

REBEL RIDGE

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GREEN REVISED SCRIPT

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OVER BLACK:

Begin Iron Maiden's '**Number of the Beast**'.

Begin Credits.

When the drums come in...

1 EXT. SMALL TOWN 'CANOPY' ROAD (MOVING / BICYCLE) - AFTERNOON

TERRY RICHMOND (Brown, 30) races an off-road touring BICYCLE though the outskirts of town. He's on-mission, eyes fixed forward, a dry-fit top and a SURPLUS BACKPACK.

ON HIS HEADPHONES: we hear what he hears, and all he's hearing is Iron Maiden at full blast.

ON HIS CHAIN WHEEL: his BDU pant leg cuffed above the whirring metal teeth.

2 EXT. RURAL ROAD INTERSECTION (MOVING / BICYCLE) - AFTERNOON 2

Terry signals a turn, burns past a BUCKSHOT-RIDDLED STOP SIGN.

3 EXT. RURAL ROAD (MOVING / BICYCLE) - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS) 3

He swerves to miss a crossing ARMADILLO. Checks the GPS on his mounted CELL, leans into a turn...

4 EXT. RURAL BRIDGE (MOVING / BICYCLE) - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS) 4

CLOSE ON TERRY rounding a bend towards a truss bridge as *Bruce Dickinson hits a shrieking vocal sustain.*

On a straightaway now, crossing the bridge. *Behind him, a blur of STROBING RED AND BLUE rounds the corner. HOLD ON TERRY as a POLICE CRUISER takes shape, gaining speed.*

He sees only the road ahead. Hears only *metal in his ears.* The Cruiser CREEPS DANGER CLOSE, then drifts out of frame...

...and then back. *WHUMP.* The Cruiser TAPS TERRY'S REAR WHEEL, instantly TAKING THE BIKE OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR. His HEADPHONES jar loose as *Iron Maiden gives way to VIOLENT IMPACTS and a BLARING SIREN-*

Road rash ABRASIONS sear his flesh as he TUMBLES TO A STOP. TIRES SCREECH and the SIREN winds down...

5 EXT. RURAL BRIDGE - SHOULDER - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS) 5

Terry appraises his injuries through the haze of mild shock, *'Maiden now a LOW CRACKLE from his strewn headphones-*

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
ON THE GROUND!!!

Chief's Deputy EVAN MARSTON (white, 40s) exits his cruiser, draws his SIDEARM. Terry gestures 'I am on the ground'.

DEPUTY MARSTON
ON YOUR FACE, NOW!

TERRY
Hold on- you hit me!

DEPUTY MARSTON
GET ON YOUR FUCKING FACE!

TERRY
Okay! Okay!

Terry rolls to his chest, hands out flat. Deputy Marston readies his CUFFS as another CRUISER PULLS UP...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Can you tell me what's-

DEPUTY MARSTON
STAY ON YOUR BELLY! Just stay on
your belly...
(into walkie)
*108. 10-26. Pursuit terminated
Coleman Road, south side of Fern
Creek Bridge. Possible 10-52-*

TERRY
Pursuit?! I never even saw you,
officer...I would've- (stopped)

DEPUTY MARSTON
*Arms out! Arms out! Like an
airplane.*

Terry complies as DEPUTY STEVE LANN (white, 30s) exits the other cruiser.

DEPUTY LANN
What's the deal, Ev? Flagging this?

DEPUTY MARSTON
No. Picked him up crossing 13, lit
'em up and he tore ass.

Lann covers, Marston puts a knee to Terry's back, cuffs him.

TERRY
If you're saying I fled, that's
bullshit. I couldn't hear-

DEPUTY MARSTON
I was behind you two miles!
(to Lann)
Ran code the whole time...

DEPUTY LANN
You tase him?

DEPUTY MARSTON
No.

DEPUTY LANN
It's not too late - you wanna get
tased?

TERRY
No sir, I'd just like to know what
I did.

DEPUTY LANN
That your bike?

TERRY
Yes sir.

DEPUTY LANN
We got a report of a stolen bike.

TERRY
Really. Can I see it?

DEPUTY LANN
You gotta mouth-

DEPUTY MARSTON
(enough!)
I tried to pull you over and you
fled. Get up.
(pulls him up, frisks him)
I put my hands in your pockets, I'm
not gonna get stuck, am I?

TERRY
No.

Marston puts Terry against the fender, turns out his pockets,
sets KEYS and a WALLET on the hood. Lann pulls the I.D.

DEPUTY LANN
(heads to laptop)
You have any warrants?

TERRY
No.

DEPUTY MARSTON

I'm going to search your backpack
for weapons.

TERRY

You can't do that.

DEPUTY MARSTON

I can if it's in your immediate
control.

TERRY

So take it off.

DEPUTY MARSTON

I'd have to un-cuff you. Wouldn't
be safe for either of us.

Deputy Marston rifles through the backpack, mostly OUTDOOR
GEAR. Deputy Lann returns, indicating 'no hits' as he sets
Terry's I.D. on the hood, sizes him up, checks his TATS-

DEPUTY LANN

That a star and crescent on your arm?

TERRY

It's something else.

DEPUTY LANN

I lost some buddies 'served in Iraq.

TERRY

So did I.

Terry glances at his other arm. Lann lifts the sleeve with a
baton, revealing a 'devil dog' TATTOO, underneath: 'U.S.M.C.'

DEPUTY MARSTON

Here we go.

Marston pulls from Terry's backpack a BRICK-SIZED PACKAGE
wrapped in a Chinese CARRY-OUT BAG.

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

What's this?

TERRY

It's not a weapon.

DEPUTY MARSTON

It's not Chinese food.

TERRY

Didn't say it was.

DEPUTY MARSTON
May I look inside then?

TERRY
No you may not.

DEPUTY MARSTON
I can get a K-9 unit here or you
can give me consent to search.

TERRY
Canine.

A not-so-friendly impasse...

DEPUTY LANN
(drifts back)
I'll get Kyle on the horn.

Marston sets the package on the car.

DEPUTY MARSTON
I'm gonna go ahead and have you
take a seat.

Marston sits Terry in the perp seat...

DEPUTY LANN
He's got Ziggy at the vet. Hips are shot.

DEPUTY MARSTON
See if Aurora can send theirs.

DEPUTY LANN
Copy that.

Terry closes his eyes, downshifts. *Just before the door
closes-*

TERRY
How long's that gonna take?

DEPUTY MARSTON
You got somewhere to be?

TERRY
I do.

DEPUTY MARSTON
Coming from the city? I'd say forty-
five, maybe an hour.

TERRY
Am I under arrest?

DEPUTY MARSTON

As of now you're being detained.

TERRY

And if I let you search- and there's nothing illegal- I can go?

DEPUTY MARSTON

I'll make that determination. But I can say the more cooperative you are, the better.

TERRY

(fuckit)

Alright. You can search it.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Steve, 10-22 that canine unit.

TERRY

I haven't done anything wron-

TUNK! The door closes in his face. Terry stews, takes in the cruiser's INTERIOR, watches THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

The deputies at the hood, MUFFLED WORDS. Marston unwraps the takeout bag, a folded brown bag underneath. He slides out a LARGE BRICK OF U.S CURRENCY.

More MUFFLED WORDS. Deputy Marston grabs a clipboard from his cruiser, opens the door. Deputy Lann hovering close.

DEPUTY MARSTON

You're carrying a lotta cash.

TERRY

It's not illegal.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Drug currency is illegal.

TERRY

Good thing it's not that.

DEPUTY MARSTON

You were delivering it?

TERRY

Yes.

DEPUTY MARSTON

For somebody else?

TERRY

No. I mean, it's for my cousin but it's mine. I'm posting his bail.

DEPUTY MARSTON

You headed to town hall?

TERRY

To the courthouse.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Same building.

TERRY

Okay. Look, I need to get there before five. What can I do?

DEPUTY LANN

(stepping in)

That's over thirty thousand dollars. What's your cousin in for?

TERRY

Ten is for bail. The rest is... Look, we're buying a truck. Going to haul boats. I'm not a criminal.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Your cousin is. You didn't answer what he was in for...

TERRY

(sinking)

Possession... But it was just weed and he doesn't sell.

The deputies step back, confer quietly. Lann hangs back as Marston clips Terry's I.D., scribbles on CARBON COPIES.

DEPUTY MARSTON

(filling out PAPERWORK)

Alright... for the traffic violations, we're going to let you off with a warning.

TERRY

Thank you, officer.

DEPUTY MARSTON

...I assume you're aware when you ride a bicycle you are beholden to the same laws as a motor vehicle?

TERRY

Yes, sir. Understood.

DEPUTY MARSTON

(re: Terry's I.D.)

This your mailing address?

TERRY

Pulled up stakes but I'll let you know where I land.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Please do. Now, we're holding on to the money.

(Terry locks eyes)

We've concluded through our investigation that this is drug currency.

TERRY

Wait. No.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Otherwise we've got you on felony evasion and conspiracy.

TERRY

Conspiracy? I'm gonna bail out my cousin and buy a truck!

DEPUTY LANN

And you and your drug dealer cousin sell it the next day for cash. It's called money laundering.

TERRY

I rode down here to slap some sense into him. And the money is legit- I sold my car. I cashed out my stake in a restaurant.

DEPUTY MARSTON

What restaurant?

TERRY

Kan Long Chinese. Percyville.

DEPUTY LANN

I know that spot. Decent dim sum.

TERRY

Okay- so that's where the bag came from- you can ask 'em.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Alright, we might touch base. In the meantime, you're going to get some paperwork in the next thirty days. You're-

TERRY

My cousin doesn't have thirty days.
I need to get him out before-

DEPUTY MARSTON

You need to listen. You're going to get a letter in the mail saying you're being sued for this money because we think it's drug money. If you answer the charges and fight for this money, then I'm going to come after you with an arrest warrant. Put you in jail.

TERRY

This can't be legal.

DEPUTY MARSTON

If you choose *not* to answer the civil paperwork, we will win the money in default and you will never hear from us again.

TERRY

Why don't you walk me into town hall. We can sort this out.

DEPUTY LANN

This is sorted.

Marston tears off a CARBON COPY, sets it on the roof.

DEPUTY MARSTON

Now, you're pretty banged up. Want us to call you an ambulance?

Terry's eyes search for something that isn't there...

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

Sir?

TERRY

No.

Marston stands Terry up, turns him, unlocks the cuffs.

DEPUTY MARSTON

You're free to go.

Marston clocks Terry instinctively shrug his shoulders, roll his wrists and crack his neck- a *trained motor-response*.

Terry grabs his paperwork as the Deputies drive off into the AFTERNOON SUN. He takes in the CICADAS, nearby RUSHING WATER.

He pops his BIKE CHAIN back in. Lifts his headphones off the pavement, still CRACKLING.

ON HIS CELL PHONE'S cracked display: '**METAL MIX!**'.
With a tap, the MUSIC CUTS OFF.

6 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 6

A modest time-capsule community surrounded by forested foothills, SHELBY SPRINGS reads just shy of quaint.

Terry bikes down the main drag surveying dated municipal buildings and shops. Save the Sno-ball Shop, most are closing up for the day.

Terry dismounts by a lamp post and locks up his bike, zeroing in on a two-story STONE BUILDING marked '**Town Hall**'.

7 INT. TOWN HALL - LATE AFTERNOON 7

Terry passes through a decades-old METAL DETECTOR, signs in. A SECURITY GUARD hands him back his personal effects.

Terry swings his backpack onto his chest, digs out a PRINTED EMAIL and checks it against a DIRECTORY.

8 INT. TOWN HALL - COURTROOM HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 8

Terry limps past an ASSISTANT CLERK (20s) as she exits the courtroom, addresses two seated DEFENDANTS.

ASSISTANT CLERK

That's all for today. Either of you
requesting a jury trial?

(vacant looks)

Come back Monday morning.

(singling one out)

And I would not wear shorts in
front of the Judge...

She clocks Terry's fresh wounds, slips back inside.

DOWN THE HALL: Terry notes the PLACARD outside the COURT CLERK'S OFFICE: cramped, with a Dutch Door- top half swung open, bottom half shut with a mesh 'in-box' fastened to it.

Inside, the COURT CLERK packs his briefcase, sets his MUG in a kitchenette sink. Terry KNOCKS on the door frame.

COURT CLERK
(back turned)
Posting bail or getting married?

TERRY
I...just need some- (-body to walk me through...)

COURT CLERK
(turns)
You're injured. How'd it happen?

Terry looks down at his SCRAPES and BRUISES- almost forgot.

TERRY
Got rammed off the road.

COURT CLERK
Hit and run?
(starts locking up)
Colleague has a practice across the street. Come by after the weekend.
(digs out a BUSINESS CARD)
But snap some pics while you're still bleeding. You get a plate?

TERRY
It was the cops. They took my cash. All of it. Was on my way here...

Terry offers his PAPER WORK, the Clerk goes cold.

COURT CLERK
That's a seizure notice. Can't help you there.

TERRY
They're transferring my cousin to a state prison-

COURT CLERK
All our inmates are going. We're renovating the jail-

TERRY
He can't go. He's gotta make bail.

COURT CLERK
Help me out here. You've come to post bail. Without any money.

TERRY

Well, you already got it...
(pointing to HEADER on form)
...this seal is the same as the one
on your office door.

COURT CLERK

...which is the same as the
watermark on my paycheck. I am a
court clerk, not a public defender.

TERRY

Is that who I should be talking to?

COURT CLERK

If we had one. This is municipal
court- we don't try felonies.
Indigent defense is not in our
budget-
(checks watch)
Nor is employee overtime. Anything
else, we can pick up during
business hours.

TERRY

This is fucking surreal.
(slaps paperwork)
How can I get him out if they took
all my money?

Terry follows the Clerk's evasive gaze down the hall: DEPUTY
PAPAJOHNS hands in paperwork, eyeing them.

COURT CLERK

Find some more. Is it a drug charge?

TERRY

Why would you assume that?

COURT CLERK

(cautious)
Just a guess.

COURT ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Elliot. You gotta get to a picnic.

She stands holding a plastic-wrapped CASSEROLE DISH.

COURT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

I'll walk him out.

COURT CLERK

You sure?

COURT ASSISTANT

Yep.

(hands off dish)

Say 'hi' to Kate.

COURT CLERK

Ambrosia?

COURT ASSISTANT

I had intel there were already two potato salads. Gingy and Jeff use eggs and bacon so you don't wanna mess with that. Go on.

COURT CLERK

Thank you. Enjoy the weekend.

SUMMER

You bet.

The Clerk exits, Terry regards the Assistant, SUMMER MCBRIDE.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I'm Summer.

TERRY

(they shake)

Terry.

SUMMER

So. You sure they took *all* your money?

TERRY

I mean, I got what's in my wallet.

SUMMER

Alright then.

9

INT. THREE BIRDS' SNOWBALLS - LATE AFTERNOON

9

Terry takes change from a CASHIER, drops a tip as Summer spoons sprinkles on a SNO-BALL.

SUMMER

It's called 'civil asset forfeiture'.

TERRY

And it's legal?

SUMMER

Well, *it's a law.* Supposed to help Feds fight cartels...

Terry offloads his backpack as they take a window booth

TERRY

But they didn't find any drugs.

SUMMER

All they need is *suspicion*. 'Cause the seizure isn't tied to any criminal charges. And- here's where it gets real murky- Chief gets to keep the proceeds, use it for 'discretionary funds'. Whatever that means. Someone at permits told me he bought a \$900 margarita machine for Cinco de Mayo-

TERRY

So never mind the- shit, which amendment is due process...?

SUMMER

Doesn't matter- *it's the fifth and fourteenth*- but, when they bring this case you won't even be named. It's literally going to read - how much money was it again?

TERRY

(lays out SEIZURE NOTICE)
Thirty-six K.

SUMMER

...it'll read 'The Township of Shelby Springs vs. Thirty-six thousand dollars'. Because your property... has no civil rights.

TERRY

But you can help me get it back?

SUMMER

(slurping snoball)
No.

TERRY

(processing...)
Thanks.

He gathers the paperwork, she puts a hand on it.

SUMMER

I mean yes, you can fight for the money but that'll take most of a year and cost you twice what you're owed. What I can do is...

(MORE)

SUMMER (CONT'D)
(feels eyes on them)
...okay no let's go.

10 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER) 10

Walk and talk down Main. Terry holds Summer's CONE as she fishes in her SATCHEL...

SUMMER
Can't talk smack. Chief has more allies than he used to. Lost a pretty nasty civil suit couple years back, had to clean up his act. Didn't do so bad a job, either-
(PEN and MOLESKIN ready)
Okay, his name?

TERRY
Michael Simmons. Mike.

SUMMER
(jotting down)
What's he in for?

TERRY
Misdemeanor Possession.

SUMMER
So Elliot was right back there?

TERRY
Yeah but fuck him.

SUMMER
I will say, bail's set really high for that charge. He have priors?

TERRY
No. I mean yeah, but they're expunged. He's had a good run but, before- out east- got into some deep shit. Ended up a cooperating witness on a capital murder charge. Dude he helped put away was pretty high up in a gang-

SUMMER
Okay. And if Mike ends up in a state facility...

TERRY
They spot him? He'll get swarmed.

SUMMER

Yikes. And the transfer is
Thursday, yes?
(off his nod)
So you've got some time. Can you
get more money?

TERRY

Think so. Gotta make a call...

SUMMER

Okay. Good.

She stops. Terry hands her back the dripping CONE.

TERRY

You know a lot. You a lawyer?

SUMMER

Eighteen credits shy of a J.D. Then
the bar. So not for a while...

TERRY

(on guard)
Cool... So why're you helping me?

SUMMER

(caught off)
Well, it's pretty clear you need it.

Terry waits it out. Her smile fades a bit.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

...and I know what that's like.

TERRY

Well, that's family. So I appreciate
it.

SUMMER

I appreciate your appreciation.
(back to business)
Got a number? In case I turn
something up?

TERRY

I don't really give it out. I'll
check back.

SUMMER

Okay.

TERRY

Alright.

10A EXT ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

10A

Terry walks his bike off the main drag, DIALS his cell.

KEN (O.S. THROUGH PHONE)
(thick Chinese accent)
Kan Long Chinese please hold-

TERRY
Wait- it's Terry. Can you put me
through to mister Liu?

KEN (O.S.)
(drops the accent)
Oh what's up 'T'- hang on a sec.

A measure of low-fi MUZAK. Terry scans the shops...

MR. LIU (O.S.)
Terry. You already want back in the
restaurant business?

TERRY
Never should've left, sir.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
Everything okay?

TERRY
No, sir. I hit a snag. Might need a
wire to tide me over.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
How much?

TERRY
Ten thousand.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
When?

TERRY
As early as Monday. Wednesday would
be cutting it close.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
That's gonna be rough. There a
Western Union?

TERRY
Just a post office.

MR. LIU (O.S.)

So money orders. They're capped at
a grand so you'd need ten...

TERRY

I hate asking.

MR. LIU (O.S.)

...Alright. Text Ken the zip, any
receiving details so we're ready on
our end. You need it, just call.

TERRY

Will do. Thank you, sir.

MR. LIU (O.S.)

You're welcome.

11 EXT. CAMPSITE - CREEK - EARLY EVENING 11

ON TERRY'S FIST as it opens, revealing clumps of SOIL and A
FEW SMALL INSECTS.

Perched by the creek's edge, Terry picks out a GRUB and drops
it in. BROOK TROUT nibble and splash. He picks out another
INSECT, holds it under the water, adjusts his footing and
exhales into *perfect stillness*...

WHOOSH. He snatches a TROUT from the creek *bare-handed*.

12 EXT. CAMPSITE - WOODS - DUSK (**SHOOT ALT SWIPING THRU PICS!**) 12

Terry sets a FILET on foil over an improvised COOKING FIRE.
He wipes his hands, picks up...

HIS PHONE: He types, zooms the touch screen as the GPS zeroes
in on '**Shelby Springs Police Department**'.

His eyes sharpen ever so slightly in the screen's GLOW.

He hits '**satellite view**' for an AERIAL of the surroundings.
A '**low-battery**' icon appears just as **the screen goes dead**...

13 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING 13

NIGHT CRICKETS hand off to MORNING BIRDS. A good two miles
from town, SUN BREAKS onto a rural municipal building with a
fenced lot on one side, a field of churned-up clay and
CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS on the other.

A POLICE CRUISER pulls in, crunching gravel. OFFICER JESSICA SIMS dismounts with a binder and key ring.

TERRY (O.S.)
'Morning ma'am.

Terry by the entrance holding two CUPS OF DELI COFFEE, his bike leaning on a rail.

