

VIOLENT DEEDS

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*Over 1.2 million violent crimes are committed
annually in the United States...*

...nearly half go unsolved.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PROVIDENCE - DUSK

A bustling shopping district. AN OLD RUSTY VAN passes through, slowing to a crawl.

INT. RUSTY VAN

Rockabilly music on the radio. TWO SHADOWY FIGURES scan the sidewalk. They watch a woman in her 50's with a small dog pass. The driver shakes his head.

As THREE ATTRACTIVE WOMEN exit a trendy bakery, both figures perk up.

DRIVER

Now that's more like it.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

JUSTINE (29), vibrant but with a wistful smile. Casual feminine attire. A glittering engagement ring on her left hand.

By Justine's side, ERIN (30). She has an air of confidence that women envy and men fear.

KAT (28), naturally ebullient, wears cats-eye glasses and sports a Boho-chic fashion sense.

ERIN

Two hours, Justine. Two hours and all we have is a hung jury.

Justine, keeping her smile, shrugs.

KAT

Calm down, Erin.

Kat squeezes between the other two then walks backwards facing them.

KAT

Personally I liked the red-velvet cake with buttercream frosting, but it's up to Justine. Don't worry, we'll find the perfect one.

JUSTINE

Thank you, Kat. Maybe I should promote you to be my maid of honor.

ERIN

No, no. Remember our agreement. Justine will be Kat's Maid of Honor, I'll will be Justine's and Kat will be mine.

JUSTINE

I don't think it's legally binding, counselor. We were just three poor college girls sharing too many cartons of Ben & Jerry's.

ERIN

Be that as it may, I'd be devastated if I wasn't the maid of honor to the best friend I've ever had.

JUSTINE

Aww, OK, I take it back.

Justine opens up her arms and Erin hugs her. Kat hugs them.

JUSTINE

Y'know, I wouldn't even have a wedding without you both standing with me at the altar.

KAT

Sisters before misters.

They resume walking.

OLD RUSTY VAN

The van passenger wearing an army field jacket and wool beanie, exits and follows the women, blending with the crowd. The van pulls out and merges with traffic.

KAT

You and Brian take care of Erin. I'll marry Geoff someday...

Justine and Erin roll their eyes doubtfully.

KAT

It could happen... point is, I'll never get my turn because this one
(MORE)

KAT (CONT'D)
(hooks a thumb at Erin)
is never getting married.

ERIN
Not true. I'm just very selective.

JUSTINE
And you've selected so, so many.

Erin playfully slaps Justine on the shoulder.

A car HONKS repeatedly. The women all turn their heads.

The man following them stops and reads a restaurant's menu to avoid suspicion.

EXT. GEOFF'S PRIUS - DUSK

Across the street, leaning into the driver's side window and laying on the horn, is GEOFF(30). Hispanic. His Carefully-tousled hair, Van-Dyke beard and denim shirt scream Hipster.

He stands and waves "hello" then waves "come on".

KAT
(to Justine)
Comin' to my yoga class tomorrow?

JUSTINE
Wouldn't miss it. Gotta get into wedding gown shape.

ERIN
You've already had that dress taken in once. Could you stop while there's some of it left?

JUSTINE
Hush.

Justine and Erin watch as Kat runs into the street. A car slams on its brakes nearly hitting her.

Kat silently apologizes, finishes crossing the street, kisses Geoff then scampers around to the passenger side and blows a kiss.

Justine and Erin wave back and laugh, link arms and stroll down the street oblivious to the rapid pace of dozens of other shoppers.

The man resumes trailing Justine and Erin.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A quieter side street. Justine tugs on Erin's arm.

ERIN
So what tortures do you still have left?

JUSTINE
Invites are in the mail.

ERIN
Already? Shit, I feel bad for your kids.

JUSTINE
Sounds suspiciously like you haven't finished the bridal invites.

ERIN
Justine, I'm your bridesmaid, not brideslave.

They share an awkward pause.

JUSTINE
I think you maybe on to something.

They laugh, unaware that-

The man observes them from the sidewalk. The van is double-parked nearby.

ERIN
You need to relax about making mistakes. Mark Twain, Bill Gates, Einstein, all dropouts and they turned out OK.

JUSTINE
I'm an army brat. I can't help it. And I need coffee.

Erin looks annoyed and stares at her cell phone.

ERIN
Be quick - I have to meet a client.

JUSTINE
What'd he do?

ERIN
He's innocent.

JUSTINE
Sure he is. Okay, wait for me
outside then.

Justine heads to the door.

INT. HIPSTER COFFEE SHOP

Justine enters still frowning and queues up. Only a couple of people stand ahead of her. She takes a deep whiff and smiles.

She turns and looks

OUT THE WINDOW

Erin talks to the man in the field jacket and wool beanie. She makes theatrical but precise "giving directions" gestures. The man looks intensely studious. Nodding.

BACK TO SCENE

Justine looks amused. The line moves forward. She turns back and moves forward with it.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Justine exits the shop taking an exquisite sip of her take-out cup. Her smile turns to a frown.

JUSTINE
Erin?

Down the street a couple strolls in intimate conversation.

Up the street, in the glow of a streetlight, the old rusty van, it's blinker flashing, turns and disappears.

JUSTINE
Erin! Come on!

The couple down the street pause and look then keep walking.

Justine takes an angry sip. Crosses her arms. Taps her foot.

She pulls out her cell phone. Swipes. Scrolls. Puts the phone to her ear and mutters silent curses. A FAINT RINGING comes from up the street. A vindicated smile comes over her.

Justine marches up the street. The RINGING stops. Justine pauses by a sidewalk trash bin.

JUSTINE
(into the phone)
I heard your cell. Not funny.

She ends the call. Redials. A light flashes from the trash bin. The RINGING resumes, echoing out from the bin.

Justine's face goes slack. The cup slips from her hand.

She plunges her arm into the bin and pulls out the phone, rubs the screen with her shirt.

ON THE SCREEN

Under the text "Justine Calling", a close-up photo of Justine and Erin, cheek to cheek, grinning like fools. Abruptly, the screen changes to a black "MISSED CALL" image.

BACK TO SCENE

Clutching a phone in each hand, Justine frantically scans the street.

JUSTINE
Erin! Erin! ERIN!

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - MORNING

Upscale building. Compact apartments. Balconies. The sun just peeks over the buildings.

SUPER: "EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER"

INT. JUSTINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Spartan. All the warmth of a hotel room. Near the couch is a framed picture of Justine's father in soldier uniform next to two encased medals. A DOOR KNOCK.

JUSTINE (O.S.)
Coming.

Justine comes down the hallway dressed for a day hike. She wears a hobo bag at her hip with the strap crossed over her body and a backpack slung over one shoulder. No engagement ring on her hand. She drops the backpack at the door.

In the doorway stands BRIAN (36), looking like he stepped out of an L.L. Bean Catalog and wears a large hiking pack.

He does a quick scan of Justine, as if expecting the worst then quickly offers a genuine toothy-smile to provide camouflage.

BRIAN
You ready?

JUSTINE
Pretty much.

Brian enters and they share a perfunctory kiss.

BRIAN
Whoa. Place is looking good. Very--

Justine's expression goes from mild to hard in a flash.

JUSTINE
Clean? Empty of crap about Erin?

BRIAN
No, I never said... please, don't start. I just want us to enjoy this trip. Get away from everything.

JUSTINE
Meaning get away from my obsession.

BRIAN
Shit, here we go.

JUSTINE
Go where, Brian?

Brian squeezes his eyes shut, balling a fist by his mouth. He turns away from her.

Recognizing her mistake--

JUSTINE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

BRIAN
This has been hard on everyone, y'know? I can run a whole lab on my own but with this, I need a second set of hands.

She touches his shoulder with her free hand.

JUSTINE
We do need this trip, I know. It's just hard... but I'm trying.

They embrace. He kisses her forehead.

BRIAN

I know you are. This shit takes time.

A CELL PHONE BEEPS. Justine steps away from Brian and pulls her phone from her pocket and glances at it. Texts a reply.

JUSTINE

Kat and Geoff are downstairs.

BRIAN

Wow. She's on time for once?

JUSTINE

Shush. She may be late but she always comes.

BRIAN

That must make Geoff real happy.

JUSTINE

(rolls her eyes)
You are so romantic.

They guffaw. She buries her face in his chest. She looks up with tears in her eyes but smiling.

BRIAN

We better get down there.

JUSTINE

Right. One last pee break.

She trots down the hallway.

INT. JUSTINE'S BEDROOM

Recognizable only as a bedroom because of a bed covered by stacks of newspapers and file boxes.

On one wall, news clippings of Erin's disappearance and other victims, her missing person poster and a sketch of the suspect cover the walls.

Blue yarn connect some clippings to Erin's poster. Red yarn connect clippings to the suspect sketch. An obsessive person's masterpiece.

A large map of the Northeastern United States dominates another wall. Red and blue push pins pepper the map.

A more orderly spray of green pins radiate out from Providence, following the major roads and highways.

Justine enters the bedroom. She scans the clippings, then the map. Sighs.

JUSTINE

I really am trying, Brian.

She takes several new pins, trails her finger along a pristine stretch of highway going through New Hampshire into Maine and small towns like Milton, Ossipee, Fryeburg, Gilead, Rumford, replacing green pins with red ones.

Lastly she presses a green pin into the town of Castor, her next destination.

Justine grabs a stack of Missing Persons posters from the printer and shoves them in her bag then exits the room, shutting off the light and locking the door.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Kat's SUV, a red-colored hybrid, sits near the entrance, Geoff leans against the vehicle doing random stretches. Kat, wearing a Native American-themed dress and a floppy fedora, stands through the opening in the sunroof, gently bouncing.

GEOFF

We're gonna stop and get coffee, right? I'm in quicksand here.

KAT

Nooo. I told you to get one before I picked you up. Justine can't do coffee anymore.

GEOFF

So, we can't do coffee either?

KAT

We can do marriage. How about that?

GEOFF

I can't even face a day without caffeine and you expect me to handle marriage? Plus, I'd never fit in with your trust fund relatives.

Kat smacks him on the top of his head.

KAT

I can't help it if my family is rich. And they hardly speak to me anyway.

GEOFF

Wanna know why?

Geoff hand gestures a TV screen with his face in the center which has a fake enthused expression... ta-da!

KAT

I wish I had a remote so I could turn you off or switch the channel.
(seeing someone)
Hey!

Justine and Brian push through the Condo's entrance doors.

Kat thrusts herself through the sunroof and slides down the windshield and off the hood making her dress ride up to her hips. She stumbles when she lands but stays standing.

Justine and Brian unsling their backpacks.

JUSTINE

Very lady-like, Kat. So graceful.
You really inspire me.

Kat shrieks, rushes to Justine and embraces her.

KAT

Don't act like you haven't missed me.

Brian chuckles. Geoff shakes his head.

BRIAN

Hey, man. Good to see you.

GEOFF

You bet.

As Justine and Kat watch the two guys execute a bro-hug handshake to perfection. The women laugh.

JUSTINE

(deep man-voice)
Kat.

KAT

(deep man-voice)
Justine.

They do an exaggerated bro-hug, keeping their groins as far away as possible.

Brian gives Justine a warning glare.

BRIAN
I think it's time to go.

JUSTINE
Shotgun.

Brian and Geoff share a look of annoyed resignation.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND STATE ROAD - DAY

Kat's SUV weaves through an endless phalanx of trees.

INT. KAT'S SUV - DAY

Kat drives. Justine rides shotgun and stares out the window as Brian massages her shoulders from the backseat. Geoff sits behind Kat, rubs his beard vigorously.

GEOFF
Why are we still on these bumpkin roads?

KAT
It's the best way to see the countryside.

Justine continues looking out the window but--

JUSTINE
It's the fastest route to Flagstaff Lake. This will save us thirty-seven minutes.

They all look at Justine, a little suspicious of her detailed knowledge of the trip.

BRIAN
Yessir.

They all laugh.

KAT
Just like old times. Let's not wait this long before the next adventure, okay?

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Kat's SUV winds its way down.

INT. KAT'S SUV

Geoff drives. Justine and Brian are in the back seat. Her thoughts are miles away.

FLASHBACK - INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

Justine, 12 years old, swims with her wrists duck taped behind her back. She kicks her feet and surfaces for air.

At the pools edge her father, WILLIAM (42) times her with a stop watch.

Justine struggles until she reaches the pool's stairs. Out of breath. William stops the timer.

WILLIAM
Better, still needs work. Turn
around.

William pulls out a hunting knife. He cuts the tape off and she rubs her wrists. He kneels and looks in her eyes.

WILLIAM
Remember sweetie, this world is a
cruel and hostile place. Survival
skills are all you have. Never
trust your enemies, they're just
out to get you.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. KAT'S SUV

Kat, in the passenger seat, glances around, then perks up.

KAT
Oo, another town! Small town, ho!

EXT. CASTOR - DAY

Nestled in the forested hillside, a postcard-perfect bygone example of a small New England town where the brilliant white Church spire is the tallest structure.

