

## **BURN SITE**

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**DAWN...**

A BLACK HORSE sprints through frozen neck high grass in the dead of winter, breath shooting out like steam.

The tall greenery thwacks the steed in the snout as it charges out of the field and onto...

A residential street dominated by foreclosed, boarded up homes on one side and a vacant lot of overgrown grass that the horse just exited on the other side.

SERIES OF SHOTS of the loose animal as it continues a journey through a picturesque wasteland of economic meltdown...

Past vacant auto plant after vacant auto plant... past a burnt out and abandoned Elementary School...

Welcome to present day DETROIT.

As the sun rises, the exhausted animal finds itself on the shoulder of 8 mile road where it wanders into the street...

A casino bus PLOWS into the horse -- Head meets windshield with a BLOOD SPLATTERING CRACK as we --

CUT TO BLACK:

The SOUND of metal SCREECHING against metal takes us to...

**EXT. WALKER SCRAP METAL/THE YARD - MORNING**

A MAN drags a metal pasture gate off the bed of his rusted pickup. Painted on one of the bars is, "Bloomfield Ranch".

The Man, hoodie underneath a tattered winter jacket, bad skin, worse teeth, places the gate on a scale to be weighed.

REMY HARRIS (30's), a beast of a man, shaved head, and Yard Foreman of this colossal scrap metal yard -- one of Detroit's few thriving industries -- inspects the gate.

One look at this Man and Remy knows it's stolen. But that doesn't make a bit of difference. Remy scribbles the weight on a receipt, rips it off, and shoves it in the man's hand.

ACROSS THE YARD --

JACOB RILEY (late 30's), his lean and solid frame the product of relentless self-discipline. He wields a blowtorch, slices a fifty foot metal beam in half with speed and precision.

His walkie talkie CRACKLES. He unhooks it from his belt.

**INT. WALKER SCRAP METAL/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob splashes water on his face. Removes the grime. Combs his hair. Dusts off his coveralls. He looks in the mirror. A spider web tattoo on his neck peaks out above his collar.

WALKER (V.O.)

A man who gives others hope, no matter how desperate the situation, is a true leader.

Jacob adjusts his collar to hide the remnants of a past life.

**INT. WALKER SCRAP METAL/WALKER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

SYDNEY WALKER (mid 40's), hefty, denim button-down, worn jeans. He may not dress like a millionaire, but he is. He sits behind a vast metal desk, exuding power and authority.

WALKER

Jacob? Do you agree?

Jacob nods.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Then be a leader. For your family.

Jacob looks at a framed photo on Walker's desk: A FAMILY PORTRAIT of Walker and his beautiful wife and daughter.

JACOB

Mr. Walker... My family can't take 'nother pay cut.

WALKER

I know you weren't expecting this.

Jacob attempts to remain calm and measured.

JACOB

With respect... this ain't right. I show up early, I leave late--

WALKER

You certainly act like you give a shit, which is more than I can say for much of my staff.

JACOB

Not an act, sir.

WALKER

Which is why much of my staff won't be here on Monday... and you will. Try complaining to them about a pay cut.

JACOB

Not complaining. Jus'--

WALKER

You've been here a long while, which is why I'm allowing you this conversation. But think carefully before saying another word.

(beat)

You're one of the lucky ones. You still got a job. Don't you agree?

Seething inside, Jacob wants to protest, but instead finds himself nodding in agreement.

**EXT. WALKER SCRAP METAL/PARKING LOT - LATER**

Jacob sits in his Ford Pickup Truck scrolling through his phone, stopping at: DIANA. His thumb hovers over the TALK button... He can't press it. He PUNCHES the steering wheel.

**INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT**

DIANA RILEY (late 30's) delicate and beautiful, works the register at the 10 ITEMS OR LESS CHECKOUT LANE.

She rubs her aching shoulder. Looks at the conveyor belt. A case of BUD LIGHT. The customer, a pimply teenage KID.

KID

Oh. Almost forgot.

He hands her an ID. Diana doesn't even give it a glance.

DIANA

What's your name?

KID

St--

(remembers his fake ID)

Eric.

DIANA

Well, Steric, do you know how many drunk driving accidents there are a year involving *minors*?

KID  
C'mon. It's New Year's Eve. Can't  
you just help me out?

Diana snatches the fake ID out of the kid's hand.

DIANA  
Leave now and I won't call your  
parents. That enough help?

**EXT. GROCERY STORE/PARKING LOT - LATER**

Diana jogs through the lot, taking off her apron as she goes.  
She gets in a rundown Ford Taurus.

**EXT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - LATER**

Diana's car pulls into a STAFF ONLY parking spot.

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/LOCKER ROOM- LATER**

Physically worn-out, Diana changes into scrubs.

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER**

Diana yawns as she takes her seat at the Admissions Desk. The  
moment her butt hits the chair -- *SCREAMING*

A MAN in a gas station attendant's uniform frantically  
hobbles into the ER. His right foot is MANGLED and BLOODY.

MAN  
ONE OF THOSE FUCKIN' DOGS!

ER WORKERS usher the Man back into the ER.

MAN (CONT'D)  
THERE'S A WHOLE PACK OF 'EM ACROSS  
THE STREET!

OUTSIDE, a pack of feral dogs roam around a gas station.

Horrified, Diana eyes the dogs as we PRELAP:

LEON (V.O.)  
A man who gives others hope, no  
matter how desperate the situation,  
is a true leader.

**INT. COSTELLO'S BAR - NIGHT**

Detroit sports memorabilia haphazardly decorate this dump. A handful of regulars toss back whatever is cheapest on tap.

At the bar, Jacob sits with his heavily intoxicated and bellicose friend from work, LEON ARCHER (40's).

LEON

...then he fuckin' fired me.

Leon takes a long sip of beer. Jacob eyes Leon's drink with a combination of desire and disgust. He looks to the bartender.

JACOB

'Nother diet here.

ESPN plays on a mounted TV. A shot of the Detroit Lions' Calvin Johnson dropping a pass.

LEON

Dude gets 134 mil for catchin' --  
no -- *droppin'* a fuckin' ball while  
the rest of us take it in the ass  
for 9.25 an hour. Fuck 'im.

Jacob's cell RINGS. CALLER ID: DIANA. He stares at the phone.

**EXT. COSTELLO'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

A desolate stretch of road. Jacob paces back and forth, on his cell. Light SOBS are heard on the other end.

As Jacob thinks of what to say, he clocks a couple of DEALERS (18) peddling CRANK in front of a convenience store.

JACOB/PHONE

Baby, it could be worse.

DIANA/PHONE

I don't see how.

Jacob looks inside the bar at Leon who is now drunkenly MUMBLING to himself.

JACOB/PHONE

I do.

DIANA/PHONE

500 bucks a month just vanished.  
Gone. How do we *live* like that? I  
mean, did you even put up a fight?

JACOB/PHONE  
 Stuff like this happens. We deal  
 with it, alright?

DIANA/PHONE  
 Stuff like this *keeps* happening.

He eats the jab. Decides whether or not to fire back. Then --

JACOB/PHONE  
 What's Sandra doin' tonight?

**INT. BMW (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT**

The RADIO BLASTS. SANDRA RILEY (18), cute, rides passenger.  
 CHRISTINA WALKER (18), sassy, drives. We recognize Christina  
 as Sydney Walker's daughter from the photo on his desk.

SANDRA  
 This car is sick.

CHRISTINA  
 Speakers were just put in.

Sandra feels her cell phone VIBRATING. CALLER ID: MOM.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 Don't do it. Not if you wanna have  
 fun tonight.

SANDRA  
 She's just gonna keep calling.

Sandra lowers the music and answers.

SANDRA/PHONE  
 Hey mom.

DIANA/PHONE  
 Honey, where are you?

SANDRA/PHONE  
 Just driving around with Christina.  
 Her new car is awesome.

DIANA/PHONE  
 Do me a favor? Tell Christina that  
 her father's a real asshole.

Mortified, Sandra cups the phone and looks over at Christina.  
*Did she hear?* But Christina's eyes are dead set on the road.

JACOB/PHONE  
Diana. Leave it alone.

**EXT. COSTELLO'S BAR - THAT MOMENT**

Phone to ear, Jacob hugs himself against the cold. He has been on the line the whole time.

SANDRA/PHONE  
Dad? What's going on?

JACOB/PHONE  
Nothin'. What's your deal tonight?

SANDRA/PHONE  
The deal is Christina and I were planning on going to this party--

DIANA/PHONE  
You know how I feel about parties.

SANDRA/PHONE  
Mom! It's New Year's Eve!

CHRISTINA  
Told you not to pick up.

Sandra shoots Christina a look.

DIANA/PHONE  
Last year you came home so drunk. I won't have it. Spend tonight with your parents.

SANDRA/PHONE  
This is so unfair.

DIANA/PHONE  
I know, your mother's so unfair to wanna celebrate New Year's with her daughter.

SANDRA/PHONE  
You know that's not what I meant.

JACOB/PHONE  
Sandra, please, listen to mom.

SANDRA/PHONE  
...Whatever. Fine. Bye.

Diana and Sandra hang up on each other at the same time. Jacob exhales, rubs his forehead.



**INT. BMW (MOVING) - THAT MOMENT**

Sandra sulks in the passenger seat. Her phone VIBRATES. She sees it's her dad and picks up.

SANDRA/PHONE  
Why am I never allowed out?

JACOB/PHONE  
I'm lettin' you go, alright? Jus' give mom a break.

SANDRA/PHONE  
Why's she so pissed off this time?

JACOB/PHONE  
Nothin'. Everything's fine.

SANDRA/PHONE  
You're such a bad liar, dad. What happened?

When Jacob won't answer, Sandra starts to piece it together. She turns away from Christina and cups the phone.

SANDRA/PHONE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... I'll come home.

JACOB/PHONE  
No. This ain't your problem.

SANDRA/PHONE  
You sure? I don't wanna add to the insanity.

Jacob eyes the two Drug Dealers across the street.

JACOB/PHONE  
Trust me. If there's one thing that keeps me sane, it's you.

No words have been more true. Sandra smiles, touched.

JACOB/PHONE (CONT'D)  
Love ya, sweetie.

DIANA/PHONE  
You too.

Sandra hangs up, sits quietly, her sadness lingering.

CHRISTINA  
What happened with your dad?

SANDRA

(beat)

Nothing. Everything's fine.

CHRISTINA

And you think your dad's a bad  
liar?

Christina smirks, turns up the music and SPEEDS off.

**EXT. COSTELLO'S BAR - NIGHT**

Jacob pockets his phone just as Leon comes barreling out of the bar. He runs past Jacob, into an alley, and VOMITS.

Leon starts to cry. Jacob rubs his friend's back, trying to console him. Leon spits, wipes his mouth, and stands.

JACOB

I'm sorry.

LEON

Right. I'm sure you are. You still  
got a job.

JACOB

...I'm drivin' you home.

Jacob puts his arm around Leon and guides him towards the parking lot. Leon violently swings Jacob's arm off.

LEON

FUCK YOU! I ain't goin' home yet!

Leon stumbles back from Jacob and wobbles down the street.

JACOB

Leon! Don't be like this!

Leon doesn't respond as he disappears down a dark alley.

Jacob opens his hand revealing a SET OF CAR KEYS. Leon's car keys that he lifted from Leon's pocket before being pushed. He goes back into the bar, tosses the keys to the bartender.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Make sure he don't drive.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - LATER**

A working class neighborhood hanging on by a thread. Diana drives pass boarded up homes. She pulls into their driveway.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Diana enters, drags herself to the finish line. She flips the light switch. No light, but --

A light flickering from the kitchen. She rounds the corner to see Jacob, holding flowers, and a candlelit dinner prepared.

JACOB  
 (re: the light switch)  
 There was some confusion with the payment. I took care of it. We'll be back on soon.

Jacob helps Diana out of her coat as she realizes --

DIANA  
 Where's Sandra?

JACOB  
 It's you and me tonight.

DIANA  
*Jacob* -- What'd I say?

JACOB  
 Diana...

DIANA  
 You always gotta be the good one, don't ya? It's not right.

Diana takes out her cell. Jacob swipes it, holds it out of reach from Diana. He looks her in the eye, very serious.

JACOB  
 Baby... y'got no idea how embarrassin' it is standin' in line with only candles and flowers.

Diana laughs, softens. Jacob pulls a chair out for her. She looks at the dinner, then back at her husband.

**INT. HOUSE PARTY/LIVING ROOM - LATER**

HIP HOP MUSIC BLARES. The house is packed with out of control, drunk teenagers. Somewhere, SOME KID SHOUTS --

SOME KID  
 10 MINUTES TILL NEW YEAR'S!

**INT. HOUSE PARTY/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

An extremely drunk Sandra vomits into the toilet while kids BANG on the door.

PARTIER (O.S.)  
You takin' a shit in there?!

Sandra flushes the toilet. She goes to the sink, splashes water on her face, rinses her mouth out. She looks in the mirror, eyes barely able to focus, anger suddenly creeps in.

BANG-BANG-BANG -- Sandra swings the door open, BUMPS into the PARTIER as she brushes past him.

She wobbles downstairs. Scans the room. Finds Christina making out with a BOY (18, skateboarder type). Sandra pulls the Boy off. Christina looks at Sandra, "*What the fuck?*"

Sandra SHOUTS something into Christina's ear. The MUSIC is LOUD and we couldn't HEAR what Sandra just said. But from the look on Christina's face, it wasn't something pleasant.

Sandra backs up and stares down a now pissed off Christina.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob and Diana eat by candle light.

JACOB  
How're you gonna feed a dog when you can't put food on the table?

DIANA  
It's cruel, abandoning a dog like that. Now they're running around, breeding, attacking people.

Diana stops eating, lays down her fork.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I want out of here.

JACOB  
I wanna get us outta here.

DIANA  
Sandra deserves better.

JACOB  
*I'll* get us outta here.

Jacob gets up, kneels in front of her, looks her in the eye.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You and Sandra changed my life. I owe it to you... You took a chance on me and I'm gonna show you that you didn't make the wrong choice.

DIANA

I don't ever think I made the wrong choice.

Diana kisses him as Jacob's watch starts to BEEP repeatedly.

JACOB

Happy new year. I promise.

Jacob picks up Diana and carries her into the bedroom.

OUTSIDE, it's beginning to snow. We look up at the pitch black sky as specks of white fall directly at us.

FADE TO WHITE:

**EXT. RIVER ROUGE - NEW YEAR'S DAY - MORNING**

The ground is blanketed in 3 feet of glistening snow. A small abandoned shack sits along the bank of the frozen river.

A YOUNG GIRL (10) in a pink snowsuit runs into FRAME and takes cover behind the shack. An OLDER GIRL (13) chases her with a snowball.

The Older Girl creeps up alongside the shack as the Young Girl hears the footsteps and slowly backs away.

The Young Girl packs a snowball of her own when she catches a glimpse of something odd on the shoreline of the river. She squints, trying to make out what it is.

The Older Girl is right at the edge of the shack.

The Young Girl steps closer and that's when it becomes clear.

Along the shoreline, caught on a low hanging tree branch, motionless and protruding halfway out of the iced over river is a dead female body.

Paralyzed by fear, the Young Girl simply stares at the body.

**INT. CADEN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

A quaint upper-middle class apartment. Moving boxes line the walls. Some have been unpacked. Most have not.

Sitting on the couch, straining to hear something, is ROSS CADEN (mid 30's). Athletic build, wears a sweat-stained Detroit Tigers baseball cap, T-shirt and pajama pants.

ANNE CADEN (mid 30's, Hispanic) walks in tying on a bathrobe. She just woke up ten seconds ago, but judging from her looks you'd never guess it. Caden doesn't acknowledge her entrance.

ANNE

Um... what're you doing?

CADEN

That buzz.

ANNE

That what?

CADEN

I've checked the heater, the fridge, the TV. I've got no idea where it's coming from.

Anne looks at him like he is crazy, but plays along and gives a listen. When she does, an annoying constant *BZZZZ* is heard.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Was it here when we looked at the place?

ANNE

That can't be a serious question.

Anne laughs. Which makes Ross have to laugh.

CADEN

I'm not crazy.

ANNE

That's what all the crazies say.

