



TEXAS KILLING FIELDS

Screenplay

by

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WGAw



'...nearly three decades of unsolved abductions, disappearances and murders. All sixty victims were women. All the crimes occurred within a fifty mile stretch of highway between Houston and Galveston known as...the Killing Fields...'

11/8/09



Jake





Brian

This material may be read any number of ways.

Know as you read, that my intent both visually and tonally, which I've discussed with Sam and Bradley, is to tell this story in the realm of gothic/horror. We see this piece as deeply about character; also it's a study of a haunted place, done with intense narrative drive. A story that, via its realistic intensity, gives us an opportunity to examine the light and the dark, human strength and weakness, the bonds that form when two men and a little girl are forced to go to those extremes and, ultimately, the sense of hope they come away with when they emerge.

Thank you for your time -

Ami Canaan Mann

TITLE SEQUENCE:

ECU: REFLECTIONS OF THE MOON AND STARS amongst the clouds can be seen in a blue-black sky.

...A universe wrapped in a drop of water.

EXT. THE HOOD OF A PITCHER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

The droplet shimmers on the green hood as an insect struggles to escape the waxy, downward hairs of the carnivorous pitcher plants falling into...a small pool of insect digesting liquid, awakening

The white Exyra Moth. The moth emerges into the moonlight disturbing the surface tension of the droplet.

Follow the raindrop downward to

THE BACK OF A FIDDLER CRAB CARAPACE

An armored crustacean moves sideways in the evening fog, brandishing one very large claw, jostling and we pull up to

A MASS OF FIDDLER CRABS

Scores of them, moving sideways together. First one way then another, feasting, fighting and we

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - CONTINUOUS

The crabs up against the bank of a slack water bayou whose murk moves sluggish amongst moss and lichens, around Black Willow and Bald Cypress. Tidal pull sucking water from the land as

WE DRIFT with the water listening to the sounds of the coastal forest in harmony with the lightly falling rain as

We round a crooked elbow, we hear MUSIC and see

At the bayous' edge

A GREEN MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE

Passenger door open. Dome light on. Mardi Gras beads hang from the mirror. Intermittent windshield wipers whisks away raindrops.

IPOD

(playing)

'...Haven't you heard absence makes the heart grow fonder?...'

We continue to drift on by. Raindrops on the water...

IPOD (cont'd)
 (playing)
 '...Haven't you heard nothing good
 comes overnight?...'

The music mixes with distant thunder. Words die away as

IPOD (cont'd)
 (playing)
 '...I'm telling you straight, baby,
 just in case you wonder. It's
 turning me off, crowding me out,
 it's not right...'

WE PULL UP TO:

EXT. GREATER GALVESTON BAY - CONTINUOUS

Following the veins of the bayous until finally

The Bay emerges. Immense supertankers. Massive petroleum refineries. Huge steel flood gates. Red, blue and white navigation lights blinking as

EXT. VALERO REFINERY, STREETS - CONTINUOUS

HOOKERS wait under a lone street light. One young, the other too worn to tell. Moonlight through clouds, magnolia branches cast shadows as

A BLACK INFINITI sedan appears from nowhere.

WORN OUT HOOKER
 Debbie.

The Young Hooker looks around. The Worn Out Hooker shakes her head "no"...They ease back into the shadows as

The Infiniti stops. The driver's window comes down. They see a black male

LEVON (28) Muscular, prison tatoos. Large 'ball' of hair wrapped in woman's panty hose...A second face appears beside him

RULE (26) White. Fierce face illuminated by a cigarette glowing in his fingers. Smoke leaks from his mouth as if his gut is on fire, piercing the darkness with his eyes.

The Young Hooker sees the cigarette hand pointing directly at her. She stops breathing, afraid to move. He says something she cannot hear and

The dome light of the Infiniti is illuminated. The Hookers turn, walk away, faster now as

Rule is snaking out onto the street, crowbar in hand and

WE CUT TO:

EXT. A LONE TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Truck's yellow headlights pointing the way. Rising, falling through potholes. We move closer to see...Raindrops on a windshield...Then through a single raindrop to

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The face of a young girl

"LITTLE ANN" SLIGER (13) Blues eyes, straight blond hair. Cursed with beauty too early in life. She sits by the window, hands clutching a small brown bag in her lap. Expressionless, riding her dreams. Her eyes on

The Valero Refinery stacks in the distance flaming. Dingy beer joints, wharfs with fishing trawlers. The truck feels every bump as

We pull back to see two men in the back seat, two in the front. All in Valero Refinery roughneck coveralls

EUGENE (early 20's) Little Ann's brother, behind the wheel. Mullet-headed, skinny. A follower wannabe. Tough, but not too bright...Sitting next to

RHINO (early 40's) Real tough prison gladiator. Short-fused, perpetually depressed...Pressing himself a little against Little Ann, pushing her against the passenger door as

Two other Valero Refinery guys laugh in the back seat. Men's voices mixing in the distant thunder.

RHINO

I hate that place. Too many old people.

EUGENE

I was in there the other night. They was no women there. Just dudes. They was all from North Carolina.

Little Ann drifts...

RHINO

Now how'd you know they was all from North Carolina?

EUGENE
 They know Sparta, Winston-Salem,
 Boone. They's no women in there. So
 I says 'Let's play cricket'.

Little Ann's eyelids lifting, lowering in sync with her
 dreams. Voices softening.

RHINO
 Cricket! They ain't no cricket in
 North Carolina.

EUGENE
 Oh, yes, they is.

Rhino turns and takes a penetrating look at Little Ann. Her
 focus out the window, unaware...He leans his lips to her ear.
 Whispers...

RHINO
 Hey, ladybug.

Wink and a smile...She is startled. Pulls away as

REFINERY GUY #1
 (backseat)
 Cricket is that game they play in
 England. You got to be rich and a
 fag to play it.

EUGENE
 (a little arrogant)
 I'm talkin' cricket in darts not
 cricket with the damn thing. You
 got to cancel out the twenties, you
 got to cancel out the nineteens,
 then the eighteens.

REFINERY GUY #2
 I know that game.

RHINO
 Then he should of said darts right
 from the beginning, right?

Glancing at Little Ann again...She presses closer to the
 door. Lowers the window. Sets one hand out the window...like
 an imaginary night-bird...floating between the droplets...as

WE CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - TEXAS CITY, TEXAS - CONTINUOUS

A flashlight beam cutting the night, scanning rundown houses.
 We follow it back to

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The driver

DET. BRIAN HAY - Soft spoken, likeable. Street-wise ex-NYPD originally from the Bronx...Behind the wheel, moving flashlight systematic as beside him, his partner

DET. JAKE SOUDER - Hard-nosed veteran, a Texas original. Born and raised where some people continue to agonize over 'The War of Northern Aggression'...Following the beam. Quiet police radio traffic in the background, rain falling on car hood as

Brian's flashlight comes to full stop on

An old white clapboard house.

Without speaking, Jake is out. Moving through rain to house. Pulling back shrubs, limbs as...Brian opens his hand, palm up. Letting rain falling on it as

Jake is back. He squats, wipes rain off his face. Nods. Turns back, looking at the house and

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. TOW TRUCK - DIKE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck passing through massive steel flood gates. We can see Little Ann's face through passenger side window as the truck turns a hard left into the marsh land and

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann blinking out the window at dirt road, scrub brush, polluted pines. Like they've passes into another dimension.

EUGENE

I hate this damn rain. Anyways, I was waitin' for them whores.

Flipping on wipers, swiping condensation off windshield.

REFINERY GUY #1

You shouldn't say whore in front of your little sister. Besides they don't come inside till around eleven o'clock'...after the last shift.

RHINO

Every asshole knows that.

EUGENE

Well...

RHINO

Well, shut the fuck up then will ya.

Eugene goes silent...They drive on. Tension...Then Eugene turning to Al in the back, trying to be tough as

EUGENE

You know, it's none of your fucking business what I say in front of my sister. What are you, the damn pope?

Without warning Rhino is turning, clamping both hands around Eugene's neck, pulling him out the seat, ramming his head against the ceiling liner.

RHINO

How 'bout I just choke your fucking lights out.

Refinery Guys yelling...Loss of control, truck careening into the brush...Little Ann panicking, shouldering open door...Rhino letting Eugene fall back on the seat. Eugene slamming brakes as

Little Ann is falling out truck, holding door. Feet trying to catch dirt, landing and

EXT. DIKE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

She's up. Brushing gravel from her hands. Grabbing her fallen paper bag. Walking fast in opposite direction as behind her

Brake lights. Then back-up lights. The truck rolling slow next to her, Rhino out window...

RHINO

You all right, ladybug?

LITTLE ANN

What do you think...

RHINO

Well, get in then.

LITTLE ANN

No, thank you.

IN THE TRUCK

Eugene looks across Rhino to Little Ann...

EUGENE
 (carefully)
 Should I get out and get her?

RHINO
 She's just gonna run on you.

Eugene points. Rhino looks...A flipped-over couch, a small cross ringed with plastic flowers jammed into the ground. Pieces of yellow police crime scene tape flapping...

REFINERY GUY #1
 (laughs)
 Let the bitch walk.

Eugene is pulling away...Little Ann turns, sees the cross.

LITTLE ANN
 Shit...

RHINO
 Ladybug! Ladybug! Fly away home.

Out the window, arms flapping until

Truck tail lights are gone...Now just whispers of the sea breeze. Wind through the plastic cross...In a soft, out of tune singing voice...

LITTLE ANN
 (singing)
 'I pray you'll be alright...'

She walks fast. Blessing herself.

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)
 (singing)
 '...And watch us where we go. And help us to be wise...in times when we don't know...'

Words to a song. It's the only prayer she knows and

WE CUT TO:

INT. CLAPBOARD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sounds of loud arguing comes up and we're close on Jake standing over

KID (19) Pimplly-faced, tattooed. Hand clamped to the back of his neck and head pushed forward and down, forced awkwardly to sit on to a torn couch. Arms in a flapping motion.

KID
 Can I say somethin'?

JAKE
 Nope. Just keep your head down.
 (to Brian)
 Brian. Leave this for uniform.

BRIAN
 This'll only take a minute. Here,
 use this.

Handing a handkerchief to

SHAUNA ABSHIRE (20) Battered, sobbing...She blows her nose as

MRS. ABSHIRE (60s) Dishevelled. In a wheelchair, yanking
 Brian by the coat sleeve.

MRS. ABSHIRE
 Brian. Hey, Brian I want to tell
 you somethin'.

JAKE
 (ignoring her)
 This one looks like his Mama musta'
 fed him with a slingshot.
 (leaning over Kid)
 Did you know there was a great loss
 in the entertainment world today?

KID
 No, sir.

JAKE
 The man who wrote the Hokey-Pokey
 died. Do you know that song?

KID
 Yes, Sir. My Mama used to sing that
 song.

JAKE
 Well, what was really horrible was
 that they had trouble keeping his
 body in the casket.

KID
 Yes, sir.

JAKE
 See, they'd put his right leg in
 and well... you know the rest.

BRIAN
 Jake. Cut it out will you.

Shauna returns the handkerchief.

MRS. ABSHIRE
 Brian! She's OK. I need to talk to
 you, sweet thing.

BRIAN
 She's not OK. And you made the
 call.

MRS. ABSHIRE
 (loud)
 Well, I came through the door and
 there she was...
 (pointing at Shauna)
 On the floor, on yer back, spinnin'
 round real fast in a circle. "Don't
 hit me man, don't hit me man". Legs
 and hands a flailin', like a fast
 turtle on yer back.

SHAUNA
 (screaming)
 I din't tell you to call!

MRS. ABSHIRE
 (proudly)
 I reached up and got him by the
 balls. Like this...

She tries to demonstrate reaching for Brian's. He steps back,
 slips a grin at Jake.

BRIAN
 How many were there?

SHAUNA
 Just one. A black guy.
 (to her Mom)
 Shut up, Ma!

BRIAN
 And this guy?

Pointing to the Kid. Jake relaxes his grip. Kid raises his
 head.

SHAUNA
 No. He had nothin' to do with it.
 See, they came in an told me they
 wanted me to come with 'em...be a
 look-out.

Jake watching the eyes of the Kid and Shauna...Brian holds
 two finger against his thigh...Jake nods. Abruptly handcuffs
 the Kid to the couch.

SHAUNA (cont'd)
 He din't mean to, Brian.

BRIAN

You know these guys just come over here to get...to take advantage of you, Shauna.

MRS. ABSHIRE

She's a good girl, Brian. She's just kinda naturally horizontal. Know what I mean?

JAKE

(under his breath)

If you hung two pork chops around her neck my dog wouldn't play with her.

BRIAN

And she's gonna get herself killed.
(to Shauna)
I want the other name. And don't tell me there was just one.

Her eyes dart involuntarily to the closet.

Jake caught the look, moves to the side of closet...Brian moves Shauna away as Jake removes a can of pepper-spray clipped to his belt. He grins at Brian, then sprays the length of the closet doors and

Doors bursting open.

A white man in white T-shirt erupting, hands to face, screaming. Then Shauna screaming, Mrs. Abshire screaming...The man careening around the room like a drunk on the deck of the Titanic until he's flipping over the couch. Jake catching him up, dragging him to

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake running water in the sink. But the Man can't wait, immerses his head in the toilet as

JAKE

(laughing)
Guy's part dog.

CAPTAIN BENDER (50's) Big guy, gruff face...Stepping in, two Uniforms behind him...

CAPT. BENDER

What the hell is going on here?

Brian trying not to laugh, running water over a towel.

BRIAN
 ...These two took down Al's Tire
 Shop.

Moving to wrap the wet towel around the guy's face.

CAPT. BENDER
 OK. Leave this. You boys got a body
 over on Third. Young girl.

Brian pausing...Then handing towel to Bender, edging out and

EXT. TEXAS CITY, THIRD STREET GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

We follow a raindrop descending from the edge of black clouds
 coming off the pine forest. Falling, splashing onto

A YOUNG FEMALE VICTIM. Her face mostly obscured by her dark
 hair, lying on her stomach up hard against trash barrels
 along a garage...Red and blue flashing lights. Car doors
 slam. Soft conversations. She waits.

Brian arrives first. Down on one knee.

Jake arrives, followed by

NEIGHBOR (40s) Enormously overweight. Heels over the end of
 her slippers, feet sinking into the mud.

NEIGHBOR
 (puffing)
 Thought she was on somethin'. Oh,
 my God. She's just a baby.

BRIAN
 You know this girl?

NEIGHBOR
 No. She's not from here.

JAKE
 (irritated)
 Go down and wait by the street, can
 you do that? And don't go anywhere.
 Just wait for an officer. Walk over
 that way, ma'am, not down the
 middle now. Anyone else come up
 here?

NEIGHBOR
 Oh, yeah.

JAKE
 I'll be down in a minute. You wait.

She walks off...

BRIAN
She make the call?

His eyes on the victim...Jake handing him rubber gloves.

JAKE
See the size of that lady?

BRIAN
(putting on gloves)
Uh-huh...

JAKE
Oughta be in one of those National
Geographic shows..
(mumbles)
..friggin' hippo...

BRIAN
(pulling flashlight)
You got a little crowd buildin'
down there...

JAKE
...and half of 'em already trampled
the damn crime scene. How long you
figure she been here?

BRIAN
(with flashlight)
No obvious blood, lots of trauma.
Toes on her shoes worn off...Look
at her knees...But no marks on the
ground...No rigor mortis yet...

Lifting her head, cradling it gently...

JAKE
Under an hour and it didn't happen
here.
(re: Brian)
Can't you wait for Crime Scene
'fore you start dicking with the
body?

BRIAN
It's gonna rain.

Jake looks at the night sky.

JAKE
I'll run tape, see if I can keep
the rest of the thundering herd off
the goddamn evidence.

BRIAN
 Try not to alienate the witnesses,
 Jake.

Carefully rolling the victim. We still don't see her face.

BRIAN (cont'd)
 (sadly)
 Oh, man...

One hand almost torn off. Jake leans in close...

JAKE
 Hold her right there. What's that?
 Gray fiber?

Brian gently straightening the index and middle finger of the torn hand with the end of a pencil...A wisp of gray carpet fiber and turning flesh under her nails, then...Ants crossing her knuckles, climbing the eraser.

JAKE (cont'd)
 She's on a whole damn pile of piss-
 ants.

Brian releases her fingers, they slowly return to their last grasp...Jake shoves brown paper bags with a draw string, marked 'TCPD Evidence' over them. Brian spreads a blue tarp.

Captain Bender appears. Rain falling harder.

CAPT. BENDER
 Where the hell's Crime Scene? Huh?

Jake pulling tarp back, taking pictures. Brian covering her again...Jake and Captain Bender stepping away, Jake covering his camera.

