

NORTHEAST KINGDOM

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EXT. RURAL POND, NORTHERN VERMONT - MORNING

A YOUNG FEMALE HUNTER hides in the foliage on the side of a pond. She's small for her age, 19 going on 16, but wears the concentration of an adult.

She watches the sky and waits patiently.

A V OF DUCKS fly overhead. She readies her REMINGTON 870 SHOTGUN, aims, exhales and fires TWO QUICK SHOTS.

Two ducks fall into the water.

She takes a moment to judge the distance where they fell, then rises and wades out into the pond to collect them.

From the opposite side of the pond, a bounding BLACK LAB suddenly comes splashing. It dog-paddles its way toward the dead ducks.

The girl's face goes from confused to pissed.

GIRL

Hey!

The lab makes no registration of her call and remains absolutely, entirely focused on those two ducks.

The girl speeds up, splashing as she does, but she can't compete with the lab.

It beats her easily, scooping both necks into its mouth as it happily turns back toward the other side of the pond.

GIRL

Hey!

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF POND - MOMENTS LATER

TWO MALE HUNTERS in their 20s talk while the wet Lab wags its tail furiously, the girl's two ducks sitting at its feet.

They quiet when they notice her.

GIRL

Your dog stole my ducks.

HUNTER #1

Excuse me?

GIRL

Those ducks. Those are mine.

HUNTER #2
Dogs don't steal, kid.

GIRL
Your dog did.

HUNTER #1
We were both shooting at the same
ducks. What makes you think you hit
them and we didn't?

GIRL
You didn't shoot. There weren't any
other shots. Just mine.

HUNTER #2
Get out of here.

GIRL
Give me my ducks, and I'll go.

They ignore her and go back to talking between themselves.

GIRL
Give me back my ducks.

Nothing.

She loads her shotgun and closes the action.

That they notice.

HUNTER #1
What? You're gonna shoot us? For
the ducks?

GIRL
No. You didn't steal anything.

She turns the gun on the dog.

The Lab keeps wagging and panting, oblivious that it has a
shotgun aimed at its face.

The hunters look at each other then at the girl.

HUNTER #2
You're nuts.

She doesn't waver.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The girl walks away from the pond, shotgun in one arm, two dead ducks in the other.

Behind her, the Lab emerges from the reeds, barking at her as she goes.

EXT. SECLUDED NORTHERN VERMONT HOME - LATER, DAY

There's a long, narrow gravel driveway that leads to a modest 1950s home. Some woods behind it, open fields on either side. It seems to be the only home for a few miles.

She approaches on foot and heads inside.

INT. SECLUDED NORTHERN VERMONT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Now changed and dry she carries two mugs of hot tea from the kitchen to the basement stairs...

INT. NORTHERN VERMONT HOME - BASEMENT

She enters, placing one of the mugs of tea in front of her FATHER, 48, and the other on her side of the table.

He is road-worn. Deep lines cut into his face, dry weathered skin covers his hands.

He gives the smallest nod of a "Thank You" when she gives him the tea.

They sit across from each other at an old wooden shop table.

The girl seems serious for her age, unsmiling, focused. She pays close attention to what her father is doing.

And she waits.

The patience of a saint.

The basement is filled with the usual basement belongings. Boxes, Christmas lights, tools.

But one corner is exclusively the remnants of home hospice care... a folded hospital bed, a portable commode, a wheelchair with a walker piled on top.

Neither of them looks toward that corner.

On the work table, dozens of boxes of 12 gauge shotgun shells sit piled on the father's side. On the daughter's side, two old coffee tins.

Father carefully uses needle nose pliers to uncrimp the top crimp of the shotgun shells, one after another.

As he does, he slides the opened shells across the table to his daughter.

One at a time, she takes them. Delicately, she pours the shot into one of the old coffee tins.

She then carefully pulls out the plastic wad that separates the gunpowder from the shot, and drops it into a trash can that's already at least a foot deep with older wads.

Focused, she pours the gunpowder that is now revealed in the shell into the other coffee tin.

She taps the back of the shell lightly to make sure she's emptied it completely.

There is no overt concern on her face, no worry. Just concentration.

She puts the empty shell into a box filled with other empty shells. There are another dozen or so of these boxes on her side of the table.

The pair stay silent as they work. They know what their jobs are, and they do them, quietly and efficiently.

Once Father is satisfied with the number of shells he's opened, he moves further down the table where the boxes of the now empty shells sit.

A shotgun shell reloader is attached to the end of the table.

He takes an empty shell from the box and places it in the holding. He reaches into a small bag and pulls out a taut roll of ten \$100 bills. He places it into the shell.

A bowl of one-ounce lead fishing sinkers sits next to the reloader. He grabs one and drops it into the shell, and then pulls down on the lever to recrimp its top.

He repeats this over and over. Methodically. Everything here has been planned and done before.

He moves from shell to shell, box to box.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

The daughter cooking an omelette -- she folds it over. It looks perfect, chef quality.

She plates it. She sprinkles some freshly grated cheese, chopped green herbs and diced tomato on top.

She carries the breakfast to Father at the table, placing it in front of him.

She heads back to the kitchen counter and opens up two prescription pill containers, removing one pill from each, and carries them back to the table. She places them in front of Father and takes her seat opposite him.

They're framed by a large bay window that looks out onto the brisk, Vermont fall morning.

She looks at him, waiting to watch him take his medication. He notices, and he does.

Satisfied, she eats her yogurt and granola.

Father eats his omelette unemotionally, sometimes getting lost in thought as he stares out the window.

The daughter eats her breakfast, spoon in one hand, granola box in the other. She reads it while she eats.

INT. KITCHEN - 8 AM

The fridge door opens to reveal a plate with the two dead -- and still feathered -- ducks the girl shot yesterday.

Father reaches in and grabs them by their feet.

EXT. NORTHERN VERMONT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed in hunting attire, Father and daughter walk away from their home and toward a field.

The two ducks are already attached to Father's hip.

Both carry satchels over their shoulders and shotguns in their arms.

They walk in silence.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER - LATER

They continue to walk. Nothing around them now, just trees, brush and field.

Father recognizes a tree up ahead and the other set of trees across from it.

He turns to his daughter and takes her satchel, pauses for a moment and gives her a nod.

She takes her cue and runs to her usual hiding spot, as he heads toward the trees.

Both get to their destinations.

Father sitting in a squat under the trees. The daughter on her belly, hiding in a bluff that overlooks the area.

She pulls out her field glasses and watches. She's hidden, about 100 yards away.

In the distance, an ATV eventually makes its way down the dirt road to where her father sits. He stands and waits for it to arrive.

The driver is the CANADIAN HUNTER. He dismounts without turning it off. He's similarly outfitted in hunting attire.

The daughter watches through the glasses as Father hands the man the satchels.

The Canadian Hunter checks a few, then lays the shotgun shell boxes atop the ATV's seat. He opens a few more, counts the total and is eventually satisfied.

He goes to the ATV's saddlebag and pulls out more shotgun shell boxes -- the same make and brand as the ones just handed over.

Father fills his satchels with those boxes.

Canadian Hunter fills his saddlebag with the boxes he received from Father.

Neither says a word.

Once done, Father turns, full satchels in hand and doubles back from whence he came.

The hunter mounts his ATV and speedily pulls away.

When he's out of sight the daughter lowers her field glasses and heads off to meet her dad.

She eventually reaches him, immediately falling into step next to him. He hands her a satchel, which she quickly swings over her shoulder.

There's a lightness to their step that wasn't there before the exchange.

They walk further into the field for a ways.

After some walking, they see another ATV in the distance. It eventually sees them and seems to turn slightly to redirect itself toward them -- as it gets closer, we can see that it's a CANADIAN MOUNTIE.

There's nothing they can do but wait for it to arrive. If they ran they'd be overtaken and searched. Questioned.

Nothing good will come from questions.

So they stand, and they watch.

The only sounds are the distant and growing hum of the approaching ATV and the sound of their breathing -- hers, fast and nervous -- his, slow and deliberate.

Mountie eventually reaches the pair, shutting off his motor and pulling off his helmet as he does.

MOUNTIE

Morning!

FATHER

Good morning.

He dismounts the ATV and approaches them.

MOUNTIE

Out for an early hunt?

FATHER

We are.

MOUNTIE

Looks like you already bagged a few.

FATHER

Yeah, it's been a good morning. We were just headed back.

There's the slightest hint of a Boston accent from Father.

MOUNTIE

Could I trouble ya for your I-D, please?

FATHER

My hunting license?

MOUNTIE

For starters, sure.

Father hands over his hunting license. Mountie takes a look and does a quick comparison between the photo and the man standing in front of him.

MOUNTIE

American, eh? Mr. Peters, you do realize you've wandered a bit too far north, dontcha?

He hands back the license.

FATHER

Have we? Apologies. We were just following the birds.

MOUNTIE

And what's your name, young lady?

GIRL

Angie.

MOUNTIE

You a good shot, Angie?

GIRL/ANGIE

Yes.

Mountie laughs.

MOUNTIE

And confident too, eh?
(to Father)
Mind if I take a quick look at your satchels?

FATHER

No. Not at all.

He hands his satchel over and then does the same with Angie's. The Mountie looks through them. He opens one of the shotgun shell boxes and fingers around between the shells.

He closes the satchels and hands them back to Father.

MOUNTIE

You see that bluff over there?
(he points)
Now, follow it across, all the way to that treeline over on that side. You see that?

FATHER

Yes.

MOUNTIE

That's the border. If you pass that line, you've gone too far. I'd appreciate it if you'd use that as your marker from now on.

FATHER

You got it.

MOUNTIE

All right. Off with ya.

Father nods. He hands his daughter's satchel to her, and they continue off toward the bluff.

The Mountie heads off the other direction.

Once they're out of earshot, Father decides to use it as a teaching moment.

FATHER

So, what would you do if that didn't go well?

She seems slightly embarrassed that he's testing her on this.

ANGIE

Dad...

FATHER

So, tell me.

ANGIE

Go to the cabin.

FATHER

And what do you do in the cabin?

ANGIE

Open the box under the bed.

FATHER

That's right. Open the box under the bed.

He smiles at her. She responds in kind.

INT. NORTHERN VERMONT HOME - BASEMENT

From behind we see Father sitting at the table, the newly acquired shotgun shell boxes are piled high on one side.

Directly in front of him is a metal scale with plastic wrap covering the measuring plate.

We then see that he's wearing a white particulate respirator mask.

The daughter watches, perched at the top of the stairs, giving her father space for this part of the process.

He opens a box and takes out the first shotgun shell, immediately tapping it on the table, plastic side down, to make its contents settle.

He then uncrimps the shell's top with his pliers, taking a peek into it to make sure the contents have settled.

Satisfied, he slowly pours the contents -- a white-ish powder -- onto the scale.

Carefully he taps the shell, trying to get every single crumb onto that scale.

He grabs another shell and repeats the process.

On one side of the table we now see a mound of baggies filled with heroin that he's already emptied out and weighed.

Suddenly, three loud, solid KNOCKS from the door upstairs.

Both the father and daughter crane toward the sound...

FATHER

Tell him I'll be ready in about ten minutes.

She nods and heads up...

INT. KITCHEN

Angie struggles with the side door -- it POPS unstuck and SQUEAKS loudly as she opens it to reveal a man in black.

He is THE MANAGER.

He's 50 and dressed for the cold Vermont nights. Black knitted cap, black pea coat.

He's wide, but muscular. Peacoat and all, he could easily fit in as a stevedore down on the docks.

ANGIE

He said he'll be ready in ten minutes.

MANAGER

Okay.

He waits for her to invite him in.

Nothing comes.

MANAGER

Can I come in?

She nods and opens the door wider for him.

ANGIE

You want some tea?

MANAGER

(as he enters)

Sure.

As he walks, it becomes clear that he has a gimpy leg. It's something that happened awhile ago -- there's no obvious pain, just difficulty.

He limps to the table and sits.

She stands at the stove, waiting for the kettle to boil.

The Manager takes the time to take a look around. He sees the open door to the basement and can hear the muffled sounds of Father working.

She places a mug of tea in front of the Manager and then closes the basement door before she sits down herself.

They sit across from one another at the kitchen table.

She -- uncomfortable with this man in her home, he -- confident and quiet.

He makes no secrets about checking her out.

MANAGER

You eighteen, yet?

ANGIE

Nineteen.

MANAGER

Hm.

He continues to stare.

MANAGER

You look younger, you know that?

ANGIE

Yeah. People say that.

He keeps looking, analyzing.

MANAGER

Don't act like it's a bad thing.
Lots of people like that. The
younger thing.

She gives his stare right back to him.

MANAGER

There's lots of, ah, very popular
industries where that particular
look is in demand.

(snorts at his own
cleverness)

I could point you in the right
direction if you need me to.

She doesn't like this guy. Never has.

MANAGER

You should smile more, though. You
got one of those faces that always
looks pissed, otherwise.

She sips her tea and tries to stay calm.

MANAGER

How come I never see you with any
friends, huh? You don't got any, is
that it?

ANGIE

I could ask you the same thing.

MANAGER

Oh, I got friends. I just don't
think my friends and me hang out in
the same circles as you, that's
all.

ANGIE

I don't like going out. I like
staying home.

He squints, thinking.

MANAGER

(realizing)

Ah, you like to keep an eye on the
old man, huh? Just in case he goes
cuckoo, again? Am I right? Calm him
down before he takes another whack
at the wrists?

She stares back hard at him. *Asshole.*

ANGIE

He's taking his meds, and he's doing well. Anybody that says any different is a fucking liar.

The Manager loves that he's gotten this rise out of her. He smiles and laughs lightly, proud of himself.

Just then, the basement door opens, and Father enters.

He carries a small duffle in his arms. The Manager stands to greet him.

Father notices that he's just walked in on something.

FATHER

(to the Manager)
Outside?

The Manager looks at Angie then back to Father and nods.

They both exit through the side door...

