

THE VULTURES

by

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OVER BLACK

A metal door CRASHES SHUT as the REVERB echoes through a spacious room with high ceilings.

Footsteps.

The single BOUNCE of a basketball.

BILLY (V.O.)

This is it, folks. It's all come down to this. For ten million dollars and his only chance to leave this shitty town for good. Does Billy Proctor truly have what it takes?

Total silence. And then...

A pair of SQUEAKY SNEAKERS charge energetically across a freshly waxed floor.

FADE IN:

INT. ECKERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

With great force, our basketball strikes the edge of a ten foot rim, and with greater force, fires back and slaps the unsuspecting face of --

BILLY PROCTOR---16, a shaggy and thin young man with the eyes of a tired and lifeless soul. He is all alone here and it's the middle of a school day.

He rubs his sore face.

BILLY

Ouch.

He rests his hands on his hips, takes a breather as he's already lost interest.

The loose ball rolls into some retractable bleachers.

Billy chases it down. As his back is turned, a real PENCIL NECK MAN in a starched white shirt and bad tie bursts through the double doors of the gym. This is --

MR. PRESTON---40s, head administrator. He moves for Billy with a chip on his shoulder and the exaggerated stride of a little man's authority complex.

Billy snags the ball, faces him.

MR. PRESTON
Mister Proctor. What do you think
you're doing?

If not for their quick exchange of glances, Billy all but ignores him and dribbles for the basket.

This only fuels Mr. Preston's anger. His eyes wide and tense and fresh out of patience.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
Maybe you didn't hear me.

From the three point line, Billy shoots and drains --

SWISH!

He hurries to retrieve his ball before Mister Preston can snake it for good.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
Hey! Don't walk away from me! I'm
talking to you!

With a cool calmness, Billy turns his back and moves for the outside line.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
So we're gonna play that game?
Fine. You shoot that ball it's a
three day suspension.

Billy locks eyes with him as he tauntingly dribbles from hand to hand -- sets up for the shot.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)
I said drop the ball, Proctor! I'm
not kidding!

Billy bends his knees.

Mr. Preston awkwardly jumps and WHAP! - BLOCKS BILLY'S SHOT just as he's about to release.

Billy red hot with rage as he turns on a dime and shoves Mr. Preston back.

BILLY
Get away from me, man!

MR. PRESTON

You just got yourself a five day
suspension! You wanna make it
ten?!

Billy SOCKS HIM ONE.

Mr. Preston desperately holds in the BLOOD gushing from his notably broken nose.

BILLY

Make it fifteen.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy sits in one of two lone chairs by the door reserved for bad kids waiting to take their medicine. His arms folded, knee bouncing, all defiance. A real cross between showing his ass and scared to death.

VERNA KEYES---60s, an old school disciplinarian who looks to have come with the building, prepares Billy's suspension papers, as if part of a regular routine.

Her and Billy lock eyes.

Her perfectly timed sighs and snickers of disgust mark her utter disdain for this kid.

THROUGH AN OFFICE WINDOW, Mr. Preston sits at his desk and uses what's left of a red stained tissue to wipe his gushing nose.

Billy grins. Proud.

The main door SWINGS OPEN. Billy and Verna's attention drawn. In walks big sister --

ANGIE PROCTOR---19, a classically attractive but doesn't know it girl next door, looks particularly uncomfortable in her sexy bar maid's uniform.

ANGIE

What am I doing here, Billy? Is it
me? Is this about me?

Her eyes are strained -- tired. And her face without makeup or any other kind of beauty product.

Billy stares straight ahead. As if he can't hear or just plain choosing not to.

VERNA

Your sister just asked you a question.

Angie, super annoyed, throws Verna the look.

ANGIE

You know what? We're good here. I got this.

Verna goes about her business.

BILLY

Just go, Angie. Go back to work.

ANGIE

First you're cutting class and now you're punching out The Principal? Fuck is wrong with you?!

Verna drops her pen, shocked by the profane outburst. And in her building.

VERNA

Young lady, watch your language in this building?

ANGIE

Oh give it up, Verna! You gonna give me Saturday School?

Verna lowers her bifocals. A stern look.

VERNA

Beg your pardon.

Billy conceals his grin.

Mr. Preston swings open his office door.

MR. PRESTON

Miss Proctor. Long time. What's it been? A week?

ANGIE

What am I doing here?

THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR walks Eckersville SHERIFF'S DEPUTY CADE WILBEY---30s, crisp blue uniform, country boy looks and as worn by life as Angie and Billy. He and Angie are surprised to see each other.

Billy watches them, somewhat amused. There's a palpable attraction between them that suggests a most checkered and sordid past.

CADE

Angie. What're you doing here?

ANGIE

Take a wild guess.

Cade spots Billy by the door, not at all surprised.

MR. PRESTON

Officer Wilbey, can I speak with you alone please?

Cade offers Angie a bashful but polite smile before heading into the office.

Angie throws up her hands in defeat.

ANGIE

Okay, great. We'll just wait out here I guess.

INT MR. PRESTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cade stands before Mr. Preston -- as he wipes what's left of the blood from his nose, tosses the red soaked rag into a waste basket.

MR. PRESTON

Savages. All of them.

Cade patiently waits for the worked up administrator to find his bearings. Meantime, he almost doesn't notice the WOMAN sitting in a corner chair behind him.

This is guidance counselor KATIE SULLIVAN---30s, a simply dressed, focused and dedicated woman acutely aware of the students in her keep, while equally unaware of her own striking beauty.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

This kid's trouble. Just like his old man was.

CADE

Maybe it's just me. But the whole car accident and dead parents thing may have something to do with his change in attitude.

Katie is clearly not happy as she noisily chews a pen and rolls her eyes.

MR. PRESTON

Yeah, well, I'm not giving this kid any more passes. Far as I'm concerned, today's his last get out of jail free card.

KATIE

So what are we doing with him?

MR. PRESTON

I'm sending him home for ten days. When Walsh gets back from vacation, I'm recommending alternative placement.

CADE

Don't you think that's a bit harsh considering the circumstances.

MR. PRESTON

We have a no tolerance policy for a reason, Wilbey. I know you have a protective interest in this kid because of how close your father and his old man were.

Cade's eyes glaze over, as if he were a deer caught in the headlights of a semi truck. A real sensitive subject.

Katie notices.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

But we have to treat him like every other kid.

CADE

Come on, Doug. Just between us, those kids are rotten to the core. This isn't a bad kid. Just mixed up with a lot of misplaced anger.

KATIE

I agree.

CADE

Don't you think Angie Proctor has enough on her plate?

MR. PRESTON

He took a swing at me. If it were any other kid, and under any other circumstances, he'd already be expelled.

Cade stares through the glass and spots Billy inspecting a red and scratched up arm.

CADE

Couldn't help but notice Billy's arms when I came in. Almost like somebody dug their fingers into him.

Mr. Preston checks with Katie -- unwavering in her obvious disapproval.

MR. PRESTON

What is this? Who's side are you two on here anyways?

KATIE

Doug, their parents have been in the ground less than three months. Between Billy and his sister, those two need all the support we can give them.

Slumping deep into his chair, Mister Preston huffs and pours himself a handful of antacids.

MR. PRESTON

Alright. Proctor stays. But I'm upholding the suspension.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Cade exits the main office. The door barely has time to shut before Angie storms out after him.

ANGIE

Cade!

Cade stops, a worried look. He slowly faces her.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

So, you're not gonna tell me what's happening?

CADE

Sullivan talked him into a ten day suspension.

Angie squints, totally surprised.

ANGIE

So he's not pressing charges?

CADE

No. And don't worry about him missing class. He'll be able to make up all his assignments from home.

ANGIE

Wait. So, they're not gonna do anything to him?

CADE

We all figured he could use the time off. Get his head together. Considering the special circumstances and all.

Cade walks off. Angie isn't quite done.

ANGIE

Missed you at the funeral.

Cade turns back, full of shame.

CADE

Yeah. About that.

ANGIE

I mean everybody was there. Practically the whole department. Half the city. Everyone I can possibly think of but you.

CADE

I don't do very well at funerals. Especially this one. I guess I just couldn't bring myself to go.

(beat)

No excuse, but I am sorry.

ANGIE

That's all you have to say? My Dad loved you like a son. I know our Dads had their differences but that never changed. You should know that.

CADE

I wish I had better reasons for missing. I don't know what to tell you. Really.

Angie tries hard to read him...but ultimately lets it go.

ANGIE

Yeah. I'm sorry too.

After an awkward silence, Cade simply nods goodbye and heads for a pair of double doors.

Angie left confused.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A shirtless Cade blankly stares at himself in a large mirror hanging above a modest dresser. He is somewhere else. Behind him lay a nude Katie wrapped in a bed sheet.

Her arms folded. Helplessly distraught.

KATIE

That's three nights in a row, Cade. You wanna talk about it?

CADE

Not really.

KATIE

You want me to stay? Go? What?

Cade ponders this loaded question.

CADE

No. Yes. I don't know.

KATIE

Something's getting to you. Some secret you don't wanna tell me. You're afraid I might walk if you do.

CADE

Yeah. Pretty sure you would.

Katie's heartfelt concern instantly turns to insecure suspicion.

KATIE

That girl. Angie. Billy's sister. Is this about her?

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
You've been acting strange since
Billy's suspension.

Cade finally turns to her.

CADE
It's not what you think.

KATIE
Educate me.

Cade can't quite spit it out. Katie sits up in bed, awaiting
some sort of response.

CADE
You ever do something you thought
was right at the time, but later
find out it really wasn't?

Katie cracks a grin.

KATIE
You sure this isn't about Angie
Proctor?

Cade sighs...losing patience.

CADE
I'm being serious.

KATIE
It depends. Is this one of those
circumstances where you had to be
told it wasn't right or did you
already know?

Cade doesn't follow.

CADE
What does that mean?

KATIE
You're a grown man, Cade. The fact
that you can't tell me what this is
about speaks volumes.

Cade once again turns his back. His hands flat on the
dresser and a mind in conflict with itself.

CADE
I can't. Not yet.

KATIE

Not yet? So you aren't sure if you trust me enough? Is that it?

CADE

It isn't about trust. This thing isn't just about me. There's other people involved.

Katie puts the pieces together and nods appropriately.

KATIE

Is it the department? Something at your job? What? Tell me.

For the last time, Cade faces her, out of patience.

CADE

(stern)

Look, I told you already...

KATIE

You can't. Right. Whatever.

Katie wraps herself in sheets, bolts out of bed and rushes to the bathroom. The door CRASHES SHUT behind her.

And to the left of Cade sits an OPENED BEDROOM WINDOW with a full view of the outside apartment courtyard. A COOL NIGHT BREEZE causes his half cracked open venetian blinds to flutter in the wind.

A PAIR OF EYES...FEMALE EYES...invade Cade's privacy as they peer inside the bedroom.

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - CADE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

The eyes belong to MELANIE SALVA---30s, flashy red hair and dressed in a most perfect ensemble for an impromptu sexual encounter with you know who.

Melanie is Cade's high priced uptown fling with a couldn't care less husband and a void in her life and hole in her heart only Cade can fill.

Looking truly betrayed and broken, she storms off.

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

With the BEEP and CLICK of her car keys, Melanie unlocks her pricey RANGE ROVER. A trio of SQUAWKING VULTURES perched on top of Cade's building.

A startled Melanie turns, stares up at them.

They seem to be locked in on her. Not at all shy or skittish as these birds tend to be.

MELANIE
Shoo. Get out of here.

Melanie hurries to her Range Rover and gets in.

INT. MELANIE'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Melanie breaks down in tears as she puts on her belt and adjusts the rearview mirror. Meanwhile...

A COMPLETELY BALD TEEN in all black clothes and LEATHER COAT sits on the curb behind her. A cigarette in hand as the tip burns and smoke fills the night.

This is CUE BALL---17. He stares back at Melanie with cold menace in his colorless eyes.

MELANIE
(panicked)
Shit.

Melanie quickly turns -- faces her rear windshield.

The same curb is now unoccupied. No Cue Ball.

As she faces front, Melanie spots --

A DARK FIGURE WITH AN ORANGE MOHAWK walk around the driver's side of her truck.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

She locks her doors. Full blown panic mode.

But as she looks up, MOHAWK IS GONE.

Melanie checks all around her. No one there. No one anywhere. She's all alone.

She breathes a sigh of relief. And then...without warning...

She grows nauseous.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Oh God.

Swings open her door, VOMITS on the asphalt.

Weak and sick, she drops to her knees. It's while facing the asphalt when she notices --

A LIT CIGARETTE near the driver's door.