INT. KAT'S SUV

Justine sits up looking between the front seats.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A sign reads "Welcome to the town of CASTOR: The Way It Was Supposed To Be". The text encircles a heraldic shield with two horses acting as supporters for the shield. The twin riders of the horses carry spears that cross at the top.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff offers a dismissive nod.

BRIAN

"The way it was supposed to be?"
Wonder what that means. Separate
water fountains? Women can't vote?

KAT

This place is cute.

JUSTINE

I could use a bathroom break.

GEOFF

Shocking.

JUSTINE

And I'm hungry.

BRIAN

Yeah, I could eat too.

KAT

Besides, Rosie needs some yummy
gas. Don't you baby?

Geoff SIGHS. Kat pats the dashboard, looks at her hands.

KAT

Anyone got hand sanitizer?

JUSTINE

Yeah, I got some in my bag...

Justine looks around her seating area.

KAT

Oh, your bag's up here. I got it.

Kat opens the bag and probes. Justine lurches forward.

JUSTINE
I can get it for you.

Kat partially pulls out a sheaf of Erin's posters then quickly shoves them back in. She shoots Justine a look.

Justine shakes her head pleadingly.

BRIAN
What's... up?

JUSTINE
Um, it's...

Kat pulls out a bottle of hand sanitizer.

KAT
The sanitizer is country apple and she knows I prefer cucumber melon.

BRIAN
Oh. I'll take some. It's all alcohol to me.

Brian sticks his hand out, Kat squirts in some sanitizer.

GEOFF
Yeah, hook me up.

Kat gives Geoff a shot in his palm and looks at Justine.

KAT
Justine?

Justine sticks out her hand and Kat gives her a dollop.

JUSTINE
Thank you.

Kat gives her a stern look that turns sad. She hands Justine her bag. Justine takes it and retreats to the corner and stares out the window.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Kat's SUV rolls down a perfectly maintained and manicured road. On one side, a school playground. On the other, a line of houses with only American vehicles in the driveways.

On the school yard, several kids, faces streaked black and dressed in camouflage run an obstacle course with precision. Strange...

INT. KAT'S SUV - DAY

All four of them observe their surroundings.

JUSTINE

That is NOT approved play for recess. Where are the teachers?

KAT

Right? What happened to playing tag?

GEOFF

They do things different in these backwoods towns. They use shotgun shells as pacifiers.

Geoff reaches in his pocket and pulls out his phone. He takes a dutch shot picture of the kids then pockets his phone.

BRIAN

It's like an auto show out there. Those cars are classics.

KAT

Gas-guzzling dinosaurs you mean.

A police SIREN WHOOPS. Justine turns around and sees the cruiser following.

JUSTINE

What did you do?

Looking into the rearview mirror.

GEOFF

Do? Shit. I didn't do anything.

KAT

Just pull over. Be cool.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Kat's SUV pulls to the side and a Cruiser pulls behind. The door swings open. A large officer steps out. This is:

CONSTABLE WIEGAND (50) has an imposing former body-builder physique, though his six-pack has turned into a pony keg.

He looks resplendent in his pressed and starched uniform. He fastidiously adjusts his matching campaign hat and strides to

INT. KAT'S SUV

Geoff watches Constable Wiegand approach in his side-mirror.

GEOFF
Christ, he's the size of a bear.

Constable Wiegand raps on the driver's window. Geoff rolls down the window.

EXT./INT. KAT'S SUV

Geoff and Justine tilt their heads to look up at him. Kat leans over slightly. Brian stays stock-still.

GEOFF
Morning, officer. What seems to be the trouble?

Constable Wiegand sucks his teeth as he takes in the vehicle.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Constable. Chief Constable Wiegand.
And it's afternoon.

Constable Wiegand leans and locks eyes with each passenger. He finishes with Justine and lingers then looks up.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
This a rice burner?

GEOFF
Wh-what?

KAT
It's a hybrid. Constable. Sir.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
One of them E-Lectric cars, huh?

KAT
Sometimes?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Sometimes. That why you only sometimes stop at stop signs?

GEOFF
I ran through a sign?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Sure did. Red. Eight-sides. Same
here as it is in China.

GEOFF
I'm not Chinese.

Justine leans forward and subtly whacks Geoff on the head.

JUSTINE
We're very sorry, Constable.

Constable Wiegand looks at her like a new species of bug.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
What's your business here?

GEOFF
We're just stopping--

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
I was addressing the young lady.

Constable Wiegand makes a rolling-down gesture. Justine rolls down her window. He keeps his gaze on her.

JUSTINE
We were hoping to get some gas.
Maybe a bite to eat.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
That sounds fine. Tell you what,
I'm going to let you off with a
warning. Now, for your gas go to
Pop's Service Station. For food,
you can't ask for better than the
Castor Diner. Be careful at Pop's
though. He's a randy old coot. Got
an eye for pretty ladies. Roman
hands and Russian fingers.

He looks somberly at Justine and Kat and waggles his fingers.

BRIAN
Thank you, sir. Will do.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Just go up the road a piece. Make a
right at the light. Can't miss it.
Stop if it's red, though.

Constable Wiegand winks and tips his hat, walks off.

INT. KAT'S SUV

They all stare at one another. Then laugh nervously.

BRIAN
Drive before he changes his mind.

GEOFF
I'm going.

Geoff starts the car.

EXT. POP'S SERVICE STATION - DAY

Like the town, the pumps seem from another time but well-kept. Kat's SUV sits beside one. They exit the vehicle.

GEOFF
I'm done driving. She's all yours.

Kat nods distracted, looking at Justine.

GEOFF
OK. Hey, man. You want to pump
while I take a piss?

BRIAN
It's my dream.

Brian walks to the pump as Geoff heads around back.

KAT
We'll meet you guys at the Diner. I
think I can just see it.

BRIAN
You're gonna walk?

KAT
Yeah. Stretch our legs. Window
shop. Besides, I think Pop is going
to pop...
(gestures at the garage)
Oh, crap.

POP (78) with grizzled fly-away hair and dressed in stained coveralls, walks toward them. He stares avidly at the women as he chews on a piece of beef jerky and repeatedly scratches his crotch with his free hand.

JUSTINE
Well, that's delightful.

Pop licks his lips and sucks on his teeth.

POP
What can I do for you pretty
ladies?

JUSTINE
I'll tell you what you can do--

Brian steps in front of Justine.

BRIAN
Ah, yes. Sir, hi. Pop is it? Do you
have any Moxie cola?

Pop looks with disappointment over at Justine.

POP
Uh, yeah. I got some in the cooler.

Brian gestures and he and Pop walk back to the garage.

Justine stares at Pop. Kat tugs on Justine's arm, pulling her
away.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Remarkably clean. A few locals walk the street. They all seem
to be smiling. An elderly woman exits a store with a large
parcel and a young man passing by immediately assists her.

Kat eyes Justine as they walk. Justine catches it.

JUSTINE
So, what's with this town? Kids in
an obstacle course. The cop letting
us off. That creepy Pop... did you
see the way he was looking at me?

Kat tugs Justine's arm again and they stop.

KAT
Yeah, crazy. What are you doing?

JUSTINE
Kat... It's nothing.

KAT
No, this is a big deal. The way
you've been since... what happened
with your job. Living off your
savings. Canceling the wedding.
Erin wouldn't have wanted this.

JUSTINE

Don't talk about her in the past tense! You can't understand.

KAT

That's not fair. I know I was kinda the third wheel with you guys but that doesn't mean--

JUSTINE

No. No, Kat. That's not what I meant. She disappeared when she was with me. And I tampered with the abductor's fingerprints by grabbing her phone from the...

(fighting her emotions)

I owe it to her to find her. It's what she'd do for me.

KAT

Of course. I know that. But she'd also want you to keep living your life, not live isolated. I know Brian misses you.

JUSTINE

Misses? I see him all the time. What did he say? How could he--

KAT

Because I miss you too.

They stare at each other, eyes filled with tears.

KAT

Can you try? This weekend? For us?

JUSTINE

(nodding)

I'll try. Our secret?

Justine kisses her finger tips then presses the hand to her chest. Kat mimics the gesture. They laugh.

KAT

OK. Now, let's shop before the guys get too antsy. Shopping makes Kat happy.

JUSTINE

Then Kat should turn around.

Kat turns and sees a glass window with "THE BIBLIOTAPH: Rare & Vintage Books". She squeals with delight.

INT. BIBLIOTAPH - DAY

A bell at the top of the door rings as Justine and Kat enter.

Shelves upon shelves of books but with the orderly appearance of a library. Many editions sit behind glass protection.

Kat gapes as Justine inhales deeply.

JUSTINE

I love the smell of old books.

KAT

Right? I'm having a nose-gasm.

MARGARET, 55, strides down an aisle with the bearing of a grand dame of the silver screen, in a grey pencil skirt and a dusty rose ruffle blouse.

MARGARET

Hello, I am Margaret. Is there a title you are searching for?

Margaret steeples her hands in front of her chest.

JUSTINE

Hi, I'm Justine...

KAT

I'm Kat. We're grazing but I love to buy a book when I'm on a trip. It's so much better than a postcard.

MARGARET

Indeed it is. What a lovely tradition. Graze away. I pride myself on having something for everyone and I have numerous first editions.

Margaret starts to turn away when--

JUSTINE

Um, would you have a copy of "Diving into the Wreck"? It's a book of poetry by--

MARGARET

Adrienne Rich. 1973. An... impassioned collection. The title piece is positively haunting.

JUSTINE

Y-yes.

Margaret peruses the shelves.

MARGARET

National Book Award for Poetry
winner. Shared it with Ginsberg's
"The Fall of America" I believe.

Kat mouths "wow" to Justine.

Margaret comes toward them, a hardcover book held in both
hands like a supplicant with a sacrificial offering.

Justine takes the book solemnly with both hands.

MARGARET

Are you a collector? An admirer?

JUSTINE

An admirer. Though, my friend, Rich
was... is her favorite.

Kat squeezes Justine's shoulder.

JUSTINE

I was partial to Anne Sexton. I had
planned to teach both of them to my
American Literature students but--

MARGARET

Oh, you are a teacher? What stopped
you? School board censors?

Margaret returns to the stacks. Takes a book and returns.

JUSTINE

No... No. I... let's say I'm on
sabbatical.

MARGARET

Let us say that. And while we say
that, may I show you this. Another
first edition.

Margaret hands Justine the book. Justine looks in awe.

JUSTINE

"Live or Die". Sexton's most famous-

MARGARET

1966 Pulitzer prize winner. Did you know she committed suicide the very month that Rich was announced as a National Book Award finalist? No connection but surely a curiosity.

JUSTINE

How much?

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Justine and Kat walk down the street. Both clutch twisted handle paper bags weighed down with books.

JUSTINE

That Margaret was like a walking Google search for books.

KAT

So, basically, a librarian.

JUSTINE

I guess...

EXT. CASTOR DINER - DAY

A sparkling Art Deco structure. Kat's SUV sits in the parking lot. Kat and Justine head up the walk to the door when Justine stops and pats her hobo bag.

JUSTINE

Don't tell Brian how much I spent on the books. He thought I spent too much money when I was working.

Justine pats her hobo bag and looks distressed.

KAT

Sure. As long as you don't tell Geoff I bought the Irish Language edition of Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone. He's such a muggle about-- what's wrong?

JUSTINE

I think I left my wallet.

KAT

Oh, no. Are you sure? I saw you--

JUSTINE
I'll run back and get it. Order me
a... a lemonade.

Justine jogs off and turns a corner.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Justine jogs down the street. Slows. She turns, breathing heavily. She pulls out one of Erin's Missing Person posters and attaches it to a light pole. Eyes closed, she sighs.

JUSTINE
I'm sorry guys.

Justine runs across the street and puts a poster on another light pole. She looks back in the direction of the diner and runs back. At the corner, she composes herself then walks.

The poster of Erin flutters in the wind. A hand tears it off.

INT. CASTOR DINER - DAY

The Art Deco sensibility continues with sparkling red and white upholstery and shining chrome. 50's music in the B.G.

Justine enters and sees among more traditional items, strange tchotchkes hang on the wall: a severed mummified hand under plastic, a noose, a Gadsen "Don't Tread On Me" Flag, a framed print of "The Siege of Alamut". She frowns then sees:

Brian waving from a booth. Kat and Geoff turn and see her.

She heads over and slips into the booth next to Brian.

BRIAN
You found it?

JUSTINE
Found... oh, yeah. Safe and sound.

She pats her bag.

JUSTINE
Did you guys order?

GEOFF
Order? We finished. It was
delicious. Waiting for the check.

Kat laughs and pushes Geoff on the shoulder.

BRIAN

Yeah, that's why I asked about your wallet. You got this, right?

Justine gives a "what I have to deal with" head shake.

DENISE, 42, in a classic waitress outfit, wears a world-weary expression. Her name tag reads: "DENISE".

DENISE

Hey, folks. Can I get you something to drink while you look it over?

GEOFF

Just the check, please... Denise.

Denise raises an eyebrow.

Brian points to himself, then Justine, then Kat and Geoff.

BRIAN

Water no-ice, lemonade, iced tea, and a root beer for the comedian.

DENISE

Ayuh, be back in a minute.

