

AMITY

Written by

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INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

DIRK WALKER, 30, walks through the aisles of the store inspecting various items on the shelves, already carrying a six pack of beer. He's extremely rough around the edges and both arms are covered in tattoos. He's not the kind of guy you'd want to fuck with.

Every few seconds he looks up and cautiously surveys the area.

The CLERK, 20, just a nerdy kid, sits at the front register intently watching the news on a small TV behind the counter.

REPORTER

...and the three car accident has stopped traffic for up to three miles back. Police say that speed may have been a factor in the crash.

The newscaster continues to talk indistinctly on the TV.

Dirk picks up several bags of beef jerky and walks to the front counter.

The clerk, still engrossed with the television, doesn't even notice when he approaches.

Dirk stares at him for a moment, waiting to get his attention.

Receiving no response, Dirk drops all of his items on the counter, making a loud sound.

Slightly startled, the clerk snaps out of it and looks over at Dirk.

CLERK

Sorry... Is this it today?

DIRK

Yep.

The clerk starts scanning the items.

REPORTER

In other news, police have reported that a convicted criminal has escaped the Aroostook County Jail. Dirk Walker...

Dirk immediately looks up at the TV.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
...charged with two counts of murder during a failed robbery attempt, was reported missing from his cell this morning.

A picture of Dirk's mugshot appears on screen.

Dirk sighs, more annoyed than anything. The clerk continues to scan his items.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Walker had been arrested in November and was currently awaiting trial at the time of his escape. He is to be considered armed and extremely dangerous.

The clerk turns his head to watch the TV out of curiosity. As soon as he sees the mugshot, his face drops. He turns back to Dirk and the two men exchange a tense glance.

CLERK
Oh, shit.

The clerk reaches below the counter and pulls out a shotgun. Before he can raise it above his waste, Dirk easily snatches it out of his hands.

DIRK
Don't be a dumbass.

He presses the barrel against the clerk's head. The kid's eyes open wide, unsure of what to do, frozen in fear.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Okay, listen up, there are only two ways out of this for you - when I leave there's either gonna be a hole in your head, or there isn't. Those are the only two options and I don't really care which one we choose. I would prefer to save the bullet and not have another body on my hands, but it all really depends on what you do in the next few seconds. Now, if you want to live, nod your head.

The clerk nods, almost crying.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Very good!

Dirk is toying with the poor kid.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Next question, do you have a car?

The clerk nods again.

DIRK (CONT'D)
That piece of shit in the parking
lot?

He nods.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Alright, gimme the keys.

The clerk immediately reaches into his pocket, removes a small set of keys, and hands them to Dirk.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Does your car have Lo-Jack or some
kind of GPS bullshit in it?

The clerk shakes his head.

Dirk cocks the shotgun.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

CLERK
I make eight dollars an hour, man,
I can't afford that shit!

Dirk uncocks the gun and pulls it away from the clerk's head.
He smiles wide.

DIRK
Well, look at that! You passed my
test. You get to live!

The clerk continues to shake in fear.

Dirk reaches over and shakes him by the shoulder,
encouragingly.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Come on, cheer up, buddy!

The clerk sniffles.

DIRK (CONT'D)

One last thing before I go... I need your cell phone and also the landline you have hooked up here.

The clerk reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He sets it down on the counter and then reaches just a couple feet to the left and grabs a crappy cordless phone off the dock.

Dirk take the cell phone and snaps it in half, then smashes violently the cordless phone with the hilt of the shotgun.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I need a head start, you understand right?

The clerk swallows.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Whatever. Listen, all this stuff... it's on the house right?

The clerk doesn't blink.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You're too kind. Know what, could you go ahead and empty the register for me too?

The clerk opens the register and empties the entire tray into a plastic bag under the counter. Still shaking, he reaches over and hands the full bag to Dirk.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Much obliged, my friend.

Dirk scoops up his items and heads towards the front door. Right before he exits, he catches his eye on a rack of road maps. He spins it around and pulls out a map of his choice. He looks back to the clerk.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Mind if I grab one of these too?

INT. CLERK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk plops all of the food down on the passenger seat and buckles his seatbelt. He inserts the key in the ignition and turns on the car.

He opens up the map and reads it for a few seconds. He looks up from the maps and leans forward, looking out towards the desolate road in front of him.

He leans back, puts the car in drive, and pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

WAYNE BACHMAN, 45, sits in his cubicle in a short sleeve button up shirt and tie typing away on the computer. He's kind of a nerd, but more with a more pathetic demeanor.

His work area is minimalist and boring, consisting of three six foot cubicle walls with nothing on them, and a generic desk.

ROB, 55, approaches the cubicle and leans over one of the walls with a cup of coffee in his hands. He has on a sports coat and his salt and pepper hair is perfectly parted.

ROB
Hey there, Wayne.

Wayne looks up.

WAYNE
Oh, hiyah, Rob.

ROB
What's happening?

WAYNE
Oh, not too much there, just chipping away at some work... Have a nice weekend?

ROB
Ayuh, good weekend. Me and the wife and the kids went up to Rangeley. Did some water skiing on the boat.

WAYNE
Oh, haven't been up there in a while.

ROB
Yeah...

Rob takes a big slurping sip of his coffee.

ROB (CONT'D)

Listen, when you have a sec, why don't you come into my office... have a little chit chat with me and Clark.

WAYNE

Oh, yeah?

ROB

Yeah.

Rob walks away. Wayne looks back at his computer for a moment, a little confused and concerned.

INT. ROB'S OFFICE - DAY

Wayne nervously walks up and knocks on the door frame.

Rob sits at his desk across from BOEHNER, 50, also wearing a suit with his hair perfectly parted.

ROB

Wayne, come on in.

Boehner turns around.

BOEHNER

Hey there, Wayne.

WAYNE

Now a good time?

ROB

Yeah, for sure, come on in, have a seat.

Wayne apprehensively sits down in an empty chair next to Boehner, who stares at him without speaking.

ROB (CONT'D)

So... thanks for coming in. You know Boehner, right?

WAYNE

Yeah, a course... What's all this about?

ROB

We just thought we needed to have a little talk.

Boehner consistently chimes in as soon as Rob is done speaking, not letting a second pass.

BOEHNER

Some information has come to our attention.

Wayne looks back and forth between the two men.

WAYNE

What kinda information?

ROB

Well... some people have been talking...

BOEHNER

People talk sometimes, Wayne.

ROB

...and we heard through the grapevine that you might not be as much of a team player as we thought you were.

BOEHNER

We like having everyone play for the same team here, Wayne.

Wayne looks back and forth, nervous.

WAYNE

What? No, what are ya talking about?

ROB

We just feel like you're not really acting like the ideal kind of employee that we look for.

BOEHNER

We have high standards for our employees, Wayne.

Wayne fidgets in his seat.

WAYNE

I don't understand.

ROB

Well... To put it bluntly...

BOEHNER

(interrupts)

You've been lying on all your timesheet. Adding about twelve hours a week... by our count.

All three men sit in silence for a moment. Rob breathes in deep and Wayne shakes in his seat.

ROB

Yeah...

Wayne nervously laughs.

WAYNE

No, what? Ha, no, what are ya talking about? Stealin'? Absolutely not!

ROB

Well, Wayne, like I said, people have been talking.

BOEHNER

It's a small office, Wayne.

WAYNE

I know how small - I haven't been stealin' anything!

ROB

Well now, Wayne, that's not exactly true, is it?

BOEHNER

People have been talking, Wayne.

Wayne shoots Boehner a death glare.

WAYNE

I know they - what are ya gettin' at here?

ROB

I think we've kinda gotten there already.

WAYNE

Come on, this is silly, I haven't been doin' that!

BOEHNER

You know we track when you log in and out of your computer, right?

Another tense moment of silence.

WAYNE
You do?

ROB
Yeah...

Wayne stops shaking in silent defeat.

WAYNE
Oh...

Rob leans in.

ROB
Listen, we've known each other for years, Wayne. This doesn't need to be some big, public, office wide crucifixion, okay?

BOEHNER
We're not trying to nail you to the cross here, Wayne.

Wayne looks at Boehner in silence for a moment.

WAYNE
Thanks?

A beat.

ROB
We just think that it'd be better to... take a break.

WAYNE
A break?

BOEHNER
A permanent break.

A beat.

WAYNE
I don't know what that means.

ROB
Well, uh... long story short...

BOEHNER
(interrupts)
You're fired.

Rob holds his breath for a moment.

ROB

Yeah...

Wayne stares blankly.

ROB (CONT'D)

We're not, uh, severing your policy or anything, though. Nothin' extreme like that, so you can feel free to keep buying your insurance from us.

Rob smiles.

BOEHNER

We still consider you a valued customer, Wayne.

ROB

Yeah, for sure.

The three men look back and forth at each other in silent tension. Rob awkwardly smiles, Boehner is expressionless, and Wayne looks slightly confused.

INT. AGENT'S CAR - DAY

Two men in suits drive along an empty highway.

The driver is JERRY LAWRENCE, mid 40s, a slightly overweight FBI agent with a receding hairline.

In the passenger seat is TOM BERRINGTON, also mid 40s, though a little skinnier and more put together.

JERRY

How far out are we?

TOM

Ten minutes, give or take.

A beat.

JERRY

You think they have any donuts left?

TOM

What time is it?

Tom looks at his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)
Little passed noon? I hafta assume
they're gone by now.

JERRY
Ya think so?

TOM
Are ya hungry? We could stop
somewhere.

JERRY
Nah, that's alright, I can manage.

A few moments pass in silence.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Jeeze, I really hope they have a
couple left.

INT. STATE POLICE STATION - DAY

Tom and Jerry walk into the station, a VERY small building
off the highway. There is no reception area, just one giant
room with a few desks that have been placed with seemingly no
logic.

They look around for a few moments.

TOM
Well, this is... minimalist.

JERRY
Yeah... no kitchen.

They are greeted by SHERIFF BILL WHITCOMB, 60, and a younger
officer, ROBBIE JACKSON, 25.

WHITCOMB
Hey there, gentlemen. Sheriff Bill
Whitcomb. You guys are the FBI I
presume?

JERRY
You would be correct. I'm agent
Jerry Lawrence and this is my
partner Tom Berrington.

Both guys show their badges. Whitcomb laughs.

WHITCOMB
Tom and Jerry. Well, how 'bout
that!

He hits Jackson on the chest and continues to laugh to himself.

WHITCOMB (CONT'D)

That before your time, Jackson?

JACKSON

A little bit, Sheriff.

WHITCOMB

Well, let me tell you, they were a rambunctious couple of guys! Alrighty, follow me you thrifty New Englanders.

He again laughs to himself, motions for them to follow, turns, and starts walking as he chuckles.

INT. STATE POLICE STATION - LATER

Tom, Whitcomb, and Jackson huddle around a small computer watching black and white security footage of Dirk robbing the convenience store.

After a second, Tom turns around.

Jerry is across the room picking a donut out of a box that is on a table.

TOM

(to Jerry)

Come take a look at this.

Jerry looks up and walks over to the group with powdered sugar all over his face.

JERRY

(with a full mouth)

This the security footage?

WHITCOMB

Sure is. Took this from a convenience store down in Amity.

TOM

That's a fun little name. That means friendship, right?

WHITCOMB

Sure does. It's the name of the island from Jaws, too.

JERRY
How 'bout that.

The video continues to play as all four men watch.

WHITCOMB
He took the clerk's car too.

TOM
You get a plate number?

WHITCOMB
Sure did. Already been sent out to every cop in the area.

TOM
That's definitely our guy.

After Dirk leaves the store on screen, Jackson clicks the mouse and pauses the tape.

JACKSON
That's it, that's the end.

JERRY
Can you go back there a few seconds.

JACKSON
Yeah, for sure.

