

Animals

Screenplay By Noah Woodin

EXT. LEONARD BOLD'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

A house sits under the sky, faint animals can be heard. Then a young Native American girl, SAMANTHA BOLD, comes out of the front door.

Behind her an older Native man follows her

LEONARD:

Do you want a ride to work sweetheart?

SAMANTHA:

Nah that's alright. I like biking there in the summer.

SAMANTHA retrieves a bicycle from the front lawn.

LEONARD:

Okay, just ride safe, and call me if you need a ride home tonight.

SAMANTHA:

Alright Grampa, I'll see you later.

LEONARD:

Have a good day sweetheart, love you.

SAMANTHA:

Love you too!

SAMANTHA hops on her bike and begins riding out of the driveway and onto the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY. AFTERNOON.

SAMANTHA glides down the empty road. She looks off to her side, out into the spacious yellow fields. Up in the sky she sees a vulture flying overhead. SAMANTHA stares at the bird with a smile before turning her gaze back on the winding highway.

EXT. MAINSTREET HOT SPRINGS. NIGHT.

Traffic lights hang in the dark quiet streets. Green and red flash on the closed shop windows.

A few locals stand outside conversing, smoking, and drinking.

EXT. DINER. NIGHT.

Only a handful of cars occupy the road in front of the diner. SAMANTHA'S bike is propped against the front of the Diner. The building is cast in a red glow from the traffic lights on the corner.

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

SAMANTHA finishes wiping down the last of the empty tables. A WAITRESS stands behind the counter just counting the money from the register. SAMANTHA walks past her toward the kitchen door.

SAMANTHA:

I just gotta take out the garbage.

SAMANTHA goes through the kitchen doors and comes back out a short time later with a trash bag slung onto her shoulder.

SAMANTHA:
-Goodnight.

WAITRESS:
Night.

SAMANTHA walks out the front door.

EXT. DINER. NIGHT.

SAMANTHA walks across the empty street and tosses the garbage bag into a dumpster. As she turns around to walk back across the street a dark colored car pulls to a stop in front of her.

The occupants roll the window down.

DRIVER:
You need a ride somewhere?

SAMANTHA:
Sure, thanks guys.

DRIVER:
No problem.

SAMANTHA:
I just gotta grab my bike, that alright?

PASSENGER:
Yeah sure, pop the trunk.

The trunk pops open. SAMANTHA walks around the car and across the street. She unlocks her bike and walks it over to the car, stuffing it into the trunk.

SAMANTHA walks to the back passenger side door and opens it, hopping inside.

The car pulls onto the road and drives off around the corner.

Fade to black.

Imposed over the screen reads
"ANIMALS"

FADE IN- **EXT. HOTSPRINGS, MONTANA. MORNING**

Wide shots of the empty, rolling fields and expansive prairies. The sky is pink and yellow with sunlight and filled with looming clouds. Only the sound of wind can be heard. A closer shot reveals a lone, metal barrel in the middle of the field. It's filled with concrete up to the rim.

On the outskirts of Hot Springs we see a handful of people getting into their cars and walking down the street. Shops are closed and trucks drive down the cracked roads with headlights illuminated.

Down one of the roads LEONARD BOLD walks by as trucks pass. In his hand is a stack of papers and in the other is a stapler. He approaches a payphone booth and sets the papers and stapler on top of the booth.

He slides a coin into the machine and picks up the phone, holding it to his head as he stares down at his feet.

A closeup of a poster is shown on a telephone pole, it reads: "MISSING: SAMANTHA BOLD." And on the poster is a photo of the young Native American girl.

LEONARD BOLD (voiceover)
Hello...is this MR. HARRIS?

There's a pause.

The shot comes back to the man in the payphone booth

INT: OFFICE, MORNING.

Behind a glass pane, in an enclosed office is CASPER HARRIS, he is seen talking on the phone at his desk but cannot be heard.

He sits there listening over the phone for a moment before opening a drawer on his desk and taking a pad from it, he then grabs a pen from a cup on his desk and begins writing something down.

After writing down some notes he clicks the pen and sets it down, he then finishes the call and hangs up.

CASPER then stands up from his desk, tears out the page of notes and folds it up into his pocket and grabs his jacket off the back of the chair. CASPER then exits his office and into the main room.

EXT. OFFICE, MORNING.

CASPER walks out of the office building and slips his jacket on, over his leather side holster that carries his pistol.

He walks over to his car, a nice older car, and gets into the driver seat. On the passenger seat sits a cowboy's hat that he places on his head, along with retrieving a pair of sunglasses from the glove compartment.

CASPER shuts the driver's side door and starts the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY, DAY.

A wide shot shows CASPER'S car driving down the lone, winding highway that cuts through the rolling fields and the surrounding mountains.

He is rarely passed by another car, the only thing in site is the endless landscape of dried yellowing grass and the bright sky filled with lush clouds.

A shot shows some rundown homes and an abandoned gas station with a "CLOSED" sign hanging in the window. The walls are dirty and collapsing. Windows broken or covered with cheap plywood. Graffiti covering some portions of the buildings dotting the landscape.

In the car CASPER just watches from behind his sunglasses. Looking out into the empty fields. Looking up into the

picturesque sky as unidentified birds glide on the winds. Eventually he drives up on a single cowboy riding his horse slowly down the side of the road. The cowboy is a well dressed older man, on his side sits a revolver in a holster.

As CASPER'S car gets closer to the rider he slows it down, he rolls down the passenger window and greets the cowboy with a wave.

The cowboy stares at CASPER and tips his head slightly in greeting. CASPER then continues further down the highway on his lonesome.

A wide shot lingers on the old cowboy and his equally old horse. Both just quietly riding down the silent, empty road.

CASPER'S car continues down the road before making a turn. After the turn he approaches a large roadside sign. It reads "WELCOME TO HOT SPRINGS!"

The roadside sign, a rusty metal barrel, and some old fence posts are the only things that inhabit the fields and hills surrounding CASPER. But soon houses and old, plain looking buildings begin coming into sight further down the road.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HOT SPRINGS, DAY.

CASPER'S car rolls into the middle of the town. It's a near empty place, only a few people seen on the side of the road or on their front porch. Mostly elderly people. Down the road is a small diner with a couple old trucks parked out front. CASPER approaches and parks out front.

He gets out of the car and looks around at the town, squinting from the oppressive sun beating in the sky. He waves casually over at an elderly couple sitting on their front porch. They do not return the greeting.

INT. DINER, DAY.

CASPER enters the diner. It's small and cozy. Almost every table still has their chairs placed on top. An older man sits at the counter with a cup of coffee and cigarette burning down to the butt. In one of the booths is a middle aged couple reading their menus quietly, not even looking up at CASPER standing in the doorway.

He walks up to the counter and sits an empty seat distance away from the old man and his cigarette and coffee. An older lady, the waitress, walks up to him.

WAITRESS:

What you havin' dear?

CASPER:

Black coffee ma'am, thank you.

CASPER puts his sunglasses in his breast pocket of his shirt and placed his cowboy hat on the counter next to his silverware.

The WAITRESS returns with a cup filled full of coffee, she sets it down. Before she can walk away to tend to other chores, CASPER addresses her.

CASPER:

Excuse me ma'am, but I'm looking for a LEONARD BOLD. You know
where I could find him?

WAITRESS:

LENNY came in earlier for his usual eggs and hash browns.
Whatcha want with him?

CASPER:

He hired me, CASPER HARRIS, Private Investigator...

He reaches out his hand to shake.

The WAITRESS stares back at CASPER.

WAITRESS:

...I don't know where LENNY'S at.

CASPER:

Thanks for your time and the coffee.

CASPER sets his hand back down and takes a drink from the coffee
as the WAITRESS walks back to the kitchen.

CASPER looks over to the old man sitting nearby, still slowly
sipping his coffee and letting his cigarette burn down to the
butt.

CASPER:

Well, she's sure a sweetheart.

The old man ignores his sarcastic comment. CASPERS goes back to his coffee, taking another drink.

EXT. DINER, DAY.

CASPER walks out of the diner, he places his hat back atop his head and retrieved the sunglasses from his shirt pocket. He looks on either side of him, again taking in the small town scenery.

Down the road he sees a young man talking with a middle aged, gaunt man. He can't hear the two men but he sees the younger one look over his shoulder before taking out a small plastic bag of drugs, methamphetamine, and handing it to the gaunt man. The gaunt man hands the younger man a handful of cash at the same time. Then the gaunt man walks off across the street and back to a run down trailer.

The younger man stays standing in the same spot, counting out the handful of cash and putting it into his back pocket.

CASPER takes a deep sigh as he watches the encounter unfold before walking over to the boy.

The boy sees CASPER approach and nods his head up at him.

CASPER:

Howdy there.

JONAS:

What's up, you need something?

CASPER:

Lookin' for someone. You look like you're real, *friendly*, with
the locals...

