

BROKEN BADGE

written by

Eric Dickson

EDixsn1@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

Picnic tables. A child's swing set. Sandbox. A basketball rim and net. A three hole mini golf green. All surrounded by twenty foot chain link fences equipped with chicken wire. An outside visitor's courtyard for inmates and their families.

A lone man in orange prison fatigues shoots a three pointer...and misses.

This is RONNIE VAN DEN KEMP (39), thinning grey hair, salt and pepper beard. His eyes project a sense of inner pain and enormous loss. Yet his overall demeanor is calm, still, a broken soul.

SUPER:

Lakeland Correctional Facility
Coldwater, Michigan
August 2013

While retrieving a rolling basketball, he comes face to face with his lawyer and close family friend WAYNE WEBB (50s), ex public defender turned shifty ambulance chaser.

RONNIE

They let anyone in here. Hope for their sake you were de loused.

WEBB

Yeah, I love you too. How you holding up?

RONNIE

You're looking at it.

Webb awkwardly nods, bites his time, squints as the sun beats down on his pinched face.

Ronnie grins.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You look like you got something on your mind, Webb. So spit it out.

Webb sucks in a breath, breaks the news.

WEBB

Parole board's denying our request for early release.

Ronnie isn't surprised. He nods in appreciation, bounces his ball on the asphalt, walks to the imaginary three point line and gets set up for a shot.

WEBB (CONT'D)

Awfully quiet over there.

Ronnie bounces his ball.

RONNIE

You expecting me to break into tears? Cause I got none of those left.

Webb stands on the other side of the basketball rim at the three point range.

WEBB

We knew this was a long shot. Third DUI. And with kids involved.

RONNIE

I don't need an instant replay of what happened, thanks. I was there.

Ronnie shoots and drains it. Webb throws him his change.

WEBB

Yeah, I know. Sorry.

Ronnie bounces the ball on the asphalt, eyes down, in deep thought.

WEBB (CONT'D)

Ronnie, they love you here. The warden. The guards. They're saying you've been the exemplary prisoner. Polite. Respectful of authority. Full of remorse. All that crap. You're like the friggin poster child for the rehabilitated convict.

RONNIE

Yeah. Nothing personal. We love you but your ours for another five years. I get it.

Ronnie shoots and misses. Webb jumps and snags the ball before it hits the ground. He meets Ronnie halfway.

WEBB

No way you do a full stretch. Not as long as you continue to keep your nose clean. But we gotta stay focused on the future. Not this small blip on the radar. You've been through worse.

RONNIE

Yeah. I've been lucky here so far.

Ronnie walks to the fence, stares out onto the grounds. A visitor's parking lot. Freedom just within reach.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

But there's a part of me that hopes I take a shank to the kidneys. One day when I'm not looking. And it's all over. I don't have to think about that day. Or those kids faces staring back at me. Not for one second more.

Webb steps up behind him. A sadness in his eyes.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I don't have to wonder whether or not I've outlived my usefulness in this world. The other part of me...the part that keeps me going...knows that I have unfinished business when I walk out of here.

Ronnie turns to Webb, dead serious.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Don't let this all be bad news. You get a line on that punk like I asked you?

WEBB

Yeah. I did. Didn't have to look far. In fact it's been all over the news.

Ronnie squints, not following.

WEBB (CONT'D)

He's dead. Put a Colt Diamondback to his temple and blew his own porch light.

RONNIE
Killed himself?

Webb, nervous and unsure, turns, walks to a nearby table, takes a seat.

WEBB
At least that's the unofficial report. It doesn't matter. What matters is he's officially out of the picture. And not your concern anymore. All you have to worry about now is getting out of here.

Ronnie joins Webb at the table, hovers over him.

RONNIE
So this unofficial suicide. They looking at Bobby as a suspect?

Webb looks down, unable to find the words. He stares up at Ronnie with remorse.

WEBB
No. Look. A lot's happened since I talked with Bobby last. A lot of new developments.

RONNIE
What's that mean?

Ronnie takes a seat across from Webb.

WEBB
Before I tell you what I need to tell you. You need to understand something. You did all you could do for Nickie. And Jackie and Bobby. You raised them with nothing left in the bank and all odds against you. But your brothers made their own bed. You're not them. You never were. You're a good man who made one mistake. And one day soon you'll have a second chance at life. If you chose it.

Ronnie leans in close. A tear in his eye.

RONNIE
Webb. Where is my brother?

EXT. CLINTON POE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Farm country. Middle of nowhere. Tall leafless trees. Half melted snow and chipped ice cover the flat terrain. Meantime the front lawn consists of bumper to bumper jacked up extend cab pick ups and custom chopped hot rods.

Drunken guests blast their stereos while others dance in the cabs of their trucks. Others pour in and out of the old but modest farm house.

A LONE FIGURE makes a b line for the front door, ignoring the pushy crowd of white trash tweakers, junkies and other low life types following the haze of crystal meth.

This is none other than Ronnie. Now clean shaven. Cheap dime store rags for clothes but covered in a warm but outdated trench coat. He stops, surveys the crowd one last time before heading for the door.

SUPER:

Nine years later
Muskegon, Michigan
October 2022

Ronnie disappears inside.

INT. CLINTON POE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ronnie nudges his way through a stand still crowd as random furniture is knocked down, kicked over, smashed or otherwise destroyed. He stops to see what all the commotion is about.

TWO SKINHEAD IDIOTS beat the shit out of each other...trading headlocks...punches to the nose...knocking lamps to the floor...spilling beers...booze...

The ninety pound ZIT FACED GIRL they're fighting over hovers over them, curses her boyfriend out.

ZIT FACED GIRL
Are you fuckin stupid?!

The two idiots slip, fall onto a bong littered coffee table and knock over a hundred bucks worth of party favors. The crowd grows restless.

ZIT FACED GIRL (CONT'D)
Now look what you did!

The Zit Faced Girl grabs her boyfriend by the ear, pulls him off the table, slaps the side of his head.

SKINHEAD BOYFRIEND

Fuckin bitch.

ZIT FACED GIRL

I'm the bitch? You just got your fuckin ass beat! Fuckin dumbass! Now get your keys cuz you drivin me home!

Zit Faced Girl slaps him good one last time before storming off. Half the room laughs. The others are so stoned they sit half dead on the couch...in chairs. One has even passed out face down on the hard wood floor.

Ronnie shakes his head, pushes his way through the crowd...further into the home. Enters the --

DINING ROOM PARLOR

...where a seriously heated game of beer pong is taking place on a long family dinner table.

Everyone drunk. All covered in body art, full sleeve tats. Eyes, noses, chins and tongues pierced. Lots of black. Lots of shaved heads. And the heads that aren't shaved are dyed random shades of white, purple, red, and green.

The smoke in the air is practically hazardous.

Ronnie can barely take it...excuses himself toward the back of the home.

EXT. CLINTON POE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Some of the less rowdy crowd gather at a bonfire...smoke dope and share a bottle of whiskey.

Ronnie makes eye contact with each of the male guests gathered at the bonfire.

He turns...spots a small line gathered near a crumbling tool and lawn maintenance shed. A guard stands at an open door, blocks anyone from entering.

This is WARREN "THE CLIPPER" CLAPPER (20s), bone thin frame, pockmarked, meth ridden face. The eyes of a born killer.

A guest dips out of the shed as Clipper steps aside. He gives the nod to the next guest.

Ronnie stops at the door.

RONNIE
 (to guard)
 I wanna talk to Poe.

CLIPPER
 Good for you. Why do I care?

RONNIE
 I owe him some money.

Clipper observes Ronnie's long trench coat. His hands stuffed in the deep pockets.

CLIPPER
 Take your hands out of that coat.

Clipper takes a defensive stance, holds a stiff arm between him and Ronnie.

RONNIE
 It's cold out here.

CLIPPER
 It'll get even colder when I put a bullet in your brain. Keep your hands out of your pockets!

From inside the shed...

A mop of greying hair with matching beard pokes his head around a corner, stares out at Clipper. This is CLINTON POE (30s), Harley t shirt, thick build. A bit out of shape due to a near deadly bike accident.

POE
 What's goin on out there?

CLIPPER
 (to Poe)
 This dude says he owes you some money.

Poe's interest piqued.

POE
 Is that right? Well get his ass in here.

Clipper steps aside, lets Ronnie in. All the while staring him down and dead on his heels.

INT. POE'S TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Ronnie observes the revamped tool shed. No real tools or visible lawn maintenance supplies. Just pitch black walls covered in graffiti. A pool table dead center of the cramped space.

A couple BURNOUTS shoot some stick. One of them sits on a broken down recliner, legs sprawled out, cue in hand, blasted out of his mind.

POE
(Burnouts)
We're gonna need a minute. Next round is inside.

The two high as a kite burnouts take their time heading out. Poe shoves one...gives the other a swift kick in the ass for proper motivation.

POE (CONT'D)
Go on, get outta here. And don't forget your bag. You ain't sleepin here neither. This ain't no soup kitchen.

Ronnie steps aside, lets them through.

POE (CONT'D)
(to Ronnie)
Okay partner. Where's this money you owe me?

RONNIE
Robbie Drexl sent me. Said you might be able to help me locate someone.

POE
Drexl, huh? Well he ain't around here much no more. Since he got sent up to Lakeland.

Poe gives Ronnie a good once over.

POE (CONT'D)
I take it you spent a little time on the inside did you?

Ronnie nods.

RONNIE
That's right.

Ronnie walks to the pool table, sets down a photo. Someone we can't see. Poe takes a look. Clipper steps closer. Also takes a peek.

POE
Pretty girl.

RONNIE
Drexl said she was shackled up with some of old associates of yours. About seven years ago. Right around the time she disappeared.

Poe looks confused.

POE
Well Drexl's an asshole. Cuz that girl been dead for at least eight.

Clipper grins.

RONNIE
I heard otherwise. Why don't you take a closer look.

Poe picks up the image. An assured nod.

POE
This is her alright. She cuts her wrists open. Her dildo cop boyfriend finds her in a pool of her own blood. Surprised you ain't heard the story.

INT. RAWLEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ABBY SAMMS (19), wild red hair, death metal t shirt, floats awkwardly in a bathtub filled with red water. Her wrists sliced open.

Through the door walks...

RAWLEY NINER (30s), bushy hair and beard, simple black undershirt with a hole around the neck. He discovers Abby and bursts into hysterics.

RAWLEY
Abb-eee!

He rushes to the tub, slips on the wet floor and ends up in the water himself. He tries like hell to pull her out and to safety.

His eyes half sad and half pent up rage.

EXT. RAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rawley watches as Abby is loaded in the back of an ambulance. A circle of both PLAIN CLOTHES and UNIFORM COPS glare back at him with burning hatred and disgust.

But Rawley is unfeeling. Dead inside.

END FLASHBACK

INT. POE'S TOOL SHED - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Poe tosses the photo aside.

POE

But hey. You still wanna give me that money? Who am I to say no.

Poe pops a giant dip in his mouth, grins back at Clipper who snickers with amusement.

Ronnie reads their disinterest, reaches in his coat for something. Clipper draws his Glock.

CLIPPER

What I tell you about your hands?

Ronnie slowly pulls his hand out...now filled with a giant roll of cash. Clipper and Poe practically drool on themselves.

Ronnie drops the cash on the pool table.

RONNIE

This is just part of it. Drexel said you not only had the contacts but the pull to find out where she's holding up. From what I gathered here tonight, I'd say that's a safe assumption.

POE

You must be crazy walking in here with that cash. Surprised you weren't killed.

Poe sighs, rests his butt on the edge of the table, knocks some balls around.

POE (CONT'D)

Let's say for argument's sake...she's still alive and out there somewhere.

(beat)

What do you want with her?

RONNIE

That's between me and her.

Poe laughs. Clipper smiles.

CLIPPER

This guy's got some stones.

POE

Yeah, he's kind of funny.

Poe observes the thick wad of cash.

POE (CONT'D)

That's a lot of bread. Just what kind of job are we talking about here?

RONNIE

All I want is an address.

Clipper gets in Ronnie's face, eyes wide, intense, still not trusting him fully.

CLIPPER

And then what?

Ronnie isn't intimidated. He returns his steely glare.

RONNIE

I'll take it from there.

Poe bursts out laughing. Clipper isn't so amused as he and Ronnie stare each other down.