She picks it up.

Some more SQUAWKING from our birds.

Melanie faces Cade's building.

A SINGLE VULTURE left on the roof. And then...TWO MORE VULTURES return to their spot.

Now freaked out, Melanie jumps in her car, quickly leaves.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

A police cruiser marked BEECHER COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPUTY pulls against a curb just outside a wrought iron gate marked ECKERSVILLE CEMETERY.

It's an out of the way graveyard, off the beaten path and bordering a thick patch of woods.

Out steps a very solemn Cade still in uniform and holding a bouquet of flowers. He walks to the iron fencing that encloses the graveyard and opens.

A FLOCK OF VULTURES circles TWO HEADSTONES.

Cade stops at a double plot with fresh flowers and smooth new markers not yet worn by the passage of time. The first says "CAPTAIN BILL" WILLIAM R. PROCTOR, SR. and a second plot marked JESSICA W. PROCTOR.

THE VULTURES circle in a strange but steadied pattern.

Cade rests the flowers at the foot of Jessica's grave. He is uneasy and guilt ridden.

Behind a far off chain-link fence stands a familiar young man in eighties style punk rocker's clothes and an ORANGE-RED MOHAWK and wayfarers.

Cade feels his look and turns.

He and Mohawk lock eyes. A real staring contest. But Cade eventually returns to the graves.

Standing behind the headstones are TWO MORE PUNK ROCKERS.

SPIKE---19, tall, spiked purple hair, and Cue Ball, our bald friend from Cade's apartment.

A ROAR OF THUNDER from above.

Cade looks to the sky. Day has switched to night as if someone flicked a giant light switch.

Crackling streaks of WHITE LIGHTNING put him on edge.

SPIKE

Welcome home, Wilbey. We've been waiting for you.

Cade unlocks his holster. Before he can draw his gun --

A ROTTED HAND reaches out of the ground...grabs Cade's ankle.

He trips and face plants.

JESSICA---50s, in a beautiful burial gown, crawls out of the ground and on top of him. Cade tries to fend her off but she's able to pin his arms to the grass.

Somewhere in the scuffle, Jessica has morphed into ANGIE.

ANGIE

I know what you did!

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade jumps up in bed, drenched in sweat from the all too surreal nightmare. He struggles to catch his breath.

After a moment...

He lowers his feet to the floor, wipes his wet brow with the stroke of his hand.

And then...

A RING FROM HIS SMART PHONE damn near gives him a heart attack as he reaches under the disheveled sheets.

Answers.

CADE

It's two o'clock in the morning whoever this is.

MOHAWK (V.O.)

(muffled)

Having trouble sleeping, cop?

Cade spins around, stares out his open bedroom window. No one there. Just the CHIRP OF CRICKETS and a few squirrels playing in the trees.

CADE
Who wants to know?

Mohawk chuckles.

MOHAWK (V.O.)
Someone who knows all your dirty
little secrets.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE NIGHT

Mohawk stands in an old style phone booth from a foregone era. Dirt and grime smeared over mostly busted out glass.

MOHAWK
The flowers were a nice touch.
About three months too late but
better late than never I always
say.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade races to his window - pokes his head out.

All is quiet in the courtyard. Not a soul in sight.

CUE BALL leans against the brick near Cade's window and has himself a smoke. He's literally inches from Cade's face and goes unnoticed.

CADE
(to Mohawk)
I never sent any flowers.

Beat.

CADE (CONT'D)
Hello?

MOHAWK (V.O.)
Get some rest, Wilbey. You're
gonna need it.

He hangs up.

Cue Ball has suddenly disappeared.

Cade grows nauseous. He ducks back in, races to the bathroom.

INT. CADE'S BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade rushes in, flips the lid and pukes his guts out. In the mirror above the sink --

SPIKE watches him. A sinister grin.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

Angie's car drives up a homemade dirt path and arrives at a secluded farm home in the woods.

Next to the house is a two-tiered barn and two car garage. The sliding door open with a large variety of collected junk and farm equipment inside.

Out steps Angie and her boss TREY---20s, nightshift manager of Double Down Bar and Grill. He's a shifty looking character with one thing on his mind.

TREY

Nice place. Quiet. Gotta be nice, huh?

Angie clearly isn't as pleased.

ANGIE

Yeah. Quiet. That it is.

And all of the sudden, no more quiet as the deafening ROAR OF DEATH METAL almost blows out an upstairs window.

The two look to Billy's bedroom.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie and Trey enter. Even louder inside. Trey plugs his ears with his fingers.

TREY

A little loud!

Angie angrily tosses her book bag to the living room floor and rushes up the stairs.

TREY (CONT'D)

So, I'll just wait here then!

Trey awkwardly stuffs his hands in his pockets.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Billy sits on his bed with laptop open and headset on... plays a live internet game.

The DEATH METAL cranked so loud that pictures rattle on the wall from the heavy bass.

In runs Angie, hands over her ears, quickly shuts off the thumping stereo. Billy removes his headset.

BILLY

It finally comes home. It's like after eleven, ya know.

ANGIE

Surprised the neighbors haven't called the cops.

Angie stares at his bed. Video game boxes opened and empty snack cracker wrappers litter the sheets.

She waves her hand through the weed infested air.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

God. No wonder you ate all the crackers. And where are your school books?

BILLY

Why? It's not like I got anything due tomorrow.

ANGIE

Because! You're not just gonna sit here for a week, smoke all my grass and play video games!

BILLY

What am supposed to do? Study for a test I don't have?

ANGIE

Yes! Study! Get caught up! Think about how you almost got expelled less than twenty four hours ago! About how that would've broke Mom's heart if she were here!

BILLY

She's not here, Ange! She's gone!
So what the hell difference does it
make?

ANGIE

Turn the music off and go to bed.

Angie heads out.

BILLY

It's off. You turned it off.

Angie turns back, hopping mad.

ANGIE

That's right! And you're not
turning it back on either!

BILLY

Who's the guy?

ANGIE

What guy?

Billy hops up, points out the window at Angie's car parked
near the front door.

BILLY

The guy in the car. What guy do
you think?

ANGIE

Don't worry about it.

BILLY

Don't worry about what I'm doing
either. How about that?

Angie gets in his face.

ANGIE

I have to worry. I have to because
no one else will. I'm all you've
got.

Angie rushes out and slams the door shut. Billy plops back
down on his mattress. Immediately puts his headset on and
snags his laptop.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A still worked up Angie shuffles in just as Trey pours them both a double shot of tequila. A cabinet door open with various bottles of liquor inside.

Angie shocked to see it opened.

ANGIE

What're you doing?

TREY

Pouring us a drink. Sounds like you could use one.

Trey takes his first shot.

ANGIE

I don't drink.

Trey laughs.

TREY

Yeah, since when? Is this the same girl that used to go shot for shot with me after closing and danced on every table in the bar?

ANGIE

Yeah, well, I changed my tune about four months ago when my father wrapped him and my mother around a tree.

A stunned Trey sets his glass down.

TREY

You're right. I'm sorry. Guess I should've been more sensitive.

Angie observes all of the different liquors. Her father liked his cocktails for sure.

ANGIE

I can't bring myself to throw all this stuff out. In a weird way, it's like I wanna keep it there as a reminder. Just waiting for Billy to take his first drink so I can slap the shit out of him.

TREY

I didn't know. About the drinking and driving thing. I really didn't know. I'm sorry.

ANGIE

Yeah. If you could keep that between us I'd appreciate it. Things are hard enough for him right now, ya know. Any more bad news just might put him over the edge.

TREY

Yeah, sure. Whatever you want.

Listening in on them from the base of the stairs is Billy. He has a sick look about him.

He quietly heads upstairs.

INT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - DAY

Cade and THREE OF HIS FELLOW OFFICERS gather at a booth and a high top near the bar. One of them, JOE "OX" OXLEY---30s, all shoulders, no neck, takes two empty pitchers and leaves them with the BARTENDER.

Cade and the others -- JT and HARRIS-- both rookie cops -- in the midst of laughing their asses off and somewhere in the middle of throwing an afternoon drunk.

OX

So Wilbey's got this three hundred pound gorilla facing the hood. He looks down for like two seconds to grab his cuffs and this big old ape head butts him.

Ox swings his head back.

OX (CONT'D)

Pow!

Ox stumbles as if he's been clubbed with a baseball bat.

OX (CONT'D)

Down he goes. I don't see any of this because I'm still on the radio...

The cops all choke laughing. Cade hides his face in shame.

OX (CONT'D)

I look up and Wilbey's gone. He's nowhere. I'm like...where's my partner? Meanwhile, he's on the ground with a taser in this guy's ball bag.

With both hands, Ox grabs his crotch.

OX (CONT'D)

This guy's grabbing his own balls like it's barely phasing him...

Cade's face turns three shades of red.

OX (CONT'D)

I come running out, worried Wilbey's gonna have to shoot this poor prick...

Cade looks up and catches eyes with --

ANGIE

as she retrieves a fat tip from an unoccupied booth littered with burger baskets and empty beer mugs. She stuffs the wad of cash in her skimpy skirt.

Cade loses his playful smile, turns serious.

OX (CONT'D)

And this dude's still standing there like...

Ox grabs his junk, rolls his eyes.

OX (CONT'D)

Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...

JT and Harris in stitches. Ox notices Cade's sudden change in mood and grows curious.

OX (CONT'D)

(to Cade)

Hey. Wake up over there. What's with you?

Ox throws a glance over his shoulder.

Angie stares back at them as she buses a high top.

OX (CONT'D)

(to Cade)

What're you doing, pal? That's Cappy's little girl.

HARRIS

(to Cade)

I think she's carrying, pal. You better do a pat down.

Harris laughs it up, but he's the only one. They all shoot him a nasty look.

Angie hears and rolls her eyes, heads to the kitchen.

OX

(to Harris)

What's the matter with you? Show some respect. Her old man was Wilbey's Godfather for God's sake. They're practically related.

HARRIS

You're right. Sorry.

Harris turns to Cade.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

(to Cade)

So what the hell's the matter with you staring at Cappy's daughter?

CADE

I wasn't. I'm not. Just worried about her, that's all. She's got a lot on her plate.

JT

Yeah, I heard they almost eighty sixed her little brother for fighting the other day.

(to Cade)

If it wasn't for you, they would have.

CADE

Can we not talk about it? At least when she's not ten feet away.

OX

(to JT)

Yeah. Shut up, would ya?

JT
 Hey. You got it. Sorry I brought
 it up.

Harris looks to the door and spots --

MELANIE

all dressed up sexy casual and out on the town. She waits
 with the hostess.

HARRIS
 Speaking of changing the subject.
 Look what the cat just drug in.

Through the door walks Melanie's husband TONY SALVA---40s,
 overdressed in a flashy sport coat, slacks, Eckersville's
 most prominent defense lawyer.

Cade and Melanie lock eyes. A most shocking and unexpected
 surprise for both of them.

Ox and JT spot the flashy couple as the hostess escorts them
 to the main dining room.

JT
 This lousy bitch. Kills a cop four
 months ago, leaves the scene and
 still walking around free as a
 bird. I'm telling you...her and
 that jive ass lawyer of hers are
 rubbing it in our faces.

Melanie steals another glance at Cade over a glass partition.
 A real knowing stare.

Cade's guilt is palpable.

Tony is oblivious as they take a seat.

CADE
 Let it go, man. It was an
 accident. Could've happened to any
 one of us.

JT
 Yeah, tell that to Angie Proctor.
 She's gonna freak when she finds
 out.

CADE
 It's a small town. You're bound to
 run into her sooner or later. Let
 it go.

OX

When did Salva and her old man get back together? I thought they were kaput.

HARRIS

Yeah, well, they say nothing saves a marriage like getting charged with vehicular manslaughter. Especially when your old man is the hottest lawyer in town.

Cade chugs his beer, taps Harris on the shoulder.

CADE

Hey, I'm gonna head out.

They all boo and hiss.

HARRIS

What're you talking about? You just got here.

CADE

What can I say? I'm tired. I'm beat up. These kids are killing me.

HARRIS

Yeah, I hear you. I'll take crackheads and felons over tenth graders any day of the week.

Harris chugs his beer, slides out.

OX

Don't be a stranger. And keep those little bastards in check.

CADE

Yeah, you got it.

OX

After all. They're our country's future.

Cade smiles, heads for the door.

Melanie spots Cade leaving. As does Angie as she returns from the kitchen with a tray of food.

Cade throws on his coat and dips out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Cade cruises this lone two way blacktop and nervously scans the radio in search of a decent tune.

It's all the usual crap and gets worse with each channel.

