

IRONS BOUND

Written By

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EXT. MIDWEST INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An unseen moon illuminates miles of CORNFIELDS surrounding an empty two-lane INTERSTATE HIGHWAY. Fields sway in the wind like rolling waves in the night.

A silver SEMI-TRUCK comes driving through the darkness.

INT./EXT. SEMI CAB/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Inside, THE DRIVER, a burly man, stares straight ahead with a resting angry face, listening to TALK RADIO. On the seat next to him is a strapped black riot SHOTGUN.

The semi's headlights shine onto a BROWN SEDAN with no license plate parked on the side of the road.

The driver eyes his right side-view mirror, keeping an eye on the brown sedan as he passes it, until-

His radio cuts into loud STATIC, distracting him.

He fumbles with the dial only to hear more jumbled signals and eventually turns the radio completely off.

He eyes his right side-view again. Endless black.

Suddenly, to his left, HEADLIGHTS flip on revealing the sedan is right beside him!

The driver watches it SPEED to just ahead of the semi.

The driver, alert, inches his hand over to his shotgun just as the sedan SWERVES into the right lane, causing the semi to BRAKE hard.

As he brakes, his shotgun slides forward onto the floor of the cab, brushing his fingertips.

The sedan REVS away at top speed.

The driver, heart racing and pissed, slows down. He reaches for his shotgun while keeping his foot on the gas.

Unknown to the driver, a WHITE WORK VAN with its headlights off, matches the semi's speed and coasts in his blind spot.

The driver reaches closer and closer for his shotgun.

The van creeps up toward the semi's cab. The SIDE DOOR slides open, revealing a MASKED MAN, holding a rolled-up SPIKE STRIP.

GRAB. The semi driver leans back up, shotgun in hand, and puts his eyes to the road, only to see an EMPTY HIGHWAY ahead. Maybe the sedan sped out of site, maybe it's parked on the side. Hard to tell.

The driver keeps his eyes ahead, grips his shotgun.

HONK HONK!

The driver is startled by the honking van, which is now directly beside him in the left lane and SPEEDING up.

FLICK. The masked man whips out the long strip of spikes and lets go, causing them to CATCH the semi's front tires.

POP POP POP! The tires blow out and the semi driver's head SMACKS the steering wheel.

The van quickly veers onto the left shoulder while the semi abruptly comes to a halt.

--

Dust and debris fills the road. There's a beat of calm.

The driver's head bleeds, but he's conscious. Headlights shine down the road onto the backdoors of the white van. His shotgun is on the dashboard now. He grabs it.

The van reverses. It's fifteen feet away when the driver COCKS the shotgun and leans out his driver window. BANG.

The van's backdoors are hit. It stops.

The driver pulls himself in, checks his side mirrors. It's dark in both. He COCKS the shotgun and opens his door.

He jumps out of the cab keeping the butt of the shotgun tight against his shoulder.

Adrenaline pumping, he marches toward the IDLING van.

The sound of CRUNCHING gravel behind him causes him to stop and turn around.

The masked man steps into view from the passenger side of the semi, aiming a PISTOL.

The driver SHOOTS, the masked man dodges behind the semi.

The driver backtracks, quickly watching both the van and his semi. He COCKS the shotgun and holds his position with his back against the semi's grill.

No movement comes from the van. The driver slides right on the grill, shotgun ready. He jumps around the corner.

BLAM. Blood bursts out of the driver's face. Shot from behind, he drops to the ground.

A SECOND MASKED MAN, standing by the van, is revealed aiming a scoped rifle.

The first masked man has the dead driver at his feet and BLOOD SPLATTERED across his mask. He grabs the shotgun off the ground and quickly moves to the back of the trailer.

Behind the semi, THREE MORE MASKED MEN step out of the sedan, which is parked in the middle of the highway.

Two of them, both carrying HANDGUNS, open the trailer doors and climb inside. The third man, A LARGE MAN, stands guard by the car, watching the highway behind.

INT. SEMI-TRUCK TRAILER - NIGHT

The two masked men use FLASHLIGHTS above their guns to scour through the trailer. It's full of wooden CRATES. They are looking for something specific, throwing crates onto the floor until they reveal: A WOODEN PANEL. A fake wall blocking the very front of the trailer.

A masked man runs his hand across the wood, feeling for a latch.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Bullets blast through the wood and into the masked man, sending him flying backwards.

A HIDDEN DOOR OPENS, a BALD MAN, 40's, comes out SHOOTING an Uzi.

The second masked man ducks for cover, SHOOTING back, but missing. He moves around, telegraphing his movement with the flashlight.

The bald man sneaks behind the masked man, ready to fire, when—

BLAST, he's hit in the chest. The bald man falls to the ground, WHEEZING. The masked man, a few feet away, moves his light toward the back of the trailer to reveal:

The BLOODY MASKED MAN standing at the trailer's entrance, silhouetted by light, smoke oozing from the shotgun barrel.

The masked man further inside the trailer, steps up to the dying bald man and FIRES a kill shot into his head.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY/TRAILER/VAN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The large masked man closes the semi trailer. He looks around, keeping cover, then nods to someone behind him.

He steps away from the trailer, heading toward the van. Behind him, two masked men hold a line of FOUR, scared, barely dressed WOMEN at gunpoint.

Like a string of prisoners, the masked men lead the women to the van.

The women SCREAM as the van doors are opened up, revealing the bloody dead body of the masked crew's only casualty lying inside.

They women are shoved into the van, forced to sit on top of the dead body. They cling to one another for comfort, CRYING.

The van doors SLAM SHUT.

CUT TO BLACK

INT./EXT. MAIN STREET - THE TWO-BIT DINER - NIGHT

Darkness. Stars slowly appear. It fades into a night sky above a nowhere Missouri town. Small buildings sprinkled in between corn and soy fields.

Through a DINER'S front window, we see the sole customer, DAVID, 30's, handsome, freshly shaved, brown suit, dazed look, picking at a plate of fries, staring out the window.

A beautiful woman, BELLA, 20's, big hair, comes up and touches his shoulder. She smiles then puts a bill down. As she leaves, he eyes her ass walking away.

David pays the bill then looks to the window again. The town outside is dead, nobody in sight. As he stares, Bella surprises David, suddenly walking past with a bag of trash.

BELLA

Going to Church on Sunday?

David gives a look that says "really" and Bella looks back at him with a coy smile, like she's made a tasteful joke.

BELLA (CONT'D)

(playful)

I know. It's lame. I go cause my family. Last week preacher had a good line though.

David intently stares at her as she flirtingly speaks.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Even if you benefit, you mustn't channel evil.

David smiles at her, satisfied by this line somehow.

BELLA (CONT'D)

That's right, evil.

They smile at each other, then Bella steps outside. David turns his attention back to his fries. He eats a few of them just before he hears Bella SCREAMING from outside.

David, alert, stands up and reaches around his hip, pulling out a police-issued HANDGUN. He rushes out the front door.

EXT. TWO-BIT'S ALLEY/STREET - NIGHT

David rounds the Two-Bit's corner, both hands grasping his gun, finding Bella, disgusted, in the alley. Ahead of her, a MAN faces away, MARK, 30's, long sideburns, flannel. He URINATES on the brick wall as David approaches from behind.

DAVID

Put that little pecker away,
Mark.

Mark turns, still urinating. David grabs his shoulder before he spins completely and slams him against the wall.

MARK

The fuck? I'm pissing.

DAVID

In public.

Mark stops, zips up his fly. He stumbles backwards. David catches his collar to keep him from falling over.

BELLA

Get lost ya damn drunk!

MARK

What?! Not like I'm trying to
get your cute little snatch!

Breaking David's hold, Mark aggressively runs at Bella, who welcomes him by SWINGING the full trash bag into his face.

BANG.

David shoots his gun in the air. Mark freezes.

DAVID

Fuckin' idiot.

David puts his gun away, arm bars Mark, and forces him past Bella, who stands scared yet awkwardly mesmerized. He puts Mark in back of a CROWN VIC that's parked on the street then turns around to see Bella, pleased, waiting for him.

BELLA

Thank you, David.

DAVID

Don't mention it. I'm serious. I don't want anyone knowing I'm a good cop.

BELLA

Who said you were good?

David smiles, thinks on this a moment.

DAVID

Let's have a drink later.

BELLA

You do know that Andre proposed, *right*?

They lock eyes. The question lingers a moment.

She raises her eyebrows sweetly at him.

DAVID

You're not married yet.

Bella, ticked, points at Mark in the car.

BELLA

You playboys belong together. You're both disgusting.

DAVID

Don't get on your high horse. You're the one that said I was a good lay.

Bella raises her eyebrows and smiles without responding.

David watches Bella go back inside the Two-Bit. He grins to himself as he sparks a cig.

Mark MUMBLES as David opens his car door and gets in.

DAVID

Shut your goddamn mouth.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - NIGHT

Smoke wafts around as David drives. He finishes his cig and puts it in the ashtray. He opens his window for air.

MARK

She didn't like that snatch line much, huh?

DAVID

Unlike the other women who adore your charm.

MARK

Dirty bitches in this town.

DAVID

You might be smarter than I thought, but you do smell like piss.

David makes a left turn when his C.B. RADIO comes on.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Nina to David, are you there?

He picks up his receiver and speaks back to her.

DAVID

Go ahead, Nina.

NINA (V.O.)

Sheriff called. State P.D. is towing the semi Monday. He'd like you to work it tomorrow.

DAVID

Of course he would..

David slams the receiver.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Fuckin' jerkoff.

CLICK. He turns off the radio as he's about to pass a BAR. A RED CAR there catches his eye, causing him to brake abruptly and pull into the parking lot.

INT./EXT. DAVID'S CAR/BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A bar sign flashes: THE BROKEN SPOKE. A small brick bar, scattered cigs everywhere. Outside, a man, JOSH, 21, gauged ears, smokes with a blonde, EVE, 16, tight top and shorts.

David parks, his headlights shine on Josh and Eve, who block their eyes from the light. He sternly looks at them.

MARK

You're getting a drink?

DAVID

That's not all.

MARK

I was headin' here.

David sees Eve jolt around the corner. Josh trailing after.

DAVID

Small world, huh?

MARK

Just, let's forget about all this. How long we go back?

DAVID

I remember your sister was the first girl to get a chest.

MARK

Right. And who let you go through her underwear drawer?

DAVID

You charged five bucks.

David smiles and gets out of his car. He opens the backdoor for Mark who steps out, happy with the decision.

DAVID

Behave and don't think this is cause I like you. I'm just looking out for myself. Nothing else.

INT. BROKEN SPOKE BAR - NIGHT

David and Mark enter the Broken Spoke. It's dirty. Worn barstools, beer on the floor. LOUD MUSIC plays.

Behind the bar, a grungy bartender, DUKE, 23, camo shirt, beard, eyes David as he comes inside. His nose and thick moustache are sprinkled white with cocaine residue.

On the bar's far end, a beautiful blonde, KIRA, 28, black stockings, low cut top, crossed legs, sips a whiskey.

On the opposite end sits BEN, 21, shaved head, athletic, surrounded by empty beer bottles. Ben doesn't turn his head to see who's come inside.

David walks to Ben, smacks his back like they're old pals. This somewhat bothers Ben. He stares harshly at David.

DAVID

I see you haven't changed.

(to Mark)

You know he was the best ball player to come out of Blue Hill? Hit 315 senior year.

BEN

325... All-state centerfield.

MARK

What happened? You didn't play college ball?

DAVID

Tell him.

BEN

I was signed. Heading to the minors. I got drunk the night before my flight and missed it. Team wouldn't let it go.

DAVID

Now he's competing for all county drunk.

Mark LAUGHS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That funny? He's coming for
your crown.

David LAUGHS while Mark takes a seat at the bar.

DAVID

What's going on, Ben?

BEN

I'm moving. Already out of my
apartment.

DAVID

No shit?

BEN

It's my last night here.

DAVID

Good luck. I tried to leave a
few times. This town has a
way of pulling people back.

BEN

Only the weak ones.

David swallows as he thinks on this line. He pats Ben's
shoulder then walks toward Duke.

Duke, benumbed eyes, is a fast talker, making him sound
insincere and quite high.

DUKE

You want the usual pal?

David nods. He swipes his nose deliberately to signal Duke,
who then wipes the cocaine off his own nose and moustache.
He licks the residue from his hand.

DAVID

My uncle been in tonight?

DUKE

Haven't seen him. He must be
drinking less.

DAVID

Brave soul.
(points at Mark)
He's having water.

Mark frowns at the news. He watches Duke pour a whiskey for David, who takes it and heads toward Kira.

Kira looks at herself in a mirror behind the bar. She pouts her lips, moves her hair. When she sees David coming she stares into her drink, stirs it with a straw.

David sits down by her.

DAVID

What's your little cousin
doing outside?

KIRA

Keith?

Kira hides her face.

DAVID

No, Eve.

He grabs her chin, turning her to see stunning copper colored eyes. One particularly stands out because she's been punched recently and a black eye remains.

