

RED FLAG

Written by

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Red Flag

FADE IN:

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPER: Colorado's Red Flag Law Went Into Effect Jan. 1, 2020.

SUPER: At least a dozen Colorado counties have designated themselves "second amendment sanctuaries."

SHERIFF RAMON WEBBLEY (33), a ruggedly handsome, half-Mexican and half-British man in full uniform steps in a dark bar with his wife, HANNAH (33), a slim, pretty woman.

Right behind them is ABBIE BRIGGS (21) a smart and beautiful redhead with a fiery personality in a Sheriff-like shirt with a patch that reads, "Sheriff Deputy Trainee."

The 15-20 patrons turn from the election results on the TV above the bar, to cheer the well-liked Sheriff.

ALL

Ramon!

The Sheriff waves like he's on a parade float in the annual Fourth of July town picnic. Hannah smirks.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Sheriff Ramon Webbley, somewhat of a celebrity in our quaint mountain town, due in part, to winning three elections in a row.

(beat)

And for not arresting anybody in ten years!

(beat)

I convinced him to carry a Taser instead of gun 'cause civilized nations use non-lethal force, and nothing ever happens here anyway. He's humoring me 'cause I hate guns.

Abbie smiles at Hannah.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Hannah. Used to babysit me 'til I turned nine, and she was twenty-one and they got married. Sheriff's high school sweetheart.

(MORE)

ABBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Still love her to death, but she is
 less-nice to me since I've grown
 up. Think she's the jealous type.

Hannah looks around the room and catches several men stealing glances at her, including the smooth-talker and super-rich BOBBY HOWELL (50), who looks like a mannequin in a western wear store. He yells from a dark corner of the bar, toasting a beer. Bobby winks at Hannah.

BOBBY
 Big night tonight, Ramon!

The Sheriff smiles and laughs his way to the bar, where his good friend, JIMMY the Bartender (60s), a heavily tattooed, and truly gentle man, watches TV and ignores the Sheriff, Hannah, and Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Jimmy, snap out of it!

Jimmy turns his head, happy to see his friend.

JIMMY
 (laughs)
 Hey, Ramon. Hey, Hannah. The
 regular?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Nothing for me yet, Jimmy. Still
 got an hour to fight crime, and I'm
 breaking in a new Trainee.

HANNAH
 Tap beer with the lowest carbs,
 Jimmy. Thanks. Serve the birthday
 girl, first?

Jimmy looks puzzled as he pours Hannah a beer, and smiles at Abbie.

JIMMY
 That little Briggs girl can't be
 twenty-one.

Abbie smiles and presents her driver's license.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 That's me. Spoiled little rich
 girl, Abbie Briggs.
 (MORE)

ABBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Graduated Berkeley at twenty,
 accepted into a top law school next
 fall pending a rewrite of my
 application essay, which needed
 more personal experience; hence my
 volunteering to shadow the Sheriff
 as a Deputy Sheriff Trainee.

JIMMY
 Twenty-one, sure as hell. Mom, the
 Judge, know you're here, slumming
 with Ramon?

Abbie and the Sheriff laugh, as Hannah watches the election
 results on the TV.

ABBIE
 Not happy about it, but she knows.

JIMMY
 Anything to drink? First one is on
 the house.

Abbie points to her Trainee badge.

ABBIE
 I'm on duty.

Abbie turns back and sneers at Bobby.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 That's Bobby Howell, Esquire, the
 county District attorney, and
 coincidentally, the richest man in
 town, and my single-mom's best
 friend. He's married, but you'd
 never know it.

The Sheriff turns to Bobby and smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Bobby. You mean, you knew it was
 the smartest kid in the world's
 21st birthday?

The Sheriff winks at Abbie and they share a moment, which
 Hannah sees, so she glares at her husband.

BOBBY
 I was talking about the election.
 Big night!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 I don't run for another two years!

Bobby toasts the Sheriff again. His posse of five male ranchers (30s-60s) follow suit.

The Sheriff looks puzzled, so Bobby yells.

BOBBY

You'd never enforce an unjust law,
would ya, Ramon? If you don't for
something, you stand for nothing!

Everyone hears Bobby, including DONNY PRUIT (mid-20s), a short thug in a black hoodie who follows Bobby like a puppy.

ABBIE (V.O.)

That's Bobby's posse, who I
laughingly call "the Jeffs," --
I'll explain later -- who look to
be recruiting, little Donny Pruitt,
the biggest thief in town, always
in a black hoodie and saggy jeans
to draw attention to his poor
behavior. Such an idiot.

(beat)

The Jeffs are loud-talkers who
occasionally pat their poorly
concealed holstered handguns.

(beat)

They don't like me 'cause I'm not
like my Ma.

Abbie smiles and nods to the left to see six Farmers and Townies (30s-50s).

ABBIE (V.O.)

Those are the farmers and townies
drinking white wine, Moscow Mules,
and margaritas. They are soft-
talkers constantly checking
smartphones. They're harmless, but
they don't like me 'cause they
think I'm like my Ma.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Howdy, y'all. I'm buying the first
round tonight!

(Hannah glares at him)

Just kidding!

They smile and politely wave to the Sheriff and his wife,
ignoring Abbie.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 Differences aside, everyone in town
 loves the Sheriff, and maybe
 someday, it'll be for the right
 reasons.

The Sheriff smiles toward his wife, who ignores him.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 (chuckles)
 It was a quiet, boring little town
 my whole life, which is why I
 didn't have anything interesting to
 say on my law school application
 essay.
 (beat)
 But that was all about to change.
 (beat)
 Tonight!