After a few moments...Cade notices an unusual pattern forming. Every single channel now playing the same mid-eighties head banger noise.

CADE

Come on.

Cade is confused as he manually searches the channels. Every one of them playing a badly produced garage band tune called "The Dead Don't Lie".

RADIO DJ

The Vultures! With The Dead Don't Lie! I don't know about you, but I can't get enough of this song! A shout out to my boys Alby, Shawn and Trent down in Eckersville! These guys are going places!

CADE

The hell is this?

Cade hears AN ENGINE REVVING and looks to his

REARVIEW MIRROR

A CAR on his tail FLASHES ITS BRIGHTS. It has once again gone from day to night without warning.

CADE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Cade faces the road.

His HEADLIGHTS NOW ON as they pierce the long stretch of darkness before him.

Cade is completely out of sorts and scared to death.

The car behind him passes on the DOUBLE LINE.

Not noticing ANOTHER CAR about thirty yards away and coming around a sharp bend.

The oncoming car SWERVES to miss both... CRASHING several hundred feet into the trees.

Cade SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES as -

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (PRESENT)

The car does a full three sixty and comes to a halt in the middle of the road.

Cade opens his eyes. It is once again DAYLIGHT. No cars on the road or in the trees.

All alone as he catches his breath.

A CAR HONKS...OVER AND OVER.

Cade looks to his right...

AN ONCOMING CAR squeals its tires and CRASHES INTO HIM.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Cade awakens in an adjustable bed with a hospital curtain halfway drawn around him. A very worried Melanie stands over him.

CADE

Where am I?

MELANIE

You were in an accident. Out on nineteen. Coming around the bend.

CADE

The bend.

Cade sits up, too fast, grabs his aching head.

CADE (CONT'D)

I remember. You were behind me.
Honking the horn.

Melanie doesn't follow.

MELANIE

What're you talking about?

CADE

It's like I was...dreaming or something.

MELANIE

Yeah, well, you had a lot to drink. Couldn't help but notice you stumbling out of Double Down earlier.

Cade doesn't like her tone.

CADE

I had a few beers. No more than usual. What're you getting at?

MELANIE

They ran a tox screen. You were well over the limit to drive.

CADE

Bullshit.

MELANIE

Your car was parked in the middle of the street. Almost like you put it there or something.

Melanie shuts the rest of the round curtain. A little more privacy as she moves closer to Cade.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(quieter)

What were you doing? Do you wanna die, is that it?

CADE

Why are you talking to me like this?

MELANIE

What do you expect? I haven't heard from you in months. Every time I see you you're drinking like a fish. Next thing I hear, they pull you off of active duty and put you on stress leave.

CADE

I took a couple weeks off over two months ago and took a job with the school. So what?

MELANIE

You're telling me you had no idea how your car ended up dead center of the road?

CADE

That's what I'm telling you. So settle down and relax.

Melanie wipes her tears and paces frantically on the cold tile floor while a helpless Cade watches.

MELANIE

You're acting like you've been going through this alone. Don't know if you remember, but I was there too, Cade.

Cade checks the curtains and spots A NURSE through the cracks and holding a clipboard.

CADE

(quieter)

Be quiet about that. We don't talk about it again. That was the deal. The other part of the deal was to not see each other for awhile. I guess you forgot.

The curtain JERKS OPEN and startles Melanie. The nurse steps in with Cade's chart.

NURSE

Mister Wilbey. Excuse me. Deputy Wilbey. You were awfully lucky back there. How's the head?

CADE

Yeah. The head's fine. I'm good. Just slid on the road coming around the bend too hot.

NURSE

I guess that's why there are speed laws.

CADE

Yeah. I'll try to remember that.

The Nurse shoots him a knowing stare.

NURSE

The other driver wasn't quite as lucky. Got a pretty nasty gash on his forehead and a broken collar bone.

CADE

I'm sorry to hear that.

NURSE

The paramedic who pulled you out
said your car smelled like a
brewery.

Cade checks with Melanie who looks sick.

NURSE (CONT'D)

After what happened back in July,
the last thing I'd expected to see
in my ER was a drunk cop.

Cade looks down in shame. Melanie so embarrassed she turns
away and faces the curtain.

NURSE (CONT'D)

On a more personal note, my
daughter takes that road home every
night, Deputy Wilbey. That
could've been her out there.

MELANIE

(to Nurse)

Excuse me.

(to Cade)

I'll be outside if you need me.

Melanie cuts out, shuts the curtain behind her.

CADE

Like I said. I slid on the road.
It was an accident. I'm not sure
what else you want me to say.
But that's the truth.

The Nurse isn't buying it. She just stares at him.
Emotionless.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Cade gets an iron cell gate shut in his face. Harris on the
other side, snaps a piece of gum, and stares empathetically
at his best bud.

HARRIS

Sorry, bud. This one's just for
show. You know that, right?
After what happened with Cappy,
the city don't play around with
drunk drivers. Especially ones
that wear badges.

Cade nods as he leans against the bars.

CADE

Yeah. I know. I know all too well.

HARRIS

You got someone coming?

CADE

Yeah. Help is on the way.

Harris turns to leave, but stops, turns to Cade.

HARRIS

Just out of curiosity. What the hell would possess you to hit that corner doing seventy five?

Cade thinks real hard for an answer. He's just as stumped.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I mean...after what happened there and all. I mean, you used to light people up all day doing sixty through there. I guess I don't get it.

Cade can't answer as he backs away from the cell and takes a seat on a cold metal bench.

Harris stares down at him. Patiently waiting for an answer he doesn't get.

Cade shuts his eyes.

CADE

Let me know when she gets here.
Okay, Harris?

Harris gives up and heads for the main door. He gives a quick knock as the door is BUZZED OPEN.

Cade keeps his eyes shut and enjoys the first moment of silence he's had all day.

MOHAWK (O.S.)

You should be more careful, cop.

Cade opens his eyes.

Sitting on a bench across the way is MOHAWK. The same ORANGE RED SPIKE and head banger clothes. The entire cell has gone darker to some extent. An off kilter look about it.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

I hear that curve in the road can really sneak up on you if you're not paying attention.

Cade checks the cell door. Harris long gone. No other officers around.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

Awfully quiet, cop. Still trying to figure out if this is all just a dream?

CADE

Who the hell are you?

Mohawk moves closer but keeps a safe enough distance.

MOHAWK

They say when the dead are buried...their secrets get buried along with them.

Mohawk shakes his head.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

But you and I know that's not always the case.

Mohawk steps out of the way... gives Cade an unobstructed view of none other than --

SPIKE

with his legs kicked up on the steel bench across the way. Appearing seemingly out of thin air.

CADE

You're not real. None of this.

MOHAWK

Guess that's up for debate. I could be real. I could just be a figment of your imagination. A bad rash that just won't go away.

Spike throws on a pair of old school wayfarers from back in the day and grins back at Cade.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

But if there's one thing I've learned about dying. You can't bury the truth. There ain't no hole you can dig deep enough.

(MORE)

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

The dead don't lie. Ain't go no reason no more. Nothing left to prove. Nothing left to hide.

CADE

What is this? What do you want from me?

Mohawk laughs an OTHERWORDLY CACKLE that echoes the long and empty halls of the jail.

MOHAWK

You got this all wrong. It's not what we want. It's what you want. Old man Proctor's got your brain working overtime. The only thing standing between him and you...is us.

CADE

I don't understand.

Spike laughs with disgust, slumps forward on the bench with his hands on his knees.

CADE (CONT'D)

What the hell's so funny?

MOHAWK

(to Spike)

The man says he still don't understand.

SPIKE

I heard.

MOHAWK

So. Make him understand.

Spike stands, methodically walks to Cade in a slow and steadied movement, prolonging the moment.

In a defensive manner, Cade slides across the bench, into the corner closest to the cell doors.

CADE

Somebody get in here!

Spike flips open a hunting knife and smiles. He tosses his black shades to the floor.

Cade watches as -

Spike SLICES OPEN HIS OWN NECK.

Cade is sprayed with STREAMS OF BLOOD and drops to the floor with hands on his head.

CADE (CONT'D)
Get away from me!

The taunting laughs from Mohawk and Spike grow LOUDER and LOUDER. And then...suddenly...it all stops.

After a few moments, Cade looks up.

Mohawk and Spike long gone.

He checks his clothes. No blood.

He stands, moves to the center of the cell and turns to the wall behind him...

In bright RED BLOOD the numbers 10-5-85 are painted in giant detail on the brick.

He hears the cell door slide open. Harris enters.

HARRIS
Okay, bud. Your girlfriend's here.
Party's over.

CADE
Do you see it?

HARRIS
See what?

Cade stares back at the wall. Nothing but some random graffiti on the brick.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - LATE NIGHT

A hopping mad Katie throws open the door as a tired Cade follows shortly behind. They cross the street toward a small lot for visitors.

KATIE
My boyfriend the drunk. Wait until
this one hits the six o'clock news.

CADE
Can we not do this now?

KATIE
Eckersville Sheriff's Office busted
on yet another DUI charge.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

Hey, if the cops are all getting twisted, the hell with it. Let's all drink and drive!

CADE

I wasn't drunk, Katie.

Katie digs in her purse and pulls out a set of keys.

KATIE

Yeah, that's not what I heard. You were bellied up with Ox and those other assholes for over three hours tonight.

Cade rubs his tired face. Katie doesn't let up.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What? Just because you're off the streets now you think you can get blasted whenever you want?

CADE

Of course not.

KATIE

You know, I heard rumors from the students at school about liquor on your breath. I guess I should've listened. I stuck my neck out for you to get you that job.

Cade points to her modest Toyota.

CADE

Can we just get in the car and get the hell out of here?

KATIE

Why? Am I embarrassing you, Cade?

Cade spots a POLICE CRUISER pass on the main drag. The driver HONKS his horn. Cade waves hello.

KATIE (CONT'D)

On top of you looking at an immediate dismissal and me eating serious crow, I hear Melanie Salva brought you to the ER of all people.

CADE

She didn't bring me to the ER. She just showed up. I can't help who visits me, Katie.

Katie hits the UNLOCK on her key ring, walks to the driver's side, opens and waits.

Cade doesn't follow.

CADE (CONT'D)

Why'd you bail me out? You can't stand me. You don't trust me. So why?

KATIE

Because you almost died out there. Because I care about you and I don't understand what you're doing to yourself.

(huffs)

Look, I know what happened to your father.

Cade impatiently walks in circles, fights a burning anger from spilling all over Katie.

KATIE (CONT'D)

He had the bug. And so do you. I know it's not entirely your fault but I guess I'm worried you're gonna end up like...

Katie censors herself, bites her lip.

CADE

What? Like my father? That what you wanna say?

KATIE

Yeah, okay. Fine. If I remember you correctly, I believe you said he drank himself to death.

CADE

Has it ever occurred to you that it was just an accident? That I simply slid on the road and that's it? And maybe this whole other scenario you've put together is all in your head.

KATIE

Whatever, Cade. I've just done my last favor for you. Whatever it is that's eating away at you, I pray you get the help you need. But I can't do this anymore. I won't.

Katie crawls in her Toyota. Cade left stranded.

Katie finally pops her head out.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Well. You gonna get in or are you gonna stand around here all night?

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - ANGIE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The television and lights still on. Angie's uniform thrown to the floor with little care.

Angie, now in a simple t-shirt and sweats, dead asleep above the disheveled covers.

Her lamp FLICKERS and CRACKLES with the buzz of electric current. And then POP! The light bulb EXPLODES as the entire home loses all power at once.

Angie jumps up. Complete DARKNESS.

A BRIGHT BLUE LIGHT from outside her window GLOWS and PULSATES from deep within the woods.

Angie crawls out of bed, heads to her window and peeks through the opened blinds.

ANGIE

(panicked)

Billy!

BILLY'S ROOM

Billy sound asleep on his bean bag chair with a video game console still in hand.

Angie ducks her head in.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy? Did you see that?

Billy doesn't respond. He just shifts a bit and snores.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy?

Angie gives up, quietly dips out.

KITCHEN

Angie can barely see if not for the RAYS OF BLUE LIGHT shooting through the living room windows.

She opens a top drawer and grabs a flashlight. She flicks it on and off, checking for battery.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

Angie quietly shuts the screen door behind her as she walks down the front door steps. She turns on the FLASHLIGHT as she cautiously ventures into the woods.

From deep in the trees, the BLUE LIGHT starts to lose its power and FLICKERS like a candle losing its flame.

ANGIE

Hello?

Angie desperately chases after the source of the light before disappearing completely.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT

Angie runs out of the woods and into a clearing of some sort. A small homemade lake in the middle of nowhere.

