

BLUE RUIN

Written by

*Jeremy Saulnier*

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1 INT. SUNNY HOUSE - DAY 1

A spacious 2nd floor of faux paint and crushed sea shells.

A TV REMOTE with a shit-ton of buttons. Behind it, a FLAT-SCREEN squawks to an empty room.

A SNACK PLATE and EMPTY CUP sit atop a kitchen island.

PUSHING PAST a BIN of CHILDREN'S TOYS, down a hallway filling with STEAM...

2 INT. BATHROOM - SUNNY HOUSE - DAY 2

THE STEAM swirls around the spa-like interior.

A PLASTIC COMB rests between HIS AND HER SINKS, under EMPTY TOWEL RACKS.

Buried within the aquatic echo-chamber, FAINT CRUNCHING. The faucet SQUEAKS OFF.

DRIPS resonate from behind the shower curtain. Through a cracked window, an OCEAN BREEZE swallows the steam. A CAR STEREO attacks and decays. Then quiet.

The shower SQUEAKS ON and the STEAM retakes the room.

ANOTHER NOISE. The water SQUEAKS OFF and the shower curtain yanks back, revealing a BEARDED MAN (36) with sun-baked skin, alarmed but motionless.

Muffled, through walls: TIRES ON GRAVEL. THE THUMP OF CAR DOORS.

ON THE BEARDED MAN: FIGHT-OR-FLIGHT...

3 INT. FOYER - SUNNY HOUSE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 3

A FAMILY spills through the door (FATHER, MOTHER, weighed down with GROCERIES and TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS running wild)- a wonderful cacophony disrupting the quiet.

4 INT. KITCHEN - SUNNY HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 4

The FATHER places REALTOR'S HOUSE KEYS on the island counter, beside the SNACK PLATE...

FATHER  
Hey! QUIET...

The WIFE turns from the THERMOSTAT and hushes the kids.

The TV IS AUDIBLE.

The Father sidesteps into the hallway, seeing DISSIPATING STEAM DRIFT FROM THE BATHROOM.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Honey. AMANDA. Take them back to  
the car. Call 911.

The Wife corrals the girls as the Father DRAWS FROM A WOODEN KNIFE BLOCK SET, creeping down the hallway...

MOTHER  
(urgent whisper)  
Eric! What are you doing?

FATHER  
(bluffing a threat)  
I'VE GOT A DOG!

DAUGHTER (O.S.)  
There's a dog?!

Nearing the bathroom threshold, the Father tightens a two-handed grip around his weapon, realizing he's selected a ROUNDED STEEL SHARPENER from the knife block.

HE SLIPS TO THE HARD WOOD FLOOR, landing torso upright with a SHARP BREATH.

A Daughter breaks free as the Mother fumbles her purse.

The Father's lower vantage reveals A TRAIL OF WET FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.

His daughter runs past GIGGLING, following the footprints.

FATHER  
ELLA! NO! Dammit...

5 INT. BACK BEDROOM - SUNNY HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) 5

Her Father in pursuit, the Daughter crosses the carpeted room and pokes her head through an open window.

6 EXT. BACKYARD - SUNNY HOUSE - DAY 6

FROM ABOVE: The Bearded Man runs naked clutching a wad of clothes, disappearing into an alleyway.

ON THE WINDOW: The daughter watches nonchalantly until her father scoops her up.

7 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

7

Obscured through CLOTHESLINES and fencing, the Bearded Man jogs to a stop and steps into his worn khakis.

CLACK.

He squats and rises, inspecting his PLASTIC COMB, now speckled with sand. He blows it clean.

8 EXT. STREET - BEACH BLOCK - DAY

8

Dressed but damp, the Bearded Man drips a trail up the sandy walkway, anxiously combing his hair. He moves against beach traffic past modern condos, older bungalows and monstrous resort homes.

9 EXT. MAIN DRAG - DAY

9

The Bearded Man sheaths his comb and turns down a walkway leading to a SMALL TOWN POLICE STATION.

10 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

10

The Bearded Man opens the door for an exiting PATROL OFFICER, returning a nod and weaving his way past RECEPTION to a FEMALE OFFICER (55) eating an egg sandwich at her desk.

BEARDED MAN  
If you get any calls about 104 St.  
Louis...

She looks up from her desk, chewing.

BEARDED MAN (CONT'D)  
...it was me.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Good morning...

He fails to read her expectant look.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(relenting)  
I think I just heard that go out.

She motions to a nearby DISPATCHER who removes his HEADSET.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Dale, who picked up the ten-  
fourteen?

DISPATCH OFFICER  
Maucieri and Lutz.

She picks a WALKIE TALKIE from her desk, waving it.

FEMALE OFFICER  
May I?

DISPATCH OFFICER  
(replacing headset)  
Yes ma'am.

FEMALE OFFICER  
(into walkie)  
County five one nine?

She deadpans the Bearded Man. He returns an anxious stare.

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE STATIC)  
Go for county five one nine.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Make that ten fourteen on St. Louis  
a ten-thirty-one. Repeat, ten-  
thirty-one, same address.

MALE VOICE (OVER WALKIE STATIC)  
Roger.

She sets the walkie down and gestures to the untouched half of her sandwich. The Bearded Man shakes 'no'.

BEARDED MAN  
Is there anything I should do?  
There was a kid. Kids.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Sure, hon- not do it again.

BEARDED MAN  
Use houses or get busted?

FEMALE OFFICER  
One would take care of the other,  
wouldn't it? Next time, you'll be  
processed.

He nods. She returns to her sandwich.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
And I'd worry more about the  
realtor. Those places go for three  
thousand a week.  
(bites, chews)  
Four.

11 EXT. STREET - DAY 11

The Bearded Man stands curbside, gazing vulnerably into  
RUSHING TRAFFIC.

12 EXT. BEACH - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY 12

LOOKING TOWARDS THE OCEAN, a CROWDED stretch of beach.

The Bearded Man hunches into a foreground SILHOUETTE,  
settling under the shade of the boardwalk.

Foot traffic CLUNKS above as he observes the bustle.

A TOSSED FOOD CARTON lands in the nearby sand. He looks up.

SEAGULLS HOVER ABOVE, aggressively competing for scraps.

THE SOUNDSCAPE FUSES INTO WHITE NOISE.

13 EXT. BEACH - ATLANTIC OCEAN - EARLY EVENING 13

THE WIND WHIPS across the now desolate beach.

An older couple scan the shore with a METAL DETECTOR.

The Bearded Man collects RECYCLABLES, placing them in an  
oversized canvas bag.

14 EXT. VACANT LOT - EARLY EVENING 14

The Bearded Man drags the bag through reeds and coarse grass.  
He digs into his shirt collar and lifts a BALL BEARING  
NECKLACE over his head.

Threaded through the necklace, a set of CAR KEYS.

He unlocks the trunk of a BLUE FOUR-DOOR 1990 PONTIAC  
BONNEVILLE, in disrepair and weathered by the sun.

He heaves the recyclables into the trunk and latches it.

15 INT./EXT. BONNEVILLE - VACANT LOT - EARLY EVENING 15  
The Bearded Man opens the driver's side doors, throwing light onto stacks of neatly folded clothes, books and supplies. A pillow and sheets line the back seat.  
He pulls out BOOTS and throws a SATCHEL over his shoulder.  
FROM THE FRONT OF THE VEHICLE, chipped paint and rust surround **BULLET HOLES** grouped by the windshield frame.

16 EXT. BOARDWALK - ATLANTIC OCEAN - EVENING 16  
FROZEN CUSTARD, AMUSEMENT RIDES and OVERFLOWING GARBAGE CANS. The beachfront shops cash-in on an ARMY OF TOURISTS.

17 EXT. BACK OF HOTEL - EVENING 17  
The BOARDWALK DIN carries to a hotel service entrance. The Bearded Man expertly sifts through a DUMPSTER. He wipes grease off a '**FUNLAND**' TICKET BOOK and tucks it away.  
He rescues a FATTY CUT OF MEAT from a nest of foil. Opening his satchel, he reveals a FOOD-PREP KIT WITH MISMATCHED COOKING UTENSILS AND CONTAINERS.  
He places the meat in Tupperware, adding a homemade marinade before sealing the lid.

18 EXT. VACANT LOT - EVENING 18  
ON A TIN PLATE: STEAK BONES sucked clean.  
The Bearded Man wraps a RAG around the handle of a dented CAMPING KETTLE and pulls it from a COOKING FIRE. He pours BOILING WATER into a CUP.

19 INT. BONNEVILLE - VACANT LOT - NIGHT 19  
WIND through reeds, crashing WAVES, and CHIRPING Crickets. The Bearded Man reclines in the back, sipping tea and reading under a solar garden lamp hung from sagging upholstery.  
His eyes drift from the page. He slides the '**FUNLAND**' TICKETS into the crease and closes the book.  
FROM OUTSIDE, the lamp dims to black.

20 EXT. BOARDWALK - AFTERNOON 20  
THROUGH A LONG LENS: Distorted by rising heat from the crowded boardwalk planks, the Bearded Man offers something in his hand to several PASSERS-BY. He is ignored.

21 EXT. FUNLAND - LATE AFTERNOON 21  
ON THE 'FUNLAND' TICKETS: six are ripped from the book.  
A TICKET-TAKER seats the Bearded Man in a suspended track ride-car and secures the lap bar.  
The ride-car lurches forward and up through hydraulic HAUNTED MANSION DOORS with a BLAST OF PIPE ORGAN MUSIC...

22 INT. HAUNTED MANSION RIDE - FUNLAND - AFTERNOON 22  
The Bearded Man RUMBLES PAST A MIRROR MAZE, BOBBING SKULLS, HOWLING WEREWOLVES, A MISTY GRAVEYARD...  
A STROBE flashes.

23 EXT. HAUNTED MANSION RIDE - BOARDWALK - AFTERNOON 23  
THE EXIT DOORS HISS OPEN: The Bearded Man squirms from the ride-car before the ATTENDANT can lift the lap bar.  
A GHOULISH LAUGH through crackling speakers.

24 EXT. 'WHAC-A-MOLE' BOOTH - FUNLAND - AFTERNOON 24  
The Bearded Man SLAPS the ticket book on the counter of a WHAC-A-MOLE amusement game. A LUCKY KID snatches it up.

25 EXT. BEACH INLET - EVENING 25  
The Bearded Man CASTS A ROD AND REEL from the surf, his SATCHEL over his shoulder.

26 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT 26  
By the light of a MAKESHIFT HEAD-LAMP, the Bearded Man FILLETS A BLUEFISH with a CORK HANDLED FISHING KNIFE.

27 EXT. STREET - BAYSIDE - PRE-DAWN 27

'O-Dark-thirty'. A COMPACT CAR drifts by upscale homes, tossing out NEWSPAPERS.

28 INT. BONNEVILLE - VACANT LOT - DAWN 28

Cast in deep blue light diffused through dew-covered windows, the Bearded man lies curled in the back seat.

TIRES CREEPING ACROSS SANDY ASPHALT.

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW, abstracted by moisture, POLICE LIGHTS roll in. A CAR DOOR opens and shuts. A BLURRY FIGURE approaches the Bonneville and KNOCKS.

The Bearded Man rises, waiting with blinking eyes.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
It's officer Eddy.

He flips the lock and pushes the door open for OFFICER EDDY, the Female Officer from the police station.

OFFICER EDDY  
I'd like you to come in to the station.

BEARDED MAN  
Is this about the house? I coul-

ON A WIDE OF THE SCENE:

OFFICER EDDY  
Dwight, sweetheart, I'll explain.  
Just come with me.

29 INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - EARLY MORNING 29

The Bearded Man, DWIGHT, stews in the back of the cruiser.

FLASHING THE CRUISER'S TURRET, Officer Eddy coasts through a red light and turns off the road.

OFFICER EDDY  
How 'bout some breakfast?

30 EXT. DRIVE-THRU RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING 30

The cruiser rolls under a canopy up to a DRIVE-THRU WINDOW. The SPEAKER CRACKLES.

31

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

31

A SKELETON CREW works to the HUM of vending machines and a few SLURRED OUTBURSTS from the drunk tank.

Officer Eddy guides Dwight past empty desks and down a hallway, carrying a TAKE-OUT BAG and NEWSPAPER.

32

INT. BREAK ROOM - POLICE STAION - MORNING

32

Officer Eddy seats Dwight at a kitchenette table and pulls boxed food from the bag.

OFFICER EDDY

I apologize for the mystery- I  
don't mean to scare you. You're not  
in any trouble, everything's fine-

She winces into a solemn, regretful grin. Dwight settles into his seat as she takes hers.

OFFICER EDDY (CONT'D)

-you'll be fine. Oh, see, I just  
don't know exactly how to handle  
this. And I know I'm not to bring  
this up- but, honey, someone  
brought this to our stoop.

(unfolding the newspaper)  
I just thought you should be  
somewhere safe when you found out.

Dwight suppresses a rush of realization.

OFFICER EDDY (CONT'D)

With somebody...

She slides the newspaper across the table. He pulls it close without laying eyes on it. His attention shifts to a WALL CALENDAR hanging behind her.

OFFICER EDDY (CONT'D)

He's going to be released. I'm not  
sure how much you... I just need  
you to know that you're safe and  
that you can let me know whatever  
you need. They are missed. It's an  
awful thing he did to them. I'm just going to  
hold you here for a little bit, let you breathe.  
And who knows? This might even be an opportunity...

HER VOICE WASHES INTO CARDIOVASCULAR PULSING.

DWIGHT'S FACE GOES SLACK.

33 EXT. STREET - BEACH BLOCK - LATE NIGHT 33

Dwight takes the center of a residential street, moving numbly through pools of orange light, the NEWSPAPER in hand.

COLLEGE KIDS watch him from a outdoor hot tub. Their mouths are moving, but Dwight hears no voices.

34 EXT. BEACH - ATLANTIC OCEAN - SUNRISE 34

Dwight takes a solitary swim in the Atlantic.

And goes under for a long time...

35 EXT. SUPERMARKET - MORNING 35

Aluminum and glass CLANK into a self-serve RECYCLING MACHINE.

36 INT. SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT - MORNING 36

Dwight hands a RECEIPT to a CASHIER and sets a 'DE, MD, VA' ROAD MAP on the counter. He looks half-dead.

37 EXT. BONNEVILLE - VACANT LOT - DAY 37

Dwight pops the lid off a rusted coffee can from his trunk. He adds a handful of SMALL BILLS to the modest stash.

He pulls out a GAS CANISTER and sets it down.

...opens the driver's side door, pops the gas and the hood.

...shakes the canister, empties it into the tank.

...walks an 8" cube wrapped in plastic bags from the trunk to the hood.

...peels away the plastic bags, revealing a CAR BATTERY.

...props the hood open, sets the battery in the tray and secures the connections.

38 INT. BONNEVILLE - VACANT LOT - DAY 38

Dwight places the map on the seat and turns the engine over.

Beside the map is THE NEWSPAPER. An article is titled: '**'97 PLEA DEAL MANDATES VA DOUBLE MURDERER FREED.**

39 EXT. BONNEVILLE - VACANT LOT - DAY 39

HALF-FLAT FRONT TIRES roll back, breaking free of overgrown grass. The car reverses out of the sandy lot onto the street.

40 EXT. FOOD MART / GAS STOP - DAY 40

A general store with a fueling station. Dwight presses a HISSING AIR HOSE to a tire, behind him a display of colorful rafts and floatation devices. He moves to the next tire.

41 INT. PAWN SHOP - AFTERNOON 41

HAND GUNS LAID ON VELVET, behind thick glass. TAGS tied to the trigger guards are marked from **\$180-\$700**.

Dwight thumbs his cash and pockets it, surveying the shop: fluorescent lights, drop ceiling and linoleum. He drifts along the gun displays, spotting HIMSELF ON A SURVEILLANCE MONITOR atop a stack of VHS DECKS. He locates the security camera and turns to the WOMAN behind the register.

