

U N L A W F U L

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A seedy eyesore with NO VACANCY, despite only one car parked in the lot.

RISBERG (V.O.)
"There are some secrets which
do not permit themselves to
be told.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Dumpy and dark. A small, scrambled, black-and-white television bathes the room in a bluish hue.

RISBERG (V.O.)
Men die nightly in their beds,
wringing the hands of ghostly
confessors, and looking them
piteously in the eyes.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Tantalizing long legs in Fuck-Me Boots approach the roadside dive. CLICK-CLACK. CLICK-CLACK. CLICK-CLACK.

RISBERG (V.O.)
Die with despair of heart and
convulsion of throat, on the
account of the hideousness of
mysteries which will not suffer
themselves to be revealed."

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

After a KNOCK at the door, it opens to reveal **DEJA**, a prostitute who is clearly underage.

RISBERG (V.O.)
Edgar Allan Poe wrote those words
in eighteen-hundred and forty.

She smiles at us and enters. The door closes behind her.

RISBERG (V.O.)
Not much has changed in the world.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

RYAN RISBERG (28) peels off a grimy, sweat-stained T-shirt. He's the brooding and aggressive type, the kind of guy who's always seated at his own table. Party of one.

Deja UNZIPS her boots and starts to slide out of a cheap blouse.

RISBERG

That's not why you're here.

DEJA

You got sum'n against black girls?

RISBERG

I got something against everybody.
How old are you, anyways?

She plays with her hair, seductively.

DEJA

Old enough to have a good time.
Young enough to have you doing
some.

RISBERG

Yeah, well, I don't pay for it.

DEJA

Look, baby, we gon' do this?
Because you can have this pussy
or you can keep yo' money. But
you can't have both.

He tosses an envelope on the bed and she picks it up.

DEJA

What's this?

RISBERG

A counter offer. I'm buying
you for the week. That's half
the money now, you'll get the
rest when I'm finished with you.

DEJA

But you payin' me *not* to fuck you?

RISBERG

That's right. The only caveat is
you're done turning tricks until
we part ways. If you try anything
funny with me, or if I find out
you're hookin' on my dime, I will
come find you. And I'm liable to
do some things I won't be proud of.

She looks at him, the cash, weighing her options. Finally, she stuffs the money in her purse.

DEJA
What'chu got in mind?

He nods for her to sit on the bed.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg has a homemade tourniquet around his bicep. Two baggies of HEROIN rest on the bed.

DEJA
I never gassed-up no john
before. What we celebratin'?

Deja opens one of the baggies. Puts some smack on a spoon.

RISBERG
I just need it to sleep.

She sneaks a peek, admiring his ripped chest and abs.

DEJA
That's fucked up.

She ignites a small flame from a cigarette lighter.

DEJA
Don't you wanna smoke it?

He gives her his answer in the form of a cold, hard stare.

DEJA
Hey, I'm just axin'. Shootin'
be givin' people them night
terrors.

She brings the flame underneath the spoon.

RISBERG
I welcome the night terrors.
They're life's way of pushing
me to keep looking.

She flashes him a dubious look, "Okayyyy," and flicks one of his bulging veins. She fills the needle and offers it to him so he can shoot it himself.

RISBERG
Can't. I hate needles.

He turns his head away, her signal to shoot it for him.

She draws a deep breath and brings the needle to his skin. He closes his eyes and grimaces slightly from the pinch.

The effects of the opiate on him are immediate. She leans in close and whispers.

DEJA

Tell me what'chu see.

He nods off in a warm, glazed bliss. Fading. Fading.

RISBERG

You... don't... wanna know...

He slumps and she guides his head back onto the pillow.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Thunder GRUMBLES from an angry, monochromatic gray sky.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg's cell phone alarm BUZZES. He stirs and turns it off. Deja lies beside him, blanketed by a baggy sweatshirt.

He opens a bottle of VIVARIN and pops a few into his mouth.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg cleans up nice. Suit. Tie. Shot of cologne. He's not easy on his body, but he's still easy on the eyes.

INT. CAPELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN CAPELLA (50s) of the Violent Crimes Unit rummages through scattered papers on his messy desk.

When he looks up, Risberg stands in the doorway holding a large box filled with various items.

CAPELLA

You Risberg?

RISBERG

The door to my office is locked.

Capella slides a BADGE and a GLOCK across the desk.

CAPELLA

I just read through your file.

RISBERG
Juicy enough for you?

Risberg drops the box, pockets the badge and packs the glock. Capella squints, sizing him up.

CAPELLA
You know, most guys transfer *out*
of this shithole.

RISBERG
I'm a trendsetter.

CAPELLA
You're a lot of fucking things.
(off his look)
So look, we're not going to have
any problems here, are we? I mean
you passed the random and your
eval's somewhat decent, but-

RISBERG
But you still had to ask, right?

CAPELLA
Due diligence covers both our asses.
Anyways, I hear the rehab centers
out in Arizona are pretty five-star.

RISBERG
Wouldn't know, I detoxed in Utah.

CAPELLA
Listen Ryan, the good news is that
you're clean. You've turned your
life around. But if I were you,
I'd keep an eye out for a few
more random's.

RISBERG
Is that the bad news?

CAPELLA
No, that would be this. Came
through this morning.

Capella slides a MANILA FILE across the desk.

RISBERG
(incredulous)
You're kidding. I've been here,
what, all of fifteen minutes.

But Capella isn't kidding and Risberg opens the file.

CAPELLA

No sign of foul play. No Amber.
And no rest for the wicked.

RISBERG

(reads from file)
An "alleged runaway?"

CAPELLA

I guess she's done this sort of
thing in the past. However, the
girl's parents aren't buying it.

RISBERG

They never do.

Risberg closes the file and tucks it under his arm. Capella folds his hands.

CAPELLA

I know this isn't like the detail
they had you working up there in
Detroit. But a small town like
this, well, a girl goes missing
and people start wanting some
fucking answers.

INT. RISBERG'S OFFICE - DOORWAY - DAY

Risberg stands impatiently next to an old JANITOR, who JANGLES a chain of keys against the lock.

Two OTHER DETECTIVES whisper and snicker at him from an adjacent office.

INT. RISBERG'S OFFICE - DAY

Risberg drops the large box and closes the door without bothering to turn the light on. He opens the blinds and plops into his chair.

The computer monitor and tower have a thick collection of dust on them.

Beads of sweat trickle down his face. He closes his eyes as if it will help fight off the urge to get high, but it doesn't.

He wheels the chair over to the large box of items and violently digs through it before eventually spotting what he is looking for:

A can of COMPUTER DUSTER.

He SHAKES the can. Brings the tip to his mouth and

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

He INHALES a quick shot of the toxic compressed gas. The impact is immediate.

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT! Another quick hitter for good measure. He digs his palms against his eyes.

RISBERG

Oh, shit.

A quick KNOCK at the door and Capella enters without asking. He notices Risberg holding the computer duster.

CAPELLA

(re: the office)

Not too bad, right?

RISBERG

Yeah, sure. Just trying to clean up this dustbowl.

Capella flips the lights on and can't help but notice the thick collection of computer dust hasn't moved an inch.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Rain SPLASHES against the windshield. The archaic wipers CREAK and SWOOSH as they battle the elements.

Risberg lights a cigarette and takes a long drag. The cherry SIZZLES and he exhales, filling the car with nicotine haze.

He glances over at the computer duster, which sits next to him on the front seat like an old acquaintance.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The car passes through a blinking red traffic light which flashes over a deserted intersection.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

He eyeballs a rundown supermarket with empty grocery carts littered about a vacant parking lot.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Passing a tiny gas station. Two tanks.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Sitting at a stop light in the center of a small town, he spots the TRANSEYE HARDWARE STORE on the corner.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Risberg browses the tiny store, gliding through aisles in search of something.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - CHECKOUT COUNTER - DAY

He drops SEVEN CANS OF COMPUTER DUSTER onto a beaten-up counter.

There, he sees a "MISSING" POSTER hanging on a wooden beam a few feet away.

Her name is **SADIE MULLEN** (16). She's petite and pretty, with dark hair and big brown eyes.

LAST SEEN: Friday night, August 23rd, 2015.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - ROAD ENTRANCE - DAY

The car turns off of a remote, country road and onto a graveled lane next to a shabby mailbox numbered 235.

Heavy rainfall PELTS the ground and the tires SLOSH through brimming puddles of discolored muck.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Gravel CRUNCHES underneath the weight of the car as it approaches a small ranch.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a beaming photo of Sadie dressed in a poodle-skirt from a HIGH SCHOOL PLAY.

JOHN (O.S.)
Rebel Without a Cause.

JOHN MULLEN (50s) traipses up, presumably because he hasn't slept a wink in the past forty-eight hours.

He joins Risberg in reminiscing over the photo. An old antique clock TICKS monotonously in the background.

JOHN

Sadie played "Judy" in the Portsmouth High play last fall. Just as pretty as Natalie Wood, too, although I may be somewhat biased.

RISBERG

Small world. I grew up in Portsmouth.

JOHN

We're new here, ourselves. Moved to Transeye about, oh, four, five months ago when I got my job at the railroad.

Sadie's mother, **GRACE** (40s) enters, accompanied by another woman, the grayish-haired **BONNIE** (50s).

GRACE

I thought I heard someone talking.

JOHN

This is my wife, Grace. And our dear family friend, Bonnie Lewis.

RISBERG

I'm Detective Risberg. Dordea County.

Risberg pulls out a pen and a small DETECTIVE'S NOTEPAD.

GRACE

Let's hope you're better than the last one.

JOHN

Gracie-

GRACE

Aren't you people supposed to protect and serve?

JOHN

You'll have to forgive my wife, but we're all a little frustrated. We haven't been getting the cooperation from the local police department like we'd hoped.

GRACE

They're too busy campaigning.
Our little Angel goes missing
and no one bats an eye.

JOHN

Officer Linerode took our statements.

Risberg PAUSES to write "Officer Linerode" in the notepad.
He underlines the surname a few times.

GRACE (O.S.)

And she had the nerve to tell us
to "give it a couple of days."

JOHN

Because Sadie left voluntarily,
see, their hands are tied.

GRACE

She wouldn't be saying that if
it were her child.

JOHN

They see this happen all the
time. Kids sneak out only to
turn up in the next day or two.

GRACE

Well, it's been two goddamn
days and we still have no idea
where she is!

JOHN

We just want somebody to do
something. Someone to give a
shit about our little girl.

Risberg continues to write in silence. Grace stares at him,
a million thoughts burning as many holes in her mind.

GRACE

Do you have children, detective?

He stops writing and glares back at Grace. Before he can
answer, the landline RINGS.

A hopeful Grace LEAPS up and DASHES to answer it.

GRACE

(into phone)
Hello?

Grace's shoulders slump, deflated.

GRACE
(into phone)
Oh, hi, Jo'. Yes, she's still
here. Hang on, sweetie.

Grace hands the phone to Bonnie. Risberg turns to John.

RISBERG
You say she left voluntarily?

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

John opens the door to the normal-looking bedroom of a teenage girl.

JOHN
I left everything as I found it.

Sadie's bed is made, neat and unslept in. Risberg enters and walks around, the floor boards CREAKING with each step.

RISBERG
What about a purse or cell phone?

John joins Risberg inside the bedroom as Grace lingers.

JOHN
Nope, both are gone.

GRACE
Her phone goes right to voicemail.

JOHN
Look, I'm not gonna lie, Sadie's
been a handful this summer.

GRACE
We've had to ground her a few
times now. Normal teenage things.
But she wouldn't just run off
for good.

Grace stops to dab her moist eyes.

JOHN
Honey, why don't you go out
there and wait with Bonnie.

She departs. Risberg spots a high shelf packed with stuffed animals.

RISBERG

Take me through that night. The last time you spoke with her.

JOHN

That would've been just before I left for work. 'Round quarter 'til eleven.

He turns to John. Go on.

JOHN

I work graveyard down at the railroad. Sadie'd just come off her shift at Hewitt's, the ice cream stand down on Main. They're open 'til ten P.M. in the summer time.

He writes down some more information in his notepad.

JOHN

She was complaining that she smelled of waffle cones, and went in to take a shower.

RISBERG

And where was your wife?

JOHN

Gracie had shoved off to bed early with a bad headache.

RISBERG

Did you see Sadie again before you left for work?

JOHN

I did. She'd just come out of the shower as I was on my way out the door. I saw her fumbling through the fridge. I told her goodnight and that I loved her.

John's eyes well with tears.

JOHN

She turned and said, "Okay, I love you too, dad. Have a good night". I watched her walk back down the hallway and she came in here and closed her door. And that was it.

As John speaks, something catches Risberg's attention.

JOHN (O.S.)

I came home in the morning, and
her bedroom door here was shut.
I went to sleep for a few hours,
thinking nothing of it, but when
I woke up around one in the
afternoon on Saturday, I noticed
her door was still shut.

Something above, up on the shelf with the stuffed animals.

JOHN (O.S.)

She never sleeps-in that long
but when Hewitt's called to
say she hadn't shown up for
her one P.M. shift, well,
that's when the panic set in.

A row of SCRABBLE LETTERS, three in all, neatly arranged on
a TILE HOLDER to spell out the word **N** **O** **W**

JOHN (O.S.)

I tried the bedroom door but it
was locked from the inside.

He passively listens to John, now intently focused on the
three mysterious SCRABBLE LETTERS.

JOHN (O.S.)

So I went and got me a coat hanger,
unlocked the door here and the minute
I saw her room like this I knew
something wasn't right. It was as
if she'd never even been in it.
And that's when I saw the window.

This last fact finally snaps Risberg's trance.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SIDE YARD - DAY

The rain SPLATTERS down in droves now. John leads Risberg to
Sadie's window. The sill is at shoulder-height of the men.

Underneath it, there is a SMALL FOOT STOOL. It's worn and
weathered with chipped paint rising from the wood due to
being exposed outdoors.

JOHN

She had taken the screen out, see.
And she left the window cracked,
about this much.

John places his fingers about an inch's width apart.

JOHN

When I came outside, I noticed
the stool here. You know, to
boost herself back up—

RISBERG

—for when she planned on sneaking
back in.