The Sheriff's radio beeps.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

SUPER: "Across the county, one hour earlier"

Deserted mountain road, except for a silver SUV and a lone
 driver, HARRY TRUMAN DONALDSON, (short, white male, mid-20s)
 in a black hoodie, face obscured by darkness. The car faces
 downhill. We never see Harry's face.

A small sedan approaches uphill, driven by an African
 American teen (JAWAN JACKSON, 19) in a red hoodie.

When Jawan's sedan is 30 yards from the SUV, the driver
 starts the car and puts on his high beams.

Jawan drives slowly up to the SUV and rolls down the driver's
 window, cussing as he stops the sedan right across from the
 SUV with the driver's window down.

Jawan holds up a small packet of white powder.

JAWAN
 Kill the high beams, bitch! Show me
 the money like last time.

Jawan reaches to his passenger seat, and cocks a pistol.

Harry nervously but quickly pulls out a small pistol with a
 gloved hand, and shoots Jawan in the head.

Harry experiences an adrenalin rush. He hops out of the SUV, reaches in the sedan, and removes the drugs, Jawan's wallet, and his smartphone before popping the trunk.

Harry triumphantly rips the pistol from Jawan's hand, then rolls up the window.

He steps to Jawan's trunk and puts something in a black plastic garbage bag. We can't see what it is.

He pops the trunk of the SUV and gently places the garbage bag in the back, next to a small Priority Mail box.

He cautiously removes the mailing box and places it in Jawan's trunk before pulling away.

After driving well down the road, Harry stops, waits, and listens, without looking back.

Jawan's car EXPLODES in yellow smoke.

Harry slowly pulls away until flames light up the rearview mirror. Then, he speeds away.

BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The Sheriff answers his radio from his same spot at the bar.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
This is Webbley, go ahead.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Got a call from Maggie Carver, said she heard a boom sound about thirty minutes to an hour ago.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Boom sound? Sonic boom? Like jets overhead? Didn't hear it here.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Up Owl Canyon Road, she said.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Took her an hour to call it in? I'm off soon. Can't it wait 'til morning. We gotta birthday...

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Now, Sheriff!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Okay, we're on it. Let's go, Abbie!

Everyone sees the Sheriff kiss his wife on the cheek.

JIMMY

Taking off, Ramon? Be careful out there, Abbie.

Abbie jokes with Jimmy.

ABBIE

Got my bullet-proof vest on.

JIMMY

Don't cover your face, does it?

Abbie feels the vest under her shirt, and looks worried.

BOBBY

(yells at the TV)

Can't leave now! Damn liberals are tearing up our Constitution. Take rights from one of us, you take rights from all of us.

The Sheriff waves politely at Bobby, and whispers to Hannah.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Back in an hour for Abbie's birthday cake. Gotta fight crime.

(loudly)

Crazy Carver woman reported a sonic boom.

HANNAH

Nothin's more important to my husband than to remain well-liked and get reelected.

JIMMY

(smiles, yells)

Remember what Ramon always says: "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and whiskey when it makes no difference."

Everyone, but Hannah and Abbie, cheer. The Sheriff tips his hat and exits with Abbie, as Bobby slyly moves in on Hannah.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Sheriff pulls sideways across the road where he and Abbie see a smoldering sedan, with yellow smoke billowing out.

The Sheriff steps out of the patrol car with his flashlight and Taser.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie, got your vest on?

Abbie's eyes open in panic.

ABBIE

Yes, Sir! But didn't think I'd ever need it around here.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Stay in the car!

He creeps closer to the yellow smoke escaping from the driver's side windows.

He sees a dead, burned body inside, drawing him closer.

Abbie is scared and starts to exit the patrol car to escape back down the road on foot. The Sheriff yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Back in the car, Abbie, now!

Abbie gets back in the car, worried and scared.

The Sheriff sees a bullet hole in the skull, and sticks his head in the car to see if there's a gun.

Suddenly, he screams, covers his eyes, and stumbled back to the patrol car.

ABBIE

You okay?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Water! Water! Abbie, douse my eyes, quick!

The Sheriff stumbles to get in the car, and shuts the door.

Abbie's hands shake as she grabs a water bottle and pours water on the Sheriff's eyes.

ABBIE

What happened?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The smoke. Something in it. Victim
was shot and burned.

The Sheriff groans in anguish. He can't see well at all.

Abbie keeps flushing his eyes. The Sheriff's shirt and pants
are soaking wet.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes closed coming around
the car, and drive me to Emergency.

Abbie gets out, and keeps her eyes closed and hands on the
car going around the back. Fear turns to angry confidence.

ABBIE

What is this? Chernobyl? What nut
would do something like this?

The Sheriff scoots over as Abbie gets in and starts the car.

He fumbles for his radio and makes a call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Dispatch, Webbley here. We're up
Owl Canyon Road and I gotta car up
here that could have exploded.
Smelled phosphorus. Still smoking.
Need help securing the scene with a
HAZMAT crew. Need masks. Everyone.
When it's safe, send up the
Coroner. I'm heading to Emergency
to get my eyes fixed.

The Sheriff hangs his head in despair, as Abbie guns it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sheriff wears dark wrap-around eye-protectors as Abbie
reads from her tablet computer and whispers in his ear, while
he's on the land-line phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No, Ma'am. Doc said might take more
than twenty-four hours. Smoke
contained phosphorus. Lots of it.
My Trainee will be my eyes for a
few days. As an official Trainee,
she can even drive me around,
safely of course.

(beat)

Can't take time off, Ma'am.