OFFICER SIMS
Hi there. How can I help you?

Terry hands over a coffee, she nods 'thanks'.

TERRY
I need to report a crime.

14

INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

14

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: TYPE OF INCIDENT: ROBBERY (F)_

OFFICER SIMS
Good goodness. And this was cash?

TERRY
Yes ma'am.

She tears the lid on her coffee, sips. They're seated at a steel desk in the station office. Terry pulls out his CELL and WALL CHARGER...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Do you mind? I'm out of juice...

She nods as a door opens behind Terry and a LARGE MAN enters in a HALO OF SUNLIGHT as Terry connects his charger.

OFFICER SIMS
Hey Chief.

CHIEF (O.S.)
Mornin' Jess.

The Chief *remains out of focus*, walks tall and heavy over to his office. A DAY SHIFT OFFICER enters, punches in...

OFFICER SIMS
Okay, can you describe the suspect?

TERRY

White. Brown eyes. 'Bout five-ten.
Medium build. I'd guess he weighs a
buck eighty, buck eighty-five...

OFFICER SIMS

You've got a good memory.

TERRY

Thanks. I didn't get the badge
number but his last name's Marston.
First initial 'E'.

Officer Sims pulls away from the keyboard, still cordial
despite her genuine disappointment.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(pointing)

There goes suspect number two...

The Dayshift Officer is indeed DEPUTY LANN, just now
recognizing Terry.

OFFICER SIMS

Pardon me just a minute.

Terry nods as she rises to meet the Deputy. As they quietly
CONFER, Terry takes in the station...

Windows. Exits. Copy Room. Door marked 'property'. 'Holding'.

A *WHITEBOARD* with shifts and dates. Deputy Lann approaches-

DEPUTY LANN

Sir, you're gonna need to leave.

TERRY

(gestures to the computer)

I'd like to finish up...

Lann picks Terry's LICENSE from the desk, tosses it back.

DEPUTY LANN

A false police report? Put your
signature on that it's a felony.

TERRY

Cool. What's the charge for being
run off the road, having your shit
stolen and threatened with a taser?

DEPUTY LANN

Get up.

TERRY
(to Officer Sims)
...while I was in cuffs.

Sims averts her eyes, Deputy Lann UNSNAPS his taser holster.

DEPUTY LANN
We can pick this up right wh-

CHIEF BYRNE (O.S.)
No need. No need.

CHIEF SANDY BYRNE (60s) puts a hand on Deputy Lann, steps forward holding a POLICE REPORT. He examines the desk...

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)
Mister...Richmond. I was briefed yesterday on this and whatever your concerns might be, there's no doubt in my mind you were the subject of a legal interdiction.
(reading)
Fled an officer of the law, evaded arrest... suspicion of conspiracy.
(back to Terry)
You've been treated with more than due respect, but you're risking felony charges and immediate incarceration if you persist in harassing my deputies.

TERRY
Your dep-

CHIEF BYRNE
Allow me to finish.

Terry yields, sips his coffee. Chief Byrne scans the report, sets it down.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)
You sustained *minor* injuries after colliding with a patrol vehicle. You were offered- but refused- medical attention at the scene. Any harm that's come your way is of your own doing. You are currently - under false pretenses- in a secure area so, if you'll be so kind...

The Chief leans across the desk, turns over Terry's PHONE ***which is recording the conversation.***

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)
...as to shut off your wireless
device and exit my station.

Terry gives a wry smile, leans right up to the phone's mic.

TERRY
...but of course.

He taps a RED ICON on the touchscreen and leans back in his chair. Byrne, Lann and Sims all stand silent until...

TERRY (CONT'D)
(cool, calm)
May I at least see my cousin?

CHIEF BYRNE
(just as cool, calm)
You can fuck right off.

TERRY
Would love to, sir. Soon as my
money's returned-
(gesturing to report)
Did they even include my statement?
I can fully account for the money-
what it was for...

Terry pulls out and unfolds a printed WEB-AD for a **2009 'Dually' Ford F-350 Super Duty** pickup truck.

TERRY (CONT'D)
...and where it came from.

DEPUTY LANN
The Dim Sum spot? We made a note.

TERRY
You said you'd check it out.
(to Chief Byrne)
Did they?

CHIEF BYRNE
Final warning, son. We're not
litigating this here. You got every
right to fight the forfeiture
in court. Until then, like I said...

Chief Byrne gestures to the door. Deputy Lann hooks a thumb over his SIDEARM holster. Terry moves, stops short-

TERRY

What if I didn't fight it? What if
all I wanted was the ten for bail?
You keep \$26K and I disappear...

This seems to reset the vibe in the room.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I just need him out.

The Chief picks the truck ad off the desk, holds it aside.

CHIEF BYRNE

You mind making a xerox, Jess?

Officer Sims takes it, heads to the COPY ROOM. The Chief
waves off Lann, looks over the report.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

...don't have it here but there's a
form you can sign to disclaim that
currency.

(to Deputy Lann)

That bus Corrections or are we
chartering?

DEPUTY LANN

Chartering it from Corrections.

CHIEF BYRNE

Comes when?

DEPUTY LANN

Thursday. We break ground Friday.

CHIEF BYRNE

(to Terry re: report)

Alright. We'll follow up on this.
Don't exactly have visiting hours
but... Monday, 9am. Come back, see
your cousin.

(to the room)

We'll put this to bed.

Terry takes that in, nods. Officer Sims returns, hands back
his printout. She's relieved, seemingly *rooting for Terry*.

TERRY

Thank you.

CHIEF BYRNE

Now fuck off.

He's joking... right? Terry makes for the exit-

TERRY

Yes sir.

15 EXT. RURAL ROAD - 'TREE CANOPY' - (MOVING / BICYCLE) - DAY 15

We hear what Terry's hearing, and all he's hearing is "Step in the Arena" by Gang Starr at full blast.

FLYING THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, headphones in.

ON HIS CELL PHONE'S CRACKED DISPLAY: 'RAP MIX!'.

WATER DROPLETS hit the glass. Terry looks to the sky.

16 EXT. CAMPSITE - WOODS (RAIN) - NIGHT 16

HEAVY RAIN. Terry watches the downpour, huddled by a FIRE under a SURPLUS PONCHO tied across low branches.

He pulls out, unfolds his PRINTED AD. Has a look.

Tosses it in the FIRE. **The Ford F-350 warps and BURNS...**

17 EXT. CAMPSITE - WOODS - EARLY MORNING 17

A DAWN CHORUS. LOW HOVERING MIST blankets the wooded hillside leading down into town.

Terry guides his STRAIGHT RAZOR using the rust-spotted mirror in his hanging TOILETRY KIT.

17A EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS (VARIOUS) - EARLY MORNING 17A

TOWN HALL shrouded in purple sky.

BUST FORMS in a shuttered display window.

THE TOWN, reflected in the bakery window. A light comes on.

18 EXT. RURAL ROAD BY S.S.P.D. (MOVING / BICYCLE)- MORNING 18

FROM AFAR, Terry cycles up a hill, a box strapped to his bike.

19 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE S.S.P.D - (MOVING / BICYCLE)- DAY 19

A DOZEN BOXED DOUGHNUTS, strapped to Terry's rear bike rack. UP TO TERRY, headphones in.

But we don't hear what he's hearing. Just the FAINT CRACKLE OF MUSIC, his churning gears, the hum of insects, a *stillness-*

Terry turns sees CLOUD OF DUST in the distance. It's UP-KICK from a LARGE VEHICLE ahead, disappearing around a bend.

20 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 20

Terry rolls up on his bike, absorbing the scene.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS milling about. A BOBCAT MOVING EARTH on the far side of the lot. The Chief and DEPUTY PAPAJOHN chatting with the FOREMAN.

Terry glides to a stop as the Chief spots him, heads over...

CHIEF BYRNE
Shit. You just missed 'em.

TERRY
(removes headphones)
Who- what do you mean?

CHIEF BYRNE
We pulled up our schedule.

TERRY
Hold on. *You said I could see him.*

CHIEF BYRNE
You could've, at 9am. You're three minutes late-

Terry 180s his bike and stomps the pedals out of the lot.

ON THE CHIEF, deprived the confrontation he imagined...

21 EXT. WOODED ROAD TO STATE ROAD ONRAMP (MOVING/BICYCLE)-DAY 21

Terry powers forward, KICKING UP DUST of his own. We stay with him as he pedals faster, shifts through gears.

UP AHEAD, an INTERSECTION. Terry turns, follows LINGERING PARTICLES down a winding road. He shifts into high gear, more methodical now in form, posture and breathing. Down an incline, his speed NOW APPROACHING 30 MPH.

TERRY SEES: at the bottom of the hill, a MATTE GRAY BUS turning onto a two-lane state road.

22

EXT. STATE ROAD (MOVING / BICYCLE) - DAY

22

MOVING ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BUS: '**DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS**'

It chugs into SECOND GEAR, picking up speed. Terry chokes through EXHAUST, pulls alongside...

TERRY

MIKE!

He advances, peering through the lateral bars and wire mesh of the SEMI-FORTIFIED WINDOWS. He SLAPS the side of the bus.

TERRY (CONT'D)

MIKE!

A window slides down behind him-

MIKE (O.S.)

Terry!?

Terry glides parallel to the open window, resumes pedaling.

MIKE SIMMONS (Brown, 20s) peeks his face through the narrow opening. They shout over the DIESEL ENGINE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU DOING, MAN?!

TERRY

GETTING YOU OUT.

MIKE

THIS A JAILBREAK?!

TERRY

I'M POSTING BAIL BUT YOU GOTTA REQUEST PROTECTIVE CUSTODY SOON AS YOU PROCESS-

MIKE

(million dollar smile)
DON'T SWEAT IT. THEY REDUCED MY CHARGES, SAID I'D BE IN 'N OUT-

The bus kicks into THIRD GEAR, Terry struggles to keep pace.

TERRY

I'M SERIOUS. *THEY'LL KNOW YOU-*

Mike relents, gives a penetrating look.

MIKE

How bad did I fuck up?

TERRY

Just get P.C., stay low. Alright?

MIKE

Alright.

Mike pushes his fingers through BROKEN MESH, forms a fist.

Terry reaches to *give Mike a pound...*

ON THEIR FISTS, *about to connect when* THE BUS LURCHES AHEAD-

No dice. Terry swerves, grabs his handlebars, sees:

The BUS DRIVER staring right at him in the SIDE-VIEW MIRROR.

Terry throws him a look, bursts into a sprint.

The Bus Driver leans on the gas, the ENGINE WHINES.

MIKE (CONT'D)

NEXT TIME, CUZ...

Mike's fingers slip inside the mesh as the bus pulls away.

Terry shifts into high gear, digs in, lowers his posture. His upper body steadies. His cadence slows. Deep breaths: *in through the nose, out through the mouth...*

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

Hitting peak power and efficiency, Terry *gains on the bus*. Mike's fingers push back through the mesh, make a fist.

MIKE (CONT'D)

C'MON, T!

There's COMMOTION on the bus as Terry pulls *past* Mike...

Draws a deep breath... Holds it... Lifts his hand...

With a flash of casual posture, *HE BUMPS MIKE'S FIST*.

CHEERS from inside the bus as Terry coasts, collapsing onto his handlebars. He watches Mike drift away...

MIKE (CONT'D)

GOT THAT CARDIO, SON!

Chest heaving, unable to speak, Terry can't help but smile.

At the back window, an INMATE offers a 'devil horn' salute.

Terry drifts to the SHOULDER as TRAFFIC overtakes him. He nearly stops, circles back the way he came...

23

EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - POST OFFICE - DAY

23

In neon: '**MONEY ORDERS**'. PULLING BACK from a POST OFFICE window as Terry exits, reading scrawl from a CERTIFIED MAIL slip, TEXTING as he goes. He hovers by his bike, leaning on that old PHONE BOOTH.

He catches his breath, dials his CELL. Wipes off SWEAT.

KEN (O.S.)
(over BACKGROUND NOISE)
Hello.

TERRY
Dropped the accent?

KEN (O.S.)
Not open.

TERRY
No more 24-7? Look, I'm gonna need those money orders ASAP. Just texted you the receiving info.

KEN (O.S.)
(to *someone else*)
Those aren't mine, sir.
(back to Terry)
Yeah...lemme put you through.

TERRY
Mr. Liu already gave-

Click. Low-fi MUZAK. Terry paces, wipes off more sweat.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
What the hell, Terry.

TERRY
Sorry, sir. Things fell through and I need to pull the trigger on that \$10K.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
It's off the table.

TERRY
Sir, it's urgent. I wouldn't-

MR. LIU (O.S.)

I got half a dozen cops here
executing a search warrant. Took my
safe, got dogs sniffing for drugs.

Terry ducks into the PHONE BOOTH, closes the door behind him.

TERRY

Wait. How?

MR. LIU (O.S.)

You apparently implicated my
business in a statement to Shelby
Springs P.D.? They contacted
Percyville, Percyville came
knocking.

TERRY

I didn't 'implicate' you, sir. I
was accounting for the money in my
possession- my stake. I couldn't
have been more clear.

MR. LIU (O.S.)

I don't doubt that, but you didn't
draft the warrant and I'm gonna
miss payroll.

TERRY

I'll make this right, sir.

MR. LIU (O.S.)

Sure. Okay...

The line goes dead. Terry in the booth: stunned, drenched in
sweat. The sounds around him WASH OUT. Through the glass, he
watches PEOPLE go about their day.

A POSTAL WORKER heading off with a MAIL CART. A MOM snapping
her BABY'S car seat in. A PROPRIETOR hosing off their
sidewalk. A *DELI DELIVERY MAN* heading into *TOWN HALL*.

Terry opens the booth door, EVERYDAY SOUNDS RESUME. He steps
out, looks to his bike: Still strapped to the rack: A DOZEN
BOXED DOUGHNUTS.

Terry passes through the METAL DETECTOR, signs in. The Guard
hands back his PERSONAL EFFECTS, slides the DOUGHNUTS along.

25

INT. TOWN HALL - COURTROOM HALLWAY - DAY

25

Terry gulps from a WATER FOUNTAIN. Stakes out the hallway, bakery box in hand...

SUMMER (O.S.)

Wouldn't drink the public water.

She breezes in from behind, Terry follows her down the hall.

TERRY

Hey. Were you-

She puts a hand up, passes PAPERWORK to a SEATED DEFENDANT.

SUMMER

Lemme know when you've filled these out and I'll walk you over.

(to another defendant)

You. You're still wearing shorts.

DEFENDANT

It's all I rock.

SUMMER

What about funerals. Or when it snows.

DEFENDANT

It's all I rock.

And a stone cold stare. She walks-

SUMMER

Godspeed.

(before Terry can speak)

I'm working.

TERRY

Sorry. It's just those cops- they're fucking with me.

SUMMER

Yeah, they're saying the same about you...

TERRY

They transferred him. He's on a bus right now.

She turns to him just outside the COURT CLERK'S OFFICE.

SUMMER

I'm sorry to hear that.

TERRY

You said you could help.

Summer feels eyes on them, stops herself.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You found something.

SUMMER

I poked around. Got poked back.

TERRY

Is there a-

SUMMER

I need this job, Terry. You gotta go.

She feels their onlookers: *EMPLOYEES* traversing the corridors. A *COURT OFFICER* posted outside the courtroom. The *GUARD* letting *DEPUTY JARIKO* bypass the metal detector.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I'd use the back door.

He shoves the bakery box in Summer's hands, marches off.
PUSH IN ON HER: a damage control smile then (sotto): **shit.**

26

EXT. TOWN HALL - BACK ALLEY - DAY

26

Terry throws open the back door- "*Fuck!*" He rubs his face, gets his bearings. Then stalks down the alley through industrial HUM and STEAM, a quiet rage overtak-

THUNK! A *SIDE DOOR* opens behind him - he whirls to see:

SUMMER

Terry! Sorry- too many lurkers...

Summer, propping her BINDER between the self-locking door and the jamb. She walks briskly to catch up, DOUGHNUT in hand.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Judge walked in on me going over Mike's file-

TERRY

You're alright?

SUMMER

Yes, thanks- he's fine - but I flagged a bunch more cases with super high bail. Every one had an adjournment.

TERRY

What does that mean?

SUMMER

Not sure- I got busted- but something's up, something's off- misdemeanor defendants do not sit in jail that long.

TERRY

Why's that?

SUMMER

It's expensive. This town is broke.

TERRY

Okay. How do we pursue this?

SUMMER

Look, I sent what I could to an old inkjet- I'll grab you the printouts after work but that's it. I wasn't playing about my job- I gotta little girl.

TERRY

(nods affirmative)

But this could get Mike out?

SUMMER

If it's a big deal. Maybe. But if your timeframe's a day? No chance.

TERRY

My timeframe's an hour.

Terry looks to the ground, takes a breath.

SUMMER

What about the money? You said you could get more money?

TERRY

That's gone-

Behind her, Summer's binder hits the ground. PAPERS SCATTER.

COURT CLERK (O.S.)

Summer?

SUMMER

Shoot!

TERRY

(pulls her towards wall)
What gets Mike out?

SUMMER

*Besides bail? A court order- but
the judge won't sign one.*

DOWN THE ALLEY, the Court Clerk cranes to see her, collecting papers, keeping hold of the self-locking door.

COURT CLERK (O.S.)

Summer- what are you doing?

TERRY

*So dropping \$10K on your desk is my
only shot here?*

SUMMER

His desk. Yeah...
(to Clerk)
Just catching a smoke! Be right there.

COURT CLERK (O.S.)

You don't smoke.

SUMMER

I'm vaping.

TERRY

When do you take lunch?

SUMMER

What?

TERRY

*I don't want to walk in there with
a pile of money and you be out
getting a sandwich.*

SUMMER

(finishing her doughnut)
*I'll have the paperwork ready-
wait, what're you gonna do?*

Behind her, the Clerk steps into view, his I.D. LANYARD hooked around the open door to extend his range...

COURT CLERK

Let's go. We're piling up.

SUMMER

See ya.

Terry nods, Summer heads inside with the Court Clerk. Terry leans on a post, takes a moment, sound warps and slips away as a FREIGHT TRAIN BARRELS ACROSS FRAME BEHIND HIM...

(PRE-LAP): A FAX MODEM 'HANDSHAKE'.

27 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - COPY ROOM - DAY 27

ON A FAX MACHINE: A transmitted FORM curls through frame:

'THIS IS AN IMPORTANT RECORD. SAFEGUARD IT.'...

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)
Chief, you've got an incoming.

'CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE OR DISCHARGE FROM ACTIVE DUTY'...

DEPUTY LANN (O.S.)
That's your DD two-fourteen.

Sims and Lann converge around the fax. The Chief fixes coffee in the background.

CHIEF BYRNE
What're we looking at?

DEPUTY LANN
...Richmond, Terrence James, USMC.
Pay-grade 'E-4', Camp Lejeune. Here
we go- 'primary specialty'...
'M-C-M-A-P' instructor.

CHIEF BYRNE
What's that?

DEPUTY LANN
McMap? Maybe he's a navigator...

CHIEF BYRNE
Jess, why don't you Google that.

Officer Sims takes a seat by her computer, starts typing.

DEPUTY LANN
...'Rifle expert badge'.

CHIEF BYRNE
They all get that one.

OFFICER SIMS
What was it again - 'M-C...'?

DEPUTY LANN
'...M-A-P'.

OFFICER SIMS
Lemme restart the wifi.

She gets up, walks to a wifi ROUTER by the window.

DEPUTY LANN
Not much else. Released from active
duty in '17. Character of service:
'honorable'.

OFFICER SIMS
Chief, he's here.

CHIEF BYRNE
Robby or the concrete guy?

OFFICER SIMS
Terry Richmond. He's out front.

A charge shoots through the room. Chief Byrne clips his
holster, Lann checks his vest, Sims goes for her desk drawer.

CHIEF BYRNE
Steve?

Deputy Lann pulls the fax, examines it up close-

DEPUTY LANN
...was on active duty *during* Iraq
but *did not* himself serve overseas.
Never deployed.

CHIEF BYRNE
So no combat experience.

DEPUTY LANN
None. It would say.

CHIEF BYRNE
Good. My heart damn near skipped a
beat.

He opens the door. TERRY waits in the front lot. CONSTRUCTION
WORKERS and VEHICLES pepper the area.

DEPUTY LANN
How you wanna handle this?

CHIEF BYRNE
Lemme run him off. You hang back.

DEPUTY LANN
We got you, Chief.

28 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 28

Chief Byrne steps off the porch. Lann watches from the open doorway. Terry leans casually against his bike. Byrne sits his Smokey hat atop his head, waves over the Foreman.