JAKE
 Don't know.
 (to Brian, re: camera)
 You comin' partner?

Brian still squatting beside the victim.

JAKE (cont'd)
 Brian...

Brian ignoring him, his right knee coming slowly to the tarp, hand touching her head through the cover. He says a prayer...Jake watches. Rain falling on Brian's back, on the blue plastic and

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - 'TEXAS KILLING FIELDS' -
CONTINUOUS

We're through rain, over the top of the Mitsubishi, lights flickering now. Car slowly bleeding electricity. Dying as

EXT. POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

PAM
(into cell)
Brian. This is Pam. I need your
help darlin'.

DET. PAM STALL (33) A once pretty lady now hammered hard by a five year lifetime of homicide cases. A woman in a malevolent world...On her cell, passing through

A crowd of police, civilians with ATV's, horses and trailers. Television van raising a huge antenna mast.

PAM (cont'd)
(into cell)
We've got a girl gone missin' over
here. 'Been 26 hours and no leads.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Jake drive through tree-lined, well-kept neighborhoods. Old folks at a card game in an open garage, friendly conversations on front porches...Pam voice on the hands-free cell speaker...

PAM (O.S.)
She's in a new, dark green
Mitsubishi Eclipse. Texas plate GHY
732.

Brian seeing...A soaked kid walking alone in the downpour. Pulls along side. Lowers the window, waves her over.

It's Little Ann, carrying the brown bag. She makes her way across the street to him...

PAM (O.S.) (cont'd)
Brian, this is lookin' like a
stinker. I'm setting up a command
post. I called it in to your Duty
Officer.

BRIAN
(into cell speaker)
Pam, we just caught a homicide of
our own.

Little Ann comes to the window, looks in...Brian's finger up,
'one sec' as

AT THE ATHLETIC LEAGUE GYMNASIUM

Pam striding through crowd of reporters, police to...A
podium, map behind it showing the League City area, red dot
where the Mitsubishi was found...Jake and Brian's Texas City
off to the southeast...

PAM
(into cell, sarcastic)
Can't you leave it to that ace
detective partner of yours? After
all he's the best. Just ask him.

IN THE UNMARKED

Jake leaning over Brian, into speaker...

JAKE
(into cell)
There isn't a woman out there who
doesn't love the way I do it.

PAM
(into cell)
Brian take me off speaker phone.

JAKE
(into cell)
And don't try callin' our Chief. We
got our hands full here, all right?

Brian shaking his head. Grabbing cell from speaker...

BRIAN
(into cell)
Hold it, Pam...I know, hold on.
(to Little Ann)
What's in the bag?

LITTLE ANN
Knew you'd find me.

BRIAN
This is not a game. What's in the
bag?

She pulls out a three-sided bottle of pink Pepto Bismol.

BRIAN cont'd)
(gently)
Get in.
(back to cell)
Pam. Give me a description of your
missing girl.

AT THE ATHLETIC LEAGUE GYMNASIUM

Pam stepping towards a semi-circle of reporters waiting for the start of a press-conference...

PAM
 (into cell)
 Blond hair, pretty, eighteen years old. Listen, Brian, I don't give a shit about Jake. It's you I need you over here.

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 How blond?

PAM
 (into cell)
 Very blond.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake shooting Brian frustrated look. Brian raises his hand, 'calm down'.

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 Look it, I can't help you right this minute. We got a body. You got a missing girl. Give me a call if you find the car or the body. Alright?

PAM
 OK.

Brian closing his cell. Shoving car in 'Drive', pulling away...Little Ann plops back in the back seat...

LITTLE ANN
 I get a stomach ache every night.

BRIAN
 Yeah. And you're on juvie probation, which means home after school and...

LITTLE ANN
 (cutting him off)
 Mom says don't come home 'til the porch light's out. So you talk to her.

JAKE
 She still got all them 'boyfriends'?

LITTLE ANN
Ain't you the one with all the
'boyfriends'?

BRIAN
Your Mom ever tell you about what's
going on out there?

JAKE
Her Mom is what's goin' on out
there.

Little Ann leans forward, thrusts her hand, nails up, into
Brian's face.

LITTLE ANN
I had diamonds put on each finger.

Brian gently pulls her hand out of his sight line, looks them
over. Sees her fresh cuts...She yanks her hand away, sits
back again. Raindrops streak her window. She traces a stream
with her finger and

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR/EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE -
CONTINUOUS

Brian drives under the bridge to an island of poverty caught
between Valero Refinery and Texas City. Enough room for one
car. They pass a sign: "No passage at high tide".

JAKE
Now, how long's this gonna take?

Brian doesn't answer, pulling up to

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Brian's out. Opening back door for Little Ann as

LUCIE SLIGER (40's) Little Ann's mom. Steps out the trailer.
Cigarette and Natural Lite in one hand. One tough Mama...She
leans on the makeshift banister of a yellow camper on stilts.
Lights of the refineries across the bay water. Trash, the tow
truck, couple of late model junk cars. Yellow bug light.

Little Ann steps out the Unmarked...Lucy puts the 'eyeball'
on her.

BRIAN
You know she's on probation.

LUCIE
She don't come home from school.

Jake rolls down the window, lights a cigarette.

BRIAN
So you want her home right after
school?

LUCIE
(lying)
Yeah. Of course.

BRIAN
(to Little Ann)
You hear that?

LITTLE ANN
(little sarcasm)
Heard it.

BRIAN
(to Lucie)
OK. She's been warned. And I'll
come by from time to time. You
know, to make sure.

LUCIE
Oh, I can call you when she doesn't
show up. You don't need to be
wastin' your time on us, Officer.

Jake's heard just about enough. Slamming out the car.
Striding past Brian, up the stairs. Into the trailer past

Lucie stepping back, nervous...Little Ann with back of her
hand across her mouth. Trying to hide her smile as

JAKE
All of you!...Out! NOW!

Lucie moves to go inside...Brian shaking his head at her...

BRIAN
Stay here.

The screen door is flying...Eugene, Al, another Valero worker
all pushed, shoved, herded out the trailer. Jake shoving them
down the steps, to the front until

Rhino spinning at him...

RHINO
And what'd I do?!

JAKE
What did you say?

Eugene scared now. Moves to step away...Brian puts a hand on
his chest, 'No'....Little Ann, Lucie, everyone watching as

Jake taking a step to Rhino...Rhino tensing.

JAKE (cont'd)
 Now I can see you're not from here
 'cause you ain't got all your
 teeth. So what are you doin'?
 Waitin' in line for a blow job or
 givin' 'em?

Rhino saying nothing. Jake's hand out.

JAKE (cont'd)
 ID.
 (snaps fingers at Eugene)
 You too, dipstck.

Rhino handing him his license...Jake grabbing his shirt,
 pulling up the sleeve. A large menacing clown with a pistol
 on Rhino's arm.

JAKE (cont'd)
 You been to the joint.

Rhino pulls back. Says nothing.

JAKE (cont'd)
 Maybe I call the plant, tell them
 all about you. Then you'd have to
 move away.

Rhino squints, locking eyes with Jake...

RHINO
 That right?

JAKE
 Yeah. That's right.

Stepping in even closer and

Brian moving across the dirt to them, now. Maintaining eye
 contact with Rhino all the way. Leaning into Jake...

BRIAN
 Whatcha doin', brother?

JAKE
 Takin' out the garbage.

Eyes not leaving Rhino's. Brian pointing to Eugene, low...

BRIAN
 Well, that one is her son.

JAKE
 (to Eugene)
 Hey, stupid!

Eugene turns.

JAKE (cont'd)
 See you know your name. Go on back
 inside.
 (Eugene hesitates)
 ...Your Daddy drop you on your head
 or somethin'?
 (to Brian)
 He's probably hammerin' her, too.

BRIAN
 (quiet)
 Calm. Down.

A beat.

Jake turns back to Rhino. Pokes his pen into the refinery
 patch on Rhino's coveralls, laughs....Then moves back to the
 car as

Brian nods to Lucie, walks to the car behind Jake. Not happy.
 Slips his card to Little Ann as he passes her...

BRIAN (cont'd)
 If it gets bad...you can call, OK?

She palms it, watching...Brian sliding behind wheel and

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian shoving car in gear...Jake in passenger's, pulling a
 cigarette...

BRIAN
 You probably made it worse for that
 little girl.

JAKE
 Ain't gonna save her with social
 work, Brian.
 (beat)
 ...And I just run three 'tush hogs'
 out of my town. I ain't
 apologizin'.

Brian glancing in the rear view at

Rhino, eyes locked as they pull away...Little Ann shoving
 Brian's card in her jeans pocket...Brian turning to go under
 the bridge. Run-down sign over top warns "You are now
 entering the cruel world" and

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - 'TEXAS KILLING FIELDS' -
 MORNING

We're on the green Mitsubishi Eclipse. Time Lapse:

Volunteers on horseback approach the car...Now more volunteers...A lone cop on radio. More police...Now searchers with dogs. Now the press. All looking inside the car, the trunk, opening the glove compartment. Walking in circles around the vehicle. Dogs put inside the car for scent and

Then we're up, seeing the vast expanse of scrub pine forest ringing Galveston Bay. News helicopters hovering, cloud cover forming as an Unmarked Vehicle drives up to the chaos and

INT. PAM STALL'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Pam pulling up. Eyes out the windshield, shocked.

PAM
(to herself)
...please, say it isn't so.

Exiting car and

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - 'TEXAS KILLING FIELDS' - CONTINUOUS

DPS Officer moving quickly to Pam...

DPS OFFICER
Ma'am, may I see some ID, please?

PAM
Yes, Officer. Of course. By the way, are you the one sellin' tickets here because I'd like to buy one.
(flips open Taskforce ID)
Detective Stall. This is a County Task Force crime scene, right? You think maybe you could do me a little favor and get every asshole off my crime scene now! And while you're at it make a list of everybody whose footprints and fingerprints and tire prints and hoof prints I might find on top of the real evidence.

Moving past DPS Officer, surveying the crime scene as

PAM (cont'd)
May as well get a God-damn archeologist out here.

Brian walking to her through the crowd...

PAM (cont'd)
Brian. Thanks for coming. No partner?

BRIAN
We were out late. He's sleeping in.

PAM
Him and his six pack.

She walks slow around the Mitsubishi.

BRIAN
Passenger door open?

PAM
Maybe it was or maybe...One of them.

She waves her hand at the crowd.

BRIAN
How about a cell phone?

PAM
All I got is a car with a dead battery and a hundred people with jumper cables. It's amazin' what happens when a pretty rich white girl breaks down on the side of the road.

BRIAN
Where does that go to?

She follows his point to the edge of the bayou.

PAM
The Killing Fields.

He nods, his eyes not leaving that horizon as

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - TEXAS CITY - LATER

Brian pulls up beside Jake waiting by his pickup with his dog Pete, a 70 pound Catahoula cattle hound. And Jake's only successful relationship.

BRIAN
Your ex sends her love.

Jake puts his dog into the bed of the pickup. Says nothing...Brian and Jake walk to the house at end of a gravel driveway guarded by a couple of 55 gallon drums of garbage, flies.

JAKE
You shouldn't have gone in that
place.

Climbing the rotting outside stairs.

JAKE (cont'd)
Brings bad luck. She got any leads?

BRIAN
Not one.

They reach the second floor to

INT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRANCINE
(loud, pointing)
...Come right up here, to my house.
He say some skinny white guy was
talkin' bad to that lil' girl.

FRANCINE (68) Snaggleteothed, large black woman laying on a greasy, torn couch. Open cans of food, papers everywhere. Dirty bandages on her neck. Neighbors follow, the Congregation...Francine gives Brian a big toothless grin...

BRIAN
Good morning, Francine.

She keeps going.

FRANCINE
He acted all scared...Yes, sir.

BRIAN
Now who's 'he'.

FRANCINE
Levon. Don't know his last name.

BRIAN
What happened to your neck?

CONGREGATION
Got cut from her nephew's
pitbull.

FRANCINE
Thirty-five stitches. Doctor
take 'em out tomorrow.

BRIAN (cont'd)
How'd that happen?

JAKE
She was takin' her neck out for a
walk.

FRANCINE

No, I was goin' to see ma sister over on "C" street, you know, the alley with the fences. Where the Mexicans keep the big goats? Guess I shouldn't of gone into the yard. But the boy tol' me the dog was tied up.

BRIAN

Hope he paid for the doctor?

FRANCINE

He was mad at me. Had to get Shaylene here...

Points to Shaylene, thin white girl who waves from the Congregation.

FRANCINE (cont'd)

...Took me to the hospital.

JAKE

Wait a minute. You know they have now crossed a Pit bull with a Shih'Tzu?

FRANCINE

What's a shit's zoo?

CONGREGATION

(laughing)
One of them little dogs.
Chiii...nese. That must of hurt.

JAKE (cont'd)

It's called Bull shit.

FRANCINE

That's bull shit.

CONGREGATION

No. They doin' that now.

Laughter. The Congregation talking among themselves...Jake getting frustrated.

JAKE (cont'd)

(to Brian)

You gonna get around to askin' her if this was one of her girls? Or are you gonna read everyone a bedtime story like Black Sambo and the Pimp.

FRANCINE

She was my little girl for a spell. Now she Levon girl.

BRIAN
 (to Jake)
 OK? Why don't you go talk to Crime
 Scene?

JAKE
 I'm gonna be sad to leave this
 revival, but OK. Good idea.

Pushing through the crowd...Francine wants Brian's
 attention...

FRANCINE
 But why was that Pimp up my place?
 You should as' me that. I'm just an
 old grandmother with a big mouth.

Brian pulls a picture of the dead girl. Francine and
 Congregation look sadly at the photo...

CONGREGATION ONE
 She tol' me she was about fifteen
 year old.

BRIAN
 You talked to her?

CONGREGATION ONE
 She was just a little crack whore
 from up North. Dallas or somethin'.
 We called her Lil' Debbie.

CONGREGATION TWO
 Cupcake. Stayed all over. Slept
 where she could.

CONGREGATION ONE
 Sometimes over at Reba's shelter...

CONGREGATION TWO
 Yeah...That's right.

FRANCINE
 (louder)
 You as' me Mr. Detective, that pimp
 came to see me? He's just lookin'
 to make an alibi. Otherwise, why he
 fall by? I'm nobody.

BRIAN
 Aren't you the competition?

FRANCINE
 (grinning)
 You know what they been doin'?

BRIAN

No.

FRANCINE

Takin' my girls.

Brian raises his eyebrows to the others, 'This true?'. Francine places her hand over her snagged teeth, leans forward. Smiles and whispers loud...

FRANCINE (cont'd)

Them ain't my good ones.

CONGREGATION ONE

Those boys ain't afraid of nobody.

BRIAN

Boys? More than one?

EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We move up and away from Francine's house, past Brian's squad car...Past other boarded up houses, some occupied to

EXT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A young Hispanic woman

LILA (25) Hanging clothes on a line. Her two year old plays at the grass at her feet...Lila pins up a bra. Hears footsteps. Her little girl runs to her, also startled.

Lila looks around, sees no one as

EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brian and the Congregation walk to the street, they point to...Five black males on the corner. Mid-twenties, muscled, tattooed, expensive 'street' clothes. Girls hanging around.

Brian's eyes lock on

Levon sitting on the hood of a car. A quarter in his ear. He sees Brian. Motions his boys. They take the girls away. Comes to his feet.

BRIAN

What's with the quarter-in-the-ear,
Brother?

No answer. Hard stare...Brian gets right in his space. Smiling, extending his hand. Levon eyeballs the Congregation.

BRIAN (cont'd)
I'm Brian, Texas City Police. I
know your Daddy?

LEVON
I'm not from here.

Reluctant handshake. Hard stare to the Congregation.

BRIAN
Don't look at them. Look at me.
Where are you from?

Flipping through his folder, not looking up.

LEVON
Memphis.

BRIAN
Went there once...Let me see your
ID, OK?

Levon produces a license...Brian takes it as he pulls out a
large photo of the Third Street Garage victim. Hands it to
Levon who is caught off guard. Fingers the photo nervously.

BRIAN (cont'd)
You know her...
(reading license)
...Levon?

Looking up, watching body language...Levon's face tightens,
carotid on his neck swells and pumps. He nods.

LEVON
She came to me. Says a guy was
followin' her, givin' her the fits.
Fact, he chased her over right by
where she got killed. I even think
I seen him once.

BRIAN
You know her name?

Brian opens his folder. Levon places the photo back inside.

LEVON
Not really.

CONGREGATION
Ask him what he call her.

A blacked-out Infiniti cruises by, slows...Levon sees it. His
face hardens...Brian glancing to it casual...

A face behind tinted windows. White man, hard eyes looking
direct at him. Rule...Brian's back to Levon...

