

A FEW NIGHTS

Written by

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The low roar of a truck accelerates from a distance.

1 EXT. DESERT INTERSECTION (NEVADA) - NIGHT

Bright headlights peak over the top of a tiny hill and beam down the empty black road. Silhouetting a crooked stop sign by the yellow-tinted lights.

A GREEN PICKUP TRUCK speeds towards the empty intersection. It barely slows down before violently whipping left. Dirt flings up as the back tires skid into the gravel before they regain traction and dart down the shaded pavement.

2 INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

RILEY PETERS (26) heavily sweats as he reaches down and shifts gears. Blood drips from his fingertips onto the steering wheel and dashboard. He firmly presses his right hand on his chest as he hazily wheezes for air. Eyes glued to the rearview mirror more than the road ahead.

Beside him, resting his bruised head against the back window is OWEN PETERS (23). His face is dented with the making of a black eye with blood trickling from the top of his head down, covering his left ear.

Between the siblings are two green masks, spotted with bits of red, and an old-time revolver.

Riley pulls his hand away from his chest and sees his whole torso drenched in blood.

OWEN

... He ain't followin'.

Riley's eyes continue to switch to the rear mirror, never answering.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Woul'da' seen him by now.

RILEY

... He's back there.

OWEN

He ain't.

RILEY

Gotta get off the road.

OWEN

Just keep goin'.

RILEY
Can't... truck's not quick 'nuff.

OWEN
How much further we got?

RILEY
Till?

OWEN
The hospital?

RILEY
First place he'll go is "Graves".

OWEN
We give them a fake na-

RILEY
Ain't riskin' it. No one is
suffering fro-

OWEN
Shut up with that holier-than-thou-

RILEY
NO!

Owen finally peels his eyes away from the back window as Riley hides his tear-filled eyes.

RILEY (CONT'D)
This ain't no fuckin' debate.

OWEN
You ain't just gonna die in a ditch
and leave me to go on as far as the
gas gauge allows.

Riley sees the gauge that reads about 3/4ths full.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(Points behind him)
Cuz' I can't do that again. I
can't.

Riley briefly dwells on it the best he can.

RILEY
Hi-, hide. For a couple days... Off
somewhere.

OWEN

Where? Middle of the fuckin'
boonies?

RILEY

If... Yeah, if that's what it
takes. You got two bullets lef-

OWEN

No.

RILEY

Ver-

OWEN

No. No water, no cas- Where do I go
after?

RILEY

I... You can-

OWEN

Dedrick ain't helpin'. Took you the
whole night to convince him for
your spot only.

Riley disappointingly sighs knowing he is right.

OWEN (CONT'D)

So I ask again, then what?... What
the hell do I-

Riley's voice cracks as tears drip down his cheek onto his
bloody shirt.

Owen finally sees Riley's bloody torso.

RILEY

I don't know!... I don't fucking
know, alright? I'm... I'm sorry
but, I don't. I wish I-

In the deep, deep background headlights show up in the
rearview mirror.

This changes Riley's tune on the dot. He flips a switch to
turn off his headlights but doesn't slow down any.

Owen peeks behind them out the window, staring at the distant
lights.

Riley's mind races, his eyes forward as he struggles to take
even a shallow breath.

The truck gradually begins to inch off the road. Riley eases the wheel back over and squeezes the steering wheel as panic begins to set in.

OWEN

Maybe it ain't him.

The truck drifts off the road as Riley slumps into the driver-side door.

Owen twists around, grabs the wheel, and pulls it far enough to put the truck at least in the middle of the two lanes.

Riley comes to and grips the steering wheel.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I got it.

RILEY

No, le-

OWEN

Riley... I got it.

Riley passively nods before he groans in his struggles to push himself over to the passenger seat. Blood smears across the back of the leather seats while Owen climbs over to keep his foot on the gas.

Riley exhales in pain as he finally leans against the window. Air quickly escapes his mouth as he widens, then rubs his eyes as he starts to have trouble focusing on the bright crescent moon above the frozen desert.

Owen's eyes shift from the road to the lights behind.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(To himself)

It ain't him.

Riley grabs a pack of cigarettes from the cup holder. It's half empty as he pulls out two, puts one in his mouth, and then offers the other to Owen.

Owen doesn't notice at first but sees the tip of the cigarette in the corner of his eye.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Not now.

RILEY

Just one.

OWEN

I can't-

RILEY

Please.

Owen looks over at his weak brother and then up at the mirror before he reaches over to grab the cigarette.

Riley pulls out a bright blue zippo lighter and holds it in his hands.

Owen looks over at the lighter that has a geometric tree engraved on the side.

Riley flips it open and tries to light up his cigarette. It keeps flicking but it never catches. Riley chuckles to himself and drops his head back against the window.

OWEN

All you could grab?

RILEY

... It's all he had.

A subtle blackness creeps around the edge of frame as the pickup truck races down the desolate road.

3 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / KITCHEN - NIGHT

An older man, who we will come to know as DAVE MCNAUGHTON (73), makes tea near the stove. Old 1940s music rings out from a vintage record player in the living room.

Dave's frail hand shakes as he pours the scolding water from an iron kettle into a Purple tea cup that has one long crack along the lip.

The cup contains two tea bags that sizzle as the boiling water spills in. A splash of milk rushes up from underneath.

Dave fills a small silver spoon with honey, dips it in, and stirs. He walks past a small table with a set of truck keys, a couple newspapers, and a landline phone on it.

4 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave uses a purple cane to stagger into an antique living room with dull green walls that haven't been painted in years. He takes a seat in a worn-out, green leather chair in the corner of the room next to an empty dark purple chair.

Dave sets his tea on a coffee table coaster beside him between the chairs. He adjusts the pillow behind his back while he gets comfy. Slightly noticeable is the slight shake Dave's head does back and forth.

Before he reaches for the tea he suddenly remembers something and stands up. Slowly walks to the front door and flips on a light switch.

5 EXT. DAVE & MARY'S - CONTINUOUS

A bright Purple & Green neon light flickers on that reads "Dave & Mary's B&B" as a feeble buzzing sound fades in.

6 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave sits back down in his chair. Leans over to pick up his tea and takes a gentle sip before exhaling in relaxation. He closes his eyes while his foot softly taps to the music. His right hand naturally rests out over the armrest towards the purple chair.

He lifts the teacup to his lips-

WHACK!

The back door swings open and smacks the wall as Owen bursts through carrying a slumped-over, unconscious Riley. Screams of help escape his mouth as Owen looks around.

Dave drops the purple tea cup he holds which crashes onto the floor.

7 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Owen tries to clear the counter while he raises Riley onto the top, but fails and almost drops him onto the floor.

He stutters while he thinks of what to do. Meanwhile, Dave peers at him from the living room, seeing the gun tucked in Owen's pants.

Owen whips over to see Dave and cries out, but Dave stands still in the living room, only watching in horror.

After laying Riley down, Owen drops to the floor beside him and starts CPR. He closes his eyes as the music softly comes to a stop and all that is heard is his heavy breathing while he tries to bring his dead brother back.

Dave's eyes look over at the telephone in the kitchen.

Owen grits his teeth as he pushes down even harder.

CRUNCH!!

The loud crush from Riley's ribs cracking into his chest pierces Owen's ears. He stops, closes his eyes, and lets out a weak whimper.

Owen opens his eyes to see his brother for only a moment before his jaw quivers and he pushes himself away. Putting his back against the kitchen island.

The house sits silent now, except for the popping of the record from the living room.

Owen peers forward with unblinking red eyes over the body, afraid to look down.

OWEN

... I just needed help.

Dave nervously stands with his eyes on the phone.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Nothing else.

Pulls out the revolver and holds it beside him on the floor, pointing down, with his finger off the trigger.

A vehicle in the distance approaches.

Owen shifts focus and stands up, rushing to the kitchen window. His hand flimsy holds the revolver by his side. He stares at the road outside the window on the side of the house, waiting to see the vehicle.

Tense from not knowing, his hand tightens around the wooden handle of the revolver.

The vehicle passes the house and Owen sees the red brakes lights of what appears to be a yellow van speeding down the road.

He sighs and takes away his hand pressed against the window.

Owen rests the gun on the counter in front of him and lowers his head. In his peripheral vision, he sees Dave move towards the telephone.

He looks up to Dave, then at the telephone on the table...
Then back to Dave.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Whatcha' gonna do with that?

DAVE
... Depends.

OWEN
On?

Dave looks at the gun beside Owen.

DAVE
What are you gonna do with that?

Owen gazes down at the gun for a moment before limping over towards him. He uses the gun to gesture him away.

Dave stands tall, but only briefly as he takes a small step back.

Owen tears the phone cable out from the wall and rips it in half with his teeth. He grabs the truck keys next to the newspaper and puts them in his pocket.

OWEN
Who all's here?

Dave shakes his head "nobody".

Owen looks around for any other signs of anyone but finds none.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You certain of that?

Dave nods his head.

Owen nods back, almost to give himself reassurance.

8 INT. DAVE & MARY'S (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Dave lays a green blanket on the couch before Owen rests Riley's body on it. The blanket folds over to cover them and Owen sits on the couch with the gun on his lap.

Dave walks over to the popping record player and picks up the running needle.

DAVE
... Wanna say anything?

Owen thinks about it for a moment, then softly shakes his head "no" and closes his eyes in disappointment.

OWEN

I just need... I need a night or two? Then I'll be off.

Dave looks over at the glass on the ground and his heart sinks into the floor. He goes towards it but stops when he begins to hear another vehicle down the road approach.

Only this one sounds much, much meaner.

Dave turns towards Owen, who now grips the revolver tight enough to make his hands shake.

The gnarly engine builds with such ferocity as Owen scrunches his eyes shut.

10 The house begins to shake as a massive vehicle screams past. Never showing any signs of slowing down, it's heard scouring down the road.

As it finally gets further away, Owen, at long last, exhales.

9 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dark stale coffee bubbles match the shape of the broken tea cup.

AUBREY FORESTER (35) sits alone at her small desk. She has long brown hair that is tied in a lazy ponytail. She wears no makeup or nail polish for jewelry, a small green necklace that loosely hangs outside her mocha police uniform.

Aubrey's head rests upon her right hand as she attempts to stay awake. Her left-hand holds a stagnate pencil on a half-filled piece of paperwork. Her eyes drown in the styrofoam cup that sits next to her elbow.

She watches the light crust form on top of the coffee.

Around her is a bland office that holds four small desks scattered around her, all barren.

The ringing from the florescent tubes above becomes more apparent as it is the only sound in the frozen office.

(Beat)

A loud police order barks in through Aubrey's walkie and jolts her up. Her heart beats rapidly while she looks around for anyone who might have seen, but doesn't see a soul.

Aubrey quickly collects herself, tosses her necklace under her shirt, and files the paperwork away in a cabinet next to her. She throws the old coffee cup away and grabs her keys.

10 INT. AUBREYS HOUSE - NIGHT

Aubrey's keys slam onto the kitchen table as she enters the house.

She walks into the living room and takes off her belt and bra before laying them on a nearby chair. She ventures further and sits down on a long green couch.

Aubrey puts her feet up on the coffee table while one hand rests on her chest, fidgeting with her necklace underneath her shirt.

She keeps herself mostly hidden in darkness except for the skinny light that comes in from the kitchen.

HARRIS FORESTER (33), her husband, finishes up a phone call O.C. before he comes through the garage door into the kitchen. The soft click of the phone being hung up is heard before a couple steps approach.

Harris finally steps into the doorway and blocks what little light source there was on Aubrey. He holds a styrofoam cup as he pops sunflower seeds into his mouth.

HARRIS

You were in the car for 'while.

AUBREY

Finishin' a cigarette.

Harris spits out a sunflower seed into the cup.

HARRIS

... Was on the phone with my dad.

Aubrey raises her hands and gives a thumbs up with no enthusiasm.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

He says "Hi".

Aubrey gives another limp thumbs up.

Harris fidgets his fingers around the cup.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You gonna watch somethin'?

AUBREY
Don't know.

HARRIS
Go figure.

AUBREY
... Yep.

HARRIS
You on tomorrow?

AUBREY
Mhmm.

Aubrey stands and walks over to a tiny table with some Bourbon on it. She begins to pour herself a glass while Harris switches sides of the doorway he leans upon.

HARRIS
Do you uhh,... do you think we
could have dinner tomorrow?

Aubrey takes a swig of her drink and just looks dead ahead of her while biting the inside of her cheek.

AUBREY
Where?

HARRIS
Cubanos?

Aubrey finishes her drink and begins to pour herself another.

AUBREY
When?

HARRIS
For dinner... Like I said.

AUBREY
... Sure.

Both awkwardly stand there not saying a thing.

Harris spits into the cup as Aubrey takes a sip, cringing at the sound of Harris spitting.

HARRIS
Pretty boring day, huh.

Aubrey nods her head.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
... Whole lot of nothing.

AUBREY
Hmm.

HARRIS
Nothing new on your end?

She shakes her head "no".

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Oh...
(Chuckles)
I forgot to tell you. Yesterday Lt.
Marca-

The house phone loudly interrupts.

Harris quickly turns his head back to it as Aubrey grabs her drink and sits back down. Turning the TV on from the nearby remote.

