

RED FLAG

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPER: Colorado's Red Flag Law Went Into Effect on Jan. 1, 2020.

SUPER: At least a dozen Colorado counties have designated themselves "second amendment sanctuaries."

SHERIFF RAMON WEBBLEY (30s-40s), a ruggedly handsome, half-Mexican and half-British man in full uniform steps into a dark bar with his wife, HANNAH (33), a slim, pretty woman.

Right behind them is ABBIE BRIGGS (21) a smart and beautiful redhead with a fiery personality in a police-like shirt with a patch that reads, "Citizen Trainee."

The 15-20 patrons turn from the election results on the TV above the bar, to cheer the well-liked Sheriff.

ALL

Ramon!

The Sheriff waves like he's on a parade float at the annual Fourth of July town picnic. Hannah smirks.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Sheriff Ramon Webbley, somewhat of a celebrity in our quaint mountain town, due in part, to winning three elections in a row. And for not arresting anybody in ten years. I convinced him to carry a Taser instead of a gun 'cause civilized nations use non-lethal force, and nothing ever happens here anyway. He's humoring me 'cause I hate guns.

Abbie smiles at Hannah.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Hannah. Used to babysit me 'til I turned nine, and she was twenty-one and they got married. Sheriff's sweetheart. Still love her to death, but she has been less nice to me since I grew up. Think she's the jealous type.

Hannah looks around the room and catches several men stealing glances at her, including the smooth-talker and super-rich BOBBY HOWELL (50), who looks like a mannequin in a Western wear store. He yells from a dark corner of the bar, toasting a beer. Bobby winks at Hannah.

BOBBY

Big night tonight, Ramon!

The Sheriff smiles and laughs his way to the bar, where his good friend, JIMMY the Bartender (60s), a heavily tattooed, and truly gentle man, watches TV and ignores the Sheriff, Hannah, and Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Jimmy, snap out of it!

Jimmy turns his head, happy to see his friend.

JIMMY

(laughs)

Hey, Ramon. Hey, Hannah. The regular?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Nothing for me yet, Jimmy. Still got an hour to fight crime, and I'm breaking in a new Trainee.

HANNAH

Tap beer with the lowest carbs, Jimmy. Thanks. Serve the birthday girl, first?

Jimmy looks puzzled as he pours Hannah a beer, and smiles at Abbie.

JIMMY

That little Briggs girl can't be twenty-one.

Abbie smiles and presents her driver's license.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's me. Spoiled little rich girl, Abbie Briggs. Graduated from Berkeley at twenty, accepted into a top law school next fall pending a rewrite of my application essay, which needed more personal experience; hence my volunteering to shadow Ramon as a Citizen Trainee.

JIMMY

Twenty-one, sure as hell. Mom, the Judge, know you're here, slumming with Ramon?

Abbie and the Sheriff laugh, as Hannah watches the election results on the TV.

ABBIE

Not happy about it, but she knows.

JIMMY

Anything to drink? The first one is on the house.

Abbie points to her Trainee badge.

ABBIE

I'm on duty.

Abbie turns back and sneers at Bobby.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Bobby Howell, Esquire, the county District attorney, and coincidentally, the richest man in town, and my single mom's best friend. He's married, but you'd never know it.

The Sheriff turns to Bobby and smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Bobby. You mean, you knew it was the smartest kid in the world's 21st birthday?

The Sheriff winks at Abbie and they share a moment, which Hannah sees, so she glares at her husband.

BOBBY

I was talking about the election. Big night!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I don't run for another two years!

Bobby toasts the Sheriff again. His posse of five male ranchers (30s-60s) follows suit.

The Sheriff looks puzzled, so Bobby yells.

BOBBY

You'd never enforce an unjust law,
would ya, Ramon? If you don't for
something, you stand for nothing!

Everyone hears Bobby, including DONNY PRUIT (mid-20s), a
short thug in a black hoodie who follows Bobby like a puppy.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Bobby's posse, who I
laughingly call "the Jeffs," --
I'll explain later -- who looks to
be recruiting little Donny Pruitt,
the biggest thief in town, always
in a black hoodie and saggy jeans
to draw attention to his poor
behavior. Such an idiot. The Jeffs
are loud-talkers who occasionally
pat their poorly concealed
holstered handguns. They don't like
me 'cause I'm not like my Ma.

Abbie smiles and nods to the left to see six Farmers and
Townies (30s-50s).

ABBIE (V.O.)

Those are the farmers and townies
drinking white wine, Moscow Mules,
and margaritas. They are soft-
talkers constantly checking
smartphones. They're harmless, but
they don't like me 'cause they
think I'm like my Ma.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Howdy, y'all. I'm buying the first
round tonight!

(Hannah glares at him)

Just kidding!

They smile and politely wave to the Sheriff and his wife,
ignoring Abbie.

ABBIE (V.O.)

Differences aside, everyone in town
loves Ramon, and maybe someday,
it'll be for the right reasons.

Ramon smiles toward his wife, who ignores him.

ABBIE (V.O.)

It was a quiet, boring little town
my whole life, which is why I
didn't have anything interesting to
say in my law school application
essay. But that was all about to
change. Tonight!

The Sheriff's radio beeps.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME TIME

SUPER: "Across the county, one hour earlier"

Deserted mountain road, except for a silver SUV and a lone driver, HARRY TRUMAN DONALDSON, (short, white male, mid-20s) in a black hoodie, face obscured by darkness. The car faces downhill. We never see Harry's face.

A sedan approaches uphill, driven by an undercover Sheriff (GERALD JACKSON, 30) street clothes.

When Gerald's sedan is 30 yards from the SUV, the driver starts the car and puts on his high beams.

Gerald drives slowly up to the SUV and rolls down the driver's window, cussing as he stops the sedan right across from the SUV with the driver's window down.

Gerald holds up a small packet of white powder.

GERALD

Kill the high beams, bitch! Show me
the money like last time.

Gerald reaches into his passenger seat and cocks a pistol.

Harry nervously but quickly pulls out a small pistol with a gloved hand, and shoots GERALD in the head.

Harry experiences an adrenalin rush. He hops out of the SUV, reaches into the patrol car, and removes the drugs, Gerald's wallet, and his smartphone before popping the trunk.

Harry triumphantly rips the pistol from Gerald's hand, then rolls up the window.

He steps to Gerald's trunk and puts something in a black plastic garbage bag. We can't see what it is.

He pops the trunk of the SUV and gently places the garbage bag in the back, next to a small Priority Mail box.

He cautiously removes the mailing box and places it in Gerald's trunk before pulling away.

After driving well down the road, Harry stops, waits, and listens, without looking back.

Gerald's sedan EXPLODES in yellow smoke.

Harry slowly pulls away until flames light up the rearview mirror. Then, he speeds away.

INT. TAVERN - SAME TIME

Ramon answers his radio from the same spot at the bar.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
This is Webbley, go ahead.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Got a call from Maggie Carver, who said she heard a boom sound about thirty minutes to an hour ago.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Boom sound? Sonic boom? Like jets overhead? Didn't hear it here.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Up Owl Canyon Road, she said.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Took her an hour to call it in? I'm off soon. Can't it wait 'til morning? We gotta birthday...

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Now, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Okay, we're on it. Let's go, Abbie!

Everyone sees Ramon kiss his wife on the cheek.

JIMMY
Taking off, Ramon? Be careful out there, Abbie.

Abbie jokes with Jimmy.

ABBIE
Got my bullet-proof vest on.

JIMMY
Don't cover your face, does it?

Abbie feels the vest under her shirt and looks worried.

BOBBY

Can't leave now! Damn liberals are tearing up our Constitution. Take rights from one of us, you take rights from all of us.

Ramon waves politely at Bobby and whispers to Hannah.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Back in an hour for Abbie's birthday cake. Gotta fight crime. That crazy Carver woman reported a sonic boom.

HANNAH

There's nothing more important to my husband than to remain well-liked and get reelected.

JIMMY

Remember what Ramon always says: "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and whiskey when it makes no difference."

Everyone, but Hannah and Abbie, cheer. Ramon tips his hat and exits with Abbie, as Bobby slyly moves in on Hannah.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Ramon pulls sideways across the road where he and Abbie see a smoldering sedan, with yellow smoke billowing out.

Ramon steps out of the patrol car with his flashlight and Taser.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie, got your vest on?

Abbie's eyes open in panic.

ABBIE

Yes, Sir! But didn't think I'd ever need it around here.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Stay in the car!

He creeps closer to the yellow smoke escaping from the driver's side windows.

He sees a dead, burned body inside, drawing him closer.

Abbie is scared and starts to exit the patrol car to escape back down the road on foot. Ramon yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Back in the car, Abbie, now!

Abbie gets back in the car, worried and scared.

Ramon sees a bullet hole in the skull and sticks his head in the car to see if there's a gun.

Suddenly, he screams, covers his eyes, and stumbles back to the patrol car.

ABBIE
You okay?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Water! Abbie, douse my eyes, quick!

Ramon stumbles to get in the car and shuts the door.

Abbie's hands shake as she grabs a water bottle and pours water into Ramon's eyes.

ABBIE
What happened?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
The smoke. Something in it. The victim was shot and burned.

Ramon groans in anguish. He can't see well at all.

Abbie keeps flushing his eyes. Ramon's shirt and pants are soaking wet.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes closed coming around the car, and drive me to Emergency.

Abbie gets out and keeps her eyes closed and hands on the car going around the back. Fear turns to angry confidence.

ABBIE
What is this? Chernobyl? What nut would do something like this?

Ramon scoots over as Abbie gets in and starts the car.

He fumbles for his radio and makes a call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Dispatch, Webbley here. We're up Owl Canyon Road and I gotta car up here that could have exploded. Smelled phosphorus. Still smoking. Need help securing the scene with a HAZMAT crew. Need masks. Everyone. When it's safe, send up the Coroner. I'm heading to Emergency to get my eyes fixed.

Ramon hangs his head in despair, as Abbie guns it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ramon wears dark wrap-around eye-protectors as Abbie reads from her tablet computer and whispers in his ear, while he's on the land-line phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No, Ma'am. Doc said might take more than twenty-four hours. Smoke contained phosphorus. Lots of it. My Trainee will be my eyes for a few days. As an official Trainee, she can even drive me around, safely of course. Can't take time off, Ma'am. Town's worried about a killer on the loose. Don't blame them.

Abbie gains confidence and continues to whisper in his ear, and he repeats everything loudly. It's a sexy vibe.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

No I.D. on the vic. No phone. No gun, but a gunshot to the head.

ABBIE

So it wasn't suicide. Drug deal gone bad?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

So it wasn't suicide. Stolen car. That's right. Uber driver, Ma'am, but the car thief was black, my vic is white, I think.

ABBIE

A double-boost?

Ramon covers the mouthpiece and whispers sternly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What do you do? Watch nothing but
detective shows?

Abbie shrugs, reads from her tablet, and whispers to Ramon.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

A black kid stole it for the white
man. Uber driver got conked in the
head, no recollection of events,
but they released him from County
General. We'll talk to him again
tomorrow.

Abbie pulls Ramon's sleeve to bring his ear closer and she
whispers more quietly (and sexier).

Ramon rolls his eyes in disgust at Abbie before repeating it
on the phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

The perp's car had the most common
SUV crossover tires in the state.
No luck there.

Ramon pulls away from Abbie and listens to his boss.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Election day. I know that, Ma'am.

Ramon turns to see a November calendar with Tuesday circled,
and a yellow sticky that reads: "Abbie, 21!"

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Haven't given the Red Flag issue
much thought. Gotta murder to
solve. Call ya tomorrow.

He ends the call, as a cute, overly perky, and unduly
persistent TV Reporter, TAMMY CHANG (30), charges through the
door with her lapel body-cam rolling.

Abbie waves to her and quickly steps aside.

Tammy holds a BRAND tablet computer, wears an all-business
smile, and gets in Ramon's face.

TAMMY

Tammy Chang with Channel 8 Live
speaking with Sheriff Ramon Webbley
on election night, where the
citizens of our fair state
overwhelmingly voted for the new
Red Flag law. Any comment, Sheriff?

Ramon smiles disarmingly, as Abbie waves her arms in
celebration behind Tammy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ms. Chang, nice to see you again.

Abbie taps Tammy on the shoulder and chuckles.

ABBIE

Loved that segment you did for
Halloween where the grammar school
had a ghost theme parade, and it
ended up looking like a KKK rally.

Tammy ignores Abbie, and turns serious with Ramon.