She glances under the counter and stares back hard.

Dwight approaches.

She steps closer to the counter.

He stops at the register and spins a CAROUSEL OF POSTCARDS.

DWIGHT

Do you sell stamps?

WOMAN

I do. But those ones have postage included.

42 INT. BONNEVILLE - CURBSIDE - AFTERNOON 42

CLOSE-UP, POSTCARD: OUT OF FOCUS TEXT, a BALLPOINT PEN hovers above in contemplation...

In crude script: '**Your brother,**'

A WIDER VIEW:

The Bonneville idles beside a MAILBOX. Dwight signs his name and deposits the postcard.

43 INT./EXT. BONNEVILLE - HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 43

Dwight drives a two lane highway bordered by corn fields and metal framed irrigation equipment.

44 INT. BONNEVILLE - ROADSIDE VENUE - EVENING 44

CICADAS drown out THUMPING LIVE MUSIC. Dwight watches HEADLIGHTS SWEEP BY before exiting the car.

45 EXT. BONNEVILLE - ROADSIDE VENUE - EVENING 45

A jumbo shack-themed bar for half-assed bikers. Dim light from the facade casts a warm edge onto the VEHICLES in the lot. Dwight walks along the cars, inspecting their contents.

He tries a car door- LOCKED.

He tries the next- UNLOCKED- and rummages inside, thrown off by the OVERHEAD INTERIOR LIGHT. Nothing.

Another UNLOCKED DOOR. He SWITCHES OFF the interior light before searching. Nothing again.

Cupping glass, Dwight checks the cab of a locked PICKUP TRUCK. He moves to ANOTHER TRUCK a few spots down with a '**NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF RIFLE OWNERS**' WINDOW DECAL.

He spies something on the cab's floor, angling his head for a better view.

He circles around and tries the other door- LOCKED...

AND A LOUD FUCKING ALARM.

Dwight flees, nearly tripping over a ROCK- he snatches it up, does an about face and SMASHES it through the cab window.

He reaches through the jagged glass and unlatches the door, pulling a SMALL PLASTIC CASE from under the seat.

THE LIVE MUSIC SURGES as a COWBOY exits the bar holding a KEG CUP, wresting his keys from his tight jeans.

Dwight dives behind his car, panicking across the dirt.

The COWBOY aims his keys at the BLARING truck.

TWO QUICK HONKS and the ALARM IS SILENCED. The Cowboy heads back inside with a BELCH.

46 INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - STATE ROAD - EVENING 46

Dwight rolls up his window. DUST SETTLES as he checks the rear view and opens the case beside him: BINGO- A SNUB-NOSED REVOLVER fitted in foam with SIX .357 CARTRIDGES.

He lifts the weapon, noticing a HEAVY DUTY TRIGGER LOCK.

47 EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - MORNING 47

MUTED, RHYTHMIC CRACKING ECHOES through the river valley.

The Bonneville is parked alone in the lot, below tall trees and rock formations. WATER RUSHES nearby. There's a small PLAQUE for tourists, a rustic TRASH BIN and PORTA-POTTIES.

48 EXT. NATURE TRAIL - SCENIC OVERLOOK - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 48

Dwight SMASHES THE REVOLVER'S TRIGGER LOCK WITH A TIRE IRON. He assesses the damage- very little. He places the gun on a rock and pounds with more and more might and less and less control, following it with wild swings into the dirt.

THWAP, THWAP, CRUNK. The metal gives. He dusts off the gun- it's broken in several places, the TRIGGER LOCK STILL INTACT.

49 EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - RUSTIC TRASH BIN - MORNING 49

TRACKING WITH DWIGHT, marching in disappointment towards the trash bin. He watches a HYBRID SUV pull in with a half-hearted smile and nod.

He discretely deposits the broken gun, returning to the Bonneville as the SUV DRIVER (40), fit and wearing fleece, hops out with a LEASH and a LATTE.

A DOG BARKS from the SUV as Dwight pulls out.

50 EXT. WINDING ROAD- BONNEVILLE - AFTERNOON 50

The Bonneville weaves between eastern foot-hills.

51 EXT. INTERSECTION - DUSK 51

A shadowed ROAD SIGN against a waning blue sky.

HEADLIGHTS illuminate it: '**PRISON AREA: HITCHHIKING PROHIBITED**'

52 INT. BONNEVILLE - STATE PRISON LOT - EARLY MORNING 52  
Soft morning light. Dwight sits with predatory stillness.

53 EXT. STATE PRISON LOT - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 53  
The Bonneville is parked a few rows from the lot's edge with a view of the prison gate. Rising behind it is high fencing, razor wire and concrete.

54 INT. BONNEVILLE - STATE PRISON LOT - DAY (HOURS LATER) 54  
Midday sun beams into the car.  
The PATTER OF LIQUID FLOWING INTO PLASTIC. Dwight is hunched in his seat, eyes to his lap.

55 EXT. BONNEVILLE - STATE PRISON LOT - DAY 55  
LOW ANGLE OF TIRES AND GRAVEL, the prison visible between the ground and the car chassis: the driver's side door opens and urine pours from a plastic bottle onto the gravel.  
A large sedan pulls into the lot.

56 INT. BONNEVILLE - STATE PRISON LOT - DAY 56  
Dwight tugs his door closed, observing THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:  
An early '90s model WHITE STRETCH LIMOUSINE parks in the spot closest to the prison gates. ON THE DOOR: '**CLELAND LIMOUSINE**'  
From the far side, A MAN and a WOMAN step out for cigarettes, the engine idling.  
Dwight half turns the keys in the ignition and rolls down the passenger side window.  
Their VOICES compete with MUSIC emanating from the limousine, their smoke puffs drift into the wind.  
Dwight pulls his satchel from the floor and rests it on the passenger's seat.

57 EXT. STATE PRISON LOT - DAY (LATER) 57  
LOUDER MUSIC and LAUGHTER from behind the closed doors of the limousine. Dwight's Bonneville hasn't moved.

58

INT. BONNEVILLE - STATE PRISON LOT - DAY

58

Dwight squints at the prison entrance. An INMATE (42, white male) is being escorted out by a CORRECTIONS OFFICER. The inmate struts in prison issued slacks and shirt, carrying a cardboard BOX. He's tattooed up his arms and neck, strong but with a gut.

Dwight is frozen.

THE FAMILY exits the limousine with a brief BLAST OF MUSIC. The TEDDY (45), stocky in casual preppie attire, hops back inside the driver's seat to lower the volume.

There's CARL(39), wiry and tattooed in baggy clothes, CHRIS (46), scornful with teased, dirty blond hair, and HOPE (42), tight pony-tail and a dark, chiseled face.

A BOY (14), lanky with hand-me-down clothes, scoots to the edge of the back seat, slouched over a HAND-HELD VIDEOGAME CONSOLE.

The corrections officer hands the inmate a white envelope and heads back with PARTING WORDS. The Family Members circle the Inmate.

Chris motions for the Boy to greet the Inmate, but he refuses. She power-walks over and grabs the Boy around the biceps. He shakes her off, retreating into the car as she palms his chin and shoves it back.

They all pile back in the limousine.

Dwight starts his car.

59

INT./EXT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY

59

ON THE REAR OF THE SPEEDING LIMOUSINE, FROM THE HOOD OF THE BONNEVILLE, several car lengths back.

CHRIS rises from the SUNROOF with a PLASTIC CUP in hand. She flinches as airborne debris blows into her eye, the cup goes flying as she awkwardly ducks below.

60

INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

60

The cup CLACKS PAST Dwight's vibrating car. He checks the speedometer.

They're averaging 83 MPH.

61 EXT. HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 61

The limousine pulls into the dirt lot of a single story stucco bar. The only other vehicle is a TRUCK FOR SALE.

The Bonneville whips past, maintaining course.

62 INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY 62

Watching his rearview, Dwight slows to a stop on the shoulder.

P.O.V. (DWIGHT): HOPE yanks up a metal entrance gate, a PADLOCK in her hand. The Family follows her into the bar.

ON DWIGHT as he rolls out into a wide U-turn.

63 EXT. HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 63

Dwight pulls the Bonneville up a grassy incline beside the limousine and cuts the engine.

64 INT. BONNEVILLE - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 64

Dwight has a look around the car cabin and UNZIPS the satchel. He slides SOMETHING into his pant pocket.

He closes his eyes. Then yanks the keys.

65 EXT. HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 65

Dwight steps from the Bonneville, looping his key chain around his neck and tucking it into his shirt.

TRACKING WITH DWIGHT as he shuts the door and walks unsteadily around the side of the building.

A SOUND SYSTEM inside the bar cycles through RADIO STATIONS. Muffled, celebratory VOICES lure Dwight towards the back.

He tries a side door near a dumpster. Locked.

A DOOR SPRING. A WOMAN'S VOICE. A CLINKING CHAIN.

Dwight follows the wall towards the sound, peeking one eye beyond the edge of the building.

Hope is crouched by the rear entrance, opening cellar doors as the Teddy rolls a BEER KEG from a gated cold-storage unit.

Dwight rotates out of sight, his back to the wall.

OLDER TEDDY (O.S.)  
Stop breathing out your mouth.

HOPE (O.S.)  
Yeah, if you stop talking out your  
ass. Putting him on your books-  
they'll be looking at you if he  
fucks up even once- and it won't be on me...

Dwight TUNES OUT, drawn to a DISTANT RUMBLE above.

IN THE SKY: a drifting contrail in the wake of a jet...

The cellar doors swing SHUT.

Dwight pivots around the corner- they're gone.

He slips inside the back door.

66 INT. HALLWAY - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 66

From bright daylight into a black cave.

AUTO-TUNED RAP SWELLS as Dwight navigates the memorabilia-lined hallway, his eyes adjusting to the darkness.

TRACKING BEHIND DWIGHT, as he reaches in his pocket and pulls out the CORK HANDLED FISHING KNIFE.

He passes the kitchen, steadyng himself against the wall, nearly knocking off a framed picture. He presses his hand to a door and it swings open...

67 INT. BATHROOM - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 67

It's a cramped, dingy-tiled bathroom bisected by a narrow walkway. On one wall: two stalls and a trash can. On the other: two urinals and a stickered-up mirror mounted above a porcelain sink.

Dwight crosses the walkway and turns to face the door.

He adjusts the blade in his hand.

The MUSIC lowers, then blasts LOUDER.

ON DWIGHT, inching towards the door- VOICES from just beyond it stop him short.

The Convict and Carl push through the door, drinking from plastic cups.

CONVICT

Naw, man- she just talks too much.  
Shit- I ain't used to that.

CARL

She talks shit, or she just talks  
too much?

IN THE FAR STALL, Dwight stands silent, shadowed.

CONVICT

(jokingly fed up)  
Motherfucker.

The two men place their cups atop the urinals and relieve themselves.

CARL

What, me too?

CONVICT

Yeah, maybe just let me piss.  
Haven't done it alone with four  
walls in over a decade.

CARL

Ha, dude.

They share a bit of a laugh then urinate in silence. Carl Finishes up and ZIPS.

CARL (CONT'D)

Hey, man. You all right?

CONVICT

Got some shit lined up. Favors.

Carl walks to the door.

CONVICT (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna wash up?

CARL

Naw, man, I don't piss on my hands.  
(walking out)  
You want another one? Or you want  
beer?

CONVICT

All that shit...

CARL  
I hear that.

The door swings shut behind Carl.

The Convict lets out a deep breath, passes some gas.

He zips up, his face expressionless as he steps to the sink across from the far stall. Dwight is three feet from the Convict, DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM.

The Convict pumps soap, scrubs his hands.

INSIDE THE STALL, Dwight watches, sweaty, seething.

ON THE FISHING KNIFE, Dwight nervously auditions hand grips.

ON DWIGHT'S contorting face. The MUSIC IS LOUD.

The convict splashes his face and inspects his pores in the mirror- his jaw tenses as his EYES LOCK ON A REFLECTION IN THE STALL BEHIND HIM.

Counterbalanced by fear and rage, Dwight's thrust is almost lethargic. The Convict whirls around as the stall door pushes open- DWIGHT SWINGS THE FISHING KNIFE, CUTTING A DEEP SLICE INTO THE BACK OF THE CONVICT'S NECK.

The Convict fails to register the wound and rushes Dwight, grabbing him by the throat with jailhouse power, forcing him against the stall.

CONVICT  
THE FUCK? MOTHERFUCKER.

IN THE MIRROR BEHIND THEM, we see the severity of the Convict's wound, LIKE A BLOODY GILL, AS IT RAPIDLY OVERFLOWS WITH DARK RED FLUID.

Dwight gasps in the Convict's two-handed clench, flailing, WEAKLY JABBING THE KNIFE INTO THE CONVICT'S RIBS.

CONVICT (CONT'D)  
C'MON, LET'S...

DWIGHT RAISES THE FISHING KNIFE AND THRUSTS IT DOWNWARD INTO THE CONVICT'S SKULL. The Convict lets out an open-mouthed GRUNT, the KNIFE PLANTED IN THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

Enraged, with shock setting in, the Convict throws Dwight towards the still-running sink, then to the floor.

They slip and flail, bathed in blood. Dwight takes a beating until the Convict BLEEDS OUT, clutching Dwight's shirt.

Dwight pushes off with his feet, his SHIRT RIPPING as he disentangles from the Convict, who crumples to the floor, wheezing. He stares at Dwight, a hint of recognition.

CONVICT (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Do I know you?

Dwight stares back.

DWIGHT  
Yes.

Dwight ramps into hyperventilation.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
YES.

He leans over the Convict, YANKS THE KNIFE FROM HIS SKULL.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
YES!

Unhinged, Dwight STABS THE CONVICT REPEATEDLY IN THE CHEST.

Then collapses, completely spent.

SOMEONE POUNDS ON THE DOOR.

TEDDY (O.S.)  
(muffled, through door)  
Hurry the fuck up, man! Party's for  
you!

Dwight crawls to the sink, puts a bloody hand on it and pulls himself to his feet.

TEDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(projecting further away)  
WHAT? HELL NO! HE'S PROBABLY  
BEATIN' OFF.

Dwight heaves with pain, resigned. He tosses the knife towards the door.

TEDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(through door)  
Told you we shoulda had a hooker  
waiting...

Two playful SMACKS AGAINST THE DOOR.

Dwight's breathing regulates. Eyes on the door: JUST MUSIC.

He turns off the running faucet and retrieves the knife.

68 INT. HALLWAY - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 68

TRACKING WITH DWIGHT, COVERED IN BLOOD, swaying into the hallway and heading out the way he came.

Behind him, Teddy walks off, oblivious.

The RADIO STATION runs an ADVERTISEMENT, the stereo CYCLES THROUGH STATIONS, casual VOICES and LAUGHTER fill the void until it lands on CLASSIC ROCK.

As Dwight exits, the sunlight is blinding.

69 EXT. HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 69

Dwight treads heavily towards the Bonneville, past the limousine. He turns back and STABS THE LIMOUSINE'S FRONT TIRE, HIS HAND SLIDING DOWN THE BLADE ON IMPACT.

He leaves the knife in the FIZZLING tire, HIS HAND DRIPPING BLOOD TOWARDS HIS CAR.

70 INT. BONNEVILLE - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 70

Dwight takes his seat, admiring the DEEP CUT ACROSS HIS FINGERS. He reaches into his collar, feels around his neck: NO KEYS.

CUT TO:

71 INT. BATHROOM - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 71

DWIGHT'S CAR KEYS ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, the broken ball-bearing necklace threaded through. CLASSIC ROCK ECHOES.

CARL (O.S.)  
(muffled, through door)  
Let's go, brother. Coming in...

In the background, the door swings in and impacts the Convict's body, sliding it a few inches on the wet tile.

CARL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh...fuck. Oh FUCK!

72 EXT. HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 72  
 WHISTLING WIND and QUIET ROCK.  
 ON THE STABBED TIRE, as Dwight shuffles past.  
 He rounds the limousine hood and tries the driver's side door-UNLOCKED.

