

STICKS AND STONES

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CURLY'S BBQ AND COUNTRY STORE - EARLY MORNING

A quaint but old-fashioned joint with a dirt patch for a lot and an outside speaker system that cranks country-western hits of the seventies.

But the music is muffled by the sound of...

The high-pitched and forever constant HISS of what seem like a billion stridulating insects.

High-voltage lines tower over the proceedings...emitting an ELECTRIC HUM as constant as the bugs.

At the edge of this lot --

A tall but faded sign features "Curly"...a portly cartoon pig donning overalls and an oversized cowboy hat: "Serving Dunsboro since 1972".

SUPERIMPOSE: DUNSBORO, FL PRESENT DAY

Parked near the door is a dusty SUV with police lights marked WALSH COUNTY DEPUTY SHERIFF.

Inside sit two of Dunsboro's very own Sheriff's homicide deputies BILLY CORRIE--30s, a wily-eyed loose cannon, and JAKE DELPY--30s, neatly trimmed hair, square jawed ex-marine with a deeply focused gaze.

Something secretly eating away at Jake as he gazes aimlessly out the windshield. Meanwhile, Corrie chomps away at his foil wrapped burrito, drips bits of scrambled egg and bacon over his department issue polo.

CORRIE

I swear if Dunsboro ain't the poster town for all things soul suckingly mundane, I don't know what is.

JAKE

Mundane. You mean like driving almost fifteen minutes out of our way for a lukewarm breakfast burrito?

CORRIE

(mouthful)

Don't tell me you have someplace better to be.

JAKE

No, not me. Just ask anyone in town. I'm a man without a home, remember?

Corrie grins.

CORRIE

We're not still doing that, are we?

JAKE

Doing what?

CORRIE

That thing. That passive aggressive thing where you start feeling sorry for yourself and I tell you it's not your fault.

Jake cracks a shameful grin.

JAKE

Yeah, well, maybe I'm not done beating myself up.

CORRIE

You could call her.

Jake contemplates.

JAKE

No. It's too early.

CORRIE

Too early. Yeah, right. You've only been back in town for six weeks. I think your cover's blown.

JAKE

She asked for space. I'm giving her space.

Corrie doesn't buy it.

CORRIE

Don't tell me you're keeping girlfriend on the hook as some kind of backup plan.

JAKE

She's not my girlfriend, Billy. Never was. She was my partner. And we both agreed it was a mistake.

CORRIE

No. One time is a mistake. And I doubt you both agreed on you picking up and splitting after sharing a bed for six months.

JAKE

Four months. And I got a wife and kid. Regardless of what happened between us, she respects that.

Corrie still not buying it, but nods just the same.

CORRIE

Just making sure. Because, ya know, it would be real stupid to still be in contact with her if you're trying to patch things up with your wife.

(beat)

All I'm saying.

Jake turns to him, super annoyed.

JAKE

Noted. Now shut up.

Jake is caught off guard by something he sees inside the restaurant.

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW...

A young blonde woman named DAWN (19), skimpy top, disheveled and unkempt, makes direct eye contact with Jake. She ever so nonchalantly reaches out and clasps the wrist of her boyfriend TREY (20s), malnourished, druggie.

Trey and Jake exchange glances.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch.

CORRIE

What?

JAKE

Did you see that?

CORRIE

Obviously not.

Jake watches as...

Dawn awkwardly turns around, faces away from Jake and Corrie, whispers in Trey's ear.

JAKE
That girl inside. It's Dawn
Wilkins. Busted her last year for
passing bad checks.

CORRIE
Last year. You weren't here last
year, buddy.

JAKE
Yeah. Gainesville PD made a weekly
habit of picking this girl up.
Looks like I'm not the only one
with a change of address.

CORRIE
You're losing me.

JAKE
(impatient)
She's got a sheet as long as my leg
and her and her boyfriend just made
us. You up to speed yet?

Jake and Corrie watch Dawn and Trey disappear behind a tall
row of sales racks...out of eye's sight.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I don't like this. Go around back.

CORRIE
Huh?

JAKE
Pull around back! Hurry up!

INT. CURLY'S BBQ AND COUNTRY STORE - MORNING

Dawn steps up to the register with her unpaid bill in hand.
She checks the front lot.

No more cops.

Dawn checks over her shoulder...spots Trey pretending to read
a car magazine.

CURLY (60s), bald as an egg, gum snapper, heads for the
register, snags Dawn's bill and rings it up.

CURLY
How was everything this mornin'?

DAWN
Yeah. Great. Thanks.

Dawn once again checks the lot.

Trey also takes a quick peek. The coast is clear.

Trey ditches the magazine, pulls a three-eighty from his rear pocket and steps up behind Dawn.

CURLY
(to Dawn)
Cash or debit, sweet pea?

Trey puts the gun to Dawn's skull.

TREY
(to Curly)
Cash, sweet pea! And make it fast!

Curly just grins and snaps his gum.

CURLY
Sorry, sport. We don't do refunds here.

TREY
Does it look like I'm playing games with you, asswipe?! I'll plug this bitch!

CURLY
(amused)
Asswipe? That's some big talk for a shit stain.

DAWN
(playing scared)
Please, Mister, just do what he says!

CURLY
I got another idea. Y'all can leave...

Curly snags a pump action twelve gauge from under the counter, racks one and aims...

CURLY (CONT'D)
And I won't blow your nuts off and stick em in my tip jar.

DAWN
Oh God! Please, Mister!

TREY
Don't get nervous, old man. I'll do her.

CURLY
Yeah, you said that already. If you're gonna kill her, then kill her. I got customers waiting.

DAWN
(to Trey)
Shit. Now what?

TREY
(whispers)
Shut up.

CURLY
Ya know, If I were you two, I'd be leaving.

Trey holds the gun to Dawn's head as he slowly backs his way toward the rear exit.

TREY
Just keep your hands where I can see them, old man!

CURLY
Don't you go doin' nothin else stupid now, son.

Trey books it out the back. Dawn follows behind.

Curly smiles.

EXT. CURLY'S BBQ - REAR LOT - MORNING

Trey jets out the back door.

A Deputy Sheriff's SUV blocks his path.

TREY
Shit!

The truck is empty. Jake and Corrie nowhere to be found.

Corrie steps up behind Trey, holds him at gunpoint.

CORRIE
Hold it right there, slick! Drop
the piece!

Before he can turn around, Trey drops the three eighty and places his hands on his head.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
Up against the car. You know the
drill.

Trey places palms down on the hood.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
Happened to your girlfriend?

EXT. CURLY'S BBQ AND COUNTRY STORE - MORNING

Dawn tears ass out the front door and down the creaky old steps of the country store.

JAKE (O.S.)
Dawn Wilkins! Long time!

Dawn gives up, turns around, faces Jake, now sitting in a rocking chair, twirling a tooth pick.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So how was breakfast?

INT. WALSH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

At a cheap folding table rested against a white brick wall, a handcuffed Dawn sits before Jake. He's busy filling out his official statement and arrest report.

She stares through the glass and spots a CORRECTIONS OFFICER escorting A DRUNK down a chipped brick hallway. The drunk stumbles, collapses face first against the window.

Dawn grins.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
(to Drunk)
Come on. Nap time's over.

DRUNK
(muffled)
I want my lawyer.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Yeah yeah. Shut up.

The Corrections Officer shoves him forward.

DAWN

Real exciting town you got here,
copper. About as exciting as
watching an old man clear his
throat.

JAKE

You should see us on a Friday
night.

Dawn's attention shifts to a collage of framed photos hanging on the opposite wall. All featuring various cops, city officials, high school baseball coach, and the local church pastor posing with SHERIFF WALTER FINDLAY (50s), a hard faced pock marked man with smiling eyes who wears his years of service with pride.

DAWN

Who the hell is this guy?

JAKE

Huh?

DAWN

The guy in all the pictures. He
the Mayor or something?

JAKE

Walter Findlay. Sheriff, Athletics
Director. Head Deacon at his
church, and an all around pillar of
his community. He was everything
you're not.

DAWN

Was?

JAKE

Died in the line of duty. Some
punk who looks just like your
boyfriend shot him in the back.

DAWN

Real sorry to hear that.

JAKE

Yeah, I bet.

Dawn winces in pain.

DAWN

Are the cuffs even necessary? I'm not gonna do anything.

JAKE

Yeah, that's what you said the last five times. I'm done. I'm never doing this again. I swear.

Dawn wilts in defeat.

DAWN

Some of us don't got a choice.

JAKE

We all got choices.

DAWN

Where'd you hear that one? Reruns of Law and Order?

JAKE

You know, when I said you should get a fresh start, I didn't mean go find a new town to rip off.

DAWN

It didn't start out like that, I swear.

JAKE

Yeah, never does with you. Funny how that works out.

DAWN

Hey I tried, okay. It's just this new guy...

JAKE

Yeah, yeah. Here you are on the straight and narrow. And before you know what's happening, some evil man swoops down from the sky and poisons your poor innocent body with prescription drugs.

Dawn bounces her knee in a mini-tantrum.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, poor you. Poor, naive little Dawn getting preyed upon once again.

(beat)

Do me a favor and save it.

Dawn quickly shifts her demeanor to flirtatious.

DAWN

It is kind of funny, don't ya think? Us. Meeting like this again.

Jake laughs this off. Dawn leans in close, rests her cuffed hands before Jake.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I was just kinda thinking. Like maybe fate's trying to tell us something, Sarge. We're both young. Attractive. Recently single. We live life on the edge. Where the action is.

(smiles)

Maybe the problem is...I just haven't met the right guy.

JAKE

Appreciate the offer, Dawn, but I think I'll pass.

Dawn quickly loses her seductive smile and jerks her hands off the simple table.

DAWN

(angry)

In your wet dreams, cop! Probably be done before you got your zipper down!

Jake flags down a UNIFORM DEPUTY passing in the outside hallway. He dips his head in.

UNIFORM DEPUTY

What's up, Sarge? Are you about wrapped up in here?

JAKE

Deputy. Could you escort Miss Wilkins to ladies detention, please?

UNIFORM DEPUTY

(to Dawn)

Alright. Miss. Wanna stand up for me, please?

With as little effort as possible, Dawn stands.

DAWN

Come on, Delpy. That's all you gotta say? After all we've been through.

JAKE

Might wanna watch your mouth up there. Judge Conroy can be a real hard ass.

The Uniform Deputy walks Dawn to the door. She resists his firm grip and fights him all the way.

UNIFORM DEPUTY

Let's move, sweetheart.

DAWN

I got your sweetheart.

(to Jake)

Thanks for nothing, cop! I won't forget this, Delpy! I thought you were my friend!

They dip out.

JAKE

Yeah! Love you too!

INT. WALSH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

A very sterile and unremarkable layout of glass partition walls and L-shaped workstation cubicles. The non stop ringing of dozens of phones.

UNIFORM AND PLAIN CLOTHES COPS escort PRISONERS to and from holding and interrogation.

Jake pokes his head in, spots the usual morning pow wow already in progress at...

CORRIE'S DESK

...side adjacent to his own. A healthy variety of young and spry to older beer belly COPS in department issue polos. They chuckle, scarf danish, chug coffee.

As Jake approaches...the crowd slowly disperses, heads back to work...

JAKE

(to crowd)

Don't leave on my account.

Still in attendance are...

MYKA LIDELL (40s), grey crew cut, full sleeve tats, hard as nails, as gruff as any man in the house.

JP DONNINGER (50s), a pale and chubby clock watcher with a full beard speckled with donut crumbs. He's lost that gleam in his eye a long time ago.

And...

CALE CASLIN (50s), an African-American, wide shouldered bear of a man with a smile as wide as his waistline. The one true veteran of the department.

MYKA

(to Jake)

Hey, Delpy. Heard you guys pinched a couple of real winners at breakfast this morning.

JAKE

Oh yeah. Me and Dawn go way back.

Corrie pops his last piece of danish, scrubs what's left of the icing from his hands.

CORRIE

(to Jake)

Speaking of. So I just got off the phone with impound. Your girl Dawn and her new Beau have been cruising around in a stolen car for the last three days.

JAKE

Something else to add to her ever expanding resume.

CORRIE

It seems Dawn and her newfound friend broke down somewhere between Orange City and Deltona. Running low on cash, out of options, Dawn takes her show on the road. Spaghetti strap top, some tight shorts. Struts her goodies up and down I-4 trying to stir up some interested parties, if you know what I mean.

JAKE

Yeah? And?

CORRIE

She gets herself picked up by none other than one Jimmy Cahill. Name sound familiar?

JAKE

Yeah. Cormac lumber yard. Orange City's a long way from home.

CASLIN

We thought so.

JAKE

(smiles)

Jimmy's still picking up hookers I see.

DONNINGER

(mouthful)

Oh yeah. And still warming a stool at Mugshots seven nights a week. Picking up anything with a pair of lungs and halfway lucid.

MYKA

(to Donninger)

Yeah, you would know, wouldn't you, Donninger?

Snickers from all.

DONNINGER

Yeah, why don't you blow me and pretend to like it, Lindell.

Myka blows him a kiss.

CORRIE

So after her and Cahill are back on the interstate she changes the game on him. Says her and boyfriend broke down up the road and could use a quick jump.

MYKA

(to Jake)

And not the kind he's looking for.

CASLIN

Boyfriend puts a gun to his head, takes his wallet, phone and keys and drops him at the nearest gas station.

JAKE

That was awfully courteous.

GAIL (50s), our front desk officer, khaki skirt, a real spitfire with big hair and a small body, interrupts their convo.

GAIL

(to Jake)

Delpy. Girlfriend called again. That makes three times this morning.

JAKE

She's not my girlfriend.

GAIL

Yeah, well, whatever she is, why don't you try answering your cell once in awhile? I'm not your personal answering service.

Jake huffs.

JAKE

I'll take care of it.

GAIL

Yeah. Hope so.

Gail spots the motley crew gathered at the desk, eating sweets and swilling coffee.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Doesn't anyone work around here?

DONNINGER

Not if we can help it.

GAIL

Boss man expects anyone not working in the AM to be at the dedication dressed for success exactly thirty minutes early.

CORRIE

I swear in the name of Walter Findlay I'll be there.

DONNINGER

(to Corrie)

Hey. Don't blaspheme.

Gail goes about her business.

MYKA
 (to Jake)
 She still doesn't have your cell
 number?

CORRIE
 (to Myka)
 That's the idea.

Jake sighs.

JAKE
 (to Corrie)
 Anyways. Back to Cahill.

CORRIE
 So, Cahill's car. It was never
 reported stolen.