TAMMY

A white male was senselessly gunned
down on our county road and burned
up in his car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He stole the car. You and that
police scanner of yours! Can't
comment on ongoing investigations.

Tammy spins to see Abbie smirking but turns back to Ramon.

TAMMY

Dozen sheriffs across the state
declared they won't enforce the new
law that would allow confiscating
firearms from mentally ill and high-
risk...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ms. Chang, you'll have to excuse
us. We have work to do.

TAMMY

What our viewers want to know is,
will you enforce the new Red Flag
law, or will this county be a
Second Amendment Sanctuary like
some of these other counties?

Ramon responds quickly, without thinking it through, unfiltered. His dark glasses add a sense of doom.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I know some towns declared
themselves sanctuaries for
immigrants.

Abbie smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
But I'll have to give this some
thought. Second Amendment
Sanctuaries? What's next? 19th
Amendment Sanctuaries that refuse
to let women vote? 13th Amendment
Sanctuaries that allow slavery?
Should Sheriffs and sheriffs decide
whether or not to enforce red stop
lights?

Abbie chuckles behind Tammy, but Ramon glares at her.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Sorry, just kidding! Spoke off the
cuff. No filter sometimes. Do me a
favor. Don't use that. Catch me
later. If you'll excuse us, we have
a murder to solve and a birthday
party to get to!

Ramon grabs a coat and Abbie guides him out. Tammy scoffs and turns her tablet's camera to her smiling face.

TAMMY
This is from well-loved Sheriff
Ramon Webbley, who carries a Taser
instead of a pistol, and now hides
behind dark sunglasses. He has no
idea what he's up against in this
town! This is Tammy Chang, live
from Channel 8.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Abbie starts the car with a gleam in her eye.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
We need to stop at the Tavern.

Abbie looks over and grins, but Ramon can't see her. She guns it, spins out, and hits the lights and sirens.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

We see the patrol car racing through town, through red lights, screeching around corners, and ending the lights and siren just before skidding to a stop outside the Tavern.

EXT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Ramon is angry, and Abbie is laughing as they exit.

ABBIE
One time only, honest!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Jesus, Abbie!

ABBIE
What would you have done at my age?

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Ramon and Abbie step into the dark bar at closing time. Jimmy wipes down the bar. Hannah and the townies are gone. Only Bobby and the Jeffs remain, moping in a dark corner.

Jimmy sees Ramon's dark eye covers.

JIMMY
What happened to you?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
A couple of days with the glasses.
Long story and can't talk about it.

JIMMY
Good thing you have a driver.

ABBIE
He's very appreciative. Calls me
his Jesus Abbie.

A TV above the bar displays election results. Three pieces of birthday cake sit on paper plates at the far end of the bar.

Ramon smiles and speaks loudly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Birthday cake for my designated
driver.

JIMMY
What can I get you, Ramon?

Ramon glances at Abbie and the Jeffs and laughs loudly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'll have a seven and seven and seven!

Jimmy laughs, but Abbie and the Jeffs do not.

JIMMY

Do you mean, a seven and seven?
Seagram's and Seven-up?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I mean a seven and seven and seven!
A seven and seven, every seven minutes!

The Jeffs are silent. Jimmy laughs again and makes the drink.

Abbie strolls to the cake.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

How many years have I been drinking here, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Upwards of ten years, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Don't ya think it's time you sent me home to my wife!

Jimmy laughs at Ramon's jokes as Abbie eats cake.

Bobby cuts his laughter short and yells.

BOBBY

You're not gonna enforce it, are ya' Ramon? Isn't that right, Donny?

DONNY

That's right, Bobby.

Donny smiles toward Abbie who ignores him.

Ramon shrugs at Bobby and Donny, then turns to Jimmy and whispers.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What's this about?

Jimmy and Ramon whisper.

JIMMY
Red Flag law passed! Townies and
farmers cheered.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
So did Abbie.

Abbie leans closer to Jimmy and Ramon, listening in.

JIMMY
Her Ma came in, pissed her daughter
weren't here. Saw the election
results.

Abbie holds a clenched fist high in celebration.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Then she stormed out yelling you'll
never get reelected if you enforce
that stupid law! And now Bobby and
his crew are like a hornet's nest.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Got other things on my mind.

Jimmy glances toward Bobby.

JIMMY
This is bad, Ramon.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Is the town that divided?

JIMMY
Everyone's being labeled either an
anti-gun nut or a gun rights nut.
No middle ground.

ABBIE
You mean people who respect and
uphold the law, or don't! Know what
happens when an unstoppable force
collides with an immovable object?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What happens, kid?

ABBIE
Absolutely nothing. Stubborn old
people never change their minds,
and life goes on.

Ramon looks concerned, as he sips his drink.

Bobby confidently toasts his beer toward Ramon.

BOBBY

Ramon won't let us down.

Ramon half-smiles in Bobby's direction.

Ramon turns back to Jimmy, as Abbie glares at them all.

Suddenly, on the TV, we see the face of Sheriff Webbley next to a smiling and babbling Tammy Chang.

Abbie sees Tammy's face on the TV and grabs Ramon's arm to guide him out. We HEAR Ramon's voice on the TV.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (V.O.)

Second Amendment Sanctuaries?
What's next? 19th Amendment
Sanctuaries that refuse to let
women vote? 13th Amendment
Sanctuaries that allow slavery?
Should Sheriffs and sheriffs decide
whether or not to enforce red stop
lights?

Bobby and his crew glare at Ramon and Abbie as they exit.

Tammy Chang enters, pushing Abbie and Ramon aside, and makes a beeline for Bobby and the Jeffs.

INT. RAMON'S HOME - NIGHT

Ramon and his wife are in bed with reading lights on either side. Hannah reads "Becoming Michelle Obama." Ramon, in his dark glasses, can't read, John Cleese's book, "So, anyway."

Ramon slams his book closed.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Can't read what I can't see.

HANNAH

Should have worn a mask.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thanks for the hindsight.

HANNAH

Missed an unforgettable 21st
birthday party. Cute little Abbie
missed it too!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

She's loved you since you were her
babysitter fifteen years ago?

HANNAH

She had puppy eyes for you too.
Still does, I see.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Smart kid, but just a kid!

HANNAH

Mother can't get rid of her soon
enough! But not heading to law
school 'til next fall, if she gets
in at all, even with her Ma's help.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Mom's the one judge I never liked.
How could her daughter be so...?

HANNAH

Different?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Liberal! Only real liberal in town.

Hannah holds up her book.

HANNAH

What about me?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You haven't come out of the closet.

HANNAH

Better than being a flip-flopping,
middle-of-the-road type, completely
driven to be well-liked.

Ramon turns sadder as he takes off his dark eye covers to
expose chemical burns and bright-red eyes. He squints in pain
and reaches to shut off his reading lamp.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Have to get reelected in two years.

Hannah smirks.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Gotta murder to solve. Besides, Red Flag says we're only obligated to confiscate a firearm if a judge declares the gun owner to be a threat to themselves or anybody.

HANNAH
Do they take the guns away forever?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No, up to a year, shorter if the person's no longer a threat. But many of my fellow sheriffs swear they'll never enforce that law.

HANNAH
Can they do that?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
They are! What kinda choice are they giving me?

Hannah reaches over, shuts off her reading light, and turns over to sleep.

HANNAH
Maybe no choice. Sink or swim!

Ramon smiles at his wife and makes drowning noises.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Glub, glub.

Hannah mumbles and smirks.

HANNAH
Funny now, but half this town is gonna want your head on a spike!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Hannah, know what happens when an unstoppable force collides with an immovable object?

HANNAH
Go to sleep!

Ramon's red eyes are wide open, worried.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The female Coroner, DOC MEDINA (40s) is a curvy Hispanic and curiously jealous of Abbie walking in with Ramon.

DOC MEDINA

What is your little wife gonna say
when she sees you tromping around
with that young thing?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Hannah used to babysit her. Doc
Medina, this is Abbie Briggs, a
Trainee for the summer.

Abbie holds out a hand to shake, but the Doc holds up her
gloves that show bodily fluids, and Abbie pulls her arm back.

ABBIE

Trying to get some real-world
experience, but...

DOC MEDINA

Don't get more real than this.

Doc pulls off a sheet covering the dead, burned victim.

Abbie backs up ready to puke or faint.

Ramon and the Coroner carry on the conversation.

DOC MEDINA (CONT'D)

White, male 20 to 30 years old.
Cause of death? Gunshot to the
head. Saved the bullet for
ballistics.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What caliber?

DOC MEDINA

Twenty-two, so it would just
ricochet around in his skull.

Abbie turns green and queasy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

T-O-D? Toxicology report? Any hope
for an I-D?

DOC MEDINA

Time of death? Probably when the
explosion was reported.

(MORE)

DOC MEDINA (CONT'D)

Could have just been a smoke bomb,
but the car's interior went up like
a Pinto! No Tox Report 'til this
afternoon. We're looking at dental
records now. We I-D'd him to white
based on the pubic area. Only part
that wasn't burnt off. We got
lucky.

Abbie puts her hands in front of her crotch, scared.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Lucky, right? Head hair burnt off
entirely, but not his pubic parts.
Seats accidentally caught fire?

DOC MEDINA

Bullet to the head was no accident.

Ramon points at Abbie who is weak in the knees.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We better go before you have
another victim here.

Abbie is finally able to speak weakly.

ABBIE

About 39,000 people are killed with
firearms each year. Motor vehicles
claim 40,000. And drug-related
deaths, up to 77,000 last year.

Ramon tips his hat to the Coroner as Abbie guides him out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Our guy here maybe had all three!

DOC MEDINA

All lives matter, Ramon.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Call me if you find anything new.

DOC MEDINA

One other thing. FBI is scrubbing
the car for explosives residue.

Ramon turns to exit in a foul mood.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

FBI? Like I need another
distraction.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Abbie reluctantly leads Ramon to the door. He knocks and rings the bell, with Abbie standing behind him.

No answer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Back to the patio.

Abbie leads him around the side of the ranch house to a beautiful patio with a hot tub, where Abbie sees the sexy blonde hair of a woman, MAGGIE CARVER (50s), in the tub with her back to them.

Ramon's eyes are still blurry, but he smiles wryly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Maggie, it's Ramon. Here with a
Trainee. Are you decent?

MAGGIE
Never in my life. Howdy, Ramon.
Hello, Mr. Trainee. Come around so
I don't have to yell.

Ramon and Abbie step closer and see Maggie is naked and unabashed.

Maggie laughs as she sees Abbie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Rumors are true. Little Abbie
Briggs joined the Sheriff's
Department to piss off her Ma.

Maggie and Ramon share a moment.

Ramon's body-cam catches it all, until he realizes it, and shuts it off.

ABBIE
Getting some real-world experience
before law school, Ms. Carver.

Maggie turns snooty with Abbie.

MAGGIE
Are you gonna be one of them
lawyers who defend our President,
or one of them sleazy liberal
lawyers defending immigrant drug
dealers and murderers?

ABBIE
It's too early to...

MAGGIE
(to Ramon)
How's that house I sold you at a
deep cleavage discount?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Fine...

MAGGIE
And that razor-thin gold-digger
wife of yours?

Ramon laughs.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
If she's diggin' for gold, she
picked the wrong mine. We need to
know the exact time of the blast
last night.

The smile disappears from Maggie's face.

MAGGIE
Went to your crime scene this
morning.

Ramon struggles to focus his eyes in Maggie's direction.
Abbie sees this.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Hammered in a nice white wooden
cross off the side of the road,
laid out colorful silk flowers, and
said a prayer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Might neighborly of you, Maggie.
What time was that boom sound?

MAGGIE
Told you what I told that FBI agent
before the lazy black bastard left.

Abbie glares at Maggie, who ignores her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Between sunset and midnight. I was
stargazing right here in the tub.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Alone.

MAGGIE

Yes, alone! You remember those nights before you confessed to being half-Mexican.

Ramon looks away as Abbie glares at him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Moment of weakness. Needed to relax my tired muscles.

MAGGIE

You just don't hop out naked for a sonic boom! Jet flying overhead? Bullshit! Saw them tow what was left of the car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

About the FBI...

MAGGIE

Said you could have the D-B, whatever that is.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Dead body.

MAGGIE

He's after the bomber. Collected two dozen samples of ashes, plants, and dirt before he left. Lazy black bastard never volunteered to help me pound in the cross. Ordered you to "stand down" on the bomber.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Can't do that, Maggie.

