

The Dividing Line

by

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FADE IN.

EXT. PODUNK, TEXAS - DAY

SHERIFF WILBUR (mid 50s) walks down the only street in town, alone. Hair peppery white, Handlebar mustache, and despite his age, he can still win a bar fight.

He holds onto his cowboy hat as the wind blows past. His rusted spurs clang on the dirt. His faded badge glints in the bright sunlight.

A minivan speeds down the road. He squints at it as it draws near. Inside, a kid, slurping down a lollipop, smiles and waves ecstatically at him.

The Sheriff grimaces as it breezes past him.

As he walks past the Market, Sheriff Wilbur affixes a MISSING POSTER to a telephone pole. It has a picture of a WOMAN(mid 50s)on it. It reads HELENA. LAST SEEN 1 MONTH AGO.

He looks up to the WATER TOWER. The oxidized painted letters reads: Welcome to Podunk.

The Sheriff enters the -

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The station is as open as an alligator's mouth. Desks far and few, wood barriers the only thing keeping the public at bay.

A few officers milling about near the entrance, stop talking and tip their caps to The Sheriff as he walks by.

JANE(mid 30s) obese, black hair, and cynical murmurs into a dispatcher's headset. She smiles at him as he continues to the back of the station.

JANE

Morning. No calls. Again.

The Sheriff opens the door to his office.

INT. SHERIFF WILBUR'S OFFICE - LATER

He takes a gun out of his desk. He tears up as he examines it. He sees the inscription which reads: To my Angel. With Love.

He puts the gun in his holster. He sighs before he takes a seat at an his desk, puts his feet up, lowers the brim of his hat and dozes off.

INT. SHERIFF WILBUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jane runs into the office, in a panic. A commotion is heard outside.

JANE

Sheriff, you betta get over here
right quick!

The Sheriff flinches awake.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What is it now? Put on some coffee,
will ya?

His Southern twang echoes over the rustic station.

The Sheriff heads over to the front of the station where a
crazy guy, TOM, late 20s, dirty, ragged, drunk, rants and
raves, frothing at the mouth.

TOM

They are coming for me! They are!
They took ma cow! They took her!
They are gonna take me next!

The Sheriff clears his throat, exuding authority. Tom
stammers to silence.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Now, what is the problem here?

TOM

Someone stole ma cow. I need your
help!

SHERIFF WILBUR

Son, you come in here every week
with a new story. Ain't it a bit
early to be drinking?

Tom tries to maintain his composure.

TOM

I'm telling the truth! I swear on
my momma's life!

The Sheriff puts his arm around Tom in mocking comfort,
leading him out the door.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Now I hear ya, I'll send one of my
deputies down over and we'll file a
report.

TOM

Thank you! Thank you!

Tom gives the Sheriff a hug and runs out, celebrating.

The Sheriff dusts himself off and gives a knowing look to
the gathered deputies.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Now who here is volunteerin' to
help that feller out?

The deputies laugh as Jane approaches with a cup of coffee.

JANE

Your coffee, Sheriff. Also, they
found a dead body.

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAY

A couple of Podunk officers tape off the scene.

Sheriff Wilbur and the MEDICAL EXAMINER {late 40s}, balding,
nerdy, and skinny, crouch over the body of a YOUNG
WOMAN, (late 20s) her clothes disheveled, yet her skin
peaceful and pristine.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No defensive bruises, no ligature
marks, no signs of violence. No ID.
Just this:

The Medical Examiner holds up a dirty needle.

The Sheriff takes the needle and peers at it. He spits on
the ground near him.

SHERIFF WILBUR

That's what killed her?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We don't know yet.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What the hell do you mean, you
don't know!?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We're still waiting on toxicology.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Well, wait for em while you work,
dadgumit!

The Medical Examiner walks away.

The Sheriff looks closer at the body of the Jane Doe. He
lifts up her arm and spots a single puncture wound.

The Sheriff spits on the ground and sighs.

INT. MARKET - LATER

The brightly lit market is quaint but full. Assorted
packaged foodstuffs fills the shelves. Customers talk in
hush tones as The Sheriff walks past them.

A pair of women stare at him as he browses the meat section. The Sheriff tips his cap, and the women smile meekly at him.

He picks up a slab of beef and heads to the cash register. TAMMY, Late 30s, chunky and overly polite greets him.

TAMMY

Did you get everything you needed today, Sheriff?

