

# **FOUR ASSASSINS (AND A FUNERAL)**

**WRITTEN BY RYAN HOOPER  
4.11.21**

**INDUSTRY | ANDREW DEANE**

**PARADIGM | MARK ROSS**

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - OUTSIDE SPOKANE - DAY (1999)**

A classic RED and WHITE BARN. Paint peeling. The DOME of an old GRAIN SILO poking out over this slice of Americana.

But any calm is shattered by the PITTER-PATTER of *FOOTSTEPS*. The ROAR of a HERD moving HARD and FAST.

Then around the corner come **VIOLET** and **TODD FERRIER** (14, 16). Running side-by-side, jockeying for position.

TODD

Should've cut me off at the lake,  
you teenage mutant freak.

VIOLET

Better to be a teenage mutant freak  
than a shit-licking bedwetter...

Todd doesn't understand. But then Violet kicks his legs out-  
*sends him FACE-PLANTING into a steaming pile of COW SHIT.*

PORTIA (O.S.)

Cheater, cheater, pumpkin eater!

Violet looks back toward the BARN. Her two YOUNGER SIBLINGS, **DOMINIC** (12) and **PORTIA** (10), lagging behind.

DOMINIC

Don't look at *me*! She said it!

Violet throws up her MIDDLE FINGER. A SMILE breaking as she  
nears... *a PLYWOOD MAZE at the edge of the WOODS.*

But before Violet enters, she glances to a FARMHOUSE on the  
hill- to a **MAN** watching from the ridge, arms folded.

Violet puts her head down, parades into this LABYRINTH. Dips  
and ducks to a FIRING RANGE buried at the center of it...

Then rushes into an EMPTY STALL and takes up a COMBAT KNIFE.  
She winds it back, narrows on a TARGET fifty yards out.

VIOLET

Deep breath. Shoulder. *Pull.*

Violet ROCKETS the KNIFE, sticks the TARGET between the EYES.  
But when she looks back up at the HILL- *the MAN is GONE.*

Violet frowns. Her SIBLINGS rush in and gather their WEAPONS.  
Todd raises a PISTOL, Dominic an AXE, Portia a RIFLE-

And a CHORUS of GUNFIRE follows, the SOUND echoing towards...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

An ornate MANOR HOUSE. Two distinct wings flanking a lavish GREAT ROOM adorned with BOOKCASES and a STEINWAY GRAND.

It's all well appointed, precise. Only thing out of place is the LITTLE GIRL at the WINDOW: **ZOE FERRIER** (8).

She's different than her SIBLINGS- years younger, MIXED-RACE. With a head of wild curls streaming to her SHOULDERS.

But more importantly... *she's left out*. Watching with envy as her SIBLINGS compete together in the MAZE.

Feeling jealous, Zoe tightens her GRIP around her TEDDY BEAR. Looks to an ANTIQUE KATANA mounted on the WALL.

ZOE  
We'll show them, Sword.

She clambers onto the PIANO BENCH, goes on her TIPPY-TOES to reach for the HILT. Still, it's just out of reach.

But Zoe doesn't panic. She unlatches her VELCRO LACES, uses her SHOE to pop the SWORD up and into her HANDS.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - OUTER WALL/MAZE - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe inches open a WINDOW. Crawls out with the KATANA strung through the BELT LOOP of her OSHKOSH CORDS.

She lowers to an OUTLET BOX- leaps to a WATER SPOUT. Bounces down to the HILL overlooking the MAZE below...

ZOE  
Ready or not, Maze, here I come...

Zoe takes a GARDEN HOSE and coils it around her ARM. Rappels backwards down the SLOPE with the deft of a BALLERINA.

Her CARE BEARS SNEAKERS land like a FEATHER at the bottom. Zoe then turns for the MAZE, *but as she draws the KATANA...*

JOEL (O.S.)  
Slow down there, firefly...

The MAN from before, **JOEL FERRIER** (48), scar splitting his beard, lifts the SWORD from her HANDS. Minds her ICY GLARE.

JOEL  
Don't you gimme that look. You know you're not supposed to be out here.

ZOE

But Violet said when she was my age  
*she* played in the maze all the time.

JOEL

That's different. Violet, she's...  
well, she's not like you.

Zoe crosses her arms.

ZOE

You mean she's not adopted.

JOEL

No, I mean she's different. Hell, we  
used to make her wear rubber gloves  
to keep from pickin' her damn nose.

Joke doesn't land. Joel lowers to her EYES.

JOEL (cont'd)

Look at me, *hey*. I know it's hard for  
you... being the youngest. I know you  
want a shot at that maze. But I made a  
promise when I brought you here, told  
your folks I'd keep you safe. So just  
trust me, okay? There's so much fun  
stuff you can do inside that house...

ZOE

Like what?

A crooked smile.

JOEL

How 'bout I just show you.

Joel takes Zoe by the HAND and leads her up toward the HOUSE.  
Never notices Violet and Todd watching from the MAZE DOOR...

TODD

Remember when that used to be you?

Violet gnaws at her FINGERNAILS. Something like RAGE burning  
across her dark, narrow EYES.

VIOLET

Meet me back at the starting line.

She shoots Todd a look.

VIOLET (cont'd)

I want to go again.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - WEST WING UPSTAIRS - DAY**

Joel steers Zoe up a sprawling ARCH STAIRCASE. They make a left at the LANDING... arrive before a GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

Joel opens the CLOCK'S ACCESS PANEL. Slips a CHAIN from his NECK with a BRASS KEY looped around it.

Then slots the KEY in the CLOCK FACE, winds the HANDS three times, and as he steps back- a DOOR pops open in the WALL.

Zoe's JAW drops to the FLOOR. But Joel just lifts a FINGER to his LIPS, ushers her up a small set of STAIRS-

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Into his SECRET ATTIC OFFICE. A cluttered space packed with ANTIQUE BOOKS, VIETNAM WAR relics, a handful of TACKLE BOXES.

ZOE

Holy cow...

Zoe twirls around, noting every item, every gizmo. She picks up an old GRENADE- Joel calmly plucks it from her hand.

JOEL

Let's maybe not go touching everything just yet.

Zoe barely notices. Distracted with the world around her.

ZOE

What *is* this place?

JOEL

*This... is my secret hideout, and you are the only one on Earth who knows about it. So next time you want to be out there, I want you to come up here and I want you to remember something.*

Joel sets the BRASS KEY around her neck.

JOEL (cont'd)

You're my kid, Zoe Ferrier... and you don't need some damn maze to prove it.

Zoe considers the KEY... but can't help from peeking out the WINDOW at the MAZE below, *still yearning to be a part of it-*

AND AS THIS SPUNKY EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CONTEMPLATES HER VERY OWN EXISTENCE FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, WE MATCH CUT HARD TO:

**SAME PLACE. FIVE YEARS LATER.**

ZOE (13) stands at the WINDOW- PINK BRACES on her TEETH. She watches as VIOLET and the OTHERS spar in an EMPTY COW PEN.

ZOE  
Stupid nosepicker...

Zoe balls up her FISTS- and starts PUNCHING at the AIR. Her HANDS cutting left and right, imitating Violet's every move.

**SAME PLACE. FOUR YEARS LATER.**

ZOE (17), in FULL HEADGEAR now, does WIND SPRINTS back and forth across the ROOM. Sings to muffle the GUNFIRE outside.

ZOE  
*I'm a survivor, I'm not gon' give up-*

She drops to do a set of PUSH-UPS, but hears the DOOR open and rolls over. Cracks a BOOK just as Joel crests the STAIRS.

**SAME PLACE. THREE YEARS LATER.**

ZOE (20), finally BRACES-FREE, hangs from a DOOR-FRAME by her FEET. Flips through MCAT REVIEW QUESTIONS in between CRUNCHES.

ZOE  
*B... Left ventricle.*

She checks the ANSWER on the NEXT PAGE: *B*. Zoe smirks, drops to do another CRUNCH, and as she falls out of FRAME-

**SOMEWHERE ELSE. PRESENT DAY.**

ZOE (30) crawls back into view, reaches for her next HOLD. It only now becoming clear that she's SCALING A SHEER ROCK FACE.

*LEGEND: POINT DUME. LOS ANGELES, CA.*

Zoe firms up her position- looks out at the OCEAN. *And just as we're convinced she might be some kind of badass...*

Destiny's Child's, "JUMPIN' JUMPIN'" blares from her POCKET.

Zoe scrambles for her PHONE, in a hurry to answer. But in her rush, the PHONE slips! Plummets toward the SAND.

Zoe spins back for it, gets tangled in her ROPES. She kicks out her FOOT, somehow pops the PHONE off her TOE-

And secures it in her HANDS, swings the RECEIVER to her EAR:

ZOE  
Doctor Zoe Ferrier...

VOICE (PHONE)  
Doctor Zoe Ferrier, there's a pirate  
ship outside my window.

Zoe shakes her head. *Not the call she was expecting.*

ZOE  
I thought you were the hospital.

**INT. THE VENETIAN HOTEL - GUEST ROOM - SAME TIME**

**JOEL FERRIER** (70) stands at the WINDOW of a posh HOTEL ROOM,  
eyeing the PIRATE SHIP outside the TREASURE ISLAND CASINO.

JOEL  
Nope. Just a lonely man on the road.

ZOE (PHONE)  
Where are you?

JOEL  
The Venetian. Sweet talked the lady  
downstairs into a view of The Strip.

He starts to hear Zoe panting through the PHONE.

JOEL (cont'd)  
You runnin' around or something?  
Sound like you're suckin' wind...

**EXT. POINT DUME - LOS ANGELES, CA - SAME TIME**

Zoe pulls the PHONE away from her FACE. Inhales and exhales  
a few times to slow her breathing.

ZOE  
Just... blowing off steam.

JOEL (PHONE)  
Just blowin' off steam, how?

Zoe hesitates. Noting his skepticism.

ZOE  
Don't make me lie to you, Dad. I  
was in surgery all night.

JOEL (PHONE)  
I don't need you to lie to me. But --

ZOE  
*You made a promise when you adopted me. Told my folks you'd keep me safe.*

She can almost hear him SMILING through the PHONE.

JOEL (PHONE)  
You got a brain, firefly. A future. Don't waste it runnin' around in worlds that ain't yours...

ZOE  
And what if it is my world?

JOEL (PHONE)  
Then trust me when I say, even if it was... you don't want any part of it.

Zoe takes that in. Glum.

ZOE  
I'm going to be late for my shift.

JOEL (PHONE)  
Yeah. Okay. Goodbye, kiddo.

ZOE  
Goodbye, Dad.

She hangs up and pockets the PHONE. Then searches the WALL for her next HOLD, resumes her CLIMB.

**EXT. POINT DUME - PARKING LOT - MORNING**

Zoe slogs through the empty PARKING LOT toward her JEEP. *The BRASS KEY her father gave her still dangling around her NECK.*

MAN (O.S.)  
PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

Startled, Zoe grabs the MACE BOTTLE on her KEY RING. Whirls it toward... **ANDRE** (30s). Standing there in MEDICAL SCRUBS.

ANDRE  
Woah! Hey! It's me, it's Andre.

ZOE  
Jesus Christ, Andre. What are you sneaking up on me like that for?

ANDRE  
Tried calling you a few times, you  
never called back.

ZOE  
So you pretended to stick me up? In  
the middle of an empty parking lot?

ANDRE  
I'm not sure I'd really call it a  
stick up, but I can see how you might  
have interpreted it that way.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE  
What is so important that you had to  
come find me out here?

ANDRE  
I heard about the surgery. Heard...  
Coates took it away from you.

She throws her CLIMBING GEAR in the TRUNK.

ZOE  
It was his call. Whatever happens to  
that little girl, it's on him.

ANDRE  
So the whole midnight rock climb  
thing? That was just... exercise?

ZOE  
Why are we even talking about this?  
We've made out like two times.

ANDRE  
*Three* times if you count the holiday  
party... which I do.

Zoe pushes out a breath.

ZOE  
Look, I grew up with brothers and  
sisters. I can take care of myself.

Andre perks up now.

ANDRE  
You never told me you had siblings...

And before Zoe can figure out how to answer that-

**INT. FIVE-STAR HOTEL ROOM - PARIS - NIGHT**

Vivaldi's 'VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E' fills the air, warming this otherwise expressionless, modern-chic HOTEL ROOM.

The music drifts toward a MARBLE BATHROOM, toward a **FRENCHMAN** bound to the TOILET SEAT, his BODY shaking...

FRENCHMAN

Ne me blesse pas! S'il vous plaît!

The FRENCHMAN is staring back at **TODD FERRIER** (38), polishing his REMINGTON 1911 PISTOL with a MONOGRAMMED HANDKERCHIEF.

TODD

Sorry, I missed that... did you say, "I'm a lying miscreant who tried to operate outside Company guidelines?"

The FRENCHMAN whimpers. Todd hangs his PRADA SUIT JACKET on the DOOR. Then, all the sudden, the SCREEN SPLITS--

**INT. NIGHTCLUB BATHROOM - SECOND SCREEN - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT**

A DRUNK BUSINESSWOMAN stumbles into a swanky CLUB BATHROOM. The only other person in there... **VIOLET FERRIER** (36).

She looks the part. Jumpsuit, heels, cigarette at her lips. But her EYES are narrow, dangerous as before...

The Businesswoman ducks into a STALL. And as Violet slides a KNIFE from her CLUTCH to her HAND, the SCREEN SPLITS again--

**EXT. TOKYO ALLEYWAY - THIRD SCREEN - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT**

A JAPANESE MAN crawls across broken glass. His BLOOD seeping into every crevice of this NEON-SOAKED BACKSTREET.

**DOMINIC FERRIER** (34) bursts through a BACK DOOR. Stalks over the MAN as he tightens his GRIP around a HATCHET. But before Dominic strikes, the SCREEN SPLITS once more--

**EXT. DETROIT ROOFTOP - FOURTH SCREEN - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT**

Two PETITE HANDS snap the last pieces of a SNIPER RIFLE into place. Face the GUN toward an OFFICE BUILDING.

**PORTIA FERRIER** (32) puts her EYE to the SCOPE. Pops a pair of ADDERALL PILLS to steady her aim (*or maybe, because she's just super fucking addicted to ADDERALL*).

**FOUR SCREENS NOW - FOUR INTERCUT FERRIERS**

**TODD** shoves a HAND TOWEL in the FRENCHMAN'S MOUTH. Jams his PISTOL up against it and sprays his BRAINS across the TILE.

**VIOLET** kicks open the STALL DOOR. Pins the BUSINESSWOMAN to the WALL with her SIX-INCH HEELS and stabs her in the SKULL.

**DOMINIC** lifts the JAPANESE MAN up by his ANKLE. Slices his LEG at the KNEE and chucks his AMPUTATED FOOT in a DUMPSTER.

**PORTIA** trains her SCOPE on a SUIT presenting to a CONFERENCE ROOM. She pulls the TRIGGER- pings him right in the EYE-BALL.

The FERRIERS get to work cleaning up their respective messes. But then, all at once, their PHONES start to RING:

**TODD** sees it's from an UNKNOWN NUMBER. Answers.

TODD  
Go for Todd Ferrier.  
(beat)  
What do you mean he's *dead*?

Todd's SCREEN pops out. *The OTHER THREE remain.*

**VIOLET** slots her AirPods in. Pats down the BUSINESSWOMAN.

VIOLET  
Talk fast, I'm working.  
(beat)  
Shit. Is anyone there with him?

Violet's SCREEN vanishes. *Only Dominic and Portia now.*

**DOMINIC** cleans his HATCHET. Wedges his PHONE into his neck.

DOMINIC  
*Ko-nietzsche-wah.*  
(beat)  
Natural causes? What... what does that even mean?

Dominic's SCREEN dissolves. *Portia the last one standing.*

**PORTIA** breaks down her RIFLE. Still jacked up on ADDERALL.

PORTIA  
Hello? Shmoopy? Shmoopy, I --  
(beat)  
I'll be on the next plane out.

Portia's SCREEN melts away. Leaving nothing but *DARKNESS...*

**INT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - LOS ANGELES, CA - NEXT MORNING**

Zoe sits on the edge of her BED. A PICTURE FRAME in her hands with a PHOTO of her and JOEL at HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION.

She takes in his CROOKED SMILE, then sets the PICTURE in her BAG and zips it up. *The BAG almost now making a FROWNY FACE.*

ZOE

I know, Bag. I don't like it either.  
But it's only for a night...

ANDRE (O.S.)

You say something?

Andre pokes his head in the DOORWAY.

ZOE

No, sorry, I... I was alone a lot as a kid. I'd talk to things when no one was around, help pass the time.

ANDRE

I had this blue teddy named Charles. He only had one eye, 'cuz I swallowed the other one... but dude was a half decent listener when he wanted to be.

Zoe gives a tight smile. Appreciative.

ANDRE (cont'd)

Any more details yet? 'Bout your dad?

ZOE

Just that he was in Vegas for work, that it was a heart attack... and that he'll be buried as soon as we all get to the house.

ANDRE

Offer still stands, I just need a toothbrush and some Speed Stick.

ZOE

Thanks, but... my family doesn't really play well with others.

ANDRE

Oh, come on. How bad can they be?

ZOE

When I was nine Violet threw rocks at me and called me Little Orphan Annie.

And before Andre can try to spin it-

ZOE (cont'd)  
 Look, I know you're trying to be nice,  
 but there are *things* about my family.  
 Things that are... complicated. And I  
 need you to let me leave it at that.

*BZZ!* A notification pings Zoe's PHONE.

ZOE (cont'd)  
 That's the car. I have to go.

Zoe shoulders her BAG. Starts for the DOOR.

ANDRE  
 Just don't be a tortoise.

She stops. Looks back at Andre.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
 My moms said that. Said people can't  
 get to you if they can't catch you.

ZOE  
 Think they got me a long time ago.

Zoe ducks past him. Disappears out the DOOR.

**INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - OUTSIDE SPOKANE, WA - HOURS LATER**

Zoe drives a RENTAL CAMRY down a winding FOREST ROAD. Nerves building as she passes a SIGN: "*LEAVING SPOKANE COUNTY.*"

Looking to settle down, she pulls up a SONG on her PHONE...  
 DESTINY'S CHILD'S '*SURVIVOR.*' *And at just the right moment-*

ZOE  
*Now that you're outta my life, I'm  
 so much better... / Thought I'd be --*

*WOOP-WOOP!* POLICE LIGHTS fill the CAMRY. Zoe looks up at the REAR-VIEW MIRROR, sees a COP CAR following behind.

ZOE (cont'd)  
 Really?

She pulls over. A BOWLING BALL of a man, **OFFICER CHENG** (30), steps out of the COP CAR. Sticks his FACE in Zoe's WINDOW.

OFFICER CHENG  
 License and registration.

Zoe snags the REGISTRATION from the GLOVE, hands it to Cheng with her LICENSE on top. He looks it all over.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
Hold the phone... Zoe Ferrier? *The* Zoe Ferrier of the Diamond Lake Devildogs?

ZOE  
Yeah?

Cheng pulls off his HAT.

OFFICER CHENG  
Paul Cheng? From the track team? Good God could you just run like the wind.

ZOE  
*Paul.* Sorry, I... you look different.

OFFICER CHENG  
Oh, yeah. My husband and I just had a baby. Been a little hard finding time do the whole "gym" thing.

Cheng does AIR QUOTES for some reason.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
What are you doing out here? Haven't seen you since what, the reunion?

ZOE  
I wasn't at the reunion.

OFFICER CHENG  
Right. No. Of course. But seriously, what are you doing here? I'm the only cop for miles, it's my job to ask...

ZOE  
My dad died last night. I'm here for his funeral.

OFFICER CHENG  
Oh my gosh. Was he hurt?

ZOE  
He's *dead*.

OFFICER CHENG  
No, sure, I just meant... I don't really know what I meant.

Cheng hands back her LICENSE in a hurry.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
 Just, uh, take it easy on these turns.  
 I'll be on the lookout now that I know  
 the fastest girl in Diamond Lake is  
 back in the saddle...

Zoe feigns a SMILE. Puts the CAMRY in gear.

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - LATER**

Zoe rolls up a DIRT ROAD to a LARGE GATE. She punches a CODE  
 in the CALL BOX, the GATE opens, and she eases along toward:

The FERRIER FAMILY FARM. It's mostly the same- the BARN, the  
 SILO, the FARMHOUSE looming over it all from atop the HILL...

Zoe pulls her RENTAL CAR in beside a few others. She sits at  
 the WHEEL, the emotion of her return sinking i--

*DUN-DUN!* A FIST pounds the WINDOW. Zoe lurches up, startled.  
 Finds TODD staring back at her through the GLASS.

TODD  
 This is a family event. You're going  
 to have to turn around...

Zoe looks back at him, mouth agape.

TODD (cont'd)  
 Jesus, kid, I'm joking. Ever heard of  
 gallows humor?

Zoe shakes her head and rises from the CAMRY. Todd nods her  
 toward his brand-new BLACK BENTLEY GT.

TODD (cont'd)  
 What do you think? I'm worried the  
 black's a little on the nose. You  
 know, given it's a funeral and all.

ZOE  
 I'd say it's about as subtle as the  
 rest of you...

Todd sneers. Then, suddenly, **HOLIDAY** (21), Instagram blonde,  
 emerges from the BENTLEY. She notes the FARMLAND, the COWS-

HOLIDAY  
 Ew, Todd. I thought you said we  
 were going to like, an estate?

Todd rolls his eyes.

TODD  
 Holiday, this is Zoe. My kind-of,  
 sort-of sister.

HOLIDAY  
 What does that mean? Was she like,  
 an accident or something?

TODD  
 It means she has the honor of being  
 Violet's favorite punching bag...

Todd takes Holiday to collect their stuff. Zoe hesitates a moment, but swallows her pride. Starts up the STAIRS into...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER/GREAT ROOM - DAY**

Zoe drifts past the ARCH STAIRCASE and into the GREAT ROOM. The MAHOGANY FLOORS gleaming like no time has passed.

She takes in the vast space, almost overdosing on nostalgia. But as she looks to the KATANA mounted on the WALL...

VIOLET (O.S.)  
 Well, well, well... if it isn't the  
 runt of the litter.

A chill slips down her SPINE. She swivels to find... VIOLET, in a BLACK DRESS ripped from the Morticia Addams collection.

VIOLET  
 Although, I suppose that would imply  
 you were actually *part* of the litter.

ZOE  
 I'm not here for trouble.

VIOLET  
 Doesn't mean you're wanted either.

Todd and Holiday emerge through a SIDE HALLWAY.

TODD  
 Play nice now, Vi. Legally speaking,  
 we're all still family...

Todd leans to give Violet a kiss on the CHEEK, but she ducks him. Beckons over his shoulder to Holiday-

VIOLET  
 Let's not do that. I don't know where  
 that little pet of yours has been.

TODD

That little *pet* is Holiday... my girlfriend. She's an *ex-fluencer*.

VIOLET

I'm sorry, a what?

HOLIDAY

Oh, do *not* apologize. It means like someone who *used* to be an influencer, but is still considered influential.

VIOLET

Sounds like quite the accomplishment.

Todd slips over to the STEINWAY. Inhales deeply as he runs a FINGER across the KEYS. *Returned to an old friend.*

TODD

Daddy's home, baby. Daddy's home.

He takes a seat at the BENCH. Holiday looks to the OTHERS.

HOLIDAY

Um, before we like, deal with the body, does anyone know the WiFi?

PORTIA (O.S.)

Don't waste your breath, dollface...

The ROOM turns as PORTIA and her husband, **GREG** (40), a former MALE MODEL now long past his prime, shuffle in from the FOYER.

PORTIA

The old man was a luddite. There's no WiFi, no cell service... geezer didn't even bother with a landline.

Holiday gasps, rushes off to Todd for support. Portia steps past her and gives Violet a quick hug.

PORTIA (cont'd)

Sorry we're late, shmooopies lost his job again...

GREG

First of all, I was furloughed. And I'm really not sure how it's relevant.

PORTIA

It's *relevant*, because if you hadn't been playing video games all morning we would've made our original flight!

GREG

Do you not see that I'm hurting here?  
Ten years ago I was on the back cover  
of Vogue Mexico.

PORTIA

I know, baby, I'm sorry. Come here  
and give me some pumpkins.

Greg storms over to Portia and **MAKES OUT** with her HARD. She then slaps his ASS, and he heads upstairs with their BAGS.

VIOLET

What's he doing here? I thought you  
were coming straight from Detroit.

PORTIA

There was an issue with the target...  
I *may* have shot the wrong one.

VIOLET

Seriously? Again? Portia, I begged  
the Board to give you that job.

PORTIA

I'm under a lot of pressure, okay?  
I've got six hundred grand in Company  
infractions and Greg hasn't booked a  
shoot since fucking Grumpy Cat died.

Zoe watches Violet and Portia ping pong back and forth, and eases back from the CONVERSATION. *Getting overwhelmed.*

ZOE

Think I'll just... go get changed.

But no one seems to be listening, no one seems to *care*. So Zoe just slips off toward the FOYER... all on her own.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - STAIRCASE/LANDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Zoe slogs up the ARCH STAIRCASE, DUFFEL BAG slung over her SHOULDER. She reaches the SECOND FLOOR LANDING...

But stops, looks left toward the WEST WING. *The GRANDFATHER CLOCK still right where Joel left it.*

For a moment, Zoe gets a FLASH of JOEL and her YOUNGER SELF, heading up the STAIRS that very first time...

But before it gets to be too much, she shakes it off. Makes a right toward the row of BEDROOMS lining the EAST WING.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - ZOE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Zoe reaches the LAST ROOM on the LEFT. Steps into a pink and purple wonderland smothered in DESTINY'S CHILD POSTERS.

She drops her DUFFEL on the BED and leaps onto the MATTRESS. Back in her HAPPY PLACE, her SAFE HAVEN...

ZOE  
Hello, Bed...

But this moment of BLISS is ruined by *SOMETHING LICKING HER FUCKING TOES!* Zoe rolls over- finds a **BULLDOG** at her FEET.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Excuse me? Do I know you?

The BULLDOG sniffs the air, takes in her scent. Zoe notices a thick layer of CATARACTS clouding his EYES.

DOMINIC (O.S.)  
Winston? Baby? Baby, where are you?

DOMINIC bounds to the DOOR. Zoe straightens up, *prepared for more verbal abuse*, but Dominic goes running for the DOG...

DOMINIC  
Winston! Light of my life, shish of my kebab... thank God I found you.

Dominic plants a big kiss on Winston's MOUTH. He then whips back at Zoe, *sends her into panic mode-*

ZOE  
Dominic, I'm so sorry, he just --

DOMINIC  
Sorry for what? Bring it in, sis.

ZOE  
Bring it in? Like... for a hug?

DOMINIC  
Is that a problem?

ZOE  
No... I'm just not sure we've ever hugged before. In our entire lives.

Dominic recedes into himself. Almost sad.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Did I... say something?

DOMINIC

It's just that I've been talking to someone. About my unprocessed trauma? You know, from having been raised to be a cold-blooded angel of death?

Zoe nods. Not knowing how else to respond.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Anyways, she thinks positive physical touch might help me feel things again. Things other than blind murderous rage.

ZOE

Right. And the dog...?

DOMINIC

Came with the program. He's blind, which was a surprise, so sometimes it feels like *I'm* the one giving the support, but with work, and Dad...

Dominic chokes up some.

ZOE

It's okay. You don't have to explain.

Zoe sets a hand on one of Dominic's massive SHOULDERS. *Like an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL trying to console LOU FERRIGNO.*

LOW VOICE (O.S.)

Pardon the interruption...

Zoe and Dominic look to the DOOR. Standing there, in a full rain-suit, is **LANCASTER** (60s). Caretaker and groundskeeper.

LANCASTER

I'm afraid the time has come.

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - OAK TREE - DAY**

RAIN crashes down on an OAK TREE dwarfing a short hill. The five Ferrier children and Lancaster standing beneath it.

A MAHOGANY CASKET lies elevated before them. Lancaster moves to the head of it, clears his THROAT.

LANCASTER

Your daddy asked I share something wit' you all, should this day come...

He pulls a scrap of PAPER from his slicker.

LANCASTER (cont'd)

On the day the Lord gave the Amorites to Israel, Joshua said to the Lord, "Sun, stand still over Gibeon... and moon, over the Valley of Aijalon." So sun and moon stood still, 'til the nation avenged itself of its enemies.

Lancaster folds the PAPER. Returns to his original position. The Ferrier children linger there, confused.

PORTIA

So, I know school wasn't really my thing... but what the fuck is that supposed to mean?

DOMINIC

I've had Amorites. Pretty sure it's a venereal disease.

TODD

It's not a venereal disease.

DOMINIC

I suppose if anyone would know...

TODD

Yeah, because I *read*. The Amorites were herders, shepherds living in the mountains over Canaan. I'm sure Dad meant it as a --

VIOLET

It doesn't matter what he meant. He's dead, let's put him in the ground.

No one dares push back. Then, in some bizarre ritual, Violet steps forward and sets a RUSTY SWITCHBLADE on the CASKET.

Todd follows, places a COLT REVOLVER. Then Dominic a BALL-PEEN HAMMER, Portia a FIFTY-CALIBER BULLET...

Zoe hesitates, not as eager to say goodbye. But she slinks up and places her *PICTURE FRAME* down beside the weaponry.

Violet shakes her head, storms back to the house in a huff. The OTHERS hold a second longer before following after her...

But Zoe remains behind. Standing there with Lancaster as he hand-cranks the CASKET lower and lower into the ground.

ZOE

Goodbye, Dad.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - LATER**

Zoe sits on the TOILET COVER, brushing away TEARS. She looks for SOMETHING to wipe her EYES with...

And notices a DOLLAR BILL in the TRASH CAN with some WHITE POWDER on the end of it. Sighs.

ZOE  
One drink, Mirror...

Zoe rises to the MIRROR. Fixes her MASCARA.

ZOE (cont'd)  
One drink... and then I leave.

Then pushes out a BREATH. *Ready.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT**

Zoe steps out of the BATHROOM. Spies Violet deep in the WEST WING, rummaging through a CLOSET.

ZOE  
Think there's some towels in the Mud Room, if your hair's still wet...

Violet whips back. Snaps the CABINET DOORS shut.

VIOLET  
What are you doing up here?

ZOE  
I was just --

VIOLET  
Everyone else is in the Great Room.

Zoe holds Violet's GLARE, wanting to fire back. But doesn't waste her breath- starts down the STAIRS into...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Grief chokes this SPACE into NEAR SILENCE. Todd sits behind the STEINWAY, pushing Bach's 'SUITE NO. 3' into the air.

Portia downs two fingers of CHIVAS. Dominic cradles Winston in his ARMS. Zoe joins them on the COUCH.

Violet arrives soon after. She pulls a fresh pack of MARLBORO CIGARETTES from her POCKET, sets one at her LIPS.

DOMINIC

Should we maybe say some stuff? You know, like a eulogy or whatever...

Violet lights her SMOKE. Tosses the PACK on the WET BAR.

VIOLET

What would you like to say, Dominic?  
"Thanks, Dad, for leaving often and saying *nothing* in between."

TODD

*Please*. Dad said stuff all the time, you just never listened.

VIOLET

Like what? Run faster? Jump higher? Shoot straighter?

PORTIA

Ooh! He gave Zoe that nickname. What was it again? Grasshopper? Ladybug?

VIOLET

Firefly.

Violet blows SMOKE into the AIR.

VIOLET (cont'd)

God, even just hearing that word out loud makes me want to --

ZOE

Would you cut it out? He's been in the dirt for an hour, take it easy with the crucifixion.

*WOOOOSH!* A TOILET flushes nearby. Holiday comes out of the BATHROOM, stops at the threshold to the GREAT ROOM.

And finds all five Ferriers staring back at her. She squirms a bit, then tiptoes across to Todd and whispers:

HOLIDAY

Babe, it's like *really* dour in here. Do you think I could go to the hotel?

Todd doesn't argue. Just hands Holiday his KEYS. She dances off into the FOYER and out the FRONT DOOR.

VIOLET

Are you done with Barbie? Because I have actual business to discuss.

DOMINIC

Wait a second... where's Greg?

PORTIA

He went to talk to Lancaster about Scotts Turf Builder.

TODD

You live in an apartment building.

PORTIA

Don't you think I know that?

VIOLET

Enough!

All stop now. Turn to Violet.

VIOLET (cont'd)

The Board called. Turns out Dad had a number of outstanding contracts. One in Oslo, one in Rio, and two outside León.

TODD

Hold on... are we really not going to talk about the elephant in the room?

No one seems to follow.

TODD (cont'd)

Dad's the third Board Member to kick in the last two months. I don't know about the rest of you, but I have a hard time believing he just showed up at The Venetian and blew his ticker out like a birthday candle.

VIOLET

He was seventy. It happens.

TODD

And as much as I respect your medical acumen, there's only one heart surgeon in the room and her name's not Violet.

Todd pivots to Zoe. Catches her off guard.

TODD (cont'd)

What do you think, Doogie Howser?

ZOE

I... don't know. I'd have to see his scans, talk to the Medical Examiner --

TODD

Gut instinct.

ZOE

He was in good shape. Better than most men his age. Unless there's a history of heart attacks in your family, it's... *unlikely*.

VIOLET

But not impossible.

ZOE

No. Not impossible.

Todd spins to Violet.

TODD

You really don't think this could've been Berlin? Or Osaka?

VIOLET

I think the Ferrier name still means something in this business. You start crying wolf... all of that goes away.

TODD

Let me get this straight then. Dad ran the Company for decades, built this business up from scraps... and you want me to sit here and pretend he forgot to take his Lipitor?

VIOLET

I want to preserve our reputation. And that starts with me finishing these last four jobs... alone.

TODD

Bullshit. Four jobs is enough to --

VIOLET

These aren't just *any* four jobs... they're the last four. The work needs to be flawless.

TODD

And *what*? You and your little knife are the only ones who can do that?

VIOLET

Me and my little knife are the only ones who *will* do that.

PORTIA

Oh my *God*, would you losers just save it for the fucking will reading?

*DING-DONG!* The DOORBELL rings. The SIBLINGS all look to each other. Then, suddenly, Todd touches his NOSE.

Violet, Dominic, and Portia soon follow. Zoe gets there last. She shakes her head, rises off the COUCH...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Zoe opens the door to a **MAN** (60s) on the stoop. He's wearing a TRENCH COAT, a FEDORA tipped down to his eyes.

MAN

Good evening, my name is Mr. Ford.

**FORD** reaches into his coat. Extends a BUSINESS CARD to Zoe.

FORD

I am an attorney. I have been in your father's employ since December 1993.

Zoe looks over the card: "FORD & ASSOCIATES, LLP."

FORD (cont'd)

I'm here to read his will.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The Ferrier children stand around the KITCHEN ISLAND (Greg by Portia's side now), all staring at this odd, little man.

FORD

Good evening, my name is Mr. Ford. I am an attorney. I have been --

TODD

We heard you. At the door.

Ford's brow furrows.

TODD (cont'd)

The acoustics in here are excellent. Hit one key on that piano and you'll feel like Rachmainoff at Helsinki.

FORD

*Right*, well, thank you all for being here this evening. As you know --

PORTIA

Can you just skip to the good part?  
Some of us have bills to pay.

FORD

I can. Though in order to do that, I  
will need the consent of all parties.

VIOLET

I think I speak for the family when I  
say... read the fucking will, Mr. Ford.

Still, Ford hesitates.

VIOLET (cont'd)

Do we have a problem?

FORD

It's... *Greg*. Given he's not actually  
a Ferrier in name, I'll require his  
individual consent before proceeding.

GREG

Wow. Okay. Sorry, it's just... no  
one's ever asked for my consent  
before, and I mean there was this one  
time, shooting for Abercrombie --

PORTIA

GREG!

GREG

You have it. You have my consent.

Ford sighs. Extracts a MANILA ENVELOPE from his BRIEFCASE,  
pulls a ream of PAPERS from inside.

