

Crooked Edges

written by

Scott Sawitz

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

**FADE IN:**

**INT. HANGAR - NIGHT**

The hangar doors are wide open.

A Cessna airplane is fueled and ready to go.

Drug Kingpin YANCY SMITH (mid 40s) sprints towards it.

He's exhausted with a prominent five o'clock shadow, wearing an expensive suit that he's slept in for several days.

A briefcase is in one hand, a foreign pistol in the other.

MASON (O.S.)  
U.S. Marshals, hands up!

United States Marshal MASON BAXTER (mid 40s) emerges from the darkness, a pistol aimed at Yancy.

Mason is tall, handsome and athletically built.

YANCY  
I got a million dollars in this.

MASON  
That and everything else is now the official property of the United States Government, Mister Smith.

YANCY  
I've got five million in cash and twice that in product inside.

ERICA (O.S.)  
Drop the weapon, Smith.

Mason's partner ERICA WALKER (early 30s) emerges from outside the hangar, a pistol aimed at Yancy's head.

She's a classic American blonde, fierce and tough as nails.

MASON  
What do you think of six million in cash to let him walk away?

ERICA  
Can I make a counter offer?

Yancy eyeballs Mason. His hand twitches.

YANCY

Fine.

Erica's eyes focus on Yancy.

ERICA

You surrender and we'll tell the  
ADA that you cooperated fully.

Mason's eyes focus on Yancy. His breathing slows down.

MASON

I'd even say you showed remorse for  
your actions.

Yancy looks around, searching for a way out.

YANCY

They're sending me to a Supermax.

MASON

If you give everyone up, maybe you  
can get into WITSEC instead.

Mason and Yancy stare each other down.

ERICA

You can be a very alive convict or  
a very *dead* fugitive.

Yancy looks at Erica and then Mason. He takes a deep breath,  
his hand loosening up on his pistol.

MASON

I'm going to need you to--

Yancy quickly aims the pistol at Erica.

BANG!

Yancy hits the ground, dead.

Blood oozes out of a gun shot wound in his chest.

Erica looks and sees smoke coming out of Mason's pistol.

**INT. HANGAR - LATER**

A white sheet is over Yancy's corpse.

MEDICAL PERSONNEL and LAW ENFORCEMENT are all over.

U.S Marshal Special Agent in Charge TOM BREEN (mid 50s) and Mason are far away, observing.

Tom is short, overweight and has a receding hairline. He has a deep Southern accent and an evidence bag in his hands.

TOM  
You're on desk duty until this is cleared, Mason.

Mason reaches into his holster and takes out his pistol. He hands it to Tom.

MASON  
He pulled on her, Tom.

TOM  
You know how this looks.

MASON  
It was a clean shoot.

Tom places Mason's pistol in the bag.

TOM  
What about you and Erica?

MASON  
What about her and me?

TOM  
They're going to ask if you've been dipping the pen in the company ink.

MASON  
I'm almost offended.

TOM  
Do you know how many reports I had to fill out after you had your little moment in Chicago? I do.

MASON  
You've met Jenny, right?

TOM  
She's her roommate, so what?

Mason shakes his head.

Tom gets it. He mutters an obscenity under his breath.

MASON  
Katie would say "OK, boomer" to  
that one.

TOM  
How's she doing?

Mason's phone buzzes. He takes it out and looks at it.

MASON  
Do you need me any longer?

TOM  
Don't say a word to anyone until  
the hearing, OK?

Mason nods and walks away.

**INT. MASON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mason's daughter KATIE JENKINS (17) reads "The Great Gatsby"  
on a couch. She's short with obviously dyed hair.

Empty bags from a chain restaurant are on the floor, a mostly  
eaten container on the table.

Mason walks in. His eyes spot the bags.

ERICA  
Your Chicken Parm is in the fridge.

MASON  
There are better places to eat than  
a place like that.

She puts the book down.

KATIE  
I texted you... like I did Friday.

Mason yawns.

MASON  
Work ran late.

KATIE  
It was this or sushi and sushi is  
absolutely disgusting.

MASON  
Sushi is everything you should love  
about this country, dear.

KATIE

Raw fish and rice?

She notices his holster is empty.

MASON

Look at an all-you-can-eat sushi menu sometime. Most of it is stuff from Japan but half of it is made up things you find wherever the chef landed in America.

KATIE

I figured a Green Bay Roll isn't something you find in Japan.

MASON

Think of how amazing that is. You come to this country and take all the great food here and make even more great food from it.

KATIE

I can't wait to leave.

MASON

I left Sturgeon Bay for Uncle Sam as soon as I could at your age.

KATIE

I thought it was because you and your dad hated each other?

MASON

That too.

KATIE

I started the next season of "The Admiral's Mistress" on Netflix.

MASON

I'll catch up on it tomorrow.

He walks to his bedroom.

KATIE

You said that two nights ago.

MASON

I promise, I'll find the time.

Katie picks up her book.

Mason closes the door.

She looks around and takes her phone out. Her fingers quickly send out a text to a number labeled as "Dr. Feelgood."

KATIE (TEXT)  
You still out on in Cali?

DR. FEELGOOD (TEXT)  
Usual place. Usual price.

KATIE (TEXT)  
Give me an hour.

DR. FEELGOOD (TEXT)  
You got it.

Katie puts the phone down and looks into her purse. She groans loudly and looks around.

Her eyes turn to Mason's door.

Katie watches as the lights turn off inside the bedroom.

#### **INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - LATER**

A load of clean laundry is in a basket by the bed.

Mason is passed out, snoring.

Mason's shirt is on the floor, exposing several older Army Ranger tattoos. His wallet and keys are on an end table.

The door creeps open slowly.

Katie peeks in. Her hand quickly grabs Mason's wallet. She opens it up, taking out a handful of cash.

Her hands quickly place it back where it was.

#### **EXT. REAR OF LOCAL GAS STATION - NIGHT**

A DRUG DEALER hangs out, looking in either direction.

Katie approaches him, Mason's cash in her hands.

The two quickly consummate a drug deal.

**EXT. TEXAS BIKER BAR - NIGHT**

"Breakers Motorcycle Club: Private Establishment" is prominent by the entrance.

Super: One year later

BIKERS and GROUPIES are partying their asses off.

Guns are scattered among the bikers.

Loud heavy metal music booms from inside the bar.

A row of badass Harley-Davidson motorcycles are parked up front. The handles of sawed off shotguns peek out.

A black SUV is down the road from it, cloaked in darkness.

Mason is in the driver's seat, observing it through a pair of high-powered binoculars.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

The passenger side door opens up.

Erica gets in.

ERICA

Why don't you let a couple of the locals wait him out?

Mason puts the binoculars down.

MASON

That'd ruin the fun.

ERICA

I must not have gotten the memo that stakeouts are fun.

MASON

The best part of this job is doing fugitive retrieval. New places to visit, new places to eat--

ERICA

There are four restaurants in this entire county.

MASON

You loved the beer nuggets at that bar last night.



ERICA

Beer nuggets in jerkwater, Texas,  
isn't how I pictured my career in  
law enforcement going.

MASON

When you become Chief Deputy at  
some office, you'll tell everyone  
the great stories of being on the  
road with the legendary United  
States Marshal, Mason Baxter.

She rolls her eyes.

ERICA

I'd kill for a good salad, a glass  
of wine and my wife right now.

MASON

You'll miss this when we retire.

Erica grabs the binoculars and looks at the bar.

ERICA

I think we should call it.

MASON

His story is a crooked edge and--

ERICA

(from memory)

Crooked edges need to be shaped  
into place, so follow the puzzle.  
(puts the binoculars down)  
We should go back to his mother's.

MASON

He'd know we're coming ten minutes  
before we get there.

Erica's hand reach over for a file folder. She opens it up,  
revealing a photo of TRAVIS "RED" FELTON (mid 40s).

He's a federal fugitive and ugly as hell.

ERICA

He's probably in the wind by now.

MASON

No way a patched in member of the  
damn *Breakers* leaves without more  
than a handshake from the guys he's  
doing time for. He's here.

Erica presses a button on the walkie-talkie.

ERICA  
This is Marshal Walker, over.

LOCAL COP (V.O.)  
We're set up half a mile away on  
both sides of the street.

ERICA  
Is there any other way out?

LOCAL COP (V.O.)  
Not unless you want to drive in the  
dark through God knows what.

Mason puts the binoculars down. He opens the door.

MASON  
Target is out in the open.

ERICA  
Let's call in for backup.

MASON  
I can bring him in without a full  
tactical squad.

Erica grabs the walkie-talkie.

ERICA  
There's twelve of them we can see,  
probably double that inside.

Her fingers go to press a button.

Mason puts his hand on it.

MASON  
We go in strong and it turns into a  
blood bath. This way is cleaner.

ERICA  
I'll be on your six with Bertha.

Mason taps his chest. He has a bulletproof vest on.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
That won't stop a head shot.

MASON  
Hopefully they aim lower.

Mason nods and exits the SUV. He walks up to the bar.

**EXT. SUV - NIGHT**

Erica exits and walks to the back. Her hands quickly open the trunk. Her eyes wander through an ungodly amount of guns.

She pulls out a large caliber sniper rifle with a high-powered scope and a laser sight.

**EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT**

Travis "Red" Felton is outside, smoking.

Mason makes a beeline to him.

MASON  
Travis, is that you?

Red spots Mason.

Mason opens his jacket, exposing his badge.

Red spots it.

RED  
We don't serve pigs here.

Red looks closer. His eyes focus on the words "Deputy U.S Marshal." He mouths a profanity.

Every single biker turns to Mason.

One of the groupies runs inside.

MASON  
Your file is charming, I have to admit. I had to learn what on Earth the term "Smurfing" meant.

Mason looks at the Bikers. He spots a half dozen firearms.

RED  
It's basic money laundering.

MASON  
(to the rest of the bikers)  
There's a tactical team ready to light this place up. I advised them that wouldn't be necessary.

A RANDOM BIKER (mid 20s) walks up to Mason. He's tall, heavily tattooed, looks tough but isn't.