JONAS:

What are you talkin' about?

CASPER:

...never mind. Just need to find a girl. Name's SAMANTHA BOLD.
Young Native American girl. You know her? Or seen her?

JONAS:

Why you lookin' for her?

CASPER:

Private Investigator, I was hired to find her.

JONAS:

...so you some kind of detective?

CASPER:

Yeah guess so.

JONAS:

I can't help ya, get outta here.

CASPER:

I get it, you think I'm police. I ain't. I don't give a damn
what you're doin' out here. Have you at least seen her
grandfather? LEONARD BOLD?

JONAS pushes his jacket back behind a knife holstered on his belt.

JONAS:

I said get the fuck outta here.

CASPER:

Right, sorry to bother you.

CASPER walks off back towards his car. He mutters to himself.

CASPER:

Little asshole.

He gets into his car.

Before he drives off, CASPER looks out his window at the young man standing on the side of the street. From behind him a cop car pulls up silently. It rolls to a stop beside him and the driver rolls down the window. The two talk for a moment. CASPER can make out the look of the driver, an old man with a gray beard and a cowboy hat sitting snug on his head. He appears upset with the younger man, yelling and gesturing at him with his hand. The younger man is arguing but eventually stops, just standing there listening with his hands in his pocket.

Then the cop rolls up the window and slowly rolls off down the road, toward CASPER, and the younger man walks off down the opposite direction.

As the cop car drives past, CASPER leans part way out his driver side window, he stares at the cop as he drives past and the cop

stares back. The cop tips his hat. Then he drives off and turns down the road out of sight.

EXT. POLICE STATION, DAY.

CASPER sits in his idling car outside of the Police Station. He is leaning back in his seat, and eating sunflower seeds. Keeping an eye on the building.

There are two cop cars parked outside the small station with very little traffic or commotion going on. CASPER turns the radio on and turns the volume up. Only static comes through as he searches through the stations.

He mumbles under his breath with frustration

CASPER:

Shit.

As CASPER fidgets with the radio a third cop car, the same from earlier, pulls in front of the station. The same old man with his thick beard exits the car. He takes out a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and puts one into his mouth.

As he lights it, CASPER gets out of his car and makes his way across the road toward the old cop.

CASPER:

Hello, sir. My name is CASPER HARRIS. Was hoping you could help me find someone in town here?

CASPER pulls out a business card that reads "PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR CASPER HARRIS" and hands it to the old cop.

The old cop just stares at CASPER, then down at the card. He takes a drag from his cigarette and hands the card back.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

SHERIFF ROBERT DEVREAUX, What can I do for ya MR. HARRIS?

CASPER:

A MR. LEONARD BOLD, hired me. Need help finding him. Didn't leave no contact information when he called.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

What'd LEONARD hire ya for?

CASPER:

Local Police don't know?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

...This 'bout his granddaughter? The runaway?

CASPER:

You think she ran away?

CASPER takes out a small notebook from his jacket pocket and begins jotting down short, quick notes.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Not much for a kid to do out here. Too quiet for 'em.

There's a quiet pause. DEVREAUX takes another drag from his
cigarette.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX (cont.)

You're welcome to come inside and we can talk some more.

CASPER:

I just need to know where to find MR. BOLD.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

...The bar, that's the old Indian's waterin' hole.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX laughs at his own remark.

CASPER:

Which bar would that be SHERIFF?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Hot Springs ain't bustling enough for more than one bar son.
You'll find it.

CASPER:

Appreciate the help.

CASPER walks back towards his car and shoves the notebook back
into his jacket pocket. Behind him SHERIFF DEVREAUX takes
another long inhale off his cigarette before flicking it into
the dust.

INT. BAR, DAY.

Patrons sit inside a smoky bar. Country music plays over the radio softly. People are talking amongst themselves, taking sips of their drink, taking drags of their cigarettes. The bartender stands making conversation with one of the customers sitting up at the bar. CASPER walks through the front door and is met with the jingle of a little bell tied to the top of the doorframe. CASPER walks over to the bartender and sits next to the man he's making conversation with.

BARTENDER:

What'll it be bud?

CASPER:

I don't drink. Just looking for a friend. LEONARD BOLD.

The BARTENDER nods across the bar to a man sitting by himself at a table with a half-finished beer and cigarette butts piling up in an ashtray.

BARTENDER:

He's just over there.

CASPER:

Appreciate it.

CASPER walks over to the table. His boots knocking against the worn wood floor. He removes his hat and puts it on the table in front of LEONARD.

CASPER:

MR. BOLD, can I sit?

LEONARD:

You CASPER HARRIS?

CASPER:

Yes sir.

LEONARD:

Then you can sit. Thank you for comin' to meet me.

CASPER:

Well, MR. BOLD, I can't say you made it easy in all honesty. You left no contact information when you called.

LEONARD:

Had to see if you was smart enough to be able to find me regardless. Turns out you're good at your job. Cigarette?

LEONARD motions his pack of smokes at CASPER.

CASPER:

No thank you, I don't smoke.

CASPER sits silently as LEONARD lights his fresh cigarette and takes a puff.

LEONARD:

So... what comes first?

CASPER:

Well, we never discussed my payment over the phone.

LEONARD:

I'll give you half just for comin' all the way out here. The rest if you can just find out what happened to my granddaughter. Three thousand in all.

CASPER:

That works.

CASPER retrieves his small notebook out of the jacket pocket and opens up to a fresh page.

CASPER:

I'll start with some basic information. Try and get to know what your granddaughter's like. Personality, habits, things of that nature.

LEONARD:

Samantha's fifteen, dark hair and eyes. Five foot five. She worked over as a part time server at the diner.

CASPER:

Mm-hmm. She have any school friends? Anyone she spent time with regularly?

LEONARD:

No, she dropped out after her mother passed. 'Bout two years ago, and their ain't much for a young girl in town. She'd just work, stay home, sometimes go horse riding at our neighbors.

CASPER:

What's the neighbor's name?

LEONARD:

DIANE and PHIL BENSON. They live down the road from me. They'd let Sam ride their horses on account of her helping them with chores from time to time. Especially come winter.

CASPER:

Uh huh, and she never spent time with coworkers off the clock?
No boyfriend?

LEONARD:

No sir, SAMMY didn't get along real great with her coworkers.

CASPER:

And the boyfriend?

LEONARD:

No boyfriend, too young. How long you been doin' this MR.
HARRIS?

CASPER:

Been a P.I. for five years.

LEONARD:

What led you to this occupation?

CASPER:

Been good at figuring things out, where people go, what people get up to. Mostly things in that nature. To be honest with you MR. BOLD this is my first time workin' a case like this.

LEONARD:

Like what?

CASPER:

Young girl, missing, I mostly would just spy on cheatin' husbands or find a runaway wife that's off with her Paramore.

LEONARD sits taking a long drag of his cigarette.

CASPER:

Was she happy at home? Any trouble there?

LEONARD takes a pause, then another long drag. He exhaled in a thick cloud of smoke.

LEONARD:

...what you mean by that?

CASPER:

Talked with y'all's SHERIFF. He said she mighta ran away.

CASPER writes down some notes silently while LEONARD takes another drag.

LEONARD:

Sam was happy, happy as an orphan could be. I ain't much fun but that little girl's the only family I got left. And I was all she had left.

CASPER:

I'm sorry to hear that...

LEONARD:

You a family man MR. HARRIS?

CASPER:

I have a wife, JEN.

LEONARD:

Appreciate the time you got left. Pray you don't have to be the last of your name.

CASPER:

Samantha doesn't have any siblings? Cousins? Uncles? Anyone else?

LEONARD:

I'm an only child, my parents are dead, so is my boy, that's Samantha's father. Her mother was troubled and killed herself. We're the only ones left.

CASPER:

...I'm very sorry to hear that MR. BOLD. But, I think this is a good start.

LEONARD motions to the notebook in CASPER'S hand.

LEONARD:

May I?

CASPER tears out a blank page and hand it and the pen over to
LEONARD.

LEONARD:

Here's my address and phone number. If there's any more I can
do, stop by or call... Thank you for this MR. HARRIS.

LEONARD hands back the sheet of paper to CASPER.

CASPER pockets the notebook and stands up from the table. He
pulls out his wallet and tosses some cash on the table.

CASPER:

I got this one for ya.

LEONARD takes another drag.

LEONARD:

You got a place to hold up in town MR. HARRIS?

CASPER:

No sir.

LEONARD:

Symes Hotel. Just a few blocks away.

CASPER:

Thank ya sir.

CASPER walks back towards the bar door and exits.

LEONARD snuffs out the cigarette and drops the butt in the ashtray before finishing the rest of his half drunk beer.

INT. CASPER'S CAR. DAY.

CASPER drives up the road, in the distance is an old hotel with a small pool out front. CASPER turns into the lot in front of the hotel and parks the car.