FORD

The assets in question today are as  
follows, the farm and all properties  
there-within, twenty-eight million in  
cash and off-shore accounts, and the  
summer cottage on Orcas Island.

PORTIA

Wait, what's he talking about? What  
summer cottage?

FORD

You asked me to read the will, Miss  
Ferrier. Would you like me to stop?

Portia pipes down. Ford leafs to the next page.

FORD (cont'd)  
I, Joel Ferrier, being of sound mind  
and body, declare the following...

A tension blankets the ROOM. Portia squeezes the color from  
Greg's HAND, Todd glances out at his precious STEINWAY...

But Zoe mostly seems sad, thumbing at the BRASS KEY still  
dangling there around her NECK.

FORD (cont'd)  
To my first-born, Todd, I leave the  
Steinway Model B in the Great Room.

Todd throws a FIST PUMP. Ecstatic.

FORD (cont'd)  
To my four *biological* children... I  
leave the house, the farm, and any  
and all other contents there-within.

The Ferrier children light up. Portia slaps Greg on the back.  
Violet cuts Zoe a look, satisfied with her exclusion.

FORD (cont'd)  
Last but not least, all remaining  
assets are left to Lola Doubleday.

SILENCE. Jaws hit the floor. Celebration over.

VIOLET  
What did you just say?

PORTIA  
Is this some kind of sick joke?

Zoe looks around. Feeling confused, left out.

ZOE  
Who's Lola Doubleday?

Ford turns to Zoe. The SIBLINGS all glowering at her.

FORD  
I apologize, Zoe, for the manner in  
which this is occurring. But Miss  
Doubleday is your biological mother.

Zoe goes white. Floored.

FORD (cont'd)  
Unfortunately, further investigation  
revealed Lola passed many years ago.

She peers down at the ISLAND... *a thousand emotions swirling.*  
Portia and Violet start to do the math.

PORTIA  
Wait a second, but that means --

VIOLET  
Zoe gets the summer cottage... and  
twenty-eight million dollars.

Portia spins to Zoe. Confusion giving way to blood-lust.

PORTIA  
Did you know about this?

Zoe stammers. Violet whips back at Ford.

VIOLET  
This is ridiculous. She's not even  
his daughter, she's some adopted  
little circus freak...

FORD  
I understand your frustration, Miss  
Ferrier. But these were your father's  
wishes, he'd expect you to honor them.

Ford reaches into the MANILA ENVELOPE, extracts a PEN and a  
small USB DRIVE. Slides both across to Zoe.

FORD (cont'd)  
That drive has everything you'll need.  
All you have to do now is sign *here*...

Ford swivels the DOCUMENT around, points to the BOTTOM LINE.  
Zoe considers it. Looks up at her SIBLINGS.

ZOE  
He never told me... I didn't --

VIOLET  
It doesn't matter. You're not one of  
us. You've never *been* one of us.

ZOE  
I know, I know. But if I just --

Violet rips Todd's REMINGTON from his WAISTBAND... *CLICK!*  
And raises it up at Zoe's HEAD.

VIOLET  
Put one drop of ink on that paper and  
Lancaster mops up your brains.

GREG

Oh my God! Is that- is that a gun?

VIOLET

You married into a family of contract killers, Greg. Sorry to have to be the one to break it to you.

Greg spins to Portia. Heartbroken.

GREG

You said you were in waste management.

PORTIA

Honeybun, listen to me, I can explain.

GREG

All those trips to the recycling centers? That was just... for show?

Portia doesn't have an answer. Greg goes light-headed, tries to grab the HANGING POT RACK for support... but FAINTS.

PORTIA

Shmoopy!

Portia dives down next to Greg's unconscious BODY. Todd looks to Violet, raises a HAND toward the REMINGTON.

TODD

You don't need to do this, Violet. We can just have a conversation...

Violet ignores him.

VIOLET

Do you need to faint too, Mr. Ford?

FORD

I did a lot of work for your father over the years. Guns being drawn was simply a part of doing business.

Zoe stares back at the GUN. Then looks down at the DOCUMENT, the DRIVE. *Knowing there has to be more to the story.*

ZOE

*It wasn't meant for you.*

VIOLET

What was that?

Zoe peers up at Violet now.

ZOE

It was meant for her.

Zoe snatches the USB DRIVE and bolts out of the KITCHEN. The SIBLINGS linger behind a moment, unsure how to proceed.

DOMINIC

Before we get all crazy, I think we should just take a second and --

VIOLET

Portia!

Portia glances up from Greg's BODY.

VIOLET (cont'd)

Bring her back alive. We may need her to access the drive.

Portia looks down at Greg, hesitant, but takes off after Zoe. Violet then turns to Dominic, *and before he can argue-*

VIOLET (cont'd)

Now would *not* be the time, Dominic.

Dominic agrees. Leaves to join Portia in the hunt. Finally, Violet leers across the ISLAND to Todd-

TODD

Do I need to remind you working off contract is against Company rules...

VIOLET

This isn't work. It's birthright.

Violet snatches up a KNIFE, whips it behind her back at Ford without even looking- *splitting him right between the EYES.*

VIOLET (cont'd)

And no one has to know what happened here tonight...

She shoves the REMINGTON into Todd's CHEST. Leaves him there alone, watching Ford's BODY crumple to the FLOOR.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - STAIRCASE/EAST WING - NIGHT**

Zoe bounds up the STAIRS to the SECOND FLOOR. Peers toward the WEST WING, wondering if she can make it to the CLOCK...

PORTIA (O.S.)

Stairs!

But Portia, Dominic, and Violet spill out from the KITCHEN. Violet clocks Zoe on the LANDING, claws past the others.

Zoe knows there's no time, swings into the EAST WING. Still, it's a LONG HALLWAY- her BEDROOM a DOZEN DOORS out.

She bears down, pumps her arms. But Violet comes flying up the STAIRS and around the CORNER, winds back a KNIFE-

VIOLET

Deep breath. Shoulder. *Pull.*

And whips the KNIFE through the AIR. Rockets it toward Zoe, time slowing as the BLADE whirls CLOSER and CLOSER.

Then, with otherworldly precision, the KNIFE starts to TURN. *It slices the TOP KNOT clean off Zoe's HEAD...*

And lodges straight into a FAMILY PHOTO hanging on the WALL. Cutting Zoe's FACE right out of the PICTURE.

For a moment, everything goes still. Then Zoe looks back... reads the FURY in Violet's EYES.

And races through an open BEDROOM DOOR. Disappearing out of sight just as Portia and Dominic fall in beside Violet.

PORTIA

Where is she?

VIOLET

Running for her fucking life.

Violet draws ANOTHER KNIFE. Storms after Zoe.

PORTIA

Why does she insist on leaving us out in the cold?

DOMINIC

Why did you tell Greg you were a garbage man?

Portia scowls back at him.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Just saying. Glass houses.

PORTIA

I hate that you went to therapy.

Dominic frowns. Portia opens a CLOSET- revealing a RACK of ANTIQUE RIFLES inside. She grabs a WINCHESTER, some AMMO...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - EAST WING BEDROOMS - CONTINUOUS**

Violet bolts through that same OPEN DOOR into **TODD'S ROOM**. Takes in the SHAG RUG, the LAVA LAMPS on the DRESSER...

It looks more like a SEX MOTEL than an ADOLESCENT BEDROOM. But Violet scrutinizes every inch, hunting for Zoe.

VIOLET  
Come out you little *bitch*.

Violet opens the DOOR to a JACK AND JILL BATHROOM. A BRIDGE connecting Todd's ROOM to the NEXT ROOM over.

*But something about it doesn't feel right.*

She turns back, realizes the WINDOW is propped open an inch. Sees a LAYER of RAINWATER gathering on the SILL.

Then darts forward, her head held high- *as a NAKED MANNEQUIN shoots out from under Todd's BED!*

VIOLET (cont'd)  
What the --

Violet trips over the DUMMY. Smacks down to the CARPET.

Zoe scurries out from under the BED-SKIRT. Makes a break for the JACK AND JILL on the far side of the ROOM.

But Violet notices a BULLWHIP glued to the MANNEQUIN'S PALM. And rips it free, throws it out like a LASSO-

It coils around Zoe's ANKLE. Drops her to the FLOOR. Gives Violet a chance to scamper up like a fucking HYENA...

But Zoe thinks fast- kicks Todd's DRESSER. Knocking a LAVA LAMP off the UPPER LEDGE and into her HAND.

She chucks it at Violet- smacks her across the JAW with the LAMP. Punches a spatter of BLOOD from her LIPS.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
*Fuck!*

Zoe doesn't stick around. She dashes into the JACK and JILL, comes out the other side in **VIOLET'S ROOM**.

She stops a moment. Panic creeping in as she figures her way through this ALL-BLACK SHRINE to 90s GOTH PUNK.

But she spots the next JACK AND JILL ahead. Prowls through it into **DOMINIC'S ROOM**, then **PORTIA'S**, and finally...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - ZOE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe stumbles back into her BEDROOM. She makes a beeline for her BAG, searching high and low for...

ZOE  
Keys, keys, where are my --

VIOLET (O.S.)  
Don't you fucking move!

Zoe spins. Finds Violet darting through the JACK AND JILLS- a FRESH BRUISE swelling up her FACE.

But Zoe lunges back and kicks the BATHROOM DOOR shut. Drills in the LOCK on the DOOR HANDLE.

*THWACK!* Just as a KNIFE plugs into the DOOR. The BLADE TIP poking through the WOOD an inch from Zoe's EAR.

Needing to move, Zoe abandons her BAG and detours into the HALLWAY. But she stumbles right into Portia and Dominic-

PORTIA  
Time's up, buttnugget!

Portia racks the WINCHESTER. Zoe doubles back, looking for a way out- *and remembers the BAY WINDOW at the end of the hall.*

PORTIA (cont'd)  
What's she doing?

Zoe doesn't hesitate. Bolts for the WINDOW.

PORTIA (cont'd)  
Dominic... Dominic, do something!

DOMINIC  
Not until you take it back.

PORTIA  
Take what back?!

DOMINIC  
What you said about my therapy! I am on a long, arduous road and --

PORTIA  
Whatever, I take it back. Now just do something before I have to shoot her!

Dominic starts to give chase. But Zoe narrows on the WINDOW, throws her ARMS up in front of her FACE...

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

*CRAAASSH!* Then dives through the WINDOW. Glass shattering as she slips and slides down the RAIN-SOAKED ROOF.

ZOE  
Oh God, oh God...

Zoe rolls toward the EDGE, but just as she's about to spill over... *she catches the GUTTER!* Dangles by a SINGLE HAND.

Her FINGERS start to slip, struggling to keep hold. But her SIBLINGS come rushing to the WINDOW above-

PORTIA  
Do you see her? Where'd she go?

DOMINIC  
I see nothing but the pain of having my emotional journey reduced to ash.

PORTIA  
Reduced to ash? I made one comment, I didn't piss in your Raisin Bran --

VIOLET  
Would you two shut up? Every second we stand here is a waste of fucking time.

Violet storms back inside. Portia and Dominic follow behind. But Zoe can't hold any longer, she loses her GRIP...

And plummets through the AIR, reaches for ANOTHER HOLD- but MISSES and *SLAMS to the DIRT!* Her ANKLE *wrenching* on impact.

ZOE  
Shit!

Zoe writhes in PAIN, but manages to hobble back to her FEET. She considers the DRIVEWAY ahead, wondering if she can make a break for the ROAD. But it's at least a MILE, maybe TWO...

She then scours the GROUNDS before her- the BARN, the SILO, and lands on the CARETAKER'S SHACK in the distance. *Bingo.*

**EXT. LANCASTER'S SHACK - NIGHT**

Zoe hobbles along to a WINDOW. Spots LANCASTER passed out in BED, the TV blaring back at him.

She raises a HAND to the GLASS- but notices a SECOND WINDOW looking into the KITCHEN. She slides to it, inches it open...

**INT. LANCASTER'S SHACK - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe pulls herself in through the WINDOW. But as her FEET land softly on the TILE... *KER-CHUNK!* Lancaster racks his SHOTGUN.

LANCASTER  
The hell d'you think you're doin'  
comin' through my window?

ZOE  
Lancaster, please, I can...

She notices Lancaster is wearing a ONE-PIECE PAJAMA SET.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Is that a onesie?

LANCASTER  
I like insulation. You wanna tell me  
what it is you're doin' in my house?

ZOE  
There was a problem... with the will,  
now the others are after me, and I  
don't know who to trust, so can you  
*please* just put down the gun?

Lancaster sees the truth in her EYES. Lowers the SHOTGUN.

LANCASTER  
Wha' kinda problem?

ZOE  
Did my Dad ever say anything to you?  
About a woman named Lola Doubleday?

LANCASTER  
Now that's a name I haven't heard in  
a long, long time...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Violet, Portia, and Dominic file down the STAIRS. Todd waits at the center of the FOYER, hands on hips.

TODD  
Should I even ask?

Violet says nothing. Todd looks to Dominic.

DOMINIC  
She jumped... out the window.

Todd shakes his head.

TODD  
So, this is it, huh? This is your  
idea of flawless?

VIOLET  
My idea of flawless is me alone, and  
you three thousand miles away. So no,  
this is more what I'd call a cluster  
fucking clusterfuck...

Violet squats down. Rips a VENT off the WALL.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
Which is why we're splitting up. I'll  
take Lancaster's... Todd, you can --

TODD  
No way. I'm not turning a corner out  
there and having Portia put a bullet  
in my shaft by mistake.

PORTIA  
Who says it'd be a mistake?

Todd sticks his TONGUE out at her.

VIOLET  
What do you propose we do then? Sit  
around and sing kum-ba-*fuckin*-yah?

TODD  
Negotiate. Zoe divides it all evenly  
and we let her go on her merry way.

VIOLET  
Yeah, no. I'm not giving her a piece  
of twenty-eight million just because  
she was daddy's favorite ragamuffin.

Todd shares an uncertain glance with Dominic. Violet removes  
a FELT ROLL from the VENT with a dozen COMBAT KNIVES inside.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
We'll break into pairs. Portia and  
Dominic... you'll take the barn and  
everything east of it.

Violet stashes a KNIFE at each ANKLE. Few more at her HIPS.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
Fuckwad and I will cover the rest.

**INT. LANCASTER'S SHACK - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Lancaster sets his SHOTGUN down on a small DINING TABLE. He scratches at his beard, *deciding how to approach this.*

LANCASTER

You should know your father wanted to keep you out of all this...

ZOE

All I want to know is if you knew her. If you knew... Lola.

Lancaster nods.

LANCASTER

She was your father's partner for twenty years. Woulda been longer too, but the Company decided teamwork was a liability, put an end to all that.

ZOE

What... happened to her? Where did she go? Why did she --

LANCASTER

All I know is Lola was in trouble, had to skip town for a bit. That made you a little girl who needed a home, and it was his job to give you one.

TODD (O.S.)

*Would you stop? I said I'd handle it.*

VIOLET (O.S.)

*And I said you wouldn't.*

Hearing that, Lancaster slides to the WINDOW- sees Todd and Violet approaching the SHACK. Looks back at Zoe...

LANCASTER

In the closet. Hurry.

Lancaster opens a BROOM CLOSET and ushers Zoe inside. He then pulls a HANDGUN from a DRAWER, extends it out to her.

ZOE

I don't know how to use it.

LANCASTER

No one does. Not until they have to.

Zoe takes the GUN. Lancaster shuts the DOOR.

**EXT. LANCASTER'S SHACK - CONTINUOUS**

Todd and Violet arc toward Lancaster's DOOR. Todd tries to cut ahead of her, but plants his LOAFERS in a patch of MUD.

VIOLET  
Should watch your step. Would hate for something to happen to your fucking brogues...

TODD  
Brogues? These are Testoni Monk-Straps. My guy at Bergdorf wouldn't even let you *look* at these.

VIOLET  
Probably because he'd know I'm not some idiot who blows all his money on teenagers and shoes.

TODD  
*Right.* Just high-priced escorts in every major city in the world...

Violet glares at Todd. Then, without a word, starts up to Lancaster's DOOR and plants a firm KNOCK.

VIOLET  
Lancaster, it's Violet. Open up.

FOOTSTEPS thunk closer. Lancaster opens the DOOR, rubbing his EYES as if he'd been asleep.

LANCASTER  
Hope you folks got a reason for being at my door in the middle of the night.

VIOLET  
Zoe's missing. Have you seen her?

Lancaster shakes his head.

LANCASTER  
Not since we buried your daddy.

Violet notices Lancaster's PAJAMA ONESIE.

VIOLET  
Are you wearing a onesie?

LANCASTER  
Can I help you with somethin'? Or can I go the fuck back to sleep...



TODD

Did you really have to do that? Did you have to just... cut him down?

Violet ignores him. Just turns for the CLOSET and rips open the DOOR... but it's EMPTY now. *No sign of Zoe.*

She steps inside, noting the BARE SHELVES, the collection of BROOMS and MOPS. And just as she's about to look up-

TODD (cont'd)

Nice going, Vi...

Todd plucks a can of QUAKER OATS off the FLOOR.

TODD (cont'd)

Slaughtering a man over the contents of his pantry. Real *flawless* stuff.

Violet slaps the QUAKER CAN out of Todd's hand. Storms back out the DOOR into the RAIN.

Todd shakes his head, follows. Neither of them noticing... *the ACCESS PANEL cut into the top of the CLOSET.*

**INT. LANCASTER'S SHACK - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe lies prone in a cramped CRAWL SPACE, holding her BREATH. She hears the DOOR close downstairs, exhales...

Then goes right for her PHONE and dials "911." But the CALL won't go through. She thinks, tries a TEXT to ANDRE instead:

*"FAM TRYING 2 KILL ME! CALL 911!!"*

Zoe hits the SEND BUTTON. The BAR at the top of the SCREEN starts to go, but then it STOPS- "FAILED TO SEND." *Ugh.*

**INT. FERRIER BARN - NIGHT**

Portia swings her WINCHESTER through the BARN, searching for Zoe. She angles back at Dominic, lagging a few steps behind.

PORTIA

Are you seriously still pouting back there? All I said was --

DOMINIC

I'm not pouting... I'm thinking.

Dominic comes upon a FELLING AXE. Takes it in his HANDS.