Ross grabs Anne from behind and starts *BZZZZing* in her ear.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(laughs)  
Get off, crazy.

A baby CRIES from the bedroom. Caden lets go of Anne. Without missing a beat they do ROCK-PAPER-SCISSOR and -- Caden loses.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Ha. Ha.

Caden's cell RINGS. He checks the CALLER ID. He turns serious, looks back at Anne. She knows this look and sighs.

CADEN

I'll get him next time... Unless  
you wanna go solve a crime.

(picks up the phone)

This is Detective Caden.

**EXT. RIVER ROUGE - MORNING**

Helicopters circle. News vans, camera crews, and onlookers stand behind yellow police tape. An overly done-up FEMALE REPORTER talks into a camera.

FEMALE REPORTER

This marks Detroit's first reported  
murder of the New Year. Last year,  
Detroit's murder rate ranked among  
the highest in the country...

The two young girls sit in a state of shock in the back of a police cruiser. A FEMALE OFFICER attempts to get information.

Down by the river, CRIME SCENE TECHS chisel away at the ice, working to unearth the girl's bottom half from the river.

A black Chevy Impala pulls up. Caden gets out.

One of the CRIME SCENE TECHS (late 50's), an old hand at his job, notices the fresh-faced detective and approaches.

CRIME SCENE TECH

Happy New Year, Detective...?

CADEN

Caden. Good to meet you.

Caden breezes pass the TECH. Makes a bee-line for the river. The TECH jogs to catch up as Caden spots a lone EVIDENCE MARKER next to a soggy mess of colorful half-digested cereal.

CRIME SCENE TECH

Pink snowsuit in the cruiser had  
Fruit Loops for breakfast.

CADEN

We ID the girl in the river?

CRIME SCENE TECH

Not yet. But she's mid to late  
teens. She was beaten pretty badly  
and has a severe stab wound along  
her face and neck.

The Crime Scene Techs get the girl loose and place her on a body bag. A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS SHOTS.

CRIME SCENE TECH (CONT'D)  
Snow's making it a challenge to  
find anything right now.

CADEN  
Well, good work on the Fruit Loops.

CRIME SCENE TECH  
(dick)  
Nice to meet you.

Caden starts the trek over to the body.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)  
Detective...?

CADEN  
Caden. Good to meet you.

Caden turns around to see the Female Officer who was questioning the two young girls.

FEMALE OFFICER  
One of the girls in the car thinks  
she knows her.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING**

Jacob and Diana lay asleep under two thick wool blankets. There's a KNOCK at the door. Diana stirs and nudges Jacob.

JACOB  
Sandra'll get it.

DIANA  
Not if she's the one knocking.

More KNOCKING. Jacob opens his eyes.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob, wrapped in a blanket, opens the door. He is thrown to see a stranger on his porch: Detective Caden.

JACOB  
(shivering)  
Help you?



CADEN  
Morning. Jacob Riley?

JACOB  
Yeah.

CADEN  
Are you the father of Sandra Riley?

JACOB  
Yes... Why? Is everything okay?

Caden holds out his badge.

CADEN  
I'm detective Ross Caden. May I  
come in, please?

JACOB  
Is everything okay?

CADEN  
If you'd allow me in, I'd be--

JACOB  
Yeah, come in, but--

CADEN  
(as Caden steps in)  
Is Mrs. Riley home? I'd like her to  
join us.

Jacob puts a hand on Caden's chest, stopping him. Caden looks  
down at it. Jacob quickly removes it.

JACOB  
(beat)  
Why can't you tell me everything's  
okay?

Jacob stares at Caden, desperate. Caden can't prolong this  
anymore. He swallows, readies himself to deliver the news.

CADEN  
I'm sorry to have to tell you this,  
but early this morning a body was  
discovered in River Rouge that we  
believe to be your daughter's.

Stunned silence.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
I'm very sorry, Mr.--

JACOB  
*No no no. The hell you talkin'  
 about? She's fine -- She's home --*

CADEN  
 Maybe we should sit down and--

Jacob storms down the hallway. BARGES into Sandra's room. Her empty bed sends a chill through his body.

DIANA (O.S.)  
 Who are you? What's going on here?

Jacob rushes back into the living room. Diana stands in front of Caden, waiting for an answer. Caden looks to Jacob, offering him a chance to explain. When Jacob doesn't speak --

CADEN  
 Mrs. Riley, I'm Detective Ross--

Jacob steps in between Diana and Caden, shielding her.

JACOB  
 You said you *thought* it was her.

DIANA  
 Somebody talk to me! What the hell's going on? Where's Sandra?

Jacob turns to Diana. His face. His silence. It tells her everything. Diana's knees buckle.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God -- Oh God no --

JACOB  
 (to Caden, pleading)  
 You don't know. You don't *know*.

Caden takes out an evidence bag containing a set of keys.

CADEN  
 We found these in her pocket. Did these belong to your daughter?

Diana takes one look at Sandra's house keys and pitches forward, holding her stomach. She runs to the bathroom.

### **INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Jacob stands over Sandra's body which lies on a metal table. She has several BLACK BRUISES on her face.

And a 6 INCH GASH along the right side of her head, beginning at her temple and ending at her throat.

JACOB  
Was she...? Did anything else happen to her?

CADEN  
A full examination will be done shortly.

Jacob's face hardens as his sadness morphs into rage. Caden clocks this, and drapes the sheet back over Sandra.

CADEN (V.O.)  
When did you last speak to Sandra?

**INT. MORGUE/CAFETERIA - DAY**

Jacob, trying to be strong, sits next to a nearly catatonic Diana. Caden sits opposite them. A COP in uniform, NOWLES (mid 20's) hangs back in a doorway fifteen feet away.

JACOB  
...Last night... 'round 7, I think. She was goin' to this party with a friend. Christina Walker...

Caden writes, "*PARTY - FRIEND - CHRISTINA WALKER.*"

JACOB (CONT'D)  
...Next thing I know, you're knockin' at my door.

Diana MUMBLES something inaudibly.

CADEN  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Riley?

DIANA  
Why'd you call her back?

Jacob cringes, the guilt-ridden pain stabbing his stomach.

JACOB  
I'm sorry.

Jacob grips Diana's hand. She pulls it away and retreats back into a comatose state.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
(to Caden)  
I let her go out last night.

Caden nods, empathizes with Jacob, pushes forward.

CADEN

Um... Do you know of anyone who Sandra may have been fighting with or not getting along with?

JACOB

Everyone loved her.

CADEN

Was Sandra dating anyone?

JACOB

No -- Not that we know of.

CADEN

And you're Sandra's stepfather?

Jacob nods, "yes."

CADEN (CONT'D)

And you're her biological mother?

Jacob nods for Diana.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Where's Sandra's biological father?

JACOB

Dead. Diana was married, but he died of cancer before she was born.

Caden takes out a folder.

CADEN

As I said before, this process won't be easy. So what I'm about to ask might be difficult to discuss. But I'd like to get it out of the way now and cross it off my list.

Jacob nods. He knows exactly where Caden is headed. Caden opens the folder and flips to a page.

CADEN (CONT'D)

When I ran your name, Mr. Riley, I saw we had a file on you. You were arrested twice for intoxication. Three times on narcotics possession. In all instances you had alcohol, methamphetamine or OxyContin in your system.

Jacob shifts in his chair. Like a reflex, he adjusts his shirt collar to hide his neck tattoo.

JACOB

I did a lotta stupid things.

CADEN

Then there's this assault charge.

**EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - TEN YEARS AGO**

Jacob, in his early 30's, stumbles out of a bar. He is drunk and stoned. Not the Jacob we've come to know. He accidentally bumps into THREE MEN (30's) drinking on the sidewalk.

Jacob staggers off and BAM -- A beer bottle hits him in the back of the head. It lands on the sidewalk, doesn't break. Jacob bleeds as he turns around and stares down the group.

One MAN takes this as an invitation and approaches. Jacob picks up the beer bottle and CLOCKS the Man in the face. The Man hits the ground, his friends run to help.

Jacob shoves the bottleneck of the beer bottle down the Man's throat. Jacob stands, fire in his eyes, and raises his boot over the bottle that sticks out of the Man's mouth, ready to crush it through the Man's head when he is suddenly tackled.

**INT. MORGUE/CAFETERIA - END FLASHBACK**

Jacob lowers his head, not proud. Caden sizes up the reformed man who was once capable of such ferocity.

CADEN

In regards to your past, is there anything else I should know?  
Fights? Drugs? *Anything?*

Jacob looks to Diana for help. She's totally checked out. Jacob stands and grabs Diana's purse.

JACOB

Gotta get my wife home.

CADEN

Mr. Riley, I understand this is--

Jacob turns violently to Caden.

JACOB

You don't understand a fuckin' thing.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

I haven't raised a hand, touched a drug, or had a drink in ten years. Since the day Diana and Sandra accepted me into their lives. They turned that part of my brain off, so understand that before you accuse me of *anything*.

Jacob helps Diana to her feet and leads her to the exit.

CADEN

Mr. Riley, hang on a second.

Jacob stops. Turns around. Faces Caden.

CADEN (CONT'D)

All I'm trying to do is get the big picture. We do that and work from there.

Caden holds out his BUSINESS CARD.

CADEN (CONT'D)

I need you to trust me.

Jacob takes the business card and heads to the door. Caden watches Jacob like a hawk, trying to get a read on the man.

**INT. POLICE STATION/BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Overworked DETECTIVES pour over paperwork. Plenty of desks with RINGING phones and no one in the chairs to answer them.

**INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The constant phone RINGING from the bullpen filters in through the open door. Caden sits opposite CAPTAIN TERRY (50's). A commanding presence. Grey crew cut, thin mustache.

CADEN

Coroner report came back. No signs of sexual assault.

TERRY

Theft?

CADEN

Doubtful. Found her purse an hour ago. Frozen in the river not far from her body. Thirty-five bucks inside. Not a lot. But enough if that was the plan.

TERRY

And no murder weapon?

Caden shakes his head. Terry sits back, exhales, displeased.

TERRY (CONT'D)

The media's gonna be all over this.  
They don't like dead teenage white  
girls.

Caden peers through the blinds. NEWS VANS, CAMERA CREWS, and REPORTERS pack the lot.

CADEN

Wrong. They love 'em.

TERRY

Which is why I'd like you to hand  
this off to a more senior person.

Caden looks at Terry, *"You can't be serious."*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Shut the door.

Caden does as he is asked.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You haven't been here five minutes  
and you're already being thrown  
into the spotlight.

CADEN

Thanks for the confidence.

TERRY

You can open the door now.  
(re: the ringing phones)  
Goddamnit! Someone either pick 'em  
up or unplug 'em.

CADEN

Look, I grew up here. It's not like  
I don't know my way around town.  
Besides, I didn't move back here to  
shy away from the spotlight.

TERRY

Since you brought it up, why did  
you move back here?

CADEN

Maybe because I got tired of seeing  
everyone do the opposite.

Terry gives a halfhearted chuckle. Caden, dead serious says --

CADEN (CONT'D)  
You keep me on, I'll find who did  
it.

TERRY  
(mulls it over)  
Fuck it then. Let's start the New  
Year off on the right foot.

Caden nods. He opens the door.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Before you go, you said this Riley  
has a bit of a temper. You  
anticipate a problem there?

Caden ponders the question.

CADEN  
No.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

A police cruiser pulls to the curb. An OFFICER gets out and opens the back door for Jacob and Diana.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob leads Diana inside. He takes her coat off, sits her on the couch, and takes a seat next to her. Both look totaled.

Diana abruptly gets up and disappears into the kitchen.

Jacob startles when he HEARS the CLANGING of pots and pans. He walks in the kitchen to find Diana on her knees, digging deep inside a cabinet, pulling out a bottle of whiskey.

JACOB  
How long's that been there?

Diana pours herself a drink. Downs it. Pours another. She takes her drink and the bottle into the living room and sits.

DIANA  
Sometimes I need a drink.

Diana takes another sip. Jacob aches for a taste. Forces himself to look away.

DIANA THROWS THE GLASS ACROSS THE ROOM, HYSTERICALLY CRYING.



DIANA (CONT'D)  
WHY'D YOU LET HER GO OUT!?

JACOB  
Diana!

DIANA  
YOU ALWAYS GOTTA BE THE GOOD ONE.

JACOB  
I'm warnin' you.

DIANA  
God forbid you stand up to ANYONE!

DIANA THROWS THE BOTTLE. IT EXPLODES AGAINST THE WALL, INCHES ABOVE JACOB'S HEAD. Glass and whiskey rain down on him.

Jacob grabs Diana by the shoulders, *SHOVES* her down on the couch. Anger builds, *will he actually do something?*

Diana stares up at him. She is somewhere between hating him and needing him.

Jacob pushes the rage down. Won't let himself go there. He lets go of Diana and starts picking up the broken glass.

**INT. THE BAILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING**

The most religious home in Detroit. Every room contains a small reminder that this is a Christian household.

SETH BAILEY (18), the boy Christina Walker was hooking up with at the party, sits at his kitchen table. Caden is across from him. Seth's PARENTS stand off to the side.

CADEN  
Sandra and Christina got into a fight?

SETH  
Yeah. But there's no way Christina did it. She couldn't have. I was with her the whole night.

MRS. BAILEY  
The *whole* night?

SETH  
(busted)  
Shit...

Seth looks over his shoulder at his disapproving parents, then back at Caden. Seth smirks uncomfortably.

CADEN

Right... So you can vouch for  
Christina's whereabouts between the  
hours of midnight and...?

Seth braces himself before answering.

SETH

'Bout 6.

His mother SWATS the back of his head.

MRS. BAILEY

Awful. Just awful.

CADEN

Why were they fighting?

SETH

Sandra was upset because her dad  
didn't get a raise or something  
from Christina's dad.

CADEN

How'd the fight start?

SETH

Christina and I were...

Seth stops himself --

**INT. THE HOUSE PARTY - FLASHBACK**

Seth and Christina are making out HARD, his hand runs up under the front of her shirt.

**INT. THE BAILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - PRESENT**

SETH

...talking. And then Sandra comes  
stumbling up, smelling like puke...

**INT. THE HOUSE PARTY - FLASHBACK**

Sandra pulls Christina off Seth, leans in to Christina's ear.

SETH (V.O.)  
 ...and calls Christina's dad an  
*asshole*. Right to Christina's face.

**INT. THE BAILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - PRESENT**

SETH  
 Both were super wasted, so I wasn't  
 surprised when it happened...

**INT. THE HOUSE PARTY - FLASHBACK**

Sandra and Christina shout at each other and CRACK! Sandra punches Christina in the jaw. Christina stumbles back, stunned, before BAM! Christina punches Sandra.

Sandra tackles Christina. Both HIT the floor. They PUNCH and CLAW at each other until Seth and other partiers break it up.

**INT. THE BAILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - PRESENT**

SETH  
 Then Sandra stormed out.

CADEN  
 Why didn't you go after Sandra?  
 Weren't you worried about her?

SETH  
 Yeah but, I was with Christina.

CADEN  
 Right. And you wanted to spend the  
 whole night with her. I remember.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Two NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS (12), shovel the Riley's driveway. One stops and gawks at the three NEWS VANS across the street as well as a CAMERAMAN shooting B-ROLL of the street.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Diana sits at the table, eyes bloodshot. Jacob cooks scrambled eggs. The mood is cold.

Jacob places a plate of food in front of Diana. She stares at it as the *SCRAPE-SCRAPE-SCRAPE* of shovel hitting gravel grates on her nerves.

JACOB  
You need to eat.

Diana doesn't answer. She just looks away from the food.

A KNOCK at the door that Diana doesn't register. Jacob goes to the door, opens it. It's Leon, holding a casserole pot.

LEON  
Alice didn't want you worryin'  
'bout food.

There's an awkwardness between the two, emotions still raw from the night outside the bar.

JACOB  
Come in. Just havin' breakfast.

Leon enters. When they look inside the kitchen, Diana isn't there. Her plate of food is untouched.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob dumps the eggs into the trash, immediately starts washing the mound of dishes. Leon sits at the kitchen table.

LEON  
Y'need *anything*, me and Alice are here. Jus' pick up the phone and one of us'll be here before you hang up. Okay?