INT. COLE DAWSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A beaten down old farm home with creaky floors and a wood beam ceiling half eaten by termites. Unkempt would be putting it mildly as fast food containers and beer bottles rest on every possible piece of furniture.

Stacks of unpaid bills on a nightstand so high they blanket the floor beneath.

Newspaper soaked through with dog shit and this morning's piss occupy a space where a throw rug would suffice.

Sitting at a splintered up old card table are COLE DAWSON and his girl ANGIE SHAW. A strung out couple in their twenties with dead eyes and track marked arms.

Angie tightens the tourniquet on Cole's bone thin arm...readies a syringe.

A PIT BULL barks somewhere in the back yard.

COLE
Shut up!
(to Angie)
You feed him?

ANGIE
I thought you fed him.

COLE
First things first.

Angie is about to insert the needle until...

INT. UTILITY ROOM

A MASKED CREW of HOME INVADERS bust open the weak locks on a laundry room door. They bum rush the house.

INT. COLE DAWSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole and Angie look to an open doorway to find two of the masked intruders holding sawed off shotguns.

Before they can utter a word...

The FRONT DOOR is kicked in...snapping a weak chain and old fashioned lock.

Enter Poe and Clipper, both maskless.

COLE
Hell do you want?

POE
You stop coming around. You don't answer my calls. Sounds like you two got something to hide.

COLE
Hell are you talking about?

Clipper rests a pump action shotgun on his shoulder.

POE
 (to Clipper)
 You know what we're looking for.
 Go find it.

Clipper moves for the master bedroom. Cole and Angie watch as he dips inside.

COLE
 (to Poe)
 What's he doing?

Cole looks over his shoulder as Clipper begins his search of their bedroom. Poe claps and whistles. Cole faces him.

POE
 Eyes up, Cole.

One of the Masked Men wrap a phone cord around Cole's neck, jerk him backward as the other reaches over the table and holds his exposed arm at bay.

COLE
 Get...off...

ANGIE
 He can't breathe! Let him go!

Poe picks up Angie, firmly grips both arms as she watches the two men hold Cole hostage.

POE
 Now, I don't consider myself a violent man. But time's are tight. As you may have heard, Clipper and I never got our money. And that means we gotta improvise. Adapt and overcome.

COLE
 What's he talking about?

A THIRD MASKED MAN enters from the utility room holding a syringe loaded with a hot dose. He flicks the needle as a short squirt of heroin hits the floor.

COLE (CONT'D)
 You guys are crazy.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Clipper rips one color photo after the next from the surface of an old mirror hanging above an armoire. All old pics of Angie and her girlfriends partying, drinking, hanging out.

CLIPPER

Where is she, Angie?! We know you
know where she is!

Clipper is a man gone mad as he throws the pictures over each shoulder. One after the next.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Get out of our house!

Clipper loses his temper, and with one clean swoop, clears off the contents of the armoire, knocks them to the floor. He rips open the drawers, dumps the random contents all over an unmade bed.

A few old pictures drop here and there. Clipper rummages through them all.

INT. COLE DAWSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cole grows nervous as he watches the masked man sit before him with syringe in hand.

POE

As you can see, we don't have a lot
of time to explain. Angie's gonna
tell us where we can find the girl.
Or your gonna find yourself another
statistic on the six o clock news.

ANGIE

(to Cole)

Don't listen to him, baby. He's
just a two bit punk with too much
time on his hands.

(to Poe)

He thinks he's a fuckin tough guy.
He isn't. He's nothing. Him and
his chicken shit small time crew.

Angie stares back at Clipper ripping their bedroom apart.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(to Clipper)

You're nothing!

POE

Why so worked up, Angie? Your
boyfriend can answer for himself.

(to Cole)

Sounds to me like you and your girl
got something to hide.

COLE

Fuck! Just tell them already! Get
em outta here!

POE

That's right, Angie. Just tell us.
And we'll get out of here.

Angie's eyes full of tears. Her lips trembling.

POE (CONT'D)

Stick him.

The Masked Man with the needle about to puncture Cole's vein.

COLE

Shit!

ANGIE

Stop! Stop it! She has a cousin.
She's still in high school or
something.

POE

And her name?

ANGIE

I don't know her name. She's like
the only family she has left. You
wanna find her, you talk to her.
Nobody else knows where she is.

POE

How do you know that? You the
official spokesperson for everybody
now, Angie?

ANGIE

Because she went into hiding. Like
two months ago or something. I
don't know where. Nobody knows.
That's how she wanted it.

POE

(to Clipper)

Yo, Clipper! Let's go!

Clipper joins them in the living room.

The Masked Man tosses the syringe across the table as it strikes the wood floor. All five men head for the front door.

The three Masked Men file out first. Then Poe. Clipper is the last man behind.

Cole stands, snags up his own shotgun...rested against a wall and just out of reach.

COLE

I got something for you!

Clipper glances over his shoulder, swiftly turns and unloads his shotgun in Cole's direction. POW! Cole's body flung over the flimsy table.

Angie SCREAMS out, attempts to attack Clipper with her fists but is swiftly done away with. POW! Angie flung across the floor, sliding almost face to face with Cole.

Poe and the others race back in...find the remains of Clipper's handy work.

Blood painting the walls and floor.

POE

Fuck did you do?

CLIPPER

Fuckers threw down on me.

Poe grabs him by his coat, shoves him toward the door. He takes one last look at the grisly scene...chases out the door with his crew.

INT. MOTEL 6 - RONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The evening news begins its nightly broadcast. MACKENZIE WALTER (30s) stands on the lawn of recently deceased Cole Dawson and Angie Shaw.

MACKENZIE

This is the scene where police have just discovered the bodies of two Muskegon residents. Cole Dawson and Angie Shaw. Who were said to have been arguing with their killers just minutes prior to their deaths.

(MORE)

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

It was shortly thereafter Dawson's neighbor who made the 911 call heard the very loud and very distinct sound of shotgun blasts coming from inside. It's now been confirmed that both victims were killed with a single twelve gauge round to the chest in what police are claiming to be a drug related murder. Both Dawson and Shaw have a long history of drug use as well as drug offenses, stemming from possession to distribution...

Ronnie shuts off the television. He appears sick as his breathing grows heavier by the second.

RONNIE

God forgive me.

EXT. MT. PLEASANT RECREATION CENTER - NIGHT

Cliques of dressed to the nines TEENS pour in and out of the small community center's double doors. Along with the latest POP NOISE blasting from a speaker system.

SUPER:

Mt. Pleasant, Michigan
Homecoming Dance

Stumbling out is MADDIE BROCK (17), hair curled, all dolled up in a skimpy dress. Abby's estranged cousin. She is accompanied by her date and boyfriend LOGAN WELLS (18), sweaty shirt, loose tie.

Maddie collapses against the brick wall, waves her hand back and forth, tries to cool herself off.

Logan rests his hands on the wall, just over Maddie's right and left shoulders.

MADDIE

What are you doing?

LOGAN

I'm resting.

MADDIE

Well I'm hot. Back up, Romeo.

Maddie shoves him back.

LOGAN

So are we going to this party or not?

MADDIE

The party's inside. Why do you wanna leave so bad?

LOGAN

I might possibly have plans for us. And right now you're seriously throwing a monkey wrench into those plans and bumming me out.

MADDIE

You know I can't be out late, so why are you making any kinds of plans that require taking me home the next morning?

LOGAN

Hey. It's been three months. I haven't made you do anything you don't wanna do. You're gonna stop trusting me now?

Poe, Clipper and two of his crew...LYLE and CHET...without their masks...rush the two teens.

CLIPPER

Head's up, lovebirds.

Clipper snags Logan by the shirt collar, jerks him backward, away from Maddie. He wraps his arms under his pits, then around the back of Logan's neck.

MADDIE

Let him go!

Lyle and Chet each grab an arm and drag Maddie down the hall, kicking and SCREAMING.

POE

Shut up!

Poe checks the other end. No one there. All is clear.

Lyle and Chet pull Maddie around a corner, out of view of the other students entering and exiting the dance.

Clipper forces Logan to his knees, pulls one arm behind his back, ready to snap it.

MADDIE
Don't hurt him!

POE
Alright. We're gonna make this fast. You tell us where your cousin is or he snaps his arm.

MADDIE
Who are you?

Poe faces Clipper, who jerks Logan's arm further back. He SCREAMS out in agony.

LOGAN
Get off!

MADDIE
Please! Don't...don't do that!

POE
Your cousin. Abby. Where is she?

Maddie plays stupid.

POE (CONT'D)
Don't give us that look. Don't you dare. She's alive. And we know you know she's alive. All we wanna hear from you is where.

MADDIE
I don't know.

POE
You sure about that?

CLIPPER
She's lying.

MADDIE
I'm not lying. She left here with some friends of hers.

POE
When?

MADDIE
She came back. To see me. And then she took off. She gave me a number where I could reach her but she stopped answering. I don't know where she is or who she's with. That's the truth.

POE
When was this?

MADDIE
Like over a year ago. I don't
remember when. I haven't seen her
or heard from her since. I swear.

Lyle and Chet spot a COP CAR on the main drag, just beyond
some shrubbery. It makes a left at the light, headed for
the community center.

LYLE
We got company coming.

Poe spots the cop car disappear behind the building. Headed
for the front lot.

POE
(to Clipper)
Check on that.

Clipper releases Logan, kicks him in the back. Poe hovers
over him...aims his nine mil at Logan's head.

HALLWAY

Clipper observes random teens walking in and out of the
building...spots the COP CAR make a quick pass through
the front parking lot.

CLIPPER
(to Poe)
We gotta bounce.

Clipper re joins the others.

Maddie stares down at her frightened boyfriend. A gun aimed
at his skull.

POE
Now you know we can find you.
Anywhere. Anytime. You got
between now and the end of the
week. If you don't find out where
she is...we're gonna take it out on
your boyfriend here.

MADDIE
What're you saying?

POE

He's coming with us. So you do
what you gotta do. Make sure she
answers that call next time.

Poe smooches her on the forehead...pats her on the cheek.
Clipper picks up Logan, keeps a gun to his hip as the
five young men rush off...into the night.

LOGAN

Maddie! Call the cops!

Maddie slumps, slides down the wall, full blown tears.

EXT. MT. PLEASANT RECREATION CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Most of the students have left the dance and are gathered in
various cliques in the front lot.

POLICE CARS at the scene. LIGHTS FLASHING. And driving
slowly through the middle of the students is an unmarked
police issue sedan.

Out steps CAPTAIN HAL DRYDEK (60), old and gray, on the brink
of retirement. A simple sport coat and polo. He pops some
antacids as he's met halfway by...

DETECTIVE RAY CLARK (40s), tall, weaselly looking gum snapper
with a cocky stride and a record not worthy of his arrogance.
Rawley Niner's chief competition for biggest asshole in the
police department.

DRYDEK

Where is he?

CLARK

What's the matter, boss? You don't
want the official report?

DRYDEK

The official report is I officially
don't care. It's late. I'm tired
and not in the mood for bullshit
games. Is he here or not?

CLARK

In the kitchen. Popping aspirins.
He looks like hell warmed over.

DRYDEK

What else is new?

Drydek heads for the rec center. Clark follows.

INT. MT. PLEASANT RECREATION CENTER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A hand reaches inside an ice chest, grabs a big handful and dumps it in a plastic party cup. The hand holds the cup to the forehead of one...

RAWLEY NINER (40), unkempt bushel of hair, salt and pepper beard, thin, malnourished. He's a shell of what once was. All the spirit gone from his body.

Rawley is squatted on a stainless steel counter top of this backroom rec center kitchen.

Drydek, with arms folded, stands before him. Clark next to him with a shit eating smirk.

DRYDEK

Alright, Rawley. This is it. That moment you've been waiting on for the last eight or nine years. Your chance to finally purge that filth ridden shit box you call a soul and come clean with us.

RAWLEY

Hal. I didn't know you cared.

Clark fights the urge to slug him. Drydek swallows his pride and laughs.

DRYDEK

Always with the jokes. You've lost your badge. Your friends. Your mind. All self respect. But hey. You still got that sense of humor.

Rawley runs a nearby faucet, fills his cup of ice, ignores Drydek and Clark.

CLARK

Your Captain is talking to you, asshole. Might due you some good to listen.

RAWLEY

I'm all ears.

DRYDEK

Do you know why you're here?