MAGGIE

That's what I told 'em. My great-grandpa, grandpa, and pa owned all this land. Far as the eye could see. First-time anyone's been shot here since Great-grandpa shot those bastard illegal Mexican squatters. No offense, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Some taken, Maggie.

ABBIE

What country did you say your ancestors came from, Ms. Carver?

MAGGIE

Sweden. That was different. Came with nothing but the clothes...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Uh-huh.

Ramon and Abbie shake their heads, disgusted.

They hear an automatic rifle firing in the distance.

Maggie ducks behind the hot tub, while Ramon instinctively covers Maggie with his arms around her chest. His sleeves are soaking wet.

The shooting stops.

Abbie gets up to see Ramon with his arms around Maggie from the back.

The embarrassed Ramon steps back from Maggie.

MAGGIE

Bobby asked if he and the boys could do some target shootin' on the south-forty.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You told 'em it was okay?

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

Hell yes! Exercising their rights.

Maggie gazes into Ramon's dark glasses, as Ramon steps back from the hot tub.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Was that as good for you as it was for me?

Abbie rolls her eyes in disgust as she pulls Ramon's sleeve to signal it's time to leave.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

They're gonna shoot an innocent bystander someday.

Maggie stands and grabs a nearby towel that only partly covers her, and she snarls at them both.

MAGGIE

You mean, trespasser!

Ramon's phone rings. He shows it to Abbie.

ABBIE
It's the Coroner.

He answers the call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Webbley. Hey, Doc.

The Coroner yells. Maggie and Abbie hear her too.

DOC MEDINA (O.S.)
Toxicology shows no drugs. We
nabbed a DNA sample before the FBI
took him for post-mortem computed
tomography. P-M-C-T. They got the
latest. Who knows if they'll share
the results?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Getting the DNA tested?

DOC MEDINA (O.S.)
As we speak.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Thanks, Doc.

He ends the call, and tips his hat to Maggie, as Abbie begins to lead him away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
D-B was black, Maggie. Very kind of
you for the cross and all.

Maggie glares at Ramon and Abbie as they leave.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Abbie drives the patrol car slowly by the crime scene and sees the white cross and colorful silk flowers on the side of the road.

They continue up a dirt road leading to an open field where three BRAND luxury SUVs are parked. Abbey parks.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
These vests or no match for
automatic weapons. Stay here;
that's an order!

Abbie is upset.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Abbie sees Ramon's sleeves are still wet.

ABBIE

Gonna tell them you saved a puppy
from drowning?

Ramon, embarrassed, puts his arms behind him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

More like a cougar. Monitor the
radio.

ABBIE

Fine! Call me if you need me.

Ramon smiles and tips his hat to Abbie as he switches on his body cam and walks up the road toward the meadow.

EXT. MEADOW - CONTINUOUS

Ramon stumbles up to the meadow to see a blurry image of Bobby Howell staring at the bloody foot of a stunning, but blurry, MARSHA INGRAM (30s), the Governor's Chief of Staff. She wears BRAND outdoor clothes and one BRAND hiking boot. Her second boot is at her side and bloody. Sitting next to Marsha, and pressing a handkerchief to Marsha's foot is sophisticated, but equally blurry, SUSAN BRIGGS (50), the high-powered judge, and Abbie's mom. An AK-47 sits next to Susan. A few cans and half-bottles of beer lay scattered on the ground.

Pacing like a madman behind them is Donny gripping an AK-47 like a life preserver to his chest. Ramon can barely see him. Donny's hands are shaking terribly, and Bobby is trying to calm him down, but it isn't working.

Ramon approaches Donny cautiously.

BOBBY

It was an accident! We can handle
this, Ramon! What are the dark
glasses for?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

My eyes are a little blurry and
sensitive to light. The doc gave me
special drops.

(squints toward Donny)

Is that Donny Pruitt?

BOBBY

It's Donny, but it was an accident!
We don't need you, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Explain what happened, Donny. No
one's going to hurt you! Who is
this bleeding?

MARSHA

Aah! Marsha Ingram. Total accident.

DONNY

Went off. It just went off.

Ramon approaches Donny, who accidentally turns toward the
others.

Ramon sees the blurry rifle and points his finger to the far
side of the field.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Donny. Point the weapon that way,
then freeze, and stay calm.

Ramon glances at Marsha's foot and sees only a little blood,
while he creeps toward Donny and gently takes away the rifle.

Donny's hands shake and he collapses to the ground.

Ramon comforts everyone in a soft voice.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

You'll all be fine. I'll call the
ambulance, then you can tell me
what happened.

BOBBY

You can't seize that firearm,
Ramon. I called an ambulance. We
have everything under control.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Sorry, Bobby. Injury by firearm
requires me to fill out a report.
We have to check if the weapon has
malfunctioned.

Bobby gets in Ramon's face and yells.

BOBBY

Not how the world works, Ramon! The
most powerful people around you
make all the rules!

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You are wise to follow their demands or you'll disappear or get replaced until we get someone who respects our rights. Understand? Donny has the right to bear arms!

Ramon remains calm.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He'll get it back after I have it examined. I understand you're all under a lot of stress...

SUSAN

We don't need your report. We need the ambulance, you fool! And if you walk away with that poor man's firearm, I'll... I'll...

Ramon remains calm and speaks to Marsha, who still shakes.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The Marsha Ingram? Governor's Chief of Staff? Seen you on TV. What are you doing up here?

Marsha doesn't smile.

MARSHA

Getting fired for sure.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

An accident! I'm sure the Governor will understand.

MARSHA

I'm talking about you if you take that firearm!

Ramon smiles weakly and turns to Susan.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And Judge Briggs. Your daughter's been a terrific help to me. Fine girl you got there. Want me to call her?

SUSAN

Stay away from her, Ramon! She's leaving your employment effective immediately! Understand?

Ramon investigates the wound on Marsha's foot.

MARSHA

They call her "R-B-G with a Glock 43." Soon to be a Superior Court judge. So, go on! Do what she says! Get out of here!

Bobby is angrier still.

BOBBY

We mean it, Ramon. No report. Go! Leave us and the firearm alone! You're crossing a line here. A line you can't go back from!

Donny's hands shake as he wipes sweat away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Not much blood, probably just a scratch. Keep applying pressure, 'til the ambulance gets here.

Bobby gets in Ramon's face again, angrier still.

BOBBY

Unfortunate accident here, Ramon! Law-abiding citizens exercising their Second Amendment rights on private property!

Ramon chuckles in a good-hearted way.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Of course, Bobby. I'm investigating a murder down the road. A shooting, by the way. And I heard automatic weapons being fired. Just doing due diligence and checking things out.

SUSAN

You're trespassing and have no warrant! That's illegal search and seizure!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'm sure the good judge understands the Open Fields Doctrine and the other exceptions to the 4th Amendment.

Susan snarls at Ramon.

Ramon bends and picks up the rifle that Donny held.

MARSHA

Bobby... Mr. Howell was showing us
how to hold...

(sobbing)

I didn't know they were that heavy,
and neither did young Donny over
there.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Responsibility is heavier still.

Bobby points down the dirt road toward Ramon's car.

BOBBY

Don't need a lecture from the
blind, Taser-carrying Sheriff!

Ramon gets a little annoyed with Donny.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Donny, did you pick up the weapon
yourself, or was it handed to you?

Donny looks up, but he's unable to speak.

SUSAN

Don't answer that!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Was the safety on? Was it loaded?
Has the firearm been modified? Were
you advised it was loaded? Have you
been drinking?

Donny looks away.

SUSAN

Don't answer! Ramon, we're done
here. Your continued harassment
will not be tolerated!

Ramon's hands shake slightly as he has difficulty examining
the weapon that is very blurry, but he's careful to video the
serial number on the rifle, before pointing it down and away
from everyone.

The others see Ramon's hands shake.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

'Bout five or six shots fired?

BOBBY

Dozen, more likely.

Ramon grows uneasy as he shares a story.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

In Arizona, in 2014, a nine-year-old was getting shooting lessons with an Uzi and accidentally killed his 39-year-old instructor.

Bobby angrily rips the rifle from Ramon's hands.

BOBBY

Isolated incident! That's it! We're done here! Never took you for an anti-gun nut, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'm not anti-gun, Bobby. You know that. I hunt every season. Seen you and the boys, and ladies, at the target range dozens of times.

Ramon meekly moves from Bobby. He bends over near Susan and records the serial number with his body cam.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sure these were all legally purchased...

BOBBY

We're done here!

Bobby paces angrily! Ramon looks away and talks meekly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And that the proper background checks were performed, and proper training provided. We all recall that horrible mass shooting at that high school with a legally purchased weapon like the ones here. I'll go peacefully. Sorry to bother you. I can get your statements later by phone unless Ms. Ingram decides to press charges.

MARSHA

I won't be pressing charges, you idiot! But I will sue you for defamation of character and damages if this story gets out, Ramon! You'll be lucky to get a job as a night security guard in a warehouse after this! Owwww!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'll wait in my car for the
ambulance.

BOBBY
You're done for, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
If you happen to see a little
twenty-two caliber pistol in the
area, please report it. Thanks.

Ramon turns his body to turn off his body cam, and remains
meek as he backs away from the angry crowd.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Donny, I may have a few more
questions for you for my report.

BOBBY
There will be no report, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Controlled environment like a
shooting range with an instructor
is one thing. Putting a dangerous
and loaded weapon in the hands of a
novice sounds crazy to me.

Marsha is fuming, but still in pain.

MARSHA
I'm calling the Governor! I'll have
your badge!

SUSAN
See you in court, Ramon!

Donny looks sad, so Bobby puts an arm around his shoulder.

BOBBY
You'll regret this, Ramon!

Ramon tips his hat and walks toward his car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No doubt! I already do.

When he's out of earshot, the Dispatch Officer (30s, female)
calls on Ramon's radio.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Ramon, we have a report of 10-37,
tires matching your description up
Roaring River Road.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Copy that. We're on the way. I'll
be sending you a video of serial
numbers on rifles. Get them checked
out for me, will ya?

DISPATCH OFFICER
Will do. On the 10-37, be advised,
there's a dead skunk in the
driver's seat.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ramon enters the patrol car to see Abbie shutting down her
BRAND Tablet Computer.

ABBIE
Is everyone okay up there?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Are you taking notes for your law
school essay?

ABBIE
Experience is the best teacher.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Your Ma was there.

ABBIE
Recognized her parked car. Bobby's
too. Didn't know the other.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Governor's Chief of Staff. Injured
foot. I'm sure your Ma will tell
you all about it. We gotta get
clear across the county. No lights
and no sirens, but please drive
swiftly and safely.

Ramon starts to buckle his seatbelt but has trouble seeing
the latch.

ABBIE

Ya know, Ramon, "Real integrity is doing the right thing, knowing that nobody's going to know whether you did it or not."

Ramon stops, pauses, then turns back to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thomas Jefferson?

ABBIE

Oprah Winfrey.

Ramon laughs.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You are the smartest kid in the world, but the problem with real integrity is that sooner or later everybody's going to know about it!

Abbie races off.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Abbie drives slowly down the road and passes the crime scene again to see the colorful silk flowers are gone, and the wooden cross is kicked over and in pieces.

Ramon calls to the dispatcher on the radio.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Dispatch, we're on my way clear across the county. Send me the ambulance report when they get back from the Owl Canyon, will ya?

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Copy that.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

We see a nondescript early-model silver SUV in the distance. All the windows on the car are rolled up.

Ramon finishes up a discussion with a Fisherman (50s), while Abbie takes notes.

Abbie hands an I.D. card back to the Fisherman.

The Fisherman walks away, as Tammy Chang races up in a BRAND electronic car, and hops out wearing a body cam.

TAMMY

Ramon, is this the car used by the murderer?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

It smells like it, but at this point, we just don't know.

TAMMY

Smells like it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You'll have to refer all your questions to the FBI.

A nondescript black sedan rolls up to the site. FBI AGENT TOMPKINS (40), a dignified African American in a tailored gray suit, steps out of the car and flips a badge.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Please step away from the vehicle.
I'm Agent Tompkins of the FBI.

Tompkins glares at Ramon's dark eye protectors, Abbie, and then at Tammy, while he puts on blue latex gloves.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I didn't invite her.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Why didn't that crazy white woman at the crime scene talk to me?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I think her neck has changed from pink to red since the last election. There's a lot of that going around lately!

Abbie politely extends her hand for a handshake but the agent in his new gloves declines.