BRIAN
What'd you call her?

LEVON
(distracted, low)
Baby-Pussy.

BRIAN
What? I didn't hear you.

LEVON
(louder)
Baby-Pussy.

Brian looks down to contain his emotions, like he's focussed on pulling his card...

BRIAN
OK. I'm going to need your help here, Levon. You're going to have to come down to the station and talk to me and my partner. Look at some pictures.

The Infiniti glides off down the street. Brian fast writing down plate and

BRIAN (cont'd)
(back to Levon)
Tomorrow morning. Say 10 o'clock. You call if you need a ride, all right?

EXT. EDGE OF SALTWATER MARSH - CONTINUOUS

Pam in boots, knee deep in low tide waters. Searchers yards off...She probes the sucking muck with a long stick. Reaching gingerly into the thick black waters. Searching as

A distinct clicking sounds. She follows it. Pushing her stick into a brown mass, rounding the bend to see...Hundreds of fiddler crabs. Claws raised, threatening. Then disappearing into the thick inkiness around her boots...Water boils...Pam screams. Pushing backwards, falling. Clawing her way to shore, her eyes on

A half-eaten doe against the mud and moss...

INT. KILLING FIELDS TASK FORCE, WAITING ROOM - LATER

Five men off the sex-crime registry list with two uniformed cops sit, wait. We're on Pam, caked with mud. Angry and not in the mood. Rummaging in her purse for keys as...One of the guys seated

SALTER (40's) White guy. Indignant to an Uniformed Officer.

SALTER
 So every time some little bitch has
 her period I get my ass dragged in?
 (chinning to Pam)
 How about her? She on the rag
 tonight?

Pam unlocks the door to her office, without looking back...

PAM
 Bring him in first.

Uniformed Officer #1 takes Salter inside. Uniformed Officer #2 grinning as if something were about to happen.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2
 (to Pam, quietly)
 Can we sit in?

PAM
 OK. But you don't talk. You don't
 smile. You don't even blink if he
 looks at you.

Moving past him into her office as

INT. KILLING FIELDS TASK FORCE, PAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pam points to a chair.

PAM
 Sit.

Slater stands defiantly. Pam turns. Deadly stare. He sits.

PAM (cont'd)
 What are you doing for women these
 days, Salter?

SALTER
 Nothing.

Pam slides her chair over, sits, placing her legs directly between his.

PAM
 Did you just lie to me?

He looks to the Uniformed Officers. No help there.

SALTER
 I ain't been with a woman since I
 got out.

PAM
 (sweetly)
 So how do you get off? You know,
 how do you bust a nut?

He looks again to the Officers. Blank stares...Then he holds his right hand up in her face. Arrogant.

SALTER
 Meet my girlfriend. Pamela Palm.

Pam slaps him hard on the side of the head.

SALTER (cont'd)
 Did you just slap me?

A second hard slap. He rocks back. Third slap.

SALTER (cont'd)
 Don't hit me on my head! Heey!

The Uniformed Officers up on their feet, confused as...but Pam's up onto his chair. Hands around his throat.

PAM
 You lyin' little son-of-a-bitch. We
 got a missing girl out there and
 you think it's time to get cute?!

And just as fast she's letting go...A beat. Then taking a Coke from her desk. Popping it, handing it to him...He takes it. Holds it still.

PAM (cont'd)
 (sweetly)
 You gonna tell me the truth now?

SALTER
 I got a couple of regular hookers.
 I give 'em money.

Sound of someone clearing their throat. Pam turning to...Jake in the doorway, shakes his head at Salter in faux disgust.

JAKE
 Wow. Hope he's not going to need
 medical attention.

Then to Pam, hard eye contact. Lot of history in a look as

EXT. PAM'S OFFICE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pam and Jake standing just outside. Silence as someone passes by, then...

PAM
Where's Brian?

JAKE
You called my Chief, huh?

PAM
Yeah. And asked for Brian. And he sent you? Where's the hell's Brian?

JAKE
Chief says he gets sucked into your case, we'll never get him out. So you got yours truly instead.

Pam shakes her head, could not be less happy...

JAKE (cont'd)
I'm right there with you, babe. Forty eight hours. Make the best of it.

PAM
You know, Jake. I'd trade a half hour of Brian over forty eight hours of your bullshit.

JAKE
Now is that a nice thing to say.

A smile...Pam shakes her head, 'damn'. Turns, goes in her office.

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Close on chemical fog enveloping the photo of the Third Street Garage victim as we see

EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ground fog filling the alleyways, passing over a full moon. Breeze through the magnolias as we follow

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The fog moving down the street, over cars to

EXT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Over backyard. Past empty Lila's clothes lines, empty now to

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lila closing screen window, padding barefoot to

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She undresses, pulls on long tee shirt. Begins to brush her teeth. Glances over to...Her toddler sleeping soundly in a crib next to the bed. She shuts bathroom light, walks to

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She climbs into bed. Last light out. Silence but for the cicadas as...Bedroom door creaks, seems to move...Lila opens her eyes, half sleep. Waits. Dozes back.

Silent now. Sounds of someone crawling. She opens her eyes again. The door is opened wider now?...Sound of rustling at the foot of her bed.

Now she's alert.

She pulls her feet up. Sits up, listening...Throws her blanket over the end of the bed. Waits. Nothing. She relaxes, crawls to retrieve the blanket as

A figure covered in a blanket rising from the end of her bed...She's screaming. Leaping out of bed, running to light switch. Fumbling for it. In the shadows we see...

A flash of a naked male. Panty hose mask. One leap and he's upon her hard.

The Toddler sits bolt upright, cries out as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the chemical fog...a partial fingerprint, then a full. Now two more emerge as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hand over Lila's mouth by unseen naked Assailant. Frozen, fearful silence. She looks desperately to her right as...He rips the shower curtain off. Throws it to the floor.

ASSAILANT

Lie down.

She slowly squats.

The Toddler cries.

The Assailant looks to her, then back. He's back to work. Wrapping shower curtain around her, tying the bottom around her feet as

Car headlights through window...He stops. Breathing hard. BAM, BAM. Someone pounds a warning hard on the side of the house.

Quickly, he's out the window.

Lila freeing herself. Shaking hands shutting window, pushing two locks on the bottom. Running to

THE BEDROOM

Reached for her toddler, then phone. Dialing 911...Car lights suddenly pull away as

LILA
(into phone)
Help me, please. A man...in my
house....

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, 911 COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

911 OPERATOR
(into headset)
Ma'am, is he in the house now?

911 OPERATOR (30's) Black. At her desk. Taking notes...

LILA (O.S.)
No he's outside. He has a knife.
Please come quickly.

911 OPERATOR
(into headset)
Have you been hurt?

LILA (O.S.)
He is trying to take me away.

Toddler crying in the background...

911 OPERATOR
(into headset)
...Ma'am we have your address as
3214 Collin Ave. Are you Lila
Rodriguez?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LILA
(into phone)
Yes.

A noise at the window. She looks...A knife cutting the lower corner of the screen, then gloved finger tearing it back.

LILA (cont'd)
(into phone, soft panic)
He's back!

ASSAILANT
You bitch...you called.

Distorted face spraying spittle pressed against the screen. Tearing it, kicking the house. Anger out of control. Pulling up, through window as

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CSI Tech's tweezers lifting Third Street Garage victim photo from fumigation chamber... hands the photo to Brian as

911 Supervisor wearing a Bluetooth headset abruptly enters the room. He motions urgently "follow me" as he talks.

911 SUPERVISOR
(calm, business-like)
...3214 Collin Ave. Female occupant under attack at this time. Possible kidnapping in progress. Unknown male assailant, weapon involved.

Brian following him across the hall to

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, 911 COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

911 Operator at her video screen as

911 SUPERVISOR
(into Bluetooth)
7 Sam 507 are you clear?

507
(hear siren)
7 Sam 507 clear to 3214 Collin.

911 SUPERVISOR
(into Bluetooth)
507 note we have a "line-in", phone-off receiver. Small child in the house. Woman's name is Lila Rodriguez.

911 OPERATOR
(into headset)
Lila...Ma'am. I want you to take your child and lock yourselves in a bathroom. Do you understand me? Can you

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Assailant through the screen hands first...Lila trying to run. Tripping, falling backward. Drops the phone as

LILA
(into phone)
Help me! Help me!

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, 911 COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Brian hearing the screams, pulling cell phone as

507 (O.S.)
507 to all units. All available
units code one 3214 Collins.

911 SUPERVISOR	ASSAILANT (O.S.)
507 suspect still at the	(over phone)
scene. Becoming more violent.	Get down...!
Knife involved.	

And Brian's fast out door.

INT. BLUE ONE-STORY HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness...He has her now. Bracing her up against wall. Body directly up against her...She hits him. Kicking. Ferocious as only a mother with a child can be...Wet spit outlines his lips through the stocking. He has her by the neck, squeezing.

Toddler screaming for her Mom.

Sirens.

BAM BAM BAM. Pounding on the side of the house again. He hesitates...Then quickly races out the window.

Lila falling to Toddler, lifting her up as

EXT. BLUE HOUSE - IN THE ALLEY - BRIAN - MOMENTS LATER

Brian, scanning backyards, empty lots for the assailant. Flashing lights. Cops, neighbor activity bleeds between houses now.

Jake jogging to him... Brian motions Jake to be quiet.

BRIAN
(quietly)
He scooted. It just happened. He's
still nearby...

Points to a paper bag: men's clothes.

BRIAN (cont'd)
 Man's pants...She says our guy came
 and went without any clothes on.

JAKE
 So we got an asshole out there who
 needs a pair of drawers.

Brian shuts his light off. Touches Jake's shoulder, quiet.

BRIAN
 He's got to be holed up right
 around here.

JAKE
 I'll go get the canine unit. Leave
 the bag.

They stand and turn as if ending their search. Jake heads for
 the house and enters...Brian wanders slowly behind him as

Loud sound. Brian spins in time to see

The Assailant rolling off shed roof, crashing through brush.
 Snatching the bag, off running. Brian sprinting after. Naked
 Assailant leaping easy over back chain-link fence. Brian
 closing, radio and gun in hand.

BRIAN
 (into radio)
 7 IDA 03, 7 SAM 507

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 Go 03.

BRIAN
 (into radio)
 I am in pursuit of suspect heading
 north on foot from 400 block of Ave
 "C" away your location. Suspect is
 a white male with some sort of
 covering around his head. He's got
 no pants on. Tell 04 he has the
 bag.

Assailant moving through alleyway, then crossing

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS, MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Brian after him. Patrol car, lights, siren screaming by him.

BRIAN
 (into radio)
 He crossed Junction, between "C"
 and "D"...turned west towards the
 railroad tracks. Through the yards
 at the 2800 block.

Patrol Car slams on breaks and into reverse. Spot light on
 house numbers. Uniformed officers out, moving cautiously as
 Brian blows on by them into

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS, ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian stops. No one. Scanning one house, then another,
 then...A front door open just a crack. An unseen hand closes
 it from inside slowly, slowly. Then tightly.

Brian moving to porch. Slowly opens door. It's pushed back.
 Brian pulls it hard now and sees...An old woman, eyes wide.

BRIAN
 (startled)
 Jeezus! Ma'am. I'm a police
 officer. Is there an intruder in
 your house?

She nods. Brian snatches her from the doorway fast and

BRIAN (cont'd)
 Go down the street. Wait for a
 police officer.
 (radio)
 03 to 507. Suspect has entered
 residence at 24 Avenue "A".

Enters cautiously to

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian moving through the dark. Kel light, beam cuts sharply
 through the darkness. Slowly opens the door to

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brian enters...A sound. He stops. Listens.

The bag on the floor. Bare feet by the refrigerator...And
 suddenly the Assailant is out. Attacking. Pans, glasses,
 kitchen knives everywhere.

EXT. REFINERY SIDE STREETS, ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Canine Unit arrive. Dog going for Old Woman's door.
Jake and Canine Officer enter cautiously.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake moving with flash lights...Dog paws at the kitchen door.
They push it open to

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

Brian!

Refrigerator over on top of Brian...Jake and Canine Officer
heave refrigerator off. Jake going for Brian's neck pulse.

JAKE (cont'd)

Shit. Get some goddamn help over
here.

CANINE OFFICER

(into radio)

624 to 507. Request urgent medical
assistance at 24 Avenue "A". We
have an officer down...

BRIAN

(gasping)

Turn me on my side. Can't breathe.

Jake rolls him. More officers arriving...Jake's hand remains
on his partner's shoulder.

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BRIAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Brian at his desk. Small crowd of Officers there to make sure
he's OK. He's beat up, but more embarrassed than anything.

UNIFORMED SGT.

I just got a call from the Chief.
Wanted to know how you were doing.

BRIAN

Thank him for me. I'm OK.

UNIFORMED SGT.

He asked me specifically to
determine whether it was the frozen
peas or the baby corn that did it.

The room laughing...Jake stepping in, holding paper bag...

JAKE
Everybody out.

Room empties. He shuts the door. Turns, pointing at Brian.

JAKE (cont'd)
You shouldn't have gone in there
without me.

BRIAN
Never got a beating like that in
all my life. I'll tell you, it felt
like two guys.

JAKE
Well, it wasn't.

BRIAN
They find my gun?

JAKE
Not yet.

Both men pause. That's not good...Jake holds up the bag...

JAKE (cont'd)
Ready?

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, JAKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Brian stepping in, nodding to...Lila with her
Toddler on her lap, looks up.

LILA
This your office? Who can we expect
to catch in here?

JAKE
We need a full description...take a
statement...

LILA
The guy had a stocking mask on, OK?
(to Toddler)
Mommy might have to go get Grandma.

TODDLER
Why?

LILA
Grandma and I are gonna have to go
catch that bad man.

TODDLER
Why?

LILA
Because the policeman wants to stay
in his office.

Jake letting it go. Empties out the bag. Woman's underwear,
gray duct tape, man's pants, shirt, socks, shoes...

JAKE
Found this in the lot behind your
house.

She reaches for the underwear...Brian grabs her hand.

BRIAN
Just point. Don't touch.

LILA
Those are mine.

BRIAN
You sure?

LILA
(nodding)
They were on my clothes line.

BRIAN
That's probably how he chose you.
Saw your underclothing on the line.
You seen anyone hanging around your
house or on the street lately?

LILA
No. But there is a woman next door.
My age. She always hangs her
clothes outside. Everyday for
Christ's sake.

BRIAN
Is she married? Living with a man?

LILA
Yeah. So what?

Phone rings. Jake hits the speaker phone and keeps writing.
Unintelligible sounds...He cuts it off.

BRIAN
She hang his clothes outside along
with hers?

LILA
Yes.

BRIAN
And you live with just your
daughter?

She nods. Getting it...Jake points to the roll of duct tape.

LILA
Not mine.

He glances at Brian. Says nothing. Then the men's pants.

LILA (cont'd)
None of that. There were two of
them.

Jake looks over to Brian. He was right.

A second call coming in...Jake hits speaker phone again,
impatient...Same rustling sounds but now with voices. A young
woman speaking very fast, frightened...

FRIGHTENED WOMAN (O.S.)
Please don't, let me...Please
don't...
(unintelligible)
Help me, help me, help me, please
help me...

ASSAILANT (O.S.)
(loud)
....Hold still, hold still!....

A long, loud scream.

ASSAILANT (O.S.) (cont'd)
(muffled shout)
..fuckin' bitch...

Lila quickly stands, grabs her toddler...turns pale. Brian
directs two Uniformed Officers to Lila.

UNIFORMED COP
(to Lila)
Miss, come with me.

Jake's yanking open desk drawer. Pulling out tape recorder.
Plugging it in. Slamming the 'Record' button as

Brian grabs a hallway Officer. More screams.

BRIAN
Get Jim Roson at the phone company
on the line for me. Call him at
home if you have to.

Officer leaves...More scuffling...The woman's voice becomes
muffled. Patrol Sergeant, other officers come to the door as

Another SCREAM.

BRIAN (cont'd)
 (to Sergeant)
 You notify the County?

SERGEANT
 Yeah. I got all units looking for
 parked cars with occupants.

Jake snaps his fingers, motions all to be quiet.

Silence. Hear her breathing, listening as...Life begins to
 pass. Movement. Phone goes dead. Static.

A beat.

Brian shuts the door to the uniformed officers. Jake staring
 at the tape recorder. Brian shuts it off, looks at him.

EXT. TEXAS CITY DIKE - LATER

Brian and his wife

GWEN (30's) In her bathrobe, sitting in the car together.
 Windows down, watching...The two mile long breakwater thrust
 out into Galveston Bay. Galveston city lights in the
 distance. Waves lapping the breakwater.

Brian raises a cup of coffee to drink. She takes it. Dumps it
 out the window. Turns back to him.