EXT. HOUSE

Father hands over the duffle.

FATHER

It's the same as last three times. The weight's down, but the shell count is the same. Not sure what's happening up there.

MANAGER

It's probably fine. It'll all get here eventually.

FATHER

Yeah, um... I don't think it is fine, you know? I mean, once here and there, maybe that's a mistake. But three times in a row? That's a pattern.

MANAGER

Eh, don't worry yourself with it.

FATHER

I think you need to tell Boston. Just... at least give them a heads-up that it's happening, right?

MANAGER

Nobody needs to tell anybody anything. It's fine.

FATHER

If you're not going to tell them, I will.

MANAGER

No, you're not. That's not how The System works. It's not your problem. It's my problem.

FATHER

What are the other guys saying? Am I the only one that's light or is it happening all across The Line?

MANAGER

Nobody else is saying anything. Just you.

FATHER

(beat)

We gotta say something...

(beat)

I mean... I'm not here by choice, you know? I'm trying to climb my way back up. Stuff like this... it's not helping.

MANAGER

You think anybody working the Vermont Line is here by choice? We're all trying to get back in.

FATHER

Right! So we should be covering our asses. You don't want to be here forever; I don't want to be here forever. Let's make sure that doesn't happen.

The Manager ponders it.

MANAGER

Fine. If the next one is light, I'll talk to Boston. I promise.

FATHER

Thank you.

MANAGER

Here.

He hands Father a thick envelope (of cash). He takes it without saying a word.

MANAGER

How come you haven't bought your way back into The System, huh? Between your wife's insurance and your own stash you gotta have enough for it by now. It's not like you're spending it.

Father looks at his daughter sipping her tea in the kitchen.

FATHER

That money's not for me to spend.

The Manager looks on as well.

MANAGER

Hmm.

He opens his car door and gets in. It's a black Dodge Challenger -- seemingly brand new. A fun car, but certainly impractical for the climate.

MANAGER

That doesn't make any sense to me. Enjoy life while you're living, that's what I say.
(beat)
See you in a couple of days.

FATHER

Yeah. See you, then.

Father watches as he goes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angie watches TV, it's one of those overly dramatized cooking competition shows.

FATHER

I'm going to head to bed. Could you lock up?

ANGIE

Sure.

He heads upstairs, cash stuffed envelope in hand.

EXT. SLEEPY BORDER CROSSING - SAME TIME

The Manager's car pulls up to a single-manned border crossing into Canada. It looks more like a parking attendant's kiosk than Border Patrol.

He presses the button outside the booth and the screen above turns green.

Randomly selected safe passage.

The agent simply gives him a happy wave and then opens the gate as the Manager drives through into Quebec.

INT. QUEBECOIS DIVE BAR - 1 AM

It's a seedy French-Canadian bar. Lumber workers, farmers and truck drivers. All mostly men, all fairly loaded.

Smoke hangs heavy.

The Manager enters and scans the patrons. Then he sees him, sitting in the back -- Canadian Hunter.

He walks up to him and takes a seat at his table.

CANADIAN HUNTER

What? Is there a change?

MANAGER

No, same schedule.

He waits for the Manager to say something else, or leave.

He doesn't.

CANADIAN HUNTER

What? What else?

The Manager is locked in thought. About to speak. He ponders the situation and his choice for a long beat before...

MANAGER

Yeah, there's one more thing.

EXT. DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER - 3 AM

The Manager's car coasts up, engine and headlights off. He's tired. He takes a deep sigh as he considers the trailer.

He grabs a grease-stained brown paper bag and exits the car, taking care to quietly shut the door.

Approaching the trailer, he pulls out his key and slides it into the lock as silently as he can.

The faint sound of key-on-metal is all that's needed to ignite the dogs on the other side of the door. A CHORUS OF YIPS AND BARKS ENSUES.

INT. DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER

Now the Manager is mobbed by a gaggle of eight WHITE HAVANESE DOGS, all yipping and demanding immediate attention.

MANAGER

Okay, all right, all right. Daddy's home, daddy's home.

He crosses to the kitchen table and picks up a handwritten note...

MANAGER

Let's see how you guys did today...
 (reading)
 The lake?
 (affected baby talk)
 Did you guys go to the lake today?
 Did you? Did you go to the lake?

He loses the note and puts his hand inside the bag, pulling out dried strips of venison.

MANAGER

(affected baby talk)
 Who wants some jerky? Hmm? Who does? You all do? Oh, boy. Okay. Well, I hope I have enough. I do. I hope I have enough for all my guys.

He gets down on the floor and lets himself get lovingly attacked, licked and nibbled at while he hand-feeds the dogs pieces of jerky. He looks genuinely happy.

EXT. TRANSITIONAL SHOT - DAWN

INT. VERMONT HOME - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Angie and Father at breakfast, mirroring the scene from the morning before.

She sets up his omelette, then his pills. Once again, she waits for him to take his pills before she eats.

INT. BASEMENT

The two clean up from the day before.

One trash bag for all the empty shells.

One trash bag for the shot.

One trash bag for the cardboard shell boxes.

Rubber gloves on, Angie cleans the table top with a heavy cleanser, wiping away any dusting of heroin, any dusting of gunpowder.

Once done, she puts her rubber gloves and paper towels into the trash bag.

Father vacuums the floor around the table and empties what little he collects into his trash bag.

Angie puts a top on the coffee tin filled with gunpowder and places it next to the shotgun reloader. She grabs a couple of trash bags and heads upstairs.

Father follows, carrying the rest of the trash.

EXT. VERMONT HOME

They load the trash bags into the back of their beat-up pickup truck. Angie runs to the driver's side before Father gets there.

He thinks for a long moment then hands her the keys.

FATHER

Easy with the lead foot.

ANGIE

Promise.

She smiles wide and gets in the truck.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

The truck passes the storefronts and turns the corner around to the alley behind them.

A line of dumpsters. Angie slows as they approach the first. Father tosses a trash bag into the open dumpster.

Then the next...

I/E. TRUCK (PARKED)

Angie sits alone reading Gabrielle Hamilton's -- BLOOD, BONES & BUTTER: THE INADVERTENT EDUCATION OF A RELUCTANT CHEF.

She looks up as...

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE

Father exits the store and heads to the truck, lugging an overstuffed bag of new shotgun shells.

I/E. TRUCK

Angie drives as they make their way back home. A POLICE CRUISER pulls behind them and follows. Angie notices, does a double check on her speed and continues.

The cruiser's lights IGNITE, and Angie immediately tenses.

FATHER

It's okay, it's okay. Just relax.
You didn't do anything wrong. Pull over, and we'll see what it's about. Everything's fine.

The SIREN kicks in as Angie looks for a safe place to park.

Angie takes deep breaths, trying to control her panic.

FATHER

It's fine. It's all fine.

EXT. STREET

The POLICEMAN exits his vehicle and slowly approaches theirs. He's in his late 20s, gangly and thin, his neck mostly Adam's apple, mirrored shades on his face.

I/E. TRUCK

When he arrives he pauses before leaning down to the window.

Father sees who it is and is immediately annoyed.

FATHER

You really need to do that? With the siren?

POLICEMAN

What? I thought everybody liked the siren.

Angie breathes again. She looks down awkwardly while they converse across her.

FATHER

Not everybody.
(beat)
I thought I was seeing you on Saturday.

POLICEMAN

Got a training thing I can't get
out of. Saw you cruise by. Figured
I'd just grab you now.

(beat)

You got it?

Father pulls out his wallet, counts out some cash and hands
it to him.

The cop takes it, smiling, and puts it into his pocket.

POLICEMAN

You keeping that giant stack of
cash in that tiny little house?

FATHER

Don't you worry about it.

POLICEMAN

I bet you literally have it stuffed
in a mattress. Am I right?

Father laughs lightly at the thought.

FATHER

Yeah. That's exactly what I'm
doing.

POLICEMAN

Hey, watch your back on the Line,
Mounties have been upping their
presence.

Angie blinks.

FATHER

(not giving anything away)
You don't say?

It's obvious Father doesn't like the cop. He's paying for
protection and information, but it seems like each comes a
little too late.

FATHER

Thanks for the heads-up.

The cop nods, returns to his cruiser, and Angie pulls out.

EXT. DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER - SAME TIME

The Manager exits, multiple leashes in hand, eight white
balls of fluff at the ends of them.

Giddy and yippy, they tug at the leashes, their little legs spinning, desperately trying to run. It doesn't seem to affect him at all. He holds them with little strain and takes a look around.

A neighbor passes by, giving him a shit look. He gives it right back.

MANAGER

(to his pups)

We'll be back in Boston soon, guys.
I promise.

The dogs pull back as he raises his hands to his mouth to light a cigarette. He exhales and walks them through the trailer park neighborhood.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER, DAY

The pair walk downstairs with their bags of supplies.

LATER

Father uncrimping the tops of the shells. Angie emptying them. They repeat the tasks from before.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They both sit on the couch, pasta bowls on their laps, eating and watching another cooking competition show.

The pasta is above your basic sauce and noodles. Lots of love and talent has been cooked into the dish. It looks more like restaurant fare than home cooking.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Angie washing dishes. She finishes up and exits the room, turning the lights off as she does.

INT. LIVING ROOM

We follow her as she turns off the TV. Father sleeps on the couch, arms folded high across his chest.

She gently nudges him awake.

ANGIE

Come on. Bedtime.

INT. FATHER'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Blue moonlight pours in through the windows.

Father lays awake, staring at the ceiling, a thought fixed in his head. He can't rest till he deals with it.

He stands and pulls the mattress off his bed. The box spring underneath is cut open and stuffed with cash.

He crosses to his closet and pulls out a gym duffle, returns to the box spring and stuffs the duffle with the cash.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Father looks for a better hiding place for the cash. He looks for bins, loose bricks, anything...

He settles on the old coal chute next to the boiler.

He tries to open it -- it's tough at first -- rusted and lodged -- but it finally gives with a METAL SCRAPE and opens.

A cloud of thirty-year-old coal dust billows out and surrounds his feet.

As it settles, he stuffs the duffle bag of cash inside.

EXT. TRANSITIONAL - DAWN

INT. KITCHEN

The breakfast scene repeated, exactly mirrored.

She serves him his omelette, then his pills. She eats once he swallows them.

She reads the granola box. He gets lost in thought and looks out the window.

EXT. NORTHERN VERMONT HOME - EARLY MORNING

The pair walk away from the home, dressed for the hunt, shotguns in each arm.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER - LATER

They approach the point where they will separate. Father gives a small smile to his daughter, and she smiles back. She hands him her satchel and sprints toward her hiding spot.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Father squats in his usual spot by the tree, waiting for the ATV to arrive.

Angie, in her usual spot, watches through her field glasses.

In the distance the ATV approaches. As before, Father stands and waits.

Through Angie's glasses we see the hunter inspecting Father's shells.

As before, he nods and heads to the ATV's saddlebag.

But instead of boxes of shells, he pulls out a HANDGUN and FIRES TWICE -- hitting Father both times in the stomach.

Angie is frozen with shock.

Her face absolute disbelief.

Father stumbles backwards and collapses onto the ground.

The hunter gets closer and takes aim, about to finish him with a shot in the head.

Angie screams but immediately covers her mouth to stop from being discovered.

The hunter FIRES but the distraction of the distant noise tweaks his aim -- the bullet rips through Father's cheek.

Hunter looks toward the daughter, but she's well hidden in the brush and at least 100 yards away.

Maybe he heard something, maybe he didn't.

Either way, he decides it's time to leave.

He jumps on his ATV and peels out.

The moment he does, Angie runs madly toward her father, leaving her shotgun and field glasses behind.

Blood pours from Father's stomach, from his face. He's quickly losing consciousness.

He sees his daughter running to him and mumbles something toward her, even though she's still yards away.

He's desperate to hold on to life until she arrives.

Finally at his side, she collapses next to him.

By this point he's staring blindly, face pale, life fading.

ANGIE

(desperate)

Dad! I'll get help. I'll get help.

Please. Please-- I'll get help--

FATHER

It's in the basement... I moved
it... it's in the basement.

ANGIE

What? What are you talking about?

FATHER

(struggling to focus)

The money. It's in the basement.
Get there first.

(groans)

Go to the house. Get there first.

Go to the cabin. The box.

(trying hard for clarity)

Go to the basement. Get the money.

Then go to the cabin.

(a short breath)

Go to the cabin.

Silence.

Panic fills her face.

ANGIE

No!

Crying, frantic, she grabs him by his coat and tries to pull
him up.

ANGIE

No! Daddy... no....

She doesn't know what to do. She grabs his face. Shakes him
lightly. She grabs his jacket lapels and shakes him harder.

She's desperate.

But the life has already left him.

She weeps, alone in the field.

There's just the wind and her cries.

LATER

An hour later. The sun is slightly higher in the sky, and
Angie is still next to her dead father. She's defeated,
exhausted from crying, blood soaked from his wounds.

She's in shock. Tear streaks on her cheeks, down from each
eye, leave clean trails on a face stained with blood.

Up ahead, a mile or so away, she can see the bouncing headlight of a motorcycle -- no, an ATV.

The Mountie.

She knows she has to leave. Nothing good will come of them finding her there with her dead father.

*What was she supposed to do?
What was it her father had said?*

ANGIE
(whispers to self)
The basement.

She watches as the ATV grows closer.

She has to leave now, and she has to stay low.

She turns to her father, hoping to say something, hoping something will come. But there's nothing. Only sadness.

She huddles away from him, staying as low as possible.

EXT. FIELD, NORTHERN VERMONT - MOMENTS LATER

She continues, now running, now on U.S. soil, past the familiar markers from before.

EXT. VERMONT HOME - LATER, DAY

She stops mid-run as she gets closer to the house.

She realizes she shouldn't be running blindly into anything.

Looking around, she surveys the house and yard before she approaches it, heading cautiously toward the back yard.

Once there, she peeks through windows to make sure it's safe to enter.

It seems empty.

