

GRIZZLY BLUFF SEASON 1

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EPISODE 1: ENTROPY

COLD OPEN:

RADIO MUSIC: "THE GREAT PRETENDER" by THE PLATTERS.

MALE VOICE 1 (V.O.)
I fold.

MALE VOICE 2 (V.O.)
Fold.

INT. PRECINCT POKER ROOM - 8:08 PM

Windowless concrete. Fluorescents buzz overhead. A radiator rattles against the drone of a 70's RADIO.

Center stage: A GREEN FELTED TABLE scarred by burn marks. Chips, ash trays, and smoke. Five OFFICERS and the POLICE CHIEF sit around the table.

One officer has keenly perceptive eyes: FRANK WILSON.

FRANK WILSON (30s). Boyscout manners, conventionally handsome, scar along his left cheek. Neatly groomed, fit, wedding band. Brass nametag on his clean pressed uniform: F. WILSON.

SUPER: Friday, October 10th, 1980

Frank's eyes are deeply focused on THE MAN IN FRONT OF HIM:

CHIEF CHARLIE HATCHER (50s). Dusty gray mustache, knowing, shrewd eyes. Clean uniform. Slightly overweight, large, muscular, imposing.

Hatcher's eyes intend to intimidate. On the edge of the table near him: a half empty bottle of PRESTON'S ROOT BEER, complete with the smiling face of Preston himself.

Hatcher glances down and neatly stacks his chips.

HATCHER
All in.

Frank's eyes dart down at the community cards: 4 SPADES and a DIAMOND. They snap back to Hatcher's face.

RADIO MUSIC BECOMES QUIETER.

SFX FADE IN: FLAMES. TOLLING CHURCH BELLS.

MATCH FADE ON HATCHER'S FACE:

EXT. CROSSROADS - SUNSET

An intersection with skid marks on the street and pieces of metal strewn about.

HATCHER'S FACE: Sweaty, dirty, confrontational. Flames flutter in the background.

FRANK: Sweaty, greasy, adrenaline in his eyes. Disheveled hair, dirty uniform, fresh cut on his left cheek.

HATCHER (O.S.)
So what now?

MATCH FADE FRANK'S PRESENT FACE:

INT. PRECINCT POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RADIO VOLUME RETURNS TO NORMAL.

FRANK
Call.

Hatcher confidently tables his hand. 9 HIGH FLUSH.

Frank smoothly shows his hand. TEN DEUCE. 10 HIGH FLUSH.

Hatcher POUNDS the TABLE, RATTLING the CHIPS, bouncing his Preston's Root Beer and startling his men.

Frank remains calm and SCOOPS the POT.

Betsy pokes her head in before Hatcher can say a word.

BETSY BAKER (50s). Glasses. Conservative curly hair with touches of gray. Friendly but no-nonsense demeanor.

BETSY
Joan on the line for you Chief.

FRANK
(checking his watch)
And that is my cue to skeedaddle.

Hatcher lets out a frustrated breath and stands up. One of his men look at him expectantly.

HATCHER
(to the officer looking at
him)
I'll be right back.

The officer nods, shuffles the deck. Play continues.

FRANK
(grinning at Hatcher)
I'll collect next time we play.

HATCHER
(muttering)
We'll see about that.

Frank laughs.

FRANK
Night boss.

Hatcher slightly lifts a hand, walking towards his office.

HATCHER
Night Frank.

INT. HATCHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A shrine to cleanliness.

On the wall: A FRAMED NEWSPAPER ARTICLE with the headline: THE MAN WHO CLEANED UP GRIZZLY BLUFF. ARTICLE PHOTO: Hatcher stands proudly in front of an empty prison cell block.

A wall calendar: October 10th, 1980. In the corner, a WHITE MINIFRIDGE hums quietly. On the desk, a black wired keypad phone. A placard: CHIEF C. HATCHER.

Hatcher shambles in leaving the door open, expression bitter.

He opens his minifridge and pulls out a fresh bottle of Preston's Root Beer. Opens it. Throws back a drink to take the edge off before picking up the phone.

HATCHER
This is Hatcher.

A woman's voice, distant, unintelligible. He listens to Joan talking on the other end. His expression begins to change.

He stares through his open door into the bullpen. His eyes focus on Frank as he gathers his things.

Hatcher listens, face growing more angry by what he's hearing.

Frank walks close and gives a wave to Hatcher.

SLOW MOTION

Frank and Hatcher's eyes connect. Hatcher's gaze is suddenly dark, unsettling.

Frank walks out of the precinct, his face uneasy.

EXT. GRIZZLY BLUFF POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The precinct exterior looks small beneath the starlit mountains in the distance. In the sky- a sliver of the moon.

In front, a large sign: GRIZZLY BLUFF POLICE DEPARTMENT and the town's symbol: A grizzly bear on hind legs, mouth open, paws raised.

Frank walks to his squad car, climbs in and FIRES IT UP, TURNS ON the HEADLIGHTS. The car backs out, turns onto the main road, then out of view.

A fit, short blonde-haired officer wearing MIRRORED SUNGLASSES emerges from the station. Climbs into a squad car, FIRES IT UP, turns the headlights on and follows.

SUPER: GRIZZLY BLUFF

CUT TO BLACK.

SFX: ECHOING BEAR ROAR, MAN YELLING IN TERROR.

SUPER: ENTROPY

SUPER: n. Organized things tend to get shuffled.

A beat.

SUPER: CHAPTER 1: COLD DECK

SUPER: n. A rigged deck of cards secretly swapped in to cheat.

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Modest earth-tones. Berber carpet, orange couch, reclining chair. A READING LAMP wars with the blue glow of a TUBE TV.

On the shelf: worn poker chips, decks of cards, a FRAMED PHOTO of Frank playing Texas Hold'em with his sons. Batman and Robin FIGURES abandoned on the floor.

WILL and ALAN sit in silence staring at the TV.

WILL (15). Wiry, strong looking hands, sincere, sad eyes. Unkempt short brown hair, Wolverine t-shirt, sweatpants. His eyes are red from crying.

ALAN (10). A short unassuming boy with tired but unsettlingly perceptive eyes that seem to see everything and nothing all at once. Short brown hair, black t-shirt with an atom symbol on it.

SUPER: Tuesday, Oct 14th, 1980.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Grainy local news footage. Text overlay reads: "GRIZZLY BLUFF PARK LIVE".

A PARK RANGER speaks to a REPORTER, SUSAN WEST. Behind them both, a torrent of rain.

SUSAN (ON TV)
In light of last week's fatal bear attack, what can you tell the people watching right now who may go out camping this weekend?

INT. FRANK AND JUNE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cramped. Queen bed, dresser, night stands. In the open closet: a ghostly row of clean POLICE UNIFORMS. On the dresser: a wedding photo, a wooden box.

JUNE WILSON (35). Dark disheveled shoulder length hair, average build, attractive. Daisies cover her conservative dress. Eyes red from crying.

She stares into the mirror, locked on her reflection. Tightly gripped in her hand: A RED SPATULA.

PARK RANGER (ON TV O.S.)
(somber)
My condolences to the families of those three officers. It's a reminder that this is not a game. These men knew how to deal with bears, but sometimes it's still-wrong place wrong time.

As if waking up, June glances down at her hand and notices the spatula.

PARK RANGER (ON TV O.S.)
Be alert. Don't leave food out.
Don't go into the forest alone.

She recomposes herself and walks out towards the kitchen.

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN (ON TV)
Anything else before we sign off?

June stares at the TV screen with vacant eyes.

PARK RANGER (ON TV)
It's as easy as remembering our town's name. Grizzlies will bluff charge. Stand completely still. It's not a guarantee, but it improves your odds.

June grips the spatula tighter.

SUSAN (V.O.)
A sobering reminder. Reporting live from Grizzly Bluff Park, I'm Susan West. Joan, back to you.

June, Will, Alan: All frozen in place as if paralyzed.

JOAN (V.O.)
Thank you Susan. When we return, an update from Chief Hatcher on his investigation into this developing story.

Alan stares straight through the screen as commercials start.

June snaps out of it. She strides to the TV, stands in front of it, faces the boys.

JUNE
Dinner?

They stare through her. She turns and SWITCHES the TV OFF.

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

THUNDER CRASHES. An overcast, drizzling afternoon. A deep open grave.

SUPER: Wednesday, Oct 15th, 1980.

POLICE OFFICERS in uniform and family friends in attendance.

June, Will, and Alan stand graveside. The boys stare numbly as a closed CASKET lowers into the ground.

June TIGHTENS HER GRIP on her UMBRELLA, glances at her sons with concern, but says nothing.

An OFFICER wearing MIRRORED SUNGLASSES stands near a row of cars next to Chief Hatcher. He exchanges a few words with Hatcher, then steps up behind the boys.

MILES "MIRRORS" SMITH (33). Neatly trimmed blonde hair, clean shaved chiseled jaw, fit and muscular, 6 feet tall, spotless uniform, distinctive reflective sunglasses he wears rain or shine. Silver Seiko digital watch on his left wrist.

MIRRORS places a hand on both of their shoulders.

Will turns, forces a smile. Alan is elsewhere watching the cascade of exploding droplets rattling against the top of the wooden coffin.

MIRRORS stares at the casket a moment, quietly offers his condolences to June, turns and walks back towards Hatcher.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

June sits on her side of the bed in a robe, holding a ROTARY PHONE HANDSET to her ear.

SUPER: Thursday, Oct 16th, 1980.

JUNE
Thank you Betsy.

Betsy asks a question, unintelligible on the other end.

JUNE
They were given two weeks
off...They're still in shock.

Betsy says something else.

JUNE
...Of course. I'll swing by in an
hour or so. Thanks again for letting
me know.
(a moment)
Mmm-hmm. See you soon.

June hangs up. Stares at the closet.

INT. WILSON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The boys silently eat bland cereal in a bland kitchen wearing bland expressions.

Will glances at Alan. No reaction.

June enters, dressed up, putting on an earring.

JUNE
I'm going to the precinct to collect
your father's things.

No response.

JUNE
(playfully)
Maybe I could get a few big strong
bodyguards to keep me safe?

Will nods slightly, expression unchanged.

INT. BROWN STATION WAGON - RAINY DAY / EXT. PRECINCT - LATER

The Wilsons are silent on the drive to GBPD. Nothing but the patter of rain on the roof and windows. The windshield wipers swish back and forth hypnotically. June is at the wheel, Will in shotgun, Alan in the back.

Alan stares at the world passing by, an apparition. The brown station wagon turns in to the GBPD lot and parks.

INT. BROWN STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The rain slows to a drizzle. A moment of quiet. June looks back at her boys.

Alan still stares out the window despite having nothing to look at.

Will's attention drifts until he catches his mom's gaze. She puts on a smile for him. He does the same for her.

EXT. GRIZZLY BLUFF PD PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

June opens her door, climbs out. Will does the same. Alan stays where he is.

June walks around the car, opens his door. He stares straight through her. She cautiously moves closer, puts his face in her hands. His eyes move up to hers.

JUNE
(quietly)
We'll only be a few minutes, ok?

Alan hesitates then slightly nods.

ALAN
(quietly)
Few minutes.

He slowly climbs out. June shuts the door.

The front entrance to the precinct bursts open and a woman with tattoos on her arms and a scowl on her face strides out.

JACK FARADAY (30). Short hair, lean, muscular, tomboyish, tattoos up her forearms, unconventionally attractive. Casual blue jean jacket over a black t-shirt, tattered blue jeans, black high tops. Over her shoulder, a beat up brown satchel.

She reaches her CAR—a SKY BLUE 1970 MERCURY MARQUIS, a beater.

June and the boys approach Jack's car on their way to the precinct door. Jack and June catch each other's eye.

Jack forces a smile. June does the same.

Jack pulls open her door and trash falls out onto the parking lot: EMPTY CORN NUTS WRAPPERS, EMPTY SODA BOTTLES, CRUMPLED UP PAPER. Some of it spills into the path of the Wilsons.

June's eyes go wide. Jack scrambles around picking up each piece and throwing it back into the car.

JACK
(muttering)
Ah, fuck me.

Jack glances up, reestablishing eye contact with June.

JACK
(sheepish, embarrassed)
Pardon my trash.

This elicits a slight chuckle from June as she reaches down to pick up a bottle.

JUNE
(handing over the bottle)
Consider it pardoned.

Jack takes the bottle and forces another smile before collecting the rest. June continues walking towards the precinct.

Will reaches down, picks up a wrapper, hands it to Jack.

JACK
Thanks Champ.

Will forces a smile and follows June. Alan stares straight ahead and walks past Jack, lost in his own mind.

Jack climbs into her car and slams the door.

INT. GRIZZLY BLUFF PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

June's footsteps ECHO on the tile. She moves in the background, exchanging a few words with Betsy at the front desk.

Will and Alan mill about listlessly, taking nothing in.

At Frank's desk, June places his BADGE and BLACK MUG into a CARDBOARD BOX. She slides open the drawer. A decade of clutter: MAPS, POKER MAGAZINES, a solved RUBIK'S CUBE.

Beneath it all: A PLAQUE. She lifts it, catching her own sad reflection in the brass.

INSERT - PLAQUE

"For Valor in the Face of Danger. Presented by Chief Hatcher to Frank Wilson, August 14th, 1978. Grizzly Bluff Police Department."

She gingerly places the plaque into the box. The next artifact: a FRAMED FAMILY PHOTO.

Frank, June, and the boys, all smiles at the fair. Will grips a stuffed toy. Alan is absorbed in a mountain of cotton candy. June gives Frank a loving gaze; he returns it with a sly smile, no scar on his left cheek. The time of his life.

Eyes glassy, June gets lost in the memory. Transported back.

Emerging from a back hallway, a man walks by, notices the boys. He turns, approaches.

Chief Hatcher steps in close. He towers over them. Will looks up.

HATCHER

Ah, you're Frank's boys aren't ya?

He catches Will's glance. Will nods. Alan doesn't react.

HATCHER

We're all really broken up about what happened to him. He was a good cop. Maybe the best of us.

He holds their gaze, hands placed firm on their shoulders.

HATCHER

Your old man was a smart bastard. He took a lot of money from me at the poker table. But we all loved him.

(a beat)

May he rest in peace.

Will nods. Alan seems to stare right through Hatcher.

WILL

(quietly)

Thank you.

Hatcher nods, gives them both a gentle slap on the back, turns to walk towards an open doorway. He stops, turns back.

HATCHER

You know I owed your dad a buy-in,
and I always pay back my debts.

(locking on Will's eyes)

Want to take his spot for a few
hands? Send your old man off? Maybe
you'll get a little extra
inheritance.

June glances up from the photo turning her attention to Hatcher.

HATCHER

(eyes on June, suddenly)

With your mom's permission of
course.

June and Will exchange a look. She notices his uneasiness.

JUNE

(to Hatcher)

I really should be taking the boys
back home soon...

Hatcher nods.

HATCHER

Of course. Crazy idea.

June forces a smile. Hatcher pulls out his wallet, extracts two ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS and holds them out to Will.

HATCHER

Here's what I owed your old man.

Will slowly reaches out and takes the money.

HATCHER

(smiling sincerely)

We'll leave his seat open if you
change your mind.

Hatcher turns and walks through the doorway.

Will stares at the money in his hands, then at the door, then back to June.

JUNE

Should we get going?

Will is quiet, glances at the doorway again. Then at Alan who is also staring at the money.

The boys lock eyes for a moment. Will lets out a breath, then turns to June.

WILL
(quietly)
Maybe... a few hands?

June looks surprised.

JUNE
You're sure?

Will turns back to Alan. Alan gives the slightest nod.

WILL
(to June, voice cracking)
It's dad's seat.

June glances at the photo in her hands and her lips purse. She looks up.

JUNE
(quietly)
I'll be right here if you need me.

Will nods, turns back to Alan who is staring at the door.

Together, they approach and enter.

SUPER: CHAPTER 2: TABLE STAKES

SUPER: n. Play only with what is on the table.

INT. PRECINCT POKER ROOM - DAY

HATCHER
(noticing Will and Alan)
Ah-Had a change of heart did ya?

Will forces a smile, nods.

HATCHER
Boys, our 6th seat is filled. These
are Frank's boys.
We have his oldest whose name...
(points at Will)
Escapes me.

WILL
Will.

HATCHER
Will- it was on the tip of my
tongue.
(turns to Alan)
And...

Alan becomes aware of the men staring at him.

WILL
(quickly)
This is Alan.

HATCHER
Alan! That's right. Last time I saw
you, you were in diapers.

Everyone stares at Alan. He fixates on the brassy NAME TAG on Hatcher's chest: "C. HATCHER."

OFFICER 1
Alright chief, who gets dealt in?

Hatcher slaps Will on the back, a bit harder than he'd like.