Jackson clicks the mouse and the tape plays in reverse for a moment.

JERRY
Play it.

Jackson clicks and the tape starts playing normal again.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Look, there.

Jerry touches his finger to the screen.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You see that?

WHITCOMB
The smudge you made?

JERRY
No, no. Did you see what our guy did?

A beat.

JACKSON
He robbed the store?

TOM
He took a map.

Whitcomb looks closer.

WHITCOMB
Oh, yeah, look at that!

A beat.

WHITCOMB (CONT'D)
Now, why's that important?

JERRY
I bought one of those maps on the way here. It's a map of the county.

JACKSON
Ya don't got a GPS?

TOM
We got one but we couldn't get a damn signal half the drive.

JERRY
(to Jackson)
So, why do ya think he'd need a map of the county?

A beat. Whitcomb and Jackson look at each other blankly.

JACKSON
Because he doesn't have a GPS?

TOM
No... No, it's because he's still here. He wouldn't take a map for the area if he was planning on immediately leaving the area... He's gotta be holed up somewhere in Aroostook.

WHITCOMB
Well, I'll be darned. I'll put out a broadcast.

Whitcomb turns and walks away.

JERRY
Say, how big is Aroostook anyways?

JACKSON
Well, in termsa land it's about the
size of Rhode Island and
Connecticut combined... in termsa
people... gee, it's barely over
seventy thousand.

TOM
Lotsa woods...

A beat.

JERRY
Less people to interview?

Jerry shrugs.

TOM
Yeah, I suppose that's true.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Wayne opens the door from outside and walks into the dimly
lit hallway. He stomps off his feet on the doormat.

WAYNE
Honey?

No reply.

He closes the front door and continues into the house.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Right as Wayne walks in he hears a noise from upstairs and
looks up.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From off screen the sheets rustle.

Wayne opens up the door and curiously walks in.

WAYNE
Hun?

A woman screams. Wayne turns away in horror. His wife,
CHERYL, 40, is in bed, under the covers with another MAN.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Oh, god!

MAN

What the hell!?

CHERYL

Goddammit, Wayne!

WAYNE

What the heck are you doing?

CHERYL

Would you get the hell out of here!?

Wayne paces back and forth a couple feet in each direction, defeated.

WAYNE

Oh, Jesus Christ, not again!

CHERYL

I said get the hell out of here, Wayne!

Wayne groans again, torn between leaving and not.

WAYNE

Oh, come on!

CHERYL

Shut the fucking door!

Wayne groans again before begrudgingly leaving and closing the door behind him.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wayne sits in a recliner chair staring at a TV that is not turned on. He is completely spaced out.

After a few moments, the upstairs bedroom door slams shut and Cheryl walks down the stairs into the living room.

Wayne doesn't look up.

She stands staring at him for a few moments.

CHERYL

Well, whaddyuh want me to say? Huh?
That I'm sorry?

Wayne continues to stare at the TV in silence.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
You want me to get on my knees and
beg for forgiveness?

She puts her hands together into a praying pose, mocking him.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
What the hell are ya doin' home
anyways? You're not supposed to be
off work yet.

Wayne looks up at her while maintaining his silence and
emotionless facial expression.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Well, are ya gonna answer me or
just stare at me like a moron?

WAYNE
I'm done with that place.

CHERYL
Oh, you are? Well, that's just
wonderful, Wayne. It seems like you
really thought this one through.

WAYNE
Just leave me alone.

CHERYL
Ya got fired didn't cha?

Wayne looks back at the TV.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
You did! You did, you sorry son of
a bitch, you got canned! Well,
that's fantastic. Great job being a
provider for me, I'm glad I can
count on you!

Wayne jumps out of his chair, angry.

WAYNE
You were just in bed with another
guy, Cheryl! What the hell was that
about!?

CHERYL
That's about finding someone to
please me every once and a while.
God knows you can't do it anymore.

Wayne shakes his head and walks to the other side of the room, his back to Cheryl.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

You're worthless, Wayne. You can't please me, you can't provide for me, you can't even keep a goddamn job!

WAYNE

Then divorce me already!

CHERYL

Oh, great idea! Maybe in the settlement I'll get half of your money... Oh... that's right, YOU DON'T HAVE ANY!

WAYNE

At least I'm not the town whore!

CHERYL

Why don't you just do me a favor and drop dead so I can collect the insurance.

Cheryl storms out of the room.

CHERYL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Sorry sacka shit.

Wayne stands for a moment with his back towards the stairs.

After a moment, the man Cheryl was sleeping with runs down the stairs and out the front door, slamming it behind him.

Wayne sighs.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Dirk stands outside of a small, unlit cabin in a heavily wooded area. The entire landscape is completely still and nobody else is anywhere to be found. There's no snow on the ground, but from what we can see in the moonlight, the area is heavily coated with pine needles and cones.

Dirk approaches one of the windows and looks inside. He looks back and forth several times, but the house is void of any living creatures and all of the furniture is covered in white sheets.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

From outside, Dirk smashes his elbow through a glass pane in the front door. After knocking out the glass shards, he reaches in and unlocks the deadbolt.

He takes a few steps into the empty house and looks around.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Dirk huddles around the fireplace where he has lit some kindling and a couple of logs. He tosses a few more sticks on top.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wayne sits in his reclining chair, feet up, socks off, eating a microwave dinner by himself. The only light in the entire room comes from the television set, turned to the news.

REPORTER

Federal authorities are still on the hunt for escaped convict Dirk Walker.

The screen shows a picture of Dirk's mugshot.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Walker is wanted for a double homicide following a failed robbery attempt in Portland. He escaped the Aroostook County jail earlier this week, but authorities believe that he is still in the area. Earlier today, Walker robbed a local convenience store in Amity and is still considered armed and very dangerous...

Wayne chews as he watches.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Tom and Jerry sit across from each other in a booth.

The restaurant is completely retro and looks like it was pulled straight from the 1960's. The walls are clad in fake gold records and black and white photographs of celebrities that have been dead for 20 years.

There is a jukebox near the front door lightly playing Motown music.

The counter at the front is seated with the diner's regulars, an assortment of old timers who probably know every word to every song on the jukebox.

The two agents each have a half eaten burger, a plate of fries, and a fountain soda in front of them.

In the center of the table, the map of Aroostook County is laid out. Tom has a red felt tip pen in his hand.

TOM

Alright, we know he was at Amity today around one. He's in a stolen car with the plate known to every cop in the area. If I had to guess, I'd say he hasn't gotten very far.

JERRY

(with a mouth full of burger)

What are ya thinkin'? Few hours?

TOM

I'd say a few, yeah. It's...

He looks at his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)

... oh, about nine right now. I'd say just a few hours. He's not gonna make a straight haul all the way to Canada in a stolen car.

JERRY

You think he's stopped somewhere?

TOM

Yeah, I'd say so. It's dark and he doesn't know where he's goin'. He has a map but nobody under forty even knows how to read a map anymore. I bet he's takin' a break from running.

Tom puts a red dot on the map where Amity is geographically located.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay, so this is Amity. I gotta assume he's makin' a b line to Canada.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

He stays in the states, he's as good as back in prison. If he sneaks his way into Canada...

Tom shrugs as if to say "who knows."

Jerry grabs the pen from Tom.

JERRY

So let's say he is goin' to Canada. The easiest way is just straight north, right? He's wanted for murder, he doesn't have time to go on a back and forth scenic foliage tour through the backroads of Maine.

Jerry draws a line going straight north on the map until he reaches the Canadian border.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That leaves us with...

He mouths the numbers to himself as he counts.

JERRY (CONT'D)

...jeeze, that leaves twelve, maybe thirteen towns he has to pass through. If he took the highway he could do it in just a couple hours.

TOM

I get what you're sayin' but you're not thinking about this in the right way.

JERRY

No?

TOM

I mean, yeah, he could get that far if he took the highway... only problem with that is he's in a stolen car with half the state lookin' for him. The backroads foliage tour is EXACTLY what he needs. Low key, low population, small towns with barely a sheriff on duty... He ain't stupid, I'll say that much.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

If he can escape a prison, I think he's probably capable of avoiding a police officer who's only issued four speeding violations in the past year. He wont be going all zig zag through the county, but he's not taking the interstate either, I can just about guarantee that much.

The WAITRESS approaches the table.

WAITRESS

How's everything goin' guys?

TOM

Great food.

JERRY

Yeah, you guys really know howta cook.

WAITRESS

Best in Maine.

The waitress looks at the map.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You fellas lost?

TOM

Not lost... deciding where to go.

WAITRESS

Oh yeah? Vacation?

JERRY

Business.

WAITRESS

I was gonna say, it's the off season. There's some great skiing up here during the winter but right now half the county's empty. Lotta cabins all locked up until the snow falls again. I wasn't expecting many tourists yet... You boys ski?

JERRY

Nah, my balance isn't great. I went once and bruised my rear end from falling so much. Hadda sit on a foam pillow the whole way home.

WAITRESS

Oh, yeah?

TOM

My son snowboards but I've never been. I'd end up like him if I tried.

He points to Jerry and the waitress laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something, in your experience, all these cabins that're boarded up for the winter... most of them have alarms?

WAITRESS

Nah, not really... Most of 'em are empty except for some furniture and a couple beds. The people who rent 'em out provide the basics but for the most part there's nothing to steal... You tryin' to break in somewhere?

She laughs.

TOM

I'm thinkin' about it.

They both laugh.

WAITRESS

I hafta check on some other tables. Can I get you fellas anything else right now?

TOM

We're all set, thanks.

She starts to walk away until Jerry calls her back.

JERRY

Eh, actually... do you guys have any of those old fashioned milkshakes?

WAITRESS

Course we do. What flavor would you like?

JERRY

Surprise me.

WAITRESS

Sounds good. One mystery shake
comin' right up.

The waitress walks away.

TOM

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

JERRY

Strawberry?

TOM

Not the milkshake, ya dumbass.
About the cabins... I mean he has
to be holed up in one, right? Half
the county's deserted for the off
season, no security... If he needs
a place to stay one of those cabins
would be perfect. He finds one set
back from the road that looks like
nobody's been in since last year
and makes it his own little
hideout.

JERRY

Only problem is, we have thirteen
towns worth of empty secluded
cabins. Not much of a start.

TOM

Think positive.

Tom mockingly breaths in and out with his eyes closed.

JERRY

What the hell are ya doin'?

TOM

I don't know, some kind of positive
meditation thing? Nevermind, it
doesn't matter.

Jerry bites into his burger.

As Tom continues to look over the map, his cell phone rings.
He pulls it out of his pocket and answers.

TOM (CONT'D)

Yeah, Berrington here... You're
kidding me... No, that's great
news... yeah, absolutely, thanks
for the call... yeah, I'll see ya.

Tom hangs up the phone and smiles, excited.

TOM (CONT'D)

The power of positive thinking, my friend.

JERRY

(with a mouth full of
burger)

Who's that?

TOM

Know how he stole that guy's car from the convenience store? Plate's popped up a little north of here. Just like I thought, a little side street nowhere near the highway... he's going slow and avoiding the major roads.

JERRY

Where's he spotted?

TOM

Some town called Bridgewater. We can get there tonight. Maybe get a motel, start up again first thing in the morning.

The waitress walks back to the table with a strawberry milkshake and sets it down in front of Jerry.

WAITRESS

Not much of a surprise, but it's still pretty darn good.

JERRY

Oh, now that does look good.

TOM

Could we get the check when you have a chance?

WAITRESS

No problem.

She reaches into her apron pouch and removes a check. She looks at it and sets it down on the table.

Both men remove their debit cards and hand it to the waitress along with the check.

TOM

Just put half on each card... I'll
pay for half of your damn
milkshake.

She looks down at both cards and smiles.

WAITRESS

Hey! Tom and Jerry, how do ya like
that!

