

ONE YEAR

"PILOT"

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HEAVY BREATHING. It's sad, laboured. Then the unmistakable CLICK of a pistol being cocked.

FADE IN:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

JULY 23 is circled on a wall calendar with the written message: *HAPPY BIRTHDAY DADDY!*

A C7 assault rifle rests across a table.

MARK TURMELLE (28, a stocky roofer) sits with wild, intense eyes on the rifle and the barrel of a handgun in his mouth. He blinks rapidly.

His finger gently vibrates on the trigger.

INT. STAUFFER'S CONDO - DAY

LIAM STAUFFER (45, a showy, successful lawyer), clears breakfast plates. AHSLEIGH TURMELLE (28, Mark's wife), smiles wanly at her two children MICKEY (7) and STEPHANIE (5).

STAUFFER
I'll just be a couple hours. It'll
be okay, Ash. He doesn't know
you're here.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Stauffer parks in front. Saturday, so the street is deserted.

From a red van parked across the street, Mark tracks his wife's boss, calmly exits the van.

Mark's dressed in an odd mix of fishing gear, athletic apparel and dirty black work boots.

He catches up to Stauffer at the door and jams a handgun into the lawyer's back.

STAUFFER
Hey, what the fuck?

MARK
Keep your pants on, counselor. You
know who I am?

STAUFFER
Yes.

MARK

Well, good. Let's go in.

STAUFFER

Are you fucking crazy?

MARK

Maybe I am. Or maybe I just always
wanted a tour of your fancy office.

Stauffer fumbles with the keys. He's shitting bricks.

MARK (CONT'D)

Concentrate, counselor.

INT. LAW OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Stauffer leads the way through a posh 3rd floor lobby.

MARK

I imagine this is where my lovely
wife sits everyday. Fancy digs.

STAUFFER

What do you want, Mark?

MARK

That's too long a list, Liam.
(points with the pistol)
That your office there?

STAUFFER

Yes.

MARK

How convenient for keeping your
eyes on my wife all day long. Bet
that floats your boat, eh?

Mark motions with the pistol toward the office.

INT. STAUFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark follows Liam into the office.

MARK

Where is she?

STAUFFER

I haven't seen her.

MARK
Smart guy like you can do better
than that.

STAUFFER
Look, Mark, whatever you had with
Ashleigh, it's not there anymore.
Let it go. Get some help.

He puts the gun to Liam's head.

MARK
Give me your phone.

He does. Mark opens the Contact List.

MARK (CONT'D)
And look who pops up first.

He dials Ashleigh.

MARK (CONT'D)
(after she picks up)
Hello, sweetheart.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STAUFFER'S CONDO - DAY

Ashleigh answers her phone.

MARK
Cat got your tongue, darling?

ASHLEIGH
Where are you?

MARK
Funny you should ask. I'm at your
office. Yeah, just having a nice
chit chat with good old Liam.

ASHLEIGH
Mark, please don't hurt him.

MARK
The flames are back. Burned into my
eyes, Ashleigh. They're all I can
see now.

ASHLEIGH
That was 18 years ago...

Mark pushes Stauffer into a chair.

MARK
You killed the flames, Ashleigh.
But now you and Mickey and Stephie
are gone. So, they're back.

ASHLEIGH
You're scaring me, Mark. Please
don't do anything.

He points the gun at Stauffer and cocks the pistol. CLICK.

MARK
There's nothing left, Ash.

He hangs up.

ASHLEIGH
Mark! Mark!

Mark places Stauffer's phone gently on the desk, spins it.

INT. STAUFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark sinks into a comfortable chair, takes in the view.

MARK
Nice view. You got your shit going
on, Liam. I can admire that, a
man's got his shit together.
That's always been my problem. My
shit's all over the place.
Scattered. Time's up, counsellor.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mark, pulls the C7 from the back of his van, turns and
targets the building.

With an unholy howl, he unleashes a furious BARRAGE OF SHOTS.

INT. STAUFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bullets rain through the window to the office.

ANGLE on Stauffer's legs under the desk.

Stauffer's cell phone RINGS: it just reads ASH.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Peaceful BIRD SONG.

Giant leafy trees. Blinding summer sunshine. Large old single homes. Sleepy streets.

A rural highway leads out of town. Farmland for days.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

A 75-foot high clock tower exhibits time in two directions and bisects the street.

Local landmarks include:

Harwood's Hardware Store, Ward Syke's Pet Hospital, Lyter's Meats... and MARNIE'S *World Famous Diner*.

On MARNIE'S front step: a small stool with nine lit candles. Their unguarded flames just barely survive the light breeze.

INT. AUNT TANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A dignified old brownstone just outside town limits.

In a Victorian-era-themed parlour, Tandra Baarstadt (61)-- AUNT TANDY to all--rocks gently in a chair.

The town's grand dame severely considers a business card which reads:

DODGER VICK ~ HOME RENOVATION SPECIALIST

& MASTER CARPENTER

I'll fix it or I'll build it

She rises abruptly, strides toward the front door.

She passes a wall calendar with JULY 23 circled and a written message: *THE DEVIL'S DAY*.

Just inside and behind the door, a shotgun rests imposingly against the wall. She opens the door.

EXT. AUNT TANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

She regards a damaged baluster with a frigid scowl.

INT. PHOEBE ROSE'S HOUSE - DAY

PHOEBE ROSE (43, a modern day Prophet of Doom) glares at a kitchen sink full of dirty dishes and lights a cigarette.

She snatches a wall phone, dials, subconsciously traces a finger along a jagged scar on her forehead.

PHOEBE ROSE
(into phone)
You gonna be at Marnie's?
(listens)
Yeah, maybe. What time?
(listens)
I said fuckin' maybe.

She hangs up, stubs out her cig on a filthy plate, fishes out a colossal food-encrusted butcher knife from somewhere under the nasty mountain of dishes.

She stabs it savagely through a circled JULY 23 on a wall calendar with the written message: *FUCK!*

INT. JILLY'S SERVICE CENTRE - DAY

JILLY REACH (62, the town's amiable mechanic), toils in the undercarriage of a yellow BMW in his auto body/repair shop.

He sets the car down on the lift, grabs keys from a wall hook, opens the garage door then slides in behind the wheel.

EXT. JILLY'S SERVICE CENTRE - DAY

A police cruiser ducks off the highway, parks at the door just as Jilly eases the gleaming car onto the lot.

Constable TYLER "MITCH" MITCHELL (40, born and bred in this town) rolls down his window.

MITCH
How is she, Jilly?

JILLY
You tell your cousin I'm the best
for 200 miles in a circle?

MITCH
I did.

JILLY
Then you know how she is. Just
needs a little test drive.

MITCH

I figured. Okay, I wasn't here when you said that.

JILLY

Where's Snowball?

MITCH

Christ, Jilly, you know she's out here somewhere. No free passes just cuz it's today. She sees you, she'll hook you.

JILLY

You gonna be down to Marnie's later?

MITCH

I'm not sure how it's gonna go. Probably just the eight of you.

JILLY

And Snowball.

MITCH

I'd imagine.

Jilly revs the BMW's formidable engine.

