

CITIES OF REFUGE

by  
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*And they shall be unto you cities for refuge from the avenger;  
that the manslayer die not, until he stand before the congregation  
in judgment.*

*-- Numbers 35:12*

EXT. HIGHWAY, WESTERN OKLAHOMA FARMLAND - DUSK

Harvest season. Ample wheat fields stretch to the horizon. Combines till abundant land at measured intervals.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
*Bible tells all sorts a stories  
'bout good and evil, and the  
difference between the two...*

A SETTING SUN casts fire-orange on hard-worked LABORERS.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
*In my time here, thing I realized,  
those ain't terms that's applicable  
to man...*

An unswerving two-lane marks the only interruption in a sea of Hard Red Winter. An asphalt vein through the heartland.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
*Seems the world only got one kinda  
man... Difference is whose telling  
their story.*

A BLACK MERCURY COUGAR glides smooth over flatland, past a sign shaped like Oklahoma. A lonely drive into a lonely town.

**TITLE BURN: *KINGFISHER, CENTRAL PLAINS, OKLAHOMA***

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - DUSK

A weathered farmhouse set back on acres of billowing wheat. The maroon and white Sooners flag flaps in the evening wind just below the Star Spangled Banner.

A separate WORKSHOP behind, big as the house itself. Decommissioned farm machinery awaits repair nearby.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Lit by the hot blue glow of a PLASMA TORCH as it HUMS through quarter-inch steel. Sparks cascade to floor.

It's operated by a burly man hidden behind a welding mask. Hands like a worn catcher's mitt. Thick, beaten, and rugged.

We note a MARINE CORPS TATTOO on his sinewy forearm - *Bald Eagle above the globe, anchor behind, U.S.M.C inked below.*

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Dad! Dad! Tell Colt to stop.

The shop door rolls open. JENNY (10) tumbles inside followed by her older brother, COLT (19). Play fighting.

JENNY  
Colt! Quit it.

The torch kicks off and the welding mask flips up to reveal a handsome man:

NATHAN SPILLER: 40s, defined jaw and muscular neck. Bred from good stock. A man who fought his way through life and always won, but soft eyes betray an earthly kindness.

NATHAN  
Dammit, Colt! Not in here!

Colt and Jenny stop dead in their tracks. He's the law.

NATHAN  
(re: the torch)  
Thing burns hotter'n hell... Never  
in here.

The boy sulks while Jenny cracks an impish smile.

JENNY  
But Daddy... You *did* say you'd take  
us to get ice cream t'night.

Nathan shakes his head, knows he lost. She's gonna be a real heartbreaker, pretty as a peach by age ten.

NATHAN  
Get in the truck.

EXT. MAIN STREET, KINGFISHER - NIGHT

Sun's gone and the world's now tinged with PURPLE RADIANCE of the young night. A God fearing community where 'neighbor' means family. Locals enjoy the summer repose.

The two-dollar theater plays the current Hollywood fare. Lights flickering brightly on the overhead marquee.

HIGH-SCHOOL KIDS gather on street-side benches to flirt. None will leave this town. The kind of place you don't leave.

EXT. FENTON'S ICE CREAM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan pays cash, takes his malt. Passes ice cream to Colt and Jenny sitting at the picnic table out front.

Owner JAMES FENTON (60s, apron, balding), nods kindly.

NATHAN  
How's business, Mr. Fenton?

FENTON  
Be nice if summer went ten months.

NATHAN

Hear that... You want me to take a look at that cooler? See if I can't help?

FENTON

Nah. It'll be here tomorrow. You, enjoy the night, Nathan.

Nathan nods. Fenton smiles appreciative.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

A reliable Chevy patrols the strip. Behind the wheel:

SHERIFF EVERETT WALSH: 56, cowboy hat and boots. Could tell stories for days. Steers as if on a track. Done it for thirty-plus years, cherished every one. Born here. He'll die here.

He brakes at a stop sign, waves to a friendly couple, CHUCK HOLLAND and his wife ESTHER (50s), putting up a sign in the front window of their restaurant -- HOLLAND'S EATERY.

Walsh smiles proud. Feels good to protect and serve.

NATHAN (O.S.)

Sheriff.

He turns to see Nathan climbing into his F-150 outside the passenger door. Colt and Jenny nearby.

WALSH

Evenin' Nathan.  
(looking past)  
Colt. Jenny.

Jenny waves, ice cream everywhere. Colt nods hello. Walsh smiles, continues down Main.

A moment later, he notices the Mercury Cougar cruise past. Instinctively marks the car as belonging to outsiders.

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - LATER

CRICKETS calm as Nathan's truck pulls in, kicks up dirt. Jenny jumps out, runs to the house. The boys follow suit.

NATHAN

Jenny. Brush your teeth. Get ready for bed.

She hurries in the unlocked front door.

Stars like diamonds, glitter above in jet-black infinity. Nathan stops to take in the quiet night, appreciate his land. Colt notices, looks back before entering the house.

INT. JENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jenny lies in bed surrounded by a shrine of stuffed animals. Her mind active, staring at fluorescent stars pasted above. A WHITE CAT purrs softly, curled beside for the night.

Nathan watches from the doorway. A loving father that never thought he'd have a girl, now can't imagine life without one.

NATHAN

You brush your teeth, sweetheart?

She nods. He moves to the bed, takes a seat on the edge.

NATHAN

Good girl.

JENNY

The Sooners play tomorrow?

He laughs, strokes her hair and pulls up the blanket.

NATHAN

It's July, honey... Sooners don't play 'till September.

JENNY

Really?

NATHAN

Really...

He smiles, kisses her forehead.

NATHAN

Sweet dreams, angel. I love you.

He exits, leaving the door cracked.

IN THE HALLWAY.

Nathan glances inside Colt's room, sees his son reading.

NATHAN

Good night, Colt.

Colt looks to his father and we get the sense these two don't quite understand each other. Still waters run deep.

COLT

Good night.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Nathan moves to the window, lights a smoke, inhales heavy.

NATHAN'S P.O.V.: A hundred FIREFLIES play across Winter Wheat beyond. Tails flash in short bursts like spirited lightbulbs.

On the night stand, A PICTURE OF NATHAN AND HIS WIFE BRIANNE holding a child bathed in a waning summer sun.

FADE TO:

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - LATER

Earth's quiet. Night balmy. The Black Cougar's now parked next to Nathan's truck. Doors open quietly and out step...

Armed men wearing rubber THREE STOOGES MASKS.

Doors shut gently behind. They move fluidly toward the house.

An eerie sight: LARRY, CURLY, and MOE shotguns drawn.

INT. SPILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

FLASHLIGHTS dance along the walls of the upstairs hallway. The masked Stooges glide silently into a selected door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CA-CHUNK! Nathan opens his eyes, stunned to find himself staring down the barrel of a 12-gauge shotgun held before the distorted rubber face of LARRY FINE, curls and all.

LARRY

We're here for the safe. All goes well, we open it'n not your head.

Quickly, MOE gags Nathan, pulls a pillow case over his head, swallowing his world so quick there's no time for heroics.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Moe ushers Nathan into the first-floor room. Before them, Colt kneels, pillow case over head, hands tied. No Jenny.

CURLY stands across the room shaking his head 'no.' A painting removed from the far wall reveals...

A HIDDEN STRONGBOX. It's heavy door swung open. Flat empty.

LARRY

(under his breath)  
Fuck.

Moe locks eyes with Larry. Emotionless, cold as ice.

MOE

Just get it over with.

Larry nods, trains his gun on the back of Nathan's head. This man's got a knack for killing. Eyes gleaming. Scary calm.

We TRACK UP gun metal, noting Larry's trigger hand has only THREE FINGERS, pinky and ring loped off below the knuckle.

*BLAM!* MUZZLE FLASH illuminates the room as he takes a life. His face reflects the fire of hell itself. Room goes dark.

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

*BLAM!* A front window FLASHES WHITE with a second gunshot.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

And our title burns in...

***CITIES OF REFUGE***

Over BLACK we hear *THUMP, THUMP, THUMP!* Heavy KNOCKING.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - MORNING

Early. Golden light from the east spreads onto a large, plentiful ranch. Wood fencing lines a property that sees no end and horses run wild over expansive grasslands within.

All sharply contrasted by Kingfisher POLICE CRUISERS parked in the drive, a flurry of oscillating LIGHTS, and at the...

FRONT DOOR. *THUMP, THUMP, THUMP!* Sheriff Walsh bangs heavy, eyes red with pain and doubt. The door opens to reveal:

HECTOR DELGADO: 50s, unassuming, but with the concealed confidence of earned wealth. He speaks with a slight accent, the only hint of an upbringing in harsh rural Mexico.

DELGADO

There something I can help you with, Sheriff?

WALSH

Hate to come here like this Hector... but...  
(beat; difficult)  
Nathan and Colt Spiller were murdered last night...

That lands. Delgado's not sure how to respond.

WALSH

His daughter's missin'...



Walsh pauses, removes his hat as Delgado's wife, ELENA (40s, aged well) steps into the foyer, mind foggy from sleep. She calls to her husband in Spanish.

ELENA  
(Hector. What's going on?)

DELGADO  
(turning back)  
(Everything's fine, my love. Would you please put on some coffee?)

She abides. Walsh waits until she's out of earshot.

WALSH  
We found boot prints. Musta been two or three men with 12-gauge...  
(beat)  
The past you two've had...

DELGADO  
I understand, Sheriff...

Delgado steps aside, inviting Walsh to enter.

DELGADO  
Please come inside. Elena will have coffee ready in a moment...

Walsh nods tight, much obliged. Officers follow soon after.

Delgado signals to RANCH HANDS in a lawn truck nearby.

DELGADO  
Charlie.

Their foreman approaches: CHARLIE LEVITT (30s, tanned, dirty from life outdoors). Flicks a cigarette butt on the way.

DELGADO  
Get the horses in their stalls.  
Make sure the Sheriff has no difficulty checking the lot.

Charlie nods before leaning in close, whispers subtle.

CHARLIE  
Dominguez boys and Bulger didn't show today...

Delgado appreciates the remark, nods tight and heads inside.

COUNTRY MUSIC rises, the CHATTER of a crowd takes us to...

INT. GOOD HURT BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a feminine hand selecting a song from the jukebox.

PULL BACK to see CANDY (27): Tank top and skin tight jeans, a goddess of Good Hurt. Female body's a thing of beauty.

TITLE BURN: *LAREDO, TEXAS - US/MEXICO BORDER - ONE WEEK LATER*

Candy glides to a billiard table through the crowded room. Many eyes cop a look, but we move to a pair in particular...

AT THE BAR. A well-built MARCUS LATTIMORE (30s) tracks her every move. Dark and handsome, most female eyes probably watch him. A little edge and the confidence to go with it.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

She's just your type, Marc.

His longtime friend, ADRIAN SHAW (30s) speaks up: A lady killer himself. More good looks than he's ever cared to be conscious of. Blonde, athletic, looks military.

MARCUS

That's what I'm worried 'bout.

Adrian's eyes join Marcus' as they watch Candy and her friend, TIFFANY (20s), at the billiard table.

ADRIAN

She with him?

He tips his beer towards a bull of a man, TOMMY LEE, leaning against the far wall and keeping a close eye on Candy.

MARCUS

Be my guess.

ADRIAN

Explains why none of these other fellas has taken a pass at her yet.

They glance at each other, cracking smiles. Game on.

ADRIAN

I'll take the friend... Got bigger tits anyway.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus strides over, Bud Heavy in hand, confidence to the brim. Adrian follows, breaking off to intercept Tiffany.

MARCUS

Couldn't help but notice you ladies playin' pool alone...

She lines up a shot, doesn't even lift her eyes.

CANDY  
Ever wonder why that might be?

*CRACK!* Candy buries the six in the far pocket.

MARCUS  
I'm guessing it's the redneck  
wallflower over there. Thinks you  
belong to 'im... You his property?

CANDY  
I'm sorry, but I don't *belong* to  
anybody...

She glances up into his smile. Now she's interested.

MARCUS  
What's your name?

CANDY  
Candy.

MARCUS  
Isn't that sweet... Last name Cane?  
I'm Marcus.

She plays tough, but her eyes are already in bed with him.

MARCUS  
That there's Adrian... He likes  
your friend. Tried tellin' him you  
were the better looker, but he  
don't listen all that well...

CANDY  
Can't blame 'em... She got bigger  
tits.

He's in love.

MARCUS  
I buy ya a drink?

CANDY  
If you wanna get your ass kicked.

He smiles, doesn't scare easy. Adrian notes the remark, locks eyes with Marcus. An understanding.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER - NIGHT

Two COUNTRY BOYS hold Marcus against a wall while Tommy Lee rains BODY SHOTS into his gut.

Candy and Tiffany stand nearby, trying to help.

CANDY  
God dammit, Tommy Lee! STOP IT!

It's not even a fight. It's an ass-kicking.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A Chevy pick-up idles in the darkened rear corner of the lot, lights off, muffler HISSING hot air.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Adrian sits alone, body lost in darkness. Eyes painted with WHITE LIGHT thrown from the rear view as he watches...

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy Lee shake the sting from his fist and Marcus spit warm blood, when suddenly...

WHOOP-WHOOP! Police SIRENS come to life. The Country Boys dash like roaches. A SPOTLIGHT scans the lot. Only Marcus remains, writhing in pain.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Adrian shakes his head, throws the truck in gear and eases into the gas, leaving his friend behind.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Marcus lies facedown in the dirt. Sirens throw red-blue lights across the lot. People gather to watch, curious.

A LAREDO COP pops the trunk on an ALL-BLACK COUGAR. Marcus watches the inevitable. Hands cuffed. Face vacant.

EXT. RIVERWIND INDIAN CASINO - DAY

Gaudy NEONS cycle continuously along the overhang. A navy blue sedan, FBI markings, pulls to the curb. Out steps...

SPECIAL AGENT DAVID HAYES: 40s, brash but haunted. He was athletic, the body quit early. Still holds a grudge. He was going to be different.

TITLE BURN: *NORMAN, OKLAHOMA - TWO DAYS LATER*

Hayes flashes FBI credentials to a VALET. Enters at a clip.

INT. RIVERWIND INDIAN CASINO - POKER ROOM - DAY

Hayes moves along the wall, briefcase in hand. His clothes feign class, face unshaven and tired. Running on fumes.

He nears a table of COWBOYS playing high stakes Hold 'Em, keeping his eyes trained on the player with the big stack:

BROOKE BENEDICT: 30s, strikingly beautiful but unabashedly rough around the edges. Tousled hair above white tee and jeans. The usual attire.

There's no doubt she doesn't quite fit the bill for the type surrounding this table. Hayes finds it amusing.

AT THE TABLE.

The men shake their heads as Brooke rakes in the winnings. CHET, the big fella across the table, was last to fold...

CHET  
Can we at least see 'em, so I feel  
better about folding those tens?

BROOKE  
Go 'head. Curious myself.

Chet looks. Smiles and tosses down her THREE/FIVE OFF SUIT.

CHET  
(under his breath)  
Sonofabitch...

BROOKE  
Gotta keep your hands off those  
chips, Chet. You're shuffling half  
the stack when you got high pair.  
That's too easy.

He hangs his head like a scolded child. The other players laugh, used to her much appreciated pointers.

HAYES (O.S.)  
Doctor Benedict?

Brooke pauses, not used to being called that in this place. She turns to see Agent Hayes just behind, FBI badge out.

HAYES  
Can we talk?

CHET  
Finally. Somebody gonna prove she's  
an evil, cheatin'...

BROOKE  
 (points directly at him)  
 Chet. Don't you dare.

INT. SMOKING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hayes sits in a booth across from Brooke. These two have a history and it shows. She signals a waiter to bring the usual, not interested in whatever Hayes is offering.

BROOKE  
 I need a drink. You want one?

HAYES  
 No thanks. I quit that...

BROOKE  
 The missus?

Hayes glances to his wedding band, slips the hand into his lap, smiles polite. She senses that struck a nerve.

HAYES  
 She ain't around anymore... Ring's  
 a habit.

A beat as she processes. Hoping that's not why he's here.

HAYES  
 Don't worry. Ain't why I'm here.

He slides a manila folder across the table.

HAYES  
 I need your help... Sure you heard  
 'bout the Spiller case. Been all  
 over the news...

He nods to a TV screen overhead: *HOMICIDE IN KINGFISHER scrolls. REPORTERS cover the action from Main Street.*

BROOKE  
 (nods)  
 Why you involved?

HAYES  
 Family had a little girl. Couldn't  
 find her...

Brooke opens the folder, glances at the Spiller case file.

HAYES  
 Least not a body.

She stops, closes the file, places it back on the table.

BROOKE

Hate to rain on your parade, Hayes.  
But I read people now. Don't find  
'em anymore.

HAYES

That's all I'm asking you to do.

BROOKE

(beat)  
News didn't say you had suspects.

HAYES

Few locals... Landowner named  
Hector Delgado was the primary...  
But nobody capable of this...

He shakes his head slow and deliberate, flips to a PHOTO OF  
THE CRIME SCENE: Blood and gore coat the Spiller study.

The image has no affect on Brooke.

HAYES

'Till we found the killer... Good  
ol' boy. Former Delta Force... Man  
that's probably done worse. He's  
psych trained to resist all kindsa  
shit and a polygraph didn't help.  
(smiles weak)  
I can't get anything...

She sees this is hard for him. She likes it.

BROOKE

I'm not FBI anymore, Hayes...

HAYES

That's right... You got a cushy  
desk job, now...

He pulls out a PICTURE OF JENNY AND NATHAN: he's dressed in  
military uniform, could be coming home from a tour overseas.

HAYES

...But that ain't the girl I knew.

A beat as Brooke's eyes linger on the image. She knows  
exactly why he chose to show this photo.

BROOKE

How long's she been gone?

HAYES

Nine days.

She tenses a bit, knows that's not good.

BROOKE

No note?

He shakes his head, knows she's considering.

HAYES

Now or never. You know that.

He stands, slaps a \$20 on the table.

HAYES

And you look good, Brooke.

Hayes leaves as the waiter returns with her order. She looks to the drink while Hayes walks away. Makes her decision.

BROOKE

Hayes!

He keeps walking, knows he's got her. Smiles to himself.

EXT. MAIN STREET, KINGFISHER - DAY

FBI sedan drives the strip. Tragedy smothers like a blanket. Ice cream shop and theater now closed. CUSTOMERS dawdle from Holland's diner, fanning themselves against humid air.

HAYES (V.O.)

Town's a bit shook up right now...