73 INT. LIMOUSINE - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 73  
 Dwight sits and scours for keys- the ignition...the visor. He digs in a console CUP-HOLDER and pulls out a set, turning them in the ignition as the bar door opens.  
 LOUD, OFFENSIVE MUSIC emanates from the limousine's stereo as Dwight shifts and hits the gas.

74 EXT. LIMOUSINE - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 74  
 ON THE STABBED TIRE, as it WHIRLS THE KNIFE.  
 The limousine carves a wobbly path, kicking up DUST as the Family Members exit, confused, furious, bloody. Hope holds a PUMP SHOTGUN.  
 Chris and Carl sprint after the limousine, shouting hysterically.

75 INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 75  
 Dwight's face quivers with emotion, but he can't quite cry.  
 DOWN THE ROAD, about a quarter mile, there's a CONCRETE BARRIER along a curve. MUSIC STILL BLASTS.  
 ON THE SPEEDOMETER: from 50MPH to 70MPH.

76 EXT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 76  
 The shredded tire DISINTEGRATES, only the rim remains, SHRIEKING METAL and SHOWERING SPARKS.

77 INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 77  
 Dwight TURNS OFF THE BLASTING RADIO.  
 Relaxing now, with peace soon upon him, he maxes out the speed of the teetering sedan. HE CLOSES HIS EYES.

In the relative quiet, A STEADY THUMPING IS NOW AUDIBLE.

Dwight blinks aware, triangulating the source- it's behind him, in the passenger compartment.

VISIBLE BEHIND THE PASS-THROUGH WINDOW: THE BOY, BEATING AGAINST THE SOUNDPROOF GLASS, unnerved but composed.

78 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

78

The limousine WHIRS to a stop amidst SMOKE AND DUST.

Dwight exits the car, caked in blood, opening the rear-hinged passenger door like a zombie chauffeur.

The BOY climbs out grasping his video game console, scurrying a safe distance before turning to face Dwight.

They regard each other.

Chris and Carl pant towards them, far in the distance.

Dwight pushes the passenger door closed and turns away.

BOY

Did you hurt Wade?

Dwight turns back, breaths some air.

DWIGHT

I did. Wade hurt my parents.

BOY

No he didn't. He just helped out.

The boy turns and walks the highway towards his relatives, their frantic YELLING LOST IN THE WIND.

79 EXT. CONCRETE BARRIER - HIGHWAY - DAY

79

The limousine SPARKS past the barrier at sublethal speed.

80 INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY

80

Dwight hangs in limbo, his adrenaline dumped.

DWIGHT

(under his breath)

Silly...

81 INT./EXT. BONNEVILLE - HIGHWAY BAR - DAY 81

FROM INSIDE THE BONNEVILLE, Family Members congregate around Dwight's vehicle. The MAP and the NEWSPAPER flap on the passenger's seat.

LOST IN THE BACKGROUND: Chris YELLS ABUSIVELY at the Boy. Carl burns testosterone with VOWS OF REVENGE.

Close to the Bonneville, inspecting the bullet holes...

HOPE  
Was that the car?

TEDDY  
Yep.

HOPE  
You think he was alone?

TEDDY  
Do we care?

82 EXT. ROADSIDE DITCH - DAY 82

The limousine CARVES INTO A DITCH AND LANDS HARD.

Dwight pops from the door, dismounts the SMOULDERING sedan and walks off towards a TREE LINE on the far side of an open field.

83 EXT. WOODS - DAY 83

Dwight takes cover in the shade of trees.

84 EXT. WOODS (DEEPER IN) - DAY 84

Dwight DRY HEAVES, nestled between limbs of a fallen oak.

85 EXT. CREEK - WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON 85

A shallow creek of mostly mud. Dwight follows the trickle of water upstream to a CONCRETE DRAINAGE DITCH.

He follows the ditch to a clearing, beyond which lies a RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT.

POV (DWIGHT):

A crowded cul-de-sac of McMansions surrounded by vacant land.

Some homes are unfinished- cars in some driveways, piles of red, upturned dirt in others.

86 EXT. RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 86

Dwight watches from closer in, crouched on a hill. All's quiet. A PILE OF BAGGED NEWSPAPERS lies two stoops in.

87 INT. MCMANSION - EVENING 87

A well kept, oversized home. Evening light filters through the windows.

A TV REMOTE with a shit-ton of buttons. Behind it, a FLAT-SCREEN illuminates the room.

A RIPPED-OPEN PACKAGE OF SANDWICH MEATS and an empty GALLON JUG sit atop the kitchen counter.

88 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MCMANSION - EVENING 88

PUSHING TOWARDS the MASTER BATH as backlit STEAM drifts into the shadowed chamber.

89 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - MCMANSION - EVENING 89

The fogged-up medicine cabinet hangs open. A PLASTIC COMB, RAZOR and SCISSORS sit between HIS AND HER SINKS littered with HAIR TRIMMINGS and pink, DILUTED BLOOD.

IN THE SHOWER: Dwight scrubs the coagulated mess off his body, his face CLEAN SHAVEN.

90 INT. BATHROOM - MCMANSION - LATER 90

Seated on the toilet, Dwight pours HYDROGEN PEROXIDE over his GASHED HAND into a small trash bin. FIRST AID SUPPLIES are laid out on the sink beside him.

91 INT. CLOSET - MASTER BEDROOM - MCMANSION - NIGHT 91

Dwight picks through a rack of clothes, finding a modest outfit: COLLARED SHIRT, SLACKS AND WORK SHOES.

He finds a WORKOUT BAG on the floor and empties it of TENNIS GEAR, placing the contents neatly on a shelf.

92 INT. KITCHEN - MCMANSION - NIGHT 92

Dwight chugs water from the gallon jug.

On the counter, the workout bag is zipped and loaded. Next to it, half a roll of paper towels and his bloody clothes in a plastic grocery bag.

Dwight refills the jug at the sink and chugs.

93 INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - MCMANSION - NIGHT 93

Dwight stands over the toilet pissing like a racehorse.

94 INT. BATHROOM - MCMANSION - LATER 94

Dwight combs his hair in the mirror.

95 INT. LIVING ROOM - MCMANSION - NIGHT 95

Dwight cycles through LOCAL NEWS CHANNELS on the TELEVISION:

- CLICK - "A tornado touched down in Western VA" - CLICK - "an area surgeon was accused of sexual abuse" - CLICK...

NEWSCASTER (ON TELEVISION)  
 ...porch. Small dogs and cats  
 should be kept in an enclosure if  
 left unattended, as coyotes are  
 able to jump fences- get this Amy-  
 up to seven feet, oops, it says  
 'less than seven feet'- I guess  
 that would make it six feet and  
 eleven inches and anything below?  
 Curious wording...

CO-ANCHOR/AMY (ON TELEVISION)  
 (rescuing her co-anchor)  
 - More or less Steven, and I was  
 surprised that they could climb  
 even taller...

96 EXT. MCMANSION - BACK PORCH - NIGHT 96

Dwight locks the door handle before closing it, the workout bag draped over his shoulder and the grocery bag in hand.

97 EXT. BASEMENT WINDOW - McMANSION - NIGHT 97

Dwight circles from the porch to a basement window left ajar.  
He slides it shut and trots silently across the sodded lawn.

98 EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT 98

Dwight stuffs the bag of soiled clothes into a pebbled trash receptacle near the perimeter of a truck stop.

Industrial lights cast a sick hue across the asphalt lot.  
BIG RIGS all over- CHUGGING on and off the highway, lining up for fuel, idling in an adjacent lot.

Dwight heads for a filling station CONVENIENCE STORE.

99 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - TRUCK STOP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 99

Dwight clears the side of the store, stepping into the fluorescent lights of its facade and within yards of a parked STATE POLICE CRUISER.

The STATE TROOPER is visible inside, paying for coffee.

Dwight's eyes track the Trooper as he exits the store and settles in to his cruiser. The Trooper throws Dwight a dismissive glance and starts the engine.

Dwight steps closer with an awkward, expectant gaze.

The Trooper backs out, reversing over to Dwight.

STATE TROOPER  
(rolling down window)  
You alright, sir?

DWIGHT  
Are... you looking for me?

STATE TROOPER  
(halfhearted jest)  
Not unless you're looking for  
trouble...

A forced smile from the trooper, nothing in return from Dwight...

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Okay then. You got ID?

Dwight fishes in his pocket, pulls out a RUBBER-BAND WALLET and hands over a ratty ID.

The trooper runs his name.

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)  
You have a vehicle here, Mr. Evans?  
You driving?

DWIGHT  
Not right now, no.

STATE TROOPER  
Good. This is a learner's permit  
from...  
(inspecting the ID)  
...nineteen ninety-seven. You got  
anything else?

DWIGHT  
No, sir.

STATE TROOPER  
Get this up to date. And I don't  
want you hitchhiking in the  
meantime, alright?

DWIGHT  
Okay.

STATE TROOPER  
Have a safe night.

100 INT./EXT. TRACTOR TRAILER (MOVING) - NIGHT 100

Dwight stares out from the cab of a truck, the DRIVER focused  
on the road ahead. CRACKLING COUNTRY MUSIC and RUSHING WIND.

101 INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING 101

Two KIDS (4&6), watching TELEVISION.

A DOOR BELL RINGS.

A MOM (39) walks through, plucks CAR KEYS from a CERAMIC JAR atop a cluttered table and exits into the foyer.

A DOOR floods daylight inside and she reappears with a BABY SITTER (30's).

MOM  
 (to the sitter)  
 Bit of a late start- you mind  
 moving the sprinkler into the  
 bushes in about twenty minutes?

BABY SITTER  
 Sure, yeah.

The Mom kisses her kids on the cheeks.

MOM  
 Then turn it off after fifteen.  
 They painted Shrinky-Dinks last  
 night- if you could put 'em in the  
 oven? I think three minutes at  
 three-fifty- it's on the box.

102 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MORNING

102

The Mom walks briskly from the modest, two-story home.  
 A 'FOR SALE' SIGN is staked in the neat grass.

Juggling her keys, purse and a file folder, she ducks behind  
 a hedge and OPENS AN EXTERIOR FAUCET.

103 INT. HATCHBACK - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

103

The Mom slips into the car as water PATTERS across the  
 windshield. She starts up, plops her purse and checks the  
 REAR VIEW MIRROR. She waits for the passing sprinkler and  
 rolls down her window...

104 EXT. HATCHBACK - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

104

...She pops her head out towards the rear.

MOM  
 (friendly warning)  
 Pulling out!

Dwight, standing at the edge of her driveway, sidesteps to  
 the lawn. The Mom retracts into the car with a wave.

105 INT. HATCHBACK - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

105

PROFILE ON THE MOM as she backs the car out, struck by a  
 REVELATION. She hits the brake.

106 EXT. HATCHBACK - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 106

The Mom pops her head back out with a furrowed brow.

MOM  
Dwight?

DWIGHT  
Hi, Sam.

The Mom, SAM, is quietly stunned.

Dwight sets his bag down and cautiously approaches.

SAM  
Dwight?

He's clean shaven, in respectable attire, his ill-fitting shirt tucked tight into his pants.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(searching)  
...You look good.

His pained eyes, his BANDAGED AND BLOODY HAND.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(shifting car into 'park')  
Or do you?

WIDE SHOT: Dwight backs away as Sam swings open the car door and stands. A protracted silence, then a tentative embrace...

...the SPRINKLER TICKS ITS SPRAY onto them.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Let me call work.

She has another look and Dwight, starts untucking his shirt.

SAM (CONT'D)  
...sorry, but 'no' to this.

107 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MORNING 107

An independent version of Roy Rogers half full with LOCALS.

At the register, Sam lifts a plastic tray, one shoulder bracing her phone.

Dwight, seated, watches her approach. Two wrapped breakfast sandwiches slide in front of him atop the tray. Sam scoots into the booth across.

SAM

Wish I had more time, I've got an asset inventory that can't push.

Dwight absorbs the surreal setting.

SAM (CONT'D)

You need money?

DWIGHT

No, I - did you get my letter?

SAM

There haven't been any letters.

DWIGHT

Sent it after I crossed the bridge- it was a postcard.

SAM

No. When?

DWIGHT

Couple of days ago.

SAM

Yeah, postcards take more time- Dwight, I'm not following...

DWIGHT

I sent it on my way to Deerfield.

She leans with deep concern.

SAM

I know he's out, if that's why you're here. D.O.C. sends a notification. And a restraining order. Let's not...

She trails off, unwraps her sandwich.

DWIGHT

You're selling the house?

SAM

Have been. For two years. It's not really a hot market here. I've gotten a better job since then...

She bites into her sandwich. Not enjoyable.

DWIGHT

But you want to leave?

SAM  
The absolute second I can.

DWIGHT  
Why can't you?

SAM  
Good god, Dwight. You want me to  
answer that?

DWIGHT  
Sorry. It's fine...  
(stretching jaw)  
I'm not used to talking this much.

SAM  
Well, it's what people do.

DWIGHT  
I know.

He unwraps his sandwich. It's greasy and grey.

SAM  
Do you? Wanna know what I do?

Dwight kindly postures for a storm.

SAM (CONT'D)  
I'm a secretary for a probate  
attorney.

Dwight can't ask.

SAM (CONT'D)  
They settle estates. I knew so much  
about it, he hired me during the  
interview...

(fighting tears)  
I couldn't 'just leave'. I fought  
Uncle Steve in court. He wanted the  
house. I got the IRS on him and he  
took off to the Philippines. I was  
holding on but there was nothing...

(blowing a breath)  
So I married an asshole. He tried  
to take the house too. I probably  
should've let him...

Dwight reaches for Sam's hand. She pulls away, then takes  
hold of his.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Crap. I took us here so this  
wouldn't happen. There's way too  
much...

DWIGHT  
I'm sorry I left.

SAM  
I'm sorry too.  
(sniffs, wipes)  
For this busted sandwich.

DWIGHT  
I've had worse.

They behold their sandwiches.

SAM  
As far as the estate- you're still  
owed twenty eight hundred dollars.

DWIGHT  
You keep it.

SAM  
I spent it on new siding for the  
house. It apparently needed curb  
appeal. I'll pay you from the  
proceeds when it sells- if it  
sells. And there's still a box of  
your things. I gave some to the  
kids- mostly the toys. Sold the  
rest at yard sales.

DWIGHT  
It's fine. Keep it all.

SAM  
Dwight, I don't want it. And you  
need to register the Bonneville in  
your name if you still have it. I  
have spare keys if you want 'em.

DWIGHT  
It's...gone.

They share some silence.

SAM  
So, how's Delaware?

DWIGHT  
You knew...?

SAM

Not exactly where. We still go when we can- every few years, keep the tradition. Mostly for the kids- I've got two now.

DWIGHT

I know-I mean... I saw you. Few summers ago.

SAM

You didn't say anything?

DWIGHT

I... looked a mess.

His hand retracts and presses his sandwich bun.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You were on the boardwalk. Your older one was crying.

SAM

So why now? Wade Cleland gets released?

DWIGHT

I thought it'd be on the news, but there's nothing...

SAM

We knew. This was the deal to avoid trial.

Dwight wraps his sandwich then stops.

DWIGHT

(whispering)

I killed him, Sam. I killed Wade Cleland.

She looks again at his bandaged hands, mild shock setting in.

SAM

What? Bullshit. When?

DWIGHT

I think yesterday...

SAM

God damn you. This was over.

DWIGHT

Never for me.

SAM  
People don't do this.

Dwight shrugs a pathetic laugh.

DWIGHT  
Thought he'd kill me first.

SAM  
Well I'm glad he didn't.  
(quiet, seething)  
And I'm glad he's dead. I hope he  
suffered...

Sam's attention is drawn to a LARGE MAN looking straight at them, sitting behind Dwight at an adjacent booth.

LARGE MAN  
S'cuse me.