JOHN

And that's what I told the lady
cop. She wouldn't have left the
damn stool if she didn't plan
on coming back home.

Suddenly, their attention is diverted by the sound of
CRUNCHING GRAVEL. A gold sedan drives up.

Risberg watches a TEENAGE GIRL emerge from the parked car,
dodge rain pellets and SPRINT towards the house.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A soaked **JOLENE LEWIS** (16) TOSSES down a stack of wet papers
on a small table.

She's thin and fragile and from the looks of her, Sadie's
disappearance has eaten at her.

BONNIE

How far'd you girls get, Jo'?

JOLENE

We got posters up in every business,
every pole from Barber Street to
West End Pizza.

GRACE

Thank you so much, Jolene.

As Grace embraces Jolene, the young girl's tears flow, as if
she'd been trying like hell all day to hold it in.

JOLENE

I just want her to come home.

JOHN (O.S.)

We all do, honey.

The women turn to see John and Risberg in the foyer.

JOHN

Jolene, this is a detective
who's going to help us get to
the bottom of all of this.

GRACE

Jolene is Sadie's best friend.

JOHN

He, uh, wants to ask you a few
questions, honey.

Jolene looks at Bonnie with pleading eyes.

BONNIE

Maybe now isn't such a good time.

GRACE

Jolene and a few girls spent the
day posting fliers all over town.

Risberg eyeballs the crumpled, wet MISSING POSTERS lying on
the table. The same one he saw at the hardware store.

JOLENE

We're... like sisters-

But she can barely get the words out before the tears return
in full force. She crumples into Bonnie's chest.

RISBERG

Your grandmother is right.

Jolene sniffles and nods in thanks. Risberg reaches into his
pocket and hands his card to Bonnie.

RISBERG

When she's ready.
(nods to John)
I'll be in touch.

Risberg shows himself out. Through the small glass pane on
the front door, John watches him stroll to his car.

INT. TRANSEYE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Daylight evaporates as Risberg coaxes up to **TROOPER CURRY**
(30s), skinny with a mustache, who tends the front desk.

CURRY

Can I help you?

RISBERG
I need to speak with Officer
Linerode.

CURRY
And you are?

Risberg flashes a badge and drops his card on the counter.

CURRY
I'm sorry, but Jamie's away
on business. What's this in
regards to, and I can leave
her a message.

RISBERG
I'm the new lead investigator
on your missing girl.

CURRY
Sadie Mullen.

RISBERG
That'd be her.

CURRY
She has a name. And she's not
my anything.
(off his look)
But I'll have Jamie give you
a call.

He bores a hole through Curry.

CURRY
Don't forget your magnet.

Curry holds up an "**ELECT JAMIE LINERODE FOR DORDEA COUNTY
SHERIFF!**" campaign magnet. Risberg walks away.

Curry tucks the magnet back under the desk and pulls out his
CELL PHONE.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Driving into the teeth of a nasty storm, Risberg picks up
the can of computer duster from the front seat. Shakes it.
Not much left. But he needs a quick-hitter.

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

He turns on the radio and hears a news bulletin regarding
Sadie.

He shuts off the radio and rolling thunder fills the void.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The smarmy **MAYOR** (60s) drinks a glass of red wine.

MAYOR

Eighty-five counties in this
great state, Jamie. And do you
know how many of those have
elected a female for sheriff?

JAMIE LINERODE (31) stops picking at her plate of food and looks up at the mayor.

She's pretty but hardened, with a voice that sounds like her throat is trying to digest metal nails.

LINERODE

I would be the first, sir.

MAYOR

And if you're not first, you're last.

LINERODE

I appreciate the vote of confidence.

MAYOR

As you're aware, the competition is
fierce, but the list is short.

LINERODE

There are some good men on the ballot.

MAYOR

Yes. Men, Jamie. Men with bigger
and better résumés. You're
already behind the eight-ball.

LINERODE

Well, the way I see it, women have
been behind the eight ball for a
few thousand years now.

MAYOR

That's what I like about you.
You're not afraid to buck an odd
or two. And neither are we.

He takes another sip and swishes the contents around inside his mouth as an audible BUZZ escapes from Linerode's purse.

She extends him an apologetic smile and pulls out her cell phone to reveal a TEXT MESSAGE from Trooper Curry.

The Mayor observes the concern that washes over her face as she reads it.

MAYOR

Is everything alright?

She hides the phone back into her purse and takes an uncomfortable drink from her own glass of wine.

LINERODE

They've pulled me off the Sadie Mullen case.

MAYOR

That story has begun to sprout legs.
A missing girl in a small town...

He leans in close and TAPS the table for emphasis.

MAYOR

There are a lot of people in your corner, here, Jamie. Dordea County needs you.

LINERODE

Well, unfortunately, sir, I don't get to write the lyrics. I just sing the songs.

MAYOR

Then forget Sadie Mullen. Looking for her only wins you votes.

(off her look)

But the detective with the checkered past you're handing this over to, well, looking *there* wins you elections.

The shock is written on her face. The Mayor *already knew*.

MAYOR

Sooner or later, you must lie down with a few dogs.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Risberg's car pulls in. There's still not another car around, yet the sign reads NO VACANCY.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

He turns off the engine, stares at the dilapidated motel and leans back against the headrest.

He opens his WALLET and thumbs past various items. An insurance card. Credit cards. Driver's license.

Finally, he finds what he's looking for. An old, ragged and FADED PICTURE of a NEWBORN BABY. Days old, swaddled in a blanket.

He blinks rapidly a few times and tucks the picture on the glass behind the steering wheel.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The small black and white television is back on. Muted but still peppering the dingy room in a bluish hue.

Risberg sits on the corner of the bed, his shirt removed and the tourniquet around his bicep.

Two more baggies of heroin rest on the bed. A toilet FLUSHES and Deja emerges from the bathroom.

She sits next to him on the bed. They stare at the jumbled-but-viewable picture on the TV.

SADIE'S PICTURE is on the screen, a local news report on the missing girl.

DEJA

It's only news when pretty
white girls go missing.

He says nothing and glares back down at his arm. His veins are bulging and juicy. She opens one of the baggies.

She puts some smack on a spoon, ignites a small flame from a cigarette lighter and brings it underneath.

She fills the needle and flicks one of the massive veins in his forearm.

A hotline phone number pops up on the screen, begging anyone to call if they have information to Sadie's whereabouts.

He grimaces at the PINCH of Deja puncturing his skin.

She plunges the rest of the opiate into his bloodstream and he descends into a dark abyss of inimitable silence.

Where his demons live.

BEGIN RISBERG'S 1st HEROIN TERROR

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

Pitch black. Then, from our POV, we push a door open and see a faint orange light. Candles. We walk towards them. They glow brighter with each step we take.

There's a bed. Toenails, painted pink. Our eyes track up. Bare legs. Smooth. Sexy.

A NAKED WOMAN lies on the bed. Waiting for us. She's very pretty. In her early 30s.

We inch closer. She breathes rapidly. Excited. Ready. She puckers hungry lips and her head disappears below us-

END RISBERG'S 1st HEROIN TERROR

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Deja guides his head onto the pillow. We get a sneak peek of a page from the notepad he'd kept from Sadie's house.

*He'd scribbled the letters **N O W** over and over.*

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg awakens to his cell phone BUZZING. This time, it's not his alarm. It's a phone call. He answers.

RISBERG

Yeah.

FEMALE VOICE

(through phone)

Meet me at the reservoir in
one hour.

The line goes dead.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Grace swings open the door and smiles. Jolene is there.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jolene and Grace sip iced tea on the couch as they look through old photographs of Sadie.

Grace flips the page to various selfies taken of Sadie and Jolene. Distressed, Jolene shuts the photo album.

JOLENE

Grace, I'm tired of losing sleep over this.

GRACE

We all are, sweetie.

JOLENE

She'll come back. Right?

GRACE

Of course. I keep holding out hope that with tomorrow being the first day back at school—I mean, Sadie would want to come home for that.

JOLENE

Has the detective said anything?

Grace shakes her head, "NO", and shifts in her seat.

GRACE

I need to ask you something. And I promise I won't be upset with you. But if Sadie mentioned anything, or indicated to you—

JOLENE

Grace, no, I swear.

GRACE

Hear me out, honey. Even if she asked you to cover for her, or if she's in some sort of trouble, in any way, I want to know.

JOLENE

She didn't say a word. Honest. Please believe me.

GRACE

I do, Jo'. I believe you.

JOLENE

Grace?

(off her look)

Would you mind if I sat in Sadie's room for awhile? I don't know, I just need to feel near her right now.

Grace smiles and strokes Jolene's hair.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sadie's bedroom door CREAKS as it opens. The room itself is eerily quiet, and appears unchanged since last seen.

Jolene quietly shuts the door, walks to the bed and sits on the edge of it. She drops her purse beside her.

As she surveys the room, her leg trembles, and she can barely keep her fragile emotions in check.

She clutches one of Sadie's pillows and lies back onto the bed. As she stares up at the ceiling, her eyes glisten from an oncoming surge of tears.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Thunder CRACKS from a threatening shelf of clouds.

There's an angry chatter of birds overhead as Risberg walks towards Linerode, who smokes a cigarette and peers out at the vast water.

He pulls a cigarette from his own pack and struggles to light it amidst a steady drizzle.

RISBERG

Something wrong with your
office, or do you prefer
arbitrating jurisdictional
clout while getting douched?

LINERODE

You're younger than I expected.
But you make good reading material.
I hear even Capella's a big fan.

RISBERG

You must not've read far enough.

He exhales smoke through his nostrils like a bull.

LINERODE

Tell me, are you still chasing
the dragon?

She *has* read far enough. And she plays dirty.

RISBERG

I'm taking it day-by-day.

LINERODE

Heartwarming. We were making progress.

RISBERG

Her parents don't see it that way.

LINERODE

Apparently, they didn't see a lot of things. I'll have you know our tip line has been fairly active.

Linerode tosses her filter to the ground and squashes it.

LINERODE (cont'd)

That's the beauty and the curse of a small town. Everyone seems to have their own idea of what happened to Sadie that night.

RISBERG

I'm curious to hear yours.

LINERODE

It doesn't involve The Slender Man, I can tell you that much. Do you even know the type of girl Sadie Mullen was, detective? Judging by that look on your face, I'm guessing you don't have a clue.

She SLAMS Sadie's file into his gut and walks away.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg watches Linerode's police cruiser drive away.

He picks up his cell phone and dials out. The RINGING on the other end is audible as he hoists the can of computer duster to his mouth for a quick hitter.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Grace opens the door and lets Risberg inside. The floor boards CREAK with each of his heavy steps.

GRACE

Apologies if I sounded a little jumpy on the phone.

He walks over to the window and peers outside into the Mullen's backyard.

GRACE (O.S.)
Every time it rings, I don't
know whether to be excited or
throw up my insides.

He spots a copse of trees at the edge of the property.

GRACE (O.S.)
I try to stay positive, but I
just never know if the call is
going to be good news or-

RISBERG
Your husband said you went
to bed early the night Sadie
went missing.

GRACE
Yes. I get the migraines. They
just incapacitate me.

He tracks around the room, opening drawers and the closet,
in search of any form of a clue.

He wanders over to a large TACK BOARD filled with a
collection of various pictures of Sadie and her friends.

RISBERG
In your statement, you mentioned
that you heard her talking on
the phone.

GRACE
Yes, I got up to see if she would
get me a glass of water.

RISBERG
What time was that?

GRACE
Around midnight, I guess.

RISBERG
You know who she was talking to?

GRACE
I sure don't. But isn't there a
way for y'all to find out?

RISBERG
We've subpoenaed her phone records.

He directs her attention up to the SCRABBLE LETTERS: **N O W**

RISBERG

What do you make of that?

GRACE

(re: the letters)

She's done that ever since she was a little girl. The letters change every day. It's like her word or phrase of the day.

She attempts to diagnose the meaning of these specific tiles.

GRACE

To be honest, I think they're just inspirational for her. I never really knew what any of them meant. You know how kids can be with their lingo.

He opens a DRESSER DRAWER and rummages through it. Suddenly, something stops him. He pulls out **SADIE'S DIARY**.

RISBERG

Didn't Officer Linerode conduct a search?

GRACE

Half-assed is what it was. Like everything they seem to do here.

She looks at the diary and smiles.

GRACE

I buy her one every year for her birthday. I think they're therapeutic for her.

RISBERG

Where can I find the key?

She peeks up. That's a question she'd like answered herself.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Deja plays around on her phone while Risberg lies on the bed, propped against the headboard.

He tries to pry the diary's lock open with a KNIFE.

DEJA (O.S.)

What's the wi-fi password?

Risberg gives her a funny look, *"Does this place look like it has wi-fi?"*

DEJA

I'm not about to burn my data.
I can't afford no unlimited plan.

Agitated, he continues to pick at the lock unsuccessfully.

RISBERG

How much those Louboutin's
run you?

She feigns a smile and lowers her phone, restless.

DEJA

You gon' leave me with cabin
fever, that's for damn sure.

His patience with her and the lock are wearing thin.

RISBERG

You got the TV.

But they both look at it, realizing that isn't true.

His knife SLIPS from the lock and nicks him. He THROWS them both down in frustration.

She SIGHS, walks over and picks up the diary.

She reaches into her hair and pulls out a HAIRPIN. Within five seconds, she PICKS THE LOCK.

DEJA

Voila, genius.

RISBERG

Where'd you learn to do that?

DEJA

I'm a girl of many talents.
Besides, every girl has a diary.
I'm just wondering what the
hell you're doing with one.

RISBERG

Call me a sucker for Young Adult
literature.

She rolls her eyes and opens the door.

RISBERG

The fuck you think you're going?

DEJA

A girl's gotta eat. You ain't
got shit up in here.

She SLAMS the door as she leaves. He plops Sadie's diary
onto his lap, settles in and opens to the first page.

On the first page, there's a prelude to her thoughts:

"A soul without love is the darkest place of all."

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SADIE (V.O.)

Folie á deux
A madness shared by two
If you dare read my thoughts
Then the joke is on you

SUPER: June 7th, 2015 (78 days prior to her disappearance)

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*Sadie Mullen sits on her bed and paints her toenails. She's
even prettier in person. Radiant and lively.*

Her phone's ringtone sounds and she answers it.