RAWLEY

Not really. I was working on throwing a perfectly good drunk until you fine people rung me. Besides that, no I do not.

DRYDEK

Maddie Brock was attacked tonight. By four men. Four men looking for Abby Samms. Who they claim to still be alive.

The news comes as a shock to Rawley. And Clark notices.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

They're holding onto her boyfriend until she decides to uh...finally break her silence.

RAWLEY

Well. That is weird.

Rawley chugs his water. He stares back at the two cops awaiting some sort of explanation.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

And? What's that have to do with me?

Clark gets in Rawley's face.

CLARK

Boy, you really are asking for it, aren't you?

DRYDEK

(to Clark)

Back off.

Drydek stiff arms Clark, nudges him back.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

You better be straight with me, Rawley. No games. Do you have any idea why anyone would be looking for Abby Samms? A girl who, according to your report, died on the table eight years ago?

RAWLEY

No I do not. But maybe you'd like to ask Ronnie Van Den Kemp.

DRYDEK

Van Den Kemp?

RAWLEY

That's right. Bobby's brother.
Got out of Lakeland over two weeks
ago. Maybe he didn't get the
message about Abby.

(to Clark)

Go talk to him.

Clark jots down his name. Drydek groans a long, tired sigh.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

What does Maddie have to say for
herself?

DRYDEK

Not much. You see, she's got these
real specific instructions. That
if anything ever went down, she
don't speak with anyone but you.
Not the cops. No one.

CLARK

But you wouldn't know anything
about that, would you?

Rawley takes this all in. He's as confused as the two cops
before him.

RAWLEY

Where is she?

EXT. MT. PLEASANT RECREATION CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Clark's unmarked sedan sits just at the entrance to the front
end walkway leading to the rec center. In the backseat sits
a tired and scared Maddie.

Rawley spots her in the car, crawls in beside her.

INT. CLARK'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Maddie turns to Rawley, who offers a warm smile.

RAWLEY

I don't know you.

MADDIE

We met once. At Abby's funeral.

Rawley nods. A vague memory.

RAWLEY

I guess I don't really remember that. I was pretty wasted that day.

MADDIE

Yeah, I know. I wanted so bad over the last few years to tell you. But it wasn't my place.

RAWLEY

That Abby was still alive.

MADDIE

I spent all that time feeling sorry for you. But then it all came to me. I finally realized that it was you. You were the one that got her out. Away from here.

Rawley shakes his head in frustration, stares out the window.

RAWLEY

Is that what she told you? I helped get her out of here?

Maddie scoffs.

MADDIE

She faked her death. You were the one that found her. Brought her to the hospital. I mean, who else could it be?

Rawley thinks it all over. A slight grin forms as he slowly figures it out.

RAWLEY

Maddie if I knew where she was I wouldn't be talking to you. Now would I?

Maddie squints, confused.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

It's just us here. Just like Abby wanted. If you know where she is you have to tell me.

MADDIE

I don't. All I have is a number.

RAWLEY

That's good. That's real good.
This number. Did you give it to
the men who took your boyfriend?

MADDIE

No. There wasn't time. When the
cops showed, they panicked and
booked it out of there.

RAWLEY

Listen to me close. These guys are
gonna be contacting you. They got
your boyfriend, so they got your
number. They're gonna ask you for
it. You don't tell them anything.
Not yet. Not until I say it's
okay. You got it?

Maddie is unsure but nods just the same. Rawley smiles,
gives her a quick wink on his way out. He dips his
head back in, hands his card to Maddie.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Text me that number. And give me a
buzz as soon as you hear.

Maddie takes his card.

Rawley heads off.

EXT. MT. PLEASANT RECREATION CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rawley heads for his Mustang. About to dip in the driver's
side but is blocked by Clark.

CLARK

So that's it? You talk to the girl
and you're off. Just like old
times, huh, Rawley?

RAWLEY

Do you mind? I have a case to
solve. If I hear anything useful
I'll be sure to give you a buzz.

CLARK

It's a funny thing. How every time
you strap on that gun of yours
someone dies. Abby Samms. Sarah
Ross. Trent Wise. Santos. You
got a pretty sketchy track record,
Rawley.

This hits home for Rawley as he loses his cocky grin.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Why don't you do Abby's cousin a favor and keep her out of this...thing. Whatever the hell it is you're planning. I can already see the wheels turning.

RAWLEY

She could use a ride home. Why don't you go do that. And tell Hal I'll be in touch.

(beat)

Do you mind?

Rawley motions to Clark to step aside. Clark waits a moment, stares him down...finally steps aside.

Rawley crawls in, wastes no time leaving some tread on the asphalt as he speeds off.

EXT. LUCKY STRIKES POOL HALL - NIGHT

A rusted out forty year old van with flash rims worth more than the car itself comes to a swift halt at a curbside before the pool hall.

A sliding door swings open. Chet and Lyle escort their hostage Logan to the door. Poe and Clipper climb bring up the rear as Clipper slams the door shut.

INT. LUCKY STRIKES POOL HALL - NIGHT

Ronnie and Webb gather near the far corner table...a sort of private room away from the modest crowd of locals gathered on the main floor.

Some news articles laid out on the felt. ABBY SAMMS ABDUCTED BY MURDER SUSPECTS. MURDER SUSPECT TESTIFIES AT COP'S TRIAL. BALCONY COP SHOTS DA'S DAUGHTER. DISTRICT ATTORNEY LINKED TO DRUG TRAFFICKERS.

RONNIE

Why are you just now telling me about this cop?

WEBB

Because there was nothing to tell at the time. It was just coincidence.

Ronnie impatiently scoops up the tall pile of news articles and holds them up for Webb.

RONNIE

Awful thick stack of coincidences.

Ronnie tosses the papers in the air.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Something tells me this cop has a knack for finding trouble. If it was just coincidence, you wouldn't be holding onto his life story here, so cut the shit.

Webb puts the papers back together.

WEBB

Alright. I got a cop on the inside who says Niner was there that night. Him and some nurse stumbled on the scene and made the call.

Ronnie is distracted by the crew of thugs pouring through his front door. Poe and Clipper belly up to the bar while Lyle and Chet await by the stairs with Logan.

WEBB (CONT'D)

You expecting guests?

RONNIE

We'll talk later. Why don't you take off.

WEBB

You wanna go back to prison, Ronnie? I'm not holding your hand this time.

RONNIE

Noted. Now get lost.

Webb half nods and shakes his head at the same time before heading for the door.

Ronnie meets Poe and Clipper at the bar. They get set up with a couple stiff shots. Down the hatch.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Who's the kid and why did you bring him here?

POE

He's our bargaining chip. What can I say? Things are getting messy.

RONNIE

I noticed.

POE

Finding this girl's gonna be harder than we thought. A lot's gone down since we first talked. It's what happens messin around with these tweeker sonsofbitches. Sometimes a simple please don't work.

RONNIE

Yeah I heard something like that too.

POE

That being said, we'd like to discuss renegotiating our contract.

Poe pours himself another shot. Ronnie turns to the crowd of pool hustlers shooting stick. All of them staring back at the teenager being held at the door.

RONNIE

Let's not do this out here. Let's take it upstairs.

Poe gives the heads up to Lyle and Chet as they file up the steps near the door.

Ronnie, Poe and Clipper follow.

INT. STAIRCASE

As Lyle and Chet escort Logan up the steps, Logan suddenly shoves Chet aside, attempts to hump it down the stairs but is quickly snagged up by the shirt collar by Lyle.

Poe, Clipper and Ronnie watch as Lyle throws Logan against the wall and chucks him down the steps.

The three men clear the way as Logan stumbles halfway to the bottom. The banged up teen is in bad shape as he grabs his throbbing head.

Ronnie helps him to his feet.

RONNIE

You okay?

Logan nods.

Ronnie shoots Lyle the thousand yard stare. Lyle is worked up, tweaked out, hot mad.

Ronnie calmly walks the stairs, meets Lyle halfway. Before Lyle knows what's happening...

Ronnie knees him in the nuts...bangs his head against the wall and forcefully throws him down the steps.

Poe and Clipper once again step aside as Lyle tumbles all the way to the bottom.

POE
(to Ronnie)
Shit, man. You broke him.

Clipper conceals his laughter as he watches Lyle squirm on the bottom floor mat like a worm.

Ronnie walks down the steps, in no real hurry. He moves past Poe and Clipper...

...stands over Lyle, who crawls away.

Ronnie picks him up by his coat, throws him over a small four chaired table. Beer bottles crash, spill, roll across the pool hall floor.

RONNIE
In case you boys haven't guessed by now...I abhor violence.

Ronnie swiftly kicks Lyle in the gut. He groans in pain.

Poe and Clipper stand, mouth agape.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Only thing I hate worse than violence...is watching these kids piss their life down the drain...

Ronnie steps on Lyle's knee. CRUNCH!

LYLE
Come on, man!

RONNIE
Can't work. Can't think. Can't function. Cause they can't see two inches past that glass dick pipe in their mouths.

Ronnie watches Lyle writhe in pain, one hand on his knee, the other holding his stomach.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 Because somewhere inside those scrambled eggs that pass for brains...they think they're the real victim. Instead of the lives they keep destroying. Shooting innocent women. And beating up unarmed teenagers...

Ronnie picks up Lyle, forces his arm on a pool table, picks up a cue and breaks it over the arm.

Lyle SCREAMS out, falls to the floor.

Ronnie stares up at the others. The busted cue still in hand. He chucks it on the floor.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 Bobby made his choice. Nickie and Jackie too. Nothing I can do to change that. Just like that cop made the choice to blow him away and cover his ass. There is something I can do about that.

Lyle has managed to crawl his way toward the staircase, toward his associates.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 Might not be fair. May not be justice. I guess I'll know when I get there. But that's between me and God.

Ronnie steps up behind Lyle.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 (to Lyle)
 Your contract's cancelled. Get out of my sight. If I see you again...I'm gonna put you out of your own misery.

LYLE
 (to Poe)
 Shoot him. Shoot him!

Poe checks with Ronnie, who awaits his decision.

POE
 (to Chet)
 You heard the man. Get him out of
 here.

Chet moves down the steps, past Poe and Clipper...helps Lyle
 up as the two head out the door.

Poe escorts Logan up the steps.

Ronnie grabs a half drunk beer from a table, takes a belt as
 he slowly gathers his emotions.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - FRONT DESK AREA - NIGHT

It's a quiet night in the ER as an ADMIT NURSE named CARRIE
 ANN (40s), blue scrubs, short hair, fireplug, uploads pics
 of this year's banquet on Instagram.

CARRIE ANN
 God, I'm so boooorrrreed.

A great shot of her and best friend CARLY DENNIS (30s), head
 nurse, Rawley's infamous on again, off again fling, as they
 smile and playfully pinch the cheeks of their Chief of
 Emergency Medicine.

Speak of the Devil...Carly passes the desk with a giant
 handful of supplies.

CARLY
 I'll be in sutures if anyone cares.
 And tell your boyfriend and his
 partner to quit stealing my
 supplies.

CARRIE ANN
 God, Carly. You're so photogenic.
 There's some real great pics from
 the party if you wanna look.

Carrie Ann is all smiles.

CARRIE ANN (CONT'D)
 I might even have a few of that
 cute pediatric fellow from Crest
 Hill.

CARLY
 You mean the married one who left
 with that drunk PA from
 Southeastern? The ones with tits
 the size of my head?

CARRIE ANN

Hey. They can't all be perfect.
And he's separated. Not married.

CARLY

Separated is still married, Carrie.

CARRIE ANN

I say go for it. Be a homewrecker.
It's already wrecked. Who cares?

Carrie Ann sips at a child's juice box. Carly rolls her eyes, ducks into the suture room ass first.

INT. SUTURE ROOM - NIGHT

Carly dumps the mass of supplies on an exam table, opens a nearby cabinet and starts opening boxes. She looks up and is shocked to find...

Rawley before her.

CARLY

So you're still alive. That's good.

RAWLEY

You never know. You could be talking to a ghost.

CARLY

Every few weeks I've been checking the morgue. Thought maybe you either drank yourself to death or OD'd.

Rawley grins.

RAWLEY

Well at least you're thinking of me.

CARLY

Yeah, well. I already checked all the bars, Rawley.

RAWLEY

Ouch.

CARLY

What're you doing here? Are you drunk? Guess that goes without saying.

RAWLEY

You hear what happened at the dance tonight?