CHIEF BYRNE
Robby, go ahead and call lunch.

FOREMAN
(checks watch)
Little early, maybe we-

CHIEF BYRNE
Go ahead and call lunch.

The Foreman nods, heads off as the Chief closes distance. The Chief's the shorter man, *but it's sure as shit his boat.*

TERRY
Chief.

CHIEF BYRNE
Glad you're back. You left before
you could see my shit-eating grin.

TERRY
Lay it on me.

CHIEF BYRNE
It's not the same if you ask.

The Foreman WHISTLES to his crew. Some SHOUTS back and forth.

TERRY
I thought we had a deal.

CHIEF BYRNE
That was the point.

TERRY
Of what?

CHIEF BYRNE
Misleading you.

TERRY
(cocks head)
I see.

CHIEF BYRNE

Do you? 'Cause your offer wasn't unreasonable. More than fair, actually, as far as the trouble it'd save.

TERRY

Well, it still stands.

CHIEF BYRNE

So then you *don't* see.

The Chief pulls out a TIN of tobacco, starts packing it.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

It's not the offer you made, it's that somehow you thought you were entitled to make one.

TERRY

My intentions weren't-

CHIEF BYRNE

Straight to hell with your intentions. You don't stand in my station- in front of my officers- and set terms-

TERRY

I wasn't aware it was a pissing contest.

CHIEF BYRNE

C'mon, now. Isn't it always?

The Chief puts a pinch of dip in his cheek. It's QUIET now.

TERRY

So whatever I say, my cousin-

CHIEF BYRNE

You could offer me eternal life or a catfish sandwich, you'd get the same answer.

Terry smiles at the ground, resigned.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

Especially now you've stopped calling me 'sir', which's about the only thing you had going for you.

TERRY

Well, I extend that courtesy only so far. One of the perks of civilian life.

CHIEF BYRNE

(spits in the dirt)

Let's not go reminiscing about the Marine Corps- given that you never left the base.

TERRY

Checking up on me?

CHIEF BYRNE

What were you, motor-pool?

TERRY

No. Put in for infantry, but they found a use for me stateside.

CHIEF BYRNE

Good for them. I've had no such luck. So, time you headed off. And be grateful-

(re: construction site)

-if I still had a jail, you'd already be in it.

TERRY

You got me in a tight enough spot as is. Both of us, actually.

CHIEF BYRNE

How's that?

TERRY

Well. That's why I'm here...

Terry leans his bike against a tree, stands back at ease.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm running out of letters. See, it's- and I don't mean to reminisce- but, one thing I can't shake from the Corps?

The Chief waits, tentatively playing along.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Acronyms. We got tons, they're seared into my-

CHIEF BYRNE
I got one for you-

TERRY
Allow me to finish.

Like hitting a switch, *it's Terry's boat now.*
The Chief shifts his weight uncomfortably.

BACK IN THE DOORWAY: Deputy Lann takes notice.

DEPUTY LANN
(to Sims, eyes on Byrne)
That wifi up yet?

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)
It's blinking...

OUT FRONT: The Chief SPITS DIP in defiance, yields nonetheless.

TERRY
The acronym you need to worry about
right now is 'PACE'. 'P-A-C-E'.
Ever heard of it?

The Chief is no longer playing along.

TERRY (CONT'D)
It's a planning methodology. Used
for comms systems but they found it
could be applied anywhere. Nursing,
engineering, parachute infiltrations.
Posting bail.

Terry rolls his wrists, still at ease.

TERRY (CONT'D)
So, the 'P' is for 'primary'- that's
me riding into town with a bag of
money. 'A' is for 'alternate'- that
was the deal we apparently never
made. 'C' is my 'contingency'- that
was the restaurant owner you put out
of business this morning.

The Chief cracks a smile.

TERRY (CONT'D)
There it is!
(nodding approval)
Spot on too, like you just ate shit.

The smile disappears.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Anyway you got me burning through letters. And after this conversation? We're already on 'E'. Know what that stands for?

BACK IN THE DOORWAY: Deputy Lann keeps eyes on the Chief.

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)

Marine Corps Martial Arts Program.

DEPUTY LANN

What?

OFFICER SIMS

(reading off her SCREEN)

'M-C-M-A-P'. "...combat system combines hand-to-hand, close quarters, team building- uh oh. I think he's on the Wikipedia page...

DEPUTY LANN

(unsnapping holster)

Okay.

OFFICER SIMS

...teaching jujitsu to the '6th Marine Regiment'.

(looks to Deputy Lann)

'One mind. Any Weapon.'

DEPUTY LANN

Call in any units on patrol.

OFFICER SIMS

Yup.

She shifts to the DISPATCH DESK as Deputy Lann steps...

OUT FRONT: Terry clocks Lann approaching from the station.

TERRY

Here come your peeps. You wanna honor that deal or do I transition to 'E'?

CHIEF BYRNE

Jesus Christ. Was I not- ?

DEPUTY LANN (O.S.)

CHIEF.

He sees Deputy Lann readying his SIDEARM over his shoulder.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
Put some distance between you!

The Chief turns back to Terry-

TERRY
(with shit-eating grin)
How's mine, Chief?

The Chief steps back, Terry steps with him, keeps tight.

The Chief GOES FOR HIS SMITH & WESSON .45 AUTO.

Terry GRABS THE FRONT SLIDE just as it's unholstered.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Let's not do that.

The Chief tries to break Terry's grip.

Terry cross-grabs the Chief's wrist, YANKS THE GUN AWAY, CLEARS IT, RELEASES THE MAG and CHUCKS IT INTO THE WOODS.

DEPUTY LANN
HEY! HEY!

Terry twists the Chief in front of him, pinning his arm behind his back.

Deputy Lann raises his GLOCK, circles for a clear shot.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
LET GO AND MOVE BACK!

Terry counters, keeping the Chief in *human shield* mode.

TERRY
Don't shoot!

DEPUTY LANN
MOVE THE FUCK AWAY FROM HIM.

TERRY
Okay! Okay.

CLOSING DISTANCE on Deputy Lann, TERRY NUDGES THE CHIEF FORWARD, RAISES HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.

As DEPUTY LANN MOVES IN, TERRY PUSH-KICKS THE CHIEF DIRECTLY AT HIM. With no shot, Lann BRACES as the CHIEF IMPACTS and ROLLS, GRABBING AT TERRY'S SLEEVE as TERRY TRIPS HIM TO THE GROUND and LAUNCHES TOWARDS DEPUTY LANN.

It's a GNARLY TACKLE, they roll in the dirt, TERRY TAKES HIS BACK, hooks his legs and puts two hands on Lann's gun hand.

Chief Byrne rolls to his back, sits in the dirt-

A few CONSTRUCTION WORKERS near, some pull out phones, a BRICKLAYER runs off towards a PICKUP WITH A GUN RACK...

Terry wrenches Deputy Lann's GLOCK from his grip-

The Chief yanks up his pant cuff, goes for the COMPACT .38 in his ANKLE HOLSTER...

Terry scrambles up, TUCKS THE GLOCK IN HIS BELT, frees-up his hands just as the Chief DRAWS HIS COMPACT .38-

But Terry's already on him- STRADDLING THE CHIEF'S LEGS, APPLYING A 'SLOTH GRAB' WITH ONE HAND and a FLASH OF TORQUE with the other- THE .38 TWISTS INTO TERRY'S HANDS.

SIX CARTRIDGES drop from the open chamber. HE CHUCKS THE WEAPON INTO THE DIRT as Lann SCRAMBLES UP TO HIS FEET...

Terry CHARGES, fakes high, goes low, LATCHES A DOUBLE LEG, TUGS DEPUTY LANN OFF HIS FEET- *puts him down almost gently.*

Terry stands tall, steps back. The Chief is up, assessing, eyeing the GLOCK tucked in Terry's belt. Terry DRAWS IT to *his side, finger up and off the trigger.*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, real quick. We're gonna get up and walk inside.

DEPUTY LANN

You're fucking nuts.

TERRY

Lead the w-WHOA WHOA WHOA...

The Bricklayer has returned with a HUNTING RIFLE, levels it from behind a truck, CHAMBERS A ROUND. Commotion starting. Terry ducks behind the Chief.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(to Deputy Lann)

GO!

(shoving Chief towards station)

Tell him to put that gun down.

CHIEF BYRNE

Why would I?

TERRY

He's quiet and he's got good form-
if anyone's getting anyone killed
it's him.

The Bricklayer calmly TRACKS THEM THROUGH A SCOPE.

CHIEF BYRNE

As long as you're the one dying.

TERRY

I'm scared of him shooting me,
Chief- I'm not waiting for him to
go first and you're in between us.

CHIEF BYRNE

(waving him off)

IT'S ALRIGHT. POINT THAT AWAY.

Bricklayer hesitates as they NEAR THE FRONT STEPS.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

IT'S JUST A DUSTUP.

TERRY

SAFETY THAT WEAPON.

CHIEF BYRNE

GO ON. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

The Bricklayer looks to his co-workers, lays the rifle on the
hood bolt-open. Terry motions to Lann- "MOVE!"

29

INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

29

Deputy Lann enters, Terry pulls the Chief in after. The GLOCK
down to his side, Terry DEADBOLTS the door, has a look:

The station is empty. Two PHONE LINES ARE RINGING.

TERRY

Center of the room.

The Chief and Deputy shuffle near a support column.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Sit down.

(off their hesitation)

Or I sit you down. Backs to the post.

They comply. Terry yanks the PHONE CORDS, the RINGING STOPS.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Where is she?

CHIEF BYRNE

Nobody else here. Skeleton shift.

Terry walks to the WHITEBOARD, referencing the *weekly shift schedule, pointing at names in dry erase.*

TERRY

Sims is here. You got two on patrol. Get her out.

(nothing from either)

If this goes fast, it'll go as well as it can. If you slow me down, it's gonna suck for everyone.

CHIEF BYRNE

Jess, come on out.

They wait in silence. Terry checks the Glock's chamber.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

C'MON. JESS. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

Officer Sims crawls out from under a table in the COPY ROOM.

OFFICER SIMS

Sorry Chief.

CHIEF BYRNE

Don't you apologize.

TERRY

(to Sims)

Put your sidearm on the desk.

She unholsters her PISTOL, sets it down. Terry takes it.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Restrain them.

She looks to the Chief- he nods- goes for her cuffs.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Their cuffs. Not yours.

She squats, removes Deputy Lann's CUFFS from his duty belt. Terry walks the room, PULLING CABLES, HITTING OFF SWITCHES-

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm assuming my money is in the property room?

Officer Sims nods yes.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You have the keys?

CHIEF BYRNE
(shifts weight)
Right side.

30 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - HALLWAY - DAY 30

SHUNK. Sims pushes through a steel door, Lann and the Chief cuffed to the post behind her. Terry puts a foot in the door-

TERRY
Go.

She walks the narrow hallway, SECURITY CAGES on either side.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Stop.

She waits by a reinforced CAGE DOOR. Terry grabs a 5-GALLON JUG from atop a WATER COOLER, props the door open.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Go.

As she unlocks the cage, Terry backs down the hall, eyes on the Chief and the Deputy. Sims enters and Terry takes her spot in the hall, checking his sight lines:

ACROSS THE HALL- THE ARMORY: RACKS of AR-15s, SHOTGUNS, 40mm LAUNCHERS, GAS MASKS, AMMO...

TERRY (CONT'D)
(distracted, back to Sims)
Make sure it's my-

IN THE PROPERTY CAGE: Shelves and shelves of SEIZED ASSETS. SUITCASES, hanging CAR KEYS, APPLIANCES, various BOXES, a few LAPTOPS, TVs, but mostly...

CASH. BRICKS and BRICKS. *Six figures, easy.*

TERRY (CONT'D)
Hot damn...

FUMP. He looks down. Sims has dropped Terry's CARRY-OUT BAG at his feet. Terry looks to the Chief- to all that CASH in the cage- back to the Chief-

TERRY (CONT'D)

Count out \$10K. Deal's a deal.

The Chief closes his eyes in relief. Sims starts stacking.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Feel free to round up though.

She fans through the stack, adds another bundle.

OFFICER SIMS

Okay.

Terry gestures Sims ahead, follows her into the STATION, looks to the FRONT DOOR. OUTSIDE, muffled VOICES.

TERRY

There a back door?

OFFICER SIMS

Side one to the lot but you still gotta exit out the front.

TERRY

Alright.

(to Deputy Lann)

I'm holding on to your duty weapon. I'll surrender it to Sims when I'm safe.

CHIEF BYRNE

You aren't ever gonna be safe.

Terry pulls Sim's SIDEARM from his belt, cycles the slide repeatedly, rounds CLINKING to the floor...

TERRY

(to Officer Sims)

I've gotta assume those boys are forming a redneck SWAT team out there. Can you and I agree we want to avoid gunfire?

OFFICER SIMS

Of course.

He checks the chamber: EMPTY. Shows it to Sims, she nods.

TERRY

Their lives are in your hands.

Terry hands her the weapon, she holsters it. Terry grabs CAR KEYS of a hook, tosses them to Sims, she looks them over...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Now your cuffs.

31 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 31

CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR: Sims latches the deadbolt with a KEY.

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)
It's all over now. Chief says back
to work.

MOVE DOWN as she grabs Terry's hands, CUFFED behind his back.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (O.S.)
Where is he?

HOLD ON HIS HANDS as Sims escorts him towards a CRUISER. We see now that *only one cuff is secured*.

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)
On Quickbooks, setting up your
payroll. Go on.

Buried within MUTTERINGS from the Construction Workers:
'Someone should string that motherfucker up'. Sims halts-

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)
Don't get ignorant. This man is a
veteran. Going through something
difficult. We had a misunderstanding
but it's over. Now you go about your
business and let us go about ours.

A few GRUMBLES but the crowd QUIETS DOWN, drifts away. The Bricklayer walks his rifle back towards his truck.

Officer Sims opens the rear passenger's side of the CRUISER, guiding Terry's head as he takes a seat.

TERRY
Thanks for that.

OFFICER SIMS
It was for me, not you.

She closes the door, nearly hits him.

32 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE S.S.P.D. - POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY 32

The Police Package Dodge Charger Hemi V8 spits DIRT and CATCHES AIR, the open trunk chomping on Terry's bike.

33 INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) NEAR S.S.P.D.-DAY (CONTINUOUS) 33

Turning from DIRT to PAVEMENT, Sims STEPS ON IT. Terry UNCUFFS, pulls out Lann's GLOCK, checks the CASH stuffed in his pant waist. Some SQUAWKING on the police band.

TERRY

Disable the perp locks, please.

OFFICER SIMS

Not my cruiser. I could pull over, figure it out...

TERRY

Just keep going. I'll shoot the glass if I have to.

(looking out window...)

So what do you drive?

OFFICER SIMS

Ford.

TERRY

Crown Vic?

(off her nod)

What year?

OFFICER SIMS

'08.

TERRY

I see- they got you rollin' in an old-ass Crown Vic while they get brand new Chargers for themselves?

OFFICER SIMS

Chief says we need a diversified fleet. In case of a recall...

DOWN THE ROAD: A CRUISER APPROACHES. Sims eyes Terry in the rear view, then the oncoming cruiser. She's *weighing options*.

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)

And I like my Crown Vic.

Terry puts his hands behind his back, hunches over...

TERRY

You stay cool, I'll stay cool...

The cruiser slows, it's Deputy Marston. He throws Officer Sims *four fingers*...

TERRY (CONT'D)

What's that? What's it mean?

Terry grips the Glock. Marston squints, awaiting a response—
Sims returns *four fingers*. Marston nods as the cruisers pass.

OFFICER SIMS

Code four. I'm okay, you're okay.

34

EXT. RURAL ROAD - HILLTOP / FIELDS - DAY

34

The Charger pulls to the shoulder. Sims exits, opens the back door. Terry sets the CUFFS on the roof, CELL PHONE in hand.

TERRY

Okay. Get on your radio. Tell them
you dropped me off at...

(lining-up the GPS)

Mount Ida and State Road Thirteen.

Sims grabs the handset. Terry pulls out Lann's Glock.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And I headed northbound...

OFFICER SIMS

(into radio)

105. All units...

DEPUTY MARSTON (OVER RADIO)

108. Go ahead 105- just passed you.

OFFICER SIMS

Code thirteen. Send-

TERRY

No 10 codes. Speak so I can follow.

OFFICER SIMS

Be advised, officers need assistance at
the station. Suspect has left the scene.
Now on foot headed northbound on thirteen
at Mount Ida. Suspect is...

She gestures to the Glock in Terry's hand.

TERRY

Said I'd surrender it. Keep going.

OFFICER SIMS

(handset to chest)

Not telling my officers until I know.

He pulls the MAG, EJECTS A ROUND, hands her the EMPTY WEAPON.

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)
 ...*unarmed*, but considered
 dangerous.

DEPUTY MARSTON (OVER RADIO)
 Copy 105. Attending Code thirt-

Terry RIPS the HANDSET from the TRANSMITTER-

ANGLE ON THE TRUNK: Terry removes his bike. He mounts it,
 glides alongside Sims, now CUFFED to the steering wheel.

He shows Sims her ignition KEYS...

TERRY
 I'll put' em on the paint a mile
 down the road. Sorry-

He picks up speed...

35 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - DAY 35

A YOUNG DEPUTY walks from Town Hall, eyes on his PHONE.

Terry hunched BEHIND A PARKED CAR, a wheel still spinning on
 his splayed bike. He steals a glance through the window:

The Deputy mounts his CRUISER, texting as he pulls out.

TRACKING with Terry as he scoots for cover, watches the
 cruiser head off. He turns to Town Hall, stands, dusts off...

36 INT. TOWN HALL - DAY 36

CLOSE: A DROP OF SWEAT HITS TERRY'S SIGNATURE, SMEARS INK.

ON THE GUARD, watching Terry sign in, *reaching below-*

GUARD
 You good?

ON TERRY, clearly not. DRENCHED, out of breath, he locks eyes-

TERRY
 I'm good.

Here we go again. The Guard lifts a GIANT SODA. Slurps...

GUARD
 Good.

37

INT. TOWN HALL - COURT CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

37

Summer STAPLING forms at the Dutch door, sees Terry walking briskly her way. She beelines to a pre-loaded FAX MACHINE-hit's 'START'. The CLERK mans the desk, buried in paperwork.

TERRY

Good afternoon.

COURT CLERK

(without looking)

Posting bail or getting married?

Terry pulls CASH from his waist, dumps it onto the counter.

TERRY

Defendant is Simmons, Michael R.

The Clerk looks up as Summer exits, hands Terry a form.

SUMMER

You want to count it out, Elliot?

I'll get the Judge to sign.

And she's out. He looks to Terry, casually begins the COUNT.

ON TERRY. Drenched. Eyeing the money. Noticing *everything*.

FOOTSTEPS up and down the hall. The TICKING industrial CLOCK.

ACROSS THE HALL: Summer waits outside the COURT ROOM.

IN SECURITY MIRROR: the Guard receives a phone call.

ACROSS THE HALL: JUDGE REGINALD LOGSTON (70s) exits. Summer right there with the FORM and a BALLPOINT.

IN MIRROR: The Guard nods, turns, pats for his STUN GUN.

ACROSS THE HALL: The Judge reads the form, clicking the ballpoint, Summer chitchatting, distracted by the Guard...

Who dips around the corner, hangs up, tries to avoid looking at Terry. But fails.

COURT CLERK

You're over.

TERRY

(redirecting)

What?

COURT CLERK

This is yours.

The Clerk pushes Terry back a FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS.

ACROSS THE HALL: *The Judge is signing the form.* Summer looks to Terry, beaming- catches herself, plays it cool.

COURT CLERK (CONT'D)
I'll get you a receipt.

He taps a key on his PC, heads to the PRINTER STATION.

COURT CLERK (CONT'D)
Full refund if he shows for his hearing but he'll owe a levy for court costs...

TERRY
Not a problem.

The Clerk waits by a printer. A DIFFERENT ONE powers up-

COURT CLERK
Oops. Wrong one- machines and I...

He lifts the RECEIPT from the tray, notices some unclaimed PRINTOUTS underneath.

Summer arrives with the signed form, short of breath.

COURT CLERK (CONT'D)
(examining printouts)
Summer, are these yours?

SUMMER
Huh? Yeah. Just going over a few cases.

COURT CLERK
Shouldn't leave these out. Who- ?