ABBIE

I'm Abbie Briggs, a Trainee.

Abbie stares at the gloves and pulls her hand back.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Crying shame and I feel your pain.
We have white supremacists coming out of the yin-yang!

Tammy grunts and looks away.

Abbie and Tammy glance share a moment until Tammy checks her BRAND smartphone and screams angrily at Ramon.

TAMMY

Why didn't you tell me Marsha Ingram, the Governor's Chief of Staff, was injured at the Carver place today?

Ramon shrugs. Abbie looks away.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You all have to clear the scene.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Won't find explosives in there.

ABBIE

We think if he had another incendiary device, he would have used it.

The Agent glares at Abbie, then at Ramon.

AGENT TOMPKINS

That's an assumption! We don't make assumptions! We don't even know if this is the car!

Abbie gently pulls Ramon's sleeve to walk away, smiling.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

It's the car, all right.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Did either of you open the car or even touch it?

ABBIE

No, Sir.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Then how can you be certain?

Ramon turns to speak to the agent.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The tire treads match perfectly. We just got the report that the car had been stolen. My Trainee saw there was a bag of human hair spread out inside the car.

(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
He tried to disguise the theft of
the car for DNA analysis.

The Agent steps closer to the car and peeks in.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Can you tell all that from peeking
in the window?

Agent Tompkins opens the driver's door and the skunk smell
knocks him back ten feet.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No, I could smell it too!

Tammy captures it all on her body cam and laughs hysterically
as she races to her car.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Jesus, Sheriff Webbley!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I bet there's a 22-caliber slug in
that skunk. But it's your case!

Ramon opens the passenger door to his car. Abbie hops in the
driver's seat.

Agent Tompkins yells at Ramon.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Hold it right there, Sheriff.

Ramon freezes.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
A fisherman named Herb Boreman
reported the car, smelled it, and
called it in. Abbie will send you
the report in an hour.

AGENT TOMPKINS
What else can you tell us?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
The driver is probably male and
just over six foot two based on the
driver seat distance from the
pedals.

ABBIE
Course he could be five feet tall
and pushed the seat back before
getting out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

But at least we know he wasn't a professional car thief.

AGENT TOMPKINS

How so?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

This make and model has an anti-theft tracking device, but our office couldn't track it, so the thief probably used a handheld digital R-F detector to find the tracking device and remove it.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Duh! What else makes you think he's not a pro?

ABBIE

The internet claims a car is stolen every forty seconds in the U.S., and eighty percent are never seen again. Real pros use chop shops.

AGENT TOMPKINS

And?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The nearest chop shops are in the city. Wanted to stay local. Hence, the cover-up with the human hair and the dead skunk. The 22 will be in a river somewhere.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You're pretty sure of yourself.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We're sure we have a local killer and bomber on the loose! But it's your case. We gotta solve a murder.

Ramon gets in his car, but Agent Tompkins stops him.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Wait! Suppose you tell us how long ago he killed the skunk, and how did he get away from here?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'd bring our Coroner, Doc Medina, the skunk, and the biggest bottle of white wine you can find. Maybe two or three. Check for maggots.

Ramon gets in his car and laughs, as Abbie drives away.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ramon talks to himself, worried, as Abbie drives.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Shit! We got a druggy, killer, and bomber in the county, and probably in town! And he's a smart one.

ABBIE

Covered up his tracks well. But nobody in our town is that smart or a vicious killer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Right, so we're looking for a transient or recent arrival.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Ramon, we have a 10-15 at the diner.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Are some of the Jeffs flexing their military might again?

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

You guessed it. Lending loud voices and scaring off Darlene's customers, as she puts it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

On our way!

Abbie steps on the gas. Ramon holds on for dear life.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Ramon, we checked the serial numbers on those rifles. Bobby Howell owns one. Both were legally purchased and registered initially, but the owner of the other one has been dead for seven years.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Pull Donny Pruitt's file for me.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Copy that.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Three Men (the other Jeffs from the tavern, in hunter's camo) in Bobby's and Donny's absence, are led by MATT MADSON (35) and in a heated exchange with female Patron (30s), who storms out as Abbie leads Ramon in.

DARLENE PRUITT (50s), Donny's aunt, is the lone waitress in an otherwise empty diner. She shakes her head in disgust.

The tallest Jeff hides his face a lot.

Ramon stumbles over to Darlene, who rolls her eyes in disgust at the counter, as Abbie inserts herself into the argument that continues in the background.

Abbie winks at Darlene briefly before glaring at Matt.

MATT
Founding father, Thomas Jefferson, said, "If a law is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so."

ABBIE
He never said it!

MATT
Did so!

ABBIE
Prove it! Look it up. You all got smartphones, though in your case...

DARLENE
They are scaring my customers. The three of them. And poor Donny is at home beside himself with guilt 'bout shooting that poor woman.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Don't know everything that happened.

DARLENE
Coffee, black and hot like...

Ramon glances at Matt and interrupts Darlene.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Sorry, Darlene, how long have these
boys been preaching here?

DARLENE
'Bout an hour.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Who's winning?

DARLENE
Now, Abbie is.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
The smartest kid in the world.

DARLENE
Easy pickings. Ripping that poor
defenseless man to shreds over
there, and he don't know it.

Darlene worries and serves Ramon coffee.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
Gonna arrest my nephew? He didn't
mean nothin'. Not a violent bone in
his body. Sure he's had trouble
keeping his hands off things that
ain't his, but what boy hasn't?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Seen Bobby?

DARLENE
Didn't show up for lunch. Rumor is
he's meetin' with the Governor.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Swell!

ABBIE
(to Matt)
Find it yet?

MATT
Didn't Thomas Jefferson say, "If a
law is unjust, a man is not only
right to disobey it, he is
obligated to do so?" It's why we
call ourselves the Jeffs.

Abbie calmly picks up her phone.

ALEXA (O.S.)

That quote has been attributed to Jefferson countless times, appearing in numerous memes shared online. However, The Daily Caller News Foundation found no evidence that Jefferson ever said or wrote this saying.

Abbie laughs.

MATT

Alexus don't know shit!

ABBIE

Maybe you should call yourselves the Fake Newsies?

Matt stands, his anger building, as he steps toward Abbie.

MATT

What do you know? Donny said you're a little, piss-ant troublemaker.

ABBIE

I know Jefferson didn't extend freedoms to African Americans, indentured servants, or women. Hell, twelve of the first eighteen American presidents owned slaves.

DONNY

That was legal then!

ABBIE

And unjust! You just made my point!

Matt steps closer toward Abbie in a threatening way, so Ramon, still holding his coffee steps between them.

Matt glares at Ramon's dark eye covers.

MATT

Are you blind?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No, Matt, but justice sometimes is. It is a free country, and it's your right to protect your Second Amendment rights, just as the young woman here has the rights provided to us all by the First Amendment.

Matt forms a mighty fist and yells at Ramon.

MATT

You had no right to threaten to
confiscate Donny's rifle.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I didn't confiscate it! We're
looking into the rightful ownership
of the weapon, and we can't be
infringing on Darlene's right to
life, liberty, and the pursuit of
tips in her place of business, so
I'll kindly ask you to leave, or
you'll be disturbing the peace.

Abbie smiles as she turns away with parting words.

ABBIE

Thomas Jefferson said, "Enlighten
the people generally, and tyranny
and oppressions of body and mind
will vanish like evil spirits at
the dawn of day."

Darlene half-smiles and waves to Matt and the Jeffs as they
exit, disgruntled.

Ramon watches the three men leave and sees that the third man
exiting is tall and hides his face.

DARLENE

Thanks, Ramon. I'll get you a piece
of pie to take to your wife. She
doesn't come in much anymore.

Ramon turns to Darlene and Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Who was that taller gentleman?

ABBIE

I've never seen him before.

DARLENE

Don't know. New in town, I think.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'll ask Matt after he calms down.
No pie for Hannah. She's gluten-
intolerant recently. Fact, when
we're out to dinner, I have to
order my gluten on the side.

Darlene chuckles, as Ramon turns to leave.

DARLENE

Thanks for calming Matt down,
Ramon. He's more human-intolerant
lately.

Ramon laughs.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I think it's contagious.

He tips his hat as Abbie guides him out the door.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Ramon stares at a blurry whiteboard with Abbie's hand-drawn map showing the "town" in the middle, the burnt sedan to the left, and the abandoned SUV to the right.

Ramon dials a number from the office landline.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Donny? Ramon here. Do you have a
bill of sale for that A-K?

(pauses)

That presents a problem. The
original owner is dead.

(pauses)

I didn't say you stole it, Donny.
I'm just trying to...

Click. Ramon stares at the phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Abbie, draw a box above and to the
right of the burned sedan, and
write "Carver Ranch" in it.

She draws a "house icon" in the middle of the box and a "KKK"
in the upper corner of the box.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Add the photo of Marsha Ingram's
bloody foot in the location of the
meadow.

She does. Under the burnt sedan photo she writes a question
mark, and below it writes: "drugs, human killer, bomber, 22-
cal, car thief." Under the abandoned SUV she writes, "car
thief, skunk killer, hair thief."

ABBIE

Where does Donny Pruitt live?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Find out. And get us a map of the closest barber shops or hair salons while I make phone calls.

Abbie whips out her smartphone, sits in a corner chair, and whispers.

ABBIE

Alexa, get me a map of the closest barber shops or hair salons.

Ramon makes a phone call with a pad and pen in hand.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Matt, this is Ramon. I wanted to personally apologize to you and your buddies about your treatment at the diner by our Trainee.

(pauses)

So I need the names of your buddies there today, so I can apologize to them as well.

(pauses)

Yes, I know it's not necessary. Something I just want to do.

(scribbles one name and numbers)

What about the tall one?

(pauses)

You don't know the tall one? Seemed the most upset, is all.

(pauses)

Yes, that Briggs girl can be too smart for her own good.

Abbie flips off Ramon but smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

But she's a good kid. Again, I'm very sorry.

A map appears on Abbie's phone, and she adds three "dots" to his whiteboard map, all in town, but spread apart.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They're about to exit the office when his landline phone rings. County Commissioner PATRICIA HARRIS (50s-60s) is on line 1, the speaker phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Sheriff Webbley.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
 Patricia? County Commissioner? Your
 boss who rarely needs to call you?

Ramon throws up his arms in disgust.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Hi, Patricia. I'm on the murder
 case.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
 Not about the case. I fielded a
 call from the governor just now.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Not often you get a call straight
 from the Governor.

Abbie inches closer to Ramon and phone.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
 My point exactly. The new Red Flag
 law has stirred up a hornet's nest
 here too. Governor saw you and
 Tammy Chang on the TV. He's mad.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 I thought he felt the same way.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
 He does privately but that's
 another matter. He has an election
 in two years. Like you! He has to
appear neutral. Like you!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Several sheriffs came out publicly
 saying they're never going to
 enforce the Red Flag law.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
 It's fine that some sheriffs say
 that in conservative counties, but
 not in liberal counties, so we can
 win reelection in all the counties.
 Get it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Not really...

PATRICIA (O.S.)
 Your county is right in the middle
 and the Governor needs it to remain
 neutral. Got it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
So, should I enforce the law?

PATRICIA (O.S.)
He's telling you, to do absolutely
nothing! Stay low or lose your job!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Has he spoken with his Chief of
Staff lately?

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Cute little Marsha Ingram? Why?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
They call her Eileen now. Just
kidding. I gotta go!

Patricia is angry, but Abbie chuckles loudly.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
I don't want another call from the
Governor!

Click.

Ramon hangs up the phone and stares at it for a moment.

ABBIE
(sarcastic)
She sounds nice.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Let's go!

EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Abbie checks the map on his computer and finds the first
barbershop.

She rolls around the back to find two trash containers.

She exits the patrol car, peeks inside them, and shrugs.

Abbie returns to the car, drives on to another barbershop,
and drives to the back.

She gets out, peeks in the trash cans, and shrugs.

Abbie drives to the third barber shop/beauty salon and drives
around to the back.

She stops, gets out, looks in a trash can, and shrugs.

She peeks in the next can and smiles at Ramon.

ABBIE
Goldmine.

Abbie returns to his patrol car gets in and drives slowly down the back street coming to an intersection.

She's surprised to see FBI Agent Tompkins on a stakeout.

Agent Tompkins snarls, but waves in Abbie and Ramon.

Abbie parks the patrol car right behind the FBI car.

Ramon hops in the passenger seat filled with BRAND snack foods and soft drinks, and Abbie hops in the back seat.