Jacob doesn't respond. Leon might as well be talking to himself. But there's something weighing on Leon's mind.

LEON (CONT'D)  
Police talked to me today. Wanted to know where I went after I left you at the bar.

Leon gets up, starts pacing the kitchen.

LEON (CONT'D)  
I shoulda jus' let you take me home 'cuz all I did was walk 'round the block, spend the night puking before goin' back to Costello's. Nice work liftin' my keys.

JACOB  
You really come here to proclaim your innocence?

LEON

No, I dunno. I jus', I thought  
you'd like to know the police are  
actually doin' their fuckin' jobs.

Jacob's blood pressure spikes. He turns around.

JACOB

Know what I heard the other day?  
Seventy percent of murders in this  
fuckin' city go unsolved.

Leon searches for a consoling response. Doesn't find one.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Seventy.

The thought pains Jacob, a hopelessness in his eyes. He turns  
around, goes back to washing the dishes.

OUTSIDE, the kids can still be HEARD shoveling the driveway.  
Jacob closes his eyes, trying to block them out and --

**EXT. PALMER WOODS, THE WALKER'S HOUSE - DAY**

WHOOSH -- A snow plow clears a path up a long and winding  
driveway.

**INT. THE WALKER'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

High ceilings. Expensive furniture. A stark contrast to every  
other house we've been in.

Christina sits on the couch, crying. A pile of crumpled  
tissues beside her. She has a BLACK-AND-BLUE BRUISE on her  
jaw where Sandra punched her.

Walker sits next to his daughter. Caden sits opposite them.

CHRISTINA

I told you, I was drunk. All I  
remember is Sandra calling my dad  
an asshole and then punching me.

(trying to recall)

I know I hit her back, but after  
that... I don't know.

Christina wipes her eyes.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

She started it though. I was just  
defending myself.

CADEN

And defending your father?

CHRISTINA

My dad is not... an asshole. He gives work to hundreds of people. But all anyone cares about is when someone gets fired. It's other people who are the assholes.

Caden notices the anger in her voice. And so does Walker.

WALKER

She just lost her best friend.

Caden turns back to Christina.

CHRISTINA

I know what you're thinking. But I would never hurt one of my friends.

CADEN

You mean aside from punching one of them in the face?

CHRISTINA

I've taken shit my entire life for being who I am and for having what I have. So I'm sorry if I get a little pissed off sometimes.

More tears. Christina grabs a tissue.

CADEN

Christina, I'd like for you to take a polygraph.

Walker stands and gets in between Caden and Christina.

WALKER

I know you're new here, but let me explain something to you--

CHRISTINA

(to Caden)

You think I killed her?

CADEN

I think you should take the test.

WALKER

--You don't come in here and accuse my daughter--

CHRISTINA  
I'll take it.

Walker turns to his daughter, surprised.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
I'll happily take it.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING**

Jacob watches his bedside clock switch from 5:19 AM to 5:20 AM. This is how he spent his night. He rolls over and faces Diana. She is fast asleep.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob heads for the bathroom in a dazed stupor. He stops in his tracks when he sees Sandra's closed bedroom door.

He inches towards the door. Grips the doorknob. Turns it. He is immediately overcome with emotion.

He can't bring himself to look inside. He lets his hand fall off the doorknob.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob stares into the mirror. Sees his pale face, the 3 day stubble, the same hopelessness in his eyes from yesterday...

Then, his eyes stop on his neck tattoo. He runs his fingers over it... a symbol of the Jacob that once was and...

Instead of feeling shame, under these circumstances, this blemish gives him hope. A fire reignited. His face hardens.

Suddenly, and with purpose, he grabs the shaving cream.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob enters, all cleaned up. He looks like when we first met him. One difference. No collar hiding his neck tattoo.

He sits on the edge of the bed. The movement wakes Diana.

JACOB  
I need some air. Be back later.

Diana looks up at him, confused.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
I can't just sit here.

A KNOCK at the front door.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
That should be Alice. She'll keep  
you company.

Jacob kisses Diana. She is cold and distant, rolls over, just wanting to go back to sleep.

**EXT. RIVER ROUGE - MORNING**

Jacob parks his truck at the bank where Yellow Police Tape rests in the dirt in a crumpled up forgotten mess.

He gets out, glacial winds thrashing him in the face. He turns his back to the river. Surveys a row of rundown homes.

**EXT. STREET - MORNING**

SERIES OF SHOTS: Jacob going from house to house, grilling residents, receiving harsh looks, and unanswered doors.

**EXT. HOUSE/FRONT PORCH - MORNING**

Jacob talks to a WOMAN (40's, not a people person), who smokes a cigarette.

WOMAN  
Like I told the police, I didn't  
hear or see nothin'.

JACOB  
What 'bout a car?

WOMAN  
Didn't I jus' say I didn't see  
nothin'?

JACOB  
Lady, I ain't the cops and this  
ain't an interrogation. I'm the  
father. Now, I've been up and down  
this block and all anyone says is  
they didn't see shit. Not possible.

The Woman's defiance melts away. She looks at him with pity, throws her cigarette into the snow, and lights up another.



WOMAN

I'm Iris.

Iris extends her hand. They shake.

JACOB

I was askin' 'bout a car.

Iris takes a second and really thinks before answering.

IRIS

I know you don't believe me, but if  
I had children I'd swear on 'em. I  
didn't see a damn thing.

Jacob looks inside Iris's house. Sees the squalor living conditions. He takes out a FIFTY DOLLAR BILL.

JACOB

Sometimes it takes a little while  
for people to remember things.

Jacob RIPS the fifty dollar bill in half.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Or sometimes people don't like  
talkin' to the cops.

He writes his number on half of the fifty, hands it to her.

IRIS

Both those things might be true,  
but what I said ain't gonna change.

She tries to give it back.

JACOB

Like I said, sometimes it takes a  
little while to remember.

Iris nods, throws her cigarette in the snow, and goes inside. Jacob walks back to the river bank. Stares at it...

QUICK FLASHES:

*-SANDRA SMILING AT HIM...**-SUDDENLY, BLOOD VIOLENTLY STREAMS DOWN HER FACE, OVER HER EYES, INTO HER MOUTH, BUT SHE KEEPS SMILING...**-SHE CRIES OUT, "DAD!"*

Jacob BLINKS, SNAPS back to reality. Shakes off the unwanted vision. He holds his head as he feels like he is losing it.

Suddenly, Jacob gets in his truck and drives off.

**INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Christina Walker sits, taking a POLYGRAPH.

**INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT**

Sydney Walker, Walker's ATTORNEY, and Caden wait outside.

The POLYGRAPH EXAMINER opens the door. Christina steps out.

**INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The Polygraph Examiner and Caden look at Christina's results.

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER  
She's telling the truth. She didn't  
kill Sandra Riley.

CADEN  
She said she was drunk, that she  
doesn't remember things. That could  
effect the outcome, no?

POLYGRAPH EXAMINER  
It could. If you consider two  
percent an effect. She's clean.

**INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Caden and the Polygraph Examiner step into the hallway.

CADEN  
Thank you. You're free to go.

CHRISTINA  
Told you to believe me.

As Walker, the Attorney, and Christina exit the station, a  
FORENSIC TECH jogs up to Caden.

FORENSIC TECH  
I've got something.

**INT. POLICE STATION/LAB - MOMENTS LATER**

The Forensic Tech holds up a clear evidence bag the size of a  
garbage bag. It's filled with BLACK PIECES of charred --

FORENSIC TECH  
Melted rubber. Found it by the  
river. Near the shack.

Caden looks at it, quizzically.

FORENSIC TECH (CONT'D)  
There's three more bags this size.  
We're still working on where it  
came from, though.

Caden holds up the bag, staring at it.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Gratiot Avenue. A section of the city left to fend for  
itself. Unplowed roads and sidewalks. Boarded up storefronts  
mixed with crumbling apartment buildings.

Jacob trudges through the snow. He passes DRUG DEALERS lazily  
hanging out in doorways.

Jacob enters a decrepid three-story brick building with a  
consignment shop, *One Source Resale*, at the bottom. Clothes,  
appliances, and worn furniture clog the front window.

**INT. ONE SOURCE RESALE - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob walks in to the SOUND of bickering.

Behind the counter is MANDY ALVEREZ (40's). Thick arms, years  
of hard living. He SLAPS the back of his son's head, PIVO  
(17), wiry and truculent.

MANDY  
Bitch, it's been two days. The  
sidewalk ain't gonna shovel itself.

Pivo grabs a shovel, walks past Jacob. Mandy looks up, sees  
Jacob, and stops cold.

JACOB  
Wasn't sure I'd still find ya here.

A smile breaks across Mandy's face.

MANDY  
Ho-ly shit. Fuckin' Riley?

Mandy looks Jacob up and down then wraps his arms around him.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Shit, man. Y'get lost in the fuckin' gym the last decade? Look at ya, all fit and shit. The fuck happened to ya?

JACOB

Nothin'. Still open for business?

MANDY

Always open for business.

JACOB

Good. 'Cuz I'm needin' somethin'.

Another smile from Mandy. An old customer has found his way back. *They always find their way back.*

JACOB (CONT'D)

(off Mandy's smile)

No. Not that. Somethin' else.

#### **INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Mandy leads Jacob up a grimy stairwell. A mixture of HIP-HOP and DAYTIME TV comes from behind closed apartment doors.

They reach the 3RD FLOOR. At the end of the hallway is a door with a waist high hatch that slides open and shut. Three tweaked JUNKIES wait in line for their fix.

Mandy stops at an apartment next to the one with the hatch.

#### **INT. MANDY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob and Mandy enter. Two street dealers, FLORES and QUINT (20's) play *BioShock Infinite* on Xbox and smoke a joint.

RAMI (early 20's) enters from a makeshift door in the wall connected to the apartment where the junkies were lined up.

MANDY

This way.

Mandy leads Jacob past a kitchen where an overweight woman, MARTA, feeds her overweight BABY GIRL (1).

#### **INT. MANDY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Mandy pulls out a dresser drawer and puts it on the bed. Inside the drawer, a dozen handguns: GLOCKS, SIGS, BERETTAS.

Mandy hands Jacob an oilcloth. Jacob picks up a Beretta 9mm. Holds it. Feels the weight. Remembering. It feels right.

MANDY

Good piece. A *real* piece. You wouldn't believe the shit people be doin' these days.

Jacob inspects the gun. The serial number is scratched off.

MANDY (CONT'D)

No fuckin' joke, people be makin' they own guns. I'm tellin' ya, motherfuckers are poor as shit. But those poor motherfuckers are some of the craftiest.

Jacob pulls out the magazine. Empty.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Youtube that shit an' see what I'm sayin'. But they make that piece wrong an' fire off a round. BAM!

Mandy CLAPS his hands. Jacob startles.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Misfire. Ya lose your fuckin' hand, bro. Happened to my cousin.  
(laughs)  
Stupid motherfucker.

Jacob pops the magazine back in. Aims it out the window.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Way they figure, why spend three hundred bucks on a piece when they can go to a scrap yard like yours, buy some metal for fifteen bucks and make it on they own.

Jacob squeezes the trigger with a CLICK just as something occurs to him.

JACOB

How'd you know I work at a scrap yard?

MANDY

Huh?

JACOB

I didn't tell you where I work.

Mandy stares blankly at Jacob.

MANDY

I dunno. Musta heard it somewhere.

JACOB

Who? Who'd you hear it from?

MANDY

I said I dunno. The fuck's it matter?

JACOB

'Cuz my daughter was murdered two days ago... And now I'm here, a place I haven't been for ten years and you know somethin' about me. Sounds like people have been talkin' about me. I wanna know who.

Mandy puts it together that perhaps he said something he shouldn't have.

MANDY

Bro, I'm sorry 'bout your girl. But I didn't see anyone.

JACOB

The look on your face says bullshit.

MANDY

You ain't draggin' me into this. That's how this business works. I don't see you. *I don't see nobody.*

JACOB

Last fuckin' chance. Who'd you see?

MANDY

Who the fuck you think you're talkin' to bitch? Fuck off--

Jacob LUNGES at Mandy, SHOVES a forearm into his throat, cutting off his air. Mandy GASPS and FLAILS.

JACOB

Who'd you see?

Jacob buries his arm deeper into Mandy's throat.

JACOB (CONT'D)

WHO?!

The door is BUSTED in by Flores and Quint. Jacob lets go.

MANDY  
(coughing)  
Don't -- don't let him leave.

Flores and Quint advance. Jacob raises his gun. It's not loaded, but it stops them in their tracks --

Enough time for Jacob to realize that he has no options.

Flores RAMS his shoulder into Jacob's chest, SENDING him up against the wall, PINNING him there.

Jacob PUNCHES the back of Flores' head --

The baby CRIES from the other room --

Quint ATTACKS, SLUGGING Jacob in the ear, DAZING him. Jacob's feet turn to spaghetti -- Flores lets Jacob collapse.

Jacob lands on all fours, HEAVING, watching BLOOD DRIP-DRIP-DRIP from his nose onto the ratty carpet.

MANDY (CONT'D)  
You wanna leave? Forget you ever came here. Yeah?

Mandy leans in close -- Jacob SNAPS his HEAD BACKWARDS, CONNECTING with Mandy's forehead.

Jacob goes for his only out. BOLTS for the window and JUMPS --

He shatters through the GLASS, protecting his face with his arms and FALLS --

**EXT. ONE SOURCE RESALE - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob PLUNGES towards the ground. Braces himself for the landing. His legs pierce the snow, feet POUND the sidewalk.

He falls forward, the snow breaking his fall. KNOCKING the wind out of him.

Jacob sits up. Specks of glass fall from his face. He hunches over, holds his stomach. Sucking air.

Everything is quiet while Jacob regains his senses. Finally, he looks up to see --

Pivo, ten feet away, shovel in hand, trying to make sense out of what the hell he just witnessed.

PIVO  
Shit... You alright, bro?

MUFFLED VOICES and RUNNING is heard from inside the store.

Jacob struggles to his feet and rips the shovel from Pivo.

Rami exits the store and THWACK. The shovel flattens Rami's nose. He falls to the ground, out cold.

Flores and Quint exit followed by Mandy. Jacob holds the shovel like a baseball bat, ready to take a head off.

JACOB  
I just wanna know who you--

BAM -- Pivo's fist connects with Jacob's chin. It doesn't do much damage, but allows Flores and Quint to POUNCE.

Jacob side-steps a wild SWING from Quint and kicks his shin. SNAP. Quint drops, holding his leg.

Flores goes for his gun -- Jacob grabs his hand, stopping Flores from raising it. A struggle. Neither budging.

Jacob leans in and BITES Flores' ear. Flores CRIES OUT, drops the gun, holds his bloody ear. Jacob CLOCKS Flores in the face. Flores hits the pavement, squirming.

MOVEMENT behind Jacob -- He WHIPS around and faces Pivo, the kid looking like he might shit himself. Jacob looking like a vampire with Flores' ear blood smeared around his mouth.

Jacob turns back to Mandy. Sees him inside the store running down the aisle.

**INT. ONE SOURCE RESALE - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob rushes inside as Mandy kicks open the back door.

**EXT. ONE SOURCE RESALE/BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob exits as Mandy gets in his car and starts the engine.

Jacob SPRINTS to the car -- Mandy HITS THE GAS right as Jacob BREAKS the driver's side window with his elbow --

Glass SHATTERS in Mandy's face. His hands fall off the wheel. The car veers off and SPEEDS into the alley wall and CRASHES.

BLACK SMOKE rises from under the warped hood.



Mandy is barely conscious behind the wheel.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

Jacob limps to the car. Pulls Mandy from the wreckage. Throws him to the ground. He turns Mandy over and gets in his face.

JACOB  
Who'd you see?!

Mandy is too dazed to answer. His eyes are rolling back.

A POLICE CRUISER SKIDS to a stop. Two OFFICERS get out and pull Jacob off Mandy. Jacob FLAILS like an animal.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
WHO'D YOU SEE?!

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/TWO WAY MIRROR - DAY**

A broken Mandy Alvarez sits alone on one side of the mirror.

On the other side is Caden and Captain Terry. Caden opens a folder and pulls out MUG SHOTS of TWO MEN.