(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Town's worried about a killer on
the loose. Don't blame them.

Abbie gains confidence and continues to whisper in his ear,
and he repeats everything loudly.

(beat)
No I.D. on the vic. No phone. No
gun, but a gunshot to the head.

ABBIE
(louder)
So it wasn't suicide. Drug deal
gone bad?

The Sheriff puts a finger to his lips. Abbie gets it, and
whispers softly in his ear. It's a sexy vibe.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
So it wasn't suicide. Stolen car.
That's right.
(beat)
Uber driver, Ma'am, but the car
thief was Caucasian, my vic is
black, I think.

ABBIE
(louder)
A double-boost?

The Sheriff covers the mouthpiece and whispers sternly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What do you do? Watch nothing but
detective shows?

Abbie shrugs, continues reading from her tablet and
whispering in the Sheriff's ear.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
White kid stole it for the black
kid. Uber driver got conked in the
head, no recollection of events,
but they released him from County
General. We'll talk to him again
tomorrow.

Abbie pulls the Sheriff's sleeve to bring his ear closer and
she whispers more quietly (and sexier).

The Sheriff rolls his eyes in disgust at Abbie before
repeating it on the phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

The perp's car had the most common SUV crossover tires in the state. No luck there.

The Sheriff pulls away from Abbie and listens to his boss.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Election day. I know that, Ma'am.

The Sheriff turns to see a November calendar with the Tuesday circled, and yellow sticky that reads: "Abbie, 21!"

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Haven't given the Red Flag issue much thought. Gotta murder to solve. Call ya tomorrow.

He ends the call, as a cute, overly perky, and unduly persistent TV Reporter, TAMMY CHANG (30), charges through the door with her lapel body-cam rolling.

Abbie waves to her and quickly steps aside.

Tammy holds a BRAND tablet computer, and wears an all-business smile, and gets in the Sheriff's face.

TAMMY

Tammy Chang with Channel 8 Live speaking with Sheriff Ramon Webbley on election night, where the citizens of our fair state overwhelmingly voted in the new Red Flag law. Any comment, Sheriff?

Sheriff smiles disarmingly, as Abbie waves her arms in celebration behind Tammy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ms. Chang, nice to see you again.

Abbie taps Tammy on the shoulder and chuckles.

ABBIE

Loved that segment you did for Halloween where the grammar school had a ghost theme parade, and it ended up looking like a KKK rally.

Tammy ignores Abbie, and turns serious with the Sheriff.

TAMMY

A black teen senselessly gunned
down on our county road, then
burned up in his car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He stole the car. You and that
police scanner of yours! Can't
comment on ongoing investigations.

Tammy spins quickly to see Abbie smirking, but turns back to
the Sheriff seriously.

TAMMY

Dozen sheriffs across the state
declared they won't enforce the new
law that would allow confiscating
firearms from mentally ill and high-
risk...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ms. Chang, you'll have to excuse
us. We have work to do.

TAMMY

What our viewers want to know is,
will you enforce the new Red Flag
law, or will this county be a
Second Amendment Sanctuary like
some of these other counties?

The Sheriff responds quickly, without thinking it through,
unfiltered. His dark glasses add a sense of doom.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I know some towns declared
themselves sanctuaries for
immigrants.

Abbie smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

But I'll have to give this some
thought. Second Amendment
Sanctuaries?

(smirks)

What's next? 19th Amendment
Sanctuaries that refuse to let
women vote? 13th Amendment
Sanctuaries that allow slavery?
Should sheriffs decide whether or
not to enforce red stop lights?

Abbie chuckles behind Tammy, but the Sheriff glares at her.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
 Sorry, just kidding! Spoke off the cuff. I shouldn't do that. No filter sometimes. Do me a favor? Don't use that. Catch me later. If you'll excuse us, we have a murder to solve and a birthday party to get to!

Sheriff grabs a coat and Abbie guides him out. Tammy scoffs, and turns her tablet's camera to her smiling face.

TAMMY
 This from well-loved Sheriff Ramon Webbley, who carries a Taser instead of a pistol, and now hides behind dark sunglasses. He has no idea what he's up against in this town! This is Tammy Chang, live from Channel 8.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Abbie starts the car with a gleam in her eye.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 We need to stop at the Tavern.

Abbie looks over and grins, but the Sheriff can't see her. She guns it, spins out, and hits the lights and sirens.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

We see the patrol car racing through town, through red lights, screeching around corners, and ending the lights and siren just before skidding to a stop outside the Tavern.

EXT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff is angry, and Abbie is laughing as they exit.

ABBIE
 One time only, honest!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Jesus, Abbie!

ABBIE
 What would you have done at my age?

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The Sheriff and Abbie step in the dark bar at closing time. Jimmy wipes down the bar. Hannah and the townies are gone. Only Bobby and the Jeffs remain, moping in a dark corner.

Jimmy sees the Sheriff's dark eye covers.

JIMMY

What happened to you?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Couple of days with the glasses.
Long story and can't talk about it.

JIMMY

Good thing you have a driver.

ABBIE

He's very appreciative. Calls me
his Jesus Abbie.

A TV above the bar displays election results. Three pieces of birthday cake sit on paper plates at the far end of the bar.

The Sheriff smiles and speaks loudly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Birthday cake for my designated
driver.

JIMMY

What can I get you, Ramon?

Sheriff glances at Abbie and the Jeffs and laughs loudly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'll have a seven and seven and
seven!

Jimmy laughs, but Abbie and the Jeffs do not.