Harris looks back to say something to her before the sound of the TV cuts him off. He looks down for a second until walking into the kitchen grabbing the vibrating phone.

Aubrey changes TV channels as Harris takes the call into the garage.

11 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Owen sits on the end of Dave's green chair in the corner of the room. His head is held up by the hand that holds the gun. In the other hand is the blue lighter.

He has bandages around his head and pill bottles with a cup of water around his feet. A bloody pack of cigarettes are stuffed in his shirt pocket.

Even though the floor is cleaned up from the fractured mug, across the room, underneath a dresser, lays a sliver of glass from the broken tea cup.

The sound of the back door opening jolts Owen awake. He stands up, drops the lighter, and frantically looks around while his feet knock over a couple of bottles. He points his gun at the kitchen, then to the hallway next to him, before back to the kitchen.

Owen's bruised left eye has blood in the white surrounding the iris when it glances back and forth.

He cautiously begins to walk forward towards the kitchen with the gun out and about.

12 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Owen walks in and whips the gun over to point at Dave, who sits at the end of the dinner table putting his teacup back together.

Dave immediately stops when he sees a gun pointed at him.

Owen quickly lowers the gun behind his back.

OWEN
Sorry, I uhhh... Sorry.

He tucks away the gun in his pants.

DAVE
Still all hot-headed?

OWEN
Huh? Oh, uhh no. Just... No, I'm good.

Dave goes back to work.

Owen tries to figure out what to do.

Dave gets a glimpse of him unsurely look around the house.

DAVE
Want some tea?

OWEN
Some what? Sorry.

DAVE
Tea. Or as the Brits would say...
Tea.

OWEN
Huh?

Dave annoyingly points to the tea kettle on the stove.

OWEN (CONT'D)
What about it?

DAVE
Do. You. Want. Some?

OWEN

Oh... uhh, no thank you.

DAVE

Suit yourself.

Owen observes Dave using the hot glue gun to put together the cup. His hands softly shake, causing him to struggle with the smaller bits.

OWEN

Did... did I cause that?

OWEN (CONT'D)

Oh.

DAVE

It's fine. She's seen worse.

o look at the body on the couch. Everything starts to come into perspective for him.

Dave looks up and notices Owen start to panic and accidentally squeezes out some glue onto his hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Ah, shit!

Dave shakes his hand free of the glue.

OWEN

Need some help?

Dave wipes his finger off and pops it in his mouth as his head gently bobs uncontrollably.

DAVE

(Jumbled)

I'm good.

Dave stands up and opens a nearby drawer. He pulls out a small purple box that he carries out the back door, to only stop short.

DAVE (CONT'D)

All right if I go out for a smoke, warden?

Owen responds back with only a gaze.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Just don't wanna get accidentally
shot in the back.

OWEN

It wouldn't be accidentally.

They both stand for a moment and hold eye contact. Dave
awaiting permission to leave like a child.

DAVE

Well?

OWEN

Unless you plan to run off, I don't
give two shits.

DAVE

No worries needed. Haven't creaked
these back steps in about ten
years. And I ain't creating new
habits at this point.

13 EXT. BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Dave sits in his wooden chair and opens the little wooden
box.

Owen follows behind but steps off the bottom porch steps
toward his truck. He stops about midway and twists to crack
his back, joyful sighing in relief.

Owen grabs his cigarettes inside the driver's side door and
pops one in. He lets it hang from his lips while he looks for
a lighter but can't find one.

DAVE

Need a light?

OWEN

I, I should have-

DAVE

Shoulda', coulda', don't... Here.

Dave flicks a match against the side of his cane.

OWEN

I'm good.

Owen keeps looking in the truck for the green and orange
lighter.

DAVE
Got me wasting matches now.

OWEN
I'm good.

Dave shakes his hand to put out the match before beginning to fill his pipe but his shaky hands make it harder for him.

Owen leans against the post near the steps while Dave flicks another match and lights his pipe.

DAVE
... Got a name?

OWEN
Yep.

DAVE
... Good for ya'.

Dave inhales and watches Owen begin to mentally drift away.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Fella inside got a name?

OWEN
... Riley.

DAVE
Riley... Good name. Simple name.
Easy to say, easy to remember.

OWEN
Mhmm.

Owen notices the sign next to the door that reads "Dave & Mary's B&B".

OWEN (CONT'D)
Take it you're Dave?

DAVE
I look much like a Mary to you?

Owen shrugs before taking an inhale.

OWEN
You could if you wanted.

DAVE
What?

OWEN

Nothing.

DAVE

So... What's the plan, bigshot?

Owen scoffs and lowers his head.

OWEN

... I need to find somewhere to bury my brother.

DAVE

That's it?

OWEN

As of now.

DAVE

This your first hostage attempt or something? 'cuz... you're fucking awful at it.

OWEN

You ain't no hostage.

DAVE

With my keys in your pocket and that Ruger tucked in that denim, I feel I could make an argument.

OWEN

It's... I on-... I don't know.

DAVE

Well, what do you know?

OWEN

... That you were too weak to help me last night.

Dave lowers his head for another hit.

DAVE

Didn't have a clue why you were. All bloody. Looked like you just left a slaughterhouse.

OWEN

Did it matter? I nee-

DAVE

It wouldn't have made a difference.
You know that right? Boy was dead.
Already.

OWEN

You didn't know that.

DAVE

But you did.

Owen stutters over his next words.

OWEN

Wh-, what else was I supposed to
do? Not try? Say glad I knew and
c'est la fuck it?

Dave doesn't respond.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I had to do something... Family's
at least worth that.

DAVE

Then why not a Graves?

Owen sighs.

OWEN

... He said it'd put us right in
the palm of his hands.

DAVE

Who?

Owen keeps his lips tight, almost afraid to say the name.

14 EXT. TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Brakes to a cop car slightly squeak to a stop near the front
door. Aubrey gingerly steps out of her personal car as the
morning sun reflects off her green aviator glasses.

As she walks up to the store front she begins to yawn.

15 INT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Her yawn is interrupted by a hefty southern lady who stands
behind the store counter. She holds a firm grip on a young
man by the shirt collar as he is leaned over the counter like
a customer.

AUBREY

Morning, Susan.

SUSAN HAMPTON (52) turns towards Aubrey. She smiles, which allows her crooked smile to let out some yellow tainted teeth, the few she owns.

SUSAN

Shoo', y'all race over here or somethin'?

AUBREY

We do our best.

Aubrey takes off her sunglasses and looks at the person Susan holds.

EARL HAMPTON (26) cowers in fear of his mother's hand, which causes his Blue Nascar hat almost fall off. He has on a blue flannel that is a little too small for him.

SUSAN

How is you doin' sugar? Doin' better?

AUBREY

Swell... Yourself?

Aubrey begins to make herself a cup at the coffee machine.

SUSAN

Twas all peaches till I woke up and saw this stumped crayon.

Susan pulls Earl closer.

EARL

But mah-

SUSAN

Oh, now you wanna flap them lips?

Susan smacks Earl hard in the face. The sound of coffee being poured fills the silence after the slap.

AUBREY

What'd he do?

Susan confidently pivots to Aubrey and places her hand on the counter.

SUSAN

Well... I don't know.

Aubrey looks over at her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But!

(She points at her)

But, what I do know, is that when I came in this mornin', o'le Frank came in and went on about how there was blood up out back.

Took a walk 'round yonder and sure enough, when I squatted my fat-ass down, there it was. Splattered up the wall.

Aubrey rips open some creamer and pours it in.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

So I walk my ass into the cleaning closet and take a gander. Yet, can't find no mop anywhere. Not in the bathroom, up front, nothin', nowhere. Went on upstairs to ask Jim where it was, but all I found was empty sheets. However, Earl here was wide awake. Stone face, eyes glued to the ceiling like he wanted to fuck it. Unable to answer a single goddamn question. So, figured he'd would answer yours... And thats... Well honey, that's about it.

EARL

I didn't do any-

Susan smacks him again.

SUSAN

It ain't your turn to talk yet. You waitin' mode right now.

Aubrey starts to pour in a few sugar packets.

AUBREY

... Take it they were alone on third shift?

SUSAN

Mhmm!

AUBREY

(Sighs)

So indulge me Earl, what kept you awake?

Earl afraid to answer stays quiet as Susan inches closer to him with her hand raised.

SUSAN

Well?

EARL

Nothin'. It was nothin'. Some dudes just got into it. Guys fight. It wasn't nothing to ride on about.

AUBREY

Around what time?

EARL

Uhh, Eleven or something.

AUBREY

Couple customers?

EARL

Don't know... didn't see 'em. Jim gone back and handled it... Told me to stay up here, watch the register in case.

AUBREY

Then?

EARL

Fight stopped I guess, reckon everyone left. 'cluding Jim.

AUBREY

Jim left with them?

EARL

Yeah. Took his van, but yeah.

AUBREY

And took it upon yourself to clean it up without maybe calling the cops?

EARL

I said it was just a fight. Nothin' else. Guys fight.

AUBREY

No footage from your cameras I take it?

SUSAN

Sugar, them cameras ain't been turned on since the challenger done gone and blew up, ruining my one vacation to Florida.

AUBREY

Where'd Jim run off to?

EARL

I, I don't kno-

SUSAN

That goddamn redskin better had not been 'round here!

EARL

He weren't! He weren't!

Susan raises her hand and readies herself to smack.

AUBREY

Wait... Who's the redskin?

EARL

No one.

Susan yanks him closer.

EARL (CONT'D)

No one, just Jim's friend. He's got ton-

SUSAN

He ain't no friend. He ain't no buddy either. All he is, is a goddamn redskin! Who is never up to no godddamn good!

AUBREY

Jesus Christ, Susan. Reign it back a bit.

SUSAN

What? Calls it how I sees it. If god can forgive me for it then you can too.

Aubrey shakes this off and mixes her cup of coffee.

AUBREY

Was he here? What's his name?

EARL

No!

Susan smacks Earl across the face harder.

SUSAN

Don't you raise your voice to her!
Who the hell do you think you are!

Aubrey begins to blow onto her drink.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

... Well?!

EARL

What?!

Susan smacks him hard enough to make his hat fall off.

SUSAN

Answer the question!

EARL

I already did.

Susan doesn't respond and thinks about it for a moment.

SUSAN

Did he?

AUBREY

Yeah. Except the Indian's name.

SUSAN

Oh... well. It's Wilkes. I don't
know if it's Wilkes something or
something Wilkes, but that's what
he goes by.

Aubrey is off-put by hearing his name before two doors close
O.C. out front.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Know him?

Aubrey switches through a couple channels and then presses
the talk button.

AUBREY

Hold your there Two Forty-Three.
(To Earl)
Stand over here for me, will you?

Susan keeps him within grasp.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Please?

After letting go with a bit of a shove, Earl stumbles back and his hat falls off. He finds his footing, puts the hat back on, and stands where told, resting back against the store window.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

How many customers did you have after the fight?

EARL

Uhh, one.

AUBREY

That's it?

EARL

It's been gettin' real slow.

Susan sighs and slightly lowers her head.

AUBREY

What did they buy? Do you remember?

EARL

An ole' timer got some chew and gas. That's it.

AUBREY

Now you ain't lying to me are yo-

EARL

No ma'am. I promise on my mah-

SUSAN

Boy, you best leave me out of this.

AUBREY

... Because I know, you're smart enough to realize that lying to an officer, doesn't end well for anyone involved.

Earl stays quiet.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Especially when they potentially tried to clean up the crime scene and hide evidence. Which only adds up the charges, until you're looking at about seven to ten years...

(MORE)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

And you don't look like you'd do so hot those first couple of months. Maybe later on, when you learn how to take a fucking without squealing like a pig. Meaning...

Earl fidgets in his skin in to stay calm.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

They'll have to brainstorm some other way to fill that wailing mouth of yours.

Earl can't think of any response but he sits on the edge of fight or flight.

Aubrey makes a sudden movement to just touch her belt, nothing else.

But this is enough to send Earl dashing away to burst through the front door.

SUSAN

Hey! You... shit.

Susan begins to try and wiggle out from behind the counter but is unable to quick enough.

AUBREY

No, no, Susan. Don't worry about it. It's all good.

Susan looks out the window behind Aubrey and exhales in disappointment.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

I'll have him brought down to the station. Earl's not a bad apple, he'll eventually talk. May need a whole day in some cells to break him.

SUSAN

What about Jim?

AUBREY

I'll get word out looking for him. He probably stopped at the hospital. You've picked him up enough times from there. Try calling in and seeing anything.

SUSAN

Okay, thanks hun'.

Aubrey smiles and pulls out some change to place on the counter.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Oh sugar, no, no, no. You just arrested my baby boy, coffee's on me.

Ding!

16 EXT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Earl lays face down on the ground in handcuffs. A few sunflower seed sits next to his face. Two police officers, Harris and his partner Lt. MARCANO (29), stand over him.

Aubrey walks up as she puts her sunglasses on and takes another sip of her drink.

HARRIS

I figured we'd beat you here.

AUBREY

Guess not.

LT. MARCANO

What happened?

AUBREY

Not one hundred percent sure yet.

