

# SHOCK WAVES

written

by

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OPENING SCROLL:

*Every year, an overwhelming majority of sexual assaults will go unreported to the authorities, allowing the unidentified offenders to roam free of prosecution.*

*As a result, the survivors of these assaults are left feeling the full weight of their trauma...leaving them more likely to abuse alcohol, drugs and other substances than those who have not been sexually abused.*

OVER BLACK:

**WARREN, MICHIGAN  
PRESENT DAY**

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - HALMICH PARK - NIGHT

A slowly spinning FERRIS WHEEL...spotlit by the GLOWING ORANGE LIGHTS of its bucket seat cars.. hovers over the park on a busy Friday night.

Cotton candy moves through the crowd. Arms full of stuffed novelty animals. People shovel sausages and funnel cakes down their snack holes.

All happy faces and smiles. All but one.

LESLIE RYKOWSKI (19), a waifish young burnout with too much eye makeup and overtly sexual clothes stumbles through a crowd of mostly fresh faced teens.

Her attention drawn to a row of FOOD TRUCKS.

She observes a very happy SIX YEAR OLD GIRL wrapped around the neck of her FATHER as they stand in line at a soft serve ice cream stand.

The MOTHER surprises her husband with a swift pat on the behind as she joins them.

Leslie's jealousy is loud and clear as she snickers in disgust at the happy family.

An array of OBNOXIOUS JERKS get themselves an eyeful as they pass Leslie on either side.

Leslie stops in her tracks as she observes...

A HALL OF MIRRORS

...dead center of the fair.

Leslie, barely able to stand upright, dips inside the carnival attraction.

INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

Leslie stands before a warped image of herself. In front of her. Behind her. All around her.

LESLIE'S POV:

Her sight blurred. The once bright and happy room has turned dark and ominous. A drug induced, filtered reality as A DARK PRESENCE with a DEMONIC FACE pops up behind her.

END OF POV

A startled Leslie quickly turns...

...stares into another set of mirrors as there are now TWO DARK FIGURES with DEMONIC MASKS on either side of her.

Leslie SCREAMS OUT...races down a hallway...further into the maze full of mirrors. She stumbles straight into the arms of A TEEN BOY who attempt to console her.

TEEN BOY #1  
Hey, you okay?

Leslie SHOVES HIM BACK.

TEEN BOY #1 (CONT'D)  
What's your problem?!

Leslie backs up a step...bumps into a TEEN GIRL who quickly restrains her arms.

LESLIE  
No! Get away!

Leslie wrestles to break free of her grip.

TEEN GIRL  
It's okay! We wanna help you!

Another TEEN BOY joins his friend.

TEEN BOY #2  
What's the matter with her?

As Leslie breaks free, she falls flat on her face, rolls over and stares back at her own reflection in the mirror.

LESLIE'S POV:

In the reflection...A DEMONIC FIGURE attempts to unbuckle her short shorts while a SECOND DEMONIC FIGURE hovers behind her...restrains her arms behind her own head.

END OF POV

Leslie SCREAMS OUT.

The three teens watch as Leslie goes into convulsions and FOAMS at the mouth.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR - HALMICH PARK - NIGHT

Leslie's body is rolled out on a stretcher by TWO PARAMEDICS as one of them holds an oxygen mask to her face. But it's all for show as she's already gone.

The once happy crowd has turned dour. One YOUNG GIRL is crying into her MOTHER'S leg. Her cotton candy dumped on the grassy field before her.

Among them is LIEUTENANT GEOFFREY WADDLE (50s), slicked back hair, proper suit, big city cop mentality. He's stuck in a small town rut and hates every dull moment.

Standing with him is SERGEANT MITCHELL DERRICKSON (30s), ex Navy SEAL, thick neck, humorless, all business. His green police uniform painted over his bulked up frame.

Lt. Waddle snaps at his gum, turns and faces a crowd of mostly white bread citizens...all foaming at the mouth and morbidly curious.

LT. WADDLE

Look at these people. Stepping over one another, hoping to get a peek. I tell you...I don't know if it's a sick world out there anymore or if we're the sick ones.

Derrickson quietly observes Lt. Waddle's nervous demeanor as he pops another stick of gum.

DERRICKSON

You recognize the girl?

Lt. Waddle's jaw locks, stops chewing, steps closer...right in Derrickson's mug.

LT. WADDLE  
 (serious)  
 No. I didn't. And if anyone asks,  
 neither did you, okay?

DERRICKSON  
 Is that what you're gonna tell  
 them?

Derrickson nods in the direction of a small grassy lot where  
 NEWS VANS arrive in droves.

LT. WADDLE  
 Wonderful.

DERRICKSON  
 It's only a matter of time before  
 this gets leaked to the press. If  
 it hasn't already.

LT. WADDLE  
 Yeah, I know. Feds come in and  
 take over and we look like  
 assholes. I don't need you to  
 spell it out for me.

Lt. Waddle is a stress machine as he paces in a circle.  
 Derrickson watches.

DERRICKSON  
 I could bury it.

Lt. Waddle shocked by the mere suggestion. Derrickson  
 quickly back tracks.

DERRICKSON (CONT'D)  
 Temporarily. At least until we get  
 a handle on this thing.

Lt. Waddle ponders his decision.

LT. WADDLE  
 Yeah, okay. Round up the troops.  
 Make sure we're all on the same  
 page with this. No one talks to  
 the press. I don't want any more  
 surprises.

Lt. Waddle observes the white bread crowd awaiting some sort  
 of action from him and Derrickson.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
 (to Derrickson)  
 Get these people out of here.

Lt. Waddle wanders off. Derrickson steps to the crowd.

DERRICKSON  
(to crowd)  
Alright now. Show's over. Let's  
get on home.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The actual exit gate has been opened...and remains open as random cars slow to a stop but are flagged through by the front gate PARKING ATTENDANT.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
You're good. Have a good night.

INT. FRONT GATE CUBICLE - NIGHT

A MASKED GUNMAN kneels below the window with a pistol tucked into the attendant's rib cage.

MASKED GUNMAN  
That's it. Just keep waving them  
through until I tell you to stop.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
What is this about?

Masked Gunman applies some pressure on the attendant's rib cage as he winces in pain.

MASKED GUNMAN  
Shut up! No talking!

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

A poster sized advertisement hangs on the garage wall just over an ATM machine. WARREN CITY FAIR. HALMICH PARK. JUNE 17 - 21.

And just beyond this ATM...in the far corner of this parking garage...sits the entrance to FINN'S CRAB HOUSE. A very happening local oyster bar. A pair of double doors are propped open as patrons enter.

INT. FINN'S CRAB HOUSE - NIGHT

The almost full house of patrons sit silent. Palms down on the tables and booths before them.

WAITERS and WAITRESSES stand still...trays in hand. A BARTENDER holds his hands in the air.

KIRK (20s), a crazed, meth head, holds VERONICA (20s), his secret girlfriend and partner in crime, hostage. A nine mil under her chin for show.

KIRK  
You want her to die?! Eyes down!  
Everybody!

The WAITING STAFF all stand frozen in various corners of the restaurant. Some hold trays, others with order sheets.

At one of the tables sits ANGELA "ANGIE" BURGESS (30s), Rawley's spunky younger sister and pharmaceutical tech. All dressed up and out on the town.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Alright! Just like I said! The  
cash on the table! All of it!

The WAITERS and WAITRESSES all meet near the center of the restaurant and dump their loose cash and tips for the night in a plastic shopping bag.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
I said all of it.

The staff all share a collective rolling of the eyes as they dump the rest of their earnings.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
(to Veronica)  
You're gonna pick up that bag. You  
even think of dropping it along the  
way, I drop you. Got it?

VERONICA  
Got it.

Kirk and Veronica move for the center table as she retrieves the bag of loose cash.

Angie squints, a sly grin as she shakes her head.

ANGIE  
(whispers)  
This is bullshit.

Angie observes the empty chair across from her. A linen napkin tossed aside. Her date is missing.

KIRK

The first pair of eyes I see  
creepin' out that door catches a  
bullet between them. Any takers?

Kirk backs Veronica toward the door.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

Kirk releases Veronica as the two of them laugh it up and  
rush down a set of stairs.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FIRST LEVEL - NIGHT

Veronica rushes down the steps, reaches the first level. And  
then Kirk, who is quickly...

PUNCHED DEAD IN THE FACE and KNOCKED OUT.

Veronica turns to find RAWLEY NINER (40s), now a plain  
clothes civilian in a sharp dinner jacket, hovering  
over her unconscious boyfriend.

VERONICA

Bay-beee!

Rawley zip ties Kirk's hands and feet like a wild animal.  
And last but not least...retrieves his car keys.

Kirk starts to come around.

KIRK

Hell you doin, man?

CLICK! The sound of Kirk's car ALARM points Rawley in the  
right direction. A flashy DODGE CHALLENGER with sparkling  
wheels and first rate tires.

RAWLEY

(to Veronica)

You're driving.

He tosses her the keys.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Challenger stops before the front gate. The trunk pops  
open. Veronica behind the wheel.



INT. CHALLENGER - NIGHT

Rawley squats in the back seat, a gun to the back of the driver's side.

RAWLEY

Don't be stupid now. Do like I said and the money's yours.

Veronica nervously nods to the Parking Attendant and HONKS her horn long and loud.

INT. FRONT GATE CUBICLE - NIGHT

Masked Gunman still squatted behind the Parking Attendant.

MASKED GUNMAN

You did real good. Keep your hands where I can see them or I'll shoot you through the glass.

Masked Gunman dips out of the cubicle.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The Masked Gunman walks to the open trunk and is shocked to find it completely empty.

MASKED GUNMAN

What the...

Rawley sneaks up on him...PISTOL WHIPS HIM OVER THE HEAD and tosses him into the open trunk. He shuts it in his face.

MASKED GUNMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HEY!!!

He BEATS HIS FIST on the inside of the trunk. Veronica steps out of the driver's side. She spots the bag of loose cash before Rawley's feet.

VERONICA

Okay, I did it. Let me see the cash.

RAWLEY

You got a chance to walk out of here and never look back. Or you can take this cash and look over your shoulder the rest of your life. What's it gonna be?

The sound of POLICE SIRENS draw too close for comfort. Veronica turns and observes the busy street in front of the parking garage...paranoid...unsure.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

I'll keep you out of this.  
Consider this your last chance.  
They're coming for you.

Veronica unable to decide. Rawley reaches in the bag, pulls out a wad of cash wrapped in a rubber band and tosses it in Veronica's direction. She quickly retrieves it from the ground.

VERONICA

Thanks, man.

Veronica makes tracks. Rawley smiles, reaches down and snags up the bag of stolen cash.

EXT. WARREN CITY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The newly renovated brick building is actually an old hotel and major city landmark. Both the Michigan and US flags hang proudly from the side of the precinct.

A modest visitor's lot sits adjacent to the main drag.

Angie, arms folded, fuming mad, leans against Rawley's red Mustang and stares up at a third story window.

RAWLEY stares down at her.

INT. WARREN CITY POLICE STATION - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Rawley turns away from the window just as...

Lt. Waddle enters. All macho, false bravado. Snapping his usual gum as loudly as possible.

LT. WADDLE

Mount Pleasant's finest. Right here, in the flesh.

Lt. Waddle drops Rawley's concealed holster and pistol on a conference table...slides it his direction.

Rawley snags it before it hits the floor.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

Ya know, I'd thank you for your assistance in the apprehension of Mister Clemens, all in the spirit of professional courtesy and all that. But I'm hearing you tossed in your badge over a year ago. Which makes this a clear case of obstruction.

Rawley hangs his head.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

What's the problem, Sergeant? Been awhile since you've seen your mug on the tube and decided to make another mess?

RAWLEY

I was having dinner. I thought I could help. No big deal.

Lt. Waddle picks up a report from the table.

LT. WADDLE

Yeah. That's what it says here in your statement. You were having dinner with your sister and realized you left your wallet in your car. You step out and the suspect holds the place at gunpoint.

(smiles)

Pretty terrific timing if you ask me.

RAWLEY

Not sure I follow.

Lt. Waddle opens the file and, using both hands, holds up NEWSPAPER HEADLINES of various robberies and restaurant hold up attempts.

LT. WADDLE

Clemens and his team have been taking down similar scores all over the coast. Out of the way spots, off the beaten path, low police presence, clear exit strategy. Maybe you figured they'd be hitting Finn's tonight.

RAWLEY

How would I possibly know that?

Lt. Waddle rests his butt on the edge of the table, gets a closer look at Rawley's eyes, reads them.

LT. WADDLE

Oh, I don't know. Because it's what you do. It's that thing inside you. A gut instinct you can't just shut off like a light switch. No matter how hard you want to.

Rawley smiles.

RAWLEY

You got me.

LT. WADDLE

You may not be a cop anymore but it doesn't mean you're not still watching. Or maybe you just handed in your badge a little too prematurely.

Rawley huffs in boredom.

RAWLEY

You gonna hold me? My sister's waiting outside.

Lt. Waddle laughs.

LT. WADDLE

Yeah I heard about you. You make the mess but don't wanna make the bed. I guess that's just par for the course with you, huh, Mister Niner?

RAWLEY

Guess so.

LT. WADDLE

Well hey. Don't let me keep you.

Lt. Waddle stands upright, steps aside, out of the way, gives Rawley some room.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

Thanks again for your assistance. Sergeant Niner.

Rawley cracks a silly grin, heads for the door.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
Just one more thing.

Rawley stops, turns.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
Are you planning on sticking around  
awhile?

RAWLEY  
Haven't decided. Depends.

LT. WADDLE  
On what?

Rawley shrugs.

RAWLEY  
Oh, ya know. Stuff.

Lt. Waddle nods with appreciation.

LT. WADDLE  
You're gonna be trouble. I can  
already see that. Tell you what.  
You ever think about coming back to  
the job I may be able to pull some  
strings. Get you back in plain  
clothes. God knows I got too much  
go in on to keep my eye on you  
twenty four seven.

RAWLEY  
I think I'm good.

LT. WADDLE  
Well. In that case I suppose we'll  
be seeing each other around.  
Eventually.

Rawley nods.

RAWLEY  
Yeah.

Rawley dips out. Lt. Waddle overcome with worry.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Rawley halfway down the steps outside the briefing room.

Lt. Waddle pops out...stares down at Rawley.

LT. WADDLE  
Hey. Rawley.

Rawley stops, looks back.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
Please give your sister my  
condolences. Tough break. Let her  
know she's in our prayers.