SUMMER
Right. Lemme just shoot this over-

She feeds the FAX, hits 'send'- AN ALARM SOUNDS. *Terry turns:*

BACK AT THE ENTRANCE: The Guard points Terry out as MARSTON, LANN, JARIKO, YOUNG DEPUTY storm through the metal detector WEAPONS DRAWN, INDICATOR LIGHT and chintzy ALARM pulsing-

TERRY
...shit actually works.

As the DEPUTIES approach: "Y'all move back!" - "Keep this clear" - "Watch that door" - "Get them outta here!"--

Terry turns to Summer. A calm comes over them.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Did it go through?

SUMMER

On our end, yeah. Did you hurt someone?

TERRY

Barely broke the skin. Think he'll get out?

She looks to the Deputies. To Terry, with kind resignation...

TERRY (CONT'D)

Think they'll send me where he is?

SUMMER

Was that your plan?

TERRY

I ran outta plan...

DEPUTY LANN (O.S.)
ON THE FLOOR!

DEPUTY MARSTON (O.S.)
GET DOWN.

The Deputies surround him: "DOWN TO THE GROUND." "NOW! SHOW THOSE HANDS." "STAY DOWN!" "CROSS YOUR LEGS." "KEEP 'EM OUT!"

He accepts the cacophony of CONFLICTING ORDERS with zen-like ease. Getting to his knees, A RED DOT appears on his back-

TERRY

(turning)

Tell the Chief-

DEPUTY LANN
TASER, TASER, TASER!!!

DEPUTY MARSTON
GET BACK! GET BACK!

Deputy Lann FIRES HIS TASER: *the fishhook PROBES penetrate Terry's RIB CAGE, 50,000 VOLTS SURGE THROUGH HIM. His muscles lock, his balance falters and- for the first time on screen- our man looks entirely vulnerable, even ridiculous.*

SUMMER

Oh Lord!

Summer fumbles for her CELL PHONE, rolls VIDEO. Terry spits foam through clenched teeth, *fighting it.*

Neck muscles pop, veins protrude. His jaws push out a DEMONIC SCREAM as he flashes lucid and SWEEPS HIS ARM ACROSS THE TASER WIRES, dislodging the probes from his back.

The voltage disrupted, he flash-recovers motor function, tightens his grip around the wires and YANKS THE TASER from Deputy Lann's grasp, sending it CLACKING down the hall.

Terry eyes Lann, *fights a violent urge...*
And turns away, offering his hands behind his back...
The Deputies TAKE HIM DOWN ROUGH-

COURT CLERK

Take it easy!

SUMMER

Don't hurt him!

Repulsed, Summer keeps her cell trained on the melee as she back-steps into the office, bumping the OLD PRINTER- *still in the tray*: the PRINTOUTS. In the chaos of the fracas-

Summer scoops up the printouts, tucks them in her SACHEL.

ON TERRY, face smushed against tile, losing consciousness...

TERRY

...deal's a deal.

Around him, the VOICES FADE OUT: "Cuff his ankles too" - "I'll call medical" - "Yeah but he stays put" - "Holding's all full" - "Put 'em in the catacombs..."

FADE TO BLACK.

38 INT. TOWN HALL - HOLDING CELL 'THE CATACOMBS' - AFTERNOON 38

A PINPOINT BEAM OF LIGHT CONSTRICTS TERRY'S PUPIL.

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)

Reactive.

DEPUTY MARSTON (O.S.)

So he's good?

PARAMEDICS check Terry out. He's cuffed to a radiator in an OLD STONE ROOM with cracked plaster ceilings, hungover from the massive adrenaline dump.

PARAMEDIC

Probes were out when we arrived- no real tissue damage. ECG is good, no cardiac history...

(to Terry)

Have you ingested any drugs? Meth, anything like that?

(MORE)

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
(Terry shakes 'no')
When was your last tetanus shot?

TERRY
Don't know.

PARAMEDIC
(packing up)
You should get one. He's good-
(re: DRIPPING CEILING)
'More worried about the mold down
here. This was the jail?

DEPUTY MARSTON
'The Catacombs'. Storage now...

Terry checks the space out: RUSTED PIPES, MOLD SPORES, a HALF
BOARDED-UP BASEMENT WINDOW framed in ROTTEN WOOD.

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)
You up for a drive?

TERRY
Don't I need to get in front of a judge?

DEPUTY MARSTON
Someone else wants to see you
first.

39 INT. POLICE SUV (MOVING) - S.S.P.D. - AFTERNOON

39

Terry, cuffed in the backseat, watching trees go by. They
pull into the POLICE STATION LOT, loop around. From the
station, FAINT FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

DEPUTY MARSTON
Do yourself a favor. Hear him out.

Deputy Marston POPS A LATCH. Terry looks back through the
glass but the TRUNK SWINGS OPEN, obscuring his view.

Some THUDS back there, then it SHUTS. Terry tracks movement
around to the passenger side. THE CHIEF takes shotgun.

CHIEF BYRNE
They confirm which one?

Marston nods, pulls out...

39A ROAD TO HOSPITAL- POLICE SUV (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

39A

They pick up speed. Terry shifts, uneasy.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

You know the thing about pissing
contests?

(no answer...)

Everyone gets piss on their boots.
(after a bit...)

You agree?

Marston checks Terry out in the rear view.

TERRY

Sure.

CHIEF BYRNE

Today never should've happened. If
I had known who you were, maybe it
wouldn't have. And maybe if you
knew who I was- who we were...

TERRY

May I ask where we're going?

CHIEF BYRNE

Gimme a minute, here, okay?

TERRY

Okay.

CHIEF BYRNE

When you came in today, gave
yourself the tour. What'd you see?

TERRY

Not sure how I'm supposed to answer
that.

CHIEF BYRNE

You can be frank.

TERRY

I saw a shit ton of cash and enough
weaponry to support a rifle platoon.

CHIEF BYRNE

That cash is an operating budget
for two quarters, if that. All of
it lawfully seized- all of it going
back into the community.

TERRY

Like the margarita machine?

CHIEF BYRNE

Heard about that, huh?

(sly grin)

Well, sometimes we need a little something for morale. Fact of the matter is we're dying out there.

(pulls out tobacco)

You got a cup anywhere, Evan?

Marston finds an empty Big Gulp cup in his console.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(back to Terry)

What you saw in that cage was our survival. Out of six towns, we're the last in the parish with its own force. Got us directing traffic, responding to medicals. Deputy Marston here took- how many reports last year?

DEPUTY MARSTON

Close to six hundred.

CHIEF BYRNE

Six hundred.

(spits into cup)

And they cut our budget. Talk about issuing bonds but never do. Crawl up our ass with a reform mandate but won't fund it. Not only do we need to find our own money- we gotta turn a profit. Those weapons? You get a good look at 'em?

Terry shakes his head.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

Multi-launcher, flashbangs- ever heard of a 'Dazzler'?

TERRY

Non-lethal.

CHIEF BYRNE

We gotta call 'em 'less-lethal'- for liability- but yeah. Outsource 'em to other PDs. Riots, protests, suicide by cop- civil unrest is a growth industry. Maybe not so much for the Marines...

TERRY

We got an acronym for it.

CHIEF BYRNE

Yeah, what is it?

TERRY

E-o-F, N-L-E. Escalation of Force,
Non Lethal Effects-

CHIEF BYRNE

That's the new thing- 'de-escalation'.
Save perps from themselves. Everyone
fights another day.

Terry watches out the window as they blow past a CAR.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

I'm all for it. What about you?

TERRY

For what?

CHIEF BYRNE

De-escalation.

Terry considers the overture. They take an EXIT RAMP.

TERRY

...Sure.

CHIEF BYRNE

I'm not sure you're appreciating
what I'm saying here.

TERRY

Guess I got budget woes of my own...

CHIEF BYRNE

Fair enough.

TERRY

May I ask where we're going?

DEPUTY MARSTON

We're there.

39B

They pull to the rear of a sprawling THREE-STORY BUILDING 39B
Chief Byrne exits. Marston grabs a FOLDER, pops the trunk.

40

EXT. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS)

40

DEPUTY MARSTON
(opening Terry's door)
C'mon out. And keep it slow.

Terry steps out. A GLOWING SIGN looms above, unreadable from the base of its 40 foot pedestal. Marston walks him to the TRUNK as The Chief reaches in for Terry's CARRY-OUT BAG.

CHIEF BYRNE
Twenty-six thousand still in there.

He drops it to the asphalt. Terry with mounting concern-

TERRY
What is this? What's happening?

CHIEF BYRNE
I'll tell you. First we're gonna take off those cuffs 'cause you shouldn't be wearing 'em when you hear it. Now, given what happened today, you need to be very careful.

The Chief pulls a MOSSBERG TACTICAL SHOTGUN from the trunk.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)
As will we. Understood?
(off Terry's nod...)
Turn around.

He does. The Chief nods, Marston unlocks the cuffs and steps clear. Chief takes the folder, passes the shotgun to Marston.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)
You can face me.

Terry turns, rubs his wrists. Locks eyes with the Chief.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)
We're at Samaritan Hospital Center. Your cousin is being medevacked here as we speak-
(Terry instinctively pivots)
Hold on now. He's coming from the infirmary- we're a few minutes ahead of 'em.

TERRY
He's alive?

CHIEF BYRNE

He was attacked. Just out of processing- I don't know his current condition but when I spoke to Corrections all they said was 'he was stabbed-up pretty good'.

TERRY

(to Marston)

I fucking told you.

Marston averts his gaze, adjusts his grip on the shotgun.

CHIEF BYRNE

Now, see- that's what we can't be hearing from you right now.

TERRY

What do you *want* to hear from me?

CHIEF BYRNE

This's tough to take in, so maybe just focus on that. We can throw blame around all night, okay? Just 'cause you were right doesn't mean we were wrong. You've got to choose- right now- between a bag of money and our sincere sympathies- or thirty years minimum.

Terry simmering. The Chief checks in with Marston-

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

Or worse, if you can't stay in control.

The Chief opens the folder, hands Terry a piece of PAPER.

TERRY

To what? Walk away?

CHIEF BYRNE

You had a plan, right?

It's the Xerox of his FORD F-350 AD.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

That's paid in full. More than makes up for the bail you're short.

TERRY

Didn't ask to be paid off.

CHIEF BYRNE

Just making you whole. Go haul boats. Sell it for cash. Whatever you do, do it far from here.

(shuts the folder)

Enter our township again, this goes another route.

TERRY

C'mon... this smells way off.

CHIEF BYRNE

Not for a steaming pile of shit.

Nearby, the chop of ROTOR BLADES.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

There's your bird...

Terry looks up, to the shotgun aimed at him, to the Chief.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

You wanted a deal. This is your deal. All you gotta do is nothing.

TERRY

What am I gonna say...?

CHIEF BYRNE

Say 'okay'.

TERRY

Okay.

Terry CRUMPLES THE XEROX into his pocket.

CHIEF BYRNE

Oh hey- keep that nice- seller's waiting on you. You don't take possession tonight, I assume deal's off. Then we go that other route.

Terry folds it up. Deputy Marston lowers the shotgun.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

They mount up, leave Terry in the fading glow of BRAKE LIGHTS-

ABOVE: the WUMP of the HELICOPTER becomes DEAFENING...

41 INT. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - TRAUMA CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON 41

ON TERRY: staring down, holding Mike's hand. It's quiet, dim. Post-op. A hushed CONVERSATION wraps up from the hallway. A CORRECTIONS OFFICER enters, pockets his phone.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

He's not really in the system yet-pops up as 'in transit'. He had you down as next of kin so I'm seeing if you can claim the remains here of if they gotta go back. Coroner might put a hold on the body since it's a homicide so I guess just stay in touch with her office while they figure it out...

Barely registers. Terry's eyes fixed to the foot of the bed.

TERRY

Could you take those off?

WIDER: MIKE'S LIFELESS BODY amidst blood-soaked sheets, tubing and bandages, his ANKLE STILL CHAINED TO THE BEDPOST.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

(fishing for keys)

Sure.

He removes the cuffs, takes a reverent step back as Terry unsnaps Mike's INMATE PHOTO I.D. BRACELET.

Terry squeezes Mike's hand into a fist, *gives it a pound.*

42 INT. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 42

TRACKING with Terry, plodding past various LOST SOULS seated (backs to us) in the waiting area.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (O.S.)

Your food. Want me to toss it?

The Officer catches up with the CARRY-OUT BAG. Terry reaches out for it as one of the Lost Souls rises in the foreground.

It's Summer.

SUMMER

Hey.

She offers a lovely frown.

43 INT. SUMMER'S TERCEL (MOVING) STATE ROAD FROM HOSP-EVENING 43

Summer drives Terry in silence. It's growing dark. She looks over, wants to speak... doesn't. She checks the REAR VIEW:

A Shelby Springs Police Cruiser is a few car lengths back.

44 EXT. CAMPSITE - WOODS - EVENING 44

Terry unties his poncho 'shelter' from the low branches, a MINI-FLASHLIGHT between his teeth.

45 EXT. CAMPSITE - TRAIL HEAD - VEHICLE ACCESS - EVENING 45

Summer paces by her Tercel, parked in a clearing. The flashlight BEAM floats towards her as Terry emerges from the tree line with his BACKPACK and all his GEAR.

SUMMER

All set?

46 INT. TERCEL (MOVING) STATE ROAD TO TOWN LINE - EVENING 46

Along a state road, more silence. Summer breaks it.

SUMMER

I salvaged your bike, if you wanna swing by my house and grab it.

TERRY

Pawn it. It's worth a couple grand.

SUMMER

Don't do pawn shops. I'll hold onto it just in case-

TERRY

Don't.

SUMMER

Never know.

TERRY

You been checking your mirrors?

SUMMER

I see 'em. It's not what you think.

In Terry's SIDE VIEW MIRROR: the POLICE CRUISER.

TERRY

Be smart.

SUMMER

(treads carefully...)

So what're you going to do? About Mike?

TERRY

Bury him. Or cremate him. I doubt he has a will so who knows.

SUMMER

You know what I mean.

Of course he does. She reaches in back, retrieves an accordion FILE POCKET from her bag, opens the flap.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

It's real, what I found....

She pulls out the PRINTOUTS, sets them on Terry's lap.

TERRY

I don't know what this is...

SUMMER

They're case records that don't at all match up with our bail schedule-

TERRY

...and I don't care.

He places the printouts back in the file pocket.

SUMMER

There's dozens. Look- I get now's not the time. It's just- we don't have any...

TERRY

When we cross to the next town...? We should stop for food. Can't remember my last meal.

SUMMER

Someone wanted Mike in jail. The others too - to what end I don't know 'cause they end up walking but they all had something in common-

TERRY

They're wealthy and connected.

SUMMER

They were in for ninety days. No more no less. Waiting to be arraigned on charges that *don't carry jail time*.
(nothing from Terry)
Terry. These are overt acts. If we-

TERRY

I don't doubt what you say but if the revelation here is that your bama-ass town is corrupt? That my cousin and whoever else got fucked over by these dudes? I don't need convincing. I didn't come here to set things right I just wanted Mike not dead yet here we are so time to go.

SUMMER

You can't let 'em just run you off.

TERRY

Never. It's called 'tactical retrograde'. And I got off easy.

SUMMER

Well, I can keep digging-

TERRY

Respectfully, no. All I need is transpo the fuck outta here and if that's no longer cool, drop me off at the next bus station.

She lets it sink in. They ease back into watching the road...

SUMMER

Bus station's past where we're headed.

47 EXT. STATE ROAD TO MARINA - EVENING 47

A ROAD SIGN: '**Entering City of Aurora**' The Tercel whips by...

COMING OFF THE SIGN: The Shelby Springs Cruiser pulls to the shoulder, makes a U-turn back towards town.

48 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT 48

Summer shuts the Tercel's trunk as Terry straps on his pack.

SUMMER

Whatever I say is gonna fall short.

Terry unclips an aluminum TACTICAL PEN from his strap.

TERRY

You got something to write on?

She grabs her Moleskin from her purse in the front seat, hands it to Terry. He scribbles something down.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Think it over. Text me something profound.

He hands her the Moleskin, his PHONE NUMBER under 'TR'.

SUMMER

Thought you didn't give this out.

TERRY

Well- all that aside back there, I appreciate you giving a shit.

SUMMER

Well, I appreciate your appreciation.

WIDE of the MARINA: An awkward hug and they part ways.

49

EXT. MARINA - DOUBLE WIDE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

49

There's a MARINER (60s) on the porch, smoking a cigarette.

Behind Terry, the Tercel's lights sweep, recede into the night.

MARINER

You here for the dually?

TERRY

I am. Yes sir.

MARINER

I'll let ya take a look at her.

50

INT. DARK ROOM - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Blackness.

Then, BRIGHT COOL LIGHT and WARPED SHADOWS as a GLOVED HAND drops a blood-speckled SYRINGE onto porcelain.

51 INT. BEDROOM - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 51

Summer turns in bed, wakes. Her bleary eyes find:

THE BEDROOM DOOR. Open just a crack. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM sweeps underneath.

She lurches back and up against her headboard.

MUFFLED SOUNDS in the hallway beyond. It goes dark again.

She pushes off her sheets, gets to her feet. She's cautious, alert, but *it's like her head is too heavy for her neck.*

SUMMER

Oh no.

She creeps to her door. Opens it.

52 INT. HALLWAY - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 52

Bare feet on carpet. Summer sways down the hall, hands outstretched to the walls. She leans into a doorway, pops on a LIGHT. Something catches her eye, she disappears inside.

53 INT. BATHROOM - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 53

SUMMER

Oh no.

The SYRINGE in her bathroom sink. She holds up her *right arm*, then her left: BLOOD trickles from an INJECTION SITE below her left bicep. She checks her pupils in the mirror then-

MUFFLED outside: an ENGINE REVS...

She kills the light, sees two SHAPES hop in an SUV and jet.

54 INT. HALLWAY - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 54

She moves down the dark hall, faster now, unsteady, a GLOW of light ahead.

55 INT. KITCHEN - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 55

The FRIDGE DOOR hangs open, casting a stripe of warm light across the cramped, shadowed kitchen.

Summer steps in, hears CRICKETS and KATYDIDS.

The PATIO DOOR is ajar. She slides it closed. Turns to a wall-mounted PHONE, grabs the handset.

Dials THREE NUMBERS as she steps over MAGNETS, PHOTOS and DRAWINGS scattered at the base of the fridge.

She closes the hanging fridge door, *freezes*. Puts a thumb on the switch hook, line GOES DEAD.

ON HER FRIDGE: A MAGNET in the shape of a *police cruiser*. She slides it a few inches down:

SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT.
"Community First"
 DIAL 911 IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

Wilting, she stands there alone in the night.

SUMMER

No...

She fights her thickening fog. Goes for her PURSE, dumped and strewn across the kitchen table. Finds her Moleskin, DIALS...

SUMMER (CONT'D)
 (slurred)
 ...Terry. I'm in trouble.

She leans back, fighting off euphoria...

56 EXT. ROAD BEYOND MARINA - PRE DAWN 56

Moving along an UNHITCHED TRAILER, behind it, the MASSIVE FORD F-350 DUALY CARVES THROUGH THE SHOULDER, 180s.

56A INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING)- ROAD BEYOND MARINA- PRE-DAWN 56A

Terry at the wheel. The PowerStroke engine ROARS.

57 EXT. ROAD BEYOND MARINA - HILL - PRE-DAWN 57

The Dually CATCHES AIR, sends SPARKS into the pre-dawn blue.

58 INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING) - SUMMER'S STREET - DAWN 58

Terry, checks his phone's GPS sees: Summer's Tercel in the driveway.

He PULLS IN, jams the truck into park half-way out the door.

59 EXT. SUMMER'S HOUSE - DAWN (CONTINUOUS SHOT) 59

Terry strides around the SIDE OF THE HOUSE...

ENTERS THE KITCHEN through the patio door...

Trucks down THE HALL, rounds the corner into THE BATHROOM...

SEES: the SHOWER RUNNING, curtain open. Summer, slumped in the bathtub. *Oh shit.*

Terry levels down, shakes her shoulders.

TERRY

Summer!

Her eyes remain closed.

SUMMER

It's okay.

60 INT. SUMMER'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 60

A MORNING SHOW on an old Zenith. Summer watches, curled in bed sipping from a mug. Terry enters, checks out the window...

TERRY

What about another city? Another state?

SUMMER

It'll still go on my medical history.

TERRY

So risk dying?

SUMMER

It wasn't enough to hurt me.

TERRY

How do you know?

SUMMER

I can tell.

TERRY

What they put in you? The dosage? You an 'almost-doctor' too?

SUMMER

I fucking know, Terry.

Terry pulls back. Summer sets down her mug.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I go to a hospital, it gets reported- if it's reported...