Denise walks off.

GEOFF

Dude, you think we're that predictable?

BRIAN

When under stress, people seek comfort. The familiar. Like any animal. In your case, root beer.

JUSTINE

The stress of ordering lunch?

KAT

Did he just call us animals?

BRIAN

Menu anxiety is a thing and technically we are animals.

JUSTINE

I always thought when you ordered for me you were being sweetly chauvinistic not treating me like one of your lab rats.

KAT
A rat? I couldn't be more offended.

BRIAN
Just observing and I only use mice.

GEOFF
Wait, so if I order a vanilla coke,
it disproves your theory.

BRIAN
No, that's only a pattern interrupt
not a... look, does anyone want to
order something different?

Justine and Kat look away. Geoff holds Brian's gaze then...

GEOFF
No.

Satisfied, Brian opens his menu. The others do the same.

INT. CASTOR DINER - DAY

The remains of their lunch lay scattered on the table as they
pick at the scraps. Geoff stands up.

GEOFF
I have to go make a deposit in the
Castor sewer system.

KAT
Gross. Please Lord, let there be
separate bathrooms.

Kat stands to join Geoff and stumbles into his arms. He
laughs and looks at Justine.

GEOFF
What about you?

JUSTINE
Nah, I'm good. I'll wait until it's
inconvenient and annoying.

GEOFF
I knew girls did that on purpose!

Kat, chuckling, pushes Geoff toward the restrooms.

BRIAN
Man, for a diner, that was a good
meal. This is just what we needed.

Justine lazily draws a french fry through a pool of ketchup.

JUSTINE

Yeah. It's nice. Though the stuff
on the walls is kinda... I dunno.

She chews on the fry as she looks at the tchotchkes. Brian
turns and notices them.

BRIAN

Shotgun shells for pacifiers,
right? We're almost out of here
anyway.

Justine freezes when she notices someone.

ARTHUR (36) enters the diner. Weathered-features. Solid
build. He wears a baseball cap and an old army field jacket.

MIKE (44) sitting at the counter, raises his hand.

MIKE

Arthur! Cop a squat over here.

Arthur leans on the counter, slaps Mike on the back.

ARTHUR

Hey, Mike. Not staying. Got Denise
packing me a sack. Things to do
today. Things to do.

Justine's mouth hangs open.

BRIAN

What is it? Justine?

JUSTINE

It... it's him. I think it's him.

BRIAN

Him who? Where are you--

Justine stands and exits the diner quickly. Clumsily covering
her face as she passes Arthur.

Brian stares in shock then rushes after her.

EXT. CASTOR DINER - DAY

Justine stands by a shrub clutching her stomach as if she
just threw up. Brian exits and goes to her side.

BRIAN

What's wrong? Are you OK?

JUSTINE

The man that just came in. Arthur.
I'm almost sure he's the one I saw
with Erin.

BRIAN

God, please don't start. It's been
over a year. Shit, you said you
barely saw him then!

JUSTINE

His jacket. It IS the same.

BRIAN

There are millions of those.

JUSTINE

Damn it, it looks just like him!

Justine reaches into her bag, rummages, pulls out a poster
with a drawing of the suspect. She shoves it in his face.

JUSTINE

See!

Brian grabs the paper, glances at then crunches it.

BRIAN

Why do you have this?

He shoves his hand into Justine's bag, she tries to pull away
but he comes back with a handful of posters.

BRIAN

What the hell, Justine? You
promised.

Justine snatches the posters back. Shakes them. Several fall.

JUSTINE

This is all I have left. I have to
do this!

BRIAN

That's ALL you have? Really? I...
you know what? I can't do THIS
anymore.

Brian fans his arms in a wide arc and turns away. Justine
looks at him then kneels to pick up the fallen posters.

JUSTINE
Maybe you shouldn't.

They trade looks, the implication lingers...

Geoff and Kat exit the diner.

GEOFF
Thanks for sticking us with the
check. If you're going to dine and
dash, it's customary to tell--

Kat puts a hand on Geoff's chest silencing him.

KAT
What happened?

Brian, with a sad and disgusted look, shakes his head.

BRIAN
This whole trip is bullshit. She's
still obsessing about Erin, of
course.

Justine, on her knees, shoves more posters into her bag.

JUSTINE
That man in there. The one in the
army jacket. He looks just like the
guy that took her.

GEOFF
You're shitting me.

KAT
C'mon, honey, get up. Let's not do
this here.

Kat helps Justine to her feet.

INT. KAT'S SUV - DAY

Kat sits in back with Justine, an arm around her shoulders.
Brian sits at the wheel, looking out the window. Geoff twists
in his seat to face the women.

GEOFF
Well, what are we supposed to do?
Find our good buddy, Constable
Wiegand, and say, 'hey, can you
arrest one of your townspeople?
Because we think he's a kidnapper.
Why?

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

He kinda looks like a crappy sketch we have and he has an army jacket. Yes, just like the ones you can find in any military surplus store across the country. So, should we just go fuck ourselves now or...?

KAT

What else is there to do? It's the only sensible--

Justine pulls away from Kat.

JUSTINE

No, fuck the police. I've given them plenty of leads and they haven't moved a finger.

BRIAN

Maybe because they know PTSD when they see it.

JUSTINE

Fuck you too, Brian!

Justine kicks repeatedly at his seat.

BRIAN

Whoa, stop!

Kat gathers a struggling Justine into her arms. Geoff sits up in his chair.

GEOFF

I hate to interrupt this touching scene but Ted Bundy is leaving.

They all turn to look...

EXT. CASTOR DINER

Arthur, carrying a paper bag, walks down the entry way to the parking lot.

INT. KAT'S SUV - DAY

Justine stretches over Kat and stares out the window.

JUSTINE

We have to follow him!

They see Arthur climb into a pickup truck.

KAT

So we stalk him and then what? I don't see--

GEOFF

You said you saw a piece of shit van that night. Well, that's a piece of shit pickup.

JUSTINE

He can't have more than one car?

BRIAN

Screw it, we'll follow him. For all the good it will do. I just want this over with.

EXT. CASTOR DINER - DAY

Arthur's pickup pulls out of the parking lot. Keeping a distance, Kat's SUV follows.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

A lonely stretch surrounded by trees. Arthur's pickup leads Kat's SUV by a hundred yards.

The pickup turns down a dirt-road driveway leading to a farmhouse. Kat's SUV continues on the main road.

INT. KAT'S SUV - DAY

Justine turns around in the backseat and looks out the window.

JUSTINE

Where are you going? He turned.

BRIAN

It was a driveway! Hold on.

Brian scans the road.

GEOFF

Over there.

Geoff points and Brian turns the wheel. LEAVES and GRAVEL CRUNCH under the wheels.

KAT

Now what do we do?

GEOFF

This is not how I wanted to spend
this weekend...

JUSTINE

We find evidence. Clues. Anything.

KAT

Clues? What are we? Scooby-Doo?

GEOFF

Dibs on Fred!

KAT

Dude, you're obviously Shaggy.

Geoff starts to protest.

JUSTINE

This isn't a joke!

KAT

Sorry.

BRIAN

Yeah. You're right. It's not a
joke. What you're suggesting is
trespassing and probably a lot
worse.

JUSTINE

Fine. You guys go. Have fun.

Justine exits and slams the door. Kat, Brian, and Geoff look
at each other and...

BRIAN

Shit.

They reach for the doors.

EXT. SECLUDED TURNOUT - DAY

A clearing concealed from the road by a stand of trees. Kat's
SUV, sits on an overgrown path. Justine marches toward the
end of the clearing leading deeper into the woods.

Three doors on the SUV fly open. Kat, Brian, and Geoff exit.

KAT

Justine wait.

Justine stops. She slowly turns.

BRIAN

I didn't say I wouldn't help but we should know what we're getting into.

Justine trudges back.

Brian offers his hand, Justine takes it.

BRIAN

We check it out. Nothing crazy. If we see anything, we tell the cops. No Liam Neeson shit.

Justine nods and shows a small smile.

KAT

Should we bring protection? I think we both have pepper spray, right?

She looks at Justine. Justine nods.

BRIAN

I said nothing crazy but I guess...

Geoff walks to the SUV and pops the back. He rummages and comes back with a tire iron and a sheathed hunting knife. He hands the tire iron to Brian and clips the knife to his belt.

KAT

You brought that? I thought you were joking.

GEOFF

You gotta have a knife when you go camping.

JUSTINE

C'mon.

Justine walks toward the forest. Kat catches up to her. They enter. Brian slaps the tire iron in his hand and shakes his head, then starts walking. Geoff brings up the rear.

EXT. EDGE OF ARTHUR'S PROPERTY - DAY

Justine, Brian, Kat and Geoff stand in a few trees and see...

Arthur's Farmhouse, two-story, white and weathered. His pickup sits in the driveway near the front porch. Further down the driveway, stands a separate barn-garage.

BRIAN
OK, Geoff and I will--

JUSTINE
No, I'm going.

BRIAN
Justine and I will scope it out.
You guys keep a look out.

KAT
Oh, cell phones on vibrate.

Everyone pulls out and clicks their cell phones.

Crouching, Brian and Justine jog into the field. Kat bites on her fist and Geoff puts an arm around her as they watch.

EXT. ARTHUR'S PICKUP - DAY

Justine and Brian come up to the pickup and crouch by the cab. They slowly rise and peer

TOWARD THE HOUSE

Nothing moves until a figure walks by a window.

Justine and Brian duck down.

JUSTINE
I don't think he saw us.

Brian manages another look. Slides down.

BRIAN
Yeah, don't think so.

A METALLIC SQUEAK and Brian jumps as Justine opens the pickup truck door. She snakes her way inside. Brian keeps peering toward the house. The GLOVE COMPARTMENT LATCHES shut. She slithers back out and presses the door closed.

JUSTINE
Nothing. Just his registration. His name is Arthur Strickland.

Brian nods at the barn. Justine confirms. They move.

EXT. EDGE OF ARTHUR'S PROPERTY - DAY

Kat and Geoff stare with dreadful fascination.

GEOFF

The fuck are they doing? This is so
incredibly stupid.

Kat, hands clasped in front of her mouth, shakes her head.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Brian and Justine get to the barn. He pulls the door open
just enough and they slip inside then close the door.

INT. BARN - DAY

Dust motes float between the alternating stark light and
shadows.

Along the walls, on shelves and hooks, an assortment of
chemicals, paint cans, and tools.

In the center: a new high-roof white cargo van with a
fiberglass ladder mounted on the roof.

Justine gasps as sees the van. Brian's face shows disbelief.

JUSTINE

Oh-my-god. Brian. It's got to be...

BRIAN

You said the van was old. This one--

Justine surges forward and hauls open the sliding side door.

BRIAN

Justine!

Brian turns and looks out the crack of the door then back.

Justine peers in the van, using the flashlight on her
cellphone. Brian joins her.

INT. VAN

Rubberized walls and flooring and a bulkhead partition with
an access door.

In a corner, bungee cords hold a roll of plastic sheeting.
Next to the sheeting, a self-stacking storage bin-rack
extends nearly the full height of the van. Several sturdy eye
hooks depend from the ceiling.

Brian steps inside, followed by Justine. They both use their cell flashlights. She fingers the eye hooks.

JUSTINE

What would you use these for?

Brian, examining the bins, doesn't look over. He opens the bottom drawer. Takes a pic with his cell phone.

BRIAN

Hang stuff, I guess. I don't know.
Hmm. Bleach. Ammonia. Dran-O.

JUSTINE

What?

Brian opens another bin as Justine joins him. He takes a pic.

The bin contains duct tape, zip-ties, super glue, expanding spray foam, and rope. He shoves it closed and opens another to reveal pliers, a hammer, and a box-cutter, a box of surgical gloves and safety goggles. He closes it.

BRIAN

It's weird stuff but nothing
shocking for a handyman...

They stare down as he opens another drawer. They exchange a look. Brian pulls out a STUN GUN. He triggers it and the spark leaps across the electrodes.

Justine pockets her cell phone and takes the stun gun from him and stares at it with fascination.

JUSTINE

Why would he have this?

BRIAN

He's not unclogging a sink with it.
That's for sure.

Justine turns, facing the opposite wall of the van. She cocks her head.

Mounted on the wall, a rolled-up pull down map.

She pulls it down and her eyes pop wide.

MEMORY FLASH - JUSTINE'S BEDROOM

A map of the Northeastern United States covered in push pins.

INT. VAN

A map of New England covered in permanent marker dots. Brian shines his flashlight on the map.

BRIAN

What do those dots mean? Places he visited? Jobs?

JUSTINE

Yeah... jobs.

Initials are scribbled next to each dot.

She traces a finger on the map, so much like hers. Blue dots, green dots, red dots. Her finger stops on Providence. A red dot. Next to it are the initials "EM". She trades looks with Brian.

Brian takes a photo of the map. Justine tugs down on the map to roll it back when her CELL PHONE BUZZES. She yelps. The map rolls up with a bang. She stares at Brian in horror.

EXT. EDGE OF ARTHUR'S PROPERTY - DAY

Kat stands next to Geoff. Her cell phone pressed to her face.