SADIE

Hey.

She looks back at the alarm clock. It reads 12:53 AM.

SADIE

*I chopped a couple Ativan into
her midnight snack. Give me
half an hour.*

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*She CLICKS off her bedroom light and heads over to the
window.*

*She removes the window screen like a professional burglar
and slides it underneath her bed. Quiet as a mouse.*

*She picks up a small foot stool from her bedroom floor,
leans out the window, and drops the stool onto the grass.*

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

She closes the window and leaves it cracked about an inch. She places the footstool underneath the window sill.

She RUNS towards the woods, where she finally disappears into the dark void.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sadie stops running, out of breath. She follows the narrow path until it splits near a clearing.

In the clearing is a dead-end from a graveled access road. There, she spots an idling GOLD SEDAN waiting for her.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

A grassy, secluded hideaway spot high above the water supply, which GLIMMERS below underneath a full moon.

Jolene, Sadie and a third girl lie on a big blanket that's sprawled out on the ground.

ALICE BATES (16) has auburn hair with fair skin. She's not fat, but not as skinny, nor as pretty, as Jolene or Sadie.

They stare up at the stars, high as kites.

SADIE

How far is it to the bottom?

ALICE

Um, like, a hundred feet.

JOLENE

At least. Maybe two.

ALICE

Nick told me Mikey Shackleford jumped it once on a dare.

JOLENE

Newsflash, Alice. Your boyfriend likes to tell fish stories.

ALICE

Hello, ex-boyfriend.

(then)

Whose dick I sadly still miss.

The girls all bust up laughing.

SADIE

T.M.I.!

Music from Jolene's car plays softly in the background and the trio ogles at the stars above.

JOLENE

*Okay, okay, okay, I got one.
Gun to Your Head, would you
rather watch two dudes fuck
each other or watch a woman
get eaten out by a dog?*

SADIE

Ewww!

Alice

Jesus!

SADIE

Next!

JOLENE

*No, you have to pick one.
That's why the game's called
Gun to Your Head.*

ALICE

*Fine, I'd watch the dudes and
maybe even learn a thing or two.*

SADIE

*I guess I'll pick the woman
and the dog.*

Sadie, Jolene and Alice laugh uncontrollably.

ALICE

So gross!!

JOLENE

Haha, that was my choice!

Jolene holds up a hand and receives a high-five from Sadie.

SADIE

*Okay, my turn. Gun to Your
Head, would you rather
live for two hundred years
or live for twenty?*

ALICE

Two-hundred.

JOLENE

Two-hundred.

SADIE
You guys are boring. Only the
good die young.

Sadie lies back and stares at the stars.

ALICE
Speaking of boring, Gun to Your
Head, would you rather keep
playing this lame-ass game or
smoke another J?

JOLENE
Blaze it up!

SADIE
Smoke!

ALICE
I'll grab the lighter.

Alice runs off to the car. It's quiet for a second. Jolene reaches over and grabs Sadie's hand. Their fingers lock.

JOLENE
(whispers)
Come with me to Ray's tomorrow.
There's someone I want you to meet.

SADIE
(whispers)
Okay.

JOLENE
(whispers)
Just promise you won't say
anything to Alice. There's a
crowd.

Sadie promises by making an "X" over her heart.

Their eyes meet as the sound of Alice's FOOTSTEPS can be heard running back towards them.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - DAY

Five hundred acres of fun. Swimming, Go-Kart's, putt-putt golf, cabin rentals, pavilions.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

Jolene and Sadie make their way onto a grassy hill amidst a range of families and other kids.

They are bikini-clad with jean-shorts.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

They set their beach gear down in the middle of a crowded area. The girls spread their towels on some trampled grass.

Jolene drops her jean-shorts and lathers herself up with sun bronzer as males gawk. She knows what she's doing.

Sadie spots two teen BOYS throwing a Frisbee about thirty yards away. She takes a deep breath. This is the life.

Sadie drops her jean-shorts and fixes her bottom just as Jolene grabs her and holds her iPhone up high for A SELFIE.

Shades on, THUMBS UP for the camera, grinning ear to ear. Best friends about to enjoy the best summer of their lives.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

A radio nearby plays the latest hits on pop radio as the girls lie on their backs, tanning.

Jolene leans up on her elbows and watches a TALL BOY throwing a football near the water. She pokes Sadie.

JOLENE

Look. There he is.

Sadie leans up on her elbows.

JOLENE

The hottie-with-a-body throwing the football.

SADIE

That's him?

JOLENE

Yeah. You should go talk to him.

SADIE

No way!

Jolene grabs the bronzer from her bag.

JOLENE

Fine, then stay and rub this on my back. I'm gonna flip.

Jolene flips to her stomach and Sadie squirts bronzer onto her, massaging it in.

JOLENE

Undo my strap, will you? I'm
like, allergic to tan lines.

Sadie unfastens Jolene's bikini strap and rubs the oily mess
into Jolene's already-reddened skin.

Sadie peeks up and watches the Tall Boy throw the football.
He IS cute.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

Later on. Jolene lifts her head. Sadie is asleep beside her.
Jolene fastens her strap and heads for the water.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - WATER - DAY

Jolene splashes water onto her arms and shoulders and inches
herself over to a group of guys horsing around.

One of them is **NICK WASSINGAME** (20), the tall boy throwing
the football.

He's built like an Olympic swimmer with a nose that is
somewhat bent, yet somehow makes him more appealing.

NICK

Hoe-lene, what it do?

JOLENE

Hey, where have you been hiding?

NICK

Ah, a bunch of us just got back
from Myrtle.

JOLENE

Still patrolling those beaches for
high school girls, I see.

NICK

Guilty as charged. Listen, Alice
isn't with you is she?

JOLENE

No, why, didn't you two break up?

NICK

Yeah, that's why I asked, skank.
That girl has no chill.

JOLENE

*You know, there's someone else
who wants to meet you. She just
moved here not too long ago.*

NICK

Oh yeah? Is she cute?

JOLENE

She's a good girl, but I'd do her.

NICK

*Alright, sweet. Bring her by
the house this weekend.*

*Before Jolene can respond, Nick is gang-tackled in the water
by his rowdy friends.*

PRELAP SFX: A KNOCK on a door.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

It SNAPS Risberg out of Sadie's world. The knocking on the door intensifies.

He opens the door and sees Deja, who BRUSHES past him, pissed off. She DUMPS her purse onto a mangy chair.

DEJA

*The least you can do is get
me my own damn room key.*

RISBERG

Where you been?

DEJA

I was out with some friends.

RISBERG

It's two o'clock in the morning.

DEJA

*I came back, didn't I? And
what'chu doin' all waitin'
up and shit?*

RISBERG

*Don't flatter yourself. I told
you, I need it to sleep.*

She takes off a skimpy blouse and stands there in a bra. The light shines on her face enough to see that it's BRUISED.

RISBERG

The fuck happened to you?

DEJA

They jacked up my order and
we had a few words.

He looks her over, not buying it, but also not ready to
question her either.

She starts to UNZIP the back of her skirt. He stops her.

DEJA

Don't flatter yourself. I'm
going to take a shower. Or is
that against the rules, too?

She STOMPS into the bathroom and shuts the door. He stands
alone, the gears in his mind turning.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Someone inside a GREEN CROWN VIC watches the motel through a
PAIR OF BINOCULARS.

Through the BINOCULARS POV, the spy observes Risberg walking
around inside the dimly lit room.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg surfs through Deja's purse and grabs one of her old
school ID's. He SNAPS a picture of it from his phone.

He dials out on his cell. Someone picks up immediately.

RISBERG

Need you to look into something.

The shower SHUTS OFF.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a needle penetrating the skin.

Risberg nods off in a warm, glazed bliss. Deja guides his
head to the pillow.

Underneath his closing eyelids, we can see his eyes ROLLING
back and forth.

BEGIN RISBERG'S 2nd HEROIN TERROR

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

We are back in the room that is bathed in an orange glow. The naked woman finishes servicing us and lies back. She seductively gyrates about on the bed. Wanting. Aching.

Her eyes those of a wild animal set free from a cage as her hands and fingers strategically glide over and around her sensuous curves.

One of her fingers slowly CURLS, inviting us to come closer.

We do so and she brings her mouth near, pressing her moist lips against ours. Satisfied, she pulls away and WHISPERS.

PRETTY WOMAN

I'm pregnant, Ryan.

END RISBERG'S 2nd HEROIN TERROR

INT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

Jolene sits at a tiny desk, arms crossed and nervous.

RISBERG

You're not in any trouble.
But if it would make you feel
more comfortable, I can call
your parents to sit in on
our discussion.

Jolene takes a deep breath.

JOLENE

My daddy's dead and my momma's
in jail.

RISBERG

What about your grandmother?

JOLENE

No, it's fine. Ask me anything
you want.

RISBERG

In your written statement, you
mentioned that you hung out
with Sadie on the day of her
disappearance.

JOLENE

Yeah, we got to Ray's around noon and stayed until like, five I think. Five-thirty, maybe. Sadie had to be at work by six.

RISBERG

And what's Ray's last name?

JOLENE

No, Ray's is a water park. I'm a lifeguard there.

RISBERG

Were you working that day?

JOLENE

No, Friday was my day off.

RISBERG

But you went to the park anyway?

JOLENE

Employees get a plus-one on Friday's.

(off his look)

That means we get to bring someone else in for free.

RISBERG

Did she frequent Ray's a lot?

JOLENE

All the kids do in the summer.

RISBERG

Did anything seem out of the ordinary with her?

JOLENE

How do you mean?

RISBERG

Did she seem upset or scared or worried? About anything.

JOLENE

No, it was all pretty normal. We hung out and talked to a few people we knew about school starting back up. You know, now that you mention it, she was preoccupied with her phone.

RISBERG
How do you mean?

JOLENE
She was texting. Like, a lot.

RISBERG
Any idea who she was texting?

JOLENE
No. But she did seem distracted.

He reads back through Jolene's statement for a beat.

RISBERG
You didn't mention any of that
in your statement.

JOLENE
I guess I didn't think it was
important.

RISBERG
Something like this, everything
is important.

JOLENE
I'm sorry, it must've slipped
my mind.

Her cell phone DINGS. She checks her text message and makes
a funny face.

RISBERG
Is everything alright?

JOLENE
Yes, sorry. That was my friend
Alice.

RISBERG
Your friend Alice.

JOLENE
We've been friends since second grade.

RISBERG
But not Sadie's friend Alice?

She bows her head and bites her nails, nervous to expound.

RISBERG

We're just talking, here.
Nothing you say leaves this room.

JOLENE

They didn't exactly get along.
(off his look)
Well, at first they did. When
Sadie first moved here. We all
became friends, pretty much
inseparable really. Like The
Three Musketeers, but girls,
you know?

RISBERG

So what happened?

JOLENE

They had a falling out.

RISBERG

Over a boy.

JOLENE

Isn't it always?

RISBERG

A boy named Nick.

Jolene's face becomes pale at that curveball.

JOLENE

You... know about Nick?

RISBERG

She wrote about him in her diary.

JOLENE

I didn't know she kept a diary.

RISBERG

I thought "sisters" knew
everything about each other?

JOLENE

So did I.

Her eyes moisten and she tries to refrain from blinking.

EXT. ALPHA PSI FRAT HOUSE - DAY

A shoddy Greek House. Risberg KNOCKS on the door. A blond-haired prep named **JOSH** (20) answers.

JOSH
Yeah, what up?

Risberg shows Josh his credentials. Nobody bothers to turn down the BOOMING MUSIC from inside.

RISBERG
I'm looking for Nick.

JOSH
Which one? There's like three of 'em.

RISBERG
Last name is Wast-in-gaze-

JOSH
Oh, you're looking for "What's-is-name". That's what everybody calls him. His last name is Wassingame. Get it? It's like a nickname, man.

RISBERG
Is he here?

JOSH
Nah, dude, he hasn't been here for a few days now.
(yells inside)
Hey, yo, Beans! Beans! C'mere!

A chubby, balding kid named **BEANS** (21) arrives at the door with a beer in each hand.

BEANS
Wassup, chief. Aren't you a little old to pledge?

JOSH
Nah, man, this guy's like a cop or something. He's looking for "What's-is name".

BEANS
I haven't seen him since last week. He comes and goes.

JOSH
Yeah, he's probably shackled up with one of his hunnies. Yo, what's this about, anyways?

Risberg holds up a picture of Sadie.

RISBERG

I'm investigating the disappearance
of one of those hunnies. You
seen this girl?

JOSH

Nah. I mean, maybe. I don't
know. I don't think so.

RISBERG

Girl disappeared a few days
ago. Maybe with your friend Nick.

BEANS

He ain't my friend, man. Just
a dude in the frat, you know.
But I don't know. I don't
recognize her, but the dude
brings lots of girls over.

JOSH

Yeah, me neither, man. I mean
she's cute, but a little young.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg glances up at the clock on the wall. It's late, past
one in the morning. Deja is not around.

He has Sadie's diary in one hand. He grabs his notepad to
jot something down, but when he opens it, he sees

An AMAZING DRAWING of Risberg asleep in a heroin coma. The
drawing is dark, twisted and drenched in talent.

Deja's signature is penned in the bottom corner. He tears
the drawing out and sets it next to him on the bed.

He scribbles something in the notepad. By the letters
N O W, he's written "**N**ick **W**assingame" next to the two
corresponding letters.

He opens Sadie's diary to a bookmarked page.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SADIE (V.O.)

What are little girls made of?
If I knew, I'd want two
And pretend both were you
Then I'd have double the trouble
To love

SUPER: June 23rd, 2015 (61 days prior to her disappearance)

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jolene and Sadie PUSH the gold sedan down the driveway, away from the house. At a safe distance, they hop in, giggling.

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jolene drives and Sadie rides shotgun. The radio JAMS. Sadie PUFFS a joint and passes it to Jolene.

SADIE

Nick said that DJ from last week is going to be here again.

JOLENE

Just promise me you won't do any more keg-stands.

Sadie appraises her appearance in the mirror, primping and fixing and adjusting.

