

# TANGLE EYE

by  
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A pilot

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Winter. A small CAMPER TRAILER set up on cinder blocks in a clearing. No other sign of civilization. Large cedars loom-

SUPER:

KINGSLAND, ARKANSAS  
DECEMBER 1979

From BEHIND CAMERA, a TRANS AM pulls into view. It parks next to the trailer-

INT. TRAILER - AFTERNOON

LUCILLE HARRIS, early 20s, peeks out the window at the Trans Am. Red-nosed and bleary-eyed, she is in emotional despair, strung out. A lit cigarette is pinched between her fingers, nearly burning them. She is oblivious to it. She opens and closes the doors to a small fridge and the kitchen cabinets, her movements uncoordinated, unhinged-

LUCILLE HARRIS  
(to herself)  
There's plenty, Lucille. Plenty.

She walks into the single bedroom of the cramped trailer, where RANDY HARRIS, 5, and TREVOR HARRIS, 12 months, are asleep on a mattress. Lucille looks upon her boys, overcome with self-hatred and loathing. She is about to do the unthinkable. She whispers-

LUCILLE HARRIS (CONT'D)  
They'll be fine.

After one more look at the fridge, she grabs a duffel bag and goes quietly out the door-

EXT. WOODS - TANGLE EYE - AFTERNOON

Lucille walks up to the Trans Am, where her SCUMBAG BOYFRIEND waits impatiently-

SCUMBAG BOYFRIEND  
Now we on the road?

He has a LEATHER SATCHEL next to him. He opens it, grabs a stack of TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS-

SCUMBAG BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

If he finds us with this, that's it. It's over. For all of us.

(beat)

They're safer here.

Lucille turns back to the trailer. The choice comes at this moment. Randy, the older boy, opens the trailer door-

YOUNG RANDY

Mom?

She freezes. The scumbag boyfriend flicks his cigarette in disgust-

SCUMBAG BOYFRIEND

The fucking clock, Lucy. It's ticking.

Lucille walks back to the trailer. She kneels before young Randy-

LUCILLE HARRIS

Now Randy, I told you. It's nap time.

YOUNG RANDY

I don't take naps.

LUCILLE HARRIS

But you will try.

He nods yes. Lucille turns to her boyfriend-

LUCILLE HARRIS (CONT'D)

Just a minute.

The scumbag flings his hands up-

INT. TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Lucille awkwardly brushes Randy's hair with her hand and hands him his favored TOY TRAIN. She whispers-

LUCILLE HARRIS

Just close your eyes. Everything will be okay. Until I get back, you're in charge. You're Trevor's protector, Randy. You remember that?

He nods yes-

LUCILLE HARRIS (CONT'D)

Now say it.

YOUNG RANDY

I'm Trevor's protector.

LUCILLE HARRIS

Now close your eyes and get some rest.

YOUNG RANDY

Mom?

LUCILLE HARRIS

Close your eyes. Remember, wait here for me. And remember, the police men only want to hurt you. No matter what happens, remember that.

From young Randy's POV, we see his mother as she will remain in his memory: trembling, distant, resolved-

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN.

SFX: we hear Lucille's footsteps and the door opening and closing. The car leaves-

A beat.

SFX: a baby crying-

FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER - EVENING

An hour has passed. Baby Trevor is WAILING, crawling around on the floor, red-faced. Young Randy hovers over him, shaking his hands, lost in panic. NOTE that Randy refuses to cry. Instead, the shaking of his hands stands in for extreme emotional duress. Young Randy goes up to the window to look out, hoping to see his mother. Instead, he sees that it is beginning to SNOW, and that the sky is going DARK. Baby Trevor sits in the middle of the floor, HOWLS from hunger and discomfort. Young Randy kneels down before his little brother, tries to comfort him-

This doesn't help. Randy hops up and grabs his favorite toy, his wooden train, and hands it to Trevor. Nothing doing. Randy starts shaking his hands again at his side, a nervous tic-

YOUNG RANDY  
I'm hungry, Trevor. Are you hungry?

More WAILING as Randy paces-

YOUNG RANDY (CONT'D)  
We can have dinner.

More WAILS-

YOUNG RANDY (CONT'D)  
Anything we want.

Randy drags a chair to the fridge-

KITCHEN TABLE

Minutes later, Young Randy sits in a chair at the small pull-out table, with baby Trevor perched uneasily in his lap. It is now NIGHT. SFX: wind blowing. Before them is a carton of ice cream, their dinner-

YOUNG RANDY (CONT'D)  
Everything is going to be okay, Trevor.  
Everything is going to be okay.

FADE TO BLACK.

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. TANGLE EYE - DAY

A misty rain among the cedars and pines. The sky is a gray, stoic slate, oppressively low. Melancholy and serene, an old TRAIN TRESTLE bridges the wide TOTEM CREEK-

SUPER:

TANGLE EYE, WASHINGTON  
PRESENT DAY

From BEHIND CAMERA, a MIXED FREIGHT TRAIN rumbles into view, revealing its long line of coal hoppers, boxcars, flat cars, tank cars and grainers. Approaching the narrow trestle, the train slows. From the rear platform of one of the grainers, a BLACK BACKPACK arcs away from the train and lands softly in gravel. Next, a FIGURE emerges from the grainer, holding tightly to the side of the car. Without any seeming effort, the man lands on the gravel at a BRISK RUN, at the same speed as the crawling train. He lets go of the car and slows after several steps, stops and turns back to retrieve his backpack. He is outfitted in sturdy black boots, dark jeans and a denim shirt. He picks up his backpack and walks TOWARD CAMERA, focused on his path. He is the adult RANDALL HARRIS, a man on a mission-

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A plump, white MIDDLE AGED WOMAN is at her blinds. The room is stacked with KNICK-KNACKS and STUFFED ANIMALS. She peeks through the blinds, lets out a tiny, worried GASP and steps back. She moves over to the next window, still following the movement of something outside-

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGLE EYE - CONTINUOUS

Randall Harris continues walking at his brisk pace. In the b.g., we see the middle aged woman peeking again and again through her blinds-

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The middle-aged woman is now on her cordless phone-

WOMAN  
 (into phone)  
 Yes, it's an emergency.  
 (beat)  
 I am reporting a suspicious person.

She walks back to the blinds. Through the window, we see Randall walking out of sight-

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 He's getting away!

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGLE EYE - DAY

From a power line, a PAIR OF SHOES dangle from the laces. The sound of a GUNSHOT-

DRUNKEN VOICE (O.S.)  
 You cursed thing.

Underneath the shoes stands a man, HOLLIS RIVERS, white, disheveled, early 40s. It looks like he's been wearing his suit for a month. A drunkard, Hollis is in ripe form. He struggles to stand upright in the middle of the paved, one lane road. When he does achieve a steady stance, he aims his .22 RIFLE, a Luger semi-automatic, skyward at the offending shoes. He exclaims with a drunken exuberance-

HOLLIS RIVERS  
 Git out!

Randall approaches in a steady gait. From Randall's POV, we see that Hollis has a THIN ROPE tied around his waist, with TWO DOLLS at the end that he drags around. Randall stops when he sees the armed, drunken, seemingly deranged man-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
Look at this thing.

Randall looks upward at the shoes-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
Too dumb to get away, even with a rifle  
aimed right between its eyes.

Hollis squeezes the trigger, and HITS one of the shoes-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
The only way it's gonna learn.

Hollis eyes the stranger intently. Without affect,  
Randall nods and returns to his trek, walking past the  
holy, drunken fool. Hollis begins following after him,  
dragging the dolls behind him as he does so-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
You were in their dreams last night.

Hollis pulls on his rope so that he now carries both  
dolls. He lifts one-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
She thinks you're the angel of silence.

He keeps walking after Randall, now lifting the other one-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
But she thinks you simply suffer from an  
underdeveloped vocabulary.

Hollis LAUGHS. At the sound of an approaching POLICE  
SIREN, the drunken man runs off-

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY BENNIE TATSUYA, Japanese-American, mid-30s, turns  
OFF his siren as he rolls up to the striding Randall, who  
does not acknowledge the deputy's presence. They continue  
like this for a beat. Tatsuya's air is smug amusement-

DEPUTY TATSUYA  
New to the area?

Randall keeps striding. He does not turn to look at the deputy-

RANDALL

Yes.