DAVID

That's new.

KIRA

Is it?

She pulls away, out of his grasp.

DAVID

You're still a beauty.

KIRA

I ran out of makeup.

David looks away, giving her space. He sees Duke talking with Mark, but can't hear them. He turns back to Kira.

DAVID

Do you need help?

KIRA

No. I don't want to owe you
or anybody else.

David eyes her up and down before taking a long drink.

Ben stares at Kira with piercing eyes. She notices and
looks back at him, which draws David's attention to it.

Once Ben sees David watching him, he looks away. David
turns back to Kira. He gets out a cig, lights it.

DAVID

He your next customer?

KIRA

Too young. One of my rules.

DAVID

It's his last night in town.

KIRA

Well, isn't he a lucky little
jerk.

DAVID

We should leave.

KIRA

I'm working, baby.

DAVID

No. I mean leave town. Or do
you have a rule about that?

KIRA

I think about it.

DAVID

Then what's stopping you?

KIRA

Family. Money. Life.

DAVID

Your cousins are fine and.. I
have some money to cover us.

KIRA

Don't tell me I'm the reason
you're still in town.

DAVID

Course not. Someone has to
keep the law in paradise.

Kira drinks, sucks in her lips after. She slowly runs a
finger around the rim of her glass.

KIRA

I don't want to drag you back
to earth, but something
strange happened last night.

David slyly grins, not knowing quite what she's getting at.

KIRA (CONT'D)

Someone followed Ashley and I
driving. We'd turn, they kept
after.

DAVID

You see a plate? Anything?

KIRA

Was a white van.

David drinks down the rest of his whiskey.

KIRA (CONT'D)

And now Ash is late coming
back from her regular.

DAVID

Overtime. You girls be sure
to charge extra for that.

David signals Duke for a refill.

KIRA

What a big heart you have.

DAVID

Yeah. It matches the rest of me.

Kira's eyebrows lower, she's not amused.

David can tell. He changes his tone, speaking with tact.

DAVID

Ashley doesn't attract much danger. You though, you were always a shit magnet.

KIRA

(grinning)

Is that why you're around?

Duke comes over and fills David's glass. He pours himself a shot as well.

He pulls an envelope out and hands it to David.

DUKE

This months.

David thumbs the cash inside then puts it in his breast pocket.

DUKE

How's the lawman life?

DAVID

Inconveniences my drinking.

They "cheers" one another and drink.

DUKE

Heard that semi last night was moving drugs. Must have been a lot of weight.

DAVID

Who knows? I can't ask the DB's.

KIRA

DB's?

DAVID

Dead bodies, two of them. The
strange thing about it
though...

David puffs his cig then exhales.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There was a blood trail.
Looked like a gutted deer
came through there. Like they
dragged off a third body.

KIRA

Why do that?

DAVID

Good question.

DUKE

Well, the right guy's on the
case I figure.

DAVID

No need to bullshit. You know
I tip.

Duke points at the whiskey bottle as he heads away.

DUKE

All yours. Enjoy it now.

DAVID

You're a good man, Duke.

KIRA

There's no such thing.

Kira finishes her drink.

David looks in her callous eyes.

DAVID

You're just talking to the
wrong ones, honey.

David grins and drinks. The jukebox plays a new SONG.

KIRA

So it seems. You know, you put on a pretty decent act. Playing like a good guy.

DAVID

Can't show your hand early.

KIRA

Just stop it with your carefree crap. You're all about yourself.

DAVID

And that's new? What is it with everyone tonight?

(a pause)

If you know me so well, what am I thinking of right now?

KIRA

(come-hither glance)

Sex.

DAVID

You do look nice. Should we leave after another round?

Kira, amused, runs her hand up his torso and pats his chest where he has the envelope.

KIRA

Not getting it for free.

David smiles, and she reaches inside his chest pocket, but instead of grabbing the envelope, she grabs his cell phone.

KIRA

How about instead, you lend me your phone. Ashley's never been this late before.

DAVID

You're really worried?

David grabs her wrist and pulls the phone from her hand.

KIRA

Very.

He dangles the phone in front of her. Her face sours.

DAVID

Trade for it. Come over.

KIRA

David, you could be so much more than an asshole.

DAVID

I didn't make myself.

KIRA

Be serious for once.

DAVID

Do we have a deal?

KIRA

(coy smile)

Are you putting ass ahead of a woman's well-being deputy? I told you... us girls might have stalkers.

Kira drinks from David's glass then grabs his phone.

She dials as he smokes, watching her.

On the phone, she listens a moment then hangs up.

KIRA

Voicemail.

DAVID

Let's have another drink.

Mark interrupts them, yelling across the bar.

MARK

Can I get one now, Dave?

CUT TO:

TWO HOURS LATER

David and Mark are DRUNK, LAUGHING. The bottle's almost empty. Kira is out of the conversation, uninterested.

DAVID

You? You. I bet your dumbass jumped ship the first night.

MARK

No, I was the best on the boat, maybe whole navy. Shootin' trap, drinkin', stabhand. Didn't matter.

DAVID

Stabhand?

Mark puts his hand on the bar, stabs around spread fingers.

DAVID

Let's see it then.

Under his pant leg, David pulls a knife from a holster. He sticks a 5-INCH BLADE into the bar top.

Mark is scared by this, as is Kira. There's a moment of silence and discomfort.

KIRA

We should go, David.

David catches a nasty taste in his mouth, GAGS lightly.

KIRA (CONT'D)

My place. You better tip me.

Kira flirtatiously rests her head on David's shoulder. He nods and Kira stands to leave. David puts his knife away.

KIRA

Let's go.

David gets money out. He smacks Mark's back as he leaves.

DAVID

Stabhand. Next time sailor.

EXT./INT. BAR/PARKING LOT/CAR - NIGHT

Bar door opens, David stumbles out. Kira helps him. She gets him to his car then pushes him against it. Kisses him.

Ben comes outside and lights a cig.

Kira puts David's hands on her ass, kisses him, then says-

KIRA

Before you come over you have to drive by Ashley's. Check on her for me. Ok?

David nods.

Walking backwards to her car, Kira suggestively tugs at her shirt, watching David as he gets into his Crown Vic.

Kira gets in her car and drives away as David's attention turns to Ben, who's making a phone call outside.

Ben stares at David a moment then looks away.

David shakes his head to wake up. He STARTS the engine.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CROWN VIC - NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

David's car pulls to a curb and parks. He drunkenly peeks around the dark, lower middle-class neighborhood. A line of run-down yet large simple houses with dim streetlights.

David gets out of his car and looks around the empty road.

EXT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David turns to ASHLEY'S HOUSE, two floors, wrapped porch. The DOOR is halfway OPEN, a hall light on behind it. David rubs his face, trying to sober up or decide what to do.

He walks to Ashley's porch and pulls out his gun. He goes up the steps then puts his back against a wall.

David takes a deep breath and slowly pushes the front door further open. It CREAKS as he steps inside.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

David walks into a HALLWAY. Looks around. A staircase nearby leads to a black upstairs. To the left there's a dark room. Ahead of him, the hallway light fades away.

He goes left, a LIVING ROOM. There's a couch and fireplace. The connected room is a DINING ROOM, table full of clothes, LIT CANDLES, and chandelier with bras, panties, and a pair of handcuffs on it. David goes to a door on the far wall.

He enters a KITCHEN to see an empty spot where the fridge was, random food, dishes out. Trash is scattered about.

Above David, he hears a woman SCREAM.

The scream runs down his spine; adrenaline kicks in.

He runs through the house as another SCREAM is heard above.

David circles the staircase and goes up into darkness.

At the top, the screaming has stopped. David looks around the dark UPSTAIRS at three spread-out CLOSED DOORS.

He goes to the door nearest him, grabs the handle, and twists it as the woman SCREAMS behind a different door.

David turns, runs to the second door, and KICKS it open.

The room is black, EMPTY, but on the floor there's a SMALL RED LIGHT the size of a pen tip.

David steps up to it to see... it's a VOICE RECORDER, connected to a pair of SPEAKERS. He picks up the recorder and CLICKS it off.

He looks at the recorder, perplexed and disoriented.

Behind him, we see the BOOTS of a MAN slowly step up. David's eyes turn.

BAM. A gun's butt cracks David in the back of the head.

He CRASHES onto the floor face first.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. EMPTY VOID/SEMI TRUCK/BEDROOM - DREAM SEQ.

Thick GREY FOG fills a seemingly black, void space. A SHADOWY MAN walks forward; the fog dissipates some around him. When he moves out of view the fog thickens again.

SPARK. DAVID holds a lighter while walking a path. Fog hides the true height of wooden crates surrounding him.

He follows a SMEAR TRAIL OF BLOOD that covers the ground.

The fog lightens and his view expands. Ahead, the DEAD BALD MAN in a pool of blood, a shotgun shell lying beside him.

Suddenly, David's lighter goes out. Total darkness. When David gets it SPARKED again he sees the dead man is gone. The shotgun shell lies in a pool of blood.

David, stunned, goes over and picks up the shell. He eyes it curiously. He pockets it, moves forward past crates.

He finds a hidden door latch. OPENS it. Stepping through--

BRIGHT LIGHT, it dims to show a BEDROOM surrounded by fog. KIRA is naked in bed, a white sheet covering her pelvis.

She smiles, pats the spot next to her.

A LOUD SCREAM, in the fog. David turns, looking toward a dark abyss. The SCREAM ECHOES then fades away.

David turns back to see Kira is gone. The room is now a small holding space with steel rivets in the walls.

There's a GUNSHOT in the fog. David turns, heads into it.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

A black spot in a RUG pattern expands outward to show David passed out on a LIVING ROOM rug. There's a coffee table with whiskey bottles and cigarette packs covering it, one sofa, and white walls with yellow tinges from cig smoke.

David GROANS. He looks around, climbs to a knee, and stands. He grabs at his head, pulling a bloody palm back.

DAVID

Now, you've done it.

In the BATHROOM, David PUKES. He finds an aspirin in the medicine cabinet, takes it. He drinks from the faucet and looks in the mirror. His eyes are red, rough looking.

In the living room, he looks around, searching for clues.

David moves his couch. A section of drywall behind it is cut out. He reaches inside the hole, pulls out a wood box.

He sits down on the floor and opens it. Inside are police evidence bags with cocaine, opium, and mushrooms. He looks the bags over, eyeing the quantities.

He puts it all away and moves the couch back.

After sparking a cig, David sits down.

He smokes, lost in thought. In a series of FLASH CUTS, we see David's recent memories:

He FIRES his gun in the air outside the diner.

He talks with Kira at the bar.

David and Kira kiss by his car.

DAVID

Kira?

There's no response. Smoke floats above him.

David puts his hand around his hip, feels his gun in its holster. He then feels inside his jacket and pulls out the envelope full of money. He throws it on the coffee table.

He lifts his pant leg to reveal an empty knife holster. He RUBS the empty slot, confused.

David finds his phone in his pocket. There's several missed calls saying WORK. Smoke grows around him as he thinks.

INT. POLICE STATION - DESK - DAY

A woman, CORRINA, aka NINA, 30, mixed, curly hair, cute face, is on the telephone. She sits behind a receptionist desk in a small POLICE STATION.

NINA

What about your groceries?

(inaudible response)

Bring them to you? Oh, no

Mam. We don't do that.

(angry inaudible response)

Nina's face wrinkles up, fighting hard to be patient.

NINA (CONT'D)

I can see the inconvenience,

yes. But Mrs. Peters-

(angry inaudible response)

It's just that the officers

have other things to-

(long inaudible response)

A DOOR is heard opening. Nina looks over and smiles at David, who smokes as he comes inside, wearing a tan deputy uniform. He looks dazed as he walks through the room.

NINA (CONT'D)

Ok. Ok. Mrs. Peters, I'll do
your shopping this week.

(inaudible response)

Ok. See you soon hun.

Nina hangs up. After a DEEP BREATH she laughs to herself.

A coffee pot nearby DINGS, causing Nina to jump slightly.

Behind his desk, David has a confused musing gaze as he smokes. He's forgotten to ash. The long burnt end of his cig finally falls onto his desk.

Nina brings him a coffee.

NINA

Haven't seen you this bad in
a while. You get any sleep?

DAVID

That semi, it was in my
dreams.

David takes a sip of his steaming coffee.

NINA

You usually dream of me,
right?

DAVID

Always. Did we get any hits?

NINA

Sorry baby, nothing drug
related.

DAVID

If it was locals, some drugs
will show up. Otherwise,
State P.D. can handle this
for all I care.

Nina gives a knowing, loving smile.

NINA

Don't tell Sheriff that. He's
in a mood over this homicide.

David's surprised. As he's about to speak a MAN yells.

MAN (O.S.)

David! In here!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF, 50's, balding, thick grey eyebrows, sits at a desk
covered with papers and coffee cups. Mustard yellow light
cuts into his office through cheap blinds.

David goes to a chair, about to sit.

SHERIFF

Don't get comfy. Need you on
Beale Ave. Jim's there. Go
now and you might catch the
coroner.