INT. FBI SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Hayes eyes Brooke's legs, now tightly bound in a pencil skirt. Very professional. Pressed blazer, little makeup.

HAYES

The family was well known. Father was a marine turned mechanic. Fixed farm machinery, did custom metal work to pay the bills...

Brooke feels the weight of this crime. Her mind drifts, watching Esther Holland lifelessly water flowers on the walk.

HAYES

You gonna be alright?

BROOKE

Yea... Just been awhile.

He nods, understanding.

EXT. KINGFISHER POLICE STATION - DAY

A flurry of activity. REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN mill about, descending upon this small town like locusts.



HAYES  
Stay with me.

Hayes guides Brooke through the MASS OF LOCALS gathered at the entrance: Men and women. Blue collar. Seeking answers.

Their leader, RHETT CHILDRESS (40s, former football star, now just too drunk to scare), fronts strength for the crowd.

RHETT  
That bastard needs to rot in hell!

His wife, PEGGY CHILDRESS (39), pulls their son close.

DEPUTIES HUNTER FINK (20s, muscular but baby faced) and CESAR MORENO (30s, Hispanic) open the door for Hayes and Brooke.

DEPUTY FINK  
That's enough, Rhett! Go on home,  
let us do our job.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Hayes leads Brooke inside. Circular fans SQUEAK overhead, strained from overuse. Four desks, aging computers, faded wood paneling on the walls.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Simple room. Square, neat. Brooke enters just ahead of Hayes.

HAYES  
(shaking hands)  
Sheriff Walsh. Dr. Brooke Benedict.

WALSH  
Have a seat.

Brooke sits awkwardly, fidgets to cross her legs. Never been comfortable in proper dress.

Walsh sits slow. He's in tatters. Coffee in hand looks to be the only thing keeping him upright. Trying to hide the hurt.

WALSH  
My deputy set you up with a motel  
off the 33... Need anything else,  
don't be afraid t'ask.

BROOKE  
Thank you Sheriff. That'll be fine.

He nods, moving on.

WALSH

Hayes says you used to be FBI, now you... detect lies for a livin'?

BROOKE

Part right... I'm a psychologist. I analyze subject emotion and micro-expression... for lies, yes.

He deliberately wipes sweat from his brow.

WALSH

That help more with poker or kidnappings?

She reads his doubt. It's not hard.

BROOKE

...Most abductions involve family members... Hard to look a father in the eye and know he hurt his own son... I'm better at readin' it than a polygraph.

WALSH

(undecided)

Hayes thinks it'll find Jenny... Suppose we'd give it a shot.

She doesn't appreciate the slight.

BROOKE

Jenny's been gone ten days with no ransom note, Sheriff. After fourteen, chances of findin' her are almost zero.

(beat)

I recommend we get started.

Hayes smiles at the small boldness, remembers her fire.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Brooke follows as the men lead her through the old building. Hayes hands over a threatening MUGSHOT OF MARCUS.

HAYES

Marcus Lattimore. Picked 'im up for a bar fight in Laredo, Texas night b'fore last.

Past empty drunk tanks, a visitors room, pay phones.

HAYES

Specially trained in weapons and tactics...

HAYES (CONT'D)  
 Damn near first on the ground in  
 Afghanistan after nine-eleven.

Walsh opens a door for Brooke and Hayes to enter.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The open air building is sticky with summer humidity. A circular fan blows, slowly arcing relief.

Recording equipment and case notes fill the only table. TWO-WAY MIRROR on one wall looks into the INTERROGATION ROOM.

HAYES  
 He's stickin' to his story. Claims  
 he knows nothin' and refused a  
 lawyer.

Brooke nods, takes a mental note.

HAYES  
 Don't know it'd do him much good.  
 (beat; off her look)  
 Laredo cops ran the plates on his  
 car. Came up stolen... Found a pair  
 of boots that match prints from the  
 Spiller's and a 12-gauge that could  
 be the murder weapon in the  
 trunk... He was runnin' for the  
 border, we caught a break.

BROOKE  
 Background?

HAYES  
 What you seen's what we have. CIA  
 buried everything once he made  
 Delta. Sonofabitch's like a ghost.

Brooke considers, doesn't like it.

BROOKE  
 Spiller was military too...

HAYES  
 'Bout the only connection we got...  
 But, Spiller was a marine. Never  
 served together.  
 (beat)  
 Witnesses say he had a friend at  
 the bar. Got the word out for any  
 known associates... Nothing yet.

She nods, looks to the interrogation room.

BROOKE  
 Let's see him.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - MOMENTS LATER

-- Concrete. Single light. Marcus reads peacefully on his cot. Legs crossed, feet up. A man comfortable with solitude.

-- He stands. Moves to the bars. Deputy Moreno handcuffs his wrists. No resistance. Calculated movement hides danger.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Hayes eyes Brooke. Remembers those hips fondly. She does her best to ignore it, flipping through grisly IMAGES FROM THE CRIME SCENE: *Marcus in military gear, Spiller family, etc.*

All look up when the interrogation room door swings open and Deputy Moreno guides Marcus inside, chains him to the floor.

Brooke studies his every move. Surprised by his appearance. His good looks. Tracks him as a man not afraid. Calm. Confident. Not the look of a cold blooded killer.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcus is oddly stolid, considering. Eyes in the direction of the mirror but focus locked beyond. Thousand yard stare.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Hayes notes Brooke's attention. Eyes fixed on Marcus.

HAYES  
Ain't playing cards anymore,  
Brooke... He's scary good.

She catches herself, turns back.

BROOKE  
You bring me here to help or to  
watch, Hayes?

Walsh exhales a plume of smoke, admires her backbone.

HAYES  
Alright... Let's go.

BROOKE  
Let me try it alone.

Hayes looks to Walsh, thinking it over.

HAYES  
...Used to do this together.

BROOKE  
Lot we used to do together...

He gets it. Things have changed. Nods.

HAYES

Be smart.

She gently takes the case file, moves to exit.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus' gaze shifts to the door as it opens to reveal Brooke. Finds her eyes, holds steady. There's a moment. A spark.

She cheats confidence, walks tall, moves to sit at the table. Room's hotter than hell. Stifling. It takes her breath away.

BROOKE

Hello, Marcus.

He doesn't respond. Just follows her legs, every muscle twitch. An undeniable physical attraction. Both know it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayes sees it too, not thrilled. Chemistry clear as crystal.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brooke sits, forces her legs crossed. Playing refined.

BROOKE

I'm here to ask you a few questions 'bout the disappearance of Jennifer Spiller...

MARCUS

Hayes lose that privilege?

BROOKE

...Agent Hayes is busy trying to solve this case. Something you might be able to help us with...

MARCUS

(interrupting)  
You FBI?

She gives the slightest glance to the mirror. Marcus sees it.

BROOKE

Been that way for ten years.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smoke billows out of Walsh's lungs as he and Agent Hayes keep an eye on Brooke. They can hear every word.

WALSH  
He's gonna chew her up.

HAYES  
Don't sell 'er short. Girl's  
tougher'n she looks.

Walsh inhales deep, still not convinced.

HAYES  
She was nineteen for nineteen in  
child abductions. Any kid got taken  
in Oklahoma, she got 'em back.

WALSH  
...She quit?

HAYES  
Went nineteen for twenty.

He understands, shakes his head soft.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brooke plays calm, appears composed. Marcus is stone cold.

MARCUS  
What's your name?

BROOKE  
Brooke... Brooke Benedict.

MARCUS  
Not Special Agent Benedict?

He smiles, sees right through her.

ANGLE BELOW THE TABLE: Brooke's nerves swell, legs tense, and her foot begins to tap air slowly.

BROOKE  
Thought maybe we'd talk like we  
were just two people... As if I  
weren't FBI.

MARCUS  
OK, Brooke Benedict... Just people.

BROOKE  
Good... Can we begin?

MARCUS  
People don't ask if they can begin.  
People just start.

She gives a sardonic smile, takes a beat before continuing.

BROOKE

There's no way to sugarcoat this, Marcus... We found the murder weapon in your trunk... along with boots that match prints from the Spillers... It won't take much convincing to get a jury to give you the needle.

(beat)

Only way you come outta this alive is to give us Jenny... Where is she, Marcus?

He holds her stare, knows she's not getting anything, and like playing a game, he decides to change the pace.

MARCUS

What's a pretty thing like you doin' workin' FBI in middle a fuckin' nowhere, Oklahoma?

She's thrown off for an instant, but recovers.

BROOKE

...Middle a fuckin' nowhere's not so easy to leave...

He smiles, well aware of his position, her quip.

BROOKE

Been in Oklahoma since I was ten. Figured FBI'd be a good way out.

MARCUS

Would've thought gettin' out'd be easy for you.

Predatory eyes look her up and down, taking in every detail.

BROOKE

(annoyed)

...Where's Jenny, Marcus?

MARCUS

No... Too proud for that. Raised too good to let them long legs do your talkin'...

UNDER THE TABLE: Marcus is a statue, body static, while Brooke's TAPPING quickens. High heels pulsing rapidly.

ON BROOKE: Upper body feigns control. Keeps that poker face.

BROOKE

We don't have time to play games...

He considers, tries to read her. Return the favor.

MARCUS  
You a daddy's girl, Brooke?

Her legs shift to the side, angled away from him. A subtle, nervous turn and he notes it. Smiles slight.

MARCUS  
What's wrong? Daddy never teach you  
how to sit down in that tiny ass  
dress?

That lands. She straightens.

BROOKE  
Pretty good, Marcus... You get all  
that just now?  
(beat)  
Want some kinda prize? A pat on the  
back for wasting our time and  
Jenny's?

MARCUS  
What the hell this girl mean t'you?  
You know that family?

BROOKE  
...Seems you see things just fine.  
You tell me.

She reads a sudden intensity in him and it's frightening.

MARCUS  
Tell you one thing I see... See you  
pretending to be somethin' you  
ain't. And it's not very becomin'.

BROOKE  
Could say the same about you,  
Marcus. I've seen your record...

MARCUS  
(interrupting)  
Lady, don't even try'n tell me what  
I am... I've seen things you  
thought only existed in nightmares.  
Things your daddy didn't prepare  
you for, and I see right through  
that bullshit false pride...

He delivers these words like a knockout punch.



MARCUS

Sitting here, lookin' at nothin'  
more'n a spooked little girl,  
spends her life tryin' to prove she  
can hang with the boys.

She clenches her jaw, the words sting. He's well aware.

MARCUS

So, *Special Agent Benedict...*  
Before you gonna start askin' me  
questions, make sure you can handle  
the fuckin' answers.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hayes and Walsh realize it's over. She's done.

WALSH

Go get 'er...

HAYES

I'm goin'.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcus leans back, satisfied. He took round one. Brooke breaths heavy, unable to find the words when Hayes STORMS IN.

He locks eyes with Marcus, and we immediately sense there's no love lost between these two.

HAYES

(gently, to Brooke)  
Come on, let's go.

He takes Brooke delicately by the arm. Marcus notices the physicality, the way Hayes touches her. It upsets him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke storms out the back door, body shaking. She's a mess of emotions, angry with herself for cracking.

Tears well behind the eyes as she watches heat vapor radiate off the Oklahoma vista beyond and she's hit by a memory...

**QUICK FLASHBACK:** *Her world is replaced by high contrast and harsh colors. YOUNGER BROOKE (6), with tears in her eyes, steps out of a swaying Midwest corn field.*

A MAN (30s) SHOUTS at her from a nearby farm house. It's threatening. The girl makes a decision, takes off running back into the endless cornfield. He gives chase. She hides, diving for cover in the unruly stalks.

PRESENT BROOKE fights away the image. She lights a cigarette. Leans against hot cement, inhales heavy.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - DAY

Delgado walks a prized Arabian in a dusty corral. He runs his hands along the horse's muzzle as a reward for the trot.

He's interrupted when Charlie Levitt approaches, an obedient PITBULL doddering between him and another taciturn man...

JAVIER SOTO (40s): an angular Salvadorean with an off-putting appearance. Thick cataracts dirty his eyes to the point of near blindness, his face and neck blanketed with tattoos.

CHARLIE

Nothin' on them Dominguez boys,  
boss.

DELGADO

And Bulger?

Charlie lights a cigarette, exhales smiling.

CHARLIE

That three fingered fuck's been  
gone since day before Spiller's  
happened...

DELGADO

I don't see any reason to be  
smiling, Charlie.

Charlie reads the threat, loses the grin.

DELGADO

What are the police doing?

CHARLIE

Got a suspect. Been all over the  
news...

Delgado pauses, slightly perturbed. Charlie takes a measured drag, notes his bosses hesitation.

CHARLIE

Rhett Childress' been down there  
givin' everybody hell... Gettin'  
reporters all worked up.

Delgado nods his disapproval, grabs a carrot, feeds a horse.

DELGADO

Talk to him for me... Tell him to  
leave it alone.

CHARLIE  
No problem, boss...

DELGADO  
Until the police have their answer,  
keep looking for those boys... Make  
sure they had nothing to do with  
Spiller.

Delgado bends to pat the homely dog's head, looking the  
scarred animal in its amber eyes.

DELGADO  
And get rid of these dogs, Charlie.  
You're smarter than that.

Charlie looks away ashamed as Delgado leaves. Javier drags a  
smoke and starts to laugh at Charlie's cowardice.

CHARLIE  
Fuck you.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

As the sun sets, the front lawn comes alive with FLICKERING  
LIGHTS. A candlelight vigil. Thirty or so people gather to  
show their respect for the family. REPORTERS capture it all.

Chuck and Esther Holland pass votive candles to neighbors.  
PASTOR SEAN MACY (40s, amiable) leads a small prayer group.  
People looking to one another for comfort and security.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DUSK

Sheriff Walsh watches the mourners outside with weary eyes.  
Lights a cigarette. NEWS TEAMS load their vehicles out front.  
He hates this. Hates the attention and the cause.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - NIGHT

Marcus stands at his small barred window. Surveys mourners  
and reporters gathering outside. Moves to sit in the dark.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Agent Hayes sips a cup of coffee, cell phone to the ear. It  
BEEPS audibly, followed by a muffled VOICE MAILBOX MESSAGE.

He hangs up, turning to find Brooke standing in the room. She  
reads his pain, plays it off.

HAYES  
Y'alright?

BROOKE  
Are you?

He laughs small, nods.

HAYES  
Shouldn't have put you in there  
alone. It's been a while...

She doesn't want his sympathy.

BROOKE  
You didn't *put me* anywhere. I blew  
that one... Won't happen again.

Looking to the ground, Hayes twists his wedding band  
unconsciously. She sees it, understands.

BROOKE  
I want to see the house...

HAYES  
Maybe you should get outta here for  
the night. Go get some rest...

BROOKE  
(firm)  
Hayes. I'm fine.

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Hayes' sedan kicks up gravel, comes to a stop out front.

INT. SPILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door CREAKS open. FLASHLIGHTS gambol into the foyer  
and Hayes lifts caution tape, Brooke ducks under, he follows.

Hayes steers his light into the adjacent study.

HAYES  
It happened in there...

Brooke's not listening, attention drawn upstairs. Hayes  
shakes his head as she starts to climb.

INT. JENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Light beam leading her eyes, Brooke takes in Jenny's room:  
stuffed animals, stars above -- a place brimming with love.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke scans the room as it was left: sheets ruffled, pillow  
case missing, but everything else is perfect, no clutter.

Hayes steps into the room, his light joins hers.

BROOKE  
 Military man.

Hayes understands, *the man was organized*. Nods.

BROOKE  
 You said he worked metal. Where's  
 the shop?

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Hayes stands at the door while Brooke moves gracefully through narrow rows, flashlight studying the organization: all the tools labeled, hung in rows, spotless.

A FAINT RINGING and she turns as Hayes answers his PHONE.

HAYES  
 (into the phone)  
 Agent Hayes.

Her light finds his face and they lock eyes, big news.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hayes storms into the station, Brooke just behind. Officers Fink and Moreno follow their movement with anxious eyes.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

They enter at a clip, Hayes and Brooke turning their attention to the glass, looking in on...

ADRIAN. Basked in STERILE WHITE LIGHT. He sits alone, chained in place, feels eyes watching through the two-way.

Brooke studies him through the glass. Hayes scans his FILE.

HAYES  
 Name's Adrian Shaw... Also former Delta. Multiples place him at the bar in Laredo with Lattimore... Border Patrol stopped him at the bridge in Brownsville.

He shakes his head, can't believe the luck.

BROOKE  
 Reynolds on your ass for this?

HAYES  
 It's all over the news... Already wants to transfer them to OKC.

BROOKE  
 (beat; doesn't like it)  
 Movin' them'll only hurt your  
 chances...

HAYES  
 Won't happen... Marcus says if he's  
 transferred, he calls a lawyer.

Brooke turns to him, eyes question the statement. He shrugs.

HAYES  
 Figure it'll buy us a few days...

Brooke reads the situation, knows his ass is on the line. She  
 considers a moment before turning to the door.

HAYES  
 Where you going?

BROOKE  
 To redeem myself.

He smiles slight, watching her body as she turns to exit.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adrian bites his nails nervously, chewing to the skin. Glazed  
 eyes follow as Brooke enters.

BROOKE  
 Adrian Shaw. I'm Special Agent  
 Brooke Benedict with Oklahoma City  
 FBI. I'm here to ask you a few  
 questions 'bout the Spiller case?

She sits, deliberately crossing her legs. Nerves waning.

BROOKE  
 I specialize in kidnappings.  
 Finding children like the girl you  
 took from the Spiller's...

ADRIAN  
 I didn't take anybody...

BROOKE  
 I'm sorry... The one you're *accused*  
 of taking.

He checks the CLOCK on the wall. She notes it.

BROOKE  
 You been here a while. I apologize  
 for keepin' you waiting.

He doesn't like being studied, anger waxing.

ADRIAN  
 No need. Got nothin' but time...  
 (sneering)  
 Ain't that way for everybody  
 though, is it?

BROOKE  
 (beat; fuck you)  
 Let's continue.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walsh enters and sees Hayes watching the proceedings through the glass. He moves to join, lights a cigarette.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adrian's face is that of a guilty child, a devilish smirk.

ADRIAN  
 Already said I know Marc, but I had  
 nothin' to do with that family.

The serious, chilled nature of his voice is unsettling. He leans back, loosens up a bit. Chews nail. SPITS.

ADRIAN  
 But, I'll tell you somethin' I  
 heard long time ago, might help...  
 (chuckles)  
 Heard if there weren't no such  
 thing as the devil... Hell'd be run  
 by the dollar bill.