KAT

Pick up. Pick up!

Geoff runs his fingers through his hair.

EXT. ARTHUR'S YARD - DAY

Arthur ambles toward the barn, halfway from the house.

IN THE VAN

Justine fumbles out her phone. Brian waves "hurry up" with his hands.

JUSTINE

What?

IN THE WOODS

Kat stares, eyes-bulging, toward the house.

KAT

He's coming. Get out!

Kat puts down her cell and takes Geoff's hand.

IN THE YARD

Arthur continues toward the barn.

IN THE BARN

Brian gently closes the side door of the van. He looks around and grips Justine by the shoulders.

IN THE WOODS

Kat buries her head in Geoff's chest.

OUTSIDE THE BARN

Arthur grabs the barn door and heaves it open.

INT. BARN - DAY

Arthur enters. He looks toward the van and smiles. He walks slowly around the front of the van.

ARTHUR
There you are.

Arthur reaches out and...

Removes a hammer from its place on the wall. Arthur chuckles and walks out of the barn, closing the door.

On top of the van, Brian and Justine lay flat on the roof.

EXT. SECLUDED TURNOUT

Brian, Kat, and Geoff stand by the SUV. Justine stands apart, on her cellphone.

GEOFF
That was crazy, man!

KAT
I almost peed my pants!

BRIAN
Yeah, I didn't breathe the whole time.

KAT
I'm still not!

Justine walks up.

JUSTINE
(on cell)
Yes, we're at a turnout, just past
the property entrance... Yes... We
will... Thank you.
(puts phone in pocket)
They should be here soon.

GEOFF
Who, the cops? Are you fucking
insane? That shit was illegal.

JUSTINE
Who cares, so long as we nail the
asshole.

GEOFF
So, is it him?

BRIAN
(conflicted)
No blood or bodies. But some stuff
was weird...

JUSTINE
Couldn't you see it, though? Who
keeps a big map? There was a dot on
Providence. And lots of other
towns. It's almost just like mine.

GEOFF
Yours?

Brian looks distressed. Kat comforts him with a pat.

JUSTINE
I've been tracking disappearances
for a while. I have a lot more
marks on mine but, I'd swear most
of his are the same.

BRIAN
So you still have it? I didn't
see... your bedroom. You moved it
all in there didn't you?

JUSTINE
Fuck, Brian. Can you just stop? Why
did he have this--

Constable Wiegand's cruiser pulls into the turnout and parks in a way that blocks the SUV.

KAT

He got here awfully fast.

GEOFF

What else has he got to do?

EXT. SECLUDED TURNOUT - SOON AFTER

Constable Wiegand jots in his notebook.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

So you believe Arthur kidnapped your friend Erin McAlister... Is she on his property?

JUSTINE

I-- Well, I don't know. It was a year and a half ago. But I saw a man that looked like him then and he has this van in his barn.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Oh, yes, He's very proud of his new van. Says even a big man like me could stand in it without bending.

BRIAN

Wait, did you say a new van, Officer? How new?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Constable. Yes, he bought it about six months ago and customized it real nice.

Brian shoots a look at Justine who is wide-eyed.

JUSTINE

I'll say he customized it. It's a Kidnapper's Special. He's got rope, duct tape, plastic sheeting, zip-ties, cleaning chemicals...

BRIAN

Where's the old van?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Junked for all I know. Look here, Arthur is a handyman.

(MORE)

CONSTABLE WIEGAND (CONT'D)

I know in the Big City, where
immigrants like your friend there
clean your houses, you might not
realize what it takes--

GEOFF

Hey, offense.

JUSTINE

Oh and he has this map that has
marks all over it that I think are
locations of abductions. He had
Providence circled. Where Erin was
last seen. Why would a Maine
caretaker have a job there?

Constable Wiegand looks exceedingly bored. Brian sees it.

BRIAN

I understand your doubts,
Constable. You're speaking my
language. But, given her
identification and the evidence we
found and the timing of the new
van... it's at least possible. In
my line of work we use something
called Bayesian inference to update
a hypothesis and--

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Bayesian... hypothesis?

BRIAN

In your work, it's having evidence
to at least search his property or
locate that old van.

JUSTINE

We have pictures!

Constable Wiegand's eyebrows go up.

Justine excitedly holds up her phone. Brian does the same.

JUSTINE

Those are Erin's initials next to
Providence.

Constable Wiegand pockets his notebook and makes a "may I"
gesture and takes the phones in one hand and gives them a
cursory glance then drops them in his pocket.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
So let me see if I have this
straight. You go on vacation and
just happen to find a person
matching the kidnapper's
description in our tiny town three
hundred miles away?

He looks at Justine. She nods.

JUSTINE
It didn't just happen. Once I
refocused my search to clusters of
similar crimes it reduced the
possible towns by ninety percent,
which led me here. Castor is the-

Constable Wiegand holds up a hand.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
So, instead of notifying law
enforcement, you follow him to his
home. Sneak onto his property. Go
into his barn and find all this...
evidence... in his van.

JUSTINE
That's it exactly, Constable. Sir.
I've already been given the cold
shoulder by the police. I didn't
want to go through it again.

BRIAN
She's right. We needed to have
something before calling you.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Right. That is very troubling.

He takes his shoulder radio.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Dispatch, this is Wiegand. I'm at
the scene. It's a definite Code
Zero. Requesting backup.

Justine takes Brian's hand. Kat claps silently.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Let's have you all stand over here
while we take care of this.

Constable Wiegand ushers them to a spot next to his cruiser.

Geoff stays back and takes a high angle picture of the police cruiser with his phone.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Drop the phone, son.

GEOFF
Just a sec. It's for my album.

Geoff lowers the phone to stomach level, takes a low angle picture of Arthur's house through the woods.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
So, that's how you want it? I'll
give you something for your album.

Constable Wiegand draws his sidearm and FIRES. The top half of Geoff's phone explodes.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Now, I believe I said to drop it.

Geoff stares wide eyed then looks down. His phone blown in half. The remains slip from his hand revealing a rose of blood blooming on his shirt. He drops to his knees.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
That wasn't so difficult, was it?

KAT
Geoff!

JUSTINE
No!

Kat crawls to Geoff.

Constable Wiegand strides toward the SUV and shoots out a front tire. Pivots. Shoots a rear tire. Redirects his aim at the group.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Yeah, it's a big day for all of
you. Here's the deal: You're all
under arrest and I don't want any
trouble out of you.

BRIAN
What is this shit?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

This shit is you people confessing to stalking one our citizens, then committing trespassing and breaking and entering. And I'd appreciate it if you toned down your language.

GEOFF

(grimaces)

Kat... and I didn't do anything.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

You were accessories.

Justine shakes her head, tears rolling down her cheeks.

JUSTINE

No, no. This was me. I made them do it. Don't arrest them, he needs a doctor. Please.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

That's noble of you little lady. You have more guts than your hippie amigo. But laws and regulations were broken by all of you. Now, I want all of you down on your knees and your hands behind your head.

As Constable Wiegand pivots- Brian collides with him, causing him to fire wild and drop the gun. Constable Wiegand staggers. Brian keeps coming, throwing a punch into his jaw. Brian hops up and down and cradles his hand.

BRIAN

Fuck! Shit!

Constable Wiegand grabs Brian's injured hand, pivoting and twisting it behind his back then puts on a choke hold.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Punching bone hurts a lot more than they show on the TV doesn't it?

He wrenches Brian's arm forcing a wheezing cry from Brian.

Constable Wiegand goes rigid, shaking, spit frothing. He releases Brian and falls to the ground. Behind him, Justine holds the stun gun, the arc crackling for a second more.

Brian holds his injured arm to his chest. She pats his back as he coughs and spits.

BRIAN

Thanks.

He picks up Wiegand's pistol. Kat kneels by Geoff who sits against the SUV.

KAT

Help me! He's dying!

Justine rushes over and Brian lumbers behind.

GEOFF

I'm not dying. But, holy shit, I've been shot. He shot me. Me...

BRIAN

We'll get him help but we can't stay here.

KAT

Can you, baby?

Geoff nods, putting an arm around her neck. Brian takes his other arm with his good hand and they get Geoff to his feet.

JUSTINE

We're not going anywhere in Rosie.

Constable Wiegand groans and starts to move. Distant SIRENS announce more cruisers are coming.

BRIAN

The woods. Other side of the road!

They limp across the road and disappear into the trees.

EXT. SECLUDED TURNOUT - DAY

Wiegand's cruiser, Kat's SUV, its doors wide-open, and another police car, its headlights on, fill the space. Constable Wiegand sits half inside his cruiser massaging his neck. Arthur stands off to the side looking uncomfortable.

DEPUTY ROBERTS (34), long and gaunt, Barney Fife if he played basketball, comes out of Kat's SUV and approaches Constable Wiegand, items held in both hands.

DEPUTY ROBERTS

You sure you didn't see which way they went, Dubba-ya?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Yes, DEPUTY Roberts, I'm sure. I was too busy laying on the ground. Just follow the blood trail. And don't call me, Dubb-ya. I told you, when working, it's Chief.

DEPUTY ROBERTS

Chief, right. I found these in the vehicle. Three of their licenses. The women and one of the men. And a cell phone in the purse. Hers.

Roberts hands Wiegand Kat's driver's license and then two others. Wiegand flips through them.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Good you found the cell. But shut down the tower anyway. Just to be safe. Katherine Petrie. And, Geoff Martinez. He's the one I shot. Looks to be Petrie's boyfriend. Justine Burlingame. She's the one who got me. I knew she was trouble.

DEPUTY ROBERTS

We'll get 'em for ya, Dub--Chief.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

I appreciate it but it's not just for me. They're a menace to the town. Arthur, get on over here.

Arthur comes over.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Now, Arthur. Why would this Justine Burlingame, say she recognizes you?

ARTHUR

I'm sure I don't know, Constable. I've never done nothing to her.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

That so? She was pretty persistent that you took her friend on a permanent ride-along.

ARTHUR

Look, I'm the offended party, you even said they confessed to it. And if Pop hadn't seen her puttin' up those signs and called me... who knows what they would'a done?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
I care less about their would'ves
and more about your should'ves.
Roberts, does SHE know about any of
this yet?

DEPUTY ROBERTS
No, uh, I don't think so.
Leastways, I didn't tell her.

Constable Wiegand looks at Arthur.

ARTHUR
Why the hell would I tell her?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Good. I'll handle it. In the
meantime, get a search party going.
Remember they have my gun and this
one's stun gun. They may be city
rubes but they are armed and
dangerous. I want every house,
every lot, every damn tree
accounted for.

Deputy Roberts trots to his car.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
Arthur, why don't you go back home.
Wait for my call. I think that's
for the best.

Arthur chews on his lip for a moment then slowly heads off.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Justine, Brian, Geoff, and Kat move through the trees with
restrained panic.

EXT. FOREST CREEK - DUSK

Justine, Brian, Geoff, and Kat stand on the bank. A series of
five stones form a zig-zag path across.

JUSTINE
I think we can do it.

BRIAN
Yeah, we don't want to get wet at
night. Geoff, you think you can?

GEOFF

Yeah, they aren't too far apart.

KAT

Gotta keep moving, go, go, go.

Justine hops onto each stone with ease. Brian follows. Geoff moves slowly, hopping and stopping. On the last stone he wavers. Brian manages to reach out and stabilize him.

Geoff makes the final leap then immediately clutches his stomach, waving off assistance.

JUSTINE

C'mon, Kat!

Kat hits the first stone with one foot, uses her momentum to hit the next stone.

When she hits the third stone, her foot slips, but she regains her balance with her other foot. She looks at her friends and laughs nervously and makes a "whew" gesture.

She takes the fourth stone and leaps to the fifth stone and topples theatrically into the water.

JUSTINE

Kat!

Justine struggles out of the water. Completely soaked. Justine helps her onto dry land. She hugs herself, shivering.

EXT. CASTOR STREET - NIGHT

A woodsy moonlit residential area. A short school bus crawls down the road. Two silhouettes stand on the roof and move blinding spotlights along either side of the street. Rifle barrels stick out from some of the windows.

As the bus turns the corner, Justine rises out of the shrubbery. Brian helps Geoff to a standing position. Kat clutches herself shivering.

JUSTINE

They got the whole town looking for us. What the hell?

GEOFF

(weakly)

What else is there to do around here?

KAT

Did you see the guns? They aren't
just looking. They want to kill us.

Brian scans the street. A faint SQUEAKING WHIR grows louder.

BRIAN

Get down. Now.

They crouch into the bushes again.

Rounding the corner, two boys and a girl wearing camo and face paint, on bicycles, turn down the street. The boys each hold a pistol. The girl wields a flashlight and has a rifle strapped to her back.

KAT

Are you kidding me?

BRIAN

We have to get off the streets.

Brian scans the neighborhood and zeroes in on a house -- no lights.

BRIAN

That one.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Brian, Justine, Kat, helping Geoff, walk up to the back door.

KAT

H-h-hurry. He's getting w-worse.

Brian raises the butt of his pistol at the window in the door and Justine grabs him by the wrist. She turns the knob and it opens easily.

