

JOLLY

BY GRANT WIGGINS



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EXT. DALE CITY, VIRGINIA - 1964 - NIGHT

"Baby Blue" by the Echoes plays us in.

♪ *You're my baby blue, that's what I call you...*

A pair of headlights come into view on dark stretch of tree lined road and slowly reveal a white 1960 Ford Galaxie.

♪ *You know what to do, with those eyes of blue.
Baby blue, I love you, I do.*

Inside the car a pair of callused hands squeeze the vinyl coated steering wheel as we turn to the driver, **BIFF SHANE (48)** looking like a graying Hank Stram with a hefty beer gut.

♪ *You're my baby blue, that's what I call you.*

He drives past a sign that says "Dale City coming soon," into a suburban neighborhood full of homes in various states of unfinish, clearly a new development. He pulls his car into the driveway of the only house with windows actually lit.

♪ *You know what to do, with those eyes of blue.*

He turns the car off and yanks a bottle of J&B scotch from under the seat, takes a long sip then grabs a bag of "Roy Roger's" fast food off the passenger seat, opens the door and gets out then walks to the front door and takes out his keys.

INT. SHANE RESIDENCE - 1964 - NIGHT

He steps into living room, dimly lit except for the glow of the TV and a sour yellow stove light in the open kitchen as the dramatic title music of Boris Karloff's Thriller blares.

TELEVISION

We assure you my friends.
That this, **is a thriller!**

The music picks up just as Biff slams the front door.

VOICE (O.S.)

AHHHHHH!

Biff drops the bag, hits the light-switch and sees **WILLIAM "WILLY" SHANE (12)**, sitting on the floor in front of their wood paneled Philco TV while wearing a goofy red cowboy hat a few sizes too small along with a tiny toy sheriff badge.

WILLY SHANE

Sorry dad, you scared me.

BIFF SHANE

Never would have survived overseas. No situational awareness, how do you get snuck up on in your own house Will!?

He picks the bag back up and heads into the kitchen but around the corner comes **SAMANTHA "SAM" SHANE (16)**, in a blue swing dress and her blonde hair up in a neat ponytail.

SAM SHANE

Did you get my milkshake?

Biff smacks his forehead.

SAM SHANE

You could have just said no.

A black girl **JUDY BELCHER (16)**, rocking a perfect afro turns the corner in a green cheer outfit, with her backpack.

JUDY BELCHER

Hey Mr.Shane and later Sam.

Judy heads out the front door and Sam turns to head back.

BIFF SHANE

Wait a sec, need you to do something.

She spins back around and the dress *swings* with her.

SAM SHAME

No shake and more chores, *great*.

BIFF SHANE

I got a couple of tickets for a new circus up the street tonight.

Sam looks her dad up and down and channels Martin Lawrence.

SAM SHANE

I don't wanna go to no *daaamn circ-*

BIFF SHANE

-I NEED YOU to take you brother.

SAM SHANE

What kind of circus starts this late?

BIFF SHANE

Listen, Sammie. I have a date, I can't have you two in here for that.

SAM SHANE

So my night has to stink? If you knock her up do I have to babysit that one too?

BIFF SHANE

For Christ sake, just help me out. Why does everything have to be a struggle?

SAM SHANE

Everything's a struggle if it's not easy for you, for me it's just forced labor.

BIFF SHANE

I'm just asking you to look out for your brother! Do something good for once in a while instead of running up the phone bill calling your mother about me!

SAM SHANE

I don't talk to her!

BIFF SHANE

Bullshit! You're always hanging out with that Judy, like her father didn't run off with my wife! Show me some loyalty!

SAM SHANE

Me and Judy were friends first!

BIFF SHANE

Maybe if you hadn't had her around it wouldn't have given her pops and your mother time to fuck behind my back. Now take your brother out tonight and help me out or get your ass out, you lazy bitch!

She runs out the kitchen and slams her bedroom door. Biff quietly takes a wrapped burger out of the paper bag.

BIFF SHANE

Hey Will.

His anger gone, as quick as it came. Willy turns.

BIFF SHANE

Catch.

He tosses him the burger in his playfully empty way of lightening the mood after that fucked up outburst.

BIFF SHANE

Your sister is gonna take you to a show tonight, tickets are on the counter.

Biff walks mopishly upstairs as if seeking sympathy for his actions that he should be apologizing for. But Willy keeps watching TV until he hears his dad's door shut and jumps up to check out the tickets on the counter, his face lights up excitedly and he runs to his sister's room, knocking loudly.

SAM SHANE (O.S.)

Go away!

WILLY SHANE

Jim Lightning! JIM LIGHTNING! JIM!-

The door opens and he sees a teary eyed Sam, Willy deflates.

WILLY SHANE

You don't have to take me.

SAM SHANE

No, we're going. Anything to get out of here for a while. What's the address?

Willy looks down at the tickets. Sam snatches them.

SAM SHANE

These are punch cards, not real tickets, they just say Jim Lightning show and they're directions *from* our house?

WILLY SHANE

Yeah dad said it was up the street when he was yelling at you like an asshole.

Sam goes in her room and returns in white chuck taylors, Will grabs a jean jacket from his room and puts on his red chucks.

EXT. SHANE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

They walk down the driveway as a woman in a red dress is coming up, she grins and waves at them as they pass by.

STRANGE WOMAN

Hey you two.

Sam shoulder checks the woman because that's not her mother.

STRANGE WOMAN

I'll get you back for that honey.

Sam flips her off as they grab their bikes off the sidewalk.

EXT. DALE CITY, VIRGINIA - 1964 - NIGHT

The sound of a playing card smacking spokes fills the quiet, unfinished neighborhood as Willy's blue bike rolls into view with a "Joker" card pinned on before Sam's pink one passes him as they ride by lots that become more like skeletons of homes until arriving at the end of the new development.

Where there are nothing but wood pallets and an opening in the trees where a dark 30 foot tall red circus tent comes into view with a red school bus backed into right side.

WILLY SHANE

Is it closed?

They lay their bikes down and Sam takes Willy's hand as they walk up the dirt path seemingly cleared for construction equipment within the otherwise thick forest until: **BUZZ!** The hair raising electric crackling of an old neon sign turning on, it flickers until it lights up and reads: "**CIRCUS.**"

SPEAKER (O.S.)

Come on in boys and girls!

WILLY SHANE

It's just two of us.

SAM SHANE

It's probably usually more people, you-

SPEAKER (O.S.)

COME ON IN BOYS AND GIRLS!

Willy jumps, causing Sam to jump right after.

SAM SHANE

You're making me nervous! Knock it off!

INT. CIRCUS TENT - NIGHT

Willy bravely steps into the dark opening, Sam follows. The speakers **SCREECH**. Marty Robbins' "Big Iron" plays as a haunting echo fills the circus tent. They both freeze.

*♪ It was early in the morning when he rode into the town.
He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around.*

Willy smiles but Sam is actually looking all around.

*♪ He's an outlaw loose and running, came the whisper from each lip.
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip.*

Suddenly a spotlight comes on and there is who Willy recognizes as **JIM LIGHTNING (20s)** fastest gun in the west. Willy excitedly jumps up and down and pumps his fist.

*♪ In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red.
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead.*

Jim spins his chrome revolver and shows off some impressive gun tricks. Willy claps and Sam does too reluctantly.

♪ *He was vicious and a killer though a youth of 24.
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and 19 more...*

JIM LIGHTNING

Say hey Willy! I know you're a great big fan and any fan of mine needs to be what?

SAM SHANE

How does he know your name?

WILLY SHANE

Dad probably told him when he got the tickets, don't ruin this for me!

He shoves Sam to the side.

WILLY SHANE

They need to be....

WILLY SHANE

FAST AS LIGHTNING!

JIM LIGHTNING

...Fast as lightning.

JIM LIGHTNING

Ready to show me how fast you are?

WILLY SHANE

Heck yeah!

JIM LIGHTNING

As for you little miss, why don't you come get little Willy his revolver?

Jim takes a revolver from his other holster. Sam clearly wants nothing to do with this, but Willy points in earnest.

WILLY SHANE

I will clean your room for a year.

SAM SHANE

This is so weird and so stupid.

Sam cautiously approaches, but Jim never moves an inch.

He holds his position like a plastic cowboy action figure pointing two guns with legs hugging an invisible horse. Sam closes in and looks at the bandana around his neck, his neck is very red and he's drenched in sweat with a painfully wide smile on his face that he's straining and struggling to hold.

VOICE (V.O.)

Take the *haha* hankerchief little lady.

The voice **CRACKLES** out of the speaker. Sam at first nervous is now disgusted as she sees a red satin handkerchief jutting from his pocket, assuming it's connected to *his* little Willy.

She pulls it as Jim strains to keep perfectly still with ragged breaths until it pops free. Sam looks relieved, but oddly so does Jim. She uses the hanky to grab the gun from his hand and backs up, never taking her eyes off Jim before handing Willy the revolver. Clenching the hanky in her fist.

SAM SHANE

I think he shit himself.

Sam puts her hand to her mouth and laughs then Will takes his jean jacket off and hands it to Sam who puts it on while he takes his position across from Jim and Sam steps to the left.

JIM LIGHTNING

Lil' lady with the big blue eyes, give us the signal by dropping that hanker'chief when you're ready for it all to end.

We close up on Sam's eyes in a Kill Bill style letterbox.

SAM SHANE

Mr.Lightnin' I've been ready.

But the **SCREECH** of the speaker jarringly breaks the moment.

SPEAKER (O.S.)

That's fun to begin!

Jim trembles in fear hearing the voice, he almost cries, but why? Too late. Sam DROPS the handkerchief! Jim and Will DRAW! **BANG! BOOM!** SMOKE FILLS THE AIR! As it clears Sam approaches Willy. Both are bewildered then it's Sam who actually cracks a smile, seeing Jim grab his gut. He overacts, groaning and backing up like a wannabe Jim Carrey. So far that he falls back against a big funhouse mirror revealed by the spotlight following him as Willy laughs and celebrates his victory.

SAM SHANE

Alright, you can act, theater boy.

Willy runs over to Jim and Sam follows.

WILLY SHANE

Can we do it again?

Jim Lighting spits a heap of blood down his chin and neck.

JIM LIGHTNING

I'm fucking dying! No! No. Nnn...

Willy looks at the gun then drops it, screams and cries as they both watch the life leave Jim Lightning's eyes. **THUD!**

Jim's head falls back. The mirror behind Jim's head **SHATTERS!**

Sam looks at the jagged opening the door sized mirror left, absolute darkness within but before her eyes can adjust a MASSIVE figure rushes out of the dark! Steamrolling toward them like a BULL! Sam's survival instincts take over and she pushes off Will and stumbles out of her shoes in the process.

Willy has no chance to react as a behemoth of a man in hobo clown facepaint and big clown shoes RUNS THROUGH him like a bulldozer after Sam but the clown shoes aren't helping! The barefoot Sam pulls away, sprinting toward the opening in the circus tent with the clown charging like a boar after a bunny that's winning on raw speed. Her ponytail flowing behind, his filthy hand reaches for it, but he just can't get there as Sam makes it out the tent and keeps running to the bikes.

But he slows down thinking she's about to stop and try to ride, she vaults them! He stutter steps in his kidnapper rush and trips over the bikes! Sam sprints away while he struggles to get up. He yells like a crazed animal losing the prey he sickly craved and his twisted screams echo into the night.

♪ **DOWNTOWN!** by Petula Clark blares loudly as she runs home.

♪ *Just listen to the music of the traffic in the city, linger on the sidewalk where the neon signs are pretty. How can you lose?*

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - 1984 - PRESENT/MORNING

We fade into a messy studio apartment and see a floor covered in clothes, folders, beer cans and then a Detective's badge on a chain necklace by a clock radio on the nightstand.

♪ *The lights are much brighter there, you can forget all your troubles. Forget all your cares. **SO GO DOWNTOWN!***

A hand reaches for the nightstand and grabs the badge.

♪ **THINGS WILL BE GREAT WHEN YOU'RE DOWNTOWN!**

It's **SAM SHANE (36)**, looking grown up and down, having turned herself into the rebel runt of a hypothetical litter, hair no longer neat and blonde but messy and dyed brown. She rolls onto the floor and begins a MONTAGE: starting the day with a gulp of J&B scotch like dear old dad, then grabbing a black tee, giving it the sniff test then her dark skinny jeans before stepping into familiar white chuck taylors but last and most importantly Willy's denim jacket. Sam heads out the door and shockingly toward a beige 1964 shelby cobra.

♪ *Don't hang around and let your problems surround you. There are movie shows, downtown.*

She drives into the city, passing a recruitment billboard with a very handsome officer, then turning into the parking lot of a four floor police station near the woods.

♪ *Maybe you know some little places to go where they never close.*

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Sam walks to the building and that very same cop from the billboard, **OFFICER JASON HARBY (38)** who could give Steve McQueen a run for his money on handsome, looking like the proverbial leading man as he catches up to her carrying a baked pie with whipped cream on top, she stops at the door.

JASON

A gift from our adoring public.

SAM

Better get yours before piggy Joe does.

Sam swipes some whipped cream with her finger, Jason laughs.

JASON

Man you guys really don't get along.

SAM

The guy lives in the past, soon as I got hired. The shit he's said in the bullpen. Anyone else would have knocked him out.

JASON

So why don't you?

SAM

He's been a badge since the 50s, who you think they'll fire if shit starts? Me or him? Besides I'm not much of a fighter.

JASON

Hey, I'd put my money on you.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Detective **HENRY DIAZ (40s)** is at his desk writing and a few desks away is Detective **JOE BLACK (57)** a gruff Broderick Crawford knockoff with his feet up, reading a playboy magazine, Sam walks in first then Harby with the pie.

JOE

What you got there?

SAM

Like a pig with a truffle.

JOE
What was that?

JASON
Just a pie, a gift fro-

JOE
OH! I'm sorry Jason. I didn't know.

JASON
What's to know?

JOE
That you fucked the dyke out of Shane.
Got her baking too? Now maybe she'll drop
the gun and we'll have a real secretary.

Sam ignores it, expecting sexist and homophobic shit from him
but Harby takes offense for her and angrily stands up.

JASON
Watch your mouth!

JOE
Settle down poster boy, i'll punch you in
right in the dick I have to. I fight nice
and dirty buck-a-fucking-roo.

Sam motions for Jason to relax and let it go. He begrudgingly
sits down, placing the pie down on his very neat brown desk.

JOE
But seriously I do want a piece.

JASON
Just come get some if it'll shut you up.

JOE
Oh *it will*.

SAM
I stuck my finger in it.

JOE
Awww, I don't know where your fingers
have been but I have a pretty good idea.

SAM
They're cleaner than yours.

JOE
I'll give you that one.

JASON
Anybody got any spare knives, forks?

DIAZ
I...think so.

Diaz opens his desk and throws a spork over.

JOE
The hell is Lee?

DIAZ
In his office.

JOE
Doing what? Get roll call over, sooner we do that the sooner we get to lunch.

DIAZ
It's 8am.

JOE
Time is a flat circle.

JASON
Everything you eat, you'll eat again.

SAM
Is food all you think about?

JOE
It's one of my few pleasures.

SAM
Why because your dick doesn't work?

JOE
No! And i'll show you sister!

SAM
I cannot even begin to explain all the things I'd rather do than that.

JOE
Any of them involve shutting your mouth?

SAM
Around the barrel of a shotgun.

Diaz laughs, biting into his sandwich but starts coughing.

SAM
Shit he's choking!

She gets up and steps his way. **FLASH! BLOOD SPLATTERS HER FACE!** Smoke fills the air. All we can hear is her ringing ears as she turns and sees Jason leaning back in his chair, his face now looks like a crushed apple pie. **He's DEAD.**

Smoke billows from the pie. Bits of shrapnel, brain and skull litter the office. Sam falls on her ass hyperventilating, Diaz coughs up the sandwich but Joe rushes fearlessly to Jason.

LEE (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK!?

Captain **KENNY LEE (55)** is in his office doorway in black slacks and a floral shirt, dressed more like Vice than the captain of this police force. Several officers rush in, some break down crying, one pukes. Joe lays Jason on the floor, takes off his coat and respectfully covers his face.

LEE
Everyone clear out! Stop touching shit
and get the bomb squad up here!

Joe turns to Sam and points at her as we turn to look at her blood covered face and wide eyes, lost in a thousand yard stare unable to bring herself to move even an inch.

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Sam walks out the station into a throng of onlookers and too few police to keep reporter **KELLY O'HAIRE (30s)** back as she steps boldly under police tape and right up to Sam.

KELLY O'HAIRE
Detective, Detective, any comment?

Sam walks past her car that has a patrolman with a flashlight looking underneath it as she gets into a waiting vehicle.

INT. JUDY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Inside is a grown up **JUDY (37)**, looking concerned as another officer stops the reporter from rushing up to the car.

JUDY
What happened? The news didn't say much.

SAM
Nothing.

JUDY
Sam there's blood in your hair.

ROSIE (O.S.)
Hey Aunt Sam!

A voice yells from the back seat, Sam turns to look and sees **ROSIE (11)** Judy's daughter in the back waving happily at her, Sam's shellshocked demeanor instantly changes to a smile.

SAM
Hey Rosie, how was school?

ROSIE
I got 67% on my math test, so we're going
to get us some reward ice cream!

SAM
Kind of a low bar.

ROSIE
That's what I said.

JUDY
What are the odds of you doing better?

ROSIE
Oh my self esteem! Give me ice cream!

JUDY
So shall we go eat our feelings?

SAM
Why not.

ROSIE
Put my tape in.

Judy sighs and pops a cassette in before they pull off then
Cyndi Lauper's "Girls just wanna have fun" kicks in.

*♪ I come home in the morning light,
Oh mother dear, we're not the fortunate ones.*

The car drives off into the night, speeding just a little.

♪ And girls they wanna have fun Oh girls just wanna have fun.

We watch a playful MONTAGE: of their night starting with ice
cream. Rosie enjoying a cone with lots of sprinkles, Sam on
the other hand bites into a strawberry one and gets brain
freeze. Judy drinking a soda does a spit take and they laugh.

♪ That's all they really want. Some fun.

At the arcade, Sam helps Rosie cheat ski-ball ramp by
sticking her hand in the high score sensor, it fires out
tickets. An employee in a mouse suit sees them, Sam shoves
him, Rosie and Sam take off running. Judy runs right after.

*♪ Some boys take a beautiful girl.
And hide her away from the rest of the world.*

Their car pulls into the drive through of a burger joint,
laughing happily as a bag comes through the window.

♪ *I wanna be the one to walk in the sun. Oh girls, they wanna have fun.*

Judy pulls out a mini apple pie and Sam covers her mouth, almost vomiting as she hurries to get out of the car.

♪ *When the workin' day is done. Oh girls, they wanna have fun.*

The song faintly plays while Sam throws up in the grass.

JUDY
Are you okay?

SAM
I'm fine, just too much too fast.

ROSIE
Rookie!

SAM
Drop me off at Clem's.

JUDY
In your condition?

SAM
I need a drink.

INT. CLEM'S DINER - EVENING

Sam walks into a joint frozen in the 60s, she takes a seat at the bar where **CLEM (50s)** is wiping down a frosted glass.

SAM
The usual.