DAVID

What about the semi?

SHERIFF

You're on this too. Report
back later.

David stares at Sheriff, letting him know his opinion.

SHERIFF

You forget the pecking order?

David, grimacing, turns and walks out.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Try to do some police work
for once and answer my calls!
(to himself)
Every goddamn cop. Just good
to chase ass and drink.

INT./EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET/YARD - DAY

David's car pulls to a curb. A SMALL CROWD on a sidewalk huddles and whispers to one another.

David exits his car and heads past the crowd. After a few steps, we see where he's going, ASHLEY'S. There's yellow caution tape across the porch and the front door is open.

David doesn't remember being here last night. He gets to the porch as JIM, 30's, deputy, fat, comes outside.

JIM

It's messy.

DAVID

Witnesses?

JIM

Nobody yet.

(to crowd)

Everybody please back up, off
the lawn.

David puts on gloves and goes inside.

INT. ASHLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

David passes through a hallway with peeling wallpaper to enter the living room, garbage on the floor everywhere.

He walks the room, notices orange peels and two used condoms sitting on a couch cushion.

He moves to the DINING ROOM, looking at the chandelier with bras, panties, and fuzzy red handcuffs hanging from it. He grabs the cuffs, stares at them. From behind, comes Jim.

JIM

Gonna take those home?

DAVID

I'd need someone to use them
on first.

David releases the cuffs, which causes the chandelier to sway.

JIM

I see you rushed right over.

DAVID

Rush? To you? Look, you've
got some decent B-cups, but
you're not my type, Jim.

Jim takes the lead, walks David into the hall.

JIM

Same ol' David.
(grinning)
There's not a lot down here.

DAVID

Condoms on the couch.

Jim gives a "go fuck yourself" glare and heads upstairs.

JIM (O.S.)

D.B. is up here.

David follows after Jim. IT GETS DARK around him as he climbs the stairs, like it's becoming night. He moves slowly. The top step triggers a memory.

FLASH CUT TO THE NIGHT BEFORE:

David breaks the door open upstairs.

FLASH BACK TO PRESENT:

Jim WHISTLES. It's DAYTIME again. David follows the sound.

David walks to the broken door. Jim stands inside with a MAN in a white cloak who's taking pictures, the coroner, HANK, 40's, glasses. They block David's view of the body.

David steps through the two of them to see more.

JIM

Neighbor called about the
front door being open.
Thought burglary.

David recoils some in disgust.

JIM (CONT'D)

Found her a half hour later.

ASHLEY was quite pretty, 20's, brunette, thin. She lies on the floor, clothes ripped. She's been STABBED BRUTALLY in the torso, abdomen, and face. Blood pooled around, it covers her.

JIM (O.S.)

I don't see burglary, place
is a dump. This was passion
or crazy. How many times she
get stabbed, Hank?

David looks into Ashley's eyes, which are still open, peering into eternity.

HANK

Can't say for sure yet. A
dozen at least.

There are SCRATCHES in the wood floor beside her.

HANK (CONT'D)

She tried to fight, escape.

David starts to get sick and GAGS. He might vomit.

HANK

Not in here.

David walks away, but stops in the doorway.

DAVID

You found a murder weapon?

JIM

Not yet.

HANK

It's probably about a five-
inch blade.

David's still, his BREATHING intensifies as he thinks.

He stumbles out of the doorway COUGHING, GAGGING. Jim walks out after him.

JIM

You alright?

David HACKS some more, but doesn't puke. His face is pale.

JIM

Is it the smell or booze?

David gains his composure, stands up straight.

DAVID

I'm... fine. You check these
other rooms?

JIM

I glanced. No killer.

David goes to the first door, opens it slowly. It's a
BEDROOM, filthy. There's plaster at the foot of the bed.

He sees a large hole in the ceiling, like a gunshot. He
gets on his knees and fishes around under the bed.

He finds something, a SHOTGUN SHELL. He stares at it like it's familiar.

David hurriedly moves down the stairs with Jim in pursuit.

DAVID

Bag that shell and check the house again.

JIM

Where are you going?

DAVID

A C.I's. See what's going around town.

JIM

You're supposed to be helping here.

David goes out the front door, ignoring Jim.

INT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

It's dirty. The living room is indistinguishable from the kitchen. Mind numbing sales JARGIN comes from the TV, which sits on top a pile of clothes on the floor.

Josh sits on a couch cutting lines of coke on top a bible.

He raises the book and SNORTS a line off.

Someone comes in from outside and takes a seat, KEITH, 20, ponytail, nice clothes, watch.

Josh watches the television and SNORTS a line.

KEITH

Put it away.

Josh looks at him, confused.

JOSH

What? Relax.

Keith gives a discerning glance. Josh puts down the bible.

KEITH

Did you do what I asked?

JOSH

I'm not into that.

KEITH

You're useless! You're really gonna make me do it?

Keith grabs the bible, does a line off it.

KEITH (CONT'D)

You're paying for your next bag. No more handouts.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A normal GARAGE, tools, road signs, and beer ads hang on the walls, but inside there's a car lift with a BLUE HONDA on it. Someone works underneath it.

By the lift, David holds a large wrench, visibly anxious.

MAN (O.S.)

Ok. Hand it over.

David hands the wrench over to an OLD MAN who partially comes out from under the lift, QUINN, 60's, grey hair, rough hands, overalls. This is David's uncle.

DAVID

Do this later.

QUINN

Relax. I was supposed to have this fixed last week. You been to the Spoke lately?

David pulls out the envelope and hands it to Quinn, who looks through it, then thumbs out money from it for David.

DAVID

More than usual there.

David pockets his tip from Quinn.

QUINN

Oh, yeah. He owed back rent.
You can only be so nice to
people before they burn you.

Quinn goes back to work under the car. David sparks a cig
to kill the time. He begins pacing.

QUINN

You know who I saw on tv?
That Jennifer Lopez. I tell
ya, I'd give anything to
climb on top of that rump.

David smokes, fretting, uninterested in small talk. Quinn,
confused, SPEAKS LOUDLY, thinking David can't hear him.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What'd you find on the semi?

David rubs his eyes, frustrated with his uncle.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I told you. You want to
protect this town you have-

DAVID

I can hear you! Fuck this
Podunk town! Protecting a
bunch of cattle fuckers,
drunks, and skanks.

QUINN (O.S.)

Yeah? When I was sheriff I'd
get flustered. Sometimes to
get yourself out a funk you-

DAVID

Damnit, Unc. I don't need a
lecture. Get out here.

Quinn's head sticks out from under the car, oil on him.

QUINN

Something happen?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY

David pours whiskey from a flask into a cup of coffee. He sips it while sitting in a nice, modern KITCHEN. Quinn sits across from him, silent, seemingly stunned at the news.

Quinn takes a slow drink, deep in thought.

He begins mouthing as if about to talk but stops. David watches him.

DAVID

I didn't kill her! My memories shit, but I didn't kill her.

Quinn snaps to focus, looks at his nephew.

QUINN

Jesus, I know that. Are you using again?

DAVID

Just the sauce.

Quinn again gets a distant look, thinking about things.

QUINN

Fucking animals out there today. You know... Ashley was a good woman. Had a hard life.

DAVID

And!? What about me? What do you make of the knife?

QUINN

(far-off)

Never know what's coming.

David takes a drink, growing more anxious by the minute.

Quinn refocuses, looks at David.

QUINN

Any enemies I don't know about?

DAVID

Nobody. No bad blood on past arrests even.

QUINN

Whoever killed her is at least considering pinning you for it. Might be a threat. You could get out of town for a bit.

DAVID

I'm not afraid of some piss ant. Let someone come after me now that I know what's what.

QUINN

I figured. I didn't raise a runner.

DAVID

Whoever killed her was in on the semi heist though.

QUINN

What do you mean?

DAVID

I found a shotgun shell at Ashley's. Someone killed a guard on the semi with a shotgun.

QUINN

So?

DAVID

Nothing ever happens here then all of this, two days apart? Shotgun both places. It's no coincidence.

QUINN

Could be. Good catch. You might make a cop just yet.

DAVID

But what does a semi hauling
drugs have to do with Ashley?

QUINN

You sure it was moving drugs?

DAVID

What else is there?

QUINN

What'd the dog find?

DAVID

State P.D. brought one out.
It didn't find anything.

QUINN

Cause it wasn't moving drugs.
It had women in it.

DAVID

Women?

QUINN

They get moved through the
Midwest by highway. The dog
told you. No drug residue.
Besides, why have a guard in
the back?

David thinks a moment while Quinn gets up from the table to
pace back and forth around his kitchen.

DAVID

If it was carrying girls and
I'm investigating... someone
could frame me to-

QUINN

Keep you out of the picture
while they run new girls in
town.

David drinks from his flask instead of his coffee cup. He
takes a long pull.

DAVID

Ashley would be competition
to a new batch of hookers.

QUINN

Check that semi again and
watch your ass.

Quinn takes David's flask and has a large sip himself.

QUINN

Times are changing, David.
You've got a part to play.
You might have to dole out
some real justice on this
one.

INT./EXT. IMPOUND LOT - SEMI TRAILER - DAY

A small IMPOUND LOT connected to the police station. The semi sits inside. David opens the TRAILER doors and climbs in.

Nina brings a box full of evidence bags. She sets it on the trailer floor and watches David from outside.

NINA

You have a new angle?

David uses a FLASHLIGHT while walking through the crates.

He goes to the fake wall, puts his hand on it, and runs his fingers past bullet holes. He enters the hidden door.

The small space beyond could hold 10 standing people. The light shows nothing, but three steel rivet walls and the fake wood wall.

David leaves the room. He moves toward a large BLOOD TRAIL that runs all the way to the trailer doors. He stares at it a moment.

DAVID

(to Nina)

Most the shells were from an
Uzi. There was one shotgun
shell inside the trailer.

Nina pulls out the bagged shotgun shell and places it on the trailer floor.

DAVID
If the shotgun hit our body,
who'd the Uzi get?

David looks at the blood trail as he walks back to Nina.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Who did they drag off?

He reaches the evidence box and goes through it.

He finds what he's looking for, the Uzi.

David looks at it, holding it through the evidence bag.

DAVID
Our DB used this on one of
them. I bet they dragged off
their dead accomplice. Trying
to cover their tracks.

NINA
Accomplice?

David puts the Uzi back, then jumps down from the trailer.

DAVID
Find out if there's been any
recent missing persons. Just
the last few days. I'm
looking for locals.

Nina nods.

David's cell phone RINGS.

He walks away and answers it while Nina collects things.

DAVID
Hello.

KIRA (O.S.)
It's Kira.

DAVID

Where are you?

KIRA (O.S.)

Can you meet? The Breeze.

DAVID

If something's up, tell me
now.

No response. David BREATHES DEEP then puts his phone away.

EXT. BREEZE BAR N' GRILL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Half full PARKING LOT. BREEZE BAR N' GRILL. It's right off the HIGHWAY, located right next to a gas station and cheap motel. Kira, jeans, wife beater top, sits on the trunk of her car smoking.

David's car pulls up. He gets out and walks to her.

KIRA

What took you so long?

DAVID

Are you ok?

Kira puffs her cig.

KIRA

Ben came to my house last
night with a friend. Where
the fuck were you?

DAVID

Ben?

KIRA

You were supposed to be with
me!

Kira, nearly in tears, slaps David's chest. He grabs her cig from her mouth and takes a drag.

DAVID

You know, it's hard work
protecting a hooker.

KIRA

They had guns, David!

DAVID

Why didn't you come to the station and make a report?

KIRA

They said if I talk they'll go after my family, my cousins. The biker said they'd be around to collect, that I have pimps now.

DAVID

Biker?

KIRA

Yeah. Some old biker.

David takes another drag then passes the cig back to her.

DAVID

So what do you want me to do?
You want me to kill em?

Kira gives a condescending LAUGH while dabbing her eyes.

KIRA

Yeah right. Only thing you've ever shot's behind your zipper. Yeah. Some cop you are.

DAVID

I'm the best goddamn thing you've got.

His words linger in the air.

Kira's face hardens. She speaks like a prosecutor toward a defendant. In her mind, she's convicted him of something already.

KIRA

That's why you never made it out of Ashley's house?

DAVID

Drop the shit, Kira. Right now.

KIRA

Oh, you're serious now?

David frowns. Kira throws her cig.

David grabs two fresh cigs from his own pack and passes her one.

DAVID

I need to tell you something.

David lights her cig, then his own.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ashley was killed last night.

Kira is shocked and silent, her eyes frightened.

KIRA

You're joking, right?
Asshole, are you joking?

David looks right at her, unflinching. She throws her cig again and shoves him.

KIRA

Where? Where was she?

DAVID

Her house. Jim found her this morning.

KIRA

And where the fuck were you?!
You were supposed to check on her!

DAVID

I know, I know. I can't explain.

Kira CRIES. David grabs her, holds her.

DAVID

I'm here now.

KIRA

What'd you do after I left
the bar?

David furrows his brow.