RANDOM BIKER

I suggest you leave before you get escorted out of town.

MASON

Did you see the badge, dumbass?

RANDOM BIKER

What badge?

Mason looks at the Biker and then at Red.

MASON

(to Red)

My boss told me I should try to do things peacefully. So I'm going to try that with your friend.

(to Random Biker)

Sir, I would kindly ask you to step aside so I can escort Red back--

The Biker mean mugs Mason.

Mason sighs.

MASON (CONT'D)

Left or right?

Pure fucking terror comes over the Random Biker's face.

THUMP!

Mason drops the Biker with a right.

The Biker is out cold.

The rest of the Breakers look at Mason menacingly.

Mason smiles. This is what he lives for.

MASON (CONT'D)

Anybody else?

A LARGE BIKER charges Mason.

Breakers President JACKSON "JAX" THYME walks out of the bar. He's well over six feet tall, very large with an epic beard.

Mason and the Large Biker trade big punches.

WHAM!

Mason throws a front kick that lends flush on the Large Biker's jaw.

The Large Biker stumbles, dizzy.

Mason grabs a Muay Thai plum clinch on the Large Biker. He lands knees flush to the Biker's face.

The Large Biker falls to the ground, out cold.

WHAM!

Mason looks down and sees Red's boot connect with his crotch. He lets out a scream of pain.

RED  
Ain't so tough, are you?

MASON  
(gasping for air)  
You never hit someone in the balls.

Mason takes a deep breath.

WHAM!

Red punches Mason across the face.

Mason hits the ground.

WHAM!

Red kicks him in the ribs hard.

Mason groans in pain. He struggles back to his feet.

MASON (CONT'D)  
I'm going to let this go instead of  
adding "resisting arrest" to the  
list of charges you're wanted for.

RED  
I think you should walk away.

Red lines up and throws a kick at Mason.

Mason catches it.

RED (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

Mason throws Red's leg down, moving his body closer to him.

Red watches in horror as Mason's elbow slams into his face.

WHAM!

Red hits the ground with a thud, his ribs breaking. Pain screams out of him.

Another Biker approaches Mason with bad intentions.

Mason motions for him to attack him.

This Biker throws wild, uncoordinated hooks at Mason.

Mason ducks and weaves, nothing coming close to hitting him.

THUMP!

The Biker eats an uppercut from Mason, flush. He falls to the ground, barely conscious.

Mason rubs his jaw for a moment.

Red gets back to his feet. He spits out some blood. His hands reach towards his lower back.

A red dot comes onto Red's chest.

Jax spots it. His eyes open wide.

JAX  
(loudly)  
Stand down!

Red looks around and then down. His eyes open wide.

MASON  
Move that hand and it'll be the  
last thing you do.

Red turns to Jax.

Jax nods.

Mason raises his arm and gives a thumbs up.

The red dot disappears.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(to Red)  
You know the drill, right?

Red turns to Jax.

Jax nods.

RED  
I surrender, Marshal.

Red walks up to Mason.

Mason handcuffs Red. He grabs a small pistol out of Red's lower back and places it in his pocket.

MASON  
You're a crooked edge, Travis.

The two walk to the SUV.

RED  
A what?

Erica moves to the backseat doors. She opens one of them up.

They approach the open door of the SUV.

Mason carefully puts Red inside, closing the door behind him.

Erica tosses a napkin to Mason.

MASON  
(to Erica)  
Told you this would be cleaner.

Mason wipes his face off.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Mason and Erica get inside, Mason behind the wheel.

Erica grabs the walkie-talkie.

ERICA  
This is Marshal Walker. Suspect in custody, proceeding to delivery.

LOCAL COP (V.O.)  
Do you need an escort?

ERICA  
We got it from here.

Mason starts the car and puts it into drive.

Red moans in pain.

RED  
Can I get some Advil?

**INT. JEEP - NIGHT**

Katie's eyes are bloodshot, her hands shaking. She looks down at her waist.

A small microphone by her belt is barely noticeable.

Katie takes it out, a wire extending down her pants. Her hands tie it back on, shoving the wire down.

She takes a burner phone out and pulls up her speed dial. There's only one number in it. Her fingers press dial.

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

An unmarked sedan is parked nearby.

A country road is in the distance.

Detective CHAD TOSH (mid 30s) stands outside the car, his phone in his hands.

Chad is short, bald and sleazy.

His phone rings with Katie's call.

DETECTIVE TOSH  
Are you ready?

INTERCUT BETWEEN KATIE AND CHAD

KATIE  
I don't want to do this.

DETECTIVE TOSH  
You don't have a choice.

KATIE  
He'll be there. Can't you just show up and arrest him?

DETECTIVE TOSH  
I need it on tape. I need him talking about the deal.

KATIE  
You could be there with us. I can vouch for you and--

DETECTIVE TOSH  
Once the buy is done, and it's on tape, then you can walk away.



KATIE  
What if I don't want to do this?

DETECTIVE TOSH  
Your charges come back.

KATIE  
My dad--

DETECTIVE TOSH  
He can't get you out of this.

Katie takes a deep breath.

KATIE  
I'm going to be safe, right?

DETECTIVE TOSH  
Absolutely.

Katie hangs up.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

Everything is older and falling apart.

The place is empty sans Katie's boyfriend, CLARK ANDREWS (19), standing by the dugout.

He's tall, thin and tattooed all over. His eyes are bloodshot, a lit cigarette in his hands.

A large Duffel bag is at his feet.

Katie walks up to him. Her eyes look all over, her hands shake and her breathing is shallow and rapid.

CLARK  
Relax, girl.

KATIE  
After Milwaukee--

CLARK  
We'll spot one of them a hundred yards away, easy.

She looks around.

Meth dealer GEORGE SANDERSON (mid 40s) walks up to the two. He's average height and very overweight with a beard.

A faded flannel jacket is two sizes too big on him.

George looks at the two intently.

GEORGE  
You know the drill.

Clark and Katie raise their hands.

George pats Clark down.

CLARK  
Do you have to?

A cold sweat comes down Katie's brow.

GEORGE  
It's his policy.

George pats Katie down.

KATIE  
Where is he?

GEORGE  
He'll be here.

George's hand stops. His eyes focus on it.

CLARK  
You know she's clean.

George pulls a digital recording device off of her.

Katie freezes in fear.

**EXT. SMALL TOWN ROAD - NIGHT**

The baseball field is in the distance.

Gun shots ring out.

A car crashes.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Mason drives.

Red breathes. It's all pain.

RED  
What the hell is a crooked edge?

ERICA

Our boss loves to say it. It sounds better out of his mouth, honestly.

MASON

You ever put a puzzle together and a piece just fits in too well? It happens when someone just can't make it fit, so they cut an edge in order to make the piece fit in.

ERICA

It's a euphemism to look at the whole picture on a heuristic level, not just a single piece.

Red isn't following them.

MASON

The Breakers said you hadn't been around. Why lie when it would be easier for them to say you had already left town?

RED

That's a very good question.

MASON

It made me think if I was Travis "Red" Felton, where would I be? Two days later and here you are.

ERICA

(to Mason)

If I was tracking you back to Wisconsin, where would you be?

MASON

The Bar.

ERICA

Which one?

MASON

It's name of a bar franchise once you get past Sheboygan. Odds are I would probably go to The Bar back in Sturgeon Bay, see the old photos of me on the wall and get a basket or two of their wings.

ERICA

That sounds quaint.

MASON

Very.

Red looks out the window.

RED

Where are you taking me?

MASON

A prisoner transport is waiting for you at DFW to escort you to a federal holding facility in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

RED

My kid's nearby. I didn't get a chance to say goodbye.

ERICA

You had plenty of time to drink.

RED

She'll be an adult when I'm able to hug her again.

MASON

As a parent, I empathize.  
(beat)

I get mine for the summer. Each time she shows up it's like she's a brand-new person. I keep trying to get out to see her but people like you keep me busy.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Photos of Katie and her mother ALMA (mid 40s) are on the mantle. They're happy.

Alma has red hair and looks younger than she is.

A photo of Mason and Katie is nestled between them.

Alma sits on a couch, watching TV.

KNOCK KNOCK!

She walks to the door and opens it up.

SHERIFF NATE RACKETTS (mid 40s) is on the other side.

Nate has a dad bod and a well-kept beard. His uniform is freshly pressed, a worried look on his face.

ALMA  
Hey Nate. What's going on?

NATE  
It's about Katie.

ALMA  
She's out with Clark.

NATE  
I don't know how to say this.  
(deep breath)  
Katie's gone.

Alma is stunned.

**INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Mason sits in a chair.

Tom is across from him, behind an older desk. A report is in front of him.

TOM  
A raid would've been easier.

MASON  
We got him and no one died.

TOM  
You broke three of his ribs.

MASON  
He hit me in the nuts.

TOM  
They subpoenaed your disciplinary file, Mason. Marquez about shit a chicken when he saw it.

Mason's phone rings. His eyes look at the Caller ID. It's Alma. He sends it to voicemail instantly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You'll probably be asked to take some time off... soon.  
(beat)  
Katie's here next week, right?

MASON  
Alma has been fighting it for no real reason.

Mason's phone rings. It's Alma. He sends it to voicemail.

TOM

Katie's old enough that this might be her final summer at home.

MASON

She'll be back after college.

TOM

You'd be surprised how much they change after a semester.

Mason's phone rings. It's Alma, again.

MASON

Can't she just leave a voicemail?

TOM

I'm going to get a cup of coffee. You want one?

MASON

Sure.  
(answers the phone)  
Hey Alma.

Tom stands up and walks towards the door.

Mason listens intently. His face turns white. He drops the phone on the ground, tears streaming down his face.

Tom pauses and turns to Mason.

TOM

What's wrong?

Mason is inconsolable, breaking down.

**EXT. US HIGHWAY 41 NORTH - NIGHT (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)**

A rented Lexus drives north, passing the forests and rest stops of rural Wisconsin.