JIMMY

You mean, a seven and seven?
Seagram's and Seven-up?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I mean a seven and seven and seven!
(turns and smiles)
A seven and seven, every seven
minutes!

The Jeffs are silent. Jimmy laughs again, and makes the drink.

Abbie strolls to the cake.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
How many years have I been drinking
here, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Upwards of ten years, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Don't ya think it's time you sent
me home to my wife!

Jimmy laughs at the Sheriff's jokes as Abbie eats cake.

Bobby cuts his laughter short and yells.

BOBBY
Not gonna enforce it, are ya'
Sheriff!
(elbows Donny)
Isn't that right, Donny?

DONNY
That's right, Bobby.

Donny smiles toward Abbie who ignores him.

The Sheriff shrugs at Bobby and Donny, then turns to Jimmy
and whispers.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What's this about?

Jimmy and Ramon whisper.

JIMMY
Red Flag law passed! Townies and
farmers cheered.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
So did Abbie.

Abbie leans closer to Jimmy and the Sheriff, listening in.

JIMMY
Her Ma came in, pissed her daughter
weren't here. Saw the election
results.

Abbie holds a clenched fist high in celebration.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Then she stormed out yelling you'll never get reelected if you enforce that stupid law! And now Bobby and his crew are like a hornet's nest.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Got other things on my mind.

Jimmy glances toward Bobby.

JIMMY

This is bad, Ramon.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Town is that divided?

JIMMY

Everyone's being labeled either an anti-gun nut, or a gun rights nut. No middle ground.

ABBIE

You mean people who respect and uphold the law, or don't!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No middle ground? That's nuts!

ABBIE

(leans closer, whispers)
Know what happens when an unstoppable force collides with an immovable object?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What happens, kid?

ABBIE

Absolutely nothing. Stubborn old people never change their minds, and life goes on.

The Sheriff looks concerned, as he sips his drink.

Bobby confidently toasts his beer toward the Sheriff.

BOBBY

Sheriff won't let us down.

Sheriff half-smiles in Bobby's direction.

The Sheriff turns back to Jimmy, as Abbie glares at them all.

Suddenly, on the TV, we see the face of Sheriff Webbley next to a smiling and babbling Tammy Chang.

Abbie sees Tammy's face on the TV, and grabs the Sheriff's arm to guide him out. We HEAR the Sheriff's voice on the TV.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (V.O.)
 Second Amendment Sanctuaries?
 What's next? 19th Amendment
 Sanctuaries that refuse to let
 women vote? 13th Amendment
 Sanctuaries that allow slavery?
 Should sheriffs decide whether or
 not to enforce red stop lights?

Bobby and his crew glare at the Sheriff and Abbie as they exit. The Sheriff mumbles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 "God, grant me the serenity to
 accept the things I cannot change.

Tammy Chang enters, pushing Abbie and the Sheriff aside, making a beeline for Bobby and the Jeffs.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOME - NIGHT

The Sheriff and his wife are in bed with reading lights on either side. Hannah reads "Becoming Michelle Obama." The Sheriff, in his dark glasses, can't read, John Cleese's book, "So, anyway." Sad mood.

The Sheriff slams his book closed.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Can't read what I can't see.

HANNAH
 Should have worn a mask.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Thanks for the hindsight.

HANNAH
 Missed an unforgettable 21st
 birthday party. Cute little Abbie
 missed it too!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 She's loved you since you were her
 babysitter fifteen years ago?

HANNAH

She had puppy eyes for you too.
Still does, I see.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Smart kid, but just a kid!

HANNAH

Mother can't get rid of her soon
enough! But not heading to law
school 'til next fall, if she gets
in at all, even with her Ma's help.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Mom's the one judge I never liked.
How could her daughter be so...?

HANNAH

Different?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Liberal! Only real liberal in town.

Hannah holds up her book.

HANNAH

What about me?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You haven't come out of the closet.

HANNAH

Better than being a flip-flopping,
middle of the road-type, completely
driven to be well-liked.

The Sheriff turns sadder as he takes off his dark eye covers
to expose chemical burns and bright-red eyes. He squints in
pain and reaches to shut off his reading lamp.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Have to get reelected in two years.

Hannah smirks.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Gotta murder to solve. Besides, Red
Flag says we're only obligated to
confiscate a firearm if law
enforcement or family go to a judge
to declare that gun owner to be a
threat to themselves or somebody
else.

HANNAH

They take the guns away forever?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No, up to a year, shorter if the person's no longer a threat. But some of my fellow sheriffs swear they'll never enforce that law.

HANNAH

Can they do that?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

They are! What kinda choice are they giving me!

Hannah reaches over and shuts off her reading light, and turns over to sleep.

HANNAH

Maybe no choice. Sink or swim!

The Sheriff smiles at his wife and makes drowning noises.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Glub, glub.

Hannah mumbles and smirks.

HANNAH

Funny now, but half this town is gonna want your head on a spike!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Hannah, know what happens when an unstoppable force collides with an immovable object? Absolutely nothing. Nobody wins.

HANNAH

Like you tonight! Go to sleep!

The Sheriff frowns, barely visible in the dark room, but his red eyes are wide open, worried.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The female Coroner, DOC MEDINA (40s) is a curvy Hispanic and curiously jealous of Abbie walking in with the Sheriff.

DOC MEDINA

What is your skinny little wife gonna say when she sees you tromping around with that young thing?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Hannah used to babysit her. Doc Medina, this is Abbie Briggs, a Trainee 'til she heads off to law school.

Abbie holds out a hand to shake, but the Doc holds up her gloves that show bodily fluids, and Abbie pulls her arm back in horror.

