

REBEL RIDGE

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*** Draft features unique text.
Please do not circulate. ***

OVER BLACK:

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

Begin Credits.

When the drums come in...

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

TERRY RICHMOND (Brown, 30s) 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's hearing, 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.

EXT. INTERSECTION (MOVING / BICYCLE) - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS)

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

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

He swerves to miss a crossing ARMADILLO. Pulls out his CELL, checks the GPS and leans into a turn...

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

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 just behind him.

He sees only the road ahead. Hears only *metal in this 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...

EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR BRIDGE - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS)

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!!!

Sheriff'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
Wait- 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...

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-

DEPUTY MARSTON
*Interlock your fingers behind your
head.*

Terry complies, another CRUISER pulls up from the opposite
direction. DEPUTY STEVE LANN (white, 30s) exits.

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

DEPUTY MARSTON
No. Picked him up crossing 13,
signaled to stop 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.

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 is it?
(to Terry)
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
You have any warrants?

TERRY
No.

DEPUTY LANN
(heading to cruiser)
I'll run it...

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 Terry up, checks his TATS.

DEPUTY LANN
That a star and crescent on your
arm?

TERRY
Yup.

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.

Deputy 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
(returning to cruiser)
I'll get Kyle on the horn.

Marston sets the package on the hood, leads Terry off...

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

DEPUTY LANN
(seated in cruiser)
He's got Ziggy at the vet. Hips are
shot.

DEPUTY MARSTON
See if Aurora can send theirs.

DEPUTY LANN
Copy that.

Deputy Marston sits Terry in the perp seat. 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 county? I'd say forty-five, maybe an hour.

TERRY
Can I ask what time it is?

DEPUTY MARSTON
(checks watch, milks it)
Four thirty-three. Thirty four.

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, watching helplessly 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 approaches, 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 grabs Terry's I.D. and a CLIPBOARD from his seat.

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
(re: Terry's I.D.)
This your mailing address?

TERRY
Yes sir.

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. There weren't any pedestrians but yes, understood. Thank you.

DEPUTY MARSTON
Now, we're holding on to the money.
(Terry locks eyes)
I've concluded through my 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 going to bail out my cousin and buy a truck!

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

TERRY
I came down here to slap some sense into him.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

And the money is legit- I sold my '68 Cougar. 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.

Terry instinctively shrugs his shoulders, rolls his wrists
and cracks his neck- a *trained motor-response*.

Marston clocks it, steps away before turning his back. Terry
grabs his paperwork, watches 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.

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

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

Terry bikes down the main drag surveying dated municipal
buildings and shops. Aside from the ice cream parlor, they're
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**'.

INT. TOWN HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry passes through a decades-old METAL DETECTOR, signs in.
A SKINNY 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.

INT. TOWN HALL - COURTROOM HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

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-

COURT CLERK
(turns)
You're injured. What happened?

Terry looks down at his scrapes and bruises- almost forgot.

TERRY
Got ran off the road. Was on my
bike-

COURT CLERK
Hit and run?
(starts locking up)
I've got my own 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 money.
All of it. I 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

My cousin is being transferred to state prison...

COURT CLERK

All our inmates are. They're renovating the jail- shouldn't' be too long...

TERRY

He won't last his first night. 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 my money...
(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 top out at Class A misdemeanors. Indigent defense is not in our budget-
(checks watch)
Nor is employee overtime. If you insist, we can pick this 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: a SHERIFF'S DEPUTY handing in paperwork, eyeing them.

COURT CLERK

Find some more. And a simple solution going forward might be for your cousin to keep away from drugs in the first place.

TERRY

Why would you assume he's in for drugs?

COURT CLERK

(cautious)

Just a guess.

COURT ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Elliot. I can take it from here.
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.

COURT CLERK

Thank you, Summer. 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

Except some chump change in my wallet.

SUMMER

Alright then.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry takes change from a CASHIER, nods as he drops a tip. He joins Summer at a WINDOW BOOTH- going over his paperwork, doing damage to a cake cone.

SUMMER

It's called 'civil asset forfeiture'.

TERRY

And it's legal?

SUMMER

It's sort've evolved over the years but, yeah. The Feds started using it in the 80s to go after criminals who skirted prosecution. Seize their assets, put 'em out of business. Mostly cartel types with yachts and Lamborghini and stuff...

TERRY

But how that applies to me...?

SUMMER

So local PDs caught on and now they're going after everybody. Traffic stops mostly- 'highway interdictions'- they find cash and take it. Use it for discretionary funds- someone at Permits told me Sheriff bought his own margarita machine for Cinco de Mayo-

TERRY

That's what I'm saying though- they didn't find any drugs.

SUMMER

All they need is suspicion. Because the seizure isn't tied to any *criminal* charges.

TERRY

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

SUMMER

The fifth. And fourteenth. But that's just it- they're not charging you with anything, they're going after your property. When they bring this case you won't even be named. It's literally going to read - how much money was it again?

TERRY

Thirty-six K.

SUMMER

...it's going to read 'The Township of Chester Springs vs. Thirty-six thousand dollars'. Because your property... has no civil rights.

TERRY

But you can help me get it back?

SUMMER

(biting into cone)

No.

TERRY

(processing...)

Alright I'm out.

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 it's a long shot. What I can do is...

(feels eyes on them)

...okay no let's go.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER)

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

SUMMER

Sheriff has more allies than he used to. Lost a civil suit couple years back, had to clean up his act. Didn't do so bad a job, either-

(MORE)

SUMMER (CONT'D)
(PEN and MOLESKIN ready)
Okay, his name?

TERRY
Michael Simmons. Mike.

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

TERRY
Possession.

SUMMER
(stops writing)
So Elliot was right back there?

TERRY
Yeah but fuck him.

SUMMER
I will say, bail's set really high.
It's usually a \$500 fine for that
charge. He have priors?

TERRY
No. I mean yeah, but they're
expunged. He's had a good run out
here but before- out east- got
himself 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 *state*
prison...

TERRY
He'll get swarmed.

SUMMER
Yikes. And the transfer is
Thursday, yes?

TERRY
Yes.

SUMMER
So you've got some time. Can you
get more money?

TERRY
Think so. Gotta make a call...

SUMMER

Okay. Good.

Terry stops, cocks his head.

TERRY

Who are you?

SUMMER

Summer.

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

Well I appreciate you helping me out.

SUMMER

I appreciate your appreciation. Where are you staying? In case I find anything.

TERRY

Weather's good so I guess I'll camp.

SUMMER

You wanna give me your number then?

TERRY

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

SUMMER

Okay.

TERRY

Alright.

Summer walks off, Terry enters a WEATHERED PHONE BOOTH. Terry slides the door closed, pulls out his cell, DIALS.

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 Terry- 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. Trying to handle
it myself but I might need a wire.

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, sir.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
So money orders. They're capped at
a grand each so you'd need ten.

TERRY
I hate asking, sir...

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, Terry.

EXT. CREEK - EARLY EVENING

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*.

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

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - DUSK

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

HIS PHONE: He types and zooms his touch screen as the GPS zeros in on '**Chester 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...**

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING

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 waits 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.

OFFICER SIMS
Just now?

TERRY
Yesterday.

She tears back the tab on the plastic lid, takes a sip.

OFFICER SIMS
Gimme a minute to open up.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

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

OFFICER SIMS
Good goodness. And this was cash?

TERRY
Yes ma'am.

She sips her coffee. 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 Sheriff.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Mornin' Jess.

The Sheriff *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 WHITE BOARD 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-

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

SHERIFF SANDY BYRNE (50s) puts a hand on Deputy Lann, steps forward holding a POLICE REPORT. He examines the desk, cocks his head to read Terry's license.

SHERIFF 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. You fled an officer of the law, evaded arrest and are under suspicion of conspiracy. You've been treated thus far with the utmost respect but you're risking felony charges and immediate incarceration if you persist in harassing my deputies.

TERRY
Your dep-

SHERIFF BYRNE
Allow me to finish.

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
You sustained minor injuries after colliding with Deputy Marston's patrol vehicle. You were offered but refused medical attention at the scene. Any harm that has come to you was a result of your own recklessness. It appears now that you've made it past reception- under false pretenses- and are currently in a secure area. So, if you'll be so kind...

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
...as to turn 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?

SHERIFF 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 Sheriff Byrne)
Did they?

SHERIFF BYRNE
Final warning, son. We're not going
to litigate this here, today. You have
every right to fight the forfeiture
in court. Until then, like I said...