Her mind's working fast. Studying his eyes. He blinks quick. Runs a cuffed hand over his buzzed head. Cracks a grin. She's formulating a plan, her next move.

ADRIAN  
 You find the money, you find the  
 motive...

Brooke leans in, goes on the offensive.

BROOKE  
 I don't need your advice, Adrian.  
 What I need is to find a little  
 girl. And right now, I don't really  
 care if you did kill that man and  
 his wife. I just need to know where  
she is...

ADRIAN  
 There wasn't no wife...

A long beat. His eyes flutter, knows he fell into her trap, hates himself for it. Back to grinding those nails.

She considers. *Too easy.* Trusts her gut.

BROOKE  
It was all his idea wasn't it? He's  
the leader?

Adrian looks away, had enough.

BROOKE  
You sick of being the follower,  
Adrian?  
(beat)  
That why you left Marcus behind in  
Laredo? Let him take the fall?

He shakes his head, scratches an arm, all nerve that she's not buying. She stands suddenly, motion like a shock to him.

ADRIAN  
That's all you got?

BROOKE  
Don't think I'd be too happy to see  
you if I were Marcus.

His eyes lift to her face, sees were this is going.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brooke slips out. Fink locks the door behind and she takes a moment to compose herself, closes her eyes, breathes deep.

BROOKE  
Let's take him back to his cell.

FINK  
Together?

BROOKE  
Together.

She's getting it back. Fink nods, moves to open the door.

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CHAINS RATTLING cement as Deputy Fink leads Adrian down the darkened corridor. Brooke follows, just behind.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - CONTINUOUS

CLANGCLANG...CLAGNCLANG... Marcus sits up at the approaching sound, watching the edge of his cell as it nears, when...



ADRIAN shuffles into view. Shock hits like a gut punch, but he keeps it tight until Brooke catches his eye.

She clocks his surprise, not even a hint of anger. She keeps moving and Marcus averts his eyes, didn't like that.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke enters, mind working fast. She pulls a PHOTO from the case file. Walsh is confused, trying to figure her play.

HAYES  
Where'd you go?

WALSH  
You had 'em on the ropes...

She's not listening.

BROOKE  
Get Marcus back in there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Brooke smokes to settle the nerves, when the door opens and Deputy Fink leads Marcus inside, chains him in place.

MARCUS  
You ready for them answers now?

BROOKE  
(beat)  
Just want one, Marcus.

He sits tight. *Go ahead.*

BROOKE  
What went wrong?  
(beat)  
I've seen your record. Know you can kill... But, why'd you lose your edge... do a chicken shit thing like kidnap a child?

She slides the photo of Jenny and Nathan across to him. Tracks his reaction. He doesn't even blink, but her eyes are looking deep inside, instinct taking over.

BROOKE  
You get set up? Somebody convince you Spiller had money?  
(beat)  
Didn't like that... So, you kill a marine and his son, take Jenny to prove a point? That the type of man you are?

Marcus averts his eyes. Looking to the door, the clock above.

BROOKE  
 Figured you were better'n that,  
 Marcus... Thought I was dealing  
 with a hero.  
 (shakes her head)  
 You're not a hero... Nothing but a  
 common thug with anger issues, and  
 a disgrace to that uniform you used  
 to wear.

Marcus turns back slow and she sees a flash of rage behind those eyes. It's small, but there it is, real anger.

MARCUS  
 You really think questionin' my  
 morals gonna get you anywhere?  
 (beat; leans in)  
 Told Hayes I didn't touch that  
 family. Don't matter what picture  
 you wanna put in front of me...

She smiles. He's good, but she still sees something.

BROOKE  
 Adrian isn't helping your case...  
 You're much better... Shoulda  
 walked him through this.

MARCUS  
 I don't speak for Adrian.

BROOKE  
 Wasn't supposed to be here, was he?

He holds tight, both know she's right.

BROOKE  
 What happened, Marcus? Who got the  
 best of you?

There's a loaded pause, eyes locked. He knows what she's doing, looking past the surface, trying to read his thoughts.

MARCUS  
 Seein' any answers in there?

She smiles. Stands to leave, turns back from the door.

BROOKE  
 I've seen enough, Marcus.

CLANG. Fink opens the door and she exits, leaving Marcus alone with the photograph. He glances into the two-way mirror and can't help but smile at her resolve.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke enters, replaying the conversation in her mind. Both men watch, curious to see where this goes.

BROOKE  
We're wasting time...  
(beat)  
You have the wrong men.

Her words hit like a dead blow hammer.

HAYES  
What're you talking about, Brooke?

BROOKE  
Why'd you bring me here, Hayes?

He understands, says nothing. She points to the interrogation room, where Fink unlocks Marcus.

BROOKE  
These two have seen interrogations  
like this before. They were ready  
for it...

HAYES  
Adrian was a mess in there.

BROOKE  
C'mon Hayes. The nail biting...  
Nervous ticks. That don't seem  
rehearsed to you?

Hayes fears where this is going. Face blank, distant.

BROOKE  
Only thing real was Marcus'  
surprise when he saw Adrian and  
that anger... He's proud... And  
he's good.

WALSH  
You sayin' they planned this?

BROOKE  
I'm sayin' there's more to this...  
Both of them say they had nothing  
to do with the Spillers but don't  
want a lawyer?

She lets that sink in.

HAYES  
Why would they do that...

BROOKE

I don't know... *Attention?* Maybe they're buying time... We got fire, we won't be looking for smoke.

Hayes is fuming. She knows it.

BROOKE

Why're they in custody? *Lost a bar fight?*

A beat as they both consider.

BROOKE

How many people on the planet you think could take either of them in a bar fight?

They both know the answer's *not many*.

HAYES

Jesus Christ, Brooke. Another Delta crossing the border? The boots?... Murder weapon?

(beat)

Evidence ain't coincidental.

BROOKE

It's circumstantial's what it is... What's the motive? Why the Spillers? You even question that?

There's an almost imperceptible anger rising in Hayes. Brooke knows it well. Even Walsh can read the history between them.

HAYES

Motive was money. They were after the strong box...

BROOKE

For what? Five thousand dollars? Spiller was a farmer with a fireproof safe in the wall.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Hayes. But these two are smarter than that...

Walsh considers. His opinion starting to sway.

HAYES

Jenny's been gone over a week... Could be a week since she had food or water...

BROOKE

What if I'm right?

He holds her stare for a weighted second. She keeps pushing.

BROOKE  
Call it intuition if you want, but  
I'm telling you... keep looking.

HAYES  
These boys know where she is.  
(beat)  
If you wanna sit here'n play games,  
I sincerely hope you can handle her  
death on your conscience...

Hayes exits, infuriated. This is his skill in question. It's a moment before Brooke speaks.

BROOKE  
Sheriff. We could be wasting time.

She studies his reaction. His mind saying one thing, heart another. He gives a subtle nod. He'll trust her.

BROOKE  
What else do we know? Need to find  
out why it was the Spillers. Nine  
times out of ten a kidnapping's  
personal. Give me anything you have  
that could help.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS kick on. Walsh leads Brooke into a small room chock-full of filing cabinets. He finds a select folder.

WALSH  
Hayes's already been through this,  
but that's all we have on Nathan...  
Ain't much to have.

She opens the file, scans it. Immediately taken by a thought.

BROOKE  
What happened to his wife?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walsh lights a cigarette, sits heavy.

Brooke stands across the desk, scanning a mess of NEWS PAPER CLIPPINGS. They announce: AN ACCIDENT, GUN FIRE, HOMICIDE...

INT. FORD TRUCK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*A reconstruction. Colors idyllic, almost bizarre. Nathan and his wife BRIANNE idle at a red light. The light turns green and Nathan accelerates, when...*

*SMASH! Their world SPINS out of control as another vehicle runs a red and SLAMS into the passenger door. The windshield EXPLODES, peppering the interior with glass shards...*

EXT. KINGFISHER STREET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

*Nathan's truck ROTATES WILDLY. The Chevy that T-Boned it RICOCHETS to the side, a mass of devastated metal.*

*A Bronco SKIDS to a halt nearby. TWO DRUG RUNNERS hop out of the rear, armed with SUB-MACHINE GUNS.*

*BUDDABUDDABUDDA! The men open fire on the totaled Chevy. Shots PLINK off the truck's metallic frame.*

EXT. KINGFISHER STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*Sheriff Walsh hauls ass to the scene. He finds Nathan, collapsed to the earth, Brianne in his lap. Shock hits.*

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walsh looks sick, replaying the scene in his mind. Impossible to tell if the events were his recollection or Brooke's assemblage of the details.

BROOKE

Drugs been a problem in Kingfisher?

WALSH

We have issues, same as anywhere else in the country.

(beat)

Never been anything like this... Before or since.

She nods, scanning the file.

BROOKE

Says here Nathan was arrested a month later?

WALSH

Just talked 'im down.

(beat)

Had too much t'drink, threatened Hector Delgado.

Brooke remembers the man she saw exit the station earlier.

BROOKE

Did he have reason to? Delgado have something to do with the death?

WALSH

Nathan sure thought he did.

There's a heavy pause as Walsh remembers a friend. Brooke studies his response, mind running over the facts.

WALSH  
We checked Delgado for this, if  
that's what you're gonna ask... Man  
keeps his hands clean.

He glances out the front window, swallows pain like a razor blade. Outside, the Holland's call it a night, packing up.

She reads the frustration, his body ripe with it. She doesn't know what else to say, just nods and moves to the door.

INT. SHOTS TAVERN - NIGHT

Rhett Childress downs a shot, smiles at the bartender, SUSAN BRADLEY (20s, a natural beauty). She reciprocates coyly and pours him another shot, one for herself.

SUSAN  
This one's on me.

He's intrigued, finds her eyes, likes his chances.

SUSAN  
Saw you at the station today.

RHETT  
That right?

SUSAN  
Lotta people lookin' up t'you.

RHETT  
Town ain't happy, that's for sure.

SUSAN  
You're doin' the right thing.

She smiles and together they throw back the shot. Rhett sits ever so slightly taller in his seat, confidence growing.

EXT. SHOTS TAVERN - PARKING LOT - LATER

Rhett's F-150 ROCKS HARD from the force within. Susan's head KNOCKS against the side window. MOANS muffled through glass.

EXT. SHOTS TAVERN - PARKING LOT - LATER

Rhett wavers, pissing under a car as Susan heads inside. It's a moment before he finishes. ZIPS. Turns to see...

Charlie and Javier blocking his exit between cars. He pauses, face goes white. Sanguine to skittish in a tick.

CHARLIE

You come a long way since high school, Rhett... Still fuckin' jail bait in the back of that truck.

RHETT

Fuck you. She's twenny.

Charlie spits sludge, tongue shifts dip.

CHARLIE

Yea? She look it.

RHETT

(beat)

What d'you want, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Here t'ask you to stay away from the police station... Mind yer own bidness... Kingfisher don't need that kind of attention.

RHETT

(cautious)

Police ain't doing shit.

CHARLIE

They got them boys. What more you want?

*SPLAT.* Charlie spits and Javier flips open a BUTTERFLY KNIFE. Rhett eyes the knife, holds his tongue.

CHARLIE

How 'bout you stick t'what yer good at... Fuckin' Susan Bradley out here in the parkin' lot.

(smiles)

Won't have no trouble then.

A heavy pause, Rhett has no move. He nods tight, understands.

CHARLIE

Thatta boy, Rhett.

(beat)

Be seein' ya around.

Javier shuts the knife with a practiced hand and they head off into the darkened lot. Rhett left fuming.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Hayes sits at a temp desk plodding through the case file. He pops a piece of Nicorette in his mouth and the PHONE RINGS.



HAYES  
 (into the phone)  
 Special Agent Hayes.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY FBI - CONTINUOUS

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE (SAIC) JIM REYNOLDS (50s) (a serious man, every day handsome) sits hunched at his desk, watching a flat screen. This man wears a heavy burden.

ON TV: *Images from Kingfisher; The candlelight vigil, Jenny, all smiles at the beach, mug shots of Marcus and Adrian.*

REYNOLDS  
 Hayes. It's Jim. Give me some good news about those boys.

INTERCUTTING --

HAYES  
 (beat)  
 I'm workin' on it.

REYNOLDS  
 This is getting more coverage than I expected. People don't like the unexplained. You understand?

A long moment. He does.

REYNOLDS  
 What about the little girl?

HAYES  
 I'll get her, Jim... You know my record.

REYNOLDS  
 Record's a thing of the past, Hayes.

HAYES  
 ...Yes sir.

REYNOLDS  
 This fuckin' thing's gonna drag us all down 'fore too long.  
 (beat)  
 Time to shit or get off the pot.

He hangs up, considering the TV with desperate eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Hayes slowly returns the phone to the cradle, ill at ease.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh looks distraught, makes his own decision. Grabs a flashlight, moves to the door pulling his hat on.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Sky blanketed with stars. Humidity of the day still sitting low. Sheriff Walsh moves deliberately down the front steps.

Chuck Holland sees him pass, jogs to catch up.

CHUCK  
Sheriff. Where ya headed?

WALSH  
I'm gonna find her, Chuck.

CHUCK  
We've searched those woods five times. Thank God she ain't there.  
(pleading)  
Go on home to Grace.

Walsh stops, looks him dead in the eye.

WALSH  
You wanna help or not?

Chuck sighs, looks back to his wife apologetically.

EXT. ROSE ROCK MOTEL - NIGHT

A Kingfisher black & white pulls into the lot, hurling light onto the face of the seedy lodging. Brooke steps out of the passenger door, leans back in to talk to Deputy Moreno.

BROOKE  
Gimme a minute, huh?

He smiles sympathetic, understands -- place isn't nice.

INT. ROSE ROCK MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open. Brooke stands in silhouette against the headlights from out front. She shakes her head.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

*CLICK.* Brooke's hand finds the light switch. Room goes white. She squints. Stained-yellow tile. Moldy shower curtain.

A beat. She takes a step in and looks to the mirror: a woman dressed professional, doubting her instincts. *Who is that?*

EXT. ROSE ROCK MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke exits with her bag, pausing to look across the street.

BROOKE'S P.O.V.: Lights pierce the night sky, heavy machines at work before an industrial plant: DELGADO AGRICULTURE.

An idea forms and she hops back into deputy Moreno's cruiser.

MORENO

Not up to your standards?

BROOKE

Ain't tired.

He smiles, throws it in gear, heads out.

EXT. DELGADO AGRICULTURE PACKAGING PLANT - NIGHT

A collection of warehouse-type buildings. All labeled as DELGADO'S PACKAGING PLANT.

Hector Delgado walks a lit path behind the facility, he lights a cigar as a FLATBED TRUCK RUMBLES by, parking beside others under the pale glow of industrial sodium lamps.

Charlie approaches and together they watch the men at work.

CHARLIE

Everything's good down south,  
boss... Gonna be a day early.

There's a beat and we sense the news is a surprise.

DELGADO

You talk to Childress?

CHARLIE

Yea. He ain't gonna be a problem.

(beat)

But, the FBI got a new girl in town  
t'talk to them boys at the  
station... Thought you should know.

Delgado turns through a pall of cigar smoke, considers.

DELGADO

Any news on the other three?

CHARLIE

Not yet.

DELGADO

Get me something, Charlie. I don't care who it is, just bring me somebody that knows where they are... Bulger most of all. I don't trust that son of a bitch.

Charlie nods tight, and together they watch RANCH HANDS, cowboy hats and flannel shirts, hop onto the trucks and begin unloading MASSIVE HAY BALES strapped to the back.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Hayes is alone in the dark. He's a mess, collar loosened. Eyes glazed from a lack of sleep as he runs over...

INTERROGATION TAPES on the computer. Rewinding and watching again. Checks notes, looking for anything he may have missed.

Brooke enters quiet, sits beside. Knows his torment.

BROOKE

I know you won't listen, but sleep'll do you better.

HAYES

Sleep ain't an option right now.  
(beat)  
I talked to Reynolds...

BROOKE

What'd you tell him? You've got nothing?

HAYES

We got blood.  
(beat; off her look)  
Leadin' outta the house. Don't belong to the father or son.

She nods, considering.

BROOKE

...That plant off the 33 belong to Hector Delgado?

HAYES

I don't want you going by Delgado's if that's what you're thinkin'.

BROOKE

That's sweet. You worried about me?

He shakes his head at the sarcasm and she stands, gently rubbing her hand along his thigh. He remembers that touch.

HAYES

You're not FBI anymore. Don't want  
you runnin' around like you were.

She opens the door, heads out.

BROOKE

*Somebody's* gotta find Jenny  
Spiller.

Hayes watches her body carefully as it moves out the door. He  
turns back to the tapes for a moment and a thought hits him.

He checks his pocket. *Son of a bitch...*

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Brooke moves down the steps pulling Hayes' keys. *BEEP BEEP*,  
she finds the sedan and heads out.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A team of flashlights cuts through darkness. Sheriff Walsh  
pushes forward maniacally, scanning the ground below. Chuck  
Holland struggles to keep up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chuck steps out of the woods with his head hung, exhausted,  
calling it a night. Walsh follows, he'd keep going, but  
they've literally searched every square inch.

Esther Holland waits by their truck, holding Styrofoam cups  
brimming with hot coffee. The men nod thankfully.

ESTHER

You tried, boys. All we can ask.

Walsh stares back into the thick woods, wondering if they  
missed something. Not really listening.

ESTHER

She's worried sick 'bout you,  
Everett.

He knows, nods slow.

WALSH

I know it.

INT. WALSH RESIDENCE - NIGHT

GRACE WALSH, a strong woman, nearly forty years the Sheriff's  
wife, pulls saran wrap over a plate of food on the table.

INT. KITCHEN - WALSH RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Light slices darkness as Grace puts her husband's meal in the fridge. There are three others just like it inside.

She sips red wine and washes dishes. Glances out the window.

GRACE'S P.O.V.: James Fenton sits on his porch across the street, smoking a cigarette. He can't sleep either.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - NIGHT

Hayes' FBI sedan parked on the shoulder in darkness. Lights off. Inside, Brooke watches TWO MEN smoking near the front entrance to Delgado's property. She exits quietly.

Brooke bends to remove her shoes, high heels not helping on the uneven surface. She keeps them in hand.

Spots a spread of stables and barn-type buildings bathed in cobalt moonlight. She glances down the road one last time, sees the men and makes a decision. Hops the fence.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Brooke's FOOTFALLS the only sound save a few quick DOG BARKS.

She pushes forward through waist high overgrowth. Sees light radiating from an open door, advances on it. Inside a group of RANCH HANDS enjoy the night off. The men are ARMED, sitting around a DOG FIGHTING PIT. PIT BULLS chained beside.