**INT. LEXUS - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Mason is behind the wheel. He pulls up Erica's speed dial up on his phone and calls her.

**INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Erica watches the local news in bed.

A folder is on the night stand. It has several news stories about Katie's murder. One states it was a drug deal gone bad.

Her phone buzzes with Mason's call.

She answers it.

ERICA  
How's nowhere, Wisconsin?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ERICA AND TOM

MASON  
The nearest airport is four hours away... AND my flight was delayed.

ERICA  
How much did you miss?

MASON  
Everything.

Silence.

ERICA  
How are you doing?

MASON  
This doesn't feel real.

ERICA  
It gets better.

MASON  
I hope so.

ERICA  
I tried getting some info but the locals have this locked down.

MASON  
That's how things work up there.

ERICA  
The Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel said they found five keys of premium meth near at the crime scene.  
(beat)  
You know what I'm going to ask.

MASON  
Alma never said anything.

ERICA  
Did you see anything last summer?

MASON  
I was barely home.

Mason sees an exit for Sturgeon Bay.

ERICA  
Did you search her room?

MASON  
It was immaculate.

Silence.

ERICA  
Maybe she just fell down a hole and  
didn't know how to get out.

MASON  
None of this is right.

ERICA  
This isn't your case.

Mason takes the exit for Sturgeon Bay.

MASON  
It just feels--

ERICA  
I know.  
(beat)  
Let the locals handle it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Folding tables with finger food are set up all over.

Alma sits on a couch, emotionally exhausted.

She's dressed in black.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Alma opens the door, revealing Mason.

ALMA  
Hey Mason.



MASON

Hey Alma.

The two hug briefly.

Mason walks inside, Alma closing the door after him.

ALMA

I'm glad you came.

MASON

I would've been here for everything  
but my flight got delayed.

ALMA

That's alright.

Both sit down.

MASON

I'll say goodbye to her tomorrow.

ALMA

We had her buried near your folks.

MASON

Thank you for that.

ALMA

I know your father would've  
objected to it.

MASON

My mother wouldn't have.

Silence.

ALMA

How long are you here?

MASON

Day after tomorrow.

ALMA

Where are you staying?

MASON

I checked in at the Liberty.

Alma chuckles.

ALMA

We spent prom there.

MASON

I doubt it's changed since then.

ALMA

Neither has "The Bar."

MASON

If my dad never decides to change his will, I don't think I'd ever have come back here.

Mason looks at the mantle. His eyes focus on the picture of him and his daughter.

ALMA

I'm cleaning her room out tomorrow.

MASON

I'll come by and help.

ALMA

You don't have to.

MASON

Has anything about this place changed since I was last here?

ALMA

There's a Walmart on the edge of town now, where Paradise Cove was.

Silence.

MASON

The Journal said it was a deal gone bad. Someone said she was dealing.

ALMA

I buried her today, Mason.

MASON

I can't turn that part of me off.

ALMA

I wish you would.

MASON

The last time we talked for any length of time, it was about the nature of sushi. I don't see how that girl becomes Walter White.

Alma looks in either direction.

ALMA

Last month ago she went down to the city to see The Weekend with some friends at the Bradley Center.

(beat)

She and one of the boys were caught trying to buy some pot.

MASON

Why didn't you tell me this?

ALMA

The detective let her go, said he'd call it a "scared straight" sort of moment for her.

MASON

What was his name?

ALMA

I don't remember.

MASON

You should've let me know. I'm her father, I could've intervened as part of the Marshals Service.

ALMA

You were barely her father, Mason.

MASON

I helped bring her into this world.

ALMA

And her best memories are her being able to order any takeout she wanted to in a "real city."

Silence.

MASON

We should do this another time.

Both stand up.

ALMA

I'll see you tomorrow.

MASON

Call me if you need to talk, OK?

Alma nods.

Mason leaves.

**INT. POOL HALL - DAY**

The type of place people openly speculate exists only to launder drug money through.

VICTOR (mid 30s) stands guard in front of an office.

He's well over six feet tall, incredibly muscular with tattoos all over his arms.

Clark walks in and up to Victor.

CLARK

Is he in?

Victor knocks on the door twice.

The door opens, revealing George.

GEORGE

What do you want?

CLARK

I need a minute.

George looks at Victor and nods.

Clark walks in.

The door closes behind them.

**INT. LEXUS - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Boarded up small businesses and packed bars whiz past.

Mason is behind the wheel. He pulls up Tom on his speed dial.

**INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Tom stares at paperwork.

His cellphone rings with a call from Mason.

TOM

How are you feeling?

MASON (V.O.)

I forgot how small this town is.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TOM AND MASON

TOM

I'm not letting you come back to work early, Mason. You have been given two weeks to grieve and I expect you to use every single minute you are provided.

MASON

I need a favor.

TOM

Now what did I just say?

MASON

It's about Katie.

Tom turns to his laptop.

TOM

If it keeps you there, sure.

MASON

I need you to look up an arrest in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Tom's eyes turn to a photo of him with his DAUGHTERS.

TOM

If anyone asks, understand?

Mason nods.

Tom pulls up an arrest database.

MASON

She's most likely listed under Katherine Amanda Jenkins.

Tom types it in. Nothing.

TOM

I don't see anything.

MASON

Try Jenkins-Baxter.

Tom types it in. Nothing.

TOM

It's not there. Maybe it was filed under just Baxter?

MASON

Alma would never let that happen.

Tom types it in. Nothing.

TOM

Same result.

(beat)

What was she arrested for?

MASON

Possession. Alma says they didn't charge her, either.

TOM

They'd have to log the arrest.

(beat)

Maybe she got the city wrong.

MASON

She said the Bradley Center in "the city." That's Milwaukee.

(beat)

I should've been the first call when she got arrested.

TOM

Maybe they didn't know.

MASON

I got a call from Milwaukee PD when she got pulled over two years ago for driving without a license.

TOM

Katie might not have used your name this time.

MASON

Any half decent detective would've pulled her file and seen my name.

TOM

Do you think she was somebody's informant, Mason?

MASON

They'd have definitely called me if she was a snitch.

TOM

Remember Theo Van Austin? He's out that way now and owes me.

Mason sees the Sturgeon Bay Sheriff's office.

MASON  
Thanks, Tom.

Both men hang up.

Mason pulls into the Sheriff's parking lot.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Small, dingy.

Clark looks around.

GEORGE  
You shouldn't be here.

CLARK  
Deputies came to my mom's house  
looking for me. She said I wasn't  
home but I heard them.

GEORGE  
You should've told them to fuck off  
yourself, like I did.

CLARK  
They threatened--

GEORGE  
If they had anything you would be  
in cuffs right now.

CLARK  
They said they'd keep coming back--

GEORGE  
When they do, you invoke your right  
to counsel and then your right to  
silence. You keep saying that until  
your lawyer shows up. Understand?

Clark nods.

CLARK  
I didn't know about her.

GEORGE  
He believed you. I'm not so sure if  
I believe you, though.  
(glares at Clark  
menacingly)  
You owe me for the package.

CLARK  
We could've taken it with us.

GEORGE  
People don't care about dead  
dealers, Clark.

Clark gulps, intimidated.

CLARK  
I've got some leftovers from the  
last run we had.

GEORGE  
I hope it's enough.

CLARK  
What if it isn't?

GEORGE  
Pray it is.

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

Deputy OSCAR SMITH (mid 20s) is at the front desk, half  
asleep. He's short with a crew cut.

Mason walks in and looks around.

NATE (O.S.)  
While I'll be a monkey's bare-assed  
uncle, if that ain't Mason Baxter.

Nate emerges from his office.

Oscar wakes up and looks around.

Mason and Nate approach each other.

MASON  
Where's Sheriff Thompson?

NATE  
He resigned due to health issues  
six months ago. The people chose me  
in the runoff election.

The two men hug.

NATE (CONT'D)  
(turns to deputy)  
Oscar Smith, this is U.S Marshal  
Mason Baxter.  
(MORE)



NATE (CONT'D)

When you were a glint in your father's eyes, Mason and I were winning state titles at East.

OSCAR

There's an East?

NATE

Sturgeon Bay's changed a lot.

MASON

That makes me feel old.

NATE

I'm sorry about Katie.

MASON

Thank you.

(beat)

Can we get a minute alone?

NATE

Absolutely.

Mason and Nate walk into Nate's office.

**INT. NATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

A large deer's head is mounted on the wall.

Photos of Nate's FAMILY, as well as a younger Nate and Mason from various high school sports, are on his desk.

Mason looks at the deer head.

NATE

I took that two summers ago.

MASON

I haven't been in a stand since it was me, you and Wayne Brand--

NATE

On spring break, junior year.

MASON

I remember Wayne brought that bottle of Bourbon with him.

NATE

I remember you trying to shoot after four slugs off it.

MASON

Are you friends with him on  
Facebook, by chance?

NATE

You know you can unfollow people on  
that, right?

MASON

We grew up together and the guy on  
there isn't him.

NATE

He changed, Mason. Happens to the  
best of us.

MASON

It's weird hearing him rant and  
rave like that.

NATE

He's just blowing off steam.

MASON

How's Valerie?

NATE

Another month of treatment and they  
think it might be over.

MASON

I prayed for her.

NATE

Thank you.

Mason looks around.

MASON

Your father and mine could not have  
expected this to happen.

NATE

When I was a young deputy I had to  
go roust them at the M.C over some  
penny-ante bullshit they did. It  
was strange walking into the  
Breakers club in uniform.

(beat)

I missed you at the funeral.

MASON

Flight delays.

NATE

I was about to wrap up and get at a drink at The Bar. Join me.

MASON

I want to see the file.

NATE

It's an active investigation. You know everything else I'm going to say, too, so don't act as if this is all somehow new to you.

MASON

What if it was Valerie?

NATE

I'd look at the person looking into it and trust their judgment.

MASON

We're not civilians.

NATE

We're not above the rules, either.

MASON

I'll owe you a favor. A favor from the Marshals means something, too.