Sheriff Byrne gestures to the door. Deputy Lann hooks a thumb
over his SIDEARM holster.

Terry moves towards the door, stops...

TERRY
What if I didn't fight it? What if
all I wanted was the \$10K for bail
and I disappear?

This seems to reset the vibe in the room.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I just need my cousin out.

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

SHERIFF BYRNE

You mind making a xerox, Jess?

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

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE

Comes when?

DEPUTY LANN

Thursday. We break ground Friday.

SHERIFF BYRNE

(to Terry re: report)

Alright. We'll follow up on this.

Visiting hours start Monday at 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 print out. She's relieved, seemingly *rooting for Terry*.

TERRY

Thank you.

SHERIFF BYRNE

Now fuck off.

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

TERRY

Yes sir.

EXT. RURAL ROAD (MOVING / BICYCLE) - DAY

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.

EXT. WOODS (CAMPSITE) - NIGHT

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...*

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

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.

EXT. RURAL ROAD (MOVING / BICYCLE)- MORNING

A DOZEN BOXED DOUGHNUTS, strapped to Terry's rear bike rack. UP TO TERRY, cranking up a hill, 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-*

EXT. ROAD NEAR POLICE DEPARTMENT (MOVING / BICYCLE)- DAY

Terry cycles into a drifting CLOUD OF DUST. It's UP-KICK from a LARGE VEHICLE ahead, disappearing around a bend.

He pulls his shirt over his nose, turns in...

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

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 Sheriff and two DEPUTIES chatting with the FOREMAN.

Terry drops his shirt from 'face-mask' mode. The Sheriff spots him, heads over...

SHERIFF BYRNE
Shit. You just missed 'em.

TERRY
(removes headphones)
Who?

SHERIFF BYRNE
The inmates. Your cousin.

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

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

TERRY
Where is he?

SHERIFF BYRNE
On a bus, en route to Marcy-

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

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

EXT. ROAD NEAR POLICE DEPARTMENT (MOVING / BICYCLE)- DAY

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.

EXT. STATE ROAD (MOVING / BICYCLE) - DAY

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

I'M GETTING YOU OUT.

MIKE

THIS A PRISON BREAK?!

TERRY

I'M POSTING YOUR BAIL. TODAY.

MIKE

(million dollar smile)

DON'T SWEAT IT. THEY REDUCED MY CHARGES, I'LL BE GOOD...

TERRY

NOT WHERE YOU'RE GOING. YOU GOTTA REQUEST P.C. SOON AS YOU'RE PROCESSED.

MIKE

NOT TRYIN' TO BE A SLUG, MAN.

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

TERRY

I'M SERIOUS. THEY'LL KNOW YOU- GET PROTECTIVE CUSTODY AND STAY LOW.

Mike relents, gives a penetrating look.

TERRY (CONT'D)

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, then circles back the way he came...

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

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 sai-

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 Chester
Springs P.D.?
(MORE)

MR. LIU (O.S.) (CONT'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 Terry, but you
didn't draft the warrant and I'm
gonna miss payroll.

TERRY
I will pay you back, sir.

MR. LIU (O.S.)
Okay, Terry.

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.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

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

INT. TOWN HALL - COURTROOM HALLWAY - DAY

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 able to-

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.

His stone-cold look: *it's all I rock*. Summer walks.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Godspeed.

(before Terry can speak)

I'm working.

TERRY

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

SUMMER

I'm sure they'd say 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. No
one from this town is gonna help
you, okay, including me- I need
this job. More than anything.*

Terry rides out a wave of shattering disappointment.

TERRY

Understood.

Summer steps back, gestures to an industrial door.

SUMMER

Might wanna use the back door...

She throws a look to their onlookers: *EMPLOYEES* traversing the corridors. A *COURT OFFICER* posted outside the courtroom. The *SKINNY GUARD* letting a *DEPUTY* bypass the metal detector.

TERRY

Listen, there's-

SUMMER

Please- you gotta go...

He shoves the bakery box in Summer's hands, marches off. Summer shoots a damage control smile to the onlookers.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TOWN HALL - DAY

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

SUMMER

Terry!

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

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Too many lurkers in there...

Terry, thrown by her casual, doughnut-eating demeanor.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I came in early, went over Mike's case- the Judge walked in on me.

TERRY

You're alright?

SUMMER

Yes, thanks- he's fine- but I wasn't playing in there. I need this job. I have a little girl.

Terry nods, deep respect.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Okay. So, I flagged a bunch of other cases where bail was set weirdly high. All of them had really long postponements too.

TERRY

What does that mean?

SUMMER

Don't know, I got busted. But I sent what I could to an inkjet no one uses- I can grab the printouts after work, dig a little deeper.

TERRY

So that's it?

SUMMER

For now- but something's up. These'er all misdemeanor charges. We wanna collect fines. If defendants can't pay, they get cited out until their court date- they don't sit in jail that long.

TERRY

Why's that?

SUMMER

It's expensive. This town is broke.

TERRY

Okay. How do we pursue this? Can it 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 dead. It's just...me.

SUMMER

And me.

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

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

I'm good.

(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
Summer. Let's go. We're piling up.

SUMMER
See ya.

Terry nods, Summer heads inside with the Court Clerk. Terry stays crouched, takes a moment, *sound slips away...*

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

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - COPY ROOM - DAY

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

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

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)
Sheriff, 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 Sheriff fixes coffee in the background.

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE
What's that?

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

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

Officer Sims takes a seat by her computer.

DEPUTY LANN
...'Rifle expert badge'.

SHERIFF BYRNE
They all get that one.

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

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

OFFICER SIMS
(typing...)
Lemme restart the wifi.

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

DEPUTY LANN
Not much else. Released from active
duty '09. Character of service:
'honorable'.

OFFICER SIMS
Sheriff, he's here.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Robby or the concrete guy?

OFFICER SIMS
Terry Richmond. He's out front.

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

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE
So no combat experience.

DEPUTY LANN
None. It would say.

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

DEPUTY LANN

Wait, Sheriff-

(reading off)

'...member was provided complete dental examination..all appropriate dental services...90 days prior to separation'- box is checked 'no'.

(smiling)

Thought you should know.

SHERIFF BYRNE

I'll keep that in mind...

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

DEPUTY LANN

How you wanna handle this?

SHERIFF BYRNE

Lemme run him off. You hang back.

DEPUTY LANN

We got you, Sheriff.

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Sheriff 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE

Robby, go ahead and call lunch.

FOREMAN

(checks watch)

Little early, maybe we-

SHERIFF BYRNE

Go ahead and call lunch.

The Foreman nods, heads off as the Sheriff closes the distance, standing nearly a foot taller than Terry.

TERRY

Sheriff.

SHERIFF BYRNE

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

TERRY

Lay it on me.

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE
That was the point.

TERRY
Of what?

SHERIFF BYRNE
Of misleading you.

TERRY
(cocks head)
I see.

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE
So then you *don't* see.

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

SHERIFF 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-

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

TERRY
I wasn't aware it was a pissing contest.

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

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

TERRY

So whatever I say, my cousin-

SHERIFF BYRNE

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

Terry smiles at the ground, resigned.

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF 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?

SHERIFF BYRNE

What were you, motor-pool?

TERRY

No. Broke my femur during boot camp, surgeries tied me up - but they found a use for me stateside.

SHERIFF BYRNE

Good for them. I've had no such luck. So, time for you to head 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 it is. Both of us, actually.

SHERIFF 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)

Thought you should know 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 Sheriff waits, tentatively playing along.

TERRY (CONT'D)

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

SHERIFF BYRNE

I got one for you-

TERRY

Allow me to finish.

Like hitting a switch, Terry seems the taller man now. The Sheriff 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.)

Coming up now...

OUT FRONT: The Sheriff 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 Sheriff is no longer playing along.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It's a planning methodology. For communication systems originally, but they found it could be applied just about 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 Sheriff 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 Sheriff.

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'?

SHERIFF BYRNE
Jesus Christ. Was I not- ?

DEPUTY LANN (O.S.)
SHERIFF.

He sees Deputy Lann readying his SIDEARM over his shoulder.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
Put some distance between you!
He's not a map maker...

The Sheriff turns back to Terry.

TERRY
How's mine, Sheriff?

Terry shoots him a split-second grin. *Oops.*

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

The Sheriff 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 Sheriff tries to break Terry's grip.

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

DEPUTY LANN
HEY! HEY!

Terry twists the Sheriff 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 Sheriff 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 SHERIFF FORWARD, RAISES HIS HANDS IN THE AIR.