JUSTINE

Simmer down there, Liam.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Justine creeps inside the dark room. Followed by Brian and Kat nearly dragging Geoff.

JUSTINE

Hello? Anyone home?

They wait for a moment. Justine flicks on the light revealing a marble counter top and the latest appliances.

GEOFF

What if... someone said... yes?

Kat caresses his cheek and tries to put on a good face.

KAT

We'd give them a copy of the
Watchtower and ask if they've heard
the good news.

Geoff chuckles and winces.

BRIAN

Let's find a place to set him down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

An overstuffed leather couch and recliner loaded with throw
pillows face a massive LCD TV. Brian and Kat help Geoff.

Justine rushes ahead and sweeps the cushions off the couch.

Brian lays Geoff on the sofa, his head resting on the padded
arm as Kat gently lifts his legs. Geoff groans.

KAT

Justine grab some pillows.

Kat kneels and raises Geoff's knees and Justine slides a
couple throw pillows underneath for support.

GEOFF

Ah, that feels better.

Kat squeezes his hand.

KAT

Told you Yoga was good for
something.

BRIAN

We should probably take a look?

Kat nods and carefully opens Geoff's blood-soaked shirt. She
covers her mouth and turns her head away.

JUSTINE

I'll check the bathroom for a first
aid kit.

Justine rushes off.

GEOFF
Water ... water please.

KAT
Of course, babe. I'll get it.

Kat stands and heads to the kitchen. Brian stops her.

BRIAN
I don't think you're supposed to
let people drink anything.

KAT
We have to do something.

BRIAN
Ice chips maybe? A cold washcloth?

Kat nods and heads to the kitchen.

Brian goes to Geoff and pats his shoulder.

BRIAN
Geoff, stay with me buddy.

GEOFF
Sure. You think they have Netflix?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kat kneels by Geoff's head, dabbing his face with a washcloth. Bloody gauze covers his wound. Justine sits on the arm of the recliner. Brian stares mindlessly at the paintings on the wall.

KAT
We can't keep sitting here and just
wait for him to... to.... we need
an ambulance.

JUSTINE
Kat, we can't. You saw the locals,
they're out for blood.

KAT
Why? We haven't done anything!
Maybe they'll only arrest us? Let
'em! At least he'll get help.

JUSTINE
There's something fucked up here.
We don't know what--

KAT

Why do you even get to have an opinion?

Kat jumps to her feet. Justine startles and falls off the chair. Kat towers over her.

KAT

This is your fault! You lied right to my face and now we're in this shit and Geoff is going to die!

Justine covers up trying to block it out.

BRIAN

Stop it!

KAT

Why are you defending her? You've been bitching about her nonstop for months! She--

Geoff weakly reaches a hand out to her.

GEOFF

Kat... stop. It's OK.

Kat, stunned, looks at Geoff. Then at Brian. Then finally, at Justine on the ground. Kat's expression crumbles. She drops to her knees, takes Geoff's hand, and sobs into it.

Justine's hand touches Kat's shoulder. Kat, red-eyed, looks up at Justine's equally teary face.

JUSTINE

I'm so sorry. I--

Kat tugs Justine down and hugs her roughly.

BRIAN

Oh, shit. We've got a problem.

GEOFF

Thanks... for the update.

Brian runs to the light switch.

BRIAN

No, someone's here.

He flips the switch and plunges them into darkness.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The front door swings open and RON CARVER (48) enters. His Brooks Brothers suit, Corthay shoes, and Hermes briefcase demand to be noticed.

He snaps on the foyer light and enters...

THE LIVING ROOM

He flips the light switch and yells, dropping his briefcase.

Geoff, his bloody body very visible, waves hello.

GEOFF

'Sup.

RON

Who the fuck--

The barrel of a pistol presses against his head.

Armed with a fireplace poker and shovel, Justine and Kat step into view.

Ron raises his hands.

RON

Well, that's just typical.

BRIAN

You gonna give me a problem?

RON

Sorry, umm... Please don't hurt me.
Take whatever you want.

BRIAN

That's better. Who are you?

RON

Ron. Ron Stratton. Attorney-at-law.
Damn glad to meet you.

With hands still raised, Ron attempts an awkward handshake with Brian. Brian pushes him into the living room then tugs Ron so that he sits in the recliner.

RON

Do you guys realize how much shit
you are in for?

KAT
Why don't you tell us!

JUSTINE
For starters, what's a Code Zero?

Ron whistles and shakes his head.

JUSTINE
Tell us!

RON
You broke town regulations.

KAT
Town regulations? That cop shot
Geoff for breaking regulations?

RON
Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

Ron winks at Kat.

Justine quick-jabs Ron in the arm with the stun gun. He
screams and grabs his arm.

RON
You have some serious anger issues.

BRIAN
Explain... or else.

Brian points the gun at Ron's face. Ron smiles.

RON
Please, I deal with criminals every
day.

Brian pulls back the hammer on the gun. CLICK.

RON
OK, why don't you tell me what
happened and perhaps I can explain.

JUSTINE
We-- I saw a person who looked like
the person who kidnapped... our
friend and we followed him to his
house and found evidence.

Ron looks extremely interested.

RON
Who was this person?

JUSTINE
Arthur. Arthur Strickland.

Ron nods his head sagely, and stares at Justine.

JUSTINE
Well?

RON
Mr. Strickland is a client of mine,
so it would be unethical to discuss
criminal allegations without first--

Justine flicks on the stun gun.

JUSTINE
I really hate lawyers.

Ron laughs. Brian kicks the recliner and he stops.

RON
Don't you think it's funny? You
follow my client, unlawfully search
his property, apparently evaded the
police, broke into my home, held me
hostage and tortured me. But I'm
the bad guy.

BRIAN
It wasn't like that. We're not
criminals. We--

RON
Let me guess, you "had reasons".
You think you're better? Someone
does something to you and they're
"evil" but you do something to them
and you justify it. Everyone has
reasons and the main one is that
we're all an inch away from
committing brutal, violent acts.
All it takes is a little push... as
Shocky McGee over here just
demonstrated. The sooner you stop
deluding yourself the happier--

KAT
Enough of this shit! What about
Geoff?

They all reflexively look at Geoff.

RON
I think Geoff's situation will take
care of itself soon enough.

KAT
Fuck you!

Brian cracks Ron on the head with the pistol.

BRIAN
Get a doctor here or you'll be
needing one.

RON
Ask Doc Keller to come over for an
emergency house call. Now. During a
Code Zero search for a group of
people, one of whom was shot. What
a perfect plan you have.

Brian raises the pistol again.

GEOFF
Forget it guys... Asshole's
right... Don't risk it... Won't
make a difference anyway...

Kat kneels by his side.

KAT
No. Don't say that baby.

RON
Too bad he's dying. He seems like
the smart one in this gr--

Justine shocks him, holding it there as he jerks and spasms,
rendering Ron senseless.

KAT
Justine, STOP!

Immersed in the moment, Justine continues giving Ron the high-
voltage dose. She smiles grimly.

EXT. THE BIBLIOTAPH - NIGHT

Constable Wiegand's cruiser pulls up. He steps out holding a
stuffed twisted-handle paper bag. Margaret, wearing a long
coat and a humorless expression, exits the store.

MARGARET

Honestly, Wiegand. How do you expect me to function as the First Selectwoman if the head of the constabulary does not inform me immediately of town emergencies?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Now, Maggie, that's why I'm here. I couldn't call as I had them shut down the tower as a precaution.

MARGARET

Save your "Now, Maggies" for the bedroom, Victor.

She looks at the swelling bruise on his cheek.

MARGARET

Did they get the better of you?
Showing off again?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

I was doing fine until one of the girls surprised me--

MARGARET

The one named Justine?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

How do you-- Oh.

He hands her the bag and Margaret takes it with a sly smile.

MARGARET

It is nice to have these books back in my collection so quickly. And, yes, you've surmised correctly. I met the women earlier today. That one had a look in her eye, something special about her. Well-read. She is a teacher you know.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Ah. You won't be too upset if we have to kill them will you?

MARGARET

Oh Heavens, no. Priorities first.
(beat)
Mobilize the town. There is too much at risk. Find them.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

I put a bullet in one of them.
Unless they leave him to die, it
won't be long before we run them to
ground... You know about Arthur as
well. What they've accused him of?

MARGARET

Yes, that is unfortunate. I suppose
you should fetch him. We need to
assemble the Council.

Constable Wiegand tips his hat and returns to his car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ron sullenly taps on his forehead.

Kat, Justine, and Brian cluster around Geoff. They frequently
flick their gaze back to Ron. Geoff mumbles.

GEOFF

(croaking)

Hey, you think I could get a root
beer?

BRIAN

Sure, buddy, I'll go check.

Kat looks at him with alarm. She sees the resigned despair in
Brian's face and cradles her face in her hands.

Brian turns and points the gun at Ron. Ron gestures with
annoyance toward the kitchen. Justine puts a hand on Brian's
chest and heads to the kitchen.

GEOFF

Kat ...

Kat leans in and caresses his hair.

KAT

Yeah baby?

GEOFF

I'm sorry for being a douchebag to
you sometimes.

KAT

You weren't.

Geoff coughs a laugh. As he gathers his strength, Justine
returns with an open bottle of root beer.

GEOFF

I was. I know it. And, I kept you waiting partly because I liked seeing you figure out ways to bring it up. But mostly because I was scared... scared to fail like my parents did.

KAT

I shouldn't have pressured you so much. I'll take you anyway I can. But don't leave me baby, please.

Geoff manages to smile.

GEOFF

I should've married you a long time ago... too bad it took Mr. Bullet to get a clue.

Justine grips Brian's arm as she cries.

Kat sobs uncontrollably... kisses Geoff softly and repeatedly then sits back.

GEOFF

Got that root beer?

Justine kneels and helps him take a long swallow then takes the bottle back. He sighs.

GEOFF

You were right, Brian, people do return to what's comfortable ... I feel much better now ...

Geoff's eyelids flutter, he exhales and his body settles into the couch. Dead. Kat collapses on Geoff's lifeless body. Justine looks helplessly at Brian.

RON

Hey, make sure you save the bottle. I get a nickel per deposit.

Brian turns, furious, and bears down on Ron.

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - NIGHT

A U-shaped oak table with nine ornate chairs takes center stage. Oil paintings hang on walls adorned with gold-leaf accents and dark oak trim.

Margaret sits in the center with an empty seat to her right. The seven other COUNCIL MEMBERS hold the remaining seats.

Constable Wiegand enters with Arthur. He guides Arthur into the aperture of the counter. Constable Wiegand stands by the door as Arthur walks toward Margaret.

ARTHUR

You wanted to see me?

MARGARET

Arthur, you understand what this town symbolizes, right?

ARTHUR

I think so.

MARGARET

It is about sacrifice. Loyalty. Order. All to protect our citizens. And because you are privileged to live here you should embrace these principles, should you not?

Arthur lowers his gaze and nods. She rises and rounds the table.

MARGARET

People here would do anything to preserve your freedom and safety and all that they ask is the same in return. But when your actions demonstrate careless disregard, it generates fear and unrest. And that leads to distrust. Distrust rots away at a community. The fact that I am your mother does not give you license to, how do you say? Fuck around.

She approaches Arthur glares at him.

MARGARET

Your negligence has risked exposing our way of life. You are not the only one with secrets and desires here.

Arthur looks around the room. Everyone glares at him.

ARTHUR

I thought I was careful. I didn't--

Margaret backhands him. Arthur stumbles a few feet back and holds his stinging face.

MARGARET

We are not interested in your excuses.

ARTHUR

I wasn't alone, you know.

MARGARET

We are also not interested in your attempts to reduce your culpability. However...

(returns to her seat)

Were you to help find these strangers and defuse this metaphorical bomb, I am sure there would be no doubts as to your loyalty or value.

ARTHUR

Now we're talkin'. No one tracks better than me.

MARGARET

I caution you. This is no time to explore your peculiar interests. If you manage to capture them, bring them in. Posthaste. For a proper trial.

Arthur nods reluctantly and exits in a huff.

Margaret looks at the empty chair on her right.

MARGARET

Constable, any word from Ron yet?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

He passed through our checkpoint a half-hour ago. He wasn't happy about it. Y'know how Ron is.

Margaret considers this as she taps on the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Justine stand in front of the couch looking down. Geoff's body lays under a blanket.

RON (O.S.)
Where'd Kat go? Isn't it her turn
to beat the crap out of me?

Justine looks over to the recliner.

JUSTINE
Shut up, asshole.

Ron, a black eye, swollen cheek, puffy lip and blood dripping from his nose and mouth, laughs. Justine sticks the stun gun near his face and he cowers back.

JUSTINE
Why don't we take his car and just
get the hell out of here?

BRIAN
With they way they are searching
they've got to have roadblocks up.

JUSTINE
But can we stay here? He seems like
the kind of guy people will miss.

BRIAN
I know but since we can't contact
anyone it seems like the best idea--

Kat enters wearing a Dartmouth sweatshirt and sweat pants and an artificially cheerful smile.

KAT
Found these in his closet. It feels
so much better in dry clothes.