Trench Lake as its affectionately known to the hard partying teenagers of Eckersville.

The BLUE LIGHT seems to be emanating from a grassy hill on the other side of the water.

ANGIE

Gotta be kidding me.

Angie's flashlight loses all power. She smacks it over and over and nothing. Dead.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Come on. Don't do this. Not now.

She looks up just as the BLUE LIGHT loses its power and EVAPORATES before her eyes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hello???

Angie turns back and bumps straight into -

BILLY

who looks just as frightened by it all.

BILLY

What is it?

ANGIE

Shit, Billy! Are you trying to scare me to death?!

Billy motions to the spot on the beach in what was just the scene of a pulsating blue light.

BILLY

If that doesn't scare you, I don't know what does!

An anxious Billy snags the flashlight.

ANGIE

Forget it. It's dead.

Billy TURNS IT BACK ON.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

How did...?

He aims across the lake. No blue light, just trees.

BILLY

Where did it go?

ANGIE

That was dead two seconds ago.

Angie steps closer to the water. It's eerily quiet. Almost too quiet for a secluded pond.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You hear that?

BILLY

Hear what?

Angie nods.

ANGIE

Exactly. It's quiet. No frogs. Crickets. Nothing.

Billy points the flashlight at the water. Literally hundreds of dead fish floating on the oily skim.

BILLY
What the fuck?

And then, all of the sudden, Billy and Angie cough and choke from an overpowering smell. They clasp both hands over their mouths.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What the hell. It's like somebody melted a car battery.

ANGIE
What is that smell?

Billy rubs his forehead -- nauseous and sick.

BILLY
My head hurts.

Without warning, Billy VOMITS. Angie grabs his arm.

ANGIE
Let's go. We need to go.

Angie and Billy retreat into the woods -- headed for home.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Cade tosses and turns under the covers. A dream or nightmare perhaps. His eyes and face twitch and contort with that of a very restless and tortured spirit.

EXT. WOODS - HIGHWAY NINETEEN - NIGHT (CADE'S DREAM)

Cade steps through the dense forestry in the same t shirt and sweats he was just sleeping in. Between some thick branches he observes SMOKE RISE from the hood of A CRASHED CAR.

Cade comes upon a DEVASTATED SUV crushed in between two trees and carrying TWO PASSENGERS. A MAN behind the wheel and a WOMAN riding shotgun.

Cade recognizes the vehicle, instantly sad.

CADE
Bill?

The driver, CAPTAIN WILLIAM "BILL" PROCTOR, SENIOR---50s, slowly faces Cade. His face a BLOODY MESS from an all but shattered windshield.

Cade steps closer. Bill reaches out his hand.

BILL
 Help me, Cade. Help me.

Cade shuts his eyes. A single tear.

MOHAWK (O.S.)
 You can't shut your eyes forever,
 cop.

Cade opens his eyes and turns around.

MOHAWK stands before him. SPIKE perched on a tree branch like some sort of wild animal.

CUE BALL circles Cade like a hungry vulture.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)
 Even in sleep the eyes still see.

Cade keeps his eyes on Cue Ball as he walks around him in some sort of stand off.

CADE
 Is this what you want me to see?

Mohawk and Spike laugh.

CADE (CONT'D)
 Just stop fuckin around and tell me
 who you are!

MOHAWK
 We're the eyes and ears, man.

CADE
 For who?

MOHAWK
 All of them. The one's who won't
 leave. The one's with unfinished
 business like us.

Cue Ball leans in, uncomfortably close to Cade. In his ear.

CUE BALL
 (whispers)
 We hear shit you wouldn't believe,
 man.

MOHAWK
 The dead, hundreds of them, praying
 as if God can still hear them. You
 see, they had their chance and they
 skipped out.

CUE BALL

They walked into the light and ran their ass back out. Now they pray all day and all night and ain't nobody listening no more.

MOHAWK

So that just leaves us. We're stuck...just like them. We're their priest, their mommy and daddy. The only ones who'll listen.

Spike jumps down from the tree. A real slick stride as he moves for Cade.

SPIKE

You starting to get the picture, cop?

Cade thinks it all over.

CADE

Proctor. He hasn't moved on.

MOHAWK

He's got a score to settle. With you, cop.

Cue Ball whispers in Cade's other ear.

CUE BALL

Unfinished business.

All of the sudden, MELANIE and another version of CADE in his dress blues step out of the woods and stop near the wrecked vehicle.

Cade watches himself as this most painful memory plays out in excruciating detail.

CADE

Don't put me through this.

SPIKE

It's not us, cop. It's him.

Cade stares back at Bill behind the wheel. His face full of hate as he snarls back. A single tear of betrayal.

Dream Cade stares in the window at Bill and wife Jessica in the other seat.

MELANIE

(cries)

Please tell me they're alive.

A very distraught Dream Cade dips out of the window and shoots Melanie an ugly look.

DREAM CADE

What the hell did you do?

MELANIE

I...I...I didn't see them.

DREAM CADE

How the hell could you, coming around the bend like that?!

MELANIE

I didn't see them. It's like his headlight was out or something.

Dream Cade stares back at Bill and Jessica. She's long dead and he's barely hanging on.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Say something! Are they dead?

Dream Cade ducks away from the window, in a state of pure shock. His lips quiver. His hands shake uncontrollably from the adrenaline.

DREAM CADE

Yes. She's gone. He will be. It won't be long.

Melanie turns around, VOMITS into the trees. Her arms wrapped around her mid section.

MELANIE

Do we...do we call an ambulance?

DREAM CADE

They're dead. Nothing's gonna stop that now.

A true sadness comes over him.

DREAM CADE (CONT'D)

I can't be the reason for this. Do you understand?

Melanie put off by his selfishness.

MELANIE

It wasn't you! It was me!

DREAM CADE

And what will you tell them when they ask why you passed me on the bend? I'm just as much at fault, Mel. Think about it.

Cade wells up with tears and turns to Mohawk.

CADE

Make it stop. Please. How do I make it stop?

Mohawk nods to Cue Ball who grabs Cade...forces him into a tight chokehold.

CUE BALL

Look at him, man! They're fuckin dead! Both of them!

Cue Ball walks Cade closer to the wreckage.

CUE BALL (CONT'D)

Ain't nothin gonna stop that! And you couldn't let it go! You should of let the bitch burn! You had to go and be stupid!

SPIKE

Look at yourself! Look what you did to your best friend! Your old man's partner!

Cade watches as Dream Cade reaches in the backseat and pulls out a paper bag full of liquor. He yanks out a BOTTLE OF VODKA, force feeds it to Bill, who is just minutes from bleeding out for good.

CADE

Don't do this to me.

MOHAWK

You need to see it. One last time.

Cade watches on as Dream Cade dumps the rest of the vodka in the surrounding trees.

A guilt ridden Melanie watches on as Dream Cade rests on a tree stump, equally guilt ridden and sick.

Cade sits down, eyes welled with tears as he watches himself mourn the death of Captain Proctor.

The whole scene GROWS DARK like a stage play changing sets.
Mohawk blocks Cade's view of the car.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

You saved your girlfriend's life.
She would've gone to prison for
sure if it weren't for you.

Cade stares over at Melanie as she slowly vanishes.

He drops to his knees, sick to his stomach.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

You didn't ask for this. Like you
said. It just happened.

Mohawk kneels before Cade.

CADE

Just tell me what you want.

MOHAWK

Like I told you before. It's not
what we want. This isn't about us.
It's about you. About getting your
life back. Before it was taken
away from you.

CADE

What're you talking about?

MOHAWK

I'm talking about making the pain
go away for good. We can help you
do that. But you've gotta be
willing to listen. What we have to
tell you is gonna be difficult.
But it's the only way. We're the
only way.

Cade nods with understanding. He thinks over the proposal a
moment as Spike and Cue Ball share a glance.

CADE

Show me.

Mohawk nods to Spike, who jerks Cade to his feet and
violently shoves him backward...

Trips over a log. Face plants. Out cold.

INT. OLD SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Cade awakens behind the wheel in an older style, mid eighties Deputy uniform and spots a police radio and twelve gauge pump mounted on the dash.

Some loud and rambunctious HEAVY METAL fills the air.

Cade steps out.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT

Cade steps down a grassy slope headed for the out of the way lake in the woods.

A crew of PUNK ROCKER TYPES in black leather and slashed up t shirts blast some cheap garage band noise. A familiar tune last heard in Cade's car...*The Dead Don't Lie*

A COUPLE GIRLS skinny dip.

About fifteen yards in front of Cade, secretly watching them all is A UNIFORM COP dressed in a familiar blue.

Cade quietly moves closer.

The Uniform Cop steps down the hill -- toward the rowdy partiers.

CADE

Hello???

Cade goes unnoticed. He's not really there.

The Uniform Cop surprises Mohawk just as --

Spike and Cue Ball witness the confrontation.

Cade attempts to listen but is too far away to make out the conversation.

CADE (CONT'D)

What is this?

Without warning --

The Uniform Cop PULLS HIS MAGNUM and shoots an old style boom box perched on the beach: POW!

The box EXPLODES. No more music.

The two nude girls in the water SCREAM.

Spike flees. But he doesn't get far. The Uniform Cop fires a SINGLE SHOT into his back.

POW!

A wounded Spike trips, rolls down the hill, into the water.

Cade watches in horror.

The Uniform Cop senses Cue Ball step up behind him and turns.

POW-POW! Two in his gut as Cue Ball SPITS BLOOD and stumbles his way into the shallow end.

Mohawk pulls a switchblade and charges our cop head on but is too little too late.

POW-POW! Two more shots hit Mohawk center mass as he's thrown to the grassy beach.

The real Mohawk grows sad.

The Uniform Cop empties his spent casings and throws in a speed loader as the TWO NUDE GIRLS swim for shore.

NUDE GIRL #1

Go! Run!

POW! The first shot strikes NUDE GIRL #1 in the head as she floats belly up on the water.

NUDE GIRL #2 charges up the other side of the beach and disappears into the woods.

The Uniform Cop charges around the lake in hot pursuit.

Cade tries hard to make out the face of our mystery shooter but has no such luck. He gets lost in the trees.

End of sequence. Once again...everything grows dark.

Mohawk, Cue Ball and Spike walk up the beach toward Cade.

CADE

Why are you showing me this?

A FINAL SHOT rings out and ECHOES in the quiet night air.

Cade hears the faint sound of a WOMAN CRYING. It's coming from up the hill, near the police car.

MOHAWK

Better hurry. She needs you, cop.

Cade stares back at them, confused. He slowly begins up the hill, back toward the cop car.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Cade spots a SCARED WOMAN in the front seat. Her face hidden by long and knotted hair. The whimpering now clearer as he draws closer.

Before he can open the door -

A much younger Bill Proctor, early twenties, rookie deputy-steps up the hill with revolver in hand.

CADE

Bill?

Cade can hardly believe it. Bill opens the passenger door as a much younger Jessica Proctor steps out, clings onto him as she cries out.

Bill holds Jessica tight.

BILL

It's all over. I got them. All of them.

Mohawk and the others join Cade near the squad car.

CADE

What happened?

MOHAWK

He happened. A few too many drinks. One too many arguments about loud music. And what can I say? The shit finally hit the fan.

CADE

What did you do to his wife?

SPIKE

(to Mohawk)

Ain't that some shit. Doesn't even wanna hear our side.

MOHAWK

Somebody had a real good time with her. Only they never locked down who that someone was. Guess he figured he'd just take out the usual suspects and call it a day.

Cade watches all three of them closely. Not believing a single word of it.

CADE

And that's your story?

He shakes his head.

CADE (CONT'D)

I don't believe you.

SPIKE

Guess you forgot. The dead don't lie. Remember?

MOHAWK

They spent all of six months looking for us before they pulled the plug. That's how much the local PD cared. Old man Proctor had been talking about doing the lot of us for weeks.

SPIKE

And they fuckin buried the story right along with us.

Cue Ball shakes his head.

CUE BALL

Shit's fucked up, man.

MOHAWK

Proctor had a thing for us for a long time. Making all that racket half a mile from his place. Keeping him and his girl up at all hours of the night. When his old lady got hurt, he found the excuse to do what he always wanted.

CADE

You still haven't answered my question. What's this have to do with me?

MOHAWK

Let me ask you something, friend of the PD. You think he was out here all night burying these bodies himself? Who do you think was the first person he called for help?

CADE

What're you talking about?

MOHAWK

I'm talking about your old man. That night was the start of his inevitable destruction. I guess you could say he died along with us.

SPIKE

We know more than you think, junior.