DOMINIC (cont'd)  
Thinking the answer is in the numbers.

PORTIA  
Oh, for the love of God. What is that,  
fucking Buddha or something?

DOMINIC  
It's not Buddha... it's math. Violet  
went Company at fifteen. Completed  
more contracts in the time since than  
half the damn Board put together.

PORTIA  
Can you please stop talking in riddle?

DOMINIC  
Violet doesn't need the money. Which  
means there has to be something else  
on that drive, something she --

*CRREEEEEEAAAANKKK!* They hear SOMETHING move inside the BARN.  
Portia looks back at Dominic, raises her RIFLE...

Then, all the sudden, Violet and Todd turn the corner- *WHAM!*  
Portia reacts. Bashes Todd's NOSE with the BUTT of her GUN.

TODD  
God! Are you on drugs or something?  
What the fuck was that for?

PORTIA  
What do you mean, what was that for?  
You're the one sneaking arou--

Violet SCREAMS at the top of her LUNGS. Silences the ROOM.

VIOLET  
Would you all *please* just try to act  
like professionals for two *fucking*  
seconds?

TODD  
Funny... didn't seem so professional  
when you slit Lancaster's throat.

DOMINIC  
You killed Lancaster? That guy worked  
here for like thirty years.

VIOLET  
He was protecting her. I don't know  
what he saw but he saw something.

DOMINIC

That doesn't mean he deserved to *die*.

Violet clocks a shared look between Dominic and Portia.

VIOLET

I'm sorry, do I need to remind you that killing people is what we do?

DOMINIC

We kill when we're paid to kill. Not when daddy's will reading doesn't go off like sunshine and rainbows.

VIOLET

This isn't just about the money. It's about pride, about legacy... about what it *means* to be a fucking Ferrier.

DOMINIC

Is it? Or is it about how the day she showed up here he forgot all about you?

Violet holds Dominic's gaze for a long, tense beat.

VIOLET

Time to disband. Cover more ground.

Then swivels toward the DOORS. Scours the FARMLAND ahead.

VIOLET (cont'd)

She's not leaving with that drive.

**INT. LANCASTER'S SHACK - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Zoe drops back down into the BROOM CLOSET. She slips out to the KITCHEN... sees Lancaster's BODY laid there on the TILE.

She shoves his PISTOL in her WAISTBAND. Then grabs a BLANKET from his BEDROOM, drapes it over him...

ZOE

*There.* A little insulation.

Zoe turns her attention to the WINDOW. Spots her CAMRY parked out front with the OTHER CARS.

ZOE (cont'd)

*Keys.*

Then looks to the FARMHOUSE, but sees her SIBLINGS dispersing to all corners of the FARM. *Only one CLEAR PATH through...*

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - COW FIELDS/FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

Zoe army crawls around a herd of COWS grazing in the GRASS. Maneuvers past a steaming pile of MANURE.

TODD (O.S.)  
Think I've got something!

Todd rushes toward her. Zoe has no choice, she lowers down, holds there still as a statue- *right underneath a COW UDDER.*

He stalks closer... grimacing at the SMELL. Then, just when it seems like Todd might see her, he spins back around.

TODD  
Nevermind. Just a shadow...

Todd hobbles in the opposite direction. But as Zoe starts to crawl out from under the COW... *the UDDER bursts!*

SOUR MILK sprays all over Zoe. She pinches her NOSE, winces as she fights forward to the BACK CORNER of the HOUSE.

She glances up to the SHATTERED SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW above, inspects the WALL below like the ROCK FACE at POINT DUME...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - EAST WING/ZOE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Zoe slides through the BROKEN WINDOW and tiptoes across the HALL to her BEDROOM. Starts picking through her DUFFEL.

But can't find a CLEAN SHIRT. She pulls open a DRAWER, spots only one SHIRT inside... *an old DESTINY'S CHILD TOUR-TEE.*

Zoe shakes her head, squeezes into the SHIRT. Then dumps her BAG out on the BED, searches for her KEYS-

ZOE  
Come on, Keys. Where are you?

Zoe freezes up all the sudden, hearing a *LOW GROWLING* behind her. She slowly turns back... to WINSTON, sniffing her FEET.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Winston...

His GROWL almost a BARK now.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Winston, it's me... it's --

Winston lurches forward... and licks her FACE.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Great. Thanks, Winston.

Zoe pats the DOG on the HEAD and dips back into the HALLWAY.  
*Winston curling up beside her MILK-STAINED SHIRT...*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - EAST WING/LANDING - NIGHT**

Zoe starts through the EAST WING, but stops- seeing Violet's KNIFE still stuck in that FAMILY PHOTO on the WALL.

She pulls the KNIFE from the PHOTO. Slightly crestfallen as she realizes her FACE is now missing from the IMAGE.

But Zoe knows not to linger, and pushes ahead to the LANDING. She sees the coast is clear below, takes to the STAIRS...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Then slips into the GREAT ROOM. She looks through the COUCH, sees nothing on the MANTLE, the BOOKSHELVES.

Still not finding her KEYS, she ducks across the threshold into the **KITCHEN**- and discovers MR. FORD, dead on the TILE.

She peers down at him, sad. Then notices her KEYS... on the FLOOR beside him. She picks them up, shakes off some BLOOD-

Then slips the USB DRIVE on the KEY RING. But as she moves for the FOYER, GREG lurches up from his unconscious state-

GREG  
*You told me you were in recycling.  
You went to a conference in Wa--*

**WHAM!** Zoe instinctively hits him in the FACE. He flops right back to the FLOOR, unconscious yet again.

ZOE  
Shit...

Zoe rushes to Greg's side, checks his PULSE.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Oh thank God.

She pushes back to her FEET, but hears the FRONT DOOR open in the FOYER. Scrambles to find a HIDING SPOT.

She looks to the LAUNDRY CHUTE in the corner, thinks about jumping into it. Opts instead to duck through an ENTRYWAY...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe stumbles over BOOTS and SHOES, fights toward a SIDE DOOR. But finds DOMINIC waiting on the other side of it-

He lurks there like a MONSTER. But before she can get a word out, he puts his HAND over her MOUTH and a FINGER to his LIPS. *Making it clear he's on her side...*

DOMINIC

What are you doing here? You should be halfway to Spokane by now.

ZOE

Carumph fert mu kersh.

Dominic remembers his HAND. Lowers it.

ZOE (cont'd)

Couldn't find my keys.

DOMINIC

So you ran back to the house? What the hell were you thinking?

ZOE

This isn't my fault, okay? I came to say goodbye, not star in Violet's reinterpretation of the O.K. Corral.

Dominic darkens. Shakes his head.

DOMINIC

You never should've taken that drive. Violet, she's --

ZOE

He didn't leave it to her... he left it to Lola. And I need to know why.

Dominic nods. Understanding.

DOMINIC

I can pull them off the house, buy you some time to get to your car. But then you're all on your own.

He turns for the SIDE DOOR-

ZOE (O.S.)

Wait...

Dominic stops. Looks back at Zoe.

ZOE

Did you know about her? Did you know... she was my mother?

DOMINIC

Get home safe. Then we'll talk.

Dominic bounds out into the FARM. Leaves Zoe all alone in the MUD ROOM, fingering the KEY RING, the DRIVE.

TODD (O.S.)

He's right, you know... you should've run when you had the chance.

Zoe swallows hard, closes her EYES... then swivels to Todd. Standing in the ENTRYWAY. His REMINGTON primed in his HAND.

ZOE

Please. You don't have to do this.

TODD

What's the alternative? Let you go? I'd have Violet splitting me from ass to mouth before the night's done.

Todd waves his PISTOL at her.

TODD (cont'd)

The gun. In your waistband. Lose it.

Zoe slowly sets the HANDGUN on the TILE and nudges it aside. She then looks back up at Todd, nerves building.

ZOE

I saw her looking for something... in the West Wing. I don't know what --

TODD

It's not up to me.

Todd beckons to the USB DRIVE on her KEY RING.

TODD (cont'd)

So you can give me the drive, or you can give it to Violet. Your choice...

Zoe looks down at the DRIVE, debating. She twists it off the KEY RING, cradles it there in her HAND.

ZOE

It's not mine to give.

Then takes the DRIVE and *SHOVES IT IN HER MOUTH!*

TODD  
No! Stop that! Stop swallowing!

Todd rushes in, jams his FINGERS down her THROAT. Zoe lets him in deeper- then stomps *hard* on his LOAFERS!

TODD (cont'd)  
Goddddd! Fuck!

Todd hobbles back. Zoe rips free of his grasp, spits the USB into her HANDS as she hurries toward...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Zoe scampers around the ISLAND, breaking for the GREAT ROOM. But she catches Greg's FOOT and TRIPS! Smacks to the FLOOR.

TODD (O.S.)  
Dammit, Zoe! These are Testoni M--

Todd lumbers in from the MUD ROOM... to NOTHING. The KITCHEN in the same state of disarray, but Zoe nowhere to be found.

Todd slows his movements, shifting into stealth. Then lowers down and sets his EAR to the GROUND. *Listening for movement.*

TODD  
*...Gotcha.*

But as he rises back up- the HANGING POT RACK comes swinging at him like a GORDON RAMSAY BATTERING RAM.

*WHAM!* The RACK bashes Todd in the CHEST, sends him snapping back against the GRANITE COUNTERTOP.

TODD (cont'd)  
Mother-!

Zoe then leaps over the COUNTER with a ROLLING PIN. She bats at his PISTOL- knocks it into a pool of Ford's BRAINS.

Then takes off running. But Todd snatches her by the COLLAR, rips the ROLLING PIN from her FINGERS.

ZOE  
Shit.

*THWACK!* Todd cracks Zoe across the JAW. She falls back, but catches herself before she hits the GROUND...

And pinballs into a **SIDE HALLWAY**. Still, Todd stays hot on her heels, wiping Ford's BLOOD off the BARREL of his GUN.

TODD  
You did this. I hope you know that.

He gets the BLOOD off his PISTOL, chambers a BULLET, and...  
*BANG!* Cracks a ROUND into the CEILING.

TODD (cont'd)  
She's here! She's in the house!

**THREE-SCREEN SPLIT - SAME TIME**

**VIOLET** stops at the foot of the MAZE.

**PORTIA** slows just outside LANCASTER'S SHACK.

**DOMINIC** looks back from the base of the OAK TREE.

All THREE of them hearing the GUNSHOT, hearing Todd's call.  
On a dime, they redirect toward the HOUSE.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY/GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Todd fires ANOTHER ROUND, and Zoe ducks into the **GREAT ROOM**.  
But suddenly finds herself exposed, standing EMPTY-HANDED...

She then spots a PORTRAIT of **YOUNG TODD** and his **MOTHER** on the  
WALL. *Both of them SHIRTLESS for some inexplicable reason.*

And rips it down- lifts it up in front of her like a SHIELD.  
Todd stops dead in his tracks, taken aback by the IMAGE.

TODD  
How did you know I've always wanted  
to put a bullet in that picture...

*BANG!BANG!BANG!* He puts THREE ROUNDS in the GLASS FRAME. Zoe  
drops it to the FLOOR, dives into cover behind the COUCH.

She looks for a WEAPON to use against him. Then remembers the  
STEINWAY- *his prized possession*- and scurries behind it.

TODD (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

She slams the KEYS. The PIANO bellows out something ugly.

TODD (cont'd)  
Don't you touch those keys!

Todd charges after Zoe. But she sidesteps to the far side of  
the PIANO. The two begin a dance... left, right, back, forth.

Todd then lunges over the PIANO, but his ARM catches the LID PROP. The PIANO LID collapses- AND SLICES HIS HAND CLEAN OFF!

TODD (cont'd)  
GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Todd looks down at his ARM, his NUB- spewing BLOOD like the elevators at The Overlook Hotel.

ZOE  
Oh my God, okay. Todd, listen to m--

Raging, Todd takes up his PISTOL with his LEFT HAND- BANG! And fires a SHOT. Misses just above her SHOULDER.

Zoe ducks, panicked, but sees... the STEINWAY is on WHEELS. She punches the LOCKS- pushes it forward with all she has.

TODD  
No, no, no, no!

The STEINWAY careens toward the BACK WALL of the GREAT ROOM. Todd darts after it, throws his BODY in front to protect it.

Zoe doesn't stick around to see the result. She barrels into the FOYER and out the FRONT DOOR...

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe leaps down the FRONT STEPS, fumbles the CAMRY KEY into her HAND. But as she closes in on the CAR...

*KA-BOOOOM!* The CAMRY erupts in a FIREBALL. Zoe gets walloped by the blast, knocked back to the DIRT.

She whips around like a chicken with her head cut off. Spots Portia on the ROOF, racking the WINCHESTER.

PORTIA  
HOPE YOU HAD INSURANCE, BITCH!

Portia peers down the SIGHT, fires another shot. *KA-BOOOOM!* Mr. Ford's LINCOLN blows to smithereens.

Zoe tries to get up, but a COMBAT KNIFE pins her PANT-LEG to the GROUND. She spins- finds Violet turning the CORNER...

VIOLET  
It's over. Give me the drive.

Zoe pulls at the KNIFE, straining to uproot it. She gives it one more heave, rips it free- AND THROWS IT BACK AT VIOLET.

The BLADE soars right past her. Still, Violet spins back to Zoe... the two of them frozen a moment in mutual disbelief.

ZOE

Did I just --

VIOLET

Did you just --

Zoe bolts down the DRIVEWAY- and Violet races out after her. Todd comes running up behind, looping a BELT around his NUB.

VIOLET (cont'd)

What the fuck is that? What happened to your hand?

TODD

DO I LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO TALK ABOUT IT?!

Zoe peeks back over shoulder- sees Violet and Todd starting to CLOSE the GAP, Portia lining up ANOTHER SHOT.

She knows she can't keep this up. So, she pivots, launches herself into... a *THICK ROW OF CORNFIELDS*.

Violet and Todd chase her into the THICKET. Portia scrambles down a TRELLIS, hurries to join the HUNT.

**BACK BY THE HOUSE:** Dominic comes around the SIDE of the BARN. Watches his SIBLINGS follow Zoe into the DENSE CROP.

DOMINIC

That's not good...

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - CORNFIELDS - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe rushes through CORNSTALKS. But pulls up- hearing VOICES closing in, FOOTSTEPS rattling like SNARE DRUMS.

A single set of FOOTSTEPS then start to grow CLOSER, LOUDER. Zoe doesn't know what to do, where to go...

ZOE

Don't do this. Don't freeze up.

Then she notices... a SCARECROW, poking out over the stalks. And spins it toward the FOOTSTEPS, toward Violet, or Todd-

But the SCARECROW DUMMY falls off the TOP, revealing a sharp, WOODEN PIKE at the end of the POLE. And before Zoe can react- DOMINIC BOUNDS THROUGH THE CROPS!

ZOE (cont'd)

No!

*SNIKTTTTT!* The PIKE gashes Dominic in the CHEST. He folds to the DIRT, his MOUTH quickly filling up with BLOOD.

ZOE (cont'd)

No, no, no. Dominic, Dominic --

Zoe rushes to his side. Puts pressure on the WOUND.

TODD (O.S.)

Holy shit.

Zoe looks up at Todd, his FACE pale... almost sickly. Shaken by the sight of his BROTHER *dying on the ground*.

ZOE

Todd... Todd, I need you to help me.

Todd just stands there. Frozen.

ZOE (cont'd)

Todd, please, I --

DOMINIC

(muttering)

*Violet... knows...*

Zoe takes that in. Todd does too.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

*Dad... the drive...*

Dominic's EYES roll back. Violet and Portia push through the SCRUB... and see Dominic in the DIRT, Zoe hunched over him.

VIOLET

What did you do?

Zoe starts to tear up.

VIOLET (cont'd)

What the FUCK did you do?

ZOE

Please, I... I can help him. You have to let me --

VIOLET

There is no helping him!

Zoe's almost sobbing now.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
 He's dead. Because of you. Because  
 you couldn't stay the fuck away.

ZOE  
 All I wanted was to say goodbye.

VIOLET  
 Consider this goodbye then.

Violet yanks a KNIFE from each HIP. Zoe reads the writing on  
 the wall- scrambles to her FEET...

*SHWICK!* Violet rockets the KNIFE. Misses. Zoe stumbles into  
 the CORNSTALKS, headed back toward the HOUSE.

*SHWICK!SHWICK!* Violet launches two more. A BLADE catches Zoe  
 in the SHOULDER, but she stays upright. Keeps going.

PORTIA (O.S.)  
 Violet!

*SHWICK!SHWICK!SHWICK!* Violet draws KNIFE after KNIFE. Throws  
 them at the SPOT where Zoe disappeared into the GROVE.

PORTIA (O.S.)  
 Violet, stop!

Violet holds her last BLADE, turns to Portia- who nods down  
 at... Todd. *Suddenly passed out in the DIRT from BLOOD LOSS.*

PORTIA  
 What are we supposed to do?

Violet considers the EMPTY VOID where Zoe just stood. Shakes  
 her head as she turns back to Todd.

VIOLET  
 Take him to the barn. Clean him up.

PORTIA  
 And Dominic...?

Violet looks down at Dominic. His BODY cold, his EYES still.  
*For a moment, it seems like her ICE might crack-*

VIOLET  
 We'll bury him. By the tree.

She narrows on the FARMHOUSE in the distance.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
 Right after we bury her.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER/SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT**

Zoe staggers into the FOYER, tears streaming down her FACE. She grabs the STAIRCASE RAILING to keep from falling over...

Then looks to the KNIFE stuck in her SHOULDER. A BLOOD STAIN pooling up around the BLADE.

ZOE

Shit.

Zoe takes in the FOYER, the SECOND FLOOR running above. Then remembers the CHAIN, the BRASS KEY dangling around her NECK.

She slips it from her NECKLINE, cradles it in her HAND- and with sudden intent, starts up the STAIRS.

She hobbles to the GRANDFATHER CLOCK. Opens the ACCESS PANEL. Then slots in the KEY, winds the HANDS three-times...

