

"HUNTERS"

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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE ANIMALS - DAY

Large game animals wonder their territory in different countries.

Lions walk through thick dry grass, Water Buffalos drink at a jungle waterhole, Rhinos eat stubble from a vast dry plain, Gorillas peer through huge leaves under a canopy of green trees.

Elephants mind their babies near a muddy watering area and Polar Bears seek food on islands of ice and snow.

EXT. ANIMAL BLINDS - DAY

Hunters set up their guns on Shooting Sticks or Shooting Rails inside a blind which conceals them.

Hunters seated in a blind waiting for their targets.

The sounds of a local ROCK and ROLL RADIO STATION slowly comes up in volume as Hunters shoot their trophy targets.

Male and Female Hunters pose behind their kill.

A Man kneels next to a Male Lion - his rifle next to him.

A Woman kneels next to a Giraffe while holding her Rifle.

A Hunter kneels next to the huge head of a Rhinoceros, he is smiling at the camera.

A Female Hunter sits over the head of a baby Elephant, she is smiling at the camera.

The images fade as the scene dissolves into the Mansion.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION INTERIOR - MORNING

Passing through the interior walls of an expensive American Mansion covered with the Trophy Heads of animals.

The household is having breakfast in the Breakfast Room in the background.

The music slowly fades away.

Fine white hands pick crisp bacon, rye toast and scrambled eggs for their plate as an African Lion head is passed on the wall.

Jewelry covered hands drink coffee from fine china as an African Leopard's head comes into focus.

The conversation is about hunting but barely audible.

A child's hand reaches for a giant strawberry as the head of a White Rhino is passed in the den. A Black Bear's Head is next in line over the Fireplace.

INT. MANSION READING ROOM - MORNING

A Flat Screen Television is showing a story about a Texas Trophy Hunter.

NEWSCASTER

An American trophy hunter from Texas has caused an uproar in Pakistan after hunting down a an extremely rare mountain goat for which he paid a record one hundred thousand dollars. He claimed it was an easy shot because he was so close..

An older man stands up from a sofa and turns off the television with a remote.

He leaves the room passing several Animal Trophy Heads.

INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The older gentleman enters the Breakfast Room as his son is

explaining why he uses a certain rifle to hunt with.

The son is standing with a .308 caliber rifle pointing it out the garden window.

He pulls the trigger for dramatic effect when the son is struck in the head by a bullet. The faint, rifle report is heard in the distance.

He is blown completely backwards throwing the weapon across the table.

In Slow Motion the dishes and glasses and coffee cups are shattered as the weapon cleans a swath of destruction to the other side.

The rifle falls on the floor as the son falls on the floor.

There is screaming, panic, mayhem. Only the older gentleman stares quietly in disbelief at the tragedy he sees.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The Mansion has Police Officers collecting evidence.

MARSHAL DIGGS, African/American Detective, sits across from the wife asking questions.

LAURA COLMBS, his partner, stands behind Diggs taking notes and surveying the Animal Trophy's in the room - mostly North American.

Occasionally she meets the eyes of the older man who looks away quickly.

The conversation is partially covered by a television in the next room.

Detective Diggs waits through bouts of tears until he can go on with his questions.

Finally the Older Gentleman leads her away to the waiting hands of a Household Servant.

Laura tries to see in the other room when the Old Man begins answering the questions from Diggs.

Finally a television set in the next room announces a News Alert about the local Beverly Hills killing.

The Old Man turns away from Diggs and listens intently to the TV Newscaster.

Marshal Diggs stands awkwardly and then pulls Laura toward the door.

There is no one to let them out.

The two Detectives leave the Mansion.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Diggs and Colmbs open the doors on an unmarked car and climb in.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Both Detectives sit in silence staring at the front of the Mansion.

MARSHAL DIGGS

What are you thinking?

LAURA COLMBS

I - I was just thinking about how many animals that one man killed.

MARSHAL DIGGS

Not one man - two. His father claims many of those trophy's.

LAURA COLMBS

It doesn't make me feel any better. What about you?

MARSHAL DIGGS

Just trying to put the facts together in my mind except we don't have any facts except a bullet. No enemies, no one trying to extort money, no drugs apparently, no motive, and no suspects. I'm starving, how about lunch?

LAURA COLMBS

I think I'll pass.

MARSHAL DIGGS

I totally understand. I should
to.

He turns on the car and drives out the cobblestone driveway
and disappears through the foliage.

The older gentleman watches them from a front window.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Marshal and Laura sit at desks several days later. The desk are
back to back, so the detectives face each other.

The room is large with many people working. There is a lot of
noise and talking.

Marshal is speaking into the phone on his desk. He Hangs up.
Laura is reading a newspaper file.

MARSHAL

Well, what have you got?

LAURA

This guy was a very rich
Dentist with a clientele that
reads like the Who's Who of
millionaires. Seriously well
thought of in the dental
community.

MARSHAL

I guess that eliminates any
patient revenge. What about
social life?

LAURA

Happily married, two kids, no
girlfriends, no debts, no
gambling, drugs, alcohol -
only guns - of which he had a
collection.

A female, uniformed Police Officer walks down the row toward
them and stops at Marshal.

She hands him a brown envelope and walks away.

MARSHAL

Thank you.

Marshal opens it and removes a sheet of paper which he reads to himself.

MARSHAL

Forensics says he was killed by a high caliber rifle from a very long distance. A .30-06 rifle.

LAURA

Murdered - unless someone was hunting in a high profile, gated community.

MARSHAL

Hunting for what? Let's be careful here before we jump off the deep end. Agreed? It is probably an accident. My gut says it's an accident. A high powered rifle goes off accidentally and kills someone hundreds of yards away and no one says anything. Their too scared. Then they read about it. Do you think they're going to call themselves in? Hello?

Laura is thinking and not listening to Diggs.

LAURA

Yes. I agree. Accident. Someone cleaning a high powered rifle but didn't realize it was loaded, right?

She goes back to the file she was reading.

Marshal stares across at her from his desk.

The telephone on Diggs desk rings.

MARSHAL

Marshal Diggs Homicide. Where?
No we'll go - we'll go now.
(He hangs up)
Come on partner, we have our
first lead.

Marshal grabs the things he needs and heads for the doors.

Laura closes up her files, takes her stuff and follows him.

LAURA

What is it?

MARSHAL

A woman thinks she heard the
shot.

LAURA

But it was days ago.

She hurries to catch up with Marshal and they disappear out the doors.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Marshal and Laura stand in a beautifully tailored backyard as a middle-age woman sits in a Wrought Iron chair talking.

WOMAN

I heard a shot that day.

She eats the remains of a Bear Claw from a platter of pastries sitting on the outside, glass-top table.

WOMAN

The day the man was killed not
very far from here. He lives in
that direction. The sound was
loud like it came from my
backyard. I was too scared to
go out and look.

LAURA

Why did you wait so long to

report this?

She eyes Laura suspiciously.

WOMAN

I didn't want to get involved.
Don't use my name or address
please - I'm still scared. I
heard it inside and it sounded
like it came from that
direction. When your done you
can just go out that gate.

She walks toward her house.

LAURA

What time was that?

WOMAN

In the morning, when he was
shot. I was having breakfast.

MARSHAL

But...!

She enters her house from the porch and closes the door.

MARSHAL

Guess that was the end of that.

Marshal takes his phone out and finds the compass app.

He points it in the direction the woman indicated.

MARSHAL

Type in the Mansion's address
on your phone and get
directions from here to the
Mansion.

Laura types into her phone and waits. She types again.

She walks to Marshal and points the phone in the direction of the
man's Mansion.

The compass and the phone directions show the same direction.

MARSHAL

How far?

Laura looks at the directions.

LAURA

As the crow flies I would say
between...

MARSHAL

...a quarter and a half mile.

LAURA

Yes.

MARSHAL

The gun would have needed a
straight line of sight from
somewhere close to here.

They walk around her yard.

Laura and Marshal go out the gate after Marshal has taken a Danish Pastry from the platter.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

From above the detectives walk around other yards that touch the Woman's yard.

With compass and phone extended they pass a yard in the direction of the Mansion. It has a tree house built in a giant Eucalyptus Tree.

MARSHAL

I don't think I can get up there.

LAURA

I can.

She removes her gun and other things and attacks the tree like a teenager.

As she moves up through the branches the landscape below falls away until just below the treehouse she sees the Mansion.

She climbs just a little higher and sees it clearly.

LAURA

I see it.

MARSHAL

Are you sure.

LAURA

There is no mistake, I see it.

MARSHAL

Take a picture and come down carefully.

She shoots a picture and climbs down and puts her things back on.

LAURA

What do you think.

MARSHAL

It's hard for me to imagine someone climbing up here and accidentally discharging a rifle. But, it is equally difficult to understand why a person who wanted to kill someone would take a chance up in a tree, half mile from the target when they could have just as well followed him and shot him at close range with a pistol.

LAURA

The shooter was making a point.

MARSHAL

What, that the shooter was saying - I can hit you from a long distance like...

LAURA

...a big game animal. A trophy kill.

Marshal looks at her for a long time before he pulls his phone up to his mouth and calls his station.

MARSHAL

This is Marshal Diggs. I need a Forensics Team at the following address. They'll need tree-climbing equipment. Tree. That's what I said.

He types into his phone.

Laura explores beneath the tree and in the grass and foliage around the trees base.

She finds something and places it in a plastic evidence bag.

Laura walks toward the car where Marshal is waiting.

MARSHAL

Find something.

LAURA

I don't know. Maybe, let's go home and see.

They walk and talk toward their car.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Marshal and Laura are working at their respective desks.

Marshal opens an Inner Department Memo with his Disney Letter Opener.

He reads it, puts it down, picks it back up and reads it again.

LAURA

What' the matter?

MARSHAL

Heat. The Department is applying heat. They say if we don't find something pretty soon we're going to have to move onto something

else. They offer us a list.

He hands it across the desk to her.

LAURA

It's so frustrating. There's just nothing coming in. I mean what are we supposed to do?