INT. SYMES HOTEL. DAY.

A still shot of the inside of a hotel room, the lights are off. Then CASPER opens the door and turns on a lamp. He walks over to the phone and begins dialing.

CASPER:

Hey Jen?

JEN(voiceover)

Yeah?

EXT. HOT SPRINGS. DAY.

Wide shot of wildlife, rolling fields, grassy hills, horses eating behind a fence, birds perching and cows grazing in large pastures.

An owl is in the middle of the road out in the countryside. It's picking and eating the flesh of roadkill. In the distance LEONARD is driving up the road and slows to a stop. He stares out the windshield.

CASPER(V.O.)

I'm in Hot Springs with a case,
Gonna have to stay overnight but it shouldn't be more than a day
or two...

The owl looks up at LEONARD and then flies off. LEONARD still just sits and stares out in the road.

INT. SYMES HOTEL. DAY

The line clicks from the other end, JEN hangs up on CASPER.

CASPER:

Shit... Fuck!

EXT. FARM. DAY.

CASPER'S car pulls into the driveway in front of the farmhouse.

As he exits he's met by an older couple standing out front. The older man has a shotgun in one hand hanging at his side.

CASPER:

Uh, Howdy folks. You greet every guest like that mister?

PHIL:

Not everyone is a guest here, some are trespassers.

CASPER:

Well I didn't see no sign on my way up here. I won't take up too much of your time. I'm looking for a missing person.

PHIL sets the shotgun up against the side of the house.

PHIL:

PHIL BENSON, this is my wife, DIANE.

CASPER:

CASPER HARRIS, I'm a private investigator. Lookin' for a person you may know.

DIANE:

We don't really know too many folks around here. We don't go into town for much more than groceries once every few weeks.

CASPER:

Do you know SAMANTHA BOLD. Neighbor of yours I believe. Her grandfather reported her missing. I just wanted to ask y'all when you last saw her.

DIANE:

SAMANTHA is missing?

PHIL:

I'm afraid we can't be of much help to you CASPER HARRIS.
SAMANTHA only really came around during winter to help me and
DIANE with chorin'.

CASPER:

Was winter the last time you saw her?

DIANE:

Well no, I did see her riding down the road on her bike but that
was a few weeks ago.

CASPER:

You remember how many weeks exactly?

DIANE:

I think two?

CASPER takes out his notebook and jots down some quick notes.

PHIL:

Sir...

CASPER looks up from his writing.

CASPER:

Yes?

PHIL:

You tell LEONARD I'm sorry for his loss.

CASPER:

Well she ain't a loss, she's missing... why'd you say loss?

PHIL:

Young girl that hasn't been seen in two weeks? I don't think people gone that long are ever found too much MR. HARRIS.

CASPER:

I'm gonna find her.

PHIL:

I hope so. Just don't get your hopes up out here.

DIANE and PHIL tune to walk back inside, PHIL grabbing the shotgun from the side of the wall.

CASPER:

Thank ya for the time.

CASPER gets back in his car.

He pulls off into the road and drives down the highway.

As he continues down the road he looks up into his rear view mirror. Watching the farm slowly shrink out of view.

INT. CAR. DAY.

CASPER drives down the empty road and back to the diner. Parking out front. He exits and walks into the diner entrance.

CASPER is met with a look from the waitress at the counter.

CASPER looks at her and walks up to the counter.

CASPER:
I'm back.

WAITRESS:
What'll it be?

CASPER:
I ain't ordering. I need to ask you some questions about a
former employee, SAMANTHA BOLD.

WAITRESS:
The runaway?

CASPER:
Mm... you think she ran away too?

WAITRESS:
Don't everybody? Not a lot of people stay here anymore.

CASPER:
When was the last time she worked?

WAITRESS:
...about two weeks ago.

CASPER:
That exact?

WAITRESS:

Well it was about ten days.

CASPER:

And who was she working with that day?

WAITRESS:

Me and JONAS were workin' that night.

CASPER:

What time did SAMANTHA leave?

WAITRESS:

Around nine o'clock.

CASPER:

Can I speak to her other coworker? This JONAS?

WAITRESS:

He's in the back.

CASPER walks around the counter and through the kitchen door
into the back of the diner.

At the stove is a young man cooking some eggs.

CASPER:

You JONAS?

JONAS turns around, he looks annoyed with the question before a look of recognition covers his face. He almost looks frightened or concerned.

JONAS:
...Who's asking?

CASPER:
CASPER HARRIS, I talked to you earlier today, the private investigator you flashed your knife at, remember? I need to ask you some questions about SAMANTHA BOLD. She's a coworker of yours, if you still don't remember her.

JONAS turns back to the grill, there's a brief pause.

JONAS:
...I didn't really know her.

CASPER takes out the notepad and pen and begins writing.

CASPER:
Mm-hmm. How long did she work here for?

JONAS:
Few months.

CASPER:
How many is a few?

JONAS:
I don't know... like three, three months.

CASPER:

Three months and no hello? You never got to know her? Not even a little?

JONAS:

I gotta get back to work man...

CASPER:

Yep, so do I. This goes a lot smoother if you answer now. Won't have to track ya down at home and disturb you.

JONAS:

You ask a lot of questions man.

JONAS scoffs, still working the grill.

CASPER:

Comes with the job. You know this town ain't real polite. Nobody can seem to make conversation or answer simple questions.

JONAS:

I can't help ya man...

CASPER walks a bit closer to JONAS and turns off the stove.

JONAS:

The fuck?

CASPER:

JONAS, I don't appreciate lyin' , makes my job too fuckin' hard. Just answer the simple, real simple, questions I ask you. Okay?

JONAS stares at CASPER. An air of tension surrounds them.

CASPER(cont.)

What were you talkin' to the SHERIFF about earlier today? Was it about that little mystery bag you were peddling?

JONAS:

What does that gotta do with SAMMY?

CASPER:

...So, you didn't know SAMANTHA well but well enough to call her by a nickname? Anyways, I was just thinking that the SHERIFF would appreciate a tip 'bout the local goings on here. Like drug dealin'...

JONAS:

I don't think he'd appreciate you threatening his nephew with blackmail... so fuck off.

CASPER snickers at JONAS. He then walks closer, backing JONAS right up against the stove.

CASPER:

Guess that'll have to do for now, I'll be seeing you again
JONAS.

CASPER walks back into the diner's front room.

WAITRESS:

Now you gonna order anything?

CASPER:

How well did you and JONAS know SAMANTHA?

WAITRESS:

Well, she seemed sweet, didn't talk to me a whole lot though.
JONAS used to give her a ride home occasionally.

CASPER looks back through the door of the kitchen at JONAS, then
back at the WAITRESS.

CASPER:

That's all ma'am. Thank you for your assistance.

CASPER walks back toward the exit and leaves in his car.

INT. LEONARDS HOUSE. DAY.

LEONARD is sitting on the couch, eating in front of the T.V.

His attention is turned to the door when he hears knocking.

He gets up and walks slowly to the door.

LEONARD:

Who is it?

CASPER:

CASPER HARRIS.

LEONARD gets to the door and opens it up.

LEONARD:

What can I do for you MR. HARRIS?

CASPER:

Just have some questions is all.

LEONARD steps to the side and motions to invite CASPER inside.

CASPER:

Thank you.

LEONARD and CASPER stand in the living room, CASPER takes off his hat.

CASPER:

How long did SAMANTHA work over at the diner MR. BOLD.

LEONARD:

Around three months, why?

CASPER:

Just trying to confirm some of the information I received. Do you know how she got to and from work?

LEONARD:

I'd drive her but when I couldn't she would bike there and back.

CASPER:

Mm-hmm, I was told by the WAITRESS over there that a coworker named JONAS would drop her off, suppose that was nearby if she was still walking in and you never saw the car.

LEONARD:

JONAS? The SHERIFF'S nephew?

CASPER:

Yes sir. He didn't feel too inclined on answering my questions.
Even more so than the rest of the people here.

LEONARD takes a seat on the couch. CASPER stays standing across
from him.

Before CASPER can ask another question the sound of sirens
begins to fade in. Both men turn their attention to the window.

Out front the SHERIFF'S cruiser pulls up, flashing it's lights.
SHERIFF DEVREAUX exits the car and yells out.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

LENNY. I'd like to talk to you, friend.

The front door opens. CASPER walks out followed by LEONARD.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Perfect, you're here too MR. HARRIS.

LEONARD:

What's so important that you come here with your lights and
sirens on ROBERT?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

I just wanted to ask why you sent somebody to threaten my
family...

DEVREAUX smiles at the two men.

CASPER:

I didn't make any threats to that boy SHERIFF.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Well now, guess that makes me mistaken... Guess that makes JONAS A
liar right?

CASPER:

All I was doing was my job, went to ask SAMANTHA'S coworkers
some questions so I can best find her.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX plants his hands on his belt. His right hand on
his service weapon.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

That so. Just doing your job? Guess that you wouldn't mind if I
do my job as well, MR. HARRIS?