ABBIE

Trying to get some real-world experience, but...

DOC MEDINA

(interrupts)

Don't get more real than this.

Doc pulls off a sheet covering the dead, burned victim, and it stinks.

Abbie backs up ready to puke or faint.

The Sheriff and Coroner carry on the conversation.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What do we have here?

DOC MEDINA

African-American. Male 16 to 25 years old. Cause of death? Gunshot to the head. Saved the bullet for ballistics.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What caliber?

DOC MEDINA

Twenty-two, so it would just ricochet around in his skull. Died instantly.

Abbie turns green and queasy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

T-O-D? Toxicology report? Any hope for an I-D?

DOC MEDINA

Time of death? Probably when the explosion was reported. Should have just been a smoke bomb, but the car's interior went up like a Pinto! Toxicology report? Not 'til this afternoon. We're looking at dental records now, but he was a meth user for a decade at least. We I-D'd him to African-American based on pubic hair. Only part that wasn't burnt off. We got lucky.

Abbie puts her hands in front of her crotch, scared.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(sarcastic)

Lucky, right. Head hair burnt off entirely, but not his pubic hair. Seats accidentally caught fire?

DOC MEDINA

Bullet to the head was no accident.

Sheriff points at Abbie who is weak in the knees.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We better go before you have another victim here.

Abbie is finally able to speak weakly.

ABBIE

About 39,000 people are killed with firearms each year. Motor vehicles claim 40,000. And drug-related deaths, up to 77,000 last year alone.

The Sheriff tips his hat to the Coroner as Abbie guides him out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Our meth-head here got all three!

DOC MEDINA

(yells)

All lives matter, Sheriff.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Got that right, Doc! Call me if you find anything new.

DOC MEDINA

One other thing. FBI is scrubbing
the car for explosives residue.

The Sheriff turns to exit in a foul mood.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

FBI? Just what I need! Another
distraction.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Abbie reluctantly leads the Sheriff to the door. He knocks
and rings the bell, with Abbie standing behind him.

No answer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Back to the patio.

Abbie leads him around the side of the ranch house to a
beautiful patio with a hot tub, where Abbie sees the sexy
blonde hair of a woman, MAGGIE CARVER (50s), in the tub with
her back to them.

The Sheriff's eyes are still blurry, but he smiles wryly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Maggie, it's Ramon. Here with a
Trainee. You decent?

MAGGIE

Never in my life. Howdy, Sheriff.
Hello, Mr. Trainee. Come around so
I don't have to yell.

The Sheriff and Abbie step closer and see Maggie is naked and
unabashed.

Maggie laughs as she sees Abbie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Rumors are true. Little Abbie
Briggs joined the Sheriffs
Department to piss off her Ma.

Maggie and the Sheriff share a moment, and their chemistry is
undeniable.

The Sheriff's body-cam catches it all, until he realizes it,
and shuts it off.

ABBIE

Getting some real-world experience
before law school, Ms. Carver.

Maggie turns snooty with Abbie.

MAGGIE

You gonna be one of them lawyers
who defends our President, or one
of them sleazy liberal lawyers
defending immigrant drug dealers
and murderers?

ABBIE

It's too early to...

MAGGIE

(interrupts, turns to the
Sheriff)

How's that house I sold you at a
deep cleavage discount?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Fine...

MAGGIE

And that now razor-thin gold-digger
wife of yours?

The Sheriff laughs.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

If she was diggin' for gold, she
picked the wrong mine.

(serious)

We need to know the exact time of
the blast last night.

The smile disappears from Maggie's face.

MAGGIE

Went to your crime scene this
morning.

The Sheriff struggles to focus his eyes in Maggie's
direction. Abbie sees this.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Did ya?

MAGGIE

Hammered in a nice white wooden
cross off the side of the road,
laid out colorful silk flowers, and
said a prayer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Might neighborly of you, Maggie.
What time was that boom sound?

MAGGIE

Told you what I told that FBI agent
before the lazy black bastard left.

Abbie glares at Maggie, who ignores her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Between sunset and midnight. I was
stargazing right here in the tub.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Alone.

MAGGIE

(angry)

Yes, alone! You remember those
nights, before you confessed to
being half-Mexican.

The Sheriff looks away as Abbie glares at him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Moment of weakness. Needed to relax
my tired muscles.

MAGGIE

You just don't hop out naked for a
sonic boom! Jet flying overhead?
Bullshit! Saw them tow what was
left of the car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

About the FBI...

MAGGIE

(interrupts)

Said you could have the D-B,
whatever that is.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Dead body.

MAGGIE

He's after the bomber. Collected two dozen samples of ashes, plants and dirt before he left. Lazy black bastard never volunteered to help me pound in the cross. Ordered you to "stand down" on the bomber.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Can't do that, Maggie.

MAGGIE

That's what I told 'em. My great-grandpa, grandpa, and pa owned all this land. Far as the eye could see. First-time anyone's been shot here since Great-grandpa shot those bastard illegal Mexican squatters. No offense, Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Some taken, Maggie.

ABBIE

(sweetly)

What country did you say your ancestors came from, Ms. Carver?

MAGGIE

(angry to Abbie)

Sweden. That was different. Came with nothing but the clothes...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Uh huh.

The Sheriff and Abbie shake their heads, disgusted.

They hear an automatic rifle firing in the distance.

Maggie ducks behind the hot tub, while the Sheriff instinctively covers Maggie with his arms around her chest. His sleeves are soaking wet.

The shooting stops.