GWEN
 Come on. Put your head back.

Brian leans over. She gently touches a bruise on his head.

GWEN (cont'd)
 Does that hurt?

BRIAN
 No. You can hear her last breaths.

He takes her hand. His eyes are moist.

BRIAN (cont'd)
 You know what Jake asked me the
 other day?
 (off her look)
 He asks me how come I pray for
 victims after they're murdered.

GWEN
 Because you don't know them
 before...How could you?

BRIAN

I didn't even pray for her while it was happening...Like I forgot or something.

GWEN

Brian...You ever wonder why you are here? In Texas City? Not back home in New York?

BRIAN

Sometimes. Maybe even more lately.

GWEN

Well...I know why you're here.

She squeezes his hand.

GWEN (cont'd)

I've always known.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake at a table. Case file, photos strewn everywhere. He's been drinking. Empty beer cans. One in his hand. Determined look on his face. He looks at his dog.

JAKE

You ain't gonna like this.

Presses the button on a tape recorder...playback of the victim's SCREAMS. His dog crawls under the couch.

JAKE (cont'd)

Warned ya.

He listens. Lit cigarette brought to his lips, whole hand over his mouth...Deep inhale...Smoke exhaled through his nose...Cold, emotionless.

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - SUNDAY MORNING

Little Ann standing at the sink, just finished making a sandwich. Looks over at

Lucie and middle-aged 'Boyfriend' at the breakfast table. Drinking. The Boyfriend makes eye contact. Ann quickly turns away...But suddenly he's up and over to her. Wrapping her in a bear hug from behind. One hand brushes her breast. The other around her waist, picking her up off the ground.

BOYFRIEND

This is the one I want.

Little Ann going limp and dropping, twisting loose. Hanging on to her sandwich all the while.

LITTLE ANN
Frickin' purve.

Lucie is up, taking a swipe at...Little Ann who holds up the hand with the sandwich in defense, pieces of baloney and white bread hit the floor.

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)
What'd I do?

A second slap. Sends Ann backwards, but not down. Lucie has her by the shoulders, dragging her towards the door as

LUCIE
I told you to stay the hell outta this house and I goddamn mean it!

BOYFRIEND
That's enough now. She was lookin' me over though.

Trying to be cute. Wrong move. Lucie turning to him...

LUCIE
Oh. yeah...

Grabbing pot of half-eaten beans on the stove, swinging it at 'Boyfriend'. Hitting his shoulder. Spraying hot beans and

Little Ann is out the door and

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann moving down the stairs fast as behind her...

BOYFRIEND (O.S.)
I'm goin'. I'm goin'. This ain't what I came for.

LUCIE (O.S.)
You ain't goin' nowhere, fuck head, 'til you pay.

Eugene and Rhino from under hood of the tow truck...

EUGENE
What's goin' on?

LITTLE ANN
One of Mom's boyfriend or somethin'.

EUGENE

Shit.

Jogging to the trailer, up stairs to...Lucie yelling louder from inside and

Rhino grinning at Ann. Wiping hands on a rag...

RHINO

Ladybug! Where are you goin'?

She looks confused. Keeps walking...

RHINO (cont'd)

'Your mama's house is on fire and children all gone?'

But he's at her, hooking her arm. Pulling her to his face...

RHINO (cont'd)

'But where's little Ann? Why, she crept under her Mommy's frying pan.'

She breaks away.

LITTLE ANN

Friggin' asshole.

Walking faster. Anger, confusion mixed with fear. Looking back at...Rhino heading up the trailer steps now, too. Axe handle in his hand...

Little Ann jogs, baloney sandwich unconsciously in her hand, she hurries out under the bridge.

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian, in casual clothes, alone, in front of a large poster behind his desk...Pictures of missing or dead girls pinned to a map of Galveston County. Bold type: 'Killing Fields'

Jake enters from behind carrying a folder.

JAKE

Thought you Catholics went to hell if you worked on Sunday.

Brian quickly flips down paper cover over the chart.

BRIAN

I went out to get the newspaper. I'm leaving now. And what are you doing here?

Jake ignores Brian, sits.

JAKE
Hey Brian when you go to church you
don't pray for me right?

BRIAN
No, I pray for you.

JAKE
Well don't do it anymore.

BRIAN
Why not?

Moving to his desk. Family pictures. Crucifix, awards. Signed
picture of the Pope on the wall...

JAKE
'Cause everyone you pray for ends
up fucking dead. Oops.
(pointing to Pope)
Can I say "fuck" in front of him?

BRIAN
Actually that one's dead.

JAKE
See that's what I'm talking about.

DET. CARLA ROMER (20's) Intelligence detective. Leaning into
the office...

CARLA
Jake?

JAKE
Hey. I need subscribers on all of
these plus toll information.

He hands her some papers.

CARLA
Today?

JAKE
Yeah.

She frowns, takes them, leaves.

BRIAN
You called her in on Sunday?

JAKE
Pam's rich kid's cell phone
numbers.

BRIAN
How about the phone itself?

JAKE

Not yet.

BRIAN

What's going on over there?

JAKE

Is the new head Pope the one who doesn't like fags?

Brian looks up, exasperated.

BRIAN

What's going on with Pam's case?

JAKE

OK. Because you're from New York I'm going to try and educate you about down here. What'ya get when you run a herd of cattle through a town?

BRIAN

Can't you go home and aggravate your dog or something.

JAKE

You get a lot of shit to clean up after. I dunno if we're gonna find that Laine girl alive or dead. If she's in the Killing Fields she's as good as gone. Don't matter her good family, lots of detectives, newspaper people. Hell, half of her's probably already back in the food chain.

BRIAN

She's alive.
(beat)
You got her picture?

Jake slides it from his folder...Brian takes it, pins it up with the others. Hers with 'Missing' stamped on the bottom...Jake walks to beside Brian and with his finger, draws a circle around Texas City. One photo.

JAKE

This is us. One dead girl. One unsolved. OK, Brian?

Brian staring at the map, barely listening until...

BRIAN

(to himself)
What the hell am I supposed to do?

JAKE
What?

BRIAN
...Nothing.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, FRONT WALK - LATER

Brian, newspaper under his arm, walking with Little Ann to the front door. She hesitates. Couple of kids outside greet their Dad. Bikes, skateboard ramp...

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Little Ann stepping into lots of quiet activity. Some of the kids on the couch, some working in the kitchen with Gwen...Little Ann looks like she's landed on another planet.

ELIZABETH (5) yells to Gwen across the room...

ELIZABETH
Dad's back, Mom.

Gwen looks up, sees Little Ann. Makes querying eye contact with Brian.

BRIAN
Look who I found.

Gwen smiles. Elizabeth goes right to Little Ann.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Elizabeth...This is Ann.

ELIZABETH
Wanna see my room?

Little Ann looks up at Brian. He smiles.

LITTLE ANN
OK...I guess.

Elizabeth takes her by the hand and

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, ELIZABETH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bunk beds, neat but clearly lived in.

ELIZABETH
That's my bed.

LITTLE ANN
You got your own?

ELIZABETH
 Yep. Where do you sleep?

LITTLE ANN
 On a couch.

ELIZABETH
 My Mom won't let us sleep on the
 couch. You're lucky.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

Little Ann sitting with the family gathered around a large
 table, a Lazy Susan in the center. Gwen and

HADDIE (78) Gwen's mother. Slow drawl, pure South...Serving a
 Southern meal of greens, corn bread, soup beans and 'leather
 britches'...Little Ann silent, shyly taking it all in.

ELIZABETH
 But some people do eat squirrel,
 Grandma.

HADDIE
 (points with ladle)
 Since God made man He knows what is
 good for him. He gave man
 permission to eat such animals as
 deer, sheep, cows or any animal
 with a split...

Trying to think of the word...The kids giggle.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY
 Hoof?

HADDIE
 Hooves...Which also chews the
 'could'...Well, what's the 'could'?
 The tongue?

The older kids look at each other barely able to contain
 themselves...Brian raises his eyebrows, but it's too late.
 Everyone bursts out laughing. Little Ann looks like a deer
 caught in the headlight. Half smile, trying to get the joke.

GWEN
 Cud, Mom. You know how you see cows
 chewin' all the time?

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY
 Some people still like squirrel.

BRIAN
 Tom, don't get her started...

HADDIE

(louder)

The eating of squirrel, rabbits or hogs is not permitted.

(to Little Ann)

Ann, you break that corn bread up and put it in them beans.

Ann nods, complies.

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND - LATER

Pam standing in a worn out little piece of real estate in the Killing Fields. Rusting steel bridge across a muddy Bayou. Bed of an old dump truck sits in a tidal pool, encroaching moss and vine-covered trees. Huge rusted sign, shattered. Missing pieces says 'Flamingo Island'. A development aborted at conception.

Her hand on the shoulder of a young boy and his dog, cell phone to her ear as

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cell phone ringing amongst beer cans on the table. Jake asleep on the couch. Pete, the hound sleeping on the floor.

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND - LATER

Brian pulls his car up. Still in his Sunday clothes, walks towards Pam.

PAM

(to boy)

You have to stay here now. And thank you.

BRIAN

(yelling across to Pam)

I left a message on Jake's cell. You haven't heard from him yet have you?

She taps her wrist watch.

PAM

Never call Jake after two in the afternoon on a weekend. Come on.

As the two walk...

PAM (cont'd)

This is not good.

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND, DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Pam walking to edge, seeing

Body of a blond girl on her back. We recognize her from the 'Missing' photo, we can almost hear her screams from the recording. It's Kerstan Laine...She wears a tattered dress. No underclothing. No shoes. Wrists bound with gray duct tape. Hands severed.

BRIAN
Crime Scene on their way?

Pam nodding, looking up as

Rain begins. The ditch does what it is designed to do: Channel runoff from a myriad of small streams.

Brian and Pam remove their shoes..slide down the ditch.. trying to preserve the crime scene and their balance at the same time. Thunder echoes in the distance. Rain coming down harder. Brian squats down to look...

The stream in the ditch is getting higher. It moves a strand of the victim's hair...Brian does a sort of push-up over the victim, supporting himself as he leans in for a closer look.

PAM
Her dress is buttoned up wrong.
Somebody put that dress back on
her. Can you see the cause of
death?

BRIAN
(sad)
Not yet.

Uses the eraser end of a pencil to gently move wet hair back from her face...

BRIAN (cont'd)
But I'm seeing...

Squinting, trying to make out something slightly left of her Adam's apple and protected by her chin...

A perfect thumbprint. Outlined in blood.

Water now covering her ears, rises up her skin...Brian's grasping her head by the upper cheekbones, temples. Trying to lift it up out the water as

PAM
You got a print?

BRIAN
Yeah.

Right foot under her neck. One hand forming a cup tight over the print, the other cradling the back of her head...Pam yelling to the Deputies as

PAM
You two! Gimme a hand!

Torrent of rain. Stream deepens as...The body begins to shift, liberated from the ground.

BRIAN
I can't let go here!

Pam moving down the ditch, yelling as

PAM
(to Deputies)
Now!

One Deputy slips, falls hard into the ditch triggering
The victim moving.

Pam falling, down on all fours...Brian's hand still over print and...The victim's head goes beneath the flood...Pam reaching for it...Brian losing his footing, watching as

Water bathes the print.

From nowhere, Jake is scaling down. Unceremoniously hauling the body from the ditch, onto the mud embankment.

Brian climbs up, squats next to her.

JAKE
I didn't hear the phone ring.

PAM
It's gone. Brian...

Brian nods. Rain pelts down...He touches the victim's temple gently. Thumb on her chin. Silently says a prayer.

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND - LATER

Brian and Jake walking through rain to their cars. Pam behind them, working with Crime Scene. Setting up flood lights.

JAKE
I tried to call.

Brian says nothing. Walks

JAKE (cont'd)
You really think if I was here five
minutes earlier we could have saved
it?

Brian turns and faces Jake squarely.

BRIAN
Yes.

JAKE
So tell me, what the fuck is her
job?
(pointing to Pam)
She's got thirty cops, Feds,
helicopters. This is not Texas
City.

As Brian walks away.

JAKE (cont'd)
I got Levon's rap sheet.

Brian stops and turns back.

JAKE (cont'd)
Rape, kidnapping, white
slavery...Did some heavy time.

BRIAN
(knowing where he's going)
I dunno.

JAKE
We got our body, the hands. Goes
right to them.

BRIAN
(chinning to ditch)
I'm looking at that girl...And
there's a fantasy fulfillment
there. Rich girl, nice girl, taken
care of, right? Doesn't feel like
Third Street.

JAKE
You're gettin' all spiritual on me.
It's Levon and Rule. Two scumbag
pimps, a dead girl in Texas City
and solid prior acts.

Brian walking back to Jake now...

BRIAN
Jake. Look: whoever killed this
girl called it into us last night.

JAKE

So?

BRIAN

So we've never had anything like this before. This is against us, Jake. You and me. And you know it.

Jake's look says he does.

JAKE

Well, then I know what I'm going to have to do, don't I.

BRIAN

I know what you're not going to do. You're not going to screw up the evidence with any illegal moves.

JAKE

I'll tell you what I'm not going to do. I not going to sacrifice another victim in order to dot all the "eyes" and cross the "tees".

Brian turns, holds his hand up, walks away.

JAKE (cont'd)

And you don't have to know shit.

Brian walks in silence...His face says Jake is right.

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. LEVON'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Jake hung over and tired, in his squad car just outside a parking lot. Cup of coffee on the dash, cigarette as

The black Infiniti pass between two houses one street over.

Jake throws coffee out the window. Slams car in reverse, hard on the gas and turning the wheel as

The Infiniti exits, far end of the street.

Jake pulls to a stop just off the corner, watching...The Infiniti turning right. Then Jake crosses the intersection, makes a hard right on a parallel street one over - against startled one-way traffic. Fast precision parking between two cars. Now he waits as

The Infiniti cruises slowly by, again one street over, looking in his rear view mirror for heat.

Jake roars across to the next intersection going ahead...Now hard right into someone's driveway. Shutting the car, pushing out and

EXT. STREETS, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake is on foot...Looking. Watching as

The Infiniti passes by slow, again. Looking for a 'tail'. Makes a right turn off the main road...Jake runs back in the car and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake roars off again, crossing main road. Paralleling the Infiniti one street over. He sees between the alleyways...The Infiniti passes. Goes to the next probable alley for a view...The Infiniti doesn't pass. It must have stopped!

He slams into reverse, weaving at high speed against traffic and backs into a tight alley. Stops, exits, unlatches a chain link fence. Climbs back in and backs the car slow into someone's backyard. Seeing through back window

Bumper of the parked Infiniti. The back of a muscular white male. Out, vigilant. A cell phone in hand. Calling as

Jake pulling raises a camera, we see through lens...The man. Long black hair, wife-beater tee shirt. Crossing to the opposite side of the street and vaulting the chain link fence to

A SMALL PINK HOUSE.

Jake watching as...man stops, adjusts a handgun under his shirt. Then picks up a stone, throw it hard against the side of the pink house. Shades part. Someone looks out...The man holds up his cell in frustration and anger.

Jake takes another photo. Parked cars, trees blocking view as

BASE RADIO (O.S.)

7 IDA 04.

Jake watching the pink house's door open.

LADY WORM (50's) Black...Appears, keys in her hands. Nervous. Half running to the garage...

JAKE

(into radio)

04 go ahead base.

BASE RADIO (O.S.)

03 wants you to know that a Levon is waiting at the office.

JAKE

(into radio)

Base I'll join 03 in zero-five.

Jake takes one more photo as

The Man goes inside the pink house. Lady Worm pulls the black Infiniti into the garage and

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
Sorry we're late, Levon.

Levon waiting with a Uniformed Cop, watching

Brian and Jake step in. Jake takes a long hard stare at the Levon...Brian sets out a tape recorder, turns it on.

LEVON
...Well, OK. You want as' me some questions so here I am.

BRIAN
(into tape recorder)
Interview of Levon Chalmers by
Detectives Hay and Souder. Glad you
want to cooperate, Levon. You came
here of your own accord. And you
can leave whenever you please.

Jake won't let go of the stare. Brian watches him out the corner of his eye. Levon very tense now...Brian pulls Jake aside.

BRIAN (cont'd)
You OK?

JAKE
We need to be talking to this
asshole on the street. Not here.
And do we really need that tape
recorder?

BRIAN
(nodding)
Yeah, we do.
(to Levon)
Here, sign this. I'm sure you've
seen these before.

Hands Levon a "rights" sheet and pen. Levon signs it.

JAKE
I want to know how you get a
fourteen year old girl to become a
prostitute.

LEVON
 (bold)
 She was fifteen year old, man.

JAKE
 OK, so you knew she was a minor.
 Good.