Rawley looks surprised. He simply nods...continues down the steps as Lt. Waddle keeps a close eye on him.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

Rawley dips off the stairs into a busy visitor's waiting area. Lots of worried, concerned faces pace the carpet, family's argue, phones RING. An ANGRY WOMAN chews out a bored looking DESK SERGEANT.

As Rawley makes for the door, he doesn't notice MIKA PADGETT (20s), light skinned, black, stunning, Abby's close friend and old roommate, coming through the security area and checking her belongings.

Mika turns back, watches as Rawley dips out. She seems a bit caught off guard, confused, curious by his presence here in Warren.

SECURITY GUARD  
Miss.

Mika grabs her keys and purse from a conveyor belt.

MIKA  
Yeah. Thanks.

She heads inside.

EXT. WARREN CITY POLICE STATION - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Rawley joins an impatient Angie still waiting at his Mustang.

ANGIE  
I've been waiting two hours,  
Rawley. I thought that was it.  
They were processing you. Might as  
well go home and wait for the  
arraignment.

Rawley digs his keys out of Angie's hand.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
You can't answer the phone?

RAWLEY  
A little busy in there, Angie.

ANGIE  
What was that tonight?

RAWLEY  
What was what?

ANGIE  
That stunt. Tonight. Ya know,  
you're supposed to be here for me.  
(beat)  
For me. Come to find out you're  
still running around with a gun  
playing cop.

RAWLEY  
Can we not do this now?

Rawley opens the driver's side door. Angie stops him.

ANGIE  
You could've been killed tonight.  
And where would that leave me?  
With a dead husband and a dead  
brother. All in the same month.  
Wow! What a deal!

RAWLEY  
His gun wasn't even loaded.

ANGIE  
What if it was? Do you even think  
about that? Do you think about  
anything or anyone else but  
yourself? Ever?!

Rawley breaks into hysterics.

RAWLEY  
That's great. Real great.

Rawley crawls in. Angie scoffs with disgust, races around to  
the other side and gets in.

INT. RAWLEY'S MUSTANG - NIGHT

Rawley cranks the engine. The stereo blasting. He reaches for the dial but Angie beats him to it...quickly shuts it off completely.

ANGIE

Why are you laughing?

RAWLEY

I don't ever think of you. That's funny. How soon we forget.

Angie winces at the thought.

ANGIE

Oh don't even bring up that Raoul Lopez bullshit with me again, Rawley. I've heard it enough times.

RAWLEY

Ortega. Raoul Ortega. You really can't remember?

ANGIE

Lopez, Ortega, whatever. I wasn't there and I never asked you to do that.

RAWLEY

No, but you're glad I did, aren't you? And that's the point.

ANGIE

What point?

Rawley throws it in reverse and off they go, out of the lot and back onto the main drag.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Chris died in an accident, Rawley! An accident! If anyone was responsible, it was you!

RAWLEY

What?!

ANGIE

You were the one behind the wheel and you've been carrying that around inside of you for ten years! But you wanna blame Raoul, me, anyone but yourself!



Rawley sits in silence. A bit shocked.

RAWLEY

Thanks. Thanks for that stroll  
down memory lane. It really hit  
the spot after such a trying  
evening.

Rawley so shaken up, he sparks up a cigarette. His hands  
trembling with pent up rage.

ANGIE

Your hands are shaking. I thought  
you were over that.

RAWLEY

Yeah, me too. Guess not.

Rawley takes a nice, long drag of his smoke, exhales as if  
the only pleasure in his life.

Angie appears guilt ridden.

ANGIE

I didn't mean that. About Chris.

RAWLEY

Sure you did.

ANGIE

He had a wife. It would've never  
worked out. It was all just a  
mistake. So was the baby.

RAWLEY

You don't mean that.

ANGIE

I sorta do.

Rawley watches her, surprised.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

If I was meant to have it, I  
would've had it.

RAWLEY

Yeah, well. God didn't give you a  
lot of say in that decision.

Angie stares at her own reflection in the mirror. Her eyes  
are sad and lifeless.

ANGIE

It's all in the past. Chris.  
Jason. All the shit. We need to  
move forward. Both of us. We need  
each other, Rawley.

Angie cups Rawley's free hand. She smiles back at him.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I'm really really happy that you're  
here and I'm not doing this alone.  
So do me a favor and don't die  
anytime soon, please.

Rawley grins.

RAWLEY

I'll do my best.

ANGIE

You better.

INT. TRISTA AND GREY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

A mop of blonde hair blows chunks into a toilet. After a few moments, the young woman comes up for air, revealing the tired and strung out face of TRISTA COLLINS (20s), part time exotic dancer, full time addict.

A FIST POUNDS the locked bathroom door. Her roommate GREY.

GREY (O.S.)

If you're pregnant, I'm moving out!  
Just pre warning you!

TRISTA

Just give me a sec!

Trista barely manages to stand. Her reflection staring back at her from a mirror. A dark figure in a DEMONIC MASK just behind her causes her to jump.

Trista spins around...no one there.

GREY (O.S.)

Seriously though. I need in there.

Trista grabs her chest, tries to catch her breath.

INT. TRISTA AND GREY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Trista storms out of the bathroom, nudging past GREY GEBHARDT (20s), Trista's much healthier, full figured and rosey cheeked roommate.

GREY

Did you at least flush?

EXT. APARTMENT STAIRS - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Trista rests on the top step, has a quick smoke. Her hand shakes so bad the cigarette visibly trembles between her fingertips.

Grey locks up behind her as she dips out. Unlike Trista, she is respectably dressed, very together looking and hauling a book bag.

GREY

You gonna sit here all day?

TRISTA

I'm not on for another hour.

GREY

Mika called. She's been asking about you. She says you won't call her back.

TRISTA

Who the hell is she now, our guardian angel or something?

Trista angrily ditches her smoke, rocks back and forth like a true addict, her arms cold.

TRISTA (CONT'D)

Fuck it's cold.

Grey takes a seat next to her.

GREY

We made a pact. That if one of us falls we pick the other one up. It's important we stay in contact. She's worried about you.

TRISTA

You been telling her about me?

GREY

I've never seen you this bad.  
Something's triggered this relapse  
but you won't tell me. You won't  
tell me anything. You've barely  
spoken to me in two weeks.

Trista sparks up a fresh smoke. Grey snags it, takes a nice long drag.

GREY (CONT'D)

Fuck, now you got me smoking again.  
We're falling apart. Again. What  
else is new.

Grey hands over the smoke.

GREY (CONT'D)

Here. Take it. Before I gotta buy  
all new clothes again.

Trista takes the cigarette, puffs away like a nervous wreck.

TRISTA

I don't know what to do.

GREY

You can go get help.

TRISTA

I can't go back there. To that  
place.

GREY

You don't have to go back alone.  
Not if you don't want.

Trista turns...stares into her eyes...dead serious.

TRISTA

No. I can't go back there. Not  
ever again.

Grey tries to get a read on her...but gives up.

GREY

Okay. Whatever. I don't  
understand why that is but okay.  
We can go somewhere else. But you  
need help. We all see it.

Trista tears up.

TRISTA  
Just don't leave me okay?

She collapses in Grey's arms.

INT. RISING STAR DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

A CHUBBY DANCER, real hard face and about ten years past her prime, performs a drug induced strip tease act for a room of drunks and other low lives.

Trista carries a tray of booze across the main floor, ducks in between a maze of tables. She is a sweaty, trembling mess of a human, unfocused, confused.

The entire room is wall to wall mirrors. In the reflection are random DEMONIC FACES turning...staring back at Trista as she works her way through the floor.

Trista fights the urge to burst into tears.

A DRUNK PATRON pinches her ass as she dumps the entire tray of glass and booze all over the table before her.

PATRON #1  
Come on!

TRISTA  
Fuck, man. I'm sorry.

Trista yanks a white towel from her waistband, attempts to wipe down the table, spills all over the man.

PATRON #1  
What the fuck!

TRISTA  
Shit!

Trista spots her reflection on the corner wall. A DEMONIC FIGURE stands just behind her.

PATRON #1  
You spilled all over my lap. Tell you what.

Patron #1 grabs Trista's arm, as well as her undivided attention.

PATRON #1 (CONT'D)  
Why don't you lick it off.

TRISTA

I work for tips, not blow jobs.  
Take your hand off me.

Trista jerks herself free.

Trista's manager REGGIE (40s), tropical shirt, all chest hair, grease ball type, watches from across the room and intervenes.

REGGIE

Hell's the matter with you coming  
in like this?

Reggie nods to the chubby on stage.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I pulled you off stage like you  
wanted. You wanna work the floor  
you can't be loaded.

TRISTA

I just need a break okay? Five  
minutes.

Reggie snickers with disgust.

REGGIE

Do what you gotta do to get your  
shit together.

Reggie heads off. Trista spots an array of DEMONIC FACES in the crowd...all different but equally evil and twisted...and all ignoring the show and watching her.

She rushes for the rear exit.

EXT. RISING STAR DANCE CLUB - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

Trista rests her back against a green garbage dumpster as random KITCHEN WORKERS step in and out of the back door with black bags full of trash.

She takes one drag after the next from her smoke.

A TALL SILHOUETTED FIGURE stands in the alley way...just beyond our ability to make out his identity.

She drops her smoke, steps closer to him, arms folded, cold, hurting, in need of a fix.

INT. RISING STAR DANCE CLUB - LADIES RESTROOM - NIGHT

Trista, closed off in a stall, fixes herself a tourniquet, injects a needle into her track marked arm.

She mellows out, half awake, half unconscious.

EXT. RISING STAR DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

An ambulance blocks the alley next to Rising Star as TWO PARAMEDICS roll Trista's body through the thin, trash ridden pathway.

Several DANCERS in g strings and silk robes smoke cigarettes and observe the chaotic scene.

Reggie gives his statement to a UNIFORM COP.

Lt. Waddle stands with Derrickson.

LT. WADDLE

I wanted a little excitement. I got it. I'm telling you, be careful what you wish for.

Derrickson hands Lt. Waddle a smart phone. He accepts.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

What am I looking at?

DERRICKSON

Collins cell phone. Check out who she has on her list of contacts.

Lt. Waddle scrolls down. A name jumps out at him. An instantly sick look.

LT. WADDLE

Sonofabitch. Tell me this isn't happening to me.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Angie fixes herself a cup of coffee as Rawley raids the pantry cupboards for cereal. He sifts through random boxes, shakes his head, nothing good here.

ANGIE

What're you doing?

RAWLEY

Looking for human food. There's gotta be a clown, or a captain or toucan in here somewhere.

ANGIE

Yeah, I'm an adult. I don't eat garbage. Sorry.

Rawley gives up, shuts the pantry door, snags a coffee mug from a hanging rack and pours himself one.

RAWLEY

Cigarettes and coffee it is.

ANGIE

Sit down. I'll make you waffles. They're the cheap kind you put in a toaster. And they're about two months out of date. You'll love them.

RAWLEY

Cool.

Rawley grins, takes a seat on a counter stool. A loud RAPPING of a FIST on the front door catches them both off guard.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Expecting company?

ANGIE

Might be Jason's lawyer. Supposed to be swinging by in a couple days.

Rawley nods, sparks up a fresh smoke.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I have an idea. I'll get it.

Angie heads for the door.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

Angie opens the front door to find Mika before her. She is a new woman. Sharply dressed, clean cut. Her life of quick cash and pornography long behind her.

MIKA

Good morning. Hi.

Angie stands confused.



ANGIE

Yes?

MIKA

Angie Burgess?

ANGIE

That's right.

MIKA

I was told I might be able to find your brother here. Is he around by any chance.

Angie squints, perplexed, annoyed.

ANGIE

Could I ask what this is about?

MIKA

Kind of a long story. Kind of personal. It's a lot to get into.

Angie just nods silently as she observes the young woman standing on her doorstep.

MIKA (CONT'D)

I do really need to see Rawley if he's in. It is important.

Angie huffs out loud, steps aside, waves Mika inside.

ANGIE

Come on in.

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - REAR DECK - DAY

Rawley dips his hot buttered waffle into his coffee mug as Mika stands before him. A silly grin.

RAWLEY

So how did you find me, anyways?

MIKA

I saw you. Down at the police station the other night.

Rawley nods.

MIKA (CONT'D)

I did a little asking around and heard about what happened to your brother in law. I'm sorry.

RAWLEY

Yeah, well, we never actually met believe it or not.

MIKA

Really?

RAWLEY

Ya know. Other than an extremely brief phone call a couple months before the wedding. Told me if I knew what was good for me to stay out of his and Angie's life. That was about three years ago.

MIKA

You haven't seen your sister for three years?

Rawley grows tired of personal talk, snags a tear from a paper towel rack and wipes his hands.

RAWLEY

But enough about me. You look good. How's Abby doing?

MIKA

She's good. Real good. She's training to be a vet tech.

RAWLEY

Yeah? She does love animals.

MIKA

We talk every few days or so. Why? Haven't you heard from her?

Rawley looks disappointed.

RAWLEY

No. Not really. Guess she's officially cut the cord.

MIKA

Yeah. Guess so.

Rawley drifts off for a moment...a bit sad and distraught. Mika steps closer, snaps him out of it.

MIKA (CONT'D)

She does talk about you.

RAWLEY

Oh yeah?

MIKA

She told me you're running that pool hall now. Lucky Strikes.

Rawley grins, nods.

MIKA (CONT'D)

And that the guy who used to own it kidnapped Abby and tried to kill you.

Rawley awkwardly scratches his head, a dumb looking grin as this crazy story unfolds all over again.

MIKA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid to ask.

RAWLEY

Yeah. He sort of left it to Abby in his will. I know, I know. It all sounds too weird for words.

MIKA

A little bit.

RAWLEY

Well. You're here. And it's ten o'clock in the morning. Whatever's on your mind it must be important.

Mika takes a seat across from him.

MIKA

Do you remember Leslie? Leslie Rykowski?

Rawley thinks back. He shakes his head.

MIKA (CONT'D)

She used to live with me and Abby. You sort of met her once.

RAWLEY

Not really. Honestly, I barely remember meeting you.

MIKA

Right. Anyways. After me and Leslie and most of us got out of rehab we made the collective decision that we would leave Tracie.

Rawley thinks back.

RAWLEY

Tracie. This was your pimp.

Rawley spots Angie at the rear sliding door, coffee carafe in hand and a shocked look on her face.