CARLY

You kidding? It's like the talk of the town around here. What do you know about it?

Rawley shuts the door behind him.

RAWLEY

Apparently not as much as you.

Carly dumps a box of gauze on a counter, steps closer to Rawley with accusatory eyes.

CARLY

What's that supposed to mean? And why are you closing doors?

RAWLEY

Abby Samms medical records are gone. Like she never existed.

CARLY

Just because we don't hand them over to you doesn't mean they don't exist. That's privileged information. You're a cop. You know that.

RAWLEY

Okay, fine. Let me see them.

Carly stalls.

CARLY

What is this about?

Rawley also stalls. He paces the room. Carly watches him closely, sizes him up.

RAWLEY

That must've been something for you. Seeing me with Abby that night. Her dying in my arms. And with that look in your eye. You didn't have to say a word and I knew you were already blaming me.

CARLY

You are drunk.

RAWLEY

Don't play with me. Not now.

Carly huffs out loud with disgust, erratically talks with her hands as she pleads with Rawley. And she's resisting much too hard.

CARLY

That was a long time ago. Abby Samms never stood a chance. Whether it was with you or one of her tweaker friends. Her life ended when her family was butchered.

Rawley gets uncomfortably close to Carly's face.

RAWLEY

That's why you wouldn't let me see the body.

Carly rolls her eyes, gives up, walks in circles.

CARLY

You were a mess! You wouldn't stop crying! I didn't want you to see her like that!

RAWLEY

Or maybe you didn't want me to see her at all. Because you and Malcolm Dees were too busy rolling her out the back door.

Carly play laughs. She throws up her hands in defeat.

CARLY

Okay, fine. That's what happened. You got me. So go bother Dees with your bullshit stories.

Rawley rubs his sore temples, on the verge of losing patience.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You hear what I said? You got any questions concerning Abby, go see him about it.

RAWLEY

I'm not asking him. I'm asking you. Do you think what happened to her was my fault.

CARLY
I already told you no. So why do
you keep asking?

RAWLEY
There's some men out there.
They're looking for her.

Carly is visibly worried.

CARLY
Who?

RAWLEY
Who doesn't matter. If you know
where she is you have to tell the
cops. If not me, then you go to
the station and record your
statement with Drydek.

Once again, Carly laughs.

CARLY
You lost it for real this time,
Rawley. You should seriously
consider seeing someone. For real
this time.

RAWLEY
Yeah. You just do what I said.

Rawley heads out. Carly breaks into tears.

EXT. HOSPITAL - VISITOR LOT - NIGHT

Rawley stops at his Mustang. His phone BUZZES. A text. He
quickly checks the message.

Abby's number. 989-901-1917

Rawley touches the link...dials.

VOICE (O.S.)
We're sorry. The number you are
trying to reach is no longer in
service.

Rawley ends the call.

RAWLEY
989.

INT. RAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rawley quickly enters, leaves the door wide open as he heads down a hallway, headed for the room at the end of the hall. The door shut.

Rawley reaches for the knob but stops. He is hesitant. Nervous. His breathes are heavy. He leans his back against the hallway wall, gathers himself.

RAWLEY

It's just a room. Get it together.

Rawley opens and enters.

INT. ABBY'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

A simple twin bed with disheveled sheets. As if someone had just slept in it. A private bathroom included with this particular room.

Rawley passes, hesitant to stare inside at the very same bathtub where Abby was found years earlier.

INT. RAWLEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rawley pulls Abby from the tub, desperately wraps her in a blanket, panicked, crying like a child.

RAWLEY

Stay with me!

END FLASHBACK

INT. ABBY'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Rawley snaps out of it. He stares at Abby's old bed. And suddenly...hears Abby's voice.

ABBY (V.O.)

I'm getting letters from people I haven't heard from since I was a kid. The others I don't even know.

INT. ABBY'S OLD ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Abby and Rawley rest on the side of her mattress. A tall pile of handwritten letters and hallmark cards rest between them.

ABBY

There are people out there who still care about me, Rawley. It's not your job to make me happy again. So don't do that to yourself.

Rawley nods understandably.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I have to make myself happy.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ABBY'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Rawley in deep thought.

RAWLEY

Letters.

Rawley ducks down, reaches under the bed and pulls out a giant plastic storage tub swamped with old letters of condolences. There must be a hundred.

He dumps them over Abby's old bed, rummages through them.

ABBY (V.O.)

I met some great people there, Rawley. People just like me. Broken. Trying to put the pieces together. My biggest fear going in was I'd never get better. And when I did...my biggest fear was leaving them and coming back here.

RAWLEY

Leaving them.

Rawley finds a POSTCARD from BAY CITY, MICHIGAN. A beautiful pic of Saginaw Bay and a coastal marina. He flips the card over and reads...

Just thinking of you. Wondering if you found that thing that was missing. By the way, all is well at the 520. The gang says Hi. PS Hoping and praying you find your way here and we can be roomies again. Mika.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Roomies.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BAY CITY - DAY

Rawley's Mustang cruises the business district. An almost nineteen fifties down home quaintness to the city.

Hardware stores. Antiques. Ice cream shop. American flags hang proudly over the storefronts.

INT. RAWLEY'S MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

Rawley takes in the simplicity of this quiet, peaceful burg and he's awestruck.

RAWLEY

Golly gee with a strawberry on top.
Can the Beaver come out and play?

EXT. BAY SHORES REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

A beautiful bay side resort for addicts struggling with drugs and alcohol. It's the kind of place that one would find difficult to leave. Rawley's Mustang finds a spot near the front marked guest parking.

Out steps Rawley who takes in the gorgeous view of Saginaw Bay just beyond the lot.

RAWLEY

Nice digs. No wonder she wanted to stay.

Rawley heads for an electric door. He dips inside.

INT. BAY SHORES REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

Rawley walks the halls with DOCTOR LEONA PHELPS (50s), a sternly dressed disciplinarian who wrote the book on rules and regulations.

DOCTOR PHELPS

Even if she did mention you, Detective, it's not my place to comment. My place is to secure the confidentiality and privacy of these patients. And to ensure they receive the best care we're capable of offering.

Doctor Phelps lowers her cheaters, a stern glare into Rawley's eyes.

DOCTOR PHELPS (CONT'D)

This includes helping to find the source of certain cancers in their lives, as well as helping to cut out these cancers that may be poisoning their bodies and minds. In some cases, this means people.

Rawley grins.

RAWLEY

Sounds like she definitely mentioned me.

Doctor Phelps stops in her tracks.

DOCTOR PHELPS

She was in a good place when she left here. She goes home to you and hurts herself. Even if she were alive, and I knew where she was, I would never tell you. You can see yourself out.

Doctor Phelps ducks into one of the rooms. Rawley puts his tail between his legs and walks the opposite direction.

RAWLEY

Yeah. I'll just see myself out. Thanks.

INT. BAY CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

SERGEANT TEDDY FRANKS (40s), plain clothes cop, simple polo and khakis, walks desk to desk, drops some papers in various black wire baskets.

TEDDY

I knew this day was coming sooner or later. My past coming back to haunt me.

RAWLEY

She's alive, Teddy. Alive. I've been walking around for years thinking I killed this girl. I got a second chance.

TEDDY

That's what I'm afraid of.

Teddy heads for a nearby break room. Rawley on his heels.

RAWLEY

If Van Den Kemp finds her, it's gonna be like I lost her all over again.

Teddy covers his ears, not caring in the least. He ducks inside the...

BREAK ROOM

...with a simple folding table, coffee maker and several half opened boxes of coffee cake, donuts and other junk.

Teddy pops a day old donut hole. Spits it straight into a garbage pale.

TEDDY

Fuck my life.

Teddy pours himself a cup, washes down what's left of the stale donut stuck in his throat.

RAWLEY

I remember back in the academy. You were all about Atkins. My body is my temple. All that shit. What happened?

TEDDY

Life happened.

Teddy snags a paper towel, wipes his tongue with it.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Why did you have to come here? It's quiet here, Rawley. Phelps was right. You are a cancer.

Rawley rolls his eyes.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

A fucking malignancy. And you're addicted to your own destruction. I've never seen anything like it. It's all that flour you've shoved up your schnozz over the years.

A DETECTIVE rolls his chair back, eavesdrops on their convo. Rawley smiles back at him, shuts the door.

RAWLEY

Wanna keep it down a little.

TEDDY

Maybe it would do you some good to check yourself into Bay Side. Ya know, admitting you have a problem is the first step.

RAWLEY

Are you gonna help me find this girl or not?

Teddy bursts out laughing.

TEDDY

Fuck. I give up. What's her name again?

RAWLEY

Mika. M-I-K-A.

TEDDY

Gotta picture or something?

RAWLEY

If I had a picture I wouldn't need you, Teddy.

Teddy shakes his head.

TEDDY

One hour. O'Reilly's. First rounds on you.

Rawley grins, dips out.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I want you outta my town by dawn, Niner!

EXT. BAY SIDE CONDO - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Two scantily clad young women head up a short set of steps headed for a swank second floor condo. The first of them is SABRINA (20s), Italian American, curly hair, knee high boots and leopard print sweater.

Following behind her is SAM, aka ABBY SAMMS (20s), pale and sickly, short blonde hair. A pair of horses beautifully tattooed on both sides of her neck. Abby also sports a cheap fur, tank top and bare midriff.

SABRINA

We're late.

ABBY

I don't think they can start
without us, Sabrina.

Abby stops halfway up the steps, pulls out a pack of smokes
and sparks one up.

SABRINA

Why do you do this? Every time.

ABBY

Go on inside. It's cold out.

Abby shivers, covers her stomach while dragging her smoke
with her free hand.

Sabrina gives up, heads up the steps.

INT. FANCY CONDO - FILM SHOOT - NIGHT

A modest FILM CREW of the lowest possible standard set up
some lights as a topless Sabrina squats on top of her
male counterpart.

A sleazy DIRECTOR type checks the viewer on his consumer
brand video camera.

DIRECTOR

I'm still seeing shadows. Let's
take care of that please.

A pair of GAFFERS move the lights around as someone KNOCKS at
the front door.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Come in! We're all friends here!

Abby opens the door. A sick look about her as she watches a
topless Sabrina squat on the actor.

SABRINA

When do I take off my bottoms
again? I'm still confused.

DIRECTOR

Alright. One more time. We're
doing the jealous girlfriend who
comes home unexpectedly. Only
she's not jealous. She's secretly
a lesbian. She doesn't want him.
And neither do you. She wants you
and you want her.

Abby rubs her tired eyes.

ABBY
Is there a bathroom?

A PRODUCER type holding the paper thin script whispers in Abby's ear.

PRODUCER
No, we just all pee on the floor here.

The Producer smiles.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)
Over there.

Abby heads for the toilet.

INT. CONDO BATHROOM - NIGHT

Abby stares at herself in the mirror. She turns her neck side to side...admires her horses.

ABBY
This isn't you. Just your body.
Keep it together.

INT. FANCY CONDO - FILM SHOOT - NIGHT

Abby rests on the edge of the mattress, slowly removes her skimpy top, sits bare breasted for all of the room and camera to witness.

She is nearly catatonic...zen mode. Somewhere else. All of the sound in this room slowly dims out.

EXT. MIKA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rawley stops at a curbside mailbox. 520 BENSON ROAD. He stares through the trees and spots a THREE STORY HOME somewhere at the end of a long clay road.

TEDDY (V.O.)
Mika Padgett. Five arrests for possession. Took a bust for distribution a few years back. Pled guilty with suspended sentence. Supposedly been in and out of Bay Side so many times she's got her own room.

RAWLEY (V.O.)
You got an address?

TEDDY (V.O.)
Five Twenty Benson Road is last
known. Will there be anything
else, master?

RAWLEY (V.O.)
You did good, Teddy. Real good.

Rawley begins his jaunt down the long, homemade road. He keeps a careful eye on the home.

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS head his direction. Rawley jumps and hides behind some shrubbery. The car passes.

Rawley watches as the car stops near a double door garage. Out steps MADDIE BROCK.

Rawley's jaw drops.

Maddie stares up at the house, hesitant to go any further.

MADDIE
I'm so sorry, Abby.

And Rawley wraps a hand around her mouth and pulls her away from the home...back toward the clay road.

They stop just behind some shrubs. Maddie, still scared, stares into Rawley's eyes. He unclasps his hand from her mouth.

