



TEXAS KILLING FIELDS

Screenplay by
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Current Revisions by
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January 4, 2010
WGAW



'...nearly three decades of unsolved abductions, disappearances and murders. All sixty victims were women. All the crimes occurred within a fifty mile stretch of highway between Houston and Galveston known as...the Killing Fields...'

This material may be read any number of ways.

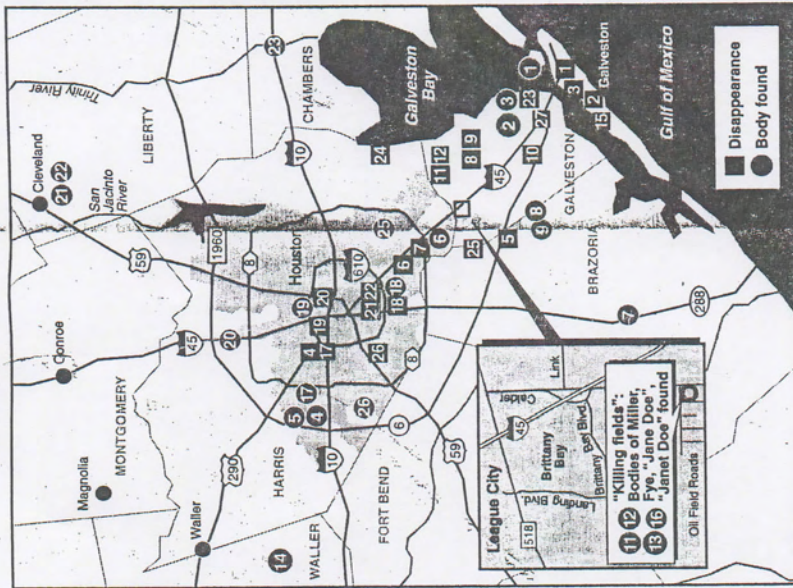
Know as you read, that my intent both visually and tonally, which I've discussed with Sam and Bradley, is to tell this story in the realm of gothic/horror. We see this piece as deeply about character; also it's a study of a haunted place, done with intense narrative drive. A story that, via its realistic intensity, gives us an opportunity to examine the light and the dark, human strength and weakness, the bonds that form when two men and a little girl are forced to go to those extremes and, ultimately, the sense of hope they come away with when they emerge.

Thank you for your time -

Ami Canaan Mann

Unsolved

The recent disappearance of two girls in Galveston County has stirred memories of other area cases — all involving young women and girls. All of these cases are unsolved, some for decades.



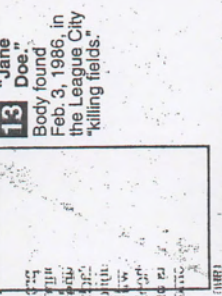
1 Brenda Jones, 14, of Galveston. Last seen walking to local hospital to visit aunt July 1, 1971. Body found July 2, 1971, in Galveston Bay near Pelican Island.



5 Colette Wilson, 13. Disappeared from Alvin bus stop June 17, 1971. Body found near Addicks Reservoir (same place as Gloria Ann Gonzales) Nov. 26, 1971.



9 Georgina Geer, 14, of Dickinson. Disappeared with Brooks Bracewell. Body recovered from remote swampy area near Alvin April 3, 1981.



13 Jane Doe, 13. Body found Feb. 3, 1986, in the League City "Killing fields."



17 Maria del Carmen Estrada, 21. Abducted near apartment at 7200 Shady Villa on April 16, 1992, to catch bus. Body found same day in drive-through of hamburger stand on Westview.



23 Krystal Jean Baker, 13, of Texas City. Last seen at Texas City convenience store March 5, 1996. Body found same day under I-10 bridge over Trinity River in Chambers County.



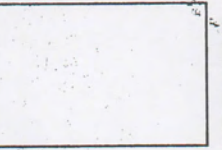
2 Debbie Ackerman, 15, of Galveston. Disappeared from shopping mall with Maria Johnson Nov. 15, 1971. Found Nov. 17, 1971, in Turner's Bayou in Texas City.



6 Alison Craven, 12. Vanished from apartment near Alameda Mall on Nov. 9, 1971. On Feb. 25, 1972, body found in Pearland field.



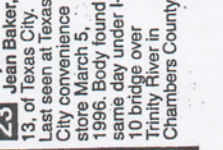
10 Sandra Ramber, 14. Disappeared from Santa Fe home Oct. 25, 1983. Still missing.



14 Unidentified. Body found March 10, 1987, in Waller County.



18 Trallis Sykes, 16. Disappeared May 13, 1994, after apparently taking short cut to bus stop through field off Redbud. Body found in field that evening.



24 Hilory Farias, 17. Died after someone slipped "date rape" drug GHB in her soft drink at La Porte club Aug. 4, 1996. Went to bed that night and lapsed into unconsciousness.



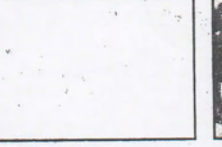
3 Maria Johnson, 15, of Galveston. Disappeared from shopping mall with Debbie Ackerman Nov. 15, 1971. Found Nov. 17, 1971, in Turner's Bayou in Texas City.



7 Ray Pitchford, 16. Abducted from Pasadena ISD's Dobie High School on Jan. 3, 1973. Body found in Angleton ditch Jan. 5, 1973.



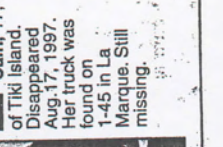
11 Heidi Villareal, 23. Vanished from League City convenience store Oct. 10, 1983. Body found in the League City "killing fields" April 4, 1984.



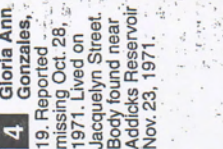
15 Rene Richerson, 22. Vanished from Galveston condominium hotel Oct. 7, 1988. Still missing.



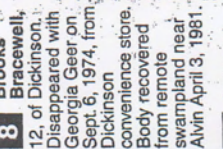
21 Lynette Bibbs, 14, of La Porte. Went with Tamara Fisher to Houston nightclub Feb. 1, 1996, and then to motel on Old Spanish Trail. Body found Feb. 3, 1996, near Cleveland in Liberty County.



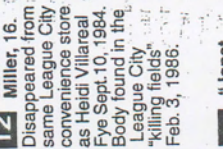
27 Jessica Cain, 17, of Tiki Island. Disappeared Aug. 17, 1997. Her truck was found on 1-45 in La Marque. Still missing.



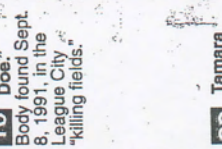
4 Gloria Ann Gonzales, 19. Reported missing Oct. 28, 1971. Lived on Jacquelyn Street. Body found near Addicks Reservoir Nov. 23, 1971.



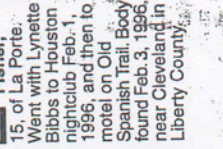
8 Brooks Bracewell, 12, of Dickinson. Disappeared with Georgina Geer on Sept. 6, 1974, from Dickinson convenience store. Body recovered from remote swampy area near Alvin April 3, 1981.



12 Laura Miller, 16. Disappeared from same League City convenience store as Heidi Villareal. Body found in the League City "killing fields" Feb. 3, 1986.



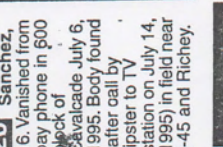
16 Janet Doe, 16. Body found Sept. 8, 1991, in the League City "Killing fields."



22 Tamara Fisher, 15, of La Porte. Went with Lynette Bibbs to Houston nightclub Feb. 1, 1996, and then to motel on Old Spanish Trail. Body found Feb. 3, 1996, near Cleveland in Liberty County.



26 Erica Ann Garcia, 14. Last seen at teen club on Beechnut early hours of June 7, 1997. Body found same day at vacant Allet General Hospital.



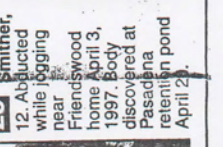
20 Dana Sanchez, 16. Vanished from pay phone in \$600 block of Calvalcade July 6, 1995. Body found (after call by tipster to TV station on July 14, 1995) in field near I-45 and Richey.



25 Laura Smither, 12. Abducted while jogging near Friendswood home April 3, 1997. Body discovered at Pasadena April 21.



19 Diana Rebolgar, 9. Abducted Aug. 7, 1994, after running errand to convenience store in 6600 block of N. Main. Body found same day in vacant office building on North Loop.



24 Hilory Farias, 17. Died after someone slipped "date rape" drug GHB in her soft drink at La Porte club Aug. 4, 1996. Went to bed that night and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Title Sequence

ECU: REFLECTIONS OF THE MOON AND STARS amongst the clouds can be seen in a blue-black sky...A universe wrapped in a drop of water.

EXT. THE HOOD OF A PITCHER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

The droplet shimmers on the green hood as an insect struggles to escape the waxy, downward hairs of the carnivorous pitcher plants falling into...a small pool of insect digesting liquid, awakening

The white Exyra Moth. The moth emerges into the moonlight disturbing the surface tension of the droplet. Follow the raindrop downward to

THE BACK OF A FIDDLER CRAB CARAPACE

An armored crustacean moves sideways in the evening fog, brandishing one very large claw, jostling and we pull up to

A MASS OF FIDDLER CRABS

Scores of them, moving sideways together. First one way then another, feasting, fighting and we

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - CONTINUOUS

Around Black Willow and Bald Cypress. Tidal pull sucking water from the land as

WE DRIFT with the water. Sounds of the coastal forest, lightly falling rain as

We round a crooked elbow, we hear MUSIC and see

At the bayous' edge

A GREEN MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE

Passenger door open. Dome light on. Mardi Gras beads hang from the mirror. Intermittent windshield wipers whisk away raindrops.

 IPOD
 (playing)
 '...Haven't you heard absence makes
 the heart grow fonder?...'

We continue to drift on by. Raindrops on the water...

IPOD (cont'd)
 (playing)
 '...Haven't you heard nothing good
 comes overnight?...'

The music mixes with distant thunder. Words die away as

IPOD (cont'd)
 (playing)
 '...I'm telling you straight, baby,
 just in case you wonder. It's
 turning me off, crowding me out,
 it's not right...'

INT. LITTLE DOGGIE BAR - TEXAS CITY, TEXAS - CONTINUOUS *

And we're on *

DET. JAKE SOUDER (30's) Hard-nosed veteran, a Texas original. *
 Born and raised where some people continue to agonize over *
 'The War of Northern Aggression'...Edging through Thursday *
 night regulars, cowgirl waitress with trays of burgers. Jake *
 carrying two shots steady in either hand, eyes laser focus on *

A very tense corner booth. Nervous KID (20's) in a brand-new *
 UT cap. Sloppy bleach blonde, SHAUNA, beside him and her *
 wheelchair Mom, MRS. ABSHIRE. *

Jake takes a seat at his table across from *

DET. BRIAN HAY (30's) His partner. Soft spoken, likeable. *
 Street-wise ex-NYPD originally from the Bronx...Pouring cream *
 into after-dinner coffee... *

JAKE *
 (to Brian) *
 You look at it? I mean lookit that *
 fuckin' face. His Mama musta' fed *
 him with a slingshot. *

BRIAN *
 Eat your burger, Jake. *

Knowing where this is going and not wanting it to go *
 there...But Jake is slinging back his shot, not taking his *
 eyes off the *

The Kid who's wiping his mouth with shaky fingers now, as he *
 pays his bill... *

JAKE *
 (recognizing him now) *
 That's old Ross's boy. *

(MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)
 Takin' the ladies out to dinner.
 Bought a new cap and everything.

BRIAN
 Jake, just let it...

But Jake's chinning to the Kid across a couple tables.

JAKE
 (to Kid)
 Hey! You know there was a great
 loss in the entertainment world
 today?

BRIAN
 Jake. OK.
 (to Waitress)
 Can we get the bill, Missy?

And Jake's up, dragging his chair across the floor to the
 booth. Sitting, leaning into the Kid...

JAKE
 The man who wrote the Hokey-Pokey
 died. You know that song?

KID
 Yes, Sir.

JAKE
 Yeah?

KID
 My Mama used to sing that song.

JAKE
 Well, what was really horrible was
 that they had so much trouble
 keeping his body in the casket.

KID
 Yes, sir.

JAKE
 See, they'd put his right leg in
 and well...you know the rest.

He smiles, locks eyes with the Kid...The Kid swallows. Then
 lifts his shoulders like he's about to stand...And in one
 move, Jake's up, hand on the back of the Kid's neck. Shauna
 yelling. Kid flailing. Patrons stepping back as

BRIAN
 Jake!

Pushing past a couple to stop him Mrs. Abshire's wheeling to him, frantic...

MRS. ABSHIRE
(under her breath)
No, no. You're police, right?

BRIAN
Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. ABSHIRE
S'OK. Listen, sweet thing. Listen, I come home this afternoon and she was there...
(pointing at Shauna)
On the floor, on yer back, spinnin' round real fast in a circle. "Don't hit me, man, don't hit me, man".
Legs and hands a flailin', like a fast turtle on yer back.
(proudly)
So I reached up and got him by the balls. Like this...

Tries to demonstrate reaching for Brian's. He steps back, slips a grin at Jake.

SHAUNA
Shut up, Ma!

Catching on, scooting out booth...Brian crouching to Mrs. Abshire...

BRIAN
How many were there?

MRS. ABSHIRE
Just one. A black guy.

BRIAN
(pointing to Kid)
And this guy?

Jake relaxes his grip. Kid raises his head...Some folks around look, too.

MRS. ABSHIRE
They came in and told her they wanted her to come with 'em...be a look-out or somethin'? But she said no.

SHAUNA
'Cause I knew it was wrong.

MRS. ABSHIRE

She's a good girl. She's just kinda naturally horizontal.

SHAUNA

He din't do nothin'. Swear. Please don't arrest him?

She's lying like a rug. But all they got right now is hunches...Kid trying to breath, face pressed to the table. *

Jake leans into him. Eyeball to eyeball...Jake blinks. *

JAKE

Not yet. Huh? *

Then letting him loose, twirling chair back to his table...Brian handing Mrs. Abshire his card... *

BRIAN

You call anything comes up, kay? Don't hesitate. *

A genuine smile. Standing, setting cash on table for the bill. 'Apologies' nod to the waitress...And they're walking out... *

BRIAN (cont'd)

We're runnin' out of places to eat dinner, Jake. *

JAKE

You smelled it on him, too. Don't tell me you didn't. Might well've saved that girl's life tonight. *

Shoving out door and *

EXT. GREATER GALVESTON BAY - CONTINUOUS

We're following the veins of the bayous until finally

The Bay emerges. Immense supertankers. Massive petroleum refineries. Huge steel flood gates. Red, blue and white navigation lights blinking as

EXT. VALERO REFINERY, STREETS - CONTINUOUS

HOOKERS wait under a lone street light. One young, the other too worn to tell. Moonlight through clouds, magnolia branches cast shadows as

A BLACK INFINITI sedan appears from nowhere.

WORN OUT HOOKER

Debbie.

The Young Hooker looks around. The Worn Out Hooker shakes her head "no"...They ease back into the shadows as

The Infiniti stops. The driver's window comes down. They see a black male

LEVON (28) Muscular, prison tattoos. Large 'ball' of hair wrapped in woman's panty hose...A second face appears beside him

RULE (26) White. Fierce face illuminated by a cigarette glowing in his fingers. Smoke leaks from his mouth like his gut is on fire, eyes piercing the darkness.

The Young Hooker sees the cigarette hand pointing at her. She stops breathing. He says something she cannot hear and...The dome light of the Infiniti is illuminated. The Hookers turn, walk faster now as

Rule is snaking out onto the street, crowbar in hand and

WE CUT TO:

EXT. A LONE TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Truck's yellow headlights pointing the way. Rising, falling through potholes. We move closer to see...Raindrops on a windshield...Then through a single raindrop to

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The face of a young girl

'LITTLE ANN' SLIGER (13) Blues eyes, straight blond hair. Cursed with beauty too early in life. She sits by the window, hands clutching a small brown 7/11 bag in her lap. Expressionless, riding her dreams...Valero Refinery stacks in the distance flaming. Dingy beer joints, wharfs with fishing trawlers. The truck feels every bump as

We pull back to see two men in the front in Valero Refinery roughneck coveralls

*
*

EUGENE (early 20's) Little Ann's brother, behind the wheel. Mullet-headed, skinny. A follower wannabe. Tough, but not too bright.

RHINO (early 40's) Prison gladiator. Short-fused...Sitting next to Little Ann.

*
*

EUGENE

...and I was in there the other night. They was no women there. Just dudes. They was all from North Carolina.

RHINO

Now how'd you know they was all from North Carolina?

EUGENE

They know Sparta, Winston-Salem, Boone. They's no women in there. So I says 'Let's play cricket'.

Little Ann's eyelids lifting, lowering in sync with her dreams. Voices softening.

REFINERY GUY #2

Cricket! They ain't no cricket in North Carolina.

EUGENE

Oh, yes, they is!

A beat. Rhino turning to Little Anne.