ANGIE

On that note. Refill anyone?

Rawley slumps in defeat.

MIKA

Yes, please.

Angie refills Mika's cup. She gives Rawley a nasty stare on her way back inside. Mika watches closely as she slams the sliding door shut and disappears.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Anyways. We decided as a group that if we were to ever heal like we needed to, that meant leaving Bay City behind and going our separate ways.

RAWLEY

Why's that?

MIKA

When we all moved in together we thought we'd be like this big happy family and we'd never be alone again. Nothing could touch us. But the truth was we were just enabling each other's own bad behavior. When one of us fell we all fell like dominoes.

RAWLEY

So you're out of the life.

MIKA

The life meaning porn.

RAWLEY

Porn, adult films. Drugs, drinking, partying. The life.

Rawley spots Angie giving him a nasty stare from an open bedroom window. She slams it closed.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Ignore her. Go on.

MIKA

Most of us got out. But not Leslie. She was still obsessed with being a star. Bella Baroni. Her latest stage name. She's got so popular in fact she gets contacted by this flashy new company. Slick website. Lots of familiar names involved.

RAWLEY

From the adult industry?

MIKA

That's right. From first glance it all looked legit. Until Leslie shows up for her first gig, ready to rock. Only it's not what she thinks it is.

Mika chokes back her tears.

MIKA (CONT'D)

These men. They did things. Things she never agreed to do. Things so terrible she shut down. Stopped speaking to all of us.

Mika stands, goes for a walk on the deck, stares out into the beautiful green landscape.

MIKA (CONT'D)

You could tell she really wanted to tell me. For weeks. But she just couldn't get there. Too embarrassed.

RAWLEY

But you knew what happened?

MIKA

Every couple of nights she would go downstairs and just sit in her car with the engine running. She'd call me up and tell me she was about to go to the cops. Get it all out of her system. But she'd chicken out. Talk herself out of it. Before I could stop her, she'd hang up.

RAWLEY

So did she ever go?

MIKA

She did it. Finally. This was literally just a few nights ago. Friday night she overdoses at the county fair and goes into convulsions in front of five witnesses.

Rawley squints, thinks back.

RAWLEY

I heard about it. I'm sorry.

MIKA

The cops tell me it was an accident. No evidence of foul play. But it's bullshit. Leslie never touched that shit. She's scared of needles. I go down there to find out what they're doing about Leslie's case and they tell me there's no record of her ever giving her statement.

Rawley ponders all of it.

RAWLEY

They probably buried it.

MIKA

Why?

RAWLEY

Because you're a civilian and it's an ongoing investigation.

MIKA

Right. Which means her death was no accident and they know it.

Rawley grins, holds out a calming hand.

RAWLEY

It's standard procedure. They can't tell you anything they haven't already gone public with. Just give it some time.

Mika grows impatient, sets her coffee mug on the table, gets in Rawley's face.

MIKA

What were you doing there the other night? At the police station?

(MORE)

MIKA (CONT'D)

Are you trying to get a job or something?

RAWLEY

I don't know. Possibly. I haven't decided. Why?

MIKA

I need you to look into this. Talk to Lieutenant Waddle. If he's hiding something, you'll know.

Rawley stunned by the mention of Waddle's name. He's on the brink of agreeing to Mika's demands. But he can't quite get there as he spots...

Angie watching him from behind the bedroom window.

RAWLEY

I can't get involved.

MIKA

Why not?

RAWLEY

Lots of reasons. Look. Maybe if you had a bit more to go on it would be different.

Mika's PHONE RINGS. She answers.

MIKA

Grey.

(listens)

Yeah, I'm with him right now.

(listens)

Oh my God. Where?

Mika covers her mouth in horror. Rawley watches.

MIKA (CONT'D)

I have to go.

(listens)

I know, I know. Just gimme five minutes and I'll call you back.

Right away, I promise.

Mika hangs up. She breaks into tears.

RAWLEY

Wild guess. Bad news?

Mika angrily drops the phone on the table, buries her face in her hands and weeps like a baby.

INT. WARREN CITY POLICE STATION - LT. WADDLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lt. Waddle ducks ass first through his office door with a bag lunch and soda. He comes face to face with...

Rawley...who is busy staring at a wall full of police commendations, plaques, awards and family and friends. One is a standout. Lt. Waddle and JUSTIN (18), a strapping young man in cap and gown. A high school graduate.

RAWLEY

Looks like you were a rock star back in Detroit. How'd you end up here?

LT. WADDLE

I figured I could use the peace and quiet.

Lt. Waddle rests his lunch on his desk.

RAWLEY

How's that working out for you?

LT. WADDLE

Okay until you showed up. What can I say? That pinch you made the other night has reinvigorated my sense of purpose.

(beat)

You change your mind about that job?

RAWLEY

Can't help but notice you have your hands full with dead girls this last few days.

Lt. Waddle hides his distrust with a playful grin.

LT. WADDLE

Drugs are a terrible thing. But that's not exactly news at eleven.

RAWLEY

No. But cops burying reports. Withholding evidence. That's a whole different ball game.

Rawley folds his arms. Lt. Waddle rests his butt on the edge of his desk.



LT. WADDLE

You're getting at something.  
Please. Sergeant. Let's not play  
coy here. Not after all we've been  
through together. What are you  
after?

RAWLEY

Leslie Rykowski. Aka Bella Baroni.  
And Trista Collins. They were  
friends. Not just friends but  
roommates.

LT. WADDLE

I did not know that.

RAWLEY

Well now you do.

LT. WADDLE

I suppose that makes sense then.  
They both also had a pretty bad  
heroin addiction. I take it you  
crossed paths with the victims.

RAWLEY

I'm here for a friend.

Lt. Waddle laughs and nods.

LT. WADDLE

You know the drill, Niner. I can't  
discuss an ongoing investigation.

RAWLEY

What if I were reinstated?

LT. WADDLE

What?

RAWLEY

Let's say I took you up on your  
offer. Would you let me on this  
case?

Lt. Waddle is unsure to say the least, begins to circle  
Rawley like a shark.

LT. WADDLE

Okay, Rawley. You wanna know what  
we have so far. Fine. Miss  
Rykowski came in a few days prior  
to her death.

(MORE)

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

Told us all some song and dance about a crew of sleaze merchants she met online. Some fly by night types.

(beat)

We're thinking, okay. She probably got stiffed and is looking to get over on these guys.

RAWLEY

You take her for a liar and you bury the report. Case closed. I get it.

Lt. Waddle slaps Rawley's arm like a parent disciplining their child. Rawley a bit shocked.

LT. WADDLE

We didn't bury anything. We took her statement. Checked out the website and surprise surprise it was gone. Even had our local hackers try to locate an IP on these scumbags.

Rawley shakes his head, but nods just the same.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

The MO is obvious. They post an ad, make it look legit, rope in some talent and take down the site before anyone knows what's going on.

RAWLEY

Have there been any new ads posted online since Trista Collins overdosed?

LT. WADDLE

I just told you we don't know who they are. How are we supposed to locate these assholes if we don't even know where to look?

Rawley doesn't buy it but lets it go.

RAWLEY

Well. I got what I came for. Appreciate the time.

Rawley heads for the door.

LT. WADDLE

Tell you what. You hear something or get any new developments, you let me know. I'll try to do the same. Deal?

Rawley ponders this.

RAWLEY

Deal.

He heads out.

EXT. WARREN CITY POLICE STATION - SIDE STREET - DAY

Mika leans on Rawley's Mustang as she spots him coming around a corner and headed her way.

MIKA

Tell me something. Anything.

RAWLEY

They definitely looked into it.

Rawley sparks up a smoke, holds Mika in suspense.

MIKA

And? What does that mean?

RAWLEY

Well. They must not have diddly shit. If they did, they wouldn't be shitting their pants.

MIKA

What does that even mean?

RAWLEY

If what you're saying about Leslie and Trista is true, and they were both gang raped by these guys, they're looking at a major federal investigation.

MIKA

You mean like FBI?

RAWLEY

They don't want that.

MIKA

Why not?

RAWLEY

Because they don't want anyone knowing they fucked up. Leslie came to them for help and ended up dead before they bothered to make any calls.

MIKA

But you said that they...

RAWLEY

I didn't say anything. They said they looked into her case. I think he's lying through his teeth.

Mika shakes her head in frustration.

MIKA

I don't get it. What is he hiding?

Rawley is strangely quiet as he observes Mika's uneasy demeanor and nervous energy.

MIKA (CONT'D)

What? What is that look?

RAWLEY

Is there anything else about this case I need to know? Something that maybe slipped your mind?

MIKA

(annoyed)

No. Nothing. So stop looking at me like that.

Mika crawls in the car. Rawley ditches his smoke, heads for the driver's side.

INT. ROOFTOP STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

A freight elevator door is opened by a pair of SHIFTY LOOKING DUDES in dark sunglasses and wide brimmed ball caps. They escort a somewhat frightened and confused TIA (22), a slight but nicely proportioned porn star in the making, into an almost pitch black room.

Tia struggles to focus on anything before her, but eventually spots a long portable folding table lost in the darkness. A TRIO OF DARK FIGURES sit behind it.

A SET OF LIGHTS staged on each side of the table blast down on Tia's face.

DARK FIGURE #1

You must be Tia. Well. Tia. Let me be the first to welcome you.

TIA

Thanks.

Tia blocks the bright light with the palm of her hand.

TIA (CONT'D)

I can't really see you.

DARK FIGURE #1

Yet we see you. Loud and clear. That's all that matters really. You wanna know what we see, Tia?

Tia cracks a nervous grin as she continues to block out the bright spotlight.

TIA

I'm sort of confused right now. Is this part of the audition? This is a little sketchy. Gotta be honest.

DARK FIGURE #2

No more auditions. This is real. We're real. As real as it gets. You, on the other hand, have been living a double life.

Tia is nervous at first but catches on to their tricks, has herself a good laugh.

TIA

Yeah, right. Okay. You got me.  
(pouty)  
You gonna tell Mommy and Daddy on me?

DARK FIGURE #3

You have a boyfriend, Tia?

Tia grows visibly tired of this game.

TIA

What is going on here? This is so strange? Yeah, I had a boyfriend.

DARK FIGURE #1

What do you think he'd do if he knew you were here with us?

TIA  
I really have no idea.

DARK FIGURE #1  
I'm sure that's not the case.

Tia nervously rocks back and forth on her heels. An uncomfortable silence.

TIA  
Why don't you turn on the lights so  
I can see you?

DARK FIGURE #2  
Why don't you be a good submissive  
and do what you're told.

Tia thinks it all over, clears her throat and plays along. This could be real, or could be part of the audition. It's all a mystery to her.

TIA  
You're right. I'm sorry. Yes,  
sir.

DARK FIGURE #3  
You can start by taking off your  
top and then shutting your whore  
mouth.

Tia slowly removes her buttoned up top, reveals a sexy patterned bra.

TIA  
Should I keep going?

DARK FIGURE #1  
What did we say about that mouth of  
yours?

Tia stays quiet. A simple nod.

DARK FIGURE #2  
Very good. Now put your arms  
behind your back.

Tia grows a bit reluctant.

TIA  
What?

DARK FIGURE #3  
NOW!

Tia almost jumps out of her high heels. She slowly puts her hands behind her back.

She is quickly zip tied.

TIA  
Ouch! Careful!

DARK FIGURE #2  
Shut up!

And then blindfolded.

DARK FIGURE #3  
Do you trust us, Tia?

Tia winces in pain.

TIA  
Yes.

DARK FIGURE #1  
You're lying. You don't trust anyone. You don't trust your boyfriend. Otherwise you'd tell him about your audition.

DARK FIGURE #2  
You're a no good liar. A liar and a filthy whore. Just admit that and maybe we'll let you walk out of here.

TIA  
Don't hurt me.

One of the three casting couch creeps rises from his chair...steps further into the light.

A tall, creepily THIN SILHOUETTE moves across the hard wood floor and stops before Tia.

PARKER NASH (30s) is a walking real life nightmare with dark hair and even darker, sunken in eyes. He's overdressed for the occasion in a tailored silk suit. He grabs Tia by the face, reveals his black fingernails.

NASH  
I want you to remember this moment.  
To remember me.

Nash leans in close to her ear, whispers.

NASH (CONT'D)

Today is the day you become the  
thing that frightens you the most.  
You will become what you know deep  
down you already are.

Tia trembles in fear.

NASH (CONT'D)

Tell me you're ready to accept it.

Tia won't answer.

NASH (CONT'D)

Tell me!

TIA

Yes. I'm ready to accept it.

INT. ROOFTOP STUDIO LOFT - BEDROOM SET - NIGHT

A blindfolded Tia lay with her hands tied to a bed post. She has been stripped to her bra and panties.

One of Nash's henchmen removes Tia's left arm from the restraint, injects a needle full of laced heroin into her system.

TIA

Get off! No!

Tia squirms about on the mattress, eventually mellows out and stops kicking.

Her blindfold removed.

TIA'S POV:

Her sight now blurred. Tia looks up to find an ultra surreal vision before her. A room full of DARK FIGURES wearing DEMONIC FACE MASKS.

One of them holds a handheld VIDEO CAMERA.

Some movie set lights staged on the floor. As if this were a real production.

A MAN IN A SILK ROBE, also in a face mask, stands at the foot of the bed. He slowly unties his knot.

Before he can disrobe completely, Tia passes out.



EXT. TRISTA AND GREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rawley comes off the steps, about to give a quick knock on the front door when he looks down and spots...

About twenty or so cigarette butts squashed into the asphalt. Ironically, an ash tray sits mostly empty.

Before Rawley can give a knock...

The door SWINGS OPEN. Grey on the other side.

GREY

Well. It really is you. I heard you'd be coming by eventually.

RAWLEY

If you're heading out I can come back later.

GREY

I suppose you'd like to have a look around Trista's things.

Rawley stares over Grey's shoulder, into the apartment.

RAWLEY

Yeah, that was the idea. If that's okay with you.

GREY

Come on in.

Grey rests her back against the door, gives Rawley some space as he dips inside.

INT. TRISTA AND GREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rawley and Grey stop at Trista's open bedroom door. Rawley takes a gander inside. A real simple mattress plopped on the floor with a ton of unopened mail and other papers blanketing the filthy sheets.

GREY

Trista's room. Bed. Desk. Dinner table. Occasional toilet. All wrapped up into one as you can see.

RAWLEY

I'll be quick.