JILLY

You should be there, too, Mitch.

Jilly SQUEALS the tires, burns out of the lot, hits the highway like a rocket.

Just a few seconds till the car's a tiny yellow dot.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Constable EYALLEEN "SNOWBALL" SNOWDEN (36, Black, graduated at the top of her Cadet Training Program) fills out paperwork from a concealed spot just off a sleepy rural highway.

A few cars pass, all mind the speed limit. Snowball closes her eyes briefly, breathes in the calm...

... until her eyes snap open two seconds before a yellow BMW screams past at an insane speed.

SNOWBALL

Jesus Christ, Jilly. Today of all goddamned days.

She contemplates letting Jilly go. Just this once.

INT. YELLOW BMW - DAY

Jilly peeks in the rear view mirror as he bombs down the two-lane highway.

At a distance, he detects the flashing lights of Snowball's cruiser in pursuit.

JILLY
G'day, Snowball.

His eyes light up, he pushes the pedal down.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

The BMW approaches a municipal utility vehicle pulled over on the shoulder with yellow flashing lights.

It glides over the centre line to pass but doesn't slow down.

Jilly HONKS the horn at a MAN crouched over beside the vehicle, screams out the window and waves.

JILLY
Hey, Vernon! Careful, I got
Snowball on my tail!

VERNON SCULLY (50, a laconic municipal worker), scrapes up roadkill with a wide-mouth shovel.

He scowls at Jilly, spins to see how far Snowball is behind.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Snowball barks into her radio while she barrels after Jilly.

SNOWBALL
Jilly's on another tear. Could use
a little help bringing him in. He's
got hold of a yellow Beamer, for
Christ's sakes.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Mitch sips a cool beverage from the serenity of his parked cruiser just at the town's limits.

He's hidden behind a highway sign which tells people:

*WELCOME TO BEES-HIVE**Home of MARNIE'S WORLD FAMOUS DINER! Everyone Welcome!**POP. 2,112*

Mitch replies into his radio.

MITCH

Sorry, Snowball. I got to sit this one out. Beamer's my cousin's. I can't be involved. Something happens to that car... my ball's are toast. Her husband already doesn't--

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Snowball snaps off her radio just as she flies by Vernon and his truck. She tosses the mic carelessly across the seat.

SNOWBALL

Thanks, partner.

She flips on the SIREN, pushes the pedal down.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

MARNIE'S is a 50's-style diner with modern touches. One novel feature is a 24-foot long pink/grey granite countertop.

The other two remarkable traits are the diner's fiery orange front door and its legendary blueberry pie.

ELIZABETH HYMM (18), a dutiful, genteel server, flattens creases out of her uniform.

She takes a blueberry pie out of the oven. She fusses through the diner, arranging cutlery, napkins, etc.

She passes a wall calendar with JULY 23 circled and a pink heart drawn into the square.

With wide, anxious eyes Elizabeth glances up at a wall clock which reads 3:01. Her breath comes in short, quick gulps.

She squeezes her eyes shut.

FLASH TO: BULLETS from an automatic rifle rip into the clock and the wall above it.

The top of an unknown MAN'S HEAD is miraculously unscathed a few feet below the clock.

The hellish memory dissipates: she trembles but opens her eyes to an unscathed wall and clock.

MARA HYMM (43) silently materializes from the kitchen.

MARA
Are you okay, honey?

ELIZABETH
I'm okay, mom. There's a few moments that still... won't quite go away.

MARA
Doctor Van Newson says you've come so far.

ELIZABETH
I'm trying, mom.

MARA
Are you sure you want to be here today?

ELIZABETH
I have to be.

MARA
Yes. Okay.

She notes the time on the wall clock.

MARA (CONT'D)
Lots of time. It's 5:30, right?

ELIZABETH
5:32. Did you like the candles?

MARA
They're beautiful.

ELIZABETH
I have to relight them all the time. Do you think everybody will come?

MARA
Lizzie, people deal with things differently. They'll come or they won't.

Mara hugs Elizabeth with every ounce of motherly love in her.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOVING - DAY

Mark's red van drives away from the bullet-ridden building.

INT. RED VAN - MOVING - DAY

The C7 rifle and the handgun are strewn loosely across the rear seats along with a messy pile of fishing gear.

Mark dials Ashleigh. She answers before the first RING ends.

ASHLEIGH (V.O.)

Mark?

MARK

(on speaker phone)

Are the kids with you?

ASHLEIGH (V.O.)

Of course they are! Mark, you sound... are you okay?

MARK

Negative. When you kiss them goodnight, tell them Daddy's sorry.

ASHLEIGH (V.O.)

For what?

MARK

What's done is done. But there's more to do.

ASHLEIGH (V.O.)

What are you talking about? What did you do?

MARK

Goodbye, Ash.

He hangs up the phone, turns it off and smashes it against the dashboard.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOVING - DAY

The red van approaches an intersection.

Three police cars, SIRENS BLARING and lights flashing, speed toward it from the left.

Mark glances back at his guns, tries to cover them.

The van stops at a red light.

As the police cars get to the lights, a moving truck stops beside Mark's van to shield him.

The patrol cars speed by.

The light changes. The red van doesn't move. Mark scans all three directions.

A car HONKS behind him. He turns left.

INT. SUSANAH LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

SUSANAH LEE WHITEHOUSE (61), the original Earth Mother, serves tea to Aunt Tandy in a flower-scented sun room.

She moves as gracefully as one who relies on a cane is able.

SUSANAH LEE
Thanks for coming. I'm glad you're
here. Today.

AUNT TANDY
It's the devil's day.

Susanah Lee's hands tremble slightly.

AUNT TANDY (CONT'D)
Here, let me.

Aunt Tandy finishes pouring the tea.

AUNT TANDY (CONT'D)
The flowers are nice.

They sit in peaceful sadness, lost in memories.

SUSANAH LEE
And we're here to see them.

AUNT TANDY
Yes, my love, we are indeed here to
see them. It's been a long year.

SUSANAH LEE
Tandy...

She seems on the verge of tears.

AUNT TANDY

Do you remember what I said to you on your wedding day? There you stood so beautiful, so full of light. I said, "Susanah Lee, I will protect you all of the days of your life, even though you have this big strong husband now." But I didn't, did I?

SUSANAH LEE

You did more than anyone ever could have done.

The two lifelong friends embrace silence.

AUNT TANDY

As far as I'm concerned, it's bad business put paid to. Why go down there and live through it all again?

SUSANAH LEE

Because the healing's not done.

AUNT TANDY

Will it ever be?

SUSANAH LEE

Yes.

AUNT TANDY

I can't protect you in there.

SUSANAH LEE

You won't have to. They'll all be there.

AUNT TANDY

Save one.

SUSANAH LEE

Save one. God rest her soul.

AUNT TANDY

You don't have to go.

SUSANAH LEE

I really do.

DEREK WHITEHOUSE (65), a Black farmer and former town sports hero, quietly appears.

DEREK

She won't have it any other way,
Aunt Tandy. Helluva thing for a
wedding anniversary.

AUNT TANDY

I know the date, Derek. Happy 43
years.

