

I CAN (NOT) FORGIVE

by

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DR. ALLEN

(vo)

Elisha - what do you see?

An image begins to FADE into focus in soft black and white. A YOUNG MIXED GIRL, around 9. Wearing ear-muffs, in an OPEN FIELD. Behind her - a black MOTHER and a white FATHER watch her cautiously, the MOTHER holding a baby on her knee.

The YOUNG GIRL raises a BULKY REVOLVER into FRAME, aiming it DEAD CENTER at us. Dad raises his hands in anticipation, fear -

ELISHA

(vo)

Good memories.

She narrows her eyes and FIRES, rapidly. Her parents, OVERJOYED, go in and out of frame, retrieving the TARGET SHEET. They HUG her, KISS her head, then LEAVE FRAME - leaving her alone. We PULL OUT SLOWLY. . . .

DR. ALLEN

(vo)

What comes next?

She's entirely ALONE in the field. The CONTRAST of the image begins to heighten -

ELISHA

(vo)

Everything else.

Soft, sad guitar strings fade in. Over this, occasional flashes. Match cuts. "Disease" by The New Year. TITLES.

A YOUNG GIRL, face smeared in blood and mud, neck wrapped in bandages, sits in the back of a police car. Her eyes look out a thousand yards.

The same YOUNG GIRL sits in a folding chair in the rain. Everyone around her is dressed in black. It's a funeral. Next to her is a BLOND-HAIRED YOUNG BOY, about 5 or 6. The same stare.

The GIRL similarly dressed sitting in a courtroom. Same stare. Across the room, a BALD, BEARDED MAN in orange togs stares at her with hate.

The GIRL sits in an empty room. . .the same stare. Then, she looks off at something and cocks her head. Smiles.

VOICE

(soft, a whisper)

We never left you. We're still here.

We pull out into the DOORWAY, where two ADULTS watch her anxiously, as she has a full conversation with the air.

The GIRL sits outside a PSYCHIATRIC OFFICE. Inside, the same two ADULTS talk to a PSYCHIATRIST as he explains different medications, and mouths the words "schizophrenia."

The ADULTS rush through the hallway - there's SCREAMING. They throw open the bedroom door and find the GIRL on the floor, shrieking. Her wrists are bleeding. There's a broken glass beside her. The LITTLE BOY is holding her tight while she convulses, trying to COMFORT HER.

GIRL

Stop it! Just leave me alone!

The two ADULTS grapple with her, take the shards out of her hand. . . .move the BOY away.

GIRL (CONT'D)

They won't stop. . .

The GIRL in a MIDDLE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. She's dressed in dark clothes, and there's blood on her nose. The same two ADULTS, listen wearily as the PRINCIPAL talks. She has the same thousand-yard stare.

PRINCIPAL

She attacked another student with a pen. The girl needs stitches. We can't allow her to stay here. I'm sorry.

In the back of a CAR, the GIRL looks back at the LITTLE BOY - now also a little older, as he cries and waves and the car pulls off. The ADULT COUPLE stares on from their driveway as they recede from view.

The GIRL, now in her mid-teens, in a PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, in white togs, talking to SPECIALISTS. Going to the medication window. Attending group therapy.

In her room at night, while her roommate sleeps, the GIRL gets up. Having a conversation with no one.

The GIRL, still in hospital togs, runs down a HIGHWAY barefoot. Stops at a gas-station payphone.

GIRL

Franky? Hey, it's Lisha. I'll be home soon. . .but don't say a word, okay? I'll bring you something. . .

She looks up, out of frame. Her eyes widen. Red and blue lights fall over her. She drops the phone and runs.

Back in the hospital, the GIRL sits drugged in her room in a straight-jacket, eyes glazed over.

CUT TO

In a FOSTER HOME, the girl gets used to her new room, social worker behind her.

She talks to the COUNSELOR - a big, friendly bespectacled black MAN.

In her room, the GIRL holds her head and rocks rhythmically in the corner, pill bottles scattered around her.

CUT TO

The COUNSELOR and the GIRL in his office. There are fresh tears in her eyes, and bandages on her wrist. He holds her hand.

COUNSELOR

What do you remember?

She LOOKS UP at him half-accusingly, half-imploringly - as if to say "they're always here."

GIRL

Everything. Always.

CUT TO

The BROTHER arrives at her ROOM, now significantly older. Opens the door.

The GIRL is flagellating harder in the corner of the room. Then starts slapping herself violently. The BROTHER RUSHES to her.

He sits with her in his arms, the two of them a lump on the floor, blankets around them, singing and whispering in her ear. She stares off with the same look.

The sounds of heavy breathing. Running, through grass. Traffic, getting closer.

TITLE

PART ONE

Fades.

DR. ALLEN

(v.o)

What do you see, Elisha?

TITLE

"Iamundernodisguise."

We PUSH IN from behind a SHAPE in the foreground. It's dark - the lights are off and the room is illuminated only by ELECTRIC CANDLES on the desk and floor. On the other side of the room huddled close together are ELISHA and DR. ALLEN.

ELISHA JOHNSON IS ABOUT 29 - STRONG ARMS, BUT LANKY. THE GIRL FROM EARLIER, NOW OLDER. HER HAIR IS A CLOSE-KEPT AFRO. DRESSED BUSINESS CASUAL. SHE'S WEARING A WEIGHT THERAPY JACKET AND HER HEAD IS ON HER CHEST, EYES FLUTTERING.

DR. ALLEN is 50. The COUNSELOR, now older. Just a big, friendly bear of a THERAPIST. He's drifting a lighter back and forth in front of her.

DR. ALLEN
Breathe. Breathe. . .

ELISHA
I'm in the . . .dark, but I can see. .
.faces.

DR. ALLEN
What do they look like?

ELISHA
They're scared - white, like ghosts. .
.three of them. . .

DR. ALLEN
Study them. What do they look like?

Elisha shakes her head. No-go.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
What do you hear?

ELISHA
My momma, 'm poppa.

DR. ALLEN
What do they say?

ELISHA
They tell me. . .they're sorry,
they're here with me. . .that it'll be
okay. . .but it won't. . .it won't. .
.

Her FACE, already dim in the dark, is falling further into the shadow -

DR. ALLEN
Ellie, focus. What else do you hear?

ELISHA
(quiet, meek)

Footsteps. Above. Boom, boom. . .boom.

. .
 (beat)
 He's coming back. . .

She starts SHAKING VIOLENTLY.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
 He always. . .comes back. . .

DR. ALLEN
 Ellie, it's okay. He's not here. He's
 not here - count with me, okay? Focus.
 Ready? One. .

Raggedly, she counts with him. Stuttering, but coming up out
 of the FUGUE.

ELISHA
 Three. . .

Her eyes open fully. There are tears on her cheeks. Dr. Allen
 pulls the JACKET tighter round her.

DR. ALLEN
 How do you feel?

She shrugs laconically.

ELISHA
 I'm alive.

DR. ALLEN
 Good.

He gets up. We HOLD on ELISHA's face, a 1000 yard stare as
 the light grows over it. Now revealed, we see how small the
 office is - but, homey. Covered in souvenirs from home, and
 pictures on the wall of Doc Allen with various KIDS. Elisha's
 eyes focus on one of the pictures - her, about ten years
 previous, hugging Doc Allen and smiling widely.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
 (os)
 Thirsty?

ELISHA
 Yes, please.

Allen returns with his shoes off, sits down. Throws her a
 TRUMOO playfully. She takes a long swig.

DR. ALLEN
 (playfully)
 Shit girl, you thirsty, wassup?

ELISHA
 I hate you.

DR. ALLEN
So, how's your brother doing?

ELISHA
Franky's doing really good. We're all
so proud of him.

A look from Allen, unnoticed.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
He's got this internship coming up at
a dress-making company. He's really
excited. I hope he gets it.
(to herself)
I know he'll get it.

DR. ALLEN
He's come a long way since ironing
them uh. . .them stencils on your
jacket, you remember that?

She laughs, nods.

ELISHA
I don't know how he does it. Dude
works 12 hour days at Neman already.
He's a machine.

DR. ALLEN
He's a go-getter. Speaking of, how's
work for you?

ELISHA
It's. . .it's okay. I don't think the
managers like me very much.

DR. ALLEN
Why?

ELISHA
They think I'm a weirdo. I'm already
the oldest one there.

DR. ALLEN
You're 27. You say that when you're
40. Why do you think they think you're
weird?

ELISHA
(reluctant)
They caught me talking to mom, the
other day.

DR. ALLEN
What happened?

ELISHA
I was in the back, getting the popcorn

bags off the top shelf when mom just came in. Doesn't. . .you know, doesn't give a shit whatr I'm doing. She just comes in and starts asking me about, you know, what am I doing here? Why am I still here?

DR. ALLEN

You try to ignore her?

ELISHA

I did, but she - you can't ignore mom. I can't even get a word in edgewise with her, it's just (sigh) So, I'm trying to talk to her and Lauren comes around the corner. She looks at me, doesn't say anything and it's just. . .the look on her face, I couldn't tell if it was pity, or disgust or what.

DR. ALLEN

What'd you do?

ELISHA

I kept talking to mom. We got into this whole thing about why wasn't I married yet and she would just not shut the fuck up -

DR. ALLEN

How long were you gone?

ELISHA

Thirty minutes?

DR. ALLEN

(reiterating)

You were gone thirty minutes. Look, you already know what I'm finna say, but I'm finna say it anyway - you were gone during a shift for half hour, you just lost track of time? That fish is four days old. I'm not buying.

(beat)

You keeping up with your medication?

ELISHA

Yeah.

DR. ALLEN

When'd you take it last?

ELISHA

Last night. Before bed.

DR. ALLEN

Did you?

Imperceptibly, Dr. Allen peers over his bifocals at her.

A SKEPTICAL ANGLE on ELISHA

Over the top of Dr. Allen's file on her. We can make out the words "severe schizophrenia," "dissociation," "hallucinations."

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
Are you seeing them?

ELISHA
No. Not for a long time, now.

DR. ALLEN
That's good.

There's a change in the air. Elisha's clearly avoidant. She pulls her sleeves down.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
You know I notice when you do that,
right?

ELISHA
I don't want to talk about these right
n -

HARDCUT TO

A little later (two minutes). They're both laughing, mid-conversation. A comfortable moment. Mood whiplash is jarring.

DR. ALLEN
You remember when you and those two
other girls snuck out to that rave,
that one night? You got all dressed
up, you got out there - how long was
it before you realized you didn't have
a ride home? I get a call from you at
12:00 -

A KNOCK at the door.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
Occupado!

It opens anyway. A younger FOSTER GIRL, about 12 or 13, stands there in her pajama bottoms and a hoodie -

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
Girl, wait your turn! Come on, now!
Rules!

FOSTER GIRL

La'Shelle's being a bitch and won't -
who's she?

DR. ALLEN

Old friend of mine. Elisha, this is
Bernice.

ELISHA

Hi Bernice, I'm Elisha. What hallway
you in?

BERNICE

I'm upstairs, in hallway 4.

ELISHA

Really? I used to be right across.

DR. ALLEN

(sideways look)

Her and them girls are just rowdy
hooligans - like you used to be.

BERNICE

You in the TLP?

ELISHA

Naw. I've been gone a long time now.

CUT TO

4 INT/EXT. THE SETTLEMENT HOME - DAY

4

Elisha closes the door behind her with a WAVE to Allen as Bernice sits. She walks down the HALLWAY toward the front doors in the foyer - past rows of posters, glass framed AWARDS and PICTURES. Tattered decorations still pinned from a celebration the last week.

A GAGGLE of GIRLS of various ages swarm around her, chatting and laughing

As she exits and heads into the PARKING LOT, she's ENGULFED for a moment by the sudden bright light from outside.

Leaning against the driver-side door of his FANCY RED CAR, watching Elisha approach from a distance, is a tall, skinny mixed guy about 23-24 years old. This is FRANKY, her brother - boyish and flagrently flamboyant in his style, but the illusion is broken every so often by a streak of bitterness. He motions to her.

As she nears the CAR, she sees - across the way, on the other side of the street, there's a WELL-DRESSED MAN talking to four or five GIRLS. Obviously flirty. They're young, and eating it up.

FRANKY

How'd it go?

Elisha's still looking at the Man. He turns. Waves at her, smiles.

She doesn't return the gesture.

ELISHA

Let's go.

5 INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

5

Franky and Elisha sit across from each other. Elisha's plate looks untouched.

FRANKY

You not hungry?

ELISHA

Can't decide yet. These meds I'm on -
hunger suppressants.

FRANKY

Fair. Least you're pooping less.
(she laughs; he sighs)
How're mom and dad?

ELISHA

You know - I was talking to them the
other day and . . .I don't think they
like where I'm working now.

FRANKY

They don't?

ELISHA

Mm-mm. They keep saying I can do
better. They're not wrong.
(beat)
I think I disappointed them.

FRANKY

Elisha - hey, listen. Shut up. Why
would they ever be disappointed in
you?

Elisha looks away (there are so many reasons), subtly pulls her sleeves up. Franky notices, but doesn't say anything.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Wonder what they think about me.

ELISHA

They're so proud of you, Franky. We
all are. How's school?

FRANKY

School's school, you know. Still

haven't picked a major yet.

ELISHA

I thought you were in it to win it for architecture. How much longer you got?

FRANKY

Too many. Not enough. You still thinking about going back next semester?

ELISHA

. . .maybe. I don't know.

She doesn't want to talk about this. Something's on her mind.

FRANKY

You managing everything alright? Your money okay? Meds?

ELISHA

Just picked them up earlier today.

There's a pause. Her eyes are starting to glaze.

FRANKY

You're gonna take them on time this time, right?

(beat)

Hey. Heeey. What's going on? Is it getting bad again?

ELISHA

A little. I had to. . .had to take time off work, for a few days.

Again, the avoidant off-look to the side. The tug on the sleeves.

FRANKY

Dude, wait. You were alone? Why - why didn't you call me? I would've been right over!

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Listen to me - listen. You can't be alone during that stuff. You know that

-

ELISHA

I know.

FRANKY

You're my sister. I love you, and I don't wanna have to come over there again and hide all the knives and razors because -

ELISHA
 (emphatically)
 I know.
 (beat; softer)
 I love you too.

Franky raises his hand.

FRANKY
 You ready?

ELISHA
 Hey, can I ask you a favor?

FRANKY
 (dubiously)
 What's up?

ELISHA
 I uh. . .I need to borrow some money.
 It's my electric bill. I'm sorry, you
 know I hate asking, but -

FRANKY
 But.

ELISHA
 Look, I had to take off, you know -

FRANKY
 How much you need?

ELISHA
 \$130.00? Is that okay?

FRANKY
 Yyyeah. Yeah, I gotcha -

ELISHA
 I'll give it back to you, I promise.
 Add it to the ledger.

He smiles. The SERVER brings the TICKETBOOK over.

FRANKY
 Hang on, man. I got it here.

He slides his CARD into the book before ELISHA can grab at it.

ELISHA
 You didn't have to - thanks, Franky.

FRANKY
 You don't have to say thanks, Ellie.

ELISHA

I do. Now I do. When I grow up, I want
to be my brother's big sister.

He puts his hand over hers. Smiles warmly.

6 INT. FRANKY'S CAR - OUTSIDE ELISHA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

6

Franky's DRIVING. Elisha smokes a cigarette in the passenger seat, window cracked. Franky turns in through the GATE, takes his first left - this isn't the best apartment complex by a damn sight. We'll just say 'rundown' doesn't cover them and leave it at that.

He pulls into an OPEN SPOT, next to a beat-up old green PINTO.

FRANKY

Want me to come up for a minute?

ELISHA

Naw, that's okay. I've got some stuff
I have to do.

FRANKY

Heard that.

She unbuckles, collects herself and then reaches over to give him a hug.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Text me later, okay?

She nods, gets out. Franky watches her go, heading toward the nearest building and up the staircase. His expression dips. He exhales.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

7 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

7

Elisha drops her bag on the couch and heads quick for the BATHROOM. In the sharp foreground, a FRAMED PICTURE - Elisha, her parents and little Franky on mom's knee. Elisha's holding a REVOLVER and a TROPHY. Both parents look very proud.

The light comes on. The sounds of the bath faucet running.

8 INT. ELISHA'S BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

8

Light shines out from the open bathroom. Silence, for a moment. Then, a whisper. Imperceptible, almost. And another.

Suddenly, there's music playing loudly, something upbeat and poppy and mostly bland and forgettable.

ELISHA stands in front of the mirror, now dressed down -

taking off her makeup. The music is coming from her phone sitting on a roll of toilet paper on the sink.

SHE opens the medicine cabinet - and we see a row of PILL BOTTLES. Halidoperol, Lithium, Risperidone, Clozapine and more. Big dosages. Medication for depression, bipolar, Dissociative Identity Disorder and hallucinations respectively. It's a lot to swallow. Literally.

But Elisha is a pro. She takes one each, swallows them all in one GULP, followed swiftly by a cupped handful of water.

She smiles for a moment but it doesn't reach her eyes. We see reflected in the MIRROR, in the other room. . .an after-burn of a FACE, snarling and angry, floating on the air.

WHISPERS

Is that your true face?

Her smile falls. She leaves, but for a split second, it's as if she's looking at us. (A note on these WHISPERS here, such as they are - though they're dialogue, they're presented more like diegetic environment sounds, WEAVING in and out of dialogue and whatever else is going on. They're always coming from a different DIRECTION, in the mix - and in her head.)

9 INT. ELISHA'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

9

In the tub, Elisha stares straight ahead, looking at the wall-panel opposite. Nodding her head in response to some invisible conversation.

She looks down at her wrist, razor in the other hand. It's bleeding. She makes another mark - then the razor sinks below the frame.

She holds it on a mutilated piece of skin just over her PELVIS - scarred over but we can still see the remnants of something. A MARK. A distorted 'M'. She makes a thin CUT.

There's a thin, almost mute level of whispering on the soundtrack, and it grows louder.

We HOLD on her face as she keeps going. Determined. In pain.

WHISPERS

It doesn't matter how deep you cut,
Ellie. We're not going to stop.

(beat)

You're not allowed to die yet. . .

We PAN AWAY. To the BATHROOM MIRROR.

10 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - THE SETTLEMENT HOME - NIGHT

10

It's late. Dr. Allen is sitting at his desk, pouring over a MESS of papers and manila folders, laptop open beside him. Over his shoulder, we see: typed MANUSCRIPT (with prospective

book TITLE), and PHOTOS of ELISHA at various ages. ARREST RECORDS. A mugshot. Session notes. Certain words stand out - "violent," "high-risk," "anti-social personality?" He RUBS his eyes, and holds up a tape recorder. Throughout this expository but clinical and occasionally offhand feeling monologue, he gets up and walks around the office -

DR. ALLEN

Her hallucinations have become worse. She's deviating from her medication routine again. And she's starting to lie more often. Or, she's trying to. In our session today, she demonstrated what I've . . . been anticipating. She's losing delineation between her objective and subjective reality. She's aware her parents have been dead for fifteen years in the abstract, concrete sense. But, having a 30 minute conversation with them doesn't alarm her at all.

(beat; he considers)

She doesn't seem to remember most of what. . . happened to her outside of the bare facts, and believe you me I've tried everything folks, but the emotional resonances, the anger. They've been her biggest motivators in life for I don't know how long. Her hallucinations are a more benign form of externalization of that anger, and shame. But the other kind. . . the tendency toward violence, they come hand in hand. There's a strong, regressive correlation between them that she's unaware of, a result of certain disassociative tendencies inherent in her (he searches for a phrase) mental composition.

He stops at the door of the office, where on the back are PHOTOS of his favorite FOSTER KIDS. And, at eye level - a YOUNG ELISHA, teenaged. Four or five photos. Smiling and HAPPY. He takes the picture down, puts on his glasses and looks at it more closely.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm worried for my friend. What if she never comes back?

11 INT. ELISHA'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

11

Elisha lies in bed. Her shirt is hiked up just enough that we can see the makeshift tape-bandaging she's put over the pelvis scar.

We HOLD ON HER FACE, and we hear: Voices. Whispers. Banging. The PATTERN of feet. Her face begins to twist.

MAN

(v.o)
Jesus Christ. They're here. They're
outside.

A CHILD is crying.

GIRL

(v.o)
Mom, what's happening?

WOMAN

(v.o)
Run and hide, quick! Take your
brother.

Every so often, we'll get a FLASH - a blink of an image of what she's dreaming, but nothing CONCRETE. Abstract images of a BLACK WOMAN turning to us, face frozen in time. A WHITE MAN in undershirt loading a REVOLVER. A door blowing off its hinges. Just the quickest of blips. There's a distant DRUM BEAT. A SHRILL WHISTLE. Then SCREAMING. It CUTS off suddenly.

VOICE

(v.o)
Get her feet.
(beat; uncomfortably close)
Don't struggle. Don't move.

She's screaming; a blip of a MAN's angry FACE above us -

but THE BLIP gets stuck, like a needle on a track. .
.Elisha's mouth is a frozen in a GAPING CHASM of primal fear
-

MATCH CUT TO:

12 INT. ELISHA'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING 12

Elisha in the same position, awake and still screaming - it takes a moment but slowly, she realizes she's awake. The sunlight through the windows.

She gives a small yelp and collapses. Puts her hands to her head. Quiet sobs. Will this ever stop for her?

We can only just make out - in the door-way, the hazy after-burn of the FACE, already gone.

ELISHA

I'm sorry. . .

13 INT/EXT. DR. ALLEN'S CAR (MOVING) - THE SETTLEMENT HOME - EARLY MORNING 13

. . .as he PULLS into the SETTLEMENT HOME parking lot. He gets out, slinging his bag over his shoulder. His PHONE rings.

DR. ALLEN

Hello?
 (beat)
 Speaking.

Chatter on the other end. Indistinct.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

14 EXT. THE DOMAIN - EARLY MORNING

14

Franky walks down the Main Street, wearing his fancy sunglasses. His phone rings.

FRANKY

Yello.
 (beat)
 Hey, Dr. Allen. How's it going?

Franky listens. Human traffic pulses around him. His face falls severely.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Have you talked to her yet?

15 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - THE SETTLEMENT HOME - MORNING

15

Dr. Allen sits down in his chair. Across from him, Elisha sits. There's no comfort here. He's unsure how to proceed.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes from his desk, and lights one.

ELISHA

I didn't know you smoked.

DR. ALLEN

I don't.

He stands up, pacing over to the his FILING CABINET.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)

I want you to know, before we get started. . .you're in a safe place. Nothing can happen to you here. Do you understand?

ELISHA

(dubious)
 Yeah, I know that.

DR. ALLEN

I'm your friend, and I am on your side.

Her smile falters a little.

ELISHA

Dr. Allen, what's going on? Tell me.
I'll be okay.

He turns, slowly coming back round, resting his arms on the back of his chair.

DR. ALLEN

Billy Marqs has been released.

There's a strong silence, sudden. Elisha's smile disappears completely. A FLICKER of something. . .

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)

He got parole, on good behavior,
released into familial custody as of
two nights ago.

A flicker - an INSERT. The MAN'S FACE from the COURT-ROOM.
And, again. Like a HEARTBEAT.

Dr. Allen sits down quickly, reaches over and grabs her hands. Elisha is beginning to hyperventilate. This could get ugly.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's okay. Look at me.
You're safe. Breathe.

(beat)

There's an automatic restraining order
in place, to prevent him from coming
within five miles of you or your
brother.

ELISHA

I . . . don't understand. This man, he
killed our parents. He. . .