DAVID

I'll make this right. But I
need you to help me.

Kira looks at him, unconvinced. She shakes out of his grip.

KIRA

What do you want me to do?

DAVID

Stay at the motel here. I'll
get the room. Your place
isn't safe right now.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A tiny, dingy motel room with one window, a table, a tv on a desk, and a grimy looking bed with tan sheets.

The door opens. A YOUNG DAVID, 16, walks in with a YOUNG KIRA, 14. David swings a set of keys, smiling like he's just entered his own new home.

He holds the door for Kira. She comes in, goes to the bed, and pushes on it to test it.

KIRA

I don't know about this.

DAVID

It's great!

He kisses her and after a slight hesitation she kisses back.

DAVID

You're ready for this, right?

KIRA

Yeah, but...

DAVID

What?

KIRA

Why do you want to do this?

DAVID

Because, I love you. Isn't it obvious?

KIRA

Really? You promise?

DAVID

I do.

Kira walks to the bathroom and closes the door. She looks in the bathroom mirror, worried. She runs the faucet and splashes water on her face.

She turns and stares at the cheap wood panel door.

CUT TO PRESENT:

The wood door opens to reveal PRESENT KIRA walking out.

There is smoke filling the same hotel room, 15 years later. It's slightly worse, but with the same ugly sheets.

Kira looks sneeringly at David, who's on the bed smoking.

KIRA

Comfy? I swear David if you're trying to fuck I'm gonna cut it off.

David sits up on the edge of the bed, puts out his cig.

Kira opens the window then takes a seat by him.

DAVID

Some money on the nightstand. Don't worry about working. Forget your regulars.

KIRA

What are you saying?

DAVID

You shouldn't leave here or
call anybody but me.

KIRA

Great. I'm a prisoner now?
That's your solution?

DAVID

It's just temporary.

Kira lets herself fall backwards on the bed. She stares up
at the water stained ceiling.

KIRA

This is your lucky room.

David looks around, thinks for a moment.

He gets up, pulls his flask out, and takes a drink.

DAVID

I wish things went different
with us.

KIRA

Wish? *Wow*. Why not pray for
change?

DAVID

Jesus Christ. You always been
like this or did this town
make you this way?

KIRA

Maybe you did.

DAVID

(frustrated)

Despite what you think of me
if I could change things I
would. For both of us.

David drinks then puts his flask away. Kira lies on the bed, facing away from him.

DAVID
Ashley's regular.

KIRA
What about him?

DAVID
Who is he?

Kira turns to look at him, contemplating the question.

KIRA
Why?

DAVID
Because I'm working Ashley's case. Why else?

Kira sits up on the bed.

KIRA
What about me? Ashley's dead. Ben and that old biker fuck are still out there.

DAVID
It could all be related.

KIRA
(hesitant)
Keith. Keith's the regular.

DAVID
Your cousin? You know where he is?

Kira shakes her head and David moves toward the door.

KIRA
I'll leave town with you.

David, bewildered, stops and turns back to Kira, who sits with a shy look on her face.

KIRA

I would go with you, if you wanted.

DAVID

Why the change of heart?

KIRA

I just...what're my options, really?

David gives a half-hearted smile. He turns to leave.

KIRA

Don't hurt my cousin, David!
He didn't do anything.

David opens the door, walks out.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - RUNDOWN HOUSE - DAY

David's car door SLAMS. He walks a small neighborhood street.

The HOUSE he heads to needs paint desperately, and the lawn mowed. Bottles mix among weeds in the yard. It sticks out.

At the screen door, David KNOCKS.

No response.

He KNOCKS again.

The DOOR OPENS. EVE answers, black eye, cut lip. She wears a sweatshirt like a dress.

EVE

Yes, officer?

DAVID

Where's your brother?

EVE

Out.

DAVID

Where is he?

EVE

Is he in trouble or something?

DAVID

(agitated)

You will be if you don't answer me.

Eve puts her hand on her hip. Her eyes inspect David.

EVE

He went to the club up in Columbia.

DAVID

This club have a name?

She's cautious, suspicious.

EVE

The Zoo.

DAVID

You little shit.

EVE

I'm serious. Find out for yourself.

She begins to close the door, but David stops her.

DAVID

What were you doing outside the Spoke?

EVE

What the hell? Am I on trial?

Infuriated by more questions, David speaks harsher.

DAVID

Eve. Shut up and listen to me. If there's something's going on I can help you. You know that right?

EVE

What do you know about anything?

DAVID

You're hooking. You wanna blow the drunks and coke creeps around here? Some life you've got planned there.

EVE pulls the door open and then SLAMS it closed.

David turns, goes through the yard. Moving up, the blue sky, clouds pass by.

AFTERNOON SKY FADES TO:

EXT. ZOO NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

An old, dilapidated movie theatre with black lights lining the corners and framing. THE MARQUEE reads:

18 + THE ZOO WELCOMES YOU

Outside, one big BOUNCER, 20's, black t-shirt, has a line of 10 colorfully dressed people waiting on him.

David comes into view, out of uniform, jeans, blazer, and walks past the waiting people. The bouncer sees him coming.

BOUNCER

Back of the line.

David flashes his badge.

DAVID

Try again.

The bouncer moves, and David goes inside.

INT. ZOO NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS - EVENING

LOUD MUSIC, A RAVE, flashing lights, full of drugged, drunk, horny COLLEGE KIDS. David walks through the crowd.

RAVE KIDS with big pupils and sweaty clothes pass by. SLUTTY GIRLS smile ecstatically. COUPLES make out, grind.

David enters a HALLWAY, makes his way toward the MAIN ROOM.

A DRUNK WOMAN, 20's, skimpy bright clothes, grabs his arm as he passes by.

DRUNK WOMAN

Would you come dance with us?

A SECOND DRUNK WOMAN, 20's, wearing a tiara, comes from behind David.

DRUNK WOMAN # 2

Come on sexy it's my
birthday.

The women try to snag David. He looks at them, somewhat excited, as they rub his neck and grind on him. After another moment, to their dismay David decides to shake them off.

The women walk away and David continues down the hallway.

A full DANCEFLOOR, in the corner there are THREE COLLEGE GIRLS around Keith. He whispers in their ears as they dance. The MUSIC blares.

David finds Keith. When he gets to him he PUNCHES Keith square in the gut. He arm bars him and pushes him forward through the crowd. The girls YELL at the interruption.

A DRUNK COLLEGE GUY slows David's progress. David SHOVES him to the floor, continues pushing Keith out.

EXT. THE ZOO - ALLEY - EVENING

David throws Keith out a door into an ALLEY. TWO SMOKERS stand nearby. David looks menacingly at them, they leave.

Keith rolls onto his back.

KEITH

What the fuck, Dave?

David steps over him, eyes glaring with anger.

He pats him down, finds nothing.

DAVID

What'd you do to Ashley you little bastard? You set her up? You help kill her?

KEITH

What? No. You're crazy.

David grabs him by the collar.

DAVID

I know you were with her last night.

KEITH

I saw her, so what. You screw her too, right?

David drops his grip on him, stands up, straight faced.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Oh, wait. You prefer my cousin. I remember now. What you helping find her slut friend's killer?

David viciously KICKS Keith's ribs. He MOANS.

DAVID

That help your memory?

David WALLOPS him again. Keith rolls over, crawls.

DAVID

There you go. Make it fun.

A KICK. GROANS.

KEITH

I didn't kill her!

DAVID

Then who did?

KEITH

I don't know. She got a call after we were done.

DAVID

From who?

David winds up.

KEITH

Fuck off! I didn't do shit!

CRACK, a kick to Keith's ribs. COUGHING, GROANING.

DAVID

Come on Keith. You know more.

KEITH

She said her new pimp called!

David grabs Keith's shirt and lifts him up.

DAVID

If you're feeding me shit-

KEITH

I promise! Really.

David holds him, scrupulously looking at his pleading face.

DAVID

Quit chasing ass. You better look after your sister or she'll be blowing the whole town.

KEITH

What?!

DAVID

She's been round the bar dressed like she's working it. You know about this?

KEITH

No, sir. I'll stop her.

David lets Keith go. He gets up and runs off.

David watches him leave, sparks a cig.

MUFFLED MUSIC plays from inside the club.

INT. DAVID'S CROWN VIC - NIGHT

David drives. He makes a phone call.

DAVID

Hey Unc, if you hear this
soon, I'm going for a drink
if you can meet me.

INT. THE BROKEN SPOKE - NIGHT

Duke's behind the bar, Mark's at the counter, and Bella is on the other end watching a TV above the bar. MUSIC plays.

David walks in.

Both Mark and Bella notice him, they smile.

MARK

The best cop around! You need
a drink, buddy? Here, take a
seat.

David ignores Mark. He walks to the bar to talk with Duke.

DAVID

Who have you seen in here
with Ashley?

DUKE

What kinda questions that?
Fucking everyone of course.
You and your uncle included.

DAVID

I'm not playing ya fuck.

DUKE

Alright, alright. Everyone
cept' women and children.

David sits down at the bar with a burning glare. His eyes look through Duke as he pours a drink and gives it over.

DAVID

Ben said he was moving last
night. Where?

David drinks. Duke is only slightly more serious.

DUKE

I don't think he ever told
me. He left not long after
you.

Bella comes over to them.

BELLA

Can I have a seat?

David nods and she takes a seat. Duke leans in to David.

DUKE

She's primed. Should perk you
right up.

Duke leaves them.

They sit quietly for a moment.

DAVID

What are you doing in here?

BELLA

Free country. Right?

Bella drunkenly smiles.

Mark SLAMS his glass down in front of Duke.

MARK

Fill her up!

Mark's order makes Duke grimace. A phone behind Duke RINGS
as he gives Mark a fresh drink. He answers it.

Bella, drunk, turns to David, her eyes heavy. She grabs his
shoulder, leans in to him.

BELLA

You didn't hear?

DAVID

Hear what?

BELLA

Men are fucks. You know it. I know it. That asshole cheated on me. I caught him last night.

DAVID

Andre?

BELLA

Three years. Gone.

Bella takes a drink.

DAVID

Sorry to hear that.

BELLA

His loss. His new girl's ugly as hell. Cheers me!

David obliges.

BELLA

To you.

DAVID

Why?

BELLA

(winks)

It's your lucky night.

David looks sideways at her, his lip puckered up, thinking.

DAVID

You need a taxi, not me.

BELLA

You're right. I need a good ride officer. You know where I can find one?

Bella grabs at David's genitals.

Smiling, he takes her hand and moves it off him, placing it on the bar top.

DAVID

I mean... if you love him, you
should work it out with
Andre. Men do dumb shit.
Besides, I'm a disgusting
playboy, right?

Bella gets up displeased and surprised. She storms out of
the bar.

Duke hangs up the phone then brings a bottle to David.

They take a shot together.

DUKE

Thought you were golden.
You'll stick her next time.

CUT TO:

HOURS LATER

David's head is on the bar by an empty bottle. Duke walks
out an office door, SLAMS it shut. The bar is empty.

David's bloodshot eyes open.

EXT. BROKEN SPOKE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

David stumbles outside, lights a cig.

He walks to his car, blowing out cig smoke.

He's just about to his door when he stops suddenly. He's
noticed something.

David goes to the TRUNK. A POCKETKNIFE sticks out of the
keyhole.

He looks around, cautious. There's nobody. Only Duke's blue
truck is in the lot.

David sees a parked BROWN SEDAN, down the street, pull away
from the curb and drive off.

He looks back to the trunk, cig in his lips.

He grabs hold of the knife, twists it.

He lets the trunk rise slowly.

It raises enough for David to see in. His eyes widen. The cig drops to the ground.

Inside of the trunk, QUINN, MURDERED, bloody, stabbed to death. His body broken, jammed in the trunk. His eyes are open, pained, looking up directly at David.

David, shaking, stunned, VOMITS beside his car.

He YELLS, GAGS.

He KICKS repeatedly at his car door until it dents in.

David collapses to the ground and grabs at Quinn in the trunk.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. FARM - STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

A beautiful night sky. Moonlight shines onto a 20 X 20 FT ALUMINUM STORAGE SHED with a chain-locked door. Swaying cornfields and woods all around it.

A LARGE MAN, GEORGE, 20's, strong, rugged, comes into view carrying a running hose. He drops it to unlock the shed.

Inside, WHIMPERS are heard, CRYING.

George goes in the dark shed.

After a few seconds, he comes out carrying a SCREAMING, kicking woman under each arm. A BLONDE, SAMMIE, 20's, a long scar runs up her leg, and a HISPANIC WOMAN, JULES, 20's, curly black hair. They wear long white t-shirts.

George drops them on the ground. He grabs the hose and douses Sammie's face with water, choking her. She shakes her head violently. Jules watches in fear, trembling.

We follow the hose to see it leads to an OLD WHITE FARMHOUSE.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A quaint farmhouse. Old-fashioned wallpaper, antique furniture, lantern light fixtures, and wood floors.