He pours her a tall glass from a bottle of "Appleton estate," Sam chugs it then motions for another immediately.

MAN (O.S.)
The famous detective.

Sam looks up and sees a blond man in his 30s with Paul Newman tier blue eyes, a shockingly attractive man that somehow looks as if he's the one that's too good to be here.

MAN
I've seen you in the paper and remember thinking it didn't do you justice after you closed that big robbery case. Then I saw you on the news today and now I know even the television can't capture your beauty. I'd love to get to know you.

Clem gives them space, he's actually trying to be a good wingman to her *not him* because just *look* at this man. His gaze is hypnotic but this is Sam he's talking to.

SAM

I'm not interested.

PAUL

Oh? Well Paul Batesman doesn't give up that easily i'm afraid so why don't we-

He moves to take a seat by her but the day she's had spills out, she quickly draws her gun and puts it to his forehead.

SAM

FUCK OFF!

CLEM

Sam, Jesus!

SAM

Don't act like that isn't how you kept your liquor license motherfucker.

Sam storms out, Paul can only watch her leave, trembling.

FUNNY MAN (O.S.)

Haha! She made you wet your willy!

A heavy man in an old coat points and laughs from a back booth. Paul looks down at the wet stain on his pants and in quick rage clears the bar top! Glasses smash on the floor.

CLEM

Hey, you owe me money! She wasn't lying about that license! You pay she doesn't!

Paul ignores Clem and rushes out the door.

FUNNY MAN

He chose to saddle up, not settle up!

CLEM

Buddy, buy a drink or get out.

FUNNY MAN

I would if I could.

He reaches into his pocket and yanks out colorful hankchiefs tied together, they arc into the air and come down like an old clown trick. Clem instead offers him a deal.

CLEM

If you use those to clean up that booze, i'll give you a bottle of thunderbird.

EXT. CLEM'S DINER - EVENING

Sam is outside smoking, having remembered she doesn't have a ride and has to go back in to make a call or go for a long walk. So for now, she takes in the view of the parking lot bordered by forest but as a puff of smoke leaves her lips a **HONK HONK!** Like a clown's horn draws her attention to the only thing to the right of the parking lot, a long dumpster.

Against better judgement, fueled by booze she walks over and sees something red bobbing like a buoy over the edge of the dumpster. She hears footsteps. Sam turns around and WHAM! She's punched right in the jaw! She falls back against the dumpster and lands seated, she looks not hurt but confused.

PAUL

You think i'm some kind of joke?

SAM

Are you fucking serious?!

PAUL

They ALL laughed at me! You made me look silly! Look Stupid! Do you know who I am!

SAM

Who gives a fuck!?

He's wounded by this remark then she sees the piss stain on his pants and hurt or not she can't help but chuckle too, but this ends his self pity and turns him right back to rage.

PAUL

Well how about I show you!

He reaches into his blazer, **BAM!** Paul looks down and sees a bullet wound in his gut, he looks at Sam in shock. **BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!** He staggers. She fires until he falls **DEAD.** Then a red balloon floats out of the dumpster into the sky.

EXT. CLEM'S DINER - NIGHT

An ambulance is parked outside, along with a few police cars while Clem watches Sam writing up her report on the hood of a red Mercedes, that she hands to the approaching Lee.

LEE

Great work, think we got our man?

SAM

Not really. But who knows.

Her car pulls up behind them with **OFFICER JACKSON (30s)**, who excitedly hops out of the rare shelby cobra with a smile.

OFFICER JACKSON

Got your car!

SAM

Had you seen him before Clem?

CLEM

No, he just came in for the first time tonight but I don't know he was so suave, throwing money around it seemed weird.

LEE

How so?

CLEM

Well, I mean look at the place. All I get are truckers, drunks, few bums here or there. He made Sam here look like shit and she's the classiest person we get and frankly the only woman that stops in.

LEE

Could have been why he came after you?

SAM

Men don't need a reason, said he'd seen me in the paper, on the news. I shot him down and he couldn't handle it. He jumped me, I defended myself. May have been a nut projecting how he feels about women, entitled. And seeing as how he treated me, knowing I was a cop. Fuck knows how he was treating the average woman he met.

OFFICER JACKSON

Well I ran your stiff's info too, clean as a whistle. Guess you were his breaking point huh? Weird way for a guy to go out.

LEE

Didn't ask for an opinion.

OFFICER JACKSON

Sorry sir.

SAM

Am I good to go?

LEE

Yeah but take an escort.

SAM

An escort can't keep up.

"Harden my heart," by Quarterflash comes in with hard sax.

As she walks towards her car a moment of emotion creeps into her face as she looks at the car, a MONTAGE: of memories.

♪ *Crying on the corner, waiting in the rain.
I swear I'll never, ever wait again.*

We see Jason on a better day, throwing his arm around Sam, while gawking at her car as they both share a smile.

JASON

I'd do anything to drive a car like that.

Sam looks over at him, we then cut to Sam laid back in the driver's seat, back against the door with Jason's face between her thighs, her hand on his head as she moans.

♪ *You gave me your word but words for you are lies.*

We cut again to Jason driving Sam's car with her in the passenger seat, both having fun as he speeds up. We jump back to Sam alone tonight, stone faced as she shifts gears and we watch the tail lights of her cobra drift into the night.

♪ *Darlin' in my wildest dreams, I never thought I'd go.
But it's time to let you know, oh.*

We watch as her car nearly vanishes from sight, then rejoin her on the highway, focusing on her stoic dead eyed gaze.

♪ *I'm gonna harden my heart. I'm gonna swallow my tears.*

The cobra roars to 100mph and climbs as she takes her hands off the wheel and it drifts to the wrong side of the road...

♪ *I'm gonna turn and leave you her.*

The lights of a big rig come into view, the cobra speeding towards it until, the horn blares and she pulls out of the way at the last moment and skids into the roadside dirt.

♪ *All of my life I've been waitin' in the rain.
I've been waiting for a feeling that never, ever came.*

The truck rides on as Sam pulls her gun and shoots at the sky, firing in anger, sadness and tribute before tossing it to the floor and pounding her feelings into the steering wheel only to drop her head against it and begin to sob.

♪ *It feels so close, but always disappears...*

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

We match cut to a seated Sam still in the same clothes, looking towards a desk covered in files, papers, a few cups of coffee and a box of donuts. Only to see a hairy hand sneak over the desk placard of "Cpt. Thomas Lee" who throws the donut box into the lap of Joe, seated to Sam's right.

JOE

Jesus! I just wanted one.

SAM

Why are we in here?

LEE

Because the new face of this department just had his face blown off in the next room. And just so you know Diaz is out.

JOE

What do you mean out?

LEE

Shellshocked, he saw all of it.

JOE

Never would have made it overseas.

Sam's eyes twitch, remembering her father.

LEE

The only people who know what happened are us, the coroner and the mayor who says since the Christmas parade is coming up, the man Sam shot is going down for the bomb. Can't have it affect turnout.

SAM

How the hell is that justice for Jason?

LEE

To his family, you avenged his death the night of his murder, that'll be good enough until we get it right. That parade brings in too many tourists, television, shoppers, money flow into the city.

SAM

That's bullshit.

JOE

I agree, it's a bunch of baloney. What the hell does the mayor have on you?

LEE

Three kids in college and a pension.

JOE

While we still got a crook out there trying to kill us with rigged pastries! Waiting for him to kill me with an éclair next you self centered fucking pussy.

SAM

The way you eat, that was already gonna-

JOE

Fuck you! I Should be celebrating the holidays with the wife, instead of being here with you talking all this slop!

SAM

I'll get you a pork pie.

JOE

She's threatening me! Fire her. This is *clearly* an unsafe work environment.

LEE

You two are on the actual case! No press. No memorial. Jason's parents want him sent back to Kentucky as is, family plot.

SAM

So I won't - we won't get to say goodbye?

LEE

Sorry, I know you two. You know. But the plan is, us being quiet. The bomber won't think we're going apeshit to find him, maybe he'll get sloppy and rear his head.

JOE

Motherfucker doesn't have to be neat with a bomb goddamn it! Hell us NOT making a big deal might just piss him off enough to come at us harder. Bombers always want attention, it's the profile. That's why they use bombs. It'll make it worse.

LEE

What other plan do we have? The only person that knows where that pie came from is in the basement on ice. Newman is doing what he can but there was hardly anything left for him to work with.

JOE

I'm not taking this one, give her Diaz.

LEE

I told you, Diaz's out.

JOE

My wife is gonna think i'm banging her!

SAM

Your wife would never think-

JOE

SHUT IT! My wife is a wonderful, kind, good cooking, God fearing woman.

SAM

More like a God damning woman.

Sam hits that so dryly and deadpan, Lee almost laughs.

JOE

Do not talk about her!

SAM

GOD...DAMN...why did I marry this man.

Lee has to wipe the smile off his face not to laugh.

JOE

If you were a man, I'd break your fucking jaw. Lil' fucking hippie prick.

Sam stands up, Joe does too. He has every advantage a meathead like him might want but Sam doesn't flinch.

SAM

I'll fight you right now *partner*, guys like you, guys like that *prick* last night. Always think they know what they're dealing with. They see a girl, they make a whole lot of assumptions.

JOE

They assume you're a cunt.

SAM

No, no, no, that's after they find out you don't wanna fuck em. Until then you're a fantasy but my fantasy is how i'm going to kill them if I have to because I can't afford to waste time and it's never different. It's with a gun.

JOE

You're not going to shoot me.

SAM

I'll ask you when you looked in my eyes,
did you find what you wanted to? Or did
you see something you didn't wanna see?

Even Lee looks a little shaken by that.

SAM

It's why your eyes are darting around.
You played your hand and couldn't sell
it. This macho thing needs follow through
or it don't mean shit so stop barking and
bite me or be a bitch you fat fuck.

JOE

Lady I swear to God.

SAM

See that's the difference between us. You
say, you'd break my jaw, I'm saying if
you put me in a situation where I fear
for my safety I won't break your jaw.

She leans in and tilts her head, sternly whispering, she's
trying to twist the knife, her grief turning to venom.

SAM

I will kill you, Joe. I will murder you.
I will stop your heart. But your manly
meathead mind refuses to hear it, because
you're putting me in a box with every
woman you've ever known. So when I put
you in a box and have to go explain what
you did to deserve it to your wife-

Joe **PUNCHES** Sam in the jaw! Same place Paul hit her, she
stumbles backwards and he grabs her by the collar and throws
her against the wall! Lee nearly trips trying to get around
his desk to stop Joe as Sam smiles then spits blood in Joe's
face! He gets ready to punch her again but Lee gets an arm
around his neck and pulls him away from a laughing Sam.

LEE

If you two can't make this work, I'll
fire you both, taking you pensions and
benefits. I thought letting you talk it
out would help, not make it worse.

SAM

You need to work on your punch!

JOE

Fuck you!

LEE

Get this shit out of your system, fight, fuck, I don't care but we are the law and an outlaw is calling us out. What are we going to do about it lady and gentleman?

JOE

Outside. Now.

INT. POLICE STATION - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - MORNING

A group of officers are clustered around an older cop, Morgan Freeman esque, **LEONARD WILLIAMS (70s)**, taking bets as the cops shove money into his hands and he writes them down.

LEONARD

Alright fellas! Now we haven't done one of these in about 10 years. Joe asked for it and Sam agreed. Fair and square.

They turn to multiple police cars parked in the best circle they could make, on one side is Joe stretching with some other older cops, on the other side a secretary **JANICE ROY (50s)**, is chewing gum while holding an ice pack to Sam's jaw.

JANICE

Just stay frosty kiddo, he has ya on power not speed, float like a butterfly.

LEONARD

First blood settles it. Copfight means start, don't make a move until then.

Sam takes off her jacket as Lee walks out and curses as he approaches Leonard. They stand close like Andy and Red in Shawshank as they look over towards the "ring" of cars.

LEONARD

Where you been? Almost missed it.

LEE

Press conference with the mayor, had to put Paul Batesman down for Jason. Can't have a bomber going underground on us.

LEONARD

Now we're the ones underground.

LEE

You really think letting this happen is a good idea? What if he really hurts her?

LEONARD

It's first blood for a reason.

He sighs as Leonard steps towards the nearest car, grabs a megaphone and does his best ring announcer impression.

LEONARD
COOOOOPFIIIIIIIGHT!!!

Joe RUSHES towards Sam who really does float away like Ali.

JOE
 Oh that your plan just run? Coward!

SAM
 So it's cowardice if I don't stay still
 and let you hit me again you fake ass
 Broderick Crawford motherfucker.

JOE
 HEY! That man is a great actor! Highway
 patrol got me into this job and you said
 disrespectful shit about my wife!

LEONARD
 What did she say about your wife Joe?!

LEE
 Stop egging them on!

LEONARD
 I put \$80 on the old hog, I need a win.

The conversation distracts Sam, Joe RUSHES her in a sneak attack. She notices at the last second as he tackles her towards a police car launching her up off of her feet but she manages to get him in a headlock in midair and drives his face into the hood! In wrestling terms a DDT! Like Jake the Snake Roberts. Her back SLAMS down the same time as his face! They both roll off onto the ground! Sam writhes in pain.

JOE
 Fuck! My nose!

Leonard rushes over to the hood of the car and leans in, every other officer follows suit, all their faces hovering over the car hood as if they were welcoming a new baby.

LEONARD
 Winner...SAM!

JANICE
 That a girl!

They see a speck of blood where Joe's face imprint is, next to the one of Sam's back. The cops who bet on Sam cheer and snatch their winnings. Lee looks sternly at Sam and Joe.

LEE
Got it out of your system?

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey there flat foots!

Everyone turns to the underground parking lot exit to see **SHERIFF RONALD LANE (71)** in his tan uniform and cowboy hat, looking a whole lot like a Buford T Justice wannabe.

SHERIFF LANE
What are ya'll doing down here? If ya'll are stump breakin' that gal. I want in.

JOE
What are YOU doing down here cowboy?

SHERIFF LANE
I just came down here to get my thanks.

LEE
For what?

SHERIFF LANE
OH! Is that you Leeboy? I figured they would have fired your ass by now. An asian in charge of the caucasians and the ole' colored fella there I reckon but-

LEONARD
Watch it Lane. I'll run you down and call it a training accident. I got witnesses.

SAM
He just tripped under the wheels.

JANICE
Damndest thing I ever saw but I saw it.

JOE
Terrible accident.

SHERIFF LANE
Calm down, I'm just jokin' with ya. Ya'll need to take the sticks out ya' asses less you prefer em' way up in there.

LEE
What the hell do you want Lane?

SHERIFF LANE
Just to gloat. My deputy found a body at your crime scene at Clem's in a dumpster, whole heap of shit been done to it.

LEE

What?

SHERIFF LANE

You heard me and you're gonna hear again on the news, Sheriff's department is taking credit for this, maybe then the mayor will see how unnecessary this shit box is. And let the Sheriff run the town like it should be and always had been.

He spits his disgusting wad of chewing tobacco out.

SHERIFF LANE

Anyway we taped off the area, come get the dead bitch before she spoils.

The Sheriff clears his throat and walks away.

OFFICER JACKSON

Bigger prick than a parodia cactus.

JANICE

You know cactuses like that?

LEE

Don't worry about him, he's trapped.

JANICE

What do you mean?

LEE

By his thoughts, his past and falsehoods, everyday he wakes up, stuffs his fat ass into a uniform and plays a character to how he thinks the world is supposed look. Not realizing even his self image is an illusion built long ago, mind shrapnel caught in his orbit. A consciousness, an awareness he's wrapped in bullshit.

All the officers, Janice, Sam, Joe and Leonard blankly stare.

LEE

What? I used to work for him, he's an idiot and a racist. I'd call the son of a bitch for backup and he'd act like he couldn't understand me. Fuck him. He's such a backwoods redneck that he's why when they started this police station, they chose me, his deputy at the time to be the highest ranking policeman here.

JOE

You could have just said that. It's all that soul journey hippie talk that threw us off, hell you froze Sam and she looks like she puts flowers in her hair.

SAM

I didn't freeze, the problem is even if it were true. Even if our minds are just thought patterns, it's our reality. Like Ram Dass says, we're all standing on a bridge watching ourselves go by but far too many choose bad things to watch.

JOE

Then it's simple, us good thoughts gotta go catch that bad thought and put that motherfucker in prison where he belongs.

SAM

I must have knocked some sense into you.

LEE

Just go do your jobs! No more fights or I swear I won't just fire you, i'll write you up so bad EVEN HE won't rehire you! I need professionals not damned children.

They run like the two stooges towards Sam's cobra, drive off and Scott McKenzie's "San Fransisco," plays as they peel out.

*♪ If you're going to San Fransisco.
Be sure to wear, some flowers in your hair.*

EXT. CLEM'S DINER - DAY

*♪ If you're going to San Fransisco.
You're gonna meet some gentle people there.*

DEPUTY HILL (20s) is standing by Sam and Joe and we turn to the dumpster as a firefighter saws with the jaws of life down one side, then down the other, it drops like a drawbridge.

*♪ For those who come to San Fransisco.
Summertime will be a love in there.*

Revealing a tall wooden handle as they look down and see the handle is connected to a cartoonishly large mallet that is on top of the head of a face down woman in a blue dress.

JOE

FUCK! Her head's crushed.

DEPUTY HILL

Craziest daggone thing I've seen in a long cotton pickin' while.

SAM

Who alerted you to this?

DEPUTY HILL

The Sheriff, he came looking around after ya'll left, he found it actually, made me wait and hold the scene nice and tight.

JOE

Probably looking to show up Lee.

SAM

Guess in this case it worked.

JOE

Who's fault is that?

SAM

Forgive me, for not being perfectly thorough considering the day I had.

DEPUTY HILL

Could ya'll focus? Please.

JOE

Let's get this over with.

Joe steps up and grabs the handle, it slips out of his hand and he grimaces at the gooey residue on it and now his hands.

JOE

This better not be what I think it is.

He again tries to get a good grip on it and moves the mallet away from the body, blood and hair clings on as he tosses it onto the pavement where it cracks and a white fluid rushes out like a Cadbury egg. Sam gags and covers her mouth.

JOE

What is this shit?

DEPUTY HILL

Oh that, that's horse sperm.

JOE

How do you know?!

DEPUTY HILL

I grew up on a ranch besides what else would it be? Think he saved it up himself? It's on your hands too.

JOE

OH FUCK! Get me a damn towel or something! Get this shit off me!

He rushes out of the dumpster, looking for something to wipe his hands off on and wipes his hands on the deputy's shirt.

DEPUTY HILL

Oh you son of a bitch!

The deputy tears his duty shirt off. Then SHRIEKING LAUGHTER, comes from the woods. The shenanigans end and Sam being nearest to the trees runs right in and Joe follows.

JOE

Call for backup! OUR BACKUP!

INT. WOODS - DAY

We join Sam rushing through thick evergreen trees, gun drawn.

JOE

I'm right behind you!

SCREEEECH! A sharp speaker sound as Joe catches up.

JOE

What the fuck is that?

♪ You. With your masquerading.

Sam and Joe stop, listening and looking around as "The Pied Piper," by Crispian St. Peters loudly plays in the woods.