JOLENE

Bae, relax, you look amazing. You got those eyebrows on fleek.

SADIE

Really?

The wind WHISTLES through the open sunroof.

JOLENE

Trust me. Someone's getting fuuuuucked.

Sadie and Jolene laugh hard. They're ready for a good time.

INT/EXT. ALPHA PSI FRAT HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A party RAGES on inside. Josh opens the front door to reveal Jolene and Sadie. He jokingly points to Jolene.

JOSH

Oh, shit!! Hoe Patrol!!!

A few drunk guys inside guffaw, screaming "HOE PATROL!"

JOLENE

Eat me, Josh.

JOSH

Oh I would. Front and back.
But I have a girlfriend. Molly.
I'll introduce you later.

Josh turns to Sadie and HUGS her.

JOSH

Sexy Sadie, what it do?
Come in, ladies, do come in.
Refreshments are this-a way.

Josh ushers the girls inside the house. Closes the door.

INT. ALPHA PSI - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Josh points to a few kegs on ice.

JOSH

There you be. Help yourselves.

Josh playfully BUMPS Jolene on the arm as he leaves. Jolene and Sadie pump the keg. Nick arrives to assist.

NICK

Hey, hold up. I got you.

The chivalrous Nick tilts her cup to her mouth. He pulls the cup back and replaces it with his lips against hers.

INT. ALPHA PSI - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Later in the night. Dance music is CRANKED.

Nick GRINDS on Sadie on the dance floor. Beside them, Josh GRINDS on Jolene.

The girls are trashed. Sadie and Jolene lock hands and begin to GRIND ON EACH OTHER. Nick and Josh hi-five.

JOSH

KISS HER!!!

NICK

KISS!!!

Josh and Nick lead a parade of partiers (mostly male) in a resounding chorus, "KISS! KISS! KISS!"

Sadie pulls Jolene towards her and aggressively throws her tongue into her best friend's mouth.

JOSH

Holy shit, dude!

NICK

Yeah babe, get it!

It takes a long sensual moment before the girls finally peel away from another. They stare into each other's eyes.

INT. ALPHA PSI - NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Sadie sit on the bed. He leans in, admiring the shine from her pink lip gloss. He kisses her.

NICK

God damn, you're beautiful.

SADIE

Mmm-hmmm. Eyebrows on fleek.

He puts his arm around her and pulls her close to him. He peeks at her low-cut blouse that exposes her cleavage.

He kisses her neck, making his way down to her breasts.

NICK

You see what you do to me,
Good Girl?

Their lips reconnect. It's long and passionate. Suddenly, to his great surprise, she reaches her hand into his pants.

SADIE

I'd rather feel what I do to you.

He closes his eyes and his mouth opens, in deep concentration. She leans in, her hot breath on his ear.

SADIE

(whispers)
Nick...I want you...

He drops his beer and it SPILLS against the carpet. His breathing escalates.

SADIE

(whispers)
I want you to...

He sways his hips in synchronized motion to match the ebb and flow of her golden stroke.

NICK

You want me to what...

SADIE

(whispers)
Make me bad.

He places his strapping hands around the back of her head and pulls her towards him. They fall back onto the bed.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

INT. ALPHA PSI - NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie and Nick lie next to each other in post-coital bliss. There's a raucous ROAR from across the hall.

SADIE
What's going on out there?

NICK
They're cheering for us.

An inebriated Nick brings her lips to his. But there's another boisterous ROAR from down the hall. She stops.

SADIE
Where's Jolene?

NICK
(as he kisses)
I don't know, probably with Josh.

SADIE
No, Josh has a girlfriend.

NICK
(as he kisses)
Mm-hmm, right.

They settle in before another loud CHEER goes up from across the hall. She wakes up.

SADIE
I have to pee.

She struggles to stand upright and WOBBLES to the bathroom.

INT. ALPHA PSI - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sadie FLUSHES the toilet and stands in front of the mirror. She re-appraises her appearance, satisfied.

SADIE
Someone got fuuuuucked.

Another loud CHEER grabs her attention.

INT. ALPHA PSI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sadie peeks inside Nick's room to see he's PASSED OUT on the bed, arms sprawled over his head. She inches down the hall.

More CHEERS and a FLASH of a camera from the next room.

Curious, she makes her way to the room and steadies herself against the doorframe to look inside.

INT. ALPHA PSI - JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT

To her horror, she sees FIVE FRAT BOYS standing over Jolene, who lies on the ground in nothing but her bra and underwear.

Josh operates a GoPro camera as another frat boy leans down and lifts up one of Jolene's undergarments.

A second frat boy takes a pic on his iPhone.

*SADIE (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK!?*

Josh and the frat boys SNAP their heads toward the doorway. Sadie PUSHES past them and they scatter.

*JOSH
Sadie! Uh, I thought you were
with Nick.*

*SADIE
What the hell is going on?*

*BEANS
Yo, we're just messing around.*

She SLUGS Josh on the shoulder and kneels down. Jolene's eyes are open but they are moving back and forth rapidly.

*SADIE
(to Josh)
What the fuck is wrong with her?*

*BEANS
Relax, she's just rollin' a little.*

*SADIE
You DRUGGED her!?!

She looks around, frantic.*

*SADIE
Where are her clothes?
(off Josh's look)
Josh! Her FUCKING clothes!?*

Josh points to a crumpled stack of clothes near the bed. Sadie gathers them, the adrenaline has sobered her.

EXT. ALPHA PSI - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The party has died down but there are still some lingerers as Sadie assists a dreary Jolene to the car.

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sadie puts Jolene in the backseat. Gets in and starts the car. The car radio shows its 4:42 in the morning.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Sadie slowly inches the car along. Gravel CRUNCHES underneath the weight of the car.

With Jolene in no shape to push, Sadie has no choice but to kill the lights and drive the car close to the house.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S WINDOW - NIGHT

Sadie lifts the cracked window, helps Jolene inside and pulls herself in.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie and Jolene lie in bed together. Jolene SHIVERS.

JOLENE

Thank you... for... being there.

Sadie watches her drift off to sleep, then leans in and kisses her best friend's forehead.

PRELAP SFX: SWOOOOOOOOOSH

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

A RED FOLDER has been slid under the doorway, breaking Risberg's concentration.

He looks at the clock. It's three in the morning. No sign of Deja. He picks up the folder and opens it. His jaw CLENCHES.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT

THREE PROSTITUTES work territorial patches of a city block as Risberg's car inches along.

EXT. INNER CITY ALLEY - NIGHT

Deja's trademark Fuck-Me Boots emerge from the darkness and she is illuminated by a flickering street light.

She walks down the street. CLICK-CLACK. CLICK-CLACK.

RISBERG (O.S.)
Get in the car.

She holds up a hand as if to tell him to talk to it.

RISBERG
Deja!

DEJA
You best be leavin' before
you be startin' something.

She continues to walk along.

RISBERG
Get in the fucking car!

BAKE (O.S.)
Hey!

Deja freezes and Risberg's RED TAIL LIGHTS brighten as **BAKE** (50s) runs up alongside the car and gets in Risberg's face.

BAKE
We got a problem here,
motherfucker?

He's all slime. Your credit score drops a hundred points in his presence. Risberg gets out of his car.

EXT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Bake puts a finger in Risberg's face.

BAKE
The fuck yo' problem is?
You want the good shit, you
gotsa pay for the good shit.

RISBERG
I already have.

BAKE
That bitch holdin' out on you?

Bake glares at Deja. He begins to go after her when Risberg drives Bake into the ground and POUNCES on top of him.

CRACK!!! Risberg shatters Bake's nose with a vicious head-butt. Blood SPILLS out and his eyes water, blinding him.

WHAM!!! Risberg delivers a thunderous haymaker and Bake spits blood. His face rearranged, maybe permanently.

BAKE (O.S.)
Hey, fuck you buddy...who the
fuck do you think you are?

Risberg leans down, inches from Bake's mangled face. He
flashes HIS BADGE.

RISBERG
I'm a feral fucking dog playing
in a pen full of puppies.

Deja stops. Her eyes WIDE, shocked at having just found out
that Risberg is a cop.

She backs away, petrified.

He pulls Bake's wallet from his pocket and takes his
DRIVER'S LICENSE.

RISBERG
And now I know where you live.

He clamps Bake's genitals with a clawed hand. Bake WHIMPERS.

RISBERG
If I see you lay another finger
on her, I'll show you the real
meaning of rabid. And I'll do
so with impunity.

BAKE
Yeah, man, fuck! You won't!

He applies a little more pressure and Bake squirms in
torturous pain.

BAKE
Jesus, fuck! I swear!

He releases Bake and Deja takes off running down the alley.

RISBERG
Deja!

He chases after her as she tries escaping, but in high
heels, he tracks her down quickly. She SWINGS at him.

DEJA
The fuck you gon' do!? You
gon' arrest me!?

RISBERG
Deja, stop-

She keeps on swinging and lands a series of punches.

DEJA
You just like him, motherfucker!
You usin' me!!

RISBERG
Listen to me!!

DEJA
It's my life!!

He winds her down and gets her to stop. Tearful, her eyes lock into his razor-sharp glare.

RISBERG
You can't keep doing this
to yourself.

DEJA
(exhausted)
It's my life.

RISBERG
You're better'n this.

DEJA
Says who, you? A fuckin'
junkie cop?

Her eyes give it away. For the first time in her life,
someone believes in her. She collapses into him and SOBS.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving in silence. Risberg lifts the can of computer duster to his mouth for a quick-hitter to calm his inner fire.

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

Risberg FLINCHES and rubs his eyes. Deja looks over in horror, the hypocrisy of his actions ironic and evident.

The eyeliner that had run down her face has dried.

She spots his tattered photograph on the glass of the dash, the one of the NEWBORN BABY but doesn't say anything.

RISBERG
Who was that asshole?

DEJA
My step-daddy.

He looks over to her. Go on.

DEJA

He'd beat up my moms and shit
until one day, he figured out
the best way to keep her in
line.

He lights a cigarette.

DEJA

Bake didn't need to work when
he had me to pay the bills.

RISBERG

How'd he find you?

DEJA

He always finds me.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

RISBERG

Well, you're safe now.

Deja stares out the window. She knows better.

DEJA

No. He gon' come for me.
(trembling, whispers)
He gon' come for me.

He takes a long drag and the cherry SIZZLES.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Risberg's car pulls into the parking lot, still the only car
around despite the NO VACANCY sign.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

From BINOCULARS POV, someone watches Risberg and Deja enter
their room.

INT. LINERODE'S CAR - NIGHT

From a safe distance, it's revealed that the spy behind the
binoculars in the green Crown Vic is Linerode.

She picks up her phone to place a call.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg sits alone on the bed, the tourniquet tied around his arm. The shower RUNS in the background.

He holds the needle full of heroin at the tip of his skin, but he just can't plunge it in.

The shower turns OFF.

He stares at the scrambled lines of the muted television as Deja emerges from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Moments later, Deja holds the needle at the base of his skin. He waits for bliss, but her wheels are spinning.

DEJA

What happened to your child?

(off his look)

Picture in the car. Did it...

RISBERG

She's not dead. Least not that I know of.

DEJA

She?

RISBERG

Then again, I wasn't supposed to know that either.

DEJA

How come you don't arrest me?

RISBERG

I guess there's a little bit of "What's in it for me?" inside of us all.

DEJA

You know, you're the first person I met more fucked up than me.

He continues to stare, blankly, at the scrambled television. A news bulletin pops up, showing Sadie's MISSING POSTER.

RISBERG

Yeah, I get that a lot.

He nods toward him arm. *Do it.*

BEGIN RISBERG'S 3rd HEROIN TERROR

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

The naked woman reaches for our hand and positions it down towards her midsection, out of view. She closes her eyes and moans softly.

We TRACK DOWN past her large breasts and see our hand resting on her STOMACH. Her fingers interlock ours.

PULL BACK, PAN AROUND AND REVEAL that we are RYAN RISBERG. But it's not the Ryan Risberg we are accustomed to seeing.

No, this Ryan Risberg is a scared TWELVE-YEAR-OLD.

END RISBERG'S 3rd HEROIN TERROR

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Deja sneaks outside and quietly shuts the door to the room.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

She walks over to Risberg's car. Looks back at the motel. The coast is clear. She opens the driver's side door and

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

EXT. WOODS - DAY

John Mullen holds a BULLHORN and addresses a large throng of people in Sadie Mullen's SEARCH PARTY.

JOHN
(through bullhorn)
My wife and I would like to
thank all of you for your
support in coming out today,
donating your time and energy
in helping to bring our dear
Sadie home...

At his side, a tearful Grace and Jolene embrace one another.

In the distance, Linerode stands and smokes a cigarette as she watches the search begin.

PRELAP SFX: A CELL PHONE BUZZES

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

The buzzing phone stirs Risberg from his heroin coma. It takes him awhile, but he answers his phone.

RISBERG
(groggy into phone)
What? Really? Okay, I'll be here.

He hangs up and lets out a deep SIGH.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

A silver Mercedes pulls into the lot. A WOMAN exits the car, dressed in opulent business attire and dark sunglasses.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

Steam rises from the sink as SCALDING HOT water pours from the faucet into a big, clear bowl.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

The woman, **ARIEL** (30s), slides on BLUE LATEX GLOVES and mixes four tablespoons of MUSTARD POWDER into the bowl.

She stirs the contents of something that resembles a cauldron of raw sewage.

Ariel fills a glass with the yellow-brown liquid sludge. She hands the full glass to Risberg, who CHUGS it.

He drinks maybe half of the glass before he runs into the bathroom, and he VOMITS violently into the toilet.

The commotion awakens Deja from a deep slumber. A few feet away, he VOMITS into the toilet again.

DEJA (O.S)
The fuck y'all doing?

She picks at her crusty eyes and looks Ariel up and down.

DEJA
Who the hell are you?

ARIEL
His Fairy Godmother.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

Risberg is slumped on the bathroom floor, spent. This has been going on a while.

The contents of the mixture in the bowl are almost gone.
Deja watches in horror from the doorway.

DEJA

Shit, bitch. If you want to beat
a drug test, give him a diuretic.

ARIEL

Diuretics promote the production
of more urine. Tainted urine.