She waits on pins and needles- hoping, praying. And just as she starts to lose hope... the HIDDEN DOOR opens. *She's in.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT**

Zoe crawls up the STAIRS into JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE. Collapses into a LEATHER ARMCHAIR waiting in the CORNER.

She sits there a moment, soaking it all in. *Realizing this space is exactly how she remembers it...*

The rows of ANTIQUE BOOKS, the old VIETNAM WAR relics. Even more importantly... *Joel's FISHING TACKLE BOX.*

Zoe opens the BOX and snags a HOOK and some LINE from inside. She notices an old FLASK, tips a bit of BOOZE over her WOUND.

ZOE

Surgical area is sterilized.

Then picks up a LEATHER BOOK. Bites down hard on the SPINE. *SNIKT!* And rips the KNIFE out of her SHOULDER.

ZOE (cont'd)

(muffled)

*Fugggghhhhhhhhhhh!*

Zoe pushes down on the GASH to slow the BLEEDING. Then roots the FISH HOOK into her SKIN, starts to SUTURE up her WOUND.

She screams out with every STITCH, every LOOP. But grits her TEETH, threads the HOOK through one last time...

And falls back into the CHAIR. Takes a long, deserved pull from the FLASK- starting to catch her BREATH...

ZOE (cont'd)  
One drink...

Zoe shakes her head. Looks down at the FLASK.

ZOE (cont'd)  
That's all this was supposed to be,  
Flask. One tiny, little drink... and  
then I'd leave.

She takes another swig. Digs her PHONE from her POCKET. But there's still NO SERVICE, her TEXT to Andre still UNSENT.

Zoe bristles, frustrated. But catches sight of SOMETHING in the corner of a BOOKSHELF... *an old HAM RADIO. Circa 1970.*

She lifts up from the CHAIR, takes in this BLOCK of BUTTONS and SWITCHES. Nestles her THUMB around the "ON/OFF" SWITCH.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Tell me you work...

She shuts her EYES a moment, flips the SWITCH... *but nothing happens.* The TRANSCEIVER unresponsive.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Don't do this to me, don't you --

*FZZZ-FZZZ-FZZZ!* STATIC crackles through the SPEAKERS. LIGHTS start to flicker. *The RADIO coming back to LIFE.*

ZOE (cont'd)  
Yes! Oh my God. Okay, okay...

Zoe takes the MICROPHONE in one hand, rolls through VARIOUS FREQUENCIES with the other. Listening for the right CHANNEL.

TRUCKER (HAM)  
*--ire eleven blew out. I'm on the  
shoulder off Mile Marker --*

SHIP CAPTAIN (HAM)  
*--lose to eighteen knots. We should  
hit port sometime before --*

DISPATCHER (HAM)  
*-- Zebra Three, we're getting calls  
about a downed power line on Spru--*

Zoe lights up. Clamps the "TALK" BUTTON.

ZOE  
Hello? Hello, can you hear me?

*DISPATCHER (HAM)*  
*Ma'am, this is a private channel.*  
*Discontinue communications immed--*

ZOE  
Please! You... you have to listen to me. There isn't much time.

SILENCE. Tacit approval.

ZOE (cont'd)  
There was an explosion... at the Ferrier Farm off Fairview Road.

*DISPATCHER (HAM)*  
*An explosion? How long ago?*

Zoe whirls around for a CLOCK... but the HAM RADIO sparks. SMOKE starts spilling from the back of the MACHINE.

ZOE  
I-I don't know... but you need to get someone over there right away.

She fans at the SMOKE CLOUD. Panic setting in.

*DISPATCHER (HAM)*  
*This one of those Simmons kids again?*  
*'Cuz I called your mother three tim--*

ZOE  
Just get someone over there. Before it's too late...

Zoe rips the POWER CORD out of the WALL. Diffuses the SMOKE. Then looks down at the MICROPHONE... *hoping that worked.*

**EXT. FOOD TRUCK - DIAMOND LAKE, WA - NIGHT**

A grease-stained TAKEOUT BAG plops down on the counter. The CASHIER taps at her REGISTER, glances up at... OFFICER CHENG.

CASHIER  
Quiet night out there?

OFFICER CHENG  
Had an assault with a Bingo card over at Cedar Pines, so I guess it just depends on your definition of quiet.

Cheng flashes his stupid GRIN.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
Keep the change.

Cheng hands the Cashier a TWENTY. Then grabs his FOOD and starts across the PARKING LOT toward his CRUISER.

He pops open the CAR DOOR, settles into the DRIVER'S SEAT. He grabs a couple FRIES from the bag, scarfs them down...

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
*India Six, this is Dispatch. We --*

Cheng snatches up his RADIO.

OFFICER CHENG  
Gertrude, we talked about this. There are only two units in this fifty mile radius, you can just call me Paul.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
*Yeah... as I was saying India Six, we got a call about a possible explosion at the Ferrier Farm off Fairview Roa--*

OFFICER CHENG  
Did you say the Ferrier Farm?

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
*That's correct.*

OFFICER CHENG  
What happened? Was anyone hurt?

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
*You gonna keep askin' questions, or just respond to the damn call?*

Cheng buckles his SEAT-BELT. Fires up the ENGINE.

OFFICER CHENG  
India-Six responding. I'm on my way.

Cheng kisses his FINGERS, taps them against a PICTURE of his HUSBAND and BABY taped to the DASH.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
Don't you worry, Zoe Ferrier... Paul Cheng is coming.

Then flicks on his SIREN- and smashes his FOOT to the PEDAL! Rubber BURNS. Tires SQUEAL. Cheng speeds off into the NIGHT.



Violet throws Todd up against a WALL. Levels her KNIFE.

VIOLET

Listen to me close now, I know you're the oldest, I know you like to see yourself a certain way. But here's the truth... Dad never loved you. You can carry his pistol, play his piano, it won't change the fact that he saw you for what you are... a bedwetting coward who should've left with Mom--

PORTIA

I'm on drugs!

Todd and Violet slowly crane to Portia.

PORTIA (cont'd)

Adderall. Like a lot of it.

TODD

I *knew* it. I knew you were high.

PORTIA

Whoop-Dee-Doo, I was high in Detroit too. Anyways... I took enough before the funeral to see the whole world in technicolor, so maybe you pussycats should step aside and let me take the --

VIOLET

Do you hear that?

Violet hurries over to the DOOR. Todd and Portia follow. All tracking a pair of HEADLIGHTS gliding up the DRIVEWAY...

VIOLET (cont'd)

That your girlfriend?

TODD

No. You'd hear Shawn Mendes.

Violet squints at the approaching VEHICLE. Just making out the EDGES of... a COP CAR. *Cheng's POLICE CRUISER.*

The three SIBLINGS lock eyes. Then... reach for their NOSES. All getting there at the SAME TIME.

TODD (cont'd)

Together?

VIOLET

Just... hide your fucking nub.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE - SAME TIME**

HEADLIGHTS wash over the OFFICE. Zoe rushes to the WINDOW... spies a POLICE CRUISER pulling to a stop at the FRONT GATE.

ZOE  
Yes! Holy shit.

The OFFICER lowers his WINDOW, but can't reach the CALL BOX. He steps out, and Zoe sees now... *it's OFFICER CHENG.*

ZOE (cont'd)  
Oh, no. Not him. Anyone but him.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

Cheng taps at the "CALL" BUTTON on the BOX. Doesn't get so much as a DIAL TONE in return.

TODD (O.S.)  
Evening, Officer...

Cheng turns to Todd, Violet, and Portia approaching from the OTHER SIDE of the GATE. Todd's STUMP tucked in his POCKET.

OFFICER CHENG  
All of you, stop right there! Hands where I can see them...

Todd hesitates. Violet fingers a BOWIE KNIFE behind her back. But before it can boil over, Portia springs forward-

PORTIA  
Is there a problem, Mister?

She puts on a polite tone. Catches Cheng off guard.

OFFICER CHENG  
We, uh, received a report about a possible Code Seven on the property?

PORTIA  
Sorry... a Code Seven?

OFFICER CHENG  
I don't know why I said that. It means an explosion. You know, like, *ka-boom?*

PORTIA  
An explosion? No, that was, that was...

Portia looks to her SIBLINGS for help.

VIOLET

Fireworks.

PORTIA

That's right. Fireworks. In our late father's memory...

Cheng tries to crane around them to get a look at the HOUSE. But Portia steps into his EYE-LINE.

PORTIA (cont'd)

Something else we can do for you?

OFFICER CHENG

Your sister, Zoe. We went to high school together. I thought maybe I --

VIOLET

She's not our sister.

OFFICER CHENG

Is... this not the Ferrier Farm?

Cheng notes the large "F" crafted in the GATE.

PORTIA

What Violet meant to say is she's not our sister by *blood*. Zoe was adopted, and I'm sorry but you just missed her. She left for the airport an hour ago.

Cheng nods, his EYES shifting to Todd's DRESS SHIRT- *maybe noticing what looks like BLOOD dotted across stark white.*

OFFICER CHENG

Is that... Italian silk?

But Cheng is too trusting. So he doesn't notice.

TODD

Hand-sewn Egyptian cotton.

Cheng gives the shirt another look. Impressed.

OFFICER CHENG

Well, you all be careful with those fireworks now. My cousin Ralph lost three fingers popping off a Bombette.

The SIBLINGS all put on a FRIENDLY FACE.

PORTIA

Will do, Officer.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Zoe watches their conversation, tries to read Cheng's BODY LANGUAGE. But then he turns... gets back in his VEHICLE.

ZOE

No. Stop. What are you doing?

Zoe has to do something *fast*. She spins to face the ROOM, scans high and low for ANYTHING to get his attention with.

Then she sees it- a BOX of ANTIQUE GRENADES stashed right there on the FLOOR. Zoe plucks one from inside...

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe crawls out the ATTIC WINDOW and up the SOPPING-WET ROOF. She tracks Cheng's CRUISER, headed back toward the ROAD.

Then looks down at the GRENADE in her HAND- and scours the CARS, the CORNFIELDS, soon landing on... *the GRAIN SILO*.

ZOE

Welcome to the party, Paul...

Zoe pulls the GRENADE PIN and hurls it with all her MIGHT. Sends it cascading through the AIR, on course for the SILO.

But the GRENADE quickly reaches its APEX- crashes toward the GROUND like an ANVIL falling from the SKY.

It clatters hard to the DIRT, rolls across the DRIVEWAY into the BARN. Eventually settling up against... *a PROPANE TANK*.

ZOE (cont'd)

Shit.

Zoe scurries in behind the CHIMNEY. She fixes her HANDS over her EARS, braces for the BLAST... *but it never comes*.

ZOE (cont'd)

...What? No.

**INT. FERRIER BARN - SAME TIME**

The GRENADE bobs back and forth. An unexploded dud.

**INT. CHENG'S CRUISER - MOVING - SAME TIME**

Cheng blasts the RADIO. Shovels some FRIES down his GULLET.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - ROOF - SAME TIME**

Zoe steps out from behind the CHIMNEY. Watches as Cheng's CRUISER disappears down the DRIVEWAY into the NIGHT.

Her LEGS tremble, her TEARS flood back. She lowers herself to the ROOF, drops her HEAD back against the CHIMNEY.

ZOE

All I wanted... was to say goodbye.

*BZZ-BZZ!* Zoe's PHONE then vibrates in her POCKET. She rushes it to her HAND, finds a TEXT there from ANDRE-

ZOE: "FAM TRYING 2 KILL ME! CALL 911!!"  
 ANDRE: "LOLOL. DON'T BE A TORTOISE! 🐢🐢🐢"

Zoe considers the TEXT, her FACE fraught with confusion. But then she realizes... *there's a BAR. One little, tiny BAR.*

She clicks the PHONE ICON next to Andre's NAME. Slowly but surely, it starts to RING... and RING... and --

ANDRE (PHONE)

He--o? Z-e?

ZOE

Andre? Andre, can you hear me?

ANDRE (PHONE)

Z-e? I- th-- you?

ZOE

Andre, listen to me. I'm in trouble. My family, they're... I'm just in trouble, okay? I'm in trouble and --

ANDRE (PHONE)

Z-e? A-e yo- th-re?

Zoe bristles. Frustration setting in.

ZOE

I said, I'm in trouble. Please, Andre, I-I need your help... I don't have --

*BEEP-BEEP!* The LINE cuts out. The CALL failed.

Zoe looks down at her PHONE. Returned now to the HOME SCREEN. She doesn't scream, doesn't cry. Just sits there... drenched.

ZOE (cont'd)

I don't have anyone else.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT**

Todd, Violet, and Portia watch Cheng's PATROL CAR peel back onto the MAIN ROAD. Portia looks to her SIBLINGS...

PORTIA  
See, chuckle fucks? *Adderall*.

She starts up the DRIVEWAY, Violet and Todd lingering in her wake. But as Violet starts to follow-

TODD  
The piano was Mom's idea.

Violet stops. Looks back at him.

TODD (cont'd)  
You might be too young to remember,  
but he'd play for her... sometimes.  
Then one day she walked out on him,  
and the music went with her.

Todd glances down at his SHOES.

TODD (cont'd)  
I didn't play it because it was his.  
I played it because every time I did,  
I thought it made him feel less alone.

VIOLET  
...Are you done?

TODD  
Guess that depends. Are you gonna  
tell me what's on that drive?

Violet looks him dead in the EYES. Then, without a word,  
follows Portia up the DRIVEWAY.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE - NIGHT**

Zoe crawls back in through the WINDOW. Limpes to the ARMCHAIR.  
She sits there, *blank*... thumbing at the KEY around her NECK.

But then... SOMETHING STARTS TO HAPPEN. OBJECTS lift up into  
the AIR, suddenly FLOATING and RELOCATING all over the ROOM.

A COFFEE MUG flies from BOOKSHELF to WINDOWSILL. Zoe's CHAIR  
spins and slides across the FLOOR to the OPPOSITE CORNER.

ZOE  
What is happening?

The SUN rises in an instant. Zoe hears the DOOR open below and sinks deep into her CHAIR, but it's not Violet or Todd...

*It's YOUNG ZOE and JOEL coming up the LADDER that very first time. Zoe twirling, taking in every nook and cranny.*

ZOE (cont'd)

What is this place?

JOEL

*This... is my secret hideout, and you are the only one on Earth who knows about it. So next time you want to be out there, I want you to come up here and I want you to remember something.*

*Joel sets his CHAIN around her neck. Zoe looks down at the BRASS KEY, nestles it between her FINGERS.*

JOEL (cont'd)

*You're my kid, Zoe Ferrier... and you don't need some damn maze to prove it.*

The ROOM then snaps back to REALITY. The SUN shoots down, OBJECTS rearrange. Zoe slides back to her ORIGINAL CORNER.

It takes her a second to re-acclimate, to process what just occurred. She looks down at the KEY... cradled in her HAND.

ZOE

What was it, Key...? What was he trying to tell me?

Zoe pores over the KEY. Noting every etching, every groove. But finds nothing of note, chucks it angrily to the FLOOR-

The BRASS HUNK clatters up against the FAR WALL. Zoe stares ahead at it, discarded there like a BODY in the MORGUE.

Then her EYES catch on something else... a CLOCK on the WALL with the same exact FACE as the GRANDFATHER CLOCK downstairs.

Zoe lifts from the CHAIR, curious. She scoops the KEY up and rises to meet the CLOCK FACE. The same KEYHOLE at the CENTER.

ZOE (cont'd)

Holy shit.

She slots the KEY in the CLOCK. Winds the HANDS three times. But... *nothing happens.* The ROOM smothered in SILENCE.

*CREEEAAK!* Until a BOOKCASE pivots open behind her. Zoe makes a slow turn back, tiptoes toward this HIDDEN DOOR...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe pushes into a CLOSET brimming with FIREARMS and TACTICAL GEAR. She drifts past racks of HANDGUNS, boxes of GRENADES...

Then notices... an old COMPUTER, sitting on a DESK up against the BACK WALL. *Something about it not quite fitting in.*

ZOE

What are you doing in here?

Zoe takes a seat at the COMPUTER and taps at the SPACE BAR. A LOG-IN WINDOW pops up. She types, "PASSWORD." Hits ENTER.

It doesn't work. But Zoe notices a POST-IT wedged under the KEYBOARD. Finds a SINGLE WORD scrawled on it: "FIREFLY."

She gets hit with a tidal wave of emotion. Then unlocks the COMPUTER, slots the USB DRIVE into the PORT...

A FOLDER pops up labeled: "GOODBYE." Zoe taps it open- finds no ACCOUNTS, no FINANCES. *Just a pair of VIDEOS.*

Zoe clicks the FIRST VIDEO... and now, JOEL'S FACE fills the SCREEN. *Recording himself in that same VEGAS HOTEL ROOM.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*My name... is Joel Alexander Ferrier, the date is October Twelfth, and this just might be my final goodbye... my last message to you, Lola Doubleday.*

**EXT. FERRIER FARMHOUSE - DRIVEWAY/BARN - NIGHT**

Violet opens a STORAGE BOX on the side of the BARN. Nudges past GARDEN TOOLS to a WEAPONS CACHE waiting at the bottom.

TODD (O.S.)

Care to fill us in on your grand little plan here?

Violet looks back at Todd and Portia. Lurking behind.

VIOLET

You said you didn't want orders.

TODD

Doesn't mean we can't talk about it.

VIOLET

There's nothing to talk about. I'm ending this... with or without you.

Violet takes a handful of KNIVES and starts toward the BACK DOOR of the HOUSE. Todd stops Portia before she can follow-

TODD

You know she's hiding something...

PORTIA

I have six-hundred-grand in Company infractions. All I care about is --

TODD

Stick with me on this and I'll pay off whatever you owe.

Portia thinks on that.

PORTIA

A million dollars. *Cash*. And I keep her share of whatever's on that drive.

TODD

Done.

Todd sticks out his NUB. Portia shakes it.

TODD (cont'd)

Now give me fifty milligrams and let's back baby into a corner.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe settles into the DESK CHAIR. Taking in every word, every syllable of Joel's final transmission.