The first MAN is in his late 30's, full red beard, thick neck, an unnerving stare. This is --

CADEN  
Harlan O'Keefe --

The other is younger, mid 20's, weak eyes, sunken cheeks and sporadic stumble --

CADEN (CONT'D)  
And his brother Blake O'Keefe. A few weeks ago, the O'Keefe's paid Mr. Alvarez a visit looking to score a firearm. Like Mr. Riley, the O'Keefe's and Alvarez go back some years, so they get to talking. Alvarez says the O'Keefe's start talking all sorts of shit about Riley. Also, they knew where Riley lived, where he worked--

TERRY  
Why the bad blood between Riley and the O'Keefe's?

CADEN  
Because Jacob Riley sent both O'Keefe's to prison.

TERRY

That'll do the trick.

CADEN

10 years ago, Harlan and Blake broke into the Monroe County power plant, attempted robbery. Things didn't go as planned. The night security guard tried to stop them. They kill him. They get away.

Terry shakes his head, disgusted.

CADEN (CONT'D)

A couple days later, police get a tip. From Jacob Riley. Harlan and Blake get sentenced to 15 years for second degree murder.

TERRY

So what the hell are they doing buying a firearm from this shitbag?

CADEN

Because Harlan and Blake were both released from prison 3 months ago... Time off for good behavior.

TERRY

Fuck... You contact their P.O.?

HOLD on Caden as he starts to speak --

**INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob, face full of scrapes, looks at Caden and Terry in a state of disbelief.

JACOB

Y'gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

TERRY

Calm down. You're *lucky* you're not in cuffs, Mr. Riley. Attempting to purchase a firearm. Assaulting--

JACOB

You're tellin' me y'got no idea where Harlan and Blake are and I'm s'pposed to feel lucky?

TERRY

You're supposed to *know* you're lucky.

JACOB

Shouldn't I have been contacted 'bout this?! A phone call -- A fuckin' letter in the mail -- Somethin' tellin' me they got out?!

TERRY

You moved residences three times in the last five years. You should've been contacted, but these things get lost sometimes.

Jacob shakes his head, seething.

CADEN

I promise, Mr. Riley. We'll find them.

Jacob goes for the door. An OFFICER in uniform blocks it.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Why'd you turn in the O'Keefe's?

JACOB

I need some air.

CADEN

We'll open a window. Please, sit.

Caden tugs on Jacob's arm and -- JACOB LOSES IT --

He THROWS OFF Caden's arm. The Officer restrains Jacob when SMACK -- Jacob PUNCHES the Officer in the face.

TERRY

WE NEED SOME HELP IN HERE!

OFFICERS race down the hall. Caden SHOVES Jacob up against the window, CRACKING it up the middle.

Jacob frees up an arm and SWINGS. Caden side-steps the PUNCH and in one quick motion takes Jacob to the floor.

Four OFFICERS rush over as Caden SLAPS on handcuffs.

**INT. POLICE STATION/HOLDING CELL - LATER**

Jacob sits alone on a bench, hands still cuffed. Caden walks up, unlocks the cell, steps inside, and sits beside Jacob.

CADEN

When you and I first talked, you told me you haven't raised your fists in nearly a decade.

JACOB

I shoulda been told they got out. This place is a fuckin' joke.

Caden stops just short of agreeing.

CADEN

Sandra's gone. But don't let what she did for you leave with her. Be smart.

JACOB

You really move back to Detroit? On purpose?

CADEN

(beat)  
I did.

JACOB

And I'm not smart?

CADEN

Enough. Now there's two ways this can go. One: you answer my questions. Do that and you're free to go. Two: you stay silent, we arrest you. That means...

Caden takes out his cell phone.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Your wife gets a call that her husband's in jail because he *fucked up again*... Your choice.

Jacob clenches his jaw. Caden begins to dial. A tense MOMENT.

JACOB

...Harlan and Diana used to be together.

Caden stops dialing.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Me, Harlan, and Blake used to work at the GM Plant. Harlan was with Diana. Things were good. Then the plant closed. Things got bad.

CADEN

That when you guys started using?

JACOB

(nodding)

Diana tried to leave him, but he wouldn't let her go... He'd hit her... Harlan was crazy and he was crazy about her.

CADEN

Where were you when all this was going on?

JACOB

Not where I shoulda been.

Self contempt makes Jacob pause for a moment.

JACOB (CONT'D)

One day Harlan wants to take a run at this power plant. I say no. They go anyways. I make the call.

CADEN

Did you turn in Harlan to get Diana?

JACOB

I saw my chance to protect her and I took it. Next day, I put myself in rehab. A year later, me and Diana start seein' each other.

CADEN

Why rob a power plant?

JACOB

When you're an out-of-work junkie you do whatever it takes. So we'd steal metal, sell it as scrap.

CADEN

Tell me how it worked?

JACOB

We'd gut abandoned houses, ransack construction sites, anything. Power plants were good targets 'cuz they got tons of copper cable. Copper pays the most.

Caden nods.

JACOB (CONT'D)

But then places started puttin' identifiable codes on the rubber insulation around the wire so they could track it. So we'd have to burn off the rubber insulation so no one knew where it came from.

Something dawns on Caden.

CADEN

Where would you do that burning?

JACOB

We'd find a burn site and --

CADEN

A burn site?

JACOB

Yeah, like an outta the way, secluded place.

CADEN

The shack by the river? You and the O'Keefe's ever use it as a burn site?

Jacob looks at Caden, confused.

CADEN (CONT'D)

I ask because pieces of melted rubber were found there.

Jacob looks down, this is all too much.

JACOB

I don't remember a lot from then.  
(fighting to recall)  
I don't know.

Jacob looks straight ahead, lost in his own head. Caden pockets his phone, breaking Jacob out of his daze.

CADEN

Go home.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Diana is curled up on the couch, crying.

DIANA

This -- This is so fucked up. I  
feel -- I feel sick --

Jacob sits next to her, silently agreeing.

JACOB

It's gonna be okay.

Jacob hugs Diana. She slips out of the embrace. Turns away.

JACOB (CONT'D)

How long you gonna hate me for?

DIANA

You -- You always said you'd get us  
outta this place. All these years,  
I really believed it--

Jacob stops himself from saying something he'd regret.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(crying harder)

--And now our daughter is dead. And  
those *fuckin' animals* are out  
there.

JACOB

Diana.

DIANA

(ranting)

It's not just you, it's me. You and  
I, we, we failed her. Together. We  
didn't work together. We were never  
gonna work.

JACOB

You don't believe that.

Diana finally takes a breath. A moment of silence. Then, she  
turns around. Tears and a grave look in her eyes.

DIANA

I just wanna be with her...

JACOB

What?

DIANA

I don't wanna be here anymore. I  
can't. Not without Sandra. I -- *I  
wanna be with her. Not here.*

Jacob has had enough. He grabs Diana. Looks her in the eye.

JACOB  
You don't talk like that. Hear me?

Diana tries to look away. Jacob doesn't let her.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
You're right. Those animals are out there. And we won't be safe 'til they're put down. After, I promise you, I'll get you outta here. And you'll start over someplace new. Someplace warm. But not 'til I find 'em.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jacob is wide awake, staring up at the ceiling. Diana is asleep, her back to him as always. He quietly sits up.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT**

Jacob crosses the street to a boarded up and crumbling home.

**EXT. BOARDED-UP HOUSE/PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

Mounds of trash and scrap. He sifts through it, finds a thin 12 inch steel pipe. Examines it. Not right. Keeps digging.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob drops an arm full of scrap onto a work table. He spreads it out, appraising the materials.

He grabs an acetylene torch and fires it up. Pulls a steel pipe from the pile. He goes to work, cutting the pipe.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Not a single lit street lamp. The only light seeping out from beneath the Riley's garage door.

**EXT. WOODS - DAWN**

Desolate. Jacob aims a crudely made five-shot revolver at a tree. The firearm doesn't look like much. Just a patchwork of metals in the shape of a gun -- BAM!



A 9mm EXPLODES FROM THE GUN, HITS THE TREE, WOOD CHIPS FLY. The BOOMING SOUND echoes. Jacob looks at the gun, satisfied.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Jacob sits at a window seat, staring out at a strip of rundown houses across the street.

Caden exits one of the more dilapidated homes, gets in his car, and drives off.

Jacob finishes his coffee and leaves some cash on the table.

**EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob RINGS the bell. It takes a moment before an attractive, but haggard-looking woman with short red hair answers. This is ROSE O'KEEFE (late 30's) and surprised to see Jacob.

ROSE  
My Lord...

She starts fixing her hair, suddenly very self-conscious about her looks.

JACOB  
Happy new year, Rose.

**INT. ROSE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A cramped, one-story, one-bedroom home. She leads Jacob into a living room dominated by clutter and worn-out furniture.

Sitting on the couch, feet up and smoking a cigarette, is her dirtbag boyfriend, ETHAN (late 20's).

ROSE  
(motioning to the couch)  
Join the party.

Rose disappears into the kitchen, leaving Jacob and Ethan to awkwardly size each other up.

ETHAN  
Rose?! Feel like introducin' us?

Rose comes back with two beers.

ROSE  
 Ethan, this is Jacob. He's the  
 girl's father. The one the cops  
 think Harlan and Blake killed.

Her matter of fact tone takes Jacob by surprise.

ETHAN  
 No shit?... The father.

Rose holds a beer out for Jacob. He waves it off.

ROSE  
 Oh. Right. You're a good boy now.

Rose plops down on the couch next to Ethan and takes a  
 tauntingly long sip.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 Sit, good boy.

Jacob doesn't. Instead, he takes note of a SKETCH PAD on the  
 coffee table with a somewhat decent rendering of a MERMAID.

JACOB  
 No offense, but I remember you  
 bein' better than that.

ROSE  
 No offense, but I remember you  
 bein' nicer than this.

JACOB  
 Where're your brothers?

ROSE  
 Cops were jus' here askin' me the  
 same thing.

JACOB  
 And what'd you tell 'em?

ROSE  
 How's Diana treating you?

JACOB  
 (beat)  
 You don't talk about Diana.

ROSE  
 I'm jus' askin'.

JACOB  
 Rose.

ROSE

Better than I coulda treated you?

Ethan looks at Rose, not liking that question. Jacob scolds her with his eyes. Finally:

ROSE (CONT'D)

Last time I saw 'em was a year ago when I visited them. Y'know, *in jail*.

Jacob scoffs, not believing her.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I swear. Word to God.

JACOB

'Cuz your word means so much.

ROSE

I'll put my word up against yours. I ain't the one who sold out my friends for a fuckin' bitch.

JACOB

I'm warnin' you. One more word--

ROSE

But y'know what? I moved on. So let's jus' assume Harlan and Blake did too.

ETHAN

Alright bro, time to leave.

JACOB

Fuck you. You know where they are. One of you better fuckin' talk.

Ethan stands, gets in Jacob's face.

ETHAN

You heard what she said. No one here can help you.

Ethan pokes a finger in Jacob's chest.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

But from what I heard, y'got what you deserved you snitch motherfucker.

Jacob fumes. A CLICK is heard by Jacob's side. Ethan looks to the source. In Jacob's hand is the revolver.

A tense BEAT -- Before Rose bursts out laughing --

ROSE

Harlan always said you could act tough.

JACOB

Two choices. Tell me where they are, we call the police, they go back to jail. Don't tell me, I find 'em, I kill 'em.

ROSE

Choice three. I call the police, you go to jail.

Rose picks up the phone.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Nice seeing ya, Jacob. Stop by in another ten years.

Jacob RIPS the phone cord out of the wall. Ethan goes for the gun. Jacob WHIPS around -- takes aim at Ethan --

JACOB

YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.

The front door CREAKS opens. Jacob WHIPS AROUND --

A little red-headed girl, LACY (8), bundled up in winter clothes and wearing a backpack, enters.

He SHOVES the gun inside his jacket before Lacy can see it.

ROSE

Honey. Go to your room.

But Lacy is too busy sizing up this new person.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Lacy! I said go! Take your pad. Draw mommy another mermaid.

Lacy startles, picks up the sketch of the MERMAID, and takes it into the bedroom.

JACOB

I didn't know...

Rose pushes the front door open, *"Get the fuck out!"*

**EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob crosses the street to the coffee shop parking lot. He gets in his truck. His eyes fixed on Rose's house. Then, he gets an idea. He starts the truck and pulls out.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - LATER**

Jacob sits in his truck, down the block from Rose's house. He yawns, he's been here a while.

**EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Ethan steps outside and walks to his car.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob starts the truck as he watches Ethan get in his car.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob drives, following Ethan through downtown Detroit.

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Ethan pulls into the parking lot of a ratty Irish Pub. Ethan gets out and goes inside.

Across the street, Jacob pulls to a stop. Jacob gets out, jogs over to the bar, and peers inside the window.

**INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Ethan gives a handshake to the BARTENDER and exchanges pleasantries. They begin shooting the shit. "*It's cold out..*", "*How's the girlfriend?*" "*Work sucks.*" Etc.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - LATER**

Jacob stews as he watches Ethan play pool with a few BARFLIES, tossing back beers, LAUGHING, having a great time.

**EXT. BAR - LATER**

Ethan staggers out the front door. He stumbles to his car.

He fumbles for his keys, drops them, bends down to pick them up. He stands, Jacob is there.

Jacob pistol WHIPS Ethan and everything GOES BLACK.

**EXT. WOODWARD CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER**

A desolate area with an abandoned Gothic-style church in total disrepair. Shattered stained glass windows. The grounds overgrown with weeds that peek out from the snow.

**INT. WOODWARD CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON Ethan, unconscious. A WELT on his temple. Water STREAMS over his face from above. His eyes flutter open.

He sits up, startled. He is on the floor, wet and naked in the *ten degree blistering cold*. SHIVERING, he hugs himself, scans his surroundings, no fucking clue what's happening.

He sees the decaying wooden pews. Holes in the ceiling. Large sections of the floor collapsing in. Stacks of cardboard boxes and leftover trash from squatters.

JACOB

I know you know something.

Behind him, Jacob sits in a pew, gun in one hand, a water bottle in the other. Ethan's clothes in a pile by Jacob's feet. Ethan wipes water from his eyes, scared shitless.

Jacob walks to Ethan. Ethan scurries away, pieces of trash and broken glass sticking to his wet hands and legs.

He reaches a wall, curls up into a ball, and turns into a rocking, shaking form.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Want your clothes? Wanna leave?  
Tell me where Harlan and Blake are.

Ethan can barely talk, the cold a fifty pound weight on him.

ETHAN

(shivering)  
I -- I -- don't know --

JACOB

What makes you think I'd take that  
for an answer?

ETHAN

You're -- a dead motherfucker --

Jacob PLANTS the GUN on Ethan's WELT. Ethan WINCES in PAIN.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!

Spit dripping from Ethan's lips, he looks up at Jacob, looking for mercy. A beat while Jacob sizes him up.

JACOB

You're fuckin' lyin'.

Ethan lowers his head, defeated, holds his chest, his body starting to CONVULSE. Breath shooting out fast.

JACOB (CONT'D)

'Member what you told me? That I got what I deserved. Tell me where they are, or you're gonna find out what I think you deserve.

Ethan's body clenches up, his muscles tightening.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You think Rose cares 'bout you? You think you're protecting her? She couldn't give a shit 'bout you.

ETHAN

You don't -- know what you're talkin' about --

JACOB

I know she's probably got a dick in each hole right now, blowin' someone for a fix. Makes me wonder how you two met.

Ethan starts to CRY, partly from the cold, partly because there's truth to Jacob's statement.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I don't think you meant to get caught up in this. But you did and now you're here. And all this can stop if you just tell me where they are. You can get in a car, drive off, police don't need to know.

Ethan CRIES harder. His pale naked body SHIVERS VIOLENTLY in the puddle of water, on the verge of HYPOTHERMIA.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 They slashed her. Beat her. Killed  
 an innocent girl. What if that was  
 someone you loved?

Through tears, Ethan looks up at Jacob. *Has Jacob found a connection?*

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 You know what you'd do and you'd be  
 right to do it. Now...  
 (beat)  
 You know where they are, don't you?