Nate thinks for a long moment. He looks at a photo on his desk of him and his daughter VALERIE (16). His hands reach into his desk, taking out a small bottle of Bourbon.

NATE

If anyone asks--

MASON

This didn't happen.

Nate takes a slug off it and hands it to Mason

NATE

Good,

Mason takes a drink. He looks at the bottle.

MASON

Your taste in Bourbon is worse than my father's.

Nate opens a drawer and takes out a file. He places it in front of Mason.

NATE

The only liquor store with a decent selection is two hours away.

MASON

Good to see some things are still the same around here.

Mason opens up the folder. Crime scene photos are paper clipped to the edge.

NATE

The gun wasn't at the scene.

MASON

Walk me through it.

NATE

The best guess we have so far is she and an accomplice were doing a deal with someone.

Mason grabs a photo of the scene and looks at it.

MASON

Who was with her?

NATE

I don't know. We can't find her boyfriend. He's my guess.

MASON

She didn't have a boyfriend.

NATE

Whoever it was ran into the forest.

Mason puts it down.

MASON

Anything there?

NATE

You know those woods. I could drop a tank into there and you wouldn't find it for a generation.

MASON

Who called it in?

NATE

Old man Hammer.

Mason pulls up a coroner's report.

MASON

What about the bullet?

NATE

Ed pulled a slug from a thirty-eight out of her head.

MASON

I have some contacts at the FBI.

NATE

It pancaked inside her skull.

MASON

What about the Meth? Someone around here has to run it.

Mason closes the folder.

NATE

The Breakers alibi'd out.

MASON

Conveniently.

NATE

It was enough for distribution.

Mason takes another swig off the bottle. He hands it back.

MASON

Is it true?

NATE

You don't want to have this talk about her, Mason.

MASON

Why not?

NATE

Katie wasn't an angel and her rap sheet paints a rough picture.

MASON

We weren't either and we turned out pretty good, right?

NATE

We raised a little hell. She did a lot more than that.

MASON

How much?

Nate takes a long swig.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Everything is several decades old and faded.

Mason lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He grabs his phone and pulls up Erica on his speed dial.

**INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Erica watches local news. Her phone rings with Mason's call.

ERICA

I had to do prison transport with Frank today because of you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ERICA AND MASON

Mason makes fart noises.

Erica rolls her eyes.

MASON

It's his love of Jalapeño poppers and refried beans.

ERICA

How are you doing?

MASON

The more I find out about her, the more this doesn't feel right.

ERICA

What's wrong?

MASON

A couple of things aren't adding up like I thought they would.

(beat)

You ever hear of a detective not filing an arrest report?

ERICA

That is weird, not going to lie.

MASON

I want to see if there was anything that wasn't in the papers.

ERICA

I'm going to chalk this up to the grieving process.

MASON

If she was arrested, and Alma swears she was, then why isn't there a record of it?

ERICA

They might've seen your ex and given Katie a pass. A girl from a small town, you know.

MASON

There'd be an arrest report, even if it's a catch and release.

ERICA

Even on your kid?

MASON

I'd have to go to Tom to pull that off, and even then I'm not sure.

ERICA

Are you sure you want to go down this rabbit hole, Alice?

Silence.

MASON

I'm probably overthinking this.

ERICA

Probably.  
(beat)  
It's late.

MASON

Say hi to the misses for me.

ERICA

Will do.

Both hang up.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Mason looks at the walls for a while. He gets up and leaves.

**EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

Police tape cordons off a crime scene.

The outline of a body is spray painted on the ground.

Mason walks up and looks around. His eyes focus on the outline of Katie's body.

MASON

You deserved better than this.

Mason looks around. His eyes focus on the forest.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Mason looks around.

MASON

You could lose a tank in here for--  
 (looks at a tree)  
 --a generation.

His eyes focus on the tree. Some of the bark has been damaged. He takes out a small pocket knife and cuts it off.

A bullet is inside it.

Mason takes his phone out. He takes a picture of it. His eyes look around.

Something catches his eye on the ground.

He moves several pieces of brush off the ground.

A piece of a car's rearview mirror is underneath it.

Mason takes a picture of it. He pulls up his speed dial and looks up the number for the sheriff's office. He calls it.

MASON (CONT'D)

This is U.S. Marshal Mason Baxter.  
 I need to speak to the Sheriff.  
 (beat)  
 I found something in the forest.  
 (beat)  
 I'll be here.

**EXT. DEEPER INTO FOREST - NIGHT**

Mason looks around. Some tire tracks lead into a field.



**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

Mason looks around. His eyes wander around. He spots a burned out sedan wrapped around a tree.

**EXT. FIELD - LATER**

A full evidence team works on the sedan.

The trunk is open, revealing a burned body.

NATE

Can I get a word, Mason?

Mason nods.

The two men walk into the distance.

MASON

Did you get the VIN?

NATE

I'm going to run it as soon as I get back to the office.

MASON

I'll call a friend of mine who can expedite DNA and dental on the corpse for you.

NATE

I need you to step away, Mason.

MASON

Let me use the weight of the Marshals' office to help you out.

NATE

You've done enough.

MASON

I've got grieving time. I bet my boss wouldn't mind if I provide some additional manpower, too.

NATE

I had a search team ready for the day after next on this.

MASON

I saved you time and money.

NATE

I'm going to have to file a report about how this happened.

MASON

So?

NATE

So explaining that the father of the victim is conducting his own investigation is difficult, OK?

MASON

I'm not just that.

NATE

That's the only thing you can be right now, Mason.

MASON

I won't get in your way.

NATE

When does your flight leave?

MASON

Day after tomorrow.

NATE

I'm asking you, nicely as a courtesy, to be on it.

MASON

She was my daughter.

NATE

And if it was my daughter, I would expect you to have this chat with me in the same exact manner.

(beat)

This isn't healthy.

MASON

What would be healthier?

NATE

Grieve. Have a drink or five. Do something besides interfere with an active investigation, please.

MASON

OK.

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

Every bottle behind the bar is plastic and cheap.

No one is in there except for the bartender JESSE (mid 40s).

He's tall and very large.

Mason walks in and sits at the bar.

Jesse walks over.

MASON

I'll have a glass of Jack, on the  
rocks. Leave the bottle.

Jesse pours the drink and places the bottle in front of him.

Mason puts his badge on the counter.

Jesse looks at the badge and gulps.

JESSE

I don't want any trouble.

MASON

I'm looking for someone.

JESSE

There's a lot of people around  
here, Marshal.

MASON

If they had... issues of a chemical  
variety, where would they go?

Jesse looks in either direction.

MASON (CONT'D)

This is between us, no records.

JESSE

MacArthur Park. Watch the benches  
long enough and you'll find what  
you're looking for.

**EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY**

Clark looks around as a JUNKIE walks up to him

JUNKIE

You holding?

Clark nods.

The Junkie hands him a fistful of bills.

Clark hands him three baggies of Meth.

The Junkie looks at him oddly.

CLARK  
It's a clearance sale.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

The playground is older and falling apart.

Mason stands by a large tree. His eyes are focused on a pair of benches, his phone snug up against his ear.

A JUNKIE (male, early 20s) sits down on one of them.

MASON  
Bartenders are the best.

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

MARSHALS are all over, working.

Erica sits at a desk, filling out a report. She looks up for a moment, her eyes glancing an older photo of her and her wife JENNY (mid 30s). A hint of a smile comes out.

ERICA  
Oh no.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ERICA AND MASON

MASON  
I need permission to do something.

The Junkie scratches his arms.

ERICA  
Then I can transfer you to Tom.

A CRACK DEALER (late 20s, male) walks up to the Junkie. He sits down next to the junkie.

MASON  
He pointed me in a direction. I need to know if I should take it.

The Junkie and the Crack Dealer quickly make a drug deal.

ERICA

In situations like these, I ask myself "What would Tom say?"

MASON

What if it was Jenny?

Erica stares at the picture. She nods.

ERICA

I would find the bastard who did it and introduce him to Satan himself.

The Junkie walks away.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Mason's eyes closely follow the Crack Dealer.

MASON

I'll see you when I get back.

Mason hangs up and follows him.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The Crack Dealer walks down the street and into a house that's been condemned.

Mason watches him in the distance.

**EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY**

Mason walks up to the front door and knocks on it.

The Crack Dealer answers.

CRACK DEALER

Can I help you?

MASON

You holding?

The Crack Dealer looks Mason up and down.

CRACK DEALER

Not for a cop.

MASON

U.S. Marshal.

CRACK DEALER  
Either or, brother.

The Crack Dealer slams the door in Mason's face.

Mason is good and pissed. He knocks again. His eyes focus on the door handle.

It begins to turn.

WHAM!

Mason front kicks the door, sending it backward.

The Crack Dealer hits the ground behind it with a thud.

**INT. CRACK HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Everything is old, stained and falling apart.

Mason bursts through the door. His eyes look around.

MASON  
I wanted to do this the easy way.

The Crack Dealer moans in pain.

Mason picks him off the ground.

CRACK DEALER  
I've got fifty bucks, man.

Mason reaches into the Dealer's pockets. He pulls out some cash and several vials of crack cocaine.

Mason's hands toss everything onto the ground, his feet stomping the vials with authority.

MASON  
Do you have any meth?

CRACK DEALER  
I don't deal with that.

MASON  
Who would?

CRACK DEALER  
I got her number, OK?

The Crack Dealer takes his phone out. He quickly pulls up a number marked "KJ." His fingers press dial.

It quickly goes to voicemail.

Mason takes it out of his hands.

KATIE (V.O.)  
This is Katie. Leave me a message.

The phone falls out of Mason's hand.

Mason is stunned.

CRACK DEALER  
What the hell is wrong with you?

Mason snaps out of it and walks out of the house.

**EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY**

Mason walks out aimlessly. His hands take his cellphone out. His fingers dial Alma.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Hey, I was--

MASON  
You mind if I drop in?

ALMA (V.O.)  
Feel free.

Mason hangs up.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

George reaches into his desk and pulls out his flip phone. He calls the last number on it.