HATCHER
This strapping boy, Will Wilson. Son
of poker legend Frank Wilson.

The Officers chuckle. Hatcher leads Will to the empty seat.

HATCHER
This is your father's seat. Have a
sit down, we'll deal you in.

Will awkwardly sits. He puts the two hundred dollar bills on the table. One of Hatcher's men grabs the money and pushes 3 stacks of POKER CHIPS towards him.

Alan remains huddled behind him.

HATCHER
(patronizing)
The game is No-Limit Hold 'em.
Dealer button moves around clockwise
trailing behind the big blind and
small blind.

Will stares at Hatcher.

HATCHER
(condescending)
Do you know your hand rankings?

Will slightly nods. Hatcher smiles at him.

HATCHER
(boisterously)
Great! I'll help you out if you lose
track of what's going on.

The radio picks up QUEEN'S "ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST."

Alan's face: rapt attention on the game.

The music swells. His mind comes alive. For the first time in a long time, life flickers.

He watches Will's HOLE CARDS. Notes positions, betting patterns, scrutinizes behavior.

One player is loose and splashy. Another, tight and cautious. One calls everything. One is always afraid.

And HATCHER: the boss. He pushes his way around, pot after pot, amassing his stack. Bullying, intimidating. His men fold or lose at showdown. Job security doesn't hurt.

Will holds his own. Avoids danger. Picks up small pots. He knows the game. His stack is up slightly.

NEW HAND: Will is dealt TWO RED JACKS (Jh, Jd). Alan notices Will tense up.

PREFLOP betting. Will RAISES. Alan's tunnel vision sets in.

The table folds around to Hatcher, sitting in position. He stares at Will, instantly knows he has a premium hand.

HATCHER
(staring intensely)
Reraise.

Will tries to stifle his anxiety. Fails. Everyone watches him expectantly.

ALAN
(whispering quietly)
Call.

Will turns slightly aside, didn't hear clearly.

ALAN
(whispering louder)
Call.

Will nods slightly, puts in the chips, disoriented.

WILL
Call.

THE FLOP: ACE Spades, KING Spades, NINE Spades (As, Ks, 9s).

Alan's heart races. Panic. A terrifying flop. Half of Will's stack is in. Any more betting risks it all.

Will CHECKS to Hatcher. Hatcher bobs his head, looks at his cards again.

HATCHER
I check.

THE TURN: FOUR of Spades (4s).

Alan is dumbstruck. Convinced they'll lose. Will CHECKS again, hand visibly shaking. Hatcher grins, CHECKS back.

HATCHER
(chuckling)
Let's see a river.

THE RIVER: THREE of Diamonds (3d).

Will CHECKS a third time. Hatcher puckers his mouth, mumbles, eyeballs Will's stack.

HATCHER
How much you got left?

Will, mind scattered, counts his chips.

WILL
One hundred.

"Another One Bites the Dust" hits more intensely.

HATCHER
Got you covered. One hundred.

The officers seem invested in the hand. Will turns to Alan.

WILL
(whispering, voice shaky)
What do I do?

Alan starts to say "Fold"--but catches HATCHER'S GAZE. Their eyes meet. Alan sees behind the mask. A glint of FEAR.

He realizes: Hatcher has NOTHING. The odds are terrible. Folding is the play. Too many hands beat Pocket Jacks here...But Hatcher's fear was unmistakable.

Will moves slightly, breaking through Alan's locked gaze.

ALAN
(whispering)
Call.

WILL
(whispering)
..Call?!

ALAN
(nods, whispering)
Call.

Will stares at him for another moment in disbelief.

WILL
(whispering)
The odds are...

ALAN
(whispering)
I know. But he's got nothing.

Numb expression, Will slowly turns, hesitates, then PUSHES his STACK in.

WILL
Call.

Hatcher's face flashes TERRIFYINGLY FURIOUS. A split second. The officers don't notice. Alan and Will do.

Hatcher instantly pivots to freakishly jovial.

HATCHER
(boisterous)
Ahh the little bastards are taking my money just like their old man!

He lets out a ROARING LAUGH. The other officers laugh along.

Hatcher TURNS OVER his HAND: TWO RED SIXES (6h, 6d). A hand full of nothing.

Will TURNS OVER his RED JACKS (Jh, Jd). They are good.

Hatcher aggressively pushes the chips towards Will.

HATCHER
Here ya go ya little...

He trails off into overly dramatic muttering. Some officers laugh.

Will flinches, slowly stacking his chips. He feels a presence. Turns left. June stands in the doorway. Hatcher catches her gaze.

HATCHER
(big grin, standing up)
Well the fun and games are over.
Smart boys you have here June.

June smiles at him.

JUNE
That's all Frank.

Hatcher clocks the box June holds, squints at the plaque.

HATCHER
(hesitates)
Quite a legacy. I might have lost my
shirt if you hadn't shown up.

Hatcher pulls out FOUR \$100 BILLS. Hands them to Will, hand
on his shoulder, locking eyes with him.

HATCHER
Doubled your money. That's a
respectable take! Now comes the hard
part: Restraint. No drugs or women,
hear me?

Will sheepishly nods, takes the money, walks towards the
door. Alan stays behind him, out of Hatcher's periphery
until—

SLOW MOTION

Alan and Hatcher meet eyes. "Another One Bites the Dust"
becomes a NIGHTMARISH MELODY.

Alan reads his eyes and suddenly knows exactly WHO... maybe
WHAT Hatcher is. Hatcher knows that Alan knows. The boy who
called his bluff. Ten years old. Barely out of diapers.

Hatcher's MENACING EYES watch the family leave.

INT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

As June leads the boys through the bullpen towards the front,
Alan's eyes dart around as if noticing everything for the
first time.

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Alan gets into the back seat, eyes more alert. June loads the
box of FRANK'S BELONGINGS into the back seat next to Alan.

INT. FAMILY CAR - CONTINUOUS

June, in the front, cracks a smile at Will.

JUNE
Almost took the chief's shirt huh?

Will cracks half a smile back. The car pulls away, drives
into the distance.

SUPER: CHAPTER 3: HOLE CARDS

SUPER: n. The cards you're dealt.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wallpapered in superheroes—Batman, X-Men, Spiderman. Stacks of COMICS fight for space with TEXTBOOKS and SPORTS MAGAZINES. Leaning in the corner: A WOODEN BASEBALL BAT.

Will, in blue flannel pajamas, reads a BATMAN COMIC BOOK in bed.

June enters, wearing her night robe, holding FRANK'S PLAQUE. Will puts the comic down.

JUNE

Thought maybe you should have this.

She hands him the plaque. He reads it, eyes becoming glassy. June hugs him. Overwhelmed, he SOBS into her shoulder.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shrine to his interests. A night light illuminates constellation maps, the Periodic Table, and a 2001 poster. POPULAR SCIENCE MAGAZINES on thermodynamics and quantum mechanics, Doyle Brunson's Super/System.

In the corner, LEGO CARS. On the windowsill: 3 CLEAR JARS of BLACK SLUDGE catch the moonlight.

Alan sits on his bed, staring out his window at a FULL MOON. He hears his brother crying (O.S.).

He gets up, OPENS a DESK DRAWER, and pulls out a shiny HARMONICA. An engraving on the side reads "Alan".

At the window, elbows on the sill, he breathes into the harmonica. Quiet SOUNDS. Not quite music, not quite gibberish.

Will's crying fades (O.S.). Soon, Alan's door opens. June enters.

JUNE

(quietly)

Hey.

ALAN

(quietly)

Hey.

JUNE
(goofy face)
Want one of mom's special tuckins?

Alan smiles slightly and nods. He climbs into bed.

June tucks him in tightly, then sits on the bed next to him. She sees him staring out the window at the moon and joins him. They stare in silence.

ALAN
(quietly)
I miss dad.

June's eyes well up. A knot in her throat.

JUNE
I do too.

She wipes her face with a TISSUE, gazing down at Alan. Tears pool and pour down his cheeks. His eyes never look away from the moon.

She kisses his cheek and strokes his hair.

JUNE
(whispering)
Rest little Alan.

He closes his eyes and nods. One last glance. She leaves the room.

Alan's eyes remain closed for a moment, then slowly open. He climbs out of bed and returns to the window with his harmonica, staring at the moon.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - LATER

In bed, Will hears the quiet HARMONICA sounds (O.S.). He gets up. He picks up the plaque on his dresser, reflected in it.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will opens the door quietly and peers in. Alan is by the window, in his own world, breathing into the harmonica.

Will quietly puts the plaque on Alan's dresser and slips out.

A KIT-CAT CLOCK on Alan's wall next to the dresser and plaque shows the time.

TIME DISSOLVE

The clock fades from 10:00 PM to 2:00 AM.

The moon is gone. Alan, no longer hypnotized, snaps out of it. He puts the harmonica away and goes to the bathroom.

INT. WILSON BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pale tiles, green walls. June's HAIRCLIPS and Frank's STRAIGHT RAZOR scatter the sink. A soft green BATH RUG on the floor, and a faded painting of a Pacific Ocean coastline on the shower curtain.

Near the floor, a WHITE VENTILATION GRATE with a missing screw. On the toilet tank: a rack of eclectic books.

Alan sits on the toilet reading SUPER/SYSTEM by Doyle Brunson. Or trying to. He can't sustain his focus.

INSERT - BOOK PAGE

The story of how Doyle Brunson won two World Series of Poker Tournaments against all odds with the same weak hand: Ten Deuce. A playing card is tucked between the pages as a bookmark: THE JOKER.

RETURN TO SCENE

He closes and places the book on the rack behind him, leans his head against the wall.

SFX: FAINT, MUFFLED ECHO OF QUEEN'S "ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST" (in his head).

Lost, floating. His eyes drag focus around the bathroom as if seeing it for the first time.

He stares at the floor-level metal GRATE. Runs his eyes down it, feeling its texture. Bottom left screw. Bottom right. Top right.

Then-A HOLE. The top left screw is MISSING.

THE MUSIC IN HIS HEAD BECOMES A DULL PERSISTENT ECHO.

His gaze fixates. Confusion turns to curiosity. He stands, wipes, flushes.

He gets down on his knees and examines the grate more closely. One screw missing. He stares at it. Circular marks around it as if the missing screw had been unscrewed.

He scrounges through the bathroom drawer and finds JUNE'S METAL HAIR CLIP. A perfect wedge for a flat head screw.

He returns to the grate and gets down on his stomach.

The hair clip catches the groove. A quick twist—the SCREW POPS OUT. He makes short work of the remaining two, PULLING the GRATE free. In the dusty throat of the vent: A rectangular SHAPE.

He pulls out a brown leather BRIEFCASE with a numerical lock.

Stunned, he examines the exterior. Tries to open it. Locked.

He turns the CODE ENTRY dials towards him. Four digits. Nothing he tries works. He sighs.

Notices the Brunson book... He tries 1002. Doyle's signature hand (ten-deuce).

A satisfying click. The lock mechanism releases. Alan's heart skips a beat. He PRESSES the BUTTONS and opens it.

Inside: RUBBER BANDED rolls of PLAYING CARDS.

He picks one up, examines it, perplexed. He needs more space. He CLOSES the BRIEFCASE and takes it to his bedroom.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - LATER

Alan TURNS ON his LAMP and sits on the floor, ready.

He UNDOES EACH BUNDLE and lays them out on his floor.

TIME LAPSE MONTAGE

Alan unwraps each card bundle carefully and flattens the cards.

MESS OF CARDS: Fifteen numbered SPADE CARDS, many are duplicates. Seven numbered CLUB CARDS, no duplicates. The KING OF CLUBS. The ACE OF DIAMONDS.

Perplexed, Alan rearranges them over and over, brow furrowed.

END TIME LAPSE

SUPER: **CHAPTER 4: JACK HIGH**

SUPER: **n. A hand with one Jack and no pair.**

A VOICE (V.O.)
You can't just wire fifty dollars?

INT. GRIZZLY BLUFF TAP - DAY

Kitschy wooden walls. Carved WOODEN BEAR silently roars in the corner. Opposite, A SMALL COLOR TV quietly covering the upcoming 1980 US election. A world weary BARTENDER wipes down

the counter in front of a REGULAR whose attention is fixed on the TV.

JACK FARADAY leans against a payphone mounted to the wall. In one hand, a scrap of paper. In the other, a black pen with gold lettering: GRIZZLY BLUFF REPORTS. Intense frustration on her face.

SUPER: Friday, Oct 17th, 1980.

JACK
(into phone)
Unfucking believable. Come on
Vera... I'm going to run out in 3
days. How am I supposed to—
(listens, rubs forehead)
Yeah, fine. Three days.
(a beat)
Can you transfer me to Swetha?
(listens, exhales)

A woman's voice, unintelligible on the other end.

JACK
Hey.
(listens)
Just kissing my career goodbye. No
biggie.

A beat.

JACK
(sarcastically)
Hey thanks for the sympathy pal!

She glances over at the TV.

On TV: RONALD REAGAN at a rally. In the crowd, supporters hold signs that read MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN. TV SUPER: REAGAN US ELECTION FAVORITE.

Her expression gets even more grim.

JACK
(quietly, distracted)
Shit's so fucked.

Swetha talks on the other end.

JACK
No, yeah, hey I got this. I'll
just... rob a bank or something.

Swetha talks again. Jack sighs.

JACK

See you in three days. Give the
Chaos Goblin a hug for me.

Swetha signs off. Jack hangs up.

She bangs her head against the wall. Notices she's being
watched by the bartender and regular.

REGULAR

Bad news?

Jack strides towards the door.

JACK

This fucking town is cursed.

The regular has a laugh then turns back to the TV.

She slams her way through the front door.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack storms through the parking lot returning to her SKY BLUE 1970 MERCURY MARQUIS. She kicks a tire repeatedly.

JACK

MOTHER. (kick) FUCKING. (kick) BULL.
(kick) FUCKING. (kick) SHIT. (kick)

She yanks the door. Trash spills out.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A rolling landfill. Ankle-deep piles of EMPTY CORN NUTS, PINK FLOYD TAPES, grease-stained WRAPPERS. Gear shift wrapped with several RUBBER BANDS.

Jack moves some trash off of the driver's seat and flops in. Eyes weary, angry.

JACK

(muttering)

Why do I do this to myself. Three
fucking days.

She pulls out a LEATHER SATCHEL. Spreads clippings and photos.

Manila Envelope: "INMATE CASE." POLAROID of a CORK BOARD hierarchy chart with missing chunks. 15 photos of BLACK and BROWN MEN.

She finds a photo of a laughing black teenager aiming a firework at a laughing panicked young Jack.

JACK
(quietly)
Where the fuck did you go, Tray?

She turns the page. HEADLINE: "Three Officers Slain in Freak Bear Attack."

She flips a notepad. Names crossed off. Finds "WILSON, FRANK - 180 MAPLE LN" in the phone book. Copies it down.

Checks POLAROID CAMERA. Grabs CORN NUTS. FIRES the engine.

RADIO: PINK FLOYD'S "MONEY."

She backs out.

EXT. GRIZZLY BLUFF MAIN STREET / SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jack cruises, singing along, trash bouncing around.

JACK
(singing)
Money, get away. Go get a good job
with more pay, and you're okay.

She pushes trash out of the way to reveal a FOLDED MAP.

JACK
(singing)
Money, it's a gas. Grab that cash
with both hands and make a stash...

She unfolds the map and splits her focus to find her next turn.

INSERT - MAP

Suburban streets. Her finger slides from 180 Maple ln. to the nearest cross-street.

JACK
(singing, distracted)
A new car, caviar, four-star
daydream. Think I'll buy me a
football team...

She stops at a red light, looks closer at the map.

SONG (ON RADIO)
Money, well get back. I'm alright,
Jack, keep your hands off of my
stack. Money, it's a hit...

The light turns green. She tosses the map into the passenger seat on top of the trash pile.

She passes the PRECINCT, middle finger up.

JACK
(singing)
Don't give me that do goody-good
bullshit...

Soon she reaches 180 MAPLE LN.

She parks a few houses down, cuts the engine. Takes a deep breath. Pulls down the visor, glances in the mirror. Scowls. Stares. Fixes her hair a bit. Sticks out her tongue. Visor up.

She studies her destination: A modest red brick house. Mowed lawn. White front door. Daisies.

She opens her door and trash falls out. Quickly scrambles out, grabs it and throws it back into the car.

INSERT - SQUAD CAR SIDE MIRROR

Jack walking up to the house.

Jack steps up the front steps and reaches the door. She composes herself. Rings the doorbell.

After a moment, the door opens. Will opens the FRONT DOOR and stands behind the SCREEN DOOR. Suddenly they recognize each other and Will smiles slightly.

JACK
Hey—it's the Champ! Is your mother home?