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Equipped with a small flashlight, Dirk walks out of the cabin
and heads towards a small garage next to the building.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

In the middle of the garage is a vehicle with a tarp over it.
The walls are clad with various tools and equipment that
probably hasn't been used in years.

Dirk tears off the tarp revealing a very well kept car
underneath.

INT. HOTWIRED CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk leans under the front steering wheel tugging on some
wires. After a moment he taps a couple of the exposed wires
together, making a spark.

The engine turns over and the car sputters to a start.

Dirk sits up and smirks, pleased with himself. He looks at
the gas indicator which is almost on E.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Tom and Jerry stand by their car in front of a sketchy motel.
The building is pretty dilapidated and it looks like the kind
of place people rent for an hour when they're cheating on
their spouses.

JERRY

You're kidding me, right?

TOM

I ain't kidding.

JERRY
Why the hell are we staying here?

TOM
Cause it's cheap and we're already
here

Jerry shakes his head and sighs.

JERRY
They better have free breakfast.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Some sunlight shines in through the blinds. Wayne is still asleep and has not moved from the recliner since the night before.

After a moment the blinds tear open and Wayne abruptly wakes up as the sunlight hits him in the face.

CHERYL
Wake up!

Still half asleep, Wayne tries to shade his eyes from the bright sunlight.

WAYNE
What are you doing?

CHERYL
I'm going to work you fucking bum.
You know, work? Some people that
aren't lazy sacks of shit do that
every day.

More awake than before, Wayne sits up and puts the foot rest down.

Cheryl walks towards the front door.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Why don't you make yourself useful
and take a look at the want ads.

She walks out of the house and slams the door behind her.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Wayne sits down at the messy kitchen table with a folded newspaper in front of him. He has it open to the want ads.

After a moment he opens the paper instead to the sports section.

INT. TAXIDERMIST - LATER

Wayne stands in the main showroom of the store. The walls are clad with stuffed birds, deer, moose, and just about every other furry animal you can think of.

Not seeing anyone else in the room he calls out.

WAYNE

Chuck?

CHUCK (O.C.)

Who's that?

CHUCK, 50, walks in from a back room. He is dressed like he belongs on Duck Dynasty - work boots, half buttoned overalls, a big bushy beard, and a camouflage trucker hat covering up his scruffy hair.

Besides looking like a complete redneck, he's also about 6'5 and made of muscle. He's not in his prime, but he could still hold his own in a fight with someone half his age.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh, it's you. I didn't hear you come in. I was taxidermizing Misses Kettlewell's terrier. Got hit by a car last week.

WAYNE

You're stuffing her dog?

CHUCK

Ayuh. His name was Patches.

A beat. Both men stare at each other in an awkward silence.

WAYNE

Listen, I want to put another bet down... I was looking in the paper this morning and State is the favorite but I don't think they're gonna pull it off 'cause Harnois tore his ACL and he's out for the rest of the season.

A beat. Chuck continues to stare in silence for a moment.

CHUCK

What do you think this is?

WAYNE

What do you mean?

CHUCK

You have any idea how much money
you owe me?

WAYNE

I know it's a little bit, but I can
win it back with...

CHUCK

(interrupts)
Forty grand.

WAYNE

Well, I don't know if it's that
much.

CHUCK

Interest accumulates, shit head.
What do you think this is? I'm not
a banker and I'm sure as hell not
an authorized bookie. I'm a goddamn
taxidermist who likes to make some
money on the side. But I don't make
money if I don't get paid.

WAYNE

I have a good feeling about this
one though.

CHUCK

You always have a good feeling.
That's what makes you an addict and
that's what makes you in debt.

Wayne doesn't let up.

WAYNE

I can do it this time, I know it.

CHUCK

Are you dense? You can't borrow
money you don't have from the
person you're betting against. Why
the hell would I loan you money? I
don't care about your debts and
nobody else in this town bets
anymore. It's just you and me which
means you owe me and there's no way
out of it.

WAYNE

Come on, Chuck, I don't have that kind of money.

CHUCK

You better find a way to get it.

WAYNE

How am I supposed to do that?

CHUCK

Not my problem.

WAYNE

What if I say no? What If I won't pay you? You gonna go to the police and tell them you're making illegal bets?

CHUCK

No, I'm gonna chop off your balls, pump 'em fulla sodium formate, and then I'm gonna mount 'em on my fuckin' wall, and show 'em to everyone that comes in here.

A beat. Wayne swallows.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Let me make this clear since you seem to have trouble understanding simple things... You either pay me, or me and my boys are gonna make YOU pay. In the form of taxederimized testicles. You got it?

Wayne swallows again.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You want to keep your testicles?

Wayne nods.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I thought you might.

Wayne stands in silence, distraught.

INT. MOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Tom and Jerry walk into the small front office area. Sitting behind the desk is BILLY, early 20s, watching TV on a small black and white unit sitting on his desk.

Tom approaches the desk while Jerry walks over to a box of donuts sitting on a table next to a pot of coffee.

TOM
Hello, there.

BILLY
How's it going?

TOM
How often do you work?

BILLY
Most of the week, I guess... Why?

TOM
What's your name, son?

BILLY
Billy.

Jerry pours himself a coffee and takes a big bite of the donut.

TOM
Billy, my name's Tom. Now, I need you to do me a favor.

Tom pulls out his FBI badge and shows it to Billy.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm guessing you don't get too many people passing through here during the off season. Not many guests?

BILLY
No, sir, it's pretty dead right now.

TOM
Okay, we're staying in room...

He turns to Jerry.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Jerry)
What room are we in?

JERRY
(with his mouth full)
Eight.

Tom turns back to Billy.

TOM

Room eight. If anyone else, anyone at all, gets a room here for the night, you tell us, alright? It's for a case we're workin' on.

BILLY

I can probably swing that... Just don't tell my boss though... But listen, this place is usually the kind of joint where people pay to be invisible, if you know what I mean.

TOM

I know what you mean.

A beat.

BILLY

I just meant that people usually come here to bone and then they take off.

EXT. MILTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tom and Jerry stand in front of a mobile home next to a man, MILTY, 70s, who sits in a fold up lawn chair with a pad of paper.

Milty has on thick glasses, a plaid shirt tucked into cargo shorts that are way too short, long black socks, and a pair of boat shoes.

His mobile home is cluttered beyond belief and a countless number of items litter the lawn. His property looks like a junk yard.

JERRY

So, mister Ch...

MILTY

It's just Milty.

JERRY

Okay, Milty... how well do you remember the car?

MILTY

What's the plate number again?

JERRY

Two, three, four, w, e, eight.

Milty starts flipping through pages on his notepad.

Tom and Jerry look back and forth at each other.

MILTY

Yup, here it is, right here. That little shit was going fast, I'll tell ya.

TOM

Do you remember the driver?

Milty uses a great deal of hand motions to emphasize his words.

MILTY

I'll be honest, the memory hasn't been too great, you know, ever since the abduction, but I keep notes to make up for it. Do you have any idea how many times people drive through this neighborhood, MY neighborhood, disobeying the traffic laws every day?

TOM

We're really only interested...

MILTY

(interrupts)

They go zipping through here like it's nobody's business, but I'll tell ya, they ain't gettin' past me, by God, no they sure wont. I have eyes everywhere.

JERRY

So this one car we're looking for...

MILTY

(interrupts)

Why the heck are you only looking for one car? I got my damn list of a hundred cars that broke the law every day!

JERRY

Right, but...

MILTY

(interrupts)

Look at this!

Milty taps on his notepad.

MILTY (CONT'D)

We got a blue minivan rolling through the stop sign. A tan Dodge Cutlass going over forty in a thirty. This one, pfft, this little bastard, a white Suburu Forrester drove by me twice in one week with his break light out. You believe that?

JERRY

We just...

MILTY

(interrupts)

Two times in one damn week! You know how many accidents that can cause?

TOM

Milty!

A beat.

MILTY

Yeah, what?

TOM

We only care about this one vehicle. You understand?

MILTY

Just the one?

TOM

Yeah, just the one.

Milty looks back and forth at the two men.

MILTY

I have more notes, though.

Tom sighs.

TOM

Look, I'll make you a deal, okay? You just tell us about this one car, and I'll take the rest of your list and make sure it gets passed on to the right people. Would that work?

A beat.

MILTY
Yeah, I suppose so.

TOM
Okay... Now just think back to this
guy we're looking for... Do you
remember what he looked like?

MILTY
I think so, yeah.

TOM
Is this him?

Tom removes a photograph of Dirk from his pocket and hands it
to Milty.

MILTY
Yeah, for sure, that's him.

Tom and Jerry look at each other and then back to Milty.

JERRY
Are you positive?

MILTY
Hundred percent. He was speedin'
like uh, like, that um, that Speed -
Speed Racer guy. Hadda be goin'
fifty miles an hour in a thirty.
He's gonna kill someone if you
don't stop him, damn maniac.

TOM
You don't know the half of it...
Now, you're sure this was
yesterday?

Milty looks up sarcastically.

TOM (CONT'D)
Alright, alright, I know... your
notes.

MILTY
They're dated... With EXACT times.

Milty holds up his notepad.

JERRY
Okay, great... You've been...
helpful.

Tom and Jerry both turn and begin to walk away.

MILTY

Hey...

They turn around to see Milty shaking his notepad at them, beckoning them to take it.

Tom and Jerry look at each other and sigh.

INT. AGENT'S CAR - DAY

Tom and Jerry get in the car and close the door.

JERRY

So, what do you think?

Tom sighs.

TOM

I think that guy is insane, but he's meticulous... I think Dirk came through here.

JERRY

But where is he now?

Tom turns on the engine.

TOM

If we're still going with the theory that he's headin' north to Canada, this leaves us... what, maybe seven more towns till the border?

JERRY

Give or take.

TOM

So, that's where we start.

Tom puts the car into drive and pulls away.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The phone sitting on the kitchen counter rings.

After several moments, Wayne walks into the room and stands next to the phone, waiting.

A couple rings later, the answering machine kicks in.

WAYNE

(on the machine)

Hi there, you've reached Wayne and Cheryl Bachman. As you can see, we're not here right now, so please leave us a message. Have a good one.

The machine beeps and starts recording.

MAN

(on the phone)

Hello, this call is for Wayne Bachman at one thirty East Street. If this is not the correct Wayne Bachman, please cease listening and delete this message right now.

A few moment pass.

MAN (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Mister Bachman, I'm calling from Henderson Collection... according to my records, you owe a bit of money for outstanding credit card bills. Being that this is an answering machine I can't go into the full details, but you need to call us back as soon as possible to straighten things out. My number is six, one, three, two, five...

Wayne reaches down and turns off the answering machine, which then beeps.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Message deleted.

He walks out of the room.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Wayne sits at the counter with a drink in front of him. He stares forward without really looking at anything in particular, just kind of spaced out.

The bar is fairly empty but there are a few scraggly patrons scattered throughout. Most of them sit by themselves and watch the televisions above the bar without speaking.

Wayne picks up his glass, puts the rim to his mouth, pauses, then downs what's left.

He sets the empty glass back down and slaps on the table a couple of times, slightly intoxicated.

The BARTENDER, late 20s, approaches.

WAYNE

Gimme another of your finest most inexpensive whisky.

BARTENDER

You want any food or anything?
Wanna see a menu?

WAYNE

Just the drink.

The bartender reaches down and removes a bottle of cheap whisky from the well.

He reaches for a clean glass near the sink.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Just use the same glass, I don't care.

The bartender grabs the glass off the counter, adds a few more ice cubes, and pours the drink.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Just add it to my tab.

The bartender walks towards the register.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm probably good for it.

Across the bar, Dirk walks in from the front door and sits down across the bar from Wayne.

The bartender approaches him as Wayne continues to sip on his drink, oblivious to the new customer.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

DIRK

Rum and coke.

