

WOUNDED KNEES

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EXT. POINT ST. GEORGE, CRESCENT CITY, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

SUPER: 1850

Tolowas dance around a fire, invoking Spirit's protection. White soldiers slaughter them. A white woman MELISSA (30) keeps dancing, untouched, out of place. Her face is rent with sorrow. She's wearing a pendant.

MELISSA

Hlsrk.

EXT. OUTSIDE CANDLESTICK PARK, HOME OF THE SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS FOOTBALL TEAM.

MELISSA is dancing, eyes closed, pained by her vision of the massacre. She is by a sidewalk table for psychic readings. She wears the pendant. Her half-Tolowa daughter FAWN REDFERN (14) tries to blend in.

SUPER: Fifteen Years Ago

People scurry into the sports cathedral. A mix of alcohol and excitement makes them prey for street hustlers.

MELISSA

Hlsrk. Red. Red death.  
(Coming out of it)  
Red. Place your bets on red and  
walk away rich. I see the Pittsburgh  
Pirates winning by a touchback.

FAN #1

Pirates? This is football. Come  
down to earth, lady.

A black limo pulls up. Tech Sector millionaires exit, tipping the driver hundreds, ignoring panhandlers. Fawn watches, hand outstretched and hungry.

Fawn spies a policeman and a man in an FBI windbreaker. They haven't spotted Melissa and Fawn yet, but they are looking.

FAWN

Let's go mom.

Melissa's consumed by the blood red color of a man's 49er jersey. Mentally she returns to the world of her vision. She dances and chants while Fawn focuses on the danger.

MELISSA

Hlsrik.... Hlsrik ... Hlsrik.

FAWN

Yes mom, it's a red jersey. But  
right now we have to leave. I've  
got one of those feelings.

Melissa stares blankly at Fawn then pushes her away.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Mom, they're after us again. We  
gotta go. They'll catch you.

MELISSA

Red death. Women and children,  
blood everywhere. Your father knows  
- knows about the red death.

The two lawmen approach. DANE SCOTT (30) wears an FBI  
windbreaker over his suit. Blue-clad policeman MARTY O'BRIEN  
(48) takes the lead.

MARTY O'BRIEN

What do you think, Mr. FBI Man?  
These the two?

Some fans slow down to watch. Melissa becomes aware of the  
danger.

MELISSA

So you come to give us death.

Melissa chants and dances.

DANE SCOTT

What the hell is she babbling  
about?

FAWN

It's a Tolowa ceremonial dance.

MARTY O'BRIEN

Tolowa?

FAWN

Yeah, a tribe up north... She's off  
her medication.

DANE SCOTT

Sounds like she's off her  
reservation, too.

MARTY O'BRIEN

That makes you a half breed?

Fawn is offended and steps toward O'Brien. The tension draws Melissa closer to the two men, arm around Fawn.

MELISSA

Sneak up and cut our throats. Red death, you know.

DANE SCOTT

You crazy sister? Huh?

MELISSA

Crazy shit going on. I feel... the voices.

(suddenly screaming)

You bastards killed them all! I saw you murder them! Red death!

Melissa draws a knife and gashes Dane's face. He staggers. As O'Brien is caught off guard, Melissa kicks him in the balls.

MARTY O'BRIEN

(groaning in pain)

Bitch, you're dead.

Dane holds his face wound, noticing a fast growing audience.

DANE SCOTT

Everybody calm down. We've got this. Just move along now.

MARTY O'BRIEN

Indian dick gave you a little blanket burner, didn't it?

O'Brien punches Melissa, who drops to the ground. Dane puts her in handcuffs. Fawn leaps onto O'Brien's back, and he throws her to the ground.

DANE SCOTT

Easy! She's just a kid.

O'Brien handcuffs Fawn then yanks her to a sitting position. He shoots Dane a dangerous look.

MARTY O'BRIEN

Don't mess with an Irish cop, boy-oh. Take care of the troll, and I'll handle the breed.

Fawn hugs herself, rocking.

DANE SCOTT

Knocking around a homeless woman  
and her girl in public? Look around  
you, man.

FAWN

(To herself)

It's all right, little bird, it's  
all right.

MELISSA

What's the deal? Red death. That's  
the deal! Red death is the real  
deal.

FAWN

It's all right, little bird, it's  
all right.

MARTY O'BRIEN

You're pushing your FBI bullshit  
just a little too far.

DANE SCOTT

One word from me and you're out,  
fool. Don't screw with the Bureau.

Dane threatens him with his fist, bedecked by an insignia  
ring.

INT. POLICE STATION, MARTY O'BRIEN'S DESK - LATER

Dane sits on the desk. His face is puffy and sports stitches.  
Fawn sits in a chair. Dane enjoys controlling her, towering  
over her while invading her personal space.

DANE SCOTT

Your mom's looking at serious jail  
time. I can help you stay out of  
the system. You got family?

They stare each other down.

FAWN

Fuck it. Yeah, give me a pen and  
paper.

DANE SCOTT

Fuck it? How about please? You  
know, I don't have to be here. This  
is not my desk.

FAWN  
Sure man. Pleeez.

Fawn writes down a number and hands it to Dane.

DANE SCOTT  
707 area code?

FAWN  
Smith River... It's up near  
Crescent City.

DANE SCOTT  
You're kidding.

FAWN  
Near Oregon. Ever hear of it?

DANE SCOTT  
You mean Cascadia.

FAWN  
Catch a clue. That shit's not  
happening.

DANE SCOTT  
Yet.

FAWN  
Whatever.

DANE SCOTT  
Listen, Cascadia is rising. It's  
more real than you think.

FAWN  
Are you mental? You asked me for a  
phone number. I gave it to you. Ask  
for Chief Dan Redfern.

DANE SCOTT  
What?

FAWN  
Chief Dan Redfern of the Tolowa  
Nation was my mom's... sperm donor.  
They had an affair.

Dane slides behind the desk, smirking, dials the number on a  
desk phone.

DANE SCOTT  
Will your dad be surprised?

FAWN

Who gives a shit? I'm only calling  
the bastard for bail money.

INT. TOLOWA TRIBAL HEADQUARTERS SMITH RIVER, CALIFORNIA - DAY

DAN REDFERN (50) compares Tolowa Chief campaign flyers for himself and his opponent, Charlie Burns. He answers his red desk phone as it rings.

INSERT - CHARLIE BURNS CAMPAIGN FLYER

Which boldly states "I'm Not For Sale, But He Is"

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dane patiently listens to a desk phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DAN REDFERN

Tolowa Nation Headquarters. Chief Redfern. How can I help you?

DANE SCOTT

This is Agent Dane Scott of the FBI in San Francisco. Your, um, wife has been arrested by the SFPD.

DAN REDFERN

I'm not married Mr. Scott, so I don't intend to provide bail money. Will that be all?

DANE SCOTT

How do you know I'm calling for bail money?

DAN REDFERN

So, you've got Fawn too.

DANE SCOTT

Your daughter is free to go as long as you can get someone here to pick...

Fawn nervously stares at Dane, trying to read him.

DAN REDFERN  
Fawn's her mother's child. She  
chose to turn her back on the  
tribe.

Dane leans back in his chair and shakes his head no. Fawn  
pushes the speaker button on the desk phone.

FAWN  
You could have stopped us!

DANE SCOTT  
What the hell?

DAN REDFERN  
Your mother made her choice. You  
danced in her footsteps blindly.

FAWN  
I was seven! Where was my father  
while we slept under bridges?

DAN REDFERN  
Fawn knows the terms of a return  
all too well, Mr. Scott.

FAWN  
Too busy playing chief to worry  
about his only daughter. We starved  
most of the time, jackass.

Fawn flips off the phone.

DANE SCOTT  
Legally and morally you have to  
care for your daughter.

DAN REDFERN  
Have a nice day, Mr. Scott.

DANE SCOTT  
It's Agent Scott. You keep making  
that mistake.

DAN REDFERN  
I'll make a note of it in my diary.

Both hang up.

FAWN  
I've always been collateral damage  
to him. He hates me but he loves  
his dead wife's son.



DANE SCOTT  
Collateral damage? How old are you?

FAWN  
Fourteen, but six years on the  
street counts double.

DANE SCOTT  
Okay, Collateral Damage, let's exit  
and avoid the police report.

Dane grabs a small sack from the desk.

FAWN  
What's in the sack?

DANE SCOTT  
Your mom's magic shit. You know,  
for keepsakes. Here.

Fawn looks in the bag, pulls out a pendant, slips it on.

FAWN  
Melissa always finds some crazy way  
out of shit. She'll want it back.

DANE SCOTT  
You'll do so much better with a  
little guidance - you know, someone  
to take care of you.

FAWN  
Got somebody in mind?

DANE SCOTT  
You want to get off the streets?

FAWN  
Not if it means Smith River. I can  
take care of myself. I don't need  
Chief Redfern or his Tolowa rules.

DANE SCOTT  
No need to struggle anymore.

FAWN  
What's the deal?

DANE SCOTT  
I'll take care of you, and... I'll  
let you do some things for me.

They survey each other.

## MONTAGE - FAWN BECOMES DANE'S

-- AT A RESTAURANT -- Fawn devours a cheeseburger, fries and strawberry milkshake. Dane smiles as the odd couple catch the eye of customers.

-- COUNTY JAIL -- Melissa's shoved into an empty cell. The door is slammed and locked behind her. She begins to chant. Other prisoners react.

-- AT TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE -- Dane buys Fawn new clothes, putting a big smile on her face. She can't have them yet.

-- COUNTY JAIL -- O'Brien turns off the recording device then strolls down a hallway with a prison shank. He unlocks her cell door. Melissa dances and chants as if she's alone.

-- AT DANE SCOTT'S HOME -- Dane gives Fawn a bar of soap, pink towel and a new bathrobe. Points to a bathroom. Fawn manages a smile. Strange chemistry.

-- COUNTY JAIL -- O'Brien's gone from Melissa's cell. Her pants are bunched near her ankles. Her throat has been slashed, blood pooling. "Red Death" is written in her blood.

-- AT DANE SCOTT'S HOME -- Dane brings a clean Fawn to a bedroom decorated for a teenage girl. His sweeping gesture indicates it's Fawn's room. As she walks in, Dane steps in front of her. He cradles her cheek in his palm. Her eyes are wide with fear.

## INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Fawn (29) sits on exam table in hospital gown.

SUPER: The Present

DOCTOR

The MRI results are negative as well... Your lab results relatively good.

FAWN

Relatively?

DOCTOR

You live off fast food and booze. You can get dressed now.

The doctor pulls a curtain between them.

FAWN

I run it off.

Fawn dresses. She's beautiful, sexy and extremely fit. She wears Melissa's pendant.

DOCTOR

Doesn't make food harmless... Let's hear it again about your visions and the voices.

FAWN

Look man, here's the deal. I got my mom's disease. Clearly I'm crazy.

DOCTOR

I've known you for many years. It's my opinion that you're as sane as any other undercover FBI agent.

FAWN

That's not very comforting.

DOCTOR

It wasn't meant to be.

FAWN

I don't seem to fit in anywhere.

Doctor picks up a hardcover book: "SSK - Sea Shell Killer" by Dane Scott, FBI Special Agent in Charge.

DOCTOR

You fit in at the FBI.

FAWN

But the voices, the things I see, the feelings. It's exhausting!

DOCTOR

If your mother was a true psychic - and you're grandma's a Tolowa seer, you might have a real gift.

FAWN

It feels like I'm at war with myself.

Fawn pulls back the curtain, completely dressed.

DOCTOR

The Greeks said it best: "Know thyself." Self discovery's the path home.

FAWN

Maybe my home is the FBI. At least I'm accepted there.

DOCTOR

I hate to ask, but could you get me another signed copy of his book?

Doctor hands the book to Fawn who thumbs through it. It falls open to a picture of dentalia shells.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Autographing the shells page would be especially nice.

FAWN

Remember send the bill directly to me. No insurance!

DOCTOR

Get me the autographed copy, and your employer will never know.

FAWN

Sure they will. It's the FBI. Privacy invasion is what we do. I'm just trying to buy some time.

INT. STAKEOUT HEADQUARTERS IN A HOTEL - NIGHT

The FBI is staked out in a two-room suite overlooking a park. Fawn enters, carrying a suitcase. Dane turns to meet her, wearing his FBI jacket, while other agents scurry about.

DANE SCOTT

Got your costume in there, Agent Redfern?

FAWN

Yeah, Halloween Hooker, ready to go. What's the deal?

DANE SCOTT

Senator likes street pussy, and he's loose with government details during the act.

FAWN

Not in my contract. Do I keep the money?

DANE SCOTT

Just be near the scene.

FAWN

Sounds like I should put on my outfit.

DANE SCOTT

I'll join you. We can flesh out the details.

They exit. Other agents snicker knowingly.

INT. BEDROOM OF HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn flirts and makes a half-hearted attempt to move away as Dane pursues the pleasure he has exploited for years. He wraps his arms around her from behind. He still wears the insignia ring.

FAWN

You know sleeping with a subordinate is strictly against regulations. You must love me.

Fawn spins out of Dane's grip and jumps on the bed. She bounces up and down like a juvenile, teasing. Her pendant jangles between her breasts. Dane becomes excited.

DANE SCOTT

You can't hide from the FBI.

Dane tackles Fawn, pulling off her pants. He tries controlling Fawn, but she's no longer fourteen. She's a trained FBI agent. They tussle; it's foreplay.

FAWN

You never listen to me but you sure like to control me.

DANE SCOTT

You became a disciplined FBI agent who does as she's told.

Dane shoves her under him. She reaches up and taps the scar left from Melissa's knife. She tugs on his belt and loosens his pants with genuine passion.

FAWN

Aren't I too old for you now?

DANE SCOTT

You're different.

FAWN

You're fucking right I am and don't forget it.