They continue forward-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Business or pleasure?

Randall keeps walking, does not turn his head-

RANDALL

Neither.

Deputy Tatsuya begins edging his patrol car closer and closer, onto the shoulder on which Randall walks, until the front tire is about a foot away from Randall. Randall does not flinch nor budge. Tatsuya's annoyance with the taciturn stranger is clear-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Let me be the first to welcome you, then,  
to Tangle Eye.

Randall keeps walking, not altering his steps. The car edges nearer-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

The township takes great pride in its  
hospitality to all her visitors and  
guests.

Tatsuya turns the wheel in an attempt to clip Randall. Randall stops and steps back, and the car just misses him. Both Randall and the patrol car are now stopped. Randall looks at Tatsuya, waiting-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

So, if you find yourself in harm's way,  
you know who to call.

Randall's face offers no reaction. Tatsuya eyes Randall for a beat and backs his patrol car back onto the road. Randall stands still, watching the patrol car take off. Once it is out of sight, Randall slips an ENVELOPE from his back pocket-

The envelope has only two items. The first is a small PIECE OF PAPER on which is written the sentence "I found him." The second is a studio PHOTOGRAPH of a man in his early 60s, gray-haired, blue-eyed and with a distinctive SCAR running down his face. This is SHERIFF ROLAND PERKINS-

Randall turns the envelope over. The return address reads:

Trevor Harris  
1848 Kanaskat Road  
Tangle Eye, WA 98173

Randall walks up to a cross-roads. Its sign reads "Kanaskat Road." He goes that way-

CUT TO:

EXT. KANASKAT ROAD - DAY

Randall walks down the rural road, taking in the surrounding homes with clinical detachment, noting the small satellite dishes, ruined trampolines and soiled American flags. A DOBERMAN trots out, GROWLING through its teeth at Randall. Its growl slackens and its trot transitions into a playful lope as it approaches. Randall lowers himself to it, scratches its muzzle-

VOICE (O.S.)

That's a good way to get a finger chewed off.

An obese, dead-eyed MAN waddles to the road. Call him RONNIE, he's nearing sixty. He raises up his right hand-

RONNIE

Twenty four stitches.

RANDALL

Must have give him a reason.

RONNIE

Even if I had-

(beat)

We familiar, son?

RANDALL

No.

The obese man SNORTS his derision and turns back to his home-

RONNIE

Dog, get inside.

The doberman stays with Randall. Ronnie SNAPS and WHISTLES, but the dog doesn't budge-

RONNIE (CONT'D)

One of these days, I just might have to put that thing down.

(beat)

Get inside, Dipshit.

RANDALL

(to dog)

Go on.

The dog trots to its obese master, who pets it with surprising tenderness-

RONNIE

Who the hell are you anyway?

RANDALL

No one.

RONNIE

No one. Go fuck yourself, pal.

Ronnie and his dog go back inside. Randall takes in the man's MODULAR HOME. In the yard, the grass has been replaced by red lava rock, which is now weed infested. A ceramic Mexican boy and his burro keeps guard watch the redwood deck, on which rests an old HOT TUB. Parked nearby is the obese man's OLDS CUTLASS, which brandishes a bumper sticker: "I Used Up All My Sick Days So I Called in DEAD." Randall resumes his walk-

CUT TO:

EXT. KANASKAT ROAD - DAY

A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL on a BICYCLE rides out of a GRAVEL DRIVE and stops when she sees Randall striding down the road. She is blonde, pale, plain. Her clothing is a pink elastic corporate outfit, but around her head she wears a homemade FEATHER HEADDRESS. Without acknowledging her, Randall walks past. After several steps, the girl follows Randall at a careful distance, intrigued by the stranger-

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Randall checks the address, then enters the gate to Trevor's well-kept YELLOW HOUSE. Smoke leaks from a metal chimney. The girl on the bicycle is about thirty yards off, still watching. Randall turns and gives her the bird. Misreading the gesture, the girl shyly waves back. Dismissing this, Randall goes around the back, where a LARGE VEGETABLE GARDEN is in bloom: beans, tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, even corn. The lawn is trim, the small woodshed is full of cut wood and kindling-

Taking it all in, Randall allows a large smile to spread across his face. Almost boyish, he jogs up the steps and KNOCKS on Trevor's door, eager for the reunion. No answer. He KNOCKS AGAIN-

RANDALL  
(calling)  
Trevor.

He waits a beat, then pounds strongly-

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Come on now.

He opens the door-

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randall walks into the kitchen. Soft jazz, in the vein of Miles Davis' In a Silent Way, plays. Randall sees a cutting board with chopped celery and fennel. A cookbook is open. An air of culture-

He walks into the living room, TURNS DOWN the music. Shelves and shelves of books. He takes a seat on the couch and picks up a book from the coffee table. It is The Peregrine by J.A. Baker. He opens to a bookmarked page (pg. 73), and reads aloud an underlined passage, in order to be heard by his brother. He begins reading the passage with wry amusement, giving a performance, but finds himself moved and spooked by its power upon completion-

RANDALL  
(reading)  
'All morning, birds were huddled together in fear of the hawk, but I could not find him again. If I too were afraid I am sure I should see him more often. Fear releases power.

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Man might be more tolerable, less fractious and smug, if he had more to fear. I do not mean fear of the intangible, the suffocation of the introvert, but physical fear, cold sweating fear for one's life, fear of the unseen menacing beast, imminent, bristly, tusked and terrible, ravening for one's own hot saline blood.'

He puts the book down. Opens it again. He sees that his brother has written 'memorize' in the margin. Now, the power of the passage and the silence of the house begin to trouble Randall. He goes to the stairs-

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Trevor? It's Randall.

(beat)

Your brother.

He heads up. Once he reaches the top, he peers into a bedroom and sees his brother's SOCKED FEET-

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Hey.

Walking into the room, Randall sees his younger brother, TREVOR HARRIS, on the bed, a .38 ROSSI REVOLVER at his left side. There is a BULLET WOUND in his chest. Trevor is shirtless, though his jeans are on. Randall drops his backpack and feels at Trevor's neck. He is cold, dead-

Randall takes a step away. He begins to do circular breaths, in through his nose, out through his mouth. This allows him to maintain emotional control, which is of utmost importance to him. He takes in the room. A PAIR OF SHOES are placed neatly at the foot of the bed, though a WHITE T-SHIRT lays crumpled beside them. The covers of the bed are pulled down. Stacks and stacks of books line the walls, and a nearby desk is covered with papers. A laptop sleeps on the desk. Nearby, the window is open-

Randall moves in closer to his brother, sees that the wound is on his left side, near his nipple. Staring at the wound, Randall's hands start to tremble-

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Return to the 1979 flashback. The CAMPER TRAILER still rests in wooded isolation. The wintry sky is darkening. A dusting of snow on the ground-

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPER TRAILER - DAY

It has been a rough twenty-four hours. Food and diapers line the floors. The small pull-out table has been lacquered with melted ice cream. A paradiso of flies. Through a short MONTAGE, we see the next several DAYS: Trevor wailing; young Randy struggling to change Trevor's diaper; a bathtub overfull with bubble bath, the boys lost inside the bubbles; the refrigerator running out of food. Through these shots, food, dirty diapers and other detritus accumulate around the interior-

By the end of the MONTAGE, it has been four days. Finally, they are out of diapers and nearly out of food. Randy attempts to baby-proof the rear bedroom, making a barricade out of chairs and cushions. A crying Trevor sits in the middle of the mattress. Randy climbs over the barricade-

RANDY

I'll be right back, Trevor.

Trevor WAILS. Randy grabs a handful of crackers, tosses them onto the mattress. The food quiets Trevor. Randy climbs onto the kitchen counter, finds a TIN CAN in the cabinet. A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL. He goes out-

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

A heavily bundled, distressed young Randy is jogging down a rural, TWO LANE HIGHWAY. Pines and maples line the way. The distant sound of approaching SIRENS. Frightened, Randy sprints into the nearby woods. The patrol car speeds past-

FADE TO:

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Return to present day. The SIREN of the flashback patrol car becomes the SIRENS of two PATROL CARS racing down present day Kanaskat Road, toward Trevor's house. The adult Randall goes to the window, sees the approaching vehicles. He looks over the room. On Trevor's desk is a small black DAY PLANNER. Randall grabs it and the nearby LAPTOP and CORD. He places them in his backpack and goes into the bedroom CLOSET-

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Randall sits on the floor in the closet. From the waistband of his jeans he pulls a GLOCK. We hear the sound of Randall's steady, controlled BREATHING, then the sound of FOOTSTEPS and VOICES-

VOICE (O.S.)  
Sheriff's department!