Her eyes GLAZE. A FLICKER - BLACK. The SUGGESTION of a FACE.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

He.

Again - BLACK. As Allen talks, more FLICKERS - the MAN's face
- tiny HANDS reaching up into dark - an OLDER WOMAN, face in
ANGUISH, mid-sentence trying to hold a door closed -

DR. ALLEN

I know. I'm sorry, there wasn't
anything I could do. I mean that,
sincerely. I only found out this
morning. You've got to know, if there
was anything I could've said. . .

(beat)

He's out. That's all there is. I'm so,
so sorry. If you see him, I don't care
where he is. . . if he tries to
approach you or talk to you in any

way, call the police. Right then and there. We'll get him right back in the hole they kept him in. . .

Elisha's gaze has remained fixed this entire time.

DR. ALLEN (CONT'D)
 (voice fading in and out)
 . . .and no matter what, do not go looking for him. Do not search him out. That will not go in your favor.

WHISPERS
 (various, different speeds)
 He's coming for you. He came back for you.

Silence, again.

ELISHA
 (quietly; desparation)
 Why isn't he dead?

DR. ALLEN
 That's not something I can answer.
 (beat; he leans forward)
 Can I let you - if I let you walk out of here, are you going to be okay?

He's staring right at her. At us.

16 INT. THE SETTLEMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

16

Elisha stands outside Dr. Allen's door looking like the wind's been knocked out of her. She runs her hand through her hair. . .and starts walking.

With every click of her shoes, the WHISPERS grow louder, reverberating off the walls.

WHISPERS
 He's back. He's coming. Coming to kill you. . .back into the dark. He's around the corner. You knew he'd come back. . .

A SHADOW around the corner. Her pace quickens. Eyes widen. Foster girls and adults seem to pop out of nowhere, looking warily at her (features slightly BENT, a hallucination). Her own face starts to change, expression deepening, becoming HARSH and ugly. Whispers building ontop of each other, become a CASCADE. . .

17 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

17

. . .that MERGE into ELISHA, SCREAMING and CRYING angrily, one long, protracted "no," a BANSHEE WAIL of PAIN.

18 INT. NEMAN MARCUS - AFTERNOON

18

ON FRANKY, suited and looking dapper behind a register.

ASSOCIATE

(os)

Frank - your sister's outside!

FRANKY

Oh, shit.

He turns to the ASSOCIATE next to him.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

19 EXT. THE DOMAIN - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

19

Elisha and Franky, on the upper level of the parking garage.
On the HOOD of his car.

FRANKY

I just can't believe we're finding out
about this now, y'know?

(beat)

Maybe we could've done something.

She nods absent-mindedly. Her cigarette is burned down almost
to the filter, unsmoked.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

It's - it's gonna be alright, dude.
Hey.

(off look)

Hey. Listen. It's gonna be alright.
We're never gonna see him. Ever. The
likelihood of that is so
infinitesimally small that. . .and if
we do, there's the restraining order.
Get me?

FRANKY (CONT'D)

(beat)

That goes both ways.

(beat; off cigarette)

You wanna ash that.

She's shivering. He puts her arm around her.

ELISHA

(to herself, a whisper)

Franky.

FRANKY

What?

Quiet for a moment.

ELISHA
 (incoherent)
 Something's coming for us. . .I feel
 it. It's him. I dreamed it. And now
 he's out. That's not a coincidence.

FRANKY
 Elisha, come on -

ELISHA
 IT'S NOT!
 (beat)
 I'm sorry. Look - Franky, listen to
 me. I've been having the dream again.
 . .the one I used to have. And I can't
 get away. I never get away. I never
 get away. I never -

Elisha's staring straight ahead so she doesn't see, but the
 look on Franky's face is one of mingled concern, exasperation
 and complete frustration. He's heard all this before, more
 than once. He knows what comes next.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
 And then this, and now he's out, but I
 dreamed it first and -
 (beat; looks him in the face)
 Something terrible is going to happen.

FRANKY
 (initially perturbed, then
 consoling)
 Trust your brother, okay? I'm not
 gonna let anything happen to us. If he
 tries anything, he'll be back in jail
 like that.
 (snaps fingers)
 I promise you.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 I gotta get back in. I'll call you
 when I get off. You go home, you
 relax, you watch a movie, smoke some
 good, and that's it.
 (beat)
 That's it, understand? If I come over
 and have to watch you all night, I'm
 gonna be pissed. You gotta maintain.
 We'll figure this out.

CUT TO
 The same shot as before, with Dr.
 Allen. Looking her, and us, right in
 the face. He's holding her gingerly by
 the shoulders.

FRANKY

Are you gonna be. . .okay tonight?

A BEAT too long.

20 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

20

Elisha drives, eyes still WIDE and NERVOUS. Pop music turned up LOUD. Her hands grip the wheel TIGHT, but still shaking. (at the side of the road we see a TALL MOHAWKED WOMAN dressed in black, staring at us.)

She stops, coming to a RED LIGHT, and down at her wrists. Outside the window, there's a BUS STOP. People waiting, milling around.

As their BUS pulls up, Elisha looks at them.

One of them, clad in ripped jeans and a denim jacket, looks back. He has a rough-hewn, scarred-up face. His eye catches hers for a second.

This is BILLY MARQS. Everything slows down and goes dead silent. The music is gone. There's only the sound of Elisha's caught breath shuddering slowly out of her mouth.

She squints, bends her neck to get a closer look. As she leans into the light an IMAGE flits over his face for a split second - a SKULL.

Around Elisha, the background seems to recede, lights becoming a blur of color. We're getting dangerously close to her. Billy doesn't break his stare as he gets onto the bus, even cocks his head unnaturally as if to ask "is that who I think it is?" -

WHISPERS

(indistinct all throughout, then
right up front)

Run.

She HITS THE GAS and shoots through the red light. A few cars SWERVE to avoid collision -

21 EXT. BRAKER LANE - CONTINUOUS

21

She drives, booming down the road, swerving lanes. Through the windshield, she's having a full-ass breakdown, gripping the steering wheel, beating it. . .

22 INT. ELISHA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

22

ELISHA

No. Nononono. . .

WHISPERS

He's come for you. He's been waiting
for you. All this time. He's found
you. . .you can't escape. . .

She veers dangerously close to the curb. The car scrapes loudly as she mounts it on the passenger side. Elisha doesn't notice, and veers off back onto the road, suddenly.

In the light from the street-lamps, a strange mirage passes over her face. A SKULL. A CHILD'S FACE.

Through the flashes of light a glimpse in the rearview.

BILLY'S FACE. Just a moment and it's gone.

The whispers are getting louder. Building and building, and behind them all, the SHRILL, blood-curdling scream. . .louder than ever.

23 EXT. BRAKER LANE - CONTINUOUS 23

The car zooms down an empty street.

24 INT. ELISHA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 24

She mumbles to herself incoherently.

ELISHA

Almost home. Almost there, almost there. . .almost there. . .home. .

RADIO

(podcast voice)

. . .and in Austin Texas, Elisha Johnson, 26, was found dead in her apartment because she COULDN'T SHOOT WHEN SHE SHOULD'VE -

And then, in a flash! - through the shadows a pair of HANDS reach out from the backseat, wrap around her neck, her mouth. . .and impossibly, another pair of HANDS. . .

She tries to steer with one hand through the fingers over her face, tries to breathe -

25 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 25

Headlights breach the lines of the gate. It opens, but not fast enough - Elisha's car clips it coming through, knocking it off its hinges.

She careens through the open parking lot, coming to a haphazard stop across two parking spots.

The driver's door opens, and Elisha collapses onto the concrete screaming, scooting back on her ass away from the car. Delirious. Tripping over herself.

The CAR is empty. She STARES in abject horror, and sadness.

She gets up, starts walking drunkenly up the sidewalk to her door. Breathing ragged.

There's a familiar-looking YOUNG BOY sitting on the stairs, his eyes and mouth wide in shell-shock, a TOWEL around his shoulders. He doesn't notice Elisha as she passes. Strange red and blue lights pass over him, and only him.

26 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

26

Elisha steps in. The place is shrouded in dark, save for the TV, frozen on a Netflix news show. A SURPRISED WHISPER runs through the apartment -

WHISPERS

He's here/don't look/get out/etc

She turns on the light, looking around for the source of the WHISPERS - there's the barest suggestion of young FACES, fading into nothing. The whole environment seems to PULSE.

WHISPERS (CONT'D)

Don't look/please run/in the dark. .
./he's waiting/etc.

Behind her - BILLY. The music GLANCES. She turns - he's gone. She cocks her head at the cracked BEDROOM DOOR. Something strange about it. . .suddenly, a YOUNG GIRL runs past her towards it, in absolute terror. Time slows down to a 25th of speed.

EL'S MOM

(os)

Run and hide, Ellie. Get your brother.
It's alright -

Elisha turns - sees a WOMAN in her 30s at the front door (a different front door), a look of shock on her face as the door is KICKED INWARDS. Her face EXPLODES - she falls in slow motion, an expressionistic Nosferatu-esque SHADOW entering the door. Elisha SCREAMS.

TV

Ellie, I taught you better'n that.
Don't you know enough to run?

She turns - BILLY. Angry. Terrifying. The SHADOW. He grabs for her, she falls back. He's gone. The LIGHTING has changed - all is lit in a garish purple neon hue.

Elisha turns. The MAN on TV continues spilling angry bile

("wasting all this time" we can make out crystal-clear). His features begin to CHANGE. . .degrade.

ELISHA

(weakly)

Daddy?

WHISPERS

Run/he'scomeforyou/ellie

A HAND grabs her by the hair, begins to drag her toward the bedroom door - then, gone. Heartbeats on the soundtrack.

She begins to crawl toward the bedroom - opens the door to: A GRAND GUIGNOL. Not her bedroom. The bedroom of older, more comfortable people, but DESTROYED - blood everywhere. A struggle. A MAN on the bed, his face gone . .the YOUNG GIRL is hiding beneath the bed, covered in blood, shaking - holding a REVOLVER, terrified. She catches Elisha's eyes for a long beat.

ELISHA

Shoot him. Why didn't you, you
could've. . .

Elisha crawls toward her. The GIRL is shivering. She reaches out her hand -

WHISPERS

Don't look x3/run/whydidn'tyoushoothim

The whole room suddenly vibrates with that last accusation - and the faceless body on the BED begins to MOUTH it in time with the WHISPERS.

Behind her BILLY, in time with the heartbeat, flashes in and out of existence as he GRABS the child from the other side and pulls her out from beneath the bed.

ELISHA

SHOOT HIM!

. . .then suddenly. . .he's looking at ELISHA, who is still beside the doorway.

A FLASH - he's on her. Then, gone. She recoils into the hallway wall - hyperventilating, gasping for air - he's back, and gone. . .then he's down the hall, his face floating on hazy air.

27 INT. ELISHA'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

She crawls into the BATHROOM, closing the door and locking it painfully - flailing, clawing at her throat. Desperately trying to breathe, but can't. There's a distant THUDDING, getting closer. . .BOOM. BOOM.

Screaming, somewhere distant behind it all.

She RIPS her clothes off, turns the shower faucet on and gets in, collapsing into a fetal position as the BOOMING grows louder still. . . She reaches for a RAZOR.

Elisha crouches in the shower. Holding the razor to her wrist, pulling it across. Shaking. The blood flows into the water, flows into the drain. Eyes wide. The voices are DEAFENING. There's a BANGING outside in the hall. She's breathing hard. . .hyperventilating.

The WHISPERS BUILD, cutting each other off, building on each other.

ELISHA

Shut up! Shut up and leave me alone!

(beat; weakly)

I just want to die. . .

WHISPERS

You're not allowed to die yet. We won't let you. Don't you understand by now?

(beat; more defined)

The man who did this to you (to us) is free.

(beat)

Don't hurt yourself anymore. Hurt him.

They get louder and louder, repeating themselves - a drum beat begins underneath them. She's shaking so hard it's almost a seizure.

The voices reach a crescendo. . .Elisha crouches fetally, blood dripping from her wrists into the water, hands pressed hard into her ears, nails digging into the skin. . .eyes twisted shut.

WHISPERS (CONT'D)

We've always been there. . .waiting for you. . .to take off the mask.

(beat)

Show us your face, Ellie.

28 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK)

28

The same set-up as in our opening montage, except -

PRINCIPAL

She stabbed another student with a pen. The boy needs stitches. We can't allow her to stay here. I'm sorry.

AUNT

The boy tried to corner her in a bathroom, she was defending herself!

PRINCIPAL

She stabbed him four times. His parents are well-connected, and they want action.

On young Elisha, sitting there. Quiet. We see there are POLICE OFFICERS behind them, in the room.

29 INT. HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK)

29

Dim. Franky sits in a CHAIR by the window. Unmoving, staring at - ELISHA, in the hospital bed. Eyes closed. A little

younger. Face bruised. Her eyes open - Franky STARTS.

FRANKY

Elisha?

ELISHA

Franky. . .(sobbing). . .Franky. I'm
so sorry. . .

CUT TO

Elisha, in the bathtub. The BANGING.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

(vo)

I don't remember anything. Did I hurt
someone?

30 INT. HOSPITAL (FLASHBACK)

30

Franky nods.

FRANKY

He was trying to hurt you.

ELISHA

What did I do?

Franky looks away.

FRANKY

(quietly)

It's gonna be alright.

CUT TO

Elisha, in the bathtub. The BANGING.
LOUDER, now.

31 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK)

31

Sudden quiet. Allen stares down at 16 years young ELISHA,
across the desk, holding her hand. The same shot from the
opening.

DR. ALLEN

(softly)

I don't think our repression

therapy's doing the trick. These nightmares you're having are
memories. What do you remember?

SUDDENLY, A SERIES OF IMAGES

A SCREAMING KALEIDOSCOPE of color and imagery, interweaving,
- rhythmic, intercutting. Young Elisha, screaming in the
dark. An older Elisha being restrained by orderlies. A Young
Elisha firing a gun, flanked by her parents, in a
competition. An older Elisha alone, firing against a
dilapidated building.

Pills. The drawings. Young Elisha, covered in mud and blood, running through a dark field. Older Elisha in hospital gown, running down a highway. Billy's face. The drawings. Billy's face. The GUN. BOOM!

We settle on sixteen years young Elisha. Tears.

ELISHA 16 YRS
Everything. Always.

DR. ALLEN
You're not gonna like this, but I
think we need to up your dosage on -

ELISHA 16 YRS
(she wipes her tears away)
No. I want to remember.

CUT TO
There is deafening silence.

WHISPERS
(quietly, in bg)
The face beneath the mask. . .is that
your true face?

All at once the DRUMS return, unbearably LOUD. Elisha opens her eyes. She gets out.

She stands in front of the mirror, chest heaving. She SCREAMS and PUNCHES IT, shattering it into a million pieces. After a second, again. Again and again. Pieces clatter into the sink. She looks at her hand. SHOCKED. Something's different in her eyes.

What follows is suddenly fragmented, like the mirror - jarring, intrusive CUTS.

Elisha OPENS the MEDICINE CABINET, grabbing her pill bottles by the handful, pouring the contents into the sink. They RACE around the bowl like M1 cars.

She's not done. She bends down, to the cabinet under the sink - quickly, frantically sifts thru it. Until she pulls out a CLIPPER KIT, a big plastic black case. Sets it on the COUNTER beside her.

CUT TO

Elisha, CLIPPERS in hand. She FLIPS THEM ON. Makes a tentative first pass over the right side of her head. Locks of her hair fall to the wet tile. She does it again, cleaning it up. And over the left side, now.

As she makes PROGRESS, we MOVE from her to the myriad reflections in the BROKEN GLASS.

CUT TO

She's finished, now. From behind, we watch her as she looks at herself, but we can't see her face. She passes her bleeding WRIST over her face, and starts to smear. Daubing over her eyes. We MOVE OVER her shoulder as she WORKS. Slowly, to reveal what she's done.

A WAR-MASK from her own blood, dripping down her cheeks. Arching up at the eyes. The expression on her face is of a deep question finally answered, a release. It's orgasmic. She's found purpose. She's ALIVE.

CUT TO BLACK.

32 INT. U-STORE FACILITY - MORNING

32

Concrete floors, orange sliding metal doors stretching off in all directions. The overall impression is grimy. Quiet. Eerie. We PUSH DOWN the hallways, achieving one OPEN DOOR in particular - boxes and miscellaneous things are moved against the wall opposite.

We see: Elisha rearranging boxes, sorting through the detritus of another life. There are very strong memories here.

She's found what she's looking for. A SMALL METAL CASE. She opens it up. An older Smith and Wesson REVOLVER, big and bulky.

She smiles and picks it up. Opens up the chamber. It's empty. She spins it like a kid a few times, and puts it back in the case.

Looking around, she sees a SHEEN-BLACK case, covered in two plastic-wrapped AMERICAN FLAGS. She pulls it out awkwardly. It's heavy.

She places both in the hallway.

CUT TO:

She's holding a POLICE UNIFORM in a plastic bag to her chest, smelling it with a faint smile. No telling for how long. She carefully moves it aside.

Below them, she finds a PHOTO ALBUM. She begins flipping through it slowly. A little boy (Franky). A young girl, smiling bright as the sun, holding a REVOLVER that's way too big for her (Elisha).

For a moment, we see: her current self reflected in the laminate. A sad smile. She flips again - revealing a picture of a couple in their mid-thirties, in police uniforms. Children between them. Mom and Dad.

CUT TO:

She slides the DOOR back down - but, stops. Holds it. A faint

expression crosses her face, like seeing an old friend again.
Then she closes it with a loud CLANG.

33 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

Elisha sits in the middle of the living room, cleaning out the REVOLVER. The place looks like a tornado ran through it. Her laptop is open beside her.

On the laptop screen, there's Google. She types in "Billy Marqs." Hundreds of results. She clicks on an article dated 2002, from the Austin Statesman. Headline reads: "Pflugerville Multiple Homicide Leaves Two Orphaned." A picture of Elisha as a young girl and Franky, thousand-yard stare in black and white.

She scrolls down. A section of text reads: "The name of the assailant or assailants have not been released yet."

Another article. Further developments. Headline reads: "Arrest Made in Johnson Homicide." She scrolls through, till she lights on a name: "William Heighbart Marqs."

LATER.

She's on FACEBOOK. In the search bar, she types BILLY MARQS's name. Specifies within 100 miles of Austin, TX.

Nothing comes up. She specifies again, "Will Marqs." Nothing. she scratches her chin. She tries again, "William Heighbart Marqs."

His profile comes up, no picture. She clicks.

It's empty. His header picture is of a FARM with HORSES in the background. Elisha's eyes narrow. He has fifteen or twenty friends.

She cracks her neck.

CUT TO

34 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATE MORNING

34

The air is cold, it hangs. In front of us, hidden partially by weeds and indistinct rusting hulks, is a big old FACTORY building. Long disused.

A MAN (Elisha's POPS) and a familiar-looking YOUNG GIRL (Elisha 8 YRS) are standing in front of us - the Father is wearing ear-muffs and standing akimbo, holding a police-issue revolver out in front of him. He talks low to the Girl.

FATHER

Like this, see? Watch.

He aims the revolver and FIRES OFF several shots in quick

succession - the little Girl is beaming.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Pretty cool, Ellie - right?

She nods, beaming. Father gives the GUN to her, carefully - just as Elisha's CAR pulls up behind (through) them and they begin to fade. After-images. Ghosts. Little more than a wisp on the air, the LITTLE GIRL raises the gun at us (almost a mirror image of the FIRST SHOT) as -

ELISHA walks into frame, looking at the after-images of the two floating on the air beside her. She holds up the revolver and loads it. Examines the chamber.

Her phone buzzes. The screen reads "New Message from bro-bro." She clicks the screen off.

She looks around. Completely desolate. There's the sound of heavy masonry somewhere falling. She looks toward the sound,

to see: the MAN and the YOUNG GIRL, clambering over fallen debris, walking into the BUILDING. The LITTLE GIRL looks back at her -

Elisha hustles toward the building.

35 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

35

A complete mess. Old filing cabinets, office chairs. Spider webs for days. Hazy, cloudy sunlight filters in from the broken windows.

Elisha steps cautiously over various debris, through what clearly used to be a homeless outpost. Up ahead up her - the Man and the Girl. She FOLLOWS. They're talking.

FATHER
It's cold as shit outside. Zip up.

LITTLE GIRL
You think she remembers yet?

FATHER
She remembers. Maybe not all the way, but she remembers.

He stops. Turns back toward Elisha.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Don't you, Ellie?

She's about to respond, but we see - she's all alone.

CUT TO

SHE puts her headphones in, and cues something up - a countdown starts. Then, three sharp DINGS! She FIRES! The

bullet TAKES A CHUNK out of the wall. The shot ECHOES in the empty building. The KICKBACK is ENORMOUS. She breathes in the gunsmoke - it's exhilarating. She hasn't done this in a long time.

The LITTLE GIRL is beside her. She takes the headphones off.

LITTLE GIRL
See, I told daddy you didn't forget.
It hasn't been that long.

She turns to the little girl -

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
(leans in conspiratorially)
Brace yourself. Remember, feet wide
apart. They count off for that.

She aims again, bracing with the other hand. Feet braced wide apart in the ground. Her posture becomes more professional. Old habit. The GUN-BELL again (but again, headphones are still off). DING! BANG! She fires!

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
Yusss! See, you never needed all those
pills. All that therapy. All they did
was make you forget. What you could
never forget. Not really.
(beat; slight distortion)
This is the only medication we need.

We see Elisha mouthing the words to herself, and she is alone. She pops out the chamber, seeing how many bullets are left - then back at the box of bullets, sitting on a broken desk behind her.

Pops the chamber back in. Aims. DING!

LATER.

The sky is darkening, and the building is becoming much darker. A line of old bottles, their labels either discarded or molted off, sits on a metal desk in a line.

DING.

In quick succession - POP! One of them explodes. And BANG! The next one shatters. Another SHOT - but, this one misses. Echos.

Elisha stands with the gun in front of her, headphones in. She's in THE ZONE.

BLAM! A direct hit.

Elisha sits naked in the ruins of the living room, laptop in

front of her.

She's on the SEX OFFENDER REGISTRY. She searches for Billy Marqs. His page comes up. Mugshot. Public details. No current address.

Elisha thinks.

She opens up a previous tab. A NEWS REPORT. The AUSTIN STATESMEN. The byline - Stephen Shelly. She clicks another - another report. Same byline. And another. Same guy.

She CLICKS his name. His Writer Profile, a brief biography. The most recent story is from six years ago - "TEN YEARS ON - MURDERER BILLY MARQ IN REHABILITATION."

37 INT. SHELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

37

Small, crowded and obsessive. Boxes piled on boxes - but for all that, cozy. Filled with cigarette smoke hanging like clouds.

Whistling, singing floating from the PATIO. . .through the open door we see, sitting on the ledge, SHELLY. Smoke floats up beside him. His phone rings. Tentatively, he ANSWERS IT.

SHELLY

Hello?

ELISHA

(os)

Stephen Shelly?

SHELLY

Speaking.

ELISHA

Do you have time?

SHELLY

It depends. Can I ask who's calling?

ELISHA

I'd like to talk about Billy Marqs.
And the Johnsons -

Quickly, he HANGS UP. The PHONE RINGS again, after a beat. He decides - answers it.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Don't worry.

SHELLY

How did you get this number?

ELISHA

It's listed.

Shelly looks behind him, around.

SHELLY
Who is this?

ELISHA
A friend. I promise.

He swallows.

SHELLY
Do I get a name?