*♪ And you, always contemplating what to do.
In case heaven has found you.*

SAM

It doesn't matter, follow it before they get away! They have to be close!

She keeps running towards the music, leaving Joe.

JOE

Wait!

♪ Can't you see? That it's all around you. Hey come on babe, follow me.

Sam freezes realizing she's doing what the song is telling her to do which gives Joe a chance to finally catch up.

♪ I'm the pied piper and i'll show you where it's at. Follow me, i'm the pied piper! And i'll show you where it's at.

SAM

It's a trap and we're walking into it.

♪ *Come on babe, can't you see? I'm the pied piper, trust in me.
I'm the pied piper and i'll show you where it's at.*

JOE

The son of a bitch already got horse
spunk all over my hands! I'm setting this
fucker on fire when we catch him!

♪ *Don't be scared to move, hey babe, what are you tryin to prove?
It ain't true, that your life has kicked you.*

They stay on the path, pushing into even thicker woods.

♪ *It's your mind, and that's all that's trickin you. So step in line.*

They finally get to a rather large hollowed out tree acting
as an organic speaker for the boombox we see playing inside.

♪ *I'm the pied piper and i'll show you where it's at.
Follow me, i'm the pied piper! And i'll show you where-*

Sam reaches into the knothole and turns it off.

SAM

There's a birthday card in here.

She pulls out a card with a crying clown face on the front.

SAM

"I love you to bits, so head right to
finish your dish, a brown bouncing betty"
Is this a prank? This makes no sense.

Sam waves the card dismissively and suddenly nearly trips,
she drops it and she looks down, a trip wire breaks! **POP!**

Joe LAUNCHES himself towards Sam, he TACKLES her as they hit
the ground. A BOUNCING BETTY, AN S-MINE LAUNCHES INTO THE
AIR! IT **EXPLODES** IN A FLASH OF CONFETTI! Joe shields her as
they lay on the ground, catching their breath and alive.

SAM

Thank you-

JOE

Shut up! We have to trace our damn steps.
Focus on that, don't get sentimental, you
aren't the first person I had to do that
for. We're at war sister, nothing more.

EXT. CLEM'S DINER - DAY

They walk out of the woods into deputies and police with the coroner's van as **EARNEST NEWMAN (50s)** gets out, a George Costanza type of guy who pulls double duty for this police department, he's the coroner and crime scene investigator.

NEWMAN

Could you stop creating cadavers for five minutes? Just barely finished with Jason.

Sam looks away at the mention of him.

JOE

Speaking of which, what did ya find out?

NEWMAN

Nothing useful on the pie, the whipped cream, sugar and shit wiped any chance of me pulling prints not that I thought there would be with the force of the blast but looked like a claymore mine.

JOE

Well you got another mine to check out, bastard used a bouncing betty on us as a joke. Had confetti in it, nearly shit myself. Always hated those. Coward weapons, come at me like a man.

SAM

Think our guy's a veteran?

JOE

Could be but if he is I don't know where he's coming from, the bouncing betty was a german mine in dubya two, the claymore is our stuff from the 60s pretty much.

SAM

What about my guy?

NEWMAN

Full name was Paul Gene Batesman, drove a red 1981 Mercedes 380-SL, "WISE-GUY" plates and unfortunately *you guys* were leaning all over it in the parking lot, every print we got was someone we know.

JOE

More like smug guy, Wiseguy? In the end he wasn't that smart coming after you half cocked with his cock eh Sam? Eh?

He nudges Sam with his elbow, she refuses to laugh.

NEWMAN

Abbott and Costello, can I finish?

SAM

Who's Abbott and who's Costello?

JOE

You don't know who's Abbott and Costello?

SAM

I'm askin who's Abbott an who's Costello?

NEWMAN

Knock it off! Back to Batesman! Name came up in a few sexual assault cases in the past few years after I did some digging but the victims ended up recanting. That's why Jackson said he came back clean. Had a few grand in his pocket and an extra one sewed in this blazer with a mask, rope, gloves and roofies. Couldn't have been planning anything nice for Sam.

JOE

Sounds like you did the world a favor.

NEWMAN

So what else is going on here exactly?

Joe points towards the dumpster.

JOE

There's a woman with her head caved in with a mallet that was full of horse spunk and in the woods that bouncing betty next to a tree with a boombox in it that was playing hippie music. There should be a birthday card in there too.

Newman looks to Sam for a clearer answer but she only shrugs.

NEWMAN

Sam, you alright?

JOE

Lay off her! She had a death scare. Sam just go get a drink and be careful.

Joe steps in front of Sam, getting protective, his old war experience creating new camaraderie with her through trauma.

NEWMAN

Alright alright, I'll get the bomb squad to sweep the woods with me as I try not to get blown up in the damn process.

JOE

Call us if you survive, i'll be at home.

Joe heads for his unmarked black 1958 Ford 300 as Sam heads back into the bar. Joe drives off while Bing Crosby's "I haven't time to be a millionaire" fades in as we fade out.

*♪ By a country road, wild roses grow, that need my special care.
So I haven't time to be a millionaire.*

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - EVENING

Joe pulls into the driveway of a classic split level, a warm welcoming home with Christmas lights along the gutters.

*♪ And a friendly gang of robins are peeved when I forget.
That I'm the second tenor in their quartet.*

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - EVENING

He opens the door and a boy, **JACK BLACK JR (9)**, runs up to him and gives Joe a big hug with an excited smile.

*♪ So with all the things I have to do, I'm very much aware.
If I wished for wealth it wouldn't be quite fair.
Cause I haven't time to be a millionaire.*

JACK JR

Hey grandpa!

JOE

Hey sport, didn't know you guys had gotten in so early, good to see ya.

JACK JR

Hey pop, how was work?

JACK BLACK (36), is seated with his wife **MELANIE "MEL" BLACK (35)** on the couch, with a 'It's a Wonderful Life' on the TV.

JOE

Wish I could tell you.

Joe laughs and flops down in his easy chair, with a woven blanket draped over the back, he groans contentedly.

JOE

Best part of my day, by the way what smells so good back there?

ETHEL (O.S.)

The turkey!

JOE

You all get yours first, everything left
but the bones goes in grandpa's jail.

He pats his belly and they all laughs as his wife **ETHEL BLACK (59)**, enters with a glass of something white and creamy.

ETHEL

Welcome home honey, eggnog topped with
scotch just like you like it.

JOE

You, you, take that one sweetie.

Memories of the spunk filled mallet rushing back. Ethel shrugs, takes a sip then bends down give him a kiss. Joe still reeling from the mallet memory leans over to get the newspaper as an excuse, but his son points to the TV.

JACK

Hey, the Sheriff's on TV.

JOE

Oh son of a...

Joe sighs and lowers the paper as Ethel turns it up the volume and they watch Sheriff Lane at a press conference.

SHERIFF LANE (TV)

I'm gon' keep this short and sweet as I
can, there is a fella out there tryin' to
make a joke out of the law and the tax
payers of this great city and I want him
to know that I have him in my sights.

He pats the star on his chest and points at the camera.

SHERIFF LANE (TV)

Not only did we discover a body behind
Clem's dinner this morning that the
police department carelessly overlooked
following the unjust shooting of Paul
Batesman by Detective Samantha Shane.

JOE

Oh this MOTHERFUCKER!

ETHEL

Joey!

JOE

Sam was defending herself!

SHERIFF LANE (TV)

We took the initiative of speaking with this murder victim's mother. Mrs. Batesman who provided an alibi for his whereabouts the morning Officer Jason Harby died. Proving that he had no involvement nor was he involved with the female found and I intend to bring the justice for Officer Harby that his police brethren failed to.

JOE

I'm gonna kill him!

SHERIFF LANE (TV)

In closing, in a gesture of good will we will be returning his vehicle to his mother Eveline Batesman, we felt it was only right after such an erroneous statement was made by Deputy Lee.

JOE

Did they steal the car from our impound!?

SHERIFF LANE (TV)

I mean Captain Lee and his boys causing her undue stress on top of her grief. We extend our condolences and thank her for the generous donation she made to the Sheriff's department in her son's name.

JOE

He fucked us! HE FUCKING FUCKED US!

ETHEL

Honey!

JACK

Calm down dad!

Joe jumps out of his chair. **RIIIING!** Goes the phone.

ETHEL

Jack Jr, tell them to call back later!

Jack Jr is over by the Christmas tree, shaking a present that he nearly drops to go grab the phone on the end table.

JACK JR

Hello? - uh - grandpa, it's for you.

Joe storms over and snatches the phone.

JOE

What is it?!

NEWMAN (O.S.)

It's NEWMAN! I checked out the body! It-

JOE

The one in the dumpster? Did you see Lane's press conference!? He blew up our fucking story! Now the guy knows-

NEWMAN (O.S.)

Listen! Listen! It doesn't matter! There's no way it was already there last night! It's too fresh. The killer put it there after Sam put down Batesman!

JOE

That doesn't make any sense. How would he have even had the goddamn time?

NEWMAN (O.S.)

My guess is he was following her! He might be following you too! I'm not done with the autopsy but I gotta call Sam.

JOE

Why call me first? She's in more danger! And what about the bouncing betty?

NEWMAN (O.S.)

I've known your number for 20 years! It came to mind first! And no prints on it.

CLICK! Newman hangs up but Joe turns towards the dining table where a familiar cream pie is sitting right in the middle.

JOE

Where did that come from? The pie.

MEL

I made it.

JOE

Really?

JACK

Don't accuse my wife of lying.

JOE

Mel, be honest, you couldn't cook newspapers in a pre-heated oven.

JACK

You've always had it out for her!

JOE

LISTEN! There's a terrorist, running around town, rigging bombs into things! Someone died at work yesterday because of a pie bomb! That call I got was a heads up from the coroner about another body! The bomber might be stalking us so if you didn't bake that thing, it's a chance it's a bomb sent here for me, so Melanie-

MEL

ALRIGHT! I bought it!

JOE

FROM WHO?!

MEL

A girl, on the corner. She had a few different ones to choose from.

JOE

Anything else?

MEL

She talked funny, said they're for your Jolly hollies or something? Thought it was a Christmas pun. Have a Holly Jolly Christmas you know? What was I suppose-

JOE

Everybody up! Get in the car.

JACK

Mine or yours?

JOE

If your car has been outside, could be a problem. But I don't feel safe putting you in mine, he might have clocked it. I'll use the upstairs phone to call a cab and warn my partner. Wait by the door.

INT. MICKEY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The family is seated in a booth in the back corner, "Holly Jolly Christmas" is playing as Joe is staring unblinkingly at the front door. Sam's cobra parks outside, Joe gets up before she can even get through the door, she approaches the table.

JOE

Thank God. I was afraid he got to you, what the hell took you so long?

SAM

I had to sober up a little.

The Christmas music in the resturaunt stops.

ETHEL

Finally, that was the sixth time in a row they played that darned song.

JACK JR

I liked it!

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

This goes out to Samantha, a song for what she's about to be. A lady, covered in red. Chris De Burgh. Lady in red.

JOE

Did he just say what I think he said?

SAM

Yeah.

♪ *I've never seen you looking so gorgeous as you did tonight.
I've never seen you shine so bright. You were amazing.*

MEL

That's not how that song starts either.

JOE

Huh?

MEL

That's the second verse.

JOE

Why would he start it like that?

SAM

Maybe he didn't have a choice.

♪ *I've never seen so many people want to be there by your side, and
when you turned to me and smiled. It took my breath away.*

JOE

What radio station is that?!

MICKEY

97.1, host is Brick Benson, up the road up on the hill with a big oil billboard.

JOE

Oh! I know that place come on!

JACK
Pop what do we do?

JOE
Stay here, you're safer and call the cops
and tell them where we're going! Sam's
hotrod doesn't have a damn radio.

EXT. MICKEY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sam and Joe run out, Sam vaults over the car door and Joe basically falls into the low to the ground Shelby Cobra, we watch as the tail lights of the cobra speed off into the night, the music mixing in with the roaring engine.

*♪ And I have never had such a feeling.
Such a feeling of complete and utter love. As I do tonight.*

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The door swings open, the music gets louder.

*♪ The lady in red is dancing with me. Cheek to cheek.
There's nobody here. It's just you and me. It's where I want to be.*

The radio station is dark, except for a red light at the end of a long hallway Sam and Joe move quickly, guns drawn.

*♪ Well, I hardly know this beauty by my side.
I'll never forget the way you look tonight.*

The music stops as soon as they reach a heavy door labeled "studio," Sam knocks then bangs several more times. Nothing.

JOE
We should wait for backup before barging
in, could be a trip wire just like in the
woods and it may not be a joke this time.

SAM
Clear the other rooms.

Joe moves up the hall, pointing his gun at an open door on the left. Sam signs the cross, pushes open the heavy door and sees the back of a desk chair facing her, she aims at it.

SAM
Police! Hands up and turn around!

Silence. But she doesn't wait and kicks the chair to spin it around. It's the **DJ BRICK BENSON (60s)**, unconscious, bleeding and tied up, she takes his pulse. **SLAM!** The studio door slams shut behind her. She turns and rushes over, banging on it.

SAM

Joe! Joe!

BRICK (O.S.)

He can't hear you. It's soundproof.

SAM

Oh good, you're alive.

BRICK

Barely. You gotta shoot the glass.

She looks to the glass behind the soundboard, a dark two way mirror, she can't see anything through it. She aims her gun.

SPEAKER (O.S.)

Come on in boys and girls!

SHRIIEEEKS through into the acoustically treated room! Sam covers her ears instinctively and drops her gun, stumbling in pain but recovers and tries to pick her gun right back up.

JOE (O.S.)

SAM STOP!

She looks up, then over at the DJ.

BRICK

He's using the talk back button, he can hear us and we can hear him.

SAM

Joe? Unlock the door!

Sam goes for her gun again, she gets her hand on it.

JOE (O.S.)

I said stop! He's got a gun to my head!

BRICK

Oh FUCK! He's still here!

SAM

Who? Who's here?

She looks at Brick who shakes his head.

JOE (O.S.)

He has three targets, if you pick the gun up he's gonna choose the first one, which is my head, so just fucking listen!

SAM

Alright alright, i'm listening.

JOE (O.S.)

Please, please do not freak out. But he said, he said - take your clothes off.

Sam stands up and starts to take Willy's old jean jacket off, Brick closes his eyes out of all the respect he can give. But as soon as it's off she THROWS it, going no further.

SAM

Fuck you Joe, I'm not buying it. Think i'm giving you a peep show? So you can snap photos and pass em' around the station? You wanna jerk-off through a fucking glass go pay a hooker downtown!

JOE (O.S.)

No, no, please, no, I have a wife!

There's sounds of struggle followed by muffled screams!

BRICK

He's gonna kill him! The guy's crazy!

SAM

Okay! Okay! Wait a second!

SUDDENLY the light in the producer's room flips on which illuminates the two way glass. Joe is on his knees with the barrel of his handgun in his mouth! But holding that gun, is an overweight **CLOWN** in white face paint and a red suit. Sam stumbles back in **TERROR!** Her nightmares come to life!

CLOWN

First Willy. Now Joe.

BANG! The clown **PULLS THE TRIGGER!** Blood splatters the glass and Joe drops! Sam is in shock and doesn't even have time to scream before the clown aims the gun at the glass and her in the radio booth! Sam puts her hands up as he aims at her.

SAM

What do you want me to do?

CLOWN

Why don't you be a good girl for once and suck the nice man's cock Samantha?

SAM

Fuck you.

BOOM! The clown shoots a hole through the glass, the bullet misses Sam but striking Brick in the forehead! **HE DIES.**

CLOWN

You just won't do anything for other people will you? How many people have to get hurt? How many have to die before you GIVE UP! Before you surrender yourself! Your father, your brother, your partner, the bodies, that ken doll cop you fucked!

The mention of Jason catches her off guard. Because she did fuck him in her car, but that was many months ago.

SAM

How long have you been following me?

CLOWN

Your whole damn life! And perfect little Samantha always gets away unscathed, but not anymore because WE finally got you!

Her eyes twitch towards her gun on the floor.

CLOWN

Don't be stupid, i'll turn out the lights and you'll be blind and all mine! HAAAAHA!

SAM

What do you want from me?

CLOWN

I want you to turn on that microphone and tell the city what you did that night to your sweet innocent little brother so they all know what a bad girl you are and what a good detective you aren't.

SAM

Why should I?

The clown is momentarily at a loss for words.

SAM

You're gonna kill me no matter what. You killed my favorite guy. So why shouldn't I just die with my reputation in tact?

CLOWN

He ate my pie and yours! NO ONE MADE HIM!

SAM

You killed all your leverage. I don't give a fuck what you do anymore. SHOOT ME! DO IT! SHOOT ME! GO AHEAD! COME ON!

CLOWN

If you don't, I won't shoot you, it won't be that easy, i'll do to you. What he wanted to, what he did to me!

Her eyes widen as if she'd seen a ghost.

SAM

Willy? Is that you?

She looks at him in a mixture of shock, surprise, love, mourning and then love again. Her hands almost daring to reach out for him before pulling them back shakily.

CLOWN

Willy's dead.

SAM

Willy.

Her voice cracks and her eyes tear as she takes a step toward him. She's found him, it's **WILLY (32)**, the all new clown.

WILLY

NO!

Because he sees his sister's love in her eyes, on her face, something he'd wanted for so long but never got.

WILLY

You don't get to act like you care now!
AFTER WHAT YOU DID! AFTER WHAT THEY DID!

SAM

They?

EXT. SHANE RESIDENCE - 1964 - NIGHT

Sam and Willy head down the walkway as a dolled up woman in a red dress comes up, she grins and waves as they pass by.

STRANGE WOMAN

Hey you two.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

SAM

That lady was involved? The whole damn thing, they set our entire family up...

She trails off then snaps her focus back to him.

SAM

Whatever happened we can get past it,
just let me try, let me help. I'm here
now. I love you. I'm glad you're okay!

WILLY

But i'm not OKAY! AND YOU DON'T love me!
And if you don't do what I say RIGHT NOW,
i'm going to come in there and you'll see
just how VERY NOT OKAY I am Samantha. I
can't get back at them, but I can sure as
sunshine get payback from your behind!

SAM

Willy please give me a chance.

WILLY

Don't make me come IN THERE.

The implication being he means more than the room but she
swallows her fear and disgust, wanting to get through to him.

SAM

I'm so sorry Willy.

He steps through the broken glass window separating the radio
booth and the producer's room with the gun in hand.

WILLY

No! No you AREN'T! Or you wouldn't have
done what you did! We could have run away
together! You used me! You pushed me! We
were a team! We could have beaten him!

Sam's chin wrinkles as regret floods her, tears run down
Willy's face, smearing clown paint as he openly cries.

WILLY

We could have! Together!

SAM

I thought he would let you go! I figured
he wanted me, to rape me, I was scared!

WILLY

Well you were wrong and right! Everything
he wanted from you! He took from me! For
years and years and years and years!
Always reminding me it was your fault!

He yells through his tears. His pain. The immense regret
inside Sam hits a breaking point, she doubles over and vomits
near Brick's body. Willy storms over and grabs her hair,
pinning her against the wall, breathing angrily into her ear.

SAM

This won't make it better Willy.

Sam struggles but he uses his forearm to pin her.

WILLY

At least it'll be my choice, the last person to feel me will be someone I love!