Fawn escapes his grasp and pulls Dane's pants down. She bends at the waist and slowly backs up to Dane. He mounts her from behind, slides in and out. He moans with pleasure.

DANE SCOTT

I taught you well, little bird.  
Don't you stop.

FAWN

What if I do?

Fawn steps away, turns and pushes him backwards onto the bed. Quickly she's on top riding him.

DANE

Jesus, you're good.

Dane slides his hands under her shirt and latches onto her breasts.

DANE (CONT'D)

Shit that's good. Don't you stop.  
Don't stop. Damn girl.

Dane breathes rapidly and his grunts intensify.

FAWN

Sure, it's good. You took me in and taught me how to get you off.

DANE SCOTT

Oh shit. Oh... OH SHIT! You were a great student. Oh shit... Eager to learn. So young... so tender.

Dane attempts to regain control of the sex. Fawn knocks his hands away and speeds her hips harder and faster.

DANE SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh yes. Yes! Yes! God damn, yes!

Dane lets out loud groans as he reaches orgasm. Fawn slowly dismounts and heads to the shower, leaving Dane spent.

DANE SCOTT (CONT'D)

(feebly protests)  
Where are you going? You haven't...  
Are we taking a shower?

FAWN  
 Big night in front of us. Your  
 pants are down, Special Agent in  
 Charge. Get your head in the game.

Fawn kisses Dane and then exits to the bathroom.

DANE SCOTT  
 (softly)  
 You have no idea the game's run  
 through my head.

EXT. MISSION DISTRICT OF SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Fawn's disguised as a street walker. She whispers into a  
 hidden microphone.

FAWN  
 He's taking her towards Dolores  
 Park.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
 Why's he deviating from his  
 routine? Circle around and meet us  
 on Church Street.

FAWN  
 Roger that.

EXT. DOLORES PARK - CONTINUOUS

A smartly dressed SENATOR MAXWELL SHILSTONE (55) escorts a  
 tacky JOSIE WALKER (15) in Dolores Park.

JOSIE WALKER  
 My pimp says you flash me some cash  
 or no jumping my ass. Ya feel me?

Shilstone passes her a hundred dollar bill.

SHILSTONE  
 This get me the key to your  
 kingdom?

JOSIE WALKER  
 Honey, that gets ya the grand tour.

They disappear into the landscaping. Fawn notices a man  
 tailing the pair. It pulls her focus temporarily.

FAWN  
 We got company. He's tracking.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
 Who's tracking?  
 (pause - no response)  
 Fawn, what the fuck is going on?

Fawn is staring into space. She sees the immediate future.

INSERT - FAWN'S VISION

Translucent figures: A man attacks Senator Shilstone with a pistol then a baseball bat.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN  
 He's going to be attacked.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
 What? How do you know?

FAWN  
 (more urgent)  
 Clobbered with a bat... There's a gun. Jesus! We may be too late.

EXT. GROVE OF TREES IN DOLORES PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Josie Walker's on her knees in front of Senator Shilstone. She loosens his pants.

JOSIE WALKER  
 Don't be shy. What do you want, Honey? You can tell ol' Josie.

SHILSTONE  
 I want to nail the Indian casinos. The skins don't pay taxes.

JOSIE WALKER  
 Do we need a condom for that?

They hear someone hightailing it towards them.

FAWN (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 This is the law. You're in danger. We're here to help.

SHILSTONE  
 The hell you say.

Senator Shilstone shoves Josie Walker and pulls up his pants. She screams as she tumbles.



JOSIE WALKER

Oh, hell no. This ain't happening.

The Senator sprints off, leaving his briefcase. Still kneeling, Josie grabs it and hides it in the bushes.

JOSIE WALKER (CONT'D)

Just like he planned.

EXT. DOLORES PARK BOTTOM OF A KNOLL - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn reaches Josie Walker, who sluggishly rises.

FAWN

Where's the Senator?

JOSIE WALKER

Bastard who took off?

FAWN

YES!

Josie Walker points the way.

JOSIE WALKER

He's a Senator?

Fawn charges off.

FAWN

He's headed straight towards the basketball court. Hustle it up.

EXT. DOLORES PARK BASKETBALL COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn heads to the basketball court. She sees a flash, hears a gunshot. Seconds later, a dull thud. Another flash and gunshot. Silence, then rapid impact sounds.

FAWN

(Yelling)

This is the law.

Fawn sees a flash and immediately hears the bullet's impact nearby. She scrambles for the ground and steadies her weapon.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Shots fired. Shots fired. Near the basketball court. Agent needs assistance, pronto!

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
 Everyone stay put. Fawn, do you see  
 the good Senator from your  
 position? Confirm.

FAWN  
 Repeat: agent needs assistance.  
 Shots fired. He's not moving, and  
 I'm pinned down.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
 Are you sure? Visual confirmation?

FAWN  
 You trying to get me killed? Yeah,  
 I'm sure. Send the bus.

Fawn hears sirens come alive. Flashing lights quickly appear.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 You're too late, Dane. You never  
 listen to me you asshole.

EXT. DOLORES PARK BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

Senator Shilstone has been shot in the forehead and the  
 chest. Dane towers over the prone body. Agents scramble in  
 coordinated chaos.

DANE SCOTT  
 Damn, this is going to be hard to  
 explain.

Fawn produces Josie Walker to Dane. He brightens.

JOSIE WALKER  
 I didn't do nothing... Is he dead?

DANE SCOTT  
 Pretty much, little lady. Was he  
 your client?

JOSIE WALKER  
 Yep. Poor thing, never got his last  
 hummer.

DANE SCOTT  
 See anything unusual?

JOSIE WALKER  
 Besides this crazy bitch stampeding  
 our private moment?

FAWN  
 Yeah? You're alive, aren't you?  
 (to Dane)  
 Can I work the scene?

DANE SCOTT  
 Medical Examiner isn't here yet, so  
 watch yourself. Meantime I'll  
 debrief this witness.

FAWN  
 I'll be around if you need me.

Fawn works her way around the body scrutinizing the tiniest details. She adjusts prosthetic breasts then approaches Josie Walker and Dane.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
 Lot's of small stippling in a small  
 diameter.

DANE SCOTT  
 Yep, shot at real close range.

FAWN  
 His knees were beat a bit.

DANE SCOTT  
 I guess we have another copy cat.

FAWN  
 Where's his briefcase?

JOSIE WALKER  
 (winks at Dane)  
 Who's going to pay me?

FAWN  
 Prostitution and manslaughter  
 sounds like a fair reward?

JOSIE WALKER  
 Then I wouldn't shed light on your  
 investigation. Take your pick.

Dane makes eye contact with Josie Walker.

FAWN  
 I said, where is his briefcase?

JOSIE WALKER  
 I wasn't looking at his briefcase,  
 honey. You feel me? Now get your  
 discount silicone out of my face.

INT. FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE OUTER OFFICE - DAY

FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE is grilling Dane, whose back faces Fawn. Outside the closed door, Fawn waits for her ass chewing. The boss's face is seen through the glass.

INT. FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE INNER OFFICE -  
CONTINUOUS

The FBI Assistant Director in Charge hammers Dane. A familiar briefcase rests nearby.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE  
Where the fuck have you been the  
last few days?

DANE SCOTT  
Personal emergency required my full  
attention. It couldn't be avoided.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE  
A US Senator's murdered on our  
watch, and you disappear with the  
star witness? Jesus, Scott.

DANE SCOTT  
We have quality leads. The team's  
working them.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE  
Classified documents taken right  
under our noses, and you have  
"quality leads?" Fuck me running.

Lifting up the Senator's briefcase.

DANE SCOTT  
Here's his briefcase. No classified  
documents found in it.

Assistant Director's phone beeps and lights up. He flails.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE  
New phones never work right.

Assistant Director randomly pushes buttons until we hear...

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
CNN reporter on line two is asking  
about Senator Shilstone. Do you  
want to take it?

Assistant Director in Charge pushes buttons, becoming even more angry.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE  
Hello. Hello. Where the hell did he  
go? Hello? Son of a bitch!

Assistant Director slams the telephone down but the light keeps blinking.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Fuck it.  
(to Dane)  
You dumped a colossal pile of shit  
on the Bureau, and now I have to  
clean it up. I don't have the time.

DANE SCOTT  
People panicked.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
He's still waiting.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE.  
You're fucking kidding me.

Assistant Director again pushes buttons, unknowingly triggering the office PA system.

INT. OUTSIDE OF ASSISTANT DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everything's now heard on the intercom.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE (O.S.)  
Like your bombshell undercover  
agent out there?

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
What about her?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE (O.S.)  
You were in charge, and she was on  
point. One of you froze. Somebody's  
taking the hit.

People in the outer office stop what they're doing and listen. Some stare at Fawn. Others look away stunned.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
It was an honest mistake but nobody  
gets a second strike at the FBI.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE (O.S.)  
Place the blame elsewhere. Even  
putting SSK in prison won't get you  
a pass on this screw-up.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
So you're ordering me to throw her  
under the bus?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE (O.S.)  
A goddam US Senator. Everyone is  
hounding us. Pull the trigger  
already.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
The investigation's still pending.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE (O.S.)  
Everybody knows you're nailing her.  
If you ever want to be President,  
save your ass. She's expendable.

DANE SCOTT (O.S.)  
Don't mock me. The future's not  
written.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN CHARGE  
You know the score. I don't care  
which one of you goes down. Get me?

Fawn fights her emotions. The receptionist runs toward the  
Assistant Director's Office. Fawn's overwhelmed. She swiftly  
bolts away, angrily kicking over a trash can on her exit.

EXT. FRONT OF A NEARBY LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn gulps from a pint of booze cloaked in a bag. Fawn's cell  
phone rings. Wiping her tears, she places the bottle in her  
pocket and answers her phone, walking.

INT. OFFICES IN LUCKY SEVEN CASINO, SMITH RIVER, CALIFORNIA -  
SAME TIME

BUCK REDFERN (38), casino general manager for the Tolowa  
Tribe, holds a desk phone.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

FAWN  
Buck, you have unbelievably bad  
timing. Not the moment for a family  
debate right now.

BUCK

Come home. Dad was at the....

FAWN

Your Dad! To me he's Melissa's sperm donor. I don't want to hear his bullshit, not today!

BUCK

Your crazy white mother has nothing to do with this.

FAWN

Was that necessary? I get it, she wasn't Tolowa. Why are you calling?

BUCK

Dad was attacked and killed.

Fawn stops walking. Pauses. Takes out the bottle and slams a drink, shudders.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Fawn are you there?

FAWN

Murdered? Aw, hell. When? I mean do they know who? All the years... What's the deal, Buck?

BUCK

Come home Fawn. We need someone to investigate.

FAWN

Really? There's no law enforcement in Del Norte County?

BUCK

All we have is an Acting Sheriff named Pickle and he couldn't track a blind cow.

FAWN

I can't do this right now. I'm in the fight of my career.

BUCK

The tribe needs you. Don't blow this shot.

FAWN

What about Charlie Burns? He's always wanted to be chief.

BUCK  
That's not funny, Fawn. Just...  
come home. He's still your father.

INT. GATHERING AFTER FUNERAL - DAY

MOURNERS gather in the Naa-svt Room at the Lucky Seven Casino, Smith River, California to celebrate the life of Tolowa Chief Dan Redfern. The decor is rustic and tasteful.

BUCK  
I meant what I said. Thanks for  
coming. So what's the deal with  
your job at the FBI?

FAWN  
I'm dealing with some shit.

BUCK  
That murdered Senator?

FAWN  
That murdered senator was coming  
after Indian gaming. Now we're  
burying a chief. It smells.

BUCK  
The tribal council thinks the best  
way to solve dad's murder is making  
you Sheriff of Del Norte County.

FAWN  
A woman? A Tolowa woman, no less,  
as Sheriff of Del Norte County? Un-  
fucking-believable.

BUCK  
You want a path out of the FBI,  
we'll supply the votes needed.

Buck points to ACTING SHERIFF ARNOLD PICKLE (40), a sub-average hard-ass in a sawed-off package. Pickle prowls the gathering with deputies. He zeroes in on WALLACE (28).

PICKLE  
Hey Chief, show me some ID.

WALLACE  
I didn't do anything, Pickle.

PICKLE  
You and Charlie Burns always  
opposed Redfern, and now he's dead.



WALLACE

That don't make us killers.

PICKLE

We need to discuss your whereabouts when Redfern was attacked, Wallace.

WALLACE

You know I was right here, working at the blackjack table.

PICKLE

The badge I carry says different.

WALLACE

Get off your high horse. You're just the Acting Sheriff.

Buck makes his way to the confrontation.

BUCK

You have to do this now, at our father's funeral? Jesus, Pickle.

PICKLE

Funeral was earlier. By the way, sorry for your loss.

BUCK

I don't believe this guy. Do I have to file an official complaint with the mayor's office?

PICKLE

These people always have outstanding warrants. Besides, you don't know Wallace like I do.

BUCK

We took your body shop. Care to lose something else - something a little smaller? Glad to oblige.

Pickle fumes, but then slinks off.

PICKLE

I'll be back for you, Wallace.

FAWN

C'mon, let's take this conversation off-line. I need a drink. Walk with me.

BUCK

There's beer and wine at our hosted bar.

FAWN

No offense, I could use something a little stronger. More privacy in the sports lounge.

INT. SPORTS BAR AT LUCKY SEVEN CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Fawn and Buck walk into the casino lounge and find GRAM (75), their grandmother and Shaman.

GRAM

Did you see? Pickle's after it again.

BUCK

We're all felons according to him. I can't think of a worse time for Sheriff Hopper to die.

GRAM

Fawn will handle Pickle when she's Sheriff.

FAWN

Look, I'm not going to be Sheriff. I've seen my future, and it's just not this small.