In the living room, on a couch covered with plastic sits CASEY, 50's, beard, cold dark eyes, country strong, wearing a motorcycle vest with a large dragon on the back. It's green and yellow with horns, razor claws, and red eyes.

He does coke off a coffee table then makes a phone call.

CASEY

(into phone)

It's on. Tell your friends
their rigs can make a pit
stop here. 20 off exit 130.

(inaudible response)

Spread the word. I'll call.

A familiar face walks in, BEN. He carries five sets of 1800'S BOTTLENECK HANDCUFFS. They look like curved collar bones that lock into ratchets.

BEN

Look what I found.

CASEY

And the universe delivers.

Casey gets up, grabs the cuffs. He looks them over with a glimmer in his eyes.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Remarkable. These prolly held
who knows what kinda savage.
Fucking perfect.

BEN

What now, boss?

Casey points to the coke.

CASEY

You did better than expected
the last few days. A treat.

Ben goes to his knees. He's about to sniff a line when Casey grabs him by the back of the neck. Ben freezes.

CASEY

Heard you talking to the others, back stabbin' little bitch. You think you can run this? No, you have no vision. No connections. No fucking balls! My cousin vouched for you, but I'll bury you out back with your friend if I get the faintest whiff you're fucking around! You shut the fuck up and do what you're told. Understand?

Ben nods and Casey lets him go. Ben SNORTS a line angrily.

INT. STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

David sits in Sheriff's office. His hand shakes as he smokes. Quinn's blood is on his sleeves and chest.

Sheriff enters carrying two coffees, takes a seat.

SHERIFF

If you want it.

He puts a cup near David, who ignores it. Sheriff sips his.

SHERIFF

It's gonna take some time to look things over, get DNA, the works.

DAVID

Did you check the cameras?

SHERIFF

Outside the Spoke? They're for show. How about you tell me just what you-

DAVID

I saw a car on the street, a sedan. Brown.

SHERIFF

Yeah, ok. Good, but how about
you tell me the sequence.

David smokes, staring off into space.

DAVID

I drank, went outside, saw
the knife then... I found him.
The car. The car drove off.

SHERIFF

Good. Good. We'll look into
it. You know the drill. Now,
your uncle was a friend of
mine, but Quinn did make some
enemies over the years.

David looks at Sheriff, confused, waiting for more.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Some people thought he was a
tough sheriff. You know
anybody in particular?

DAVID

No, nothing like that.

David looks away, toward the window.

Sheriff studies him.

SHERIFF

The blood. That yours?

David looks at the blood all over him.

DAVID

No.

Sheriff contemplates his answer.

SHERIFF

You recognize the knife?

DAVID

What?

SHERIFF

The knife in your lock. You recognize it?

DAVID

No.

Sheriff leans back, considering his next words carefully.

SHERIFF

I'm giving you two weeks off.
Just stay in town.

DAVID

What? No. Fuck no! I'm on this and my other cases!

SHERIFF

Non-negotiable. Jim can handle the hooker. State P.D. will get the semi and I'm personally working this. It's in good hands, David.

DAVID

You fuck! You don't fucking understand!

SHERIFF

You're too close to this!
Take the time and get your mind right. Try to get laid or something.

David gets up and THROWS his chair. Sheriff remains calm.

SHERIFF

Jim will take you home and I'll be calling soon.

David storms out of the office, SLAMMING the door.

SHERIFF

Jim!

Sheriff sips his coffee as Jim enters and closes the door.

JIM

Yeah boss.

SHERIFF

Get him home. And Jim... keep
an eye on him tomorrow.

JIM

Think he had a hand in this?

Sheriff gets up. He goes to look out the window.

SHERIFF

He's not telling the whole
story.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In his dark living room, David, furious, smokes opium from a long pipe.

He COUGHS. His stashed drugs are all laid out on the coffee table, ready for consumption.

He continues smoking, blowing huge plumes of dark smoke.

He cashes the bowl and packs another. His eyes drifting further and further away as he smokes more.

Smoke seemingly combines into black fog around David. He slips away as the room fades into blackness.

INT./EXT. THE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The night grows even darker under large looming clouds that cross the moon.

The white farmhouse below sits among a moving landscape, fields and branches everywhere swaying to the wind's content.

Inside the living room, Ben sits with a scowl on his face.

Casey is doing a bump of coke. His phone RINGS beside him and he answers it, talking sternly to the caller.

CASEY

Talk. I'm busy.
 (inaudible response)
 What do you mean, *out*?
 (inaudible response)
 Jesus Christ! Backward fucks.
 (inaudible response)
 Yeah. I'll call you back.

Casey paces the room then looks to Ben.

CASEY

Change of plans and *you're*
 gonna help.

Outside the farmhouse, we hear a commotion. Women SCREAM.

EXT. FARM/STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

By the shed, George has a new prisoner, a REDHEAD, IDA, 20's, freckles, pinned with her hands above her head, drowning her in water. Beside her is a SCREAMING BRUNETTE, HOLLY, short hair, long legs. She moves to run, but George sees her and grabs her calf, catching her.

George drags Holly closer, she SCREAMS, and then he turns back to Ida. He drops the hose and begins choking Ida. She kicks weakly.

Casey, holding PLIERS, comes from behind George. He clinches the pliers on George's ear, YANKS him off Ida.

CASEY

You fuckin' dog.

George looks up. SMASH, pliers hit him square in the jaw.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I told you to clean them!

Blood flies from George's mouth. Some lands on Holly and Ida. CRACK, Casey swings the pliers again.

George tumbles over, grabs his bloody mouth.

Casey looks at the girls. Holly eyes Casey in fear, specks of George's blood cover her face.

Holly looks toward a cornfield as Casey leans over George.

CASEY

You got blood on them. Clean
em' again.

Holly gets up and RUNS toward the cornfield.

Casey smiles, turns to watch her. He kicks at George.

CASEY

Fetch.

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Inside the shed, pitch black except for two small strands of moonlight that shoot through bullet holes in a wall.

A flashlight turns on, shines inside. Casey holds it. He walks in with Ida, drenching wet, holding her by the wrist. He pushes her inside and closes the door behind him.

Shining the light around, Casey exposes Ida then the other two women, Jules and Sammie, sitting in the dark, wet from their recent baths. Their eyes shoot daggers at Casey as he walks the shed, looking them over. He is purposefully cold, calculating the best approach to handle them.

CASEY

You all need to know
something.

Outside, Holly is heard SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY.

Each woman's face cringes at the sound.

George opens the shed door and drags Holly in by her hair.

He throws her at Casey's feet as Casey looks at the other three women, who sit petrified, fearing what's to come.

CASEY

There's no running away. Let
this be a lesson to you all.

(to Holly)

Take your shirt off.

Holly CRIES.

HOLLY

No. Please! No!

CASEY

Off! Now!

Holly takes off her shirt, exposing her breasts. She CRIES, holds her head down, covers herself.

Casey takes the shirt, leans in to her, and lifts her head. He dabs her tears with the shirt. Rubs her hair.

WRAP. Casey twists the shirt around her neck. YANK. He tugs hard, choking her to death. She CLAWS, KICKS to no avail.

The other women SCREAM. George watches in amusement.

Holly's body drops to the ground, lifeless.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/DARK ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE

Kira and Eve hold hands while walking through a section of dark woods. As they walk, they peer over their shoulders, afraid of DARKNESS all around them, crows CAW, then-

Quinn, dead in the trunk of David's Crown Vic, parked in the woods. Quinn's eyes suddenly BLINK. He moves, reaches out, attacking.

FLASH TO:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

David snaps awake, sweating, BREATHING HEAVY.

He leans up on his couch. Drugs everywhere on the table. He picks up a lighter and pipe then takes a DEEP BREATH..

A KNOCK.

David stops what he's doing. He goes to his window to look out. After seeing who the visitor is, he drops his head. He goes and opens the door.

Nina steps inside and hugs him.

NINA
I heard. I'm so sorry.

She steps back, looks him over.

NINA (CONT'D)
You poor thing.

Nina's cell phone RINGS in her purse. She answers as David steps in front of her, trying to hide the drugs. Nina talks quietly, embarrassed to be on a call right now.

NINA
Yes, Sheriff?
(inaudible response)
Mrs. Peters? Oh shit. Tell
her I'm coming today.
(inaudible response)
Ok. Sorry. I forgot.

Nina hangs up. She notices David hiding something from her so she suspiciously looks around him, seeing the drugs.

NINA
David! You can't slip. You're
bad enough drinking.

DAVID
Leave me alone. I'm serious.

NINA
I know you hurt, but only you
can help yourself. This shit
won't do a thing for you.

Nina starts to box up the drugs. David grabs her forearm.

DAVID
Leave it.

Nina begrudgingly backs away from the table.

NINA
Well, what can I do to help?

DAVID

Just call when a missing
person's report comes in.

NINA

But you're off duty. What are
you going to do?

DAVID

Right now? I don't know, go
visit a hooker.

Nina gives a skeptical glance. She thinks he's kidding, but she's not certain. Her face drops the more she ponders it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

In a DIRTY BEDROOM with peeling wallpaper, a bed's
HEADBOARD BEATS against a wall in a fast rhythm.

It continues beating a moment before stopping completely.

Below is a dark haired woman's bare back, her face in a
pillow. It's Jules. She quickly rolls over, wraps a sheet
around herself, and pulls her knees in close to her chest.

The man she was with, Casey, covered in tattoos. He puts on
jeans then sits next to her. He brushes her cheek gently.
She looks at him with hatred, unblinking. He speaks like
he's mystified by her, but he's just crazy.

CASEY

You're an old soul. You've
been a beauty in several
lifetimes. You've prolly been
a slave once before too. I
was supposed to find you, no
doubt about it. You're the
prettiest in the bunch. A
keeper. I'm gonna give you a
good job, ok?

She SCREAMS when he suddenly slaps a HANDCUFF on her and
pushes her down to cuff her other wrist behind her back.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ida and Sammie sit on the couch, handcuffed behind their backs. Their mouths and ankles are duct taped. They hear boots WALKING down the stairs. As the sound grows louder their MUFFLED YELLS intensify.

Casey walks in. He goes over to inspect Ida, grabbing her jaw roughly, which silences her dulled yelling.

Ida's terrified, her eyes frozen ahead as Casey runs his hand up her leg, stopping just before her inner thigh.

CASEY

(grinning)

Maybe I should have taken
you. Mmm. Something about
strawberry kinda gets me.
What do you say? Want a go?

He RIPS the tape off her mouth. Ida SPITS, hits his shirt.

IDA

Fuck yourself!

Casey calmly puts the tape back on her then BACKHANDS her.

CASEY

Don't push it bitch! Ribs
break easy! Our customers
won't mind! These truckers I
know, would fuck a mailbox if
you put lipstick on it. Your
gash will be like hitting the
fucking lotto.

Fuming, he moves on to Sammie, sits beside her.

CASEY (CONT'D)

We're having a visitor soon.
Call it practice. If you run,
pull any shit, things will
get much worse. Trust me.

He grabs Sammie's handcuffs and tugs her forearms upward. They look close to snapping. She SCREAMS under the duct tape, her eyes pleading for help.

INT./EXT. DAVID'S TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

David, haggard, drinks from his flask while driving a beat-up TRUCK past thick fields and woods.

He turns onto a MAIN ROAD. The hotel by the highway is visible in the distance.

INT. KIRA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

David sits next to Kira on the bed.

DAVID

Went the same fucking way as Ashley! God damnit! He was a good man.

KIRA

He was good to *you*.

DAVID

He's all I ever really had.

KIRA

You had me, once.

Kira gives a sideways, stern glance that David misses.

DAVID

I have regrets, but my uncle's always been straight.

KIRA

Your uncle was far from straight.

David puts his finger in Kira's face, aggravating her.

DAVID

Like hell! He protected this shithole town! You and Ashley tricked out his building. I remember you blowing truckers off the highway before he gave you a fucking free spot!

Kira jumps up off the bed, bursting with anger.

KIRA

He was screwing Ashley for years! He'd help her, sure. For ass! Quinn was a selfish prick! You were like his son so you saw different. All he cared about was sex and cash.

DAVID

That's not true.

KIRA

He taxed drug dealers! I've heard he ran girls years ago! Quinn was dirt.

DAVID

You don't know a fucking thing about him!

KIRA

It's true. He ran things ever since he was sheriff. If they didn't pay he'd make an arrest. He only put you on the force to help him when he retired. You get a cut? He tip you for your part?

David's face is sunken, confused. He walks the room. His vision doubles then returns to normal as he thinks.

KIRA (CONT'D)

You've been picking up Duke's coke payments for years.

DAVID

No I wasn't. My uncle, he said... it was the machines and rent.

KIRA

Machines? The only slot broke last fall. There's two pool tables you fuck! You think that's thousands of dollars coming in?!

David rubs his head, staring off in thought. Kira takes a DEEP BREATH and goes to him. She grabs his hand.

KIRA
(tenderly)
Someone you love lied to you,
so you wanted to believe it.
Welcome to the club.