He cries even harder confessing his love but anger wins, he smacks his temple again and again in pure rage.

WILLY

He already broke me! But I could break you too, right here and right now! I could do something, you'll never fix, then you'd understand me, only then!

Sam has a surge of fight instinct, she tries to get free but he elbows her in the back of the head, her forehead cracks into the wall! She's dazed as he ducks below frame, out of sight, he grunts as if struggling with something, the sick implication is him removing her pants - he stands up and presses his forearm into the back of her neck again.

SAM

I love you too Willy.

She says this softly, defeatedly, we focus in tight on her face as her eyes deaden, disassociating or perhaps a last ditch effort to break through to him? His face softens, he looks away. But we hear distant police sirens blaring in the distance, his anger returns as backup finally approaches.

WILLY

They're gonna spoil our fun, Samantha.

He lets her go and steps back, she cautiously turns around tries to run! But she FALLS on her face! We look and see there's a literal ball and chain tied around her ankle, revealing that's what he was REALLY doing, nothing sordid.

WILLY

HAHAHAHAHA!

She grabs her ribs, the air knocked out of her.

WILLY

That's the *running* gag! HAHAHAHA!

SAM

Is this another bomb!? Willy!

Her focus shifting to the ball as soon as she could get air back into her lungs, futilely trying to pull it off.

WILLY

Oh no! I don't want you to die quickly!
You need to suffer silly! Like I did, but
we both know how fast you are, I needed
to make sure you wouldn't get away!

SAM

Willy you motherfucker!

WILLY

That's *disgusting!*

He vaults into the producer's room where Joe lay as Sam tries to grab him only to fall again thanks to the ball and chain.

SAM

Willy, we can talk this out!

WILLY

Next time you big sissy! We'll have all
the time in the world, BET YOUR BRITCHES!

He runs out the emergency door as Sam drags herself with the heavy ball and chain slowing her as she gets to the window.

SAM

Joe! Joe!

But the round weight is too heavy, she can't get under it enough to lift it over the edge of the window into the producer's room, as the sirens grow louder she gives up and takes a seat on the floor against the wall. Staring straight ahead as the sounds of backup arriving take over, doors opening and police yelling as the commotion approaches.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

We see Sam's face, same tired expression and clothes.

JOE (O.S.)

Sam.

She snaps out of it and turns to see Joe in a hospital bed with a bandage on his cheek, side of his face bandaged.

SAM

Your family's safe.

The first thing she knew he'd want to hear.

JOE

What the hell happened?

SAM

Don't talk so much, bullet went through the fat of your cheek, they had to sew the hole up - you gotta let it heal.

JOE

How long was I out?

SAM

Day and a half.

JOE

You didn't go home? Get any rest?

SAM

No reason to, didn't want you to wake up by yourself worrying about your family. Your wife and the rest of them went back to your son's house until this is over, I told mine to get out and go to a hotel.

JOE

What about the son of a bitch?

SAM

You don't remember anything?

JOE

No. It was dark and he had my gun before I knew what was happening. I just knew I lost my gun then it was against my head, started telling me shit to say to you. Then he put it in my mouth. I mostly remember the smell. He smelled like house paint and plastic, like a raincoat.

Sam looks down at her hands.

JOE

Then he shot me. It just went black, guess my body thought it was dead, could have kept fighting, body needs to listen not start playing possum like that.

Sam turns her head firmly to Joe, as if she's trying to decide if he's lying, did he hear their conversation?

JOE

Do you remember anything?

His tone oddly hopeful, optimistic. Not as gruff as usual. Is he testing her? She's not sure but makes her choice. Willy.

SAM

Guy was painted up like Frankenstein, he came at me, tried to make me do things.

JOE

Oh Jesus, Sam, are you okay? I should be checking on you, not the other way around did that damn bastard rape you?

SAM

No. If he did he'd be dead.

JOE

So what did happen?

SAM

He ran, made some threats, I gave the sketch artist a description but not a lot they could do with Frankenstein. So it's just wanted posters all over the tristate area of a shitty halloween mask.

JOE

People are gonna be calling everytime they see a Peter Boyle lookalike.

SAM

I have a lead, i'll see where it goes.

JOE

What'd you pick up?

SAM

Just heal up man. We'll get him.

She stands up, puts her hand on his shoulder and leaves.

JOE

Sam!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sam walks out of the hospital towards her car, a man is inside another car nearby. Sam notices and slows her gait.

MAN

Hey Sam!

She squints to get a better look.

SAM

Diaz? I thought you quit?

DIAZ

Couldn't live with myself after he got to you and Joe, playing security is the least I could do but I have to say your car stands out, maybe switch up so every crazy trying to kill you can't spot it?

SAM

I love it too much.

DIAZ

The car or the attention?

SAM

The car, anyway what's the word?

DIAZ

Well, we're a mess, Sheriff is giving us the cold shoulder and no departments would spare any men after we shared the description because they started getting calls all over, teenagers dressing up, consume shops sold out. Pun intended but it's been a real monster mash out there.

She sighs and reaches into the window to shake his hand.

SAM

Thanks for the update, i'm gonna get some sleep, feel free to get outta here.

Diaz jokingly salutes Sam and drives off as Sam just gets in her car to rest, she closes her eyes and dozes as another car pulls up, ominously casting a shadow over the sleeping Sam...

VOICE (O.S.)

Aunt Sam!

She snaps awake and she looks left and sees Rosie leaning over Judy out the passenger side window of their car.

JUDY

There you are! Jesus Christ!

SAM

You shouldn't be here!

JUDY

Well I am! Maybe call next time you fucking asshole! Get in the car!

ROSIE

Holy shit mom is maaaad.

JUDY
Don't say shit!

Sam gets out of her car and climbs into theirs.

INT. JUDY'S CAR - DAY

SAM
I can't leave my car here.

JUDY
Fuck you, fuck your car.

Rosie tugs at her own collar exaggeratedly, not used to seeing her mother this angry but also not taking it too serious. Sam on the other hand looks like she could cry.

ROSIE
Swear jar working overtime.

JUDY
Rosie shut up! This is serious!

Rosie rolls her eyes and flips Judy off from the backseat.

JUDY
You make me leave you at the bar, I don't hear from you then your boss calls and says you're at the hospital, your partner was shot and we need to hide at a hotel! I had no idea if you were okay! And now a Frankenstein's all over the news that killed a woman who looks a lot like your ass! And apparently you shot someone? The hell is wrong with you?! CALL NEXT TIME! And of course you have the nerve to be looking at ME like you're about to cry!

ROSIE
You cried first.

JUDY
Rosie!

SAM
Listen, I'm sorry but a lot happened, I didn't have the hotel number, Joe got shot in the mouth, things happened that I can't even say in front of Rosie.

ROSIE
Oh come on! STOP TEASING ME!

Sam turns away, raking out her hair anxiously. Judy drops the anger and her tone turns into a gentle one of concern.

JUDY
Are you okay?

SAM
Physically yes, emotionally no.

Rosie reaches up from the back seat.

ROSIE
Pinkie swear we won't tell.

Sam looks at Rosie's hand, Judy brings her pinkie up too, Sam joins and they perform the promising gesture together.

SAM
Frankenstein's monster, he's my brother
and I may as well be the doctor.

JUDY
Wait what? Hold on. Little Willy? Cowboy
Willy? How's that possible? Well I mean-

SAM
You know, we never found a body. He was
just gone, then with my dad that same
night, then I started living with you and
your mom and time just kept passing by.

JUDY
Was weird how that went down. Think my
mom saw it as looking out for you but, I
think she also felt like she was getting
back at your mom, you know, steal my
husband i'll steal your daughter.

Judy's tone gets abruptly awkward and nervous as she goes on.

JUDY
Before your mom passed anyway.

SAM
Shit. I was drinking so much back then,
it's all a blur. Dad, Willy, then mom,
all I had was you, but Willy's back and
he's pissed, was painted up like a clown,
red weird suit, built like my dad, was so
fucking weird to see after so long.

ROSIE
My uncle the clown, sheeeeesh.

JUDY

But you told the police he was a
Frankenstein? You lied to them?

SAM

I am the police.

JUDY

The other police.

SAM

No.

JUDY

Are you on *drugs*?

SAM

I gave them a description, my brother was
presumed dead. He was kidnapped, he was
taken by a man and woman who wanted me
and did some awful things to him. So
giving them the name of a dead man to tie
to my name all over television, what for?
It's better if I can get to him first.

JUDY

And how are you gonna do that?

SAM

I don't know, I may never know, but I do
know I need some sleep or i'm not gonna
be any good to anyone for anything.

JUDY

Let's get back to the hotel then.

ROSIE

Works for me, they gave us an open tab
for room service, i'm ordering cookies
and a milkshake and cake to match, hell
i'm putting cake in the milkshake.

JUDY

Rosie, no you're not.

ROSIE

You can't stop it mom, just like aunt Sam
can't stop from getting fired.

SAM

I'm not getting fired.

ROSIE

This all sounds REAAAALLY traitorous.

JUDY
Where did you learn that word?

ROSIE
Charles Bronson.

JUDY
Real- What movie? Was it Death Wish?!

ROSIE
We have to be ready!

JUDY
I'm taking your VCR.

ROSIE
You aren't one of those parents that sticks to things, you say that, then you forget. Besides Aunt Sam is the guy.

JUDY
Handle your brother, BEFORE this turns into a revenge story, please Sam.

SAM
Can we just get going? Been up for days.

JUDY
Sure, but you're taking a shower first, you're covered in blood and stink.

SAM
I just wanna sleep.

ROSIE
At least it's not a bath.

JUDY
Why do you people hate baths?

ROSIE
What do you mean *you people*?

Rosie laughs, Judy sighs and pulls off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Rosie is jumping on a bed in the next room and Sam is passed out sleep on the bed as Judy walks into the room.

JUDY
Shush, she's sleeping and what are those?

ROSIE
Literal chocolate chips.

Sam is asleep behind her as the phone rings, Judy jumps up and rushes over to pick it up before it wakes her.

LEE (O.S.)
It's Lee again, is Sam there?

JUDY
She's asleep.

LEE (O.S.)
Get her up we got a tip and Joe is still in the hospital. We need her.

JUDY
So what you're going to send her alone?

LEE (O.S.)
The tip is from a woman, nice area, considering the situation it seems low risk. I can't spare anyone.

JUDY
She's only had a few hours of sleep in two days, this can wait a few more.

LEE (O.S.)
Get Sam on the phone!

She hangs up and looks over at Sam, her lids twitching in sleep, as "Baby Blue" and the Echoes begins to softly return.

♪ Are you really wise? Really wise?

EXT. DALE CITY, VIRGINIA - 1964 - NIGHT

We see young Sam as she runs back to the front of their home. She runs through the curiously ajar front door in a hurry.

SAM SHANE
Dad! Dad! Someone took Willy!

She heads to the kitchen to grab the phone but she stops, noticing something over in the living room, she turns towards it, she sees blood ALL OVER the floor! Sam's hands start shaking, she begins hyperventilating at an awful sight.

*♪ Do you realize? That those devil eyes, devil eyes.
Are bluer than the skies?*

She sees her father in his recliner, pants down at his ankles, neck slit, with his tongue hanging through the hole.

Sam **SCREAAAAAMS!** She falls back into her father's blood!
Staining the blue dress, slipping frantically in the blood!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

We see sleeping Sam **SCREAMING** like Jack in The Shining.

JUDY

Sam! Sam!

Judy shakes her and Sam snaps awake! GASPING for air! Sam
clings to Judy in waking confusion, Judy hugs her tightly.

JUDY

It's okay, you're okay.

Sam calms down and sits up, she weakly pulls from Judy.

JUDY

You were screaming again in your sleep.

SAM

Sorry.

JUDY

Um, your boss called, they have a tip.

SAM

Why didn't you wake me?

JUDY

I figured you needed the sleep, I told
him to call back in a few hours.

Sam gets out of bed and heads over to the phone, revealing
she's wearing an oversized wonder woman shirt. She dials.

LEE

Listen lady, if Shane isn't-

SAM

Lee it's me.

LEE

Thank God, an informant named Kitty
Fairchild saw the Frankenstein, she's our
only lead need you to get over there
before she calls Lane. Said she would be
more comfortable speaking to a woman.

SAM

Give me the address and your callback if
you aren't back at the station or home.

Sam writes everything down as Judy pops open a suitcase.

JUDY

I grabbed you some of the clothes you left at our place over Thanksgiving.

SAM

Thanks.

Sam takes the clothes, heads in the bathroom and moments later emerges in Willy's jean jacket, jeans, a band t-shirt and the ever familiar white high top chuck taylors. Judy writes a phone number on a notepad and hands it to Sam.

JUDY

That's the number to the room, now just come back safe promise to call us as soon as you're free so I know you're okay.

SAM

I promise.

She nods to Judy then Rosie and heads for the door.

EXT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam gets out of a cab and walks up to a nice 1920s looking house with a large garage and knocks on the door.

SAM

Police department, it's Detective Shane.

After a few moments we hear footsteps behind the door, it swings open and she lays eyes on the hauntingly beautiful **KITTY FAIRCHILD (70s)**, Elegant as she is warm yet someone that seems to glow like a 1940s movie star in a long silver satin robe with hair to match. It's enough even Sam pauses.

KITTY

I'm Kitty Fairchild. I have the lead you're looking for my dear.

She extends her hand to Sam who lingers on the handshake, if only to keep her own jaw from dropping straight to the floor.

SAM

Yeah what do you have?

KITTY

Oh no, not out here honey, you simply must allow me to play hostess. Come in.

She ushers Sam inside, Sam inhales but it's just to get a curious whiff of the perfume the woman is wearing.

INT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Sam enters she's hit with Gatsby esque decor, a house so fancy it's claustrophobic, decorated with victorian oil paintings and exquisite furniture befitting a vampiric manor.

SAM

Nice place.

KITTY

Thank you, it was my first husband's.

Kitty leads her into the living room where there are not one, but four couches around a circular coffee table that appears to have been carved out of an enormous piece of burled oak and at the edge are two wine glasses and a fancy old bottle.

SAM

Am I interrupting something?

KITTY

Not at all, this is for you dear, not everyday I entertain a famous detective.

Sam awkwardly chuckles.

KITTY

What a beautiful smile.

Kitty returns the smile and stares a little too long only to bring her hand to Sam's lower back, guiding her to the couch.

SAM

Thank you - but my captain said you had a tip for us on the killer? Time matters.

KITTY

I do, I do dear. But humor me and try your wine, it's a rare Chateau Cheval Blanc 1948. I got on a trip to Saint-Emilion with my fourth husband, I've been absolutely dying to get an opinion on it.

SAM

I'm not going to even pretend I know where that is but sure wine sounds good.

Sam takes a polite sip but the sip grows longer and longer only to suddenly cough and lower the glass carefully.

KITTY

How was it?

SAM

Compared to the stuff I used to sneak from grandma, smooth? Was a kick of something woody at the end that caught me off guard, wasn't expecting it, sort of came up into my nose like a fume.

KITTY

Oh it may have been taking on the taste of the bottle, time does that.

Kitty takes a seat next to Sam with not a hair of space between them, Sam side-eyes her but doesn't scoot away.

KITTY

You said you've had a rough day was it?

SAM

I'm sure you've seen the news. I mean that's why I'm here right? So you can put two and two together it's all related.

KITTY

Oh but that's just the news honey. I want the real scoop, not the meat and potatoes but the milk and cream straight from you.

Sam's brow furrows, milk and cream? What a euphemism. But she lets it go exhaling deeply, Kitty takes the opportunity to start rubbing her shoulders and surprisingly Sam lets her.

SAM

I came really close to dying. More than once in the past couple days, that's all I can say. That clo-Frankenstein killer we're blasting on the news almost got me.

KITTY

Nothing else?

SAM

Nothing important.

A moment of irritation washes over Kitty's face.

KITTY

See, that was much more interesting than the boring old news. Much better to hear it from the horse's brave little mouth.

She boops Sam on the nose with her index finger, Sam is blank and bewildered for a quick beat before grinning and giggling like a fool. If Kitty is buttering Sam up, she's a soggy dinner roll. Kitty responds by tickling the detective's side and Sam giggles like the doughboy but regains her composure.

SAM

Listen! Ma'am is inappropriate. I came over here to get important information.

KITTY

Sweetest, what is appropriate? You losing sleep, working so hard and worrying? You're probably safer than you've ever been here with me. You didn't bring a fancy police car. No one followed you. Relax and let your gorgeous hair down.

Kitty brushes Sam's hair back behind her ear and continues the shoulder massage and Sam surrenders, hanging her head.

SAM

Feel like I haven't slept since I was a kid. Plus the shit i'm dealing with.

KITTY

Oh, dirty words, from a pretty face?

SAM

Sorry ma'am. The stress, nightmares, it's like I'm my own case and you can't see yourself with fresh eyes. It just gets deeper because you don't know how to get back. You're just lost in it, forever.

KITTY

I understand, far better than you know. Why don't we go upstairs? I could give you a tour, I rarely have anyone over, then we could get back to business.

Sam looks back at the wine glass, she's downed over half of her drink, choosing play over work, alcohol wins this round.

SAM

Sure.

Sam finishes her wine in a gulp, Kitty takes her hand and pulls her up out of frame as our attention stays with the wine. Sam's empty glass but Kitty's still completely full.

INT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Sam crests the stairs and is met by a gilded age ballroom. Open polished floors and a ceiling with a beautiful skylight, stars shining beautifully above as Kitty comes up behind her.

SAM

This is incredible.

KITTY

Original from the 1920s just as it was.

SAM

I haven't danced since prom.

KITTY

Oh! It would be my honor to give you a twirl dear but you can't dance in those shoes or the clothes. You must respect the floor and those that came before.

Sam looks regretfully down at her clothes, Willy's old jacket, the dirty chuck taylors, jeans, and the band t-shirt.

KITTY

I'm sure there's something in the coat room that'll fit you, I say coat room but it's essentially a wardrobe of things left behind, right around the corner.

INT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - COAT ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens, Sam steps in and turns on an overhead light revealing rows of vintage clothes on racks, coats, dresses and furs. Sam walks the first isle, then the second, losing herself in the maze of clothing. As she gets to the last one where the clothes are hung up to the ceiling we look down and see her white chuck taylors pass a pair of **red clown shoes**.

INT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Sam comes back around the corner wearing a white dress that fits similarly to the one she wore as a teenager, she shyly waves to Kitty who is now standing center dance floor under the starlight. She steps bashfully towards Kitty as if revealing herself to a date for the first time, there's a definite vulnerability to Sam here that wasn't before.

KITTY

Lovely.

Kitty walks to the record player by the wall and drops the needle. "You're Mine You," by Al Bowlly plays. Kitty walks back to center floor, waiting like a siren in the night.

♪ You're mine you. You belong to me you.

Sam moves towards her with the timidness of a baby deer stepping out of the woods to graze with mother, expecting a gunshot to ring out at any moment and ruin this moment.

♪ I will never free you. You're here with me to stay.

Kitty offers her hand, Sam gently takes it only to be pulled in, body to body, Kitty smirks an inch from Sam's lips. Sam shudders, if Kitty was trying to seduce her, it's done.