As DEPUTY LANN MOVES IN, TERRY PUSH-KICKS THE SHERIFF DIRECTLY AT HIM. With no shot, Lann BRACES FOR IMPACT as THE SHERIFF CRUMPLES INTO HIM.

Terry FAST-WALKS OVER THE SHERIFF'S BACK 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.

A few CONSTRUCTION WORKERS near, some pull out phones, a BRICKLAYER runs off towards the lot...

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

Terry wrenches Deputy Lann's GLOCK from his grip-

The Sheriff 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 Sheriff DRAWS HIS COMPACT .38-

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

AND IN TERRY'S. SIX CARTRIDGES drop to the dirt from the open chamber. HE CHUCKS THE .38 INTO THE WOODS as Deputy 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 Sheriff 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 Brick Layer has returned with a HUNTING RIFLE, levels it from behind a truck, CHAMBERS A ROUND. Commotion starting. Terry ducks behind the Sheriff.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(to Deputy Lann)
GO!
(shoving Sheriff towards station)
Tell him to put that gun down.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Why would I?

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

The Brick Layer calmly TRACKS THEM THROUGH A SCOPE.

SHERIFF BYRNE
As long as you're the one dying.

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

SHERIFF BYRNE
(waving him off)
IT'S ALRIGHT. POINT THAT AWAY.

Brick Layer hesitates as they NEAR THE FRONT STEPS.

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
IT'S JUST A DUST UP.

TERRY
SAFETY THAT WEAPON.

SHERIFF BYRNE
GO ON. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

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

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

Deputy Lann enters, Terry pulls the Sheriff 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 Sheriff 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?

SHERIFF BYRNE
Nobody else here. Skeleton shift.

Terry walks to the WHITE BOARD, 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Jess, come on out.

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

SHERIFF 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 Sheriff.

SHERIFF 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 Sheriff- 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?

SHERIFF BYRNE
I do. Right side.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - HALLWAY - DAY

SHUNK. Sims pushes through a steel door, Lann and the Sheriff
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 GAGE 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 Sheriff 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, 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 Sheriff- to all that CASH in the cage- back to the Sheriff-

TERRY (CONT'D)
Count out \$10K. Deal's a deal.

The Sheriff 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.

SHERIFF 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.

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

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

OFFICER SIMS (O.S.)
 It's all over now. Sheriff 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 the cuffs aren't fully 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)
 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's just for show.

She closes the door, nearly hits him.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY

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

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Turning from DIRT to PAVEMENT, Sims STEPS ON IT. Hands freed, Terry 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 sure how. It's not my cruiser-
Where to?

TERRY
Just keep going. Fast. I'll shoot
out 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
Sheriff 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.

TERRY
Top of the next hill.

EXT. HILLTOP ROAD - DAY

The Charger stops on a grassy shoulder. Sims exits, opens the back door for Terry- CELL PHONE in hand, a HANDCUFF dangling.

TERRY
Okay. Get on the radio. Tell them
you dropped me off at...
(lining-up the GPS)
Mount Ida and State Road Thirteen.

Sims sits behind the wheel. 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
(into radio)
Be advised, officers need assistance at the station. Suspect is no longer at the scene. He's 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 thirteen.
Confirm-

Terry RIPS the HANDSET from the TRANSMITTER.

TERRY
You have a secondary weapon I should know about?

She shakes 'no'. He digs a KEY from his pocket, unlocks the CUFFS, throws them inside the trunk and removes his BIKE.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You know where I'm headed?

OFFICER SIMS
Think so, yeah.

TERRY
(walking bike over)
So I need those keys. And your cell.

She pulls the KEYS from the ignition, the CELL from her pocket. Hands them off. Terry mounts the bike...

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (picking up speed)
 I'll put 'em on the paint a mile
 down the road. Sorry-

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS - MAIN STREET - DAY

Terry glides his bike into town, swings into 'side saddle'
 mount to hop off when-

A YOUNG DEPUTY exits Town Hall, eyes on his phone.

Terry ducks, SWERVES BEHIND A PARKED CAR and lays the bike
 down. He tucks in, looks through the window:

The Young Deputy in 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...

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Terry sweating. Signing in past the METAL DETECTOR, jets-

SKINNY GUARD
 Oh wait. I need to frisk you.

Terry holds, eyes gauging options. *Here we go again.*

SKINNY GUARD (CONT'D)
 (SLURPING a giant SODA)
 We lost our cop, so I gotta pat
 everyone down...

Terry lifts his arms, the Guard starts with the ankles...

SKINNY GUARD (CONT'D)
 Something going on, other side of town-
 (at his waist, steps back)
 Can you lift your shirt, sir?

TERRY
 (revealing CASH tucked in
 pant waist)
 Rode my bike, didn't have anywhere
 to put it.

SKINNY GUARD
 (reaching under table)
 Yeah, well...

TERRY

Don't-

SKINNY GUARD

(pulls out a PLASTIC BAG)
...you realize it looks shady
though, right?

TERRY

(tossing cash, on the move)
Absolutely. Thanks-

SKINNY GUARD

(SLURPS, kills his soda)
Have a good one.

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

Summer STAPLING forms, sees Terry walking briskly her way.
She hits 'START' on a pre-loaded FAX MACHINE. The COURT CLERK
mans the desk, buried in paperwork.

TERRY

Good afternoon.

COURT CLERK

(without looking)
Posting bail or getting married?

Terry dumps the CASH onto the counter.

TERRY

Defendant's name is Simmons,
Michael R.

The Clerk looks up as Summer steps in, 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.

AT THE ENTRANCE: the Skinny Guard receives a phone call.

ACROSS THE HALL: THE JUDGE (60s, white) exits. Summer right
there with the FORM and a BALLPOINT.

AT THE ENTRANCE: The Skinny Guard nods, turns his back, pats his belt for his STUN GUN.

ACROSS THE HALL: The Judge reads the form, clicking the ballpoint, Summer chit chatting...

AT THE ENTRANCE: The Skinny Guard hangs up, tries to avoid looking at Terry. But fails.

COURT CLERK

It's over.

TERRY

(redirecting)

What?

COURT CLERK

Too much. 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 might 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 printer- 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-

Summer feeds the FAX, hits 'send'- AN ALARM SOUNDS. Terry turns-

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

TERRY
That 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 Sheriff-

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 Deputy Lann, *fighting 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 PRINT OUTS from the records room.

The Court Clerk, everyone, all distracted by the fracas.
Summer scoops up the printouts, tucks them in her SACHEL.

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

TERRY
...a deal's a deal.

Around him, the VOICES FADE OUT...

"Cuff his ankles too" - "I'll call medical" - "Yeah but he stays put" - "Holdings all full" - "Put 'em in the dungeon..."

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TOWN HALL - HOLDING CELL 'THE DUNGEON' - AFTERNOON

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?

(Terry shakes 'no')

When was your last tetanus shot?

TERRY

Don't know.

PARAMEDIC

(packing up)

You should get one. Other than that-

(re: DRIPPING CEILING)

...I'd say the only health risk down here is the mold we're breathing. This was the jail?

DEPUTY MARSTON

Up until the '60s. Called it 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)

Ready to go?

TERRY

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

DEPUTY MARSTON

Yeah, well. Sheriff wants to see you first.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

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 SHERIFF takes shotgun.

SHERIFF BYRNE
You know where you're going?

DEPUTY MARSTON
Yep.

They pull out, turn and pick up speed. Terry shifts, uneasy.

SHERIFF BYRNE
You know the thing about pissing
contests?
(no answer...)
Everyone gets piss on their shoes.
(after a bit...)
You agree?

Marston checks Terry out in the rear view.

TERRY
Sure.

SHERIFF 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, the
same would apply.

TERRY
May I ask where we're going?

SHERIFF BYRNE
Gimme a minute, here, okay?

TERRY
Okay.

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

TERRY
Not sure how I'm supposed to answer
that.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Truthfully.

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

SHERIFF 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
Even the margarita machine?

SHERIFF 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?

Deputy Marston finds an empty Big Gulp cup in his console.

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
Thanks.
(back to Terry)
What you saw in that cage was our
survival. Out of four towns, we're
the last in the county with its own
police force. There's six of us
here, eight if you count our
constables. Pulling double, triple
duty. Directing traffic, responding
to medicals. Deputy Marston here
took- how many reports last year?

