

UNLAWFUL

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 on the door, we open it to be greeted by a 14-year-old prostitute named DEJA.

RISBERG (V.O.)

Edgar Allan Poe wrote those words
in eighteen-hundred and forty.

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

RISBERG (V.O.)

Not much has changed in the world.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

RYAN RISBERG (27) 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 the Fuck-Me Boots and slides a cheap leather skirt down over her ass.

Risberg SNAPS his fingers, a gesture for her to stop.

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?

Deja plays with her hair, seductively.

DEJA

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

RISBERG

I don't pay for diseased snatch.

DEJA

(losing patience)
Look, baby. You can have this
pussy or you can keep yo' money.
But you can't have both.

Risberg tosses an envelope on the bed. Deja picks it up.

DEJA

What's this?

RISBERG

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

DEJA

You wanna pay me fifteen hundred dollars *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 hunt you down. And I'm liable to do some things I won't be proud of.

Deja swallows the lump in her throat. A long silence.

RISBERG

On the other hand, if you're not interested, there's the door.

DEJA

Okay, then. What'chu got in mind?

Risberg nods for Deja 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 Risberg's ripped chest and abs.

DEJA

That's fucked up.

Deja ignites a small flame from a cigarette lighter.

DEJA

Don't you wanna smoke it?

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

DEJA

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

Deja brings the flame underneath the spoon.

RISBERG

I welcome the night terrors.
They're life's way of reminding
us of the secrets we harbor.

Deja shakes her head: "Okayyy". She flicks one of his bulging veins and fills the needle. She offers it to Risberg so he can shoot it himself.

RISBERG

Can't. I hate needles.

He turns his head away, her signal to shoot it for him. Deja draws a deep breath and brings the needle to his skin.

Risberg closes his eyes and grimaces slightly from the pinch as she injects him.

The effects of the opiate on Risberg are immediate. She leans in close, whispers.

DEJA

Tell me what'chu see.

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

RISBERG

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

Risberg slumps. Deja guides his head back onto the pillow.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Pre-dawn. 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.

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

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

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

INT. VCU - CAPELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN CAPELLA (50s) of the Violent Crimes Unit (VCU) rummages through a desk drawer. When he looks up, Risberg stands in the doorway holding a large box filled with various items.

CAPELLA

Well, shit, it is true. Ryan
Risberg passed his random.

RISBERG

Yet the door to his office is
still locked.

CAPELLA

Come on in, sit. I want to hear
all about Arizona. I'm told their
drug treatment centers are five-
star.

RISBERG

It was Utah. And I'll stand.

CAPELLA

Six months in Utah isn't so bad.
There's decent pussy out there,
once you weed out the Mormons
and polygamists.

(off his look)

You see what I did there?

Capella chuckles, but Risberg doesn't find it funny.

Capella slides a BADGE and a GLOCK across the desk.

CAPELLA

Look, the good news is that
you're clean. You've turned
your life around.

(whispers)

Oh, and you didn't hear this
from me, but expect a few more
random's, if you catch my drift.

Risberg drops the box, pockets the badge and packs the
firearm.

RISBERG

Is that the bad news?

CAPELLA

No, that would be this.

Capella slides a MANILA CASE FILE across the desk.

CAPELLA

Your neck of the woods.

RISBERG

(incredulous)

You're kidding, right? I've
been back, what, all of five
minutes.

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

CAPELLA

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

RISBERG

(reads from file)

The fuck is an "alleged runaway?"

CAPELLA

I guess the girl's done this
sort of thing in the past.
Anyhow, you know how these small
town Barney Fife's are, everyone's
a goddamn runaway. But the girl's
parents aren't buying it.

Risberg closes the file and tucks it under his arm.

RISBERG

They never do. I'll look into it.

CAPELLA

Good. Hey, listen, Ryan, we're all rooting for you.

RISBERG

Does that mean I get my office back now?

Capella smiles and picks up the phone.

INT. VCU - RISBERG'S OFFICE - DOORWAY - DAY

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

Risberg catches two other detectives whispering and snickering at him from an adjacent office.

INT. VCU - RISBERG'S OFFICE - DAY

Risberg 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 six-month collection of dust on them.

Beads of sweat trickle down Risberg's 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 box of items and violently digs through it before eventually spotting what he is looking for:

A can of COMPUTER DUSTER.

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

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

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

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT! Another quick hitter for good measure. Risberg 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)

It's just like you left it,
right?

RISBERG

(re: computer)

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

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

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg throws the case file onto the passenger seat and shuts his door.

He pulls out the computer duster that was hidden inside his jacket and tosses it onto the seat beside him.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Rain SPLASHES against the windshield. Risberg's archaic wipers CREAK and SWOOSH as they battle the elements.

Risberg lights a cigarette and glances over at the computer duster, which sits next to him on the front seat like an old acquaintance.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Risberg's car passes through a blinking red traffic light which flashes over a deserted intersection.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

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

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg passes a tiny gas station. Two tanks.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg sits 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

Risberg drops SEVEN CANS OF COMPUTER DUSTER onto an old wooden and worn counter.

At the counter, Risberg 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: Last Friday night, August 23rd, 2015.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg tosses the brown bag full of computer duster into the backseat and hides them underneath an old blanket.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - ROAD ENTRANCE - DAY

Risberg inches along a country road, slowly stopping in front of an old wooden mailbox numbered 235.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Gravel CRUNCHES underneath the weight of Risberg's car as he approaches a small ranch. There are several cars parked in the driveway.

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.)

Can I, uh, get you anything?

Risberg declines with a subtle wave to Sadie's father, JOHN MULLEN (50s).

Plump and tanned, John appears much older than his age, presumably because he hasn't slept a wink in the past forty-eight hours.

John joins Risberg in reminiscing over Sadie's play photo.

JOHN

Rebel Without a Cause. Sadie played the role of "Judy" last fall. She was just as pretty as Natalie Wood, too, although I may be somewhat biased.

RISBERG

Small world. I grew up in Portsmouth.

JOHN

That so? Yeah, we moved to Transeye about, oh, four, five months ago when I got the job here at the railroad.

Sadie's mother, GRACE (40s) enters. She is accompanied by another lady, her good friend, 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 V.C.U.

An old antique clock TICKS monotonously in the background. Risberg pulls out a pen and a small notepad.

JOHN

So how much do you know?

RISBERG

Not much. I just arrived into town.

GRACE

Then you haven't had the pleasure
of meeting our Keystone Cops?

JOHN

Gracie-

GRACE

Serve and protect, my butt.

JOHN

You'll have to forgive my wife,
but we're all a little frustrated.

RISBERG

Of course.

JOHN

We haven't been getting the
cooperation from the local police
department like we'd hoped.

GRACE

No, they're too busy campaigning.
A teenage girl goes missing
and no one wants to do anything
about it.

JOHN

The lady cop in town took our
statements-

GRACE

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 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 daughter.

Risberg continues to write in silence. Grace stares at him, wondering if he even gives a shit.

GRACE

Do you have children, detective?

This question finally causes Risberg to stop writing. His gaze meets Grace's hot stare.

Before Risberg can answer, the landline RINGS. Grace LEAPS up, hopeful, and DASHES to answer it.

GRACE

(into phone)

Hello? Oh. Hey, Jo'. Yes, she's still here. Hang on, sweetie.

Grace hands the phone to Bonnie, who ducks into the kitchen. 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. Risberg peeks inside as Grace lingers.

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 her purse or cell?

John enters while Grace lingers at the doorway.

JOHN

Nope, both are gone.

GRACE

Her phone goes right into voicemail.

JOHN

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

GRACE

We've had to ground her a few times
now, but she wouldn't just run off.

JOHN

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

Grace nods and dabs her moist eyes as she departs. Risberg
spots a high shelf with stuffed animals upon it.

RISBERG

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

JOHN

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

Risberg turns to John. Go on.

JOHN

I work graveyard down at the
railroad. Sadie'd just came off
her shift at the ice cream
stand. Hewitt's is open until
ten P.M. in the summer time.

(off his look)

Hewitt's is the name of the
ice cream stand down on Main.

Risberg writes down some more information in his notepad.

JOHN

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

RISBERG

And where was your wife?

JOHN

Well, after Gracie brought Sadie home from Hewitt's, she shoved off to bed early with a bad headache.

RISBERG

Did you see Sadie again before you left for work?

JOHN

I did. Sadie had just come out of the shower as I was on my way out the door. She was 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 bedroom door was still shut.

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

JOHN (O.S.)

Sadie certainly 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 of them in all, neatly arranged on a SCRABBLE 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.

Risberg passively listens to John, still 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

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

Underneath Sadie's window, there is a SMALL FOOT STOOL.

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. I said Sadie wouldn't have
left the damn stool if she
didn't plan on returning home.

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

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.

Jolene is very pretty, thin and fragile. The kind of girl
who gets prettier the less makeup she wears.

Bonnie greets her with a hug.

BONNIE

How far'd you girls get, Jo'?

JOLENE

We got one up on every business,
every pole from Barber Street to
West End Pizza.

GRACE

Thank you so much, Jolene.

JOLENE

You don't have to thank me, Grace.
I just want Sadie to come home.

Grace hugs Jolene. The second Jolene brushes against her,
the tears flow, as if she'd been trying like hell all day
to hold it in.

JOHN (O.S.)

We all do, honey.

John and Risberg watch Jolene wipe tears from her face.

JOHN

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

Risberg shakes hands with a tearful Jolene.

GRACE

Jolene is Sadie's best friend.

JOHN

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

JOLENE

Okay, yeah, sure.

BONNIE

Maybe now isn't such a good time.

JOLENE

No, Grandma, it's okay.

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 back at the hardware.

JOLENE

Really. I don't mind. I'll do
anything I can to help-

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

RISBERG

No. Your grandmother is right.