Sitting. Writing it down...Levon tries to compute his error.

JAKE (cont'd)
 You ever beat her up?

LEVON
 Not really...

Jake is getting that look again.

JAKE
 "Not really?" Now, how could that
 be an answer? You ever hold her
 against her will?

Levon looks to Brian.

JAKE (cont'd)
 Make her suck a dick in the front
 seat of a truck? Then take her
 money and beat the shit out of her?

The phone beeping...

INTERCOM (O.S.)
 Brian, County Task Force on line
 one. Det. Stall on line one.

Brian reaching for it...But Jake's up. Pushing past him,
 grabbing the phone...

JAKE
 (into phone)
 Detective Stall. You're supposed to
 be talking to me and I'm busy, OK?!
 (slamming it down)
 Jesus!

Brian's hand on his belt, shaking his head...Levon starting
 to stand. Chinning to Brian, quiet...

LEVON
 You said I could go.

JAKE
 Hey, asshole, sit the fuck down!

Shoving him back down hard, it tips over. Levon
 crashing...Brian moving to him, lifting him to his feet.

BRIAN
OK. Let's start all over.
(to Jake)
I brought Levon in here for a
reason, Jake.

JAKE
Yeah.

BRIAN
To help us...clear this thing up.
Turning recorder back on, a sympathetic look to Levon...

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Well, what about his day job at
Mission Control? Don't you think
that was a little inconsiderate of
you?

BRIAN
Jake. This guy is no dummy. He has
a bad-ass rep on the street. He
knows what goes on out there.
Levon listening harder...Jake kind of getting it now.

JAKE
I don't think he knows shit.
Brian pulling up chair, to Levon.

BRIAN
You up for a few questions, my man?

LEVON
(liking the respect)
I guess so. I'm here, ain't I?

BRIAN
Alright then. Why would a killer
cut off the hands of somebody they
murdered?

LEVON
(confident now)
Easy. Send them other bitches a
message. Don't touch the money. But
I don't really know...

Now he's sorry he said that much.

BRIAN

I know, you're not that kind of guy
but what about that white guy you
hang with...He's very tough I'm
told.

LEVON

(smiling)
Yeah, he's a bad mother fucker.

BRIAN

What's his name?

LEVON

Rule.

BRIAN

Yeah, I know his first name.
(to Jake)

But what's his last name? I
forgot...

LEVON

Valley. Rule Valley.

Brian holds Jake's focus. Levon has just filled in two pieces
of the puzzle: motivation and identification.

We hear the rhythmic sounds of children skipping rope and

EXT. RIBA'S SHELTER - LATER

We see three young black teenage girls double-dutching
outside a worn, converted movie theater. They see Little Ann
walking to them, head down. One girl smiles...

GIRL

(singing)
'Little Orphant Annie's come to our
house to stay...'

Little Ann looks up, big smile.

GIRL (cont'd)

(singing)
'...an wash the cups and saucers
up, an' brush the crumbs away.'

Little Ann jumps into the ropes. The girls sing together...

Ann/GIRLS

(singing)

'An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep, an' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an' keep.'

Now Little Ann by herself...

LITTLE ANN

(singing)

'An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue, an' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo! An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray.'

Faster now. Her face intent.

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)

(singing)

'An' lightenin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away.'

Two unmarked Police cars pull up, park. She sees them. Now her voice stronger...No longer smiling.

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)

(singing)

'You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear, an' churish 'at loves you, an' dry the Orphant's tear.'

Brian exits. Pops the trunk...Jake exits his car, throwing away cigarette.

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)

(singing)

'An' he'p the pore an' needy ones at cluster all about.'

Brian with a box of clothes. Jake walk to Riba's as

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)

(singing)

'Er the Gobble-uns'll git you...If you don't watch out...'

INT. RIBA'S SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

RIBA

Detective Brian...

RIBA (40s) Black. Stepping out of her office, taking the box.

Place is a cross-section of the most desperate. Young women with kids. Old black man getting a haircut from another older black barber in makeshift chair. Homeless white guys with bruises, tattered clothes.

Riba carries the box back to her office, mumbling...

RIBA (cont'd)
(mumbling)
Somebody steal them before I get a
chance to give 'em out.

Brian, Jake following her into

INT. RIBA'S SHELTER, RIBA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JAKE
She ever in here?

Jake shows Riba a picture of the Third Street Garage victim...Little Ann looks in like she runs the place. Brian sees her...

BRIAN
What are you doing here?

LITTLE ANN
What are you doin' here? It was
your turn to hide.

RIBA
(re: Little Ann)
She's been hangin' out here lately.

Jake's getting frustrated. Riba sees it, looks again at the photo.

RIBA (cont'd)
Yeah, I know this one. She was in
here off and on for a spell.

JAKE
(shows Levon's picture)
How about him?

RIBA
He's bad. Him and that white demon.

BRIAN
What does the white guy look like?

RIBA
I ain't never been here when he
come.

Little Ann steps in. Looks at the pictures. Points to the girl.

LITTLE ANN
Girls upstairs knew her real well.

Riba goes through her records. Brian steps out, to Ann...

BRIAN
Come on...

INT. RIBA'S SHELTER, STAIRS AND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann leads the way, two steps at a time to...Wooden door on the second floor opened by tough looking black woman.

BLACK WOMAN
(calling out)
Man on the floor, man on the floor.

Opening door to

INT. RIBA'S SHELTER, GIRLS DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann leading Brian to a set of bunks.

It's a large room. Wooden bunk beds, worn sheets hanging for privacy...Little Ann pulls back blankets on a bunk to see

Two girls. Fourteen, white. Asleep like puppies in a pile of rags...They awake. Frightened.

BRIAN
I'm Brian. Texas City Police
Department. How long have you two
lived here?

He squats down to them. Kind, slow...

GIRL #1
Four months.

BRIAN
How old are you?

GIRL #1
I'm fourteen and she just turned
fifteen.

Girl #2 nods. Brian seems surprised.

BRIAN
How do you get in here without a
guardian...an adult?

Girls look worried.

LITTLE ANN
(nonchalant)
You have somebody sign for you.
It's easy.

BRIAN
Ever see this girl before?

He pulls the photo of the Third Street Garage victim.

GIRL #1
She was our friend.

BRIAN
You know her name?

GIRL #1
(frightened)
Yes.

BRIAN
(gently)
And...

The girls whisper, fast...Then Girl #1 rustles around under the sheets, pulls out a rubber band-wrapped small stack of cards and a Junior high school photo ID.

She gives the ID to Little Ann. Ann looks at the picture, then hands it to Brian.

LITTLE ANN
That's her all right.

GIRL #2
Debbie Taylor was her name. She kept her ID for her.

BRIAN
I'm going to have to keep it now.

The girls looks hurt. Little Ann shakes her head 'It's OK.'

BRIAN (cont'd)
You think this was her real name?

GIRL #1
Yes. She told us it was.

Jake squats beside Brian, shows the picture of Levon.

BRIAN
(gently)
What about this guy?

The girls hesitate.

JAKE
(cold)
Was that her pimp?

GIRL #1
She had to eat.

BRIAN
You ever see him with her?

GIRL #1
She would come here to get away
from him and the white guy. They
followed her here and dragged her
out of bed...

JAKE
You ever see them beat her up?

Little Ann plops down on the bed next to the girls.

GIRL #2
(softly)
All the time.

JAKE
(to Little Ann)
Git!

She gets up and stands next to Brian.

JAKE (cont'd)
(to the girls)
Speak up. I didn't hear you.

GIRL #1
Every time they came together the
white guy always beat her up. He
punched her, he kicked her...Always
made her cry. Took all her
money...Tried to find her ID.
That's why she had it.
(looking to Girl #2)
We always hid her money and her
real ID for her.

BRIAN
Can you describe him to me?

GIRL #1
Lots of tattoos. Long black hair.
Pointy chin. A little taller than
you.

Looks to the other girl. She nods.

JAKE
How old?

GIRL #1
I don't know. Not as old as you, I
guess.

JAKE
I'm going to need to see your IDs.

They dig them out from the bottom of the bed. They don't look
happy...Jake steps away, pulls his radio...

JAKE (cont'd)
(into radio)
7 IDA 04 to base.

BASE (O.S.)
Go 7 IDA 04.

JAKE
(into radio)
I'm going to need CPS to meet me at
Riba's shelter on North Main.

The girls know what CPS is...Brian pulls his wallet. Gives
them each five dollars and his card...

BRIAN
You know we have to call CPS. Don't
worry. They're good people. You'll
be better off with them.

Jake looks on without emotion as

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

Brian and Jake walking. Little Ann with them trying to
listen.

JAKE
I say we grab them right now.

BRIAN
For what?

Jake glances at Little Ann. Points to Brian's car...She goes
to the curb as the two detectives walk away. Jake opens a
folder of photos. Brian looks at them.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Could be our guy Rule but this
wasn't a good enough photo for
those two kids to positively ID
him.

JAKE
 (nodding)
 Let me squeeze Levon's head. We can
 skip a whole bunch of moves that
 way.

Closing folder, handing it to Jake

BRIAN
 Jake. We need these girls, we need
 the DA on board.

Jake walks away

BRIAN (cont'd)
 Jake!

Jake looks back at Brian, grinning as he enters his car,
 pulling away...CPS pulling up, stepping to talk to Brian and

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - LATER

Brian behind the wheel, Little Ann in the front seat...

LITTLE ANN
 You can drop me anywhere.

BRIAN
 I'll take you home.

LITTLE ANN
 I should go to the store for Mom
 first. Let me off here.

Brian slows to the side...

BRIAN
 You got money?

LITTLE ANN
 (seems puzzled)
 Of course.

BRIAN
 Show me.

She looks away. Busted...Brian pulls away, into traffic...

LITTLE ANN
 I was just kidding. I make shit up
 all the time.

BRIAN
 Why would you do that?

LITTLE ANN
 (shrugging)
 Better than the truth. I make
 believe I'm somebody else, somebody
 I want to be.

BRIAN
 (smiling)
 Well, who do you want to be?

Little Ann thinks for a moment. Then, quiet...

LITTLE ANN
 I just don't want to be alone.

He wasn't expecting that answer.

LITTLE ANN (cont'd)
 Don't go under the bridge, OK?

He pulls to the side of the road. And she's out, disappears
 under the bridge to

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

She stops. Seeing the porch light on as

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian parked, watching in the rear view as...Little Ann
 emerges back into the street. He shakes his head. Drives away
 and

EXT. J STREET GARAGE, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake looking through binoculars at...The house with the
 garage. Lady Worm and

SHEILA (34) Lady Worm's daughter. Arguing quietly. Closing
 the doors, locking the garage as

Jake veers up, over the curb. Across the lawn right up next
 to them. They step back, startled. He rolls down his window.

JAKE
 You're not back working the streets
 are you, Lady Worm?

LADY WORM
 Gave that up a long time ago,
 Officer Cracker.

JAKE
 So you're a good citizen now?

LADY WORM
That's right.

JAKE
Then you won't mind telling me
about the white guy with the black
Infiniti.

Lady Worm more surprised then afraid. Says nothing.

JAKE (cont'd)
Maybe that's his car inside your
garage?

Still nothing...Jake shuts the car off and gets out.

JAKE (cont'd)
Let's take a look.

LADY WORM
You got yourself a warrant?

Following him, balking.

JAKE
Just gimme the damn keys.

She hands them over

JAKE (cont'd)
You two sit on the curb. Don't go
anywhere.

He unlocks the doors, steps in to

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulling tarp off...A new Lexus. No plates. He wraps a
handkerchief around his hand, opens the front door and
crouches down to see

Blood stains on gray carpet. Door pilar. Seat. Blood splatter
on the windshield. Bloody crowbar on the floor.

He cuts off some carpet fiber with a jack-knife. Tries to
move the crowbar with a pencil, it's stuck to the floor with
blood...He shuts the door. Moves to passengers side, pulls
the hood lever to pops the hood. Rips wires out of the ECU.
Copies the VIN# from the window as

BRIAN (O.S.)
That's not a black Infiniti.

Stepping into garage. Jake turning to him, excited...

JAKE

It's gotta be the car. Plenty of blood. Looks like the same carpet fiber that was under her fingernails. Found a bloody crowbar. I think he used it on her arm. Must have been dragging her while he or the other asshole was hammerin' away. I'll run the VIN right now.

BRIAN

(looking at Lady Worm)
I can't ever leave you by yourself. We got problems with this unless she agrees to help.

JAKE

Fuck it.

BRIAN

Jake. Those are two witnesses to your illegal search sitting on the curb out there.

JAKE

Then go talk to them.

Still working. A beat...Then Brian steps out, not happy and

EXT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Brian walking to Lady Worm, Sheila still sitting on the curb.

LADY WORM

Don't look at me, Brian. I won't even tell you. You gonna talk nice then we gonna say too much. I have to remember that you're the Police and the Police don't give a shit about us black folk.

BRIAN

Calm down. I just need to ask you a few questions.

LADY WORM

It ain't the questions I'm worried about, it's the answers.

BRIAN

No plates on that car.

LADY WORM

White guy took 'em off when he parked it.

BRIAN
How long has it been here?

LADY WORM
Two days.

Jake stepping up behind Brian...

JAKE
He payin' you?

LADY WORM
No.

JAKE
No?

LADY WORM
You stupid? I said no. I ain't gonna' as' him for no money.

BRIAN
We need to talk.

LADY WORM
Ain't nothin' to talk about Detective.

Getting alarmed now...

BRIAN
I can put you before a Grand Jury if I have to.

LADY WORM
Detective, you wouldn't be talkin' to me this way if you was in a white neighborhood.

BRIAN
What does that mean?

LADY WORM
Means I don't see you livin' on my street afta' work and you damn sure not gonna let me sleep where you live. So if you not around to take the heat you better get out of my kitchen.

Jake pulls his radio. To Brian, low...

JAKE
I'll get her to talk.

BRIAN
 You know, you just screwed our best
 piece of evidence. She's going to
 go right back, tell both
 suspects...

JAKE
 (cutting him off)
 You still don't understand, do you.
 I want her to tell them. This ain't
 police work any more. This is
 fucking war. OK?

Brian looks down, then at his watch.

BRIAN
 What about Pam?

JAKE
 What about her?

BRIAN
 Aren't you supposed to meet her?

JAKE
 And leave this?

Brian looks at the garage. Jake's blinking at Lady Worm...

JAKE (cont'd)
 You go. I'll take care of this.

EXT. POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE GYMNASIUM - LATER

Brian driving slow, past...Sea of candles. Mass of humanity
 in front of the County Sheriff's Office in a silent
 vigil...Pam opening door, climbing in his passenger's side.

BRIAN
 These all for the Laine girl?

PAM
 (nodding)
 Parents are somewhere out there.
 Since we found her...Can't imagine
 what they're thinking....

Brian lowering his window...Hundreds of faces lit by candles.
 White smoke from them wafting skyward, under a full moon and

EXT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - DESERTED MARSH ROAD - LATER

Brian parking squad car, exits...Pam stepping out, too as

PAM
He's three quarters criminal, one
quarter good guy.

BRIAN
Lets hope the good part showed up.

They walk to...Another truck parked nearby. Lights out. Tough-
looking man climbs out.

JOHN (60's) Dirty jeans. Nervous. No eye contact...Pam smiles
at him.

PAM
John. This is Det. Hay.

Weak handshake.

PAM (cont'd)
You can tell him.

JOHN
Well...He still got it. In the
freezer. Shown it to some people
this morning.
(looks at Pam, then Brian)
He ain't gonna talk to you folks.

Brian nods and we're on

EXT. BAIT AND TACKLE SHOP, DIKE - LATER - NIGHT

Jake at an empty picnic table outside under green mercury
vapor light with a beer. Waiting...Thunder rumbles off-shore.
Breeze is building. A huge thunder-head display of continuous
cloud-to-cloud lightning etching sky as

Pam and Brian pull up...Jake looks at Pam. Gives her a Roman
salute.

JAKE
Hail to the Chief of the Special
Homicide Investigative Taskforce.
Also known as the SHIT detail.

Pam walking to him, looking puzzled...

BRIAN
Special Homicide Investigative
Taskforce.

PAM
Oh. I see. That's almost funny,
except...

JAKE
What?

PAM
Well, you're not a humourous
person, Jake. So comin' from you it
can't be funny.

Jake bristles. Pam knows all his buttons.

JAKE
It's still a County case.

PAM
How's that, Jake?

BRIAN
Cut the crap you two.

Jake tossing the beer in a trash can, irritated...

JAKE
You know what? I got a problem with
all this here. We got a murderer in
Texas City. Rest of this shit is
her's.

BRIAN
There are sixty-plus girls either
dead or vanished off the face of
the earth and...