ELISHA
. . .not yet.

SHELLY
What do you want to know?

ELISHA
Billy Marqs was released four days ago.
(beat)
I want to know where to find him.

SHELLY
I'd heard. I can't help you with that
-

ELISHA
You've been writing about him for almost twenty years but you can't tell me where he is? Friend of yours?

SHELLY
No, but it's . . .complicated. His family is wily.

ELISHA
His family?

SHELLY
I don't know how much to tell you, 'cause I don't know who you are - but I'll tell you this. I used to work with APD, following their trail. I got real, real deep, until - The Johnsons? They were my. . .my friends.

Elisha's head twitches, she closes her eyes.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
It's just a web of brothels and bars and massage parlors, all unmarked, all around the city. The girls, some of them, are young - real young. Former fosters.

The gears begin to turn in Elisha's head.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Family owned operation, with money behind it that comes from nowhere. You can't pin anything on these people. The minute there was a whisper of one of them getting stung, they'd close up shop and disappear for months. We figured they had people inside APD, but - you know, couldn't prove that either. Mysterious number of things went missing when we needed them, and then -

ELISHA

- and then. Right.

SHELLY

I don't know where they are now. But if you can find one of the brothels, you'll be halfway to him. Any thoughts there?

ELISHA

I have an idea.

CUT TO

38 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

38

Empty and dark, bordered by broken down houses on all sides. A number of girls of various ages are sitting on the JUNGLE GYM, talking to two or three OLDER GUYS. One of them is trading a bottle of VODKA back and forth. Small talk. Propositioning. They're well-learned.

One of the GIRLS looks up. Coming through the field is ELISHA.

OLDER GUY

Fuck is this? Your madam or something?

The Girl SHOVES him.

GIRL

We ain't got no fucking pimp, asshole. You want this pussy or not?

(beat)

Hey! Who're you?

Elisha stops in the middle of them. PULLS OUT the REVOLVER. Everyone freezes. She points it at the GUYS.

ELISHA

Go.

OLDER GUY

Dude, fuck this.

They scarper.

GIRL 2

Dude, what the fuck? That was like eighty bucks right there, man!

ELISHA

I have some questions. Answer them, and I'll give you triple that.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Girls been hooking out here since I was your age. I ain't gonna try to stop you or anything, money's money. Y'all Settlement?

GIRL

Fuck that place.

ELISHA

Yeah, 'cause you're doing real well right now.

(beat)

Y'all heard of the Marqs? They're looking for girls.

GIRL

You a cop or something?

She laughs. Points at the vodka.

ELISHA

No.

She takes a looooong swig. The GIRL pulls out a cigarette, tries to light it - it's out. Elisha lights it for her.

GIRL

Yeah, one of them's always out here, or up by the Home, looking for new girls. Creepy asshole in a suit. Real "free candy" type shit.

(beat)

Said he could hook us up with work at a spa, doing massage work.

A flicker of recognition in Elisha's eyes.

ELISHA

He say where?

GIRL

You looking for work?

ELISHA

(pulls out her phone)
 Work for him? I hear they're
 dangerous.

GIRL
 Anymore than out here?

ELISHA
 Yeah. A lot more.

39 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT

39

Elisha sits on the floor, a TRACPHONE box discarded beside her. She plays with the new device in her hand.

ON ELISHA'S PHONE

As the KIK logo glows for a minute, and then goes to the chat screen.

40 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

40

ELISHA aims the REVOLVER at the single BOTTLE set up a very, very long way away. She FIRES. Misses. Shakes it off. Aims again - FIRES. Misses, but closer.

ELISHA
 (to herself; punctuation after
 each shot)
 . . .just like riding a bicycle.
 (beat)
 You could shoot better than this at
 ten. Come on now.

She STEADIES her breathing, closes her eyes. DING!

She opens her eyes. BILLY is standing behind the BOTTLE. Suddenly, she AIMS AGAIN more aggressively, instinctively and we WRACK UP to her as with a YELL she FIRES! The bottle SHATTERS.

Elisha looks down at the gun - astonished. Then, back up at us, with a DEVIOUS SMILE -

EL-P/WHORES:THEMOVIE
 L-L-Let's warm it up! Ready?

HARDCUT TO BLACK

Music in: El-P's MEANSTREACK (in 3 Parts)

PART TWO.

41 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT (MONTAGE)

41

We MOVE IN from the dark living room, to ELISHA in her bedroom on the floor, back to us.

BLACK

TITLE
(huge, engulfing the screen)

THE WOLF.
INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Elisha sets up more TARGETS. Now she's more prepped. The TARGETS are bulls-eye sheets.

42 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT (MONTAGE) 42

Closer and closer to Elisha, we see she's looking at her phone and LAPTOP. Notebook beside her.

43 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE) 43

Elisha readies herself. We see the TARGETS are widely spaced apart.

44 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT (MONTAGE) 44

. . .as she looks back at us, face shrouded in shadow.

45 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE) 45

Elisha doing PUSH-UPS, SIT-UPS. The two CROSSFADE over each other.

46 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - DAY (MONTAGE) 46

Elisha stares down at the PHONE. Behind her, a GROUP KICK OPENS UP. DETAILS. Convo in veiled code.

DETAIL - scrolling through CONVO. Videos. Money offers.

She writes this down - presses BACK, and retries her search, more specifically.

47 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE) 47

Elisha FIRES on one TARGET - BOOM! - then WHIPS AROUND and SHOOTs at another - BOOM! - and another! She reloads, quick like a PRO, John Wick style - and again with the OTHER HAND. Direct hits on every one. The last one - a bullet, alone on a post. DING!

48 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MONTAGE) 48

Elisha in the LIVING ROOM - notepad beside her full of scribbles. We see the MESSAGE THREAD, on RUBMAPS - "Marq Bar - New Location?" A series of messages float by as she scrolls. "Under New Management." "Premiums went up."

49 INT. MESSAGE PARLOR (MONTAGE) 49

Dank and gross. Elisha enters, wearing a thick black PETTICOAT and glasses. A YOUNG LATINA GIRL exits one of the

rooms.

Her lip is busted, and her black eye is covered in thick makeup that doesn't hide it, even in the dark. Elisha nods toward the back room.

CUT TO

In the back room, the Girl starts to undress - Elisha stops her.

ELISHA

That's not what I want.

The girl is confused. Elisha holds up several bills.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

I want an address.

50 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

50

TITLE

November.

We're looking down a weatherworn wood wall - Elisha POPS INTO FRAME, punches the wall twice POP-POP, then back down. Then again, POP-POP, and back down. Her eyes are obsessive, wide. Not blinking.

51 INT. MASSAGE PARLOR (MONTAGE)

51

Later. Elisha holds the girl's face.

ELISHA

They do this to you?

BRIEF SERIES OF SHOTS, INTERCUTTING RHYTHMICALLY

- Elisha, practicing ricochet shots and whip-action, pulling from behind, SHOOT. - From the side, SHOOT. Bullets are whizzing by us. She's more than good. She's immaculate. Shooting is her meditation, and she's an adept.

Out of the mini-montage-montage, Elisha pops up once more - POP POP POP -

52 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

52

As she PULLS UP in a DARK PARKING LOT. We can see her hands on the steering wheel are bandaged and bleeding. She's staring at. . .

53 EXT. THE BROTHEL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

53

Elisha in SWEATER and HOODIE walks across the street from the BROTHEL, a nondescript little warehouse, walking the length of it - takes a quick picture.

ANOTHER ANGLE - closer. Other side of the building. She takes

a PICTURE.

ANOTHER ANGLE - in the alley. She takes a PICTURE.

54 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT (MONTAGE) 54

In her BEDROOM, Elisha pins the PICTURES to a CORKBOARD, next to. . .makeshift, ink-drawn blueprints. Certain parts of the PHOTOS are circled, drawn lines correlating their part on the blueprint. Windows. Doors. She studies.

55 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE) 55

.As she PULLS A TIRE on a rope. Getting easier. Running with it.

56 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (MONTAGE) 56

More burpee bareknuckled shadow-boxing.

57 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT (MONTAGE) 57

Elisha sits in the middle of the living room, cutting her hand. . .eyes wide open. Testing herself.

58 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (MONTAGE) 58

Revolver target practice, in the DARK. RICOCHET SHOTS. As she FINISHES, feeling very satisfied with herself, she spins the gun.

59 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT (MONTAGE) 59

She SQUEEZES her cut hand shut. Lips tightening. Suddenly -

60 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE) 60

BANG! A SHOT hits the WALL of the WAREHOUSE. ELISHA grimaces and WRACKS another SHOT - of an older M21 SNIPER RIFLE, spray-painted black. Handle TAPED UP. Then, BOOM! The WINDOW SHATTERS. She smiles that devious smile, and lowers the GUN.

END MONTAGE

We see just what the last two months of training have done for her. She's wearing a BLACK MUSCLE SHIRT, and she's toned. Sinewy. Not out-of-this-world, but. . .HARDER. The impression is helped by the wide-eyed, SINGLE-MINDED STARE and the now-styled and manicured MOHAWK.

Her cell-phone rings.

TITLE

December.

It's FRANKY. She denies the call and puts it back in her pocket before raising the RIFLE AGAIN.

61 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - NIGHT 61

She parks in the lot of a CLOSED GAS STATION. She looks down in her lap at the REVOLVER.

She closes the chamber and steals herself.

62 EXT. THE BROTHEL - NIGHT 62

A run-down section of town not too far off the highway. Massage parlors, pawn shops and old abandoned brickstones loom up beside overgrown vacant lots and old apartment buildings, their neon lights bouncing back off rainy streets. Homeless people do their unending shuffle.

ELISHA walks down the sidewalk, across the street from the ALLEY between two of the BRICKSTONE LOTS, hands in her hoody. She's bringing the ends of a bandana together, around her neck.

A CAR PULLS OUT out of the alley, swerving past ELISHA, who looks at it briefly as it passes, settling at the red light little ways in front of her - out of focus until she LOOKS UP again. Wait a second.

She moves closer to the car, slowly.

In the passenger-side MIRROR we see BILLY'S FACE in conversation. Elisha moves her hand beneath her sweatshirt. Billy's gaze SNAPS onto her. At us.

Then just as quickly, the LIGHT TURNS GREEN, and the CAR SPEEDS OFF down the road, disappears.

She looks after it as it zooms down the bend, and then back at the ALLEYWAY. The street is basically deserted.

She crosses it.

CUT TO

63 EXT. THE BROTHEL - THE BACK - NIGHT 63

A lowkey back alley - INDUSTRIAL size DUMPSTER/COMPACTOR, rainslick concrete. Dirty ORANGE FLOURESCENT overhead lights illuminate a BURLY GUY in a LEATHER JACKET smoking a cigarette, just outside a PROPPED OPEN METAL DOOR. There's the heavy NOISE of air-conditioners, and electric hum, almost ambient under all this.

There's a NOISE in the ALLEY. A BANGING on the dumpster. He notices - but, shrugs it off. Two more BANGS, more like THWAKS.

Okay, that's curious. He takes another puff off his cigarette, wanders further into the DARK of the alley - out of the LIGHT.

He comes around the other side of the DUMPSTER - sees NO ONE. As he turns to go - ELISHA rounds the corner. A single SHOT! His knee goes. He FALLS, giving out a MAN-SHRIEK of pain - muffled by the ambient noise.

Elisha quickly descends from above him into a crouch, COVERING HIS MOUTH tight as he SCREAMS IN PAIN, PUSHING his head ROUGH into the ground. She has a bandana over her face. His eyes are fluttering.

ELISHA

Look at me.

She slaps him HARD. Starts searching his pockets, and pulls out. . . a POLICE BADGE? And a WHITE ID CARD with a monogrammed 'M' symbol in the top right corner. She stuffs these in her pocket.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

You're a cop.

(beat)

Look at me. Don't be a pussy. Focus. I'm gonna take my hand away. If you scream, I'll shoot you again. What's your boss's name?

BURLY

. . .Aw, god. . .Brian. . .it's Brian.

. . .

We PAN AWAY toward the back door, the ambient noise thrumming -

ELISHA

Yeah? He here tonight?

64 INT. THE BROTHEL - THE BACK - NIGHT

64

As she PULLS the back door open and slips inside, head down. She stops the BACKDOOR banging on the rock holding it open - grabs the rock, let's it close quietly. KA-CHUNK. Her HOOD hangs over her face.

The back of this restaurant, in contrast to most, is DIMLY LIT. Red and green, and WET. Flourescents at a low ebb, reflected in the many, many puddles on the floor. She notices something and ducks around a CORNER. Red lights on the ceiling. CAMERAS at every angle.

At the end of the CORRIDOR, there's a GUARD sitting in a CHAIR, gun in his lap. Supply closet door behind him. He looks up at ELISHA approaching FAST out of the DARK - She CLOCKS HIM with the rock. Again. He gets up. A CLOSE, CONFINED STRUGGLE. He drops his gun. She HEARS SOMETHING - pushes him into the supply closet, just as -

Three GUYS walk back, talking SHOP. They don't notice the guard's gun on the floor.

65 INT. THE BROTHEL - SUPPLY CLOSET

65

The GUARD falls. ELISHA stops him collapsing, is on top of him, behind him. Trying to keep him from moving. Choking him. He passes out.

She leans over quietly, LOOKING OUT a crack in the door at the three GUYS. Further down the hall. They didn't notice.

The GUARD's foot nudges a BOX on the shelf. It begins to fall, but - Elisha stops it! The effort is aching.

She watches, as - SLOWLY, the THREE GUYS head out. Door closes behind them.

She lets the box FALL.

66 INT. BROTHEL - THE BACK - NIGHT

66

She stops - on a WALL-MOUNT spanning the length of the WALL are. . . ANKLE MONITORS, behind a locked glass case, red lights beeping in the dark.

A noise. Conversation. She HIDES behind a STOCK SHELF as - from another CORRIDOR - a line of four WOMEN emerge, LED by a GOOD OL' BOY in front. They walk like they're drugged, and slump against the wall. She can't hear what he's saying too well, but she SEES:

They're all wearing ANKLE-MONITORS.

The GOOD OL' BOY takes out a SYRINGE, holds it up to them.

GOOD OL' BOY
If you want it, you gotta work for it.

They GO OUT the SWING-DOORS. She follows, stopping to look out the little PLEXIGLASS WINDOW before exiting into -

67 INT. THE BROTHEL - VIP - NIGHT

67

We're hit by immediate dark, and quiet. The self-same red and green LED lights, revealing a SHADOWY and SMALL MAIN ROOM. Gaudy, gross - like a STRIP CLUB in a bad section of town on a bad weekday. Metal tables. Patrons are all men. They look at her as she passes. The WOMEN have fanned out to their sections, into the nothing.

ELISHA SCANS THE ROOM, head slung low. In the shadows.

There's a sound - she LOOKS UP as one of the SUITS drags one of the WOMEN AWAY, down another CORRIDOR OPPOSITE.

On either end of the room, an ATTENDANT stands by the door - Nondescript, but lowkey hillbilly. A GUN. Behind one, a worn and ripped "Make America Great Again" banner-size poster.

Behind THE BAR, Elisha sees: a real GENERAL MANAGER type of

guy, BRIAN, well-dressed but a little too young for it. He's talking to a GUARD, joking with him. The Guard hands him a WAD of CASH. In front of him is a SKIN-AND-BONES WOMAN dressed in stained sweat-pants and tee, eyes tear-stained, trying to steady herself on the counter. She's barefoot, but wears the same blinking ankle bracelet.

Elisha walks, in a roundabout way, toward the BAR. Another GUARD looks after her - moves to follow.

Elisha suddenly ducks into another side-door, into -

68 INT. THE BAR - THE BACK - CONTINUOUS

68

What clearly used to be a KITCHEN LINE, converted for storage and passage some years since. No one's eating here - not food, at least. It's small and incredibly cramped and ill-lit and the floor is still WET. The type of place the Health Inspector would have a panic attack over. Elisha flits around the corner -

Just as - the GUARD comes inside the door. There's another GUARD at the end of the LINE.

GUARD

Eyes on.

The 2ND GUARD gets up to follow.

CUT TO

She SLIDES behind a tall stand of boxes JUST as the TWO GUARDS come around. She waits.

They get closer. Closer -

69 INT. THE BROTHEL - VIP - NIGHT

69

Behind the bar - a HEAVY, mustachioed man signals to BRIAN.

HEAVY

Yo, Brian. Hey - Big Momma's on line 2 for you.

BRIAN

(pinches forehead)
They just left. Damn if that woman's not a micromanager.

The gaunt woman pleads with him as he turns to leave -

70 INT. BAR - THE BACK - NIGHT

70

BRIAN comes through the swinging doors. The GIRL and HEAVY following behind him -

BRIAN

Fuck that woman, man. How you gonna

let me run this place, and then tell me I'm doing a shitty job? Fuckin'. .

(beat; off guards)
Hey, what are you two doing here? I'm not paying y'all to suck each others dicks - get back out there.

GUARD
Sorry, boss - look, there's might be a situation.

BRIAN
So, deal with it. What do you mean, a situation?

GUARD
Someone here who shouldn't be.

As they're talking - the WOMAN mumbles something to him we can't hear.

BRIAN
Shut up.
(to Heavy)
Okay, look. You deal with this. I'm heading back to the office.

HEAVY
You don't think maybe this might be more important?

BRIAN
No, I actually don't. There's ten very big men in here - what's more important, I've gotta go let my dear aunt know some things about some things.
(beat; to woman)
You want it? Work for it.

He heads down a CORRIDOR. The Woman follows. As she leaves, her shirt rises and Elisha sees - THE BRAND. The same brand.

HEAVY
I can't stand that guy. Okay, let's round 'em up.

They head out into the main room. Elisha waits a BEAT, then follows down the same corridor Brian went. Her eyes locked on the brand.

CUT TO

As she walks - quickly, it becomes apparent this place goes on forever. It's like a MAZE. She follows Brian and the woman at a distance.

They round a corner. She jogs to keep up, but -

They're gone. What faces her now is the residential part, so to speak, of the brothel. This is where the BUSINESS is done. If possible, even dirtier and dingier. The tile has disappeared, leaving only floorboard.

On either end, there are what look like tiny rooms separated by threadbare SHEETS. Girls in lingerie, t-shirts and bad makeup sit in the doorways and against the walls, some of them pretty YOUNG, looking up at her, smoking cigarettes -

Elisha kneels down to one of them. The young HOOKER from earlier. Elisha gives her a light slap on the side of the face.

ELISHA

I told you these people were dangerous.

GIRL

Couldn't. . .help it.

The GIRL nods out for a second. Elisha PINCHES her cheek.

ELISHA

Where's his office?

The GIRL wanly points toward the back. Elisha looks at her.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Your stomach.

Disaffectedly, she pulls her shirt up. . .revealing the BRAND. The M. This one's much more recent. Barely healed.

A realization forming now. Anger. Rising. The GIRLS are all looking.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Wait.

She looks back - cocks her gun. There's the ANGER, white-hot. She heads into the dark.

71 INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE -

71

Shitty, but in slick albeit cheap style. A "casting couch." A desk. Lurid lighting. A shitty painting on the wall. The tastes of a douchebag PORN DIRECTOR, quite honestly.

There's a bank of computer monitors, old and new, one of which is active, showing security camera footage. BRIAN isn't paying attention. He probably doesn't ever.

The Woman is sitting on the couch, with heavy drug shivers - Brian is behind the desk prepping a syringe. He's on the phone.

BRIAN

Listen, listen - no, Big Momma. You need to trust me, and - no one's stealing, we're just running low. Yes, I know for a fact. There's sixty girls here, Big Momma, and -

A knock.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

What? What do you want?

No response. The knock again. Brian puts his finger to the Woman.

He goes to the door - which looks HEAVY, and padded on the inside - and opens it, JUST AS: it FLIES OPEN, WAPPING HIM IN THE NOSE. He FALLS BACKWARD. She's on him - points the gun dead-center at his face.

ELISHA

(to Woman; seething, barely contained)

What's the quickest way out from here?

OTHER GIRL

Back straight down the other way. . .

ELISHA

Run. Close the door.

BRIAN

(holding his nose)

You broke my fucking nose!

ELISHA

Get on the floor. On your knees.

He does, staring daggers at her through bloody fingers. The VOICE on the phone keeps chattering. She grabs the syringe from the floor.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

What is this?

BRIAN

Horse. Pure horse.

She puts it on his neck.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(slurred)

No. No no no, not that. What do you. . .
.what do you want? Money?

ELISHA

I'm looking for Billy, Brian.

BRIAN
Cuz? What you want with him?

ELISHA
Where is he?

BRIAN
At The Farm.

ELISHA
With Big Momma, right? And the rest of
the Family.
(beat)
Where's the Farm?

BRIAN
We're a lot bigger than you think. You
don't know what you're doing.
(beat)
We're. . .we're everywhere. China,
Mexico. Russia.

ELISHA
Wherever the ice is thin.
(beat)
Where is the Farm?

BRIAN
You're on camera. They'll figure out
who you are. . .

ELISHA
I want them to. Let me see that phone,
Brian.

She throws the syringe at the other side of the room. It
breaks. Just as he starts up - she PISTOL WHIPS HIM as hard
as she can with the REVOLVER, and takes the phone. He's done.
The other end of the line is still chattering.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
(this is a big moment for her)
Hello?

BIG MOMMA
(os)
Who is this?

ELISHA
You're the head of this operation?

Silence.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
(os; very deadpan)
I'm coming to kill you.

She listens to the LOUD response chatter for a second, and

hangs up.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

You're gonna stay away from the girls
at the Settlement Home, and the TLP.
You understand?

He starts LAUGHING, through all the blood. She YELLS, sudden ANGER, and SLAMS her BOOT into his balls. Steps down HARD. Really DIGGING IN. A CRUNCH. He COUGHS, SCREAMING.

She goes to the DESK, riffling through the drawers. She cocks the revolver, and holds it on him while she looks. Pulls something out. And another. A folder. Stock reports. Profiles. Remnants of the business of human chattel.

Brian reaches for something - a drawer, as subtly as he can. There's a GUN inside.

She's got something. AN INVOICE, in weird CODE. An ADDRESS.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

"Home Office, Bastrop County Road
121." Is this it? Right here?

He looks. Nods. He's got the gun in his hand -

BRIAN

(weak)

Y-y-yeah. . .

(suddenly)

RIGHT HERE!

He FIRES! Twice! She ducks - RETURNS FIRE! Direct hit, to the STOMACH. It's all very quick. Staccato. He CRUMPLES. FALLS. Shrieking in pain.

The mood recedes. She walks over to him, calmly. He YELLS, tries to crawl away. She follows behind him, SHOOTS HIM in the BACK. She takes his GUN from the floor, and shoots him again. And AGAIN. She's laughing wildly. He stops moving.

The laughter dies on her lips, replaced by a terror-mask. She points the gun right at the back of his head. FIRES. His cranium explodes. And once AGAIN.

CUT TO

The CEILING as she SHOOTS AGAIN. SILENCE. A beat. Then, she RISES. Her bandana is covered in blood. Her eyes are closed. She breathes in. Opens her eyes.

The SOUNDTRACK GLANCES at us. Repeatedly. Harshly. She SMILES. We can tell. Then, she GETS an idea.

CUT TO

She opens up the desk drawers, finding a BOX of latex gloves.

She snaps them on and turns around, looking at Brian.

CUT TO

BRIAN'S BODY, all ripped up and full of holes, flops into the chair behind his desk. His FACE, thankfully out of focus, is just GONE. Elisha wipes her brow. She looks up at the BARE, DINGY WALL behind the desk . . .and then dips her hand cautiously into the MESS where BRIAN's head used to be.