DEPUTY MARSTON
Close to six hundred.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Six hundred.
(spits into cup)
(MORE)

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
And they cut our budget. Talk about
issuing bonds but never do. Pass a
mandate but won't fund it. We have no
choice. The community has no choice.
Not only do we need to find our own
money- we need to turn a profit. Those
weapons? You get a good look at 'em?

Terry shakes his head.

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
Multi-launcher. Flash-bangs-
something called a 'Dazzler'.

TERRY
They're non-lethal.

SHERIFF BYRNE
We gotta call 'em 'less-lethal'-
for liability- but yeah. We're
stocking up so we can outsource to
other departments. Riots, protests,
suicide by cop, what have you. Not
sure if the Marines are in that
business...

TERRY
Escalation of Force, Non-Lethal
Effects. We got an acronym for it.

SHERIFF BYRNE
That's the new thing- 'de-
escalation'. Save perps from
themselves. Put an agitator down
before he sets the town on fire.
Everyone fights another day.

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
I'm all for it. What about you?

TERRY
For what?

SHERIFF BYRNE
De-escalation.

Terry considers the overture. They take an EXIT RAMP.

TERRY
...Sure.

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

TERRY
No- I just might not be the best
audience for your budget woes.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Fair enough.

TERRY
May I ask where we're going?

DEPUTY MARSTON
We're there.

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

EXT. SPRAWLING BRICK BUILDING - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS)

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 Sheriff reaches in for Terry's CARRY-OUT BAG.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Thirty-six thousand. All of it.

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

TERRY
What is this? What's happening?

SHERIFF BYRNE
I'll tell you. But first we're
going to take off your cuffs
because you shouldn't be wearing
them when you hear it. Now, given
what happened this afternoon, you
need to be very careful.

The Sheriff pulls a MOSSBERG TACTICAL SHOTGUN from the trunk.

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

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)

You can face me.

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)

We are at Samaritan Hospital Center.
Your cousin is being medevacked here
as we speak-

(Terry instinctively pivots)
He's not here yet. Hold on. He's
coming from the prison infirmary,
we're a few minutes ahead of 'em.

TERRY

He's alive?

SHERIFF BYRNE

Take a breath. He was attacked.
He'd requested protective custody
and I guess it happened on the way.
I don't know his current condition
but when I spoke to Corrections,
all they said was- and I quote: 'he
was stabbed-up pretty good'.

TERRY

(to Marston)
I told you.

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

SHERIFF BYRNE

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

TERRY

What do you want to hear from me?

SHERIFF BYRNE

This is tough to take in, so maybe
just focus on that and listen. We can
throw blame around all night, okay?
Just because 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 in prison.

Terry simmering. The Sheriff checks in with Marston-

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
Or worse, if you can't stay in
control.

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

TERRY
To what? Walk away?

SHERIFF BYRNE
You had a plan, right?

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
So stick to it. Take the money. Buy
that truck and go haul boats.
Whatever you do, don't look back.
We're not dropping your charges,
but we'll let 'em linger.
(claps the folder shut)
We don't hear from you, you don't
hear from us. You come back to
Chester Springs for any reason,
we'll assume it's with hostile
intent and act accordingly.

TERRY
I don't know... this smells off.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Not for a steaming pile of shit. We
go another route, this could end
both of us. Me figuratively, you
literally-

Nearby, the chop of ROTOR BLADES.

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
There's your bird...

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

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
So a deal. We put this to bed?

TERRY
What am I gonna say...?

SHERIFF BYRNE
Say 'okay'.

TERRY
Okay.

Terry CRUMPLES THE XEROX into his pocket.

SHERIFF BYRNE

Oh hey- keep that folded up nice.
You don't follow through with the
purchase in 24 hours, we issue an
arrest warrant, send an APB to
every law enforcement agency in the
country. We're in touch with the
owner. He's waiting for you.

Terry folds it up. Deputy Marston lowers the shotgun.

SHERIFF 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...

INT. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - TRAUMA CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

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

INT. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

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.

INT. SUMMER'S TERCEL (MOVING) - EVENING

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

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

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

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

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - EVENING

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?

INT. TERCEL (MOVING) - EVENING

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

Sure I do. You been checking your mirrors?

SUMMER

I see him. Been following me on and off since the courthouse.

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 top flap.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I found something, Terry.

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

I get that now's not the time. It just- it seems we don't have any...

TERRY

When we cross the county line...? We should stop for food. I can't remember my last meal.

SUMMER

Someone wanted Mike in jail. And the others I found. Most were never sentenced, some got time served, but they all had one thing in common-

TERRY

They weren't white.

SUMMER

They were all in for ninety days. Their postponements were longer than their max sentences. And several were white.

TERRY

So something *must* be up.

SUMMER

Terry.

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, wasn't even concerned Mike was doing jail time- I just wanted him not dead and I crashed and burned 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 now 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 is past where we're
headed.

EXT. STATE ROAD - EVENING

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

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

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

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

I 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.

EXT. MARINA - DOUBLE WIDE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

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.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Blackness.

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

INT. BEDROOM - SUMMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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.

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

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.

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

SUMMER

Oh no.

The SYRINGE in her bathroom sink.

She holds up her *right arm*, then her left: an INJECTION SITE dripping blood below her left bicep.

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

Summer kills the bathroom light, holds there in the dark.

MUFFLED through the walls: a CAR ENGINE revs and fades.

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

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

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:

CHESTER SPRINGS SHERIFF'S 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, strapped to a kitchen chair. Pulls out her Moleskin, DIALS...

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

She leans back, fighting off euphoria...

INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING) - PRE-DAWN

Terry at the wheel. The PowerStroke engine ROARS.

EXT. HILLY ROAD - PRE-DAWN

The massive Ford F-350 Dually CATCHES AIR OFF A HILL, sends SPARKS into the pre-dawn blue.

INT. FORD DUALY (MOVING) - SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

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.

EXT. SUMMER'S HOUSE - DAWN (CONTINUIOUS SHOT)

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.

INT. SUMMER'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

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 county? 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.

INT. KITCHEN - SUMMER'S HOUSE - MORNING

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.

EXT. SUMMER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Terry hands Summer her mug as she loads into a TAXI.

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

TERRY
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.

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

Terry BACKS HIS TRUCK onto the street.

Shifting gears, he watches Summer's taxi recede through the passenger window. He cranks the wheel and heads off...

INT. TOWN HALL - MORNING

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

She downs the last of her coffee and slides her things to the Skinny Guard.

SUMMER

Morning Nick.

SKINNY GUARD

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

You're supposed to report to the
Judge's office first thing.

She reads the Post-it, collects her things.

JUDGE (PRELAP)

If there's nothing to it, there's
nothing to it...

INT. TOWN HALL - JUDGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Summer stands before the Judge in his well-appointed office. Beside him is VICTORIA (40s), a clerk with a boxed DRUG SCREENING KIT in hand. Summer's eyes drift to his desk and *there it is*- only half hidden: her FILE POCKET...

JUDGE (CONT'D)
...the test won't lie. Now empty
your pockets please and leave your
purse. Victoria will take you in.

INT. TOWN HALL - BATHROOM - MORNING

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 urine-filled SPECIMEN CUP atop the dispenser. She weeps silently, her world unraveling...

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

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.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

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

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

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.
A DEPUTY exits, turns away, keeps watch down the road...

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

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

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
No. There was an emergency.

DEPUTY LANN
You responding to emergencies
around here now?

TERRY
Just a friend-

DEPUTY LANN
Yeah, she's turning out to be more
trouble than you.

TERRY

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

DEPUTY LANN

That conversation was had. Sheriff handed you a winning lotto ticket and you just tore it up. We got a dozen witnesses saw you disarm and assault two lawmen. Your prints are all over the station 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 bit. Then he drops the Sheriff'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.

DEPUTY #1 (O.S.)

WHAT'RE WE DOING?!

DEPUTY #2 (O.S.)

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.

Deputy 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.

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

Terry jumps in as BUCKSHOT CRACKS THE WINDSHIELD.

He TURNS THE IGNITION, slams the truck into gear and GUNS IT.

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

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

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

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

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

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

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

Terry keeps low, driving blind as ROUNDS CLINK INTO THE TRUCK'S SKIN.

SAFETY GLASS PEBBLES RAIN DOWN from the REAR SLIDER WINDOW.

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

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.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - MORNING

Residential tranquility. Summer walks a street with no sidewalk. Dried tear-streaks cut through her makeup.

BEHIND HER, *out of focus*, a POLICE CRUISER creeps up...

Closer... Closer...