The bartender walks away and begins preparing the drink.

Mid sip, Wayne notices Dirk from across the bar. He squints for a few moments as if trying to figure out how he knows him.

The bartender returns with Dirk's drink and sets it on the table.

Wayne continues to stare for a few moments until it finally clicks. Wayne stops squinting and his eyes open wide.

Across the bar, Dirk stands up from the counter and moves to a secluded booth near the rear of the bar, close to a Keno TV.

Wayne watches him go, unsure of how to handle himself.

After a moment of heavy thinking, Wayne stands up and moves towards the back of the bar with his drink.

Approaching very hesitantly, Wayne walks up to Dirk.

WAYNE

Excuse me...

Dirk looks up from his drink.

DIRK

Yeah?

WAYNE

Mind if I, uh, sit down.

Dirk looks confused.

DIRK

I'm not, uh...

WAYNE

I don't mean to intrude. I'll buy your drink.

Dirk doesn't know how to respond so Wayne takes it as an invitation to sit and plops himself in the seat.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Yeah, so anyways, I'm Wayne. Wayne Bachman.

Wayne sticks out his hand but instead of shaking it, Dirk just stares at it blankly.

Wayne removes his hand after a few seconds.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, you're not from around here, are ya?

Dirk takes a sip of his drink.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
I'm a lifer.

Wayne chuckles nervously.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Born an' raised here. I guess I'm
kinda stuck here for now. It's one
of those towns where there's ain't
many of us during the off season so
we all get to know each other
pretty good. You know I...

DIRK
(interrupts)
What the fuck are you talking
about?

A beat.

WAYNE
Yeah, well...

Wayne laughs nervously.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I go off on these tangents
sometimes I guess.

Unimpressed, Dirk takes another drink.

Wayne stares back nervously.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
So listen... I don't quite know how
to say this but, uh... I, I know...
who you are?

Dirk stops sipping mid drink with a mouth full of liquid.

After a moment he swallows.

DIRK
What?

WAYNE
Yeah... yeah, you're all over the
TV.

Dirk looks around nervously and starts reaching for a gun in
his waistband.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
No, no! Hold your horses there!

Wayne puts his hands up.

The bartender looks over at the two men, making direct eye contact with Dirk as his hand rests near his hip.

Dirk turns back to Wayne.

DIRK

Put your fuckin' hands down.

Wayne slowly lowers them and the bartender goes back to his business.

Dirk leans in and whispers.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You think you're gonna turn me in,
huh? You gonna try to be the hero?

Wayne is still nervous.

WAYNE

No, a course not.

DIRK

Because let me tell you, in real
life the hero gets a bullet between
the eyes.

WAYNE

No, no, you got me all wrong!

DIRK

I think I got you just right.

WAYNE

No, listen, I wanna... I wanna help
you.

A tense beat.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

DIRK

You want to help me?

Dirk scoffs.

DIRK (CONT'D)

That right?

WAYNE

I, uh... I think we can help each other.

DIRK

Oh, you do?

WAYNE

Yeah, I think so.

Both men stare at each other, sizing the other up.

DIRK

How's that?

WAYNE

Well, uh, I think we can assist each other with what we need.

DIRK

I know the fucking definition of help, I meant how.

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah, a course you do... I just... I think both of us... needs something that the other can do something about.

Dirk breaths out, frustrated.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Right, yeah, sorry... So, I'm guessin' you're headed up north? Across the border?

Dirk doesn't respond.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I can help you get there... I can get you there safely. With a little bit of money too.

Dirk scoffs, not believing a word Wayne says.

DIRK

Yeah, I bet.

WAYNE

No, I'm serious! I can help get you across.

DIRK
(sarcastically)
Sure.

Wayne fidgets with the straw in his drink.

WAYNE
Listen, I'm guessin' you haven't
seen the news much lately... they
know where you're headed and
they're coming to find ya.

DIRK
Of course they're comin' to find me
you dumbass, I'm a fugitive. That
isn't exactly a revelation to me.

WAYNE
They know you're in Aroostook. They
sent your picture all over the
place and after a while, someone's
gonna notice you who isn't as
helpful as me, and that's gonna be
it for you.

Dirk still doesn't take Wayne seriously but he seems more
attentive at least.

DIRK
And you're just my guardian angel,
I guess.

Wayne fiddles with his straw again.

WAYNE
Well, I uh... Like I said, I think
we can help each other out.

DIRK
Is that right?

Wayne mostly stares down at his drink but occasionally looks
up for a millisecond while he speaks.

WAYNE
See, I got a wife... but she uh...
she isn't really the nicest person,
and, uh, she... I just don't think
she...

DIRK
(interrupts)
You want me to off your wife.

Wayne bites his lip and nervously looks up.

DIRK (CONT'D)
So what, if I take care of her, you
get me north?

Wayne looks up shamefully but doesn't respond.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Not a fuckin' chance... but thanks
for the drink.

Dirk stands up from the table.

WAYNE
Wait a sec!

Wayne frantically digs into his pocket as Dirk turns around.

DIRK
What?

Wayne hands Dirk a business card.

WAYNE
In case you, uh, change your mind,
or wanna talk or something... don't
call the work number though... I,
uh... yeah, just don't call the
work number. Cell's better.

Dirk looks back and forth between the card and Wayne, still
confused by the entire situation.

DIRK
Just so we're clear... if you tell
a single fucking person that you
saw me...

Dirk pulls his shirt up, revealing a gun tucked into his
waistband.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Got it?

Dirk looks at the business card and smiles.

DIRK (CONT'D)
And now I know where to find you.

Dirk continues to smirk as he walks out of the bar.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Jerry sit in sweatpants and t-shirts, each on a separate full size bed.

The room is extremely dull and dingy. The wallpaper and border has faded and peeled in every place imaginable, and the painting on the walls could not be any uglier.

Tom has a TV remote in his hand and is flipping through the channels one at a time, most of them resulting in static.

TOM

Least they gave us premium cable.

Tom turns the set off and drops the remote down to the bed.

They both sit in silence for a few moments.

JERRY

Wanna get a pizza?

Tom shrugs, approvingly.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wayne walks into the room and looks around. The room is completely still and empty.

He sits down at the kitchen table and thinks for ten or fifteen seconds without moving, a look of concern and distress on his face.

After a few moments he looks over at his answering machine which is blinking in red, signalling he has a new message.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Jerry again sit on their respective beds, this time each man with a pizza in his lap. On the night table between them is a 2 liter bottle of cola and a couple of glasses.

Both men chew away.

JERRY

It's not bad.

TOM

Yeah, crust is a little chewy.

They continue to chomp.

JERRY
Can I ask you something?

TOM
What's that?

JERRY
How long do you plan on doing this?

TOM
Working for the agency?

JERRY
Yeah.

TOM
Jeeze, I don't know. Another six or seven years I guess. At least until Sammy's out of college.

JERRY
How old is she now?

TOM
Junior in high school.

JERRY
No way.

TOM
You believe that?

Tom shakes his head in disbelief.

TOM (CONT'D)
I don't know where the time's gone. Seems like the other day I was waiting for her at the bus stop for kindergarten... How old is Kevin now?

JERRY
Seventh grade.

TOM
Holy cow.

JERRY
I just went to his DARE graduation last week.

TOM
I can't even believe that.

Jerry reaches into the drawer of the night table and removes his wallet. He hands a picture over to Tom.

JERRY

Take a look.

TOM

Oh my gosh, that's Kevin?

JERRY

That's him.

TOM

He's so old now!

Tom looks at the picture of KEVIN, 13, with Jerry outside a crowded school.

JERRY

Yeah, he does... I feel like every weekend I see him he's ten years older.

TOM

How's he doing?

JERRY

Eh, Sheila says he's acting up but I think it's just typical puberty stuff. I keep telling her I'd deal with it if she'd let me see him more than once a week but you know you can't talk sense to her...

Jerry laughs to himself, holding back some emotion.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya, I miss that little guy though. Visitation doesn't really cut it. The time we spend is good but it's never long enough, ya know? I always want an extra hour or two but Sheila's pretty quick to get him when time's up.

TOM

Yeah...

A beat.

JERRY

You know how she gets.

TOM

Mothers love controlling things, I guess.

Jerry chuckles.

JERRY

Yes they sure do... But he's a good kid, he'll do fine... And I'm sure Sammy will too if she grows up like either one of her parents.

TOM

She's got a good head on her shoulders, so I hope so. I mean you can try to raise them how you want but some things are out of your control... shit, I mean look at this case. Couple—a newlyweds sitting down to have dinner when our guy bursts in and tries robbing the place. Both of 'em end up dead... I don't know...

Tom shakes his head.

TOM (CONT'D)

Prepare 'em for what you can and hope that they have good luck with the rest I guess.

A beat.

JERRY

Hey.

Jerry raises his glass of soda to Tom.

JERRY (CONT'D)

To Sammy.

Tom picks his up and clinks it with Jerry's.

TOM

To Kevin.

They both take a sip of their soda.

Jerry lets out a refreshed sigh.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Dirk stands in the back of the store with his back towards the register, looking at the various items on one of the shelves.

After a few moments, the bell to the front door rings and Tom and Jerry walk in and head to the register. A CASHIER, 30, stands behind the counter.

TOM
Hello, there.

CASHIER
Hi.

TOM
Kind of a random question, but have you seen this guy?

Tom hands a picture of Dirk to the cashier, who shakes his head.

CASHIER
Nah, I don't think so. Why?

TOM
My name is Agent Tom Berrington, this is my partner Jerry Lawrence. We're with the FBI.

His back still to the register, Dirk's face drops in fear as he hears the men talk.

JERRY
We think this guy might be heading through here sometime soon... or maybe he already has, we don't know.

Dirk watches the men talk in the reflection of one of the glass drink freezers, his back still turned.

TOM
Do me a favor and keep your eyes open, alright?

CASHIER
He dangerous?

JERRY
If he comes through here just give us a call.

Jerry hands the cashier a business card.

Dirk continues to watch in fear through the reflection.

CASHIER
Yeah, no problem.

The cashier looks at the business card.

TOM
It's nothing to worry about, just
keep your eyes open.

CASHIER
Yeah, for sure.

JERRY
Thanks a lot.

Tom and Jerry turn and walk out the front door.

Dirk cautiously turns around and watches them drive off outside. He raises the hood of his sweatshirt over his head, looks down, and scurries out of the store as not to be seen by the cashier.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wayne sits in his recliner with his feet up watching TV.

His cell phone, sitting on a table next to the chair, starts to vibrate.

Noticing it, Wayne points the remote to the TV and turns it off. He slams the leg rest down and sits up straight, staring at the phone. After a moment, he reaches over and picks it up.

WAYNE
Hello?

A beat.

DIRK
(on the phone)
I'm ready to listen.

INT. MOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

The elderly MOTEL RECEPTIONIST, 75, sits behind the desk staring at Wayne's license, confused.

He squints behind his glasses, his long bushy white eyebrows hanging over the frames.

Wayne stands in front of him with a big, nervous smile on his face.

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Why the heck do you need a room here?

WAYNE

Wuh - What do you mean?

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Well, accordin' to your license, you just live up the street!

WAYNE

The thing is...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

Ya got your own home!

WAYNE

Yeah, well, see...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

(interrupts)

Why aren't ya stayin' at your own home?

WAYNE

Well, ya see, I can't...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

(interrupts)

You're comin' here for the hanky panky, aren't ya!

WAYNE

The hanky pa...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

(interrupts)

I know what you kids are up to! You think you can use this place as a brothel!

WAYNE

I'm not tryin'...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

(interrupts)

Don't tell me what you ain't tryin' to do! I got eyes on the back of my head and a noggin the size of Portsmouth, so there ain't no gettin' by me!

Wayne breaths out, annoyed.