There's a moment of silence between SHERIFF DEVREAUX, still
standing outside his car, and CASPER and LEONARD on the front
porch of the house.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

It's my job to make this community feel safe, to keep things in
order. And I feel that a new stranger, an out of town tourist
coming here, disturbing my people, my friends, my family. Well
that disturbs the town as a whole. Hard to keep the peace when
there's people out there tryin' to rile other people up, would
that be correct MR. HARRIS?

CASPER:

I ain't lookin' to disturb nobody SHERIFF.

SHERIFF:

That's good, that's real good. Means we're on the same page... I need you out of my town MR. HARRIS.

LEONARD:

If he goes, whos going find my granddaughter? Who brings SAMANTHA home? You?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

LEONARD...I did all I could to find your girl. I'm sorry she ran off on you but I don't got the means or the knowledge of where else to look... Now, MR. HARRIS, I need you to go...

CASPER:

I got a room at the Symes Hotel for the night. I can go tomorrow.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX smiles again at the two men.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

So long as we're on the same page then. Just make sure you leave when that sun comes up.

The SHERIFF gets back into his cruiser, waves at the two men, and drives off down the driveway and onto the road.

CASPER turns back towards LEONARD.

LEONARD:

You just gonna leave me then?

CASPER sighs

CASPER:

I'll go for the day. Compile what I got, do some more research.
Then I'll be back.

LEONARD:

It's been over a week. God knows where my granddaughter is. And
you're gonna make her wait even longer?

CASPER:

I'm sorry MR. BOLD. But I can't cause trouble here. I don't
trust the man but it's the SHERIFF'S town and I can't be of help
to you if he puts me in jail.

LEONARD stares at CASPER, he pulls out a checkbook from his
pocket and writes in it. He tears out the slip and tosses it to
CASPER.

LEONARD:

Take your money, then get the fuck out of here.

LEONARD walks back into his house, shuts the door, then locks
it.

CASPER stares at LEONARD in silence as he retreats inside
angrily. He then picks the check up and walks down the steps
before getting back into his car and pulling out onto the road.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE. DAY.

LEONARD walks back over to the window and looks out at the great empty landscape.

The shot fades into a shot inside SAMANTHA'S room. LEONARD is standing in the doorway and sullenly looking into the untouched and darkened bedroom.

The curtains are pulled and cast the room into a somber shade.

LEONARD continues staring into the room in silence before dropping his gaze to the floor. Tears begin to well up but he wipes them away before they can fall down his cheek.

INT. SYMES HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.

The sun sets behind the dead looking building of the town. CASPER is looking out the window. His jacket, hat, and other belongings are sitting on the bed and bedside table.

CASPER walks back over to the bed and sits down on it before taking a deep sigh.

The shot cuts to CASPER in the shower. His head down low just letting the water hit the back of his head.

Another cut to CASPER standing half dressed in front of the sink and mirror. He stares at himself in the mirror, seemingly with disappointment.

CASPER:

Fuck did you get yourself into now CASPER?

He breathes in deep.

CASPER (cont.)

That poor fuckin' girl...

Fade to- **EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.**

CASPER sits far back into the driver's seat. His car is winding down the highway, soft country music plays over the radio.

His sunglasses sit on the passenger seat.

As he rounds a turn a cop car comes out from a dirt road and flashes it's lights behind CASPER.

Both CASPER and the cop car pull over to the side of the road. Casper rolls the window down.

The cop car then blasts the sirens briefly. CASPER steps out of the car. He's met by SHERIFF DEVREAUX, who is standing against his cruiser. From beneath his hat CASPER can see him smirk before looking up to address him.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

I told you I wanted you gone, out of my town. What took you so long MR. HARRIS?

CASPER:

...what are you trying to do, SHERIFF?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

I'm trying to keep my people safe. Trying to keep you from causing trouble, 'cuz that's more trouble than I can handle...MR.

CASPER HARRIS.

The SHERIFF steps forward until he is face to face with CASPER.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

You should've left this morning. Who else you have to harass this morning while getting your fuckin' coffee?

CASPER:

Your nephew tell you that?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

No... didn't like ya so I had an officer keep an eye on you, just in case.

CASPER and SHERIFF DEVREAUX have a pause.

CASPER:

I'm leavin' now.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

How much did the Indian pay you to start poking around town?

CASPER:

What's that gotta do with me leavin'?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Maybe I can make you a counter offer...

CASPER:

Meaning what?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Meaning you don't come back or I put you in a fucking cell and
toss the key.

CASPER stands silently, looking at DEVREAUX trying to see if
he's bluffing.

CASPER:

You trying to threaten me SHERIFF?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX then takes a turn and swings his fist into
CASPER'S mouth.

CASPER stumbles a bit. He takes in what just happened before
checking his lip. It's busted open.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

That ain't a threat MR. HARRIS. That's a courtesy warning.

DEVREAUX Walks casually over to his cruiser and drives off down
the opposite direction he came.

INT: CASPER'S APARTMENT. AFTERNOON

CASPER walks into the front door.

He is met with a dark and empty home. He walks over to a table,
on it are legal papers and an opened envelope. The paper reads

"Divorce" the rest of it is covered by the envelope. He then reaches for the Phone and clicks a button on his landline, it plays an automated voice.

AUTOMATED VOICE OVER:

You have 2 messages.

The machine beeps

CASPER walks over to the couch and takes a seat, removing his hat and placing it down.

AUTOMATED VOICE OVER(cont.)

"CASPER, I mailed the papers out yesterday. Please just sign them as quick as you can, thanks."

Message end.

The machine beeps again.

AUTOMATED VOICE OVER(cont.)

"MR. HARRIS, it's LEONARD BOLD. I-It's been ten days... I never told you this but yesterday I saw an owl, pecking at some poor dead thing on the road... it's a sign of death, and with the way SHERIFF DEVREAUX was. I think that whatever happened to SAMANTHA was bad, really bad. I know she didn't run away, MR. HARRIS... and I think that he knows, or at least that boy knows. I'm offering you double to help me... If you can at least find her body, I will deal with the rest on my own.

CASPER sits with his head in his hands before he slowly looks up over to the phone.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE. EVENING.

A quiet wide shot of the house is interrupted by the sound of sirens.

Soon they grow closer and closer. Until red and blue lights can be seen shining in the distance. The colors move up the road before painting the house in vibrant color.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX'S cruiser pulls into the driveway. SHERIFF DEVREAUX parks before exiting the vehicle. He is met by LEONARD, who steps out onto the porch.

The lights still paint the scene as siren sounds are all that's heard.

The sirens begin to grow as DEVREAUX makes his way towards the porch.

INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

LEONARD sits in the front room. He is by himself before a door opens. SHERIFF DEVREAUX and a fellow officer, DEPUTY MILLS.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

MR. BOLD? Would you come with me?

LEONARD stands up and follows DEVREAUX and MILLS through the door.

The three men walk down a short hall before walking into an
interrogation room.

Sitting at the table is a drunk man, his face bruised and
slightly bloody.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

This son of a bitch is TIMOTHY WALTERS.

DEVREAUX gets closer to the table, planting his hands down and
staring at TIMOTHY.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

He has a criminal history, grand theft auto, two cases of
assault, and a robbery. And I think he took your granddaughter.

Ain't that right MR. WALTERS?

DEVREAUX raises his brow at TIMOTHY. TIMOTHY nods.

TIMOTHY:

Yes.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

That's right, and OFFICER MILLS you can confirm that MR. WALTERS
here said that?

OFFICER MILLS:

That's right sir.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

MR. WALTERS, I want you to tell that girl's grandfather *exactly*
what you did...

TIMOTHY:

I-I put her in my car, and I took her.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

I know this news isn't good MR. BOLD. But MR. WALTERS here is going to bring us to where he left her. Right MR. WALTERS?

TIMOTHY:

That's right... I'll take you.

INT. DEVREAUX'S CRUISER. NIGHT.

DEVREAUX and LEONARD sit in the front of the cruiser while it heads down a dirt road in the middle of the dark. The headlights cut through the blackness, illuminating the truly empty land around them. In the back TIMOTHY WALTERS sits, his hands cuffed behind his back. He's looking out both windows, rapidly scanning the dark landscape.

The car is silent until SHERIFF DEVREAUX speaks.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

We getting close, WALTERS?

TIMOTHY:

Uh yah, I think so.

The car continues down the dirt road.

Eventually TIMOTHY stares out just the left window before calling out.

TIMOTHY:
Stop here.

DEVREAUX pulls over to the shoulder of the road.

TIMOTHY:
Over there.

He motions his head toward a break in the fence on the road.

DEVREAUX and LEONARD get out of the car. DEVREAUX opens up the back door and drags TIMOTHY out.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:
Show him.