From behind, we see her begin to make a line. . .

CUT TO

Finished, she pulls off the gloves, stuffs them in her pocket, and turns to leave.

She stops by the door and looks back at her handiwork, whatever it is, for a second. Then at the FIRE ALARM. She waits a BEAT and pulls it.

72 INT. BROTHEL - THE BACK - NIGHT

72

Elisha walks out of the office.

As if on cue, THE SPRINKLERS switch on. All the GIRLS are coming out of their rooms, confused. And their JOHNS.

She rounds a corner. The GUARDS see her, at the other end - covered in blood.

HEAVY

Okay, don't move. Everyone - stop!

She ducks inside one of the bunker-rooms, waiting in the surge for just the right moment. The GIRL stares at her. She stares right back.

WHISPERS

(os)

The door is open.

ELISHA

The door is open. Do you understand?
Run.

The GUARDS pass, fanning through the crowd.

Elisha BOOKS IT, running through the GIRLS toward the other end. The back becomes a MAZE of sickly green and red hallways criss-crossing dizzily. . .finally, the door at the other end. One of the GUARDS spots her -

GUARD

Hey! There she is!

They FIRE! It DINGS off the wall (important to note: we can't keep track of where all the bullets hit, and you'll see why).

She returns FIRE TWICE, and HITS one of them in the CHEST and another in the HEAD. She SMILES. SUDDENLY - BLAM!

She SCREAMS. She's been HIT. In the arm. A FLESH-WOUND, but she's BLEEDING. She turns, SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD.

Anyone else around? She assesses for a beat, then -

CUT TO

73 INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS 73

. . .as she makes a wild break for the FRONT DOOR, rushing through the front of HOUSE. GUARDS are following behind her, in the dark. Brothel patrons are STARTLED. There's YELLING. CHAOS all around.

The BULKY DOORMAN holds up a HAND to stop her - and SHE BLOWS his HAND off, continues through into the FOYER, a tiny sectioned off room, before -

74 EXT. BROTHEL - EARLY MORNING 74

- bursting out of the FRONT DOOR, stumbling into a RUN. Two BEATS. THE GUARDS exit behind her.

75 INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - 75

STAFF-MEMBERS BUST OPEN the DOOR, some with GUNS DRAWN.

Then they STOP in HORROR. Aghast. Jaws DROP.

On the opposite wall, behind Brian's mutilated CORPSE, is scrawled in still-dripping blood: "I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN MOTHERFUCKERS".

76 EXT. BROTHEL - EARLY MORNING 76

Elisha runs for dear life, as fast as she can. Laughing.

Crying. Gasping for air. The GUARDS FOLLOW, far behind her. SHOTS whiz by. She crests the alley. . .and crosses the EMPTY ROAD.

77 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - PREDAWN 77

Elisha skids to a stop, gets into her car and DUCKS out of sight, waiting. Waiting. . .as, far away across the road, the GUARDS RUSH OUT into the street, and rush in either direction. She explodes, POUNDING the ceiling. She's SCREAMING again, but it's not anger this time. It's PURE JOY. She DID IT.

The car pulls out and drives away, sun rising in the distance.

78 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - MORNING

78

Dingy, dirty. Elisha looks at herself in the greasy mirror, shirt off, the rest of her outerwear slung over the sink in a heap - okay, so she didn't make it out totally unscathed. There's bloody GRAZE-MARKS, on her shoulder and the side of her stomach - three in number. The one on her SHOULDER looks rather UGLY, a little more than a minor FLESH WOUND. All told though, she's got some pretty good luck.

She touches one, curiously. It STINGS. Beside her on the sink is a bottle of ISOPROPYL, a ripped-open bag of cotton swabs and some medical gauze - all the cheap kind you could pick up at 7-11.

A COTTON BALL is drenched in ISOPROPYL, becoming mush. She applies it to one of the GRAZES - and her eyes go WIDE, a teeny-tiny GASP of pain escaping. She GRIPS the SINK -

79 INT. FRANKY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

79

Tiny, but neat. Smooth. Franky sits at his tiny dining table, holds his phone up to his ear.

FRANKY

Come on, pick up. This time, pick up.

80 EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

80

ELISHA

Moootherfuuuuuckeer.

Elisha sits beside her car, clutching her sides - trying to breathe through the immense PAIN. Bullet grazes fucking hurt. Especially if you try to dress them yourself.

Her phone buzzes. She looks down. Picks it up.

BEGIN INTERCUTTING ELISHA/FRANKY

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy.

FRANKY

Elisha, nice of you to pick up the fucking phone.

ELISHA

Sorry, I've been busy.

FRANKY

Look, you can't- don't cut off radio contact like that, man. It makes me worry.

(beat)

Where have you been? Your job's been calling me day and night.

ELISHA
Still, huh? It's been a minute.

FRANKY
Did something happen? Are you alright?

Elisha winces.

ELISHA
Gonna be honest, I've been a whole lot better.

Franky cocks his head.

FRANKY
You sound different.

ELISHA
I am.

FRANKY
What do you. . .what do you mean?
(beat; pensieve)
Am I . . .am I talking to Elisha, or someone else?

ELISHA
It's me, but - everything's a lot clearer, now. I. . . can hear myself think. I forgot what I sounded like, in my head.

Franky proceeds uncertainly.

FRANKY
Where are you, right now?

ELISHA
Call you back. Love you.

She hangs up. Franky throws his phone across the table. Groans. He stares out, folding his hands in front of his face, in deep thought.

END INTERCUT

The pain is somewhat manageable now. She takes a breath and HEAVES herself up.

81 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - MORNING

81

She looks at her phone, at Google Maps. She's following County Line 121. She hits Street View. It takes a minute to load.

Slowly, we see an image from the top down of some wide, green acreage. Undulating fields and forests reach up to a GIANT, PIXELLATED SQUARE. "Image Unavailable."

SHELLY
 (VO)
 Hello?

ELISHA
 (vo)
 I know where they are.

SHELLY
 (vo)
 Who?

82 EXT. 6TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

82

The busy main street. Like Mardi Gras every weekend. Garish, colorful faces, costumes and lights looming out of the dark. ELISHA moves down a nearly empty ALLEY, coming into the THRONG. SHE walks through it slowly, a drawn and morose face in a sea of glowing smiles. The image is slow, nightmarish. Predatory. A wolf among sheep. Over this:

ELISHA
 (vo)
 The Family. All of them. I'm gonna have something for you, real soon.

SHELLY
 (vo)
 Do you even know what you're looking for?

ELISHA
 (vo)
 You said you needed proof. First-hand. I'm gonna get it for you.

SHELLY
 (vo)
 Why?
 (beat; no response)
 Just. . .be careful, okay? You don't know these people.

ELISHA
 (vo)
 Yes I do.

SHELLY
 (vo)
 How?

A beat.

ELISHA
 (vo)
 Stay by the phone tomorrow night.

Click. Silence, for a moment. Then:

83 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY 83

Elisha shoots, headphones on. We push in on her. Still, pose perfect. Draw, reload, shoot. And again. She's getting

FASTER.

WHISPERS

(VO)

You know what comes next?

84 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM 84

Elisha cleans and loads the REVOLVER. PUSH IN.

ELISHA

Yes.

WHISPERS

(VO; father)

It's time to go back, now.

(VO; mother)

Are you afraid?

ELISHA

No.

WHISPERS

(VO; mother; dying away)

That's my girl. . .

CUT TO

Elisha packs a duffel bag full of equipment. Knives, guns. A small CAMERA with a long ZOOM LENS.

85 EXT. BASTROP - FREEWAY - NOON 85

Rolling fields and hills. The road curves wildly. Rain beats down harder now. Elisha's car drives thru, swerving and cutting through the sparse traffic. Engine growling loudly.

86 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM 86

Dr. Allen and Franky, at the door. He puts his hand on Frank's back. Comforting.

DR. ALLEN

I wouldn't offer something like this, usually, but - after we get all this sorted out, I'd like you to come back and see me - for you, Franky. If you need to talk some things out.

(beat; right in Franky's eyes, understanding)

I know it's hard. But we're all she's got. And we're in her corner together.

FRANKY

Thanks, Doc. I'll call you if she pops up.

He exits.

87 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR 87

Franky waits for the elevator doors to open. Steps in.

Just as the door closes, he lets loose a stream of PROFANITIES, and bangs on the walls.

88 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 88

Franky walking to his car, with a look of pure so-done-with-this on his face, puts a cigarette in his mouth. Pulls out his lighter. Flicks it once, twice -

89 EXT. ROUTE 121 - DAY 89

- three times, as Elisha lights her cigarette, standing by the side of her car. Taking a long, satisfying drag. She walks toward a LONG CONCRETE PARTITION, covered here and there with graffiti. Puts her hand on it.

The word "FORGIVE" is scrawled on it in big, bold letters.

She turns and stares down the long, rambling COUNTRY ROAD, going down a hill.

90 INT. ELISHA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER 90

Elisha drives through fields and fields of nothing but

overgrown wheat and sparse trees. The occasional windmill and powerlines.

She stops the car. A BIG HOUSE, in the distance. A FARM. The picture of American Gothic.

91 EXT. THE FARM - DAY 91

Elisha's car pulls up on the opposite side of the road from us, window down. Her face is hidden in shadow, but she's looking at - the giant cast-iron fence, with the traditional Texas star inset. And behind it -

THE FARM. The MAIN HOUSE is set far back from the road by it's own path. A former PLANTATION, worn down by the years. It's currently undergoing renovation, and there's scaffolding intermittently around it's two-story structure. All around it are CHRISTMAS LIGHTS that look like a bad joke in the dry Texas winter. There are various pieces of farm equipment, tractors and backhoes, scattered around the estate, but - like the House - they appear to have fallen into disrepair. Behind the House, equipment and chemical sheds, and the encroaching FOREST.

Down the path, and in the massively overgrown fields, are
SECURITY CAMERAS.

A COUNTRY-BOY type, all flannel and jeans tucked into his boots behind sunglasses that were never in style, is walking along the gate, sees the strange car across the road, and stops.

COUNTRY-BOY
(loud)
Can I help you?

No response.

COUNTRY-BOY (CONT'D)
(louder)
This is private property. Can I help
you?

Nothing. Elisha just stares back, face obscured by shadow and glasses, expressionless. The BOY, a little spooked, reaches behind him and pulls out a WALKIE-TALKIE - as he does, we see that there's a GUN holstered to his waist. He speaks into the walkie. There are other men coming, from the direction of the HOUSE.

Elisha pulls a U and goes back the way she came. The BOY watches her go.

FADE TO

92 INT. ELISHA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER 92

Elisha drives back down the same road, the House dwindling in the distance. She spots something out of the corner of her eye - an old FM road, intersecting into the field. Overgrown, mostly forgotten. She makes a WILD TURN for it. We can see that it leads to -

93 EXT. ROUTE 121 - FOREST - DAY 93

Elisha gets out. In front of her is the FOREST - RAMBLING, OVERGROWN, and DANGEROUS. Fallen trunks and brambles everywhere, so thick you can barely see ten feet in. You can just feel your skin starting to itch.

She goes round to the trunk and pops it open, pulling out the RIFLE CASE, slinging it over her shoulder.

Stepping carefully down off the road. . .she enters.

94 EXT. ROUTE 121 - FOREST - LATER/ELSEWHERE 94

Elisha clears a rough way through brush and bramble, then stops just short of the sunlight - her eyes show curiosity.

She SEES just a few meters away a BIG METAL STORAGE CONTAINER

- rusty and corroded, nature growing up to reclaim it. Whispers in the air, when - the LITTLE GIRL (Elisha as a CHILD) runs past, barefoot and bloody. Muddy, everywhere. She stops, leaning against the Container for a second to catch her breath - then runs past Elisha, who watches her disappear.

FROM INSIDE THE CONTAINER

The big door opens, with some resistance. Just enough for Elisha to poke her way in. But, it's too dark to see anything. She pulls out her phone, turns on the FLASHLIGHT, illuminating - at the other end, a bank of computer MODEMS and SERVER SET-UPS, two COMPUTERS and a single swivel chair. There's a rat's nest of cables and cords crisscrossing the floor of the container, amid discarded beer cans. The lights blink in the dark. She takes out the CAMERA. Raises it to her face. Click. FLASH.

Elisha pulls her head back out into the light of day - and looks up into the trees, seeing the BLINKING RED LIGHT of a SECURITY CAMERA. And another, a little ways off. She SWINGS QUICKLY around the other side of the container, out of sight.

She thinks - and then turns, going to the back of the container. Looking at the ground. There, in the dirt, CABLES. She follows them with her eye, and the path they cut through the trees. Begins to walk along beside it.

95 EXT. ROUTE 121 - FOREST - LATER/ELSEWHERE

95

Further in. Still following the cables. Now, though - far off, visible through the trees, is the back of The Farm, and the work SHEDS.

She kneels down, pulls out a pair of small binoculars - and looks: a TALL CHAINLINK and BARBED WIRE fence surrounds the property, a small GATE set into it. Curiously, in the middle of her field of vision, there's a windmill right in the middle of the big back of the estate. Following up it, we find - a SKINNY MIDDLE-AGED MAN, back to us, sitting on a bird's nest platform. Another corn-fed boy mills around the back yard, smoking a cigarette.

Putting the binoculars back in her pocket, she clambers up and finds purchase on a higher angle. Looks again - now we see how BIG the estate is, and that the SHEDS are arranged in something like a crescent, and all of various shapes, sizes and materials. The Christmas tree lights are strung between them, along with other cables, all going back to the main house.

LITTLE GIRL

You remember what's down there?

She puts the binoculars down. SHAKES IT OFF.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Don't you?

ELISHA

Yes.

Dotting the yard are more SECURITY CAMERAS, and BULKY MEN with GUNS at every available space. It's a BUSY YARD.

There's the distant sound of a truck approaching, and from her angle Elisha can see just a glimpse of the front, as a new CHEVY stops and BILLY gets out, along with another man, bearded, bigger and much older and fierce-looking. His FATHER. BIG POPPA.

Elisha's heart STOPS. She lets the binoculars fall from her eyes. She crouches down and begins to hyperventilate. There are TEARS welling up in her eyes, and she has to bite her fist to not cry out. We can't tell if it's from panic or joy.

There he is. She's FOUND HIM.

She raises the binoculars again, and finds him hugging a severe-looking OLDER WOMAN, his MOTHER, BIG MOMMA, and getting slapped on the back of the head by a skinny, WEASELLY looking man, his BROTHER, DAVID, before entering the house, out of sight.

96 EXT. ROUTE 121 - FOREST - LATER/ELSEWHERE

96

Now even closer. It is late afternoon, verging on early twilight. Elisha walks with her hood up along the bare edge of the trees, smoking a cigarette, almost skirting the length of the fence, on top of which are more SECURITY CAMERAS. There's a noise, nearby.

She dives behind a tree and peers slightly out, just as - a BOHUNK exists the GATE in the fence, locking it tight behind him. He's holding a BINDER and a SIX-PACK. Poking out of the back of his pants is a GLOCK. He's WHISTLING gaily to himself as he turns and makes his way DOWN THE PATH, following the CABLES. PUSH IN on Elisha. She looks back at the gate, and MAKES a NOTE of this. A PLAN is forming.

CUT TO

97 LATER. SAME.

97

ANGLE ON

A surreal sight. BIG MOMMA, in BLACK MOURNING DRESS, flanked by one of the guards holding a HOG-SNARE, chatting with him and pushing a giant metal cart full of stacks and stacks of TV DINNERS, and jugs of water.

She steps into one of the SHEDS, and out of sight. Elisha waits a moment, and then darts to another spot - closer to the dogs. Something about them makes her pause.

The BONE they're chewing on. It looks like a human bone, a small human - a realization is dawning on Elisha just as: the DOGS notice her.

Their heads rear up, and they begin to BARK, jumping at the fence but their leashes keep them back. Elisha backs off deeper into the trees, out of sight. They keep barking.

Big Momma and the Guard exit. . .FROM TWO SHEDS OVER, curiously. How does that work?

She and the Guard leave the food tray for a moment and head over to the dogs, trying to calm them down, but they won't be arsed.

Big Momma looks up, into the trees. Staring hard. Her eyes are like iron.

ON ELISHA

Watching from the dark.

98 EXT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

98

Franky stands outside, knocking on Elisha's door. He waits. No response. Knocks again, harder.

FRANKY

Elisha! Come on, open up!

He looks along the left of the doorframe for a bell, finds none. For a second, he's no longer frustrated - just confused.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

People don't have doorbells anymore?

After a moment, he knocks again. Louder. Like a COP.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

ELISHA! OPEN THE DOOR!

He sighs, and sits down on the STAIRS. Rubs his hand through his hair.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

He looks out, over the guard-rail of the staircase. It lines up directly with Elisha's back-patio. The sliding door is unlocked.

THE BACK PATIO

As Franky drops down from the side-railing. He catches his breath for a moment and then peers inside the SLIDING DOOR.

His eyes widen, and he shoots the door back quickly, stepping inside -

99 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

99

- of the mess of Elisha's apartment in the cold light of afternoon. Everything destroyed. It looks like a bomb went off in here (didn't it?).

FRANKY

Elisha?

He steps over broken glass and looks around. Elisha stares back at him in the pictures on the wall, so happy and proud in her shooting contest outfit. Just a little girl.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Elisha! You here?

Franky enters the hallway, heading cautiously for the bedroom door. He looks at the trail of blood along the wall as he goes. BATHROOM

As he steps in and flips the light switch. Nothing happens. He looks up. The bulbs are shattered in their sockets. Turns

on the light and sees the pile of hair, standing water and brown stains on the floor beneath the sink.

He steps backward and his foot sinks an inch into the carpet. It's sopping wet.

BEDROOM

The walls are covered in holes. On the wall facing us directly, the pushpin board with the blueprints and photos of the BROTHEL.

He heads back out and stops, looking into the dark bathroom. He looks up into the mirror, seeing his reflection in the cracked, spidered surface, broken into a million pieces.

CUT TO

Franky sits down on the couch in the living room. Puts his head in his hands, slowly. Sobbing quietly.

FRANKY

(to himself, quiet)

I'm so fucking tired. . .of this bullshit.

He sighs, shoulders sagging - turns, sees the LAPTOP. He pulls it over onto his lap and opens it up. The screen comes on, illuminating his face in the gloomy dark. On the screen he's on GOOGLE. He opens up a secondary tab, Google Maps. Then Recent locations.

He starts laughing.

100 EXT. ROUTE 121 - FOREST - NIGHT

100

Elisha's eyes open. A distant sound. Screaming, yelling. She looks down to see, pulls out her binoculars. After a moment, she drops those - and instead brings out the CAMERA, presses RECORD and holds it up.

IN THE FARM (INTERCUT between Camera Viewfinder and Objective Viewpoint)

A WOMAN, running for dear life. Silhouetted in the glare of a giant SPOTLIGHT, FIGURES running after her. She comes into FOCUS as she HITS the FENCE. Trying for the gate. Face bloody, sweaty. Terrified. The GATE WON'T OPEN, no matter how hard she tries at it. It's LOCKED TIGHT. This is an act of sheer desperation.

The WOMAN looks behind her, then begins CLIMBING THE FENCE. What else can she do? More YELLING, now even more urgent. Elisha moves the SCOPE to reveal Big Poppa, Billy and several bigger guys in FLANNELS with GUNS out running after her, the SECURITY TEAM (all those good ol' boys with guns we've been seeing) in front with DOGS.

Big Poppa watches from the back porch. Motions Billy forward, gives him a GUN. Our view moves back to the WOMAN, she's close to the top of the fence now.

A moment of struggle on Elisha's face. With the branches around her, it looks almost like she's being held back.

BILLY in with the rest of the SEC TEAM now, trying to reach the WOMAN on the fence, but she's just too high. The DOGS are jumping for her legs - she's almost there. .then -

BLAM! A CRACK SHOT. Ellie's mouth hangs in brief shock. She raises the scope back again, just as -

THE WOMAN falls back to the ground, head gone. The DOGS go for her, but the SEC TEAM pulls them back. Elisha roves the SCOPE upward, toward the ROOF of the BIG HOUSE behind them all. She SEES the barest suggestion of the SNIPER'S FORM, his cigarette ember.

Down to Big Poppa again on the porch, and Big Momma beside him, who gives him a frustrated thumbs up.

White noise begins to filter in, obscuring the sounds of their voices. Big Poppa SLAPS Billy hard, YANKS the GUN out of his hands. We can't hear what he's saying, but he gestures to the WOMAN and to the YARD. We can make out him mouthing the words, "bury her."

101 EXT. ROUTE 121 - THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

101

Elisha has opened up the rifle case, and is loading it,

strapping it and making sure everything's in tip-top. We
PUSH IN.

WHISPERS

Elisha - are you ready?

She raises the RIFLE into frame, almost as an answer. Then gets up, swings it round her back, and starts walking - toward the glowing Christmas-tree lights of the FARM at night.

102 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

102

Franky, jammed up in traffic.

FRANKY

Come on. Come on. . .

He looks at the GPS display in his dashboard. A route to Granger. Then, back at the traffic.

It starts to move. He makes a break for the nearest SERVICE EXIT, and floors it.

103 EXT. THE COMPLEX - NIGHT

103

The same BOHUNK from before walks back toward the gate, whistling.

ON ELISHA

Behind a tree, mask on, only her eyes highlighted, as she LISTENS.

ANGLE ON

The Bohunk, as he unlocks the gate. He drops his keys; grunts as he down to pick them up - as he stands, we see: ELISHA behind him. He turns, sensing someone - but too late! She CLASPS her hand over his mouth and starts STABBING, VICIOUSLY. FEROCIOUSLY. He stumbles to the ground, and she goes with him - losing blood quick, he tries to crawl away, but it's a struggle - WAIT! What's that in his hand? It's a RADIO! He SHRIEKS into it -

BOHUNK

(coughing up blood)

She's here! She's here! At the gate -

BLAM! She SHOOTS HIM through the head. Grabs the keys. Scrambles OS. All at once, the SEARCHLIGHT swings around the YARD toward the gate - revealing it to be hanging open.

ANGLE ON

Elisha, just behind one of the SHEDS. Her face belies her thought process: "That wasn't part of the plan. Now what?"

104 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

104

UPPER HALLWAY

As Big Poppa and Big Momma emerge, walking purposefully. Poppa speaks into a walkie. We FOLLOW them down the stairs.

BIG POPPA
This is it. Any sight of her?

RADIO
No visual.

BIG POPPA
Keep sweeping.

BIG MOMMA
Who is this woman?

BIG POPPA
We're gonna find out. She's either suicidal or she's gonna wish she was.

LIVING ROOM

The two come into the big, oaken LIVING ROOM. We see, in the chairs and couches, the FAMILY, hunkered down.

BIG MOMMA
Waitamminute. Billy.
(beat)
Where's Billy?

INSERT CUT - Billy is staring intensely at the messy, makeshift GRAVE he dug for the GIRL.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)
(to Big Poppa)
He's still out there!

BIG POPPA
That goddamn retard, I -

BIG MOMMA
He's your son, you fucking asshole!

He puts his hand on her cheek.

BIG POPPA
He'll be fine.

DAVID
I'll go get 'em, Pa!

BIG POPPA
Keep your ass right there, son.
(into radio)
Eyes on for Billy. Get him to the

house, quick.

105 EXT. THE COMPLEX - NIGHT

105

ANGLE ON

Elisha, moving from SHADOW to SHADOW, from shed to machinery as the SEC TEAM ROVES out in the background, under glare of the SEARCHLIGHT.