The side kitchen door sticks as she opens it, making more noise than she would hope. The POP of it UNSTICKING, the SQUEAK OF THE HINGES turning and then... she's inside.

INT. KITCHEN

She pauses and listens to the silence.

Listening for any other noises in the house.

Nothing.

Just her breath and the old wood of the house. Old bones. New England creaks.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

She walks down the stairs and then pauses at the sight of the work table.

The remnants of their work together are all about. Just hours before, he was sitting there. He was alive, right there...

But she has to push through.

She takes a breath and surveys the room. *Where would he have hidden it?*

She looks --

- Under the table.

- In cupboards.

- Toolbox.

- Laundry.

She eyes her mother's old hospice equipment. She doesn't want to look through it, but hesitantly does. Nothing.

Then over to the boiler. There doesn't seem to be any way to hide money here.

Then she sees her father's FOOTPRINTS on the coal-dust-coated floor near the old coal chute.

She tries to pull the door open. It's difficult, but it gives some. She tries harder...

It opens with a cringe-worthy LOUD METAL SCRAPE.

Inside is the duffle bag. She pulls it out and dumps it onto the work table.

Reaching in, she sees the stacks and stacks of cash. There is easily five-hundred thousand in this bag, maybe more.

ANGIE

Jesus.

She can't even wrap her head around the amount. She's dumbfounded.

Silence. She just stares at it all and tries to think what her next move is.

The quiet of the house settles around her.

She's one with it.

And then...

From upstairs: the POP of the kitchen door coming unstuck.

The slow SQUEAK of its hinges as the door is opened wide.

She freezes.

Afraid to move.

Afraid to breathe.

Upstairs the wood of the old New England home CREAKS as someone takes slow, deliberate steps across them.

They are the premeditated footsteps of someone that doesn't want to be heard.

The daughter listens and watches the ceiling to figure out where the body is going.

Dust falls from between the wood planks.

Then the sound of feet climbing stairs.

On the second floor, now.

She figures she has a moment. She returns the cash to the duffle bag and slings the bag over her shoulder.

She hears her father's mattress getting flipped. Then a few things in his bedroom getting torn apart.

She takes a few cautious steps up the stairs to the kitchen, but hesitates, afraid.

There might be more than one person.

She knows she has to move and she has to move now, or she won't get out in time.

She hesitates, again. She can't get her feet to function.

Then the sounds of him barrelling down from the second floor rain down upon her.

Goddammit.

She looks around for a hiding space. There's none. There are only two tiny windows. No way to squeeze through.

Upstairs, the footsteps seem to be pacing, but then stop suddenly.

Her breath is heavy now, deep. She concentrates. She looks over to the work table.

The coffee tin of gunpowder.
A lighter.
A hammer.

With one hand, she grabs the gunpowder and the lighter.

With the other, in a quick, seamless move, she grabs the hammer and smashes the basement light above her in a fluid arc. It breaks with a faint "pop."

Immediate darkness.

We hear the sound of the gunpowder being poured.

Upstairs, a few tentative footsteps toward the basement door and the sound of the doorknob being turned.

The door opens.

We hear the repeated FLICKING of a light switch.

Nothing ignites.

MALE INTRUDER (O.S.)

Goddammit.

He slowly descends the staircase.

The little light that bleeds down from upstairs is just enough to show that he has a gun in hand.

When he gets to the bottom of the stairs, his feet crunch as he steps on the grainy grit of the gunpowder. He seems to notice, looking down and lifting them slightly.

MALE INTRUDER

What the...?

Angie flicks the lighter and IGNITES what's underfoot --

Smoke and light fill the basement. He flails and SCREAMS as the cuffs of his pants CATCH FIRE.

In the chaos of the moment, she darts past him...

EXT. VERMONT HOME

She exits the house flustered and scared.

She suddenly sees the police cruiser parked in front. She realizes who's inside. She hesitates for a moment but continues toward her father's truck.

She takes a few steps and then--

ANGIE

Shit. Keys.

She turns to run back inside, but hears a car approaching further down the driveway.

She hides behind the pickup truck and spies from behind -- it's the Manager.

Just as he pulls up, the policeman emerges from the house. He's fully on fire, now.

Flailing, he hits the ground and rolls frantically, trying to put out the flames.

The Manager gets out, takes off his pea coat, limps toward the burning man and smothers the flames with the coat.

After a few moments the fire is out.

But the cop is horribly burned. And in pain.

THE MANAGER

What are you doing here?

He only GROANS.

THE MANAGER

I said, what are you doing here by yourself, huh? You were supposed to wait until I took care of my thing. Not before. Not alone.

Groans. A COUGH. A wince of pain.

THE MANAGER

You find his cash?

He shakes his head.

THE MANAGER

You take care of the girl?

He shakes his head, no.

THE MANAGER

Is she even here?

Another "no."

THE MANAGER
What happened?

He shrugs. He doesn't know.

THE MANAGER
So, there's definitely no cash and
no girl inside? You're positive?

He nods.

THE MANAGER
(he stands)
Okay. Let's take care of those
burns.

The moment he returns to standing, he pulls out the pistol tucked into the back of his pants and fires TWO QUICK SHOTS into the policeman.

Angie jumps back, terrified. She almost screams but catches herself.

THE MANAGER
(to corpse)
No offense, but I'm gonna go look
for myself.

He takes a quick look around, steps over the burned body and heads toward the now burning house and enters it. He moves confidently, seemingly unconcerned by any potential danger from the fire.

From her hiding spot, she can see the keys of the Manager's car still in the ignition.

She quickly crosses to the car, constantly checking back toward the house to see if he's coming.

Smoke rises from the basement windows.

I/E. THE MANAGER'S CAR

She flops behind the steering wheel, puts the bag of money on the passenger's seat, and gets quickly situated.

An automatic. A sigh of relief.

The engine rumbles to life the moment she turns the key. She clicks it into reverse and whips the car around sloppily.

EXT. VERMONT HOME

Angie peels out down her rural driveway just as the Manager emerges from the burning building.

He watches the car as it drives away.

MANAGER

Fuck.

Beat.

He pulls out his phone and dials.

It rings once. Then the CLICK of a connection.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)

(over phone)

Boston. Operations.

MANAGER

(into phone)

Yeah, this is the Manager of the Vermont Line. I need to talk to my supervisor. I've got a problem on my Line.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Connecting...

A click. Another ring.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

This is the Supervisor. What Line do you manage?

MANAGER

Vermont.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

What's the problem on the Line?

MANAGER

There's a... geez, there's a couple, actually. I had to put down one of my guys, which wasn't so complex, but also, ah, I've got this dead cop now, so there's that.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

(long pause)

Hold please.

Muzak fills the line as it goes to HOLD. The Manager lights a cigarette and waits, watching smoke pour from the basement windows as he does. An automated recording kicks in: *"Your call is very important to us. Please hold."* Back to muzak.

The CLICK of a connection.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
Is this situation resolved or is it still active?

MANAGER
Ah, it's active, I guess. I mean, it's all sort of happening, now.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
We recommend resolving your situation yourself and then issuing a report.

MANAGER
Right, I know. I figured as much. I'm just, you know, I'm giving you guys a heads-up, or whatever.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
No heads-up. No whatevers. Deal with your situation and issue a report. That's how it's done.

MANAGER
Okay, okay. Jesus.

The CLICK of a disconnection.

He stuffs his phone in his pocket and looks back at the cop laying on the ground near the smoke filled house.

Realizing what he needs to do, he takes a deep breath and then heads over to the body.

He digs through the cop's pockets and finds the keys. He then takes off the police belt, holster and badge. He heads to the cruiser and tosses them all inside.

Back now at the body, the Manager grabs hold of what's left of the cop's hair with his left hand and takes out his gun in his right.

He smashes the policeman's mouth with the butt of his gun, the teeth CRUNCHING and CRACKING, erasing any chance of an ID. It's brutal.

After a few moments of this, he fingers around inside the mouth to make sure he got it all. He grabs the bits of teeth and scatters them about.

Satisfied, he takes the cop by the ankles, and drags him back inside the burning home.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

From down below, we see the Manager at the top of the stairs. He pushes the corpse through the door and watches as it tumbles down, into the flames and smoke.

EXT. VERMONT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager exits the now furiously burning house and dials his cell as he walks toward the cruiser.

MANAGER

(into phone)

Yeah. Get your brother and meet me at that spot on the lake. Bring some cleaning gear.

He closes the phone and gets into the cruiser, turns the key and peels out, the flames of the house rising behind him.

INT. THE MANAGER'S CAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

Angie drives.

Fast.
Too fast.

Trying to get away.

She realizes she's going to get pulled over if she doesn't slow it down.

She eases off on the gas, brings it down a little.

Then a little more.

She pulls the car over to the side of the road. The moment the car stops, she becomes overwhelmed with emotion.

She weeps.

It's a deep, deep sadness. The true weight of her father's death comes down heavily upon her.

She catches herself in the mirror.

Red eyed, snot nosed, weeping. Still covered in her father's blood. She doesn't like what she sees.

She forces a deep breath to push back the tears.

ANGIE
Get it together.
(beat)
Get it together.

One more breath.

She puts the car in drive.

ANGIE
Go to the cabin. Open the box.

She checks her mirror and pulls out, determined to do what she promised her father she would.

EXT. REMOTE LAKE - LATER, DAY

The Manager waits atop the hood of the cruiser.

A Honda Accord with Massachusetts plates pulls up, and a pair of thick necks in black get out.

The Manager hops off the hood and walks toward them, handing the driver the keys to the cruiser.

MANAGER
Wash it and then sink it. His
badge, gun and belt are in there.
Wipe it all.

They both nod. One heads to his trunk and pulls out a bucket filled with rags and cleanser.

They get to work.

The Manager walks out of earshot and dials his cell.

We hear the CLICK of a connection.

FEMALE ONSTAR REP (V.O.)
(over phone)
OnStar, can I help you?

MANAGER
(into phone)
Yeah, hello. I was hoping you could
help me out with a bit of a family
situation...

FEMALE ONSTAR REP (V.O.)
I'll see what I can do.

MANAGER
My teenager just stormed out of the house and took my car. Now, I don't want to call the cops, and I don't want her to feel like I'm crowding her. But I DO want to know that she's safe, you know? So, what I was hoping could happen here... could you guys just monitor the location of my vehicle and let me know where it ends up?

FEMALE ONSTAR REP (V.O.)
Of course we could do that, sir. You just need to give me your security information, and we can set that up easily.

MANAGER
Oh, great. That's really going to calm me and her mother a great deal. Thank you.

Behind him the thick-necks work, wiping down every bit of the police cruiser.

EXT. WOODED VERMONT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Angie carefully drives down the winding single lane road.

She stops the car, gets out and clears some fallen brush from the path of a dirt driveway.

She hops back in the car and turns down the path.

I/E. THE MANAGER'S CAR

Limbs of pine trees brush against the glass. The growth so thick it has the feel of driving through a car wash.

The trees eventually clear and reveal a...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN

She parks the car and takes a long look around.

She eyes the cabin... seems empty.

Carefully she exits the car and approaches the front door.

She puts her back to the door and counts out five steps, then turns right and counts out ten. By the eighth step she's in a rock-covered area.

She lifts the rock that's under the tenth step and pulls out the key that is hidden underneath.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the door slowly and steps inside the dark room.

Even in the dark, she knows where to go.

She walks a few steps to the table, finds a gas lantern and lights it with the box of matches that lay next to it.

Lantern in hand, she heads to the back and flips the breaker that allows electricity (minimal that it is).

The cabin glows dimly. Lights burn below their max wattage.

She turns off the gas lantern and heads to one of the twin beds. On her hands and knees, she reaches under the bed and pulls out the wooden lock-box her father told her about.

It's about 2 x 3 feet and about a foot high.

She picks it up and places it with a thud onto the table in the center of the cabin.

It's locked.

Shit.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

She searches for a rock.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

She grabs a poker from the fireplace.

She then puts the box on the floor, the poker into the loop of the lock, and slams the rock down upon it.

The lock gives after only a few hits. She smiles a little, proud of herself.

On the floor now, she removes the lock and opens the box --

On top is a LETTER from her father. We glance over the important bits as she reads:

If you're in trouble, call my friend Lee at Complete Clean.

Leave a message at 800-555-9898.

Say you're Mike Peters' daughter.

Stay safe.

Love, Dad.

Tears fill her eyes and roll down her face, but she manages to keep from losing it like before.

She takes a deep breath and looks through the box.

She finds:

- a stack of 20K in twenty dollar bills
- a Ruger .22 semi-automatic pistol. A sticky note on it reads <Not a lot of kick!> with a "happy face" drawn on it.
- two boxes of .22 LR ammo.
- a leatherman style multi-tool
- a lock blade knife
- a flashlight, a headlamp
- lighters
- a first aid kit (includes QuickClot)
- a water bottle with filter
- bag of personal hygiene items
- bags of MREs
- a photo of the mother, father and daughter in Boston from about 5 years ago.

She takes everything out of the box and puts it on the table, then grabs the duffle of money and puts it into the box.

She slides the box back under the bed but then thinks otherwise. She pulls it back out...

EXT. WOODS AROUND CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

She walks through, away from the cabin, duffle in hand.

Seems to know where she's going.

She arrives at an old pine tree. About twenty feet up is a TREEHOUSE -- older than her, maybe older than the cabin.

It's hidden well within the brush. The tree has absorbed the house into it. It's almost impossible to see if you don't realize it's there.

A weathered rope ladder hangs from the house. She puts the duffle over her shoulder and climbs.

I/E. TREEHOUSE

Halfway in, she pushes the duffle into a corner.

She takes a moment to think about the treehouse and times spent there. Carvings in the wood, names, dates. All memories. Some hers, some her fathers, some others.

She climbs down.

INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Angie sits and re-reads the letter. The family photo sits next to her. She notices the blood stains on her hand and arms and then remembers.

She looks at herself in the mirror over the sink. She's a horror show.