RAWLEY
What're you doing here?

MADDIE
How the hell did you find this
place?

RAWLEY
You lied to me.

Maddie's look turns angry.

MADDIE
People died because of her. She's
just like you, ya know. I don't
owe her anything.

RAWLEY
That's your old man talking.

MADDIE

It's true.

RAWLEY

And you're gonna hand her over to these guys. Your own family.

MADDIE

I'm here to tell her the cops are looking for her. And I'm driving her back to Mount Pleasant. What happens from there is out of my hands.

Rawley snickers with disgust.

RAWLEY

We're going in. You're gonna tell Abby all about this secret plan of yours. About how you're gonna switch her for your boyfriend.

MADDIE

Please. Don't. Don't make me do that.

Rawley thinks it over.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Please. I'm just scared. They're gonna kill him.

Rawley caves.

RAWLEY

Then we're all going back together. The three of us. When we get in there just shut up and let me do the talking.

Maddie nods.

INT. MIKA'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The porch is in dire straits. White, ugly, damaged wood and a termite ridden floor. The actual furniture is loud, colorful, eclectic. A pricey looking fish tank is filled with some impressive fish.

Rawley and Maddie climb a few steps and knock on a flimsy screen door.

RAWLEY

Well. We knocked. I'm going in.

Rawley, as quietly as possible, creaks open the squeaky old screen door and steps inside. Maddie keeps the door from slamming shut behind them.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Where is everybody?

MADDIE

It is forty degrees out. Not exactly porch weather.

RAWLEY

Good point. Guess we better go inside then.

Rawley moves for the back door, gives a quick knock, waits two seconds and enters.

MADDIE

You're not very patient, are you?

Maddie follows behind.

INT. MIKA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

And sprawled out on the couch in some fuzzy slippers and pajama pants, sucking on some candy, surfing her laptop is MIKA PADGETT (20s) light skinned black girl, full head of wild orange hair.

A nearby smart phone RINGS incessantly with the most obnoxious RAP RINGTONE you've ever heard.

MIKA

Yo, Tracy! Your phone's going nuts! And no, I'm not going out tonight!

Rawley enters from the kitchen. His hand on his sidearm, ready to draw at a given moment.

Mika pulls the sucker from her mouth.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Well hello there.

RAWLEY

Abby. Where is she?

TRACEY, white thug, slicked back hair, satin robe, stands near a hallway with a bottle of wine and two glasses.

TRACEY

Who the fuck is Abby and what are you doing in my crib?

MIKA

He's talking about Sam.

Tracey spots Rawley's gun on his hip...changes his tone.

TRACEY

What you want with her?

RAWLEY

It's a long story. This is her cousin, Maddie. From back home.

Maddie waves hello.

MADDIE

Hey.

The awkward teen hides behind Rawley.

Tracey watches them closely.

TRACEY

What're you doing bringing her here, bro? I don't mess with no underage. If she's eighteen I'll eat my shoe.

Rawley grows tired of the tough guy act and cracks a grin.

RAWLEY

Why don't you sit down over there where I can see you.

Tracey grows a pair and steps to Rawley.

TRACEY

Are you like a cop or somethin'?

RAWLEY

Not somethin. I am the cops. Now go sit down. You're making me nervous.

Rawley grips his sidearm. Tracey notices.

TRACEY

It's cool, man. It's cool.

Tracey joins Mika on the couch.

Maddie is distracted by the sound of GIGGLING FEMALES from down the long hallway. One of them crosses the hall and dips into the bathroom.

FEMALE #1 (O.S.)

Better not be doing what I think
you're doing in there! I've got a
shoot in an hour!

Rawley steps back, stares down the hall. He watches as...

FEMALE #2 cracks open the bathroom door.

FEMALE #2

I'll light a candle. Get off my
dick. Act like you don't take
stinky shits.

She makes eye contact with Rawley.

FEMALE #2 (CONT'D)

Oh hey. Welcome to the 502. I'll
be out in about...five minutes.
Maybe ten.

She shuts the door.

FEMALE #1 (O.S.)

Don't bet on it!

FEMALE #2 (O.S.)

Shut up!

Rawley grins, shakes his head. Tracey's phone continues to RING out of control.

MIKA

It's been ringing for five minutes.

TRACEY

So answer it. You guys are costing
me money around here.

Mika stands, snags up his phone from the opposite couch, tosses it on Tracey's lap. He answers.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Yeah.

(listens)

Oh yeah? Those are respectable
numbers for sure. I'll have to
talk that over with her.

(MORE)

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I don't speak for my girls. Why
don't you let me call you back.

(listens)

Yeah. Later.

Tracey hangs up. Rawley grows curious, watches a YOUNG WOMAN wrapped in a bath towel exit the bathroom. A different young woman than the one who went in.

She waves hello to everyone on her way into the kitchen. No modesty whatsoever.

RAWLEY

What the hell's the deal here?

TRACEY

What deal you talkin about, bro?

RAWLEY

This place. What is this?

Tracey grins.

TRACEY

Oh I get it. You ain't figured
this shit out yet. Your friend
Abby. Sam. Whatever you wanna
call her. She's out right now. On
a job.

Rawley's anger is palpable. He towers over Tracey, who quickly loses his sly grin.

RAWLEY

What kind of job?

EXT. MIKA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An exhausted Abby moves up the winding walkway that leads to the rear porch screen door. She is so out of it she doesn't notice...

Rawley perched on the front stoop.

She looks up. Their eyes meet. For the first time since he left her in the ER. Abby breaks into tears. Rawley rushes to her, grabs her as she collapses in his arms.

INT. MIKA'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Abby slowly sways back and forth in a rocking chair. Across the way sits her cousin Maddie. Neither able to make direct eye contact due to their shame.

Standing in a corner, arms folded, also at a loss for words is none other than Rawley.

RAWLEY

You're not in trouble. Everyone's just happy you're alive and doing...well.

(beat)

I guess.

Abby stares at the floor.

ABBY

I'm fine, guys. So you can stop staring at me like I'm not.

MADDIE

We know you're fine, Abby. It's just that...you could be doing so much better.

Abby laughs.

ABBY

Yeah, well. I think that ship has sailed.

RAWLEY

When we get back, you'll have to go into protective custody. Just temporary.

ABBY

I thought I was in protective custody. I've been here for years and no one knew.

RAWLEY

If I can find you, so can he.

ABBY

He?

RAWLEY

Bobby's brother was released from prison about a month ago.

ABBY

What does he want with me?

RAWLEY

What do you think?

ABBY

You told me that wouldn't be a problem.

RAWLEY

I was wrong.

Abby huffs in frustration.

ABBY

Perfect. I knew this would catch up with. Here we are.

RAWLEY

Before he went inside, he won this big settlement. Got side swiped in a motorcycle accident. He's got enough money now to hire certain kinds of people to find you. They've already killed two people. Abducted another. Including Maddie's boyfriend.

Abby checks with Maddie, who nods in agreement.

MADDIE

It's true.

ABBY

(to Maddie)

Are you crazy? They could've followed you here.

Rawley walks to Abby with all sincerity.

RAWLEY

That's right. They could have. That's an even better reason to come with us.

Abby is hesitant.

ABBY

I can't. Not back there. Anywhere but there.

RAWLEY

You give your statement to Captain Drydek and I will personally take you wherever you wanna go. It'll be on the department's dime. I'll see to that.

Abby sighs out loud.

MADDIE

You can't stay here, Abby.

Abby takes a moment to weigh her options. She reluctantly nods in agreement.

INT. MT. PLEASANT POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Drydek stumbles down a flight of metal stairs in a frenzied rush and is greeted halfway by OFFICERS ZUCKER and KEEGAN, a pair of uniform cops fresh out of the academy.

DRYDEK

What're you doing here? You're supposed to be sitting on Niner's front porch. You don't eat, sleep or go home to crawl on your girlfriends until I say so.

OFFICER ZUCKER

He's gone, Captain.

Drydek sighs.

DRYDEK

I know he's gone. So you sit on his place until he returns. And then you wait until he leaves and you tail his ass. It's all very simple, fellas.

OFFICER KEEGAN

We already did that, sir.

DRYDEK

So what's the problem?

OFFICER KEEGAN

He made us, sir. Then lost us on the interstate. About twenty miles north of here.

Drydek shuts his eyes, rubs his temples.

DRYDEK

That's just great. Why don't you
two go home. You've wasted enough
of my time.

Drydek races down the steps.

OFFICER ZUCKER

Yes, sir, Captain.

Officer Keegan slaps his partner on the arm.

OFFICER KEEGAN

That didn't require you to speak.

EXT. HOME OF STEVE AND CYNTHIA BROCK - NIGHT

Poe and company's rusted van kills the headlights as it rolls
to a stop a good fifty yards from this isolated, deep woods
farm home.

INT. POE'S VAN - NIGHT

Chet behind the wheel. Poe rides shotgun. Ronnie in the
back with Clipper and their hostage Logan.

Poe turns to Ronnie.

POE

(to Ronnie)

This is it. That point where you
step over the line. And there
ain't no goin back. Are we doing
this?

Ronnie checks with Clipper. The two share a strange but
silent exchange with their eyes.

RONNIE

(to all)

Keep it in your pants. No one gets
hurt on this one. This is my play.

Poe checks with Chet, and then Clipper. Neither put up any
resistance.

POE

Okay then. Let's do this.

Poe steps out. And then Chet. Clipper opens the van's
sliding door.

INT. HOME OF STEVE AND CYNTHIA BROCK - NIGHT

STEVE BROCK (50s), heavy set farm boy, Maddie's father, paces on a hand knitted, homemade throw rug. A land line to his ear as he speaks with police.

STEVE

(to police)

No, no. Detective Clark. C-L-A-R-K. He's in charge of my daughter's case. Are you telling me you've lost him too? What the hell's going on down there?

Racing into the room is CYNTHIA BROCK (50s), housewife, Maddie's mother.

CYNTHIA

Just hang up and we'll go down there ourselves. It's been three hours. She's never not answered her phone for this long.

STEVE

(to police)

You know what, sir. Never mind. We're coming in.

Steve hangs up, tosses the land line on a sofa.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You got the keys?

A KNOCK at the front door startles them both.

POE (V.O.)

Mister Brock, it's the police. Open up please.

CYNTHIA

Oh my God. Something's happened.

STEVE

Calm down. Maybe they just have some new developments on Logan's case.

Steve heads for the door, opens the screen frame and then the main door as...

A masked Poe shoves him to the floor.

Cynthia SCREAMS.

In walks Clipper, Chet and then Ronnie. All wearing masks.

CYNTHIA
What is this? Who are you?

POE
No talking.

Clipper and Chet unwrap some clothes line.

CYNTHIA
No.

Cynthia makes a run for it...

...through a DINING ROOM and...

...toward a cellar door.

She opens, attempts to run down but is quickly grabbed around the waist by Chet, who throws her to the kitchen floor.

CLIPPER
(to Chet)
Hold her down!

Chet kneels over Cynthia's body, pulls her arms behind her back as...

Clipper ties her hands together.

CLIPPER (CONT'D)
Just relax, Momma. We're gonna go
for a little ride.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Rawley's Mustang parked near the front office. Maddie and Abby stretch their legs in the parking lot as...

Rawley finishes in the office and heads back out.

RAWLEY
Okay. We're set. Who's hungry?

Abby and Maddie raise their hands in unison.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Maddie chugs what's left of her can of soda, grabs her fast food wrappers and some dirty napkins and chucks them in a trash bin on her way to the door.

Abby lays on a bed, finishes her fries. Rawley on a second bed...resting his eyes.

MADDIE

I'm not sure what I'm gonna tell my parents. About all this.

Rawley spots her by the door...ready to leave.

RAWLEY

Don't call. And don't answer the phone. No matter what. They'll be expecting you to.

Maddie nods. She rubs her hands up and down the back of her jeans...a nervous wreck.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay. Just remember what I said. He's a lot safer if you don't answer. You let the cops worry about the rest. We're almost home.

MADDIE

Got it.

Maddie waves bye to Abby.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Abby. Good to see you.

ABBY

Yeah. You too. See you in the morning.

MADDIE

I just wanted to say...good luck with everything.

Maddie dips out, shuts the door behind her. Rawley jumps up, walks to the door, flips the deadbolt and chains them up for the night.

ABBY

Expecting visitors?