Derek gives Susanah Lee a kiss on top of her head.

AUNT TANDY (CONT'D)

I'll take a lift into town, later,
if you don't mind.
(to Susanah Lee)
You're not going alone.

INT. GERALDINE'S HOUSE - DAY

GERALDINE HANNAH (75), the town's official eccentric, pads
through her cluttered kitchen barefoot.

Six cats eyeball her from various locations.

GERALDINE

Where'd we put the spade, now?

She searches for it.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Today's the day. I got a shiver.

Her eyes sparkle when she finds the spade behind a hanging
yellow raincoat.

She puts on the coat, grabs the spade, steps into a pair of
rubber boots, pulls on gardening gloves.

A metal pail full of little yellow flags waits by the door.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Wish me luck, my dears.

She steps out her back door.

EXT. GERALDINE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Geraldine surveys the large trees bordering her property.

She carries the spade and the pail with the flags slowly down
an immaculate garden path.

She stares hard at the beaming sun.

She jams the spade into the lawn, digs.

She plants a yellow flag into the resulting empty hole, digs a new hole, repeats the process.

GERALDINE

Okay. S'alright. I'll find you.

A panoramic view of her back yard reveals a dazzlingly intricate pattern of 42 yellow flags stuck into 42 small holes in the earth.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Vernon Scully tosses a dark green bag into the back of his mud and who-knows-what smeared utility vehicle.

He lobs his wide-mouth shovel in with them, shuts the gate.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Vernon drives. To his right, on a parallel county road, the yellow BMW speeds on ahead, a police cruiser chasing.

INT. VERNON'S UTILITY VEHICLE - MOVING - DAY

Vernon watches the Jilly/Snowball car chase.

VERNON

Gonna see her later anyway, Jilly.
Crazy bastard.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Vernon's truck pulls off the highway onto a dirt lane. His old farmhouse appears a quarter of a mile up the lane.

EXT. VERNON'S HOUSE - DAY

Vernon parks around back.

Beside his house is a massive barbecue pit surrounded by a barbed-wire fence. Inside: four monumental homemade open flame barbecue units.

A sign on the fence near its only entrance:

KEEP OUT, DANGEROUS FLAMES!!

Loads of barbecue tools, bags of charcoal, trash bins, etc., are scattered inside the fence.

Vernon sorts the dark bags from the back of his vehicle, leaves some there, drags a few out.

He hauls them to storm cellar doors at the side of the house.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Vernon descends stairs into a dark, dank, dirt-floored cellar. A large deep freezer appears out of the gloom.

He dumps the dark bags into the freezer.

EXT. GERALDINE'S HOUSE - FRONT LANE - DAY

Phoebe Rose chugs up in a noisy shitbox of a car.

She steps out, scowls at the house and heads around back.

EXT. GERALDINE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Geraldine digs holes, plants yellow flags.

From the corner of the house, Phoebe Rose observes silently.

Her hand traces the jagged scar on her forehead just below the hairline.

Her perpetual grimace softens. Whatever expression of sadness Phoebe Rose is capable of faintly arises as...

... slowly, Geraldine dissipates until she has vanished.

PHOEBE ROSE

Miss you, old girl. Glad you found
what you were looking for.

Phoebe Rose rubs the scar and gazes across the lawn where 100 yellow flags are planted in 100 small holes.

EXT. GERALDINE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

At her car, Phoebe Rose's brow furrows to catch Jilly's yellow BMW rip past.

PHOEBE ROSE
Jilly, you stupid fucker.

She checks her watch.

Snowball's cruiser whips by.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

POLICE have the crime scene cordoned off: cop cars and flashing lights, a FORENSICS TEAM enters the building, COPS search the parking lot.

A taxi pulls up. Ashleigh, Stephanie and Mickey step out.

Ashleigh is aghast: the building is torn with bullet holes.

Ashleigh ducks under the yellow police tape, rushes to the nearest COP. Stephanie and Mickey follow.

COP
M'am...

ASHLEIGH
What happened here?

COP
We're still trying to determine that. I'll have to ask you--

ASHLEIGH
--Is Liam okay? Liam Stauffer. I work here, he's my boss. Is he okay, did anything happen to him?

COP
Calm down, M'am. You say you work here?

ASHLEIGH
Yes.

STEPHANIE
What's wrong, mommy?

ASHLEIGH
It's alright, sweetie.

The Cop pulls out a small notepad.

COP
Can I have your name, please?

ASHLEIGH
Ashleigh Turmelle. I really need to
know if Liam's okay?

COP
Do you have any reason to believe
he's been harmed?

STEPHANIE
Did someone hurt Liam, mommy?

Ashleigh pulls Stephanie close, addresses the Cop.

ASHLEIGH
I think I might.

An ambulance pulls up behind them.

COP
And might you have any information
on who would be responsible?

Ashleigh trembles at the sight of the ambulance.

ASHLEIGH
Yes.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Elizabeth peers through the front window. Beside her, the
door's sign reads: *Sorry, We're Closed*.

ELIZABETH
Do you think it's weird, mom? I
mean, we're open but no one's come
in all day.

Mara starts a new pot of coffee.

MARA
It's not weird. They all know. I
think they're just giving everyone
their space. I shouldn't even be
here.

ELIZABETH
How do they know?

MARA
I'm not sure, honey. Sometimes
people just understand things in a
way that just seems right.

(MORE)

MARA (CONT'D)
Anyone who wasn't here that day,
they just know it's not their place
to be here today. Sorry, that'll
have to do.

She lines coffee cups up along the glistening countertop.

MARA (CONT'D)
Speaking of which, I'll have to
skedaddle. You're so strong,
sweetie. You won't be alone.

Mara glances out through the window, across the deserted Main Street and into a small park.

Through leafy trees, she catches a slender glimpse of a MAN sitting on a bench.

MARA (CONT'D)
Is that who I think it is?

Elizabeth squints to see a tiny patch of a man's kilt.

ELIZABETH
It's him.

MARA
Then it looks like your first guest
has arrived.

Mara glances down to the sidewalk outside the front door.

MARA (CONT'D)
Sweetie, your candles need a little
love. And it's time for me to go.

ELIZABETH
Thanks for your help, mom. All of
it. I think I'll be okay.

One more hug.

EXT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Mara steps out the front door, where she can see the Man in the park clearly. She waves. He waves back. She leaves.

Elizabeth follows Mara out and relights two of the candles.

She scans the deserted street and crosses to the park.

EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY

Elizabeth strolls peacefully toward the Man on the bench.

ROBINSON HARE (40, Scottish), inhabits a Zen world of his own. He wears a traditional kilt but is otherwise eccentrically attired: tan docs, fishing vest, a red bandana.

Elizabeth sits beside him. He appears not to notice.

ELIZABETH
Afternoon, Mister Hare.

ROBINSON
Miss Lizzie.

ELIZABETH
Beautiful day.

ROBINSON
'Tis.

ELIZABETH
Considering, I guess.

ROBINSON
Aye. Considering.

ELIZABETH
You been okay?

ROBINSON
No bad, hou's yerself?

ELIZABETH
(tries a Scottish accent)
No bad... too!