They shoot the shit in Spanish, spit tobacco, eyes on the aftermath of a vicious brawl. ONE MAN pulls a beaten dog from the ring. Warm blood runs from its neck and ears. Then...

CRACK. Brooke's foot breaks a twig. She holds her breath as the dogs turn, pure muscle itching for release.

The men glance outside, moving in her direction. A moment feels like eternity as one of them stands inches from her, looking out towards the road...

Where A CAR PARKS by hers, high beams punching through the night. The man spits, landing brown sludge beside Brooke, and the new car HONKS TWICE. They all look to the road.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Charlie steps out of his blue jeep and walks the edge of the road, moving towards the empty FBI sedan.

CHARLIE  
Got ourselves a visitor, Javier...  
Smells like a pig.

Javier joins, gazing out over the property. Through the years, they've developed a silent vernacular.

CHARLIE  
Yea. That'd be my guess. Snoopin'  
where they shouldn't be.

He unsheathes a BLADE, glistening austere under moonlight...  
*THWACK-PISTT!* and drives it to the hilt in car's rear tire.

CHARLIE  
Let's go see.

Javier hops the fence, up and over graceful as smoke.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

FLASHLIGHTS KICK ON and the men jog out of the corrugated steel building and scramble to comb the premise.

Brooke stays low, moves towards the road. Dogs SPRINT PAST.

Light FLICKERS through pitching wheat as Brooke runs. FLASHES. HOLLERING. DOGS BARKING. Brooke has to stop, her world starts to spin. Breaths hard. Choppy. Swallowing air...

**QUICK FLASHBACK:** *The purple glow of twilight. YOUNGER BROOKE (8) lies flat on her belly in a corn field. The beauty of the swaying crop contrasted sharply by the little girl's fear.*

*From her POV we see BOOTS stop at a few feet. A liquor bottle fall by their side. Younger Brooke gulps back a cry, a tear rolls down her cheek, drips to dry earth... The boots leave.*

PRESENT BROOKE on a knee. Hyperventilating as men scour the grounds nearby. She closes her eyes, forces her breathing to calm. Starts moving towards the road and...

A Pit suddenly appears feet from her, lumbering in pursuit... She freezes, holding her breath... but the dog's young, a puppy. It meets her gaze and they both pause... it leaves.

Brooke continues towards the fence. She hears *CRUNCHING*, grows louder... Turns to see an ADULT DOG not ten feet away. Thick drool pendent under chin. White teeth gleaming.

A beat. And the dog BREAKS, dead sprint for Brooke. She hauls to the fence, hops it in terror. Dog BARKS like a banshee.

She pulls herself together and moves to the road. Notes the BLUE JEEP parked silently behind her cruiser. She has A FLAT TIRE. Searching lights turn in her direction. She ducks below the fencing and starts a jog down the road...

A Ford Bronco HURTLES by, spotlight scanning the shoulder... Brooke ducks into the gully, tries to remain calm.

The truck slows right where she left the road. Bright light slowly arcing over the wheat's edge. Brooke stares back through the shadows of the pitching crop with baited breath.

A long still beat... And finally, the Bronco creeps away. Brooke exhales.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DELGADO'S RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Javier walks the road, eyes scanning for tracks when he notices something in overgrowth: A STILETTO-HEELED SHOE.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Swallows play across amber morning sun. Resting by the dozens on telephone wires. The day's young, the earth still.

Brooke sits on the front steps. She's dog tired, walked all night. Her clothes dirty, shoes missing. She shakes out her last cigarette as Hayes pulls up in his borrowed cruiser.

He approaches slowly, noticing her disheveled appearance.

HAYES

The hell happened to you?

She's not listening, lost in the sound of morning CICADAS BUZZING. Calling out to each other in evanescent song. They share a moment. Her mind running over the night's events.

BROOKE

Spiller thought Delgado was involved with his wife's death.  
(beat; off his look)  
Walsh told me 'bout the arrest.

Hayes looks to her bare feet, cut and bloodied. He glances around and sees no sign of his car.

HAYES

Where's my car, Brooke?

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - DAY

GOLDEN SUNLIGHT, a hot day. INSECTS BUZZ, CHIRP. Hector Delgado stands in tall grass with his sleeves rolled...

Staring at a FRIESIAN MARE in childbirth. Jet-black coat slicked and shiny with lifeblood. She doesn't make a sound.

RANCH HANDS assist, the horse JERKS with contractions and a new life emerges, dusty earth coating its wriggling form.



Delgado turns to the road, one hundred yards off, spotting a POLICE CRUISER sidle up beside another car, Brooke and Hayes exit. He wipes sweat from his brow, none too pleased.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - LATER

Concern washes over Hayes' face as he surveys the deliberate gash in the sedan's tire.

HAYES

What'd I tell you about comin' out here? Let me play detective. I'm better at it.

BROOKE

Adrian said find the money, you'll find the motive...

Hayes shakes his head.

BROOKE

Don't shake your head at me. Told you what I think. Didn't say you had to believe it.

HAYES

...Maybe I was wrong bringing you in on this.

She pauses, studying the doubt in his eyes.

BROOKE

Maybe.

(beat)

Or maybe you brought me in 'cause you're not even convinced anymore.

He focuses, locks eyes with her.

HAYES

Don't try'n read me, Brooke. It ain't gonna get you anywhere...

BROOKE

Hasn't failed me yet.

Frustration becomes anger. He knows where this is headed.

BROOKE

How'd she work out, Hayes? The one you told me you weren't seein'?

She almost regrets the words before they leave her mouth.

Hayes gives up, moves to the trunk. He pulls a spare and jack, tosses them on the ground, landing heavy.

HAYES

There's a reason I tell you to stay outta something... It's for your own good.

He SLAMS the trunk, moves to the driver's side.

HAYES

Rich men tend to have secrets, Brooke... Delgado's not the type you want to be messin' with.

BROOKE

I think he's exactly the type you should be messin' with!

HAYES

You think I don't know that?!

A long beat as they both calm down.

HAYES

Reynolds's had an eye on Delgado fer three years. He hasn't slipped up yet... And Christ, Brooke. I've already been out here for the Spiller case.

(beat; off her look)

Found nothin' but a few ranch hands breakin' laws. You want me to lock them up for fighting dogs?

BROOKE

(beat)

I don't want you to give up yet.

HAYES

It ain't giving up, if I'm right.

She holds his stare until he gives in and moves to the car. Looking out to the road ahead, the case eating him alive.

HAYES

We're down to three days... Then odds are zero...

BROOKE

I know the odds.

HAYES

Then act like it.

They share a look, and for a moment, both remember why they didn't work out. He yanks the car in gear and heads off.

She finally lets her guard down. She's worried. It shows.

A praying VOICE RISES OFF SCREEN.

PASTOR MACY (O.S.)  
 ...With all who have faithfully  
 served You in the past...

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Pastor Macy leads his flock. Standing room only. Mourners joined in hardship. They look to him with earned respect.

LARGE PHOTOS stand before the congregation: images depicting the smiling faces of *Nathan in military uniform*, a *senior picture of Colt*. Lives forever frozen in happier times.

PASTOR MACY  
 ...they may share in the eternal  
 victory of Jesus Christ our Lord;  
 Who lives and reigns with You...

Sheriff Walsh stands in back, hat in hand, head bowed. Feels scornful eyes pass judgement with every glance. Except...

Peggy Childress. Sitting in front with her five-year-old, Cutter. A broken woman, eyes wet and burning red.

PASTOR MACY  
 ...in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
 one God, for ever and ever... Amen.

The prayer concludes and Walsh notices Peggy staring back with pained eyes, searching for sympathy. A look we sense means more than any words. He ducks out before the crowd.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Weather's turning. Brooke pulls onto Main and enters a ghost town. Trash eddies in the wind. The Shots Tavern sign bangs and a sun-tired STRAY DOG laps water from storm drain runoff.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

WORKERS lower two unembellished wooden caskets into red-brown earth. MOURNERS drop flowers on the graves. NEWS CREWS roll from the entrance, forced back.

Sheriff Walsh keeps a self-imposed distance, standing alone, overlooking the proceedings. Agent Hayes approaches.

HAYES  
 I'm sorry, Sheriff. Really am.

Walsh nods thankful. Eyes trained on the reporters.

WALSH

Funny thing how people flock to sufferin'... As if it makes their own lives easier.

Angry storm clouds threaten the western sky. Walsh watches them with a studied eye, lights a cigarette.

WALSH

World's got enough sufferin' you ask me... No need t'go out lookin' for it.

CICADAS BUZZ like hell, ushering in the first LIGHTING STRIKE miles off on the horizon. Hayes sighs, unable to console.

INT. HOLLAND'S EATERY - DAY

Brooke sips a black coffee. She studies the nervous fear suffocating other diners. James Fenton dines alone, lifelessly stirring his own drink.

Esther Holland comes over dressed in black, offers a refill, surprised by Brooke's mussed clothing, wind-blown hair.

ESTHER

(dull)  
Top ya off?

BROOKE

No, thank you.

Brooke lights a cigarette and glances out the window.

BROOKE'S P.O.V.: A gunmetal gloom descends over the visible world. Hot wind whips up debris, signalling the coming storm. She spots the familiar BLUE JEEP parked outside.

*DING!* Bell above the door sounds as Charlie and Javier enter. Chuck Holland greets them with slight reservation.

CHUCK

Anywhere you like, gentlemen.

They glide to a booth just past Brooke. Charlie takes care to peek under her table, noticing she's in flip-flops. Smiles.

Brooke gets the message, doesn't want to show it. She calmly snuffs out her cigarette, leaves a \$20 and moves to the door. Both men turn to watch her leave and she's well aware of it.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke adjusts her rear view and spots Charlie and Javier moving to their jeep a minute or so after her.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATER

Storm clouds blacken the Oklahoma sky, towering into the heavens. Brooke returns to the station, pulling in to see...

Gale force winds whip through the CROWD that has returned in full. The funeral's stirred up painful emotions.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Brooke steps from her vehicle and two raindrops strike the roof of car. *PLINK. PLINK.* Draw her gaze to the sky.

People are angry, SHOUTING obscenities. REPORTERS document the events. Familiar faces using anger to cope with sorrow.

Rhett Childress steps forward, drunk and looking for a fight. He moves to Brooke, sizes her up. Reads her as FBI.

RHETT

Sick of you Feds playin' games,  
lady! We all ready for results!

Brooke stands her ground, fronting boldness.

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)

Tell her, Rhett!

RHETT

You ain't doin' nothin' but  
boardin' killers... and we still  
don't see Jenny!

He circles, crowd CHEERING him on, when...

*BOOM!* A shotgun blast silences all.

Sheriff Walsh exits the station with Deputies Fink and Moreno at his side. 12-gauge held at port arms, stock against the hip, barrel smoking from the recent fire.

WALSH

Rhett, you even look at her wrong,  
I'll end you.

Rhett smiles as Walsh eyes REPORTERS rushing to the action.

Peggy Childress steps forward to calm her husband, gently tugging his arm. Walsh knows it's a dangerous move.

PEGGY

Come on, Rhett. Let's go home.

Walsh and Peggy hold eyes for a moment. She gives the slightest of nods, signalling it's OK. An unnamed tension between them. Brooke notices the silent exchange.

RHETT  
You know somethin', Sheriff?

Walsh just stares, not in the mood for his shit.

RHETT  
Law only exists to serve the  
people... Well, here they are.

Brooke and the officers glance around. Angry faces scowling  
back. NEWS CAMERAS rolling. A gentle rain falls.

RHETT  
Don't think they're too happy with  
how you been handlin' this...

A few LOW MURMURS from the crowd.

RHETT  
Spillers were part of this town...  
We take care of our own.

The crowd GROWS LOUDER, they want blood. Walsh sees it.

PEGGY  
(meekly)  
Dammit, Rhett. Let it go...

RHETT  
Eye for an eye, Sheriff. Those boys  
need to pay.

Walsh glares, Rhett keeps grinning. The crowd at his back,  
loves the attention, confidence blooming.

WALSH  
(calm)  
Come on, Doctor Benedict.

Rhett glowers as Brooke heads up the stairs and...

*CRRAAAAAACK!* The sky opens. It begins to rain heavily.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Walsh shows Brooke inside, OVERNIGHT BAG draped over her  
shoulder. He shuts the door, moves to his desk, listening to  
rain as it lashes the windows and roof.

WALSH  
You seem pretty sure about them  
boys.  
(beat)  
You're never wrong?

BROOKE  
I understand the stakes, if that's  
what you mean.

He nods, doubting that she does.

WALSH  
Rhett Childress is just about dumb  
enough to try somethin'... And tell  
the truth, I couldn't blame him if  
he did...

Brooke glances out the window. Reporters chased off by the  
weather, but Rhett's group remains, draped in rain parkas,  
dripping water. She feels the urgency.

BROOKE  
Then we better act first...

He nods in agreement, cigarette clenched in his teeth.

BROOKE  
Is there somewhere I could change?

INT. CELL BLOCK - LATER

Deputy Moreno nods hello to Brooke and then does a double-  
take before unlocking the gate for her to enter.

DEPUTY MORENO  
Doctor Benedict.

BROOKE  
Hello, Deputy.

She's changed into blue jeans and a white tee. She looks  
good, continuing slowly past vacant cells lining either wall.  
The sound of FORCED EXHALES grows louder. Finally reaching...

MARCUS' CELL. She peeks in to find Marcus suspended from the  
top bunk, plowing through chin-ups with mechanical precision.

With his shirt off, we see his musculature for the first  
time. Like an anatomical diagram, all fast-twitch.

She watches until he finally rests, lowering from the bunk.  
He looks to his calloused hands and turns slowly to face her.

She sees his pause when he notices her appearance.

MARCUS  
(smiles)  
Didn't think I'd be seeing you  
again, Special Agent Benedict...

BROOKE

We're not finished yet, Marcus.

She sets up a folding chair in the hall with a new resolve. Their eyes stay locked for a moment, a charged undertone. She can handle the fuckin' answers. He notices, nods gentle.

BROOKE

Let's start over... I'm not FBI...  
Not anymore. I'm a psychologist,  
trained to detect lies.

(beat)

Hayes brought me here to read you.  
Find out if you're lying and what  
you know about Jenny Spiller.

MARCUS

How's that going?

BROOKE

I know you didn't hurt that family.

(beat)

I'm just curious why you want us to  
think you did.

He nods ever so slightly. She watches his eyes travel the length of her body. Tight jeans, loose shirt, nubile curves.

MARCUS

You see a lot... Where you develop  
a skill like that?

His insinuation is clear.

MARCUS

Used to eyes feelin' you up and  
down... Had to learn when they  
meant trouble?

A long beat. She glares. He studies.

MARCUS

Did daddy touch you, Brooke? Touch  
you when you didn't want him to?

BROOKE

Fuck. You.

MARCUS

That why you read people so well?

She tries her best to stay strong, fights away a memory, but he's got the upper hand again. Beating her at her own game.



BROOKE

They're gonna kill you. I hope you know that... But, I'm gonna figure out what you're up to. And I promise, I'm gonna find that girl.

She stands, deliberately folding the chair. He reads her strength, her concern, and a visible emotion crops up in him for the first time. She sees it clear as day.

MARCUS

...Why you doin' this, Brooke?  
Dangerous game you're playing.

She takes a beat, reads his eyes. Tracks a subtle tenderness. Still feels he's wasting her time, turns down the hall.

MARCUS

Wait.

He moves quickly to the bars, reaching out to grab her arm. It's gentle more than aggressive. His fingers linger for a moment and then he quickly releases. There's a loaded pause.

MARCUS

Answer the question. Hayes's worried 'bout savin' face. That's clear as day... But, what's in it for you?

BROOKE

(beat)  
I lost one before... Won't do it again...

He understands and it triggers something in him. Respect.

MARCUS

...When I tell you I didn't take that girl... I mean it.  
(beat)  
Rest is up to you.

She gazes at him imploringly, knows he's telling the truth. He holds her stare for a moment, then moves back to his bunk and takes a seat on the edge.

Brooke starts down the hall. Her mind racing and a memory crashes in. Cell bars flickering alongside blend into...

**QUICK FLASHBACK:** Balusters spanning the rail of a farm house porch. YOUNGER BROOKE (7) moves beside, running parallel.

She climbs the stairs, peeks in the front door. Her FATHER sits at the dining room table with a bottle of liquor. He's in a daze, head hung, body slumped heavy with alcohol.

*She tip toes by. He fumbles for the bottle, hand sliding on the table. She sees it just as his eyes shoot to her. She reads his desire. His terrible thoughts. Freezes in terror.*

PRESENT BROOKE waits anxiously for Moreno to unlock the cell block gate. Short of breath, she wants out.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus sits on his bed, barely visible in the dim cell. Brooke's getting to him, it shows. He's conflicted.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Adrian pushes his face up against a small barred window. Smells the rain, and steals a glance of the green-gray sky.

He moves to his bunk and considers the hard spined book resting on his mattress when an idea forms.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - UNKNOWN

No windows, no furniture, walls made of earth. Wooden pillars give the room form; single overhead bulb provides light. A generator runs nonstop, THRUNNING in the back corner.

Stairs lead to the ceiling where a drop-down door swings open and a man steps in wearing a WHITE HOCKEY MASK: THE GOALIE. He carries a tray of food and two water bottles.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal A MAN IN A CAGE against the far wall. A stained mattress provides the only comfort for the mysterious man in the homemade iron trap.

The Man eyes his captor with palpable contempt. The Goalie sets the tray at the base of the cage.

MAN IN THE CAGE  
You're a dead man.

The Goalie moves to pick up the tray again when The Man in the Cage LUNGES towards the bars. He grabs the food and we get a good glimpse of his right hand:

IT HAS ONLY THREE FINGERS, pinky and ring long gone.

The Goalie watches with an odd detachment, a mix of pleasure and discontent. The Man eats ferociously, hunger beats anger.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rain falls in thick sheets. A handful of REPORTERS linger by their vans, waiting for the storm to pass. Rhett's group stands to the side, under a large oak, a constant threat.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - DAY

Adrian checks the hallway for guards before beginning to tap the spine of his book against the cell bars. *TIC-TIC-TIC...*

Echoing an elementary message through the empty corridor.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus sits up with a growing realization. He listens carefully to the faint *TAPPING* and smiles soft.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - DAY

Hayes sits, doggedly staring at his computer screen when his PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

HAYES

Agent Hayes.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY FBI - CONTINUOUS

SAIC Jim Reynolds sits at a communications console, surrounded by high-tech equipment. TV and computer monitors display NEWS FEEDS. Some show events in Kingfisher.