Sips her drink.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Do know Jim is missing, possibly injured. Apparently, there is blood on the back door, don't know, didn't look. Blood that he tried to clean up after a supposed "fight". I'd make sure to talk to Susan before she takes her medicine. She starts thinking she's Dolly Parton's kissing cousin or something. Other than that, all I know is the rest of this coffee needs a hand and I am not officially on the clock as of yet... So-

Aubrey pivots and walks towards her car.

The two men look at one another.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Can you bring him in and I'll do that paperwork.

LT. MARCANO

You think this got something to do with what happened at the hospital this morning?

Aubrey stops and looks back.

HARRIS

Somebody busted in, looking through all the rooms. Staff couldn't get him to leave, injured the security guards and a couple of nurses.

AUBREY

Any description?

HARRIS

Not yet. Figgs responded to it, waiting to hear back. Could have been Jim?

AUBREY

Jim's a walking twig... Oh I uhh, I forgot.

(Points to Earl)

All American here... mentioned Wilkes.

Lt. Marcano doesn't respond but sees the demeanor shift on Harris and Aubrey.

17 EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Owen's green pickup sits only a couple feet away from the highway road in front of the Bed & Breakfast. There is an orange tarp tied to the bed of the truck.

There rests a black blanket across the bloodstained seats.

Owen sits behind the wheel wearing clean clothes and sunglasses over his bruised eye. Heart racing with hands in place to shift, but instead he nervously looks left and right.

Owen checks the clock and it reads 8:08. With a quick glance at the gas gauge the reads about the as the night before.

A car comes down the road from the right side and passes the building.

This gives him the courage and lets him step on the gas, sending the truck onto the boiling pavement.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Owen stretches out his shirt collar before shifting. Steadily speeding up Owen heads further into the desert.

Keeping a routine of bouncing between the road ahead and the road behind, Owen also sits up in his seat against the wheel. His hands try to not touch the blood stains on the steering wheel

He is able to make it quite a bit without seeing much until deep ahead, coming around the end of a curve, is a vehicle. Unfortunately, it's far enough away that it isn't exactly visible.

Sending a shiver down Owen's spine, he readies himself to take off quicker if needed. He lowers the sun visor and swings it over to the driver's side window. Then tucks his head up against it to be less seen.

The two approach each other, and at long last, A VISTA CRUISER scurries on past.

Owen lets out a breath of air he was holding in and relaxes his shoulders. Seeing nothing else behind him or in front, he cruises on ahead.

With his eyes bouncing from rearview mirror he downshifts to wrap around the upcoming curve.

When straightening out, another vehicle is revealed about half a mile ahead, again, too far to see it, but this one does seem bigger than the classic family car before it.

Owen presses back and hides against the visor as he races towards the impending danger.

But while getting closer, it's revealed there is another truck, behind the first, just as big.

This worries Owen enough to decide and shift into his highest gear. Speeding on ahead, his hands grip the steering wheel tighter, closer to the stains.

Finally becoming clearer, the first vehicle is a semi pulling a white trailer. Knowing it isn't Wilkes, Owen flicks his eyes to the truck behind it.

Unknown to him is that if he glanced in his rearview mirror, he would see something catching up to him.

Owen is beginning to make out what looks to be the details of what appears to be a cement truck.

As he leans back for just a brief moment to calm down and let his foot off the gas, Owen barely notices that in his rearview mirror a BLUE SEMI barrels towards the back of his truck.

It closes the gap in a matter of milliseconds, leaving Owen to only harshly gasp, expecting to be rear-ended.

As both of his hands snatch the steering wheel, Wilkes' semi veers into the opposite lane, damn near clipping the back bumper.

Owen lets his foot on the gas gradually slowing down as Wilkes' behemoth high-tailings it on further.

Owen watches it speed away, hoping with everything in him that he doesn't slow down. But luckily that doesn't appear to happen as the truck becomes a dot on the horizon in a matter of moments.

Shifting all the way down he lets the truck roll onto the shoulder until finally coming to a gently stop.

The dust-covered gas gauge shows just a little above half a gallon.

Owen's clenched hands are tightly pressed into his brother's dried blood as it sounds like he still holds his breath.

23 INT. AUBREY'S COP CAR - DAY

Aubrey's hands grip the steering wheel as well, even staring forward and not breathing. This goes on for a hot second until a deep breath squeezes into her lungs as tears start to form. Which causes her to close her eyes and quietly cry to herself.

The clock reads "8:13".

Her green necklace bounces outside of her shirt. It is small but appears to contain something inside.

Aubrey sits there for a moment taking short hazy breaths in between each outburst. In an attempt to collect herself, she tries to take deep breathes and rests her hand on the door handle.

Unable to tug it open because she drops her head and curls up against the door. Muffling her wails with her forearm.

A breeze spurts through the cracked window and jostles her hair around which brings her out of it.

The clock now reads "8:48" as Aubrey leans across into the passenger seat to withdraw a lighter and cigarettes out from the glovebox.

Aubrey lights up and lets smoke drifts out her nose while her hand reaches up and grasps the necklace, putting it back underneath her uniform, and steps off the gas.

EXT. AUBREYS CAR - CONTINUOUS

After the car rolls out of frame, a pile of rocks sitting in a half circle is revealed. The wind picks up and showers the stones in light brown sand.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Letting his foot off the brake to ride the shoulder, Owen continues forward. Never turning onto the highway as he instead keeps his arms locked against the steering wheel.

A bit ahead he sees Aubrey's tan car pull come from a side road a little ahead. The car pulls onto the highway and heads the same way Wilkes went.

Owen's truck continues to venture down, remaining on the shoulder for about a hundred yards until gradually turning down the dirt road.

Dust doesn't fling that high since it only stays in first gear until finally parking on the side. Owen doesn't put it in park yet and instead stares forward.

As some time passes light bounces off the green hood onto Owen who lets the truck purr.

Owen stares down into his lap, puts the truck in park, and turns it off. Pulls his hand away from the sticky steering wheel as his brother's blood sticks to his palms.

He sighs in disgust and takes out the black revolver from behind him and tosses it on the seat. Then dully leans against the door to open it.

18

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The back tailgate drops to reveal Riley's feet wrapped in the green blanket and next to that is a chipped shovel.

Owen grabs the wooden handle, walks about seven feet into the desolate desert, and stops.

He takes a listen and doesn't hear a thing besides the ambient wind.

Owen slams the shovel into the ground.

Owen tries to focus on just digging a small hole, while his thoughts start to unravel.

The glaring sun beams down as his sweat evaporates on the scorching dirt below him.

With about a three-foot-deep grave built, Owen pushes himself out of the hole. Walks back towards the tailgate, rips off the orange tarp that covers the back, and lays it down next to him. He turns and grabs Riley's foot to pull him out, but stops for a moment. Feeling off about holding a deceased relative.

Staying diligent, he shakes his head and pulls Riley out.

CUT TO:

With the tarp behind him, Owen drags Riley to the makeshift grave.

When there, he opens it up to reveal his pale skin and dented chest.

Owen tries not to see much, as he starts to go through his pockets. He pulls out a wallet, with nothing inside. He then reaches for Riley's bloody shirt pocket and pulls out the blue lighter.

Owen holds the lighter in front of him examining it in his dirty hands. There is some blood, stained into the side of it now. He puts it in his own shirt pocket as he lays his brother's wallet on his chest and wraps the body back up with the orange tarp.

He does his best to gently pick him up and lay Riley in the hole, but he struggles and drops him in. This causes him to fall down and watch as he is unevenly placed in the grave.

Owen closes his eyes and suffers through positioning him correctly before pushing himself up.

He grabs the shovel, lifts a pile of dirt, and goes to throw it in the hole but stops and stares down at the body.

OWEN

... I'm... I-

Owen closes his eyes as he catches himself and grips the shovel tighter causing some dirt to fall off. Cringing at the sound of it smacking Riley's feet.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(Eyes shut)

You... You wanted somewhere
quiet... Hope this is good 'nuff

He gazes down the hole one last time before dropping the dirt in and slamming the shovel into more. His shadow moves across the desert floor as time passes, moving closer to the holes he fills.

Owen eventually finishes the hole, grabs a couple of nearby stones, sets them on top in a unique pattern, and listens one last time to the hazy wind whisk past him in the desert.

24 INT. AUBREY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Aubrey lights up another cigarette and drives down an empty highway. She makes a couple of turns before peeking down a side road she passes, seeing a yellow van off on the side of the road.

Deciding to do a U-turn, she eventually turns down the side road with the window down. An annoying car horn continuously goes off and ricochets into Aubrey's ears.

Aubrey pulls over to the side of the road and comes to a stop behind the van.

25 EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car alarm echoes in the open desert as Aubrey steps out of her vehicle. Tire marks on the road leading off into the desert over a small mound.

Aubrey starts to follow the tracks towards the sound with a cigarette in one hand and the other resting on her holster.

The horn intensifies as she peaks over the crevice to see a yellow van sit at the bottom. It looks normal except for a couple small dents.

Her feet push through the sand as she sees the driver's side door is ajar. She moves slightly away as she sees inside, comes to a stop, and takes her hand off her pistol.

Inside the van, sits what we can tell are the remains of JIM. His blood-drenched head is smeared into the steering wheel, splitting his jaw in half, letting it hang loosely below.

He is jammed into the horn and his hands rest on the dashboard as if he tried to push away.

Aubrey clicks on her radio and opens her mouth.

19 INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Owen follows the road ahead with his eyes behind him while driving.

A crescendoing drum makes itself a dominant presence in the score.

The green pickup truck chugs away on the gasoline for a while.

Feeling a little need to relieve some stress, Owen takes out the bloody cigarette pack. Pops one in his mouth. Then reaches forward for a lighter in the cup holder, but it is not there. He sighs and thinks for a moment then pulls out the blue zippo from his pocket and flips it open.

Flick.

Nothing.

Flick!

Nothing.

Owen shakes the lighter near his ear and hears fluid splash around inside.

Flick! Flick!

Owen rolls up his window and looks ahead of him as he keeps trying to light his cigarette by leaning up near the wheel.

Flick!

Nothing.

He begins to drive around a corner that has a hill, which slightly blocks his view of anyone approaching.

Owen becomes more and more frustrated.

Flick. Flick... Flick. Flick. Flame!

WHOOSH!!

Suddenly, Wilkes' massive blue semi bursts around the corner, heading in the opposite direction, almost nailing the truck by peeking into the oncoming lane.

Owen drops the lighter onto the floor and swerves off onto the shoulder for a moment before he works to get back over to his lane. Doing a quick twist behind him with the lit cigarette in his mouth, he doesn't see anything since he has finished the corner.

Owen stares into the rearview mirror while shifting gears and speeding down the road. Shifting again and again. His eyes flicker from the mirror to the road. Mirror to road, mirror to road. Both stay empty as he sweats and shifts into the highest gear.

His truck flies down the empty highway road.

Owen's eyes watch the mirror and hold.

(Beat)

His eyes don't even look at the road ahead of him, shaking his head "No".

(Beat)

But deep in the rear-view mirror, the blue semi comes around the corner, coming right on towards him.

Owen looks back at the road, goes to try and shift again but is unable to. He glances ahead for any turns but none appear. Owen holds the pedal down as he switches back at the mirror.

Like a bat out of hell, the semi gets closer and scorches closer to him.

Owen starts to panic as his cigarette goes dead and falls from his mouth.

OWEN

What the fuck, What the fuck, what
the fuck, what the FUCKING FUCK!

Wilkes' semi closes the gap from 50 yards to 15 in a matter of moments.

Owen then notices a sign for a side road and slams on the brakes. He takes the truck out of gear before he violently pulls the wheel right.

The semi sprints forward and nicks the back of Owen's truck. Which causes his back end to spin out a tad but it eventually catches and he speeds down the road.

Owen looks behind him frantically. When he gets a little further down the road, another small road appears on his left.

But, right before he is able to turn, the semi whips around the corner and sees him turn down the side road.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He speeds towards the crevice of a hill. Once he goes over Owen sees it goes straight for miles on end into the empty desert.

Owen goes down the hill and thinks for a moment. He cannot see the road behind him over the hill.

Owen then slams on the brakes. Does a quick U-turn and heads back up the hill. He starts to pull the truck slightly off the road and slows down.

Owen shifts into neutral, rolls down his window, and tries to keep his truck quiet to listen for the semi. He checks the gas gauge, it has a little above a quarter tank.

It can be heard turning down the road and speeding up.

(Beat)

The sound viciously builds as it approaches.

Owen puts his hand on the gear shift and his shaking foot on the clutch.

The semi screams as loud as it can O.C. As it nears the peak of the hill.

Owen slams on the gas, speeds up the hill, shifting gears until right before he goes over the top, the blue semi flies past him and becomes momentarily airborne. It barely misses, almost taking out his side mirror

The semi lands and immediately the brakes are slammed upon. Owen speeds back down where he just came from.

He takes a left and slams on the gas while shifting. He looks in his mirror.

Nothing.

The semi still hasn't come over.

Owen keeps watching behind him.

He shifts again... and again and again.

26

EXT. DAVE & MARY'S / BACK PORCH - MID-DAY

Dave sits in a chair while music plays from the living room record player through the back screen door. The teacup sits with a little more put together inside on the table.

Dave lights the pipe he holds in his hand. Takes a couple of drags then exhales quietly while looking at his white pickup truck.