Will nods, retreats. JUNE appears behind the screen door. She's wearing a red flour stained apron with white text that reads: KISS THE COOK.

JACK / JUNE
(simultaneously, both flustered)
Hi there / Hi.

JUNE
Hello again. Clean out that car yet?

JACK
(big smile)
It's on my list.

JUNE
(disbelieving)
Mmm-hmm.

JACK

...Mrs. Wilson, I'm Jack Faraday,
Grizzly Bluff Reports. Could I ask
you a few questions about your late
husband Frank?

June nods, masking pain.

JUNE

(opening door)

Please come in, Jack. I'm June.

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters. Sniffs the air.

JACK

Mmm. Someone's baking cookies.

June forces a smile.

JUNE

This is my son Will.

Will sits on the couch, TV on, BATMAN COMIC BOOK open. He catches Jack's gaze, smiles politely.

JACK

Will. The mighty Will.

June walks into the kitchen and Jack stops for a moment.

JACK

(sly smile)

Batman, eh?

Will brightens up, nods, holds up the cover.

JACK

(grinning)

Oooh yeah that's a great issue but I won't spoil it. Let's just say that, to the surprise of many, the Joker gets his shit kicked in.

Will, bewildered, gives a sheepish smile. Jack grins at him, amused by his confusion. She turns and joins June in the kitchen.

INT. WILSON'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack pulls back a chair, sits, places her bag by her foot.

June cleans. Cupboard reveals a BOURBON BOTTLE hidden behind coffee.

JUNE
Sorry the place is such a mess...

Jack glances around.

JACK
It's cleaner than my place.

June's shoulders relax slightly. She wipes her hands on her apron and turns, offering a smile.

JUNE
I guess I'll always be a neat freak.
Coffee or maybe tea?

Jack meets her gaze, smiles genuinely.

JACK
Coffee sounds nice. Black please.

June smiles politely, nods, opening the cupboard. Inside, a half empty BOTTLE OF BOURBON. Her hand moves past it to the COFFEE FILTERS and mugs. She pulls a filter and mug down, eyes far away.

JACK
(sincerely)
Sorry to pop in like this... I'm
sure you're sick of talking about
your husband.

Silence.

JUNE
(starting coffee)
Thank you... But I like talking
about Frank.

Jack opens her notebook.

JACK
Have you noticed anything out of the
ordinary since your husband passed?

JUNE
Nothing too unusual. You saw us
going to the precinct yesterday...
They won a poker game against
Frank's coworkers. Only unusual
thing that comes to mind.

JACK
(impressed, writing notes)
Smart boys.

JUNE

(proud)

They're like their father. Alan is
two grades ahead in school.

JACK

Holy smokes. You mentioned the
precinct?

JUNE

Collecting Frank's belongings.

JACK

And they got invited to play poker
with adults? For real money?

JUNE

(processing)

I didn't think much of it... But now
that you mention it...

The coffee machine hisses. June pulls out the pot and pours a cup into a white mug with writing on it just out of view.

JACK

Who all was there, if you don't mind
my asking?

June becomes thoughtful, momentarily distracted from grief.

JUNE

Betsy at the desk... Chief Hatcher,
and a few of his men. I recognized
some, but didn't know their names.

June unseals a plastic container of TUPPERWARE to reveal a pile of CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES. She lifts one out delicately and puts it on a small white plate.

Jack writes more, glances up.

June walks to the table and puts the mug and plate down in front of a grateful Jack and sits at the table across from her.

Jack takes a bite of the cookie and nods approvingly, then holds up the mug to read the text on the side: #1 DAD. She chuckles.

JACK

That explains my terrible jokes.
(taking a sip of coffee)
Damn! Mighty fine coffee.

JUNE
Frank's favorite brand.

JACK
He's got good taste!
(switching gears)
Everyone I talk to seems to buy the
bear attack story. What's your take?

JUNE
(caught off guard)
Oh uhh... Chief Hatcher confirmed
it.

JACK
That's true, he did.

JUNE
You... think it was something else?

JACK
It's my job to be suspicious. But
no, I don't have any proof that says
otherwise.

June nods, lost in thought. Jack looks at her notepad.

JACK
How about the prison? Did your
husband ever talk about it?

June shakes her head.

JUNE
Frank... I never heard him bring it
up. He left work at work.

Jack notices June's uneasiness and puts her notebook away.

JUNE
(noticing Jack wrapping
up)
Sorry I can't be of more help...

JACK
No, no—you've been more than
helpful. And the cookie was—
(chef's kiss)
Magnifique.

June smiles slightly.

JACK
Sometimes I get carried away playing
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
20 Questions: Trauma Edition. So no
more questions from me.

JUNE
(quietly)
Thank you.

JACK
Maybe your boys heard something
during the poker game?

June hesitates. Stares into the living room at Will.

JUNE
You'd have to ask them. But expect
less from Alan right now. He's...

June goes quiet, mind suddenly elsewhere. Jack clocks it,
stands up, collects her things.

June suddenly returns to the moment.

JUNE
I was...

JACK
You mentioned I could talk to your
boys for a few minutes?

June pulls it together.

JACK
I'll keep it brief.

June nods, walks into the living room where Will is reading.

JUNE
(to Will)
I'm getting back to my daisies. Ms.
Faraday wanted to ask you a few
questions.

WILL
Okay.

June leaves to garden. Jack sits in FRANK'S RECLINING CHAIR.

JACK
None of that "Ms. Faraday" jazz.
Just call me Jack.

Will smiles politely.

JACK

I hear you're quite the poker pro.

WILL

That's Alan. But we did alright.

JACK

(flashes a grin)

Alright? You beat a group of knuckle
draggers at their own game. Better
than alright. Learn how to play from
your dad?

WILL

(nodding)

Poker night once a week.

JACK

So you got invited to play poker
with adults? Weird, right?

WILL

Really weird. Chief Hatcher was dead
set on it.

JACK

Why do you think he invited you?

WILL

I thought he was just being nice,
but he got really mad at the end
when we called his bluff.

Jack stops writing.

JACK

(concerned)

Did he threaten you?

WILL

No no, it was quick. He gave us our
winnings after that.

JACK

Do you think Alan would talk to me?

WILL

He's working on a card puzzle...

JACK

(curious)

Card puzzle? Maybe he'll let me have
a look.

Will leads her to Alan's room.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan sits cross-legged, staring at FRANK'S PLAQUE, back to the door. Doesn't move. Intensely focused. On the floor in front of him: TWO SPREADS OF BLACK PLAYING CARDS.

WILL

Alan.

Alan says nothing as he puts the plaque down. Will glances at Jack, forces a smile, heads back to the living room.

Jack quickly scans the room, taking note of Alan's interests. She slowly walks in, sits on the floor, sideways to Alan.

Alan glances at her, then resumes staring at the cards.

Jack remains silent, turns her gaze to the chart. Scans the pattern. Eyes move from the two cards at the top, to the two fanned out spreads of cards.

She studies the cards: BLACK CLUBS, BLACK SPADES, KING OF CLUBS, ACE OF DIAMONDS.

JACK

Seven clubs, fifteen spades. Maybe the ranks are related.

Alan pauses, thoughtful. He reorganizes the cards. Spades aligning with Clubs.

Jack scans the cards closest to her: 8 of CLUBS matches four 8 of SPADES.

JACK

Where did you find this?

ALAN

My dad made it.

JACK

He made it for you?

Alan is quiet, then:

ALAN

It was hidden... I don't think he expected me to find it.

Jack examines the spades. PANIC begins to form on her face. Her eyes are far away. She absent-mindedly pulls on a RUBBER BAND around her wrist. It SNAPS loudly.

Alan breaks out of his focus, glances at Jack.

Jack quickly stands, masking her fear.

JACK
Want to see a neat trick?

Alan glances up, curious. Stands next to her
She pulls out her POLAROID CAMERA. Snaps two photos. Hands
one to Alan.

JACK
One for you.

Snaps another.

JACK
And one for me.

She pulls the second out, shakes it. Alan shakes his too.

JACK
Now you can take your chart to the
bathroom where you probably do your
best thinking.

Alan chuckles quietly. The photo develops. The chart is
clear.

Jack stares at the cards. A look of urgent concern crosses
her face. She glances out the window, checking if anyone is
watching.

She turns back to Alan, voice lowered.

JACK
You should probably put these cards
away.

Alan looks up, confused.

JACK
(forcing a playful tone)
Before your mom finds it and
considers having you committed.

He nods. Jack exhales.

He squats, carefully rolling the cards back into their
bundles.

JACK
(tousling his hair)
Good luck cracking it Colombo.

He turns slightly but says nothing, returns to picking up the cards.

INT. WILSON'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack closes the door. PANIC takes over.

She compares her INCOMPLETE PHOTO from the car to the NEW PHOTO. Exact match.

JACK
(shaky whisper)
Coverup...?

She stashes the photos.

INT. WILSON'S LIVING ROOM / EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack speeds to the door. Will notices her scattered demeanor.

EXT. WILSON FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack bursts onto the porch. Her face is white, her expression scattered. June clocks the change.

INSERT - SQUAD CAR SIDE MIRROR

Jack walks up to her, looking off to the side

JUNE
What's wrong?

Will watches through the living room window.

JACK
You... you should pack an overnight bag. Your boys too.

JUNE
What? Why?

Jack's eyes snap to hers trying to tell her everything without words.

June's stomach drops, feeling Jack's dread.

JACK
I need to check something to be sure.
(firmly)
You have to trust me on this.

JUNE
I...

Jack backs toward her car.

JACK
I have to go. Please...

Jack fires up her Marquis and peels out.

June stammers, glances down at the WEED in her hand. Then at Will, confused and worried.

END EPISODE

EPISODE 2: ENTANGLEMENT

COLD OPEN:

EXT. 180 MAPLE LN. - AFTERNOON

A squad car slowly rolls into view of Jack's sky blue 1970 Marquis and parks in the opposite direction.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: The back of the officer's blond head. His head is tilted towards the side mirror so he can see behind the car.

The side mirror reveals Jack scrambling out of her car to retrieve her trash and walking up to the front door. June meets her and invites her in.

A hand reaches for the mirror and adjusts it slightly.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

June walks out and starts weeding her daisies.

A few moments. Jack walks out looking grim. She says a few things while walking backwards to her car. June's expression turns to worry.

Jack gets into her car and peels out. June looks into the front window at Will.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

The IGNITION, KEY already inserted. A hand GRABS and TURNS it. The squad car roars to life.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: ENTANGLEMENT

SUPER: n. Connected particles; measuring one instantly affects the other.

A beat.

SUPER: **CHAPTER 5: BLUFFS**

SUPER: **n. Deceiving opponents about hand strength.**

INT. JACK'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jack drives FRANTICALLY through suburban streets. Fast, percussive music.

EXT. MOTEL - AFTERNOON

Jack parks, grabs her BAG, and flies up the stairs.

INT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She FUMBLES with her keys. Gets the door open. Slams it. Leans against it, heaving.

She CLIMBS onto the BED. Pulls out RED THUMBTACKS. Pins the POLAROID of Alan's chart to the wall. Stares. Silence.

TIME LAPSE MONTAGE

Jack reconstructs Alan's chart. She pins EVIDENCE from her files directly to the MOTEL ROOM WALL.

She connects OFFICERS' statements (covering up disappearances) to specific victims.

AT THE TOP: A SCRAP OF PAPER with handwriting: "Hatcher?"

Her gaze lingers on the photo of one of the missing inmates: Tray. She purses her lips.

She climbs down. Paces back and forth.

SFX: LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Jack FREEZES.

SFX: DOOR KNOB TURNS SLOWLY. LOCKED.

Jack stands against the wall by the door, holding her breath. A SHADOW moves past the drawn white curtains. It moves slowly toward the FRONT OFFICE.

Jack's HEART POUNDS.

EXT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack's eye fills the PEEP HOLE.

INT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack peers through in terror.

She grabs her BAG. Pulls a folded HUNTING KNIFE from her pocket, snaps the blade open. Heartbeat DEAFENING.

She gingerly opens the door, peeks out.

Sees MIRRORS heading to the FRONT DESK.

AT THE DESK: BURT (38). Unkempt brown hair, scraggly beard, slightly overweight. No frills.

Jack turns back to her chart. Forlorn. Yearning. She gives it a sad SALUTE.

She grabs her keys and exits. Hands SHAKE as she locks the door.

AT THE DESK: MIRRORS talks to Burt. Burt nods, turns to find a duplicate key.

Jack PANICS. Dashes to her car. Doesn't glance back. TURNS the KEY. Engine STARTS.

She drives out fast.

MIRRORS notices the car leaving. Burt HANDS him the KEY. MIRRORS smiles big and nods in thanks.

EXT. JACK'S CAR - SUNSET

Jack speeds down the main road.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She POUNDS the STEERING WHEEL in rage.

JACK
(screaming)
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

INSERT - REARVIEW MIRROR

Jack's furious eyes. Jack's head moves out of the way to reveal: Empty road.

EXT. FOREST ROAD / FORK - CONTINUOUS

Jack PULLS the WHEEL hard, turning onto an inconspicuous DIRT ROAD. Follows the road, dazed, still processing.

Reaches a FORK. Signs: "CAMPGROUNDS" (left), "BLUFFS" (right). She takes the RIGHT path, up the mountain.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Barren mountainside. SUNSET. Orange and purple hues paint the peaks.

Jack parks on the cliff edge. TURNS OFF the CAR.

She lets her head THUD against the STEERING WHEEL. She gets out, stands on the edge.

JACK
(screaming into the
valley)
FUUUUCK!

The scream ECHOES back. A group of BIRDS flies away nearby.

She returns to the car, TURNS the KEY halfway. TAPE DECK TURNS ON. She PRESSES PLAY.

MUSIC: PINK FLOYD'S "US AND THEM" begins to play.

She pops the TRUNK. Finds a small WOODEN BOX.

She climbs onto the hood. Sits cross-legged. Opens the box. Inside: a jar of CANNABIS BUDS.

She pulls off a piece, smells it, grinds it, expertly rolls a JOINT.

Puts it in her mouth, lights it. Takes a big drag.

WIDE: Jack exhales a plume of smoke against the sunset. Her eyes become glassy.

MONTAGE - US AND THEM

INT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

MIRRORS pulls Jack's chart from the wall. Photos, articles, names go into an EVIDENCE BAG.

The wall is left empty, pocked with thumbtack holes. He LOCKS the DOOR.

INT. WILSON HALLWAY - EVENING

June's face reflects in a FRAMED PHOTO (a happy Frank with no scar). Yearning, grief, loss.

She enters WILL'S ROOM. He peers over LORD OF THE RINGS. She speaks quietly. His face turns serious.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - EVENING

Alan pokes at BLACK SLIME in a jar. Will enters, joins him at the window. Speaks matter-of-factly. Alan processes.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

June slowly, sadly PACKS CLOTHES into her LUGGAGE.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - NIGHT

MIRRORS carries the EVIDENCE BAG. Enters Hatcher's empty office. Places the bag on the desk. Exits.

INT. WILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Will climbs into bed with his BASEBALL BAT. Stares at it.

INT. ALAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alan gets his HARMONICA from the desk, puts it into his backpack. Climbs into bed, staring at it.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June in bed. She stares at the WEDDING PHOTO on the night stand. Hand on Frank's pillow. Spent.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Jack splays out on the car hood, joint burning out, staring at the stars. Her eyes close.

A tear rolls down the side of her face. Fatigue overtakes her. She dozes off.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: **CHAPTER 6: ON TILT**

SUPER: **n. Playing emotionally after a loss.**

EXT. GRIZZLY BLUFF PD - DAY

A classic Cadillac, immaculate, parks in the "CHIEF" spot. An expensive, well-shined shoe steps out.

Moments later, Hatcher's modest sedan pulls up. He starts to turn into his spot, but SLAMS the BRAKES. It's taken.

HATCHER
(under his breath)
Son of a...

He parks in the next spot, gets out, and glares at the Cadillac.

INT. HATCHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lights on. MAYOR PHILEMON WHITE (40s). Polished, hair neatly combed, eyes somehow both kind and sinister. He sits in Hatcher's chair, pulling a Preston's Root Beer from the fridge.

MAYOR WHITE
(faux surprised)
Ah Charlie. I haven't been by since
the remodel. It's very spiffy.

Hatcher closes the door behind him and glares. Mayor White reads the framed article on the wall.

MAYOR WHITE
"The Man Who Cleaned Up Grizzly
Bluff." Nice writeup! Did they get
your good side?
(chuckles)
A "Pure White Paradise" wasn't it?

Mayor White returns the frame, sips his root beer. Stands.

MAYOR WHITE
Ah, you probably want your seat
back. Just warming it up for you.