She takes off her shirt and washes her face, hands and arms in the sink.

As the blood washes off and tints the base of the sink, the tears begin. Slow at first, then building in intensity.

She washes harder, trying to push it down.

INT. CABIN - EARLY EVENING

Angie sits back at the table, wearing a new shirt, her face clean but eyes sore from the tears.

She looks spent, exhausted. She breathes deep.

She looks at the pile of survival food her father left her, picking up one of the MRE freeze dried packets and wincing with disgust.

She folds up the letter and puts it in her pocket. Standing, she grabs a fistful of 20s from the stack her father left her and exits the cabin.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

It's rural. Run-down. Two pumps and a small store.

Angie exits the store, a paper grocery bag in hand, filled with the best of what she could find.

She spies the outdoor payphone aglow from an overhanging sodium light.

EXT. GAS STATION PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Groceries on the ground, she pulls out the letter from her father and dials the 1-800 number for Complete Clean.

The phone rings just once and then goes to voice mail.

ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Thank you for calling Complete Clean. Please leave a detailed message at the beep. <beep>

ANGIE

(into phone)

Hello, um, this is... Sorry this is... Um, this is Mike Peters' daughter? From back home?

(voice quivering)

He was, ah...

(takes a deep breath)

...he was killed, and now I'm-- I think I'm in trouble. He told me to call you. He said you could help.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - SAME TIME

A FIGURE in a hoodie sits at a folding card table. A laptop open in front of them.

ANGIE (V.O.)

(over laptop speakers)

I'm at our cabin. I don't know if you know where it is, but... I don't know. I guess... I'll call you again tomorrow if I don't see you. Thanks.

EXT. GAS STATION

Angie HANGS UP and looks around. She doesn't seem hopeful.

INT. STORAGE UNIT

The figure moves about, grabbing things, getting organized.

EXT. REMOTE LAKE - NIGHT

The Manager and the thick-necks watch as the cruiser sinks below the surface of the water, bubbles rising from the deep as it does.

They wait a few moments, making sure it's down, and then all three get in the Honda and drive off.

I/E. CABIN - MIDNIGHT

Angie tries to sleep but mostly just tosses and turns.

The table now has the remains of her (non-freeze-dried) meal. A dirty plate, a fork and knife laid across it, an empty can of La Croix.

From outside the cabin, the sudden sounds of SCRATCHING ON METAL. Her eyes flash open, her adrenaline rushing. She sits up suddenly.

Quietly, she slips out of bed and grabs the pistol.

At the window now, pistol in hand, she peeks outside --

In the limited moonlight, TWO COYOTES paw at the trunk of the car, their claws scratching on the metal, the paint scraped and scratched.

They want in. Or... they want what's IN to be OUT.

She watches them a little longer then decides to investigate.

EXT. CABIN

Even with her eyes adjusted, the woods are dark.

Angie exits the cabin, headlamp on, gun in hand.

The coyotes pull back when they hear the door open, but they stand their ground, protecting what's in the trunk.

The dark hair on their backs raised, their lips curled in a constant, RUMBLING GROWL, they do not waver.

Angie YELLS at them. They dislike it, but they don't run. They want what's in that trunk.

Finally, she holds the pistol over her head and FIRES --

They hightail-it now, YIPPING.

Angie watches them run, and then turns toward the car. She steadies herself and approaches the trunk slowly. She readies the gun with one hand, the keyless remote with the other.

Unease envelopes her, a dread at what she will find inside. She takes a deep breath and presses the trunk release.

It opens -- revealing the DEAD BODY of the CANADIAN HUNTER. A few flies buzz around his blood-stained clothes.

She GASPS and stumbles backwards, then runs forwards and slams the trunk shut, and stumbles back again. Her feet catch on the stone pathway, and she falls to the ground.

She shuffles backwards, away from the car, back toward the safety of the cabin, eventually standing, running and slamming the front door shut behind her.

I/E. CABIN - 1 AM

She sits at the table, staring out the window at the trunk of the car.

She doesn't know what to do.

Suddenly, through the trees, the HEADLIGHTS of an approaching car cut up the dark woods.

They cast abstract shadows as they weave their way up the dirt driveway, rising and falling on the hilly road.

She stands, concerned, nervous, absorbed.

*Is it Lee?
Is it someone else?*

She can't risk it; she needs to hide.

She grabs the gun and headlamp and heads out the back door.

EXT. WOODS AROUND CABIN

Headlamp on, she runs through the dark brush.

At the treehouse, she climbs, stopping halfway up to turn off her light, then into the house.

Once in, she pulls up the ladder and hides it from view.

In the distance, through the trees, she sees the car approach the cabin.

THREE FIGURES exit the car and wander around in front.

EXT. CABIN

It's the Manager along with the thick-necks.

One thick-neck enters the cabin and checks for the daughter. He re-emerges quickly.

THICK NECK #1
No one's there.

MANAGER
See if she's hiding outside.

Both thick-necks head off into the woods and search...

INT. CABIN

The Manager enters, walks slowly around looking for clues to Angie's whereabouts.

He sees the stack of money and scoops it up without a thought, stuffing it into his pea coat.

He spots the box of .22 ammo and looks around for a gun. Nothing.

Then he sees the letter.

He picks it up and reads...

When he gets to the line, "*If you're in trouble, call my friend Lee at Complete Clean,*" his fingers crunch the paper slightly, almost involuntarily.

MANAGER
Crap.

EXT. WOODS AROUND CABIN

The thick-necks slowly wander, looking for Angie, their flashlights carving through the dark.

I/E. TREEHOUSE

As they get closer, Angie tenses, not sure if she can use the gun in her hand.

Then from the cabin:

MANAGER (O.S.)
(calling out)
We're leaving!

EXT. WOODS AROUND CABIN

The thick-necks stop and turn.

THICK NECK #1
(shouting back)
We barely looked!

MANAGER (O.S.)
It doesn't matter. We're getting
out of here. Now!

They look at each other and shrug as much as their over-muscled necks will allow.

THICK NECK #1
Okay.

They turn and head back to the cabin.

EXT. CABIN

The Manager and Thick Neck #1 get into the Charger. Thick Neck #2 gets into the Accord.

Both vehicles drive off.

I/E. TREEHOUSE

Angie watches as their lights slowly fade in the distance.

The woods get absorbed back into darkness.

She puts her head down on her hands and exhales heavily.

I/E. THE MANAGER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager pulls over to the side of the road and puts the car into park.

MANAGER
(to the thick-neck)
Get out of the car.

THICK NECK #1
What?

MANAGER
What do you mean, what? Get out of
the car. I need to make a phone
call.

THICK NECK #1
 (mumbly)
 You could've asked politely.

He exits and closes the door behind him.

The Manager dials Boston.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Boston. Operations.

MANAGER
 (into phone)
 Yeah, this is the Manager of the
 Vermont Line, again. I need to talk
 to the East Coast Foreman.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Sir, if you have a problem with
 your Line you need to talk to your
 Supervisor. If they deem it
 necessary, they'll talk to the
 Forema--

MANAGER
 (annoyed)
 Then give me my goddamn supervisor.
 (beat)
 Now!

A long pause.

FEMALE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Hold please.

The buzz of the line being put on HOLD and the inevitable muzak. Almost Pavlovian, the Manager lights a cigarette while he waits, and takes a deep drag.

Then the re-engaging of the line.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 This is the Supervisor. What's the
 static, Vermont Line?

MANAGER
 Yeah, ah. I'm having some
 complications, and I think I need a
 consult with the Foreman. In
 person.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
What's the proposed agenda?

MANAGER
Ah, the main issue is my need for some immediate, intensive support.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
Support? Why?

MANAGER
I've got some complications, and, well... I think I've got a Complete Clean contract on my back.

There's a long silence.

MALE SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
Okay, Vermont Line. You're cleared to come in for a meeting. Lexington office. Seventh floor access.

He's relieved.

The CLICK of a disconnection.

He HANGS UP and then hits the gas, his tires spitting gravel. Outside, Thick Neck #1 puts his arms up and hollers, "Hey!"

The Manager realizes what he did, stops the car and waits for him to waddle back and get in.

THICK NECK #1
(putting on seat belt)
That wasn't very nice.

MANAGER
Give me a break. I forgot you were there.

THICK NECK #1
How could you forget? I was just in the car, like, two minutes ago.

The Manager shakes his head with annoyance and...

MANAGER
Call your brother. Tell him to pull over at the next gas station and wait for us.

Thick Neck looks like he's waiting for something. The Manager picks up on it.

MANAGER
PLEASE call your brother.

The thick-neck opens his phone and dials...

I/E. TREEHOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Angie stirs and opens her eyes slowly. She suddenly sees she no longer has the gun.

She sits up and GASPS when she realizes that someone is in the treehouse with her.

A small figure -- what looks to be a 15-year-old boy -- sits against the wall and watches her, unshaken by her panic.

The gun is in its right hand. It's the same person from the storage unit.

ANGIE
That's mine.

FIGURE
(a woman's voice)
You want it back?

Angie nods, yes.

In the briefest of moments, the figure fluidly pops out the clip, then the bullet in the chamber and then twirls it on her finger so the handle is facing Angie.

She takes it slowly.

ANGIE
Are you Lee?

The figure nods.

ANGIE
How'd you find me in here?

FIGURE/LEE
I looked.

She's curt. Tight. Almost emotionless. At first glance, she looks like a teenage boy. But one moment later she becomes clearer. She's petite, 45 years old, with short, shorn hair to hide her sex, and a baggy hoodie to hide her shape.

Angie double checks to see if the ladder is still inside the treehouse. It is.

ANGIE
How'd you get up here?

LEE
I climbed.

Angie looks out and tries to figure out how Lee could have managed it.

LEE
Let's head to the cabin.

Lee allows the rope ladder to cascade down to the ground.

ANGIE
No -- we can't. They might come back.

LEE
They won't be back. Not for a long while, anyways.

ANGIE
Yes, they will--

LEE
No, they won't.

ANGIE
How do you know?

LEE
Because they read the note.

ANGIE
How do you know they read the note?

She's on the ladder now, heading down...

LEE
You left the note out in the open. I read it. They would read it, too.

ANGIE
What's in the note that's going to make them not come back?

Angie leans out of the treehouse and looks down at Lee. She's now on the ground.

LEE
Me.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

They are parked near the same phone that Angie called Complete Clean on the night before.

The Manager cups his hands against the wind and lights up.

MANAGER

I'm going to Boston. You're coming with me. Your brother stays and watches that driveway. Anything comes out, he follows.

THICK NECK #1

What about the Canuck in the trunk?

MANAGER

We'll swap cars.
(to the brother)
Just dump him.

He shrugs his shoulders as if to say, "where?"

MANAGER

Wherever. I don't care.

Thick Neck #1 nods toward the dumpster behind the gas station. His brother nods in understanding.

MANAGER

Let's go.

The Manager and Thick Neck #1 get into the Honda and drive off.

The brother backs the Manager's car up to the dumpster, exits and flips open the lid, paying no mind to the "no dumping" sign on the station wall.

I/E. HONDA ACCORD (MOVING) - LATER

A two-lane country road.

THICK NECK #1

You still gonna ask them to let you buy your way back in?

MANAGER

(annoyed)
I never got his cash. How can I buy my way back in without his cash?

THICK NECK #1

What about the skimming thing?

MANAGER

I barely got anything going before
he figured something was off.

THICK NECK #1

I guess you probably should've
taken less, huh?

The Manager ignores him and continues driving.

INT. CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Lee and Angie sit across from each other at the table. The
zipped up duffle at Angie's side.

ANGIE

You and my dad were old friends?

She doesn't answer. Angie waits a beat but no answer comes.

ANGIE

Well... thanks for coming.

Still nothing.

ANGIE

You don't talk much.
(another stare)
He said you could help me?

LEE

If you hire me, sure.

ANGIE

Hire you?

LEE

Yes.

ANGIE

The note said you'd help me.

LEE

I will. For a fee.

ANGIE

That doesn't sound like help. That
sounds like a job.

LEE

It is. It's my job. I provide
services for a fee. That's what I
do.

ANGIE

What do you think my dad would say if he knew you'd only help me if I paid you?

LEE

He probably wouldn't like it. But he's not here, so it doesn't really matter what he thinks.

Angie looks at Lee with anger.

ANGIE

Is that supposed to be funny or just horrifically literal?

LEE

The second one, I guess.

ANGIE

My father was a nice guy. Why would he send such a complete asshole to help me?

LEE

Probably because I can help you. Because I'm good.

Angie ponders that.

LEE

Does Boston know that you worked with your father?

ANGIE

Maybe.

LEE

Your Manager?

ANGIE

Definitely, yes.

LEE

Well, they're going to want you dead, then. Whenever things go sideways, The System likes to clear the board. Reset.

(beat)

Do you know who killed your father?

ANGIE

His Canadian. He shot him during an exchange.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

But I'm pretty sure the Manager was behind it. The way he was talking after... it made it seem that way.

LEE

Who was he talking to?

ANGIE

The cop.

LEE

What cop?

ANGIE

Our local guy. Everybody that works the Line has one on the payroll.

LEE

Where is he now?

ANGIE

Dead.

LEE

How?

ANGIE

The Manager shot him. But I sort of set him on fire first.

Lee doesn't flinch.

ANGIE

The two of them... they were talking about dad's money. They were looking for it. And for me.

LEE

How much cash was your father holding?

Angie zips open the duffle and places it on the table.

Lee takes a moment to process and estimate the amount.

LEE

Is that all his or is some of that bank for the Line?

ANGIE

It's his.

(beat)

So, say, I hire you. What does this get me?

LEE

It matters what you want. I'm guessing your father expected me to set you up somewhere safe, new identity, untraceable.

ANGIE

What does that cost?

LEE

A hundred thousand.

Angie slightly guffaws.

ANGIE

I could just disappear all by myself for nothing.

LEE

Yes, but you'd be found. Quickly, probably.