JAKE
 What? He gets robbed at gunpoint
 and never called the cops?

DONNINGER
 Well we figure maybe he's got
 something to hide. Something he
 don't particularly wanna share with
 the cops, or more importantly his
 better half.

CASLIN
 The word around town is he's trying
 to patch things up with the ex
 wife. Picking up a hooker would
 most likely be a deal breaker.

JAKE
 Yeah. Sounds like he's trying real
 hard.

CORRIE
 Been trying to reach him for the
 last fifteen minutes. Work hasn't
 seen him in three days and he's not
 picking up at home or his cell.

Corrie reaches over his shoulder, tears down a simple post it
 note from a pegboard. Offers it to Jake.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
 Figured since he's right in your
 backyard, maybe you can swing by
 his place on the way home. Break
 the good news.

Jake sighs. Not enthused by this idea. He takes the note.

JAKE

Yeah. Not like I have anything better to do, like sleep.

EXT. PRIVATE DIRT ROAD - DAY

Jake cruises down the homemade road accented by two tire trails and a grassy median. He approaches a tin metal gate marked Cahill. Jimmy Cahill's home and property barely visible behind the trees.

The car comes to a halt. Out steps Jake who observes the gate halfway opened. A chain looped around the inside grooves of the fence hang loosely.

Jake notices a severed padlock in the dirt.

He stares through the trees and spots the roof of Cahill's home and adjacent barn.

EXT. CAHILL'S HOME - DAY

Jake drives through a maze of trees as the sharp branches tickle his windshield. He arrives on the front lawn of Cahill's three acre property.

A simple double-wide trailer decked out with a homemade front porch. To the left of the home sits a two tiered barn with the front door slid open.

Jake steps out, walks up the crickety steps of the porch and stops at the front door. The first thing he observes is a shattered bedroom window stained with blood.

The window is cracked open.

He tries the doorknob. Still locked.

He draws his nine mil, crawls through the window.

INT. CAHILL'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Upon entering the home, Jake immediately notices Cahill's unmade bed and a box of thirty eight shells dumped over the disheveled sheets.

He pockets one of the bullets and notices a leather zipper bag rested on a nightstand.

INT. CAHILL'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

All the lights in the home are off. Nothing but the strong rays of morning sunlight beaming through the slats of some cracked venetian blinds.

Jake pokes his head in, gun still drawn, extra cautious, spots the refrigerator door swung open.

He stares down a thin hallway covered in tacky wood paneling and spots what appears to be the sofa and a leather recliner with the footrest swung open.

It's eerily quiet.

JAKE

Jimmy? Jimmy Cahill? Anyone home?

No answer.

Jake shuts the refrigerator door. A message written out in multicolored letter magnets.

STICKS AND STONES WILL BREAK MY BONES BUT NAMES MAY NEVER HURT ME

JAKE (CONT'D)

What the hell...

INT. CAHILL'S BARN - DAY

Gun still drawn, Jake enters the barn and is swallowed up by the darkness. He manages to find a chain and swinging bulb dangling from the ceiling.

The light is dim and barely cuts through the shadows.

Jake observes...

A beat up old Ford pick-up. Riding lawn mower. Tools hang on the wall. A wood working station in the back. All the usual items in a man cave.

Behind this work station, a cramped staircase leads to the second floor.

JAKE

Jimmy Cahill?! It's Deputy Sargent Delpy, Sheriff's Department!

Jake heads up the steps.

INT. CAHILL'S BARN - STAIRCASE - DAY

Jake climbs the cob-webbed and saw dust covered steps, reaches the top, turns the corner...

INT. CAHILL'S BARN - SECOND STORY - DAY

Jake is stopped in his tracks...truly gobsmacked as he observes something life altering before him.

JIMMY CAHILL, stripped to his underwear, dangles from the ceiling. A noose around his neck.

Under him lay a king sized mattress blanketed with what seem to be dozens of sexually explicit photographs of women, bound and gagged, in various stages of undress.

These women are all sad, broken, bruised, forced to perform.

All four walls aren't walls at all. They are actually floor to ceiling mirrors.

Jake observes Cahill's limp body--reflected in virtually every corner of the room.

JAKE

You gotta be kidding me.

EXT. CAHILL'S HOME - DAY

Jake leans on his car, watches as a pair of PARAMEDICS load Cahill's body into a coroner's wagon.

SHERIFF BERT GREER (50s), a soft spoken southern gentleman with a permanent dip in his mouth, steps out of the barn, waves off a crowd of pestering reporters shoving mics in his grill.

REPORTER #1

Sheriff, was this a suicide?

REPORTER #2

Sheriff Greer. I hear there were some extremely incriminating photographs found with Mister Cahill. Any comment?

SHERIFF GREER

Oh you heard that, did you?

REPORTER #3

What about reports of a private sex room being found on the property. Would you like to comment on that?

SHERIFF GREER

No, actually, I would not. But thanks for asking.

Sheriff Greer, in little to no hurry, sashays his way across the lawn, puts in a new dip, approaches Jake.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Well now. Guess we know why old Jimmy couldn't come to the phone.

JAKE

That's all you have to say?

SHERIFF GREER

Gee, Delpy. I'm sort of at a loss for words.

Sheriff Greer shoots a stream of dip stained spit so long and thick, Jake winces with disgust.

JAKE

What's ME have to say?

SHERIFF GREER

He's been dead three, maybe four days.

(beat)

When did you say his car got jacked again?

JAKE

I don't know. I never got an exact answer. I was hoping to have a word with Cahill about that.

SHERIFF GREER

Well. Don't think that's gonna happen.

Both are distracted by the WHIPPING SOUNDS of a circling helicopter overhead.

They look to the sky as the CHANNEL SIX HELO does a fly by over the barn.

JAKE

How the hell did they get here so fast?

SHERIFF GREER

You're forgetting this is a small town. A cat gets stuck in your neighbor's tree, it's news at eleven.

JAKE

What in the hell happened here, boss?

SHERIFF GREER

Honestly, I'm still processing it all. One thing's for sure, your friend Dawn Wilkins and company have some explaining to do.

JAKE

You don't think Wilkins had something to do with this?

SHERIFF GREER

They were the last ones to see him alive and Cahill's car was never reported stolen. You don't find that worth looking into?

Jake sighs.

JAKE

What about the note on the fridge?

SHERIFF GREER

Yeah. It's real damn strange, Jake. About as strange as a room full of mirrors and a naked redneck dangling from the ceiling.

Jake huffs with exhaustion. Meantime, KERRI FARMER (20s), rookie crime scene tech, ponytail, popped collar, rushes over and joins the convo.

KERRI

Sheriff!

SHERIFF GREER

(to Kerri)

Come on, girl. Give me something. Enlighten me.

KERRI

Well. Got a trash can full of empty liquor bottles.

(MORE)

KERRI (CONT'D)

A shit ton of antidepressants
dumped on a coffee table and a box
of thirty eight shells spilled all
over the bed sheets. From first
glance, I'd say our guy was
definitely not in a good place.

Sheriff Greer checks with Jake, who doesn't buy a word of
this and it shows.

SHERIFF GREER

So thirty eights, huh? You happen
to find the piece that goes with
it?

KERRI

Not yet.

JAKE

The gun's gone. I've already
flipped the house.

Sheriff Greer and Kerri both surprised by this.

SHERIFF GREER

(to Kerri)

Keep looking. Maybe we missed it.

KERRI

I'm on it.

Kerri humps it back to the house.

JAKE

So what do we tell the press?

SHERIFF GREER

We? Well we're not telling them
shit. Not yet.

Without warning, Sheriff Greer heads for the front porch.
Jake follows behind.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Meantime, I'm gonna pull your girl
from county lock up and find out
where they supposedly ditched
Cahill that night. Could be he
found himself another ride home.

JAKE

Kind of doubt he humped it all the
way back here on foot. We're
talking over seventy miles.

Sheriff Greer turns, faces Jake, hands firmly on his hips.

SHERIFF GREER

I can already see the wheels turning, so here's the deal. We're gonna do what we always do. We're gonna wait for the official coroner's report before we rule this a homicide or otherwise. That means everyone, including you, especially you, keeping quiet about our friends little play room upstairs.

(beat)

Okay with you, Sargent?

Jake halfheartedly nods. Sheriff Greer heads up the front steps of the porch.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Tell the wife and girlfriend I said hello.

Jake smirks with disgust.

JAKE

(whispers)

Sonofabitch.

He heads for his car.

INT. FORENSIC CRIME LAB - FRONT DESK - MORNING

A four-eyed but doll faced young LAB TECH reviews some charts and slurps the world's largest big gulp as Jake dips through the door...

JAKE

Hey hey.

The Lab Tech pleasantly surprised.

LAB TECH

Well if it isn't the prodigal son. Finally come in to see me. After...how long's it been now? Three months?

JAKE

Six weeks. And I'm here now. So stop busting my chops. I've been a little busy trying to find a place to live.

LAB TECH

So you look good. How's the wife?

Jake cracks an insincere laugh.

JAKE

Boy you still don't beat around the bush, do you?

LAB TECH

Just making sure you're not back on the market. Can't blame a girl for asking. So what's up?

JAKE

Yeah, so, did you guys get anything back on those glass fragments we pulled from the Cahill scene?

LAB TECH

(confused)

Cahill? I thought that was open and shut.

(beat)

Guy hung himself, right?

JAKE

It's a little more complicated than that.

LAB TECH

Oh really? Got any juicy details I should know about? From what I hear, Cahill was some kind of smooth operator with the ladies.

Jake rubs his tired eyes.

JAKE

Something like that.

LAB TECH

I also heard through the grapevine you guys saw some pretty fucked up stuff.

JAKE

Yeah. Pretty eye opening.

LAB TECH

But nothing you can talk about, right?

JAKE

Yeah. Something like that.
 (beat)
 So just so I got this straight.
 You guys never typed any glass
 fragments against Cahill's blood?

The Lab Tech shrugs her shoulders.

LAB TECH

Nope. Sorry.

JAKE

(confused)
 Who was on call yesterday
 afternoon?

She grins.

LAB TECH

You're looking at her.

JAKE

And you haven't talked to anyone
 involved in Cahill's case or
 received any evidence? That what
 you're telling me?

LAB TECH

I'm telling you if any evidence was
 submitted yesterday afternoon, I
 would've known about it.

The Lab Tech slurps what's left of her drink as Jake stands
 utterly bewildered.

EXT. WALTER J. FINDLAY JUNIOR ATHLETICS CENTER - DAY

It's the ribbon cutting, grand opening ceremony of Dunsboro's
 latest addition to the community. The Walter J. Findlay
 Junior Athletics Center. It's the who's who of City Hall's
 most prominent public officials, school administrators,
 athletic directors and community organizers.

A middle school marching band performs before a large crowd
 of folding chairs placed comfortably under the protective
 shade of some large oak trees.

A trio of pig-tailed baton-twirlers are in perfect sync, all
 grins and braces. One of them being SARAH DELPY (12),
 Jake's estranged daughter.

Watching from the front row is Sarah's mother and Jake's soon to be ex wife JENN DELPY (30s), a Dunsboro Middle School Band boosters t shirt and jeans.

Seated before an onlooking crowd at a slightly elevated podium are Sheriff Greer, MAYOR THOM ADLER and Walter Findlay's son TERRY FINDLAY (20s), blonde quaff, crooked smile, boyishly handsome.

Most of the Walsh County Sheriff's Department are in attendance and in full uniform.

Somewhere in the mix are Corrie and Jake.

CORRIE

So have you talked to her yet?

JAKE

I don't think she saw me.

CORRIE

I take that as a no. She's looking pretty good, Jake.

JAKE

I heard that busted glass from Cahill's window never made it into evidence.

Corrie stares at him cross-eyed.

CORRIE

What did you do, run to the lab first thing this morning while I was in the john squeezing out last night's dinner?

JAKE

I couldn't sleep. Something going on I need to know about?

CORRIE

Yeah. Your girl Dawn's story checked out. Dropped Jimmy at The Pit Stop Gas and Sip around Eleven Forty Five PM last Tuesday night. About ten miles outside Deltona and a quarter mile off Exit 91.

Caslin and Myka turn around, give them the look to quiet it down back there.

JAKE
 (confused)
 You already talked to her?

CORRIE
 Greer had her sprung from lock up
 an hour after we left Cahill's
 place.

Jake shuts his eyes, shakes his head in disgust.

JAKE
 I should've been in on that.

CORRIE
 Yeah, I know. Sheriff Burt's doing
 the low profile thing on this one
 so just go with it.

The crowd applauds as Sarah and her two twirling girlfriends
 do a dazzling spin move.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
 I can tell Sarah misses her old
 man. You should seriously give her
 a call.

Jake sighs in annoyance.

JAKE
 So what do we know about Jimmy?

CORRIE
 Security camera at the gas station
 showed our Jimmy Cahill getting in
 a red F150 with plates matching his
 nephew Bobby a little after One
 Thirty AM.

JAKE
 His nephew?

CORRIE
 Yeah. And, yes, Bobby confirmed
 Uncle Jimmy used a bolt cutter on
 his front gate and busted out his
 window to get in.

JAKE
 The guy was a locksmith and didn't
 have a spare key?

Some SHOOSHES from the crowd.

Jake looks almost disappointed.

The band raps up their performance as the crowd erupts with riotous applause. Sheriff Greer waddles his way to the podium as the crowd quiets down.

SHERIFF GREER

Another big hand for our little ladies. Let's hear it.

Jake cracks a proud grin as his daughter blushes and waves hello to her audience.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Thank y'all for coming out. And thank you for that wonderful music. Walter loved his music. Almost as much as he loved his sports. But what he loved more than anything in this world was giving back. His knowledge. His generosity. His time.

WOMAN IN CROWD (O.S.)

Yes!

SHERIFF GREER

And that's why we're here today. We're making time to say thank you. Thank you, Walter for all you've done for Dunsboro. For our kids. Not just the kids, but for all of us.

(beat)

One more round of applause for Walter. C'mon now.

The applause is almost deafening. Lots of proud smiles and love in this crowd.

Especially from our officers in uniform.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

No one knew Walter Findlay better than his boy Terry. I say boy because he was a boy about the last time I saw him. He's been gone awhile but he's back now. Hopefully he'll be sticking around. Here to say a few things about his old man is Terry Findlay.

(to Terry)

Welcome, Terry.

The crowd offer him a warm welcome as Terry makes his way to the microphone.

TERRY

There were some words that just weren't in my father's vocabulary. I can't. I won't. It's too hard. Or I'm trying my best. For Walter Findlay, your best was never good enough.

(smiles)

At least that was usually the case with me.