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

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

It's tranquil here too. A STONE BRIDGE arches over a CREEK.

RADIO CHATTER spills from a POLICE CRUISER 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 rear 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: '**AURORA COUNTY 2 mi**'

Terry checks the road, heads *the other way*.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - TREE LINE - DAY

UNDER TREE COVER, Terry stalks through LOW BRUSH, paralleling the ROADWAY. He stops, pulls out his VIBRATING PHONE. Looks at the caller ID, swipes, waits...

SUMMER (O.S.)

Terry?

TERRY

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

Terry 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

Who was it?

SUMMER (O.S.)

Can't say. A *friend*.

TERRY

You mobile?

SUMMER

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 DINER at the end of the lot.

TERRY (CONT'D)
...alright. Don't write this down.

INT. KAN LONG CHINESE - COUNTER - AFTERNOON

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 Crescent Financial first-
they're half our lunch business.

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 see 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 is 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 *against* the U.S.

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.

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

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

On what? Mike?

TERRY

Mike. The others. Whatever you tried to show me in the car.

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?
It's troopers, FBI, ATF, whoever-
there should be a helicopter over
us 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...?

SUMMER

I mean- I definitely found
'something', but I don't know what
that something is.

TERRY

(slurping broth)
Come again?

SUMMER

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

TERRY

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

SUMMER

(joining him at table)

The folder's why they're onto us but the case files are public record- anyone can look 'em up.

TERRY

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

SUMMER

No. The individual acts- hiking bail- the 90 day adjournments- they're not necessarily illegal. It's discretion of the court- the Judge can double your fine if you track mud on his floor- I've seen him do it. This goes deeper.

TERRY

(kills his soup)

So let's dig. Get kinetic.

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

SUMMER

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

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

TERRY

Maybe you, but those deputies are in a holding pattern 'cause they're vulnerable. Whatever window we have now, I guarantee you they're closing it. When 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...

SUMMER

So what do we do?

TERRY

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

SUMMER

What about taking fuel away from the fire?

TERRY

There's another way to put one out.

SUMMER

What's that?

TERRY

High explosives.

SUMMER

What about a water hose?

TERRY

That too.

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

EXT. ROCKET USED CARS - EARLY EVENING

Terry unscrews the LICENSE PLATE from the Tercel as Summer approaches from a Sixties-era SHOWROOM. Strings of PENDANTS overhang USED VEHICLES in the gravel lot.

TERRY

All good?

SUMMER

(holds 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

Good. We got stealth.

She climbs behind the wheel as Terry loads his GEAR, takes shotgun. She hands him PAPERWORK.

SUMMER

Glove compartment.

(Terry tucks it away)

Change.

She hands him a short stack of CASH.

TERRY
How'd you swing this?

SUMMER
I'm a litigator- talked him into
sixteen hundred for the trade-in.

TERRY
(fans the money)
Respect. Let's gear up.

INT. BEN'S OUTDOOR STORE - NIGHT

TRACKING along a glass counter: HANDGUNS in the case below,
LONG GUNS wall-mounted behind.

SUMMER (O.S.)
Absolutely not.

She steps into frame. Then Terry, pushing a shopping cart.
They face off.

TERRY
A peashooter, as a last resort.
It'll stay in its case otherwise.

SUMMER
I understand the potential for
danger, but this isn't a
conversation.

TERRY
You can hold the ammo.

SUMMER
Bring guns into this and I walk away.

Terry shrugs, pushes the cart down an isle of SPORTING GOODS.

TERRY
Then let's accessorize...

INT. SUBARU SPORT WAGON - NIGHT (MOVING)

MOVING from the cargo area, past bags of GEAR and GARMENTS,
towards Summer (driving) and Terry (shotgun).

TERRY
What about your friend - the inside
man?

SUMMER

Never said it was a man.

Terry reaches back, grabs a SHOPPING BAG...

TERRY

Fine. Code name 'Serpico'. Would they talk? Take this to the state police?

SUMMER

No, they were clear on that.
Warning me was risky enough.

TERRY

So we hit the Judge.

He pulls a VALUE PACK of SOCKS from the bag, tears it open...

SUMMER

What do you mean, 'hit'?

TERRY

We brace him. Speak to him.

He bites off a plastic tab, shakes out the socks.

SUMMER

Don't just throw words like that around. We should start with Elliot, see what he knows.

TERRY

No time to work our way up the chain.

SUMMER

It's Tuesday, right?

TERRY

(checks watch)

Yup.

SUMMER

Then it won't cost any time- I know where he'll be- and I'm not threatening a sitting Judge first thing out the gate, okay? That's insane.

TERRY

Why're you worried? You ain't gotta job...

A sly glance as he steps into his socks, pulls them tight around his shins and reclines in near ecstasy...
She contemplates him.

SUMMER
Keeping it nice and light, huh?

TERRY
Sure. Why not...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Trees, then '**CHESTER SPRINGS 11 mi**'

SUMMER
I guess I gotta feeling tonight's
gonna get pretty dark.

TERRY
Well... isn't that what nights do?

He contemplates her. And as they ride into the night-

CROWD (VARIOUS) (PRE-LAP)
THREE...TWO...ONE...

INT. BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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 the pew.

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)

...speaking of which, I need-

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Ben.

Elliot (Court Clerk) stands there in displeasure, a styrofoam coffee cup in hand.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Go cheer.

EXT. BLESSED SACRAMENT CHURCH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Summer and Elliot push through an EXIT into the lot...

ELLIOT

I want you away from my child,
understand? You've got as long as
it takes me to escort you to your-

Terry steps in behind them, leans on a car.

SUMMER

We need your help.

ELLIOT

I'm going back inside.

Terry blocks his path.

SUMMER

No, let him go- I'll join him.
(to Elliot)

We can grab the mic and have a
community Q&A. Little back and
forth on corrupt practices at 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

You know what they did to me?

ELLIOT

Please. What you've done you've done to yourself. You want help?
(gesturing to church)
You're at the right place, wrong time- NA meetings are Thursdays.

SUMMER

Really, Elliot? Word's out? Two years in, I decide to relapse the night before a random drug test?
(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.

EXT. CHURCH GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The three of them by the gate of a century-old cemetery. Down the hill, muffled EVENT NOISE spills from the church.

ELLIOT

Okay...alright...

Elliot overloaded. Pacing. Rethinking... then, resolute.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I can't answer your questions.

Summer crushed, pissed.

TERRY

Fuck this guy. Let's vamos.

ELLIOT

It's aiding and abetting. Whatever it is you're doing, I could be named as an accessory- I don't report you the minute you leave it could be considered a failure to act-

TERRY

Okay, question: 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 any answers to give, okay. And that's by design- *I don't want to know...*

SUMMER

That! You...
(dawning on her)
...you're why the world sucks.

Summer turns, pulls Terry with her. They leave Elliot standing there alone, staring off at the moon...

ELLIOT

But if I did...
(that stops them)
...If I wanted to know? I'd certainly have some questions.

SUMMER

(as they re-approach)
Like?

ELLIOT

Like... 'how far back did it go'?
What you found...

SUMMER

Mostly recent. Less than two years.

ELLIOT

'Why'?

SUMMER

Don't know. I searched bail records- probably didn't dig deep enough.

ELLIOT

'Or'?

SUMMER

Or...

(steps closer)

...that's as deep as it goes?

ELLIOT

And I'd wonder, if that's the case,
if there's something that might
coincide? In that timeframe...

Summer churns, staring at the moss below her feet...

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

A significant event? 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 the big question...

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

'Why?'

SUMMER

'Why?'

As Elliot exits, he turns to Terry...

ELLIOT
Sorry I couldn't give you any answers.

And leads his son down towards the church. Terry turns, meets Summer's determined stare-

SUMMER
Let's hit the judge.

INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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.

TERRY
So let's talk.

JUDGE
Where's Summer?

TERRY
Don't know. I was about to ask you.

JUDGE
I need her to hear this.

TERRY
She's no longer involved.

JUDGE
Elliot called. It's okay...
 (nothing from Terry...
 louder, to the room-)
I assume you're in a rush?
I, myself, am not.

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 would not.

JUDGE
...was afraid they'd do worse.
 (to Terry)
And I'm deeply sorry about your
friend.

TERRY
Cousin.

JUDGE
Your cousin.

Terry pulls off his balaclava, wipes away sweat.

TERRY
You and the Sheriff- what're you
hiding?

JUDGE
If it could be hidden we wouldn't
be having this conversation. The
Sheriff was deprived that ability.