Jolene looks up, sniffles. Her mascara smeared. Risberg
reaches into his pocket. Hands his card to Bonnie.

RISBERG

When she's ready.

Bonnie takes it, thankful and gracious.

RISBERG
(nods to John)
I'll be in touch.

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

INT. TRANSEYE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Risberg coaxes up to the front desk. TROOPER CURRY (30s), skinny with a mustache, tends the 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 out on
patrol. 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 would 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. That case was her baby.

Risberg 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 doesn't take it before walking away.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Driving into the teeth of a 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!

Risberg turns on the radio and thunder BOOMS.

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 (40s) stops picking at her plate of food and looks up at the mayor. Once pretty, Linerode is now weathered with Crow's feet and 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. Dordea County needs you.

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 résumé's. 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, Jamie. You're not afraid to buck a trend or two. And neither are we.

The Mayor leans in close.

MAYOR

There are a lot of people in your corner, here. Ready to make a splash. Which is why I want to discuss padding *your* résumé. I understand you are turning over the Sadie Mullen case to a particular detective from VCU.

LINERODE

Yes, that's correct, sir.

MAYOR

That story has begun to sprout legs. If you can crack a case like that, a young damsel in distress, well, that wins you votes.

LINERODE

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

MAYOR

Then listen closely, Jamie. Do you know what's better than investigating what happened to Sadie Mullen?

(off her look)

Investigating the *person* investigating what happened to Sadie Mullen. And if you can crack *that* one open, well, that wins you elections.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Daylight erodes as Risberg pulls in. There's still not a single car around, but the sign still reads **NO VACANCY**.

EXT. RISBERG'S CAR - TRUNK - NIGHT

Risberg DUMPS seven canisters of computer duster inside and conceals them under a sheet.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

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

Risberg sits on the corner of the bed, his shirt removed and a homemade 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 Risberg on the bed. They collectively stare at the jumbled-but-viewable picture on the TV.

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

DEJA

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

Risberg ignores her, lost in deep thought.

DEJA

Ain't nobody out looking for me.

Risberg says nothing. He glares back down at his arm. Deja does too. Risberg's veins are bulging and juicy.

INT/EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Deja opens one of the baggies.

She puts some smack on a spoon, ignites a small flame from a cigarette lighter and brings the flame underneath the spoon. She fills the needle and flicks one of the massive veins in Risberg's forearm.

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

Risberg stares at it in a trance, drifting...

*INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - **FLASHCUT***

The tearful face of Grace peers at him with painful eyes.

GRACE

Do you have children, detective?

Grace's words ECHO inside his mind, RUMBLING over and over. They CLANG and RATTLE within the mangled wires and spindly channels of his brain.

GRACE (V.O.)

Do you have children, detective?

Grace's voice POUNDS and PULSATES on repeat-- "children...do you have children...children...do you have childrennnnnn"--

BACK AT SCENE as the PINCH of Deja puncturing his skin SNAPS Risberg back to reality.

Deja plunges the rest of the opiate into his bloodstream and the effects on his psyche are immediate.

Risberg descends into a dark abyss of inimitable silence. Where his demons live.

And this time, as Risberg nods off in a warm, glazed bliss, fading, fading--we take the terror trip with him.

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. Lying on the bed. Waiting for us.

END RISBERG'S 1ST HEROIN TERROR

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Deja guides Risberg's head back onto the pillow. As his limp body encounters the mattress, we get a sneak peek of the notepad Risberg had kept from Sadie's house.

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

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Pre-dawn. 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.

PRELAP SFX: A KNOCK ON A DOOR

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 while looking through old photographs of Sadie.

Grace flips the page and we see a few selfie's of Sadie and Jolene at a beach in their bikinis, thumbs up, mugging it for the camera.

Jolene shuts the photo album, distressed.

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 of school—I mean, Sadie would want to come back for that.

JOLENE

Has the detective said anything?

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

GRACE

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

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 need to know.

JOLENE

Sadie didn't say a word to me. Honest. Please believe me.

GRACE

Alright. I do, Jo'. I believe you.

JOLENE

Grace?

GRACE

Yes, honey.

JOLENE

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 head of 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 we last saw it.

Jolene walks to the unmade bed and sits on the edge of it.

She drops her purse onto the bed beside her. Her leg trembles, and she can barely keep from drowning in tears.

Jolene COLLAPSES backwards onto Sadie's bed, grabs one of her pillows and BAWLS into it.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Thunder CRACKLES from a threatening shelf of clouds.

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

A steady drizzle has begun to fall.

Linerode doesn't offer Risberg a cigarette but he mooches one from her pack, anyways. He struggles to light it amidst the rainfall.

RISBERG

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

Linerode leans over and lights the cigarette for him.

LINERODE

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

RISBERG

You must not've read far enough.

Risberg exhales a plume of smoke through his nostrils like a bull.

LINERODE

Tell me, Ryan, are you still
chasing the dragon?

Linerode has read far enough. And she plays dirty.

RISBERG

I'm taking it day-by-day.

LINERODE

Heartwarming. We were making
progress.

RISBERG

Sadie's parents don't see it
that way.

LINERODE

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

Linerode tosses her filter to the ground and squashes it.

LINERODE

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.
(off his look)
Do you even know the type of
girl that Sadie Mullen was,
detective?

The drizzle has amped up to a DOWNPOUR.

LINERODE

Judging by that look on your
face, I'm guessing you don't
have a clue.

Linerode SLAMS Sadie's file into Risberg's gut. Walks away.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg watches Linerode's police cruiser drive away.

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**. Just days old, swaddled in a blanket.

GRACE (V.O.)

Do you have children, detective?

Again, Grace's voice POUNDS and PULSATES inside his mind. Her voice on repeat-- "children...do you have children...children...do you have childrennnnnn"--

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

He brings the can of computer duster to his mouth.

SPPPRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

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.

He never makes eye contact with Grace.

GRACE

I apologize if I sounded a little jumpy on the phone.

Risberg 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.

Risberg spots a copse of trees at the edge of the Mullen 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

What's on the other side of those
woods?

GRACE

Shoot, I don't know. More woods?
I do know there's some train
tracks that run through those
trees somewhere back there.

RISBERG

Your husband said you had retired
to bed early that night.

GRACE

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

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

RISBERG

In your statement, you mentioned
that you heard Sadie talking with
someone on the phone that night.

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

Do you know who she was talking to?

GRACE

I sure don't. But isn't there a way for y'all to find out? You know, who she was talking to.

RISBERG

We've subpoenaed her phone records.

Risberg points upward, directing Grace's attention to the SCRABBLE LETTERS: **N O W**

RISBERG

What do you make of that?

Grace chuckles, almost prideful.

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.

Grace attempts to diagnose the meaning of these three specific ones but shrugs, clueless.

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.

Risberg opens the first drawer of Sadie's nightstand and spots **SADIE'S DIARY**. He inspects it.

This is his clue.

GRACE

(re: diary)

I buy Sadie one every year for her birthday. June the sixth. She says they're therapeutic for her.

RISBERG

Do you know where I can find the key?

GRACE

Oh, heavens no. I wouldn't ever
dream of invading Sadie's privacy
like that.

RISBERG

Maybe it's about time somebody does.

For the first time, Risberg locks eyes with Grace.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Risberg throws BOLT CUTTERS onto the checkout desk, right
next to Sadie's MISSING POSTER. He gazes into Sadie's eyes.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The muted black and white television is on, spraying the
room in the bluish hue.

Risberg lies on the bed, propped against the headboard.
Deja's clothes are littered about but she is not there.

Risberg plops Sadie's diary onto his lap.

He yanks the bolt cutters from his pocket and applies just
a little bit of muscle---SNAP!

Risberg settles in and opens to the first page. In Sadie's
handwriting, there's a note, a prelude to her thoughts:

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

Risberg turns to Sadie's first diary entry.

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

For the first time, we see Sadie Mullen in the flesh.

She's even prettier in person. Radiant and lively. Sadie sits on her bed and paints her toenails. 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, so give me
about a half an hour.*

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*Sadie places her brand new diary into the nightstand,
CLICKS off her bedroom light and coaxes over to the window.*

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

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

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

*Sadie has escaped. She closes the window, leaving it
cracked about an inch and places the footstool underneath
the window sill. She grabs her phone and types.*

"I'm out. B there in 10."

*Sadie Mullen hits SEND and RUNS towards the darkened area
at the back of the house, through the back yard and towards
the woods, where she finally disappears in the dark void.*

A train whistle HOWLS in the distance.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

*Sadie is out of breath and has stopped running. The path
under her is worn and runs alongside the train tracks. 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.*

PRELAP SFX: A FAMILIAR PIANO PRELUDE

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving. John Legend's music at an ear-piercing decibel. The three girls in the car BELT it out in unison.

GIRLS

*"What would I do without your
smart mouth? Drawing me in and
you kicking me out. You got my
HEAD spinning, NOOOOOOO kidding,
I can't pin you down-"*

The three girls crack up laughing. Sadie is in the backseat. She hits a joint and passes it up front to

ALICE BATES (16), a girl with auburn hair. She's fair-skinned and thicker, not necessarily fat, but not as skinny, nor as pretty, as Jolene and Sadie.

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

Jolene's car WHIZZES by at a high rate of speed.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

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

Jolene, Alice and Sadie lie on a big blanket that is sprawled out on the ground. They stare up at the stars, high as kites.

SADIE

How far 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 for a beat.

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 and Alice both laugh and squirm.

SADIE

Ewww!

Alice

Gross!

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. I might
even learn a thing or two.

SADIE

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

Sadie, Jolene and Alice laugh uncontrollably.

ALICE

Sadie, sick!!

JOLENE

Haha, that was my choice!

Jolene holds her hand up and Sadie slaps it in a laughing "high-five".

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.

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 pumps her fist and leaps up.

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. Three's a
crowd.