SHERIFF WILBUR

Yes Ma'am.

Tammy glances around and lowers her voice.

TAMMY

I thought we nearly lost you there for a second.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Yup.

TAMMY

If you need anything, I'll be here for you.

Tammy spots the two women who are still staring.

TAMMY

And don't you worry about them.

She hands him the grocery bag.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Why thank you.

The Sheriff tips his hat and walks out the door.

INT. THE WILBUR RANCH - NIGHT

We hear the wind rustling outside the thin walls of the quaint home.

The fireplace lights up the Sheriff's face as he downs a shot of whiskey.

Tears in his eyes as he remembers. He closes his eyes and smiles.

HER SCENT IS IN THE AIR.

The Sheriff pours himself another shot.

The walls are adorned with her image: First date, wedding, honeymoon. Good times.

The Sheriff downs the shot as he examines them closer. He grabs a photo, his finger running down the woman's face, tears dropping.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Helena.

EXT. PODUNK, TEXAS - DAY

Sheriff Wilbur strolls down the main street. He takes out a MISSING POSTER and prepares to tape it a storefront window.

His hand feels the glass SHAKE.

He looks behind him. Sensing something.

He hears a faint RUMBLING down the street.

He squints in the distance and sees a caravan of black SUVs barrelling towards him.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Shit.

Their emergency lights flashing as they go by. Sheriff Wilbur spits on the ground behind them.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

AGENTS in black sunglasses, fitted suits, and earpieces converse with the deputies.

Sheriff Wilbur walks in, takes one look at the strangers infesting his humble station, and shakes his head.

JANE

Uh, there's an agent here that wants to speak to you? He seems important...

SHERIFF WILBUR

Tell em I'm busy!

JANE

He's in your office.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Damn it!

Sheriff Wilbur sighs and heads to -

INT. SHERIFF WILBUR'S OFFICE - LATER

Seated at Sheriff Wilbur's desk is a well dressed, English, and cold federal AGENT M eating an apple.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What in tarnation are you doin'!?

The Agent smiles and extends his hand.

AGENT M

Hello, Mr. Wilbur. I'm Agent McCally, but you can call me Agent M. My team and I will be taking over this station and any outstanding cases you may have.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Like hell you will.

AGENT M

I'm sorry, Mr. Wilbur. That wasn't a question. That was an order.

SHERIFF WILBUR

I've been running this daggone station for 30 daggone years and you aren't gonna take it from me!

Agent M smirks. He stands and takes another bite from his apple.

AGENT M

I understand your frustration, Mr. Wilbur. I'll give you a week to get your affairs in order.

Agent M strolls towards the front of the station, Sheriff Wilbur follows him.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The agents file out of the station, as Agent M turns to get one last parting shot.

AGENT M

We'll be seeing you.

Agent M smiles and gives Sheriff Wilbur a sardonic wave.

The door closes. A quiet happens.

The deputies look at Sheriff Wilbur, confused and curious.

JANE

What the hell is going on!?

Sheriff Wilbur sighs.

INT. SHERIFF WILBUR'S OFFICE - LATER

Sheriff pours himself a shot of whiskey. He drinks it.

In a daze, he picks up the wedding photo on his desk.

He peers closer at it. His eyes welling up from the memories...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. WEDDING HALL - DAY

SUPER: Summer of 1967

A crowd of cheering family and friends surround the newly married couple.

A YOUNGER WILBUR, dirty brown hair, suave with a slight mustache, holds a YOUNGER HELENA, dashing, wavy brown hair, and intelligent, tightly.

Young Wilbur twirls and dips her. Helena laughs lovingly.

They stop as one of the relatives ask for them to pose for a picture. Helena brings Wilbur in tight.

HELENA

(whispering in his ear)

Nothing will come between us.

Nothing will divide us.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SHERIFF WILBUR'S OFFICE - LATER

The Sheriff sets the photo down and spits into a trash can.

The Medical Examiner rushes in, breaking his fog.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Got the results of the toxicology.

SHERIFF WILBUR

And?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

You were right. She died of an opioid overdose.

SHERIFF WILBUR

So case closed then. Thanks...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Not quite. There was internal hemorrhaging in her back. She fell from a high location. Someone may have wanted to make it look like an accident.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Well, shit.

The Medical Examiner drops the autopsy folder on the Sheriff's desk and departs.

The Sheriff sighs as he opens the folder.

A knock on the door.