(To BARTENDER)

Grey Goose, double, neat.

GRAM

The visions are only guideposts, possibilities. Few whites know we have the power to change them.

Bartender serves. Fawn pays.

FAWN

Here we go with the whites versus Tolowa speech. I don't have to be psychic to know that's coming.

GRAM

Your mother robbed you of your heritage, and whites massacred our ancestors. They took their land.

Fawn tosses back the drink.

FAWN

Those soldiers doing the killing  
were also my ancestors. You forget  
my family's in both worlds.

GRAM

I don't forget. But I think you do.

INT. HOTEL NEAR FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Dane dials his desk phone. He's with Josie Walker.

INT. GATHERING AFTER FUNERAL - SAME TIME

Fawn's cell phone vibrates. She looks at the number and  
answers.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

FAWN

How goes the shit storm?

DANE SCOTT

Didn't you get my roses?

FAWN

Yeah, yellow, just like you. I  
never figured you for a traitor.

DANE SCOTT

Harsh words. You know I had to make  
a choice. They treating you good up  
there?

FAWN

I'm ready to get back on the job.

DANE SCOTT

Yeah, well the Bureau's buckling  
under public pressure. They're  
putting you on leave. Without pay.

FAWN

They're going to fire me. You can't  
help me?

DANE SCOTT

You should get an attorney 'cause  
it don't look good.

JOSIE WALKER (O.S.)  
 You look good to me, stud. Ya feel  
 me?

Fawn hears Josie in the background.

FAWN  
 Even now you bastard? Isn't she too  
 old for you?

DANE SCOTT  
 She's got valuable information.

FAWN  
 She took the Senator's briefcase  
 for you?

DANE SCOTT  
 Like I said, you should get an  
 attorney.

FAWN  
 Shit, and to I think I loved you.

Fawn hangs up. Fawn marches back to the Naa'svt Room,  
 determined. Buck follows on her heels as they find Pickle and  
 Deputy handcuffing Wallace.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
 Hey, short stick.

PICKLE  
 Who, me?

FAWN  
 Yeah, I mean you, Gerkin. Ever hear  
 of due process? Let's see how you  
 handle someone who can fight back.

PICKLE  
 Who, you?

FAWN  
 There's going to be a new sheriff  
 in town. Your cakewalk is done.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT 4 X 4 - DAY

Fawn pilots her Jeep down a gravel road through Redwood  
 National Park. She approaches a Coroner's van and sheriff  
 vehicles.

SUPER: Six Months Later

Fawn pulls up to a yellow taped crime scene. Dan Redfern's case file and a pint of booze are next to her. Fawn puts the bottle in the glove box, tests her breath.

EXT. PARKING AREA OF CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

JOSEPH HAMILTON (60) exits a minivan marked "Del Norte Triplicate". He holds a film camera.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Sheriff Redfern, this is your first murder investigation after a contentious election.

FAWN  
If it isn't Joseph Hamilton of the *Triplicate*. You know campaigns are always daunting for a Redfern.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
You worked vice in the Bay Area. You ready for Homicide?

FAWN  
I saw plenty of stiffs working for the FBI, Mr. Hamilton.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Many feel your tribe bought the election. How do you respond?

Fawn ducks under the yellow tape.

FAWN  
All I know is more people voted for me than my opponent. Now, please stay outside my crime scene.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
I shoot all of the violent crime scenes. What, no one told you?

FAWN  
As non-sworn personnel, you need to stay put until I say so. I can't let you pack a gun either.

Joseph Hamilton holds up his camera. As Fawn walks away.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
This is my only weapon.

EXT. DEAD BODY IN BRUSH UNDER REDWOODS - CONTINUOUS

The body of WENDELL PEACOCK (45) lies prone among ferns. CORONER (60) and Pickle examine the body.

FAWN

What do we have?

CORONER

Shot once in the head and once in the chest.

Fawn leans over and looks at the wound.

FAWN

Look at that - right between the eyes. Is this the point of origin?

PICKLE

He wasn't shot here. No blood pooling, or physical evidence.

FAWN

Small caliber. Twenty-two, I'm guessing. Judging by the stippling, shot at close range.

CORONER

Clearly homicide. Other than that I'll need the autopsy.

Fawn crosses to Coroner.

FAWN

We check his ID?

CORONER

Don't need to. Local guy named Wendell Peacock. Full time drinker and big time gambler.

PICKLE

Point of entry was probably by those trees. Small parking area.

EXT. SMALL GROVE OF REDWOOD TREES - CONTINUOUS

Fawn bends down to get close look at evidence. She smells or tastes things.

INSERT - FAINT TIRE TRACKS.

Fawn notices faint tire tracks. Wearing latex gloves she reaches for the tracks but stops short of actually touching.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN

This scene look staged to you?

PICKLE

I don't know. Maybe.

FAWN

Like in a movie set - except those tire tracks over there.

INT. 4X4 SHERIFF VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn opens her father's case file and examines two crime scene photographs. She closes her eyes and concentrates.

FAWN

Yes, I see it...

EXT. PEACOCK CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn is back with the Coroner and Pickle.

CORONER

The body placement reminds me of Jack Wilson's murder a decade ago, but he was shot through both eyes.

FAWN

Both eyes. You're sure?

PICKLE

Melvin Wasneg, the Sea Shell Killer, is doing life at Pelican Bay for the Wilson murder.

Fawn's compares the pictures of her father's gunshot wounds with Peacock's body.

FAWN

Dan was shot in both eyes, but not this guy. Between the eyes or through them, it takes skill.

CORONER

We're looking at a pro marksman, sure. Are you thinking dentalia shells?

FAWN

Pass me some gloves.

Fawn takes latex gloves from the Coroner and moves to Peacock's head, kneels. Slowly she opens his mouth and finds three Dentalia shells.

PICKLE

What the hell?

FAWN

Get pictures of everything. We'll need a tire exemplar at the point of entry.

She points to Hamilton.

FAWN (CONT'D)

We should have our own photographer.

PICKLE

Hamilton. Move your ass, you lazy sack.

Hamilton dives under the yellow tape and hustles as if he's late for his son's wedding. He sets up his 30-year-old 4X5 film camera. Fawn notices the old camera.

FAWN

What's the deal?

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Standard rate for pictures, but I keep the negatives.

FAWN

Film? You don't use a digital camera? Christ, it's the twenty-first century.

PICKLE

We make due behind the Redwood Curtain.

FAWN

Hello? Without a digital camera, we don't have a digital algorithm.

PICKLE

Come again?



FAWN

An electronic record of the date  
and time the picture was taken.

Hamilton is overly deliberate. Fawn loses patience. She grabs  
her smart phone and takes digital photos.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

You want digital? I could scan the  
prints for you.

FAWN

Even hillbilly police departments  
send digital photos to ViCAP.

PICKLE

ViCAP?

FAWN

The FBI database. You've heard of  
the FBI, right?

PICKLE

You found sea shells on a few  
stiffs. So what? People read books  
about SSK. They watch TV about SSK.

FAWN

There are similarities in these  
murders. I just can't write it off.

PICKLE

Shells or no shells, we've already  
convicted SSK.

CORONER

No shells in Chief Redfern's mouth.  
Peacock's still got both eyes.

PICKLE

Right. The MO is different.

FAWN

You know... maybe Melvin Wasneg's  
innocent.

PICKLE

Innocent?

FAWN

The real SSK is screwing with us.  
Switching things is part of his MO.

CORONER

Could also be partners, or even a  
small team of killers.

Coroner uses scissors to cut Peacock's pant legs. Both knees  
and shins were severely beaten.

PICKLE

Somebody was pissed at this old  
boy.

FAWN

Peacock's knees look like Wilson's?

CORONER

Nope, no leg injuries on Wilson.  
Looks like these were inflicted  
post mortem.

PICKLE

Beat the victim after he died?

FAWN

The killer's signature is strange.  
Busted kneecaps, shells in the  
mouth, shots to the head and chest.

CORONER

The busted kneecaps aren't found on  
every victim.

FAWN

Body posing is different as well.  
Nothing conclusive here. Keep  
digging.

PICKLE

I had a date tonight, you know.

FAWN

Cancel it, Pickle. The fat lady  
hasn't sung yet.

EXT. POINT ST. GEORGE BEACH - TWILIGHT

Fawn is jogging along the water line. Translucent visions of  
Tolowa and white children from the eighteen hundreds  
rambunctiously interact with her as she glides over wet sand.

FAWN

Kids night out.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Wearing a telephone headset, Dane dials a number on his desk phone. He reviews documents as the call rings.

EXT. POINT ST. GEORGE BEACH - SAME TIME

Fawn hears her cell phone ringing in her nearby Jeep. Fawn runs to answer it. Dan Redfern's police file is on the passenger's seat.

FAWN

How are things at the FBI?

INTERCUT Telephone Conversation:

DANE SCOTT

Great! How are things tracking Bigfoot?

FAWN

Shows what you know, city boy. We call him Sasquatch.

DANE SCOTT

You sound winded. Replace me with a logger?

FAWN

Not many loggers these days.

DANE SCOTT

Some heavy breathing.

FAWN

Running the beach while I wait for a certain jackass to return my call.

DANE SCOTT

I set up an interview for you with the Field Office in El Paso.

FAWN

I like being in charge so no.

DANE SCOTT

Closing the door at the FBI and writing us off as a loss?

FAWN

What's the deal with the full court press?

DANE SCOTT  
Fantastic sex?

FAWN  
Should have thought about that  
before throwing me in the trash.

DANE SCOTT  
I gotta go.

FAWN  
I'm emailing you photos from my  
cell phone.

DANE SCOTT  
Photos? Are they what I think?

FAWN  
Just stop. I know you're nailing  
Shilstone's fifteen-year-old  
hooker.

DANE SCOTT  
I don't have a clue what you're  
talking about.

FAWN  
Stop lying or I'll have you  
arrested. See if you can do the  
right thing with the photos.

DANE SCOTT  
Josie's eighteen.

FAWN  
I'm sure she is with a fake ID.

DANE SCOTT  
Is there a point to this pissing  
match?

FAWN  
Melvin Wasneg's a patsy for the  
real SSK who also murdered Chief  
Dan Redfern.

DANE SCOTT  
Plenty of copy cat killers for SSK.

FAWN  
Last time I saw your girlfriend she  
had another man's cock in her  
mouth. I'll be in touch.

INT. GRAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gram and Fawn eat dinner.

GRAM  
You need training to deal with your  
visions.

FAWN  
Help me with this case first, then  
we'll talk Shamanic training.

Gram slowly nods yes.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
What's the deal with the shells?

GRAM  
You think it's Tolowa ritual?  
Placing shells in the mouths of the  
dead? No.

FAWN  
What is it then?

GRAM  
A tease.

FAWN  
And you know that how?

GRAM  
A Shaman knows. You need to learn  
trust, little bird.

FAWN  
I need evidence to catch a killer.

GRAM  
The second sight is a gift. It  
requires cultivation.

FAWN  
I don't have time for that, Gram.  
I've got to bring a murderer to  
justice.

GRAM  
Meditate and tranquility will come.  
The still pond makes ready for the  
ripples. Fear keeps wisdom at bay.

FAWN  
Meditating drives me up a wall.

GRAM

If you don't own the gift, it will own you. You can't shut it off.

FAWN

When I start to trust everything in my life goes to shit.

GRAM

Because you doubt yourself and trust what is false. Whites lie, cheat, kill and steal.

FAWN

I have to live in both worlds. What do you say to that?

GRAM

Prepare for ripples. They will come whether or not you're ready.

INT. CORONER OFFICE - DAY

Coroner goes over his findings with Fawn.

CORONER

Found a few more possible matches - cases with wounded knees.

FAWN

Oh?

CORONER

Plus some others shot once in the head, once in the heart.

FAWN

How long ago?

CORONER

One goes back to eighty-eight, before the casino.

FAWN

Seems like two distinct patterns emerge from all these murders.

CORONER

Are you sure?

FAWN

The patterns have striking similarities, like cousins. Let's take a look at the whole family.

CORONER

Busting knees is what mobsters do. Muscle is muscle, no matter the wrapping.

FAWN

There are lots of ways to settle debts without beating and killing.

CORONER

Tolowa are grabbing local businesses at an alarming rate.

FAWN

Yes, I'm aware of that allegation.

CORONER

Allegation? Once I owned the best mortuary in the county - total job security. Now I'm a civil servant.

FAWN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

CORONER

Investigate, don't lead the cheers.

INT. LUCKY SEVEN CASINO PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Fawn pressures Buck for some answers.

BUCK

We don't break kneecaps.

WINSTON BIEHN (44), accountant, creeps into the office with a stack of unsigned checks. Fawn looks him up and down. Something's familiar about him.

FAWN

I'm Sheriff Fawn Redfern.

Buck starts signing checks without acknowledgement.

WINSTON BIEHN

I know you.

FAWN

Funny, I can't place you.

BUCK  
 Winston Biehn's worked for us since  
 before the casino. Loyal as an old  
 dog. Aren't you, Biehn?

Winston Biehn exits with the signed checks.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
 What's up with dad's murder  
 investigation?

FAWN  
 Similar crimes over decades.  
 They're not identical. One man's in  
 prison for some of the murders.

BUCK  
 Maybe you're seeing things that  
 aren't there.

FAWN  
 So, the tribe doesn't have a master  
 list of debtors needing adjusted  
 attitudes - or knee caps?

BUCK  
 You watch too much TV, sis. We're  
 just not that interesting.

FAWN  
 Killers are of interest no matter  
 where they are.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sees Winston Biehn who appears anxious.

FAWN  
 Winston, glad I caught you. Got a  
 question. Did Peacock owe money to  
 the tribe?

WINSTON BIEHN  
 Technically speaking, yes. Wendell  
 Peacock did owe the Lucky Seven.

FAWN  
 I thought he was a successful  
 business owner?