KITTY

Follow my steps and when I say that, I mean search after me, pursue me, chase.

Sam flushes as Kitty glides and guides them into a graceful spin. One twirl and then another, they dance, it's lovely. We look at Kitty through Sam's eyes as that smiling warm face grows cold, then phantasmal as Sam sees double. We pull back as Sam's legs give out and Kitty lowers to the floor onto her back. We focus on Sam's face, realization setting in.

SAM

Why? Why? What did you give me?

There is a hint of betrayal in her cracking voice, even pain. Because she did enjoy this, she did feel safe and she's aware she's being fucked over for it, after feeling something good for once. Kitty kneels next to her as Sam weakly reaches up for her in pleading with her eyes but losing strength.

KITTY

I just don't see it.

SAM

Wha-what?

KITTY

What he saw in you.

SAM

Who?

Kitty **SLAPS** Sam! The sound echoes through the ballroom.

KITTY

Paul!

SAM

I don't know anybody with that name.

She smacks Sam across the face again but this time Sam rolls over and tries crawling away on her elbows, trying to create some distance as her limbs keep failing. Kitty stands up.

KITTY

Stop lying! My son was anything but forgettable! He was perfect! And he deserved everything he wanted! Even if it was a scruffy little thing like you!

Sam makes it to center floor, but at this point only her right arm still seems to be in the fight, whatever she drank is winning and she knows all she can do is try to buy time.

SAM

That what you told the women he raped?

Kitty saunters behind Sam, looming over her as Sam struggles, fighting to the end, using one arm to pull herself forward.

KITTY

They were smart enough to take the money, to be quiet, as you could have been dear. You could have given him what he wanted and then me and you could have danced.

SAM

You're sick.

KITTY

No, i'm someone who did the best they could with the situation at hand.

SAM

By supporting a rapist?

Sam looks back as her right arm surrenders to the drug.

KITTY

What would you do if you found out your son did these things? The son you loved?

SAM

Put him down. Like you should have, so I stopped the bastard, at least-

Kitty KICKS Sam in the ribs and uses her foot to push Sam onto her back, like a fallen angel in a white dress.

KITTY

He was no bastard! I was married! How dare you and know you stopped NOTHING! I'm going to finish what he started!

SAM

You can't just kill me, I'm a detective! The police know I'm here! People know! You're throwing your life away for this!

KITTY

He was my life! But you're right, i'm not going to just kill you dear. Because you're not a detective tonight, far from it. You're nothing but my little bitch.

Kitty pulls her robe back, revealing bare thigh but then between it hangs a black dildo nearly reaching her knees. The shock on Sam's face rolls like quickly changing moon phases.

SAM

Ma'am!?

KITTY

I told you I wasn't going to just kill you. I'm going to fuck you until you make noises that i'll remember in prison.

Speaking in a tone so melodic, pleasant and unfitting the mere sound would be comforting if you didn't know english.

SAM

You know this isn't right!

KITTY

Nothing for me will ever be right again. But calm down, think of it like a gynecological exam, a big black one.

SAM

HEEEEEELP!!!

KITTY

Ballroom dear. Soundproof walls. You killed my only son. There's nothing I could do to you that would be too far in my view, I'm a mother and Mama Kitty stretching your kitty like he wanted to is the softest turn of hand I have. Besides the way you were shaking in my arms, isn't this what you wanted?

SAM

No.

KITTY

No? Then what did you want?

Her chin quivers, but she remains silent and still.

KITTY

Stop the tough girl act. After what you did, the least you could do is be honest.

SAM

You just said you were going to rape me! I don't owe you anything you crazy bitch!

KITTY

You owe me a LIFE!

SAM

You're so far gone.

KITTY

And who sent me there? Who broke me? Is she lying on my floor in a vintage dior dress! Peekaboo! I see a pretty little killer and a pretty little liar!

SAM

I have never lied to you.

KITTY

Yes you did and you're lying now! You're not being honest with me or yourself!

Sam takes a breath and looks up at the skylight, stars twinkling above, letting everything go with the exhale.

SAM

I wanted a mother. I wanted to feel safe.

Tears finally roll down her face as she lays there.

KITTY

There it is, there's the truth. There's the little girl you're hiding and under any other circumstance I may have been able to provide but not in this life.

She turns and paces away, Sam's teary eyes follow Kitty.

KITTY

Paul became so smitten when he saw you in the newspaper. He showed me like you were a toy in the catalog. He did that when he found a new girl - I had to see up close.

SAM

This isn't the way to deal with grief!

KITTY

But it's the one I've chosen! So i'd remember the look on your face when I entered you like he would have or while you faded into death. Because when i'm locked up, knowing I avenged my son is the only memory i'll have to combat the one of seeing him in a coroner's van on a roadside while the coroner ate a PORK sandwich! That's my memory. The smell of my son's decay, pig, parmesan and onion!

Damn Newman, but it did give her an idea to buy time.

SAM

I'm sorry. I walked in and found my father dead. I remember the blood smell too, that and the burger on the counter.

KITTY

What happened?

SAM

I was never entirely sure, psychos were watching our family, they wanted me. Guy gave my old man tickets to a fake circus to get me and my brother there. Soon as we get there it's a setup, guy dressed as a clown comes running out. I run, get away, he grabs my brother and when I get home, blood everywhere, dad in his chair, throat cut, tongue pulled through it.

KITTY

Now Frankenstein's monster is after you.

SAM

That's my brother. The sick bastard kept him alive for decades. He turned him into a monster who killed the man I was in love with - with a bomb, that's why you had to identify your son that way. The station had to be checked for explosives. All because some clown couldn't catch me. He's the new clown, not a Frankenstein.

Kitty nods and slowly heads over to the record player.

KITTY

So you are a liar. Lying to the world to protect your bother and maybe I should blame him and the sad life you've lived. But it would change nothing my dear.

SAM

Neither will this.

KITTY

You're right. It most certainly won't sweetie. But I'm going to do it anyway.

SAM (O.S.)

Say, Mrs. Batesman?

KITTY

Yes?

Kitty asks, setting the fresh record on the player.

SAM
Go fuck yourself!

Sam rushes into her from behind as the needle drops! It plays "My girl's pussy," 1931 by Harry Roy and his orchestra.

♪ *There's one pet I like to pet and every evening we get set.
I stroke it every chance I get, it's my girl's pussy.*

Kitty stumbles into the wall, Sam using the same move Willy used on her! A forearm into the back of Kitty's head!

♪ *Seldom plays and never purrs and I love the thoughts it stirs. But I
don't mind because it's hers, my girl's pussy!*

But Sam's legs quickly give out, hope leaving with them, a last gasp as the drug fully set in, she falls to the floor.

♪ *Often it goes out at night, returns at the break of dawn.*

Kitty kicks Sam in the ribs for the second time tonight!

♪ *No matter what the weathers like, It's always nice an warm.
In giving thrills, never mean.*

Sam rolls away in pain and tries to get up again but can't.

♪ *But it's the best i've ever seen, it's my girl's pussy!*

Kitty SMACKS the record player off, breaking it and stopping the music then pounces on top of Sam and draws a blade! A long needlelike weapon that she stabs down at Sam's chest! She freezes as the point stops just before it connects.

KITTY
I'll poke a hole in your heart! And hold
you in my arms while you die which is
much more comfort than you gave my sweet
Paul but it's the gift I'll give your
mother when we inevitably meet in court!

Sam laughs.

KITTY
Well, color me intrigued.

SAM
My mother left before all that happened,
ran off with my best friend's dad, made
my father hate me and then she died. I
doubt she'd come for my corpse, same way
I didn't go see hers. Hadn't spoken to
her since the late 50s when she died.

KITTY

I hate. I hate that you're finding a way to make me feel sorry for you. I so wish we'd met under different circumstances.

SAM

Me too.

Sam now choosing to agree, there being a long weapon so close to her drug weakened body, arguing Kitty's insanity has grown too risky, all she can do in her mind is buy more time.

KITTY

Give me your hands.

CLICK-CLICK! Kitty SNAPS a pair of handcuffs on them!

SAM

Are...are these mine?!

KITTY

Yes, I thought I was going to have to start nibbling on your ear on the couch to get them, it was the shoulder rub that did you in but you know what's ironic?

Kitty lifts the blade, twirling it in her fingers, Sam remains silent for obvious reasons, eyes locked on it.

KITTY

This is a poignard, a weapon used by nobles in the renaissance era and in Shakespeare's play Hamlet, Laertes wagered six poignards against six horses that he would defeat Hamlet in a fencing match by at least three touches.

Kitty looks down at Sam as she levels the poignard.

KITTY

Since you were finally so honest with me, I'll honestly allow you a choice because either way i'm going to prison.

SAM

Not necessarily, you can still-

Kitty presses an index finger to Sam's lips.

KITTY

Ssshh..shhh, that's over. I've kidnapped, drugged and assaulted a detective. Now which would you prefer? The blade?

She brings the blade right in front of Sam's face but then she gets up onto her knees, pulling back her robe again, reminding us of the enormous strap-in dildo she is wearing.

KITTY

Or the horse?

Kitty moves her hand to the base as it rests against her thigh, the moonlight from the skylight giving the black rubber phallus a shine. Sam looks at it, then at the blade, then back at Kitty. Sam exhales harshly and looks away.

SAM

God damn it!

Sam screams out in rage.

KITTY

That's right, let it all out, come to terms with your decision. Let me see the hero fall. Everyone has a bottom. Let me see yours, give me the thick viscous pleas, that come from the pit of your soul then give up, give up, give up.

SAM

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

Kitty pushes Sam's legs apart but we only see the voluminous fabric of the Dior dress being pushed up as Kitty leans over her like a vampire about to sink their fangs into their prey, we close in tight, Kitty's hands pinning Sam's over her head.

KITTY

Look at me.

Like Ripley in Alien. Sam refuses to turn her head, she kisses Sam's temple and quivers excitedly, getting off on it.

KITTY

Look. At. Me.

Kitty whispers into Sam's ear, she almost breaks, key word almost, Sam nearly cries but steels herself, the fire is back in her eyes. She turns her face to Kitty, Sam spits in her face! Kitty wipes her face with her palm, and licks Sam's saliva off her hand, Sam is as disgusted as she is angry.

SAM

Yeah! Go ahead! Cram some plastic dick in me! That'll bring your son back bitch!

KITTY

Save your breath sweetie, mommy's going to fuck your brains out now.

Sam suddenly headbutts Kitty! Blood pours out of her nose! Kitty lifts back up in a rage, draws the poignard and brings it to Sam's ribs and pushes. Sam tries grab the handle to stop her but with the drug weakening her and the cuffs, there's no power in her arms! She can't save herself.

SAM

Wait! Wait! Please!

She begs as we dabble in Saving Private Ryan territory, Kitty is stoic, staring at Sam's face, savoring the moment. Sam pulls out every stop, she lifts her head, damn there trying to seduce Kitty out of this, forehead to forehead, pleading.

SAM

I'm sorry you can fuck me! Stop stop!
Please! PLEASE I'LL - HEEEEELP! AAAAHHH!

KITTY

There are those sweet pleas, thank you.

Sam screams as the point sinks in. Blood stains the white dress, her hands dig into Kitty's, clawing, kicking! Then a red vaudeville hook swings into frame! It hooks Kitty by the neck and yanks her off of Sam! Sliding her in that satin robe across the ballroom floor like a hockey puck. Kitty slams into the wall. She looks up first in shock, then PURE TERROR!

KITTY

Oh my God! NO! NO! IT'S HIM!

It's a stone faced WILLY Dressed in his red clown suit and a tiny hat, wearing full makeup holding the cane-like wood hook in his hand, staring down at the bleeding Sam. Sam looks up at him, stuck between fear and thankfulness that he's here.

KITTY

Take her! She's the one you want! We're on the same team! Just take her! LEAVE!

WILLY

Is she dying?

KITTY

What?

WILLY

IS SHE DYING?!

He tosses the cane and it loudly lands on the ballroom floor, Kitty jumps. His head tilts as he surveys his injured sister.

WILLY

You've ruined it if she's dying.

KITTY

She's not dying! I was poking bone, her ribs, it wasn't deep, I don't think. I just wanted her to suffer she killed my-

WILLY

I know, I was listening.

SAM

You were going to let her rape me!

WILLY

You let him rape me.

A heavy silence owns the room but Kitty fills it.

KITTY

Just take her, take her and leave!

Kitty scurries over and pulls Sam up, Sam groans in pain. Willy yanks a juggling pin with "Jelly" painted on it from his clown suit and cracks Kitty on the head! Blood splatters the floor! She drops as the long train of her robe-like gown floats to the floor, Willy draws a second pin marked "Beans" intending to finish her off if she isn't already dead.

SAM

Don't.

Willy freezes, hearing Sam's weak voice.

WILLY

Why not?

SAM

You don't have to kill her.

WILLY

Yes I do. She's a rapist.

SAM

I'm here now Willy, let me help you.

WILLY

YOU CAN'T!

SAM

Why not!?

She yells on the floor, cuffed hands at her waist, bleeding.

WILLY

The Willy you knew, no longer exists.

SAM
He's still in you.

WILLY
Of course he is.

SAM
Then there's still-

He extends his arm and aims the "Beans" juggling pin her way as his eyes look up at the skylight and the stars above.

WILLY
But so are a lot of things.

SAM
I just wish, I just wish I did what you said, we could have fought together.

WILLY
Don't be silly, I was angry. He wanted you, he would have used you and have made me do the same thing to you for laughs. **Everything** for the laugh. But at least eventually he taught me things, books, how to build things, bombs, he was Army. He was a clown before he got drafted.

SAM
Willy.

WILLY
YOU! Would have just been breeding stock once he got bored of fucking you *then* he would have made me fuck you and out of fear I might have done it. You need to understand how bad it would have gotten. Because I do. It'll help you. It's better things turned out this way. Accept it.

SAM
Willy, you could just go somewhere, you don't have to hurt anyone, you could go and you could start a new life. Run.

WILLY
What makes you think I want a life?

SAM
Willy, I've had so much guilt. I didn't help you get away that night but I can help you get away now, nobody knows who you are except me and her, I owe you this one. Let me help you, finally help you.

WILLY

Don't do that, don't ever do that. Never compromise yourself, you're the only thing left of us. Who we were.

SAM

I already did when I told the police it was a Frankenstein. I didn't tell anyone but her it was you. It's all over the news. We're in this lie together, just like the old days with dad. Just us.

Sam tries her best to sit up, but she's still cuffed and weak from the drugs and the blood loss, she only gets her head up.

WILLY

You didn't have to do that. You shouldn't have done that. You can't save me.

SAM

Willy!

WILLY

SAAAMANNTHAAAAAA!!!

His voice echoes through the big house like thunder.

WILLY

Why do you think I call you that? Instead of Sam? Because HE WANTED YOU, he made me YOU. The first night, I was yelling for Sam. He got mad. He said he would make me never say it again. That I would remember who's fault it was. So he called me "Sam" when he would have his way with me. Then came the hair, dresses, makeup. I could have won a damned drag contest as you! Why do you think i'm this fat Samantha? It's not just because food is delicious, it's because when i'm skinny, I can see you when I look in the mirror and I can see me getting ready to play Sam for him.

Willy looks up at the skylight.

WILLY

So he could do all the things he wanted to do to you, to me. And once he got sick of me, he gave me to Jelly. She used me and they turned me and made me into this.

He turns back to Sam and motions to the costume.

WILLY

Silly Willy the clown.

SAM

You aren't THIS! You're my little brother! You're WILL SHANE! The best brother I could have ever asked for.

Sam finally struggles her way up to her shaky feet with handcuffs on, fighting through the pain and the paralytic.

SAM

And if I had known, i'd have killed them. I'd have found a way, i'm sorry Willy.

WILLY

I believe you. But Samantha, you're a detective, I'm not going to be *silly* and say you're the *best* detective in the world. Since you're in your own handcuffs doing a terrible Carrie impersonation.

They almost share a laugh.

WILLY

But you're trying to hold onto something that is long gone. I'm only Will in name, i'm your brother by blood but the boy you knew, the consciousness, that being is lost. You on the other hand, there's still some of you left. I see that now. You're still trying to be my big sister. Even that night, I *remember* that. Dad made you cry, I saw your eyes.

SAM

I think I just reminded him of mom, he took it out on me I came to terms with that at least, you I think reminded him of himself. He knew how to handle you, me I don't think he got or it upset him that he didn't, but he knew what you needed.

WILLY

No, he thought he did. He thought I needed things to be happy. What joy would I get out of seeing him yell at you? You being sad and hiding in your room? What I wanted was us all to be happy together.

SAM

Me too, saying that a lot tonight.

WILLY

But my point is even though you were sad, hurt, you still took me to the circus, you didn't want to but you did it and that was a kindness, you even got me that cowboy hat when he wouldn't, you tried to give me happiness and you're still doing it now, hurt, sad, scared, but trying for me, you're still fighting for Will, hell you've risked your job and jail time, you're a good sister, not the best but I wouldn't trade you for anyone else.

SAM

I just wanted to get out of the house, don't give me credit for an excuse.

WILLY

But I am giving you credit, do you think I would feel better if it were in your shoes Hearing what was done to you? No. It's better this way like I said, plus i'm sure seeing dad like that wasn't fun, it haunts you for you to still remember as vividly as I heard you tell Kitty.

He nods as if affirming an assumed truth.

WILLY

My anger, my rage was misdirected, I did to you what he did. I blamed you and so did dad and I let that bastard Beans twist me and send me after you, it was all he could do when he got too old, he still wanted to be sure someone would get you, but no one will. **I won't let them.**

SAM

But I did push you, you have a right to be angry, that's why I've felt guilty all these years. I'm the sorry one Willy.

WILLY

You were a scared teenage girl visiting a strange circus tent in the woods with your stupid little brother. You need to forgive yourself for that now, for me.

Willy wraps his arms around Sam, hugging her, she looks as tense as you can possibly imagine but as he hugs her, she closes her eyes and rests her head against him. This embrace, this moment a very long time in the making for these two.

WILLY

I took a bullet for you that night, I'm glad now that I was able to do that.

SAM

Say hey, hey Willy?

WILLY

What?

Sam passes out in his arms and we cut immediately to:

INT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door flies open! Joe rushes in, gun drawn, cheek bandaged, aiming as he clears the living room but he looks down and sees an arrow drawn in blood pointing to the stairs.

JOE

Oh fuck, oh fuck no! Sam!

He runs up the stairs to the ballroom but his steps sound wet. He looks down, the floor is coated in blood. He looks up horrified, stumbles and retreats back out of the house.

EXT. KITTY FAIRCHILD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe rushes out and vomits on the front lawn before taking a seat on the curb hanging his head as an unmarked car comes barreling down the street and skids to a stop. Diaz hops out.

DIAZ

Where's Sam!

JOE

In there. I couldn't see her like that.

Joe says softly, shellshocked. Diaz vanishes into the house as another car pulls up outside the house, Lee hops out.

LEE

Joe, is Sam alright?

Joe bullrushes Lee and tackles him on the lawn, punching him!

JOE

You sent her here alone! You did this!

Diaz comes running back out of the house towards them.

DIAZ

It's not Sam! It's the informant!

Joe climbs off of Lee and falls to his knees in relief.

DIAZ

Do this after we find her alive!