ON TV: *Angry citizens gathered outside the police station. We see familiars. Recognize Rhett and his gang from earlier.*

REYNOLDS

(into speaker phone)

Hayes, tell me what the fuck I'm looking at?

INTERCUTTING --

REYNOLDS

What's all the commotion out there?

HAYES

(beat)

I'm taking care of it...

REYNOLDS

Wouldn't call vigilante justice taking care of it. This isn't the wild west, Hayes.

Hayes takes the scolding, eyes dark.

HAYES

I'll keep it quiet...

REYNOLDS

Yes you will. Don't have much choice.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 You figure this thing out, or it's  
 your ass. Because mine has enough  
 heat under it to start a fuckin'  
 fireworks show.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

*CLICK.* The line goes dead before Hayes can even respond. There's a beat as he weighs his limited options, he wears this stress, it's chewing him up inside.

He stands, moves toward the CELL BLOCK, finds Deputy Fink standing guard, he straightens at Hayes' approach.

HAYES  
 Come with me.

Fink joins, we follow, striding down the corridor to...

MARCUS' CELL. Marcus sits against the wall reading. He marks his page and looks up at his captors without a word.

HAYES  
 Hands out.

Marcus complies, reaching through the bars. Hayes forces his wrists together, handcuffing them outside in the middle of the cell door. Marcus is now forced to stand.

HAYES  
 (to Fink)  
 Do the same to Adrian... They don't  
 sit, they don't sleep. Got it?

Fink stands concerned for a beat before nodding.

DEPUTY FINK  
 Yes sir.

HAYES  
 I'm gonna get my answers, Marcus.  
 (beat)  
 One way or another.

Marcus looks away, smiles to himself as Hayes heads off.

FADE TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Spectral purple-black sky. Rain falls heavy in rhythmic waves. Rivulets run downhill into storm drains, gurgling through blockage. The crowds are gone, the exterior calm.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - NIGHT

LIGHTNING FLASH strobes through the dank corridors. Rain percusses the roof and outer walls.

Water dribbles to the floor and the light bulb overhead BUZZES loudly. Adrian stands at the bars, wrists handcuffed same as Marcus. He looks like shit, can't sleep standing.

EXT. WALSH RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The quaint home is railed by a loud clap of THUNDER and the FLASH of lightning an instant later. Storm's close.

Brooke climbs from her cruiser and moves quick through the downpour, seeking shelter under the Sheriff's front awning.

INT. WALSH RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Rain batters the walls and windows. Walsh sits alone under the soft glow of the dining room lamp. A plate of prepared food left out on the table.

He reaches for his fork with trembling hands when there's a KNOCK on the door. Surprised to have a visitor.

MOMENTS LATER.

Walsh opens the door to find Brooke outside. Her hair slicked flat under water weight. He considers before speaking...

WALSH  
Come on in.

INT. WALSH HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh pulls out a chair for Brooke and moves to enjoy his first meal in quite some time.

WALSH  
Mind if I eat? Been awhile.

BROOKE  
Of course...

With head hung to the table, chewing slow, he looks older than his years. Brooke reads his pain, wishes she could help.

WALSH  
There a particular reason you're here this time a night, Brooke?

Even though spoken gently, there's an edge to his question. She takes a moment, choosing her next words wisely.

BROOKE  
 Could Rhett Childress have  
 somethin' to do with this?

His shoulders sink. She sees it. He shakes his head.

WALSH  
 Alibi's there. He was at the bar...

BROOKE  
 He's tryin' real hard to get you to  
 end this. Blame Marcus and Adrian,  
 call it a day...

WALSH  
 Brooke. He's scared... Everybody  
 is. Rhett just appreciates the  
 chance to act tough...

BROOKE  
 I saw the way Peggy looked at you.  
 (beat; off his look)  
 Somethin' there.

Walsh steadies his hand, grows grim and sets down his fork.

BROOKE  
 It's what I do, Sheriff... You're  
 keeping something from me, and  
 Peggy Childress knows what it is.

There's pain or anger in him, she can't tell which.

WALSH  
 You implying I'm keeping somethin'  
 from the case? Somethin' personal?  
 (beat)  
 That'd be mighty bold considerin'  
 my good friend was just murdered  
 and his daughter taken.

A beat. She studies his tired face and they fall utterly  
 silent. Rain patters the senescent house loud as a waterfall.

BROOKE  
 I'm right about this...

WALSH  
 And if we got the men who took  
 Jenny... It matter then?

BROOKE  
 You don't think they took her.

WALSH

(beat)

All I know's what I can see.

A long, pregnant moment as Brooke tries to read him. It pains her to think he's giving up. She shakes it off and stands.

BROOKE

Good night. Sheriff.

Brooke exits out the front door.

EXT. WALSH RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Brooke jogs back to her car and WE WIDEN to reveal...

CHARLIE'S BLUE JEEP, parked down the road. Water beads on the windshield, flicked away by swinging wipers. Two ominous figures come into view, keeping watch, cigarette butts aglow.

INT. WALSH RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Walsh lets out a deep sigh. His heart heavier than he can bear. He considers eating until his wife, Grace, steps from the darkened staircase and moves to join him.

He shakes his head slow. She senses his stress, tries to read his thoughts. Sits at his side, looks to him in earnest.

GRACE

C'mon. Out with it...

WALSH

(beat)

I don't know if those boys did it,  
Grace... Scared I'm wasting time.

He looks to her, his eyes filled with youthful shame.

GRACE

Everett. You been Sheriff of this  
town for thirty-four years. You  
unnerstand how this place  
functions. And you let that be...

She talks and he listens, staring across the empty house.

GRACE

But if this has gone too far...  
Then, honey... you already know  
what you need to do.

There's a moment as she watches her troubled husband, wanting to say more, before standing. She kisses the top of his head.

GRACE

I'd ask you to come up to bed, but  
I wouldn't expect you to... Just  
know that I love you. And always  
will, come hell or high water.

She leaves. He remains alone in the darkened house. The  
thunderous downpour continues outside, beating against  
exterior walls with the force of a locomotive.

FADE TO:

EXT. KINGFISHER ELEMENTARY - MORNING

The storm has passed. The earth is happy and wet, bathed in  
the golden rays of an early sun.

Puddle water glistens like night stars. Splashed by the  
footfalls of running CHILDREN. Buses *HISS* before leaving.

INT. KINGFISHER ELEMENTARY - ROOM 4 - MORNING

CLOSE ON a collection of children's artwork. Colorful crayon  
and marker drawings. Most depict a similar WHITE CAT.

In block letters above is the name, '*JENNY SPILLER.*'

WE WIDEN to reveal Brooke studying the young girl's artwork.  
She hasn't slept, running on fumes but out of time.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Doctor Benedict?

Brooke turns to see Mrs. Peggy Childress: Jenny's fourth  
grade teacher. Could have been pretty, probably was.

BROOKE

Mrs. Childress?

She nods a beat, then looks to the drawings.

BROOKE

Thank you for seein' me.  
(beat; no response)  
She's talented...

Peggy smiles soft, nods.

BROOKE

She liked her cat...

PEGGY

...Don't know exactly what you're  
lookin' to find, Doctor. Already  
told the FBI everything I know.



Brooke gives a moment, tries gently.

BROOKE

I understand, Mrs. Childress. And I don't mean to be a bother, but the situation's changed since you last talked to Agent Hayes...

PEGGY

(interrupting)

I'm sorry, Doctor Benedict. Been hard for me, just like everybody else...

(beat)

Really nothing more I can say.

Brooke senses Peggy's holding something back. They share a glance for a moment. Two strong women just trying to survive.

*BR-RINNNNGGG!* The school bell sounds and children begin to file in. Brooke forces a smile and moves to the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Summer heat returns, clinging heavy. Vapor radiates off the drying red earth. Hayes stands on the front steps, watching a small crowd gather with a troubled look on his face.

Rhett Childress arrives in his truck, stepping out with DEAN CLEMONS and TRENT HANSEN (40s, high-school football buddies).

NEWS VANS hold steady, waiting for a break like predators around prey. Hayes has had enough. He makes a decision, pops a piece of Nicorette and heads back inside.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Hayes approaches, finds Marcus standing, hasn't slept. He looks like hell, clear bags outlined beneath his eyes.

HAYES

Howdy, Marcus.

MARCUS

You ain't sick of me yet?

Hayes cracks a rancorous grin, before *THUNK!* He quickly SMASHES the butt of his gun against Marcus' fingers. He collapses, handcuffs keeping his knees off the ground.

HAYES

(leaning in; quiet)

I'd love a chance t'see how tough you are. Don't care who the fuck you were. You ain't shit now.

MARCUS

...That fear talkin', Hayes? Pretty girl got you second guessin'?

HAYES

...Even if we find Jenny, you're gettin' the needle. Shit'll course through them veins like the fires of hell. Won't be so tough then.

MARCUS

You need me to be tough, Hayes.  
(mocking)  
...You got your killers.

HAYES

(fuming)  
...I'm ready t'listen anytime you wanna talk.

He moves back down the hall.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Adrian is in similar condition, eyes heavy and red. Hayes stands outside his cell.

HAYES

Gonna offer you a deal, Adrian... You tell us where Jenny is, I'll get your sentence capped at five years.

Adrian locks eyes with Hayes.

HAYES

It's first come, first serve. Your partner's already considerin'.

ADRIAN

Don't act like a fuckin' clown, Hayes. Marc ain't listenin' to you.

Hayes smiles, turns to leave. Adrian's face is dark as thunder, knuckles white around the bars, weighing options.

INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

Sheriff Walsh leans against a work table, staring at the confiscated Mercury Cougar. Cigarette in hand.

**QUICK FLASHBACK:** Walsh looks out his cruiser window at Nathan, Jenny, and Colt. He accelerates, continuing down the street as he notices the all black Cougar pass.

BROOKE (O.S.)  
You alright, Sheriff?

Brooke enters, trying to read his aloof state. He nods, looks to her with a hint of disappointment. Knows where she was.

WALSH  
Peggy tell you what you needed to know?

She's impressed, smiles while shaking her head 'no.'

BROOKE  
...Still waitin' on you.

He inhales, looks back to the car. *Keep waiting.*

BROOKE  
You have any idea who'd be following me? Two men in a Jeep?

WALSH  
(beat)  
Probably press. Think you're FBI.

Brooke nods, not buying it. Reads fear in his hesitation.

BROOKE  
...Hope so.

She smiles, turns to exit.

WALSH  
Where ya headed now?

BROOKE  
Gonna go feed a cat.

His look says he has no idea what she's talking about, just watches her go with a hint of fatherly concern.

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - DAY

Brooke's cruiser pulls into the drive. She steps out.

INT. SPILLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

She bends to examine an empty FOOD BOWL, checks the cupboards nearby. Inside, PIECES OF CAT FOOD sprinkled in a vacant space. She has an idea, when...

The sound of FLOORBOARDS creaking startles her. She moves slowly towards the front entrance, when suddenly...

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Howdy.

Brooke JUMPS and Charlie steps out of the darkened study. She considers running for the door, but Javier moves into the front entrance, knife drawn, deliberately slicing an apple.

BROOKE  
Who the hell are you?

Brooke backpedals slowly towards the kitchen when Hector Delgado moves past Javier into the front hall. Sunlight at his back casting him in silhouette, Brooke stops cold.

DELGADO  
Gentlemen. If you'd please.

They follow orders, move outside smiling malevolently. Brooke catches sight of the 9MM stabbed in Charlie's belt.

DELGADO  
(clocks her fear)  
Please don't be alarmed, Doctor Benedict... Do you know who I am?

She nods tight.

DELGADO  
Good... Then perhaps you could tell me why you were on my property the other night?

They lock eyes. It's not a bluff, he knows. A beat.

BROOKE  
You're the only person in this town who had an issue with Nathan.

Delgado smiles.

DELGADO  
An issue?  
(beat; nods)  
Seems every villainy needs a scapegoat... I suppose that's one of my roles in this town.

His eyes drift to the house, up the stairs, into the study.

DELGADO  
It's unfortunate really... The disadvantage of being an outsider. Good deeds are often overlooked.

BROOKE  
I saw the dogs, Delgado. Don't try to play innocent.

That stirs the fire, she sees it. He pulls it together.

DELGADO

I've offered to help the police in any way possible... But please don't mistake my generosity for weakness.

(beat)

And please... Stay off my property.

His eyes run the length of her body before he turns to leave. Charlie and Javier follow through dusty sunlight outside.

Brooke breaths a bit easier, but for the first time, she begins to feel in over her head.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Walsh exits, moving toward his cruiser. Rhett and his group stare at him brazenly, faces reddened from sun and drink.

RHETT

Find Jenny yet, Walsh?

The sheriff darkens, turns back with an anger we haven't seen. Chews his odds. *Not now.* Moves to his car.

INT. DELGADO'S SUV - LATER

Charlie drives, talking on a cell phone as the vehicle turns past the police station. Delgado sits in the rear, mind at work, eyes bleary and directed outside...

Delgado's P.O.V.: Rhett Childress stands on the front lawn, playing the hero and giving an interview for local news.

Charlie hangs up, looks to his boss in the rear view.

CHARLIE

Dominguez bunk mates ain't talkin'.

Delgado nods, a hidden fury rising behind the calm facade.

INT. OUTBUILDING - DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Delgado enters and darkness replaces sunlight. Eyes adjust to the shaded, open-air edifice. RANCH HANDS; bronze skin, young and old, sinister in their silence, hold PIT BULLS at bay.

Angry dogs keep heavy chains taut, surrounding a BLOODIED MAN, tied to a chair in the building's center.

TWO BODIES hang above, heads bagged, swaying slightly from ceiling joists. A sight both terrifying and otherworldly.

A Rancher shakes his head.

RANCHER  
*(Swears he hasn't seen them.)*

Delgado moves to stand face to face with the bloodied man.

DELGADO  
*(Hello, son... Surely you understand by now that we need help in locating your friends... You see, it is entirely possible that their behavior is reflecting negatively on myself and our entire group... and that is something I simply cannot tolerate...)*

Delgado maintains a placid detachment, anger hidden well.

DELGADO  
*(So, I'm offering you one last chance for salvation... Please tell me where your friends have gone...)*

The man shakes his head slight, WHIMPERS, drools blood.

BLOODIED MAN  
*(Gone... Disappeared.)*

Delgado wipes sweat from his brow with a shirt sleeve.

DELGADO  
*(Disappeared?)*

He turns, waves Charlie over from the entrance.

DELGADO  
 (calm)  
 Bring me their fuckin' mother if you have to... I want to know where they went, and I want to know now.

CHARLIE  
 Sure thing, boss.

Delgado looks to the Ranch Hands, the dogs nearby.

DELGADO  
 And what did I say about these fuckin' dogs, Charlie? Don't make me repeat myself.

He turns back to the bloodied man, waves his hand and a large man in the rear lifts a FELLING AXE. And with one violent motion he brings it down into the man's skull... *THUD!*

Delgado doesn't flinch, but he can no longer hide his worry.

EXT. DELGADO'S STABLES - LATER

Charlie scratches his head in an overgrown walk between work houses. Swats a fly away from the DEAD DOG at his feet. Her NECK'S SLIT, legs twitch, red blood still pumping.

CHARLIE  
She had a year left...

He looks to Javier who drags a smoke, starts to laugh.

EXT. SPILLER HOUSE - DAY

The sun sits at its peak. Winter wheat swells with gentle wind, dancing silently around the vacant house.

A police cruiser sits out front, engine *TICKING* in the heat.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Brooke sits alone, looks at herself in the rear view and hates what she sees...

For the first time in recent memory, she's afraid. She forces herself to light a cigarette. Hands trembling.

TIRES CRUNCH GRAVEL outside and Brooke looks in the side view to see Sheriff Walsh pulling up. He exits and takes his time approaching her driver's side, lights a cigarette.

WALSH  
Figured I'd find you here.

She looks to the distant horizon, observing a DELGADO AGRICULTURE WAREHOUSE, men perpetually at work.

BROOKE  
What's Delgado doing he wants this over so quick.

He pauses, fear hits hard. She reads his concern.

BROOKE  
I'm fine, Sheriff... Just wanna know what I'm dealing with.

Walsh exhales heavy, happy she's OK.

WALSH  
When you live 'round here... You learn there's some things you just don't ask...

A beat as he chooses his words, takes a drag off his smoke.

WALSH

Delgado's got his hand in a little bit of everything... Most of all, it's his name on the bottom of just 'bout every paycheck in this city.

She looks to the WAREHOUSE far beyond. Wheat fields swaying in the space between. Knows the odds are against her.

BROOKE

We're out of time, Sheriff.

WALSH

(beat)

Mean anything if I said I believed you?

She turns to him, understanding the words aren't easy, realizing he's willing to help.

EXT. ABANDON DRIVE-IN THEATER - DAY

Long unused. Faded screen, weather-worn and broken. Walsh and Brooke stand beside his cruiser in the weed ridden lot.

She gives him a moment. He considers, removing his hat, wipes his forehead with a shirtsleeve.

WALSH

Some time after his wife passed, I found out Peggy and Nathan had developed a *special relationship*.

It's hard for him to get this out, doesn't want to betray friends. His eyes scan the vacant lot and we're TAKEN BACK...

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*Windows down, Walsh smokes, driving a lonely road past the drive-in theater. When, something catches his attention. He turns into the lot, throws on the overhead SPOT LIGHT.*

EXT. ABANDON DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*Walsh makes his way to Nathan's truck. Parked alone as if waiting for a movie to begin on the long crippled screen.*

*At the window, Walsh is surprised to see Nathan Spiller and Peggy Childress together inside.*

*They face forward, unable to look at Walsh as he shifts his flashlight from Nathan to Peggy. Everything is clear as day.*

EXT. ABANDON DRIVE-IN THEATER - DAY

Brooke watches Walsh, sympathetic to his burden.



BROOKE  
You didn't tell Hayes?

He shakes his head, tortured by this secret.

WALSH  
Didn't think it would do any  
good... We had the killers.  
(smiles sad)  
Who am I to jeopardize what Peggy  
and Rhett have?

BROOKE  
(beat)  
You're good with Rhett's alibi?

He lights a cigarette and nods slow.

WALSH  
I'm fairly certain Rhett didn't  
even know 'bout this...

He turns to Brooke, blows a long plume of smoke.

WALSH  
But Peggy might know more than  
she's lettin' on.