WINSTON BIEHN  
 Ship Ashore Resort profited because  
 it was the only game in town.



## MONTAGE - SHIP ASHORE AND LUCKY SEVEN CASINO

-- A MAN DRIVES A GOLF CART IN THE SHIP ASHORE HOTEL AND RESORT GROUNDS IN 1977. TRIP NEAR A GROUNDED 140 FOOT SHIP.

WINSTON BIEHN (V.O.)  
That is until we built the Lucky  
Seven a few miles away.

-- WENDELL PEACOCK DRIVES A WORN JOHN DEERE TRACTOR IN AN OLDER AND MUCH SHABBIER SHIP ASHORE HOTEL AND RESORT GROUNDS THIRTY YEARS LATER.

FAWN (V.O.)  
I'm not following.

-- FULL CROWDS GAMBLING IN THE LUCKY SEVEN CASINO.

WINSTON BIEHN (V.O.)  
We subsidized our resort prices  
with gambling profits.

-- PEOPLE ENJOYING EXCELLENT MEALS AT THE LUCY SEVEN CASINO DINNING ESTABLISHMENT.

FAWN (V.O.)  
Then Peacock compounded his  
business losses by losing at your  
tables.

-- WENDELL PEACOCK LOSING AT THE BLACK JACK TABLE. THROWS THE CARDS DOWN AS DEALER SLIDES HIS CHIPS AWAY FROM HIM.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WINSTON BIEHN  
He did hire an outside law firm to  
prepare anti-trust suits.

FAWN  
Did he have a shot of winning?

Instant change in Winston Biehn's temperament.

WINSTON BIEHN  
We wouldn't allow that to happen.

FAWN  
We? Oh, I see. You're not that kind  
of neighbor.

INT. LUCKY SEVEN CASINO PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Buck on the phone with his eye focused on his door.

BUCK

You're the one who's supposed to handle her... Look, it's turning into a Cat 5 shit storm...

Buck opens his desk drawer and eyes the knife in it.

BUCK (CONT'D)

I don't care. Do something or else!

EXT. SOUTH BEACH CRESCENT CITY - AFTERNOON

Gram and Fawn stroll along a windy beach. Gram uses a redwood walking stick.

GRAM

We are living in the time of a great power shift. Those most opposed are worried about payback.

FAWN

I'm responsible for everybody.

GRAM

You're worrying about a few random deaths when our people were massacred by the thousands.

FAWN

I've seen the death in visions. It's a miracle we're not extinct.

GRAM

This is not merely some vision, some history in a book. It was real, flesh torn and blood spilled. The California government paid bounties for our scalps - for all with copper skin. There are accounting records in the State archives. Their hate was systemic, systematic. So many of us were slaughtered, orphans sold into slavery, backs broken with toil. The streams ran red with our blood - made red froth on the beating waves. The spirits of our ancestors weep along these shores.

(MORE)

GRAM (CONT'D)

You have seen it with your own eyes, little bird. We must live as free and prosperous spirits for those who died at the hands of these sick and barbarous men. If we do not, who will? Where must the sun now stand for us to know the time is right? What day will be the perfect day for us to throw off the chains of their hatred and cruelty? We must not allow hate to win. We must stand firm and say, "No more."

FAWN

That was a hundred and fifty years ago, Gram.

GRAM

When will hate ever be satisfied with the time lent to it? When will there ever be too much love?

FAWN

You fight hate with justice. We must learn forgiveness or the hate recycles itself.

GRAM

Then find love in your heart left by your parents.

FAWN

Yes, I often reminisce about the deep emotional love I received from my parents.

GRAM

Really?

FAWN

Of course not.. I'm not here to capture lost love. We're a nation of laws, which I'm sworn to defend.

GRAM

Which nation, dear? Whose laws? If you want to serve both, see each for what they truly are.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Hamilton drops by with crime scene pictures. Places a package before Fawn with the photos, an invoice and a photo log.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Sorry for the delay. Found a great deal on photo developer, but it was a couple hours away.

FAWN

Joseph, why don't you use a digital camera? It would be much faster.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Been doing it this way for thirty years. Nothing like a 4x5 negative.

Fawn opens the package and scans the invoice.

FAWN

Yeah, nothing - except for a vector image file.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Vector?

FAWN

What's this fee for "file search?"

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Looking for photos that fit the Peacock murder.

FAWN

And?

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Four cases similar to Peacock. They're all shot in the head and chest. Some shells. Some wounded knees. A little of both.

FAWN

How far back?

JOSEPH HAMILTON

June of...

FAWN

Nineteen eighty-eight.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Yes, that's correct.

FAWN

You put this in a photo log?

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
(points to the package)  
Sure. It's all in there.

FAWN  
Nice work Mr. Hamilton, but your  
invoice makes me choke.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Tolowa businesses never quibble  
about invoices, so why do you? It's  
just part of the deal.

FAWN  
If you want work from the Sheriff's  
Department, adjust your pricing.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
I'll look into it. By the way, you  
might want to check all the police  
agencies in the Cascadia region.

FAWN  
Cascadia?

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Wait. You don't know about  
Cascadia? But the tribe - your  
father must've told you.

FAWN  
We didn't talk so much.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Oh, I forgot. You were ostracized.

FAWN  
Is that how he put it?

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Something like that.

FAWN  
Charmed... I thought the Cascadia  
movement was ancient history.

JOSEPH HAMILTON  
Take it from an old Jewish man.  
Don't ignore history. And current  
events are tomorrow's history.

Hamilton exits just before Pickle barges through the door.

PICKLE

I told you our businesses are getting stripped away by a bunch of...

FAWN

Savages?

PICKLE

I was going to say thugs, but if you think savages?

FAWN

Maybe Tolowa are just better at business.

PICKLE

Sell us your business or we'll starve you out? Right. I tell you, it's un-American.

FAWN

Sounds like Walmart.

Scant laughter from the outer office. Fawn snickers.

PICKLE

Go ahead and laugh. Walmart doesn't rub people out, now do they?

Pickle storms off as Fawn returns to her computer.

INSERT - FAWN'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Fawn enters "Cascadia" into a browser and gets pages of search results.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN

Whoa. These guys really do want to change the map.

INT. SHERIFF'S OUTER OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dane strides through the outer office with purpose. He's stopped by DEPUTIES. Shows his FBI credentials and is waved through. Fawn spots him and they meet in the outer office.

DANE SCOTT

Guess who's coming for a seafood dinner?

FAWN

Bigfoot?

DANE SCOTT

I hear they call him Sasquatch.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAWN'S OFFICE

Fawn and Dane are sparring over his real agenda.

FAWN

Why are you here?

DANE SCOTT

It appears you've uncovered a serial killer with certain SSK tendencies.

FAWN

Decades of killings and nobody put two plus two together?

DANE SCOTT

BTK, Green-River Killer, Bundy, Dahmer, Gacy... all flew under the radar for years and years.

FAWN

How many victims for this one?

DANE SCOTT

Same neighborhood as Gacy. Thirty some.

FAWN

Melvin Wasneg sure as hell wasn't killing for decades. He was a baby when the first one died. So what's the deal?

DANE SCOTT

You've uncovered the oldest cases, so let's see where it goes.

FAWN

Serial killers are territorial. You think he's local?

DANE SCOTT

Used to be local is more likely.

FAWN

Just once try to be honest. You're here because of Shilstone's murder.

DANE SCOTT

Nope. Bodies are all over the map, but Shilstone isn't part of this.

FAWN

Shells in mouths?

DANE SCOTT

And busted up legs.

FAWN

The Senator had shells near him and wounded knees. Why's he excluded?

DANE SCOTT

Knees were injured when he fell.

FAWN

C'mon, really? I saw his knees. We upset the killer's routine. He couldn't finish.

DANE SCOTT

I'm here for proof. Maybe even a whole new ending for my book.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM PELICAN BAY PRISON - DAY

Dane and Fawn are face to face with MELVIN WASNEG (40). Several guards observe them.

WASNEG

Nothing to talk about. I did it.

FAWN

Why the shells?

WASNEG

You've read his book. Doesn't it say why?

DANE SCOTT

It doesn't say why you used shells.

WASNEG

No particular reason, really.

FAWN

What's the deal?



WASNEG

They took the death penalty off the table if I confessed.

FAWN

And your lawyer?

WASNEG

He said take the deal or die by lethal injection.

FAWN

But you're innocent.

WASNEG

The odds were stacked against me. I'm Tolowa, remember?

FAWN

So I'm told.

WASNEG

Hell, I was never good on the outside. I earned respect in here.

FAWN

So you found a nice safe prison to hide in.

WASNEG

I could've fared worse.

FAWN

Things are different now. There is a group looking for cases like yours. The Innocence Project...

Wasneg quickly reflects on the past then plunges forward.

WASNEG

Go see Charlie Burns. He lives on the Smith near Hiouchi.

DANE SCOTT

The address?

WASNEG

On the Smith near Hiouchi. Ask around. Maybe near Slant Bridge.

DANE SCOTT

When did you learn about Charlie?

WASNEG

Told my trial lawyer Charlie saw  
Wilson being dumped, but he said  
Charlie would be a bad witness.

FAWN

Who pointed to Charlie's  
shortcomings?

WASNEG

Charlie wanders off the reservation  
as the day goes forward. I think  
they call it sundowning.

EXT. YARD NEAR SWEAT LODGE, HIOUCHI CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON

Charlie Burns finishes watering tomato plants. He drops the  
end of the hose and paces over to the faucet. Reaches for the  
faucet but stops and slowly turns to look at his cat. As the  
water overwhelms his tomatoes Charlie follows his cat and  
ignores turning off the faucet.

WASNEG (V.O.)

The truth is, I took the plea so I  
can keep breathing.

EXT. SWEAT LODGE, HIOUCHI CALIFORNIA - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and Dane meet Charlie Burns outside his Sweat Lodge next  
to the swirling waters of the Smith River. Fawn spots the  
hose running on the tomatoes. Strides over and turns it off.  
Charlie is oblivious.

CHARLIE BURNS

You say Melvin sent you?

DANE SCOTT

You saw a body dumped around here?

Charlie Burns takes two steps backwards.

FAWN

Feeling okay Charlie?

CHARLIE BURNS

Time for the Sweat Lodge. Women not  
allowed.

DANE SCOTT

She's the Sheriff.

CHARLIE BURNS

She's a woman.

FAWN

I'm blood to Gram.

CHARLIE BURNS

You get the visions? Hear the voices?

Fawn has a vision of an older Tolowa woman strolling down a beach.

FAWN

A woman with long flowing white hair, dark elk skins and redwood walking stick... She's your wife?

Charlie Burns produces a picture of a woman.

CHARLIE BURNS

Is this who you saw?

Fawn shakes her head with a firm no. Dane is wide eyed. Charlie Burns slowly produces a second picture.

CHARLIE BURNS (CONT'D)

What about her?

The older woman of the vision whispers into Fawn's ear.

FAWN

(nods yes)

She'd like you to stop your "bad mad."

Charlie Burns disrobes. Fawn begins to take her clothes off. Dane is frozen with his thoughts.

DANE SCOTT

Damn, this will be hard to explain.

CHARLIE BURNS

Ones with the gift go where they will. That is the law.

Charlie Burns slides into the sweat lodge with Fawn closely behind. Desperate to catch up Dane paws at his clothes.

INT. SWEAT LODGE, HIOUCHI CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON

Charlie Burns, Fawn and Dane are gathered around an imposing fire pit.

Steam and smoke mingle, rise and exit near the lodge's top. Their sweaty bodies gleam in the firelight. Dane smirks as he enjoys his view of Fawn naked.

CHARLIE BURNS

I was poaching deer after eating button tops. I was flying.

DANE SCOTT

Button tops?

FAWN

Psilocybin Mushrooms. Like LSD.

DANE SCOTT

Melvin's lawyer was right. I wouldn't pin my life on this witness.

CHARLIE BURNS

Is that what you think of me? Poor dumb Indian who's lost his wits?

FAWN

Mobsters don't kill the senile. You hide in plain sight. That's a slick move.

CHARLIE BURNS

Anyway, I heard the monster truck before I eyed it.

FLASHBACK - WILDERNESS ALONG SMITH RIVER YEARS EARLIER.

A large Silverado pick-up stops along an isolated bank of the Smith River at dusk. Stance of the truck is off kilter. From the bed of the truck two men pull out a body stashed inside a sleeping bag and drop it. It's Jack Wilson.

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)

It dropped something out the butt.

FAWN (V.O.)

What was dropped?

The men extract the body and appear to pose it. Then get back in the truck and drive slowly away.

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)

Staked it out, I did, until the reporter man came two nights later.

Jospeh Hamilton walks around slowly back and forth moving things out of the way and taking pictures as he goes.

FAWN (V.O.)  
What was he doing?

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)  
Walking around. Touching things.

DANE SCOTT (V.O.)  
Taking pictures?

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)  
The reporter man was taking  
pictures for long time.

END OF FLASHBACK

DANE SCOTT  
Fresh air anyone?

CHARLIE BURNS  
Days later the authorities showed.  
Reporter man came and took more  
pictures for maybe ten minutes.

Dane moves aside a uniquely painted deer skin flap covering a circular opening in the redwood planks.

FAWN  
Are you sure it was just ten  
minutes?

Charlie stares at a focused Fawn then slowly nods yes.

DANE SCOTT  
What next?

CHARLIE BURNS  
Cool waters of the Smith River.

Charlie Burns exits. Dane waits and watches Fawn. Sunlight darts through the top, refracted by smoke. Fawn sees someone others don't.

FAWN  
Yes, I know it's time to speak with  
him. Quit pushing.

A worried Dane cozies up next to a naked Fawn and tries to aggressively kiss her while squeezing a moist breast. The action brings Fawn back from the vision. She begins to return Danes affection but catches herself and slowly stops.