INT. FBI CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Tompkins is angry.

AGENT TOMPKINS
What are you two doing here? Our case, remember?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Are you hoping they return to the scene of the crime for more hair?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Criminals are known to make mistakes, you know!

ABBIE
Not this one.

Ramon grabs a snack and tosses one back to Abbie. Abbie reaches forward, grabs a bottle of water, and opens it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Look! I've got the county breathing down my neck to solve a murder. Gotta find him, is all!

AGENT TOMPKINS
So you found some hair clippings in the trash can? What does that mean?

ABBIE
Shops locally for supplies!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What did he use for his incendiary device?

AGENT TOMPKINS

That's our problem.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Let me guess. Supplies you can get at any hardware store in any town across America?

ABBIE

On the detective shows I watch they would check the CCTV at every hardware store within thirty miles.

Agent Tompkins looks back angrily at Abbie.

AGENT TOMPKINS

We don't have all the time and resources in the world, ya know!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Anything unusual in the vic's car?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Can't tell you much about the bomb, except for the white phosphorus you know about, but forensics picked up gun oil residue on the passenger seat and more in the trunk.

Ramon turns his head with a puzzled look.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Gun oil? Vic was armed?

AGENT TOMPKINS

No weapons in the car.

Ramon smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What about the skunk?

The Agent turns angrily, then bursts out laughing.

AGENT TOMPKINS

That Coroner, Doc Medina, hates your ass now.

Ramon and Abbie join in the laughter.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
How many hours was it dead?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Not as long as you'll be dead when
she sees you again.

They all laugh again.

Abbie takes a moment to smile at the camaraderie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Two full nights. Maggots?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Yeah, but she said cold temps at
night probably delayed decomp.

ABBIE
And no drugs or bomb-making
materials in the car? Just hair and
the skunk?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Like Ramon guessed. And ballistics
confirmed it was the same 22. But
you guessed way wrong on two or
three bottles of wine. That lady
needs a case!

Ramon gets a text message and hands his phone to Abbie to
read it. She reads it slowly and sadly.

ABBIE
From HQ. The DNA results. Your vic
was a cop. An undercover cop.

Silence. Eyes and chins lower.

Ramon angrily opens the door. Abbie follows.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
We gotta go. Cop killer has a two-
day head start on us. And he's
probably armed with something
bigger than a 22 by now. Gotta find
out what kind of firearm was in the
vic's trunk. Oh, on that CCTV,
we're looking for a hunter-type.

Agent Tompkins looks sadly at Ramon. Abbie leans in to hear.

AGENT TOMPKINS
How do you know he's a hunter?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You don't get that close to a skunk with a 22 pistol.

ABBIE

Let's go, Ramon! Work to do.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And skunks are nocturnal. Shooting a small black moving head in the dark takes practice.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Ain't that the truth!

ABBIE

That was mean.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'm in a mean mood. We'll get to the shooting range in the morning. I'll let you know what we find out. You let us know how the CCTV search works out.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Anything else we can do for you?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I got a dead cop with a stolen car, which means I have to call Internal Affairs! I need a list of county residents on your watch list for crazies! Red Flag prospects. One may be my killer. We're working together now!

Ramon slams the door and Abbie guides him across the street to his patrol car and they drive off.

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Abbie drives Ramon's patrol car across a bridge.

Beneath the bridge is a homeless, unshaven, 50-year-old white male (MR. DONALDSON), wrapped in raggedy blankets off to the side of a bike path.

Harry Truman Donaldson, wearing the same black hoodie, black jeans, bike helmet, and riding gloves, on a BRAND 15-speed mountain bike, rides up to the homeless man, and stops.

HARRY

This should make us even.

Harry pulls a small plastic bag of drugs from his pocket and tosses it in front of the homeless man.

The man's eyes open widely, and he lunges for the drugs. We see his filthy hands, and bad teeth as he smiles and gives Harry an "upside down okay sign" used by white supremacists.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Source says it's weak. Sorry. May need it all.

Harry returns the okay sign and rides off.

When Harry passes by the creek, he tosses in a 22-caliber pistol and rides on.

EXT. RAMON'S HOME - NIGHT

Abbie drops Ramon off in the driveway.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thanks for helping me out. What time have you got?

ABBIE

Almost midnight. Tell Hannah hi for me, and I miss her chocolate chip-oatmeal cookies.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Will do, kid. Pick me up at seven, unless we get a call.

Abbie turns serious.

ABBIE

Are you gonna be okay?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

A cop is dead and I can't see!

ABBIE

Even after you catch the cop killer, the Red Flag will remain.

Ramon smiles, trying to put on a cheery face.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

After we catch the cop killer,
we'll be heroes!

(beat)

Drive slowly, will ya?

ABBIE
Sure thing. Night, Ramon.

Abbie pulls away slowly, but a block away, she guns it.
He shakes his head, and quietly sneaks into the house.

INT. RAMON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ramon takes off his clothes and sneaks into bed next to his wife. Pitch dark.

HANNAH
Glad you're home safe.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Tried not to wake you.

HANNAH
Thought it would get easier after
all these years. It's not! A
lifetime of worry every night.

Ramon moves in to hug, but she moves away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
So sorry. Had to see where my perp
was getting supplies at night. He
planned it all out.

HANNAH
Did it work?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Yes. Then Abbie and I ran into my
FBI buddy staking out the same hair
salon. She says she misses your
chocolate chip oatmeal cookies.

HANNAH
Hair salon?
(Sarcastic)
Sounds dangerous.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Nothing permanent.

Hannah chuckles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
See? Nothing to worry about. I'll
cook you breakfast in the morning
before we go to the firing range.

HANNAH

Firing range? Give Martin a hug for me. Tell him I guessed wrong!

She goes to sleep. Ramon's eyes are wide open.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING

A cute blonde Assistant (20s) wearing ear covers shows Ramon and Abbie past a wall of large rifles, to the firing range area. Ramon wears his dark eye protectors.

Abbie is stunned by the automatic rifles, though the signs read, "Not For Sale" and "Practice Only."

The Assistant hands them each a pair of blue noise reduction ear covers, and points to her boss, MARTIN SCHMIDT (30s) firing a small pistol.

Martin glances over to see Ramon and Abbie approaching, puts the safety on the pistol, and sets it down carefully.

Abbie glares at the facility as Ramon moves in to hug Martin.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Seen you more since high school than in high school. How's business, Martin?

MARTIN

Picking up a lot since the election. Thanks for coming by before we open so you don't scare off customers. What happened to you, and who's your guide dog?

Martin puts a hand out to shake and Abbie reluctantly shakes hands.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie Briggs, Trainee, meet Martin Schmidt. My eyes are blurry from phosphorus smoke exposure.

ABBIE

Arms dealer?

MARTIN

Owner and safety trainer. Guilty.

ABBIE

Indirectly. I bet you are.

Ramon laughs to lighten the mood, but Martin turns serious.

MARTIN
Practically stole Hannah from me.

Ramon pats Martin on the shoulder.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
County fair dance! You asked her if
she could Disco dance!

Martin laughs.

MARTIN
Stupid question, in hindsight.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I had the foresight, and asked her
if she wanted to salsa dance! We
hit off right away.

MARTIN
Still going strong?

Ramon looks away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
She likes me better as a dancer
than a Sheriff.

Martin laughs. Abbie continues to glare at the shooting
range, focusing on the "human targets."

MARTIN
Tell her hi from me.

Ramon shakes his head, "No," and turns serious.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Here to ask if you've seen any
suspicious activity in the past
couple of weeks.

MARTIN
Can you be more specific?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Is anyone trying out a gun they
haven't used before? Showing up
more frequently? Large purchases of
ammunition?

Abbie coughs disrespectfully and glares at Martin, who laughs
it off.

MARTIN

Had a run on A-K shells the day
after the election.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Suppose our buddy Bobby was one of
the shoppers?

MARTIN

Can't give you names. You know
that. Less you got a court order.

Martin winks at Ramon and he acknowledges the wink.

Martin turns his head with a wry smile.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Rumors spread fast, but funny
stories spread faster.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The meadow?

The two men burst out laughing. Abbie is stone-faced.

MARTIN

Some VIPs don't want their names
associated with the firing range,
much less than an A-K. Would have
been a hell of a lot safer here, I
can guarantee!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We're after a lone wolf. Maybe a
tall white guy who hides his face a
lot. Don't know. Keep your eyes
open for me, will ya?

Ramon gets a call from dispatch.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

We have 10-56 and 10-52 under the
Owl Creek Bridge. An ambulance is
on the way.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(into his radio)

Copy that. We're on our way.

(to Martin)

I owe ya a beer or three!

MARTIN

Don't you mean a seven and seven
and seven?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Damn! Funny stories do travel fast!

MARTIN
It's nice to finally meet the
Judge's non-shooting daughter.

Abbie bites her tongue as they remove the ear coverings from around their necks.

Ramon smiles as Abbie leads the way out.

Martin releases the safety on the pistol and continues shooting. BAM BAM.

Abbie flinches at the sounds of gunfire. Ramon doesn't.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Abbie leads Ramon along the bike path to two EMTs (females 30s, uniform and gloves). A gurney stands ready.

EMT #1
O.D., Sheriff. How are your eyes
recovering?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
More slowly than I'd like.

EMT #2 sheds a tear. Abbie looks on with pity.

EMT #2
Last night, we think. Taking him to
Doc Medina?

Ramon hands latex gloves to Abbie, who puts them on.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Yes, but let us have a look first.
Abbie, what do you see?

ABBIE
A spoon, lighter, rubber tubing,
and a syringe still in his arm, but
not quite empty.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Awfully neat. And unusual. Bag the
evidence. Each in its own bag.
Carefully labeled.

Abbie bags up the evidence and pokes around more.

She finds a little plastic bag, with white specks inside.

ABBIE
Tiny clear plastic bag. White
specks inside.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Bag it.

Abbie places the plastic bag in a separate evidence bag.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Anything to I-D the man?

EMT #2
Mr. Donaldson. Can't remember his
first name. He was my high school
civics teacher before he was fired.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Where and when.

EMT #2
The high school. 2001.

Abbie is horrified and stunned.

ABBIE
A teacher?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I was there in 2003. I don't
remember a teacher being fired.

EMT #2
Everybody loved him! Some girls, a
little too much, from what I heard.
Still sad to see how he turned out.

Abbie remains speechless.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Yep. We're done here. Doc Medina's
next. Tell her we'll be in after we
hit the liquor store. She'll
understand.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ramon enters with Abbie carrying a case of white wine.

Doc Medina stops her work on Mr. Donaldson, and glares at
Ramon.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

So sorry. The FBI agents insisted I tell them who is the best forensic pathologist I know. They were going to torture me if I didn't talk. They always speak in the plural.

DOC MEDINA

Uh-huh! Should have let them torture you.

(to Abbie)

He owes me big time, Abbie.

Abbie smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Did that I-D on Donaldson help you?

DOC MEDINA

Saddened me. Vincent Donaldson, age 50, and a former high school civics teacher like they said. No next of kin in the state. Many folks are a few paychecks from homelessness.

Abbie stares at the body, then backs up looking queasy and ready to puke again.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Heroin?

DOC MEDINA

And lots of it. Pure or laced with something bad. I'll need the tox.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Pure? Laced?

DOC MEDINA

If it was laced with Fentanyl, could be 30-50 times more potent than pure heroin.

Abbie groans in pain.

Doc Medina and Ramon glance back for a second, then continue their conversation in normal fashion.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Geez!

DOC MEDINA

Only one in ten heroin overdoses end in death, so this is unusual.

Ramon pauses to think.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I thought so too. The needle was still stuck in his arm. Sounds expensive! Where does a homeless former teacher get that kind of money?

DOC MEDINA

Oh, Nazi tattoo on his right buttocks?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Odd for a civics teacher.

DOC MEDINA

So is suicide by heroin?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Maybe someone was out to kill him!

Ramon pauses to think.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Not a suicide or simple O.D.! I think we have another murder! Hold off in C-O-D until after we both see the tox report, will ya?

Ramon tips his hat to Doc Medina, who flirts with him.

DOC MEDINA

Come and drink some wine with me?

Abbie is green as she hurriedly guides Ramon toward the door.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ha! Can't satisfy one woman these days, let alone two.

INT. TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Ramon and Abbie enter the bar with only two patrons (Old Drunks; 60s) on either side of the bar, tended by Jimmy.