LEONARD:
...What did you do to her?

DEVREAUX pushes TIMOTHY towards the break in the fence.

TIMOTHY:
I-I saw her walkin' by herself that night. So I pulled over and asked if she wanted a ride... and she said yes and got in my car.
So I drove her out to here.

The three keep walking, through the break in the fence, and through the field.

LEONARD:

...Then what did you do?

TIMOTHY:

...I choked her, choked her until she passed out. Then I dragged her out here and I shot her.

They keep walking and walking, in a somber quietness.

LEONARD slows to a stop and falls to his knees.

LEONARD begins to break, he chokes back tears, eyes red with sadness.

LEONARD:

Why did you do it? You fucking tell me before I kill you.

TIMOTHY stops walking and turns around. He is quiet. Then he speaks.

TIMOTHY:

I don't know...

LEONARD yells out, he grabs a rock off of the ground. He lunges to his feet and runs at TIMOTHY.

Before SHERIFF DEVREAUX can get between them, LEONARD slams the rock into the face of TIMOTHY, cracking his head open on the forehead. TIMOTHY collapses backward and writhes in pain.

DEVREAUX grabs LEONARD by the collar and pulls him back as LEONARD tries to get on top of TIMOTHY. LEONARD struggles but can't get free, he tosses the rock to the ground.

LEONARD:

You fucking monster, you goddamned animal I should skin you right here!

DEVREAUX:

MR. BOLD calm down! Step back.

LEONARD:

You should just pull your gun and put him down here and now!

DEVREAUX pushes LEONARD back. He then walks over to TIMOTHY and picks him back up. Blood is now running down most of his face.

He struggles to stand and walk, a fair sized split on his forehead near his hairline.

DEVREAUX:

Keep walking you son of a bitch!

LEONARD, TIMOTHY, and DEVREAUX continue through the darkened field. Eventually they come to a small area that dips into the ground slightly.

TIMOTHY:

She's over there.

DEVREAUX takes his flashlight from his belt, he clicks it on and shines it down the field, he moves it around before coming across something.

DEVREAUX:
Jesus Christ.

LEONARD again loses his footing and drops to his knees, he lowers his head into the dirt and averts his gaze. He cries out in deep anguish.

LEONARD:
Aghhh! Aghhh! Fuck, fuck! Why...why, oh please, no!

The flashlight is shining on a metal barrel, standing alone in the field. It's filled entirely with concrete, except for one thing. A handful of hairs peeking from the solid concrete.

TIMOTHY WALTERS sits in the back of a cop car just staring out the windshield.

LEONARD sits in the passenger grass, staring right through the barrel. Tears soak his cheeks. Behind him stands SHERIFF DEVREAUX.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:
I'm sorry for you, LEONARD.

The two men sit in silence for a moment. DEVREAUX thinks over his words before speaking.

DEVREAUX:

There may be something we can do...

LEONARD turns. His tearful eyes meet DEVREAUX'S. DEVREAUX stares back at him indifferently.

INT DEVREUX'S CRUISER, NIGHT

DEVREAUX drives deeper into the field until the only thing in sight is darkness.

The cruiser pulls to a stop.

DEVREAUX opens the back door of his cruiser and yanks TIMOTHY from the seat. He shoves him forward. TIMOTHY stumbles and falls on his face.

DEVREAUX then puts a cigarette between his lips and lights it. He takes a long drag and then makes his way around the car to the driver's side door. He retrieves a pump shotgun from his cruiser.

LEONARD stands alone and just watches TIMOTHY struggle on the ground as DEVREAUX makes his way back to him.

DEVREAUX grabs TIMOTHY and pulls him to his feet, he then pushes him forward with the butt of the shotgun.

DEVREAUX:

Walk.

TIMOTHY walks a few steps into the field.

TIMOTHY:

What's going on? W-what are you doing?

DEVREAUX:

Shut the fuck up and walk!

He hits TIMOTHY with a big shove forward.

LEONARD:

SHERIFF, what are you doing?

DEVREAUX:

I am exacting you a little bit of justice MR. BOLD. The least I can do for you after what happened to you, to SAMANTHA.

TIMOTHY:

Wait. Wait!

DEVREAUX:

Shhh...

The three men stand frozen in tense silence.

LEONARD:

Wait, I want to look him in the eyes. I want him to look at me like a goddamn man!

LEONARD storms over, angry and still in tears. He grabs TIMOTHY by the face and forces him the look at his face.

LEONARD:

You look at me you bastard. You give me a real fucking reason
why you did it!

TIMOTHY gives LEONARD a frightened look. Tears begin to well up
in his eyes. LEONARD stared at him a little longer before a look
of confusion takes over his face.

DEVREAUX places his hand on LEONARD'S chest and pushes him back.

DEVREAUX:

Step back LEONARD...

LEONARD reluctantly steps back.

Another wave of tense silence takes over the dark field.

Then DEVREAUX fires the shotgun into TIMOTHY'S back.

LEONARD startles from the loud bang.

Then DEVREAUX walks over to TIMOTHY. He lays gagging on blood in
the dirt. Choking.

DEVREAUX turns over to LEONARD.

LEONARD:

You...

DEVREAUX:

It's time to go. Come on LEONARD.

INT. DEVREAUX'S CRUISER. NIGHT.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX starts up the ignition and pulls out of the crime scene. He drives off into the dark.

DEVREAUX drives down the darkened roads. The two men sitting in silence. DEVREAUX eventually pulls into LEONARDS driveway. He parks the car.

DEVREAUX:
We're here.

LEONARD stares out the passenger window.

LEONARD:
Why?

DEVREAUX:
Somebody had to. Now go to bed LEONARD.

LEONARD turns and looks at DEVREAUX.

DEVREAUX smiles and pats LEONARD on the shoulder.

LEONARD opens the door and gets out. He stands in the driveway as DEVREAUX drives off, back down the darkened road.

INT. BAR. MORNING.

A few people are sitting at the bar, some conversing with each other and others enjoying drinks and food.

The entrance rings as the door opens. In walks CASPER. His hat and glasses still on. He walks to the bar and takes an empty seat.

CASPER:
Whiskey please.

BARTENDER:
Sure.

CASPER turns to look over his shoulder. He looks back to the BARTENDER.

CASPER:
Where's LEONARD BOLD?

The BARTENDER pours the shot for CASPER.

BARTENDER:
Hasn't been in.

CASPER:
Thanks.

He slams the shot, he then places the glass down and tosses five dollars on the bar.

CASPER gets up quietly and walks out of the bar.

INT. CASPER'S CAR. MORNING.

CASPER pulls up in front of the diner. He parks the car and sits looking out the windows. He then opens up his glovebox and takes out a camera.

He points it out his driver's side window and begins snapping some photos.

INT. VICTOR'S CAR. MORNING.

VICTOR, the driver, turns to JONAS sitting in the passenger seat.

VICTOR:

Yo, remember that we're bumpin' up prices by ten bucks.

JONAS:

Yeah I got you man.

VICTOR:

...One more thing.

JONAS:

What's up?

VICTOR:

That fuckin' cowboy comes back around, use this. *Persuade* him to mind his own fuckin' business.

VICTOR retrieves a small revolver from his glove box and hands it to JONAS.

JONAS pauses and then takes the pistol. He unzips the backpack sitting in his lap and drops the gun inside.

INT. CASPER'S CAR. MORNING.

VICTOR'S car pulls over across the street, JONAS gets out, the driver hands him a backpack before driving off. JONAS walks down the street and waves over to a stranger. He is approached by the stranger. The stranger hands over some money sneakily. JONAS looks around him before handing back a small baggie filled with methamphetamine.

CASPER begins snapping photos of JONAS.

He then pulls out of the parking spot and drives off.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

CASPER'S car rolls into the driveway. He quickly gets out and jogs over to the front door before knocking rapidly.

CASPER:

MR. BOLD, it's CASPER HARRIS.

After a few more knocks LEONARD comes to the door and opens it.

LEONARD:

...They found her.

CASPER looks at LEONARD. The news reads on LEONARD'S face.

CASPER looks down, his hat covering his face.

CASPER:

Fuck... I'm sorry MR. BOLD.

LEONARD:

I found out who did it... TIMOTHY WALTERS. You know what he did to her? How me and SHERIFF found her?

CASPER stares without an answer.

LEONARD:

He took her. Then he killed her, killed her angrily. And then he left my granddaughter in a-a fucking barrel, filled with fucking concrete. In the middle of a field, just left there...

CASPER:

Jesus Christ...

LEONARD:

You can go home. I'm sorry I brought you out here.

There's a pause as CASPER stands with his hand rubbing his mouth and chin.

CASPER:

...I think we should go talk to TIMOTHY WALTERS.

LEONARD:

I already asked him why he did it. He said he didn't know... then
SHERIFF DEVREAUX shot him dead...

CASPER turns and braces himself against a table. He stands in
silence as LEONARD just sits there.