Some laughter.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You know, for years I thought I wasn't good enough. But what I didn't understand then...and what I understand now...is that what he saw in me...was greater than anything I could ever envision for myself. That's what he saw in people. Untapped potential. The true greatness that lies inside all of us.

Jake sneaks a peek at his wife Jenn in the front row. A true sadness in his eyes.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

People gather in groups, chit chat, shake hands, share stories, have some laughs.

Jenn spots Jake quietly hugging Sarah under an oak tree. His love for her is evident.

Jake meets Jenn's gaze, smiles awkwardly. He pinches Sarah's cheek as she rushes off, joins her friends.

Jenn meets him halfway.

JENN

That was nice, huh?

JAKE

Yeah. Good to see Terry again. All grown up. Pretty crazy.

JENN

I know. Crazy.

An awkward silence.

JENN (CONT'D)

Well. I suppose this was inevitable, wasn't it?

JAKE

Yeah, well. I guess I was just...trying to keep a low profile. Giving you a chance to settle in.

JENN

(scoffs)

I didn't tell you to stop calling your daughter. It's been weeks. You thought she was confused before? How do you think she feels now?

Jake turns, spots Sarah cutting up with her girlfriends and having an absolute blast.

JAKE

I don't know. She looks like she's handling everything okay.

JENN

Yeah. Kids are resilient. She's making friends. It's good she's close to her grandma and grandpa. Her cousins.

JAKE

It's almost like we should've never left.

Jenn fights the urge to return his serve.

JENN

But we did. For you. For your job. Because we thought it was the right thing. It was a group decision. So don't think I'm here to make you feel guilty about leaving.

JAKE

You still need some time. I get it. And I'm not gonna try to force you into anything.

Jenn nervously clears her throat.

JENN

No, actually my mind is fairly clear on where we stand.

Jake doesn't follow.

JAKE

Translation.

JENN

I'm at peace at where I am. And not ready to make anymore giant life decisions anytime soon. Not now. Not like this. It's too hard.

JAKE

What the hell does that mean?

Jenn sighs. Tired by this.

JENN

Ya know, we don't need to live in the same house for you to be a father to your daughter.

Jake has the wind sucked from his body. Didn't see that one coming. He takes a moment.

JAKE

I see. Well. I guess I'll give Sarah a call later on tonight to check in. Get caught up.

JENN

Probably a good idea. I'll make sure she picks up.

Jenn heads off, nudges and snags Sarah from her friends as they both head to a car parked at the curb. Sarah turns, waves bye to a pitiful looking Jake.

INT. WALSH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

The room consists of four very cheap but connected flip flop training tables and an empty center floor meant for instructors.

At the helm stands a mobile black board.

Jake enters the room carrying a large cardboard box marked with an evidence label.

He removes the lid and begins carefully laying out the photos of women found on Cahill's bed.

They are all women of various ages, shapes and sizes, colors, but all sharing certain traits. They are badly bruised, beaten, and truly scared.

Jake picks up each of the images, reviews every intimate detail in a slow, deliberate fashion.

LATER...

Each of these images are placed on the blackboard.

Jake takes a step back, gives them all one more careful look.

JAKE
(whispers)
Talk to me, girls. Tell me
something.

Jake's eyes squint as he spots something potentially important on the board.

He moves for the board, pulls down the image of a toe headed teenager on her knees...pouty faced, hands bound with silver duct tape and sporting a black eye.

In the background, the back of her head and rear torso are reflected in a large mirror.

JAKE (CONT'D)
How about that.

Jake pulls the picture from the board, slips out of his hand and drops upside down on the carpet. It says --

You found me

He bends down, picks it up, mouth agape.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

INT. DIGITAL FORENSICS LAB - LATE NIGHT

Jake sits before a most complicated and impressive computer console. He watches as the images of hundreds of missing women are digitally searched against the scanned and uploaded image of our mystery blonde.

Jake begins to dip off, unable to keep his eyes open. He's been at this all night.

The computer gets a direct match: OLIVIA MAE GARDNER, 17

A green check mark above her image.

Jake rubs his tired eyes, opens to find Olivia's image on both sides of the screen.

JAKE

Olivia Mae Gardner. Mae.

Jake loses himself in thought.

INT. SHERIFF GREER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sheriff Greer stirs some powdered creamer into his coffee mug as Jake storms into his office.

JAKE

Olivia Mae Gardner. She's the only girl on Cahill's bed that ever saw the inside of that barn.

Jake holds out the image of Olivia Gardner. Sheriff Greer takes it, has a look for himself.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You can see her reflection in the mirror behind her. The rest of the girls were just thrown in to see if we were paying attention.

SHERIFF GREER

And you know that how?

JAKE

The little details. The furniture. The paint on the walls. Every one of those pictures were taken at a different location.

SHERIFF GREER

And this all is supposed to make some kind of difference at this point. The man's dead. If...and that's a big if...he actually hurt some of these girls, he ain't hurtin nobody no more. So where are we taking this?

JAKE

That's my point. Why go through all of this? Why do any of this if you're just gonna hang yourself.

SHERIFF GREER

You wouldn't.

JAKE

That's right. You wouldn't. Not unless there were someone else involved.

Sheriff Greer cracks a bemused grin.

SHERIFF GREER

So you're saying...someone else checked out Cahill.

JAKE

I don't know. But what I do know is there's a girl out there who's been missing for fourteen years. Whether it was Cahill or someone else...he's giving us an official heads up.

Sheriff Greer sighs, springs himself forward, out of his lounging chair. He walks the room.

SHERIFF GREER

Okay. So what do we do now? Call those reporters back up? Make the official announcement that Jimmy Cahill may or may not be responsible for a series of unsolved abductions?

An already tired Jake slumps in defeat, rests his hands on Sheriff Greer's desk, losing patience.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Hell, I'll have every grieving mother in a two hundred mile radius of here lining up outside my office demanding answers. Answers we don't have. Right now, all we have are pictures.

Jake shoves the image of Olivia Gardner two inches from Sheriff Greer's face.

JAKE

This girl has a family that's been waiting. Hoping for some kind of miracle. And we have evidence that puts her at the scene and you wanna bury it?

SHERIFF GREER

Is that what I said?

Sheriff Greer angrily snags the photo from Jake.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

It's not what I said. But there's ways of doing things, and right now, we need to handle this thing quietly.

JAKE

Meaning?

SHERIFF GREER

(angry)

Meaning, until a body surfaces, I'm not gonna panic the shit out of everyone over some dirty pictures. Now go do something important. Like your job. Shit.

Jake gives up, heads for the door.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

I don't wanna hear about this in the press, Delpy! We're handling this! Go see your wife and kid and leave us to it!

Jake shuts the door behind him.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Damn it.

(to Jake)

Jake! Come on back here!

Jake cracks open the door, steps back inside, quietly waiting...

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Keep me posted on Cahill. Let me know what you find out.

Sheriff Greer plants himself in his chair, finishes stirring his giant mug of coffee.

Jake cracks a grin.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

You're still here? Get back to work.

Jake smiles, nods and dips out.

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE - MORNING

Donninger, in plain clothes now, pours some cream in his coffee, spots Jake heading his direction with a healthy stack of files in hand.

JAKE

JP. Thanks for coming.

Jake takes a seat, drops his files. Donninger throws a suspicious gaze at Jake's paperwork.

DONNINGER

Well, I don't think we've ever shared a beer let alone had breakfast. I figure this must be important. So what's up, Delpy?

JAKE

Well. I've been looking through Olivia Gardner's case files.

Donninger already huffs in protest, takes a sip of coffee.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Turns out the night she disappeared, she was at a birthday party. A bunch of her girlfriends from school. Their boyfriends. A pretty good turnout from what I hear.

DONNINGER

Yeah. And?

JAKE

So over twelve witnesses claim to have seen Olivia leave the party with one very drunken Jimmy Cahill. But not only was Cahill never a prime suspect, he was never even questioned. Is that right?

DONNINGER

You've got her file, Delpy. I'm sure it's all there.

JAKE

So just so I have this straight. It was your testimony that cleared Cahill.

Jake refers to his paperwork.

JAKE (CONT'D)

A DUI stop. About a mile from Gardner's home. Jimmy was driving. Gardner's riding shotgun. And you were the officer at the scene.

DONNINGER

That's right. Cahill was all over the road. I lit him up and pulled him over.

JAKE

So the rumors were true. He was drunk as hell.

DONNINGER

Extremely.

JAKE

And what kind of shape was Gardner in? Pretty rough?

DONNINGER

She had a few.

JAKE

Yet, you busted Cahill and left her at the scene with the car keys.

DONNINGER

No no. That's not what happened.

JAKE

No?

DONNINGER

Howell Branch was less than a mile from Gardner's house. After reading Jimmy his rights and putting him in the car, I took the keys and sent Olivia on her way.

JAKE

On foot?

DONNINGER

That's right.

JAKE

By herself? Alone on a dark road in the middle of the night?

DONNINGER

Like I said, she'd had a few herself. What was I supposed to do, Delpy?

JAKE

You could've driven her home. Less than a mile up the road. Why didn't you?

Donninger cracks a suspicious grin.

DONNINGER

Where is this going?

Jake also cracks a smile. He reads Donninger's gaze.

JAKE

Just one last question. You placed Cahill under arrest. Why is there no record of this arrest on Cahill's sheet?

DONNINGER

Well, Delpy, I didn't process him.

JAKE

Why not?

DONNINGER

Because we never made it that far. I dropped him at his place and told him to sleep it off.

JAKE

Awfully nice of you.

A WAITRESS greets Donninger.

WAITRESS

Good morning, JP. Get you the usual?

He ignores her.

DONNINGER

(smiles)

Anything else I can do for you, Jake?

JAKE

No. You've been very helpful. Enjoy your breakfast.

Jake retrieves his files, heads for the door. Donninger loses his smug grin.

INT. CAHILL'S BARN - SECOND STORY - DAY

Cahill's kinky sex room has been collected for evidence. No more mattress on the floor. No more dirty pictures. Just a hardwood floor and mirrors where walls should be.

Jake observes his own image, reflected on all four walls, over and over, like a carnival fun house.

JAKE

You liked to watch, didn't you,
Jimmy?

Jake stares over his shoulder, then over the other, checking out every possible angle of his own frame.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not just them. But what you're
doing to them. And how you look
doing it. Like you're watching a
real life porno. Only you're the
star and director.

Jake has random FLASHES of a shirtless Jimmy Cahill standing over a helpless, bound at the wrists Olivia, kneeling on the mattress and staring up at him.

Jimmy turns around, observes himself in the mirror nearest the staircase. He slowly, methodically walks toward it, liking what he sees.

Jimmy's image suddenly morphs into Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Bondage is your favorite. Because
you get off on the power. The
power you hold over them.

Jake turns around, envisions the mattress still on the floor and Olivia Gardner staring up at him. A truly desperate plea in her blackened eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Talk to me Olivia. What did he do
to you?

Her image slowly dissolves.

EXT. CAHILL'S HOME - DAY

Jake steps away from the barn, throws in a fresh smoke and sparks up. He takes a nice, long drag, stares up at the second story of the barn...and then...

...turns his attention to the trees surrounding the property. There's an unidentifiable object located on the other side of these particular trees. It appears to be in the shape of a large cross.

EXT. CAHILL'S PROPERTY - WOODS - DAY

Thunder claps overhead. Dark rain clouds move in.

Losing sunlight fast, and armed with a large flashlight, Jake maneuvers his way through the forestry surrounding Cahill's three acre property.

He comes upon a clearing in the trees. As he steps out of the small patch of woods...

He comes face to face with a homemade burial site. A wooden memorial cross with the name "May" painted in large white letters.

At the base of the cross sit a mound of rocks.

JAKE
Sticks and stones.

LATER THAT DAY

It's a down pouring of rain.

Corrie, Caslin, Myka and Sheriff Greer all wear rain coats and observe Jake digging away at the burial site.

All the rocks have been shoveled to the side.

He's well into the ground now. Filthy and tired. He finally hits something solid.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I got something.

Sheriff Greer couldn't care less as he puts in a new dip.

Corrie and Caslin share a quiet exchange before heading closer to Jake.

CORRIE
What do you got?

Jake scrapes the dirt of a driftwood box. A moment of sudden realization hits him.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong old partner?

Jake stares at the box.

JAKE
I don't think I'm ready for this.

He stares up at Corrie with a sickly look about him.

CORRIE
Climb out of there. Let me do it.

Jake crawls out and in jumps Corrie who attempts to pry open the box with a shovel.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
It's like it's nailed shut.
(to Jake)
Get that other shovel.

Jake snags a second shovel from the ground, crawls back in the shallow grave. He and Corrie attempt to pry open the box together.

Myka folds her arms, bites her lip, grows visibly anxious.

Caslin and Sheriff Greer look very neutral. As if they know something the others don't.

Corrie and Jake finally pop off the lid.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
Get the flashlight over here. I
can't see shit.

Jake exhales, nervous, as he and Corrie have yet to remove the box's cover.

Caslin hovers over the grave with his maglite.

Corrie and Jake exchange one last glance.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
You okay, partner?

JAKE
Just do it.

Corrie tosses the wood cover into the woods as Caslin shines the light into the hole.

Something we don't see.

CORRIE
What the hell is it?

Jake already knows, crawls out of the hole, disappointed and embarrassed.

CASLIN
It's like some kind of animal. A
dog or something.

Jake collapses on the ground, elbows rested on his knees, all the life energy sucked from his body.

Caslin thinks he spots something with his flashlight.

CASLIN (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. What is that?

This catches Jake's attention.

Corrie holds up what appears to be a leash with dog tag attached.

CORRIE
Would you look at that. May.

He hands the leash to Caslin.

CORRIE (CONT'D)
Woof woof.

Sheriff Greer hovers over Jake with a real "I told you so" swagger about him.

SHERIFF GREER
(to all)
Show's over. Let's pack it up and
get the hell out of here.

INT. MUGSHOTS BAR - NIGHT

Corrie snags a couple mugs of beer from the bar and meets an exhausted Jake at a corner table. This place is a cesspool of cigarette smoke and body odor.

The rain continues to shower down and pelt the tin roof.

JAKE
He's screwing with us.

CORRIE

Who?

JAKE

Sticks and stones will break my bones but names may never hurt me. The "will" and "may" are flipped. It's backwards.

Corrie still plays lost.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I should've caught it before but didn't until tonight.

Jake takes a huge swill of his beer.

CORRIE

Caught what? It's some stupid school yard shit. It doesn't have to mean anything. Half the shit we find doesn't mean anything.