JANE

Excuse me, uh there is a woman here
to see you...

The Sheriff looks up.

JANE

A hysterical woman, I may add.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Alright. Send her in.

ALMARA, (mid 40s) an aggressive, skinny, Mexican woman with
hair as short as her tempter, bounds in. She speaks with a
slight accent.

ALMARA

My daughter is missing!

SHERIFF WILBUR

Where'd you last see her?

ALMARA

Last week.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What's she look like?

ALMARA

Like my daughter! What do you
think!?

The Sheriff gasps.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Ma'am. I'm sorry.

ALMARA

What happened?! You found my
Isabella? Is she in trouble!?

Sheriff Wilbur solemnly passes the autopsy folder to Almara.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Is this your gal? I'm sorry.

Almara bursts into tears. The Sheriff gives her some
tissues.

ALMARA

Who did this? What happened?

SHERIFF WILBUR

She died of a accidental drug
overdose.

ALMARA

**How do you know it was an
accident?**

SHERIFF WILBUR

Well, that's the thing. I don't.
Does she hang around the water
tower?

ALMARA

No. No. She was in school. Studying
science. Always in her books.

SHERIFF WILBUR

It's possible that she was murdered
and someone made it look like an
accident. Did she have any enemies?

ALMARA

No. She was the sweetest girl. She
was...Can I see her?

The Sheriff stands up and leads Almara out the door.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Yes, Ma'am. I'm so sorry. I'll find
the people who did this.

EXT. WATER TOWER - DAY

Police tape lines the scene.

A dark imprint remains where the body used to be.

The Sheriff makes his way closer to the tower.

He kneels down and examines the imprint. He brushes his hand
on it. He glances at his hand. No residue.

A bird CHIRPS.

He looks up and sees a bird on top of the water tower.

The Sheriff chuckles to himself. He heads over to the tower
and starts climbing up.

EXT. WATER TOWER - LATER

He comes up on the backside of the tower. He looks up to the
sun and smiles.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

SUPER - Summer of 1987

Younger Wilbur and Helena sit with their feet over the
railing of the water tower.

Young Wilbur puts his arm around Helena and whispers sweet
nothings into her ears.

Helena smiles.

HELENA

Have you ever thought of just jumping?

Young Wilbur laughs.

HELENA

No! I just dream of flying. No restrictions. No limits.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. WATER TOWER - LATER

Sheriff Wilbur walks with his hand on the railing.

He makes his way towards the front of the tower.

The bird returns and CHIRPS at him. He tries to shoo it away.

Distracted, he loses his balance as he misses the gap in the handrailing.

He catches himself clutching onto the body of the tower.

Sheriff Wilbur looks down. He notices the handrailing is broken.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Dad gum it!

He steadies himself and peers out over the nearby field. He sees a unkempt shack.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Hmmm

He climbs down and retrieves the broken piece of the wooden railing.

EXT. PODUNK, TEXAS - DAY

Sheriff Wilbur strolls down the street.

He notices agents talking to patrons at the market. He crouches behind a parked car, trying to avoid their gaze.

He watches them intently.

The agents break up their conversation and jump into their SUV and drive away.

The Sheriff sighs in relief.

He stands up when he feels a tap on his shoulder.

AGENT M

Mr. Wilbur.

The Sheriff turns around.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What do you want!?

AGENT M

What if I told you, you could see
your wife again?

SHERIFF WILBUR

Where is she!?

His hand hovers over his holster.

AGENT M

Just drop this. Leave it alone.

Agent M reaches for the railing the Sheriff is carrying.

The Sheriff pushes him away and gets in his face.

They stare each other down.

Agent M straightens his suit and clears his throat.

AGENT M

We'll be back, Mr. Wilbur.

An SUV pulls up, Agent M hops in, and it speeds away.

The Sheriff looks back down at the railing.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Boxes abound the station. The deputies pack up their desks.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What the hell is ya'll doing?

Jane hangs up the phone, waving at him.

JANE

Them agents are taking over.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Damn it!

The Sheriff drops the railing on Jane's desk.

SHERIFF WILBUR

I need this tested ASAP.

EXT. THE WILBUR RANCH - NIGHT

The room is in darkness. Alcohol bottles empty, scattered.

A small lamp lights up the study.

Sheriff Wilbur cries.

He downs a bottle of beer and tosses it aside, shattering it.

He slumps into the chair, head in his hands.

He looks up and sees Helena's purse hanging on the door frame.