ROBINSON
Ha! Well done, lass.

ELIZABETH
Nightmares have stopped. For now,
anyway. For now.

ROBINSON
Same... for now.

ELIZABETH
You're coming later?

ROBINSON
Aye.

ELIZABETH
What do you think will happen?

ROBINSON
A dinnae ken.

She gives his had a squeeze.

ELIZABETH
You were very brave that day.

ROBINSON
Out a ma mind, perhaps.

He produces a dazzling orange marigold, offers it to her.

ELIZABETH
What's this?

ROBINSON
Back home, it's good luck.

ELIZABETH
A flower?

ROBINSON
Nae... the *gift* of a flower.

ELIZABETH
Do you think I need it?

ROBINSON
Aye. We all dae.

She breathes in the flower's arresting fragrance and impulsively gives him a peck on the cheek.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
Well, now...

ELIZABETH
You're a sweetheart. I just know everything's going to be okay.
Well, see you in there.

She skips away.

Robinson breathes heavily, appears distressed.

FLASH TO: it's the same horror Elizabeth saw earlier. BULLETS from an automatic rifle rip into the clock and wall above it.

This time we see the MAN'S HEAD: it belongs to Robinson Hare, who stares out with all the certainty of his immediate death.

As the heart-stopping memory dissipates, Robinson focuses on his breathing.

Across the park, somewhat obscured by trees, a MAN in a three-piece suit and a fedora trains keen eyes on Robinson.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

Snowball loses sight of Jilly around a bend.

SNOWBALL

Where the Christ did you get to
now, Jilly Reach. Son of a bitch!

She snatches up the receiver.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

Mitch, you there? I lost Jilly so
keep an eye out for him. If he
thinks he's getting a free pass,
he's shit outta luck. I don't care
what day it is.

She tosses the receiver down.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

Even though I fuckin' do care what
day it is.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

From his parked cruiser hidden off the road behind the town's limit sign, Mitch replies into the receiver.

MITCH

10-4 Snowball, I'll keep both eyes
out for him. No charge for the
second one. A yellow Beamer's no
needle in the haystack.

He chuckles, replaces the receiver and turns to his left where Jilly is parked right beside him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

She ain't happy, Jilly.

JILLY

She'll come around. Man, that woman
gives no quarter. A tyrant, she is.

MITCH

She's hard core, my friend. Not from around here, remember. And she clocked you at 150.

JILLY

I ever tell you 'bout the time your granddaddy pulled me over? Not too far from this very spot.

MITCH

A couple times, Jilly.

JILLY

Yeah, he comes to the window, comes right up, sees old Jilly Reach and Christ if didn't just keep walking right round t'other side, plunks his ass shotgun and we just shot the shit under a big old moon.

MITCH

Old Clint had a different approach to police work.

JILLY

Yep and I recall we drank a couple a cold ones, too. Had 'em stashed down here somewheres. Know what he told me?

MITCH

What would that be?

JILLY

Told me you were gonna be the man out here someday. He knew that, Mitch. He saw what your own daddy couldn't. Or wouldn't.

MITCH

'ppreciate that, Jilly.

JILLY

He woulda done just what you did that day. Serve and protect. What happened here left scars on us all.

MITCH

It's been a son of a bitch of a long year.

JILLY

And how are you holding up, Officer Mitchell?

MITCH

Day to day, I think. Just day to day.

JILLY

You did everything a man coulda done.

MITCH

Maybe.

JILLY

Be proud, son, you did. See you down to Marnie's later?

MITCH

I'll be around.

Jilly REVS the muscle car's engine.

JILLY

Tell your cousin, car's ready. Test drive was successful.

He burns rubber, spits gravel and tears off down the highway.

Mitch opens the glove compartment, pulls out a police badge--his grandfather's--with the name *C. Mitchell*.

He turns it fondly.

INT. HARWOOD'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

DODGER VICK (68) surveys a wall of nuts and bolts. He's the town's preeminent (and only) master carpenter. He's built or fixed something in every town resident's home at one time.

A lost-looking BUSINESS MAN (40s) consults a handwritten note and scurries by, obviously a rare visitor to a hardware store.

DODGER VICK

Hullo there. Need a hand finding something? I'm here just about everyday, know where everything is.

BUSINESS MAN

Yes. Thank you. Um, lockbolts. Does that make sense?

DODGER VICK
Sure, yeah. Lockbolts. Not too far.

Dodger leads him into the next aisle.

DODGER VICK (CONT'D)
Building something?

BUSINESS MAN
God, no. I can barely use a hammer.
My father builds things. His hobby.

DODGER VICK
Sure, well there's different sizes.
Have a look at your note, there?
Can see you're not from town.

BUSINESS MAN
No. But dad says I gotta stop in
Bees-Hive, it's the last store for
miles, apparently.

He hands Dodger the note.

In close proximity, they have a moment, they *notice* each other. An unspoken exchange.

Dodger breaks the moment first then picks out the lockbolts.

DODGER VICK
That's what you'll need, right
there. That'll get'er done.

BUSINESS MAN
Bees-Hive. Didn't something happen
here last year? It was in the news.

DODGER VICK
That's right.

The Business Man, unsure if there's more to say, provides a wistful smile.

BUSINESS MAN
Thanks...

DODGER VICK
Dodger.

BUSINESS MAN
Like the baseball team. That's easy
to remember. Thanks, Dodger.

The Business Man departs. Dodger's pulse races.

Store owner BO HARWOOD carries paint cans down the aisle.

BO
What say there, Dodger? Who was
that fella?

DODGER VICK
Didn't catch his name.

BO
From around here?

DODGER VICK
No. Father lives somewhere not too
far.

BO
Well, you find what you're looking
for today?

INT. RED VAN - MOVING - DAY

The rural highway is mostly deserted: a few farm trucks, the
odd car.

Mark Turmelle passes a road sign: *Bees-Hive 66*.

He fiddles impatiently with radio station buttons, BANGS on
the dash to fix spotty reception. A SONG comes in clearer.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Mark's van slows as it crests a hill and approaches a FARMER
herding a couple dozen sheep across the road.

The van stops. The Farmer works to get his animals across.

FARMER
Sorry, sir!

Mark leans out his window, tips his cap.

MARK
No problem, captain. Get 'em home
safe, I always say.

Mark counts the sheep as they cross.

MARK (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four, five...

EXT. CEMETERY - MOVING - DAY

Mitch guides his cruiser through cemetery gates. He parks.

EXT. AUNT TANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Only a small field separates Aunt Tandy's home from the cemetery. She hears and tracks Mitch's car from her chair.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Mitch steps respectfully across the grass, through the stones. He stops in front of a gravestone, removes his hat.

The stone reads: *Kirk Mitchell ~ 1936-2000*

MITCH

Ten years next week, daddy-o. Sorry
it's been a while. Came today
'cause I'm taking a nice long trip.
Let's just say, the last year gave
me some time to think. Develop a
new perspective, even.

He pulls out his grandfather's shield, kneels, plants it at the foot of the gravestone.