WAYNE

Listen, I ju...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

(interrupts)

Back when I was younger there was a bond between a man and his wife and we didn't even think about cheatin'! None of this sneaking around junk.

WAYNE

Can I...

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST

(interrupts)

Oh, I bet you can!

The receptionist slams a key down on the table along with Wayne's license.

MOTEL RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Room six. Good enough for ya, Josh Duggar?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dirk and Wayne quickly enter the room and shut the door behind them. Dirk hastily closes all of the blinds.

WAYNE

Yeah, so... I think this place will be okay for now, right? You can stay here while we figure the whole plan out.

DIRK

It beats where I was. At least this place has TV.

WAYNE

The whole thing's under my name so nobody's gonna be lookin' for you here.

DIRK

Yeah, let's hope so.

Both men stare at each other for an awkward moment.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Alright, so what's the plan?

WAYNE

Yeah, right, yeah, the plan... Well, see... I don't know how to say this really, but...

DIRK

(interrupt)

Spare me the bullshit, alright? You want me to kill your wife. I know it, you know it, we both know it, let's move on to the logistics.

Wayne is caught off guard.

WAYNE

Yeah... yeah, definitely, okay. Well, see, up until recently, I worked for an insurance company, see, and...

DIRK

(interrupts)

Used to?

WAYNE

Yeah, I used to.

DIRK

What happened?

WAYNE

That doesn't really matter to you.

DIRK

Don't tell me what matters to me. You don't get to say what's important to me and what isn't. That's my call. And when I want to ask a question, you're going to give me an answer. Got it?

A beat. Wayne is caught off guard.

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah, for sure, that works.

DIRK

Okay... keep going.

WAYNE

Okay, well, uh, since I worked there I, uh, I got this real good insurance plan. Life insurance, you know, for me and my wife.

DIRK

How much?

WAYNE

Well... right around two hundred thousand.

Dirk is surprised.

DIRK

Damn, Wayne, you weren't kidding.

WAYNE

Yeah, so... I'm thinking... if she, you know, meets with... an accident...

DIRK

(interrupts)
Or if I kill her.

WAYNE

Well... When I said accident, I meant... we make it look like an accident, you know?

DIRK

Let's just call things what they are okay?

WAYNE

Okay then... so if you... kill... her, and it looks like an accident, then I can collect on the insurance money.

A beat.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

And obviously I cut you into the money... and help you get into Canada too... that's what you want right, that's where you're goin'?

DIRK

That's the plan.

WAYNE

Okay, gre...

DIRK

(interrupts)
Not Quebec though.

A beat.

WAYNE

What?

DIRK

I don't like Quebec... French Canadians are assholes.

WAYNE

Yeah, they... they sure can be, I guess.

A beat.

DIRK

So... keep goin'.

WAYNE

Well, that's pretty much it. She's gone, we split the cash.

Dirk looks unimpressed.

DIRK

That's it?

WAYNE

Yeah, that's it.

DIRK

I just kill her and we collect.

WAYNE

Yeah...

DIRK

Can I ask you something?

WAYNE

Yeah, for sure.

DIRK

If it's that easy to get rid of annoying spouses and make a ton of money doing it, why doesn't everyone do it?

WAYNE

Uh... well... because most people don't like killing people?

A beat. Dirk shrugs.

DIRK

Yeah, I guess you're right...

Dirk scoffs.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Who knew, right?

WAYNE

Yeah, I guess so.

DIRK

So, how, uh, how do you want me to do this?

WAYNE

Well, I was thinking you could take care of her when she's on her lunch break. She takes the same break every time she works so it'll be easy to plan.

DIRK

And where are you gonna be?

WAYNE

I'm not sure yet. I might "blow a tire" and head to the mechanic.

He uses finger quotations.

DIRK

Why did you say "blow a tire" in quotes?

WAYNE

Because I'm not actually gonna blow it... I'm just making my alibi.

DIRK

But if you don't blow it, why are you at the mechanic?

WAYNE

Well, I mean I'm gonna pop the tire, but...

DIRK

(interrupts)

Then why'd you do the quotes?

WAYNE

I'm gonna pop the tire but I'm gonna do it myself... on purpose.

DIRK

Then you don't need any quotes! Just say...

WAYNE

Okay so -

DIRK

No, just say "I'm gonna pop the tire!"

WAYNE

I'm gonna pop the tire!

DIRK

Okay! Jesus, you need to get your head on straight, alright? This isn't some... fuckin', I don't know, a lottery scam or something.

Wayne squints, confused?

WAYNE

What are you talkin' about?

DIRK

It doesn't even matter! This is an intense situation and you need to get your head on straight... If I can't even trust you to get your quotation marks right, how can I trust you to help me get into Canada?

WAYNE

Those two things aren't related at all.

DIRK
That's a matter of opinion.

WAYNE
I don't know about that.

DIRK
Can we just stay on task here!?
Holy shit, you're difficult.

WAYNE
I'm diffic - okay, let's just... can
we just finish going over the plan?

Dirk shrugs.

DIRK
Nobody's stopping you.

Wayne breathes out, frustrated.

WAYNE
Okay... so tomorrow when she goes
to work...

DIRK
(interrupts)
Tomorrow!?

WAYNE
Yeah, tomorrow.

DIRK
Are you kidding me?

WAYNE
What's wrong with that?

DIRK
What's wrong with that? Are you
fucking high, you're giving me a
day to prepare for murdering
someone! Do you even understand
what we're doing here? You can't
just throw it together!

WAYNE
How much time do you think you
have? The FBI is lookin' for you
right now and it's just a matter of
time before they find you if you
stay here. They're already here!

DIRK
Goddammit, I know that!

For the first time in the conversation, Wayne stands his ground and speaks with authority.

WAYNE
Then we need to get movin'...
Listen, you're not in a position to stall here, okay? If you want to get across the border, you need some help... if you want my help, you gotta help me first. One hand washes the other and that's all there is to it... Now are we gonna help each other, or sit around like a couple of whiney low life's with our thumbs up our asses?

A beat.

Dirk cracks a slight smile.

DIRK
Alright... that's the attitude I needed. It's about time you stopped being such a pussy... tomorrow it is.

WAYNE
Alright.

Wayne nods and stands up.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
You have the phone here in the room, I'll call you tomorrow when she goes to work.

DIRK
That's it?

WAYNE
That's it. You don't need to know anything else about me, and I already know what I need to about you.

Wayne walks to the door.

DIRK
Wait a second.

Wayne opens the door.

WAYNE

What?

DIRK

What's her name? Your wife.

A beat.

WAYNE

It's Cheryl.

Wayne exits and closes the door behind him.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wayne sits at the kitchen table with a glass and a bottle of whisky.

He holds the glass halfway to his mouth, but stares forward, completely spaced out, deep in thought.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wayne cracks open the bedroom door and looks into the dark room. Cheryl is asleep under the covers. A single beam of light shines in from the hallway, falling directly on her face.

He stares for a moment in silence, a pensive and emotionally confused look on his face.

Cheryl fidgets in bed, the light in her face waking her up.

CHERYL

What?

She opens her eyes and leans up on her elbows.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

WAYNE

I didn't mean to wake you.

CHERYL

Would you shut the damn door? I have to work tomorrow.

WAYNE

Yeah... sure.

A beat.

CHERYL

Well, shut it already! Are you deaf?

She slams her head back down on the pillow and turns on her side, away from the light.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Go sleep on the couch.

Wayne dejectedly retreats back into the hall and closes the door behind him.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wayne lies asleep on the couch under a blanket.

Cheryl angrily walks in in a waitress uniform, grabs him by the legs, and tosses them off the couch. Wayne wakes up abruptly as he falls.

CHERYL

Would you get up already!

WAYNE

What the heck are you doin'!?

CHERYL

I'm going to work you lazy bastard!

WAYNE

Then go already, jeeze.

CHERYL

Have a WONDERFUL day sitting on the couch like a sack 'a lard.

She storms out of the house, Wayne still half on the ground and half on the couch.

As soon as the front door slams shut, Wayne jumps up and runs to the kitchen.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne sprints in and grabs the kitchen phone. He starts quickly dialing numbers.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk sits on the bed in his boxer shorts watching TV and smoking a cigarette.

The phone rings.

Almost immediately, he reaches down and aggressively picks it up.

DIRK

Yeah?

WAYNE

(on the phone)

She's gone.

DIRK

Good.

WAYNE

(on the phone)

She takes her break at eleven on the dot. She always has a smoke out back and then heads across the street for lunch.

DIRK

I'll be there.

Dirk hangs up the phone.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The receiver clicks.

Wayne, looking slightly apprehensive, slowly takes the phone away from his ear. He looks at it for a brief moment before setting it back down on the charger dock.

INT. HOTWIRED CAR - DAY

Dirk sits parked behind the restaurant. He is slouched down in the seat and smokes a cigarette as he stares at the rear exit about fifteen feet away.

After taking another drag, he looks down at the clock radio. It's 10:45.

He puts the cigarette up to his mouth and takes another big puff.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne stabs a knife into his tire and it quickly deflates.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The back door to the diner swings open and Cheryl walks out. She opens up her purse, removes a cigarette, and puts it in her mouth.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wayne stands next to his car, the tire fully deflated.

A tow truck pulls into the driveway and Wayne waves at the MECHANIC, 50.

He looks down at his watch. It is 11:01.

EXT. DINER - DAY

As Cheryl looks through her pocketbook with her head down, Dirk approaches her with one hand behind his back, holding a tire iron.

A mere moment before Dirk reaches Cheryl, she looks up and squints, noticing him too quickly to process the situation. Just as they make eye contact, Dirk raises the tire iron behind him and starts to swing it down.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Wayne stands with the mechanic whose grey jumpsuit is covered in oil and dirt.

WAYNE

I don't know, I came out this morning and it was flat. Must've run over a nail or a piece of glass or somethin'.

MECHANIC

Ayuh, it's flat alright.

The mechanic spits out a wad of chewing tobacco on the ground.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

We'll get it changed for ya. Too big a cut to patch up, ya need a new tire.

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah, no problem. Whatever you say.

INT. HOTWIRED CAR - DAY

Dirk drives along with the windows down. After a few moments he looks in the rear view mirror, staring at the closed trunk.

He looks back at the road and smirks devilishly.

EXT. CABIN - LATER

Tom and Jerry stand with a POLICE OFFICER, 30, staring at the clerk's stolen car, partially covered in a tarp.

POLICE OFFICER

Ran the plates. It's definitely the car from Amity. The one from the convenience store.

TOM

How'd you find it?

POLICE OFFICER

When it's a slow day I drive around the area and check in on all the cabins that're closed up for the off season. We've had break ins in the past so I just do a quick once over, make sure things look alright. Came across this here car and I knew it didn't belong. This place is the Thorton's. They spend the summers on Martha's Vineyard.

JERRY

That's the car, alright.

POLICE OFFICER

Sheriff Whitcomb's been gettin' at every station in the state, makin' sure they know we're lookin' for the car. Soon as I saw it, I knew I hadda call you guys.

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
There's a hole in one of the
windows too. Looks like he mighta
been stayin' here.

TOM
Nice work. This is big.

Tom turns to the officer and nods his head in approval of his
work. The officer smiles, happy with the praise.

JERRY
We're gonna need an officer
stationed here for the time being.
If he comes back we wanna be
waiting.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wayne picks up the telephone and clicks it on. Before
dialing, he takes a long deep breath to calm himself.

After dialing a few numbers he puts the phone to his head.

He waits for a moment.