GEORGE  
Hey boss.  
(beat)  
I think we need to cut our loose  
thread from that night.  
(beat)  
He came here, freaking out.  
(beat)  
He'll talk. Let me--  
(beat)  
Understood.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Alma and Mason sit on opposite couches.

Cold beers are in front of them.

ALMA

It just sank in this morning. All week I'd been dealing with all of the arrangements and now... now all I have is a place to visit.

MASON

It feels like it was just yesterday I was meeting her for the first time. I couldn't believe it.

ALMA

Neither could I.

They both take long drinks.

MASON

No one believed that I could make something like her.

ALMA

As soon as I saw her face, I knew she was yours. She had your eyes.

MASON

Thank God she got everything else from you, I'm not going to lie.

ALMA

You'd make an ugly woman.

They both chuckle.

MASON

My curiosity got the best of me.

ALMA

Oh no.

MASON

I haven't heard that in a long time, Alma.

ALMA

Anytime you talk about being curious it always ends badly for somebody, Mason.



MASON

I went to MacArthur Park and chased down one of the locals.

ALMA

Did you hurt him?

MASON

He'll live.

ALMA

Eventually someone will call Nate.

MASON

Not these kind of people.

ALMA

What did he say?

MASON

I had him call someone who could get me some meth.

(beat)

It was her voice on the other end.

ALMA

They always say on the news that they didn't see it. I always laughed... and then it happened to me. Life is charming sometimes.

MASON

I didn't see it, either, and I am the one who should've.

ALMA

Katie went from wanting to go to college to cutting class every week. She quit her job... I just thought it was a phase.

MASON

She was always fine out with me.

ALMA

Did you ever spend more money than you think?

MASON

I took her out to dinner a lot. I figured it was just me not keeping track of what I spent.

ALMA  
You remember Rachel Hammer?

MASON  
Vaguely.

ALMA  
Rachel's daughter Winona said Katie  
broke into her locker but I didn't  
believe she'd be the type.

MASON  
Did you ever search her room?

ALMA  
I trusted her.

**INT. KATIE'S ROOM - DAY**

A large dresser and a small bed dominate the room.

Mason walks in, Alma right behind him.

ALMA  
Mason, please--

He turns to her. She's noticeably scared.

MASON  
Stay out of my way.

Mason goes through her drawers, tossing clothes aside. He  
tosses her mattress off the box spring. Nothing's underneath.

ALMA  
This is my home.

Mason flips the frame and box spring on its side. His eyes  
spot something on the floor.

MASON  
There could be something in there  
that leads us to her killer.

ALMA  
I know you're upset but--

MASON  
Get me a carpet knife.

ALMA  
Excuse me?

Mason moves closer to a spot on the floor. He grabs a piece of the carpet and yanks on it.

It comes off the ground, revealing a small box.

Mason takes the box out and opens it up.

A small laptop, a large bag of crystal meth and a sealed zip lock bag of cash are inside.

MASON

Oh, no.

(turns to Alma)

Call the Sheriff's office. This is evidence in a murder case.

Mason's phone buzzes with a call from Tom. He sends it straight to voicemail.

**INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Tom hangs up his cellphone. He looks outside and sees Erica.

TOM

Walker, may I have a word?

Erica walks into his office.

ERICA

What do you need?

TOM

Travis "Red" Felton.

ERICA

It was a clean collar.

Tom doesn't believe her.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Clean...ish.

TOM

They're letting him walk because of how he was brought in.

ERICA

He was a fugitive and--

TOM

If it was anything but low level of money laundering, Marquez would've held his ground.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

(beat)

How's Mason doing?

ERICA

He's going through the grieving process... in his way.

TOM

I just called and got his voicemail. That never happens.

ERICA

Maybe he's enjoying the sights of Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin?

Tom rolls his eyes.

**EXT. ALMA'S HOME - LATER**

Two Sheriff's vehicles are in front of the home.

Oscar walks towards one, the box in his hands.

Nate and Mason walk outside.

NATE

Thanks for the heads up.

MASON

By chance... have you talked to--

NATE

Come on, you know I can't answer that question.

MASON

Give me a name. Any name.

NATE

Let me do my job, Mason.

Nate walks to the other sheriff's vehicle.

Alma walks outside.

MASON

Nate said that she had a boyfriend.

ALMA

I caught him sneaking out of her room one morning.

MASON

Jesus.

ALMA

She's old enough that I treated her like an adult.

MASON

There was nothing on her Facebook.

The Sheriff's vehicles drive away.

ALMA

Do you know who he reminds me of?  
(beat)  
Arnold Wilson.

MASON

He used to hang out behind the gas station, way back when.

ALMA

It's called the Oxy alley now.

MASON

What's he look like?

ALMA

Like a scumbag.

MASON

What's his name?

**INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY**

Tom grabs a file folder and opens it up. His eyes spot a line and he signs it.

TOM

He called me about Katie.

ERICA

It doesn't sound right, Tom.

TOM

Theo didn't find anything.

Tom hands Erica the folder.

ERICA

Mason was insistent.

TOM  
He's a dog off his leash and I'm  
worried he's going to bite someone.

Erica looks at the folder. Paperwork for a prison transfer is  
inside it.

ERICA  
Again?

TOM  
Frank needs help and everyone else  
is booked.

ERICA  
Please?

Tom shakes his head no.

**INT. GAS STATION - DAY**

A GAS STATION CLERK is behind the counter, staring at a small  
television on the wall. A bad movie is on.

Mason walks in and strides right to the counter. He slams his  
Marshal's badge on it.

The Gas Station Clerk is startled.

MASON  
I'm looking for a scumbag.

GAS STATION CLERK  
There's one out back.

Mason grabs his badge and walks into the rear exit.

The Gas Station Clerk turns back to the television.

**EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY**

Clark leans against the wall.

Mason walks outside and straight to him.

MASON  
Someone said you're Clark Andrews.

CLARK  
Who asked?

Mason looks him up and down.

MASON

She was right. You do look like a scumbag. A big one, too.

CLARK

You don't get to insult me at my place of business.

MASON

Katie Jenkins.

CLARK

She was a one night stand, so what?

Mason shows Clark his badge.

Clark is scared shitless.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Do you want a play by play or a--

Mason drops him with a BOMB of a right hand.

Clark groans in pain. He stumbles back to his feet.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You can't do that!

MASON

Lie to me again and I swear to Christ it will get worse.

CLARK

I'm going to invoke my right to--

WHAM!

Mason drops him with another right.

Clark hits the ground with a thump. He looks up and sees Mason's badge.

CLARK (CONT'D)

There are rules against this!

Mason kicks Clark in the stomach as hard as he can.

Clark moans in pain.

MASON

You're going to tell me everything about that deal that went sideways.

Mason kicks him again.

CLARK

I don't know anything, I swear.

The Gas Station Clerk sprints outside.

Mason stares the Clerk down.

The Gas Station Clerk sprints back inside.

MASON

You really like getting hit.

CLARK

I'll tell you what you want to know  
if you just don't hit me again.

MASON

Why she was there?

Clark looks away.

Mason motions to kick him.

Clark recoils.

CLARK

Please don't make me do this.

MASON

I found her stash.

CLARK

It wasn't mine.

MASON

So far we're doing this the easy  
way. You want to find out what the  
hard way looks like?

Clark nods.

CLARK

She was my partner, OK?

Mason kicks him again.

MASON

That's for lying to me.

CLARK

We had a big shipment to sell  
and... fuck. He'll kill me.

Mason takes his pistol out and places it to Clark's head.



MASON  
I'll kill you.

CLARK  
You can't do that!

MASON  
Want to find out?

Mason pulls the hammer back.

CLARK  
Please, God, no.

MASON  
Then you're going to tell me  
everything I need to know.

CLARK  
Please, I can't.

Mason takes a deep breath. His eyes focus on his pistol.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
George. He runs the pool hall.

MASON  
Thank you.

Mason holsters his pistol and walks away.

Clark cries in pain.

**INT. NATE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nate types on his laptop.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Oscar walks in.

NATE  
Have you ordered lunch yet?

OSCAR  
Jimmy, at the gas station, called.  
A dealer was assaulted by someone  
with a badge. He was a white male,  
six feet tall and--

NATE  
(under his breath)  
God-damn it.  
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)  
 (normal voice)  
 Who's out on the road?

OSCAR  
 Brandon and Alex worked a double  
 yesterday so... nobody?

NATE  
 Stay on the radio.  
 (grabs his hat)  
 I'll go over and see what's  
 happening. If it is who I think it  
 is... I'll call you.

Nate sprints out of the room.

**INT. POOL HALL - DAY**

Victor sits in a chair, standing guard.

Mason walks in and looks around. His eyes spot Victor.

MASON  
 You wouldn't happen to be George,  
 would you? I was told he worked  
 here by a good friend.

VICTOR  
 Never heard of him.

Mason takes out his badge and holds it up.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Doesn't change that, Marshal.

MASON  
 Would you mind if I looked around,  
 to make sure?

Victor looks down and sees Mason's hands. They're bruised up.

VICTOR  
 Do you have a warrant?

MASON  
 Nope.

VICTOR  
 Then I'm going to ask you to leave,  
 kindly, then. Officer.

Victor cracks his knuckles.

MASON  
Afraid I can't do that.

Mason smiles.

VICTOR  
Seems like we're at an impasse.

MASON  
If you could give me George's phone  
number, I'll be on my way.

Victor rolls his head around.

VICTOR  
He doesn't have one.

MASON  
I really can't take no for an  
answer on this one.

VICTOR  
I insist.

Mason takes his jacket off and puts it on a table. He rolls  
his sleeves up.

MASON  
I don't have all day.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

George watches a movie on his laptop.

THUD!

The door rattles.

George walks over and opens it up.

**INT. POOL HALL - DAY**

Mason is tossed over one of the pool tables.

Victor's face is busted wide open, his nose broken.

George looks around.

Victor turns and sees him.

VICTOR  
I got it, boss.

Victor turns around and--

WHAM!