Angie ponders that, troubled by how confident Lee said it.

ANGIE

And what else could you do?

LEE

I could engage your threat.

ANGIE

Engage?

LEE

End. Kill.

ANGIE

You'd take on the whole System?

LEE

Selectively, sure. If that's what you paid me for. But you don't have enough money for that.

The girl thinks. Lee gives her time.

ANGIE

What about just the Manager?

LEE

(ponders)
One hundred thousand.

ANGIE

How come it costs the same to kill somebody as it does not to kill them?

(beat)

That seems weird.

Nothing from Lee.

After a long beat, she slides the duffle bag full of cash over to Lee's side of the table.

ANGIE

Okay, fine. I want that. The engaging. Let's do that.

LEE

Just the Manager, then?

ANGIE

Yes.

LEE

Do you know where he lives?

ANGIE

No.

LEE

His real name?

ANGIE

No. You couldn't find that out?

LEE

No one at his level uses names. Even if they did, The System protects their own too well.

ANGIE

So, what then?

Lee ponders.

LEE

We'll make him come to us.

EXT. CABIN

They exit the cabin and head for Lee's nondescript and non-distinctive SILVER TAURUS. Angie puts on an old winter coat from the cabin. She has the duffle of cash.

LEE
You're staying here.

ANGIE
No, I'm not.

Lee confused by the response.

ANGIE
I'm paying you. You work for me. If
I want to go, I go.

Lee considers the situation, what she knows so far about
Angie, whether an argument even seems worth it.

She stares Angie down.

LEE
Fine. But whatever I say goes.
Paying me doesn't mean you get to
tell me how to do my job. Agreed?

ANGIE
Agreed.

LEE
Put that back in the treehouse.
We'll get it when we're done.

Angie is hesitant.

LEE
It's safer here.
(beat)
And the gun, too.

ANGIE
I need a gun.

LEE
No, you don't. I'm your gun.

INT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Angie shoves the duffle of cash into a corner. She pauses a
moment and then puts the gun from her father inside.

EXT. WOODED VERMONT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lee's car pulls out of the hidden driveway and onto the rural
road, heading back toward town.

A long beat.

Thick Neck #2 in the Manager's car pulls out from a side road and follows.

I/E. SILVER TAURUS (MOVING)

Angie eyes Lee with a few curious glances. She notices.

ANGIE

So, you don't work for Boston?

LEE

Sometimes I work for Boston.
Sometimes I work for New York.

ANGIE

Who else?

LEE

Whoever can pay my rate. Detroit.
Chicago. Los Angeles. New Orleans.

ANGIE

So they pay you, and then you kill people?

LEE

They pay me to do a job.

She ponders that.

ANGIE

How did you... how do you even start with this kind of stuff? I mean, how does that happen?

Lee waits a good long while before she responds.

LEE

(hesitant)
I did something...
(she rephrases)
I was arrested as a teenager... as a juvenile. When I got out, I didn't know what to do. I couldn't go home, that wasn't an option for me... so I joined the army.

ANGIE

Lots of people join the army, and they don't go on to do what you do.

LEE

That's true. But they noticed something in me. They guided me towards this.

ANGIE

Did my dad know what you do for a living?

LEE

Yes.

The daughter squints uncomfortably.

ANGIE

And it's just you? Like, you do everything yourself?

LEE

I used to be part of a larger collective. I don't function well in groups. I bought my way out.

ANGIE

So, you're alone?

LEE

Yes.

ANGIE

(beat)

Was my father in the army with you? Is that how you know each other?

LEE

No.

ANGIE

So, how did you two get so close?

She doesn't answer.

ANGIE

He obviously trusts you. Otherwise he wouldn't send me to you. You had to be close.

LEE

(hesitant)

We were.

ANGIE

Then how come I've never heard of you?

LEE
(curtly)
I'm not going to talk about that.

ANGIE
Why not?

LEE
Because I don't want to.
(beat)
You don't need to know anything
about me besides what you hired me
to do.

ANGIE
What about me? Do you need to know
about me?

LEE
I already know all about you.

There's a long beat. Angie thinks.

ANGIE
How? How do you know about me?

Lee ignores her.

ANGIE
Did you and my father still talk?

Nothing.

ANGIE
How do you know "all about me?"

LEE
It was a misstatement. I don't know
all about you. And I don't want to
know.

Angie thinks otherwise. Frustrated, she changes the
subject...

ANGIE
So how do we make the manager come
to us?

LEE
We take something he'll want to get
back.

ANGIE
And what's that?

LEE

We're going to hijack one of his shipments on the Line.

I/E. HONDA ACCORD (PARKED) - DAY

MANAGER

Everything's so fucking perfect in there.

The Manager looks anxious as he eyes the nondescript office building -- the type that looks like it would house an HMO and all its affiliates.

MANAGER

I always get nervous that I'm gonna trip and break something.

THICK NECK #1

You should do what my mom used to make us do when she took us shopping. She'd make us keep our hands in our pockets. That keeps you from touching stuff. Then you can't break anything.

MANAGER

Excuse me?

THICK NECK #1

That way you keep your hands to yourself. But I guess if you're worried about tripping, that might be worse.

MANAGER

I'm completely lost. What are you talking about?

THICK NECK #1

Well, I guess now what I'm saying is, you shouldn't put your hands in your pockets, 'cause if you tripped with them in your pockets, and you couldn't get them out in time, it'd be worse. If you were falling, I mean. With your hands in your pockets.

MANAGER

Jesus fucking Christ.

He opens the door and exits, slamming it shut.

I/E. SILVER TAURUS (MOVING)

Lee turns into the parking lot of an old New England diner.
She parks.

ANGIE
What are we doing?

Lee turns off the car.

LEE
Getting something to eat.

She exits the car as Angie watches her with some confusion.

Across the street, Thick Neck #2 pulls his car aside and
watches.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Lee and Angie enter. Lee approaches the cashier.

LEE
Do you have chocolate cake?

CASHIER
Yes.

LEE
Not yellow cake with chocolate
icing. Actual chocolate cake with
chocolate icing?

CASHIER
Um, yeah. Well, I mean, we got
both.

LEE
Is it fresh?

Lee's presence intimidates even when the conversation is
about desert. The cashier begins to get nervous.

CASHIER
Yes, well... Yeah. I'm pretty sure
it is.

Lee ponders.

LEE
Okay.
(to Angie)
This'll do.

Lee heads to a booth. Angie follows reluctantly.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting, looking at the menu. A waitress approaches.

WAITRESS
What'll it be?

LEE
I'll have a large slice of the
chocolate cake with chocolate icing
and a coffee.

WAITRESS
All right. And you, sweetie?

Angie is still a bit confused as to why they're taking a
break for food. She's not prepared for the question.

ANGIE
(reading menu)
Um...

LEE
Order your favorite food.

ANGIE
My favorite food isn't on this
menu.

LEE
Just order something you like.

ANGIE
(beat)
Pie, I guess. Apple pie.

WAITRESS
Coffee?

ANGIE
Yeah.

She walks away. Angie leans in...

ANGIE
(quietly)
I thought we were gonna, you know,
hijack a shipment.

LEE
We are. But I'm going to have some
cake first.

ANGIE

Why?

LEE

Because I like cake.

The waitress returns with their food.

WAITRESS

I'll be right back with the coffee.

Lee waits for the waitress to walk away before speaking.

LEE

Before an engagement, I like to do something pleasurable.

Angie still looks on, a bit confused.

LEE

Have you ever seen anyone die?
Besides your father, I mean.

ANGIE

(annoyed)
My mother.

Lee doesn't register her annoyance.

LEE

Right. Well, I've seen a lot of people die. Sometimes it happens quickly, sometimes slowly. When it happens slowly - and they can still talk - it's all about regret. Things they'll never get to do again. Things they want to experience one last time. What do you think is the most common thing they want?

Now Angie gets it.

ANGIE

Food.

LEE

Exactly. Food. A favorite food, specifically.

(beat)

Shit can go wrong. It doesn't matter how well you plan. It happens.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

One day I'll head out to an engagement and I won't come back.

ANGIE

So, you make sure you have cake first. Before you kill people.

LEE

And coffee. Yes.

Angie stares at her for a long beat. Something is putting her off.

LEE

What?

ANGIE

Why would it ever be okay to let someone die slowly?

LEE

Those people I was talking about - the ones dying slowly - those were - I guess you'd call them co-workers. They were dying slowly while I was trying to keep them alive.

(beat)

If I choose to kill someone they die quickly and they die quietly.

The waitress returns with their coffees.

WAITRESS

Here you go. Can I get you guys anything else?

Lee looks to Angie to see if she wants anything else, but she seems lost in thought.

LEE

No. I think we're good for now, thanks.

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

Pristine, but plain. A giant New Deal era mural covers an entire wall. It's a deco celebration of the train system, rails, steel, engines.

The only person visible is a military looking SECURITY GUARD who stands near the elevator. He's bulky, obviously wearing Kevlar under his uniform. An assault rifle across his chest.

He watches the Manager as he enters.

The Manager gives him an uncomfortable and an unrequited nod, and limps toward the coat check window.

There, the COAT CHECKER greets him with a cheery smile. She's young, bubbly and blonde, with an over-positive vibe that lands somewhere between cheerleader and pharma sales rep.

COAT CHECKER
Good morning!

MANAGER
Morning.

She continues smiling, waiting for him to announce his business.

MANAGER
Oh, ah... I have a meeting on the seventh floor.

COAT CHECKER
Spectacular. Have you visited with us before?

MANAGER
Yeah.

COAT CHECKER
So you're familiar with our rules?

MANAGER
Yeah.

COAT CHECKER
(stretching the word)
Stellaaar.

She grabs an empty plastic bin and places it in front of him. He puts his gun and phone in the box. Just as he does he gets a text from his dog sitter.

He picks the phone back up and SMILES as he looks at a picture of his pups.

She's staring him down, locked in a smile -- the Manager realizes and nervously places the phone back into the bin.

She waits for his backpack.

MANAGER
Oh, ah. I need this for my meeting.

COAT CHECKER

(smiling)

I'm sorry. Visitors aren't allowed to bring anything up to the seventh floor.

MANAGER

Yeah, but I need it for my meeting.

COAT CHECKER

(still smiling)

As I said, visitors aren't allowed to bring anything up the seventh floor. Maybe you'd like to reschedule?

She gives the quickest of glances to the security guard who is paying close attention. The Manager notices.

MANAGER

No, no. That's okay.

He places the backpack into the bin. She snaps the top on and hands him his tag.

COAT CHECKER

There you go.

He turns and heads toward the elevator.

COAT CHECKER

(smiling)

Have a great meeting!

MANAGER

Yeah, okay. Thanks.

At the elevator, the security guard pats him down.

ELEVATOR

He enters and presses the button for the seventh floor. The other floor buttons are blank.

CUT TO:

POV OF AN OPENING TRUNK

Lee and Angie.

EXT. FIELD, NORTHERN VERMONT (RICHFORD) - DAY

Lee bends into the Taurus' trunk...

She opens a suitcase, takes out a few zip-ties and a black hood, a pair of leather gloves.

She puts the hood and zip-ties into her pockets, shuts the trunk. She puts on her gloves.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER - LATER

A LONE HUNTER walks through the field, waist-high with reeds and brush. He has two satchels over his shoulder.

Ahead of him in the distance, stands Angie.

The hunter notices her, but doesn't think too much of it.

He keeps walking.

Angie CALLS OUT to him, but it's unintelligible.

The hunter looks from side to side, checking to see if it's him that she's talking to.

LONE HUNTER

Excuse me?

Again, another undecipherable response from her.

He continues closer.

LONE HUNTER

I can't hear you.

He cups his ear and shakes his head "no" for effect.

Again, what she says is unintelligible. But this time they're close enough where she should make sense.

Annoyed, he figures she's having fun with him. He moves out.

ANGIE

(screaming)

Hey!

The hunter freezes, annoyed.

LONE HUNTER

What?

Suddenly, his legs are swooped out from under him, and he goes down.

Lee is below in the brush. She's quickly on top of him, pinning his arms behind his back.

Closer now, Angie watches it all, uncomfortable, wincing as he CRIES OUT in pain.

Lee quickly zip-ties his arms and then his ankles. She ties the two together, leaving him hog-tied and immobile.

She pulls out the black hood and pulls it over his head.

All the while, she maintains pressure on his right wrist.

LEE

Keep quiet, and you'll be fine.

He groans.

LEE

You run the Richford Line for the Boston System?

LONE HUNTER

(strained)

I don't know what you're talking about.

She puts some pressure on his wrist. He SCREAMS.

LEE

One more time. You run the Richford, Vermont Line for Boston?

LONE HUNTER

(pained)

Yes, fuck, yes!

LEE

Relax, just relax.

Lee leans in close to his ears.

LEE

(a whisper)

You ever hear of Complete Clean?

He doesn't answer.

She applies pressure to his wrist. He groans.

LONE HUNTER

Yes! Yes... I've heard of them.

LEE

(quiet, calm)

That's who we are. That's who you're talking to.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
That's who has you pinned,
facedown, in Vermont shit.

Just the knowledge of who Lee is causes the hunter to relax
some, to almost give up.

LEE
There you go. That's it. Just
relax.
(beat)
You coming or going? You got cash
or product?

LONE HUNTER
Product.

She pulls a lock-blade knife out of her pocket and opens it.
With one hand she steadies his head, the other she readies
the blade.

She's about to stab him when--

ANGIE
(screaming)
No!

Lee is suddenly distracted and looks up at Angie.

ANGIE
Don't! Just... don't. You don't
have to do that. Please.

LEE
Yes, I do.

ANGIE
No, you don't.
(upset)
He's just... he's just working.
It's just his job. Please...

Angie looks at Lee then back down at the hunter.

LEE
I told you we were going to disrupt
the Line. This is disrupting the
Line.

ANGIE
I didn't realize that's what you
were talking about.

LEE
He's seen you. He's heard me.