WAYNE
Hi there, Marge. This is, uh, this
is Wayne Bachman... Oh, not to bad.
Uh, listen... Cheryl never, uh, she
never came home from work today and
I'm startin' to get a little
worried... No, I mean I don't think
she's in trouble or anything but...
Yeah, she usually gets home a few
hours ago... Yeah, no, I realize
it's only been a couple hours but
usually she calls if she's goin'
out with friends or somethin' and
she isn't answering her cell...
Yeah, I understand... you're right,
it's probably nothin', just wanted
to call just in case... You know to
make myself feel better... Yeah, I
appreciate it... Alright...
Alright, yeah, take care now... You
too.

Wayne hangs up the phone.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dirk sits in his boxers watching TV and drinking a beer. The room is dark except for the light from the screen. He intently watches, barely even blinking.

EXT. AROOSTOOK STATE PARK - MORNING

A WOMAN, 30, jogs along a hiking trail with her dog. The trail is fairly close to the edge of a small but fairly steep rock formation.

After a moment she stops running and kneels down next to her dog. She rubs his head lovingly.

WOMAN

You need to go to the bathroom? Aw, puppy needs a break? Okay, let's go.

She unhooks his leash and he runs a few feet away, sniffing and scratching the dirt to create a suitable bathroom spot, as all dogs do.

While the dog continues to inspect the area, the woman walks to the edge of the rock formation and looks over, catching her breath as she surveys the beautiful landscape.

Behind her, the dog seems to settle on an area and squats down.

Still observing the breathtaking park below her, she casually looks down over the edge. Something catches her eye and her jaw drops, aghast. She puts one hand over her mouth.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Oh my God!

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Wayne walks through the store with a few items in his arms.

He approaches the register and sets down his stuff.

MICK and ART, 50s, both stand behind the counter dressed in plaid and jeans. One of Mick's eyes twitches every few seconds as he passionately tells his story.

MICK

(to Art)

So I says to 'em, if you guys ain't gonna pay me, I ain't gonna fix the water heater.

ART

Oh, yeah?

WAYNE

(to Mick)

Hey, Mick.

(to Art)

Art.

Wayne smiles at both men, neither of whom break conversation as Art rings in Wayne's items. As Mick continues his story, he looks back and forth between the other two men.

MICK

So a week goes by and I still don't get any money! At this point they've been livin' there for close to three months rent free. Now, I ain't gonna deal with tenants like that, I mean I'm not doin' this for charity, I wanna get paid.

ART

Yeah, don't blame ya.

MICK

So I go over there when they ain't home and I let myself in - I have spare key considerin' it's my damn house - so I let myself in and you know what I did?

ART

What's that?

MICK

I took a pizza and I put it in their fishtank.

Art doesn't get it and Wayne chuckles a little, also clearly not understanding but not wanting to be rude.

ART

Why'd you put a pizza in the fishtank?

MICK

Well, if they ain't gonna pay me
they're gonna hafta face the
consequences.

Art continues to squint in confusion.

ART

So, ya put a pizza in their
fishtank?

MICK

You're damn right! Showed them
good, by God.

A beat.

ART

How'd you even think of somethin'
like that?

MICK

I don't know, I had just picked up
my lunch and I had it with me, and
I don't know, it just kinda
happened... Course I had to clean
the tank out 'fore they got home. I
didn't want them knowin' what I
did. Can't have people thinkin' I'm
a fish killer.

A beat.

ART

If you didn't wanna leave a mess
then why'd you use a damn pizza?

MICK

I mean hindsight being twenty-
twenty maybe I woulda done it
differently.

The front door of the store jingles as it opens and OFFICER
JOSS ABRAMS, 50's, enters.

MICK (CONT'D)

(to Wayne)

Sometimes you gotta do things a
little differently if you want to
solve a problem, ya know?

He notices Abrams.

MICK (CONT'D)
Oh, hey there, Joss.

Abrams points to his badge.

ABRAMS
I'm on duty. It's Officer Abrams
today.

Mick laughs.

MICK
Whatever you say.

ART
What brings you in here?

ABRAMS
I was hoping to talk to Wayne for a
minute actually?

Wayne feigns surprise.

WAYNE
Me?

ABRAMS
Yeah, I saw your car outside.

WAYNE
Oh... yeah, sure. What's goin' on?

Abrams tightens his face a little bit.

ABRAMS
I think we'd better talk in
private, yeah?

WAYNE
Oh... Yeah, I guess so. Let me just
finish checkin' out here?

ABRAMS
I'll be outside.

WAYNE
Yeah, for sure.

Abrams turns and heads back outside, the door jingling once
again as he leaves.

Wayne, Mick and Art all exchange slightly confused and
concerned glances.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Wayne sits across from Abrams at a large metal table with a dazed and confused look on his face.

WAYNE
She's what?

ABRAMS
I'm so sorry, Wayne.

WAYNE
No... no, that can't be right.

ABRAMS
It's her, Wayne. She was wearing
her uniform.

WAYNE
Oh my... Oh, god!

Wayne puts his head in his hands and starts to cry. His emotions aren't as much fake as they are overdone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Wh - How!?

ABRAMS
A jogger found her in the park.

WAYNE
The park? Wh - I, I don't
understand.

ABRAMS
It looks like she, uh, she fell...
off the edge of one of those rock
formations... in the park there.

WAYNE
What the hell was she doin' in the
park!?

Wayne continues to sob into his hands, although tears don't seem to be coming out.

ABRAMS
We don't know yet... I'm so sorry,
Wayne, I don't even know what to
say to ya.

Wayne buries his head in his hands as Abrams looks on sympathetically.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Wayne sits in sweatpants in his recliner watching TV with a beer.

After a moment, his cell phone sitting on the table next to him starts to vibrate.

Wayne stares at it for a few seconds before abruptly answering.

WAYNE
Yeah, hello?

DIRK
(on the phone)
Hey there, partner!

WAYNE
I thought you'd be calling.

DIRK
(on the phone)
Well you thought right. I'm
guessin' that since you're pickin'
up the phone, the cops bought your
story?

WAYNE
Yeah, everything went through just
fine. They said it looks like an
accident.

DIRK
(on the phone)
Well, that's good to hear.

WAYNE
Yeah.

A beat.

DIRK
(interrupts)
So... When do I get my money?

WAYNE
Well, I mean it's gonna take some
time here.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk paces as he talks on the phone.

DIRK
Time? Are you kidding me, Wayne?
Time is the last fuckin' thing I
have right now.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WAYNE
Yeah, yeah, I realize that, but if
I file a claim right away it's
gonna look suspicious.

DIRK
(on the phone)
I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK!

Wayne moves his ear a little ways from the earpiece and cringes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk passionately and angrily makes hand motions as he talks.

DIRK
I did exactly what you asked and I
made your whore of a wife
disappear. Now you're gonna pay up
and you're get me the fuck out of
this shitty little blue collar town
or else I'm gonna make your life a
living hell, you understand?

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne sits forward in the chair with his mouth open, unsure of what to say.

DIRK
(on the phone)
I said, do. You. Under. Stand?

WAYNE
(softly)
Yeah.

DIRK
(on the phone)
I can't hear you, Wayne.

WAYNE

Yeah... yeah I understand. I'm gonna do everythi...

DIRK

(on the phone)

No, you're gonna pay up and get me outta here or I'm coming after you. Plain and simple.

A beat.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DIRK

We made a very clear deal. I did my part... Don't fuck with me on this. You'll regret it.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DIRK

(on the phone)

You got till tomorrow to figure things out.

Dirk hangs up the phone and the receiver clicks.

Wayne slowly brings the phone away from his head, a very concerned look on his face. He sets the phone back down on the table.

After a moment he stands up and starts walking out of the room, but stops in his tracks and returns when it starts to ring again.

He angrily picks it up.

WAYNE

What!?

CHUCK

(on the phone)

Wayne?

WAYNE

Yeah, it's Wayne.

A beat.

CHUCK
 (on the phone)
 It's Chuck... Where's my money?

WAYNE
 Goddammit, Chuck my wife just died,
 can you just get off my back about
 the money!?

A beat.

CHUCK
 (on the phone)
 She did?

Wayne puts a hand on his forehead in frustration.

WAYNE
 Yeah, I... Yeah, she did.

CHUCK
 (on the phone)
 Oh... sorry for your loss.

WAYNE
 It's... I don't know, Chuck, can
 you just get off my back?

A beat.

CHUCK
 (on the phone)
 Yeah, I'll call back tomorrow.

Wayne hangs up the phone and angrily storms out of the room.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne walks to the fridge and opens it up. He starts shuffling things around for a moment until he looks out the window, something catching his attention.

WAYNE
 What now?

He continues to look out the window as Tom and Jerry pull into the driveway in their car.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Tom and Jerry stand on the doorstep. Jerry reaches forward and knocks.

TOM
You have any gum?

JERRY
Nah, I don't chew gum.

TOM
No?

JERRY
It just makes me hungry.

TOM
You know the mint flavor is
supposed to curb your appetite.

JERRY
Is that right?

TOM
Supposedly.

Wayne opens the front door and cautiously greets the agents.

JERRY
Mister Bachman?

WAYNE
Yeah?

JERRY
My name is agent Jerry Lawrence.
This is my partner Tom Berrington.
We're with the FBI.

Both men show their badges.

WAYNE
FBI?

JERRY
We were hoping to talk to you for a
few minutes. May we come in?

WAYNE
What for?

JERRY
May we just come in, mister
Bachman?

Wayne looks annoyed.

WAYNE
I'm kinda busy right now.

JERRY
Are we interrupting something?

WAYNE
I'm in mourn - what's this all
about?

TOM
We're looking for this man.

Tom hands Wayne a photo of Dirk.

WAYNE
Okay...

Wayne shrugs.

TOM
Have you seen him?

Wayne stares at the photo for a moment.

WAYNE
Nope, haven't seen him.

JERRY
Take another look.

WAYNE
Listen, fellas, I've never seen the
guy. I'm sorry.

TOM
Are you sure about that?

WAYNE
Yeah, pretty sure.

Tom removes a notepad from his pocket and reads from it.

TOM
So, you didn't see him at... Owen
O'Leary's bar on Wednesday night?

A beat.

WAYNE
Owen O'Leary's?

TOM
That's right. On Wednesday night...
We heard from another one of the
bar patrons that you were there.

WAYNE
Wuh - yeah, I guess I was there.

JERRY
As was this man.

Jerry taps on the photo in Wayne's hand.

JERRY (CONT'D)
His name is Dirk Miller. Are you
SURE that you didn't see him there?

A beat.

WAYNE
I mean, maybe? I don't know, yeah,
I guess he mighta been there.

JERRY
Maybe?

Wayne stammers as he speaks.

WAYNE
Yeah, yeah, I guess he was, uh, he
was there, and uh... yeah, I was
there too.

TOM
Did you talk to him?

WAYNE
Maybe for a minute? I don't know.

TOM
About what?

WAYNE
Uh, football, I think?

JERRY
Football?

WAYNE
Yeah, just, uh... you know the
quarterbacks and the... tackles.

TOM

Is there anything else you can tell us about him? Where he was going, where he's staying, what he's doing here?

WAYNE

Guys, I'm sorry, but I barely even remember talking to him. I can't really help you.

JERRY

Nothing at all?

WAYNE

I don't know what to tell ya. I had too many drinks that night.

Tom and Jerry look unimpressed.

TOM

So, you both sat down, had a drink, talked about absolutely nothing, and then left?

WAYNE

Listen, guys... I'm sorry I can't be of more help but I don't know anything, okay? I'm right in the middle of something right now and this is really starting to be an intrusion.

Tom and Jerry look at each other, unsatisfied but at a loss.

JERRY

If you think of anything, give us a call.

Jerry hands Wayne his business card.

WAYNE

Will do, but there's not much to remember... Sorry.

Tom and Jerry look at each other and then back to Wayne.

TOM

We'll be in touch.

They turn and head back to their car.

INT. AGENT'S CAR - DAY

Tom and Jerry get back in their seats and close the doors.

TOM

So, what do you think?

Jerry sighs.