MOHAWK

You see, your Dad never believed we had anything to do with Proctor's wife. He ended up going out on his own and tracking down the guy who did it. He buried it. All of it. Kept it from his partner and from Jessica. Knowing it would destroy them and ruin their marriage. Not ever realizing he would destroy himself in the process.

SPIKE

Explains a lot, doesn't it?

Spike plays like he's bending an invisible bottle and pouring liquor into his open mouth.

CUE BALL

All those late nights slapping your momma around. Emptying the liquor cabinet. Drinking away all that guilt.

SPIKE

Sound familiar, copper?

MOHAWK

Proctor was as much at fault for your father's demise as your father was.

CADE

How do you know all this?

CUE BALL

The dead don't lie.

With little effort, Mohawk shoves Cue Ball out of the way as if this was their regular routine in life.

He hovers over Cade.

MOHAWK

I know this is all a lot to take in. You got a lot to think about. Am I gonna spend the rest of my life feeling guilty over a murderer? Or am I gonna save myself? And what's left of my own life?

Mohawk once again kneels before Cade.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

You wanna make all that pain go away for good? If I were you, I'd be thinking of how I'm gonna even the score for what he did to my father and to my family for all those years.

Cade's eyes well up with tears of rage as Mohawk eggs him on about his dead father.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

I'd be thinking about how his murdering five people and covering it up got him that big promotion down at the department while your father was slowly poisoning himself to death.

Cade stares down at the water. He replays those GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS as his anger is now palpable.

CADE

What do you mean by even the score?

Mohawk grins.

MOHAWK

Use your imagination.

Cade thinks back.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Angie and Billy by the main office door as Cade steps in and observes the two siblings.

CADE (V.O.)

No. Not them.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (CADE'S DREAM)

Cade wipes his tears.

MOHAWK

I know. It's hard for you. It's gonna be hard. But it's gotta be done. It's gotta be done for us. For what happened here. And for what it did to you for all those years. He ruined your father's life and now he's ruining yours. He's still doing it, even from beyond the grave. And now you hold the power. You. Not him.

Cade can hardly believe what they're asking and stares each of them down with utter disgust.

CADE

I won't do it.

Mohawk slowly nods.

MOHAWK

We'll see about that.

He SNAPS his fingers and --

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cade awakens from the nightmare and is frightened by his own reflection in a mirror before the bed. His face and chest drenched in sweat.

INT. CADE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bottles of liquor on a counter top. Cade, now with a three day old stubble and beady eyes, twists the cap off and pours himself a triple shot.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Cade's hand shakes as he gulps down a full glass.

He paces like a train wreck and runs hands through his unwashed hair.

Crying like a hungry baby, Cade drinks straight from the bottle now as tears shoot down his face.

One bottle at a time, he pours his liquor down the sink.

He loads the empties in a giant trash bag and ties it up.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Cade walks two giant trash bags toward a dumpster on the other end of the complex. He opens the heavy lid and chucks them inside.

He takes a moment. The tears still heavy in his eyes as he struggles to compose himself.

Suddenly...

THREE VULTURES perch themselves on top of the green dumpster. All eyes on Cade.

CADE

You don't control me.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Billy sits in a stupor before a half eaten sandwich as Angie reheats some leftovers on the stove.

Neither saying a word. Billy checks with Angie. As Angie is strangely tight lipped.

BILLY

We have to talk to somebody about this, ya know.

ANGIE

To who?

BILLY

I don't know. Somebody who studies this kind of stuff. Like a paranormal researcher or something.

ANGIE

Yeah, let me just open up the phone book. What're you talking about?

BILLY

You know if we tell anybody, nobody's gonna believe us.

ANGIE

You're right. That's why we're not gonna talk about it again.

BILLY

We can't just ignore it. We both saw it. It's not like it was just one of us.

Angie grows irritated and slams the small pan of leftovers onto a back burner.

ANGIE

You know, everywhere I go, people give me this look. Like there she goes. The one with the dead parents. Everyone asking me what they can do for me. Just so they can sound concerned. We come out with some story about strange blue lights, everyone's gonna think we're cracking up.

BILLY

I think you're just saying that because you don't wanna believe what you're actually thinking.

ANGIE

What am I thinking?

BILLY

The same thing I'm thinking.

Angie rolls her eyes and faces the stove. Finishes stirring her leftovers.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Come on, Angie. You know what's behind that lake. What else could it be?

ANGIE

And you think Mom and Dad are reaching out to us from beyond or something?

BILLY

I don't know. Maybe. I'm just saying it won't hurt to go and talk to somebody about it. Somebody that studies this stuff. Who won't think we're totally nuts.

Angie leans against the counter, thinks his proposition over.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

Cade parks in his usual spot, steps out. He immediately spots THE VULTURES circling The Proctor's headstones.

Two of them squat on their markers.

Cade breaks down in tears. A cross between shame and anger. He heads back to his car.

INT. PSYCHIC AND PALM READER SHOP - DAY

Cade swings open the front door as a BELL CHIMES OVERHEAD and the shop's owner DORA LEE---50s, hippy, Ghostbusters t shirt, glances up at him from behind the register. In the middle of doing her long and wild nails.

DORA LEE

Well, good morning young man.

Dora Lee lowers her glasses, stares straight into Cade's soul with a dead serious look about her.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

We've been expecting you.

Cade seems put off by this. Dora Lee has a good laugh at her new customer's expense.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

Sorry. A little industry joke to break the ice.

Cade smiles and nods. Not really in the mood for jokes.

Dora Lee catches on and clears her throat.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

Yeah, well. So much for breaking the ice. What can I do for you? Wait, let me guess. You're in love.

Cade smiles but lets her have her fun.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

I can tell. You got that glow about you. You're in love and you're thinking of popping the question. But you're thinking, is this too soon? Am I ready?

Cade folds his arms, watches her with great amusement.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

No. No, that's not it. I knew it. This is job related. You're thinking of making a career change and not sure what path to take. No, no. It's not that either.

Dora Lee snaps her fingers and smiles.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

But you are definitely at a crossroads. That much is certain. And you're not sure which road to take. That's it, isn't it? At least give me that.

CADE

Actually I'm looking for a history lesson and I hear you wrote the book.

DORA LEE

Oh, yeah? Who told you that?

CADE

I got this friend. This very secret friend on the force. Kind of like an informant of sorts. Goes by the name Google.

Dora Lee smiles.

DORA LEE

I see. Well your friend talks too much.

CADE

My friend tells me when it comes to Eckersville, you're an authority.

DORA LEE

Yeah, well, in my line of work, where you set up shop is very important. Let's just say I didn't just pick this town out of a hat. It's got a rich history of some very strange goings on, that I can tell you.

CADE

Good to know. Well, good news and bad news. Bad news is...I might actually be losing my mind.

(MORE)

CADE (CONT'D)

Good news is...I might have some new material for your book. Not quite sure what side of the fence I'm leaning toward yet.

DORA LEE

You don't look crazy. But for you, I guess that's faint praise coming from the likes of me.

CADE

You got anything stronger to drink than coffee?

DORA LEE

It's nine in the morning.

Cade shrugs "so what". From behind the register, Dora Lee holds up a glass filled with scotch.

DORA

Scotch okay?

INT. PSYCHIC AND PALM READER SHOP - BASEMENT - DAY

Dora Lee and Cade sit in a room full of BURNING CANDLES with the lights turned off. Dora Lee pulls up some disturbing photos on her desktop while Cade sucks on a scotch.

The entire wall decorated with newspaper clippings and front page stories covering UFO sightings, the paranormal and the unexplained. Some of the cover images and the actual text are circled with RED MARKER.

Cade takes it all in as Dora Lee tugs on his shirt and points to the computer screen.

ON THE SCREEN

is a photo taken at ECKERSVILLE CEMETARY featuring a full bodied apparition of none other than MOHAWK. The ghostly figure stares back at the photographer.

DORA LEE

This one was taken all the way back in November of Eighty-Five. Almost a month after a crew of local delinquents up and disappeared.

Cade stares at a news article titled LOCAL GANG FLEE AMID RAPE ALLEGATIONS. Dora Lee points to Mohawk's image.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

This one here is Albert David Roth.
Aka Alby.

Cade observes Mohawk's image but is strangely quiet.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

A real bad kid so they say.
Attributed all kinds of crimes to
him and his crew. From drugs to
armed robbery all the way to rape.
But never convicted.

Dora Lee right clicks and another image appears. This time
it's Bill and Jessica's funeral. A large gathering around
the headstones as MOHAWK, SPIKE and CUE BALL are all seen
mixed in with the crowd.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

This was taken exactly three and a
half months ago at Captain Proctor
and his wife's funeral.

CADE

Thirty three years difference. And
these are the only two images you
have of Albert Roth?

Dora Lee looks at him like he's lost it.

DORA LEE

What? You need more proof?

CADE

So I'm not crazy after all.

DORA LEE

So tell me what's wrong with this
picture, Deputy.

CADE

You mean other than the three
ghosts hovering over Proctor's
grave?

DORA LEE

Precisely. It's not their grave.
It's your Captain's. Alby Roth
and his crew were never found let
alone buried.

Cade thinks it over.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

So what are they doing popping up
in a cemetery they were never
buried in?

CADE

I give up.

DORA LEE

I'll tell you how. About a quarter
mile behind Eckersville Cemetery is
Trench Lake. Supposedly where this
kid Roth and his pals hung out.
Partied. Smoked dope. All of
that.

CADE

They're connected.

DORA LEE

Exactly.

Dora Lee rolls her chair across the floor and opens an older
than hell file cabinet.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

I wanna show you something.
Something you might find very
interesting.

CADE

Believe me. This is all
interesting.

Dora Lee rolls back and hands him a thick pile of printed out
internet articles.

DORA LEE

Tell me something, Deputy. You
ever heard of a phenomena known as
ley lines?

CADE

Yeah. Well, sort of. I heard
about it once on a ghost tour.
Guess I didn't fully understand the
concept.

DORA LEE

Well, to break it down for you,
there are those that believe the
world is connected and held
together by invisible fields of
energy.

(MORE)

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

And when these fields cross paths
is when they're at their strongest.
Some of the earliest settlers used
to bury their dead at the exact
point at which these lines cross.

Cade stops on an article about the illuminati and their
direct connection to Washington, DC. 13 SYMBOLS HIDDEN IN
PLAIN SIGHT.

CADE

What is all this?

At the top of the page is THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. At the
bottom is a map of the region connected by historical
landmarks and forming a LARGE RED PENTAGRAM.

DORA LEE

You've heard the stories about the
illuminati and their connection to
the freemasons? Their obsession
with phallic symbols?

CADE

I vaguely remember hearing
something about it once. But not
really.

DORA LEE

Well these stories date all the way
back to the first settlers. And
their construction of symbolic
temples at these burial sites.
Well, these temples were considered
sacred. And because of these
crossing of ley lines, this energy
was said to have caused
hallucinations. Ghost sightings if
you will. The dead rising from
their graves.

Cade listens and reads at the same time. He flips over a
page and spots an article titled CORPSE ROADS.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

These burial sites were purposely
constructed at the ends of these
long roads or trails used in
funeral processions. A straight,
unobstructed trail in which the
dead are free to roam.

CADE

Corpse roads. So what's the connection?

DORA LEE

I always felt I was drawn to this town for a reason. Well, Eckersville Cemetery was that reason. I've never felt an energy as overwhelming as I feel in that place. And I'm not the only one who knows about its secrets.

CADE

Really?

DORA LEE

Can't tell you how many people sat in that same chair you're sitting in and claimed to have seen the same strange blue light drifting through the cemetery and into the woods behind the church.

CADE

Blue lights?

DORA LEE

Proctor's daughter came to see me yesterday. Said her and her brother saw this same blue light hovering over the lake behind their house. Any guess on which one?

CADE

Trench Lake.

DORA LEE

Bingo.

Cade pieces it all together. A light goes off for him as he nods with appreciation.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

They said the light followed through the woods, drawing nearer and nearer to their home. Like it was seeking them out. Then...all of a sudden...the light disappears before their eyes. And it happens right before the light reaches the lake.

CADE

And why is that?

DORA LEE

The lake marks the end of the road for them. The point in which the dead are no longer allowed to roam free.

Cade leans back in his chair. He thinks it all over and finally comes around.

CADE

The water is an obstruction. A force field the energy can't pass through.

DORA LEE

Look at you. Now you're catching on.

CADE

Still doesn't explain why I'm seeing these people in my sleep.

DORA LEE

No. Not at first sight. But look closer and you'll see how.