JAKE

Come on, Billy. Names may never hurt me. As in Olivia Mae Gardner. He knew we would find that grave. Just like he knew I'd find Olivia's picture.

CORRIE

Come on. Think about what you're saying for a second. You think he picked that girl up because of her name? Or was it her bra size?

JAKE

No. He didn't know her name. Not at first. Not until he saw her picture hanging up in a post office somewhere.

CORRIE

Yeah. Right. Then decided to set all of this up as some kind of sick joke on the cops before stripping to his underwear and hanging himself. I don't buy it.

JAKE

Okay. Tell me why you don't buy it.

CORRIE

Because the guy hated himself. His medicine cabinet was full of every antidepressant and mood stabilizer on the market.

JAKE

So is half of Dunsboro. So what?

CORRIE

Look. The guy was obviously having an ongoing battle with his own demons and finally caved. That's why he stripped down to his undies for the cops. Because even Cahill knows he was a piece of shit.

JAKE

What if it's not him?

CORRIE

What if who's not what? You're losing me again, buddy.

JAKE

I'm saying someone out there must be getting a real kick out of spinning our wheels. And that someone has still gotta be breathing.

This hits a chord with Corrie. He checks the surrounding crowd. A couple of greasy dudes shooting pool. One of them stares their direction as he chalks his cue.

Corrie leans in closer to Jake.

CORRIE

(quieter)

Okay. So what do we do about it?

JAKE

We wait.

Corrie squints.

CORRIE

For what?

JAKE

It's his move.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake is in bed, half drunk, out like a light. All is quiet and peaceful. Until...

His smart phone BUZZES and crawls its way toward the edge of the nightstand it sits on.

Jake jerks awake, his nerves frazzled. He watches as his phone hits the carpet.

JAKE

Shit.

He reaches over, snags it up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I'm here. What time is it?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

It's barely eight thirty. In bed kind of early tonight.

Jake quickly sits up, at attention.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you've given up.

(beat)

What would old man Findlay think? His most valuable player and prize protege taking a knee and it's not even the second quarter.

JAKE

Okay, so you know me. But do I know you?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Once. A long time ago. It's okay if you don't remember. I won't hold it against you.

(beat)

You know the airfield off of Grey's Airport Road?

JAKE

Sure.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Nine AM. Just give me a buzz at the front gate when you get here. We have a lot to talk about.

(beat)

Get some rest.

JAKE
Now wait a sec --

He hangs up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Yeah. Nine AM it is.

INT. WALSH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SQUAD ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Still in his t shirt and sweats, Jake stares into a glass encasing. Plaques, awards and photos of various law enforcement personnel. One of them is a standout.

Charlie Ferris and Walter Findlay standing next to a Sheriff's Department helicopter.

Gail pops her head in with a huge stack of manila files. She stops behind Jake, observes the image of Charlie Ferris.

GAIL
Hell are you doing here so late?
Got nothing better to do but stare
at old pictures?

JAKE
Say, Gail. What do you remember
about Charlie Ferris?

Gail raises a brow.

GAIL
A lot of different stories. None
of them good. Honestly, I'm
surprised they haven't taken that
picture down by now.

JAKE
What do you mean?

GAIL
That's right. I forgot you were
MIA for almost ten years.
(beat)
Ferris was popping Walter Findlay's
wife for almost two years.

JAKE
You're kidding.

Jake takes another look at the photo. They are smiling, best of friends.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I never heard that.

GAIL

Kind of a long, ongoing story that goes back to the three of them in high school.

JAKE

Oh yeah?

GAIL

Chelsea was Charlie's sweetheart. Even talked about getting engaged at one point. Up until Walter came into the picture and swept old Chelsea off her feet. At least that's the version I heard.

JAKE

Yet they remained friends.

GAIL

For awhile, at least. Until Charlie decided he'd take advantage of Chelsea and Walt's marital problems by offering to lick her tears.

(beat)

If you know what I mean.

JAKE

Yikes.

GAIL

This went on for almost two years. Up until Chelsea Findlay gets behind the wheel drunk and runs her and Charlie straight into a light pole doing about sixty five. Killed her on impact.

Gail shakes her head as this dark memory hits her hard. Jake hangs on every word.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Charlie walks away with a broken collar bone and, next thing you know, he's taking early retirement. Afraid no one in the department would ever have his back again for what happened to Findlay's wife.

JAKE
 (confused)
 Wait a minute. I thought she
 skipped town over some woman
 Findlay was seeing.

Gail grins.

GAIL
 Funny how that story's changed over
 the years. It's not something the
 folks in Dunsboro like to mention
 in mixed company.
 (beat)
 So why the sudden interest in
 Charlie Ferris?

Jake stalls.

JAKE
 Oh no reason.

GAIL
 (smiles)
 Yeah. I just bet. Look. Do
 yourself a favor and don't mention
 Ferris's name around here again.
 Kind of a bad idea.

Gail heads for the squad room, starts dumping her files in
 small metal baskets on the edge of the various cubicles
 and workstations.

Jake heads out.

EXT. HOME OF CHARLIE FERRIS - MORNING

The middle of nowhere.

On the property sits a large warehouse and wood working shop.
 Displayed on the lawn are various forms of homemade furniture
 cut only from the finest of woods.

A dining table. Picnic bench. A children's swing set.
 Lawn chairs of all sizes.

Behind this warehouse is an airplane hanger with the doors
 pulled open. Parked inside is a Cessna Skyhawk.

The outside property consists of freshly mowed grass as far
 as the eye can see. White markers posted into the ground
 at regular intervals. A private airfield.

Jake's patrol truck arrives at the front gate. He pokes his head out, hits the call button on a speaker box.

FERRIS (V.O.)

Hello?

JAKE

Yeah. It's Deputy Delpy.

Jake waits. And then...

The gate swings open. He pulls in.

INT. WOOD SHOP AND FURNITURE STORE - DAY

The inside of this warehouse is actually a private furniture store with personally handcrafted items. Armoires, desks, chairs, tables. All featuring star shaped sale signs made of poster board.

Jake admires the impressive body of work as he walks side by side with the creator of these items...

CHARLIE FERRIS (60s), a gray haired, world weary man in a Walsh County Deputy Sheriff t shirt stained with various paints and thinners.

JAKE

How long has this place been here?

FERRIS

The wood shop? Since I was a kid. Dad used to do it for fun, mostly. Just like flying his planes.

Below the front check out register, Jake observes a row of radio-controlled airplanes inside a two-tiered glass display case.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

A few years back I came up with the idea of doing them both full time. Do flight lessons by day and work in the shop by night.

JAKE

I guess there's only so many car accidents and blood and guts a person can see before they have enough, huh?

Ferris grins.

FERRIS

Dad put a lot of work into this place. Something he could leave behind for his family and future grand kids. Never gave him those grand kids but figured I shouldn't let it go to waste.

Jake takes a walk to the front register, bends down and gets a closer look at the model planes.

JAKE

Yeah. I totally get it. It's nice and peaceful out here. And you get to spend your time doing what you love. We should all be so lucky.

FERRIS

Doing real good too. We got a pretty steady clientele. Give people what they want, they come back. Over and over.

JAKE

Swing sets, model planes. Anything you can't build?

FERRIS

No, not really. Come on out back. I wanna show you something.

Ferris heads for a rear door. Jake follows.

EXT. HOME OF CHARLIE FERRIS - DAY

Jake and Ferris stand behind a wire fence that stretches the length of the airfield.

Jake uses a radio control to fly an impressive looking model airplane that could easily pass as the real thing. A Cessna Skyhawk replica.

FERRIS

Walter Findlay's boy, Terry. Him and Jimmy Cahill used to work weekends out here, learning the trade. Putting together all kinds of stuff. Planes mostly. They'd spend hours out here sharing six packs, flying their planes and cutting up. Telling lies about women. Girls at Terry's school.

JAKE

Cahill, huh? Not exactly the best influence on a kid.

FERRIS

Guess you could say this was Terry's home away from home. Any excuse to get away from his old man.

Jake raises a brow.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Old Terry didn't exactly have the picture perfect home life everyone thinks.

JAKE

Really?

FERRIS

Nah. Walter was too busy raising everyone else's kids to bother with his own. Or to be a husband to his wife.

JAKE

Yeah, I heard she took off when Terry was just a kid. Left in the middle of the night or something.

FERRIS

She left. But didn't stray too far. Found solace in the arms of another man. Then gets herself killed in a car accident before a chance at reconciliation.

Jake's plane is all over the place. He's having a hard time concentrating.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

She wasn't as crazy so much as she was unhappy. Truth is, Walter was never home. When he was, he didn't have any interest in her. If you knew the real Walter, you knew she wasn't really his type.

JAKE

His type?

FERRIS

Walter liked them young. Sixteen. Seventeen. On the verge of womanhood. Vulnerable. Impressionable. It made them that much easier to control.

Jake takes his eyes off the plane. Ferris takes the controller out of his hands.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Do I have your attention now?

Jake is stunned.

JAKE

A little bit, yeah.

FERRIS

How'd you like to take a ride in the real thing?

Jake spots the Cessna parked in the hanger.

JAKE

Yeah. Okay.

INT. CESSNA SKYHAWK - DAY

Jake sits next to Ferris as they coast smoothly over the small but peaceful burg of Dunsboro. It's all green and blue from up here. Mostly trees, ponds and lakes. A few homes here and there.

FERRIS

I'll tell you the nicest thing about coming up here.

JAKE

What's that?

FERRIS

The quiet. It's a place where you can get lost. No phones. No traffic. Nothing but you and nature.

JAKE

And I thought we were in the middle of nowhere before. I haven't seen a single person in five minutes. Haven't seen a single anything in five minutes.

FERRIS

Dunsboro. Always said if you were gonna get rid of a body, this was the place to do it.

This catches Jake's attention.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

From up here, you can see all kinds of hiding spots. Places no one even knew existed, let alone think to look.

JAKE

Interesting perspective. Guess I never thought of that.

FERRIS

(smiles)

Yeah. Most people haven't. It's funny some of the things you think about when you're up here.

JAKE

What else do you think about?

FERRIS

Tell me what you see down there, Sargent.

Jake takes another more thoughtful look.

JAKE

Water. And a shitload of trees.

FERRIS

Correct. Trees and water. As far as the eye can see. And guess what's in those trees.

JAKE

I give up.

FERRIS

Lots and lots of dirt. And guess what's in all that water.

JAKE

Gators. Snakes.

FERRIS

Gators. That's correct. You know, we got more water per square mile in Walsh County than anywhere else in the state of Florida. More water means more gators.

Jake quietly clicks his seat belt.

JAKE

No kidding.

FERRIS

You ready to head back?

JAKE

Yeah. I think I've seen all I need to see.

Jake locks eyes with a grinning Ferris.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Ferris cracks a couple of beers, hands one to Jake who sits on the opposite side of a wet bar. The inside of this place is an impressive display of handcrafted furniture and woodwork art.

Hanging on virtually every possible inch of these walls are memories of Ferris's career as a police helicopter pilot and part time coach of city league athletics.

A good portion of these photographs predominantly feature Ferris and Walter Findlay.

FERRIS

I guess you're starting to wonder why it is you're here.

JAKE

A little.

FERRIS

You've been with County long enough to have heard all the stories you're gonna hear about Walter Findlay.

(beat)

You do know his shooter was never caught.

JAKE

I heard they had a couple suspects.
But nothing ever stuck.

FERRIS

With most of Walter's family either
dead or gone, Terry was the only
blood relative at his bedside after
the shooting. So, on top of Walter
being an all around lousy father,
he sticks Terry with the arduous
task of pulling the plug.

JAKE

He signed a DNR?

FERRIS

The bullet struck Walter's lumbar
spine. Paralyzed him from the
waist down. He could've pulled
through but Walter's pride got in
the way. He chose to leave this
world.

JAKE

How did he do it? Terry.

FERRIS

Had Terry go home and get into his
mother's old medicine cabinet.
Grabbed a full bottle of sleeping
pills. Terry was in and out of
there before the doctors even knew
what happened.

Jake shuts his eyes to this.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

So his mother splits. He's left
with a father who couldn't handle
the responsibility of raising him.
And then he's pretty much blamed by
the entire town of Dunsboro for
killing his own father. All that
before his fifteenth birthday.

JAKE

I can't even imagine.

Jake takes a pull off his beer.

FERRIS

Imagine this. All that resentment
he must've felt.

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

That kind of sickness in your belly, if left unchecked, can last a lifetime. As it has with young Terry.

Ferris walks to a large pane glass window that overlooks a sprawling backyard. He pays particular attention to a storage shed locked and chained shut.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

A hatred for women, a burning desire to get back at his father. And then add a bad seed like Jimmy Cahill into the mix.

Jake joins him at the window.

JAKE

Cahill?

FERRIS

They became a real pair, you see. Jimmy saw a young, handsome kid who could play his loyal and trusty partner in crime and Terry saw his chance to finally lash out at the world.

Jake huffs with exhaustion.

JAKE

I've been here over an hour now. Whatever you're trying to tell me, I wish you'd get to it. I do have a job to get to.

Ferris pauses.

FERRIS

Before he died, Walter entrusted me with Terry's future. His boy. To say I let him down would be putting it mildly.

JAKE

Terry still involved with Cahill?

Ferris stares at Jake, very serious.

FERRIS

You still haven't asked me about those girls found in Jimmy's play room.

JAKE
You heard about that?

FERRIS
(smiles)
Who hasn't?

JAKE
Okay, Charlie. Who were they?

FERRIS
Drifters mostly. Hookers. Pan
handlers. It started
off...somewhat innocently. Some
rough sex in exchange for some of
Jimmy and Terry's hard earned cash.
Then things took a turn.

Jake nods.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
Come on. I wanna show you
something.

Ferris heads for the back door. Jake follows.

EXT. CHARLIE'S STORAGE SHED - DAY

Ferris unlocks a double padlocked and heavily chained storage
unit in his backyard.

Jake seems a bit worried. As a precaution, he looks over his
shoulder, rests his right hand over his sidearm, hidden in
the rear of his pants.

Ferris swings open the door.

FERRIS
You wanna know what's really going
on, Sargent?

Jake faces Ferris, stares into the darkness.

FERRIS (CONT'D)
Come on in.

Ferris enters the storage area. Jake follows.

INT. CHARLIE'S STORAGE SHED - DAY

Ferris flicks on a side light switch. The overhead
florescent bulbs flicker an eerie blue.

Most of the items in this room are hidden under the protection of a bed sheet or cloth.

Ferris removes one of the sheets to reveal...

A small wood working station and homemade table saw stained with what appears to be blood.