Mason hits him across the face with a pool cue.

The cue shatters into a million pieces.

Victor stumbles.

Mason's face is equally bruised and busted open. He throws a kick at Victor's head.

Victor catches Mason's foot. He smiles.

WHACK!

Mason launches his other foot backward, catching Victor flush on the jaw.

Victor hits the ground with a thud. He's out cold.

George turns and sees Mason.

Mason's face is bruised, blood coming out of his mouth.

MASON

Hi George.

George sees Mason's badge.

MASON (CONT'D)

Clark says hi.

Victor wakes up. He stirs.

Mason kicks him in the face, putting him out again.

GEORGE

Who?

Mason punches George in the face as hard as he can.

MASON

Katie Jenkins.

George hits the ground like a sack of potatoes.

GEORGE

Is she someone I should know or--

Mason picks George up and slams him against the wall.

MASON

I really don't like when people lie to me, George.

GEORGE

I'm telling you the truth, swear to Christ. I don't know anything.

MASON

Clark's a dealer. You're his boss.

GEORGE

I'm just a small business owner--

Mason punches George in the stomach.

George falls to the floor, moaning in pain.

**EXT. POOL HALL - DAY**

A sheriff's vehicle pulls up and parks nearby.

Nate exits and looks around.

George is tossed through the window and lands on the ground, hard. His face is all sorts of fucked up.

The door is kicked open.

Mason walks out, pure rage all over his face.

Nate pulls his pistol out and aims it at Mason.

NATE

Mason.

Mason looks and sees Nate. His eyes focus on the barrel of the gun. He curses under his breath.

MASON

Nate.

Mason raises his hands.

Nate takes out a pair of handcuffs. He tosses them to Mason.

NATE

Are we going to have a problem?

Mason cuffs himself.

Nate holsters his gun.

**INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Tom fills out paperwork. His office phone rings.

TOM  
Agent in charge Breen.  
(beat)  
Oh, no.

Erica walks in with a file folder.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I'll call you back in an hour to  
let you know the arrangements.

Erica places the folder on his desk.

Tom hangs up the phone. He types on up his laptop.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I was in Wisconsin there years ago,  
tracking a guy through Kenosha. I  
had lunch at the Mars Cheese Castle  
and they had this amazing cheesy  
bread. My girls loved it. I am  
going to need you to go and pick  
one up. While you're there you can  
drive up to Sturgeon Bay and pick  
up Marshal Baxter.

ERICA  
What about prison transport? Frank  
and I are a real team.

TOM  
This is one of those times I am not  
asking you to do something.  
(deep breath)  
Marshal Baxter is to let local law  
enforcement officers investigate  
the case and return to the office  
with urgent haste.

**INT. BIKER BAR OFFICE - NIGHT**

Travis "Red" Felton is behind a small desk, going through a ledger on accounting software.

A BIKER walks in.

BIKER  
George wants a word.

RED  
Send him in.

The Biker leaves.

George walks in. His face is freshly bandaged up.

GEORGE  
This is a pleasant surprise.

RED  
Good lawyer.  
(looks George over)  
I should see the other guy, right?

GEORGE  
The other guy put Victor in the hospital with a broken jaw.

RED  
Damn.

GEORGE  
(points to face)  
Ten stitches and my back is just one big bruise.

RED  
I'm sitting on a lot of cash here.

GEORGE  
We won't have product for a while.

RED  
I read about it.

GEORGE  
It was complicated.

RED  
Either way it's unnecessary heat.

GEORGE  
I've got more of it right now.

RED  
I'm listening.

GEORGE  
I'll give you ten points off if you handle it for me.

RED  
Who?

GEORGE  
It's a Marshal.

Red thinks for a long moment.

RED  
Twenty.

George nods.

**INT. JAIL CELL - DAY**

Mason wakes up and looks around.

NATE (O.S.)  
Rise and shine.

Mason looks and sees Nate on the other side of the bars.

MASON  
It's weird being on this side of  
the aisle, not going to lie.

NATE  
Your boss is a very nice man. We  
came to an understanding.

Mason curses under his breath.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Time to go home, Mason.

MASON  
He was going to tell me--

NATE  
Whatever it is you wanted to hear.

MASON  
You saw what we found.

NATE  
Take your dad hat off.

MASON  
This is different.

NATE  
No it's not.

MASON  
How so?



NATE  
You know why.

Mason looks away.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

MASON  
Of course.

NATE  
Then let me do my job, OK?

MASON  
You've found nothing.

NATE  
I've just gone through the usual  
suspects, the low hanging fruit.  
(beat)  
You understand that these things  
can take time.

MASON  
That's not enough.

NATE  
It has to be.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

George reaches into his desk and takes out an older flip phone. He calls Clark.

CLARK (V.O.)  
Hey boss man.

GEORGE  
Where are you?

CLARK (V.O.)  
Working.

GEORGE  
Stay there.

George hangs up. His hand reaches into his drawer and pulls out a large pistol. He places it on his desk.

His fingers dial another number on the older flip phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey boss.

(beat)

Clark talked. He needs to be--

(beat)

I'll send him there.

George hangs up. He eyes the gun for a long moment.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Mason walks outside.

ERICA (O.S.)

You're lucky I like you.

He looks up and sees Erica standing next to his Lexus.

MASON

In any other context you would be a welcome sight.

ERICA

I hitched a ride on an FBI prison transport and then was driven here by a local.

(beat)

He hit on me for four hours.

MASON

Was he cute?

ERICA

No.

(beat)

The sheriff gave me your keys and a lift over to your rental, in case you were wondering.

MASON

How mad was he?

ERICA

Tom used the phrase--

(southern accent)

--urgent haste.

MASON

You know it's serious when he talks like Foghorn Leghorn.

(beat)

Alma said she'd give me some photos of Katie. If you wouldn't mind.

ERICA

OK.

Mason and Erica get into the sedan. It pulls out of the parking lot.

A member of the Wisconsin Breakers follows them.

**EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY**

Clark's face is bruised up. Dried blood is around his nose.

George walks up to him.

GEORGE

What did you tell him?

CLARK

Nothing, I swear to God!

George slaps him.

Clark yelps in pain.

GEORGE

He came to the pool hall. He spoke like someone told him something.

CLARK

He knew it before he talked to me.

George slaps him hard.

Clark recoils in pain.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Is this everyone gets to beat up Clark day?

GEORGE

Yes.

CLARK

That's not fair!

GEORGE

If you would've kept your mouth shut, you wouldn't be in this mess.

CLARK

He put a gun to my head.

GEORGE

I was going to do the same thing  
but today is your lucky day.

CLARK

It doesn't feel like it.

GEORGE

The boss said to go to the cabin  
and wait for him. He will fix it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Erica and Mason sit on the couches.

Erica looks at the photos of Katie.

Alma walks in with a small box. She hands it to Erica.

ALMA

(to Mason)

Can we have a moment?

MASON

Sure.

Alma and Mason leave.

Erica opens the box up and looks inside. Older photos of  
Katie and Alma are inside.

**INT. NATE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nate types on his laptop. He looks at it strangely and picks  
up his phone. His fingers quickly dial a number.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Milwaukee Police Depot, Car Depot.

Nate hangs up.

Pure fucking panic comes over his face.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Oscar walks in.

OSCAR

I was going to grab some lunch.

NATE

I need to... run home.

Nate gets up and sprints out.

**EXT. ALMA'S HOME - DAY**

Alma and Mason walk outside.

ALMA  
Nate called.

MASON  
I almost had a lead.

ALMA  
He said you put someone into the hospital, Mason.

MASON  
Erica's taking me back home. I'll see you again when Nate finds whoever did this, OK?

ALMA  
You're doing a good job of finding a way to make this about you and not her. Have you even visited her grave yet or is the violence a good substitute for it?

MASON  
The kid deserved everything he got.

ALMA  
You don't get to be this guy.

MASON  
Why not?

ALMA  
Because it's too little, too late.

MASON  
None of this adds up. Not in the way it should.

ALMA  
She had a bag of drugs, money and a laptop. What do you think is on it?

MASON  
Evidence.

ALMA

I know the truth is hard to accept,  
but she was in a dark place. I just  
didn't see it. Neither did you.

MASON

You don't want to admit that  
there's more to this than she was  
on the wrong end of a deal.

ALMA

Because you knew her better?

MASON

We had a good relationship.

ALMA

When you wanted it.

MASON

Excuse me?

ALMA

She called every night she visited  
you because she was lonely.

MASON

I tried to cut back my hours when  
she was here. I used all my  
vacation to be with her.

ALMA

It doesn't make you a good father.

MASON

I wasn't perfect but I was good.

ALMA

What was her favorite TV show?

Mason doesn't know.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Who was her best friend?

Mason doesn't know that either.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Who was the first boy that broke  
her heart?

Mason looks away.

MASON

So I wasn't her first call. Or her second. That doesn't mean--

ALMA

You weren't even on the list.

MASON

We spent plenty of quality time together when she visited.

ALMA

This would've been much easier for all of us if you had never come back here.

MASON

I came back to bury my father and never utter the words "Sturgeon Bay" ever again. You just had to go to The Bar and say something to me.

ALMA

It was the first night out for me in six years because I was busy with two jobs, OK? I had some steam to blow off and magically you just happened to show up, the asshole who put me in this situation.

MASON

You sent a letter to me that said never to call you again. Don't martyr yourself on a cross when you were the one buying the nails.

ALMA

I thought it would be easier this way. You said you didn't want kids.

MASON

I would have tried--

ALMA

You barely tried when you had the time. What makes you think you would have done anything more?

ERICA (O.S.)

Mason?

Mason and Alma turn to see Erica staring back at them.

Erica has the box of photos in her hands.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
 (to Mason)  
 We're going to be late.  
 (to Alma)  
 Thank you for the hospitality.

Mason gets into the car and starts the engine.

Erica looks at Alma.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
 My condolences.

Everyone looks away awkwardly.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

George has an old burner phone pressed to his ear, listening intently. A cold sweat comes down his brow.