Rawley heads in. Grey grabs his arm, stops him.

GREY

I know you think we're all a bunch of pill popping whores. But you don't know the whole story.

RAWLEY

Not why I'm here.

GREY

We got into porn because the people who were supposed to protect and love us the most helped destroy us.

Rawley gives this some thought.

GREY (CONT'D)

Sure, we were starved for attention. But not the kind you're thinking of. It was like saying fuck you to those people we left behind. Trista and Leslie still had a lot of hate left in their hearts. Please don't judge them.

Rawley nods, heads into the room. Grey gives him some space and wanders off.

Rawley stares down at the mound of unpaid bills and unfolded paperwork. He quickly sifts through them. On the back of one folded white sheet...he spots the words A.C.S. jotted down in red pen, along with a phone number.

Rawley pulls out his phone, gives it a dial.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

I'm sorry. But the number you are dialing is no longer in service. Please hang up and try again.

Rawley ends the call. He throws the paper aside and continues digging through the mess. Until...

He finds her LAPTOP.

RAWLEY

Bingo baby.

Rawley finds Trista's charger already plugged into a wall outlet and plugs in the computer.

He opens. A password needed.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! You still out there?

Grey pops back in. She spots her laptop.

GREY  
You need the password?

RAWLEY  
Yeah. I don't suppose you know it.

Grey snags the laptop from Rawley, leans down and types the password into the empty box.

GREY  
It's my old laptop. A lot of  
Trista's stuff used to belong to  
me.

Grey hands off the laptop to Rawley.

RAWLEY  
Thanks.

Grey smiles, heads out.

Rawley goes online. He types the letter "A" into the address bar: <https://www.alleycatstudios.com/auditions> already saved in recent searches.

Rawley hits enter. Oops. A dead link. The website is no longer in operation.

Rawley shuts the laptop. In deep thought.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
Alley Cat Studios.

EXT. BACK YARD COTTAGE - DAY

A geared up SWAT TEAM quietly rushes a gravel driveway, toward the back of this rural two story home.

The actual HOME OWNER lay spread eagle, hands flat on the front lawn with an ARMED OFFICER knelt before him.

The SWAT TEAM converge on a small GUEST HOME nested on the brink of a small patch of woods. A chain link fence visible in the backyard.

INT. GUEST HOME - DAY

GUY HARRIS (30s), death metal shirt, greasy hair, plays an online shoot em up game and chugs an energy drink.

His partner in crime ZANE (20s), sweat suit, ball cap, white bread thug wannabe, places tiny baggies of heroin into empty baby formula cans.

On the table rests plastic pitchers full of actual baby formula, poured from the cans.

Zane fills the last of the containers, grabs a pitcher and starts filling in the last of the cans.

EXT. GUEST HOME - DAY

SWAT quietly moves up the wooden steps, kneel under a window and squat on both sides of the door.

INT. GUEST HOME - DAY

Zane pops the lid on the last of the containers and turns his attention to the door.

ZANE  
Shut that shit off a sec.

GUY  
What?

Zane slams the laptop for him.

GUY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck, man.

ZANE  
(whispers)  
Shut up. You hear that?

EXT. GUEST HOME - DAY

SWAT #1 raps his fist on the door.

SWAT #1  
Guy Harris! This is the police!  
We have a warrant for a search of  
the premise! Open the door!

INT. GUEST HOME - DAY

Guy walks to the rear window of his modest cottage. A thick rope has been tied to a long tree limb outside his window. The rope itself tied to a cinder block on the floor.

Guy reaches under a mattress and comes up with TWO MACH TEN MACHINE PISTOLS. He tosses one to Zane.

ZANE

Fuck are you doin'? Just open the door.

GUY

That cop comes through that door you pump him up.

With one swift stroke, Guy undoes the rope from the cinder block, wraps the strapped mach ten pistol around his neck, crawls out the window.

EXT. GUEST HOME - DAY

SWAT #2 peeks into the slivers of the cheap window blinds and spots Zane with the machine pistol.

SWAT #2

Gun. We gotta gun.

SWAT #1 blows the lock with a shotgun blast and...

INT. GUEST HOME - DAY

...into the cottage they rush...laser fitted shotguns aimed and ready to put down some felons.

Zane stands before them, armed with his machine pistol but unprepared to use it.

POW! POW! POW! A barrage of SHOTGUN BLASTS send Zane flying across the room...

...onto Guy's mattress.

EXT. GUEST HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Guy swings above the rear lawn...a la Luke Skywalker...ends up in the belly of a large birch tree.

SWAT converge on the rear lawn...in search of their missing suspect. One of them aims his shotgun up at the open window above them.

Guy spots them, drops on the other side of the chain link fence that sits below. He stays fairly low to the ground as he hauls ass into the woods.

INT. DEEP WOODS - DUSK

A sea of birch trees stand tall and proud as the sun begins to fall before our eyes. Guy runs aimlessly, without direction, stops, kneels down, catches his breath.

He hears the crackling of leaves. Footsteps coming closer and closer.

GUY

Shit!

Guy stands up, aims his machine pistol in all directions. He unloads a good fifty rounds.

GUY (CONT'D)

Mother fucker!

He squeezes the trigger but the gun jams up. He checks the safety lock, pulls out the magazine.

From out of nowhere...

WHAP! He's struck across the face with the butt of a shotgun. Down he goes.

Derrickson, in all camo gear, dressed like he's back on the battlefield, hovers over him.

Guy scurries backward like a spider.

Derrickson lowers his shotgun, tosses his back up pistol in the leaves near Guy's feet.

Guy stares at the gun...then back at Derrickson.

GUY (CONT'D)

What do you want from me, man?

DERRICKSON

Pick it up.

Guy raises his hands...not interested in dying today.

GUY

Fuck you, man. I ain't doin' it.

DERRICKSON

Suit yourself.

Derrickson aims his laser fitted shotgun at Guy's chest.

POW!

He's all done.

EXT. GUEST HOME - GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The SWAT TEAM, now with their head gear removed, watch as Guy is loaded into a meat wagon.

Lt. Waddle, also geared up in kevlar and looking a bit sick to his stomach, glares back at Derrickson with a knowing look. He clearly doesn't approve of his tactics.

Derrickson avoids eye contact, stares over Lt. Waddle's shoulder, back at the guest home just as...

Several more SWAT OFFICERS come down the steps with cans of baby formula and heroin, as well as Guy's own personal arsenal of weapons.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - TRAUMA ONE - NIGHT

A HEROIN JUNKY lay on the table, post overdose. A TRACH TUBE down his throat as FOAM and SALIVA drip down the side of his bearded face. A YOUNG RESIDENT sporadically pumps oxygen into his system through a trach bag.

A TRAUMA TEAM surround the table, check levels, blood pressure, apply CPR.

Overseeing them all, and gazing overhead at a wall clock, is DR. JENNIFER HALL (40s), ER Attending and Lt. Waddle's on again off again fling.

DR. HALL  
How long's it been?

RESIDENT  
Five minutes.

DR. HALL  
Okay that's it. Hold compressions.

Resident #2 removes her hands from the junky's chest.

Dr. Hall refers to the clock.

DR. HALL (CONT'D)  
Time of death. Eight Twenty Two  
PM.

Dr. Hall rushes from the room, clearly upset. The Residents all take a moment to catch their breaths.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dr. Hall paces the floor before Trauma Room One. She spots Lt. Waddle and Derrickson headed her direction. The two cops slow to a halt as a room full of residents file out the door, one at a time. Lt. Waddle takes a quick look at the dead patient on the table.

LT. WADDLE  
Is that our guy in there?

Derrickson dips inside. Dr. Hall watches as he flips the dead man's pockets for junk.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
We're gonna need an autopsy done  
right away.

Lt. Waddle pulls out his cell...

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
I'll get Hadley down here if he's  
available.

He makes the call.

Dr. Hall watches on as...

Derrickson comes up with a small pinch of heroin in a plastic baggie. He stuffs it in his pocket.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
Yes, Doctor Hadley please.

Dr. Hall snags the cell from his hand, none too pleased.

DR. HALL  
In the last week you roll two girls  
into my ER, DOA and both with  
obscene amounts of fentanyl in  
their bloodstream. We're talking  
twice what would put anyone into  
immediate respiratory distress.

Derrickson pops his head out.

DR. HALL (CONT'D)  
(to both)  
Why haven't you gone public?

Lt. Waddle huffs out loud, snags Dr. Hall by the arm and escorts her into Trauma Room Two.



INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - TRAUMA TWO - NIGHT

Lt. Waddle releases Dr. Hall's arm. She quickly folds them, in a very defiant, defensive stance.

DR. HALL

Well?

Derrickson dips inside.

LT. WADDLE

I know you're all worked up. But this is an open investigation.

DR. HALL

You know they're more than likely getting their junk from the same pusher. Why isn't this person in custody? Or are we waiting for a few more bodies to surface?

DERRICKSON

His name's Guy Harris.

Dr. Hall throws a glance at Derrickson.

DERRICKSON (CONT'D)

About ninety minutes ago SWAT served a warrant for search and seizure of the premise. Shortly thereafter he drew down on one of us and we took him out.

Lt. Waddle throws Derrickson a nasty glare.

LT. WADDLE

Clearly not the actions of an innocent man.

DR. HALL

You killed him? Your only lead and you shot him.

DERRICKSON

Needless to say, he wasn't available for questioning.

Dr. Hall rubs her sore temples, stressed, panicked.

DR. HALL

Oh my God.

LT. WADDLE

Not all bad news.

Dr. Hall opens her eyes, a ray of hope on her face.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
We took the junk we pulled from his  
apartment and tested it against  
what we found on Collins.

DR. HALL  
Tell me you found this shit.

Lt. Waddle nods assuredly.

LT. WADDLE  
It's a match.

Dr. Hall sighs in relief.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, we're only halfway  
home. Just because we cut off the  
supplier at its source doesn't mean  
this stuff isn't still floating  
around on the streets.

DR. HALL  
Great. So what do we do now?

LT. WADDLE  
We get it off the streets. If you  
let us.

Dr. Hall sighs.

DR. HALL  
Okay. So what're you still doing  
here?

Derrickson grins. Lt. Waddle nods.

LT. WADDLE  
Right.

Lt. Waddle kisses her cheek and follows Derrickson out.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)  
Meantime, let me know if any more  
come through the door. I'll call  
you later.

Dr. Hall nods. She removes her rubber gloves, chucks them in  
a hazardous waste receptacle.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rawley has his laptop plugged into Angie's seventy inch flat screen. A random free porn site. BELLA BARONI, aka Leslie Rykowski, wears a flashy wig and a thong. The title BELLA CHEATS ON BOYFRIEND WHILE HE WATCHES in bold under the high definition video.

Rawley walks to the laptop with yellow legal pad in hand, goes FULL SCREEN with this one.

The front door CRASHES SHUT. Rawley turns to find Angie heading his direction.

RAWLEY

Fuck me running.

Rawley drops the legal pad on the laptop.

Angie spots Rawley hovered over the laptop, and then, the homemade porno on her television.

ANGIE

What on God's green Earth?

RAWLEY

(annoyed)

I thought you went out for the night.

ANGIE

I was. I did. And now I'm home. And there's pornography on my television.

Rawley awkwardly stuffs his hands in his pockets.

RAWLEY

Yeah, um, my bad. Sorry about that.

Angie finds the legal pad rested on the laptop, snags it up, takes a look for herself.

ANGIE

And look. You're taking notes too. Is this like a top ten list or something? Rawley's spank bank volume one.

RAWLEY

Not what it looks like. It's homework.

ANGIE

Right. This have to do with that girl? Mia?

RAWLEY

Mika. And yes it does.

ANGIE

Could've sworn you promised me you weren't gonna do this.

RAWLEY

I'm here, Angie. On your couch. Not out on the street getting shot at. What's the problem?

ANGIE

The problem is I don't wanna come home and see this. Or get visited by strange hookers at nine o'clock in the morning.

RAWLEY

She's not a hooker.

Angie slaps the legal pad into Rawley's chest and storms off, toward the kitchen. Rawley snags it before it hits the floor.

Angie returns with a beer in hand.

ANGIE

Just once I'd like to come home and find that you made dinner or rented us a funny movie or something.

RAWLEY

You just went to dinner.

ANGIE

Not the point, Rawley. I need some kind of reassurance that you're gonna be here for me. And not...

Angie points at the television.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Whatever it is you're doing here.

RAWLEY

She's in trouble. She came to me.

ANGIE

I'm in trouble! I came to you first!

Angie's lips quiver, on the brink of tears. Rawley's demeanor softens, grows apologetic.

RAWLEY

You're right. I'm sorry. I'm here. Let's talk. Whatever you wanna talk about.

Angie can't keep her eyes off the porno.

ANGIE

Could you turn that off, please?

Rawley turns, grabs a remote, shuts off the television.

RAWLEY

You're good. What's up?

Angie hands Rawley her beer.

ANGIE

Here. I shouldn't have this.

Rawley takes it.

RAWLEY

What is it?

ANGIE

I'm pregnant.

RAWLEY

What? How? Is it Jason's?

ANGIE

I'm gonna pretend you didn't just ask me that, Rawley.

RAWLEY

Wow. I don't know what to say.

Rawley takes a moment to let the news sink in. He walks to the couch, plops himself down.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

I guess congratulations. You're actually having a baby.

ANGIE

No, Rawley. We're having a baby.

Rawley squints, confused. Angie pops a squat on the couch next to him.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

He's gonna need a man in his life.  
I need to know you're gonna be  
alive to see his first birthday.

Rawley grows tired, reaches for a soda on the table before them, takes a big swig.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You don't look too excited.

RAWLEY

These girls who died. They had  
parents. Somewhere. And they're  
waiting right now for some sort of  
explanation. How any of this could  
have happened to their babies. And  
they probably won't get one. At  
least not the whole truth. Just  
one version of the truth.

ANGIE

You're making this your problem.  
But it isn't. She's not Abby.

A sore subject for Rawley as he huffs and looks away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You've closed that chapter. You've  
moved on.

Rawley nods in agreement. He pats Angie on the knee.

RAWLEY

Tell you what. Let me finish up  
here and we'll watch something  
funny and make popcorn.

ANGIE

Finish this thing. And no more  
after this. Promise me that.

Rawley takes his time. He's definitely not sure.

RAWLEY

I promise.

Angie isn't quite buying it but heads for the bedroom.

Rawley turns the television back on, walks to the laptop and unpauses the video.