CASPER:

Oh my fucking God...

Pause.

CASPER:

I need you to look at these.

He takes the developed photos from his jacket pocket and hands
them to LEONARD.

CASPER:

I think you were right 'bout the owl...

LEONARD flips through the few photographs.

CASPER:

I think that right there is why DEVREAUX ran me out, why he
threatened me on my way out of town...

LEONARD looks up from the photos. His face changes from grief to
confusion.

LEONARD:

What is this CASPER?

CASPER:

...I think that right there might be why SAMANTHA was getting these "rides" from MR. JONAS DEVREAUX... The boy doesn't have a car but he does have drugs. And for one reason or another one of these meetups could've gone sour.

LEONARD:

It wasn't TIMOTHY WALTERS...

CASPER:

No it wasn't, and the SHERIFF knows that.

The shot cuts to wide exteriors of the landscape. Clouds begin to cover the sun. The fields begin to darken with shade. The streets begin to get hit with rain.

EXT. POLICE STATION. MIDDAY.

CASPER parks across the street from the station. Before he gets out he turns to LEONARD in his passenger seat.

CASPER:

Just stay in the car for this.

CASPER gets out and walks across the road to the front door.

INT. POLICE STATION. MIDDAY.

CASPER walks in and over to where SHERIFF DEVREAUX is standing. He's got his back to CASPER.

CASPER:

I need to talk to TIMOTHY WALTERS.

The SHERIFF turns around, his hands on his belt.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Well boy, you must be fucking deaf *and* stupid.

What the hell are you doing back in my town?

CASPER:

Just told you... need to speak with TIMOTHY WALTERS on the alleged kidnapping, and murder of SAMANTHA BOLD.

DEVREAUX walks up to CASPER and stares at him with deep contempt.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

...Didn't I say what I'd do if you came back here MR. HARRIS?
Get the fuck out of here before I decide to not be so goddamned
fucking polite.

The SHERIFF changes to put his hand on his belt and one hand on his service weapon.

CASPER:

You gonna shoot you'd best be fuckin' quick about it SHERIFF.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

I just might be MR. HARRIS. Thing is I got enough to deal with right now... TIMOTHY WALTERS hanged himself last night. That'll have to help you with your fuckin' questions. Now go.

CASPER looks down at DEVREAUX. His belt is missing the handcuffs. CASPER stares back up at DEVREAUX.

CASPER:

...hanged himself? You sure he wasn't executed in the middle of a field?

DEVREAUX stares with hate, his hand inching closer to his service pistol.

DEVREAUX:

This is your last fucking chance boy... you shut your goddamned mouth and get the fuck out of my town.

CASPER walks back to the exit in silence.

INT. CASPER'S CAR. MIDDAY.

LEONARD sits watching through the window as CASPER storms out of the station and back to the car. He gets in without a word and starts the car. He sits in silence before turning to LEONARD.

LEONARD:

What'd he say?

CASPER:

He said WALTERS hanged himself.

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

CASPER and LEONARD sit in the living room. Each with a beer in their hands.

LEONARD:

He killed him... tried covering his tracks with a false confession the whole time.

CASPER:

...I'm sorry I don't know what else to do for you anymore.

LEONARD:

I do.

CASPER looks up at LEONARD.

LEONARD:

Will you help me, I gotta know before I tell you...

CASPER:

I didn't sign up for a case like this MR. BOLD, *this ain't* what I do... I can try to get a confession from DEVREAUX or his nephew. That's all I can do for you. So don't tell me. Cuz I can't do anything for ya after that.

CASPER finishes off his beer.

LEONARD:
...Thank you.

INT. LEONARD'S BATHROOM. AFTERNOON

CASPER stands in front of the mirror, he's affixing a wire to his under shirt. He then tosses his button up on and closes it over the wire. He brushes down his chest and messes with the wire to try and hide it better.

CASPER walks out of the bathroom and over to his jacket and holster sitting on LEONARD'S bed.

He slips the holster on over his shoulders and then tosses his jacket on and buttons it up. He takes a deep breath in and exhales.

EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, AFTERNOON.

CASPER walks out onto the porch. He sees LEONARD sitting out in the grass smoking a cigarette in silence. CASPER heads over to him.

CASPER:
Could I have one?

LEONARD looks over as CASPER sits down next to him.

LEONARD takes out his pack and hands a cigarette to CASPER.

LEONARD:

Why not.

LEONARD lights the cigarette for CASPER.

CASPER takes a shallow inhale and blows out the smoke.

CASPER:

I think I know how we should do this.

LEONARD answers while still staring out into the landscape.

LEONARD:

How's that?

CASPER:

I'll go over to the diner. That's where JONAS works. He also sometimes sells outside, across the street. Guess uncle SHERIFF doesn't seem to give a shit 'bout where he slings his dope. I'll go there, get the little fucker talking one way or another. Once he squeals I'll come back here. Tell you everything he said and leave you with the tape.

LEONARD doesn't respond.

CASPER:

Then I'm gone. You do what you want after that.

LEONARD:

I'm sorry that you're in this now... but the law don't really mean shit for people out here. Especially my people...

CASPER takes another drag and coughs.

LEONARD:

I know this ain't your life, this ain't how you do things. But sometimes a man has to do things by himself, by his own will. Sometimes you gotta handle things between yourself, and God... You seen it yourself, big city football player kills his wife and her lover it's all over the place. But if it ain't a big city or you ain't a football player you're left out in the dirt. It ain't gonna get talked about or solved. When you live out here, with nothing but hills and mountains and trees and grass, you gotta handle things like they do in the wild. You gotta watch out for your own 'cuz nobody else can.

CASPER:

...guess so.

LEONARD:

...She must have been terrified. Even after, her spirit just stuck in a fucking barrel out in an empty field. Just forgotten about, by everyone, even the people she knew and worked with. Just not lookin'. Not doin' a fucking goddamn thing... people can remember what happened to us in the past. They know about all the blood that used to stain this grass. But when it comes to what's happening now? The native girl that just up and vanishes into the fucking wind. When it comes to that nobody sees or hears a thing do they?

LEONARD finished his cigarette and snuffs it out in the dirt.

LEONARD:

I'll give you however much you want, for helping me. Just seems like a right thing to do for you MR. HARRIS.

CASPER drops his partially smoked cigarette and crushes it beneath his boot.

CASPER:

Nah. The right thing to do is helping *you*. Least I can do, keep your money.

LEONARD looks up at CASPER who's standing now, also staring out as the sun begins to set over the horizon.

LEONARD:

You're a good man CASPER HARRIS.

INT. CASPER'S CAR. EVENING.

CASPER sits in his parked car near where JONAS waits outside for customers.

He takes a deep breath and exhales, he then removes his pistol from the holster under his arm and racks the slide. He waits with it in his lap.

CASPER:

Where the fuck you at?

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE. EVENING.

LEONARD stands staring at a photo of SAMANTHA.

He sets the photo face down on the table. He then walks over to a display case, inside of which is a scoped hunting rifle. On the top shelf of it there is a large knife inside of a sheath.

LEONARD grabs both of them. He sets the rifle on the couch and affixes the knife and sheath to his belt. He then grabs the rifle. He loads the rifle with rounds and racks the bolt forward. He turns his gaze from the gun back to the face down photo on the table.

EXT. DINER. NIGHT.

CASPER gets out of the car and holsters the pistol. Then he walks over to the diner door.

He walks inside.

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

CASPER walks right over to the WAITRESS.

CASPER:

Where's JONAS DEVREAUX?

WAITRESS:

What's that?

CASPER:

Now ain't the time to play stupid with me, JONAS DEVREAU, works
in the kitchen, where'd he go?

WAITRESS:

He left earlier... said his uncle called him, came and picked him
up.

CASPER:

He say where he was goin'?

WAITRESS:

He didn't say.

CASPER:

Where's he live? I gotta talk to him.

WAITRESS:

With his uncle.

CASPER:

Where's that at?

Behind CASPER two young men get up from their table.

One of the young men speaks up.

VICTOR:

Who you lookin' for mister?

CASPER turns to the two men, sitting across from him by their table.

CASPER:

...lookin' for JONAS DEVREAUX. You boys know him.

VICTOR:

Why you lookin' for JONAS?

CASPER:

Just got some questions for him, you know where his uncle lives?

VICTOR:

Just questions this time? Or you gonna try and take more pictures?

VICTOR and his partner WES stand up.

There's a long silence. CASPER is now entirely facing the two young men.

CASPER:

...What pictures do you mean son?

VICTOR:

You know.

CASPER:

I don't.

VICTOR and the other young man, WES, each draw a pistol from beneath their shirt. VICTOR is aiming right at CASPER while WES aims at the WAITRESS.

the WAITRESS freezes.

WAITRESS:

You boys can have all that's in the register. Just don't pull anything stupid.