He weakly smiles.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. PODUNK, TEXAS - NIGHT

Super - 1 MONTH AGO

The RUMBLE of a thunderstorm is heard as Wilbur and Helena walk out of the market, arm in arm.

It begins to rain.

Wilbur offers his jacket to Helena. Helena puts the jacket over her head, her purse swinging.

Laughing, smiling, the couple dances in the rain.

SHERIFF WILBUR

I love you.

HELENA

I love you too.

LIGHTNING FLASHES

SHERIFF WILBUR

Let's find some shelter...

The couple runs to -

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

The rain pitter patters off the iron tower, the couple huddling together underneath.

THE RUMBLES GROW LOUDER, ANGRIER

Helena shivers.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Are you okay?

Helena nods.

LIGHTNING FLASHES

Helena holds Wilbur tightly.

HELENA

We should just go home.

SHERIFF WILBUR

It'll die down. Just give it a second.

Helena looks up at the underbelly of the water tower, the pitter patter of the rain has become one unending drum solo.

SHERIFF WILBUR

It's okay. It's going to be okay.

LIGHTNING FLASHES

It lands nearby.

Sheriff Wilbur puts his hands over his eyes in panic.

He sees total darkness.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Helena? Helena!

He desperately grabs on to the base of the tower.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Helena! Where are you!

He reaches out, trying to feel her.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Helena? Please!

LIGHTNING FLASHES

The pitter patter of the rain slows down.

Wilbur gets up to his feet.

The rumbles of the storm grow distant.

He blinks, rubs his eyes, his sight returning.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Helena?

He looks to his right. Nothing.

He runs around the tower. Nothing.

He places his hands on his knees and pants, exhausted, alone, scared.

He looks down. Sees HELENA'S PURSE, dirty.

He picks it up and looks around.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. THE WILBUR RANCH - NIGHT

Sheriff Wilbur takes a deep breath.

He takes a deep breath and dumps her purse on the desk.

He pilfers through lipstick, makeup, money until he feels something foreign among the toiletries.

He pulls out a KEY.

Wilbur gasps.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheriff Wilbur enters the station. Agents mill about, mindlessly. Others with their heads stuck in their monitors.

Large servers line the walls, their LED lights blinking.

The Sheriff looks around confused. None of the agents notice him. He jolts towards -

INT. SHERIFF WILBUR'S OFFICE - LATER

Agent M sits calmly at the desk. He smiles as Sheriff Wilbur enters.

AGENT M

Hello, Mr. Wilbur. I hope you like the changes around the place.

Agent M turns around the photo of Wilbur and Helena.

Wilbur grabs the photo, angrily.

AGENT M

I hope I've made myself clear. Drop this case.

He takes out a gun and sets it on the desk.

AGENT M

There will be consequences.

Sheriff Wilbur shakes his head.

AGENT M

I know where you live. I know where you are headed next. You cannot escape me.

SHERIFF WILBUR

If you are going to take that out, you better use it.

AGENT M
I know where your wife is.

The Sheriff slams his hands on the desk and gets into his face.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Tell me where she is!

AGENT M
Why, she's crossed over!

He laughs maniacally.

SHERIFF WILBUR
What are you talking about?!

AGENT M
Where do you think you are? Oh, the world is bigger than this little town.

SHERIFF WILBUR
I've lived here all my life! This is my home.

AGENT M
Things are not always as they appear to be.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Tell me where she is!

AGENT M
Simple. Find the dividing line.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Where!? What line?

AGENT M
For you sake, I hope you don't cross it.

Agent M taps the gun on the desk.

EXT. ALMARA'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

The Sheriff knocks on the door.

Almara opens it and glares at him.

The Sheriff takes his hat off and holds it over his heart.

Almara's look softens and she let's him in.

INT. ALMARA'S MOBILE HOME - LATER

Pictures of Isabella adorn the house. With friends, in portraits, with Almara.

On the table. The walls.

A shrine.

She is missed.

Almara shows him a picture of Isabella. He sighs.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Are you sure there isn't anything
else you could tell me about your
daughter?

Almara places the photo back on the table. She scrunches her
nose in thought.

ALMARA

You know...I think she had a
boyfriend.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Abusive?

ALMARA

No...but a little off.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Shit.

ALMARA

Let me come with you.

SHERIFF WILBUR

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

ALMARA

I have to face my daughters killer.

SHERIFF WILBUR

You'll see him in court.