Hatcher sits. His hand LANDS on the BAG OF PHOTOS, but his gaze remains on Mayor White.

HATCHER
(placating smile)
What's the good word Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR WHITE
Thought you'd never ask! I was out
on my boat fishing. Caught the most
beautiful 8 pound rainbow trout... I
was enjoying a nice evening at my
lakehouse. Expensive wine, fine
cigar. It was luxurious... Then I
got a call about a bear attack.

The two men lock eyes.

MAYOR WHITE
I don't like having my vacations cut
short. Less time to fish.

HATCHER
It's handled Mr. Mayor. Cleaned up.

MAYOR WHITE
(thoughtful)
ALL cleaned up? So soon?

Hatcher fidgets with the photo bag.

HATCHER
I have one last small mess I'm
working on.

Mayor White cups his hand to his ear.

MAYOR WHITE
I beg your pardon?

Hatcher hardens. Holds up the bag.

HATCHER
(terse)
I'm. Handling it.

MAYOR WHITE
A bear attack is murder on property
values, Charlie. But three?

Mayor White drains the bottle. Stands.

MAYOR WHITE
Fishing season is rapidly drawing to
an end.

He leaves. CLOP CLOP CLOP—Mayor White's shoes ECHO through
the PRECINCT.

Hatcher picks up the bag of photos. Opens it. Fear washes
over his face.

INSERT - PHOTOS

Photos of black men. Newspaper clippings. Jack's car.

Hatcher picks up his phone. Dials. A CLICK.

HATCHER
Betsy, send anyone on duty in here.

BETSY (O.S.)
Sure chief.

He hangs up. Studies the photos closely. He sees Alan's card
chart symbolizing the missing prisoners.

Hatcher's face gawks, pale. His shaking hands DROP the PHOTO.

He snatches it back up. Scans every corner. He stops. His eyes fix on the bottom left corner in disbelief. FRANK'S COMMENDATION PLAQUE. The one June kept.

MIRRORS pokes his head in.

MIRRORS
...What's up boss?

Hatcher quickly composes himself.

HATCHER
We have a mess to clean up.

MIRRORS's face goes serious and he nods. Hatcher pulls out a tray with the bag of Jack's photos on it.

HATCHER
Preston is in today?

MIRRORS
Just saw him.

HATCHER
File these with him for disposal.

MIRRORS nods and takes the tray. Hatcher slides two photos across the desk: Jack's car and license plate. MIRRORS steps forward, takes them.

HATCHER
Need an APB on this car.

MIRRORS nods in confirmation. Hatcher slides another photo across the desk. The playing card layout.

HATCHER
I need these too.

MIRRORS picks up the polaroid. A quick, intense examination. Nods. He turns to leave.

HATCHER
MIRRORS.

MIRRORS turns back. Hatcher stares intensely at him.

HATCHER
... Bring Frank's family in.

MIRRORS goes quiet. Hesitates. Nods. Leaves.

Hatcher explodes in rage. SWEEPS everything off his desk. Lamp, photos, nameplate, glass bottle CRASH to the floor.

EXT. BLUFFS - MORNING

Morning sunlight hits them. She stirs. Opens them. Blue sky.

She sits up on the hood of her car. Checks her watch. She climbs down, stashes the box, and sits in the driver's seat. She notices the key, still half-turned.

JACK
(exasperated)
Gotta be fucking..

She TURNS the KEY. Engine CHURNS. CHURNS. Stops.

JACK
C'mon you son of a bitch.

She tries again. CHURN. CHURN. CATCHES. Roars to life.

She drives down the mountain, shaking her head.

JACK (O.S.)
Fuck me.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Jack approach, on high alert. No police. She cautiously parks in back. Gets to her room, dread on her face. TURNS the KEY. Opens the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The wall is empty. Pocked with holes. She checks everywhere. Nothing.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Jack heads to the counter to drop her key.

She passes a CHISELED BLOND MAN in a slightly oversized tan suit and blue collared shirt. Intense gaze. Handwriting tattoo on his left hand. He shuffles through a stack of Polaroids, deep in thought.

Jack reaches the counter. Puts the key down. She reads his nametag. BURT. He notices the room number.

BURT
Cop parked here for awhile this morning. Anything I should be worried about?

Jack sizes him up. Shrewd.

JACK
Not you, no.

She turns to leave.

BURT
Hey I'm going to need some money for
the holes you put in my wall.

Jack freezes. Sighs. Turns back.

JACK
How much?

BURT
(eyeballing her)
A hundred bucks.

JACK
A HUNDRED BUCKS?! ARE YOU OUT OF
YOUR FUCKING MIND? FOR A FEW HOLES?

The man stares at her with a shit-eating grin. He chuckles.

Realization hits Jack.

BURT
I'm just fucking with you. Twenty is
fine.

Jack is not amused. She angrily pulls out a twenty and SLAPS
it on the counter. She turns to go.

BURT
Hey, be safe out there.

JACK
(muttering)
Yeah, go fuck yourself...

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jack gets in. POUNDS her HEAD on the steering wheel.

JACK
Shits. (pound) So. (pound) Fucked.
(pound)

She gazes out the window. Sees-A patch of WHITE DAISIES.

Her expression changes. Sheer panic. DREAD.

JACK
No no no.

She PEELS OUT.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

MIRRORS speeds through traffic. He BWOOPS the SIREN briefly at each intersection, speeding through traffic.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jack weaves, treating the rules of the road as suggestions.

EXT. 180 MAPLE LANE - DAY

MIRRORS arrives. Gets out. The red brick house is still. No movement.

White daisies next to the porch. He steps up. KNOCKS loudly on the DOOR. RINGS the DOORBELL.

MIRRORS
Mrs. Wilson?

No response. He peers into the living room. All is still and silent. He circles to the back. Checks the back door.
Unlocked.

INT. 180 MAPLE LANE - CONTINUOUS

MIRRORS enters, nightstick drawn. Checks every room. Empty. No family. No cards.

EXT. 180 MAPLE LANE - CONTINUOUS

MIRRORS grabs the squad car radio.

MIRRORS
The Wilson family is gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "20 MINUTES EARLIER"

EXT. NEIGHBORING STREET - DAY

Jack's car SCREECHES to a halt, one street over. She runs.

INT. 180 MAPLE LANE - KITCHEN / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack FLIES THROUGH the BACK DOOR and stops, eyes wild. June stands there, shocked, mid sandwich-making.

JACK
(out of breath)
It's time.

June's lips purse. She nods. She moves fast down the hallway. THROWS OPEN Will's DOOR. Then Alan's.

JUNE
(commanding)
We have to go right now boys.

The boys are instantly sobered and grab their backpacks. Will gets his baseball bat. Alan gazes forlornly at his room one last time.

EXT. 180 MAPLE LANE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack, June, Will, and Alan, bags in tow, through the yard.

EXT. NEIGHBORING STREET - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at Jack's car. The boys pull open the back doors and trash spills out onto the street. They pile in as Jack helps June LOAD HER LUGGAGE into the TRUNK.

June takes shotgun. Jack slams her door. The car FIRES UP. PEELS OUT.

INSERT - REARVIEW MIRROR

MIRRORS's squad car SPEEDS toward the house.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack white knuckles. A squad car, blaring SIRENS barrels toward them from afar. Jack VEERS into a GAS STATION, angled behind a pump to hide.

The SQUAD CAR SPEEDS PAST. Doesn't see them. Jack lets out a long exhale.

JACK
We have to get off the road.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack starts filling the tank. June steps out.

JACK
(panicked)
What are you-

JUNE
Paying for the gas.

Jack's expression: uncomfortable. June clocks it.

JUNE
Hey—My treat.

Jack, disoriented, shakes her head, turns back to the pump. June pays. They drive off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The car pulls off the main road onto the familiar dirt track. It takes the turn to the bluffs. Climbs the mountain.

EXT. BLUFFS - CONTINUOUS

The parking spots are empty. No signs of life. Jack parks. The engine RUMBLES to a REST.

Stillness. Silence. In the distance, a HAWK rides an updraft.

ALAN (O.S.)
I have to pee.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack glances over her shoulder at Alan.

WILL
I do too.

Jack nods slowly. Notices June seems to be waiting.

JACK
Right, ok. Bodily functions. Let's see if there's a spot further up.

CAR STARTS. Reverses. Eases around a bend, up the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls off the road near a small wooded area against a cliff face. Jack puts it in park, kills the engine.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

The boys get out, walk toward the trees.

JACK
(to June)
You?

JUNE
I went just before you arrived.
(a beat)
... You came back for us.

JACK
I did.

JUNE
Please...tell me what's going on.

JACK
(uneasy)
I know you want simple answers. It's
just...a lot.

ALAN (O.S.)
Mom!

They both glance up. The boys are by the trees. Alan waves her over. June gives Jack a pursed-lipped smile, gets out. June and Jack walk to the boys, seeing the unlit fire pit.

JACK
Guess we'll make camp here.

JUNE
(worried)
What about bears?

Will and Alan suddenly have panicked expressions, the thought just hitting them.

JACK
Bears are foragers. They'll be down
there by the food and water.

WILL
But don't they stay in caves too?

JACK
During hibernation season, yes.

June and the boys seem relieved.

JUNE
(to Jack)
It's past lunchtime.

Jack nods, walks over, key in the ignition, POPS the TRUNK. June rummages and pulls out ham and cheese sandwiches she made earlier. She passes them out, offers one to Jack. Jack declines by holding up her Corn Nuts.

The three Wilsons stand and eat as Jack sits on the lip of the trunk.

JUNE
(to Jack expectantly)
What's this all about?

JACK
(readjusts uncomfortably)
...Alan, still got that photo?

Alan nods. Pulls it from his pocket. Jack stares at it.

JACK
I had a highschool friend named Tray
who was doing time. I hadn't seen
him since coming back to Grizzly
Bluff so I went to visit him. But he
wasn't there. Supposedly he got
transferred... I called every prison
in the state. He just... vanished
off the face of the earth.

Everyone stops chewing. Stares.

ALAN
Vanished?

JACK
He wasn't the only one, it turns
out. Other inmates have vanished
too.

Silence. Alan stares at the photo and everything clicks into place in his mind.

ALAN
(stunned)
Dad was...murdered?

The question hangs in the air.

JACK
(uncomfortable)

We have to repaint my car. Every cop in Grizzly Bluff is after it.

JUNE
Frank... murdered?

Jack absent-mindedly pulls on two RUBBER BANDS around her wrist. SNAPS it HARD against her skin.

JACK
I...

Will walks away. June cries, hugging the boys. Jack leans against the trunk.

JACK
(whispers)
Fuck.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

The landscape is still. Nature moves on.

INT. GRIZZLY BLUFF PD - FRANK'S DESK - DAY

Hatcher sits at Frank's desk. Betsy approaches.

BETSY
Frank's family is gone.

Hatcher nods. Betsy's eyes gaze down at Frank's desk.

BETSY
Are the Wilsons ok?

Hatcher is lost in thought. Then—

HATCHER
Unfortunately not. The Wilson boys
have been kidnapped.

Betsy covers her mouth.

BETSY
Well keep me posted Chief.

Hatcher nods to her. As Betsy returns to her desk, Hatcher picks up Frank's phone. Dials an outside line.

HATCHER
Hi Joan. Have I missed tonight's
cutoff?

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Jack smokes a joint on the hood. Scans horizon with BINOCULARS. Spots a HARDWARE STORE.

She glances at the Wilsons. June comforts the boys. Jack looks away, yearning.

Jack checks the engine. June approaches.

JACK
We have to repaint the car. We'll
walk to the hardware store.

JUNE
I can cover the cost.

JACK
No I got it.

JUNE
(incredulous)
Sure about that?

Jack pulls wallet-\$80.

JUNE
Let me pay for it. My treat.

JACK
(exploding)
Quit with the 'My Treat' bullshit!
That is not going to be a thing. I'm
not your charity case. Fuck!

Jack storms off.

CLOSE UP - JACK'S HAND

In her pocket. She pulls out a red thumbtack. PUSHES IT
against the middle of her LEFT PALM. IT PIERCES THE SKIN.
BLOOD DRIPS.

She closes her hand.

June's shock turns to resoluteness. She strides, steps in
front of Jack, catching her off guard.

JUNE
(angrily)
I put my life in your hands Jack
Faraday.
(pokes Jack's chest)
And the life of my sons! I just met
you and when you said 'let's go', I
went. That's craziness! Who does
that?

Jack is silent.

JUNE
You're not my charity case?
Well-well I'm not your precious
cargo. I'm here by choice. So give
me a little bit of credit. How are
you going to take care of us if
you're broke?

Jack sputters.

JUNE

'You're on tilt' is how Frank would say it. Not thinking straight.

JACK

(muttering)

Bastard.

June shakes her head and walks away. Alan and Will watch, wide-eyed.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: **CHAPTER 7: LIVE READ**

SUPER: **n. Observing opponents in real-time to predict their actions.**

EXT. MOUNTAININSIDE - AFTERNOON

WIDE SHOT: The crew walks single file down the mountainside—Jack, June, Will, then Alan.

They traverse the picturesque forest, reaching the main road while staying in the cover of trees.

JACK

Hold up everyone. In and out. Paint, tape, brushes.

ALAN

We may want other supplies too. Like... basics? Matches, medical kit, bug spray...

JACK

Good thinking! I've got the lighters already sorted.

WILL

We can't stop at restaurants can we? Maybe food too?

JACK

(points at him)

Yes, smart. Hardware store may not be the best place for food... do we split up?

JUNE

(quietly)

What do you think, boys?

WILL

It would be faster...

JACK
(to Alan)
Thoughts, Einstein? Split up or stay together?

ALAN
(thinking out loud)
In Scooby Doo, when the group splits up, that's when bad things start... so I vote we stay together.

June lets out a breath of relief.

JACK
Can't argue with Scooby Doo Logic.
(beat)
Okay, hardware store then the convenience store. Just act casual. If all else fails, be an asshole.

JUNE
(muttering)
Easier for some of us than others. This is the most terrifying trip to the hardware store I've ever had.

JACK
If anyone asks, it's a family project. That much is true.

The boys nod. Jack checks for cars.

JACK
(muttering)
Alright enough foreplay I guess...

JUNE
Don't forget—I'm paying.

JACK
(rolls her eyes)
Yes mother.

Jack leads the group across the road.

EXT. TOM'S HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

Jack pulls the glass door open. A bell JINGLES.

INT. TOM'S HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

Tom's Hardware is small but stocked floor to ceiling. Two aisles in the middle. On the back wall: rows of paint buckets in every color you could ask for.

A man behind the counter glances up from a small tube TV, gives Jack a friendly wave. Jack waves back as the Wilsons enter.

TOM (50's). Balding, glasses, strong looking hands, friendly demeanor.

TOM
(smiling)
Brought the whole crew huh?

JACK
(laying on the charm)
Just call us the Beatles. You must
be the famous Tom of Tom's Hardware.

TOM
(beams wide)
The one and only. Need any help?

Behind him, the NEWS comes on. Jack's face appears. Panic grips her. She quickly turns to the others.

JACK
(intense eyes)
You all go on—I have some questions
for Tom.

She abruptly turns back to Tom, waltzing up to hold his attention.

JACK
Say Tom—Know anything about paint?

June, Will, and Alan see the TV. A mugshot of Jack.

All color drains from June's face. She finds her voice.

JUNE
Come on boys, let's go look around.

She pulls them with her before they can react.

TOM
(feigning humility)
Oh I've painted a thing or two in my
day. What are you painting?

JACK
My bike. It's getting scuffed so I
figure—why not repaint it?

ON THE TV: An ANCHOR speaks.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

Our top story: Warrants have been issued for Jacqueline "Jack" Faraday, a local former activist, on charges of kidnapping and child endangerment.

ELSEWHERE IN THE STORE

June fights panic. Will puts an arm on her shoulder.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

She is accompanied by June Wilson, widow of slain officer Frank Wilson, wanted for child endangerment.

WILL

It's gonna be ok mom.

JUNE

(getting a grip)

Right, yes. Let's get the paint.

June reaches for the nearest paint bucket, too distracted to look at it closely.

BACK AT THE COUNTER

ANCHOR (ON TV)

They were last seen at Wilson's house and are considered dangerous.

TOM

I must've climbed that grain tower five times to get enough coats on. Want to see some color samples?

He begins to turn toward the TV. Jack's fear spikes.

JACK

No no!

Tom turns his head, startled.

JACK

My nephew knows which color to get.

TOM

(processing that)

Oh-alright.

Jack glances into the store anxiously.

JACK

Speaking of those scamps...

ANCHOR (ON TV)
They are accompanied by Wilson's two
young sons, Will and Alan.

Jack turns back abruptly.

JACK
Do you have kids?