WES:

Shut the fuck up lady.

CASPER:

You don't gotta be pointin' guns at nobody... I don't know you boys and we can keep it like that.

VICTOR:

Why you lookin' in places you shouldn't be lookin'?

CASPER:

Didn't know JONAS had... other constituents. I only want JONAS, ain't gonna do nothing to him.

VICTOR:

I don't think that's gonna work. You shoulda just minded your own business Mister.

CASPER:

This is about SAMANTHA BOLD ain't it? Or is it about the meth that JONAS sells all while his uncle, the SHERIFF, turns the other cheek?

VICTOR and WES pull the hammers back on their pistols.

VICTOR:

You should keep quiet... you don't wanna have your last words be something stupid.

CASPER:

You want it goin' down like this? You think this ain't gonna draw some attention? More people are gonna be "lookin' where they ain't supposed to be lookin'."

VICTOR lowers the gun slightly.

CASPER draws from under his jacket and aims at VICTOR.

CASPER:

I don't want you bein' the first person I shoot kid...

VICTOR:

You haven't shot me by now, I don't think you're gonna shoot me at all cowboy.

CASPER:

That fuckin' so?

CASPER, VICTOR, and WES all hold their aim at each other. The silence in the diner grows to be deafening.

WES:

VIC, what's the move man?

VICTOR looks over to WES, WES looks at VICTOR.

WES:
Shit.

VICTOR looks back at CASPER and the WAITRESS.

VICTOR:
Now it does have to go down like this.

VICTOR let's off the first shot. The bullet hits the WAITRESS in
the chest.

CASPER fires off two shots, both missing the boys.

VICTOR and WES back up and try to take cover behind the tables.

CASPER ducks behind the counter, he looks over and sees the
WAITRESS slumped over in her own blood.

VICTOR and WES begin letting off blind shots over the tables.
All hitting the counter and the wall above CASPER'S head.

CASPER peeks from the side and let's off three shots. One
hitting WES in the neck. Blood spurts out onto his surroundings
as he stumbles over a table and bleeds out, the other two
bullets hit the table VICTOR is behind. One of which goes
through and hits VICTOR in the thigh.

VICTOR:
Motherfucker! Fuck... WES! WES!

WES is laying in a pool of blood, gurgling and sucking for air.

VICTOR:

You killed my fucking brother!

CASPER:

And you killed that waitress. Why the fuck did you pull on me
boy?

VICTOR:

I'm gonna put you in a barrel just like that Indian bitch! Just
you fucking watch!

CASPER gets up and unloads the pistol into the table and floor.

VICTOR managed to back away without being hit again. He blind
fires again until his pistol is empty.

CASPER collapses back against the wall. A round hitting him in
the side and blood quickly drenching his shirt and covering his
hand.

CASPER drops his pistol and falls to the floor. He crawls back
behind the counter.

VICTOR gets up and scans the diner. Blood and bullet holes
everywhere. He limps over to WES' body.

VICTOR:

Fuck!

VICTOR hobbles quickly out the front door of the diner and out into the street.

CASPER:

Shit!

He reaches over to his pistol. He ejects the empty magazine and drops it. He then fumbles with the full magazine as he tries to reload. His hands soaked in slick blood.

CASPER:

Fuck! Come on!

He clicks the magazine into place and racks the slide.

VICTOR manages to get across the street and over to a getaway car parked nearby.

CASPER tries to get to his feet. Pushing himself up off of the counter. He gets his footing and stumbles out the door, clutching his stomach trying to stop the bleeding.

CASPER begins firing at VICTOR as he gets into the car.

The bullets zip past VICTOR. They punch through the door, a few hitting higher and shattering the window.

VICTOR manages to start the car, he quickly peels out and makes a U-turn.

CASPER makes his way into the middle of the street, still firing.

He lets off a few more shots. Each of the bullets hitting the windshield of VICTOR'S car.

VICTOR ducks out of the way and swerves the car towards CASPER.

He runs him down.

CASPER rolls over the hood and windshield and lands with a hard smack against the asphalt. His body is just lying in the road as VICTOR continues down the road.

People begin making their way outside, screaming at the sight.

CASPER slowly gets up and limps down the street. He continues firing until the magazine is empty.

One round hits the back tire causing the getaway car to lose control and hit a parked car.

CASPER is covered in cuts and blood and bruises. He fiddles with his pistol and ejects the empty mag.

VICTOR opens the door of the car and tries to get out. Blood soaking his pant leg. His face busted from the crash.

CASPER moves closer to the car as VICTOR stumbles out and collapses onto the street.

CASPER manages to load in a new magazine despite his hands still being slick with blood. He walks right up to VICTOR who is trying to crawl away.

CASPER wipes the blood from his eyes and fires four shots into VICTOR'S back. His body lays limp and bloody in the road. Holes filling his torso.

CASPER then puts his weight against the crashed car and holsters his gun. He slides down the car and sits down in the road.

A few bystanders walk to the scene of the crash. Some of them muttering under their breath.

CASPER looks over to the group.

CASPER:

Call an ambulance.

INT. LEONARD'S TRUCK. NIGHT.

LEONARD sits patiently in his truck. The rifle sitting up against the passenger seat. He is parked away from the police station.

Soon SHERIFF DEVREAUX and JONAS exit the station and get into the cruiser. They start the car and drive off.

LEONARD starts up his truck and follows them from a distance.

They both wind through the city streets and onto the dark highway.

INT. DEVREAUX'S CRUISER. NIGHT.

JONAS:

I'm sorry about this.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

...how fucking stupid you gonna be JONAS? You just couldn't do a simple fucking job? You're just like your father was... you're gonna end up dyin' like he did, like a fucking idiot!

The two continue driving in silence.

EXT. DEVREAUX'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The cruiser pulls into the driveway. the SHERIFF and JONAS exit the car and walk into the front door.

Behind them sits LEONARD, parked on the shoulder of the road just watching the two enter the house.

LEONARD reaches over and takes the rifle before getting out of the truck.

INT. DEVREAUX'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX walks into the kitchen, JONAS following behind him.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

You couldn't just stay under the fuckin' radar. Now there's people asking all the wrong questions and lookin' into shit that ain't their business, your business!

JONAS sits at the table as SHERIFF DEVREAUX turns his back, placing his hands on the counter by the sink.

JONAS:

VICTOR said he and WES were taking care of everything.

DEVREAUX:

He shouldn't have to take care of your bullshit boy! You were out there in the fucking open, Ofcourse that fucking prick got photos of you! And what happens after VICTOR handles *your* mess? You think he's gonna trust you to keep selling? To keep things quiet? Am I gonna have to take care of him too? Fucking Christ, all this mess for some Indian bitch and a little meth?

JONAS:

Oh shit... you think he's gonna try and kill me?

SHERIFF DEVREAUX places his hat down on the counter, next to the sink.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

...He ain't gonna kill you. You're a fucking fool but family protects family. Doesn't mean he shouldn't kill you... if I wasn't your uncle I could give two shits if that tweaker fuck shot you right in front of the goddamn station!

JONAS:

I'm sorry UNCLE ROB..

DEVREAUX just looks at JONAS, who has his head dropped low in shame.

The silence is suddenly broken as a gunshot rings out. The bullet crashes through the window behind SHERIFF DEVREAUX and strikes him in the back of his shoulder. The force of the shot shoves him forward to the ground.

JONAS jumps out of the chair and ducks behind the table.

JONAS:

Oh fuck! What's the fuck is happening!

DEVREAUX :

Fucking shit! That methhead fuck!

Another shot rings out, the bullet strikes the wall behind JONAS.

JONAS screams out.

DEVREAUX tries to peak up, service pistol in hand.

DEVREAUX:

Fuck! Motherfucker. JONAS stay down!

There's silence, the gunshots cease.

The two wait quietly in the kitchen.

JONAS whispers to his uncle.

JONAS:

Is it over?

DEVREAUX:

Shut up and stay out of sight.

DEVREAUX looks over the window sill and out into the dark landscape.

DEVREAUX:

Show yourself and I won't put a bullet in you!

He waits in silence listening.

The tense silence is broken when a deafening gunshot fires through the back sliding door.

JONAS and SHERIFF DEVREAUX quickly turn to the broken glass sliding door.

LEONARD is walking towards it. He slides the bolt back on his rifle and ejects the shell. He steps through the threshold and into the light of the kitchen, glass crunching beneath his feet.

DEVREAUX sees this and aims at LEONARD. He fires off a shot and misses. LEONARD raises the rifle up and fires another round into DEVREAUX. He hits him in the chest. It hits his plate carrier

beneath his shirt but the force of the shot sends the SHERIFF flying back onto the ground. The breath ripped from his chest.

LEONARD looks over to the SHERIFF on the floor. He walks toward him.

JONAS unzips his backpack and retrieves the small revolver. He jumps up to his feet and aims it at LEONARD, his hands shaking.