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*I'm sorry it's been so long since we last spoke. You told me not to look for you, said it was better that way, and I wanted to honor that. But today might be my last on this Earth, and I don't know, maybe I shouldn't have listened... maybe keeping you in her life would'a made her feel less alone.*

*Joel reflects a moment.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*Truth is, I just wish you could see her, Lo. She's so smart, and kind. Oh... and she's a doctor. A heart surgeon. 'Bout time someone in this family tried to help instead'a hurt.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN/GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

Todd dry swallows an ADDERALL PILL. Trails Violet and Portia into the KITCHEN, their WEAPONS held high.

But the only one in there is Dominic's dog, WINSTON, lapping up Mr. Ford's BRAINS. Portia stops. Looks down at the DOG.

PORTIA

Are we supposed to do something about this? Or just like, let it happen?

Violet doesn't answer. Follows a set of MUDDY FOOTPRINTS into the **GREAT ROOM**. *The same FOOTPRINTS from Lancaster's...*

TODD

Awfully quiet. What makes you so sure she's still in the house?

VIOLET

*You might be too young to remember, but while we were out in the maze, she was in here... with him.*

She moves to the MARLBORO PACK she left on the WET BAR, and lights a CIGARETTE. Blows SMOKE into the AIR.

VIOLET (cont'd)

He never let her out of his sight, never let her into our world. So this is it... this place is all she knows.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

*Joel's SMILE fades. He scratches at the edges of his BEARD, exhaustion and fatigue becoming more apparent.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*But like I said, kid. This just might be my last message. Trouble's lookin' for me, lookin' for all of us really.*

*He peeks back over his SHOULDER.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*Two months ago, Chair Three was found in the front seat of his car with a hose rigged to the tailpipe. It looked like suicide, felt like it too. Until about three weeks later... when Chair Nine washed up in the Board Room with a hollow point between his eyelids.*

*Joel looks down. Almost in shame.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*The Company figured they had enemies, chalked it up to bad blood. But two dead Board Members isn't some fucked up coincidence, it's a declaration of war. So I started digging, calling in favors. Wasn't long before I learned about a splinter group, up-and-comers frustrated with leadership... and that my daughter, Violet, was a part of it.*

Zoe recedes into her CHAIR. Fearing where this is headed.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

Violet drags her CIGARETTE. Scans the HALLWAY running above the GREAT ROOM... a *LIONESSE* stalking her *PREY*.

VIOLET

The East Wing is mine. The two of you can divide the rest amongst --

*CLICK!* The SOUND of a HANDGUN cocking. Violet turns back... to Todd pointing his REMINGTON right at her.

VIOLET (cont'd)

What is this? What the fuck do you think you're doing?

TODD

Hands above your head. Do it now.

Violet looks to Portia. WINCHESTER down at her hip.

VIOLET

Are you just going to stand there? After I bent over backwards for you?

PORTIA

You sent me to Detroit for pennies on the dollar. Pretty sure I'm that one that did the bending over.

Violet scowls. Todd waves his PISTOL at her.

TODD

Go on. Hands in the air.

Violet rolls her EYES. Tosses her MARLBORO PACK to Portia as she raises her HANDS up over her HEAD.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe considers Joel- *his expression darkening all the sudden, a slight trepidation emerging in his VOICE.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*She never said anything to me. Never expressed any discontent. Hell, bein' a part of this world's just about the only thing she's ever wanted. Which is why I've asked her to meet me here... in Vegas. Figure, if I can get through to her, maybe we can clean all this up.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

Violet stares down the BARREL of Todd's PISTOL. The CHROME FINISH gleaming under the overhead lights.

VIOLET

You must be proud. Getting the drop on me after all this time...

TODD

I don't care about the drop. Tell me what's on that drive.

Portia looks down at the CIGARETTE PACK... and double takes. *Noticing something on the BOTTOM.*

PORTIA

You were there...

Portia looks up at Violet now.

VIOLET

What are you talking about?

PORTIA

You were there... in Vegas.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

*Joel pushes out a long, hard breath. The emotion of it all finally catching up with him.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*But maybe it's my fault, maybe... I pushed her harder than I should've.*

*Joel swigs from a GLASS of SOMETHING.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)  
*Truth is, I don't know what's going to happen. I don't know what comes next. What I do know is... there are contingencies in place. Eyes on me there wouldn't otherwise be.*

*He glances down at his WATCH.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)  
*And you, Lola, you're the last piece of the puzzle. So if you're watching this, then I need you to take this drive and bring it to the house on Orcas. You'll know what to do when --*

*DUN-DUN! A KNOCK at the DOOR.*

JOEL (ON-SCREEN) (cont'd)  
*I have to go. Just... do this last thing for me, Lo. And know that I tried. Tried to give her a chance, tried to give her something... more.*

The VIDEO stops. The COMPUTER remains frozen on Joel's FACE. All Zoe can manage to do is stare back at the SCREEN.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

Portia chucks the CIGARETTES back at Violet. That thin layer of PLASTIC WRAP still coating the BOX.

PORTIA  
 The stamp. At the bottom.

Violet flips the PACK over. Notices a tiny BLUE STAMP on the bottom flap, a SINGLE WORD printed there: "NEVADA-101221."

PORTIA (cont'd)  
 It wasn't a heart attack. You were there... it was you.

Todd cranes to Violet. His heart breaking in real time.

TODD  
 What the fuck did you do, Vi?

Violet crumples the CIGARETTE PACK in her HAND.

VIOLET  
 I did what I had to. I don't expect either of you to understand that...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe returns to the "GOODBYE" FOLDER. She starts the SECOND VIDEO, this a high angle of Joel's HOTEL ROOM. No AUDIO.

*ON-SCREEN: Joel gets up and opens the DOOR. It's Violet. He welcomes her inside, pours himself ANOTHER GLASS of TEQUILA.*

*Then brings her over to the COUCHES... and starts to talk. Now, her BODY LANGUAGE changes. Her ARMS and LEGS tighten.*

*She then reaches into her PURSE and pulls out a KNIFE and a small PILL BOTTLE. Sets both on the COFFEE TABLE before him.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

Violet tiptoes toward Todd and Portia now. Ignores the GUN pointed straight at her CHEST.

VIOLET

Things are happening in the Company.  
The days of the old guard meddling in  
every contract and every hit are over.

TODD

And that required execution?

VIOLET

The Board lost control. People wanted  
them dead. There was no other choice.

TODD

What people? You? Fucking... Kloss?

VIOLET

Doesn't matter. Wheels are in motion.  
What's done is done.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

*ON-SCREEN: Joel's shoulders sink. But then... he nods, and opens the PILL BOTTLE. Drops a SINGLE PILL into his GLASS.*

*He raises it to Violet, drains what's left. Within seconds, his BODY starts convulsing. He collapses to the CARPET...*

*Violet watches on, waiting for him to die. Once he's gone, she opens the DOOR... and **FOUR OTHERS** sweep into the ROOM.*

*Three MEN and one WOMAN. They get to work staging the scene. Removing Joel's GLASS, hiding any evidence Violet was there.*

*One of the men, a **BLUE-EYED GERMAN**, pulls Violet aside. He brings her into his arms. Consoling and reassuring her.*

*The OTHERS start to move Joel's BODY- and Zoe can't take it. She closes the VIDEO. Sits there at the COMPUTER... crushed.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SAME TIME**

Todd shakes his head over and over. Can't bring himself to look his SISTER in the EYES.

TODD

H-How... how could you do it? After everything he'd done for you? For us?

VIOLET

He was a ticking time bomb. All I did was turn the clock.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - JOEL'S ATTIC CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe looks down at the USB DRIVE, sitting there in the PORT. Her devastation slowly rewiring into ANGER.

She starts hacking at the KEYBOARD. Reopens the FIRST VIDEO, scrubs through it toward the END...

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*If you're watching this, then I need you to take this drive and bring it to the house on Orcas...*

Zoe rewinds a FEW SECONDS.

JOEL (ON-SCREEN)

*...bring it to the house on Orcas.*

Zoe searches the COMPUTER for "ORCAS." Gets hit with EMAILS from the REALTOR, scanned copies of the MORTGAGE...

She then stumbles on a VIDEO: The FOOTAGE harsh and grainy, taken with a VHS CAMERA. In the corner is a DATE: "8/31/92."

The CAMERA drifts through a DOORWAY into a DINING ROOM... comes up on **BABY ZOE** (1) waiting there in her high chair.

A pair of VOICES sing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY." TWO HANDS place a small BIRTHDAY CAKE down in front of her.

BABY ZOE

Ga... Ga...

VOICE (O.S.)

*Who's GaGa? Is that me? Is that Mama?*

*The CAMERA spins... VIDEO goes fuzzy... but crystallizes on the face of **LOLA DOUBLEDAY** (36). The spitting image of Zoe.*

*A set of ARMS wrap around her. Lola angles the CAMERA, picks up **JOEL FERRIER** (41). Lighter and happier than ever before.*

*He plants a KISS on Lola's CHEEK. Baby Zoe giggles, and her PARENTS move in beside her. Help blow out her CANDLES.*

*Zoe beams back at the VIDEO, melting into tears. Knowing now that she wasn't an orphan, that she was loved... and then --*

***A QUICK FLASH:** To Zoe and Joel standing outside the MAZE all those years ago. Joel lowering to meet her EYES.*

JOEL

*I made a promise when I brought you here, told your folks I'd keep you safe. So just trust me, okay?*

**BACK IN THE CLOSET:** Zoe lingers at the COMPUTER, emotional. She then looks down at the DRIVE, remembering her MISSION.

ZOE

*Just trust me...*

And clicks back to the MORTGAGE PAPERS, notes an ADDRESS on top: 1781 CASCADE. She saves the DOCUMENT, pulls the DRIVE...

Then starts for the DOOR. But stops, in the middle of this ARMORY... and picks up a FLASHBANG. *Cradles it in her HAND.*

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT**

Violet walks straight into Todd's REMINGTON. Forces him to pull his EYES off the FLOOR.

VIOLET

*You know Dad. You know he'd never just go quietly into the night...*

She points to Mr. Ford's BODY in the KITCHEN.

VIOLET (cont'd)

*There's something on that drive. I don't know if it's names, or dates, but if it was meant for Lola then it was meant for the Board, and I can't have Zoe putting it in their hands...*

*THWACK!* A LOUD BANG echoes outside the HOUSE. Todd turns for it, then looks back at Violet... an unease washing over him.

TODD  
(to Portia)  
Keep your gun on her.

Portia nods. Puts her WINCHESTER on Violet. Todd slips into the FOYER, holsters his PISTOL as he reaches for the DOOR--

*WHAMMMMMMMMM!* But the FRONT DOOR flies right off its hinges. The impact hammering Todd to the FLOOR.

**THREE FIGURES** sweep into the HOUSE with MP5 SUBMACHINE GUNS. Clad in all-black COMBAT VESTS and MASKS.

Todd reaches for his PISTOL, but ONE FIGURE slaps it away... the GUN sliding to the FAR SIDE of the GREAT ROOM.

PORTIA  
What the --

Violet seizes her chance. She socks Portia in the FACE, rips the WINCHESTER from her HANDS.

Then gets the RIFLE up in front of her. Swinging it back and forth between the approaching FIGURES.

VIOLET  
I think that's close enough...

The FIGURES stop at the threshold, and peel off their MASKS. Revealing... **THREE OPERATIVES** from the VEGAS HOTEL ROOM.

Up in front, **KAMADA** (40s, Japanese). Sharp wit, sharper shot.

On his left, **CLEMENTINE** (26, French). Anthony Davis uni-brow.

On his right, **STEFANO** (35, Italian). Ridiculous head of hair.

Violet takes them all in, *the BLUE-EYED GERMAN notably absent*. She lowers the WINCHESTER to her hip.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
What are you doing here? Kloss said  
I'd have until tomorrow...

Todd angles to Violet.

TODD  
Seriously? *This* is the resistance?  
Kamada and the cast of Love Island  
Yugoslavia?

Kamada sniffs at the air.

KAMADA

Am I smelling... a hint of jealousy?

TODD

I'm sure that's just the ball-sweat from your transpacific flight.

Violet snaps her fingers at Kamada.

VIOLET

Hello? *What* are you doing here?

KAMADA

Kloss changed his mind. He wants this wrapped up tonight.

VIOLET

And he couldn't tell me that himself?

KAMADA

Do you really want me to answer that?

Violet bristles. Kamada hands Stefano a bit of ROPE from his BACKPACK. Stefano takes it, hogties Todd's ARMS and LEGS...

TODD

Fuck you, Fabio! Get off of me!

Stefano tosses the leftover ROPE to Clementine. She shuffles ahead to Portia, holds the TWINE up in front of her.

CLEMENTINE

We can do zis the easy way, or --

PORTIA

Lick my twat, froggy.

Clem smiles. Then sticks Portia with a TASER- dropping her to the FLOOR with TWENTY-THOUSAND VOLTS.

Kamada then takes a CROW BAR from his BACKPACK. Looks out at the GREAT ROOM, the HOUSE... deciding where to start.

VIOLET

You don't have to do this. Whatever Joel had on us... I'll find it.

Kamada tosses Violet a CROW BAR of her own.

KAMADA

I don't doubt it...

**INT. DIAMOND LAKE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

OFFICER CHENG slumps into this tiny PRECINCT with his DOGGY BAG. Drops into a CHAIR much too small to support his weight.

VOICE (O.S.)

You deal with that Ferrier thing?

Cheng looks to **GERTRUDE** (70s), wearing a DISPATCH HEADSET in a CUBICLE at the back of the ROOM.

OFFICER CHENG

Spoke to the owners. Sounds like it was just a firework display.

GERTRUDE

Fireworks? In October?

OFFICER CHENG

It's some kind of memorial service. I don't know, it was all a little weird.

GERTRUDE

Talk about weird... you shoulda heard this kid from Los Angeles screaming at me for twenty minutes 'bout his sort-of girlfriend being in mortal danger.

Cheng perks up now. Curious.

OFFICER CHENG

What do you mean sort-of girlfriend?

GERTRUDE

Oh, so I guess they work together and there's always been an attraction, but it was weird because *he's* a nurse and *she's* a doctor, but then they kissed once at a holiday party, and it was --

OFFICER CHENG

Gertie! I meant, *who* is she?

GERTRUDE

I don't know. Didn't catch a name.

OFFICER CHENG

But he said he was from Los Angeles?

GERTRUDE

Sure did.

Cheng stops. Puzzle pieces snapping together.

OFFICER CHENG  
Gertie... when's the last flight out  
of Spokane International?

GERTRUDE  
Was about two hours ago. Why?

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT**

Kamada, Stefano, and Clementine take CROW BARS to the WALLS  
and FLOORBOARDS... stripping the HOUSE from head to toe.

Across the ROOM- Todd and Portia lie face down on the FLOOR,  
ARMS and LEGS tied up behind them. Portia whispers to Todd:

PORTIA  
I can't *believe* I let you drag me  
into this shit. Should've just kept  
my mouth shut and collected my share.

TODD  
Right. Because I knew we were walking  
into the middle of a fucking coup...

Portia looks out at Kloss's CREW.

PORTIA  
What are we supposed to do now?

TODD  
The only thing we can do... pray.

PORTIA  
For what? The fucking Amorites?

TODD  
For a fucking miracle.

Back on the OTHER SIDE of the ROOM- Kamada and Stefano pry a  
CABINET off the WALL. Chuck it to the FLOOR.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
You're wasting time.

Kamada swivels to Violet. Standing there behind him.

VIOLET  
I know my father... I grew up here.  
Let me handle things like we agreed.

Kamada considers that. But before he can answer, LOUD MUSIC  
starts blaring from somewhere UPSTAIRS.

The BEAT builds and builds, soon becoming recognizable as... DESTINY'S CHILD's 'SURVIVOR.' Portia spins to Todd:

PORTIA  
Is that what I think it is?

TODD  
That's Doogie-Fucking-Howser.

Kamada listens to the MUSIC a moment. Refocuses on Violet, her FACE melting into a puddle of RAGE.

KAMADA  
You wanna explain why the fuck I'm listening to Beyoncé?

VIOLET  
*Do you really want me to answer that?*

KAMADA  
Are you... mocking me?

VIOLET  
Just pick up your fucking gun.

Violet draws a KNIFE and starts off into the FOYER. Kamada, Stefano, and Clem take up their MP5s. Fall in behind her.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - EAST WING BEDROOMS - MOMENTS LATER**

Violet tiptoes up to the SECOND FLOOR, Kamada and the others following in formation. Tracking the MUSIC down the HALL.

BEYONCÉ (MUSIC)  
*You thought that I would die without you, but I'm livin'...*

The SONG grows louder. The UNIT closing in on Zoe's BEDROOM. Violet approaches the DOOR... and kicks it right open-

But the room is EMPTY. Nothing but a worn DESTINY'S CHILD CD spinning round and round on a SHARPER IMAGE BOOMBOX.

BEYONCÉ (MUSIC) (cont'd)  
*You thought that I would fail --*

Violet slams her KNIFE through the STEREO. Kills Beyoncé's VOICE mid-vocal. Kamada steps up beside her...

KAMADA  
Kloss wants us back by sunrise. Think maybe it's time you start talking...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Todd and Portia listen to the action upstairs. Get pops of muffled arguing between Violet and Kamada.

TODD

That was only the second verse... she couldn't have gone far.

PORTIA

Why on Earth do you know that?

TODD

My first hit was the Stage Manager on the Destiny Fulfilled Tour.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - EAST WING BEDROOMS - CONTINUOUS**

Violet and Kamada argue in Zoe's BEDROOM. Clementine hears a FLOORBOARD creak in the HALLWAY, backpedals out...

To find Zoe at the LANDING, standing there in a FLAK JACKET. A FLASHBANG GRENADE nestled in her HAND.

ZOE

I don't want any more trouble. All I want to do is walk out that door...

But as Clem steps into the LIGHT- Zoe's head cocks. *Not the person, or the eyebrows, she was expecting.*

ZOE (cont'd)

You're not my sister.

Clem then looks to the FLASHBANG in Zoe's HANDS, and sees... the GRENADE PIN. Already pulled from the GRENADE.