JAKE

What the hell is this, Charlie?

Ferris ignores the table saw and walks to a second object hidden under a large cloth. He removes it to reveal an old style metal chest freezer.

He opens the heavy lid.

FERRIS

This is where we hid Terry's first victim. He was only fourteen years old. He was just a freshman. She was a senior. To say he was obsessed with this young lady would be putting it mildly. But no one could've guessed he'd be capable of such a thing.

Jake reaches for his gun, backs away, edges toward the door.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

One night Terry followed her and her troubled on again, off again older boyfriend to this private lake. He watched as they undressed and eventually jumped in the water. Things got a little hot. Our girl takes it back to the beach. And she's drunk. Real drunk. And high out of her mind. And boyfriend isn't taking no for an answer.

JAKE

Jimmy.

Ferris nods.

FERRIS

That's right.

(beat)

Meanwhile, Terry secretly watches from the trees.

(MORE)

FERRIS (CONT'D)

He watches as his secret obsession and first serious crush is brutally raped as she lay half unconscious. Raped by the one guy he considered a brother.

JAKE

Olivia.

FERRIS

When Jimmy's finished, he looks up to see this pair of eyes watching him from deep in the woods. When he sees who it is...well...he gets nervous at first. But then he invites Terry down. Offers to share this girl like some kind of party favor. Jimmy sets the bait. And in a blink of an eye...he buys Terry's loyalty forever.

JAKE

(disgusted)

He raped her.

FERRIS

When Terry was finished, Olivia went into convulsions. An overdose of ecstasy, alcohol and whatever else junk was in her system. Before Terry even knew what was happening, she died right there. And leaving inside of her the evidence of her assault by Terry and Jimmy.

Jake pieces it all together in his head.

JAKE

They came to you for help. And you buried it. Along with her.

FERRIS

It was the beginning of Terry's inevitable corruption. And all the rage and resentment that had built inside him only grew stronger from there.

Jake checks over his shoulder.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

There's no one here but us, Jake.
I'm not planning on shooting you.
If that's what you think.

JAKE

Keep those hands out of that
freezer. Where I can see them.

FERRIS

You know I had no choice. I wasn't
ready to destroy his future over a
mistake. And that's all it was
that first time. A mistake. But
that mistake soon became a
lifestyle. A life he had all been
forced into by Jimmy Cahill.

Jake slowly pulls out his gun, hides it behind his back.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I had one of two choices. I could
put him away, forever tarnish his
father's name...or I could protect
him.

Jake takes another looks at the table saw.

JAKE

What's with the saw, Charlie?

Ferris observes the table saw.

FERRIS

You know. Because I already told
you. In the plane.

Jake squints, thinks back, a sour grimace.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

It took weeks before it finally
came to me. A much more full proof
way of disposing of the bodies. A
way no one could ever identify
them.

Jake aims his gun, grips with both hands.

JAKE

Alright, Ferris! Let me see your
hands! On your head! Now!

Ferris isn't bothered by the sight of Jake's gun. He is
calm, collected and in control.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You can save the rest for the station.

Ferris shuts the lid on the freezer, attempts to turn around...face Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hands...on your head!

Ferris calmly places his hands over his head.

FERRIS

You know I won't live long enough to make my statement, Jake. And you won't live long enough to record it.

JAKE

Shut up. Sick asshole.

FERRIS

What're you gonna do now, Sargent? Bring in the son of Walter Findlay? Forever stain the legacy?

(beat)

Why do you think your friends in the department have been keeping you at arm's length this whole time?

Jake backs away, keeps his gun aimed at Ferris.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

I came to you for a reason. If you bring in Terry, he dies. We all do. You starting to get the picture?

JAKE

Bullshit.

(angry)

This is bullshit! Where is she?!

FERRIS

She? Which one, Jake? I'm afraid there's too many to count.

JAKE

Sonofabitch.

Jake loses his temper, shoves Ferris into a corner, spins him around, hands flat on the wall.

He does a quick pat down.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I should just kill you right now.

FERRIS
He killed Jimmy because he was getting sloppy. Getting a reputation around town for getting a bit rough. He could no longer afford to be associated with someone like that. Terry was always smarter. More careful. Just like a cop's kid.

Jake quickly cuffs Ferris.

JAKE
Turn around.

A handcuffed Ferris faces Jake, rests on the wall.

FERRIS
Who do you think Jimmy called that night, Delpy? When he was left stranded on the interstate.

JAKE
I know who he called. He called his nephew.

FERRIS
(smiles)
Is that what your cop friends told you? He called who he always calls when he's in a jam. Terry. And he brought him back home and killed him.

Jake ponders this.

JAKE
The car. Jimmy's car. What was in it?

FERRIS
Don't you get it? It doesn't matter now. Whatever it was, I'm sure it's long gone. Along with the rest of the evidence. The cops have always been great about protecting Terry.

Jake takes another look at the blood stained table saw and physically recoils.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me, you can call him. My cell's in my right pocket.

Jake is reluctant.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

It's been almost fifteen years, Jake. And they still haven't found Olivia Gardner. All you did was mention her name and you were practically thrown off this case. Think about it.

After a few tense moments, Jake finally retrieves the phone from Ferris's pocket. He searches the contacts...

TERRY. He speed dials. A few seconds pass...

TERRY (V.O.)

Yeah, what's up?

Jake stalls.

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Charlie, are you there?

He hangs up.

JAKE

(to Ferris)

Why are you doing this?

FERRIS

Because I'm not a killer. Because it was my job to protect him and I failed. The way I see it, we got only one play here.

JAKE

What's that?

FERRIS

We can't take him in. We already know that. So we give him a real simple choice.

JAKE

What choice?

FERRIS

He can stop. Or he can die.

JAKE

You'd do that? Kill Walter's boy?
After everything you've done?

FERRIS

I'm hoping it doesn't come to that.
But I got blood on my hands, Jake.
Nothing's ever gonna wash them
clean. They'll see to that. My
voice doesn't matter. My testimony
will only get buried, along with
the memory of those girls. Now
it's up to you.

Jake takes another look at the bloody workstation. He slowly
lowers his sidearm.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be?

EXT. PIT STOP GAS AND SIP - LATE NIGHT

With an impatient sense of urgency, Jake's patrol cruiser
storms into the lot and comes to a swift halt near the
front door.

INT. PIT STOP GAS AND SIP - LATE NIGHT

Jake stands at the ass end of a long line. Customers search
a cigarette rack for their brand. Others buy scratch offs
and hold up the line.

Jake finally loses it, fights his way to the front, flashes
his badge to a SALES CLERK.

JAKE

I need to talk to your shift
supervisor right away.

SALES CLERK

What's this about?

JAKE

Now, please!

INT. PIT STOP GAS AND SIP - FRONT OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Jake hovers over the SHIFT SUPERVISOR as he replays the parking lot video surveillance the night Jimmy Cahill was dropped off at the door.

A digital clock at the top right hand corner of the screen reads 11:37 PM.

JAKE

Is that the right time?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

Yeah we're getting close. I remember that jacked up truck at the pump.

The Shift Supervisor points at Cahill's car...a mid nineties Pontiac Bonneville...pulling up to the air and vacuum station.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

There. I think that's them.

Jimmy Cahill crawls out. And the car pulls a hot u turn, bolts from the lot, back onto the highway.

JAKE

That's him. That's Cahill.

Jake watches as Cahill dips inside, heads for the front register area.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So he comes inside and then what?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

He uses the restroom. A couple minutes later, he comes out and asks to use the phone.

JAKE

About quarter to midnight. Just like Wilkins said.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

Who?

JAKE

Nothing. So he uses the phone and waits for his ride to show. About what time did Cahill finally leave?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
(confused)
Cahill? Which one is that again?

JAKE
(gruff)
Take a wild guess.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
A little after one thirty, close to
two in the morning.

Jake rubs his sore neck, fights to keep his eyes open.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Would you like a coffee or
something? A nice cold macchiato
for the road? You seem a bit
cranky.

JAKE
Never mind me.

Jake places a photo of Jimmy's nephew BOBBY in front of the
Shift Supervisor.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Is this the guy that picked him up?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
No. This dude was blonde.

Jake sighs, slaps down a second photo. A recent picture of
Terry Findlay.

JAKE
Like this guy?

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
Yeah, that's the guy. Just like I
told that other cop. And why am I
doing this again?

JAKE
Okay. So Findlay shows sometime
between One Thirty and Two AM.
Show me.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR
I just told you that's the guy.
Why do we have to...

JAKE
Show me!

The Shift Supervisor slumps forward in defeat, fast forwards the video footage.

SHIFT SUPERVISOR

Yes, sir.

EXT. WALMART SUPERSTORE - PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Jake is parked near the rear end of the enormous lot. He paces on the asphalt, smokes, fired up, angry and ready for blood.

A second car pulls up next to his. Out steps Corrie, t shirt and sweats, still in his sleepwear.

CORRIE

It's three in the morning, buddy.
So what couldn't wait until
tomorrow?

Jake drops and stomps his smoke, then belts Corrie across the mouth with a right hook.

Down he goes.

Corrie spits a stream of blood.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

I take it you saw the video?

JAKE

Yeah lucky guess. Why didn't you tell me about Findlay?

CORRIE

He was his ride home, Jake. It doesn't make him a killer. And let me remind you. This went down as a suicide. A suicide. He hung himself. Period.

JAKE

Yeah. Just cut and dry, huh old partner? And all that shit about Cahill's nephew watching Jimmy take the bolt cutters to his front gate, breaking into his own house. It was all bullshit.

Jake shakes his head in disgust.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You stared me in the eye and lied
to me. Then buried evidence.

Corrie sits up, squats on the asphalt, hands rested on his
knees.

CORRIE

I never buried anything. There's a
difference between burying and
brushing aside. That's all we did.
We simply brushed it aside.

Jake laughs.

JAKE

Now you're patronizing me in
addition to screwing me.

CORRIE

Take a look at what we have, Jake.
Jimmy Cahill hanging from the
ceiling and a picture of some girl
who disappeared fifteen years ago.
If that's not a deathbed
confession, I don't know what is.

JAKE

And we bury it.

CORRIE

You're turning this into something
that isn't real. Something in your
own head. Maybe as some kind of
distraction from what is real.

JAKE

Meaning?

CORRIE

Meaning your life is shit. Your
wife is drafting divorce papers as
we speak, you never see your little
girl. And you just blew any chance
of getting back with your other
girlfriend. Let's face it. You
got a lot going on.

Jake sparks up a new smoke. He nervously paces the lot,
shakes his head, puffs away.

Corrie tries to read him.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

You know something. What is it?

JAKE

There's more, ya know. Victims. A lot more.

CORRIE

Hell are you talking about now?

Jake offers his hand to Corrie, who accepts. He pulls him up from the asphalt, offers him a smoke.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

You're not gonna hit me again, are you?

JAKE

I went to see Charlie Ferris this morning. Invited me out to his little ranch. Took me for a plane ride. All but confessed to helping cover up a series of abductions committed by his godson Terry.

Corrie sparks up.

CORRIE

You're shittin me.

JAKE

Laid out the whole operation. All the way from dissecting the bodies in his little wood shop to ditching the pieces into the waters of Dunsboro.

Corrie grins.

CORRIE

He said all this? To you?

JAKE

That's why no bodies. They're taking the plane out at night where no one can see what they're doing. No one can witness them ditching these girls into the lakes. Piece by piece to be eaten by the gators. No bodies. No evidence.

CORRIE

Wait a minute. He told you all this? In specific detail?

Jake stalls, a bit unsure.

JAKE

Not specifically. Not all at once.
But yes.

CORRIE

Okay. Very confused.

JAKE

He couldn't live with it anymore.
He's been protecting Terry this
whole time. Just like the
department.

Jake leans his tired bones against his car and rubs a most
sore and tight neck.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ferris thinks we should ask him to
stop. Let on that we know.
Walter's name is left intact.
Everyone's happy.

Corrie also leans his back on the car next to Jake.

CORRIE

You think that's gonna work?

JAKE

If we're wrong, and he doesn't
stop, it could mean more bodies.
More victims.

CORRIE

It's a helluva gamble.

JAKE

Yeah. Just what I was thinking.

CORRIE

So what do we do?

JAKE

First, I've gotta be sure. I wanna
stare him in the eye and know for
sure.

CORRIE

What's this "I" business? Don't
you mean "we"?

Jake turns to him.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

Someone's gotta make sure you don't screw around and get your butt blown off.

Jake grins.

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - LATE NIGHT

Darkness.

A flick of a switch and a series of overhead fluorescent bulbs slowly spark to life. Jimmy Cahill's dark green Pontiac Bonneville sits alone in this garage.

In walks Jake and Corrie.

JAKE

How'd you get this out of impound without any questions asked?

CORRIE

Well. It wasn't easy.

Jake awaits an answer.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

I forged the requisition order.

Jake scoffs.

JAKE

And where'd you get the keys to this place?

CORRIE

A friend of mine who owes me a favor left me a spare key.

JAKE

Did he ask you why you needed the garage?

CORRIE

Nope. And I didn't ask him why his little girl was doing seventy five in a school zone.

JAKE

Sorry I asked.

Corrie opens the passenger side door and steps aside to allow Jake some room to examine.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay, so what am I looking for?

CORRIE

Get in.

Jake crawls in. The seat itself is extremely loose as he slides back and forth.

JAKE

What the hell's the matter with this seat?

CORRIE

Go on, get out. I'll show you.

Jake crawls back out. Corrie reaches in and easily pops the seat out of place, rests it on the oil stained floor.

JAKE

I don't get it.

CORRIE

I didn't either. Not at first. Take another look.

Jake pops his head back in. He notices the rear seats are covered top to bottom in a pair of decorative Harley Davidson blankets.

JAKE

It's late, Billy. Just tell me what I'm looking for?

CORRIE

The rear passenger seat. Check under the blanket.

Jake kneels down, crawls further into the car and removes the blanket from the seat.

There is a giant HOLE cut through the seat that stretches all the way into the trunk. And hanging from this hole is a white bungee cord tied in a slip knot.

Jake pulls on the cord, stretches it forward, stops about halfway to the front seat.

JAKE

It's like a restraint.

CORRIE

Come on out. There's more.

Jake crawls out. He follows Corrie to the trunk as he pops it open to reveal a smooth cloth lining.

Corrie removes the lining cover and exposes a large metal spike bolted into the floor. Around this spike, a white bungee cord is tied in a most complicated knot.

Jake pokes his head in, stares through a hole in the trunk... ..through the rear passenger seat...observes the front dashboard.

JAKE

Kinky shit. What else did you find?