DEJA

Pssh, they flush me out in a few
days.

Ariel guides his head over the toilet.

ARIEL

He has forty-five minutes.

Ariel hands him one last full glass of sludge.

He drinks it with a little less willingness. His insides
immediately rebel causing him to VOMIT with force.

ARIEL

An emetic allows us to do the
opposite. Stop urine production
completely by temporarily
disabling kidney function.

He VOMITS again, sweating profusely. Ariel points to the
rest of the glass. He grabs it and downs the last of it.

DEJA

Well, how you gon' do that?

He VOMITS again.

ARIEL

You got front row seats.

Deja looks on concerned as Ariel fills a syringe with an
unknown clear liquid and brings it up to his mouth.

ARIEL

(to Deja)

You might want to stand back.

Ariel squirts the liquid from the syringe into his mouth.
Nothing happens at first.

Suddenly, he SCRAMBLES to his feet and sits on the toilet.

Ariel shoves Deja back from the doorway and shuts the door.

From outside the door, they hear him SCREAM as he torturously empties his bowels.

ARIEL

This is your brain on drugs.

DEJA

Not-uh, fuck that. That shit ain't gon' be me.

ARIEL

Trust me, honey. You wouldn't be here unless he believed otherwise.

Deja lets that sink in for a beat.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

Minutes later. Ariel opens the door to see Risberg slumped and deathly pale. She pinches a tiny sliver of skin.

The pinched skin STANDS UP, not retracting.

DEJA

Why's his skin doin' that?

ARIEL

He's in a critical state of dehydration.

DEJA

Damn, you gon' kill his ass.

ARIEL

Baby girl, he died a long time ago.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

Ariel turns away from us, drops her pants and inserts a straight CATHETER into her bladder.

It immediately drains a bladder-full of her CLEAN URINE into a cup. She unwraps a fresh syringe and fills it with the urine from the cup.

She then unwraps a fresh, new straight catheter and inserts it deep into his bladder, to his great discomfort.

She injects her clean urine into one end of the new catheter with the syringe. An unquestionable professional at this highly dangerous act.

She watches the urine flow smoothly down the catheter.

She inserts an IV into a vein in his arm, clamps it, then peels off two pieces of gray DUCT TAPE and places them on ends of IV adapter to hold it down.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Sheets of rain SLAP against the windshield. Risberg has the saline bag mounted on the dash, attached to the IV adapter.

It empties itself into him one drip at a time, replenishing his fluids. He looks up at the glass behind the wheel but

THE PICTURE OF HIS NEWBORN BABY IS GONE.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Pulled over. Risberg leans in to feel around the floor of the car as the unrelenting rain bludgeons him.

With one arm, he moves the seat but can't locate the picture.

The only memento from his past. Gone.

INT. CAPELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Risberg STORMS in and throws his DRUG TEST RESULT onto Capella's desk. It FLUTTERS down to the surface.

RISBERG
Clean. Just like the last one.

CAPELLA
Alright. One more and we'll call it a winning streak.

RISBERG
This funny to all of you?

CAPELLA
Ah, c'mon, Risberg. Sit. Tell me about things. Like the girl.

Risberg flinches, *Capella knows about Deja?*

CAPELLA

I heard on the radio this morning
about the search party.

He relaxes a bit. Oh, *that* girl.

RISBERG

Right, well, there's not much
to go on yet, but it's coming
along.

CAPELLA

Maybe this will light a fuse.

Capella tosses a THICK PACKET onto the desk.

CAPELLA

Her phone records are in.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg SPEEDS down the road, as the wipers SWOOOSH with
rain continuing to fall in buckets.

He rolls down the window, TOSSES the saline bag out and
rolls up his sleeve to manually EXTRACT the IV from his arm.

Blood OOZES from the puncture site and he grabs some old
napkins from the backseat and compresses it.

INT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

Jolene again sits across a table from Risberg, who opens
Sadie's packet of PHONE RECORDS.

RISBERG

According to her father,
Sadie got home from work about
a quarter after ten on the
night she disappeared.

He slides over a sheet of paper with some lines highlighted
in YELLOW.

RISBERG

And according to her phone log,
she received two phone calls later
that night. The first came at
eleven thirty-two. It lasted three
minutes. That call was from you.

JOLENE

I called Sadie to remind her about us going shopping for some back-to-school clothes on Saturday.

He slides over another highlighted piece of paper.

RISBERG

Now, an hour later, at twelve thirty-three A.M., Sadie receives a second call, this one lasts nineteen minutes. Do you recognize that number?

JOLENE

Yes. That's Nick's cell.

RISBERG

Nick also exchanged over four hundred text messages with Sadie that afternoon.

JOLENE

Four hundred??

RISBERG

That might explain why she seemed a little distracted at Ray's.

(off her look)

Something was up that day. You don't exchange that many texts with someone for nothing. Throw in the fact that Nick was the last person to speak with her...

He trails off, purposely, allowing her to marinate the thought until she connects the dots.

JOLENE

Oh my God, you don't think Nick-

RISBERG

I don't know. It's possible. Just like it's also possible that maybe Sadie and Nick planned on running away together, who knows. But I need your help, Jolene. Even if it's just to eliminate Nick as a person of interest.

JOLENE

Of course, anything.

RISBERG
Describe Sadie and Nick's
relationship as best you can.

JOLENE
They had their ups and downs,
like all high school flings.

RISBERG
Except Nick was a grown man.

JOLENE
I don't know about grown, but
you know what they say, girls
mature faster. Anyways, they
were more off than on.

RISBERG
Was she in love with him?

JOLENE
What's not to love about Nick?

RISBERG
Did he love her in return?

JOLENE
No, I think he was in love with
the *idea* of being in love with her.

She tears up and he floats her a tissue.

JOLENE
I swear, if he hurt her-

RISBERG
It's not your fault.

JOLENE
But I feel like I'm responsible.

RISBERG
Jolene, was she afraid of Nick?

JOLENE
Sadie, afraid of Nick? No, you
don't understand. If anything,
he was afraid of her. Especially
after what happened on the Fourth
of July-

RISBERG
I'm listening.

She hesitates.

RISBERG

I told you last time, nothing
leaves this room.

JOLENE

That's when things changed.

RISBERG

Between Sadie and Nick?

JOLENE

Between all of us.

(off his look)

You're really putting me in
an awkward position, detective.
Maybe you should ask Alice.

PRELAP SFX: PING!!! The sound of a BAT hitting a BALL.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Alice swings with ferocious abandon and watches a softball
ricochet back down the net. She gets in her stance.

PING!! She squashes the bug and HAMMERS another one. Risberg
stands behind her at the fence, unnoticed.

RISBERG

Hell of a cut you got.

She SNAPS her head back and locks of her red hair sneak out
from the batting helmet.

He nods toward the PITCHING MACHINE. "*Here it comes.*" She
turns around and PING!! She's a magician with the bat.

ALICE

Can I help you?

RISBERG

I have a few questions for you.
About an old friend of yours.

This time, she doesn't turn back around to face him. She
resets her feet in the batter's box and continues to mash.

PING!

ALICE

You're the detective that's
looking for Sadie, right?

RISBERG
That's right. But that's the
wrong friend.

She grips the bat as though she were grinding it away.

PING!

RISBERG
I'm here to ask you about Nick.

ALICE
Wassingame? Gee, thanks for
that blast from my past.

PING! She takes an angry, vicious whack.

ALICE
We kicked it a few times, why?

RISBERG
I'm looking for him.

ALICE
I'm sure you're not the only one.

RISBERG
Any idea where I can find him?

PING! Another healthy rip as he probes her.

ALICE
Sorry, I haven't talked to Nick
in months. That's how he rolls.

RISBERG
He hurt you, didn't he, Alice?

PING! She grunts as she swings.

ALICE
He's Nick. He hurts everybody.

PING! The mechanical pitching machine light TURNS OFF. Her
round is finished. She's out of breath and sweaty.

ALICE
Look, I try not to think about
them. Either of them. Sadie got
what she wanted. Nick got what
he wanted. And I moved on.

RISBERG

Except, now both of them are missing.

ALICE

Well, then I'm glad it's not my job to figure that one out.

RISBERG

I think there's something you're not telling me here, Alice.

ALICE

If you're insinuating that Nick did something to her, I mean sure he's an asshole, but he's not that guy.

RISBERG

What about you?

ALICE

What, you think I had something to do with her disappearing?

RISBERG

The new girl rides into town like the shiny new car and suddenly, it's your boyfriend taking her for a test drive.

She takes off her helmet and cleans the sweat from her forehead with her sleeve.

RISBERG

Where I come from, that can be mistaken for motive.

ALICE

You don't get it, do you?

(off his look)

I don't blame Sadie for stealing Nick. I blame her for stealing Jolene.

She bows her head and taps at her cleats with the bat, the harsh memory of it all still painful and fresh.

RISBERG

Tell me what happened on the Fourth of July.

She turns and drops another TOKEN into the slot. The light on batting machine kicks back ON.

ALICE
What always happens?

She turns around and takes her stance as usual as the mechanical arm winds up.

ALICE
Fireworks.

PING!

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Very quiet. Deja is asleep on the bed. Risberg is slouched in the mangy chair, armed with a PENLIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SADIE (V.O.)
The worst thing you can do
In this world
Is ignore a girl
With jealous bones

SUPER: July 4th, 2015 (50 days prior to her disappearance)

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving. Radio on low. Jolene and Sadie share a smoke.

JOLENE
I'm not going back to that house.

SADIE
And I'm not somebody's side chick.

Sadie's eyes are dark and deadpan, void of anything emotive.

JOLENE
Josh is lucky I don't call the police.

SADIE
Then drop me off and wait outside.

JOLENE
*Sadie, no, I'm not leaving you
alone in there with those assbags!*

SADIE
I need to talk to Nick.

JOLENE
He's a guy. They don't like to talk.

SADIE

Well, I don't like to be ignored.

Jolene takes the cigarette.

JOLENE

Fine. But for the record, this is not a good idea.

SADIE

For the record, Nick was your idea.

EXT. ALPHA PSI - NIGHT

Another frat party RAGES. Cheap, store-bought fireworks FIZZLE and SCREAM as they are let off in the yard.

Jolene's car parks a ways back from the house behind a long row of cars.

EXT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sadie leans back in the window.

SADIE

Wait here. I won't be long.

JOLENE

Sadie. Be careful, okay?

Sadie nods and walks towards the house.

INT/EXT. ALPHA PSI FRAT HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Josh OPENS the door, unenthused, as Sadie stands there.

JOSH

Hoe Patrol.

SADIE

Eat me, Josh.

Sadie holds up her cell phone. A warning. 9-1-1 is on the screen and her finger hovers above the SEND button.

She raises her eyebrows. Fuck you asshole.

INT. ALPHA PSI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nick's bedroom door is shut. Sadie tiptoes up to it. Listens but doesn't hear anything from inside.

She slowly turns the handle and cracks it open an inch.

INT. ALPHA PSI - NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

NICK IS HAVING SEX WITH ALICE. She gyrates on top of him and he moans and groans with pleasure.

NICK

Fuck, I've missed this.

As we peer past Alice, the WATCHFUL EYE of Sadie peeps in through the cracked door.

EXT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jolene's passenger door swings open. Sadie gets in and SLAMS the door. Not saying a word.

JOLENE

Well...

SADIE

Drive.

INT. JOLENE'S CAR -NIGHT

Driving. The radio loud. Jolene turns it down.

JOLENE

Tell me what's going on!

SADIE

He wants to see other people.

JOLENE

Wait, what-

SADIE

And if that's the way he wants it-

JOLENE

Slow down-

SADIE

Then I'm going to see other people. Pull in here.

EXT. MINI MART - NIGHT

Jolene's gold sedan VEERS into the parking lot.

INT. MINI MART - NIGHT

Jolene and Sadie browse through a few aisles.

Sadie reaches the liquor section. She STASHES a bottle of vodka under her sweatshirt and grabs a pack of free smokes.

SADIE

*Meet me back at the car in
two minutes.*

A stunned Jolene watches Sadie exit the store.

EXT. CEMETERY - LANE - NIGHT

Jolene's gold sedan CREEPS through a dark cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESTONES - NIGHT

*Jolene and Sadie lie on a blanket, looking up at the stars.
The bottle of vodka is half gone. The girls are drunk.*

SADIE

*Do you ever wonder how all of
these people died?*

JOLENE

*You're so morbid when you're
fucked up.*

SADIE

Like how many of them were murdered.

JOLENE

Or died in a fiery car crash.

SADIE

Committed suicide.

JOLENE

*Stabbed to death. Right through
the heart.*

SADIE

*Had their brains blown to
smithereens.*

JOLENE

Drowned in a swimming pool.

SADIE

Beaten to death with a pipe.

JOLENE
Flattened by a train.

SADIE
Eaten by fucking ants.

Sadie and Jolene laugh together. Then, harder. Jolene puts a hand at her own crotch.

JOLENE
Eaten by ants. Oh shit, I'm gonna pee.

The girls alternate shots of vodka. Sadie lights one of her stolen cigarettes.

SADIE
Okay, Gun to Your Head, would you rather drown or be shot?

JOLENE
That depends on where I'm shot.

SADIE
In the head, duh.

JOLENE
Definitely shot. Okay, Gun to Your Head, who would you rather bring back from the dead?

Jolene sits up and looks around. Points to a headstone.

JOLENE
Joseph Wade, who died in 1914.

Jolene scans the area quickly for another grave.

JOLENE
Or Marilyn Walshump, who died in 1959?

SADIE
Joseph. He didn't even get to experience a lot of things before he died. Like television and air conditioning.

Jolene giggles and lays back down beside Sadie. The girls turn their bodies to face one another.

They stare at each other for a long beat.

SADIE

*I know what I want to experience
before I die.*

Sadie takes a long drag of the cigarette. It SIZZLES.

She leans in and exhales her smoke gently into Jolene's mouth. It leads them into a deep, sensual kiss.

Jolene pulls away and exhales the smoke that Sadie transferred to her.

Jolene brings the vodka bottle up to her lips and Sadie watches her best friend drink from it.

When Jolene takes the bottle away, a small amount of wet alcohol residue remains on her lips.