JIMMY

Awfully early. Even for you.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Walking down the street like I always do. Abbie says I get bad looks from everyone, now.

ABBIE

I don't get it. Dark glasses for pity and everything.

JIMMY

(to Abbie)

Half don't think he'll enforce the Red Flag law, disrespecting their vote. They're just angry. The armed half thinks he'll enforce the law someday. They're angrier.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Give me a seven and seven, will ya Jimmy? Just one.

JIMMY

Highest public turnout ever! Did you two vote?

ABBIE

I voted. Never miss it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I never vote.

JIMMY

The problem is, Ramon, no one knows where you stand. If you told them, only half the town would hate you!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Oh? Ya think so?

ABBIE

Dante's Inferno said, "The darkest place in hell is reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis."

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Then I'll be in good company.

EXT. TAVERN - SAME TIME

Ramon's wife, Hannah, drives by the tavern in a late model BRAND sedan and sees Ramon's car in front of it.

She stepped on the gas angrily.

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Abbie is sad as she types in notes on her tablet computer, glancing occasionally at Ramon who is drinking big.

ABBIE
Seen nothing but awful things.
Worst law school essay ever!

Ramon has another drink delivered by Jimmy when his radio beeps. Ramon is tipsy and he sounds like it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Webbley.

DISPATCH OFFICER
We have a 10-459 at 1275 Walnut
Street.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Anything of importance stolen?

DISPATCH OFFICER
Firearms. Respond immediately.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Copy that. We're on the way.

FBI Agent Tompkins enters with an angry face. He sees the empty glasses near Ramon.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Supposed to meet at your office
half an hour ago. This your office?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Sorry. Did we miss something big?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Your body cam was hacked.

Abbie keeps typing, but Ramon stands, annoyed.

AGENT TOMPKINS (CONT'D)
Taken in a meadow? Four friends
with A-Ks. Bloody foot? Went viral.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(slurring his words)
Hacked? That's impossible.

Abbie rolls her eyes in disgust.

AGENT TOMPKINS
So far, only the audio has been
released. So relax!

Ramon paces angrily.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Relax?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Right. Don't relax. That means they got the video too.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Who's they?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Don't know. Looking into it.

Ramon struggles to recall portions of the audio.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (V.O.)

Who is this bleeding?

MARSHA (V.O.)

Aah! Marsha Ingram.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (V.O.)

The Marsha Ingram? Governor's Chief of Staff? Seen you on TV. And Judge Briggs.

Ramon's cell phone rings, but he doesn't even look who sent it, and he doesn't answer the call.

AGENT TOMPKINS

We're getting a list together of known hackers in the area. But if they're any good, they'll make themselves impossible to track.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

If that video gets out it's game over for me.

ABBIE

Anything we can do?

Agent Tompkins and Ramon ignore Abbie and keep talking.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You changed your password lately?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Three years ago. Maybe four.

Agent Tompkins gets in Ramon's face, close enough to see his angry face in the reflection of his dark glasses.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Circulated a report in 2018 that
all five major body cameras work on
radio Wi-Fi and can be hacked!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Didn't see it.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Suggested passwords be changed
monthly, if not weekly! And that
double-login security techniques be
used every time.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Guess I missed that email. Look,
I've got a call to get to.

Ramon gently pushes Tompkins to the side.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Governor called my boss. Told us to
distance myself from you. Sorry.
(to Abbie)
Sorry, Abbie. I was getting to like
you too.

The Agent turns to exit the tavern.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'm screwed!

Ramon's cell phone rings again. He holds it real close to his
eyes and sees it's "Patricia, County Commissioner."

Jimmy and Abbie look on sadly, while he answers the call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Webbley.
(pauses, angry)
Suspended?
(pauses, paces, angrier)
Pending what investigation?

He is stunned as he ends the call and hangs his head.

Abbie walks over to guide him from the tavern.

EXT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

As Ramon and Abbie exit, they see Tammy double parked and
blocking his patrol car from leaving.

Tammy hops out and turns on her body cam and tablet computer.

TAMMY

Sheriff Ramon Webbley, will you
confirm or deny that's your voice
on the hacked audio...

Ramon awkwardly removes his necktie and hands it to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(to Tammy)

I'm suspended. You'll have to take
that up with the County
Commissioners.

(to Abbie)

Drive over to 1275 Walnut Street
and fill out a stolen property
report.

Abbie protests.

ABBIE

Never supposed to go anywhere
alone. I'm only a Trainee.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Just go. Take the car back to the
station after. Thanks.

He opens the passenger door of the patrol car and tosses in
his Taser and his badge.

TAMMY

Suspended?

Abbie goes around to the driver's side, forcing Tammy to rush
her interview, as Ramon acts more sober and authoritative.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Pending verification of the hacked
audio, or the emergence of the
stolen video.

TAMMY

Felony crimes?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And worse.

Tammy is almost back to her car door. Ramon removes his body
cam and radio and tosses them in the car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

If criminals can track our whereabouts, they know where we aren't.

TAMMY

Did they notify the FBI?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

All I can say is too many things happened that were out of my control.

Ramon shuts the door, waves to Abbie, and walks away sadly.

TAMMY

What do you mean?

Ramon spins to Tammy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Can't control the voting public. They know what they want, but not everybody wants it!

TAMMY

The Red Flag law.

Ramon turns to walk away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Most county folks cared about law enforcement 'til that happened.

TAMMY

You don't think they care now?

Abbie honks the horn, impatient to drive away. Ramon turns to Tammy in anger. It's the liquor talking.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

A few people care more about preserving their jobs than serving the people. A few people care more about their rights than their responsibilities. A few people even care more about their guns than their children. We got a druggie, a cop killer, a bomber, and now a gun thief on the loose. They know where we are with their scanners and hackers, but we don't know where they are.

Ramon turns and walks in an almost straight line.

TAMMY

Are you being replaced? Sheriff
from somewhere else?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

All I wanted to do was protect the
good people of the county, but I'm
suspended.

Abbie hears it all and hangs her head.

TAMMY (O.S.)

This is Tammy Chang Live for
Channel 8.

It starts to rain.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Great!

Ramon calls his wife. No answer.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

It's raining so Ramon crosses the street to the diner.

A short adult in a black hoodie, bike helmet, and dark wrap-around sunglasses (Harry) races behind him on a BRAND mountain bike.

Ramon doesn't see the cyclist as he enters the diner.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

The diner is empty. Ramon struggles to get to the counter, where Darlene waits.

DARLENE

Half-dressed, soaked, droll
expression. I'd say the happiest
man I know is having a bad day.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You should be a detective. Coffee
please. Lots of it. Gotta think.

Darlene pours a coffee.

DARLENE

How was that blackberry pie?

Ramon glares at the blurry woman through his glasses.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Blackberry pie?

DARLENE
Hannah came in an hour ago and
bought two slices, assumed she was
taking them to your office as a
surprise.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Haven't been to the office today.

DARLENE
Imagine it's there waiting for you.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Not if the dispatch officers see
it. Two slices? She's been on her
diet for three years.

DARLENE
I got half a pie left.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Sure, I'll take a slice. Give us
something to laugh about in bed.

DARLENE
You got it, Ramon.

Darlene brings a slice of pie and more coffee.

Ramon, still tipsy, struggles to eat pie and drink coffee.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
You know, I only drink to be
sociable.

Darlene looks around at the empty diner.

DARLENE
How's that working for you?

Ramon looks around and hangs his head.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Great. More coffee, please.

LATER

Ramon is still drinking coffee when Abbie enters.

She runs to Ramon and puts her arms around his back.

ABBIE
It's all my fault.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What are you talking about?

ABBIE
This morning, I heard Ma on the phone with a County commissioner. Marsha Ingram's name came up. So did the Governor's. I knew you were in deep shit.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Understatement.

ABBIE
Minutes earlier, I posted the phone video of my little diner debate with Matt and the Jeffs about Thomas Jefferson, and Ma got a call right after from the District Attorney.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Bobby. He's got eyes and ears everywhere.

ABBIE
What are you gonna do now?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Eat pie, drink coffee -- it's cheaper than booze -- and wait. At least the bad guys can't track me.

Abbie whispers excitedly.

ABBIE
Then why wait? Now's your chance to catch 'em!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Not a game, Abbie. Got a crazy, drugged up, heavily-armed cop-killer and bomb-nut out there, and a gun thief. I don't even have my Taser.

Darlene has been listening the whole time.

DARLENE

Why do you carry a Taser?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie asked me to. And, I always tell people Taser's make you look cool, like all lives matter. Truth is, I saw what weapons of war did in Afghanistan for two years.

ABBIE

Didn't want to use them again?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Some things keep me awake years later. Civilians killed by accident were then written off as collateral damage. P-T-S-D in most of the men and women. Don't like to talk about it. I wanted to save lives. I wanted to be a doctor, but I knew I wasn't smart enough. But you know all that!

Darlene snarls at Abbie as she pours Ramon another cup of coffee.

ABBIE

You never quit trying to help.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Guess not.

ABBIE

So, don't give up, now. I gotta run. Dispatch told me to return the patrol car. No more fun for me!

She kisses Ramon on the cheek and turns to the door.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

You were smart enough to be a doctor. You wanted to be a detective.

Abbie exits.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Smart kid, but a pain in the butt sometimes.

Darlene snarls as she takes away Ramon's coffee.

DARLENE
That cute little smart girl loves
you to death, but won't have a
thing to do with my nephew, Donny!

Ramon acts surprised.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Imagine that!

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

FBI Agent Tompkins cruises through a ritzy neighborhood with
mansions well-spaced.

His computer beeps as he approaches a mansion and stops. His
computer reads "Robert Harrison "Bobby" Howell."

He stares at the nice house.

AGENT TOMPKINS
District Attorney's got it good.

He drives on a little way down the street.

He comes to another mansion and stops. His computer reads,
"Judge Susan Briggs."

AGENT TOMPKINS (CONT'D)
Huh.

He looks back at Bobby's house in the rearview mirror and
drives on.

LATER

He drives up a long windy road to Maggie Carver's ranch.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

There are three luxury SUVs parked in front of the house.

Agent Tompkins gets out of his car, quietly walks around, and
takes the license plate numbers down in a notebook.

He returns to his car.

AGENT TOMPKINS
I'm getting the lay of the land,
Ms. Carver. I promise not to steal
anything.

He gets a call from a female Agent Caldwell (30s).

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
Tomkins?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Caldwell, been waiting on you.

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
You were right about the Briggs girl. Cell phone records put her near the meadow on the day of the accidental shooting.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Have you got the warrant I requested?

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
The judge in the next county signed it. Conflict of interest with Judge Briggs, you know.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Let's go pick her up.

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
What about her mom?

AGENT TOMPKINS
She's out of the way. Won't be a problem. I'll meet you there.

He races off.

INT. RAMON'S HOME - NIGHT

Ramon trudges into the house to find Hannah sitting in the family room with a large glass of white wine.

She sees that he's out of uniform.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'm home, dear. I saved the world.

HANNAH
Cut the crap. I know you were suspended.

He pours himself a whiskey but doesn't drink it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Who told you?

HANNAH
Small towns talk.

He turns away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Tried to call you. Didn't answer.

HANNAH
I was out. When do you return to work?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
When I proudly proclaim to the gun rights nuts that I won't enforce the Red Flag Law, and I proudly tell the gun safety nuts that I will enforce it.

He turns back to Hannah.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Out where?

HANNAH
Just out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
How was the blackberry pie?

Hannah angrily takes a big gulp of wine.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Two slices of pie. Martin at the shooting range?

HANNAH
Quite the detective! Martin's gay, and if you solved that cop murder, you'd still be a paid detective.

He stares at the whiskey again but doesn't drink it.

Hannah stands to confront him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I took the pie to Bobby. He's got all the power around here. I asked him to lay off you.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Lot of good that did! He's dividing this whole county.
(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

The few rich, powerful, and well-armed, against everybody else. I'm sick of it!

HANNAH

Just go along with the program and they'll leave you alone!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I don't know what the program is!
(paces)

Patricia and the County Commissioners are my bosses. They and the Governor are demanding I remain silent and neutral! Like a goddamn zombie. Bobby's demanding I renounce the Red Flag law or he says I'll disappear. The townies, farmers, and voters expect me to enforce it! I'm screwed by everybody except you.

HANNAH

You're such a spineless whiner!

Ramon grabs a coat and puts it on.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Where you going?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Out!