Suddenly - she STOPS. COLD. She sees, far-off: the forlorn figure of Billy, still at the hole. Her expression changes. She becomes TRANSFIXED.

POV SHOT

An EXTREMELY SHALLOW depth of field, centered on Billy.

She walks OS.

ANGLE ON

The SNIPER in the bird's nest. He tightens his grip.

SNIPER
Eyes on Billy. . .

SNIPER-SCOPE POV

On Billy, from above. He TRACKS BACK to reveal Elisha, walking out into plain view, as if in a daze.

SNIPER (CONT'D)
Visual on the girl. She's going for
him. What the hell's she doing?

ELISHA'S POV

As she gets closer to Billy, the depth of field around him beginning to VIBRATE -

INSERT CUT - The SNIPER.

BIG POPPA
(on RADIO)
Shoot her, goddammit!

Back to Elisha.

ELISHA
Billy.

He turns, and we see his FACE is on FIRE, pulsing hideously with a SKULL visible underneath. Elisha raises the REVOLVER, when - BLAM! She's taken off her feet. BILLY RUNS. We PAN OVER to see - Elisha, gasping for air on the ground. She TEARS AWAY at her coat, revealing a BULLETPROOF VEST!

106 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

106

SNIPER
 (on RADIO)
 She's down!

Big Momma smiles, breathes a sigh of relief. David CLAPS his hands.

DAVID
 That was quick.

Big Poppa has an "I Told You So" look on his face. A BEAT.

SNIPER
 (on RADIO)
 Wait. She's gone!

His face drops.

107 EXT. THE COMPLEX - NIGHT

107

ANGLE ON BILLY

Running for dear life!

CUT TO

Elisha tries to catch her breath in the shadows of one of the SHEDS, hobbling slowly after BILLY; she turns a CORNER, just as TWO SEC-TEAMS come around, flashlights and guns drawn.

SEC 1
 She went this way!

She checks the REVOLVER CHAMBER and smiles deviously.

CUT TO
 As one of the SECs crosses into view -
 his head is BLOWN OFF!

The 2nd, a YOUNGER MAN, stumbles backward, covered in blood - Elisha POPS OUT around the corner. He FIRES, MISSES! She HITS HIM IN THE NECK! BLOOD SPURTS! Then - Boom! In the eye. She walks over to the body, and retrieves the buzzing WALKIE TALKIE. She LISTENS intently, and UNSLINGS the RIFLE.

SNIPER
 (on RADIO)
 She's down behind the 2nd SHED!

BIG POPPA
 (on RADIO)
 Any sign of Billy?

SNIPER
 (on RADIO)
 He ran into one of 'em, I can't -

She RUNS out of frame, and we WHIP PAN to follow her around the CORNER -

ANGLE ON SNIPER

BIG POPPA
(on RADIO)
You lost him?

SNIPER-SCOPE POV

As he roams the YARD, we see the roving SEC-TEAMS with the DOGS in tow closing in on Elisha, except. . .wait, where is she? We TRACK OVER the yard, until - in the corner of another SHED: There she is, aiming right at us with the RIFLE! BLAM!

The searchlight SHATTERS.

108 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT 108

Big Momma watches as the LIGHT goes out.

109 EXT. THE COMPLEX - NIGHT 109

The grounds are now lit only by the lights of the house, and the RED and GREEN Christmas lights strung up everywhere. Elisha moves out into view, RACKS UP another SHOT. THROUGH HER POV, we see her trying to achieve the SNIPER'S HEAD -

SUDDENLY - a METAL NOOSE slips around her neck! Tight! She's dragged back into the DARK!

It's one of the SECS, using a PIG-CATCHER. She PUSHES BACK at him - a STRUGGLE! He RAMS her into the WINDOW of the SHED; it SHATTERS. Her RIFLE goes flying. She GRABS HOLD of the metal pole, trying to tug it away. . .to no avail.

PIG SEC
I got you, bitch -

- wait, what's this? Elisha's FORCING HIM BACK into the wall of the building opposite. Holding him there, with gritted teeth. The HANDLE of the CATCHER is pressed into his neck, now, and she's got all her weight on it! He reaches for the gun in his pants. . .but, he didn't count on the REVOLVER. BLAM! To the kneecap! He relents, CRYING OUT! She SHOOTS him in the head - but, too late! From across the way, six others are already on the move! She YANKS the catcher from around her neck, as SHOTS zip by her from the encroaching FORCES - she DUCKS OUT, HITS ONE! But, it's too many!

Bullets tear at the wall beside her - she looks at the SHED'S shattered window with apprehension for just a beat before HOISTING HERSELF UP OVER the broken glass.

110 INT. THE COMPLEX - THIRD SHED - CONTINUOUS 110

She COLLAPSES to the floor, and scrambles behind a SHELF of

farm equipment and supplies. We see the ROVING LIGHTS of the SEC TEAM, playing over the shed. . .she stays still. A BEAT. TWO BEATS. Three, even. They move on. The radio BUZZES. She turns it down, holds it up to her ear.

RADIO

She's gone! We think she got into SHED 4, but no visual.

BIG POPPA

(on RADIO)

She's still inside. I promise. Get the keys.

Fuck. She gets up, looking quickly around - then spots, in the floor - a big METAL TRAP-DOOR, covered by BULK. We PUSH IN on it.

LITTLE GIRL

You remember what's down there?

She looks almost sick at the prospect but - not much choice. She moves the BULK and HEAVES at the trap-door. After some effort, it GIVES, revealing - a corrugated iron stairway, leading into an ABYSS. She looks, CONSIDERING.

Then, SOUNDS from outside, growing closer. She disappears into the HOLE, shutting the door behind her.

111 INT. THE COMPLEX - THIRD SHED - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 111

As she nears the landing. . .she stops, breath caught in her throat.

In front of her about ten young girls, pale and malnourished, all raise their heads wanly. In the dark, their faces loom out like ghosts.

They're chained to bare mattresses piled ontop of each other on the floor, separated by thin, ripped curtains. Some not even that - one raven-haired girl is chained to a radiator. All of them are in various states of undress, and their bodies are mostly a mixture of old bruises, whelps and what look like needle marks. . .

One of them raises a hand.

ELISHA

(whispering)

Wait. Don't move.

She raises the CAMERA to her face. Focusing. She CLICKS, illuminating the ROOM for a half-second. Then, again. The GIRLS faces stand out ghoulishly.

She walks forward, into the mass. Their hands reaching out for her, ineffectually.

When they speak, it comes out slurred and broken.

GIRL
Who're. . .who're you?

GIRL 2
Do you have any food?

GIRL 5
You smell like outside.

She looks away, toward the wall beside her. . .her eyes squint. She sees something.

A place in the wall where the rotted paint is peeled away slightly. Just a small, dark spot. And, there - five thin marks with another slashed diagonally through them.

She traces it with her finger. Begins peeling more of the paint off the wall. More marks are revealed.

INSERT CUT - the LITTLE GIRL's finger-nail, etching the marks in the wall, finger bleeding. Her face a thousand yard stare that we recognize.

The same one on Elisha's face now. She realizes. Puts her hand to her MOUTH. This could be overwhelming.

YVETTE
Are you okay?

Elisha turns. A young MIDDLE EASTERN GIRL is at her side.

ELISHA
(her mood softens; puts on a big girl face for the kid)
I'll be okay. Thank you for asking.
What's your name?

YVETTE
I'm Yvette.

ELISHA
How long have you been here?

YVETTE
I don't know. I can't remember since when.

ELISHA
I used to live here, too. A long time ago.
(beat)
Your parents probably miss you, very much.

YVETTE
I hope so.

ELISHA

They do.

(beat)

Is there another way out of here?

YVETTE

Only the way the old woman goes. We
come in through there.

She POINTS to - a rusted IRON DOOR, set into the wall. No
lock. Elisha gets up.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Are you going?

Elisha looks back at her.

ELISHA

I'll be back. I promise.

(beat)

It's gonna be okay.

She STICKS HER TONGUE out at the little girl.

YVETTE

(as she leaves)

No it won't.

112 INT. THE COMPLEX - TUNNELS - NIGHT

112

A makeshift pathway snakes through, lit only by WORKLIGHTS at
intermittent points. She walks uncertainly along, holding the
rifle out in front of her - listening. The BUZZ of the radio
fills the silence. Elisha RAISES the CAMERA, takes a

PICTURE. A FLASH.

A SOUND up ahead. A VOICE, begging for answers. It's BILLY.

BILLY

(os)

Don't make me ask twice. Please.

She GRIPS the gun tighter, follow it as it grows louder. . .

BILLY (CONT'D)

(os)

I know you know who I'm talking about

-

113 INT. THE COMPLEX - FIFTH SHED - CONTINUOUS

113

BILLY is standing in the middle of a ROOM full of teenaged
GIRLS.

TEENAGE GIRL

Where's my sister? What happened to
her?

BILLY
I'm - I'm sorry, she -

TEENAGE GIRL
(breaking up)
Did you kill her?

All eyes turn from Billy. A METAL GROAN.

He turns. Seeing Elisha. A ghostly white face with her rifle pointed straight at his head, emerging from the door in the wall.

She steps forward, breathing hard. A beat. After all this time. . .

ELISHA
(quietly)
Do you remember me?

From her perspective, we see - BILLY as she remembers him, demonic WINGS spring from his back. A CROWN of FIRE. A GHOSTLY FACE, wavering on the air. . .a second. Then, all at once - it dissipates.

Like a massive EXPLOSION she LUNGES at him, screaming like a BANSHEE FROM HELL. Eyes MAD with FIRE. Slashing, tearing - cutting his face. He clutches at his eyes, stumbles. His GUN falls, GOING OFF against the wall. Blood everywhere.

The GIRLS all scream. She doesn't stop.

He swings at her, wildly - misses, and she knocks him back. He falls, two girls move quickly out of the way, and she clambers on top of him, pulling the REVOLVER out in one fell swoop, pushing it hard into his forehead.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Look at me, before I kill you. Look at my face.
(beat)
What do you see?

There's a beat.

BILLY
PA, HELP! SHE'S HERE! HELP ME PLEASE!
SHED 5! SHED 5!

He screams. Loud. A SCARED, confused YELP. She stares down at him, breathing like an ox. . .then looks down at the radio, red light STILL ON.

RADIO
Heard it. Shed 5.

She wrenches him up off the ground. Getting behind him, her arm around his neck, gun to his temple.

Already, there's the sound of feet pounding the grass. . .

114 EXT. THE COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

114

ANGLE ON

The Sniper, grunting as he SCREWS IN another lightbulb into the SEARCH-LIGHT.

Elisha and Billy step out onto the threshold of the shed. She's got Billy in a chokehold, gun to his temple. Suddenly, BLINDING LIGHT. They squint. Her eyes adjust, and narrow.

From a HIGH ANGLE, reveal: THE FAMILY, walking in a straight line across the grounds, backlit by the SPOTLIGHT. Slow, assured. Their SHADOWS stretch long over the grass. We CRANE DOWN slowly - coming in ever-closer on the two in front. BIG POPPA and BIG MOMMA, their faces IMPASSIVE. The rest are armed.

Elisha COCKS the REVOLVER. Her eyes DART from one Family member to the next. A BEAD of sweat rolls down Billy's cheek.

The TEN of them come to a STOP in a line - all in silhouette. Wind ruffles everyone's clothes. BIG MOMMA adjusts her coat. The DOGS GROWL.

The TENSION is razor-sharp. Elisha GRASPS Billy tighter, and pushes the GUN into his head for EMPHASIS. She's like a cornered animal.

BILLY

Pa, help me - she's gonna. . .she's gonna kill me. . .

FATHER

Shut up, boy. Goddamn, tonight just keeps getting better.

(beat)

What d'you want with Billy, girl?

Elisha remains silent. The wind rustles.

ELISHA

I've been looking for him a long time. He took something from me.

FATHER

Sorry, little sister. That's just not gonna happen. Not on my farm.

BILLY

Pa. . .

FATHER

Billy.

(beat)

Look here bitch, let me make this

clear. You're not leaving this place.

(beat)

You come onto my farm. We deal with trespassers in our own way here.

You've killed. . . a whole lot of my family tonight.

(beat; real, real angry)

You're about to see some punishment.

Elisha doesn't move an inch. Her nostrils flare. Billy yelps.

BILLY

Pa, she's -

BIG POPPA

Shut. Up. You little mongoloid.

Big Momma steps forward.

BIG MOMMA

Look at you. "Is this Big Momma? I'm coming to kill you."

(beat)

Who do you think you are?

ELISHA

You must be Big Momma.

(beat; right at her)

Night's not over yet.

Big Momma's face drops.

BIG MOMMA

(cold as ice)

Let go my son.

ELISHA

No.

BIG MOMMA

Do you know who we are? We're bad -

ELISHA

I know exactly who you are.

BIG MOMMA

Not yet you don't.

Big Poppa makes a motion toward David, who moves forward -

Suddenly, the DING of the GUN BELL - in one movement Elisha SHOOTS in a WIDE ARC - hitting three GUARDS. And BIG POPPA. His eyes go wide. BIG MOMMA reacts, as he FALLS AGAINST HER. It's slow-motion. BIG POPPA hits the ground, DEAD; half his head gone. Billy SCREAMS; Big Momma GAPES. A TABLEAUX. The OTHERS approach fast, drawing their guns - and SUDDENLY, we see what all that practice was for.

She PUSHES Billy out in front of her, and PULLS out the REVOLVER - SHOOTS FOUR OF THEM, RHYTHMIC, RELOADS and SHOOTS THREE MORE before JUMPING into the gunsmoke and confusion -

- PULLING Billy back by his shirt collar to the ground, SLIDING in the DUST.

ELISHA
Don't struggle. Don't move.
(beat)
The back gate. Go.

She PUSHES him along quick - the men who remain standing TAKE AIM and SHOOT - but BIG MOMMA leaps out front, pulling down their gun-barrels with abandon.

BIG MOMMA
Stop shooting! Stop! She's got Billy!
You're gonna hit him!

Elisha stops - turns. Looks Big Momma in the eyes, in particular.

ELISHA
Don't follow me.

Big Momma FALLS to her knees.

Elisha and Billy hit the double-layer FENCE she came through. As she PUSHES him through, A FLARE LIGHTS UP THE SKY in RED.

BIG MOMMA
No, we'll lose her.
(beat; to David)
David. . .your brother. The Cousins.

DAVID
They're already on the way, momma.

115 EXT. ROUTE 121 - THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

115

. . .ELISHA, running. She THROWS BILLY against a TREE, GUN to his head.

ELISHA
Knees. Now.

Cop procedure. He turns around.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Hands on your hand. Do it.

He's moving too slow. She kicks his legs out.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
I said KNEES!

She PULLS OUT two zip-ties, and zips his hands together.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Get up. If you run, I'll kill you.

(beat)

What's the fastest way out of here?

BILLY

FUCK. YOU!

She CRACKS HIM on the back of the head with the REVOLVER. He TURNS, as she raises the GUN again, puts his hand in front of his face.

ELISHA

Now.

CUT TO

116 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 116

Franky, looking desperate. Driving down ROUTE 121. Checking the PHONE on the dash. In the FAR DISTANCE - THE FARM, now all LIT UP.

CUT TO

117 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - NIGHT 117

- as Elisha PUSHES BILLY into the backseat, and he collapses. She GETS IN, quick.

CUT TO

118 EXT. ROUTE 121 - THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS 118

She PULLS A WILD BURNOUT, getting out of DODGE.

119 INT. ELISHA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 119

Billy's thrown against the back window. Upfront, Elisha is sweating, breathing heavy. Pressing the GAS.

BILLY

Just. . .just can you tell me who you are?

ELISHA

Shut up.

INSERT CUT - The ROAD, barring down on US.

120 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 120

Franky, standing on the side of the road from The Farm, looking at his PHONE. This is definitely IT. But - inside the gate, a FRENZY of activity. Men with GUNS.

He hears the ROAR of a distant ENGINE - turns, seeing a lone pair of headlights HAULING ASS, far off.

FRANKY

Shit.

He HOPS BACK IN, hurriedly.

121 INT. ELISHA'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 121

In the BACKSEAT, Billy strains against his ties, face
CONTORTING.

WAAAAAY up the road, there are GROUPS of HEADLIGHTS.

BILLY gets his arms under his legs. ELISHA doesn't notice -

- and SUDDENLY, his zip-tied arms are AROUND HER NECK. TIGHT.
He's SCREAMING.

BILLY

YOU SHOULD'VE PUT ME IN THE GODDAMN
TRUNK!

She reaches up to get him off, PUNCHES HIM in the side of the
head - but, the CAR VEERS WILDLY -

122 EXT. ROUTE 121 - CONTINUOUS 122

- right into a DITCH at the side of the road. FAR OFF, the
headlights are getting closer.

123 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 123

In the backseat, BILLY's on his side. Breathing heavy. He
starts KICKING at the door. At the WINDOW. ELISHA's in the
front seat. Not moving.

The WINDOW BREAKS. SHATTERS. He starts SCOOTING on his ASS
toward it, LEGS OUT FIRST -

124 EXT. ROUTE 121 - CONTINUOUS 124

. . .as he SHIMMIES OUT, FALLING FACE-FIRST onto the grass.

125 INT. ELISHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 125

Elisha wakes up. There's blood on her face. Looks out the
WINDOW. BILLY's running -

WHISPERS

(echoey, first)

Kill him.

(distinct, upfront)

Kill him.

She GRABS the RIFLE on the seat beside her, and gets out.

126 EXT. ROUTE 121 - CONTINUOUS 126

She checks the RIFLE, making sure it's loaded. Billy's made

it toward the other side of the road, and the FIELDS, but he's making good time at all. He's HOBBLING. But then, so is she. Her walk now has a distinct HITCH.

The music becomes distorted - repetitive, melting with THE WHISPERS urging her on in BLOODLUST. The Falcon Project's "Meditations 3: The Secret Life of Plants." This is her climax.

We PULL OUT to Elisha, walking toward the lip of the FIELD. Steady, like a METRONOME. Methodical.

She STOPS, raises the RIFLE. Billy is LIMPING through the tall grass. She SHOOTS - and misses. He DIVERTS his path, going the other way.

She begins to walk into the field, down the hill, keeping aim. SHOOTS AGAIN - and he changes direction once more. She's LEADING him. Crack shot. Playing with him.

She takes a SHOT - HITS HIM IN THE SHOULDER! He SCREAMS, and falls.

ELISHA

Stop.

He tries to scramble up, but to no avail - she KICKS him in the stomach, and he falls onto his back. She's ON TOP of him.

He THROWS DUST IN HER FACE, tries to grab the gun, to wrestle her down, anything - it doesn't work. To be fair, it's ALMOST a real struggle. Until she STICKS A FINGER in his BULLET HOLE, and wiggles it around. He SCREAMS like a little girl.

They're both BLEEDING. DIRTY. SWEATY. She looks like a DEMON.

Elisha raises the RIFLE. Pointing it at his FACE. He squeezes his eyes SHUT, turns away -

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Look at me, Billy. Open your eyes and
LOOK AT ME!

BILLY

Why are you doing this? I don't even
know who you are!

ELISHA

You want to know who I am? I'll tell
you who I am, Billy.

Just as she cocks the RIFLE - headlights illuminate the road. A CAR PULLS UP.

FRANKY

(os)

ELISHA!

BILLY
Elisha?

CUT TO

FRANKY, running around his car, toward the field. He stops, looking at the headlights. There's a RED AND BLUE tinge to them. The SCENE from his perspective.

FRANKY
ELISHA, STOP!

Slowly, she cranes her head to look at him. Eyes wide, like something out of a shock-horror film.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Elisha - what are you doing?
(beat)
Put the. . .put the gun down.

ELISHA
I can't.

FRANKY
Yes you can. Yes you can. It's okay.

He inches closer, his hand toward the rifle.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
Who is that?

BILLY
Elisha? It's. . .it's you.

She puts her gloved hand over his mouth. Stumbles to make words, but then -

ELISHA
It's him, Franky. It's Billy. Billy Marqs.
(beat)
I caught him.

A brief WASH of emotions comes over Franky's face. He and Billy look at each other. He starts laughing.

FRANKY
Well, goddamn. Cops are coming. Let's get him in the trunk.

ELISHA
What?

FRANKY
Come on!

CUT TO

Franky's TRUNK swings up - it's basically empty. Elisha points the RIFLE at BILLY, motions to the trunk.

ELISHA
Guess you were right. Get in.

He does, slowly.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Franky, go quick - my glovebox.
Chloroform.

Franky looks at her.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Do it!

It's real ticking clock action, right now - he RUNS across the road, to her car. Opens the door, undoes the GLOVEBOX. Finds the BOTTLE. Retrieves it.

Meanwhile - Billy's kneeling in the trunk.

BILLY
Elisha. Elisha, wait. Wait wait wait -
listen to me, please -

Franky returns.

ELISHA
Got a rag? Something?

Carefully, Franky retrieves an old SHIRT from the trunk.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Pour it on. Not too much. Put it on
his face.

BILLY
Wait, don't -

She levels the rifle at him as Franky hurriedly does so, spilling chloroform. Then, awkwardly - he shoves the SHIRT over Billy's mouth. He struggles at first. . .

Elisha COCKS the rifle. Points it at his head.

ELISHA
Breathe it in. Breathe deep.

Under duress, he DOES.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Again.

He does. She hasn't blinked, this entire sequence.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Again.

He slumps, eyes fluttering. Breathing raspy. She waits a beat, making sure.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

SLAM! She SHUTS the trunk. We HOLD ON IT.

FRANKY

(os)

Get in the back!

CUT TO

LOW ANGLE ON - FRANKY'S car, pulling back onto the road.

127 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

127

SIRENS NOW.

FRANKY

Get down low. Low as you can.

She wedges herself onto the floorboards - just as: a LINE OF POLICE CARS, LIGHTS FLASHING, ZOOMS PAST in the opposite direction.

Franky's grasp on the wheel is tenuous. Sweaty. But he keeps an even pace. He BOUNCES his hand against the window to silent music.

Elisha listens to the sirens pass, cradling her REVOLVER, rifle between her legs.

Franky EXHALES.

ELISHA

There'll be more. Don't stop driving until you see the owl building.

He nods. The look in his eyes says that none of this went how he thought it would. He looks shocked. At himself.

128 EXT. ROUTE 121 - NIGHT

128

The POLICE CARS, surrounding ELISHA's WRECKED PINTO. Officers are MOVING over and around it.

ON A HEAVY SET, BALD OFFICER. Puffing on a cigarette.

As he observes the TIRE TRACKS. The TWO TRAILS of BLOOD. He GRUNTS. We don't know it yet, but this is THE RIFLEMAN. He turns to the OFFICER next to him. Points to the Pinto.

RIFLEMAN

Hitch it up. We'll tow it back up to
The Farm.

He follows the trail of BLOOD back out of the grass - to the
point where it STOPS. He looks up, out into the dark.

RIFLEMAN (CONT'D)
Now where'd you run off to?

129 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

129

Closer now to civilization. Elisha CLAMBERS up front.

ELISHA
Franky. . .I would've died just then.
Thank you.

He smiles, but says nothing. His eyes are still fixed on the
road.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
I didn't want you to get involved.

FRANKY
(a bit sarcastically)
I didn't want to either.

ELISHA
Why're you helping me?

He's quiet, for a second. He looks at her.

FRANKY
They were my parents too.
(beat)
You think you're the only one who -
(he loses it)
Where. . .where are we going now?