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Turn that shit off!

RAWLEY  
One more minute!

Rawley watches as Bella, aka Leslie, crawls off the lap of her boyfriend JUSTIN...and seductively walks to a second man, seated across the way on an opposite couch. She removes her top and straddles him.

BELLA  
Don't worry about him. Worry about me.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)  
That's your girl, bro. What're you gonna do about it?

Justin stares into the camera, a sickened look about him. He's either an excellent actor or this is really having an effect on him.

JUSTIN  
Back off, man. With the camera.

Rawley leans in closer, squints as he observes Justin's uneasy state of mind.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)  
Somebody's jealous.

JUSTIN  
I said fuck off.

Justin slaps the camera as it shakes.

The cameraman moves to the other side of the room, takes a seat and gets a clear shot of Bella and her partner...as well as Justin, arms folded, disgusted, on a recliner.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)  
I can see you better from here anyways.

He ZOOMS IN on Justin...who looks away from Bella...clearly angry and not in the mood.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on. It's okay to watch. You know you want to.

He has a good laugh.

Justin stares back at him.

Rawley quickly hits pause on the laptop. He takes a real good look at this young man's eyes.

EXT. NASH'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

With a few private dollars invested, and an anything goes graffiti art paint job, this refurbished government housing unit has become a real white trash oasis with a non stop party atmosphere. METH ADDICTS, GEAR HEADS, GOTH CHICKS and HOOKERS roam the halls and lounge on filthy outside couches that pass as patio furniture.

HOLIDAY STYLE LIGHTS are strung above every apartment unit as this is one holiday that never ends.

One young man is an instant standout in his plain black t shirt and boyishly innocent looks. It's none other than JUSTIN (24) last seen in his cap and gown and hanging on Lt. Waddle's wall.

Justin walks up to a SWIMMING POOL AREA where CANDLES float like lilly pads on the surface. Floating in the middle of the pool with a TOPLESS WOMAN by his side is Nash.

Justin and Nash make eye contact.

JUSTIN  
We need to talk.

NASH  
I see that. But as you can see,  
I'm a bit preoccupied. And  
unfortunately, off the clock.

JUSTIN  
Now.

Justin throws him a dead serious stare, storms off, down a nearby hallway.

An irritated Nash blows his girl a kiss, crawls off the floating device and swims for the ladder.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Justin paces near a vending machine, all worked up, full blown rage mode.

Nash, now in a bathrobe, meets him in the hall.



NASH

You look stressed. I don't like that my new friend is stressed.

Blocking the south end of the hall are Nash's two bald HENCHMEN...both in dark shades and ball caps.

NASH (CONT'D)

It makes me worry. That maybe your father's and my arrangement could somehow be compromised by a sudden attack of conscience. Say it ain't so.

JUSTIN

They're looking at me for this. That fuckin bitch and that cop from out of town. You were just supposed to scare her, not get her killed.

NASH

Well what can I say? Your old man made us a better deal. More than your thin pockets could handle, junior. And as far as getting anyone killed...that's a conversation you should have with your old man. I'm afraid that's a bit above my pay grade.

JUSTIN

Don't you fuckin talk about him like that.

NASH

Don't shoot the messenger. I just hear things.

Justin squeezes his fists, boiling over, turns his attention to the two beefy thugs behind Nash.

NASH (CONT'D)

Don't be too hard on him. He's just looking out for his boy's welfare. We should all be so lucky.

JUSTIN

I had nothing to do with it.

NASH

Like I said. I heard things. I could be wrong. That's between the two of you.

Nash stares Justin up and down, cracks a smile, has a good laugh at his expense.

NASH (CONT'D)

Oh, I see what's happening here. Don't tell me you and your friends are having buyer's remorse. You got your revenge. Everything you asked for and more. That makes us partners. You wouldn't be thinking of turning on your partners, would you?

Nash turns to his henchmen.

NASH (CONT'D)

Certainly sounds that way.

Justin loses his temper, shoves Nash backward.

JUSTIN

Fuck you.

NASH

Nah. I'm not the one who got fucked. Your girl on the other hand...

And before he can utter the next word, Justin has him pinned against a brick wall.

JUSTIN

You're a sick asshole and if anything happens to the others I'll take you down myself. I'll paint the rest of these walls. You remember that.

Justin spots the two henchmen headed his way.

NASH

(to henchmen)

Take it easy. He's just blowing off some steam.

(to Justin)

Because he knows the next time he steps foot in here...it'll be his last.

(MORE)

NASH (CONT'D)

And his girl's little home video  
might just find its way to the  
public.

Nash cracks a maniacal grin at Justin...pure evil. Justin is suddenly quiet. Out of moves.

NASH (CONT'D)

I guess this means we're partners  
again.

Justin calms himself, releases Nash, storms up the hallway and nudges past the two henchmen.

NASH (CONT'D)

You gotta learn to relax! Enjoy  
the night air!

Nash goes for a stroll, sparks up a joint.

INT. WINGS N' THINGS - NIGHT

Mika sports some short shorts, a tight, form fitting top and some hoop earrings as she dips behind the bar. Like a pro, she snags up three beer mugs from an ice chest, starts a triple tap while she rings out a debit card.

She's looks above the register to find...

The eight by ten framed photograph of Lt. Waddle and Justin at his high school graduation. As if removed from Lt. Waddle's office.

Mika allows the beers to over pour as she stands in a state of shock and surprise.

RAWLEY (O.S.)

He was Leslie's boyfriend, wasn't  
he?

Mika turns around, faces Rawley at the bar. He holds out his smart phone as the porno featuring Justin and Leslie, aka Bella Baroni, plays out before her.

MIKA

Turn that down in here.

RAWLEY

Justin. She calls him Justin about  
a hundred times. Is that his real  
name?

MIKA

Can we not do this right here?

RAWLEY

You got a break coming?

MIKA

Yeah.

RAWLEY

Take it. And meet me out front.

Rawley heads for the exit.

Mika removes an apron, follows behind.

EXT. MINI MALL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Rawley is super anxious as he leans on a glass wall near an escalator. Mika steps out of the bar, spots Rawley and moves his direction.

RAWLEY

He's a cop's kid.

MIKA

I didn't know his old man was working in Warren or I never would've gone down there.

RAWLEY

But you did. And as soon as you saw his face, you tucked tail out of there. And got me to go in for you.

Mika doesn't deny this, folds her arms, defiantly faces away from him. Rawley firmly grips her arm, forces her to face forward and take the ass chewing.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Because you know if I knew the truth, I wouldn't have gone down there either.

MIKA

I'm sorry. I didn't know who else to turn to. You were there. You literally walked right by me. With an arrow pointing at your head. It was an option and I took it.

RAWLEY

This whole thing started in Bay City. And this kid Justin had something to do with it. At least give me that.

MIKA

That movie he did with Leslie. They shot that literally hours after Justin found out she was doing porn. If he looks upset it's because he was.

RAWLEY

I could've told you that.

MIKA

A few weeks later he sees the kind of bread Leslie's raking in now that he's out of the picture. So he decides he wants in. Starts trying to cut side deals on his own, booking gigs for all of us without even asking.

RAWLEY

Let me guess. Alley Cat Studios was one of his side connections.

MIKA

That's right. According to Justin, Tracie brought it to him and he brought it to the rest of us.

RAWLEY

Us? You keep saying us, as in you included?

Mika once again turns away, steps away from Rawley. Her eyes welling with tears. Rawley chases after her, grips her arm, pulls her back.

MIKA

Take your hand off me!

Mika's co workers, a FRY COOK and a beefed up BARTENDER, stand in front of Wings N' Things, shoot the breeze, watch as Rawley man handles Mika.

FRY COOK

(to Bartender)

Who is this guy?

Mika spots them.

MIKA  
They're watching us.

RAWLEY  
No more bullshit. You're still  
doing movies. All that crap about  
moving on was all bogus.

Mika spots the Fry Cook and Bartender strut their direction.

MIKA  
Not out here.

Rawley turns, spots Mika's co workers.

RAWLEY  
Come with me.

Rawley snags Mika by the arm, drags her toward a nearby  
hallway marked RESTROOMS.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Rawley and Mika enter just as a SHOPPER steps out of a  
restroom stall with his fly half open.

He instantly spots Mika, quickly zips up and rushes out.

Rawley checks the stalls, swings open the doors. All empty.  
He faces Mika.

RAWLEY  
One more time. Or I walk. What's  
this all about?

MIKA  
They got me on camera. The same  
thing that happened to Trista and  
Leslie happened to me too.

Rawley grins, shakes his head. A not so surprised look.

MIKA (CONT'D)  
As far as moving on, this was  
moving on for me. I never saw so  
much money in my life. Not all at  
once. It's the kind of money  
where you can start over, ya know?

RAWLEY  
Why would Justin and Tracey wanna  
hurt you and the girls? What am I  
missing?

MIKA  
Why wouldn't they?

Rawley squints, confused.

MIKA (CONT'D)  
When we all got out of Bay Side, we were told it was time to move on. Moving on meant cutting ties with anything or anyone that was hurting us or holding us back. Justin, Daryl, Tracie. All of them.

RAWLEY  
Your boyfriends.

MIKA  
That's right. These cops kids were some of the worst in town. They got Daddies with badges. Kind of gives them free reign if you know what I mean. Between Justin and Daryl alone, we were all hooked on pills and booze by the time we were fourteen.

RAWLEY  
So you all take off and this whole thing was about revenge for leaving them behind. Is that what you're telling me?

MIKA  
We never saw their faces. But we know it was them. Only we can't prove it.

Rawley nods, follows along.

RAWLEY  
That's where I come in.

Mika pleads with him.

MIKA  
You can't ditch me now. You gotta do something.

RAWLEY  
What you're gonna do is go to the District Attorney and record your statement.

Mika freaks at the mere thought. Her arms tightly folded. Her hands rub them up and down, a sort of warming self protection.

MIKA

Oh, no. You think I'm waking up with a poisoned needle poking out of my arm, you're crazy.

RAWLEY

Okay, then. We can't go to the cops. Can't go to the DA. What's the plan?

MIKA

Abby said you were good at cleaning up messes. Including your own.

Rawley throws her a threatening glance. He spots another SHOPPER duck through the door.

RAWLEY

(to Shopper)

We're out of service! Use the ladies room!

The Shopper makes tracks.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

You wanna run that by me again.

MIKA

I heard about what you did to your partner's killer. And what Abby did to Bobby. It would be a real shame if all that got out again. After all the progress the two of you have made.

RAWLEY

Why don't you watch your mouth.

MIKA

I guess if it did get out...you can forget about old Uncle Rawley bouncing his baby nephew on his knee.

Rawley loses patience, shoves Mika against the tiled wall. She hauls off and SLAPS him good.

And without flinching, a fired up Rawley throws her across the restroom. Mika knocks over a tin trash receptacle on her way to the floor.



Frightened for her safety, she stares up at a crazed, out of his mind version of Rawley we haven't seen for years.

RAWLEY

You stay away from them. And you stay away from me.

Rawley KICKS IN the trash can, scares the life out of Mika as she cowers like a child.

Rawley helps himself out.

EXT. MINI MALL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Rawley makes for the escalator but his path is blocked by the Fry Cook and Bartender.

BARTENDER

You got a problem there, buddy?

And without missing a step...

CRACK!

Rawley KICKS IN HIS KNEE...

...and a lightning fast CHOP TO THE THROAT sends the Bartender gasping for air.

Rawley kicks him down the escalator.

Fry Cook bows up...ready for action. But Rawley has his nine mil pressed against his nose.

RAWLEY

Start walking. Now!

Fry Cook bolts out of there. Rawley keeps his gun arm extended. Full blown insane mode.

MALL COP (O.S.)

Freeze!

RAWLEY

Fuck.

The Mall Cop stands at the top of the escalator, has Rawley in his sights.

MALL COP

Lay down the gun and take five steps back! Real slow!

Rawley sighs, kneels down, rests his nine mil on the floor, slowly stands back up.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Rawley relaxes in his holding cell, legs sprawled out. His hands rested in his lap. The door SWINGS OPEN. His attention drawn to a CORRECTIONS OFFICER.

C.O.

You're good to go.

RAWLEY

I think I'd rather stay here if it's just the same.

INT. ANGIE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Angie is red hot mad. Her eyes wide, tense, quivering. Rawley crouched in his seat.

RAWLEY

Are you gonna at least ask me if we got a break in the case?

ANGIE

I couldn't care less about your case.

RAWLEY

That's terrific. I'll be sure to tell Mika. I'm sure she appreciates your support.

Angie scoffs at the mere mention of Mika's name.

ANGIE

Is this the same Mika you bounced off the bathroom wall?

RAWLEY

Don't believe everything you hear.

ANGIE

There was a witness, Rawley. An actual witness. One you couldn't buy off.

Rawley rolls his eyes.

RAWLEY

She isn't pressing charges.

ANGIE  
You don't know that.

RAWLEY  
Yeah. Pretty sure I do.

INT. MINI MALL PARKING GARAGE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Angie's car slows to a halt next to Rawley's Mustang. He swings open his door.

INT. ANGIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Angie stares straight ahead, done with her brother. Done with arguing. Done period.

Rawley is halfway out...

ANGIE  
Don't forget your bag.

Rawley stops, dips back in.

RAWLEY  
Heh?

ANGIE  
Your bag. In the back seat. I don't want you at the house.

Angie is visibly pained to say this. She chokes back her tears...keeps her eyes forward.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I don't have anything else to say.  
That's it. So. Just go now.  
Okay?

Rawley is strangely silent. He just returns with a simple nod and crawls out.

He snags his luggage from the back seat, shuts the door.

Angie squeals her tires...and is long gone.

Rawley exhales a long and tired sigh. He flings his keys around his middle finger, drags ass to his car. He's just about spent.

RAWLEY  
Yeah. I love you too.

EXT. STRIP MALL - ITALIAN DELI - NIGHT

Rawley's Mustang finds a spot at the curb, just feet away from the Italian Deli. The shop itself is long closed. All the lights off inside.

Just to the left of the deli is an open staircase leading to a refurbished SECOND STORY APARTMENT.

Rawley steps out, stares up at Mika, on her balcony, having a smoke, watching him.

MIKA

You really hurt my shoulder, cop.

RAWLEY

You're lucky that's all I hurt.

MIKA

If you came here to apologize...  
that's a real shitty apology.

Rawley sighs.

RAWLEY

I wanna finish this thing. I need  
to. Finish that is. For my  
family's sake. No more messin  
around.