HANNAH

Out where?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I don't know! I gotta wife who wants me to cave to rich and powerful assholes. I got a smart cop killer and bomber on the loose, and I can't do anything about it 'cause I'm suspended. And I still can't see worth a damn.

Ramon starts walking toward the front door, and Hannah follows him, yelling.

HANNAH

You got yourself into this mess!
Accept responsibility.

He turns back.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What the hell are you talking
about?

HANNAH
Bobby said it was all your fault
your body cam was hacked 'cause you
never changed your password at the
office!

Ramon is sad as he turns back toward the door.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Okay, I admit that! But the hacker
committed a felony here! Not me!
The county bought the cheapest body
cams they could which work on the
same Wi-Fi that every goddamn
smartphone in the county has!

He opens the door.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
You're just like them. You blame me
for everything!

Hannah yells as he exits.

HANNAH
Until you stand up for something,
you stand for nothing!

Ramon slams the door.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Ramon walks slowly away from the house. Hannah's words
resonate.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Until you stand up for something,
you stand for nothing!

He keeps walking passed the "closed" diner and hears Abbie's
voice in his head.

ABBIE (V.O.)
Ya know, Ramon, "Real integrity is
doing the right thing, knowing that
nobody's going to know whether you
did it or not."

Ramon shakes his head in disbelief.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Oprah Winfrey? Huh!

He walks by the Tavern and hesitates, but doesn't enter.

He hears Jimmy's voice.

JIMMY (V.O.)
"God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change,
Courage to change the things I
can...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
And wisdom to know the difference."
I knew it wasn't whiskey.

He hears Abbie's voice.

ABBIE (V.O.)
Know what happens when an
unstoppable force collides with an
immovable object? Absolutely
nothing. Don't worry about it,
Ramon. It won't last.

Ramon shakes his head in disgust.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Wrong there, Abbie! It lasts
forever if we don't change!

LATER

He walks onto the junction of the bike path leading under the bridge. He follows it under the bridge and stares at the spot where Mr. Donaldson died.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Donaldson.

He hears Doc Medina's voice.

DOC MEDINA (V.O.)
Many folks are a few paychecks from
homelessness.

He takes off his protective eyeglasses and tries to focus.

He can see a little better, so he pokes around in the bushes near the crime scene.

He finds an old paperback copy of "Magruder's American Government - Teacher's Edition."

He picks it up and sees many pages are torn out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
He used the civil rights chapters
for toilet paper.

He puts back on his dark eyeglasses and carries the book with him as he slowly walks away.

He hears Abbie's voice as he walks.

ABBIE (V.O.)
You were smart enough to be a
doctor. You wanted to be a
detective.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Abbie! I need Abbie.

Ramon RUNS to his office.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ramon slowly walks around the exterior of the office.

He peeks in a window to see and hear Susan Briggs yelling at FBI Agent Tompkins and his temporary replacement, DEPUTY SHERIFF TERRI HOUSTON (late-20s), in full uniform, packing heat, and all-business sitting at his desk with her laptop computer, while Abbie sits quietly in a chair. The door to the office is closed.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ramon goes around to the front door and takes off his jacket and tosses it aside before entering the building.

He opens the door to his office and waves hello.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Just collecting my coat, storm
coming. Don't mind me. Still
suspended.

Only Abbie smiles. Everyone else glares and argues.

SUSAN
Anybody with a smartphone could
hack Ramon's body cam, you idiots!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
But Ma'am,...

SUSAN

Don't call me Ma'am! Ma'am means bitch, Deputy Houston! I'll be referred to as Your Honor.

Susan paces and points to Tompkins and Houston.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And if you don't want to be sued for false arrest, you'd better tell me what substantiating evidence led you to this erroneous conclusion!

AGENT TOMPKINS

Cell phone records show she was in the area.

Abbie speaks up clearly and professionally.

ABBIE

I was there on assignment with my superior, Sheriff Webbley.

Susan snaps at Abbie.

SUSAN

You leave him out of this!

Abbie stands and yells at her mother.

ABBIE

The Sheriff was providing me with valuable work experience in the field of law enforcement, the only true work experience I've had in my entire, sheltered life!

Susan ignores her daughter and spins to Agent Tompkins.

SUSAN

How many other smartphones were within Wi-Fi distance given smartphone hotspot technology?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Well, Your Honor, that would include you, the Sheriff, Mr. Bobby Howell, Marsha Ingram, Mr. Donny Pruitt, and one phone we can't trace. Maybe a burner!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(under his breath)
One phone you can't trace? A
burner? Could have been anybody.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
And, Mr. Donny Pruitt's gone
missing, Ma'... Your Honor. I
checked the old hunting cabin he
rents it out on VRBO. Wasn't there.

Ramon perks up and stares at his whiteboard at the skunk-car
location.

He makes eye contact with Abbie and mouths the letters "V-R-B-
O."

Abbie nods confirming the message was received.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Donny was also on our watch list.
Detained for psych evaluations
three times in the past.

SUSAN
Irrelevant and immaterial.

ABBIE
He's a kleptomaniac, Ma.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(under his breath)
Wasn't there a stolen property
report too?

ABBIE
I took that report today on the B &
E and stolen firearms.

Ramon looks over Deputy Houston's shoulder at the report, but
his eyes are too blurry to read it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Matt Madson's home. I got the call
but got suspended before I could
respond.

Deputy Houston picks up the report and smiles at Abbie.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Nicely filled out for a Trainee.
Had a cheap high school locker in
his garage.
(MORE)

DEPUTY HOUSTON (CONT'D)
The side door to the garage wasn't
locked. \$800 rifles and a \$2 lock.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
\$800 rifles? Imagine that?

ABBIE
Big box of ammo, a new AK, and a
new Squad GB fully automatic.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Kind the Army is issuing?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Very dangerous weapons!

ABBIE
Worse! The theft happened last
week.

SUSAN
Last week? Why didn't Matt report
it?

ABBIE
Embarrassed. Thought he'd get in
trouble. He was scared. He was a
wreck when I interviewed him.
Legally purchased, but in another
state. Properly registered. We got
the numbers.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I bet Donny does too.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Mr. Madson had no priors. Had 'em
locked up, but not well. Didn't
break any laws. Nothing we can do
but record the guns stolen.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Hard-working guy. Not that bright.

AGENT TOMPKINS
If Donny's got them, you've got to
confiscate those firearms, Deputy!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Judge?

SUSAN
Clumsy, at-risk kleptomaniac with
powerful weapons and a history of
mental illness. If I say no and he
uses them, I'd feel awful.

Susan looks away, worried.

ABBIE
No worse than his victims!

SUSAN
He lives with Maggie Carver. Was
with them there earlier tonight.
Does odd jobs around the ranch.

ABBIE
I bet he does.

Deputy Houston grabs her coat.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
You can all go home. Agent Tompkins
and I will grab Mr. Pruitt and his
firearms, if that's okay, Judge.

Susan nods yes.

SUSAN
I'll sign the order.

Abbie hugs her mom.

Deputy Houston and Agent Tompkins race out, as Ramon stares
at the whiteboard.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Wise decision, Judge, but it's not
Donny!

Abbie and Susan turn to stare at the whiteboard.

SUSAN
What?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Didn't have a rifle that day in the
meadow. Borrowed the AK from Bobby.
Serial numbers track to Bobby and a
dead man. We'll sort that out
later.

Susan looks shocked.

SUSAN

What?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The dead man's gun was illegally modified to be fully automatic.

Susan looks away.

Abbie has an epiphany.

ABBIE

You're right. This means if he stole the rifles from Matt Madson, he already sold them.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He has no alibi for the time of the theft or for either of the two killings.

SUSAN

Two killings?

Ramon points to the burned car photo on the whiteboard.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Our cop was killed for the drugs and weapons he was carrying. The bomb was to cover his tracks.

ABBIE

The weapons?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

FBI found traces of gun oil on the seats, but lots of it in the trunk, and Doc Medina confirmed that tiny traces of the drugs in the vic's car were also laced with fentanyl.

Ramon points to the Mr. Donaldson's photo.

ABBIE

So the same guy killed the former teacher.

Abbie excitedly points to the stolen car with the skunk.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

But across the county, we have the stolen car with the hair clippings and skunk.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
All to hide the DNA of the perp in
both killings.

Ramon hops on the computer, but he can't log on.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Judge, turn your back. Abbie, log
me on and change my password.

ABBIE
But I can't...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I know you hacked my body cam and
uploaded the audio.

Susan is angry and yells.

SUSAN
Preposterous!

Abbie calmly types on Ramon's computer.

ABBIE
Just wanted you to take a stand and
do your job! Enforce the Red Flag
law and all our laws! We don't get
to pick and choose. You said so,
yourself -- all that talk about not
enforcing anti-slavery or women's
right to vote.
(smiles)
You're in! The new password is
protect-and-serve, all one word,
lowercase. You can change it later.

Abbie types in "V-R-B-O," and looks at rentals.

SUSAN
Abbie, you'll have to confess.
You'll never get into law school,
now.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Nope. Our secret! We take it to the
grave. We gotta killer to catch.

Susan has a change of heart.

SUSAN

Okay then, I'll call the
Commissioner and get you
reinstated. You keep my daughter
safe tonight!

Susan kisses Abbie before she starts to exit.

ABBIE

Are you letting me continue as a
Trainee?

SUSAN

I don't think I could stop you. And
you still need a killer essay for
your law school application.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thanks, Judge. I need her to drive,
but I'll keep her safe.

Susan exits.

ABBIE

Got him!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Got who?

ABBIE

V-R-B-O! Harry Truman Donaldson,
Mr. Donaldson's estranged son.
Graduated from M-I-T before turning
into a white nationalist after his
mother's suicide.

(sad)

Do you think he killed his father?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The family moved back east after
the way Mr. Donaldson lost his job
at the high school. Harry blamed
his dad for everything.

ABBIE

Score to settle with his dad?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Maybe the whole town. Let's go!

ABBIE

Where?

Points near the abandoned SUV photo.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Bobby's VRBO. Only two miles from
the abandoned SUV. Let's go!

They race out of the office.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Deputy Houston and Agent Tompkins arrive in separate cars.

They exit their cars with flashlights and pistols drawn.

Racing up behind them is Tammy Chang, who hops out and
readies her tablet computer and portable light for night
filming until Agent Tompkins tries to stop her.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Stay back. The suspect is
considered armed and dangerous.

TAMMY
Stupid and deranged sounds more
like it.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Stay back! That's an order!

Tammy stands her ground and begins taping. They hear a small
window breaking from Maggie's ranch house.

They turn their heads to look.

BAM! They all hear a GUNSHOT and dive to the ground behind
their cars. Tammy's portable light shatters.

They hear Maggie yelling and laughing.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
I always wanted to do that!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Put down your weapon. This is
Deputy Houston.

AGENT TOMPKINS
We just want to talk to Mr. Donny
Pruitt. We know he has no alibi for
the night of the killing.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
You come to take our guns away and
you can't have 'em!

DONNY (O.S.)
You can take mine from my cold dead
hands!

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Shut up, Donny!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Donny Pruitt? Is that you in there?

DONNY (O.S.)
Yes, ma'am.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Shut up, Donny.

Agent Tompkins tries to sneak away from the car and around to the back of the ranch house, but Maggie fires just a few feet in front of him! BAM! He turns around and dives back.

MAGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is private property. In the
family for four generations and
protected by the Second Amendment.
You got a warrant?

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Yes, and we have probable cause,
and we're not leaving without Donny
Pruitt.
(whispers)
I'm calling for backup!

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - SAME TIME

A small rustic cabin in the woods has black plastic covering the windows. A small generator hums behind the cabin.

Ramon, in camouflage hunting clothes, lays perfectly still, looking through night-vision binoculars.

His eyes are a little fuzzy but improving as we see him focus on a fancy electronic doorbell on the old cabin.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Motion-detector doorbell cam.

Abbie is a few feet back, behind a tree, wearing a black athletic suit, and a bullet-proof vest. She looks worried.

Ramon sees that the black plastic on the windows has a few cracks, revealing a light is on in the cabin.

He focuses next on the footpath leading away from the door.

Halfway down the path, Ramon spots a wildlife detection camera. He whispers to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Motion-activated wildlife camera.
Afraid of raccoons, Harry?

He motions for Abbie to back up slowly and quietly.

They retreat to Ramon's patrol car and sneak inside of it.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Who puts a motion-activated
doorbell cam on the door of an old
hunting cabin?

ABBIE
Rental safety feature? Someone who
doesn't want surprise guests?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Exactly! Same for the wildlife
camera on the path to the house.