CLEMENTINE

*Shit...*

Zoe chucks the FLASHBANG down the HALL. But Clementine acts fast, kicks the GRENADE into Zoe's ROOM- *landing it smack in between Violet, Kamada, and Stefano.*

CLEMENTINE (cont'd)

Je suis dés--

**BOOOOOOOM!** The FLASHBANG pops off. A PULSE reverberates out. Zoe gets tossed by the BLAST... knocked off her FEET.

She grabs at her SHOULDER, staggers up. But Clementine LEAPS onto her BACK- claws at her like a fucking BADGER.

They spin out across the LANDING, their rotations becoming more VIOLENT, more MANIC. Until they spill over the RAILING- And *SLAM* down hard onto the STEINWAY! The two crashing right through the PIANO, breaking it to PIECES.

TODD  
NO! MY BABY! MY BEAUTIFUL BABY!

**INT. FARMHOUSE - ZOE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Kamada and Stefano stagger around each other. EYES blinded by the BLAST, EARS ringing all to hell.

KAMADA  
I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T SEE!

Violet crawls across the CARPET, BLOOD seeping from the SPOT where she seems to have hit her HEAD.

VIOLET  
Would you... shut... up...

**INT. FARMHOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe slowly rolls onto her BACK... dazed from the hard fall. Then, all the sudden- finds a FIST flying straight for her!

She skirts left, narrowly avoids Clementine's HAYMAKER. Then gets her HANDS up in front of her. Absorbs a flurry of JABS.

CLEMENTINE  
*Stupide! Stupide petite fille!*

Todd and Portia watch on from the OTHER SIDE of the ROOM.

PORTIA  
Shouldn't we be helping her?

TODD  
Helping her? After she just sodomized my first-born child?

PORTIA  
What do you need a piano for? You have one fucking *hand!*

That stops Todd. A LIGHTBULB going off in his HEAD.

Just as Clementine readies another BLOW. But her HAIR falls, and Zoe takes in her FACE... *remembering her from the VIDEO.*

ZOE

You... you're one of them.

Clementine balks. Recognition washing over her.

PORTIA (O.S.)

Hey! French fry!

She looks left toward Portia and Todd.

PORTIA

Sorry, pumpkin. Just wanted to distract you.

*WHAM!* Zoe socks Clem in the NOSE. The Frenchie reels back, Zoe squirms out from underneath her...

But doesn't get far before Clem piledrives her to the FLOOR. The two BARREL ROLL across the WOOD, Clem ending up on top.

She gets her HANDS around Zoe's THROAT and SQUEEZES with all her might. Zoe flails, her FACE starting to purple.

But she manages to crane toward Todd and Portia, sees Todd mouthing a SINGLE WORD now: "*HAND.*"

Zoe then spots Todd's SEVERED HAND... sitting there beside her. She takes it up and *shoves it in Clem's OPEN MOUTH!*

CLEMENTINE

Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!

Clementine spits out Todd's HAND. Looks up to find- Zoe on her FEET, seemingly escaping toward the FOYER.

But Zoe isn't fleeing, she's running... *for Todd's REMINGTON.* Discarded on the FAR SIDE of the ROOM.

Clem realizes- and breaks for the GUN. Bounding over couches like one of those LANGUR MONKEYS from PLANET EARTH II...

She gets to the PISTOL first, slides in beside it. Rolling to her back as she narrows the GUN on Zoe-

GREG (O.S.)

Portia? Portia, get out here and answer for your filthy lies--

*BANG!* Clem pulls the trigger- and Zoe holds there... *frozen.* But then, she pats herself down. Can't find a GUNSHOT WOUND.

PORTIA (O.S.)

SHMOOPY!

Zoe looks back... and sees Greg at the threshold, collapsing to the FLOOR. A *big, fat BULLET HOLE* splitting his *FOREHEAD*.

Portia and Clementine LOCK EYES. Then, in a sudden surge of disturbing, otherworldly strength-

PORTIA  
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Portia rips out of her BINDS like the fucking Hulk. Storms after Clementine with HOMICIDE written across her EYES...

*BANG!* Clementine fires. Catches Portia square in the CHEST. But Portia keeps going, keeps moving forward.

*BANG!BANG!BANG!* Three more SHOTS to the TORSO. Still, Portia refuses to go down, refuses to give up.

*BANG!* Until Clementine shoots Portia in the FACE. Her BODY remaining upright for a second before crumpling to the WOOD.

TODD  
PORTIA!! PORTIA!!

Todd thrashes at his BINDS. TEARS welling in his EYES now. Clem turns the REMINGTON on Zoe without a second thought...

But before she can get a SHOT off- *RUFF-RUFF!* WINSTON leaps through the AIR and BITES down hard on Clementine's ARM.

CLEMENTINE  
Fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk!

The PISTOL clatters to the FLOOR. But Zoe just stands there, can't seem to bring herself to move...

TODD  
ZOE! ZOE, DO SOMETHING!

Zoe snaps out of it- and hurries across the ROOM. But this time, doesn't go for the GUN...

Instead, she leaps up for the ANTIQUE KATANA on the WALL... takes the SWORD in her HANDS like she did as a child-

*SNIKT!* Then drives the BLADE deep into Clementine's ABDOMEN. *SNIKKKKTTTTTT!* Guides it up through her GUTS like a SCALPEL.

Then rips the SWORD out of Clementine's CHEST. Holds there as the Frenchie folds in on herself like a sad ACCORDION...

Zoe stares down at Clem's DEAD BODY, numb. She then picks up Todd's REMINGTON... shakes off some of Clementine's VISCERA.

TODD (O.S.)  
He never wanted this for you.

She cranes to Todd. Still tied up on the FLOOR.

TODD  
You were supposed to be different.  
You were supposed to be... *normal*.

ZOE  
I'm not giving up on that just yet.

She lowers in beside him. Looks out at the carnage.

ZOE (cont'd)  
It was her, it was *Violet*. She was  
there with him in Vegas.

TODD  
No shit, Sherlock. Who do you think  
brought the cavalry?

Zoe peers back at Clementine.

ZOE  
There were more. In the video.

TODD  
Video? What vide--

STEFANO (O.S.)  
CLEMENTÍNE?

FOOTSTEPS pound down the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY toward the LANDING.  
Todd nods Zoe back to his BINDS...

TODD  
Untie me. Quick.

Zoe hesitates.

TODD (cont'd)  
Does it look like I'm on their side?  
What are you waiting for?

Zoe slides a KNIFE from her POCKET and cuts Todd free. He  
shakes the ROPES off his HANDS and FEET...

STEFANO (O.S.)  
CLEMENTÍNE? CLEMMY?

Just as Stefano hits the LANDING. He searches the GREAT ROOM  
for Clementine, his EYES soon falling on her LIFELESS BODY.

STEFANO  
 CHE CAZZO... CHE CAZZO HAI FATTO?!  
 CHE CAZZO HAI FATTO?!

Stefano shakes his head, reeling- then raises up his MP5.  
*RAT-TAT-TAT!* And rains BULLETS all across the GREAT ROOM.

Zoe dives in behind a COUCH. Todd slides around the WET BAR.  
 He looks over at her, tries to yell over the GUNFIRE.

TODD  
 (words garbled)  
 It's pizza bitch!

ZOE  
 What?!

TODD  
 (louder now)  
 THE PIANO BENCH!

Zoe follows Todd's FINGER to the PIANO BENCH. Understanding,  
 she takes his REMINGTON and slides it across to him.

ZOE  
 Cover me!

Todd takes up the GUN and pops a few ROUNDS back at Stefano.  
 Buys Zoe time to scurry over to the BENCH.

She folds it open, dusts aside pages and pages of SHEET MUSIC,  
 finding underneath it all... a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

ZOE (cont'd)  
 Holy shit.

Zoe identifies TWO LOOSE ROCKETS. Shoves one into the BARREL.  
 She hesitates, recognizing the absurdity of it.

ZOE (cont'd)  
 Well, here goes something...

Then settles her FINGER around the TRIGGER, closes her EYES-  
*BOOOOM!* And sends a ROCKET screaming toward Stefano.

He sees it coming, takes off running down the HALLWAY. But  
 then the ROCKET starts to turn, whips back toward Zoe...

ZOE (cont'd)  
 Todd! Todd, what's happening?!

TODD  
 Wrong rocket!



**INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Zoe lifts herself from the LAUNDRY BASKET. She reaches down to help Todd up, but he brushes her off.

TODD

I lost a hand, I'm not a geriatric.

Zoe backs off. Instead takes in this dark and damp BASEMENT with no WINDOWS, no EXTERIOR DOORS. *No obvious way out.*

ZOE

Got any ideas?

TODD

I've got a lot of ideas. Starting with not firing a damn heat-seeker in the middle of the house...

ZOE

You could've warned me. I'm a surgeon, you know, not a soldier.

Zoe then looks up the LAUNDRY CHUTE, but the upper half is blocked off. Filled with SMOKE and DEBRIS.

TODD

What were you saying up there... about a video?

Zoe thinks on that a moment, deciding how much to tell him. But she digs into her POCKET- produces the USB DRIVE.

ZOE

There's footage on here... from The Venetian. Violet slipped him something, some kind of pill. The others came in right after, dressed the whole thing up to look like a heart attack.

TODD

And now they want to get rid of it.

Zoe nods. Looks back down at the DRIVE.

ZOE

That wasn't all. Dad left a message for Lola, asked her to bring this to the house on Orcas...

TODD

If that's what he wanted, then --

*BLOOP!* Todd gets hit in the FACE with a DROP of WATER. Zoe notices a LEAK dripping from the CEILING to the FLOOR.

She follows the river of DROPLETS around the CORNER... and arrives before a STORM DRAIN. *Maybe the size of a PORTHOLE.*

ZOE

Well, I found a way out... but you're not gonna like it.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - GARDENS/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

A DRAIN COVER pops out of place. Zoe's HANDS reach up from inside, pull the rest of her to the SURFACE.

Todd follows right behind her. The two of them soaking wet, covered in dirt and muck from inside the DRAIN PIPE.

TODD

We get out of here alive, you're buying me a new suit.

ZOE

Let's just focus on the alive part.

Zoe leads Todd to the EDGE of the HOUSE. They glance around the CORNER, and see HEADLIGHTS... coming up from the ROAD.

ZOE (cont'd)

More cavalry?

TODD

Not quite...

They start to hear MUSIC bumping from the CAR. Sounds like the muffled CHORUS of- Shawn Mendes's, "*SEÑORITA*."

Todd runs out and waves down... HOLIDAY. She pulls through the GATE Kamada smashed open. Parks beside his SPRINTER VAN.

HOLIDAY

Babe, I am so sorry. I like totally lost track of --

TODD

Back in the car. We need to go.

Holiday considers Todd now. Notices his AMPUTATED HAND.

HOLIDAY

Shut up! Is that real? Is this some kind of like sick practical joke?

Todd moves for the PASSENGER-SIDE DOOR.

TODD  
I'll explain later.

HOLIDAY  
No, seriously, is that like special effects make-up? Because I did this sponsored post for The Walking Dead and it like totally ruined my skin.

TODD  
That's a lovely anecdote, sweetheart, but right now we need to --

STEFANO (O.S.)  
No one's going anywhere.

Zoe, Todd, and Holiday spin around. Find Stefano standing at the FRONT DOOR, the MP5 clutched in his HANDS.

HOLIDAY  
Oh my God, Stefano? Is that you?

TODD  
You *know* him?

HOLIDAY  
Yeah, we like totally made out one night at Output.

STEFANO  
And it didn't stop there... in case you were wondering.

TODD  
You motherfu--

Zoe steps in front of Todd and Holiday.

ZOE  
Whatever they're giving you... we can beat it. All you have to do is turn around and walk back into that house.

STEFANO  
You misunderstand, little lady. What they're giving me, it can't be bought.

**BANG!** Todd fires a SHOT into the AIR.

At first, no one seems to know where it went. Then Stefano reaches for his EAR... a CHUNK of it comes off in his HAND.

TODD

Consider that your last warning.

STEFANO

Consider that your last breath.

*RAT-TAT-TAT!* Stefano unloads his MP5. Forcing Todd and Zoe into cover behind the BENTLEY'S BACK BUMPER.

But Holiday isn't as quick... and Stefano lights her up. Her BODY flailing like a CAR DEALERSHIP TUBE MAN.

TODD

Holiday!

Holiday spirals to the Earth. Todd boils with rage, cocks his REMINGTON with ONE HAND and wheels out guns blazing-

*BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!*

But Stefano just calmly slides behind a PLANTER. He rips out the MP5 MAGAZINE with his TEETH. Pops in a FRESH CARTRIDGE.

Then leaps up and fires on the BENTLEY. Laying into the BODY, shattering the WINDOWS, BULLETS spraying left and right-

A ROUND ricochets off the DRIVEWAY and hits Todd in the LEG. He dives under the CAR, leaves Zoe pinned down at the BUMPER.

ZOE

Think, Zoe, think...

That's when she notices... the TAIL-LIGHTS are glowing RED. The BENTLEY'S ENGINE still running.

And Zoe doesn't wait- scrambles up to the DRIVER'S SEAT. She then drops the GEAR-SHIFT into DRIVE, punches the GAS PEDAL-  
AND LAUNCHES THE CAR TOWARD STEFANO!

STEFANO

*Puttana! Figlio di puttana!*

Stefano tries to make a run for it, but the BENTLEY is too fast. It rockets toward him, pins him up against the WALL-

*KA-BOOOM!* Somehow, the BENTLEY explodes. Stefano gets split at the WAIST, his TOP HALF splatting down beside Zoe.

She stands there a moment... as the HOUSE goes up in FLAMES. The weight of tonight starting to set in.

TODD (O.S.)

She did this...

Zoe cranes back to Todd, kneeling over Holiday's DEAD BODY. BLOOD seeping from the GUNSHOT WOUND to his LEG.

TODD  
Dominic, Holiday, Portia, *Dad...* she  
burned this family to the ground.

Zoe offers him a HAND. Nods ahead to the BARN.

ZOE  
We should get you patched up...  
before someone comes looking.

**INT. FERRIER BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe helps Todd into the BARN, lowers him against a HAY BALE. Rises to a SHELVING UNIT packed with SCOTTS TURF BUILDER...

And hunts for something to clean his WOUND with. All she can find is an old RAG, ties it around Todd's LEG.

ZOE  
That's the best I can do until we  
get you to a hospital.

TODD  
I'm sure it's more than I deserve.

Zoe plops down beside him. Catches her breath.

TODD (cont'd)  
That was a nice move back there...  
with the car.

ZOE  
I didn't mean for him to die.

TODD  
Yeah, well... maybe there's a little  
more Ferrier in you than we th--

Zoe stops Todd with a HAND. Starting to hear... a *RUMBLING*. A ROAR growing CLOSER and CLOSER, LOUDER and LOUDER.

*KA-WHAAAAAAMMMMMMM!* Kamada crashes a TRACTOR into the BARN. WOOD and DEBRIS shoot out into the AIR.

Zoe staggers back, but before she can fall... Todd tackles her into an EMPTY HORSE STALL. Lifts a FINGER to his LIPS.

KAMADA (O.S.)  
I know you're in here...

Kamada steps down from the TRACTOR. Lifts the TWELVE-GAUGE to his HIP as he stalks through the BARN.

KAMADA

I know you have what I want.

Todd slips the REMINGTON from his WAISTBAND. He slides out the MAGAZINE, flashes it at Zoe... *no BULLETS.*

Kamada continues across the BARN, swinging his SHOTGUN left and right. Minding every nook and cranny.

KAMADA (cont'd)

You hand it over and we can go home.  
We can forget this ever happened...

Zoe searches the STALL for a WEAPON. She looks back at Todd, sees him pulling off one of his MONK-STRAPS.

ZOE

What are you doing?

TODD

Dad wanted the drive brought to Orcas. You're gonna get it there.

Kamada's FOOSTEPS start to CLOSE IN.

ZOE

You don't have to do this. There are two of us, we --

TODD

You don't have a chance. Not with me. When I move... you run for your life.

Todd shoots to his FEET, and as Kamada turns the CORNER-

TODD (cont'd)

Hey, ball-sweat... eat my Testoni  
*Fucking* Monk-Straps.

Todd winds back his SHOE and rockets it at Kamada. The HEEL drills him in the FACE, BLOOD spurts from his MOUTH-

Todd then charges him like a BULL- lowering his SHOULDER and tackling Kamada hard to the FLOOR.

Kamada rolls Todd off of him, lifts the TWELVE-GAUGE... but Todd bludgeons Kamada's WRISTS with his STUMP.

The SHOTGUN skids away from both of them. Kamada kip ups to his FEET, makes a break for the TWELVE-GAUGE...

But Todd scampers up and yanks Kamada around by his MAN-BUN. Forces him to engage in HAND-to-ONE HAND COMBAT.

Todd throws first. Kamada parries. The two exchanging blows-  
*punchblockpunchblockpunchblockpunch.*

Zoe sees her chance now, the SHOTGUN discarded and forgotten on the far side of the BARN FLOOR.

She takes off running for it, but Kamada notices. He topples Todd with a BACK KICK to the KNEES and bounds out after her-

KAMADA

Wrong choice, Sister Act...

Kamada throws a spinning ROUNDHOUSE KICK at her CHEST... but Zoe ducks it. Slides underneath him toward the TWELVE-GAUGE.

She takes it in her HANDS, spins back- only to find Kamada using Todd as a SHIELD now. Holding a KNIFE to his THROAT.

KAMADA (cont'd)

It's over. Give me the drive.

Todd spits a hunk of BLOOD onto the FLOOR.

TODD

Fuck that. Let him cut me up.

Zoe looks for an angle, a play... and spots the GRENADE, the one that never exploded. Just sitting behind Kamada's FOOT.

Todd traces her EYES down to it. *Knows there's no other way.*

TODD (cont'd)

Do it.

KAMADA

Do what? What's he talking about?

Todd ignores Kamada. Stays locked on Zoe.

TODD

It's okay. Been a long time coming.

ZOE

No... no, I can't.

TODD

You can. You're better than us, Zo.  
That's why he wanted to protect you.

Todd swallows hard. A sadness falling over him.

TODD (cont'd)  
 And now you can end it... you can  
 end it once and for all.

Zoe nods. A wave of TEARS flooding her EYES.

ZOE  
 I'm sorry...

She aims down at the GRENADE. Kamada clocks it.