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

Their eyes meet and they smile at one another while the
sound of Alice's footsteps can be heard running back
towards them.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - DAY

Later that same day. Five hundred acres of fun comprised of
a swimming and camping park, Go-Kart's, putt-putt golf,
cabin rentals, pavilions; the whole nine.

And in the summertime, it's a hotbed for horned-up teens.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

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

They are bikini-clad with cutoff jean-shorts over their
bottoms.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

Jolene and Sadie set their beach bags down in the middle of
a crowded area full of teenagers and young adults. The
girls spread their towels on some trampled grass.

Jolene drops her jean-shorts and lathers herself up with
sun bronzer as young males around her 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 bottoms.

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 the action near the sand and the water. She spots a TALL BOY throwing a football. She pokes Sadie.

JOLENE

Sadie, hey. Look. There he is.

Sadie leans up on her elbows.

JOLENE

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

SADIE

That's him? That's Nick?

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-reddening skin.

Sadie looks up and watches Nick throw the football. She bites her lip. He IS cute.

EXT. RAY'S PARK - THE HILL - DAY

Sometime later. The radio still BLARES pop music from nearby. 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 wades knee-deep in the water, splashing water onto her arms and shoulders. She inches herself over near a group of guys horsing around with a football.

One of them is NICK WASSINGAME (20), the tall guy we saw earlier. He's built like an Olympic swimmer with a nose that is somewhat bent, yet it somehow makes him more appealing.

He recognizes Jolene, who pretends their meeting is chance.

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.

Nick playfully splashes Jolene.

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

I'd do her.

Nick chuckles. Thinks about it.

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.

Risberg opens the door and sees Deja, who BRUSHES past him, annoyed. She dumps her purse onto a chair.

DEJA

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

RISBERG

Where were you?

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.

Deja takes off her skimpy shirt and stands there in a bra.
She UNZIPS the back of her skirt.

RISBERG

(re: shedding of clothes)
Thought I made myself clear.
It's not happening.

DEJA

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

Deja STOMPS into the bathroom and SLAMS the door.

Risberg closes Sadie's diary and places it under the
mattress. Behind the bathroom door, the shower KICKS ON.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Risberg opens his passenger side door. Slides in and opens
the GLOVE BOX. Scrambles around inside for something.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

We see someone watching Risberg through a PAIR OF
BINOCULARS.

Through the BINOCULARS POV, the spy observes Risberg SLAM
his car door and re-enter the motel room.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The shower still runs as Risberg surfs through Deja's
purse. He inserts a GPS TRACKING UNIT inside, hiding it in
one of the zipped compartments.

He pulls up an APP on his cell phone. It takes a few
seconds, but the app gives him the exact coordinates of the
GPS TRACKING UNIT. He's linked in to Deja.

The running shower SHUTS OFF.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

It's later. We're CLOSE ON a needle penetrating the skin.

The effects on Risberg are immediate. He nods off in a warm
bliss. Deja guides his head to the pillow. Underneath his
closed 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.

We approach the bed. The pair of bare legs squirm, and her painted toes wiggle and writhe, waiting for us.

A NAKED WOMAN lies on the bed. Her hands tied to the headboard posts. She is very pretty. In her late 20s or early 30s.

We inch closer to her. She breathes rapidly, excited and ready. She puckers her hungry lips. But not for a kiss. No, her head disappears down below our midsection...

END RISBERG'S 2nd HEROIN TERROR

EXT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A parking lot full of cars. A sign out front reads, "WELCOME BACK STUDENTS!"

PRELAP SFX: "Here."

INT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A TEACHER takes attendance, head down and presumably bored.

TEACHER

Jolene Lewis?

Jolene raises her hand. She's well-dressed and well-groomed, her makeup done perfectly.

TEACHER

Garrett Mueller.

GARRETT (O.S.)

Yo.

TEACHER

Sadie Mullen?

The room falls eerily quiet. Jolene looks two rows over at an EMPTY DESK. The teacher looks up at the class, inquisitively.

TEACHER

Sadie Mullen? Is she not here?

A NERDY GIRL raises her hand.

NERDY GIRL

Um, she's... missing.

TEACHER

She's what?

NERDY GIRL

Nobody knows where she is.

TEACHER

Oh. I didn't know. I'm sorry.

A KNOCK at the door breaks the tension.

The teacher opens it. Risberg is there. He whispers to the teacher and points in the general direction of Jolene.

INT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

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

RISBERG

You're not in any sort of 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

I'm sorry to hear that.

JOLENE

I was too. But you can ask me anything you want.

Risberg opens the file he got from Linerode. Surveys it.

RISBERG

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

JOLENE

Yes. We got to Ray's around noon and stayed until about 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.

If Risberg is embarrassed by his miscalculation, he doesn't show it.

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 Sadie frequent Ray's a lot?

JOLENE

All the kids do in the summer.

RISBERG

I see. Did anything seem out of the ordinary with Sadie?

JOLENE

How do you mean?

RISBERG

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

JOLENE

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

RISBERG

What does that mean?

JOLENE

She was on it a lot. Texting.

RISBERG

Any idea who she was texting?

JOLENE

No. But she did seem distracted.

Risberg 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.

Jolene's 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

I've known her since the second grade.

RISBERG

But not Sadie's friend Alice?

Jolene bows her head, quiet. She bites her nails, as if nervous to expound.

RISBERG

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

JOLENE

Sadie and Alice didn't exactly get along.

(off his look)

Well, they did. At first. When Sadie first moved here. We all became friends, pretty much inseparable really. Like The Three Musketeers, you know?

RISBERG

So what happened?

JOLENE

Sadie and Alice had a falling out.

RISBERG

Over a boy.

JOLENE

Isn't it always?

RISBERG

A boy named Nick.

Jolene's face becomes flushed and pale at that curveball.

JOLENE

You...know about Nick?

RISBERG

Jolene, were you aware that
Sadie kept a diary?

Tears form in Jolene's eyes and Risberg sees it written all over her face. Jolene didn't have a clue.

EXT. ALPHA PSI FRAT HOUSE - DAY

Loud music ECHOES from inside a shoddy Greek house. Risberg walks up onto porch and 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 music from inside.

RISBERG

I'm looking for Nick.

JOSH

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

RISBERG

Last name might begin with a "W."

Josh chuckles.

JOSH

Oh, you're looking for "What's-is-name".

(off his look)

That's what everybody calls him.
His last name is Wassingame. Get
it? It's like a nickname, man.

RISBERG

Cute. Is he here?

JOSH

No, 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.
He has a beer in each hand.

BEANS

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

RISBERG

Ain't you a little thick to be
double-fisted?

Josh mocks Beans, who has smoke coming out of his ears.

JOSH

No, man, this guy's like a
detective. 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 shacked 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.

JOSH

Whoa, shit, man.

RISBERG

You recognize this girl? Nick
ever bring her around?

JOSH

"What's-is Name" brings lots of
girls around, man.

Beans slaps Josh on the shoulder and grabs the picture for
a more thorough look.

BEANS

Naw, I ain't never seen her.

JOSH

Yeah, me neither. She looks young.

Risberg pockets Sadie's picture and hands each of the frat
boys his contact card.

RISBERG

Which is why if you two pecker
necks see Nick, you tell him
I'd like to have a word, yeah?

Risberg walks away. The music still POUNDS from the house.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg sits on the bed, Sadie's diary in one hand while he
scribbles on a notepad with the other.

The letters **N O W** now have "**N**ick **W**assingame" written next
to the two corresponding letters.

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

Risberg opens Sadie's diary to a bookmarked page. He's been
reading a while tonight, as he's deeper into it than what
we last saw.

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 - SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Sadie and Jolene have snuck out of Sadie's window. They are both dressed fashionably as if going out to a club or party.

Sadie cracks the window an inch and once again places the footstool underneath the window.

EXT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

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?

Jolene turns the radio down as 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.

PRELAP SFX: A DOORBELL RINGS

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

A party RAGES on inside. Josh answers the front door to reveal Jolene and Sadie. He's inebriated out of his skull, but recognizes Jolene immediately.

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? 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.
Oh, and Sadie, Nick made me
promise, no keg-stand's this
time.*

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

NICK

Hey, hold up. I got you.

The chivalrous Nick lends a hand. Sadie tilts the cup to her mouth. Nick pulls the cup back and replaces it with his lips to hers. Then, he helps her lift the cup. Sadie GUZZLES it all.

Nick smiles. He pumps the keg for Sadie's second round.

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.

PARTY
KISS! KISS! KISS! KISS! KISS!

Jolene and Sadie don't waver for a moment. 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 puts on some softer music as Sadie sits on the bed. He brings a drink over to Sadie. She GUZZLES it.

Nick leans in, admiring her lips that shine from the pink lip gloss. He kisses Sadie on the mouth.

NICK
God damn, you're beautiful.

SADIE
Mmm-hmmm. Eyebrows on fleek.

She giggles and Nick brings Sadie's cup to her lips and tilts it, emptying some of the contents into her mouth. He rubs her moist lips with his finger.

There's a raucous ROAR from across the hall.

SADIE
Hey, what's going on out there?

NICK

*Nothing, babe. Just pretend
they're cheering for us.*

Nick puts his arm around Sadie and pulls her body close to his. He looks down at her low-cut blouse that exposes her cleavage.

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

NICK

You see what you do to me?

Another boisterous ROAR from down the hall. Sadie stops.

SADIE

Hey, where's Jolene?

NICK

*(as he kisses)
Huh? Oh, she's with Josh.*

SADIE

No, Josh has a girlfriend.

NICK

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

Yet another loud CHEER goes up from across the hall. Sadie stands up, curious.

NICK

Sadie, wait. Come back.

SADIE

I have to pee.

Nick wipes his eyes. Sadie struggles to stand upright and WOBBLES towards 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's getting fuuuuucked.

Sadie giggles at her own silliness. Suddenly, there's another loud CHEER. It grabs Sadie's attention.