JOE

We don't have shit unless we start printing the house, you know how long that shit takes, Who was the informant?

DIAZ

Name on the I.D was Eveline Batesman, it was by what was left of the body. Just a torso, torn up, big ass footprints that looked like clown shoes. Had a cane run through her like a roasted pig.

LEE

What the fuck is wrong with this guy?

JOE

That's why I wiggled out, thought it was Sam. Goddamn I hope that little piece of shit is alive but Batesman, that's the guy she shot's mother! You sent her to his house! She was walking into a trap!

LEE

Used a fake name and the Sheriff-

JOE

Sent the car back, fuck.

LEE

He bothered to take her, maybe he'll keep her alive, maybe there's still time.

JOE

Yeah to do God knows what to her and I know what I just don't want to say it. The sick bastard is going to be using her as a pin or prick cushion. Jesus, Jesus. Going to be fucking sick. If he does anything to her i'm gonna kill you.

LEE

Don't threaten me.

JOE

Too late.

Joe turns around and there's Sam's cobra parked in the driveway that Joe must have drove over from the hospital.

JOE

Who's got a radio? Sam's car doesn't.

LEE

How the hell has she been working? Why-

JOE

Kept the cobra stock, until recently it was the only thing about her I respected.

LEE

Just use mine.

JOE

Diaz, put an APB out on the car too. Red Mercedes 380-SL, 1981, "WISE-GUY" plates.

DIAZ

On it.

Diaz heads to his car and Joe to Lee's where he gets on the radio and starts putting out the APB for Sam.

JOE

Attention all units Detecti-

He stops and lowers the mic, looking out the door to Lee.

JOE

Lee, we need to tell her family before they see this shit on the news, she took care of mine. I need to do the same.

LEE

We're wasting time, I'll put the APB out. They're not far, we put them up at the days in but better you go than me. She hung up on me last time we talked.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Rosie is sitting on the floor watching TV. Surrounded by her room service order. Judy is on the bed next to where Sam slept, looking anxiously out the window. **KNOCK! KNOCK!** The sound snaps her out of it, she rushes to the door.

JUDY

Sam thank God-

She sees Joe instead of who she'd hoped, Judy freezes up since she's actually never laid eyes on him before.

JUDY

Who are you?

Her hand stays on the door ready to slam it shut if she needs to. The question catches Joe off guard, he removes his hat.

JOE

I'm Detective Joe Black, i'm Shane's I mean Sam partner. I'm sorry to-

Judy immediately hyperventilates and backs up from the door. Rosie sees her mother freaking out and rushes over.

ROSIE

What is it?! IS AUNT SAM DEAD!?

JOE (O.S.)

NO! No! She's not dead! She's fine!

ROSIE

Don't scare us like that you pork pie piece of shit! What's wrong with you!

Rosie slams the door in his face!

JOE

Well I see where Sam gets it from.

He says to himself before the door flies open again.

JUDY

I'm sorry, what did you need to tell us? Why couldn't she come herself?

JOE

She's been kidnapped.

Judy struggles with the news but fights off another panic.

JOE

We just wanted you to hear it from us not some news report, we're looking, we'll-

JUDY

It's her brother. Willy Shane, William.

JOE

What? Didn't even know she had a brother!

JUDY

We thought he was dead, he was kidnapped when we were teenagers. We never saw him again until you two did. He was dressed up like a clown, face painted, red suit.

ROSIE

MOM! You pinkie swore not to tell!

JUDY

She can be mad when she's safe.

JOE

Shit, she told us it was a Frankenstein.

JUDY

She thought she could talk him down,
bring him in herself, she was wrong.

JOE

What's he look like? She have any photos?

Judy runs back into the hotel room and returns moments later with a photo album and pulls out a picture of young Willy Shane and a WWII photo of Biff in his army dress uniform.

JUDY

Willy and her father, could be what Willy looks like now, figured it might help?

JOE

Thank you, I need to take these, I'll call you as soon as I have something.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Joe jogs out of the hotel and we see Lee resting against his car smoking as Diaz sees Joe and gets out of his car too.

JOE

You're not going to believe this, the suspect is William Shane. Her brother. She told her family but not us. Idiot.

LEE

Hell was she thinking? She had to have known when she talked to me last.

JOE

Same here, but - Who the fuck was I talking to? Is Sam into broads?

DIAZ

If she is, she was sure as shit cheating on her with good ole' chisel chin Jason.

JOE

Who wouldn't? But hopefully we won't be missing her too. So Diaz take these pictures, it's William when he was a kid and their father. Figured the sketch guy may be able to work some magic so we have something besides what I barely saw.

Diaz takes the photo, hops back in his car and speeds off.

LEE

Frank.

JOE

First name? This must be serious.

LEE

I remember that name. Will Shane. He was kidnapped by a clown in the 60s, witness was our Samantha Shane, her father was also murdered that night, I was a deputy. Alert was statewide. Joe. I saw a school bus speed by, towards the Springwoods. I radioed Lane for backup. It was night, I was a rookie, he just mocked my accent. Wouldn't send backup. So I stood down. I had my own kids to worry about. I regret it but I couldn't risk it. I'm not Rambo.

JOE

Why didn't you ever say anything?

LEE

I let her see the report years ago. Until now there was nothing to say, what was I going to tell her? I could have saved your brother's life? Let sleeping dogs lie, figured he was long dead.

JOE

Fuck it. Do you remember where that was?

LEE

I told you, heading over the bridge, to the woods, we called them the Springwoods but it was all military owned land.

JOE

Could be where his base is set up?

LEE

That was over 20 years ago, why would the kid be living where he was taken?

JOE

Well why the fuck is he alive? It's the only lead we got, so let's put this cold shit back in the microwave and eat it.

LEE

Joe?

JOE
What?

LEE
Is this on me?

JOE
No, it's on that racist Lane for not sending backup. But Sam visiting the guy's mother who she swiss-cheesed? Yeah.

LEE
So be it.

Lee grabs the car phone through the car window and dials.

DEPUTY HILL (O.S.)
Sheriff's department.

LEE
It's Captain Lee, I need to speak to-

DEPUTY HILL (O.S.)
Oh what the fuck do ya'll want? To throw more goddamn horse spunk on me?

LEE
Why's he asking me about horse cum?

JOE
Don't worry about it.

LEE
Detective Samantha Shane was kidnapped, need you guys to go look around for her. But let me talk to Lane, it's urgent.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - MORNING

DEPUTY HILL
Damn i'm sorry to hear that. One sec i'll let the Sheriff know you're on the line.

Hill leaps up and runs to the Sheriff's office, Lane is messily eating a diablo sandwich with a Dr.pepper.

DEPUTY HILL
Captain Lee is on the line.

SHERIFF LANE
What-that slick rick want?

DEPUTY HILL
Detective Shane was kidnapped.

Lane sighs and picks the phone up.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)
Lost your gal, Leeboy?

LEE
My detective. I need you to head over
Springwood bridge and search the woods.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)
Why over the bridge?

LEE
Only lead on the suspect.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)
Well who's the suspect?

Lee drops his head, he was trying not to tell Lane the name
because he knows he can't trust him not to air it.

LEE
Remember back in 64' the Willy Shane
kidnapping? But you wouldn't back me up?
That was my Detective's brother.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)
So now what? You're trying to blame me
for your gal gettin' snatched? First the
boy, now the girl? All in the family.

LEE
No. We're stretched too thin and you're
miles closer, her life is on the line so
will you help us out and look or not?

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)
Of course. Hell you think? Sounds like a
good ole' damsel in distress an a big fat
headline for me savin' the day at best.

LEE
This may not be a headline you want, the
car he took is the Mercedes you sent
back, 1981, red, "WISE-GUY" plates.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)
Are you fucking with me?

LEE

I wish I was, Mrs. Batesman is dead. She used a fake name and a false tip to get Sam to her place. We arrived, Batesman was already dead, blood everywhere and Sam and the red Mercedes were gone.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)

Christ a'mighty, Did Sam kill her too?! You need to take that gal's gun!

LEE

No! And do not go public with his name, until after we have her. If you don't find her don't go public because we have reason to believe she may be working him. She didn't to tell us he was her brother.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)

Real tight ship you're running there.

LEE

Don't get a cop killed over our bullshit.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)

I don't hate ya that much. Give it to me.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - MORNING

LEE (O.S.)

Large build, 6 foot at least. May look like an overweight Hank Stram without the face paint. Last seen in a clown suit and paint, assume that he's heavily armed.

SHERIFF LANE (O.S.)

I'll call ya'soon as I have something.

Lane hangs up and Deputy Hill rushes back in with his rifle only to see Lane leaning back comfortably in his chair.

DEPUTY HILL

Ain't we going?

SHERIFF LANE

Not til' I figure out if he's try'in to fuck me back. Need to think. Fits too nice. But if it's true? Shit, you stay and hold down the fort. I'll be back.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

LEE

I'm gonna get back to the station. Stay here and guard the family. I'll call the hotel if we hear anything or you call us if you do. Wish you had driven your car.

JOE

I was worried there was a bomb in it, blame Sam for working without a radio.

LEE

I'll be glad to, as soon as we find her.

INT. THE SPRINGWOODS - DAY

The Sheriff's car rolls to a stop in the woods. He looks around through the open window then reaches for his radio.

SHERIFF LANE

Hill, it's me. I didn't find anything. But go on an' tell that cutie pie news gal I know the name of the suspect, it's Willy Shane. Tell her specifically we found it out, not the *pohleese*, not Leey boy, we can do the press conference later so long as she lets me buy her dinner.

The Sheriff laughs and checks the rearview while slicking back his greasy hair but something shiny catches his eye, we lean in close, framing his eyes in the rearview mirror like goggles. Lane gets out and walks into the brush and sees the red Mercedes then the "WISE-GUY" plate. It's Paul Batesman's.

SHERIFF LANE

Son of a bitch.

He opens the car door and sees an interior smeared in blood just as the sound of charging footsteps come his way, he tries to draw his gun but something hits him, he goes down.

We suddenly cut to: a long dark tree lined road with a white light in the far distance and see Sam walk nonchalantly into frame, looking pristine, still wearing the white dress...

We hear a familiar car engine, the rattling V8 just like in our opening scene as a white 1960 Ford Galaxie rolls past her looking brand new, Sam stops beside it, the window rolls down and we hear that same old tune, the Echoes "Baby Blue".

*♪ I don't call you "Honey" even though you're sweet.
It's really not the name for you-ou-ou.*

SAM

Dad?

He smiles from the driver seat, looking just perfect.

BIFF SHANE

Hey honey.

She reaches for the door handle.

BIFF SHANE

Stop!

♪ *Sweetheart, angel, lover, all are incomplete.
Only one name will do-oooh-oooh-oooh.*

He startles her, she quickly pulls her hand back.

BIFF SHANE

You have to go back that way.

He thumbs over his shoulder, she looks back down that long road, but there's nothing, just an endless blackness.

SAM

But it's dark that way and i'm tired,
can't you just drive me?

BIFF SHANE

No, I'll pick you up when you're done.

Sam pouts childishly, with a little foot stomp. Biff laughs silently as the two of them have one more father daughter moment, a positive one in comparison to their last.

♪ *So I'm telling you, telling you, though you're seventeen.*

BIFF SHANE

I promise. I love you.

♪ *You will always be, always be. Baby Blue to me.*

He pulls off, driving down the road toward the white light.

SAM

Daaaaad! Daaaaad!

She steps out into the road and drops her arms in defeat.

SAM

I love you too.

Sam says this knowing he can't hear her but Biff blows the horn in acknowledgment. She grins and turns to go back in the direction he pointed her in, towards the dark, to this world.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - MARGE'S ROOM

A blurry face comes into view as it peers down at her. It's **MARGE (50s)** who looks a lot like a retro librarian in cat-eye glasses, a rockabilly pink sweater and thick pearl necklace.

MARGE

She done woke up!

A man rushes in that looks like her dad Biff, Willy minus the makeup, she stares at a face she hasn't seen bare in decades.

WILLY

You're okay!

SAM

Where am I?

WILLY

Home. My home, I knew Marge could help you, she's the only person I could ask.

MARGE

I stitched up the wound, bleedin' stopped and I wrapped it up nice and tight.

Sam looks down and sees the handcuffs have been cut, leaving her with metal bracelets but she's still wearing the white dress from Kitty only now with a black sash around her ribs. She lurches up realizing she's finally free, like a trapped animal trying to make an abrupt break for it. But Marge dives over her and pins her wrists like Kitty did, Sam screams!

MARGE

Calm down, you almost bled out, you'e gonna pop the damn stitches and die!

SAM

WILLY! WILLY! WILLY!

WILLY

Margie, wait, you can't do that!

Willy rushes over and gently separates them.

WILLY

Easy now. She has some trauma, just like me. Thank you for helping though. I need to talk to her alone, please. Thank you.

Marge heads out the door and Willy locks it behind her.

SAM

Who was that?

WILLY

A good friend. She takes care of us.

SAM

Us?

WILLY

I have friends, but how do you feel?

SAM

Like I got stabbed - and why the fuck are you dressed just like dad?

WILLY

These are his clothes.

SAM

How did you get them?

WILLY

She brought them back that night.

SAM

Wait, was that the woman who killed dad?

WILLY

No, of course not, she's gone. It's what we do after a "show", it's part of the rules, we take and use everything.

SAM

Again, who's this we, exactly?

KNOCK, KNOCK! From the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm hungry!

WILLY

If you're strong enough to, I guess now's as good a time as any, hungry?

He gestures for her to follow him as he goes to unlock the door, Sam gets up with a groan onto her unsteady feet.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - DINING ROOM

Sam enters a large room that looks like a circus tent indoors or Jeannie's bottle. No bare floors or walls but red throw rugs and draped red fabrics all around with lights behind creating a soft glow. Decorated with old circus adverts, velvet couches, chairs, toys, gags and a long striped table. She looks to the clocks, but they're all artfully broken.

JOLLY HOLLY (O.S.)
 THAT'S HER!

Running towards Sam with violent intent is **JOLLY HOLLY (18)** wearing orange overalls and a striped shirt with a gray fur stole thrown around her neck like a scarf, but Willy catches her with one arm, lifting and placing her on the table like a child throwing a tantrum only to be put in gentle timeout.

WILLY
 Calm down.

JOLLY HOLLY
 You said you hated her!

WILLY
 I know I did.

JOLLY HOLLY
 But not now?

WILLY
 That's right.

She barely buys his answer before in walks **PATCHY (81)** a white bearded man in dingy overalls looking like a retired train conductor that's been left in the sun too long. He tips an invisible hat and sits down at the far side of the table.

JOLLY HOLLY
 Willy brought the bad girl! The one that shoved him! And got him hurt! Then Beans and Jelly taught him her lessons! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER!

Sam finally gets a name to put on the woman from that night.

EXT. SHANE RESIDENCE - 1964 - NIGHT

JELLY
 Hey you two.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - DINING ROOM

WILLY
 It wasn't her fault.

JOLLY HOLLY
 I BETCHA she's lying! GET THE STABBERS!

WILLY
 No! JOLLY. We're friends again.

JOLLY HOLLY
Friendly friends?

WILLY
Yes, friendly friends.

Jolly Holly squints.

WILLY
Just give her a chance.

JOLLY HOLLY
Okay but a chance isn't food! She has to work for her food those are the rules!

WILLY
She's done lots of work, the fur you're wearing, the goodies in the car I brought back. The food. That's thanks to her, I took it from a mean old lady's house I found because of her. So I think she's earned a meal Jolly Holly, don't you?

JOLLY HOLLY
I guess but she doesn't get to call me Jolly Holly! She has to call me Holly Jolly because she doesn't make me feel VERY Jolly when I look at her, no nope.

In walks **GIGGLES (49)**, a tall fella with long legs, with a flattened deformed nose, giving him a rather catlike look.

GIGGLES
Jolly Holly stop being a prick, you're just trying to trip her up and you'll use it as an excuse. I called you Golly Holly once and you took my nose off for it.

Jolly Holly sticks her tongue out at him.

GIGGLES
Welcome to our family.

He tosses his arm around Sam and tries to kiss her on the cheek but Sam leans away, scrunching her face to avoid it.

WILLY
She doesn't like that.

GIGGLES
Can't I let her be the judge of that?

He turns and smiles to her, showing a rotten broken smile.

SAM

No thanks, the hug was fine.

GIGGLES

That wasn't no hug pally! This is a hug!

He wraps his arms around Sam and lifts her off the ground, Sam yelps in pain as she's still recovering from the stab wound. Giggles sets her back down apologetically.

GIGGLES

Sorry.

WILLY

Enough *touching* Samantha.

Willy seats Sam at the head of the table.

JOLLY HOLLY

That's YOUR seat Willy!

Giggles takes a seat by Patchy, startling him.

PATCHY

I'm up!

Everyone pauses, turns and looks at Patchy.

WILLY

Well I can't have her sitting next to you can I? The way you're acting Jolly Holly.

In walks **HAMMER (38)**, a rather strapping John Coffey sort in yellow overalls but he doesn't say a word, he just looks at Sam then pulls a gigantic stripe lollipop out of his front pocket. He offers it to Sam who looks to Willy for an answer.

WILLY

Samantha hasn't had dinner yet.

Hammer nods and takes his seat at the table by Patchy as Marge comes in with a large steaming black pot. She sets it down center table and they all begin passing out bowls.

SAM

Before I eat, I really need to call a few people and let them know I'm alive.

WILLY

After dinner, after we all talk.

Sam doesn't argue, trying to buy time and not boat rock. **BULLY (20)**, a handsome young man in an and obnoxious rodeo clown outfit, big red cowboy hat, chaps and striped boots.

BULLY
We killing her ooor not?

JOLLY HOLLY
No, she's *our friend now*.

BULLY
Friendly friends?

JOLLY HOLLY
Apparently so.

GIGGLES
She's a great hugger.

BULLY
You hugged her?!

As if this were a betrayal. Sam sits in awkward silence as Giggles tries to turn on the table-side TV but gets static.

WILLY
Samantha, everyone. What I wanted to talk to you about in this friendly setting is that i'm going to accept her offer and stay here, try to move on, this act, this show, will end in peace, not more pain.

SAM
Really?

JOLLY HOLLY
After all that?! We had a great plan! It-wait. Which plan was it again?

BULLY
Plan A!

JOLLY HOLLY
Yep! Which makes this B! We knew where that lady and the girl were! YEP!

SAM
What?

WILLY
Stop it Jolly Holly.

JOLLY HOLLY
What's it matter? If we're friendly friends she should know she's terrible at hide and seek. They went from home to a hotel. Was so easy. We were going to kill them so you came home to them reddy-deady but we voted and the spunk won most fun.

BULLY

Filling that damn mallet wasn't plus it
took Hammy here so long to crush that
woman's head he started making noises!

Jolly mimics him like the principal in Forest Gump. As they banter we focus on Sam's face coming to the realization that Judy and Rosie are alive because of democracy in action.

GIGGLES (O.S.)

At least you didn't have to go get it,
nastiest thing I've ever done.

BULLY (O.S.)

Stop acting like a martyr you bought it
from that farm up the way, you didn't get
the glue out the factory yourself.

GIGGLES

But I had to carry it! Top came off.

MARGE (O.S.)