MITCH (CONT'D)

He was a helluva cop, your dad. If
you were here now, maybe you'd say
the same about me. I haven't
forgotten what you did but I'm
making peace with it. I'm getting
there.

KIRK MITCHELL (64, Mitch's abusive, dead father) regards his son from beside the gravestone, remorseless but with a sliver of pride, an emotion he never displayed while alive.

KIRK

You will. And I'm watchin', kid.
Always was. I made you tough.
Remember that.

Mitch rises, replaces his hat.

MITCH

Sounds like something you would
say.

Kirk cracks, breaks apart and vanishes.

Mitch strides back to the cruiser.

EXT. AUNT TANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Aunt Tandy regards the cruiser as it leaves the cemetery.

EXT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - DAY

A small, unexceptional brick house just a few streets from Main Street. It couldn't have less charisma on the *outside*...

INT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... but the *inside* is a marvelous and fierce compliance with the concept of *surprise*!

Dodger rushes through the front door, tosses a package of hardware onto a small table. He breathes unevenly.

He charges past a living room filled floor to ceiling with books, neatly stacked but obviously too many for the space.

The furniture is mismatched but declares a strangely effective Edwardian/Victorian blend.

Royal Doulton figurines share billing with Carnivale masks and small models of venerated Parisian landmarks.

Dodger dashes into a small bedroom filled with sports memorabilia, mostly boxing and baseball.

He yanks open the cabinet drawer of a desk, snatches out a key, stops for a glance at Babe Ruth poster and zips out.

END CONTINUOUS

INT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - BASEMENT WORKSHOP - DAY

Every conceivable tool of Dodger's trade occupies large worktables, the walls and most of the floor space.

He removes items from a tall metal shelf unit until he can slide it away to reveal a padlocked door.

Dodger's breathing settles. He waits, seemingly, for a sign.

Tacked up to his right: a wall calendar with JULY 23 circled and a written message: *You Can Be ReBorn*.

With a steady hand, a sense of mission and trepidation, he turns the key in the lock and steps into the dark, dark room.

INT. SUSANAH LEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Susanah Lee pulls a pie from the oven. Derek peers over the top of his newspaper.

DEREK
Anniversary pie?

SUSANAH LEE
Uh-huh. Blueberry.

DEREK
You don't even like blueberry.

SUSANAH LEE
It's symbolic. Seems like the right thing to do.

DEREK
Hard to know exactly *what* we're supposed to do.

SUSANAH LEE
You? Nothing. Drive me and Tandy into town.

DEREK
That I can do. Happy Anniversary, my dear.

She kisses the top of his head, sets the pie on an open window ledge.

SUSANAH LEE
That's how we used to do it.

She finds her cane and steps gingerly from the kitchen.

INT. SUSANAH LEE'S HOUSE - PARLOUR - DAY

The room errs on the side of old-fashioned, more from nostalgia than a love of ancient things.

Susanah Lee plucks a framed black-and-white photo from a table: a beaming Derek (at 18) poses for his only official team photo as a member of the 1963 Toronto Maple Leafs.

Derek silently watches from the door. She knows he's there.

SUSANAH LEE
Can you bring me the book, my love?

Derek pulls their wedding photo album down from a shelf.

She accepts it, holds it in her lap.

SUSANAH LEE (CONT'D)
What a dream come true.

DEREK
Happily ever after?

SUSANAH LEE
Ssshhh...

She opens the album. The first page reads: *July 23, 1967.*

DEREK
About an hour, I'll go collect Aunt
Tandy.

He fades from the room.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Snowball's cruiser flies past farmland until it becomes a blur. She approaches a group of KIDS on shabby bikes.

She blares her SIREN, flashes the lights, blazes by the stunned kids.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Snowball peeks into the rear view to catch the Kids' reactions. She scans the landscape for a streak of yellow.

SNOWBALL
Fuck you, Jilly. Your lucky day.

INT. SNOWBALL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The rental unit is neat, uncluttered, narrow.

Snowball lumbers in. Drops keys, hangs firearm on a chair, opens the fridge, pops open a beer, chugs.

She finds a small address book from under some mail, opens it, dials a number on a cordless phone.

SNOWBALL

(into phone)

Hi, I know it's been a while. I've been thinking, maybe I'd like to come back in.

While she listens, she opens a cupboard with a spice rack. No spice bottles but rows of medication bottles.

She picks one out, shakes a few pills out, swallows and washes them down with the beer.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Totally. Yes, I agree. Well, you know, probably the date--today--has something to do with it.

(listens)

Yeah, yeah, I'm okay. Generally.

(listens)

Thanks, I'll make an appointment next week.

She hangs up, checks the clock: 4:45 pm. She taps on a laptop enroute to the fridge, hauls out another beer.

Behind her, the computer screen comes to life. In large script: JULY 23. Under the date, the image of a handgun.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Elizabeth meticulously sets nine napkins on tables. On a few tables she lays cutlery, to others she adds coffee/tea cups.

The orange marigold gets a special place on the countertop.

One table gets three slices of blueberry pie.

One table gets a single white gardenia in a small vase.

One table has a smoked meat sandwich wrapped in cellophane.

She fusses with chairs and placemats.

The wall clock reads: 4:59 pm. Elizabeth goes to the front window, peers through the blinds.

She is taken aback: a WOMAN rocks a CHILD in a stroller across the street. The Woman stares intently back.

Elizabeth glances up Main Street in both directions and is further surprised: she sees a dozen or so TOWN RESIDENTS moving toward the Woman and Child.

INT. SNOWBALL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Snowball grimaces at something on the laptop's screen then slams down the cover, snatches her firearm from the chair, stomps out the door.

EXT. VERNON'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: 5:00 PM

Vernon emerges from storm cellar doors, climbs into his work vehicle and takes off down his lane.

INT. AUNT TANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: 5:05 PM

Aunt Tandy watches Derek's pick-up truck park outside her steps. She lightly strokes the shotgun resting just inside the front door.

She collects her handbag and leaves the house.

INT. DEREK'S PICK-UP - DAY

Susanah Lee slides over as Aunt Tandy climbs into the pick-up. Susanah Lee takes her hand.

Derek reverses and drives down the lane.

INT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

SUPER: 5:10 PM

Phoebe Rose's noisy shitbox of a car speeds toward town. She catches up to Vernon's work vehicle.

Passing with no signal across a double line, Phoebe Rose HONKS and gestures wildly.

PHOEBE ROSE

Shake a leg, Vernon! Driving like a
fucking old lady!

She zips by and swerves back into her lane to barely avoid an oncoming farm vehicle just cresting a hill.

EXT. JILLY'S SERVICE CENTRE - DAY

SUPER: 5:15 PM

The yellow BMW rockets onto the lot. A giant performance tire SCREECHES to a halt.

Jilly hops out.

Fifteen feet away, Snowball leans against her cruiser.

JILLY
Shoulda just waited here in the
first place.

SNOWBALL
Get the hell in, we don't want to
be late.

INT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - BASEMENT - DAY

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE poses in the doorway from the dark room to the workshop.

Bewitching coloured light mischievously escapes from behind.

The Figure appears to wear an extravagant ball gown.

The Figure steps out, leaves the door opened behind.