FOOTSTEPS up the stairs. Randall aims his gun at the closet door. He pulls the closet door completely shut. BLACKNESS-

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Deputy Bennie Tatsuya and a short, bald and simple-minded DEPUTY AARON PICINICH, mid 60s, enter the bedroom. They are strangely casual when they see Trevor's corpse on the bed-

DEPUTY PICINICH  
Well hell, there he is.

They walk closer. Tatsuya eyes the room-

DEPUTY TATSUYA  
Look for the laptop.

Picinich pushes papers around on the desk-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)  
But keep your hands in your pockets. You can at least act the part, right?

Picinich does as he's told. Tatsuya looks at Trevor's corpse disapprovingly-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)  
They said it was a suicide.

DEPUTY PICINICH

He killed himself himself? Convenient.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Idiot. That's how it's supposed to look.

Tatsuya steps back, takes a HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket. He now steps back forward, leans closely over Trevor's wound-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

The skin is abraded around the entry wound, and the sight angle is at two o'clock.

He points an imaginary gun at Trevor's wound, his right hand tilted slightly open-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

If he did it himself, the gun needs to have been in his right hand.

With the handkerchief, Tatsuya picks up the Rossi revolver and sets it next to Trevor's right hand-

Now Tatsuya focuses on the SHOES on the floor. They are reversed. That is, the left shoe is on the right, the right shoe is on the left. Tatsuya puts them in their usual alignment-

DEPUTY PICINICH

Why'd you do that?

DEPUTY TATSUYA

One less thing for Raburn to think about.

Tatsuya looks over the scene with increasing approval. Now, he walks over to the WINDOW, looks out-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

And I suppose someone could have come in and out through the window, from the roof.

He pulls the window closed. Deputy Picinich half-heartedly searches the room. Picinich opens the CLOSET DOOR, but his eyes are on Tatsuya-

DEPUTY PICINICH

Maybe we should write a note?

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Bad idea.

DEPUTY PICINICH

Fine.

Disappointed, he glances at the closet. Randall has moved deeper into the closet. Picinich doesn't see him. He closes the closet door-

DEPUTY PICINICH (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Sheriff will want to hear this first hand.

Picinich looks suspiciously at Trevor's corpse-

DEPUTY PICINICH

And me?

DEPUTY TATSUYA

First, call in Carlson. When he gets here, play dumb.

DEPUTY PICINICH

I can try.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Let Carlson lead the way. You stay silent, agreeable. You know nothing.

DEPUTY PICINICH

Carlson's clean, Bennie. He won't play.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

We don't want Raburn digging too far in here. I don't want that fat fuck getting any kind of itch on this.

DEPUTY PICINICH

And if he comes in and sees you and me here-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

That's right.

DEPUTY PICINICH

-he'd be suspicious right off.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

That's using your noodle, Picinich. No luck on the computer?

DEPUTY PICINICH

Nothing.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

You go downstairs, call in Carlson, and wait for him there. After that, remember, whatever Carlson or Raburn want.

(beat)

This is what we call a good day.

They exit the room-

After a beat, the closet door opens slightly. Holding his GLOCK, Randall quietly steps out of the closet. He slips it back into the waistband of his jeans and takes a Kleenex from the desk. He moves the ROSSI REVOLVER back to its original location on Trevor's left side. Next, he rearranges the SHOES back into their original flip-flopped alignment-

He takes one last look at Trevor, making a silent promise to his brother. Randall opens the WINDOW. He sets his backpack and the roof, then steps through the window, leaving it open-

CUT TO:

EXT. KANASKAT ROAD - DAY

Randall creeps along the edge of the roof on the backside of the house. Reaching the awning of the back porch, he takes a seat and scoots along the edge. He takes his backpack off and holds it in front of him. A push off, and he lands gracefully on the soft lawn-

Standing, he sees the pale GIRL in the headdress, on her bicycle, staring silently at him-

RANDALL

You never saw me.

GIRL

What?

RANDALL

If you talk to the police, I'll hunt you down. I'll kill you and your entire fucking family.

Sheer fright. She rides away, her HEADDRESS falling from her head. Randall watches her, indifferent. Once she disappears from sight, he leaps the short cyclone fence and heads into the nearby WOODS-

CUT TO:



Ronnie nods, though something tells him this isn't right-

RONNIE  
(quietly, to his dog)  
Get on home, Princess. Go on.

She lopes off-

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(to Tatsuya)  
Okay.

Hesitantly, Ronnie gets into the passenger's side of the patrol car-

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Randall moves quietly through the roadside WOODS. He watches as Deputy Tatsuya's PATROL CAR drives past, with Ronnie in the passenger seat-

CUT TO:

EXT. RONNIE'S TRAILER - DAY

Randall approaches the TRAILER. Once there, he tries the front door, which is outfitted with a doggie door. It opens. The place is full of Seattle Seahawks and UW Huskies memorabilia. He finds a set of KEYS sitting on the counter. The doberman jumps down from the couch to greet Randall, whose grieving anger percolates under a taut, pragmatic exterior. He looks at the animal with disdain, then grabs a bag of dry dog food and dumps into an empty bowl-

RANDALL  
(with disgust)  
You let him call you Dipshit?

The dog sports a countenance of eager perplexity. Randall throws the empty bag at it, scaring it away-

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S CUTLASS - DAY

Randall STARTS the obese man's CUTLASS. He takes Trevor's DAY PLANNER from the back pack and turns to today's date-

The entry reads: 'Caroline @ Digger's, 5 pm'

He backs out and drives down Kanaskat road. He pulls onto the two-lane highway-

CUT TO:

INT. CARLSON'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

DEPUTY JESS CARLSON speeds down the two-lane highway. Carlson is in his late 20s, clean cut, attentive. He crosses paths with Randall-

CUT TO:

EXT. TREVOR'S PARKWAY - DAY

ESTABLISHING. Carlson parks next to Picinich's patrol car, in front of Trevor's yellow house-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN - DAY

With his gun drawn, Carlson enters the kitchen. He stops when he sees Deputy Picinich sitting in a chair in the middle of the kitchen, nonchalant-

DEPUTY CARLSON  
What the hell, Picinich?

DEPUTY PICINICH  
I don't know.

Puzzled, Carlson moves toward the STAIRS-

DEPUTY CARLSON  
Is there a body up there?

DEPUTY PICINICH  
You tell me.

Baffled by Picinich's behavior, Carlson heads upstairs-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Carlson and Picinich stand before Trevor's bed. Carlson looks over the scene.

Meanwhile, Picinich stares in mute wonder at Trevor's body, puzzled by the rearrangement of the scene: the gun moved back to its original position, the shoes rearranged, the window re-opened-

DEPUTY CARLSON  
Called in Raburn?

Picinich shakes his head, 'no'-

DEPUTY CARLSON (CONT'D)  
(annoyed)  
You think maybe we should?

DEPUTY PICINICH  
Whatever you say.

His annoyance escalating, Carlson takes out his two-way RADIO and heads back downstairs, calling for Detective Raburn. Remaining in the bedroom, Picinich stares at Trevor's body as though expecting it to move. Hesitantly, he moves closer and closer to the corpse. He leans over it, looking into Trevor's dead eyes, then again to the gun, the shoes, the window-

DEPUTY PICINICH (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
How'd you do it?