Her eyes dart to Geoff's body then looks away.

JUSTINE
That's good sweetie.

Justine rubs Kat's arm. Kat strains to keep her smile.

RON
Ugh. That's my favorite shirt.

BRIAN
Shut up or I'll make you shut up.
But, yeah, like I was saying, I
think it's best to stay here at
least until morning since we can't
contact any... one.

He whirls toward Ron.

BRIAN
Where's your cell phone?

RON
That's a rather existential
question.

Justine grunts and moves in and gives Ron a frisking.

As she pulls out his phone, she knees him in the crotch. Ron
sucks in his breath and doubles over.

JUSTINE
There's no signal. I mean none.

Brian takes the phone and examines it with frustration.

RON
Surprised it took you so long to go
for my phone. Not that it matters.
They disable cell service.
Protocol. No one's playing Candy
Crush tonight.

Ron gives a big shit-eating grin.

Brian frowning, looks at Ron then the phone then back at Ron.

BRIAN
We have to get out of here.

JUSTINE
What? Why?

BRIAN
GPS. We might not have cell but the
GPS doesn't need it. And like you
said, he's someone they might miss.

Brian takes out the battery and drops the pieces.

JUSTINE
What about him? Take him with us?

BRIAN
Tie him up and put him in the
basement?

KAT
We could kill him.

RON
That escalated quickly.

JUSTINE

No, we can't... Not yet at least.
He could be useful.

RON

That's right. Without me you might
never find out what happened to
your girlfriend.

Justine grabs him by the shirt and shakes him.

JUSTINE

Where is she?

RON

I may have an idea.

BRIAN

What happened to attorney-client
privilege?

RON

A judge can't compel me legally. A
couple of obsessed psychos on the
other hand...

JUSTINE

Where?

RON

I'll take you there. My car.

BRIAN

Whoa, hold on. The search parties.
Roadblocks.

JUSTINE

They'll only care if we are trying
to leave. We'll just be searching
like the rest.

BRIAN

There's no reason to believe him.
We can't go on a hunch!

JUSTINE

We don't have time for the
scientific method right now! And
like you said, we have to get out
of here.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Arthur's van slowly patrols a neighborhood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deputy Roberts bursts inside, his gun drawn. He sees Geoff's corpse then uses his shoulder radio.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ron's BMW drives slowly through an intersection. A posse of THREE NEIGHBORS wave at the car.

INT. RON'S BMW - NIGHT

Ron gives a salute and drives on. Brian rises up from the passenger seat. He keeps the gun trained on Ron. Justine and Kat sit up in back. Justine holds the stun gun. Kat seems totally disconnected.

JUSTINE

Where is it?

RON

Almost there. See that store? My grandfather used to own it... Oh, and that's the elementary school. I kissed Missy Blanton by the swings--

BRIAN

Shut up, shithead.

Ron glances in the rearview mirror to see Justine.

RON

I see why you didn't marry him.

Justine gasps.

JUSTINE

How did you...?

RON

In my job, it helps to be able to read people quickly. Also, you have a mark on your ring finger. You wore a ring but not anymore. You two show affection for each other but it looks more obligatory than romantic.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

I bet the sex has become like
dancing with your grandmother, am I
right?

JUSTINE

You are a fucking shit.

RON

But you didn't say I was wrong...
Wait... was it your friend? The
missing one. Is that what ran Adam
and Eve out of their Eden?

BRIAN

Maybe we should kill him.

RON

Then you'll never find out the
truth.

Ron stops the car.

BRIAN

Why are we stopping?

RON

Because we're here.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - NIGHT

A decayed and crumbling facade, surrounded by gnarled trees.
Brian exits Ron's BMW, keeping the gun aimed. When Justine
and Kat exit, Brian motions with the gun and Ron exits.

JUSTINE

She's in the church?

RON

No, not quite. If I'm right.

Ron pops the trunk and seeing Brian and Justine's reactions,
holds his hands up then slowly pulls out a large Maglite.

Ron turns on the light as they walk to the back of the church
and into...

EXT. CHURCH GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Weathered tombstones tilt like broken teeth. An old
groundskeeper shed sits off to the side. Ron heads toward it
and the three follow him.

Ron knocks on the door of the shed, then looks back at the group and smiles. He creaks open the wooden door and they go inside.

INT. GROUNDSKEEPER SHED - NIGHT

Dust and cobwebs cover rusted tools hanging on the walls and on the handles of rakes and shovels poking from the top of an old oaken barrel. Ron and Brian enter.

A light bulb with a pull cord dangles in the center of the room. Ron pulls it then gestures for Brian to help him move the barrel.

As they shift the barrel, a trap door comes into view.

RON
That's it.

Justine grabs the Maglite and kneels at the trap door.

KAT
This doesn't feel right.

BRIAN
It feels like a set-up Justine.

Justine glares at Brian and heaves open the hatch. She shines the light down into the hole.

JUSTINE
What the hell else are we going to
do?

Justine descends the ladder. Kat follows, shaking her head.

Brian motions with the gun. Ron climbs down.

INT. THE CATACOMB - NIGHT

A long dark hallway partly revealed by the flashlight.

Brian steps off the last rung. Kat carries the Maglite and Justine has her stun gun ready. Ron stands near them smiling.

BRIAN
What is this place?

Ron starts walking down the hall, the others follow.

RON

The Catacomb. It's been in the Strickland family for generations. It was originally built during the Revolutionary War to store emergency ammunition reserves and supplies. It was intended to be used by Benedict Arnold for his invasion of Quebec. But, that went tits up so fast, nothing came of it. It served other purposes since then. A final way station for slaves on the Underground Railroad on the way to Canada. During Prohibition, there was no safer place to store alcohol.

They come to a wooden archway made. Bolted to the side: A double-pole knife switch A wooden sign dangles from the top with the carved inscription: "ABYSSUS ABYSSUM INVOCAT".

RON

Since then, it's had a completely different use.

Ron flips the knife switch. A soft ELECTRIC HUM follows.

IN THE UNDERGROUND CEMETERY

A series of sodium-vapor light flicker on along the ceiling, bathing the chamber in color-sapping sepia-tones.

Dozens of TOMBSTONES laid out in rows watched over by a company of leering grotesques. Tree roots run along the walls, ceilings and column supports like veins.

Justine and Kat enter slowly, mouths agape. Ron gets nudged in by Brian and the gun.

JUSTINE

What in hell ...

One after the other, the tombstones pass by. Etched with mostly female names.

KAT

Samantha Riley... that name. It's--

JUSTINE

She was one of the names on my wall. From Connecticut. She disappeared years ago. She...

Justine moves faster. Her head whipsawing left and right. The tombstones blur by. She stops abruptly. Slowly approaches a tombstone and drops to her knees.

Her trembling fingertips trace the inscription: "Erin McAlister."

Justine sits back on her ankles and covers her face. Kat kneels by her side and wraps her arms around her.

RON

Whelp, mystery solved. That's gotta be a relief.

Justine takes the Maglite from Kat and stalks over to Ron.

JUSTINE

What did you do to her?

RON

Nothing. This "ain't my thang".

Ron makes air quotes. Justine raises the Maglite like a club. Her feral gaze returns.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND (O.S.)

That'll do, little lady.

Constable Wiegand and Deputy Roberts stand at the archway. Roberts with his service pistol, Wiegand with a shotgun.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Why don't you lower that gun, son?

BRIAN

Fuck.

Brian lowers the gun. Ron takes it from him.

JUSTINE

No!

Ron, keeping the gun on Brian, frisks Justine and pulls out the stun gun.

Deputy Roberts waves Kat over to the rest of the group.

RON

Took you guys long enough.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Not like you're dead and you know the GPS tracker in your car is only approximate.

Justine, Kat, and Brian trudge toward the archway, followed by Ron who pokes Brian in the back with the pistol.

DEPUTY ROBERTS
Why'd you take them here? The Iron
Lady's not gonna like it.

RON
Well, Deputy Dog, I had to take
them somewhere that would distract
them and who are they gonna tell?

Ron chuckles as they pass under the archway and into

THE CATACOMB

Deputy Roberts scratches his neck with his pistol.

DEPUTY ROBERTS
That's true. Should we shoot them
now, Chief?

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
That's not the way we do things.
However, if they were to get
roughed up resisting arrest...

Constable Wiegand drives the butt of his shotgun into Brian's stomach. He doubles over. Ron and Deputy Roberts laugh.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
That's for taking my gun, boy.

Justine and Kat help Brian up.

BRIAN
(whispering)
Run.

KAT
What?

BRIAN
Run!

Brian bowls into Constable Wiegand and Roberts, knocking them over. He slugs Wiegand in the face.

BRIAN
Guess I'm getting better at it, huh
fatass?

Ron raises his gun as Justine smashes the Maglite into his crotch. He crumples.

Deputy Roberts tackles Brian and Constable Wiegand struggles up using his shotgun as a crutch.

Justine tugs Kat's arm and, in stride, flips the knife-switch and everything goes dark. A thin shaft of light at the far end illuminates the ladder. SHOUTS and SCUFFLING. A GUNSHOT flares in the darkness.

Justine and Kat reach the ladder. Justine scurries up and Kat follows.

Justine exits the top. As Kat nearly reaches the top, her feet tangle. She loses her footing. She tries to grab a ladder rung. Misses. Justine's hand shoots down from the hatch. Their fingertips graze but clutch air. Kat falls.

INT. GROUNDSKEEPER SHED - NIGHT

Justine looks down from the trap door and sees

VIEW FROM THE TRAPDOOR

Kat lying on the ground.

JUSTINE
Kat get up! Hurry!

IN THE CATACOMB

Kat moaning, struggles up when the stock of Wiegand's shotgun strikes her head.

VIEW FROM THE TRAPDOOR

Constable Wiegand stares up from the Catacomb and points the shotgun.

INT. GROUNDSKEEPER SHED

Justine screams and slams the trapdoor shut. A blink later, a shotgun BLAST splinters the door and shatters the light bulb. Justine turns the barrel over, covering the trapdoor. She sprints out of the shed.

EXT. CASTOR - DAY

The sun crests over the hills bathing the town. The Church Bell rings continuously.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Townsfolk march down the street. Excited. Smiling.

They all head in the direction of the church steeple.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A raised dais occupies the front. Margaret sits at the highest center, a supreme judge, flanked by council members. Below that, a podium faces the pews, which are packed. Standing room only save for the center aisle.

To the side of the dais, Brian and Kat, dressed in old-fashioned black and white striped prisoner uniforms and wrist and ankle shackles. Deputy Roberts guards them.

Constable Wiegand, in dress blues, walks up the center aisle to the podium carrying a thick book. He places the book on the podium, then his hand on the book.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Our town, Castor, is a great experiment for we are as a city beneath a hill and though people may look upon us, they shall not see.

EVERYONE

Hiding in plain sight.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

And we, the people of Castor, will respect and protect one another. If our neighbor, in the pursuit of their peculiar interests, becomes compromised, we shall alibi and dissemble to any inquisitor.

EVERYONE

By any means necessary.

Brian and Kat stare at each other with disbelief.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Anyone whose actions or words are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that will bring about substantive evil to our community must be punished swiftly and surely.

EVERYONE

With extreme prejudice!

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

We shall honor the code!

EVERYONE

From now until the end of days.

Constable Wiegand sits and Ron, his wounds dressed, takes the podium. He gestures toward Kat and Brian.

RON

Yesterday, Katherine Petrie and Brian Larkin, entered our fair town with bad intentions. Within hours of arriving, they stalked one of our own, trespassed onto his property, broke into his property and then conspired to reveal their discoveries.

The CROWD BOOS. Margaret bangs the gavel. They go silent.

RON

Then, they attacked our fine Constable Wiegand and escaped custody, proceeded to break into my house where they held me hostage, assaulted me, and threatened my life. They did so with the assistance of one Geoff Martinez and one Justine Burlingame. Mr. Martinez has graciously saved us the trouble of a trial.

The CROWD LAUGHS.

RON

Ms. Burlingame should be apprehended and made to answer for her crimes soon.

SHOUTS AND CURSES from the CROWD. Margaret bangs the gavel.

MARGARET
Bring forth the first accused.

The CROWD HISSES AND BOOS. Kat shoots a look at Brian, abject terror on her face, before she gets shoved forward. She stumbles in her shackles. Deputy Roberts keeps her upright. He positions her facing Margaret.

Kat keeps her head bowed. Deputy Roberts yanks her head back and forces her to look up at Margaret. This seems to shock Kat out of her fear and her expression turns to one of anger.

Margaret STRIKES her gavel on the podium. Silence follows.

MARGARET
Katherine Petrie, in these multiple charges of endangering the safety and stability of our community and conspiring to violate our most sacrosanct code, how do you plead?

Kat looks disgusted.

KAT
Sane.

MARGARET
What do you mean, dear girl?

KAT
You're nuts. You're all fucking nuts! Any sane person would violate your precious code!

MARGARET
So you admit your guilt?

KAT
Yeah, I'm guilty of not being a lunatic.

MARGARET
You have nothing else to say for yourself?

Kat spits on the ground.

MARGARET
Then you will receive your punishment accordingly.