Would ya'll shush an eat before the garsh
dang food gets cold! Enough already!

Sam looks up as they dig in like a pack of wolves. Giggles shakes Patchy awake as Sam who hasn't eaten in days looks down at her bowl and sees something fleshy floating in brownish red water. She turns up her nose literally and figuratively and sees Jolly Holly biting the big toe off a foot, there's a pause of disbelief. Their eyes meet, she slurps the toe in her mouth. Sam launches her chair back!

SAM

Is that a person?!

WILLY

No. It's Kitty.

Sam laughs histrionically in her immense shock, cracking up.

JOLLY HOLLY

We don't waste anything.

BULLY

Yeah the rules are we eat what we kill!
No wasting anything at all! Not a thing!

JOLLY HOLLY

We beat up, meat up, heat up and eat up.

PATCHY

Well, her tongue sure is chewy.

SAM
WILLY!

WILLY
SAMANTHA!

He laughs in boisterous glee and the group loudly joins in. Like a terrifying and twisted version of PeeWee's playhouse.

WILLY
She was going to rape you, rapists are
shit, now she will be what she was.

SAM
You were going to rape me!

It's an explosion of bottled rage uncapped by the insanity of cooking a human for dinner but the popping of this emotional cork brings silence to the table and terror to Willy. The one outlier is Hammer who seems not to understand the word beyond the energy shift among his hodgepodge family as he looks up. Marge though, glares at Willy. His breath quickens in panic and embarrassment, unraveling like a scared little boy caught in a lie and fearing punishment but this is much, much worse.

WILLY
Was not!

His only defense is regression to a childish denial.

SAM
You pointed at me and said don't make me
come in there! What else did you mean
before you held me up against a wall?

Marge turns to Willy who stutters and stammers.

MARGE
That's against the rules Willy.

JOLLY HOLLY
It's not funny! You know that!

GIGGLES
Better than anybody here.

Bully's head drops, disappointed in Willy.

WILLY
I was going to stab her! She took it
wrong! I meant COME INSIDE, with a knife!

JOLLY HOLLY
OH! That's okay then because otherwise-

SAM

You didn't have a knife!

WILLY

I had three of them!

JOLLY HOLLY

We do all have lots of knives.

Jolly Holly pulls a hatchet from her overalls, using it to swiftly cut the foot right down the middle, Sam gags and backs away from the table then looks at Willy, but he's too busy pouting into his bowl of Kitty, the reveal of his sick threat having wrecked the patriarchal leader image, because he broke the most important of rules. Killing can be funny, rape is not and to these cannibalistic clowns the only justified criminal act is one that is at least trying to be funny. Everything indeed *for the bit*. Giggles **SMACKS!** The TV finally getting a signal, the music of a news report hits.

JOLLY HOLLY

Not the neeeeews, that's boring!

Giggles changes the dial, it loudly **CRANKS**, static again.

SAM

Can I use the bathroom?

MARGE

Bathroom is back there, can't miss it.

She gets up and heads into a hallway painted in red stripes, a red light over head, walking cautiously until seeing a door to the right with a drawing of a clown peeing into a toilet.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - BATHROOM

Sam enters a candy striped bathroom and is greeted by a silly funhouse mirror over the sink. She turns on the faucet and gulps some water before taking a seat on the toilet painted like lips. Sam takes a deep breath and pees but as soon as she finishes the door opens, it's Willy! Sam jumps up about to scream but Willy punches her in her rib wound! She falls, gasping for air and puts her hand up defensively but Willy just stands still, towering over her without expression.

WILLY

I don't break rules. I'm the one that taught them to all of them. And it wasn't funny learning them from Beans. I'm not going to do anything to you Samantha.

SAM

You...just...did.

She says struggling to breathe.

WILLY

Well nothing else, you were going to scream. I needed time to talk.

Willy backs up to the door, giving her space.

WILLY

The talk at Kitty's. Forgiveness. The bonding. You didn't mean any of it?

SAM

You forgave me, I didn't say shit about what you did. I was trying to survive in handcuffs, bleeding, hurt. You were going to let her fuck me. You ONLY JUST started trying to protect me after she almost killed me! I'm a detective, one thing I know is killers, and you, you got...

She gets into a seated position, holding her ribs.

SAM

Territorial about your prey. Possessive. It wasn't out of kindness or love. For all I know you brought me back here to complete your sick story slow and steady.

WILLY

I saved you because watching you nearly die reminded me of something I forgot.

SAM

What?

WILLY

That you're my favorite person.

SAM

OHHHH...FUUUUUUCK...OFF, BRO.

WILLY

It's true, you were my older sister, I was a cowboy loving loser but to me you were the coolest person in the world and you still are, it's like I said. But even more now. You lied to the police, you're risking your freedom for me. You really are the best sister ever, I would be stupid to want to lose that ever, ever.

SAM

You haven't addressed what you said at the radio station, or Kitty. Were you going to actually let her-

WILLY

Yes.

Sam grimaces in disgust.

WILLY

I wanted you to feel what I felt.

SAM

Why were you there at all?

WILLY

I was following you.

SAM

Why? Stop making this like pulling teeth.

WILLY

I think I wanted to kill you but I wasn't set on it. If I was i'd tell you. Want proof? I was going to masturbate while she fucked you. Honest enough?

SAM

Jesus Willy, too honest.

WILLY

Now you know I won't lie. I was looking for the next gag but I didn't find it until I saw Kitty. I thought you were sweet on her so I was going to kill her in front of you and make you chase me.

SAM

And at the radio station? The threat? Were you going. To do that. To me.

They stare at each other for a painfully long few seconds, then the toilet begins running breaking the tension. Willy walks over and jiggles the handle stopping it, Sam looks up.

WILLY

Yes.

SAM

Goddamn it Willy.

WILLY

I had been abused, I was mad. I had been brainwashed for years, Beans fucked me, again and again and beat it in that you were to blame like I said. I finally had you alone, did you expect? Rationality?

SAM

You said he made the rules, taught them to you but they all said that wasn't funny, so why would you do that?

WILLY

To him, making me you, was funny, sister gets away, brother has to be the sister. He justified it though the logic fell apart with Jelly. That was all her. But in my anger, I thought giving it back to you could be funny too but I see it differently now, I forgave you.

SAM

But I don't forgive you. Not for Jason and not for what you did to my head.

He deflates as Sam gets to her feet, she points to him.

SAM

When you had me up against that wall, for a split second I gave up. I surrendered. I thought is this what I deserve? Is this how we get square? And I'm **disgusted**, that you caused me to meet that part of myself. Knowing I considered letting...

She nearly gags, trying to get the words out.

SAM

Letting my brother fuck me. Like your penis was penance. You had me and I can't forget it. Because I don't deserve it now just like you didn't deserve it then.

WILLY

I'm sorry. I'm sorrier than you can imagine, i'm sorry to know I caused that and I hope you believe me when I say I really want to move on, together and not to compare but your wound is mental.

He points to his temple.

WILLY

Mine are mental and physical.

SAM

I know, i'm not trying to make it about me after what you went through. I'm just saying you really scared me, that was not okay at all but I'm happy you're alive.

WILLY

Also sorry for punching you.

SAM

Please, I hit you harder with that stupid fucking Zorro guitar you had when you blew out my birthday candles for me.

WILLY

HAHAHA! You really did!

BANG BANG BANG! On the door. Willy turns and Sam stares.

SAM

I'm fine! Don't worry!

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! It gets louder, a door shaking knock and a cacophony of indecipherable yells.

WILLY

She said she's fine!

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! BANG BANG BANG! It doesn't stop, Willy actually looks worried himself.

WILLY

It has to be the police.

SAM

That's not a cop knock.

WILLY

They may have had a vote and it may have gone against us both. Stay behind me.

Willy smashes the mirror and grabs a shard of glass, he reaches for the door, takes a deep breath and swings it open!

JOLLY HOLLY

Hey Willy!

WILLY

Jolly! You scared us!

JOLLY HOLLY

TV! NOW!

INT. CLOWNTOWN - DINING ROOM

Jolly Holly leads Willy and Sam back to the table where only Hammer remains sitting and eating. Willy looks at the TV, there's a cartoon of a police detective interrogating a mime.

DETECTIVE (TV)

You're gonna tell us everything!

LAWYER (TV)

He can't talk, he's a mime!

WILLY

This is what you wanted us to see?

JOLLY HOLLY

OH! NO! Took you so long, the news came on, said the Sheriff's looking for you!

Willy drifts into a defeated thousand yard stare.

JOLLY HOLLY

And ummm...they had an old picture of you! Annnnd a drawing! YEP! YEP! Everyone went to pack up, they figured the coppers must be coming to get us!

Willy flips the table, knocking the TV over and scaring Hammer and Jolly Holly who flees the room with Hammer while Sam backs up to the wall in a mix of fear and guilt.

WILLY

I'm not going down like Pogo, Samantha.

SAM

Pogo?

WILLY

Gacy.

SAM

You aren't like him Willy.

Willy shrugs in a "aren't I?" kinda way.

WILLY

I mean being caught before i'm ready, hauled in with my face wiped clean for a mugshot. I had a plan, before you or love of you, complicated it. It was leading up to a grand finale, where everyone would find out what you did and they'd remember me. The trail of bodies I made you chase, get Judy and the girl, only for you to end up the last one victim. Burned alive.

SAM

For fuck sakes Willy!

WILLY

I was going to die after you in a great big explosion, taking the police with me as they all arrived, flash, curtain call.

SAM

And now?

WILLY

I'm going to need your help with a whole new ending that i'm thinking up and since this is mostly your fault. I figured it's the least you could do, soooo are you in?

Sam nods her head, Willy gives her happy finger guns.

WILLY

I'm going to hold you to that! MAAAAARGE!

INT. CLOWNTOWN - WILLY'S ROOM

We see an extreme close up of Sam's face as a white paint brush comes down over her forehead, eyes then lips, slowly pulling back we see Willy seated in front of her and Marge knelt down altering the white dress with fashionable rips.

WILLY

You are Pierrot, the sad clown, first performed in 1660, You dance through the night, woeful of the dying moon, hiding yourself under a face painted white.

Marge uses a spray can to add black streaks to the rips.

WILLY

The classic whiteface clown. Elegant. Sensitive. Melancholy. Alone.

Willy adds the black eyeliner then the cheek tear.

WILLY

After turning in her long lost brother, Silly Willy the grotesque whiteface, twisted, molded by his evil captor Beans the Brute, the auguste hobo clown and his partner in crime, Jelly the madness mime.

Marge slips a white glove on Sam's left hand, then one on her right and sprays Sam's hair back into a near bleached blonde, before pulling her hair into loose messily chaotic pigtails.

Willy opens a rusty tin "Jim Lightning" lunch box, takes out his old toy Sheriff's badge and pins it to her chest. Willy and Marge step back in proud reverence of their creation.

WILLY

When you rise from this chair, the world
meets the newest clown in town. The naive
knave, the selfish selfless, The delicate
and deadly. The one and only.

We turn to Sam as she stands up and first see her new shoes, a pair of white low top "KEDS" sneakers with sharpied on graffiti listing Willy's murders, panning up to the white dress with black marks, the white gloves, badge then her painted white face, faint black lipstick and a single tear.

WILLY

INSPECTOR INKSPOT.

We take in her clown persona, like a living ghost from a Cab Calloway cartoon with Harley Quinn hints. Willy ushers her to the vanity and the accidental pantomime that is her shocked yet elegant reaction, a flutter of eyelashes, so beautifully captivating that for a moment we're in a silent movie as she gently touches her jawline then turns to Willy and Marge.

WILLY

Now, Inspector Inkspot. Are you ready to
close your biggest case yet?

She silently nods.

"Whispering grass," by The Inkspots begins playing softly.

♪ *Why tell them all your secrets? Who kissed there long ago?
Whispering grass, the trees don't need to know.*

INT. CLOWNTOWN - PUMP ROOM

The heavy metal door opens and **Silly Willy** enters wearing his clown outfit, full grotesque whiteface makeup with red lips.

♪ *Don't you tell it to the breeze. Cause she will tell the birds and
bees. And everyone will know because you told the blabbering trees.*

Sam walks in right after him and instantly jumps back against the wall by the door in immediate shock and horror.

♪ *It's no secret any more. Yes, you told them once before.
Why tell them all the old things? They're buried under the snow.*

We turn and see what Sam is freaking out over, Willy is standing next to Sheriff Lane who's tied to a wheelchair wearing a pair of goggly eye glasses and a plastic pig nose.

WILLY

HAHAHAHA! You look like Buster Keaton!
You don't wanna talk or he'll know!

Willy's right. She shakes her fists in frustration and furrows her brow but with the pierrot makeup everything is so expressive and mime like Willy just laughs harder.

WILLY

It's so cute! But it's okay Inspector,
stay back and let your trusty sidekick
handle this pompous piggy pig. Wake up!

Willy smacks the Sheriff's face!

SHERIFF LANE

You little bastard, you better let me go!
I'm the Sheriff of this county! You know-

Willy smacks him again! The glasses fly off his head!

WILLY

Sheriff, the one thing you'll find is i'm
not little bastard. I'm a big bastard.
But you can call me Willy Shane.

SHERIFF LANE

No, no, no, it can't be. It's really you?
You're that boy Lee was jawin' on about.

Willy looks back at Sam then back at the Sheriff.

WILLY

What are you talking about?

The Sheriff realizes his mistake and clams up. Willy places his hands on the Sheriff's knees and leans in close.

WILLY

I need you to listen real good. You
aren't fucked yet, you think you're
fucked but you're not yet, hear me?

The Sheriff slowly and nervously nods his head.

WILLY

If you don't tell me what you're talking
about i'm gonna show you what I learned
besides making bombs and bodies cowboy,
I'll suck out those kidney stones for ya.

SHERIFF LANE

HEY, HEY NOW! I'm not that way! Don't you
be startin' none of that pansy shit with-

SMACK! Willy hits him across the face again.

WILLY

I swear on the grave of my bitch of a mother! I'll do it!!! Fast as lightning!

SHERIFF LANE

Alright, alright, it was Lee! It was his fault! That lazy *immigrant* motherfucker!

Sam lifts her head at the second mention of her captain.

WILLY

He fucked his mother? Did you fuck your mother? I didn't fuck mine! Did you?!

He points back at Sam who shakes her head "no," getting another laugh out of Willy at her in the pierrot paint.

SHERIFF LANE

No, no, listen, that night, you went missing, Lee had eyes on a red bus. Said "Jelly Beans & Cream Pies," on the side.

WILLY

That was it! That was it!

SHERIFF LANE

I told him to follow it, he wouldn't! He was too damn much of a coward! Blame him!

Sam slowly walks over and touches Willy's arm, he turns curiously towards Sam, who whispers like a ventriloquist.

SAM

That wasn't in the report Lee showed me. He's adding new information. It was him.

Willy turns back to the Sheriff, the ominousness of Willy and Sam's painted faces. Silly Willy and Inspector Inkspot's eyes emotionlessly turning to him, the Sheriff is the one that ACTUALLY saw the correct bus, Lee only thought it was him.

WILLY

Well I have a plan now. Inspector, please head through there to the control room and wait for me, but if you touch the phone i'll have to touch you so don't.

He points to a red curtain behind the Sheriff, Sam approaches it and pulls it aside, revealing a submarine like blast door.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Sam is sitting on metal bench in a dull room of concrete and pipes, along with a red phone under glass next to a submarine style periscope lens coming from above. The door opens and Willy walks in with sweat running down his painted face.

WILLY

Good girl, you didn't use the phone.

SAM

What did you do?

WILLY

You can call Judy now, tell her you're bringing me in, everything will be fine.

Sam leaps up and grabs the phone only for Willy to pull out her notebook and hand it to her having taken it from her clothes at Kitty's place, we see the number Judy wrote with "hotel" underlined. Sam doesn't even question it and dials.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We leave the timeless clowntown time warp and see that it's night now and Rosie is asleep in bed as the phone rings, Judy rushes out of the bathroom and answers the phone in a hurry.

JUDY

Hello?

SAM (O.S.)

It's me.

JUDY

Sam!? Oh Thank God, are you-

SAM (O.S.)

I'm fine, i'm fine but I'm with Willy, he's going to let me bring him in.

JUDY

What? Sam are you sure?

WILLY (O.S.)

JUUUUUDYBOOOOOTYYYY!!

JUDY

Willy?

WILLY (O.S.)

Yeah! Glad to hear your voice again!

JUDY

You sound so... So grown up.

WILLY (O.S.)

20 years will do that! But I need to know where my mother was buried. Figured you'd know, since your dad stole her. I know Samantha hadn't spoken to her since I had. I want to surrender at her grave, feels poetic, cinematic, best idea I had left after me and Samantha made up.

JUDY

Oh, uh, um, it's 15771 Dogwood Court.

WILLY (O.S.)

Right...Right. Thank you.

JUDY

Can I talk to Sam again? I barely...

WILLY (O.S.)

Of course! But if I see a badge until i'm ready i'll kill Samantha then myself!

INT. CLOWNTOWN - CONTROL ROOM

WILLY

I just had to say that, I don't mean it. Covering my bases and all - you know.

He awkwardly grins and shrugs, Sam snatches the phone back and he sticks out his tongue childishly and walks out.

SAM

What's up?

JUDY (O.S.)

Sam, Sam, is he listening?

SAM

No.

JUDY (O.S.)

Listen to me, I need you to listen and not react. Your mother, your mom...is not dead. I was so caught off guard when he asked me that I gave him their address.

Sam stifles a cry, but tears well up in her eyes.

JUDY (O.S.)

I know baby, I know. I'm so sorry. I'll do anything, anything to make it up I thought it might put you in danger if I told him the truth but I couldn't think fast enough but let me explain please.

She trembles in sadness and rage, squeezing the phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JUDY

My dad called me after Rosie was born. They wanted to see her but we weren't talking, I was keeping our pact to ignore them. I said no and I think he was just mad. Because he always thought me and you were a thing and he's so religious. He said they weren't gonna to keep paying life insurance for two daughters who wouldn't speak to them and he offered to switch yours over to Rosie if I told you, your mom passed. I knew how mad you still were at her, I thought it would help you move on and stop drinking so much and I had Rosie's future to worry about, it was stupid, years passed and I just-

CLICK. The phone-line goes dead. Sam hung up on her. Judy runs over to the window, she sees Sam's car a few floors down and Joe inside, she runs back to the phone and dials.

VOICEMAIL

This is the Belcher residence, leave-

She hangs up and runs to shake Rosie awake on the bed.

JUDY

We have to go! Come on!

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Judy and Rosie come running outside towards Sam's car, where they find Joe asleep in the front seat, Judy smacks the hood!

JUDY

Sam's alive!

JOE

Thank God and Christ.

JUDY

Willy's gonna turn himself in but he's going to my father and her mother's house. You all need to plan a roadblock-

JOE

Oh so you *two* are sisters?

JUDY

No! My dad and her mom are married! He's taking her there thinking it's his dead mother's grave! But she's not dead, the address I gave him is their real one, he's going to find out his mother is alive if they're home! And I don't know-

JOE

Why did you do that?!

JUDY

They called! I didn't have time to think of some great plan! I wanted to keep him happy so he didn't kill her on the spot! I figured you all could set up a sting!