He stays there, bent over the corpse, as if awaiting a response-

CUT TO:

EXT. DIGGER'S TAVERN - EVENING

Gradual onset of evening as a misty dark settles. Deeply green, mossy grass. Evergreens. To the side of the road is a gravel lot dotted with ANCIENT TRUCKS, either awaiting repair or beyond it. Across from the gravel lot is TANGLE EYE GROCERY, a converted gas station. Two OLD WOMEN sit on a wooden bench on the sidewalk, smoking cigarettes in silence. Just up from the grocery shop, astride a small hill, stands an AMERICAN FOUR SQUARE style HOUSE, notable for its red shingle siding-

The two old women smoking outside the grocery watch Randall as he parks the CUTLASS in front of the red house, which has been converted into a TAVERN-

EXT. DIGGER'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Randall approaches the building. A white sign announces: DIGGER'S TAVERN. In the gravel parking lot are numerous recent model DOMESTIC TRUCKS and HARLEY-DAVIDSONS. Randall goes inside-

INT. DIGGER'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

In the cozy barroom, three POOL TABLES are lined up in the middle. Around these are situated small round tables and chairs. A few BIKERS and AGING DRINKERS populate the place, claiming different corners in depressed pairs. Behind the bar is a HULKING BARTENDER, who chats with a row of glowering COUNTRY THUGS in flannel and ratty baseball caps-

Standing out among these patrons is an elegant, stylish WOMAN in her early 40s, who sits alone at one of the tables. Her sleek black hair has touches of gray. She is CAROLINE SKAGGS. As she reads her book, she takes sips of her beer. Randall approaches her-

RANDALL  
Caroline.

CAROLINE  
Yes?

She looks him up and down skeptically-

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Where's Trevor?

RANDALL  
He's dead.

CAROLINE  
That's not funny.

RANDALL  
Not at all.

He sits down beside her, puts his GUN at her side-

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
Now, tell me, what the fuck happened to him?

She takes a look around the barroom, takes a big drink of her beer-

CAROLINE

I'm his editor. I'll tell you what I know.

RANDALL

Get your things. We're going for a drive.

She does so-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN - EVENING

DETECTIVE BRANDON 'BEEF' RABURN, late 40s, bearded, obese, stands in the middle of the kitchen with an open black BINDER in his hand. Deputies Carlson and Picinich brief him-

RABURN

What do we have?

DEPUTY CARLSON

White male, early 30s. One gunshot to the chest, close range. He's upstairs, in his bed.

Raburn nods, writes in his binder, turns to Picinich-

RABURN

Signs of struggle or forced entry?

Picinich shrugs his shoulders with passive disinterest. Raburn gives a glance to Carlson, who gives a "don't ask me" look-

RABURN (CONT'D)

Lead the way.

They head up-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Raburn and the two deputies stand before the bed. Raburn jots notes in his binder-

RABURN

I.D. on the victim.

DEPUTY CARLSON

Trevor Harris.

RABURN

You know him?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Met him, yeah.

RABURN

He lived here alone?

DEPUTY CARLSON

I think. Worked as a bartender at the casino, on the reservation. We talked a few times, over drinks. Never mentioned family or a spouse.

Raburn looks at the stacks and stacks of BOOKS-

RABURN

Well-read bartender.

DEPUTY CARLSON

Seemed like a bright guy. Interested in the sheriff's office, actually. What the sheriff was like, and so on.

RABURN

What'd you tell him?

DEPUTY CARLSON

I'm sure I told him the sheriff was an affable, admirable man and a gallant leader.

Raburn raises a wry brow. Both look to Picinich, who is not listening to them, but is rather transfixed by the dead body-

RABURN

(to Picinich)

Call the M.E., and get someone from criminalistics. Pete Moore if he's available.

Picinich nods absently, still looking at dead Trevor-

RABURN (CONT'D)

Do you want me to write that down for you?

DEPUTY PICINICH

That'd be nice, actually. Yeah.

An exasperated Raburn writes it out on a piece of paper, hands it to Picinich, who exits-

RABURN

(to Carlson)

Keep him as far away from the scene as you can manage. He's got something brewing in that pea brain of his.

CUT TO:

INT. RONNIE'S CUTLASS - EVENING

As Randall drives, Caroline watches him, intrigued-

CAROLINE

I pictured you larger, muscular. More, uh, impressive.

RANDALL

(a beat)

What?

CAROLINE

Nothing.

Randall pulls onto a GRAVEL ROAD in the middle of nowhere. He TURNS OFF the engine. He attempts to be casual, as if to put Caroline to ease, even though his GLOCK sits in his lap-

RANDALL

Who wanted Trevor dead?

CAROLINE

He was writing a book. Non-fiction.

RANDALL

About what?

CAROLINE

Everything. The new casino on the reservation. The sheriff's office. Organized labor. The Locs and the Savage Kings.

With the final entries of her list, Caroline sees that no look of recognition crosses Randall's face-

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Rival gangs. The Locs are transplants from California. They run guns and cocaine through here, up to BC. And then they run weed back through, down to Cali. The Savage Kings are homegrown.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Mostly meth and pills with them, and prostitution. A mix of outcasts from the Songish reservation and local white trash.

(beat)

You'd fit right in.

In the long beat that follows, Caroline looks at the gun resting casually in Randall's lap and silently reconsiders the efficacy of her caustic wit-

RANDALL

(to himself)

Maybe I would.

He starts up the car and backs out-

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL ARKANSAS HIGHWAY - DAY

Return to 1979. Young Randy is on the shoulder of the highway, looking lost, desperate. Snow falling. An early 70s CHEVY PICKUP slows down. Its driver is a HISPANIC MAN, early 30s. He has a SON roughly Randy's age in the passenger seat-

DRIVER

Where are you headed, son?

YOUNG RANDY

The store.

DRIVER

There's no store around here. Where are your parents?

Young Randy shrugs-

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Get in.

Randy stands still for a moment, measuring the man. He focuses on the man's son, who looks friendly, concerned. Randy decides to trust them-

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

The Chevy pickup pulls up to the camper trailer. Randy gets out and runs to the door-

INT. TRAILER - DAY

It is quiet. Baby Trevor is asleep on the mattress. The man and boy react to the squalor of the trailer, the rank smell of the place. The man picks up baby Trevor. He's going to take the boys to his home-

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot. We see the Chevy truck parked in front of a MODEST HOUSE on a three-acre LOT, surrounded by wintry WOODS. A couple of similarly modest HOUSES are located nearby-

INT. HERNANDEZ HOUSE - DAY

JOSE HERNANDEZ, the man who found Randy, and his wife MORELLA HERNANDEZ eat lunch at their dining room table with their son, MIGUEL, and preteen daughter, SELENA. Washed up and well-fed, young Randy and baby Trevor sleep on a PALLET of quilts in the living room floor, near a Christmas tree-

JOSE HERNANDEZ

No, not the sheriff. He is, how do you say it, unclean. Corrupt. The children would not be safe with him. We'll take them to the clérigo.

His wife nods-

JOSE HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

Look at them. They were living like animals. Kids, we should be grateful.

Half-heartedly, the children nod in agreement-

EXT. HERNANDEZ HOUSE - DAY

Morella Hernandez holds baby Trevor. Randy, Miguel and Selena are in the light snow, trying to make a snowman. Jose Hernandez looks on, approving, smiling, until he sees his next door neighbor, an OLD MAN, rise from his porch bench and go inside. Through a WINDOW, we see the old man dialing his TELEPHONE-

JOSE HERNANDEZ

Get inside, children.

They continue playing-

JOSE HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

(harder)  
Get inside now.

They stop. All head into the house-

CUT TO:

INT. DEPUTY TATSUYA'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Return to present day. Tatsuya and a spooked Ronnie drive through the night, on a flat stretch of HIGHWAY-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

It's important to keep the information flowing, from the citizenry to the sheriff's office. Back and forth. More than important. It's vital.

Ronnie nods his head blankly-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

It's like oxygen. Without it, we'd choke.

They continue driving, Ronnie's face going pale with repressed fright-

CUT TO:

EXT. DIGGER'S TAVERN - NIGHT

We see Ronnie's CUTLASS parked back at Digger's Tavern. Randall and Caroline sit inside the car-

CUT TO:

INT. CUTLASS - CONTINUOUS

The bartender and thugs are visible through a WINDOW-

RANDALL

That's them at the bar?

CAROLINE

This is Savage Kings HQ. That was the meeting's occasion. For Trevor to give me faces to put to the names.

Randall slides his GLOCK back into the waistband of his jeans-

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

What's your plan?

RANDALL

Money.

Caroline looks over Randall. She is infatuated by his roughness, his surliness. From past descriptions by Trevor, she knows who he is-

CAROLINE

Aren't you upset about Trevor?

RANDALL

Maybe he had it coming.