Jolene goes to wipe her lips clean but Sadie GRABS her hand, stopping it. Sadie leans in and KISSES Jolene.

SUDDENLY FROM AFAR, REAL FIREWORKS LIGHT UP THE NIGHT SKY

The sounds of their kisses and the whine of the crickets are dwarfed by the thunderous, colorful EXPLOSIONS overhead.

SADIE (V.O.)

*It was like a mite burrowing
deep under my skin. No matter
how hard I scratched, the itch
persisted.*

The vodka bottle falls. The remaining contents dampen the ground about the gravesite of Joseph Wade.

His EPITAPH reads "IN MEMORIAM VITAM".

SADIE (V.O.)

*And I knew that something
needed to be done.*

PRELAP SFX: THUMP!!!

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg has chucked the diary against the back wall. The noise awakens Deja who sits up and FLICKS ON a dusty lamp.

DEJA

The hells wrong wit'chu?

RISBERG

*Anyone in your generation
tell the truth?*

She spots the diary thrown about on the floor.

DEJA
(re: diary)
Plot twist in that Young Adult
fiction you didn't see coming?

RISBERG
It's not *fiction*.

DEJA
Course it is. It's a diary.
Every girl stretches the truth.

RISBERG
That's just it. She *is* telling
the truth. It's everyone else
doing the lying.

She picks up the diary and hands it to him.

DEJA
You want some truth? Stop
huffin' that fuckin' duster!
(off his look)
You want some more? Stop
shootin' up "H" and get your
ass out there and go look for
your little girl! I mean what
the fuck's so bad to make it
worth doing *this* to yourself?

They stare each other down. Her reality check is spot-on but
at this point he can't show weakness.

RISBERG
You wouldn't understand.

DEJA
Now who's lying?

She turns off the lamp and rolls back over.

EXT. MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

A hand KNOCKS on a door. Linerode stands outside a shoddy
door with eroded lettering that reads: OFFICE.

It's the motel where Risberg stays. She knocks again, but no
one answers. She tries the door handle, but it's locked.

She cups her hands and peeks inside. The office is dark and
dusty, having gone unused for quite some time.

She turns and reads the sign out front: NO VACANCY

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

She walks down the front of all the motel rooms. The curtains are drawn shut on all of them.

All except one: ROOM NUMBER 9.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

She cups her hands again and peeks in. It's dark within. No lights, no television.

She spots clothes littered about the bed and floor. Shorts, t-shirts, bras. A purse sits upon the mangy chair.

She KNOCKS and waits. Peeks back in but no one rustles about. She knocks again. Puts an ear to the door. Nothing.

EXT. LINERODE'S CAR - DAY

She opens the door to her car. She stops and looks back up at the NO VACANCY sign one more time.

Then, looks back to the motel. Specifically, back to ROOM NUMBER NINE. The curtains are now DRAWN SHUT.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Risberg sits across from John and Grace.

GRACE

And you think this Nick might've done something to Sadie?

RISBERG

All that we know for certain is that he was the last person to have contact with your daughter. Which makes him a person of interest.

JOHN

Why hasn't he been interrogated?

RISBERG

We're trying to track him down.

Grace gasps and brings her hands to her mouth.

RISBERG

Now hang on, let's keep in mind,
Nick is still considered innocent
of any wrong doing until-

JOHN

'Til what?

GRACE

He does this to someone else?

JOHN

Innocent people don't just go
on the lam!

RISBERG

We've got a statewide A.P.B. out
on him. I just wanted to keep
you apprised of-

GRACE

Of your negligence?

RISBERG

I'm doing my best here.

JOHN

Gracie, he's right.

RISBERG

But I'm gonna throw this out there.
And you might not like it.

GRACE

Oh, imagine that.

RISBERG

I want to prepare you for the
possibility that Sadie might've
run off with Nick.

GRACE

Oh, Jesus Christ, you too!?

JOHN

Now, wait a minute, here-

GRACE

Run off with a boyfriend who
until five minutes ago, we
didn't even know existed!

RISBERG

I can assure you he exists and that your daughter had very strong feelings for him.

GRACE

And what? Sadie just up and leaves everything behind? Her family, her job, her friends! Over some puppy love!? No. No. Something happened to her.

RISBERG

There is absolutely no evidence of foul play.

GRACE

Then this Nick character is good at covering his tracks!

JOHN

I don't believe what I'm hearing right now. What makes you even think that that is a possibility?

Risberg holds up the notepad and John and Grace see the scribbled letters: **N O W**

GRACE

Those goddamn letters? From her bedroom, we talked about this. They're inspirational-

RISBERG

I'm not so sure anymore, ma'am.

Risberg points to the three letters **N O W**.

RISBERG

At first, I thought that the letters represented Nick's initials. Now, the first and last name check out, but Nick's middle name is James.

John and Grace look at each other, confused.

RISBERG

I think there's a deeper meaning. She wants something. And she wants it now. Something triggered her. Is there anything I need to know that I'm not being told?

GRACE

Well, no-

RISBERG

Because I believe these letters
were her way of reminding
herself to go through with it.
Sort of like, her signal-

Grace stands up.

GRACE

That's it, not another word!
This conversation is over!

JOHN

Gracie, sit-

GRACE

Sadie isn't Batman! She doesn't
need a goddamn signal! But what
you need, detective, is to do
your job and find Nick!

Grace STORMS out of the room.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg slouches on the mangy chair, his PENLIGHT bright
against the diary. The shower RUNS in the background.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SADIE (V.O.)

The word of the day is legs.
Spread the word.

SUPER: July 18th, 2015 (36 days prior to her disappearance)

INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

*In the backseat, Jolene sits behind John with Sadie behind
Grace. Jolene taps Grace's seat.*

JOLENE

Happy Birthday, Grace.

GRACE

Oh, thanks, Jo'. You gals hungry?

JOLENE

Starving.

JOHN

*Sylvester's is the best restaurant
in Dordea County.*

GRACE

*Where you been hiding all summer?
We miss you around the house.*

JOLENE

*Ugh, I know, I've been working
almost forty hours a week.*

GRACE

That explains why you're so tan.

JOHN

Y'hear that Sadie?

GRACE

(whispers)

*John. Don't embarrass her in front
of her friend.*

JOHN

*What, I'm just reminding her of
the wonders a real job will do
for the teenage psyche. Instead
of all that makeup.*

Jolene reaches over and puts her hand inside Sadie's.

JOLENE

(mouths)

You look great.

It calms Sadie and she smiles at Jolene.

INT. SYLVESTER'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

*Grace and the girls stand in a crowded lobby as John argues
with a young HOSTESS.*

JOHN

*There must be a mistake. I
was specific when I asked
for my wife's favorite table.*

HOSTESS

*I do apologize, sir. But the
table that overlooks the reservoir
must've been double-booked.*

John's eyes flame with anger.

JOHN

Fine. I will refrain from causing any more of a scene since we're a hungry lot. But believe me, you people will pay for this on Yelp.

INT. SYLVESTER'S RESTAURANT - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

John and Grace on one side. Sadie and Jolene paired on the other. The group surveys the dinner menu.

SADIE

I think I'm having the cheeseburger.

JOHN

Plain, I'm sure. Ah, my bourgeois daughter. Live a little, will you?

GRACE

I'm thinking of trying the Chicken Cordon Bleu. Marjorie says it's just fantastic.

JOHN

Birthday or not, dear. Your lifeline is your waistline.

Sadie look at Jolene and makes the "gag me" gesture.

INT. SYLVESTER'S RESTAURANT - BACK BOOTH - NIGHT

Dinner has been served. Everyone digs in, but there is tension already in the air.

SADIE

Jolene has her license!

JOHN

Jolene is a responsible young lady. At this point, you're just a young lady who is testing my patience.

GRACE

Alright, everyone calm down.

SADIE

I'm going to be the only one in my class who doesn't drive! I've been sixteen for like a month.

JOHN

*Maybe you should get a real job.
Like Jolene.*

Grace smiles at Jolene, one to disguises her embarrassment.

SADIE

I do have a real job.

JOHN

*She is trained to save lives.
You are trained to scoop cones.*

GRACE

*John. Sadie, honey. Please. I don't
think this the proper environment
for this form of conversation.*

JOHN

*If she wants to be treated like
an adult, Grace, then she needs
to act like one.*

SADIE

Oh, cut the shit, dad.

GRACE

Sadie Marie!

SADIE

*You're not fooling anyone. Everyone
knows the real reason you won't
buy me a car is because you don't
make enough money to afford it.*

Sadie has thrown down the gauntlet.

GRACE

That's enough. Both of you!

JOHN

*Why do you always turn this
around on me?*

GRACE

*Excuse me for wanting to enjoy
my birthday dinner.*

The fangs have come out.

JOHN

*Me. Me. Me. That's all I ever
hear...from both of you!*

As John and Grace BARK at one another, their voices slowly fade away, and mute into total SILENCE.

CLOSE ON Sadie, who channels her own form of release.

SLOWLY PAN DOWN UNDER THE TABLE

Sadie's hand gently adventures its way up Jolene's thigh and BRUSHES her sundress up.

ABOVE TABLE

Jolene is caught off guard and tries her best to keep her composure by disguising her trepidation.

UNDER TABLE

Jolene's hand brushes Sadie's hand away.

ABOVE TABLE

John and Grace continue to bicker but THE SOUND IS STILL ABSENT. A determined Sadie locks eyes with Jolene.

UNDER TABLE

Sadie's hand re-approaches Jolene's thigh. She caresses her leg. Jolene's hand meets hers again.

ABOVE TABLE

Sadie hasn't blinked. Undeterred, she gazes over at Jolene with eyes that scream: "It's fine!"

UNDER TABLE

Jolene's hand GUIDES Sadie's hand up into her sundress.

ABOVE TABLE

A sly smile creeps to Sadie's face. She's been given the green light. Jolene looks around the restaurant, nervous.

UNDER TABLE

Sadie's hand is deeper up into Jolene's sundress, and it rustles under the garment.

ABOVE TABLE

Jolene swallows a lump in her throat and shifts in her seat to allow Sadie better access.

UNDER TABLE

Jolene discreetly WIGGLES her legs back and forth to allow Sadie easier access to free-up her panties, which fall to the floor.

ABOVE TABLE

Jolene's mouth opens a bit and her eyes close as Sadie enters her. She struggles to catch her breath and grips the table, where her moist palms leave an indelible mark.

UNDER TABLE

Now, Jolene drags HER HAND over into Sadie's lap and it disappears under her dress.

ABOVE TABLE

Sadie shifts in her seat to grant Jolene unrestricted access. In doing so, her fork DROPS to the ground.

You can read it all over the girls' faces. They are tingling from head to toe.

JOHN (O.S.)

And you!

Sadie SNAPS out of it.

JOHN

Grace and I gave you a good home.

GRACE

John, stop it!

JOHN

And you do nothing but continue to disrespect us!

GRACE

Please, don't-

JOHN

We have done nothing but love you!

John SLAMS the table and wags a finger in Sadie's direction.

JOHN

As if you were our own!

Grace shuts her eyes but the cat is out of the bag: SADIE NOW KNOWS SHE WAS ADOPTED.

UNDER THE TABLE

As each girl's hand slowly retreats from the other, Sadie casually leans down and snatches JOLENE'S PANTIES from the floor and balls them into her fist. The trophy.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The sound of the SHOWER turning off kicks Risberg out of Sadie's world. Deja opens the bathroom door.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

It's dark but for the organza glow of the black-and-white television. Deja is about to inject Risberg again.

DEJA

Some lady cop came snoopin'
'round here yesterday.

RISBERG

What'd you tell her?

DEJA

You crazy? She knocked on
the door but I hid. What
she want wit'chu?

He thinks long and hard for a retort but says nothing. Instead, he nods towards his arm. *Do it.*

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - 9 - DAY

Risberg JERKS awake from a heroin coma and GASPS for air.

He collects himself and sees Deja asleep on the chair. He gets out of bed and walks to the window.

He peeks out of a slit in the curtain and peers across the street where he sees a familiar green Crown Victoria.

Deja's cell phone BUZZES and vibrates on the table.

He wanders over to it and sees she has 15 MISSED TEXT MESSAGES.

He cycles through them. *"I know where tha fuck u at." "U and ur boyfriend gonna regret this." "I ain't playin' bitch."*

He grits his teeth and types back. *"Fuck u and just try to come over here, asshole."* He hits SEND.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg opens the trunk, tossing shit around inside until he finds BOLT CUTTERS.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

The door SLAMS and Deja slowly wakes up.

DEJA
S'goin' on?

He scampers back to the window and peeks out the curtains. No one is out in the parking lot.

He buries two baggies of heroin inside a small dresser and YANKS the tourniquet off the wall.

He balls it around his fist and SHATTERS a side window as she looks on in fear.

DEJA
Hey! You wanna tell me what
the hell's goin' on?

He BITES on the tourniquet to split it in two.

RISBERG
I'm not going to lie. Things
are about to get a little weird.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A beat-up Chevy truck PULLS into the lot.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

Through binoculars POV, the truck parks. Seconds later, Bake emerges from it.

EXT. BAKE'S CAR - DAY

Bake looks around and spots Risberg's car. He TUCKS A GUN behind his back.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

Linerode lowers the binoculars. Her mind races. She raises the binoculars and through them, Bake approaches the motel.

Her breathing escalates. She lowers the binoculars.

LINERODE
Shit. Shit. Shit.

She weighs options in her mind. Finally, she pulls out her cell phone and DIALS OUT.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg peeks out the curtains and sees Bake has arrived.

DEJA (O.S.)
Why you keep doin' that?
You expectin' somebody?

RISBERG
Take off your shirt.
(off her look)
Now! Do it now!

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Bake makes his way past the OFFICE door and slowly approaches past Room 1.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Deja stands there in a bra. Risberg leans down and RIPS her jean shorts in half, exposing a portion of her underwear.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The sounds of Bake's heels are audible as he marches on.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg points across the room.

RISBERG
Get on the bed. Hurry, now!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A convoy of Law Enforcement vehicles ROAR down the road.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Bake passes Room 4. He stops and KICKS IN the door. It's BARE inside.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg has TIED DEJA TO THE BED using his shredded tourniquet.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

THREE POLICE CARS barrel forward, twisting and winding through country roads.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Bake passes Room 7. Peeks inside the window. Empty.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg tosses Bake's Driver's license onto the floor near the chair and grabs the BOLT CUTTERS.