Suddenly Owen's truck comes rushing in from the side and pulls around the back of the house. It speeds down the side of the barn and turns to hide behind it and quickly shuts off once it's out of view.

Dave just looks ahead of him while he puts the pipe to his lips.

Owen walks around the corner of the barn, towards Dave. He sticks close to the side as his gun hangs in his hand. He paces forward toward the house. The music is faintly heard playing in the house.

Owen watches the road on the left as he continues to the edge of the barn and stops. He takes one last glance left before he peeks around the corner to his right.

Nothing.

The gap between the house and the barn is about 40 yards. Owen stands still and tries to listen for any sound. But all he can hear is the music. He looks up at Dave, who looks back at Owen in confusion.

Owen takes one last look right and then steps out to quickly jog towards the house.

The song that plays on the record inside comes to a stop.

Deep off in the distance, Owen starts to hear a low rumble.

Owen slows down slightly to hear it then terrifyingly sprints forward as fast as he can, he even stumbles and barely catches himself. For a moment he practically walks on all fours before he stands back up. The gun drops to the ground and he almost forgets it but reaches back and grabs it.

Wilkes's semi peaks over the top of the hill.

Owen is close to the back porch when he dives forward just before the semi becomes fully visible.

His elbow slams against the stairs causing him to scream out in pain, but he still manages to pull himself out of sight as they hear the heavy engine slow down and turn off the pavement, coming towards the house.

Owen crawls over to hide behind the wooden porch walls next to Dave. He puts his back up against it with the gun out in front of him.

Dave looks down at Owen who closes his eyes and quietly speaks to himself. His fists red from squeezing the gun a little too tight.

Dave sighs, lowers his pipe, and looks forward.

The semi rumbles around the back side. Its blue color is somewhat worn out from the sun while small bullet holes sit below the tinted driver's side window. A window that guards the truck against anyone seeing inside and vice versa.

Dave curls his brow in confusion as watches the semi stop and leaves the loud engine on. Owen tries to calmly breathe keeping his eyes still clamped shut.

A big smile grows across Dave's face as he stands up to turn towards the back house door. He throws out a big gesture with his arm to say "Come on in".

The semi sits motionless, still purring though.

Dave stares back at the truck for a moment while standing right in front of Owen. Dave taps the sign above that reads "Dave & Mary's B&B".

The semi loudly stands motionless.

Owen holds the gun right next to his face.

Dave turns towards the truck and gives it a stern look.

The semi pops into first gear as loud air squeezes out. It rolls forward for a moment then hits the gas. Whipping back around the corner kicking up dust to cover the whole house.

Dave walks to the back screen door and opens it when the dirt clears.

DAVE

Come on, the half wit's gone.

Owen turns to Dave who casually gestures for him to come inside.

Owen looks back down and takes a couple slow breaths before he puts his hands out and pushes himself up.

27 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dave shuts the back door behind him while Owen places the gun on the counter.

DAVE
Want some tea?

Owen gradually shakes his head "No", sick to his stomach.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I hope you realize that I am
offering more than just tea.

OWEN
Huh?

DAVE
Nothing.

OWEN
... Fine.

DAVE
Fine?

OWEN
I'll have some dirty plant water.

Dave turns, puts a tea kettle on the oven, and lights it. Opens a drawer and pulls out rosemary tea.

DAVE
Hope you like Rosemary.

Owen doesn't respond.

After putting the bags in two cups, Dave sees the gun on the counter but moves on from it to dirty shirt Owen wears.

DAVE (CONT'D)
See you've already given the new
shirt some memories.

OWEN
Uhh, yeah. Sorr-

DAVE
It's fine... It's what they're
meant for.

OWEN

... Thanks for not throwing me to the wolves.

DAVE

With how my back is, I wouldn't be able to get out the mess you two would make until the day I die... So for the sake of keeping my home pretty, your welcome.

Owen nods and groans in pain.

OWEN

I'm gonna uhh, I'll be right back.

Owen pushes away from the counter and heads down the hall to the living room.

Dave watches him leave before his eyes fall down to the gun left on the counter. A gun that ironically enough, lays on its side, pointing right at Owen.

INT. DAVE AND MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Owen swallows a couple pills with some water before looking out the window at the highway road. He doesn't find anything, which brings him to start heading back.

29 Before he makes it, a record player with a stack of records catches his eye. He stops and examines the pristine-conditioned equipment.

OWEN

Is it uhh, Is it alright if I play something on the record?

DAVE (O.C.)

... Go ahead.

Owen skims through the records. Finding a plethora of Kenny Rogers albums.

OWEN

Holy shit, this is like... a lot of Kenny Rogers.

There is no response from the kitchen.

Owen doesn't find this odd being that he finds an older record that stops him cold.

The hint Dave's figure can be seen emerging from the kitchen with something in his hands.

Owen is heard putting a record on.

31 It takes a moment after the initial cracks and pops of the record warms itself up. Finally the old tunes of a classical song along the lines of Vera Lynn's "If You Love Me" burst out.

Owen closes his eyes and listens to the music, shifting his weight from one heel to the other.

Owen pivots around and starts for the kitchen after getting his initial fix.

Sitting in the chair at the end of the end of the table, hunched over is Dave. Beside him on the table is the gun.

Owen gets closer and sees that his eyes are closed. And he hums the melody while his head subtly shakes. Owen doesn't even notice that the guns switched sides of the room, instead watching as when the song ends, Dave opens his glossy eyes.

Embarrassed and caught off guard, Dave is lucky to use the excuse of the rising whistle from the kettle as a reason to walk away.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You all right?

DAVE

Yeah... Yeah, I was just having a flash from past.

OWEN

I see you are a big fan of the Gambler?

DAVE

No, it was a gift from Mary's Dad. Couldn't bear to toss it away when he passed but never one of us played Mr. Rogers.

OWEN

Thank god.

DAVE

Yeah.

Dave makes the two of them a cup of tea.

OWEN
(Points behind him)
Song reminds me of my grandma.

DAVE
Were you two close?

OWEN
No... Didn't really get the chance.
She passed when I was five or
something. But my dad always said
me and her would have been peas in
a pod.

DAVE
If there is one thing us old shits
know how to do, it's die.

Owen smirks which he doesn't expect.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Right when you least expect it.

Dave hands him a tea and the two sit at the table.

OWEN
It seems so.

DAVE
(Gestures to the tea)
Let it cool first.

Owen puts the cup down and lets the still air fill the room.

Dave heats up the hot glue gun and organizes the next pieces
he has to place together.

OWEN
Must care an awful lot about that.

DAVE
Even if I told you with thorough
details, you wouldn't have the
slightest idea.

OWEN
Guess not.

Owen looks back down at the table.

Dave's eyes glance up at Owen.

DAVE
It was Mary's.

Owen looks up to Dave.

OWEN
The Mary?

DAVE
... My Mary.

OWEN
... Favorite cup?

DAVE
For thirty... oh god, thirty-five
years?

OWEN
Jeez'.

DAVE
Yeah.

Dave picks up the gun and starts gluing some bits back together.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I made it for her.

OWEN
You made that?

Dave nods as he looks it over with a smile.

DAVE
There was a little one that took a
liking to Mary and I... and us for
her... Closest we ever got to a
child.

Dave picks up another piece to place.

DAVE (CONT'D)
So me and the rugrat made it for
Mary's birthday. Wasn't even my
idea.

OWEN
Take it her favorite color was
purple?

DAVE
Mary loved green

OWEN
Then why purple?

Never been asked that question before, Dave dwells on his response.

DAVE

For forty-eight years, without a single day to spare, I woke up to her whispering her dreams in my ear... She knew every detail to a T. Hers were always much more vivid than my own.

Owen repositions himself.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But she had this dream once. She couldn't describe it or what happened in it... but it had the color purple and it made her feel a happiness she never felt before.

Dave's hands rub over the cup.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And when we handed her the mug.

Dave grins at the thought, remembering the smile on her face.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Mary said that was it. One of her happiest moments... That moment right there was what she dreamt... Somehow the kid just knew.

Owen looks over the teacup and the broken bits underneath.

OWEN

I'm so sorry, Dave.

DAVE

It's fine... If it makes you feel any better, this isn't the first time it's been broken.

OWEN

When was the other?

Soft tears grow in his eyes, but he tries to not let any fall.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Oh...

DAVE
... But that's another story for
another night.

28 INT. CUBINOS - AFTERNOON

Harris and Aubrey sit at a table with menus in front of them. Aubrey holds a cigarette while she blankly looks down at the ashtray.

HARRIS
Aubrey.

Aubrey doesn't hear him.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Hun?

AUBREY
Huh?

HARRIS
What do you want?

A waitress stands with her hand on her hip, waiting.

AUBREY
Oh, uhh can I just get... that?

She points to a small sandwich on the menu.

The Waitress leans forward, looks down, and writes on the notepad. Pulls back and makes a disgusted face when the smoke from Aubrey's cigarette almost hits her.

WAITRESS
And your side?

AUBREY
Uhh, chips.

WAITRESS
And?

AUBREY
What?

The Waitress exhales.

HARRIS
You get two sides... Two.

AUBREY
When did that happen?

HARRIS
It's been like that.

AUBREY
Oh... Uhhh, coleslaw?

The Waitress writes it down and turns to Harris with a sudden light in her eyes.

HARRIS
BLT with chi-

WAITRESS
Chips and mac & cheese. Let me take these
(Grabs menus)
and I'll be right back with your drinks.

The two sit in silence.

HARRIS
How's your day been?

AUBREY
... I found Jim.

HARRIS
Earls brother?

Aubrey nods.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
And?

Aubrey twists her head "No."

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Fuck... Where at?

AUBREY
You didn't hear me call it in?

HARRIS
Uhh, no. No, I think me and Marcano were talking to someone. A guy at the hospital. Got a description from him by the way.

Aubrey doesn't respond.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
It's Wilkes.

Aubrey nods.

AUBREY
Yay.

HARRIS
Yay?

AUBREY
Yay.

HARRIS
I bet he's the one who found Jim.

AUBREY
Maybe... maybe not, I don't care
really. Why are we here? Why are we
having dinner together?

Harris is caught off guard by the question.

HARRIS
I... I just wanted to have
dinner... together?

AUBREY
What made you remember chivalry
existed?

HARRIS
I just felt like we hadn't had some
alone time by ourselves.

Aubrey drops her hand against the table-

BAM!!

People in the restaurant look over at them.

AUBREY
So alone.

HARRIS
If it was an empty restaurant, it
wouldn't be romantic.

AUBREY
This is romantic?

HARRIS
It's... Just supposed to be dinner.

AUBREY
Good... Starvin'.

(Beat)

HARRIS
And talk.

AUBREY
There it is.

Aubrey puts out her cigarette in the ashtray.

HARRIS
Just talk. Small talk.

AUBREY
Hmm.

Another awkward silence fills the table.

HARRIS
Like... Like I'm thinking about
going up to see my dad.

AUBREY
... Okay.

HARRIS
I talked to captain and he said it
was alright for you to come with.

AUBREY
I'm good.

HARRIS
Wh-... What?

AUBREY
I'm good. You can go.

HARRIS
Aubrey, please.

AUBREY
I'd rather not.

HARRIS
Why?

Aubrey leans back and zones off out the window.

AUBREY
I'd rather not.

HARRIS
I want you to though.

AUBREY
I would rather... not.

HARRIS
Can I ask why?

AUBREY
... No.

HARRIS
Can we at least talk abo-

The Waitress walks back and places two red cups in front of them.

Harris's cup has a straw in it, while a straw is sat next to Aubrey's cup. Harris takes a sip as Aubrey pops open her straw and puts it in her drink before taking a sip.

AUBREY
Should I tell Earl and Susan about Jim tonight or tomorrow?

HARRIS
I can do it if you want?

AUBREY
It's fine. I got it.

HARRIS
Are you sure? I mean, you've only been bac-

AUBREY
If I got it, guess what honey?
(Mouths)
I got it.

Aubrey takes a sip and lights up another cigarette.

HARRIS
... Tomorrow. At least give them one more night thinking he's still alive.

AUBREY
We'll see.

Aubrey bounces between the straw and the nicotine.

HARRIS

What were you watching last night?
I didn't get to ask.

AUBREY

Some ripoff.

HARRIS

Was it any good?

AUBREY

I mean... No.

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Owen and Dave smoke on the patio, each sitting by one another.

OWEN

Was this place always a bed and
breakfast?

DAVE

Pretty much. Mary loved meeting new
people and cooking/singing for
them. We had a couple spare rooms,
so figured... screw it.

Owen chuckles.

OWEN

Screw it?

DAVE

Screw it. Mary's words exactly.

OWEN

She sounds like a holler.

DAVE

Boy was she...

DAVE (CONT'D)

If you don't mind me asking... Did
you at one point have a plan?

OWEN

We did.

DAVE

Which was?

OWEN

You know, how every brilliant idea begins, rob the local truck stop while only having a gun with three bullets in it.

DAVE

The one over here? On I-

OWEN

Yeah.

DAVE

Whose plan was this? Yours or his.

OWEN

Both... I had it first though I guess.

DAVE

What happened?

OWEN

At first, it was smooth sailing... Everything went fine all until someone else showed up.

DAVE

The semi?

Owen nods.

OWEN

Apparently, he deals in the back. He came in and Riley held him up. Taking all he had.