Mika ditches her cigarette, nods in agreement.

MIKA

Okay. So what happens now?

RAWLEY

Pack your toothbrush. We're going  
on a road trip.

INT. MIKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rawley leans on a wall, hands in his pockets, waits patiently for Mika to gather her things.

Mika finishes brushing. She packs her toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, deodorant and other goodies into a travel bag.

She steps out, travel bag in hand.

MIKA

Look. I didn't mean any of that  
shit I said earlier. I'd never say  
anything about Abby.

Not buying it, Rawley nods just the same.

RAWLEY

How about me?

Mika zips up her toiletries.

MIKA

Is that why you're doing this? You  
afraid of me?

Rawley isn't so sure.

RAWLEY

I'm not going up there to put these  
guys in the ground. Let's be real  
clear about that right now.

Mika nods.

MIKA

So what's the plan?

Rawley shrugs.

RAWLEY

I don't know. This is usually the  
point where I start making it up as  
I go.

Mika cracks a grin, shakes her head.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Get your stuff and let's go.

Mika smiles, heads for the bedroom.

EXT. MIKA'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rawley steps out first as Mika locks up. Before he knows  
what's happening...

Rawley is STRUCK OVER THE HEAD with an aluminum softball bat.  
Down the steps he tumbles.

Mika turns to find A DEMONIC FACE staring back at her. The  
softball bat in hand.

Mika spots Rawley's nine mil on the ground.

The Demonic Face bends down, snags the weapon.

Mika makes a run for it. The Demonic Face blocks her path.

POW!

She's shot through the stomach with Rawley's gun. Down she goes, hands tightly gripping her abdomen as she quickly and savagely bleeds out.

The Demonic Face removes his mask...revealing DERRICKSON. An evil smirk on his face as...

Mika stares up at him.

Derrickson bolts down the steps.

Mika gives out. Dead.

INT. DERRICKSON'S TOOL SHED - LATE NIGHT

Derrickson has the contents of an old photo album spilled out on the wood working table before him. Mostly old wedding photos of him and ex wife MARIA, Justin's mother.

Also shuffled up in the mix are pics of Derrickson and his old war buddies, geared up, in uniform, on various tours over the years.

Derrickson pics up the image of him, Maria and his best man at their wedding. His chest heaves with pent up rage. His face, eyes, hair soaked in sweat.

Justin appears in the open doorway. He spots his father's service pistol before him. A box of thirty eight shells spilled out on the table.

JUSTIN

What did you do?

DERRICKSON

They told her I was dead. All I thought of was coming home to you and your mother. The thought of that never happening broke something inside of me.

Derrickson scoffs with disgust.

DERRICKSON (CONT'D)

But not your mother. She didn't blink twice about moving on. It was like my heart broke all over again.

Justin steps inside, stays a safe distance from his drunken lunatic father.

DERRICKSON (CONT'D)

That's a pain I prayed you never experienced. And then she left both of us.

Derrickson picks up his gun, loads a single shell into the cylinder. Justin grows nervous.

DERRICKSON (CONT'D)

Just when we were starting to get along without her, I watched you go through that same pain with your girl leaving. And that was something I could not deal with.

Derrickson closes the cylinder on his thirty eight.

JUSTIN

What're you talking about, pop?

Derrickson stares up at Justin, dead serious.

DERRICKSON

I'm talking about they're whores. All of them. They wanna act like whores, you treat them as such. Your friends new what needed to be done. They just needed a little pushing.

Justin cries. The truth comes out.

JUSTIN

Hell did you do?

INT. ROOFTOP STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A man in a DEMONIC MASK and a silk robe stands at the foot of a mattress. Leslie bound at the wrists, blindfolded, full of heroin. The demonic figure removes his mask. Derrickson gazes down at his son's troubled girlfriend.

Three more young men in their early to mid twenties, CRAIG DOBBS, RAY PIPER, and last but not least, OFFICER DARYL REEMERS, stand mask less, and in their dark robes. Each holding a separate demonic face in hand.

END OF FLASHBACK

DERRICKSON

But you're my son. I wasn't gonna let you go along with it. It was my choice. And it's my job to protect you. To make sure no one hurts you again. Even me.

JUSTIN

The cops just found Mika. Tell me you don't know anything about that.

Derrickson caresses his thirty eight, slowly loses touch with reality.

DERRICKSON

I wouldn't worry about her. Or that cop. It's been taken care of.

JUSTIN

Mom was right. You really are crazy.

Derrickson almost comes unglued as he spins in his chair, pistol still in hand.

Justin backs up a pace.

DERRICKSON

Don't do that. Don't mention her name. Not ever.

JUSTIN

Or what, pop? You gonna shoot me too? Go on.

Derrickson stands, puts the pistol to his head.

DERRICKSON

Is this what you want? I blow my fucking brains out and you can go crying to the whore.

JUSTIN

No. Just put the gun down.



DERRICKSON

I did this for you. You ungrateful, spoiled sonofabitch. You better start telling me thank you, Dad, or I'll just assume I wore out my welcome. You can go tell the whore all about it.

(beat)

Is that what you want?

JUSTIN

Don't call her that.

Justin holds out his smart phone.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Put it down or I call the cops. I'll do it.

Derrickson squeezes the trigger. Click! So far so good.

DERRICKSON

You wanna try for two?! Put the phone down!

JUSTIN

No!

Justin fights for control of the weapon. Derrickson puts up a good fight, quickly gains control, accidentally squeezes off what will be the FATAL SHOT...striking his son THROUGH THE THROAT as he stumbles backward...

BLOOD SPURTING from his neck like a paint sprayer. He tumbles to the saw dusted floor.

Derrickson watches, helpless, as Justin bleeds out before him. He's all gone.

Derrickson collapses. An emotional wreck. He tries to pick up his son's limp body but to no avail. He breaks into tears, leans his back against a wall.

The thirty eight lay before him. Along with a couple of stray bullets.

EXT. DERRICKSON'S TOOL SHED - LATE NIGHT

From Derrickson's back yard, a SINGLE SHOT rings out...echoes the quiet late night air.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SUTURE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rawley lay on a bed behind some drawn white curtains. He holds an ice pack to his head.

Lt. Waddle ducks between the open curtain, stands at the foot of Rawley's bed. He's a bit reluctant.

LT. WADDLE

They did all they could for her.

(beat)

That's hospital speak for she didn't make it.

Rawley nods.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Rawley.

Rawley is without emotion. Too tired for tears.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

I guess you got the news about Derrickson and his kid.

RAWLEY

Yeah. Heard that too.

LT. WADDLE

Crazy sonofabitch saw too much bloodshed for one person. Over in that shit hole. They say his mind never recovered. His wife moves on with another man. Sticks him to raise their boy, all on his own. All the while still fighting a war in his mind he left a long time ago.

Lt. Waddle paces the floor before Rawley's bed.

LT. WADDLE (CONT'D)

Well, Rawley, we got ourselves quite the predicament. The Padgett girl was killed with your gun. Presumably after knocking you over the head with a softball bat.

(beat)

A bat with your blood all over it.

Rawley grins.

RAWLEY

Is that a fact? Guess that explains my headache.

LT. WADDLE

On the flip side of that coin we got a dirty cop and a murder suicide involving his own kid. I guess the big question is...what I'm gonna do about all of it.

Rawley scoffs.

RAWLEY

I'm guessing bury it just like you did before.

LT. WADDLE

Justin's mother is still out there. And she's gonna need an explanation for all of this. So are a lot of other people. Including cops. Cops in my precinct. And I'm not quite sure that they're ready to handle the truth.

Rawley dumps the ice bag on a lunch tray. He pops open a bottle of aspirins.

RAWLEY

Guess you got a decision to make.

LT. WADDLE

Guess that makes two of us.

RAWLEY

So what now?

Rawley pops his pills.

LT. WADDLE

Now you do what you should've done when you first got here. Leave the police work up to me. Go home. And forget you ever met Mika Padgett.

RAWLEY

That's gonna be hard.

Lt. Waddle nods with appreciation.

LT. WADDLE

Take comfort in knowing you never  
had a chance with this one, Rawley.  
God knows, neither did I.

Lt. Waddle pats him on the leg, excuses himself. Rawley  
takes a moment to ponder his decision.

RAWLEY

You forgot the second option.

Lt. Waddle turns back.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

I could go end this thing myself.  
Nice and quietly.

Lt. Waddle thinks this over.

LT. WADDLE

Yeah. I guess that is one option.  
If you do...decide to go that  
route. And you find these pricks.  
You be sure to say hello for me.  
Off the record.

Lt. Waddle smiles. Rawley nods.

RAWLEY

I'll do that.

LT. WADDLE

Get some rest, Rawley.

Lt. Waddle heads out for good this time. Rawley smiles.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BAY CITY - DAY

Rawley's Mustang rolls through the quaint downtown business  
district during a very busy arts and crafts bizarre.  
Several umbrella style canopies and huts line the avenue as  
pedestrians roam about.

Others travel horse back along the center of the street.

Rawley reaches a pair of wooden saw horse roadblocks, forced  
down a side street.

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - SAGINAW BAY - DAY

Rawley downs what's left of his lunch as SERGEANT TEDDY FRANKS (40s), department issue polo, khakis, squirts hot mustard onto a polish sausage.

TEDDY

So what you're saying is...you drove all the way out here to get me killed. Thanks a lot, Rawley. Appreciate the thought but I think I'm good.

Teddy steps away from the hot dog stand, takes a chomp of his lunch and squirts mustard onto his shirt.

Rawley snags a napkin, pats it down for him. An impatient Teddy jerks his hand away.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I can clean myself, thanks.

Teddy shakes his head in frustration as he pats down his mustard stained shirt.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Why'd you have to come here?

RAWLEY

I'll find her myself. I'm just saying, when I do, she's gonna be in rough shape. If we're doing this, we can't exactly check her into a motel.

TEDDY

We? I love how you keep slipping we into the conversation. Like this has somehow become my problem.

Teddy takes another chomp.

RAWLEY

Lean over a bit. You're gonna get yourself dirty again.

Teddy squirts grease all over his fingers, grows frustrated, dumps his sausage in a trash bin, licks his fingers.

TEDDY

I tell you where this girl is, you promise to never come back here again?

Rawley holds up his pinky finger.

RAWLEY

I hereby pinky swear that I'll  
never come back here again.

Teddy grins.

TEDDY

Okay, super cop. Come with me.

Teddy heads for his squad car, parked in a small lot near the lake side. Rawley digs his pinky into Teddy's ear. He quickly swats him away.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Grow up.

RAWLEY

Tried that once.

TEDDY

And what happened?

RAWLEY

Didn't work out.

Teddy has a good laugh.

TEDDY

I see that.

EXT. BAY CITY BURGERS - PARKING LOT - DAY

A local BAY CITY POLICE MOTORCYCLE drifts into a fairly busy lot of customers. OFFICER DARYL REEMERS (20s), a real prick with sporty blonde hair, mirror shades, and what appears to be a tailored uniform, is without his police issue protective helmet. And this is just one of several rules he disregards on a regular basis.

Headed his direction, from behind a trash dumpster at the rear end of the lot, is TIA, now strung out, in yesterday's clothes, in need of a shower.

Tia stops next to Daryl's bike. He shuts down.

TIA

Thanks for coming.

DARYL

You look like you could need some  
cleaning up. I'm on until ten.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)  
You wanna swing by for a quick  
shower the spare key's under the  
mat.

Tia isn't interested. Daryl scoffs.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
But anyways. Not what you're here  
for right?

Daryl reaches in his shirt pocket, pulls out a THICK WAD OF  
CASH as Tia practically drools.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
You gotta promise me not to blow it  
all on that shit.

Tia reaches for it but Daryl retracts.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
We're a team now. Something  
happens to you I gotta take that to  
bed with me. You get yourself some  
grub and a place to stay. And  
remember. I'm gonna be watching.

Tia rubs her arms, cold and in desperate need of a fix.  
Daryl watches her. He hands her the cash.

Tia breaks into tears, rushes off.

Daryl cracks a smug grin.

EXT. LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

Rawley's Mustang slowly cruises the road between a pair of  
old shipping warehouses and loading docks. He slows to a  
stop near an opened industrial style overhead door.

DARKNESS inside the warehouse.

Rawley steps out, walks up a set of steps and helps himself  
inside the warehouse.

But someone is watching him.

Across the street, and peering out an opened industrial sized  
loft window is NASH.

INT. ROOFTOP STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

Nash gazes down at Rawley's Mustang parked in the middle of the road with HEADLIGHTS aimed at the inside belly of the loading dock and warehouse.

NASH

Our friend has come to play.

Nash smiles.

NASH (CONT'D)

See you soon, friend.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rawley uses a FLASHLIGHT to observe dozens of individual CAMPING TENTS, as well as their homeless occupants.

Most stare straight into the light as Rawley gets a clear shot of their faces.

No sign of our girl. Rawley moves from tent to tent. A great portion of them are YOUNG FEMALES.

And finally...

Rawley reaches a tent in the far corner of the room. He ducks his head in the unzipped door.

TIA lay curled up like a scared child, cold, strung out, pale and sick to her stomach.

RAWLEY

Tia?

Tia stares up at Rawley with pleading eyes.

TIA

Help me. Please.

Rawley is truly disturbed at the sight of this broken soul.

INT. TEDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tia tosses and turns, contorting, twisting in pain, screaming in agony on Teddy's fold out couch. A puke bucket on the carpet beneath her.

Rawley and Teddy finish duct taping flats of cardboard over the window blinds...blacking out the room.



TEDDY

Is this really necessary?

RAWLEY

She's not going anywhere with those lights off. Not without making some noise.

TEDDY

Have you seen this before?

Rawley stares at Tia, dry heaving into the puke bucket, crying like a baby. This hits close to home.

RAWLEY

Yeah. Once or twice. It's gonna get worse before it gets better.

Tia reaches out to Teddy, begs for his help.

TIA

Please...

Teddy can barely look.

TEDDY

You gotta get her to a hospital.

RAWLEY

She can't go to a hospital. No hospitals. No motels. And nowhere else where they can find her. Right now, this is the safest possible place in the world.

TEDDY

It doesn't look that way.

RAWLEY

Listen to me.

Rawley retrieves a kitchen stool parked at the counter, sets it in between the dining and living room.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

You sit with her. You don't leave this room until I get back.

TEDDY

Oh, so now you're leaving me. I guess that figures. And where are you going now?