GEORGE  
 Understood.

He puts the phone down.

**INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)**

Mason is behind the wheel.

Erica looks around as Sturgeon Bay flies past them.

ERICA  
 Do you want to talk about it?

MASON  
 Not particularly.

ERICA  
 Noted.

Silence.

MASON  
 She said I didn't know her.

ERICA  
 Katie lived here. She visited you.

MASON  
 We talked on the holidays and when she was out here. We talked about the important things in life.



ERICA

Maybe you didn't know her as well  
as you thought you did.

MASON

I knew my daughter.

ERICA

What did the police report say?

MASON

I didn't see it.

ERICA

You're on a first name basis with  
the Sheriff.

MASON

Everything says drug deal gone bad.

ERICA

Then he'll kick in the door of  
every drug dealer until he finds  
the one who did it.

Mason looks into the rearview. He sees the Biker following  
them in the distance.

MASON

That's the third time I've seen  
that guy today.

ERICA

This is a small town.

MASON

There's a local chapter of the  
Breakers around here. They're fans  
of selling meth, historically.

ERICA

They'd be the first person that he  
would've talked to.

MASON

It feels like they're keeping tabs  
on me. And you too, of course.

ERICA

Maybe it's a coincidence.

MASON

Doesn't feel like one.

Erica nods.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Clark paces around the cabin, a cold sweat coming down his face. His hands twitch.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Clark walks up to the door. He opens it up, revealing Nate.

CLARK  
George said--

NATE  
For you to come here to stay put.

CLARK  
I'm sorry.

Nate points to a chair.

Clark sits down.

Nate sits down across from him.

NATE  
You're going to tell me everything  
that's happened from yesterday  
afternoon until ten minutes ago.

**EXT. WISCONSIN BIKER BAR - DAY**

WISCONSIN BIKERS linger outside, day-drinking.

Mason's Lexus pulls up and parks.

**INT. LEXUS - DAY**

Mason parks the car and hands the key to Erica.

ERICA  
Tom is going to be pissed.

MASON  
I'm just going to ask them a couple  
of questions, like a normal person.

ERICA  
We don't have backup.

MASON  
This won't be violent.

ERICA  
You got lucky that I had a sniper  
rifle last time.

MASON  
And you didn't have to fire a shot.

ERICA  
If this goes sideways--

MASON  
Bikers like me.

ERICA  
No one likes you.

MASON  
You like me.

ERICA  
Because I have to.

MASON  
Fair enough.

Mason exits the Lexus.

Erica watches as he approaches the bar.

Erica's hand moves to her pistol. She takes it out and puts  
it at her side. Her eyes follow him closely.

**EXT. WISCONSIN BIKER BAR - DAY**

Mason walks up to the bar.

The Bikers turn and stare him down.

MASON  
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

One of the Bikers goes inside.

WISCONSIN BIKER  
This is a private club.

Mason takes his badge out.

WISCONSIN BIKER (CONT'D)  
This is a private club, Marshal.

MASON

I was looking for the President.

WISCONSIN BIKER

Then you need to get on a plane and fly to the White House.

The Bikers laugh.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Nate and Clark are seated across from one another.

NATE

Guess what he found?

Clark gulps loudly.

CLARK

I dumped the recorder and all of his stuff in the Bay. No one will find it, I swear.

NATE

That doesn't matter anymore. My guys have the VIN. Eventually I'll have to contact MPD and pretend I don't know what I have.

CLARK

You're a small town sheriff, they'll believe you.

NATE

What did you tell the Marshal?

CLARK

I didn't say a word.

NATE

He seemed to know where to go after talking to you.

Clark looks around nervously. His eyes quickly go to Nate's holstered gun and then back up.

CLARK

I had to tell him something.

NATE

George didn't.

CLARK

He put a gun to my head. I kept thinking of her and his name just came out, I swear.

NATE

What about mine?

CLARK

Do you think he'd believe me?

NATE

He believed you enough.

Clark is officially scared shitless now.

**INT. WISCONSIN BIKER BAR - DAY**

Mason stares down the bikers.

MASON

If he doesn't get out here in the next ten minutes I'm going to call a tow truck for all the illegally parked vehicles up front.

Silence.

Travis "Red" Felton walks out.

RED

I thought the Marshals had better things to do than be meter maids.

Red and Mason catch eyes.

MASON

I guess the White House is closer than your friends suggested.

RED

Good to see you too, Marshal.

MASON

Last time I checked you were in federal custody.

RED

And my lawyer saw your file.

MASON

And you what... promised not to sue if they dropped your charges?

RED  
Freedom has a price, it seems.

Red and Mason stare each other down.

MASON  
How about we continue this chat  
inside, Red?

RED  
You'll need a warrant to step  
inside, Marshal, and not a minute  
before either.

MASON  
I'll make you a deal.

RED  
I'm listening.

MASON  
I didn't see a thing on your guys.

RED  
Or inside.

MASON  
It'll be like I never walked in.

Red nods.

RED  
My office.

MASON  
After you.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Clark looks around nervously.

CLARK  
She's dead and whoever was trying  
to set you up is in the wind.

NATE  
What else did you tell him?

CLARK  
I just gave him George's name.

NATE  
Anything else?

CLARK  
I thought he was going to kill me.

NATE  
Did you tell him anything else?

CLARK  
For the last time, I kept your name  
out of it.

NATE  
Good.

**INT. BIKER BAR OFFICE - DAY**

Red sits down behind his desk.

A large bag of meth is on it.

Mason sits down in front of him. His eyes spot the drugs.

RED  
Everything inside, remember?

Mason moves his jacket, revealing his pistol.

MASON  
I remember.

Red motions to the desk.

RED  
It's a double barrel, in case you  
were wondering.

MASON  
I thought this was going to just be  
a friendly conversation.

RED  
Our last chat wasn't friendly.

MASON  
There's about twenty good reasons  
for that one.

RED  
And I believe I owe you for a  
little bit of police brutality.

MASON  
We can settle that later, if you're  
feeling froggy.

RED

The books are enough fun for me.

MASON

A meth deal went bad a week ago.

RED

And you think the MC here had something to do with it. I can tell you loud and clearly, like they told the Sheriff, that we don't know anything about that.

MASON

I was watching the History Channel show "Gangland" the other day. They had an episode about the Breakers. They said you guys were deep in that particular field.

RED

A singular mistake shouldn't tar an entire organization of men who like intimate gatherings and riding motorcycles on the open road.

MASON

My daughter was shot.

Red looks to his desk. A photo of RED'S DAUGHTER (12) catches his eye. He takes a deep breath.

RED

I understand.

MASON

I just want the shooter. Anything else is for the locals.

RED

That wasn't us.

MASON

How do I know you're telling me the truth, Travis?

RED

They wouldn't have found the body.

They stare at each for a long moment.

Red's hands touch the shotgun.

Mason's eyes measure the distance between them.



MASON

Point me in the right direction and I'll owe you a favor.

RED

How big a favor?

MASON

C-felony and below, one time, if it's within our purview.

Red looks at the photo of his daughter again.

RED

Father to father... I get it.

MASON

I was hoping you would.

RED

Let's say something happened... in pure, hypothetical terms.

MASON

I'm listening.

RED

There's a lot of cabins out around here, Marshal.

MASON

Yes there are.

RED

I've heard that sometimes one in particular is used to stash things.

MASON

That could be a lot of them.

RED

Find the right one and maybe you'll find the guy you're looking for.

MASON

Who's the right guy?

RED

How well do you know Sturgeon Bay?

MASON

My parents are buried here.

RED

So you know which cabins are taken  
and which ones aren't.

MASON

Twenty years ago I did.

RED

Well... all I can say is that some  
cabins never change and then leave  
it at that, Marshal.

Both men look at one another and nod.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Nate pulls his pistol out and aims it at Clark.

Clark's breathing increases. Cold sweat pours off of him.

NATE

You should've told me about went  
down in Milwaukee, Clark.

CLARK

They let us go with nothing. I  
thought it was our lucky day.

NATE

She had a wire on. They turned her  
on you, me and everyone else.

CLARK

She loved me!

NATE

She gave you up.

**INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)**

Mason is behind the wheel.

Erica stares at her phone.

ERICA

We can still make our flight.

MASON

I think I know what cabin he was  
talking about.

ERICA

I can't imagine there's just one cabin in the woods out here.

MASON

In high school there was one where we'd go to drink. You had to use a lantern to see anything but a good bottle of bourbon made it worth it.

ERICA

This is a goose chase, Mason.

Mason accelerates.

MASON

You shouldn't have let me drive.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Nate aims carefully at Clark.

CLARK

I can run into the woods and--

BANG!

Clark falls to the ground, dead.

The shell from the gun falls into the cracks and underneath the floors.

Nate doesn't see it.

He takes a towel out of his lower back and unwraps it, revealing a small pistol. His hands quickly place it in Clark's hand, being careful to wipe off any fingerprints.

**INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)**

Mason looks up, his eyes focusing on something.

MASON

Give me ten seconds to look around.  
If I find something, I'll--

ERICA

We're going to miss our flight.

MASON

We won't, I promise.

ERICA  
You think Tom's mad now?

MASON  
He'll understand.

ERICA  
I think you lost him when he heard  
you assaulted a teenager.

MASON  
He looked older.

Mason sees an exit. He takes it.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

A medical examiner's hearse is parked up front. Next to it  
are a number of police vehicles.

Nate stands outside the door with several of his DEPUTIES.

The Lexus pulls up and parks.

Mason and Erica exit.

MASON  
What the hell?

Nate sees the two. He's surprised.

MASON (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Mason sprints up to him.

NATE  
I have a deer camera up in the  
trees, to make sure no one is doing  
anything fishy up here.

The door opens up.

NATE (CONT'D)  
It went off, and I was ten minutes  
from here.

Two CORONERS emerge with a gurney.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I knocked on the door, to see if he  
was doing alright. He let me in and  
then he pulled on me.

Erica walks up to Mason and Nate.

MASON  
What did he want?