Dora unfolds a detailed map of Eckersville and points at the ECKERSVILLE CEMETERY.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

Here's the cemetery.

She uses a red marker to draw a diagonal line that extends straight across town and over an apartment complex.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

That building look familiar to you?

CADE

The two lines are crossing paths.

DORA LEE

That's right. There's a second, completely unobstructed path that starts at the cemetery and stops at your building. A straight line from point A to point B.

CADE

They're choosing me for a reason.

DORA LEE

I don't know. Could be. I guess it would help me if I knew what this dead police Captain has to do with you.

Her question gives Cade pause.

CADE

I'm not ready to go there yet.

DORA LEE

I don't suppose when you are ready you'll tell me?

CADE

To be continued.

Cade stands to leave, sucks down the rest of his scotch.

DORA LEE

Tell Angie and Billy I said hello, would you?

Cade shoots her a surprised look. He stays strangely quiet as Dora Lee smiles back at him.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

I'm psychic. Remember?

Cade smiles and heads out.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger, Deputy Wilbey.

INT. ECKERSVILLE DINER - DAY

Billy sits in a corner booth, sips on a soda and ignores a plate of fries soaked in ketchup. He looks up and spots

CADE

walking through the front door. They catch eyes as Billy gives him the nod to come over.

CADE (V.O.)

This is Cade. Leave a message after the beep.

BEEP.

DORA LEE (V.O.)
 Wilbey, this is Dora. Listen.
 Just in case you meet with the
 Proctors. Don't let on I told you
 about Roth, okay? I wasn't
 supposed to tell you about that.
 Thanks. Hope you get some more
 answers and hear back from you
 soon, Wilbey.

Another BEEP.

Cade is reluctant as he walks to the booth and takes a seat
 across from Billy.

CADE
 Hey, kid. How you holding up?

BILLY
 Okay, I guess. Back to school in a
 few days. Guess I have you to
 thank for that.

CADE
 Yeah. No problem. So what did you
 wanna talk about?

Billy toys with his fries, unable to say the words.

BILLY
 I can't tell you. Truth is...
 (laughs)
 You'll probably think I'm crazy.

CADE
 I doubt that.

BILLY
 Yeah, don't be so sure.

Billy hangs his head in shame. Cade leans in closer.

CADE
 I'm here to help. Whatever it is.

BILLY
 I was hoping you could do some
 digging around. About some people.

CADE
 People?

BILLY

Yeah. Some people who disappeared
awhile back.

Cade nods and plays along like he doesn't know who Billy is referring to.

CADE

Okay. Tell me about them.

BILLY

Well. I don't know much about
them. All I can tell you is that
they disappeared a long time ago.
And I think, in a strange way,
they may have come back.

Cade keeps nodding.

CADE

How do you mean in a strange way?

BILLY

I told you. I can't really tell
you that yet. It's too far out.
You wouldn't understand.

CADE

I'm not sure I'm following you,
Billy. So what do you say you quit
giving me the run around and just
tell me what's going on.

Billy grows frustrated.

BILLY

I don't know what's going on.
That's the problem.

(sighs)

Look, are you gonna do this for me
or not? If not, I'll go to Oxley
or Harris.

CADE

I told you I'd help. Tell me about
these people. Who are they?

Billy considers answering but loses patience. He jumps up, digs in his jeans, pulls out a ten spot which he drops near his plate of fries.

BILLY

This was a mistake. Forget it.
I'll do it myself.

Billy hurries to the door. Cade makes no attempt to stop him.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - DUSK

Billy has a tripod and video camera set up on the beach and facing the still water. He stares up at -

THE SKY

and notices day giving way to night. The sun almost down.

Billy pulls a DIGITAL STILL CAMERA from his pocket and steps down a short hill toward the water. He takes a couple SNAPS and walks around the edge of the grass.

He stops and aims the camera toward the source of the blue light from the previous evenings.

A couple more SNAPS. Billy stares to the sky as the sun goes down for good.

Billy races up the grassy hill and back to the video camera. He specifically aims it toward the other side of the lake and hits record.

Billy reaches into a book bag on the grass and pulls out a large beach towel. He unfolds it, lays it on the grass and takes a seat.

It slowly turns to night as Billy wraps his arms around his knees and keeps his eyes on the grassy hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT

Billy can barely keep his eyes open and drifts in and out. With his eyes closed --

THE BLUE LIGHT

appears out of the woods and once again stops before it reaches the water.

With Billy's eyes still shut, the BLUE LIGHT DIMS DOWN and disappears altogether.

Some SPLASHING and playful GIGGLING OF FEMALES are heard from the water -- awakening Billy.

His eyes almost bulge from his head when he spots -

A NAKED GIRL

skinny dipping near the center of the lake.

NAKED GIRL

Come on, Billy. There's no one around. What're you afraid of? I promise I won't bite.

Billy can barely contain his smile. He stands and looks into the woods near the house.

NAKED GIRL (CONT'D)

You worried about Angie finding out? She's at work. Even you said so yourself. Come on.

Billy removes his shoes and shirt. And then the shorts come off as he steps into the water.

The girl smiles and whistles as she checks out the goods.

As Billy swims toward her, she laughs and quickly heads for the beach. She steps out and wraps herself in a towel already laid out on the grass.

HER FRIENDS step out of the woods laughing and pointing at Billy now naked in the lake.

GUY FRIEND #1

Hey, Billy. Where are your clothes going?

Billy turns back, spots another TEEN grab his clothes from the beach and takes off running.

GUY FRIEND #2

Is that a minnow in the water or Billy's dick?

Another girl holds up a thumb and index finger about two inches apart.

GIRL FRIEND #1

Hey, Billy. You cold?

The friends erupt with laughter as they applaud Billy -- left naked and ashamed near the center of the lake.

Billy's had enough and swims for the other side where it's seemingly safe. He looks up and spots Mohawk, Spike and Cue Ball waiting for him on shore.

BILLY

Shit!

Billy notices THE TEENS ARE GONE and he's all alone with the punks on the beach.

He then faces in the direction of his house.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Angie! Help!

ON THE BEACH - THE REAL BILLY SOUND ASLEEP

Billy jumps up out of the nightmare and spots Mohawk, Spike and Cue Ball hovered over him.

MOHAWK

It took a lot of guts for you to come back here, kid. I'm impressed.

BILLY

How did you know about that?

Mohawk motions to the lake and woods around them.

MOHAWK

All of this...

Billy follows his look.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

This used to be our spot. We lived here. Even died here. Long before you were around.

Billy is uneasy as he slowly backs his way up the hill.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

No need to be afraid, Billy. We've been watching you since you were a kid. This was your place before those assholes ruined it for you. The place you came to let everything go and feel at peace. You see, we too knew what it was like to feel alone. Misunderstood. But then we found each other and became our own family. Watched each others backs and made sure nothing in this world could touch us again.

BILLY

What do you want from us?

MOHAWK

It's not what we want, Billy. It's what you want. What you came out here looking for.

Billy contemplates this. As if lost in thought.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

The reason behind it all. The mysteries of life and death. What purpose you serve here in this world.

BILLY

Where are my parents? Please. I have to know.

MOHAWK

You wanna know if they're still staring down at you from heaven. Watching over you and your sister. It would be nice to believe that were true but it's not.

Billy tears up, completely lost inside.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

The only person watching out for you is you, Billy. You control your own fate now. Not your parents. Or your sister. You want something in this world, you take it.

Billy hears someone or something coming out of the lake.

Mohawk steps aside as the TWO DEAD NUDE GIRLS walk up the beach. Their private areas curtailed by long wet hair and sludge from the water.

Billy watches them with mouth agape. Turned on but embarrassed just the same.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

Don't let them intimidate you, Billy. They're just girls. If you want them...

Mohawk stares at them, admires their beauty.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

Take them. Take control.
Remember. We've got your back.
You're one of us now.

Billy stands up, watches the girls as if he's not sure who he wants first. Spike and Cue Ball move for the woods as if to give Billy and the girls some privacy.

Mohawk smiles.

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

It's time to get your life back,
Billy. To make things right.
Those bastards took everything from
you.

Mohawk stares at the lake as Billy follows his look.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Billy naked in the water and crying as the teens all laugh and point down at him.

MOHAWK (V.O.)

Your dignity. Your confidence.
Time to take it back.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Mohawk joins Spike and Cue Ball - leaving Billy alone with the two nude girls.

NUDE GIRL #1

Take me, Billy.

NUDE GIRL #2

Take me.

In a most seductive stride, the two girls move in on an awestruck Billy.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angie shuffles into the kitchen tired as hell and her eyes barely open. She turns on a Keurig and pops the almost empty pitcher out, walks it to the sink.

Before she can fill it with water, some HEAVY METAL eighties noise blasts from Billy's room.

Angie stares at the ceiling.

ANGIE
BILLY!!!

Angie drops the pitcher in the sink, races out of the kitchen and toward the stairs.

But before she can take the first step...THE HEAVY METAL STOPS. Angie stares up the steps.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Billy, get down here!

Billy appears at the top of the steps in a sleeveless black tank top with THE VULTURES spray painted in creepy white letters on the front. His hair now totally shaved off with a slight stubble.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Who are you and what have you done
with my little brother?

Billy stares down at Angie with an almost menacing grin.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
What the hell is this? Head
Banger's Ball?

Billy charges down the steps and past Angie who watches him with honest concern.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Hey. I wanna talk to you.

Angie follows Billy into -

THE KITCHEN

where he digs around in the back of the fridge for a can of beer. He stares dead at Angie as he cracks it and takes a huge chug.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Billy, what the fuck?

Billy chugs the whole thing like a boss and crushes the empty can with his hand. He tosses it in the trash on his way out the back door.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Gee. That was really cool, Billy.
Where were you last night?

Billy ignores her and SLAMS THE BACK DOOR SHUT.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Angie charges after him.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - BACK PORCH - MORNING

Angie steps onto a homemade deck patio and stares off into the surrounding woods. Billy nowhere to be found.

ANGIE

Billy! Come on! I just wanna
talk, that's all! Give me a break,
okay?!

INT. PROCTOR BARN - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Billy walks up some rickety steps into the second floor of Proctor's barn. A sort of converted game room with an air hockey table and dart board on the wall.

A dusty old couch faces an ancient television hooked up to an even more ancient video game console.

In a far corner, Billy spots a GUN RACK full of SHOTGUNS AND HUNTING RIFLES. He attempts to open the glass encasing but is still locked.

With frightening intensity, he SMASHES HIS FIST through the glass and unlocks from the inside. His knuckles now BLOODY as he opens a drawer and pulls out a black box.

Billy rests the black box on the hockey table and opens.

A silver THREE FIFTY SEVEN MAGNUM AUTOMATIC hand cannon so shiny and pretty it practically glistens.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - WOODS - DAY

A few empty beer bottles and gallon jugs full of water rest atop a wire fence with a wood railing.

Billy stands some twenty feet back and awkwardly holds the magnum in both hands. From the looks of things, for the first time ever.

POW!

The first shot misses anything and everything. The bottles barely rattle as the bullets don't even touch the fence below them.

This only fuels Billy's rage as he bends his knees and focuses even harder on his targets.

POW-POW-POW!

Three more shots as the third EXPLODES ONE OF THE BOTTLES.

A sick and twisted grin on Billy's mug. A lucky shot.

He fires ROUND after ROUND as the JUGS EXPLODE and BOTTLES SHATTER.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Angie's car pulls up to the door. She steps out and before she can hit the front steps -

POW-POW-POW!

ANGIE

Fuck!

-- as she almost jumps out of her skin. Angie turns and faces the woods, tries to place the source.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy! Where are you?!

Angie waits for another barrage of rapid gunfire but it doesn't happen. She hurries up the steps.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Billy!

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - BILLY'S ROOM - DUSK

Angie ducks her head in. Billy's bed unmade and a bag of chips spilled everywhere. All over the dirty sheets.

Angie almost misses the five or so empty bottles of beer on his nightstand.

ANGIE

Little sonofa -

Angie quickly ducks out, races for the stairs.

EXT. PROCTOR HOUSE - BARN - DUSK

Angie walks toward the barn and stares up at the cracked second floor window -- filthy and caked with years of dirt and grime.

ANGIE

Billy, are you up there again?!

Angie walks inside. Disappears into the DARKNESS as -

BILLY

watches quietly from the driveway. The magnum still in hand and his eyes emotionless.

INT. PROCTOR BARN - UPSTAIRS - DUSK

Angie walks up the wooden steps and into the makeshift game room built by her father. First, she looks to the couch and no Billy.

She then stares up at the wall, and just over a bumper pool table are HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK PHOTOS of several different students taped to the brick.