RAWLEY

Gonna go see a guy about a girl.  
Gimme an hour.

Rawley walks to a table, checks the magazine on his piece for shells. He's good to go. His eyes focused, razor sharp.

TEDDY

I've seen that look before. You're gonna go break some fingers, aren't you?

Rawley ignores him, tucks his nine mil into a shoulder holster, grabs his top coat from a chair, throws it on and heads for the door.

RAWLEY

Two hours.

TEDDY

Two hours? What happened to one?

Rawley dips out.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Okay. So I'll just stay here then.  
Got it.

Teddy walks to Tia. A bowl with some warm water and a dish rag sits on a nightstand. He rinses it out, lays it on her forehead.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

It's okay. You're safe here.

Huffs.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(to himself)  
For now.

INT. TRACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TRACEY (30) white thug, pimp in the making, sprawls out on his couch, legs kicked up on a table, while...

SABRINA and MAZE, two of his ex clients, roommates, and previous girlfriends of Craig Dobbs and Ray Piper, stand before him, dead serious, all business.

SABRINA

She's missing, Tracey. Missing.

Tracey nervously digs his cigarette into an ash tray, avoids eye contact with the girls.

MAZE

Or maybe you didn't hear about  
Leslie or Trista either.

TRACEY

I heard. Told you those drugs will  
ruin you. Everything was fine  
before they decided to tackle the  
big bad world on their own. You  
wanna kick someone's ass, kick your  
own.

SABRINA

Tell that to Mika. She was clean,  
Tracey. Eight months. And she was  
shot. I know you know something  
about that.

RAWLEY (O.S.)

Save your breath.

From a dining room, Rawley slips in, invites himself into the conversation.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

He's not talking. He's protected.  
Ain't that right, player?

MAZE

(to Rawley)

What took you so long?

RAWLEY

I've been a little busy.

Tracey sizes Rawley up.

TRACEY

Hey, I know you. You're that cop.  
Well make yourself useful and get  
this trash out of my house.

Sabrina loses her shit, tosses a filthy coffee table and its contents all over Tracey's lap.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Shit!

SABRINA

Get up! Tiny dick motherfucker!

Sabrina is ready for blood, but Rawley blocks her path, stiff arms her back.

TRACEY

You gonna let her do this shit?

Rawley snags Tracey by the shirt collar, tosses him like a wet rag doll into a corner book shelf. The large shelf comes CRASHING TO THE CARPET...along with hundreds of old dvds, cds, games and other physical media.

Tracey squirms around on the carpet, a hand on his lower back as he winces in pain. His ass hiked up, exposed. A perfect target.

And taking full advantage, Rawley swiftly kicks him in the jewels. Tracey collapses, coughs so hard he spits up, hyperventilates.

With great amusement, Sabrina and Maze watch from across the room. Rawley almost forgets about them...turns....

RAWLEY

Why don't you girls give us a minute alone. Get some air.

MAZE

You hear that? You just messed up, Tracey.

Sabrina and Maze head out.

Rawley picks up Tracey, stands him upright as Tracey keeps both hands on his balls.

TRACEY

I think you popped one, bro.

Rawley pushes Tracey against a wall, gets in his face.

RAWLEY

All of this. That was just to get your attention. Lucky for you, you caught me in a good mood.

TRACEY

Hell do you want, crooked ass cop?

RAWLEY

Sabrina. Tia. Maze. You booked them a gig awhile back. Alley Cat Studios. Ringing any bells?

TRACEY

I book em all kinds of gigs. So  
what? How am I supposed to  
remember?

Rawley wraps his fist around Tracey's neck, pulls him away  
from the wall, and with great force, SHOVES HIM  
BACKWARD...onto a dining room table.

Tracey's legs open, exposing those balls again.

Rawley grabs him by the crotch. Tracey's eyes almost bulge  
completely out of his head.

RAWLEY

I'm about that close to losing my  
temper.

Tracey cries like a child. He slaps his hand on the table,  
begs for mercy and doesn't get it.

TRACEY

I didn't know anything about it.  
The girls all went freelance on me.  
Wanted nothing to do with this  
place no more.

Tracey slaps the table, over and over. Rawley loosens his  
grip as Tracey coughs in his face.

RAWLEY

Who set it up? Better give me a  
name real soon.

TRACEY

Alright, alright. This Justin  
kid's cop fuck Dad tells me to set  
it up. Tell the girls I got the  
inside scoop about this new up and  
coming company. Tell them I know  
all the players. To vouch for  
them. Make them feel safe. That  
was all I did. I don't know  
anything else.

RAWLEY

You don't know nuthin. Famous last  
words. As long as the cash is  
green and the check clears, right,  
Tracey?

TRACEY

That's right. I'm no different  
than them.

(MORE)

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Just another whore with my palms  
up. Guilty as charged. Unless  
you're gonna kill me, get the fuck  
out of my house.

Rawley snickers in disgust at this waste of a human before  
him, shakes his head, releases Tracey, turns to leave...

...and with a swiftness...

PISTOL WHIPS Tracey across the face...BREAKING HIS NOSE and  
knocking him completely out. Tracey's limp body sprawled  
out on the table top.

EXT. TRACEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Rawley walks to his Mustang. Sabrina and Maze waiting  
patiently, arms folded, still fuming mad.

SABRINA

What did you do to him?

RAWLEY

He'll live.

Maze scoffs.

MAZE

Why?

SABRINA

Where are we going now?

RAWLEY

You two aren't going anywhere.  
Accept as far away from here as  
possible.

MAZE

And what about you?

Rawley stalls, a bit unsure.

RAWLEY

Which one of you dated the cop?

MAZE

Tia. Fucking asshole ruined her by  
the time she was in tenth grade.

SABRINA

His name's Daryl Reemers. He's a  
traffic cop. Bay City PD.

RAWLEY  
Reemers was it?

Sabrina nods.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
Okay. You two make tracks. I'll  
call you when this is over.

Rawley heads to his car.

MAZE  
When what's over?

RAWLEY  
You don't wanna know.

SABRINA  
Hey! What about Ray and Craig?!

Rawley crawls in his car, shuts the door and quickly bolts out of there. Sabrina and Maze left hanging, confused, unsatisfied to say the least.

MAZE  
Well then. That's just great.

EXT. TWO LANE COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Daryl zips along the quiet road on his police issue bike, no helmet as usual. He's chewing some gum, all grins, without a care in the world.

He's suddenly back lit by a pair of HIGH BEAMS coming in hot. A bit too hot. Daryl checks his mirror.

And the oncoming car is almost on his ass. Until...

ZOOM!

Rawley's Mustang storms passed Daryl going at least twenty over the legal limit.

DARYL  
What the hell?

Daryl lights him up.

Rawley zig zags across the road, plays up the drunk angle, throws his car into a ditch.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Shit. Perfect.

Daryl kills the siren, slows to a stop near the crash site.

The passenger door SWUNG OPEN.

Daryl crawls off his bike, throws the beam of a hand held flashlight on...

RAWLEY'S BACK as he crawls away. He mumbles incoherent nonsense to himself, as a good drunk would do.

DARYL (CONT'D)

You alright there, buddy? Talk to me now.

Daryl stops when he spots what appears to be the photograph of a young woman in the grass. It is none other than TIA'S SENIOR PHOTO.

Daryl lights it up, has himself a good look, bends down and picks it up. With his back turned to Rawley...

A hypodermic NEEDLE is jabbed into his neck. Rawley with his thumb on the button.

Daryl, now helpless, holds out his arms.

RAWLEY

Feel that? It's filled with enough fentanyl to make your lungs explode. If I were you I wouldn't make any sudden movements.

DARYL

You're that cop, aren't you?

Daryl laughs.

DARYL (CONT'D)

This is a dangerous game you're playing, cop from out of town. You sure you wanna do this?

RAWLEY

Don't shit your pants, Daryl. We're just gonna go for a walk through the park. Move.

Rawley walks Daryl down a grassy hill, through a small patch of birch trees. A local park and children's playground at the bottom of the ravine.



RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Don't get any ideas about running.  
I even trip on a rock, I'll push  
this whole shit.

DARYL

Yeah, I got it. Just be careful  
with that thing.

Rawley and Daryl make it to the bottom.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Now what?

Rawley spots a set of MONKEY BARS just a few yards away.

RAWLEY

Keep walking.

Rawley and Daryl take a few more careful steps toward the  
monkey bars as Rawley stops him just underneath.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Now grab the bars. Real slow like.

Daryl grips the monkey bars with both hands. Rawley uses the  
officer's own cuffs to restrain Daryl's hands.

DARYL

You're not gonna fuck me, are you,  
Niner?

RAWLEY

You never know.

Daryl stares across the playground at a large spinning TILT A  
WHIRL. Tracey, now shirtless and in his boxers, also cuffed  
to the metal bars.

TRACEY

(to Daryl)

Get us out of here, man! Call for  
back up!

DARYL

(to Tracey)

How am I gonna do that with no  
hands, asshole?!

Rawley steps between Daryl and Tracey, blocks their path.

RAWLEY

Tracey here tells me you're the man  
to talk to.

DARYL

Yeah, well, Tracey's got a big mouth!

TRACEY

Fuck you, cop!

DARYL

Fuck you! You're fucked, Tracey!  
I promise you!

Rawley gets in Daryl's face, snags his fingers.

RAWLEY

Let's all try to focus here.

DARYL

I don't have shit to say to you.  
You don't got nuthin on me.

RAWLEY

What about Tia Larken?

DARYL

What about her? You got a problem  
with me helping a girl in trouble?

RAWLEY

She wasn't in trouble until you and  
your buddies came along.

DARYL

Who told you that? I know she  
didn't. I'm the only thing keeping  
her ass alive right now. Anything  
happens to me, she's as good as  
dead. Just like her girlfriends.

RAWLEY

Your director friend. The one who  
stuck that needle in her arm.  
Where is he?

DARYL

Like I said. You got nuthin on me.

Rawley gives Daryl a moment to ponder this final decision.

RAWLEY

Okay then. You wanna do this the  
hard way. I got no problem with  
that.

Rawley walks to the TILT A WHIRL...grabs a leather lap top bag from the ground, unzips it, opens Tracey's own personal lap top.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
 You guys like making pornos, huh?  
 No time like the present.

Daryl loses his smug grin. Tracey also panicked.

TRACEY  
 What're you talking about, dog?

Rawley draws his weapon, un cuffs Tracey from the metal bars, walks him over to Daryl, hanging from the monkey bars.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
 What is this, man?!

Rawley parks Tracey under the monkey bars, facing away from Daryl, just in front of him.

Rawley aims his gun at Tracey's face. He tosses him a spare set of cuffs.

RAWLEY  
 Cuff yourself to the bars.

Tracey laughs.

TRACEY  
 You're fuckin crazy, man. I ain't doin this.

Rawley fires a shot into the dirt near Tracey's feet.

Tracey has a change of heart, snags the cuffs from the dirt, grips the bars like his life depended on it and locks himself up.

Rawley jerks down Tracey's boxers.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
 Come on, man! This ain't funny no more! Come on, bro!

DARYL  
 Niner, you piece of shit! You'll never make it out of my town alive!

Rawley rests Tracey's laptop on the dirt, adjusts the screen so the camera is an upshot of Tracey's exposed goodies with Daryl's face also in frame.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Niner, do you hear me?!

RAWLEY  
His name! You got one minute or we go live! Start talking!

TRACEY  
Shit, man. Just tell him already.

DARYL  
Shut up!

Rawley checks his watch.

RAWLEY  
The clock is ticking, fellas.  
Somebody give me a name.

DARYL  
Here's a name for you. My dick.  
In your mouth, bitch! You're a  
dead man!

RAWLEY  
This is some great dialogue. Very  
appropriate. Keep em coming.

DARYL  
Alright. Jokes over. Turn it off.

TRACEY  
(to Daryl)  
Oh yeah. Like that's gonna work,  
bro.

Rawley ponders this.

RAWLEY  
Tell you what. I got somewhere I  
gotta be. But I'll be back. Give  
you love birds some alone time.

Rawley heads back up the hill.

DARYL  
Hey! Get back here!

RAWLEY  
(to Daryl)  
When I get back I expect that name.  
(to Tracey)  
Tracey, you're a sensible man.  
Talk to your friend.

TRACEY

You better not be getting hard back there, bro.

DARYL

I can't wait to kill you, cop! You better pray I don't find you!

Rawley is up the hill, long gone.

DARYL (CONT'D)

You hear me?!

TRACEY

I think he heard you.

DARYL

Shut up!

INT. CRAB SHACK - NIGHT

CRAIG DOBBS and RAY PIPER (20s), a couple of thick neck local yahoos, ex high school jocks, sit at a table near the center of this busy seafood joint. A couple of half full beers before them.

CRAIG

I'm telling you it's a set up. I don't like it.

RAY

Relax. They just wanna ask us some questions about Justin. We say we don't know and leave it at that. All this shit happened down in Warren. It's got nothin to do with us.

CRAIG

What about Tracey?

RAY

What about him? Fuck him. Let Daryl worry about his ass.

RAWLEY

The girls wanted me to tell you they couldn't make it.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

You boys look like you could use another beer.

Rawley flags down a waitress.

CRAIG

Okay. We got the message. Now you can go.

RAWLEY

This won't take long.

A WAITRESS greets Rawley and the others.

WAITRESS

Can I start you with a beer?

RAWLEY

You sure can. A Bud for me.

Rawley snaps his fingers at Craig and Ray.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

What're we drinking, fellas?

Craig and Ray are strangely quiet.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Another round for the guys. On me.

WAITRESS

You got it.

Rawley gives her a sly wink as she heads off. Rawley's playful smirk turns dead serious.

RAWLEY

Your friends Leslie and Trista. Mika. You boys certainly did a number on those girls, that's for damn sure. A couple beers here and there. Couple puffs. A few sniffs. Before you know it, they're doing their third stint in rehab by their nineteenth birthday.

Craig grows irritated, rests his hands on his head. Ray folds his arms in protest.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

They try to clean themselves up and fix their lives and you guys just couldn't have that. Because you pissed away that football scholarship on coke and booze, you're stuck here in Bay City. And misery loves company.

RAY

Yeah, we heard about you too.  
You're that murdering cop from  
Mount Pleasant. Turned Abby Samms  
into a pill popping slut. And we  
gotta listen to you?

Rawley's eyes grow dark, intense, down right mean.