Owen reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a lighter.

OWEN (CONT'D)

In a struggle, I lost the money from the register and when I went outside after hearing a gunshot, I saw Riley had been shot.

(Beat)

OWEN (CONT'D)

And all we were able to leave with was a rickety old lighter that doesn't even do its one job.

DAVE

Let me see.

Owen hands it to Dave who examines it. He flicks it but gets nothing.

OWEN

See?

DAVE

Either he's really mad at you or he cares an awful lot about it.

OWEN

Maybe it's both.

DAVE

Maybe.

OWEN

You think it's worth something?

DAVE

... I doubt it.

OWEN

Why?

DAVE

It doesn't seem too unique. Really nothing special about it. To us at least.

OWEN

It's... It's all I have though.

Dave looks up at Owen.

OWEN (CONT'D)

That, a truck that's almost on empty, a gun with only two bullets, and a wallet with only seven dollars in it.

Dave hands him back the lighter.

DAVE

Why did you rob them in the first place?

OWEN

What do you mean? We were broke.

Owen feels the lighter in his hand while taking a puff.

DAVE

There weren't any other options?
Save up a couple months then go?

OWEN

We... I couldn't wait no more.

DAVE

Because?

OWEN

Our dad... Buried him last week.
Couldn't even afford a plot so we
had to secretly bury his ashes.

DAVE

Oh... Sorry to hear.

OWEN

Thanks.

Owen tugs on his cigarette.

DAVE

How are you doing with it?

OWEN

I uhh, haven't taken it so well...
And Riley-

His voice cracks, making him stop.

DAVE

How close were you two?

OWEN

We fought but... we were all we had
while he was sick.

DAVE

I get it.

Owen takes a short breath.

OWEN

We took care of him for as long as
we could. I swear we did.

DAVE

How long was that?

OWEN

Five months... Just a measly five
months until our pockets emptied.

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

The bills were just... Once my dad
got word of how broke we were he
uhh... he asked us to let him die.

Owen's cigarette goes dull as he hasn't puffed on it in a while.

Dave sits in silence and waits for his next words.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Every night, begging me and begging
me.

Owen relives the moment in his eyes.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Asking me to just end it... Just...
end it.

Dave holds his hands together.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(Restrained)

Riley couldn't do it. So...

Owen comes to terms with himself and as Dave sees him start to well up.

DAVE

What... What was your dad's name?

OWEN

(Battling back tears)

What?

DAVE

What was his name?

OWEN

Oh uh Dave. Funny enough.

DAVE

Well... I don't know much about
Dave, but I can tell you this... he
had a great fucking name.

Owen laughs which causes his tears to fall, but not to the severity as one would assume.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And if your anything like him, then
I bet he was a great, great man.

Owen shakes his head "no".

OWEN

He wouldn't have robbed some place.
He wouldn't let Riley di... die.

Dave puts a hand on Owen's shoulder.

DAVE

When dealing with the loss of a
loved one... sometimes we do stupid
shit.

Again Owen laughs.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But it's all right. I promise. It
doesn't stop, it's just... Every
day, it gets a little, just a
little easier.

OWEN

Yeah?

DAVE

... Yeah.

Owen at first wants to toss this away but sits on it for a
moment.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Here

Dave hands over a lit match after flicking it on his chair.

Owen uses it and reignites the stale cigarette, then wipes
his eyes.

OWEN

Sorry.

DAVE

You know... You don't have to
leave. You could stay a few more
nights. Get some legs beneath you.
You ain't doing nobody no good if
you run to the city with no money
in hand or no bed to sleep in.

OWEN

I don't want you involved in this
any more than you need to.

DAVE

Well, I already am, so what
difference does it make?

OWEN
I'll be fine.

DAVE
Stop foolin' yourself. Just....
Just get your feet on the damn
ground before you try to jump.

OWEN
What if you've already jumped
though?

34 EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

A bright red sign sits on top of the building. It flickers off and on.

The bright moon rests right above the sign.

35 INT. TRUCK STOP / BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan is in the back of the store moving a few crates around. She grunts when she bends over to grab items.

A low rumble begins to rise up as a semi rolls by and stops near the front of the store.

After a moment the front door opens.

Susan sets a crate down and walks to be behind the counter.

INT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Susan doesn't see anyone at first, so she leans forward to eventually see the front end of the semi.

A bag gets picked in one of the isles before a frail older man, FRANK (75), walks around the corner with a few drinks and sunflower seeds.

He smiles at Susan as he takes small steps toward the register to set his selection on the counter.

FRANK
And thirty on pump three.

SUSAN
Where you off to this late?

FRANK

Oh, it's a doozy. Fixin' to drop one load off in Texas, then on to Arkansas.

Susan nods as she scans the items.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Reckon to be back by Friday, if you are free for a date?

Susan smiles at him.

SUSAN

Oh Frank, you are just too much fun.

This brightens Frank's smile even more.

FRANK

Where are the boys?

SUSAN

Out doing boy things I guess. I know one is having a sleepover at the pig farm.

FRANK

Pig farm?

SUSAN

Some kids just never grow up, do they? That'll be thirty-three forty, hun.

The phone behind the counter starts to ring.

Frank counts his money.

The phone rings again.

FRANK

You gonna answer that?

SUSAN

Nah, that's probably the one that wants to be picked up. He's a light sleeper.

Frank hands over the money

Susan opens the cash register and hands him his change.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You drive safe hun, okay?

FRANK
I'll see you Friday.

SUSAN
It's a date.

Frank nods with another heartwarming smile as his night was just made. He grabs his things and leaves through the front door.

Susan picks up the phone.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Hello? The hell you want?... NO!
You high? You need to learn a
lesson... I expect this from your
brother but you was smart at some
point... Smart enough to catch a
damn baseball at least.

36 EXT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks out the front door and towards his red and black semi.

Old country music plays through small speakers near the pumps.

Frank walks around the side and puts the items in his truck. He sings along to the song above, pulls the sunflower seeds out as he begins to hear Wilkes' semi rumble in off of the street.

Frank opens a different bag that is nearly empty of seeds and pops some in his mouth.

The semi comes to a haunting stop behind Frank.

Frank looks as the truck growls loudly before turning off. Air pressure shoots out of the truck for a few moments.

Frank walks over to his gas pump as he examines the truck. The door swings open and Wilkes steps down the tall steps.

FRANK
What kind of engine makes her purr
like that?

Wilkes ignores him and walks towards the store.

Frank puts his head down, embarrassed to be ignored.

Susan has her back to the counter as she talks on the phone.

Wilkes walks into the store and we hear Susan finish up yelling at the phone, then hang up.

Frank turns back and spits another seed in his mouth.

While only seeing Frank, he spits some seeds out then pops more in while he watches the gas fill.... Coughing a couple times.

Frank finishes the bag and walks over to the trash can to toss the bag out.

In the background, Susan has her head pinned onto the counter by Wilkes.

The country music continues playing as Frank grabs another bag of seeds in his truck and doesn't notice the store. He steps back down and as he turns to walk back he glances over at the store.

Wilkes suddenly slams down a massive knife into the middle of Susan's face, pinning her head to the counter.

Frank stands motionless.

The pump next to Frank stops.

CLICK!

Frank quickly hurries over and hides behind the gas pump.

(Beat)

The country song comes to an end.

The knife is heard being pulled out of Susan's forehead and her body falls on the ground behind the counter.

A new song starts up through the old speakers.

Frank pulls out the nozzle and lays it on the ground. He singles out his truck key.

Wasting no time, Frank runs as fast as he can, toward his truck door.

Wilkes quickly walks out of the store toward him.

Just as it looks like Frank will make it by climbing into his driver's seat and shutting the door, Wilkes yanks him out.

THUD!

Frank groans in pain as his head slams hard on the cement.

Wilkes's big foot then steps onto Frank's chest and pushes down, extremely hard.

Frank tries to scream but can't.

CRUNCH!

One last scream is heard as a car drives past on the road, but unfortunately, Frank's truck blocks the view and what happens to him.

Silence is heard as a small after the last bit of air squeezes out. A bloody sunflower seed rolls out to the side next to Frank's limp hand.

37 INT. AUBREY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MORNING

A sunflower seed sits on a table in front of Aubrey as she smokes a cigarette in the kitchen. She looks at the seed and takes a drag. Reaches out and flicks it off the table.

Aubrey sits at the kitchen table still in full uniform.

From the master bedroom, Harris walks into the kitchen. He paces into the doorway and spits out a seed into a cup he holds.

HARRIS
Smoking inside again?

Aubrey leans over and grabs a nearby air freshener.

Squirt. Squirt... Squirrrrrrt.

She puffs again on her cigarette as she does this.

Harris walks to the table and takes a seat across from her.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Did you eat already?

Aubrey shakes her head.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Want me to cook something?

AUBREY
Not really hungry.

HARRIS
Okay... When are you heading out?

AUBREY
About an hour.

HARRIS
Ahh...

(Beat)

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Can we talk?

AUBREY
Isn't that what we did last night?

HARRIS
Aubrey.

AUBREY
Stop saying my name like that.
"Aubrey", "Aubrey", it's fucking
annoying.

Harris scoffs.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
If you want to talk, let's talk.
Come on.

HARRIS
Just stop.

AUBREY
No, let's really talk, let's get
into the nitty-gritty.

HARRIS
Not like this.

Harris starts for the garage door.

AUBREY
Then don't say you want to fucking
talk if you fucking don't!

HARRIS
You know what... Fine. I don't know
who the hell you are anymore.
You don't do anything, enjoy
anything or even care about-
It's been months since we talked.
Years since I made you laugh.

AUBREY
It's been more than that.

HARRIS
What does that mean?

AUBREY
Nothing.

Harris takes a deep breath.

HARRIS
Alright.

AUBREY
Yeah, all right. All right go have
fun with your papa Harris the 17th.

Aubrey leans back.

HARRIS
Why do you hate him so much?

AUBREY
Hate? I don't hate him. I hate the
way he looks at me. You know damn
well the only thing he cares about.

HARRIS
That's not the onl-

AUBREY
What else does he care about?...
Huh?

Harris sighs.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Every time we've had to tell him.
He gives me this... this look. As
if I purposely did it.

Aubrey starts to tear up.

HARRIS
He just cares a lot... About our
family name. Our legacy.

AUBREY
Legacy? What legacy?

HARRIS
Okay, maybe that wasn't the right
word.

AUBREY

No, it was. Because to him, that's what it is. A legacy, one for the history books. And I'm the one that's tearing out the last page, letting it go unfinished... I know exactly what he's saying when he calls here. While you're off in the garage whispering like a snake.

HARRIS

He is just like any old dad, they want grandkids. Every old person wants grandchildren.

AUBREY

Yeah, well try being the one blamed for ending a "Centuries" old name.

HARRIS

... Well what else is he supposed to think about?! Jesus, he went from three sons to one.

Harris's voice cracks.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I don't... I don't know what to do.

Pop!

Aubrey tosses the box of cigarettes across the table with a lighter.

Harris looks up at her before taking one out and lighting up.

AUBREY

You know, the waitress from last night has the hips for it... Plus she has eyes for you.

HARRIS

What?

AUBREY

The one from dinner.

HARRIS

Keri only knows me and Marcano since that's his new favorite spot since it opened. He's the one with a crush on her.

Aubrey sighs.

AUBREY
I hate the whole run around.
Just... Just say it.

Hiding behind his cigarette, Harris thinks over his next words.

HARRIS
I... I'm not seeing her or
anything.

AUBREY
Maybe you should.

HARRIS
Don't say that.

AUBREY
That'll make you and your dad
happy. It's a win/win. Bam, look at
that.

HARRIS
Stop!

AUBREY
Two birds one stone.

HARRIS
Fuck, Aubrey. I know it's been
rough on you but it's been rough on
us.

AUBREY
Oh, woe is fucking me.

HARRIS
I've learned how to move on.

AUBREY
Okay, well I haven't!!!!...

This finally brings Aubrey to her purest form yet.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
I can't, I've tried and tried but
just can't.

HARRIS
Let me help you.

AUBREY

You don't want to help, you want to try again, and again, and again. Like a horny little fucking rabbit

HARRIS

That's not true.

AUBREY

You know what would help? Accepting what I can or can't do.

Aubrey looks off to the side.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

They were innocent.

Harris watches her curl up.

HARRIS

Aubrey.

AUBREY

They didn't deserve me.

HARRIS

Don't do that to yourself.

AUBREY

I have to.

HARRIS

Why?

AUBREY

I never wanted them.

HARRIS

Aubrey.

AUBREY

I didn't... not to say I didn't love them or that I don't. But... I didn't want them... And it's not their fault... It's mine... All mine.

HARRIS

Aubr-

Aubrey lifts her head and gives Harris a death-filled stare.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Why did you never say anything?

AUBREY

I did, before Haley. But the accident with Wilkes happened and... I figured.

Harris lowers his head.

HARRIS

What do we do now?

Aubrey softly shrugs

AUBREY

I don't know.

HARRIS

What do you want?

AUBREY

I don't know... What about you?

HARRIS

... A family.

Aubrey closes her eyes.

38 EXT. DAVE & MARY'S - DAWN

The sun begins to rise above the horizon and spurts light onto the top of the house.