MARSHAL

I think it's more than that. I think big money is squeezing the Department for a quick resolution. I'll bet anything that the...

The phone on her desk rings.

LAURA

Laura Colmb, Homicide.

A Mail Distributor passes them and leaves mail on their desks out of the moving mail cart.

Laura continues listening to her party as Marshal picks up a brown letter from out of the country.

MARSHAL

South Africa?

He opens the envelope with his Disney keep sake opener.

A Newspaper from South Africa falls out.

Marshal lifts it up and looks at the front page.

Laura hangs up and looks across at her partner.

LAURA

What is that?

Marshal turns the paper around showing a headline about a trophy hunter who is killed aiming at a lion.

LAURA

Who is it from?

MARSHAL

Doesn't say.
(he reads)
"He had already killed one lion
and was aiming at another when
he was shot in the head by an
unseen shooter". Police are
investigating."

She looks at the Newspaper as Marshal watches her reactions.

LAURA

How could this person know who
we are in Los Angeles? How
could they possibly know we are
working on a similar case? If
they're in South Africa?

MARSHAL

First, before we go on a wild
goose chase, let's...

LAURA

...get in contact with the
South African local police
and...

MARSHAL

...verify the newspaper story
and then inform them, if it's
true...

LAURA

...about our case and see if
they'll share information.

Marshal re-examines the envelope and the newspaper.

MARSHAL

On my mother's grave I hope
this isn't related, and has
nothing to do with us.
Because if it does - then
someone in South Africa knows
already - we are looking for

them. And we don't know how.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY

A remote mountain house, very expensive, surrounded by forest. The Landscaping is perfect as the property dissolves into the trees.

Wild animals live on the property along with Grey Squirrels, a Fox, an Owl, a Mountain Lion and two Raccoons.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A pair of man's legs walk across a carpeted floor to a Clothes Horse where he dresses.

Perfect hands with manicured nails tie the Mountain Boots tight.

The hands carefully unwrap a Browning .358 Winchester Magnum Rifle with scope. The hands clean the weapon with white towels, gun oil and stalk oil.

A Crow lands on his table and walks to the rifle.

THE MAN

No Mica, it has oil on it.

The bird responds with a jerky shake of her head and flies off into the Kitchen.

THE MAN

Stay out of the cookies.

A Caw comes from the kitchen in response.

He finishes with the rifle and hangs it on a wall.

The Man enters the kitchen.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He makes coffee by grinding beans and pouring hot water through a one-cup coffee filter with Brown Filter paper.

He adds a splash of real Milk for that New York Coffee taste.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He steps out on the Red Wood Porch at a Wrought Iron, glass top Table with his Computer.

The Lion is curled up asleep in one of the wood benches. Her tail twitches but she does not move.

His fingers sprint across the keys and he contacts a person.

THE MAN

Hey.

FEMALE VOICE

Hey yourself.

THE MAN

You sent me something?

FEMALE VOICE

Yes. Didn't you open it?

THE MAN

Not yet. Why don't you just tell me.

FEMALE VOICE

I'll tell you but you have to see it for yourself, promise.

THE MAN

Sure. Shoot.

FEMALE

It's a U-Tube story about Ryan Tate, a former U.S. Marine who founded a nonprofit group called Veterans Empowered To Protect African Wildlife or VETPAW. They are putting ex-soldiers to work protecting rhinos. They are guarding an endangered species against fucking poachers. Are you listening?

THE MAN

Yes. It only makes sense to use trained combat fighters. Christ, the government spent billions on training these people - let's use it. I would pay some coin just to see a poachers face when he realized he is the one being hunted - by soldiers with weapons made to kill men.

FEMALE VOICE

When do I get to see you?

THE MAN

Not yet. I have another trip to make then I'll be back for awhile. Then.

FEMALE VOICE

Look at the U-Tube thing. Call me when your back.

She hangs up as he looks at the U-Tube Video of men readying their equipment to hunt poachers.

There are Rhinos in the background for effect.

THE MAN

(still looking)

Thank you. Thank you for your service. The Rhinos thank you.

He types in another URL and the screen changes to The Los Angeles Times Web Page.

He scrolls to the high profile shooting and reads the page.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Marshal is also reading the latest story from the Times.

He reads a few paragraphs and turns to Paper work. The Station is busy.

Marshal and Laura are at their desks working across from each other when their boss shouts out at the door of his office.

VOICE (O.S.)

Diggs, Colmbs - my office.

MARSHAL

Now what?

Marshal and Laura shove away from their desks and walk down the aisle toward the Old Man. They pass friends.

OFFICER ONE

Good luck.

OFFICER TWO

Don't look at his eyes.

OFFICER THREE

Can I have your desk?

Marshal looks at that Officer, laughs and walks on.

They enter the Office of the Chief and he eats them both alive against the background of Office Noise.

The outer office Detectives and Officers see the meeting but can't hear the sound through the glass windows.

They come out the door and the entire office becomes silent.

STATION CHIEF

(from behind them)

The family is sending a
representative down here to
see you two. Soon!!

They make their way back to their desks and the Noise level climbs back up to normal.

MARSHAL

Man is he mad. What did we do?

LAURA

Ruffled someone's feathers.
But how?

There is a note on Laura's desk. She sits and opens it.

LAURA

That ring I found - remember,
Forensics identified it.

She hands the note across to Marshal.

MARSHAL

(he reads)

A woman's ring, silver with
inlaid Lapis Lazuli. No DNA.
Seems modern. Jeweler's Mark
on inside band. Lapis Lazuli?

LAURA

I've got it.

(she reads)

"a deep blue metamorphic rock
used as a semi-precious stone
that has been prized since
antiquity for its intense color.
As early as the 7th millennium
lapis lazuli was mined in
northeast Afghanistan. Lapis
beads have been found at
Neolithic burials in the
Caucasus. It was used in the
funeral mask of Tutankhamun,
(1341-1323 BCE).

MARSHAL

I'm impressed.

LAURA

It's the Internet.

MARSHAL

What about the Jeweler Mark?

LAURA

It was pretty worn - their still
trying.

MARSHAL

What?

LAURA

So - do you think we're off the case?

MARSHAL

We have a dead man, a woman who claims to have heard the shot, a smashed bullet, a South African Newspaper sent by an unknown and a female ring inlaid with a stone going back eight thousand years.

LAURA

Well, what's next?

A Detective in the back corner of the room shouts out over the room noise.

DETECTIVE IN CORNER

Hey Diggs, Laura, I think you should see this.

Marshal waves his hand and he and Laura push away from their desks and walk down the aisle to the corner.

Laura and Marshal lean over the shoulder of the Detective looking at his Computer.

TELEVISION NEWSCASTER

Good afternoon and welcome to Breaking News. We have just received information from our sister Station in Oklahoma that a female, Big Game Hunter was shot in the forehead in an open-air restaurant in Oklahoma City only a few minutes ago. The Police are just arriving on the scene and we will report back to you as soon as any information is made available.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

This particular Hunter made a large, anti-media splash last year for killing a rare black Giraffe in South Africa. Reports were that she had the head mounted in a wall in her Oklahoma Home with the head facing down eating Pampas Grass from a Mahogany table in a permanent setting.

Marshal and Laura walk away stunned.

DETECTIVE IN CORNER

You're welcome.

They walk straight into the Chief's Office and close the door.

Through the glass window they are seen standing in front of the Chief's Desk. Marshals arms are very animated.

Moments later they leave that office and return to their desks.

They stand behind their respective desks and they both slowly break into a big smile.

MARSHAL

Not that it's funny.

LAURA

I've never been in Oklahoma.

MARSHAL

Don't get me started on the South. Pack light, we won't be there very long.

LAURA

Are you sure?

MARSHAL

Positive.

They pick up their respective gear and leave the Station.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY

A pair of perfect hands remove a handmade rifle and scope from a leather case with embossed letters and a gold zipper.

The weapon is laid down on its side on a white towel exposing two beautiful inlays of Lapis Lazuli in the Mahogany stock.

Stock Oil is rubbed lightly into the wood.

A Rifle Cleaning Kit sits on the table waiting.

The man's hands show a ring mark on the little finger of the left hand. His skin is visibly lighter where the ring used to be.

He leaves out the side door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

His hands reach down and caress the lion who is now on her back on the side porch of the house.

A squirrel runs along the porch rail chattering at him. The animal finally jumps on his back and comes to perch on his shoulders.

He sits on a wood bench and reads the newspaper.

The sounds of WIND in a Pristine Forest surround him.

A Crow lands on the Porch Rail.

THE MAN

Mica, just in time for food
you clever girl.

He stands up and opens a wall mounted set of bins and pulls out food for a crow.

She swoops down and takes it out of his hands in mid-air and flies back to the porch and eats it.

THE MAN

You're a smarty Mica. A very smart animal.

He walks off the porch with the squirrel aboard and followed by the lion.

EXT. FOREST - LATE DAY

The Man walks slowly scratching the lion on the back of her neck.

The squirrel watches everything with its tail animated.

Mica flies just above them as they pass forest animals in the trees and on the ground.

He takes pictures with his phone as they pass deeper into the lush, green surroundings.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Marshal and Laura are back at their desks going over Paper Work.

She keeps looking up at him, but he makes no response.

LAURA

What do you think? What do you think he'll say?

He finally puts down a file and looks at her.

MARSHAL

I've known the Chief for a long time and still can't read him. First, we know the bullet in Oklahoma is a different caliber. But, the M O is the same. The more crushing news right now is that the hunter who killed the lion was shot accidentally and that has now been documented. So that case is out the window and Square One is where we are back to and Oklahoma has been cancelled in light of the new information. So unless...

The Desk Phone rings on Laura's side. She answers it.
She hangs up and stands up.

LAURA
Forensics wants to see us about
the ring. ASAP.

MARSHAL
What are we waiting for?

They leave their things and walk out a different direction.

INT. POLICE STATION -CONTINUOUS

Inside the Forensics Lab a Technician pulls up a Screen and
with a pointer, points out the Jeweler's Mark.