INT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - DARK ROOM - DAY

The enchanting coloured light beckons us inside.

The room declares its true identity: a dazzling chamber of exotic costumes to rival any Broadway theatre's backstage dressing room.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

More TOWN RESIDENTS gather across the street from MARNIE'S. It's church-like: terse greetings and minimal conversation.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOVING - DAY

SUPER: 5:20 PM

Mitch's cruiser coasts past the gathered crowd.

INT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - DAY

A glittering ball gown drapes over a living room chair.

EXT. DODGER VICK'S HOME - DAY

SUPER: 5:25 PM

Dodger, dressed in his regular clothes, steps off his porch. He directs himself toward the clock tower.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

As Snowball drives past the town's limits sign, Jilly (riding in front) eyeballs the dash, stabs his finger at a switch.

JILLY

How 'bout a little siren? It's a big day. Maybe we should, you know, make an entrance, as they say.

SNOWBALL

I'm not in the mood to fuck around today, Jilly.

JILLY

Understood, Officer Snowden.

EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY

From his bench, Robinson Hare peers through leafy trees at Main Street, sees glimpses of the gathering Town Residents.

He glances up at the clock tower: 5:25 pm.

The MAN in the three-piece suit and fedora approaches the bench. He stops 10 feet away.

ROBINSON

I didnae think you'd come.

RUDY WALTZ (64), a circumspect outsider who's only been to Bees-Hive once, steps forward to shake Robinson's hand.

RUDY

I don't remember planning to, I just ended up here.

ROBINSON

It's tidy ya did. How's the year been, Rudy?

RUDY
Rough. I lost my mother.

ROBINSON
Sorry to hear it.

RUDY
It was pills. She was getting her
wires crossed.

ROBINSON
Who doesn't? How're yer wires,
Rudy?

RUDY
Probably not much better. I've been
doing a lot of thinking. A year's
worth, anyhow.

ROBINSON
We all have.

RUDY
I bet. Tame any lions lately?

Robinson taps his head.

ROBINSON
Just up here. Must say, you're
looking pure class.

RUDY
Thanks. How's... the town.

ROBINSON
Did ya see?

He indicates the gathering crowd across from MARNIE'S.

Robinson rises.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
About that time.

Rudy nods, they start towards MARNIE'S front door.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Two DETECTIVES watch Ashleigh dial her phone and listen to a
few unanswered RINGS.

ASHLEIGH
Please pick up. Please pick up.

It goes to Mark's voicemail.

MARK (V.O.)
Hi, it's Mark. What's up,
buttercup?

Ashleigh hangs up.

ASHLEIGH
He's not answering.

One Detective takes notes, the other interviews Ashleigh.

INTERVIEW DETECTIVE
Okay. Red van. We got that. Any
relatives in the area?

ASHLEIGH
No. Mark doesn't have a family.
Something happened a long time ago.

INTERVIEW DETECTIVE
Your family?

ASHLEIGH
They're here but he wouldn't harm
them.

INTERVIEW DETECTIVE
Sure, but we'll need to check that
out. Address?

As Ashleigh answers, behind her a PARAMEDIC exits the
building, delivers grave news to note-taking Detective.

ASHLEIGH
What is it? Did you find Liam?

INTERVIEW DETECTIVE
Mrs. Turmelle. Did your husband own
guns?

ASHLEIGH
No.

The Paramedic retreats toward the building.

Ashleigh races after him.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey! What did you find in
there? Is Liam hurt? Tell me, what
did you find in there?

The two Detectives catch up, try to restrain her and motion for the Paramedic to keep moving.

Ashleigh is becoming unhinged.

INTERVIEW DETECTIVE
Mrs. Turmelle, please, try to stay calm. Just a few more--

ASHLEIGH
--What the fuck is going on? Why won't anyone tell me?

INTERVIEW DETECTIVE
Okay, okay. There's a body but we have not--I repeat, have not--identified the victim. So please--

Ashleigh breaks down, knows with certainty Liam is dead.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Mark's red van approaches the town limits. The sign reads:

WELCOME TO BEES-HIVE

Home of MARNIE'S WORLD FAMOUS DINER!

Everyone Welcome!

POP. 2,112

Vast stretches of farmland give way to large old single homes and giant leafy trees.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ashleigh sits, more composed, in the open back of an ambulance, takes a water bottle from a Paramedic.

The Detectives wait at a respectful distance.

A COP ushers Stephanie and Mickey over to the ambulance.

Ashleigh hugs them tightly, her heart fractured to see the mix of terror and confusion on their tiny faces.

STEPHANIE
Mom? What's going on? Is it daddy?

ASHLEIGH
No, sweetheart. It's not daddy.

The Paramedic offers water bottles for the Kids.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)
Thank you. Here, sit with this nice lady. Mommy just has to talk a bit more with the policeman.

She hoists both Kids onto the back of the ambulance and steps over to the Detectives.

NOTE-TAKING DETECTIVE
We're sorry about your boss.

ASHLEIGH
He was my friend.

NOTE-TAKING DETECTIVE
Ashleigh, if Mark didn't own guns, do you have any idea where he got them?

ASHLEIGH
No.

NOTE-TAKING DETECTIVE
Any idea what might have set him off? Sorry, but we have to ask: family, job, money?

ASHLEIGH
Everything. All of it.

NOTE-TAKING DETECTIVE
Do you think he wants to hurt more people?

ASHLEIGH
Yes.

INT. RED VAN - MOVING - DAY

Mark switches off the radio.

The town's clock tower soars imperially in the distance.

MARK
Your lucky day, Bees-Hive.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

SUPER: 5:30 PM

The various parties converge on MARNIE'S.

~ Dodger turns a corner in sight of the diner.

~ Phoebe Rose smokes a cigarette in her parked car.

~ Vernon's work vehicle drifts past the diner, parks beside Phoebe Rose.

~ Susanah Lee gets out of Derek's parked pick-up.

~ Snowball's cruiser stops in the middle of the street directly in front of MARNIE'S. She turns the ignition off.

~ Rudy and Robinson emerge from between 20-25 Town Residents who line the sidewalk across from MARNIE'S.

~ Elizabeth steps out MARNIE'S front door.

The nine candles still blaze bravely.

The GROUP (Dodger, Phoebe Rose, Susanah Lee, Vernon, Snowball, Jilly, Robinson, Rudy) forms a loose semi-circle in front of Snowball's cruiser.

The fierce shared emotions of a band of survivors courses like a ball of fire through the Group.

This unplanned moment ambushes them. It's overwhelming.

The Group, as one, fixes on Elizabeth.

As they do, Geraldine Hannah appears beside her holding a candle with a blue flame.

She smiles at the Group but her eyes widen and fix on Phoebe Rose, who fights back tears and nods slightly to her friend.

Geraldine's figure wavers and vanishes.

The Town Residents' numbers swell behind the survivors.

No one speaks.

Mitch, Aunt Tandy, Derek and Mara meet amongst the Residents.

Elizabeth turns back into the diner. The Group follows.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

No one knows what to do once inside but the Group as one gazes with endearment at Elizabeth's preparations.

Elizabeth separates from the Group.