ELISHA
I know a place.

FRANKY
What was your plan?

ELISHA
To kill him. After a while.

There's a beat.

FRANKY
Tell me everything. Maybe we can think
of something better.

130 EXT. THE COMPLEX - NIGHT

130

A SLOW PAN DOWN - as the POLICE CARS and GUARD VANS file in through the gate, lugging behind them on a tow-truck ELISHA'S WRECKED CAR. We END on Big Momma's sad, broken face, still mourning over Big Poppa, cradling his bloody body.

An OFFICER approaches. His SHADOW falling over her. He KNEELS DOWN. The RIFLEMAN.

RIFLEMAN
I'm so sorry, Momma.

She nods, tear-streaked. Looks at him, fiery intensity through grief. She GRIPS his SHOULDER.

BIG MOMMA
I want her.

RIFLEMAN
I'll get her.

He HUGS HER. Then, looking off-screen.

RIFLEMAN (CONT'D)
David.

The BROTHER.

RIFLEMAN (CONT'D)
I'm gunna talk to David for a minute,
Momma. I'll be back.

He gets up. Catches up to DAVID. Eventually the two of them fall into step - old buddies. Rifleman puts his arm around David. They start talking.

DAVID
It's pretty bad.

RIFLEMAN
Ayup.

DAVID
Probably gonna get worse.

RIFLEMAN
Ayup. She ain't done yet. Not by a
damn sight.

HOLD on the TABLEAUX of the FARM in chaos, and these two men, and the GRIEVING MATRIARCH.

CUT TO BLACK

Silent at first, then noise like we're under water. Emerging out of the VOID -

TITLES
Part Three:

It fades.

TITLE
(S)he War.

It fades.

Gradually, details begin to RESOLVE into focus - a HEAVY BLACK SHAPE in front of us -

ELISHA
(crystal clear)
Wake up.

We GET SMACKED. ELISHA is looking us dead in the eyes, her expression completely neutral. We're in -

131 INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - MORNING

131

Cold light filters in through broken windows. ELISHA is crouched in her heavy coat, gun dangling between her legs. In front of her is BILLY, lying against an old RADIATOR. He LUNGES at her - but, he can't REACH. He's CHAINED TIGHT to the radiator with just enough give for necessary movement.

She GETS UP, busying herself with something we can't quite see at the other end of the room.

BILLY
What is this?!
(beat)
Hey! What in the fuck is this?!
(beat; off blood on his hands)
I. . .I'm bleeding. I'm dizzy, I'm
real fuzzy, just -

ELISHA
Your head'll clear up in a second.

BILLY
(beat)
Look, let me go. I can get you money,
I can -
(beat)
Look at me! Just - just look at me.
TALK TO ME! Please.

She turns, silhouetted in SHADOW save for her eyes. There's something behind her back -

ELISHA
What's my name, Billy?

He's silent.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
SAY IT!

BILLY

Elisha. You're the Johnson girl.

ELISHA

That's right. We're all alone now, Billy. This is just like you used to tell me. Down there in the dark. You remember?

(beat)

There's no one else here but you and me.

She approaches, LOOMING OVER HIM - A MURNAU-esque SHADOW, slowly growing over all.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

How does it feel to be powerless, Billy? Does it feel familiar?

Billy looks at her with PRIMAL FEAR writ large on his face. She RAISES what looks like a big stick -

132 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

132

Crisp. There's a thin layer of snow on the ground - it never lasts. The sun is rising, over the trees. Nature sounds and traffic. Franky's car PULLS UP.

After a moment, he steps into view. Bags under his eyes. He slings a travel bag over his shoulder, and walks toward the WAREHOUSE.

133 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

133

The travel bag FLOPS onto a discarded, ripped up plastic TABLE amid the wreckage. FRANKY fishes into his pockets and pulls out a pack of CIGARETTES - lights one and takes a deep, deep drag. There's the distant sound of YELLING, screaming coming from somewhere DEEPER IN. He looks OFF in it's direction -

134 INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY

134

BILLY sags. BEATEN. Hyperventilating. Blood drips from his lip onto the floorboards. We can't see what all she's done to him, yet.

She's clearly enjoying the experience (shades of Tom Noonan in Manhunter, here). Franky enters, behind her. She turns.

ELISHA

(nonchalant)

Oh, hey.

He NODS.

FRANKY

I brought food, and -

Billy RAISES his HEAD.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. . .

BILLY's face is FUCKED RIGHT THE HELL UP. His right EYE is SWELLING SHUT - lips PUFFING. Blood EVERYWHERE.

Franky ducks under her arm and grabs the SWITCH out of her hand, pushes her back.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
It' time to stop.

ELISHA
Not yet it's not.

FRANKY
For right now, just - come on, I brought food.

A beat of tension. She relents. Her eyes CLEAR. She NODS.

ELISHA
I'll be back, Billy.

Billy's head has fallen back onto his chest. All we can hear is the broken rasp of his breathing.

135 EXT. THE FARM - DAY

135

The snow is already melting fast as the sun rises higher. On the PATIO, sitting in an old-fashioned PORCH-SWING, is BIG MOMMA, sandwiched inbetween two FAMILY members- big, brawny good ol' boys. All three are dressed in fine mourning clothes. Her head is resting on one's shoulder.

The one on the right stands up, as - in the driveway, through the GATE, FIVE POLICE CARS come through in rough procession.

FAMILY 1
That's them. Momma.

The one she's sleeping on NUDGES her, and she WAKES.

BIG MOMMA
Ah, I'm sorry. I was dreaming of my - go get the girl ready, son.

He gets up and goes off, as she comes down the front steps. The POLICE CARS pull to a stop around her, stirring up the SNOW. She looks very small next to them.

From the nearest one, the DRIVER gets out. It's the RIFLEMAN from last night, in day-clothes. He's got a pair of those dorky, pointy sunglasses you see every hillbilly and fly-

fisher wear, and a COWBOY HAT. Conservative boots.
 He TIPS it to BIG MOMMA, a true Southern gentleman.

RIFLEMAN

Momma.

He HUGS her. For just a second, she SAGS, burying her head in his shoulder - is she sobbing? We can see, on closer inspection, there are little rebel flags on the side of his glasses. Behind him, the others are getting out.

BIG MOMMA

We're ready for you inside.

136 INT. THE FARM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

136

A TABLEAUX in the best Kurosawa tradition - rough-looking good ol' boys and well-mannered crew-cuts gathered around a LONG, new-looking CONFERENCE TABLE. In the middle are several pitchers of water. Perhaps a SNACK TRAY, and a container for some (very cheap) beer. In the CENTER is BIG MOMMA.

Currently, someone is going around passing out MANILA FOLDERS. BIG MOMMA is no stranger to these types of gatherings, but she's barely holding it together right now. Every word trembles with power and sadness.

BIG MOMMA

This is what we know about her. It'll surprise you, I promise. Open up.
 Read.

They do. Over their shoulders, we see - pictures of ELISHA. MEDICAL HISTORY. Criminal history.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

That's Elisha Johnson. Remember her? Three nights ago, she killed Big Poppa and ten others. Two weeks before that, she took out Brian at the place off I-35. Shot him in the back of the head. We lost product because of her that night.

SHERIFF

Is this. . .that Elisha Johnson?

BIG MOMMA

Yes it is. David and Shanelle Johnson's girl. The one who escaped. The one who put Billy away.

(partly shock)

I don't know how she found us, but she did.

(back to business)

Here's the particulars. If you look at what's in front of you, you'll see

she's . . .not a well person. In and out of foster homes, juvenile hall twice. Stabbed a kid with an ice-pick when she was 15. Killed a man in college. Ruled justifiable.

(beat)

Here's the problem, though - mommy and daddy were gun nuts, of the liberal kind. They trained her up real well. She was a championship sharp-shooter from age eight to twelve. Apparently, she kept in practice. You were there last night, David. What was she like?

David looks up, surprised to be acknowledged. At recalling, he looks sick.

DAVID

. . .Everyone's dead. She killed everyone. Like it wasn't nothing.

BIG MOMMA

Like it wasn't nothing. That's right.

(beat; reliving it)

Last night, after she. . .after she murdered my husband, and our family, she - she took Billy. But fortunately, she must not be too smart. Dumb bitch left her car behind. And her in glovebox - guess what we found? License plate. We know where she lives. Where she works.

(beat)

You all know what to do. I want her here, alive. Forty-eight hours or less.

A quiet beat. BIG MOMMA looks out at the room then suddenly stands up.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

And I want her to suffer. Do you understand me? (beat; quiet) DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!

She accentuates each now by hitting the table with her finger.

ALL

(murmer)

Yes, Big Momma. No doubt, bitch is dead, etc.

BIG MOMMA

John Jay will coordinate the operation, once we're back in town.

Rifleman acknowledges.

RIFLEMAN

Sorry, mom. We?

BIG MOMMA

Of course. This cunt. . . belongs to me.

RIFLEMAN

Understood.

She settles with a FLOP back into her chair, smooths back her frizzy hair.

BIG MOMMA

If you're successful in aiding in her capture, each of you will receive. . .

Off her look, they all turn - looking at the other side of the room we haven't seen, where: a YOUNG GIRL, about eleven or twelve, sits in a wheelchair. Hooked up to an IV. Breathing heavy, basically unconscious. DROOLING.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

One of ours. At any Tanner stage. Free installment. My gift.

They're all basically licking their chops, looking at the girl.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

You all know where to start. Let's go.

She rises, as do they all.

137 EXT. THE FARM - DAY

137

RIFLEMAN stands by the front door, as David exits. They come down off the veranda, toward the CARS. Everyone's loading up - the FARMBOYS into their TRUCKS, the POLICE into their cruisers.

RIFLEMAN

Riding with me?

DAVID

You know it.

RIFLEMAN

Just like old times.

DAVID

Damn straight.

RIFLEMAN

Say, I don't know if your momma comin' with is such a good idea. I mean, it's her operation and all, but if this lady's as dangerous as y'all say,

maybe you might wanna -

They stop, just outside Rifleman's police car. Both of them looking at BIG MOMMA, as a police officer holds the passenger door on his cruiser open for her.

DAVID

Awh, you know Momma. You can't stop her for nothin'.

RIFLEMAN

Not wrong there. I suspect her and this girl have that in common.

David looks at him.

DAVID

She killed my pa, JJ.

They get in the car.

138 INT. RIFLEMAN'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

138

RIFLEMAN

I didn't mean anything by it. Besides, as I recall you weren't too fond of the old man, anyhow.

DAVID

I wasn't. But he was still my pa.

RIFLEMAN

Elisha Johnson, huh? Ever thought you'd see her again?

DAVID

Oh, sure. Just not so soon. If she hadn't found us, we'd have found her.

(beat)

Now you got me anxious. Get a detail around mom, at all times. This girl can shoot.

RIFLEMAN

Yeah?

Out the window, the cars are driving through the gate. Rifleman puts the car into gear.

RIFLEMAN (CONT'D)

Better than me?

DAVID

Tough to say.

RIFLEMAN

Ha! No one's better than me, David.

He turns to the road. Then points his finger at David, not looking at him.

RIFLEMAN (CONT'D)

No. One.

139 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

139

FRANKY

Listen, if you fuck him up too much, we've got nothing.

ELISHA

He can take it. I did.

(beat)

You got everything? The memory cards, the camera.

FRANKY

Yeah. Any word from your journalist friend?

ELISHA

Not yet. Look, you know this better way of yours - you know when it's done, I'm still going to kill him, don't you?

FRANKY

They're gonna put you away. Or worse, if what you're saying is true.

ELISHA

They're gonna do that anyway.

FRANKY

Then what? Without you and what you've seen, all this is for nothing.

(beat - off the look in her eye)

Elisha - how long have you been off your - ?

ELISHA

Don't ask me that. Don't.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

(beat)

You remember this place, right? I mean you were only a baby, so maybe not. Mom and dad used to take me here to shoot. Right over there, look -

She POINTS OFF to where her makeshift shooting range is set up, now covered in snow.

FRANKY

Elisha.

She looks at him, dead in the eye.

ELISHA

I don't need them anymore.

She walks off. The look on Franky's face reads: "oh, fuck it."

FRANKY

Hey! Hey, wait a second, goddammit!
Turn around. I'm finna take you to
task, right fast.

She turns.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

(progressively angrier)

How you gonna barely talk to me, leave
me in the dark for basically two
months, and then I find out you're
running around playing Ms. 45 and you
expect me to not think you're doing
the same shit you used to do?

(beat)

You know what that did to me? I just
get these cryptic texts and that weird-
ass phone call two weeks ago and now I
find out you killed like what. .
.eleven people?

ELISHA

At least.

FRANKY

(off-guard, but back on it quick)

So, fuck you for that. Yeah? Fuck you.
You even think what this shit's gonna
do to our family?

ELISHA

We don't have a family, Franky. Ain't
none of them talked to us in years,
you know that. They don't know why you
stick around me.

FRANKY

'cause you're my sister! Same reason
I'm here right now.

(beat)

How could you even ask that? I'm finna
go to jail with yo' ass if we don't
pull this off and you ain't even asked
me how the fuck I'm dealing with that
shit -

ELISHA

That's why I didn't call you. That's
the end, here. That's how it is.

(beat)
 Franky. I see things. . .differently
 now. They've been helping me, you
 know?

(she taps her head)
 And, I realized something. I've always
 asked too much of you. You'd be better
 off without me. You always would've.

(beat)
 I ain't got nothing else but this. I
 never did. That's why nothing else
 ever. . .ever worked out.

(beat; off his look)
 I'm okay with that. But, I ain't okay
 with you throwing everything away. I
 got this. What you need'a do is get
 out of town.

Franky's about to cry, if he isn't already. Feels good to be
 acknowledged like that. But, he bucks up and brushes it off.
 He grabs her by the neck - they TOUCH FOREHEADS.

FRANKY

Never. Listen - ask yourself. What's
 more important: him or those girls up
 at the Farm? Right?

(beat)
 You know the answer. If you kill him,
 that's it.

ELISHA

Think you can get him to talk?

FRANKY

Shit, better 'n you can, probably.

ELISHA

If you can, let's do this. I've got
 everything I've collected on their
 place in the city at mine. After, we
 go and pick that up, and get this off
 to Shelly.

FRANKY

Then?

ELISHA

Then we'll see.

CUT TO

140 INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY

140

Without a word, the two of them come back in - Franky's
 holding a TRIPOD and a backpack. Soundlessly, he starts
 setting them up. Elisha stands at the back of the room, in
 shadow. Billy STIRS.

Franky clicks the SMALL DIGICAM in place on top of the TRIPOD.

FRANKY

Billy?

He goes over, kneels down in front of Billy.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

You thirsty? You want some water?

Billy nods. Franky slides him a jug. He takes a long DREG.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

We need you to talk, Franky. Tell us everything. About your Family. About the way they do business.

Billy SPITS blood on the ground.

BILLY

I can't see straight.

FRANKY

Here.

Franky pulls a rag from somewhere, dabs the blood out of his eyes.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

Better?

He nods, carefully.

BILLY

Listen. You. . .you don't hafta threaten me. Or cajole me.

(beat)

I hate my family. I hate everything about my family.

(beat; he looks at Elisha)

I don't really like you either. . .but I understand why you're doing this.

(to Franky)

You got a cigarette?

Franky pulls one out. Gives it to him, and lights it. Billy's posture becomes somewhat more refined.

BILLY (CONT'D)

If you would've just let me talk for a second. . .

(beat)

I'm sorry for what I did to both of you. Especially you.

(beat)

I had a lot of time in prison to come to terms with what I am. A lot of time

to read I didn't get before.

(beat)

I took your parents away. I did terrible things to you. All 'cause my parents asked me to. And then they. . . sold me up the river, there. They never did like me much anyway. They figured me for stupid. So, I did it for nothing.

(beat)

I slit my wrists a few times. I was self-aware enough to realize I could make there be one less monster in the world.

He holds his WRISTS up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Didn't work, though. Jesus had a different plan for me, I guess.

FRANKY

(dubious; looks back at Elisha)
Jesus?

BILLY

Yeah. Christ. Our Lord and Savior. Maybe this is it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(off his look)

I am going to hell, don't you worry. Better hell than back with them.

(beat)

'course, maybe that's the pills talking. I'm on a lot of pills now. That probably helps.

(beat; off both of them)

I've been trying to figure out what I could do, who I could talk to, since I got out that could do something. But, they're everywhere.

ELISHA

No they're not.

She steps out of the shadows.

BILLY

Elisha Johnson. Ellie. I remember you. I still have the scar you gave me.

He PULLS his shirt up, revealing a deep GOUGE, healed by time.

ELISHA

Likewise.

SUDDENLY, he GRABS her hand. Puts it to his broken, bleeding face. She REARS back.

BILLY
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. . .
(beat)
Can you ever forgive me?

Elisha and Franky look at each other, unsure of what to do.

141 INT. SHELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

141

ON SHELLY

He's on his COMPUTER, typing away when. . .his phone buzzes. He opens. It's a text, reading: "I need a list of questions for Billy Marqs." He thinks for a moment. Then: "Now."

142 INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY

142

ON THE CAMERA LENS

. . .as it springs to life. It's only a small digicam.

ELISHA
(os)
Am I in frame?

FRANKY
No. Okay, go.

Franky steps out from behind. PULL OUT TO reveal: Elisha, standing over Billy in a folding chair. We see the SHOT in the CAMERA, framed only to catch him from the waist-up in a tight MEDIUM SHOT.

ELISHA
State your name, for the camera.

BILLY
(at the camera)
Billy Marqs.

ELISHA
Are you being held against your will?

He looks at her. She looks at Franky.

BILLY
No.

ELISHA
Are you being coerced?

BILLY
No.

ELISHA

I have a series of questions, Billy.
I'd like you to answer them for us, to
the best of your ability.

He nods. She's reading off her phone.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Say yes.

BILLY

Yes.

ELISHA

Perfect. Question one -

FADE TO

LATER. SAME.

Franky's sitting cross-legged in the back, now.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

And when your Father asked you to kill
the little girl, what did you say?

He looks down. He looks spent.

BILLY

. . .I said yes. I had to.

ELISHA

Where does your Family get girls from?

BILLY

Everywhere. China. Russia. Mexico.
Foster care is a big one. Especially
here in Texas.

This hits her. Her eye twitches.

ELISHA

Who do you supply the girls to?

BILLY

Everyone with money. Democrats.
Republicans. It don't matter who.
Politicians. Celebrities. Cops. Big
business. Preachers. It's all about
money.

(beat)

Democrats are just quieter about it.
Republicans can't stop from falling
ass-backwards into the limelight.

ELISHA

Can you give us a list of names?

BILLY

I can. I can get you pictures, if you want 'em.

CUT TO

EVEN LATER. SAME.

ELISHA

That's very good, Billy.

He sighs.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

One last round, and that's it. Then you're done.

(beat)

What can you tell us about the murder of the Johnsons?

She puts her phone away, stares at him. Circles him a little. Franky perks up a little, now tense. This could go badly.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

About Elisha Johnson, the twelve year old girl you abducted.

He gulps.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Don't leave anything out.

He takes a deep breath.

BILLY

David and Shanelle Johnson were police officers, with APD. They were detectives. Back then, our operation was a lot smaller - we were just beginning to expand. They had a journalist friend, real mad dog type of guy, and they caught on that we had people inside the force. And, we caught on to them. We tried bribing them, we tried threats. Nothing worked. They were good people. And they just kept getting closer.

Franky is listening intently. Elisha is trying to maintain her composure.

ELISHA

The night of the abduction. Take us there.

BILLY

Poppa told me and David where they lived. Told us to go out there, break

in. Put the fear of god into them.
David and me, we got real hopped up on
coke and vodka beforehand. This wasn't
the first job like this daddy'd given
us, and we never did it straight.

(beat)

At around 9PM, we came up to the
house. We knocked on the door.
Shanelle answered. She knew who we
were and called for David - that's her
husband David - and my David, he just.
. .he shot her.

ON ELISHA. Taking this all in. Behind her. . .MOM and DAD.
Watching.

ELISHA

. . .and then?

BILLY

We went in, and that kind of changed
the course of the whole evening. He
told me to grab y - grab the daughter,
and the brother. He went off. .
.shoved Mr. Johnson into the bedroom,
and shot him in the chest. There was
so much blood.

(beat)

I found the little girl beneath the
bed, pointing a gun at me. She fought.
She fought hard. But, I took her. I
chloroformed her.

Elisha's lip is trembling. Billy is almost crying. The Ghosts
watch imperiously.

ELISHA

(almost a sob)

. . .and then?

BILLY

We put her in the trunk of the car,
and sped off after we cleaned up the
apartment. We never did find the
brother. We didn't know what to do
with her, so we took her back to the
Farm. Momma gave her to me to. . .to
take care of.

ELISHA

(angry tears)

How did you. . .how did you take care
of her?

BILLY

I was only meant to soften her up,
that's all. That's all. Then we were
gonna ship her off. Or ("I'm sorry"

tone) kill her.

ELISHA

No. That's not I mean, Billy. What did you do to her?

Silence. Franky stands up - looking just as worn out as either of them.

Suddenly, all in unison - Elisha, and Mom and Dad, and the LITTLE GIRL, all standing BEHIND HER -

ELISHA/GHOSTS

TELL THE TRUTH!

Franky rushes to the camera. Clicks it off. Billy BREAKS DOWN. We're watching ELISHA, going in and out of subjective and objective perspective - at the height of her anger, face streaked with tears.

ELISHA/GHOSTS (CONT'D)

TELL THEM WHAT YOU DID TO ME!

(beat)

TELL THEM HOW YOU RAPED ME!

(BEAT)

TELL THEM HOW YOU BEAT ME!

(BEAT)

TELL THEM HOW YOU USED TO BEAT ME SO BAD I'D PISS MYSELF. HOW MANY TIMES YOU MADE ME BLEED. IN THE DARK! YOU SONOFABITCH!

(BEAT; now just Elisha)

TELL THEM HOW YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!

(beat)

It didn't work, did it? I'M NOT DEAD YET, MOTHERFUCKER! AM I?

The air falls out of the room. Billy looks at her, imploringly.

BILLY

I'm sorry. I couldn't. . .I couldn't help it. You - you know what that's like, don't you?

Very bad choice of words. She WHIPS AROUND, revolver in hand - pointed at him. It trembles. Franky RUSHES OVER, trying to block it from view, to grab it away from her. Billy notices.

Franky LOOKS at her.

FRANKY

(imploring)

No.

ELISHA

(to Billy)

I should kill you.

BILLY
 (nods, sadly)
 You should.

She drops the gun, drops to the floor, taking Franky with her. Spent. She PUTS HER HEAD into his SHOULDER, sobbing quietly. Billy watches for a BEAT -

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Look at me.

She looks up at him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (barely words)
 I want to help. Let me help. Please.
 Let me do something good. Anything.
 Anything anything. Please.
 (beat; clearer)
 I did those things to you. I did. I
 was - I am a big, stupid dog, and they
 let me off the leash. That's all they
 ever wanted from me. They used me to
 do. . .terrible things. Things there
 aren't no taking back. Things I didn't
 have no conception of, until they let
 me go to prison. For seventeen years.
 Until I was away from them.
 (beat)
 But I can do one good thing for you.
 If you'll let me.

She gives the gun to Franky. Wipes her face.

ELISHA
 Franky. Keep going.

PUSH IN on her face as Franky presses record again, as -

CUT TO

LATER. SAME.

Same. Franky presses 'stop' on the CAMERA.

