

A BLIND EYE

"BLOOD ON THE FLOOR"

EPISODE 101

Written by Allison Kitaguchi

Inspired by the 1981 murder of Ken Rex McElroy

TEASER

EXT. CLEARFALL CEMETERY - DAY

A long, verdant stretch of unkempt grass, mottled with grimy, gray headstones scattered about in uneven rows. The faces of the graves are faded with time, lost to nature's reclaiming hand.

A FIGURE weaves through the rows, stepping carefully in the shin-high grass to avoid trampling the resting places of the long forgotten. *Only the boots of the figure are visible, the rest of the body obscured from view.*

The figure heads out through the rusted, broken gate surrounding the cemetery. There, in an isolated recess of land, sits a solitary headstone.

The figure pauses in front of the grave. A lighter IGNITES. The controlled INHALE and EXHALE of a person smoking. The figure STAMPS the cigarette out in the grass in front of the grave, then walks away.

As they depart, the name on the headstone becomes visible: "SAMUEL PATRICK EOGHAN. BRAVE, FEARLESS AND COMPASSIONATE. 1934-1981"

A lingering beat...

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - SUNSET (MOVING)

SAMUEL "SAM" PATRICK EOGHAN (early/mid 40's, a brute, a lion amongst men) drives his red pickup through a small town. He smokes a cigarette, arm hanging out the window, fingers drumming along with the radio.

In the passenger seat sits Sam's heavily pregnant wife, YVAINE EOGHAN (early 20's, remarkably kind, a wilted flower), absently staring out the window.

SUPER: "JULY 10, 1981"

Sam pulls over and parks the car along a street. He exhales smoke and flicks the cigarette away. He doesn't spare Yvaine a glance as he climbs out.

SAM

Wait here.

The door SLAMS behind him. Yvaine exhales.

INT. BASSETTI'S - SUNSET

A dark wooden bar scuffed with love. A small TV shows footage of a hockey game, the commentators unintelligible. A handful of PATRONS perch on swiveling stools, quietly speaking with people seated at booths and circular tables.

Everyone here has an audible twang, a slow drawl that only comes from years of living in the country.

JANELLE "NELL" BASSETTI (late 30's, strong-willed, take-no-shit attitude, violently loyal) wipes down glasses behind the counter.

The bell over the door CHIMES. Janelle lifts her head, opens her mouth, but the words die on her tongue. Silence descends on the bar as Sam's tall frame fills the doorway.

SAM
Evenin', Nellie.

Sam sits down in front of Janelle, interlacing his fingers. Janelle stares back at him, stiff. A long, tense beat of quiet.

Slowly, she pours him a beer from the tap. He tips the glass in thanks, gazing back at her over the rim.

Janelle turns away and locks eyes with LIAM MACINTYRE (23, quiet, observant, a natural leader) sitting across the bar. Liam opens his mouth but Janelle subtly shakes her head. She nods to the door.

Liam EXITS the bar in a rush. Sam watches him go with a curl to his upper lip.

JANELLE
So, I guess you're out?

SAM
Jail didn't suit me much.

JANELLE
Never does.

Sam smirks over the rim of his beer.

SAM
What'd I miss while I was gone?

JANELLE
Nothin'.

SAM
Nothin'? I have a hard time
believin' that.

JANELLE
You weren't gone that long, Sam.

SAM
I don't know about that, Nellie.
Sure felt like a long time to me.

He continues sipping his beer, unbothered and amused.

PRE-LAP: The sound of feet POUNDING along the road,
approaching...

INT. CLEARFALL TOWN HALL - SUNSET

Twin black doors EXPLODE inward as Liam skids to a halt just
past the threshold, red-faced and panting as he tries to
catch his breath. He's been running for his life.

NORA (O.S.)
Liam?

Liam looks up.

INT. BASSETTI'S - SUNSET

Sam finishes his beer and gently places the glass on the
counter. All eyes in the bar are locked on him.

JANELLE
Another?

SAM
If you'd be so kind, Nellie.

JANELLE
Don't call me that.

Janelle refills his glass.

SAM
Why not? It's your name, ain't it?

JANELLE
Only my gramma and my grampa call
me Nellie. You don't have that same
privilege.

He feigns a hurt expression. Janelle SCOFFS, a harsh and bitter sound.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Don't give me that shit. Drink your beer and get the hell outta my bar.

Outside the window, a police cruiser rolls up to the curb and parks behind Sam's truck. Janelle and Sam turn as the cruiser door SHUTS. Sam smirks.

SAM

There's your better half. Was wonderin' where she was. Maybe she can finally pull that stick outta your ass.

JANELLE

Go to hell.

Sam laughs.

SAM

Lighten up, Janelle! Though, I guess, given your ... preferences, maybe you wouldn't mind havin' a stick up your ass. Or are you still pretending that you're *just friends* with our dear Sheriff?

It's an old wound, one pulled taut across years of carefully crafted defenses. Janelle swallows.

The door CHIMES as the town sheriff, NORA PROVENZO (late 30's, Asian, caring, strong) enters. She warily approaches, nodding a greeting.

NORA

Nell. Sam.

SAM

Sheriff.

Nora senses the tension, seems to expect it.

NORA

Everything okay in here?

SAM

Absolutely. Just havin' a drink after a long day. Why? Is something wrong?

NORA
Course not, Sam.

Nora and Janelle exchange a tense look. Nora clears her throat.

NORA (CONT'D)
I saw Yvaine in your truck.

SAM
Mhm.

NORA
How far along is she?

SAM
How the hell am I supposed to know?

NORA
... Right.

A tense silence. The other patrons in the bar watch with bated breath, not even trying to be subtle.

Outside the window, a large CROWD steadily approaches the bar. The door CHIMES.

The PEOPLE OF CLEARFALL flood inside, nearly thirty strong and led by Liam, surrounding Sam.

Sam takes a patient sip of his beer and turns to Janelle. Whatever is happening behind him isn't his concern.

SAM
I see business is still good.

JANELLE
Get the hell outta here, Sam.

Sam smirks and chugs the rest of his beer. He SLAMS the glass down on the counter, as loud as a gunshot. Janelle and Nora don't flinch, but they do stiffen.

Sam pushes back from the bar and stands, tall and imposing. He doesn't bother to pull out his wallet.

SAM
Thanks for the beer, sweetheart.
'Scuse me.

Sam pushes through the crowd.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - MAIN STREET - SUNSET

Sam lights a new cigarette as he climbs back inside his truck.

The door to Bassetti's opens again as the townsfolk file out, surrounding the Eoghan truck on all sides. Among the group: Liam, Nora, Janelle, and the patrons from the bar. (These will be the key players later on.)

Yvaine stares in confusion.

YVAINE
What's going on?

INT. BASSETTI'S - SUNSET

The bar, now abandoned. The hockey commentators are a low hum in the empty space. Outside the window, only the backs of the townsfolk are visible.

A long, tense beat...

Then: loud GUNSHOTS, too many to count, followed by silence.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - MAIN STREET - SUNSET

A resonate, high pitched RINGING.

Yvaine lies in a crumpled heap on the pavement, several feet away from the truck. She has her hands clamped over her head, eyes squeezed tightly shut.

There's blood splatter along her left side and shards of glass stuck on her clothes. She sits up slowly and takes in her surroundings. *How did she make it out of the truck?*

The windshield is completely destroyed, as are all the windows. Her door is wide open, littered with bullet holes. The tires are popped, the road near the truck resembling a crater.

YVAINE
(sotto)
What the fuck?

She turns to the Clearfall residents, who stare stonily. More than half carry guns -- handguns, rifles, pistols -- the marks of a rural farm town. The shots could've come from any of them.

She pats herself down, no injuries. Her baby is safe. The blood on her hands draws her gaze. *It's not hers, so whose...?* She climbs to her feet slowly.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Sam?

Yvaine leans around the truck to see:

Sam's body, slumped sideways, eyes wide and unseeing as he stares RIGHT AT HER. Blood seeps through his shirt, pooling on the seat. His cigarette burns a red mark into his arm.

Yvaine SCREAMS, loud and harsh in the silence.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Sam? Sam!

Yvaine reaches into the truck and presses shaking fingers to his throat. *There's so much blood.*

YVAINE (CONT'D)

He's not breathing!

Yvaine turns. Blood drips down her fingers, onto the road. She doesn't even notice.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Nora! Nora, please! Call someone!

Yvaine grows more hysterical as she leans into the truck.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Sam! Please! Oh god, what have you done?

Nora clears her throat and addresses her people.

NORA

Alright everyone. Show's over.

Without another word, Clearfall's occupants turn and break, heading in different directions, leaving the Eoghans behind.