David drops her hand. He takes his time sparking a cig, upset, blinking hard like a migraine is coming.

DAVID
(angrily)
You leave town, today!

KIRA
What?

DAVID
At least while I finish this.
I'm not losing you next.

David drags his cig hard, thinking things over.

DAVID (CONT'D)
If they got Quinn in my trunk
what the fuck kept em from
killing me?! I'm probably
being fucking tailed and all
I can do is wait for them to
come. I just came here to
make sure you'll leave town.

David checks the window, paranoid.

KIRA
Since when do you care about
anyone but yourself?

DAVID
(calming down)
I've always cared about you.
I just... couldn't show it.

David gets out his wallet to look at pictures. One photo is of him and Quinn. He pauses, stares at it a moment.

He puts his cig out in an ashtray while he finds the right picture. When he does he hands it to Kira.

Picture: DAVID, AGE 9, and KIRA, AGE 7, they hold hands on a sunny day. The back of it says their names, ages.

KIRA
(smiling)
You were cuter then.

DAVID
And you were better behaved.

Kira blows out a frustrated BREATH.

KIRA
If I leave town you'll look
after my cousins, right?

DAVID
I'll try, but... they're bigger
shitheads than you.

KIRA
(playful)
Trust me. I know.
(a pause, serious)
You're not cut out for this,
David. You should run.

DAVID
I'm making a stand. I'm a
good cop. I can be a good
man.

Kira looks at him sweetly, her eyes puzzled as she tries to figure him out.

KIRA
Maybe you are.

She kisses him passionately.

Kira takes her top off, and pushes David to bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BROKEN SPOKE - EVENING

David pulls in the bar parking lot to see Josh outside smoking. Josh sees David and calmly starts walking away.

David parks, opens his door. He puts a foot to the ground.

DAVID

Stop right there.

Josh listens. David comes up, leads him around the corner.

DAVID

Saw you the other night. You ran off real quick. Are you pimping that girl or buying?

JOSH

What?

DAVID

Don't make me fucking do this. Blue Hill isn't having any more girls ruined, from that family especially.

JOSH

I don't know what you mean?

SLAM. David throws Josh to the wall.

DAVID

You understand this? Eve's your prost!

GRAB. David yanks Josh's gauged ear, pulling it hard.

DAVID

Now listen here needle dick! You talk or you lose this fucking ear.

David twists the gauge. Josh YELLS.

JOSH

You've got it all wrong! Seriously!

DAVID
So you were buying!

JOSH
No, no!

David PUNCHES Josh in the kidney. He COUGHS, GASPS for air.

DAVID
What is it then?!

JOSH
(weakly)
Keith... wanted me to pimp her
for him. Split the profits.

DAVID
Bullshit. That's his sister.

JOSH
Like he cares.

DAVID
But you do?

JOSH
I said no. Keith sent her to
the bar to find me. I told
her to get lost. I swear.

David backs up in disbelief. Josh hunches over, HACKS.

JOSH
I think he owes drug money.
He's been getting reckless.

DAVID
Drugs? From who?

JOSH
I told you what I know!

DAVID
Tell me one more thing.
Where's Keith at?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD/CORNFIELD - EVENING

David drives a dark road with no other cars around. His truck speeds between large sections of swaying cornfields.

Every so often, he checks the rearview mirror.

In the distance, behind him a set of HEADLIGHTS appear.

David makes a right turn when he can, watches his mirror.

After a brief moment, the car appears again. It speeds up.

David accelerates.

At a four way stop in between cornfields, David turns left and quickly parks off road, right along a field.

HEADLIGHTS appear. The BROWN SEDAN parks on the road.

BEN, gun drawn, gets out and goes to David's truck. The door is wide open. He slowly looks inside, finding nobody.

Ben moves to the field, steps into the first row of corn.

Ahead ten feet, CORNSTALKS RUSTLE. BANG. Ben shoots.

Ben runs to the spot. As he looks around, David comes from the cornstalks behind him, gun drawn.

DAVID

Drop it!

BEN

Listen. Chill.

Ben, gun lowered, turns to face David.

DAVID

Put it down. On the ground!

BEN

I can help you. Just listen.

DAVID

Drop the gun.

BEN

I will man. Just chill.

DAVID

Now!

BEN

Or what? You'll shoot? You're not a killer, Dave. You're shit!

DAVID

Now mother fucker!

BEN

You need me! You're fucked without my help.

DAVID

Shut the fuck up and put the gun down!

BEN

You been listening to Kira and her stories? She'll use you just like your uncle did.

DAVID

Fuck you, you shitheel! Get on the ground right-

Ben raises his gun slightly.

BANG. David fires a warning shot right past Ben's ear. Shards of cornstalk go flying.

Scared, Ben throws his gun toward David.

DAVID

Now, turn! Hands up.

Ben turns slowly. He looks over his shoulder, watching David. After a moment, he raises his hands up.

DAVID

Where's your partner?

BEN

Partners. You have no fucking idea do you? You're out here playing a hero.

David approaches Ben, gun aimed, cautious and slow.

DAVID

You kill Ashley, my uncle?

BEN

No. But, I was there. Your uncle cried like a bitch.

DAVID

Take me to the rest of your crew and we can make a deal.

BEN

A deal?

DAVID

Reduced charges. I want your partners.

When David's a step away from Ben, just about to grab him-

WHAM. Ben elbows David, wrestles him for his gun. As they fight, the gun flies to the ground. They roll around, knocking down cornstalks as they go.

Ben gets on top of David, CHOKES HIM.

David tries to pull Ben's hands off and reach for his gun at the same time. It's just past his fingertips.

Veins pop out of Ben's neck as he works to hold his grip.

BANG. Blood spurts from Ben's mouth, his eyes roll.

David SHOT HIM through the chest. Ben drops to the ground.

David rolls away, GASPING.

Freaked, David stays on his back and re-holsters his gun.

He crawls to Ben's body and HITS at his chest, upset.

DAVID

Damnit! You dumb fucking kid.

With some effort, he pushes Ben onto his side.

He goes through Ben's pockets, finding just a wallet.

David's phone RINGS, but he ignores it.

In the wallet, there's some money and two condoms, nothing useful.

David throws the wallet as his phone stops ringing.

He finds his cigarette pack and pulls out a broken cig, broken from the fight. When he notices this he drops it.

The moon shines brightly above him. The field sways.

His phone begins RINGING again.

David pulls it out, looks at the name "WORK".

After some thought, he answers.

DAVID

(exasperated)

Tell me you have something,
Nina.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

(over phone)

I'm going to be at your house
in twenty minutes. Need to
talk about your uncle. I know
where to find his killer. I'm
reinstating you to help with
it. See you soon, David.

David, befuddled, hangs up and takes a last look at Ben.

After a moment of reflection, David gets up and runs out of the cornfield.

From above, we see Ben's body lying in a circle of smashed down cornstalks, a tiny blemish in the large swaying field.

INT./EXT. FARMHOUSE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A fist POUNDS on a door. When it OPENS it reveals Jules, in a black maid's outfit with a dust brush, fear in her eyes. She holds the door open, waiting for someone to enter.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

In the living room, Casey's in a recliner and George is on the couch, waiting.

DUKE pushes a MASKED MAN into the room.

MAN

Come on, Duke. What's the deal? You full of shit?

Duke takes the mask off the man to reveal that it's MARK.

MARK

Nice digs fellas, but uh where's the girls?

Jules passes by Mark. She goes and sits on Casey's lap.

MARK

Ooh. More of her around?

The room is still. Jules looks at the floor as Casey stares at Mark a moment. Casey points toward Duke.

CASEY

My cousin says you're shopping for a date. What's your poison? Booze? Blow? Or just a woman for you? Our establishment can provide whatever you need.

Casey motions toward the couch and Mark takes a seat there. On the coffee table, he looks at an ice bucket, whiskey bottles, cocaine, foil wrappers, and straight glass pipes.

MARK

I'm a whiskey guy.

Casey pats Jules thigh. She gets up and makes Mark a drink.

Mark takes it from her as Duke grabs a seat on the couch, pushing Mark to the middle.

Jules returns to Casey's lap.

Duke SNORTS coke off the table as George puts some coke onto a small foil paper.

Mark watches Duke and George out of the corners of his eyes. He nervously drinks in between them.

George nudges Mark's ribs with his elbow.

MARK

Huh?

George hands him a lighter and tweezers that hold the foil paper. After Mark takes it from him, George grabs a pipe.

George looks sadistically at Mark, who sparks the lighter and moves it under the foil. George inhales the smoke. As he drifts backwards onto the couch Mark flicks off the lighter, frightened. Even in his slumped over state George is twice Mark's size.

CASEY

(to Mark)

Your turn.

MARK

No. Oh, I can't. I don't do that.

DUKE

Then just snort it. Here man.

Duke cuts a line for Mark. Hesitantly, Mark SNORTS it.

CASEY

Alright. Now for the main attraction.

Duke gets up and leaves the room.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I'm sure you'll be pleased,
but you pay up front.

MARK

How much is it?

CASEY

200.

Mark looks worried, uncertain. George rises up from his stupor. He looks over at Mark with confusion, malice.

CASEY (CONT'D)

They're real lookers, prime,
and there's no rules.

Mark's hand shakes slightly as he finishes his drink. Ice cubes CLING in his glass. He puts it on the table, grabs a bottle. BREAK. He accidentally hits his glass to the floor.

Casey eyes Mark, then pats Jules thigh.

CASEY

Be a doll.

Jules gets on her knees and starts picking up the glass as Duke comes back in with Ida, extravagant black lingerie, and Sammie, cheerleader outfit. They're handcuffed tightly behind their backs, pushing their chests outward.

CASEY

Give him a spin.

Ida and Sammie spin slowly, they wear fake smiles.

Mark, sweating, nervously watches Ida and Sammie spin. They wear fake smiles, trying to please their captors.

MARK

What's with the cuffs?

DUKE

Any ol' fat girl will do the
regular shit. When would you
ever get a chance to bind up
ass like this?

The room grows silent.

Duke notices Casey staring at him.

CASEY

(turns to Mark)

You can take the cuffs off,
but most of our customers are
going to want something more
rough. Part of our appeal. We
have chains if you like and
other toys.

Mark looks at the terrified women. They shake slightly
after hearing what Casey says they're in for, their heads
down, fighting back tears.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Which slit will it be?

MARK

You know, uh... she's the only
one I'd want.

(points at Jules)

But, I'm not trying to ask
about your personal girl.

Casey grabs Jules and brings her to Mark.

CASEY

Let's see some money.

Mark looks around scared.

MARK

I... I thought it'd be cheaper.

CASEY

Duke, take him back.

MARK

No, wait! We can work this
out. I'm good for it.

CASEY

He keeps the mask on.

MARK

No. I'm not leaving. I've got
sixty. That'll do for now.

CASEY

You fucking hick, you listen-

MARK

No. You listen! You know who
I'm friends with? The deputy.
He'll put you all in jail if
I-

George grabs Mark by the throat. SLAM. George throws him to the floor. Mark turns just as George KICKS him in the face. Blood spurts. The women SCREAM.

CASEY

Bury this loud mouth mother
fucker out back! You two can
have a turn with the girls.
Save one for Ben. He'll be
back soon.

George climbs on top of Mark and BEATS his face to a pulp with quick, powerful punches while Duke wrangles the women.

Casey's cell phone RINGS. He answers.

CASEY

(inaudible talking)
What do you mean a problem?
(inaudible response)
Find him, now!

INT./EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David pulls into his driveway. He exits his car and looks around the street. There's nobody in sight, no other cars parked nearby. Just a dead block, sprinkled with houses.

David walks into his house.

On the living room table, all his drugs are out. He quickly boxes them up.

A RUBBING NOISE comes from the upper floor, like something being drug across the floor.

David looks up. He removes his gun and goes up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS/ROOMS - NIGHT

David silently walks an upstairs hallway. He get to his bedroom door, opens it, steps in. There's nobody, until-

MAN (O.S.)

Over here.

David, on edge, turns to see Sheriff in a corner chair.

SHERIFF

Jesus, put it down! You don't want to shoot me. On the bed!

Confused, David throws his gun over to the bed.

Sheriff gets up, grabs it.

DAVID

What the fuck are you doing in here?

Sheriff talks calmly, calculated.

SHERIFF

Jim dropped me off. He's on his way. Never seen you be so timely. Did you want to hide those drugs?

Sheriff points at the chair and David takes a seat there.

DAVID

The fuck you care about it asshole?! Where's my uncles killers?! What do you know?

Sheriff grits his teeth at this, tightens his face.

SHERIFF

Whoever killed Quinn killed Ashley. Hank says same knife. Now, I have your uncle, dead, *in your trunk* and a prosty that I come to find out you called the night she died.

DAVID

What?! Wait you fucking jerkoff! I can explain-

SHERIFF

You listen!

(pacing room)

Quinn was screwing Ashley. We found phone calls, DNA, her car in his garage. Now, the poon hound you are I figure you got jealous.