RHINO

(to Little Anne)

Hey, ladybug? It always rain like this here?

Her focus out the window...He smiles a little.

RHINO (cont'd)

Huh?

She says nothing, presses closer to the door. Lowers the window and sets one hand out it...like an imaginary night-bird...floating between the droplets as

EXT. THE LITTLE DOGGIE BAR, PARKING LOT - TEXAS CITY, TEXAS - CONTINUOUS

Brian walking, pissed...Jake walking with him across parking lot to Brian's squad car.

JAKE

...moron heard the word 'crew' on some fuckin' TV show and now he thinks he's gotta get one to be a bad guy.

(MORE)

JAKE (cont'd) *
Gonna get two more meth freaks *
tired of lookin' for trucker bombs *
on I-45 and then they're gonna try *
to pull off some Friday night *
bullshit. Gauran-fuckin'-tee. Only *
question is will it be the 7/11 or *
Bingo's Liquor. *

Brian clicking keychain 'unlock', heading around the hood. *

BRIAN *
You're gonna accost the wrong *
person one day and... *

JAKE *
Accost. That some New York word? *

Yanking open door, falling in and *

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS *

Jake pulls out his cigarettes...Brian twisting on ignition... *

JAKE *
Look it. I don't know how the fuck *
they do it in New York or where *
ever the fuck you're from... *

BRIAN *
I am from New York. Been from New *
York for the full eight years *
you've known me. *

JAKE *
...But here in Texas City, we do *
partake in the once in a while *
tequila and 'accost' a punk kid *
when we see 'em, you bet, and you *
know how many unsolved murders we *
got? *

BRIAN *
Yup. Roll down the window, please. *

Jake lighting up his cigarette. Not rolling down the *
window...Brian backing out, looking over his shoulder. *

JAKE *
Zero. Z. Row. *

BRIAN *
Window. *

JAKE
 (rolling down window)
 You drink your liquor outside a
 Catholic church now and then, you
 might find it in you to sack up and
 take some pride in that fact.

BRIAN
 Where'm I takin' you? Where you
 goin'?

Pulling out onto rain wet street...Jake blinking at him, a
 serious question.

JAKE
 Where you goin'?

BRIAN
 (where else)
 Home.

Last place Jake wants to go.

JAKE
 Drop me at the station. I got work.

Brian pulling onto rain wet street...

JAKE (cont'd)
 'Accost'...Kinda of a pussy word is
 that?

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - 'THE KILLING FIELDS' -
 CONTINUOUS

We're through rain, over the top of the Mitsubishi, lights
 flickering now. Car slowly bleeding electricity. Dying as

INT. TOW TRUCK/EXT. DIKE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck passing through massive steel flood gates and

EUGENE
 (laughing)
 ...So I was waitin' for them whores
 and...

RHINO
 (cutting him off)
 Shouldn't say whore in front of
 your little sister.

We see Little Ann's face through passenger side window
blinking at dirt road, scrub brush. Like they've passed into
another dimension.

RHINO (cont'd)
And they don't come inside tell
around eleven o'clock'...after the
last shift. Every asshole knows
that.

*
*
*
*
*

Eugene keeps driving. Silent. Flipping on wipers, swiping
condensation off windshield...Tension...Then turning to
Rhino, trying to be tough as

EUGENE
Ain't none of your fucking business
what I say in front of my sister.

Without warning Rhino is turning, clamping both hands around
Eugene's neck, pulling him out the seat, ramming his head
against the ceiling liner.

EUGENE (cont'd)
Hey! Hey!!

LITTLE ANNE
Shit.

*
*

Little Ann panicking, shouldering open door. Scrambling,
falling out...Loss of control, truck careening into brush and

EXT. DIKE ROAD/'THE KILLING FIELDS' - CONTINUOUS

Little Anne is up. Brushing gravel from hands. Scooping up
fallen paper bag, walking fast in opposite direction...

*
*

LITTLE ANNE
Shit, shit, shit.

*
*

A beat...The truck's backing up, rolling slow next to her.
She doesn't look at it.

*
*

RHINO
Get in, ladybug.

*
*

LITTLE ANN
No, thank you.

IN THE TRUCK

Eugene looks across Rhino to Little Ann...

EUGENE
(carefully)
Should I get out and get her?

RHINO
(eyeing her)
She's just gonna run on you.

Watching her walking fast over scrub horizon, past a flipped-over couch, empty beer cans. Refinery lights like stars in the far off distance... *

RHINO (cont'd) *

What is this place? *

EXT. THE KILLING FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

Little Anne's arms crossed tight around her brown paper bag, eyes on the town lights in the distance. *

LITTLE ANNE *

...OK...s'OK... *

Eugene's truck shifting gears, taking off...She glances fast over her shoulder at it, stumbles. Keeps walking. Whispers of sea breeze, wind through scrub. Little Anne's eyes locked on the town lights ahead because this place she is now, where she's walking through...it's not right... *

LITTLE ANN
(singing)
'...And watch us where we go. And
help us to be wise...in times when
we don't know...'

Soft, out of tune. Words to a song. Only prayer she knows and

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH, 'THE KILLING FIELDS' -
CONTINUOUS

We're on the green Mitsubishi Eclipse. Rain pattering it's roof...Volunteers on horseback approach the car...Now more volunteers. Then time lapse:

A lone cop on radio. More police...Now searchers with dogs. *

Now the press. All looking inside the car, the trunk, opening the glove compartment. Walking in circles around the vehicle. *

Dogs put inside the car for scent and *

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR, DOWNTOWN TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

What?

Brian slowing the car down, rolling down the window...A soaked figure jogging under awnings of 'For Lease' clothing stores, a fluorescent light diner.

BRIAN

Hey!

The figure turns. It's Little Anne, carrying the brown bag. He waves her over. She makes her way across the street, to the window.

BRIAN (cont'd)

What's in the bag?

She smiles. Leans on the open window.

LITTLE ANN

Knew you'd find me.

BRIAN

Not a game. What's in the bag?

She pulls out a three-sided bottle of pink Pepto Bismol.

LITTLE ANN

I get stomach aches.

BRIAN

(gentle)

Get in.

Reaching back to unlock the door. Little Anne climbing in the back seat...

BRIAN (cont'd)

You're on juvie probation. 'Spose to be home.

LITTLE ANN

Mom says don't come home 'til the porch light's out. So you talk to her.

JAKE

She still got all them 'boyfriends'?

LITTLE ANN
Ain't you the one with all the
'boyfriends'?

Jake takes a drag. Fuckin' kids...Little Anne leans forward,
thrusts her hand, nails up, into Brian's face. *

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)
Had diamonds put on each finger.
Aren't they pretty?

Brian gently pulls her hand out of his sight line...She sits
back. Raindrops streak her window. She traces a stream with
her finger and we're on

EXT. LITTLE ANNE'S TRAILER - LATER

Brian in the 'front yard', looking up at *

LUCIE
(shrugging)
She don't come home from school,
sir. You know? *

LUCIE SLIGER (40's) Little Ann's mom. Stepping out the
trailer. Cigarette and Natural Lite in one hand. One tough
Mama...She leans on the makeshift banister of a yellow camper
on stilts.

The place is a collection of trailers on pilings. Overturned
washing machines, the tow truck, couple of late model junk
cars. Lights of the refineries across the bay water.

Little Ann steps out Brian's car...Lucy puts the 'eyeball' on
her.

Jake in the car. Window down, focus on...Figures moving
furtive in the trailer behind Lucie... *

BRIAN
So you want her home right after
school?

LUCIE
(her best 'Mom' smile)
'Course. *

Jake watching her, the figures in the window behind her. *

BRIAN
(to Little Ann)
You hear that?

LITTLE ANN
(little sarcasm)
Heard it.

BRIAN
(to Lucie)
I'll come by from time to time. You
know, to make sure.

LUCIE
Oh, I can call you when she doesn't
show up. You don't need to be
wastin' your time on us, Officer.
(hand out)
Come on, honey. Supper's on.

*
*

Jake's heard just about enough. Slamming out the car.
Striding past Brian, up the stairs past Lucie stepping back,
nervous...Little Ann with back of her hand across her mouth.
Trying to hide her smile as

JAKE (O.S.)
All of you!...Out! NOW!

Lucie moves to go in...Brian shaking his head at her...

BRIAN
Stay here.

The screen door flying...Jake shoving Eugene, couple other
Valero workers, out the trailer, stumbling down the steps.

*

But Rhino spinning at him, feet planted.

*

RHINO
What the hell I do?!

*
*

JAKE
...What did you say?

Jake stops. Eyebrows raised, small smile at

Rhino silent...Little Ann, Lucie watching...Jake taking a
step to Rhino...

JAKE (cont'd)
Now, I can see you're not from
Texas City 'cause you ain't got all
your teeth. So what are you doin'?
Waitin' in line for a blow job or
givin' 'em?

Rhino tensing. Eyes locked on Jake's...Jake glancing at
Rhino's Valero Refinery coverall patch.

JAKE (cont'd)
 (snapping)
 ID.
 (to Eugene)
 You too, dipstick.

Rhino pulling wallet, holding out license and...Jake's
 grabbing his arm, pulling up the sleeve. A large menacing
 clown with a pistol tattoo.

JAKE (cont'd)
 You been to the joint.

Rhino pulls his arm back. Says nothing. *

JAKE (cont'd) *

Answer me! *

Brian moving to them, now. Maintaining eye contact with Rhino *

all the way. Leaning into Jake... *

BRIAN *

(quiet) *

Calm. Down. *

JAKE *

(quiet) *

Guy's not right. *

Jake keeping his eyes on Rhino, directed to him now... *

JAKE (cont'd)

Maybe I call the plant, tell them

all about you. Then you'd have to

move away.

RHINO

That right?

JAKE

That's right.

RHINO *

Nah. I like it here. *

This pisses Jake off. Stepping in even closer to him as *

A beat.

Then Rhino drops his eyes...And now Jake turns, moving back *

to the car...Brian passes Little Anne... *

BRIAN *

If it gets bad...you call, OK?

She nods, watching as...Brian slides behind the wheel and

*

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake in passenger's. Pulling a cigarette, his eyes hooked into Rhino's in the side mirror.

*

*

BRIAN

You probably made it worse for that little girl.

JAKE

Ain't gonna save her with social work, Brian. And I just run three 'tush hogs' out of my town. I ain't apologizin'.

Brian going under bridge. Run-down sign over top warns "You are now entering the cruel world"...Brian's cell rings. He hits speaker and we

*

*

BRIAN

(into speaker cell)

This is Brian.

*

*

*

INTERCUT WITH:

*

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR/EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

*

A pretty lady driving fast down empty Texas highway. She is

*

DET. PAM STALL (33) Jake's ex-wife. Detective in the next county over. Hammered hard by a five year lifetime of homicide cases...Visibly relieved to hear Brian's voice on the other end of the line...

*

*

PAM

(into cell)

Hey, Brian. This is Pam.

Jake exhaling, shaking his head at her voice...

*

PAM (cont'd)

(into cell)

Listen, hon. We got a girl gone missin' over here.

BRIAN

(into cell speaker)

How long?

PAM
 (into cell)
 26 hours and no leads...New, dark
 green Mitsubishi Eclipse. Texas
 plate GHY.

BRIAN
 (into cell speaker)
 You got a command post up?

PAM
 (into cell)
 Momentarily. I'm gonna call it in
 to your Duty Officer because,
 listen, darlin', I could really use
 your help over here...

Jake turning to Brian, eyebrows raised...Brian nodding to
 him, 'OK, OK'...

BRIAN
 (into cell speaker)
 Yeah. I can't do that.

PAM
 (into cell, sarcastic)
 Come on, now. Just leave any
 business you got to that ace
 detective partner of yours? He is
 the best. Just ask him.

Jake leaning into speaker...

JAKE
 (into cell speaker)
 There ain't a woman out there who
 doesn't love the way I do it,
 sugar.

IN THE CAR

Pam clenching her jaw. Even the sound of his voice grates on
 her last nerve.

PAM
 (into cell)
 Shit. Take me off speaker.

Jake tossing cigarette out window, leaning into speaker...

JAKE
 (into cell speaker)
 And don't try callin' our Chief and
 tryin' pull strings and all kinda
 bullshit 'cause...

Brian grabbing cell from speaker, to talk private...

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 Pam? Listen...

PAM
 (into cell)
 You divorce a guy, you'd think he'd
 have the good graces to not
continue to be the asshole he was
 when you were married to him.

BRIAN
 (cuts her off, into cell)
 It's my Captain.

That's different. Pam shakes her head, taking that in...

PAM
 (into cell)
 He was pretty firm about that?

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 Very.

Pam turns onto a narrow dirt road, her eyes landing on where
 she has to go next...Police vehicles in the distance. Crime
 scene.

She lowers her voice, intimate...

PAM
 (into cell)
 You were workin' another county's
 unsolved for nine months and your
 Captain doesn't want it happening
 again. I get it. But I gotta tell
 ya, this one's lookin' like a real
 stinker, hon. It's feelin' to me
 like Brenda Carlisle.

Brian takes that in. Blinks at the windshield wipers, rain...

PAM (cont'd)
 (into cell)
 We just located the car.

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 Yeah?

*
 *
 *

PAM
 (into cell)
 It's in the Fields.

*
 *
 *

He rubs a hand over his eyes...

*

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 What's her description?

Jake shoots Brian a look, 'What the hell?'...

PAM
 (into cell)
 Blond hair, pretty, eighteen years old.

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 Kay. You got a missing girl. Give me a call you find the body. Alright?

PAM
 (into cell)
 Thank you, hon.

*
 *
 *

She'll take it. Hanging up, shoving her car into 'Park'...

*

PAM (cont'd)
 (to herself)
 Say it isn't so.

*
 *
 *

Pushing out car, scanning

*

Police, civilians with ATV's, horses and trailers. Television van raising a huge antenna mast. Place is a circus.

*
 *

A DPS Officer moving quickly to her...

DPS OFFICER
 Ma'am, may I see some ID, please?

PAM
 Yes, Officer. Of course. By the way, are you the one sellin' tickets here because I'd like to buy one.

Striding to her destroyed crime scene, flipping open her Taskforce ID as

PAM (cont'd)
And you think maybe you could do me a little favor and get every asshole off my crime scene? And while you're at it make a list of everybody whose footprints and fingerprints and tire prints and hoof prints I might find on top of the real goddamn evidence?

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Brian drives, silent...Jake takes a drag. His eyes passing over Texas City residential, old folks card game in an open garage, conversations on front porches...

JAKE
My Daddy always said, 'Sometimes you get and sometimes you get got.'
I'll let you figure out what just happened to you.

INT. LITTLE ANNE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Little Anne lays on the sofa in her sleeping bag. Sounds of her Mom and some guy behind the accordion bedroom door...Little Anne turns on her back. Lifts her fingers up and spreads them wide, blinking at the diamonds on her fingernails shining in the moonlight.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake opens the fridge, leans on the door. His dog Pete, a 70 pound Catahoula cattle hound leaning against his thigh...Jake pulls a beer and a half can of dog food...Crouches. Dumps the dog food in a giant dish. Watches Pete eat it.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brian in his bathrobe, slippers moving down the kid clutter, carpet hall. Picking up a complicated Leggo creation. Pushing open bedroom door, setting it on his seven year old's desk...Moving on down hallway to

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian pulling climbing in bed with his wife, pulling her against him.

GWEN
(half asleep)
Hey, hon. OK day?

BRIAN
Yeah.

GWEN
...Ok. Love you, sweetie.

He kisses her shoulder. Blinks in the dark and

WE'RE ON:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Brian flat on his back in the stark sunlight morning. Sounds of kids, Gwen hustling breakfast, homework in the kitchen downstairs...A Ten Year Old opening the door slowly, peering in and

Brian's awake, eyes flashing open.

BRIAN
Yeah. What is it?

TEN YEAR OLD KID
Mom said to get you?

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian pulling on robe, coming downstairs to...Jake leaning in the door frame. Marlboro lit. Chinning, 'morning'. The look on his face says that whatever it is, it's not good and

EXT. TEXAS CITY, THIRD STREET GARAGE - LATER

BRIAN
You know this girl?

We're on Jake and Brian moving through...Red and blue flashing lights. Car doors slam. Soft conversations with

NEIGHBOR (40s) Enormously overweight. Heels over the end of her slippers, leading them to something, feet sinking into the mud.

NEIGHBOR

(puffing)

Heard some one screaming, "I don't
wanna go out there, don't wanna
go".

Brian glancing at Jake.

*

NEIGHBOR (cont'd)

Thought she was just on somethin'.
Oh, my God. She's just a baby.

BRIAN

She from here?

NEIGHBOR

No. No.

JAKE

(irritated)

Go down and wait by the street, can
you do that? And don't go anywhere.
Just wait for an officer. Walk over
that way, ma'am, not down the
middle now. Anyone else come up
here?

NEIGHBOR

Oh, yeah.

JAKE

I'll be down in a minute. You wait.

Brian sees the victim first...The edge of a girl's leg up
hard against trash barrels along a garage. He goes down on
one knee, looks closer.

Jake's eyes on the victim, handing him rubber gloves.

JAKE (cont'd)

See the size of that lady?

BRIAN

(putting on gloves)

Uh-huh...

JAKE

Oughta be in one of those National
Geographic shows..

(mumbles)

..friggin' hippo...How long you
figure she been here?

BRIAN

No obvious blood, lots of trauma.
Toes on her shoes worn off...Look
at her knees...But no marks on the
ground...No rigor mortis yet...

JAKE

Under two hours and it didn't
happen here.

*
*
*

BRIAN

It's not Pam's girl.

*
*

Lifting her head. We see only brown hair, blond highlights...

JAKE

Can't you wait for Crime Scene
'fore you start dicking with the
body?

BRIAN

It's gonna rain.

Jake looks at the sky. He's right...Brian carefully rolling
the victim. We still don't see her face.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(sadly)

Oh, man...

Jake goes back, crouches...

JAKE

Hold her right there. What's that?
Gray fiber?

Brian gently straightening the index and middle finger of the
torn hand with the end of a pencil...A wisp of gray carpet
fiber and turning flesh under her nails, then...Ants crossing
her knuckles, climbing the metal band of the eraser.

*
*

JAKE (cont'd)

She's on a whole damn pile of piss-
ants.

Brian releases her fingers, they slowly return to their last
grasp...Jake pulls his camera, takes a photo. Shoves brown
paper bags with a draw string, marked 'TCPD Evidence' over
her hands. Brian spreads a blue tarp over her. Rain falling
harder.

JAKE (cont'd)

Where the hell's Crime Scene?

Stepping away, covering his camera...

JAKE (cont'd)
You comin', partner?

Brian still squatting beside the victim.

JAKE (cont'd)
Brian?

Brian ignoring him, his right knee coming slowly to the tarp, hand touching her head through the cover. He says a prayer...Jake watches. Rain falling on Brian's back, on the blue plastic.

Jake senses something. Turning, seeing *

A pick-up truck cruising slow behind the line of lookey-loos. *
Rhino behind the wheel, looking at him and *

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE, TEXAS CITY - LATER

We're on Jake tossing cigarette in street, following...Brian *
smiling, strolling up the walk to the end of a gravel
driveway guarded by a couple of 55 gallon drums of garbage,
flies and

BRIAN *
Good mornin', Francine. *

FRANCINE (68) Snaggleteethed, large black woman sitting on a greasy couch on the porch surrounded by neighbors, the 'Congregation'. Newspapers everywhere, bandages on her neck.

Brian walks back to the porch, pulls a picture of the dead girl... *

BRIAN (cont'd) *
I gotta show you a bad picture, all *
right? You know this girl? *

Francine and Congregation look sadly at the photo... *

FRANCINE
(loud, pointing)
...He come right up here, to my
house. He say some skinny white guy
was talkin' bad to that lil' girl. *
He acted all scared...Yes, sir.

BRIAN
Now who's 'he'?

Leaning on the porch railing.

FRANCINE
Levon. Don't know his last name.

BRIAN
What happened to your neck?

CONGREGATION
Got cut from her nephew's pitbull.

FRANCINE
Thirty-five stitches. Doctor take
'em out tomorrow.

BRIAN
How'd that happen?

JAKE
She was takin' her neck out for a
walk.

FRANCINE
No, I was goin' to see ma sister
over on "C" street, you know, the
alley with the fences. Where the
Mexicans keep the big goats? Guess
I shouldn't of gone into the yard.
But the boy tol' me the dog was
tied up.

BRIAN
Hope he paid for the doctor?

FRANCINE
He was mad at me. Had to get
Shaylene here...Took me to the
hospital.

Points to Shaylene, thin white girl who waves from the
Congregation...Jake stands feet away. Arms crossed.

JAKE
Wait a minute. You know they have
now crossed a Pit bull with a
Shih'Tzu?

FRANCINE
What's a shit's zoo?

CONGREGATION
(laughing)
One of them little dogs.
Chiii...nese. That must of hurt.

JAKE
It's called Bull shit.

FRANCINE
(laughing)
That's bull shit.

CONGREGATION
No. They doin' that now.

Laughter. Congregation talking among themselves...Jake lights *
another cigarette, getting frustrated. *

JAKE
Kay. So you gonna get around to
askin' her if this was one of her
girls? Or are you gonna read
everyone a bedtime story like Black
Sambo and the Pimp.

The 'Congregation' clams up...Brian turning to him, sotto... *

BRIAN
What're you doin'?

JAKE
These fuckin' people are a waste of
time.

BRIAN
You don't know that.

JAKE
Where do you think he was tryin' to
take her? The Fields?

Brian says nothing, but the answer's all over his face. *

JAKE (cont'd)
These folks don't kidnap rich white
girls in Mitsubishis. They don't
grab whores and try to drag them
places. You know why? 'Cause
they're smarter than you and they
been here longer than you and they
pay better attention than you. And
they know it is bad fuckin' luck to
go in the Fields. For any reason.
Good or bad.

BRIAN
So whaddya you got?

Jake blinks. If he has something, he's not telling right now...Francine pointing at Brian, wanting his attention...

*

FRANCINE

Brian. She was my little girl for a spell. Now she Levon girl.

A beat.

And Jake's pulling his cell, walking fast down the walk.

FRANCINE (cont'd)

But why was that Pimp up my place, Brian? You should as' me that. I'm just an old grandmother with a big mouth.

Brian walks back to the porch, pulls a picture of the dead girl...Francine and Congregation look sadly at the photo...

CONGREGATION ONE

She tol' me she was about fifteen year old.

BRIAN

You talked to her?

CONGREGATION ONE

She was just a little crack whore from up North. Dallas or somethin'. We called her Lil' Debbie.

CONGREGATION TWO

Cupcake. Stayed all over. Slept where she could.

CONGREGATION ONE

Sometimes over at Reba's shelter...

CONGREGATION TWO

Yeah...That's right.

FRANCINE

(louder, to Brian)

You as' me Mr. Detective, that pimp came to see me? He's just lookin' to make an alibi. Otherwise, why he fall by? I'm nobody.

BRIAN

Aren't you the competition?

FRANCINE
(grinning)
You know what they been doin'?

BRIAN
No.

FRANCINE
Takin' my girls.

Brian raises his eyebrows to the others, 'This true?'. Francine places her hand over her snagged teeth, leans forward. Smiles and whispers loud...

FRANCINE (cont'd)
Them ain't my good ones.

CONGREGATION ONE
Those boys ain't afraid of nobody.

BRIAN
Boys? More than one?

EXT. TWO-STORY HOUSE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brian and the Congregation walk to the street, they point to...

Five black males on the corner. Mid-twenties, muscled, expensive street clothes. Girls hanging around. Brian's eyes lock on

*
*

Levon

*

Sitting on the hood of a car. A quarter in his ear. He sees Brian. Motions his boys. They take the girls away...Brian gets right in his space. Smiling, extending his hand.

BRIAN
I'm Brian, Texas City Police. I know your Daddy?

LEVON
I'm not from here.

Reluctant handshake. Hard stare to the Congregation.

BRIAN
Don't look at them. Look at me. Where are you from?

Flipping through his folder, not looking up.

LEVON

Memphis.

BRIAN

Went there once...Let me see your
ID, OK?

Levon produces a license...Brian takes it as he pulls out a large photo of the Third Street Garage victim. Hands it to Levon who is caught off guard. Fingers the photo nervously.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You know her...
(reading license)
...Levon?

Looking up, watching body language...Levon's face tightens, carotid on his neck swells and pumps. He nods.

LEVON

She came to me. Says a guy was
followin' her, givin' her the fits.
Fact, he chased her over right by
where she got killed. I even think
I seen him once.

BRIAN

You know her name?

Brian opens his folder. Levon places the photo back inside.

LEVON

Not really.

CONGREGATION

Ask him what he call her.

A blacked-out Infiniti cruises by, slows...Levon sees it. His face hardens...Brian glancing to it. A face behind tinted windows. White man, hard eyes looking direct at him.

Brian fast writing down plate casual. Then back to Levon...

BRIAN

What'd you call her?

LEVON

(distracted, low)
Baby-Pussy.

BRIAN

What? I didn't hear you.

LEVON
(louder)
Baby-Pussy.

Brian looks down to contain his emotions, like he's focussed on pulling his card...

BRIAN
OK. I'm going to need your help here, Levon. You're going to have to come down to the station and talk to me and my partner. Look at some pictures. Tomorrow morning. Say 10 o'clock.

Levon nods, Brian making himself smile...

BRIAN (cont'd)
You call if you need a ride, alright?

EXT. VALERO REFINERY - AFTERNOON

Jake walking across the steel rafters with a big guy in a hard hat, goggles. Shift manager...Smoke pouring from stacks, lights blinking as

The guy shakes Jake's hand, takes his card as

AT THE EMPLOYEE GATES

Rhino laughing with group of Roughnecks. Lunch pails, coveralls in for the night shift. Then seeing

Jake in the elevator cage descending. Eyes on him.

Rhino's smile drops.

Jake yanking open doors as the elevator hits dirt. Two finger wave to Rhino like he knew this was his shift, like he wanted him to see him. Striding to his squad car and

WE CUT TO:

INT. POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE GYMNASIUM, LEAGUE CITY - AFTERNOON

Pam at a podium. Uniforms behind her, Chief at her side and

A semi-circle of reporters asking her questions. A map on wall behind her shows League City and the red dot where the Mitsubishi was found...Poster board photo of the missing girl. Kerstan Laine. Pretty, blue eyes next to it...Pam shaking her head 'no', pointing to a reporter for the next question as

EXT. GRAND PRIZE BAR BQ, PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Brian stepping outside with

CAPTAIN BENDER (50's) Big guy, no hair. Glasses...Wiping his mouth with a paper napkin, squinting at

Brian holds up a 'While You Were Out' slip.

BRIAN
...Jake. You're assigning Jake to Detective Stall. To work the missing girl?

CAPTAIN BENDER
Well, sure. She asked my help. I'm happy to oblige.

Leaning on the planter railing, casual.

BRIAN
Jake.

CAPTAIN BENDER
He's one of our finest.

BRIAN
You know they hate each other.

CAPTAIN BENDER
Yes, sir. I was at their weddin'.

Brian shaking his head, getting it...

BRIAN
They butt heads, you get him back, and still did League County the favor.

CAPTAIN BENDER
Good Lord, you New York boys are clever. How'd you get so clever?

Walking back in...Brian doesn't move...

BRIAN
What if I go anyway?

*
*

CAPTAIN BENDER
(turning)
Go where, son? The Fields? You
wouldn't go and do that. Already
told you, you're too clever.

*
*
*
*
*

Brian watching him go back inside and we're on

*

INT. KILLING FIELDS TASK FORCE, WAITING ROOM - LATER

Five men off the sex-crime registry list with two uniformed
cops sit, wait. We're on Pam, caked with mud. Angry and not
in the mood. Rummaging in her purse for keys as...One of the
guys seated

SALTER (40's) White guy. Indignant to an Uniformed Officer.

SALTER
So every time some little bitch has
her period I get my ass dragged in?
(chinning to Pam)
How about her? She on the rag
tonight?

Pam unlocks the door to her office, without looking back and

PAM
Bring him in first.

*

INT. KILLING FIELDS TASK FORCE, PAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She points to a chair.

PAM
Sit.

Slater stands defiantly. Pam turns. Deadly stare. He sits.

PAM (cont'd)
What are you doing for women these
days, Salter?

SALTER
Nothing.

Pam slides her chair over, sits, placing her legs directly
between his.

PAM
Did you just lie to me?

He looks to the Uniformed Officers. No help there.

SALTER
I ain't been with a woman since I
got out.

PAM
(sweetly)
So how do you get off? You know,
how do you bust a nut?

Salter looks again to the Officers. Blank stares...Then he
holds his right hand up in her face. Arrogant.

SALTER
Meet my girlfriend. Pamela Palm.

Pam slaps him hard on the side of the head.

SALTER (cont'd)
Did you just slap me?

A second hard slap. He rocks back. Third slap.

SALTER (cont'd)
Don't hit me on my head! Heey!

The Uniformed Officers up on their feet, confused as...but
Pam's up onto his chair. Hands around his throat.

PAM
You lyin' little son-of-a-bitch. We
got a missing girl out there and
you think it's time to get cute?!

And just as fast she's letting go...A beat. Then taking a
Coke from her desk. Popping it, handing it to him...He takes
it. Holds it still.

PAM (cont'd)
(sweetly)
You gonna tell me the truth now?

JAKE (O.C.)
Wow. Hope he's not going to need
medical attention.

*
*
*

Pam turning to...Jake in the doorway, shakes his head at
Salter in faux disgust. Then to Pam, hard eye contact. Lot of
history in a look as

*
*

EXT. PAM'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pam and Jake standing just outside. Silence as someone passes by, then...

PAM
Where's Brian?

JAKE
You called my Chief, huh?

PAM
And asked for Brian. Where's the
hell's Brian? *

JAKE
Look, I'll be right there with you,
babe, for as long as it takes *
unless it takes more than forty *
eight hours. Make the best of it. *

Pam shakes her head, could not be less happy...

PAM
I'd trade a half hour of Brian over
forty eight hours of your bullshit.

JAKE
Now is that a nice thing to say?
Come on, now. *

A smile...Pam shakes her head, 'damn'. Turns, goes in her office.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

We see Little Anne at her locker putting books away, slamming it shut. End of school day...She slings backpack over shoulder and weaves through students past cheerleaders practicing in the echoey basketball gym, band kids hauling instruments past her. No one says 'hey'. She's the invisible girl...She shoulders out doors and

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL/STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Fast down steps, past skate kids on the concrete railing yelling, laughing...Little Anne, hands in her hoodie pockets not seeing

Rule in his Infiniti, idling at the stop light. His eyes on her...He leans on seat, smiles at her through open window.

RULE
Hey. Which way is Edwards Street?

She looks up, points behind her.

RULE (cont'd)
Thanks. You wanna ride?

LITTLE ANN
No.

RULE
You sure. You look like you could
use a ride.

LITTLE ANN
I'm good.

RULE
Ah. Don't tease me now.

She blinks at him. Not moving...His light turns green,
someone honks...A beat...Then he waves her off, 'fuck it'.
Shifts gears like he doesn't give a shit and drives through.

Little Ann watches him turn out of sight as

We move up and away...Past the school, past convenience
stores, boarded up houses, some occupied to

EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We move up and away from Francine's house, past Brian's squad
car...Past other boarded up houses, some occupied to

EXT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A young Hispanic woman

LILA (25) Hanging clothes on a line. Her two year old plays
at the grass at her feet...Lila pins up a bra.

Hears footsteps. Her little girl runs to her, also startled.
Lila looks around, sees no one as we're

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Close on chemical fog enveloping the photo of the Third
Street Garage victim as we see

EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ground fog filling the alleyways, passing over a full moon.
Breeze through the magnolias as we follow

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The fog moving down the street, over cars to

EXT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Over backyard. Past empty Lila's clothes lines, empty now to

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lila closing screen window, padding barefoot to

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She undresses, pulls on long tee shirt. Begins to brush her teeth. Glances over to...Her toddler sleeping soundly in a crib next to the bed. She shuts bathroom light, walks to

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She climbs into bed. Last light out. Silence but for the cicadas as...Bedroom door creaks, seems to move...Lila opens her eyes, half sleep. Waits. Dozes back.

Silent now. Sounds of someone crawling. She opens her eyes again. The door is opened wider now?...Sound of rustling at the foot of her bed.

Now she's alert.

She pulls her feet up. Sits up, listening...Throws her blanket over the end of the bed. Waits. Nothing. She relaxes, crawls to retrieve the blanket as

A figure covered in a blanket rising from the end of her bed...She's screaming. Leaping out of bed, running to light switch. Fumbling for it. In the shadows we see...

A flash of a naked male. Panty hose mask. One leap and he's upon her hard.

The Toddler sits bolt upright, cries out as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the chemical fog...a partial fingerprint, then a full. Now two more emerge as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hand over Lila's mouth by unseen naked Assailant. Frozen, fearful silence. She looks desperately to her right as...He rips the shower curtain off. Throws it to the floor.

ASSAILANT

Lie down.

She slowly squats.

The Toddler cries.

The Assailant looks to her, then back. He's back to work. Wrapping shower curtain around her, tying the bottom around her feet as

Car headlights through window...He stops. Breathing hard. BAM, BAM. Someone pounds a warning hard on the side of the house.

Quickly, he's out the window.

Lila freeing herself. Shaking hands shutting window, pushing two locks on the bottom. Running to

THE BEDROOM

Reached for her toddler, then phone. Dialing 911...Car lights suddenly pull away as

LILA

(into phone)

Help me, please. A man...in my house....

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, 911 COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

OPERATOR

(into headset)

Ma'am, is he in the house now?

OPERATOR (30's) Black. At her desk. Taking notes...

LILA (O.S.)

No he's outside. He has a knife. Please come quickly.

OPERATOR

(into headset)

Have you been hurt?

LILA (O.S.)

He's trying to take me away.

Toddler crying in the background...

OPERATOR
(into headset)
...Ma'am we have your address as
Collin Ave. Are you Lila Rodriquez?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LILA
(into phone)
Yes.

A noise at the window. She looks...A knife cutting the lower
corner of the screen, then gloved finger tearing it back.

LILA (cont'd)
(into phone, soft panic)
He's back!

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CSI Tech's tweezers lifting Third Street Garage victim photo
from fumigation chamber...Hands the photo to Brian as

911 Supervisor wearing a Bluetooth headset abruptly enters
the room. He motions urgently "follow me" as he talks.

911 SUPERVISOR
(calm, business-like)
...3214 Collin Ave. Female occupant
under attack at this time. Possible
kidnapping in progress. Unknown
male assailant, weapon involved.

Brian following him across the hall to

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, 911 COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

911 Operator at her video screen as

911 SUPERVISOR
(into Bluetooth)
7 Sam 507 are you clear?

507
(hear siren)
7 Sam 507 clear to 3214
Collin.

911 SUPERVISOR
 (into Bluetooth)
 507 note we have a "line-in",
 phone-off receiver. Small
 child in the house. Woman's
 name is Lila Rodriguez.

911 OPERATOR
 (into headset)
 Lila...Ma'am. I want you to
 take your child and lock
 yourselves in a bathroom. Do
 you understand me? Can you
 hear me?

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Assailant through the screen hands first...Lila trying to
 run. Tripping, falling backward. Drops the phone as

LILA
 (into phone)
 Help me! Oh, God!

INT. TPCD POLICE STATION, 911 COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Brian hearing the screams, pulling cell phone as

507 (O.S.)
 507 to all units. All available
 units code one 3214 Collins.

911 SUPERVISOR	ASSAILANT (O.S.)
507 suspect still at the	(over phone)
scene. Becoming more violent.	Get down...!
Knife involved.	

And Brian's fast out door as

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lila braced up against wall, in the darkness. His body *
 directly up against her...She hits him. Kicking. Ferocious as *
 only a mother with a child can be...Wet spit outlines his
 lips through the stocking. He has her by the neck, squeezing.

Toddler screaming for her Mom.

Sirens.

BAM BAM BAM. Pounding on the side of the house again. He
 hesitates...Then quickly races out the window.

Lila falling to Toddler, lifting her up as

EXT. BLUE HOUSE - IN THE ALLEY - BRIAN - MOMENTS LATER

Brian, scanning backyards, empty lots. Cops, neighbor activity bleeds between houses now. Jake jogging to him...Brian motions Jake to be quiet.

*

BRIAN
(sotto)
He scooted. He's still nearby...

*

Points to a paper bag: men's clothes.

JAKE
So we got an asshole out there who needs a pair of drawers.

Brian shuts his light off.

*

JAKE (cont'd)
I'll go get the canine unit. Leave the bag.

They stand and turn as if ending their search. Jake heads for the house and enters...Brian wanders slowly behind him as

Loud sound. Brian spins in time to see

The Assailant rolling off shed roof, crashing through brush. Snatching the bag, off running. Brian sprinting after. Naked Assailant leaping easy over back chain-link fence. Brian closing, radio and gun in hand.

BRIAN
(into radio)
IDA 03, 7 SAM 507

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Go 03.

BRIAN
(into radio)
I am in pursuit of suspect heading north on foot from 400 block of Ave "C" away your location. Suspect is a white male with some sort of covering around his head. He's got no pants on. Tell 04 he has the bag.

Assailant moving through alleyway, then crossing

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS, MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Brian after him. Patrol car, lights, siren screaming by him.

BRIAN
(into radio)
He crossed Junction, between "C"
and "D"...turned west towards the
railroad tracks. Through the yards
at the 2800 block.

Patrol Car slams on breaks and into reverse. Spot light on
house numbers. Uniformed officers out, moving cautiously as

Brian blows on by them into

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS, ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian stops. No one. Scanning one house, then another,
then...A front door open just a crack. An unseen hand closes
it from inside slowly, slowly.

Then tightly. Brian moving to porch. Slowly opens door. It's
pushed back. Brian pulls it hard now and sees...An old woman,
eyes wide.

BRIAN
(startled)
Jeezus! Ma'am. I'm a police
officer. Is there an intruder in
your house?

She nods. Brian snatches her from the doorway fast and

BRIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Go down the street. Wait for a
police officer.
(radio)
to 507. Suspect has entered
residence at 24 Avenue "A".

Enters cautiously to

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian moving through the dark. Kel light, beam cuts sharply
through the darkness. Slowly opens the door to

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian enters...A sound. He stops. Listens.

The bag on the floor. Bare feet by the refrigerator...And
suddenly the Assailant is out. Attacking. Pans, glasses,
kitchen knives everywhere.

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS, ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Canine Unit arrive. Dog going for Old Woman's door.
Jake and Canine Officer enter cautiously.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake moving with flash lights...Dog paws at the kitchen door.
They push it open to

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

Brian!

Refrigerator over on top of Brian...Jake and Canine Officer
heave refrigerator off. Jake going for Brian's neck pulse.

JAKE (cont'd)

Shit. Get some goddamn help over
here. Now!

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BRIAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Brian at his desk. A large map covered in butchers paper
behind it...Everything else is a clutter of family pictures,
civic awards, a glass cross shining in the window.

*
*
*

Small crowd of Officers there to make sure he's OK. He's beat
up, but more embarrassed than anything.

UNIFORMED SGT.

I just got a call from the Chief.
Wanted to know how you were doing.

BRIAN

Thank him for me. I'm OK.

UNIFORMED SGT.

He asked me specifically to
determine whether it was the frozen
peas or the baby corn that did it.

The room laughing...

JAKE

Everybody out.

*
*

Jake stepping in, holding paper bag...Room empties. He shuts
the door, pointing at Brian.

*
*

JAKE (cont'd)

You shouldn't have gone in there
without me.

BRIAN
They find my gun?

JAKE
Not yet.

Both men pause. That's not good...Jake holds up the bag...

JAKE (cont'd)
Ready?

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Brian stepping in, nodding to...Lila with her Toddler on her lap, looks up.

LILA
This your office? Who can we expect
to catch in here?

JAKE
We need a full description...take a
statement...

LILA
The guy had a stocking mask on, OK?
(to Toddler)
Mommy might have to go get Grandma.

TODDLER
Why?

LILA
Grandma and I are gonna have to go
catch that bad man.

TODDLER
Why?

LILA
Because the policeman wants to stay
in his office.

Jake letting it go. Empties out the bag. Woman's underwear,
gray duct tape, man's pants, shirt, socks, shoes...

JAKE
Found this in the lot behind your
house.

She reaches for the underwear...Brian grabs her hand.

BRIAN
Just point. Don't touch.

LILA
Those are mine.

BRIAN
You sure?

LILA
(nodding)
They were on my clothes line.

BRIAN
That's probably how he chose you.
Saw your underclothing on the line.
You seen anyone hanging around your
house or on the street lately?

LILA
No. But there is a woman next door.
My age. She always hangs her
clothes outside. Everyday for
Christ's sake.

BRIAN
Is she married? Living with a man?
She hang his clothes outside along
with hers?

*
*

Phone rings. Jake hits the speaker phone and keeps writing.
Unintelligible sounds...He cuts it off.

LILA
Yes.

BRIAN
And you live with just your
daughter?

She nods. Getting it...Jake points to the roll of duct tape.

LILA
Not mine.

He glances at Brian. Says nothing. Then the men's pants.

LILA (cont'd)
None of that. There were two of
them.

Jake looks over to Brian. He was right.

A second call coming in...Jake hits speaker phone again,
impatient...Same rustling sounds but now with voices. A young
woman speaking very fast, frightened...

FRIGHTENED WOMAN (O.S.)
 Please don't, let me...Please
 don't...
 (unintelligible)
 Help me, help me, help me, please
 help me...

Lila quickly stands, grabs her toddler...turns pale. Brian
 directs two Uniformed Officers to take Lila out as

More scuffling...The woman's voice becomes muffled.

Jake's yanking open desk drawer. Pulling out tape recorder.

ASSAILANT (O.S.)
 (loud)
Hold still, hold still!...

A long, loud scream.

ASSAILANT (O.S.) (cont'd)
 (muffled shout)
 ..fuckin' bitch...

Jake plugging tape recorder in. Slamming the 'Record' button
 as Brian grabs a hallway Officer...

BRIAN
 Get Jim Roson at the phone company
 on the line for me. Call him at
 home if you have to.

Jake snaps his fingers, motions all to be quiet. Silence.
 Hear her breathing, listening as...Life begins to pass.
 Movement. Phone goes dead. Static.

A beat.

Jake staring at the tape recorder. Brian shuts it off, looks
 at him.

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Brian sitting behind the wheel, dark nothing around him. We
 don't know where he is as...His cell rings. He glances at
 number and we

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gwen in her bathrobe, at the counter as

GWEN
(into cell)
Where are you?

AT THE HIGHWAY

Brian doesn't answer. We pull back. And now we see...The scrub brush, the gate along the road. The refinery lights in the distance. He's at the Fields.

GWEN (O.S.) (cont'd)
You coming home?

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Brian sitting in a picnic bench. Gwen beside him...The two mile long breakwater thrust out into Galveston Bay. Galveston city lights in the distance. Waves lapping the breakwater.

BRIAN
You know what Jake asked me the other day?

GWEN
Uh huh.

She gently touches a bruise on his head...He takes her hand.

BRIAN
How come I pray for victims after they're murdered.

GWEN
You don't know them before...How could you?

BRIAN
I didn't even pray for her while it was happening...Like I forgot or something.

GWEN
You ever wonder why you're here? In Texas City? Not back in New York?

He turns to her...

GWEN (cont'd)
I don't.

She squeezes his hand. He lifts it to his forehead as

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake at a table. Case file, photos strewn everywhere. He's been drinking. Empty beer cans. One in his hand. Determined look on his face. He looks at his dog.

JAKE
You ain't gonna like this.

Presses the button on a tape recorder... playback of the victim's SCREAMS. His dog crawls under the couch.

JAKE (cont'd)
Warned ya.

He listens. Lit cigarette brought to his lips, whole hand over his mouth... Deep inhale... Smoke exhaled through his nose... Cold, emotionless.

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - SUNDAY MORNING

Little Anne in shorts, pajama top at the kitchen counter spreading mayonnaise on bread as out of nowhere... SLAP! Lucie's backhand hitting her cheek. Little Anne reeling...

LITTLE ANN
What'd I do?!

Lucie coming at her, all fury... Little Anne holding up half-made sandwich in defense, pieces of baloney and white bread hitting floor as

BOYFRIEND
That's enough now!

Middle-aged 'boyfriend' in boxers, holding up his beer. Being rational...

LUCIE
Was she or wasn't she?!

BOYFRIEND
She was lookin' me over, but that's enough!

LUCIE
(to Anne)
Told you stay out when I had the company. Git! Now!

Eyes locked on 'boyfriend' and... Little Anne is out, screen door slamming behind her and

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Moving down stairs fast, holding half-made baloney sandwich.
Sounds of a pot crashing behind her as

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
This ain't what I came for!

LUCIE (O.S.)
Fuck you, Russel!

Little Anne walking fast across yard...Eugene and Rhino from
under hood of the tow truck...

EUGENE
(chinning to trailer)
What's goin' on?

LITTLE ANN
One of Mom's boyfriend or
somethin'.

EUGENE
Shit.

Jogging to trailer, up stairs...Lucie, 'boyfriend' yelling
louder from inside as

RHINO
Ladybug! Where are you goin'?! Your
mama's house on fire and children
all gone?

Grinning, wiping hand on rag...Anne keeps walking. Anger,
confusion, fear. Scrabbling up embankment with her sandwich.
Looking back as

Rhino heads up trailer steps now, too. Lucie yelling...Little *
Ann turns, keeps heading away and we're on

INT. 7/11 - CONTINUOUS

Little Anne digging through pocket for change. Pink bottle of
Pepto Bismol, picking from a selection of miniature plastic *
flowers bouquets. Guy at cash register ringing it up, getting *

LITTLE ANN
Twenty cents short.

Cashier's had enough of this kid, looks over her shoulder to
the next customer...

CASHIER
You ready?

And we see it's Rule. Bottle GatorAide, hanging back in the chips aisle. Did he follow Anne in?...He steps up next to her a little too close, slides a quarter on the counter.

LITTLE ANN
Thanks.

Quick turn smile...He smiles back...

RULE
(to cashier)
Marlboro Reds. Hard pack.

Pulling bills from his wallet, eyes on her pushing through the glass doors moving along her back, shoulders, legs as

EXT. 7/11 - CONTINUOUS

Little Anne moving fast across the parking lot, looking back *
as...Rule's car speeds off the other direction and we're on *

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian standing in front of a large map. The butcher paper up, *
we see now: Pictures of missing or dead girls pinned to a map *
of Galveston County. Bold type: 'Killing Fields'. *

Jake enters from behind carrying a folder.

JAKE
Thought you Catholics went to hell
if you worked on Sunday. *

BRIAN
I'm out getting the paper. What are
you doing here?

JAKE
Hey, Brian, when you go to church
you don't pray for me right?

Squinting at Brian's photos, a signed photo of the Pope.

BRIAN
I pray for you.

JAKE
Well, don't do it anymore.

BRIAN

Why not?

JAKE

'Cause everyone you pray for ends up fucking dead. Oops.

(points to Pope photo)

Can I say "fuck" in front of him?

BRIAN

That one's dead.

*

JAKE

See, that's what I'm talking about.

Knock on the door

DET. CARLA ROMER (20's) Intelligence detective. Leaning in...

*

CARLA

You wanted something, Jake?

JAKE

Hey. Yeah, I need subscribers on all of these plus toll information.

He hands her some papers. She takes them, leaves.

*

BRIAN

Who for?

*

JAKE

Pam's rich kid's cell phone numbers. Is the new head Pope the one who doesn't like fags?

*

*

BRIAN

How about the phone itself?

*

Jake sitting, boots on Brian's desk. He smiles.

*

JAKE

OK. What'ya get when you run a herd of cattle through a town?

BRIAN

Can't you go home and aggravate your dog or something?

*

Turning back to the map.

*

JAKE

A lot of shit to clean up after. I dunno if we're gonna find that Laine girl alive or dead. If she's in the Killing Fields she's as good as gone. Hell, half of her's probably already back in the food chain.

*

BRIAN

She's alive.

(beat)

You got her picture?

Jake slides it from his folder...Brian takes it, pins it up with the others. Hers with 'Missing' stamped on the bottom...

They look at it a beat.

*

JAKE

I look at that her and I see rich girl, white girl. Taken out there to that goddamn forsaken place by him...Look at her. He wants her. Hates her.

*

*

*

*

*

BRIAN

Who's he?

*

*

Turning to him...Jake smiles.

*

JAKE

Right now I got nothin' but bad vibes and I get those 'bout every hour on the hour so...

*

*

*

*

(standing)

*

I'm gonna go waste some time with my ex wife, like she wasn't enough of a waste of time already. Point is, I do not see our Third Street girl bein' anything like that girl and you know what that means?

*

*

*

*

*

*

He's walking to the door. Brian keeps his focus on the map.

*

BRIAN

What does it mean?

*

*

JAKE

Means that that girl is not our problem. You got Levon interview tomorrow, right?

*

*

*

BRIAN	*
Yeah.	*
JAKE	*
Lemme know how it goes.	*
BRIAN	*
Yeah.	*
Jake's stepping out the room.	*
Brian stays still, staring at the map...The girls on the map staring right back and	*
EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, FRONT WALK - LATER	
We're on Brian, newspaper under his arm, walking with Little Ann to the front door. She hesitates. Couple of kids outside greet their Dad. Bikes, skateboard ramp...	*
ELIZABETH (5) Yells to Gwen through the front door...	
ELIZABETH	
Dad's back!	
Gwen steps out, wiping hands on dish towel. Sees Little Ann and smiles directing her to come on inside...	*
GWEN	*
So glad you could join us tonight, honey. You want some tea? Soda or something?	*
Little Anne nods. She reaches into her pocket and pulls the plastic 7/11 flowers from her back pocket...	*
LITTLE ANNE	*
Got these for you.	*
GWEN	*
They're so pretty. Thank you.	*
Gwen smiles at Brian over Anne's head, touched...	*
GWEN (cont'd)	*
Now I hope you like meatloaf.	*
Little Anne nods, wanders inside. It's like she landed on another planet and	*

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

We're on Little Anne being handed the mashed potatoes. Seated amongst half a dozen kids chatting, meatloaf reached for, tea poured as

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD
Some people still eat squirrel,
Granma.

HADDIE (78) Gwen's mother. Slow drawl, pure South...Serving Anne greens and 'leather britches'. She clucks.

BRIAN
Tom, don't get her started.

HADDIE
Squirrel.
(leaning to Anne)
You ever heard such nonsense? You
know how this is done, honey?

LITTLE ANNE
No, Ma'am.

HADDIE
You break that corn bread up and
put it in them beans. You'll like
it. Go on.

Ann nods, complies...Brian buttering his bread. Smiles.
Watching Anne shyly taking it all in as

His cell on the counter rings. Gwen coming in from the
kitchen with green beans, glancing at the number.

GWEN
It's Pam.

They both know what that means. Brian glancing at...Little
Anne giggling, nervous, with Haddie and Elizabeth.

GWEN (cont'd)
(to Brian, low)
S'OK. I'll take her home.

Brian nods. Wipes his mouth and stands and we're on

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND - LATER

Pam standing in a worn out little piece of real estate in the
Killing Fields. Bed of an old dump truck sits in a tidal
pool, encroaching moss and vine-covered trees.

Huge rusted sign, shattered. Missing pieces says 'Flamingo Island'. A development aborted at conception.

Her hand on the shoulder of a young boy and his dog, cell phone to her ear seeing...Brian's car pulling up...

PAM
(to boy)
You have to stay here now. And
thank you.

BRIAN
Left a message on Jake's cell.

Walking to her, she closes her cell..

PAM
Yup. I left about fifteen messages.

BRIAN
Haven't heard from him yet?

PAM
Learned on our honeymoon, never
call Jake after two in the
afternoon on a weekend. Come on.

As the two walk...

PAM (cont'd)
This is not good.

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND, DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Pam walking to edge, seeing

Body of a blond girl on her back. We can almost hear her screams from the recording...She wears a tattered dress. No underclothing. No shoes. Wrists bound with gray duct tape.

BRIAN
Crime Scene on their way?

Pam nodding, looking up as

Rain begins. The ditch does what it is designed to do:
Channel runoff from a myriad of small streams.

Brian and Pam remove their shoes..slide down the ditch..
trying to preserve the crime scene and their balance at the
same time. Thunder echoes in the distance. Rain coming down
harder. Brian squats down to look...

The stream in the ditch is getting higher. It moves a strand of the victim's hair...Brian does a sort of push-up over the victim, supporting himself as he leans in for a closer look.

PAM
Dress is buttoned up wrong.
Somebody put that dress back on
her. Can you see cause of death?

BRIAN
Not yet.

Uses the eraser end of a pencil to gently move wet hair back from her face...

BRIAN (cont'd)
But I'm seeing...

Squinting, trying to make out something slightly left of her Adam's apple and protected by her chin...

A perfect thumbprint. Outlined in blood.

Water now covering her ears, rises up her skin...Brian's grasping her head by the upper cheekbones, temples. Trying to lift it up out the water as

PAM
You got a print?

BRIAN
Yeah.

Right foot under her neck. One hand forming a cup tight over the print, the other cradling the back of her head...Pam yelling to the Deputies as

PAM
Hey! Gimme a hand! Now!

*

Torrent of rain. Stream deepens as...The body begins to shift, liberated from the ground.

BRIAN
I can't let go here!

Pam moving down the ditch, yelling as

*

PAM
(to Deputies)
Now! Goddamnit!

*

Pam falling, down on all fours...Brian's hand still over print and...The victim's head goes beneath the flood...Pam reaching for it...Brian losing his footing, Pam and Brian watching as

Water bathes the print.

JAKE
Watcha doin'? Jesus, get her out of there.

From nowhere, he's scaling down. Unceremoniously hauling the body from the ditch, onto the mud embankment.

Brian stays in the water, breathless. Blinking at the girl. Pam beside him...Jake confused. Not getting why no one's talking...

JAKE (cont'd)
What?

PAM
We had a print.

Jake knows what that means...Pam climbing up the embankment.

PAM (cont'd)
We had a goddamned print, Jake!
Think you could answer your fucking phone once in a while, Detective!?

Striding down to meet Crime Scene pulling in fifteen minutes too late...Jake spinning to Brian.

JAKE
What!? You think I was here five minutes earlier we could have saved it?

Brian says nothing.

JAKE (cont'd)
I mean, shit, so what the fuck is her job?
(pointing to Pam)
She's got thirty cops, she's got Feds, helicopters. Let's be clear. We are out here, OK? We're out here. But this is not our case, Brian, and...

BRIAN
(cutting him off, quiet)
You were at the refinery.
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
 Why were you at the refinery?
 (blinking at him)
 The guy from Little Anne's place?
 Rhino? You got a feelin' about him,
 huh? You just know?

JAKE
 Don't you?

A beat...And Brian climbs up the embankment. Takes off his jacket, lays it careful over the girl, her face.

BRIAN
 All I know is there's this kid
 Levon and his partner and that they
 are bad people. And, my God, they
 do bad things. And you are gonna
 screw up any shot we have at
 gettin' anyone for anything pushing
 it and pushing it until the
 evidence is wrecked and the
 witnesses won't talk and this
 girl's murder remains unsolved
 and...

Jake stepping to him. Cool, rational...

JAKE
 Not our jurisdiction. Not our case.
 This has got nothin' to do with us.

BRIAN
 This is the girl we heard, Jake.
 They had this girl down, bound. And
 she was scared and they had a cell
 phone and they stopped to dial a
 number.
 (beat)
 And the number they dialed was to
 me and you.

Eyes locked. It could not have more to do with them...And they both know it...

A beat.

And Brian looks down at the girl. Then kneels, fingers light on her forehead. He prays...Jake's hands on his belt, watching as...Brian crosses himself. Then stands, brushing mud off his hands. And then...

JAKE
 OK.

Brian looks up at him, 'what?'...

*

JAKE (cont'd)
Let's put your guys away.

*

*

EXT. RIBA'S SHELTER - MORNING

We see Little Anne jump into the ropes of three young black teenage girls double-dutching outside a worn, converted movie theater.

*

*

*

GIRL
(singing)
'Little Orphant Annie's come to our
house to stay, an' wash the cups
and saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away.'

Little Ann smiles. The girls sing together...

*

ANN/GIRLS
(singing)
'An' shoo the chickens off the
porch, an' dust the hearth, an'
sweep, an' make the fire, an' bake
the bread, an' earn her board-an'
keep.'

Now Little Ann by herself...

LITTLE ANN
(singing)
'An' little Orphant Annie says,
when the blaze is blue, an' the
lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind
goes woo-oo! An' you hear the
crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray. An' lightenin'-bugs in dew is
all squenched away.'

Faster now. Her face intent.

LITTLE ANNE
(singing)
'You better mind yer parents, an'
yer teachers fond an' dear, an'
churish 'at loves you, an' dry the
Orphant's tear. An' he'p the pore
an' needy ones at cluster all
about.'

No longer smiling.

LITTLE ANN
(singing)
'Er the Gobble-uns'll git you...If
you don't watch out.'

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BRIAN'S OFFICE - LATER

BRIAN
Sorry we're late, Levon.

We're on Brian and Jake stepping in. Jake takes a long hard stare at the Levon...Brian sets out a tape recorder, turns it on.

LEVON
...Well, OK. You want as' me some
questions so here I am.

BRIAN
(into tape recorder)
Interview of Levon Chalmersby
Detectives Hay and Souder. Glad you
want to cooperate, Levon. You came
here of your own accord. And you
can leave whenever you please.

Jake won't let go of the stare. Brian watches him out the corner of his eye. Levon very tense now...Brian pulls Jake aside.

BRIAN (cont'd)
You OK?

JAKE
We need to be talking to this
asshole on the street. Not here.
And do we really need that tape
recorder?

BRIAN
(nodding)
Yeah, we do.
(to Levon)
Here, sign this. I'm sure you've
seen these before.

Hands Levon a "rights" sheet and pen. Levon signs it.

JAKE
I want to know how you get a
fourteen year old girl to become a
prostitute.

LEVON
(bold)
She was fifteen year old, man.

JAKE
OK, so you knew she was a minor.
Good.

Sitting. Writing it down...Levon getting his error now.

JAKE (cont'd)
You ever beat her up?

LEVON
Not really...

Jake is getting that look again.

JAKE
"Not really?" Now, how could that
be an answer? You ever hold her
against her will?

Levon looks to Brian.

JAKE (cont'd)
Make her suck a dick in the front
seat of a truck? Then take her
money and beat the shit out of her?

Levon starting to stand. Chinning to Brian, quiet...

LEVON
You said I could go.

JAKE
Hey, asshole, sit the fuck down!

Shoving him back down hard, it tips over. Levon
crashing...Brian moving to him, lifting him to his feet.

BRIAN
OK. Let's start all over.
(to Jake)
I brought Levon in here for a
reason.

JAKE
Yeah.

BRIAN
To help us...clear this thing up.

Turning recorder back on, a sympathetic look to Levon...

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Well, what about his day job at
Mission Control? Don't you think
that was a little inconsiderate of
you?

BRIAN
Jake. This guy is no dummy. He has
a bad-ass rep on the street. He
knows what goes on out there.

Levon listening harder...Jake kind of getting it now.

JAKE
I don't think he knows shit.

Brian pulling up chair, to Levon.

BRIAN
You up for a few questions, my man?

LEVON
(liking the respect)
I'm here, ain't I?

BRIAN
Alright then. Why would a killer
cut off the hands of somebody they
murdered?

LEVON
(confident now)
Easy. So there's no ID. You know? I
dunno.

*
*
*

*
*
*

Now he's sorry he said that much.

BRIAN
I know, you're not that kind of guy
but what about that white guy you
hang with...He's very tough I'm
told.

LEVON
(smiling)
Yeah, he's a bad mother fucker.

BRIAN
What's his name?

LEVON
Rule.

BRIAN
Yeah, I know his first name.
(to Jake, like forgot)
But what's his last name?

LEVON
Valley. Rule Valley.

Brian holds Jake's focus and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. LEVON'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Jake hung over and tired, in his squad car just outside a parking lot. Cup of coffee on the dash, cigarette as

The black Infiniti pass between two houses one street over.

Jake throws coffee out the window. Slams car in reverse, hard on the gas and turning the wheel as

The Infiniti exits, far end of the street.

Jake pulls to a stop just off the corner, watching...The Infiniti turning right. Then Jake crosses the intersection, makes a hard right on a parallel street one over - against startled one-way traffic. Fast precision parking between two cars. Now he waits until

Jake's seeing

The Infiniti cruising slowly by, again one street over, looking in his rear view mirror for heat...He closes cell. Roars across to the next intersection going ahead...Now hard right into someone's driveway. Shutting car, pushing out and

EXT. STREETS, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake is on foot...Looking. Watching as

The Infiniti passes by slow, again. Looking for a 'tail'. Makes a right turn off the main road...Jake runs back to the car and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake roars off again, crossing main road. Paralleling the Infiniti one street over. He sees between the alleyways...The Infiniti passes. Goes to the next probable alley for a view...The Infiniti doesn't pass. It must have stopped.

He slams into reverse, weaving at high speed against traffic and backs into a tight alley. Stops, exits and unlatches a chain link fence. Climbs back in and backs the car slow into someone's backyard. Seeing through back window

Bumper of the parked Infiniti. The back of a muscular white male. Out, vigilant. A cell phone.

It's Rule.

And Jake's pulling raises a camera, we see through lens...Rule crossing to the opposite side of the street and vaulting chain link fence to

A SMALL PINK HOUSE

Jake watching as...Rule stops, adjusts a handgun under his shirt. Then picks up a stone, throw it hard against the side. Someone looks out...

LADY WORM (50's) Black...Appears. Keys, nervous. Half running to the garage...Rule goes inside the pink house. Lady Worm pulls the black Infiniti into the garage and

Jake takes a photo.

Walks back to his car, pulling his cell and

INT. RIBA'S SHELTER, STAIRS AND HALL - LATER

We're on Little Ann leading Brian and Jake, two steps at a time to...Wooden door on the second floor opened by tough looking black woman. *

BLACK WOMAN
(calling out)
Man on the floor, man on the floor.

Opening door to

INT. RIBA'S SHELTER, GIRLS DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann leading them to a set of bunks. A large room. Wooden bunk beds, worn sheets hanging for privacy...Little Ann pulls back blankets on a bunk to see

Two girls. Fourteen, white. Asleep like puppies in a pile of rags...They awake. Frightened.

BRIAN
I'm Brian. Texas City Police
Department. How long have you two
lived here?

He squats down to them. Kind, slow...

GIRL #1
Four months.

BRIAN
How old are you?

GIRL #1
I'm fourteen and she just turned
fifteen.

Girl #2 nods. Brian seems surprised.

BRIAN
How do you get in here without a
guardian...an adult?

Girls look worried.

LITTLE ANN
(nonchalant)
You have somebody sign for you.
It's easy.

BRIAN
Ever see this girl before?

He pulls the photo of the Third Street Garage victim.

GIRL #1
She was our friend.

BRIAN
You know her name?

GIRL #1
(frightened)
Yes.

Jake squats beside Brian, shows the picture of Levon.

BRIAN
(gently)
What about this guy?

The girls hesitate.

JAKE
(cold)
Was that her pimp?

GIRL #1
She had to eat.

GIRL #2
She would come here to get away
from him and the white guy. They
followed her here and dragged her
out of bed...

JAKE
You ever see them beat her up?

Little Ann plops down on the bed next to the girls.

GIRL #2
(softly)
All the time.

JAKE
(to Little Ann)
Git!

She gets up and stands next to Brian.

JAKE (cont'd)
(to the girls)
Speak up. I didn't hear you.

GIRL #1
Every time they came together the
white guy always beat her up. He
punched her, kicked her...Always
made her cry. Took all her
money...Tried to find her ID.
That's why she had it.
(looking to Girl #2)
We always hid her money and her
real ID for her.

BRIAN
(gently)
You have it now...?

The girls whisper, fast...Then Girl #1 rustles around under
the sheets, pulls out a rubber band-wrapped small stack of
cards and a Junior high school photo ID.

She gives the ID to Little Ann. Ann looks at the picture,
then hands it to Brian.

LITTLE ANN
That's her all right.

GIRL #2
Debbie Taylor was her name. *

BRIAN
I'm going to have to keep it now.

The girls looks hurt. Little Ann shakes her head 'It's OK.'...

BRIAN (cont'd)
Can you describe the white guy to me?

GIRL #1
Lots of tattoos. Long black hair.
Little taller than you.

Jake blinking. That's Rule...He pulls his camera, shows them the photos he took earlier today.

JAKE
That's him, right? *

They squint, shrug. Too blurry. Too far away...Jake clenching his jaw. *

JAKE (cont'd)
Ain't that him? *

BRIAN
(let's move on)
Kay. I'm going to need to see your IDs.

They dig them out from the bottom of the bed. They don't look happy...Jake shoves photo back in folder. Stands and pulls his cell...

GIRL #2
He's callin' CPS, huh? *

Handing Brian ID's...He takes them, pulls his wallet. Gives them each five dollars and his card... *

BRIAN
They're good people. You'll be better off with them. *

The girls aren't so sure...Jake on his cell, looks on without emotion as *

EXT. RIBA'S SHELTER, SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Jake walking out fast. Little Ann behind them, trying to listen...

Brian and Jake walking out fast. Little Ann behind them, trying to listen...

BRIAN

...Just half a day, Jake. Get these photos, get these girls to positive ID. You should not go back there right now.

Jake glances at Little Ann. Snap, points to Brian's car...She goes to the curb, out of earshot.

JAKE

(under his breath)
'Course I should go back there right now. That's exactly what I should do.

BRIAN

And Lady Worm'll just gonna tell 'em you came round.

JAKE

That's right.

Smile. Pulling his keys, striding to his car...

BRIAN

Jake. Jake!

But he's gone.

Brian turning to...Little Anne arms crossed. Leaning against his squad car, watching and

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - LATER

Brian behind the wheel, Little Ann in the front seat...

BRIAN

Home?

LITTLE ANN

I should go to the store for Mom first. Let me off here.

Brian slows to the side...

BRIAN
You got money?

LITTLE ANN
(seems puzzled)
Of course.

BRIAN
Show me.

She looks away. Busted...Brian pulls away, into traffic...

LITTLE ANN
I was just kidding. I make shit up
all the time.

*
*

BRIAN
Why?

*

LITTLE ANN
(shrugging)
I make believe I'm somebody else,
somebody I want to be.

*
*

BRIAN
(smiling)
Who do you want to be?

Little Ann thinks for a moment. Then, quiet...

LITTLE ANN
Don't want to be someone alone.

*

He wasn't expecting that answer.

LITTLE ANNE
Don't go under the bridge, OK?

He pulls to the side of the road. And she's out...Brian
watching her disappear under the bridge...A beat...And then
Little Anne emerges back into the street.

*
*

He shakes his head. His cell rings and we're on

BRIAN
(into cell)
Hi. OK, where?

EXT. POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE GYMNASIUM - LATER

Brian driving slow, past...Sea of candles. Mass of humanity
in front of the County Sheriff's Office in a silent
vigil...Pam opening door, climbing in his passenger's side.

BRIAN
This all for the Laine girl?

PAM
(nodding)
Parents are somewhere out
there...Can't imagine what they're
thinking....

Brian lowering his window...Hundreds of faces lit by candles.
White smoke from them wafting skyward, under a full moon and

BRIAN
You call Jake?

She flips through her files, doesn't answer...Brian puts the
car in 'Park'.

PAM
What?

BRIAN
You call Jake. Go on, now.

A beat.

She picks up her cell. Dials, listens to it ring...Brian
shifts into 'Drive'. Veers into street traffic and we're on

EXT. J STREET GARAGE, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake's cell ringing, he's looking through binoculars at...The
Pink House, Lady Worm and

SHEILA (34) Lady Worm's daughter. Arguing quietly. Closing
the doors, locking the garage...

He glances at the cell. Sees Pam's number. Ignores
it...Shifts into 'Drive' and veers up over the curb. Across
the lawn right up next to them. They step back, startled. He
rolls down his window.

JAKE
You're not back working the streets
are you, Lady Worm?

LADY WORM
Gave that up a long time ago,
Officer Cracker.

JAKE
So you're a good citizen now?

LADY WORM
That's right.

*
*

JAKE
Then you won't mind telling me
about the white guy with the black
Infiniti.

Lady Worm more surprised then afraid. Says nothing....Jake
shuts the car off and gets out.

JAKE (cont'd)
Let's take a look.

LADY WORM
You got yourself a warrant?

Following him, balking.

JAKE
Just gimme the damn keys.

She hands them over. He unlocks the doors, steps in to

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulling tarp off. A new Lexus. No plates...Lady Worm
with her arms crossed, watching him from the door.

*
*

JAKE
No plates on that car.

LADY WORM
White guy took 'em off when he
parked it.

*
*
*

JAKE
How long has it been here?

LADY WORM
Two days.

JAKE
He payin' you?

LADY WORM
No.

JAKE
No?

LADY WORM

You stupid? I said no. I ain't gonna' as' him for no money.

He wraps a handkerchief around his hand, opens the front door and crouches down to see

Blood stains on gray carpet.

*

He stands. Like he doesn't want to be having this conversation...

*

*

JAKE

Look it. I'll put you before a Grand Jury if I have to, alright?

LADY WORM

Detective, you wouldn't be talkin' to me this way if you was in a white neighborhood.

JAKE

What does that mean?

LADY WORM

Means I don't see you livin' on my street afta' work and you damn sure not gonna let me sleep where you live. So if you not around to take the heat, you best get the fuck outta my kitchen.

*

*

Jake blinks at her. Then...

*

JAKE

Go sit on the curb. Don't go anywhere.

She does. He waits until she's gone...Then crouches, cuts off some carpet fiber with a jack-knife...Moves to passengers side, pulls the hood lever. Rips wires out of the ECU. Copies the VIN# from the window and we're on

*

EXT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR, DESERTED MARSH ROAD - LATER

Brian parking squad car, exits...Pam stepping out, too as

PAM

He's three quarters criminal, one quarter good guy.

BRIAN

Lets hope the good guy part showed up.

They walk to...Another truck parked nearby. Lights out. Tough-looking man climbs out.

JOHN (60's) Dirty jeans. Nervous. No eye contact...Pam smiles at him.

PAM

John. This is Det. Hay.

Weak handshake.

PAM (cont'd)

You can tell him.

JOHN

Well...He still got it. In the freezer. Shown it to some people this morning.

(looks at Pam, then Brian)

He ain't gonna talk to you folks.

Brian nods and we're on

INT. CONVENIENCE SHOP, PETERSON'S LANDING - CONTINUOUS

We're close on a bait freezer opening. Old, shaky finger pointing.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Let me take it out.

Brian leaning in, lifting out something frozen. Setting it on a cutting board.

CONSTABLE RANKIN (70's) Beside them, watching as Pam scrapes ice, revealing...A woman's finger. Pam sets a picture of a fingernail design, 'Kerstan Laine' typed on the top, next to it.

PAM

Can't tell. We'll need to thaw it out.

Brian breaks more ice away. Severed finger missing.

*

BRIAN

(to Constable Rankin)

Ring finger?

He shrugs his shoulders.

BRIAN (cont'd)
How long will it take you to get
gas and restaurant, receipts for
the last four days?

Rankin ignoring him...Pam stepping up, trying the charm
offensive...

*
*

PAM
There's a bar 'round here, right?

*

EXT. CONVENIENCE SHOP, PETERSON'S LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Pam following Rankin across a knee-deep-in-sucking-
mud camp on the edge of the bayou. Scrub pine forest. Old
washing machines, lawn mowers. A run-down gas station. They
head to

EXT. MULATE'S RESTAURANT AND DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Pam stop to at the door to hose off the mud before
going in. Rankin goes on ahead and

*

INT. MULATE'S RESTAURANT AND DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Pam stepping in scanning

*

Huge open dance hall with dark wood paneling. Low life Cajun
hangout...Four men at the bar. Rankin walks to them, makes
some sort of ineffective head move. They ignore it. Brian
steps up...

BRIAN
I'm Detective Hay. Texas City
Police.

*
*

No one seems to care.

*

BRIAN (cont'd)
Which one of you found the hand?

*

A poacher in a Flannel Shirt nods.

FLANNEL SHIRT POACHER
Me.

BRIAN
(pointing)
And you guys...?

*
*

POACHER #2
We wasn't there.

BRIAN
 (to Flannel Shirt)
 OK. We're gonna need the ring.

FLANNEL SHIRT POACHER
 What ring?

BRIAN
 We're gonna need the ring.

Flannel Shirt turns and looks to his buds...Brian glances at...Pam standing near the door, hands ready to reach for her weapon.

Brian moves to Flannel Shirt, like they're old college buddies. Flannel Shirt turning to him on his stool, 'yeah?'

BRIAN (cont'd)
 Look. This girl's been missing for a couple days. Her family's real torn up about it. It would really help.

Flannel Shirt blinks. Voice low.

FLANNEL SHIRT POACHER
 What makes you think I give a good God damn. Go on now. Shoo.

Big mistake.

As Flannel Shirt Poacher turns back...One near perfect straight right from Brian. A cannon shot. Flannel Shirt Poacher goes down hard.

The room in temporary shocked silence until

Poachers #2 and #3 are up and on Brian with more fury than he expected...Brian knocked to the floor, solid kick to his ear. Another to his ribs, slammed sideways as

PAM
 Hey!

Pam running in, blind-sided by...Poacher #3 turning on Brian, throwing as...Brian pulls back, snaps his head with two lightning-quick left jabs and puts everything behind a right hook. Crack. Poacher #3's jaw fractured as

Flannel Shirt Poacher coming up behind him, slipping in a punch at his back. But Brian's turning, slamming two shots to his face. Then a third, feinted high and thrown low, into his larynx. Guy's on the dance-hall floor. Brian on him as

Jake stepping in through the door, seeing *

Pam getting up, grabbing Poacher #2 by the hair and collar, *
kicking with her right leg behind his knee to destabilize.
Pinning him to the bar. Smashing his face one, two, three
times on the rail. Nose broken, blood.

Jake reaching for his weapon, moving toward...Brian still on *
Flannel Shirt. *

JAKE *
Brian...He's down. *

But Brian can't seem to stop. Hitting him again and again,
blood everywhere...He's grabbing around Brian's waist, trying
to pull Brian off...Brian lifting Flannel Shirt Poacher up,
smashing jaw as

PA BAM!

JAKE (cont'd) *
Enough! *

Wood smoking from the round he put into the floor...Everyone *

Then Brian's squatting to Flannel Shirt Poacher. Grabbing his
thumb, twisting hard enough to put him back down to the wood.
Guy's in agony, pulls up a chain around his neck.

Kerstan Laine's ring. Brian snaps the chain off...

BRIAN *
(breathless) *
Finger? *

POACHER #1 *
(breathless) *
Bayou. *

Brian standing, pulling the guy up... *

BRIAN *
I'm gonna get a goddamn map...and *
you're gonna show me...exactly... *

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

And we're on Brian climbing in behind the wheel...Pam beside *
him. Touching welt under her eye. *

Jake beside the car. Popping open a beer, taking a swig and *
watching as...Ranking walks to him. Handing him a pile of *
receipts. *

CONSTABLE RANKIN
I gonna get 'em back?

JAKE
Hard to say.

Handing them to Brian through the window...Pam leaning over,
flipping through them. Amazed as

PAM
God love the son of a bitch.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

Jake pulling his car keys to go. Rankin wipes sweat off his
forehead, big grin.

RANKIN
Ain't seen you in years, boy.
You're an important person now,
huh. Used to come over here a lot
with your Daddy.

JAKE
Stepdaddy. And I was drug. Made to
hang around while you and he and
the rest of the bums drank as much
alcohol as ya'll could then vomited
all over each other.

RANKIN
(laughing)
Shit, you remember that night?
First guy pukes then all the rest
go at the same time. All over the
damn card game...You got to drive
him home, though. And you was,
what, eleven? Twelve?

JAKE
Was a thrill. Listen. Next time, I
want you to answer my partner's
questions and any of her questions
or I'm gonna get your Peace
Officer's license pulled, all
right?

Rankin's holding it together. Makes himself nod...Jake taps
Brian's window.

JAKE (cont'd)
We good?

BRIAN
These are all the receipts? For the
past week, right?

CONSTABLE RANKIN
Yes, sir.

Brian nodding 'we're good' to Jake...Jake shooting Rankin a
'go away now' smile. And he does.

A beat.

Jake crouches to Brian, Pam at the car window.

JAKE
Told you not to come over here.

BRIAN
Why? Unpredictable? It's
unpredictable everywhere.

JAKE
Well, least you stayed cool.
(smile, swig of beer)
So, New York City, guess you think
you seen it all. What you don't
know is just how close to the edge
you are right here, right now.

He takes a beat...Brian watching him.

JAKE (cont'd)
See you back at the station.
(curt smile to Pam)
Ex-wife. As always, a pleasure.

Stands and walks back across the lot to his car...A
beat...Then Pam leans over Brian, out the window...

PAM
Jake! Thank you!

Jake keeps walking. Hand up, 'don't mention it'...Brian
watching him walk away...

BRIAN
You think he's right?

PAM
'Course he's right. We wouldn't be
here if he wasn't right, huh?

Brian turns to her...Then starts the car, pulls out and we're

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BACK ENTRANCE - LATER *

On Brian striding down the hall with Carla, handing her the gas station receipts... *

BRIAN
There's not a gas station within
fifty miles of that place, so if
they got gas, it was there. *

CARLA
Yup. *

BRIAN
Soon as you get anything matches
our Levon or our Rule, you let
us... *

Something through window catching his eye and *

BRIAN (cont'd)
What is this? *

We see what he sees...Little Anne sitting pert in a plastic
chair in the Reception Area like she's waiting for an
interview. *

CARLA
She got caught trying to sell a
driver's license at school. Had
your card on her. *

Brian closing his eyes tight, last thing he needs right
now...Moving to the double doors and *

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS *

Brian slamming through the doors. *

BRIAN
Why don't you go home and watch TV
like a normal kid? Nickelodeon.
Hannah Montana or something. Can
you just do that? *

The smile she had for him drops, she swallows...He's never
spoken to her that way. *

LITTLE ANN
Yeah.

BRIAN
Good. *

Turning back to the doors as

LITTLE ANNE
What'd I do?

A beat.

He turns back to her. Sitting stone still in her chair.
Blinking at him, wanting really to know...He lets his eyes
drop to his shoes, shaking his head. Then...

BRIAN
Come on.

She won't, can't move...He takes a step to her...

BRIAN (cont'd)
Come on with me. S'OK.

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Little Ann sit silently, he drives.

BRIAN
You're never all the way alone you
know. There's always someone
looking out for you.

LITTLE ANN
(kidding)
Who? God?

BRIAN
(not kidding)
Yeah.

LITTLE ANN
God's busy.

BRIAN
Is that right?

LITTLE ANN
Sure. I figured it out. Everybody's
breaking his balls all the time.
Gimme this, I want that. He doesn't
have time for people like me.

BRIAN
Sure, he does.

LITTLE ANN

Nah, I'm tellin' ya. Used to leave him a lot of messages, but he never called me back. I dunno. Maybe you got the secret right number.

Brian flicks on the turn signal. Thinks about that.

BRIAN

You eat dinner?

Little Anne shakes her head 'no'.

BRIAN (cont'd)

I gotta run a quick errand. Then you come with me, I'll buy you a burger, kay?

LITTLE ANNE

Kay.

She looks at him now. Truce...Despite himself, despite everything, this makes Brian smile.

BRIAN

OK.

And we're on

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR-EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE -
CONTINUOUS

Jake parking. Looking out windshield at...Several black folks hanging around Francine. She comes out to his car, eating something. Sticking her head inside the car. As she talks, she spews bites of food on Jake who has to move his head.

FRANCINE

That Levon back in the neighborhood. They givin' everybody a hard time now. Him and his cracker partner. Don't pay no mind to the police.

JAKE

You're spitting food all over me.

She covers her mouth with a napkin. Giggling, muffled...

FRANCINE

Sorry.

JAKE
I can't find Lady Worm or Sheila.

FRANCINE
You as' me they hiddin'. You scared
the shit outta them.

Jake shakes his head, strange look on his face again. Nods to Francine, backing squad car out as

EXT. PHONE COMPANY, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Brian pushing out. Leaning into Anne from the window...

*

BRIAN
Be right back.

*

*

Goes inside to

*

INT. PHONE COMPANY, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian walking fast down hall with

JIM (late thirties) Phone technician...

JIM
The first attempted rape and the
call to your partner later. I think
you were right. Same guy.

BRIAN
You mind showing me how you know
that?

JIM
Voice analysis chart.

Holds up papers, shows Brian two charts overlaying each other.

JIM (cont'd)
See the red? That's the first call
to "911" from the woman. Lila?
Assailant's the background voice?

BRIAN
Yeah.

JIM
Now the blue...That's the call to
your partner that came in later on
the office phone.

BRIAN

OK...Can you tell where the second call came from?

JIM

Yep. Guy was either real lucky or knows something we don't know.

BRIAN

How do you mean?

JIM

We got almost no coverage in the area he called from. Signals don't get in or out. You get a connection, you walk ten feet and it disappears. We even have to bring in outside construction contractors to erect towers and repeaters in there, do the maintenance.

BRIAN

Why would you do that?

JIM

(shrugging)

People who grew up around here don't want to go in. They'll tell you it's malarial or contaminated or Lyme tick or some crap. But that's not it. They're just plain scared.

BRIAN

About what?

They're at the Tech Ops office.

JIM

I forgot. You're not from here.

Jim pushes in, Brian follows him into

INT. PHONE COMPANY, TECH OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim leading him through equipment in small room, moving to...A large map on the wall beside Jim's desk. His hand brushing across the map...

JIM

Got this from the U of T in Galveston.

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
Our local mapping crew wouldn't go
in there either. Know who that area
belonged to?

BRIAN
No.

JIM
The Karankawa. See these Bayous?
University told us these here were
actually Indian trails. They were
pushed into these estuaries by
Comanches and the Spanish. They
were big. Six feet tall. Covered
themselves in alligator grease and
dirt against insects.

BRIAN
Yeah?

JIM
(nodding)
Early settlers, if they wandered in
and got caught, the Indians would
torture, kill, sometimes...eat
their victims.

BRIAN
Cannibalism.

JIM
(nodding)
Children. Young women.
(shrugging)
They finally killed them all off
early in the 19th century, Mexicans
and U.S. Navy together.

Brian blinking at Jim's map, the shaded areas.

BRIAN
Its the Killing Fields.

Then Jim reaching for a file on his desk...Grabs phone
company records from a file, flipping through them...

JIM
He is using a cell phone, but it's
a woman's name...
(scanning records)
Kerstan Laine...

BRIAN
Jeez-is. He's using her phone...

Brian takes the records. Reading them himself, stunned.

JIM

You OK?

BRIAN

How much 'coverage' can you give me
on that number right now?

JIM

Are you asking for what I think you
are?

This is too much...Brian doesn't answer, his face says it
all. Jim shakes his head 'no'...

JIM (cont'd)

It's illegal. I get fired. Phone
company gets sued. You go to
jail...

BRIAN

I got a killer murdering women to
get even with Jake and I. We have
no idea who he is.

JIM

Then get a warrant.

BRIAN

He's hunting for another victim.
Right now, Jim. And once he has
her, he's going to call us...as he
is murdering her...like he did
before...so we can hear it happen.

Jim swallows.

BRIAN (cont'd)

I need your help.

EXT. PHONE COMPANY, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Brian stepping out the building with the Phone Company map,
walking fast to his car...and Little Ann is not inside.
Passenger door open. Brian's metal writing pad holder and
notebook on the street.

He squats down to pick it up...looking around.

Street's empty. She's nowhere in sight.

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see Brian, car parked behind him, walking around. No activity. Goes up the stairs, takes his gun out and places it behind his hip, out of sight. Knocks on the door. No answer. Looks back around. Nobody home.

INT. TEXAS CITY POLICE GARAGE - LATER

CSI dusting for prints on the outside passenger door of Brian's car...Brian hands him a fingerprint sheet. CSI takes them. Continues to dust...

BRIAN

She's on juvie parole. CSI pulls back. Looks at Little Ann's prints.

CSI

I think I got some of these on the inside. You, Jake and her. No prints on this door, Brian.

BRIAN

Nothing?

CSI

Nothing. Clean.

Brian's disappointed.

CSI (cont'd)

Let me show you something.

Opens the door, slides inside.

CSI (cont'd)

She had her hands like this...

Brian watching as...CSI grabs the center computer console with two hands.

CSI (cont'd)

...with her back to the door...see the way her fingers were wrapped. Her butt would be facing out.

Points. Looks at Brian.

CSI (cont'd)

Not conclusive but somebody could have been pulling her out of your car.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian rips his Killing Fields chart off the wall. Grabs a box of ammo. Out the door fast. Meanwhile...

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND - LATER

Brian's car parked near the rusting steel bridge across a muddy Bayou. Bed of an old dump truck sits in a tidal pool, encroaching moss and vine-covered trees. Huge rusted sign Flamingo Island sign near the woman-in-the-ditch crime scene.

We see Brian at the hood of his car with the Phone Company map, overlaying his onion-skin 'Killing Fields' map. Raising, lowering the top map, looking underneath.

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

From the murder scene we follow Brian as he walks into the forest. Paths from another world thousands of years old. Tracks in the mud. Animal prints. Human debris.

He stops, cross checks with compass, making notes on map as

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. PINK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulling up, situating so he can see the garage without being seen. As he waits, he opens the large manila envelop from the office. Shakes out the gas and restaurant receipts, pushes aside Little Ann's stolen driver's license. Gets out his note pad and pen. Settles in as

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Two Detectives, parked discreetly down the street. Clipboards attached to dash. Photos of Levon, Lady Worm, Sheila... Waiting like Jake. Through the windshield

The black Infiniti passes.

Detective #1 picks up the radio...

BASE (O.C.)
Base to 7 IDA 04

JAKE (O.C.)
(into radio)
Go ahead, Base.

BASE (O.C.)
We can't raise 01.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 IDA 06 to 7 IDA 04.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake, writing notes from the receipts.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 standby. Base try 03's residence.
 Tell him were set up on the garage.
 06 go ahead with your transmission.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 We got a black Infiniti doing the
 block here. He's been by us three
 times already.

Jake quickly goes to his note pad.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 06. Gimme the plate.

Detective #1 running his finger down a list of plate numbers.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 Not our guy 04. It's Texas 89
 Juliet Romeo 623.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 That thing tricked out with some
 ground effects shit? Blacked-out
 windows, custom wheels? Dent in
 the rear panel?

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 They left the area.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 He must have switched plates. 7 IDA
 to all units. Our boys are on the
 set. 06 key us off when they come
 back.

Jake goes back to working the receipts. Looks at Little Ann's stolen license. Sees something. Goes to the receipts, then back to the license.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
04 they're back on the set.

Jake, looks up, grabs the radio.

JAKE
(into radio)
04 to all units. Stand by for my signal. 06 I want you to leave the area. And make it look good. All Units: I want them to enter the garage before we take them.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
(into radio)
10-4.

JAKE
(into radio)
Base see if you can raise my partner again.

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake is out the car, shotgun on a sling down by his side...Side window of the garage. Up and in and

INT. TEXAS CITY POLICE RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RADIO OPERATOR
(into radio)
Base to 7 IDA 03. She waits no response.

RADIO OPERATOR (cont'd)
(into radio)
Base 7 IDA 03.
(beat)
Base to 7 IDA 04. 03 not responding.

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake, plugs an ear piece line into his radio. Radio silence. Makes his way around the Lexus. Up into the garage loft. Lays shotgun down. Adjusts his ear piece. Hearing as

EXT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The black Infiniti slows down at alley that leads to the garage...Then pulls away as

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Brian comes to a wide path off the trail...He follows it, stepping out into

Sunlight. Yellow crime scene tape, small red flags. The ditch crime scene...Brian grabs his cell. Hits a speed dial. Nothing, no reception...He marks his map. Jogs back to the bayou as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake on his belly in the loft, listening on his ear piece...

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
IDA 07 to 8. You see the lady with the shopping bag passing your location now?

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
Zero 7 code 4.

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
Is that one of our two ladies?

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
Older one I think, zero-7. Jake speaks into his radio, quiet...

JAKE
(into radio)
03 to 08. What's her twenty?

EXT. PINK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lady Worm carrying a heavy cloth shopping bag, struggling as she walks.

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
One block east of you. Seems to be coming your way...

She stops. Sets the bag down. Looks around nervously and picks it up again, walking fast struggling with the bag

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU- CONTINUOUS

Brian walking fast, turning west on a trail and seeing...A broken, wooden cross. Tilted and weatherworn. He pulls out his 'Killing Fields' map. Tracing with his finger. Stops.

BRIAN
(to himself)
...Jane Doe #7.

Makes a note. Straightens the cross, keeps walking as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake, flat on his stomach watching as

The garage door is pulled open...Lady Worm struggles inside, sets the bag down...She opens the driver's door. Opens the bag pulling out a half-gallon milk jug.

Jake furrows his brow, watching as

Lady Worm opens the jug and pours it on the passenger seat. Pulls a Biclighter, flicking it on to flame...Jake standing.

JAKE
NO! Hold it down there! Hey!

She looks up, startled...Jake fast down ladder, but too late as

Whoosh of flame momentarily engulfs her, knocking her to the ground. Jake on her, dragging her out the door and

EXT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulling, Lady Worm screaming. Hair on fire. Jake pulls her tee shirt up over her head to put it out, looking up at...The garage now completely engulfed in flames as

From nowhere, the nose of the Infiniti emerges through the thick smoke. It stops.

A beat.

Jake brings up his shotgun.

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
All units. Target Infiniti is in the alley. 04 we're seeing smoke out here. What's your status?

The Infiniti reverses. Disappearing back into black smoke as

LADY WORM
They have my girl! My girl is in
that car!

Jake bringing radio up...

JAKE
(into radio)
04 to all units. Suspect vehicle
backed out. Has a hostage. Hit it
now. Roger that transmission?

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
Roger the hostage zero-4. 06 to all
units whose's got the eyeball?

*

RADIO #3 (O.S.)
5 to 6 I got it.

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
07 to 04 you need assistance?

JAKE
(into radio)
Come around and pick me up.
(changes channels)
04 to base.

BASE (O.S.)
Go 04.

Jake laying Lady Worm down. She's crying, screaming as

JAKE
(into radio)
We have a garage and car on fire at
the corner of "E" street and the
Dike. I have one civilian with
burns.

BASE (O.S.)
Roger zero-4. Please standby on....

Suddenly Infiniti barrels at them. Jake pulling Lady Worm
just as

The Infiniti slams by the flaming garage. Crashing through
fence, across the backyard of a house followed immediately
by...Two Squad cars in hot pursuit and

INT. INFINITI - CONTINUOUS

We're on Levon behind the wheel...Rule, fearsome, in the passenger's seat. Pistol, sitting forward as if looking for a better view, staring strangely as

Sheila screams from the backseat, hands tied...He twists, grabs her around the neck. Attempts to pull her into the front seat...Levon freaked, looking out windshield at

Two Police vehicles coming at them. One in front, the other to a screeching halt...Detectives, Uniformed Police out. Weapons in hand...Levon looking over his shoulder...More cruisers, more police on foot.

Sheila screaming. Rule grabbing her again as

Levon slamming on the brakes...Police, Detectives rush to them...Rule weirdly focused. Gun on his lap.

RULE

Run 'em over.

LEVON

You fucking nuts?!

Cops running, taking position as suddenly...Rule fires three shots...Glass pierced, striking an Officer as

EXT. INFINITI - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Police bullets slam into the Infiniti. A Uniformed Sargent, hands in the air...

UNIFORMED SGT.

Don't shoot! They have a hostage!
Nobody shoot!

Cops drag the wounded Officer away as

INT. INFINITI - CONTINUOUS

Rule ramming his gun into Levon's cheek, then jamming his foot on top the gas pedal and

The car explodes. Jumping curb, roaring at full acceleration forcing itself between two houses. Two kids watching, knocked off a porch as

The Infiniti veers out onto

INT. INFINITI/EXT. MAJOR THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

Infiniti gunning...Patrol cars right behind it forced to stop, Officers out to help injured kids as

Chase cars forced into high-speed reverse as

The Infiniti engine ignites. Wheels, twists to a stop...Levon tumbling out followed by Rule...Sheila clawing her way out onto a fours, up, running the opposite direction as

Police taking up positions...Rule aims at a gold colored Pontiac Gran Prix and he's over the car. Pointing his gun at the driver. As he squeezes the trigger...

LEVON

Don't do that nigga!

Ripping open the driver's door. Driver thrown to the street. Rule shoves Levon out of the way. Levon runs to passenger's side as

Police, dogs. Two cars behind the Infiniti now as

Rule turns, fires at the Police. Police return fire. He doesn't flinch, fires more rounds as

DOWN THE STREET

Jake appears in the opposite direction, walking deliberately. Shotgun aimed, eyes on the Driver crawling away, waiting for him to be out of range as

Rule drops in behind the wheel. Gun hand out the window, firing backwards as he accelerates. Weaving amongst on coming traffic, unaware he's driving right to...Jake watching Levon screaming, pointing. Then Jake fires. Slugs slamming into car as it passes him at high speed and

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Brian at a steep path, squatting to examine pieces of a woman's dress. He pulls his cell, dialing number. Slowly looking around...

BRIAN

(into cell)

Jake. Jake?...You there?

*

Nothing.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREETS, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake standing in the middle of the carjacking aftermath...Police. Ambulance, flashing lights. Uniformed DPS, Sheriff Deputies, Texas City Police, and

The blacked out Infiniti across the center line.

Jake next to it, cell to his ear..

JAKE
(into cell, quietly)
Our two scumbags came back to get
their car, Brian.

BRIAN
(into cell)
What happened?

JAKE
(into cell)
They got away, both of them. Shot
Flavin, ran over a kid, burned down
your precious fucking evidence.
That's about it.
(beat)
They're all gonna live for
Christstakes...

Jake snaps his cell closed. Looks around.

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU, CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Brian closes his dead cell...A beat...Then grabs a large root, claws his way up, pulling himself following pieces of fabric snagged on bushes. Drag marks, a filthy blanket...

Someone's purple butterfly scrunchie, caked red blood...

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - LATER

Brian deeper in the forest, working the maps. Shafts of changing light reveal the late afternoon. He stops to listen.

Twigs snap underfoot, tree limbs move.

He moves quickly off the trail, removing weapon. The sound comes closer and

Suddenly an animal darting through the brush at him. Jake's hound Pete. The dog loves Brian...Jake follows behind...

JAKE

That's all I would need to happen.
Have you shoot my dog. What's wrong
with you anyway? Little Ann didn't
show for her ballet lesson?

Brian holsters weapon...

BRIAN

Over here.

*

Turning, walking followed by the dog and Jake.

*

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU, CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Brian taking out the maps...Jake staring at the body.

BRIAN

Look it...That's the area where the
phone company said the call to you
originated from.

Brian unrolls the onion skin overlay. 'Killing Fields' map
heavily marked up.

*

*

JAKE

Lookit, Brian...Listen to me. I'll
go right to the edge with you and
fight, but I won't cross over. I'm
harder than you are and I won't
fight here. And you ain't cut out
for this.

*

*

Brian looks around...Then back to Jake, 'Fuck it'. He opens a
mesh bag. Removes the men's pants, holding the pants for the
dog to smell...

*

*

BRIAN

Am I doing this right?

But the act itself immediately ignites the dog. Jake
restrains him...The dog digging at the earth, howling until

Jake relents. And the dog is immediately off, nose to the
ground. Brian and Jake running to keep up, following the
trail of the Bayou, below the forest floor and we're on

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU, WATER'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Jake jogging after...The dog working the shoreline
hard. At the intersection a series of small, heavily
vegetated islands lay a stone's throw across black murky
waters.

The dog plunges in and swims to the middle island, disappears into brush. Jake looks at his watch and shakes his head.

JAKE

Damn. I'm gonna get that dog back here.

BRIAN

Wait.

Pointing up to A stack of turkey vultures cutting smooth circles in the thermals over the island. Jake shakes his head, 'no'. Whistles for his dog as suddenly

The sounds of a dog fight. High pitched squeals...Brian and Jake moving fast through the murky waters. Brian ahead, finding an opening in the bush and

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Brian pushing out into a clearing, seeing

The dog rolling over the top of a large vulture. Two more birds in the fray. Brian fires his weapon. Two of the birds lift off. The sound of the gun echo across the bay as

Brian and Jake look around...Rusted card-table, chairs. Filthy bedspreads, blood stained ligatures tied low to saplings. Women's clothing. Like a visitor in a death chamber, we sense they know they should not be there.

Jake's dog loping to him, Jake petting her...

JAKE

(quiet)

Good girl. It's OK.

Brian moves to a wood cutting saw on a table. Offshore, a thunder cell is forming. Lightning can be seen in the distance arching from cloud to cloud. Jake to a pile of cloth, kicking it with his feet as

BRIAN

Hey...Slow down, partner. That's evidence.

The dog runs off to a large pile brush at the edge of the clearing. Jake follows her, moving branches until he sees

The feet, now legs. Hips of a girl tied to a log...The dog barking, excitedly. Brian jogging to them...

JAKE

Let me cut the rope, then we can
pull her out.

Unfolding a knife...Brian pulling her legs, seeing her hands.
Still intact.

BRIAN

Hands. See that?

Jake nodding, cutting. Pushing a branch away from her face
and we see

Little Ann's body.

Mouth taped, eyes shut tight...Brian falling to his knees,
breathing hard...Cloud to cloud electrical activity in the
distance increases, darkness setting in as

Brian reaches down and grasps her two hands, taped together
at the wrists in an unanswered prayer. A small brown bag has
slipped from her jacket pocket, the bottle of Pepto Bismol as

We follow

One tear drop, or is it raindrop, from Brian floating slow
through the air and landing just below her right eye, then
watch as it becomes absorbed into her face. Rain falling.

BRIAN

(quietly)

This is what I mean...this is what
I mean...

Jake stands, knowing enough not to speak. His dog licks
Little Ann's cheek. Brian gently reaching for the dog, to
push him aside...

But Jake's crouching fast, realizing...

JAKE

Brian...He wouldn't be doin'
that...

Pressing his fingers on her carotid artery. She's alive.
Barely...Jake moving decisively, yet uncharacteristically
gently, to remove the gray tape from her mouth as

BRIAN

Look out.

Pushes Jake to the side, quickly lifting her off the ground. He runs with her in his arms, Jake out ahead now clearing branches. Down to the water. The dog swims while Jake and Brian, carrying Little Ann, crossing to the Bayou as

WE CUT TO:

INT. STOLEN PONTIAC - DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Storm clouds on the horizon. Rule driving. Pulled forward, doesn't even have his back up against the seat...Levon looks over at him with a mix of disgust and fear.

LEVON

We almost out of gas, my man.

Rule stops under a Route 10 overpass. Opens his window, turns off the motor. Searches his body for a pack of cigarettes. No eye contact with Levon. Speaks as he removes and lights a cigarette. We get a sense the two are already well into a serious discussion.

RULE

What makes you think I won't 'do'
any nigga that fuck wit' me? Nigga
mess with me I do em'...Blood,
Crip, Chief of Poo-lice..my
brother...Don't matter to me.
(takes a drag)
You seen it today.

LEVON

Yeah, I seen it alright. That's not
what I'm sayin', you know what I
mean? What I'm tryin' to tell
you...

RULE

What you tryin' to tell me is maybe
you not so hard you think you are.
Maybe you just a bitch.

LEVON

I'm in it too.

RULE

(mocking)
Yeah. You Billy Badass. But that
don't make you hard. You still a
bitch in my book.

LEVON

That's not what I'm tryin' to say,
my nigga.

RULE

Then what the fuck are you tryin'
to say, Boy?

LEVON

You don't shoot no laws. You got to
dee-scriminate. Know what I'm
sayin?

RULE

Nigga, I do whatever I want.
(beat)
I even do you like that. You get in
my way.

LEVON

You ain't talkin' in front of no
whores now. So don't sit there and
think I would let you do that. We
in it now. Jus me and you. You know
what I'm sayin?

RULE

Yeah, we real tight 'til you get
caught.

LEVON

I ain't never gonna talk 'bout them
whores. They dead. They ain't gonna
talk either.

RULE

But 'jew real worried 'bout them
laws. Aint 'jew. Well, I ain't
runnin'. I got a couple a bitches
to take care of first.

Feral rocking in his seat as he smokes. No eye contact.

RULE (cont'd)

Don't matter 'bout you, Nigga. I
shoot you...

Drag off his cigarette.

LEVON

If you pull a gun on me that show
our friendship just die right then.

RULE

Then get your gun and shoot me
first, man.

Silence. Turns to Levon.

RULE (cont'd)
(louder and harder)
Get your gun, nigga!

Levon stunned. Reluctantly pulls his pistol from his waist band.

LEVON
Say nigga, you don't believe I
shoot you?

RULE
(louder, goading)
Nigga, if you hard shoot me then.
You pull a gun on me and don't use
it, now I'm gonna have to kill you.
Levon, now wide-eyed and cognizant
of the ramifications.

LEVON
I'm serious my nigga. Friendship
over wit you. Know what I'm sayin'?

Levon lowers his pistol into his lap and

EXT. STOLEN PONTIAC - REAR WINDOW POV - CONTINUOUS

Short flash, loud retorts. Levon slams backwards,
disappearing instantly...Rule backs out of the car quickly.
Almost in a panic-rear end first, from the driver's side.

Stands by the car...9mm in one hand, brushing blood spatter
from his shirt and pants. Gray smoke exits the car as

*

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

The dog emerging from the brush. Jake ahead, opening the
first car's door, Brian's. Brian carefully sliding her into
the back seat...then moving fast to Jake's car.

BRIAN
Give me your keys.

Jake doesn't move. Brian with his hand out...

BRIAN (cont'd)
Now, Jake! Take her back. Now!

JAKE
You're going to try something
stupid, aren't you?

Brian turns. Jake grabs him, Brian slams him so hard against the car he falls down.

BRIAN
Don't fool with me, Jake. Jake gets up.

JAKE
We got two fugitives...

BRIAN
They're coming back for her.

Brian heads back into the forest. Jake pushes up to his feet.

JAKE
And what do I tell Gwen?

BRIAN
She already knows.

Dog quickly running to Brian as they head for the pine barrens...Jake yanking open driver's door and

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

He's backing out fast. Glancing at Little Ann in the back seat.

The wind begins to pick up. Clouds blot out the moon. He flips on his head lights, speeds across the dirt Farm Road. The sound of the red dashboard bubble light clicking as it rotates and we're on

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Brian kneeling with the dog at the edge of the clearing...

Out at sea, a huge thunder cell, known in these parts as a super-cell, comes together with the collision of enormous black clouds throwing off a continuous array of massive electrical bolts in ever connecting webs of high voltage, never once sending one to earth. Each bolt sends thunder through the sky, echoing deep waves of sound. The air is dry, the wind stampedes.

The moon slips in and out of view. Wind through the pine needles rising so loud that it drowns the sounds of the insects...Brian and the dog watching, wait as

WE CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. REFINERY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake speeding toward...Patrol cars, an ambulance coming at him in the other direction fast. The road is empty. Cracking refinery lights line the horizon. As they reach each other

Jake slams on the brakes. Pushes out...Police, ambulance stopping too. Doors opening. Medics, Pam running to Jake's car as...He moves to try to lift Little Ann out and

MEDIC

Hey, Detective. Leave her alone!

Jake stepping back, letting them work. Pam running to him. A map, flashlight.

PAM

Jake!

(reaching him)

Show me where...exactly...

JAKE

Here...it's an island.

State Police stepping up, too.

PAM

How would I get to it?

JAKE

Follow this bayou. It's his trail.

Pam running to her car. Sliding in behind wheel...Jake striding back to his car, the medics...

JAKE (cont'd)

Hey. I'm gonna need this car.

They're in the back and in the front seat.

MEDIC

She's in bad shape. You'll get your car back when we stabilize her.

JAKE

Fuck.

Jake turns to see the cars speeding well down the road...He pulls his cell, dials. Eyes on her flashing lights.

JAKE (cont'd)

(into cell)

Pam! Come back. Pick me up!

*

PAM (O.S.)
Jake, you want me to turn!?

JAKE
(into cell)
No keep going!

Jake holds the phone, looking at the lights becoming dimmer.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell)
He's got our dog.

PAM (OS)
Meet you there, kay?

Jake hangs up. Turns and looks at the urgent effort happening in his car.

JAKE
(to himself)
My dog. He's got my dog.

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Brian crouched under moonlight, clouds with the dog. Suddenly alert. Low growl, hair between shoulders on end.

Something is moving. A man.

Brian unholsters his 9MM. Steadies his gun hand. Slowly, moving closer. Twigs snap...The man picks up the wood saw, pokes around with it. Brian appears on the verge of making his move, but then...Holsters his weapon as

The man moves to where Little Ann was found...Brian following, matching each footstep, watching as...The man bends over the brush pile. Throws back a branch.

His head snaps up.

Little Ann is gone.

And Brian's on the man...The man turning, charging Brian with the saw. Slashing arms, vicious...Brian grabbing the blade with in his left hand fierce, methodically sending strikes to the man's face, ribs. Blood from hands spraying as behind him

Someone crawling in the brush. Up on feet now, two hands. Aiming weapon...Strange squeal. The dog barks.

Brian turning fast and

WE CUT TO:

EXT. REFINERY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Medics lifting Little Ann inside ambulance, slamming doors shut as

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake falling in behind wheel. Cell ringing. He slams on gas, flips cell open fast...

JAKE
(into cell)
Yeah.

VOICE (O.S.)
He's dead.

JAKE
(into cell)
Who. Who the fuck is this?!

But the signal's dead. Rush of static...Jake shifting gears. Flips on radio, alive with cross chatter communications

JAKE (cont'd)
(into radio)
Somebody just called my cell. Said "he's dead".

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Pam climbing a small hill...High beams from car lights illuminate behind her as she moves into the forest. Flash lights. Police, some ahead. Some behind.

PAM
(into radio)
Said Brian's dead?

JAKE
(into radio)
No. Just said the words "he's dead".

BACK IN SQUAD CAR

Jake looks down at Brian's pager on the seat, bleeding red light. He reads the number...

Lower the mic to the seat. Grabs his cell. Punching in the beeper number...The line picks up and we

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHONE COMPANY, TECH OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim at his desk. Headset, pen and note pad as

JIM
(into headset)
Brian! He just called your partner!
He said somebody's dead!

IN BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR Jake speeding, swerving around slow station wagon...

JAKE
(into cell)
Who is this?

Jim suddenly worried.

JIM
(into headset)
Who am I talking to?

JAKE
(into cell)
I'm Brian's partner. Who are you?

A beat. And Jim hangs up, staring at the phone as

Jake speeding, hitting 'Redial'...Jim finally picks up. Says nothing.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell)
Don't hang up on me again, asshole.
How do you know he just called me?

Jim is silent.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell, irritated)
OK, I'm gonna ask you one more time
how you know he called me. If I
don't get the right answer out of
you, I'll be at your house in five
minutes.

Jim sitting, he just knew it was going to go like this...

JIM
 (into headset)
 The guy is using Kerstan Laine's
 cell phone, OK? I'm helping
 Brian...I'm helping...

JAKE
 (into cell, stunned)
 You work for the phone company?

Silence, then...

JIM
 (into headset)
 Yes.

JAKE
 (into cell)
 ...So your 'up' on her phone. They
 got my partner.
 (no response)
 Where did the call originate from?
 (still nothing)
 You there, Chief?

Jim is in this far. He shakes his head...

JIM
 (into headset)
 It came off the cell tower on the
 west side...Around the causeway.

JAKE
 (into cell)
 There's nothin' over there...Just
 the bridge.

Jim's got nothing more to say.

JAKE (cont'd)
 (into cell)
 You page Brian if he comes up
 again. You hear?

Doesn't wait for a response. Closes phone, shifting to higher
 gear and we're on

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Pam stopping. Motions with her hand and...Everyone behind her
 stops. Quiet. She whistles.

A beat.

Then a dog barks in the distance as

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake driving, slows down. Right hand empties the manila envelop.

Stops. Dome light. Reading glasses. Reads his notebook. Reads phone tolls. Looks at the stolen license.

He pounds the steering wheel.

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Pam watching the dog swim out. Barking, turning around and swimming back...Police follow, some swim.

PAM
I can't swim.

She wades in anyway. Officers grabbing hold, pulling her along as

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake speeding, hearing radio traffic chatter. Hearing Pam, Police at the island. Moving to it as

WE CUT TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Legs of police, medics. Some running, some on radios through flashlight beams, holding back the dog. Through the confusion we see

Pam kneeling over Brian. His arms by his side, eyes shifting to her as...She bends to him, pulling back her hair. To his face, turning so her ear is almost touching his lips...He is saying something to her. Not for us to hear, then...

Raising her head slow, afraid to touch him. Afraid even her gaze might be too much.

Helicopter hovers overhead, pouring down light...A stretcher floats suspended in the fog...Hands reaching skyward, guiding. Begging for prayers to be answered as

Pam stands, rotor wash blowing away fog isolating Brian as

WE CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake hearing it all on the radio...Then slowing until he's stopped in the middle of the road. Reaches over, shuts radio off.

A beat.

Then hitting gas, pulling U-Turn. Shifting gears and we're

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

On Jake pulling at the bridge underpass. Kills his lights, pulls off the road...Steps out and

EXT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake moving to trunk, opening it. Unlocks a shotgun. Taking a box of ammo, binoculars and

EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake's up the embankment, top of the bridge. Line-of-sight on

Little Ann's trailer. Yellow lights are on...Jake looks through the binoculars...Movement inside, Lucie passes by a window.

He pulls the phone tolls from his shirt pocket, flips open his cell, dials...

JAKE
(into cell)
Gimme the girl's number.

AND WE CUT TO:

INT. PHONE COMPANY, TECH OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim nervously reads the number...

JIM
(into headset)
...587 2288.

EXT. EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake disconnects and immediately dials up the number. Does not press send. He lifts the binoculars again, sees

Lucie walking to the sink. Eugene stepping out from a bathroom, zipping up his fly.

A beat.

Then Jake hits 'Send'. Doesn't put phone to ear. Watches through binoculars as

IN THE TRAILER

Lucie turns at the sound of the phone ringing. Eugene gets up from the table.

Jake hits 'End Call'. Watches through binoculars as

IN THE TRAILER

Lucie looks out the window...Eugene walks over, says something to her. She brushes him off.

Jake hits 'Send' again. Brings it to his ear this time. Watches as

Eugene is up quickly, out of sight. Lucie seeing, turns. Eugene comes back as if he were sent away. Waits, watches nervous as

Jake with the cell to his ear. Someone clicking the phone on. No voice. Just an open line. Breathing...Jake waits, then...

JAKE
(into cell)
Put Lucie on the phone.
(beat, then loud)
Put Lucie on the phone.

Shuffling sound.

RHINO
(into cell)
Who is this?
(beat)
Huh? Speak up, asshole.

Watching as

IN THE TRAILER

Rhino darts his head out the window then back.

EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake disconnects. Anger crosses his face, picking up his shot gun. Checking for rounds. Up on his feet, moving as

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Putting phone down as if it's contaminated.

RHINO

Fuck it.
(turning to Eugene)
I think he's out there.

Lucie comes to Eugene's side.

LUCIE

Who?

EUGENE

(to Rhino)
What did he say?

RHINO

(points to Lucie)
He asked for her.

EUGENE

Why Ma?

LUCIE

Who asked for me?

Looking at Rhino, then Eugene. Getting no answer.

LUCIE (cont'd)

What'd you two do? You little
asshole...what did you do?

Phone rings again. Rhino reaching for it, but Lucie grabbing
it before he can.

LUCIE (cont'd)

(into cell)
Hello.

Rhino tries to take it. She spins, moves away.

LUCIE (cont'd)

(into cell)
Hello...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake sliding down the embankment, phone at his ear.

JAKE

(into cell)
Ask him what they did to Little
Ann.

LUCIE
(into cell)
What?

Jumps onto the road...running now. Disconnects.

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rhino has the phone now. Throws it hard across the room.
Lucie turning to Eugene...He shakes his head...

EUGENE
I did nothin'. Rhino...

RHINO
(cutting him off)
He killed a goddamn cop.

EUGENE
I had to!

LUCIE
My girl...

Eugene pointing hard at Rhino...

EUGENE
He killed her! OK?!

LUCIE
Little Ann?

RHINO
...You stupid shit.

EUGENE
(to Lucie)
Little Ann.

LUCIE
My little girl...?

Dropping to a squat. Blinking at Rhino, trying to sort out the shock.

EUGENE
He says she made the cops come around. He made me go with him, but he did all the killin'!

LUCIE
Ann...

Rhino making a move to the door. Lucie watching him

A beat.

And then she's up. Ripping open knife drawer, grabbing one tight, spinning. One fast overhead motion brings the knife up then down rapidly towards Rhino as

Rhino pulls his weapon and

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

We're on Jake running past darkened house. Shotgun in hand as

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lucie's knife plunging through the back of Rhino's forearm...Rhino aiming at...Eugene thrusts his pistol forward, next to Lucie's ear and over her right shoulder and

Firing at Rhino. Missing.

Lucie clutches her ear, falls away as

Rhino fires two rounds. Eugene hit in the chest, rotates clockwise, hits the floor hard. Rolls to his stomach, up on all fours, moving across the floor, to the front door as

Lucie is up, aiming knife again into Rhino's shoulder blade...He spins back. Fires into her chest and

She's down, gone as

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Jake fast up steps...Eugene out on all fours, screaming as

EUGENE
(seeing Jake)
Help me!

Screen door slamming open and

Rhino is out. Firing into Eugene...Eugene down...Rhino slams up against the side of the house. Gun in one hand, struggling to pull Lucie's knife from his shoulder with the other.

Jake is up. Moves in, looking to take a clear shot.

Rhino back to the wall, sees Jake. He tries to raise his gun...Jake takes a step forward. His boot on Rhino's gun hand, shotgun in his face. Out of the corner of his eye

Neighbors out of their houses. Eye contact. They turn, run.

RHINO

You started this whole thing.

Jake looks back to...Rhino. Intense, ferocious. Blood spurts rhythmically from his wound.

RHINO (cont'd)

Why don't you use your partner's gun...

Jake steps off Rhino's hand. Picks up the gun...It's Brian's. Anger crosses his face.

Sirens. Red, blue lights couple miles off. Coming fast.

Jake lifts the shotgun up to Rhino's face...Rhino in spasms. Nods.

RHINO

I knew you...first time I saw you.
Go ahead. It's how I want to go
out...And it'll make you...make you
into something else...

Both men...Eyeball to eyeball...Jake breathes through his nose, stares into Rhino's eyes.

Close enough to see a reflection of himself.

He takes Brian's gun from Rhino's hand...Rhino growls low, dying but not dead yet, watching as

JAKE

Don't think so. Think you gonna lie
there...And watch yourself bleed
out...

Jake turns, backs down the stairs. Flushed, gritting his teeth. Turns, walks to the street, not looking back and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAWN

We're on Jake pulling up to parking lot, seeing

Official cars, press vehicles parked around the emergency room. Helicopters parked. No lights flashing. Several uniformed and plainclothes officers linger outside.

He drives to the outer edge of the lot and parks. Finds a pack of cigarettes, lights one. Long drag, rests his hand on the open window edge. His thoughts come slow. Exhaustion taking over...He leans back, trying not to close his eyes and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - LATER

Officers moving quickly to Jake's car as

He sits up. Sees them running to him, hears them calling his name. His eyes shut tight, he squints hard, all his face muscles at work as...One tear is forced out of his right eye. It stays entangled in his eye lash...Across the half-moon of the tear, shadows can be seen moving. A universe wrapped in a tear.

We're on Title Card: 'Several Months Later'

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

Little Ann standing yards from the trailer. Windows boarded, police tape. She looks around, never up as

Jake pushes through the broken front door carrying a small cardboard box. Makes his way down to the bottom of the stairs. Opens the flaps. Trinkets. Worthless.

JAKE

OK?

Little Ann doesn't look in the box.

LITTLE ANN

OK.

JAKE

Don't you want to look?

She doesn't answer...He moves to car, sets the box on the back seat. Little Ann goes to get into the back...Jake opens the front door. She hesitates then gets in the front.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - TWILIGHT DESCENDING - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann riding quietly with Jake. Eyes straight ahead as they move out from under the bridge, across the Galveston Bay causeway...Now past the huge steel flood gates through the moat behind which lies...The refinery breathing flames into the sky and then they're turning East to

INT. JAKE'S CAR/EXT. TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake driving Little Ann past the gas stations, the bars, now the shops, the restaurants, turning again to

INT. JAKE'S CAR/EXT. TEXAS CITY SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann blinking at neat, modest tree-lined streets. People out walking, talking. She turns to Jake.

LITTLE ANN
Can I open the window?

He quickly lowers the window. She turns back.

One finger at a time, she extends her hand out the window, summer night wind lifting her to imaginary flight...Jake glances over slightly, watching her. Then pulling the car to a curb. Her hand comes back inside.

He sets the car in 'Park'. Turns to her, but she's looking out the window at

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian. Thinner, with a cane. Gwen on the front steps with him, helping him comes to his feet as

INT. JAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake chins to her...

JAKE
Ann.

She turns to him.

JAKE (cont'd)
You ready?

She nods, tentative and

WE PULL UP TO:

EXT. TEXAS CITY, SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

...Brian's house. Jake's car. Ann stepping out of it and into the warm glow of Brian's neighborhood street lights twinkling amongst the trees as We move higher yet to see

Texas City...then Galveston Bay, vast and unfolding below us as...A new moon begins its nightly climb over the Texas Killing Fields...

The End