A half-naked Deja watches him balance himself against the bathroom doorway with his arm.

He twists and contorts his body until he has TORQUED THE ARM against the wall.

DEJA

The hell you doin'?

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Bake passes Room 8 and his stroll comes to a pause.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg grits his teeth and PUNCHES UP on his torqued arm as hard as he can---SNAP!!!!

He SCREAMS in unrelenting pain, having just snapped his own arm in half. A STUNNED Deja is speechless.

With his good limb, he places the BOLT CUTTERS in Deja's hand, which is still bound by the tourniquet pieces.

DEJA

What'chu want me do with this??

He grits his teeth and places a TIP of his own FINGER in between the bolt cutters. He nods. *Do it.*

DEJA

I ain't cuttin' off yo damn finger!!

She sees BAKE try and peer in through the shades and she SQUEALS in horror.

DEJA

The fuck is he doing here!
Let me go!! Let me go!!

There's a HAMMERING at the door. Deja CRIES.

RISBERG
Do you trust me!?

Frightened, Deja nods her head, "YES".

RISBERG
Good. Now, c'mon, snip, snip.

Risberg and Deja lock eyes. Fervent.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Bake looks around, WINDS UP and BUSTS the door wide open with a HARD KICK. He enters, gun drawn to see

Deja, half-naked, tied-up and SCREAMING. Risberg WRITHES on the floor in torturous pain, blood OOZING from a stump.

BAKE
What the-

The WAIL of incoming sirens causes Bake to wheel around.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The convoy of Law Enforcement pull into the lot.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Deja SCREAMS uncontrollably and Bake takes off RUNNING but is apprehended within seconds.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

An ambulance is on scene. Risberg has his arm in a sling and his hand bandaged. A POLICEMAN strides up.

POLICEMAN
The girl corroborated your story.
He's going away for long time.

He looks over at Deja, who is huddled in a blanket a few feet away. She nods to him. *Thank you.*

But someone standing a few feet beyond Deja catches his attention. *Linerode.*

Their vicious stare-down is broken as a POLICEMAN walks up.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
This your place?

RISBERG
(re: motel)
It's more like a family heirloom.

POLICEMAN
I'm sure you can appreciate that
we were acting on a hot tip.

RISBERG
(glares at Linerode)
Yeah.

POLICEMAN
(re: Deja)
What about her?

RISBERG
I'll handle it from here.

An EMT strides up to them.

EMT
You really should have that
arm looked at. Finger, too.

RISBERG
I will. But I have something
to take care of first.

The Policeman and the EMT shuffle off as Deja makes her way
over to Risberg.

DEJA
So, let's see. You're a cop,
you own this place, and you're
impervious to pain. You got
anything else up your sleeve?

He looks at her. Why yes, there is one more thing.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Risberg's car sits out front of a housing project.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Risberg has a temporary cast on his arm and his hand
wrapped.

DEJA (O.S.)
That's ours, up there. Corner
one. Third floor.

They both stare up at the building for a long time. When he looks back at Deja, she hands him the money he gave her.

RISBERG

You and your mom gonna be okay?

She looks at the bruised and bloodied heroin addict and almost smiles, but realizes this isn't the place for that.

DEJA

Sure. We gon' be fine.

She reaches into her purse and places the photo of his little girl on the dash. HIS OLD, RAGGED NEWBORN PHOTO.

DEJA

You'll be a good dad.

His eyes light up. *"You had it?"*

DEJA

Something about it made me happy. The way you cared for someone you ain't never met. I wanted to see what it was like. I dunno, it's stupid-

RISBERG

It's not. We all need something to keep us going.

She kisses him on the cheek and starts to exit the car.

RISBERG

Wait.

She stops and he hands her the money back.

RISBERG

Keep it.

DEJA

You do still got me for two more days.

RISBERG

She needs you a little more.

Deja tucks the money back into her purse.

DEJA

Thank you.

And those words hit for a million different reasons. As she disappears into the darkness, the passenger door REOPENS and Ariel SCOOTs in.

They each stare at the housing project in silence for a beat.

ARIEL

Think she's gonna be okay?

RISBERG

Yeah.

He reaches under his seat and pulls out the RED FOLDER. REVEAL Deja's JUVENILE RECORD inside of it.

RISBERG

But I have one more request.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Minutes later. Ariel holds the worn picture of the NEWBORN BABY in her hands.

ARIEL

I recognize the name. She's all over the news.

RISBERG

She was born in my hometown.

ARIEL

Just because Sadie was adopted doesn't mean she's yours.

RISBERG

The timeline fits.

ARIEL

It's still a leap. Helping you fudge a urine test is one thing. But this... I mean this is some next-level, Maury Povich shit. Closed adoptions aren't easy, Ryan. Those records are sealed.

With his good hand, he lights a cigarette.

RISBERG

A photo I.D. of the birth mother. That's all I need, Ariel.

ARIEL
Alright. Give me a few hours.
But don't be so paranoid.
Sometimes the truth isn't
worth knowing.

He starts the car, her cue to leave.

EXT. MOTEL - DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Risberg tosses the few remaining cans of duster into a trash bag. He seals it up and FLINGS the bag inside the dumpster.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Deja's drawing. Risberg PINS it to the wall above the bed. He looks at it for a long time. A small smile.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SUPER: August 2nd, 2015 (21 days prior to her disappearance)

SADIE (V.O.)
You and Me
And a baby makes three
That's what little girl's
Dreams are made of

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Parked down a rural back road, Sadie rides Nick in the front seat.

It's rough sex, the kind that HONKS the horn as she bumps her backside against it.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Sadie and Nick cuddle on the front seat, smoking a joint.

NICK
Fuck, I missed that.

SADIE
That?

NICK
What?

SADIE
Haven't you missed me?

NICK

I just said I did, didn't I?

He tokes the joint long and hard and COUGHS.

NICK

So what did you want to talk about?

SADIE

I want some stability in this relationship.

NICK

Sadie, I swear to Christ, if this is about Alice again-

SADIE

It's not. I promise.

NICK

Because I already told you that was a mistake.

SADIE

I know.

NICK

She means nothing to me. That was just... an accident.

SADIE

I know. Accidents happen. Penises fall into vaginas.

He gives her a strange look, "Okayyy."

SADIE

And expel into them.

NICK

What the fuck are you talking about?

She reluctantly reaches into her purse. She pulls out a used pee-stick that shows a "+" sign.

SADIE

Stability.

He falls back against the seat. His hands on his head. Shaken to the core.

NICK
Is it mine?

And those are his first words.

SADIE
*You're the only guy I've
ever slept with.*

NICK
*You really know how to ruin
my high. Fuck. Now what?*

SADIE
That depends on what you want.

He looks at her with hopeful, desperate eyes.

NICK
So, you mean we have... options?

SADIE
I just want your answer.

NICK
What exactly is the question?

SADIE
*I want to know if we can be a
family.*

NICK
A family?

He chuckles, incredulous.

NICK
Sadie. You're just a kid.

She doesn't blink, cool as a cucumber.

SADIE
*Okay. Then yes, Nick. We do
have options.*

His eyes light up. Thank God.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg takes a hot SHOWER, the steamy water bounces off his chest like bullets on Superman.

Until he looks down at his missing finger and realizes that a lifetime of bad decisions are no longer only concealed within him.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHCUT

We stare at the naked Pretty Woman. Her breasts are large and supple. So close we can touch them.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg tilts his head back and begins to MASTURBATE as steam rises around him.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHCUT

The Pretty Woman rolls her finger at us in a circular motion. Come closer.

And as we do, she reaches down, out of sight. Toward our midsection.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg braces himself by putting his casted arm on the wall as he continues to pleasure himself.

He MOANS softly and JERKS himself harder as the shower continues to smolder.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHCUT

The Pretty Woman stops and pats her tummy.

*PRETTY WOMAN
She's yours.*

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg's eyes POP open. His demented thoughts have slaughtered the mood. Shamed, his eyes blaze with fury.

He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs and PUNCHES the tiled wall with THUNDEROUS fists from his good hand.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The black and white television is back on. Muted, but still bathing the dingy room in its custom bluish hue.

Risberg lies back on the bed and reopens Sadie's diary.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SUPER: August 18TH, 2015 (5 days prior to her disappearance)

SADIE (V.O.)
All things done in darkness
Eventually come to light
Forgive me for the things I've done
Even though they're right.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie grabs a METAL HANGER out of her closet and repurposes the hook.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie sits on the floor, positioned underneath her window with her feet balanced on corners of her bed.

A STACK OF WET TOWELS are underneath her. She looks at the hanger's repurposed hook and closes her eyes.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An hour later. Sadie lies on the floor. Pale. Weak. Crying. A POOL OF DARK BLOOD has settled on the towels beneath her.

THE IMAGE DISSOLVES. THEN REAPPEARS. DISSOLVES. REAPPEARS.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg's eyes are heavy. Fading, and open. Fading, and open. Fading, and open. Fading... for good this time.

He falls asleep on his own with the diary in his hand.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Sunlight SEEPS through the blinds. Risberg awakens after a long night's rest. The diary is on his chest, still open.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

The toilet seat OPENS. Seconds later, baggies of heroin are DUMPED into the bowl and he FLUSHES them out for good.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Parked on a back road, the diary is open. He must keep going.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SUPER: August 21ST, 2015 (2 days prior to her disappearance)

SADIE (V.O.)
Gun to your head
Who would you rather
Bring back from the dead

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Sadie tiptoes over to a GOLF BAG in the corner. She picks a club out. The putter. She grips it and holds it like a ball bat, testing its feel. Not going to work.

She puts the putter back in the bag and grabs a FIVE-IRON.

Tests it in the same manner.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

From our POV, there's an idling SUV ahead in the clearing.

INT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

As Nick air-drums to old school Korn blaring from a CD, Sadie appears at his window, scaring the shit out of him.

Sadie climbs in. Nick starts the car but Sadie intervenes and grabs his hand to stop him.

NICK
Hey-

SADIE
Let's stay out here tonight.

Nick looks around him. It's dark and creepy here.

NICK
We're in the middle of nowhere.

Sadie leans over and nibbles on Nick's neck.

SADIE
That's the point.

NICK
Have you lost your mind?

SADIE
Don't you see what you do to me?

Nick pushes her off.

NICK

*I know what I did to you.
That's how we got into this
mess in the first place.
I thought we were going to
talk about fixing it.*

SADIE

*You don't have to worry about
the baby. I took care of it.*

*As he processes those words, a wave of relief washes over
him.*

NICK

You did that for me?

SADIE

I did that for us.

NICK

What?

SADIE

*Let's go away. Right now.
Together. Away from this
place. Where we can start
over. Be anybody we want.*

NICK

*Whoa. I think maybe we should
pump the brakes a little.*

SADIE

*Maybe you're right. It was a
bad idea.*

NICK

*I'm... not just talking about
running away.*

*She senses everything slipping away. She tries her best to
check her emotions but they overcome her.*

SADIE

I don't understand.

NICK

*Things are just moving way too
fast.*

SADIE

I gave myself to you.

NICK

I know. And it was wonderful-

SADIE

Stop. Please.

A long beat. She buries her face into her hands and visibly SHAKES. Finally, she looks up at him and collects herself.

SADIE

I should go.

She waits for a response but his silence is yet another dagger. She holds up a GIFT BOX encased with a pretty RED RIBBON. She hands it to him.

SADIE

Something to remember me by.

He takes the gift box and gives her a strange look, but she's already gone as the door SLAMS.

He inspects the box and SHAKES it, but hears nothing. He pulls gently on the RED RIBBON and peels the lid open.

He peeks inside but it's too dark to see the contents. He leans up and CLICKS on the dome light.

When he looks back down, he spots a DARK BLOOD STAIN on his fingertip. He lifts the box and JUMPS back in horror at what he sees inside.

NICK

Yo, what the fuck!?

He TOSSES the box out the window.

EXT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Nick STUMBLES out of his SUV, trying to catch his breath. His head on a swivel, searching-

NICK

Sadie! Sadie, come back here!

He waits but she doesn't appear. He carefully approaches the gift box again, unsure if what he saw was real. As he reaches down to pick it up-

Twigs and branches CRACKLE and SNAP from behind him. He WHIPS his head around, but it's too late.

By the time he gets his eyes focused, it's just in time to see the FIVE-IRON on its way toward his skull.

CRACK! The impact is sickening. He hits the earth with a THUD.

Sadie watches him FLOP on the ground like a fish out of water. She raises the five-iron again, for good measure.

Crazy eyes. She SWINGS down with great force. CRUNCH!

She drops the five-iron. As it falls to the muddy turf, it rests beside the open gift box that has smattered stains of dark blood from her ABORTED FETUS spilling over from within.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sadie DRAGS Nick's lifeless body alongside the car. She struggles to lift him up into the passenger seat.

After a long battle, she props Nick into the seat and turns on the car.

INT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Sadie drives, and sings "A.D.I.D.A.S" by Korn while tapping the steering wheel with her fingers.

SADIE

(sings)

*I! Don't! Know! Your fucking
name! So what, let's fuck!
All... day I... dream abouuuut...
sexxxxx.*

She CRANKS the volume so loud it's almost distorted.

SADIE

(sings)

All... day I... dream abouuuut... fuckkkking.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The same spot Jolene, Sadie and Alice were on the night of Sadie's first diary entry. The SUV PULLS UP and stops fifty feet behind the drop-off.

EXT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Sadie wipes her prints off of the five-iron and uses it as a prop upon the pedal, flooring it. The ENGINE ROARS.

She reaches over and shoves the car into DRIVE. It speeds off and she escapes just in time as

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - DROPOFF - NIGHT

Nick's SUV LAUNCHES into the air. The sounds of Korn are heard all the way down, until we hear SPLASHHHHHH!!!!

Sadie stands there in silence as crickets WHINE around her.

SADIE (V.O.)

This little girl ran away
That little girl played wife
This little girl started over
That little girl took a life.