CORRIE

Oh nothing much. Just some recreational lubricants, along with three vials of GHB and a hypodermic needle kit in the glove box.

Corrie shuts the trunk.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

At least now we know why Jimmy never reported his car stolen.

EXT. BILLY CORRIE'S HOUSE - REAR PORCH - EARLY MORNING

Dawn is breaking. Jake sips his morning coffee at a round breakfast table. From inside the house, Corrie steps out, lays down a folded map on the table.

He takes a seat.

CORRIE

So, Charlie Ferris told you that Cahill and Findlay took turns raping Olivia Gardner just minutes before her death, right?

JAKE

That's right. Why?

CORRIE

Just humor me a sec.

Corrie unfolds a huge, extremely creased table sized map of the state of Florida.

JAKE

Where'd you dig this up? Gotta be twenty years old.

CORRIE

Twenty five. Now check this out.
Here me out a minute.

Corrie uses a black sharpie to mark three points near the center area of the map.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

The last six recorded abductions
and or missing persons cases were
reported here in Orange City,
Sanford and Deltona...

Corrie marks three more spots near the west coast.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

And over here in Ocala, Dunnellon
and Wesley Chapel.

JAKE

How far apart?

CORRIE

We're talking less than a year.
And you know what else these girls
have in common?

Jake awaits his answer.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

None of them were local. They were
all either out of state or from out
of town passing through.

Jake takes a closer look at the map.

JAKE

And all cities bordering major
interstates. They were transients.

CORRIE

They're targeting women who could
easily disappear without anyone
asking questions.

JAKE

They? You said they.

CORRIE

Your boy Ferris says that Findlay
was never anything but a victim.
Let around by the nose by Jimmy
Cahill. Well I'm not buying it.

JAKE

Talk to me.

CORRIE

What I'm saying is this. After the experience of sharing Olivia Gardner and watching the life drain from her eyes, maybe Jimmy and Terry decided to take their act on the road full time.

Jake leans back in his chair, taking it all in. His mind going in a hundred directions.

EXT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Terry steps out, locks his door behind him. He moves for the stairs...but is stopped at the sight of a thick manila envelope at the base of his doorstep.

It says "Terry". He reaches down, snags it up.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Terry steps back inside, moves for a table near the kitchen and pulls out the contents of the envelope. A stack of glossy eight by ten photos featuring crime scene tech Kerri Farmer sprawled out in the front seat of Jimmy Cahill's Bonneville.

Posing for a still pic, she is bound at the wrists by the white bungee cord coming from Cahill's trunk.

Terry flips through these images to find more of Cahill's trunk, the strange metal spike and bungee, as well as a hypodermic needle kit and multiple vials of GHB.

Terry is startled by these images. His cell RINGS.

TERRY

(answers)

Yeah.

Beat.

JAKE (V.O.)

Cute pictures, huh?

TERRY

Who is this?

JAKE (V.O.)

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Go out to your balcony.

Terry quickly makes his way to a sliding glass door, unlocks and swings it open. He steps out.

EXT. TERRY'S BALCONY - MORNING

He stares into the lot below and finds...

Jake staring up at him, smart phone to his ear.

JAKE
Just in case you are who I think
you are...I'd think twice about
picking up any more girls.
(beat)
Take care of yourself, Terry.

Jake hangs up, walks off.

Terry rummages through the remaining photos. Under these glossy eight by tens of Cahill's car are several missing persons reports of young woman in their twenties.

Terry smugly grins.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - INTERSTATE 75 - DAY

Jake behind the wheel, looking very serious and intent. Corrie stares out at the passing trees.

CORRIE
Dunnellon. The ass end of nowhere.
Ya know, there's a stretch of road
when you get off the interstate. I
swear there's nothing for like
thirty minutes.

JAKE
Peace and quiet. Just how I like
it. So give me a refresh on our
missing girl.

CORRIE
Barbie Kesser, twenty one years of
age. College student on route to
the University of Miami by way of
Charleston. Checked into the Blue
Bird Motel on County Road 484 on
July fifteen at Six Thirty PM.

(MORE)

CORRIE (CONT'D)

Approximately one hour and five minutes later, making an ATM withdrawal at a Publix shopping center about a mile and a half east of the motel.

JAKE

Why the cash? They reject her credit card?

CORRIE

I don't know. If she were here, I'd ask.

INT. BLUE BIRD MOTEL - FRONT LOBBY - DAY

Jake and Corrie question the front DESK CLERK (20s), a thin and shaggy young hipster with a manicured beard, dime store threads and a puka shell necklace. He's gripping a hardback copy of the latest woke nonsense "Social Justice For Dummies".

DESK CLERK

Look. How many times I gotta tell you dudes the same story, bro? You guys are like the third set of cops been by here in the last nine months.

CORRIE

Yeah, well. We like to be thorough.

(beat)

So what did you guys talk about?

DESK CLERK

Not much. She just wanted to know where she could get something decent to eat. You could tell she wasn't exactly thrilled with our local culinary delicacies. She asked if I knew a place.

CORRIE

You mean like tofu, bean sprout finger sandwiches and shit like that?

DESK CLERK

(unamesed)

Funny.

Jake grins.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

So I told her there was a killer little Mexican place about three miles south of here. Best margaritas and chimis around. She said "Cool. Thanks". And that was it.

JAKE

You sure that's it? You didn't talk about anything else?

DESK CLERK

What did I just say, bro?

Jake fights the urge to slap the hell out of this kid. Corrie intervenes.

CORRIE

And what's the name of this joint?

DESK CLERK

What for? I haven't told you guys nothing the other cops don't already know. I swear, it's like you guys don't even talk. Here's a thought. How about you guys all get together and maybe, just maybe...communicate.

Jake impatiently snags the book out of the clerk's hand. He shoves it aside.

JAKE

Here's another idea. Broseph. How about you tell us anyways.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - INTERSTATE 75 - DAY

Corrie behind the wheel this time. Jake rummaging through a stack of police files and missing persons reports. One pretty young woman after the next.

CORRIE

Did that kid not have the most slappable face you've ever seen in your life? I swear these little cake asses are taking over the world.

JAKE

Mojito Cantina. Keep an eye out.

CORRIE

It's not for another three exits.

Jake grows impatient, huffs, shakes his head.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

JAKE

Ferris said Terry and Jimmy targeted panhandlers, drifters and streetwalkers. Just like the girls on Jimmy's bed.

CORRIE

Yeah, but you said those pictures were fake. Thrown in to distract you from finding Olivia. Who wasn't a hooker or a drifter. She was a high school student with a family.

JAKE

These girls just don't fit the pattern.

CORRIE

What about Dawn Wilkins? She fits the pattern. Jimmy picked her up off the side of the road.

JAKE

Something doesn't feel right. I think we might be way off base on this one.

Corrie spots an upcoming REST STOP AREA and merges right.

CORRIE

Hold that thought. I gotta take a leak.

Jake looks up from his papers, notices them pulling into the busy rest stop area. He shifts his focus to something in the center median of the interstate:

A wooden cross memorial with flowers and a stone base.

Corrie finds a spot, throws it in park.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

Sit tight.

Corrie notices Jake's frozen and empty gaze.

He follows his look.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Jake steps out. He rushes across the lot and to a chain-link fence that separates them from I-75. He gets an unobstructed view of the tall cross memorial.

Corrie joins him.

JAKE

You see what I see?

Corrie and Jake both observe the word REMEMBER...painted in white and written vertically on the cross. On the left arm of the cross it says JULY. On the right arm...15.

CORRIE

Yeah. The date. July Fifteenth.

JAKE

He's marking his spot.

Jake and Corrie both turn, face the sprawling rest stop behind them.

CORRIE

He couldn't have taken her here. There's too big a crowd. Too many witnesses.

JAKE

Could be she had car trouble. Just like our friend Dawn Wilkins.

Corrie doesn't follow.

JAKE (CONT'D)

She pulls in here to pop the hood, check her tire. Whatever. And here come our good samaritans Jimmy and Terry to offer a hand.

CORRIE

They're not gonna take her in front of fifty witnesses.

JAKE

Maybe they didn't take her. She just got in the car voluntarily.

CORRIE

To go where? She's not just gonna leave her car and ride off with a couple of strangers.

JAKE

Not strangers. But two guys who were very good with their hands. Good with machines. With cars. Could be they made a trip to the auto parts store.

CORRIE

Could be why she made the trip to the ATM. She wanted to throw our friends a few bucks for their troubles.

JAKE

Yeah. Could be.

CORRIE

Or...all of this could be a wild coincidence.

Jake turns to Corrie, very matter-of-factly.

JAKE

I don't believe in coincidences.

EXT. DAIRY FARM RESTAURANT - DAY

A roadside burger stand shaped like an ice cream cone with glorious charcoal smoke billowing from the roof.

Jake and Corrie stand over their friend and former work associate OFFICER DANNY BURKE, F.H.P., as he devours a cheeseburger and a shake.

On the table before Burke, Jake lays down still images of various roadside memorial crosses.

JAKE

These crosses were posted within a quarter mile of every abduction site or sites of last known whereabouts reported near I-75 in the last two years.

Burke sighs, and with little interest, rummages through the stack of glossy stills.

JAKE (CONT'D)

These girls were all transients. Passing through. We know before they disappeared, that over half of these victims were booked in motels close to the interstate.

Burke drops the photos, sips his milkshake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We think this guy's MO is that he's targeting these motels. Selecting his victims based on the fact that they're traveling alone.

CORRIE

We also have reason to believe he's good with cars. Good enough to pop our victim's hood while her back is turned. Do some tampering. From the looks of things, he's doing it while still on motel grounds.

Burke takes a bite from his burger.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Danny? Are we boring you?

BURKE

Honestly? I'm a little shocked that you guys are just know learning about this. I guess you boys in Dunsboro didn't get the memo.

(beat)

Why am I not surprised?

CORRIE

What memo?

BURKE

Three months ago, FHP issued a statewide interdepartmental memo regarding reports of crosses being found at recent abduction sites.

Jake and Corrie share a look that's a cross between shame and utter disgust.

BURKE (CONT'D)

For our eyes and ears only kind of stuff.

(MORE)

BURKE (CONT'D)

Hoping maybe the next girl that gets snatched, we could actually catch this guy in the act posting a cross into the ground.

Burke observes a very pitiful looking Jake and Corrie. The life sucked from their bodies.

BURKE (CONT'D)

I take it you guys were left out in the cold on this one.

CORRIE

Yeah. Apparently so.

Jake huffs, nods and rubs his eyes.

BURKE

You wanna know the funny part? Since we got wind of these crosses...not one girl has disappeared. No reported abductions. No more crosses.

CORRIE

That is weird.

BURKE

A little too weird. We used to joke that maybe this guy was a badge.

Burke slurps the bottom of his milkshake. Jake and Corrie share another look. One that suggests Burke may be onto something.

BURKE (CONT'D)

So, Delpy. How's the wife and kids?

Jake sighs one last time before retrieving the photos from Burke's table.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - INTERSTATE 75 - DAY

Corrie behind the wheel. Jake halfway passed out. A long day coming to an end.

JAKE

I was all but hoping that Ferris was lying. One last sick joke to get back at the man who stole his woman back in high school.

CORRIE

Framing his son for murder seems a bit extreme.

JAKE

Ferris really wasn't lying, was he?

CORRIE

I don't know. I wasn't there. You were there.

JAKE

The guilt finally got to him. Screwing Findlay's wife behind his back. Killing her in that accident. No way of saying how sorry he was to Walter because it was too late.

CORRIE

If that's true, why is he giving you Terry Findlay on a silver platter? It doesn't make any sense.

Corrie observes Jake rubbing his face, over and over, tired, full of stress and tension.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

Look. Before you let this thing make you sick, we could always go to Greer. Tell him about your meeting with Charlie. Let the department handle this thing.

Jake stares out the window, ignores him.

CORRIE (CONT'D)

Just a thought.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DUNSBORO - DAY

A school bus comes to a slow halt before a long clay road penetrating a sea of laurel oak trees.

Waiting patiently, arms folded, is Jenn. She smiles as Sarah bounces off the bus with school books in tow.

JENN

Hey. That's a lot of books. That mean you got a lot of homework?

SARAH

Always.

(beat)

I'm hungry. Can we get McDonald's?

JENN

Maybe.

SARAH

And can we maybe meet Dad there?

JENN

Go do your homework.

SARAH

But you said that maybe...

JENN

Now.

Sarah rolls her eyes, heads up the clay road.

SARAH

I'm calling Dad.

JENN

Yeah. Good luck with that.

The bus door slams shut and begins off, slowly picking up speed as it cruises off the soft shoulder.

The bus passes...revealing...

TERRY FINDLAY

...standing near his car on the opposite shoulder.

Jenn is stunned.

Terry watches her with a creepy demeanor.

INT. JENN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

With a glass of wine in hand, Jenn hands Terry a bottle of beer and takes a seat at a breakfast nook.

TERRY

Thanks. I needed one.

Sarah runs in, hopped up and excited.

SARAH

Mom. Can I go to Jamie's for dinner? They're getting pizza and watching a movie.

JENN

You know I don't like you walking on the side of the road.

SARAH

So will you drive me?

JENN

No. You have homework. And I have a guest.

SARAH

It's Friday.

JENN

Yeah, that's what you said last Friday. Then waited until Sunday to start that paper.

SARAH

Well, how about if Jamie's Mom picks me up? Can I go then?

Jenn huffs.

JENN

Back by Ten.

Sarah smiles, hugs her neck, races back to her room.

JENN (CONT'D)

I have a hard time saying no to her since...

Terry waits.

JENN (CONT'D)

Well. The big move.

TERRY

So Jake's coming back here was a bit of a shock for you?

JENN

No. I was all but waiting for him to come back. Eventually. Just not this soon.

TERRY

Well. I'm sorry to hear about all that. I hope it gets worked out. Really.

JENN

So. Speaking of Jake. You said you needed to talk to me about something.

Terry pauses, sucks in a breath.

TERRY

Yeah.

He sips his beer. Jenn grows worried.

JENN

Everything okay?

TERRY

I got a fairly strange phone call from Jake yesterday. He all but accused me of doing something pretty serious.

JENN

Like what?

Terry laughs nervously.

TERRY

Nothing much. Just kidnapping and sexually assaulting a series of young women who've disappeared over the last several months.

Jenn lowers the wine glass from her lips, nervously stares down a hallway.

JENN

I should check on Sarah.

Jenn stands to leave.

TERRY

I didn't mean to scare you.

Jenn stops, watches Terry with a careful eye.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Believe me. What you're feeling now is sort of how I felt when I heard from Jake.