Brooke understands.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - DAY

Delgado walks beside his house servant, GUSTAVO. At the front of the compound they spot NEWS VANS giving live updates. Delgado's blood boils, not happy with the attention.

DELGADO  
*Gustavo.*

GUSTAVO  
*Sí?*

DELGADO  
*(Call Charlie. Tell him we need to talk.)*

Gustavo nods, heads off to make the call.

EXT. DELGADO'S STABLES - LATER

Delgado scrubs down a horse when Charlie and Javier approach. This is the first time we've seen Delgado hurried, motions quick. We get the sense he's lost control of this situation and he's not happy about it.

CHARLIE  
What's the word, boss?

Delgado doesn't lift his eyes.

DELGADO  
Need you to move everything to the  
other warehouse.

Charlie and Javier look to each other, *something's off*.

CHARLIE  
Now?..

DELGADO  
(not listening)  
Make sure that order's in and out.

CHARLIE  
...Yes, sir.

Delgado finally pauses, calmly wipes sweat from his brow.

DELGADO  
I wanna have a talk with Rhett.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - DAY

Hayes sits at his temporary desk. He COUGHS heavy, deep-lunged when the phone RINGS, startles him. He picks it up.

HAYES  
Special Agent Hayes.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Agent Hayes. It's Tim down at the  
OKC lab. Ran those blood samples,  
got your results...

Hayes waits anxiously as Tim looks over the results.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Turns out, neither sample was a  
match... That's negative for Marcus  
Lattimore as well as Adrian Shaw.  
(beat)  
Don't mean these ain't your boys,  
just means blood won't help ya.

HAYES  
Confession will.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You get one?

HAYES

Not yet.  
 (long beat)  
 Thanks, Tim...

Hayes sets the receiver back down in the cradle. He runs his hands through his hair, struggling with these results.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Grace Walsh places flowers at Nathan's grave site, her eyes wet. Wishing this didn't happen. Wants her husband back.

James Fenton approaches slowly. Sets down a bouquet of roses and stands beside his neighbor, his old friend.

A long, quiet beat. Purple-white flowers of the Royal Empress RUSTLE and undulate in the breeze. Pedals dancing away.

GRACE

Havin' trouble sleeping, James?

FENTON

(beat)  
 I coulda had 'em stay.

She turns to him, sees the survivors guilt across his face.

FENTON

Night he died. Nathan offered to help fix my cooler...

GRACE

(interrupting)  
 Don't do that.

He blinks back a tear.

GRACE

Somethin' we all coulda done different. No use in beatin' ourselves up over it.

James nods slow, wanting to believe that. She puts an arm around him and for a moment they just stand together.

EXT. CIMARRON RIVER BASIN - DAY

Sun and shade mingle, flitting on water's surface. Anonymous MEN & WOMEN dressed in white, gather along river's edge. Pastor Macy stands waist deep, lowering a procession of disciples into the warm stream. A Believers Baptism.

Sheriff Walsh watches from across the water. His face sunburnt and tired. His eyes put on his broken heart: afraid time's up, thoughts of the friends lost and betrayed.

EXT. KINGFISHER STREET - DAY

A Kingfisher black & white turns onto a residential street lined with slipshod housing and overgrown by weeds. KIDS playing baseball in the road dart out of the way.

KNOCKING carries us into...

EXT. CHILDRESS' TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Five-year-old Cutter opens the door to find Brooke standing outside. Neither one knows how to respond.

BROOKE  
Is your mommy home?

He says nothing, just takes off running into the house. Brooke leans in, when Peggy Childress steps into view.

PEGGY  
...Come on in.

As if she knew Brooke would be back. Brooke senses this is the real Peggy. The mother. Tough because life's not easy.

INT. CHILDRESS' TRAILER - DAY

Peggy and Brooke sit at the dining table sipping coffee. Brooke notes the odd decor: walls lined with PHOTOS OF RHETT in his glory days; *Kingfisher high school football uniform, a younger Peggy by his side*. Brighter times.

A collection of OKLAHOMA ROSE ROCKS, dozens of red rock formations, blossoming like the flower, line the shelves.

Cutter watches CARTOONS at a dangerous volume one room over.

PEGGY  
You here to ask 'bout me and Nathan?

She gives a tight nod and the TV BLARES LAUGHTER. Peggy forces a sad smile. Finds memories she's tried to shake.

PEGGY  
...He made me happy.

BROOKE  
(understanding)  
Did your husband know?

PEGGY  
You got any kids, Brooke?

BROOKE  
No.

PEGGY  
 Life gets a whole lot more  
 complicated when you bring kids  
 into the picture...

Brooke senses that's the story of this woman's life.

PEGGY  
 Means you gotta make some tough  
 choices... Right and wrong ain't  
 quite the same.

Peggy takes a sip of her coffee. Eyes Brooke with confidence. She shakes her head subtle, can't believe what she's doing.

PEGGY  
 Rhett didn't know...

Brooke nods understanding, and Peggy looks to Cutter in the other room. Brooke tracks it, knows there's more, continues.

BROOKE  
 Peggy... He's important t'you?

Peggy nods soft. He's her life.

BROOKE  
 Then tell me whatever it is you're  
 hiding... so you'd never have to  
 leave him alone.

A long beat as she chews on the threat. Selects the words.

PEGGY  
 I've seen one of those boys b'fore.

There's a pause as Peggy takes a moment, then slides an ENVELOPE from her pocket and hands it to Brooke. They lock eyes, mutual appreciation, and an understanding. *That's all.*

Peggy stands and moves to join Cutter in the other room. Brooke watches them through the door frame when A WHITE CAT hops onto the counter, rubbing its back along a window sill.

Brooke has a huge realization, looks to Peggy and then exits.

EXT. SHOTS TAVERN - DAY

Rhett smokes, joking with Dean and Trent on the front walk.

A WHISTLE draws their attention to the blue jeep parked out front. Tinted window rolls down and Charlie waves Rhett over.

EXT. OUTBUILDING - DELGADO'S RANCH - LATER

Charlie and Javier lead Rhett from the jeep. He looks around, considers his circumstance. Wheat for days. Nowhere to run.

Delgado steps out of the building, crushes a cigar stub with his boot heel and rolls up his sleeves. Rhett swallows hard.

DELGADO  
Hello, Mr. Childress... Do you know  
why you're here?

Rhett glances to Charlie and Javier over his shoulder. Nods.

DELGADO  
I was told my associates paid you a  
visit... Asked you to leave police  
matters in police hands... Is that  
correct?

Delgado moves closer, calmly wipes sweat from his neck.

RHETT  
...The people ain't happy.

DELGADO  
Is that why you're still at the  
station? Talking to the press?

RHETT  
This town's a real tight knit  
bunch. Like family... And we look  
out for each other.  
(confidence growing)  
Not sure you'd be able t'understand  
that...

Delgado smiles. Not happy, but dangerous. Very dangerous.

RHETT  
Right now, our family needs a  
leader...

DELGADO  
Perhaps what your family *needs*, is  
for you to walk away? Stop acting  
like an adolescent drunk?

RHETT  
Maybe you'd be best t'just mind yer  
own business, go back to wherever  
it is you come from...

**SMACK!** Before the words even leave his mouth, Delgado back  
hands Rhett with a primitive brutality. He falls to the dirt.

DELGADO

Way I see it, the people need me,  
Rhett... Here or anywhere else, it  
is the strong that lead the weak...  
You are not the strong...

Rhett wipes blood from his lip. Spits at Delgado's feet.

RHETT

We don't need you... You ain't  
doin' shit!

He starts to rise when Delgado SLAMS his boot down on his  
fingers, grinding the heel, bones POP and CRACK!

RHETT

FUUUUCK!

DELGADO

I do a lot, Rhett.

Delgado clenches his fists, anger swelling.

DELGADO

I provide security for this  
community... Jobs and support! I'm  
the backbone! The good!

Rhett settles, talks soft through the pain.

RHETT

Fuck you...

*THUMP!* Delgado swings hard, landing a solid hook on Rhett's  
nose, BLOOD EMPTIES like a faucet. Rhett covers his face.

Delgado stares down at the broken man with an uncultivated  
anger, smoldering. Blood speckles his arms and shirt.

DELGADO

I'm the leader! Not some piece of  
shit drunk!

Rhett writhes in pain and WHIMPERS something unintelligible,  
when... *THUMP!* A vicious kick to the ribs. Charlie cringes.

DELGADO

When I ask you to stop playing  
hero. I hope you understand now...  
that I mean it.

Delgado steps back as Rhett squirms, crimson blood  
solidifying in the dirt. He CRIES SOFT, apologetic.

DELGADO

Don't make me ask you again.

He heads away as Charlie and Javier help Rhett to his feet.

EXT. INTERSTATE-35 NORTH - DAY

Sparse traffic drifts over thirsty terrain. A PAINTER'S VAN idles on the shoulder, engine running in the heat.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

AC WHISPERS through the vents, RADIO plays soft, and we only see the back of the DRIVER. He wears a hat, face obscured.

Driver's P.O.V.: Routine traffic is interrupted by the RUMBLE of FLAT BED TRUCKS; half dozen, piled high with hay bales.

The Driver flips open a cell phone, thumbs a text: *"Trucks are 40 miles out. Let's go."* SNAP. He pockets the phone and rocks the van in gear before easing into traffic.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

Brooke moves fast to MARCUS' CELL. Pausing when she sees his condition. Still standing, body weak, eyes dark and distant.

BROOKE

Christ. What happened t'you?

Marcus lifts his handcuffs, demonstrating the problem.

MARCUS

Hayes.

She's livid.

EXT. CELL BLOCK GATE - DAY

Deputy Fink flips through a magazine when Brooke marches in like a bat out of hell.

DEPUTY FINK

That was quick...

BROOKE

(interrupting)

Gimme the goddamned keys to those cuffs or I promise the only work you'll find in law enforcement is guardin' the fuckin' door at a strip mall!

Fink is stunned, hands over the keys without a word.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke finds the key, slides it home. Marcus smiles at her mettle. She pauses, realizing just how close they are.



There's a heavy moment until finally, she unlocks the cuffs. He folds onto the bunk behind like he was shot in the belly.

She grabs the folding chair, sits across from him.

BROOKE

You had me figured from the beginning, Marcus... Jenny Spiller wasn't only about my FBI record...

He finds her eyes. Clocks the honesty. Here comes her truth.

BROOKE

I moved to Oklahoma when I was ten... because my father killed himself.

Brooke continues over a lurid memory...

INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*It all happens fast. Images flicker in forced recollection.*

*YOUNGER BROOKE creeps across molding hard wood floor in a dingy upstairs hallway. Flies swarm heavy. Air humid.*

BROOKE (V.O.)

My mother left when I was young. I never knew her.

*She reaches a door at the end of the hall, shrouded in darkness. Turns the handle. The sight is haunting. Piss-colored walls speckled with crimson blood. She continues, pushing the door open to find...*

BROOKE (V.O.)

I found him...

*Her father's headless body, against the bed. Still twitching. Brain material clings from the ceiling in sticky globs.*

BROOKE (V.O.)

He'd blown his head off with a 12-gauge. Took the easy way out of this terrible world.

(beat)

And it didn't bother me one bit.

*YOUNGER BROOKE simply stares at the sight before her.*

INT. MARCUS' CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus eyes Brooke in a whole new light. His tired eyes show a sympathy we haven't seen before. She reads it.

He understands. Nods sympathetic.

BROOKE

I was adopted by a single man named Carl Benedict... A marine. And a wonderful man... Not unlike Nathan Spiller.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*YOUNG BROOK (16) stands before an open casket. Inside, CARL BENEDICT'S body lies stiff in his service uniform.*

BROOKE (V.O.)

I took his last name... Considered him my father... He died of a heart attack when I was sixteen.

*A MILITARY OFFICER bends to hand Young Brooke a TRIANGULAR FLAG -- the familiar token given to loved ones of a fallen serviceman. She cries, sad and alone.*

INT. MARCUS' CELL - DAY

Brooke remains stone faced. Proud of her strength.

BROOKE

I learned to read people because of one father... and how to love them because of the other...

Brooke removes Peggy's envelope and passes it through the bars to Marcus.

BROOKE

And I couldn't help but see a little bit of myself in Jenny...your niece.

Marcus looks at the PHOTO INSIDE: It's of him and Nathan's wife. Marcus' sister, BRIANNE. They are younger. All smiles.

Marcus SHOWS A HEAVY EMOTION for the first time. He almost speaks, words resting on the tip of his tongue. Lips quiver.

BROOKE

You wouldn't hurt her...

He looks her dead in the eye. There's something so appealing about those eyes, she can't fight it, has to hold his gaze.

A long beat as he reads her conviction. He's pleased. There's an audible sigh as the fight exits his body.

BROOKE

...But if Delgado's responsible for your sister's death... Why'd Nathan Spiller have to die?

He shakes his head, can't believe it's come to this.

MARCUS  
 Nathan was a marine...  
 (beat; off her look)  
 Those boys are a tight knit  
 group... Semper Fi, ya know?

She struggles to understand his play. Words are difficult.

MARCUS  
 ...They wear that shit proud.

Brooke's angered by the riddle, but then realizes something.  
Something big. He see it, nods.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - DAY

Parked off a county road, the driver reaches to the passenger seat and reveals a GOALIE MASK, he slips it on and exits.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - UNKNOWN

Generator's gone, room dark. The Man in The Cage watches as The Goalie works by the light of an electric lantern, wearing latex gloves, sweeping and dusting prints. Removing evidence.

THE GOALIE  
 Time to shine, friend.

MAN IN THE CAGE  
 Ain't your friend. I'm your worst  
 fuckin' nightmare.

The Goalie just shakes his head. Soft hazel eyes visible through the mask as he packs up all remaining gear.

THE GOALIE  
 Don't think you understand  
 nightmares.

He reaches up and SHUTS OFF the overhead bulb, then climbs the wood stairs leading to daylight as The Man calls out.

MAN IN THE CAGE  
 Wait!

The heavenly door SLAMS shut and the room goes casket black.

MAN IN THE CAGE  
 No. No. No. No. NOOOO...

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

OTTO BAINES, city coroner (40s, overweight, sweating) shows Brooke to a select body locker, looks her up and down.

OTTO  
This is it.

A name tag reads: SPILLER, NATHAN.

OTTO  
Found no teeth, and most of the  
head's missin'... What exactly you  
lookin' for?

He chuckles at his own dark humor. She doesn't.

BROOKE  
Can we just open it?

OTTO  
...Sure thing, lady.

He runs the zipper the length of the body. The stench is revolting, Brooke fights a gag reflex. Shotgun blast left behind a HEADLESS WHITE BODY, sickly pale and long dead. Brooke grabs the left forearm, sees nothing.

Grabs the right, and there it is: A BALD EAGLE TATTOO -- *the bird perched upon an American Flag.*

She compares it to a PHOTO OF NATHAN. It's clearly, DIFFERENT FROM HIS USMC DESIGN. Brooke can't believe her eyes.

Shaking her head, understanding the entire set up.

OTTO  
That what you wanted t'see?

Brooke takes off before he's even done asking.

INT. CHILDRESS' TRAILER - DAY

Drawn shutters throw patterned sunlight across a cluttered room. Peggy sits alone in a recliner, smoking when the PHONE RINGS beside her. She moves slow, answers.

PEGGY  
Hello?

The unheard voice takes her breath away.

PEGGY  
(soft)  
...Of course.

She shakes uncontrollably, closing her eyes, trying to fight away some haunting thought, tears building.

PEGGY  
 FBI agent came by earlier. She  
 knows a lot... I'm sorry. I had no  
 idea...

The voice cuts her off. She nods quick before hanging up and stands alone for a beat, oddly angelic in the dusty sunlight.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - DAY

Marcus sits in the dark, when a FLECK OF LIGHT dances across the ceiling, catches his attention. He moves to the window...

Marcus' P.O.V.: The painter's van is parked discreetly across the street. Light glints and moves in a purposeful reflection off a small mirror held just outside the driver's window.

Marcus moves quickly to his cell bars.

MARCUS  
 HAYES!

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

An ALL WHITE BOX TRUCK speeds down the deserted two-lane.

INT. BOX TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Two RANCH HANDS react, when up ahead Peggy Childress waves them down, standing square in the middle of the road.

They come to a stop and notice her truck parked on the shoulder, HOOD POPPED. She approaches the driver's side.

PEGGY  
 You boys lend a hand?

The men eye her suspiciously. The passenger keeps a SUBMACHINE GUN in his lap, ready if needed.

RANCH HAND  
*(Sorry lady. No time.)*

He accelerates quick and Peggy's left behind, watching through the dust with a pained expression, alone.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Walsh stands alone. Staring at a peg board, filled with images from the crime scene. A KNOCK brings his mind back.

WALSH  
 It's open.

Brooke enters.

BROOKE  
Sheriff. They're gonna try to get  
out. We need to transfer them now.

WALSH  
(interrupting)  
Tell the truth, I was hoping you  
were right, Brooke.

She stops in her tracks, wondering what that could mean. He  
turns to face her, looks like death.

BROOKE  
What do you mean? What's goin' on?

WALSH  
Marcus's talkin' right now.

A sudden understanding stuns Brooke. That can't be right. She  
exits without another word.

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke storms past deputy Moreno, almost sprinting down the  
hallway. She sees Agent Hayes and Deputy Fink by...

MARCUS' CELL.

BROOKE  
David. What's goin' on?

Hayes finishes a note, turns on a dime towards the entrance.

HAYES  
Little late, Brooke. Marcus's  
decided to cooperate.

His words are meant as a jab. He was right. She wasn't.

BROOKE  
Whatever he's telling you, he's  
lying!

Hayes shakes his head in disbelief. Looks her in the eye.

BROOKE  
Don't care what he's saying. I  
promise your DNA comes back  
negative. They set this up...

HAYES  
Enough, Brooke!

BROOKE

No! Listen to me! The body's not  
Nathan Spiller... I checked the  
tattoos! They're not the same!

Hayes pauses for the briefest moment, then concedes.

HAYES

You're seein' what you wanna see...  
They gave us Jenny.

That hurts. She can't believe it.

HAYES

It's over... Now step aside before  
you cost us any more time.

Hayes continues and she falls behind, stands despondent. As they disappear down the hallway, Brooke turns to Marcus. He looks beyond exhausted, gives the faintest of smiles.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The entire Kingfisher police force bursts outside, Hayes leads the charge. Walsh exits last, looks defeated.

Rhett watches the commotion with two black eyes and a bandaged nose. He hops out of his truck and moves to confront Walsh on the front lawn, Dean and Trent just behind.

RHETT

Time's up, Sheriff...