ALMARA

I want to see him.

She gives him the same look as when she answered the door.

The Sheriff sighs and replaces his hat.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Alright.

EXT. PODUNK, TEXAS - NIGHT

The Sheriff's pickup bowls down the dirt road as the sun
sets.

EXT. TOM'S PROPERTY - LATER

A scattering of cows wander in vast field. Their faint moos are drowned out by the grind of the tires of the pickup as it rolls up the driveway.

The water tower looms just beyond the field.

The Sheriff's pickup screeches to a stop at the front door.

Wilbur knocks on the door. We hear stomping.

The door opens just a crack.

SHERIFF WILBUR

I'd like to ask you some questions.

TOM

Did you find ma cows?

Tom opens the door. He sees Almara.

TOM

Shit.

INT. TOM'S PROPERTY - LATER

There are newspaper clippings lining the walls. Beakers bubbling on a table. Clothes everywhere. Empty takeout boxes. An organized mess.

TOM

Sorry, I wasn't expecting guests.

Tom picks up items on the ground, as he leads through them towards his living room.

A black cat strolls in and jumps on a chair.

TOM

Git!

Tom shoos the cat away. The cat runs off to the adjacent room.

Tom turns back to the chair-

He spots a black cat.

TOM

I thought I told you to git! Now git!

The cat runs off to the adjacent room,

They finally sit down.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Now, Almara was telling me you had
relations with Isabella.

TOM
Yeah.

SHERIFF WILBUR
We found her dead not too long ago.

TOM
Shit.

ALMARA
How could you! You killed her!

TOM
I did no such thing! I don't even
know what you are talking about!

SHERIFF WILBUR
Well, you see, I couldn't help but
notice that water tower just off
your pasture....

TOM
Yeah?

SHERIFF WILBUR
Well, that's where we found her.

TOM
Shit.

SHERIFF WILBUR
So you can see how this looks?

TOM
I didn't do it!

Almara glares at him as she tears up.

ALMARA
I can't do this. I can't.

Almara leaves the house in a rush.

The Sheriff sighs.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Just tell me what happened.

TOM
So, I come home after milking the
cows and what do I see? I see
Isabella sleeping on the couch. Now
I had just asked her to cook
something for me. But she was
asleep!

SHERIFF WILBUR
And you hit her?

TOM
No! I woke her up and we started yelling. And to be honest it was bad. She got up and left.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Did you chase after her?

TOM
A bit. She just kept going. I just headed back in and watched the game. Figured she'd call me when we cooled off. Didn't hear nuthin'. Thought it was over.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Well son, I'm sorry I have to do this.

The Sheriff approaches Tom and lifts him up. He forces his hands behind his back and affixes handcuffs.

TOM
You can't do this! I'm innocent!

The Sheriff leads him out of the house.

EXT. TOM'S PROPERTY - LATER

Almara smokes, looking out to the water tower.

She smirks as she sees Wilbur leading Tom to his pick up.

SHERIFF WILBUR
You alright, ma'am?

ALMARA
I don't believe it was an accident that I'm here. I am at peace. Thank you.

BOOM.

A gunshot rings out.

The Sheriff looks around wildly to see where it came from.

Tom slips from Wilbur's grasp. He looks at the Sheriff, hesitantly.

SHERIFF WILBUR
It's okay. Go back inside!

Tom runs back in the house, slamming the door with his foot.

The Sheriff looks back and sees Almara down, bleeding.

SHERIFF WILBUR

No. No. No. No.

The Sheriff kneels down next to her, examining the wound.

ALMARA

I'm okay. My daughter can rest in
peace.

She smiles.

The Sheriff desperately tries to mop up the blood with his
jacket.

With a heavy breath, the life leaves Almara's body.

The Sheriff sighs and tears up.

He blinks away a tear and takes his gun out of the holster.

His expression changes. Hard. Determined.

From the darkness, Agent M emerges, smiling.

AGENT M

Mister Wilbur. These are the
consequences.

Wilbur points his pistol at him.

SHERIFF WILBUR

You did it! You killed Isabella!

Agent M slowly claps and smiles.

AGENT M

Give the Sheriff a cookie for his
fine detective work.

SHERIFF WILBUR

Why?!

AGENT M

I'm authorized by the United States
government to clean up after any
scientific anomalies.

SHERIFF WILBUR

What? Enough of this.

Sheriff Wilbur cocks his pistol.

