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

I need a head start, you understand right?

The clerk swallows.

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

The clerk doesn’t blink.

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.

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.

Mind if I grab one of these too?

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
ture, 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.
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, whaddyuuh 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)
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)
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 won’t 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 taxidermized 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 Subaru 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 Waynes’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 unhook 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 Boehner, 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?
Um, well... It means that the money you want... uh, you don’t get to have it.

Wayne breaths 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)
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)
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?

Tome 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.