HARRIS (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

A car drives past as clouds begin to cover the orange sun.

39 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Owen sleeps on the couch where his brother was the night before. He holds the revolver next to his hip.

As there isn't much sound, the makings of a distant semi approach.

Owen doesn't hear it at first, but as it gets closer, he jolts awake and looks around.

The truck outside passes and doesn't sound nearly as mean as Wilkes' truck.

Owen's hair is messed up and his face is red with part of his finger leaving a mark on his cheek.

When he realizes it was nothing he rubs his eyes, stretches his arms and legs as he yawns. He then stands up and puts the revolver in the back of his pants and walks into the kitchen.

The clock on the oven reads "6:23".

40 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Owen finds a note and pen. He writes a little note and leaves it on the tea kettle. Takes out Dave's truck keys and places them next to it.

He walks over to the sink, turns it on, and puts his head under the faucet. Wetting his hair and face.

Owen turns off the sink and pulls his head out as he grabs a nearby towel. He holds it under his head, as to not get the floor wet, as he quickly walks over to the back door, opens it, and walks down the porch steps.

41 EXT. BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Owen then shakes his head really quick to fling the water off and runs his hands through his short hair before patting his face dry.

DAVE
Off already?

Owen, caught off guard, spins around, tries to pull the gun out to aim, but just ends up accidentally tossing it on the ground.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Fastest gun in the west.

OWEN
They wouldn't write a movie about me.

Aubrey picks up the gun and wipes dirt from it.

DAVE
So your off?

OWEN
Uhhh, no... No, not yet.

Owen walks up the back steps.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You know, you're not helping the stereotype of old people being up at the ass crack of dawn.

DAVE

Fuck stereotypes, I do me.

Owen chuckles and looks out at the sun vast desert view behind him.

All that can be heard is a light breeze.

OWEN

You forgot how quiet the mornings are sometimes.

Dave doesn't.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I was gonna run into town, wanna come?

DAVE

What for?

OWEN

Stop by the pawn shop and see what they think about that useless Zippo.

DAVE

You know it's going to be worthless, to them.

OWEN

But what if it's somehow worth something? That's all I need, is something.

DAVE

No, you need a place to stay.

Dave gestures to the house.

OWEN

I already told you I can't.

DAVE

He has no clue you're here. Don't go out there.

OWEN

I have to.

DAVE

Says who?

Owen can't answer and lowers his head.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I only ask because I give a shit.

OWEN

What if-

DAVE

A life of what ifs will leave you
with only what you've missed.

OWEN

(To himself)

I shouldn't have stopped here.

DAVE

But you did... Go see for yourself,
see that the lighter ain't worth a
penny... But come back... Please.

Owen looks back up with fear in his eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

48

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Aubrey grips the steering wheel tight as she looks ahead of
her down the long dirt road.

She takes slow deep breaths before turning the car off. Then
leans on driver's side door, it clicks open, and pushes
herself out.

Aubrey softly shuts the door behind her and leans back
against it.

Glossy eyes start to form.

She looks behind her at a small little open section in the
desert right off the road.

Aubrey begins to walk around the front of the cop car and
into the desert to the small open spot. Lowers herself and
sits down in front of a half circle of rocks.

Aubrey stares at the sand in front of her, dealing with her
own demons.

(Beat)

Aubrey's hands reach up and undo her necklace. She holds it in front of herself looking at it. Her jaw briefly quivers as she unscrews the top of the necklace.

The top bit of the necklace falls into the sand below her hand next to a black rock.

She looks at the ash that sits inside and lets a couple tears go as she reaches forward and puts her hands into the sand. Turning the necklace upside down, emptying it deep into the sand.

When her hand emerges up the necklace is barren inside.

Aubrey closes her eyes and grabs the black rock. Reaches forward and places it in the center of the rest.

Her hand rests on the rock as she quietly cries to herself as her head shakes back and forth.

(Beat)

She lets out a tiny whimper when she pulls her hand back.

AUBREY

I... I know you can't hear me... I know that. But... but I just want you to know I love and miss you all... Take care of her sister for me.

43

EXT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

Owen comes to a stop in the parking space right in front of a small shop. The Yellow logo looks as off-putting as one would figure in a town like this. And the place right next to it is "Cubinos diner."

After turning off the truck, Owen sits for a moment. Looking at the gas gauge, he sees that it is not that far from empty.

Taking a long deep breath, his eyes drift down to the green mask that rests on the floor. Putting together an idea he takes out the revolver from his waistband and places it beside himself.

He then takes out the blue lighter and holds it in front of him, rotating in between a couple fingers. His eyes watch it before shifting right, eyeing the restaurant.

44 INT. CUBINOS - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey sits with her head low at a small table in the middle of the empty cafe. She messes with a thin red straw on the table as soft music plays in the background. The cup of coffee before her cools down with a small cake next to it.

A couple of employees work behind the counter and keep to themselves.

Ding!

The front door rings as someone walks in.

Aubrey's eyes never move away from the straw as she starts to blow onto the coffee.

The person who walked in is heard ordering O.C. Before eventually walking over and taking a seat a couple tables away.

Aubrey finally looks up and sees Owen. He has messy hair, a black eye, dirty clothes, and holds a lighter in front of him, nervously fidgeting with it.

She dully stares at him until a funny thought comes across her mind. Which makes her burst out in a short laugh that she attempts to cover up.

Owen looks up to see Aubrey and the two make awkward eye contact.

AUBREY
(Embarrassed)
Sorry, that was mean. I had a
thought. A funny thought.

Owen kind of chuckles.

OWEN
What was it?

AUBREY
No, no it's kind of mean. I'd
rather not.

OWEN
If it's about me, shouldn't I get
to be the judge?

AUBREY
I uhh, I saw the look on you, and
you sitting there and uhh... I
thought...

(MORE)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

If I just got a call, right now in my radio... looking for an arsonist?... Fucking bingo baby.

Owen laughs.

OWEN

I'd be, hands down, the worst arsonist.

AUBREY

Why's that?

OWEN

The damn thing doesn't even work.

AUBREY

(Jokingly)

Maybe it doesn't work because you used it all?

OWEN

... Fair, but have you had any fires lately?

Aubrey laughs.

AUBREY

I can't disclose that, since it is private information.

OWEN

Oh.

AUBREY

But no, no we haven't.

OWEN

Then I plead innocence in that regard.

The two laugh before it dies down and a small awkward silence befall them.

AUBREY

... What happened?

Owen looks over and Aubrey gestures to his eye.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'm not on duty...
(Points at him)
yet.

OWEN
It's uhh, uhh kind of embarrassing.

AUBREY
Can I be the judge?

Owen smiles.

OWEN
Well... I uhh I was out working on
a shed yesterday. Finishing up the
roof while I was poppin' some nails
in one by one until POP!

Owen covers his eye.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Damn near knocked myself out.

Aubrey laughs.

OWEN (CONT'D)
And you want to know the saddest
part?

AUBREY
(Chuckles)
What?

OWEN
That ain't the first time it's
happened.

AUBREY
Was it second or third?

OWEN
Come on do I look like a guy who
would smack himself in the eye with
a hammer three times? That's just
ridiculous.

AUBREY
You're right.

The two smile at each other and attempt to find the next
subject to talk about but sit in silence.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Hopefully, this coffee hits the
spot and not your eye.

Aubrey mimes taking a drink but hitting her eye.

Owen smiles.

OWEN

Hopefully. It smells good... Got a whiff from my truck.

AUBREY

You've never had this?

OWEN

No.

AUBREY

You-

An employee shouts from the counter. He holds up a cup of coffee.

EMPLOYEE

Sir!

Owen turns and looks, then back to Aubrey and raises his finger.

OWEN

(Whispers)

At least, not yet.

She smiles as Owen gets up and walks over to grab his coffee then walks back over, blowing on his cup.

AUBREY

You didn't get the strawberry coffee cake?

Owen looks at her in confusion.

OWEN

Nooo?

AUBREY

That's the only reason to come here.

OWEN

Not the coffee?

AUBREY

Ehh... But the cake. My lord, I do it three times a week... Gives me something to look forward to every other day. If I put on weight, I put on weight.

OWEN
That good huh?

AUBREY
If you get it, I'll show you how to
eat it correctly... If you want.

OWEN
... Alright.

Owen sets his coffee down and turns around. Walks to the counter, orders, turns, and looks at Aubrey as he takes the last dollars out of his wallet, sarcastically.

The employee hands him the cake. Owen walks back over and he takes a seat to face Aubrey.

AUBREY
Alright, so tear a little chunk,
then dunk and wait, what kind of
coffee did you get?

OWEN
A regular latte, I think?

Aubrey looks at the coffee and thinks for a moment.

AUBREY
Eh, that works, although the french
macchiato with this is Bueno,
Bueno.

Owen smiles.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
So you rip off a good chunk about-
(Measures with her hand)
Yeh big.

Owen doesn't do anything.

Aubrey looks at him and raises her eyebrows.

OWEN
You gotta do it too.

AUBREY
Fine.
(Points to his table)
Would you mind?

OWEN
Oh, of course not.

Aubrey takes a seat with her back to the window at his table while cars drive past.

AUBREY
I didn't catch your name?

OWEN
Oh uhh, Riley.

AUBREY
Aubrey.

They shake hands in which Owen notices the ring.

Aubrey sees him do this and grabs her coffee cake.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Alright, ready?

Owen sits up in his chair and readies his arms and jaw. Looks forward, then at her, and nods.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Step one, little chunk.

Both rip off a piece of the food. Red jam sits on the inside of this strawberry coffee cake.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Step two, little dunk.

OWEN
(Exhales)
I... I'm scared.

AUBREY
You can do this... Now dunk it.

They both dip and hold for a couple seconds before eating and moaning in pleasure.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Right??

Owen nods his head. They both finish chewing and swallow.

OWEN
Dios mio.

Aubrey nods happily.

AUBREY
See!

Owen laughs, looks down, grabs his coffee, and takes a sip as he slightly leans back.

OWEN

So are you just getting started or have you been up and about all night?

AUBREY

Just getting started.

OWEN

I'd figure. Can't imagine much going on at night around here.

AUBREY

One would think.

OWEN

Did you think it would be more exciting?

AUBREY

No... not really, I mean it wasn't like I expected Burnt Hills to be filled with injustice, crooked cops, and in need of a caped crusader.

OWEN

Hey, who knows, maybe it does?

AUBREY

... If only.

OWEN

Why did you want to become one?

AUBREY

I guess I wanted to make a difference. In whatever way I could.

OWEN

Have you?

AUBREY

Doesn't feel like it.

OWEN

You just changed my life for the better.

Aubrey smiles.

AUBREY
Yay... I've officially done it,
finally. After all these years.

OWEN
You've fulfilled your civil duty.

AUBREY
Thank you civilian.

OWEN
No problem officer.

They both take a sip.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Did you always wanna be a cop?

Aubrey shakes her head.

AUBREY
No... Not at all.

OWEN
What was it then? Your dream job

His fingers lightly tap on his cup as he looks around, afraid to say.

AUBREY
(Whispers)
I wanted to be a teacher.

Owen slowly leans in closer to her.

OWEN
(Whispers)
Why are you whispering?

Aubrey looks down at her cup which sits next to her elbow. Just like the first time we saw her.

AUBREY
It's too late for that.

OWEN
How so?

Aubrey doesn't say anything.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Come on, what's your next excu-

AUBREY
What do you do?

Owen is caught off guard.

OWEN
Well, I don't love my job if that's
where you're getting at. So yes,
that does mean I am a hypocrite.

AUBREY
What is it? Oh, wait.

She gestures to his eye.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Whack-a-doo into the face-a-roo
so... Construction?

Owen nods.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
I bet that's what you always
dreamed of waking up to do.

Owen nods his head sarcastically and takes a sip of his
drink.

OWEN
Maybe I just love hammers so much.

Aubrey laughs.

AUBREY
What's your dream job?

Owen looks around before leaning in.

OWEN
(Whispers)
I want to play piano.

AUBREY
That's it?

OWEN
Well, I mean... I guess.

AUBREY
You know how to play?

Owen nods his head.

OWEN

I used to when I was about thirteen or fourteen. Then we had to sell it.

Owen finishes his cake.

AUBREY

There's a music store off Starlett Lane. Called "Chuk's Rhythm and Melody". They got keyboards you can play for free.

A couple of customers walk in. Owen looks over, then back to Aubrey.

OWEN

Never heard of it.

AUBREY

Are you from Burnt Hills?

Owen shakes his head.

OWEN

Passing through.

This deflates Aubrey some.

AUBREY

Where are you staying?

OWEN

I'm just staying a few nights-

DING!

The customers ring the bell on the counter. An employee comes out the back and towards them.

OWEN (CONT'D)

At a bed and breakfast outside of town.

This brings Aubrey back to attention.

AUBREY

Oh, Dave & Mary's?

OWEN

Yep.

AUBREY

How is Dave?

OWEN

Good. Granted, I don't have much to judge off of.

AUBREY

They were always kind to us.

OWEN

You knew Mary?

Aubrey nods and takes a sip of her drink.

AUBREY

Dave and Mary always left their door wide open for us. No cost, no matter what time at night... Never a cold shoulder.... And you should have seen the way the two looked at each other. They didn't really care about anything going on outside of their house, they just created their own small world, together.