WALSH

(interrupting)  
They told us where Jenny is.

RHETT

...What?

WALSH

Fifteen miles west.

Rhett was ready to dance, now doesn't know how to respond.

WALSH

(surrendering)  
You were right...

Rhett understands, *station's fair game*. Walsh heads to his cruiser. Other cars tear out, swirling dust in their wake.

They watch the police convoy speed off. Rhett's eyes burning with anger. He's made up his mind. He'll be the strong.

Suddenly, Brooke jumps directly in front of the Sheriff's cruiser. He SLAMS on the brakes.

WALSH  
Get out of the way, Brooke.

She slides around to the driver's window.

BROOKE  
Marcus told me the truth. They're leading us on... Now I'm telling you... You leave, they won't be here when you get back.

He can't look her in the eye.

BROOKE  
You said you believed me. Why'd that change?

WALSH  
He confessed.

BROOKE  
They're still playing us. They never stopped...

WALSH  
(snapping back)  
This isn't a game, Brooke! Jenny could be dead!

His heart aches. Wants this over. She sees it, sympathizes.

WALSH  
Ever think he could be playin' you?

That hurts. His doubt is devastating. She steps back, understanding and Walsh pulls out.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Adrian gazes outside and notices the police convoy tearing out of the lot. He cracks a small smile.

EXT. DELGADO AGRICULTURE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The ALL WHITE BOX TRUCK rumbles to a halt, axles heavy. RANCH HANDS hurry out, rolling open the rear door to find WOODEN CRATES lining the interior. They waste no time unloading.

INT. VAULT - UNKNOWN

Lights BUZZ to life in succession, illuminating a long concrete corridor. Rows of similar WOODEN CRATES line each wall, stretching to the far end, where there is...



A WALL-SIZED VAULT DOOR.

Suddenly, RANCH HANDS burst into the narrow passage, *VROOOM!* Dollying crate after crate down a ribbed steel ramp.

The last crate is piled near the front. The men exit as quickly as they entered, the entrance hatch is *SLAMMED* shut and the room falls into *SILENCE...*

INT. MARCUS' CELL - DAY

Marcus dresses slow and deliberate. Tucks in his shirt, yanks a wrinkle from his pants, slides into jail issued slippers.

BROOKE (O.S.)  
Who were they? The men you killed?

He looks to her, finishes buttoning his shirt. Smiles, adjusts his cuffs.

MARCUS  
Come this far... Can't figure that much out?

BROOKE  
Figure they worked for Delgado...  
The men who killed Brianne?

He nods slight. She shakes her head in disbelief.

BROOKE  
Why, Marcus? The whole thing...  
What's it for?

He only gives the smallest trace of a smile. No more.

BROOKE  
...Just tell me she's OK?

There's a quiet longing in both their eyes. In any other situation this could be something more. He smiles, and...

Suddenly... *BOOM!* A gunshot rattles the small station. Marcus and Brooke turn as a *COMMOTION* rises out front.

He reaches through the bars, grabs her by the waist. She doesn't fight it. His strong hands pull her close.

Faces just inches apart...

MARCUS  
You gotta get out of here.

BROOKE  
What's Hayes gonna find?

MARCUS

I'm giving them what they need.  
It's all lined up, made easy.

BROOKE

Town needs Jenny.

MARCUS

(beat)

Can't do it... I'm gonna hit  
Delgado were it hurts... This was  
the only way t'make sure the  
Spillers were clear. No worries.

Brooke wants to say something, but fears he's right...

*BOOM!* Another gunshot sounds in the lobby.

MARCUS

Get out of here, Brooke. Time's up.

There's a passionate longing in both their eyes as he slowly releases her hips. She takes off.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke enters to find Rhett and his gang making their move. Drywall debris wafts from the ceiling, Deputy Fink's warning shot having punched a small hole above.

FINK

I'm warning you, Rhett!

RHETT

Best to just set down that pistol,  
cowboy. Be on yer way.

Fink holds his ground behind the greeting desk, gun leveled at Rhett as his men circle like hyenas around prey.

RHETT

Time those boys got what's theirs.  
You know it as well as I do.

FINK

That ain't the law! Stand down!

He swings his aim wildly, when Rhett spots Brooke in back. Dean follows his look, *STARTS* after her. She quickly ducks into Sheriff Walsh's office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brooke locks the door, moves quickly to the CV RADIO on Walsh's desk.

BROOKE  
 (into radio)  
 Sheriff Walsh. Childress is in the  
 jail...

*THUMP!* She jumps when a foot SLAMS into the office door.

BROOKE  
 (into radio)  
 If you can hear this... I'm asking  
 you to trust me...

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Walsh drives alone, tailing the commotion up ahead. Hayes' sedan leads two other cruisers over rural highway at breakneck speed. His CV CRACKLES to life.

BROOKE (O.S.)  
 You're not going to find Jenny.  
 It's all planned. They want  
 Delgado...

*CLICK.* The decision pains him, but he shuts it off, ending the transmission.

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The painter's van SKIDS to a halt outside the back entrance. THE GOALIE hops out and slides out a SWAT BATTERING RAM. Line's up the door and... *THUNK...*

Steel buckles under the force of the blow. Doesn't give.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Adrian eyes the cell block entrance as the battering ram pummels the steel door off screen. *DUNK...*

INT. MARCUS' CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus strips his cot bare, piling flammables beside the toilet in the rear. The battering continues. *DUNK...*

INT. POLICE STATION - REAR EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Light pokes through gaps on the edge of the crippled door. The pounding stops for a moment, a brief SILENCE, until...

*THUMP!* The door gives, CLATTERING to the floor to reveal The Goalie and the back of his van. He hops in the vehicle, lowers a ramp, tosses a duffel bag over his shoulder and wheels a PLASMA TORCH into the cell block.

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The Goalie pulls the tool behind, striding to...

MARCUS' CELL. Marcus smiles at the man as he drops the duffle, unzips, and passes him a pair of WELDING GOGGLES.

MARCUS  
You're a day early.

The Goalie shakes his head at the sarcasm and continues...

He preps the tool, uncoiling a hose and SPARKING a torch, hits a button and the machine kicks on...

THE PLASMA CUTTER flickers blue in the darkened cell block. Marcus dons the goggles, and The Goalie goes to work. SPARKS flying as he starts sawing through the steel bars.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dean tries to pry his way in. His foot SLAMS against the door again. Brooke realizes she's only got one way out...

She moves to the window, lifts Walsh's chair, and SMASH! Sends it flying onto the station's lawn. Shards of glass protrude at harsh angles from every side of the opening.

Another KICK. The door JERKS on its hinges. Brooke starts out the window, delicately avoiding the wicked glass.

THUMP! Half way out and the leg of her jeans gets stuck.

THUMP! Brooke pulls frantically, until, finally the jeans tear free, scraping her skin along the shard, DRAWS BLOOD. SMASH! Just as the door gives. Dean sprints to the window, but he's a moment late. Brooke's up and running...

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Brooke feels WARM BLOOD running down her leg, keeps moving. She gets to her cruiser just as Rhett steps out the front door. He levels a SHOTGUN in her direction.

BLAM! Buckshot rips open the rear window. He loads another.

BLAM! Pellets HACK into the trunk of the car, demolish the overhead sirens. Rhett marches towards the car, pumps another round home, fires again. BLAM!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Glass fragments spread like pouring rain as the shotgun BLASTS continue. Brooke keeps her head low, finally slides the key home, CRANKS it into gear. ALL GAS.

INT. VAULT - UNKNOWN

BRIGHT WHITE and utterly SILENT. Crates undisturbed, until...

*THUMP...THUMP...THUMPTHUMP!* Heavy pounding gives way to CRACKING, wood *SPLINTERS*, *POPS!* and out of one crate...

NATHAN EMERGES. Sweaty, sucking air, knuckles bleeding. He catches his breath, lungs burning, and lowers himself to the floor. Removing a PLASMA TORCH from the crate shortly after.

Still sucking wind, he moves to study the massive vault door. Traces the hinges with rugged hands, TATTOO again visible.

He pulls on a welder's mask and SPARKS the torch, a plasma arc flickers to life, glowing radiant blue. He brings it to the first hinge, metal *POPS* and *SIZZLES* with the heat.

INT. MARCUS' CELL - CONTINUOUS

The Goalie HUMS through the last few bars. Marcus keeps constant force on the metal until the steel GIVES. Marcus climbs out and they quickly move on heading to the exit.

Reaching the REAR DOOR, Marcus grabs The Goalie by the arm and looks down another cell corridor.

MARCUS  
Gotta get Adrian.

THE GOALIE  
They're in the building...

Marcus holds his gaze, doesn't flinch, doesn't care.

MARCUS  
Then you better cut fast.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rhett motors back inside, furious over Brooke's escape.

RHETT  
They won't be gone long. Time t'be heroes, boys...

He moves to Fink, now tied to his desk chair, Rhett RACKS another bullet home, puts the barrel to the man's forehead.

RHETT  
Got some keys for us, partner?

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and The Goalie come to Adrian's cell. Adrian stands smiling as they approach. Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS  
You're supposed t'be sipping a  
Margarita 'bout now.

ADRIAN  
Only way I could tell you it was  
early, brother.

They lock wrists through the bars.

MARCUS  
Thank you for this...

Adrian nods, understanding Marcus' appreciation, dons goggles. The Goalie SPARKS UP the torch, goes to work.

INT. CELL BLOCK GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Rhett and team come to the gate, noticing the BLUE GLOW at the end of the hallway, SPARKS CASCADING to the floor.

DEAN  
What the fuck?

TRENT  
They're cutting 'em out.

RHETT  
Son of a bitch!

Rhett hurries, guesses the wrong key, tries another.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus spots Rhett's crew at the end of the corridor, still trying their luck with the gate.

MARCUS  
Make it quick. We got company.

The Goalie turns his head, spots the trouble, returns to work without hesitation, until...

*BLAM!* Buckshot pelts the wall behind. Marcus and The Goalie duck, then get back to work. Only a few bars remain.

ADRIAN  
Come on. Come on.

INT. CELL BLOCK GATE - CONTINUOUS

Rhett tries a key. Dean slides home another shell, takes aim.

*BOOM!* The room flashes hot white, smoke sits heavy. Rhett places another key. It works, the door swings open.

INT. ADRIAN'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Adrian push/pull with all their might as The Goalie continues. Marcus sees Rhett swing the gate open.

MARCUS  
Now or never, kid.

ADRIAN  
AhhHHHHH!

*CLANK!* Bars finally give. Goalie kills the tool, they move without delay, leaving the torch, jogging to the rear exit.

*BLAM-THUMP!* Shots pepper the rock walls and hit target with a dull wallop. Adrian looks to his shoulder, SEES BLOOD, feels no pain, keeps moving.

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

They rush to the van, Adrian hops in, SLAMS the doors. Marcus moves to the driver's seat and The Goalie rides shotgun.

*BLAM!* Lead batters the van's tail and Marcus floors it just as Rhett, Dean, and Trent burst out the back door.

RHETT  
FUCK!

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

RPMs lurching, Marcus watches their pursuers recede in the side view. The Goalie yanks off his mask, and we see it's...

COLT. His face sweaty from the heat of the torch, eyes glowing proud. Marcus pats him on the shoulder.

MARCUS  
You are your father's son, that's  
for damn sure.

Colt smiles shy and Marcus looks to Adrian in the rear view.

MARCUS  
You hit?

ADRIAN  
I'm fine.

Marcus sees blood spreading quick, tests the van's limits.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The police motorcade RIPS across Oklahoma flatland. SIRENS BLARING as the cars push one hundred. A NEWS VAN brings up the rear, racing to keep pace.

INT. VAULT - UNKNOWN

Sweat runs heavy as Nathan continues with the hinges. The top two are finished. He works on the final, lower one.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Brooke corners like a seasoned driver, turns onto a deserted county road headed out of town.

EXT. LOT 459 - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Police cars chew gravel, accelerating through the turn onto the desolate road, a county sign indicating this as LOT 459: PROPERTY OF DELGADO AGRICULTURE rattles into view.

Hayes glances out his window towards the expansive head-high wheat field laid out before. A break in the crop reveals...

A SHACK. The only visible building for miles. Wheat sways soft against rotting wood siding. He HAMMERS the brakes.

EXT. LOT 459 - CONTINUOUS

Hayes jumps out, loads his pistol. Cops hustle to join.

HAYES

This is it! Everybody with me! He said she'd be alone, so let's move!

They begin the short jog to the shack. Sheriff Walsh moves to the news van just pulling in. A CAMERAMAN already unloading his gear in back.

WALSH

You want this story. You're gonna give us a minute. Understand?

The REPORTER nods. Walsh turns. Moves briskly, adrenaline pumping, fatigue gone.

DOWN THE ROAD. An ARMED MEXICAN RANCH HAND peeks out from behind the cover of thick wheat. He spots the police officers moving onto the lot. He pulls a RADIO off his belt.

RANCH HAND

(into radio)  
(We got trouble...)

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - LOT 459 - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON another armed MEXICAN GUARD. He answers the radio.

RANCH HAND (O.S.)

(Police are on the lot.)



ANGLE WIDENS to show a massive clearing in the center of the wheat field. FLAT BED SEMI-TRUCKS await loading nearby.

Beside them, DOZENS OF HAY BALES lie spread out on the ground, each rolled out to reveal... BUNDLES OF COCAINE.

The Guard turns and signals to a handful of anonymous, heavily armed HISPANIC WORKERS patrolling the clearing.

MEXICAN GUARD

*Policía!*

They BURST into action, scurrying to hide product. Rolling hay bales over the top of cocaine bricks.

MEXICAN GUARD

*(LET'S GO! LET'S GO!)*

The others mount up, following as he begins a trot towards the shack on the edge of the 459.

EXT. HELIPAD - OKLAHOMA CITY FBI - CONTINUOUS

SAIC JIM REYNOLDS ducks under rotor wash, Kevlar vest on, he boards a SWAT CHOPPER that wastes no time getting airborne.

INT. SHACK - LOT 459 - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open in a BLAZE of sunlight. Hayes leads, local cops following with guns drawn. Looks of surprise all around as they find NOTHING... The room is EMPTY.

MORENO

There!

He points to a lock on the ground, a floor hatch. Hayes signals two men to get it open, readies to descend.

Walsh enters last, his old heart racing. Watching with a mix of horror and relief as the men raise the ground level door.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan works on finishing the last hinge. POPPING. HISSING.

Behind him, a ceiling hatch begins to open slowly. Nathan's unable to hear the activity over the WHIR of his torch...

*ZIP-POP!* The final strand of metal on the last hinge gives. He kicks off the torch and TURNS SUDDENLY as the overhead entrance hatch is finally opened...

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light shafts into the empty room. Officers climb down with Hayes at their side, they all look to see...

THE CAGE. A SHADOWED FIGURE INSIDE. Hayes lowers his weapon and charges forward, others follow. It's chaotic. Hayes reaches the bars, FREEZING in shock. Not Jenny, but...

The Man in The Cage: malnourished and dirty. There's an inherent evil about him. Something that can't be chased out.

HAYES  
What the fuck...

Walsh takes the stairs slow, breath labored. His light finds the men across the room. Their faces say it all, pure shock.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan watches Colt, Marcus, and Adrian descend the fluted steel ramp leading from the ceiling entrance. He smiles.

His face blackened from fire and glistening with sweat. He looks to his son, who displays the same visage. We sense a deep fatherly pride, Marcus sees it.

MARCUS  
He did a hell of a job.

Nathan smiles, appreciative.

MARCUS  
(sarcastic)  
Though it was a day early... Thanks for the heads up.

They all crack, allowing themselves to smile for a moment until Nathan sees scarlet streaks running down Adrian's chest and arm. Back to business.

NATHAN  
You're hit.

ADRIAN  
I'll be fine...

Adrian coughs blood. Spits to the side. Nathan looks to Marcus with a glance that says 'he needs help.'

MARCUS  
We don't have much time... This works out, thing'll be all over the news. Delgado will want out fast...

Nathan understands. They need to hurry. The four men stand together before the massive vault door. Nathan takes one final look at his son. And they all begin to PUSH, until...

*WHOOSH...BOOM!* It topples to the earth below, revealing...

A bank like storage unit. Walls lined with metal shelves, each stacked with BUNDLED MONEY. Individual BRICKS stocked full of TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS.

There must be TEN MILLION DOLLARS in fifteen separate bricks. Colt can't believe his eyes, stands in shock.

MARCUS  
Gotta move!

Nathan reads Colt's fear, pats him on the back reassuringly.

EXT. SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Walsh marches to his cruiser. He doesn't know who to believe anymore, but he feels doubt creep in like a chill up the spine. JAMS the car in gear. Takes off in a hurry.

INT. DELGADO'S STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Gustavo approaches in a hurry, holding out a cell phone.

GUSTAVO  
(*Senor Delgado. You have a phone call.*)

He finds Delgado walking the Arabian. He pauses to answer.

DELGADO  
(into phone)  
*Hola.*

A small beat as his face goes flush, his heart skips a beat.

INT. OUTBUILDING - DELGADO'S RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

A GUATEMALAN MAN busts through the doors, sweaty and screaming in *Spanish*.

GUATEMALAN  
(*Charlie! Boss needs you! Now!*)

Charlie looks to Javier with drunken eyes. He nods, *let's go*.

EXT. LOT 459 - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

THE REPORTER preps her makeup in a side view mirror. Her Cameraman lights a cigarette, leaning against the van and then he drops his smoke, his face goes limp.

CAMERAMAN  
Oh shit...

RANCH HANDS materialize out of the head-high wheat around the shack. Each armed with AR-15s or AKs, scary weapons.

CAMERAMAN

Get in the van.

REPORTER

No. Get this! Get this!

The Cameraman scrambles to roll. Films from a distance as...

Ranch Hands move forward, when Deputy Moreno exits...

*BUDDABUDDABUDDA!* Men unload. *THUMP. THUMP.* Blood mists. Moreno takes two bullets in the chest, sits down, stunned.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Moreno THRASHES in pain. Agent Hayes pulls him to the side.

HAYES

JESUS CHRIST! GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

*THUMPTHUMPTHUMP!* Gun fire rakes the shack's exterior, jackhammering across the siding in DEAFENING BLASTS.

MORENO

FUCK! I'M HIT!

*THUMPTHUMPTHUMP!* Officers duck and Hayes pulls his phone.

HAYES

(into phone)

This is Special Agent David Hayes!  
I need immediate backup! We're  
taking heavy fire!

INT. CHILDRESS' RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Peggy's a mess. Sitting behind Cutter as he stares at the television. His cartoons are interrupted by a NEWS UPDATE.