(pause)

To all those reading. I warned you.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Linerode stares out at the vast water when she hears oncoming FOOTSTEPS. Risberg.

LINERODE

(re: his cast)

That's what I love about you
addicts. You always find
clever ways to cover your
track marks.

RISBERG

Do you know what happens when
a steel spring has its coils
wound too tight? Its flaws
become exposed. And when a
flawed steel spring becomes
overworked, the tension and
the strain become too much.
And it snaps.

He grabs a cigarette from his pack and lights it.

LINERODE

Consider the white flag raised.
But just know that The Devil
always collects.

We hear the din of approaching SIRENS as he inhales a puff.

RISBERG

And what if you are The Devil?

LINERODE

I know what went on in that motel,
Ryan. Make no mistake, Devil or
not, one day I will take you down.

He exhales smoke through his nostrils like a bull.

RISBERG

You once asked me if I knew the
type of girl that Sadie was.
(off her look)
I do. She's a tortured soul.

LINERODE

It takes one to know one.

RISBERG

There's been a break in the case.

LINERODE

You're not the gloating type.
Why are you really here?

He leans on the railing and stares out at the water.

RISBERG

You're not so much unlike them, Jamie.
The people in this faded town. You
want your answers but the truth is,
you won't know what to do with them
when you get them. Because pretty
young girls don't go missing for
nothing. No, the answer will be
like an inescapable prison from
which you cannot evade.

The ash on his cigarette is long ready to spill.

RISBERG

Children by nature are programmed
to defy our mundane rules, defy our
restrictions, defy the entire goddamn
social order. Yet society will make
us believe that the things we sometimes
witness stems from the acrimonious
behavior of a madman. No. What society
doesn't realize is how risky it is
to label someone insane. Risky because
insanity doesn't exist. It's a
transient way of thinking, depriving
our minds of freedom, disallowing us
to question everything.

The sirens are on top of us now.

RISBERG

"It's either sane or it's insane."
Bullshit. It's not so black and
white. The real issue is the
dichotomy between rebellion and
social order. Our entitled little
princesses wagging their middle
fingers at the whole goddamn thing
like they're a part of some
countercultural movement. And
really, they are. Society has
indoctrinated children for too long.
Don't do this. Don't do that. Don't
think this way. Don't say these
things. What society doesn't
comprehend is that there is but a
small percentage of us who are just
born with wrong-way tickets on the
stairway to heaven.

His ash CRUMBLES and she watches it fall to the ground.

Before she can respond, a VAN arrives that reads 'Underwater
Recovery Unit'. She looks at him, alarmed.

RISBERG

I want your name withdrawn
from the sheriff's ballot.

He calmly takes a long drag and the cherry SIZZLES.

RISBERG

And I want it official by sun-up.

His warning shot has been fired and she looks as though her
heart has skipped a few beats.

LINERODE

Who the fuck do you think you are?

He leans in close enough to whisper into her ear.

RISBERG

I'm the guy swinging a twelve-
inch dick with the libido and
accompanying refractory period
of a teenage boy. I make you sore
in places you didn't know were
possible to feel pain in. And
when I finish, I work you again.
But hey, I'm not the gloating type.

Other law enforcement units arrive to tape off the area and she realizes that he's not only here to hand out threats.

He's here to DRAG THE RESERVOIR.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - DAY

John and Grace stare at Sadie's diary on the table.

RISBERG

It's all there.

Grace dabs her eyes. *Sadie was pregnant? She terminated the pregnancy in the sanctity of our home?*

RISBERG

We're dragging the reservoir
as we speak.

Grace reads through a few lines of the diary and puts a hand to her mouth as tears flow.

RISBERG

Once Nick's body is discovered
and ID'd, there'll be a revised
manhunt for your daughter.

The old antique clock TICKS monotonously in the background. Grace puts the diary down.

RISBERG

And she'll be charged with
premeditated, first-degree murder.

John is a zombie. *Sadie killed her boyfriend and dumped him in the reservoir? And now she's on the run?*

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The floor boards CREAK as Risberg enters. He rifles through some papers and rummages through a box in search for a clue.

He kneels down to look underneath the bed when something causes him to double-take. Two things, actually.

Scattered on the floor. Tiny tiles. SCRABBLE LETTERS to be exact. The letters **I** and **K**.

A bead of sweat drips down his forehead. He peers up to the high shelf, where the previous letters **N O W** still reside.

He places the newfound letters next to the old ones.

N I K

No letter **C**. He steps back for a better look.

He re-approaches the tile holder and rearranges the letters again. He stumbles back, losing his breath for a moment.

He's stunned to learn that he'd been wrong all along. It doesn't spell **N O W**. It actually reads:

I K N O W

His eyes track around the room. Back to Sadie's PICTURE BOARD. He steps towards it.

He stops in front of the mass of pictures. One by one, he glances at various stages of Sadie Mullen's life.

Until one picture in particular catches his eye.

Sadie and Jolene. Ray's Park. The selfie. Thumbs-Up. Ready for the summer of their lives.

He stares directly into Sadie's dark brown eyes and takes the picture off the board.

He pulls the worn and ragged photo of the NEWBORN BABY out of a pocket and COMPARES the two pictures.

He flips the SELFIE PICTURE over to see a HANDWRITTEN NOTE...

"A soul without love is the darkest place of all."

-Love, Jolene

He pauses as the gears in his mind begin to grind. He pulls the diary out from his jacket and turns to the same quote on the very first page to compare the handwriting.

It hits him like a sledgehammer.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - DAY

Jolene sits high above the water, her knees cradled to her chest. The same spot where Nick's SUV plunged off.

CLOSE ON Jolene. A SLOW PANORAMIC sweep of her surroundings reveals the reservoir being dragged below.

But after the 360-degree turn is complete, RISBERG is there.

RISBERG

Gun to Your Head, who would
you rather bring back from
the dead?

Jolene doesn't turn around. She just smiles.

RISBERG

I was wrong, Jolene. You
are in trouble.

Jolene watches the commotion in the water below.

JOLENE

How's that exactly?

RISBERG

Sadie wasn't as malleable as
Alice, was she?

JOLENE

Sadie loved me.

RISBERG

No matter how many times you
tell it to yourself, it's not
going to make it true.

She turns to him.

JOLENE

What do you think you know?

RISBERG

I know you fucked up.

(off her look)

Sadie was present in every
facet of that diary except
one.

Jolene flinches. Was that a glimmer of anger, dread, fear?
Whatever it was, she buries it just as fast as it started.

RISBERG

The day at Ray's when you
snapped the selfie. The
day when you and Nick were
out in the water.

Jolene swallows a lump in her throat.

JOLENE

That's a thin sheet of ice to
let your case skate on.

RISBERG

Until I call in a handwriting
expert. It's over, Jolene.

JOLENE

So, what, shouldn't you be
reading me my rights or something?

RISBERG

That'll depend on how much of
the rest was true, and how
much of it was you. For now,
we wait. They're going to
recover Nick's body any minute.

JOLENE

And what happens if they never
find Sadie?

A cold chill comes over Risberg.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

A DIVER swims to the surface, waving his arms frantically
while gesturing for assistance to a spot down below.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - DAY

The wind HOWLS as they observe the commotion below.

RISBERG

What did you do, Jolene?

JOLENE

(whispers)

Only things a girl in love
would do.

CLOSE ON Jolene. A look of painful suffering.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

SUPER: August 23RD, 2015 (the night of her disappearance)

JOLENE (V.O.)

I am the girl
That makes the day
Not like the rest

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock reads 11:32 P.M. Sadie paints her toes when her cell phone rings. The incoming call is from JOLENE.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Sadie cracks the window an inch and places the footstool underneath it.

She RUNS into the backyard and towards the woods, where she disappears in the dark void.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sadie follows the narrow path until it splits near a clearing. There, she spots an idling GOLD SEDAN.

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked. The radio is low, but the tension is high. Jolene has tears in her eyes but Sadie avoids eye contact.

SADIE

It's not easy for me, either.

JOLENE

I can't just turn my emotions off and on like that.

SADIE

I know, but it's never going to work.

Sadie's words are like rapid gut-punches.

SADIE

This can't be our life.

Jolene bows her head. Shaking. Sobbing.

SADIE

It doesn't mean we can't remain friends. This has been the best summer of my life-

JOLENE

Just stop, alright!

SADIE

You know my parents. They would never approve of us.

JOLENE

They'll never approve of Nick.
The baby.

SADIE

Maybe. But I have to try.

Jolene gives her a look. If words were daggers, these last five from Sadie just finished Jolene off.

An admission that she won't try FOR THEM. Sadie sees the painful rejection all over Jolene's face.

SADIE

Look, I should go. Nick's
waiting for me.

Sadie opens the door. Stops and look over at Jolene.

SADIE

I'm sorry, Jo'.

She leaves and SLAMS the door. Jolene CRUMPLES in agony.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Sadie walks in the darkness. Her phone RINGS. It's NICK.

SADIE

(into phone)
Hey you.

But there's silence on the other end. She stops.

SADIE

(into phone)
Nick?

Suddenly, a few sticks CRACKLE behind her. Sadie whips around and sees JOLENE.

Standing there. Phone in hand. Sadie's mouth drops.
Horried, her eyes bulge.

SADIE

That's Nick's phone.

Jolene walks closer. Her eyes puffy and red. Still tearful.

SADIE

What the hell are you doing
with his phone?

Sadie is flabbergasted. Jolene lowers Nick's phone.

SADIE

*Jolene!? Why do you have
my boyfriend's cell phone!?*

JOLENE

*Because you weren't texting Nick
today. You were texting me. I
was pretending to be him.*

SADIE

Why? Have you lost your mind?

JOLENE

*It felt good to hear those nice
things you were saying to me.*

SADIE

*I wasn't saying them to you! And
when did you steal his phone!?*

JOLENE

I've had it since last night.

Jolene makes eye contact. Tearful. Shameful.

JOLENE

When I killed him.

*Sadie is paralyzed by fear. Jolene leans in for a kiss. An
immobile Sadie allows Jolene's lips to meet hers.*

*Jolene kisses a confused Sadie all around her neck. Jolene
feels up Sadie's breasts.*

JOLENE

Do you see what you do to me?

Sadie's eyes well up with tears.

SADIE

Tell me this is a sick joke.

JOLENE

I did it for you, Sadie.

SADIE

No... no... it's not true-

JOLENE

I did it for us.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - **JOLENE'S FLASHCUT**

Nick looks up just in time to see a FIVE-IRON come crashing into his skull.

He hits the ground with a sickening THUD and flops on the ground like a fish out of water.

Jolene raises the club one more time for good measure.

Crazy eyes.

BACK AT SCENE

A storm rages behind Sadie's eyes. She begins to YELL at Jolene but EVERYTHING HAS BEEN MUTED.

Sadie's mouth FLAPS and SCREAMS and all we hear is the THUMPING BLOOD between our ears. Pulse rising. Rising.

Suddenly, Sadie SLAPS Jolene with all of her might and the silence is shattered.

Jolene slowly turns her head back around. Her cheek on fire, but that's nothing compared to the embers burning inside.

Jolene LUNGES at Sadie and the girls TUMBLE to the ground.

Sadie SHRIEKS as they wrestle for supremacy. Jolene pins her down and RAISES A CLOTH around Sadie's neck.

She squeezes and Sadie GAGS, gasping for air.

Jolene cries. This is not what she wanted but she's left with no choice. Sadie is slowly fading. Fading.

SADIE

Why... Why... Why?

Jolene SQUEEZES tighter. Tears STREAM down her face as the last remnants of life in her best friend, her lover, expire.

This is the hardest thing she's ever had to do.

We recognize the cloth is actually Sadie's PANTIES from the restaurant. Jolene's trophy.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The clock shows its 12:52 in the morning. Jolene cradles Sadie's lifeless body in her arms, inconsolable.

Nick and Sadie's phones are still on. It's been nineteen minutes. Jolene ends both calls.

PRELAP SFX: A CELL PHONE BUZZES

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - DAY

A stunned Risberg takes his eyes off Jolene and looks down at his ringing phone.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Daylight fades. A BODY BAG is unzipped and Risberg sees the bloated face of NICK WASSINGAME inside.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Driving in silence. Risberg's empty eyes focus on the NEWBORN BABY on the glass. His thoughts almost audible.

Jolene killed her. Jolene killed my little girl.

He grabs the photo and tucks it into his pocket. When he looks in the rearview mirror, she picks at her hair.

JOLENE

You wouldn't happen to have, like,
a hair tie or scrunchie, would you?

RISBERG

You're going to jail, Jolene.
Nobody cares what you look like.
And when we get there, we'll get
your official recorded confession,
including where we can recover
Sadie's body. You hear me?

She stares out her window, up at the clearing skies.

JOLENE

It feels like forever since
we've seen the sun. Tomorrow
is Friday. Maybe I'll call
Alice to be my plus-one.

EXT. LEWIS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Law enforcement tears apart the Lewis residence, executing their search warrant.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Risberg enters an empty room filled with a plethora of boxes and personal belongings taken from Jolene's house.

Seconds later, Trooper Curry enters and walks up to him.

CURRY
We're ready for you.

RISBERG
I'll be there in five.

CURRY
Detective, I gotta tell you,
we got nothing here from the
search of the Lewis property
that we can use. So unless
you've got some kind of smoking
gun, it's her word against yours.

He glances at his cast, his track marks, his missing finger.
The realization hits him that his word might not be enough.

CURRY
In the meantime, we've still
got the A.P.B out on Sadie.

Curry exits and it's just Risberg again. Party of one.

He eyeballs the FAKE DIARY in his jacket. The only thing
left that can prove this. But just as he's walking out to
leave, something on the table makes him double-take.

Just sitting there, as if destined for his eyes to come
across it: A STACK OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOLENE'S LIFE.

Birthdays. 1st days of school. Christmas pageants. Dance
recitals.

And one more photo, the edge of it peeking out from
underneath a box.

His hand slides the box ever-so-slightly to reveal

THE PHOTO OF HIS NEWBORN BABY

Except it's not his torn and tattered one. This one is clean
and pristine.

CARED FOR.

RISBERG (V.O.)
"There are some secrets which
do not permit themselves to
be told..."

SMASH CUT TO BLACK