsing onto the couch.

She's drunk, with marks on her face.

Time passes.

Leslie wakes up, disoriented, realizing it's now, 4 A.M.

She notices several missed calls from her daughter, AMANDA.

As she stands, she spots the box from earlier, curiosity piquing her interest.

She grabs it, determination evident.

Leslie opens the box, her eyes widening in fear.

She quickly closes it, grabs her phone, and heads toward the staircase.

INT. AMANDA'S SECRET HIDING SPOT - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

After re-taping the box securely, Leslie places it snugly into a hidden space behind the drywall.

Suddenly, she hears a creaking sound.

Panic sets in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE ANN PETESBURG  
Who's there?! I'll call the police!

INT. ATTIC STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

She inches down the stairs, heart racing.

Suddenly, a door creaks open behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leslie turns, startled by a loud metallic sound.

She bolts down the hallway, dialing "911" on her flip phone, but it's too late.

A massive spike ball swings toward her.

(SLOW MOTION)

She tumbles backward down the staircase, landing hard on the floor, blood pooling around her.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

(NORMAL SPEED)

Leslie lies on the floor, dazed and bleeding.

The MYSTERIOUS MAN, now revealed to be WILBUR ROVSKI (48), descends the stairs slowly, a horrific look on his face.

The world around Leslie blurs as her vision fades.

The scene fades to black, indicating her eyes slowly closing.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC. - THE RANCH BAR - DAY

CAPTION: Present Day.

A woman walks outside the bar, her high heels clicking against the pavement.

The camera focuses on her legs.

As she approaches the entrance, we flashback to Prescott Arizona the day Amanda Petesburg, died in the desert.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - DAY

Federal agents sweep the area as Amanda lies dead in the dirt.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC. - THE RANCH BAR - CONTINUED

The woman's heels clicking as she approaches the bar's front door.

Laughter and chatter spill out, mingling with the clinking of glasses.

The camera moves upward toward the woman's midsection.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - CONTINUED

The agents leave as the dust fills the atmosphere with Amanda still lying in the dirt.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, DC. - THE RANCH BAR - CONTINUED

The camera moves upward to the back of the woman's long red hair, the eyes of several men lingering on her.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PRESCOTT VALLEY, AZ. - CONTINUED

Joe, miraculously alive, gently lifts Amanda from the dirt, his expression serious as he places her into another vehicle.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, DC. - THE RANCH BAR - CONTINUED

The woman is now taking a seat at the bar.

The bartender takes a double glance at her.

Her hand sliding through the back of her red hair.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAYER, AZ. - JOE'S 2ND SAFEHOUSE - EXAMINING ROOM -  
CONTINUED

Amanda lies on a gurney, bruised but alive.

Joe bandages her wounds, his voice low and reassuring.

JOE  
(softly)  
You're gonna be just fine. Just get  
some rest.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, DC. - THE RANCH BAR - CONTINUED

The bartender is placing a glass of whiskey down in front of the woman with her long red hair cascading down her back as she sits, calm, but alert.

The woman takes a nice sip of her whiskey.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAYER, AZ. - JOE'S 2ND SAFEHOUSE - EXAMINING ROOM -  
CONTINUED

Amanda, still on the gurney, reaches into her back pocket, pulling out her phone.

She opens the recording app, searching for a file labeled "**EVIDENCE**."

The screen displays file within the "**EVIDENCE**" folder with recordings labeled,

RECORDING 1: "Agent Ericson's revelations,"

RECORDING 2: "Wilbur's mental transitions,"

RECORDING 3: "Shootings,"

RECORDING 4: "The attempted murder and cover-up of Amanda Petesburg,"

Not to mention other recordings of all the chaos in between.

Amanda looks up, a glimmer of determination in her eyes as Joe enters with a bag, placing it beside her.

BAG CONTENTS: Money, a passport, and a new ID with a redhead

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

version of her, AMANDA, under the new name, "**ERIN MILLER.**"

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, DC. - THE RANCH BAR - CONTINUED

The camera circles the woman to reveal Amanda at the bar.

The bartender taking flirtatious glances at her.

She notices, but remains alert.

Amanda's face is a mix of fear and determination as she recalls the wild and crazy moments.

She pulls out a picture of WILBUR ROVSKI and the four marines, studying it intently before folding it and tucking it into her jacket pocket.

Amanda, her mind racing with thoughts of revenge and justice.

She glances at her phone, checking the time.

A look of confirmation etched on her face.

The bartender hesitantly approaches her.

AMANDA  
(taking a deep breath)  
Here's to you, Bill.

Amanda takes another healthy swig of her whiskey, her expression shifting from contemplation to resolve.

BARTENDER  
(leaning in)  
So beautiful, what do you think of  
this crazy world we live in?

Amanda's face hardens, her voice steady.

AMANDA  
The world is fucked!

FADE OUT.

THE END