TOM
(chuckles)
Do I? I have 8 grandkids!

JACK
EIGHT? Holy smokes, that's a lot of
ankle biters!

HATCHER (V.O.)
(ON TV)
If you see these two women, do not
engage. Find a phone and call the
police immediately.

The PD phone number appears on the TV screen.

As Tom rambles on about his grandkids, the Wilsons appear at
the counter. They lay everything out. Paint, brushes, tape.

TOM
And then there's Julie. An absolute
gem, only 2 years old. Can she make
a mess!

JACK
(chuckling along)
I like her already.

Tom starts ringing up the order.

ANCHOR (ON TV)
Please call if you have any leads.
We turn now to Brian Wright for a
deeper look at the former activist,
Jack Faraday. Brian?

Jack holds Tom in her gaze, asking questions, keeping him
focused on her.

TOM
(to June)
Find everything you need?

JUNE
(forcing a smile)
Everything.

Tom nods, continues ringing. He turns his attention back to June, studying her.

TOM
(squinting)
I've seen you somewhere before.

ON THE TV: Side-by-side photos of Jack and June. June's is from a police charity event.

June's panic rises as she sees her face on the screen. She squeezes Alan's arm. Tightly. Alan winces, but holds her hand reassuringly.

JUNE
(squeaks)
Have you?

TOM
(lost in thought)
Could've... maybe a few weeks back?

JUNE
(exhaling)
You know what, maybe. I can't keep my head on straight with the boys.

TOM
(chuckles)
Ain't that how it is.

He picks up the gallon of paint: Purple.

TOM
(to Jack)
Purple, huh?

Jack looks at the bucket, then back to Tom.

JACK
Oh, yep! ...Got a purple bike.

TOM
(smiling)
Should make it easy to spot which one is yours.

JACK
(glancing at June)
It's definitely a loud color.

June glances back, forcing a smile.

Tom finishes ringing, puts on reading glasses.

TOM
That'll be thirty-four seventeen.

June pulls out her purse. Hands Tom two twenty-dollar bills. He PUNCHES numbers. The register drawer POPS out.

ON THE TV: The segment ends.

ANCHOR (ON TV)
Let's check in with Phil with the weather, Phil how's it looking out there tonight?

Tom hands June her change and the receipt.

TOM
(to Jack)
A pleasure young lady. Hope your painting project goes smoothly.

JACK
Thanks Tom, I'm sure it will!

She turns to leave. The crew follows.

TOM
Uhhh excuse me?

The group freezes. Tom holds up the bag they forgot.

Alan sees, quickly returns, grabs it. Tom smiles, giving him a friendly pat.

TOM
Good boy.

Alan grins sheepishly. Follows the others. The bell JINGLES.

EXT. STREET / WOODED AREA - SUNSET

The group heads back carrying their paint supplies and convenience store food. Alan pulls out a Slim Jim, tears it open, takes a bite. Will unwraps a Twinkie. June's hands shake nervously.

They walk the two miles back, climbing up to their camp.

They arrive. Everyone sits, rests. The sun sets. The boys go off to gather firewood.

Jack and June lean against the car, watching them.

JACK
Look at you. First day of being a criminal. You're a natural.

June gives her an irritated frown. Jack drops her smile, turns her eyes back to the boys.

JACK
We'll figure this out. We have to.

JUNE
That mugshot... This isn't your first time is it?

Jack clears her throat. Pops a Corn Nut in her mouth. CRUNCH.

JUNE
You're a criminal?

JACK
Persistent little bugger...

June stares at her stubbornly. Silence.

JACK
(sighs)
I had a few run-ins with John Law in my days protesting the war.

A beat as that sinks in. June stares at her expectantly.

JACK
(relenting)
I destroyed a few things. But I never hurt anyone. The war needed to end. Enough of us busted our asses and it finally did. So I say, worth the trade.

Silence.

JUNE
I was raising my boys. Too busy changing diapers and packing lunches to protest I guess.

JACK
Hey, someone's gotta do it.

Jack lifts her cream soda in a "cheers." Alan walks up.

ALAN
Do we have enough wood?

Jack glances over Alan's shoulder. A large pile in the pit.

JACK
Enough for a log cabin, Honest Abe.

She tousles Alan's hair. Walks to the pit. Alan joins June and gives her a hug.

Will holds a match, ready. He stares anxiously at Jack. She watches and waits.

He STRIKES the MATCH. Leans down. Lights newspaper kindling. The pit catches fire. A warm glow. Will throws the match in.

JACK
(slow clapping)
Bravo, Johnny Storm.

Will sheepishly takes a bow.

EXT. WOODED AREA - STARRY NIGHT

The crew roasts marshmallows around the fire. Jack notices June looking at her. June looks away.

ALAN
Where should we sleep?

JACK
I've got some bedding... It's not
the Ritz, but that's why they call
it outdoors.

Jack gets up, walks to the car. Alan sits on June's rock with her and puts his head on her shoulder. Will comes over, hugs his mom.

JUNE
(hugging them tightly)
You boys made me proud today.

ALAN
I still miss dad.

WILL
I do too.

Quiet. They stare at the CRACKLING fire.

JUNE
You've got his clever brain.
(scratches Alan's head)
And you've got his big heart.
(rubs Will's back)

Will sheds a tear on her hand. June pulls closer.

Jack lays out the sleeping bag and stuffed bags for pillows. The boys lie down. June kisses their cheeks. They doze off.

EXT. CAR HOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits on the car hood, rolling a joint. June shambles over aimlessly, sullen, lost in her own head.

Jack notices. Stares at her joint and sighs.

JACK
Wanna drown in grief up here?

Jack slides over to give her room. June stares at the spot. Jack sees the hesitation. Her expression softens.

JACK
(genuinely)
Sorry for calling you a bastard.

June leans against the car, folding her arms, gazing out at the valley.

JUNE
(eyes suddenly glassy)
I... I don't know if I can make it.

JACK
(quietly)
Hey.

June turns towards Jack, face covered in grief.

JACK
Day at a time.

A tear falls down June's face and she turns away wiping it.

JACK
For what it's worth, I think you're holding it together pretty well for the boys.

JUNE
(shaking her head)
I dont...

Jack slides down and leans against the car next to her. She SPARKS up the JOINT, takes a hit. Exhales. Holds up the joint to June.

June stares at it. She takes the joint and puts it to her lips, slowly inhaling. Suddenly she bursts into a coughing fit.

Jack SNATCHES back the joint and pats her on the back, hands her the cream soda bottle which June gladly accepts.

June takes a drink of cream soda and passes back the bottle. Her eyes become droopy.

JUNE
I should sleep.

She tries to take a step but becomes dizzy. Jack grabs her.

JACK
Woah there lightweight.

Jack helps her onto the car hood and June lays back.

CUT TO ABOVE: Jack and June laying on the hood gazing up at the stars. June's eyes slowly close.

Jack takes another hit.

JACK
(quietly)
Day at a time.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: **CHAPTER 8: 8 OF SPADES**

SUPER: **n. Slang: a coffin.**

TOM (V.O.)
Now that is a beautiful family.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S HARDWARE - DAY

OVER THE SHOULDER: An OFFICER holds his wallet up. Tom sports a big smile. The officer puts his wallet away.

TOM
Fifteen dollars and 6 cents, but you
get the good cop discount so make it
fifteen.

The Officer laughs, putting down a ten and a five.

OFFICER
You're too good to me Tom.

TOM
(smiling)
Add it to your kids' allowances.

The Officer walks to the door, bag in hand. Face not visible.

OFFICER

Have a good afternoon Tom.

TOM

You as well.

EXT. TOM'S HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

The Officer gets into his squad car and puts the bag on the passenger's seat.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

INSERT - REARVIEW MIRROR: The Officer's inscrutable eyes. He spots a familiar dirt road and turns onto it.

EXT. QUIET FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car reaches a familiar crossroads: Campgrounds or Bluffs. He turns right, towards the bluffs.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The squad car climbs, passing the makeshift parking spots, and rounds the last corner.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

A familiar wooded area against a cliff. No one around.

The Officer backs the car into a familiar spot, CUTS the ENGINE, and exhales. He grabs the bag, gets out, and SLAMS the DOOR.

He climbs onto the hood of the car, sits, and stares at the valley.

He pulls out a new DECK OF PLAYING CARDS, rips the plastic off, opens the paper tab, removes the cards. He fans the deck, finds the 8 OF SPADES. Removes it. Holds the single card in both hands.

CLOSE ON NAMETAG: "F. WILSON".

PAN UP to reveal his full face. A scar on his left cheek. FRANK WILSON. Alive. This is a flashback.

Another SQUAD CAR rolls around the bend, followed by a THIRD. Both park next to Frank's. Frank eyes the two officers who get out.

GERALDO VASQUEZ (40s). Mexican, neatly trimmed mustache and beard. Average build. Vigilant eyes.

BARRY STILMAN (30s). Lanky. Pale complexion, thinning hair, clean shaven. Weary eyes.

GERALDO
Hey Frank.

Barry nods to Frank and Geraldo. Frank nods to both.

FRANK
Hey Geraldo, Barry. What's the latest?

GERALDO
(sullen)
See for yourself.

Geraldo hands Frank a manila folder. Barry looks over Franks shoulder.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE: He reads through the file. His expression becomes grim.

FRANK
(quietly)
Goes all the way to the top.

GERALDO
Yep.

BARRY
(worried)
This whole thing is fucked. We should get it in front of Joan.

FRANK
She's the last person I would tell. She dated Hatcher in high school.

BARRY
She's the one with the loudest voice. It would be a Bombshell.

GERALDO
(to Barry)
Frank's right, this is a game of patience. If we make the wrong move, it's over.

BARRY
We might be running out of time.

Frank and Geraldo's expressions: uneasy.

FRANK

You're not wrong there.

BARRY

Joan's the only one who's reported a negative story on Hatcher. Ever.

Frank's eyes become lost in thought.

GERALDO

(to Frank)

Anything new on your end?

Frank holds up the 8 of spades. Geraldo tightens his lips. Barry shakes his head. Frank notices Barry's desperate eyes.

FRANK

Keep a cool head Barry.

Barry nervously nods.

GERALDO

(to Frank)

What now?

FRANK

We need more evidence. Then we go to the state.

BARRY

MORE EVIDENCE?! We don't have enough?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

It's not locked down yet.

GERALDO

(to Barry)

You want to end up dead in a ditch somewhere? We gotta do this right.

Barry goes quiet, his face drained of color. Silence.

FRANK

(to Barry)

Can you get copies of purchase orders from the prison?

Barry slowly nods.

FRANK

That's the kind of thing we need.

GERALDO
I'll keep digging on my end.

FRANK
...I'll keep an eye out for more
spades.

Geraldo looks out at the valley.

GERALDO
(quietly)
What a clusterfuck.

FRANK
(quietly)
Got that right.

Frank locks eyes with Barry.

FRANK
You're good?

Barry hesitates, then nods.

Geraldo glances at Frank with unsure eyes.

FRANK
(to Barry)
You want to get through this right?

Barry nods.

FRANK
(to Barry)
Keep it together. We're only as
strong as our weakest link.

GERALDO
I need to get back. Anything else?

Frank shakes his head. Barry shakes his.

FRANK
See you both in a week.

GERALDO
Next week.

BARRY
(quietly)
Next week.

Frank and Geraldo get into their squad cars and pull out. Barry is left alone, staring anxiously out at the valley.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. 180 MAPLE LANE - DAY

Frank's car pulls up and parks. Engine cuts off.

FOLLOW Frank as he walks to the red brick house. White daisies grow by the window. The door BURSTS open.

Will appears, wearing a paper plate Batman mask and a towel cape. Alan (Robin) appears behind him, also in costume.

FRANK
(faux shock)
Batman! Is everything ok?

WILL
(serious)
It is now. You can take it from here
officer.

Frank smiles and walks past them, tousling both their hair.

FRANK
Thanks for keeping the city safe in
my absence. Gotham thanks you.

INT. 180 MAPLE LANE - CONTINUOUS

Frank enters. June pops in wearing her red KISS THE COOK apron, HAIR freshly styled with a red ribbon in it. Frank does a full-body faux shock reaction.

FRANK
Va va voom!

She slinks toward him, arms around his neck. They kiss. He runs his fingers through her hair.

JUNE
Like it?

FRANK
I love it.

Alan (Robin) is at Frank's knees, tugging his pants.

ALAN
Poker night?

FRANK
(grins)
Poker night already?!

Alan grins from ear to ear.

INT. 180 MAPLE LANE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

June does dishes. The poker game is under way. Heads up match: Alan vs. Frank. Will dealing.

Will deals the flop. (2h, Jc, 10s)

ALAN
Check.

FRANK
Alright wiseguy, I bet. Fifty.

ALAN
(grins)
Reraise a hundred.

FRANK
A hundred!

Frank THROWS some CHIPS into the pot. Will deals the turn (10d) and watches Frank's face.

ALAN
Check.

FRANK
(squints)
Check.

Will deals the river. (Ac). FINAL BOARD: (2h, Jc, 10s, 10d, Ac).

ALAN
ALL IN.

He pushes his whole stack forward, bouncing with electricity. Frank gets a worried expression, counts his chips.

FRANK
(to Will)
What should I should do Deputy?

WILL
(laughing)
Always go with your gut.

FRANK
Sound advice... Alright I call.

Alan tables his hand: (KcQc) ACE HIGH STRAIGHT.

FRANK
A straight?! But does it beat...

Frank FLIPS his CARDS: (10c,2s ten deuce). A FULL HOUSE?

ALAN
Nooooo!

Will laughs as Frank dramatically rakes in the pot.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank and June in bed. Sweaty, breathing heavy, post-coital. She turns, kisses the scar on his left cheek, then his lips.

FRANK
(whispers)
You'll get me murdered if my wife
finds out about this.

JUNE
(laughs)
Maybe we should run away together so
she doesn't.

FRANK
Oh? Where would we go?

She cuddles up to him smiling.

JUNE
(quietly, dozing)
Far, far away. How about the ocean.

FRANK
(quietly)
The ocean...

He holds her close and she dozes off.

INSERT - ALARM CLOCK: The numbers flip: 10:00 PM... 11:45 PM.

BACK TO SCENE

June is asleep. Frank is wide awake, staring out the window at a 3/4 lit moon. He climbs out of bed.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits on the toilet reading a poker magazine. Loses focus, leans his head against the wall.

SFX: MUFFLED FLAMES. TOLLING CHURCH BELLS.

CLOSE IN on his eyes slightly opening. He tenderly rubs the scar on his left cheek.

FLASHBACK - EXT. RURAL INTERSECTION - SUNSET

SLOW MOTION

FRANK'S EYES: Full of fear, panic, dread, exhaustion. His face is sweaty and smudged with black. On his left cheek, a bleeding cut.

BEHIND FRANK: The road is LITTERED WITH METAL. Frank stands next to his SQUAD CAR DRIVER'S SIDE, his door open. His hand holds the POLICE RADIO MIC.

In the distance, TWO CARS that have VIOLENTLY COLLIDED. ONE of them is UP IN FLAMES. TWO MEN lay on the asphalt, clear of the crash, breathing.

Frank focuses on THE MAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM.

HATCHER.

Hatcher is wearing plain clothes. He looks very different from the Hatcher we've seen. His hair: a mess. The knees of his pants: dirty and torn. A sheen of sweat on his face.

A SCUFFED BLACK BRIEFCASE tightly gripped by his right hand.

END SLOW MOTION

HATCHER

So what now?

Hatcher and Frank lock eyes. Frank glances down at the briefcase, then back at Hatcher.

Frank's eyes: conflicted. Mind racing. He looks forlornly into his squad car at a white plastic toy store bag.

Hatcher puts out a hand and stares Frank down. Frank hesitates.

SLOW MOTION

SFX: FLAMES INTENSIFY. CHURCH BELLS RING OUT.

CLOSE ON Frank's hand gripping the radio mic. Fire out of focus in the background. He slowly brings it forward and places it in Hatcher's open hand.

CLOSE ON Hatcher's eyes as he moves towards the squad car. He puts the mic to his mouth. Glances to the side and catches Frank's gaze. Hatcher's eyes smile as he calls it in.

Frank's expression. Sick to his stomach.

FADE TO

INT. FRANK'S DESK - DAY

Frank's cleaned up face reflected in his valor plaque.

ANGLE ON Frank's face itself. His expression: numb. On his left cheek: A white bandage.

END FLASHBACK.

MATCH FADE TO

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank's numb face. His eyes fall to the floor grate with the missing screw.

CUT TO: THE GRATE IS UNSCREWED AND PUSHED TO THE SIDE. HE OPENS THE BRIEFCASE. INSIDE: ROLLS OF PLAYING CARDS. HE FINDS AND UNROLLS THREE IDENTICAL 8 OF SPADES CARDS. HESITATES.