RAWLEY

Always.

Rawley takes a seat at the table. He and Abby share an uncomfortable silence.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)
Well. It's you and me, kid. Just
like old times.

ABBY
Is that why you got two rooms?

Abby grins as she slurps down her soda.

A stoned face Rawley isn't having it.

ABBY (CONT'D)
It's an honest question, Rawley. I
mean, here we are. In a motel room
of all places. Not like you were
in any rush to get me back home. I
just find that interesting.

RAWLEY
Don't do that.

ABBY
What?

RAWLEY
Try to change the subject.

ABBY
Which is?

RAWLEY
Not much. Just that time you cut
open your wrists and split town.
Letting me think I killed you.
Letting me carry that around with
me all this time.

Rawley shrugs his shoulders.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)
Thought maybe that might come up in
conversation.

ABBY
I don't like to think about it.
I'm not that person anymore. I'm
stronger now. More in control.

RAWLEY
Clearly.

ABBY
Am I about to get the speech?

RAWLEY

Look. I've missed a few Sunday schools over the last thirty or so years. I'm in no position to judge your life.

ABBY

Clearly.

RAWLEY

If I were in that position, I'd ask you what the fuck was wrong with you? But I'm not, so I won't comment.

Abby crawls off the bed, walks to Rawley. She's in a simple oversized shirt, no bottoms.

ABBY

There's nothing else you could've done, Rawley. But we both know you got some serious problems of your own. You had no business trying to fix me.

RAWLEY

Why'd you do it? Hurt yourself?

Abby clearly isn't in the mood for memory lane. She sucks in a deep breath.

ABBY

Trent killed my family. Maybe not directly but indirectly. Because he was with me. And I was carrying his child. They begged and pleaded with me for days to end it. End it with him. The baby. All of it. But I said no because I wanted to do the right thing.

Abby tears up. Rawley's eyes fill with sadness.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Me doing the right thing got my family killed. No amount of liquor or pills can erase that image from your brain. I didn't try to kill myself because of you, Rawley. I did it because I wanted to die.

Rawley nods with appreciation.

RAWLEY

Good to know. We don't have to talk about it anymore. Not if you don't want.

Abby paces back and forth. All the sudden in the mood to talk it all over.

ABBY

Sometimes I can't even get up in the morning. I just lay there. Staring at the ceiling. Sometimes I lay there so long it starts to get dark again. But then I know I'm surrounded by people who've been through the same. They have my back.

Rawley scoffs at this, shakes his head.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You disagree?

RAWLEY

Does Tracey have your back? Or is that just where he likes to keep you? On your back?

Abby cracks a most flirty grin as she seductively struts her goodies back to Rawley.

ABBY

What's the matter, Rawley? You jealous?

RAWLEY

Just color me concerned. You're destroying yourself because you think that's what you deserve. You deserve better than that. A lot better.

Abby's smile is now ear to ear.

ABBY

You are jealous. That's so sweet.

Abby turns her back, twirls her hair. Rawley jumps up, walks to her, turns her around.

RAWLEY

Don't do that.

ABBY
What am I doing?

RAWLEY
Pushing me away.

Abby laughs in his face.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)
Shut up!

ABBY
That's what it is. You're not mad
because I let strangers fuck me.
You're mad because you wanna fuck
me.

Rawley fights the urge to kiss her. Abby backs up a step, slowly removes her sleeping shirt. She stands before him, nude, unashamed, in control.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Cat got your tongue?

Rawley is visibly nervous and unsure. He gathers himself.

RAWLEY
Put your clothes on. Go to bed.
And shut your mouth.

Rawley heads for the bathroom, slams the door shut.

ABBY
You're no fun anymore, Rawley.

Abby heads to bed.

INT. HUNTING SHACK - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Steve and Cynthia are tied back to back on a pair of chairs as their captors hover over them.

The room is dark, without electricity. Chet shines a bright FLASHLIGHT on both of their faces.

STEVE
Stop that! What do you want from
us?!

Poe texts Maddie using Cynthia's phone.

POE
 Since your little girl won't call
 you back...we're gonna try a new
 approach.

The text reads: We are being held hostage. Three men.
 Please call us ASAP.

Poe hits SEND.

CYNTHIA
 What's happening?

POE
 We're waiting.

CYNTHIA
 For what?

POE
 For your daughter to call you back.

STEVE
 She doesn't know where she is.
 None of us do. She's just out with
 friends.

POE
 Then you got nothing to worry
 about, pops.

Ronnie steps out of the shack. Poe notices.

POE (CONT'D)
 (to Clipper)
 Hold the fort down.

Clipper nods. Poe follows after Ronnie.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Ronnie removes his mask, stands by the van. Poe also takes
 off his mask as the men talk.

POE
 You know if she doesn't call back
 we gotta kill that kid.

RONNIE
 I told you all I wanted was an
 address. She calls back I'll cut
 you and your crew loose of this.
 (MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Take your cut and I'll deal with the rest.

POE

What about these two?

RONNIE

Like I said. I'll deal with it.

Poe isn't so sure.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - MADDIE'S ROOM - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Maddie rests on her mattress, dials her mother's smart phone and waits for the other end.

MADDIE

Come on, come on. Pick up.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Poe answers Cynthia's smart phone as Ronnie listens.

POE

(to Maddie)

So you're not as stupid as I thought you were. You ready to give me your cousin's address or do I have to take it out on Mommie and Daddy?

(listens)

Bay City Motor Lodge. Room 201. You did good. Real good. Now don't go doing anything stupid like...calling the cops. Not after we've come so far together. Keep your phone handy. We'll be in touch.

Poe hangs up.

RONNIE

She could be lying. Could be a set up.

POE

So we take them with us. A little added security.

RONNIE

Done.

POE

Not so fast. There's still the matter of our end. The way I see it...you could go after her by yourself. But there's no stopping any one of us making a call to that motel and warning Abby ahead of time.

RONNIE

You'll get your money.

POE

Me and my partners got ourselves into some hot water over this girl. I figure it's worth a little extra.

RONNIE

How much extra?

POE

Another thirty grand. Each. Wired to our accounts. Right here. Right now.

Poe slings open the van's sliding door. Logan sits blindfolded and hands tied.

Poe snags up a laptop, opens it up. The first of three online accounts is already set up and ready for wire transfer.

POE (CONT'D)

You really think I was gonna take you at your word?

Ronnie hovers over the laptop, reads Poe's routing, bank and account numbers.

POE (CONT'D)

We're running out of time, partner. Let's face it. You got no play here.

RONNIE

Just one.

Ronnie sticks a sharp blade into Poe's kidney as BLOOD gushes onto the icy, sleet covered grass.

Ronnie lowers him to the ground.

Chet comes running out of the hunting shack.

CHET

Hey!

POW!

And Chet's taken out by a SHOTGUN BLAST to the back as he's thrown to the ground.

Clipper walks out, rests the shotgun on his shoulder, stares down at his handy work.

Ronnie grins back at him.

RONNIE

Get in the van.

Clipper spits a long, gross stream into the grass near Chet's body and heads for the driver's side.

Ronnie heads back in the hunting shack.

INT. HUNTING SHACK - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Ronnie, now in his mask, approaches Steve and Cynthia with a bloody knife still in hand.

STEVEN

Oh God. Please. You don't have to do this.

CYNTHIA

What's happening? What's he doing?

Ronnie flips the blade around, handle first, rests it in Steve's hand as he chases out the door.

STEVE

Hey! Where are you going?!

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Abby is sound asleep. Rawley is wide awake, his hands rested behind his head. In deep thought.

RAWLEY

Good luck to you. What does that mean?

Abby rolls over, faces Rawley.

ABBY

Huh? What time is it?

RAWLEY

Maddie said good luck. But she was looking at both of us. Not just you. What did that mean?

ABBY

It means...good luck. I don't know. What are you saying?

And then it hits Rawley. All at once. He jumps up, gathers his gun, keys, wallet.

RAWLEY

Get up.

Abby puts her feet to the floor.

ABBY

You're scaring me.

RAWLEY

That's kind of the point. Get your shit and let's go.

Abby crawls off the bed, snags her pants from the floor and quickly dresses.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Rawley and Abby head down a short flight of stairs, on the lookout and on alert.

RAWLEY

Keep your eyes peeled.

ABBY

What about Maddie?

RAWLEY

She's gone.

Abby stops, faces Rawley.

ABBY

What? Gone? How?

RAWLEY

No stopping. Keep walking. Hurry up.

Rawley grabs her by the arm, helps her along the remaining steps and into the lot...

...toward his Mustang.

INT. RAWLEY'S MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT

Rawley is super worked up, on high alert, stares in his side view mirrors, rear view mirror, all around.

Abby watches him.

ABBY

You're telling me she turned us in?
Why?

RAWLEY

Because they got her boyfriend.

Abby shakes her head, not buying it.

ABBY

No. No, she could've called when we were back at Mika and Tracey's. But she didn't. Something had to happen between now and then.

RAWLEY

Maybe they got to her parents. Got her boyfriend on the phone and scared the shit out of her. Who knows? It doesn't matter.

ABBY

It matters to me. She's my family.

RAWLEY

Tell you what. If we live, you guys can have that discussion later, okay? Focus.

Abby nods.

ABBY

What am I supposed to be focusing on?

RAWLEY

I don't know. Not dying. That would make the top of my list.

Rawley checks his fuel gauge. Less than a quarter tank.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Shit. We need gas.

ABBY

So we stop. They're not here.
They can't be already.

RAWLEY

They might be. She left our room
hours ago.

Abby looks sick to her stomach.

ABBY

I died once already. I wasn't big
on the experience.

RAWLEY

You're not gonna die. Neither am
I. Just sit tight.

EXT. GAS STATION - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Rawley's Mustang cruises into the station and stops at the
pump closest to the store.

He quickly jumps out, swipes his card, snags the pump and
starts filling her up.

Abby is super cautious, on edge.

ABBY

Rawley. Should we be stopping like
this?

RAWLEY

Just keep your eyes peeled. Two
minutes and we're gone.

INT. POE'S VAN - NIGHT

Ronnie behind the wheel. Clipper re loads his shotgun.

CLIPPER

I gotta worry about anymore
surprises when we get there?

RONNIE

Like what?

CLIPPER

Like you shooting me in the back?

Ronnie is strangely quiet. Clipper watches him closely.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - BAY CITY - NIGHT

Poe's van comes to a swift halt near the first floor stairs as Clipper and Ronnie step out. Clipper with a twelve gauge and Ronnie with a pistol down his pants.

They rush up the steps.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - BAY CITY - NIGHT

The lock is blown open by a SHOTGUN BLAST. And then the door kicked in as Clipper and Ronnie rush inside.

The bed still unmade. A shower running.

Clipper runs to the...

BATHROOM

...and ducks inside. The shower curtain drawn. He yanks it back, ready to blow Rawley away. No one there.

CLIPPER

Shit!

Ronnie stands at the doorway. Not exactly as surprised as Clipper and strangely calm.

CLIPPER (CONT'D)

Your girl fucked us.

RONNIE

I see that. So what're you gonna do about it?

Clipper stares at him like he's lost his mind.

CLIPPER

She was supposed to be here. That was the deal.

RONNIE

You think because you burned your partners and rode out here with me you're gonna get their share?

Clipper's anger starts to boil over.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

So far the only thing you and your crew have shown me is that you can make a mess. So like I said. What're you gonna do about it?

Clipper swallows his pride, nudges Ronnie out of the way and races out. Ronnie takes a moment. His mind and soul at conflict with each other.

He steps out, gazes at his own face in the mirror.

INT. POLICE STATION - DRYDEK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drydek loafs by his desk, arms crossed as a full panic mode Steve and wife Cynthia have a meltdown before him.

STEVE

She was supposed to be protected!
How could you let her just...run
off like that?! Who the hell is
running this fucking place?! It's
like some kind of joke! Nobody
watching our house! Not a single
car! That's about brilliant!

Drydek grows bored by it all. Cynthia sits in a corner chair, still very shaken up. Steve catches wind of Drydek's disinterest in his tantrum.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me?

DRYDEK

No, sir. I actually stopped about
five minutes ago. I'm gonna need
you to calm down.

STEVE

Don't you tell me to...

CYNTHIA

Steven!

Steve holds his tongue, turns away, hands on his hips as he grits his teeth and walks in circles.

Bursting through the door uninvited is....