TECHNICIAN
This is a little hard to see
but this is a feather - here
is the end and this is the
feather side almost worn to
nothing. This is the Brand
mark for a Native American
Indian jeweler from Arizona
originally, he now has an
office in Sausalito.

He hands them back the ring in a Plastic Evidence Bag.

MARSHAL
Great work thanks.

LAURA
Yes, thank you so much for...

TECHNICIAN
...there's one other thing. This
is not a woman's ring. This
ring was made for a man's pinky
finger. I called already and
described the ring. I was
just interested because I
really like it and wanted to
know how much it was.

MARSHAL

And how much was it.

TECHNICIAN

Between eight hundred and a thousand dollars. It's all yours. A guys ring.

The Technician walks back toward a desk as Laura and Marshal exit the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

In the Station Break Room, Marshal and Laura sit at a small table drinking coffee from Styrofoam cups.

MARSHAL

Okay, so, he might have dropped it or took it off for some reason and dropped it, but we only have two small pieces of evidence, bullets and a ring so there is no wiggle room here. Or we're going to lose the case. Sausalito?

LAURA

When?

MARSHAL

This weekend, on our own.

LAURA

Fly up, fly down, look for jewelry?

MARSHAL

Yes. I know were cutting into your social life but...

LAURA

...my social life consists of a small dog and a large cat.

MARSHAL

I'll make the arrangements.

LAURA

I'll check the websites and dig
through the catalogues. Lapis...

MARSHAL

...Lazuli.

He gives her a thumbs up and they leave the room.

MARSHAL

I'm going to cross check
airline flights for US citizens
flying in and out of South
Africa against people living
in California or Oklahoma.

LAURA

Good luck.

MARSHAL

I'll meet you at the pass.

They both go back to work at their respective desks.

Laura leaves her desk and Marshal stands up and walks across
to a friend in Homicide and talks with her.

The Mail Cart is pushed down the aisle.

A Brown Envelope is dropped on Laura's desk and the cart moves
on.

Marshal returns and goes to work on his Computer.

Laura returns, picks up the envelope and looks at Marshal.

LAURA

Kenya.

She opens it and removes a newspaper article.

She puts on latex gloves as Marshal moves around so he is standing
next to her.

LAURA

"Kenya Announces Death Penalty for Animal Poachers. A much harsher sentence has now been announced: poachers in Kenya will face the death penalty."

(she reads silently)

It goes on about the death sentences and those who oppose it.

MARSHAL

Kenya, South Africa, Beverly Hills - and he sends us the information. Why the hell would he do that and why us?

LAURA

We're listed in the newspaper by name and Police Division. So he found us and...

MARSHAL

...he knows we're looking for him. Because...

LAURA

...the ring was made for a man. Pinky finger. Did he drop it? Does he know we have it? Does he want us to find him?

MARSHAL

And he's the one handing out death sentences. Does he think we'll go soft because of his targets?

LAURA

As far as I'm concerned he is a signature, Serial Killer who wants the world to think he has a conscious because these people in his mind needed to be killed.

MARSHAL

In his mind.

LAURA

Of course. I'll take this
new stuff down to Forensics.

Marshal shakes his head in agreement as Laura pushes the article back in the envelope and leaves.

EXT. SAN LOUIS OBISPO COUNTY - DAY

Pronghorn Antelope graze on a treeless hillside with rocks and boulders scattered in the grasses.

A Man, dressed in Camouflage Clothes, rests a big bore rifle on the ledge of a rock.

He looks through the site as his finger moves into the trigger guard.

CLOSEUP - THE SCOPE

Through the scope the animals are brought into focus centered in the cross hairs.

His finger slowly pulls the trigger back.

A shot is fired, and the Antelope herd dash off in different directions.

The Hunter falls backwards dropping his rifle.

He is shot in the upper shoulder and is bleeding.

His bloody fingers dial a number on his cell phone.

EXT. SAN LOUIS OBISPO COUNTY - LATE DAY

A Helicopter lands on the open grass and a team of men and women jump out and rush to the wounded man.

He is laid onto a Rescue Basket, strapped in and pushed into the helicopter.

The craft takes off.

Further away a person jumps on a dirt bike with a rifle strapped to their back.

The Dirt Bike tears out across the semi-barren terrain.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A copy of the San Louis Obispo Newspaper is on Marshal's desk.

On the front page is a picture of the Hunter in a Hospital Room.

He holds up his good arm showing the Victory Sign with two fingers making a V.

Marshal stands behind the paper going over every line wearing his glasses.

He looks up at Laura who is seated at her desk.

MARSHAL

Victory over what?

LAURA

Death I guess. Not the Antelope he was hunting but...

MARSHAL

...his own. Do you think we should go up?

LAURA

It's only a forty four minute flight.

MARSHAL

How do you know that?

LAURA

I went to California State Polytechnic University there. I wanted to be a veterinarian.

MARSHAL

I never knew.

LAURA

How about you?

MARSHAL

UCLA, Law School. I wanted to be a lawyer but I joined the force at UCLA and...

LAURA

...here you are.

MARSHAL

Here I am. On my way back to your alma mater.

LAURA

I'll get the tickets.

EXT. POLICE STATION SAN LOUIS OBISPO - DAY

Marshal and Laura stand outside the Police Station speaking to a local detective.

They have a map spread out on the hood of an unmarked car.

The Detective points to the map and then points out in a direction away from the Station.

They shake hands and the Detective goes inside the station.

Marshal folds up the map as Laura walks to a rental car and gets in the Driver's side.

She pulls up to Marshal who gets in and they drive off.

EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO MOUNTAINS - DAY

The car drives along a windy road going up in altitude into the more barren hillsides with almost no trees.

Their car is followed by a Camouflage Drone fifty feet above the moving car.

The car pulls off into a turn-out and it stops.

The doors open, Marshal and Laura emerge.

MARSHAL

Well, this is it. Up there
in the hillside where it's
marked off in yellow tape.

Laura grabs a notebook and they start walking.

EXT. SHOOTING SITE - CONTINUOUS

They both explore the ground around the area that is taped off.

MARSHAL

If there was anything here
someone would have found it.

LAURA

And, its damn cold up here.

A GUN SHOT rings out across the valley.

They both stop and look around.

MARSHAL

I guess people are still
hunting.

LAURA

Yeah, we should get out of
here.

Another GUN SHOT and a bullet ricochets off a boulder
close to them.

They both run for the car.

MARSHAL

(yelling)
Hey! Hey!!

LAURA

(yelling)
Hello!!? Hello?!!

Another Gun Shot ricochets off a rock ledge.

Laura and Marshal duck down by the side of a boulder.

Marshal takes out his hand gun and fires in the air.

They wait.

MARSHAL

What the fuck?

LAURA

We're they shooting at us?

MARSHAL

I have no idea what they're shooting at, but the bullets are landing by us.

They peer around the rock ledge and then run toward the car.

The drone sees them enter the car and drive off.

INT. RENTED CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARSHAL

What just happened?

LAURA

Someone was shooting at us or at something else. They stopped.

MARSHAL

Yes. Yes they did.

LAURA

Shall we call it in?

MARSHAL

Let's just inform them when we get back since it's not our jurisdiction.

Laura looks down at her arm and realizes she is bleeding.

MARSHAL

Are you hit?

LAURA

No. It's pieces of rock.

She pulls small rock pieces away from the wound and wraps it with a handkerchief.

MARSHAL

Hospital?

LAURA

It's not that bad. Let's just go home.

MARSHAL

Home it is.

EXT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car winds down mountain roads heading home.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - EVENING

A pair of manicured hands place a cassette disc into a bubble-wrap envelope and seal the opening with clear postal tape.

The package is thrown into a day pack and the day pack hoisted over a man's shoulders and walked out the front door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He moves across his groomed lawn as several wild animals come up to greet him.

A fox jumps around until he tosses the animal a treat from the pack.

Two squirrels wait for the fox to finish and then run up and down the man's leg until their treat is produced.

Mica flies just over his head and plucks a treat right out of his hand meant for the squirrels.

He shoves his pack in the back of an SUV and drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Several days later, Laura and Marshal walk down the aisle carrying coffee and their stuff for a day at work.

On Laura's desk is the package.

She puts her things away and sits and looks at the package.

Marshal stows his gear and sits looking at Laura and the package.

MARSHAL

Where is it Post Marked from?

LAURA

Colorado. Boulder.

She puts on latex gloves and opens the package.

She removes the disc and looks at Marshal.

MARSHAL

Let's see it.

Her hands slide the disc in the side of her computer.

The image comes on the screen. A mountain road.

Marshal comes around and stands behind her.

A vehicle comes into the screen and is followed.

MARSHALL

That's our rental car.

LAURA

And that is the road up to
where someone shot...

MARSHAL

...around us. He followed us.
He was...

LAURA

...here, in California and then
he went...

MARSHAL

...back to Colorado, wrapped up
the disc and sent it...

LAURA

...from a Boulder Post Office.

The video continues showing them arrive and exit the car.

The video is cut and edited and now shows them being shot at.

Finally it shows them scrambling into the car and the car leaving.

MARSHAL

He followed us with a Drone.
Why would he go to all that
trouble? Why give us this
information if he is the one
doing the killing?

LAURA

He wants... He wants...

MARSHAL

...publicity. He wants us to
tell the world - about him.

LAURA

And we're going too.

MARSHAL

So, now we have a bullet, a
ring and a State.

LAURA

Unless he just stopped there to
mail the package.

MARSHAL

I'll add to the check list to
check all passengers leaving
the San Louis Obispo area and
landing in Colorado. I'll get
them to cross reference it
with the information already
collected.

LAURA

I'll take the disc to Forensics
and meet you back here.

MARSHAL

Deal.

They both move into action as Laura packs up the envelope and the disc and walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Marshal is at his desk going down lists of names.

Laura sits at her desk going over Indian Jewelry catalogues for rings.

Marshal suddenly looks up and the Old Man from the Mansion stands in front of him waiting. He wears a wool coat, gloves and a hat.

Laura and Marshal stand up simultaneously.

OLD MAN

Please do not stand on my
account, this is not a social
visit.