JAKE
(cutting him off)
In the last twenty-five years!

BRIAN
Twenty-eight open homicides. Right
now. We can't be surrounded by
this...this dark world and pretend
it doesn't exist, can we?

Brian meets Jake's gaze. Jake looks away and

INT. CONVENIENCE SHOP, PETERSON'S LANDING - NEXT MORNING

We're close on a bait freezer opening. Old, shaky finger
pointing.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Let me take it out.

Brian leaning in, lifting out something frozen. Setting it on
a cutting board.

CONSTABLE RANKIN (70's) Beside them, watching as

Pam scrapes ice, revealing...A woman's hand. Pam sets a picture of a fingernail design, 'Kerstan Laine' typed on the top, next to it.

PAM
Can't tell. We'll need to thaw it out.

Jake standing silently in the doorway, watching...Brian breaks more ice away. Severed finger missing.

BRIAN
...Ring finger.
(to Constable Rankin)
Ring finger?

He shrugs his shoulders.

BRIAN (cont'd)
How long will it take you to get gas and restaurant, receipts for the last four days?

Rankin ignoring him. Looking at Jake...Brian makes eye contact with Jake. Jake shakes his head, 'Damnit'. Stepping in. Taking the Constable aside, confidential...

JAKE
Come here, Rankin.

RANKIN
Ain't seen you in years, boy.
You're an important person now.
Used to come over here a lot with your Daddy.

JAKE
(deliberate)
No. I was dragged over here a lot by my Daddy. Then I hung around while you and Pop and the rest of the bums drank as much alcohol as you could then vomited all over each other.

RANKIN
(laughing)
Shit, you remember that day? First guy pukes then all the rest go at the same time. All over the damn card game...You got to drive him home though. And you was only what eleven, twelve?

JAKE

It was a thrill. Listen...I never came here because I wanted to and I never had a good time when I was here. And I want you to answer my partner's questions or I'm gonna get your Peace Officer's license pulled, all right?

Rankin's eyes opening wide. Brian holding back a smile and

EXT. CONVENIENCE SHOP - PETERSON'S LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Brian, Jake and Pam following Rankin across a knee-deep-in-sucking-mud camp on the edge of the bayou. Scrub pine forest. Old washing machines, lawn mowers. A run-down gas station.

They head to

EXT. MULATE'S RESTAURANT AND DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Pam stop to at the door to hose off the mud before going in. Jake and Rankin go on ahead and

INT. MULATE'S RESTAURANT AND DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jake striding in, scanning

Huge open dance hall with dark wood paneling. Low life Cajun hangout...Four men at the bar. Rankin walks to them, makes some sort of ineffective head move. They ignore it.

Jake steps up, cigarette in hand.

JAKE

I'm Detective Souder. Texas City Police.

No one seems to care. Neither does Jake.

JAKE (cont'd)

Which one of you found the hand?

A poacher in a flannel shirt nods.

FLANNEL SHIRT POACHER

Me.

JAKE

(pointing)
You three...?

POACHER #2

We wasn't there.

JAKE
 (to Flannel Shirt Poacher)
 Well, I want to thank you, boy, for
 givin' us a hand.
 (palm out)
 The ring, asshole.

Flannel Shirt Poacher turns and looks to his buds.

FLANNEL SHIRT POACHER
 Who the fuck is this guy?

Big mistake. As Flannel Shirt Poacher turns back...

Jake flicks the cigarette right into his chest. Flannel Shirt Poacher looks down, two hands quickly brush the cigarette away as his face meets...One near perfect straight right from Jake. A cannon shot. Flannel Shirt Poacher goes down hard.

The room in temporary shocked silence until

Poachers #2 and #3 are up and on Jake with more fury than he expected...Jake knocked to the floor, solid kick to his ear. Another to his ribs, slammed sideways as

PAM
 Hey!

Running in. Brian fast behind her, seeing

Pam blind-sided by...Poacher #3 turning on Brian, throwing as...Brian pulls back, snaps his head with two lightning-quick left jabs and puts everything behind a right hook. Crack. Poacher #3's jaw fractured as

Flannel Shirt Poacher coming up behind him, slipping in a punch at his back. But Brian's turning, slamming two shots to his face. Then a third, feinted high and thrown low, into his larynx. Guy's on the dance-hall floor. Brian on him as

Jake clutching ribs, watching...Poacher #2 up, making a move.

JAKE
 Hey, asshole!

And Pam's up, grabbing Poacher #2 by the hair and collar, kicking with her right leg behind his knee to destabilize. Pinning him to the bar. Smashing his face one, two, three times on the rail. Nose broken, blood. Turning to

PAM
 Brian...He's down.

But Brian can't seem to stop. Hitting him again and again, blood everywhere...She's grabbing around his waist as

Jake stumbling over, trying to pull Brian off...Brian lifting Flannel Shirt Poacher up, smashing jaw as

PA BAM!

PAM (cont'd)
Fucking enough!

Her weapon out, wood smoking from the round she put into the floor...Everyone stops. Heavy breathing. A beat.

Then Brian's squatting to Flannel Shirt Poacher. Grabbing his thumb, twisting hard enough to put him back down to the wood. Guy's in agony, pulls up a chain around his neck.

Kerstan Laine's ring. Brian snaps the chain off...

BRIAN
The finger?

POACHER #1
Threw it in the bayou.

Brian pulls a map, lays it on the floor next to his face...

BRIAN
Show me...exactly...

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

And we're on Brian climbing in behind the wheel...Pam beside him. Touching welt under her eye...Jake falling in the back. Popping open a beer, taking a swig as

Rankin tapping at the window. Brian lowers it...

CONSTABLE RANKIN
Could I have them back?

Handing him pile of receipts. Brian looks through them.

BRIAN
These are all the gas receipts? For the past week, right?

Rankin nods...Brian raises the window in his face. Shifts to 'Reverse', pulling out and

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. BAYOU ROADS - CONTINUOUS

Brian driving. No one talking until...

JAKE
That Rankin's one toilet huggin' drunk.

Like that's supposed to be funny. Brian looks at him in the rear-view mirror. Finally...

JAKE (cont'd)
Told you I didn't want to come over here. Too goddamn unpredictable.

BRIAN
There's a difference between unpredictable and out of control.

JAKE
Well, least you stayed cool.
(taking swig of beer)
More out of control things get, more you like it. That's you. And that's OK for New York or Texas City. But not over here.

BRIAN
Is that right.

JAKE
That's right. You think you seen it all. What you don't know is just how close to the edge you are right here, right now.

He takes a beat. Looking out the window...Brian watching him in the rear view

INT. FIRST PRIZE BARBEQUE - TEXAS CITY - AFTERNOON

Friendly, busy lunch crowd. Waitress, carrying dirty dishes in one hand, passes behind the counter to show something to the harried Owner chopping barbeque for a sandwich. Scoops the meat onto a bun. Wipes his hands as...She thrusts a napkin in front of his face. He can't read it. Looks to her. Frightened, she reads, almost whispers...

WAITRESS
"Tell those two detectives to get ready for my next strangle."

She turns and nods...

WAITRESS (cont'd)
On an outside table.

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, CSI ROOM - LATER

We're on Jake and Brian as they read the same napkin note inside a clear plastic evidence envelope. Say nothing...Pam and CSI Investigator with the hand, trying to roll the prints off it...Office Assistant enters.

OFFICE ASSISTANT
Brian, guy from the phone company
called. Says it's urgent.

Jake looks at Brian.

BRIAN
How long ago?

OFFICE ASSISTANT
About an hour.
(reading notes)
And an Ann Sliger was caught trying
to sell a driver's license at
school? She had your card on her.
She's in reception.

Hands him a sealed envelope. Brian, looking at Jake, rips it
open. Pulls a driver's license. Holds it without reading.

BRIAN
Run this name. And where are the
gas and restaurant receipts from
today?

PAM
(chinning to her bag)
I got 'em.

JAKE
You want me to come to the phone
company with you?

BRIAN
No.

Jake, sensing something, grabs the envelope from Pam.

JAKE
I'll do that.

BRIAN
This is a priority, Jake. There is
no gas station within fifty miles
of that place. So if you're not
going to do it right away...

JAKE
Don't worry. I check it all out.

CSI wipes off the fingers. Pam looks up, hopeful...

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR
(shaking his head)
No good. Can't lift one print.

PAM
I'm gonna have to talk with her
parents.

Jake stuffs everything into a large manila envelop. Brian is grabbing his coat, walking fast to the door and

INT. TCPD POLICE STATION, RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Brian striding to the exit past...Little Ann standing, smiling at him. He doesn't smile back.

BRIAN
Why don't you just go home and
watch TV like the rest of the kids?
Can you do that? Without getting
into trouble?

She blinks, taken back. He's never spoken to her that way.

LITTLE ANN
Yeah.

BRIAN
(hard)
Good. Now get out of here.

Heading to the doors...She tears up. Yelling after him...

LITTLE ANN
Yeah, I'll just go home and sit on
my little couch with the rest of
the Brady Bunch. 'Cept you know
what?

BRIAN
(not in the mood)
What?

LITTLE ANN
Mom's givin' blow jobs for wine on
that couch. So I'll have to wait a
little while. Probably miss my
favorite show on Nickelodeon, you
know?

He's at the doors. Puts his hand to his mouth, rubs his lips.

BRIAN
(gently)
Come on with me.

Holding open door...A beat...Then she walks defiantly to him.

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Little Ann sit silently, he drives.

BRIAN

I guess sometimes you think you can
only count on yourself. Right?

(no answer)

But you're never alone you know.
Somebody's always looking out for
you.

LITTLE ANN

Who? God?

BRIAN

Yeah.

LITTLE ANN

God's too busy.

BRIAN

Is that right?

LITTLE ANN

Yeah. I figured it out. Everybody
is breaking his balls all the time.
Gimme this, I want that. He's
doesn't have time for me.

BRIAN

Sure he does.

LITTLE ANN

(sarcastic)

Used to leave him a lot of messages
but he never called me back. Maybe
you got the right number.

Brian pulling up into

EXT. PHONE COMPANY, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

Wait here.

She nods...He pushes out, goes inside to

INT. PHONE COMPANY, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brian walking fast down hall with

JIM (late thirties) Phone technician...

PHONE TECHNICIAN

The first attempted rape and the call to your partner later. I think you were right. Same guy.

BRIAN

You mind showing me how you know that?

PHONE TECHNICIAN

Voice analysis chart.

Hold up papers, shows Brian two charts overlaying each other.

PHONE TECHNICIAN (cont'd)

See the red? That's the first call to "911" from the woman. Lila? Assailant's the background voice?

BRIAN

Yeah.

PHONE TECHNICIAN

Now the blue...That's the call to your partner that came in later on the office phone.

BRIAN

OK...Can you tell where the second call came from?

JIM

Yep. Guy was either real lucky or knows something we don't know.

BRIAN

How do you mean?

JIM

We got almost no coverage in the area he called from. Signals don't get in or out. You get a connection, you walk ten feet and it disappears. We even have to bring in outside construction contractors to erect towers and repeaters in there, do the maintenance.

BRIAN

Why would you do that?

JIM

(shrugging)

People who grew up around here don't want to go in.

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
 They'll tell you it's malarial or contaminated or Lyme tick or some crap. But that's not it. They're just plain scared.

BRIAN
 About what?

They're at the Tech Ops office.

JIM
 I forgot. You're not from here.

Jim pushes in, Brian follows him into

INT. PHONE COMPANY, TECH OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim leading him through equipment in small room, moving to...A large map on the wall beside Jim's desk. His hand brushing across the map...

JIM
 Got this from the U of T in Galveston. Our local mapping crew wouldn't go in there either. Know who that area belonged to?

BRIAN
 No.

JIM
 The Karankawa. See these Bayous? University told us these here were actually Indian trails. They were pushed into these estuaries by Comanches and the Spanish. They were big. Six feet tall. Covered themselves in alligator grease and dirt against insects.

BRIAN
 Yeah?

JIM
 (nodding)
 Early settlers, if they wandered in and got caught, the Indians would torture, kill, sometimes...eat their victims.

BRIAN
 Cannibalism.

JIM
 (nodding)
 Children. Young women.
 (MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
 (shrugging)
 They finally killed them all off
 early in the 19th century, Mexicans
 and U.S. Navy together.

Brian blinking at Jim's map, the shaded areas.

BRIAN
 Its the Killing Fields.

Then Jim reaching for a file on his desk...Grabs phone
 company records from a file, flipping through them...

JIM
 He is using a cell phone, but ti's
 a woman's name...
 (scanning records)
 Kerstan Laine...

BRIAN
 Jeez-is. He's using her phone...

Brian takes the records. Reading them himself, stunned.

JIM
 You OK?

BRIAN
 How much 'coverage' can you give me
 on that number right now?

JIM
 Are you asking for what I think you
 are?

This is too much...Brian doesn't answer, his face says it
 all. Jim shakes his head 'no'...

JIM (cont'd)
 It's illegal. I get fired. Phone
 company gets sued. You go to
 jail...

BRIAN
 I got a killer murdering women to
 get even with Jake and I. We have
 no idea who he is.

JIM
 Then get a warrant.

BRIAN
 He's hunting for another victim.
 Right now, Jim. And once he has
 her, he's going to call us...as he
 is murdering her...like he did
 before...so we can hear it happen.

Jim swallows.

BRIAN (cont'd)
I need your help.

EXT. PHONE COMPANY, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Brian stepping out the building with the Phone Company map, walking fast to his car...and Little Ann is not inside. Passenger door open. Brian's metal writing pad holder and notebook on the street.

He squats down to pick it up...looking around.

Street's empty. She's nowhere in sight.

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see Brian, car parked behind him, walking around. No activity. Goes up the stairs, takes his gun out and places it behind his hip, out of sight. Knocks on the door. No answer. Looks back around. Nobody home.

INT. TEXAS CITY POLICE GARAGE - LATER

CSI dusting for prints on the outside passenger door of Brian's car...Brian hands him a fingerprint sheet. CSI takes them. Continues to dust...

BRIAN
She's on juvie parole.

CSI pulls back. Looks at Little Ann's prints.

CSI
I think I got some of these on the inside. You, Jake and her. No prints on this door, Brian.

BRIAN
Nothing?

CSI
Nothing. Clean.

Brian's disappointed.

CSI (cont'd)
Let me show you something.

Opens the door, slides inside.

CSI (cont'd)
She had her hands like this...

Brian watching as...CSI grabs the center computer console with two hands.

CSI (cont'd)
 ...with her back to the door...see
 the way her fingers were wrapped.
 Her butt would be facing out.

Points. Looks at Brian.

CSI (cont'd)
 Not conclusive but somebody could
 have been pulling her out of your
 car.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian rips his Killing Fields chart off the wall. Grabs a box of ammo. Out the door fast. Meanwhile...

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR-EXT. FRANCINE'S TWO-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake parking. Looking out windshield at...Several black folks hanging around Francine. She comes out to his car, eating something. Sticking her head inside the car. As she talks, she spews bites of food on Jake who has to move his head.

FRANCINE
 That Levon back in the
 neighborhood. They givin' everybody
 a hard time now. Him and his
 cracker partner. Don't pay no mind
 to the police.

JAKE
 You're spitting food all over me.

She covers her mouth with a napkin. Giggling, muffled...

FRANCINE
 Sorry.

JAKE
 I can't find Lady Worm or Sheila.

FRANCINE
 You as' me they hiddin'. You scared
 the shit outta them.

Jake shakes his head, strange look on his face again. Nods to Francine, backing squad car out as

EXT. FLAMINGO ISLAND - LATER

Brian's car parked near the rusting steel bridge across a muddy Bayou. Bed of an old dump truck sits in a tidal pool, encroaching moss and vine-covered trees. Huge rusted sign Flamingo Island sign near the woman-in-the-ditch crime scene.

We see Brian at the hood of his car with the Phone Company map, overlaying his onion-skin 'Killing Fields' map. Raising, lowering the top map, looking underneath.

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

From the murder scene we follow Brian as he walks into the forest. Paths from another world thousands of years old. Tracks in the mud. Animal prints. Human debris.

He stops, cross checks with compass, making notes on map as

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. PINK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulling up, situating so he can see the garage without being seen. As he waits, he opens the large manila envelop from the office. Shakes out the gas and restaurant receipts, pushes aside Little Ann's stolen driver's license. Gets out his note pad and pen. Settles in as

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Two Detectives, parked discreetly down the street. Clipboards attached to dash. Photos of Levon, Lady Worm, Sheila... Waiting like Jake. Through the windshield

The black Infiniti passes.

Detective #1 picks up the radio...

BASE (O.C.)
Base to 7 IDA 04

JAKE (O.C.)
Go ahead Base.