(chokes up)

...the judge. Everything gets unsealed. I'll never get back custody. They'll tell my little girl...

(fights it off)

And I can forget about taking the bar-

An ELECTRONIC BEEP from another room-

SUMMER (CONT'D)

What's that?

TERRY

(calming hand)

Your oatmeal.

61 INT. KITCHEN - SUMMER'S HOUSE - MORNING

61

Summer spoons OATMEAL at the kitchen table, a knit blanket draped over her shoulders. Terry crouched low, restoring the fallen PICTURES, DRAWINGS and MAGNETS to the fridge.

TERRY

How can they hold it against you?
I'm sure lotsa lawyers struggle with that...

SUMMER

Addiction-yeah. Related crimes of 'moral turpitude' not so much.

(Terry turns, intrigued)

I pawned a ride-on mower...that wasn't mine.

He vibes tacit approval, sticks a KID'S DRAWING to the fridge.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Father-in-law's. My husband petitioned for divorce soon as I was charged. Took our kid. He was just waiting to pounce. I was a wreck, didn't contest anything they put forward- couldn't afford a lawyer. I just sat there in court listening to how horrible a mother I was. Made a pretty solid case-

TERRY

C'mon now.

SUMMER

You know what's funny? When I took the mower it had this snowblower attachment. I left it on when I rolled it out the shed and that's what bumped the value from petty theft up to grand theft. I'm a felon because of a lawnmower accessory.

Terry looks at her for a long beat, shakes his thought away.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

What?

TERRY

Nothing. Go on.

SUMMER

Tell me.

TERRY

I wanna hear this.

SUMMER

That's about it. The judge took pity on me. I promised to stay clean, he sealed everything up and I went to work for the court. Figured, however things turned out, I'd never not be able to defend myself again.

TERRY

I hear that.

He secures a PHOTO to the fridge: A YOUNG GIRL- round, beaming. Summer shrugs off her blanket, rinses her bowl at the sink.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What can I do?

SUMMER

You were right. You should go. You should grieve. I'll back off, show up to work like nothing happened.

TERRY

You sure you're okay?

SUMMER

How blue are my lips?

TERRY

Not very.

SUMMER

Then yeah.

62 EXT. SUMMER'S HOUSE - MORNING

62

Summer closes a COMPACT MAKEUP KIT as she loads into a TAXI.

SUMMER

All this talk of defending myself
and here I am...

TERRY

(hands over her MUG)

It's the right move- taking fuel
away from the fire. Gotta focus on
your girl.

SUMMER

Stakes are high, you know? The
longer she's with him the more
he'll wear off.

TERRY

You'll get her back.

Summer entertains the thought, it triggers another.

SUMMER

I won't forget about Mike.

TERRY

(nods)

Lemme get this truck off your lawn.

He pushes the door shut and the taxi pulls out.

63 INT. FORD DUALY - SUMMER'S HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

63

Terry BACKS HIS TRUCK onto the street. Shifting gears, he
watches Summer's taxi recede through the passenger window.
He looks down. There on the console-- MIKE'S ID BRACELET.
He cranks the wheel and heads off...

64 INT. TOWN HALL - MORNING

64

Summer makes her way towards security. A FEW LOOKS her way
but otherwise a morning like any other.

She downs her coffee and slides her things to the Guard.

SUMMER

Morning Alex.

GUARD

Morning Ms. McBride. Oh, hey-
(pulls a POST-IT off the
metal detector)

You're supposed to see the Judge
first thing.

She reads the Post-it, collects her things.

JUDGE (PRELAP)

Those were the terms of your
employment were they not?

65 INT. TOWN HALL - JUDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

65

SUMMER

They were.

She stands before the Judge in his well-appointed office.
Beside him, VICTORIA (40s), unboxing a DRUG SCREENING KIT.

JUDGE

And you understand I can only act
on the information given me.

SUMMER

It's not true. It's not me...

Her eyes drift to his desk and *there it is-* only half hidden:
her FILE POCKET...

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(locks eyes)

I beleive you.

(shrugging it off)

If there's nothing to it, there's
nothing to it- the test won't lie.
Now empty your pockets please and
leave your purse. Victoria will
take you in.

66 INT. TOWN HALL - BATHROOM - MORNING

66

Victoria has a twelve-panel DIP CARD test laid out on a paper
towel. She pulls latex GLOVES from a sanitary box.

VICTORIA

You alright in there, hon?

IN THE STALL: Summer on the toilet, a filled SPECIMEN CUP atop the dispenser. She weeps silently, her world unraveling...

67 INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING) - RURAL ROAD - MORNING 67

Terry rounds a bend, past a traffic sign: '**SPEED LIMIT 40**'.

He passes a POLICE CRUISER parked under a sprawling oak. He lays off the gas, lets the SPEEDOMETER creep down to '**38**'. Checks his rear view. Then the SIDE: the cruiser PULLS OUT...

TERRY

Shit.

68 EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 68

The cruiser picks up speed, EDGES INTO THE ONCOMING LANE.

69 INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING) - RURAL ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 69

Terry clocks the cruiser in his mirrors as it pulls alongside- DEPUTY LANN signals Terry off the road.

Terry pulls to a SHOULDER beside TALL GRASS and ROLLING HILLS. He waits in the cab, watching the REAR VIEW:

Deputy Lann exits his cruiser, talking into his RADIO.

Terry grips the steering wheel, *hands in plain sight.*

ATOP THE NEXT HILL, another CRUISER pulls across the road. DEPUTY JARIKO exits, turns away, keeps watch down the road...

BEHIND Deputy Lann, a third CRUISER (PAPAJOHNS) cuts off the opposite end-

70 INT. / EXT. RURAL ROAD - TRAFFIC STOP - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 70

TRACKING BEHIND DEPUTY LANN...

DEPUTY LANN

KILL THAT IGNITION.

The GURGLING engine CUTS OFF, restoring a pastoral ambience.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
NOW TOSS YOUR KEYS OUT THE DRIVER'S
SIDE.

The KEYS arc through the window and CLINK onto the pavement.
Deputy Lann hangs a thumb on his PISTOL GRIP.

TERRY
My hands good?

DEPUTY LANN
Sure. Ten and two.

TERRY
Your lights broken?

DEPUTY LANN
How do you mean?

TERRY
You waved me down. Something wrong
with your lights?

DEPUTY LANN
Something wrong with your GPS?

TERRY
There was an emergency.

DEPUTY LANN
You responding to emergencies
around here now?

TERRY
Just a friend-

DEPUTY LANN
Yeah, she turned out to be more
trouble than you.

TERRY
Was a false alarm. You'll never see
me again.

DEPUTY LANN
That conversation was had. Chief
handed you a winning lotto ticket and
you just tore it up. We got a dozen
witnesses saw you storm the station,
your prints are all over the property
cage and there's a missing bag of
money I'm guessing we'll find right
here in this truck. Feeling smart now?

TERRY

No, sir.

DEPUTY LANN

I'll give you credit for catching the lights, though. Pretty sharp.

Terry waits. Deputy Lann subtly checks the road, pulls SOMETHING out of his pocket.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)

These new cruisers. You run the lights, the dash cam starts recording...

He lets that sink in a beat- then drops the Chief's dusty .38 BACKUP REVOLVER IN TERRY'S LAP - *before Terry can speak:*

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)

GUN!!!

Terry DUCKS as Deputy Lann DRAWS and FIRES into the truck.

BLOOD SPLATTERS the dash and windshield. Terry tucks towards his door and PULLS THE LATCH as GLASS SHATTERS above.

ROUNDS PUNCH THE DOOR as Terry SWINGS IT INTO DEPUTY LANN, HIS ARM and WEAPON EXTENDED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW FRAME-

Terry GRABS THE EXPOSED ARM and CRANKS IT DOWN, trapping it against the interior panel. A WILD ROUND FIRES.

Terry torques Lann's wrist- his SIDEARM CLANKS TO THE PAVEMENT.

DEPUTIES: "WHAT'RE WE DOING?" "STOP HIM, STAY OFF THE RADIO!"

Keeping the ARM TRAPPED with one hand, Terry UNHOLSTERS DEPUTY LANN'S TASER with the other, DEPLOYS THE PROBES DIRECTLY INTO THE BACK OF HIS NECK. Lann LOCKS UP, DROPS as 50,000 VOLTS PULSE THROUGH HIM.

UP THE STREET: A Deputy pulls a SHOTGUN from his open trunk.

DOWN THE STREET: A Deputy charges, SIDEARM DRAWN.

Lann MOANING as the taser's BURST expires. He reaches for his sidearm, Terry KICKS IT ASIDE, HITS HIM WITH ANOTHER CHARGE and DROPS THE TASER. He rolls Lann over, scoops up his KEYS.

71

INT. FORD DUALY - RURAL ROAD - MORNING - (CONTINUOUS)

71

Terry jumps in as BUCKSHOT CRACKS THE WINDSHIELD. He TURNS THE IGNITION, slams the truck into gear and GUNS IT.

72 EXT. RURAL ROAD - HILLY FIELD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 72

THE FOUR BACK TIRES BURN RUBBER OFF THE PAVEMENT, KICK DUST ACROSS THE SHOULDER, CHURN EARTH AND GRASS as the Dually GROWLS into the adjacent FIELD.

DEPUTY LANN (O.S.)
HIT THE FUCKING TIRES!

AN OUTER REAR TIRE SHREDS WITH BUCKSHOT. Still three left.

73 EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 73

Lann up on his elbows working TASER PROBES OUT OF HIS NECK as the Deputies move in, EMPTYING THEIR WEAPONS into the truck.

74 INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING) - HILLY FIELD - MORNING (CONT) 74

Terry keeps low, drives blind as ROUNDS CLINK INTO THE TRUCK'S SKIN. SAFETY GLASS RAINS from the REAR SLIDER WINDOW.

75 EXT. RURAL ROAD - HILLY FIELD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 75

The Dually PLOWS THROUGH TALL GRASS and UP AN INCLINE.

Terry CUTS THE GAS as it crests the hill and plunges downward, SHOVELING MUD with its grill as it IMPACTS THE GROUND and powers up the next hill.

FLOATING ABOVE THE TRUCK as it crosses the field, the SHOCKS BOTTOMING OUT and REBOUNDING, the ENGINE REVING and IDLING in rhythm with the contoured terrain.

76 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING 76

LONG LENS: CHILDREN play at recess. Among them, a familiar YOUNG GIRL (6) with a round, beaming face.

SUMMER watches her through a fence, dried streaks cut through her makeup.

WIDER, as the PRINCIPAL approaches, a TEACHER following...

PRINCIPAL
You know you can't be here. Not
without a heads up...

A POLICE CRUISER creeps up behind Summer. She clocks it, turns back to the Principal who's quiet, disavowing-

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

We didn't call anybody.

PUSHING IN on Summer as she turns, watches it approach...

77 EXT. STONE BRIDGE - MORNING (ALL ONE SHOT) 77

A STONE BRIDGE arches over a CREEK.

RADIO CHATTER spills from a POLICE CRUISER (ENDOSO) crawling by. A quick scan and it SPEEDS OFF...

MOVING BELOW THE DECK OF THE BRIDGE, tranquility restored...

Beyond the mossy stone, out along the bank, THE DUALY SMASHES THROUGH THE TREE LINE AND INTO THE CREEK BED.

Covered in MUCK, RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES, IT MUSCLES THROUGH THE SHIN-HIGH WATER, comes to a rest beneath the bridge. The beast barely fits.

MOVING IN, as Terry cuts the ENGINE, tosses his GEAR through the shot-out slider window into the truck bed.

CLOSER as he climbs into the bed. He dabs the ENTRY WOUND IN HIS RIGHT TRAPEZIUS, winces as he shoulders his PACK.

MOVING UP as Terry climbs to the roof of the cab, finds a grip on the bridge and PULLS HIMSELF UP THE GUARDRAIL.

A SIGN on the far end of the bridge: '**CITY OF AURORA 6 mi**' Terry checks the road, heads *the other way*.

78 EXT. ROADSIDE LOT - TREE LINE - DAY 78

UNDER TREE COVER, Terry parallels the roadway through LOW BRUSH. He pulls out his VIBRATING PHONE, swipes, waits...

SUMMER (O.S.)

Terry?

TERRY

You should stay off the phone. I was coming to you...

He holds for a PASSING TRUCK, then breaks the tree line into a GRAVEL LOT...

SUMMER (O.S.)

Don't. I just got a visit from the police.

TERRY

Me too- you okay? You hurt?

SUMMER (O.S.)

They came to warn me. Said I should leave town, stay away from you.

He moves past an RV, checks out various PARKED VEHICLES...

TERRY

Solid recs- who was it?

SUMMER (O.S.)

A *friend*. Same one who followed us yesterday- that was for me, not you.

TERRY

You mobile?

SUMMER (O.S.)

Yeah. I'm packing up.

TERRY

That Tercel. You own it?

SUMMER (O.S.)

Only thing in my life that's paid off.

TERRY

Bring your title. I got somewhere we can go.

SUMMER (O.S.)

Should I pick you up?

He stops at an SUV with a Marine Corps 'Eagle, Globe and Anchor' DECAL on the back window.

TERRY

No. I'll be good...

PUSHING PAST the SUV as Terry turns to a ROADSIDE SERVICE CENTER at the end of the lot.

TERRY (CONT'D)

...alright. Don't write this down.

A GOLF PENCIL SCRIBBLES ON AN ORDER PAD. A RINGING CORDLESS PHONE beside it. KEN (Asian, 20s), picks it up.

KEN
(thick Chinese accent)
Kan Long please hold.

He sets the phone down, places two CARTONS into a familiar TAKE-OUT BAG and hands it to a DELIVERY MAN...

KEN (CONT'D)
(dropping the accent)
Doorbell at 22 Grove is broke, but
hit Monk Financial first- they're
half our lunch biz.

Off the Delivery Man's exit we TRACK BEHIND an AQUARIUM filled with stagnant LOBSTERS.

Through the glass: SUMMER watches them, transfixed.

KEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay.

She turns, holding two PHARMACY BAGS. Ken pulls a pencil from behind his ear, cradles the phone and grabs a pad....

KEN (CONT'D)
(resuming accent)
Go ahead.

SUMMER FOLLOWING KEN, behind the REGISTER, MIRRORED PANELS, PINK and BLUE NEON, SALTWATER FISH in fluorescent-lit TANKS- everything you'd expect from a tourist-trap Chinese joint...

KEN (CONT'D)
No brown. White, fried or sticky...

He yields to a WAITER before pushing through DOUBLE DOORS...

INTO THE KITCHEN: They navigate through STEAM, past COOKS and SERVERS, Ken scribbling the order as he goes...

KEN (CONT'D)
Shrimp's a dollar more.
(to cooks, phone to chest)
Two soups.
(snaps fingers- *wrong pot*)
Special soups.

A Cook redirects to an older TRADITIONAL POT, ladles out TWO BOWLS. Ken turns to Summer with a 'hands full' gesture...

She loops her bags around her wrists, grabs the bowls as they-
PUSH INTO A DARK HALLWAY: Ken holds the door, Summer leads...

KEN (CONT'D)

And your address...

They ascend a STAIRWAY, push through another DOOR into...

A COZY OFFICE: Plaster walls, thick carpet and decades-old furnishings. TERRY there, shirtless in an office chair.

MR. LIU (Asian, 80s) sits behind him, a HEADLAMP shining into Terry's BLOODY SHOULDER WOUND.

SUMMER

Oh my god... are you shot?

TERRY

Yup. Summer, this is mister Liu.

Mr. Liu nods. Ken hangs up, takes the soups...

SUMMER

Hi. Sorry. I would've driven faster.

(fishing in her bag)

They had Quikclot but I wasn't sure if it was the gauze or the sponge so I got both.

She sets several PACKETS on the desk.

MR. LIU

Thank you.

TERRY

Burners?

SUMMER

Yeah. And I got coconut water.

She sets two PRE-PAID PHONES and a coconut water CARTON on the desk. Mr. Liu has a last look into the wound.

MR. LIU

Traveled down pretty clean, came out your tricep. Still a couple fragments but I'd leave 'em in if you're gonna be moving around.

He CLICKS off his headlamp, takes Terry's hand and checks circulation with a 'nail bed test'.

SUMMER

You should be at a hospital.

TERRY
Look who's talking.

SUMMER
This's different.

TERRY
Mr. Liu was a field medic in Korea.

SUMMER
Oh...

Summer considers. Mr. Liu sets a SURGICAL TOOL on a towel beside a FIRST-AID KIT, tears open a Quikclot PACKET.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
...thank you for your service.

Terry and Ken exchange glances. Mr. Liu wraps GAUZE.

TERRY
He's Chinese.
(that doesn't register...)
Fought for the other side.

Mr. Liu smiles at Summer, gets to packing up.

SUMMER
Well it's good to see everyone...
come together.

Mr. Liu stands, takes the soups from Ken and sets them on a formica two-top sandwiched between cabinets and clutter.

MR. LIU
(to Summer)
Make sure he finishes his.

80

INT. KAN LONG CHINESE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON (LATER)

80

A TRANSISTOR RADIO TUNER lands on LOCAL NEWS. Summer at the dial, scanning AIRWAVES. Terry sipping soup at the two-top. They've got the office to themselves.

TERRY
Walk me through it. I want everything.

SUMMER
Okay, it's just I didn't get that far-

TERRY
It's what's keeping me alive.

SUMMER

They just tried to kill you.

TERRY

And no one's called in the cavalry.
With what they could pin on me?
Should be a federal taskforce
dropping a tac team on the roof right
now...

She reflexively looks up, shuts off the radio's CROP REPORT-

SUMMER

They're keeping it quiet.

TERRY

Because of what you found. So...?

She joins him at the table.

SUMMER

From what I pulled, it's clear
they're manipulating defendants'
jail time. What's driving it I
don't know- that's what they're
protecting.

TERRY

They've got your folder, right? So
it's not just what you pulled...

SUMMER

Folder's why they're onto us but
the casefiles are public record-
anyone can look 'em up.

TERRY

Okay, is that enough to take to the
press? Start a ruckus?

SUMMER

No- holding 'em for 90 days, hiking
bail- the individual acts aren't
necessarily illegal. It's discretion
of the court- Judge can double your
fine if you track mud on his floor...

TERRY

So he's in on it.

SUMMER

(shakes 'no')

When the cases do reach his bench,
he let's em off- mostly full
dismissals. If anything, he's
pushing back.

TERRY

(kills his soup)

So we get kinetic. Find out what
he's pushing against.

He shoves his bowl aside, pulls two cash STACKS from his bag.

SUMMER

We're over the town line. We should
keep going.

Terry goes to Mr. Liu's desk, grabs a Post-it and a pen.

TERRY

Maybe you, but those officers are
quiet 'cause they're vulnerable.
Whatever window we have, I guarantee
you they're closing it. They do I'm
dead- won't matter where I am.

Terry takes his seat, scribbles on the Post-it.

SUMMER

You think me too?

TERRY

Bottom line up front? I don't see
how they let you walk away...

She wilts, way out of her depth: "shit". Terry stops writing.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Who knows. Maybe they'll cut you a
deal. Hell, they let *me* walk-

SUMMER

And I pulled you back in.

TERRY

And it's good you did.

Terry searches for a bit...

TERRY (CONT'D)

When they sent me on my way- Jesus,
was that yesterday?

(averts eyes)

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

I was grateful. Like my life was back ahead of me. Even heard Mike telling me it was okay...

Summer postures closer, maybe she extends a hand.

TERRY (CONT'D)

How I train? What I teach- most of it comes down to self-preservation. Guess I just acted accordingly.

SUMMER

Anyone would.

TERRY

Yeah but the chief didn't give me an out- I gave him one. And that wasn't Mike's voice, it was mine.

(locks eyes)

This shit's far from okay. And these cops might end up on top- I'm not pretending here- but they sure as shit don't get anymore outs. And Mike- I hope he's in a better place but I don't know enough about the afterlife to trust in it so while I'm here and he's not I gotta haunt these motherfuckers myself.

Summer, grasping the leap ahead...

SUMMER

So what do we do?

Terry starts scribbling again...

TERRY

Go straight at 'em. Tonight. See how far we get.

SUMMER

What about taking fuel away from the fire?

TERRY

It's different now.

SUMMER

How so?

TERRY

We're the fire.

He sticks the POST-IT atop a stack of cash: '**For Payroll. Soup hit the spot.**' -TR

81 EXT. ROCKIT MOTOR SALES CARS - EARLY EVENING

81

Strings of PENDANTS overhang USED VEHICLES. Terry removes the Tercel's LICENSE PLATE as Summer approaches from a SHOWROOM.