SUMMER
Part of the settlement?

JUDGE
Bishop vs. The Township of Chester
Springs. You familiar with it?

SUMMER
Just some of the fallout. Sheriff
Byrne was named personally...

JUDGE

Illegal search snowballed into a wrongful death- punitive damages alone would've sunk the whole town. County Supreme Court stepped in, lobbied for injunctive relief.

Terry looks to Summer: *help me out here.*

SUMMER

When the remedy's a court order- instead of a pay out.

She takes a seat, SETS THE CAT FREE.

JUDGE

Plaintiffs settled, department got a year to modernize, clean up its act. County had oversight, most of which fell to the court.

SUMMER

Your court. And you sold it out for the Sheriff?

JUDGE

God no. My allegiance is to the town. The injunction was just a ploy to shut the Sheriff down, hand our contract over to the State Police- *there was no money for him to comply!* Then he starts with the seizures- builds himself a war chest...

TERRY

He cut you in on it?

JUDGE

Me and every taxpayer. Public Safety was 22 percent of our annual budget. This year it's 8. Town supervisors are over the moon. 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. People'll start buying homes again. Everyone gets re-elected.

SUMMER

So now he's a cash cow and you shield his Deputies. What from?

JUDGE

Themselves.

TERRY

Right? Cause nothing's changed.

SUMMER

Same department. Same liability.

JUDGE

When the Sheriff built it he couldn't pay competitive salaries, put anyone through the academy. Half his deputies were fired or suspended from other PDs- *all he hired were liabilities.*

SUMMER

So you step in where? Shuffling these defendants around with petty offenses? How are they a threat if you drop most of their charges?

TERRY

He's putting 'em on ice.

SUMMER

Okay, yeah. But why for ninety days?

JUDGE

That's under your purview, not mine-

Summer incredulous. Looks to Terry, her posture curling.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(her mentor)

You're spending too much time prepping for the bar, not enough on local statutes.

Summer staring right through the Judge, then-

SUMMER

...the retention period?

(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)

Part of the settlement. We store all their footage- 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 within ninety days- it's deleted.

Terry holds the Judge's wrist, TAPES IT TO THE ARMREST.

JUDGE

Is that necessary? I've been more than cooperative.

TERRY

(to Summer)

What's that got to do with you?

SUMMER

I'm the one that wipes the drives-
(eyes on the Judge)
-hand the cards back to the
Deputies with a big, stupid smile.
They flag the cases?

JUDGE

(nodding)

...bump the charges down to
misdemeanors-

SUMMER

So it stays in town court. With no public defender to contest your bail amounts or adjournments. Keep the defendants in limbo and by the time they stand for sentencing-

JUDGE

-the recording of their arrest is already erased and they walk with time served.

Summer fuming. Terry DUCT TAPING the Judge's other arm.

TERRY

Unless they don't. *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. Chester
Springs disappears, gets swallowed up
by the county.
(tape winding his chest)
You're going to leave me like this?

TERRY
Alive? For now.
(patting the Judge down)
You have anything on you- a phone?

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
if she saw 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 tweaks 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 wait- 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...

EXT. GRASSY SUBURBAN LOT - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS. Summer watches PARAMEDICS wheel a GURNEY towards the Judge's house. She rises from a patch of weeds...

SUMMER
 Shoot! I should've gotten his keys-
 I turned mine in...

Over to Terry, KITTING-UP out of the Subaru's open hatchback.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
 ...we should be at the courthouse
 first thing in the morning.

TERRY
 Be there in ten minutes.

He hands her a crisp BLACK HOODIE from a shopping bag. She lets it hang from her grip.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Unless you need to step back. Might
 be time to start thinking about
 tomorrow, your girl.

SUMMER
 Listening to him in there? She's all
 I could think of. Elliot- *this whole*
town- bunch of invertebrates- and I'm
 one of 'em...
 (arms through sleeves)
 (MORE)

SUMMER (CONT'D)

If nothing else, my girl needs to
know her mom's got a dang spine.

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.

INT. TOWN HALL - HOLDING CELL 'THE CATACOMBS' - NIGHT

PULLING OUT FROM THE BASEMENT WINDOW: a FLASHLIGHT BEAM
backlights a SENSOR on the warped glass- a WIRE connects it
to an ALARM SWITCH on the wood frame...

We hear METAL CHIPPING 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?

INT. TOWN HALL - THE CATACOMBS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Summer leads Terry into the hallway, one wall stone, the other cinderblock. An EXIT sign GLOWS ahead, otherwise PITCH BLACK. 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 sixty seconds tops.

INT. TOWN HALL - THE CATACOMBS - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Summer scampers in, Terry LIGHTING HER WAY from behind. They pass FILE CABINETS and MAP DRAWERS, turn down an isle of STACKED BOXES, coming to a pair of STEEL DESK WORK STATIONS, underneath, STACKED HARD DRIVES-

SUMMER

You pull those. I'll get these.

TERRY

It's your show. I'll hold the bag, you dump whatever.

He bites the flashlight, readies his bag. Summer goes with the flow, sliding out RAID DRIVES from under the desks.

SUMMER

Drat...

She holds a DRIVE under his light: *cracked and bent*. She inspects another: *the same*.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

They already got to them.

TERRY

Drop 'em in- just in case.

As she does, Terry inspects the station- DESK TOP *hammered-in*, MONITOR *smashed*. Disheartening- but no time to wallow.

TERRY (CONT'D)

We exfil. Weigh our options.

Terry leads, Summer gives a last look, follows him out.

INT. TOWN HALL - THE CATACOMBS - NIGHT

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

Keeping our cover.

BEHIND HER, a FLASHLIGHT BEAM dances down the stairwell...

TERRY (CONT'D)

We don't restart it, they will-

SUMMER

It's a landmarked building.

TERRY

(still holding lit match)
Really?

SUMMER

It went up in eighteen ninety-six.

TERRY

Yeah well- that 'history' you smell in 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 burn.

Terry drops the match: WHOOSH. THE FIRE RESUMES ITS PATH
 ALONG THE ACCELERANT, towards the records room...

SUMMER (CONT'D)
 (wide eyes)
WAIT!

Behind Terry- the RECORDS ROOM ERUPTS IN ROARING FLAMES.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
*The SD cards! They have the
 original dash cam recordings-
 (Terry grabs her, runs)
 -they write over 'em in the field
 so I don't delete them!*

TERRY
Little late for that.

Terry pulling her past the EMPTY stairs, she breaks free.

SUMMER
*This month's are upstairs, in a
 drawer. I can get them.*

A SECONDARY EXPLOSION shoots flames from the Records Room.

TERRY
 (re: the damaged drives)
 We got these- we can bluff.

SUMMER
We can't afford to bluff.

FROM THE CEILING OVER THERE: the STYROFOAM CUP MELTS AWAY,
 revealing 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:

SUMMER, rounding the top of the vaulted STAIRWAY, pushing through a door...

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...

SUMMER, crawling into the COURT CLERKS OFFICE, beelining to her desk. She pulls open a drawer, starts tossing CLUTTER...

TERRY, rolling out the basement window INTO THE ALLEY, we follow his SCORCHED SOCKS across the pavement...

SUMMER pulls a small TUPPERWARE CONTAINER from the drawer and pops the top- inside, a dozen SD CARDS with taped labels.

TERRY, IN THE SUBARU, turns the IGNITION, FLOORS IT, whips into the alley and SKIDS TO A STOP.

SUMMER, rounds a corner to the EXIT DOOR. Terry just on the other side. Tupperware in hand, she bites her lip, RUNS BACK INTO THE SMOKE...

TERRY, waiting, idling, exposed.

CUT TO:

'THE HONORABLE
REGINALD W. LOGSTON'

The above letters (seen in reverse) SMASH APART as a BRASS STANCHION CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS they're painted on.

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 (CONT'D)
(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. Summer goes for the TUPPERWARE. Lann snatches it first. Dumps it out-

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
(to Deputy)
How's that for a 'dummy check'?

The SD CARDS SNAP and CRUNCH under his foot.

INT. SUBARU SPORT WAGON - ALLEY BEHIND TOWN HALL - NIGHT

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...

INT. SUBARU SPORT WAGON - DARK ROAD - NIGHT (MOVING)

Stealth mode. Hanging back, no lights. Terry tracks the SUV along a wooded road...

INT. / EXT. SUBARU SPORT WAGON - DARK ROAD - NIGHT (MOVING)

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-

EXT. OVERGROWN LOT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

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 MAGLIGHT. 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...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Breathe for a minute. Don't know
your part in this- had to assume
you'd go weapons free...
(Deputy shakes 'no')

TERRY (CONT'D)
Where're they taking her?