BASE (O.C.)
We can't raise 03.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
(into radio)
7 IDA 06 to 7 IDA 04.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake, writing notes from the receipts.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 06 standby. Base try 03's
 residence. Tell him were set up on
 the garage. 06 go ahead with your
 transmission.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 We got a black Infiniti doing the
 block here. He's been by us three
 times already.

Jake quickly goes to his note pad.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 06 gimme the plate.

Detective #1 running his finger down a list of plate numbers.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 Not our guy 04. It's Texas 89
 Juliet Romeo 623.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 That thing tricked out with some
 ground effects shit? Blacked-out
 windows, custom wheels? Dent in
 the rear panel?

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 10-4. They left the area.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 He must have switched plates. 7 IDA
 04 to all units. Our boys are on
 the set. 06 key us off when they
 come back.

Jake goes back to working the receipts. Looks at Little Ann's
 stolen license. Sees something. Goes to the receipts, then
 back to the license.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 04 they're back on the set.

Jake, looks up, grabs the radio.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 04 to all units. Stand by for my
 signal.
 (MORE)

JAKE (cont'd)
 06 I want you to leave the area.
 And make it look good. All Units: I
 want them to enter the garage
 before we take them.

SURVEILLANCE DETECTIVE #1
 (into radio)
 10-4.

JAKE
 (into radio)
 Base see if you can raise my
 partner again.

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake is out the car, shotgun on a sling down by his side...

JAKE
 Come to mama.

The side window of the garage. Up and in and

INT. TEXAS CITY POLICE RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RADIO OPERATOR
 (into radio)
 Base to 7 IDA 03.

She waits no response.

RADIO OPERATOR (cont'd)
 (into radio)
 Base 7 IDA 03.
 (beat)
 Base to 7 IDA 04. 03 not
 responding.

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake, plugs an ear piece line into his radio. Radio silence.
 Makes his way around the Lexus. Up into the garage loft. Lays
 shotgun down. Adjusts his ear piece. Hearing as

EXT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The black Infiniti slows down at alley that leads to the
 garage...Then pulls away as

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Brian comes to a wide path off the trail...He follows it, stepping out into

Sunlight. Yellow crime scene tape, small red flags. The ditch crime scene...Brian grabs his cell. Hits a speed dial. Nothing, no reception...He marks his map. Jogs back to the bayou as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake on his belly in the loft, listening on his ear piece...

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
7 IDA 07 to 8. You see the lady with the shopping bag passing your location now?

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
Zero 7 code 4.

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
Is that one of our two ladies?

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
Older one I think, zero-7.

Jake speaks into his radio, quiet...

JAKE
(into radio)
04 to 08. What's her twenty?

EXT. PINK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lady Worm carrying a heavy cloth shopping bag, struggling as she walks.

RADIO #2 (O.S.)
One block east of you. Seems to be coming your way...

She stops. Sets the bag down. Looks around nervously and picks it up again, walking fast struggling with the bag

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Brian walking fast, turning west on a trail and seeing...A broken, wooden cross. Tilted and weatherworn. He pulls out his 'Killing Fields' map. Tracing with his finger. Stops.

BRIAN
(to himself)
...Jane Doe #7.

Makes a note. Straightens the cross, keeps walking as

WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake, flat on his stomach watching as

The garage door is pulled open...Lady Worm struggles inside, sets the bag down...She opens the driver's door. Opens the bag pulling out a half-gallon milk jug.

Jake furrows his brow, watching as

Lady Worm opens the jug and pours it on the passenger seat. Pulls a Bic lighter, flicking it on to flame...Jake standing.

JAKE
NO! Hold it down there! Hey!

She looks up, startled...Jake fast down ladder, but too late as

Whoosh of flame momentarily engulfs her, knocking her to the ground. Jake on her, dragging her out the door and

EXT. LADY WORM'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake pulling, Lady Worm screaming. Hair on fire. Jake pulls her tee shirt up over her head to put it out, looking up at...The garage now completely engulfed in flames as

From nowhere, the nose of the Infiniti emerges through the thick smoke. It stops.

A beat.

Jake brings up his shotgun.

RADIO #1 (O.S.)
All units. Target Infiniti is in the alley. 04 we're seeing smoke out here. What's your status?

The Infiniti reverses. Disappearing back into black smoke as

LADY WORM
They have my girl! My girl is in
that car!

Jake bringing radio up...

JAKE
(into radio)
04 to all units. Suspect vehicle
backed out. Has a hostage. Hit it
now. Roger that transmission?

RADIO #1 (O.S.)	RADIO #3 (O.S.)
Roger the hostage zero-4. 06	5 to 6 I got it.
to all units whose's got the	
eyeball?	

RADIO #2 (O.S.)	JAKE
07 to 04 you need assistance?	(into radio)
	07 Come around and pick me
	up.
	(changes channels)
	04 to base.

BASE (O.S.)
Go 04.

Jake laying Lady Worm down. She's crying, screaming as

JAKE
(into radio)
We have a garage and car on fire at
the corner of "E" street and the
Dike. I have one civilian with
burns.

BASE (O.S.)
Roger zero-4. Please standby on....

Suddenly Infiniti barrels at them. Jake pulling Lady Worm
just as

The Infiniti slams by the flaming garage. Crashing through
fence, across the backyard of a house followed immediately
by...Two Squad cars in hot pursuit and

INT. INFINITI - CONTINUOUS

We're on Levon behind the wheel...Rule, fearsome, in the
passenger's seat. Pistol, sitting forward as if looking for a
better view, staring strangely as

Sheila screams from the backseat, hands tied...He twists,
grabs her around the neck. Attempts to pull her into the
front seat...Levon freaked, looking out windshield at

Two Police vehicles coming at them. One in front, the other to a screeching halt...Detectives, Uniformed Police out. Weapons in hand...Levon looking over his shoulder...More cruisers, more police on foot.

Sheila screaming. Rule grabbing her again as

Levon slamming on the brakes...Police, Detectives rush to them...Rule weirdly focused. Gun on his lap.

RULE
Run 'em over.

LEVON
You fucking nuts?!

Cops running, taking position as suddenly...Rule fires three shots...Glass pierced, striking an Officer as

EXT. INFINITI - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Police bullets slam into the Infiniti. A Uniformed Sargent, hands in the air...

UNIFORMED SGT.
Don't shoot! They have a hostage!
Nobody shoot!

Cops drag the wounded Officer away as

INT. INFINITI - CONTINUOUS

Rule ramming his gun into Levon's cheek, then jamming his foot on top the gas pedal and

The car explodes. Jumping curb, roaring at full acceleration forcing itself between two houses. Two kids watching, knocked off a porch as

The Infiniti veers out onto

INT. INFINITI/EXT. MAJOR THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

Infiniti gunning...Patrol cars right behind it forced to stop, Officers out to help injured kids as

Chase cars forced into high-speed reverse as

The Infiniti engine ignites. Wheels, twists to a stop...Levon tumbling out followed by Rule...Sheila clawing her way out onto a fours, up, running the opposite direction as

Police taking up positions...Rule aims at a gold colored Pontiac Gran Prix and he's over the car. Pointing his gun at the driver. As he squeezes the trigger...

LEVON
Don't do that nigga!

Ripping open the driver's door. Driver thrown to the street. Rule shoves Levon out of the way. Levon runs to passenger's side as

Police, dogs. Two cars behind the Infiniti now as

Rule turns, fires at the Police. Police return fire. He doesn't flinch, fires more rounds as

DOWN THE STREET

Jake appears in the opposite direction, walking deliberately. Shotgun aimed, eyes on the Driver crawling away, waiting for him to be out of range as

Rule drops in behind the wheel. Gun hand out the window, firing backwards as he accelerates. Weaving amongst on coming traffic, unaware he's driving right to...Jake watching Levon screaming, pointing. Then Jake fires. Slugs slamming into car as it passes him at high speed and

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Brian at a steep path, squatting to examine pieces of a woman's dress. He pulls his cell, dialing number. Slowly looking around...

BRIAN
(into cell)
Jake. Jake?...If you got me, I think they got Little Ann. I need you and your dog over here. I'm midway between the Taylor crime scene and the poacher's camp. Jake? You there?

Nothing.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREETS, TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake standing in the middle of the carjacking aftermath...Police. Ambulance, flashing lights. Uniformed DPS, Sheriff Deputies, Texas City Police, and

The blacked out Infiniti across the center line.

Jake next to it, cell to his ear..

JAKE
 (into cell, quietly)
 Our two scumbags came back to get
 their car, Brian.

BRIAN
 (into cell)
 What happened?

JAKE
 (into cell)
 They got away, both of them. Shot
 Flavin, ran over a kid, burned down
 your precious fucking evidence.
 That's about it.
 (beat)
 Look. Give whatever you got to Pam.
 (beat)
 They're all gonna live for
 Christsakes...

Jake snaps his cell closed. Looks around.

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU, CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Brian closes his dead cell...A beat...Then grabs a large
 root, claws his way up, pulling himself following pieces of
 fabric snagged on bushes. Drag marks, a filthy blanket...

Someone's purple butterfly scrunchie, caked red blood...

BRIAN
 ...Jeez-is...

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - LATER

Brian deeper in the forest, working the maps. Shafts of
 changing light reveal the late afternoon. He stops to listen.

Twigs snap underfoot, tree limbs move.

He moves quickly off the trail, removing weapon. The sound
 comes closer and

Suddenly an animal darting through the brush at him. Jake's
 hound Pete. The dog loves Brian...Jake follows behind...

JAKE

That's all I would need to happen.
Have you shoot my dog. What's wrong
with you anyway? Little Ann didn't
show for her ballet lesson?

Brian holsters weapon...

BRIAN

Had her in the car. Went into the
phone company, came out, she's
gone. Door's open, my note book,
papers are all over the street.

Jake has that "your shitting me" look on his face.

JAKE

And...?

BRIAN

Over here.

Brian turns and walks followed by the dog and Jake.

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU, CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Brian taking out the maps...Jake staring at the body.

BRIAN

Look it...That's the area where the
phone company said the call to you
originated from.

JAKE

I just left the biggest cluster-
fuck of my career to come look at a
map and a mummy.

Brian unrolls the onion skin overlay. 'Killing Fields' map
heavily marked up. He points.

BRIAN

This isn't where he kills them.
There is a body here, but it's not
his killing field. See this? That's
where Pam found the last girl. See
these? Other body recovery sites.
Like a radial pattern. This Bayou
connects all the sites. His killing
field has to be real close.
Somewhere in the center.

Silence, watching as Jake looks. Flipping maps back and
forth, stalling to gather his thoughts.

JAKE
Whooptie fuckin' do. So get Pam.

BRIAN
Get Pam?

JAKE
We have zero jurisdiction out here.
(stepping to him)
Lookit, Brian...Listen to me. I
ain't doin' battle over here. Not
on this ground. I got two fugitives
on the loose in Texas City, kay?
Hour and a half it'll be dark. And
this place, after dark...

BRIAN
What about it?

JAKE
I'll go right to the edge with you
and fight, but I won't cross over.
I'm harder than you are and I won't
fight here. And you ain't cut out
for this.

Brian looks around...Then back to Jake, 'Fuck it'. He opens a
mesh bag. Removes the men's pants.

BRIAN
Leave me your dog.

JAKE
You stole evidence?

Brian ignoring him, holding the pants for the dog to smell...

BRIAN
Am I doing this right?

But the act itself immediately ignites the dog. Jake
restrains him...The dog digging at the earth, howling until

Jake relents. And the dog is immediately off, nose to the
ground. Brian and Jake running to keep up, following the
trail of the Bayou, below the forest floor and we're on

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU, WATER'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Jake jogging after...The dog working the shoreline
hard. At the intersection a series of small, heavily
vegetated islands lay a stone's throw across black murky
waters.

The dog plunges in and swims to the middle island, disappears
into brush. Jake looks at his watch and shakes his head.

JAKE

Damn. I'm gonna get that dog back here.

BRIAN

Wait.

Pointing up to

A stack of turkey vultures cutting smooth circles in the thermals over the island. Jake shakes his head, 'no'. Whistles for his dog as suddenly

The sounds of a dog fight. High pitched squeals...Brian and Jake moving fast through the murky waters. Brian ahead, finding an opening in the bush and

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Brian pushing out into a clearing, seeing

The dog rolling over the top of a large vulture. Two more birds in the fray. Brian fires his weapon. Two of the birds lift off. The sound of the gun echo across the bay as

Brian and Jake look around...Rusted card-table, chairs. Filthy bedspreads, blood stained ligatures tied low to saplings. Women's clothing. Like a visitor in a death chamber, we sense they know they should not be there.

Jake's dog loping to him, Jake petting her...

JAKE

(quiet)

Good girl. It's OK.

Brian moves to a wood cutting saw on a table. Offshore, a thunder cell is forming. Lightning can be seen in the distance arching from cloud to cloud.

Jake to a pile of cloth, kicking it with his feet as

BRIAN

Hey...Slow down, partner. That's evidence.

The dog runs off to a large pile brush at the edge of the clearing. Jake follows her, moving branches until he sees

The feet, now legs. Hips of a girl tied to a log...The dog barking, excitedly. Brian jogging to them...

JAKE

Let me cut the rope, then we can pull her out.

Unfolding a knife...Brian pulling her legs, seeing her hands. Still intact.

BRIAN
Hands. See that?

Jake nodding, cutting. Pushing a branch away from her face and we see

Little Ann's body.

Mouth taped, eyes shut tight...Brian falling to his knees, breathing hard...Cloud to cloud electrical activity in the distance increases, darkness setting in as

Brian reaches down and grasps her two hands, taped together at the wrists in an unanswered prayer. A small brown bag has slipped from her jacket pocket, the bottle of Pepto Bismol as

We follow

One tear drop, or is it raindrop, from Brian floating slow through the air and landing just below her right eye, then watch as it becomes absorbed into her face. Rain falling.

BRIAN (cont'd)
(quietly)
This is what I mean...this is what
I mean...

Jake stands, knowing enough not to speak. His dog licks Little Ann's cheek. Brian gently reaching for the dog, to push him aside...

But Jake's crouching fast, realizing...

JAKE
Brian...He wouldn't be doin'
that...!

Pressing his fingers on her carotid artery. She's alive. Barely...Jake moving decisively, yet uncharacteristically gently, to remove the gray tape from her mouth as

BRIAN
Look out.

Pushes Jake to the side, quickly lifting her off the ground. He runs with her in his arms, Jake out ahead now clearing branches. Down to the water. The dog swims while Jake and Brian, carrying Little Ann, crossing to the Bayou as

WE CUT TO:

INT. STOLEN PONTIAC - DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Storm clouds on the horizon. Rule driving. Pulled forward, doesn't even have his back up against the seat...Levon looks over at him with a mix of disgust and fear.

LEVON

We almost out of gas, my man.

Rule stops under a Route 10 overpass. Opens his window, turns off the motor. Searches his body for a pack of cigarettes. No eye contact with Levon. Speaks as he removes and lights a cigarette. We get a sense the two are already well into a serious discussion.

RULE

What makes you think I won't 'do' any nigga that fuck wit' me? Nigga mess with me I do em'...Blood, Crip, Chief of Poo-lice..my brother...Don't matter to me.

(takes a first drag)

You seen it today.

LEVON

Yeah, I seen it alright. That's not what I'm sayin', you know what I mean? What I'm tryin' to tell you...

RULE

What you tryin' to tell me is maybe you not so hard you think you are. Maybe you just a bitch.

LEVON

I'm in it too.

RULE

(mocking)

Yeah. You Billy Badass. But that don't make you hard. You still a bitch in my book.

LEVON

That's not what I'm tryin' to say, my nigga.

RULE

Then what the fuck are you tryin' to say, Boy?

LEVON

You don't shoot no laws. You got to dee-scriminate. Know what I'm sayin'?

RULE

Nigga, I do whatever I want.

(beat)

I even do you like that. You get in my way.

LEVON

You ain't talkin' in front of no whores now. So don't sit there and think I would let you do that. We in it now. Jus me and you. You know what I'm sayin'?

RULE

Yeah, we real tight 'til you get caught.

LEVON

I ain't never gonna talk 'bout them whores. They dead. They ain't gonna talk either.

RULE

But 'jew real worried 'bout them laws. Aint 'jew. Well, I ain't runnin'. I got a couple a bitches to take care of first.

Feral rocking in his seat as he smokes. No eye contact.

RULE (cont'd)

Don't matter 'bout you, Nigga. I shoot you...

Drag off his cigarette.

LEVON

If you pull a gun on me that show our friendship just die right then.

RULE

Then get your gun and shoot me first, man.

Silence. Turns to Levon.

RULE (cont'd)

(louder and harder)

Get your gun, nigga!

Levon stunned. Reluctantly pulls his pistol from his waist band.