As they walk, Yvaine screams and screams and SCREAMS--

MUSIC CUE: "Blood On The Floor" by Fleetwood Mac.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. GAITHERSBURG, MD - VARIOUS - EARLY MORNING**

Sunlight, warm and welcome, blankets a still-forming city.

Gaudy Maryland flags hang from cheery storefront windows, cars with Washington Redskins stickers drive by. A banner with the phrase "SAVE THE CAPS" hangs on the side of the bookstore.

ROSALYN "ROZ" HOLTZMAN (late 20's, Black, painfully optimistic, a walking DSM-5) jogs through her hometown. She keeps an even pace, avoiding pedestrians with ease.

As she runs, the city wakes.

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

INT. HOLTZMAN HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

A homely kitchen with an appropriate amount of clutter for a middle class household. On the stove, covered pots and pans containing breakfast.

Sitting at the table, huddled over a plate of eggs, is Rosalyn's twin brother, REID HOLTZMAN (late 20's, Black, calm and collected). He does a crossword as he eats.

Nearby, the front door OPENS and SHUTS.

END MUSIC CUE

Rosalyn ENTERS and ducks into the fridge to grab water. She chugs it, breathing hard.

On the fridge, photographs: Rosalyn and Reid at their college graduation, Young Rosalyn and Young Reid playing in a pumpkin patch, Reid posing in an office, Rosalyn in an FBI jacket.

Reid doesn't lift his head from the paper.

REID

Pills.

On the counter, a neat row of medications for depression, anxiety, insomnia, and PTSD. Rosalyn dutifully takes them, not bothering to read the labels.

Rosalyn organizes the pill bottles into tidy rows once more. She loads up a plate and hovers over Reid's shoulder, eyes scanning the crossword as she stuffs food into her mouth.

Reid glances up.

REID (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

ROSALYN
No.

REID
You're breathing on me.

ROSALYN
Is that a crime?

REID
No. But it's annoying.

ROSALYN
So, what? I'm just not supposed to breathe anymore?

REID
I would prefer if you didn't do it on the *back of my neck*.

ROSALYN
Fine. I won't help you, then.

She sits across from Reid and digs in.

REID
I don't need your help.

ROSALYN
Sure you don't.

Reid stares at the crossword, brows furrowed. Rosalyn waits, patient, knowing. A beat passes. Reid sighs.

REID
What's a ten letter word for talkative?

ROSALYN
I thought you didn't need my help.

REID
Roz.

ROSALYN
Loquacious.

REID
Don't talk with your mouth full.

ROSALYN
Yes, mom.

Reid writes "LOQUACIOUS" on the crossword. It's nearly complete, just a few spaces blank. Reid eyes her over the tabletop -- *something's on his mind*. His eyes dart across her before they settle.

REID
Nightmares again?

ROSALYN
What?

REID
Your thumb's raw.

She glances down. Sure enough, the side of her thumb is picked raw, dried blood flaked on the skin. She blinks up at him, caught.

REID (CONT'D)
Plus, you started your run awful early this morning.

ROSALYN
Look, Reid, do we have to do this right now? Can't I at least eat first?

REID
You know that we do.

She tosses her fork down.

ROSALYN
Yes, Dr. Holtzman, I *did* have a nightmare. I slept approximately four and a half hours, cried for one, and then ran for two. Satisfied?

REID
Don't give me that tone. I'm just looking out for you.

ROSALYN
Yeah, yeah. Eat your eggs.

REID

Yes, mom.

She glares. They continue eating.

REID (CONT'D)

Same one?

Rosalyn sighs, exhausted.

ROSALYN

Always is.

REID

August is right around the corner.
That's probably what's triggering
it.

ROSALYN

I know.

REID

Did you request time off?

ROSALYN

I'll get it done.

A beat of quiet befalls the twins, disrupted only by the
gentle clicking of Reid's pen.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

I can't believe it's been twenty
years.

REID

Me either.

ROSALYN

We're getting old.

REID

Speak for yourself.

ROSALYN

We're the same age. Actually,
you're older.

REID

Ten minutes isn't *that* big of a
difference.

ROSALYN

Keep telling yourself that. Did you
know your beard is a little gray?
Like, towards the sides?

REID

What?

Reid lifts a hand to his facial hair.

ROSALYN

Made ya look.

Reid scowls at her. Rosalyn laughs and finishes her food. She
stands from the table and takes her empty plate to the sink.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

By the way, 14 across is Yorktown.

She EXITS upstairs. Reid glances down at the paper and
hesitantly writes "YORKTOWN" in the open spaces. It's a
perfect fit.

REID

Damn.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - MORNING

FBI Headquarters. Impressive, grand, domineering.

Rosalyn flashes her badge to SECURITY and heads deeper into
the building. As she moves through the building, she passes
by a massive sign that reads: "FEDERAL BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION. FIDELITY, BRAVERY, INTEGRITY."

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - BULLPEN - MORNING

Rosalyn arrives at her desk. There's files stacked on the
side, reports half filled, empty coffee cups piling up in the
trash. It's chaos, but it's *her* chaos.

She spots a sticky-note taped to the top file. It reads: "SEE
ME WHEN YOU GET IN - V. BREKKER"

Rosalyn sets her stuff down and hesitantly lifts the note,
glancing around as if she expects to find the sender.

ROSALYN

Hey, Lydia?

At a nearby desk, Rosalyn's work buddy, LYDIA CLARK, (30's,
peppy, snarky) looks up expectantly.

LYDIA

Hm?

ROSALYN

You know anything about this?

Rosalyn lifts the note for her to see. Lydia shakes her head and shrugs.

LYDIA

It was already there when I got in.
Why? What is it?

ROSALYN

Brekker wants to see me.

LYDIA

You in trouble?

ROSALYN

I hope not.

Rosalyn's gaze lingers on the note...

INT. VEDA'S OFFICE - MORNING

A pristine, well-organized office. Behind a massive desk sits Rosalyn's boss, VEDA BREKKER, (late 50's, professional, sharp) packing up her belongings.

The nameplate on her desk reads "SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE - VEDA BREKKER" in a glossy, black font.

A KNOCK sounds at her closed door.

VEDA

Come in.

Rosalyn enters, unsure. Veda glances up.

ROSALYN

You wanted to see me?

VEDA

Special Agent Holtzman, have a seat.

Rosalyn tentatively sits across from Veda, nervous. Veda folds her hands together and leans on the desk.

VEDA (CONT'D)

What do you know about Clearfall,
Virginia?

That wasn't what Rosalyn was expecting.

ROSALYN

Clearfall? It's a small town in the Appalachians. Maybe ... three hours south of here? Give or take.

Veda digs around in her desk and pulls out a local newspaper that reads: "MURDER IN THE MOUNTAINS!" She tosses the paper down for Rosalyn to read.

VEDA

Two weeks ago, a man was murdered there.

Rosalyn picks up the paper and skims it. Sam's face stares up at her from the page.

VEDA (CONT'D)

There have been no arrests.

ROSALYN

No suspects?

VEDA

Not as far as we know.

ROSALYN

Any witnesses?

Veda laughs, but it's brittle.

VEDA

Oh, yeah. You could say that.

ROSALYN

So ... what's the problem?

VEDA

That's what I need you to find out.

Another KNOCK sounds at the door. Veda and Rosalyn turn to see JENSEN BUCHANAN, (early 40's, apathetic, level-headed, grim determination) poke his head around the door.

VEDA (CONT'D)

Ah, SSA Buchanan. This is Special Agent Rosalyn Holtzman. She's going to be your partner for your next assignment. Ms. Holtzman, this is Senior Special Agent Jensen Buchanan. He's going to be taking point on this case, and you'll be assisting him.

ROSALYN
Hi.
JENSEN
Mornin'.

They shake hands.

VEDA
An anonymous call came in a few days ago and we agreed to send a few agents out. It should be noted that this call did not come from local PD, but from a concerned citizen, so they won't be expecting you. If you have any trouble, give me a call.

Veda stands and shuffles through the files on her desk. She finds the right one and hands it to Rosalyn.

VEDA (CONT'D)
(re: Jensen)
Unfortunately, I've got a meeting to get to, so I'll let Rosalyn fill you in on your way.

It's a clear dismissal. Rosalyn and Jensen step out of the office.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Jensen and Rosalyn hesitate as Veda locks her door.

JENSEN
SAC Brekker, do we have a timeframe for this?

VEDA
I'm not sure. Depending on how much trouble you have out there, you could be there at least a few days, if not longer. We'd like this solved as soon as possible, given that it's already been two weeks.

JENSEN
Understood.

Veda nods to them.