CAROLINE

Are you going to rob the place?

RANDALL

You're done with the questions.

She is both repulsed and intrigued by his coarseness-

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Time to go.

Surprising herself with her own resistance to the act, she begins opening the passenger door-

RANDALL (CONT'D)

No one hears of this.

CAROLINE

Oh, a story like this, I wouldn't waste on everyday conversation. I'll save it for my memoir.

She goes-

CUT TO:

EXT. TOTEM CREEK - NIGHT

On the banks of the wide, thin CREEK sits a vague FIGURE, staring into the waters. Above the creek is the skeletal outline of the TRAIN TRESTLE. The seated figure is Hollis Rivers, the doll-toting drunkard. His two DOLLS lay on the bank, though the rope has been untied from his waist. The dolls stare blankly skyward. Hollis stands, addresses the creek and darkness. His measured voice is absolutely sober, utterly sane-

HOLLIS RIVERS

You populate the world with cowards, and then you sit back in judgment. In repose. While we toil and break and bleed. And so we do not believe in your mercy or your knowing or your grace, but merely in your possibility. But I for one am not convinced that you are up above, on some cloud, or that you are merely in my mind, like some lesion, some cancerous growth.

(MORE)

## HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)

I believe that you are in every atom,  
every cell, but that you are afraid to  
come to life, to come to know yourself as  
yourself. I believe that you linger  
within our very bodies and that you  
refuse to wake to your truest self. And  
so, I hate you like I hate myself. I hate  
your cowardice and your smallness. And I  
hate your refusal to live.

On the ROAD above, the shine of HEADLIGHTS. Hollis creeps  
back into a shadow. He hears a man's frightened VOICE-

## VOICE (O.S.)

I saw nothing! No one!

(beat)

I don't understand!

Hollis watches as a LARGE MAN backs fearfully toward the  
trestle, methodically pursued by a gun-toting THINNER  
MAN. We should recognize these figures as Deputy Tatsuya  
and Ronnie. If Tatsuya speaks, we do not hear him-

Ronnie has now backed onto the narrow trestle itself,  
forty feet above the creek. From a distance, the sound of  
a TRAIN WHISTLE. At this, Ronnie freezes, about ten yards  
out on the trestle. Fifty yards stand between him and the  
other side. Tatsuya walks out a step or two onto the  
trestle himself, and takes a shot near Ronnie, who jumps  
and nearly falls. Another WHISTLE, getting closer. Ronnie  
turns to run, but trips, falls to his knees. He gets up  
again and walks carefully and quickly across the trestle.  
At the sound of another WHISTLE, Ronnie's panic gets to  
be too much and he FALLS from the trestle-

He LANDS on the bank of the creek with a sickening THUD.  
He does not move, and there is no chance that he could  
have survived the fall-

Up above, Tatsuya calmly walks back to his vehicle.  
Hollis stays crouched in the shadows, petrified. OFF the  
dolls, looking skyward in an unsettling simulacrum of  
appeal-

CUT TO:

## INT. DIGGER'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Randall sits at the bar, finishing a beer. He takes in  
the ROW OF THUGS drinking silently beside him. The huge,  
beastly BARTENDER eyes Randall-

RANDALL  
 (to bartender)  
 Hey, Money Shot, another beer already.

The bartender steps closer. The row of thugs watches, ready to be entertained-

BARTENDER  
 What'd you call me?

RANDALL  
 You mean your name ain't Money Shot?

BARTENDER  
 Fuck no.

RANDALL  
 Huh. When I was at Varner there was a guy on the inside who looked just like you. Big guy, kind of carried himself like you as well. Everyone called him Money Shot. I thought you were him.

The bartender looks over to the thugs. For their part, the thugs seem interested in Randall's brashness-

THUG 1  
 Why'd they call him Money Shot?

RANDALL  
 You know, I wondered the same thing. Come to find out, the big bastard loved to suck dick. Beaner dick, especially. Loved it any time they'd blow a spicy wad all over his face.

The thugs GUFFAW. At this, the enraged bartender grabs at Randall from across the bar. A huge, malicious grin spreads across Randall's face. With expert quickness, he seizes the back of the bartender's head and drops down to the floor, slamming the bartender's face on the bar. Using the bar as leverage, Randall leaps over it. He now stands behind the dazed, bloodied bartender. Randall gestures for the man to hit him. The bartender grabs a whiskey bottle and takes a wild swing. Randall ducks under it and uppercuts the bartender squarely on the chin, but the big man doesn't drop. Randall grabs the man's arm and breaks the whiskey bottle on the bar top. The big man, who still holds the broken bottle, falls when Randall mule kicks him behind the knees. Randall leverages the big man's arm so that the sharp edge of the broken bottle is less than an inch from the man's eye-

One of the thugs, the apparent leader, a half-white, half-American Indian man in his late 30s, named KAAL KAHNE, points a GLOCK 22 .40 caliber pistol at Randall-

KAAL KAHNE

That was pretty cool.

Randall eases off of the bartender. Kaal Kahne kicks Randall in the chin, knocking him out-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Detective Raburn and Deputy Carlson investigate Trevor's kitchen-

RABURN

Fennel and celery salad. A little sea salt and fresh lemon juice.

He gestures to the counter, where a cookbook is open next to vegetables arrayed on a cutting board-

RABURN (CONT'D)

Cuts of lamb in the fridge. If one were to fix one's self a last meal, one would want to eat it, yes?

CARLSON

Presumably.

RABURN

Suicide. I find it to be the most interesting and banal of topics. The why is the banal part, of course. More interesting is, how are you going to do it? A woman, for instance, even at her most desperate, will basically never disfigure herself when suicidal. The face and head, in particular, appear to be a sacred region. They must remain pristine. To better haunt whomever wronged her, I suppose.

Raburn's breathing is labored. The man is not healthy-

RABURN (CONT'D)

But men are different. More direct. It is not often that a man makes his suicide any kind of shrine. If he's serious about canceling his own check, more often than not, he'll do it by gunshot.

(MORE)

RABURN (CONT'D)  
 (points finger under chin)  
 To the head.

Carlson nods-

DEPUTY CARLSON  
 I hear you.

RABURN  
 Back upstairs.

Carlson looks out the WINDOW, sees Deputy Picinich sitting in his patrol car, talking on a CELL PHONE-

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

A nervous Picinich, mid-convo-

DEPUTY PICINICH  
 (into phone)  
 I don't know what you believe, about the dead. About their, uh, powers.

DEPUTY TATSUYA (O.S.)  
 What are you talking about?

DEPUTY PICINICH  
 (into phone)  
 The corpse rearranged the scene, Bennie. The gun, the shoes. Even the window. All of it was returned to how we found it. It was uncanny.

Silence-

DEPUTY PICINICH (CONT'D)  
 (into)  
 Bennie?

DEPUTY TATSUYA (O.S.)  
 You're a goddamn child, Picinich. Your fucking innocence. It disgusts me.

The call ends-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Raburn and Carlson re-enter the bedroom, with Raburn making notes in his binder. He gestures to Trevor's desk, where the laptop had been situated-

RABURN

What do you see here?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Papers, books. Pens.

RABURN

What else? Look at how the objects are arranged. A constellation. What holds the center in place?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Nothing. It's just an empty space.

With this, Carlson gets it-

DEPUTY CARLSON (CONT'D)

You think something was right here, in the middle of this mess?

RABURN

Seems likely.

DEPUTY CARLSON

A computer, maybe? A laptop?

Raburn waddles over to Trevor's bed, sits at the end of it. He unties his shoes, slips them off. Carlson watches him. Raburn puts his shoes back on, crosses his legs, then slips them off. The shoes now are in reverse arrangement, matching Trevor's-

Raburn rises and looks over the CROWDED BOOKSHELVES. He finds a BOX OF PHOTOGRAPHS and begins sorting through them-

CUT TO:

INT. DIGGER'S TAVERN, KITCHEN - NIGHT

MEXICAN WORKERS cook in the greasy kitchen. Along a wall, near a walk-in freezer, Randall is propped up in sitting position. The Mexicans make sure to ignore him as they cook. Kaal Kahne talks with LEW DICKINSON, his right-hand man-

KAAL KAHNE

When he comes to, I'll see who sent him.  
If it's our amigos across town, we'll  
send him back. Cold.