Agent M frowns.

AGENT M

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Another agent emerges alongside him.

And another and another. They pop up like bad acne.
They point their guns at him.

AGENT M
Any last words, Mister Wilbur?

Wilbur grits his teeth.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Get out of my town!

He starts firing a wild stream of bullets. He screams as he takes them down one by one.

The Agents return fire.

He CHARGES FORWARD AND BARRELS through them with all his might, knocking them over like bowling pins.

In the distance, lights FLASH in the shack.

The Sheriff runs towards it, stumbling, panting, desperate.

AGENT M
After him!

The agents shoot at the Sheriff. Each shot getting closer to it's mark.

Agent M points his pistol at the Sheriff and smirks.

BOOM

The Sheriff goes down, bleeding from his leg.

AGENT M
Finish him.

The Sheriff screams in pain as he crawls closer to the shack.

The agents move like a swarm of locusts, synchronized individuality.

They continue to shoot at him.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Gah!

Bullets pierce his shoulder and his side. He crumples to the ground.

AGENT M
There is no escape, Mister Wilbur.
It's time to meet your maker.

The Sheriff crawls to the side of the shack and holds onto it to help himself up.

He makes his way to the front and turns the handle. It's stuck.

Agent M holds his hand up, the firing stops.

He slowly stalks his prey.

Wilbur looks behind him, panicked. He scratches at the door and screams in frustration.

He tries his pockets and finds the KEY. He hurriedly jams into the door and turns the handle and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

AGENT M

Tsk. Tsk.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

The Sheriff collapses in the darkness. He rolls over and points his gun at the door.

He hears knocking.

AGENT M

(O.S.)

Just come out Mister Wilbur. It'll
all be over soon.

He backs away from the door when he notices a faint LIGHT out of the corner of his eye.

Wilbur turns around and sees THE RIFT.

He peers closer at the GLOWING HOLE seemingly cut right out of the back of the shack. It has no density. It's like three dimensional wallpaper. It HUMS peacefully.

Wilbur, stares at it, slackjawed, on his knees.

SHERIFF WILBUR

God. Take me.

EXT. SHACK - LATER

The agents surround the shack, weapons drawn.

Agent M approaches.

He reaches out and sets his hand on the door.

His expression contorts.

AGENT M

Burn it down!

The agents hustle into action around him.

Agent M removes his sunglasses and wipes a tear away.

INT. SHACK - LATER

THE RIFT WIDENS, STRETCHES, YAWNS.

Wilbur crawls closer, his ears perked up.

A VOICE softly speaks.

Wilbur gasps.

It grows louder.

HELENA
(O.S.)
It's okay, my dear.

EXT. SHACK - LATER

A group of agents pour gasoline on the shack. The empty cans piling up beside them.

Agent M watches, waiting.

Agent M turns to his side, a tap on his shoulder. He exchanges nods with another agent.

He takes out a single match. With a quick swipe, the match lights ablaze.

Agent M smiles maniacally in the haunting light.

He tosses the match onto the shack which LIGHTS ON FIRE.

INT. SHACK - LATER

Wilbur still on his knees entranced, as the flame and smoke crackle.

SHERIFF WILBUR
Helena!? Is that you?

HELENA
(O.S.)
Yes.

SHERIFF WILBUR
But how!?

HELENA
(O.S.)
Walk into the light.

As the fire eats away walls, the Sheriff coughs.

SHERIFF WILBUR
What's on the other side?

The Sheriff's coughing grows worse, as the shack is enveloped in FLAMES.

He reaches his hand into THE RIFT. Looking down at his arm, he feels no pain.

Wilbur closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He looks up at the cracking ceiling.

SHERIFF WILBUR

I love you.

He crawls into THE RIFT, disappearing from sight.

The shack COLLAPSES as the FIRE RAGES.

EXT. SHACK - DAY

Agent M crouches down by the smoking remains of the shack.

He picks up a charred piece of it and scowls.

He stands up and tosses it aside.

He sharply inhales as his attention is turned to his IFB. He holds his hand by his ear, listening intensely.

Agent M puts back on his sunglasses.

He walks briskly away from the area.

The other agents stop suddenly. Their hands on their ears.

One by one, they leave the area. No direction the same.

Soon, the rubble sits alone.

It's peaceful, quiet, and serene.

The thin reeds of smoke rise up towards the water tower. The sun glistening in the background.

FADE OUT.