VEDA
Well, I'm off. Good luck, Agents.
Keep me posted.

ROSALYN

Will do.

Veda turns and stalks down the hallway. Rosalyn and Jensen stand across from each other, awkward.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

It's nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you.

JENSEN

What's the case?

ROSALYN

Murder victim in a small town. Apparently there are witnesses, but no arrests.

JENSEN

Hm.

Jensen turns and starts off down the hallway. Rosalyn hurries to keep up.

ROSALYN

Agent Buchanan --

JENSEN

Meet me outside in ten minutes. I'm driving.

ROSALYN

Uh, sure. I just have to...

Jensen's already gone, disappearing down another hallway with his long stride. Rosalyn rolls her eyes.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Dick.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - BULLPEN - MORNING

Rosalyn, back at her desk, packs up her go-bag while Lydia hovers next to her.

LYDIA

New assignment?

ROSALYN

Yeah, a murder investigation.

Rosalyn pats her pockets and pauses, pulling out her car key. Rosalyn grabs a pen and scribbles down a phone number onto a napkin.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

Lyds, can you call this number and let my brother know to come pick up the keys? The car's in the garage across the street.

LYDIA

Sure thing.

Rosalyn hands the key and the note over to Lydia, who sidles closer, grinning.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

So ... who's your partner?

ROSALYN

Jensen Buchanan.

LYDIA

Ouch, best of luck.

ROSALYN

Why do you say that?

LYDIA

He's an asshole.

ROSALYN

Oh, yeah? Says who?

LYDIA

Everyone.

Rosalyn places her hands on her hips. She agrees, but she's trying to remain positive.

ROSALYN

Maybe's he's actually a really nice guy and everyone else is an asshole.

LYDIA

You always were terribly optimistic, dear.

ROSALYN

It's part of my charm.

LYDIA

Godspeed, my friend.

EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - STREET - MORNING

Jensen stands at the curb, leaning against an idling car. Rosalyn hurries out of the building, carrying her go-bag over her shoulder.

Jensen stands as she approaches.

JENSEN

Let's go.

Rosalyn sighs, but climbs into the passenger seat, tossing her bag into the back, next to Jensen's. She keeps the file Veda gave her in her lap.

INT. JENSEN'S CAR - MORNING

The interior is well cared for -- no scratches, clean leather, neat and tidy, clearly beloved by the owner. Jensen glances at Rosalyn as she settles in.

JENSEN

Where are we headed?

ROSALYN

Clearfall, Virginia.

Jensen eyes her.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

It's a small town in the Appalachians. If you get on I-81 southbound, it'll take us most of the way there.

JENSEN

If you say so. Buckle up.

As Rosalyn does, Jensen pulls off of the curb. After a while, the silence in the car becomes unbearable.

ROSALYN

Are you from this area?

JENSEN

Yeah.

She waits. Nothing.

ROSALYN

What brought you to the Bureau?

JENSEN
I hate douchebags.

Rosalyn tilts her head in a "fair enough" gesture.

ROSALYN
What's your favorite case you've
worked on?

JENSEN
I don't talk about previous cases.

ROSALYN
Oh. Sorry.

Jensen reaches forward and turns on the radio. They sit in
silence for a long moment.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)
SSA Buchanan ... have I done
something to upset you?

JENSEN
No. We're here to do a job, that's
all.

ROSALYN
... Right.

They fall quiet again. Another long, awkward beat passes.

JENSEN
Tell me about the case.

ROSALYN
Sure.

Rosalyn opens the file in her lap. There's only a few scarce
documents, mostly blank. Rosalyn frowns. She shuffles through
the pages. Jensen glances over, brows furrowed.

JENSEN
What?

ROSALYN
There's barely anything in here.

JENSEN
Where's the incident report?

ROSALYN
I don't see it.

JENSEN

Look again.

Rosalyn scowls at him but carefully looks over the documents again.

ROSALYN

It's not here.

JENSEN

So, what *do* we have?

Rosalyn skims the few sheets of paper.

ROSALYN

Local man -- Sam Eoghan -- shot
dead in his truck on July 10th at
seven in the evening in front
Bassetti's bar. He's survived by
his wife, Yvaine Eoghan.

JENSEN

And?

Rosalyn gestures helplessly to the meager papers in her lap.

ROSALYN

This is all I've got.

JENSEN

What about official documents?
Police reports?

ROSALYN

You and I are looking at the exact
same amount of papers, Buchanan. If
those docs exist, we don't have
them.

JENSEN

So, we're what? Coming in blind?

ROSALYN

Looks like.

Jensen grimaces. Rosalyn checks the pages again, troubled.
She focuses on the one thing she *can* see -- "YVAINE EOGHAN."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. OB/GYN OFFICE - MORNING**

A sterile room with bright lights and medical posters lining every wall. Medical equipment for ultrasounds, EKG's, and other vital monitors.

Yvaine sits on a paper-wrapped plastic examination table, anxiously swinging her legs back and forth. She rests one hand on her swollen belly, the other caught in a white-knuckled grip on the edge of the seat.

Her left hand is suspiciously absent of a wedding ring.

DOCTOR DYNA (50's, hair streaked with gray) reads over notes on a file, absently rolling around on a small stool.

DOCTOR DYNA

Well, I'm happy to report that everything looks to be normal, Mrs. Eoghan.

Yvaine's features slacken in relief, her grip loosening.

YVAINE

Oh, thank god.

Doctor Dyna gives her a sympathetic look.

DOCTOR DYNA

I know this has been a horrific time for you, but I want to assure you that you and your baby are perfectly healthy.

YVAINE

Thank you, Doctor, truly.

DOCTOR DYNA

You're still on schedule for your due date, so it should be a few weeks away.

Doctor Dyna stands from her rolling stool and Yvaine tentatively follows.

YVAINE

Is there anything I can do?
Anything I *should* do, to prepare?

DOCTOR DYNA

Try to take things easy. I know you've got your hands full with Sam's estate, but for right now, you need to focus on you and that little one, okay? Take a walk, feed the ducks, go to the spa -- just do something that'll help you relax a little.

YVAINE

Okay.

Doctor Dyna eyes her, notes the dark circles and the weariness in her youthful face.

DOCTOR DYNA

How are you doing, Yvaine? Really?

YVAINE

It's ... it's been hard. But I'm tryin'.

A soft squeeze to her shoulder. Yvaine sags under Doctor Dyna's kind gaze.

DOCTOR DYNA

That's all any of us can do, isn't it? Try?

Yvaine's not sure how to respond. Doctor Dyna gives her a sad smile and ushers her into the hallway.

Before the lights go out, Yvaine glances back into the room. As darkness encases the office, a SHADOW of something tall and wide stands in the back corner. It's a familiar silhouette -- Sam Eoghan.

Yvaine's eyes don't leave the figure until Doctor Dyna shuts the door in her face.

INT. OB/GYN HALLWAY - MORNING

Doctor Dyna notices Yvaine's frozen stance.

DOCTOR DYNA

Yvaine? You alright?

She finally manages to tear her eyes away from the door, smiling tensely at Doctor Dyna.

YVAINE

Yes, sorry. I'm fine. Just ...
tired.

DOCTOR DYNA

I'm sure this has been very
stressful for you.

YVAINE

The folks over at Roanoke Hills
won't dig him a grave, if you can
believe it. Did you know they could
do that? Just, refuse service like
that? It's not even about the
money, that's the thing. It's about
him.

Doctor Dyna winces.

DOCTOR DYNA

Your husband was a ... difficult
man.

A loud scoff.

YVAINE

You think I don't know that? I was
married to him. I may be young, but
I ain't stupid. I know everyone
hated him, I know they wanted to
punish him. But they're punishin'
me too, and that's the problem. I
never hurt *anybody*. I always tried
to be good. But it don't matter in
their eyes -- to them, I'm as bad
as him. Sam was no Georgia peach,
I'll admit, but he had his moments.
He could be kind, when he wanted
to. I'm sorry to be throwin' all
this at you, it's just ... now that
he's gone, I'm the one who's left
to pick up the pieces.

DOCTOR DYNA

It's not fair, what's been done to
you.

Yvaine rubs at her stomach, eyes wide and distant. Sad.

YVAINE

And you wanna know the kicker? I
still see him sometimes. In my
dreams almost always, but recently
it's been in the daylight too.

(MORE)

YVAINE (CONT'D)

I worry that I'm losin' my mind.
They all get to go on, pretendin'
like he doesn't exist -- like he
never existed -- but he's still
here with me.

DOCTOR DYNA

Grief manifests itself in many
ways. You're not crazy, Yvaine.
You're grieving. But it *will* get
better, I promise you.