INT. ALPHA PSI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sadie balances herself against the wall and inches her way forward. She peeks inside Nick's room to see he's PASSED OUT on the bed, arms sprawled over his head.

Sadie hears more CHEERING from the next door over, the one on the opposite side of the hall. Inside that door, we see the FLASH of a camera.

Curious and drunk, Sadie makes her way to the room. She steadies herself against the doorframe and looks inside.

INT. ALPHA PSI - JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT

And to her horror, Sadie 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 one of the frat boys leans down and lifts up one of Jolene's undergarments, exposing her to the camera in a lewd and lascivious game of Peek-A-Boobie.

A second frat boy takes a pic on his iPhone and the other guys CHEER.

SADIE (O.S.)

What is this?

Josh and the frat boys SNAP their heads toward the doorway. Sadie SHUFFLES in and the frat boys scatter.

JOSH

Sadie! Uh, I thought you were with Nick.

SADIE

What the hell is going on?

FRAT BOY 1

Yo, we're just messing around.

Sadie SLUGS Josh in the shoulder and brushes past him. She kneels down and rolls Jolene over onto her side.

Jolene's eyes are open but they are moving back and forth rapidly.

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

FRAT BOY 2
Relax, chica, she's just rollin'
a little.

SADIE
You DRUGGED her!?!

Sadie looks around.

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. She kneels back over Jolene, the adrenaline having somewhat 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 walk to the car.

EXT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sadie puts Jolene in the backseat. Gets in the driver's seat. 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. MULLDEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S WINDOW - NIGHT

Sadie lifts the cracked window and helps Jolene inside.

Sadie climbs in and shuts the window.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie and Jolene lie in bed together. Jolene SHIVERS.

JOLENE

Thank you for being there.

Jolene closes her eyes. Sadie watches her drift off to sleep, staring at her best friend's beautiful features.

Sadie leans over and kisses Jolene on the forehead.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg peeks up at the clock on the wall. It's now past two in the morning and again, there is no sign of Deja.

Risberg opens his smart phone app that links to the GPS tracker. It takes a few seconds, then links to Deja's location.

Risberg grits his teeth and SLAMS Sadie's diary shut. He throws on a shirt and grabs his car keys and the bolt cutters. Fool me once...

INT. BAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Deja sits in the passenger seat of an expensive car.

The man behind the driver's seat is BAKE (50s), a well-tanned, well-groomed man with more pepper in his hair than salt. Bake fiddles with Deja's hair and she giggles.

BAKE

I'm Bake.

DEJA

I'm Double-Jointed.

BAKE

Oh, is that so?

Deja lets out a salacious giggle. Bake chuckles and begins to fiddle with Deja's skirt.

Bake reaches inside Deja's thigh. Squeezes a handful.

WHOOOOMP HH!!!!

Out of nowhere, Bake is RIPPED out of the front seat in one swift motion. Deja SCREAMS and jumps out of the car.

EXT. BAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

CRACK!!! Risberg shatters Bake's nose with one punch. Blood SPILLS out and his eyes water, blinding him.

RISBERG
You like stinky pinky with
little kids, freak?

Deja DARTS around the car still screaming.

BAKE
No, no-this is a misunderstanding-

WHAM!!! Risberg holds Bake upright with a strong left arm as he CLOCKS him with a powerful closed-fisted right.

DEJA (O.S.)
STOP IT!! STOP IT!!

POW!!! Risberg delivers a vicious haymaker and Bake crumples to his knees in agony. Deja SLAPS and WAILS Risberg, who finally stops.

DEJA
You fucking asshole!! What
is wrong with you!!! You're
gonna kill him!!

Bake spits blood. His face rearranged, maybe permanently. Risberg kneels down pulls Bake's wallet from his pocket.

Risberg grabs Bake's DRIVER'S LICENSE and pockets it.

BAKE
Fuck you buddy...who the fuck do
you think you are?

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

RISBERG

I'm a feral fucking dog playing
in a pen full of puppies. And
now I know where you live.

Deja stops. Her eyes wide, shocked at having just found out that Risberg is a cop. She backs away, petrified.

Risberg pulls the BOLT CUTTERS from his pocket and clamps them on Bake's genitals. Bake whimpers and pleads.

RISBERG

If I see you around her again,
I'll show you the real meaning
of rabid. And I'll do so with
impunity. You got me?

BAKE

Yes! Please...you won't...I swear...

Risberg applies a little more pressure to the bolt cutter. Bake writhes and squirms in torturous pain.

BAKE

Jesus, fuck! I swear! Please...
sir...please...let me go...

Risberg DROPS Bake to the ground. Deja has tears forming in her eyes. She takes off running down the alley.

RISBERG

Deja!

Risberg CHASES after her.

Deja tries escaping, but in high heels, Risberg tracks her down rather easily. She SLAPS and CLAWS at him.

DEJA

It's my life!! It's my life!!

Risberg winds her down and gets her to stop. Tearful, her eyes lock into his.

DEJA

(exhausted)
It's my life.

RISBERG
You're better'n this.

Deja crumples into his chest and BAWLS.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

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

SPPRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

Risberg FLINCHES and rubs his eyes. Deja watches in horror from the backseat. The hypocrisy of his actions towards her are ironic and evident.

The eyeliner that had run down Deja's face tears has dried. Deja spots Risberg's tattered photograph on the glass of the dash, the one of the **NEWBORN BABY**.

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 the young prostitute enter their room.

INT. LINERODE'S CAR - NIGHT

From a safe distance, we see that the spy behind the binoculars is Linerode. She lowers them and picks up her phone to place a call. We hear it RING on the other end.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The shower RUNS in the bathroom. The black and white television is on. Risberg sits alone on the bed, the homemade tourniquet tied around his arm.

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 and Risberg stares at the scrambled lines of the muted television.

Deja emerges from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Moments later, Deja is dressed. She holds the needle at the base of Risberg's skin.

DEJA

What happened to your child?

A question that Risberg wasn't expecting and one he's not prepared to give an answer to.

DEJA

I saw your picture. 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.

As Deja is ready to inject him, she pauses.

DEJA

How come you don't you 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.

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

Risberg nods toward him arm. *Do it.*

Deja INJECTS Risberg with the opiate. The effects are immediate. She guides him back onto the pillow as he nods off. Fading...fading.

BEGIN RISBERG'S 3rd HEROIN TERROR

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

We are back in the room that is bathed in an orange glow.

The pretty woman finishes servicing us and lies back on the bed, awaiting for us to smother our body onto hers.

One of the fingers on her tied-up hand slowly CURLS, inviting us to come closer.

We do so and she puckers her lips. We draw in closer. Her mouth meets ours. She pulls back.

PRETTY WOMAN

They want a baby, Ryan.

"They" are THREE NAKED MEN WEARING ANIMAL MASKS. They border the bed, watching us. Pleasuring themselves.

PULL BACK, PAN AROUND AND REVEAL that we are RYAN RISBERG.

But it's not the Risberg we are accustomed to seeing.

*No, this Ryan Risberg is only **ELEVEN YEARS OLD.***

END RISBERG'S 3rd HEROIN TERROR

EXT. TRANSEYE FIRE STATION - DAY

Pre-dawn. With Grace by his side, John Mullen speaks into with a BULLHORN and addresses a large throng of people in Sadie Mullen's SEARCH PARTY.

JOHN

(through bullhorn)

*First of all, my wife and
I would like to thank all of
you for donating your time and
energy in helping to bring
our dear Sadie home...*

Grace tears up. John clenches her at his side.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A wall of bed-headed volunteers SHUFFLE through an overgrown field, striding in unison, arms-length apart.

Jolene and other teenagers are among this group.

JOHN (V.O.)
(through bullhorn)
This has been an extremely
difficult time for her family...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

More sleepy-eyed volunteers track through coarse foliage in a darkened forest.

JOHN (V.O.)
(through bullhorn)
Her friends and for the good
people of this community.

John's voice trails off, echoing as

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)
Hey. What? You gotta be kidding
me. Yeah, alright.

Risberg hangs up and SIGHS, pissed off. He dials out on his cell phone. Someone picks up immediately.

RISBERG
(into phone)
Yo. I need another one.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The sun is almost up now. A sharp, silver Mercedes pulls into the empty motel lot. A woman exits the car, she's 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.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

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

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

The commotion has stirred Deja awake.

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

A few feet away, Risberg VOMITS into the toilet again. Deja picks at her crusty eyes and looks Ariel up and down.

DEJA
Who the hell are you?

ARIEL
I'm his Fairy Godmother.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

DEJA
Shit, lady. If you want him 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 helps guide Risberg's head over the toilet.

ARIEL

He has forty-five minutes.

Ariel hands Risberg 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.

Risberg VOMITS again. He is sweating profusely.

DEJA

Well, how you gon' do that?

Risberg finishes the rest of the glass and VOMITS again.

ARIEL

By dehydrating the body.

Deja looks on concerned; paralyzed, as Ariel fills a
syringe with an unknown clear liquid. She bends down.
Brings the syringe to Risberg's mouth. He opens up.

ARIEL

(to Deja)

You might want to stand back.

Ariel squirts the liquid from the syringe into Risberg's
mouth. Nothing happens at first.

Suddenly, Risberg SCRAMBLES to his feet and sits on the
toilet. Ariel shoves Deja back from the doorway and SLAMS
the door.

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

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

Minutes later. Ariel opens the door. Risberg is slumped, weakened and deathly pale. Ariel pinches a tiny sliver of skin on his hand, just above the wrist.

The pinched skin STANDS UP, not retracting.

Risberg is now in a critical state of dehydration.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - DAY

Ariel turns away from us and drops her pants. She inserts a straight catheter into her bladder, which immediately drains a bladder-full of her clean urine into a cup.

Upon finishing, Ariel quickly unwraps a fresh syringe and draws her urine from the cup into it.