Dwight turns to face him.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)  
Y'all got ketchup on yours? We  
don't.

Sam slides their KETCHUP to Dwight, who passes it over his shoulder to the Large Man.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, thank you.

Dwight and Sam stare at each other.

SAM  
The Clelands still live up on East  
Hundred. The older one, he owns  
limousines-

DWIGHT  
(between her words)  
Yup.

SAM  
-How great is that? Operates out of  
Charlottesville. Every time I see  
one on the way to the airport, or  
pass through town- fucking June,  
fucking prom... You don't own-

DWIGHT  
WHERE ARE YOUR KIDS?

SAM  
Home. With the sitter...

DWIGHT  
(standing up)  
Let's get back in your car.

SAM  
(following)  
What? Why?

DWIGHT  
They never called the police.

108 INT. HATCHBACK - FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MORNING 108  
ON THE EMPTY SEATS. AMBIENT AUDIO CUTS OUT.  
MUSIC FADES-IN: A SINGLE, PIERCING NOTE ON STRINGS.  
Dwight takes the wheel. Sam takes shotgun, dialing her phone.  
HAND HELD, CHOPPY CUTS. TIME IS BROKEN.  
THE ROAD BLURS THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

SAM (BARELY AUDIBLE)  
She's not picking up. She's not  
picking up!

109 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY 109  
PUSHING TOWARDS THE HOUSE, THE PIERCING STRINGS CUT OUT as  
the hatchback SCRAPES up the driveway and SKIDS to a halt.  
Dwight and Sam race from the car.

SAM  
No no no no no no...

Dwight makes it to the door.

BABYSITTER (O.S.)  
Wait!

The Babysitter stands from behind the hedge, holding the  
sprinkler.

SAM  
Oh my god.

Sam runs past Dwight into the house, the Babysitter follows.

BABYSITTER

What's wrong?!

DWIGHT

Me...

110 INT. FOYER - RANCH HOUSE - DAY

110

As Dwight enters, he's SMACKED REPEATEDLY IN THE FACE by Sam, her kids in the background, SAFE AND SOUND. Dwight barely resists. The Sitter looks the children over.

111 INT. KITCHEN - RANCH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

111

Sam pulls BURNT SHRINKY-DINKS from the oven, tossing them into a flip up GARBAGE CAN.

112 EXT. BACK PORCH - RANCH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

112

Dwight peers into the kitchen through a glass-pained door.

DWIGHT

(through door)

...She knew them from the beach. I think she knew dad from the car shows. We don't talk much about it, but she looks out for me. I'll do it there. Her name is... I forgot her first name. Officer Eddy.

Sam appears through the glass, Dwight straightens up.

SAM

(through door)

The Clelands need to be arrested.

DWIGHT

(rubbing his face)

All of them? For what?

Sam nervously bites her lip, leaves frame.

Some CLANKING from the kitchen.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(through door)

I'll turn myself in here if that's what you want. But I can't do it until I know you're safe- the kids are safe. Just go.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
 If you want, call the police from  
 Pittsburgh. As long as you're not  
 here, Sam.

Sam reappears, UNLATCHES the door and opens it a crack.

SAM  
 It's my house, Dwight.

DWIGHT  
 They know it, and the car is  
 registered here. It's not worth- I  
 messed up, sis...  
 (fading)  
 I didn't mean to scare you.

SAM  
 Well, I'm scared.

DWIGHT  
 Is there a gun in the house?

SAM  
 Of course not.

She walks off, leaving the door open.

Dwight enters and locks the door behind him.

113 INT. BEDROOM - RANCH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 113

The television sits on the floor, an extension cord attached.

Sam's two kids are seated on the floor, watching it.

Dwight sits by the closed door, watching the children.

SAM (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through door)  
 Okay. I only told work. Nobody  
 else.

He opens the door, Sam stands amongst hastily PACKED BAGS.

114 EXT. HATCHBACK/DRIVEWAY- RANCH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 114

Dwight closes the packed trunk. He walks to Sam's window as  
 she puts the car in gear.

SAM  
 I'd forgive you if you were crazy.  
 But you're not. You're weak.

She backs out of the driveway.

Dwight watches them leave. The car stops, then keeps going.

115 INT. RANCH HOUSE - VARIOUS - EVENING 115

The air conditioner is dialed off, silencing a rickety HUM.

The front window is cracked open, EXTERIOR SOUNDS pour in.

A lamp is turned off. Then another.

A kitchen drawer is opened. Dwight removes a FLASHLIGHT.  
A LETTER OPENER too.

Winter coats, a scooter, umbrellas... a closet door SHUTS.

116 EXT. SHED/BACKYARD - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING 116

A rusty shed door SQUEALS open. Dwight selects a broom-handled, metal-spiked WEEDEER from a RACK OF TOOLS.

117 INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 117

Street light spills in, silhouetting Dwight by the window.

Just CRICKETS.

118 INT. KITCHEN - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 118

Dwight scans the backyard through the kitchen door.

119 INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 119

Dwight dozes in the chair, his chin sunk into his neck. He sucks in air, groggily uprighting himself.

OUT THE WINDOW: still clear.

120 INT. KITCHEN - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 120

Dwight prepares a cup of tea by flashlight, careful to pull the kettle off the burner just before it whistles.

121 INT. NURSERY - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 121

The flashlight beam pushes through the door and sweeps low, settling on an ATTIC DOOR in the wall.

Dwight unlatches it and pulls, inspecting faded PENCIL SCRAWLINGS that once transformed the inside panel into a spaceship cockpit.

He crawls into the dark and drags out a CARDBOARD BOX.

He pulls out a shoebox, paper stacks and a dusty yearbook bound in blue leather. Leafing through the pages, he-

THE HUM OF AN ENGINE echoes quietly through the house.

He sets the yearbook down and kills the flashlight.

122 INT. STAIRCASE - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 122

Dwight descends the stairs, old wood CREAKING underfoot.

123 INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 123

Dwight floats to the window, LOOKING OUT:

THE BONNEVILLE IS PARKED A FEW DOORS DOWN, ACROSS THE STREET.

DWIGHT

Shit.

There's SHAPES within the car, hard to make out.

ON THE BONNEVILLE: A FLICKER WARMS CARL'S FACE as he lights a smoke, its ember lingering in the dark.

ON DWIGHT: Reaching for the garden weeder propped against the wall: IT SLIPS FROM HIS GRASP, SCRAPES THE WALL AND CLUNKS TO THE FLOOR.

He grimaces, frozen with anticipation...

ON THE BONNEVILLE: The ember is snatched and tossed out by the driver's silhouette, ORANGE SPARKS bounce from the curb.

124 INT. DINING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 124

Dwight grabs the weeder, crossing the foyer into the adjacent dining room. He settles by a window closer in and waits.

No movement from the car. His eyelids grow heavy. AMBIENT SOUND BUILDS TO A STING.

CUT TO:

125 INT. DINING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER) 125  
 Dwight opens his eyes. BACK TO CRICKETS.  
 ON THE BONNEVILLE: NOW TWO GLOWING EMBERS.

126 INT. STAIRCASE - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 126  
 Dwight sets the weeder down and CREAKS his way upstairs.

127 INT. FRONT BEDROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 127  
 Keeping low, Dwight grabs bed pillows and positions them under the sheets to emulate a person. He crawls to a bedside table and reaches up into a lamp shade...

128 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 128  
 FROM OUTSIDE, the bedroom window WARMS WITH LIGHT, now a beacon in the dark.

129 INT. BATHROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 129  
 Dwight crawls into the bathroom, craning to FLICK ON THE LIGHT. He twists the SINK FAUCET ON. Backing out, he sets the door open a crack.

130 INT. DINING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 130  
 AN EMPTY DOOR FRAME. CREAK, CREAK, CREAK...  
 Dwight slinks in and takes position by the window.  
 THROUGH THE WINDOW: THE BONNEVILLE SITS EMPTY ON THE STREET.  
 The front door handle CLICKS. A TUG tests the lock.  
 Dwight's eyes dart around. He walks to the foyer, listening, winding up the garden weeder...  
 The CLINK of a fence latch from the side of the house.

He double backs to the dining room, hugging the wall to a side window...

THROUGH THE WINDOW: A fenced, narrow side yard filled with junk, shadowed by the BLUE LIGHT OF A BUG-ZAPPER.

Teddy moves through shadows with a SPORTING SHOTGUN.

Dwight can hear his own pulse.

He backs into the foyer.

131 INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 131

Dwight peers through the living room into the kitchen:

TEDDY APPEARS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR WINDOW, WRAPPING A BANDANA AROUND HIS KNUCKLES.

FUCK.

Dwight heads to the front door, slowing his pace to appease THE SQUEAKING FLOOR.

FROM THE KITCHEN, A MUFFLED POP, SPRINKLING GLASS...

He squats to the door, surgically unlatching the lock. CLICK.

FROM THE KITCHEN, A few more TAPS, CLINKING GLASS...

He turns the knob, cracks the front door, revealing a DIRECT VIEW OF THE BONNEVILLE.

BZZZZZ. Just outside, a CELL PHONE LIGHTS UP with a text message. Carl removes a glove and types a response. Dwight pulls back and re-locks the door.

He commando-crawls to the living room, checking the kitchen.

AT THE BACK DOOR, THROUGH BROKEN GLASS: Teddy's face GLOWS in the cool light of his cell phone.

Dwight crawls to the SIDE TABLE...

He POPS ON HIS FLASHLIGHT, cupping the beam with his hand, searching frantically through the CERAMIC JARS.

THE BACK DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS OVER GLASS AND LINOLEUM.

Dwight sifts through rusty paperclips, rubber bands and coins, inspecting KEY SETS with plastic tabs and handwritten labels: 'Honda', 'Shed', 'Ginny'.

He pulls a moldy set from the bottom of a jar: 'PONTIAC'.

THE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

Dwight pockets his flashlight and makes a fist over the keys, crawling off as Teddy steps in.

Dwight hides under the dining table, a bit exposed, containing his breaths.

Teddy enters the foyer- shotgun first, stopping feet from Dwight. He unlocks the front door and opens it, greeting Carl with his gloved index finger over his lips, gesturing upstairs:

THE BATHROOM DOOR IS CRACKED WITH LIGHT, RUNNING WATER RUSHES FROM WITHIN.

Carl steps into Dwight's view, nodding: he's carrying a SCOPED HUNTING CROSSBOW, a sheathed BOWIE KNIFE hanging from his belt.

The brothers ascend the SQUEAKY STAIRS with heavy boots.

Behind them, Dwight crawls across the foyer.

132 INT. KITCHEN - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 132

Dwight steps through the kitchen, CRUNCHING over shards of glass and slipping out the back door.

133 EXT. SIDE YARD - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 133

Dwight breaks for the front fence.

134 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 134

Dwight pushes through the gate and scurries across the lawn.

SQUEAKING FROM THE HOUSE- Dwight looks back over his shoulder...

ON THE FRONT BEDROOM WINDOW: Carl holding his crossbow upright, violently cranking the casement window open...

DWIGHT SPRINTS TO THE BONNEVILLE.

THMMMP- An ARROW rips through the air and CLANKS into the street. Dwight reaches the Bonneville and unlocks the door with trembling hands.

Teddy jogs from the front door, heading straight towards Dwight with the shotgun.

135 INT. BONNEVILLE - SAM'S STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 135

Dwight starts the car and pops it into gear.

136 EXT. SAM'S STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 136

Teddy slows and levels the shotgun. THMMMP.

An ARROW WHIPS PAST Teddy, SINKING INTO A NEARBY TREE. He looks furiously up to Carl at the window.

THE ENGINE REV'S AND THE TIRES SCRUB PAVEMENT.

137 INT. BONNEVILLE - SAM'S STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 137

FLOORING IT, Dwight bites his lip and shuts his eyes. KADUNK.

138 EXT. SAM'S STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 138

Teddy BOUNCES HARD OFF THE HOOD INTO THE STREET, the shotgun RATTLING beside him. He's out cold.

The Bonneville jolts to a stop. Dwight hesitates, then bursts out and drags Teddy towards the idling car.

Teddy exits the house, lining up a crossbow arrow. Dwight drops Teddy and scrambles for the shotgun.

THMMMP. AN ARROW PINGS OFF THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

Dwight snatches up the shotgun, hands inexpertly finding the trigger and pump, sending Carl into full retreat.

139 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT 139

Carl bolts up the driveway and through the wooden gate, Dwight giving chase with the shotgun...

140 EXT. SIDE YARD - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 140

Dwight steps through the gate and stops cold. He can't see into the BLUE DARKNESS and it's suddenly DEAD QUIET.

Nearby, A BUG GETS ZAPPED.

He huffs through an open mouth, calculating the risk...  
AND DARTS BACK TOWARD THE CAR.

141 EXT. BONNEVILLE - SAM'S STREET - NIGHT 141

Dwight sets the shotgun next to Teddy and muscles him into the back. He slams the door and turns for the shotgun-  
THMMP. AN ARROW EMBEDS INTO DWIGHT'S HIP. Nearly collapsing, he limps back, LEAVING THE GUN.

Carl loads another arrow from Sam's driveway.

Dwight hops in the Bonneville and shifts, GRUNTING IN PAIN.  
THMMP, THE ARROW CRACKS THE FAR WINDOW.

Carl drops the crossbow and sprints to the car, opening the back door as Dwight PEELS OUT.

CARL IS YANKED TO THE STREET as Dwight speeds off with an open door.

142 INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - SAM'S STREET - NIGHT 142

Dwight steers, contorting to keep pressure off the ARROW IN HIS HIP.

THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW: Carl gathers strewn weapons in the street... The car slows, then speeds up, SWINGING THE BACK DOOR SHUT. DAY IS STARTING TO BREAK.

143 INT./EXT. BONNEVILLE - FIELD - DAWN 143

Teddy is unconscious across the back seat, WHEEZING through his nose. Dwight searches his pockets, removing a WALLET, HIS BLOODY CAR KEY NECKLACE, a CELL PHONE, a TOBACCO POUCH, SHOTGUN SHELLS and a FOLDED PAPER.

He pockets CASH from the wallet and unfolds the paper.

ON THE PAPER: THE BONNEVILLE'S EXPIRED VIRGINIA REGISTRATION listing the owners: '**Evans, William C., Evans, Katherine J.**'

He puts the loot in the glove box and POPS THE TRUNK.

ON A WIDE: The car is parked in a desolate field under a purple-gray sky. The trunk bobs open.

THE ARROW PROTRUDING FROM HIS HIP, DWIGHT DRAGS TEDDY INTO THE TRUNK, slamming it down and testing the latch.

Reconsidering, HE POPS THE TRUNK AGAIN.

CLOSEUP: TOOLS FROM THE TRUNK CLANK TO THE GROUND.

He strips off Teddy's hunting jacket, SLAMS THE TRUNK.

He picks a HANDSAW from the grass and positions his hip against the open frame of his car door.

WITH GRITTED TEETH, HE SHUTS THE DOOR ON THE CARBON ARROW SHAFT, MAKING A VICE. HE SAWS IT OFF CLOSE TO THE WOUND.

144 INT. PHARMACY - MORNING

144

MUZAK. Dwight hobbles down an isle with a basket, concealing his wound with Teddy's jacket.

'PAIN RELIEF': He tips an ASPIRIN BOTTLE into his basket...

'FIRST AID': Grabs RUBBING ALCOHOL, PEROXIDE, GAUZE...

'HOUSEHOLD': A SEWING KIT, X-ACTO-KNIFE...

'HARDWARE': Sets down SEWING KIT, picks up SUPER-GLUE...

145 INT. CASH REGISTER - PHARMACY - MORNING

145

A CLERK counts behind a register, noticing BLOODY BILLS. He looks to Dwight.

Dwight: *So. Fucking. Tired.*

DWIGHT

Just uh...

(walking away)

Yup.