Yvaine deflates, suddenly exhausted. She paints on a smile,
but it's more like a grimace.

YVAINE

Right.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - AFTERNOON

Warm sunlight cresting over the valleys and ridges of the
Appalachian Mountains. A cozy, quiet town tucked in amidst
blooming foliage, vibrant colors alight in washes of ochre
and viridian.

Bracketing the main road stands a church with tall steeples,
a small town hall, homely shops, and antique stores. The
roads and sidewalks are well-worn with daily traffic, the
street lamps reminiscent of older times.

Farmland surrounds the settlement, stalks of corn and
vegetation stretching far and wide. Luscious woodlands
dwarfing the nearby river, left unspoiled by mankind.

Jensen's car cruises along the main road.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

People wander up and down the sidewalk, dipping in and out of
shops in a carefree manner. The door to Bassetti's is propped
open, letting the spring air waft in. *It seems impossible
that someone had been murdered there mere weeks ago.*

Jensen's car slowly stops in front of Bassetti's, almost in
the exact same spot Sam's truck had been parked. A few
CLEARFALL RESIDENTS glance at the car curiously.

Jensen and Rosalyn climb out.

JENSEN

Damn. You weren't kidding when you
said "small town."

They take in their surroundings.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

There's a town hall down the street
and we passed the church on the way
in.

ROSALYN

Grocery store is about a block that
way.

She jerks her thumb over her shoulder.

JENSEN

I saw an Inn a few streets down. We
can stay there for the night.

ROSALYN

I think this is the bar from the
report. Bassetti's.

Rosalyn glances down at the street. She pauses.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

Agent Buchanan.

JENSEN

What?

She jerks her chin to the pavement. Evidence of Sam's murder
is still there -- chipped pavement, bullet holes, small metal
fragments imbedded in the gravel.

Jensen crouches and examines the road.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

Guess that makes this our crime
scene.

ROSALYN

Christ. Look at how many marks
there are.

JENSEN

Someone tried to clean this up, but
they didn't get everything.

He stands.

A wave of laughter comes from Bassetti's and Jensen and
Rosalyn turn. They make eye contact, a silent conversation.

Rosalyn and Jensen head for the bar.

INT. BASSETTI'S - AFTERNOON

The interior is moderately crowded, with rowdy groups of TOWNSFOLK scattered around. The atmosphere is much more lively than it was before.

Janelle works behind the counter, pouring drinks and chatting with the patrons lined up on the barstools.

Seated at one of the tables are Liam and his father, HAL MACINTYRE, (late 40's, mysterious, charming). (*Hal is one of the thirty townsfolk who killed Sam.*)

Rosalyn and Jensen enter, looking out of place in their pristine suits amidst a sea of plaid and denim.

JENSEN

Excuse me.

The bar quiets a little. Janelle lifts her head, a confused, but polite smile on her face.

JANELLE

Are you folks lost?

ROSALYN

I don't think so. This is Bassetti's, right?

JANELLE

It is.

ROSALYN

Are you the owner?

JANELLE

I am. I'm sorry -- who're y'all?

Jensen pulls out his badge. Rosalyn follows suit.

JENSEN

FBI. I'm SSA Buchanan, and this is Special Agent Holtzman. Could we speak with you outside for a moment?

Janelle stills, eyes widening a fraction. A hush sweeps across the bar. Everyone turns to stare at Jensen and Rosalyn.

HAL

FBI? What would bring you folks out this way?

JENSEN

We're investigating a murder.

CALEB TOSH, (50's, hillbilly through and through), stands from his table. (*He's another member of the death squad.*)

CALEB

Murder? There's been no murder here.

JENSEN

No?

Jensen hums and digs into his suit. He pulls out the folded newspaper that Veda had shown them and unfurls it, the headline "MURDER IN THE MOUNTAINS!" visible to all.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

I suppose this paper is lying, then? Some other Clearfall, Virginia, maybe?

Caleb sits slowly. The patrons glance around at each other, unsure. Liam makes eye contact with Janelle, who slowly turns to address Rosalyn and Jensen.

JANELLE

We don't want any trouble, Agents.

ROSALYN

Good. Neither do we. Could we speak with you outside, Miss...?

JANELLE

Bassetti. Janelle Bassetti. And no, I can't leave the bar unmanned.

JENSEN

Perhaps someone else could take over, then. Just for a moment.

Jensen looks out at the crowd of disdainful faces staring back at him. No one moves.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

You're telling me no one here knows how to work a register?

The crowd murmurs, tense. Liam stands from the table. He's radiating nervousness, eyeing the two detectives warily.

LIAM

It's fine, Nell. I'll take over.

JENSEN
Are you even old enough to serve
alcohol, kid?

LIAM
I'm twenty-three, asshole.

HAL
Liam.
(re: Jensen)
I'm sorry, Agent. He didn't mean
that.

Liam scowls at Jensen, but ducks behind the counter. He nods
to Janelle, who begrudgingly steps out from behind the bar.

Janelle undoes her apron and tosses it on the counter,
crossing her arms over her chest.

JANELLE
Right then. Outside.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Janelle follows Jensen and Rosalyn outside, closing the door
to Bassetti's behind her.

JANELLE
How can I help you?

JENSEN
Where were you on July 10th?

JANELLE
Here, at the bar. Like I am every
day.

Rosalyn takes notes as they talk.

JENSEN
Did you see anything out of the
ordinary that day?

JANELLE
No.

ROSALYN
You didn't hear gunshots, or
anything?

JANELLE
Nope.

JENSEN

Seriously? That's what you're going with?

JANELLE

I don't know what you mean.

Rosalyn sighs.

ROSALYN

This would go by a lot quicker if you just cooperated with us, you know. We're not here to cause trouble or anything. We're just trying to find out what's going on.

JANELLE

Look, I respect that y'all have to do your jobs, but you're wasting your time. No one saw a damn thing. You can ask anyone.

JENSEN

And how is that, exactly?

Janelle and Rosalyn face Jensen.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

How is it you could be *right there* and not see anything?

Jensen points to the bar windows, where everyone inside is staring at them in clear view.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

This street is littered with bullet holes. You've got a perfect line of sight from that bar. So tell me again, Ms. Bassetti, what did you see that day?

JANELLE

I told you -- *I didn't see anything.*

NORA (O.S.)

Janelle?

Everyone turns to see Nora walking down the sidewalk, wearing her Sheriff's uniform. Her firearm is strapped to her hip. She looks wary, even from a distance.

NORA (CONT'D)

Everythin' okay?

JANELLE
It's fine, Nora.

JENSEN
Who are you?

NORA
Nora Provenzo. Sheriff of
Clearfall.

Nora holds out a hand as she reaches them. Rosalyn and Jensen shake it.

NORA (CONT'D)
And who might you folks be?

ROSALYN
I'm Special Agent Rosalyn Holtzman
and this is Senior Special Agent
Jensen Buchanan. We're with the
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

NORA
The FBI?

Nora laughs, as if it were a joke. When no one else laughs with her, she falls silent. *Oh shit, this is real.*

NORA (CONT'D)
What are y'all doing in our neck of
the woods?

ROSALYN
Our offices received a call
informing us that you might be
needing assistance.

JANELLE
She's fine on her own.

NORA
Nell.
(beat)
Assistance with what, Agents?

Jensen and Rosalyn stare. *She can't be serious, can she?*

JENSEN
Sheriff, are you aware there was a
murder here just two weeks ago?

NORA
Of course. Tragic thing.

ROSALYN

And how are you coming along in your investigation?

NORA

I'm afraid I've hit a roadblock.

Jensen makes sure to meet Janelle's eyes as he speaks.

JENSEN

Let me guess ... No one saw a thing.

NORA

Exactly. No one saw a thing.

Jensen and Rosalyn exchange a look.

ROSALYN

And you don't find that suspicious, Sheriff?

NORA

Why should I? If they say they didn't see anything, they didn't see anything. I trust them. Look, I'm not sure who called you, Agents, but we're gettin' by fine on our own.

JENSEN

You have no one in custody, no suspects, and no witnesses willing to talk, and yet you're "getting by fine on your own?"

Nora's friendly facade flickers as Janelle starts forward.

JANELLE

What's that supposed to mean?

NORA

Janelle.

Janelle acquiesces with a sigh. Nora turns back to Jensen.

NORA (CONT'D)

I may not be a big time detective like the two of you, but I know how to do my job. I'm workin' the case, you have my word.

JENSEN

Good. I guess we'll be working together, then.

NORA

... Right.

Nora and Janelle glance at each other at the same time Rosalyn and Jensen do.