Ariel unwraps a fresh, new straight catheter and inserts it deep into the bladder of Risberg, to his great discomfort.

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

Ariel watches her urine flow smoothly down the catheter, towards its depositing destination: Risberg's bladder.

As this exchange occurs, Ariel inserts an IV into a vein in Risberg's arm. Clamps it. Peels off two pieces of gray DUCT TAPE. Places them on ends of IV adapter to hold it down.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Rain SLAPS against the windshield. Risberg has his jacket off, one sleeve rolled up. The saline bag is mounted on the dash, attached into the IV adapter as he drives.

It empties itself into him one drip at a time, replenishing his fluids. Risberg steers with his knee and brings a canister of computer duster to his mouth.

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

INT. CID - CAPELLA'S OFFICE - VCU - 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?
(points at the ceiling)
Because you better tell them to back the fuck off me.

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

Risberg flinches, *Capella knows about the underage prostitute?*

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

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

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

CAPELLA
Well, 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.

Risberg rolls down the window and TOSSES the saline bag out of it. While driving, he sheds his jacket. Rolls up his sleeve to reveal the IV still dug into his vein.

Risberg manually EXTRACTS the IV from his arm. Blood OOZES from the puncture site.

He grabs some old napkins from the side of the car door and compresses the IV site before tossing the IV out the window.

INT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

Jolene again sits across a table from Risberg.

RISBERG

Once more, Jolene, you're not in any trouble. I just have a few questions and you're free to go.

Jolene nods. Risberg opens Sadie's phone records packet.

RISBERG

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

Risberg 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 one minute. That call was from you.

JOLENE

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

Risberg slides over another highlighted piece of paper.

RISBERG

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

Jolene studies the highlighted phone number for a beat.

JOLENE

Yes. That's Nick's cell.

RISBERG

Okay, then Nick also exchanged over four hundred text messages with Sadie during the afternoon.

JOLENE

Four hundred text messages?

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...

Risberg trails off, purposely, allowing Jolene 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

Sure, yeah, okay, anything you need.

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

You know what they say, girls
mature faster. Anyways, they
were more off than on.

RISBERG

Was Sadie in love with him?

JOLENE

What's not to love about Nick?

RISBERG

Did Nick love her in return?

JOLENE

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

Jolene tears up and Risberg floats her a tissue.

JOLENE

I swear, if he hurt her-

RISBERG

It's not your fault.

JOLENE

Then why do I feel like I'm
the one responsible for all
of this?

RISBERG

Jolene, was Sadie afraid of Nick?

JOLENE

Sadie, afraid of Nick?

Jolene chuckles and dabs her eyes.

JOLENE

No, you don't understand. If anything, Nick was afraid of Sadie. I mean especially after what happened on the Fourth of July-

Jolene stops, realizing she may have said too much.

RISBERG

I'm listening.

Jolene hesitates.

RISBERG

I told you last time, nothing leaves this room. You were saying. About The Fourth of July...

JOLENE

That's when Sadie changed.

RISBERG

Changed. Changed how?

JOLENE

Look, you're really putting me in an awkward position. Maybe you should ask her.

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

RISBERG

Hell of a cut you got.

Alice SNAPS her head back, her red hair sneaking out from the batting helmet. Risberg nods toward the pitching machine. *"Here it comes."*

Alice turns around and PING!! Great reflexes. She's a magician with the bat.

ALICE
Can I help you?

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

This time, Alice doesn't turn back around to face him. She sets her feet in the batter's box 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.

Alice 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! Alice 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 Risberg probes her.

ALICE

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

RISBERG

Nick hurt you, didn't he, Alice?

PING! Alice grunts as she swings.

ALICE

He's Nick. He hurts everybody.

RISBERG

Yeah, he hurt you bad.

PING! The mechanical pitching machine light TURNS OFF.
Alice's 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 takes off her helmet and cleans the sweat from her
forehead with her sleeve.

ALICE

If you're insinuating that Nick
did something to Sadie, my gut
would say no. He's an asshole,
sure, but he's not Ted Bundy
either.

RISBERG

What about you?

ALICE

What about me?

RISBERG

The mind of a teenage girl is
an active one.

ALICE

You think I had something to do
with Sadie's disappearance?

RISBERG

The new girl rides into town
like the shiny new car and
suddenly, it's your boyfriend
who's taking her for a test
drive. Where I come from, that
could 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.

Risberg lets that one marinate a beat.

RISBERG

Right. The Three Musketeers.

ALICE

Yeah. It's too bad they were The
Two Parasites. Jolene and Sadie.
Feeding off of each other.

Alice 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.

Alice 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. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg is parked down a back road. He lifts a canister of computer duster to his mouth.

SPPPPRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

Risberg opens Sadie's diary and dives back into it.

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. Please be careful.

Sadie walks away.

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 FRAT HOUSE - 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 FRAT HOUSE - NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick has sex with Alice on his bed. Alice gyrates on top of Nick. He moans and groans with pleasure.

NICK
Fuck, I've missed this.

As we peer past Alice, we see the WATCHFUL EYE of Sadie peeping in through the 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
Sadie, tell me what's going on!

SADIE

Nick 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. CEMETARY - 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 plays along.

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 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 things before
he died. Like television and
air conditioning.*

*Jolene giggles and lays back down beside Sadie. The girls
turns 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.

*Sadie leans in and exhales her smoke gently into Jolene's
mouth. The SHOTGUNNING of the cigarette leads them into a
deep, sensual kiss.*

*Jolene pulls away and exhales the smoke that Sadie
transferred to her. Sadie strokes Jolene's hair as crickets
WHINE all around them.*

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's lips, and massaging Jolene's tongue with hers.

SUDDENLY FROM AFAR, REAL FIREWORKS LIGHT UP THE NIGHT SKY

Their lips reconnect. The sounds of their kisses and the whine of the crickets have been 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 and its 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: A KNOCK on a door.

EXT. MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

Linerode stands outside a shoddy door with eroded lettering that reads: **OFFICE**.

We recognize it's the motel where Risberg stays. Linerode 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.

Puzzled, Linerode turns and rereads the sign out front.

NO VACANCY

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Linerode 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

Linerode 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 a mangy chair.

Linerode KNOCKS. Waits. Peeks in. No one rustles about.

She knocks again and puts her ear to the door. Nothing.

EXT. LINERODE'S CAR - DAY

Linerode opens the door to her car. Stops and looks up at the **NO VACANCY** sign one more time.

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

Linerode takes a deep breath. Someone is in there.

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?

It's a question Risberg knew was coming but hoped didn't.

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

Until 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 aren't gonna 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 is very much
in love with 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAPELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Capella is dick-deep in paperwork. There's a KNOCK at his door. He lifts his head up to see a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Sir, there's someone here who would like to speak with you.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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.

INT. CAPELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY

She said she has some information about someone involved in the Sadie Mullen case.

Capella bites his lip.

CAPELLA

Okay, send her in.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the mysterious letters: **N O W**

RISBERG

I think there's a deeper meaning. Sadie wanted something. And she wanted it now. I believe these letters were her way of reminding herself to go through with it. They're 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 fucking job and find Nick!
Because right now, you're making
our Keystone Cops look like one
hell of an alluring alternative.

Grace STORMS out of the room. Risberg sits in wonder, *has*
he lost his mind? Have the drugs altered his thinking?

INT. CAPELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

The secretary leaves and after a beat, Linerode strides
into the room and removes her hat.

CAPELLA

Good afternoon, Officer. What
can I do for you?

Linerode sits in the chair opposite Capella.

LINERODE

I'm here to address some concerns
I have about the Mullen case.
Specifically, about Ryan Risberg.

Capella CLENCHES his jaw.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The middle of the night. Deja is asleep on the bed. Risberg
slouches on the mangy chair and shines a PENLIGHT into
Sadie's diary.

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)

EXT/INT. LEWIS RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The sun is setting as Sadie KNOCKS on someone's front door.

Bonnie opens up and smiles.

INT. LEWIS RESIDENCE - FOYER - NIGHT

Sadie is dressed in a SUNDRESS and a white tube top. Her makeup is done flawlessly and she wears pink lip gloss that looks like it would taste good if you ate it.

BONNIE

Jo' will be right down.

JOLENE (O.S.)

I'm ready.

Jolene stands at the balcony. She, too, wears a SUNDRESS and a cute halter top to beat the heat on a muggy night.

The girls smile at one another.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving now. It has gotten a little darker. In the backseat, Jolene sits behind John with Sadie behind Grace.

Oldies music is on the radio. Jolene taps Grace's seat.

JOLENE

Happy Birthday, Grace.

Grace turns around.

GRACE

Oh, thanks, Jo'. You gals hungry?

JOLENE

Starving.

JOHN

Sylvester's is the best restaurant in Dordea County.

GRACE

It's Sadie's favorite.

Sadie feigns a smile that raises her eyebrows.

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 at
the park.*

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

Mullen. That's M-U-L-L-E-N.

HOSTESS

I'm afraid we only have booth seating available in the back.

JOHN

There must be a mistake. I made the reservations a week ago. And 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 and takes a deep breath. He adjusts his tie.

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.

GRACE

What are you having, Sadie?

SADIE

Probably 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

*Just remember, dear, birthday
or not, your lifeline is your
waistline.*

*Sadie and Jolene look at one another. Sadie 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.*

JOHN

Driving is a big responsibility.

SADIE

Jolene has her license.

JOHN

*Jolene is a responsible young lady.
At this point, you are just a
young lady who I am losing my
patience with.*

John's night continues to deteriorate.

GRACE

Alright, everyone calm down.

SADIE

*I'm going to be the only one
in my class school who doesn't
drive! I've been sixteen over a
month now. Isn't it about time?*

JOHN

*As a matter of fact, yes, it is
time. Time for you to get a real
job.*

*Grace smiles at Jolene, one that disguises her
embarrassment.*

SADIE

I do have a real job.