TERRY

All good?

SUMMER

(hold up CAR KEYS)

Got three days before it needs to be registered.

She grabs SOME SHIT out of the open door of the Tercel, walks it to a '96 SUBARU OUBACK SPORT with a SCOOPED HOOD.

TERRY

Till then...

(closes hatchback)

...we're off the books.

She climbs behind the wheel as Terry tosses the plate in a BIN, takes shotgun. She hands him PAPERWORK-

SUMMER

Glove compartment.

(Terry tucks it away)

Talked him up six-hundred on the trade-in.

She hands him a short stack of CASH. Turns the ignition.

TERRY

How'd you swing that?

SUMMER

I'm a litigator.

TERRY

Let's get into it.

They spit a little gravel as they pull out.

82 INT. DIGGY'S OUTDOOR STORE - NIGHT

82

TRACKING along HANDGUNS in a GLASS CASE, RACK to Terry eyeing them, pushing a shopping cart.

SUMMER (O.S.)

Sorry, no guns.

She steps in front of the cart, tosses in some MERCH.

TERRY

You gonna hold that stance when
shit hits the fan?

SUMMER

I understand the potential for
danger but it's not a conversation.

TERRY

You can carry the ammo.

SUMMER

How 'bout I walk away?

Terry motionless, inscrutable...

SUMMER (CONT'D)

A gun in your hand makes it easy
for *them*.

(let's it sink in)
...and federal charges for us.

He holds a beat, turns the cart down the SPORTING GOODS aisle-

TERRY

Let's accessorize...

83 INT. SUBARU WAGON - STATE ROAD FROM AURORA - NIGHT (MOVING) 83

MOVING from the cargo area, past bags of GEAR and GARMENTS,
towards Summer (driving) and Terry (shotgun).

TERRY

What about your friend on the
force? Think he'd be-

SUMMER

Never said it was a 'he'.

Terry reaches back, grabs a SHOPPING BAG...

TERRY

'He', 'she'- fine- code name
'Serpico'. Would they talk? Take
this to the state police?

He pulls a VALUE PACK of SOCKS from the bag, tears it open...

SUMMER

No. They were clear on that.
Warning me was risky enough.
(checks watch)
It's Tuesday, right?

He bites off a plastic tab, shakes out the socks.

TERRY
Think so...yeah.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Trees, then '**SHELBY SPRINGS 11 mi**'

SUMMER
Then I know where to go...

She re-grips the wheel, tense.

Terry pulls the socks tight around his shins...

TERRY
You alright?

She contemplates him. Then eyes to the road.

SUMMER
...just got a feeling tonight's
gonna get pretty dark.

He contemplates her. Then eyes to the road.

TERRY
...isn't that what nights do?

And as they ride into the pitch black-

CROWD (VARIOUS) (PRE-LAP)
THREE...TWO...ONE...

84

INT. BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH - REC ROOM - NIGHT

84

PINEWOOD DERBY CARS, lined-up atop an inclined TRACK.

CROWD (VARIOUS)
...GO!!!

Dowel POSTS retract and the cars ROLL. CHEERING SCOUTS and SIBLINGS crowd the track, PARENTS hang back by the REFRESHMENTS.

The miniature cars fly past an electric FINISH LINE TIMER.

SCOUT DAD (OVER P.A.)
First is... Isiah! Ryan in second.
Jackson, third. Henry, fourth.

FROM A DIM HALLWAY, the action seems far off. In a PEW tucked by the entrance, a LITTLE BOY sits sipping juice. Summer slinks up from the corridor, squats beside him.

SUMMER
Hey, buddy.

BEN
Summer!

SUMMER
(shhhh)
How'd you do?

BEN
Bad. I got taken out in the fourth
place runoff.

Summer lifts the crudely fashioned DERBY CAR from his lap.

SUMMER
At least you made your own car.
Think you're mostly competing
against other dads...
(spins wheels, hands it
back)
...that's actually-

ELLIOT (O.S.)
Ben.

Elliot (Court Clerk) stands there in displeasure, a styrofoam
COFFEE CUP in hand.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Go cheer.

85

EXT. BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

85

Elliot pushes Summer through an EXIT, tosses his coffee...

ELLIOT
You want help? You're at the right
place, wrong time- NA meetings are
Thursdays.

Terry steps in behind them, leans on a car.

SUMMER
You know what they did to me?

ELLIOT
What you did you did to yourself.

SUMMER

Really, Elliot? Words out? Two years in I decide to relapse the night before a random drug test?

ELLIOT

I'm going back inside.

Terry blocks his path.

SUMMER

No- you know what? I'll join him.

(to Elliot)

Half the council's in there. We can grab the mic, have a Q&A on town court- how a young man was *killed* awaiting a sham adjournment?

ELLIOT

Have at it. I've done nothing wrong.

TERRY

You just like to watch.

ELLIOT

No- unlike her, I know how to tread carefully.

SUMMER

(steps closer)

They came into my home.

She pulls up her sleeve, revealing the INJECTION SITE.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Anything funny about it?

He eyes Terry, gives a cursory glance at the wound, then-

ELLIOT

...You're left-handed.

(up to her)

It's on the wrong arm.

SUMMER

That and I wouldn't use an arm.

The three of them by the gate of a century-old cemetery. Down the hill, muffled EVENT NOISE spills from the church.

SUMMER

We know they're locking defendants up and letting them go. We have no idea why but our local PD is willing to kill to keep us from finding out.

ELLIOT

What do you want me to say? That you're on the right path?

SUMMER

Are we?

Elliot overloaded. Pacing. Rethinking... then, resolute.

ELLIOT

I can't answer your questions.

Summer crushed, pissed.

TERRY

Fuck this guy.

ELLIOT

It'd be aiding and abetting. Whatever it is you're doing I could be named an accessory- I don't report you the minute you leave it'd be considered a failure to act-

TERRY

'Kay then- if I inflict pain *before* you answer, does that help you out from a legal standpoint?

ELLIOT

Listen- even if I wanted to, I don't have the answers to give, okay. And that's by design- *I don't want to know...*

SUMMER

That! You...
(dawning on her)
...you're how the cancer spreads.

Summer turns, pulls Terry with her. They leave Elliot standing there alone, staring off at the moon...

ELLIOT

...if I did...
(that stops them)
(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

...If I *wanted* to know? I would have some questions.

SUMMER

(as they re-approach)

Like what?

ELLIOT

Like... 'how far back does it go'? What you found...

SUMMER

Mostly recent. Less than two years.

ELLIOT

Mh-hmm. Why's that?

SUMMER

I searched bail records- probably didn't dig deep enough.

ELLIOT

'Or'?

SUMMER

(steps closer)

Or... that's as deep as it goes?

ELLIOT

And if that's true, I would wonder- was there something that coincided? In that timeframe...

Summer churns, staring at the moss below her feet...

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Something pert-

SUMMER

The civil case?

She locks eyes with Elliot. *There you go.* Terry catches this, closes distance...

BEN (O.S.)

Dad?

Ben, standing outside the gate holding his dad's JACKET. Summer offers a distracted smile, calculating...

BEN (CONT'D)

Isaiah won again. Can we go?

ELLIOT

Yes.

Elliot nods as he steps towards the gate.

SUMMER

But- hold on- that case- the settlement -
put *pressure* on the police. Oversight.
It turned things around.

ELLIOT

Did it?

SUMMER

It's been quiet ever since.

ELLIOT

So there's your big question...

SUMMER

'Why?'

Elliot turns to Terry as he exits...

ELLIOT

You got no answers from me.

And leads his son down towards the church. Terry turns, meets
Summer's distant gaze-

SUMMER

Lawsuit didn't turn things around.
Turned 'em upside down.

87 INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

87

A dim, cozy interior with a feminine touch.

The BLUR of a TELEVISION powering on, kicking light off a
rusted TV TRAY. A REMOTE is set down, then a PLATE of cheese
and crackers.

THE JUDGE settles into his recliner in the glow of CABLE
NEWS. A CAT jumps into his lap. He surfs CHANNELS until a
floorboard SQUEAKS somewhere in the room.

He MUTES the television. The CAT FREEZES, hunched and locked
onto a SILHOUETTED SHAPE looming behind the chair.

JUDGE

(without looking)
It's okay. I'll talk.

Terry emerges from the shadows, black clad, A TACTICAL PACK, GLOVES, his eyes catching TV light from behind a BALACLAVA.

He rounds the recliner and stands before the Judge, lengths of DUCT TAPE pre-stuck to his clothing. The CAT DARTS OFF.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Jesus. You don't need to hurt me.

Terry pulls up an OTTOMAN, sits, stares him down.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Where's Summer?

TERRY

Don't know. I was gonna ask you.

JUDGE

Elliot called. I need her to hear this.

TERRY

Who what where- no time for why.

JUDGE

(to the room)

She's owed it.

He takes a cracker from his plate, aligns the cheese just right, about to bite when *that floorboard SQUEAKS-*

SUMMER emerges, THE CAT IN HER ARMS- her gaze, shattering.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Would you believe I was protecting you this morning?

SUMMER

I'm sure you convinced yourself.

JUDGE

...was afraid they'd do worse.

(to Terry)

And I'm deeply sorry about your brother.

TERRY

Cousin.

JUDGE

Your cousin.

Terry pulls off his balaclava, wipes away sweat.

TERRY

So why's he dead?

SUMMER

Bishop vs. The Town of Shelby Springs.

JUDGE

You familiar with it?

SUMMER

Just some of the fallout. That the Chief was named personally.

JUDGE

Illegal search snowballed into a wrongful death. Nearly bankrupted the town. His department was deemed uninsurable. Got a year to modernize, clean up its act.

SUMMER

And it did, on paper.

JUDGE

On paper.

SUMMER

So you sell out your bench to protect Sandy Byrne?

JUDGE

God no. My allegiance is to the town. We wanted him gone. The reform mandate was a ploy to shut him down, hand our contract over to the state police. *There was no money for him to comply.*

SUMMER

So he goes out, gets his own.

JUDGE

Takes some seminar in Oklahoma, does a hundred thousand in forfeitures his first month.

TERRY

He cut you in on it?

JUDGE

Me and every taxpayer. Public safety was 22 percent of our budget. Now it's 8.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

That money flows back into debt service, payroll, public works. That's Christmas lights in December, fireworks on the fourth and a tax cut on top. Everyone holds their seat.

SUMMER

As long as the money flows.

TERRY

They seized my cash, you said it was legal?

SUMMER

It is. That's what I don't get- how are a handful of misdemeanor defendants a threat to all this?

TERRY

And boil it down. Quick.

JUDGE

Liability. A traffic stop goes wrong, an arrest gets rough- anything that might put the department in legal jeopardy- they'll flag the case, kick the charge down to misdemeanors-

SUMMER

So it stays in town court.

(to Terry)

Where there's no public defender to contest the bail or adjournments-

TERRY

Keep 'em in purgatory.

SUMMER

For ninety days. Why is it always ninety days?

JUDGE

If I were smarter I would've mixed that up. Guess I didn't want to hold them a day longer than we needed.

Summer staring right through the Judge, then-

SUMMER

...the retention period? *Shit.*

(standing)

The hard drives. At the courthouse.

TERRY
(standing, off her cue)
That's it?

SUMMER
That's it. Their dash cam videos.

Terry pulls a length of DUCT TAPE from his pant leg.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
We store their footage- it's part
of the settlement- they can't
access it on their own.

TERRY
But you can?

SUMMER
Only if it's deemed evidentiary. If
a video isn't held or subpoenaed in
ninety days- it's deleted.

Terry holds the Judge's wrist, TAPES IT TO THE ARMREST.

TERRY
*What's on Mike's video? What'd they
do to him?*

JUDGE
Enough to get us sued.

TERRY
(taping ankles now)
You've seen it?

JUDGE
No.

Terry standing, pulling the DUCT TAPE ROLL from his tac bag.

TERRY
Lemme guess- you don't wanna know.

JUDGE
Wouldn't matter. Lose another
lawsuit and it's disincorporation.
Shelby Springs gets swallowed up by
the parish.
(tape winding his chest)
You're going to leave me like this?

TERRY
(patting the Judge down)
Alive? For now.

The Judge gestures behind Summer. She looks: ON THE MANTEL, a framed PORTRAIT of a LADY IN HER SEVENTIES.

JUDGE

You knew Judy. What would she think of this? What you're doing to me now?

SUMMER

If she knew what you did?
(grabs frame from mantel)
She'd want to watch.

She sets the portrait on his tray: *Judy staring right at him.*
Terry pulls an Rx BOTTLE from the Judge's sweater pocket.

TERRY

These your meds? Need to take one before we go?

JUDGE

...I'm good for the night.

This tweeks Summer a bit. She takes the bottle from Terry.

SUMMER

(looking it over)
This is his wife's. And it's empty.

The Judge, serene, resigned, then-

JUDGE

Oh- I forgot to feed the cat. Would you mind?

Suddenly so frail. Summer already pulling out her BURNER.

SUMMER

...calling an ambulance.
(dialing)
How many did you take?

TERRY

(pulls knife, cuts tape)
Where's the fucking cat food...

88

EXT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - GRASSY SUBURBAN LOT - NIGHT

88

FLASHING LIGHTS. Summer watches PARAMEDICS administer OVERDOSE PROTOCOLS as they wheel the Judge out on a GURNEY. She rises from a patch of weeds, eyes wet...

TERRY (O.S.)

Think he'll make it?

She nods, steps to Terry, KITTING-UP by the Subaru's open hatchback. He pulls a crisp BLACK HOODIE from a bag, pauses-

TERRY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
It's cool if you gotta step back.
Start thinking about your girl...

SUMMER
She never left my mind in there. Him,
Elliot- *this whole town* couldn't form
a single spine between 'em...
(arms through sleeves)
If I do get her back? -

TERRY
When you get her back.

SUMMER
She's gotta know I got one.

She ZIPS up. Terry digging her resolve, checking his gear...

TERRY
Where do you store the drives?

SUMMER
In the basement.

TERRY
The catacombs?

SUMMER
(how'd ya know?)
Yeah. But there's an alarm.

TERRY
And moisture. And a lotta rot.

89

INT. TOWN HALL - HOLDING CELL 'THE CATACOMBS' - NIGHT

89

PULLING OUT FROM THE BASEMENT WINDOW: a FLASHLIGHT BEAM backlights an ALARM SENSOR on the warped glass- a WIRE connects it to a SWITCH on the wood frame...

METAL CHIPS against STONE as we MOVE ALONG THE CEILING, past MOLD SPORES and RUSTED PIPES...

The SPLIT FORK of a CROWBAR POKES THROUGH THE WINDOW FRAME. It jabs around the edges, stone separating, hundred year-old mortar crumbling, ROTTED WOOD splintering. A CLANK, then-

THE ENTIRE WINDOW FRAME PUSHES INWARD, hinging from the top, the SENSOR circuit unbroken. Terry pokes his head inside, scans the DUSTY interior with his FLASHLIGHT.

TERRY

Okay- watch up to your left.

Summer rolls her body through feet first, lands clean.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Got it?

She nods, holds the window as Terry drops in. As he sets the frame back into place, Summer takes in the old jail...

SUMMER

*I love it down here. You can smell
the history...*

TERRY

Where to?

90

INT. TOWN HALL - THE CATACOMBS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

90

Summer leads Terry into the hallway, one wall stone, the other cinderblock. An EXIT sign GLOWS ahead. Terry shuts his FLASHLIGHT OFF...

SUMMER

I can't see.

TERRY

*Let your eyes adjust. Don't wanna
go out like Watergate.*

WITH SUMMER IN THE LEAD, nearing a T-intersection. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM sweeps the adjacent hall ahead of her-

SUMMER

(turning)

Thank you-

Terry, fingers to his lips- *his flashlight still off*. They duck into a shallow inlet and skinny up to the wall.

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS as the *other* FLASHLIGHT floats down a vaulted staircase. A huddle of HUSHED VOICES.

SHUFFLING back up the stairway. Then DEAD QUIET.

Terry and Summer emerge, navigate the darkness toe to heel past the stairs, around a corner...

TERRY

Smell that?

(going for his FLASHLIGHT)

It ain't history...

He scans the BEAM along the hall, up to a STYROFOAM CUP taped over a SPRINKLER VALVE, down to a DOOR marked '**RECORDS**'- catching a GLINT off LIQUID TRAILING OUT FROM UNDERNEATH-

His flashlight follows the trail under their own legs, back down the hall and up the stairs.

SUMMER

Let's leave-

WHOOSH. A RIBBON OF FIRE shoots back along the path they just traced- DOWN THE STAIRS, *coming right at them-*

TERRY

SHIT.

He scans the hall behind them- a dead end- with a wall-mounted FIRE EXTINGUISHER. He sprints straight for it...

Summer, frozen in the hallway, digging in her BACKPACK.

SUMMER

Oh god...

TERRY, SKIDDING ON ACCELERANT, SLAMMING INTO THE EXTINGUISHER. Yanks it off the bracket, sprints back...

Summer backing up along the FIRE'S PATH, kicking at the ground, *shaking something with her arms...*

TERRY

Watch out!

Terry PULLS THE PIN and AIMS THE HOSE as Summer backs away...

The FIRE STOPPED SHORT AT HER FEET, FLAMES DANCING around a cul-de-sac of DILUTED LIQUID. She tosses an empty CARTON to the floor, Terry follows it with his beam, then up to her-

SUMMER

(out of breath)

Coconut water...

Terry sets the extinguisher down, opens the door.

TERRY

They're expecting a blaze- we got thirty seconds tops.

91 INT. TOWN HALL - THE CATACOMBS - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT 91

Summer scampers in, Terry LIGHTING HER WAY from behind. Past FILE CABINETS and MAP DRAWERS, through STACKED BOXES to a pair of STEEL DESK STATIONS, STACKED HARD DRIVES underneath-

SUMMER

Pull those. I'll get these.

He bites the flashlight, readies his bag as she yanks drives. His light catches a DESK TOP: *hammered-in*, MONITOR *smashed*. Through his clenched teeth: "*shhhht*".

She turns, holds a DRIVE under his light: *cracked and bent*. Then another: *useless*.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Oh drat.

TERRY

We exfil. Weigh our options.

SUMMER

(shakes 'no')

Hold on-

She scrambles to a drawer, pulls out a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER-

SUMMER (CONT'D)

SD cards. They write over 'em in the field so they never get wiped.

She pops the top- inside a dozen SD CARDS with taped labels.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Straight from their dash cams. It's just last week's but-

TERRY

Is Mike's in there?

She thinks, nods. He steels himself as she drops the container in his bag. He follows her out.

92 INT. TOWN HALL - THE CATACOMBS - NIGHT 92

They spill back into the hallway, Terry crouches, unscrews his KNIFE HANDLE, tips out a strike-anywhere MATCH, LIGHTS IT-

SUMMER

Wait! What're you doing?

TERRY

We don't re-start it, they will-

BEHIND HER, a FLASHLIGHT BEAM dances down the stairwell...

SUMMER

*It's a landmarked building! Been up
since eighteen ninety-six-*

TERRY

*Yeah well that 'history' down here?
For a lotta people? There's a
pretty foul funk to it.*

Terry, FINGERTIPS BURNING from that lit match.
Summer stung: her presumptions, her loyalties, her
aspirations- *reassessed in two seconds flat-*

SUMMER

Alright let it bur-

WHOOSH. THE FIRE RESUMES ITS PATH ALONG THE ACCELERANT...

THE RECORDS ROOM ERUPTS IN FLAMES.

They retreat to the stairs, THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM RIGHT THERE-

They tuck in *just as it rounds the corner-*

A SECONDARY EXPLOSION shoots flames from the Records Room.
The beam jolts- as it disappears up the stairwell-

Muffled voice: ***"We're good we're good we're good!"***

As Terry pulls Summer past the empty stairs, she breaks free.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

You go.

TERRY

*We go.
(pats backpack)
We got 'em.*

SUMMER

*Start the car.
(looking up stairs)
I won't let 'em-*

FROM THE CEILING OVER THERE: the STYROFOAM CUP MELTS AWAY,
exposing the SPRINKLER VALVE underneath-

WATER RAINS DOWN on Terry and Summer as A FIRE ALARM SOUNDS.

TERRY

That'll send 'em running. Stay low,
stay steady. Meet me in the alley, yes?

SUMMER

Yes.

Summer heads up the stairway. Terry breaks back the way they came as the hallway is ENGULFED IN SMOKE AND FLAME.

INTERCUT SUMMER AND TERRY:

92A INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT 92A

TERRY moving through the CATACOMBS- A LOW VENT SPITS FLAMES, IGNITING THE ACCELERANT ON HIS SHOES. He drops to the ground, calmly kicks off his BURNING SNEAKERS..