Marshal pulls a chair over from an empty desk.

The Old Man takes off his hat and gloves and sits.

They all sit.

Pause.

OLD MAN

I understand from your Chief
that you have very little
evidence against the weeks
of investigation.

MARSHAL

We have new leads coming all
the time. New leads that...

OLD MAN

...do not amount to a hill of
beans. I told your man today
that the family is now going
to hire Private Investigators.

Marshal and Laura share a glance.

OLD MAN

I am here only to assure myself that you will cooperate with my investigators - fully. I have been assured by your man...
(he points to the Chief)
that you will cooperate with our team and I thank you in advance for that cooperation.

The Old Man stands, puts his hat and gloves back on and leaves the station.

MARSHAL

I'll see if I can speed up the cross referencing of airline passengers. I have a partial list here I'm going over.

LAURA

Copy that. A new team isn't going to find anything new, past what we already know.

MARSHAL

I agree. It's a show of money power so they can tell their friends that they put some heat on the LA Police Department, Homicide Division and...

LAURA

...got results.

MARSHAL

Yes. And they did.

He goes back to the list in front of him.

Laura looks down at all the files on her desk and shakes her head back and forth in despair.

The busy office as time goes on loses more and more personnel to the clock until only Marshal, Laura and the Janitor are left.

Marshal leaves and comes back shortly with two coffees.

He passes one over to Laura and sits down.

LAURA

I've spent a lot of time trying to follow the ring. The jeweler makes this stuff in sets and then moves onto a new design. After doing things that might

...

MARSHAL

...get to the point.

LAURA

The point is, one person bought that ring or a ring very similar, in a Boulder Mall Jewelry Store about twenty years ago.

Marshal just stares at her as a big grin slowly grows across his face.

LAURA

What?

MARSHAL

I've spent a lot of time now cross referencing these passengers that...

LAURA

...get to the point.

MARSHAL

(smiling)

There was only one person in all those passengers who was in California, Colorado, Africa, and Oklahoma - just one and he lives in Colorado just outside of Boulder. His name is John. John Roose, a self-proclaimed Animal Activist and partially trained veterinarian.

LAURA

Gotcha.

She smiles, he smiles, they stop smiling and ponder their next move.

MARSHAL

Well, shall we?

Marshal stands and waits for her.

LAURA

What is he going to say?

MARSHAL

The Chief? Good work, call Boulder and check his record, check for priors and don't give any of this information to the Private Dicks on the case. Period. Keep the cost down. No First Class. Congratulations. Partner.

She stands and they walk toward the glassed-in-office of the Chief.

INT. UNITED AIRLINES PLANE - DAY

Marshal and Laura sit side by side near the windows.

He looks down at the tops of the Rocky Mountains as they pass over.

Laura is reading pages of research, stapled together.

Marshal glances over.

MARSHAL

What's that?

LAURA

Research I had done by one of the Rookies who owed me a favor. Listen. Humane Society Int., did a study on Big Game Hunters.

She turns back a few pages on goes on.

LAURA (CONT'D)

"Between 2005 and 2014, more than 1.26 million wildlife trophies were imported to the U.S., with an average of more than 126,000 trophies every year. Trophies of more than 1,200 different kinds of animals were imported during the decade studied.

MARSHAL

My God I had no idea it was so big. No wonder he's pissed.

She gives him a glaring look.

LAURA (CONT'D)

"5,600 African lions, 4,600 African elephants, 4,500 African leopards, 330 southern white rhinos and 17,200 African buffalo.

MARSHAL

I've heard enough.

LAURA

Let me just finish this last part. "The African lion is listed as Vulnerable on the International Union for the Conservation of Nature Red List of Threatened Species. African lion trophy hunts can cost \$13,500-49,000". Did you want to stop looking?

MARSHAL

No. Of course not. He's a murder and...

LAURA

...and

MARSHAL

...he deserves...

The plane is hit by air turbulence and almost knocks Marshal out of his seat.

LAURA

...was that an answer?

Marshal looks over at her as he tightens his Seat Belt.

They fly on without speaking.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY

John Roose is speaking on his cell while drinking coffee in his dining room.

Mica hops across the Kitchen Counters looking for scraps.

The Lion is sprawled out on the Dining Room Floor, tail waving.

JOHN

Hey, I thought you said you had some time open?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I did but you never returned my call.

JOHN

Am I bad? Please let me make it up to you. I'll come and get you and we'll go to one of the magical places - a waterfall and pool.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Sounds - freezing.

JOHN

We don't have to get in.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't be late this time because you stopped to pick up a dead owl.

JOHN

Perfectly preserved, no body
damage and there's more to
that story now if you're
interested.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Call me when you drive out of
your hidden driveway.

JOHN

Love you, see you soon.

He hangs up. Walks to a wall with several Back Packs hanging
from hooks.

He selects a Pack and takes it to the table.

John packs slowly as he talks to Mica who walks across the Back
Pack shaking her head.

JOHN

You are not going unless you
follow us like last time and
I'm sure you remember how
that turned out. Badly.

Mica caws and flies out the side door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marshal and Laura see Mica fly out of the house and right
toward them. They see her through binoculars.

MARSHAL

Do you think the bird is a
spy?

LAURA

Yes, so be thankful it can't
talk.

MARSHAL

What makes you think that?

Mica flies over their heads and lands in a Pine Tree.

The Crow sends out a signal with a series of loud caws.

John Roose finally comes out the side door and looks across the landscape.

JOHN

Where are you Mica?

Marshal and Laura duck down and literally crawl back down the grassy mound.

MARSHAL

Ratted out by a bird, that's a first.

LAURA

And it's not going to stop until he comes over to see what is going on.

They both turn and creep further down the hillside and disappear into the forest.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

John walks up to the place where Marshal and Laura were hiding.

He gets down on his knees and feels the grass and looks at small indentations like foot prints.

Mica drops down on his shoulder cawing.

JOHN

So, we had visitors. Well, this is certainly a wakeup call. Time to change the plan, Stan. Time for Plan B.

He stands and walks away toward his house with Mica flying above him in large circles.

INT. COLORADO RENTAL CAR - DAY

Marshal and Laura, breathing hard and sweating, climb into the Rental Car and just sit.

MARSHAL

I'm - too old for this.

LAURA

We better get out of here if he's following.

MARSHAL

Good idea.

Marshal starts the car and drives away down a dirt road.

LAURA

Are we going to have a problem with the Boulder Police.

MARSHAL

Well, if we tell them we surveilled a private citizen without telling them or asking for their permission - they will be pissed.

LAURA

So - what do we say?

MARSHAL

We say we just arrived, we explain we didn't have time to call ahead and we lay out our story.

LAURA

What about him?

MARSHAL

John? John Roose? I doubt that John will say anything. As a matter of fact, he's probably wondering who the fuck we were.

LAURA

Nice house.

MARSHAL

Yeah, the guy has some money.
Wonder how he got it.

LAURA

I'll look into that when we
get some place with a computer.

MARSHAL

Copy that.

They come to the asphalt highway and turn onto it and drive
down the mountain.

INT. COLORADO HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marshal sits at a table working on paper work.

Laura sits across from him on a Small Sofa drinking a beer.

LAURA

They didn't seem very happy
did you think?

MARSHAL

Yes, they were not happy and
at the same time they were
the most laidback cops I've
ever seen or tried to work
with.

LAURA

I guess they are legendary
for their composure and..

MARSHAL

...or lack of one. It's good
though that they decided to
do their own stakeout so we
don't have to be up there
freezing at night, waiting.

LAURA

Did you see their faces when you said his name?

MARSHAL

Yeah. Noticed that. Like we were talking about local royalty. Like he was John Denver instead of Roose.

LAURA

Another reason they were unhappy.

The Room Phone Rings.

MARSHAL

Who knows were here?

LAURA

Who knows you're here, their calling your room not mine.

Marshal lifts the receiver and answers.

MARSHAL

Marshal Diggs. Hey, how are you? Why working so late, no parties in LA tonight? What? What!!?? Are you sure?
(pause)

No, thank you for running us down. She's here, I'll tell her. Thanks again.

He hangs up staring off into space.

LAURA

What?

MARSHAL

That was our friend in Forensics. He went over the disc sent to you and found - he found a place on the disc where the Drone got so close to the car you can see its reflection in the back window glass.

LAURA

And?

MARSHAL

The Drone was armed. The Drone was who shot at us. He shot at us using the Drone.

LAURA

He couldn't have missed.

MARSHAL

He didn't miss. He was never aiming at us. He just...

LAURA

...tried to scare us.

MARSHAL

And he did.

LAURA

Well, let's go get his ass.

MARSHAL

Can we prove the Drone is his?

LAURA

Maybe we'll find enough evidence during a search.

Marshal looks at her for a long time.

MARSHAL

Might be premature. If we don't find anything - we could let the fox out of the hen house.

LAURA

I know we'll find something, I can feel it.

Marshal picks up his cell phone and slowly dials a number.

MARSHAL

This is Marshal Diggs, LA Homicide. Hello. No, we just received Forensic information from Los Angeles and we want to seek a Warrant to search his house. Yes sir, we realize that. We'll come right now.

He hangs up.

MARSHAL

Okay partner, let's go and take a look/see into Mr. Roose's life. Boulder Police are getting the Warrant - and their still not happy. I hope to God we are right.

They both pick up their equipment and walk toward the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Teams of Police, SWAT and FBI slowly surround the house.

Marshal and Laura are on the front lines moving toward the front door.

A Mountain Lion bolts out of the woods, running toward Laura and Marshal.

Marshal turns around and aims his hand gun at the animal.

There is a shot, and everyone stops moving.

An older, Chinese Woman, MISS. CHOW, steps onto the Front Porch from the Front Door.

MISS. CHOW

Don't shoot the lion you idiot.
That animal is a pet of this household.

The lion turns and runs back into the forest

LAURA

Put the gun down now, mam.

She leans the old Shot Gun on the house as Police, SWAT, FBI and others close around the house.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is full of Investigators taking Finger Prints, Photographs and looking through everything.