JOHN

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

SADIE

Really, we're back on this again?

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 and it forces John's
anger to boil over.*

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 HAVE BEEN MUTED. Everything is now in total SILENCE.

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

SLOWLY PAN DOWN UNDER THE TABLE

Sadie's hand slides onto Jolene's thigh and BRUSHES Jolene's sundress up.

ABOVE TABLE

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

UNDER TABLE

Jolene's hand brushes Sadie's hand away. Sadie tries again, but is denied.

ABOVE TABLE

John and Grace continue to bicker but THEIR VOICES CONTINUE TO BE MUTED. A determined Sadie locks eyes with Jolene.

UNDER TABLE

Sadie's hand approaches Jolene's thigh once more. She caresses Jolene's leg and runs her hand up into Jolene's sundress. Once more, Jolene pushes Sadie's hand away.

ABOVE TABLE

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

John and Grace's mouths FLAP uncontrollably at each other, but we hear nothing but SILENCE.

UNDER TABLE

Sadie reasserts her hand into Jolene's sundress. Jolene pushes it away at first, then stops.

She brings Sadie's hand back and we see Jolene's hand force Sadie's hand up into Jolene's sundress.

ABOVE TABLE

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

UNDER TABLE

Jolene *SHOVES* Sadie's hand deeper up into her skirt, and we see Sadie's hand rustling under the garment.

ABOVE TABLE

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

UNDER TABLE

Sadie pulls Jolene's panties from her waist and slides them down. Jolene discreetly *WIGGLES* her legs back and forth to help free-up her panties, and they drop to her ankles.

SADIE inserts her hand back under Jolene's skirt.

ABOVE TABLE

Jolene's mouth opens a bit and her eyes close as Sadie enters her. She struggles to catch her breath.

The muscles in Sadie's arm *PULSE* slightly in rhythmic ripples as she pleasures Jolene with her fingers.

Jolene *GRIPS* the table as Sadie's parents continue to quarrel in front of them in muted tones.

UNDER THE TABLE

Now, Jolene drags *HER HAND* over into Sadie's lap.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Sadie shifts in her seat to grant Jolene unmolested access.

UNDER THE TABLE

Sadie opens her legs as an invitation. And as Sadie continues to please Jolene, Jolene simultaneously *YANKS* Sadie's panties down to her knees.

Jolene reaches inside of Sadie's sundress and the girls voraciously pleasure one another as the adults fester.

ABOVE TABLE

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

JOHN

And you!

Sadie SNAPS out of it.

JOHN

Grace and I gave you a good home.

GRACE

John, stop it!

But Grace knows John is past the point of no return.

JOHN

And you do nothing but continue to disrespect us!

GRACE

Please, don't -

JOHN

And we have done nothing but love you!

John SLAMS the table and wag 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.

UNDER THE TABLE

Each girl's hand slowly retreats from the other.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Sadie is speechless. Jolene purposely drops her fork.

UNDER THE TABLE

As Jolene snags her utensil, she snatches Sadie's panties from the floor and balls them into her fist. Her trophy.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Grace leaves the table, tears in her eyes, knowing things may never be the same.

John assesses the damage inflicted, it's written on Sadie's face. He excuses himself without saying another word.

PRELAP SFX: A cell phone BUZZES

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg has been reading awhile. The sun is almost up. He scrambles to his phone and answers it.

RISBERG
(into phone)
Yeah. What?????

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - 9 - DAY

The way Risberg peeks out the curtains into the empty parking lot suggests that this isn't good.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - 9 - DAY

Risberg TAPS a sleeping Deja.

RISBERG
Deja. C'mon, girl, wake up.

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

Deja sits up in the bed. Risberg tosses her TWO BAGGIES OF HEROIN.

RISBERG
One up your cunt. One up your
ass.

Deja is confused, but Risberg is already out the door.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - TRUNK - DAY

Risberg opens the trunk and pulls out the remaining canisters of computer duster.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 12 - DAY

Risberg jimmies the lock to an empty room. He hides the computer duster under the bed.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg reenters and YANKS the tourniquet off the wall. He balls it up around his fist and SHATTERS a side window as Deja looks on in fear.

Risberg BITES on the tourniquet to split it in two.

DEJA

Do you want to tell me what
the hell is going on?

RISBERG

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

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A convoy of Law Enforcement vehicles ROAR down the road.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg peeks out the curtains. The lot is still empty.

DEJA

Why do you keep doing that?
Who's out there?

RISBERG

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

Deja does as instructed. She stands in a bra. Risberg RIPS her jean shorts in half, exposing her panties.

RISBERG

Get on the bed. Hurry!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The convoy BARRELS forward, twisting and winding through country roads.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Risberg has TIED DEJA TO THE BED using his shredded tourniquet. We hear the ROAR of engines and gravel spewing outside.

Risberg runs to the window. Peeks out. The convoy has arrived.

RISBERG

They're here.

DEJA

Who is here?

RISBERG

The police.

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

DEJA

They came by snooping around here yesterday, too.

Risberg snaps his head toward Deja.

DEJA

Some lady cop. She knocked on the door but I didn't answer.

Risberg's mind races. Lady Cop. *Linerode*.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

POLICE (O.S.)

Police! Open up!

A half-naked Deja watches Risberg 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 are you doing?

KNOCK KNOCK!!

POLICE (O.S.)

We're coming in one way
or another!!

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

Risberg SCREAMS in unrelenting pain, having just snapped
his own arm in half.

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??

KNOCK KNOCK!!

Risberg grits his teeth and places a tip of his own finger
in between the bolt cutters. He nods. *Do it.* Deja shudders.

DEJA

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

KNOCK KNOCK!! Spit and saliva flies from Risberg's mouth

RISBERG

Deja, listen to me. I know you're
scared but we have no other option.
No way of explaining what's been
going on here.

KNOCK KNOCK!!

RISBERG

I'll be sent to prison and you'll
spend the rest of your adolescence
bouncing around juvie.

(off her look)

You don't want that, do you?

Frightened, Deja shakes her head, "NO".

RISBERG

And I ain't going to prison.
I've got too nice an ass for
that. Now, c'mon, snip, snip.

Risberg and Deja lock eyes. Fervent.

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - DAY

Police BUST DOWN the front door and enter what they interpret as a horrific hostage scene. A tied-up, half-naked Deja SCREAMS as Risberg WRITHES on the floor in torturous pain, blood OOZING from a knuckle stump.

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.

The Policeman shows Risberg Bake's driver's license.

POLICEMAN

Is this the man who abducted her,
held her hostage here, then
tortured you when you intervened?

RISBERG

(re: Bake)
That's him alright.

POLICEMAN

We apologize for busting up your
place, detective.

RISBERG

(re: motel)
Nah, it's more like a family
heirloom. I'm just holed up here
until I get back on my feet.

POLICEMAN

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

RISBERG

Of course.

POLICEMAN

(re: Deja)

What about her?

RISBERG

I'll take it from here.

POLICEMAN

Listen, are you sure you don't
want to go to the hospital?

Risberg waves him away and the Policeman shuffles off. Deja
glides up 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?

Risberg looks at Deja. Why yes, there is one more thing.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

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

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Risberg now has a HOMEMADE CAST on his arm. The baggies of
heroin that Deja had hidden are now on the center console.

DEJA (O.S.)

That's ours, up there. Corner one.
Third floor.

Risberg sees there's a LIGHT ON out front of the apartment.

RISBERG

Just because they ain't never
found you doesn't mean they
ain't looking.

Deja pulls something from her purse and hands it to
Risberg. The CASH ENVELOPE.

DEJA

You're better than this, too.

(off his look)

I hope you find your little girl
and she's everything you wished
her to be.

Deja kisses Risberg on the cheek.

DEJA

You'll be a good dad.

Deja exits the car. For the first time, we see a small
smile on Risberg's face as he watches her walk away.

He looks back at the picture on the glass of his **NEWBORN
BABY**. His smile dissipates.

Risberg grabs the baggies of heroin, opens the door and
DUMPS them out on the ground. He'll need to find a new way
to deal with the pain.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked on a dark back road. Ariel sits beside Risberg.

RISBERG

Sadie was born in my hometown.

Befuddled, Ariel stares at the picture of the **NEWBORN BABY**.

ARIEL

I recognize the name. She's
all over the news. But that
doesn't mean she's yours.

RISBERG

The timeline fits.

ARIEL

It's still a leap. And 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.

But Ariel is the kind of person who can get things. With his good hand, Risberg lights a cigarette.

RISBERG

A photo I.D. of the birth mother.
That's all I need, Ariel. I
don't forget a face.

ARIEL

Alright. Give me a few hours.

Risberg starts the car, Ariel's cue to leave. As she walks away, we see an **"ELECT JAMIE LINERODE FOR DORDEA COUNTY SHERIFF!"** campaign sign next to a mile marker off the side of the road.

Risberg glares in anger at Linerode's pictured face. He'll deal with her later.

As Ariel's expensive car drives away, Risberg grabs Sadie's diary and clicks on the penlight.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

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

SADIE (V.O.)

Some girls have all the friends
Some have all the luck
Others girls want to be left alone
And others just want to fuck

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?

Nick takes 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 wear to Christ, if this 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 vagina's.

Nick gives her a strange look, "Okayyy".

SADIE

And vomit into them.

NICK

*What the fuck are you talking
about?*

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

SADIE

Stability.

*Nick 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 that I've
ever slept with.*

NICK

Jesus. Now what?

SADIE

*That depends on you, Nick. On what
you want.*

He looks at her with hopeful, desperate eyes.

NICK

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

SADIE

*We're not selecting countertops
for a remodeled kitchen, here.
I have your fucking spawn
growing inside me.*

NICK

So what do you want from me?

SADIE

I want answers.

NICK

To what question?