(Beat)

OWEN

Boy, that sounds...

AUBREY

Yeah.

They both take a sip of their drinks.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

I should stop by and say Hi... It's been a while.

OWEN

How come?

AUBREY

Guess I felt bad for not going over to see him sooner after she passed. I was deal... Busy with stuff. And now it feels like I've waited too long.

OWEN

I'm sure he would... He would enjoy the company. I know he's been trying to convince me to stay longer.

AUBREY
(Softly)
Probably just wants someone to talk
to.

Owen thinks about it for a moment and realizes she may be right.

Suddenly the blue semi speeds past the window. Causing Owen to freeze up.

OWEN
I uhh, sorry, I have to head on
out.

AUBREY
Oh, okay.

OWEN
I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like
that. I just... I'm late.

Aubrey looks down.

AUBREY
It's fine, I have to go too.

45 EXT. COFFEE SHOP / DINER - CONTINUOUS

Owen walks outside. He looks around and doesn't see the semi.

AUBREY
It was nice meeting you, Riley
right?

OWEN
(Nods)
You too.

Aubrey nods and the two awkwardly smile before they walk towards their separate cars. Both wanting to say more but never doing so.

46 INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey pulls away while Owen turns on his truck. He pulls out a mask and the revolver from his pants and scans the streets around him as he backs up and goes the opposite way Aubrey went.

Owen surveys his surroundings as he approaches an intersection. He turns right to pass a bunch of empty side roads.

The semi passes, deep, deep in the background on one of the streets.

47 INT. COP CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey drives down the road with a different look in her eyes. Thoughts sprouting in her head. Her hand reaches for the necklace but forgets she doesn't have it.

(Beat)

She comes to a stop sign behind a couple cars. While passing the time she watches the desert sand beside her blow over onto the pavement.

49 INT. OWEN'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Owen drives out of the town. His eyes look everywhere around him. Down each road he passes and occasionally back behind him.

But he sees nothing. He sweats between each look, waiting for his stomach to drop when he sees the semi again. Meanwhile, he approaches a red stop light at the edge of town. Eventually coming to a stop behind only a blue car.

Both vehicles sit at a standstill.

Owen looks left and right and doesn't see a thing.

OWEN
(Ticked)
Come on, just go.

In the deep background, a vehicle turns onto the road. Owen notices and turns to look back at it. He can't make it out.

Owen hits the horn and puts his head out the window.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Just go!

He motions for the car to go.

An older lady in the car rolls down her window.

OLD LADY
(Confused)
What did you say, dear-

OWEN
Fucking go!

The lady points to the stoplight.

OLD LADY
But sweetie, the light is red.

OWEN
I know but there's no-

Owen sighs and looks back at the vehicle behind him. It gets closer quickly.

Owen shifts into reverse and backs up a few feet. He then drives around the old lady.

His eyes glued to the rearview mirror while he turns right. When he does he looks out his passenger window to get a better view.

Owen begins to make out what looks like a large black pickup truck. It pumps thick black smoke.

Just as he sighs in relief and looks ahead of him, the blue semi closes in behind him. It is silent until a loud shocking spurt releases, then a loud growl from the engine as it shoots forward and rams into the back of Owen's truck.

BAM!

Owen swerves and tries to keep control.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Bullets fly in through the corner of the side window. The second one hits Owen in the left shoulder.

He screams in pain as he shifts and goes forward to create a small gap between him and the semi.

Owen moves over into the passing lane. Wilkes follows.

They pass by a side road.

THUMP! THUMP!

Bullets try to hit the back tire.

Owen swerves left, then back right. Wilkes follows his every move.

So Owen pretends to swerve back left, but quickly pulls into the right lane and hits the brakes.

Wilkes takes out the side mirror of the truck as he misses and goes ahead of Owen. Owen yanks the wheel to do a U-turn.

The semi hits the brakes as well.

Owen eventually turns around and takes off.

As he shifts he grimaces in pain, bleeding from his shoulder.

The green truck speeds up as Wilkes has turned around already and gains on Owen quicker than expected.

Owen begins to panic and think of what to do as he approaches the stop light again.

Both trucks scream down the highway road.

Wilkes quickly gains on Owen drawing nearer and nearer and nearer.

Owen pulls out his revolver from behind him and readies himself before getting an idea.

He sets the gun down beside him and pulls out the lighter.

Gives it a look before he rolls down his window and holds the blue lighter outside.

Wilkes slightly slows down but still stays close.

Owen holds it and thinks. After a moment he chucks the lighter into the desert they speed past.

Wilkes slams on his brakes, making the back end spin out. Owen doesn't pay attention and violently turns right at the red stop light and speeds away.

50

INT. COP CAR - DAY

Aubrey drives down the road. Her arm hangs out the side window she takes a deep breath, She seems to have a little glow to her.

Her radio barks up.

RADIO

Base to seven twenty-three.

Aubrey grabs the radio.

AUBREY
Go for seven twenty-three.

Aubrey grabs the radio.

RADIO
Can you head over to Susan's truck
stop, over?

Aubrey waves on a car that stops on her right.

AUBREY
What does she want now? Over.

RADIO
It wasn't her that called.

50 Aubrey slowly puts the radio back and smokes a cigarette as she drives down the highway.

As she approaches a corner she suddenly notices a couple of cars stopped on the side of the road.

She flicks on her siren and lights.

Whoop! Whoop!

Aubrey pulls over and parks as she sees a small group of people gather around the side of the police car.

51 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey gets out of her car, walks up, and notices a couple walking away in disgust.

Aubrey starts walking a little faster.

The group of people move aside and reveal to Aubrey a dead officer on the ground next to the passenger side door of a cop car.

She stops for a moment.

AUBREY
I need anyone who saw something to
stay. Everyone else get in their
cars and go home.

Aubrey goes to grab her radio.

MAN

But what about the road?

He points and Aubrey looks up, walking forward slowly.

A blood trail with some guts and bones scattered down the shoulder of the road. A car door sits near it all.

Aubrey walks down the street and then stops. Leans down and squints her eyes. She puts her finger in a small pile of blood and picks up something.

Aubrey takes off her glasses and wipes off the blood to reveal a sunflower seed.

52 INT. TRUCK - DAY

Owen grabs at his wound which is bleeding profusely. His breathing starts getting hazy.

In the distance, a group of cars approach him.

Owen looks down at his wound.

The truck starts to spurt as it runs out of gas.

Blood continues to flow out as Owen presses on it but lets the truck slightly go off onto the shoulder for a second.

A few cars pass as Owen whips back into his lane but the last vehicle happens to be a cop car.

Owen looks back in his mirror. The cop car turns around and turns on its lights.

Owen grits his teeth as he looks ahead of him, the truck putting along until finally dying.

The cop car gets closer and turns on its sirens for a second before stopping behind Owen.

Owen taps his foot nervously as he looks at the road behind him that curves to the left around a hill.

53 EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Harris and Lt. Marcano step out of the vehicle.

Owen throws the door open.

OWEN

Help!

He holds his bloody shoulder as he tries to get out but the officers quickly approach.

HARRIS
Sit. Sit.

Harris helps him back into the truck.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
(To Lt. Marcano)
Get the first-aid.

The truck still runs as Harris helps Owen keep pressure on the wound

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Slow breaths, okay?

Owen nods, Harris reaches in and grabs the truck keys, pulls them out, and sets them on top of the truck. He then grabs his walkie to talk to.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
(Into radio)
We nee-

SLAM!

Wilkes's semi demolishes Harris and blood flies everywhere.

The impact takes out the driver's side door and damages the front left side of the truck. Owen falls out of the truck onto the ground as it whips violently right.

The semi stops about 20 yards ahead. Owen is covered in blood and so is the pickup truck.

Lt. Marcano stands in shock by the cop car.

LT. MARCANO
Ni... Nin...

Lt. Marcano stutters and doesn't know what to say.

LT. MARCANO (CONT'D)
Nine Thirteen to Base, we need
backup!?

Owen pushes himself up and looks for his gun.

Wilkes' door opens and he steps out. He holds a three-barrel shotgun. Lt. Marcano pulls out his gun and points it at Wilkes.

Owen sees the gun near the back tire, on the ground. He scurries over there and grabs it.

BANG! BANG!

Wilkes fires his gun toward the men. From this distance, he hits both Owen in the hip and Lt. Marcano in the stomach from the spread.

Both men hide behind their separate vehicles, wincing in pain. The two men make eye contact briefly as a car is heard approaching. It speeds up right as it passes.

Lt. Marcano grabs at his stomach but keeps his eyes up then leans up and aims his gun at Wilkes, but before he can pull the trigger.

BANG!

Lt. Marcano is shot in the neck and falls to the ground screaming in pain.

Owen pushes himself down around the front of the truck.

Wilkes again reloads as he walks up to Lt. Marcano.

LT. MARCANO (CONT'D)
No! NO! Please NO! AHH-

BANG!

Lt. Marcano's head is blended into the side of the cop car.

Owen waits... and waits until suddenly Wilkes runs around the side of the truck.

Owen slips the hands of him and books it back to the cop car. Just as he presses on the gas and shifts he is suddenly grabbed by the throat.

This makes Owen miss the clutch and causes the cop car to turn off.

Owen struggles for air as Wilkes squeezes tighter and tighter. Crushing Owen's throat.

Wilkes' dark brown eyes stare at Owen as he does this. His long black hair covers his whole head and shoulders. In his other hand, he holds his gun next to him. Where we see he has bandages around his chest.

Owen, unable to reach for his gun, instead yanks out his keys and stabs Wilkes in the side of his jaw, as hard as he can.

Wilkes grunts in pain as he lets go of Owen's throat and backs away.

Owen coughs for air, slams the blood-soaked keys in the ignition, and turns the car on. Shifts into gear and speeds away while Wilkes reaches and tries to grab him one last time.

Owen struggles badly for air, barely having the energy to shift.

Blood drips down the key in the ignition onto his knee.

57 EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - AFTERNOON

Aubrey has ice cream drip onto her knees from the cone she holds in one hand, with a cigarette in the other. She just watches the cars on the street in front of her go by.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Officer?

Aubrey doesn't hear her.

WOMAN (O.C) (CONT'D)
Ma'am?

Aubrey snaps and turns to the waitress from "Cubinos" yesterday.

AUBREY
Sorry, what?

WAITRESS
Oh, you're fine, it's just uhh, I have a question.

Aubrey takes an inhale.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
I don't know if I'm allowed to ask, but you see one of my friends with Susan Hampton. She runs the truck station out on-

Aubrey nods her head yes.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Well... I heard it was shut down this morning. People saying they saw three or four police cars there... I just want to know, is... Is she alright?

Aubrey turns her body to the waitress. She slightly bites the inside of her lip and slowly shakes her head no.

The waitress puts her hand to her mouth.

WOMAN

Is she...
(Whispers)
Dead?

Aubrey nods softly.

AUBREY

It appears so.

The woman closes her eyes and begins to cry.

WAITRESS

How?

AUBREY

We aren't allowed to say yet. It's still under investigation.

WAITRESS

Pardon my cursin' but what the fuck is going on today?

Aubrey looks forward and rocks back and forth.

AUBREY

It's been one hell of a week ma'am.

Aubrey licks her ice cream and looks back ahead of her.

The waitress looks at the officer confused, then turns around and walks away crying to herself.

Aubrey takes another bite of ice cream and puff of smoke.

56 INT/EXT. DAVE & MARY'S / KITCHEN - DAY.

Music rings from the record player as Dave works on the cup on the coffee table in front of him.

He squishes it down, glue oozing out of the side. Dave's hand reaches over and grabs a Q-tip. Rubs the glue around the edges. He's finished, except for the one sliver that he can't find.

The revving of an engine rises up.

Dave looks over at a window and sees Owen pull up in a bloodied cop car that barely limps to its stopping point.

Dave stands up and walks towards the window.

The truck stops and Owen limps out towards the house. He holds his gun in his hand.

Dave opens the back door for him.

DAVE
Are you okay?

Owen doesn't respond.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What's going on.

Owen runs into the house.

OWEN
Where are your keys?

DAVE
What?

OWEN
Your truck keys, where are they?!

DAVE
Oh, still by the note you left.

Owen looks over and sees them.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Owen are you okay?

Owen limps across the room.

OWEN
I gotta go now. If the cops show up tell them everything. I held you hostage, threatened your life, and stole your truck.

DAVE
Ver-

Owen grabs the keys.

OWEN
I'm sorry, bu-

As Owen turns around he stops in terror.

Dave stands in front of the wide-open back door. Right outside, behind him, the entrails and skull fragments of Harris stick out of the bumper of Wilkes' blue semi that quietly sits.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Shut the door!

Dave turns and sees the semi before frantically shutting the door.

Owen grabs a knife from the countertop.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Here.

He limps over to Dave and gives him a knife.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Go hide upstairs... If I leave,
he'll follow.

DAVE
Ow-

Owen makes Dave hold the knife.

OWEN
Dave, please, for me, go.

Dave hesitates then hurries the hallway towards the stairs. He limps past a couple of open doors. The sound of a car passing through an open window in the room Dave passes. The sunlight barely illuminates the inside, but it does just enough to show Wilkes in the corner of the room. Dave comes to a stop a couple feet

Owen tries to get himself ready to run out the back door, He readies the truck key in his hand, But he turns to see Dave stopped with a petrified face. He looks back at Owen and points towards the room.