There are no guns mounted on the walls. All weapons have been removed from the house.

Investigators spend a large amount of time looking before they wrap up and leave in teams.

Miss. Chow sits on the living room sofa across from Laura and Marshal.

The Boulder Detectives are standing behind them taking notes.

MARSHAL

So, just to be sure, you are saying Mr. Roose left the house earlier for a vacation but you don't know where that is.

MISS. CHOW

Yes.

LAURA

And you also stated that Mr Roose has no guns or other weapons on the premises.

MISS. CHOW

Yes.

BOULDER DETECTIVE

Miss. Chow, has Mr. Roose ever told you where he goes for any vacation?

MISS. CHOW

I take care of this house only.
I live in small apartment in the
back. I take care of the house
only. I feed the animals and
make sure that maintenance
peoples do their jobs. I know
nothing else.

MARSHAL

How do you contact him in case
of an emergency.

MISS. CHOW

We have no emergency here,
except you - all.

Marshal turns to the Boulder Detective who is putting his
notes away in his coat pocket.

He shakes his head at Marshal, throws his hands up in the air
and leaves with the rest of his Department.

BOULDER DETECTIVE

Miss. Chow, please give our
apologies to Mr. Roose, tell
him he can contact us on his
return - if he needs an
explanation.

Laura takes off her Bullet Proof Vest and stands up.

She sees the faces of two raccoons, two squirrels, a fox and
Mica looking through the side window to the living room.

She motions with her head to Marshal.

He turns and sees the animals and shakes his head up and down in
a 'yes'.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marshal and Laura leave the house and walk toward the forest.

Mica flies over their head and the other animals follow at a
distance.

LAURA

It was a trap.

Marshal stops quickly looking at her. He takes off his vest.

MARSHAL

Yes, and we fell for it hook,
line and sinker. And he sunk
us, publicly...

LAURA

...in front of the world and his
House Keeper - who is lying
through her teeth.

MARSHAL

Copy that.

They disappear into the forest.

INT. BOULDER POLICE STATION - DAY

In a conference room filled with Detectives, Marshal and Laura sit at the far end of the long, oval table.

A television in an adjacent room is showing the news and the news is the only sound anywhere.

LOCAL TV BROADCASTER

In an embarrassing moment for
the Los Angeles Police
Department today in a joint
investigation that went terribly
wrong, information supplied
by Los Angeles Police Detectives
working in Boulder, turned out
to be incorrect when they
searched the premises of famous
Animal Activist, John Roose who
was suspected of killing a
number of Big Game Trophy Hunters
but the search turned up nothing.

Detectives and other personnel read their individual reports.

Marshal and Laura's demeanor is looking down at the table or scribbling notes on lined paper pads.

One by one personnel leave until there are no more reports leaving only Laura and Marshal in the room.

The television News Cast can barely be heard now as the two Detectives collect their gear to go home.

MARSHAL

Smart. Very smart. Makes it almost...

LAURA

...impossible to investigate him. We would have to give up the case in order to save it.

MARSHAL

Exactly. And - he made us look like fools. Amateurs. Rooky Detectives. Are you ready?

She stands and they plod out the door.

EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH - DAY

On a crowded beach a handsome couple lie on a large blanket while he applies lotion to her bare back.

His fine hands run the oily substance up and down her brown back.

His fingers move from her neck to the top of her bikini and back.

The ring space on his left small finger shows the indentation where the ring used to be.

The man rolls to one side and cleans his hands with a towel.

John Roose opens his bag and removes an article copied off of Facebook.

CLOSEUP - The Article

The article is a photo of a dead giraffe with its head and neck folded back on its body with a Hunter beside it holding his rifle.

He carefully pushes it back into the bag and lies down next to his partner.

JOHN ROOSE

Where do you want to eat tonight?

She moans but does not answer.

JOHN ROOSE

I have to do something in a few hours so you have about thirty minutes left out here.

She moans again and turns over exposing her breasts.

He throws a towel across her and they both laugh.

He crawls across her and she whispers in his ear.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What - do you have to do?

JOHN ROOSE

It's a secret.

She bites his ear and they wrestle playfully.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATE DAY

Laura comes in from another door and throws her things on her desk and chair.

She walks up the aisle toward the Break Room.

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marshal is pouring coffee into a real cup while other Officers sit at tables or stand by the counters and talk about the day.

Laura comes in as several others leave.

She pours coffee into a Styrofoam cup and sits at a table with Marshal.

MARSHAL

Well, we still have a job.

LAURA

Yeah. Is it a little cold in here or what?

MARSHAL

People don't' like to look stupid from the actions of their peers.

LAURA

I get that. So, where do we go from here?

Marshal stands, takes his coffee and walks toward the door.

MARSHAL

I don't' know. I just don't know.

Laura gets up quickly with her coffee and follows him out.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marshal arrives at his desk with Laura just feet behind him.

He sits and puts his coffee down.

She sits down holding her coffee.

Marshal reaches behind him for his coat.

He stops and gives Laura a funny look.

His hands bring his whole coat off the back of his chair and around to his lap.

In the side pocket a brown envelope sticks out.

His hand removes it as Laura leans forward from her desk.

Marshal pulls Latex Gloves out of his desk and pushes his coat aside.

His fingers carefully open the letter with his Disney opener, and he removes the paper inside.

It is the photo and article from Facebook with the dead giraffe.

He shows Laura.

Marshal stands up and looks around.

MARSHAL

He's here. In the building.
Listen up in here! Everybody!!

The room becomes quiet with all eyes on Marshal.

MARSHAL

Did anyone see someone pass my
desk, in the last twenty
minutes and stop and place
an envelope in my coat pocket.
Anyone?

He looks around and sees the Cameras on the walls.

MARSHAL

Our surveillance tapes.

LAURA

Give me the paper and I'll run
it down to Forensics.

She puts on gloves as the room NOISE slowly returns to normal.

Marshal hands her the envelope and paper.

They both leave in different directions.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Laura and Marshal sit at their desks with the remainder of old
Pizza, coffee cups and paperwork.

MARSHAL

You can see him clear as day
come into the building but he
wears Dark Glasses so you
really can't identify his face.
The inside cameras show him
stop at my desk, bend down and
stand up and then he leaves.

LAURA

And so - we have him, right?

MARSHAL

He didn't officially break any law even though we want to question him. What did Forensics say?

LAURA

The material showed beach sand, tanning lotion, mustard and other substances that you can read about.

Marshal looks at her curiously but tries to move on.

MARSHAL

The photo is actually from a Facebook posting which also had comments. Like this one.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

"Y'all know that hunting is legal right? And if this was a legal hunt, chances are that is an animal beyond its breeding years and taking resources from a younger breeding animal. The meat would go to the local people and the money spent on the hunt helps the local economy. If it wasn't a legal hunt then he is not a hunter, but rather, a poacher."

Another says; "For those that don't know this, part of hunting laws in Africa require that a large majority of the meat be donated to local villages, trophy hunting is actually all about providing for the community, maybe not for the guy hunting, but it is to the locals."

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Another one says; "You would have to be VERY ignorant or just plain stupid to think that the "revenue" from these hunts gets passed down to the poor. What a fantasy!!" And at least a hundred more comments after this, almost all negative.

LAURA

The fucking asshole should be hunted himself so his local meat...

MARSHAL

...careful. You are a Detective and should have...

LAURA

...better manners in my speech? If the villagers need meat, let them kill the animal not some rich, idle prick who wants to hang a head in his living room for God's sake.

MARSHAL

Copy that.

LAURA

When did this happen?

Marshal scours the article and finds a date written sideways. He turns his head to read it.

MARSHAL

When we were searching his house. Mr. Roose that is.

The Detective from the corner walks up to them holding the same article and photo from Facebook.

DETECTIVE IN CORNER

Oh, I see you've already got it. So, you know already.

LAURA

Know what?

The Detective points to the Hunter.

DETECTIVE IN CORNER

This guy here - he's dead.
Just showed up in a trash
container in South Africa
with a single bullet hole
between his eyes. It's on
Fox News.

He turns and walks away. He tosses the article in a passing
Waste Basket.

Laura and Marshal look at each other and then at the article
on the desk.

LAURA

It was more than a trap.

MARSHAL

Yes, it was also an alibi
because he was really...

LAURA

...at the beach and we proved
that for him. Not just at the
beach but...

MARSHAL

...screwing around at the beach.

LAURA

On the beach.

MARSHAL

Son of a Beach.

She laughs. He laughs. They laugh and then stop laughing.

LAURA

You think he put all that DNA
on that article knowingly?

MARSHAL

Yes Laura, I do. And now I think that our man is just way smarter than we ever gave him credit for. He knows what we are doing, where we are and how he can fuck up our investigation without ever really showing himself.

LAURA

Except the ring.

MARSHAL

I'm sure he's punished himself fully for that one little misstep. We have to go back. He has to have a Storage Unit or some place to hide guns and ammunition.

LAURA

And everything else. A Drone, maps, research, passports, shot records, photos of his targets, camping gear, binoculars, back packs, he needs a damn big room with shelves. How can we do this?

MARSHAL

Time off. No Boulder Police or, if we need them we have to figure out some scam so we aren't involved.

LAURA

Is this legal?

MARSHAL

We're going on vacation.

LAURA

Together?

MARSHAL

No. Yes but no. No so no one
can know from here, but yes
we can fly on the same plane.
Coincidence.

He looks and his face grins.

She laughs as she digs through the paper work on her desk
until she comes up with Vacation/Time Off Forms.

LAURA

Let's go get him.

MARSHAL

My thoughts exactly. But first
we have to go over this article
and see if that investigation
has produced any results.
Then...

STATION CHIEF (O.S.)

Diggs, Colmbs, my office, now.

Again Marshal and Laura walk up the aisle to the Chief's Office.

They pass the same detectives again.

OFFICER THREE

I'm still in for your desk.

Marshal looks down at him as he passes and quietly flips him
the bird.

The enter the glass office and close the door.

Both Detectives stand in front of the Chief but there is only the
sounds of THE OFFICE outside the glass windows.