ELIZABETH

I hope you like it. I tried to make
it like it was last year... before.

Susanah Lee embraces Elizabeth.

SUSANAH LEE

It's beautiful, Lizzie.

She smiles at the table with the White Gardenia.

SUSANAH LEE (CONT'D)

I know where I'm supposed to sit.

Elizabeth is delighted her arrangements have been understood.
She pours coffee and tea.

The survivors move silently to the same tables they sat at on
the previous July 23:

- ~ Vernon sits where the sandwich waits.
- ~ Phoebe Rose takes a stool at the counter.
- ~ Rudy goes to the back corner table where a tea cup rests.
- ~ Robinson sits a table over from Vernon.
- ~ Susanah Lee sits with the white gardenia.
- ~ Dodger strolls along the striking granite countertop. He
lovingly sweeps his fingers along its brilliant reflective
surface then pulls a chair at the blueberry pie table.
- ~ Jilly sits across from Dodger.
- ~ Snowball hasn't moved, seems a bit uncomfortable.

ELIZABETH

Constable Snowden, you can sit just
anywhere you want.

SNOWBALL

I'll guard the door.

The Group's collective tension skips down a beat or two at
Snowball's little joke.

JILLY

Mitch not coming?

SNOWBALL
He's not far. But, no. His choice.

Elizabeth brings Snowball a cup of coffee.

ELIZABETH
Well, we're glad you're here.

SNOWBALL
So am I.

The wall clock reads: 5:32.

Elizabeth turns the blinds on the front window to halfway closed, turns the sign around.

An eerie silence. The TICKING of the clock fades up.

No one knows what to say, they search each other for signs.

Jilly fiddles with a fork, drops it to the floor. CLANG!

JILLY
Sorry, sorry.

Vernon has finished half of his sandwich. Pushes his chair back, rises, wipes his mouth on a napkin. Scans the Group.

DODGER VICK
Vernon?

VERNON
Maybe somebody ought to say something.

As one, the Group stares at an empty table near the door.

VERNON (CONT'D)
You knew her best, Phoebe Rose.

Phoebe Rose swivels on her stool with hard eyes.

PHOEBE ROSE
Geraldine didn't have an easy life.
A piece a shit, one might call it.
A son in prison. Husband left years ago. And if there's a person here who didn't think she was crazier 'n a shithouse rat, I'd be surprised. You get a pass, Rudy, being from out of town. She was my friend, though. And I miss her.

SUSANAH LEE

She was part of this town. And she
was part of this. We can take a
moment for Geraldine.

They do.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The CITIZENS of Bees-Hive continue to gather on the street--
all ages, pets, strollers. They hold candles, flowers.

Derek, Mitch, Mara and Aunt Tandy are closest to MARNIE'S.

DEREK

How's Lizzie?

MARA

Full of surprises. She's been in
there since noon. Wanted it to look
perfect. A month ago, she could
barely make it through a night.

MITCH

What do you think they're doing in
there?

AUNT TANDY

They're living. That's how you beat
the devil. You dance on his grave.

DEREK

The devil ever saw you coming,
Tandy, I bet he'd jump into his own
grave.

AUNT TANDY

Be the smartest thing he'd ever
done.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Vernon returns his empty plate to the counter, tips his cap
to Elizabeth.

VERNON

Lizzie, tasted as good as always.

Usually a man of few words, he turns uneasily to the Group.

VERNON (CONT'D)

Everybody knows I pick up the poor little critters who don't make it across the highway. It ain't pretty work. It's necessary. And you might be surprised to know, they ain't always dead. They're dead, but not dead, if you follow. I look 'em in the eye. I see pain. Confusion. The look of the abandoned. That man who walked in here one year ago, he had that look. Suffering, loss. Not making excuses here, just telling you what I seen too many times not to know it when I see it.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Mitch steps trancelike toward MARNIE'S front door. His body trembles. His breathing speeds up.

Aunt Tandy tracks him sharply, recognizes the panic attack.

Other Residents also notice the Constable's distress.

DEREK

Mitch? Hey, Mitch, doin' okay?

Heart racing, Mitch's fingers slowly curl around his weapon.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Snowball squints through the blinds, sees Mitch in some other world, reaching for his gun.

SNOWBALL

(in a whisper)

Holy fuck.

She's about to bolt out the door when...

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

... Aunt Tandy's even hand covers Mitch's. It seems to restore his senses. His eyes flutter but focus.

AUNT TANDY

Steady, son. The devil's never really dead, is he?

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Snowball swallows a huge breath.

JILLY
Everything okay, Snowball?

SNOWBALL
Yeah. Maybe we're all a little jittery today.

JILLY
A tad off-sorts?

SNOWBALL
Something like that. Excuse me.

Snowball strides toward the back, goes into the restroom.

JILLY
Well, that was something. That woman couldn't be shaken by the face of God himself. Or herself. She's made of some kind of steel, she is. And I guess I don't need to tell anyone here about it. She already proved that to the moon and back.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Derek and Mara join Aunt Tandy at Mitch's side.

MITCH
I'm not sure where I was there for a minute.

He glances down at his weapon as if surprised to see it safely holstered. The haunted look on his face recedes.

MITCH (CONT'D)
It's like I was right back in that moment. Frozen. Scared. Not knowing what we should do. That was a new one.

MARA
Mitch, we're all reliving it. Take a look around.

The surging gathering of Residents fills in about halfway across the street now.

Like a band of silent angels they send Mitch protection and steely reassurance.

Mitch is overwhelmed when they light their candles.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - RESTROOM - DAY

Snowball splashes water across her face, stares into unsure, shaken eyes. The weight of the moment starts to land.

She pulls a pill bottle from a pocket, rifles down a few.

SNOWBALL

Get your shit together, Snowden. I mean it.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Snowball emerges from the back to hear laughter.

Jilly Reach holds court.

JILLY

... that's how you get a free ride in a cop car. Right, Snowball?

SNOWBALL

What are you on about, Jilly?

DODGER VICK

Heard you couldn't hook him today. Says he outran you. Left you in the dust.

SNOWBALL

That's very funny. Did he tell you about the eight priors I have him on? Or maybe--

RUDY

--maybe you let him go because today is the anniversary of the day we all nearly died.

That changes the mood in a hurry.

RUDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Constable Snowden.

SNOWBALL

No sweat.

SUSANAH LEE

It's alright, Rudy. You go ahead.

RUDY

I just wanted to say I'm not sure why I came back. I don't know any of you. I don't live here. But something told me I had to and now I think I know why.

He takes a sip of water.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Because you're alive. I know it's a strange thing, but I needed to know that. God rest Geraldine's soul but we're all here. That means we won, somehow.

He approaches Robinson's table.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Does that make sense, Robinson.

ROBINSON

Aye. It was a belter of a speech, man.

He addresses the Group.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

I suppose we all have a few particular moments keep us awake at night. Or at least come back for a visit time ta time.

He glances at Elizabeth, who affirms.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Back home they say: "Whit's fur ye'll no go past ye." A Spaniard would say: "Que sera, sera." And that's about the long and short of it. It's good to see everybody.

The survivors let the words land.