Two silent conversations happen simultaneously. Rosalyn's eyes say *follow my lead*, while Nora's eyes say *please keep your mouth shut*.

ROSALYN

Sheriff, could you tell us how to get in contact with the medical examiner?

Nora and Janelle turn back to them. Nora gathers herself, puts her professional mask back on.

NORA

Uh, sure. But the morgue's a little ways away.

ROSALYN

That's fine.

Rosalyn pulls Nora towards the car, where she produces a map of southern Virginia. As Nora is distracted, Jensen refocuses on Janelle.

JENSEN

We're going to figure out what happened here, you know.

JANELLE

I hope you do.

JENSEN

So, you're sticking to your story, then?

JANELLE

It's not a story. I told you I didn't see anything.

JENSEN

You willing to swear that on the Bible?

JANELLE

Absolutely.

JENSEN
Lying under oath is a felony, you know.

JANELLE
I'm not lyin'.

JENSEN
Then why don't I believe you, Ms. Bassetti?

She moves closer.

JANELLE
(sotto)
Between you and me, Agent, what's dead should stay dead. Diggin' up Sam Eoghan is only gonna make things worse, believe me.

JENSEN
A man was murdered, Ms. Bassetti. I can't let that slide.

JANELLE
Sam Eoghan was no *man*.

ROSALYN (O.S.)
Ready?

Jensen and Janelle break away from each other to see Nora and Rosalyn hovering nearby.

Jensen turns back to Janelle. They stare at each other, waiting for the other to back down. Jensen tilts his head.

JENSEN
Yeah. We're good.

Jensen turns and heads for the car.

ROSALYN
It was nice to meet you both. I'm sorry it was under these circumstances.

NORA
You as well, Agent Holtzman.

ROSALYN
We'll be seeing you.

From anyone else, it might've been a threat.

INT. JENSEN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jensen waits as Rosalyn climbs inside. On the street, Nora and Janelle watch them with wary looks.

JENSEN
They're both hiding something.

Jensen starts the engine. Rosalyn continues furiously scribbling notes.

ROSALYN
Something strange is definitely going on here, I'll give you that much. What did the bartender say?

JENSEN
She said Eoghan was "no man."
Insinuated that we should just let him be.

ROSALYN
What does that mean?

JENSEN
It means that this case just got a lot more complicated. Buckle your seatbelt.

Rosalyn hurries to comply.

ROSALYN
You think she did it?

JENSEN
I'm not sure yet, but I wouldn't count it out.

Rosalyn glances back out the window pensively.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Nora and Janelle watch Rosalyn and Jensen talk in the car.

NORA
You need to be more careful. You can't push them like that.

Janelle glances at her, brows furrowed.

JANELLE
What are you talking about?

NORA

Your attitude. You're gonna put
yourself on their radar and that's
the last thing we want right now.

Janelle crosses her arms defensively, not quite able to meet
Nora's insistent gaze.

JANELLE

I don't like them.

NORA

Regardless of if you like them or
not, eggin' them on like that is
only going to make them suspicious,
and the more they pry, the more
they'll see.

Jensen's car pulls away from the curb, heading away from
town. They watch it go.

As soon as the car's out of sight, the PATRONS flood out of
the bar, joining them on the sidewalk. Liam reaches them
first.

HAL

You guys okay?

LIAM

What's going on?

Janelle turns to the crowd.

JANELLE

Emergency town hall meeting
tonight, at six. Tell everyone to
be there, but don't let those two
Detectives get wind of it.

LIAM

I'm on it.

Liam squeezes his dad's arm and takes off jogging down the
street. A few of the other patrons spread out too, dipping
into the other shops.

Janelle turns back to find Nora looking slightly green.

NORA

This isn't good.

Janelle grabs her arm and pulls her away from the remaining
townsfolk. The two speak in low, hushed voices.

JANELLE
It's gonna be fine.

NORA
Janelle, they're *FBI*.

JANELLE
I know, but they ain't gonna find anything. I have a plan.

NORA
Whatever you're thinking ... it's not gonna work.

JANELLE
Have some goddamn faith.

NORA
I've known you for over twenty years, Janelle. Your plans *never* work.

JANELLE
We're not gonna let you go to jail, Nor.

NORA
I know you'll try, but...

JANELLE
But what?

Nora glances around at the residents of Clearfall. She studies their faces, searching...

She turns back to Janelle.

NORA
Someone *called* them, Nell. Told them what happened. *That's* why they're here.

Realization.

JANELLE
We've got a snitch.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. JENSEN'S CAR - AFTERNOON**

Jensen and Rosalyn drive down a long, lonely stretch of road. Out here in the sticks, other travelers are few and far between. Mountains bracket the road on either side, lush and green in the summer sun.

Rosalyn stares out the window at the flashing foliage and wide expanse of blue sky, lost in her thoughts.

JENSEN

I think we should call Brekker, let her know what's going on.

Rosalyn turns, the spell broken.

ROSALYN

We've barely been here an hour.

JENSEN

The police aren't gonna be any help, so we're on our own.

ROSALYN

I thought the Sheriff seemed willing enough to talk.

Jensen gives her the side eye.

JENSEN

The Sheriff is part of this.

ROSALYN

We don't know that.

He scoffs.

JENSEN

Trust me, we do.

ROSALYN

What makes you so sure?

JENSEN

I know the look in someone's eyes when they're guilty of something. Nearly every person we've seen today has had that same look.

ROSALYN

Looking guilty isn't enough to hold up in court. I think we should wait at least a day, get something more concrete first.

JENSEN

Listen, kid, I've been doing this a helluva lot longer than you. I don't know your work ethic and I'm not going to try and insult your intelligence or anything, but I trust my gut, and I'm lead on this case.

Rosalyn can't find the words. Jensen decides he's done waiting and picks up the car-phone. He holds it between them.

INT. VEDA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Veda sips her coffee as she reads through a report. Her desk phone RINGS loudly.

She sets the coffee down and answers without looking up from the pages.

VEDA

This is Brekker.

INTERCUT VEDA/ROSALYN/JENSEN

JENSEN

Brekker, this is SSA Buchanan. I've got Holtzman here as well.

Veda looks up from her report, frowning.

VEDA

Jensen, what can I do for you? Did you make it alright?

JENSEN

We did. But we ran into a slight problem.

VEDA

Already?

JENSEN

We started talking to those witnesses you were worried about.

Veda sits back in her seat.

VEDA

So, it's true then. Witnesses who say they didn't see anything.

JENSEN

Yeah.

ROSALYN

So far. We've only talked to two people.

It's like she hadn't even spoken.

JENSEN

They're hostile. It's a small town, so everyone knows everyone. They're likely covering for someone, potentially the wife.

VEDA

Hold them for obstruction if you have to, but get them talking.

JENSEN

There's another thing. The town Sheriff is in on it.

Veda pauses and Rosalyn scowls.

VEDA

You have confirmation of that?

JENSEN

No, but I've got twenty years of intuition and a gut feeling.

VEDA

You need proof.

ROSALYN

That's what I said.

JENSEN

We'll handle it. As of right now, everyone in town is a suspect.

Rosalyn tempers her anger by clenching her jaw and staring back out the window. She angrily picks at the skin of her thumb.

VEDA

Alright, I'll keep my ear out for your call. Keep me updated.

JENSEN

Will do.

BACK TO THE CAR

He hangs up the phone and doesn't spare Rosalyn a glance. He drums his fingers to the music on the radio.

ROSALYN

I hope you know what you're doing.

JENSEN

I wouldn't have gotten this far in this agency if I didn't.

ROSALYN

Fine. You're lead on this case, so I'll follow you. But I don't agree with your methods.

JENSEN

You don't have to.

He turns up the music.

ROSALYN

Oh, and one more thing.

He glances over.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

Don't ever call me "kid" again.

She turns away. For the first time, Jensen seems unsettled.

INT. MORGUE - AFTERNOON

A wall of small, silver, square doors. Bright lights, white walls, tiled floors. Clinical. A room that feels cold. The door opens inward.

Jensen and Rosalyn follow behind DR. EVERETT LACE, (50's, redneck and proud). The earlier tension seems forgotten -- it's time to work.

Everett opens one of the silver doors and slides the drawer out. A BODY lays under a simple, white sheet.

EVERETT

He's been here for weeks. If it were up to me, I'd just drag his ass out into the woods and leave him for the Bell Witch.

ROSALYN
That's in Tennessee.

EVERETT
Skinwalkers, then. As far as I'm
concerned, all of Appalachia's
monsters can have a go at him.

Everett pulls the sheet back. Sam's face comes into view, the decomposition process already underway. He still somehow manages to look domineering, exacerbated by the gauntness of his cheeks and his deathly pale skin.