Two more armed bailiffs lead Kat down the center aisle.

Deputy Roberts shoves Brian into position before Margaret.

MARGARET

Brian Larkin, in these multiple charges of endangering the safety and stability of our community and conspiring to violate our most sacrosanct code, how do you plead?

Brian considers.

BRIAN

Not... guilty.

Margaret nods to Ron.

RON

Brian... may I call you Brian? We have eyewitness reports submitted by Constable Wiegand, Deputy Roberts... and me... that run counter your claim.

BRIAN

Eyewitness reports are very unreliable... RON. Especially when they come from maniac assholes.

Ron approaches Brian.

RON

Then I submit as evidence: my face. You assaulted me when I was defenseless. And we're the maniac assholes?

Ron looks to the crowd. They MURMUR APPROVAL. Brian points at Constable Wiegand.

BRIAN

He shot my friend. Killed him.

RON

He is a sworn officer of this town. Your friend resisted arrest. He violated our laws.

BRIAN

Laws? You protect killers and attack those who accuse them. You arrest and kill innocent people. What kind of law is that? This place is the Mecca for criminals!

The CROWD GRUMBLES. Margaret BANGS her GAVEL.

MARGARET

Your laws are not our laws, Mr. Larkin. You do not seem to respect our way of doing things but I ask you to consider other cities, including your own. Is there any not rotting from within? Crimes of every sort committed against the citizens by their fellow citizens. In Castor, that does not happen.

BRIAN

C'mon, after what you've done to us how can you say it doesn't happen here?

Ron steps close to Brian.

RON

You and your friends aren't citizens of Castor, Brian. You're strangers. Outsiders without protection. Didn't you hear our creed? We protect our own. By any means necessary.

BRIAN

But that's all we did. We protected our loved ones.

Ron turns to the crowd and makes a "look what I have to deal with" gesture. The CROWD LAUGHS.

BRIAN

You murder people to protect murderers. That's sick! You can't do that!

SHOUTS AND CURSES from the CROWD. Margaret RAPS her GAVEL.

MARGARET

Mr. Larkin, we have recognized humanity's brutal nature and the futility in trying to restrain it. See, we allow our townsfolk to... express themselves with the caveat that the crimes must be committed outside of Castor. Look around you.

Brian turns and sees all the townsfolk who observe him with prejudice.

MARGARET

Why would we murder each other? Or commit rape, extortion, rob our own banks when it can be done elsewhere? Thus, we are able to conduct our daily lives with utter serenity. We do not have to lock our cars when we park at the store. We do not have to lock our front doors, fearing a home invasion. Our ancestors founded this great society for that very purpose in eighteen seventy five... You called our town the Mecca for criminals but Castor is a Shangri-la for humanity.

Brian stares defiantly up at Margaret.

BRIAN

If that's humanity, I want no part of it.

MARGARET

Very well. How do we find the accused? All who say guilty say "aye".

EVERYONE

AYE!

MARGARET

The people have spoken, Mr. Larkin and I concur. I know your... fiancée, Justine is still loose. If she surrenders herself, perhaps your punishment will be less severe.

She brings the gavel down with an AUTHORITATIVE CRACK.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - SUNSET

A crowd fills the space surrounding a swingset sans swings. Many sit in lawn chairs eating popcorn and drinking.

The crowd parts as Margaret leads Brian and Kat in. Still in chains, ball-gags have been secured on their mouths. Constable Wiegand, Ron, and Deputy Roberts follow them.

AN EXECUTIONER in a black hood and robes comes last. A coil of rope on each shoulder. From the end of each: a noose.

As Constable Wiegand and Deputy Roberts position Kat and Brian under the swingset, Margaret leans in to Ron.

MARGARET
Why is Arthur not here?

RON
Am I my Arthur's keeper?

Ron's smile fades at Margaret's withering look.

RON
I don't know. Maybe he's upset he didn't capture them. His carelessness brought this on.

MARGARET
I am aware of that.

The Executioner tosses a noose-end over the swingset. It hits Kat in the head. The CROWD CHUCKLES nervously. He tosses the next noose over.

The Executioner slips the noose over Kat's head. Secures it. He repeats the process with Brian then gives a thumbs up.

Constable Wiegand nods to Margaret and hands her a wireless microphone.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
It's all hooked up. Ready to go.
She'll hear ya.

DEPUTY ROBERTS
She's probably in the next county by now. Who'd hang around for this?

MARGARET
Oh. She is still here. Let us begin.

Margaret clicks on the mic and raises it to her mouth.

MARGARET
Justine. Justine Burlingame.

Throughout the town, her voice echoes through speakers.

MARGARET
It does not have to be this way.
Your friends do not have to suffer for, what I think we can all agree, are ultimately your transgressions.

ACROSS THE STREET

Almost invisible in shrubbery, crouches Justine. Tears create streaks down her dirt and grime covered face.

ON THE PLAYGROUND

Margaret motions at Deputy Roberts. He removes Kat's ball-gag. Kat spits and coughs. The mic amplifies everything.

KAT

You don't have to do this.

MARGARET

You do not have to convince me dear girl. Convince Justine.

Margaret holds the mic to Kat's lips. Kat looks from Margaret, to Brian trussed up, to the leering crowd. She sighs.

KAT

Hey, girl. Looks like the motto is true. It really is going to be sisters before misters today. But don't worry. This doesn't matter. None of this matters. I'm gonna go see Erin. We'll wait for you! I love you. Don't let them get away with this shit--

Kat's words get cut off with a choking gargle as Margaret makes a dismissive cutting motion and the Executioner pulls on Kat's rope.

Kat thrashes as she rises into the air. Deputy Roberts and Constable Wiegand restrain Brian as he tries to lunge.

Kat's face goes from deep red to purplish. Her struggles slow. Then stop.

The Executioner ties off her rope on one of the swing struts.

The rope creaks as Kat's body gently sways.

MARGARET

I thought you were a better friend than that, Justine. Tsk. Tsk.

Margaret motions again. Using a knife, Deputy Roberts slices up Brian's shirt and exposes his back.

Ron steps behind Brian, holding a cat o' nine tails whip.

RON

I'm going to enjoy this good buddy.

MARGARET

You beat him when he was helpless,
Mr. Larkin. Fair is fair.

The Executioner pulls on Brian's rope just enough to act as a restraint. Margaret holds the mic up to Brian.

Ron swings the whip. It cracks across his skin. Brian's muffled screams echo. He swings again and again and again.

Lacerations and weals cover Brian's back. Blood trickles.

Froth surrounds Brian's gag. Deputy Roberts removes the gag and Brian hangs his head letting the drool run out.

ACROSS THE STREET

Curled into a tight ball, arms clamped over her ears, Justine rocks in agony and despair.

ON THE PLAYGROUND

Margaret tilts Brian's head up.

MARGARET

Now, maybe she will listen to you.

Brian hesitates scowling at her with pain ... then relents.

BRIAN

Honey, I love you. I should've believed you from the start. But you know me, always the skeptic... but this has to stop. YOU have to stop this. So, please, baby, please please, if you can hear this...

JUSTINE

Lifts her gaze and starts to rise a shout forming on her mouth... makes a move to come out of hiding.

BRIAN

His eyes dart around then focus with intent.

BRIAN

Don't trust them! Run! Run away!

The rope lifts him into the air.

JUSTINE

Falls back onto her butt, her hands fly to her face and muffle her voice, her face etched with horror.

She scurries backward and runs away in a low crouch.

ON THE PLAYGROUND

Margaret stands by Brian's weakly kicking feet. Constable Wiegand and Ron come to her.

MARGARET

Well, that was disappointing. We will leave them hanging. It should help reinvigorate the people's commitment to the town. Redouble the search. She's out there. And if you find Arthur, bring him to me.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A car drives slowly past. Justine dashes across the street.

EXT. TOWN PARK - NIGHT

Moonlight bathes the grounds. Justine's silhouette rushes past the jungle gym, the spiral tube slide then... stops.

A swingset, the swings gently swaying in the wind. Justine sobs then chokes it off. In the distance, three flashlights dance. She looks around in panic. In the other direction, two more flashlights bob.

EXT. TOWN PARK - NIGHT

Constable Wiegand and Deputy Roberts walk up and meet Mike, Denise, and another Townie.

MIKE

Constable, I tell ya, I saw something.

DENISE
You're jumpin' at shadows, Mike!

CONSTABLE WIEGAND
We've all been jumping at shadows
lately. Fan out.

SPIRAL TUBE SLIDE

Contorted, Justine, pushes against the sides with her hands and feet. Her arms and calves begin to shake with the effort.

Justine's eyes widen and dart wildly as MUFFLED VOICES grow closer. Then reflected light bounces up the spiral then passes. She holds her position. The sounds fade. She holds it until, exhausted, she relents and slowly slides down.

EXT. TOWN PARK - NIGHT

Justine emerges from the slide and struggles away, shaking her hands in pain.

EXT. TOWN PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Justine stealthily reaches the edge of the park.

NIGHT-VISION POV

A green-hued world as Justine dashes across the street.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A business area. Justine creeps to the corner and peeks around.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)
Hey, is that her?

Justine snaps her head around.

A YOUNG GIRL (12) and YOUNG BOY (10) on bikes and carrying baseball bats point in Justine's direction.

YOUNG BOY
Get her!

YOUNG GIRL
We'll be heroes!

They peddle like mad. Justine sprints off.

Justine runs and the Young Girl closes in fast. The Young Girl swings and whacks Justine's arm. She screams. The swing makes the Young Girl wobble and Justine distances herself.

Both of the kids close in but at the last second Justine dashes down an alley. The kids wheel around and rocket.

DOWN THE ALLEY

Empty save for a dumpster at the end. As the kids get near the end of the alley, the dumpster suddenly rolls out blocking the path. Screaming they smash into it with a BONG.

Justine runs off to the sounds of their MOANING.

EXT. STREET

Justine sprints down the street and stops by a high-roofed van heaving for breath as she looks back toward where she came.

Behind her, the sliding door slowly, quietly opens. An arm loops around her neck. Arthur has her. She starts fighting but in his other hand. A stun gun. He jams it in her chest and holds it there with relish as she seizes.

ARTHUR

I told her, I'd get you.

Arthur heaves her body into the van and slams the door shut.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Black.

JUSTINE'S POV

Black and bright light flashes become black and fuzzy images of the interior of the van alternates with black. Then Arthur's face close and grinning. He sparks the stun gun.

ARTHUR

Welcome back, baby. Good thing I
always carry a spare.

BACK TO SCENE

Justine hangs from the eyehook in the ceiling by the chain of handcuffs. Interior lighting The tips of her toes barely touch the floor. Arthur stands in front of her.

Justine sways out and Arthur balances himself.

ARTHUR
Careful with the turns, Pop.

Arthur looks toward the front, Pop's wrinkled face appears in the grill.

POP
Yeah, yeah. Just save some for me.
I've been wanting a piece of that
one for a while.

Arthur chuckles and looks back at Justine.

ARTHUR
That Pop, horny as a teenager but
drives like senior citizen.

Arthur cackles at his wit.

ARTHUR
Can't blame him for being horny
though. He hasn't had any since we
gave your Erin a ride home. She
showed that old man a better time
than he's had in decades. I can't
complain either.

She tries to kick but he steps away easily.

JUSTINE
You motherfucker.

ARTHUR
Yeah. A few. A few.

He slips behind her and presses close to her ear.

ARTHUR
She lasted over a week.

Justine screams and thrashes.

JUSTINE
I'll kill you! You cowardly
dickless shit!

ARTHUR

That's beautiful. I knew it. You were the one I wanted but I couldn't pass up the opportunity when you left her alone.

He selects a boxcutter from the bin and extends the blade.

ARTHUR

Ah, but God helps those who help themselves and good things come to those who wait. I helped myself to Erin and then you came to me. God is good. Praise Jesus.

He slashes down Justine's shirt then tears off the strips.

ARTHUR

Woo! You smell pretty ripe, Justine. Good thing we don't mind a dirty girl. Right, Pop?

Pop screeches a laugh. Justine cries with anger and fear.

ARTHUR

Besides, you girls smell even worse on the inside. When I cut Erin's guts out and her intestines plopped on her feet... Lord, what a stink. And the look on her face... duhhhh.

Justine thrashes, tries to lift herself off the hook but the locking latch prevents it.

ARTHUR

She's getting jealous, Pop! Don't worry, girl. You'll get all she got and more. You've earned it. Watch this. It's a trick I learned.

He drags the boxcutter down the outseam of her pants from hip to ankle on both sides. She screams. Blood trickles from inside the pants and over her feet. He yanks on the pants and the rip off like a pair of breakaways leaving only underwear.

ARTHUR

Voilà! Magic!

The van lurches and Arthur almost loses his balance.

POP

We're here, Artie.

ARTHUR

Super. I'll get the doors open and
get the generator going. Hang in
there, Justine!

When Arthur hops out, Pop opens the partition door and enters the back. As he walks, he strokes and scratches his arms obsessively. His tongue slides over his liver-colored lips.

POP

Just want to get a test squeeze in
before Artie gets to work on you.
While all your parts are still
working.