The 8 of spades in his hand gets added. Now four in that stack.

REWRAPS the CARD BUNDLE. Returns the briefcase to the vent.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

June lays in bed alone, asleep. Frank's spot empty beside her.

MATCH FADE

EXT. CAR HOOD - DAWN

Jack is now in the spot where Frank's empty space was. The last sounds of night fade. The sun rises. Another day.

END EPISODE

EPISODE 3: DECOHERENCE

COLD OPEN:

SFX: RAPID HANDGUN FIRE. A FULL CLIP EMPTIED.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

A modest outdoor setup. Behind the targets, a hillside slopes up.

Hatcher's furious eyes stare at the target. He reloads.

A beat.

CUT TO BLACK.

SFX: RAPID HANDGUN FIRE. ANOTHER FULL CLIP EMPTIED.

SUPER: **DECOHERENCE**

SUPER: **n. All possibilities collapses into a single reality.**

A beat.

SUPER: **CHAPTER 9: ACTION**

SUPER: **n. Any bet, raise, or call that advances the hand.**

FADE IN:

INT. MIRRORS' SQUAD CAR - MORNING

MIRRORS drives past Jack's motel. No sky blue Marquis.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

STATIC VIEW: The entrance to the QUIET FOREST ROAD.

The squad car passes. A few beats. Returns. Turns onto the dirt road.

EXT. FORK IN THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

MIRRORS stops at the FORK. Signs: "CAMPGROUNDS" (left), "BLUFFS" (right).

SFX: WATCH ALARM BEEPING.

MIRRORS looks at his beeping watch. Turns it off. A beat. Looks over his shoulder.

The squad car does a U-turn and heads back the way it came.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAWN

Will stirs and opens his eyes. He notices Alan is awake, staring at his photo. June and Jack are asleep together on the CAR HOOD.

WILL

It feels like so much time has passed... Like each day takes a week.

Alan is quiet.

WILL

I keep expecting Dad to pop around the corner. Do you think he meant for you to find the briefcase? Or was it just a hiding spot?

ALAN

Maybe both. I guess I had to be looking for it.

WILL

How could you look for something you didn't know was there?

ALAN

Somehow I just knew. Kind of like Dad. He noticed everything.

WILL

Like precognition?

ALAN

Maybe not like that, but I have my predictions... I think we all end up happy together. Happy Ending Stuff. But there are bad things too.

(lets Will process this)

It's like a comic book. If it's just good stuff on every page, you close it.

WILL

True. But when it's me, I'd rather just pretend it's not happening.

ALAN

Dad's ending wasn't happy, no matter how much we try to deny it.

WILL

Think Dad would've liked Jack?

ALAN

Jack is real and Dad liked real people. She's different. Like REALLY different. But...

WILL

But she's kind of a criminal?

ALAN

Kind of. Maybe he would have known once he looked into her eyes.

WILL
How would Dad fix this mess?

ALAN
The briefcase was his project.
Stopping the murders.

WILL
What if mom told everyone?

ALAN
They might have listened before but
now they think she's a criminal.

WILL
Feels like there's no way to win.

ALAN
Maybe we're not meant to.

Tears well up in Will's eyes.

WILL
So there's nothing we can do?

Alan turns to him for the first time since waking.

ALAN
We're doing it right now.

EXT. CAR HOOD - DAWN

Jack slowly opens her eyes. Sees June. June stirs, sees Jack.

JACK
Hey, One Hit Wonder.

JUNE
(sarcastic)
HA HA. I was out like a light.

JACK
Up and at 'em. These crimes won't
commit themselves.

June sits up, stretches.

JACK
You hungry?

JUNE
Voracious.

June slides down. Throws a granola bar at Jack. Jack catches it.

JACK
Feisty.

June smirks. Walks towards the boys. Turns back, smiles.

Jack gets flustered. Her reply: FINGER GUNS. June holds the smile.

Jack walks around to the driver's side.

JACK
(to herself)
Finger guns?... Dumb fuck.

She POPS the TRUNK. Pulls out paint. Purple.

JACK
(loud, to June)
Purple?

June turns, just smiles and shrugs.

JACK
(muttering)
I'm gonna have a fucking purple
car...

PAINTING MONTAGE

MUSIC: "GREEN ONIONS" by BOOKER T. & THE MG'S.

Will and Alan carefully paint the passenger door. June is painting next to Jack. She accidentally gets some paint on Jack's hand.

JACK
You did that on purpose!

JUNE
No, no. I didn't mean it.

ACK
(holding out a hand)
Ok truce.

June takes the bait. Jack swipes purple paint on her hand. June's mouth opens with a gasp.

JUNE
You... fucker!

JACK
(grinning)
Woah, look at the potty mouth on
June Cleaver!

Jack steps back with a big grin. June walks towards her with her paint brush. Suddenly Jack takes off.

Alan and Will focused on their work. Jack and June chase each other in the background. Suddenly Jack appears next to Alan, sly expression.

JACK
Gimme five!

ALAN
Oldest trick in the book, no way.

JACK
(to Will)
Gimme five!

Will swats at her hand. Too quick. His hand is now purple. he laughs and runs. Will, bewildered, laughs too. Jack comes back.

JACK
I was just kidding though. For real,
gimme five!

Will takes the bait. Gets even MORE purple on his hand.

JACK
Double whammy!

WILL
Ok ok.

Will sprints at her, brush in hand. Jack SCREAMS and runs.

WILL
GIMME FIVE JACK!

June, out of breath, slides up to Alan.

JUNE
How's little Michaelangelo?

Alan just shrugs at her. June points at his shirt.

JUNE
You missed a spot.

He looks down. She BOOPS his nose with her paintbrush, leaving a purple dot.

JUNE
Outfoxed!

Alan's mouth curls into a grin. He swipes at her, but she's too quick. She lures him, he chases, she runs full-tilt.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WOODED AREA - LATER

They sit by the PURPLE CAR, covered in purple paint.

JACK

Paint thinner. That's what we forgot.

June goes to the trunk and digs through her luggage, finds rubbing alcohol and wipes.

JUNE

Mom to the rescue.

June wipes the paint off Alan, then Will. She turns to Jack. Jack holds her arms out grinning.

JACK

Clean me.

JUNE

(muttering)

I'll clean your clock.

She wipes the paint off of Jack's arms. She gets to Jack's face and slows down to wipe each spot. A moment of eye contact.

JUNE

All clean. Your bill's in the mail.

JACK

Joke's on you—I live out of my car.

JUNE

(ominously)

The mail will find you.

June disappears. Jack hugs the boys.

JACK

(hugging Will)

I owe you this for my trickery.

WILL

Twice!

JACK

Maybe don't be so gullible!

WILL
Lesson learned.

Will walks over to the cliff and starts THROWING ROCKS. Alan stays with Jack.

ALAN
Any theories about who is behind the murders?

JACK
(sighing)
All signs point to Hatcher.

ALAN
Who's above Chief Hatcher?

JACK
I guess that would be Mayor White.

Alan shows the card chart photo. Ace of Diamonds.

JACK
Oh right... Nice work Sherlock. I got too focused on Hatcher. I guess that weasel could be involved too.

ALAN
(thoughtful)
The inmate case may be too big of a pill for people to swallow... There has to be some other angle.
Something mundane.

JACK
I worked a case a few years ago. Financial. I gathered a smorgasbord of records, including Hatcher and White. Doesn't get more mundane than money.

ALAN
If you're disappearing inmates, there has to be a money trail.

JACK
Damn kid! Smart thinking! That's how they got Al Capone.

ALAN
Do you still have those files?

JACK
Back of a file cabinet at Grizzly
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Bluff Reports. I honestly wasn't
sure what our next step would be but
we may have just cracked it

Jack pats him on the shoulder.

JACK
I'll get your mom caught up.

EXT. BACK OF JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

June stares into a HANDHELD MIRROR, eyes distant. Jack
approaches, leans on the trunk.

JACK
At least the car won't be recognized
now.

JUNE
Yeah.

Jack clocks her mood.

JACK
Everything alright?

JUNE
I guess... I'm not feeling myself.
It's... strange.

JACK
Strange bad?

JUNE
...strange strange. I think I want
to cut my hair.

JACK
(surprised)
Do you?

JUNE
(eyes glassy)
I...I don't know who I am anymore.

Jack leans in, gives a side hug.

JACK
(soothing)
You don't have to be anyone.

JUNE
I want to be my own person now.

JACK
You're doing it.

June smiles. A single tear drops.

JACK
Want some help with the haircut?

June nods. She grabs a HAIR TIE, puts her long hair into a ponytail.

Jack pulls out her HUNTING KNIFE, checks the sharpness.

JACK
Sure about this?

June glances down at the knife. Nods. Turns around.

JUNE
I'm sure.

Jack carefully CUTS June's PONYTAIL off. Hands it to her.

JUNE
Thank you.

Jack holds up the mirror. June smiles through tears.

JUNE
I'll be less recognizable now.

JACK
Welcome to your Rockstar Era.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - DAY

June walks towards the cliff and holds up her ponytail.

WILL
You look like a different person.

ALAN
It looks nice mom.

She hugs them. Holding the ponytail, she nears the cliff's edge. Lets the hair SLIP away into the wind.

Out of June's line of sight, Jack POKES her LEFT PALM with the TIP of the KNIFE. Blood drips. She tightly closes her fist.

June walks back to the car, leans on the bumper again next to Jack.

A drop of blood curls down Jack's closed hand as she pockets her knife.

June catches it out of the corner of her eye.

JUNE
You're bleeding!

Jack glances down at her hand and holds it up. Another drop of blood trails down her arm.

JACK
(casually)
Ah fuck, guess I am.

In a flash, June retreives a BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL, a SWAB and a PEPE LE PEW BANDAID, a cartoon skunk with hearts in his eyes.

JACK
All out of Bugs Bunny?

June takes hold of Jack's closed fist-palm up-and waits.

JUNE
No, you get the skunk.

Jack opens her hand. There in the middle, a small cut seeping blood.

JACK
I guess the shoe fits.

June wastes no time wiping up the blood and disinfecting the wound. Unwraps the bandaid, sticks it over Jack's palm.

Their eyes connect, June still holding Jack's hand up.

A flicker of understanding. June knows and Jack knows that she knows.

JUNE
No more running with scissors?

JACK
I'll try to... avoid sharp objects.

JUNE
Either way, I'll fix you up.

Jack's eyes smile. June's smile back.

A beat. Jack suddenly seems uncomfortable.

JACK
(quietly, trailing off)
Pardon my...

JUNE
(quietly, empathetic)
Consider it still pardoned.

The sun begins to set on the Grizzly Bluff Mountains.

SUPER: CHAPTER 10: BACKDOOR

SUPER: n. Making a hand using both turn and river cards.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Mayor White's car turns in and parks next to two parked squad cars. He steps out, adjusts his clothing, and walks into the range.

POV - MAYOR WHITE

Hatcher and MIRRORS stand side by side. Hatcher takes his turn, lifts his handgun, and fires repeatedly until empty.

MIRRORS is stunned as Hatcher immediately reloads, firing his gun until it clicks. Pure anger on his face.

Mayor White steps into view. Both men turn. He stops and stares at them. MIRRORS glances at Hatcher. Hatcher stares down Mayor White.

MAYOR WHITE
Well? Status update?

MIRRORS releases a breath.

HATCHER
Warrants are out. Stakeouts are in position.

Mayor White doesn't seem appeased.

MAYOR WHITE
And Preston?

HATCHER
He's the first person I called. He doesn't know anything.

MAYOR WHITE
You're sure?

HATCHER

(incredulous, frustrated)

Did you drive all the way out here
to tell me I don't know how to
interrogate someone?

Mayor White goes quiet, squinting at both men. MIRRORS
remains still.

MAYOR WHITE

I'm just here on behalf of the good
people of Grizzly Bluff to make sure
their investments are in good hands.
Are they?

Hatcher stares at Mayor White with a steel gaze.

MAYOR WHITE

(slight chuckle)

I guess we'll see soon enough what
your job prospects are looking like
after this situation shakes out.

Hatcher grits his teeth. No answer. Mayor White turns
abruptly and heads back to his car.

Hatcher immediately turns back to the range and fires his gun
until it clicks. Mayor White drives off.

Hatcher holsters his gun and angrily storms back to his squad
car. MIRRORS holsters his gun and follows.

INT. HATCHER'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hatcher opens his driver side door and leans in.

CLOSE ON his hand grabbing a file. He notices a corner is
bent and straightens it out.

EXT. HATCHER'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hatcher turns to MIRRORS and leafs through the file. He pulls
a few sheets out, puts them on top, and hands the stack to
MIRRORS.

INSERT - JACK'S FILE

Her mugshot. Personal information. Arrests: Disorderly
conduct. Resisting arrest. Trespassing.

CUT TO MIRRORS' FACE: Hatcher is reflected in his glasses.
MIRRORS nods.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Jack adds the empty Corn Nuts bag to her car's trash pile. She turns to the Wilsons, who are finishing their own food.

ALAN
So...Grizzly Bluff Reports.

JACK
Grizzly Bluff Reports.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAININSIDE ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

The purple Marquis rolls down the mountain side.

EXT. QUIET FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The purple Marquis drives down the dirt road and reaches the main road. Jack stops to let two cars pass, then turns right.

INT. PURPLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The boys take in the view. June's expression is worried. Jack suddenly turns back to the boys.

JACK
Ever listened to Pink Floyd?

WILL
No.

ALAN
Nope.

Jack grins. POPS a TAPE into the DECK. MUSIC: PINK FLOYD'S "ON THE RUN".

As the car sails down the main road, two squad cars approach in the distance.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Jack's face, staring at the squad cars with intensity.

ANGLE OUT the front windshield. They get closer. Closer...

INT. HATCHER'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Hatcher's face, still full of rage.

INT. MIRRORS' SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

MIRRORS' face is emotionless, staring straight ahead as he follows Hatcher.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack holds her breath and turns to June as they pass.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Both squad cars pass the purple Marquis.

ANGLE - DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW: Hatcher passes, mind elsewhere. MIRRORS passes in the second car and turns his head slightly towards the purple Marquis.

CUT TO June turning to Jack, seeing the panic in her eyes. Her heart drops.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The squad cars and the purple Marquis speed off in opposite directions.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack exhales. She turns back to June, who has an even more worried expression. Jack gives her a forced smile in an attempt to reassure her. It doesn't work.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The purple Marquis drives off into the distance.

JACK (O.S.)
(quietly)
Fuck me.

EXT. GRIZZLY BLUFF - LATER

The car casts a long shadow down a barren street. Jack parks.

INT. PURPLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack TURNS OFF the CAR. The MUSIC STOPS abruptly. She points.

JACK
We're half a mile from Grizzly Bluff Reports. Here's what I'm thinking-Hatcher probably has it staked out. Once it's dark, we Scooby-Doo around the back. I'll use my key, get my case files, and we'll camp in the conference room.

June assesses the boys, worried. Alan seems calm. Will appears nervous, but ready.

JUNE
(to Jack)
Okay. It's your show.

JACK
(flashes an anxious grin)
It's the Jack Show!

Jack climbs out and does a manic little jig. June, Will and Alan climb out quietly and close their doors.

JACK
Starring the hero Jack Faraday and a
lovable cast of misfits.

She's met with deadpan stares.

JACK
Too much tonal whiplash?

Silence. Jack gets the hint and turns to lead on.

JACK
(muttering)
Everybody's a critic.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The sun dips below the horizon. The group moves through a dark alley. Run-down industrial buildings. Deserted.

Jack crouches behind a bush, peeking around it.

JACK'S POV: A parked SQUAD CAR on the street.

Jack, finger to her lips, slips between obstructions. They reach the back of a BRICK BUILDING.

Jack pulls out her KEYS. Fumbles. Finds one with a BLUE DOT. She pushes it into the lock, crosses her fingers, and TURNS it. A satisfying CLICK.

JACK
(whispers)
Yes.

SUDDENLY-A BRIGHT LIGHT is cast into the alley as the squad car turns the corner.

JACK
(panicked whisper)
FUCK.

INT. GRIZZLY BLUFF REPORTS - CONTINUOUS

The back door quickly opens. Jack slips in, PULLS June, Will and Alan in. CLOSES and LOCKS IT.

The four of them lean against the door, hearts pounding, waiting. A beat. Jack puts her ear up to the door. Nothing.

She slowly turns the knob and opens it a crack.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The back door opens a crack.

CLOSE ON JACK'S EYE looking through the crack.

WIDE SHOT: The alley is empty. The door closes and locks.

INT. GRIZZLY BLUFF REPORTS - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet. Rows of desks, phones, stacks of paper.