Laura and Marshal are dismissed, and they walk back to their
desks.

LAURA

We lost the case.

MARSHAL

Evidently.

LAURA

After all that work he just hands it off to someone else.

MARSHAL

Evidently.

LAURA

Is that all you can say?

MARSHAL

No, it is not all I can say. This is what I'm saying. I'm taking time off, like he suggested. I'm going to Colorado and vacation in the Rockies. What about you?

LAURA

I'll make the plane reservations while you find a hotel - not the same one we stayed in last time.

MARSHAL

Don't like that woodsy effect?

LAURA

This is my vacation and I intend to enjoy it. First class. Book The Boulderado.

MARSHAL

Copy that. Copy that.

LAURA

I suppose now that this is really illegal.

MARSHAL

We are going to break the law partner because the law is too stupid to see that it is not correct on this one issue.

LAURA

Along with a trail of many more
...

MARSHAL

...none of which has anything to
do with what we are about to do
in another State.

She takes out her cell phone and dials a number.

MARSHAL

Don't get us on a Boeing 737 Max.
First Class, window seat for me.

She raises two fingers to indicate two.

Marshal takes out a day pack and takes things from his desk and
loads them in the pack.

LAURA

How much vacation time do you
have?

He looks at her seriously.

Marshal's face slowly turns into a broad grin,

MARSHAL

A lot.

INT. BOULDERADO HOTEL - DAY

A grand, brick hotel out of the middle of the nineteenth century
with a stained glass covering running the length of the interior
offering four star elegance to museum quality furnishings.

Marshal and Laura sit in the Dining Room eating breakfast.

LAURA

This place is so beautiful on
the inside, it's just amazing.

Marshal looks around appreciating the marble columns, the dark
wood finishes and the old style elegance.

He also looks at the people around with scrutiny.

MARSHAL

Do you think he knows were here?

Laura looks around quickly.

LAURA

Yes. I think he has a little
snitch that he pays to follow
us.

MARSHAL

We'll have to be sneaky to get
out unseen. He can't know where
we're going?

LAURA

Yes to that.

INT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY

John Roose sits on the porch of a remote, mountain cabin.
He is alone except for a dog. John is speaking on his
cell phone.

JOHN ROOSE

Well, I'm glad you're back.
Did you enjoy California?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yes. And you. I enjoyed you
and now I miss you.

JOHN ROOSE

And - how are our friends in the
LA Police Department?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Eating breakfast at one of your
favorite spots, The Boulderado.

JOHN ROOSE

Good. Keep a tight eye on them
while I attend to some personal
business. This is really
important.

FEMALE VOICE (.O.S.)

I'm stuck to them like glue.
Like we will be soon.

JOHN ROOSE

I love you too. I'll check in.
Bye.

He hangs up. John tosses a frisbee for the dog.

The cabin is tiny when seen against the huge expanse of mountains, pine trees and boulders covering hundreds of miles.

A gun shot reverberates through the canyons.

EXT. BOULDERADO HOTEL - MID DAY

Out of a side door to the Hotel, an older couple make their way toward a parking lot.

They are picked up by an Uber Driver.

EXT. RENTAL CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Uber Driver pulls up in the Rental Car Lot and the older couple climb out with their things.

They walk into the Rental Shop and moments later, Marshal and Laura come out of the Shop and walk to a car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Marshal and Laura sort out their things in the car. Marshal is driving.

MARSHAL

Do you think this all worked?

LAURA

We'll know shortly. As soon as we see a Drone following us, we'll know.

MARSHAL

I have my eagle eye out.

He adjusts his seatbelt and they drive off the lot.

EXT. COLORADO MOUNTAIN ROADS - CONTINUOUS

The car skirts the mountain on a dirt road surrounded by pine trees.

Marshal pulls the car over under the shade of a cluster of trees.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Laura and Marshal climb out and sort through the gear which was concealed in the older couples bags.

They walk toward an animal trail and follow it.

Marshal holds a compass while Laura follows their course on a map.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Laura and Marshal look through binoculars while concealed under thick brush under a pine with low branches.

The House Keeper is feeding animals on the front porch and the side porch. There is no one else in sight.

The day moves on into night.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Marshal and Laura are bundled up under the tree watching on and off but there is only the movement of animals.

LAURA

Think he knows.

MARSHAL

I don't know. He is one smart son of a bitch, we know that but - there is no Drone and there is no one down there but that woman. Guess we better call it a night.

They both low-crawl out of the space and down the hillside.

Laura and Marshal make their way toward the car.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

They arrive at the place, but the car is gone.

Laura looks everywhere while Marshal sits on a boulder and drinks from a Sports Bottle until she returns.

LAURA

Nothing. Car gone.

MARSHAL

I don't get it, we weren't followed so, maybe someone else took the car. Hunters.

LAURA

Jerks. How far is it to the...

A shot rings out in the night and they both take cover behind a tree.

LAURA

Is this where we call the Boulder Police?

MARSHALL

Maybe. Maybe that was a warning and not...

Another shot echoes through the canyons blowing a chip off the side of the tree they are behind.

LAURA

...a real shot to kill us.

MARSHAL

(whispers)

Right. How much ammunition do you have?

LAURA

Not enough. I didn't think...

MARSHAL

...I didn't either.

He takes out his cell phone.

MARSHAL

No signal. No service.

LAURA

We're saved the embarrassment
from the Boulder Police so
this shit head can shoot us
for...

MARSHAL

...trespassing. Anything. He
could just make something up
since we don't belong here.
We have to get smarter mucho
quick.

They duck down and crawl deeper into the shadows.
Laura looks up and drops way down and pulls Marshal
closer to the ground.

MARSHAL

What is it?

LAURA

A Drone. See the blinking light.

MARSHAL

Where?

LAURA

Just past this big pine in front
of us, maybe twenty feet...

MARSHAL

...I see it.

He carefully removes his gun, props it up on a small
clump of grass and aims.

He fires and then fires again.

The Drone flies erratically and tries to escape.

Laura stands and empties her weapon into the drone and blows it to pieces.

MARSHAL

Run.

They both start out in the shadows and run until the Moon light shines on them and different animal trails.

Laura picks one and they keep running.

They stop under the ledge of a boulder.

MARSHAL

We're being hunted.

Laura is shocked realizing that this is true.

She pulls out her cellphone.

LAURA

Still nothing.

MARSHALL

That's why he lives up here.
He's alone.

LAURA

And he knows the area and...

MARSHAL

...he hunts using a scope. A high
powered scope so he could be
half a mile away.

LAURA

And still kill us. Why? He
started giving us information
and now he wants to kill us?
I don't get it.

MARSHAL

He never realized we could get
as close to him as we are. Now
he's protecting his investment.

LAURA

Where is he now, getting more
Drones?

MARSHAL

That may just be where he is so
this may be our out.

Marshal steps out into the open and a rifle shot strikes him
in his upper shoulder across the top.

The impact knocks him down.

Laura rushes out and pulls him back behind the boulder.

She keeps pulling Marshal until they are under the cover of
the pine forest.

MARSHAL

I'm all right.

LAURA

You're bleeding.

She rips open his shirt and holds her hands on his shoulder.

Marshal pulls out a handkerchief and Laura presses it over
the wound.

LAURA

It just clipped you across the
top of your shoulder. If it'll
just stop bleeding...

MARSHAL

...the pangs of old age -
bleeding. So, he is not going
for another Drone at this
moment. If we can just get
to a place where there is
reception...

LAURA

...I'm sure he knows every
square inch of land here and
where you get a signal. He
won't let us get there I
guarantee you.

MARSHAL

My vote is we wait right here
out of sight until he makes
his next move and then we'll
know more about our next move.

LAURA

Agreed.

Marshal pulls himself up next to a tree keeping a free hand
compressing the wound.

Laura takes out her phone and moves around but no signal
comes back.

She joins Marshal and they sit side by side.

LAURA

He probably has night vision
equipment.

MARSHAL

Yeah. Probably. But it
doesn't allow him to see
through a tree.

LAURA

We just need to know where
he is in direction.

MARSHAL

Yes.

Marshal pulls the binoculars out of his pack. He leans
back into the tree and scours the night around him.

Marshal takes the binoculars away from his face and they
are shot out of his hand.

MARSHAL

He's that way. I saw the gun
fire. Quick, run.

They run away from the tree, crouched down in the night.

They both hit rocks, get slapped by branches, tumble, get up and run on.

Through the eyes of night vision, through the cross-hairs of a scope, Marshal and Laura look like yellow body blips in the night.

The scope follows them as they dart in and out of trees.

Then the two are gone in the night. The scope moves back and forth trying to find them.

The shooter makes a cellphone call.

FEMALE VOICE

Are you there? I may be in trouble. I may need you and a few friends.

JOHN ROOSE (O.S.)

I'm here. I'm ready with help. Keep me in the loop.

FEMALE VOICE

I will.

She hangs up.

Her hands lift the rifle back up and turns on her Night Vision Equipment.

She scans the dark area. Her scope picks up animals in the forest but not humans.

FEMALE VOICE

Damn it. Fuck.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MORNING

Marshal and Laura slowly emerge from a hole in the rock and tree-covered hillside.

MARSHAL

Good eyes partner - spotting this cave in the dark.

LAURA

It was colder than hell in there.

MARSHAL

Saved our lives. Let's see if we can keep the momentum going.

Laura is stopped and stares at something in front of her.

MARSHAL

What is it?

LAURA

Our car.

Marshal catches up with her and in front of them is the rental car covered in branches.

Laura pulls them off quickly and checks the car for anything.

LAURA

It's clean, get in.

Marshal pushes a branch away and climbs in the passenger side and buckles up.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Laura sits in the Driver's Seat and turns the car on.

She pushes the Gear Lever into Reverse and backs out onto a dirt road.

EXT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car straightens out and drives straight out on the road.

Dust raises all around them as the car makes the twists and turns toward the highway.

EXT. ASPHALT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The dirt road comes out to the highway.

There are several Police Cars waiting at the junction and the Police motion for the car to stop.