ABBIE
Both mean he has Wi-Fi. Want me to
hack it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No warrant? Haters aren't listed!

ABBIE
White supremacists should be on the
list, so you're telling me 'Yes.'

Ramon nods 'Yes,' and Abbie pulls out her tablet computer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'm still angry that you posted the
meadow audio.

ABBIE
You should have confiscated the AK-
47 from Crazy Donny right then.
(beat)
I'm in.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Really?

ABBIE

He's got an old P-C with an older camera. Easy as blackberry pie. Do you want to see what Donny's computer camera sees?

Ramon's radio sounds. It's Deputy Houston's voice.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

I repeat. Sheriff, we need immediate backup at the Carver place. Shots fired.

Ramon grabs the radio.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Copy that. On our way!

Abbie tosses the Tablet computer in the back seat and races off.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Abbie races up to the house with lights and siren on, and screeches to a stop.

Ramon shuts off the lights and siren and exits the car angry at Abbie. Tammy catches it all on video.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I said don't elevate the tension, and you come roaring up the road, lights, siren...

ABBIE

What would you do at my age?

DEPUTY HOUSTON

Might want to duck. She's fired at us twice.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You'd both be dead if her eyesight wasn't failing.

AGENT TOMPKINS

She's nuts! And that Donny's our killer and bomber, I bet!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Donny's no killer! I'll handle this.

Ramon puts his Taser in his back belt and struggles to see the path to the house with his dark glasses. He yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Maggie, don't shoot.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Why not?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'm unarmed and can't see worth a damn.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Neither can I, but you can't have my Colt.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I don't want your Colt.

Ramon reaches the door. Tense moments. Tammy can't hear them.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
I'm not leaving without, Donny. We need him to tell us everything he knows about Harry Truman Donaldson.

DONNY (O.S.)
Asshole Nazi. Mean to me, but I'll take his money.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
You're renting your cabin to him. Come with me and let's talk. Stealing the two rifles, and selling 'em to him put us all in danger.

Pause. Tension mounts.

Donny opens the door holding a hunting rifle, but he surrenders his rifle to Ramon and puts his hands up. We hear Tammy from a safe distance away.

TAMMY
We've just witnessed Sheriff Ramon Webbley enforcing the new, voter-approved, Red Flag law for the first time in the State's history!

Ramon begins to lead Donny down the walk to Ramon's car when Maggie appears at the door with her Colt 45.

ABBIE
She's got a gun!

MAGGIE
Donny, you traitor!

Ramon pushes Donny to the side, Maggie fires her pistol and hits Donny in the arm instead of Ramon.

Ramon spins, whips out his Taser, and shoots Maggie in the chest. She collapses to the ground.

Agent Tompkins and Deputy Houston race up to assist Donnie and arrest Maggie.

Tammy tapes Deputy Houston tying a handkerchief to Donny's bleeding arm and leading him and Maggie to her patrol car.

TAMMY
Tammy Chang Live of Channel 8.
We've just witnessed Sheriff Ramon
Webbley risking his life to bring
suspected cop killer, Donny Pruitt,
into custody.

Donny looks at Tammy like she's nuts.

Tammy packs up and heads to her car.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
My work is done here.

After she races away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Don't worry, Donny, she's nuts. You
have the right to remain silent,
and I'd exercise it if I were you.

Donny remains silent.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Officer, can you drop Donny off at
the hospital -- he's not going
anywhere. And book Maggie, who
won't remain silent. I promise!

Maggie scowls at Ramon.

MAGGIE
I was shootin' at the treasonous
Mexican in the blind-guy glasses!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

See what I mean? We need to take
Agent Tompkins with us temporarily
if you don't mind.

DEPUTY HOUSTON

You got it. Meet you back at the
station. Nice work, Webbley.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Abbie races across the county at breakneck speed. No lights
or sirens. Ramon and Agent Tompkins hold on for dear life.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No lights, sirens, or radio.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Are you sure it's him?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Absolutely. I never thought I'd say
this. Step on it, Abbie!

Abbie smiles and steps on the gas.

LATER

Abbie slows down and parks shy of the cabin. Pitch dark. They
exit the car quietly.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Ramon opens the trunk, grabs a pistol from a lock box, and
places his dark glasses in the trunk.

His eyes remain a little fuzzy.

Ramon hands his Taser to Abbie. She frowns.

Agent Tompkins pulls his pistol.

Ramon leads with hand signals and motions for Agent Tompkins
to sneak around to the back of the cabin and cut the
electricity (turn off the generator). He heads back there.

Ramon and Abbie take up positions below the wildlife camera
on the trail.

Ramon uses night-vision binoculars to see that there is still
a light inside.

He motions for Abbie not to move (to stay put).

He still hears the hum of the generator, so he takes a black canvas shopping bag and puts it over the wildlife camera.

He sneaks up on the cabin just shy of the door, before cocking his pistol.

He hears the generator stop, sees the light go out, and charges at the front door with his shoulder.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ramon enters the dark cabin like a SWAT team commander and yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Harry Truman Donaldson, you're
under arrest.

He points his pistol around the room and then checks the kitchen and the tiny bathroom.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
It's clear! We missed him!

Agent Tompkins crashes through the back door, with pistol drawn. He looks around and yells.

AGENT TOMPKINS
No guns! No bomb-making materials!
Nothing! But I heard what sounded
like an old jeep out back right
before you rushed the cabin.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I smell gun oil.
(sniffs the air)
And faint traces of phosphorus.

Agent Tompkins walks over to the old wooden table and feels and smells tiny drops of gun oil.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Right. Gun oil. Lots of it.

Abbie races in the front door of the cabin with her tablet computer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I told you to stay put.

ABBIE

I heard the Agent say no guns.

Abbie shows them her tablet computer.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Screenshot from his computer from
earlier tonight.

AGENT TOMPKINS

How'd you get...? Never mind.

They all see the table was filled with a new AK-47 and a new Squad GB U.S. Army-type fully automatic rifle with 40 rounds of ammo, showing, and a box of ammo to the side.

AGENT TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

And two priority mailing boxes, but
there's only one there now.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Let's go find him!

They hear the generator start-up. The cabin's lights come on.

We see a police scanner, an old PC, and a modem on the table in the corner. The PC display shows an infrared wildlife camera photo of a raccoon.

Ramon turns to Agent Tompkins.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Did you turn off or unplug the
generator?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Turned it off.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Remote control timer! Run!

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ramon pushes Abbie out the door. We see the doorbell camera light up.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Hit the dirt and cover!

Ramon, Abbie, and Agent Tompkins dive to the ground.

The cabin EXPLODES in yellow smoke but doesn't catch fire.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Anyone hurt?

ABBIE
I'm okay.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Fine.

Ramon sniffs the air.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Phosphorus! Run!

They all get up and run to the patrol car. Ramon points to Agent Tompkins' smartphone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Tompkins, call our dispatch office.
Our phones might be hacked.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Dispatch, FBI Agent Tompkins
calling for Sheriff Webbley.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Go ahead.

Ramon grabs Tompkins' phone from him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Put us on radio silence until after
we call you back.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
10-4.

Ramon hands back the phone, pops the trunk, and removes a small transmitter.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
He's known where we are the whole
time, but if he heard that
explosion, he might think he got
us.

ABBIE
Do you know where he's going?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Could be anywhere grocery store,
cinema, anywhere.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

It'll be the high school where his father lost his job, and where his family was ruined. Abbie, we'll leave our phones here.

He sets his phone and his car's transmitter on the side of the road.

ABBIE

I get it.

Abbie sets her phone down next to Ramon's phone. Ramon puts one finger to his lips to indicate silence.

He shuts the trunk and they get into the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

He shuts off the radio and whispers to Abbie.

AGENT TOMPKINS

He can't get into our system. My phone is fine.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Right, and we need you to make some emergency calls for us. Let's go!

The patrol car coasts down the hill.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Abbie, start her up and let her rip.

Abbie roars down the dirt road.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Tompkins, call the fire department's direct line. Tell them it's just smoke, but to send a HAZMAT team, no siren, no radio, no transmitter, up the Roaring River Road you'll see the yellow smoke. Just keep people away from here, and keep it quiet 'til we notify them.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You got it! What's our plan?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We only have an hour before school starts! I'll explain it on the way.

Dawn breaks as Abbie races away.

EXT. SCHOOL ACCESS ROAD - MORNING

Deputy Houston stops the few cars and bicycles heading east toward the school.

EXT. SCHOOL ACCESS ROAD - MORNING

Abbie stops the few cars and bicycles heading west toward the school.

EXT. FOREST HILL - MORNING

Agent Tompkins hikes up a forested hill as quietly as possible behind the shooter.

He stops next to a large tree where he sees Harry Truman Donaldson lying on his stomach ready to fire the army's latest weapon. He doesn't have a clear shot.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Agent Tompkins, FBI! Put down your weapons and surrender. We have full drone support and you're surrounded. There's no escape.

Harry turns to see the tree doesn't fully hide the Agent's torso. His sides are slightly exposed.

Harry pulls an AK 47 from his sweatshirt.

HARRY

(laughs maniacally)

That tree's not going to save you.

Harry cuts loose with a barrage of bullets, hitting the tree many times and the Agent in both sides of his body.

The Agent, bleeding a little from both outside thighs and one hand. The Agent's bullet-proof vest has been hit, but he returns fire, hitting Harry's vest. Harry keeps firing.

The Agent finally collapses to the ground.

Harry is about to finish off the Agent when his AK-47 jams.

Harry tosses it to the side, takes out a 22-caliber pistol from his belt, and aims it at the Agent's head.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shot a skunk at night from twenty yards. This bullet's gonna rattle around that empty black brain of yours like it did that other skunk.

Harry gives the groaning Agent the "upside-down okay" sign with his left hand.

Directly behind Harry, we see Ramon sneaking up quietly and standing over Harry's automatic sniper rifle. His Taser pointed right at Harry's back. Tompkins struggles to speak.

AGENT TOMPKINS

He's wearing a vest.

Ramon sees that Harry is wearing a bullet-proof vest, and he lowers his Taser's aim to Harry's butt.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Not today, cop killer!

But before Ramon can fire the Taser, Harry spins around proudly displaying his bullet-proof vest.

Ramon, eyes still a bit blurry, fires his Taser. One prong lands in Harry's thigh, and one prong lands squarely in Harry's groin.

Harry screams, drops his pistol, and falls flat on his back, in pain, as Ramon administers more shocks.

Ramon races over to kick the pistol away from Harry.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Try standing trial, now, asshole!

Ramon handcuffs Harry with his arms around a tree.

He assists Agent Tompkins, who holds a phone in a bloody hand but looks to be okay.

Ramon grabs the phone and makes the call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Agent down. Send backup, EMTs, and CSI to this location, now!

LATER

Ramon is walking down the hill toward the high school as Deputy Houston and Abbie race to greet him.

An old jeep sits on the side of the road between them.

Deputy Houston keeps walking toward Ramon but Abbie stops to examine the jeep.

She sees a wildlife camera in the front seat with wires leading under the seat.

Ramon can't see inside the jeep but yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Abbie, get away from there!

Abbie dives to the ground just as the incendiary device EXPLODES with yellow smoke.

Ramon races in to lift and carry Abbie to safety.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPER: "SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER"

Ramon wanders in to see Agent Tompkins (slightly injured) with Doc Medina nursing him along, Jimmy, Hannah, Abbie (smiling and wearing dark eye protectors), Susan, and the rest of the cast (but not Bobby), cheer the well-liked Sheriff.

ALL
Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Irish Coffee, Jimmy. Hold the
Irish!

Everyone laughs. Hannah kisses Ramon.

HANNAH
You did it, Ramon. You stood for
something.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(shrugs)
Lunacy? 'Til the next crazy person
with a gun comes along?

Ramon turns to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
How are those eyes of yours?

ABBIE

Bit blurry.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Think you got enough for that law school essay?

ABBIE

Governor announced he's adding all hate groups and automatic weapon owners to the Red Flag law, and any sheriff or Sheriff who doesn't enforce it will be fired immediately!

Everyone is silent. Ramon's eyes open widely and he smiles.

Abbie laughs.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Just kidding!

They all laugh at Ramon's expense as Abbie hugs him. There are smiles all around.

ABBIE (V.O.)

Know what happens when an unstoppable force collides with an immovable object? Absolutely nothing. Stubborn people never change their minds, and the senseless killings go on.

FADE OUT.

THE END