LEW DICKINSON

What if no one sent him?

KAAL KAHNE

Then I'll buy the poor fucker a drink.

As Randall comes to, he sees that Kaal Kahne is crouched  
across from him, holding a HAMMER. Randall's hands and  
feet are bound. His boots are off-

KAAL KAHNE (CONT'D)

Who sent you here?

Randall looks down at his bare feet and at the metal  
hammer-

RANDALL

No one.

Kahne drops the hammer on Randall's big toe, at about  
half-strength, maybe breaking the toe. Randall grits his  
teeth-

KAAL KAHNE

Try again?

RANDALL

Same answer.

Kahne lifts the hammer-

KAAL KAHNE

You sure?

Randall's face lights up-

RANDALL

Do it.

Kahne hits the same toe again, harder. It's definitely  
broken now. Again, Randall takes it-

KAAL KAHNE

Tell me about that performance out there.  
Was that supposed to impress me?

RANDALL

It didn't?

Kahne grins-

KAAL KAHNE

Maybe it did.

The bloodied and bruised bartender walks into the kitchen, sees Kahne and Randall, goes to walk back out. Seeing him, Randall malicious grin returns, now even more disturbing as it is cut through by excruciating pain-

RANDALL

(calling)

Money Shot.

The bartender turns, as if to answer to the name. Seeing this, both Kahne and Randall LAUGH. The bartender is pissed again-

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Hey man, no hard feelings, huh?

The bartender exits-

KAAL KAHNE

You're just crazy. Is that it?

Randall shrugs his shoulders-

KAAL KAHNE (CONT'D)

I wonder, you ever been to California?

RANDALL

A few times.

Kahne grips the hammer-

KAAL KAHNE

Where you from, 'Loco'?

RANDALL

Left shoulder.

Kahne lifts up Randall's sleeve, sees his TATTOO-

KAAL KAHNE

What's that?

RANDALL

Arkansas flag. I hitched a ride on a boxcar two weeks ago, jumped clear this morning. West Memphis has it in its head I killed its favorite snitch.

KAAL KAHNE

Yeah? Why come here?

RANDALL

This was as far away as I could get. I'm thinking, now, it was not the best idea.

Kahne finds himself swayed by the stranger. He lays down the hammer on the floor-

KAAL KAHNE

What do they call you?

RANDALL

Rat Tail.

Kahne looks at him, inquiring-

KAAL KAHNE

What do you drink, Rat Tail?

RANDALL

I like beer.

Kaal Kahne unties Randall and helps him up-

CUT TO:

EXT. KANASKAT ROAD - NIGHT

With a wide ESTABLISHING SHOT, we see that a PATROL CAR, a black CROWN VICTORIA belonging to Raburn, a WHITE VAN belonging to the medical examiner, and several other cars are parked around Trevor's house. Raburn waddles down the road, toward the GRAVEL DRIVEWAY from which the girl on the bicycle had earlier emerged-

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Raburn labors down the driveway, led by the beams of his mag light-

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A nervous FATHER peers out his window, sees the fat man wobbling toward the house-

FATHER  
 Sheriff's department.

MOTHER stands with their daughter, LACY, who we recognize as the girl on the bicycle who saw Randall emerge from Trevor's house-

MOTHER  
 He's going to want to know what Lacy saw.

FATHER  
 Remember what happened to the Rivers?

MOTHER  
 That was an accident.

FATHER  
 Bullshit it was, Lynn. You and Lacy go upstairs, to her room. Don't move, don't speak until I give the word. I'm not letting him even take a look at Lacy.

MOTHER  
 A man snuck out of Trevor's house. Lacy saw him. He threatened her. We're supposed to tell the police these things.

FATHER  
 Do as I say.

Mother and daughter obey. The doorbell RINGS and the father opens the door-

FATHER (CONT'D)  
 Hello.

RABURN  
 Good evening. Are you aware of what happened down the road?

FATHER  
 No.

RABURN  
 Your neighbor, Trevor Harris, was found dead in his home.

FATHER  
 Oh, that's awful.

RABURN  
 Did you or anyone in your family see anything unusual in the neighborhood today?

FATHER

I just got in from work. No.

RABURN

Anyone in your family?

FATHER

I'm sorry. I wish I could help.

The father closes the door-

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Raburn and Carlson meet at the end of the driveway-

RABURN

How'd it go?

CARLSON

Nothing so far.

RABURN

Yeah, same thing. Who was the first responder?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Picinich, I assume.

RABURN

I'm going to dance on a few more porches. You go to dispatch, get the transcript of the 911 call. I want to nail down the timeline on this thing. No one in this neighborhood reports seeing anything suspicious, so how does Picinich know to respond in the first place?

CUT TO:

EXT. TOTEM CREEK - NIGHT

Ronnie's broken body lay bleeding on the stony bank of the Totem Creek. In the distance, Hollis Rivers crouches in the shadows of the looming trestle. He creeps closer to Ronnie's body-

HOLLIS RIVERS

We slither. We stall. We step aside.

A little closer. Nearby the creek GURGLES its indifference-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
We creep. We crouch. We compromise.

A few more fearful steps-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
We fear. We flee. We fall.

He now stands over Ronnie-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
And we stay fallen.

Hollis kneels down to look over the broken body: splintered legs, cracked skull. An oozing, lifeless lump of bones, blood and meat. On Ronnie's belt is a clip for his CELL PHONE. Hollis takes the phone, opens it. It works. He dials 9-1-1-

HOLLIS RIVERS (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I want to call in an accident.  
(beat)  
Yeah, I just fell from the train tracks above Totem Creek and onto the creek bed below. About forty, fifty feet.  
(beat)  
That's right. This was a few minutes ago. This fella made me try to cross the trestle when a train started coming, and I panicked. That's how I fell.  
(beat)  
Oh, I'm more than hurt, miss. I'm dead.  
(beat, looking down)  
No, I'm quite certain of it. My skull's popped open and my brain's leaking all over the rocks. My legs are all topsyturvy and my spine is just utterly fucked. Blood everywhere. I'm just really, really dead.  
(beat)  
That's right. I am now, as we speak, journeying verily to that distant shore.

Hollis puts the cell phone in Ronnie's hand and leaves the scene. Ronnie lay on the bank with the phone in his dead hand. We hear the DISPATCHER on the other end of the line-

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Sir, is this some sort of prank? Hello? I am sending a deputy. Hello? Sir? Please answer.

OFF of Ronnie's face, his eyes open, blank, gone-

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. TOTEM CREEK - NIGHT

Summoned by the dispatcher, Deputy Picinich parks his PATROL CAR near the creek. He walks down the embankment with his SERVICE REVOLVER drawn and his MAG LIGHT scanning the area. Once he reaches the bank of the creek, his light falls upon Ronnie's corpse-

DEPUTY PICINICH

(into radio)

Send a unit to Totem Creek, just off 147.  
Below the trestle. We have a possible  
DOA.

He walks closer, sees the CELL PHONE in Ronnie's hand-

DEPUTY PICINICH (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Who called in the accident?

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

The victim? He said someone forced him  
onto the tracks and that he fell. He said  
that he was now dead.

Picinich stares in disbelief at the corpse and the phone  
in its hand-

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

Deputy? Are you there?

DEPUTY PICINICH

(to himself)

Mother was right.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Deputy Picinich?

DEPUTY PICINICH

(into radio)

The deceased was correct in his self-  
diagnosis. He appears to be dead.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Raburn is directing the crime scene. The MEDICAL EXAMINER, a black woman in her late 50s named NANCY, has slid a white sheet under Trevor's corpse-

RABURN

Before you take his prints, swab him for gunshot residue. Both hands. I wouldn't be shocked to find seminal traces on him either.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Detective!?

Raburn's face lights up at the sound of the man's voice. He goes downstairs to find PETE MOORE, a likewise obese man in his forties, standing in the KITCHEN. Old friends-

RABURN

We've got an odd one here.

PETE MOORE

What do you need?

RABURN

Prints upstairs. The bed and the desk. Window as well. The offender was familiar to the victim, a guest maybe. See here?

Raburn points to the cutting board and vegetables on the counter-

RABURN (CONT'D)

Perhaps the offender was helping with dinner. Dust the knife, the cook book, the fridge. And the victim's car. Steering wheel, seat-belts. Both sets. That'll get us started.