JENN

I'm sorry. All the sudden, this feels inappropriate.

TERRY

I got a call from Burt Greer a few days ago. He told me Jake's been doing some sniffing around with regard to the Jimmy Cahill suicide.

Terry nods to the table.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Sit down. You need to hear this.

Jenn reluctantly sits.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Jake's been...shall we say... connecting some dots that, in his mind, lead directly back to me. Needless to say, that's a bit of a concern for me.

JENN

Well. All I can say with regard to Jake and his work....

(beat)

I'm sure he had his reasons for reaching out to you.

TERRY

Burt Greer's not the only one who's reached out.

JENN

Oh?

TERRY

Cale Caslin. Myka. Billy Corrie. I've heard from all of them. They're concerned that maybe Jake's a bit stressed.

Jenn sits at attention, on the edge of her seat.

TERRY (CONT'D)

With moving back home. With the separation. Finding Jimmy's body the way he did.

JENN

Stressed. Stressed how exactly?

TERRY

He's drinking again. A lot. From what I hear about Jake, that's out of character.

Jenn can hardly believe it.

JENN

Jake hasn't had a drink in two years.

TERRY

Look. Jenn. Whatever happened between you two. It's tearing him up inside. He's burying himself in his work.

Terry plays up his emotions as he stares out the kitchen window with all the fake concern he can muster.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Obsessing over Jimmy. Trying to find reason where there is none. Looking into these missing persons cases and drawing wild conclusions as some sort of justification for his existence.

Terry turns to her.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I didn't come here to try to change your mind about me. Or whatever it is your husband has told you about me.

JENN

He hasn't told me anything. If that's what this is about.

TERRY

Like I said, it doesn't matter. What matters is that you and Jake work this out. Not just for his sake. But for you and your daughter's.

(smiles)

And for me of course.

Terry walks closer to Jenn, hovers right over her. She is visibly intimidated.

TERRY (CONT'D)

After all. I can't have every woman in Dunsboro afraid to be alone in a room with me. Now can I?

Jenn's lips quiver with fear. Terry grins.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'll see myself out. Thanks for the drink.

Terry rests his beer in front of Jenn as he dips out. Jenn finally exhales.

EXT. JENN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Sarah jumps in the back seat of her friend's mother's car as the three of them roll out.

Jenn smiles and waves goodbye as the car disappears up the clay road.

She heads back inside.

INT. JENN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenn is curled up on her couch, watching TV with smart phone in hand as she contemplates calling Jake. His name and number on speed dial.

She gives up, tosses her phone aside.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

Jenn is startled by the sound of someone at the front door. She crawls out of bed, heads out.

INT. JENN'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Jenn tip toes down the steps, stops halfway, stares over the side and observes the front door. She is hesitant, a bit frightened.

She continues down the steps, kneels on her living room couch and cracks the drapes of her front windows.

No one by the door. The coast is clear.

While kneeling on the couch, Jenn is grabbed by the back of her hair and...

Hurled off the couch...

...onto a glass coffee table...shattering it.

A MASKED MAN in BLACK pulls her from the shards and tosses her to the floor, face first.

As Jenn gathers herself...she comes face to face with a family photo of her, Sarah and Jake that fell from the table after her body hit the glass.

The MASKED MAN picks up the cracked frame and photo, pulls back on Jenn's hair, holds the image close to Jenn's face, forces her to observe her broken family.

JENN

Jake!!!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Greer, with his usual dip in mouth, watches through a window as a NURSE closes a curtain around a badly beaten and unconscious Jenn.

Donninger moves up the hallway, greets him.

DONNINGER

Delpy's on his way. Billy too.

SHERIFF GREER

Don't let him in here.

Donninger nods.

DONNINGER

How are we handling this?

SHERIFF GREER

Let me know when Corrie gets here.

Donninger heads out.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Jake storms the doors of the ER. Corrie is pacing on the tile floor, awaiting his arrival.

JAKE

Where is she?

Corrie stares back at Donninger, pulling a soda out of a vending machine.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 What does that mean?! Look at me!
 Is she okay?!

CORRIE
 She's fine. Just a little beat up.
 Come with me.

Corrie grabs Jake by the arm and walks him toward an examination room.

INT. EXAM ROOM - ER - NIGHT

Waiting inside this sterile room is Sheriff Greer, spitting his dip into a styrofoam cup. Jake is confused as he turns and faces Corrie.

Donninger ducks in and shuts the door behind them.

JAKE
 You guys are scaring the shit out
 of me right now.

SHERIFF GREER
 Everything's fine. And Jenn's
 fine. She's sleeping it off in
 another room.

JAKE
 What room?

Jake heads for the door but Donninger blocks his way.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 What're you doing? Get the hell
 out of the way.

SHERIFF GREER
 Not so fast, Jake. We got some
 questions for you.

JAKE
 Is this a joke?

DONNINGER
 No joke.

SHERIFF GREER
 Where were you around Four Forty
 Five and Five PM?

Jake checks with Corrie.

JAKE
At home. Sick. All day.

DONNINGER
You don't look sick.

JAKE
Yeah, well, something about your wife getting the shit kicked out of her that sobers a guy up.

SHERIFF GREER
You can knock it off, Jake. Billy already told us about y'all's little excursion up I-75.

Jake stares at Corrie, disappointed. Corrie hangs his head.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)
You've been working the Cahill case around the clock.

JAKE
With your permission.

SHERIFF GREER
Yeah. I said you could look into it. On your own time. Not for you and Billy to go on an unauthorized leave of absence to go on a wild goose chase.

CORRIE
Okay, so he wasn't at home. He was with me. All day. So now you know. What's the problem?

SHERIFF GREER
It seems Jenn got a whiff of some familiar cologne before our guy hit the door, Jake. She could smell you. Now what do you have to say for yourself?

Jake is at a loss for words.

CORRIE
I just told you. He was with me.

DONNINGER
(to Corrie)
All day? Maybe you forgot you just pulled in here in two different cars.

(MORE)

DONNINGER (CONT'D)

(to Jake)

So we're gonna ask you for the last time, Jake. Where were you between Four Forty Five and Five PM?

JAKE

(smiles)

For the last time, huh? Why don't you suck my dick, JP.

Donninger bows up at Jake. Corrie gets between them.

CORRIE

Alright alright! Knock it off!

SHERIFF GREER

JP, get some air.

Donninger heads for the door.

DONNINGER

Enjoy prison, Delpy. They just love them some wife beating cops.

JAKE

Yeah, go get some flapjacks, JP. I hear the cafeteria is running a special.

DONNINGER

Kiss my ass!

Corrie shuts the door behind Donninger.

CORRIE

(to Sheriff Greer)

Okay. Can we skip the games and just tell him already?

JAKE

Tell me what?

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A few folks here and there, eating, having coffee, watching television and trying to stay awake.

Sheriff Greer, Jake and Corrie all watch the local network affiliate's eleven o'clock news report playing on a wall mounted flat screen.

ANCHOR

We begin the hour with a very unusual and very shocking story coming out of Wesley Chapel. A video disc containing a series of disturbing images, including a young woman bound at the wrists and begging for her life, was discovered at a Racetrack Gas Station this afternoon by a young man who was simply filling his tank. Here with more on this report is Stacie Green.

SHERIFF GREER

Wesley Chapel. That's right where you boys were today.

Sheriff Greer shoots Jake a knowing stare.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Wasn't it?

The news report cuts to the actual RACETRACK GAS STATION and field reporter STACIE GREEN.

STACIE

That's right, Anne. It was here at pump number eight where Scott Folsom found a suspicious object stuck in a crevice just above the card swipe. The object, in question, was discovered to be a video disc with a simple label marked Dunsboro PD...

Jake checks with the others. A lot of unamused faces.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Mister Folsom has admitted to viewing this footage before his deciding to come forward and delivering it to the proper authorities. The authorities being, of course, the Dunsboro Police and the Walsh County Sheriff's Department...

Jake slowly walks closer to the television. Sheriff Greer keeps a careful eye on him.

STACIE (CONT'D)

Now according to Walsh County Law Enforcement, this footage does appear to showcase a young woman who was reported to have been abducted earlier this morning...

JAKE

Just play it already.

STACIE

Police have shared with us that the identity of this young woman is still unknown at this time and are hoping that by sharing this video with the public, we'll soon find some answers to some very difficult questions. Back to you.

The live feed cuts back to our Anchor, back behind her desk.

ANCHOR

Thanks, Stacie. We're gonna play the footage for you in just a moment. Just a warning. In case you have any small children watching, now is the time to leave the room. These images are very disturbing.

The anchor and the news desk cuts to the actual video footage left at the gas pump.

A quick, lightening fast montage of wooden cross memorials left at various locations across the state.

Jake turns back, watches the reaction of Sheriff Greer, who is typically cold as ice.

Somewhere in the midst of these cross memorials, there are short bursts of other locations: a small lake, a passing train and a young woman (Dawn Wilkins) bound at the wrists and ankles, staring up at the recording camera.

Jake squints.

JAKE

Dawn.

Sheriff Greer and Corrie watch Jake.

The footage cuts to a wider shot of the young woman, now surrounded by dozens of crosses...staked into the dirt. She appears to be in the woods.

And lastly...the person doing the recording hovers over an open grave. Inside the deep hole are the skeletal remains of a past victim.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Who posted her bail?

Sheriff Greer huffs.

SHERIFF GREER
Terry Findlay.

Jake rushes from the cafeteria.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)
Where the hell you think you're going now?

Corrie races after him.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)
Get his ass back here!

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake opens his laptop, google searches the news report of the Wesley Chapel gas station video while Corrie paces the floor behind him.

Jake goes full screen with the news report and video. He replays the disturbing footage.

CORRIE
What are we looking for?

JAKE
I'm gonna show you.

After a few moments...

Dawn is on her knees, staring up at the camera. She is wearing a white halter top with a bare midriff and checkered pants.

Jake pauses the image. He holds out the photo of Olivia Gardner taken from Jimmy Cahill's bed. On her knees with a floor to ceiling mirror behind her.

He holds it side by side with Dawn.

Olivia is wearing a white halter top and checkered pants. The same clothes and in the same, exact position.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That look familiar to you?

CORRIE

How did he do it?

JAKE

Photoshop. He doctored the picture. Put Olivia's head on Dawn's frame. Covered up the woods in the background with Cahill's little playroom.

CORRIE

How can that be? Dawn was abducted this morning.

JAKE

According to who? This video could've been shot days ago. Before Jimmy was killed.

CORRIE

But that would mean Dawn was in on it.

JAKE

Yes it would.

CORRIE

Still doesn't explain what the hell Cahill was doing out on the interstate almost two hours from home.

JAKE

Maybe he wasn't. They could've jacked his car back in Dunsboro and dropped him in Deltona just to throw us off.

The wheels begin to spin in Corrie's eyes.

CORRIE

And the car...

JAKE

It was all a set up to frame Cahill. We were supposed to rip his car apart.

CORRIE

So if all that's true, that means...

JAKE

It means our witness who called in
Dawn's abduction wasn't a witness
after all.

Corrie contemplates this.

CORRIE

Terry.

JAKE

He's throwing it in our face.
Daring me to come after him.
Sonofabitch even went after Jenn
this afternoon.

Jake leaves the room, comes back with a twelve gauge and a
box of shells.

CORRIE

What are you doing?

JAKE

I'm gonna go to Terry's front door.
Give a knock and blow his head off.
Wanna come?

Corrie smiles.

CORRIE

Absolutely.

EXT. TERRY FINDLAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jake and Corrie arrive at Terry's complex, park near the
swimming pool and recreation center.

They step out. Jake branding a shotgun. Corrie with his
nine mil tucked into the rear of his pants.

Jake hurries for Terry's building. Corrie races to keep up.

CORRIE

When you said you were gonna kill
him. You didn't really mean kill
him right here, did you?

JAKE

Sure I did.

CORRIE

What happened to bringing him in, interrogating him, asking his whereabouts this afternoon. You know. All that stuff we do that separates us from the bad guys.

Jake losing patience.

JAKE

Okay, so we don't kill him. We just beat the shit out of him. Fair enough?

Corrie thinks this over.

CORRIE

I'm good with that.

JAKE

Good. Now shut up.

Jake and Corrie quietly walk up a staircase headed for the second floor.

Corrie attempts to pocket his car keys but drops them on the steps below. They fall through the cracks and hit the asphalt lot under them.

CORRIE

Shit.

As he stares through the cracks, he catches a glimpse of Terry coming up the stairs.

Terry turns the corner. He and Corrie stare each other down. Neither making a move. Then...finally...

Corrie and Terry both go for their guns...simultaneously.

But before we can witness the final moments of this standoff...

We CUT AWAY.

POW! The loud crackling of a single GUNSHOT echoes throughout the apartment complex.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Terry uses a flashlight to navigate his way across a railroad track, down a bumpy hill, and finally into a small patch of woods.

As he walks these woods, memories of a fateful night come back to haunt him.

FOURTEEN YEARS EARLIER

These same woods.

A drunken, drugged, blasted out of her mind Olivia Gardner lay sprawled out on a blanket. She is nude and wet from her midnight swim, wrapped in a beach towel.

A younger Jimmy Cahill and Terry watch her. Jimmy whispers in Terry's ear, egging him on.

JIMMY

She was a no good whore, Terry.
She was fuckin everybody. You saw
what she did...

EXT. PRIVATE LAKE - WOODS - NIGHT

A SQUAD CAR is parked near this small and quaint little lake and private beach.

Inside, WALTER FINDLAY sits in the passenger seat while OLIVIA GARDNER slowly grinds his lap.

A very angry and even sadder Terry watches them from across the lake.

JIMMY (V.O.)

You saw with your own eyes. She
ripped your family apart...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jimmy and Terry stare down at a half nude Olivia.

JIMMY

We can't let her get away with
that.

Terry stares at Olivia, shakes his head, unsure.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you? I did
this for you, man. For us.

Terry gives Jimmy a nasty stare.

TERRY

Fuck you, man. You didn't do this for me. You did it for you. I'm out of here.

Terry turns to walk away, Jimmy physically grabs him by the shoulder and shoves him back.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Get your fuckin hands off!

Terry balls up his fists.

JIMMY

You can hit me, buddy? I'm the only family you got left. You're too stupid to understand that.

Terry once again stares down at Olivia.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Who you gonna tell? Your old man? What's he gonna do? Turns out I got my own story. About him and Olivia down here at the lake.

Terry cries.

TERRY

You motherfucker.

JIMMY

What's it gonna be, Terry? You gonna handle business? Or are you gonna piss away the only family you got left? The clock's ticking.