He puts his hands on her breasts and presses close. Justine grimaces and tries to pull away.

POP

Mm, so firm yet so tender. You
young people don't realize how good
you have it.

With a convulsive shout, Justine lifts her legs up and wraps them around Pop's neck. His eyes pop wide in amazement.

He tries to pull away but she locks them tight and starts bucking and twisting.

JUSTINE

My parts working good enough for
you, you perverted fuck.

Pop's mouth gapes, choking breathlessly. His eyes roll back. Using him for support, she holds herself up and frees her handcuffs from the eyehook just as Pop's legs buckle. They fall in a tangle of limbs.

Justine struggles to free herself and scrambles forward as...

ARTHUR

No! No! No!

Arthur jabs at her repeatedly with the stun gun, she convulses and gets incapacitated. He grabs her by the ankle and drags her out of the van.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Golden light pours out of the barn doors. Arthur drags Justine through the straw and dirt, her eyes rolling senselessly.

ARTHUR

Do you realize the position you've put me in, you stupid inconsiderate bitch?

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Arthur drags Justine to a work bench and heaves her up and onto her stomach. He starts tying her ankles to the legs of the table with parachute cord. Justine groans.

ARTHUR

I hope you got splinters in your tits. I gonna make you scream.

MARGARET (O.S.)

You are going to do no such thing, Arthur Murray Strickland.

Arthur spins around as Margaret strides out of the shadows with an S&W Model 642 trained on Arthur.

MARGARET

Release her.

Grumpy, Arthur loosens the cord then removes Justine's handcuffs then petulantly shoves her off the table.

Margaret looks on Arthur with contempt.

MARGARET

Did I not warn you against pursuing your peculiar interests. I gave you one simple instruction and once again you have violated it.

ARTHUR

What difference does it make? You were going to kill her anyway! I was just having a little fun. I was about to call you.

MARGARET

Do you really expect me to believe that?

ARTHUR

She... she killed, Pop.

MARGARET

He's not dead. Yet. Regardless, he is an old fool and had become quite the burden. As have you.

Justine struggles to her knees. Arthur makes a move toward her but Margaret motions with the gun and Arthur backs away.

MARGARET
On your knees.

ARTHUR
You're not serious.

Margaret insists by pulling the hammer back. He kneels.

Margaret bends, keeping her eyes on Arthur, and tugs Justine up by her underarm.

MARGARET
Come on. Up you go.

Justine stands shivering, dirty and bloody, in her underwear. Her eyes dart from Margaret to Arthur.

Margaret, then, flips the revolver around and offers it butt-first to Justine.

MARGARET
Go ahead. He deserves it.

JUSTINE
W-what?

ARTHUR
The fuck are you doing, Mother?

Margaret takes Justine's hand and places the gun in it.

MARGARET
Did you ever read "Old Yeller" by Fred Gipson?

JUSTINE
I... I saw the movie.

MARGARET
Ah. Yes. Of course. Well, the moral was that you sometimes have to kill what you love for their own good and for yours.
(to Arthur)
I am dreadfully sorry, darling. However, your actions have put the town at risk and I cannot have that. Your citizenship to Castor is forfeited.

Justine hesitates, staring at the gun.

MARGARET

Please, dear, if you would.
Remember it was his actions that
not only killed your friend Erin
but caused your life to spiral down
which, in turn, led to the deaths
of your other friends and fiancé. I
can assure you, you will not face
any legal repercussions from this.

Justine trembles as they both stare at Arthur.

JUSTINE

YOU had them killed. You ordered
them hanged. I saw... I saw it all.

MARGARET

You could have saved them. You had
every opportunity to turn yourself
in. But when you did not, my hand
was forced.

Justine slightly turns the pistol in Margaret's direction.

MARGARET

Yes, you could shoot us both and
try to escape but clearly that has
not worked out so well for you thus
far. The roads are still closed, so
you will have to take your chances
in the forest. Even if you managed
to evade our hunters, in your
present condition, do you really
see that as a possibility? Would
you not rather simply finish this
then you can have a nice meal and
rest?

Justine's turns the gun back on Arthur. Margaret moves closer
to confer with Justine.

MARGARET

Think. Consider all the things you
will not have because of him.

Justine struggles with her emotions.

JUSTINE

I.... I don't know... I'm so...

MARGARET

Do not fight it, Justine. You
tortured Ron already, I know you
can do this.

Justine hangs her head, sobbing. Arthur laughs.

ARTHUR
I guess she's not like us, mother.

FLASHBACK- MONTAGE

Her father uttering the words--

WILLIAM
Survival skills are all you have.

Justine, Erin, and Kat laugh as they walk in downtown Providence.

Justine and Brian laugh, hug and kiss in her apartment.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Justine looks up, enraged, grips the gun tight and FIRES!

A blood blooms on Arthur's chest and his smirk turns to stupid surprise.

He thumps down onto his ass and scrambles backward. BLAM!
Another bullet in the chest. BLAM! A bullet in the stomach.
BLAM! A hole appears in his forehead and brains spray out and
he slumps dead. BLAM! BLAM! CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Justine keeps dry firing the revolver. Her lips drawn back in a feral grin even as tears streak down her cheeks.

Margaret gently takes the revolver from her. Justine stares with disbelief at her empty, trembling hands.

MARGARET
Well done, dear.

Margaret wraps an old blanket around Justine and ushers her to the barn door.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Constable Wiegand's cruiser pulls up as Margaret and Justine exit.

Deputy Roberts hops out of the passenger side and guides Justine to the back of the car as Constable Wiegand exits and sidles up to Margaret.

MARGARET

Arthur is dead. We will need to take care of Pop as well. Make sure everything is in order.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

This isn't my first rodeo. You doin' OK, Maggie?

Margaret glances at him with a flicker of annoyance.

MARGARET

Yes. Of course. Let Ron know how things are progressing. I think this may prove quite a boon to our community.

She looks over to Justine, sitting in the back of the cruiser, staring forward in blank shock.

CONSTABLE WIEGAND

Hope you got a plan. This ordeal's bound to bring outside attention.

MARGARET

This isn't my first rodeo either.

EXT. BANGOR, MAINE - DAY

A beautiful spring day.

INT. MAINE STATE POLICE BARRACKS - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Justine, cleaned up in fresh clothes, sits quietly in the small room, exhausted. A DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK (42) enters with a cup of coffee and offers it. Justine observes the drink with trepidation, then takes a sip.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK

How are you feeling?

Justine gives him a disgusted "what do you think" look.

He takes out a tiny bottle of Advil.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK

I'd never make it through the day without it.

Justine pops one in and drinks.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
I'm sorry for what happened to your
friends. It's tragic.

He places a manila folder on the table.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
So this Strickland was about to
torture you but you broke free,
grabbed his gun and killed him...
in self defense.

JUSTINE
Self-preservation, Detective
Ridgewick.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
Uh-huh. Here's what bothers me. Our
forensics team say he was on his
knees when he was first shot and
was lying in a supine position and
likely dead when the last two shots
entered. That's a stretch for self-
defense--

JUSTINE
That bastard was--

Detective Ridgewick puts up a placating hand.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
But if we pushed it, given the
circumstances, I think any jury
would find it acceptable. The
problem is... this...

Detective Ridgewick slides over Erin's missing person poster.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
You spread this all over New
England. The Providence police have
informed me that you were quite
aggressive with them pursuing the
case. Today they informed me that
your bedroom had been turned into
an investigative--

JUSTINE
They had no right! My fiancé and
friends are dead. Murdered.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
Regardless, it looks that you took
the law into your own hands and
hunted down a man that may not have
even--

At that moment Ron walks in, briefcase in hand.

RON
Sorry I'm late. That Bangor
traffic? Am I right detective.

He takes a seat next to Justine and opens his briefcase. She
watches him, perplexed.

RON
Oh, were you questioning my client
without her legal counsel?

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
Yes. I mean, I wasn't aware that
she had--

RON
Perhaps civil rights work
differently in the big city. Are
you accusing my client of a crime.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK
We have questions. It seems she may
have engaged in vigilante--

RON
Here's the Castor Police report. As
you can see the Chief Constable and
the Deputy's reports corroborate my
client's version and they will
testify in court if need be. Also,
you may not have heard, but today
the remains of a fourth body was
recovered on Mr. Strickland's
property in a shallow grave behind
his barn. Preliminary ID suggests
it is one Erin McAlister. Further,
no weapons, save for the weapon
registered to Mr. Strickland, was
found in my client's possession nor
in her or her friend's belongings.
Are you going to suggest she went
on a vigilante hunt armed with
little more than trail mix and a
fishing pole?

A KNOCK comes at the door.

DETECTIVE

Excuse me.

The Detective holds the door ajar and has a private conversation. Justine mouths "what?" and Ron smiles.

DETECTIVE RIDGEWICK

(flatly)

You're free to go, Ms. Burlingame.
Again, I'm sorry about your
friends.

Detective Ridgewick picks up his file and leaves.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Ron's car travels through the winding road.

INT. CAR

Ron at the wheel. Justine sits next to him and watches the countryside in thought, until-

JUSTINE

You were right Ron. We all are just
inches away... from the abyss.

He looks at her with a bemused expression.

RON

That doesn't matter now. Exciting
times are ahead.

They pass by the sign that reads "Welcome to the town of
CASTOR: The Way It Was Supposed To Be".

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

Margaret, Ron and the rest of the Council sit at the U-table.
The doors open and Constable Wiegand guides Justine inside.
She enters the "U" and stands before Margaret.

MARGARET

Justine Burlingame, you have lived
with us for six months. It appears
you have integrated well with our
community.

JUSTINE

Thank you. The kids at the school
seem to like me.

(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
I introduced the older ones to Anne
Sexton the other day.

Margaret smiles and reads through Justine's report.

MARGARET
We have kept a close eye on your
other training as well. Your
psychological deprogramming has
been exceptional.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Justine, face streaked black and dressed in camouflage, runs through an obstacle course with precision.

At the shooting range she FIRES with accuracy.

MARGARET (V.O.)
You are a natural when it comes to
researching and selecting a mark.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A distinguished looking man (48) emerges from the store with a bag of groceries. The frame FREEZES as we hear a camera shutter CLICK. The image defocuses and focuses. Another CLICK.

Parked across the street, Justine CLICKS her camera.

MARGARET (V.O.)
Yes, you have a quick grasp on our
methods.

INT. JUSTINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

On her bed, a backpack and several items lay spread out.

Justine slides a full magazine into a pistol. Slips that into a backpack. She removes a brutal looking hunting knife from a sheath then puts it back in and adds it to the pack.

MARGARET (V.O.)
High marks on tracking and
infiltration, as well as properly
concealing evidence.

She lays out duct tape, zip-ties, gloves, rope, and a stun gun. She methodically adds them to her pack. She secures it.

Justine stands in front of the window, removes her clothes then dresses efficiently in black tactical gear.

JUSTINE (V.O.)
It felt almost like riding a bike.

INT. LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Upscale interior. Next to the mantle is a six-foot glass display case with the BLACK ROBE AND HOOD inside.

THE EXECUTIONER (same man at the grocery store) sits at the couch with a glass of wine while listening to Vivaldi's Four Seasons (Spring).

He reminisces over a photo album of a lynching in the woods. His secret hobby.

MARGARET (V.O.)
I knew from the moment I first met
you that you were special.

Justine sneaks up behind the Executioner and brutally chokes him with a rope! His eyes go wide as he kicks and thrashes until his body goes limp.

TIME LAPSE

The Executioner hangs lifeless from the rope now tied to the ceiling. A suicide note on the coffee table.

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

MARGARET
I could not be more pleased. I
think you are ready.
(rises)
Therefore, it is the decision of
this council that you be given full
citizenship with all the benefits
it provides. Congratulations.

Justine shakes hands with everyone.

INT. JUSTINE'S BASEMENT - DAY

A naked lightbulb which dangles from the ceiling sparks to life -- Justine goes down the stairs.

On the far wall is an ORG CHART. Margaret's photo at the top. Beneath that, photos of Constable Wiegand, Ron, Deputy Roberts, members of the council, and others. At the bottom, photos of Arthur and Pop, both slashed by red X's.

Justine proudly crosses out the Executioner's photo.

She sits patiently on a chair, pins her hair into a tight pony-tail and stares intently at the wall in front of her.

EXT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - DAY

Margaret walks out of the front door and drags her wheeled suitcase. She holds her cell phone to her ear.

MARGARET

I cannot wait either, Victor. I
hope to hear you scream "Now,
Maggie" quite frequently.

She tosses the luggage into her trunk and gets in her car.

UNDER HER CAR

Brake fluid drips on the pavement. The line has intentionally been severed.

The car backs down the driveway, dipping in the gutter. Margaret accelerates down the road leaving a trail of brake fluid.

MARGARET (O.S.)

We are going in my car because I
refuse to be chauffeured in your
police cruiser... Honestly, Victor.
You cluck more than a mother hen.

INT. JUSTINE'S BASEMENT

Justine stares forward. Rarely blinking. She reveals a vengeful smile.

JUSTINE

You're right. I am ready, Margaret.

FADE OUT.