Sheriff puts a glove on one hand. His other holds the gun.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Maybe Quinn paid better. She favored him. Maybe you got high and did something about it. Hell, half the evidence room is downstairs.

DAVID

You dumbfuck! Get your head out of your ass!

SHERIFF

I always thought there was something about you. Had Jim tail you. Let me know when I could look around here.

He walks to David's dresser and reaches in a drawer.

SHERIFF

Found this right before I called you.

He pulls out DAVID'S KNIFE, BLOODY. David jumps up.

DAVID

It's a goddamn set up!

Sheriff gets angry, aims the gun at David's chest.

SHERIFF

Don't move!

DAVID

Think you fuck! I wouldn't do this! Ben Hanley. It's him and some crew. He just tried to kill me! They planted my knife. I can explain!

SHERIFF

I've found my guy. Hands behind your head, now!

David panics, hesitates, then turns and puts his hands up.

Sheriff pulls out cuffs. He puts his gun to David's back. When he goes to cuff him, SWING. CRASH. David elbows Sheriff's head, which knocks him over the bed.

David runs, heads down the stairs. Sheriff appears at the top. He SHOOTS, misses, hitting the front door. David runs through his living room and out his backdoor as Sheriff gets on his radio.

SHERIFF

He's heading south, on foot.

EXT. WOODS/YARD/NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

David runs through woods with his house in the distance behind. It's darker the further he goes in. When he gets through the woods he makes his way to another street with several houses on it.

In a backyard, a sensor LIGHT flashes on by David and a DOG inside the house BARKS. David goes up the side yard and jogs to the street.

An ENGINE comes from behind him. He looks back at the headlights and starts running.

WHAM. A POLICE CAR cracks David's hip. He ROLLS on the hood and SMACKS to the asphalt. His head hits hard.

Jim gets out of the car, looks over David's sprawled-out body.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

David wakes up in a backseat groggy, slightly concussed. Blood drips down his head. He looks around and realizes he's handcuffed, arrested.

The car drives past cornfields, under a shining night sky.

In the rearview, Jim sees David's awake.

JIM

You might have cracked your skull open. You hit hard.

DAVID

No shit dickhead! You hit me.

JIM

You're alright though. You're alive. That's all he wants.

David looks outside at the star filled sky, defeated.

Jim's C.B. RADIO comes on.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Jim, you find him? He had to of crossed Pearl Street.

Jim picks up his receiver.

JIM

No sign of him. I'm going to double back around. Over.

He CLICKS OFF the radio.

DAVID

What's going on? Where the fuck are you going?!

Jim looks over his shoulder, grins sadistically.

JIM

Found that brown sedan you mentioned, and Ben.

INT./EXT. THE FARM/CRUISER - NIGHT

Jim drives a long gravel driveway that leads to the farmhouse. David watches from the backseat.

They go behind the house, parking in back next to the white van and Duke's truck.

David looks at the STORAGE SHED and CORNFIELDS. Twenty feet from the shed, George digs a grave in the moonlight, a body lying beside him.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ROOMS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

In the living room, Duke has Ida, cuffed, on his lap, a KNIFE pushed in her thigh to keep her there. Sammie is cuffed sitting beside them. Jules dances for Casey, who sits smoking in the recliner. There's no music playing.

Jim pushes David into the room and STOMPS on his calf, dropping him to his knees. As his cuffs are taken off, David punches at Jim, but he avoids it and CRACKS David's ribs with a BATON.

David drops, MOANS. Jim SWINGS the baton two more times.

Duke gets up. Ida and Sammie stay on the couch. Jules joins them there. She clings to the others, worried.

David rolls on his back. COUGHING. He looks at Jim.

DAVID

Fat fuck! Why?! Why do this?

JIM

Why is any cop dirty?! Why did Quinn put his thumb on every deal in the county the last thirty years? Money.

Right on cue, Casey hands Jim an envelope of money.

JIM

Sheriff spent five or so with him, but he busted out. The knife played, Sheriff thinks I lost him.

CASEY

What about Ben?

JIM

Taken care of. Him and the car are heading to the dump. Only we know about it all.

DUKE

(to David)

What the fuck did you tell the sheriff? Huh?

George, dirt covered, enters the room with a scowl.

Casey grabs Ida off the couch.

CASEY

(to Jim)

A tip. Use the room upstairs.

Jim smirks and takes Ida away by her cuffs as Casey turns to David, devilishly grins.

CASEY

Duke said a junkie cop would be an easy frame. You think he was right? Or you think I'm fucking pissed?

Casey signals George, who leaves the room.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nina, with groceries, KNOCKS loudly on a white door.

An elderly woman, MRS. PETERS, 80's, chubby, shawl and gloves on, answers the door, letting Nina inside the APARTMENT, old furniture, trinkets, lace table covers.

MRS. PETERS

Bout time. You know I could have starved to death.

NINA

I apologize, again.

Nina goes to a dining table, starts setting out groceries.

NINA

What'd you say Jeremy is doing? He normally does this right?

MRS. PETERS

(disgusted)

He's a bad egg now. Hanging with some old man and this other big monster. They ain't right. See it in their eyes.

NINA

And Jeremy?

MRS. PETERS

He used to come around. Then, it was just for grocery day. Now he's skipped that. To hell with him. You know that's where he's heading.

Nina's cell phone RINGS. She answers.

NINA

What is it sheriff?
 (angry inaudible response)
 Didn't Jim get you?
 (angrier inaudible response)
 Ok! Ok. I'm on my way.

Mrs. Peters begins going through the groceries, looking things over critically, very lonely and weak.

Nina bites her lip, makes a decision.

NINA

Do you want us to look into things with Jeremy?

MRS. PETERS

No use. Once you're on the wrong path only one thing can save you. Jesus.

NINA

Where's he staying? I'll make
sure he's coming next week.

Mrs. Peters answers like it's futile.

MRS. PETERS

Just wasting your time, but
my son's old place. Jeremy
inherited the farm when he
passed.

Nina gets out a pad to write an address.

NINA

Where exactly?

INT. FARMHOUSE/ROOMS - NIGHT

Casey towers over David, who crawls on the floor, bleeding.

CASEY

Things didn't go quite to
plan. I thought the sheriff
would hold you. The dipshit.
We planted the knife and
stuffed your trunk the same
night. Duke watched you in
the bar while we did it.

THUMP. Casey kicks David's face.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I was fine with you going to
jail. It kept things neat.
But since we had to tail you
we did find an old friend.

George comes back in with Kira, she's cuffed, her face
bleeding. She CRIES at the sight of David.

KIRA

No. Don't!

DAVID

Kira!

CASEY

Now you have to disappear,
Dave. But don't worry... I'll
take good care of your girl.

Kira SCREAMS as George manhandles her.

CASEY (CONT'D)

My club, we're moving into
some new things. Expanding.
Recruiting whores. We're
gonna run her pretty little
ass and any others we find
right into the fucking
ground!

KIRA

No! David!

David leg-sweeps Duke to the floor, then TACKLES Casey.
They land on the couch, smacking into Jules and Sammie.

WHAM! WHAM! David throws a few PUNCHES before George rips
him off Casey and SLAMS him to the ground.

CASEY

Mother fucker! Stomp him!

George DROPS A KNEE into David's chest, his full weight.
David COUGHS. GASPS for air. Kira runs for David, but Duke
grabs her.

CASEY

Looks like George here, gets
to end your worthless fucking
bloodline! Your old man
begged him to stop. Stabbed
him and stuffed him in that
trunk like a bitch!

David, enraged but pinned, looks at George above him.

Casey steps over David, looking down with sick pleasure.

DAVID

Why'd you kill him?

Casey looks to Duke.

CASEY

He didn't know about the deal?

DUKE

(to David)

Quinn told me about the semi.

David looks back confused as Duke throws Kira to the floor.

DUKE

You were always such a shit cop.

DAVID

You paid him for the tip.

DUKE

Yeah, fucking ten K. Like he hadn't made enough off my coke.

CASEY

Then the greedy bastard wants a cut every month from our bunnies. Tells us it'll be extra to keep his precious nephew off our case.

WHAM. Casey kicks David's ribs.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Ashley and the knife was a warning to you two! He came around afterward swinging dick and well, he got what was coming to him. Just like you will.

Casey nods at George. CRACK. George fiercely punches David.

David SPITS BLOOD. George continues, beats him unconscious.

Kira SCREAMS, CRIES.

KIRA

No! Just stop.

Casey walks to her, grabs her hair, and drags her to David.

CASEY

Lock the girls up here, Duke.
George, put these lovebirds
in the shed.

(to Kira)

I warned both of you. When he
wakes up, you're getting a
show.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR/WOODS ROAD - NIGHT

Nina drives Sheriff down a woods lined road with no other
cars in sight.

SHERIFF

I'm going to ring his neck if
he went to the bar. Left me
with my dick in my hand!

(pauses, turns to Nina)

Sorry.

NINA

It's fine.

Sheriff looks around, trying to drop his anger.

After a moment, he sees where they are.

SHERIFF

Where the fuck are you going?

NINA

Jeremy Peters farm. His
grandma's looking for him.

SHERIFF

I don't have time for this.
We'll find Jim then send him.

NINA

No... it won't take long.

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Inside the locked shed, we see HOLLY's dead body leaning against a wall. Kira, cuffed to Holly's wrist, sits beside her. David's a few feet away, lying face first, his hands cuffed together in front of him.

David groggily regains consciousness.

He GROANS and looks around, his VISION BLURRED. His face is bloody, swollen.

DAVID
(loud)
Kira? Where are you?

KIRA
(quiet)
Behind you.

DAVID
Where?

KIRA
Be quiet. They'll hear you.
They're coming back soon.

David's eyes focus. He sees Kira cuffed to Holly's stiff, rotting body. He COUGHS at the sight.

DAVID
Who the fuck's that?

KIRA
(hurried but quiet)
Some fucking dead girl. Now
help me before I'm like her.

David crawls over to Kira.

DAVID
Why the hell didn't you leave
town?

She turns away from David as he eyes the cuff's keyhole.

Outside, sound of THE CHAIN BEING UNLOCKED. The door opens.

Duke walks inside, the door lets light in. He carries a milk crate, which he uses as a chair. He pulls out a handgun and sets it on his lap.

DUKE

You killed Ben?

David sits silently, staring with hatred. Kira tries to stand, tugs hard at Holly's wrist, but goes nowhere.

DUKE

I can't believe it.

Kira pulls harder, tugs Holly's body until it falls over flat. Duke grabs his gun in response.

KIRA

Let me go, Duke!

DUKE

Why would I do that?

KIRA

I did what you asked!

DAVID

What are you talking about?!

KIRA

Nothing.

DUKE

She didn't tell you yet?

KIRA

Just let me go, Duke! I'll leave town. I'm not going to tell anybody! I didn't tell.

DAVID

What'd you do, Kira?!

DUKE

Put *you* up shit creek.

David stands up, handcuffed. Duke points his gun at him.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Your little whore doesn't
care about you.

DAVID

What the fuck'd you do?!

KIRA

My cousin, Keith-

DUKE

He owed my cousin, Casey.
More then he should of.

KIRA

He said I could pay it off if
I called Ash from your phone.

DAVID

What?! You! You were in on
it?!

KIRA

If I didn't help, Keith would
die! Dumbass owed six grand.

DAVID

That's why he's pimping Eve!
To pay you fucks!

KIRA

Eve? He's what?!

DUKE

I'll do you one better than
that. Keith brought Ashley to
us. But he still owes.

(to Kira)

Tell him the rest. Now!

Furious, David looks at Kira, who reluctantly speaks.

KIRA

Five thousand for me, but
only if I got you inside
Ashley's. I was going to try
to start over, David!

DAVID
(livid)

You fucked me over! And then you just wanted me to catch them for you? Without telling me what you did! You wanted to leave with me, but just cause your shit hit the fan!

KIRA
No! I mean. It's complicated! They used me. Lied to me!

DUKE
You play the same game, Kira.
(to David)
After she did her part, told her she's our town whore.

Outside the shed, coming headlights appear. Duke turns.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Casey sees the headlights through the living room curtains. He goes to the window to check it out.

CASEY
Son of a bitch.

George bursts into the room.

CASEY
Jim get the fuck down here!
(to George)
Get Jim.

Jim comes down the stairs.

JIM
I'm on it.

CASEY
You better be. George, grab the guns.

Jim, rushing, buttons his shirt and goes out the front door. He has no belt or gun on.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER/FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Nina focuses on the farmhouse. The living room is clearly LIT, the rest of the house and surrounding fields are DARK. Sheriff fumes beside her, hardly paying attention.

SHERIFF

You're wasting our time and directly disobeying me.

NINA

Shhh... there's lights on.

Just as Sheriff notices this, the lights go out. Nina gives Sheriff a "see, I told you" glare.

Sheriff grows serious.

SHERIFF

Pull in slow.

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Duke shifts between watching the approaching headlights and keeping an eye on David and Kira.

David inches closer, but Duke turns to him.

DUKE

Back the fuck up!

DAVID

What? The rest of your fucking inbred family coming?