Both look over the undisturbed home-

PETE MOORE

It looks untouched. No chance it was self-inflicted?

RABURN

Dust the victim's shoes as well. They were flipped, like he'd sat down cross-legged, all lady-like, to take them off. Flipped through his photographs. The guy sat around like a cowboy airing himself out. I think it was staged.

Deputy Carlson enters the kitchen with a COMPUTER PRINTOUT in his hand-

RABURN (CONT'D)

Here's what happened. Someone the victim knew led him upstairs and then shot him, perhaps in the middle of some intimate moment. Post-coital, I'd guess. There's a blank spot on the desk upstairs, likely where the victim kept a laptop computer. Odds are, there is something on that computer that will explain the situation to us.

Carlson hands the computer printout to Raburn-

RABURN (CONT'D)

The 911 transcript?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Not for here. Picinich logged an anonymous tip before coming out.

RABURN

(re: the printout)

So what is it?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Another body. Someone just leapt from the trestle above Totem Creek. Take a look. The queerest thing.

Raburn takes the printout, skims it with raised brows-

RABURN

On scene?

DEPUTY CARLSON

Picinich.

Raburn and Carlson share an 'oh shit' look-

RABURN

I'm going to the check on this other body. You search for anything that might tell us what Trevor Harris was up to, what he may have been storing on his computer.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGGER'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Randall talks with Kaal Kahne at a table. They are on their third pitcher. The rest of the group is at the bar. Kahne speaks quietly, as a conspirator-

KAAL KAHNE

One of our runners left thirty in cash, up by the border. One time spot, off a gravel road. It was to be picked up an hour later. But the Jap deputy grabbed it and claimed it for the county before our partners could pick it up.

RANDALL

Maybe he had been following your runner. Some kind of investigation.

KAAL KAHNE

In other counties, maybe. But the sheriff's department don't work like that here. We put up twenty every month for protection. Our tithe. But the sheriff has grown suspicious of how much business we are actually doing.

RANDALL

He wants a bigger cut.

KAAL KAHNE

And he's a lazy man. I need to find out which of my guys he's got in his pocket.

Randall finishes his beer, looks over MONEY SHOT, LEW DICKINSON and the other THUGS lined at the bar, eyeing him suspiciously-

RANDALL

Five now. Five more when I deliver the rat.

KAAL KAHNE

For that much, I could hire someone to kill them all.

RANDALL

I could do that too.

Kahne grins, recognizing a kindred spirit. He'll put up the cash-

CUT TO:

EXT. TOTEM CREEK - NIGHT

Raburn exits his CROWN VIC and struggles his way down the embankment, carrying his black folder. He makes it to the crime scene, where Deputy Picinich and another deputy, an attractive woman in her late 20s with peroxide hair, BECKY LITTLE, stand aside, watching the PHOTOGRAPHERS document the scene. Raburn takes a moment to catch his breath-

RABURN

What have we got?

Picinich looks at his with fearful, wide eyes-

DEPUTY PICINICH

I don't understand it.

RABURN

The 911 call?

Picinich nods his head-

RABURN (CONT'D)

The dead don't use cell phones, deputy.  
Either the offender or a witness made  
that call.

Picinich nods politely, not believing Raburn-

DEPUTY BECKY LITTLE

He fell from the tracks, lickety split.  
Probably a drunk.

The detective and the female deputy make their way to Ronnie's CORPSE. Picinich follows them, at a skeptical distance. Raburn kneels down, checks the deceased's pockets. He pulls out a WALLET from Ronnie's pants, flashes a light on the dead man's LICENSE. He notes the address-

RABURN

(to himself)  
1844 Kanaskat Road.  
(beat)  
Christ.

DEPUTY BECKY LITTLE

What?

RABURN

The same road as the other one. They're  
neighbors.

Raburn looks around the scene and up at the trestle-

RABURN (CONT'D)

I want the tracks secured, and a perimeter at both ends. A wide perimeter. Someone helped this guy off or saw him fall.

CUT TO:

MUSICAL MONTAGE - "BOYS, THE NIGHT WILL BURY YOU,"  
RICHARD BUCKNER

To the accompaniment of Buckner's ethereally strummed live acoustic version of the song, the following visuals convey the next hour-

INT. CUTLASS - NIGHT

Randall parks the stolen Cutlass on the side of a rural ROAD. He holds an ENVELOPE OF CASH in his hand. He puts it in his black backpack and begins wiping down the inside of the car, clearing it of prints-

CUT TO:

EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A BODY BAG containing Trevor's body is carried by TWO MEN from the front door of his house and to the medical examiner's VAN-

CUT TO:

EXT. PERKINS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Deputy Tatsuya exits his parked PATROL CAR and walks up to an ENORMOUS HOUSE set on a vast acreage. This is the home of SHERIFF ROLAND PERKINS. In the driveway are a LEXUS and a BLACK ESCALADE with a 'Dane County Sheriff's Office' emblem on it. A brick walkway leads to a gilded door. Tatsuya, with uncharacteristic meekness, knocks. The door opens and Tatsuya speaks with deference to an UNSEEN FIGURE. After a few words from Tatsuya, the door slams shut. Tatsuya returns to his vehicle, chastened-

CUT TO:

## EXT. RONNIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Raburn and Deputy Carlson knock on the front door of Ronnie's TRAILER. Ronnie's doberman pokes its head through the doggie-door and shows its teeth, growling. Raburn throws down a bone for the dog, who takes it and goes back inside. Raburn and Carlson shine their lights through the windows, see the relatively orderly home. OFF Raburn shining his light on the empty space where Ronnie's Cutlass would normally be parked-

CUT TO:

## EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Carrying his backpack, Randall limps painfully along the shoulder of a rural highway. Ronnie's Cutlass is visible in the distance. A PATROL CAR approaches. Randall moves his GLOCK from the back to the front of his waistband. The patrol car pulls up next to the limping Randall. We see that the driver is Deputy Picinich, who offers a ride. Randall looks at the LONG HIGHWAY ahead of him, keeps limping forward, refusing to engage-

CUT TO:

## EXT. TOTEM CREEK - NIGHT

Nancy, the medical examiner, zips up another BODY BAG, a large one containing Ronnie's broken body. Nancy and Deputy Becky Little aid the two men carry the stretcher. Nearby, A SMALL CROWD has gathered, looking on. Among that crowd is an intoxicated Hollis Rivers, holding his two dolls-

CUT TO:

## EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Deputy Tatsuya examines the area surrounding Trevor's house. With his MAGLIGHT, he comes across an overlooked item: the HEADDRESS of the neighbor girl. He picks it up-

CUT TO:

## EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

On the front porch, Tatsuya holds the headdress before the girl's clearly petrified FATHER. The mother comes to the door as well. She invites Tatsuya in.

OFF the father, who watches his wife speak openly with the deputy and then walk down the hall to their daughter's room, his eyes glazing over with anger and fear-

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CHIEF MOTEL - NIGHT

A cheap, independent motel on a commercial street. Randall hobbles inside with his backpack and a PLASTIC SACK-

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Randall goes to the bathroom. He takes his boot off and attends to his broken, busted TOE. From the plastic sack he produces hydrogen peroxide, gauze, medical tape and wood for a splint. He goes to work-

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A polite, warm Tatsuya sits in the living room with the neighbor girl, LACY, and her parents. Lacy is half-asleep and torn between her father's obvious fear and her mother's insistence that she disclose herself fully to the deputy. Tatsuya is taking pains to appear to be as mild and permissible as possible. He reads immediately that the father does not trust the badge-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

I want to make it clear that Lynn has done no wrong, at all. If she has information that will help us in our investigation, then wonderful. But I also realize that she may not.

FATHER

A detective already came by, about Trevor's death. I told him, we haven't seen anything.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

I understand. It's late. But there's been a recent, distressing development.

(MORE)

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

The body of another neighbor of yours,  
Ronnie Culberson, was just found on the  
banks of Totem Creek.

MOTHER

Oh no.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

We're still investigating if these are  
connected homicides. But it seems worth  
the time to try again, in case there's  
anything we missed our first pass  
through.

MOTHER

(to Lacy)

Tell him.

FATHER

Lynn.

MOTHER

There's a killer loose, Nathaniel.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

It's okay, Lacy. Whatever you feel  
comfortable sharing.