Jack leads the group to the far wall and opens the door to a hallway. Alan closes it behind them. Jack gives a thumbs-up.

She leads them to the end of the hall. A door. She opens it.

INT. BROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Brooms. Supplies. Shelving. Stacks of paper. The group files in. Jack closes the door and FLICKS the LIGHT.

JACK
(arms spread wide)
Welcome to the conference room.

The Wilsons scan the closet, perplexed.

JACK
Look, we're on a budget, ok?

She pulls two stools from the corner, sets them behind June and Alan. She finds two plastic crates, hands one to Will and takes the other. They sit in a circle.

ALAN
Do we have enough room to work?

JACK
Very astute young Alan.
(examines the walls)
Maybe with a little remodeling...

Jack stands, grabs a large METAL SHELVING UNIT and carefully SLIDES it to the other wall, revealing a barren spot.

JACK
(Vanna White pose)
Ta da!

She squeezes past, pulls out a CARD TABLE, and sets it up.

JACK
It's tight but we got there.
(beat)
Feels like something's missing...

WILL
Case files?

JACK
(smacks forehead)
Case files!

JUNE
And drinks?

JACK
(pointing at June)
YES. Bodily functions.

She squeezes past, exits, closes the door. The Wilsons are left alone in silence. June runs her fingers through her boys' hair affectionately.

WILL
When this is all over, I want a huge banana split with chocolate and whipped cream.

ALAN
Mint chip in a waffle cone for me please.

JUNE
Mmm. One of each of those for me.

The door opens. Jack enters, carefully hefting FOLDERS in one hand and an EMPTY COFFEE POT in the other. She haphazardly DUMPS the files onto the table, sets down the coffee pot, closes the door.

JUNE
(slight smirk)
Couldn't do it in two trips huh?

JACK
(snarky grin)
Hey we don't have time for that.

She SLAPS the TOP FOLDER.

JACK
My finance case.

She hands a folder to each of them. Takes one for herself.

JACK
Alan, can I see the photo?

He nods, pulls it from his pocket, hands it to her. She TACKS the PHOTO to the WALL with a RED THUMBTACK. Sits.

JACK
Any questions before we start?

JUNE
What are we looking for?

JACK
Anything that mentions Chief Hatcher or Mayor White.

The Wilsons open their folders. Begin to read.

INVESTIGATION MONTAGE

They comb through news clippings, interviews, police records, photos. Every Hatcher or Mayor White clipping is pinned to the wall.

CLIPPING: Mayor White gloating over his new \$5 million home.

CLIPPING: PD Purchase orders signed by Hatcher.

CLIPPING: Approved 2-year budget for Grizzly Bluff Prison.

CLIPPING: "The Man Who Cleaned Up Grizzly Bluff." Feature on Hatcher, mentions the prison closing.

The wall is soon a scattered mosaic.

END MONTAGE

INT. BROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Jack scrutinizes the wall. Alan gets up and stands next to her.

CUT TO June, head resting on one hand, pen in the other. Mind adrift.

CLOSE ON the open manila folder in front of her. Her pen draws a little heart.

ALAN (O.S.)
Some of these numbers match.

Will looks down at the heart. Then glances at June and they share a smile.

CLOSE ON the HEART DRAWING. Will draws a simple rendition of BATMAN HOLDING THE HEART.

JACK (O.S.)
Too much for coincidence.

June's expression: Big smile.

CLOSE ON the Batman holding a heart drawing. June's pen draws a CIRCLE AROUND THE HEART.

JACK (O.S.)
Any theories?

Will draws a FUSE on top of the circle and gives Batman a SPEECH BUBBLE: SOME DAYS YOU JUST CAN'T GET RID OF A BOMB!

ALAN (O.S.)
I think...

June stifles laughter. Will looks proud of himself, big smile.

Alan and Jack scrutinize the evidence wall.

ALAN
I think... Hatcher disappeared the prisoners so the money earmarked for the prison could be used to build White's lake house.

Stunned silence.

JACK
Damn. It fits. How could he afford that house otherwise?

JUNE
This was all about money?

JACK
(frowns)
Isn't it always?

WILL
So no justice for dad's murder.

Jack purses her lips.

JACK

(quietly)

Wish I could say it'll end cleanly like in the movies. This is real life. We get Hatcher behind bars, we have a chance at being safe.

Will, sobered, slowly nods. Silence.

JACK

It's not an overnight thing. The paper won't print for days, and even then, it may take time.

ALAN

(resolute)

We have to do what we can.

JACK

It's all we can do. We have a good case, but it's still a Hail Mary. We may be skipping town either way.

The door opens. A woman leans in. Her eyes go wide with surprise.

SWETHA DEVI (Early 30's). Indian. Long dark hair in a single braid. Black rimmed reading glasses. Young mother build. Pragmatic business casual. Notepad under her arm. Pencil on her ear.

SWETHA

(panicking)

What are you doing here?!

JACK

Clearly you don't know the rules to Parcheesi.

Swetha stares. Unflinching.

JACK

What does it look like Swetha? I'm working a case.

SWETHA

(motioning to the Wilsons)

Who are they?

JACK

(grinning)

My new recruits.

SWETHA
(exasperated)
Kids?!

JACK
It's a slow hiring season.

SWETHA
I've seen some shenanigans from you
Jack but this...

A beat.

JACK
Ok but worse than Philly?

SWETHA
...Ok not worse than Philly.
(rubs her temples as if in
pain)
Back then Mills was around to
convince me not to get caught up in
your INSANE schemes.

JACK
I've got this. Just close the door
and pretend you saw nothing.

SWETHA
It's 5am Jack. We open soon.

Jack gets serious. Glances at the Wilsons then back to
Swetha. Silence.

JACK
I have a Bombshell case. I just need
time to package it for you.

Silence.

SWETHA
Bombshell?

JACK
Bombshell.

Swetha stares Jack down. Her expression softens slightly.
Then she shakes her head and frowns.

SWETHA
Is this going to get me sued or put
in prison?

JACK
(innocent grin)
Definitely probably not.

Swetha rolls her eyes.

SWETHA
(exasperated)
Trouble-trouble always follows you!

JACK
It's kinda my shtick.

SWETHA
(motioning to the Wilsons)
And now you've got these people...
KIDS roped into it!

JUNE
(deadpan)
We got roped in when my husband was
murdered.

SWETHA
Oh... I...

Swetha goes silent. Stares solemnly at the unmoving boys, then back at June. Her eyes, suddenly glassy.

Jack winks at June.

JACK
Thirty minutes, you'll have the case
and we'll be ghosts.

Swetha's voice gets quiet and urgent.

SWETHA
Your face is plastered everywhere.
(to June)
Yours too.

JACK
We heard the Popular Kids Club had a
few openings.

SWETHA
(worried)
This can't come back to me. Priya's
got no one but me. I'm not going to
prison for you.

JACK
It's all public record. We just
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
figured out how it fits. Nothing
traces back to me. You'll look like
the star journalist you are. It'll
piss some people off... but has that
ever stopped us?

SWETHA
(in disbelief that she's
actually going along with
this)
You owe me big time, Jack. Like-the
biggest big time.

JACK
We'll be even when you get your
Pulitzer. You can thank me in your
acceptance speech. I'll be in the
front row wearing a tux.

Swetha groans.

SWETHA
Thirty minutes.
(to the boys, pointing at
Jack)
Don't grow up to be like this one.

She leans out and closes the door.

SWETHA (O.S.)
(quietly, outside the
door)
Shit's so fucked.

Jack smiles innocently at the Wilsons.

JUNE
Thirty minutes then.

JACK
Let's get this road on the show.

CLEANUP MONTAGE

Fast-paced. The evidence wall is STRIPPED. Photos and
clippings vanish into manila folders. Jack scribbles FRANTIC
notes. The card table collapses. Jack SLIDES the METAL
SHELVING back over the tack holes while the Wilsons SWEEP the
floor. Erased.

END MONTAGE

INT. BROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jack opens the door.

INT. GRIZZLY BLUFF REPORTS - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks quickly down the hallway. The team follows. Swetha is at her desk, writing. She glances up.

Jack puts the folder on Swetha's desk.

JACK

Bada Din ki badhai.

SWETHA

We'll see about that.

She opens the folder. Scans the documents. Her eyes go wide. Her eyes focus on Jack.

Jack has a huge, shit-eating grin.

JACK

Right?

Swetha shakes her head in disbelief.

Jack returns her old files to a cabinet. Grabs a small PORTABLE TV and BATTERIES from her desk.

JACK

Gotta run Swetha. We'll do lunch!

SWETHA

(under her breath)

I fuckin' hope not.

EXT. GRIZZLY BLUFF REPORTS - DAWN

The sun rises. The crew makes their way back to the car. The squad car is gone. Another employee arrives.

INT. PURPLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The four climb in. Shut the doors. Jack holds up a hand to June. June high fives her hesitantly.

JACK

YES!

The boys have cautious smiles.

WILL

But we haven't won yet have we?

Jack's smile fades.

JACK

No...not yet. We're going to have to
lay low, check the news. Play the
waiting game.

She fires up the car, puts it in gear, and pulls out.

SUPER: **CHAPTER 11: COOLER**

SUPER: **n. When strong hands collide, someone loses big.**

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAWN

MIRRORS' squad car pulls into the camp. He gets out.

He walks to the fire pit. Crouches.

MIRRORS picks up a charred marshmallow. The reflection of the marshmallow in his mirrored sunglasses.

He drops it. Walks through splatters of dried purple paint. Stops. Crouches.

CLOSE ON his hand scooping up dirt with a purple blob. The reflection of the purple paint in his glasses. He stares at it.

INT. MIRRORS' SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

MIRRORS climbs back in. Stares straight ahead.

He fires up the car and pulls out, heading back down the mountain.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The purple Marquis flies down the road headed back to camp.

EXT. TOM'S HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

MIRRORS parks. Reopens Jack's file.

CLOSE UP: Jack's mugshot. June's police charity event photo. This is the full photo. Frank is seated next to June, big smile.

CLOSE ON MIRRORS' face staring at the photo. Frank's face reflected in his sunglasses.

ANGLE FROM PASSENGER SEAT: As MIRRORS studies the photo, the purple Marquis drives by in the distance.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

EXT. QUIET FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The purple beater turns down the forest road, turns towards the bluffs, and crawls up the mountain.

Jack parks in the usual spot by the campfire.

INT. PURPLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack KILLS the ENGINE and sits in silence. She glances around. June is asleep next to her. The boys are asleep in the back. June stirs. Bleary eyes.

JUNE

(whispers)

Hey.

JACK

(whispers)

Hey.

June sits up and checks the sleeping boys. Jack points outside.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jack and June get out. Jack POPS the TRUNK. Slowly closes her door. June gently closes hers. The boys stir, but don't wake. Jack grabs her wooden box and closes the trunk.

EXT. CAR HOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jack climbs up onto the hood. June watches, then climbs up next to her. They watch the sun rise.

JACK

RV.

JUNE

(sleepily)

Hmm?

JACK

That's what I'd do if I could afford it. Buy an RV and just...get the fuck outta Dodge.

JUNE

To where?

JACK

Doesn't matter. Anywhere but Grizzly
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Bluff. I grew up here. I'm just
ready to go.

JUNE
All by yourself?

JACK
Why, you wanna come with?

Silence.

JUNE
I grew up here too. I always thought
I would die here.

JACK
The road is calling me... It always
has. Couldn't afford to answer. She
picks up the wooden box, opens it.

JACK
Hmm, almost dry. Maybe enough for a
few more joints.

She breaks up a bud and deftly rolls a joint.

WIDE ANGLE: The car on the bluff.

TIMELAPSE: Day turns to night

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The boys sit around the fire, talking to Jack. June, by the car, STUFFS TRASH into a BAG. Wrappers, bottles. She TIES the FULL BAG and sets it by the trunk. She walks to the fire pit, sits, and stares into the flames.

ALAN
How long until the paper goes out?

JACK
Thursday.

WILL
What if they don't publish it?

JACK
(stares into fire)
They fucking better.

ALAN
We can't just tell them we weren't
kidnapped can we?

JACK

(sighs)

Unfortunately not. Taking down
Hatcher just makes it safer for us
to leave but...

(to Alan)

...It feels like the decision has
already been made for us.

ALAN

No more Grizzly Bluff.

JACK

No more Grizzly Bluff.

WILL

(exasperated)

There's got to be a way.

JACK

If we bring Hatcher down, we'd still
need to skip town till they figure
out we're not ACTUALLY Bonnie and
Clyde.

(to June)

Wait, are we?

WILL

So we won't be banned forever?

JACK

Probably not forever. But... prepare
for a road trip. That seems like the
path we're on.

JUNE

Thinking about that RV are you?

ALAN

RV?

JACK

Yeah, you know those long houses on
wheels? You just crash in the RV
every night and go wherever you
want...

ALAN

I know what an RV is.

Jack purses her lips.

JACK

In any case, I don't have the money
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
for it—but that would be our best
bet.

JUNE
I have the money for it. Jack's
expression: surprised.

JUNE
Frank and I have been saving for
some time to remodel the house... I
think he'd want us to use it for our
own safety if he were here.

JACK
...It's in a safe or something?

JUNE
Yes, a safe in the garage.

JACK
(stares into the fire)
We'd have to return to your house.
(groans)
Huge risk. Not a fan. But I can't
think of how else to get the cash.

They all stare at the fire, hypnotized.

ALAN
We could check the roads nearby?

JACK
At a minimum. Maybe...if Hatcher
goes down, the fallout would be a
huge mess. That's the ideal time to
sneak in. His men would be busy.
Maybe even crash for a night.

JUNE
Are you sure?

JACK
No. Just throwing it out there. I
could use a shower and a night in an
actual bed.

ALAN
We could keep the lights off.

WILL
What do we do till then?

JACK
(shrugs)
Hang out. Practice our yodeling.

ALAN
What will happen to the house?

JACK
The house is a lost cause. It'll be
foreclosed before we're cleared.

Alan's expression: sad.

ALAN
Goodbye room.

Jack stands up, puts an arm around Alan.

JACK
On the road the whole world is your
room. It's an upgrade as far as I'm
concerned. Alan glances up at her, a
slight smile. Jack sits back down.

JUNE
(eyes heavy)
Crew, I'm starting to fade. I think
I need to call it a night. Who's in
for mom's famous tuck in?

Alan and Will raise their hands. Jack raises hers. June bonks
Jack on the nose.

JUNE
(to Jack)
Only if you're good.

JACK
(playfully)
Aren't I always?

Jack watches June sit with the boys, rubbing their hair,
talking soothingly. June finishes.

Jack joins her walking back to the car. Jack does a double
take at the car. Stops.

JACK
Wha—

JUNE
What's wrong?

JACK
Where'd all my trash go?

JUNE
(innocently)
What trash?

JACK
I liked my trash.

FADE TO BLACK.

JUNE (O.S.)
We'll make new trash.

SUPER: 2 DAYS LATER

EXT. CAR HOOD - NIGHT

Jack and June share a joint.

JUNE
So, tomorrow.

JACK
Tomorrow.

Both of them stare off at the valley below.

JUNE
What's your family like?

Jack freezes. June feels the tension. Jack lights the joint, takes a big hit, and offers it to June. June accepts, takes a small hit, coughs, and hands it back.

JACK
Rich. White. Conservative. The trifecta.

JUNE
Do you talk to them?

JACK
Hell no. My dad is part of the system.

Another hit.

JACK
I'm in what you might call 'self imposed exile.'

JUNE
Why?
JACK

(softly, annoyed)

Nosy bitch aren't you?...

(a moment)

What would you do if your own dad was complicit in atrocities? He's not the type to go out and kill someone, but he looks the other way for people who do.

June quietly listens.

JACK

On top of all that, my parents are poison. Every day, poison. Hate and cruelty oozing from them, even when they're being "polite." They taught me exactly who not to become.

JUNE

So you don't HAVE to be poor.

JACK

(sighs)

No, I don't have to be poor. I make that decision every day. I'm a true riches to rags story. But for me... I see it as better to be poor and free than rich and caged.

JUNE

(quietly)

Admirable.

JACK

Think so, huh?

Jack offers another hit. June accepts. More coughing. June hands the nearly finished joint back.

JUNE

Beneath your...mess, is a good heart.

JACK

I bet you say that to all the washed up journalists.

JUNE

(slight smile)

Just one.

They lean back on the hood watching the clouds.

JUNE

My dad died when I was young. I was an only child. Then my mom died when I was 22. Thankfully I had Frank to
(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)
lean on. It was one of the hardest
times of my life.

JACK
This one included?

JUNE
Losing Frank was like losing my
mother. It was devastating. I didn't
know how I could ever recover... But
like I had Frank when my mom died, I
have Alan and Will this time...