FRANKY
 We're good.

ELISHA
 Okay, pack it up. Let's go.

BILLY
 Where're you going?

She doesn't say anything.

FRANKY
 We'll be back.

As they turn to leave -

BILLY

Wait. Can you - can you leave the light on, at least? I can't handle the dark.

Elisha looks at him.

ELISHA

Neither could I.

. . .and CLICKS IT OFF. SLAMS the door shut. He looks out a thousand yards, in the dark. Before - FRANKY enters, looks at him. Turns the LIGHT back on. Kicks the water jug over.

FRANKY

If you need it.

He exits.

143 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 143

As he DRIVES, he looks at her. She stares straight out the window. He puts his hand over hers.

144 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY 144

As they PULL IN, we see. . .two POLICE CARS, parked out front. Franky PARKS. Three POLICE OFFICERS walk up the stairs to her place.

FRANKY

Ohhh, shit. Now what?

(beat)

Elisha! Now what?

ELISHA

Pull around.

She GETS OUT, sliding the REVOLVER into its holster.

145 EXT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 145

. . .as she cautiously climbs the stairs, heading toward her front door. No officers. But the door is open. They're inside. That's definitely not legal.

Like Franky, she instead hops over onto the balcony. Must run in the family. They got mad jumps, these two.

She waits. Slides the door open carefully. Steps in. She hears them, murmuring through the apartment.

They're in the back room, right where she needs to be. She walks toward the BEDROOM DOOR, ducks into the BATHROOM. Listening.

ON HER EYES, in the half-light. Indistinct chatter, at first.
But -

OFFICER

(os)

Big Momma says alive. Hear me?

OFFICER 2

(os)

Bullet in the kneecaps won't kill her.

OFFICER 3

(os)

Jesus, look at this. It's a serial
killer wall.

Oh.

146 INT. ELISHA'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

146

As the THREE OFFICERS ransack the room, turning everything over - the door opens. Like LIGHTENING, before they can reach for their guns even - HEADSHOTS, BOOM BOOM. She takes out two of them. Misses the THIRD. He gets off a SHOT - it hits the wall.

He RUNS. She FOLLOWS.

147 INT/EXT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

147

. . .as he triple-steps it down the stairs, but: TOO LATE. ELISHA SHOOTS HIM in the HEAD. Tricky shot from up high, too. He FALLS down the stairs. She stares at him like an ant for a moment, a contemptuous smile flitting over her face, and GOES BACK INSIDE.

148 INT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

148

She sits pulls out a duffle bag from somewhere secret. Opens it. Checks. Memory cards. Photos. Notes. Whatever she might need. She sits down next to her laptop on the couch - it hasn't moved in all this time. Pulls her phone out. Text to Franky: "It's safe to come in. Bring the camera. Don't be shocked."

INSERT - Franky, coming around the foot of the stairs. They're soaked in blood. He YELPS, puts his hand over his mouth, absolutely REVOLTED. At the bottom, the body of the 3rd OFFICER hangs over the step, blood pouring out of what used to be his head - his radio CHATTERING. Franky STEPS over it, making DISGUSTED human noises all the way up.

He enters. Quickly RECOILS at the sight - of the bodies.

FRANKY

Jesus Christ. . .you just killed. .
.Elisha, these are policemen. . .

ELISHA

The camera.

(beat; monotone)

They're Big Momma's. They would've killed us.

He throws it to her. She opens the laptop. Busies herself with memory cards and whatnot.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

(monotone; dispassionately)

Don't go in the bedroom.

(beat)

Flip on the TV.

Uncertainly, he does. Flips around absent-mindedly, in a daze. DETAIL SHOTS of Elisha, uploading files to DROPBOX. A LOT. LOT. LOT of files. A ton. She took a lot of notes and pictures - more than we saw.

Franky stops scrolling.

FRANKY

Elisha.

ELISHA

Almost done.

FRANKY

Elisha. . .look.

KXAN. News REPORT. A newscaster, reading a story on ASSAULT ON MARQS FARM LEAVES TEN DEAD. Elisha edges closer to the TV. Listening. We'll improv it a little, but there are distinct details WRONG. Just as we hear:

NEWSCASTER

Police are looking for Elisha Johnson, 29 years old of Austin TX, whose been identified as a prime suspect. She is considered armed and extremely dangerous. If anyone has any -

He CLICKS IT OFF.

FRANKY

We need to go. Now.

149 EXT. ELISHA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

149

As they BOOK IT down the stairs. Neighbor's doors are starting to open, a CROWD beginning to DRAW. Gunshots and cop cars together tend to do that.

ELISHA

Don't stop. Get to the car. Go.

CUT TO

150 INT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

150

FRANKY

What's happening? How'd this happen so soon?

ELISHA

You heard Billy. The cops are in on it. I overheard them in the apartment.
(beat)
They're all over it.

FRANKY

Jesus jesus jesus. . .oh god. What do we do. Fuck you killed a police officer. . .oh my god. . .

She HOLDS UP the duffel bag.

ELISHA

We still have to send the hard-copy.

151 EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

151

. . .as FRANKY'S CAR stops next to a MAILBOX. A hand extends, pushing through several manilla envelopes. DETAIL of one: the address is to Stephen Shelly. A BEAT. Then a MEDIUM BOX. CHUNK. The CAR speeds off. PULL BACK to reveal a MOTORCYCLE COP, watching. He picks up his RADIO.

152 INT/EXT. FRANKY'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

152

As they DRIVE. . .suddenly, a DING. Then another. Elisha looks behind, just as - the back PASSENGER WINDOW SHATTERS! FRANKY SCREAMS!

A POLICE CAR. Pulling up fast.

ELISHA

Don't lose control. Drive. Fast.

The ENGINE REVVS as he presses on the GAS. But the CRUISER KEEPS PACE. Another SHOT! BLAM! It takes out the passenger mirror.

As they pull up right beside, we see - it's David driving, RIFLEMAN leaning out of the passenger window, over the hood. In uniform. Taking shots with his RIFLE.

JUST AS he aims again, right at the Franky's passenger window - Elisha returns fire, THROUGH the glass. Hits him in the SHOULDER. He STUMBLES, rearranges himself - gets back in the car.

FRANKY

Why aren't they putting their lights

on?!

ELISHA
It ain't like that.

Tension.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Hit him.

FRANKY
What?!

ELISHA
HIT HIM, FRANKY!

He NUDGES the CRUISER, which VEERS WILDLY in traffic - around a line of cars.

But, just as quick - they're back. Elisha sees an opportunity.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Break when I tell you.

They're coming up on a red light - RIFLEMAN's out the window again, aiming. . .

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Now!

SKRRRRRRRT! Just short of the light. The CRUISER bursts through, SWERVES. RIFLEMAN holding on for dear life. Elisha LEANS OUT the window. Waiting.

A CROWD is gathering. Cars are stopped. She waits. Then. . .the RIFLEMAN POPS UP. They BOTH FIRE. She hits him in the CHEST first, sending his SHOT skyward. Then she RELOADS QUICK - POPS OUT the two-facing tires.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Go!!

Franky BOOKS IT through the intersection, just as - quite a few other police and an EMT arrive, lost in the throng.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Side streets. Get us back to the warehouse.

FRANKY
Why there?

David fusses over RIFLEMAN, who's trying to catch his breath. His SHIRT is ripped - revealing a THICK KEVLAR VEST.

He SMILES, warily.

RIFLEMAN

I like her.

154 EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

154

Franky's car parks haphazardly. They RUSH INSIDE. . .but FRANKY stops. And just starts YELLING. Pounding the CAR.

It's halfway between panic attack and exhilaration. Elisha's phone is RINGING.

ELISHA

Franky, you okay? I can't tell if you're freaking out or excited or -

She puts her hands on his shoulders to steady him. He just laughs. This isn't a happy laugh, though. It's verging on hysterical panic.

FRANKY

We're going to die. We're going to fucking die.

(beat; suddenly angry)

I always knew you'd be the one to get us killed.

He MARCHES off. Elisha looks stunned. That one hurt.

155 INT. WAREHOUSE. EVENING

155

Her phone is still ringing. They're walking toward the back room.

FRANKY

What do we do with him?

ELISHA

Move him.

FRANKY

Where?

ELISHA

I don't know, I just -

She can't help it. She answers her phone.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Hello?

DR. ALLEN

(os)

Elisha? What is going on? You're on the news - did you. . .

ELISHA

I had to. Don't believe anything you hear on the news, Doc.

DR. ALLEN
What do you mean? Are you. . .are you safe?

CUT TO

156 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - EVENING

156

We see - Dr. Allen at his desk, phone in hand. His other is being HELD DOWN by DAVID. We PULL BACK to establish: the entire tiny room is filled with POLICE OFFICERS. And in front of him. . .BIG MOMMA.

They're TRACING the call. An OFFICER gives her the thumbs-up from the other side of the room.

ELISHA
(os)
I'm safe, Doc. Don't talk to any police. Don't talk to anyone, okay?

DR. ALLEN
Elisha. . .

Big Momma takes the phone gingerly away from him.

BIG MOMMA
Hello, Ms. Johnson.

CUT TO

157 INT. WAREHOUSE. EVENING

157

Elisha's eyes widen.

ELISHA
. . .you let him go.

BIG MOMMA
(os)
He's fine. You didn't really think we wouldn't find you, did you?
(beat; barely a whisper)
You got away once. Once is all you get.

ELISHA
You're tracing this call, aren't you?

FRANKY
(other side of the room)
What?

BIG MOMMA
(os; chuckles)

The word is traced, sweetheart.

Elisha nods. Single-mindedness restored.

ELISHA

You want me? Come get me.

(beat)

HEAR ME, you old bitch?! You

MOTHERFUCKERS WANT WAR?

(beat)

Come get it.

Click.

FRANKY

What just happened?

ELISHA

They've got Dr. Allen. They're coming.

158 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

158

BIG MOMMA

Perfect. Let's go.

They all begin to file out.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Him too.

David and Rifleman heave up a protesting Dr. Allen -

159 INT/EXT. THE SETTLEMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

159

. . .as the FOSTER KIDS look on.

160 INT. WAREHOUSE. EVENING

160

Elisha lays out the rifle and revolver, and ammunition. Loads up, hyper-focused - avoiding looking at Franky, who flits frantically around her.

FRANKY

Elisha, we've gotta get the fuck out of here, what are you doing?!

ELISHA

(definite)

No - you have to get the fuck out of here. Take him too, if you want to.

FRANKY

What are you -

ELISHA

All this time - I've spent 17 years waiting for him. Every moment of every day. Thinking of what I'd do if I

found him. How I'd hurt him. How I'd kill him. It's all that kept me going. And all this time. . .he was just a sick, sad man doing what he thought his parents wanted.

(beat)

It was them, this whole time. It was her. Who did this to us. It was always her. And up until a few weeks ago, I didn't even know she existed.

(beat)

And now I'm going to kill her, Franky. At least that. Get out.

(she grabs his shoulder)

I'm sorry, Franky. For everything. I'm sorry about me.

A beat. Franky honestly considers. He LOOKS BACK toward the door for just a moment. Then, he takes a deep breath.

FRANKY

If I wanted to leave I would've done that shit years ago.

He grabs the REVOLVER.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

I'm with you. Just like always.

She SMILES. The two of them share a brief, go-for-broke, atavistic moment.

ELISHA

Put that down before you hurt yourself.

(beat)

There's chemicals here. Find something we can use.

FRANKY

Like what?

ELISHA

Rubbing alcohol. Gasoline.

(off his look)

Fire.

He turns to go.

FRANKY

How do you know how to do all this stuff?

ELISHA

I've been good at one thing my whole life, Franky - fucking shit up. Warrenty plus.

(beat)

Meet me on the roof in five minutes.

161 INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - EVENING 161

Billy, listening. Franky steps in, and past him.

BILLY

Hey! What's happening?! Hey!

162 INT. WAREHOUSE - EVEN BACKER ROOM - EVENING 162

A disused, probably unhealthy to be in, chemical supply closet - Franky riffles around. A lot of it's old. Unusable.

163 EXT. WAREHOUSE - THE ROOF - EVENING 163

Elisha clambers up onto the broken ROOF, rifle slung over her back. Goes to the edge. Cicadas sing. She starts to HUM as she works. Searching for the best VANTAGE POINT.

ELISHA

It's almost over. . .

Just as - down the disused ROAD, through the trees: HEADLIGHTS crawl. Another. And another. Eventually, ten or twelve pairs.

They COME DOWN THE LANE, fanning out. It's an array of vehicles, all blinking red and blue.

Behind her - Franky pops up-top, lugging plastic chemical bottles. Breathing heavy.

FRANKY

This is all I could find.

She nods, serenely.

ELISHA

Mix them. Use your best judgment.
They're here.

FRANKY

Already?

She steps to the edge - WATCHING a pair of officers set up a barricade. They begin to file out of their CARS, VANS and one SWAT VEHICLE. GUNS AKIMBO. Shouting to each other.

A HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR sets up out-front. Elisha pivots behind a DISUSED CHIMNEY. Crouches.

ELISHA

(whispers)

Stay away from the edges. Are you ready?

He looks at her. DOWN BELOW, all the POLICE are ready.

RIFLEMAN steps out front, holds up the BULLHORN. He smiles.

RIFLEMAN
 (into bullhorn)
 We don't want to hurt you, Ms.
 Johnson. Let the hostage go, come out
 unarmed and no one gets hurt.

Wind blows. Silence.

RIFLEMAN (CONT'D)
 (into bullhorn)
 You only get one warning. I'm not
 feeling too friendly.

Once again, no response. INSERT CUT: Elisha, waiting.

BIG MOMMA steps up, takes the blowhorn.

BIG MOMMA
 (into bullhorn)
 Ms. Johnson.

CUT TO

THE ROOF

On Elisha.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)
 I want my son. You've taken my
 husband. My nephews. Give me back my
 boy.
 (beat)
 Or I will kill you. And your brother.

She gets up, steps out INTO THE LIGHT. The clatter of guns
 cocking.

DOWN BELOW

Rifleman unslings his gun. Takes AIM. David does likewise.
 Elisha takes aim at the crowd. Big Momma holds them at bay.

ELISHA
 Most of you probably don't know why
 you're here. That woman who's speaking
 for you - she's a sex trafficker. She
 sells women and children into bondage.
 She killed my parents. They were
 police officers too.
 (beat)
 I was one of her victims. But I
 escaped.
 (beat)
 Didn't I?

Big Momma stares her right back in the eye. Raises the

bullhorn.

BIG MOMMA
Yes, you did.

A few of the OFFICERS in the CROWD suddenly look uncertain. Big Momma SNAPS her fingers. Without a THOUGHT - ten of the officers start SHOOTING. In seconds, various OFFICERS lay scattered on the ground. Others scramble to take up the important posts.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)
(into bullhorn; deadpan)
How could you.

She turns to the crowd. DAVID, RIFLEMAN and ten or twelve others throughout the THRONG are pointing their guns back at the other officers.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)
Listen to me. You all have two choices
- either help me apprehend this
murderer and be rewarded handsomely,
or die. That is all.
(beat; to Rifleman)
Take her.

Without WARNING, they BREAK through the BARRICADE. Elisha STARTS SHOOTING - they RETURN FIRE, and she RUNS FOR COVER on the roof. MASONRY goes flying.

THROUGH HIS SIGHTS

Rifleman watches her, lining up a SHOT. BOOM! He misses. Only just. Elisha screeches to her knees.

RIFLEMAN
Dammit.

He racks up again, and LEAVES his POST.

164 EXT. WAREHOUSE - THE ROOF - EVENING 164

As ELISHA DODGES and RETURNS FIRE - a BATTERING RAM knocks down the flimsy front door.

165 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 165

RIFLEMAN leads the charge, up front. Directs his MEN. OFFICERS fan out everywhere.

RIFLEMAN
You take that side. You, over there.
Up the stairs. Be careful, she's
quick.

David's not far behind. He cocks a shiny GLOCK 19.

ELSEWHERE - WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Franky and Elisha move together, through the dark. She's holding the revolver, rifle slung over her back. The sounds of the POLICE below filter through loose floorboards. She looks down - they're visible through the cracks.

166 INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 166

As the OFFICERS BREACH. Light SHINES on Billy's face. They RUSH IN.

167 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 167

ELISHA and Franky turn at the SOUND of men coming up the STAIRS - SHOUTING and SHADOWS. A lot of them. SWAT and POLICE. The two of them scamper toward a DARK ALCOVE.

ELISHA

Alright, mix. Hurry. Cover your face.

Franky GETS TO IT, mixing the chemicals.

CUT TO

Rifleman and David coming up the stairs, behind the SWAT and Police.

CUT TO

ON FRANKY

Lighting the rags he's stuck into two of the bottles. He nods to her.

He DUCKS OUT and LOBS them at the OFFICERS. They EXPLODE, in hazy flame. And the OTHER. POOM! But, it's not enough to deter them. They start SHOOTING - he scrambles out of the way.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

Hide.

She MOVES forward, RETURNING FIRE - DODGING and WEAVING behind OLD POSTS and DESKS. But, suddenly - BOOM! A CHUNK of wall is taken out, beside her head. She LOOKS - it's the RIFLEMAN, striding forward confidently.

RIFLEMAN

(to David)

Find the other one!

David and the SWAT/Police follow suit, swarming other the rest.

ON FRANKY

Who tries to stay as still as possible, in his dark hiding

spot (shades of 'M' here), as lights move over him. Eyes are wide. He's frantic.

Back in the SKIRMISH, in progress - Elisha switches to the RIFLE, taking a SHOT at the RIFLEMAN, who quickly returns FIRE. This isn't choreographed, but they're both expert shooters.

They both duck out of sight.

ELISHA listens. Rifleman reloads. He wipes the sweat off his face, and pops his neck. Gets up.

ON FRANKY

. . .as the POLICE and SWAT get closer. His face twitches. He spies a spot right across the room. Can he make it?

He makes a break for it -

DAVID

There he is!

- and they're on him. Viciously. They TACKLE him to the ground. He STRUGGLES. Guns trained. Flashlights on his head. He YELLS, SCREAMS. They ZIPTIE his wrists.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Get up, you sonofabitch -

ON RIFLEMAN

Walking slowly through the DARK, rifle in hand, turning to acknowledge David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He's down!

Silently. He observes his surroundings.

RIFLEMAN

Your brother's out of the game, girl!
Come on out, now. Play nice.

ON ELISHA

Hiding crouched behind a DESK.
Watching him get closer. . .

RIFLEMAN

Listen, hell - I ain't got no hard
feelings toward you. You've been
through a lot. I'd do the same thing.
I'm just a gun. Like you.

. . .she POPS OUT. They both SHOOT almost at once. He misses one, but GETS HER in the leg, just below the THIGH. She GETS HIM in the LEG and VEST. She SCREAMS, COLLAPSES against the DESK. He CRUMBLES.

ELISHA
I'm not like you.

RIFLEMAN
HERE!

The SWAT and Police are on the way, like nothing - she tries to turn, to HOBBLE away, but. . .she FALLS. They surround her. Her REVOLVER clatters away.

DAVID
Don't move! Do not move!

DAVID walks over as they busy themselves with her, ZIPTYING her wrists. She watches.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Special care with this one, y'all.
She's the priority.

He turns to Rifleman, who's clutching his leg.

RIFLEMAN
Bitch got me in the leg.

DAVID
Medic!

RIFLEMAN
I'm fine, just help me up, you nag -

He puts his arm around RIFLEMAN, and HEAVES HIM UP. The RIFLEMAN SCREAMS.

DAVID
Yeah, okay - tough guy.

168 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

168

Big Momma inspects Billy, in the back of a POLICE CRUISER. Mothering over him. He looks on, with a thousand yard stare. Past her.

DAVID
(os)
Momma!

She picks up her WALKIE.

BIG MOMMA
Go.

DAVID
We've got her. Bringing her down now.

BIG MOMMA
That's my boy.

169 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

169

. . .as the whole of them walk toward the stairs. Elisha and Franky walk side-by-side, David and Rifleman in front. The SWAT and Police start to file down. Elisha looks at Franky.

DAVID
(off Rifleman)
Get him down to medical.

The SWAT and POLICE take him with. He looks worse for wear.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(back to her)
Where's all your fight, girl?

He gets close.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Tell me.

He SLAPS HER.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Where's all your fight now?

He SLAPS HER again. Satisfied, he comes around the side of her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Play it cool -

All in one weird, fluid movement: Elisha sidesteps, cranes her head forward, LATCHING onto David's EAR with her teeth - he screams, tries to pull away, tries to get his GUN UP. And, all at once, his EAR gives.

He STUMBLES BACK a little, clutching the side of his head - the POLICE and SWAT turn, reacting - and ELISHA steps forward, SPITTING out his ear, HEADBUTTING HIM as hard as she can, giving a PUNK-ROCK WARRIOR YELL and KICKS HIM down the stairs.

She turns to Franky, bottom half of her face covered in blood. An animal.

ELISHA
Come on. The back door.

It takes him a second to reboot. He's in shock.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
Now. Run!

CUT TO

The TWO of them, hands still tied behind their backs, MAKING A WILD BREAK for it, back the other way - toward a cracked,

broken door.

FRANKY

. . .how did you get out of this before?

ELISHA

I had to die.

CUT TO

As they descend the rough iron stairs, out the side door. . .

170 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

170

. . .and the two of them come face to face with Big Momma waiting outside, with about five or six officers. She's LIVID.

The two of them begin to back up - and the way back is suddenly blocked by three SWAT.

BIG MOMMA

No more running. Take her.

The officers move forward and the BEATDOWN begins - the type you see police give out on the news. It's quick, brutal and ugly. Embarrassing. Both of them get brutalized to shit.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Don't move.

(beat)

No guns, y'all. Not yet.

One of them PISTOL WHIPS her. FREEZE-FRAME as blood shoots out of her mouth, and she falls hard in the muddy puddle on the ground.

They kick her, and she recoils. Franky watches.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Stop.

Her vision is bleary. Can't see straight. Just shapes, moving in the rain. Disembodied voices. A strange, hazy cacophony. . .

Her face is a bruised mess. Blood's coming out her nose and mouth.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Bring the Doctor.

CUT TO

As DR. ALLEN is HUSTLED OVER, by OFFICERS.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

On his knees. Look at her, Doctor.
 (beat)
 Look at your little monster.

DR. ALLEN
 (terrified)
 Oh, god. God, please. . .don't kill
 me. . .don't. . .

BIG MOMMA
 Shut up.

He looks at Elisha. The expression on his face is too
 heartbreaking to describe.

ELISHA
 Doc. . .

BIG MOMMA
 I wasn't gonna do this, at first. Then
 you bit my son's ear off and pushed
 him down a flight of stairs.
 (beat)
 So, this is your fault.

ELISHA
 Doc!

BIG MOMMA pulls out a SMALL PISTOL from behind her back, and
 - all at once, SHOOTS DR. ALLEN in the head. He falls to the
 ground, FACE half-gone. Hair still smoking.

FRANKY
 No. . .no no no.

Elisha SCREAMS, crying. She finally just. . .COLLAPSES to the
 ground.

BIG MOMMA
 Shut her up. Let's get going.

A BLACK CLOTH falls over us and we're in darkness.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)
 (whisper, in our ear)
 We're not done yet.

BLACK

The whispers fade in and out. . .but one thing becomes clear.

WHISPERS
 It's okay, Ellie. We've been here
 before. . .

Through the thick texture of a burlap sack, we see legs
 moving. . .then, it's yanked off to reveal. . .