Abbie gets up to see the Sheriff with his arms around Maggie from the back.

The embarrassed Sheriff steps back from Maggie.

MAGGIE

Bobby asked if he and the boys
could do some target shootin' on
the south-forty.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You told 'em it was okay?

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

Hell yes! Exercising their rights,
Sheriff.

Maggie gazes into the Sheriff's dark glasses, as the Sheriff
steps back from the hot tub.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Was that as good for you as it was
for me?

Abbie rolls her eyes in disgust as she pulls the Sheriff's
sleeve to signal it's time to leave.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

They're gonna shoot an innocent
bystander someday.

Maggie stands and grabs a nearby towel that only partly
covers her, and she snarls at them both.

MAGGIE

You mean, trespasser!

The Sheriff's phone rings. He shows it to Abbie.

ABBIE

It's the Coroner.

He answers the call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Webbley. Hey, Doc.

The Coroner yells. Maggie and Abbie hear her too.

DOC MEDINA (O.S.)

Toxicology shows heroin, meth, and
opioids. Enough to kill a horse. We
nabbed a DNA sample before the FBI
took him for post-mortem computed
tomography. P-M-C-T. They got the
latest. Who knows if they'll share
the results?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Getting the DNA tested?

DOC MEDINA (O.S.)
As we speak.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Thanks, Doc.

He ends the call, tips his hat to Maggie, as Abbie begins to lead him away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
D-B was black, Maggie. Very kind of you for the cross and all.

Maggie glares at the Sheriff and Abbie as they leave.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Abbie drives the patrol car slowly by the crime scene, and sees the white cross and colorful silk flowers on the side of the road.

They continue up a dirt road leading to an open field where three BRAND luxury SUVs are parked.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Park here. Stay in the car! Got it.

ABBIE
Why can't I...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(interrupts)
These vests or no match for automatic weapons. Stay here; that's an order!

Abbie is upset.

ABBIE
Fine!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Abbie sees the Sheriff's sleeves are still wet, as he exits the patrol car.

ABBIE
Gonna tell them you saved a puppy from drowning?

The Sheriff, embarrassed, puts his arms behind him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

More like a cougar. Just stay here
and monitor the radio.

ABBIE

Fine! Call me if you need me.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Will do! Just kidding! Gotta keep
you safe!

The Sheriff smiles and tips his hat to Abbie as he switches on his body cam and walks up the road toward the meadow.

EXT. MEADOW - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff stumbles up to the meadow to see a blurry image of Bobby Howell staring at the bloody foot of a stunning, but blurry, MARSHA INGRAM (30s), the Governor's Chief of Staff. She wears BRAND outdoor clothes, and one BRAND hiking boot. Her second boot is to her side and bloody. Sitting next to Marsha, and pressing a handkerchief to Marsha's foot is sophisticated, but equally blurry, SUSAN BRIGGS (50), the high-powered judge, and Abbie's mom. An AK-47 sits next to Susan. A few cans and half-bottles of beer lay scattered on the ground.

Pacing like a madman behind them is Donny gripping an AK-47 like a life-preserver to his chest. The Sheriff can barely see him. Donny's hands are shaking terribly, and Bobby is trying to calm him down, but it isn't working.

The Sheriff approaches Donny cautiously.

BOBBY

Was an accident! Simple accident!
We can handle this, Ramon! What are
the dark glasses for?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

My eyes are a little blurry and
sensitive to light. The doc gave me
a special drops.

(squints toward Donny)

Is that Donny Pruitt?

BOBBY

(angry)

It's Donny, but it was an accident!
We don't need you, Sheriff!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Explain what happen, Donny. No one's going to hurt you! Who is this bleeding?

MARSHA

(in pain)

Aah!

(winces)

Marsha Ingram. Total accident.

DONNY

Went off. It just went off.

The Sheriff approaches Donny, who accidentally turns toward the others.

The Sheriff sees the blurry rifle, and points his finger to the far side of the field.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

That way, Donny. Point the weapon that way, then freeze, and stay calm.

The Sheriff glances at Marsha's foot and sees only a little blood, while he creeps toward Donny and gently takes away the rifle.

Donny's hands shake and he collapses to the ground.

Sheriff comforts everyone in a soft voice.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

You'll all be fine. I'll call the ambulance, then you can tell me what happened.

BOBBY

You can't seize that firearm, Sheriff. I called an ambulance. On their way. We have everything under control.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Sorry, Bobby. Injury by firearm requires me to fill out a report. We should see if the weapon malfunctioned.

Bobby gets in the Sheriff's face and yells.

BOBBY

Not how the world works, Ramon! The most powerful people around you make all the rules! You are wise to follow their demands or you'll disappear or get replaced until we get someone who respects our rights. Understand? Donny has the right to bear arms!

The Sheriff remains calm.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He'll get it back, after I have it examined. I understand you're all under a lot of stress...

SUSAN

(interrupts, yells)

Don't need your report. Need the ambulance, you fool! And if you walk away with that poor man's firearm, I'll... I'll...

The Sheriff remains calm and speaks to Marsha, who still shakes.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The Marsha Ingram? Governor's Chief of Staff? Seen you on TV. What are you doing up here?

Marsha doesn't smile.

MARSHA

Fired for sure.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

An accident! Sure the Governor will understand.

MARSHA

(angry)

I'm talking about you, if you take that firearm!

The Sheriff smiles weakly and turns to Susan.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And Judge Briggs. Your daughter's been a terrific help to me. Fine girl you got there. Want me to call her?

SUSAN

Stay away from her, Sheriff! She's leaving your employment effective immediately! Understand.