CARLY and she's a jittery mess and seemingly hopped up on several cups of coffee.

CARLY

Captain Drydek, I'm sorry for
bursting in here like this. They
told me to wait out front but this
can't wait. Not one minute longer.
It's concerning...

DRYDEK
Abby Samms?

Carly stands baffled.

CARLY
Yeah. How did you...?

DRYDEK
It's not important. As you can see, we got a lot going on right now.

Carly turns to find a still very frantic Steve consoling his frightened wife.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)
Now if you don't mind waiting in the hall, we can be with you in a minute.

Carly scoffs.

CARLY
You gotta be kidding me. I've been holding onto this for eight years and you're putting me in the hallway.

Steve holds up a hand, grabs Carly's attention.

STEVE
Excuse me, miss. But who in the hell are you exactly? And what do you know about my niece?

Carly is taken back by Steve's rudeness.

CARLY
Well who in the hell are you? Exactly.

CYNTHIA
He just told you.

CARLY
Excuse me?

Drydek rubs the bridge of his nose.

DRYDEK
Miss Dennis. Like I said. A lot going on. If you don't mind.

Drydek shoos her toward the door.

CARLY
You don't understand. Captain.

DRYDEK
No, I really do.

CARLY
Just let me do this. I need to do this. You see. When Abby...died. Temporarily. I knew I had to do something. Something drastic. Something...illegal.

Steve and Cynthia's interest piqued.

CARLY (CONT'D)
What I'm saying is...

The words on the tip of her tongue. And then...

RAWLEY and ABBY burst through the door.

RAWLEY
Everyone calm down. We're here.

Carly spins around to find Rawley and Abby. A nervous Abby bites her lip and waves hello to Carly and her Aunt and Uncle.

ABBY
(to all)
How's it going?

Steve and Cynthia's mouth agape. Carly too.

CARLY
Oh my God. Abby.

Carly gives Abby a giant bear hug. Abby laughs.

ABBY
Well hello there.

CARLY
So good to see you.

Rawley cracks a grin at the sight of his two favorite girls together again.

RAWLEY
(to Carly)
What're you doing here?

CARLY

Who me? Oh nothing. It's not important.

Drydek sighs and shakes his head.

DRYDEK

Nice of you to join us, Rawley.

(to Abby)

Miss Samms.

(to Rawley)

Thanks for keeping us all apprised of your movements.

RAWLEY

Well I'm here now.

In walks Clark with a fistful of rap sheets.

DRYDEK

(to Clark)

What do you got for me?

CLARK

I got the sheets on your two stiffs. Clinton Poe and Chet McLeary. Small time tweaker asshole types. Dope peddlers, dope users. This guy Poe has been known to run with a dude named Warren Clapper. This guy's rap sheet makes Poe look like a social worker.

RAWLEY

Yeah I know him. The Clipper. That's what they called him up in Central, due to all the guys he supposedly clipped on the inside.

CLARK

And you know this guy?

DRYDEK

Why am I not surprised.

Carly scoffs...loud enough for all to hear.

RAWLEY

Touche.

CLARK

So anyways. According to The Brocks here...Poe and McLeary were just two of a four man crew. I'm guessing our friend Van Den Kemp made Clapper a deal on the side to smoke the others.

CYNTHIA

I don't understand. Why didn't he kill us like those other two men?

Rawley ponders this. Clark too. Drydek reads Rawley's facial expressions.

DRYDEK

It seems Mister Van Den Kemp has been going out of his way to let certain people live.

CLARK

The guy was a war hero. Afghanistan. Iraq. Other than a couple of DUIs and a nine year run for manslaughter his sheet's pretty thin.

RAWLEY

Oh yeah. Other than trying to kill Abby, he's a prince.

Clark cracks a smug grin.

CLARK

You sure you're not overlooking the obvious, Rawley?

RAWLEY

And what's that?

CLARK

Maybe he don't want her. He just wants you. Why don't you tell us all what really happened that night. Go on.

DRYDEK

Clark.

Clark turns to Drydek.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

Not the time.

STEVE
 (angry)
 Now wait a minute. Wait a minute!

The room turns to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 If Bobby Van Den Kemp's brother is still out there and there's even the possibility he wants to hurt Abby, what are you gonna do about it? I mean, what're we doing here?

Carly tugs at Rawley's sleeve. He faces her.

RAWLEY
 What is it? Busy. Very busy here.

CARLY
 We should probably talk.

RAWLEY
 Later.

Rawley ignores her, faces Drydek and the others.

CARLY
 Now! Outside!

The room all turn to Carly. She cracks a silly grin.

CARLY (CONT'D)
 (to all)
 Excuse me.

Carly loses her grin, shoots Rawley a hard stare.

CARLY (CONT'D)
 The hallway.

Abby whispers in Rawley's ear.

ABBY
 You should probably handle that.

RAWLEY
 Yeah, thanks.

Rawley dips out after Carly.

DRYDEK
 We're not done here, Rawley!

RAWLEY
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

The door starts to close behind him.

DRYDEK
(to Rawley)
Yeah, yeah! Two minutes!

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carly taps her toes, arms crossed, impatient. She turns to find Rawley in her mug.

RAWLEY
Did you tell him?

CARLY
No. I never had the chance.
Classic you. You walked in right
before I could say it.

RAWLEY
Well. I'm real sorry you didn't
get a chance to absolve yourself of
your sins, Carly. Is there
anything else?

CARLY
That's it? That's all you have to
say to me after what I did? Go on.
Let me have it. Don't hold back on
my account, Rawley.

RAWLEY
She's doing porn.

Carly does a double take.

CARLY
What?

RAWLEY
You know. Pornography. Not just
guys. Guys, girls, threesomes.
All of that. Nice, huh? That's
what happened after you
uh...decided to save Abby from me.

CARLY
I don't understand. How could
she...?

RAWLEY

Because she's fucked. She's a mess. And she's living in a house with about seven or eight other pierced up sluts and their pimp. Now I'm sure Abby appreciates everything you've done for her, but I think I can take it from here.

Rawley turns away, but Carly grabs his arm, jerks him back.

CARLY

Don't you do that. Don't you dare do that! Do you have any idea what you've done to that girl! Other than turn her into a murderer!

Rawley is stunned by this comment. The cat's out of the bag.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know. Wanna know why I know that? Because she told me, Rawley. She told me his face was all she could see. Every second of every minute of the day. All she could see. And that's why she hurt herself.

RAWLEY

Bullshit. They cut her family into fuckin fish sticks!

CARLY

Yeah, keep telling yourself that! The truth is you drug that girl straight to hell with you. Straight into hell until it became all she knew. Now, you might think bringing her back here makes you a good guy. But if she gets hurt for real this time, or killed, it's gonna be on you. It's all gonna be on you. Maybe then you'll start seeing what's plainly obvious.

RAWLEY

What's that?

CARLY

You're the worst thing that's ever happened to her.

Rawley chokes back his tears.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Walk away, Rawley. Walk away now
before it's too late.

Carly storms off. Rawley takes a moment, turns around to find...

MADDIE watching him from a hallway bench. Rawley throws her a quick nod and a smile, shakes it all off, pulls it together and steps back inside.

INT. DRYDEK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Rawley steps back in, he spots Abby sitting in a chair near Steve and Cynthia.

Clark in the middle of the floor, all business and clearly tired of Rawley's games.

DRYDEK

Miss Dennis seems fairly worked up.
Anything we need to discuss?

RAWLEY

It's fine. She's gone.

ABBY

They wanna send me upstate. To a
safe house. Not just me. Maddie.
Aunt Cynthia, Uncle Steve. Just in
case they try anything else.

DRYDEK

(to Rawley)

We're not taking anymore chances
with these guys. Neither should
you.

RAWLEY

How's that?

DRYDEK

I'm saying I can't spare the man
power right now to keep eyes on
Abby and her family twenty four
seven. Figured it would also give
you and Abby a chance to get re
acquainted. God knows I don't like
you, Rawley, but if anyone has an
interest in keeping Abby safe
you're the obvious one for the job.

CLARK
I don't think that's a very good
idea, Captain.

RAWLEY
And why's that?

CLARK
No reason. Just the fact that the
last time she was in your care she
cut open her wrists in a bathtub.

Abby looks down in shame. Steve and Cynthia feel sorry for
her and throw Clark a nasty look.

As does Rawley.

RAWLEY
Why don't you watch your mouth.

CLARK
You wanna do this girl a favor,
Rawley? How about letting her live
this time.

Rawley loses his temper, snags Clark by his shirt collars,
shoves him onto Drydek's desk, knocks a basket full of
papers to the floor.

DRYDEK
Niner!

Rawley puts the fear of God into Clark's eyes. He eventually
loosens his grip.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)
Outside. Right now.

Rawley excuses himself. Clark gets up, fixes his sport coat,
brushes off his pants. The entire room giving him the side
eye and not having it.

CLARK
What?

EXT. RAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rawley jets into his driveway at a fairly unsafe speed as if
he's still worked up. He crawls out, swings his keys on his
finger as he takes a quick look around.

Watching from Poe's van down the street is...

Clipper. He's resting his shotgun on his lap. He quietly swings open the driver's door, steps down.

Clipper checks both ends of the street for traffic. It is strangely quiet. Almost too quiet.

Clipper begins across the street for Rawley's home. His eyes wide, cranked up on meth and pure evil.

INT. RAWLEY'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rawley grabs a can of soda from the fridge, cracks it as carbonated fizz pummels the tile.

RAWLEY

Shit. Story of my life.

Just across the house...Clipper sneaks through a wide open screen door. He quietly lets it close behind him. He moves up the hall...closer to the kitchen...

He doesn't realize that...

RAWLEY is already in the next hall...GUN DRAWN...ready to put him down for good.

Before Clipper can reach the second hallway...the back of his head is hit with a BRIGHT FLASHLIGHT.

Clipper turns his head, faces A SWAT GUY holding an MP5 assault rifle fitted with LASER LIGHT.

SWAT

Don't...move...

Before Clipper can act...

Rawley turns the corner, draws down on him.

Clipper SWINGS THE SHOTGUN on Rawley but is too slow.

POW POW POW!

He's taken out by Rawley's rapid gunfire.

Clipper's BLOOD SPRAYS THE WALL as he's flung to the tile.

INT. RAWLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Rawley rests on his couch, elbows on his knees as he's officially wiped out for the night.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS beam through the front window blinds and strike his face.

Rawley looks up, spots Drydek standing at an open front door. His look is very morose. Almost saddened.

DRYDEK

Long night.

RAWLEY

You could say that.

With caution, Drydek moves further into the home. His eyes down, hands in his pockets.

Rawley notices his strange behavior.

DRYDEK

Unfortunately, it's not over yet.
Just got a couple of fairly
shocking phone calls.

Rawley sits up.

RAWLEY

And? Is Abby okay?

DRYDEK

She's fine. They're all fine. We got a lead on Van Den Kemp's guy inside. The one who dropped Abby's name as a person of interest. This guy wasn't just anybody. He was close with Bobby. Turns out he was the last person Bobby Van Den Kemp ever spoke to.

Rawley plays stupid.

RAWLEY

I don't understand.

DRYDEK

Van Den Kemp pulled himself from the water that night. Two bullets in his chest, barely holding on. Just long enough to make himself a phone call. And you don't need to hear the rest.

RAWLEY

I suppose you wanna take me in now.

DRYDEK

I buried the report, Rawley.
Because ruining what's left of that
girl's life is not something that
interests me.

RAWLEY

Who all knows about this?

DRYDEK

You, me, Abby. This informant.
Right now, it's our word against
his. He can't prove any of it.
Even if I wanted to take you down
myself, I couldn't.

Rawley sighs in relief. He sparks up a fresh smoke. Takes a
nice long drag. Drydek still very serious.

RAWLEY

You said there were two calls.
What was the other one?

Drydek stalls. His eyes heavy. Rawley looks ill.

DRYDEK

Your friend, the nurse.

RAWLEY

Carly.

DRYDEK

It happened three blocks from the
station. Some fuckin idiot ran a
stoplight. At least that's what I
know so far.

Rawley sits in shock.

RAWLEY

What're you telling me?

Drydek sucks in a deep breath.

DRYDEK

She died. On impact. Same as the
other driver. I'm sorry, Rawley.

Rawley falls into catatonia. Drydek stares back at him in
silence, eventually wilts in defeat.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

Probably not the best way to break the news but considering our track record this evening, I figure why stop now.