171 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BACK FIELDS - NIGHT

171

Elisha's beaten, bloody face. Breathing hard. Looking around.

BIG MOMMA

(os)

Welcome home, girl.

Elisha looks up, and her face hardens. Big MOMMA stands in front of her. We're in the middle of a big, wide open FIELD. BIG MOMMA stands on the lip of a giant HOLE.

ELISHA

Where's my brother?

Behind ELISHA, we can see - four or five trucks, parked TAILGATE style. In the back of one, Rifleman and David, the side of his face bandaged up tight, smoking cigarettes and drinking Busch. He looks drugged.

BIG MOMMA

Your brother's up at the house. We're seeing to him. Don't you worry. I'm a Doctor. I'll fix him up real good. Better 'n your therapist, anyhow.

(beat)

You killed my husband, woman. My nephews. You destroyed my family. You kidnapped my son. And for what? Revenge? Because we had to cap your nosy-ass parents who couldn't mind they own business?

(beat)

'Cause Billy diddled you? You ain't the first, or the last.

(beat)

Me and him were married for thirty-seven years. Started a business together. What you know about a thing like that?

(beat)

All you are is cattle that got an extended lifespan.

ELISHA

You're a pack of monsters. . .all my life, I thought . . .your son was the worst. Then I met you.

BIG MOMMA

You don't know anything. You're a child. You think any of the product we keep here has a future? Did you?

(beat)

We looked for you, for a long time, after you got Billy put away. They hid you well.

(beat)

All for nothin', though. Here you are again.

Elisha doesn't respond. Only stares, with pure hate.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

You are going to die here, you understand? I'm going to bury you in that hole and the world'll be shut 'a you. Then I'm gonna bury my family.

(beat)

I'm not gonna shoot you. We did that already.

She KICKS Elisha in the leg she was shot in. Elisha SCREAMS from the pain.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Hurts, doesn't it. I'll be hurting for a long time.

(beat)

Down there in that hole, you'll have about five hours of oxygen. Five hours to think. Until you know, really and truly, who put you where you are.

ELISHA

Get on with it.

BIG MOMMA

You're not gonna beg, are you? Didn't think you would.

(beat)

I won't make you. I'll give you that much.

(beat)

Put her in the hole.

ARMS pick her up roughly from behind. She stares daggers at Big Momma, the entire time.

She FALLS FORWARD, landing on a rough pinewood SURFACE. A SHADOW falls over her. Big Momma.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

It'll be over soon.

ELISHA

It's already over. You just don't know it yet.

BIG MOMMA

That's the spirit.

Big Momma SPITS on her.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Goddamn you to hell.

(behind her)
Box her up. Fill it in. Make it tight.

Silence for a minute. Then - a great PLYWOOD BOARD tips over the side of the hole, slowly. Just before it falls toward us, we see - BILLY, against the cloudy, darkening sky. Rain is coming. They exchange a look, and he reaches into his pocket for something we don't see. Something CLATTERS into the box. Then, her face becomes completely obscured.

Billy pats the HOLE down, and stands. Wipes his brow. Rain clouds are fast approaching. Cold December rain. He puts the SHOVEL over his shoulder, and begins walking back toward the trucks. Big Momma greets him, gives him a HUG.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)
It's over, sweetheart.

CUT TO

In WIDE, the empty field. The TRUCKS drive away, back toward the house. The RAIN begins to fall, softly.

BLACK

TITLE
PART FOUR.

It fades.

TITLE (CONT'D)
"Shake Some Action."

- 172 INT. SHELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 172
- Shelly, at his computer. Staring slack-jawed at his screen. His hands are steepled over his mouth. DETAIL SHOT - the files. The EVIDENCE, on Dropbox. He's reading one piece in particular, a text document that begins: "My name is Elisha Johnson."
- 173 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - BIG MOMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT 173
- Big Momma sits on her bed, looking at a photo of Big Poppa and her together. She's CRYING.
- 174 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - NIGHT 174
- Revelry. Debauchery. Off-duty police officers and good ol' Family boys drink, yell and make merry with three or four GIRLS, who're just completely out-of-it. It's a PARTY.
- David and Rifleman sit in the corner, conversing.
- Billy gets up off the COUCH, through the revelment, and moves off down the HALLWAY, toward -
- 175 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - LAB - NIGHT 175

ON FRANKY

Who opens his eyes, blearily. He looks around. He's in a makeshift HOSPITAL ROOM. Lit only by the glare of COMPUTER SCREENS. To his right - another BED. A YOUNG GIRL hooked up to two IV drips, mouth hanging open.

He moves his hand - CLINK. He's manacled to the railing of the HOSPITAL BED.

CUT TO

BLACK

WHISPERS

(right next to us, in the dark)
We're here, Ellie. . .we've always
been here. Remember. Don't be afraid.

. . .

In the dark, there's just the barest suggestion of form - Elisha's face. Is she SOBBING?

LITTLE GIRL

You remember. Just like last time.

ELISHA

I remember.

A glimpse of light. . .floating through burlap.

176 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BACK FIELDS - NIGHT

176

The hole is completely filled in, in front of us. We're moving towards it, glacially slowly.

BLACK

What follows is an intentionally confusing, abstract series of linking INTERCUTS, past and future, weaving in and out of each other. Of Elisha's first escape, and of her present reality, in one continuous movement.

The suggestion of movement. . .arms, the rustling of dirt.

Again, the flash of light, and we're in. . .

. . .side of a big burlap sack. Swinging. HANDS reach out, tied together, pressing the fabric.

177 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BACK FIELDS - (FLASHBACK)

177

. . .as two MEN, whose faces we can't see, carry the SACK between the two of them.

They lower it into the ground.

CUT TO

Inside the bag, the hands go up frantically, pressing against the fabric. A glimpse of a silhouette on the lip of the hole - BILLY.

178 INT. COFFIN -

178

In the dark, as Elisha fumbles with. . .a small pocket-knife.

BLACK

As the little hands SNAP, cut with a tiny RAZOR. Coughing. The sound of ripping.

179 INT. COFFIN -

179

A dab of orange light - Elisha, holding a Bic. Placing her hand directly above her, onto the top of the BOX. Listening. The sound of heavy rain.

She begins to dig out the nails on either side of her with the knife, chip by chip. Painfully, she RIPS them out of the WET WOOD.

. . .as the hands dig up, through WET MUD. . sluicing down on top of us. Clawing upward. . .

Elisha presses hard. Slowly, the pinewood boxtop begins to give. . .water and mud begins FLUSHING into the box.

180 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BACK FIELDS - (FLASHBACK)

180

The hole. A wet, slushy mess. It begins to cave in.

CUT TO

. . .as Elisha PUSHES with all she's got. A SILHOUETTE just barely illuminated by the lightening, rain and the sky. Her face is a mask of determination. And nothing else.

CUT TO

The HANDS and ARMS pull themselves up the side of the muddy trench. Slipping. . .

CUT TO

And as suddenly, YOUNG ELISHA BURSTS out of the ground. Screaming. Ripped clothes. Wild-eyed. A DEMON. Righting herself. . .

. . .as ELISHA rights herself, GASPING for all the air, pulling herself achingly slowly out of the ground. . . . YOUNG ELISHA starts RUNNING, as fast as she can. Through the fields, toward the trees and the distant lights of the HIGHWAY. . .

. . .Elisha STRUGGLES to her feet, covered completely in blood and mud. A fucked-up native of HELL. Bleeding from her

bullet-hole wounds. There's nothing in her now but an unholy WILL. She's BREATHING HARDER THAN EVER, looking toward the lights of the COMPLEX. . .

. . .YOUNG ELISHA runs through the TREES, the lights blurring in front of her. . .

. . .as ELISHA urges herself forward, LIMPING. Almost falling. Every so often illuminated by lightening. Her face is wide-eyed, teeth bared.

. . .and Young ELISHA breaks the line of TREES, sliding down a SLOPE and CLAMBERING QUICKLY up the side of the road. . .

. . .ELISHA continues LIMPING FORWARD, toward the COMPLEX. .

. . .YOUNG ELISHA stumbles out into the middle of the HIGHWAY, on-coming TRAFFIC. Cars honk. Headlights illuminate her bloody APPARITION. She SCREAMS, A PRIMAL SCREAM, and falls. . .cars stop around her.

END INTERCUTTING

. . .as ELISHA comes to rest against an OAK TREE, catching her breath. She DOUBLES OVER in pain, squeezing her ribs. Falls to her knees against the tree-trunk. Shivering.

She THROWS UP a black, viscous CHUNKY bile - MUD. A lot of it. Spits a little more out.

LITTLE GIRL
It's almost over.

ELISHA
Almost.

LITTLE GIRL
Now go get our brother.

She looks up at the COMPLEX.

181 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - LAB - NIGHT

181

Franky searches for something, anything. The door OPENS - it's Billy. Without a word, he moves toward the bed, and busies himself with the HANDCUFFS.

FRANKY
What are you doing?

BILLY
What I can.

FRANKY
Why?

BILLY
I told you. I want to help.

(beat)
 You were nice to me. Didn't have a
 reason to be.

He looks at Franky.

182 INT. THE COMPLEX - THIRD SHED - CONTINUOUS

182

In the lower levels, the YOUNG GIRLS look up wanly at the HATCH-DOOR, as shadows play over it.

It begins to OPEN. Some of the GIRLS react, drawing back in apprehension - then, they see who it is: Elisha, looking like a scraggly, wet cat.

She STRUGGLES with it for a moment, and then sets it down on the floor silently. Coming to the threshold of the STAIRWAY, she PADS down silently and sits on the bottom STAIR, trying not to give out from exhaustion. It doesn't work - she SLIPS on her shot leg and falls on her ass, down on the stairs with a loud CLANG.

The GIRLS begin to whisper and crawl toward her. She puts her finger to her lips.

One familiar looking GIRL puts her hand on Elisha's knee. Her face is bruised. It's YVETTE. Elisha SMILES.

ELISHA
 Toldja I'd come back.
 (beat; off Girl's face)
 You okay?

YVETTE
 I bit one of them. They hit me.

ELISHA
 That was brave. Listen to me - I need
 your help. Can you do something for
 me?

Yvette nods.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
 In just a little bit, all this will be
 over. I need you all to be ready,
 okay? Can you do that for me?

YVETTE
 What are you gonna do?

ELISHA
 You'll see.

183 EXT. THE COMPLEX - NIGHT

183

Elisha steps out onto the grass from SHED FIVE, STUFFING a farming SCYTHE into her pants - the BIG HOUSE in front of

her, covered in neon lights. The YARD is deserted. The party, after all, is inside. She begins limping toward the house. The wind kicks up swirls of dust around her.

184 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

184

Revelry still in progress. David and Rifleman.

RIFLEMAN

Can you hear?

DAVID

Can you walk?

RIFLEMAN

Sorry, I couldn't (cups his left ear)
- could you speak up?

DAVID

Fuck you.

The LIGHTS SHUT OFF. Darkness.

GOOD OL' BOY

What the fuck?

Rifleman looks up.

RIFLEMAN

(to David)

Get ready.

185 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - LAB - NIGHT

185

Franky and Billy, in the dark.

BILLY

C'mon. I'm gonna get you out the -

FRANKY

Wait.

186 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

186

Elisha stands in front of the FUSEBOX, catching her breath. Then, slowly - she moves around the corner of the HOUSE, and comes to stand in front of the graffiti hands, wavering slightly. The storm roils around her. She looks up at the HIGHEST WINDOW. A Big Momma-esque silhouette is clearly visible behind the fluttering curtain.

ELISHA

You hear me, Big Momma?

(beat)

I want my brother! And I'm gonna kill everyone in this house until I find

him.

187 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - BIG MOMMA'S ROOM - 187

Big Momma sits on the bed listening. She's SHOOK. This woman just won't die.

188 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 188

IN THE HALLWAY

Franky and Billy. Franky's holding a medical SAW. He SMILES. She came for him.

DOWNSTAIRS

The MEN watch Elisha climb up the PORCH steps, thunk thunk thunk on the wood, reach the front door and. . .NOTHING except the sound of the storm. Rifleman's in front, finger to his lips. They cautiously advance on the door, David warily in back.

189 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 189

Elisha, on the porch - listening to the door.

WHISPERS

Elisha -
(beat)
Are you ready?

190 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - 190

Rifleman reaches for the doorknob, turns it. . .and suddenly it FLIES BACK hitting him HARD in the face and Elisha moves into the fray. It's ON.

What follows is quick and bloody, hardscrabble brutal and relentlessly STACCATO. Unchoreographed. She's outsized, outnumbered and outgunned and bleeding all over but they can't stop her. She's the Underdog. She's a DEMON.

The MEN advance on her at once, aggressive yelling and shouts, swinging and grabbing, guns firing WILDLY. Most of them miss - she's too close, moving inbetween them. She attacks with the scythe, ripping and cutting. . .she catches the 1st's leg, using him as leverage to push the other TWO back and swipes HARD at it. . .and pulls upward. He FALLS, screaming. His foot stays. Now she has his GUN.

Elisha is onto the Next man - pulling his rifle barrel to the side and IMPALING him in the chest with the scythe, and RIPPING DOWNWARD. He SHRIEKS for a moment before blood bubbles up out of his mouth. . .we hear something WET spill out of his stomach.

One of the Officers fires three SHOTS frantically off into the dark, illuminating Elisha in action.

Another SHOT rips out from David, hitting her in the leg. She stumbles and returns fire. . . hitting three MEN. One in the face, messily.

Another SHOT just above her head. She ducks around the corner of the hallway. BOOM - another shot takes out a CHUNK of wall. Silence. The Rifleman. He's moving up THE STAIRS.

She grabs a piece of fallen masonry and tosses it out into the LIVING ROOM. Another TWO SHOTS from the KITCHEN.

She DARTS quickly out into the open, SHOOTING DAVID TWICE. He goes DOWN. She HOBBLER into the KITCHEN toward him. She grabs THE REVOLVER out of his hand.

ELISHA

This is mine.

They STRUGGLE for a minute and she POINTS the REVOLVER up into his chin, closing the chamber. BOOM! He's done.

Elisha reels and turns - a bloody mess in the kitchen light. Walking like a zombie toward the stairs.

We PAN OVER as she walks up, revealing: in a room just off the THRESHOLD, a GOOD OL' BOY is waiting, rifle in hand.

He gets ready. . .just as ELISHA is about to cross the threshold. As he gets up she RAISES the revolver and SHOOTS through the wall without a second thought. The wall blasts apart and his head EXPLODES.

She WAITS a moment, resting her head against the WALL - trying to catch her breath. Anything at all. Then, she rounds the CORNER -

- FACE TO FACE with RIFLEMAN, who PICKS HER UP by the NECK and SLAMS her into the opposite wall. She REARS UP and uses her weight to PUSH HIM OFF HER.

Just as quick, his RIFLE'S OUT - pointed DEAD-CENTER at her FACE. What happens next is .2 seconds - a shoot out a foot apart. He SHOOTS HER TWICE, misses once and gets her in the SHOULDER, and she BLASTS HIS HEAD OFF. Fastest gun in the west, over here.

She TURNS toward the bedroom, off down the wall. As she heaves herself off the wall, she SLIPS on her OWN BLOOD. Rights herself.

Grunting all the time, WILLING herself forward, in IMMENSE PAIN, she WALKS.

191 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - BIG MOMMA'S ROOM -

191

The bed is empty. BIG MOMMA stands, waiting with small PISTOL in hand. It's trembling. She wipes her hand on her dress.

The DOOR BLOWS OPEN. ELISHA.

ELISHA

Where's - my - broth --

Big Momma FIRES TWICE. Hits ELISHA right in the stomach. That's the game. Elisha SCREAMS like nothing we've heard before. . .and FALLS to her knees, clutching her stomach.

BIG MOMMA gives a big, excited WHOOP.

BIG MOMMA

Ha! FUCK YOU!

She just keeps laughing - right up until Elisha impossibly STRUGGLES to her feet, and raises the REVOLVER. . .but, nope. It CLATTERS to the floor. So does she.

Big Momma KICKS IT toward the door, in a manic tizzy. She KICKS ELISHA in the STOMACH. And AGAIN.

She leans down, real close.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

You're about to die just like your parents did, you understand? Then I'm gonna have you stuffed.

ON THE DOOR

As two pairs of feet approach. ONE OF THEM picks up the REVOLVER.

Big Momma checks the PISTOL to make sure it's LOADED and aims it down at Elisha. . .then, two SHOTS. She's BLOWN SIDEWAYS.

She steadies herself on the bed. Her STOMACH and CHEST are bloody. She looks up.

Franky and Billy stand in the doorway. The revolver SMOKES in Billy's trembling hand.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Billy?

She FALLS to the floor, right next to Elisha. Billy drops the gun and goes to her. She's in terrible, ugly pain.

BILLY

You need to get her to a hospital. Can you walk?

She NODS. Franky helps her up, and slings her over his shoulder. We can see now - she is a fucking MESS. Blood seeps out of her stomach. Too much. It's spreading all over, onto the floor. Dripping off her boots. She can only barely walk. Her legs don't work.

ELISHA
 (to Billy)
 What about. . .you?

BILLY
 I'm not going anywhere.

The two of them stare at each other. Something vital is exchanged. Is that a nod? Hard to tell.

Then, her strength gives. She COUGHS up blood. Her and Franky hustle out of the room.

Big Momma CLUTCHES at Billy's shirt, her light rapidly fading. Her head falls into his lap.

BIG MOMMA
 Billy. . .how could you -

BILLY
 Shhhh. Be quiet now, momma. Just be quiet.
 (beat)
 Shhhh. . .

He pets her hair softly. She DIES.

192 INT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 192

Franky and Elisha, stumbling down the stairs.

FRANKY
 Careful.

ELISHA
 (losing it)
 The. . .the girls, Franky. We gotta .
 . .gotta get -

193 INT. THE COMPLEX - FIRST SHED - CONTINUOUS 193

FOOTSTEPS ABOVE US, on the wood. The GIRLS watch. The DOOR swings open, light falling on their gaunt faces. . .

Franky stands there.

FRANKY
 They're all dead. The door. . . is not a wall anymore.

194 EXT. THE COMPLEX - PREDAWN 194

Mist is beginning to settle. Limping. The GIRLS are emerging from the SHEDS, slowly. Among them, YVETTE.

Elisha is leaning against one of the PICKUP TRUCKS, corpse-like in the morning sun. As the Girls get closer, they GASP silently at the sight of her.

She stumbles, grabs Yvette's shoulders.

YVETTE

Are you. . .

ELISHA

Stay away from. . . the main roads.
The police around here aren't
friendly.

(beat)

Remember. . . what I told you. Dallas.
Anyway you can. Look for Stephen
Shelly. He'll. . . he'll help you.

Yvette nods.

Elisha limps back toward the TRUCK as Franky gets in,
slumping against the door. She turns. Looking at the girls.
At Yvette.

ELISHA (CONT'D)

I'm. . . sorry. For everything that's
happened to y'all. Everything that's
going to happen. There are wonderful
surprises coming. For all of us. I
promise you.

Elisha GETS IN.

YVETTE

Th-thank you. . .

She turns and looks back at them for a moment, and then limps
out of sight.

Yvette turns and enters the crowd, selecting a key to try -

195 INT. TRUCK -

195

Elisha slumps against the window, blood smearing on the
glass, as FRANKY get in and closes the door. He starts the
truck after stealing a glance at his sister. She doesn't look
good.

Outside the window, all the GIRLS from every SHED, are
beginning to come out. Yvette stands on the threshold of one.
She WAVES.

The TRUCK pulls away.

196 EXT. THE COMPLEX - BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

196

The TRUCK pulls out through the front gate as the GIRLS watch
for a moment. Then, almost as a collective, they turn and
start to walk toward THE BIG HOUSE. In the predawn light, it
looks ghostly.

197 INT. TRUCK (MOVING) -

197

Elisha is wavering in and out of consciousness. Franky is talking to her, but it's all MUSH. Her breath is raspy, the sound of exsanguination.

FRANKY

Stay awake. Come on, keep your eyes open!

WHISPERS

(V.O; clear and distinct)

Don't be afraid. It's okay, now. We're so proud of you, Ellie.

Elisha's eyes flutter open. And she sees: in the rearview mirror - her Mom and Dad. And the Little Girl. They're smiling at her.

Down the road, the broken down WALL.

ELISHA

Stop. . .stop the car, Franky.

FRANKY

What?

She reaches over and PULLS THE WHEEL toward the shoulder of the road.

198 EXT. COUNTY RD - DAWN

198

Elisha STUMBLES out onto the road. It's almost impossible for her to walk on her own, but she manages anyway - HUNCHED OVER, inch by inch. Her clothes are now completely slick with blood, from the two prominent BULLET-HOLES.

FRANKY

Elisha, what are you doing?!

She looks back at Franky. He follows. She's walking toward THE WALL, gasping for all the air she can get. A GOUT OF BLOOD escapes her lips and she sinks down against it, leaving a bloody trail.

Franky sits down beside her, uncertain but frantic. She's practically convulsing now; color and life leaving her by the second, what little there was. She grips at him tightly, emphatically. Impulsively.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

(trying to be gentle)

Elisha, we need to get you to a -

ELISHA

S-s-shut up. It's. . .it's over now.

She takes his arm, and places it around her, and holds him tight. This image looks very FAMILIAR. She motions weakly to him, and he lowers an ear -

It's imperceptible, unknowable what she whispers. Well, almost. She says:

ELISHA (CONT'D)
 . . .now we're both free.

He looks at her, his eyes red.

ELISHA (CONT'D)
 (struggling, every word)
 Leave me here; don't be connected to
 this. Call and tell them where to find
 me.
 (beat)
 I love you.

Tears are running hard down Franky's cheeks.

FRANKY
 I love you too, big sister.

A SMILE lights up her face through the pain like we've never seen; genuine. Happy. Innocent. She's waited a long time to hear that, and just that; and it means to her more than everything in the world.

Then she's GONE. The light goes, and she heaves her death sigh. Her head sinks lopsidedly onto her chest. Her eyes stay open.

Franky HUGS HER TIGHTER, and we PULL BACK on that familiar image. . .as he holds his sister to comfort her, one last time.

199 INT. TRUCK - LATER

199

ON ELISHA'S BODY

Against the wall. Still dead. Nature sounds are filling in now. Cicadas chirp in the early rural morning, met by birds.

PULL BACK to reveal - Franky, staring at her. A beat goes by. By the change in light, we can tell: he's been staring a long time.

Then he turns his head; turns the key. Puts the car in drive. Clears his tear-stained face, and he DRIVES.

200 INT. THE BIG HOUSE - DAWN

200

The GIRLS, of all ages and sizes, clamber among the dead bodies and ransack the house.

We FOLLOW YVETTE as she climbs the staircase, all the chaos happening in the b.g., below her, and onto the threshold. She steps over a body in the hallway, and goes down it to find, through the open bedroom door:

BILLY. His dead mother's head in his lap. He looks at her, destroyed. She returns his look. ALIVE.

201 INT. TRUCK (MOVING) -

201

We PUSH IN from outside the windshield, to see: Franky, his face smeared with tears and shock. Through it all, something creeps in.

A Smile. A million emotions, thrown into stark relief -

202 EXT. COUNTY RD - DAWN

202

As the TRUCK shoots down the road, becoming a blip, becoming nothing, as Franky races toward whatever his future is, now.

We PAN UP slowly, into the predawn sky, lights of cell towers blinking in the distance. Above us, the SKY is dark at the center, almost midnight black. But, the darkness is shrinking.

Little by little, as time passes - MORNING comes.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.