The Sheriff investigates the wound on Marsha's foot.

MARSHA

They call her "R-B-G with a Glock 43." Soon to be a Superior Court judge. So, go on! Do what she says! Get out of here!

Bobby is angrier still.

BOBBY

We mean it, Sheriff. No report. Go! Leave us and the firearm alone! You're crossing a line here. A line you can't go back from!

Donny's hands shake as he wipes sweat away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Not much blood, probably just a scratch. Keep applying pressure, 'til the ambulance gets here.

Bobby gets in the Sheriff's face again, angrier still.

BOBBY

Unfortunate accident here, Ramon! Law-abiding citizens exercising their Second Amendment rights on private property!

The Sheriff chuckles in a good-hearted way.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Of course, Bobby. I'm investigating a murder down the road. A shooting, by the way. And I heard automatic weapons being fired. Just due diligence checking things out.

SUSAN

You're trespassing and have no warrant! That's illegal search and seizure!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'm sure the good judge understands
the Open Fields Doctrine and the
other exceptions to the 4th
Amendment.

Susan snarls at the Sheriff.

The Sheriff bends and picks up the rifle that Donny held.

MARSHA

Bobby... Mr. Howell was showing us
how to hold...

(crying)

Didn't know they were that heavy,
neither did young Donny over there.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Responsibility is heavier still.

Bobby points down the dirt road toward the Sheriff's car.

BOBBY

Don't need a lecture from the
blind, Taser-carrying Sheriff!

The Sheriff gets a little annoyed, and directs a question to
Donny.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Donny, did you pick up the weapon
yourself, or was it handed to you?

Donny looks up, but he's unable to speak.

SUSAN

Don't answer that!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Was the safety on? Was it loaded?
Has the firearm been modified? Were
you advised it was loaded? Had you
been drinking?

Donny looks away.

SUSAN

Don't answer! Sheriff, we're done
here. Your continued harassment
will not be tolerated!

The Sheriff hands shake slightly as he has difficulty examining the weapon that is very blurry, but he's careful to video the serial number on the rifle, before pointing it down and away from everyone.

The others see the Sheriff's hands shake.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
'Bout five or six shots fired?

BOBBY
(brags)
Dozen, more likely.

The Sheriff grows uneasy as he shares a story.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Arizona, 2014, a nine-year-old was getting shooting lessons with an Uzi, and accidentally killed his 39-year-old instructor.

Bobby angrily rips the rifle from the Sheriff's hands.

BOBBY
Isolated incident! That's it! We're done here! Never took you for an anti-gun nut, Sheriff!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Not anti-gun, Bobby. You know that. Hunt every season. Seen you and the boys, and ladies, at the target range dozens of times.

The Sheriff meekly moves from Bobby. He bends over near Susan and records the serial number with his body cam.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
I'm sure these were all legally purchased...

BOBBY
(yells)
We're done here!

Bobby paces angrier than ever! The Sheriff looks away and talks meekly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
And that the proper background checks were performed, and proper training provided.
(sadly)
(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

We all recall that horrible mass shooting at that high school with a legally purchased weapon like the ones here. I'll go peacefully. Sorry to bother you. I can get your statements later by phone, unless Ms. Ingram decides to press charges.

MARSHA

I won't be pressing charges, you idiot! But I will sue you for defamation of character and damages if this story gets out, Sheriff! You'll be lucky to get a job as a night security guard in a warehouse after this! Owwww!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'll wait in my car for the ambulance.

BOBBY

You're done for, Sheriff!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

If you happen to see a little twenty-two caliber pistol in the area, please report it. Thanks.

The Sheriff turns his body to turn off his body-cam, and remains meek, as he backs away from the angry crowd.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Donny, I may have a few more questions for you for my report.

BOBBY

There will be no report, Sheriff!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Controlled environment like a shooting range with an instructor is one thing. Putting a dangerous and loaded weapon in the hands of a novice sounds crazy to me.

Marsha is fuming, but still in pain.

MARSHA

I'm calling the Governor! I'll have your badge!

SUSAN

See you in court, Sheriff!

Donny looks sad, so Bobby puts an arm around his shoulder.

BOBBY

You'll regret this, Sheriff!

The Sheriff tips his hat, and walks toward his car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No doubt! I already do.

When he's out of earshot, the Dispatch Officer (30s, female) calls on the Sheriff's radio.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Sheriff, we have a report of 10-37, tires matching your description up Roaring River Road.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Copy that. We're on the way. I'll be sending you a video of serial numbers on rifles. Get them checked out for me, will ya?

DISPATCH OFFICER

Will do. On the 10-37, be advised, there's a dead skunk in the driver's seat.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff enters the patrol car to see Abbie shutting down her BRAND Tablet Computer.

ABBIE

Everyone okay up there?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You taking notes for your law school essay?

ABBIE

Experience is the best teacher.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Your Ma was there.

ABBIE

Recognized her parked car. Bobby's too. Didn't know the other.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Governor's Chief of Staff. Injured foot. I'm sure your Ma will tell you all about it. We gotta get clear across the county.

(beat)

No lights, no siren, but you may drive swiftly and safely.

The Sheriff starts to buckle his seatbelt, but has trouble seeing the latch.

ABBIE

Ya know, Sheriff, "Real integrity is doing the right thing, knowing that nobody's going to know whether you did it or not."

The Sheriff stops, pauses, then turns back to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thomas Jefferson?

ABBIE

Oprah Winfrey.

The Sheriff laughs.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You are the smartest kid in the world, but the problem with real integrity is that sooner or later everybody's going to know about it!