Rosalyn sucks in a deep breath and flinches. Jensen assesses the body with a detached, indifferent gaze.

EVERETT (CONT'D)
(re: Rosalyn)
First time?

ROSALYN
No.

She grimaces, but forces herself to look.

JENSEN
What can you tell us?

Everett gestures to the body as he speaks.

EVERETT
He was shot four times. Once here,
where it pierced his lung. Twice in
his back, between his shoulders.
And once here, where it severed his
carotid. He bled to death pretty
quickly, which ultimately ended up
being his cause of death.

JENSEN
Shot in the front and the back ...
Is it possible he could've been
moved? Maybe placed back into the
truck afterwards?

ROSALYN
Corpses are heavy. It would've
taken someone *strong* to do that.

JENSEN
The folks here are hunters and
farmers -- they're probably used to
hauling animal carcasses all the
time.

ROSALYN

He could've been running away, then was shot again when he turned around? Or when he climbed into the truck?

JENSEN

Hm, it's possible.

Rosalyn turns to Everett. *She's relieved to not have to look at the body any longer.*

ROSALYN

Were you able to find any bullet fragments?

Everett turns and picks up a jar off of a nearby counter. Two dented, bloodied bullets rattle around as he hands it over.

EVERETT

These were the only two still in him. One came from a revolver and the other came from a rifle.

Jensen and Rosalyn lock eyes.

ROSALYN

Two shooters?

JENSEN

At least. I'd put my money on more, given the state of the road.

A grim beat.

ROSALYN

So, this wasn't just a murder. This was an execution.

EVERETT

I'm not surprised.

ROSALYN

What makes you say that?

EVERETT

Sam Eoghan was a real bastard.

Jensen straightens.

JENSEN

Bastard or not, he was murdered. I'm not sure why so many people keep forgetting that.

EVERETT

If you ask me, he deserved a helluva lot more than a fistful of bullets. The real victim in all of this was Yvaine.

ROSALYN

His wife?

EVERETT

She was always nice, too nice for him. I won't lie and say I ain't glad Sam's dead, but I really do feel bad for Yvaine, havin' to see all that. Especially in her condition.

ROSALYN

Condition?

EVERETT

Oh, right. I guess you wouldn't know. She's about eight months pregnant.

Jensen and Rosalyn share a concerned look.

EXT. MORGUE - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Jensen and Rosalyn exit the morgue.

JENSEN

I'm certain now that it was more than two shooters.

ROSALYN

You think so?

JENSEN

People hated this guy. I bet they saw an opportunity and took it. One person starts firing and then all hell breaks loose.

They slip into the car.

INT. JENSEN'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jensen starts the engine and buckles himself in.

JENSEN

We'll need the full incident report from the Sheriff, see if she's noted how many different types of guns we're dealing with. Seatbelt.

Rosalyn rapidly takes notes as Jensen drives out of the lot.

ROSALYN

Just a sec.

JENSEN

We need to head back into Clearfall. Settle down at the Inn and look over every detail we can. Right now, the town's got the upper hand and I don't like it.

ROSALYN

We'll also need to talk to the wife at some point. Yvaine.

Rosalyn writes "PREGNANT - EIGHT MONTHS" on the page and circles Yvaine's name.

JENSEN

Right, and that. A pregnant spouse with a husband everyone hated? The picture gets clearer and clearer by the second.

ROSALYN

Don't get ahead of yourself.

JENSEN

I've seen it a hundred times before. In cases like this, it's almost always the spouse.

Rosalyn shakes her head with a sigh, but keeps writing.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

And for god's sake, put on your seatbelt.

EXT. CLEARFALL, VA - ROCKY MOUNTAIN PARK - AFTERNOON

A large open field, overlooking a murky pond. Ducks float by, large willow trees dangle over the water. It's picturesque.

Yvaine sits on a bench under a willow, rubbing absently at her stomach. She tosses chunks of bread into the water for the honking mallards.

A VOICE catches her attention. She spots Liam jogging down the path, stopping other TOWNSFOLK. Yvaine watches them talk, but she can't hear what they're saying. It looks serious.

The townsfolk nod to Liam and continue walking. Liam turns and freezes when he sees Yvaine. Yvaine tentatively lifts a hand to wave.

Liam turns and brusquely walks away.

YVAINE

Liam!

Liam pretends he can't hear her. Yvaine sinks back into the bench with a weary sigh. She glances back over at the ponds, but something catches her eye across the water.

A FIGURE stands under the shade of a large tree, watching her. Its the same silhouette from Doctor Dyna's office.

Yvaine straightens up, breath quickening. A sharp LAUGH draws her attention.

She glances over as two townsfolk walk by. When she looks back across the pond, the figure is gone.

She hurriedly stands from the bench and gathers her things. Her hands are shaking.

INT. JENSEN'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Jensen and Rosalyn drive through the mountains. Rosalyn stares out the window, tense.

The sun is starting to set, casting dark shadows on the stretching road. It looks quiet, but feels ominous. There's no sign of civilization for miles.

Jensen notices the white-knuckle grip Rosalyn has on the seat.

JENSEN

You wanna loosen up there,
Holtzman?

ROSALYN

What?

JENSEN

The upholstery's vintage leather.

He nods to her hand. She blinks in surprise and unclenches her fist. She folds her hands into her lap instead, picking at the skin on the side of her thumb.

ROSALYN

Sorry.

JENSEN

Something wrong?

ROSALYN

I just wanna get back to town. I don't like it out here.

JENSEN

Why's that? You afraid something's gonna get you?

Her eyes are a little distant -- lost in something only she can see.

ROSALYN

Something like that, yeah.

Jensen's taken aback. He clears his throat and looks back out the windshield.

JENSEN

Do you ... uh ... do you wanna talk about it?

ROSALYN

Why do you care? I thought we were just here to do a job.

She's too anxious to worry about being polite.

Jensen quirks an eyebrow.

JENSEN

'Scuse me for trying to be nice.

ROSALYN

You haven't been nice once this entire day. Why start now?

JENSEN

What's that supposed to mean?

ROSALYN

I don't like the way you villainize everyone.

JENSEN

What are you talking about?

ROSALYN

The Sheriff, the barkeep, the wife.
You look at everyone like a goddamn
suspect.

JENSEN

They are suspects.

ROSALYN

They're innocent until proven
guilty.

JENSEN

Look, Holtzman, when you've been
around as long as me --

ROSALYN

I don't care how long you've been
around! Presumption of innocence,
Buchanan -- it's our job to find
evidence, not perform witch hunts.
Yes, we need to find the killer,
and yes, this case is a little
unusual, but that doesn't give us
the right to go around antagonizing
civilians. For Christ's sake, it's
no wonder the people back home
can't stand you.

A beat. A muscle in Jensen's jaw twitches.

JENSEN

I don't care what people think of
me.

ROSALYN

Trust me, *we know*.

JENSEN

But you're right.

She quiets long enough to give him a look.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

I might've been out of line today.
With them, and with you. When we
get to town, we'll take some time
to cool off, and we'll try again in
the morning. A fresh start. What do
you say?

She searches his eyes, then deflates, tired. Her thumb bleeds, but she doesn't notice.

ROSALYN

Fine. I'm following your lead.

Jensen grimaces, knuckles tightening on the wheel.

INT. CLEARFALL TOWN HALL - EVENING

A cacophony of VOICES all shouting over one another.

The PEOPLE OF CLEARFALL sit in plastic chairs in front of Nora and Janelle, who lean against a long wooden table. All of them were present for Sam's murder. Among the crowd: Liam, Hal, Caleb.

Nora rubs at her forehead. Janelle raises her voice.

JANELLE

Okay, okay, enough!

The voices die out to a quiet grumble.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

I know you've all got questions,
but we're just as much in the dark
about this as you are.

KENNETH CROSS (40's, skittish and anxious) steps forward.

KENNETH

The hell did you do, Nora?

JANELLE

Don't blame it on her!

LIAM

This isn't Nora's fault!

KENNETH

Don't be stupid, boy. She can speak
for herself, can't she?

HAL

Don't talk to him like that, Kenny.

The voices rise again. Nora sighs and steps forward.

NORA

We have a snitch.

The room goes silent. A beat passes as they process.

LIAM

What?

NORA

We have a snitch. Someone called the FBI, and now they're here.

LIAM

That's why they're here?

HAL

That means it was one of *us*.

KENNETH

Who did it?

NORA

I don't know. They didn't say.

More shouting. Janelle shushes the crowd again.

JANELLE

They won't be able to prove anything if we don't testify.

ANALISA MEYER (30's, matronly and quiet) stands from her seat in disbelief.