YOUNG DEPUTY
(catching breath)
I don't know.

TERRY
There an APB on me?

YOUNG DEPUTY
Didn't go out. I guess they want to
wrap something up first.

TERRY
What do you mean?

YOUNG DEPUTY
*I don't know. She was going on
 about something you had-*
 (spits BLOOD)
 Look, man. 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.

Still STATIC. This might backfire... then RINGING.

YOUNG DEPUTY
 Utility pocket.

Terry digs out the Deputy's lit-up CELL PHONE, answers-

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
 Let's get this done.

TERRY
 Okay. What do you want?

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
 ...If you don't know, it must not
 be true. See ya-

TERRY
 Hold on...

A careful beat. Terry eyes the DUFFEL in the Subaru. Gambles-

TERRY (CONT'D)
She told you about the drives.

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
You know Rebel Ridge?

TERRY
No.

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
Good. I'll drop a pin, text it to this phone.

TERRY
A swap? You think I'm stupid?

DEPUTY LANN (OVER PHONE)
No. I think you're smart.

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.

EXT. REBEL RIDGE - DAWN

THE DIM STEEL SKY THROUGH TREES. Another DAWN CHORUS.

The crumbling remains of a Confederate-era mill 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.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING

Officer Sims picks her desk phone up on the FIRST RING-
The Sheriff snatches the receiver, fresh coffee in hand.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Yeah... hello?

INT. VEHICLE - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON TERRY, on his burner. Somewhere quiet. With trees.

TERRY
You know what's funny, Sheriff?

SHERIFF BYRNE (OVER PHONE)
Can't think of anything off hand.

TERRY
Before two days ago, I'd never
really been in a street fight...

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING

Sheriff 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.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Well I've been in plenty.

INT. VEHICLE - EARLY MORNING

TERRY
I can feel that from you. That
combative energy. It builds up...

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

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.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING

Sims hears that over DISPATCH, scurries to the Sheriff who
cups his receiver...

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
It's not just you, I know- both
sides contribute...

OFFICER SIMS
They're on him.

SHERIFF BYRNE
(nods, then into phone)
...you taking responsibility, or
dodging it?

EXT. REBEL RIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

Deputy Lann hunched by the HANDSET from Deputy #1's Cruiser.

DEPUTY LANN
108 can you confirm?

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

BEHIND MARSTON as he approaches the Subaru, weapon drawn...

DEPUTY MARSTON
(low, into radio)
Stand by. Request 10-3.

INT. LANN'S CRUISER / REBEL RIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

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. Clearing the air."*

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING

The Sheriff peering out into his lot of SEIZED VEHICLES...

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
People getting hurt now either way.
The fire last night...

SHERIFF BYRNE
Just heard about that.

TERRY (OVER PHONE)
Yeah? It's gotten outta hand.
A real soup sandwich...

SHERIFF BYRNE
We can agree on that...

INT. VEHICLE - EARLY MORNING

TERRY
Got me thinking about the
conversation we had in the cruiser.
About 'de-escalation'...

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

BEHIND MARSTON advancing, EXTENDING A COLLAPSIBLE BATON as he
takes aim at the SILHOUETTE behind the wheel of the Subaru...

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - EARLY MORNING

The Sheriff 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...?

SHERIFF 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 SHERIFF AS THE WALL BEHIND
HIM BUCKLES.

EXT. STONE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

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...

INT. FORD DUALY - CHESTER SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING

WIDER ON TERRY: IN THE CAB OF THE FORD F-350, burner on the
seat, FLOORING the gas and rocking the wheel.

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

CLOSE: THE FOUR 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.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

Sheriff 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.*

SHERIFF BYRNE
He's going for the cash.
(draws his .45 Auto)
Get on the radio!

INT. LANN'S CRUISER / REBEL RIDGE - EARLY MORNING

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
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 manilla ENVELOPE sealed in red 'EVIDENCE' tape.

EXT. STONE BRIDGE / SUBARU - EARLY MORNING

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.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS P.D. - EARLY MORNING

IN THE HALLWAY: The Sheriff enters with his .45...

Through the 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 SHERIFF SWINGS HIS .45- **BOOM!** Terry unloads his barrel and the Sheriff CRUMPLES. Terry kicks the .45 down the dusty hall.

Sims comes through the door, WEAPON UP. Terry with the shotgun. Sheriff Byrne GROANING behind him...

TERRY (CONT'D)

It's okay!
(lowers the shotgun)
Non-lethal...

There's a SPENT BEANBAG ROUND on the floor. Sims holds steady with her weapon-

OFFICER SIMS

Get on the ground.

TERRY

Listen- I know who you are. Summer didn't rat you out but it's not hard to narrow down. We call you 'Serpico'.

Hesitation from Sims, she looks to the Sheriff...

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 breaks eye contact with the Sheriff, lowers her weapon.

SIMS

What can I do?

SHERIFF BYRNE (O.S.)

SHOOT HIM.

The Sheriff is back to his feet, holding onto the cage- **BOOM!** Terry knocks his legs out with another BEANBAG ROUND.

TERRY

Siddown...

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DIRT ROAD - MORNING

Cruisers and 4x4s stack up along the dirt road leading to the station. A Deputy pulls over, starts waving traffic.

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

Terry dumps the DENTED HARD DRIVES onto the hallway floor in front of the Sheriff, now CUFFED TO THE CAGE, *seething*.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Those them?

TERRY
Yup.

SHERIFF BYRNE
They're beat to shit.

TERRY
Yup. 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)
Here's the *new deal*, Sheriff. 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 Sheriff's eyes to Officer Sims, entering from dispatch.

OFFICER SIMS
(re: radio SQUAWK)
Our guys just pulled up.

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

Some CRUISERS parked, more arriving. *Here we go...*

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DIRT ROAD - MORNING

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...

INT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

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. 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...

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

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. Offload your bag.

Terry in the open, exposed. Firearms all over. Officer Sims holds out KEYS for Young Deputy.

OFFICER SIMS (CONT'D)

Sheriff'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

That for us?

TERRY

Yup.

OFFICER SIMS

The drives were dead- he raided the
armory.

DEPUTY (O.S.)

Told you I took care of 'em.

DEPUTY LANN

Oh man, you really fucked up. You
were bluffing?

Terry just stares, powerless. Lann warms...

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)

It's okay. I fucked up too.

(gesturing to back seat)

Your girl. Thought I gave her a
solid search- I mean, pulled a tox
screen off her, puts her at the
scene of a B&E, ties her directly
to the fire...

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 now.

Officer Sims hesitant, clears out nonetheless.

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
 (to Terry)
 She's pretty zonked out- doing that
 snoring thing. Bet her pulse is
 barely there...

Terry shifts, contemplating a charge. *Exactly what Lann wants-*

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
 Could kick myself...

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 Marston puts a hand on his SIDEARM. Deputy Lann swings the SHOTGUN in his direction, prompting Marston to DRAW.

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)
 HOLD IT, NOW!

DEPUTY LANN
 DO NOT POINT YOUR WEAPON AT
 ME!

DEPUTY MARSTON
PUT IT DOWN, STEVE!

DEPUTY LANN (CONT'D)
STOP FUCKING THIS UP!

DEPUTY MARSTON
I'M NOT WATCHING THIS HAPPEN-
SHE GOES TO THE FUCKING
HOSPITAL!

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 -**POP!** MARSTON'S OUTTER THIGH
MISTS RED, HE CRUMPLES to the ground. His WEAPON near him in
the dirt- as he goes for it...

SHERIFF BYRNE puts a foot on his wrist, standing there with
his S&W .45 AUTO. He takes Marston's sidearm...

SHERIFF 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 Sheriff in shock. The other
Deputies too. Sims reflexively touches her gun.

YOUNG DEPUTY
He's bleeding bad.

DEPUTY (O.S.)
Think you nicked something Sheriff-

Deputy Marston's calf PULSES BLOOD.

SHERIFF BYRNE
Aw shit. Well, you saw it- it was
him or Steve...

The Sheriff steps off his wrist, Marston CRAWLS OFF towards
his Cruiser...