DANE SCOTT  
We're half way to sex. What's  
wrong? You know it's good.

Fawn pushes past Dane and heads for the exit.

FAWN

No more. I'm stronger and wiser.  
We're colleagues and that's it.

EXT. BEACH FRONT FILLED WITH PEOPLE - DAY

A lively celebration consumes the beach front park. Crowds hover around events, competitions and food stands.

SUPER: 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION, CRESCENT CITY, CALIFORNIA

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Not sure what Charlie Burns saw,  
but he's usually high.

FAWN

He's pretty sure of himself.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

I never took pictures of Wilson  
until the Sheriff's Department  
called.

Dane spots a wholesome blonde teen BETHANY (15) peeling potatoes behind her church food booth. His focus on Hamilton suddenly wanes. Fawn's not in the dark.

DANE SCOTT

So you're there at night and...

JOSEPH HAMILTON

I was there in the day.

FAWN

I've seen you work. Shoot a murder  
scene in a few minutes? I don't  
think so.

Dane makes eye contact with Bethany, who sees him and smiles. Anger registers on Fawn's face staring Bethany down. She pivots and zeros in at Dane.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Fatal accident up near the tunnel  
on Highway one ninety-nine.  
Insurance companies pay good money.

EXT. SECOND BEACH FRONT SPOT - MOMENTS LATER

Hamilton takes pictures of salmon cooking on redwood stakes angled over an open fire. Tribe members demonstrate Tolowa ceremonial song and dance. They dress in traditional garb.

FAWN

All I'm saying is, after ten years maybe you're fuzzy on the details?

JOSEPH HAMILTON

I was there for twenty minutes in the day time... that's it. Next.

DANE SCOTT

Why so defensive?

The treat is understood by Hamilton. He reconsiders.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

I'll take another look at my negatives.

FAWN

Digital algorithm would've been nice here.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

You need to talk to the curator of the Old Battery Point Lighthouse.

DANE SCOTT

You trying to get rid of us?

JOSEPH HAMILTON

No, nothing like that. She's a noted expert on your shells.

DANE SCOTT

Not according to FBI.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

Nanette's not exactly internet friendly. She's at the logging show.

DANE SCOTT

Description?

JOSEPH HAMILTON

You'll figure it out. I gotta go.

Hamilton hustles away. Fawn calls after him.

FAWN

If you had a digital camera you  
could show us her face.

DANE SCOTT

Screw that, let's grab some chow.  
Got a yen for some home fries.

FAWN

Oh, that's what you call it?

EXT. NEAR BATTERY POINT LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Dane, Fawn and the eccentric, bookish Museum Curator NANETTE COOPER (55) saunter up the path to the Lighthouse. Nanette mistakenly thinks the conversation includes all of them.

DANE SCOTT

Who were you talking to?

FAWN

Joseph Hamilton.

NANETTE

Yes, I saw Joseph Hamilton.

DANE SCOTT

I mean in the sweat lodge after  
Charlie Burns left.

NANETTE

I haven't talked to Charlie in  
years.

FAWN

Before you forced yourself on me?

NANETTE

The FBI is here looking at my  
life's work.

DANE SCOTT

What do you see?

FAWN

Enough.

NANETTE

You haven't seen anything yet.

Looking out on the magnificently beautiful bay.



DANE SCOTT  
Beautiful just like you.

NANETTE  
(giddy)  
Thank you. I watch what I eat. I  
watch it go from my fork into my  
mouth.

As Nanette marches ahead Dane leans in to whisper into Fawn's ear. She turns away. Friction as they march on up the trail.

FAWN  
You're not in my future, but I do  
see an underage potato peeler in  
yours.

DANE SCOTT  
More visions?

FAWN  
Don't need visions to recognize a  
sick bastard when I see him.

NANETTE  
Who's sick dear?

DANE SCOTT  
You run hot and cold, but you still  
move my needle.

FAWN  
Without you here my two halves  
became whole.

INT. BATTERY POINT LIGHTHOUSE AND MUSEUM - LATER

Nanette holds Dentalia shells. Framed images surround them: Fishermen, the tragic Brother Jonathan, dugout canoes.

NANETTE  
For twenty-five hundred years the  
Dentalia shells were the gold  
standard on the Pacific Coast.

DANE SCOTT  
What would it mean if these shells  
were found in the mouths of the  
dead?

NANETTE  
I still can't believe the FBI is in  
Crescent City. Amazing.

FAWN  
Any history of this behavior?

DANE SCOTT  
Nothing to lose. Take a guess.

Fawn rolls her eyes at nearly everything Dane utters.

NANETTE  
As a historian I never guess.

INT. MUSEUM TOLOWA DISPLAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nanette shows unique items containing Dentalia Shells.  
Buckskin jackets, head dresses and jewelry.

NANETTE  
Years ago we held classes designing  
jewelry like these.

FAWN  
Any records from these classes?

NANETTE  
We stored some things in the  
basement. Would that help?

INT. BATTERY POINT LIGHTHOUSE MUSEUM BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn, Dane and Nanette are surrounded by yesteryear's  
artifacts. Nanette pushes some boxes around, then reacts.

NANETTE  
Here we are. Records should be in  
this box.

Nanette pulls out a box. Dane and Fawn paw intently through  
the contents.

DANE SCOTT  
How far back do these go?

Fawn photographs pages with her smartphone.

NANETTE  
The seventies.

DANE SCOTT  
A needle in a hay stack. A waste of  
time.

Fawn slides a box labeled 1999 to the side.

FAWN

No, we're on the sniff. What about the eighties?

NANETTE

I'm sure they're here somewhere. I'd like to get back.

DANE SCOTT

Fine by me.

FAWN

She stays until we're done.

DANE SCOTT

Shit!

NANETTE

Shit!

INT. BATTERY POINT LIGHTHOUSE AND MUSEUM BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nanette rests her head on a table with her eyes closed. Dane plays with his smartphone. Fawn continues her search moving the last labeled box to those already searched. One box out of the way and no label is left.

DANE SCOTT

Can we go now?

Fawn starts putting back the file boxes. Nanette wakes and looks at her watch.

NANETTE

I missed the fireworks. Are we done now? I really can't keep Deano waiting..

DANE SCOTT

Your husband?

NANETTE

(Blushes)

My cat. He's momma's boy. Why didn't you check that last box.

FAWN

The one without a label?

NANETTE

It's on the other end... Mamma's coming Deano.

DANE SCOTT

Enough already Fawn. I'm starving.

Nanette exits. Fawn quickly retrieves the out of the way box.

FAWN  
Well what do you know?

NANETTE (O.S.)  
Lock up after you're done. I left  
the key.

FAWN  
We'll return it tomorrow.

NANETTE (O.S.)  
I hope so. You're the flippin' FBI.

Dane sighs and sits. Bored, he grabs Nanette's keys and fidgets with the key ring. Fawn pops open the lid. She slowly pulls out a sheet of paper that has her attention. As she reads, her body shows excitement.

DANE SCOTT  
What?

FAWN  
My brother's name!

EXT. YARBOROUGH & SON FISHERIES - DAY

Fawn and Dane walk through the Dungeness Crab cannery operation at Yarborough and Sons Fishery.

DANE SCOTT  
That's a powerful smell.

FAWN  
What did you expect a crab fishery  
would smell like?

DANE SCOTT  
I really don't like crab. They're  
shit eaters.

FAWN  
I bet you think a slaughter house  
smells like roses?

Buck Redfern and Winston Biehn join Dane and Fawn. Fawn immediately holds out her cellphone as crab processing proceeds around them.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
What's the deal?

INSERT - CLOSE UP OF FAWN'S PHONE

Displays the sign-in sheet with Buck Redfern's signature.

BACK TO SCENE

BUCK  
A bad forgery.

FAWN  
Jewelry making classes using  
Dentalia Shells.

BUCK  
(laughing)  
Where did I supposedly take these  
classes?

DANE SCOTT  
Battery Point Lighthouse.

Winston Biehn nervously picks at his cuticles.

BUCK  
Anyone could have signed my name.  
What's the big fuss?

Dane watches Winston Biehn fidget.

DANE SCOTT  
Why are you here?

BUCK  
Rumor has it the Fishery is on the  
market since Jim Yarborough passed.

WINSTON BIEHN  
It's an astute move with all our  
fishing boats to service.

DANE SCOTT  
You own the fishing fleet and now  
you want the only fishery?

FAWN  
You're positive you never attended  
those classes?

BUCK  
Jewelry making with sea shells? Not  
a chance.

WINSTON BIEHN  
Dentalia. If it was a single shell,  
the proper term would be Dentalium.

Everyone's now staring at Winston Biehn. He finally notices  
and slowly backs up.

WINSTON BIEHN (CONT'D)  
Oh, the FBI doesn't want to be  
accurate in the investigation?

BUCK  
Dad signed me up for those classes.  
I paid a friend to go in my place.

FAWN  
The name?

INSERT - CLOSE UP OF FAWN'S PHONE

Buck's finger moves the list a few places and lands on Gordon  
Underhill.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN (CONT'D)  
Where we can find Gordon Underhill?

BUCK  
Travels around to National Parks  
and museums selling souvenirs.

INT. SHERIFF SQUAD 4 X 4 - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn drives north along Highway 101. Dane reviews documents  
on his tablet.

DANE SCOTT  
Underhill is a real artifact  
hustler. National Parks, museums,  
historical points of interest...

FAWN  
Could be a coincidence.

DANE SCOTT  
Last known address is in San  
Jose... Bay Area!

FAWN  
Doesn't make him a killer.

DANE SCOTT  
Explains the Dentalia shells.

FAWN  
Could explain.

DANE SCOTT  
He's former military. Tours in Iraq  
and according to his medical  
records he has some PTSD.

FAWN  
Knows how to kill and he's nuts.

DANE SCOTT  
Tough time keeping jobs until he  
inherited the artifact gig.

FAWN  
Looks promising.

DANE SCOTT  
Promising? He's our guy I can feel  
it.

FAWN  
Feels to me like another Melvin  
Wasneg all over again.

Dane makes a call on his cell.

DANE SCOTT  
Don't be ridiculous... I want an  
APB on Gordon Underhill.

EXT. POINT ST. GEORGE BEACH - DAY

Fawn and Dane double-time down the beach. Fawn glides, but Dane fights the sand leading to heavy exertion. He struggles to stay with Fawn, even though he appears fit. Fawn enjoys inflicting Dane's pain. She looks at her wrist pedometer.

INSERT - CLOSE UP OF A PEDOMETER

The screen reads 5 miles.

BACK TO SCENE

Fawn eases her running strides to a cool-down walk then sits on a driftwood tree trunk. Dane plows his way to her, gasping for air and physically struggling to reach Fawn.

FAWN

Over there is where...

Fawn points to sand dunes near a slough. Dane is bent over in obvious pain.

FAWN (CONT'D)

...Tolowa were massacred for this land in eighteen fifty.

DANE SCOTT

I heard about that. White settlers?

EXT. SITE OF SLOUGH MASSACRE 1850 - DAY

Bodies of hundreds of Tolowa women, children and old or injured men are scattered along the banks and nearby land. Hundreds of bodies bob in the water now red from blood.

FAWN (V.O.)

Six hundred and fifty women and children. Most men were off fishing.

EXT. POINT ST. GEORGE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Fawn and Dane sitting on the driftwood.

DANE SCOTT

You see them? Spirits of the murdered Tolowa?

FAWN

Sometimes. Mostly I just feel them. Violent or sudden death can delay the soul's departure - ghosts.

DANE SCOTT

How is that even possible?

FAWN

We are energy. Violent events leave an energy imprint, kind of like light makes an image on film.

DANE SCOTT

Why didn't you tell me about this?

FAWN

I never really trusted you.



DANE SCOTT

And now?

FAWN

I know you hooked up with Bethany -  
yes, that little spud peeler. Why?

Dane can't meet her gaze. Uncomfortable pause until Fawn points at a lighthouse three miles offshore.

FAWN (CONT'D)

There's a shipwreck near that  
lighthouse, the Brother Jonathan.  
Two hundred fifty were lost.

DANE SCOTT

What's that like?

FAWN

The connection is so strong I hear  
their screams, feel their wounds,  
their hearts breaking as they died.

DANE SCOTT

It must be hard for you.

FAWN

They rush through me like an icy  
river. It makes my bones cold.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

GROUP OF DEPUTIES in a staff briefing.

PICKLE

Witnesses saw Peacock tossed from  
the Pizza King.

FAWN

He staggered away, clearly  
intoxicated, around ten.

Dane's cell phone lights up and a unique ring tone sounds.  
Dane smiles when he sees the number.

DANE SCOTT

I'm sorry I have to take this. I'll  
use your office, Sheriff. Please  
continue as if I was still here.

Dane exits hurriedly. Pickle seizes his opening.

PICKLE  
We're interviewing...

FAWN  
I want fresh eyes on Melvin Wasneg  
case files.

PICKLE  
It seems we may not have been  
diligent after Melvin's confession.

FAWN  
He did provide a convincing  
confession.

Support from Fawn inspires surprise on Pickle's face.

PICKLE  
Let's show everyone we're not a  
bunch of backwoods hacks.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAWN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dane focuses on his phone. He paces.

INT. DARK BAR SAN MATEO - SAME TIME

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER (50) talks on a cell phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DANE SCOTT  
I've controlled her for fifteen  
years, and it's no different now.

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER  
People are concerned about our  
fronts.

DANE SCOTT  
I pulled strings to be put in  
charge of this investigation. I'll  
shepherd her away.

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER  
Millions of dollars are sanitized  
through those businesses.

DANE SCOTT  
Nobody will talk, one way or  
another.

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER

If the Indian doesn't take to your guidance?

DANE SCOTT

Only good Indian's a dead Indian.