JERRY

I think the people in this town
annoy me.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Just as he had the night before, Dirk sits in his boxer shorts watching TV in an otherwise pitch black room. The light from the TV shines on his emotionless face.

INT. ROB'S OFFICE - MORNING

Wayne sits in his former boss's office in the same way that he had at the beginning of the film. Rob sits across from him at his desk and Boehner sits in another chair, his hair still perfectly styled.

ROB

I can't even believe this is
happening to ya. I can't tell you
how sorry we are.

BOEHNER

We're very sorry for your loss,
Wayne.

Wayne breathes in deep and puts his head down a little bit.

WAYNE

Yeah, well... It hasn't been easy.

ROB

How's her family doing?

WAYNE

She didn't really have much of a
family. Her parents passed long ago
and she was an only child... I'm
pretty much all she has... had.

ROB

She must have loved you a lot.

WAYNE

Yeah... something like that.

ROB

Have you figured out arrangements yet?

BOEHNER

We're going to send flowers, Wayne.

WAYNE

Well, uh, that's part of the reason I needed to come in here today. You know, the wake and the funeral, they're gonna cost a little bit and... I don't have a lot to my name... I was hopin' to figure out her life insurance plan. See if I couldn't get the paperwork though sooner than later?

Rob looks nervously at Bohner, who stares back without any change in expression.

ROB

Yeah... Yeah, about her plan. Uh, you see, Wayne, there isn't really an easy way for me to explain this to you, but, uh... well, see... there were some, uh, complications with, uh...

BOEHNER

(interrupts)

There isn't going to be any payment.

Rob sighs.

ROB

Yeah...

Wayne squints, confused, and looks back and forth between the two men.

He lets out a single nervous chuckle.

WAYNE

No paym - whuddya mean, no payment? Rob? What's he talkin' about, no payment?

ROB

Um, well... It means that the money you want... uh, you don't get to have it.

Wayne breathes heavier, nervous and confused.

WAYNE

What are you talkin' about?

ROB

Well, uh, we went through your wife's policy and, you know we do it with a fine tooth comb, and we have our lawyers take a look too, and we go through every single provision and...

BOEHNER

(interrupts)

Your wife's policy doesn't cover suicide.

Wayne looks back and forth.

WAYNE

Suicide? What, Cheryl didn't commit suicide!

ROB

I know it's hard, Wayne.

WAYNE

She didn't commit suicide!

ROB

Now, Wayne, I know this is gonna be tough for you, but...

WAYNE

(interrupts)

No, you don't know what you're talkin' about!

ROB

Wayne, calm down.

WAYNE

No, I'm not gonna calm down until you explain this!

ROB

We just thought...

BOEHNER
(interrupts)
We more than thought.

ROB
Right, well....

Rob sighs and shakes his head.

ROB (CONT'D)
I mean, Wayne... it's no secret you
guys were havin' a real tough time.
For a while...

Wayne is losing his shit at this point.

WAYNE
She didn't kill herself! It was an
accident!

ROB
I know you wanna believe that.

WAYNE
It's the truth!

ROB
Wayne...

WAYNE
No, this is ridiculous!

ROB
Wayne.

WAYNE
I can't even believe you...

ROB
(interrupts)
Wayne!

A beat.

ROB (CONT'D)
They found her in the state park,
wearing her waitressing uniform.
She left for her fifteen minute
lunch break and never came back...
I know you don't wanna believe it,
and I know exactly why, and I don't
blame you, I don't...
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

But she didn't just casually decide to go hiking, in uniform, on her lunch break...

Boehner gently taps Wayne on the leg.

BOEHNER

Denial is the first stage of the grieving process, Wayne.

WAYNE

Who gives a shit!?

BOEHNER

Anger is the second.

Wayne shoots Boehner a dagger of a look.

ROB

Look, I, uh, I think what he's trying to say is that... we know this must be tough for you to swallow. And it's ordinary for you to be upset... but we can't change the facts here.

BOEHNER

We're not fact changers, Wayne.

WAYNE

(to Boehner)

Stop repeating everything!

ROB

Wayne, there's nothing we can do here! Our hands are tied... Our lawyers are making us go by the books. I know this is hard for you, but we can't bend the rules just because you have a history here... I'm sorry... I... I don't know what else to tell you.

Wayne looks back and forth at the two men, shocked and blindsided.

ROB (CONT'D)

Look... we're not tryin' to hang you out to dry here... but the policy's pretty clear on this one. We're tryin' to do everything we can within the rules to help you out... and we wanna be here to help you through this.

A beat.

BOEHNER
Just not monetarily.

Wayne slowly and angrily looks up to Boehner, who looks back emotionlessly.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dirk sits on the bed, again watching TV with a blank expression.

The phone in the room rings.

Dirk clicks off the TV with the remote and picks up.

DIRK
Hello?

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne angrily paces as he talks with the kitchen phone in his hand.

WAYNE
YOU FUCKED ME!

DIRK
(on the phone)
Who's this?

WAYNE
Who's this!? What the hell is wrong with you!? It's the only person who knows you're here! It's Wayne!

DIRK
(on the phone)
You have my money?

WAYNE
Your money!? You wanna know about your money!? There is no money you little rat! You screwed us both!

Wayne breathes heavily.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
A cliff? Are you kidding me, you threw her off a cliff!? That's how you did it!?
(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I told you to make it look like an accident! Not to throw her off a goddamn cliff!

Wayne pauses for a moment, breathing heavily.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk sits in silence for a moment.

DIRK

So, you don't have the money?

WAYNE

(on the phone)

NO, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Dirk moves the phone away from his ear and cringes from the noise.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

WAYNE

There's no money at all! Because you screwed up, they're not gonna pay me! We're shit outta luck because you couldn't do one simple thing!

A beat. Wayne puts a hand on his head and leans against the fridge, angry.

DIRK

(on the phone)

I still want my money.

Wayne's face drops, utterly floored.

WAYNE

You want what?

DIRK

(on the phone)

I still want my money.

WAYNE

Are you paying attention to me or are you deaf? THERE. IS. NO. MONEY. Get that through your head. You screwed up, and now there's no payoff. Now you listen and you listen good, I...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk shoots up out of bed, livid.

DIRK

(interrupts)

No, you listen to me you whiney little piece of shit, I want my money and you're gonna pay me. You had me do you a favor, and I did it, now you either pay up, or face the consequences.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne stands, jaw dropped for a moment, too aghast to speak at first.

WAYNE

Wh... I...

Wayne scoffs, then tries to resume his tough guy act.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Pay the consequences? What the hell are you gonna do? Call the cops on me?

DIRK

(on the phone)

No. I'm gonna show up on your doorstep with a pair of pliers and a box cutter and I'm going to skin your entire body.

WAYNE

Oh, is that right? Well good luck you dense little shit, try and find me!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk opens the top drawer of his bedside table and removes a phonebook.

DIRK

Oh, no?

WAYNE

Not a chance.

Dirk flips through the pages as he speaks.

DIRK
Wayne Bachman... One thirty East
Street.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne's face drops, now in fear.

A beat.

WAYNE
How did...

DIRK
(interrupts, on the phone)
It's called a phonebook, shithead.

A beat.

WAYNE
No, I...

DIRK
(on the phone)
You know what? You have royally
pissed me off and I'm done fuckin'
around with you on the phone.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DIRK
You better be ready for your
reckoning because I am gonna tear
you apart you pathetic piece of
trash. I threw your wife off a
fuckin' cliff for a few bucks, what
the hell do you think I'll do to
someone who tries to screw me out
of my money? You start praying to
whatever god you believe in because
in fifteen minutes you're gonna be
begging me to slit your throat and
end the pain.

Dirk slams the phone down.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne stands in silence for a moment, taking in the situation
at hand.

WAYNE

Oh, shit.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Tom and Jerry get out of their car, close the doors behind them, and start walking towards their room.

JERRY

Still nothing from the border, either.

TOM

There's no way he's crossed over yet. We sent that picture to every statie up North and every border patrol officer has a copy.

BILLY (O.S.)

Officers!

Tom and Jerry turn around to see Billy running towards them, waving a sheet of paper in the air.

TOM

It's that little fella from the front desk.

Billy reaches them.

JERRY

Hiyah there... Bobby?

BILLY

Billy.

JERRY

Right, sorry.

TOM

Everything alright?

BILLY

Well you guys told me to keep an eye out, yeah?

JERRY

You got something?

BILLY

I don't know, it may be nothin' but you said to keep an eye out so I figured I should tell you.

A beat.

TOM
Yeah, so tell us!

BILLY
Oh, yeah, right... Well, someone else checked in the other day. I wasn't workin', but we hafta scan everyone's licenses when they check in, you know for legal shit or somethin'.

JERRY
What's his name?

Billy hands Jerry the piece of paper.

BILLY
Wayne somethin'. Kinda weird though, he lives just up the way according to his ID.

Jerry hands the paper to Tom.

JERRY
Look familiar?

Tom smiles.

TOM
Well, how 'bout that?

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Wayne frantically grunts as he pulls as much clothing as he can carry into his arms and hastily tosses it into an open suitcase on his bed.

He goes back and forth and fills the suitcase, not bothering to take anything off the hangers.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

He runs down the stairs in a panic, his suitcase flopping behind him.

He walks into the living room and immediately stops in his tracks.

Dirk is sitting in Wayne's recliner with a blank and empty look on his face. He has a gun in his hand, his arm leaning on the armrest of the chair.

The two men stare at each other in a tense silence for a moment.

DIRK

Hello.

A beat.

WAYNE

Please don't hurt me.

DIRK

Shut up, Wayne.

WAYNE

Please, I don't...

DIRK

(interrupts)

I said shut up, Wayne.

A beat.

WAYNE

What do you want?

A beat.

DIRK

Going somewhere?

WAYNE

I...

Wayne's face drops in desperation. He looks ready to cry.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

DIRK

I think it's pretty clear that I want my money.

WAYNE

I... Wh - I don't have it!

DIRK

That's not good enough.

Wayne breathes heavily.

WAYNE

Are you just gonna shoot me? Is that it?

DIRK

I don't know yet... On one hand, you have REALLY pissed me off... On the other hand, killing you doesn't really benefit me more than just stroking my ego. It'll make me feel good... but that doesn't help me get away.

A beat.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Sit down, Wayne... You're making me nervous just standing around like that.

Wayne doesn't move, still terrified.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Come on, sit down.

Dirk points to the couch using the hand with the gun.

Wayne slowly moves to the couch and sits.

WAYNE

(softly)

What... do you want from me?

DIRK

I'm not entirely sure right now... Ever since I broke out of prison, I've been... nervous. I'll be honest with you Wayne, I've been in a little bit of a panic. There's something about having the FBI chasing after you that makes your blood pressure go through the roof.

WAYNE

You want me to get you across the border? You want, you want me to keep you safe? What do you want!?

DIRK

If you ask me what I want one more time, I'm going to shoot you in the kneecap.

Wayne stops talking.

DIRK (CONT'D)

At this point it's not as much what
I want as it is what I need... What
I need...

Dirk is cut off by the sound of someone knocking on the front door. Dirk points the gun at Wayne.

DIRK (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Who the fuck is that?

Wayne shrugs, terrified but legitimately confused.

Both men stare at the door in silence.

Again, there is a loud knock on the door.

JERRY

(from outside)
Mister Bachman, open up, we need a
word.

DIRK

(to Wayne)
Who is that?

WAYNE

(whispers)
I have no idea!

A beat. Both men stare at the door.

DIRK

(to Wayne)
Whoever that is, you make them
leave. Right now. Or you're dead,
you got it?

Wayne nods.

Both men get up and walk towards the front hallway.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Dirk opens up a closet door a few feet away from the front door.

DIRK

(whispers)
They're gone, or you are. Got it?

Wayne nods.