The TV cuts to LIVE FOOTAGE of the gunfight on lot 459. *TAKTAKTAKTAK!* Gunfire rattles through the speakers.

CUTTER

Mommy. They're shootin' each other.

The crawl reads: *SHOOTOUT NEAR KINGFISHER, OKLAHOMA - LIVE.* The REPORTER speaks quick, nervous and caught off guard.

REPORTER (O.S.)

We're at... The location given by suspects in the Jennifer Spiller kidnapping... What you're seeing is a... A shootout between local police and... heavily armed gunmen just outside Kingfisher...

Peggy sits forward, struggles to believe what she's seeing.

INT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Delgado hurriedly prepares an overnight bag. Gustavo helps him arrange the bare essentials when...

Hector stops dead, looking across the room to the mammoth TV against the far wall -- *a live feed of the shoot out*. Across the bottom: *SHOOT OUT AT COUNTY LOT 459*.

For a moment he seems almost reserved. Ready to throw in the towel. But he pulls himself together, starts packing again.

EXT. WESTERN OKLAHOMA SKY - DUSK

Just a sliver of sun remains, burning blood red on the western horizon. The Oklahoma City SWAT CHOPPER moves low above the harvest. A NEWS CHOPPER trails close behind.

INT. SWAT CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds sits with SWAT CAPTAIN RUSS SUTTER (40s, stalwart leader). Turbulent wind WHIPS through the open bodied craft.

Sutter SIGNALS TWO MINUTES and points to a clearing in endless wheat below; the small shack and the SHOOTOUT raging. The helicopter begins its descent. SWAT preps for battle.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

Sheriff Walsh steps out of his black and white, spots the destruction caused by Rhett's crew. Heads in.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Walsh finds MARCUS' CELL. Empty. A hole sawed clean through. He hangs his head in disbelief. He lost, feels sick.

INT. HOLLAND'S EATERY - CONTINUOUS

Esther Holland stops in utter shock upon seeing the TV above the bar. All customers firmly glued to the action.

ON THE TV: *LIVE HELICOPTER FOOTAGE of the tail end of the gun fight on Lot 459. Oklahoma City SWAT surrounds the shack.*

THE IMAGE SWITCHES to show: *the clearing the 459's wheat field. A massive rectangle carved out of the crop. SWAT MEMBERS moving between the bundles of uncovered COCAINE.*

EXT. SHACK - LOT 459 - CONTINUOUS

Agent Hayes is distraught as PARAMEDICS usher The Man in the Cage out of the small building, strapped to a stretcher. Hayes knows he was set up. Understands he's in trouble.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The engine ROARS as Brooke keeps the pedal to the floor. Wind whipping violently through the open rear window.

BROOKE'S P.O.V.: Delgado's Ranch comes into view, shaking through the windshield a few hundred yards down the road.

EXT. DELGADO AGRICULTURE - WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan and Colt finish loading a U-HAUL parked just outside an UNDERGROUND ACCESS HATCH. The rear of the U-HAUL piled high with black duffle bags holding Delgado's money.

Adrian's sitting in the van, struggling, losing color fast.

MARCUS

Nate, we gotta get him outta here.  
He's losing too much blood.

NATHAN

We're done. Got it all.

Marcus nods and stands for a moment staring at his brother-in-law and nephew. A sense of accomplishment tinged with pain.

NATHAN

Thank you for this. You took all  
the risk. Don't think I don't know  
that.

MARCUS

...She was my sister.

NATHAN

And now you're my brother.

He reaches out a hand, they lock wrists, hold eyes in a solid handshake between men. Colt extends his hand, but Marcus smiles, pulls him close into a hug.

MARCUS

You did great, kid. Your mom woulda  
been proud.

Through it all, Colt's become a man. Marcus holds his eyes, then hops in the van without hesitation.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus looks back to Adrian; going white, sweating heavy.

MARCUS

Hold on, Adrian.

Adrian nods slight. Blood coated teeth. Can't talk.

MARCUS' P.O.V.: He watches Nathan and Colt mount the U-HAUL and start out of the lot. Throws the van in gear, when...

The CV RADIO in the van kicks to life...

BROOKE (O.S.)  
 Sheriff. If you can hear this, I  
 assume you already found the fall  
 man...

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Brooke has the cruiser parked down the road, leaning out the open door, keeping watch on Delgado's front entrance.

BROOKE'S P.O.V.: An SUV pulls into the front gate. She knows something's going on, doesn't like it one bit.

BROOKE  
 (into radio)  
 But, Delgado's the big fish. And I  
 guarantee that's where they're  
 headed... Marcus won't let this go.  
 I'm gonna need back up...  
 (beat; watching the SUV)  
 Fuck it.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

*CLICK!* The radio cuts off. Marcus' face goes dark as night. Eyes wide, blood surging through temple veins.

He watches dirt kick up behind the U-HAUL as Nathan and Colt pull away. Glances in the rear view, sees Adrian dying.

Marcus lays on the HORN, watches the U-Haul stop.

EXT. DELGADO AGRICULTURE - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus acts as Adrian's crutch, keeps him propped under the shoulder. Staring up at Nathan and Colt in the U-Haul.

MARCUS  
 Plan's changed. Need you to take  
 him.

NATHAN  
 Where you going?

MARCUS  
 ...Something I gotta do.

Nathan nods and moves to help get Adrian in the back. They lie him down, pain coursing his nerves, jaw clenched.

MARCUS  
Can't thank you enough, Adrian.

ADRIAN  
We ain't out yet.

They shake hands one last time as brothers. Adrian forces a smile. Marcus knows he's right and turns away, mind made up.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus stares at the road ahead. Finalizes his decision. CRANKS the van in gear. BURNS OUT.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Walsh stares at the radio in his office in disbelief. Brooke was right, and now she's in trouble. He sits in shock.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Brooke tosses the CV into the car and pulls the SHOTGUN strapped to the cruiser's roof. She marches towards the front gate, takes aim at the fleeing men.

BROOKE  
OKLAHOMA CITY FBI! HANDS ON YOUR  
HEAD'N GET ON THE GROUND! NOW!

CA-CHUNK! She racks home a bullet, keeps moving.

BROOKE  
WHO'S IN THE TRUCK?!

The three men pause, surveying the situation. Brooke's still coming, eye on the SUV, expecting to see Marcus any second.

BROOKE  
I SAID GET DOWN!

Delgado and Charlie lock eyes. Look says it all. Brooke reads it just as Charlie PULLS THE .45 from his belt...

BOOM! She fires one round and DIVES into dusty overgrowth.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Charlie's shots HISS through dirt as Brooke scrambles for cover in nearby wheat.

Delgado ducks behind his SUV, Charlie RACKS in another magazine. Looks to Javier... ARTERIAL BLOOD fans from a gash in his neck. Brooke's buckshot took the skin clean off.

CHARLIE  
Fuck, Javi! She got you good.



Javier smiles through bloodied teeth and his knees buckle. He sits against the dusty steps, still grinning.

*BLAM-THUNK!* Brooke's second shot pelts the SUV and cement wall behind. Charlie ducks, then follows her into the wheat.

INT. DELGADO'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Delgado scrambles in the rear door, shouting to his driver.

DELGADO  
Go! Go! Go!

Driver SLAMS THE GAS, truck's moving before the door's shut.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - DUSK

Marcus keeps it in the red, sees Delgado's ranch about a mile up the road. SLAMS the gas to the floor. *ENGINE GROANING.*

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Brooke hides, gulping air. When suddenly, Charlie appears.

BROOKE'S P.O.V.: Her face at ground level. His boots within feet. Gun hangs at his side. He spins, looking. It's eerily reminiscent of the memory that haunts her from youth.

ON CHARLIE. He scans frantically. Nothing but waist high wheat until he spots the van barreling onto the property.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus clenches his teeth. Spots Javier and makes up his mind. GUNS it towards the ranch. *GRRRR!* Engine going.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Javier sees the van gaining, has him dead to rights. He smiles and calmly pulls a PISTOL from the hip.

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!* He unloads. Smiles wicked.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

*TAK-TAK!* The windshield sheers. Glass folds, Marcus ducks.

*TAK-TAK!* A bullet hits something important. The ENGINE REVS HARD then quits. SMOKE turns to FLAME. Just as...

SMASH! The world goes black, van accordions into the ranch.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Brooke hears the CRASH, tries to move, when...CLICK. She feels cold steel against her head.

CHARLIE  
Game over, lady. Shoulda left town  
when ya had the chance. Now get up.

He forces her to stand. Puts his hand on her hip, runs it up to her breast. She closes her eyes in disgust. Hates this.

CHARLIE  
God damn, ain't I lucky...

She tries to scream, but he shoves his hand over her mouth. She BITES down, draws blood...

CHARLIE  
FUUUUCK!!!

Brooke takes off, staying low. She's terrified, wants to vomit, fighting memories she's tried desperately to forget.

ON CHARLIE. He shakes blood from his bite wound and moves to find her. Fast walk turns into a sprint and he's moving.

INT. PAINTER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus opens his eyes, stunned. ENGINE SMOKE distorts vision, BLOOD MIST coats. He runs his fingers across his chest...

Finds them sticky with warm blood. He's hit. Right side, just below the collar bone. Blood coursing heavy from the wound.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Brooke exits the wheat, sees the van and Javier when... Charlie springs from nowhere like a coiled demon. Tackling her to the earth with heavy force, he looks insane.

CHARLIE  
You fuckin' bitch!

THWUMP! He PISTOL WHIPS her across the face. She's stunned, staring to the sky as it recedes into a pin-pick of white.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Marcus stumbles onto chalky earth, red blood puddles below. He's dazed, fading fast. Doesn't care, gets to his feet.

ON CHARLIE. He pulls Brooke to her feet and uses her as a shield, moving closer to the van. Gun leveled and cocked.

CHARLIE

You come lookin' for the girl? Or  
you just got a death wish, friend?

ON MARCUS. Eyes focus. He remembers Brooke. Checks his handgun, hands shaking, blood pulsing with every heartbeat.

He looks around the rear of the van, gun leading his sight. Locks on Charlie and Brooke.

CHARLIE

Be careful where I's aiming that if  
I was you.

Marcus doesn't say a word. Keeps shaky aim on the target. Brooke's eyes flit open weakly and they share a look.

BROOKE

Take the shot, Marcus.

Charlie ducks, now just an eyeball showing beside her neck. The shot's damn near impossible. All three know it, but...

Marcus and Brooke LOCK EYES. She nods, trusting him completely. She closes her eyes and holds her breath when...

*BLAM!* Charlie's head kicks back in a flurry of crimson. Bone and blood spread over her neck and she breaths again.

Smoke wafts from Marcus' barrel and his arm goes limp, face hits the dirt. Brooke sprints to him, kneels by his side.

BROOKE

Marcus! Can you hear me?

He finds consciousness, nods. They hold each other's eyes for a charged moment. Her hand on his chest, trying to stop the bleeding, desperately wanting to say more...

She turns to see SIRENS fast approaching. Makes a decision.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

FIREFLIES SMASH against Walsh's windshield as the Sheriff tears ass into Delgado's ranch.

High beams cut into the blue darkness and he sees the carnage. Brooke standing alone, bloody and beaten. Relief doesn't even begin to describe what he's feeling.

EXT. DELGADO'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Walsh moves like hell, jogging to Brooke. He pulls her in for a fatherly hug, thankful she's okay and for so much more.

WALSH  
Are you okay?

She falls into the hug. She needed it.

BROOKE  
...Delgado got away.

WALSH  
Not for long. No hiding what he's  
been up to...

BROOKE  
Marcus and Adrian are gone?

Walsh holds her at an arms length, trying to read her for the first time. She knows it, doesn't show much. He smiles as if to prevent himself from crying.

WALSH  
I'm sorry I doubted you...

She shakes her head soft and moves back in for another hug.

FADE TO:

INT. CHILDRESS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Rhett sips a beer and watches out the window awaiting the inevitable. Knows he fucked up, he's in trouble.

He glances one last time to a HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL PHOTO on the wall: *smiling proud, young and arrogant.*

SWAT and police cruisers TEAR into his drive, red-blue lights flashing through the darkened living room.

EXT. DELGADO AGRICULTURE - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Delgado's SUV skids to a halt. Delgado exits at a clip, he's completely shaken, face no longer hiding his concern.

INT. VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Delgado and his driver come down the ramp and reality hits hard. The vault lies BROKEN and EMPTY, the money long gone.

He moves close, running his fingers along the CLEAN CUT HINGES. Perfect edges, only left by one tool. *He knows it.*

EXT. DELGADO AGRICULTURE - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The two men step back outside just as SWAT and FBI teams swarm the premise. Members of both units throwing Delgado to the ground. Defeated, he doesn't even put up a fight.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Vaulted sky now aglow with FLUORESCENT LIGHTING and the THROTTLE of helicopter rotors. NEWS TEAMS have returned in full force, REPORTERS take notes, give live updates.

Familiar faces gather, some sad, most outraged. James Fenton is utterly defeated, Pastor Macy stands beside his wife.

Grace Walsh pushes through the crowd and barrels through the SWAT barricade, moving into the arms of her husband. The Sheriff sways with exhaustion, folding into her arms.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Commotion. Officers Fink and Moreno fight off reporters trying to get to SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE JIM REYNOLDS.

He stands beside Agent Hayes, staring blankly through the two-way at THE MAN IN THE CAGE. The evil three-fingered trigger man now chained where they once watched Marcus and Adrian.

REYNOLDS

Lab guys told me they talked t'you.  
(beat)  
DNA didn't match your boys.

Hayes turns in his direction. Eyes show fear.

REYNOLDS

You got lucky... That sample  
belonged t'him.

There's more to those words and Hayes knows it. Ignoring the lab results put his career in jeopardy. A heavy beat as Reynolds lets that sink in.

SWAT LEADER Russ Sutter approaches with a report. Hayes and Reynolds linger a moment before turning to listen.

SUTTER

...Name's Cody Bulger. Worked for  
Delgado. Wanted for just 'bout  
everything in the book.  
(beat)  
Says he was set up... Admits he  
killed the Spillers but the plan  
was all your boys'.

There's a moment as all three men try and piece together what Brooke has known all along.

SUTTER

Also said there was no little  
girl... Least not that he saw.

Brooke stands in the doorway watching Hayes. He turns to her, choked up with regret and pride. Also a hint of the love that never left. She was right all along.

He desperately wants to say something, but she won't have it. Shakes her head soft and turns away. He lets her go.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke strides out of the station, moving through the tumult as if immune to it. She cracks the slightest of smiles and Sheriff Walsh just watches her leave.

WALSH (V.O.)  
*Sometimes right and wrong ain't so  
 easy to define. Older I get, more I  
 realize that as truth.*

EXT. OKLAHOMA FARMLAND - NIGHT

Marcus stands before a BURNING POLICE CRUISER. He's utterly alone in the blackness of the night. Orange flames flicker off his pale face, he's still losing blood, but he won't quit yet. Not after coming this far.

WALSH (V.O.)  
*If something needs to change... Who  
 am I to question he who's willing  
 to take that final step.*

He moves to find a BLACK SEDAN hidden in the rural land. Pulls a key from the visor, slots it in the ignition and throws the car in gear. Heading out, down the road under a blanket of summer stars.

EXT. KINGFISHER ELEMENTARY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Peggy Childress sits in her truck with a child beside. It looks like Cutter, a hoody pulled over the head, gently stroking the cuddly WHITE CAT perched on his lap.

WALSH (V.O.)  
*Ask me, it's all a matter of  
 opinion.*

The U-HAUL pulls up outside, parking beside. She locks eyes with Nathan through the driver's window.

He hops out and the child exits her truck, sprints and leaps into his arms. Nathan bends to a knee pulling the child's hood back, and we see it's JENNY.

WALSH (V.O.)  
*Label it what you want... but the  
 choice has been made.*

Colt jumps down and moves to join the hug. Nathan pulls him in, closes his eyes, enjoying the moment. A family again.

Peggy exits her car and Nathan finally stands to greet her.

WALSH (V.O.)  
*And it sure as hell ain't always  
 the easiest one.*

They come face to face for the first time in a long while, a heavy moment, intense longing in both their eyes.

PEGGY  
 You're supposed to be dead.

He smiles soft, wanting to hold her.

NATHAN  
 ...Want you to come with me.

Tears show her heartbreak, building delicate behind saddened eyes. A single drop runs down her cheek as she looks away.

She shakes her head slight and he smiles. Knows her answer.

FADE TO:

EXT. KINGFISHER HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Humidity gone, the night's crisp. A capacity crowd enjoys the high school game and the company of others.

TITLE BURN: **TWO MONTHS LATER.**

We recognize all the FAMILIARS, buying drinks and hot dogs, wearing Kingfisher team gear. The town is moving on. Drawn to youth as a reminder of life. Its abundance.

Peggy sits with Cutter in the front row, wearing the pain of a love that will never come to fruition. Puts on strength.

The American Flag sways gently at HALF MAST. Above the scoreboard, a football jersey is hung for all to see, the back reads: *C. SPILLER #1*. They have their closure.

EXT. GRASSY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Brooke stands on the edge of the stadium's light range, cast in shadows. The *CRACK* of football pads barely audible.

From out of the darkness steps a form. A man. Marcus. He moves to stand beside her. His wounds healed. His plan executed to perfection. Except this part. Her.

BROOKE  
 You know I let you leave, assumin'  
 I'd never have to see you again.

MARCUS  
 That the way you want it?

There's a moment and she doesn't know what to say. They just stand watching the game. *CRACK, WHISTLE*. Play continues.

BROOKE  
 You broke their hearts, ya know.

MARCUS  
 Got everything they needed...  
 Everybody wins.

She turns to look at him for the first time, mad at herself for wanting to continue this conversation.

BROOKE  
 Everybody?

He nods. Loves how she wants to continue.

MARCUS  
 ...Jenny's fine, Brooke. Life's  
 gonna be easier for them.

She looks at him hard, finds his soft eyes.

BROOKE  
 What about me?

He smiles.

EXT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Walsh shares a blanket with Grace. She's enthralled by the game, loving every second of the action.

His eyes wander, glancing towards the hill where he can make out TWO FIGURES on the edge of darkness.

He squints to confirm that he sees Brooke. She turns to the man beside her and they embrace in a hug, possibly a kiss. Hard to tell from this distance.

He turns back to the crowd, the smiling faces, CHEERLEADERS, the PLAYERS on the field. And finally, he smiles, putting his hand on Grace's leg in a silent display of content.

THE END