JOE

And what if he sees us coming and blows her brains out? He'll know you fucked him, no, fuck...I have an idea. But I don't like it and neither will you.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - CONTROL ROOM

Sam is sitting on the floor, hands in her lap, black tears running down her pristine pierrot makeup, Willy pops his head back into the room and looks down at Sam and smiles.

WILLY

Well look at you getting in character, but time's up sis, it's SHOWTIME!

He waves for her to come, Sam gets up and follows Willy through the halls toward another closed blast door.

INT. CLOWNTOWN - TUNNEL

It's an old underground concrete military transport tunnel, like a sewer with a road inside and lined up in their outfits as if reporting for roll call is the entire gang of clowns in their outfits. Marge the classic bag lady clown, Patchy the sad tramp, Bully the rodeo clown, Giggles the jester and Hammer the strapping strongman with a painted smiley face.

Then of course Jolly Holly a harlequin of sorts in orange overalls, stripe socks, big shoes and dyed messy pigtails.

WILLY

I'd like to introduce you all to the case closing clown, the most honorable horror around who can hold quite the frown, the badged buffoon, a lovable loon, the one and the only: Inspector Inskpot.

He waves for Sam to step out and she does but as SOON as Jolly Holly sees Sam as Inspector Inskpot, in the paint, the dress, gloves, blonde pigtails, she loses her fucking mind.

JOLLY HOLLY

OH MY GOD I LOOOOOOVVVEEE HER!

She grabs Sam by the face and gives her a hard Bugs Bunny kiss. But Willy YANKS her off of Sam as she tries to hold on.

WILLY

I was going to wait to tell you this but before that happens again. Jolly Holly, Bully this is your AUNT Samantha.

JOLLY HOLLY

She's soooooo yummy! I could eat her up!

SAM

Willy. Look at me. This is not a bit. Do not let my niece eat me. No matter how she means it. Put your big ass foot down.

Jolly Holly goes in for seconds but Willy palms her face and pushes her away from Sam with a Three Stooges esque 'don't try that again' look but Holly only pouts, crosses her arms and bites her bottom lip while staring her aunt up and down.

WILLY

Thank you all but the only one I need, as much as I hate to reward bad behavior is Jolly Holly. The rest of you, stay here.

BULLY

Why does she get to go and not me?!

WILLY

Because Marge is gonna need you while i'm gone. You're the man now Bully, I left something for you under your pillow.

Willy lovingly hugs his son Bully in a warm moment, while behind them Jolly hugs Sam from behind and nibbles her neck.

SAM

Willy!

Willy grabs Jolly by her overall straps and drags her away, revealing the Sheriff's car behind the group of clowns but inside the driver seat is the Sheriff, looking disheveled with a thousand yard stare and the pig nose, he's broken.

SAM

Willy. What happened to him?

WILLY

Don't ask questions with bad answers.

He doesn't even look at her, Sam assumes the worst.

WILLY

Jolly Holly, passenger side, make sure he follows the map, if he doesn't. Stab him.

JOLLY HOLLY

Awww, I wanna sit next to the Inspector!

Willy pulls a map out of his suit and hands it to her. She pouts her way to the car, he then points Sam to the backseat.

EXT. THE SPRINGWOODS - NIGHT

"Seabreeze" by the Frankie Lymon plays.

We see the Sheriff's car driving alone through a tree lined road much like daddy Biff Shane's car at the start.

♪ I can see the lights of a little town.

We look up the road and see another wooded town, **Springfield, Virginia**, where they first lived with their parents.

*♪ Where the stars shine bright and the moon never frowns.
Where a man can find peace, and get all he needs.
It's my home and they call it, Seabreeze.*

The Sheriff is up front, Jolly Holly is in the passenger seat with a big long knife with Willy and Sam riding in the back.

*♪ What a town to live in, what a place to see. I
am sure, you'll give in, to the joy and the glee.*

WILLY

Remember those drives with mom and dad?
After we'd stop at Roy Roger's?

SAM

Yeah, can still smell those paper bags.

WILLY

Sometimes you'd let me lay in your lap,
when mom and dad would be fighting. Used
to be the only place I felt safe, last
time I can remember sleeping well.

Sam silently motions him over and Willy flops his head
against Sam's thigh, she strokes his head lovingly as she
looks up into the rearview and the tears run heavier.

SAM

I love you, Willy.

♪ When you find peace of mind, you won't want to leave.

SAM

10-30, 10-20.

♪ Come with me, and i'll show you, Seabreeze.

The Sheriff snaps out of his broken state, recognizing the
ten codes for an officer requesting assistance and a car
accident on instinct, he SWERVES the car into the trees!

CUT TO BLACK!

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - LATER - NIGHT

Our eyes open with Sam's, blood is smeared inside the smoking
car, hood crushed, windows broken, it's a wreck and Willy and
Jolly Holly are gone. Sam kicks the door open and climbs out.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

She reaches through the driver's window and she shakes the
Sheriff to see if he's alive, he groans and tries to move.

SAM

It's Detective Shane, you okay?

SHERIFF LANE

My legs are broken.

SAM

I'll get on the radio.

SHERIFF LANE

They tore it out.

SAM

Fuck.

She looks around but it's a long dark road and nothing but trees on both sides but the Sheriff hits the trunk button.

SHERIFF LANE

There's a tommy gun in the trunk. The freaks went in the woods, to the right.

Sam scurries to the trunk and pulls out a 1928 tommy gun, checks and readies it as she walks back to the driver side.

SHERIFF LANE

Turn that som' bitch on semi or hold on tight for auto or it's gonna jump out your lil' arms and get you killed.

SAM

Can I do anything for you?

SHERIFF LANE

Nothing you're ready to do. Go on.

Sam nods and runs into the woods after her family.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

Sam steps through the brush. BANG! She turns. The Sheriff shot himself. Sam turns back around just as a pink machete SWINGS at her face! But Sam blocks it with the tommy gun! Sam jumps back, plants her feet and aims the gun at Jolly Holly.

JOLLY HOLLY

You hurt Willy! AGAIN!

SAM

I'm trying to save him!

Jolly Holly squeezes the blade, glaring at Sam in the dark forest, wind howling as the aunt and new niece standoff.

SAM

I don't want to hurt you either since apparently i'm your damn aunt.

JOLLY HOLLY

And very very very yummy.

SAM

PLEASE! Stop that! I need you to just tell me where Willy went then go back to whatever you call home, stay there and don't hurt anyone or do anything bad.

JOLLY HOLLY

What if I don't wanna?

SAM

Then you're gonna die right here in the woods, because I don't have time for this. I have to find your dad so that I can try to talk him down safely.

JOLLY HOLLY

Give me another kiss and I will.

SAM

No! What is wrong with you?

JOLLY HOLLY

Probably a WHOLE lot. Fair is fair!

SAM

No more kissing!

Jolly Holly raises her knife, Sam steadies the tommy gun.

JOLLY HOLLY

You'd rather shoot me? Willy's right, you really are selfish and super duper mean!

SAM

Alright, a peck on the cheek! Come here.

Jolly Holly rushes over to Sam, Sam offers a cheek but Holly grabs Sam and french kisses her while backing Sam up against a tree. Sam pushes her back and SMACKS Jolly Holly as hard as she can, then once more time causing her to drop the knife.

SAM

Where is he going Holly?!

JOLLY HOLLY

I can't tell you, I'm supposed to stop you! Willy isn't nice when really *mad mad* at me. That's why I try so hard! If I fail It's *bad bad* an not friendly AT ALL.

She wrings her hands anxiously, Sam reads between the lines.

SAM

If he gets mad, i'll protect you. I promise and i'm not mad at you. I'll never be mad at you. But we can't try to help save him, if I can't find him. Tell me. Please. Where did he go Jolly Holly?

Jolly Holly bites her bottom lip and points northeast.

"More to lose" by Seona Dancing plays over a MONTAGE:

*♪ We used to cry. About the day when one of us might fall.
Weak and blindly into another's arms.*

Willy is limping with blood on his face down the sidewalk towards the center house at the end of a suburban cul-de-sac.

*♪ Demands are gained from jealousies, would flow like water drowning us.
But leaving us with just another.*

We see Sam and Jolly Holly running through the woods.

♪ Lover's false alarm...

Sam's cobra speeds through a neighborhood past suburban homes and pulls into a driveway, Judy and Rosie jump out and run up to the front door with no sign of Joe with them, Judy knocks.

♪ And now it's over, both of us free, but I feel colder.

A green 78' Lincoln pulls into the driveway and bumps the back of Sam's Cobra. Judy turns and waves at them to leave. But they get out of the car. It's Sam's mom, now **JEAN BELCHER (60s)** and Judy's dad **PHIL BELCHER (60s)** along with **KATIE BELCHER (20)** and **RANDY BELCHER (17)**, their kids. Judy runs toward them, waving them off but the front door swings OPEN! Willy grabs Rosie and presses a long revolver to her temple.

♪ A thousand tortured lives have fallen, wounded dying cut down by the questions that we've sharpened. Just to save our losing days.

Judy screams! Ruby looks on in shock as Willy makes his way down the stairs with Rosie, Michael yells for him to stop.

♪ We thought we'd nothing more to lose. We'd tear our hearts with jagged truths and everything we'd hung to for so long.

Katie and Randy duck down behind Sam's car, as Judy pleads.

♪ Just slipped away.

Sam comes running from behind the house with Jolly Holly clinging behind her as Sam points the tommy gun at Willy.

♪ And now it's over, both of us free. And I feel colder.

But he kneels down behind Rosie, hand over her mouth, gun to her head as he uses her as a shield, Sam lowers the gun.

♪ I was tired of thinking that. Our love can shine your thoughts of our arrangements. Were really not like mine.

SAM
WILLY! WILLY DON'T!

WILLY

OOOH GO TO HELL SAMANTHA! You are on your last fucking strike as it is! And Jolly Holly you know you were supposed to kill her and go home! Not see my ending!

JEAN BELCHER

SAMANTHA?! Willy...WILLY!?

*♪ I thought it over. And it was plain to see the love you said.
You once needed. Could just not come from me.*

Jean is stunned. Seeing Willy who she thought dead has a gun to her step-granddaughter's head and Sam she also hasn't seen in 25 years, she moves closer without regard for her safety.

WILLY

YEAH! YEAH MOM! It's us! It's me! The murderer and the victim! Are you proud of me?! You proud of detective Samantha!?

JUDY

Willy please! Rosie's innocent, she's your step-niece! She's my daughter!

WILLY

And that's mine! Over there playing prom date with her aunt! I guess we're one big happy fucking family tonight huh!

PHIL BELCHER

Willy put the gun down! We can talk about this! Your mom never forgot about you!

WILLY

I don't need a pep talk from the man that stole my mother! You're the person out here I most want to shoot! So if I were you! I'd shut the fuck up buddy boy!

JEAN BELCHER

Willy, it's me! It's ME! It's your mother! I love you, I missed you so much! I never thought i'd see you again!

WILLY

You didn't want to when I was alive!

JEAN BELCHER

Just come here honey, i'll help you!

She opens her arms and tries to lull him in for a hug.

WILLY

It's too late for that! I guess you haven't seen the news tonight. I've put down quite a few people in pursuit of that black and white bitch over there but me and her, we're all square now even if she did lie to me about snitching me out!

He picks Rosie up like a shield and takes a step forward and Sam toward them as Jolly sticks to her while Sam tries to flank without making it obvious, slowly creeping together.

WILLY

Because what I figured out is, she was never the problem and this confirmed it. When Judy gave me this address Samantha, I KNEW, I remembered! This was our house! I guess you figured it out too but I had a few minutes to look around. They sleep in our rooms! No shrine! No photos! Those fuckers over there are our brother and sister, the new models! Our replacements!

Sam is rattled by that information as Willy yells by Rosie's ear, Rosie is crying as Judy tries to whisper encouragement.

JEAN BELCHER

I didn't replace you! They're adopted!

KATIE BELCHER

What?!

RANDY BELCHER

What?!

JOLLY HOLLY

Dad! Stop it!

Jolly Holly actually calling him dad breaks Willy's rage, he turns and looks towards her and Sam, his defenses down.

WILLY

Samantha.

SAM

Willy?

WILLY

I'll trade you Rosie, for your gun. I can't trust you not to blow me away if I let her go, fool me once, you understand.

Sam looks at Judy, who is desperately urging her to do it. Sam walks over to Willy, Jolly Holly behind her and slowly hands Willy the tommy gun, as soon as it's in his hands he lets Rosie go and she takes off running to Judy and they both just run down the sidewalk, not waiting for what may happen.

WILLY

Was nice seeing you again Judy!

He brings his attention back to his family. The handgun in his left hand, tommy gun now in his right. First he looks at his mother Jean, then at Phil, Randy and Katie hiding between Sam's cobra and the Lincoln in the driveway. Jean approaches.

JEAN BELCHER

Willy, please, the police have to be coming, just put the guns down and we can at least have a few moments together. I dreamed of seeing you again, I never thought I'd get the chance. My dream came true and you're making it a nightmare.

His demeanor changes, almost to a Private Pyle level.

WILLY

My LIFE is a nightmare. Sam has her own nightmares too. The paint we wear, hides the monsters your absence and abandonment allowed us to become! I was raped! I was tortured! I was abused! Sam was broken by a life of her fucked up mommy issues that nearly got her killed! But while i'm long gone, I know I can still save her because through your nightmare! Her dream is hers! To be mommy's little girl again!

Willy raises the tommy gun and fires at Randy and Katie striking them several times! Jean and Phil scream and as they fall. Randy's bloody hand slides against the trunk latch of Sam's cobra and it pops open! Joe sits up in the trunk and fires his gun at Willy! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Striking Willy in the chest. Jolly Holly screams for her father and so does Sam. After all this time, no matter what he's still her brother but Willy just staggers back laughing.

Phil and Jean rush to Randy and Katie. Katie is motionless as Jean sobs and hugs her. Randy spits up blood and before Phil can even embrace him. Willy sickly grins and drops the tommy gun but raises the other and aims it at right at Joe who is struggling to reload but Willy pulls the trigger and a joke "BANG" flag pops out scaring Joe while Jolly Holly giggles then Willy's laughter abruptly stops and he looks down at the bullet wounds. He drops the gun. He's dying. His gaze steels.

Holly notices and pulls Sam to the ground just as he pulls a chord on his clown suit. But nothing happens. His eyes widen, he pulls it again. Still nothing happens, he glares at Joe.

WILLY

My bomb vest! You ruined the finale!

Willy drops to his knees, frustrated and weak from the blood loss just as Joe finishes reloading but Phil covered in the blood of his two children charges up the lawn at Willy.

JOE

Wait!

Sam runs to get between Phil and Willy but Phil runs right through her just like the kidnapper clown Beans did Willy that night, she goes down clutching her ribs in pain and Willy laughs seeing her get what he got but Phil tackles Willy and punches him repeatedly. Willy laughs while losing teeth as Joe runs over and tries to pull Phil off.

JOE

Let me lock him up so he can rot not you!

He turns and punches Joe in his cheek and bullet wound, Joe drops his gun and falls, spitting out blood as Holly checks on her dad Willy but he's still laughing a bloody smile.

PHIL BELCHER

How about this for funny?!

Phil has lost it in his grief and anger. He pounces on Sam, choking her as she kicks and struggles to get away.

PHIL BELCHER

It's your fault they're dead! You were always trouble! I told Judy to stay away from you and you kept her from me!

SAM

You started it! You took our mom! We wouldn't have even moved there! Willy would never have gotten kidnapped!

Phil suddenly freezes. He lets Sam go and he turns his head.

We see that Jolly Holly has stabbed him in the back with one of her long painted knives but he stoically pulls it free, Jolly Holly turns to run and he grabs her overall straps.

He's about to stab her *back*, Sam dives for his leg and bites it, he yells out in pain! Jolly Holly escapes Phil's grasp.

SAM

MOM!

Sam yells for her mother, for the first time in 25 years. Jean looks up, away from her dead kids, to her living ones, her son and daughter she had not seen in years until tonight, one bleeding out, one about to be stabbed by the man she left them behind for just as her granddaughter dives on top of Sam like a bodyguard just as Phil brings the knife down to stab them both. BANG! The knife falls. Sam and Jolly Holly look up at Joe but Joe looks at Jean. She's holding his smoking gun.

Phil looks at Jean with a new hole in his forehead. He takes one step and falls dead on the lawn as sirens approach. Jean drops the gun, Joe rushes to pick it up then he grabs the tommy gun up too and holds up his badge as the police arrive.

Jean is catatonic, she falls to her knees next to Willy as Sam and Jolly Holly join her. Holly nuzzles Willy's hand.

SAM

I'm sorry, I forgive you for all of it.

He raises his index finger. Sam and Jean's eyes follow and they see he's pointing at the empty street.

WILLY

I see dad and his car. He's waving at me.

Sam sobs heavily, knowing what that means.

SAM

Get in the car Will, he'll look out for you. He'll take you wherever you want.

WILLY

But what about you?

JEAN BELCHER

I'll take care of her Willy.

In that moment, Sam turns her head and sees the mother she hasn't seen in so long, that she was abandoned by, who she thought dead as "No matter what you've done," by a young Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers plays as Jean hugs Sam.

*♪ No matter what you've done. I'll string along.
Cause there's nothing wrong, you can do.*

WILLY

You're welcome.

Sam sobs and trembles in Jean's arms but as this happens Willy with one last ounce of strength grabs Jolly Holly by the collar and pulls her down to him, he whispers in her ear.

*♪ No matter who you love. Don't worry dear.
I'll always be here. When it's through.*

Holly nods. Willy's hand falls limp and he dies as the police finally arrive lead by Lee and Diaz. Joe waves them back as patrol secures the scene, trying to give the family space.

♪ I'll take the leavings. And i'll never complain.

Lee points at Jolly Holly, Joe shakes his head "no," as Sam pulls her into the hug with her grandmother. She's safe but Willy's suit starts smoking, Sam remembers what he said. He had a bomb vest on. This was lost in the chaos of the fight. Her eyes widen, she jumps up pulling Jean and Jolly Holly!

SAM

BOMB!

Joe, Lee, Diaz and the police scatter with them!

*♪ Though it hurts me to share. I don't even care.
My love is stronger than pain.*

The bomb vest explodes! A bright orange flash that turns into a red one. Willy's blood and guts fly in all directions!

Everyone is covered in Willy, Joe, Diaz, Lee, Jackson, Janice, Leonard, the responding officers and paramedics as Jean screams. Sam is in shock, but Jolly Holly breaks into hysterical laughter while covered in her father's blood.

♪ No matter what may come. I'll see it through, go on loving you.

JOLLY HOLLY

You know what would be even funnier?

Jolly Holly licks some of the blood off her hand.

SAM

Don't even think about-

♪ No matter what you've done. No matter what you've done.

Jolly Holly dives on Sam, kissing her again, rolling Sam over in Willy's blood on the ground as Joe tries to pry her off.

♪ Cause I'll see it through and go on loving you.

We join Judy and Rosie still running down the sidewalk, but they come to an exhausted stop from a jog and look back seeing the smoke from the explosion, they look at each other nervously just as a red bus slowly pulls up behind them.

♪ No matter what you've done...

CUT TO BLACK.