Terry checks with Olivia.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Look at her. She don't give a fuck about nothing. About me. About you. Your old man. Your mother's dead and she's out here partying like nothing happened.

Terry grows angrier and angrier.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You really gonna let her get away with that shit?

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Terry's eyes fill with tears as he ventures further into the trees and comes upon a clearing.

FOURTEEN YEARS EARLIER

Terry is on top of Olivia. Jimmy is loud and obnoxious as his friend pumps away. All of the sudden, Olivia starts to come around, grows a bit sick.

Terry climaxes. At the same time, Olivia violently slaps and kicks him away as she rolls and vomits into the leaves.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Shit.

Olivia goes into convulsions.

TERRY
What the hell is wrong with her,
man?

Olivia has a seizure, chokes on her own vomit.

JIMMY
Shit, man!

TERRY
Do something!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Terry finds a familiar spot in this patch of woods and stops. His eyes full of tears and regret.

FOURTEEN YEARS EARLIER

Terry runs like a wild animal through the woods, out of the woods and...

Onto a two lane blacktop. He flags down a pair of BRIGHT HEADBEAMS heading his direction.

A SQUAD CAR comes to a swift halt. Out steps a younger, clean shaven JP DONNINGER.

DONNINGER
Terry!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Donninger watches with regret as Ferris finishes covering Olivia's grave with dirt.

A shameful Jimmy watches.

Terry in a fetal position, a sobbing mess with his back against a tree trunk.

Ferris gives Jimmy a heartbroken look. Jimmy so full of shame, he can only stare at the dirt.

Ferris walks to Terry who is catatonic.

Donninger tears up as he watches Terry.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Terry snaps out of it as he spots Ferris stepping out of the trees with shovel in hand.

FERRIS

You made it. It's about time. I was ready to give up on you.

TERRY

What are we doing back here, Uncle Charlie?

FERRIS

It's time I purged myself of my sins. I thought you'd like to join me. It seems we're both long overdue.

Terry has a good look around.

TERRY

Where's the girl?

FERRIS

Long gone, I'm sure. She said you bonded her out this morning. That the two of you had breakfast. With the main topic of discussion being me from what I hear.

TERRY

That's right. And Jimmy. All of it.

FERRIS

I bet when you saw the report of her so called abduction on the news it must've come as a bit of a shock. With you being the last one seen with her.

TERRY

And I'm sure that wasn't a coincidence, was it, Charlie?

FERRIS

Come on. Come take a look.

Terry observes a deep hole dug into the ground near Ferris. A homemade grave of sorts.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

She can't hurt you anymore, son.

Terry moves closer to the grave, stares into the hole to find the skeletal remains of Olivia Gardner.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

What happened here should've never happened. Just like what happened to your mother.

Terry shuts his eyes, full of shame and regret.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

It's a crazy thing losing every person in your life that ever meant anything and realizing it was completely your fault. Carrying that around while you try to move on. Not telling anyone the truth.

Terry completely turns his back on the grave, unable to face it, sickened by the sight.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

You know, when I put the pressure on Delpy, I thought you'd crack. Tell Greer everything. About what happened here. About me and your father.

TERRY

That wasn't very smart.

FERRIS

I did it for you. As a gift. I gave you every opportunity to release that burden that you've been carrying around inside of you and you didn't bite.

Terry slowly breaks down in tears.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

It's been a cancer to your soul,
son. And deep down you know I was
to blame. All those years,
fighting that urge to show up on my
doorstep with a shotgun. Do away
with Uncle Charlie once and for
all.

TERRY

You're only making this worse.
Don't you understand that?

FERRIS

What you did to Olivia Gardner.
That was meant for me. Because I
lied to you. I lied because I
couldn't bare tell you the truth
about what happened between me and
your mother.

TERRY

Don't do this. Not now.

FERRIS

That I was the real reason for your
parents split. Not Olivia. Not
all those girls your father found
solace with after your Mom left the
two of you.

Terry fights the urge to strike Ferris.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

After your father died, I thought
the truth would only drive a wedge
between us. Now I know I've only
made it worse. But now I'm gonna
fix it.

TERRY

How's that?

FERRIS

You've gotten a raw deal in life.
With your father. With this place.
People turning their back on you
for letting him die. Now's your
chance to be the hero. Save the
girl.

Terry is utterly confused. Ferris pulls a gun from his
pants, tosses it to the ground.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

A scuffle ensued. A gun was dropped. Before I could get to it, you pick it up. But not before I could come at you with a knife.

TERRY

You've lost it, Charlie. You know that?

FERRIS

Yeah I know. A long time ago. And if you don't do this, I'll go to Burt Greer myself. Tell him the whole story. The way I see it, you got one of two choices.

Terry gazes down at the glock forty still in the dirt.

TERRY

I'm not picking up that gun. And you're not telling them anything. I know you're not that crazy.

Ferris begins out of the woods, heads for his car, presumably located someplace close.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Don't do it!

FERRIS

Call your lawyer, Terry. We're gonna need a good one.

Terry picks up Ferris's gun, draws down on him.

TERRY

Stop it!

Ferris turns to him, a cocky grin.

FERRIS

I knew you could do it. Go on. Finish the job. You know you want to.

Sheriff Greer appears out of the brush, shotgun lazily rested in his arms.

SHERIFF GREER

(to Ferris)

No you don't. Not today.

Terry and Ferris are surprised to see Sheriff Greer.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

(to Terry)

We heard everything, Terry. No more secrets here. What we're gonna do now is go back to the station and talk this thing over. All of us.

Jake also steps out of the trees, gripping his firearm. And then Corrie...his arm in a sling.

CORRIE

Come on, Findlay. You're not a killer. If that were true, I'd be dead, wouldn't I?

Terry is confused as he stares back and forth between his friends in the department and Ferris.

FERRIS

They're gonna bury it, Terry. All of it. And then they're gonna let me go. Because they have to. Because there were no victims.

He laughs.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

There never was.

Ferris stares at Olivia's grave.

FERRIS (CONT'D)

Well. Just the one. And we know what happened to her, don't we?

Terry grows angry, firmly grips his gun, steps closer to Ferris.

TERRY

Shut up. Shut your mouth.

JAKE

Don't play into it, Terry! That's what he wants! Just back off!

FERRIS

What the hell. I guess some secrets are better left buried.
(to Sheriff Greer)
Isn't that right, Burt?

SHERIFF GREER

Don't listen to him, Terry.
Whatever you wanna do, we'll do it.
That's a promise.

JAKE

You made one big mistake already,
Terry. Don't go making a second.

Terry grows more and more conflicted. His tears now shooting down his face.

FERRIS

You got one chance here, Terry.
One last chance to get back at your
Uncle Charlie. Once and for all
time. Let's face it. After today,
you won't get another.

SHERIFF GREER

(to Jake)

Jake, cuff his ass. Before he gets
shot, please.

Ferris smiles.

FERRIS

You can make it quick. I promise
I'll go fast. Just like your
mother.

Terry takes aim. POW POW! Two shots center mass and down goes Ferris. He squirms in the dirt, chokes on his own blood.

Terry hovers over him. Unloads the rest of his magazine into Ferris as his face and body are sprayed and speckled with bright red blood.

Jake lowers his gun. Corrie watches in awe. Sheriff Greer turns away, a sick look about him.

Terry drops the glock, pulls his own weapon. He aims down at Ferris's limp, blood soaked corpse. He empties an entire new magazine as his eyes glaze over with tears.

All four men stand speechless. Terry slowly lowers his gun.

INT. SHERIFF GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Greer is having some eggs and toast as Jake dips in uninvited and, without hesitation, dumps his badge on his cherry oak desk.

SHERIFF GREER

Alright, Delpy. You want me to come clean? I'll come clean. Right here. Right now. Under God. And we don't speak of it again.

JAKE

I'm waiting.

Sheriff Greer reaches into his bottom drawer, comes out with two high ball glasses and a bottle of scotch. He pours them both a good belt, offers one to Jake.

He gives it a look, unsure.

JAKE (CONT'D)

No thanks.

Sheriff Greer rests the second glass on his desk, stands and roams the room with his belt of booze.

SHERIFF GREER

After you came forward with that picture of Gardner, JP came to me crying like a baby. Admitted what he did that night. What he'd been living with for fourteen years.

Sheriff Greer stares into his glass, hesitates.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

About how he panicked. How he had felt obligated in protecting Walter's kid.

JAKE

(confused)
Obligated?

SHERIFF GREER

You never heard the real story about what happened to Walter. Most people haven't. That's because we covered it up.

Jake scoffs with disgust. A nervous Sheriff Greer gulps down his double shot.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

He wasn't just shot in the back by some random punk.

JAKE

Tell me about it.

SHERIFF GREER

It happened the night he found out
about his wife and Charlie Ferris.
He got his load on real good.
Stumbling drunk and ready to take
Ferris's head off....

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A shirtless Ferris lay on the couch in some lounging pants
with a half nude CHELSEA FINDLAY (40s), wearing only a t
shirt and her hair still wet from a shower.

SHERIFF GREER (V.O.)

He kicks in the door, catches them
on the couch together. Both half
dressed...

The front door CRASHES OPEN. In walks a hopping mad Walter
Findlay. His eyes red and full of rage.

SHERIFF GREER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Walter goes berserk.

Walter charges the couch as Ferris attempts to stand and
defend him and Chelsea. He is too slow...

Walter punches him. He falls. Walter continues to kick and
kick...to the stomach...to his face...

Chelsea dials 911 from a cordless phone.

SHERIFF GREER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After knocking Ferris completely
unconscious, he starts in on his
wife...

Walter meets Chelsea's gaze. She's next.

SHERIFF GREER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But not before she could call 911.
And he throws her a beating he'd
never given her before...

Walter moves in on her. But before we can witness this
violent attack...

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. SHERIFF GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Greer stands before Jake. Back at the office.

SHERIFF GREER

In a moment of stupid, blind rage
he reaches for a letter opener.
But by that time, the cops arrive.
JP runs in, spots old Walter just
moments before driving that old
blade into his old lady. And he
did what thousands of cops are
faced with every day. A split
second decision.

Jake huffs out loud. It all makes sense now.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

JP took Terry's father from him.
Over a stupid, one time mistake.
Just like what happened between
Terry and that girl.
(beat)
You of all people should understand
that, Delpy.

Jake stares down at his untouched glass of scotch.

INT. JAKE AND JENN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

An out of control Jake slaps the hell out of Jenn as she
cowers in a corner like a scared child.

An almost empty bottle of vodka and a jug of orange juice on
a nearby counter.

Jake's eyes are red, his face flushed. Jenn cries.

JAKE

Shut up! Just shut up!

INT. SHERIFF GREER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake finally snaps out of it. His eyes full of shame.

SHERIFF GREER

Suicide or not, the way I see it,
Jimmy Cahill got what he deserved.
But Terry was just a victim of
circumstance. And that's all it
was.

(MORE)

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

In the wrong place at the wrong time and face to face with the young woman he believed destroyed his family.

JAKE

And we just let him walk. Like what he did didn't matter.

SHERIFF GREER

That girl was gonna die, no matter what Terry did or didn't do to her. Cahill saw to that when he filled her full of pills.

JAKE

He still has to live with it. With what he did. Nothing's changed.

Sheriff Greer nods.

SHERIFF GREER

We all live with something, Jake. All of us.

He steps closer to Jake, more personal.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Ferris was right. Terry got a raw deal in this life and we gave him a second chance. Just like the one we gave you, Delpy.

Jake stares down at his badge, unsure of his decision.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

You may not get a third. Given recent circumstances with your wife and everything that's happened, I'd strongly reconsider.

Jake stares back and forth between the badge and Sheriff Greer's unwavering stare. He heads for the door.

SHERIFF GREER (CONT'D)

Tell you what, Jake. I'll just keep it handy in case you change your mind.

Jake is long gone.

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jake carries what's left of his luggage out to his car and loads them in his trunk.

Jenn steps up behind him.

JENN

I heard a crazy rumor today.

Jake turns, not surprised to see her.

JAKE

Doesn't surprise me.

He finishes stuffing his bags in the trunk. Jenn fights for his attention.

JENN

I heard you were picking up and leaving for the second time. I guess it was more than just a rumor.

JAKE

You heard right.

Jake shuts the trunk.

JENN

Wanna talk about it?

Jake catches his breath, hands on his hips as he takes a good look around him.

JAKE

I can't stay here.

Jenn nods.

JENN

Yeah. I can see why you'd feel that way. But there's some guy still out there, abducting girls. I figured you'd wanna see that through.

JAKE

A few girls disappeared, Jenn. People disappear everyday.

JENN

Yeah, I see that. You're really gonna leave things like this?

JAKE

I can't go back there. This whole place just doesn't make sense to me anymore.

Jenn nods. Jake is strangely quiet. He's spent.

JENN

I ran into Burt Greer this afternoon. Helped remind me that sometimes decent people do some pretty indecent things. Even the great Walter Findlay wasn't infallible.

JAKE

What are you telling me?

Jenn grabs him by both arms.

JENN

I wanna forgive you. I'm trying really hard. But first you need to forgive yourself.

Jake stares at his feet in shame. He still hasn't come to grips with what he's done.

JAKE

And then what happens?

Jenn shrugs.

JENN

I don't know. I can't make you any promises. I guess we'll just take things one day at a time. See what happens.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 - REST AREA - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN hauling a U Haul trailer pulls away from a rest area and merges back onto the interstate.

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S CAR - DAY

She hears a strange grinding metal sound and checks in her rearview mirror.

The trailer behind her slides forward...

CRASH!

Straight into her bumper.

YOUNG WOMAN

Shit!

She immediately pulls to the soft shoulder before hitting the busy interstate.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 - SOFT SHOULDER - DAY

The young woman steps from her car, walks to the bumper to investigate the damage.

The trailer has slid all the way forward and scratched her rear bumper all to hell.

She bends down, inspects the trailer hitch, rubs her fingers over it, completely clueless.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

An unidentified hand hides a silver steel HITCH PIN and HITCH CLIP in a center console. He shuts it.

DRIVER'S P.O.V.

A twelve gauge pump locked on the dash along with a computer monitor and keyboard.

The driver pulls up next to the young woman and her broken down car and trailer. She approaches him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hi. Thank God. I have no idea what I'm doing.

BACK TO SCENE

The Highway Patrolman leans in closer as we get a closer look at our mystery driver. It's Officer DANNY BURKE. He offers a warm and friendly smile.

OFFICER BURKE

Good afternoon. What seems to be the problem here?

FADE OUT.

THE END