LACY

I saw a strange man walk down the road to  
Trevor's house. He went inside and then I  
heard sirens coming, so I rode away. I  
didn't want to get into trouble.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

You weren't doing anything wrong.

LACY

When I came back I saw the same man come  
out of a window.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Upstairs or downstairs?

LACY

Upstairs. He walked along the roof and  
jumped down. Then he saw me. He told me  
that I'd never seen him, that if I said  
anything, he would come and kill me and  
my family too.

The father is visibly distraught-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Lacy, you are a brave girl.

(to the parents)

Do you have a doctor, a teacher, or a clergyman that Lacy trusts?

MOTHER

Pastor Roberts.

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Give him a call. We'll have him help you give Lacy the support she needs when she gives an official statement at the station. Children, and parents, can find the process intimidating. I'll inform our detective that you'll be arriving soon?

The mother nods vigorously. The father reluctantly joins her-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

On a laptop, Raburn and Carlson are playing a RECORDING of Hollis Rivers' 911 call-

HOLLIS RIVERS

(recorded phone call)

That's right. This was a few minutes ago. This fella made me try to cross the trestle when a train started coming, and I panicked. That's how I fell.

Raburn STOPS the recording-

RABURN

I can't get a read. Either the caller saw something, or he did it himself and is being coy.

DEPUTY CARLSON

Do you think the engineer of the train saw anything?

RABURN

Doubtful.

He begins the recording again-

HOLLIS RIVERS

(recorded phone call)

Oh, I'm more than hurt, miss. I'm dead.

DISPATCHER

(recorded phone call)

I am not following you. It does not seem possible that you are dead.

HOLLIS RIVERS

(recorded phone call)

No, I'm quite certain of it. My skull's popped open and my brain's leaking all over the rocks. My legs are all topsy-turvy and my spine is just utterly fucked. Blood everywhere. I'm just really, really dead.

DISPATCHER

(recorded phone call)

You are calling to report your own death. Is that correct?

HOLLIS RIVERS

(recorded phone call)

That's right. I am now, as we speak, journeying verily to that distant shore.

Raburn stops it-

DEPUTY CARLSON

Strange.

RABURN

How does the caller sound to you? Disoriented? Distressed?

DEPUTY CARLSON

He sounds drunk.

Deputy Tatsuya comes to the door-

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Big break on the Harris death. I tracked down a witness. She's headed to the station right now to talk to you.

RABURN

Who?

DEPUTY TATSUYA

Neighbor girl down the road. She says she saw a man come into the house this afternoon. She also saw him escape through the upstairs window.

Raburn and Carlson look to each other in confusion and skeptical excitement. They begin gathering their materials-

DEPUTY TATSUYA (CONT'D)

I can hold down the fort until you get back.

RABURN

Pete's working the bedroom for prints. Keep an eye on the downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Randall lay in bed with Trevor's laptop in front of him. He is reading the working draft of his brother's unfinished book. He scrolls through the document. The TITLE PAGE reads: "TANGLE EYE." The next page bears a DEDICATION: "FOR RANDALL. MY BROTHER, MY PROTECTOR." He scrolls to the PREFACE. As the text appears on screen, Trevor's voice narrates the words as the screen DISSOLVES to a final FLASHBACK-

TREVOR (V.O.)

No one remembers being born and no one remembers when they die. So I am not alone in saying that I have no recollection of the most important events of my life. But the things that happened to me when I was an infant, before words ever contaminated my brain, shaped forever the trajectory of my life.

FADE TO:

INT. HERNANDEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Return to the 1979 flashback. Jose and Morella Hernandez frantically dress the children in winter clothes. Morella gives her daughter, Selena, a handful of blankets, and then baby Trevor. A confused young Randy tries to comprehend what is occurring-

TREVOR (V.O.)

The only reason I know about these events is because my older brother, Randall, was also there. To understand Randall, you have to know that he was born with a curse. He forgets nothing.

(MORE)

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

So it was through him that I came to learn what my mother said just before abandoning the two of us, aged five and one, in a camper trailer in the backwoods of Arkansas, as it was through him that I learned the price the Hernandez family paid for their charity toward two lost, unwanted, unloved boys.

Morella kisses her husband and leads the children out the back door. We hear loud, furious POUNDING. Someone is trying to break in. Once Morella and the children have exited, Jose opens to the front door. The deputy, a young ROLAND PERKINS (the sheriff in present day Tangle Eye) stands glowering, recognizable by his ice blue eyes and unseemly facial scar. Perkins pistol whips Jose across the face, knocking him to the ground-

CUT TO:

EXT. HERNANDEZ HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Morella leads the children into the woods behind the house. They are confused, frightened, obedient. The air is frozen, unwelcoming-

CUT TO:

INT. HERNANDEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

A bleeding Jose Hernandez sits bound to a chair. Deputy Roland Perkins stands before him with a roll of DUCT TAPE-

DEPUTY ROLAND PERKINS

You have the children. I want the children. Give them to me.

Hernandez shakes his head 'no' -

DEPUTY ROLAND PERKINS

(CONT'D)

Their mother has my money. My money. Do you believe in the prosperity of thieves?

Hernandez shakes his head 'no' again-

DEPUTY ROLAND PERKINS

(CONT'D)

Do you believe in justice?

JOSE HERNANDEZ

I believe in truth.

DEPUTY ROLAND PERKINS  
 You're staring at it, Senor. It's talking  
 right into your fucking face. Give the  
 children to me.

Again, 'no.' Perkins produces a book of matches. He  
 begins setting fire to the drapes, the Christmas  
 decorations, anything else that will catch easy flame-

DEPUTY ROLAND PERKINS  
 (CONT'D)  
 Do you think your wife, your children  
 would protect the lives of two gringo  
 boys at the cost of your life?

Hernandez is silent-

DEPUTY ROLAND PERKINS  
 (CONT'D)  
 I guess we'll see.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Morella and the children see the flames gathering in the  
 house-

MORELLA HERNANDEZ  
 I am going to your father. You children  
 must flee. The church is two miles, to  
 the north. You remember the north star?

Selena nods her head-

MORELLA HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)  
 Follow it. Tell Father Cabrera what has  
 happened. Tell no one else. He will get  
 you to a safe place. Now go.

SELENA HERNANDEZ  
 Mama?

MORELLA HERNANDEZ  
 I will rescue your father. You and your  
 brother will be brave. We will find a  
 safe place. Soon, we will all meet there  
 in joy.

Morella goes toward the burning house. Selena carries  
 baby Trevor and leads Randy and Miguel through the woods,  
 away from the house. They move quickly, breathlessly.

Each is crying. The sound of GUNSHOTS from the burning house. They keep on, hysterical with terror-

TREVOR (V.O.)

And so the four of us fled into the unknown, terrified by the world we'd come to know. A world created by chance and ruled by terror. It was, I would discover, the only world there ever could be.

FADE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LOBBY - NIGHT

The studio photograph of SHERIFF ROLAND PERKINS hangs on a brick wall. Under it sits Lacy, her parents and PASTOR ROBERTS. Detective Raburn and Deputy Carlson walk in-

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deputy Tatsuya searches Trevor's living room, meticulously combing through the BOOKSHELVES. He comes upon a copy of The Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats that has a photograph poking out as a bookmark. He pulls the book down and opens to the book-marked poem, "Cuchulain Comforted." He's not interested in the poem but in the photograph, which is of young Randy, baby Trevor, and the Hernandez children, backed by rolling mountains, all looking sorrowful, with a kindly looking Hispanic PRIEST. He turns it over. The back reads 'Randy, Trevor, Miguel, Selena and Father Cabrera. Asheville, NC. Feb. 1980.'-

Tatsuya puts it back and begins searching through desk drawers. In one of the drawers is a series of returned envelopes, each addressed to 'Randall Harris' at locations in Pine Bluff, AR; Little Rock, AR; Memphis, TN; Joplin, MO; Springdale, AR; Hot Springs, AR. Tatsuya opens one of them and finds the same 'I found him' note and studio photograph of the SHERIFF that we saw Randall holding earlier-

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

The sun is coming up. A sleepless Randall sits in his room, cleaning his gun. Randall is the picture of monomaniacal determination as he calmly prepares for war-

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END