92B INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT 92B

SUMMER, rounding the top of the vaulted STAIRWAY, pushing through a door...

92C EXT TOWN HALL - NIGHT 92C

TERRY, rolling out the basement window INTO THE ALLEY, we follow his SCORCHED SOCKS across the pavement...

92D INT. TOWN HALL 2ND FLOOR COURT ROOM 92D

SUMMER, passing through the hazy COURT ROOM...

92E EXT STREET / TOWN HALL - NIGHT 92E

TERRY, IN THE SUBARU, turns the IGNITION, FLOORS IT, whips into the alley and SKIDS TO A STOP. Waiting, idling, exposed-

CUT TO:

92F INT. JUDGE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 92F

**'THE HONORABLE
REGINALD W. LOGSTON'**

The painted letters (seen in reverse) SMASH APART as a BRASS STANCHION CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS.

PULL BACK as Summer reaches through the mahogany door frame, unlocks the JUDGE'S OFFICE. She scampers to the MINI-FRIDGE in the corner, opens it:

ALONE ON A SHELF: Summer's DRUG SCREENING KIT and URINE SAMPLE with a Post-it: '**For p/u Wed am**'.

SUMMER
(snagging it)
Bingo...

DEPUTY LANN (O.S.)
You're kidding.

DEPUTY LANN stands in the doorway, a DEPUTY behind him with a STEEL CAN, both in civvies with holstered sidearms.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
(to Deputy)
How's that for a 'dummy check'?

Summer shaken, backlit by the open fridge-

93

INT. SUBARU WAGON - TOWN HALL - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

93

TERRY still waiting, idling. A SPOT LIGHT sweeps up ahead, the SOURCE danger close. HE GUNS IT IN REVERSE, OBLITERATING HIS SIDE MIRROR as he RAKES A DUMPSTER, cranks the wheel and tucks in behind it. He kills the lights, cuts the engine as an UNMARKED SUV pulls up, LIGHTS UP THE ALLEY:

Summer pushes though the exit, SMOKE BILLOWING OUT. Terry goes for the shifter, freezes as the two armed Deputies appear behind her, shielding their eyes-

DEPUTY LANN
TURN THAT SHIT OFF.

The spotlight dies. The SUV reverses into the alley and the Deputies shove Summer into the back seat.

IN THE SUBARU:

TERRY
Fuck.

FIRE BELCHES OUT an industrial VENT as the SUV takes off. Terry there in the SMOKE. Puts the Subaru in gear...

94 INT. SUBARU WAGON -DARK ROAD NEAR TOWN HALL-NIGHT (MOVING) 94
Stealth mode. Hanging back, no lights. Terry tracks the SUV along a wooded road...

95 INT. / EXT. SUBARU WAGON - DARK ROAD - NIGHT (MOVING) 95
The SUV pulls alongside a CRUISER idling in an overgrown lot. Terry creeps to the shoulder, watches, weighs as SUV PASSENGERS deposit DARK CLOTHING and STEEL CANS into the Cruiser's trunk. A VERBAL EXCHANGE, then the SUV pulls out...
As soon as it's gone, TERRY GUNS IT STRAIGHT FOR THE CRUISER-

96 EXT. OVERGROWN LOT - DARK ROAD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 96
Terry hits the BRIGHTS 15 feet out, T-BONES THE CRUISER AT 20 MPH. *Enough to shock:*

The YOUNG DEPUTY, blinded in the driver's seat scrambling for his SIDEARM. Terry LEAPS OUT, makes a run for him-

The Deputy levels his 9MM but Terry's there with a TWO HANDED GRAB, PULLS HIM OUT ONTO THE SUBARU'S HOOD-

YOUNG DEPUTY
THE FUCK OFF ME!

He goes for his MAGLITE. Terry takes two clean HITS TO THE HEAD securing the weapon then SLIDES THE DEPUTY OFF THE HOOD, pulling him into BACK CONTROL, TRAPPING HIS LIMBS, disarming his TASER, PEPPER SPRAY, BATON, CUFFS-

The Deputy THRASHES as Terry fights for his wrist. Terry drops the cuffs, secures a REAR NAKED CHOKE, locks it tight-

TERRY
*You wanna be asleep when I cuff you
or awake?*

The Young Deputy goes purple, relents. Terry cuffs him, drags him, sits him against a tire, chest heaving...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Had to assume you'd shoot on sight.
(Deputy shakes 'no')
Deep breaths. Is she hurt?

YOUNG DEPUTY
Not that I could tell.

TERRY

Where are they taking her?

YOUNG DEPUTY

I don't know.

(spits BLOOD)

Look, man. We're not all- I'm
married. I got a kid-

Terry very deliberately squats down, an inch from his face.

TERRY

So does she. So let's not waste
time-

Terry YANKS HIM UP BY THE CUFFS, walks him to the Cruiser and
pulls out the RADIO HANDSET.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Get me someone who knows...

Terry keys the handset, gives a weighted nod...

YOUNG DEPUTY

106, Come in. This is 103.

DEPUTY LANN (OVER RADIO)

103, We're 10-3. Keep it quiet.

TERRY

(taking over)

106 is that in regards to the arson
or the kidnapping? Over.

(STATIC...)

You got ten seconds before I start
trying new frequencies. Got some
cards I wanna offload...

Still STATIC. This might backfire... then RINGING.

YOUNG DEPUTY

Utility pocket.

Terry digs out the Deputy's lit-up CELL PHONE, answers-

DEPUTY LANN

What brand are they?

Terry reaches in the Subaru, digs in his bag. Pops the lid on
the Tupperware.

TERRY

Extreme Pro, sixty-four gigs.

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
...you know Rebel Ridge?

TERRY
No.

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
I'll drop you a pin.

TERRY
A swap? You think I'm stupid?

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
No. I think you're smart.

Terry scans the wreck, NIGHT INSECTS cut through the silence.

TERRY
...Fuck it. First light.

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
How 'bout right now.

TERRY
I gotta see what's waiting for me.
Works out well for you too...

DEPUTY LANN
Yeah?

TERRY
You just might see me coming.

Terry hangs up, looks to the Young Deputy.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I put too much sauce on that?
(off his blank stare)
Pop the trunk.

97

EXT. REBEL RIDGE - DAWN

97

THE DIM STEEL SKY THROUGH TREES. Another DAWN CHORUS.

A SHIP, passing along the Mississippi.

AN ALLIGATOR in a moat.

A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE on old brick.

The crumbling remains of a Confederate-era fort overtaken by lush greenery. Two CRUISERS parked on a clearing.

SUMMER in the back of one, watching through the window:

DEPUTY LANN sets his SHOTGUN on the hood, lights a cigarette beside two DEPUTIES, one with a 12-GAUGE.

DEPUTY LANN
Whatcha got in that?

DEPUTY #1
#4 buck, double-aught following.

DEPUTY LANN
Lose the #4, load up some slugs
'case he grabs hold of someone.

He sets SHOT SHELLS onto the hood...

PULL WIDE FROM INSIDE THE MILL: TWO VEHICLES parked tightly behind a wall of brick and vine. FOUR MORE DEPUTIES, TWO CONSTABLES sit in the shadows with CARBINES and SCOPED RIFLES-

It's not quite SWAT, but it's scary enough.

BACK TO THE 'FRONT LINE': DEPUTY #2 RACKS his slide.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
Check in with patrol. He should be here.

DEPUTY #1
Sun's barely up.

DEPUTY LANN
If he isn't early, he's late.

98 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING 98

Officer Sims picks her desk phone up on the FIRST RING-
The Chief snatches the receiver, fresh coffee in hand.

CHIEF BYRNE
Yeah... hello?

99 INT. VEHICLE - S.S.P.D. - EARLY MORNING 99

ECU - MIKE'S INMATE I.D. BRACELET SNAPS ONTO TERRY'S WRIST.
CLOSE ON TERRY, on his burner. Somewhere quiet. With trees.

TERRY
You know what's funny, Chief?

CHIEF BYRNE (OVER PHONE)
Can't think of anything off hand.

TERRY
Before two days ago, I'd never
really been in a street fight...

100 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING 100

Chief Byrne listening, checking OUT WINDOWS. Sims monitoring
dispatch radio CHATTER...

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
I mean- a few scraps in the
schoolyard, but since then- nothing
outside the gym.

CHIEF BYRNE
Well I've been in plenty.

101 INT. VEHICLE - S.S.P.D. - EARLY MORNING 101

TERRY
I can feel that from you. That
combative energy. It builds up...

102 EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 102

WIDE ON THE SUBARU, idling midway on the bridge. PULLING BACK
TO REVEAL: DEPUTY MARSTON pulling his Cruiser into A DITCH by
the mouth of the bridge...

DEPUTY MARSTON
(low, into shoulder mic)
108. Got a visual on our suspect.

103 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING 103

Sims hears that over DISPATCH, scurries to the Chief who cups
his receiver...

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
It's not just you, I know- both
sides contribute...

OFFICER SIMS
They're on him.

CHIEF BYRNE
(nods, then into phone)
...you taking responsibility, or
dodging it?

104 EXT. REBEL RIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 104

Deputy Lann hunched by the HANDSET from Deputy #1's Cruiser.

DEPUTY LANN
108 can you confirm?

105 EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 105

BEHIND MARSTON as he approaches the Subaru, weapon drawn...

DEPUTY MARSTON
(turning down radio)
Stand by.

106 INT. LANN'S CRUISER / REBEL RIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 106

ON SUMMER in the back seat, sensing dread. Deputy Lann
THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, his voice SQUAWKING in the car-

LANN (OVER RADIO): "Copy you 108. Standing by."

107 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING 107

The Chief peering out into his lot of SEIZED VEHICLES...

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
People getting hurt now either way.
The fire last night...

CHIEF BYRNE
Just heard about that.

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
Yeah? It's gotten outta hand.
A real soup sandwich...

CHIEF BYRNE
We can agree on that...

108 INT. VEHICLE - S.S.P.D. - EARLY MORNING 108

TERRY

Got me thinking about the
conversation we had in the cruiser.
About 'de-escalation'...

109 EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 109

BEHIND MARSTON advancing, EXTENDING A COLLAPSIBLE BATON as he
takes aim at the SILHOUETTE behind the wheel of the Subaru...

110 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING 110

The Chief goes stock still, knowing what's coming...

TERRY (O.S.- PHONE)

That also takes both sides, you
know? So I thought- what if we just
walk away...?

CHIEF BYRNE

Yeah? Well. Now you're startin'-

TERRY (O.S.- PHONE)

But then I was like- "nah"...

A BURST OF NOISE from the phone as- KROOOOSH- DRYWALL AND
PARTICLE BOARD COLLAPSE AROUND THE CHIEF AS THE WALL BEHIND
HIM BUCKLES.

111 EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 111

Deputy Marston hooks around with his BATON and SMASHES THE
SUBARU'S WINDOW-

DEPUTY MARSTON

DON'T FUCKING MOVE-!!!

*He abruptly lowers his weapon seeing: THE YOUNG DEPUTY,
CUFFED TO THE WHEEL, GAGGED AND DUCT-TAPED TO THE HEADREST...*

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Negative. It's McGill, got him all
tied up...

CUT WIDE: the Deputy and Subaru on the deck of the bridge,
nothing underneath it but shin-high water and tire tracks...

112 INT. FORD DUALY - SHELBY SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING 112

WIDER ON TERRY: IN THE CAB OF THE FORD F-350, burner and POLICE RADIO on the seat, FLOORING it and rocking the wheel.

113 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 113

CLOSE: THE 3 1/2 BACK WHEELS KICK UP DIRT, GRAVEL AND SMOKE.

A STEEL CABLE runs from the TOW HITCH to a structural BEAM exposed by the construction. THE TRUCK LURCHES FORWARD AS THE BEAM RIPS FREE AND TAKES A CINDERBLOCK WALL WITH IT.

114 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 114

Chief Byrne and Officer Sims take cover in the office as SMOKE AND DAYLIGHT spill into the adjacent hallway. They hear *movement... rubble being pushed around.*

CHIEF BYRNE

He's going for the cash.
(draws his .45 Auto)
Get on the radio!

115 INT. LANN'S CRUISER / REBEL RIDGE - EARLY MORNING 115

SUMMER sees Deputy Lann SLAM the HANDSET, storm her way...

RADIO CHATTER "Repeat 10-19!" - "Copy you." "10-76 en route"-

VEHICLES EMERGE and HAUL ASS over rough terrain. Deputy Lann saddles up in the driver's seat. Summer nearly cracks a smile-

SUMMER

Something wrong?

He holds there in the REAR VIEW. Goes for the glove box...

DEPUTY LANN

No, actually. Think it's all gonna
line up pretty well...
(into radio)
Be advised this is a silent run.
10-85- nobody runs code...

Around them, ENGINE NOISE fades, DUST TRAILS drift. He holds a manila ENVELOPE sealed in red 'EVIDENCE' tape.

Summer fills with dread as Lann shakes out a HYPO KIT, a BAGGIE of white powder.

He exits the driver's door, comes around to the back.

SUMMER

Don't you fucking dare.

He opens her door, she KICKS AT HIM FEVERISHLY.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

No no no no no no!

116 EXT. STONE BRIDGE / SUBARU - EARLY MORNING

116

DEPUTY MARSTON

You need a bus or can you hold off?

YOUNG DEPUTY sucks air, nods "I'm okay" as Marston CUTS THROUGH TAPE with his MULTI-TOOL.

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

Good. We gotta get to the station.

117 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING

117

IN THE HALLWAY: The Chief enters with his .45...

Through HAZE- the COLLAPSED EXTERIOR WALL, the cages exposed to the outside. He KEYS open the PROPERTY CAGE: *everything's intact*. CH-CHUK!-

Terry aims a SHOTGUN from the ARMORY across the hall, his DUFFEL slung across his chest.

TERRY

How'd I know you wouldn't show up to your own showdown- ?

THE CHIEF SWINGS HIS .45- **BOOM!** Terry unloads his barrel and the Chief CRUMPLES. Terry kicks the .45 down the dusty hall.

Sims comes through the door, WEAPON UP-

OFFICER SIMS

PUT THAT DOWN!

CHIEF BYRNE

SHOOT HIM!

Terry takes a hand off the pump and into the air-

OFFICER SIMS

PUT YOUR WEAPON DOWN! I NEED YOU ON THE GROUND! I'M GONNA-

TERRY

(moving towards her)
IT'S OKAY IT'S OKAY-

*

Until Terry is close enough to SNATCH HER SIDEARM-

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (lowers shotgun)
 ...it's okay. It's a beanbag.
 (turns to the Chief)
 Less lethal.

Chief Byrne GROANING behind him, a SPENT BEANBAG ROUND on the floor. Sims stunned, Terry safeties her weapon-

TERRY (CONT'D)
 I know who you are. Summer didn't
 give you up but it's not hard to
 narrow down. We call you 'Serpico'.

She looks to the Chief...

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Don't worry about him. Worry about
 her- even if you don't have my back
 I know you got hers.

SIMS
 What do you want me to do?

TERRY
 Hear me ou- CHIEF BYRNE
 TAKE THAT MOTHERFU- *

Terry turns- the Chief on his feet, lunging- **BOOM!**
 Another BEANBAG ROUND knocks his legs out-

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Siddown...

118 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE S.S.P.D. - DRIVEWAY - MORNING 118

Cruisers and 4x4s stack up along the dirt road leading to the station. A Deputy pulls over, starts waving traffic.

119 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING 119

Terry dumps the SD CARDS from the Tupperware into Sim's hands.

TERRY
 Whatever's on these, he's willing
 to kill over.

The Chief, now CUFFED TO THE CAGE, *seething*.

CHIEF BYRNE

Go ahead. Release it. See what happens.

TERRY

I'm with you on that. Got this off your boys though...

Terry plunks down a 1/2 GALLON CAN OF TURPENTINE. As he LOADS HIS DUFFEL WITH NON-LETHAL WEAPONRY from the ARMORY...

TERRY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Here's the *new deal*, Chief. I'm seizing your shit. When Summer McBride is safe? You get it back- I turn myself in to *the State Police*. Otherwise all of it burns.

Terry pulls BODY ARMOR over his head, follows the Chief's eyes to Officer Sims, entering from dispatch.

OFFICER SIMS

(re: radio SQUAWK)

Our guys just pulled up.

Terry takes her hand, places her sidearm in it, shares a look.

120 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING 120

Some CRUISERS parked, more arriving. *Here we go...*

121 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DIRT ROAD - MORNING 121

Deputy Lann pulls up to the Deputy directing traffic-

DEPUTY LANN

Keep the constables on lock up. This isn't for their eyes.

The Deputy on his RADIO, seeing *something* in Deputy Lann's back seat as he drives on...

122 INT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING 122

Sims DUMPS CASH onto a PILE on the station floor. Terry strapped with his duffel. He peeks out the WINDOW BLINDS, sets his shotgun down to velcro his body armor...

TERRY

Lotta hardware out th-

CLICK. OFFICER SIMS HAS HER DUTY WEAPON TRAINED ON HIM.

OFFICER SIMS

I've seen what you can do so
believe me I will put two rounds in
your head if you move an inch.

TERRY

You're not- ?

OFFICER SIMS

That includes your mouth.

Terry still, assessing their distance. She steps back.

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)

(into shoulder mic)

105 exiting station with suspect.
Hold your fire. Confirm.

A SQUAWK over the radio: "105 you have Terry Richmond?- over"

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)

10-4. Confirm, hold your fire...

Radio SQUAWK: "10-4, holding fire."

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)

Nobody dies today. We'll sort this
out somewhere safe. Open the door.

ON THE DOOR: Terry turns the knob, swings it open revealing a
WALL OF DEPUTIES armed to the teeth. Deputy Marston and Young
Deputy exit their Cruiser...

123

EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

123

TERRY'S INTERLOCKED HANDS atop his head, walking the plank.

TERRY

Feels familiar, yeah?

Sims behind him, weapon trained with plenty of distance.

OFFICER SIMS

Except for the weight of my gun-
Stop there. Put down the bag.

Terry in the open, exposed. Firearms all over. Sims holds out
KEYS for Young Deputy.

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)
Chief's cuffed to the property
cage. Careful, he's pissed...

He grabs the keys, jogs towards the station.

Terry keeps one hand high, lifts the duffel strap off with
the other. Metal CLACKING as he sets it down.

DEPUTY LANN
He have drives on him?

OFFICER SIMS
He did. Says they're-

DEPUTY LANN
Stolen property. Where they at?

Sims hesitates. A few deputies inch closer.

Sims hands them over, Terry watches, powerless as Lann dumps
them to the gravel, CRUSHES THEM UNDER FOOT.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
(to Sims)
Well done. Gotta get you out on
patrol.
(to Terry)
I feel dumb, man. I mean, your
girl's free to go, it's just- she's
pretty zonked out.
(gesturing to back seat)
Thought I gave her a solid
search...

Terry sinks. Deputy Lann opens the rear door of his Cruiser.
SUMMER *slumped over inside- limp, ashen...*

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
But I missed that rig she had on
her. Must've hidden it somewhere
sneaky, shot up in the back seat
when I wasn't looking.

Terry boiling over. Lann re-grips his shotgun...

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
(to Officer Sims)
I'd step back.

Officer Sims hesitant, clears out nonetheless. From Lann's
backseat, a muffled, GUTTURAL INHALATION.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
(to Terry, winces)
Oh man, that snoring thing. Shit
creeps me out...

Terry shifts, contemplating a charge. *Exactly what Lann wants-*

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
...least it'll be peaceful.

Terry about to pounce-

DEPUTY MARSTON
Alright-
(to Terry)
Step back from the bag-

DEPUTY LANN
Hold on now, Ev. We're okay here.

DEPUTY MARSTON
Are we?

DEPUTY LANN
Yes. Table it.

DEPUTY MARSTON
Happy to- once he's in custody and
she's en route to the ER.

Onlooking Deputies rapt, waiting for the alpha to emerge.

DEPUTY LANN
We wrap this up here. Now. Let it
play out-

DEPUTY MARSTON
We're sworn officers-

DEPUTY LANN
It's a gift- we got her on a legit
B&E, ties her directly to the fire.
Drives are gone. She goes away,
this all goes away-
(re: Terry)
We'll get *commendations* for putting
a hole in this motherfucker's chest!

Deputy Marston puts a hand on his SIDEARM. Deputy Lann swings
the SHOTGUN in his direction, prompting Marston to DRAW.

DEPUTY MARSTON
HOLD IT, NOW!