ANGIE

It doesn't matter. It's not his fault. None of this is his fault. He's just working.

The absolute sincerity of Angie's plea become evident to Lee. It forces her to at least pause and think about the situation, think about the moment and the life under her.

But she knows what she has to do.

She slides the knife quickly into the base of the hunter's skull and twists it as it enters his brain.

She pushes down heavy on his body as he twitches.

When the movement stops, she stands.

LEE

Get the satchels.

Angie stands there, horrified.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Lee gets to the car and opens the trunk. She throws in the shotgun and the satchels.

ANGIE

There was no reason to kill him--

LEE

No, actually, there were plenty of reasons to kill him. He saw you, and he heard me. Those alone are two very good ones, right there.

ANGIE

You said hijack the route, not kill the messenger.

LEE

I'm not going to change how I do things just because you got all weepy and started thinking about how he's just like your dad.

Lee slams the trunk, revealing Thick Neck #2 running toward them, gun extended. He quickly FIRES TWICE --

The second shot hits Lee, spinning her around before she falls to the ground.

Angie panics -- pausing for a moment then turning and running back into the high reeds and grass.

Thick Neck #2 chases, but Angie is able to put some room between them.

EXT. FIELD, CANADIAN BORDER

Angie runs, frenzied, through the high reeds and grass.

She TRIPS over something and collapses to the ground, the dirt and mud in her mouth, her face.

She sits up and turns to see what she tripped over - it's the dead hunter from just moments before.

She instinctively scurries backwards away from the corpse, but suddenly stops.

The sounds of Thick Neck #2 walking through the reeds can be heard. He's getting closer.

She sees the knife still sticking out of the base of the Richford Line Operator's skull. She crawls forward and grabs hold of it and pulls. She winces with displeasure as she pulls it out, the sounds, the feel of it.

ABOVE THE REEDS

Handgun drawn, Thick Neck #2 works his way slowly, looking from side to side, searching for Angie.

Above, ducks fly in a V, heading south. He pauses for a moment to watch them.

BELOW THE REEDS

Angie nervously listens. She knows he's approaching. She needs to get out of there.

Knife in hand, she crawls as quickly and as quietly as she can, away from Thick Neck #2. But her hands freeze as they push into the moist, marshy ground, her pants wet with the water that seeps through the earth as she crawls.

ABOVE THE REEDS

Thick Neck #2 walking some more, then stopping and studying the field, looking for anything.

Then he sees it --

About ten yards away, reeds moving, something in them moving away from him, something crawling on the ground.

He zeros-in on it, closing the gap...

BELOW THE REEDS

Angie crawls. We are below her, looking up --

Above and behind her, the silhouette of Thick Neck #2 fills the sky.

She can tell he's there. She pauses just as he pushes the gun into the back of her head.

A terrified shudder goes through her.
She breathes, thinks.

Slowly she puts up her left hand in compliance, and pushes herself up with her right.

Once up, she spins and SLICES his gun arm with the knife --
It cuts deep into his forearm. He drops his gun and CLUBS her to the ground with his giant left hand.

As he presses against his bleeding wound, she gets her bearing and whips the knife across his right calf --

He collapses, but manages to KNOCK her sprawling again.

He gropes around on the ground for the gun...

She gets to her feet, knife still in hand. Her weight shifts as she readies to go on the offensive and then...

He brings up the gun, aims it at her --

She freezes, her eyes lock on the gun's muzzle, which drifts and floats. He has to bring in his left arm to support his bleeding right arm.

And then he FIRES --

It barely misses her, ripping through the top right shoulder of her jacket. A white fluff of lining now puffing out where the bullet passed through.

Angie, wide-eyed, now backpedals...

He SHOOTS again. The same. This time through the outside of her left sleeve.

And another SHOT --

But it wasn't Thick Neck #2 doing.

Dead center on his forehead. He collapses.

Angie looks behind her. Lee stands back, gun in her right hand, her shoulder bloody from the gunshot wound.

She steps toward Angie and then falls to her knees.

LEE
(pained)
I told you. I'm your gun.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR - OUTER OFFICE WAITING ROOM - LATER

The nondescript decor of the System's lobby continues in the waiting room. It's generic, no-frills.

A secretary sits behind the desk -- not a moll or a bimbo -- but a middle aged, professional executive assistant.

Quality matters in the Boston System.

The Manager sits and waits, trying to read a magazine but mostly wrings it nervously in his hands. Worry abounds.

The secretary's phone RINGS.

She answers immediately, listens, and quietly says, "yessir" into the receiver, then HANGS UP.

SECRETARY
(to Manager)
You can go in.

The Manager awkwardly stands, gives himself a brush down and limps into the main office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

At first glance it feels like a government office. The furniture is blocky, pointed, dense.

The feel of it all is incredibly dated, but the quality is pristine, new.

Behind the desk is a lean, WHITE HAired MAN, about 60.

He looks like any corporate executive. Light blue fitted suit. White, crisp shirt. Black tie. College ring on one hand, wedding ring on the other.

He sits behind the large oak desk, both hands upon it, the fingers spread apart, seemingly ready to pounce.

A cigarette smolders, tucked artfully between two fingers of his right hand.

TWO CHAIRS sit in front of the desk.
One empty, one not.

A BLACK SUITED MAN sits in one, his back to the door. He's
40, slim, dark haired. Black Roy Orbison glasses.

He has the air of a young Mastroianni.

WHITE HAired MAN
Sit down.

The Manager enters and sits, nervously.

White Haired Man stares him down as his cigarette burns. He
leans back into his chair, which squeaks loudly and awkwardly
as he does.

He takes a drag and stares deep into the Manager.

Black Suited Man has yet to even acknowledge the Manager.

After an uncomfortable pause...

WHITE HAired MAN
What happened?

MANAGER
Well, ah, one of my guys was
skimming.

WHITE HAired MAN
Right. You told us that already.
Why did it take you so long to find
out?

MANAGER
He was lying to me about the count.

WHITE HAired MAN
You never double checked?

MANAGER
Not recently, no.

WHITE HAired MAN
But that's literally the
description of your job. You're
supposed to check the count. Every
time. That's what you do.

The Manager says nothing.

WHITE HAired MAN
How much?

MANAGER

Hmm?

WHITE HAired MAN

(annoyed)

How much did he skim?

MANAGER

In total?

WHITE HAired MAN

No, just give me a hint, and I'll guess the rest. Yes, in fucking total.

Black Suited Man snorts in disbelief. The Manager side glances him, annoyed.

MANAGER

About twenty grand.

Black Suited Man shakes his head, disgusted.

WHITE HAired MAN

What?

MANAGER

About twenty grand's worth over three shipments.

WHITE HAired MAN

He skimmed twenty grand in three shipments?

MANAGER

About. Yeah.

WHITE HAired MAN

Without you noticing?

The Manager says nothing.

WHITE HAired MAN

That's not skimming, friend. That's trawling. That's fracking. That's, ah, that's...

(snapping fingers,
thinking)

That's, ah....

BLACK SUITED MAN

Fucking ridiculous.

WHITE HAIREd MAN
Yeah! That. What sunshine over
there said.

MANAGER
I'm good for it.

WHITE HAIREd MAN
You're good for it?

MANAGER
The loss. I know it's my
responsibility. I'm gonna cover it.

WHITE HAIREd MAN
You are?

MANAGER
Yeah. It's the right thing to do,
right?

WHITE HAIREd MAN
And how are you gonna manage to
handle that expense?

MANAGER
I've been saving.

WHITE HAIREd MAN
You've been saving?

MANAGER
Yeah.

WHITE HAIREd MAN
You sure maybe you didn't just
conveniently swipe it from his
place? The one that burned to the
ground?

BLACK SUITED MAN
With the dead cop inside.

WHITE HAIREd MAN
Yeah, the one that burned to the
ground with the dead cop inside?
There should've been a decent stash
inside there.

MANAGER
No, no. I didn't do that. I just...
I know it's my responsibility. I
just want to make it right.
(MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I want everything between me and
The System to be correct.

(gathers himself)

You know, I was sort of hoping that
after this thing gets resolved that
I might be able to buy my way back
in.

WHITE HAired MAN

You want to buy back into the
System?

MANAGER

Yeah.

White Haired Man makes eye contact with Black Suited Man, a
bit of incredulity rising on their faces.

WHITE HAired MAN

Okay. One thing at a time. We can
talk about that later.

(beat)

You're going to cover the loss?

MANAGER

Yeah.

WHITE HAired MAN

So, where is it?

MANAGER

I checked it in downstairs.

WHITE HAired MAN

Where's your ticket?

He pulls out his coat check ticket and hands it over.

White Haired Man presses a button on his desk. His secretary
enters almost immediately.

WHITE HAired MAN

Head to coat check and let me know
what our guest has in his cubby.

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

She grabs the ticket and leaves the room.

Silence.

The Manager feels White Haired Man's stare and looks down at
his feet awkwardly.

EXT. FIELD, RICHFORD - DAY

Lee sits against the driver's side back tire. Her right arm across her chest, applying pressure to her wound.

Angie digs through the suitcase in the Taurus' trunk. She finds what she was looking for -- QuickClot.

She brings it to Lee.

LEE

Help me get this off.

Lee extends her arms so Angie can pull the hoodie off of her torso. Arms extended like that, it briefly looks like she's helping a little kid get dressed.

Lee winces from the arm extension, from the pain of the fabric that sticks to her wound as it's pulling away from her, but she's never loud. She keeps the pain internal.

She wears a tight, sleeveless T-shirt underneath. She's small and lean, but muscular for her size.

Her arms are scarred -- old field dress wounds -- sloppy and rushed mending under fire. Angie tries not to notice, but she can't keep from staring.

LEE

Is there an exit wound?

She leans forward. Angie looks and feels across her shoulder blades with her fingers.

ANGIE

No.

LEE

Okay.

(beat)

Let's seal it up. I'll get the bullet in my office.

Angie opens the QuickClot...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME

The three of them seem locked in the same exact position.

White Haired Man staring down the Manager. Black Suited Man lost in his own thoughts.

The phone RINGS and White Haired Man answers it before the first ring even ends.

WHITE HAired MAN
(into phone)
Yeah?
(beat)
Uh-huh. Did you count it?
(beat)
Okay.

He covers the receiver...

WHITE HAired MAN
(to Black Suited Man)
Fifty thousand.

He nods, slightly impressed.

MANAGER
I told you.

WHITE HAired MAN
(into phone)
Deposit it. Thanks.

He HANGS UP the phone.

MANAGER
Um, wait a second. That's way more
than the loss, right? The loss is
only twenty thousand.

WHITE HAired MAN
Yeah, well, we're gonna take the
whole fifty. You know, considering
the inconvenience of it, and all.

The Manager fights the annoyance building on his face.

WHITE HAired MAN
Okay. So the loss is covered. What
happened to the man on the Line?
This alleged skimmer?

MANAGER
Resolved.

WHITE HAired MAN
Who handled it?

MANAGER
One of my Canadians.

WHITE HAired MAN
And what's going on with that guy?

MANAGER

Resolved. By me.

White Haired Man seems momentarily impressed. He looks to the Black Suited Man. He gives him one more slightly impressed nod of approval.

WHITE HAired MAN

So are we good? We're back to one?

Black Suited Man shakes his head.

WHITE HAired MAN

What?

BLACK SUITED MAN

Complete Clean.

MANAGER

Yeah. There's that. And the daughter, too.

WHITE HAired MAN

Again, one thing at a time. Complete Clean has been contracted? How do you know?

MANAGER

There was a note. From my man on the Line.

WHITE HAired MAN

The dead one?

MANAGER

Yeah.

WHITE HAired MAN

And to whom was this note written?

MANAGER

His daughter. They worked together.

WHITE HAired MAN

If they worked together, why isn't she dead?

MANAGER

I'm working on that.

WHITE HAired MAN

So, *she* hired Complete Clean?

MANAGER

I think her father set something up posthumously. For her protection, maybe.

WHITE HAired MAN

Posthumously? How the fuck could he set something up posthumously?

MANAGER

He did it before he died.

Black Suited Man snorts again. And, again, the Manager side glances him.

WHITE HAired MAN

That's pre, not post, you dumb fuck.

MANAGER

Right, right. Sorry.
(beat)
I'm nervous.

WHITE HAired MAN

You're not nervous, you're stupid.

MANAGER

(sheepish)
Yeah, that... that too.

WHITE HAired MAN

So, explain something to me. What's the worry here?

MANAGER

Huh?

WHITE HAired MAN

Why should any of us be worried about Complete Clean getting hired? What do we have to worry about? Why do we give a fuck?

MANAGER

Well, we killed the father--

WHITE HAired MAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. First of all, WE didn't do anything. You did.

MANAGER

Excuse me?

WHITE HAired MAN

You had a fucked-up situation, and you did what you did. We never said to do it. You're the manager. That means you make decisions. You also have to live with them.

(long beat)

You know, I'm thinking about this whole thing and the only thing I can imagine I'd be worried about is if the father wasn't the one skimming, you know? Say, maybe it was someone higher up and this guy was getting set up to take the fall for it? I could get maybe being nervous about that situation.

The Manager tenses in his chair.

MANAGER

It's not like that.

WHITE HAired MAN

Of course it's not. I'm just saying, if that's how it was, that would be your problem and not ours. I mean, if you tried to make it our problem, we're gonna start to look into it, right? And just now, just *barely* looking into it, the whole thing seems a little curious, to me. A little odd.

Black Suited Man nods in agreement.

They all sit in silence, looking at each other.

They're almost daring the Manager to say something else.

MANAGER

If Complete Clean is coming after me, isn't that the same thing as them coming after the whole Boston System?

White Haired Man and Black Suited Man look at each other for a moment and then respond simultaneously.

WHITE HAired MAN

Not at all.

BLACK SUITED MAN

No.

MANAGER

What about just giving me some extra support? Some backup?

WHITE HAired MAN

You fucked up. You don't get rewarded for fucking up.