KIRA

Let me go, Duke!

DUKE

Shut up!

Duke turns back to the headlights. He seems to make a decision when SNAG, David wraps his handcuffs around Duke's throat. CHOKING him to the ground.

BANG. Duke fires a shot at the floor.

They both struggle as David tightens the cuffs around Duke's throat, cutting into his skin, drawing blood.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Casey, with a scoped rifle, heads upstairs. George, with a shotgun, watches the front window.

They hear A GUNSHOT.

CASEY

That came from the back. Go
check it out. And find Duke!

Casey continues up the stairs.

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

David puts his knee into Duke's back to help choke him. Duke FLAILS, fires a SHOT toward the back of the shed.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Nina jumps at the GUNSHOT. She stops the car 30 feet from the farmhouse. The headlights shine ahead.

SHERIFF

What the fuck is going on
here!? That was another one.

Sheriff takes a gun from the glovebox and hands it to Nina.

SHERIFF

If something goes wrong.

Sheriff grabs the C.B. RADIO when he notices something ahead. Nina too, her face glazes over with confusion.

NINA

Is that Jim?

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Duke drops his gun, reaches at David behind him.

In a last gasp, Duke tries to claw David's eyes, but David turns away and finishes the choke, KILLING DUKE.

Duke is motionless. David speaks while pushing him away.

DAVID
Did you know they were gonna
kill my uncle?

After a silent moment, David grows angrier.

DAVID
Tell me, Kira!

David goes through Duke's pockets, finds the handcuff key.

David unlocks himself. He turns to Kira. Suddenly, there's fear in his eyes.

Kira's BEEN SHOT in the chest, a stray from Duke. She lies beside Holly. Dark blood filling her shirt. She MOUTHS something inaudible.

DAVID
No. Kira! No. No. No.

David goes over, hugs her, but she doesn't grab onto him.

KIRA
(softly)
I'm sorry. Nobody's... holding
you back.

Kira fades away in David's arms.

EXT. FARMHOUSE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Walking from the farmhouse, Jim approaches the police cruiser. It's headlights shine onto him. Sheriff exits the passenger door and meets Jim in front of the car.

SHERIFF
What the fucks going on
here?! I heard shots pulling
up.

JIM
You got someone driving you?
Nina?

SHERIFF

I'm not asking again, Jim.
What in the fuck is
happening?!

Jim looks over his shoulder casually.

JIM

Oh, nothing. A call about a-

SHERIFF

I'm heading in! You take the
back.

Sheriff moves, but Jim steps in his way.

JIM

It's handled.

SHERIFF

Did you fucking shoot
someone?!

JIM

No. Shots must have been
hunters or something.

SHERIFF

Bullshit.

Sheriff steps past, but Jim gets in his path again.

JIM

You don't need to do that.
Just get in your cruiser.

SHERIFF

You fat shit! I oughta
backhand you!

The farmhouse, AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW OPENS and the rifle
sticks out from it.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Get out of my fucking way.

Jim grabs Sheriff, knees him in the face.

Sheriff hits the ground and grabs at his gun, but Jim jumps on him, keeping him from pulling it out.

JIM

You should have stayed behind
your desk.

Jim PUNCHES Sheriff.

Nina gets out of the car. From behind her door, she aims her gun at Jim.

NINA

Stop! Now! I will fucking
shoot you!

Jim looks up at Nina, playing nice.

JIM

You're gonna hurt yourself
with that.

NINA

Now Jim!

JIM

Gun's bigger than you, just-

Nina fires a warning SHOT into gravel.

Reluctantly, Jim raises his hands up to surrender.

JIM

You got me, congratulations.
You'd be best to just-

BAM! HEADSHOT. Jim's shot from the window by Casey.

Blood splatters onto Sheriff. He moves. BANG. Another shot, just missing Sheriff's thigh, gravel shoots up.

Sheriff runs for the trunk as Nina returns FIRE. Rifle SHOTS begin to bounce off the cruiser. The front windshield is SHOT OUT. Under duress, Nina meets up with Sheriff at the trunk.

CLANG. A rifle shot hits the trunk.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE/SHED - NIGHT

David frees Kira's cuffs, folds her arms, and closes her eyes. GUNSHOTS are heard up front.

Even closer, A SCREEN DOOR slams open. David looks out the shed to see George stomping toward him, shotgun held high.

George gets close enough to see Duke's body in the doorway. Silently, he moves past the door, staying outside the shed.

BLAM. George shoots through the siding then SHOOTS again, blowing open most of the shed wall.

George goes inside, sees Duke's body as well as Holly and Kira lying in blood.

Moving further in, David lies on the ground, beneath the fresh shotgun holes in the siding. Moonlight shoots past his body. George looks over him, when in the wind-

CASEY (O.S.)

(yelling)

George! Up front! Now!

George backs out slowly, heads for the front.

David, faking, rolls over, watches George disappear through the fresh bullet holes.

More GUNSHOTS are heard up front.

David leaves the shed, but notices the fresh grave George was digging earlier. He goes to it.

MARK lies inside a half-full grave.

Beside him, there is a completely filled in, but fresh looking grave.

David looks at the night sky, takes a BREATH.

From the front, GUNSHOTS.

David watches the swaying cornfield and decides to turn back to the farmhouse, determined.

EXT. FARMHOUSE/POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Sheriff and Nina continue to hide from rifle SHOTS.

SHERIFF

I'll cover you. Just get to
the radio then leave me.

Nina nods.

Sheriff runs, SHOOTING. In the window, Casey takes cover.

Sheriff runs for the front door as Nina heads to the radio.

Casey pops up in time to see Sheriff kick in the front door. Casey drops his rifle and pulls out a pistol. He moves away from the window, out of sight.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The broken front door lets light into the dark living room. Sheriff slowly moves through, listening for movement.

Casey bursts past the top of the stairs. FIRES A SHOT.

Sheriff dodges, runs through the living room.

Around a corner, Sheriff finds a closed door. SCRAPING sounds behind it. He opens the door to see David helping uncuff Jules and Sammie.

SHERIFF

The fuck you doing?

DAVID

It's pretty clear asshole!
There's two left plus Jim.
He's with them.

SHERIFF

Jim's dead.

David's surprised by this.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Send the girls out the back.
Let's get these fucks.

Sheriff heads back to the living room as Casey comes down the stairs. He has Ida in front of him, a HUMAN SHIELD.

Casey and Ida gets to the ground floor. Sheriff aims at Casey, but has no clear shot.

SHERIFF

Let her go. It's over.

CASEY

She's dead unless you put it down. Now!

INT./EXT. FARMHOUSE/FIELDS - NIGHT

David walks Jules and Sammie out the backdoor. He looks around, points to the cornfield.

DAVID

Go through the cornfield. A main road is about a mile up. Run!

The two women take off running. David watches them go.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER - FARM - NIGHT

Inside the cruiser, Nina, on the driver floor, BREATHES HEAVY while holding the receiver.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)

State police, how may I assist?

Nina smiles. As she presses the button to transmit-

BLAM. George SHOTS out the driver side window.

GLASS RAINS down on Nina.

GRAB. She SCREAMS as George reaches inside the car window, pulling her away from the radio and out the window. He drags her toward the farmhouse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

David hears the SHOTGUN and SCREAMS. He runs for the front.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

SCREAMING outside.

In the living room, Casey and Sheriff stare one another down. Ida squirms in front of Casey, horrified.

SHERIFF

Let her go!

CASEY

Don't miss, Sheriff.

Casey COCKS his gun and puts it to Ida's head.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

George drags Nina toward the front door. She SCREAMS.

BANG. George is shot in the back. He drops Nina ten feet from the door. Both George and Nina turn to see David.

NINA

Run, David!

George aims his shotgun, FIRES. He just misses David, sending gravel flying near him.

BANG. David fires a shot into George's chest. George recoils backward slightly, wobbly, then dashes forward, grabbing David in a clumsy tackle.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Casey turns to the SHOTS outside.

SHERIFF

End this. Put it down.

CASEY

You're right. It's over.

Casey throws Ida toward Sheriff, surprising him. Just before she's to him, BANG. Sheriff's BLOOD explodes onto Ida. Shot in the head. Ida SCREAMS, blood covers her.

Casey turns and heads out the front door. Outside, he sees-

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

George pins David and grabs his head, POUNDING IT AGAINST THE GROUND. Nina's ten feet from them, scurrying away.

As Nina gets up off the ground, Casey comes from behind and GRABS her. She fights, but he squeezes tight, lifts her up.

A second set of headlights come down the drive.

CASEY

I'll be damned.

(to Nina)

You radio for help you little
whore?!

As the headlights pull up, Casey takes Nina inside to hide.

George SLAMS David's head again and again, but then he grows weaker, bleeding out.

David PISTOL-WHIPS him, knocking George to the ground. He gets on top of George and PISTOL-WHIPS him again.

George MOANS, then slightly LAUGHS.

Still laughing, He muscles up the strength to grab David's throat with one firm hand.

CHOKING, David PISTOL-WHIPS George, but George holds firm.

David, struggling, CHOKING, sticks his gun in George's mouth. BLAM. He shoots, blood splatters upward.

David takes a BREATH, blood on his face.

From behind, A GUN is pressed to David's head. KEITH, holding EVE, has snuck up on him.

KEITH

Drop the gun and get up!

DAVID

Keith!?

David gets up, moves toward the house. Eve squirms and fights Keith as they walk. He grips her forearm.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

David, Keith, and Eve walk into the living room. They see Sheriff, along with splattered brains and blood.

KEITH
(calling out)
Casey? It's me.

Casey comes out with Nina as his hostage.

CASEY
Thought you were the fuzz.

DAVID
Keith, I'm gonna fucking kill you, you little fuck! You too sons of anarchy!

CASEY
So, you found out it's hard work running girls.

KEITH
I'll take the deal. With her, and all this, we're more than even.

Casey considers the offer with an angry face.

CASEY
I figure that's fair enough.
Kill the deputy.

As Keith readies to shoot David, Eve knees Keith's groin and BURSTS away. She runs outside the house.

Keith takes off running after Eve. David starts to move, but Casey puts his gun to Nina's back.

CASEY
Stop right there or this one's dead.

David stops, watches Casey and Nina. He notices something.

A grin slowly creeps across David's face.

DAVID

It's funny. I fucking hate bikers. Truckers round here call em road fags. But you know what is really funny?

CASEY

What's that?

DAVID

You forgot about someone.

CASEY

Oh, yeah?!

BANG. NINA YELLS. We think she may be shot until-

Blood spills out of CASEY'S MOUTH. He COLLAPSES to the ground, SHOT IN THE BACK.

Ida comes from behind Casey, aiming Sheriff's gun.

Nina CRIES, relieved, while Ida stands motionless, stunned, looking over Casey's dead body. His face stuck in shock.

David takes Casey's gun. From outside he hears-

KEITH

She got away. We need to get to the cars and-

BANG. Keith enters and David shoots his foot.

Keith, hobbled, SCREAMS. He drops his gun. Nina picks it up, holds it on him as David steps up and lands a perfect UPPERCUT, tumbling Keith to the ground.

David jumps on him, BEATS HIM. He punches Keith ruthlessly. He continues until Nina grabs David, pulls him off.

NINA

Is that all of them?

Ida steps up to the two of them, smiles lightly.

DAVID

Yeah. We got em'.

EXT./INT. FARMHOUSE/CRUISER - NIGHT

David pushes Keith into the back of Jim's cruiser.

DAVID

How'd you end up out here?

NINA

A missing person. Jeremy Peters grandma hadn't see him this week.

DAVID

(smiles, fades quickly)
If I'm right he's buried over there by the shed, Mark too.

NINA

Mark?

DAVID

Yeah, the dumb fuck.
(looking to horizon)
I sent the other girls up to the road. I'll go get them while you radio this in. Maybe I can find Eve, too.

David gets in the car and starts the engine. He finds a cig in the ashtray and sparks it. Nina and Ida stand watching him. As he leaves they walk to Sheriff's cruiser.

David drives away, under a glorious night sky.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. THE TWO-BIT DINER - NIGHT

Inside the empty TWO-BIT, David, heavily bandaged, wrapped head and ribs, stares out the window as a woman's hand comes up and touches his shoulder, Nina's. She leans down and kisses him.

NINA

You could have gotten a beer.

David smiles at her.

DAVID
Don't need it. Painkillers
are enough right now.

Nina playfully smiles. She sits down.

NINA
What were we talking about?

DAVID
Moving. Where to.

NINA
(pleased)
Mmhm. So many options.

David, happy, takes a drink, finishing half his glass.

DAVID
(reluctantly)
My uncle. Had you heard
things before about him?

NINA
I never knew what was true.

David, solemn face, ponders this. He stares out the window.

DAVID
I can tell you whatever
you've heard about me is
true. But..

Nina takes David's hands.

NINA
A work in progress then.

Bella walks up to take their order.

Moving through the window, we see the quaint diner shrink
as the large night sky grows outside, swaying fields
surrounding the town.

CUT TO BLACK