NATE  
Absolution, I think.

Clark's body is on it.

NATE (CONT'D)  
He told me he killed her and that  
he couldn't live with the guilt.

Mason sees the body.

NATE (CONT'D)  
His eyes looked away for a second  
and I had to do it.

Mason's eyes focus on the body.

MASON  
Heck of a shot.

A gunshot wound is in his head.

NATE  
I barely got it off.

The gurney goes past Mason and into the hearse.

NATE (CONT'D)  
We'll run ballistics on the gun but  
I'm pretty sure it'll match the one  
we pulled out of Katie.

MASON  
You said the slug was pancaked  
inside of her head.

NATE  
We can get enough of a match to lay  
it to rest, officially. My guess is  
the gun matches the one we pulled  
out of the body in the forest, too.

Mason snaps out of it.

MASON  
Are you OK?

NATE  
Just shook up.  
(beat)  
Did you hear it over the radio?

Mason's eyes look into the cabin. The light beams off the shell of the bullet for a moment. His eyes light up.

ERICA  
Yes, yes we did.

NATE  
I thought I'd be calling you.

Mason takes a step towards the cabin.

Erica places her hand on Mason's shoulder.

Mason stops.

MASON  
We go back a long way. I thought I would see what happened. Just to be sure nothing bad happened to you.

NATE  
The good thing is that I can close the case now.

Mason extends his hand.

MASON  
Take care of yourself, Nate.

Nate shakes it.

NATE  
Likewise.

Mason and Erica walk back to the car.

Nate's eyes turn into the cabin. He looks around. His eyes spot the brass.

**INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)**

Mason is behind the wheel.

Erica stares at her phone.

MASON  
Why did you lie?

She turns to him.

ERICA

What?

MASON

Why did you tell Nate we heard it on the radio?

ERICA

It'd be easier than we decided to follow a lead from a biker gang.

MASON

We were in the right direction, at least. That makes me feel better.

ERICA

And you got some sort of justice.

MASON

I would've preferred he admitted it in open court. For Alma.

Erica turns back to her phone.

ERICA

I can get us on a red eye back home with a connecting flight in Reno.

MASON

When does it leave?

ERICA

We've got five hours.

MASON

The airport is two hours from here.

ERICA

Where do you want to eat?

MASON

The Bar is around here.

ERICA

I saw a half dozen bars in town.

MASON

*The Bar.*

ERICA

It must be special for you to want to go there one more time.

MASON  
Their chicken wings are amazing.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Nate looks around.

Several of the Deputies mill around.

Nate looks into the cabin. His eyes spot the shell casing. He mutters a profanity.

OSCAR  
Everything OK, boss?

Nate turns to them.

NATE  
I forgot I have to put one of you  
in charge of this while I take time  
off for the investigation.

OSCAR  
It's a clean shooting.

NATE  
We have to do everything by the  
book, Oscar.

**INT. THE BAR - NIGHT**

Mason and Erica sit at the bar.

The remains of two baskets of chicken wings, and mostly empty looking beers, are in front of them.

MASON  
They were a lot better back then.

ERICA  
Or your tastes have gotten better  
since you were a teenager.

MASON  
Probably.

Erica looks up and sees something. Her eyes focus on it.

ERICA  
That looks like you.

Mason's eyes follow hers.



An older photo of a sixteen-year-old Mason in a wrestling singlet is on the wall.

A new article celebrating Mason's third state wrestling title is underneath it.

MASON

He used to be me.

ERICA

You don't look like a wrestler.

MASON

I couldn't shoot a basketball to save my life.

ERICA

Three is impressive.

MASON

It was the small school division. I got an invitation to nationals and it went very poorly for me.

ERICA

It couldn't have been that bad.

MASON

I got ran off the mat, twice.

Erica takes a drink.

ERICA

At least you made it that far. We never even got out of our regional.

MASON

It was like the Army. When I was in Kabul we just sat around, waiting, for the three minutes that will change your life.

Mason looks around the bar.

ERICA

I can see you drinking here.

Mason takes a long drink.

MASON

I'd be driving for Schneider, live in a ranch home and obsess over the Packers because I had nothing else to do with my life.

ERICA

Doesn't sound that bad.

MASON

It's not as good as you think.

(looks at the photo,  
sighs)

That's the wrong photo.

ERICA

What?

MASON

(points to photo)

That's from my sophomore year.

(points to article)

That's from my senior year.

ERICA

Does it matter?

MASON

It's about getting the details right. That year I beat Max Griffin by fall. Alma was there, too. There was a great photo in the paper with her and I, right after I won.

ERICA

That sounds cute.

MASON

It would've made it all... fit. It would've been perfect with that photo, tell the full story.

(thinks)

We missed something.

ERICA

The Sheriff said--

MASON

It just feels too convenient.

Silence.

ERICA

You got some sort of justice.

MASON

I missed something.  
I've heard losing a child is the hardest thing you can do.

Mason stands up and tosses a handful of bills onto the counter. He walks out.

Erica follows him.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The Lexus pulls up and parks nearby.

Mason and Erica exit the vehicle and walk up to the cabin.

Yellow Police Tape is on the door.

Mason walks up to it.

ERICA

You go inside and you officially are interfering with an active police investigation, Mason.

MASON

Something is under the floor board.

ERICA

It could've been there since you were in high school.

MASON

Or maybe it's evidence. We grab it, we run prints and then it's over.

ERICA

Tom got you out of there once.

MASON

And?

Mason looks up and around.

ERICA

You go inside and Tom can't get you out of it. From there it's an ADA and you lose your job.

Mason walks around to the rear of the cabin.

**EXT. REAR OF CABIN - NIGHT**

Mason walks up to the window and looks inside. His eyes open wide. He takes a deep breath.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Hands where I can see them.

George is standing there, a shotgun pointed at Mason's face.

MASON  
I'm sorry I beat you up but we can  
settle this, like men.

GEORGE  
We'll settle this, alright.

Mason stares at the shotgun.

MASON  
I've got a partner up front.

GEORGE  
So do I.

George motions with the shotgun for Mason to walk up front.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Nate has his gun pointed at Erica.

Her pistol is on the ground.

Mason walks up, his hands raised.

George is behind him, his hands firmly on the shotgun.

Mason sees everything.

NATE  
You should've gone home.

MASON  
You shouldn't have killed her.

Mason stares Nate down.

NATE  
How did you know?

MASON  
You didn't police your brass.

Nate nods. He turns to George.

GEORGE  
He wasn't carrying.

Erica's eyes perk up.

NATE

I couldn't just do it in front of my deputies, could I?

MASON

Someone runs a print on it and a lot of questions come up. It was the only thing you didn't set up perfectly, Nate. If you would've had it bagged, and wiped, it would have made sense.

(beat)

It wasn't Sheriff Nate there. He would've policed his brass. This was murder by a guy covering his tracks for a pair of them.

NATE

I couldn't take the chance.

MASON

Was the Breakers' money worth it?

NATE

Valerie's treatments were going to bankrupt us and I couldn't lose her. You have to understand.

MASON

After how we grew up, you're the last one I'd think was bent.

NATE

I took a little money. So what?

Mason looks at both guns. He measures the distance between everyone with his eyes.

MASON

Katie was an innocent.

George walks next to Nate.

NATE

Katie had a wire on. She was going to use me to get out of all the trouble she brought on herself.

MASON

You should've taken it like a man.

NATE

And what about my daughter? Did she deserve to die because of me?

Erica looks around.

MASON

That's on you and the choices you made, Nate.

NATE

What's my choice now?

MASON

Drop the guns, turn yourself in and confess to your crimes.

She looks at her gun on the ground.

NATE

I walked two miles through this forest to get that brass.

Erica's eyes turn to Mason. She spots the outline of his pistol. Her breathing slows down.

ERICA

There's ten yards between you and me. Maybe I make it. Maybe I don't.

NATE

You think you're that good?

ERICA

I was a high school sprinter.

Nate laughs.

MASON

I think she can make it.

GEORGE

You have to be joking.

MASON

You've got the safety on.

Nate turns to George, his eyes on the shotgun.

The safety is on.

GEORGE

No it's not.

MASON  
It's been annoying me this whole  
time, not going to lie.

GEORGE  
He's just trying to--

Mason's hand moves to his holster.

NATE  
It's on, you imbecile.

George takes the safety off.

GEORGE  
Sorry.

ERICA  
If you're going to kill us, you  
should've hired professionals.

Nate turns to Erica.

NATE  
We'll have to do.

ERICA  
Can you shoot me instead of him He  
is going to screw it up.

George turns the shotgun to her. His finger moves to the  
trigger. His breathing slows down.

GEORGE  
No one will ever find you out here,  
like every other--

BANG! BANG!

Nate and George fall to the ground, bullet holes in their  
head. Both twitch and die.

Mason places the gun down on the ground. He walks over to the  
Lexus and gets into the back seat.

Erica walks back to him.

ERICA  
Are you OK?

MASON  
Call it in.

She takes out her cell phone and dials 911.

ERICA

This is United States Marshal Erica Walker. I need to report an officer involved shooting.

Mason's eyes look at Nate's body. They focus on it.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Super: 1 year after Katie's Death

Mason stands in front of Katie's headstone. A bouquet of flowers is in his hands.

He stares at the headstone for a while. His hands place the flowers on it.

MASON

This is the first time I've been here since my old man died. He told me our relationship was in life, not death, and that I didn't need to come back here all the time to just visit a piece of stone.

(beat)

That was after my mother passed, too. He had a way with words... and timing, I suppose.

(beat)

It explains a lot, right?

(beat)

It was in my head right after you died. Your memories were the only thing that I had left.

(beat)

It's a hell of a thing. Nate and I grew up together. I have so many good memories of him. They don't match the guy that did this to you.

(beat)

The woman they said you were does not match who I knew, too. Trying to balance that out has been rough.

(beat)

All I can say is that you were a good daughter and I was a good dad.

(beat)

Tom would say it's a crooked edge.

(deep breath)

Sometimes those are all you have.

FADE OUT.