SADIE

*I want to know if we are going
to be a family.*

NICK

A family?

Nick chuckles, incredulous.

NICK

Sadie. You're just a kid.

Sadie doesn't blink. She's as cool as a cucumber.

SADIE

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

Nick's eyes light up. Thank God.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

*Risberg takes a hot shower, the steamy water bouncing off
like bullets on Superman. He closes his eyes.*

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHCUT**

*Young Ryan Risberg stares at the pretty woman, the naked
one on the bed in the room with the orange tint to it. 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. We see her hand jerking us. Up. Down.*

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHCUT**

The Pretty Woman smiles at us. (We do not see the three animal-masked men.)

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg moans and JERKS himself harder as the shower's STEAM continues to smolder.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHCUT**

The pretty woman jerks us harder, too.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg's mouth opens. He's close. Close. Closer.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHCUT**

The Pretty Woman stops and looks us right in the eye.

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 dungy room in its custom bluish hue.

Risberg lies on the bed and opens 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

We hear the SCRAPING and GRINDING of metal against metal. As we peer over Sadie's shoulder, we see that she is SHARPENING the hanger's hook with a KITCHEN KNIFE.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie wears a bra and underwear and sits on the floor, positioned underneath her window with her feet balanced on corners of her bed.

There are A STACK OF WET TOWELS underneath her.

She looks at the hanger's repurposed hook. She has melded into a RAZOR SHARP POINT.

Sadie grits her teeth and slowly inserts the hanger inside her. At first impact, she GASPS, it takes her breath away.

After a beat, she collects herself and GRINDS the metal hook back and forth and around, inside her womb.

Sadie GRINDS and SCRAPES and PICKS. Before long, a steady BLOOD TRAIL begins to trickle out of her onto the towels.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An hour later. A POOL OF BLOOD has settled underneath Sadie, who lies on the floor. She's pale and weak.

Sadie lifts her head and slowly pulls herself up. She cleans off the hanger with a CLOROX WIPE.

As Sadie hides the metal weapon under her bed.

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.

Risberg falls asleep on his own with the diary in his hand.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

Risberg JUMPS awake in the middle of the night.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Risberg SPLASHES water on his face. Dries it with a towel. He opens the bottle of VIVARIN and swallows a few.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 9 - NIGHT

The diary is back open. The penlight on. 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. She doesn't put it back.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - SADIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie wraps a small gift box with a neat RED BOW and sets it on the bed beside THREE STUFFED TRAVEL BAGS.

EXT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Nick air-drums to old school KORN blaring on the CD player. Sadie appears at his window, scaring the shit out of him.

INT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Sadie climbs in. Nick starts the car but Sadie intervenes and grabs his hand to stop him.

NICK

Hey-

SADIE

Let's stay 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. It'll allow us some privacy.

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. Now, I we were going to talk about fixing this...predicament.

SADIE

Don't be silly, Nick. Guys don't like to talk.

Sadie dives back into Nick's neck. He pushes her off again.

SADIE

Excuse a girl for wanting to initiate a little celebration.

NICK

*A celebration? What the fuck
is wrong with you?*

Sadie BEAMS.

SADIE

*Oh, Nick, I thought you'd never ask.
Wait here!*

Sadie opens the door.

NICK

Hey, where you going-

*Sadie quickly jumps out and shuts the door. Nick sits alone
in total silence. A long beat. Too long. He looks around,
uncomfortable. Creeped out.*

SADIE (O.S.)

*Nick, can you come out here?
I need help.*

NICK

*(sotto)
You can say that again.*

Nick rubs his temples, annoyed.

EXT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

*Nick walks around the back of the SUV. Sadie stands there
with the gift box. The one with the pretty red bow.*

NICK

Sadie, what's going on?

SADIE

I got you something.

Nick grabs the gift and begins to shake it.

SADIE

No, no careful, babe. It's fragile.

NICK

*This is ridiculous, Sadie. I
don't have time for-*

SADIE

Happy Birthday, little one.

Nick is confused.

SADIE

*Hurry, Nicky! Open it. The
suspense is killing me.*

Nick shakes his head, "whatever," and pulls the pretty red ribbon off. Nick lifts the box and JUMPS back in horror at what he sees inside. The box drops to the ground.

NICK

What the-

By the time Nick looks up, it's just in time to see the FIVE-IRON on its way toward his skull.

CRACK! The impact is sickening.

Nick 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 with great force. CRUNCH!

Sadie drops the five-iron. As it falls to the muddy turf, we see the gift box beside it. And the smattered stains of blood spilling out from within.

INT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Sadie drives. She turns on Nick's CD player. Old school KORN BLASTS through the speakers. Sadie sings along, 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.*

Sadie CRANKS the volume. So loud it's almost distorted.

SADIE
(sings)
*All...day I...dream abouuuut...
fuckkking.*

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The same spot we saw Jolene, Sadie and Alice on the night of Sadie's first diary entry. The black SUV stops about fifty feet behind the drop-off.

EXT. NICK'S SUV - NIGHT

Sadie DRAGS Nick's lifeless body alongside the car. She struggles to lift him up into the driver's seat.

After a long battle, she props Nick into the driver's seat and turns on the car. The old school KORN still BLASTS from the CD player.

Sadie wipes her prints off of the five-iron and uses it as a prop upon the pedal, flooring it. The ENGINE ROARS.

Sadie sets the gift box in the passenger seat and LIGHTS IT ON FIRE. She reaches over and shoves the car into DRIVE. It speeds off and she escapes just in time as

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - BARRIER - NIGHT

Nick's SUV LAUNCHES into the air. The sounds of Korn are heard all the way down, until we hear an unmistakable SPLASHHHHHH!!!!

Sadie stands there in silence as crickets WHINE around her. Her three travel bags rest on the ground beside her.

She begins to HUM.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Linerode smokes a cigarette and stares out at the vast water when she hears oncoming FOOTSTEPS.

She turns to see Risberg approaching. As she notices his homemade cast, she shakes her head and chuckles to herself.

LINERODE

(re: his cast)

That's what I love about you
addicts. You always find
clever ways to cover your
track marks.

Risberg mooches another cigarette from her pack and this
time, he lights it on his own.

RISBERG

Do you know what happens when
a steel spring has its coils
wound too tight, Jamie? Its
flaws become exposed. And when
a flawed steel spring becomes
overworked, the tension and
the strain become too much.
And it snaps.

Risberg inhales, the cherry SIZZLES and he exhales by
blowing smoke rings. She heeds his warning.

LINERODE

Consider the white flag raised.
But just know, The Devil will
one day collect.

RISBERG

Or maybe I am The Devil.

LINERODE

So, what, are you going to
file a complaint?

We hear the din of approaching SIRENS. Risberg leans on the
railing and joins Linerode in looking out at the water.

RISBERG

No. But you will withdraw your
name from the sheriff's ballot.
I want it official by sun-up.

Linerode gives Risberg a look as if her heart has skipped a
few beats.

LINERODE

Who the fuck do you think you are?

RISBERG

I'm the guy swinging a twelve-inch cock with the libido and accompanying refractory period of an eighteen-year old 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. You see, the same people that backed your campaign are where they are in their political careers because the people that back *me* wanted them there.

The sirens are louder NOW.

RISBERG

You asked me once if I knew Sadie. The type of girl she was. You're not so much unlike them, Jamie, the people in this faded town. You want answers but 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. Your rebellious children, programmed to defy your mundane rules. Defy your restrictions. Defy the entire goddamn social order. Yet society will make us believe that what we are about to witness is the acrimonious behavior of some 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 own minds of freedom, disallowing us to question everything. "It's either sane or insane." Bullshit. It's not so black and white. The real issue is the dichotomy between rebellion and social order. Your little princesses wagging their middle fingers at the whole goddamn thing like they're a part of some countercultural movement.

Risberg's ash on his cigarette is ready to spill as the sirens are on top of us now.

RISBERG

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.

Linerode turns around to see a VAN has arrived that reads **Underwater Recovery Unit**. She looks at Risberg, alarmed.

RISBERG

So, yes. I do know the type of girl that Sadie Mullen was.

Other Law Enforcement units have arrived. They begin to tape the area off. Linerode picks up that Risberg has not only uncovered a major break in the case.

RISBERG

It takes a tortured soul to recognize that of another.

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. You can read it for yourself. In her own words.

Grace dabs her eyes. *Sadie was pregnant? She aborted her pregnancy in our house?*

RISBERG

We're dragging the reservoir as we speak.

Grace 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. 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

Risberg enters the quiet room. The floor boards CREAK with
each step. He kneels down to look underneath the bed to
gather any evidence that supports Sadie's story.

He rifles through some papers and rummages through a box in
search for the HANGER. But something else causes him to
double-take. Two things, actually.

Under the bed. Scattered on the floor. Tiny tiles.

SCRABBLE LETTERS. The letters **I** and **K**.

He picks them up, inspecting them and a bead of sweat drips
down his forehead. He peers up to the high shelf, where
Sadie's previous letters **N O W** still reside.

Risberg places the newfound letters next to the old ones.
Stunned, he stumbles back, losing his breath for a moment.

He had been wrong all along.

The letters do not spell **N O W**. It actually reads:

I K N O W

GRACE (O.S.)

Detective.

Risberg's warped concentration is snapped.

GRACE

All these pages... in the diary...

Risberg sees Grace standing there, holding Sadie's diary.

GRACE

This isn't Sadie's handwriting.

It hits Risberg like a sledgehammer.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Driving with his knee as rain SLASHES against the windshield. Risberg reopens Sadie's diary, or what he thought was Sadie's diary.

On the seat next to him, he sees Linerode's original case file that she had given him at the reservoir. He opens it, scanning the written statements.

It doesn't take long. His eyes go wide. He'd been duped.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF TRANSEYE RESERVOIR - DAY

Jolene sits high above the water, her knees cradled to her chest. She's in the same spot we saw Nick's SUV plunge off and the same spot she and Sadie and Alice got high.