ANGIE

What in the --

Angie steps closer and gets a better look.

It's the same five students over and over again in various clubs and striking different poses. All of their faces circled with RED MARKER.

Angie looks to their actual yearbook photos, all taped together on the wall, and notices their names are HIGHLIGHTED IN YELLOW.

She turns to the GUN RACK with the broken glass door. And then to the window overlooking the property.

Angie slowly walks to the window and stares down.

BILLY

watches her from the lawn. The magnum still in hand.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Oh-my-God.

EXT. DOUBLE DOWN BAR - NIGHT

Cade waits in his car and watches the front door of Double Down as it winds down for the night.

An almost empty lot.

Angie rushes out...still in her skimpy skirt and top. She wastes no time getting in Cade's car.

CADE

Where to?

ANGIE

Anywhere but here. Let's go.

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Angie sits on a deck chair as Cade steps through a small gate with a couple beers in hand. He hands one to Angie who just stares at it, reluctant.

ANGIE

Thanks.

CADE

It's all I had to drink. Guess I need to go shopping.

Cade sits across from her on another deck chair. He stares at the lit up pool as if he's never been.

CADE (CONT'D)

You know, I think this is the first time I've ever actually stepped foot out here.

ANGIE

It's relaxing here at night with the lights on.

Angie smiles for Cade.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for meeting me.

CADE

So what's going on? I guess Billy told you he came to see me.

ANGIE

No, actually. He didn't. I guess I should've seen that coming.

CADE

He was being sort of strange.
Telling me about these people who
came to see him. When I asked who
they were I guess Billy changed his
mind. He got up and left.

(beat)

Who is he talking about?

ANGIE

Nothing. Nobody. I can't talk
about it.

Angie sets down her beer and walks to the shallow end. Still
afraid and embarrassed by it all.

CADE

Yeah, that's what he said. It's
funny. For two people who wanna
talk, neither one of you are
telling me much.

Angie stares back at Cade, unsure of herself.

ANGIE

Billy and I saw something. In the
woods by the house. Something
strange. Really, really strange.

CADE

Go on.

ANGIE

So we went to this woman. This
psychic whatever the hell she is.
I knew it was a mistake going
there. She showed us all these
fake pictures, trying to scare us.
Now Billy's convinced these people
or ghosts or whatever are trying to
contact us.

CADE

And you don't believe her?

Angie scoffs.

ANGIE

Are you kidding? You sound as
crazy as Billy.

CADE

Maybe he's not crazy. And just scared and wanting answers for something he doesn't understand.

ANGIE

Tell you what I understand. When Dad crashed his car, they said he was four times over the legal limit. And not only that, his left headlight was out.

CADE

Yeah, I know all about it.

ANGIE

On top of that, Dad's bank is making us jump through all these legal loopholes before they can release the money to me and Billy.

CADE

How about life insurance?

ANGIE

Forfeited since Dad was driving drunk and caused the accident. Great, huh? I know Billy's getting a real kick out of all of this ghosts and goblins horse shit but I'm the one stuck dealing with reality. Believe me, there's nothing scarier than real life.

Cade smirks.

CADE

Tell me about it.

ANGIE

How about that? Think about this a second. They find tracks from this bitch's car on the wrong side of the road and they say Dad caused the accident. Make sense of that.

Cade looks away in a trance as that fateful night comes back to haunt him.

INT. CADE'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Melanie playfully rides Cade's bumper and FLASHES HER BRIGHTS as Cade grins back at her in his rear view mirror.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Melanie tries to pass but Cade's squad car drifts to the left and cuts her off. The two cars play a cute game of back and forth until Melanie finally guns it and passes him on the double line.

Bill Proctor's car appears from around the bend as Cade watches the near collision in horror.

CADE

NOOO!!!!

EXT. CADE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - POOL AREA - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Cade snaps out of it and refocuses on Angie.

ANGIE

Earth to Cade. Hello?

CADE

Sorry.

(beat)

You sounded panicked on the phone.
What else is going on with Billy?

ANGIE

He had these pictures. Hanging all over the wall. Of these kids at school. These kids who played a real nasty prank on him a few months back before Mom and Dad died.

CADE

Pictures?

ANGIE

Yeah. Kind of like a shrine. Sort of like he was thinking of doing something.

CADE

Maybe it's nothing.

ANGIE

It's not nothing. He's been into Dad's gun collection. Shooting at bottles. Milk jugs. Anything and everything. I try to talk to him and it's like he isn't there?

CADE

Did you ask him what he's doing?

ANGIE

Oh, yeah, right. How're you, Billy? Good I hope. By the way, are you planning a mass shooting at the school.

CADE

And you know what happens if you don't ask. Even if he doesn't follow through. Both of you get locked up for a very long time. You know the drill.

Angie bursts into tears.

ANGIE

So what do I do? Turn him in? My own brother?

CADE

Yes. To me. To your family in the department. We'll see to it he gets help. Anything he needs.

ANGIE

I've never seen him like this before. Something is seriously wrong. I can't just turn him in, Cade. Not after Mom and Dad. I can't lose him too.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - NIGHT

The blinding rays of the pulsating BLUE LIGHT beam through the woods as -

BILLY

stands in his lawn and smiles. He's wearing yet another torn heavy metal t shirt and leather pants. His eyes have somehow gotten darker.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT

The TWO NUDE GIRLS wait on the grassy beach as Billy appears out of the darkness.

NUDE GIRL #1

Welcome back, Billy.

NUDE GIRL #2

We missed you.

Billy grins, moves for them.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dora Lee, our local psychic and paranormal expert, looks very creeped out as she moves through the grounds with both arms around her waist.

A storm brewing overhead.

DORA LEE

Definitely a bad idea.

She pulls an EVP recorder from her pocket and stops at William and Jessica Proctor's headstones.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

Okay, you two. I think this whole thing has gone on long enough. Look, I think you know your kids are in trouble so...give us a sign of what to do cuz we're clueless out here.

She waits. All is eerily quiet.

DORA LEE (CONT'D)

I know you're listening. At least I think you're listening. What do these guys want? Seems like you're the only other ones who can help us. So I'm asking you. Help us.

And jumping out from behind Captain Proctor's plot is none other than Cue Ball.

CUE BALL

Boo!

Dora Lee SCREAMS and takes off running for the front gate.

Spike steps from behind one of the taller grave markers - stopping Dora Lee in her tracks.

She trips, stumbles in the dirt, regroups.

Spike opens his butterfly knife - gleefully flips it around as he moves closer.

Dora Lee finally stands upright -- bolts the opposite direction and is caught off guard by --

Mohawk, who blocks her path.

Dora Lee trips and falls face first onto the sharp corner of a random headstone.

Her face a bloody mess.

THREE CIRCLING VULTURES overhead. They dive bomb her lifeless body and leave her rested perfectly against the plot.

Her eyes have been eaten. Two bloody sockets streak her face.

INT. CADE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cade enters, locks the door behind him. Before he can take two steps forward, a familiar female voice stops him in his tracks.

MELANIE

You decide to go to her place,
Cade?

Cade flicks on a light switch. Melanie sits at a bar stool having a nightcap.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Did you fuck her on Daddy's bed
too? Or did you at least have the
decency to do it in your car?

CADE

Watch your mouth.

MELANIE

What's wrong? Afraid the neighbors
might hear us? And our secret will
finally be out?

CADE

Somebody's drunk.

Melanie slides off the stool and stumbles toward Cade. She's had way too many.

MELANIE

You'd know about that, wouldn't
you?

CADE

What do you want?

MELANIE

I don't know. Would be nice to have my life back. Before you came into it. But I guess that's out of the question.

CADE

You came here to blame me. To finally put this whole thing on me, is that it?

Melanie's cold demeanor suddenly turns to a desperate plea for some sort of comforting gesture.

MELANIE

I can't sleep, Cade. Every night I lay down next to him I think about you. And I think about that night. And all I wanna do is roll over and not wake up. Because being dead is better than living a lie. That's what you've done.

She points a boney finger in his face as she falls apart emotionally.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You've turned me into a liar and a killer!

CADE

I'm not gonna tell you again. Shut your mouth.

Cade tosses his keys on the countertop and heads for the fridge to grab a beer.

Melanie watches him with disgust.

MELANIE

What're you gonna do, Cade? You gonna shove a needle in my arm and leave me in the woods?

Cade pops the top off his beer and takes a generous swig. He leans against the counter.

CADE

You gonna turn yourself in? Turn us both in? Well do it already. I won't stop you.

Fresh out of patience, Cade rushes back to the front door, opens and waits. Melanie breaks down for real this time. The tears stream down her face and over her blouse.

MELANIE

Don't make me leave. I can't go back there. To him. Please. I just want one night. One uninterrupted night of peace. Somewhere I don't have to think about that night. For at least a few hours.

Cade also tears up as regret hits him like a brick.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It's killing me, Cade. Can't you see that? I feel like I'm...losing all control. Please.

He nods in agreement and shuts the door.

INT. CADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cade sound asleep, above the covers and keeping a respectable distance between him and Melanie, who is under the sheets and also knocked out.

Suddenly, she jerks into an upright position. Her EYES WIDE OPEN as she stares at her reflection.

Only her eyes don't blink. They don't move at all. She appears to be lost in a trance.

SPIKE and CUE BALL on each side of the bed.

MOHAWK blocks Melanie's view of herself as he steps in front of the mirror and smiles down at her.

Melanie unable to move as she breaks into a terrible sweat. A look of true terror in her eyes.

DORA LEE, with both eyes gone, steps in the room and stops next to a grinning Mohawk.

DORA LEE

Do you see what I see?

Dora Lee bursts into hysterics -- but its actually Mohawk laughing through her body.

Melanie still unable to move. A severe state of catatonia or paralysis. A single tear drips from her eye.

Cade awakens and rolls over to see that Melanie is long gone. He sits up, spots himself in the mirror before the bed and scratches his five day old beard.

The MORNING SUN beams through the window.

INT. CADE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Cade shuffles in and walks to his Keurig, powers it on. As he waits for the water to heat, he walks back to the -

BATHROOM

and knocks on the door.

CADE
Are you still here? I'm making
coffee.

He waits. No answer. He tries to open but is locked.

CADE (CONT'D)
Come on. I know you're here.

Cade knocks again. And again no answer. He bangs on the door, over and over.

CADE (CONT'D)
Mel, open the door! Let's go!

Nothing.

CADE (CONT'D)
Mel, talk to me!

He loses his patience and KICKS IT IN.

Laying next to the toilet with her WRISTS SLICED OPEN is Melanie. Cade watches in horror as his attention is immediately drawn to the mirror.

10-5-85

...is painted on the glass with MELANIE'S BLOOD.

CADE
Sons of bitches.

He boils over with rage as he attempts to help Melanie but she's long gone. And Cade now covered in her blood.

CADE (CONT'D)
Sons of bitches!

Cade lets Melanie go, races out of the bathroom, and back into the -

LIVING ROOM

where Katie stands waiting. Cade's jaw drops to the floor.

KATIE

Oh my God. Cade? What happened?

Cade stares at the bathroom door as Katie follows his look.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What's in there, Cade?

Katie moves for the bathroom but Cade blocks her path.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What're you doing?!

Cade's attention now drawn to a gun holster hanging on a nearby coat rack.

He grabs his piece.

Katie stares down the barrel.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind?

CADE

I don't know.

Katie nods with understanding.

KATIE

Okay. Fair enough. Who's in the bathroom?

Cade pulls back the hammer on his revolver.

CADE

Get away from the door.

Katie puts her hands in the air, steps out of Cade's way.

He snags his keys from the counter top and tennis shoes from the carpet.

KATIE

You're really scaring me, Cade.

He heads for the door.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Please. Whatever it is, let me help you.

CADE

I don't have time to explain this right now! I just need you to stay away!

Cade moves closer to the door as...

Katie stands before A LARGE MIRROR hung on the wall. And without warning --

SPIKE pops up behind her with a sinister grin. Cade spots him and open fires.

The mirror behind Katie SHATTERS as she's SHOT SEVERAL TIMES and drops limp to the carpet.

Cade collapses like a scared child.

ON A SHARD OF GLASS

SPIKE'S REFLECTION smiles up at Cade.

SPIKE

Ya know, it's true, Wilbey. You really are a killer with the ladies.

CADE

Mother-fucker!

SPIKE

What's a matter, cop? Seeing ghosts?

Spike laughs and walks out of view. Cade picks up the broken shard and desperately searches for him. Nothing but his own reflection staring back.

A CORDLESS PHONE RINGS on a coffee table.