Dirk gets into the closet and closes the door behind him.

Wayne takes a DEEP breath and walks towards the front door.

He reaches for the knob and pauses before he turns the handle.

He takes another deep breath and opens the front door.

Tom and Jerry stand outside on the doorstep, both smiling.

JERRY

Hey there, Mister Bachman!

WAYNE

Oh... Hi there, fellas.

TOM

Everything alright?

WAYNE

Uh, yeah... Yeah, of course. What can I help you with? Any luck finding the guy?

JERRY

Actually, Mister Bachman, we have had a little bit of luck.

WAYNE

Oh... that's great then.

JERRY

Sure is.

An awkward beat passes.

WAYNE

So... why are ya here?

TOM

We heard ya rented a room... down at the motel there.

WAYNE

Oh yeah?

TOM

Yeah...

A beat.

WAYNE

Well, I uh... Yeah, me and my wife... things weren't going so great, so she, uh... I was staying there.

JERRY

So, it was you who stayed there?

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah of course.

TOM

You're positive?

Wayne laughs nervously.

WAYNE

Yeah, I think I'd know if it was me or not.

A beat.

TOM

See, we just find that odd.

WAYNE

Odd?

JERRY

Yeah, see, we checked your phone records and there were a couple calls between your landline here and the motel room.

Wayne looks nervous.

WAYNE

How did you get my phone records? You didn't have a warrant.

Jerry scoffs.

JERRY

Mister Bachman, we're the FBI... we don't need warrants.

Wayne swallows.

WAYNE

That was me and my wife... We talked a couple times while I was there.

TOM

See, again, that's kind of odd.
Don't ya think, Jerry?

JERRY

Yeah, it struck me as odd too.

Wayne looks concerned, as if he knows he's being toyed with.

JERRY (CONT'D)

See, Mister Bachman, we heard that
your wife passed recently.

TOM

We're sorry about that.

JERRY

Yeah we sure are... but that poses
a problem for us, AND you,
because... well... there was a call
made from your home line to the
motel room this morning...

A beat.

WAYNE

I... called by accident.

Tom pulls out a notepad and looks at it.

TOM

Hmm... that's weird that a wrong
number lasted for over two minutes.

Wayne's mouth quivers.

JERRY

Now... you're sure you haven't
still been in contact with that
fella you were talking to at the
bar?

Wayne stands paralyzed in fear.

Jerry looks into the house, taking notice of Wayne's luggage,
still sitting next to the stairs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Going somewhere, Mister Bachman?

WAYNE

I was just... I'm going...

TOM

I think you might want to come with us.

Wayne looks back and forth at the two men, terrified.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mister Bachman?

A beat.

Wayne nervously looks at the closet, then back to the agents.

WAYNE

Can I... Can I just grab my jacket first?

Wayne squints at them, as if to signal them of Dirk's presence.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I just think I'd be a lot more comfortable... if I grabbed my coat...

Tom and Jerry look back and forth at each other, catching on.

TOM

Would you maybe... like us to get your coat for you?

A beat.

WAYNE

I think... that would be best.

Tom and Jerry both reach down and unclip the top of their gun holsters, keeping one hand on the handles.

They slowly enter the house and approach the closet as Wayne stands nervously in the doorway, watching them walk.

They continue to SLOWLY creep towards the door, gradually drawing their guns as they walk.

JERRY

You know what, Mister Bachman... I think we have all we need.

Tom draws his gun and points it at the door, signalling to Jerry to reach down and open it.

TOM

Yeah, I think we're about set... so we should probably just get a move on now.

Jerry puts one hand on the doorknob and starts to SLOWLY twist it.

In an instant, two gunshots pierce through the closed door, one of them striking Jerry in the stomach.

Tom jumps to the side as Jerry falls to the ground.

The closet door swings open and Dirk runs out, sprinting hastily towards the front door.

Dirk knocks Wayne out of the way and runs out of the house.

Tom nervously looks at Jerry, motionless on the ground.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dirk jumps down the front steps and desperately runs towards the woods.

After a moment, Tom runs out of the house as well. He stops on the front steps, draws his gun, takes one deep breath and fires.

Dirk screams in pain as the bullet strikes him in the neck. He falls to the ground, dropping his gun.

Wayne stands in the doorway, watching the entire scene take place.

Tom runs towards Dirk who is writhing in pain on the ground, clutching his neck.

Tom approaches him and stands over him, gun still drawn.

Dirk's neck pumps blood onto the ground below as he frantically clutches his neck.

Tom and Dirk make direct eye contact. Dirk repeatedly coughs, grasping for air, his mouth filled with blood.

As they continue to stare, Dirk's coughs become more shallow and he slowly loses the ability to breath.

Tom watches as the final bit of life fades from his eyes and he stops breathing all together.

INT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne stands inside the doorway, his hands on his head.

Tom walks into the house, angrily.

WAYNE

I...

Without even thinking, Tom punches Wayne in the face as hard as he can, knocking him out cold. Tom watches as his unconscious body falls to the floor, making a large thump.

After a moment, Jerry moves VERY slightly on the ground and groans in pain.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry lays in a hospital bed, hooked up to an IV, a blood pressure monitor, and some other assorted tubes and chords.

Tom sits in a chair next to the bed, quietly reading a book.

After a moment, Jerry groans and slowly opens his eyes, still in a lot of pain.

Tom notices and closes the book with no sense of urgency.

JERRY

Oh... What the hell?

TOM

How ya feeling?

JERRY

Oh, God, like I got hit by a semi.

Tom sets down the book.

TOM

You're gonna be fine don't worry.

JERRY

Holy hell, I'm sore.

TOM

Your vest stopped the bullet but you still got hit at close range. Those things pack a punch.

JERRY

That knocked me the hell out, huh?

TOM

Yeah, that, a collapsed lung, and a few broken ribs. They sedated you at the scene to slow your breathing.

Jerry grunts and grabs his chest for a moment.

JERRY

I'm guessin' you got the guy?

TOM

Yeah... both of them, actually.

JERRY

Oh, yeah? We were right, then? Bachman knew our guy?

TOM

Sure did.

JERRY

Did he help him break out or something?

Tom scoffs.

TOM

I can't even begin to tell you the whole story in a way that make sense.

JERRY

Just give it a try for me.

Tom shrugs and opens his eyes wide, not knowing where to start.

TOM

Well, no, they didn't know each other before this week.

JERRY

Seriously?

TOM

Dirk broke out on his own and was planning on fleeing to Canada, because apparently that made some kind of sense in his mind. He holes up in that empty cabin as he figures out how exactly he's gonna get across the border and start a new life as a Canadian.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

One night, in his infinite wisdom, he decides he desperately needs to grab a drink. He runs into Bachman at the bar who notices Dirk's mugshot from the TV. Instead of turning him into the cops, on a drunken whim, Bachman proposes a deal: kill my verbally abusive, cheating wife in exchange for a few bucks and safe passage into the Great White North.

JERRY

Not a divorce?

TOM

Oh, right, I forgot to mention, Bachman's forty grand in the hole with the local taxidermist who also doubles as the back country's only sports bookie, and he thought if his wife died, he could collect on her insurance plan. Pay off his debt and get rid of the old lady at the same time.

Jerry squints and shakes his head in utter disbelief.

JERRY

So, he meets an escaped convict in a bar and his first instinct is to get him to kill his wife?

TOM

More or less, yeah.

Jerry continues to squint in confusion.

JERRY

I'm... I don't know, I'm at a loss with what to even say.

TOM

Yeah, I'm right there with you.

A beat.

JERRY

There's nothing you left out?

TOM

Nope.

JERRY

I don't... It's like the start to a bad joke or something. An escaped convict walks into a bar...

Tom chuckles.

TOM

Yeah, it's absurd I know.

Jerry shakes his head.

JERRY

So... what do we learn from this whole thing? What's the moral of the story?

A beat.

TOM

I don't know... Never underestimate the stupidity of desperate people?

JERRY

I don't know, maybe...

Jerry shakes his head again.

JERRY (CONT'D)

How'd you find all this stuff out anyways?

TOM

Bachman was under the impression that if he told me everything he could make some kind of plea deal... I guess he didn't realize that when you have nothing to offer, it's just called a confession.

JERRY

Never underestimate the stupidity of desperate people.

TOM

Yeah, I guess so.

A beat.

JERRY

Hey, is there a vending machine anywhere around here?

TOM

You have food right there.

Tom points to a small lidded container sitting on a movable table.

JERRY

Hospital food? Are you kidding me?

TOM

It's good food.

JERRY

I'm not eating that poison.

The door to the room opens and Jerry's son, Kevin, runs into the room towards his father. He aggressively hugs him, causing Jerry to grunt in pain.

KEVIN

Dad!

JERRY

Let's go a little lighter there,
yeah? Dad's a little sore.

Jerry's exwife, SHEILA, 45, frantically walks into the room several seconds later. Jerry smiles when he sees her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Sheila, hey.

SHEILA

Are you okay? As soon as we got the
call that something happened we
drove right up.

Kevin continues to hug his father.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Kevin was so nervous... I was
nervous.

TOM

(to Jerry)

I told them you were fine but they
wanted to come up anyways.

Kevin finally releases his grasp on Jerry.

JERRY

(to Kevin)

Your dad's invincible. You know
that!

Kevin hugs him again.

Jerry looks back at Sheila and smiles. She smiles back at him, fighting off tears.

Tom grabs his book and stands up from his chair.

TOM

Alright... I think I'm gonna head out for a little bit.

SHEILA

Are you sure? We didn't mean to kick you out.

TOM

Yeah, yeah, positive. He's your problem now.

Sheila laughs.

SHEILA

Yeah, he sure is.

She and Jerry smile at each other again.

TOM

I'll stop by tomorrow morning, yeah?

JERRY

I'll see you then.

Tom heads towards the door.

TOM

Sheila, good seeing you again. Kevin... you're the man, what can I say?

Kevin gives Tom a fist bump.

KEVIN

Thanks for keeping my dad safe.

TOM

Are you kidding? He keeps me safe.

Jerry chuckles.

A female NURSE, 40, walks into the room with her head down in a folder, almost colliding with Tom. She catches herself just in the nick of time.

NURSE
Whoops, sorry!

TOM
No worries.

NURSE
I hate to have to do this, but
visiting hours are pretty much over
for anyone who's not immediate
family. Are you all related to
Jerry?

Sheila and Kevin nod.

TOM
This is his family, I'm just his...
coworker... I'm Tom.

Tom extends his hand and the nurse shakes it.

TOM (CONT'D)
Don't let this guy give you any
trouble, alright?

The nurse bursts out laughing.

NURSE
Tom and Jerry? Well, how about
that!

She shakes her head, still laughing, and walks in to check
Jerry's IV.

Tom and Jerry smile and subtly nod at each other, a silent
indication of each other's appreciation and respect.

Tom turns and walks out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tom walks down the long hospital corridor away from Jerry's
room.

TOM (V.O.)
Desperation... it's the downfall of
man. You can live your whole life
being whoever you want, and in an
instant, desperation can turn a
good person into a monster.

INT. PRISON CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne lays back on a small prison cot, holding a paper towel to his nose.

TOM (V.O.)

You can convince yourself, day in
and day out, that no matter what,
you'd stick to your convictions.

EXT. WAYNE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The porch light on the house shines a light onto the ground, illuminating the area where Dirk died, the ruffled pine needles still covered in his blood.

TOM (V.O.)

That no matter what the situation,
you'd still be the same person.
That nothing, no matter how
extreme, could ever change you.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tom looks back to Jerry's room where Kevin continues to hug his dad and Sheila holds her husband's hand.

TOM (V.O.)

But we all know it's not that black
and white... The truth is, men are
fallible... And we all make
mistakes... Some are just worse
than others.

Tom smiles and continues to walk down the hall.