The Drone above them watch the Police remove them from the Rental Car.

They are arrested and placed in the back seat of two different cars.

One of the Officers drives their Rental Car back along with the remaining Police.

INT. BOULDER POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON.

In an Interrogation Room, Marshal and Laura sit across the table from a Boulder Detective.

There are other Detectives and one Policewoman transcribing the conversation.

BOULDER DETECTIVE

This is just like the movies.

He drinks Coffee from a Styrofoam Cup.

BOULDER DETECTIVE

Detectives from another State come in to investigate a crime that happened in their own State but don't tell the local authorities that you are here, doing an investigation on a man you investigated before - and found no proof. And yet, you returned to the scene of your last crime and then have a shoot out on his property where you, Detective Diggs, are wounded and he - John Roose is now charging you both with attempted manslaughter for which you could...

MARSHAL

We don't need a lesson on the law...

BOULDER DETECTIVE

...that is odd Detective because that is exactly what you do need. So, here is how it's going down. Your boss and my boss have worked it out so you can go back to Los Angeles where they will take charge of the discipline problem. You will have to return here to face charges when the Court has set a date. Clear?!

MARSHAL & LAURA

Clear!

BOULDER DETECTIVE

Your Hand Guns and Badges will be returned at the Airport. You will be escorted back to your hotel and then escorted to the airport and onto the plane. Clear?!

MARSHAL

Clear.

LAURA

Copy that.

BOULDER DETECTIVE

You should have stayed home where you belong.

He stands and leaves and others follow him.

A lone Female Detective waits to escort them back.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINE - DAY

Laura and Marshal sit side by side by a Window.

Marshal has blood on his mind and does not move but stares forward past everything.

LAURA

How are we?

MARSHAL

It isn't over until the Fat
Lady sings.

She looks at him like he lost his mind.

LAURA

What about when we get back
to work? What about our boss?

MARSHAL

We need something solid before
we ever see him - or we're
cooked.

LAURA

We have to assemble a team

...

MARSHAL

...before we get there. And, if
we get caught doing this, the
people we ask to help us will
also go down...

LAURA

...big time!

MARSHAL

Because we're sure, right?

LAURA

We need our guy in Forensics.

MARSHAL

Our man back in the corner
and...

LAURA

...the guy hitting on me.

MARSHAL

...for backup only. We call as soon as this baby touches ground. We have to come in when he's gone home. That's the deal.

LAURA

Deal.

The Plane is descending into the San Fernando Valley.

INT. LOS ANGELES HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Five people are loosely assembled around an Oval Conference Table, Marshal is speaking.

MARSHAL

First, I just want to finish with the thought that this individual made us look like rank amateurs and he used us against ourselves in a brilliant obstruction of justice down to this last assault where we became the trespassers and started a gun battle - and there is no way for us to prove otherwise.

People move like they are going to ask questions.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait. Let me finish. Before tomorrow we have to find one piece of hard evidence that ties this man to any of these killings we described and that all of us have worked on. We need your help. He can't get away with murder.

The room explodes in questions as Laura gets up and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Laura walks into a Hallway and then into the Women's Restroom.

She comes out moments later as the questions are ongoing in the meeting behind her.

Her hands push a door open and she enters a room with a computer, a desk, a chair and a phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Inside a research room she sits at the desk and bumps the computer on.

Laura drops her head into her hands and pulls at her hair before she sits back up and straightens herself out.

She types in John Roose and hits enter. There are thousands.

Laura adds descriptions like Animal Activist. There are hundreds.

The meeting in the adjacent room gets louder.

Her fingers add information about the Police Investigation and she hits enter.

John Roose, the man and his photograph pop up.

CLOSEUP - John Roose

She moves her head closer to the screen and examines him from head to toe.

Her hand moves up and she clicks on Images.

Pages and pages of John Roose and other men with the same name.

Picture by picture Laura pulls them up, expands them, tries to get larger images.

Frenetically she goes through the Office and finds a small Magnifying Glass in one of the Desk Drawers.

She moves back to the computer and now examines more images with the Magnifying Glass.

LAURA

Doesn't like to show his hands.
Shows the right hand more.
Always about his face. Oh my
who is she? Here she is again.

CLOSEUP - Laura's Eyes

Her eyes reflect each picture she goes to, one by one.

Personal frustration squeezes her skin tighter around her eyes as she moves faster desperate for a break.

Her eyes pop wide open and her face lunges toward the screen.

CLOSEUP - John Roose

His arm is over the back of a blonde at a beach.

Her eyes try to focus as she moves the glass.

His left hand comes into focus and on his little finger is a ring. She can't make it any clearer, but the shape is right.

The door opens and Marshal steps in.

MARSHAL

What happened to you. They're
waiting in there to see if you
...

She waves him over to the screen and hands him the glass.

Marshal, irritated, walks over, takes the glass and looks.

He raises his head slowly with a stern look at her.

The stern look dissolves into a grin.

MARSHAL

Well, well, well. You see the
credit for the photograph, right?
Did you look it up?

LAURA

I was waiting for you.

MARSHAL

All right. Stay here. Get the photographer on the phone and get a copy of the photograph if that's possible. Have it sent here, your computer. Are you fired up?

LAURA

(screams)

Yes!!!

MARSHAL

I'll order some Pizza and Beer for these guys and we we'll take a short break. If we can get the photo we can have Forensics try and match it against the ring in evidence.

LAURA

Got it.

She sits down and Marshal goes out the door.

LAURA

Save me some Pizza.

(to herself)

I'm starving.

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

Everyone is back in the Conference Room. There are the remnants of Pizza, coffee, cups, boxes, and McDonalds Breakfast Plates partially eaten.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN

Fortunately the photo copy of the photo is clear or clear enough to show that it is at least an eighty five percent positive match to the ring in our Inventory for this case.

DETECTIVE IN CORNER

And what if we had the actual photo, would that show it any clearer.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN

Yes. Slightly. Maybe we could say from the original it was a ninety percent ID.

ROOKY COP

What about the jeweler guy that I researched. Signs his work with a feather?

LAURA

They don't keep records that far back except they know he made rings in groups and this ring was made for a man's little finger. We have a receipt from a Boulder Jeweler who sold a ring like that to a man twenty years ago.

MARSHAL

This is it. This is what we take to...

The Rooky Cop clears his throat.

The Chief comes in drinking Coffee from a porcelain cup.

CHIEF

Take what to who? What is going on here?

Everyone sits down except the Chief and Marshal.

From the back of the Homicide Room the Chief looks like a raging maniac waving his hands, yelling, waving more hands.

He points to individuals who stand and then sit quickly as the Chief moves around the room and finally back to Marshal.

Laura shows the Chief an image on the Computer Screen in the room.

The Forensic Technician shows the Chief a File and the Ring in a plastic Evidence Bag.

He looks at the Ring, at the Screen and the Forensic File.

The Chief sits down. He looks at everyone in the room.

He thinks for a long time.

CHIEF

So, he used the Boulder Police against you by filing charges and then they sent you home to receive more punishment plus they want you back. All right. All God Damn right they can have you back only you'll be bringing a plan that doesn't allow our man to use the Police Force against us, but will allow us to trap him by using his own methodology. Someone give me that McDonalds Pancake and Bacon Plate and the rest of you start throwing out ideas that get us into his game.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Marshal and Laura walk in line about to have their ticket punched.

The Rooky Cop runs up and jumps over a roped off area to get to them.

ROOKY COP

Hey.

LAURA

Hey. What are you doing here?

He hands her an envelope and turns to leave.

ROOKY COP

I went through and cross referenced all the Storage facilities in and around Boulder. That gives you the name of the Storage Facility where John Roose rents two small units and a woman who uses the same address and phone rents one, all along the same row. Took forever.

LAURA

I owe you. I'll see you when we get back. Thank you.

The Rooky waves without looking back.

MARSHAL

Better not get over extended on your credit or you'll end up owing...

LAURA

I can take care of it.

The Airline Personnel take her ticket and she walks into the exit.

MARSHAL

I hope so. Because he will.

She takes his ticket and Marshal disappears into the exit.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

Laura and Marshal sit side by side in the middle of the plane.

His eyes are closed, and she is looking around the cabin.

MARSHAL

What are you thinking?

He barely opens one eye and then closes it.

LAURA

I sent our friends in the Boulder Police Department the address and Storage Locker Numbers of Mr. Roose and Friend. They're getting a Warrant and by the time we land, they should be inside. I am also hoping this all works finally, there is a hell of a lot riding on our horse. He knows we're coming.

MARSHAL

Oh, I am sure of that and it is the one fact the our whole operation hinges on. He has always known where we are and she was the key to that. Now we know who she is and now she is under surveillance and the trap will close when we get there.

He opens his eyes and looks around the cabin as she closes her eyes.

LAURA

I just want one shot at this asshole - just one.

Marshal looks at her in amazement, her eyes still closed.

EXT. DENVER AIRPORT - DAY

Marshal and Laura stand in front of the Luggage Carousel waiting.

LAURA

I feel like we should wave or something, just to let them...

MARSHAL

...I don't think it's a good idea to let to much out right now.

They look at each other and the Luggage Carousel starts moving.

Marshal surveys the area looking at every face.

INT. BOULERADO HOTEL - DAY

Marshal is unpacking and putting things away. There is a knock at his door.

He opens it and Laura enters drinking coffee from a real cup.

LAURA

How are we doing?

MARSHAL

We are doing very well. Sit down.
I have a surprise for you.

LAURA

Really.

Marshal dials a number on the Hotel Phone and hangs up.

LAURA

What is that all about?

MARSHAL

You'll see.

In a few moments there is a knock on the door and Marshal opens it and the Rooky Cop enters carrying a Drone.

LAURA

Oh my God. Oh my... Hi. Hello.

ROOKY COP

Hi.

He places the Drone on the bed and sits down at a table.

LAURA

Wow. So, now we have eyes in the sky, why didn't you tell me?

ROOKY COP

The Chief thought this one up.
He thought you needed some sky
power with surveillance ability
and armed.

He gets up, turns the Drone over and shows them the two
small guns positioned under the craft.