ANALISA

That's your plan? To lie? Are you insane?

JANELLE

Lying and omitting the truth are two very different things.

JON MCCLURE (50's, tough and stern) scoffs loudly.

JON

You're askin' us to say we didn't see anything. That's lyin'.

JANELLE

No, I'm askin' you not to say anything at all.

A beat. No one is sure how to respond.

JANELLE (CONT'D)

Listen, this will work. But we have to do this together. If even one of us breaks and talks to the Feds, we're in a world of danger.

HAL
Someone's already talked to the
Feds, though, Nell.

An uncomfortable quiet blankets the room as Janelle falters.
Nora places a hand on her shoulder.

NORA
If they knew who killed Sam, they
would've arrested someone by now.
They don't have a suspect. They
don't have anything.

The room thinks on this.

JON
It was probably that damned wife of
his callin' them, anyway.

LIAM
Yvaine wouldn't do that.

JON
You her keeper or somethin', kid?

Janelle interjects herself loudly.

JANELLE
It's not going to do us any favors
to speculate. For now, we just
gotta keep our heads down and pray
they leave soon.

NORA
I know I wasn't able to keep y'all
safe, not when it mattered. I'm
sorry about that. But I swear I'll
do everything in my power to
protect y'all now. You have my
word.

LIAM
How can we help?

NORA
We need to keep the FBI in the
dark, completely. If you have to
talk to them, tell them as little
as possible. Be vague.
(beat)
I know this is scary. But we've
gotta stick together.

HAL
We're with you, Nora.

NORA
Thank you, Hal. For the rest of
you, I'm sorry. I truly am.
Everything that happened with Sam
... It happened so fast. I'm sure
most of you didn't want to get
caught up in it.

KENNETH
But we are, Sheriff. Caught in it.

ANALISA
I'm implicated in all this and I
don't even know who did it.

A hum of agreement passes through the crowd.

JANELLE
None of us are sure who did it.
There was so much happening at the
time...

No one notices Nora glance away, guilty. She knows something.

HAL
That'll work in our favor. Don't
think of it as lying. You don't
have to. Tell them you didn't see
anything.

KENNETH
But, I saw --

HAL
It *doesn't matter* what you think
saw. Janelle's right. You didn't
see a thing.

ANALISA
At least that bastard's dead.

Nora shakes her head.

NORA
We shouldn't say that.

JANELLE
What are you talkin' about?

NORA

I think what happened with Sam was a mistake. One we can't take back.

LIAM

I wouldn't take it back.

NORA

You don't know that, Liam. You might change your mind when the dust settles.

Everyone turns to her, surprised.

LIAM

Why are you saying this? I thought you were glad he's gone.

NORA

We should've done things differently.

HAL

What could we have done? We tried *everything*, Nora.

LIAM

He needed to die.

NORA

Did he?

The townsfolk continue to stare at Nora, unsure. *She's their leader, their appointed spokesperson, and if she's having doubts, what does that say about the rest of them?*

JANELLE

He was a monster, Nor. He hurt people.

NORA

So did we, Nell. So, how does that make us any better than him?

The words strike their intended target -- right in the very hearts of the thirty murderers in the room.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. CLEARFALL INN - LOBBY - EARLY EVENING**

A small, cozy lobby. Rosalyn and Jensen approach the check-in desk, their go-bags over their shoulders. In their hands, they carry bags of fast food.

Behind the counter, CLINT COLLIER (50's, stout, kindly) sits up as they approach. He kicks at Kenneth, now in his work uniform. Kenneth's eyes widen when he sees Rosalyn and Jensen.

CLINT
Welcome to the Clearfall Inn. How
can I help you?

JENSEN
Two rooms, single beds. We'll need
at least two nights, for now.

Jensen's already pulling out his wallet. Clint eyes their suits.

CLINT
Where'd you folks blow in from?

ROSALYN
DC.

CLINT
Ah, you must be the FBI agents I've
heard so much about.

ROSALYN
That's us.

Clint swipes Jensen's card and hands it back to him.

CLINT
I'll put you in rooms 01 and 03.

Kenneth scrambles to grab the correct keys. Clint eyes him curiously, but passes the keys over the counter to Jensen. Jensen tosses one of them to Rosalyn.

CLINT (CONT'D)
There's fresh coffee out here
starting at 7:00am. If you need
anything -- towels, sheets, pillows
-- there's overnight staff who can
take care of that for you.

Clint gestures to Kenneth, who smiles weakly, nervous.

ROSALYN

Thank you.

Jensen hesitates, leans against the counter.

JENSEN

Let me ask you something ... What's the deal with Sam Eoghan?

Kenneth stills, trying not to look invested. Clint sighs.

CLINT

He was a real sonuvabitch.

JENSEN

So we've been hearing. But no one will say what he actually did.

CLINT

I think the better question is what *didn't* he do?

Jensen and Rosalyn aren't sure how to take that.

CLINT (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna tell you how to do your jobs, but if you're lookin' for information on Sam Eoghan, I would check in with Miss Nora.

ROSALYN

Provenzo? The Sheriff?

CLINT

She's been dealin' with him since they were kids. I'd reckon no one knows him better than her or Janelle.

Jensen tilts his head.

JENSEN

Funny. They didn't mention that earlier.

CLINT

Sam Eoghan practically tortured Miss Nora growin' up. I'm sure it's a sore spot.

Jensen and Rosalyn share surprised looks.

JENSEN

One last thing: were you there the night Sam was killed?

CLINT

Me? Oh, no. I was here, working.
Got my punch card and everything.

Jensen nods. His eyes shift to Kenneth, who shrinks back.

JENSEN

And you?

KENNETH

Uh, no. I wasn't there.

It's unconvincing and they both know it. Jensen eyes him.

JENSEN

Hm.

ROSALYN

Well, thank you for your time,
Mister...

CLINT

Clint. Clint Collier. And you're
welcome, miss.

Jensen and Rosalyn head for their rooms. Kenneth watches them go, biting anxiously at his fingernails.

INT. ROSALYN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

A quaint, comfortable bedroom. A single bed with a thick comforter, a large window, and an overhead light that casts a yellow glow over the whole room.

Rosalyn steps inside and shuts the door behind her, locking it. Her eyes find the phone on the nightstand. She picks it up and dials a number from memory.

INT. HOLTZMAN HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Reid sits on a long couch, reading over something in a manila file. Stacks of psychology magazines sit on the coffee table. A phone RINGS nearby.

Reid closes his file and stands, walking over to the landline mounted on the wall. He answers.

REID
Holtzman household, this is Reid
speaking.

INTERCUT - ROSALYN/REID

ROSALYN
Hey, it's me.

Reid relaxes against the wall.

REID
You're on assignment?

ROSALYN
Yeah. Virginia.

REID
Everything okay?

ROSALYN
Yeah, everything's fine.

Reid raises an eyebrow.

REID
It doesn't sound like it.

Rosalyn sighs and leans back against the wall.

ROSALYN
I don't know. This case ... it's
weird.

REID
How weird?

Rosalyn picks at her thumb.

ROSALYN
I've got a town full of witnesses
who watched a man get murdered, but
none of them want to speak with us.

Reid blinks.

REID
Seriously?

ROSALYN
Yeah. The body's still at the
morgue even though it's been two
weeks, and everyone we've met has
warned us away. Isn't that crazy?

REID
Are you okay?

ROSALYN
I'm fine, Reid.

Reid takes a deep breath, but doesn't press. Rosalyn starts rooting through her go-bag, searching.

REID
I'm guessing you're gonna be gone a few days then?

ROSALYN
At least.

REID
How's your partner?

She huffs out a laugh, but it's humorless.

ROSALYN
Don't even get me started.

REID
Well, it's only for a little while.
You got your meds?

ROSALYN
Uh...

Rosalyn digs through the bag some more. Nothing.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)
Ah, shit.

REID
Roz.

ROSALYN
Don't Roz me, I haven't updated my go-bag in a while.

REID
You want me to drive them out to you?

ROSALYN
I should be fine.

REID
Roz.

ROSALYN

Reid. It's just a few days.

REID

As a doctor --

ROSALYN

You're a therapist.

REID

-- As a *doctor*, you know I don't approve of that. Your meds are there for a reason.

ROSALYN

And I can survive without them for a few days.

REID

And if the nightmares come back?

Rosalyn glances down at her hand. She's picked the skin of her thumb raw and a trail of blood spills over onto her wrist and palm. A droplets falls soundlessly to the floor.

She hastily scrambles for a towel and wipes her hand clean.

ROSALYN

I'll handle them.

REID

Rosalyn.

ROSALYN

Look, I'll call you if I need them, alright?