JONAS:

Stop motherfucker! Drop it!

LEONARD:

Put that gun down boy.

LEONARD and JONAS stare at each other, LEONARD'S rifle still in his hands.

DEVREAUX:

LEONARD you stop this now and I'll let you walk out of here...

The three wait in silence as JONAS continues aiming.

LEONARD then raises his rifle up to his hip.

LEONARD:

If you meant to kill me you would've done it by now boy.

LEONARD fires the rifle. The shot echoes loudly as a round tears right through JONAS' stomach. He flies back into the wall, blood begins to spill and pool onto the ground.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

JONAS!

DEVREAUX tries crawling toward his nephew.

LEONARD looks down at the SHERIFF. He walks past his crawling body and kicks the pistol out of sight.

SHERIFF DEVREAUX:

Wait! LEONARD don't you fucking touch him!

JONAS is sitting against the wall. Choking and spitting up his own blood in between words.

JONAS:

Please... I'm- I'm sorry...

LEONARD walks right up to the panicking JONAS who's leaning against the wall. He gives another quick look to DEVREAUX .

JONAS:

UNCLE ROB...

LEONARD raises the rifle and places the barrel just a few inches from JONAS' head.

DEVREAUX:

LEONARD wait!

LEONARD fires the rifle. The shot blows JONAS' skull open and scatters his brains on the wall. JONAS' body slumps down and blood spurts from his head.

DEVREAUX begins to silently cry. Tears welling up and drop to the bloody floor.

DEVREAUX:

JONAS? JONAS!?! You fucking son of a bitch!
What did you do!?!

LEONARD silently walks to DEVREAUX and lifts him to his feet. He tosses him down to the ground right in front of JONAS' body.

LEONARD sets the rifle over his shoulder and pulls out the knife from his sheath.

He pulls DEVREAUX'S head up by his hair and places the blade to his throat.

LEONARD:

Why?

DEVREAUX:

...W-What?

LEONARD:

I want to know why. You tell me honestly and I'll make it quick. Otherwise I'll beat you until you're swallowing your own teeth you son of a bitch.

DEVREAUX:

...Because! She was a fucking *junkie* and a *thieving cunt!*

LEONARD raises the blade and begins slicing into DEVREAUX'S face. DEVREAUX screams out.

LEONARD:

I'll scalp you next.

DEVREAUX:

Agh! fuck! Okay, okay...

LEONARD puts the knife to the SHERIFF'S forehead, drawing a little drop of blood.

DEVREAUX:

...JONAS was selling meth for VICTOR and his brother WES. He said that your granddaughter went with him to buy from VICTOR since JONAS was out. She tried to pocket some extra and some cash from VICTOR when he wasn't looking... But VICTOR saw it. So him and JONAS tied her up and drove her out to the field. That's when he shot her in the head and put her in that barrel and filled it with cement.

LEONARD chokes back tears and keeps a straight face.

LEONARD:

...And you knew about everything? Why?

DEVREAUX:

I couldn't let my family get involved. My brother did the same thing, when the papers found out he was aiding the trafficking

he hanged himself out of shame... I wasn't gonna let that happen again. Not to my nephew.

LEONARD:

So you killed my granddaughter not because of drugs or money.
But pride.

DEVREAUX:

I didn't pull the trigger...

LEONARD:

You didn't do *anything*... that's what killed her. Because you let all of this happen. And for what?

DEVREAUX:

Because if I did do something then the DEA would've come and done the same thing. Woulda put my nephew in a hole and thrown away the key. I had to protect my fa-

LEONARD interrupts him by slicing deep into the SHERIFF'S throat. Blood spilling all over.

DEVREAUX gags and chokes on blood as he reaches out and grabs his service pistol laying just in reach.

LEONARD steps back and sheathes his knife.

DEVREAUX turns onto his back. Clutching his neck with one hand and holding the pistol in his other. He continues to spit out blood and gurgle.

LEONARD:

I've done what I needed...

DEVREAUX fires a round and hits LEONARD in the cheek. LEONARD stumbles back. Blood dripping from his face. DEVREAUX fires again and hits LEONARD in the chest. He falls back and onto the floor, staring up into the ceiling.

Across from him DEVREAUX drops the pistol and continues trying to stop the bleeding but blood just continues spilling and spurting onto the walls and onto his uniform. Life slowly leaves his eyes as his breath stops, laying in a pool of his own blood.

An overhead shot holds on the carnage. The three dead men scattered across the floor. Their blood all over.

EXT. DINER. NIGHT.

Ambulances and police cars are parked around the shot up building. Two EMTs hurry over to crashed cars. One rushes to VICTOR'S body, the other over to CASPER who is slumped against the car.

EMT 1:

He's still alive.

EMT 2:

Everyone make way! We got a survivor!

The EMTs load CASPER onto the stretcher and begin rolling him toward an ambulance.

His eyes open slightly. Around him he can only see the blurred lights of the emergency vehicles and the incoherent shouting of the countless people at the scene. He looks over to the diner.

Through the large front window he can see WES and the WAITRESS, both of their bodies covered in sheets. Police pacing around the diner and collecting evidence.

CASPER turns his gaze upward, staring into the night sky. He lets out shallow and strained breaths as he looks above at the stars.

Over on the side of the street is a news van. Outside of which is a reporter and her cameraman.

MICHELLE NEWPORT:

This is MICHELLE NEWPORT with Channel Eleven news. Just in, a breaking story out of Hot Springs, Montana. A violent shootout in this local diner, just hours ago. Bystanders called emergency services after three men began shooting at each other inside the diner. Leaving three dead and one in critical condition.

EXT. SHERIFF DEVREAUX'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Police cars swarm around the home, painting it in red and blue lights. Police then head toward the door, stacking up on the side of it before kicking it open and running inside.

MICHELLE NEWPORT(voiceover)

Investigators believe this may be related to a similar incident over at the Hot Spring's SHERIFF ROBERT DEVREAUX'S home. Where

three were left brutally murdered in what appears to be a robbery gone wrong. Among the dead are SHERIFF ROBERT DEVREAUX, who served as SHERIFF for twenty-three years. Another victim was the young nephew of SHERIFF DEVREAUX, JONAS DEVREAUX, who was just nineteen years old. The other victim is yet to be identified.

INT. DEVREAUX'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Police collect evidence from the scene and place sheets over the bodies. They walk over to LEONARDS body lying on the kitchen floor and drape the sheet over his body, then pulling it upward over his face.

MICHELLE NEWPORT (V.O. Cont.)

This horrific scene was called in by neighbors after hearing a multitude of gunshots and yelling. This massacre occurring just after the brutal shootout in the diner.

We will release more information once police bring more to light on this bloodbath of a night for Hot Springs, Montana. This has been MICHELLE NEWPORT with Channel Eleven news.

FADE TO- **INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.**

Text shows up on the screen. "TWO WEEKS LATER."

CASPER is sitting in a waiting room. His face still has stitches and cuts and bruises on it.

A NURSE walks into the waiting room.

NURSE:
CASPER HARRIS?

CASPER raises his hand up.

CASPER:
Right here.

NURSE:
Come with me please.

CASPER is brought into a doctor's office. The voice of the
DOCTOR begins to fade in. CASPER looks up at him.

DOCTOR VALDEZ:
MR. HARRIS? MR. HARRIS did you hear me?

CASPER:
I'm sorry, could you repeat that? I-I was elsewhere.

DOCTOR VALDEZ:
My name is DOCTOR VALDEZ... I'm afraid I have some bad news for
you. When we were running our regular tests on you during your
stay we found something.

VALDEZ holds up an X-ray image on a light board.

DOCTOR VALDEZ:
We found a growth in your lung, a tumor. I'm sorry to say but
you have lung cancer, and it's aggressive... I'm afraid it's
metastasized.

CASPER:

I got cancer?

DOCTOR VALDEZ:

Yes, terminal cancer.

CASPER:

Huh...

DOCTOR VALDEZ:

I'm very sorry to have to tell you this MR. HARRIS.

CASPER walks out of the office and back to the waiting room.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

CASPER walks out of the hospital and down the sidewalk.

He makes his way towards the parking lot and over to his car.

CASPER gets in and starts it. He then drives out of the lot.

As he waits to leave the lot he looks over to a telephone pole.

On it is a lost dog poster.

CASPER just sits in his car and stares at it. He then takes out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and slides it into his mouth. He lights it, inhales, then coughs. He looks back up at the poster.

As CASPER stares out the window a car behind him honks.

DRIVER:

Move!

CASPER comes to and drives off down the road. But the shot continues holding on the poster.

The dog poster flutters in the wind as the water stained missing persons poster barely comes into view.

FADE TO- A wide landscape shot of Hot Springs.

The diner is closed off, boards covering the broken windows.

LEONARD'S house stands still and lonely in the field. Wind blows through the tall grasses.

The shot fades to black.

END.