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER

You came to us with the plans for framing Wasneg to control Biehn.

DANE SCOTT

Cards on the table. I saddled SSK and you road him to the bank.

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER

Your Nationalist band of thugs are well paid for services rendered.

DANE SCOTT

Money is a means to an end.

SOUTH BAY MOBSTER

An effective means.

DANE SCOTT

Our people have been slighted by distant seats of power for far too long. Cascadia's rising!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY rushes in with a video tape.

DEPUTY

Chief, here's the Pizza King video tape.

FAWN

That's perfect. Video tape.

INT. TAPE EDITING ROOM SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Deputy, Pickle and Fawn speed through VHS tape. Standard business footage of the comings and goings of the Pizza King.

PICKLE

Hey, there goes our guy.

FAWN

Play it back.

INSERT - Monitor Screen

Peacock is kicked out of the Pizza King. He's drunk, staggers through the front door. A casino shuttle arrives. Peacock hesitates, but gradually gets in. The shuttle eases away.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN (CONT'D)

He didn't want to get in the van!

PICKLE

A casino shuttle. I knew it.

FAWN

We need a digital copy. Deputy, rip that video for me ASAP.

Fawn hands him a tablet.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Pickle and Fawn are in conversation. Dane rushes in, excited.

DANE SCOTT

We have Gordon Underhill in custody.

FAWN

That was really easy.

DANE SCOTT

His house full of Native American shit. Necklace made of your shells.

FAWN

American Indian, please.

DANE SCOTT

Really? OK. Whatever.

PICKLE

Underhill took over the family business when his pop bit it.

DANE SCOTT

They have a bloody baseball bat and a rubber Shrek Mask.

FAWN

You think he kills while traveling around the country in a Shrek mask?

DANE SCOTT  
Not about what I think now is it?

Dane rushes out, giddy.

PICKLE  
The whole thing seems kind of  
convenient, if you ask me.

FAWN  
Loves the cameras, that man.

INT. GRAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Fawn shoves her tablet in Buck's face.

FAWN  
There's our murder victim and... a  
casino shuttle picking him up.

BUCK  
I was in my office at ten.

PICKLE  
That just came to you off the top  
of your head?

Fawn jabs the tablet.

FAWN  
Here's my favorite part...

WINSTON BIEHN (O.S.)  
The night Peacock died we were  
working on multi-year projections.

Fawn and Pickle turn to find Winston Biehn clad in black  
jeans and dark T-shirt.

FAWN  
You were with Buck?

WINSTON BIEHN  
Didn't I just say that?

PICKLE  
Aren't you the perfect witness.

FAWN  
Buck was with you the whole time?

WINSTON BIEHN

Um. Yes. Except when I ran home to feed the fish and grab a bite.

FAWN

What time?

WINSTON BIEHN

Nine PM. We started back on projections around ten I'd guess.

FAWN

Feed the fish, right.

PICKLE

We need the names of people who have access to casino shuttles.

BUCK

That's a big list.

FAWN

Better get started then.

Fawn gets a phone call.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Any success...? Fantastic. I need prints by morning... OK then.

Fawn ends call.

PICKLE

Joseph Hamilton found those negatives?

FAWN

That's what he says.

BUCK

If there are no more questions Winston and I will excuse ourselves.

FAWN

Listen to me, brother. Here's the deal. You're going to stay in the neighborhood. I'm not asking.

Buck reacts angrily to his sister's use of muscle. He storms away as Winston shuffles after. Uncomfortable eye contact with Gram on the way out. While still in ear shot.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
 Meet at the Triplicate around eight  
 thirty tomorrow morning.

Pickle nods his head and follows the others out.

GRAM  
 You believe your brother's a  
 killer?

FAWN  
 Doesn't matter what I believe. The  
 evidence points to him.

GRAM  
 Why limit your investigation to  
 worldly evidence?

INT. FAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fawn's awakened by a late night phone call. There's a near-  
 empty vodka bottle on the night stand.

FAWN  
 (drowsy)  
 What?... I'll be right there.

Fawn ends the call. She picks up the bottle of Vodka and  
 swills down some aspirin.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
 No, that move wasn't obvious. Shit!  
 Don't limit yourself Fawn.

EXT. TRIPLICATE - NIGHT

The Triplicate is fully engulfed by flames. Volunteer fire  
 fighters arrive late. Police cars and Sheriff vehicles block  
 off the area. People scrambling around every which way.

PICKLE  
 With all the negatives, this place  
 went up like the skirt on a two-  
 dollar whore.

FAWN  
 Joseph Hamilton is burned up in  
 that rubble.

PICKLE  
 You don't know that for sure.

Fawn closes her eyes and meditates.

FAWN  
Nope, he's in there.

PICKLE  
Buck knew we were closing in on  
evidence. Let's bring him in.

FAWN  
So much is still hidden from me.

PICKLE  
You and I haven't always agreed,  
but you never ignored evidence.

FAWN  
I'm the goddam Sheriff. My call.

PICKLE  
You're ordering me to ignore your  
family as suspects?

FAWN  
No, course not. If you've got the  
evidence, bring him in.

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Dane conducts an interview with Gordon Underhill.

DANE SCOTT  
Well, gee wiz there, Gordon, you've  
been to every state where a murder  
fits our serial killer's profile.

GORDON  
I travel to many places for my job,  
far more than your crime scenes.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAWN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn watches through one way glass as Pickle questions Buck.

PICKLE  
You lied about the threat Peacock  
represented to the tribe.

BUCK  
We had a defensible position  
against his law suit.



## INTERCUT - The Two Jail Interviews

DANE SCOTT

Lots of pictures from all over. Do yourself a favor and confess.

GORDON

I travel for dough, doesn't make me a killer.

PICKLE

We have video of a casino van picking up Peacock just hours before his murder.

Slams down stills of the casino van. Buck looks at them.

BUCK

You know I have an alibi.

DANE SCOTT

(Shows in his hand)

These shells were placed in all the victims mouths. You have hundreds of these same shells.

GORDON

Those artifacts were money for hundreds of years. I would never just throw them away.

BUCK

All circumstantial evidence.

PICKLE

I know you killed Joseph Hamilton and Wendell Peacock. I'm sure there are others. It's a matter of time.

## INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Fawn watches Pickle interview Buck. She gets a call on her cell phone and turns down the volume on the interrogation.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Collect call from an inmate at Pelican Bay State Prison...

FAWN

Yes, I'll accept the charges...  
Hello Melvin, how are you?

INT. PELICAN BAY PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Melvin's on a telephone designated for inmates.

MELVIN

Did you talk to Charlie?

INTERCUT - Telephone conversation

FAWN

We talked to him, but he had a hard time with details.

MELVIN

What time of day did you interview him?

FAWN

Afternoon... Late afternoon.

MELVIN

That's no good. You have to get him in the morning when he's rested.

FAWN

You're right. I'm sorry.

MELVIN

I want a shot at my freedom. You can do that for me can't you.

Fawn has a vision.

INSERT - INSIDE PELICAN BAY PRISON

A prisoner holds a shank as he sneaks through a crowd of other prisoners. Walking away calmly is Melvin Wasneg. The armed prisoner tracks him.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN

Someone's trying to kill you.

MELVIN

It's Pelican Bay. Everyone's out to kill everyone.

The line goes dead.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Hello... Hello...?

GUARD enters the prisoner phone bank room.

GUARD  
Your time's up.

MELVIN  
Well, that's a shock.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM

Fawn's on her cell phone to Pelican Bay.

FAWN  
He's a witness in a murder that's  
why... I understand, but he must be  
left in solitary... OK, thank you.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

On the way to her cruiser Fawn stops and stares at Winston Biehn, sitting in a Silverado 4 x 4. He lowers his window.

FAWN  
You gave Buck a ride?

WINSTON BIEHN  
He's innocent.

FAWN  
Every suspect is innocent until  
proven guilty. I didn't know you  
had a four by four.

WINSTON BIEHN  
I love four wheeling. Use off road  
tires on back and rain tires on the  
front.

FAWN  
I didn't figure you for a trend  
setter... Sits kinda funny.

WINSTON BIEHN  
Really? I guess I'm used to it.

EXT. SWEAT LODGE - HIOUCHI CALIFORNIA - DAY

Fawn chews the fat with Charlie Burns outside the sweat lodge. She records his interview on her smart phone.

FAWN  
Feeling okay?

CHARLIE BURNS  
Great day to be alive.

FAWN  
Let's talk about the body being  
dumped. Can we do that?

CHARLIE BURNS  
I was gill netting on the river.

Looking at her notes.

FAWN  
I thought you were poaching deer?

CHARLIE BURNS  
(Ignoring Fawn)  
I remember being quiet so not to  
disturb the fish... or deer.

FAWN  
And?

CHARLIE BURNS  
That's when I saw the truck. Ford F-  
150, maybe... Yes, I think so.

FAWN  
Near the river?

CHARLIE BURNS  
On the other bank. I got quiet.  
Like a fern.

Charlie fades a bit. Fawn brings him back.

FAWN  
Charlie, were you hiding?

CHARLIE BURNS  
No! I was trying not to disturb the  
animals.

FLASHBACK - WILDERNESS ALONG THE SMITH RIVER

Man gets out of a truck and struggles with something in the  
bed.

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)  
Struggles with something in the  
bed.

FAWN (V.O.)  
What kind of something?

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)  
A body wrapped up in a sleeping  
bag.

The man pulls a body from the sleeping bag and poses it.

FAWN (V.O.)  
How do you know it was a body in a  
sleeping bag?

CHARLIE BURNS (V.O.)  
He took it out of the sleeping bag  
and arranged it.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN  
Could you identify him?

CHARLIE BURNS  
Too far away.

FAWN  
Anything else?

CHARLIE BURNS  
What kind of else?

FAWN  
Anything that struck your fancy?

CHARLIE BURNS  
Well, I'll tell you what. That  
truck's stance was kinda cock-eyed.

FAWN  
Stance?... Melvin driving a truck  
back then?

EXT. CHARLIE BURNS'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and Charlie Burns are looking at a 1998 restomod of a  
Nissan Maxima. It's sparkling.

FAWN  
Can't confuse that with an F-150.

CHARLIE BURNS  
I had this done to Melvin's car.

FAWN  
Incredible.

CHARLIE BURNS

Look at the mirrors under the car.  
Undercoat is spectacular.

Fawn bends down slightly and sees the underbody reflected in display mirrors.

INSERT - UNDERBODY OF MELVIN'S CAR

A cell telephone taped to the underbody. The face lights up. It rings.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN

It's a bomb!

Fawn pushes Charlie towards the garage door. The cell rings again. They go through the door as the cell rings.

EXT. CHARLIE BURNS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The garage explodes throwing Fawn and Charlie a half dozen yards. Fawn sees flames through the hole blown in one side of the garage. Devastation. Charlie remains nearly motionless.

FAWN

Never saw that coming. Sorry  
Charlie.

CHARLIE BURNS

You saw something... we're still  
kicking.

Fawn looks back towards the road and sees a black SUV drive slowly away.

FAWN

Play possum. It's best only we know  
you're alive.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Fawn's sitting at her desk. Hangs up her office phone with a bandaged hand. Pickle scoots into her office. Damage control.

PICKLE

I still say he's hiding something.  
Tough break for Charlie. Glad  
you're okay though.

FAWN

State police found a body in the rubble.

PICKLE

ID?

FAWN

Too badly burned and his face was heavily caved in.

PICKLE

Dead before the fire?

FAWN

Have to wait for the state crime lab. Someone's sterilizing evidence for the killers.

INT. CORONER OFFICE - LATER

Pickle, Fawn and the Coroner confer.

FAWN

We know this isn't handy work of a jailed Gordon Underhill no matter how the FBI pushes that line.

STAFFER enters with a package.

STAFFER

Package you've been waiting for.

The Coroner opens the package and removes x-rays, which he places on a light board for easier review. Pickle and Fawn move in behind the Coroner as he scans the negatives.

CORONER

Son of a bitch.

PICKLE

Are those fractures?

INSERT - X-RAYS

The films display badly broken legs.

BACK TO SCENE

CORONER

Someone really detested this guy.

FAWN

Knee trauma's consistent with the MO. Could this have been caused by falling debris?

CORONER

No way. Impact is from multiple angles.

FAWN

Put Buck Redfern under surveillance while I check on some tracks.

Fawn exits. Pickle's phone rings.

PICKLE

This is Pickle.

EXT. BLACK SUV PARKED AT ENDERT'S BEACH - CONTINUOUS

We see the back of a man who leans on the hood of a Black SUV. He faces the ocean as does his car. He has a cell phone in his hand.

THUG #1

Check the witch doctor's house. You'll find everything you need to make arrests.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pickle's on his office phone.

PICKLE

Who's this? Witch Doctor? Hello... Hello. Well shit, they hung up.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FBI PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT

FBI DEPUTY DIRECTOR speaks at a podium. Dozens of media people. Dane stands behind an energetic Deputy Director. Small but loyal crowd.

DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR

The reign of a serial killer has been stopped. We have Gordon Underhill in custody.

A polite but understated applause.



DEPUTY FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
This was an FBI team effort led by  
Special Agent Dane Scott of the San  
Francisco office.

INT. FAWN'S RENTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Fawn watches a large flat screen. She's eating a late dinner.

INSERT - FLAT SCREEN

On the screen is the FBI Press Conference.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN  
Gordon Underhill? They're doing it  
again.

Fawn notices flashing red lights outside her house. Looking  
out a window she sees Pickle with a team of deputies.

EXT. FAWN'S RENTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Fawn opens the door and steps towards Pickle and a half dozen  
other deputies. Pickle sports a black eye and puffy lip.

FAWN  
What's the deal?

PICKLE  
We have a search warrant for your  
place.

Pickle hands Fawn the search warrant. She tries reviewing it  
as the deputies push past her but they draw her attention.