RAWLEY

Open your mouth again and I'll  
crack that mug across your  
forehead.

Ray can't deal and quickly loses the staring contest.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Ya know, I can't prove what you did  
to those girls. Because their all  
gone and can't speak for  
themselves. Even if they could, no  
one would believe them over a cop's  
kid. Or his friends.

CRAIG

That's right. They wouldn't.

RAY

(to Craig)  
Shut up.

RAWLEY

Ten years ago, I'd get myself some  
crank, smoke you two dick steins  
and dump you in Saginaw Bay. But  
I'm the reformed type. But let me  
be real crystal clear about one  
thing.

Ray and Craig can't look Rawley in the eye.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Ray and Craig both look up.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

Sabrina. Tia. Maze. You better  
pray nothing happens to those  
girls. Or me. Turns out, I got  
some friends of my own around these  
parts. Their story could just find  
its way to the DA's office.

(MORE)

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
 What they can prove won't matter.  
 Your lives will be over either way.

Craig nods. Ray huffs in defeat.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
 Any questions?

And a gun is pressed into Rawley's rib cage. It's none other than Nash.

NASH  
 I might have a few.

Rawley looks up, spots the dark figure in another flash suit hovered over him.

NASH (CONT'D)  
 Sorry I'm late to the party. Hope  
 I didn't miss anything.

RAWLEY  
 I've been looking for you.

NASH  
 Well now you found me.  
 (to all)  
 Let's all go for a walk. Outside.

Craig and Ray reluctantly stand, head for the door. Rawley also rises from his seat.

NASH (CONT'D)  
 Careful now. We wouldn't wanna  
 draw any attention.

Rawley nods in agreement as Nash nudges him toward the door.

EXT. CRAB SHACK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Craig and Ray lead the way into the lot. Rawley comes out the door with Nash's gun in his back.

NASH  
 You know, I've never held a gun in  
 my life until this afternoon. You  
 should feel special. You're my  
 first, Mister Niner.

RAWLEY  
 And last. So don't get used to it.

Nash cracks up.



NASH  
I heard you were a funny guy.

Craig and Ray stop near Craig's car.

NASH (CONT'D)  
(to Craig)  
Pop the trunk.

Craig clicks a button on his car keys. CLICK! The trunk pops open. Ray lifts it up.

Nash shoves Rawley forward.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Now get in.

RAWLEY  
Careful. People are starting to watch.

NASH  
You're right. We should make this quick.

Nash SWATS HIM OVER THE HEAD with his pistol. Rawley goes crashing into the trunk.

Ray quickly shuts it.

RAY  
You just killed us all. You know that? We're on fuckin camera!

NASH  
Oh gee. Oh no. Well I guess we better do this fast then. Now get in the car.

Ray curses under his breath, joins Craig in the front seat. Nash crawls in the back.

Watching near the front door of The Crab Shack, hidden behind a brick pillar is TEDDY.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Craig and Ray drag Rawley's limp, half unconscious body into the elevator as Nash shuts the door behind them.

Up they go. And it's super slow.

Nash leans against the cage. Rawley sits up, grabs his aching head.

NASH  
I bet you think I'm a monster.

RAWLEY  
Pretty much, yeah.

NASH  
I'm not. Just a guy making movies trying to keep the lights on. No different than our mutual girlfriends.

Nash chuckles.

NASH (CONT'D)  
The ironic thing is...with rising star Bella Baroni dead and gone, the media will be paying top dollar for a peek at her last movie. And everyone will be watching. Mothers. Teachers. Doctors. Even the feminists. What does that make them? A monster? Or just curious?

RAWLEY  
Why not both.

NASH  
In this business, I've seen people get off on a lot of crazy things. But everyone gets off on destruction. Let's face it, Niner. Whether you like me or not, I provide a necessary service.

RAWLEY  
Funny. I thought you were a scumbag finger blaster who tricks out little girls.

Nash laughs.

NASH  
Guess that's one point of view.

The elevator stops. Nash swings open the door. Craig and Ray drag Rawley off.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Teddy stares up at an emergency fire exit on the side of the old brick building. A maze of rusted iron steps. At the top sits an opened loft window.

TEDDY

I'm gonna make you pay for this,  
Rawley.

Teddy yanks down the ladder...begins up the steps.

INT. ROOFTOP STUDIO LOFT - NIGHT

Rawley sits tied to a chair. A pair of fresnel spot lights staged before him. Somewhere lost in the dark, Nash steadies a digital camera on a tripod.

Rawley squints, tries to focus.

RAWLEY

You fellas gonna rape me too?

Nash cracks up.

NASH

For my own personal collection.  
The world's most infamous killer  
cop is about to get his  
comeuppance.

RAY

What're we doing here, Nash?

NASH

Come. I'll show you.

Nash heads for his kitchen counter. Ray and Craig follow.

A tin foil unfolded. Nash fills a hypodermic needle from a spoon full of loaded heroin.

NASH (CONT'D)

For our guest, Mister Niner.

RAWLEY

We had a deal, fellas. That deal  
still stands.

Craig and Ray ponder this as they share a quiet exchange. But Nash catches them.

NASH

Your deal is gonna land my friends  
in prison, Mister Niner. They're a  
bit too worked up to fully  
appreciate the hole they've dug for  
themselves. I know and you know  
that those girls won't stop until  
all of us are locked up.

Craig and Ray check with Rawley. Their distrust in his word  
is fully evident.

RAWLEY

Let me guess. You're gonna make  
one of them do it.

A worried Craig checks with Nash. Ray shakes his head with  
disbelief.

CRAIG

To hell with that.

NASH

We'll keep it fair. How about a  
flip of a coin.

Nash pulls a quarter from his pocket.

CRAIG

This is bullshit, Nash. Why don't  
you knock it off. You scared the  
shit out of him. Congratulations.  
Now let him go.

Ray has himself an indecisive back and forth between the  
needle and Rawley.

RAY

No. He's right.

CRAIG

What?

RAY

We can't let him walk. We gotta do  
this.

NASH

Heads or tails, fellas?

RAY

Forget that.

Ray stares down Rawley.

RAY (CONT'D)  
I'll do it.

Nash claps his hands.

NASH  
Now we got ourselves a ball game  
folks.

Ray snags the needle from Nash...very slowly walks toward Rawley, sick to his stomach.

Rawley stares over Ray's shoulder, back at Nash. And then back to Ray. A quiet signal of sorts.

RAWLEY  
(to Ray)  
You got options here, Ray. Think  
about it.

Ray stops a sec. Nash and Craig watch on.

RAY  
I have thought about it. I'm  
sorry, man.

From the open loft window, Teddy stares into the room, gun drawn and ready for action.

And before he knows what's happening...

Ray charges back at Nash...ready to jab the needle straight into his neck.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Motherfucker!

But Nash is too quick, pulls a pistol from his pants and fires a single round into Ray's chest.

Craig pulls a butcher's knife from a kitchen block set and attempts to stick Nash from behind.

Nash turns and fires. POW! A single shot to the chest sends Craig sliding across the floor.

CRASH!

The LOFT WINDOW SHATTERS into a hundred pieces as Teddy aims his weapon through the hole.

Nash tears ass toward the elevator.

Teddy unloads a few rounds in his direction.

Rawley tips himself over to avoid being shot. His head collides with the floor.

Nash SLAMS the elevator doors shut. Down he goes.

Teddy manages to crawl through the shattered window. He rushes to Rawley's aide.

RAWLEY

What're you worried about me for?  
Go shoot his ass.

TEDDY

You're welcome.

Teddy uses a pocket knife to cut the zip ties from Rawley's hands and feet.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

About a dozen or so PATROL CARS have these loading docks completely blocked off.

ARMED OFFICERS have Nash in their sights. Pistols. Shotguns. All aimed and ready.

Nash raises his hands in the air. A smug grin still plastered on his face.

Rawley steps out of the warehouse, OUT OF THE DARKNESS like a mysterious SILHOUETTE.

Nash turns, spots him coming.

NASH

(to Rawley)  
Thank God. The police.

Rawley observes the slew of armed officers who have yet to put Nash in restraints.

NASH (CONT'D)

A hero cop. His son. And one of their own. It will be their word against yours, Rawley. No way this sees a courtroom. You got no play here. And you know it.

Daryl races between the maze of patrol cars, gun drawn and ready to put some bodies on the pavement.

DARYL  
 (to Cops)  
 Shoot him!

Teddy steps out of the warehouse. He watches as Rawley grips his gun with both hands, raises them, draws down on Nash standing before him.

NASH  
 You wouldn't shoot an unarmed man  
 in front of an entire police  
 department, would you, Rawley?

Rawley, with all restraint gone, has his finger on the trigger, halfway pulled...

POW POW POW!

THREE SHOTS from behind Nash send him tumbling over. Face first on the asphalt. Dead. Rawley looks up, spots Daryl with the smoking gun in hand.

His officer friends all in a state of shock.

DARYL  
 (to Cops)  
 What're you waiting on? Shoot him!

The armed cops all lower their weapons in unison.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
 What is this? Do him! Come on!

Teddy joins Rawley. The two buddies watch as the armed cops all turn their weapons on Daryl.

TEDDY  
 It's over, Daryl. Put down the  
 gun.

Daryl, in a state of disbelief, cracks a nervous laugh.

ARMED COP  
 (to Teddy)  
 Hey, Franks. You and your friend  
 take off. We got this.

DARYL  
 Is this a joke?

Daryl observes a lot of unfriendly faces in this crowd. All with a blood lust in their eyes.

TEDDY

You got it.

RAWLEY

I thought I told you to stay with the girl.

TEDDY

Her friends are with her. She's in good hands. And you're welcome, by the way. Again.

Rawley and Teddy head for Teddy's car, lost somewhere in this maze of police cars.

INT. BAY SHORES REHABILITATION CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Tia sits in a waiting room. Fresh faced. Out of detox and cleaned up. She bounces her knee, a bit nervous as she's about to take this journey again.

Rawley steps out of a men's room, frantically zips his fly on his way back to Tia.

He takes a seat next to her.

RAWLEY

You ready for this?

TIA

Am I supposed to say yes?

RAWLEY

I know you've been down this road before. And let me tell you. If anyone knows about second chances, it's me. Ya know, sometimes in your life you screw up so many times you start to wonder if it's even in you to change. You start thinking...maybe I don't deserve a second chance.

Tia nervously picks at her fingernails. Rawley grabs her hands, stops her.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)

And that's why you always fail. Because you think you don't deserve it. I'm here to tell you...you do deserve it. I wouldn't have put myself through this shit if I didn't care at least a little.



Tia nods.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
 Tell you what. In about nine months I'm gonna be looking for a babysitting partner. I think I can put in a good word.

Rawley ponders this.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
 Well. It may not be much coming from me but I can try.

Tia halfheartedly grins. She faces Rawley.

TIA  
 Thank you.

And the tapping of HIGH HEELS draws their attention to DOCTOR LEONA PHELPS (50s), sharply dressed but stern head of the detox and rehabilitation program. She's met Rawley once before. And not a big fan.

DOCTOR PHELPS  
 Tia. Welcome back. You look...well. But we're gonna make you better.

Tia smiles. Doctor Phelps and Rawley exchange a pleasant smile hello.

DOCTOR PHELPS (CONT'D)  
 Mister Niner.

A most unpleasant sigh.

DOCTOR PHELPS (CONT'D)  
 I think we're good here.

Rawley cracks a sly smirk, heads for the door.

Tia follows Doctor Phelps down the hall. She stops...turns back...

TIA  
 Rawley?

Rawley, halfway out the door, stops, looks back.

TIA (CONT'D)  
 Thank you.

Rawley nods. Tia joins a most impatient Doctor Phelps. They disappear into the hospital wing.

Rawley heads out.

EXT. BAY SHORES REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

Rawley stands near the end of the lot...stares out into the beautiful waters of Saginaw Bay. He pulls out his smart phone and hits speed dial.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Angie, now in a hospital gown, waits on the edge of an examination table...teary eyed, clearly upset.

Her PHONE RINGS from across the room. Her smart phone rested on top of her clothes.

Angie recognizes the RING TONE and ignores the call.

EXT. BAY SHORES REHABILITATION CENTER - DAY

Rawley gives up and ends the call. He stares out into the waters...exhausted. He heads for his Mustang.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nash stands with his hands raised in the air. Rawley slowly closes in on him. In actual SLOW MOTION.

RAWLEY (V.O.)

Every once in awhile a person comes into your life and reminds you of your own humanity. That decent part inside you thought died a long time ago.

Rawley raises his pistol, grips it with both hands.

RAWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then you realize you never lost anything. It was there all along.

Daryl comes racing through the crowd, shoves his fellow officers aside, desperate to reach Nash.

Teddy steps out of the warehouse, spots Rawley about to put his pistol to Nash's head.

RAWLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But if there's one thing I've  
learned in this big, nasty  
world...is that to defeat  
evil...you must become evil. At  
least for that one brief moment in  
time.

And in an alternate version of reality...Rawley puts one  
right between Nash's eyes. Blood and brain matter  
project from the rear of Nash's skull.

His dead, limp body crashes to the asphalt.

Rawley hovers over him.

Watches as Nash's lifeless eyes gaze up. Blood oozes over  
the asphalt like a bucket of red paint.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rawley tangles with suspect Raoul Ortega on that fateful  
night ten years earlier. He throws him from the third  
floor like a dirty rag.

He turns...spots a grinning Nash standing next to him. He  
cracks an evil, maniacal laugh.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rawley leaps up in bed, drenched in sweat. Out of breath.  
He takes a moment, gathers himself.

RAWLEY (V.O.)

I told Tia that everyone deserves a  
second chance. That was a lie.

EXT. TRACEY'S HOUSE - REAR PORCH - NIGHT

As he steps out, onto the porch, Tracey shuts and locks the  
kitchen door behind him. He turns off the porch lights.

RAWLEY (V.O.)

Truth is, sometimes you gotta take  
out the trash. It's just that  
simple.

Tracey pushes through the porch screen door, races down the  
rear steps with luggage in tow...in a big hurry to skip  
this town and move on. He comes face to face with...

Rawley, gun tucked in his pants.

RAWLEY  
Going somewhere?

MOMENTS LATER

Tracey is cuffed to a thick birch tree branch. Rawley jerks down his boxers. A high tech police issue TAZOR in hand. He gives it a good zap or two.

RAWLEY (CONT'D)  
Let me know if this tickles.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Rawley Niner will return in  
THE ROGUE FACTION