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
*We turn on each other- that's how
this implodes. And do not be mistaken-
if anyone dies here today...*
(turns to Terry)
...this man killed him-

TERRY LEVELS DOWN, GRABS HIS DUFFEL and SPRINTS-

SHERIFF BYRNE OPENS UP, FIRES HALF A MAG CENTER MASS-

PLINK! PLINK! TERRY'S ARMOR-PLATE CARRIER VEST TAKES THE HITS as he GRABS MARSTON MID-CRAWL, DRAGS HIM BEHIND HIS CRUISER.

PUSHING IN with the Sheriff as he advances towards the Cruiser, FINISHING OFF HIS MAG and LOADING ANOTHER...

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
SUSPECT IS ARMED! HE GOES DOWN AND
HE DOES NOT GET BACK UP!

A FEW DEPUTIES POP OFF RIFLE ROUNDS... Others *don't*.

A METAL CYLINDER rolls from behind the Cruiser-

POOM! The Sheriff 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-

DEPUTY MARSTON
Those'er just noise. 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 the pin on a STING-BALL GRENADE, CHUCKS IT -
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-
camera's always rolling- just gotta
tell it to save a file. Hit those
lights it goes live, saves the two
minutes before you flip the switch.

Terry steadies with renewed focus...

DEPUTY MARSTON (CONT'D)
Figure you got less than a minute
left...

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-

A DEPUTY 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 taking cover, some FIRING ROUNDS.

BEHIND ANOTHER: Officer Sims and Young Deputy hunched down.

YOUNG DEPUTY
Not sure who to shoot at.

OFFICER SIMS
Then don't shoot.

TERRY pops up, THUMPS TWO 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...

CHUCKS the GRENADES at the nearest Deputies- BOOM. BOOM. They
GO DOWN, SCATTER, YELP in pain.

THREE PLUMES OF SWIRLING TEAR GAS, visibility NEAR ZERO.

COUGHING. CHAOS. "Can't see shit!"

TERRY CHARGES a DEPUTY THROUGH A CURTAIN OF SMOKE, HIP TOSSES HIM TO THE GROUND, BREAKS BOTH HIS WRISTS.

Leaves him SCREAMING. ROUNDS ZIP past Terry, IMPACT A CRUISER-

"Watch the crossfire!" - "Check your goddamn target!"

Terry weaves a serpentine path, ducks behind another CRUISER and SNATCHES A DEPUTY'S AR-15 before he can fire. Terry spins and WHACKS the DEPUTY WITH THE RIFLE STOCK.

DEPUTY (O.S.)

GET DOWN!

A Deputy has a SHOTGUN trained on them. TERRY HOOKS THE RIFLE around the injured Deputy, SHIELDING HIMSELF as he pulls the Deputy back behind the Cruiser-

Shotgun Deputy in pursuit, rounds the bumper- IN THE DIRT: the injured Deputy *alone*, writhing in the dirt. JUST BEYOND:

TERRY IN SHADOW, CRAWLING BACK UNDER THE CRUISER, ROLLS OUT-

TERRY

(rising behind him)

Neckbone motherfu-

Terry DISPLACES THE BARREL as it SWINGS HIS WAY - BOOM!

He flows with the Deputy's momentum, snakes an INSIDE ARM AROUND THE STOCK and WRENCHES THE SHOTGUN OUT OF HIS GRIP.

He CHARGES TERRY, TAKES HIM DOWN, STARTS POUNDING. Terry wriggles on his back, goes to 'high-guard', LOCKS IN A LEG TRIANGLE: TRAPPING THE ARM AND NECK IN A PARALYZING CHOKE.

NO TIME: TERRY RESORTS TO BRUTAL ELBOW STRIKES, OPENING UP A HUGE EYEBROW GASH on the Deputy. He pushes himself off and...

Over to deputy Lann's cruiser: SEES SUMMER SLUMPED IN BACK.

He leaps in the driver's seat, *reaches up for the lights-*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hang in th-

TWACK! THWACK! THWAK! He planks to the seat, taking fire from THE SHERIFF, advancing methodically with careful SHOTS-

SUMMER OUT COLD: PFT! UPHOLSTERY SHREDS *an inch from her head-*

THE SHERIFF EMPTIES HIS MAG, drops it, goes for another-

TERRY RISES, *locks eyes with the Sheriff...*

ON THE SHERIFF 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 00:02:00

SHERIFF BYRNE

Shit.

THE SHERIFF CHAMBERS A ROUND... TERRY HITS THE GAS.

Sheriff Byrne runs for cover, Terry turns the wheel, SIDE
 SWIPES A CRUISER AND REDIRECTS- CLINK! CLANK! CLUNK!

TERRY REVERSES, CARVES THROUGH THE SMOKE AND DUST, IMPACTING
 CRUISERS. A WILD TURN, GUNS IT STRAIGHT, PULLS ALONGSIDE
 MARSTON, PASSENGER DOOR SWUNG OPEN. He's half conscious...

Terry digs in the center console, pulls out a RED FANNY PACK
 marked 'OPIOD OVERDOSE NALOXONE KIT'. He scrambles out, 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...

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
(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-

A SIDEARM IN HIS FACE.

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 DIRT ROAD.

SHERIFF BYRNE
PUT FIRE ON THAT CRUISER!

Coughing Deputies emerge, a few protests. Sheriff Byrne pulls the nearest handset...

SHERIFF BYRNE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
You got a stolen cruiser coming
your way. Take out the tires.

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - DIRT ROAD - MORNING

THE CHARGER headed towards the Constables' ROAD BLOCK. They're ready with their RIFLES but hesitate at the sight of-

INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - DIRT ROAD - MORNING

DEPUTY LANN DRAGGING ALONGSIDE HIS CHARGER, CLAWING at Terry with his free hand. Lann rethinks, reaches down...

SMASHES OUT THE BACK WINDOW with a BATON, grabs inside for leverage...

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-

EXT. - DIRT ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

DEPUTY LANN HITS THE DIRT, TAKES A BOUNCE into low scraggy brush, his FOREARM IMPALED ON A SHARP BRANCH. SCREAMS...

INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - DIRT ROAD

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.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

The CHARGER IMPACTS A TRUCK, SWERVES OFF ROAD and SMACKS THROUGH BRANCHES as it bypasses the roadblock...

THE CONSTABLES OPEN UP WITH THEIR RIFLES - CRACK! CRACK!

The Charger's RIMS SPARK, A REAR TIRE BLOWS OUT as it hits the paved intersection-

EXT. CHESTER SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

Deputies regrouping after the chaos, TEAR GAS drifting...

Sims huddles with two Deputies as their Cruisers pull out.
Another valets the Sheriff's SUV. As he takes the wheel-

SHERIFF 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...

SHERIFF BYRNE
Call it in wide- we gotta be on
record before they are...

OFFICER SIMS
Just did. State Police are standing
by to assist...

SHERIFF 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...

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - MORNING

DOWN LOW: the Charger CARVES SMOKE and DUMPS COOLANT.

INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - TWO LANE BLACKTOP - MORNING

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...

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - (MOVING VEHICLES) - MORNING

SMOKE trails from the Charger up ahead...

THREE CRUISERS ENTER FRAME at a MUCH HIGHER SPEED...

SHERIFF (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 SHERIFF'S SUV SCREAMS UP THE PASSING LANE, TWO CRUISERS FOLLOWING. BEHIND THEM, SIM'S CROWN VIC joins the fray.

EXT. TWO LANE BLACKTOP - MORNING

ON THE CHARGER'S BACK TIRE, SHREDDED TO THE RIMS...

INT. LANN'S CHARGER (MOVING) - TWO LANE BLACKTOP

SUMMER, looking out the back windshield, tracking the Cruisers as they OVERTAKE THE CHARGER...

SUMMER
How're we on speed?

TERRY
Maxed out...

The Sheriff's SUV pulls in front of them, slows...

Helpless, Summer, Terry and Marston listen to the CHATTER:

SHERIFF: "Alright now who's got the ARs?"

CHATTER: "102 I got one" - "104 has one onboard."

SHERIFF: "Then 105 takes 'em out. You up for it Sims?"

SIMS: "Yes sir, Sheriff."

SHERIFF: "105 standby for a pit maneuver. Lemme give you some room..."

SIMS: "105 copies. Standing by..."

The Sheriff'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.

SHERIFF: *"Execute."*

SIMS: *"Roger, Sheriff. 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 Sheriff's SUV...

SHERIFF: *"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 SHERIFF.

Terry watches the Sheriff'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 Sheriff?"*

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. SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - ER ENTRANCE - MORNING (ONE-SHOT)

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 it's 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.

CHAOS ALL AROUND...

But he's quiet.

FADE TO BLACK