Ethan contemplates the question. Finally, Ethan looks up and... gives a nod, "yes." Jacob rushes over.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
*Where are they?!*

SMASH -- Ethan holds a broken beer bottle in his hand that he SHATTERED into the side of Jacob's face.

Jacob DROPS HIS GUN, stumbles back, DAZED, blood starting to seep from a SLICE along his cheek.

Ethan stands with a burst of energy. CHARGES at Jacob, VIOLENTLY SWINGS the broken beer bottle at Jacob's throat --

Jacob raises his arm -- the jagged bottle SLICES through his jacket, CUTTING HIS FOREARM --

Ethan sees Jacob's gun -- Picks it up -- Fury in his eyes -- Turns around, POINTS it at Jacob --

Jacob is there in front of him, on his feet, grabs Ethan's arms, they wrestle for the gun --

Jacob sweeps Ethan's legs out from under him. Interlocked, they both fall --

Jacob SMACKS the back of his head on a pew on his way down and BAM -- Both men hit the ground --

BANG -- A gunshot echoes --

Both lay on their backs, a smoking gun in Jacob's hand --

Ethan slowly sits up, his hands clamped over his neck, blood pouring out from the bullet wound --

Jacob looks on in horror as Ethan turns to him, tries to talk, only GURGLES come out.



Ethan stands. Streaks of blood run down his pale body. He staggers for an open window, stumbles, veers off to the side, and falls on his face.

Jacob runs to Ethan, rolls him onto his back, cups the wound.

JACOB (CONT'D)

No -- No --

Blood pulses out, leaking through Jacob's fingers.

A look of regret and confusion on Ethan's face before his body goes still. Dead.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(shaking Ethan)

Hey... HEY. WAKE UP.

Jacob checks for a pulse -- Nothing. Jacob stands, backs away from the body like it might bite.

A long BEAT as Jacob weighs his options... Finally...

Jacob digs into Ethan's pockets. Takes out a wallet, pockets it. He continues to search, nothing else.

Jacob finds a decrepid workman's tarp and lays it flat. He rolls Ethan's body onto it and wraps it up.

Jacob stands back, takes a look at the rolled up body. It's 10 degrees in here, but Jacob is starting to sweat.

Jacob spots a section of the floor that has collapsed. He drags the body to the hole. Looks down. Sees the basement ten feet below, covered in trash.

He pushes the body into the hole and lets it fall. He scoops handfuls of trash, dropping it onto the tarp until it can't be seen through the rest of the trash.

Jacob scoops snow, washes the blood off his hands and face.

Trembling, he goes to the window, peers outside. A car flies by. He waits for an opening, then climbs out the window.

Jacob holds his side, GROANING, in a limping run as he makes his way to his truck and drives off.

WE STAY INSIDE THE CHURCH, where several cardboard boxes begin to shift on the floor in a corner.

A MOMENT LATER, the boxes are flung off, revealing a scared shitless SQUATTER.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER**

Jacob, shell-shocked, spits blood out of the window. He flips down the visor to check himself out. A swollen right eye, a cut on his cheek, and a bruised chin.

He turns down his street and when he flips the visor up he sees a police cruiser parked in his driveway.

Detective Caden steps out on the passenger side and a cop in uniform, Officer Nowles, emerges from the driver's side.

Jacob parks on the street. Gets out. Does his best to hide the nervous wreck that he is. Faces them. Caden is immediately taken aback by Jacob's freshly beaten face.

JACOB  
(sarcastic)  
I fell.

CADEN  
(equally sarcastic)  
Again?

Caden walks to the police cruiser and opens the back door.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
You can't seem to stay on your feet. Let's talk about it.

Jacob hesitates, but does as he is told. He climbs into the back seat. Caden slams the door shut.

Jacob shifts in his seat, accidentally causing his jacket to fall open and reveal the homemade handgun he has tucked away.

Caden gets in on the passenger side. Nowles behind the wheel.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Nowles drives. Jacob looks out the window.

CADEN  
Miss O'Keefe called in a complaint.  
Said you were harassing her.

JACOB  
Whaddaya expect me to do? Sit at home?

CADEN  
If it keeps me from getting calls like that, yeah, sit at home.

Jacob spots the gun protruding from his jacket pocket. He hurriedly zips it up just as Caden turns around.

CADEN (CONT'D)

(beat)  
You cold?

Jacob, "Did he notice?"

JACOB

(deflecting)  
She knows where they are.

CADEN

And she may not. And Harlan and Blake may not have even done it. And if they did, they may be halfway across the country.

JACOB

Or they're hidin' in one of the fuckin' tens of thousands abandoned homes or buildings you'll never have time to check. They're here.

CADEN

What makes you so certain?

Jacob leans forward to get Caden's full attention.

JACOB

'Cuz I know Harlan. *You don't*. I'm still here, and so's Diana. I promise, he ain't done.

Caden may agree, but he is certainly not going to say it.

CADEN

You have to let me do my job. You know what happens when you try to do my job for me?

(points to Jacob's bloody face)

That's what happens.

JACOB

Well, you did a great job lettin' me know they got out. And an even better job keepin' my daughter safe. So I'm sure you'll do a bang-up job protectin' my wife.

Officer Nowles pulls up to Jacob's house. Jacob goes for the door. No handle to get out.

CADEN

Would I find anything if I were to search you right now?

This gets Jacob's attention.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Most people don't zip up their jackets after getting in a heated car.

Jacob remains still, covering up the fact that his heart is racing.

CADEN (CONT'D)

You know what would happen if I found any sort of illegal substance on you? Or, worse, an unregistered firearm?

Caden gets out and opens the back door for Jacob.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Out.

Jacob does as he is told. Caden reaches out. Stops just short of putting his hands on Jacob.

CADEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to find your daughter's killer. And despite your best efforts, I'm going to keep you from doing something you'll regret. Because one wrong move, then what has the last ten years of your life been for?

Caden's comment hits harder than he knows. Jacob does all he can not to break.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Sit at home.

Caden gets in the car. Nowles hits the gas and drives off.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob enters, immediately starts to TREMBLE. A release. He hangs up his jacket, walks into the living room.

Leon dozes in a recliner. Through the sliding glass door, Jacob spots ALICE (40's, Leon's wife) and Diana sitting in the backyard, their backs facing him.

LEON  
 (waking up)  
 Hey, man. I was jus'--

Leon looks up. Sees Jacob's beaten face. Quickly stands.

JACOB  
 I'm fine.

LEON  
 Bullshit fine. What happened?

Jacob tries to control his shaking.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob looks in a mirror as he applies a band-aid to his cheek. Leon sits on the steps, a horrified look on his face.

JACOB  
 The guy nodded to me. He knew where they were.

LEON  
 Then he tried to kill you. He coulda jus' been sayin' what you wanted to hear.

JACOB  
 He knew something.

LEON  
 The police will come for you.

JACOB  
 Maybe not. No ID, nothin' on him. Jus' another body, right?

LEON  
 You don't think Rose is gonna wonder where the fuck he went? Turn yourself in. Say it was self-defense -- I don't know --

Jacob grabs another band-aid, applies it over his right eye.

LEON (CONT'D)  
 I'm tryin' to protect you.

JACOB  
 Long as Harlan's out there, Diana isn't safe.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 And I ain't goin' anywhere. So  
 don't you do *anything* that you  
 think'll protect me.

Jacob takes one last look at his reflection, heads upstairs.

LEON  
 This ain't you, man.

JACOB  
 I let Sandra down. I'm not gonna  
 let the same thing happen to Diana.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob sees Leon and Alice to the door. Leon can barely look  
 Jacob in the eye as he leaves.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob steps out. Diana doesn't even turn around.

DIANA  
 I picked out a dress for Sandra.  
 It's in our bedroom.

Jacob looks inside their bedroom window. An elegant red dress  
 hangs on their bedpost.

Diana faces Jacob for the first time and sees his beaten  
 face. She stands up, shocked.

JACOB  
 I'm okay.

DIANA  
 But -- ?

JACOB  
 I'm not talkin' about it.

Diana wants more, but doesn't have the strength to ask. He  
 hugs her. She accepts the embrace for a brief moment before --

She slips away, walks into their bedroom, and shuts the door.  
 Jacob stands alone, the cold wind smacking him in the face.

**EXT. PORT OF DETROIT, MARINE TERMINAL - NIGHT**

A crane loads 8x40 containers of scrap onto a freight ship.  
 Walker BARKS orders at his WORKERS before turning to Caden.

WALKER

This isn't the best time.

CADEN

Never heard that one before.

Caden takes out Harlan and Blake's mug shots.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Have you seen these two men?

Walker gives a distracted glance.

WALKER

No.

CADEN

They were released from prison a few months ago. They may have something to do with Sandra Riley's murder.

WALKER

By the looks of them, I'd say that's a good possibility.

(to his workers)

Speed it up! It's freezing!

CADEN

They have a history of metal theft.

This gets Walker's attention.

WALKER

It's illegal for us to purchase materials we suspect to be stolen.

CADEN

Right. But hypothetically, if Harlan and Blake came to your place to unload some stuff, who would've handled their business? You?

WALKER

No one would've handled their business, because I don't run that kind of business.

CADEN

This entire city has been torn apart by people like the O'Keefes. Phone wires cut down. Houses stripped. Factories broken into.

(MORE)

CADEN (CONT'D)

And they're not hoarding this shit for themselves. They bring it to scrap yards like yours that pay them 30 cents on the dollar for it. Scrap yards like yours that profit off the ruin of Detroit.

WALKER

Listen to me. While every other business picked up and left, I stayed. I could live anywhere I want. I could send my kid to any private school in the world. But I choose to live here. People like me are keeping this place alive. I'm not what's wrong with this city.

CADEN

I don't think you're what's wrong with this city, I just don't think you're telling me the truth... So what I'm going to do is talk to every worker you fired this year. Some of which, worked for you for a very long time. Workers who, I'm guessing, might have a lot to get off their chest. And I promise you, if they saw anything suspect during their tenure here, they'll be happy to make sure I know.

Walker glares at Caden.

CADEN (CONT'D)

But before I turn your business upside down I'll give you one more chance. If Harlan and Blake came to your place to sell whatever shit they lifted, who would they have talked to?

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The street is cold and lonely. News vans are no longer camped out on the street. The Riley's house looks isolated and vulnerable under the changing sky.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob lays on the couch, an ice-pack over one eye while the other watches the local news.



When it ends, he takes the ice-pack off. His focus shifts to Sandra's closed bedroom door. An obstacle he's yet to cross.

He walks over to it and opens the door a crack. The scent of his daughter's room almost brings tears to his eyes.

He gently closes the door. Again, he can't go any further.

Jacob goes to his bedroom, cracks the door, and peeks inside. No Diana. Just a stiff breeze hitting him in the face.

JACOB

*Honey?*

The window is open. The shades flapping in the wind. He looks outside. An empty backyard with fresh footprints in the snow.

His worst fears flood his head. *Harlan and Blake found her.* Then, he notices something. Sandra's red dress that was hanging on the bedpost is gone.

**EXT. FUNERAL HOME - THAT MOMENT**

A finger presses a DOORBELL.

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR (50's), kind and soft-spoken, answers. Diana stands on the porch, shivering, snow caked on her slippers. Sandra's red dress is draped over her arm.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Can I help you, ma'am?

Diana's cell phone RINGS inside her purse.

DIANA

(shivering)

I'm -- I'm Mrs. Riley -- Sandra Riley's mother.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob is on his cell, becoming more and more concerned.

DIANA/VOICE MESSAGE

You've reached Diana Riley. I'm --

He hangs up. Grabs his car keys. He is out the door.

**EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Caden KNOCKS HARD and LOUD on the front door.

CADEN

Mr. Harris!

No answer. Caden looks in the front window. The blinds are closed. He can't make anything out.

The SOUND of a car. Caden turns to see a rusty OLDSMOBILE slowing down to a crawl. The driver observes Caden's Impala parked in front of his house.

When the driver finally makes eye contact with Caden we recognize him as REMY. The shaved head, muscular YARD FOREMAN who bought the metal pasture gate earlier on.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Remy Harris?

Remy hits the gas and takes off. Caden sprints to his car, gets in, and PEELS OUT.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob SPEEDS down the road, trying to remain calm. He is on his cell phone. It's RINGING on the other end.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME/SMALL ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

The Funeral Director leads Diana into a room where Sandra's body lies on a table. Only her face is visible. A white cloth covers the rest of her body.

The Funeral Home's land-line RINGS in the other room.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Will you be okay for a moment?

DIANA

I'm fine.

The Funeral Director walks into an adjacent room.

**EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT**

Remy FLIES down a residential road.

Caden swerves through traffic, speaks into the POLICE RADIO.

CADEN

Suspect's heading north on  
Claremount -- Driving a grey  
Oldsmobile Alero --

Remy turns down a dirt alley. He looks in his rearview. Caden is gaining ground. Remy FLOORS IT --

BAM! And T-BONES a pickup truck as he exits the alley.

The IMPACT sends Remy flying forward. His nose BREAKS on the steering wheel. His knee GRINDS into the dashboard.

Remy gets out. In a hobbled sprint he runs through a BUSY INTERSECTION.

Caden stops at the wreckage. It's blocking the exit. He jumps out and runs.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - THAT MOMENT**

The Funeral Director picks up the RINGING phone.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR/PHONE  
Peter and Sons Family Mortuary.

JACOB/PHONE  
This is Jacob Riley. My wife there?

**INT. FUNERAL HOME/BASEMENT - THAT MOMENT**

Diana stands over Sandra, the red dress laid out over her.

There's a blank, medicated look on Diana's face.

She shifts her gaze to a tray with a cloth over it. She pulls back the cloth revealing an array of sharp instruments.

**EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT**

Remy sprints down a street of foreclosed homes. He looks over his shoulder. Caden trails by 50 yards.

A POLICE CRUISER flies out from behind Caden, BARRELLING towards Remy.

Remy stops on a dime and runs through an abandoned house's front yard where the police cruiser can't follow.

Remy runs through the backyard and hops a fence into an --

**ALLEY**

Remy looks up to see another police cruiser blocking off one end of the alley.

Remy looks back at Caden. He's running through the backyard, about to hop the fence.

Remy turns to the other end of the alley. It's open. He BOLTS for it as Caden hops the fence and lands in the alley.

Remy exits the alley.

TIRES SCREECH -- A POLICE CRUISER SKIDS DIRECTLY AT REMY --

REMY JUMPS OUT OF THE WAY JUST AS CADEN EXITS THE ALLEY AND --

THE POLICE CRUISER SMASHES INTO CADEN -- SENDING HIM ONTO THE HOOD AND CRASHING INTO THE WINDSHIELD -- GLASS SHATTERS.

Caden hits the pavement -- His forearm SNAPS -- PAIN SURGES through his body -- But his adrenaline is still PUMPING --

Caden takes out his gun -- Picks himself up -- And RUNS --

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob weaves through traffic, still on the phone.

JACOB/PHONE

Put her on.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR/PHONE

Of course.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME/BASEMENT - THAT MOMENT**

The Funeral Director turns around. Sees that Diana has shut the door to the room she's in. He tries the door. Locked.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME/SMALL ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Diana is still looking at the tray of sharp instruments.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Mrs. Riley? Mrs. Riley, your husband is on the phone.

Diana picks up a very small, yet very sharp surgical knife.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mrs. Riley, you need to answer me and open this door.

**EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT**

Remy hops fence after fence as he runs through several backyards.

Caden does the same, but he's hurt and losing steam.

Caden stops, out of breath. He heaves, eyes locked on Remy.

Remy hops one last fence that puts him in the backyard of yet another abandoned house.

Remy looks back. Caden is no longer giving chase. Caden just stares at Remy, like he's resigned himself to giving up.

They hold a stare for a moment before Remy realizes that --  
Caden is NOT staring at him.

Caden's eyes are locked in on something behind Remy.

Remy looks over his shoulder. Three FERAL DOGS LEAP FOR HIS FACE. Remy lifts his arm just in time for one dog to clamp down on his forearm.

Remy SCREAMS -- falls to the slushy ground.

A second dog BITES INTO Remy's calf. The third LUNGES for his face --

BANG--BANG--BANG

The GUNSHOTS ECHO. The dog going for Remy's face retreats before attacking. The two other dogs scatter.