REID

You better.

ROSALYN

Don't you have someone else to bother?

REID

You called *me*.

ROSALYN

A fact I'm regretting more and more the longer this conversation goes on.

REID
You couldn't live without me, admit
it.

ROSALYN
Goodnight, Reid.

REID
Night, Roz.

BACK TO ROSALYN

Rosalyn hangs up the phone. Another bead of blood wells up under her damaged skin. She stares at it, transfixed, as her memories pull at her.

PRE-LAP: The sounds of children GIGGLING...

FLASHBACK - EXT. FOREST - DAY

Images blur by, almost indecipherable.

- YOUNG ROSALYN (7) running through trees, grinning.
- YOUNG REID (7) facing a tree, hands clamped over his eyes.

YOUNG REID
... seven ... eight ... nine ...

- Young Rosalyn coming to a halt, confusion on her face.
- Birds scattering as a high-pitched SCREAM fills the air.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. ROSALYN'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Rosalyn clamps her eyes shut, willing the images away. Her hand trembles as she reaches out and places it on the pillow.

ROSALYN
Pillow.

Her hand moves to the bedspread.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)
Comforter.

Her hand continues moving, fingers brushing over the things nearest to her as she calms down.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)
Nightstand. Pants. Lamp.

Rosalyn opens her eyes.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)
Safe.

She blows out a heady breath and falls back onto the bed.

INT. CLEARFALL INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Clint sits behind the desk, doing the crossword in the newspaper. Unlike Reid and Rosalyn, he's not quite smart enough to solve it. Kenneth is absent.

The door OPENS as Yvaine enters, waddling slightly.

YVAINE
Evenin', Clint.

CLINT
Yvaine! You need any help?

Yvaine waves him off as he tries to stand from behind the counter.

YVAINE
Nah, I'm fine.

CLINT
I had the cleaners go by your room today, while you were out.

YVAINE
Thanks, Clint. I appreciate you lettin' me stay here.

CLINT
It's my pleasure, hon. Especially given everything that happened.

Yvaine grimaces, but tries to smile.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Speaking of -- did you hear the FBI's in town?

Yvaine lifts her head in surprise.

YVAINE
The FBI?

CLINT

Yeah! They're staying here, too.
Paid for a couple of nights.

YVAINE

Really? Which rooms?

CLINT

I put 'em in 01 and 03. They should
be pretty far from you, but if
you're worried about them giving
you trouble...

YVAINE

Oh, no. Nothing like that. I was
just curious.

Yvaine offers a charming smile, but it's strained.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

I should go. Have a good night,
Clint.

CLINT

You too, Yvaine.

INT. CLEARFALL INN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yvaine pauses in the hallway. She stares down the corridor,
almost as if she's expecting Jensen or Rosalyn to appear.

She glances back towards the lobby. Clint is still at his
desk, his back to her, as he tries to complete the crossword.
*He's not looking, would never know if she made her way to the
other rooms...*

Yvaine shakes herself and puts the key into the lock.

SAM (O.S.)

Tell them the truth.

Yvaine freezes, paralyzed with fear, her hand halfway to the
doorknob.

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go on. You know you want to.

Yvaine's panic builds, eyes watering with unshed tears.

YVAINE

(sotto)

I don't know what you're talking
about.

SAM (O.S.)
You're a bad liar, Yvaine.

YVAINE
I'm not lying.

SAM (O.S.)
Why'd you let them do this to me?

This time, his voice is *much* closer, practically speaking into her ear. Yvaine spins around.

YVAINE
I don't know what you're talking about!

There's no one there.

CLINT (O.S.)
Yvaine?

Yvaine turns, tears slipping down her cheeks to see Clint at the end of the hall, looking at her in confusion and concern.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Yvaine realizes that she's alone. She swallows.

YVAINE
I'm fine.

She offers Clint a watery smile and hurriedly opens her door.

INT. YVAINE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A room similar to Rosalyn's. Cluttered with boxes of clothes and baby supplies. The bed is made, tucked in neatly. Fresh towels sit on the vanity, along with new soaps and toilet paper.

Yvaine enters and shuts the door behind her, leaning against it as she gasps for breath. Tears stream down her face, panic evident.

She rests her forehead against the wood of the door and tries to gather herself.

SAM (O.S.)
Why're you cryin'?

Yvaine flinches and spins around.

A few feet behind her, Sam stands, glaring at her, alive and healthy. He's a fragment of her memory, a manifestation of her grief and guilt, not actually there.

SAM (CONT'D)

This is a good thing.

YVAINE

You're not really here.

She's trying to convince herself as much as she's trying to convince him. Despite her fear, she's not surprised. After all, she's seen him before.

SAM

Of course I am.

YVAINE

You're dead.

Sam draws closer, inches away from her.

SAM

You think that's gonna stop me?

Yvaine bolts further into the room. When she turns, Sam is gone.

Yvaine collapses onto the bed, sobbing. She winces in pain, hands flying to her stomach. She slows her breathing, forces herself to calm down. She rubs at her belly.

YVAINE

We're okay ... we're okay...

INT. ROSALYN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rosalyn sits surrounded by papers, speaking into a recorder.

ROSALYN

Notes regarding the Sam Patrick Eoghan murder, dating July 24th, 1981. Eoghan was shot four times on July 10th, once in the lung, twice in the back, and once in his carotid. Exsanguination is the official COD.

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nora sits on the edge of her bed, her badge and her revolver on the bedside table next to her.

ROSALYN (V.O.)

Two bullets were collected from the body.

Nora picks up the gun. She opens the chamber -- it's missing a bullet. A tear slides down her cheek.

ROSALYN (V.O.)

One came from a revolver.

Nora glances up and sees Sam standing behind her in the reflection in the window. His shirt is bloody, eyes hollow and cold. He's a corpse come to life. Like Yvaine, he's only a figment of trauma, a manifestation of guilt.

She launches to her feet and turns, raising the gun to defend herself. Her aim is unwavering, but no one's there. Her gun CLATTERS to the ground as she cries.

INT. UNKNOWN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A woodsy, cabin-like house. A wooden table with matching chairs, well-loved furniture, deer heads mounted on the walls. A .22 Caliber rifle leans against the wall.

ROSALYN (V.O.)

The second bullet appears to have come from a .22 Caliber rifle.

The light turns off, FOOTSTEPS receding.

MONTAGE - AROUND CLEARFALL

The townsfolk responsible for Sam's murder go about their nightly routines.

ROSALYN (V.O.)

SSA Buchanan thinks that everyone could be a suspect.

A) INT. ANALISA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Analisa stares at herself in her mirror, shaken. There's something haunted in her gaze, a wound deep in her memory. A KNOCK sounds at her door.

ANALISA'S HUSBAND (O.S.)

Honey? You almost done in there?

She SNIFFLES, wipes her face.

ANALISA
Just a second.

She tries to smile. She looks like she's in pain.

B) INT. JON'S SON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jon tucks his SON (6) into bed, smoothing back his hair. He kisses his forehead.

ROSALYN (V.O.)
I'm not sure I believe that.

C) INT. CALEB'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Caleb sits on his couch, polishing a small revolver.

D) INT. MACINTYRE HOME - LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liam lays on his bed and stares up at the ceiling, frowning.

ROSALYN (V.O.)
But then again, Reid often says I
try to see the best in people.

E) INT. BASSETTI'S - NIGHT

Janelle downs a fifth of whisky behind the empty bar, a grim expression on her face. She glances out the window at the deserted street.

From her vantage point, she can see all the bullet marks.

ROSALYN (V.O.)
Even when there's nothing there.

END MONTAGE:

INT. ROSALYN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rosalyn continues speaking into her recorder.

ROSALYN
As far as we're aware, there was at
least two different guns and likely
two shooters, though we may be
dealing with an array of
perpetrators.

A KNOCK sounds at her door.

Rosalyn frowns, glances at the clock. It's too late for visitors. She turns off her recorder and places it on the bedspread. She stands slowly.

She peers through the peephole, revealing Yvaine standing nervously on the other side.

Rosalyn cracks the door open, barely peeking her head out. Rosalyn looks Yvaine up and down, noting her pregnant stomach.

ROSALYN (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

YVAINE

Are you with the FBI?

Rosalyn eyes her warily.

ROSALYN

Yes?

YVAINE

My name is Yvaine Eoghan.

Rosalyn stiffens.

ROSALYN

Eoghan? As in...?

YVAINE

Sam Eoghan was my husband.

Rosalyn and Yvaine size each other up. Finally, after a beat, Rosalyn opens the door a little wider.

ROSALYN

Do you want to --

YVAINE

I think I know who killed him.

END OF EPISODE