LEVON

Say nigga, you don't believe I shoot you?

RULE
 (louder, goading)
 Nigga, if you hard shoot me then.
 You pull a gun on me and don't use
 it, now I'm gonna have to kill you.

Levon, now wide-eyed and cognizant of the ramifications.

LEVON
 I'm serious my nigga. Friendship
 over wit you. Know what I'm sayin'?

Levon lowers his pistol into his lap and

EXT. STOLEN PONTIAC - REAR WINDOW POV - CONTINUOUS

Short flash, loud retorts. Levon slams backwards,
 disappearing instantly...Rule backs out of the car quickly.
 Almost in a panic-rear end first, from the driver's side.
 Stands by the car...9mm in one hand, brushing blood spatter
 from his shirt and pants. Gray smoke exits the car as

WE CUT BACK TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

The dog emerging from the brush. Jake ahead, opening the
 first car's door, Brian's. Brian carefully sliding her into
 the back seat...then moving fast to Jake's car.

BRIAN
 Give me your keys.

Jake doesn't move. Brian with his hand out...

BRIAN (cont'd)
 Now, Jake! Take her back. Now!

JAKE
 You're going to try something
 stupid, aren't you?

Brian turns. Jake grabs him, Brian slams him so hard against
 the car he falls down.

BRIAN
 Don't fool with me, Jake.

Jake gets up.

JAKE
 We got two fugitives...

BRIAN
They kept Kersten Laine alive for
two days. They're coming back for
Little Ann.

Brian heads back into the forest. Jake pushes up to his feet.

JAKE
And what do I tell Gwen?

BRIAN
She already knows.

Dog quickly running to Brian as they head for the pine
barrens...Jake yanking open driver's door and

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

He's backing out fast. Glancing at Little Ann in the back
seat.

The wind begins to pick up. Clouds blot out the moon. He
flips on his head lights, speeds across the dirt Farm Road.
The sound of the red dashboard bubble light clicking as it
rotates and we're on

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Brian kneeling with the dog at the edge of the clearing...

Out at sea, a huge thunder cell, known in these parts as a
super-cell, comes together with the collision of enormous
black clouds throwing off a continuous array of massive
electrical bolts in ever connecting webs of high voltage,
never once sending one to earth. Each bolt sends thunder
through the sky, echoing deep waves of sound. The air is dry,
the wind stampedes.

The moon slips in and out of view. Wind through the pine
needles rising so loud that it drowns the sounds of the
insects...Brian and the dog watching, wait as

WE CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. REFINERY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake speeding toward...Patrol cars, an ambulance coming at
him in the other direction fast. The road is empty. Cracking
refinery lights line the horizon. As they reach each other

Jake slams on the brakes. Pushes out...Police, ambulance
stopping too. Doors opening. Medics, Pam running to Jake's
car as...He moves to try to lift Little Ann out and

MEDIC
Hey, Detective. Leave her alone!

Jake stepping back, letting them work. Pam running to him. A map, flashlight.

PAM
Jake!
(reaching him)
Show me where...exactly...

JAKE
Here...it's an island.

State Police stepping up, too.

PAM
How would I get to it?

JAKE
Follow this bayou. It's his trail.

Pam running to her car. Sliding in behind wheel...Jake striding back to his car, the medics...

JAKE (cont'd)
Hey. I'm gonna need this car.

They're in the back and in the front seat.

MEDIC
She's in bad shape. You'll get your car back when we stabilize her.

JAKE
Fuck.

Jake turns to see the cars speeding well down the road...He pulls his cell, dials. Eyes on her flashing lights.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell)
Pam! Come back. Pick me up!

PAM (O.S.)
Jake, you want me to turn!?

JAKE
(into cell)
No keep going!

Jake holds the phone, looking at the lights becoming dimmer.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell)
He's got our dog.

PAM (OS)
Meet you there, kay?

Jake hangs up. Turns and looks at the urgent effort happening in his car.

JAKE
(to himself)
My dog. He's got my dog.

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Brian crouched under moonlight, clouds with the dog. Suddenly alert. Low growl, hair between shoulders on end.

Something is moving. A man.

Brian unholsters his 9MM. Steadies his gun hand. Slowly, moving closer. Twigs snap...The man picks up the wood saw, pokes around with it. Brian appears on the verge of making his move, but then...Holsters his weapon as

The man moves to where Little Ann was found...Brian following, matching each footstep, watching as...The man bends over the brush pile. Throws back a branch.

His head snaps up.

Little Ann is gone.

And Brian's on the man...The man turning, charging Brian with the saw. Slashing arms, vicious...Brian grabbing the blade with in his left hand fierce, methodically sending strikes to the man's face, ribs. Blood from hands spraying as behind him

Someone crawling in the brush. Up on feet now, two hands. Aiming weapon...Strange squeal. The dog barks.

Brian turning fast and

WE CUT TO:

EXT. REFINERY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Medics lifting Little Ann inside ambulance, slamming doors shut as

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake falling in behind wheel. Cell ringing. He slams on gas, flips cell open fast...

JAKE
(into cell)
Yeah.

VOICE (O.S.)
He's dead.

JAKE
(into cell)
Who. Who the fuck is this?!

But the signal's dead. Rush of static...Jake shifting gears.
Flips on radio, alive with cross chatter communications

JAKE (cont'd)
(into radio)
Somebody just called my cell. Said
"he's dead".

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Pam climbing a small hill...High beams from car lights
illuminate behind her as she moves into the forest. Flash
lights. Police, some ahead. Some behind.

PAM
(into radio)
Said Brian's dead?

JAKE
(into radio)
No. Just said the words "he's
dead".

BACK IN SQUAD CAR

Jake looks down at Brian's pager on the seat, bleeding red
light. He reads the number...

Lower the mic to the seat. Grabs his cell. Punching in the
beeper number...The line picks up and we

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PHONE COMPANY, TECH OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim at his desk. Headset, pen and note pad as

JIM
(into headset)
Brian! He just called your partner!
He said somebody's dead!

IN BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR

Jake speeding, swerving around slow station wagon...

JAKE
(into cell)
Who is this?

Jim suddenly worried.

JIM
(into headset)
Who am I talking to?

JAKE
(into cell)
I'm Brian's partner. Who are you?

A beat. And Jim hangs up, staring at the phone as

Jake speeding, hitting 'Redial'...Jim finally picks up. Says nothing.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell)
Don't hang up on me again, asshole.
How do you know he just called me?

Jim is silent.

JAKE (cont'd)
(into cell, irritated)
OK, I'm gonna ask you one more time
how you know he called me. If I
don't get the right answer out of
you, I'll be at your house in five
minutes.

Jim sitting, he just knew it was going to go like this...

JIM
(into headset)
The guy is using Kerstan Laine's
cell phone, OK? I'm helping
Brian...I'm helping...

JAKE
(into cell, stunned)
You work for the phone company?

Silence, then...

JIM
(into headset)
Yes.

JAKE
 (into cell)
 ...So your 'up' on her phone. They
 got my partner.
 (no response)
 Where did the call originate from?
 (still nothing)
 You there, Chief?

Jim is in this far. He shakes his head...

JIM
 (into headset)
 It came off the cell tower on the
 west side...Around the causeway.

JAKE
 (into cell)
 There's nothin' over there...Just
 the bridge.

Jim's got nothing more to say.

JAKE (cont'd)
 (into cell)
 You page Brian if he comes up
 again. You hear?

Doesn't wait for a response. Closes phone, shifting to higher
 gear and we're on

EXT. KARANKAWA BAYOU - CONTINUOUS

Pam stopping. Motions with her hand and...Everyone behind her
 stops. Quiet. She whistles.

A beat.

Then a dog barks in the distance as

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake driving, slows down. Right hand empties the manila
 envelop.

Stops. Dome light. Reading glasses. Reads his notebook. Reads
 phone tolls. Looks at the stolen license.

He pounds the steering wheel.

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Pam watching the dog swim out. Barking, turning around and
 swimming back...Police follow, some swim.

PAM
I can't swim.

She wades in anyway. Officers grabbing hold, pulling her along as

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake speeding, hearing radio traffic chatter. Hearing Pam, Police at the island. Moving to it as

WE CUT TO:

EXT. KARANKAWA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Legs of police, medics. Some running, some on radios through flashlight beams, holding back the dog. Through the confusion we see

Pam kneeling over Brian. His arms by his side, eyes shifting to her as...She bends to him, pulling back her hair. To his face, turning so her ear is almost touching his lips...He is saying something to her. Not for us to hear, then...

Raising her head slow, afraid to touch him. Afraid even her gaze might be too much.

Helicopter hovers overhead, pouring down light...A stretcher floats suspended in the fog...Hands reaching skyward, guiding. Begging for prayers to be answered as

Pam stands, rotor wash blowing away fog isolating Brian as

WE CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake hearing it all on the radio...Then slowing until he's stopped in the middle of the road. Reaches over, shuts radio off.

A beat.

Then hitting gas, pulling U-Turn. Shifting gears and we're

INT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

On Jake pulling at the bridge underpass. Kills his lights, pulls off the road...Steps out and

EXT. BRIAN'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake moving to trunk, opening it. Unlocks a shotgun. Taking a box of ammo, binoculars and

EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake's up the embankment, top of the bridge. Line-of-sight on Little Ann's trailer. Yellow lights are on...Jake looks through the binoculars...Movement inside, Lucie passes by a window.

He pulls the phone tolls from his shirt pocket, flips open his cell, dials...

JAKE
(into cell)
Gimme the girl's number.

AND WE CUT TO:

INT. PHONE COMPANY, TECH OPS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim nervously reads the number...

JIM
(into headset)
...587 2288.

EXT. EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake disconnects and immediately dials up the number. Does not press send. He lifts the binoculars again, sees

Lucie walking to the sink. Eugene stepping out from a bathroom, zipping up his fly.

A beat.

Then Jake hits 'Send'. Doesn't put phone to ear. Watches through binoculars as

IN THE TRAILER

Lucie turns at the sound of the phone ringing. Eugene gets up from the table.

Jake hits 'End Call'. Watches through binoculars as

IN THE TRAILER

Lucie looks out the window...Eugene walks over, says something to her. She brushes him off.

Jake hits 'Send' again. Brings it to his ear this time. Watches as

Eugene is up quickly, out of sight. Lucie seeing, turns. Eugene comes back as if he were sent away. Waits, watches nervous as

Jake with the cell to his ear. Someone clicking the phone on. No voice. Just an open line. Breathing...Jake waits, then...

JAKE
 (into cell)
 Put Lucie on the phone.
 (beat, then loud)
 Put Lucie on the phone.

Shuffling sound.

RHINO
 (into cell)
 Who is this?
 (beat)
 Huh? Speak up, asshole.

Watching as

IN THE TRAILER

Rhino darts his head out the window then back.

EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake disconnects. Anger crosses his face, picking up his shot gun. Checking for rounds. Up on his feet, moving as

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Putting phone down as if it's contaminated.

RHINO
 Fuck it.
 (turning to Eugene)
 I think he's out there.

Lucie comes to Eugene's side.

LUCIE
 Who?

EUGENE
 (to Rhino)
 What did he say?

RHINO
 (points to Lucie)
 He asked for her.

EUGENE
 Why Ma?

LUCIE
 Who asked for me?

Looking at Rhino, then Eugene. Getting no answer.

LUCIE (cont'd)
 What'd you two do? You little
 asshole...what did you do?

Phone rings again. Rhino reaching for it, but Lucie grabbing it before he can.

LUCIE (cont'd)
 (into cell)
 Hello.

Rhino tries to take it. She spins, moves away.

LUCIE (cont'd)
 (into cell)
 Hello...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OLD CAUSEWAY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake sliding down the embankment, phone at his ear.

JAKE
 (into cell)
 Ask him what they did to Little
 Ann.

LUCIE
 (into cell)
 What?

Jumps onto the road...running now. Disconnects.

INT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rhino has the phone now. Throws it hard across the room.
 Lucie turning to Eugene...He shakes his head...

EUGENE
 I did nothin'. Rhino...

RHINO
 (cutting him off)
 He killed a goddamn cop.

Rhino fires two rounds. Eugene hit in the chest, rotates clockwise, hits the floor hard. Rolls to his stomach, up on all fours, moving across the floor, to the front door as

Lucie is up, aiming knife again into Rhino's shoulder blade...He spins back. Fires into her chest and

She's down, gone as

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Jake fast up steps...Eugene out on all fours, screaming as

EUGENE
(seeing Jake)
Help me!

Screen door slamming open and

Rhino is out. Firing into Eugene...Eugene down...Rhino slams up against the side of the house. Gun in one hand, struggling to pull Lucie's knife from his shoulder with the other.

Jake is up. Moves in, looking to take a clear shot.

Rhino back to the wall, sees Jake. He tries to raise his gun...Jake takes a step forward. His boot on Rhino's gun hand, shotgun in his face. Out of the corner of his eye

Neighbors out of their houses. Eye contact. They turn, run.

RHINO
You started this whole thing.

Jake looks back to...Rhino. Intense, ferocious. Blood spurts rhythmically from his wound.

RHINO (cont'd)
Why don't you use your partner's
gun...

Jake steps off Rhino's hand. Picks up the gun...It's Brian's. Anger crosses his face.

Sirens. Red, blue lights couple miles off. Coming fast.

Jake lifts the shotgun up to Rhino's face...Rhino in spasms. Nods.

RHINO (cont'd)
I knew you...first time I saw you.
Go ahead. It's how I want to go
out...And it'll make you...make you
into something else...

Both men...Eyeball to eyeball...Jake breathes through his nose, stares into Rhino's eyes.

Close enough to see a reflection of himself.

He takes Brian's gun from Rhino's hand...Rhino growls low, dying but not dead yet, watching as

JAKE
Don't think so. Think you gonna lie
there...And watch yourself bleed
out...

Jake turns, backs down the stairs. Flushed, gritting his teeth. Turns, walks to the street, not looking back and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAWN

We're on Jake pulling up to parking lot, seeing

Official cars, press vehicles parked around the emergency room. Helicopters parked. No lights flashing. Several uniformed and plainclothes officers linger outside.

He drives to the outer edge of the lot and parks. Finds a pack of cigarettes, lights one. Long drag, rests his hand on the open window edge. His thoughts come slow. Exhaustion taking over...He leans back, trying not to close his eyes and

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR/EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - LATER

Officers moving quickly to Jake's car as

He sits up. Sees them running to him, hears them calling his name. His eyes shut tight, he squints hard, all his face muscles at work as...One tear is forced out of his right eye. It stays entangled in his eye lash...Across the half-moon of the tear, shadows can be seen moving. A universe wrapped in a tear.

We're on

Title Card: 'Several Months Later'

EXT. LITTLE ANN'S TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

Little Ann standing yards from the trailer. Windows boarded, police tape. She looks around, never up as

Jake pushes through the broken front door carrying a small cardboard box. Makes his way down to the bottom of the stairs. Opens the flaps. Trinkets. Worthless.

JAKE

OK?

Little Ann doesn't look in the box.

LITTLE ANN

OK.

JAKE

Don't you want to look?

She doesn't answer...He moves to car, sets the box on the back seat. Little Ann goes to get into the back...Jake opens the front door. She hesitates then gets in the front.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - TWILIGHT DESCENDING - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann riding quietly with Jake. Eyes straight ahead as they move out from under the bridge, across the Galveston Bay causeway...Now past the huge steel flood gates through the moat behind which lies...The refinery breathing flames into the sky and then they're turning East to

INT. JAKE'S CAR/EXT. TEXAS CITY - CONTINUOUS

Jake driving Little Ann past the gas stations, the bars, now the shops, the restaurants, turning again to

INT. JAKE'S CAR/EXT. TEXAS CITY SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

Little Ann blinking at neat, modest tree-lined streets. People out walking, talking. She turns to Jake.

LITTLE ANN

Can I open the window?

He quickly lowers the window. She turns back.

One finger at a time, she extends her hand out the window, summer night wind lifting her to imaginary flight...Jake glances over slightly, watching her. Then pulling the car to a curb. Her hand comes back inside.

He sets the car in 'Park'. Turns to her, but she's looking out the window at

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian. Thinner, with a cane. Gwen on the front steps with him, helping him comes to his feet as

INT. JAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake chins to her...

JAKE

Ann.

She turns to him.

JAKE (cont'd)

You ready?

She nods, tentative and

WE PULL UP TO:

EXT. TEXAS CITY, SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

...Brian's house. Jake's car. Ann stepping out of it and into the warm glow of Brian's neighborhood street lights twinkling amongst the trees as

We move higher yet to see

Texas City...then Galveston Bay, vast and unfolding below us as...A new moon begins its nightly climb over the Texas Killing Fields...

The End