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
DO NOT POINT YOUR WEAPON AT
ME!

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)
PUT IT DOWN, STEVE!

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
STOP FUCKING THIS UP!

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)
SHE GOES TO THE FUCKING
HOSPITAL. I'LL SAY WHAT NEEDS
TO BE SAID BUT I AM NOT
WATCHING HER DIE!

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
YOU'RE THE GODDAMN SHITMAGNET
THAT STARTED THIS NOW PUT
THAT WEAPON DOWN!

TERRY
(quiet, re: Marston)
You're 'Serpico'...

Deputy Marston looks to Terry, A SHAPE BEHIND HIM -POP!
MARSTON'S THIGH MISTS RED, HE CRUMPLES to the ground. His
WEAPON near him in the dirt- as he goes for it...

CHIEF BYRNE puts a foot on his wrist, standing there with his
S&W .45 AUTO. He takes Marston's sidearm...

CHIEF BYRNE
Sorry Ev. God dammit.
(to the crowd)
It's just the leg now! He'll be on
light duty in a week, drawing a
full salary...

The Young Deputy behind the Chief in shock. The other
Deputies too. Sims reflexively touches her trigger guard.

YOUNG DEPUTY
He's bleeding bad.

DEPUTY (O.S.)
Think you nicked something Chief-

Deputy Marston's THIGH PULSES BLOOD. The Chief steps off his
wrist, Marston inches through the dirt towards his Cruiser.

CHIEF BYRNE
Aw shit. Well...

SIMS
(to Young Deputy)
Call medical-

CHIEF BYRNE
(hand up)
Hold on hold on hold on. You saw it
now- it was him or Steve...

DEPUTY LANN
Was him or all of us.

Terry looks carefully back to Sims: gun trained, conflicted.

CHIEF BYRNE

*We turn on each other- that's how
this implodes. And do not be mistaken-
any blood that's shed...*

(turns to Terry)

...is on h-

TERRY LEVELS DOWN, GRABS HIS DUFFEL and SPRINTS, GRABBING
MARSTON MID CRAWL-

CHIEF BYRNE OPENS UP, FIRES HALF A MAG CENTER MASS-

PLINK! PLINK! TERRY'S ARMOR-PLATE CARRIER VEST TAKES THE HITS
as he DRAGS MARSTON BEHIND HIS CRUISER.

PUSHING IN with the Chief as he steps towards the Cruiser,
FINISHING OFF HIS MAG and LOADING ANOTHER...

A FEW DEPUTIES POP OFF RIFLE ROUNDS... Others *don't*.

CHIEF BYRNE (CONT'D)

SUSPECT IS ARMED! HE GOES DOWN AND
HE DOES NOT GET BACK UP!

JUST THEN, A METAL CYLINDER rolls from behind the Cruiser-

POOM! The Chief reels back from the CONCUSSION of a FLASHBANG
GRENADE. Another one rolls out...

POOM! Nearby Deputies fall back, DUST AND GRIT IN THEIR EYES-

BEHIND THE CRUISER: Marston gripping his wounds, Terry
digging through the OPEN DUFFEL- (cover Terry tossing FB #2)

DEPUTY MARSTON

Use the sting-balls, the round
ones...

TERRY

She's in bad shape. You guys carry
Narcan?

DEPUTY MARSTON

Center console. Most of us have kits.

TERRY

Roger that. I'll make a run...

Terry pulls pins on TWO STING-BALL GRENADES, CHUCKS 'EM -
BOOM! He cracks the MULTI-LAUNCHER, loads up 40mm TEARGAS
ROUNDS. Sporadic RIFLE ROUNDS PIERCE THROUGH THE CAR...

DEPUTY MARSTON

Listen- hit the disco lights when you do... it'll activate-

TERRY

The dash cam? Why- to catch my own death?

DEPUTY MARSTON

No, mine.

TWO PINTS OF BLOOD pooled beneath his leg...

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

They got 'pre-event' recording. Hit those lights the camera goes live, saves the *three* minutes before you flip the switch.* *alt five minutes

Terry CLAPS THE LOADED CYLINDER - steadies with renewed focus-

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

Figure you got a *couple left...

alt times "few"

TERRY

Maybe you too- unless...
(rips Marston's pant leg,
guides his hand...)
...you put a finger right up in it.

Marston SCREAMS. **A GORY MESS**, but the direct pressure STANCHES THE BLEEDING-

DEPUTY JORDAN SWEEPS AROUND the CAR with his SHOTGUN - THUMP!

TERRY SENDS HIM FLYING with A 40mm GAS GRENADE TO THE CHEST-

THE GRENADE BOUNCES BACK, BURNS OFF TEAR GAS. Terry GRABS IT, TOSSES IT OVER THE CRUISER...

BEHIND A CRUISER: Deputies PAPAJOHN, ENDOSO, DRYDEN take cover, some FIRING ROUNDS.

BEHIND ANOTHER: Officer Sims and Young Deputy hunched down.

YOUNG DEPUTY

Not sure who to shoot at.

OFFICER SIMS

Then maybe don't shoot?

TERRY pops up, THUMPS THREE MORE 40mm GAS ROUNDS into the lot.

They THUNK off Cruisers, IGNITE and SPIN in the dirt...

He swaps out the launcher for two STING-BALL GRENADES, pulls the pins, RUNS BETWEEN VEHICLES...

LOBS the GRENADES at the nearest Deputies- BOOM. BOOM. They GO DOWN, SCATTER, YELP in pain.

FOUR PLUMES OF SWIRLING TEAR GAS, visibility NEAR ZERO.

COUGHING. CHAOS. "Can't see shit!"

TERRY PICKS UP DEPUTY JORDAN'S SHOTGUN, EJECTING ROUNDS, TOSSING THE EMPTY WEAPON at DEPUTY CORY, rounding through a CURTAIN OF SMOKE, 'MISS-LEG' SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND, WRISTL LOCKS HIS RIGHT WRIST, STOMPS HIS ELBOW- BREAKING IT CLEAN.

Leaves him SCREAMING. ROUNDS ZIP past Terry, IMPACT A CRUISER-

"Watch the crossfire!" - "Check your goddamn target!"

Terry advances, ducks along a HIGH CLEARANCE PICKUP and GRABS SCHRAG'S AR-15 as it FIRES INTO THE AIR. Terry locks him up, drags him back, swings him into the truck, PULLS THE MAG and SMACKS SCHRAG WITH IT. **A SHOT COMES THROUGH THE TRUCK WINDOW!**

DEPUTY (O.S.)

GET DOWN!

LANN ROUDS THE CORNER, weapon up as TERRY wraps SCHRAG UP WITH HIS SLING, backs around the truck, 'WWI FLIPS" him to the ground, SCRAMBLING UNDER THE TRUCK AS LANN approaches.

LANN SEES: IN THE DIRT: the injured Deputy *alone*, writhing in the dirt. JUST BEYOND:

TERRY IN SHADOW, CRAWLING BACK UNDER THE CRUISER, ROLLS OUT-

SENTRY GRABS LANN, PULLS HIM TO THE GROUND, away from his DROPPED WEAPON.

TERRY

(rising behind him)

Neckbone motherfu-

TERRY LEAPS WITH A PUNCH, BUT LANN PIVOTS TO GET TOP CONTROL. USES HIS BATON TO STRIKE TERRY- ONCE, TWICE- TERRY BLOCKS IT.

Terry wriggles on his back, goes to 'high-guard', LOCKS IN A LEG TRIANGLE: *NO TIME*: TERRY RESORTS TO BRUTAL ELBOW STRIKES, REVERSES BACK INTO TOP POSITION, MORE ELBOWS, OPENING UP A HUGE EYEBROW GASH on the Deputy. He pushes himself off and...

DEPUTY SCHRAG is getting up, Terry dismounts Lann, lurches forward for a ONE PUNCH KNOCKOUT. SCHRAG BUCKLES AND CRUMPLES.

WINDED, TERRY makes his way to the back of the truck, there by the tailgate. TWENTY FEET AWAY:

LANN'S CRUISER, half shrouded in SMOKE:

TERRY SPRINTS ACROSS THE OPEN LOT, rounds the cruiser, shuts the rear door, leaps in the driver's seat, *reaches for the lights-*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hang in th-

THWACK! THWACK! THWAK! He planks to the seat, taking fire from THE CHIEF, advancing methodically with careful SHOTS-

SUMMER OUT COLD: PFT! UPHOLSTERY SHREDS *an inch from her head-*

THE CHIEF EMPTIES HIS MAG, drops it, goes for another-

TERRY RISES, *locks eyes with the Chief...*

ON THE CHIEF through the SHOT-UP WINDSHIELD, reloading...

PULL BACK to the DASH CAM, *aimed right where Marston was shot-*

FURTHER BACK to the overhead console - Terry HITS THE SWITCH-

ON THE CHARGER'S ROOF: THE "DISCO" LIGHTS ILLUMINATE, TURN.

BACK ON THE DASH CAM - a RED DOT ON THE LCD SCREEN and:

Rec Event / PreEvent Buffering 00:03:00

CHIEF BYRNE

Shit.

THE CHIEF CHAMBERS A ROUND... TERRY HITS THE GAS.

Chief Byrne runs for cover, Terry turns the wheel, SIDE SWIPES A CRUISER AND REDIRECTS- CLINK! CLANK! CLUNK!

TERRY CARVES THROUGH THE SMOKE AND DUST, IMPACTING CRUISERS. A WILD TURN, GUNS A U_TURN, PULLS ALONGSIDE MARSTON.

Terry digs in the center console (or glovebox), pulls out a RED FANNY PACK marked 'OPIOD OVERDOSE NALOXONE KIT'. He scrambles out, over the hood, opens Summer's door, checks her pulse, unzips the kit- CLINK!CLANK!

Terry ducks- back to his duffel- tosses A FLASHBANG and A STINGBALL, follows with a THUMP from the 40mm Launcher, another - CLICK- empty. He turns to Marston...

TERRY

Keep that pressure up- I need you
to walk me through this...

Terry throws his BODY ARMOR over Summer's chest, pulls out a QUICK START GUIDE...

DEPUTY MARSTON

Toss the instructions. Open it up.

Terry peels the backing off a NASAL SPRAY package.

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)

Don't prime it. Just pick a nostril
and deploy it. One push...

Terry INSERTS THE NOZZLE, presses the plunger...

TERRY

(to Summer)
Come on McBride...
(to Marston)
That it?

DEPUTY MARSTON

(losing it)
That's it. Takes...few...

TERRY

Alright. We go...

Terry hooks Marston's armpits, DRAGS HIM INTO THE PASSENGER SEAT. He leaves the door open, climbs behind the wheel-

TERRY (CONT'D)

McBride. Need you to breathe-

GUNFIRE ERRUPTS, LANN rounding the cruiser, emptying a clip, BLEEDING from his GASH, unsteady...

DEPUTY LANN

Get the fuck outta my-

TERRY SO FAST IT'S A BLUR - HE JOLTS HIS HEAD FORWARD AND PUSHES UP, DEPUTY LANN FIRES INTO THE ROOF!

TERRY TRAPS THE WEAPON, SWINGS HIS ARM AROUND INTO A LOCK and GUNS THE ENGINE- TAKING LANN WITH HIM. THEY TEAR THROUGH THE LOT, TURN DOWN THE DRIVEWAY.

CHIEF BYRNE
PUT FIRE ON THAT CRUISER!

Coughing Deputies emerge, a few protests-

OFFICER SIMS
(stepping up)
Chief! We got one of ours inside,
another hanging off-

Chief Byrne pulls the nearest handset...

CHIEF BYRNE
(into radio)
You got a stolen cruiser coming
your way. Take out the tires.
(tosses handset, stares
down Sims)
Marston's not one of ours. Not
anymore.

Sims shares a look with a Deputy.

124 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DRIVEWAY - MORNING 124

THE CHARGER headed towards the Constables' ROAD BLOCK.
They're ready with their RIFLES but hesitate at the sight of-

125 INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - S.S.P.D. DRIVEWAY -MORNING 125

DEPUTY LANN, GUSHING BLOOD, DRAGGING ALONGSIDE HIS CHARGER,
CLAWING at Terry with his free hand, rethinks, reaches
down...

SMASHES OUT THE REAR PASSENGER WINDOW with a BATON, grabs
inside for leverage but *braces for impact as-*

125A EXT. DRIVEWAY /ROAD OUTSIDE S.S.P.D.-MORNING(CONTINUOUS) 125A

The CHARGER SWERVES and SMASHES THROUGH THE WEAK SIDE OF THE
ROADBLOCK, TAKING LANN WITH IT-

126 INT. LANN'S CHARGER(MOVING)-ROAD OUTSIDE C.S.P.D-MORNING 126

IN THE BACK SEAT: SUMMER RISES, groggy, pale...

Deputy Lann yanks his other arm from Terry's grip, finds
himself *face to face with Summer...*

SUMMER

There's glass everywhere.

A blank stare, a hint of recognition, then... She MUSHES LANN'S FACE, two hands, sloppy, ugly, until he LOSES HIS GRIP-

127 EXT. - ROAD OUTSIDE S.S.P.D. - MORNING (CONTINUOUS) 127

DEPUTY LANN HITS THE PAVEMENT in a 'Scorpion fall', TAKES A BREAKNECK BOUNCE... *Out cold.*

THE CONSTABLES OPEN UP WITH THEIR RIFLES - CRACK! CRACK!

The Charger's RIMS SPARK, A REAR TIRE BLOWS OUT as it crosses an intersection-

128 INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - DIRT ROAD C.S.P.D. -(CONT'D) 128

TERRY

(in rear view)

McBride! You good?

SUMMER

Terry. Why're you driving?

(noticing Marston)

Oh hey. Oh no- he needs a hospital.

Marston looks up to Summer...

TERRY

That's the plan.

SUMMER

Lemme know if you need directions.

129 EXT. SHELBY SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING 129

Deputies regrouping after the chaos, TEAR GAS drifting...

Sims huddles with two Deputies as their Cruisers pull out. Another valets the Chief's SUV. As he takes the wheel-

CHIEF BYRNE

Hit the road- move, move!

(to Sims)

Hop in...

OFFICER SIMS

(cool, determined)

I'll package up Ross for the paramedics. Be right behind you.

The SUV already creeping forward, Sims keeps up alongside...

CHIEF BYRNE

Call it in wide- we gotta be on record before they are...

OFFICER SIMS

Just did. State Police are standing by to assist...

CHIEF BYRNE

Good- we stop that cruiser it can still shake out in our favor.

He PEELS OUT. Sims watches the lot EMPTY OUT, the rising sun raking through HANGING DUST...

130 EXT. STATE ROAD TO HOSPITAL - MORNING 130

DOWN LOW: the Charger CARVES SMOKE and DUMPS COOLANT.

131 INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - SATE RD. TO HOSP - MORNING 131

Marston's BLOODY HAND turns up the POLICE BAND...

DEPUTY MARSTON

The file- it needs to survive. You have to bail? The DVR's in the trunk...

SUMMER

He's not gonna bail.

Terry affirms with a look. A FLURRY of RADIO SQUAWK.

DEPUTY MARSTON

They're on us...

132 EXT. STATE ROAD TO HOSPITAL - (MOVING VEHICLES) - MORNING 132

SMOKE trails from the Charger up ahead...

THREE CRUISERS ENTER FRAME at a MUCH HIGHER SPEED...

CHIEF (OVER RADIO): "I'm gonna get in front, slow him down. Coming up the left side..."

RADIO CHATTER: "Copy that- we'll box 'em in..."

The CHIEF'S SUV SCREAMS UP THE PASSING LANE, TWO CRUISERS FOLLOWING. BEHIND THEM, SIM'S CROWN VIC joins the fray.

133 EXT. STATE ROAD TO HOSPITAL - MORNING 133
ON THE CHARGER'S BACK TIRE, SHREDDED TO THE RIMS...

134 INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - STATE ROAD TO HOSPITAL- 134
SUMMER, looking out the back windshield, tracking the
Cruisers as they OVERTAKE THE CHARGER...

SUMMER
How're we on speed?

TERRY
Maxed out...

The Chief's SUV pulls in front of them, slows...

Helpless, Summer, Terry and Marston listen to the CHATTER:

CHIEF: "Alright now who's got the ARs?"

CHATTER: "102 I got one" - "104 has one onboard."

CHIEF: "Then 105 takes 'em out. You up for it Sims?"

SIMS: "Yes sir, Chief."

CHIEF: "105 standby for a pit maneuver. Lemme give you some
room..."

SIMS: "105 copies. Standing by..."

The Chief's SUV PULLS OUT AHEAD...

TERRY (CONT'D)
I can pull over. You guys make the
call...

Marston looks to Summer, she shakes: "No."

DEPUTY MARSTON
Fuck 'em. Don't save 'em any
trouble.

CHIEF: "Execute."

SIMS: "Roger, Chief. 102, 104 hang back."

ON EITHER SIDE OF LANN'S CHARGER: The two flanking CRUISERS
slow, break off, leaving Terry's Cruiser GRINDING along now,
totally exposed.

THE CROWN VIC pulls up, inches from Terry's bumper, hovers-

Terry reaches over, latches Marston's SEATBELT.

TERRY
(to Summer)
Belt up if you can. This is it.

The CROWN VIC RIPS LEFT, then ROARS AHEAD...

Terry grits his teeth, braces for impact...

But the CROWN VIC pulls *further ahead*, hovers behind the Chief's SUV...

CHIEF: "105 you overshot. Give it another go or I'll--"

SIM'S CROWN VIC STEERS DIRECTLY INTO THE SUV'S RIGHT REAR TIRE/SIDE- EXECUTING THE PIT MANEUVER ON THE CHIEF.

Terry watches the Chief's SUV LOCK UP ITS BRAKES, BURN UP THE PAVEMENT as the CROWN VIC PUSHES IT OFF THE ROAD, DOWN A SLOPE and INTO A TREE.

The two remaining CRUISERS converge, sandwich Terry in. One in front, one behind.

CHATTER: "Check in 105. What's your status."

SIMS: "Gonna need a wrecker. Otherwise code four."

CHATTER: "You got the Chief?"

SIMS: "Affirmative. State Police are two minutes out."

CHATTER: "102, we gotta straight shot. We're 10-59."

TERRY (CONT'D)
What's a '10-59'?

DEPUTY MARSTON
That's an escort.

OUTSIDE THIER WINDOWS: the remaining CRUISERS *run code*, ACTIVATING THEIR BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTS.

Summer, Marston, Terry. An overwhelming mix of exhaustion, camaraderie and resolve...

CHATTER: "10-4. Give Samaritan a heads up on their inbound."

OVERHEAD: A third Cruiser joins the convey, *runs code*.

They head towards an EXIT RAMP in formation...

INT. CHIEF'S WRECKED SUV - STATE ROAD TO HOSPITAL - MORNING
ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY:

SLOW PUSH IN ON THE CHIEF, a GASH on the bridge of his nose.
STEAM from the radiator...

BEHIND HIM, through the CRACKED GLASS of the DRIVER'S SIDE
WINDOW, Sims appears, weapon up.

SIMS

Medical's on the way, chief-- but I
need to see your hands.

The Chief stares off into oblivion, his world darkening...

135 INT. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - ER ENTRANCE - MORNING (ONE-SHOT) 135

PUSHING IN: from inside the ER entrance as the BATTERED
CHARGER PULLS UP in SMOKE and FLAMES...

A SECURITY GUARD hits it with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER as waiting
EMTs and HOSPITAL STAFF converge with GURNEYS and EQUIPMENT.

DEPUTY MARSTON is WHEELED off, an IV STARTED before he's
through the automatic doors...

SUMMER pulls her outside latch, staggers out from the back.
Despite her protests, she's in a gurney headed for triage.

TERRY follows with her, until he's waved off by a NURSE.

CAMERA HOLDS with Terry watching her go, he turns, SMASHES
GLASS OFF CAMERA, pulls a FIRE AXE from its wall housing...

WE TRACK WITH HIM, back through the sliding doors...

OUTSIDE: as Terry returns to the SMOKING Charger, pulls a
lever, rounds the back of the vehicle, lifts the trunk.

He GOES AT SOMETHING WITH THE AXE. QUICK, BRUTAL...

PULLS OUT A METAL LOCKBOX, a FEW WIRES HANGING OUT...

TRACK WITH TERRY as he comes back through the automatic
doors...

FINDS A SEAT, HOLDING THE DVR.

HE ROTATES MIKE'S INMATE I.D. BRACELET, STARES AT THE PHOTO.

CHAOS ALL AROUND...

But he's quiet.

FADE TO BLACK