FAWN  
Turn off your lights. It's not an  
emergency.

EXT. LAW ENFORCEMENT CARS WITH FLASHING LIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

Pickle signals to his men to cut the emergency lights.  
Deputies hop back into the cars and turns off the lights.  
Pickle turns back to Fawn and indicates the job is done.

INT. FAWN'S RENTED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sits at the dining room table as the search proceeds. Pickle stands nearby.

PICKLE

Some items drew our attention at your Gram's place.

FAWN

Friendly reception?

PICKLE

Found a baseball bat with human blood smeared on its barrel. You played softball in school.

FAWN

Not a crime.

PICKLE

A bag of Dentalia shells and maps of the areas where we found the bodies of Wilson and Peacock.

FAWN

Still waiting to hear the reason for the warrant.

PICKLE

A copy of a SFPD case file on the Shilstone murder.

FAWN

Anyone could have planted those while Gram was out.

PICKLE

But who chief. Buck has a tight alibi, yet it seems we've got iron clad evidence against you.

FAWN

Kind of getting off the path, don't you think? Did you know they have a perp in custody for this crime?

Fawn points to the news conference on TV.

PICKLE

We both know that's cover their ass FBI bullshit. And the SFPD files?

Fawn doesn't answer and walks away.

PICKLE (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.

INT. FAWN'S HOUSE - LATER

The house has been torn apart. Fawn sits at her dining room table. Pickle slams pictures of murder scenes before her.

PICKLE  
Take these from Joseph Hamilton  
before you killed him then stashed  
them in your closet.

FAWN  
(laughing)  
In my closet? Really! How sloppy of  
me.

PICKLE  
Service weapons and badge.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Buck and Fawn yell at each other. It's heated.

BUCK  
You tried to pin this on me. What,  
so you could impress the FBI?

FAWN  
Pickle had a hard-on for you long  
before I showed up. Did you forget?

BUCK  
You sent him after me.

FAWN  
You got investigated, because  
that's where the evidence took us.

BUCK  
It's best you resign.

FAWN  
You're the one who talked me into  
this investigation. Now you want me  
to quit?

BUCK  
Dad was right to keep you away -  
you and your white mother.

FAWN

I know you're involved up to your eyeballs. You and Winston Biehn.

Reviewing files Pickle enters with a black eye and fat lip. He notices Buck.

PICKLE

Get out of my interrogation room.

Buck storms off.

FAWN

You look like shit. You get in a bar fight?

PICKLE

Your Gram's got a mean right hook.

FAWN

Looks more like a one, two punch.

PICKLE

Two punches, maybe more... Lets make a deal that works for everyone.

FAWN

But you have iron clad evidence?

PICKLE

Don't worry, we're working on it.

Fawn spies files Pickle has with him.

FAWN

What are those?

PICKLE

Documents from Joseph Hamilton's safe deposit box.

FAWN

Fast subpoena.

PICKLE

Subpoena? Shucks, I knew I forgot something.

FAWN

Fruit from the poisonous tree.

PICKLE  
Wasn't much fruit. Some pictures of  
crime scenes and tire tracks.

Pickle slides the pictures over to Fawn.

PICKLE (CONT'D)  
We'll have to hold you, but don't  
worry. You won't be alone.

FAWN  
I'll pass on your deal. Whatever it  
was.

INT. DEL NORTE COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Gram and Fawn share a cell. Gram has one hand wrapped.

GRAM  
With our jail time, we'll get some  
work done.

FAWN  
You gave him a nice shiner.

GRAM  
Sucker for the Redfern left hook.

MONTAGE - GRAM AND FAWN INTERACTING IN JAIL

-- Fawn sits with eyes shut concentrating with full attention as Gram stands and whispers in her ear, gesturing like she's conducting a slow symphony.

-- Gram lays on the bunk while Fawn paces around the cell talking as she moves. Gram sits up, gesturing excitedly.

-- Gram and Fawn push away trays of a poor jail dinner. Gram holds her nose and crinkles her face. Fawn laughs.

-- Gram locks her thumbs together and flaps her hands like wings as Fawn watches and focuses on the lesson.

-- Fawn sits with her eyes closed and speaks softly. Gram stands and nods her approval. Fawn stands up with a smile and hugs Gram.

-- Gram and Fawn pick at a meal again but this time it's breakfast. Greater hunger facilitates greater tolerance.

DEL NORTE COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Gram sits on the edge of a cot. Fawn paces slowly.

GRAM

There's more here than we see. Hard to tell where criminals end and the tribe begins.

FAWN

Government and tribal corruption connected to deadly ambition.

GRAM

To what end?

FAWN

Some of these killings look more like professional hits than serial murder.

GRAM

Always follow the money.

FAWN

Step one. Working together to install Tolowa business owners.

GRAM

Step two. New owners immediately move enormous amounts of money through each business.

FAWN

Money laundering. They're cleaning dirty money. Step three...

GRAM

Someone let coyotes into our henhouse. Where does the money go?

FAWN

Buck and Winston direct all finances at Smith River.

GRAM

Not without help that's for sure.

FAWN

Someone with juice.

GRAM

Who kills like it's breathing.

FAWN  
And has high ambition.

PICKLE (O.S.)  
Redfern you made bail.

Gram stands up and Fawn stays seated. Pickle stands in front of their cell.

PICKLE (CONT'D)  
Wrong Redfern.

FAWN  
I'm getting bail with a murder charge?

PICKLE  
She hit an officer of the law.  
(to Gram)  
Do you have anything to say to me?

GRAM  
Come a little closer.

PICKLE  
Watch it.

FAWN  
You have "ironclad" proof it wasn't me torching the Triplicate?

PICKLE  
Um, yeah. There's video. Looking for a Black SUV and two men.

GRAM  
Video?

PICKLE  
A new security system across the way at Glen's Bakery.

FAWN  
Glen's is closed.

PICKLE  
It's being refurbished.

FAWN  
Two men getting out of a Black SUV.

PICKLE  
Carrying baseball bats and wearing Shrek masks.

FAWN

That's pretty ironclad. What about Charlie?

PICKLE

Black SUV with rude thugs stopped for gas in Hiouchi.

FAWN

I'm not leaving Gram.

PICKLE

Your brother and Biehn showed up with bail money. I expedited it.

FAWN

Watch out, Pickle. I might begin to think you're all right.

PICKLE

I don't want it to get around I got sucker punched by a Tolowa woman.

FAWN

An old... Tolowa... woman.

EXT. DEL NORTE COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - DAY

Gram and Fawn exit the front of the jail as Biehn and Buck speed away in Biehn's Silverado. The women are met by a 1968 Mustang driven by Pickle.

PICKLE

Get in. Let's see where the money leads us.

FAWN

Absolutely.

GRAM

I'd rather walk. It's easier on my left hook. See you tiny Pickle.

INT. 1968 MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The car has been restored inside and out. The dash has GPS, internet and a police band radio. They tail the Silverado.

FAWN

What's the deal?



PICKLE  
Finished restoring her a few weeks ago. I call her Sapphire.

FAWN  
Sapphire?

PICKLE  
Always name my girls after colors. I've had Ruby, Chocolate, Blanca. Finish one, start a new project.

FAWN  
You better step on it. They're getting away.

Pickle shows no urgency.

PICKLE  
No, it always starts this way.

FAWN  
You've tracked them before?

PICKLE  
Many times. I know where they're going, at least part of the way.

FAWN  
What?

PICKLE  
They never stop for gas - huge tank in that thing - and I lose them. But this time I'm ready.

EXT. SECLUDED PARKING AREA OFF A RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang rolls to a stop. The Silverado continues on down the road. The Mustang backs into a hidden area.

INT. 1968 MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Fawn and Pickle sit and wait. Pickle's calm but Fawn's agitated.

FAWN  
They got a way.

PICKLE  
How about a little officer to officer respect?

FAWN  
I thought you wanted to tail them.

PICKLE  
I will when they come back.

FAWN  
If they come back.

PICKLE  
That road dead ends. One way in and  
one way out. I thought you could  
see stuff?

FAWN  
Seems I'm better with the dead than  
the living.

PICKLE  
My ex-wives said the same thing...

They share a laugh together.

PICKLE (CONT'D)  
In about ten minutes a Black SUV  
will pass back by us.

FAWN  
The black SUV?

PICKLE  
Now you're cooking with gas.

FAWN  
What about stopping for gas?

PICKLE  
The great thing about Sapphire is  
the whole trunk is one giant gas  
tank.

A black SUV flies by them. Pickle fires up his 1968 Mustang  
and eases out on the roadway.

FAWN  
So we're riding around in a classic  
speeding bomb.

PICKLE  
Pretty much.

FAWN  
You built Sapphire specifically to  
tail them.

PICKLE  
I may not be the sharpest tool in  
the shed, but I'm a pretty good  
cop.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP IN SAN CARLOS - DAY

SUPER: Eight Hours later

Winston Biehn, Buck and two mob thugs get out of a black SUV.  
They stretch like they have been sitting in a car for hours.  
They go into the shop.

INT. 1968 MUSTANG PARKED AT A NEARBY A GAS STATION -  
CONTINUOUS

Fawn and Pickle show trip fatigue but are invigorated.

FAWN  
I have to go use the can.

PICKLE  
I'm good.

FAWN  
How can you hold it that long?

PICKLE  
Trick I picked up from long haul  
truckers. Uro Bagger 1000 for the  
driver on the go who has to go!

Pickle points to his crotch. Fawn starts to laugh. Eventually  
so does Pickle. Fawn jumps out of the Mustang and carefully  
enters the gas station.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP SAN CARLOS - MOMENTS LATER

The two mob thugs, Buck, Biehn and Dane exit the coffee shop.  
Bethany trails after Dane. The men share some laughs like  
they've been friends for years and climb into the Black SUV.

PICKLE (O.S.)  
Holy shit. They're all in on it.

FAWN  
And Dane's got a new protege.

INT. 1968 MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Fawn jumps back into the car. Pickle's anxious.

PICKLE  
That girl makes it appear  
everything's fine.

FAWN  
Let's follow them.

PICKLE  
Is he undercover?

FAWN  
Too much juice to be undercover.

PICKLE  
I was being polite. I know you guys  
have a history.

FAWN  
Well, it's history. Stop coddling  
me. We have a job to do.

PICKLE  
You got it, chief.

MONTAGE - TRIP AROUND BAY AREA, LATE AFTERNOON INTO LATE  
NIGHT

--South Bay Italian bakery called Badda Bing. Biehn, Dane and Buck exit with their two mob thugs and bulging white packages. Wholesome Bethany stands out against the heavies. The Black SUV pulls away with a 1968 Mustang following.

--Biehn, Dane, Buck the two bodyguards exit Windy City Construction with more white packages. They walk towards the Black SUV, where Bethany sits waiting. Fawn records the event with her smart phone.

--Dane, Buck, Biehn and the two mob thugs eat at an Italian Restaurant in North Beach. Dane feeds Bethany spumoni. A NERVOUS MAN joins them carrying another package. With shaking hands he passes the parcel to one of the bodyguards. Fawn spies them from the bar.

--Biehn, Buck, Dane and their two side kicks enter an upscale Dry Cleaning store. A 1968 Mustang is parked down the street.

--Biehn, Buck Dane and the two mob thugs leave Tommy Gun Bar & Grill. More packages. Bethany's waiting outside. A loud noise makes Dane and thugs pull weapons. Buck grabs cover. Biehn is stoic - false alarm. They slowly holster their guns.

--San Carlos Airport. The thugs load packages into Tolowa Casino Plane. Biehn signs papers and hands them to Dane who reviews the documents. Dane puts them in his suit coat. Buck and Biehn board the airplane. Dane cups Bethany's cheek in his hand.

--Dane talks on his cell phone as he, Bethany and the thugs climb into the Black SUV. The Casino Plane rolls to the runway.

INT. GRAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Fawn greets Gram after her trip to San Francisco.

GRAM  
You look exhausted.

FAWN  
Comes with the job, Gram.

GRAM  
What can I do for you, little bird?

FAWN  
I need to know. Is our killer  
Winston Biehn? I need help.

Gram closes her eyes and focuses. Gram starts to cry.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
What's the deal?

GRAM  
Your brother's tongue wags both  
ways, and his hands are soiled.

FAWN  
Not shrouded by darkness?

GRAM  
Surrounds himself with hollow souls  
- so much evil.

FAWN  
You mean Winston Biehn?

GRAM  
No, he's a follower. An evil  
leader's in the shadows but he soon  
comes for us, little bird.

INT. WENDELL PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Fawn, Pickle and Peacock's attorney discuss the case.

FAWN

Why was the Tribe so threatened by Peacock's lawsuit?

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Public exposure pure and simple.

FAWN

Murder to cover up accusations?

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Open your eyes, you'll see.

FAWN

Tell me what you know.

PICKLE

They're forcing businesses to sell below market value?

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Exactly right!

FAWN

Casino books are clean.

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Not Winston Biehn's encrypted records.

PICKLE

Encrypted computer files?

FAWN

The Tolowa believe they legitimately own those businesses.

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Or act like they do, because not going along gets people killed.

FAWN

Like Chief Redfern?

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

In private your father expressed Charlie Burns was right to mistrust the outside money.

FAWN

He was concerned?

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Mad as hell and from what I could tell actively looking for evidence of criminal activity.

FAWN

They killed him.

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Dead men don't talk. I'm sorry.

PICKLE

Why kill Joseph Hamilton?

PEACOCK'S ATTORNEY

Word is he was on the take so he knew too much.

FAWN

Destroying his negatives was a bonus.

PICKLE

Charlie Burns knew Melvin Wasneg was set up.

FAWN

Senator Shilstone was investigating American Indian Casinos.

PICKLE

Jack Wilson was a delivery driver who blew the whistle on suspicious white packages.