Owen motions for Dave to go upstairs as he points his gun at the doorway. Dave works his way up the stairs as Owen takes a step back and opens the back door.

The music comes to a stop and the record begins to pop. Owen steps out through the screen door and holds it open. He hears a soft creak of footsteps come from the room.

Owen sits still, only focused on the room, he aims at the upper half of the doorway.

(Beat)

Owen drops the screen door and sees a shoulder and head pop out of the room.

BANG!

Owen fires a shot through the screen and hits Wilkes. As he screams out in pain Owen steps forward to take one last shot but Wilkes fires a round off that stops Owen in his tracks.

BANG!

Owen ducks off to the side of the porch as the bullet hits the wall. Wilkes is heard slamming against the wall.

Owen steps back over to look through the screen and see's an empty hallway. Blood smears against the wall down towards the front door.

Owen grips his truck keys. He could run now.

Just before Owen turns to go run he hears Dave shriek out in agony upstairs.

Owen bursts through the door and quickly limps towards the stairs. He goes upstairs as Dave continues to whale in terror.

INT. UPSTAIRS / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Owen bursts through the bedroom door to reveal Dave who bleeds from his mouth as he lays on the ground.

WHACK!!

Wilkes grabs Owen's head and slams it against the doorframe. Owen falls to the ground and drops his gun. Wilkes goes to jump on him but Owen moves just in time for him to miss. Owen sees the knife he gave Dave, reaches over, grabs it, and crashes the knife down and pins Wilkes' hand to the ground.

Wilkes lets out a yell.

Owen leaps forward in an attempt to jump over Wilkes and grab his gun.

But just as he goes to do so, Wilkes pulls out the knife, and slams it behind him into Owen's Achilles tendon. Owen screams in pain as his left foot pours blood.

Wilkes stands up as Owen screams in pain but still tries to crawl to his gun. Wilkes leans down, grabs his head, and whacks.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

58 INT. POLICE CAR - SUNSET

Aubrey drives the car as she bites the ice cream cone, and finishes it up.

A little bit of ice cream gets on her shirt.

AUBREY

Fuck.

She tosses the rest of the cone in her mouth, leans over, and pulls out a few napkins from the glove box. She wipes her shirt.

Aubrey then reaches for her pack of cigarettes.

When she opens them they are empty.

She exhales in anger and begins to slow down and pull into a gas station. Comes to a stop, gets out, and goes into the store.

She buys a pack of cigarettes and walks back out. She notices she is parked near a phone booth.

Aubrey stops and stares at the booth. Feeling sick to her stomach as she rips opens the pack, throws out the wrapper, and lights up a cigarette.

She takes a few inhales before walking over to the phone booth.

59 INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey doesn't close the door all the way behind her so that she can still smoke. She pulls out a few quarters and dials a number.

She takes an inhale.

AUBREY

Hello, Mr. Forrester?... Hi, it's
Aubrey... How are you? ... Well I'm
calling because earlier today...

(MORE)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Harris was on a routine traffic stop on the highway and a... a passerby hit Harris.

(Beat)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

A car struck and... and killed him... Yes, he has passed away.

Cries come over the phone. Aubrey on the other hand doesn't have any tears, she just stares at the corner of the wall.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

We don't know... we are trying to figure that out.

Aubrey takes an inhale.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

Well, that's the other thing. Is uh, he was on his way up to you to tell you that uhh-

Aubrey catches herself.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

I... I lost little Bella about two months ago.

(Beat)

AUBREY (CONT'D)

There were some complicatio-

Click!

AUBREY (CONT'D)

... Hello?

Now tears start to form.

AUBREY (CONT'D)

... Hello?

Aubrey's jaw slightly quivers before she grits her teeth, gripping the phone tighter. She tries to stay calm, takes a deep breath, and closes her eyes.

She begins to slide down. When she does, she yanks the phone cable out in frustration.

After a couple of deep breaths, she stands back up and sets the phone on top of the machine, walks out, and stumbles towards her car.

She drops her cigarette on the ground and gets in.

60 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Aubrey drives down the road with her eyes throbbing red but with no new tears.

She pulls out another cigarette and tries to light up.

The wind keeps blowing out her lighter. She rolls up her window, frustrated.

Aubrey approaches the intersection with the crooked stop sign.

She comes to a stop and struggles to light up becoming angrier and angrier before she lowers her head and begins to cry.

Her hands wrap around her stomach.

A car approaches on the right and stops.

It sits for a moment, waiting for Aubrey to go, but she doesn't notice. The car pulls on through and continues on.

Aubrey leans her head against the window. She wipes her eyes and sniffs her nose as she notices the skid mark next to the crooked stop sign Riley left.

Aubrey stares at it and then looks further down the street at the car that drove past.

Aubrey then looks forward and thinks for a moment. Wipes her eyes again, turns the wheel left, and begins to go down the road.

61 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Owen jolts awake as a knife is stabbed into his stomach slowly.

Owen bleeds badly, he screams and grabs at the wound, putting pressure on it to stop it. He starts to panic and look around.

When he looks ahead of him, he sees Wilkes walk away and stand behind Dave, who sits in a chair tied up in front of him. Dave struggles for air, as the rope is tied around his mouth, pulling his head back and hands tied behind his back.

Owen goes to put his feet on the ground but yells in pain. He looks down at his Achilles tendon that has been cut on his left leg.

Wilkes stands, with blood down the right side of his jaw.

' face is roughed up and he is covered in blood with more and more coming out.

The room is dark and is only lit by the kitchen light.

Owen sits up and tries to have no reaction to seeing Dave like this.

Dave struggles to take a deep breath as Wilkes looks down into Owen's eyes.

WILKES

Closest hospital is thirty minutes away... You only have fifteen. Be shrewd with your words.

Owen tries to stop the blood from his stomach.

WILKES (CONT'D)

Where is the other man?

Owen painfully sighs and looks to his left to see his gun on the dinner table.

Wilkes watches him.

WILKES (CONT'D)

That's a lot of courage behind one bullet... Where is the man?

OWEN

You already got him.

Wilkes walks around and now stands in front of Owen's face.

WILKES

Who are you?

Owen refuses to answer.

Wilkes stares him down.

WILKES (CONT'D)

Who is this?

OWEN

(Painfully)

He's just the owner of the house.
I've been holding him up the past
couple of days.

Wilkes pulls out a thick bloody knife and slams it down into the chair next Dave's head.

WHACK!

It now sticks on the top right of the chair Dave's eyes turn to look at it.

Dave wiggles and cries in fear.

Owen's heart breaks, hating what he has brought Dave into. He looks down in frustration.

Wilkes doesn't say anything until turning around back to Dave.

WILKES

Just some owner?

OWEN

I was just using him to hide.
Clearly, it didn't fuckin' work.

Owen leans up.

Wilkes nods and puts his hand behind his back. He pulls out the damaged blue lighter, holds it in front of him, and shows him the scratches.

Wilkes stands and walks behind Dave again, who fidgets in fear.

WILKES

Some actions in the past, some have
repercussions... No matter what you
do, or how far back... It all
catches up.

Wilkes yanks up his large knife.

THWAMM!

He carves it through Dave's Adam's apple and pins him to the back of the chair.

Dave tries to scream out but is unable to as blood pours out of his neck and mouth.

OWEN

NO!!!!

Owen cries out and stands up. But his left foot folds over and he tumbles to the ground near Dave.

Wilkes watches him sob on the floor.

Blood spurts out and lands on Owen.

Owen picks his head up.

BAM!

Wilkes kicks Owen's head.

Dave tries to gasp for air.

The light from the kitchen barely bounces off a little shiny sliver of glass from the tea cup underneath a drawer.

Owen reaches out to grab the shattered bit.

WHACK!

Wilkes slams his bloody knife down into Owen's forearm.

WILKES

That's not how this goes.

Wilkes leans down and grabs what Owen has in his hand. He examines the piece then tosses it on Dave's shaking body and walks towards the table with Owen's gun on it.

Owen grabs the knife and starts to wiggle it and push it back and forth. Cringing in pain but loosening it up.

Wilkes walks back over and opens the chamber to look at the single round.

Owen frees the knife and pulls it out to release more blood.

Wilkes begins to close the chamber and looks up.

Owen lunges forward and stabs the knife into Wilkes's inner left thigh, which causes him to drop the gun and fall to his knee.

Owen pulls it out as Wilkes tries to grab it and slams the knife up into Wilkes's armpit.

Wilkes shoves Owen's head back as he falls toward the couch in shock. He grabs at the knife and tries to pull it out, but is unable to.

Owen pushes himself back towards his gun and grabs it.

Wilkes begins to stand and falls towards the kitchen. He catches himself on the door frame and reaches down.

Owen turns around and goes to take his shot but Wilkes gets around the corner into the kitchen.

Owen struggles but eventually pushes himself up and begins to hobble toward the front door.

(Beat)

When he gets there, Wilkes is in the hall holding his shotgun.

BANG!

Owen jumps onto the nearby stairs as the bullet barely nicks him.

He pushes himself up the stairs as he hears Wilkes reload slowly and struggle for air.

Owen pushes himself up and tries to go up the top of the stairs as he looks behind him with the gun out.

62

INT. DAVE & MARY'S / UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

He eventually gets to the top of the stairs and crawls forward, then to the right and turns around. Points his gun at the stairs and waits.

He hears footsteps downstairs that are slow and cautious.

Owen is covered in blood from the waist down and can't take a deep breath.

The footsteps stop.

After a moment, he repositions himself for a better angle. He makes a slight thump when he does so. The footsteps start up again, get closer down the hall and then start up the stairs.

Slow step by slow step.

(Beat)

Owen readies his gun.

Step... Step.

A dark, long-haired head peaks out at the top of the stairs.

BANG!

63 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Aubrey drives down the road as she sees a flash come from inside "Dave & Mary's".

Aubrey immediately turns off her headlights and grabs the radio.

AUBREY
Seven twenty-three to base, over.

(Beat)

AUBREY (CONT'D)
Seven twenty-three to base, over.

Aubrey begins to turn off the road and quietly closes in on the house.

RADIO
Base to seven twenty-three, you are not on duty, over.

Aubrey sees the large blue semi.

AUBREY
I believe there have been shots fired over at Dave & Mary's Bed and Breakfast, Over.

Aubrey's heart races as she waits for a response.

RADIO
We are sending out a squad car. Do not engage, seven twenty-three. You are 10-10, over.

Aubrey comes to a stop in front of Wilkes's semi. She looks down and sees parts of Harris sticking out of the bumper.

RADIO (CONT'D)
I repeat, you are 10-10. Do not engage. Over.

Aubrey hangs the radio up and exits her car quietly.

She pulls out her gun and moves towards the wide -back door.

Aubrey walks past the remains of Harris on the bumper. She takes one look then goes up the back porch steps.

64 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Aubrey walks into the kitchen and looks around. She goes to yell out something but looks left to see Dave's dead body.

Her heart shatters. She starts to walk over when she hears a small shuffle upstairs.

Aubrey turns and points down the hall. She takes a breath and heads that way. She sees all the blood on the wall before she gets to the bottom of the stairs.

Aubrey opens her mouth to say something again, but then looks down the hall and is able to see the bloody semi. She stops and points her gun upstairs and takes slow steps and tries to be quiet.

Step by step she gets closer to the top.

Her head peaks over the edge of the stairs and for a brief second she sees Owen pointing his gun right at her-

BANG!

65 Blood splatters on the wall as Aubrey's dead body falls down the stairs.

(Beat)

Owen sits for a moment trying to catch his breath before he crawls toward the stairs.

When he reaches the top step, he looks down.

At the bottom of the staircase, Aubrey lies dead with her head down and the back of her head blown open.

66 Owen dully limps down the stairs towards Aubrey's body.

When he reaches the bottom, Owen looks back down at Aubrey's lifeless body that is faced down. He rolls her shoulder back to see her face. Owen stops and closes his eyes then lets go for her to turn back down.

Owen hears what sounds like Dave's white truck start-up.

He looks out the window to his right while the truck speeds past onto the highway road.

Owen walks into the living room.

65 INT. DAVE & MARY'S / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Owen holds one hand on his bleeding stomach and the other on Dave's forehead and closes his eyes. Eventually leaning over and whispering something into Dave's ear.

Owen then limps towards the back door, struggling to stand.

66 EXT. DAVE & MARY'S / BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Owen walks out and sees Aubrey's cop car parked in front of Wilkes's bloody semi.

He looks down as he goes down the steps and continues to walk forward, past both vehicles. Seeing more of Harris sticking out of the semi.

He pulls out a crushed pack of cigarettes and grabs a damaged one and puts it in his mouth, but has no light. He sighs and continues on towards the barn, down the side with the cigarette still in between his lips.

Owen struggles for air as he smokes the best he can.

Sirens approach in the distance.

Owen takes one last glance back to see the red and blue lights off in the distance. He then looks forward and begins to walk into the desert. His breath becoming rougher and rougher.

Two police cars arrive at the house behind Owen, who continues walking past camera.

Thump!

Owen's body hit the ground O.C.

THE END: