

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, NEW MEXICO

Written by
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White letters over a black screen:

The following is based on a true story.

The words disappear, replaced by a TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER ONE

"CYNTHIA"

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

A silent arid land composed of low vegetation. The kind of place where you only get ten days of rain a year.

A neighborhood of prefabricated homes sits near a vast turquoise-blue lake.

TITLE: *Elephant Butte Lake, near Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.*

CLOSE ON

A LOWER-CLASS PROPERTY.

At its center, there's a brown and white, double-wide mobile home.

THEN: *March 22nd, 1999*

A window breaks OPEN from the inside--

Followed by SCREAMS and a WOMAN'S ARMS trying to escape through the broken window. Unable to climb out.

After a couple of seconds, the front door bursts OPEN--

CYNTHIA, 22, frantically storms out. Instantly blinded by the harsh desert sun.

She's dirty, bloody, wearing nothing except for a black metal collar latched around her neck and a chain hanging.

She runs like a hunted animal. Her bruised body is black-and-blue and a wound on her head oozes blood.

After exiting the property's gate, she reaches a dirt road track, passing by other neighboring mobile residences. She doesn't stop.

Not a soul in sight. And no one running after her either.

Cynthia turns down a narrow hill that leads toward the lake and sees--

A TEAL-BLUE CHRYSLER CONCORDE heading towards her. Slowing down as it approaches.

Cynthia opens her mouth wide - as if screaming - but no sound comes out. She tries to open the door but the frightened driver, DORIS MITCHELL, 50s, locks it.

And hits the accelerator. Driving off and disappearing.

Another CAR arrives.

This time Cynthia throws herself at it, but the vehicle swerves drastically, and drives away.

About to lose her mind, she scans the area in a frenzy--

And spots a double-wide mobile home with a manicured grass garden, a white picket fence, and a covered porch.

Its air of respectability makes it stand out from the other trailers and caravans.

INT. THE BREECH HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

On the window next to the front entrance, we can see Cynthia running like a madman. About to arrive--

Meanwhile, DARLENE BREECH, 70s, a retiree, dries dishes near the sink.

The door slams OPEN and Cynthia storms inside, screaming hysterically.

CYNTHIA

Help me! Please. I need help.

Darlene is in shock. A stark naked girl, clearly wounded, chained and out of her mind with fear.

She rushes to Darlene--

CYNTHIA

Don't let them get me. They're gonna kill me, please.

Darlene stares at her bruised body, the collar on her neck, the dried blood on her face, she then holds her hands... Her wrists look like raw meat.

DARLENE

What happened to you?

The back-door OPENS. Cynthia raises her head, startled.

DARLENE

It's okay. Don't worry.

DONALD BREECH, Darlene's husband, comes in from watering the plants in the backyard. Surprised by the naked young girl inside his kitchen.

DONALD

What's going on, honey?

DARLENE

Go get my robe.

DONALD

Who is she?

DARLENE

Will you go get it? The pink one.

Donald leaves while Cynthia runs back to the front door and dead-bolts it from inside. Peeking out the window in an agitated state.

CYNTHIA

They're gonna come for me. I know it. You can't let them in. Please.

DARLENE

Tell me what they did.

CYNTHIA

They kidnapped me, tortured me...
And raped me... For days...
They... They--

DARLENE

It's alright. You're safe here.

Cynthia hugs Darlene. Letting go. Tears stream down her dirty cheeks. Darlene holds her tight.

CYNTHIA

Thank you. Thank you.

DARLENE

What's your name?

CYNTHIA

Cynthia.

DARLENE

Why don't you sit down, Cynthia?

She does so in one of the kitchen's stools, whimpering.

DARLENE

You try to relax now.

Darlene unhooks the phone and dials 911. While it rings, she notices her apron is now all bloody.

OPERATOR (PHONE)

911. What's your emergency?

Donald returns with the pink robe.

DARLENE

Yes, hi, a naked girl just ran into our house. She says she's been raped--

Meanwhile, Donald helps Cynthia put on the robe, witnessing up close all the bruises and marks on her naked body.

DONALD

Do you... Is there anything I can get you?

Cynthia shakes her head as she closes the robe. Donald notices the stream of dry blood on her head.

DONALD

Did you hurt yourself?

CYNTHIA

When I tried to escape, she hit me with a lamp.

DONALD

She? Who did?

DARLENE

(on the phone)
Please, hurry. Thank you.
(hangs up)
They're on their way. Let's get you comfortable, okay sweetie?

Darlene points at the couch in the living area and guides Cynthia to go sit down.

DONALD

Did they say how long?

DARLENE

She said they were close, so I'm thinking any minute now.

As she sits on the couch, Cynthia spots a half-smoked cigarette resting on the ashtray. She grabs it, lights it up and takes a puff with her trembling hand.

DARLENE

Is there any way you could break that collar?

DONALD

Not sure I've got proper tools.

Cynthia turns her head to look out the window... But sees no one in front of the house. No cars either.

CYNTHIA

They're gonna come looking for me.

DONALD

Who is?

CYNTHIA

The couple who did this to me. They could be very close. Don't let them in, I beg you.

DARLENE

Well if they do, Donald's got a shotgun, isn't that right?

DONALD

(doubts)

A little dusty. But yeah.

DARLENE

There's no way on Earth we're letting them in here.

Cynthia takes another peek out the window.

DONALD

You said a couple did this?

She nods. Takes a long puff.

DARLENE

My God. Who would do such a thing?

Cynthia's in such shock that her cigarette is about to burn through her fingers.

DARLENE
 (points)
 Honey, watch out.

Cynthia reacts and crushes the cigarette on the ashtray.

DARLENE
 Did you run all the way here?
 (nods)
 How far were you?

CYNTHIA
 Not far.

Darlene and Donald glance at each other.

Then, they hear the sound of tires driving over sand.
 Their eyes turn to the window.

A LOCAL POLICE SQUAD CAR appears to be slowly driving
 past their home.

DARLENE
 Where are they going?

EXT. THE BREECH HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Donald exits in a hurry, waving his arms at the squad car
 already distancing itself. He shouts--

DONALD
 Hey! She's over here!

The vehicle stops. It backs up, makes a turn and heads
 over to the entrance of their mobile home.

Cynthia watches from inside as the vehicle parks and TWO
 OFFICERS step out--

SHERIFF WOLCOTT, 40s, with the relaxed attitude that
 comes from years of experience, and OFFICER SAM COSTA,
 28, untried and failing to hide it.

COSTA
 We couldn't find the number.

DONALD
 Thank God I saw you.

WOLCOTT
 Where's the girl?

Cynthia storms out of the house and jumps straight into Wolcott's arms.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia sits in the back as Wolcott and Costa listen in the front.

CYNTHIA

It was Saturday morning. He pretended to be a cop, even showed me his badge. When I entered the RV, she sneaked out of the bathroom and handcuffed me.

Wolcott and Costa glance at each other.

WOLCOTT

Go on. It's alright.

CYNTHIA

They tied me up, drugged me. When they brought me home, they... They chained me up. That bitch kept waving her gun at me. Staring with those eyes while he... He...

Cynthia looks so vulnerable, a house of glass about to crumble.

COSTA

It's okay. You can tell us.

CYNTHIA

He liked to use toys. He even used his dog to, to--

She breaks down crying.

WOLCOTT

Do you know their names?

CYNTHIA

David. His name is David. And the woman, his girlfriend, he called her Cindy.

WOLCOTT

Let's get you to the hospital.

As Costa starts up the engine, they receive a call on their radio. A FEMALE DISPATCHER speaks out.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)
 Sheriff? We've got a code two. Do
 you copy?

Wolcott picks it up as Costa begins to drive out of the
 Breech property.

WOLCOTT
 Wolcott, code two, go ahead.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)
 We've received a suspicious hang-
 up call from a residence near your
 location.

Costa drives down the dirt road.

WOLCOTT
 Were you able to call back?

DISPATCHER (RADIO)
 A woman picked up and claimed it
 was a mistake. Could you check it
 out?

WOLCOTT
 What's the address?

DISPATCHER (RADIO)
 513 Brass Road. It shouldn't be
 very far from you.

WOLCOTT
 Copy that. Look, we've got the
 girl with us right now and we're
 heading to the hospital--

Costa suddenly stops the car.

COSTA
 That's the one.

He points to the property on the other side of the
 street. They see a rutted wood sign out in the front that
 reads: *DAVID P. RAY. 513 BASS ROAD K8.*

WOLCOTT
 Uh, did you say 513?

DISPATCHER (RADIO)
 Affirmative.

WOLCOTT

Copy that. Can you hold on a moment?

Wolcott turns to Cynthia who stares at the property in shock. Overwhelmed with fear.

WOLCOTT

That's the house, isn't it?

A beat of SILENCE. She nods. Afraid beyond belief.

WOLCOTT

Are they armed?
(she nods again)
How many people did you see?

CYNTHIA

Just two.

WOLCOTT

(to Costa)
Take her to the hospital. Make sure she's safe.

COSTA

What about you?

WOLCOTT

(to the radio)
This is Sheriff Wolcott. Sorry for that. I'm gonna go ahead and respond to that 513 caller.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Copy that. Park rangers are already on their way.

WOLCOTT

Confirmed. Over.

Wolcott hangs up the radio and unfastens his seat belt. Ready to exit the car.

COSTA

(to Wolcott)
Is this smart?

WOLCOTT

Intelligence got nothing to do with it.

Wolcott opens the door and exits the vehicle.

Cynthia and Costa stare as he reaches a six-foot-high chain-link fence that surrounds the entire property.

Beyond the fence, there's the brown mobile home set far back from the dirt road.

Wolcott gets his gun ready. About to open the gate. He notices Costa hasn't left and yells back to him.

WOLCOTT

Leave. Just go!

Costa presses the accelerator and drives away.

I/E. SQUAD CAR, DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Costa holds the wheel with a heavy look on his face. Cynthia remains in the back. Quiet. With her arms around her legs.

COSTA

We'll be there soon. Hang on.

A beat of silence.

Cynthia's so hot she has to roll up her robe's sleeves.

Through the rearview mirror, Costa looks at her, focusing on her exposed arms. Her veins burnt. Countless dots from too many injections.

She notices his inquisitive stare, and hides her arms--

COSTA

How did you manage to escape?

CYNTHIA

When he left for work, she got distracted watching TV, and I was able to grab the keys and unchain myself. I tried calling 911, but she saw me, and hit me in the head with a lamp. Everything went black.

COSTA

Did you pass out?

CYNTHIA

I lost vision for a second. When it came back, I found an ice-pick on the floor and I stabbed her in the neck with it. Then I just ran out of there as fast as I could.

COSTA

And you had been there since Saturday morning?
(she nods)
Why did he stop you?

Cynthia doesn't understand.

COSTA

You said he pretended to be a cop. What reason did he have to stop you?

CYNTHIA

I, uh, no. Once I got inside his RV, that's when he showed me the fake badge.

COSTA

Why?

CYNTHIA

What? I don't understand what you're saying.

COSTA

Nobody enters a stranger's vehicle without a reason.

CYNTHIA

I've done nothing wrong.

COSTA

I didn't say you did.

(then)

Look, I can't imagine what you must be going through. But trust me, you need to be honest. For your own sake.

CYNTHIA

I'm not lying.

COSTA

Your story needs to make sense. Don't embellish it.

(MORE)

COSTA (CONT'D)

The truth will set you free. Is it a cliché? Sure. But it's still true.

Cynthia ponders over his words.

COSTA

My Grandma always said, it's easier to catch a liar than a cripple. It sounds better in Spanish.

The radio starts blaring--

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

All units. Code five. Repeat. Code five. Two suspects. One male, one female.

Costa and Cynthia listen closely.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Ray, David P., date of birth eleven six of thirty-nine, showing physical as white male, six foot, one-sixty--

CYNTHIA

What's happening?

COSTA

It's an APB.
(off her confused
reaction)
All-points bulletin.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

...vehicle's a Dodge Ram, color red, license plate 705-GLN...

COSTA

It's a warrant for their arrest.

CYNTHIA

They got them?

COSTA

Not yet. But they will. It's just a matter of time now.

Cynthia looks down at the marks on her arms. Both her bruises and the proof of her drug abuse.

COSTA

We're there.

Up ahead, the hospital can be seen one block away.

EXT. SIERRA VISTA COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The SQUAD CAR arrives through the parking lot and parks in front of the emergency entrance.

Costa exits the vehicle--

INT. SQUAD CAR, HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As she waits for Costa to open her door, Cynthia looks at the hospital's entrance and sees DOCTORS, NURSES with a STRETCHER hurrying over to her.

Costa opens the door and leans over to help her get out.

INT. HALLWAY, SV COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Costa follows them as they move Cynthia in a stretcher surrounded by NURSES and DR. RADOSVETA, an ER male doctor.

DR. RADOSVETA

You're gonna be okay. Can you hear me? Do you know where you are?

CYNTHIA

(nods, then touches her collar)

Take it off. Please.

DR. RADOSVETA

(after a closer look, to Nurse)

Find maintenance and get me some bolt cutters.

INT. ER, SV COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY - LATER

Nurses push Cynthia's stretcher into the ER. They help her switch into a surgical bed. Dr. Radosveta grabs a Polaroid camera.

COSTA

We have to photograph you before we take it out. For evidence.

DR. RADOSVETA

Okay. Try to relax now.

He points the camera and takes a couple pictures of the collar wrapped around her neck.

As the camera spits them out, he hands the photos over to Costa who lays them over on a table to develop.

DR. RADOSVETA

We're done.

Cynthia looks to the side where the Polaroids rest and notices an opened rape kit laying on a table.

A Nurse arrives with bolt cutters and hands them over to Dr. Radosveta.

CYNTHIA

Please, get it off me.

DR. RADOSVETA

(to Costa)

I'm gonna need some help.

Cynthia whimpers and closes her eyes as Costa and Dr. Radosveta position the tool around the padlock.

DR. RADOSVETA

Don't move. It's almost done.

They press hard. It's too strong. They try again--

CLING! The lock breaks. The heavy chain drops on the floor. The collar opens up--

Her neck finally free. Cynthia cries.

DR. RADOSVETA

Get that thing out of here.

The Nurse grabs the chain and the collar and takes them away from the room. Costa leaves the bolt cutters on the table next to the developed Polaroids.

Cynthia cries quietly. Costa notices and approaches her.

COSTA

It's okay. You're safe now.

CYNTHIA

He... He was looking for a date.

COSTA

(a beat)

Did he offer you drugs in return?

CYNTHIA

Twenty bucks.

COSTA

You've done this before?

CYNTHIA

(nods)

But no one has ever treated me
like that.

Costa looks at her. Her vulnerable honesty touches him.

COSTA

You've done the right thing.

He grabs her hand. Her cries slowly fading.

CYNTHIA

I did it.

Her frown turns into a smile.

CYNTHIA

I'm alive.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER TWO

"COSTA"

INT. HALLWAY, SIERRA VISTA COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

Costa waits in a seat. Anxious and restless. He sees a
NURSE pass by. He stands up and stops her.

COSTA

Are they finished? Can I see her?

NURSE

I told you, not yet. We'll let you
know when she's ready.

The Nurse leaves down the hallway. Costa is about to take a seat when he spots THREE NEW MEXICO STATE POLICE OFFICERS walking towards him.

MOMENTS LATER

AGENT MARMENT, 40s, the one in charge, speaks with Costa.

AGENT MARMENT

We came from Albuquerque as soon as we heard. Our team's already at the scene. How is she?

COSTA

She's gonna pull through. They're still looking at her.

(then)

Do you know if they've been caught?

AGENT MARMENT

Yes, him and the girlfriend. They were driving around looking for her. They're being held for questioning.

COSTA

Good.

AGENT MARMENT

We'll take over from here. If we're lucky we might be able to talk to her before she's too sedated. Anything else we should know?

COSTA

She wasn't completely honest with us. So maybe tread carefully.

AGENT MARMENT

Understood.

EXT. DAVID'S PROPERTY - NIGHT - LATER

Costa's squad car drives through the open gates, passing by David's rutted wood sign.

There are TWO STATE POLICE CARS and one from the PARKS OFFICE blocking the view. Costa parks his vehicle next to the others and exits.

He looks around--

A brown mobile home sits at the heart of the property. Surrounded by two sheds, a bait trailer, a car garage, two sailboats, and a large white cargo trailer.

Costa sees THREE POLICE AGENTS roaming the back of the house and a PARK RANGER rolling out yellow tape around the property's fence.

Costa heads over to him--

MOMENTS LATER

PARK RANGER

I know the guy, for God's sake.

COSTA

The same guy?

PARK RANGER

Yeah. David. He's a mechanic. Works for us, believe or not. Or worked, I guess.

COSTA

Is the Sheriff around?

The Park Ranger takes a look and points out to...

Wolcott, leaning against the large white cargo trailer smoking a cigarette.

COSTA

(to Park Ranger)

Thanks.

Costa approaches him. He seems distraught.

COSTA

You okay?

WOLCOTT

Is the girl alright?

COSTA

She will be. What happened? Did you encounter the suspects?

WOLCOTT

They'd already left the premise when I arrived.

COSTA

Have they said anything?

WOLCOTT

They say they were just trying to help her with some forced detox.

COSTA

I noticed the needle marks. She's also a prostitute, you know?

WOLCOTT

Sounds like it.

COSTA

What if she's lying? Could be some kinky fantasy gone wrong.

WOLCOTT

You haven't been inside. Why do you think I contacted the State Police?

COSTA

You know prostitutes can't be trusted. Specially if they're junkies.

WOLCOTT

But this is different. You can't judge the victim.

COSTA

You're judging the suspects.

WOLCOTT

You don't feel it? This whole place... Makes my stomach sink to the ground.

Wolcott finishes his cigarette and crushes it on the ground with his boot.

COSTA

What did you find?

WOLCOTT

You better see it yourself.

INT. DAVID'S MOBILE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Costa steps past the blue tape and through the open sliding glass door. Careful not to touch anything.

He walks down the hallway and into a middle bedroom.

Taking a peek inside, he notices a dildo collection, of all colors and sizes, perched on a trophy stand.

But continues down the dark hallway...

There's a catholic cross hung upside down on the wall, and sitting over a shelf, a white ceramic devil's head with pointy horns and its tongue sticking out.

Costa reaches the...

LIVING ROOM

Messy, dirty and poorly lit. Different busy AGENTS work on separate areas of the house.

AN OFFICER takes photographs of the sexual tools, TWO AGENTS collect evidence around...

A stained old mattress resting on the sunken living room along with a bucket of human waste and a metal pole.

Broken shards of green glass on the floor and on the side of the phone, he sees the remains of a broken lamp.

He kneels down and analyzes the glass lamp. Notices some dried blood on it. And next to it, a bloody ice-pick.

CPT. ROBERTS (O.S.)

I hope you're not thinking of touching that.

Costa stops and looks up to--

CPT. ROBERTS, 30s, writing a report on his notepad.

COSTA

Sorry. Officer Costa.

CPT. ROBERTS

Captain Roberts. I'm in charge of the investigation. You're the one that took the victim to the hospital?

Costa looks down to the floor and notices a pile of nylon straps, cords and ropes.

COSTA

I left her with your men. She'll be fine.

CPT. ROBERTS

I'm glad. We're gonna need her.

Tacked on the wall, there's a hand-drawn illustration of a naked and gagged woman, tied up in an impossibly spread-eagled pose.

Costa then raises his gaze and sees a strange apparatus above him...

A pulley device with hooks and chains that slid along half-inch steels rods attached to the ceiling. Clamps and weights attached to it.

COSTA

What the hell is that?

He's able to read the handwritten labels on two of the metal bars. One says "ANKLE SPREADER", the other "KNEE SPREADER".

CPT. ROBERTS

You ain't seen nothing yet.

Cpt. Roberts points at the other side of the room before continuing his report.

Costa heads over, and discovers a piece of furniture lying over the wall...

A coffin-like box with the lid open, seven-feet-long and two-feet-wide.

He looks inside--

The interior is lined with a brown carpet and rigged with D rings, black straps to tie people down, ventilation holes, and a fan for breathing.

COSTA

They kept her in there?

CPT. ROBERTS

Someone went through a lot of trouble to build it. Pretty fucked up, uh?

(Costa stares in disbelief)

I've seen some perverted stuff before, but this house definitely takes the prize.

(off his silence)

You don't get a lot of S&M in Truth or Consequences?

COSTA

Nothing like this. And we call it
T or C. Shorter.

CPT. ROBERTS

How long have you been in the
force?

COSTA

Just one year. Is this normal?

CPT. ROBERTS

Normal? No. But there ain't no law
against having it either. You'll
get used to it. People are getting
freakier every day.

COSTA

But if she was paid, how can we
prove it wasn't consensual?

CPT. ROBERTS

Whoever is lying here, we'll find
out soon enough.

Cpt. Roberts heads towards the master bedroom. Costa
follows him.

COSTA

Uh, could I assist you in any way?

CPT. ROBERTS

You'd be more useful outside.

COSTA

An extra pair of eyes can't hurt.

CPT. ROBERTS

Do you have any experience at all
with crime scenes?

COSTA

(shakes head)

But I wanna learn. I won't
interfere. I promise.

CPT. ROBERTS

Just don't fucking touch anything.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, DAVID'S MOBILE HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Cpt. Roberts takes a look around the unkept room while Costa stares at the items on display on top of a chest of drawers...

Manacles, whips, dildos, medical tools, vibrators, drawings of naked girls in various positions, photos of women in bondage--

One Polaroid shows a WOMAN restrained naked over a sort of table. Although quality is bad, he can recognize Cynthia's face.

Meanwhile, Cpt. Roberts looks under the bed. Nothing but boxes. He then opens up a drawer next to the bed. There are condoms, viagra pills, petroleum jelly--

Underneath some pornographic magazines, he finds a tape recorder. He checks to see if there's a tape inside and hits the play button.

David's voice comes out, cold and emotionless--

DAVID (TAPE)

This audiotape contains very graphic, sexually orientated material for adults only. The tape is designed and created to be used for entertainment purposes.

Costa stops and focuses his attention on the tape--

DAVID (TAPE)

Hello there, bitch. Are you comfortable right now? I doubt it. Wrists and ankles chained. Gagged. Probably blind folded. You are disoriented and scared, too, I would imagine...

Costa and Cpt. Roberts stare at each other.

DAVID (TAPE)

...Perfectly normal, under the circumstances. For a little while, at least, you need to get your shit together and listen to this tape...

Costa steps closer. Like a child drawn to fire.

DAVID (TAPE)

...I don't know the details of your capture, because this tape is being created July 23rd, 1993 as a general advisory tape for future female captives...

INT. DAVID'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Costa and the rest of the state police have assembled around the living area. Some are sitting down, others rather stand. They all listen attentively--

DAVID (TAPE)

...You are obviously here against your will, totally helpless, don't know where you're at, don't know what's gonna happen to you. You're very scared or very pissed off. I'm sure that you've already tried to get your wrists and ankles loose, and know you can't...

Close on everyone's faces as they listen. Expressions of horror, disgust, and consternation.

DAVID (TAPE)

...You probably think you're gonna be raped and you're fuckin' sure right about that. Our primary interest is in what you've got between your legs. You'll be raped thoroughly and repeatedly, in every hole you've got. Because, basically, you've been snatched and brought here for us to train and use as a sex slave...

Costa notices Wolcott around the entrance and heading over to him. His concerned expression shows he's been listening long enough.

DAVID (TAPE)

...Sound kind of far out? Well, I suppose it is to the uninitiated, but we do it all the time. It's gonna take a lot of adjustment on your part, and you're not gonna like it a fuckin' bit. But I don't give a big rat's ass about that...

COSTA
(to Wolcott)
We just found it.

DAVID (TAPE)
*...It's not like you're gonna have
any choice about the matter.
You're gonna be kept naked and
chained up like an animal, to be
used and abused--*

Roberts stops the tape.

CPT. ROBERTS
I think we've heard enough.

A couple of beats of silence and shock.

AGENT QUINN
How long is it?

CPT. ROBERTS
Both sides. Could be an hour.

WOLCOTT
Thank God we got him behind bars.

AGENT QUINN
What a sick fucking bastard. Don't
we have his confession right
there?

CPT. ROBERTS
We haven't heard its entirety.

WOLCOTT
Should we contact the FBI?

All the agents stare at him.

CPT. ROBERTS
There's no need for it.

WOLCOTT
With all this evidence?

CPT. ROBERTS
I'll be damned if I'm gonna let
them take the case from us. We're
in charge, and we're gonna stay in
charge.

Costa stands up from his seat and heads out. Wolcott
follows him with his eyes--

EXT. DAVID'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Wolcott exits the mobile home looking for Costa.

He finds him away from the porch. Taking deep breaths. Trying to calm himself down.

WOLCOTT

State Park's gonna loan their training center to use as headquarters.

Costa doesn't answer. His mind racing.

WOLCOTT

Seems like they're gonna be here for a while.

COSTA

What the fuck's going on?

WOLCOTT

I dunno.

A NMSP SQUAD CAR enters the property and parks next to the other vehicles.

The Driver steps out. Costa recognizes him from the hospital... It's Agent Marment.

MOMENTS LATER

Cpt. Roberts and Agent Quinn have come out to talk with Agent Marment. Costa and Wolcott listen too.

AGENT MARMENT

She mentioned she was forced to listen to a tape--

CPT. ROBERTS

We found it. Haven't heard all of it, but we're on it.

AGENT MARMENT

And "The Toy Box"?

CPT. ROBERTS

The what?

AGENT MARMENT

Apparently, that's what they called the place where she was kept some of the time.

CPT. ROBERTS
We found a coffin inside the
house.

AGENT MARMENT
(shakes head)
Outside. She said it was like a
trailer.

Cpt. Roberts turns around. They all follow his gaze
towards--

THE WHITE CARGO TRAILER

Fifteen-by-twenty-five feet. The axles rest on blocks.

Four steps lead to a steel-reinforced door with an AC
unit placed nearby and a large dish antenna that blocks
the view of the entrance.

MOMENTS LATER

Cpt. Roberts and Agent Quinn check the door.

CPT. ROBERTS
Thing's double dead-bolted.

AGENT MARMENT
Should we get some tools?

CPT. ROBERTS
That ain't gonna cut it.
(to Costa and
Wolcott)
Can you get us a locksmith?

COSTA
I'm on it.

LATER

A LOCKSMITH works with his tools to open the door's lock
as the men wait on the side.

CPT. ROBERTS
How fucking hard can it be?

LOCKSMITH
The lock's been modified. Going as
fast as I can over here, okay?

AGENT MARMENT
He really didn't want anyone
opening it.

CLING! The lock breaks.

LOCKSMITH

Done. All yours.

The Locksmith removes the broken lock from the door and steps down from the entrance.

Cpt. Roberts turns on his flashlight and opens the door--

Venturing into the dark space. Agent Marment follows him inside. And so does Agent Quinn.

Costa walks up and steps inside the trailer while Wolcott stays behind with the Locksmith.

The three Agents look around the cramped space. Costa stays in his position, blocking the entrance with his back against us. Frozen.

The Locksmith puts his tools back into his bag. Wolcott glances over with curiosity, unable to get a good look.

After a few beats, Costa turns around and walks down the steps. So do the rest of the Agents.

WOLCOTT

What is it?

They're in shock. Not a word is uttered.

Once they're all finally outside, Cpt. Roberts turns off his flashlight. Costa seems about to get sick.

LOCKSMITH

Anything else I can help with?

CPT. ROBERTS

That was it. Thank you.

The Locksmith leaves. Wolcott can't help but climb up the steps and get a glimpse inside.

He sees it. Doesn't take him long to turn around and join the rest of the stunned men.

Silence reigns for a while.

AGENT MARMENT

What now?

CPT. ROBERTS

We need to make some calls.
Department of Public Safety, the
Mayor, the Bureau--

AGENT MARMENT

FBI?

CPT. ROBERTS

We don't have a fucking choice. I
don't want anyone stepping in
there until they arrive.

AGENT QUINN

Sure. I'll get some tape.

CPT. ROBERTS

It's late. Let's call it a day.
We'll regroup in the morning.

Wolcott approaches Costa.

WOLCOTT

Are you still with us?

COSTA

I feel like we're tracing Alice's
steps down the rabbit hole.

WOLCOTT

That's the problem. Rabbit holes
don't end.

I/E. SQUAD CAR, DRIVING - NIGHT - LATER

Costa stops the vehicle in front of Wolcott's house.

COSTA

I don't think I'm gonna get any
sleep tonight.

WOLCOTT

We all need to learn to turn our
brains off.

Wolcott prepares to exit.

COSTA

See you tomorrow at the site.

WOLCOTT

We're not going back there
tomorrow.

COSTA

What?

WOLCOTT

They need us at the detention center. We're gonna have to transport the suspects. Keep them in separate locations.

(pause)

You wanna go back, don't you?

(Costa nods)

Why?

COSTA

I owe it to her. I shouldn't have doubted her.

WOLCOTT

Don't beat yourself up. You're still learning. Listen, if that's what you want, go ahead.

COSTA

Thanks, Boss.

WOLCOTT

Just get some shut eye, okay?

COSTA

You too.

He watches Wolcott exit the car--

INT. COSTA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Costa enters his modest apartment. His girlfriend, SALLY, 27, has fallen asleep in front of the TV.

He turns it off, causing her to wake up.

SALLY

Hey, baby. I tried to stay awake. Everything okay?

COSTA

Long day.

SALLY

Jack said my voice is too feminine to be on camera. That I should stick to writing the news. Maybe I'll get surgery on my vocal chords. Or start smoking?

COSTA

That's silly.

Costa walks away as he takes off his uniform.

SALLY

Is everything alright?

COSTA

Just wanna hop in the shower.

SALLY

You hungry?

Costa disappears down the hallway without an answer.

INT. COSTA'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Costa undresses himself as Sally follows him.

SALLY

I could heat up some leftovers.

COSTA

Not hungry.

SALLY

What's wrong?

COSTA

Busy day.

SALLY

You wanna talk about it while you eat something?

COSTA

It's the kind of thing that takes away your appetite.

SALLY

Come on, we're professionals, aren't we?

INT. KITCHEN, COSTA'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

After a shower and changing clothes, Costa finishes his plate as Sally listens closely. Shocked by the story.

SALLY

How could a couple do this?

COSTA

You know, at the start of the tape, he mentioned the recording date was 1993, for like future victims. Does that mean he's been doing this for the last six years?

SALLY

Jesus Christ. You think there's more victims?

COSTA

It wouldn't surprise me.

Sally goes to grab a pen and notepad from the kitchen counter.

SALLY

Can you repeat me the name of those sickos?

Costa stares with eyes that could incinerate her.

SALLY

It's gonna blow out any time now. Better if I'm first, no?

COSTA

You can't tell anyone.

SALLY

Sure.

COSTA

I'm serious. At least for a couple of days. Don't speak of this to no one. Promise?

SALLY

Yeah. I promise.

(then)

Is the girl okay?

COSTA

She's safe. You wouldn't believe the state we found her in. Naked, bruised all over, and that goddamn collar around her neck. I can't get the image out of my head. I didn't believe her at first.

SALLY

What do you mean?

COSTA

She was lying to us... So I told her. I was just trying to help--

SALLY

Wait, you didn't believe her? And you told her this?

COSTA

Listen, it's not what you think.

SALLY

Cause she was a woman.

COSTA

Cause she's a prostitute and a junkie. A very unreliable witness.

SALLY

You said she'd clearly been tortured. I thought you were better than that.

COSTA

Please, don't do this. I feel bad enough already.

SALLY

What if it had been me?

COSTA

I said don't go there. You're starting to sound like your mother.

Quietly but clearly pissed, Sally stands up to leave--

COSTA

Look, I'm sorry.

SALLY

It's not me you should be apologizing to.

She exits the kitchen.

Costa is left alone with his thoughts and a plate of leftovers to finish.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER THREE

"BANNING"

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, DETENTION CENTER - DAY

SPECIAL AGENT PATRICK BANNING, 40s, notes down on his report as a recorder tapes everything.

TITLE: *March 23rd, 1999*

CINDY HENDY, 39, sits in front of him. Mousy-looking with sparse, wispy blond hair. She seems terrified. Her foot trembles. A large band-aid covers her neck's wound.

HENDY

We were trying to help. She kept wanting to get high, that's why we had to chain her up.

BANNING

Did she ask for your help?

HENDY

She didn't have to.

BANNING

Why did she stab you in the neck?

HENDY

Cause we wouldn't give her any drugs. This is all just a big misunderstanding.

BANNING

How long have you been living with David?

HENDY

(counts)
For the last... Four months.

BANNING

Has this ever happened before?

HENDY

(beat)
I dunno.

BANNING

Have there been other victims? Has David ever abducted anyone else?

Silence. Hendy looks away.

BANNING

Do you want me to repeat the question?

HENDY

I... I'm afraid to talk.

EXT. DAVID'S PROPERTY - DAY - LATER

DOZENS OF OFFICERS and FBI AGENTS have gathered around. Police vans, squad cars, forensic teams, crime scene analysts, and sniffing dogs.

Some wear white jump-suits, masks and surgical gloves for picking up evidence. Others are dressed as civilians or wearing FBI jackets.

Banning and Cpt. Roberts walk through the property.

BANNING

Thought I should take a look around before I interview him. They're both scheduled to be transferred in a couple of hours.

CPT. ROBERTS

Has she said anything new?

BANNING

Not much. Too scared.

They approach an area surrounded by FORENSIC AGENTS gathered around a hole in the ground.

CPT. ROBERTS

We just sniffed it out.

The Agents let them through as Banning sees the contents at the bottom of the dug-out hole.

Bones. Deteriorated. Small. Definitely not adult size.

BANNING

Are they human?

CPT. ROBERTS
 We don't know yet. They're very
 old.

Costa approaches them.

COSTA
 You were looking for me?

CPT. ROBERTS
 Yes, Officer Costa, this is
 Special Agent Banning with the
 FBI. He's in charge of
 interviewing the suspects.
 (Costa and Banning
 shake hands)
 Could you show him around the
 property?

COSTA
 Sure. I'll be your guide.

BANNING
 Much appreciated.

INT. MOBILE HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Banning and Costa move from one room to another--

MASTER BEDROOM

TWO AGENTS clear the scene as Banning enters. His
 attention goes to the collection of sexual paraphernalia.

DAVID (TAPE)
*Now I'm sure that you're a great
 little piece of ass and you're
 gonna be a lot of fun to play
 with, but I will get tired of you
 eventually...*

KITCHEN

Banning finds a potato salad rotting in a mixing bowl.
 With FLIES over it and a picnic basket sitting on the
 floor beside it.

DAVID (TAPE)
*...I've devised a safe method of
 disposal. I had plenty of bitches
 to practice on over the years, so
 I've pretty well got it down pat.*
 (MORE)

DAVID (TAPE) (CONT'D)
*And I enjoy doing it. I get off on
 mind games...*

In every room he inspects, he finds an ashtray full of cigarettes.

LIVING AREA

Costa shows him the stained mattress where Cynthia was kept chained. Followed by the apparatus on the ceiling, the coffin, the sex toys--

DAVID (TAPE)
*...After we get completely through
 with you, you're gonna be drugged
 up real heavy, with a combination
 of Sodium Pentothal and
 Phenobarbital...*

Banning sits behind David's desk. Books and notebooks have been assembled by the investigation teams. He picks one on top and glances inside it. It's a diary.

DAVID (TAPE)
*...You won't remember this place,
 us, or what has happened to you.
 There won't be any DNA evidence,
 because you'll be bathed, and both
 holes between your legs will be
 thoroughly flushed out...*

He leaves the diary and grabs a notebook. He opens it, finding pages full of David's drawings. Hundreds of different depictions on how to torture women sexually.

DAVID (TAPE)
*...If everybody knew how much fun
 it was to keep a sex slave, half
 the women would be chained up in
 somebody's basement.*

LATER

Banning stops the audiotape, takes off his headphones and surrenders the recorder to an FBI AGENT that bags it.

BANNING
 Thank you.

Costa approaches Banning.

COSTA
 What are you looking for exactly?

BANNING

Anything that can help me get an idea of who he truly is. We can already assume he's a sadist, that's his true self. But what about his social mask?

COSTA

Wait, isn't he a sadomasochist?

BANNING

Sadomasochists like to receive pain, not inflict it. For example, because of the tape, now I know he's smart.

COSTA

Smart? How on earth--

BANNING

That disclaimer at the beginning, the "for entertainment purposes" bit... The judge could rule the tape inadmissible.

Banning continues looking--

COSTA

You think he could be a serial killer?

BANNING

Doesn't everyone?

EXT. DAVID'S PROPERTY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Costa and Banning step out of the mobile home.

COSTA

So your plan is to get a confession?

BANNING

It'd be easier if we could figure out how many victims we're talking about.

They head towards the white trailer, THE TOY BOX.

COSTA

I must warn you, it's pretty sick in there.

BANNING

I've been told.

They see TWO TV CHANNEL VANS parking outside the property with their respective logos. Media has arrived.

BANNING

Welcome to the three-ring circus.

Costa recognizes his girlfriend, SALLY, as she steps out of a van along with her CREW.

COSTA

I... I gotta go one second.

(points towards the
white trailer)

Go ahead. I'll be right with you.

Costa leaves in a hurry while Banning continues walking alone, all the way to--

EXT. WHITE TRAILER, AKA THE TOY BOX - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Banning speaks to AGENT KENT, 30s, who's standing at the trailer's door while inside, two other AGENTS collect evidence and take photographs.

BANNING

I just need ten minutes.

AGENT KENT

You can move in for all I care.

Agent Kent signals his TWO PARTNERS to come out.

MOMENTS LATER

The Three Agents, now outside, light up their cigarettes as Banning proceeds to climb up the four steps and enter through the open door--

His eyes go wide. First thing he sees--

Its centerpiece, a BLACK GYNECOLOGY TABLE. Everything else is a tool for sexual torture.

A large white sign with big red block letters reads: SATAN'S DEN. Next to it, a smaller sign with black letters says: THE BONDAGE ROOM.

The wall to his right is covered with tools: chains, whips, paddles, pulleys, leather belts, saw blades, harnesses, handcuffs, ropes, wires, needles, pins--

DAVID (TAPE)

*Be nice. Keep your mouth shut,
learn the rules and survive. We
are into S&M and you're going to
be hurt a little, but everything
we do to a girl is designed to
cause pain, not injury...*

Screw clamps, nipple clamps, breast clamps, breast suction cups, metal bras, sand paper, a branding iron, a soldering iron, an assortment of fish hooks, weighted lead sinkers, and all kinds of dildos.

DAVID (TAPE)

*...Remember, when you're asked a
question, you say, "yes, master"
or "no, master." If you have to go
to the restroom, it is "master,"
or "mistress," may I please go to
the restroom...*

His eyes go down--

A large yellow generator sits on the floor. Attached to it, there's a fifteen-inch flesh-colored motorized dildo.

DAVID (TAPE)

*...Any time that you are given a
command, always acknowledge the
order verbally, "yes, master," and
then obey the order...*

Banning kneels to see that the back of the generator has three switches labeled: BUZZER, LIGHT and PROBE. Homemade and intended to be used as a sort of jackhammer.

DAVID (TAPE)

*That's not too difficult. A bright
little thing like you should be
able to learn it real fast...*

He then moves towards the gynecology table. Rigged with metal stirrups, electrodes, countless red plastic straps to tie up victims, and six-foot tracks beneath it allow it to move back and forth.

Banning positions himself as if he were sitting on it.

DAVID (TAPE)

*...And I can only give you advice.
Be smart and be a survivor. Don't
ever scream. Don't talk without
permission. Be very quiet...*

In front of him, a tall tripod with a RCA VICTOR CAMCORDER points straight to the medical table in the center of the room.

DAVID (TAPE)

Be docile and obedient and, by all means, show proper respect. Have a nice day.

To the side, there's a TV monitor connected to the camera. And on the ceiling, a mirror has been placed for victims to see their own reflection.

Costa returns--

BANNING

He filmed it. Made them watch while he did it. There's gotta be tapes somewhere--

COSTA

They're still looking.

Banning notices Costa's disconcerted look.

BANNING

Something wrong?

COSTA

These reporters are like leeches. They've got no respect.

BANNING

It was inevitable.

Banning moves away from the table and finds an open medical cabinet. There are latex gloves, forceps, cotton, Spanish K-Y jelly, petroleum jelly, bottles of chloroform, ammonia poppers, and hypodermic syringes.

BANNING

It won't be long now before they come up with some cheesy nickname.

COSTA

They already have. One reporter asked me about "The Toy Box Killer".

BANNING

Mmm. Someone's been talking.

Underneath the cabinet, Banning discovers an aluminum confinement drawer with a six-foot-long cot. The perfect place to store a live body.

COSTA

Have you seen this?

Costa points at a printed paper hanging on the wall. Banning approaches it--

BANNING

(reads)

Remember, a woman will do or say anything to get loose. They will: kick, scratch, offer money, bite, yell, beg, scream, run, offer sex, threaten, lie, wait for opportunity.

Agent Kent appears at the door.

BANNING

(continues reading)

Don't let her get to you. If she was worth taking, she is worth keeping. And she must be subjected to hypnosis before the woman can be safely released. Never trust a chained captive.

COSTA

Have you ever seen anything like this?

BANNING

You mean outside movies?

(then)

Sounds like he put it there as a reminder for someone else.

Agent Kent enters.

AGENT KENT

His girlfriend maybe?

BANNING

Or another accomplice. He must have had help. I mean, how many times has he done this?

AGENT KENT

At least seventeen.

BANNING
 (surprised)
 How do you know?

AGENT KENT
 We found a list.

Agent Kent heads over to a coat hanger. He reaches behind a long black robe with a red cape and takes out a businesslike clipboard.

AGENT KENT
 He kept a record. Starts from '94.

He hands over the clipboard to Banning.

CLOSE ON IT

A column labeled ABDUCT DATE shows a list of numbers along with tally marks.

* 2-7-94 ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ ||
 * 4-16-94 ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ |||
 * 7-3-94 ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ ++++ |||

The list goes on and on--

AGENT KENT
 He marked down every time they were abused.

BANNING
 Seventeen, is that what you said?

AGENT KENT
 As far as it says there.

COSTA
 How come none of the neighbors noticed anything?

BANNING
 (looks around)
 I'd guess that's what the antenna is for. It screens the view of the entrance.

Costa and Agent Kent glance over to the giant TV antenna placed outside. They realize he's right.

BANNING

The walls are soundproof too.
Door's reinforced steel. Double-
locked. Whomever was kept here had
no way to escape.

Costa spots a cube-shaped metal box with a padlocked
hinged lid and a cut out on one end for a victim's neck.

BANNING

Do you have an evidence count?

AGENT KENT

Probably close to a thousand.

BANNING

How long does it take for someone
to assemble a place like this?

While they talk, Costa heads over to a book collection
sitting on a shelf next to a white candle on top of a
human skull and a handcarved wooden dildo.

BANNING

He's been doing it for years.
Maybe decades.

AGENT KENT

It's very likely.

Costa glances over the book titles... *Birth, Medical
Guide, Emergency Victim Care, Sexual behavior of the
Human Female, The Dark World of Witches, American Psycho--*

BANNING

(checks watch)

I wished I had more time to go
over the diaries.

AGENT KENT

He's gonna shit his pants when he
realizes that his dirty secret has
finally been exposed. He'll talk.

Costa grabs *American Psycho*. As soon as he opens it,
something slips between the pages and falls on the floor.

BANNING

We'll see. I don't wanna get our
hopes up.

Costa picks up an NEW MEXICO DRIVER'S LICENSE with a
picture of a pretty young girl with black hair.

COSTA
Did you see this?

Costa hands over the ID to Banning and Agent Kent.

BANNING
Where did you find it?

COSTA
Inside one of the books.

AGENT KENT
It's a fake. Kids use them all the time to get into bars. That's probably not even her real name.

BANNING
But the picture must belong to someone. Maybe David kept it as a trophy.

Agent Kent places the fake ID into a plastic bag.

AGENT KENT
We'll check with our database.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Banning shakes hands with DAVID PARKER RAY, 59, a lanky mustached man with a craggy face and a leering grin. He speaks politely, a soft-spoken gentleman.

DAVID
You wouldn't by any chance have a cigarette with you? I've been dying for one.

BANNING
I don't smoke.

DAVID
It's okay.

Banning presses a button on his recorder.

BANNING
Could you state your name, please?

DAVID
David Parker Ray.

MOMENTS LATER

DAVID

I was real shy when I was a child. I still am. I wouldn't even look at a girl. I always kept my eyes down. Didn't have my first date until I was eighteen years old.

BANNING

Have you been married?

DAVID

Four times.

BANNING

Divorced?

DAVID

Same.

BANNING

What about your sexual fantasies?

DAVID

I'm a very private person.

BANNING

Do you hate women?

DAVID

Not at all. I get my excitement from making women happy. I get pleasure from a woman getting pleasure.

BANNING

Can you tell me about the Toy Box?

DAVID

(sighs)

She never liked the name. Wanted me to change it to the Play Box.

BANNING

Your girlfriend?

DAVID

Fiancée. We were gonna go on a picnic.

BANNING

Have you ever hurt anyone?

DAVID

I like to cause pain, but I don't like to physically, actually hurt a girl. It's a game.

BANNING

Have you ever killed anyone?

DAVID

Certainly not.

BANNING

Abducted anyone?

DAVID

No.

BANNING

What about the list? We found a record of seventeen abductions.

DAVID

It's all make pretend. I gotta feed my fantasies somehow.

BANNING

We found some bones this morning. Dug them out from behind your home.

DAVID

In the backyard?

(Banning nods)

He was a good boy, but sadly, he got sick, had to put him down. I've had many dogs over the years.

Banning, feeling foolish, lowers his gaze to write down some notes.

DAVID

You thought I buried someone?

(off his silence)

I don't know what you thought, but I can assure you--

Banning raises his gaze. David's grinning at him with a nonthreatening smile.

DAVID

You're not gonna find any bodies.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER FOUR

"RUST"

INT. TOY BOX - DAY

Down on the floor, there's a one-foot-tall BARBIE DOLL with long black hair. Miniature chains and shackles hang from her ankles, wrists, nipples, and neck.

FBI AGENT PATTI RUST, 36, draws the doll and the other tools of torture next to it. With a perpetual slouched posture, unkept hair, and dark bags under her eyes.

The hours inside seem to have taken a toll on her.

On the other side, Agent Kent photographs the extensive collection of toys, focusing on a dildo with spikes.

PATTI

There's special place in hell for people like him.

AGENT KENT

I hope so. Although, who knows, I think he might enjoy it.

PATTI

That's not funny.

AGENT KENT

We've been two days locked in here. If I can't crack one up, I'm gonna lose it.

PATTI

Whatever. Go ahead. What's the worst you got?

AGENT KENT

Pass.

PATTI

Come on, let it out of your system.

AGENT KENT

Why are all serial killers men?

PATTI

Enlighten me.

AGENT KENT

Cause women prefer to kill one man
slowly over many, many years.

PATTI

(doesn't laugh)
You might be on to something.

AGENT KENT

Come on, not even a chuckle?

Patti notices something out of the ordinary underneath
the doll, a hidden hatch.

AGENT KENT

Okay. No more jokes. I'm done.
That wasn't even the worst I had.

She removes the doll along with other toys on top.
There's no handle to open it. So she feels the corners,
pressing one of them, until it opens the hatch.

Her eyes go wide.

It's a collection of homemade VHS tapes.

INT. DAVID'S MOBILE HOME - DAY - LATER

EIGHT AGENTS and OFFICERS have gathered around the living
area. Cpt. Roberts, Agent Marment, Officer Costa...

And Patti, the only woman present. Everyone waits quietly
as Agent Kent turns on the TV and slides the VHS tape
into the player.

A sense of terror grows in all their somber faces.

Agent Kent presses play--

The video starts--

INSIDE THE TOY BOX

*David, alone and dressed in casual jeans and shirt,
checks his camera as it stands on a tripod, pointing
towards the empty gynecology table which is covered with
a white blanket.*

DAVID (VIDEO)

Testing... Testing...

David moves around the interior, stretching his body.

DAVID (VIDEO)

One, two, three, four, five. Five,
four, three, two, one.

David leans over and rattles some of the chains on the floor to test the sound. He then approaches the camera and turns it off.

The screen goes BLACK. For a couple of seconds.

AGENT MARMENT

Real Spielberg this one.

CPT. ROBERTS

Was that the end?

The image comes back.

A naked blonde woman, spread-eagled on her back, anchored to the table by red nylon straps on her wrists and ankles. Her eyes and mouth covered with silver duct tape.

David appears on screen, wearing a long black robe and a black leather mask with gold glitter sprinkled around the eye holes.

CPT. ROBERTS

Is that David?

AGENT KENT

It looks like the same robe we
found in the trailer.

On the side, Hendy waves a small handgun at the poor victim who appears to be heavily drugged.

David holds a giant cattle prod. He steps forward and positions it close between her legs--

Costa looks away. Few have the stomach to look at the screen straight ahead. But they can all hear the victim's muffled SCREAMS.

David removes the duct tape from the girl's mouth before she begins to spew some blood--

CPT. ROBERTS

That's enough.

Agent Kent is about to stop it.

PATTI

Wait.

Patti approaches the TV.

PATTI
Can you rewind?

Agent Kent does so. The video rewinds.

PATTI
Can you slow it?

Agent Kent presses a button and the image slows down.
Cpt. Roberts steps closer.

CPT. ROBERTS
What did you see?

PATTI
There. Pause it.

The image freezes on the victim's spread-eagled legs.
Patti points at a tattoo on her left ankle.

PATTI
That's a tattoo. Do you see it?
Looks like an animal.

CPT. ROBERTS
Maybe a bird. We'll send it to
headquarters.

PATTI
This isn't a regular tattoo.
Someone has to recognize it. You
should put it on the news as soon
as you have a clear image.

CPT. ROBERTS
Well done, Agent...?

PATTI
Rust, Patti Rust.

CPT. ROBERTS
You've done good, Agent Rust.

EXT. "EL VADO MOTEL" - NIGHT

As fleabag as it gets. The kind you dread to sleep at for
even an hour. The broken neon sign is only partially lit
up: "~~EL~~-VADO MOTEL".

Patti steps out of her parked car, picks up her folders
and bags, and walks alone towards her room.

INT. PATTI'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Her bed is covered with countless black-and-white drawings and diagrams she's been working on.

Patti brushes her teeth in the bathroom as the local news play on TV: CPT. ROBERTS speaking to reporters outside David's property.

CPT. ROBERTS (ON TV)
I cannot go into specifics, but
the video we found showed an
unidentified young woman.

Still brushing her teeth, Patti walks over to the TV.

CPT. ROBERTS (ON TV)
With a tattoo of a swan on her
left ankle.

TV shows a fuzzy close-up of the tattoo.

CPT. ROBERTS (ON TV)
If anybody recognizes it, or has
any information, please contact
New Mexico authorities.

Patti walks back to bathroom and spits the toothpaste before washing her mouth.

The light flickers for a second. Patti stares at it.

MOMENTS LATER

She walks back towards the TV where SALLY appears reporting from the scene.

SALLY (ON TV)
Where is this woman? Is she alive?
Is she dead? One thing's for sure,
she's another victim of the Toy
Box Killer.

Patti turns off the TV.

She seems scared. She checks the door is locked. Grabs a chair and positions it against the door's knob.

She then jumps back to bed, turns off the light and rests her head over the pillow. Her eyes still open.

THE NEXT MORNING

Someone KNOCKS on her door. Patti gets out of bed and goes over to open it.

BANNING

Agent Rust?

PATTI

Yes.

BANNING

(shows FBI badge)

I'm Agent Banning, violent crimes.
I was wondering if I could have
your help with something.

PATTI

Can I get dressed?

INT. "GOLDEN SPOON" DINER - DAY - LATER

Both sit in a booth. Banning enjoys a full breakfast while Patti only drinks a cup of black coffee.

BANNING

Another victim came up. Angelica Montano. The exact same thing happened to her last month. First she was abducted and then they tortured her for days. She reported it to the local authorities, but they didn't believe her.

PATTI

It's becoming a recurring theme.

BANNING

Not only that, but she's also a prostitute and a drug-addict.

PATTI

Why is that a problem?

BANNING

Meaning that it makes it more difficult to convince the jury.

PATTI

I still don't understand how I can help you.

BANNING

We also got a call regarding that tattoo you spotted. A woman said it belongs to her ex-daughter-in-law, Kelli. Nice young girl that used to live around here years ago. They've asked me to go talk to her, with another agent.

PATTI

Who?

BANNING

A female agent, they said. I thought who better than she who discovered the tape.

PATTI

I still have so much evidence to go through.

BANNING

Not a problem. Already talked with your supervisor. You interested?

PATTI

Yes.

BANNING

Good. Then finish your Joe cause we should've been on our way there an hour ago.

PATTI

How far are we going?

EXT. KELLI'S HOUSE - DAY

Banning parks in front of a modest residence in a quiet neighborhood. Him and Patti step out of the car.

TITLE: *Craig, Colorado*

MOMENTS LATER

Banning RINGS the doorbell while Patti waits beside him.

BANNING

Let's allow her to guide the conversation. We're here to get her cooperation. The NMSP will handle the testimony.

PATTI

Understood.

KELLI VAN CLEAVE, 25, opens the door. Humble, mild-mannered, her eyes full of unspoken sadness. Barely recognizable as the girl from the video.

INT. LIVING ROOM, KELLI'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Agent Banning shows Kelli a picture taken from the video, a fuzzy close-up of the swan tattoo.

KELLI

Yeah, that's me.

Patti holds the picture for her as Kelli lifts up the end of her pants to show the same tattoo on her ankle.

KELLI

Ever since I saw the news, the memories have been coming back. Now I know why I've been having nightmares for the last three years.

BANNING

What do you remember?

KELLI

I had a fight with my husband. We'd just gotten married a couple of days before. So I went bar-hopping with a bunch of my friends. We ended up at the Blue Waters Saloon. Jesse was there too, drunk and--

BANNING

Excuse me, Jesse-who?

KELLI

David's daughter. That's how she likes to be called. Jesse. Some called her "Dyke on a Bike". And she was proud of that, if you know what I mean.

PATTI

You were friends with her?

KELLI

A friend of a friend. She offered me a ride home on her bike.

(MORE)

KELLI (CONT'D)

But instead she took me to her father's place. Said she needed some coffee.

BANNING

So you knew David?

KELLI

That was the first time I met him. I think earlier at the bar, Jesse put a mickey in my drink when I went to the toilet, cause this is when things start to get fuzzy.

(takes a deep breath)

I sat down on his couch while Jesse and her dad went into the back room. I don't remember which one did what, but when they came back, one held a knife to my throat while the other used duct tape to cover my eyes and my mouth.

Patti's hand begins to tremble. The one holding the picture of the tattoo. Banning notices.

KELLI

I kinda froze up. I couldn't do anything. They took off my clothes and put a dog collar around my neck. Then they took me out to the Toy Box.

PATTI

His daughter too? She didn't stop him?

KELLI

I still don't remember much. I just remember being tied up while he shoved things... You know, right between my legs.

BANNING

You were there how long?

KELLI

Three days. David drove me back to my husband's house. Nothing felt right. I was aching all over. He told them he'd found me walking on the beach. I couldn't explain anything.

(MORE)

KELLI (CONT'D)

My mother-in-law got furious. They thought I had been screwing around and taking drugs.

PATTI

Did they contact the authorities?

KELLI

They kicked me out of the house. Wouldn't even let me pick up my toothbrush.

PATTI

Even your husband?

KELLI

"I never wanna see you again", he said. He filed for divorce two days later. I can't tell you how dirty I felt. Still do.

BANNING

We know he used drugs to erase his victims memories. It's amazing you can recall anything at all.

KELLI

(nods)

I feel so guilty.

PATTI

You're doing a brave thing.

KELLI

I should've remembered sooner. I could've saved other girls.

PATTI

It's not too late. Justice can be done. Are you willing to give your testimony in court?

KELLI

Yes.

PATTI

He'll pay for what he did to you.

I/E. BANNING'S CAR/HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER

On the way back to New Mexico, Banning drives as Patti sits next to him.

PATTI

I can't believe his daughter is involved in this too.

BANNING

I wonder what she'll say for herself tomorrow. Do you wanna be there for the arrest?

Patti's gaze focuses on the dark road.

BANNING

Were you okay back there?

(silence)

I saw your hand tremble.

PATTI

Too much caffeine. I haven't had a good night's sleep in a while.

BANNING

Nightmares?

PATTI

I can't even get that far.

BANNING

Couldn't they get someone else to draw the evidence?

PATTI

I have to do it.

BANNING

Nobody's forcing you.

PATTI

I haven't been this afraid since I was a kid. But I'm not gonna stop. I don't know why... I have this rage. I wanna see him suffer. Let's have him strapped naked to that table for a change.

BANNING

I'd say it's a natural reaction.

PATTI

You don't think that makes me like him?

BANNING

Not unless you put it into action.

PATTI

This whole thing has brought up
some memories.

BANNING

Of what?

PATTI

Something I thought I had
forgotten.

BANNING

You wanna talk about it?

PATTI

I just wanna sleep.

INT. TOY BOX - DAY

Patti resumes her work. She prepares her pencils to draw
the gynecology table.

The tip presses against the paper. Her fingers shake. She
can't even begin to draw.

INT. PATTI'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patti sits at the edge of her bed watching the NEWS on
TV. It shows footage of authorities outside a residence.

GLENDIA "JESSE" RAY, 32, is arrested and taken away in
handcuffs by TWO POLICE OFFICERS.

She's manly, tall like her father, with blond hair and
unfashionable glasses. She shows no emotion as she's
carried away.

Patti focuses her attention on Jesse's cold stare.

INT. FBI OFFICE, ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

JOHN HUTTON, 50s, Executive Assistant Director and
Patti's superior, analyzes her folder with hundreds of
detailed drawings and diagrams.

JOHN HUTTON

Excellent work. Hope it wasn't too
overwhelming.

PATTI

This past week hasn't been easy.

JOHN HUTTON

You deserve some time off. Go on and enjoy the good news.

PATTI

What good news?

JOHN HUTTON

You haven't heard? The girlfriend turned around.

PATTI

She did?

JOHN HUTTON

Oh yeah, she wants to cooperate. She's making a deal with the D.A. as we speak.

PATTI

What's she offering?

JOHN HUTTON

Apparently, she's got information regarding fourteen victims David murdered over the years.

PATTI

Fourteen?

JOHN HUTTON

Or so he told her. We won't know for sure until we find the bodies.

Patti looks down, she seems about to cry.

JOHN HUTTON

Is something the matter?

PATTI

It's too much. I can't.

JOHN HUTTON

Go home. Relax. Be with your loved ones. I won't make you go back there.

PATTI

It doesn't matter. It's gonna stay with me.

INT. PATTI'S HOME - NIGHT

Patti enters quietly, carrying a suitcase and briefcase. She leaves them close to the entrance.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM, PATTI'S HOME - LATER

Careful not to wake them up, Patti gives a kiss to each of her TWO SONS, aged 5 and 8, who are asleep in their respective beds.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, PATTI'S HOME - LATER

Patti stands near the bed where her HUSBAND sleeps. Face down against the pillow.

She stares at him sleep for a long beat. Nothing's heard except the sound of his heavy breathing.

Patti seems about to cry.

She reaches over to touch him.

But just when she's about to, her hand stops. She lowers her arm having decided not to wake him up.

INT. KITCHEN, PATTI'S HOME - LATER

At the breakfast table, Patti sits alone in the darkness. An undrunk glass of water rests on the table beside her.

Right next to a HANDGUN.

Patti keeps staring at the wall. Nothing is heard except the ticking of the kitchen clock.

She picks up the handgun and presses the barrel against her head.

EXT. PATTI'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A deafening GUNSHOT is heard.

Followed by a silence that lasts for a prolonged beat.

Then, on the second floor, the bedroom light is suddenly turned on by Patti's husband.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER FIVE

"DAVID"

INT. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS FACILITY - DAY

David, in an orange jump suit, walks down a corridor accompanied by a PRISON GUARD who guides him towards a row of visitor's booths.

TITLE: *Los Lunas, New Mexico*

Slow and weak, David directs himself towards one of them.

THEN: *June 25th, 2000*

And finds MADISON, a middle-aged woman worn down by the past year. She's grown accustomed to always have to put on a wide smile.

David seems disappointed to see her. She holds the phone, waiting. He takes a sit and picks up his.

MADISON

I told you I'd return.

DAVID

How did you know I would accept?

MADISON

I'll take a wild guess that you don't get many visitors.

DAVID

Some of my family still visits. Why did you come back?

MADISON

You said last time you'd try to remember. Well, did you?

DAVID

Remember what?

Madison takes out a picture for him to see. It's a teenage girl. The same FACE from the fake ID Costa found in the Toy Box.

MADISON

My daughter. Jodie. Look at her.

DAVID

Right.

MADISON

She was barely seventeen last time
I saw her.

DAVID

They got me under some real heavy
medication. For my heart. I can't
breathe no good--

MADISON

You said that last time.

DAVID

My memory's not too good either.

MADISON

You said that too. Why did you
have her ID? You kept it for a
reason.

DAVID

I thought she was pretty.

MADISON

How did it come into your
possession? I just need to know,
please. Try.

DAVID

I dunno. She could've been some
hitchhiker, a drifter I helped
out.

MADISON

Did you kill her?

DAVID

Did I kill her?

MADISON

I'd rather know the truth. Some
people just say that, but I really
mean it. Tell me, and I'll do
whatever you want.

DAVID

I'm sorry.

MADISON

Don't you understand? You have a
daughter.

DAVID

The truth is I can't help you.

MADISON

I guess you wouldn't understand.
What kind of father leads his own
daughter into prison?

DAVID

Jesse got nothing to do with this.

MADISON

Oh, so she's gonna spend a lot of
years locked up for nothing?

David stands up. Tired.

DAVID

I'm very sorry you can't find your
daughter. But please, don't ever
come here again.

David hangs up the phone, and leaves.

INT. DINING HALL, CORRECTIONS FACILITY - DAY - LATER

David has lunch on his own in a separate table.

FRED, 30s, a big brute covered in tattoos, comes over
with his tray and sits next to David without asking.

FRED

You lucky motherfucker.

DAVID

What?

FRED

That chick going after you, Angie
something, she passed away, man.

DAVID

How?

FRED

Pneumonia. Which is pig code for
overdose.

DAVID

I didn't know.

FRED

I guess that's a trial less for you.

Fred leans over, gargles his mouth full of food, arcs his neck and spits into David's tray.

FRED

Enjoy your meal.

Fred grabs his tray and moves away to another table.

INT. CELL, CORRECTIONS FACILITY - NIGHT

Lights are off. Everyone is quiet.

David lies awake in bed.

There's a picture of Jesse stuck to the wall beside him. He touches her face with his fingers.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, CORRECTIONS FACILITY - DAY

JIM YONTZ, early 40s, assistant D.A., has a private meeting with David, who is accompanied by his defense attorney, LEE MCMILLAN, 40s.

DAVID

If it takes sterilization, I'll do it. I'm serious.

JIM YONTZ

I believe you.

DAVID

One way or the other, I'm gonna beat this urge.

JIM YONTZ

Tell me I came over for a reason.

LEE MCMILLAN

My client will plea guilty to all accounts.

JIM YONTZ

What does he want in return?

DAVID

My daughter's freedom.

LEE MCMILLAN
Her scheduled trial must be
dropped so she can be released
from prison as soon as possible.

JIM YONTZ
You're dreaming.

LEE MCMILLAN
She's already served 2 years.

JIM YONTZ
Which means nothing considering
the charges.

DAVID
As long as she's set free, I don't
care how many years I get.

JIM YONTZ
So you suddenly grew a heart, uh,
David?

LEE MCMILLAN
There's no need for that.

JIM YONTZ
Why not confess? Why not put it
all on the table? Cooperate with
the authorities. Help them find
the other victims.

LEE MCMILLAN
My client has nothing further to
confess.

JIM YONTZ
Your parents are still alive,
aren't they, David?
(David nods)
I wonder if that's when you'll
finally talk, when they're dead.

LEE MCMILLAN
Can we make this happen or not?

Jim keeps staring at David who looks down in fear.

LEE MCMILLAN
Can we?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

David's last hearing. The space is packed with visitors and witnesses. Cynthia, Kelli, Sally, and Madison are amongst them.

Defense attorney Lee McMillan sits beside David, and Jim Yontz on the prosecuting table. JUDGE SWEAZEA presides.

Agent Banning speaks from the stand.

BANNING

David suffers from paraphilia, a psycho-sexual disorder. Which has no known therapy and can only be stopped by apprehension. In terms of sexual sadism, potential lethality, and the time, money and effort he put to make it happen, he's a criminal sexual sadist.

(then, saddened)

Even his arrest couldn't stop him from causing further harm. There's nothing left but questions that'll never be answered.

LATER

Cynthia Vigil sits at the stand.

CYNTHIA

I bear scars outside and inside that will never heal. No punishment will ever be comparable to what he did to me.

She looks straight into David's eyes. Crying.

CYNTHIA

How could you do this to me? I hope you burn in hell for what you've done.

David lowers his gaze, showing no emotion.

LATER

Kelli Van Cleave sits at the stand.

KELLI

We're not victims, we're survivors.

(MORE)

KELLI (CONT'D)

And no, I don't want him to die, I wish he lives for a long time, so that he can be controlled and used in prison. So that he can suffer for the rest of his days.

LATER

Prosecutor Jim Yontz addresses the jury.

JIM YONTZ

If David is ever released, I guarantee you, he will offend before he gets home. This monster should never be allowed to walk the streets again. There should be no light at the end of the tunnel. He should realize that a cell will be his home for the rest of his life, and that he will leave only in a box.

LATER

Defense Attorney Lee McMillan addresses the jury.

LEE MCMILLAN

My client's been unfairly labeled as a paraphiliac. He has successfully resisted his disease for almost 50 years and has made efforts to reform himself while in protective custody. I would like to remind that my client's current judgement has been impaired by numerous medications. He needs help, not punishment.

LATER

David, standing up, addresses the court.

DAVID

Many lies and distortions have been told about me. I've lost everything. My home, my assets, even my health. The only reason I accepted the plea was so my daughter could be freed. At least I have that comfort.

Cynthia and Kelli sit next to each other. Holding hands.

DAVID

Since I was arrested, I've been confined for two and a half years. That's a lot of time to reflect. I've been reading the Bible, trying to get right with God. I've put my life in His hands. I can't change the past but can only be sorry.

LATER

Judge Sweazea declares his sentence. David, standing up, listens attentively.

JUDGE SWEAZEA

For the crimes against Kelli Van Cleave, I sentence you to 9 years for kidnapping, 3 years for conspiracy to commit kidnapping, 18 years for each six counts of sexual penetration, 18 months for criminal sexual contact, and 18 months for conspiracy to commit sexual contact.

David looks onward. He seems completely out of it.

JUDGE SWEAZEA

For the crimes against Cynthia Vigil, I sentence you to 18 years for kidnapping, 9 years for criminal sexual penetration, and 9 years for conspiracy to commit kidnapping. Due to the extensive planning, efforts, and horrific nature of the crimes, an additional third of the total of the forgoing sentences will be imposed.

Cynthia and Kelli nod as they hold hands.

JUDGE SWEAZEA

Summing up a total of 224 years to be served consecutively. Court is adjourned.

David brings his hand to his chest. TWO COURT OFFICERS come over to help him stand up.

Grabbing him by the arms, they guide him out of the court. Through the crowd of people.

SOMEONE sitting at the last row catches David's attention.

A TALL, BLONDE WOMAN hiding behind a pair of sunglasses. She removes them--

It's his daughter, JESSE.

She draws a sad smile for him. Their eyes lock for a short moment.

But David has no time to react. He's immediately pulled and taken away from the room.

EXT. LEA COUNTY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - AFTERNOON

A PRISON VAN drives through the entrance gates and parks near the main building where the stern WARDEN LUTZ, 50s, waits along with a SIX PRISON GUARDS.

TITLE: *Hobbs, New Mexico*

They all stare as David steps out, shackled and wearing an orange jumpsuit. TWO GUARDS have to assist him getting down the vehicle. He's weak and frail.

THEN: *May 28th, 2002*

Warden Lutz talks to LIEUTENANT HOLDSWORTH, 40s, the only one doing a good job at hiding his disgust.

WARDEN

He looks like shit.

HOLDSWORTH

Karma has a way of working.

WARDEN

I don't wanna see him waiting around. Take him to his cell while we process the paperwork.

INT. HALLWAY, CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Lt Holdsworth and a GUARD accompany David down a corridor of isolated, high-security cells.

They walk slowly. David's heavy breathing and poor health sets the pace. Until they reach his cell's door and stop.

The Guard takes out a key and unlocks it--

INT. DAVID'S CELL, CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. David steps inside. There's a steel bedstead that holds a mattress and a one-piece sink and toilet made of stainless steel.

HOLDSWORTH

You have some visitors tomorrow morning. So try to get some rest.

DAVID

Who?

HOLDSWORTH

State police, and someone from the Department of Public Safety. They wanna question you.

DAVID

About what?

HOLDSWORTH

If you had to guess.

DAVID

Right.

The two turn around and exit--

DAVID

Thank you.

Lt Holdsworth CLANKS the door shut. The key locks it behind them.

David is left alone, standing at the center of the cell. Trying to catch his breath. He keeps his gaze down.

All of a sudden, he begins to feel dizzy, then disoriented. He tries to reach for the mattress.

A couple of steps feel like a mile.

His breathing accelerates as he sweats profusely. He seems in terrible pain. Like a hundred tons pressing down on his shoulders.

He finally reaches the bedstead and slowly lies down on his back over the mattress. Trying to regain his breath.

David brings his hand to his chest.

His eyes remain wide open. Staring at the ceiling. Drenched in sweat.

His heartbeat finally calms down. His face relaxes until it freezes.

He doesn't move. Or breathe. Or blink.

His lifeless eyes remain open.

Looking upwards.

Dead.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER SIX

"SALLY"

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE, "THE SENTINEL" - DAY

At a busy newspaper, Sally, now 39 years old, has a meeting with RICHARD FULLAN, 50s, editor-in-chief and close friend of hers.

TITLE: *October 18, 2011*

SALLY

Admit it. You don't think it's good enough.

RICHARD

Don't get me wrong, it's a decent abstract. I'm not sure you should spend your efforts on that topic.

SALLY

American Muslim's are not interesting?

RICHARD

But does it sell? Who's your audience? Is it sexy enough?

SALLY

What the hell are you on about?

RICHARD

You know what I mean, not literally sexy, more like... Marketable. I know you. You want a best-seller.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Not some drag that only two professors are gonna buy just to decorate their shelves.

Someone appears at the door, TROY, a young journalist--

TROY

You better turn on the news.

Richard grabs his remote control.

SALLY

What is it?

TROY

The FBI found something.

Richard turns on the TV. News show a live report. FRANK FISHER, captioned as an FBI spokesman, answers questions at a desert-looking location.

FISHER (ON TV)

...a visitor discovered parts of a human femur and other bones on the eastern side of the lake. We've searched the entire area, but no other evidence turned up. The bones in question are very weathered, which makes it difficult to analyze.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Is this related to the David Parker Ray case?

FISHER (ON TV)

We believe so. We've decided to conduct a search of the lake in hopes of finding more evidence--

Sally turns to Richard.

SALLY

Did you know about this?

RICHARD

First I'm hearing.

Fisher continues talking on TV--

FISHER (ON TV)

We've also decided to make his trailer available to the public at the FBI's office in Albuquerque.

(MORE)

FISHER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

In order to gather more
information--

Sally turns to Richard.

SALLY

I'm going there.

She gets up from her seat and rushes out.

SALLY

Two hours. Tops.

RICHARD

Wait, we didn't go through the
article--

Richard gets up. Too late. She's gone.

RICHARD

Yeah, okay, go.

INT. HANGAR, FBI OFFICE, ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

Hundreds of evidence items are on display separately over more than twenty long tables.

David Parker Ray's trophies. Pieces of clothing, accessories, jewelry,...

Sally walks down one of the tables, slowly looking at every single item.

A rusty necklace... A ring in the shape of a heart... An 80s cheesy pin that says: I (HEART) BOYS... A leather bracelet with the name LINDA engraved...

She stops for a moment to take a closer look at it.

Then she turns her gaze to the OTHER GUESTS like her, an ELDER MAN, a CRYING WOMAN, victim's families walking around separate areas.

Sally resumes her walk.

Blue, plastic-rimmed reading glasses, held by a strip of duct tape... An old pair of white sneakers... And a pink Casio watch.

EXT. FBI HQ, ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

Behind the main building, in a courtyard the size of a parking lot, Sally follows an AGENT as they walk towards the Toy Box.

Which has been transported all the way from Truth or Consequences, practically intact.

SALLY

I can't believe I'm finally getting to see it.

They reach the TOY BOX.

AGENT

Hope you don't mind, but someone's already there.

INT. TOY BOX - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sally steps inside. One half of everything has been taken away, while the other half is wrapped in plastic bags. Even the medical table.

The other visitor is there too. It's Madison.

SALLY

If I'm bothering, please tell me.

MADISON

No, not at all.

SALLY

My name's Sally. I work for The Sentinel.

MADISON

Madison. You're a reporter?

SALLY

Journalist. I used to work for the local news in T or C. Back when all this happened.

MADISON

Really? Well, I still live there.

Sally takes a good long look around. The toys, sexual tools, torture devices, the gynecology table.

SALLY

What brings you here?

MADISON

My daughter.

SALLY

I'm sorry.

MADISON

Worst part is I'm hoping those bones they found belong to her, just so I can put an end to this.

Madison returns her gaze to the toys.

SALLY

You know, I thought about writing a book on the case... Until I realized it was never gonna have an ending.

MADISON

Did you?

SALLY

I'm starting to think I was wrong.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY - LATER

Sally and Madison have a cup of coffee.

MADISON

I've spent the day going through all kinds of personal belongings.

SALLY

Nothing though?

MADISON

Couldn't recognize any of it.

Madison digs into her pocket and takes out a picture of Jodie that she hands over to Sally.

MADISON

That's the last time she was photographed. That I know of.

SALLY

So, what happened exactly?

MADISON

She ran away right before her seventeenth birthday. I caught her smoking weed with her friends.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

But not the green kind. When my husband found out, he got real mad, and Jodie ran away.

SALLY

What year was this?

MADISON

'93. I never saw her face again until six years later, when they found that fake ID of hers.

SALLY

The authorities never found any other clues?

MADISON

(shakes head)
Not that I know of.

SALLY

Do you mind if I keep it?

MADISON

Please.

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE, "THE SENTINEL" - NIGHT

Sally searches inside her closet of files. She has to remove several cardboard boxes one by one until she gets to the old one on the bottom labeled--

"TOY BOX"

She opens it--

INT. SALLY'S OFFICE, "THE SENTINEL" - DAY

Every important detail has been put on a board.

Maps... Timelines... Evidence from David's house and Toy Box... Pictures of everyone involved...

Sally pins JODIE'S PICTURE on the board.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Did you come in early--

She sees Richard's at the door.

RICHARD

Or did you spend the night here?

SALLY

Good morning to you too.

RICHARD

What happened yesterday?

SALLY

I met the mother of one of the victims. A girl that went missing years before they caught David. This could be a great story.

RICHARD

What story?

SALLY

The search for her daughter. Those bones are gonna be identified soon. And you know they're gonna find something in that lake.

RICHARD

That's not for sure.

SALLY

They found a map of the lake inside his house. The deepest parts were marked with an "X".

RICHARD

How do you know so much?

SALLY

I used to date a local cop involved with the case.

RICHARD

Look at you.

SALLY

Let me go back there.

RICHARD

I won't regret it?

SALLY

There's a story here. You can't deny it could be a great article.

RICHARD

Maybe even a best-seller? Okay, work on it. But focus on the article first. And I want you back here by Monday.

EXT. ELEPHANT BUTTE LAKE - DAY - LATER

ON THE WATER

FIVE BOATS are anchored on different areas of the immense lake. SCUBA DIVERS jump into the water.

NEAR THE LAKE'S BANK

Sally stands at the limit of the yellow tape, arguing with a LOCAL OFFICER.

LOCAL OFFICER

I can't let you go any further.

SALLY

Is Deputy Costa around? I'm a friend.

LOCAL OFFICER

He's busy in one of the boats. Do you wanna leave a message?

SALLY

Can't you just call him for me?

LOCAL OFFICER

Why can't you? Aren't you his friend?

SALLY

I lost his number.

LOCAL OFFICER

You can leave a message if you want. But either way, I'm gonna need you to step aside.

SALLY

Fine. Do you have something to write?

LOCAL OFFICER

Do I look like a stationery?

Sally searches inside her handbag, takes out a notepad and starts writing a message for Costa.

SALLY

Make sure he gets it.

LOCAL OFFICER

I'll do my best.

EXT. DAVID'S PROPERTY - DAY - LATER

Little remains of what used to be David's property.

Almost everything has been stripped away, except the empty mobile home at the center. Sally walks around the fenced perimeter, on the phone with Richard.

SALLY

I tried talking to the neighbors.
Couldn't really get anything from
them. It's like the town has tried
to erase all of it.

RICHARD (PHONE)

What about your ex?

SALLY

We're meeting later. Don't call
him that.

RICHARD (PHONE)

Think he'll help you?

SALLY

We'll see.

RICHARD (PHONE)

Come back soon or else I'll find
someone else who does listen to
me.

SALLY

(chuckles)

Okay.

RICHARD (PHONE)

Seriously, don't get lost running
down memory lane.

SALLY

What's that supposed to mean?

RICHARD (PHONE)

You know. Be careful out there.

INT. "HOT SPRINGS" BAR - NIGHT

A popular watering hole in town. Sally waits in a booth with a glass of white wine. Two sips away from finishing it.

She hears the door open. Someone ENTERS. She looks over and sees an OLD COUPLE heading to take a seat.

The WAITRESS comes over to Sally.

WAITRESS

You want me to fill that up for you?

SALLY

I shouldn't. Thanks.

WAITRESS

Honey, if he stood you up, don't give him a second chance.

SALLY

It's not like that.

WAITRESS

It never is.

The Waitress leaves. The entrance door opens again.

This time, it is COSTA. Now wearing a deputy's uniform, aged 40, and sporting a thick cop moustache.

He comes over to her. She gets up.

SALLY

Hey.

COSTA

It's been a while.

They hug. It's awkward.

COSTA

Sorry I'm late.

SALLY

You should be more sorry for that moustache. Jesus.

COSTA

(smiles)

You know me, always aspiring to be a cliché.

They both sit. On opposite sides.

COSTA

How are you?

SALLY

Good. Working. Paper keeps me busy. You? How's Mary?

COSTA

She's good. Still two months until she goes into labor.

SALLY

Oh. Congratulations.

COSTA

Thanks. We're excited.

SALLY

How are things at the lake?

COSTA

Bad.

SALLY

Which kind?

COSTA

We found nothing. They're packing up tomorrow.

SALLY

How could it be?

COSTA

Nobody realized how deep and murky that lake could get.

SALLY

And the bones?

COSTA

Fetching for info?

SALLY

I've been considering writing a book about the case.

COSTA

And you thought I would help? Have you forgotten? This is why we broke up.

SALLY

No it isn't.

COSTA

You broke the news. You gave your boss all the info I told you in confidentiality.

SALLY

That's not why we broke up.

COSTA

Let's not go there.

SALLY

Jodie Sheer. You remember her?

COSTA

I do. Why?

SALLY

I met her mother. I'm considering writing an article on her. I was thinking those bones you found could belong to her.

COSTA

That's a dead end.

SALLY

Why?

COSTA

Not even Quantico could analyze them. Can't even determine their age.

SALLY

So, that's it?

COSTA

He knew that desert better than anyone else. The caves, the lakes, the wild life. Perfect place to get rid of a body. David, may he rest in hell, knew what he was doing.

SALLY

I guess you're right.

COSTA

This thing was never gonna give us closure.

SALLY

We can still find out what happened to Jodie.

COSTA

How?

SALLY

Let me take a look at the files.

COSTA

Yeah, right.

SALLY

I'm not asking you to break the law.

COSTA

You kinda are.

SALLY

Don't you wanna know what happened to her? I can help.

COSTA

Of course. God forgive you'd run out of material for your articles.

SALLY

So you've been reading them.

COSTA

I can't comment on that.

SALLY

(smiles)
Please.

COSTA

You're gonna get me into trouble again.

Sally takes out a picture of JODIE and leaves it over the table for him to see.

SALLY

She was an innocent girl. How could it be trouble to try and help her family?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Sally looks at case files on the computer while Costa goes through a bunch of folders inside a box.

SALLY

How many unsolved cases are there?

COSTA

Hypothetically? I'd say ninety something. I don't have all the information. A lot of it is with the FBI.

Costa picks up a folder and looks through it.

SALLY

What about the Satanism speculations?

COSTA

Honestly, I think he liked the esthetics more than anything.
(finds file)
Here we go.

He hands over a paper scan of JODIE'S FAKE ID.

COSTA

She used a different name... Jenny Hamilton.

Sally studies it.

SALLY

What if he wasn't a murderer?

COSTA

Hard to believe that with all this violence he never killed anyone.

SALLY

Maybe once or twice by accident. But what if most are alive?

COSTA

Why haven't they come out then?

SALLY

Too ashamed. Too scared. Or they simply just don't remember. He used drugs and hypnosis, didn't he?

COSTA

I told you about that, didn't I?

SALLY

Did they ever find any blood, any trace of DNA in the Toy Box?

COSTA

Not a drop.

SALLY

Could he have erased it?

COSTA

Impossible. If someone had been murdered in there, they would've found some traces.

(gives folder)

This is all we got on Jodie. I gotta do some paperwork. I'll go to the other office.

SALLY

How long do I have?

COSTA

Until I'm done. Just don't take anything with you or make any copies. I'm serious.

SALLY

I won't.

COSTA

Don't force me to search you.

Costa exits, leaving the door open.

Discreetly, Sally takes out her cell phone and begins taking pictures of all the files.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

Costa walks Sally to her car.

COSTA

I told you it was a dead end.

SALLY

Perhaps everyone's right. Thanks so much for everything though.

COSTA

Look, I need to read whatever you publish. Just in case.

Sally reaches her car.

SALLY

Of course.

COSTA

It was good seeing you. Next time, let me know when you're back in town, okay?

SALLY

I will.

They hug. This time, it's a little less awkward.

COSTA

Have a safe trip.

Costa walks back to the office as Sally enters her car.

INT. SALLY'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT - LATER

Already on the highway, Sally keeps her eyes forward.

An incoming ROAD SIGN reads: ALBUQUERQUE - 145 MILES.

Not long after--

Sally sees a MCDONALDS BILLBOARD coming up ahead.

INT. SALLY'S CAR, PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER

Sally eats a cheeseburger as she goes through her phone, looking at the pictures she took at the office.

Files. Reports. Transcripts. Testimonies.

And the copy of JODIE'S FAKE ID.

INT. SALLY'S CAR, PARKING LOT - DAY

A passing TRUCK BLOWS its horn--

Sally wakes up. Looks around. The parking lot's empty.

She checks herself in the mirror. Doesn't like what she sees. She grabs her phone.

Finding the last picture she was looking at. THE FAKE ID.

CLOSE ON

The ADDRESS at the bottom.

EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENCE - DAY - LATER

Sally gets out of her car and heads towards one of the smaller houses in the street.

She reaches the door and rings the bell.

A woman steps out, AMBER, mid-30s, redhead, bad skin and a tired expression. Someone who never stops being hangover.

AMBER

Can I help you?

SALLY

I'm so sorry to disturb you.

AMBER

I'm on my way to work.

SALLY

This address was written down in a fake ID in relation to Jodie Sheer's disappearance.

AMBER

What are you? Police?

SALLY

Reporter.

(then)

I was only wondering why.

INT. ENTRANCE, AMBER'S HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sally listens while Amber finishes putting on her boots.

AMBER

We were best friends Jodie and I.

SALLY

Why did she use your address?

AMBER

I was the one that hooked her up with the ID. This was my parents' house. She stayed here a lot.

SALLY

When's the last time you saw her?

AMBER

A couple of times after she got into that big fight with her parents.

Amber goes to grab her coat.

SALLY

Did she have a boyfriend?

AMBER

Look, Jodie had no interest in boys. She tried, but never got into it.

SALLY

Did her parents know?

AMBER

Like I said, I already told all this to the cops years ago.
(checks watch)
I really have to get going.

Amber moves out, Sally follows.

SALLY

Did Jodie ever spend any time at the Blue Waters Saloon?

AMBER

Sure she did.

SALLY

You think Jesse could have known her?

AMBER

You'd have to ask her. Now, if you don't mind?

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM, GAS STATION - DAY - LATER

Sally talks on the phone as she charges the cable into the socket above the sink.

SALLY
I ran out of battery.

RICHARD (PHONE)
What the hell you still doing
there?

SALLY
I need another day.

RICHARD (PHONE)
You found something?

SALLY
I'm on my way to find it.

RICHARD (PHONE)
You're not calling from the
Sheriff's bed, are you?

SALLY
Really? I think just for that I
deserve the extra day.

RICHARD (PHONE)
You better write something big.

SALLY
I will.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

CHAPTER SEVEN

"MADISON"

INT. MADISON'S HOUSE - DAY

Costa is at the door while Madison listens.

COSTA
We couldn't analyze the bones.

MADISON
What about the lake?

COSTA
There was nothing there to find.
The teams have already packed up.

MADISON
Did you search all of it?

COSTA
We did our best.

MADISON
How can you give up already?

COSTA
I'm sorry.

MADISON
(looks down)
It's not really your fault, is it?

COSTA
Do you want me to call John?

MADISON
Why don't you try? If he's not too busy getting drunk.

COSTA
Let me know if you need anything else.

MADISON
So that's it?

COSTA
I'm afraid so.

Costa puts on his hat and walks away. Madison stares at him heading towards his SQUAD CAR.

I/E. MADISON'S CAR/ROAD - DAY - LATER

Stopped at an intersection, Madison keeps her gaze forward, almost catatonic. Her mind miles away.

The red light changes to green.

But she doesn't notice it. The other CARS behind her HONK repeatedly in order to get her attention.

INT. AA MEETING - DAY - LATER

A GROUP OF TWENTY sits around in chairs staring at Madison lost in thought. PETE, 60s, the gentle moderator, addresses her.

PETE

Madison?

MADISON

Yes.

PETE

You stopped mid-sentence. Wanna take a break?

MADISON

What was I saying?

PETE

Your ex-husband, John.

MADISON

Yeah, well, I guess it's easier for him to move on. He's still got the bottle to keep him company.

PETE

Maybe it's time to forgive.

MADISON

I'll never forgive that monster.

PETE

I meant, yourself.

MADISON

I'm not asking for a miracle. I'm not asking for her to magically come back. I just want to know what happened.

PETE

We understand.

MADISON

Why can't I have that? Why? I can't forget because there's nothing to forget.

PETE

Forgiveness is its own reward.

Tired, or perhaps annoyed, Madison takes a deep breath.

PETE

Do you wanna stop? Let someone else talk?

MADISON

Yeah. I give up.

INT. "CARNATIONS" FLOWER SHOP - DAY - LATER

Madison enters and approaches JOAN, early 30s, her co-worker who's preparing a bouquet near the register.

JOAN

I was beginning to worry.

MADISON

So sorry. Thanks for opening.

JOAN

Don't mention it. There's a friend of yours waiting in the back.

MOMENTS LATER

Madison walks towards the back of the store. She sees Sally's inside the COOLER. A refrigerated room where they keep their most precious flowers and plants.

MADISON

What are you doing here?

SALLY

You've got some beautiful specimens.

MADISON

Please, it has to be kept closed.

Sally steps out so that Madison can shut the door.

SALLY

I've got some bad news. They couldn't find anything in the lake, and the bones were--

MADISON

Impossible to analyze. Deputy told me this morning. I'm not really in the mood for an interview.

SALLY

That's not why I'm here.

MADISON

Then, if it's alright with you, I've got things to do.

SALLY

I met Amber. Jodie's friend.

MADISON

Miss, please--

SALLY

Call me Sally.

MADISON

Sally. I don't wanna talk about this right now.

SALLY

She said David's daughter could have known her. You know, Jesse. She's been free for ten years.

MADISON

Why do you remind me of this?

SALLY

I know where she lives.

Madison looks at her. Interested.

SALLY

I'm heading out there right now.

MADISON

How did you--

SALLY

Don't ask. I just do.

(Madison thinks)

And I don't wanna go alone.

MADISON

I can't.

SALLY

Why?

MADISON

I've got a thousand orders to prepare.

JOAN (O.S.)

I'll take care of them.

Joan enters. She'd been listening all this time.

JOAN

Go ahead. Don't worry about the store.

MADISON

This is crazy. How do you know she'll talk to us?

SALLY

We'll never know unless we try.

Exhausted, Madison sits down and takes a moment to think.

SALLY

Look, if you think you won't regret it... Then don't come. I just thought you'd wanna know the truth.

Sally turns around and leaves the store. She closes the front door on her way out.

Joan looks at Madison. She's made a choice.

I/E. SALLY'S CAR/HIGHWAY - DAY - LATER

Driving down an endless highway surrounded by an arid yet greenish flatland.

TITLE: *Fort Stockton, Texas*

Sally holds the wheel with Madison at her side.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small one bedroom house in a rundown part of town. A chopper motorcycle rests parked in the front.

Sally's car waits a couple of houses down the block.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Madison and Sally keep their eyes on the house.

MADISON

And if no one shows up?

SALLY

That must be her bike. I don't think she'd leave it behind.

MADISON
How did you find it?

SALLY
Someone at the sheriff's office
showed some files.

MADISON
Who?

SALLY
Deputy Costa.

MADISON
Sam? Why did he help you?

SALLY
We used to date. I mean, we lived
together.

MADISON
What happened?

SALLY
I guess, one day I simply stopped
looking at him the same way.

MADISON
Does he know?

SALLY
We never really talked about it.

MADISON
I meant about you taking--

SALLY
(sees something)
Look.

They both stare at Jesse's house. The porch light has
been turned on.

The door opens. A WOMAN steps out--

JESSE, now 44. Tall, messy blonde hair, glasses, greasy
jeans, and a denim jacket.

MADISON
That's her.

Jesse locks the house and walks over to climb her bike.

SALLY

Glenda Jean Ray. Took you long to come out.

MADISON

What do we do?

Jesse starts her chopper and rides away down the street.

SALLY

Lets see where she goes.

Sally turns on the ignition and follows--

I/E. SALLY'S CAR/BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Jesse climbs off her bike and walks into a dive bar in the middle of nowhere.

Madison watches Jesse disappear into the entrance as Sally parks the car nearby.

MOMENTS LATER

Engine's off. They discuss the plan.

SALLY

Lets give her some time to finish her drink. We want her to like us. Once she's warmed up, then we'll show her Jodie's picture.

MADISON

It won't be that easy.

SALLY

Trust me. If she knows something, we'll see it.

MADISON

How are we gonna make her warm up to us?

SALLY

From what I know, there are three things she loves: bikes, women, and weed.

Madison stares at the bar worried.

SALLY

What's wrong?

She digs into her pocket and hands over to Sally an AA chip with the number 12 written on it.

MADISON

I haven't stepped inside one of those since '99.

SALLY

You gonna be okay?

MADISON

I don't have a choice.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The place looks packed. Costumers drink quietly. Some play pool and darts. The chill country music sets the tone of this dive bar.

Sally and Madison head over to the counter, looking around for Jesse.

Once they reach it, the BARTENDER, 50s, turns to them.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

SALLY

Beer for me, and...

MADISON

Ginger ale, please.

BARTENDER

Coming right up.

The Bartender goes to prepare the drinks while they glance around the place. Jesse's nowhere in sight.

SALLY

Maybe we let her drink for too long.

MADISON

(sees restroom sign)
I'll be right back.

INT. RESTROOM, BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Madison heads over to wash her hands on the sink.

As she squirts some soap and turns on the faucet, one of the stalls behind her suddenly opens--

And Jesse steps out.

Madison sees her, but quickly lowers her gaze, pretending she's not there.

Jesse stands behind her and waits while Madison keeps nervously washing her hands.

Letting the running water soak her hands.

JESSE

You gonna be done today?

Madison moves aside for Jesse to step forward and quickly wet her hands under the water which she then dries over her jeans.

JESSE

All yours.

Jesse exits. Madison remains frozen as the water keeps running.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Madison exits the restroom and heads over to Sally who's chatting up with Jesse. They see her approach.

SALLY

There you are! This is Maddie.

JESSE

We already met at the john.

SALLY

Maddie, this is Jean.

JESSE

You two must be drained from that road trip.

The Bartender brings over two beers and a ginger ale. Jesse and Sally each grab a bottle.

JESSE

Thanks for the beer.

SALLY

Don't mention it. Cheers.

JESSE
How far are you going?

SALLY
As far as we wanna. Just driving
and enjoying life, you know.

JESSE
I hear you.

SALLY
We were actually wondering if you
could help us out with something.

JESSE
Beer's never free, uh?

SALLY
Could you... Like hook us up?

JESSE
What?

SALLY
You know--

JESSE
Do I look like a drug dealer?

SALLY
No, well, but you do have a
marihuana leaf on your belt
buckle.

JESSE
(surprised)
You've been looking at my waist?

SALLY
It's hard not to notice.

JESSE
I thought you were asking for
blow.

SALLY
No, no, we just wanted to try
something new. Didn't want to
offend you.

JESSE
You look like narcs.

MADISON

Us?

SALLY

Come on. Then we would've asked
for coke.

JESSE

Right. Did you want a lot?

SALLY

Just enough to try. We're willing
to pay extra for the experience.

JESSE

The experience?

SALLY

Yeah. Fuck the world, you know?
We're going crazy.

JESSE

(smiles)
You two a couple?

SALLY

Is it that obvious?

JESSE

Be careful, some people around
these parts would disagree with
you.

SALLY

We're not afraid.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Jesse turns on the lights and enters as Madison and Sally
follow her inside.

It's a pigsty. Hippy white trash heaven. Leftover food,
dirty clothes, filthy ashtrays, bongos, and THREE FAT CATS
roaming around.

JESSE

Yeah, I wasn't expecting company.

Jesse removes a pile of clothes from the couch for them
to take a seat.

As they do and Jesse goes to the kitchen, Madison eyeballs Sally as if to say "what the hell are we doing here?". Sally reassures her with an understanding nod.

JESSE

So, how do you wanna do this?

Jesse returns, takes off her jacket and makes herself comfortable on the armchair.

SALLY

What do you recommend?

Jesse grabs a wooden box from the table.

JESSE

You got 50 bucks?

Sally digs into her pocket and takes out some cash.

JESSE

Leave it on the table.

Sally does so. Jesse takes it.

She then opens her box, grabs a joint and lights up the tip before taking a puff.

JESSE

Who are you really?

SALLY

What?

Jesse leans over, joint still hanging from her lips, and takes out a revolver hidden under her seat.

SALLY

What are you doing?

Jesse rests the revolver over her lap. Madison starts to get anxious.

SALLY

There's no need for that.

JESSE

Then start yapping.

Sally looks over at Madison who digs into her pocket and takes out a picture of Jodie. She leaves it on the table for Jesse to see.

JESSE
The fuck's that?

MADISON
My daughter. Do you recognize her?

JESSE
Should I?

Jesse stares at the picture.

MADISON
We believe she could have been a
victim of your father's.

JESSE
Get out of my house.

MADISON
Please. We don't want any trouble.

JESSE
Too late for that.

SALLY
You do recognize her, don't you?

JESSE
I'm calling the cops.

Jesse stands up, unhooks her phone and begins to dial 911. Madison grabs Jodie's picture and brings it over to Jesse, forcing her to watch it up close.

MADISON
Look at her. I'm begging you. I
don't care about you or your
family, I just have to know.

Jesse stops dialing--

SALLY
You have a chance to set yourself
apart from your father.

Jesse hangs up.

JESSE
A lot of lies have been told about
him. I tried telling the authorities
a long time ago but no one listened.

MADISON
We're not here to judge anyone.

Jesse glances at the picture again.

JESSE

I saw her once.

MADISON

Where?

JESSE

At my father's place. It was after one of them parties he used to throw.

SALLY

Parties?

JESSE

I never saw one myself. I think they liked to hire hookers, dress up and shit.

MADISON

And you saw her there?

JESSE

I saw her the next morning.

MADISON

Was she okay?

JESSE

I guess. She looked pretty out of it. Some friend came to pick her up.

SALLY

A friend? Jodie's friend?

JESSE

Some redhead chick. I dunno. We didn't talk or nothing. That's all I know.

MADISON

So... She-she could be alive?

JESSE

My father never killed her if that's what you're implying.

Madison and Sally stare at one another.

JESSE

Now is your last chance to get the
fuck out of my house.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sally and Madison exit the house before Jesse slams the door on them.

They quietly walk back towards their car. Still in shock.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, AMBER'S HOUSE - DAY

Amber is asleep, facedown against the mattress. Her long red hair covering the pillow.

Someone COUGHS nearby, as if to wake her up. Amber's eyes slowly open. She turns around and sees...

Madison sitting at the edge of her bed and Sally standing near the door.

AMBER

What the fuck.

MADISON

Good morning, Amber.

AMBER

You wanna scare me to death?

MADISON

You should remember to close your front door properly.

AMBER

What is this shit?

MADISON

You wouldn't believe how exhausted we are.

AMBER

Why are you bothering me for?
Wanna steal my bed?

MADISON

I wanna ask you something, and please be honest this time.

(breathes)

When did you last see Jodie?

AMBER

What are you talking about?

SALLY

Someone remembers seeing you
picking her up from David's place.

AMBER

What? Who said that?

MADISON

Did you?

Amber remains silent.

SALLY

You know you've committed perjury.
You've lied to everyone.

AMBER

Are you threatening me?

SALLY

Just stating facts.

Amber gets out of bed. She lights up a cigarette.

SALLY

Things are gonna get much worse if
we come back with the police.

AMBER

I... I can't. I promised her I
wouldn't say anything.

MADISON

What happened? Tell me.

AMBER

She needed money. David paid her
to come to a party. She called me
the next day, I helped her out,
and then she left.

MADISON

Where did she go?

AMBER

I dunno. She, she ran away.

MADISON

Why didn't you tell me this
before?

AMBER

She was ashamed. She didn't want anybody to know. She wanted to start again. This was her decision.

MADISON

Is she alive?

AMBER

Jodie wanted to get away, to start a new life. And so she did.

(then)

Perhaps you should wonder why she wanted to leave so badly.

INT. KITCHEN, COSTA'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Early in the morning, Sally and Madison speak to Costa who's wearing his uniform pants and a tank top.

COSTA

You did what?

SALLY

I'm sorry. I had to.

COSTA

Unbelievable.

MADISON

Blame me, okay? Say I did it.

COSTA

It's not that simple.

MADISON

Just make her tell you where she is.

COSTA

I can't do that.

Costa's wife, MARY, late 20s, appears in the kitchen.

MARY

What's going on?

Sally stares at Mary's pregnant belly.

COSTA

Nothing, honey. Give us a second, okay?

As Mary leaves, her and Sally exchange glances.

COSTA

I can't just go there and force her to talk.

MADISON

Why not?

COSTA

You stole information. You harassed Jesse. Making me an accomplice along the way. Don't you see? She probably knows she can stay silent.

SALLY

Can't you at least try?

COSTA

Not without proof. We could all end up in jail.

(then)

Listen, maybe she disappeared for a reason. You can't find someone if they don't want to be found.

SALLY

Spoken like a true great cop.

COSTA

Said the journalist with no scruples.

SALLY

At least I didn't mistrust a poor naked woman who had just been raped for days.

COSTA

So it's back to that, uh?

SALLY

You don't always have to follow the book, you know?

COSTA

I was trying to confide in you. And you turned against me.

MADISON

Please, Sam, I just want--

COSTA

No, listen to me, you're gonna go back to your homes and you're not gonna talk about this to anyone.

MOMENTS LATER

Sally and Madison step out of the house as Costa holds the door for them.

MADISON

Can you at least try talking to her?

COSTA

For the love of God, get some rest, Madison.

SALLY

I'm sorry, Sam. I know you're a good cop.

COSTA

I'm sorry too.

As they go down the porch's steps, Costa shuts the door.

I/E. SALLY'S CAR/MADISON'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Sally parks in front of Madison's house.

MADISON

Thanks.

SALLY

I wish I could've done more.

MADISON

You're not thinking about driving like this, are you?

SALLY

I've done worse.

MADISON

Come on in, eat something, get some sleep.

SALLY

My boss is gonna kill me.

MADISON

Better that than a car accident. I
insist.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, MADISON'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Only basic furniture. It's like everything has been
stripped out.

MADISON

This was Jodie's room. Hope you
don't mind.

SALLY

As long as it has a pillow then
I'm happy.

Madison goes to close the curtains.

MADISON

There are some extra blankets over
there if you need them.

SALLY

It's perfect, thanks.

MADISON

You know what amazes me? I think
Jesse still loves her father.

SALLY

Maybe.

MADISON

Makes you wonder.
(then)
Sleep tight.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, MADISON'S HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Without even taking off her shoes, Madison falls like a
tree on top of her bed.

Her body limp. Her head against the pillow. She closes
her eyes, tired beyond belief.

Tears stream down her face as she begins to fall asleep.

HOURS LATER

The door bell RINGS breaking the peace. Madison wakes up.

INT. ENTRANCE, MADISON'S HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the door and finds Costa.

COSTA

You were right.

Costa hands over a piece of paper. Madison takes it.

COSTA

She gave me an address.

MADISON

(reads)

Colorado? Is this where she is?

COSTA

It's her last location. Couldn't get much else. Trust me.

MADISON

How did you make her tell you?

COSTA

Let's not go there. I suggest you forget about all that and make good use of this address. As far as I'm concerned, I know nothing about this, we understand each other?

MADISON

(smiles)

We do.

COSTA

Good luck.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON - LATER

Sally's car waits in front of a middle-class home in a respected neighborhood. They've been waiting for a while.

SALLY

This isn't like with Jesse. You don't have to be afraid.

MADISON

I've been waiting for this moment for so long.

Madison can see the kitchen from here. A shadow of a WOMAN moving through the curtains.

SALLY

Would you rather go alone?

MADISON

No, I might need you. In case I faint.

Madison draws a coy smile. It makes Sally smile too.

EXT. HOUSE'S ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Madison's trembling finger RINGS the doorbell. Sally stands beside her, waiting.

They hear someone's footsteps, followed by the door being opened.

A WOMAN appears on the side, early forties, well-dressed. Her name's EMMA.

MADISON

Jodie?

EMMA

Do I know you?

MADISON

I'm looking for Jodie Sheer.

EMMA

And you are...?

MADISON

Her mother.

INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT

Sally and Madison sit on a couch as Emma serves tea for three.

EMMA

You've got to understand, I thought you were dead.

(pause)

Sugar? Cream?

They shake their heads.

MADISON

So... Where is she?

EMMA

Working at the hospital. She should be home any minute. Do you want me to call her?

MADISON

What does she do?

EMMA

She's a nurse.

MADISON

She became a nurse?

(then)

Is she happy?

EMMA

(smiles)

I guess you'd have to ask her.

MADISON

She told you I was dead?

EMMA

She never liked to talk about her family that much. Specially her father.

MADISON

Can't imagine why.

EMMA

There's someone you have to meet.

Emma stands up and walks towards the staircase.

EMMA

ROBBIE!

Madison follows, full of expectation.

As a YOUNG BOY comes down the stairs. ROBBIE, 14, who looks like he'd rather be doing anything else.

EMMA

Robbie, this is your grandmother.

MADISON

He's your son?

EMMA

Jodie and I's.

MADISON
Nice to meet you, Robbie.

ROBBIE
Hey.

MADISON
You probably haven't even heard of me. Tell me, what do you like the most?

ROBBIE
Video games.

MADISON
Give me a hug and I'll get you all the games you want.

Madison opens her arms. Robbie hugs her a little hesitantly.

MADISON
One birthday at a time, of course.

The front door opens--

JODIE steps in. Now a grown up woman in her thirties.

JODIE
I'm home!

Madison stares at her straight in the eyes. Slowly approaching her.

It takes Jodie a couple of seconds to realize.

JODIE
Mom?

Madison hugs her with all her might. Jodie embraces it. They both start crying.

MADISON
I thought I'd never hold you again.

JODIE
It's okay, Mom. I'm here.

MADISON
Why did you disappear?

JODIE
I'm sorry, I had to.

Jodie sees Emma, Sally and Robbie approach.

MADISON

I could have helped you.

JODIE

I didn't want you to know.

MADISON

Know what? I don't care about what happened that night.

JODIE

(murmurs)

Mom, I...

Jodie's about to say something, but can't let it out. Emma, Sally and Robbie join in. Madison turns around and locks eyes with Robbie smiling at her.

EMMA

I think you've got a lot of catching up to do. We should--

MADISON

How old are you, Robbie?

ROBBIE

Fourteen.

Suddenly, Madison's smile vanishes.

EMMA

Should we sit down?

No answer. Madison's putting the pieces together. Her mind going a mile a minute. They wait for her to reply.

JODIE

Mom?

But she remains unresponsive. Her gaze pointing at the floor. Frozen. Jodie glances over at Emma with a worried look. And then back at her mother.

JODIE

Mom.

Madison finally looks up--

With an honest smile upon her face.

THE END