Elizabeth peers into the street with a sharp intake of breath. The Group follows her eyes.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

When Aunt Tandy lights her candle, the gathered Residents understand the signal.

AUNT TANDY

It's 6:30.

She paces toward MARNIE'S front door.

The wave of Residents follows, swallowing up Mara, Mitch and Derek on the way.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Each survivor has their own reaction to the advancement of the crowd.

They watch Aunt Tandy lead the vigil to the front step of the diner. The Residents wordlessly settle as still as sentinels.

ELIZABETH

What are they doing?

SUSANAH LEE

Remembering, sweetie. For us.

Snowball glances at the wall clock: 6:31 pm. She catches Susanah Lee's sad eyes offering comfort.

SUSANAH LEE (CONT'D)

Just about now?

Snowball nods affirmative.

Susanah Lee leaves her walking cane at her table, hobbles to the centre of the diner, arms outstretched.

SUSANAH LEE (CONT'D)

Hands.

The survivors link hands and form a circle.

The Residents now press up against the glass with Aunt Tandy at the centre.

Susanah Lee bows her head, closes her eyes.

Each survivor does the same... and goes back to that day...

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR AGO

Seven customers are in for lunch: Dodger, Jilly, Phoebe Rose, Vernon, Susanah Lee, Robinson, Rudy.

Elizabeth serves food, picks up empty plates, drops a slice of blueberry pie in front of Dodger Vick, who reads a book.

ELIZABETH

Here you go, Dodger. Usually two's your limit. Special occasion?

DODGER VICK

Nope. They're just going down easy today.

(indicates his book)

And I'm at a good part.

JILLY

We'll mark down July 23...
everybody, a new record for Dodger.
Three helpings of pie!

Applause and congratulations.

VERNON

A quick refill, you don't mind,
Lizzie. Gotta get back on the road.

ELIZABETH

Coming up, Vernon.

Rudy sits in the back corner dressed as always in a three-piece suit. His fedora rests on an empty chair.

Mara drops a glass of water on Rudy's table.

MARA

Had a chance to look at the menu,
hon?

RUDY

Sorry, just a minute or two.

MARA

Where ya from?

RUDY

Ohio, actually. Well, I've been
living in New York for a while.

MARA
Oooh, la la. And what brings you to
our little old town?

Elizabeth calls from the kitchen.

ELIZABETH
Mom, can I get a hand in here?

MARA
Don't you go anywhere, Mr. Ohio.

RUDY
Rudy.

Mara scurries away.

Phoebe Rose twirls on a stool at the counter when Geraldine comes in. Phoebe Rose waves but Geraldine heads for a corner.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOVING - DAY

Traffic is light on the sleepy streets. A few people pace leisurely on the sidewalks and between parked cars.

The red van cruises slowly past MARNIE'S. The diner's customers are visible through the window.

Mark parks up the street in front of Lyter's Meats, with MARNIE'S front door in view.

He steps out and immediately ducks into the back of the van.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Elizabeth fills Vernon's coffee cup.

Susanah Lee waves Elizabeth over.

SUSANAH LEE
Just a salad for me today,
sweetheart.

Elizabeth can't miss a large bag of flowers beside the table.

SUSANAH LEE (CONT'D)
Little surprise for Derek. It's our
anniversary today. Special dinner
later.

ELIZABETH
Oh, Mrs. Whitehouse, happy anniversary! Is he coming in?

SUSANAH LEE
No, he says the corn doesn't take anniversaries off. The man never stops.

ELIZABETH
Thousand Island dressing?

SUSANAH LEE
Always.

Elizabeth spins away toward the kitchen. Mara meets her.

MARA
Lizzie, we're out of milk. I'll pop into Lyter's. Be right back. Hold the fort.

Mara darts out the door.

INT. RED VAN - DAY

Mark straps the C7 rifle across his shoulder and pulls on a fishing vest to cover it.

He fills the pockets with extra rounds and jams the handgun under his belt.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Aunt Tandy marches out of Lyter's Meats the same way she always leaves the butcher's: with a scowl and a parcel.

Aunt Tandy meets Mara, who's clearly on a mission.

Mark steps out of the red van, leans against it.

MARA
Hello, Aunt Tandy.

AUNT TANDY
Good afternoon, Mara. Busy day?

MARA
So busy we ran out of milk! Toddle-doo!

Mara disappears into the butcher's shop.

As she nears the van, Aunt Tandy's brow furrows even deeper at the sight of the oddly-dressed stranger.

Mark can't miss Aunt Tandy's leery frown.

MARK

Top o' the morning, Ma'am. Any good places for a late lunch nearby?

Aunt Tandy glowers darkly and strides on her way.

Mark offers her a tip of his cap after she passes.

MARK (CONT'D)

Welcome to Bees-Hive. And fuck you very much, Queen Victoria.

INT. MARNIE'S DINER - DAY

Jilly plops onto a chair at Dodger's table.

JILLY

Whatchya readin', Dodger?

DODGER VICK

Oscar Wilde.

JILLY

Whoever he is.

He whips out a well-worn car mag, tosses it on the table.

JILLY (CONT'D)

Here, that'll get your motor running.

Phoebe Rose gets to Geraldine's table.

Geraldine stares oddly into the street through half-opened blinds. Her bizarre clothes suggest they weren't a priority.

PHOEBE ROSE

Hey, there, Geraldine. Ya didn't see me at the counter? Having an off-day, are we?

Phoebe Rose sits. Robinson Hare appears at the table.

ROBINSON

She's got the far-away look. I ken it well. My mah usually had it.

PHOEBE ROSE
She sure has her days.

Vernon gets to the counter.

VERNON
Ring me up, Lizzie.

Elizabeth is at Rudy's table.

ELIZABETH
Coming, Vernon.

Jilly tosses bills on Dodger's table.

JILLY
That's it for me, too. Hey, Robby,
you wanna go for a ride? I got a
hot little number to take out for a
spin.

ROBINSON
And where's Snowball to, ya kook?

JILLY
Oh, I'll find her or she'll find
me. You comin'?

Geraldine starts to fidget, becomes agitated. Her eyes bore
into the front door.

She draws attention from all in the diner.

PHOEBE ROSE
Geraldine? What is it old girl?

Geraldine freezes as still as a statue.

SUSANAH LEE
Geraldine? Hey, honey, whatchya
looking at?

GERALDINE
You'll see. But it's too late.

Geraldine's eyes flicker as the front door opens.

Mark Turmelle's dirty black work boots stalk through MARNIE'S
front door.

His boots scrape along the floor, step up onto a vacant stool
and thud onto MARNIE'S polished granite countertop.

Everyone freezes, paralyzed by fear and astonishment.

Mark unzips his fishing vest, calmly unclips the C7 rifle, swings the barrel as if showing it off.

MARK

Alright, you hick peckerwood motherfuckers. This is my final stop today. It's been a long one. Sign says this place is famous. You think it's famous now? Wait till tomorrow.

Mark takes a deliberate survey of the nine faces.

MARK (CONT'D)

Before we begin: my name's Mark. And I could sure use a cup of coffee.

FADE OUT:

THE END