146 INT. BONNEVILLE - FIELD - MORNING

146

Dwight is prepped in the back with a NOVICE SURGICAL KIT. He pours HYDROGEN PEROXIDE on his wound. He dips NEEDLE-NOSED PLIERS in RUBBING ALCOHOL and goes to work.

ON HIS GORY WOUND: Fatty tissue hugging the carbon shaft, the tip buried within. The pliers delicately clamp down on the shaft. Then a tug.

DWIGHT SCREAMS...

CUT TO:

147 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING

147

SLIDING AUTOMATIC DOORS PART FOR DWIGHT. He strides in, pale and damp with sweat.

A TRIAGE NURSE looks up from her computer.

DWIGHT

(depleted)

'Scuse me. I have a question. Maybe a little goofy...

TRIAGE NURSE

Sure.

DWIGHT

Do you need- are you required- to report arrow wounds? Like an accident- hunting accident. With buddies. Alone, actually...

TRIAGE NURSE

Sir, do you need medical assistance?

DWIGHT

Just, um....yeah. A little hunting accident- my hip. Do you need to report it, if it's self-inflicted ...by mistake?

TRIAGE NURSE

I'd have to check with the charge nurse, sir. I've never handled-

DWIGHT COLLAPSES TO THE LINOLEUM.

148 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

148

Dwight's eyes flutter open.

They close again in feigned sleep as a NURSE steps close, checking his CHART.

He waits for her to walk off then lifts his gown to inspect THE WOUND: IT'S PROPERLY STITCHED AND DRESSED.

There's a wall mounted light box with an X-RAY OF HIS INJURY.

There's a bin of BLOODY POST-OP CLOTHES.

He pulls TAPE and TUBING and NEEDLES from his arms.

149 EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON 149

Dwight climbs out a window wearing his bloody clothing, now HANGING FLAPS OF SURGICALLY CUT FABRIC.

150 EXT. BENEATH A BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON 150

MOVING WITH DWIGHT, as he walks under a secluded railroad bridge, cautiously approaching...

...THE BONNEVILLE: PUSHING IN ON THE TRUNK.

Dwight leans in, his ear to the trunk.

He TAPS LIGHTLY-

POUNDING AND EXASPERATED SHOUTS ERUPT FROM WITHIN, STARTLING DWIGHT.

TEDDY (O.S.)  
(muffled, in trunk)  
...HEY! I'M IN HERE! I GOTTA GET  
OUT! HELP...

Dwight backs off and plucks the car keys from the wheel well.

151 INT. BONNEVILLE - BENEATH A BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON 151

Dwight starts the engine, letting it idle as the PLEADING devolves to POUNDING HOSTILITY.

152 EXT. BONNEVILLE - BENEATH A BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON 152

Dwight exits, walks over and SLAMS his fist on the trunk.

DWIGHT  
(projecting through steel)  
You're alone. You came into my  
sister's house with guns. Unless  
you be quiet, I WILL DRIVE THIS  
DAMNED CAR OFF A BRIDGE!

The pounding and yelling stop. Dwight walks off...

ON A PROFILE SHOT OF THE TRUNK (MOUNTED TO THE CAR).

Dwight returns, bending down into frame.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
I just want this to be over.

TEDDY (O.S.)  
 (muffled, through trunk)  
 SURE, MAN. LET ME OUT AND THIS CAN  
 END RIGHT NOW.

DWIGHT  
 You guys got guns. I'm not opening  
 the trunk until I have one.

TEDDY  
 Shit, I could get-

DWIGHT  
 BE QUIET.

Dwight exits frame: HOLD ON TRUNK SHOT...

CUT TO:

153 EXT. THRIFT STORE - EVENING (CAR MOUNT) 153

JUMP CUT OF THE SAME TRUNK SHOT, in a parking lot donation site. Dwight sorts through MATTRESSES and JUNK, expertly digging out a BAG OF CLOTHES...

CUT TO:

154 EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING (CAR MOUNT) 154

JUMP CUT OF THE SAME TRUNK SHOT, at a gas station. Dwight fills the tank, wearing a SWEATSHIRT AND CORDUROYS...

CUT TO:

155 EXT. COMMERCIAL STRIP - EVENING (CAR MOUNT) 155

JUMP CUT OF THE SAME TRUNK SHOT, stopping at a busy intersection...

CUT TO:

156 EXT. SAM'S STREET - EVENING (CAR MOUNT) 156

JUMP CUT OF THE SAME TRUNK SHOT, turning off a tranquil street into SAM'S DRIVEWAY. THE CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS OFF SCREEN, Dwight speed walks into frame towards the house.

157 INT. LIVING ROOM/FOYER - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING 157  
A WIDE PROFILE OF THE STAIRCASE. A faint RUSH..  
Dwight treads heavily through the door and up the stairs.

158 INT. BATHROOM - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING (CONTINUOUS) 158  
ON THE SINK, THE WATER STILL RUNNING. Dwight turns the faucet off, hits the lights and heads downstairs.  
Halfway down, he doubles back...

159 INT. NURSERY - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING 159  
Dwight's CARDBOARD BOX, where he left it. He drags it off.

160 EXT. SIDE YARD - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING 160  
Dwight places the box in the garbage, salvaging the YEARBOOK.  
He folds up a cardboard top-flap and RIPS IT OFF.

161 INT. KITCHEN - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING 161  
Dwight TAPES THE CARDBOARD FLAP OVER THE BROKEN WINDOW.  
He sweeps up GLASS with a BROOM and DUSTPAN.

162 INT. FOYER - RANCH HOUSE - EVENING 162  
ON THE FRONT DOOR: Dwight swings it open and exits.  
It LOCKS from outside.  
HE DROPS THE HOUSE KEYS THROUGH THE MAIL SLOT.

163 INT. BONNEVILLE - PARK - NIGHT 163  
Dwight flips though his YEARBOOK, circa 1996: TEENAGE PORTRAITS, names in black type: denim, Hard Rock Cafe' shirts, acne, crimped hair and braces.  
BZZZZZZ. A vibration inside the car. Dwight opens the glove compartment and removes Teddy's CELL PHONE.  
ON THE SCREEN: '**C IS BACK. WHERE R U?!**'

TEDDY (O.S.)  
(muffled, through trunk)  
WHAT'S THAT? I NEED WATER.

DWIGHT  
NOT UNTIL I HAVE A GUN.

Dwight sets the phone down and returns to the yearbook.

ON THE YEARBOOK: UNDER THE HEADING 'JROTC', A PORTRAIT OF A TEENAGER IN MILITARY FATIGUES.

TYPED UNDERNEATH: '**BENJAMIN GALICIA**'

164 EXT. BEN'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 164

An interior door opens inward, MARGARET GALICIA (67) stands guardedly behind a screen door.

MARGARET  
Yes?

DWIGHT  
Hi, Mrs. Galicia. I'm looking for Ben. Is he still in town?

MARGARET  
No, he moved a while ago.

DWIGHT  
Okay. I'm Dwight, from Orange High.  
I just...

MARGARET  
Oh! I'm so sorry- you had me a little scared. Mr. Galicia is already in bed. I didn't recognize you, Dwight.  
(a rush of sympathy)  
Oh my.

Dwight deflects with a polite nod.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Ben has a house near Wyndam. Come in, I'll write down the address...

Margaret unlocks the screen door and Dwight follows her inside.

165

INT. KITCHEN - BEN'S MOTHERS HOUSE - NIGHT

165

MARGARET

He moved when he got back from  
Japan. He was deployed...

Margaret leads Dwight to the kitchen table. She opens her address book on the counter, picks up a phone and dials.

DWIGHT

Oh, he doesn't know I'm coming-

MARGARET

(gesturing to sit)

Oh he'll be thrilled...

He watches her as the line TONES.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(hanging up)

He's not picking up. He works at a  
concert hall in the city. He's  
probably playing tonight...

DWIGHT

Richmond?

MARGARET

Yes. I never remember the name.  
It's not a nice place...

She passes a finger along POST-ITS, MAGNETS and PHOTOS displayed on her refrigerator. She slides a BUSINESS CARD from under a magnet and brings her address book to the table.

Dwight watches her pencil information onto the card and into her book.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

This way...we can both have  
everything...just need this...for  
myself...

(pointing to the card)

Here. This is where he works.

(flipping it)

This is where he lives. You can  
take this 'to go'.

A TEA KETTLE WHISTLES. She hands the card over and rises.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You might need a map, it's out of  
the way, off six twenty four.

DWIGHT

I've got a map. Thank you.

MARGARET

Are you in a rush?

DWIGHT

Sort of. Yes, ma'am.

MARGARET

I'd offer you tea, otherwise.

Dwight glances around, and at Margaret.

DWIGHT

I'd love some, Mrs. Galicia.

MARGARET

Oh good! Ben works late anyway. And  
they play God awful music...

166 EXT. BEN'S MOTHERS HOUSE - NIGHT

166

THROUGH THE EXTERIOR WINDOW: Margaret pours Dwight tea in the  
warm kitchen glow.

CUT TO:

167 INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

167

POUNDING FROM THE TRUNK.

Dwight speeds down the road, patting around his seat. He  
checks the glove box, shuts it.

He reads the address off the business card, looks ahead.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

A HIGHWAY SIGN: 'Zion Crossroads, Fork Union Exit 136'

ANOTHER: 'I64E Richmond'

168 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

168

MUSIC BELLOWS WITHIN a textured concrete building with  
concert posters hung over blacked-out windows.

Dwight walks up.

169 INT. ENTRY HALLWAY - MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT 169

Dwight angles past SMOKERS, along a vinyl rope partition, greeted by a ROCK GIRL (20s).

ROCK GIRL  
(over the music)  
FIVE DOLLARS.

Disoriented by the THROBBING MUSIC, he pulls CRINKLED BILLS from his pocket and hands them over.

He continues past the Rock Girl as she counts six singles then yanks Dwight back.

ROCK GIRL (CONT'D)  
HOLD ON...

Dwight resists as she steadies his arm, shoves the extra dollar in his hand and STAMPS IT with a BLACK-LIGHT LOGO. He hurries off, inspecting it...

ON HIS HAND IN GLOWING INK: '**STRANGE MATTER**'

170 INT. MAIN ROOM - MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT 170

Dwight dips through the crowd to the STAGE. He checks out the BAND MEMBERS. NOTHING.

He scans around, lost.

171 INT. ENTRY HALLWAY - MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT 171

The Rock Girl rolls her eyes as Dwight timidly approaches.

DWIGHT  
EXCUSE ME. I'M LOOKING FOR A BAND  
MEMBER NAMED BEN. BEN GALICIA. HE'S  
SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYING TONIGHT?

ROCK GIRL  
YEAH. BENNY?

DWIGHT  
YES.

ROCK GIRL  
HE'S HERE- HE WORKS THE BOARD. HE'S  
NOT IN THE BAND.

DWIGHT  
THAT'S FINE. WHEN DOES HE GO HOME?

ROCK GIRL  
AROUND TWO-THIRTY OR THREE.

DWIGHT  
I'LL WAIT HERE.

ROCK GIRL  
HE USUALLY LEAVES OUT THE BACK. YOU  
CAN'T WAIT HERE.

DWIGHT  
(pivoting in search)  
OKAY. I'LL WAIT OUT AROUND BACK.

ROCK GIRL  
(pointing)  
OUT THE FRONT AND AROUND THAT WAY.  
THERE'S AN ALLEY.

DWIGHT  
THANK YOU. DO YOU THINK I COULD  
HAVE MY MONEY BACK? I COULDN'T STAY  
IN THERE...

ROCK GIRL  
NO, MAN. YOU'RE GONNA NEED TO FUCK  
OFF...

DWIGHT  
OKAY.

172 EXT. BACK ALLEY - MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT (LATER) 172

IT'S QUIET. A BAND is loading up GEAR into a CONVERSION VAN.

IN THE RED WASH OF BREAK LIGHTS, Dwight watches them pull  
out. He's alone.

There's a DUMPSTER across the alley. He walks over, places  
his hand on the rim and rises onto tip-toes. He peeks in-

A METAL DOOR SCREECHES OPEN. Dwight wipes his hands on his  
shirt, observing a LARGE MAN with long black hair turn down  
the alley.

DWIGHT  
Ben?

The Large Man walks on, insulated by HEAVY METAL MUSIC  
coursing through his HEADPHONES.

Dwight follows.

173 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

173

Dwight steps from the alley, guided by HEADPHONE SPILL.

174 EXT. VENUE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

174

The Large Man unlocks his PICKUP. Dwight stops short of the truck, noting the numerous MILITARY AND FIREARM DECALS.

DWIGHT

BEN!

The Large Man turns, whipping his headphones off, LOUDER around his neck. Dwight stands ready with a cautious hand.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Ben. Hey, it's Dwight. Evans.

The Large Man, BEN, walks over, assessing the claim. Dwight meets him at the tailgate and they shake.

BEN

Wow, bro- you look square.

DWIGHT

I've been away.

Ben nods, waiting for more.

BEN

No shit, man- just peaced-the-fuck-out...

He pulls out cigarettes, Dwight declines and Ben lights up.

BEN (CONT'D)

...Same year El Duce got hit by a train.

(slaps his truck)

Yo, I put the first two hundred miles on this thing stapling up your 'missing' posters.

DWIGHT

(struck, ashamed)

Never thought of that.

BEN

Your sister, man. She was hell bent. Then I think a bunch of your parking tickets came in the mail- she called it all off...

Dwight nods, thrown off. They listen to HEADPHONE CRACKLE.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I took off too!  
(lifting shirt, showing a  
'U.S.M.C.' tattoo)  
Joined up soon as I graduated. Nev-

Ben cuts himself off, cocking his head.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Was...that you?  
(pointing back)  
By the dumpster?

DWIGHT  
Yeah.

BEN  
Yeah... So should we get beers?

DWIGHT  
Look, I need to warn you that I'm  
here- that I came to you- for a  
favor. A big one.

Ben reaches in his jacket, SILENCING HIS HEADPHONES.

BEN  
Sure. What do you need?

DWIGHT  
I need a gun. And I don't have a  
lot of time to get it. You were the  
only person I could trust.

BEN  
Whoa.

DWIGHT  
And has guns.

BEN  
(taking a drag)  
Shit, man- you can pretty much buy  
one anywhere.

DWIGHT  
I tried to get one on my own. I  
don't have any money- wait...  
(digging crumpled bills  
from his pocket)  
I mean, I've got- but my I.D. is-

BEN

Hold on. Are you a junkie, dude?

DWIGHT

No. No, I shouldn't have just...

BEN

(realizing)

Oh, wait. Shit. It's about that time...

Ben gives a subtle nod, takes another drag.

BEN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Hop in brother.

Ben heads to his truck.

DWIGHT

I should take my car...

BEN

You gassed up? I'm in the boonies.

175 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

175

The Bonneville's headlights project onto kicked-up dust from Ben's truck. The tree-lined road vanishes into pitch black.

176 EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

176

The two vehicles pull past a shotgun shack up to a single story prefab house. Dwight parks twenty feet short.

177 INT. BEDROOM - BEN'S HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

177

HALLWAY LIGHTS CLICK ON. Ben leads Dwight into the sparse, earthy room, neatly kept if a bit dank.

BEN

Hey- I got something..

DWIGHT

What's that?

Ben opens a JUNK DRAWER in a old bureau, rifles through it.

BEN

You remember when James Henry's brother had the stripper at his party? At his shop?

DWIGHT

Haven't thought that far back in a while.

BEN

I got a Polaroid of me and you with the stripper. It's hilarious- we're both terrified.

DWIGHT

Ben. I need to hurry.

Ben nods, shoving the drawer closed, turning to two METAL LOCKERS along the wall.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Do you hunt?

BEN

Very little.

Ben pulls a MAGNETIC BOX from behind a locker, shaking out KEYS and turning them in the locks.

BEN (CONT'D)

More into target shooting. What do you need it for?

DWIGHT

I'd rather...