CLOSE ON Jolene, who HUMS a tune. We do a SLOW PANORAMIC sweep of her surroundings, and see LE dragging the reservoir below.

But when we complete the 360-degree turn, there is

A GUN POINTED TO THE BACK OF HER HEAD. The gun COCKS.

RISBERG (O.S.)

Gun to Your Head, who would
you rather bring back from
the dead?

Jolene doesn't turn around. She just smiles. Pure evil.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Risberg places the handcuffed Jolene into the backseat and hops in the driver's seat. They sit in silence for a beat.

RISBERG

How'd you do it? How'd you
switch the diaries?

Jolene smiles again. Part sociopath, all psychopath.

INT. MULLEN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - **JOLENE'S FLASHCUT**

Jolene and Grace sit together on the couch.

JOLENE

*Grace, 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.*

BACK AT SCENE

RISBERG

Well, then, I was wrong, Jolene.
You are in trouble.

JOLENE

Shouldn't you be reading me my
rights or something?

RISBERG

That'll depend on how much of
the diary was true, and how was
much of it was you. For now,
we wait. They're going to
recover Nick's body at any
minute.

JOLENE

Detective, can I ask you something?

RISBERG

Sure, why not.

JOLENE

What happens if it's not Nick's
body they find down there?

A cold chill comes over Risberg as Jolene begins to HUM.
This girl is always two steps ahead.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

A DIVER swims to the surface, waving him arms frantically
while gesturing for assistance to a spot down below.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

Through the rearview mirror, Risberg makes eye contact with a humming Jolene.

RISBERG
What did you do, Jolene?

JOLENE
Bad things.

CLOSE ON Jolene, who ceases humming. A twinkle in her eye.

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 towards the darkened area at the back of the house, through the back yard and towards the woods, where she finally disappears in the dark void.

A train whistle HOWLS in the distance.

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.

SADIE

*I came out here because I wanted
to tell you face to face.*

JOLENE

What can I do to fix this?

SADIE

You crossed a major line, Jolene.

JOLENE

*I know. And I said I was sorry.
But it's just a diary.*

SADIE

It's not just about the diary!

JOLENE

You wrote some hurtful things.

SADIE

*See, that's my point! You're going
to hold this over my head and-*

JOLENE

*Did you mean it? Those things you
said.*

SADIE

I don't know. Probably. At the time.

JOLENE

So that's it, we're done? Over?

SADIE

*I just don't know how our
relationship can ever recover.*

Jolene begins to cry.

SADIE

*I think its best we keep our
distance from each other for
awhile.*

JOLENE

*Sadie, no. Please, don't say
stuff like that.*

Sadie opens the door to leave.

JOLENE
Wait, don't go! Please.

Jolene lunges and grabs the door handle.

SADIE
Let go, Jolene-

JOLENE
Don't do this. Please!!

The girls struggle over the door handle.

SADIE
Jesus, let go!

JOLENE
Sadie, no!

They TUG and PULL harder at each other's grip.

JOLENE
Stop! It's not good-

SADIE
Let me go! You're hurting me-

JOLENE
-not good for the baby.

Jolene stops, realizing she has maybe said too much. Sadie stops, her mouth slowly opens.

SADIE
What did you say?

JOLENE
Uh, I'm-

SADIE
How do you know about that?

JOLENE
I, um, read it in the diary-

SADIE

No. No. I never wrote a word
about my pregnancy.

JOLENE

Oh, um, uh, well-

SADIE

Oh my God. Did you...did you go
through my text messages today?

Jolene's wipes her eyes and slowly reaches down under her
seat. She pulls up a cell phone. Sadie's eyes go wide.

SADIE

Oh my God, that's Nick's phone.

JOLENE

I'm so sorry, Sadie.

SADIE

What the hell are you doing
with Nick's phone?

Sadie is dumbfounded. Flabbergasted.

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 Nick.

SADIE

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. Ever since the other night.

Jolene makes eye contact. Tearful. Shameful.

JOLENE

When I killed him.

Sadie is paralyzed by fear. Jolene takes this opportunity and leans in for a kiss. Sadie, immobile, 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.

SADIE

Fuck you, you psycho!

Sadie LUNGES at Jolene and they wrestle in the front seat.

Jolene RAISES A CLOTH around Sadie's neck. Sadie GAGS and fights for air.

SADIE

Why? Why? Why?

Jolene SQUEEZES tightly around Sadie's neck as she fights for her life.

Jolene kisses Sadie's cheeks, ears, neck as she STRANGLES the life from her best friend. Crazy eyes.

We recognize the cloth is actually Sadie's PANTIES from the restaurant that Jolene snatched on the ground. Her trophy.

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

The clock shows its 12:33 in the morning. Sadie lies lifeless in the passenger seat. Jolene in inconsolable.

She dials out from Nick's phone and Sadie's cell phone immediately RINGS, showing the incoming call from NICK.

Jolene answers the call and lays both cell phones down side by side to each other. And she waits.

INT. JOLENE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jolene drives. The nineteen minute phone call has ended.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Jolene backs the gold sedan up close to the steep edge.

EXT. OVERLOOK OF RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Jolene DRAGS Sadie's body to the edge. Jolene grabs Sadie's cell phone and turns it OFF. She CHUCKS into down below and we hear a small SPLASH.

She sits next to Sadie's body for a beat. Finally, she rolls her to the edge, and PUSHES HER OFF.

PRELAP SFX: A CELL PHONE BUZZES

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - DAY

A stunned Risberg takes his eyes off Jolene and looks down at his ringing phone. But he already knows. They're calling because they found a body. He just don't know whose.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DAY

Daylight fades. A BODY BAG is unzipped. Risberg sees the bloated face of SADIE MULLEN inside. He drops his head.

DIVER (O.S.)
There's no sign of any SUV.
Or the male body you mentioned.
But, we'll keep searching.

The DIVER walks away.

INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving in silence. Risberg's empty eyes should be on the road as he drives, but they remain on the **NEWBORN BABY** on the glass.

GRACE (V.O.)
Do you have children, detective?

Grace's voice POUNDS and PULSATES inside his mind. Her voice on repeat-- "children...do you have children... children...do you have childrennnnnn"--

He looks in the rearview mirror. Jolene picks at her hair in the mirror.

JOLENE
You wouldn't happen to have
a hair tie or like, a 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
Nick's body. You hear me?

JOLENE
Nick is where he belongs. And
that's the best you'll get
from me.

Risberg tucks Sadie's fake diary into his jacket.

EXT. LEWIS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A bevy of LE tears apart the Lewis residence, executing their search warrant.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Later. Risberg enters holding a cup of coffee as a plethora of officers scour through boxes upon boxes of personal belongings taken from Jolene's house.

An agitated Trooper Curry walks up to Risberg.

CURRY

We're ready for you to get the girl's recorded confession.

RISBERG

Alright. 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. What makes you think she's telling you the truth?

RISBERG

Other than the fact she led us to a body?

CURRY

False confessions are rare. But they do happen.

RISBERG

A false confession?

CURRY

Look, when I was booking Jolene, she told me she was threatened by Sadie's boyfriend. Some Nick guy. She said he killed Sadie and dumped her in the reservoir and said he'd kill her if she squealed. Said he was butt hurt that Sadie wouldn't abort the pregnancy.

RISBERG

Newsflash. Jolene tells fish stories.

CURRY

At this point, it's her word
against yours.

RISBERG

Don't worry, I have the smoking gun.

CURRY

You better. Because it's your ass.

Curry leaves the room. Risberg pats his jacket and eyeballs the FAKE DIARY. His smoking gun.

He watches the men continue to unload meaningless search warrant items from Jolene Lewis' house. But just as he's walking out to leave, something on the table makes him double-take.

An item. Just sitting there, as if destined for his eyes to come across it. Risberg is in a trance when he sees

THE COVER OF AN OLD PHOTO ALBUM

Specifically, it's the picture on the front that catches Risberg's attention. A picture of a NEWBORN BABY. Jolene.

A DUPLICATE OF THE NEWBORN BABY PICTURE IN HIS CAR

Risberg grabs the photo album and opens it. Inside, the exact same baby. Taking a bottle. Crawling. Walking. Laughing. 1st Birthday. Finally, a picture of MOM.

And we recognize Jolene's real "mom" immediately as

THE NAKED WOMAN FROM RISBERG'S HEROIN TERRORS

*INT. TRANSEYE HIGH SCHOOL - UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY - **FLASHCUT***

The first time Risberg and Jolene chatted.

JOLENE

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

BACK AT SCENE

Sweat pours out of him. It can't be true.

IT'S NOT SADIE MULLEN. JOLENE LEWIS IS HIS DAUGHTER. AND HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE HER DOWN ON A DOUBLE-MURDER CHARGE.

Risberg pulls out Sadie's fake diary, the one in which could incriminate his crazed daughter. THE SMOKING GUN.

*INT. RISBERG'S CAR - NIGHT - **FLASHCUT***

Deja looks at Risberg and smiles.

DEJA

You'll be a good dad.

BACK AT SCENE

His mind races and Risberg swallows a lump in his throat as the room SPINS. He white-knuckles the fake diary and desperately looks around the spinning room until he spots a

TRASH CAN

Risberg is on the kind of high that he's never felt before. An emotional one. A natural one. A hideous one.

Frantic, he ZONES IN on the trash can.

It's her word against his. And his against everyone else's.

His chest THUMPS. Can't catch his breath. Pulse racing.

This is it. He can lie and save the daughter he's looked for since she was born, or he can do the right thing and save his career. What will he choose?

Risberg's focus on the trash can is closer. Closer. Closer.

Crazy eyes. Maybe he is The Devil.

RISBERG (V.O.)

"There are some secrets which
do not permit themselves to
be told..."

BLACK