He stares at it, reluctant. It RINGS over and over and he finally answers.

CADE

Wil...Wilbey.

MOHAWK (O.S.)

Isn't that just like a woman? Push your buttons when your blood's up?

CADE

Yeah, you're real funny.

MOHAWK (O.S.)

You just killed both your girlfriends. It's okay. I'm sure your brothers in the department will help you clean this one up. I hear they're good at it.

CADE

Why?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Mohawk once again stands in the dirty thirty year old phone booth with busted out glass. In his world, it's still night out. It's always night.

MOHAWK

If I were you, I'd get going, cop. From what I hear, Billy Boy's found his calling.

INT. CADE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mohawk hangs up. Cade simply lets the phone slip out of his hands and hit the carpet. He turns to Katie, dead on the floor and her lifeless eyes gazing up at him.

All of a sudden, a sinister grin forms on her face. Something else, something evil, has taken her over.

KATIE

Better get going, shooter.

Her laugh is otherworldly and pure evil. Cade rushes out the door with his gun still in hand.

Meanwhile, Katie returns to her regular form. Her dead eyes staring back at nothing.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - ANGIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Angie sound asleep above her covers. Billy steps in, a bulky army bag of some sort thrown over his shoulder. He spots a SET OF CAR KEYS on the nightstand.

He quietly walks over, snags them up and heads out.

Angie opens her eyes, watches as Billy hurries down the steps.

EXT. PROCTOR FARM - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Billy and his bag of guns head to Angie's car. He opens the driver's side, throws the bag in the back as --

ANGIE

rushes down the front steps. Billy spots her and jumps behind the wheel.

INT. ANGIE'S CAR - DAY

Billy fights to find Angie's ignition key. It's nowhere to be found. As if taken off the ring.

BILLY

Shit!

Billy hops out, stares back at Angie.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Give me the key, Angie!

Angie carefully walks closer. Her hands out, as if to make a peace offering.

ANGIE

Come on, Billy. Let's go back inside. We can talk this out.

Billy pulls the magnum from the back of his trousers and surprises the hell out of Angie.

BILLY

Give them up. I won't ask again.

ANGIE

You won't do it.

BILLY

Why not?

ANGIE

Because you're not fucking insane, Billy! Look at yourself!

Billy's hands shake, unable to pull the trigger.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
So stop the bullshit and get in the
house!

Billy gives up, presses the gun to his own temple.

BILLY
You're right. I won't do it. But
I will do this and you know it.

Angie cries. She hurries toward him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Stop! Right there!

Angie stops in her tracks.

BILLY (CONT'D)
One more time. The key.

Angie walks to her car...sets the single key on the hood as
Billy snags it up and jumps in.

He CRANKS THE ENGINE and KICKS UP DIRT as the car pulls away
in reverse and jets down the dirt road.

Angie desperately chases after him.

ANGIE
Billy, don't do it!

But she's too late. The car is long gone, leaving a trail of
dust behind it.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Billy sits behind the wheel as he stares back at the large
and impressive structure. The school comprises of several
mini buildings connected by exterior hallways.

Billy grabs his bag, hops out. He runs across a small side
street and begins up a chain-link fence.

He drops to the ground on the other side, hurries across the
lawn toward the south wing.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - SOUTH WING HALLS - DAY

Billy checks his watch, then leans against a brick wall.

His breathing fast and sporadic. After a moment, he unzips the large bag, about to pull out a SHOTGUN until he looks up and spots --

MR. PRESTON

in a far away hall, stepping out of a classroom.

The two catch eyes as -

Billy ducks behind a wall and out of view.

MR. PRESTON

Hey!

BILLY

(quietly)

Shit.

Mr. Preston hurries after him.

Billy makes a run toward THE GYMNASIUM...heads up a short set of steps and into the building.

Mr. Preston rushes up the hall headed for the gym. He almost bumps into a STUDENT coming out of class.

MR. PRESTON

Where did he go? Which direction?

STUDENT

Who?

Mr. Preston nudges him out of the way, hurries up the steps and into the gymnasium.

INT. GYMNASIUM - BOY'S RESTROOM - DAY

Billy hurries into a bathroom stall, shuts and locks behind him as his breathing grows out of control. A true panic attack.

INT. GYMNASIUM - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mr. Preston enters the locker room in search of Billy.

A FEW BOYS step out with book bags on their arms. Laughing and carrying on about whatever.

MR. PRESTON

Proctor. Billy Proctor. Where is he?

The students ignore him and file out as the CLASS BELL BUZZES on the intercom.

INT. GYMNASIUM - BOY'S RESTROOM - DAY

Billy quietly pulls out a twelve gauge from the army bag and pumps one in the chamber.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Cade's car comes careening around a corner and rushes to the front of the school's main building. He jumps out, shotgun in hand and pistol in his belt.

The PANICKED STUDENTS go running for cover and SCREAMING as Cade rushes into the halls.

CADE

Where is he?! Billy Proctor!
Where is he?!

The kids want nothing to do with the unshaven, strung out ex resource officer wildly branding a shotgun.

Cade ignores the scared kids and runs further into the halls of the south wing.

CADE (CONT'D)

Billy!

INT. GYMNASIUM - BOY'S RESTROOM - DAY

Mr. Preston quietly opens the door and stares underneath the stall doors for Billy.

He spots a pair of feet.

IN THE STALL

Billy sits with his shotgun ready.

MR. PRESTON (O.S.)

Mister Proctor! Open this door
right now! The game is up!

Now cornered, Billy cries his eyes out, rests his head on the barrel of the shotgun.

BILLY

You'd better leave!

Mr. Preston stops before Billy's stall.

MR. PRESTON

I hear you, Proctor. Whatever it is you're planning on doing, do it to me. Leave the others alone. This is between us. Tell you the truth, I'd rather you come out peacefully so we can go talk.

Mr. Preston stares behind him -- into a mirror. Not impressed with who's staring back.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

That's something we should've done a long time ago. And that's my fault.

IN THE STALL

Billy is affected by his words.

MR. PRESTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Miss Sullivan and Wilbey were right. You needed my help and I failed you. We've all failed you. But I know your parents wouldn't want this. I know you know that too. So let's talk this out.

Billy slowly lowers the shotgun to the floor and slides it under the stall for Mr. Preston.

On the other side...

Mr. Preston snags it from the floor as the stall door slowly and carefully opens.

Billy steps out. Completely broken and full of remorse.

MR. PRESTON (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay, son. I promise you.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - SOUTH WING HALLS - DAY

Cade aims his shotgun in every and all possible directions as he swiftly yet cautiously searches the connecting sidewalks that make up the south wing.

Some STUDENTS late for class spot him coming and duck behind a wall at the end of the building.

Faint SCREAMS heard in the near distance.

CADE

Billy!

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Cade SWINGS OPEN the door, shotgun in tow just as -

A shotgun toting Mr. Preston exit the boy's room. Billy follows behind him.

Before Cade can process what he's seeing...

POW!

Mr. Preston BLASTED IN THE CHEST and flung across the freshly waxed floor as --

Billy is SPRAYED WITH BLOOD.

BILLY

Don't shoot!!!

Billy stares at his soaked clothes in horror. He stares up at Cade in disbelief.

Completely unhinged, Cade empties the spent shell and loads another. As he swings the gun on Billy, intent on putting the unarmed teen down for good --

Billy shuts his eyes. Cade's eyes well with tears for what he's about to do.

CADE

Sorry, kid.

Some double doors on the other side of the gym SWING OPEN and in runs OX and HARRIS, both armed with handguns and holding Cade in their sights.

OX

Wilbey!

Cade swings the shotgun in their direction.

Ox and Harris unload.

Cade RIDDLED WITH BULLETS and flung against a windowed door as his head shatters the glass.

Billy ducks down, cowers on the floor, hands on his head.

Ox and Harris are already in tears as they watch Cade's bloody body slide to the floor and give out.

Billy holds his hands in the air...stares down at the ARMY BAG OF GUNS next to Mr. Preston's corpse.

INT. ECKERSVILLE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

An exhausted Angie waits in some chairs and hears a door swing open. She looks up just as --

Billy steps out with Ox. Angie leaps from her chair and throws her arms around her brother.

OX

Look. Angie. I know it's been a day but you think I could have a word. You should probably hear this too.

INT. ECKERSVILLE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Angie sips a coffee at a cheap folding table as Billy sits passively -- still in shock.

Ox steps in with a thick police rap sheet. He hands it to Angie who opens it up.

ANGIE

What is this you're showing me?

OX

I don't know. An explanation maybe.

ANGIE

I don't understand.

Ox sits down next to her.

OX

Wilbey's old man. It turns out he had a real violent streak too. Beat Wilbey's mother on an almost constant basis. Disappearing at all hours of the night then coming home, tying one on and taking it out on his old lady. Cade's mother.

ANGIE

Oh my God.

OX

He watched this for years.
Basically his whole childhood.
Violence was all he ever knew. The
harder he tried to not be his
father, the worst things seemed to
get for him.

ANGIE

You knew about this?

OX

Just rumors really. I also heard
of another story. About a series
of rapes here in Eckersville that
went unsolved for years. As it
turns out, Wilbey's old man was the
department's biggest suspect.

ANGIE

You're kidding. What happened to
him?

OX

Nothing. Rumor has it the
department buried it. Got a hold
of Wilbey Senior and told him to
quit or they'd put him down
themselves.

ANGIE

They let him go?

OX

They figured the department
couldn't handle the bad press so
they handled it internally. But
what his partner, your old man,
didn't know is that Wilbey had a
real eye for his wife. An
obsession really.

ANGIE

My mother?

Angie grows sick at the thought.

OX

They say old man Wilbey was so guilt ridden by what he'd done to your mother...he set up some local punks to take the fall. Framed them all for these unsolved rapes that had been going on for weeks.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNG COP -- who looks somewhat similar to Cade at the same age and with the nametag WILBEY -- shoots Spike in the back as the punk tumbles into the shallow end.

The TWO NUDE GIRLS in the water swim for shore. Mohawk opens a knife and sneaks up behind WILBEY...who turns and shoots him in the chest.

WHITE FLASH TO:

INT. ECKERSVILLE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT
(PRESENT)

Angie and Billy hang on every word.

OX

Out of desperation, Wilbey even stoops so low as to call your father to help bury the bodies.

Angie buries her face in her hands. Billy also sick by this new revelation.

OX (CONT'D)

Supposedly it happened down by the lake by your house. Or so the story goes. These local punks, led by this bad kid Alby Roth were reported missing in October of Eighty-Five. Might explain the markings on Cade's bathroom mirror.

ANGIE

Why didn't you tell us this before?

BILLY

Yeah. Why?

OX

It wasn't my story to tell. And I couldn't prove any of it.

(MORE)

OX (CONT'D)

Whatever files they had on Wilbey,
they buried them. Lost forever. I
only know as much as I know from
rumors really. Stories handed down
over the years between cops.

Angie shakes her head with disgust.

OX (CONT'D)

We tried like hell to keep it from
Cade. Not coming up with that
stigma hanging around his neck.
But I guess we should've seen the
warning signs.

ANGIE

After all, you were just keeping it
in the family, right?

Ox looks down in shame. Billy also ready to knock his block
off but composes himself.

INT. PROCTOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Angie and Billy halfheartedly shuffle into the kitchen and
flip on the lights. Both of them quiet. Exhausted.

Angie tosses her keys on the counter and turns to Billy
...watching her with apologetic eyes.

After a moment of silence, they embrace.

EXT. ECKERSVILLE CEMETERY - LATE NIGHT

It's all peaceful and quiet in the graveyard tonight, or so
it seems.

THE VULTURES hover peacefully over the fresh headstone of one
DEPUTY CADE WILBEY.

The tall light posts from the adjacent street begin to TURN
OFF...one at a time...drained of their energy until the
entire road goes PITCH BLACK.

From below Cade's headstone, A BLUE LIGHT slowly rises from
the dirt, pulsates and begins to travel a straight path
between the graves and further into the woods.

EXT. TRENCH LAKE - LATE NIGHT

The BLUE LIGHT stops before it reaches the water. Out of nowhere -

Cade stares into the lake. Now dead inside with an emotionless look about him.

Standing on both sides of the water are MOHAWK, SPIKE, CUE BALL and the TWO NUDE GIRLS.

Mohawk walks with a cocky, all too confident swagger towards Cade -- now caught in their world.

MOHAWK

Welcome home, Cade. We've been waiting for you.

Cade's face quivers with a rage he's unable to exact now that he's passed on.

Mohawk smiles back at him as Spike and Cue Ball burst into a maniacal hysterics.

FADE OUT.

THE END