Drydek cracks a silly grin. Rawley isn't amused.

RAWLEY

Yeah.

Drydek nervously taps his fingers on a night stand.

DRYDEK

Yeah. Anyways. Back to Van Den Kemp. I think I might have a way to end this whole thing without anyone else getting killed. If you care to listen.

Rawley snaps out of his funk. His interest suddenly piqued.

INT. LUCKY STRIKES POOL HALL - NIGHT

It's a fairly busy night as the usual hustlers and other local hoodlums occupy the floor.

Through the door struts Rawley. His gun stuffed down the front of his pants for all to see.

The room all turn in unison. All quiet down, whisper to one another.

Rawley smiles.

RAWLEY

Ronnie in tonight?

Ronnie, from a corner table, hidden behind a wall, stands up, comes into the open. Rawley spots him.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Ronnie Van Den Kemp I presume?

Ronnie is confused as he comes off the stairs, comes closer but keeps a safe enough distance.

RONNIE

That's right. I think you know that.

RAWLEY

Nice place. I was wondering what you did with all that cash. Pretty smart. Nice, safe investment. Hey. All the pool you can play. All the booze you can drink. It's a no brainer.

RONNIE

I like it. I think I'll stay awhile.

Rawley scratches his forehead, as if he's in deep thought.

RAWLEY

Funny you mention staying awhile. My friend Abby. She said the exact same thing this afternoon.

RONNIE

Hmm.

RAWLEY

You see, she's been gone awhile. She had something pretty terrible happen to her some years back. The place only reminded her of all those old memories.

Ronnie spots the gun in Rawley's pants. He's also hiding a gun in the back of his trousers.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

But today she finally decided that she can't run forever. It was time to come home. You see, this was her home before these asshole type thug wannabes busted in her house and killed her entire family. But hey. It's all in the past. And we can't keep living in the past, now can we?

RONNIE

Sounds like she's had a real time of it, this girl. You send her my regards.

RAWLEY

I'm sorry to say her journey doesn't stop there. Fast forward nine years later, four more guys try to nail her. Only they missed.

(MORE)

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Got themselves killed in the process. One of them even tried to break into my house. Yeah. They just scooped him up off my floor with a pancake spatula a little under ninety minutes ago.

Ronnie slowly cracks a grin.

RONNIE

Well. Sounds like your friend has a pretty tight circle.

RAWLEY

It's like this, Ronnie. I know you know a little something about me. And even more about Abby. What you're gonna do is take that little tad bit of information to your grave. That can be forty years from now or it can be right here. Right now.

RONNIE

Sounds like a threat.

RAWLEY

I can't prove you had anything to do with Logan Wells abduction. Or Maddie Brock's parents. And I know you're a fairly reasonable person. Because they're all still breathing. But I know you still got an itch that needs scratched.

Ronnie nods assuredly.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

If you wanna blame anyone for Bobby, you can blame me. If you ever get the itch to do something about that, then we can do that too. Fairly sure you know where I live.

RONNIE

I might just take you up on that, Sergeant.

Rawley smiles.

RAWLEY

Excellent. We understand each other. I'll see myself out.

Rawley heads for the door. Just over Rawley's shoulder, we see Ronnie snag someone up from the same table he was just sitting moments earlier.

ABBY (O.S.)

Rawley...?

Rawley stops, slowly faces...

Ronnie with a gun to Abby's back. Her hands are zip tied together like a prisoner.

Rawley's jaw drops.

RONNIE

You wanna talk about itches. I wanted to kill her so bad I had to shut my eyes and pray. God don't let it happen. Have mercy on her. Mercy my brother never showed her family. But you know what?

RAWLEY

What's that?

RONNIE

You had him. In custody. Unarmed. And instead of letting justice take it's course and letting him be punished, you took justice into your own hands. And she didn't blink twice about it.

(to Abby)

Did you, sweetie?

ABBY

He killed my family.

RONNIE

Yes, I know. And your boyfriend killed my family. I know the story, sweetheart. I've been playing it over and over in my head for nine years.

RAWLEY

Then you know you can't do what you're about to do.

RONNIE

What am I about to do, Sergeant Niner? What? A burnout veteran with PTSD. Ex con.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I could snap any second and a weak defender could get me off. God knows I've earned it.

RAWLEY

You're not gonna kill her. You and I both know that. It's not in you. You're not your brother.

RONNIE

You're right, cop. I'm not gonna kill her. She's gonna kill you.

Abby tears up.

ABBY

What?

RONNIE

Everyone says he put you up to killing Bobby. There may be some truth to that. But I think maybe you enjoyed it. I wanna see if you got it in you to do it a second time.

ABBY

I don't understand...

RONNIE

SHUT UP!

Abby shakes all over. In full blown tears.

ABBY

Rawley, do something.

RAWLEY

It's okay, Abby. If this is what you have to do...I'm good with it.

RONNIE

You hear that? He's good with it.

Ronnie gets behind Abby, places a thirty eight revolver in her hands, helps her aim.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

All you gotta do now is pull the trigger. And you get to go home. Once and for all. Won't that be nice?

ABBY
I...I can't...

RONNIE
Sure you can.

Ronnie pulls back the hammer for her.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Don't be scared. I'm right here.

Ronnie steps back a bit, pulls his back up gun and holds it on her back.

ABBY
Rawley, say something!

RAWLEY
Do it, Abby. Do what he says.

Ronnie is almost salivating. A most sinister grin.

Abby gives up, slowly sets back the hammer and lowers the thirty eight.

Ronnie loses his grin.

ABBY
(to Ronnie)
I'm sorry. I won't do it.

Ronnie swiftly snags the thirty eight from Abby's hands. He stares back and forth between a scared straight Abby and an even more frightened Rawley.

Ronnie draws down on Rawley, ready for blood.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Nooo!

RONNIE
Well then. Guess you weren't up to it after all. That's too bad.

Ronnie pulls back the hammer. Rawley's forehead beads with sweat.

RAWLEY
Shit.

Ronnie takes a moment. Before anyone knows what's happening...Ronnie SWINGS THE GUN in Abby's direction.

ABBY
RAWLEY!!!

Rawley pulls his back up piece and fills Ronnie full of holes as his body is flung over the table behind him.

Abby SCREAMS out.

Ronnie desperately attempts to crawl away.

Rawley steps over his body, stares down at him.

Abby watches.

RONNIE
Go on, Sergeant. Do what you do
best. Kill me.

Rawley doesn't pull the trigger. He waits. Ronnie coughs, spits up more and more blood. His breathing grows heavier...and heavier...and then weaker...and weaker.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
My apologies to the lady.

Abby is almost sad for him. After a few moments...Ronnie gives out completely. He's done.

Rawley lowers his gun. He spots the thirty eight on the floor, picks it up. He checks the weight. Pretty light. He opens the cylinder. It's empty.

EXT. LUCKY STRIKES POOL HALL - LATE NIGHT

The CORONER loads Ronnie's body bag into a meat wagon and shuts the large door behind him.

A very solemn looking Rawley and Abby watch as the wagon pulls away from the curb.

Clark finishes with the on scene OFFICERS and joins Rawley and Abby.

CLARK
Well then. I guess everything
worked out after all. You were
lucky. This time.
(to Abby)
You run with this dude long enough,
sooner or later your luck's gonna
run out. Just food for thought. I
let you two say your goodbyes.

Clark shoots Rawley one last nasty look as he heads to his nearby squad car.

RAWLEY
He's got a point.

ABBY
Does he? Seems like you've saved my ass twice now.

RAWLEY
Depends on your point of view, I guess.

Abby, very serious, turns to Rawley.

ABBY
No. There's only one point of view that matters. Bobby would've killed me. God knows what that other maniac at your house would've done. Your reasons might not have been pure before.

Rawley looks away in great shame.

ABBY (CONT'D)
But you didn't have to do any of this for me. You did it because you care. Because you're not as evil as you think you are.

Abby smooches him on the cheek.

RAWLEY
So what's next for Samantha Abigail Samms?

ABBY
Not sure. I guess I'll know when I get there.

RAWLEY
So you are leaving?

ABBY
Ask me again in a couple days. I'm so tired right now I can't think straight.

RAWLEY
Right. Let's get out of here.

INT. DRYDEK'S OFFICE - DAY

Drydek sits at his desk. A newspaper before him. ABBY SAMMS FOUND ALIVE AND WELL. BALCONY COP FOILS MURDER CONSPIRACY.

He shakes his head in disgust.

Rawley gives a quick KNOCK.

RAWLEY

Wanted to see me, Cap?

DRYDEK

Well well.

Drydek rises from his desk, slow claps as Rawley steps closer with hands in his pockets. This is all very familiar. As if we've seen it before.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

Rawley, you may have outdone yourself this time. Congrats.

RAWLEY

Is that why you brought me in here, Hal? To break my balls?

DRYDEK

It's not the only reason. Just got some news very exciting news from your friend Abby.

Rawley squints, not following.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

Our friend Van Den Kemp, who, according to you, wanted Abby and the rest of her family dead, just wired close to 200K into Abby Samms bank account. That is, before you shot him full of holes of course.

RAWLEY

Two hundred thousand.

DRYDEK

Yeah. Which is roughly all, if not close to all of his settlement money. So I started thinking...

Drydek rubs his face.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

If he was planning on leaving Abby all this money, why would he be running around trying to kill her this whole time?

Rawley hangs his head in shame. He knows where this is going.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

And then it hit me.

RAWLEY

He didn't wanna kill her. He wanted to kill me.

DRYDEK

Correction. He wanted Abby to kill you. Leaving her the cash contingent upon, of course, her decision to shoot you in the face. Which she declined. Guess he wasn't planning on her saying no.

RAWLEY

So this whole thing. Going after Abby. It wasn't about her. It was about...

DRYDEK

It was about YOU! That's correct, Rawley. Very good. In fact, it's always about you.

Rawley is sick to his stomach. He's as spent as he's ever looked before.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

So what I'm gonna do now is finish my three months and take early retirement. And you wanna know why, Rawley?

Rawley looks up, tail between his legs.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

Because I can't fire you. The press thinks you're a hero. Even though I know the truth. And the truth is you're a scumbag and a liar and you get people killed. And I don't have to deal with you anymore.

Drydek stops there. He folds his arms and waits. Rawley just stares back at him. Total silence.

DRYDEK (CONT'D)

That's it. You can get the fuck out of my office now.

Rawley nods and ducks out.

INT. RAWLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rawley is half asleep, sprawled out on his couch as he watches the climactic scene of the original...the one and the only...Dirty Harry!

Harry shoots the Scorpio Killer in the chest as he goes flying into the lake below. SPLASH!

Harry takes a moment, stares into the water. He pulls out his badge, gives it a look. A look of uncertainty consumes his tense face.

And then...

He chucks his badge into the water and begins off the pier.

Rawley shuts off the television and sits in silence.

EXT. MIKA'S HOUSE - BAY CITY - DAY

Mika, Tracey, and a few of the other GIRLS gather near the rear porch steps as Abby has a bag thrown over her shoulder and another rolling bag in hand.

MIKA

So is this, like, a goodbye for good this time?

Abby reaches up, holds Mika's hand. A sincere and warm smile for her friend.

ABBY

No, not for good. Just for awhile.

TRACEY

You can't go, Sam. If you go, who's gonna book my appointments?

ABBY

You're a big boy. I'm sure you'll figure it out. You always do.

MIKA
Seriously, though. Where are you
headed?

Abby ponders this question. An ear to ear smile.

ABBY
Wherever the hell I want.

EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - DAY

Rawley is back at the scene of Bobby Van Den Kemp and Jason Ferrin's infamous death.

He stares into the rippling water.

EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Abby fires TWO SHOTS into Bobby's chest...throwing him into the water.

Rawley takes Abby's gun, plants it in the dead hand of Bobby's associate Jason Ferrin.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - NIGHT

Rawley walks to the end of a pier, stares out at the calm lake water as the fog settles over it.

ABBY (V.O.)
Rawley?...Thank you.

He pulls a gun from his holster, chucks it into the lake. And last but not least...he pulls his badge. And like our Harry Callahan...gives it one last look.

He chucks it hard. SPLASH!

Rawley takes a moment to reflect on his decision. His face blank, emotionless. He's had enough.

He begins off the pier.

FADE OUT.

THE END