MANAGER

No, I mean... yeah. Things got messy, but I fixed them.

WHITE HAired MAN

From what I can tell, you shit the bed and did a crap job of cleaning it. You just grabbed a dry towel and rubbed it all around. That's not cleaning. That's just smearing shit all over the place.

The Manager doesn't know what to say about that.

MANAGER

So, what then? I just go back to the Line? Pretend nothing happened?

WHITE HAired MAN

No. You go back to the Line, and WE pretend nothing happened. Which, honestly, is what you want us to do. Trust me.

MANAGER

And you won't help me with Complete Clean?

WHITE HAired MAN

If I wanted to, I could tell you where Complete Clean is. How to find them. How to get the drop on them. But I'm not going to. It's not our business. It's yours.

The Manager stares back, anger building.

WHITE HAired MAN

Get back to the Line. Get things flowing, again. Get everything back to 100 percent. When it's back, we'll talk. Maybe then we can send some folks to get your back.

The Manager's face is red and hot. He takes a few noisy deep breaths, then erupts.

MANAGER

Do you even know all the things I've done for you guys?

(MORE)

MANAGER (CONT'D)

All the shit I've put up with? And you can't even give me a little extra fucking support? Are you shitting me?

WHITE HAIREd MAN

Hey, let's not forget why you got sent up to Vermont in the first place. You fucked up here before you fucked up there--

MANAGER

I got shot!

WHITE HAIREd MAN

Like I said, you fucked up.

The Manager is furious. It radiates from him. It builds and builds. Face reddening, nostrils flaring, all intensifying until he can't hold it in any longer.

MANAGER

You know what? Fuck you. Fuck you, you fucking pointless bureaucratic piece of shit! You'd be nowhere without people like me, you know that? Nowhere!

Black Suited man suddenly SLAPS him across the face.

The Manager pauses, rubs his face and gathers himself. He turns toward Black Suited Man.

MANAGER

And fuck you, you mid-management, art-house looking mother-fucker. You wouldn't last a fucking day on the Lin--

Black Suited Man SLAPS him again, harder now, knocking him out of his chair.

He stands over him and KICKS him in the gut. Then again. And again. It crosses from punishment to humiliation.

Just the fact that the Manager would speak that way to them needs to be smothered.

They're rubbing his nose in his mess.

His only escape is to crawl toward the exit.

Black Suited Man follows him as he crawls, letting him gain some ground, some belief that he'll escape without another blow, and then gives him one last hard kick, lifting him and sending him a few feet further on his journey.

The Manager struggles just to get back to all fours, and slowly exits on his hands and knees, broken and in pain.

Once he's left the room:

WHITE HAired MAN
 (to Black Suited Man)
 The second we have a replacement up
 to speed I want him dead. Got that?

Black Suited Man nods.

I/E. SILVER TAURUS (MOVING) - DAY

Angie behind the wheel, watching her speed. She glances to Lee in the rearview. Her eyes are closed.

ANGIE
 You alive?

She doesn't respond.

ANGIE
 (louder)
 Hey! Lee! You alive?

Lee opens her eyes, annoyed her rest was disturbed.

LEE
 Give me a break. I just got shot.
 I'm sleeping.

ANGIE
 I really think I should take you to
 a hospital.

LEE
 No. No hospitals. I have everything
 I need at my place.

Angie looks on, concerned.

ANGIE
 You sure?

LEE
 I'm sure.

They drive.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager exits the building, battered, defeated, hurting. He sees the Honda with his thick-necked comrade double parked on the street.

He can't bring himself to head back to him just yet.

He walks toward the FOUNTAIN and sits on the edge, holding his side, sore from the kicks.

He pulls out his phone and scrolls through photos of his dogs texted to him from his walker.

He takes a deep breath. A look up toward the building with hate. He's hurt and humiliated.

He sits, and he seethes.

He rubs his bum leg. The one with the limp -- the limp he got getting shot working for the people in that building.

His phone RINGS. Unknown number.

He answers it.

MANAGER
(into phone)
Yeah?

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)
(over phone)
Vermont Line? This is your
Supervisor. Your Richford Operator
hasn't reported in. Where is he and
what--

He HANGS UP the phone and eyes the building, his eyes narrow.

He looks back at his phone and DIALS. It rings and goes to voice mail.

MANAGER
(into phone)
Yeah, Susan. I'm gonna need you to
watch the pups for awhile.
(small beat)
There's an envelope with cash taped
underneath the silverware drawer.
It should cover you and your
expenses till I get back.
(small beat)
Keep sending pictures.

He HANGS UP. Any positivity on his face disappears as he looks back toward the building.

Slowly, he gets up and limps his way toward the car.

Thick Neck #1 lowers his window.

THICK NECK #1
(concerned)
You okay?

MANAGER
Yeah, I'm fine.
(beat)
You got a knife on ya?

INT. LOBBY

The Manager re-enters, limping his way forward. The security guard watches him, completely un-intimidated.

He walks slowly and with difficulty. The beat-down has accentuated his limp.

The entryway echoes with his STEP then SLIDE, STEP then SLIDE. It's the only sound in the chamber. The Manager watches the guard. The guard watches the Manager.

STEP... SLIDE.

STEP... SLIDE.

The chipper Coat Checker pops her head out to see who's making the noise.

COAT CHECKER
Back so soon?

MANAGER
(pointing toward guard)
I just gotta ask him a question.

She mouths, "oh, okay" but seems disconcerted by the notion.

STEP... SLIDE.

STEP... SLIDE.

MANAGER
(to guard)
Is that okay? I just got a quick question for you.

STEP... SLIDE.

STEP... SLIDE.

The guard tightens the grip on the assault rifle. His trigger finger extends, readying, preparing.

STEP... SLIDE.

STEP... SLIDE.

He's almost at him now. Maybe four feet between them.

The Coat Checker watches curiously.

MANAGER

I just wanted to ask you. I noticed you've got a bit of a bulk to you.

STEP... SLIDE.

Three feet apart.

MANAGER

I'm guessing you've got some serious Kevlar underneath that shirt. I'm just wondering, with all that armor down here--

(points with left hand)

Do you ever worry about somebody just stabbing you in the neck?

Before the guard can process the thought, the Manager's right arm is up and the knife he was hiding in his sleeve is deep in the guard's neck, arteries immediately cut --

The Manager gives the knife a twist before he pulls it out and then turns toward the Coat Checker.

Her expression goes from horror to anger. She hits a panic button, causing a solid metal gate to descend over her counter window.

The Manager sprint-limps his way over to her, trying to get to the gate before it closes.

All he can do is grab the metal garbage can that sits next to the room and ram it into the opening before it can close.

The strain causes the gears to grind and buck, but keeps the gate open... about five inches.

He pulls out his pistol and looks through the small opening. He sees the panicking girl scramble for a place to hide.

He simply sticks his gun into the opening and SHOOTs BLINDLY, the girl SCREAMING with every shot.

Until she stops.

He peeks through the hole. Satisfied with what he sees, he walks back to the dead guard and pulls his assault rifle out of his hands.

ELEVATOR

He enters and presses the seven button, leaving a bloody smear across it.

The doors close, and the elevator rises.

He takes a minute to double check the rifle, make sure it's loaded, safety off, etc. All looks good.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR

The doors open, and he exits slowly, confidently, psyched.

The hallways empty as before.

He turns and spies the open door to White Haired Man's waiting area.

He enters and aims his rifle at the secretary. She eyes something under her desk.

MANAGER

Don't even.

(beat)

Just take a few steps back from that desk and whatever's underneath it.

She does.

MANAGER

Let's head into big boy's office.

She walks toward his door, her arms up slightly. The Manager gets behind her, his rifle touching her back.

MANAGER

(softly)

Just between you and me, you probably got the best chance of walking out of this room alive. You get me?

She nods.

INT. WHITE HAIRE D MAN'S OFFICE

The door opens slowly and the secretary sheepishly enters.

White Haired Man glances up from his work, Black Suited Man never looks up from his phone.

WHITE HAIRE D MAN
(looking down)
What's up?

They've walked further into the room.

SECRETARY
(nervous)
Ahh...

White Haired Man looks up and sees that the Manager has a rifle to the back of his secretary.

WHITE HAIRE D MAN
(annoyed)
Jesus Christ.

Black Suited Man finally looks up.

MANAGER
(poking her back)
Go over there, put your back
against the wall and keep your
hands up, all right?

She does, scurrying to the right of her boss.

WHITE HAIRE D MAN
What the hell do you think you're
doing?

MANAGER
Stand up, both of you.

They both stand slowly.

MANAGER
First person that says something
smart gets shot, understood?

Neither says a word.

The Manager pauses to give a hateful look at Black Suited Man and then OPENS UP on him. He collapses to the ground.

MANAGER

Hmm. He was thinking something. I could tell.

(to White Haired Man)

Empty your pockets on the desk.

He does.

MANAGER

Get against the wall next to her. Hands up.

He does.

The Manager walks to the other side of the desk and sits in White Haired Man's chair. He aims the rifle at the two of them and looks through White Haired Man's stuff.

MANAGER

Where's the money I brought in?

WHITE HAired MAN

Deposited. It's gone. The second it's logged it heads to the bank. We don't keep anything here.

He looks at the secretary for confirmation.

She nods.

MANAGER

Do you have a safe in your office?

WHITE HAired MAN

(annoyed)

Yes.

MANAGER

Does it have money in it?

WHITE HAired MAN

(annoyed)

Yes.

MANAGER

How much?

WHITE HAired MAN

I dunno. Getting-around-town money. Maybe ten thousand.

MANAGER

Open it.

WHITE HAired MAN

(beat)

No.

MANAGER

Excuse me?

WHITE HAired MAN

You can't just walk in here with a gun and tell me what to do.

MANAGER

But that's exactly what I'm doing.

WHITE HAired MAN

You don't have the fucking right to tell me what to do--

MANAGER

(to the secretary)

Can you open it?

She reluctantly nods, yes.

He OPENS UP on White Haired Man. He falls to the ground.

MANAGER

Open it.

She quickly and nervously heads to a wall. She lifts the framed painting - a bold Italian fresco -- from over the safe. She keys in a code and opens it.

Inside is just as he said, a stack of bills, maybe \$10K and some documents.

The Manager takes the cash and turns to the secretary.

MANAGER

I want everything The System has on Complete Clean.

CUT TO:

POV STORAGE UNIT

The garage door rolls up to reveal Lee and Angie.

INT. STORAGE UNIT

There's a giant, six-foot-high safe in one corner, a cot in another. A folding plastic table against one wall. It has a phone connected to a laptop and a portable satellite unit set up next to it.

A metro shelf on another is covered with essentials. One row: all Ensure. Another: all bottled water. Below that jerky, trail mix, chocolate bars.

Lee lowers the door behind them and then turns on some fluorescents that slowly flicker to life.

She then flips the switch on some sort of air pump connected to the vent. As it comes to speed, the low hum of flowing air fills the room.

Lee grabs an Ensure from the shelf, shakes it, opens it and chugs it in a matter of moments.

Nothing about it looks tasty or fun. She hands one to Angie.

LEE

You should drink this.

She opens it and sniffs, pulling back as she does.

She tries to hand it back to Lee, but she doesn't take it.

ANGIE

It smells disgusting.

LEE

It also tastes disgusting. But you should still drink it. It'll keep you level. You need to stay level.

She takes it reluctantly and gulps it down in wincing.

ANGIE

That's horrific.

Lee sits on the cot.

LEE

There's a medic's bag in the safe. Get it.

She does.

Lee pulls out a syringe and a vial with liquid in it.

LEE

You ever use a syringe?

ANGIE

Yeah. For my mom.

LEE

Okay. Fill this up to the five,
then inject me three times, using
one third each time.

(pointing each time)

Once here, once here, once here.

Angie does.

LEE

I need you to hold a mirror up so I
can see, okay?

Angie pulls the mirror out of the bag and holds it up. Lee
aligns it as she needs.

She feels around with her finger on her shoulder to see how
the local anesthetic is working.

LEE

Talk to me about something.

Angie thinks for a moment.

ANGIE

Can I ask you a question?

LEE

Matters what it is.

Satisfied at how it feels, she grabs a scalpel from the bag
and cuts her wound back open as Angie winces.

ANGIE

If you were always planning on
killing that guy, why even bother
with the hood?

LEE

Hmm?

Lee puts down the scalpel and pulls out some forceps to dig
around for the bullet.

ANGIE

The operator of the Richford Line.
Why bother with the hood if you
were planning on killing him from
the start?

LEE

I prefer that people don't see me.
(then)
The mirror, I can't--

Angie repositions the mirror.

Satisfied, Lee digs around inside the wound. Blood spills. Angie is not enjoying this.

ANGIE

(wincing)

Why don't you want people--?

LEE

If people see me, they might think they can take me.

(beat)

My reputation makes more of an impact than my size. I have a very recognized brand. I make a point of letting people know who I am when we meet. Most tend to give in at that point. They relax. Accept it.

Angie wraps her head around that.

Lee's found the bullet.

LEE

(pained)

There you are.

ANGIE

And they just let you kill them?

Lee pulls out the bullet and looks at it.

LEE

Some of them. Some still fight. But they know they'll lose.

She grabs the Betadine out of the bag and squirts it in and over her wound, puts it back and grabs a skin stapler out of the medic's bag.

LEE

Can you staple me up?

LATER

Lee lays out on the cot, recouping.

Angie returns the medic's bag to the safe. She decides to take a deeper look at what else is inside there.

Weapons. Cash. Some passports. She flips through a few. A different name and the same photo adorns each one.

There's a zip up pencil case by itself on a shelf. She picks it up and opens it.

Inside are three IDs. A Massachusetts driver's license, a military ID card and a U.S. passport. These feel different. They seem different. Aged and worn, plastic scratched and unpeeled at the corners.

Angie realizes they're real.

She looks closer at the driver's license. Lee's picture. Her name: Lee Ann Peters.

Peters.

What?