FAWN

I showed up and stirred a hornet's nest with a big stick.

INT. JUDICIAL CHAMBERS DEL NORTE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

A JUDGE reviews Fawn's request for a search warrant.

JUDGE

The warrant request can't be more specific than this?

FAWN

It's our contention criminal  
financial actions are encrypted by  
Buck Redfern and Winston Biehn.

JUDGE

So your allegation is..?

FAWN

Organized crime's moving cash  
through local companies.

JUDGE

Money laundering?

Fawn presents the Judge with photos.

INSERT - A STACK OF 8 1/2 x 11 PHOTOS

Biehn, Buck, Dane and the Two Mob Thugs at their stops.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN

Surveillance photos show the  
chaperons are career criminals  
working for the Lanza family.

JUDGE

What are those white packages?

FAWN

Cash... perhaps drugs.

JUDGE

The entire Tolowa Nation will  
scream for their sovereign rights.

FAWN

I'm Tolowa and I'll be screaming  
for justice.

INT. TOLOWA TRIBE HEADQUARTERS SMITH RIVER CALIFORNIA - DAY

Fawn and Pickle witness as FBI FORENSIC ACCOUNTANTS grab  
records, computer hard drives, cell phones. Some conduct  
field interviews with tech staff.

BUCK

You have embarrassed the Tribe.



FAWN

You think they'll be okay with your money laundering, fraud and murder?

BUCK

No proof for any of those absurd accusations.

FBI Forensic Accountant cuts in.

FBI ACCOUNTANT

No smoking gun but the casino construction finances are highly suspect.

BUCK

We used private investors, not bank loans. So what?

FAWN

Private investors? FBI will find where you've cooked the books, and I'll take it from there.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Working with tablets, the FBI Accountants and Fawn discuss findings.

SUPER: Days Later

FBI ACCOUNTANT

These guys are not as smart as they think.

FAWN

What's the score?

FBI ACCOUNTANT

Account numbers from Cayman Islands Banks.

FAWN

Who owns the accounts?

FBI ACCOUNTANT

The Tolowa tribe, but just three names pop up over and over again.

FAWN

Winston Biehn, Buck Redfern and Dane Scott?

FBI ACCOUNTANT  
No, not Scott. Cascadia Rising.

FAWN  
What?

FBI ACCOUNTANT  
A paramilitary group dedicated to  
the rise of a new nation in the  
Pacific Northwest. And revolutions  
are expensive.

FAWN  
Cascadia - of course!

FBI ACCOUNTANT  
We never found any white packages  
full of money.

Dane enters the room as the FBI Accountant exits.

DANE SCOTT  
You didn't cut me in on the action.

FAWN  
More covert than you like.

DANE SCOTT  
I don't like secrets.

Dane steps in, too close for comfort, and cups her cheek in  
his hand. Fawn looks defiant. She pivots and strolls away.

INT. TOLOWA TRIBAL COUNCIL - NIGHT

Fawn and the FBI Accountants present investigation findings  
to the Tolowa Leadership Council.

FAWN  
You have the account numbers.

FBI ACCOUNTANT  
The funds are frozen until  
ownership is confirmed.

TOLOWA COUNCIL MEMBER #1  
And the businesses we bought?

FBI ACCOUNTANT  
Officially a group called Cascadia  
Rising holds those titles.

FAWN  
You'd have to pursue a civil case.

TOLOWA COUNCIL MEMBER #2  
What next Sheriff Redfern?

FAWN  
Murder of good people screams for  
justice. Victims like Chief Redfern  
deserve better than this.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FAWN'S OFFICE

BUCK  
It didn't have to be this way if  
you'd just played ball.

FAWN  
The FBI's peeling back the layers  
of your little empire.

BUCK  
You keep underestimating Winston  
Biehn and his accounting skills.

FAWN  
The Feds have a ninety-seven  
percent conviction rate.

BUCK  
Good thing I'm not guilty.

FAWN  
Your ass is in a sling, and you're  
fresh out of friends.

BUCK  
You're in over your head with no  
idea how deep this goes, little  
one.

INT. GRAM'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

In the darkness a figure sleeps near a clock radio.

INSERT - Clock Radio

Shows 2:30 AM.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. OUTSIDE OF GRAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Winston Biehn's Silverado 4x4 crawls up the drive, then stops and shuts off. Winston slides down from the cab.

INSERT - TIRE TRACKS FROM SILVERADO

Winston's boots land on fresh tire tracks, similar to Peacock and Wilson murder scene photos.

BACK TO SCENE

Winston dons a mask, picks up a baseball bat and displays a pistol.

INT. GRAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A figure is at slumber. It's dark except a few night lights.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF GRAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Winston leans his bat against side of the house. He pulls out a key and cautiously opens Gram's front door all the while gripping his pistol.

INT. GRAM'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Winston quietly closes the front door and cautiously slides through the room and down the hallway.

INT. GRAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Winston fires two shots in the dark through a silencer. He holsters his gun and aims his flashlight. It's a mannequin. Lights switch on. Before Winston can grab his pistol Fawn taps the back of Biehn's head with her gun.

FAWN

Make any move and I'll end you  
right here. Drop the bat. Easy.

Pickle's at the light switch, pistol drawn. Biehn drops his bat. Pickle retrieves Winston's pistol and handcuffs Biehn. Fawn searches him. She finds Dentalia Shells.

WINSTON BIEHN

The Tolowa know what I've done for  
them. I have powerful friends.

PICKLE

See now, wise guys don't shine to  
losing data files filled with  
evidence on their crimes.

WINSTON BIEHN

It's encrypted.

FAWN

Encrypted, really? It's the  
frigging FBI. They wrote the book  
on encryption.

INT. DEL NORTE COUNTY JAIL - DAYS LATER

DEPUTY #1 plods down a hallway. He yells outside a large  
holding cell.

DEPUTY #1

Biehn you made bail.

Winston Biehn with several days beard growth moves toward the  
door as Deputy #1 unlocks it.

WINSTON BIEHN

The tribe put up the bond?

Winston Biehn's let out of the holding cell. The door's  
locked behind him.

DEPUTY #1

I just release 'em.

WINSTON BIEHN

I knew they wouldn't forget me.

DEPUTY #1

This way... You didn't hear it from  
me, but it wasn't the Tolowa.

WINSTON BIEHN

Sure it was.

They move down the hallway.

DEPUTY #1

Like I said buddy, I just release  
'em.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF DEL NORTE COUNTY JAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Winston Biehn exits the front of the jail when he sees a familiar Black SUV. The thugs are overly friendly.

THUG #1  
Come on, we'll give you a lift to  
your truck.

Winston slowly does as directed.

WINSTON BIEHN  
You paid my bail?

THUG #1  
Nobody messes with our people.  
You're golden.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF GRAM'S HOUSE - LATER

The Black SUV stops near Winston Biehn's truck. Thug #1 and #2 guide Winston to his Silverado. Dane tosses a brick of money to Winston. He examines it and smiles.

DANE SCOTT  
Pulled some strings and got your  
truck cut loose. Use the dough to  
lay low for awhile.

WINSTON BIEHN  
You got me released?

They all shake hands and Thug #1 and #2 head back to the SUV. Winston perks up and even has an even bigger smile.

DANE SCOTT  
We're thinking you need to leave  
the country.

Dane hands him some documents.

WINSTON BIEHN  
What's this?

DANE SCOTT  
Travel documents. Mexico's real  
nice this time of year.

WINSTON BIEHN  
Don't worry about me. I'm gone.

DANE SCOTT

Us worried? You're our guy. Give our best to the Los Zetas. They could use a good accountant.

INT. SILVERADO 4 X 4 - MOMENTS LATER

Winston Biehn watches the Black SUV drive away. He breathes a sigh of relief.

WINSTON BIEHN

How bad can Mexico be?

INT. THE BLACK SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Thug #1 talks to Thug #2 who's driving.

THUG #1

They always fall for the funny money.

THUG #2

Travel documents. Nice touch.

DANE SCOTT

No honor among thieves.

INT. SILVERADO 4 X 4 - CONTINUOUS

Winston Biehn looks at the money. He reaches to turn the key when he pauses. Takes another look at the money. Then laughs as he turns the key.

EXT. SILVERADO 4 X 4 - CONTINUOUS

The Silverado 4 x 4 explodes with an enormous fireball.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH CRESCENT CITY - LATER

Dressed as a homeless vagabond, Buck Redfern ambles down the windy beach near a small road. He pushes a tattered cart stuffed with white packages containing money and valuables.

A Black SUV slowly drives by him. The window slides down and a silencer inches out. Shots fired. Buck Redfern drops dead.

INT. THE BLACK SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SUV speeds away. Dane reads the San Francisco *Chronicle* in the back seat.

DANE SCOTT  
Practicing?

THUG #1  
Stop it. That was an easy shot.

Dane puts down the paper.

INSERT - CHRONICLE NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE.

Headline reads "Famous FBI Agent Person of Interest in Serial Murders." His picture is displayed.

BACK TO SCENE

THUG #1 (CONT'D)  
I thought it was a good picture of you.

DANE SCOTT  
Pull over I have to take a piss.

THUG #2  
Now?

DANE SCOTT  
Just fucking do it. I'm about to be presumed dead.

Dane takes off his ring and throws it at Thug#2

THUG #1  
Not just presumed.

Before the SUV can come to a full stop Thug #1 turns towards Dane with his gun drawn. Too slow. Dane shoots him through both eyes. Thug #1 slumps. Thug #2 guns the engine as Dane tumbles from the SUV and comes up firing.

THUG #2  
Son of a bitch.

Thug #2 is hit in back of the head. The Black SUV veers into a logging semi. The huge gas tank of the SUV explodes in a dramatic fireball.

Dane calmly walks back across the highway and jumps into a waiting 4x4 Jeep driven by a BEARDED COMRADE (30) dressed in camouflage gear. Bethany is waiting in the jump seat.



INT. 4X4 JEEP - CONTINUOUS

DANE SCOTT  
Cascadia Rising.

BEARDED COMRADE  
Cascadia Rising.

The men touch fists. Bearded Comrade hits the gas pedal.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH CRESCENT CITY - MOMENTS LATER

A HOMELESS MAN (55) and a dog walk the beach. He finds Buck's body and his money cart loaded with cash. He looks around, grabs the cart. The dog sniffs Buck's body then pees on it. Sirens in the distance.

HOMELESS MAN  
Come on, Hobo, let's go. If you're  
real good, I'll buy you a T-bone.

The pair walk on wet sand where waves wash over their tracks.

EXT. PELICAN BAY PRISON - DAY

Melvin Wasneg exits with Fawn Redfern. He's mobbed by family and friends. Tribal leaders make a conspicuous showing for damage control. Rebuilding their brand.

SUPER: Six Months Later.

Melvin makes his way to a small podium. He's met by his LEGAL TEAM. Fawn trails the group. Cameras and reporters await. Melvin bounces up to the microphone.

MELVIN  
I'm home again. The Innocence  
Project, with support from the  
Tolowa Tribe, made this day happen.

Cheers mixed with polite clapping and press activity.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
Thanks Special Agent Fawn Redfern  
and Chief Charlie Burns. You taught  
me innocent men should be free.

Loud cheers reverberate as Melvin embraces Fawn. They both wave to the crowd. More cheers.

EXT. POINT ST. GEORGE BEACH - DAY

Fawn races down the beach past dozens of visions. She sees a couple on the beach ahead of her, transparent. It is Melissa and Dan Redfern walking together hand in hand.

They turn towards her. Their peaceful faces reflect pure love. The couple dissolve into a ball of white light that strikes Fawn in the heart and enters her. Fawn recoils and falls to her knees, sobbing with joy.

FAWN

Now I feel the warmth... their  
love.

Fawn gradually collects herself. Her phone rings in her running belt. She answers, wiping her tears.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Special Agent Redfern.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PICKLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pickle's on his phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

PICKLE

Couldn't resist the beach while in  
town?

FAWN

Sheriff Pickle, what a surprise.

PICKLE

You okay?

FAWN

Never better.

PICKLE

FBI find the dirt bag?

FAWN

We're working on it. Sooner or  
later he'll pop up and I'll be  
there.

PICKLE

Listen, the fishery manager and  
boat captains are screaming at one  
another. Help out an old friend?

FAWN

First week of salmon season.  
They're fighting already?

PICKLE

The captains are preparing to dump  
their salmon catch into the harbor.

INSERT - FAWN SEES A VISION

Fawn, Pickle and the fishery manager sitting around a table.  
There are smiles and even a few laughs. A compromise will be  
met.

BACK TO SCENE

FAWN

It will be fine. Give me an hour.

PICKLE

We'll be here.

EXT. FBI ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn opens driver side glove compartment and begins to place  
her phone inside. She stops. A pint of vodka is in view. She  
hesitates then replaces the vodka with her phone.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Fawn drops the vodka in a public garbage can. She smiles,  
then turns towards the FBI Escalade. Her phone rings and she  
hustles to answer it.

FAWN

Special Agent Redfern.

INT. 4X4 JEEP DRIVING NEAR THE CALIFORNIA-OREGON BORDER -  
SAME TIME

Bearded Man drives Dane Scott along a steep mountain ravine.  
Dane holds a phone to his ear and a pistol on his lap.

INTERCUT Telephone conversation.

DANE SCOTT (V.O.)

Your father begged me for his life.  
You should have been there.

FAWN

No, I'll be there when you beg.

DANE

Killing you will be easy to  
explain. It's a shame. You were my  
favorite.

FAWN

I'm going to make sure you spend  
the rest of your life in a cage.

DANE

We've been in front of you the  
whole time and you never saw us.

FAWN

Fearing you clouded my vision. You  
can't intimidate me any more.

DANE

The Cascadia revolution has begun  
and you're late. See you real soon,  
little bird.

FADE TO BLACK.