BEN

Oh- no, man. The less I know, the better. What do you need *out of the gun*. At range? Close quarters?

Dwight stands at a loss as Ben swings open the doors.

BEN (CONT'D)

Close up or far away?

DWIGHT

Probably close. I don't know. Hopefully not at all.

BEN

Roger that. See what I've got...  
(running his hand along  
the racks)

An Enfield mark three, Circuit  
Judge, a Mosin...

He pulls out a vintage BOLT-ACTION RIFLE, feeling the weight.

BEN (CONT'D)  
...which is my current favorite.  
Bolt action, heavy, and the surplus  
ammo is cheap.

He sets it on the bed and wipes his nose.

BEN (CONT'D)  
The AK, Mossberg- might be a bit  
much. What do you weigh?

DWIGHT  
Don't know.

BEN  
...the Sterling might jam up on  
you.

Ben pulls out a VINTAGE SUB MACHINE GUN.

BEN (CONT'D)  
It'll clear a room, though. Ah.

He replaces the sub machine gun, removing a bulky automatic pistol from the cabinet.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I picked this up this year. Steyr  
nineteen-twelve. Shoots it's own  
nine mil cartridge, great shape-  
but you gotta load it slide-back  
with a stripper clip.

DWIGHT  
Nothing that's special to you- the  
least expensive, as long as it  
works...

BEN  
The World War I and II models are  
bring-backs- no papers, no import  
marks. But you don't want a bolt-  
action...

Dwight stews in ignorance. Ben reads it, selecting a MINI-14 RIFLE.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Here. The Mini Fourteen. Gunshow-  
no papers. It's a carbine- that  
just means it's short. Semi-auto-  
it fires every time you pull the  
trigger- twenty rounds. Very  
reliable. Plus, I got ammo here.

Ben expertly loads a clip and assumes a firing position, his trigger finger extended against the guard.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Recognize it?

Dwight shakes 'no'.

BEN (CONT'D)  
It's the A-Team gun. From the show.  
Their's were stainless...

Ben presents the rifle. Dwight grabs it, but Ben holds firm.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(nodding)  
What's up with that?

Dwight follows Ben's gaze to a BLOOD STAIN on his SHIRT AND PANTS.

DWIGHT  
Oh, that's not- it's from an arrow.  
It's stitched up.

BEN  
Not so well, huh.

Ben lets go of the rifle. Dwight feels the weight.

BEN (CONT'D)  
So then, you're already *in this*?

DWIGHT  
Yes.

Ben locks eyes with sincere concern.

BEN  
Because I was just blowing smoke up  
your ass, bro. Preparing a speech  
in my head to stop you from  
whatever crazy shit you're about to  
do.

DWIGHT  
It's already done...

BEN  
Thought about calling the cops.

DWIGHT  
Please don't. Not yet. I don't have  
a speech- just please trust me.

BEN

I do, bro. But I can't send you off like this. I could teach you. CQB, man! Surprise, speed, violence of action...

DWIGHT

I just need somewhere quiet right now.

BEN

I've got sixteen acres. Follow the road we came in on 'till it ends- you'll see the targets.

DWIGHT

Thanks.

BEN

You right handed?

Dwight nods 'yes'.

BEN (CONT'D)

Real quick. Keep the safety off. Wherever your eyes look, the gun follows. And keep your distance- or it can get sloppy.

DWIGHT

I know. You ever killed anyone?

BEN

(shutting the lockers)  
Two on purpose.

DWIGHT

(nodding thoughtfully)  
Can I get a thing of water?

178

EXT. SECLUDED AREA - BEN'S PROPERTY - EARLY MORNING

178

A dead end clearing littered with SANDBAGS, TRAFFIC CONES, SHOT-UP TARGETS and a ROTTING PICNIC TABLE. A field of tall grass flanks one side.

CLOSE-UP: A WATER BOTTLE is placed on grass.

ON DWIGHT, rising with the MINI-14 RIFLE, like a seven year old about to jump off the high-dive for the first time.

ON THE TRUNK OF THE BONNEVILLE.

179 INT./EXT. BONNEVILLE - SECLUDED AREA - EARLY MORNING 179

The passenger door hangs open. Dwight takes a knee, stretching in to unlatch the glove box.

He pockets the CELL PHONE, draws a breath and POPS THE TRUNK.

180 EXT. BONNEVILLE - SECLUDED AREA - EARLY MORNING 180

Dwight scurries to the trunk as it's pushed up by Teddy, emerging disoriented in a sheen of filth and sweat.

DWIGHT  
Stay in the trunk.

Teddy swallows air, squinting in the daylight, seeing the rifle trained on his chest.

TEDDY  
(hoarse)  
That's easy, my leg is broke.

Dwight stands mute, the bottle of water by his feet.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
(weakly snapping his  
finger)  
That for me?

Dwight wiggles a firmer grip around the rifle.

DWIGHT  
Were you coming for me or for her?

TEDDY  
Who?

DWIGHT  
You came to my *sister's* house. Who  
were you coming for?

TEDDY  
Look, man. You.

DWIGHT  
Then how come you didn't just call  
the police? Send me to jail?

TEDDY  
Same as you. Keeping it 'in-house'.

Dwight tosses the water bottle, TEDDY snatches it from the air, uncaps it and chugs...

DWIGHT  
What if I surrender?

Teddy raises his eyebrows, chugging. He empties the bottle and tosses it to the ground.

TEDDY  
(ecstatic breath)  
I accept.

DWIGHT  
Please, dammit. To the police- I'll plead guilty.

TEDDY  
You don't get to do what you did and just lock yourself up. Shit, I'd give you props if he wasn't my brother. Or if he had it coming.

DWIGHT  
If Wade didn't deserve it, then nobody ever has.

Teddy rubs his face, looks off.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Which one are you, again?

TEDDY  
Teddy.

DWIGHT  
And who was the boy in the limousine?

TEDDY  
You totaled it. That's my livelihood...

Dwight waits patiently for the answer.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Just a boy. Not a concern.

DWIGHT  
When I let him out, he said something about Wade. That he didn't hurt anyone...

TEDDY  
Yeah, well-  
(chuckling)  
Coupla dead negroes might disagree.  
(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
(unsmiling)  
He just meant Wade didn't kill your parents.

DWIGHT  
Not true.

TEDDY  
Well that settles it, then.

Dwight anxiously finds a new stance, flushing red.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
That's how this works, man. The one with the gun gets to tell the truth. Problem is, you don't know shit.

DWIGHT  
Tell me.

TEDDY  
(quiet, taunting)  
I should've done the time.

DWIGHT  
(raising the rifle)  
Are you saying you killed them?

TEDDY  
Nope.

DWIGHT  
Forget this.

Dwight CLICKS THE SAFETY, taking aim at Teddy's arm.

TEDDY  
(flinching, blurting)  
What'er you tryin' to do?! WHAT'ER  
YOU TRYIN' TO DO!?

DWIGHT SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER - PANG! - AND MISSES.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
(exhilarated)  
HOT DAMN! Fish in a barrel!

DWIGHT  
STOP IT!

Teddy settles, suppressing a smug grin.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Whatever you're saying, say it.

TEDDY  
I didn't do it. Wade didn't do it.  
Our *father*, Big Wade, shot your  
dad. As was his right.

DWIGHT  
His right?

TEDDY  
You don't fuck with a man's wife.  
His family.

DWIGHT  
Whatever my dad did, he did with  
your mom. They made a mistake.  
Togeth-

TEDDY  
SHIT'S NOT A MISTAKE.

DWIGHT  
Whatever it was, *both* my parents  
are dead-

TEDDY  
Your dad got what he deserved. Your  
mom was just in the car- *that* was a  
fuckup. I'll give you that...

DWIGHT  
I don't want your opinion on  
things. If it's true about Wade-  
why did *he*...?

TEDDY  
Big Wade had cancer. We couldn't  
let him die in prison. I would've  
done the time, but I had two  
strikes. Would've been life with no  
parole. Little Wade could take a  
plea... You smoke?

Teddy watches intently as Dwight, lost in thought, lets the rifle barrel drift downward. Dwight pulls out the CELL PHONE.

DWIGHT  
Call them.

TEDDY  
Who's them? The cops?

DWIGHT  
Your family.

Teddy gestures for the phone. Dwight cautiously lobs it over, Teddy catches it and checks the screen.

TEDDY  
What do you want me to say?

DWIGHT  
We're all going to meet up-  
somewhere public- and it's going to  
end.

TEDDY  
Okay.

He dials and waits.

DWIGHT  
Don't say my name and don't say  
anything about a gun. We're in  
Kentucky.

TEDDY  
(surveying)  
You ever been to Kentucky?

Dwight blinks, re-focusing down the rifle sights.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
(into cell phone)  
It's me. Call me back. NOW.  
(to Dwight)  
Not picking up. May I call the  
house?

Dwight nods his approval. Teddy dials and waits.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hey. Yeah- shut up. I'm fine...just  
my leg. I'm with him, he's here.  
Not now, he wants to meet- fine.  
I'll try, but we just went through  
it.  
(to Dwight)  
She wants to talk to you.

DWIGHT  
Who?

TEDDY  
My sister. She's bossy...

DWIGHT  
Throw it.

Teddy pivots the phone in his hand, tweaking its position.

TEDDY  
I would- the signal's weak. We  
can't blow this- just take it...

He extends the phone with one hand.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
It's fine. You can point that thing  
right at my face. I'm not moving.

DWIGHT  
Turn around. Look away.

Teddy shifts his weight around, looking back into the trunk.

TEDDY  
Keep your finger on the trigger...

Dwight approaches, two hands gripping the rifle, pointing it directly at the back of Teddy's head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
It's over as far as I'm concerned.  
(towards the phone)  
You hear that, sis?

Dwight reaches for the phone, steps on the discarded water bottle. CRUNCH.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
...don't go starting ANY SHIT-

TEDDY WHIPS FROM HIS CORE, ARMS SWEEPING BROADLY AROUND, DEFLECTING THE GUN BARREL AS DWIGHT FIRES INTO THE TRUNK.

PATANG! TEDDY LAUNCHES FROM THE TRUNK AND TACKLES DWIGHT TO THE GROUND, ELBOWING HIM HARD TO THE FACE.

Teddy snatches the gun and SLAMS THE PHONE INTO DWIGHT'S STUNNED FACE.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
THERE'S NOBODY HOME, STUPID FUCK!  
They're huntin'...

He backs off fast, rising with the gun.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
YES. FUCK! My fucking legs are  
asleep...

Teddy wobbles back to the rear bumper and sits. He pulls the slide handle and ejects a cartridge. Dwight grimaces, his jaw trembling...

DWIGHT  
I'll die. I should. But my sister  
never did anything. Just tell me...

TEDDY  
You bet. I got the gun, you get the  
truth. But not to satisfy your  
fucking curiosity, Dwight.

Teddy rises and hovers over Dwight with a cold stare.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Just know that the man who killed  
your parents didn't die by your  
hands. He smoked and he drank and  
he- guess he didn't fuck cuz of the  
cancer- but he watched all his  
favorite TV shows and *he died a  
free man*. You'll die like your  
whore father did... ...Shot in the  
fucking face. Or first do you wanna  
open up that belly? See your guts  
steam?

Teddy raises the M-14 barrel to Dwight's stomach.

Dwight drowns in dread.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Must have a little in there since  
you took Wade from us.  
(quiet, sinister)  
And for that, your sister and tho-

SWIP. THE AIR BETWEEN THEM IS DISTURBED VIOLENTLY.

Dwight and Teddy share confusion.

KOOSH. A distant thundering sound.

Teddy looks to the far tree line, searching.

Dwight looks to Teddy as HIS HEAD SMACKS APART AT THE BASE OF  
THE NECK AND JAW.

KOOSH. Another thundering sound as Teddy's body collapses to the side.

DWIGHT

...wait.

Dwight sits up, face smattered with blood, finding where Teddy's eyes were trained.

BEN IS WALKING BRISKLY ACROSS THE FIELD AIMING HIS MOSIN BOLT-ACTION RIFLE. Wearing camouflage hunting overalls, he ejects a shell and loads the chamber.

BEN

(echoing across the field)

JUST THE ONE?

Dwight nods 'yes', his chest heaving. Ben is too far for subtle gestures.

DWIGHT

(echoing back)

YES.

Ben safeties his weapon, still bridging the distance.

BEN

SORRY. COULDN'T SHOOT 'TILL HE  
AIMED AT YOU. HAD TO BE LEGAL- ON  
MY END AT LEAST.

Ben reaches the clearing, pulls the clip and sets the Mosin on the picnic table.

DWIGHT

His head...

BEN

That's what bullets do.

Dwight watches in awe as Ben scoops the Mini-14 from the ground, pops the clip and safeties it beside the Mosin.

BEN (CONT'D)

Jesus man, I am not impressed. Told  
you to keep your distance- you  
missed from two yards?

Ben grabs Teddy's corpse under the armpits, waits for Dwight.

BEN (CONT'D)

Let's go man. I'd like him off my  
property. C'mon.

Dwight dusts off and grabs the corpse by the ankles. They lift and carry.

BEN (CONT'D)  
This Wade Cleland?

DWIGHT  
(straining)  
His older brother. Wade's already dead.

BEN  
(noticing the blood)  
Wipe your face off. He's probably got hepatitis.

They drop the body in the open trunk.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(re: Teddy's cell phone)  
Pick that up, throw it in here.

Dwight does as he's told.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Don't forget to wipe it down before you get rid of it. You got the keys?

Dwight checks his pockets and nods 'yes'.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Show 'em to me.

Dwight presents the keys. Ben shuts the trunk firmly.

DWIGHT  
(pointing)  
What about the rest of his head?

There's BRAIN TISSUE AND CARTILAGE in the nearby grass.

BEN  
Coyotes will get that.  
(second look)  
Long as there's no teeth...

DWIGHT  
(wiping face with shirt)  
They won't let it end. Not now.

BEN  
Yeah, well. I'm switching you to buckshot.

181 EXT. SECLUDED AREA - BEN'S PROPERTY - LATER 181

A CRUDE STACK OF JUGS AND CRATES BLOWS APART.

Dwight FIRES a CIRCUIT JUDGE REVOLVING RIFLE.

He lowers the barrel, pops the cylinder and tosses the spent shells, looking to Ben.

BEN

It's doesn't have the stopping power of a twelve gauge- but you seem comfortable with it.

Dwight nods, drifting.

Ben swaps guns as Dwight TUNES OUT.

BEN (CONT'D)

Shoots slugs too- but you wouldn't hit anything. Only five shots though, so the Steyr is your secondary-backup. Another eight rounds, and stopping power-

Ben steps to Dwight until his wandering eyes make contact.

BEN (CONT'D)

This is personal, I know. But that's how you'll fail. No talking. No speeches. If you point the gun, you shoot the gun.

Dwight nods.

182 EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEN'S HOUSE - DAY 182

Dwight and Ben load the guns and a pack in the Bonneville.

BEN

This should do you.

DWIGHT

Where's the closest car repair?

BEN

Well, once you're back to the main road- closest one's about 20 miles. But that's east. I assume you're heading west. It's just a gas station, though- watcha need?

DWIGHT

It'll be fine. But do you have some food I could take?

(holding his belly)

Think I'm going to pass out...

BEN

Yeah, man.

Dwight watches Ben double time it to the house.

183 INT. KITCHEN - BEN'S HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 183

Ben piles SNACKS from cabinets into a SHOPPING BAG. From a pantry he pulls packets of VACUUM SEALED FOOD.

184 EXT. BEN'S HOUSE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 184

Dwight shuts the Bonneville's door and turns to Ben, approaching with the grocery bag.

BEN

Threw a few MREs in there.

Dwight accepts the bag and hands Ben the OLD YEARBOOK.

BEN (CONT'D)

(flipping through)

Nice! I lost mine, or shot it up...

DWIGHT

I wish I didn't bring all this to you.

BEN

(closing yearbook)

It's come and gone. Plus, I'm glad you did. You'd be dead otherwise.

DWIGHT

You know what I mean.

BEN

If it were my family, I might do the same. I don't know. But I'm not helping 'cus this is right. This is ugly, man.

The two stand in silence, acknowledging the weight.

DWIGHT

Hey. If you ever do come across  
that Polaroid- of us with the  
stripper-

Ben smiles.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Do me a favor?

BEN

Yeah?

DWIGHT

Destroy it?

Ben's smile fades.

BEN

Okay.

185 INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY

185

Dwight drives west, squinting peacefully into the sun, wind  
from open windows scattering his hair.

ON THE RADIO: He powers it up and SCANS STATIONS.

A LOCAL OLDIES STATION CRACKLES THROUGH THE SPEAKERS.

ON THE BACK SEAT FLOOR: WIND WHIPS A CANVAS TARP OFF THE  
GUNS.

CLOSE UP: TRACKING ALONG THE RIFLE BARREL, THE TARP FLAPPING  
LOOSE, REVEALING A HEAVY DUTY CAR BATTERY.

CUT TO:

186 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - BEN'S HOUSE - DAY

186

The truck cab is packed with HUNTING GEAR. Ben tucks TWO  
RIFLE CASES behind the seats and turns the ignition.

THE ENGINE DOESN'T TURN OVER, NOT EVEN A CLICK.

He pulls the hood latch and hops out.

187 EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - BEN'S HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

187

Ben lifts the hood, revealing an EMPTY BATTERY TRAY WITH  
LOOSE HANGING CONNECTOR CABLES.

BEN

Ha.

188 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY 188  
THE OLDIES SONG REMAINS.  
The Bonneville pulls into the lot of a greasy spoon cafe'.

189 INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY 189  
THE OLDIES SONG REMAINS.  
Dwight unfolds a paper napkin at a booth. Before him, a CHEAP STEAK and a GLASS OF RED WINE.

190 INT. BEDROOM - BEN'S HOUSE - DAY 190  
Ben returns RIFLES to their locker, looks off...

191 INT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) - HIGHWAY - DAY 191  
THE OLDIES SONG SURGES.  
Back on the road, Dwight heads into the horizon.

192 INT. KITCHEN - BEN'S HOUSE - DAY 192  
FLASHES OF BLINDING BLUE LIGHT WITH MELTING, BUBBLING LAYERS.  
It's a POLAROID PICTURE BURNING IN A MICROWAVE.  
Ben leans against the kitchen counter, watching the show with a TALL-BOY in hand.  
He drinks.

193 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY 193  
THE OLDIES SONG IS DROWNED BY HARSH WIND AND PASSING TRAFFIC.  
Dwight leans against the Bonneville, VOMITING on the road.  
LOW STRINGS BUILD.

194 EXT. RURAL CENTRAL VIRGINIA - DAY 194  
A panoramic view of rolling-hill country.

195 EXT. HILLY ROAD - AFTERNOON 195  
The Bonneville turns off the main road and up an incline.

196 EXT. BONNEVILLE (MOVING) -HILLY ROAD - AFTERNOON 196  
ON THE CAR WHEELS, from CRACKED PAVEMENT TO RAW DIRT.

197 EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON 197  
Dwight backs the Bonneville into an off road clearing.

198 INT. BONNEVILLE - WOODS- AFTERNOON 198  
Dwight darkens. He cuts the engine.  
FROM THE BACK SEAT: Dwight opens the rear door and gathers his WEAPONS.  
ON THE KEYS, STILL DANGLING IN THE IGNITION, as Dwight shuts the door and passes the window. He places a FALLEN BRANCH against the car, shading the interior. Then another.

199 EXT. FRONT GATE - CLELAND PROPERTY - AFTERNOON 199  
A narrow, rutted road leads to a weathered brick entrance with an iron gate secured by a HEAVY CHAIN and PADLOCK.  
A worn, hand painted PLAQUE reads: 'CLELAND'

200 EXT. FENCE - CLELAND PROPERTY - AFTERNOON 200  
Dwight slides the Circuit Judge rifle and the Steyr pistol under a low, twisted fence. He tosses his backpack over and straddles the sagging wire, rolling over and off...  
...HIS SHOES HIT THE DIRT ONTO CLELAND PROPERTY.

201 EXT. WOODS - CLELAND PROPERTY - AFTERNOON 201  
TRACKING WITH DWIGHT, traversing dense woods, rifle in hand.

202 EXT. TREE LINE - AFTERNOON 202  
Dwight crouches, getting the lay of the land.  
A rustic single story house sits in a half acre clearing. A two-car garage lies beyond, its doors obstructed by a BOAT TRAILER parked on sunken concrete.  
Four generation's worth of ARTIFACTS clutter the property.

203 EXT. CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 203  
WIDE, FROM AFAR, Dwight starts towards the quiet house.

204 EXT. BACKYARD - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 204  
Dwight rounds the back with trained eyes, moving past an old TOW TRUCK, its load covered in BLUE TARP.  
THE BACK SCREEN DOOR, FRAMED IN WOOD. Dwight leans close, listening inside.  
He cracks it open, turning the interior door handle. LOCKED.

205 EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 205  
Dwight hugs the mossy siding, ducking under a window.  
He sets the rifle down, cupping the glass for a view.

206 EXT. CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 206  
Dwight stalks towards the front door.  
A DISTANT NOISE. He pivots to the woods and listens.

207 INT. CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 207  
THROUGH A WINDOW, Dwight appears, squinting into the dark interior cast in green from surrounding foliage.

208 EXT. BACKYARD - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 208  
Dwight opens the back screen door, widens his stance and VIOLENTLY KICKS THE INTERIOR DOOR. The screen SMACKS his back with each LOUD IMPACT.

The door holds firm. Spooked by his failed breach, Dwight clears out, the screen door SLAMMING behind him.

He scampers behind the tow truck and readies the rifle, his grip arm resting on a fender.

RIFLE SIGHTS ON THE BACK DOOR...

Nobody comes.

He turns to the tarp behind the truck, weighted by a CINDER BLOCK. He kicks it over and lifts the tarp.

UNDER THE TARP: The WHITE LIMOUSINE wreckage, scorched and half-cannibalized.

THUNK. Dwight plants the CINDER BLOCK, propping open the screen door. He leans the rifle by the frame and backs off.

With a running start, Dwight delivers a POWERFUL KICK.

The INTERIOR DOOR CAVES INWARD SEVERAL INCHES and the frame comes loose.

He backs up further and runs...

209                   INT. CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS)                   209

THE BACK DOOR SMASHES OPEN AND THE FRAME GIVES.

The rifle barrel pushes inside, Dwight guiding it.

HAND HELD WITH DWIGHT AS HE SEARCHES:

DOWN A HALLWAY. It's musty and dark, THICK DRAPES block the daylight.

THROUGH THE NARROW KITCHEN with JUNK FOOD WRAPPERS and dated appliances.

INTO THE DINING AREA with an oval TABLE, three ASHTRAYS, chairs piled with NEWSPAPERS and a wood laminate CREDENZA.

THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM, past a feline SCRATCHING POST, a corduroy COUCH, COFFEE TABLE, RECLINER and an oversized projection TV.

INTO THE MASTER BEDROOM with a QUEEN BED, STUFFED ANIMALS and a COT.

BACK OUT AND DOWN A HALLWAY, ducking in and out of a BATHROOM, past an IRONING BOARD against the wall.

INTO A SECOND BEDROOM with two DOUBLE BEDS, a small TELEVISION and a GAME CONSOLE...

AND BACK INTO THE HALLWAY- the full tour. Dwight lowers the rifle in the light of the doorway.

210 EXT. GARAGE - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 210

DWIGHT CRASHES THE RIFLE BUTT THROUGH THE GLASS OF THE SIDE DOOR. He reaches in, unlatching the dead bolt.

211 INT. GARAGE - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 211

Dwight moves through a mudroom stacked with BOXES, swinging his rifle into the garage.

Scattered LIMOUSINE PARTS, TOOLS, a REFRIGERATOR, and a full sized MATTRESS and BOX SPRING.

BLOOD SPLATTER above the baseboard bleeds through FRESH WALL PAINT. On the floor lies a ROLLER, an ALUMINUM TRAY and a CAN OF WHITE PAINT.

ON DWIGHT, turning to the near wall...

OVER HIS SHOULDER: HALF A DOZEN RIFLES ON RACKS, encased in the glass of an ANTIQUE CABINET.

There are TWO EMPTY RACKS IN THE CASE.

His shoulders sink, gazing at the arsenal before him.

He turns a KEY in the lock and the door drifts open.

He turns to the bed.

Atop a MILK CRATE 'end table' are scraps of TIN-FOIL, BOTTLE CAPS and a cloudy GLASS PIPE.

Dwight PULLS THE TOP SHEET FROM THE MATTRESS.

212 EXT. GARAGE - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 212

Dwight backs out the side door dragging the bedsheets, the CLATTERING guns wrapped inside.

213 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 213

Dwight opens the drapes, cross-lighting stagnant dust.

He unhooks THREE ANTIQUE RIFLES hanging above the television.

He runs his hands under the couch.

He pulls open a side table drawer.

With a knee to the floor, he searches the credenza.

He stands, noticing a BLINKING ANSWERING MACHINE on top.  
He hits 'PLAY'.

CHRIS (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

Teddy, check in. We took the truck.  
Headed to the shore, left you the  
map and your charger. William is  
with Sherri. She is not happy about  
all this. Might need to do  
something about her too. This is a  
fucking mess. Erase this if you get  
it. We'll pick William up on the  
way back. Should be there Thursday  
night. I hope to God you're not  
dead. Erase this if you get it.

BEEP.

Dwight finds the PHONE CHARGER and MAP on the dining table.  
It's his map from the Bonneville, with a line from Delaware  
to Virginia.

TEDDY & DWIGHT (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

(muffled, wind whipped)

TEDDY: ...he's here. No. Listen. Not now,  
he wants to meet- fine. I'll try, but  
we've already been through it. She wants  
to talk to you.

DWIGHT: Who?

TEDDY: My sister. She's bossy...

DWIGHT: Throw it...

TEDDY: Shit. The signal's weak. I don't  
want to blow this- just take it. It's  
fine. You can point that thing right at  
my face. I'm not moving.

DWIGHT: Turn around. Look away.

TEDDY: Keep your finger on the trigger...  
It's over as far as I'm concerned. You  
hear that, sis? Don't go starting ANY  
SHIT- AN OVERMODULATED SCUFFLE

TEDDY: THERE'S NOBODY HOME, STUPID FUCK!  
They're hun-

CLICK. BEEP. Dwight has his finger on the 'STOP' button.

He presses 'PLAY ALL' and continues searching...

CLICK. BEEP.

TEDDY (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hey, when you're home stay there.  
Had to swap out a tire to tow her  
four down- hitched up now, should  
be there by eight or nine. We'll  
take his car. Call me on my cell.  
And keep Carl in check.

BEEP.

214 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 214  
Dwight circles the bed, checking under the mattress.

FEMALE VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

Hello. This is officer Downey with  
Community Corrections calling to  
reach Wade Cleland...

He slides open a bedside drawer and removes a NICKEL PLATED REVOLVER. He tests the weight and tucks it in his belt.

FEMALE VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
(CONT'D)

You had a post release and  
urinalysis scheduled this morning  
which you did not attend, I'm gonna  
need you to contact me immediately  
and make that up this week to avoid  
a violation. Don't wanna start off  
on the wrong foot...

BLACK. A CLOSET DOOR OPENS, Dwight pushes aside hanging clothes: VACUUM CLEANER, STUFFED ANIMALS, lots of REEBOKS.

FEMALE VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
(CONT'D)

You can reach me at four three  
four, two nine five, seven one nine  
four, Community Corrections,  
Probation and Parole District 9.  
Officer Downey.

BEEP.

215 INT. 2ND BEDROOM - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 215  
Dwight checks the mattresses. One BED is messy, tucked in a corner with a metal frame and headboard.

The other an AIR MATTRESS with pressed sheets and a CARTON OF CIGARETTES by the pillow.

CARL (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
Pick up. Pick up! She was not there-  
he was. Pick up...

Dwight's eyes settle on a HOMEMADE BANNER draped above the door frame with letters drawn in marker: '*Welcome Home Wade!!!*'

CARL (ON ANSWERING MACHINE) (CONT'D)  
...I'm not saying anything on this,  
but I need a ride and Teddy is *not*  
with-

CLICK. BEEP.

216 EXT. BACKYARD - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON

216

The bedsheet lies open by the back door. Dwight tosses the hung antiques onto the HEAP OF GUNS.

217 EXT. HILL - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON

217

Dwight drags the bedsheet down an incline, coming upon a low, rusted gate bordering a CRUDE GRAVE SITE.

LIMESTONE MEMORIALS, GRANITE HEADSTONES and SLABS OF SLATE sit shaded by a tree, crooked from its roots.

Near the edge, FRESHLY CHURNED DIRT with DRIED WILD FLOWERS and a LIQUOR BOTTLE in place of a stone.

218 EXT. WOODS - CLELAND PROPERTY - LATE AFTERNOON

218

Dwight shovels dirt under a canopy of trees.

He pulls the bedsheet of guns into the ditch and fills it in.

He walks over loose dirt, packing it down.

219 INT. KITCHEN - CLELAND HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

219

Glistening with muddy sweat, Dwight pulls a cup from a cabinet, filling it from the tap and chugging water.

He refills it.

220 EXT. GRAVE SITE - CLELAND HOME - LATE AFTERNOON 220  
ON THE FRESH GRAVE, PUSHING PAST IT, MOVING TOWARDS A GRANITE HEADSTONE: '**WADE MARSHAL CLELAND SR.**'  
Urine desecrates the grave. A healthy amount of it.

221 INT. LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - CLELAND HOME - EVENING 221  
ON THE WELCOME MAT, Dwight props a GLASS JAR of coins, tacks and hardware against the front door.  
He takes shelter behind a PILED FURNITURE BUNKER, bracing against the wall, his rifle barrel resting on a couch pillow.  
Dwight waits patiently in the dark.

222 EXT. CLELAND HOME - NIGHT 222  
The BUSY DRONE of night creatures.  
PUSHING IN ON THE PITCH BLACK HOUSE.

223 INT. LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT 223  
Dwight's heavy, drifting eyes.  
HUM...TICK - THE LIVING ROOM LAMP THROWS WARM LIGHT AND DEEP SHADOWS IN EVERY DIRECTION.  
Dwight springs up with his weight against the wall.  
His eyes sharpen, his breaths ease- in through the nose, out through the mouth. The rifle is trained steadily on the door.  
He hunts for a trace of sound or motion.  
But there is none.  
He steps in for a better angle of view. Still no trace.  
He ducks past the window and drops down.

224 INT. KITCHEN - CLELAND HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 224  
Dwight crawls through the kitchen and out the back door.

225 EXT. CLELAND HOME - NIGHT 225

Dwight jogs in a crouch around the house, sweeping with his eyes through the rifle sights.

He lines-up the front porch. Nothing but night.

226 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - NIGHT 226

Dwight enters from the kitchen, approaching the PHANTOM LAMP.

He drops to all fours and traces the lamp cord to an OUTLET.

Between the plug and socket is a SMALL BEIGE DEVICE, like a thermostat, but marked with hours instead of degrees. Written in brown font:

**'Intermatic TIME-ALL'** It's set for 9PM.

From his low vantage point, Dwight notices a stack of BOOKS under the coffee table.

He pulls out two dusty vinyl PHOTO ALBUMS.

He cocks his head and listens. Then settles on the floor against the recliner and flips through...

THE PHOTO ALBUM:

*A photo timeline of the Clelands. Vintage black and whites, faded color prints and stained Polaroids. From stoic, depression era hunters to Teddy and his limousines.*

*Pelts and guns.*

*A man and a woman.*

*The man sick. The woman pregnant.*

*The woman with a baby, others wear black.*

*A young boy beside a slain deer, with indifferent eyes...*

227 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - EARLY MORNING 227

Dwight sits asleep on the floor against the recliner, the album across his lap. The lamp's warm glow clashes against the morning blue.

HUM...TICK. The lamp turns off.

Dwight wakes in the cold light.

228 INT. 2ND BEDROOM - CLELAND HOME - MORNING 228  
Dwight pulls the bedsheet off the air mattress, sets the cigarette carton back on top.

229 EXT. WOODS - CLELAND PROPERTY - MORNING 229  
TRACKING WITH DWIGHT, back through the woods, the sheet over his shoulder.

230 EXT. BONNEVILLE - WOODS - MORNING 230  
PUSHING IN ON THE BONNEVILLE, half camouflaged with branches.  
ON THE TRUNK as it unlatches and bobs. Dwight lifts it open, wincing at the escaping smell.  
He spreads the bedsheet on the ground, holds his breath and lunges into the trunk, grappling with TEDDY'S BODY until it slumps over the edge and onto the sheet.  
Dwight gasps upward for air, pockets Teddy's CELL PHONE and shuts the trunk.  
He wraps the body.

231 EXT. FENCE - CLELAND PROPERTY - MORNING 231  
Dwight struggles with THE BODY, caught in the fence by its own weight.

232 EXT. WOODS - CLELAND PROPERTY - LATE MORNING 232  
Dwight drags THE BODY by the bedsheet, torn and muddy with blood pooling at one end.  
He's exhausted, sweating profusely.

233 EXT. GRAVE SITE - CLELAND HOME - DAY 233  
ON DWIGHT'S FACE, as he shovels dirt.  
ON THE GRAVE he's digging, by the edge of the gated plot.  
WIDER, Dwight stands in the ditch, hips at ground level. He pulls THE BODY into the grave.  
ON DWIGHT'S FACE, as he shovels.

A MUFFLED PULSE stops him mid swing.

AGAIN, clearly now- A TELEPHONE RING.

234 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - DAY 234

ON THE PHONE. Dwight stomps to a halt, catching his breath as the ANSWERING MACHINE ENGAGES.

TEDDY'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(answering machine)  
You've reached the Cleland  
residence- drop it like it's hot.

BEEP. DEAD AIR.

FOUR NUMERIC TONES. Dwight tenses.

ANSWERING MACHINE  
(electronic menu voice)  
You have-no-new messages. You have-  
five-saved mes-

THREE NUMERIC TONES. Dwight steps closer with wide eyes.

ANSWERING MACHINE (CONT'D)  
(electronic menu voice)  
You have-no-messages.

A SUSTAINED DIAL TONE...

CLICK. Dwight stares, shaken.

He fishes in his pocket, sets Teddy's phone on the dining table and plugs in the charger.

Fumbling with the power connector, Dwight scowls until the phone CHIRPS AFFIRMATIVE.

235 EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY 235

Dwight wiggles a SLAB OF ROCK flush with the dirt.

He PAINTS 'TEDDY' on it with the roller and tray.

236 INT. LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - CLELAND HOME - DAY 236

Dwight swings his rifle in the hallway, testing the width.

237 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CLELAND HOME - DAY 237  
Dwight shuts the closet door and pinches the drapes, reaching through them to open the bottom window pane.  
He kneels behind the bed.  
RIFLE SIGHTS THROUGH THE DOOR, INTO THE LIVING ROOM HALL.

238 INT. 2ND BEDROOM - CLELAND HOME - DAY 238  
Dwight closes the drapes and turns on a table lamp, leaving the door slightly ajar.

239 INT. HALLWAY - CLELAND HOME - DAY 239  
Dwight steps to the ironing board against the wall. He moves it aside and discovers a narrow doorway into a utility area.

240 INT. UTILITY AREA - CLELAND HOME - DAY 240  
Dwight enters the dark and pulls a hanging chain. A fluorescent light warms up, flickering above a compact washing machine and utility sink. DRIED BLOOD coats the sink rim, a bag of soiled clothes sits on the washer.  
A silver CHARM NECKLACE dangles from a wire shelf.

241 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 241  
ON THE CELLPHONE, atop the dining table. It CHIRPS again, the charger unplugged. Dwight rises behind it.  
He disconnects the phone and arranges the charger on the table as he found it beside the map.  
He dials a number on Teddy's cell phone, referring to a LABEL on the house phone.  
He waits. The house phone RINGS...  
The answering machine CLICKS AND SPEWS SHRILL AUDIO FEEDBACK.

242 EXT. BACK YARD - CLELAND HOME - AFTERNOON 242  
Dwight stands thirty feet from the house, the phone pressed to his ear, waiting for a BEEP.

DWIGHT  
(into phone)  
Hello. It's me...

243 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - EVENING 243  
ON THE WELCOME MAT: Dwight removes the GLASS JAR from against the door.

244 INT. LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - CLELAND HOME - EVENING 244  
LOW, BROODING STRINGS.  
The furniture bunker is gone. Dwight tucks to the wall and sinks to the floor, the rifle in his lap.

245 EXT. CLELAND HOME - EVENING 245  
FIREFLIES BLINK in the brush as the house darkens.

246 EXT. WOODS - CLELAND PROPERTY - EVENING 246  
The night sky envelopes the surrounding woods.  
THE LOW STRINGS BUILD.

247 EXT. WOODS - CLELAND PROPERTY - NIGHT 247  
Black trees sway.

248 EXT. FRONT GATE - CLELAND PROPERTY - NIGHT 248  
Through the rusted gate, HEADLIGHTS APPEAR around a bend and skip off the dirt.  
THE STRINGS INTENSIFY.

249 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - NIGHT 249  
EXTREME CLOSE-UP, THE INTERNAL MECHANISM OF A LOW TECH ELECTRONIC DEVICE. ROTATING PLASTIC AROUND SIMPLE WIRING.  
A FAMILIAR BUZZ...CLICK.  
The PHANTOM LAMP illuminates.  
DOWN THE HALL, Dwight waits.

The distant CLINK OF A GATE. The RUMBLE OF TIRES.

Dwight brings his knees to his chest, his feet flat against the carpet.

He pulls out Teddy's cell phone, presses a button and waits.

OUTSIDE, A VEHICLE PULLS UP.

Dwight backs into the dark, pressing another button.

THE HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

MUFFLED VOICES OUTSIDE. RUNNING FEET.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
(through door)  
It's the phone!

CARL (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Move!

KEYS CLANK AGAINST THE DOOR.

THE DOOR LATCHES OPEN: CARL, CHRIS, AND HOPE BURST THROUGH...

ON DWIGHT, shadowed out of view, quietly closing the phone and slipping it away.

THE RINGING STOPS as the trio reaches the phone.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

CHRIS  
There's a message!

HOPE  
Go. Play it!

Chris presses 'PLAY'.

ON DWIGHT, DOWN THE HALLWAY, dripping sweat. He raises the Circuit Judge Rifle, finds a firm grip.

Chris, Hope and Carl gather around the table, listening intently to the message.

THEY'RE ALL IN HIS SIGHTS.

CLICK. BEEP.

DWIGHT'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
Hello. It's me. Dwight Evans...

CARL  
MOTHER FUCKER!

HOPE  
Shut the fuck up!

DWIGHT (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
Wade is dead. Teddy is dead too. He  
told me everything. I think.

Chris weeps. Carl BLURTS but Hope SLAPS him quiet.

DWIGHT'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
I didn't kill him- well, I guess I  
did. It doesn't matter. By my count  
that's two of yours and two of  
mine. I don't know how this ends,  
but I'd like it to, uh...  
Or it can keep going. I just need  
my sister to be left out if this-

CARL  
(erupting)  
THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING TO  
PITTSBURGH YOU SONA-

BOOM! CARL'S CHEST POPS OPEN, SPLATTERING BLOOD ON THE  
ANSWERING MACHINE AND ACROSS THE DINING AREA.

Carl keels over YELLING THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH as Dwight  
steps from the shadows.

HOPE  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU?!!

CHRIS  
THAT'S HIM!

DWIGHT'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
I have Teddy's phone.

Dwight aims and fires. BOOM.

A MISS. The bulk of the buckshot SPLINTERS THE TABLE, some of  
it GRAZES HOPE, HER SLEEVE TEARING WITH BLOODY MIST.

DWIGHT  
(quick, instinctual)  
Sorry.

HE CHECKS HIS AIM AND BLOWS ANOTHER HOLE IN CARL'S SIDE.

HOPE  
WE'RE GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU!

DWIGHT'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
You'll find his body in the yard  
with some family.

Dwight nods, showing teeth. Carl slumps in the corner.

DWIGHT  
Wish you woulda...

He aims, alternating between Chris and Hope.

DWIGHT'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
Call it if you want to talk this  
through...

Tears flow down Dwight's flushed face.

DWIGHT  
(trembling)  
You people...

DWIGHT'S VOICE (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)  
Sorry to bother you at home.

CLICK. BEEP.

Chris looks to the wall above the television.

DWIGHT  
Guns are gone. Buried them.

He shows the nickel plated revolver tucked in his belt.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
This one too.

Chris looks to the RECLINER.

Hope turns her head ever so slightly, eyes drifting to the front door:

THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR: OUT OF DWIGHT'S VIEW STANDS THE BOY, grasping his hand held video game console. He creeps backward towards the PARKED TRUCK.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Don't shoot us.

DWIGHT (O.S.)  
I've been here a while. Waiting.

The Boy delicately opens the cab door and removes a DOUBLE BARRELED SHOTGUN from a GUN RACK.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Trying to think of reasons not to  
do this- to end your family.  
There's a thousand. But there's one  
why I should.

HOPE  
Fine. We'll leave her out.

Dwight looks up from his sights.

DWIGHT  
How ca-

BOOM. DWIGHT IS THROWN BACK SEVERAL FEET BY THE IMPACT FROM THE SHOTGUN BLAST, HIS RIFLE DROPS TO THE GROUND.

Dwight defiantly attempts to stand, bleeding from his ribs.

HOPE  
GO! BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!

The Young Boy walks in closer as Dwight staggers to his feet.

CHRIS  
KILL HIM, WILLIAM.

HOPE  
(to Dwight)  
Your whole family will die...

The Young Boy, William, shakes his head 'no' as Chris steps towards the door.

WILLIAM  
(crying, still walking)  
I don't want to.

As William approaches, Dwight grabs the Circuit Judge from the floor and swings it like a sword, sweeping and SMACKING THE BARREL OF WILLIAM'S SHOTGUN. BOOM.

PLASTER FROM THE CEILING RAINS DOWN ON DWIGHT AND WILLIAM.

Chris reaches the recliner in a crouch as Dwight puts her in his sights.

DWIGHT  
STOP.

Chris stands slowly.

Hope holds her bleeding arm, exuding pure hatred.

William stands stunned with a loose grip on the shotgun.

ON THE SHOTGUN: TWO SMOKING BARRELS, TWO TRIGGERS.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(calmly, to William)

I don't know much about guns. But I  
think I have more bullets than you.

HOPE

DON'T KILL HIM.

DWIGHT

(to Hope)

If he dies tonight, your father  
killed him. Your father killed  
everyone here.

Dwight lifts his shirt, exposing the GUSHING HOLE IN HIS SIDE.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(calmly, to William)

I think you did your job, William.  
I still gotta finish up, though.  
Fast, I think.

William looks around the room. Dread everywhere.

Settling into shock, Dwight watches his shotgun wound bleed.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

It's funny- hurts less than  
the...uh, arrow...

Hope Nods to William. He backs towards the door.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(calmly, to William)

Leave the gun. You can just wipe it  
off... My car is down the road, off  
in the woods a little. It's dark  
though.

Chris nervously shifts her weight as William runs past and out the door, gun still in hand.

Dwight, Hope and Chris stand listening to the PAT OF WILLIAMS FEET AGAINST THE DIRT ROAD.

Until they stand in silence.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
He's my Father's son?

Chris and Hope find each other's eyes.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Teddy told me about the cancer. Big  
Wade.

CHRIS  
(quiet, furious)  
Don't you mention their names.

Dwight pulls out the nickel plated revolver and sets it on the window ledge to his side.

DWIGHT  
You know what's awful?

He raises the Circuit Judge.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Just because my Dad and your Mom  
loved each other? We all end up  
dead...

Eyes glistening, lip trembling, DWIGHT LOWERS THE BARREL.

CHRIS DIVES FOR THE RECLINER, SLAPS THE WOODEN LEVER ON THE SIDE, EXTENDING THE FOOT REST.

HOPE  
AHHHHHHHH!

HOPE CHARGES DWIGHT. DWIGHT AIMS AND FIRES.

BOOM. HOPE'S LEG SPEWS BLOODY CHUNKS- IT DOESN'T SLOW HER DOWN ONE BIT.

UNDERNEATH THE RECLINER'S EXTENDED FOOTREST: A HOMEMADE WOODEN GUN COMPARTMENT REINFORCED WITH DUCT TAPE: CHRIS PULLS OUT A TEC-9 MACHINE PISTOL, UNLOADING THE 30 ROUND CLIP AT DWIGHT. PTRDDDDDDDDDDDD....

ON DWIGHT, RATHER CALM. AIMING...

THE FURNITURE AND WOOD PANELED WALLS BEHIND HIM ARE RIDDLED WITH BULLETS AS HOPE FLAILS CLOSER.

DWIGHT BLASTS A HOLE IN CHRIS' SHOULDER, SHATTERING THE LAMP BY THE DOOR.

ILLUMINATED BY RAPID GUNFIRE: THE BULLET SPRAY FROM CHRIS' TEC-9 RIPS APART HOPE'S BACK AS SHE REACHES DWIGHT.

ON DWIGHT, CALMLY FIRING.

250 EXT. CLELAND HOME - NIGHT 250

William watches from the dark woods holding the shotgun.

The Cleland home is ABLAZE IN GUNFIRE.

Within seconds, it falls QUIET.

William turns to the front gate, tossing the shotgun before disappearing into the darkness.

Just the DRONE OF THOSE BUSY NIGHT CREATURES.

251 INT. LIVING ROOM - CLELAND HOME - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 251

The DRONE carries inside.

The room is A DARK, BLOODY MESS.

CLOSE ON DWIGHT. He sets his chin atop the window sill, unable to focus his gaze beyond the glass pane.

WITH HEAVY BREATH, he tucks his neck until his forehead rests on the sill and his eyes stare down at the shag carpet.

DWIGHT  
(gurgling)  
Keys are in the car. The keys are  
...in the car...

His words are overtaken by blood.

252 EXT. CLELAND HOME - NIGHT 252

The Cleland property sits still in the night.

Can't see Dwight.

253 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING 253

A TRANQUIL SUBURBAN SOUNDSCAPE.

KIDS ON BICYCLES pass a BENT CARBON ARROW by a sewer drain.

Another ARROW, EMBEDDED IN AN OAK TREE. Just behind it, an oblivious NEIGHBOR cleaning his gutters.

254 EXT. SIDE YARD - RANCH HOUSE - MORNING 254

ON THE GARBAGE: Dwight's CARDBOARD BOX sits atop the pile along with a few bird droppings.

255 INT. RANCH HOUSE - MORNING 255

IN THE KITCHEN: the TAPED UP CARDBOARD on the back window.

UNDER THE DINING TABLE: The GARDEN WEEDER lies in a pool of sunlight.

THE SOUND OF SOMEONE APPROACHING FROM OUTSIDE.

ON THE FRONT DOOR: The Mail slot swings open, fluttering daylight as a STACK OF MAIL shoves through.

ON THE FLOOR: SAM'S HOUSE KEYS, 4 days worth of JUNK MAIL, and a POSTCARD, with a drawing of Thomas Jefferson's home and outlined block letters filled-in with images of lighthouses, waterfalls, blue mountains and trees.

IT READS:

**'Greetings from Virginia: The Old Dominion State'**

256 CUT TO BLACK. 256