LEE
(from behind)
Put those down.

Angie jumps, surprised.

ANGIE
What is this?

LEE
Those are mine. My personal
belongings. You don't get to look
at those.

ANGIE
Your name is Peters? Why does this
say Peters? My name is Peters.

Lee just stands there, choosing not to answer.

ANGIE
Why? Why does it say Peters?

Lee rubs her face. It's hard to tell if it's her wound or the conversation causing her pain.

LEE
Because it's my name.

ANGIE
Are we related?

LEE
(beat)
Yes.

ANGIE

How?

LEE

I'm not ready to talk to you about that.

ANGIE

Great. I don't give a fuck. Tell me, now.

LEE

It's complicated.

ANGIE

How is it complicated? You're either related to me or you're not.

LEE

(long beat)

Your father is my brother.

ANGIE

So, you're my aunt?

LEE

Yes.

ANGIE

And why don't I know that? How is that kept a secret?

LEE

It just seemed like the smart thing to do.

ANGIE

Why?

LEE

Because it's complicated.

ANGIE

How?

LEE

It just is.

ANGIE

Tell me how it's complicated.

Lee doesn't respond.

ANGIE

Tell me!

LEE

(frustrated)

You want to know how? You do? Fine.
I killed my father -- your
grandfather -- when I was fourteen.
That's how it's complicated.

Angie processes the thought, tries to rationalize it.

ANGIE

Was it an accident?

Lee looks at her like she's insane.

LEE

(curt, serious)

No. I shot him in the chest with
his rifle. I killed him. I meant to
do it.

Angie doesn't move, processing the information.

ANGIE

(beat)

But... why'd you do it?

LEE

You don't get to know everything
just because you want to, okay?

Lee rubs her head and goes back to the cot, sitting down a
bit gingerly.

LEE

You think this involves you, but it
actually doesn't. It's me and my
life, my past. Your father and I
were trying to keep all that from
you. To protect you.

Angie ponders that.

ANGIE

Maybe he was just using it as an
excuse to keep you away. Maybe I
protected him from you. You ever
think of that?

Lee thinks on that for awhile.

LEE

No.

A silence hangs.

ANGIE

I can't be in here right now.

She turns and heads to the rolling door.

ANGIE

How the fuck do you open this thing?

Before Lee can respond, Angie has figured it out. She raises the rolling door and lowers it behind her with a slam.

Lee rubs her face. She's upset -- it's not an overt outpouring of emotion, but it's a lot for her.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT

Angie takes a deep breath. She's realizing a little too late that the only option to not being in the storage unit is being right outside the storage unit.

She rubs her face. Casts around -- finds the Taurus, storage units to the right and more storage units to the left.

She sits on the hood of the car and leans on her knees, her head hanging.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - MOMENT LATER

Lee is in essentially the same position as Angie, but sitting on the cot.

She's lost in thought, then...

The door moves slightly. A small noise.

She looks up. Nothing. Quiet.

Then...

Again, another small noise, and the door rocks a bit.

Lee stands.

The noise suddenly becomes LOUD AND DISRUPTIVE. A struggle. Bodies slamming hard against the metal door.

Lee runs to it and tries to raise it open. It won't give. She tries harder -- nothing.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT

We see that a knife has been lodged into the hole for the lock, keeping the door from opening.

We see bodies on the periphery, then hear CAR DOORS SHUTTING.

We stay on the lock as the car makes it escape, and then...

A SHOTGUN fired from the inside rips a gaping hole where the lock (and knife) used to be --

The door is raised quickly.

Lee exits, checking the Taurus first... nothing.

She looks left -- nothing but the same long row of storage units; then right -- the same.

She runs down to the first intersection of units and looks -- nothing. Just more units.

LEE

Goddammit.

I/E. HONDA ACCORD (MOVING)

Thick Neck #1 drives fast down the New England road.

The Manager smokes in the passenger seat. He looks over to a side road and gestures toward it.

MANAGER

Over there.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car's trunk opens to reveal Angie, unbound and squinting from the sudden exposure to light.

Thick Neck #1 aims his gun at her.

MANAGER

Here's the deal. It's pretty simple, really. Give me the stash, and you can live. Got it?

She nods.

MANAGER

Where is it?

She doesn't answer.

MANAGER
(stern)
Where is it?

ANGIE
The cabin.

MANAGER
Where at the cabin?

ANGIE
Like I'm going to tell you, now?
No. You take me. I'll show you
there. At the cabin.

He thinks for a minute and then shuts the trunk on her.

MANAGER
(to Thick Neck #1)
Let's go.

INT. HONDA ACCORD TRUNK

Angie lay uncomfortably in the cramped darkness.

The car rumbles alive and pulls out. It turns and quickly accelerates. The highway now. Probably Route 91.

EXT. HONDA ACCORD - LATER

The car exits the highway.

INT. HONDA ACCORD TRUNK - LATER

The steady, smooth rhythm turns to the irregular beat of a rural road.

Angie is barely lit by the red glow of the brake lights.

A pause in driving. A door opens, the sound of brush being cleared. They're close to the cabin now.

The weight of the car shifts as the Manager re-enters. The door shuts.

The car continues and then hits a gully in the road. The whole car bucks. Angie gets slammed around.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Jesus fucking Christ.

THICK NECK #1 (O.S.)
Sorry.

A thin shaft of light now shines in from the back seat. The chuckhole loosened something.

Angie notices. She peeks through at the inside of the car and then feels around the back edge of the back seat.

And then she finds it.

A latch.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up and the engine cuts.

The Manager immediately gets out and stretches, then slams his bum leg onto the ground a few times, trying to zap it into productivity.

Thick Neck #1 exits the driver's side and waits for instructions.

MANAGER

Bring her inside. I'm gonna take a leak.

He walks away from the car to piss while Thick Neck heads to the trunk...

He pulls his piece and fumbles with the keys, dropping them when he first tries to put them in the lock.

THICK NECK #1

Goddammit.

He bends to pick them up and tries again. Success. The trunk pops open with a click and slowly rises...

It's empty. The rear seat pass-through is folded down.

He pushes the trunk down to look into the back seat.

Empty. The open passenger side back door is just barely moving. He just missed her.

He scans his surroundings. The woods. The cabin. A thought comes to him.

BELOW CAR

Thick Neck #1 looks underneath.

THICK NECK #1

Shit.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager and Thick Neck #1 looking into the empty trunk.

MANAGER
(annoyed)
This is your car, right?

THICK NECK #1
Yeah.

MANAGER
Did you know it could do that?

THICK NECK #1
Well, now, I do.

The Manager shakes his head with annoyance.

MANAGER
Jesus fucking Christ.

EXT. WOODS AROUND CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager limping his way though, gun extended.

EXT. WOODS, OTHER SIDE OF CABIN

Thick Neck #1 does the same.

EXT. WOODS, CLOSE TO TREEHOUSE

Angie hiding, looking around. She takes a step and a twig SNAPS. She winces, upset at the noise she made.

THICK NECK #1

-- stops walking. He's heard something.

He points his gun toward where he thinks he heard the noise and walks slowly in that direction.

EXT. WOODS

Angie frozen. Trying not to make a sound.

THICK NECK #1

-- pauses. Listening.

ANGIE

She can see the treehouse. It's time to make a run for it.

She bolts, breathing hard --

Limbs slapping and scraping her body, twigs snapping beneath her feet.

THICK NECK #1

Turns towards the sounds of her movement. He begins to follow, but hears more movement from behind him.

He stops. Turns. Looks with a squint towards the new sound.

EXT. WOODS, CLOSE TO THE TREE HOUSE

Angie sprinting.

To the treehouse.

To the duffle.

To the gun.

She collides with the rope ladder, skidding to a stop, almost falling.

She doesn't stop to look around. She needs the gun. It's her only shot.

Arm over arm, the ladder sways as she climbs it furiously.

Closer.

Closer.

Almost there.

Her right hand reaches the top of the ladder, grabbing hold of the treehouse. Her left hand rises, now inside the treehouse and lands on the gun laid atop the duffle bag.

A GUNSHOT cracks --

The BULLET whizzes past her ear and hits the treehouse just to the right of her, sending splinters flying.

She ponders what to do. One hand on the gun, one hand on the treehouse. Maybe she could pull herself up quickly.

She makes the smallest move inside and another bullet STRIKES the treehouse, just above her head. She ducks as splinters fall down upon her.

MANAGER

(from below)

Yeah, I wouldn't move again, if I were you.

He's about twenty feet away, pistol extended.

MANAGER

Whatcha got your hand on? That my money?

She doesn't want to reveal the cash just yet, if she doesn't have to.

ANGIE

No. Not the money.

She slowly raises up the gun.

MANAGER

Easy, cowboy. Hold that out as far as you can and drop it.

She does, also being careful to see where it falls.

MANAGER

Okay. Down, please.

She reluctantly descends.

MANAGER

(shouting into the woods)
I got her! Get your ass back here.

No response.

She's now down and facing the Manager. He's closer, about ten feet away, gun extended.

MANAGER

What a day, huh? So, let's have it.
Where is it?

ANGIE

(unconvincing)
It's in the cabin.

MANAGER

(suspicious)
Is that right?

He glances up at the treehouse, thinking.

She takes a step toward the cabin... he stops her.

His eyes still on that treehouse.

Then,

MANAGER
(to the woods)
Hey, idiot! We're back here!

Still no response.

ANGIE
Maybe they got him.

MANAGER
Shut up.

He looks around, a little more concern on his face.

MANAGER
(shouting)
Hey! Get over here.

Still nothing. His concern grows. Angie realizes how tense and nervous he's become.

From behind him a BRANCH BREAKS. He notices. So does she. When he moves, he moves quick --

He grabs Angie by the neck, pulls her backwards into him as he steps back into the tree, using it as a shield behind him, and her as a shield in front of him.

He scours the brush with his eyes, trying to find the source of the sound. His breathing is fast, affected, raspy.

MANAGER
(shouting)
That you?

Nothing.

He's nervous now.

ANGIE
Have you ever actually met Complete Clean? Like face to face? I could introduce you--

MANAGER
Shut the fuck up!

His hand tightens around her neck. She winces.

More slight movement in the woods.

MANAGER
 (shouting into the woods)
 Just stay away, or she gets it,
 okay? Stay back!

He's scared now.

Beat.

ANGIE
 How do you think they're gonna do
 it? Fast? Through the forehead? Or
 slow? Through the chest?

MANAGER
 Shut up.

He squeezes her neck tighter. She coughs, trying to keep cool.

ANGIE
 (struggling to speak)
 You can't stop it from happening.
 You know that, right? It's already
 done, and you don't even realiz--

MANAGER
 Shut up!

His grip even tighter. Her face begins to redden. He doesn't even seem to notice what he's doing. He's more concerned with what's out there, what's in the woods, what's looking back at him that he can't see.

In the brush more NOISE.

He fully lets go of her and FIRES THREE TIMES toward the source of the sound.

Silence.
 No movement.
 Nothing.

Then suddenly, a DEER leaps out of the brush and runs off into the woods.

The Manager startles, then laughs, relieved, embarrassed. He watches it run off.

MANAGER
 A fucking deer.

He looks toward Angie, but she's now on the ground, the gun she dropped is in her hands and pointed up at him.

His gun is down at his side.

He's annoyed at himself for letting her get the drop on him.

He takes a deep, slow breath

MANAGER

You really don't need that money,
Angie. You're young. You can do
anything. You could take it, not
take it, you'd still be fine, you
know?

ANGIE

It's not about the money.

MANAGER

(beat)

Yeah, that's easy for you to say.

He looks around at the quiet of the woods.

He listens to it. Waiting to hear another sound. To hear
someone. Anyone. But there's nothing. Just the wind blowing
through the leaves and the tall evergreens creaking as they
bend in the breeze.

He takes a deep breath.

MANAGER

You know, there's nobody else out
here. It's just you and me. Nobody
else.

They stare at each other. She aims with both arms extended,
holding the gun steady.

MANAGER

But I guess that's plenty, huh?

He fidgets, his fingers trying to find the right position,
the right moment to draw.

And then he does --

She FIRES before he can even aim. TWO SHOTS into the chest.

He collapses to his knees and falls forward.

She waits, almost not sure if it was enough, the sound of the
shot still echoing around her.

Finally, it fades and the quiet overtakes her.

She stands slowly, watching him all the while.

No movement.

From the brush, the sound of branches moving. She looks up.

Lee emerges.

Angie takes a deep breath. She tucks her gun into the small of her back.

INT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The duffle of cash. A hand grabs it, pulling it out.

And we drift to the carvings on the wall.

We rest on one in particular: Kilroy-esque. Below it, "Lee P was here! 5/28/81.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the duffle hanging from Angie's arm.

We walk with it, seeing Angie's legs, and the duffle hanging from her right hand.

She's walking back to the cabin.

She walks past Thick Neck #1, dead on the ground. Killed earlier by Lee. We hold on him for a moment.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Lee lays on one of the beds.

The duffle sits on the table in the middle of the room.

Angie at the stove, cooking an omelette. She carefully works the eggs, folds it over, finishes it.

She plates it up, adds her relish.

Angie walks the plates to the table and sets them down.

Lee slowly sits up and makes her way to her seat as Angie goes to get a French Press of coffee from the counter.

She returns, pours Lee a cup, then herself and sits.

Steam rises from the freshly cooked plates and from the tin camping cups of black, hot coffee.

They eat. We watch.

After a long beat...

LEE

He was a violent man. My father, I mean.

Angie puts down her fork and looks towards Lee.

ANGIE

To you?

LEE

To everyone.

They both let that thought hang between them for a long moment.

Angie waits for Lee to eat before she picks up her fork.

Finally, Lee does. Angie does the same.

We watch them for another moment. Lee pauses just before putting a bite of food in her mouth.

LEE

Thank you.

Outside a breeze blows through the ancient evergreens.

We hold on Lee and Angie as they continue eating, enjoying this meal, this table, and then:

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END