KAMADA  
 Oh, you little --

**EXT. FERRIER BARN - CONTINUOUS**

The BARN idles there in the DARK. Still that perfect slice of AMERICANA from the OPENING.

*BOOOOOM!!* But then a FIREBALL blows out the FRONT WALL. The ROAR of the EXPLOSION giving way to a long, harsh SILENCE...

Until Zoe stumbles through the SMOKE and falls to her KNEES. Hacking up a cocktail of SOOT and BLOOD.

She tries to pick herself up... but her LEGS give out from under her. Fold her into a pile in the DIRT.

For a moment, Zoe just lays there. But then her LIPS start to move- trying to say something, to will herself back up.

ZOE  
*I'm a... survivor...*

She scrapes up to her KNEES, looks out into the DISTANCE. Considers the MILES of DRIVEWAY between here and the ROAD.

ZOE (cont'd)  
*I'm not... gon' give up...*

Then slips the USB from her POCKET, cradles it there in her HAND... and somehow *PUSHES BACK TO HER FEET*.

ZOE (cont'd)  
*I'm not... gon' stop... I'm gon'  
 work harder --*

But as she takes a STEP toward the DRIVEWAY- *DUN! DUN! DUN!* Rows of FLOODLIGHTS thunder to life, echo through the FARM.

Zoe makes a slow turn back, a CHILL slipping down her SPINE, seeing now that the LIGHTS are all shining on... THE MAZE.

This FORTRESS at the TREE-LINE, glowing bright against this sea of INKY BLACK. *Challenging her.*

ZOE (cont'd)  
*You can end it...*

Zoe looks back down at the DRIVE.

ZOE (cont'd)  
*You can end it once and for all.*

Then peers up at the MAZE in the distance. *Ready.*

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - THE MAZE - MOMENTS LATER**

Zoe tiptoes toward the MAZE, SHOTGUN at her SHOULDER. But she stops at the FOOT of it... *knowing what awaits inside.*

Then pushes out a BREATH and shuffles across the THRESHOLD. Rounds a TIGHT CORNER into the FIRST CORRIDOR...

But the inside is DARK. The HALLWAYS polluted with SHADOWS, the WALLS scarred with BUCKSHOT and BULLET HOLES.

Zoe tiptoes around a DITCH- soon reaches a FORK in the ROAD. She looks LEFT, looks RIGHT. Chooses LEFT.

*THWICK!* But a FIGURE pops up in a CORNER. Zoe panics, spins- then realizes she's looking at a HUMAN-SHAPED TARGET. Sighs.

ZOE  
 Asshole...

Zoe side-steps past the TARGET. The PATH starting to narrow. But as she nears a BEND... *WOOSHWOOSHWOOSHWOOSH!*

A WHISTLING SOUND rushes closer. A BOWIE KNIFE comes flying through the AIR- swipes the SHOTGUN from her HANDS.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
 You never should've come here.

Violet storms from the DARKNESS at the end of the CORRIDOR.

VIOLET  
 You should've stayed in your world.  
 Left family business to the family.

Violet picks up the SHOTGUN. Chucks it aside.

ZOE  
 I didn't ask for this...

VIOLET  
You didn't stop it either.

She nods to the DRIVE bulging from Zoe's POCKET.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
All you had to do was hand it over,  
pretend for a second you were one of  
us... but instead you chose blood.

ZOE  
Better than a pill in my drink.

Violet bristles. Her cards on the table.

VIOLET  
What do you want me to say? That I'm  
sorry? That he deserved better?

ZOE  
What I want is to end this. To walk  
away and never look back.

VIOLET  
I'm afraid it doesn't work like that.

Zoe shakes her head.

ZOE  
All my life Dad kept me in that house.  
Never let me run in the maze, never  
let me be one of you. And for the  
longest time I never understood it.  
Never understood what you were doing  
right, and I was doing wrong. But I  
know now what I didn't before, that I  
was his, and *hers*, and that he did it  
because he loved me. Because he saw  
your world for what it was, something  
twisted, and fucked up, and small.

Violet steps to Zoe. Grip tightening around her KNIFE.

VIOLET  
That's what you'll never understand,  
*firefly*. I don't *need* anyone. That man  
you loved, he threw me in the deep end  
of a pool when I was two, put a Glock  
in my hand the day I turned three. He  
thought being a father meant being a  
handler, a fucking drill sergeant. But  
then he took you in... and just like  
*that* his whole world seemed to change.

Violet presses her BLADE to Zoe's CHEEK.

VIOLET (cont'd)  
 But the world didn't change for me. It never did. So no, I'm not sorry. In fact, the only thing I'm sorry about... is that I couldn't kill her too.

Violet swings her KNIFE up high. But as she brings it down, Zoe throws a HAND in front of her FACE-

*SNIKT!* The BLADE goes into her PALM and out the other side. Zoe screaaaaaaaams out in agony...

And Violet doesn't stop there, she keeps pushing the BLADE. Driving KNIFE and HAND together toward Zoe's CHEEK.

Still, Zoe doesn't give in. She gets a LEG up onto Violet's KNEE- pushes off her like a SWIMMER launching into a POOL.

Zoe smacks hard to her back, somersaults through the DIRT... but rips the KNIFE from her PALM, springs up toward Violet-

And slashes at her, sends her backpedaling through the MAZE. The two of them moving like FENCERS across a PISTE...

*SHWICK!* But Zoe catches Violet in the LEG. Draws a DEEP GASH. The action seems to stop for a moment. Violet looks down at the WOUND, her EYES filling with RAGE...

VIOLET (cont'd)  
 You are so fucked.

Violet roars forward, drawing ANOTHER BLADE- swinging it out with reckless abandon, becoming the aggressor again.

Zoe ducks her ATTACK, throws her KNIFE up to PARRY. But the WEIGHT of Violet's thrust bludgeons it from her HAND...

ZOE  
 Shit.

And Violet rams her KNIFE into Zoe's SHOULDER. Stabs it into the same exact spot as her OTHER WOUND and yanks it back out.

Zoe stumbles back, staggered by the pain. But before Violet can finish her off, Zoe grabs some MUD. Flings it up at her.

VIOLET  
 MotherFUCKER!

Then takes off RUNNING in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION. She cuts hard around a CORNER, passes the POP-UP TARGET from before.

Seeing her move at full speed now, Officer Cheng was right-  
*she can run like the fucking wind.*

But she takes a WRONG TURN and winds up in the middle of the SHOOTING RANGE. An OPEN SPACE with almost nowhere to hide...

She then hears a loud CLANK behind her. Spins to see Violet at one of the STALLS, picking up... a FUCKING FLAMETHROWER!

ZOE

Oh God...

*FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!*

Violet breathes FIRE across the RANGE. Sends Zoe scrambling for cover behind a LOW WALL of SANDBAGS.

Zoe looks over her SHOULDER. Notices a SIDE CORRIDOR running down the left flank, protected by a PLYWOOD WALL.

She makes a break for it. Does her best to keep low, to keep moving fast... and dives around the CORNER.

Then starts crawling through the DIRT. The PLYWOOD catching fire as Violet torches the WALLS above.

Zoe fights to the END of the HALL. But as she scampers back to her FEET, a piece of CEILING collapses behind her...

Leaves Zoe trapped in a CLOUD of SMOKE. Stumbling through a PASSAGE with no clear path forward, no clear way out.

And now the WALLS start to feel tighter, the SHADOWS darker. *Fearing Violet could turn the CORNER at any moment.*

ZOE (cont'd)

You can do this, you can do this.

Zoe searches for an ESCAPE ROUTE. Narrows on a PLYWOOD SLAB at the end of the HALL. *What seems like a DEAD END.*

ZOE (cont'd)

*Just trust me...*

She takes a FEW STEPS BACK.

Then breaks into a DEAD SPRINT.

Her SNEAKERS splashing the MUCK.

RAINDROPS cascading down her FACE.

Lowering the only GOOD SHOULDER she has left.

**EXT. FERRIER FARM - OAK TREE - CONTINUOUS**

*KA-WHAAAMMMM!!* Zoe crashes through the PLYWOOD. Lands in a patch of GRASS just outside the MAZE WALLS.

She looks back toward the LABYRINTH, going up in smoke now. But she knows she can't linger... knows she needs a WEAPON.

And clocks the OAK TREE where her father was buried. *Where her SIBLINGS left their most precious implements.*

She hobbles up the HILL and grabs the SHOVEL from against the TREE. Takes one last look at her FATHER'S GRAVE...

ZOE

Sorry, Dad.

Then slams the SHOVEL to the DIRT. Hammers at the GROUND as fast as her INJURED SHOULDER will allow.

She starts to see the edges of Joel's CASKET, and dives to the DIRT. Starts clawing through it with her HANDS...

ZOE (cont'd)

Where are you, where are you...

*WHAM!* But she gets CLOBBERED over the HEAD with the SHOVEL. Dropped down hard onto Joel's CASKET.

She lays there, her FACE flat against the WOOD. Then, all the sudden, gets rolled violently to her BACK.

Violet rifles through her POCKETS, uncovers the USB DRIVE. She takes it from Zoe... climbs back out of the GRAVE.

VIOLET

It's too bad they can't see you now.  
Lying there. All alone.

Violet looks down at Zoe. Doesn't notice her subtly feeling around in the DIRT, searching for a WEAPON.

VIOLET (cont'd)

Daddy's perfect little *firefly*...  
at the mercy of his perfect little  
*killer*.

Zoe gets a HAND on something HARD and METALLIC. It's Todd's COLT REVOLVER... *the one he left on Joel's CASKET.*

ZOE

M-Maybe you were perfect before. But  
you made a mistake... tonight.

VIOLET  
Yeah? What's that?

Zoe pulls back the HAMMER.

ZOE  
Bringing a knife to a gunfight.

Then draws the COLT on Violet.

Pulls the TRIGGER.

*CLICK!* But it's EMPTY. No BULLETS.

ZOE (cont'd)  
No...

*CLICK!* Zoe pulls the TRIGGER again.

*CLICK!CLICK!CLICK!* Still, nothing comes. Violet shakes her HEAD, pitying this desperate attempt at survival.

VIOLET  
Maybe you are his kid after all. The way you two cry before you --

VOICE (O.S.)  
Stop right there!

OFFICER CHENG sidesteps toward them. His BERETTA held high.

OFFICER CHENG  
Now drop the knife... and put your hands where I can --

But before he even knows it- Violet rockets her BOWIE KNIFE and sticks him in the THIGH.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
Gah!

Cheng crumples to the DIRT. Drops his GUN. Violet clambers out after him with a HEAD of STEAM.

That leaves Zoe lingering in the GRAVE... *utterly powerless.* Until she looks at the COLT- eyes SOMETHING in the CYLINDER.

But Violet continues toward Cheng. Terror falling over him as she rips the KNIFE right out of his LEG.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)  
Please... you don't have to do this.  
I have a husband, a baby.

VIOLET

Then next time pull the trigger, you pathetic waste of --

ZOE (O.S.)

Hey! Nosepicker!

*BANG!* Zoe fires a SHOT. A BULLET cuts into Violet's THROAT. Her NECK spouting BLOOD like a busted SHOWER HEAD.

The LIFE drains from her EYES in an instant. She falls FACE FIRST- lands in the GRASS with a THUD.

Zoe stands there in the GRAVE. The SMOKING GUN in her HAND. *The SIXTH and FINAL SHOT proving to be the one.*

But then she remembers Officer Cheng- and races to his SIDE. Uses his HAND to put PRESSURE on his WOUND.

ZOE

Paul? Paul, are you okay?

OFFICER CHENG

Been worse... I think.

ZOE

You didn't have to do that. You didn't have to come back for me.

OFFICER CHENG

Of course I did. We're Devildogs, that's... that's what we do.

Zoe laughs through a surge of TEARS. She then looks out at the FARM... at the HOUSE, the BARN, the MAZE.

And just watches it burn to the GROUND. Her old life, the Ferrier family, being reduced to a pile of soot and ash.

OFFICER CHENG (cont'd)

I'd say this was the worst family gathering I've ever seen... but the Wisconsin Cheng's really know how to brew them up some chaos.

Zoe doesn't hear that. Her attention on Violet, on the USB DRIVE clutched between her cold, dead FINGERS.

She lowers down and pries the USB back from her, settles it there in her HAND. *Something on her mind...*

ZOE

Can I ask you something?

She looks back at Cheng.

ZOE (cont'd)  
How do I get to Orcas Island?

OFFICER CHENG  
Orcas Island? That's... that's like  
three hundred miles from here. What  
do you wanna go there for?

She looks up at the TREELINE, the MORNING SUN just beginning  
to rise over the HORIZON... *the NIGHT coming to an end.*

ZOE  
There's one more thing I need to do.

**EXT. ORCAS ISLAND FERRY - BOW - TWO DAYS LATER**

A GREEN and WHITE FERRY BOAT glides through a gentle swell.  
Eases toward a SMALL ISLAND in the distance.

Zoe leans against a RAILING. One ARM in a sling, the OTHER  
holding a DOG LEASH... with WINSTON on the end of it.

ANDRE (O.S.)  
They were all outta Tylenol, but  
figured this would do the trick...

Andre sidles up next to Zoe. He opens a SHOPPING BAG, hands  
her an ADVIL PACKET. She fiddles with it for a second.

ZOE  
Thank you... for coming with me.

ANDRE  
And for coming to the hospital?

She rolls her EYES.

ANDRE (cont'd)  
And for calling the Diamond Lake  
Police Department and yellin' like a  
crazy person?

Zoe can't help but SMILE.

ZOE  
I know I was hard on you... before I  
left. But it's not easy for me to let  
people in. It's going to take time.

Andre nods. Looks out at the water.

ANDRE

So, you go to this house and then  
what? It's back to saving lives?

Zoe peers down at the USB DRIVE, now dangling from her CHAIN  
where the BRASS KEY used to be. *Shakes her head.*

ZOE

I want to go find her. I want to find  
out who she was, where she came from.  
Find out... *who I am.*

**EXT. ORCAS ISLAND - VARIOUS - DUSK**

-- Andre, Zoe, and Winston drive off the FERRY in a RENTAL  
FORD FOCUS. Roll along the DOCK toward a SEASIDE VILLAGE.

-- The FOCUS cruises past a row of RESTAURANTS. A line of  
FISHERMEN with their poles in the WATER.

-- The CAR cuts INLAND. Puts the SUNSET in the REAR-VIEW as  
it proceeds into a dense REDWOOD FOREST.

-- The FOCUS crests a HILL and settles into a DEEP VALLEY.  
Headlights wash over a sign: "CASCADE LAKE - 2 MILES."

**EXT. COTTAGE - CASCADE LAKE - NIGHT**

The CAR pulls to a stop outside a modest, two-story COTTAGE.  
Zoe looks up at a NUMBER on the DOOR: "1781."

ANDRE

Sure you're okay on your own?

ZOE

I don't know.

Zoe unbuckles her SEAT-BELT and potters out of the VEHICLE.  
She puts a QUICK HAND to her HIP, *to the COLT stashed there.*

Then tiptoes up to the DOOR, plants a KNOCK on the WOOD. She  
waits... and waits... but there's no answer.

ZOE (cont'd)

Hello? Anybody in there?

The DOOR opens now. Zoe finds an **OLD BLACK MAN** (60s) staring  
back at her, looking like he hasn't slept in days.

ZOE (cont'd)

Sorry to bother you. My name is --

MAN  
I know who you are.

Zoe stammers. Surprised.

MAN (cont'd)  
We been waitin' for you...

The Man recedes into the COTTAGE. Zoe peeks back at Andre a moment, unsure... but follows the Man inside.

**INT. COTTAGE - CASCADE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Zoe trails the Man up the STAIRS and down a NARROW HALLWAY. The HOUSE appearing just as it did in her BABY VIDEO.

The Man turns a corner, leads Zoe into that same DINING ROOM from years ago. Now filled with a long BANQUET TABLE.

Sitting at the TABLE are half a dozen **MEN** and **WOMEN**. All over the AGE of SIXTY, all different COLORS and CREEDS.

MAN  
Like I said, we been waitin'...

ZOE  
I don't understand.

A SILVER-HAIRED WOMAN stands up.

SILVER  
We're the Board of Directors. All that's left of it.

A MAN with a RED BEARD chimes in.

RED  
You have something for us, don't you?  
From your father?

Zoe slides the CHAIN off her NECK, but holds it in her HAND. Still working through her confusion.

ZOE  
But... it wasn't supposed to be me.  
It was supposed to be --

VOICE (O.S.)  
Your mother?

Zoe swallows hard now. Hearing *that* VOICE. She makes a slow turn back... to **LOLA DOUBLEDAY** (65). Wrinkled and gray.

LOLA  
I think maybe it's time you and I  
had a little talk...

Zoe stares back at this WOMAN... *her MOTHER*. But then, the SOUND of CAR ENGINES comes roaring closer.

Zoe angles toward the WINDOW- the BOARD MEMBERS falling in beside her. They all look outside to see...

A FLEET of TRUCKS and SUVs surrounding them on all sides. ARMED GUNMEN stepping out of the VEHICLES.

Zoe glances down to Andre and Winston, trapped there in the RENTAL CAR. Andre scared out of his fucking mind.

Then the SEA parts... and a MOTORCYCLE cuts through the MOB. *The **BLUE-EYED GERMAN** from the VEGAS VIDEO atop the BIKE.*

ZOE  
Who is that? On the bike?

SILVER  
That... is Isaac Kloss.

RED  
He's the reason we're here. The reason we're in hiding.

Kloss dismounts his TRIUMPH. He lights a CIGARETTE, blows a CLOUD of SMOKE up toward the HOUSE.

ZOE  
What is this? What does he want?

Zoe cranes to her MOTHER. Notes the FADED SCARS on her ARMS, the odd TATTOO on her WRIST.

LOLA  
Simple... he wants war.

Lola takes the USB DRIVE from Zoe, nestles it in her HANDS. *Knowing the true weight of it.*

LOLA (cont'd)  
And it's war he's gonna get.

And as Zoe turns back toward the WINDOW, watching this swarm of ASSASSINS grow into an ARMY...

**BLACK.**