Jack takes a hit, nodding.

JUNE
You've helped soften the blow too.

Jack frowns, goes quiet.

JUNE
What?

JACK
This whole situation is my fault.

JUNE
You can't possibly blame yourself
for this.

JACK
...I do. If I hadn't come to your
house, Hatcher wouldn't have found
the photo. You wouldn't have been in
danger.

(beat)
It's a sin I don't know if I can
atone for.

Jack's eyes get glassy. She feels the KNIFE in her pocket.

JUNE
HATCHER murdered Frank. HATCHER sent
his men after us. And HATCHER is the
one who made us fugitives. None of
that is on you.

CLOSE ON JACK'S EYES: Sad.

June palms Jack's face as if she were clergy.

JUNE
(whispers)
I absolve you Jack Faraday.

JACK
(through sudden tears)
I don't deserve it.

JUNE
It doesn't matter. I forgive you all
the same.

June pulls Jack in close for a hug. Jack, overwhelmed, buries her face in June's shoulder. June comforts her. Jack gets quiet and turns, staring at the moon through tear-stained eyes. June watches.

JUNE
(quietly)
Alright in there?

Jack snaps out of it.

JACK
I've never gone out on the road with
others. It's always just been me,
myself and I.

JUNE
(smiling quietly)
I used to jokingly tell Frank we
should run away together. Now it
feels like a prophecy.

JACK
Sounds like Frank was a top tier
husband.

JUNE
He really was. I miss him every
second of the day. I wonder what he
would have thought of you.

Jack chuckles.

JACK
A cop? What do you think?

JUNE
He wasn't just any cop. He was like
you in a lot of ways.

Jack's expression: incredulous.

JUNE
He was. You both believe in a bigger
ideal. And you both fight tooth and
nail for it. I think he would have
seen that in you.

Jack takes another hit. Passes the joint.

JACK
(quieter)
Well if he married someone like you,
I guess he had good taste.

June smiles. Turns on her side facing Jack. Jack does the same facing her.

JUNE
I bet you say that to all the fugitive housewives.

JACK
Just one.

A hesitation. Then they kiss for a moment. Pull apart.

JUNE
(quietly)
You make me feel a lot like he did.

Jack's gaze goes distant. She turns her eyes back to June.

JACK
(quietly, eyes glassy)
...You're a lot like someone I...

June touches her face.

JACK
I couldn't...

Jack's throat gets a knot in it. She fights back tears and returns her eyes to June.

JACK
I guess we both have a type.

June puts her head on Jack's shoulder.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

JUNE (O.S.)
(quietly)
I guess so.

Jack and June drift off to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Will wakes. Asks Jack to open trunk. Steals a Moon Pie.

JACK
Little bastard!

Will grins.

EXT. CAR HOOD - CONTINUOUS

June asks about the paper.

JACK
Don't get your hopes up.

Jack sets up the TV. Distorted picture. Morning news:
Department store fire.

JACK
Next broadcast is in 12 hours.

She turns it off.

JACK
(muttering)
Guess I'll just...fucking jerk
myself off or something.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: 12 HOURS LATER

EXT. JACK'S CAR HOOD - LATER

Jack tweaks antenna. News starts.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Bombshell report... implicating
Chief Hatcher and Mayor White in
embezzlement scheme...

Family ERUPTS. Cheers.

TV: Hatcher handcuffed.

JACK
HOLY SHIT! We actually fucking did
it.

ALAN
So we can finally go home?

JACK
Let's be super careful... but yes.

INT. PURPLE CAR / EXT. 180 MAPLE LANE - NIGHT

They drive back. Park one street over. Sneak in.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stress leaves June. Boys call dibs on shower.

June goes to shower. Jack lingers.

JUNE
(from bathroom)
I could...use help washing my back.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Candlelit. June undresses. Jack follows. Scars on hips. Cut marks on legs.

June looks at her with empathy. Kisses her. They shower together. June lathers Jack tenderly.

JUNE
(quietly, smiling)
My treat.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - LATER

They hold each other.

JACK
Back on the run tomorrow.

JUNE
Day at a time.

They sleep.

ALARM CLOCK: 2:14 AM.

The bedroom door BURSTS open. Two MEN IN SKI MASKS surge in.

Startled awake. June SCREAMS. Jack CRIES OUT animalistically.

They're GRABBED. Hands CUFFED. GAGGED. BLACK BAGS over their heads.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Will SCREAM. Grabbed. Cuffed. Gagged. Bagged.

EXT. 180 MAPLE LANE - CONTINUOUS

DRAGGED across the lawn. THROWN into a VAN. Doors SLAM.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: CHAPTER 12: GRIZZLY BLUFF

SUPER: **n. A bear's bluff charge.**

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

A dark, quiet prison looms in the moonlight. A POLICE VAN DRIVES UP to the main entrance and PARKS. Two familiar silhouettes walk up to the back of the van.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The van's BACK DOORS OPEN. Hatcher stands there with MIRRORS behind him. Hatcher puts a foot up, reaches in, and LIFTS the BAGS off of each head.

June's eyes are terrified as she refocuses on Hatcher.

HATCHER

June! Thanks for RSVPing! And you brought your plus one!

Jack's eyes adjust to the spotlight shining down on the van. Hatcher locks eyes with hers.

HATCHER

The infamous Jack Faraday in the flesh! What an HONOR.

Jack's eyes flash at his with white hot anger.

HATCHER

Will! Alan! Long time no see!

Will and Alan adjust, staring up at Hatcher in terror.

HATCHER

Alan, You're not happy to see me?
(sighs)

I thought we were poker pals!

He locks eyes with Will.

HATCHER

Will, what'd I say about women and drugs?
(shaking his head)
Kids these days...

Hatcher pulls out a white handkerchief and wipes his hands off. He turns to MIRRORS.

HATCHER

(slapping his shoulder)

I need you fresh in the morning for
the cleanup. Get some sleep.

MIRRORS takes a look at the tied up family, staring at them grimly. Hatcher signals for his other men to bring the four captives inside. They DRAG them out of the van.

MIRRORS watches. His expression is far away. Hatcher gets in close.

HATCHER

Frank made his decision. It's them
or us.

Silence. MIRRORS stares off to the side. Hatcher puts an arm around MIRRORS.

HATCHER

(calmly)

Hey. Tomorrow this'll all be over.
Clean slate.

MIRRORS hesitates, then nods. Hatcher slaps him on the back.

HATCHER

Like I said, get some sleep. You
look like you need it.

Hatcher walks towards the prison entrance leaving MIRRORS alone. A moment. MIRRORS slowly turns and walks back to his squad car.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

The prison has an eerie hollow quality, accentuated by dim lights in the very middle—Hatcher's twisted stage. They've been DRAGGED into a CELL and DROPPED.

HATCHER

You all know where we are, don't
you? Sure you do.

He kneels, eye to eye with them.

HATCHER

Tonight's entertainment might get a
bit..."messy." Jack you like messes
don't you? Big career ending ones?

Jack fumes through her gag. The men stand her up. Her GAG is PULLED OUT. Before she can react—She takes a punch. Hard. Across the face. She collapses.

June and the boys watch, crying through their gags. The men pick up June next, RIP her GAG OUT. Another hard PUNCH. She reels and collapses next to Jack.

The men file out. The cell door CLUNKS shut. They leave.

Jack's foot moves. She shakes her head, MOANS, and slowly sits up. Hands cuffed behind her. She faces the boys.

The side of her face is a BLOODY, BRUISED MESS. Eye SWOLLEN shut. SPIT and BLOOD drool from her MOUTH.

She blinks, shakes her head, regaining her senses. The boys have terrified expressions. Jack spits blood.

June stirs, wakes, moans. Sits up. Her face a mess too. She registers the state Jack and the boys are in and starts to sob. Jack leans against her.

After a few moments June's head raises back up and she's eye to eye with Jack.

JACK
It's not over ok?

June stares fearfully into Jack's eyes and nods.

Jack WRIGGLES painfully towards the boys. Reaches Will. Leans in. Bites his GAG. PULLS. It POPS out. Jack slides to Alan. PULLS his GAG. Fails. Again. It's out.

Tears continue streaming down June's face. Jack leans against the wall as realization hits her.

JACK
Son of a bitch made bail.

A loud CLANG. The MAIN DOOR OPENS. The SOUND of another sobbing PERSON BEING DRAGGED in and put in the next cell.

The man SCREAMS into his gag. It's removed. He sputters. SFX: PUNCH. A body DROPS. The CELL DOOR CLOSES.

Hatcher walks by, eyes GLINTING, teeth bared. No more mask.

JACK
(quietly)
Fuck me, he's gone feral.

Hatcher saunters over with FRANK'S BRIEFCASE. He PLACES a METAL FOLDING CHAIR in front of the cell, sits, and rests the briefcase on his lap. The locks have been broken off.

HATCHER
Let's have one last heart to heart.

JACK
Or you could kill yourself?

HATCHER
(mock surprise)
Jack, I heard you were the polite
one. June, what's it like fucking
such a polite woman?

JUNE
(fire in her eyes)
Fuck you, Hatcher.

HATCHER
(cynical laugh)
Frank's meek wife cuts her hair and
grows a pair! What would Frank say?

He turns his gaze to the BRIEFCASE. He opens it. Picks up a
roll, holds it to his ear.

HATCHER
(pretending to hear Frank)
Come again Frank? ... You're not
even cold in the ground yet and
she's replaced you?

CUT TO June's eyes, full of tears and fury.

HATCHER
No need to be so harsh!

He sets the briefcase onto the floor.

HATCHER
Frank says he's glad he's dead so he
doesn't have to see the disgusting
pile of filth you've become.

He THROWS the ROLL OF CARDS back. PULLS OUT a MATCHBOOK.

CUT TO Alan and Will's panicked eyes. CUT TO the MATCH.
Hatcher STRIKES it.

CUT TO Hatcher's face. He makes sure the boys are watching
him. He DROPS the match into the BRIEFCASE. Its contents
BURST into FLAME.

The boys watch in horror as their father's last message
burns, the record of Hatcher's murders ERASED. Will grits his
teeth. Alan stares at Hatcher with hatred.

Hatcher stands, then suddenly appears to remember something.
He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a polaroid, stares at
it.

HATCHER
Almost forgot.

He holds it up to shows the boys through the bars. ALAN'S CARD CHART PHOTO. There in the bottom left: FRANK'S PLAQUE.

Will and Alan grit their teeth.

HATCHER
As sentimental as I am...

Hatcher TOSSES the photo into the BURNING BRIEFCASE.

HATCHER
We can't leave any loose threads.

Hot tears run down Will and Alan's faces as they watch the photo WARP and CURL before being fully swallowed up by the fire.

HATCHER
Our guest of honor is on his way. If I hadn't restrained him, there'd have been nothing left of Frank's body to toss into the casket! Talk about mouths to feed, am I right June?

June fumes. The DOORS OPEN. A massive struggling BEAR enters on a lead.

HATCHER
Speak of the devil.

The bear GROWLS, led by Hatcher's men into a cell across the way, its CHAIN PULLED through the BARS. The captives stare at the bear in horror as it is confined.

HATCHER
(to his prisoners)
Normally, I have a much cleaner process for this.

Mayor White in the cell next door: eyes go wide in panic.

The briefcase fire peters out. All that remains inside: CHARRED ASH.

ANGLE: Hatcher and Mayor White in profile with the cell bars in the middle.

HATCHER
(grinning big)
A lot bigger in person, isn't it?

MAYOR WHITE

I kept my end of the bargain. You
got your Pure White Paradise!

HATCHER

I did. The prison is empty and the
town is...mostly cleansed. We made a
lot of purists happy.

He UNLOCKS Mayor White's CELL.

HATCHER

But those glory days ended when you
threw me under the bus.

MAYOR WHITE (O.S.)

No no!

Hatcher DRAGS Mayor White out. STANDS HIM on a FLOOR DRAIN.
Hatcher leers at Mayor White's tattered sleepwear and
drooling, bloody face with disgust.

He puts his hands on Mayor White's shoulders.

HATCHER

(quietly)

Look at you Philemon. You're a mess.
Let's get you cleaned up.

He strides off. The bear's cell is opened. Mayor White
hyperventilates loudly. Jack, June, Alan and Will's eyes are
glued to the bear in stunned fear.

The men angle the bear. It sees its prey, then CHARGES.

June steps in front of Alan and Will, facing them so they
can't see what's happening.

Mayor White turns to run. Gets two steps. The bear is on him.
Mayor White utters a blood-chilling scream.

Jack watches in shock for a moment, then closes her eyes and
turns, terrified. Soon his voice is drowned out by growls.

Hatcher's men HOLD the TUGGING CHAIN tightly. Soon, little of
Mayor White is left. The men PULL the RESISTANT BEAR back to
its cell. Bloody maw. Licking lips.

Hatcher walks back to the cell containing his remaining
living captives. He takes a moment to savor their fear.

HATCHER

Alan! The boy who called my bluff!
You're up next.

Jack, June and Will are on their feet yelling. Hatcher enters and PUSHES THEM to the FLOOR. He GRABS Alan by the ARM and PULLS him out. SLAMS the DOOR.

He DRAGS Alan to the BLOODY DRAIN, puts him in position. He leans down, gets in Alan's face.

HATCHER
(quietly)
Think I'm bluffing this time?

He RUFFLES Alan's HAIR. Alan stares through him, emotionless in response.

Hatcher walks to the main entrance pulling out his handkerchief to wipe the sweat beading on his forehead. His men get the bear out.

JUNE
(wailing)
Noooooo!

Jack, June and Will's DISTRAUGHT VOICES echo through the prison. The men position the bear. It sees Alan and they lock eyes.

The bear RUNS Straight at Alan, foaming. Closing the gap. Alan remains perfectly still, heart pounding.

At the very last moment, the bear VEERS past him, PULLING the MEN to the ground, DRAGGING THEM. It rears, turns back.

Hatcher: wide-eyed shock, drops his handkerchief.

The men scramble in a panic. DROP the CHAIN, run for the door. The bear BOLTS past Alan who remains still as a statue. It POUNCES on Hatcher's men.

Hatcher YANKS the door open. RUNS into the prison yard. One by one, Hatcher's men are dispatched. Soon, quiet.

The bear glances at the shocked family in the cell. Snorts. It lumbers toward the open door, but the LEAD gets CAUGHT.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAWN

Hatcher runs for his life. Gasping, foaming, sweating.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

The bear ROARS. PULLS hard. The lead BENDS. It's free.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS

The bear BOLTS after Hatcher.

ABOVE: The bear rapidly gains.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Alan walks past his family. Stands in the doorway. Watches. Jack, June, and Will stare at him, stunned.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hatcher turns towards the bear with fear in his eyes and stands still, his body shaking.

The bear LEAPS on Hatcher.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Alan watches from a distance as the bear THRASHES about MAULING Hatcher. Soon Hatcher stops moving.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS

The bear finishes. Snorts. Locks eyes with Alan. A moment.

The bear turns. Lumbers into the forest. Chain dragging. It disappears.

INT. PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. Alan turns. Walks back to the cell.

ON THE FLOOR: Frank's charred EMPTY BRIEFCASE. He stares at it blankly.

He PULLS on his handcuffs. They dig. BLOOD trickles. One hand comes free.

He spots a KEYRING on a dead man's BELT LOOP and grabs it. He tries the cell door. CLICK. It OPENS.

His stunned family stares at him. He stares back.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAWN

FROM ABOVE: Four figures emerge from the main prison entrance. Jack, June, Will and Alan.

The yard is quiet now as the sun rises. Nearby: The POLICE VAN they arrived in—their ticket to freedom.

Across the yard...past what's left of Hatcher...up above the treeline...to the morning mountains...

FADE TO:

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

Yellow/brown windswept grass.

MUSIC: "GREAT GIG IN THE SKY" by PINK FLOYD.

A drop of purple paint FALLS onto the grass. PAN UP to a PAINTBRUSH, sliding across a flat white surface.

SLOW ZOOM OUT. Alan's hand holds the brush. ZOOM OUT further. Jack, June, and Will all hold paintbrushes. Painting over the white of a 1970's FLEETWOOD TIOGA.

They're laughing, talking, teasing. They seem healthy. Jack's hand SLAPS a PEACE SIGN STICKER on the bumper.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

The RV takes to the open road, away from Grizzly Bluff. A mint colored TIOGA follows.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Jack is at the wheel. Alan in the passenger's seat.

June plays poker with Will. Jack glances over her shoulder, catches June's gaze. They share a knowing smile.

Alan's hand is out the window, FEELING the WIND. Sticks his head out, HAIR WHIPPING, watches the peaks recede.

CLOSE IN on his face. He SMILES, ear to ear. The vocals SWELL.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

END SEASON 1