MARSHAL

And - since we snuck him in
they have no idea we have a
Drone.

LAURA

Wow. Well, welcome - to the
team.

Pause.

MARSHAL

All right team, shall we go get
this guy?

Everyone moves. Laura goes for the door, the Rooky goes for
the Drone as Marshal opens a box of ammunition.

He throws some unloaded cylinders on the bed and loads them.

EXT. COLORADO MOUNTAINS - LATE DAY

Marshal is still loading more cylinders with ammunition.

Laura pushes loaded clips into her belt and a day bag.

His phone rings.

MARSHAL

We have reception. Hello. Yes.
Can you see us? Good. Anyone
else? Good. Let her go.

He hangs up.

MARSHAL

Okay partner, they don't know
about the Drone or him. He's
our eye in the sky, let's
see if we can close the trap.

They start off walking.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - DAY

John is barefoot walking through his house talking on his cell phone.

JOHN ROOSE

Yes. Yes. And yes, I know because you called me, so why ... Wait - it's just the two of them right? What do you mean you see more people? Are they hunters? Where are they? Babe, don't get wonky on me now after all we've been through. It's the same stupid cops from Los Angeles only this time we get to shoot them, right? Don't follow anyone else with the Drone - just stay on them so we can end this thing. I'm here if you need me.

He hangs up and puts the phone on a table.

His hands unfurl the rifle with the Lapis inlays.

Slowly the white cloth cleans and polishes the weapon.

JOHN ROOSE

We can make this all work for the cause and no one will ever be the wiser. We just need to be careful so it looks like they were the attackers.

He holds up the weapon to his face and peers into the scope.

EXT. COLORADO MOUNTAINS - LATE DAY

Marshal and Laura move carefully forward on an animal trail through the thick pines and uphill.

The Black Drone flies just above tree line tracking them.

The Los Angeles Police Drone follows the Drone at a distance.

Another Drone in the Forest tracks the Female Operator of the Black Drone. She is in a Hunter's Blind up in a large tree.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - LATE DAY

Marshal and Laura come up in the exact spot they were the last time they visited.

He takes his binoculars and looks down into the house.

MARSHAL

Looks empty, again.

LAURA

That's what we thought last time, remember?

Suddenly, out of the forest comes a group of Boulder Police S.W.A.T., and Boulder Detectives with a bullhorn.

MARSHAL

What the hell are they doing?

Laura raises her head and looks through her own glasses.

LAURA

It's the Boulder Police.

MARSHAL

This wasn't the plan. They're trying to take over the case.

BOULDER DETECTIVE

(on bullhorn)

People in the house, this is the Boulder Police and S.W.A.T. division. We have a Warrant for the arrest of John Roose and a Warrant to search the house and the...

An explosion of gun fire comes out of the front window as the House Keeper fires a Shot Gun into the S.W.A.T. Team.

They return fire instantly.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOME - CONTINUOUS

John runs into the front room yelling.

JOHN ROOSE

Don't shoot. What are you
doing? Don't...

The House Keeper is blown completely off her feet and further into the room away from the shattered front window.

JOHN ROOSE

My God what have you done?

A hail of gun fire blows holes in the walls, destroys furniture, shreds Wall Paintings blows Lamps up and tears through the front doors.

Roose drops to the floor and low-crawls towards the back of the house.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marshal and Laura stand up with their weapons out when the ground around them explodes from Drone Gun Fire.

They turn and see the Drone and dive under the branches of a huge pine Tree with low limbs.

The Drone is lowered and takes aim at the pair.
The sound of GUN FIRE erupts, and the Black Drone is blown to pieces by the Drone from Los Angeles and the Rooky.

Marshal and Laura watch the Black Drone crash straight down burning in pieces.

EXT. COLORADO FOREST - LATE DAY

John's female partner steps out of the Hunting Blind and crawls down a Rope Ladder.

Just before she touches the ground the Boulder Drone following her fires.

She drops a few more feet and stands still facing the tree with her hands in the air.

A speaker in the Drone is activated.

DRONE

This is Boulder Police, place
your hands over your head
and interlock your fingers.

She gives the Drone the finger, turns and runs.

The Drone follows.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - LATE DAY

The Boulder Police Force kicks in the front door and pile into the home.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John Roose is in the back of the house and crawls out a small door which opens under his desk and porch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John crawls along under the Deck until he reaches the end.

In front of him is a Barn and then an open, grass field to the tree line.

A helicopter flies over the house and turns in the distance.

John bolts out from under the deck and runs toward the barn.

Police from the other side of the house see him and fire at him.

He is struck once in the arm but reaches the barn and runs inside.

INT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marshal and Laura run in through the front door with their weapons drawn.

Police and Detectives turn and see them.

S.W.A.T. members point through the house toward the back.

Marshal and Laura run through the house and out the back door and onto the deck.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Laura and Marshal see several Officers, guns drawn, approach the barn.

Laura runs off the deck toward the back of the barn and Marshal follows.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BARN - CONTINUOUS

They come around the back of the barn in time to see John Roose disappear in the tree line.

They both run as fast as they can in pursuit.

The helicopter comes around and follows their pursuit.

EXT. COLORADO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Marshal and Laura break through the trees. It goes from very bright to very dark instantly.

They slow down to get use to the darkness.

A gun fires and a round tears a piece of pine bark off a near tree.

They both drop.

Gun fire returns from the helicopter. A Machine Gun tears up the forest far in front of them and then stops.

The helicopter moves on.

EXT. COLORADO FOREST - DAY

From the helicopter, John's head is seen flashing under the pine limbs. The helicopter follows right above him.

He stops below and fires at the craft.

The helicopter flies further off, turns and comes back strafing the forest floor with gunfire.

Laura and Marshal catch up with John.

Laura sees him dart in and out of the trees.

Running, she raises her weapon and empties the clip.

John, running in front of her, is hit across his neck and knocked down.

He jumps up, grabs his wound and changes direction into darker trees and boulders.

Laura arrives at the spot reloading a clip into her gun.

Marshal arrives, sweating and out of breath. She points in a direction.

Marshal shakes his head he understands, and she runs on.

MARSHAL

Be careful.

Marshal waits a few moments and then hobbles forward.

EXT. COLORADO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The forest is darker, and John is covered in his own blood as he stops to get his bearings.

He hears footsteps coming to one side of him.

John shifts his rifle around and props it on a boulder.

He lowers himself down as the footsteps come closer and closer.

Finally a body emerges from the dark trees and he fires.

In slow motion he sees her struck by his bullet, sees her look into his eyes as he recognizes his partner, sees her fall.

John runs to her and kneels. He is in anguish as he grabs her hand but there is no response.

She stares into his eyes with a cold, blank look of surprise.

John hears a sound and looks up and sees the Boulder Drone.

With one quick move he is up and from the hip he fires.

The Drone spins down, round and round and crashes only feet away.

He raises the rifle back up and the rifle is shattered at the hilt from a gunshot.

John turns just in time to see Laura break through the trees.

He raises his hands in the air.

Marshal shouts from behind her.

MARSHAL

Don't kill him.

Laura sees John's eyes, she sees the dead woman on the ground.

Her hands raise up and she empties the clip into his chest and face.

John Roose falls like a dead tree at the feet of Marshal as he staggers in and stops.

Marshal and Laura look at each other for a long time.

MARSHAL

Where I come from, they call
that self-defense. I know. I
saw the whole thing.

She lowers her gun.

Marshal holsters his weapon and checks both bodies for any sign of life.

The sounds of OTHER OFFICERS APPROACHING makes Marshal stand back up.

The unseen Los Angeles Drone overhead turns and flies away from the area.

Police, Detectives and S.W.A.T. all converge on the scene as Marshal leads Laura away toward the Barn.

INT. BOULDERADO HOTEL - NIGHT

Inside Marshal's Room, Laura sits at the table drinking shots from a Tequila bottle.

Marshal drinks coffee that he pours Rum into occasionally.

LAURA

I want to say...

MARSHAL

...that you did - what you had to do. It was self-defense and that is what I told everyone. And...

There is a knock at the door. Marshal walks to the door and opens it.

The Rooky steps in in plain clothes with a bottle of beer.

They both just stare at him.

ROOKY COP

What? Did you forget about me?

Marshal looks at Laura.

MARSHAL

What happened to you?

ROOKY COP

Well, I shot down the Black Drone before it shot at either of you. Your welcome. Then I followed you guys out, past the barn and finally to where he shot down the Drone from Boulder Police after he had accidentally shot her.

Again Marshal looks at Laura.

ROOKY COP (CONT'D)

And then, of course, the shooting where Laura - in self-defense pops the guy. The jerk who started all of this.

MARSHAL

Is that what your Drone recorded?

He looks at both of them and then slowly breaks out in a smile.

ROOKY COP

My Drone, unfortunately, suffered a complete loss of audio and video right at that moment because it was struck by...

MARSHAL

...one of his bullets.

ROOKY COP

Yes sir. Very unfortunate.

He holds up his bottle in a toast.

ROOKY COP

To the team.

MARSHAL & LAURA

To the team.

ROOKY COP

So, I have a table reserved downstairs along with some of the Cops from Boulder who were very impressed with our work. Especially since I told them that I did have video and audio of their approach to the house trying to take our case by being there first.

MARSHAL

My, my, my. It is just amazing
what l...

LAURA

...we would love to join you and
- thank you for saving our ass
from the Black Drone and the
Black Queen who operated it.

ROOKY COP

Hey. So, one other thing. The
Storage Units that I did the
research on - Boulder Police
found all his guns, ammunition,
packs, tents, food - in all
three, filled. Just wanted to
give you a heads up. Shall we.

He turns and walks to the door and opens it.

Marshal and Laura put down their drinks, collect their things
and join him.

ROOKY COP

Ladies first

She laughs and turns to Marshal.

LAURA

Age before beauty.

He laughs and shakes his finger playfully at her. He goes
out the door.

She turns, laughs and follows. The Rooky follows her.

Their laughter fades slowly out down the hotel hallway.

FADE OUT.

THE END