Remy looks down at his MANGLED forearm and calf, then up at Caden who has his smoking gun pointed in the air.

**EXT. FUNERAL HOME - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob's truck SCREECHES to a halt. He jumps out and runs --

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS**

He HEARS the Funeral Director in the basement, YELLING for Diana to open the door. Jacobs flies --

**DOWNSTAIRS**

He barrels past the Funeral Director and POUNDS on the door.

JACOB  
Diana! Open up!

Jacob HITS the door with his shoulder.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
OPEN THE DOOR! RIGHT NOW!  
(to the Funeral Director)  
How long she been in there?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
5 minutes -- I don't know --

JACOB  
Call the police.

The Funeral Director runs to the phone. Jacob KICKS the door.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
DIANA! PLEASE!

BAM--BAM--BAM as Jacob KICKS the door --

It BREAKS off its hinges revealing --

Diana standing in the middle of the room, crying.

Jacob runs to her. Looks her body up and down, checking her wrists, arms, everywhere. No signs of damage.

DIANA  
(beat, crying)  
I -- I just needed to see her.

Jacob wraps his arms around Diana and holds her tight.

**INT. HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM - DAY**

Remy lays in a hospital bed. His left forearm wrapped in a blood soaked gauze. His right arm handcuffed to the rail. A NURSE jabs a syringe into Remy's shoulder.

REMY  
Ahhh. That shit hurts.

Caden barges in, his broken arm wrapped in his own jacket. Seconds later, an out-of-breath DOCTOR rushes in.

DOCTOR  
Detective -- Please -- I need to  
take care of that arm --

Caden silences the Doctor with a look. The Doctor gets the message. He and the Nurse begrudgingly leave.

CADEN

Did you kill Sandra Riley?

REMY

*What?! Shit No!*

CADEN

Then why the hell did you run?

REMY

Man... I don't know.

CADEN

Then you're either the dumbest man alive or you're lying. Both are bad, but lying to me is worse.

Remy looks away, not budging.

CADEN (CONT'D)

I talked to your boss today. He told me what goes on at the yard. I know you help Walker illegally buy and sell scrap.

REMY

Good for you. Now fuck off.

CADEN

You're not hearing me. You fucked up. For which you will now go to jail. That's how this whole breaking-the-law-thing works. But, if you want any kind of help from me, you have 5 seconds to tell me why you ran...4...3

Caden stands, heads for the exit as he continues his count.

REMY

You wanna know why I ran? What's happenin' right now, this is why I ran. To protect my ass.

CADEN

Protect yourself from what?

REMY

Man, all I know is that I do what Mr. Walker tells me to do.

(MORE)

REMY (CONT'D)

I also know that if somebody's gonna have to pay for what Mr. Walker tells me to do, it won't be Mr. Walker.

Remy motions to his handcuffed arm, "See."

CADEN

What's Walker tell you to do?

REMY

Jus' what you said, man. We buy illegal shit all day long. Somebody drives up with a shitload of stuff, I ain't quizzing him on shit. I know you guys are cracking down on that shit.

Caden takes out Harlan and Blake's mug shots.

CADEN

Have you seen these guys before?

Remy reluctantly checks out the mug shots.

REMY

(slowly recognizing)  
Yeah... Yeah... I've seen them.  
They some fucked up dudes.

CADEN

Fucked up how?

REMY

Junkies. Bought some shit off 'em. Phone wiring, gas meters, shit like that.

CADEN

When?

REMY

Couple months ago. Then again 'bout a week ago.

CADEN

A week ago? At the scrap yard?

REMY

Yeah. At night though. They know better than to do that kinda business during the day.



CADEN  
You know where they are?

REMY  
*Fuck no!* I don't hang out with  
dudes like that.

Caden sizes Remy up. Believes him. Moves on.

CADEN  
What were they driving?

**INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Caden, arm in a cast, looking beat, stands before Terry.

CADEN  
We're looking for a red Chevrolet  
Express. Models 2003 to 2005.

Terry eyes Caden's arm.

TERRY  
Still glad you moved back to the  
old neighborhood?

CADEN  
(ignoring the comment)  
I just can't believe the O'Keefes  
would be dumb enough to show up  
where Riley works. Why risk being  
spotted? It doesn't make sense.

TERRY  
They're junkies. To them, two plus  
two equals scrambled eggs. Who  
knows why they do what they do.  
Maybe they needed money. Maybe they  
were scoping out Riley. When you  
catch 'em, you'll be sure to ask.

Caden still isn't convinced.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
People do crazy shit for which  
there is no explanation. Like you,  
why on earth you'd move back here  
is beyond my comprehension.

Terry heads for the door.

CADEN

I'd like authorization to place a car outside Rose O'Keefe's house 24/7 in case Harlan and Blake show.

TERRY

Can't spare the men.

CADEN

Too bad, cause I want the same at the Riley's. No more random drive-bys. We need round the clock surveillance in case Riley makes a move or the O'Keefes show.

TERRY

Too bad? Good night. And go fuck yourself.

CADEN

If Harlan makes a move for Diana, I'm not the one who's gonna be fucked for denying them protection. I'm on record for asking.

Terry glares at Caden before --

TERRY

You got your cars you little shit.

Terry puts on his hat, heads for the door.

TERRY (CONT'D)

By the way, you read today's paper?

CADEN

Not yet.

Terry exits the building, leaving Caden by himself.

**INT. CADEN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Caden lays on the couch, still in work clothes, sipping his third beer, trying to ignore that BZZZZZZZ.

The newspaper rests in his lap. The headline reads, "NO ARRESTS MADE IN NEW YEAR'S MURDER."

We see snippets from the article -- *65 percent of homicides go unsolved by the police -- Detective Caden leading the investigation -- New -- Young -- Inexperienced --*

Anne enters. Caden quickly shoves the newspaper under the coffee table. Anne sits next to Caden, concerned for him.

CADEN

We knew it would be difficult.

ANNE

You could've been killed today.

CADEN

Don't say that.

ANNE

But you could've.

CADEN

So what do you want to do? Leave?  
Like everyone else.

ANNE

Moving back here, what you're  
trying to do, it's...

CADEN

What?

ANNE

It's your first case and look at  
you. What's the point?

Caden holds up the newspaper.

CADEN

The point is, as long as the  
headlines read, "unsolved", every  
criminal knows they can get away  
with it and every victim loses  
hope. Something has to change.

Caden stands, leaves the rest of his beer, goes to bed.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In bed. Diana is asleep in Jacob's arms. This is the closet they've been since Sandra's death. He rocks her back and forth in a steady, calming motion.

All the while, Jacob's mind is working. His face is hardened with a look of determination. He has made a decision that he is now gearing up for.

FADE TO BLACK:

**EXT. WOODWARD CHURCH - MORNING**

A police cruiser with two UNIFORM OFFICERS pulls to a stop. The SQUATTER, strung-out, approaches.

OFFICER #1  
You the one who called?

**INT. WOODWARD CHURCH/BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Squatter leads the Officers downstairs.

SQUATTER  
When do I get my award?

OFFICER #1  
Award?

OFFICER #2  
(laughing)  
Think he means reward.  
(to the Squatter)  
Just show it to us, man.

SQUATTER  
Hey -- I didn't need to call --

OFFICER #1  
And if you didn't, your reward  
would be going to jail. Show us.

They arrive at the mound of trash directly below the hole that Jacob dropped the body down.

In one big sweeping motion the Squatter straight arms the trash out of the way revealing the bare floor. No body.

The Squatter stares at the floor, totally confused.

SQUATTER  
The dude was right here.

The Officers exchange a look.

OFFICER #1  
I'd ask if you've been doing any  
drugs today...

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING**

Jacob, anxious and talking fast, stands in the kitchen with Alice. He hands her a bottle of PRESCRIPTION PILLS.

JACOB  
 She'll be lookin' for these. She asks, only give her one.

Alice nods.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 She comes in here, watch her 'round the drawers. And don't let her shut the bedroom door. Understand?

ALICE  
 Why don't you stay here. Relax. I'll do whatever you guys need.

JACOB  
 I'll be back soon. Gotta run some errands.

ALICE  
 Let Leon do 'em. He'll be back from church any minute.

Jacob pauses.

JACOB  
 Church? On a Tuesday afternoon?

Alice looks at him, shrugs.

ALICE  
 It's been a rough week for everyone.

**INT. LEON'S CAR (DRIVING) - THAT MOMENT**

Leon drives through an isolated, wooded area. He is covered in dirt. His cell RINGS. CALLER ID: JACOB. He answers.

JACOB/PHONE  
 Since when you go to church?

LEON/PHONE  
 Everyone needs protecting. No matter what you think.

JACOB/PHONE  
 What'd you do?

LEON/PHONE  
 Cleaned up your mess.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob slowly hangs up the phone as Alice walks in.

JACOB  
He's on his way.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob kisses Diana's forehead for an extended moment.

JACOB  
I love you.

Diana stirs. Opens her eyes. She wants to say it back, but can't bring herself to. Jacob kisses her goodbye.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jacob grabs his jacket and looks out the front window. A POLICE CRUISER is parked in front of his house.

ALICE  
Jacob. Look at me. You okay?

JACOB  
You park where I asked?

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Out of view of the Police Officer in front, Jacob hops his backyard fence and lands in an ALLEY. There is a parked DODGE SEDAN just up the way. He gets in and starts the engine.

He reaches into his jacket pocket for something. Empty. Jacob checks every pocket. Not finding what he is looking for.

Suddenly frantic, still searching. Then, it dawns on him.

TERRY (V.O.)  
Caden? Take a look at this.

**INT. POLICE STATION/CADEN'S DESK - THAT MOMENT**

Captain Terry and Officer Nowles walk up to Caden's desk. Terry holds Jacob Riley's homemade handgun.

NOWLES  
Found it this morning.

**INT. OFFICER NOWLES'S CAR - FLASHBACK - YESTERDAY**

Jacob and Caden are in the middle of a heated exchange. As Jacob leans forward and gets in Caden's face, the handgun slips out of his jacket and slides to the floorboard.

OFFICER NOWLES (V.O.)  
 You said you were gonna frisk him.  
 Maybe he got scared, ditched it?

**INT. POLICE STATION/CADEN'S DESK - PRESENT**

Caden shakes his head.

TERRY  
 I want him in here right now. That  
 black-and-white still stationed  
 outside his house?

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BACK ALLEY - THAT MOMENT**

Back with Jacob, still sitting in the car. He punches the dash -- Just when he thought he was out of the woods.

He takes a breath. Collects his thoughts. HITS the gas.

**INT. POLICE STATION/CADEN'S DESK - THAT MOMENT**

Terry grows irritated waiting on Caden to answer.

TERRY  
 Don't just sit there looking dumb.

Caden stands, grabs his jacket.

CADEN  
 Sorry, but I'm not wasting another  
 second *looking dumb*, talking to Mr.  
 Riley about what he shouldn't be  
 doing when I could be out there  
 finding the people who murdered his  
 daughter. Bring him in. Detain him  
 if you want. But you deal with him.

Caden exits the station.

**EXT. RUNDOWN RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

Jacob sits in the parked car, his leg nervously bouncing as he stares out the windshield. Waiting... and waiting...

Then, he sees it. Turning the corner, walking down the sidewalk, bundled up and wearing a backpack, is 8 year old Lacy O'Keefe.

She playfully jumps into the slushy mounds of snow in her way. *SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT.*

Jacob smiles, seeing the girl play so innocently almost makes him lose his nerve for what he is about to do. Almost.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY**

Lacy hops into another mound of slush -- *SPLAT.*

JACOB (O.S.)

Lacy?

Jacob pulls up next to her, window down.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Jacob. Remember?

It takes a second for Lacy to place him.

LACY

Yeah...

JACOB

Sorry 'bout scarin' you yesterday.  
But look here. I got you a present,  
to make up for it.

Jacob shows Lacy a brand new sketch pad and pencils. Lacy's eyes light up.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Get in. I'll drive you home.

Lacy freezes, uncomfortable with the idea.

JACOB (CONT'D)

C'mon, sweetie. It's cold.

LACY

I dunno... My mom will be mad.

A TAXI turns down the street, heading in their direction. This standoff with a little girl can't look good.

JACOB

You're hurting my feelings, Lacy.



He stuffs the pad and pencils into a shopping bag and tosses it out the window. It lands on the curb by her feet.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 (feigning hurt feelings)  
 Enjoy your gift. See you later.

Jacob puts the car in drive.

LACY  
 No. Wait.

Lacy picks up the shopping bag, brushes off the snow, and gets in the car just as the taxi passes by.

LACY (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry. Thank you.

Lacy smiles. Jacob fumbles for words as the realization of what he is doing HITS HIM IN THE GUT.

JACOB  
 You're welcome.

Jacob drives. What follows is a long AWKWARD SILENCE before --

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 This is a long walk home. Your mom  
 make you do this every day?

LACY  
 It's not so bad.

RED LIGHT. Jacob brakes.

JACOB  
 Y'know, your mom and I usta be  
 friends?

LACY  
 Yeah?

JACOB  
 Yeah. Look at this.

Jacob takes out an old 3X3 PHOTOGRAPH and hands it to Lacy.  
*The photograph is from 12 years ago: Jacob, Rose, Harlan and  
 Blake at a Red Wings game. All look healthy. All look happy.*

LACY  
 She looks pretty.

JACOB  
 Y'know the guys with us?

LACY  
Uncle Harlan and uncle Blake.

JACOB  
Right. You see 'em lately?

Lacy shakes her head, "no."

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Really? 'Cuz your mom said you did.

A HORN. The light has turned green. He hits the gas, waves to the car behind him. A POLICE CAR. Jacob tries to act normal.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
So was your mom lyin' 'bout you seein' your Uncles?

LACY  
No... I dunno

JACOB  
Don't lie to me. You wanna keep your present?

The POLICE CRUISER'S SIREN GOES OFF, LIGHTS FLASH --

JACOB (CONT'D)  
No...

It FLIES around Jacob and turns a corner.

LACY  
If I tell you the truth, can I keep the pad and pencils?

Jacob's attention quickly shifts back to Lacy.

**EXT. RIVER ROUGE - DAY**

Caden is back at the crime scene. The shack -- the burn site. The river is now unfrozen and is a slushy mess of ice.

In front of the yellow police tape that ropes off the area are bouquets of flowers and photos left in memory of Sandra.

Caden goes to the shoreline. Looks at the river. Nothing new. He starts making his way to the shack when his phone RINGS.

CADEN/PHONE  
What?

TERRY/PHONE

We've got a problem. Jacob Riley isn't at his house. Talked to a friend of theirs. Said he was acting weird and just took off.

Caden shakes his head, fed up, and not surprised.

CRACK.

Caden picks his foot up and sees a small shiny metal object in the grass beneath the snow.

TERRY/PHONE (CONT'D)

We know the car he's driving. I've got everyone looking for it.

Caden picks up the object: a set of keys.

TERRY/PHONE (CONT'D)

I need you here dealing with this.

Caden ignores Terry. Caden wipes off the crusted dirt on the keys to reveal a BMW logo on the keypad.

TERRY/PHONE (CONT'D)

You hear me?

Caden heads back to his car at a clip.

CADEN/PHONE

I need to talk to Christina Walker. Right now.

**EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob pulls up next to a pay phone. Lacy has a Happy Meal and her new sketch pad in her lap.

JACOB

Start eating. Be right back.

Lacy digs into her food. Jacob gets out, grabs the pay phone. Plucks in 50 cents and dials. As it RINGS he scans the lot.

ROSE/PHONE

Hi --

JACOB/PHONE

Rose --

ROSE/PHONE  
 -- You've reached Rose O'Keefe.  
 Leave a message.

*BEEP* -- Jacob freezes, "*Did I really just get the answering machine?!*" He stands there, not a clue what to say.

**INT. ROSE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

The PRICE IS RIGHT is on TV. 5 empty beer bottles are on the coffee table. And Rose O'Keefe is passed out on the couch.

TRAFFIC NOISE and Jacob's breathing is HEARD through the answering machine.

**EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob hangs up. Drops in another 50 cents and dials. The phone RINGS again.

ROSE/PHONE  
 Hi. You've reached --

JACOB  
 Y'gotta be *fuckin'* kidding me!

Jacob SLAMS the phone down.

Jacob looks back at Lacy to see her staring at him, freaked, looking like she is about to cry.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 It's okay, honey. Jus'... Keep eatin'.

The pay phone RINGS. Jacob SNATCHES it up.

**INT. ROSE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Rose sits up on the couch, hungover, having just woken up.

ROSE/PHONE  
 Who keeps callin' me?

Jacob signals "1 minute" to Lacy. Turns away. Cups the phone.

JACOB/PHONE  
 It's Jacob.

ROSE/PHONE

Oh, has it been another 10 years already?

JACOB/PHONE

I know Harlan and Blake have been to your house.

ROSE/PHONE

Goodbye, Jacob.

JACOB/PHONE

No. Your daughter wants to say hi.

A shudder passes through Rose's body.

**EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob turns around.

JACOB

Honey, talk to your mom.

Lacy is not there. Stunned, he looks inside the car. The front seat. The backseat. Nothing. His stomach sinks.

ROSE/PHONE

Lacy...?

Jacob scans the parking lot -- Inside McDonald's -- The street. His SHOCK morphs into FULL PANIC.

ROSE/PHONE (CONT'D)

Jacob?! Talk to me!

Then, he sees her. 30 yards away, shaking, crying, waiting for the streetlight to change so she can cross.

**WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, HAPPENS FAST**

Lacy looks back at Jacob -- Their eyes meet. She scares and BOLTS into the street. HORNS. CARS SWERVE. LACY SCREAMS.

Jacob drops the phone and runs --

CARS FLY past Lacy, the speed blowing her hair back --

She stumbles back into a lane, a TRUCK barrels towards her --

The TRUCK DRIVER SLAMS on his BREAKS -- HIS TIRES SCREECH -- The truck is inches away from Lacy --

Jacob scoops her up --

The truck CLIPS his SHIN as it BLOWS PAST and SKIDS to a stop in the middle of the street, grinding traffic to a HALT.

THEN, SILENCE, THE DUST SETTLES

Jacob hobbles to the sidewalk, holding a crying, but unharmed Lacy. He sets her down.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Watch your kid, asshole!

The Truck Driver speeds off and traffic starts moving again.

JACOB  
Look at me -- You okay?

Too shocked to speak, Lacy nods "yes." He gives her a hug. As he does, he sees traffic slowing down as everyone stares.

Jacob shifts his eyes to the pay phone receiver dangling by the cord. He lowers his head -- He's lost his chance.

Then, through the TRAFFIC NOISE a phone RINGS. It takes a moment for Jacob to realize that it's his cell phone.

In a daze, Jacob takes out his cell. His eyes widen when he recognizes the CALLER ID. He picks it up.

ROSE/PHONE  
I saw 'em! Okay?! I saw 'em!

Jacob is suddenly reinvigorated.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Rose paces back and forth, crying, FRANTIC.

ROSE/PHONE  
Just tell me she's alright!

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT

Jacob shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs, remembers why he is here. He covers the phone so Rose can't hear.

JACOB  
It's your mom. But we can't stand in the street like this. If we go back to the car, you can talk to her. But only if you behave. Okay?

Lacy nods. Jacob takes her hand, leads her back to the car, and puts the cell phone to her ear.

LACY/PHONE

Mommy?!

ROSE/PHONE

Lacy, are you hurt?!

LACY/PHONE

No -- I'm okay -- Are you mad?

ROSE/PHONE

Quickly -- Where are you?

Jacob pulls the phone away and opens the car door. He helps Lacy in and shuts the door.

JACOB/PHONE

Where're Harlan and Blake?

#### **INT. ROSE'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Crying, Rose is about to answer when she remembers something. She runs to the window, sees a POLICE CAR stationed in front.

ROSE/PHONE

There's a cop sitting across the street from my house. I walk outside and you're fucked.

JACOB/PHONE

You walk outside and your whole life is fucked. You don't know what it's like to lose a child.

ROSE/PHONE

They didn't do anything! They're just tryin' to get their lives back on track. Believe me.

#### **EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - THAT MOMENT**

JACOB/PHONE

Rose. You can protect Harlan and Blake or protect your daughter. You *can't* do both.

ROSE/PHONE

...If I tell you where they are, promise you won't hurt 'em.

JACOB/PHONE

I promise I'll give you back your child.

**INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Caden drops an EVIDENCE BAG containing the BMW car keys in front of Christina Walker.

CADEN

Lose your car keys recently?

Christina looks at the keys, confused, then back at Caden.

CHRISTINA

Where'd you find those?

CADEN

About 40 feet from where Sandra Riley's body was found.

On Christina's look, "What?!"

CADEN (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me you lost your keys?

CHRISTINA

Do you tell someone every time you lose something?

CADEN

Your keys, Christina. Where Sandra was found *dead*.

Christina's face hardens.

CADEN (CONT'D)

What happened? The truth this time.

CHRISTINA

I told you the truth a million times. We got into a fight. She punched me. I punched her. She left. Maybe someone's trying to frame me -- I have no idea -- *I didn't do anything wrong!*

Christina tears up, looks away, wipes her eyes on her sleeve.

CADEN

Why're you crying? Look at me. Tell me what's going on with you.



CHRISTINA

Are you stupid or something? I'm crying because my best friend is dead. *My best friend.*

Caden softens his approach.

CADEN

She was your best friend... And when she said what she said about you, I know how it must've hurt.

CHRISTINA

This is so stupid. *You're stupid.*

CADEN

Sandra judged you for being who you are. And it stung. Because you never judged her, right?

CHRISTINA

I - did not - kill - her. I passed the lie detector, remember?

CADEN

You drank a lot that night. It can effect the outcome of the test.

Christina cries harder.

CADEN (CONT'D)

Talk to me... I can help you.

Christina SWATS the car keys off the table. They fly across the room, hit the wall, and fall to the floor.

CHRISTINA

I have no fucking idea how my keys got there! And I'm not saying another fucking word until I talk to my lawyer.

Caden sits back, disappointed. He goes to the door, opens it a crack, and talks to an Officer who is standing guard.

CADEN

Bring in a phone.

Caden bends down to pick up the car keys. He stops. Stares at the car keys laying on the floor. Something dawns on him.

CADEN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

She punched you. You punched her...

(MORE)

CADEN (CONT'D)  
 (to Christina)  
 Then you both fell to the floor?

Caden picks up the keys. Christina looks at him, confused.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
 What else fell with you? Your  
 purse?

Christina is about to answer when his cell RINGS. CALLER ID:  
 UNKNOWN. He picks it up.

CADEN/PHONE  
 This is Caden.

ROSE/PHONE  
 (frantic, crying)  
 Mr. Caden -- Y'gotta help!

CADEN/PHONE  
 Hang on. Who's this --

ROSE/PHONE  
 Listen! Jacob's gonna kill 'em!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A neighborhood of abandoned houses. Auto plant workers and  
 their families once lived here, but when those plants left,  
 so did the residents.

Jacob and Leon sit in the Dodge around the corner from a  
 crumbling, one-story, BRICK HOUSE.

JACOB  
 You bring it?

Leon reluctantly pulls a 9mm pistol from his waistband and  
 hands it to Jacob.

LEON  
 What're you gonna do? Jus' walk  
 right on up there?

Jacob nods.

LEON (CONT'D)  
 They see you, they're gonna run...  
 I'll go check.

JACOB  
 You don't need to do this.

LEON

I do. We got one shot at this.

Leon gets out.

LEON (CONT'D)

Watch my back.

Leon walks up the street, towards the brick house. Half way up the road it hits him, *What the hell was I thinking?*

Leon pushes forward, crosses the dead and overgrown front lawn, walks up the porch and stops at the front door.

Leon raises a fist to knock, hesitates, looks back at Jacob.

Giving away that Leon is not alone.

Jacob motions for Leon to turn the fuck around. Leon realizes his mistake, turns back to the door and KNOCKS.

INSIDE THE CAR, Jacob primes the gun -- the SLIDE JAMS.

JACOB

Fuck.

AT THE FRONT DOOR, Leon KNOCKS again.

INSIDE THE CAR, Jacob frantically works on the jammed slide.

AT THE FRONT DOOR, nobody answers. Leon walks over to a boarded up window, looks through a slight crack in the wood.

INSIDE THE CAR, Jacob sees Leon looking through the window. He goes back to the gun, steadies his hand, grips the slide.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Please --

It SLIDES -- It works -- The gun is primed. Ready to go.

BANG--BANG--BANG

Jacob startles. Looks up to see Leon rapping on the car window. Jacob lowers it.

LEON

Nothin'. Didn't see anythin'.

JACOB

That can't be.

LEON

I'm sure. Let's get outta here.

Leon gets in the car while Jacob keeps his eyes on the house.

LEON (CONT'D)  
They ain't there, man. I'm sorry.

Jacob tucks the 9mm into his waistband and gets out.

JACOB  
Make sure nobody comes out the  
back.

Jacob heads for the house.

LEON  
(whispering loudly)  
Jacob! Come back!

Jacob walks down the street. His eyes locked on the house the entire time. He arrives at the front door.

He takes out the 9mm -- Steps back -- KICKS it down.

The door CRASHES onto the living room floor. No furniture. Trash. Liquor bottles. Syringes. Meth pipes.

From inside the car, Leon sees Jacob raise the gun and step inside the house. Leon gets out.

#### **INSIDE**

Jacob, breathing heavy, scans the living room, his gun out in front of him. Up ahead he sees two doorways. One is to the kitchen, the other is to a bedroom.

Jacob makes his way to the kitchen. He hugs the wall and peeks inside. Empty. Just more piles of trash.

He looks up to the bedroom down the hallway. The door is closed. Jacob advances. The floor CREAKING under his feet.

Jacob slides up next to the door, his back up against the wall. He reaches for the doorknob...

#### **OUTSIDE**

Leon creeps around the side of the house into the backyard. Sees a **RED VAN, 2003 CHEVROLET EXPRESS** parked on the grass.

It STARTS with a ROAR.

#### **INSIDE**

Jacob HEARS the ENGINE coming from the back. He RUNS to the back door -- Swings it open --

**OUTSIDE**

To see the van kicking up dirt, HAULING ASS through the backyard. And through the windshield he sees them --

HARLAN IN THE PASSENGER SEAT. BLAKE DRIVING.

Harlan and Jacob lock eyes -- EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN -- For a moment, it's just the two of them -- Then --

Jacob raises the gun and FIRES -- BANG-BANG-BANG. The windshield spider webs. An explosion of BLOOD on the inside.

The van veers off and crashes into a tree. Stillness. Then --

Harlan KICKS OPEN the passenger door, gun in hand, aiming it at Jacob -- Jacob ducks into the house, BULLETS hit the door frame, WOOD CHIPS FLY --

Harlan RUNS through the yard, hopping a fence into another yard when his leg is grabbed by Leon.

Harlan FIRES A SHOT -- It GRAZES Leon's shoulder. Harlan KICKS Leon in the jaw. Leon falls to the ground, out cold.

Jacob peaks outside the house, sees Leon on the ground. Looks up at Harlan.

Harlan jumps over the fence, runs through the yard. Jacob runs after him, FIRES OFF A SHOT. BLOOD ERUPTS from Harlan's side.

Harlan SCREAMS, stumbles, Jacob FIRES again -- MISSES. Harlan scrambles to the back door of another abandoned house. BUSTS IT in with his shoulder and falls inside.

Jacob SPRINTS through the yard, gets to the back door. Peaks inside. Sees a trail of blood leading down a hallway, into the living room, and veering off around a corner.

Jacob quiets. He can HEAR the labored breathing of Harlan somewhere inside the living room.

JACOB

This what you wanted?

More HEAVY BREATHING, then --

HARLAN

Come in here and ask me that.

**INSIDE**

Jacob steps into the hallway, hugs the wall as he makes his way towards the living room.

**OUTSIDE**

A POLICE CRUISER and Caden's Impala pull up behind Alice's Dodge. Caden gets out. Two OFFICERS emerge from the cruiser.

**INSIDE**

Jacob reaches the end of the hallway. He peers into the living room, sees Harlan on the floor, back against the wall, blood soaking through the side of his shirt. He is dying.

IN A FLASH Harlan raises his GUN -- BAM -- the bullet skims Jacob's cheek.

Jacob FIRES -- BAM-BAM-BAM three to Harlan's chest.

**OUTSIDE**

Caden and the Officers turn to the source of the gunshots. They see the kicked in front door. They take out their guns.

CADEN  
Call EMS. Now.

Gun drawn, Caden advances towards the house.

**INSIDE**

Jacob holds the 9mm out in front of him as he stares at a completely still Harlan. But then, Harlan blinks.

Jacob walks up to Harlan, kneels down. Harlan looks at Jacob and with his last breath says --

HARLAN  
It wasn't s'pposed to end like  
this.

Harlan dies. In a daze, Jacob backs away from the body and into the hallway. His eyes still locked on Harlan. Jacob doesn't see Caden standing at the back door.

CADEN  
Drop the weapon!

Jacob startles -- With the GUN still in his hand, Jacob whips around to face Caden -- BANG --

Jacob's body DROPS to the floor. Caden and an Officer rush him. Caden kicks the gun out of Jacob's hand.

Jacob groans as he holds a bullet wound in his chest.

Caden flips Jacob onto his back.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
 (to the Officer)  
 Where's that fucking ambulance?

ALL SOUND DROPS OUT --

Caden shouts at Jacob. We can't hear the words. All the while, Jacob's eyes remain fixed on Harlan. Until he can't keep them open any longer.

CUT TO BLACK:

**EXT. HARLAN AND BLAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Flood lights illuminate the crime scene. A dozen police cars. Ambulances. News vans. Reporters. It's a madhouse.

Leon sits in an ambulance, talking to an OFFICER.

**EXT. HARLAN AND BLAKE'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Caden stands in the middle of the yard, chaos all around him. The crashed van. Evidence markers next to discarded shells. Blake slumped over the steering wheel of the van.

CRIME SCENE TECH (O.S.)  
 Detective. In here.

Caden walks into the kitchen where a CRIME SCENE TECH pulls a PIECE OF PAPER out of the trash. Caden looks at it.

CADEN  
 Jesus Christ.

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT**

Jacob lays in bed, barely conscious through the painkillers, his chest bandaged. Diana sits bedside. Both look at Caden.

Caden shows them a photograph of Christina Walker. It's of Christina leaving her house. Caden shows a second photograph: This one is of Christina behind the wheel of her BMW.

CADEN  
 These are copies of photos found at Harlan and Blake's place. They were found in the trash.

Jacob and Diana don't understand.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
Harlan and Blake meant to take  
Christina.

Stunned silence from Jacob and Diana.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
We've been working on the timeline  
from that night. Christina and  
Sandra got into a fight.

**INT. THE HOUSE PARTY - FLASHBACK**

Sandra shouts into Christina's ear --

SANDRA  
YOUR DAD IS AN ASSHOLE!

Sandra and Christina get into a fight. They fall to the floor  
and claw at each other until it's broken up.

Sandra and Christina stare at each other. Sandra is crying --  
this makes Christina start to cry. Sandra wants to apologize,  
but she can't bring herself to.

Sandra wipes her eyes and notices that during the fight her  
purse fell to the floor. Sandra also notices that Christina's  
purse fell to the floor along with her BMW car keys.

Sandra picks up her own purse and swipes Christina's BMW car  
keys at the same time so that nobody notices. She storms out.

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/Private Room - PRESENT**

Caden holds up the set of BMW car keys.

CADEN  
After the fight, Sandra left. She  
took Christina's car keys.

Jacob and Diana stare at the keys dangling from Caden's hand.

CADEN (CONT'D)  
I found these at the crime scene.

**EXT. THE HOUSE PARTY - FLASHBACK**

Sandra walks down the street. She presses the keypad. The  
headlights on the BMW flicker.



She gets to the BMW and is JUMPED by a man, Harlan. He throws a bag over her head.

A red van pulls up next to them. As Sandra flails and fights, the driver, Blake, opens the passenger door. Harlan shoves Sandra inside and gets in after her.

CADEN (V.O.)

It was dark... they mistook Sandra for Christina.

**INT. RED VAN - FLASHBACK**

As Blake drives, Sandra SCREAMS and CLAWS at Harlan.

HARLAN

Shut the fuck up!

BLAKE

Fuckin' control her.

SANDRA

HELP! HELP!!!!

Sandra gets a hand on Harlan's face. Feels his eyeball. Digs her finger inside it.

HARLAN

AW! FUCK!

Harlan throws Sandra's head into the passenger window, CRACKING the window up the middle. Sandra goes limp.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' bitch!

BLAKE

Harlan?

HARLAN

Get off this street! Take a right!

Harlan regains his composure, then sees a dime-sized red dot on top of the bag over Sandra's head. The red dot gradually expands into a large red circle.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Harlan takes the bag off. Blood completely covers Sandra's face. There is so much blood flowing that it's impossible to tell where it's coming from.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Harlan lifts Sandra's head and realizes that it broke through the window and slit her from her temple down to her throat.

BLAKE

What the fuck did you do?!

Harlan applies pressure to the wound.

HARLAN

No--No--No

Sandra tries to speak. All that comes out are GURGLES and BUBBLES of blood. Harlan wipes the blood from her eyes and stares at her. She stares back, she knows she's dying. She's confused and scared. A split second later, she's gone.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Harlan sits back, stunned and defenseless, as the blood flows. Then he takes a closer look at her. Something isn't right. He wipes the blood away from her face.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

BLAKE

Now what?!

HARLAN

It ain't her!

BLAKE

What?!

HARLAN

It ain't fuckin' her!

BLAKE

What the fuck?! Who is it?!

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM - PRESENT**

Diana is hysterically crying.

CADEN

Maybe we should take a--

DIANA  
 (wiping her eyes)  
 No. Go on.

Caden looks for confirmation from Jacob.

Jacob nods, they need to hear this.

CADEN  
 Harlan and Blake had a red van  
 parked behind the place where they  
 were squatting. The crack in the  
 glass of the window matches the  
 formation of the wound on Sandra's  
 face and neck.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - FLASHBACK**

The van is parked on the side of the road. Harlan and Blake lift Sandra's body out and carry her into the woods.

**INT. RIVER ROUGE - FLASHBACK**

They carry Sandra past the shack and down to the river.

As they carry her, the BMW car keys slip from Sandra's coat pocket and fall to the ground. Harlan and Blake don't notice.

They dump Sandra's body in the river and watch it drift away.

*SNOW BEGINS TO FALL.*

Harlan looks up as snowflakes fall onto his face.

HARLAN  
 Let's go.

Blake doesn't move.

HARLAN (CONT'D)  
 Blake! Let's get the fuck outta  
 here!

Blake snaps out of it and starts to walk back to the road.

As Harlan and Blake hoof it back to the van we HOLD on the BMW car keys as the snow falls and begins to bury them.

The CAMERA TILTS UP to the sky. The SCREEN GOES WHITE.

CADEN (V.O.)  
 And we found this...

**INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL/PRIVATE ROOM - PRESENT**

Caden shows Jacob and Diana the PIECE OF PAPER that the CRIME SCENE TECH found inside Harlan and Blake's trash.

It's a ransom note made from cut out letters and words from magazines. It reads: *Christina Walker. 4 million dollars. Instructions to follow.*

Jacob's head is spinning, trying to process it. He looks at the evidence as Diana buries her head in her hands and wails.

**EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING**

A PRIEST says a prayer as Sandra's coffin is lowered into the ground. Jacob and Diana sit front row with roses in their hands. A crutch rests against the back of Jacob's chair.

The entire town is here. Sydney Walker, Christina Walker, the entire workforce of Walker Scrap Metals, high school friends and faculty, Caden and his family -- Everybody.

The Priest motions for Jacob and Diana to come forward. Diana helps Jacob up. They make their way over. They look down at their daughter's coffin and drop their roses.

**EXT. CEMETERY - LATER**

People file away and give their condolences to the Riley's. Sydney Walker approaches.

WALKER

Jacob, can I have a moment?

Jacob looks to Diana. She nods that it's okay. Jacob and Walker step away. They stop to talk underneath a tree.

JACOB

Thank you for posting bail.

WALKER

A man who gives others hope, no matter how desperate the situation, is a true leader

Walker hands Jacob a piece of paper. A check for \$50,000.

WALKER (CONT'D)

You're a true leader. I should've given that to you a long time ago.

Walker smiles sympathetically and pats Jacob on the back.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
 If you end up going away...  
 hopefully this will help.

Jacob hands the check back to Walker.

JACOB  
 I 'ppreciate it, Sydney. But no  
 thanks.

On Walker, *"Come again?"*

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 The only reason I'm gettin' this is  
 'cuz my daughter's in the ground.  
 You think I want money like that?

Walker shoves the check in Jacob's breast pocket.

WALKER  
 Then tear it up... But at least  
 think about it.

Walker turns away, heads to his limo.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jacob pulls into the driveway. Diana is still numb from the funeral. Jacob is about to speak. But she gets out of the truck, walks inside. His cell RINGS. CALLER ID: UNKNOWN.

JACOB/PHONE  
 Hello.

**INT. CADEN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Caden sits on his couch, wears a black suit, his tie undone. In another room, his baby boy cries through a diaper change.

CADEN/PHONE  
 It's Ross. That was a lovely  
 service.

JACOB/PHONE  
 Yeah. 'ppreciate that.

Caden goes to the nursery, sees his wife struggling with their son. He gives an apologetic look as he closes the door.

CADEN/PHONE  
 I hate to do this with everything  
 that just happened, but...  
 (MORE)

CADEN/PHONE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You remember Ethan Jackson? Rose O'Keefe's boyfriend?

Jacob's stomach sinks.

JACOB/PHONE

Of course.

CADEN/PHONE

He's gone missing... You know anything about this?

JACOB/PHONE

(beat)

No.

CADEN/PHONE

Listen, you're going to do some time for Harlan and Blake. I beg you, don't make it worse.

Jacob reaches into his pocket, pulls out the \$50,000 check.

CADEN/PHONE (CONT'D)

You know I can't look the other way. That's not why I'm here.

JACOB/PHONE

You do whatever you need to do. But I'm gonna say goodbye now.

A LONG BEAT, Caden conflicted, replies --

CADEN/PHONE

You know, maybe Detroit isn't where you belong. That's all I'll say.

Jacob hangs up.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jacob enters, the check in his hand. Diana is curled up in a ball on the couch, done. He sits next to her.

JACOB

Police say I'm gonna have to stay here for a little while.

Jacob puts the check in Diana's hand.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
But I want you to take this and  
leave this place.

Diana looks at the check, confused, not sure it's for real.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
A gift from Walker.

She starts to cry. The thought of being without him suddenly too much. The coldness between them gone in an instant.

DIANA  
I don't want this.

Jacob hugs Diana. As he does, he sees one last obstacle. Sandra's closed bedroom door. Taunting him as always.

Diana tries to give the check back. Jacob won't take it.

JACOB  
(holding back tears)  
New Year's Eve, 'member when you  
said you didn't regret takin' a  
chance on me? That you never  
regretted your choice? Don't make  
the same mistake. Think about it.

Jacob gets up, leaves Diana to think. *"What will she choose?"*

Jacob inches towards Sandra's door. A sense of closure lurking behind it. He grips the doorknob. Deep breath...

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/SANDRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The bedroom door creaks opens. The scent of his daughter's room hits him in the gut.

He sits down on her unmade bed and is finally able to let go.

As he breaks down, he takes in his daughter's room. Her clothes on the floor, her school books, her desk, photographs of her and her friends tacked on the wall.

A couple of the photographs catch his eye. He walks over to the desk and takes a closer look at two specific photographs.

And that's when it hits him. He's looking at the same two photographs of Christina that Detective Caden showed them.

He untacks them from the corkboard and sees that there are two tack holes in each of the photographs, but not any of the other ones. They've been moved recently.

Jacob gets a sinking feeling in his stomach as he remembers Caden showing him the photographs.

CADEN (V.O.)  
*These are copies of photos found in  
 Harlan and Blake's place.*

Jacob blinks. This doesn't make sense.

DIANA  
 I decided... I'm not goin' anywhere  
 without you.

Diana stands in the doorway with the check in her hand, smiling. Her smile fades the moment she sees Jacob's state.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 Jacob! Are you okay?

JACOB  
 What're these?

Jacob holds up the two photographs.

It takes a moment for Diana to see what they are.

When she realizes, she freezes, and all the color drains from her face.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
 These are the same photos found at  
 Harlan and Blake's... How'd they  
 get there?

DIANA  
 (stumbling)  
 I -- I don't know --

JACOB  
 HOW?!

Diana STARTLES. Jacob glares at her. Tears form in her eyes.

Diana searches for what to say, then --

DIANA  
 I'm sorry...

The words are like a punch in the gut to Jacob.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 (crying)  
 It -- It wasn't supposed to happen  
 like it did.



Jacob stands in a STUNNED SILENCE before --

JACOB  
What the fuck you do?

Diana CRIES and disappears into their bedroom, leaving Jacob hanging, no clue what to think.

She eventually returns, holding several pieces of paper. Through tears she manages to get out --

DIANA  
We -- We did get letters that Harlan and Blake were gettin' outta jail...

JACOB  
Jesus Christ --

Diana wipes eyes.

DIANA  
*It wasn't supposed to happen like this, Jacob.*

JACOB  
STOP SAYING THAT AND TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK IT MEANS!

DIANA  
It was supposed to be our way out, damn it! A way to a better life. A life where we're not worryin' about keeping the fucking heat and electricity on. A life where we're not killing ourselves just to live.

JACOB HOLDS HIS STOMACH -- FEELING DIZZY -- HIS MIND RACES --

**FLASHES OF:**

*-Diana working the checkout lane, DEPRESSED, AT HER WITS END.*

*-Diana at the hospital, EXHAUSTED, pushing her body forward.*

*-Jacob outside the bar, on the phone with Diana, telling her he got a pay cut from Walker.*

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - PRESENT**

Jacob can barely stay on his feet -- Diana breaks down --

DIANA  
 For Christ sakes, Jacob -- I -- I  
 wanted Sandra to have a life!

He can't look at her, his world collapsing, as he remembers --

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*The candlelit dinner Jacob prepared. Jacob sits across from Diana, trying to tell her that things will be alright.*

DIANA  
 I want out of here.

JACOB  
 I wanna get us outta here.

DIANA  
 Sandra deserves better.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - PRESENT**

He comes out of the memory -- THE ROOM SPINNING --

JACOB  
 You -- You fuckin' killed her --

DIANA SPARKS TO LIFE WITH RAGE -- LASHING OUT --

DIANA  
 I WAS TRYING TO FUCKIN' SAVE HER  
 FROM A LIFE OF SHIT! I TRIED TO  
 GIVE HER A LIFE. A LIFE YOU AND I  
COULDN'T GIVE HER.

JACOB'S BLOOD BEGINS TO BOIL --

JACOB  
 You shut the fuck up...

DIANA  
 No -- I had a way to give her that  
 life --

JACOB  
 I SAID ENOUGH!

JACOB IS TREMBLING NOW --

DIANA  
 I had a way to get us that money.  
 But I knew you'd never do it!  
 (MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 So when I found out Harlan was  
 gettin' out, I knew someone who  
 would.

JACOB IS REELING -- HE CAN'T BREATHE --

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*After coming home from the morgue -- Diana BERATES Jacob --*

DIANA  
 YOU ALWAYS GOTTA BE THE GOOD ONE.

JACOB  
 I'm warnin' you.

DIANA  
 God forbid you stand up to ANYONE.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - PRESENT**

JACOB BREAKS -- GRABS DIANA -- SHOVES HER AGAINST THE WALL --  
 HOLDS HER THERE -- LOATHING HER -- SHE STARES BACK, DEFIANT --

DIANA  
 WHY'D YOU CALL HER BACK?! WHY?!

JACOB PUNCHES -- DESTROYING THE WALL NEXT TO DIANA'S FACE --

HE PULLS HIS ARM BACK -- PLASTER RAINING DOWN -- READY TO  
 SWING AGAIN -- DOING ALL HE CAN TO HOLD HIMSELF BACK --

THEY GLARE AT EACH OTHER -- DETESTING ONE ANOTHER -- THE  
 MOMENT BUILDING -- SWELLING -- THEN:

DIANA'S HARD FACADE BREAKS -- SHE WITHERS -- FALLS ONTO  
 JACOB'S CHEST -- WAILING UNCONTROLLABLY --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 I'M SORRY -- OH MY GOD --

THE GUILT AND REGRET TOO MUCH FOR HER TO BARE ANY LONGER --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 I'M SO SORRY --

JACOB'S BODY SHAKES -- AN AVALANCHE OF EMOTIONS --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 I did it for her...

HIS FURY RISES -- SEES THE \$50,000 CHECK IN HER HAND --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I did it for Sandra.

DIANA LOOKS UP AT JACOB -- HER FACE A WET CRYING MESS --

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I did it for all of us.

TEARS STREAM DOWN THE SIDE OF BOTH THEIR CHEEKS -- THOUGHTS  
AND MEMORIES FORCING THEIR WAY UP IN JACOB'S MIND --

**FLASHES OF:**

*-Sandra smiling.*

*-Sandra's head being SMASHED into the window.*

*-Jacob standing over Sandra's body at the morgue.*

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - PRESENT**

JACOB -- STARING DAGGERS AT HIS WIFE --

DIANA -- EYES PLEADING FOR FORGIVENESS --

JACOB CLENCHES HIS FISTS -- CLOSES HIS EYES AND --

CUT TO BLACK:

DAWN...

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY**

Jacob sits in his truck, staring blankly out the windshield.

He looks at his hand. Knuckles bloody and swollen. Tries to  
make a fist. Can't. Might be broken.

He takes out his cell and dials. It RINGS a few times.

JACOB/PHONE  
It's Jacob...

**INT. CADEN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MORNING**

The room is dark. Shades still drawn. Anne is asleep. Caden,  
sits up, groggy, as he listens. Then --

*Jacob says something that wakes Caden up real quick.*

CADEN/PHONE  
Jacob... What happened?

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob doesn't answer. He hangs up.

**INT. CADEN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Caden, fully dressed, rushes out the door.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jacob looks at the house. Fights off tears.

**INT. CADEN'S IMPALA - MOMENTS LATER**

Caden speeds down the road as he radios for back up.

**EXT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Three POLICE CRUISERS pull up. Caden right behind them. Jacob's truck is nowhere in sight.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

The house is a total disaster. Tables tossed over. More holes punched in the walls. Like a tornado hit.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Diana is sprawled out on the bed. Sleeping.

A KNOCK at the front door wakes her. She opens her eyes. Looks like hell. Rolls over. No Jacob. More KNOCKING.

Diana drags herself out of bed.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Diana looks out the window. Caden and several POLICE OFFICERS are on the porch.

CADEN

Mrs. Riley?! Open the door!

DIANA

Jacob?!

No answer.

Diana frantically retreats into the kitchen. She pulls a knife from the drawer and runs into her bedroom. She SLAMS the door shut, freaking out, no idea what to do.

A BANGING on the front door. The police are breaking it down.

Diana holds up the knife, it shakes in her hand.

Caden leads a pack of Officers down the hallway.

Diana hears FOOTSTEPS STOMPING in her direction.

She approaches the door -- Self-preservation kicking in -- Ready to slice whoever comes through the door --

Caden barges into the room as Diana raises the knife and --  
Puts it under her neck and --

Caden LUNGES for her, ripping the knife from her hand --

Before she's able to cut her throat --

Caden takes her to the floor, snaps the cuffs on.

**INT. JACOB'S TRUCK - THAT MOMENT**

Jacob behind the wheel. The trunk packed with his things.

Jacob takes the \$50,000 check out of his pocket, crumples it up. Throws it out the window.

**INT. THE RILEY'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK**

*Jacob takes Diana's face in his hands.*

JACOB

*Those animals are out there. And we won't be safe 'til they're put down. After, I promise you, I'll get you outta here. And you'll start over someplace new. Someplace warm. But not 'til I find 'em.*

**INT. JACOB'S CAR - PRESENT**

The sun shines bright in Jacob's eyes. He flips the visor down where paper-clipped inside is a photo of him and Sandra. He lingers on the photo before looking to the road ahead.

**THE END**