Abbie races off.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Abbie drives slowly down the road and passes the crime scene again to see the colorful silk flowers are gone, and the wooden cross is kicked over and in pieces.

The Sheriff calls to the dispatcher on the radio.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Dispatch, we're on my way clear across the county. Send me the ambulance report when they get back from the Owl Canyon, will ya?

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

Copy that.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

We see a nondescript early-model silver SUV in the distance
All the windows on the car are rolled up.

The Sheriff finishes up a discussion with a Fisherman (50s),
while Abbie takes notes.

Abbie hands an I.D. card back to the Fisherman.

The Fisherman walks away, as Tammy Chang races up in a BRAND
electronic car, and hops out wearing a body cam.

TAMMY

Sheriff, is this the car used by
the murderer?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

It smells like it, but at this
point we just don't know.

TAMMY

Smells like it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You'll have to refer all your
questions to the FBI.

They both turn to see a nondescript black sedan roll up to
the site.

FBI AGENT TOMPKINS (40), a dignified African American in a
tailored gray suit steps out the car, and flips a badge.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Please step away from the vehicle.
I'm Agent Tompkins of the FBI.

Tompkins glares at the Sheriff's dark eye protectors, Abbie,
then at Tammy, while he puts on blue latex gloves.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I didn't invite her.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Why didn't that crazy white woman
at the crime scene talk to me?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I think her neck has changed from
pink to red since the last
election. A lot of that going
around lately!

Abbie politely extends her hand for a handshake but the agent in his new gloves declines.

ABBIE
I'm Abbie Briggs, Sheriff Trainee.

Abbie stares at the gloves, and pulls her hand back.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Crying shame and I feel your pain.
We got white supremacists coming
out of the ying-yang! No offense to
the reporter here.

Tammy grunts and looks away.

TAMMY
Some taken.

Abbie and Tammy glance at each other and share a moment, until Tammy checks her BRAND smartphone and screams angrily at the Sheriff.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me Marsha
Ingram, Governor's Chief of Staff,
was injured at the Carver place
today?

Sheriff shrugs. Abbie looks away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Never asked.

AGENT TOMPKINS
You all have to clear the scene
anyway for your own safety.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Won't find explosives in there.

ABBIE
We think if he had another
incendiary device, he would have
used it.

The Agent glares at Abbie, then at the Sheriff.

AGENT TOMPKINS
That's an assumption! We don't make
assumptions! We don't even know if
this is the car!

Abbie gently pulls the Sheriff's sleeve and starts to walk away, smiling.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
It's the car, all right.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Did either of you open the car or even touch it?

ABBIE
No, Sir.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Then how can you be certain?

The Sheriff turns to speak to the agent.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
The tire treads match perfectly. We just got the report that the car had been stolen. My Trainee saw there's a bag of human hair spread out inside the car. He tried to disguise the theft of the car for DNA analysis.

The Agent steps closer to the car and peeks in.

AGENT TOMPKINS
You can tell all that from peeking in the window?

Agent Tompkins opens the driver's door and the skunk smell knocks him back ten feet.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No, I could smell it to!

Tammy captured it all on her body cam and laughs hysterically as she races to her car.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Jesus, Sheriff!

ABBIE
Huh! Calls you Jesus Sheriff.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I bet there's a 22-caliber slug in that skunk. But it's your case!

The Sheriff opens the passenger door to his car. Abbie hops in the driver's seat.

Agent Tompkins yells at the Sheriff.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Hold it right there, Sheriff.

The Sheriff freezes.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Fisherman named Herb Boreman,
reported the car, smelled it, and
called it in. Abbie will send you
the report in an hour.

AGENT TOMPKINS
(smugly)
What else can you tell us?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Driver is probably male and just
over six foot-two based on the
driver seat distance from the
pedals.

ABBIE
Course he could be five-feet tall
and pushed the seat back before
getting out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
But at least we know he wasn't a
professional car thief.

AGENT TOMPKINS
How so?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
This make and model has an anti-
theft tracking device, but our
office couldn't track it, so the
thief probably used a handheld
digital R-F detector to find the
tracking device and remove it.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Duh! What else makes you think he's
not a pro?

ABBIE
The internet claims a car is stolen
every forty seconds in the U.S.,
and eighty percent are never seen
again. Real pros take 'em to chop
shops.

AGENT TOMPKINS

And?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Nearest chop shops are in the city. Wanted to stay local. Hence, the cover up with the human hair and the dead skunk. The 22 will be in a river somewhere.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You're pretty sure of yourself.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We're sure we have a local killer and bomber on the loose! But it's your case. We've got a murder to solve.

The Sheriff gets in his car, but Agent Tompkins stops him.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Wait! Suppose you tell us how long ago he killed the skunk, and how did he get away from here?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'd bring our Coroner, Doc Medina, the skunk and the biggest bottle of white wine you can find. Maybe two or three. Have her look for maggots.

The Sheriff gets in his car and laughs, as Abbie drives away.

INT. PARTOL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff talks to himself, worried, as Abbie drives.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Shit! We got a druggy, killer, and bomber in the county, and probably in town! And he's a smart one.

ABBIE

Covered up his tracks well. But nobody in our town is that smart or a vicious killer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Right, so we're looking for a transient or recent arrival.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Sheriff, we have a 10-15 at the
diner.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Some of the Jeffs flexing their
military might again?

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
You guessed it. Lending loud voices
and scaring off Darlene's
customers, as she puts it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
On our way!

Abbie steps on the gas. The Sheriff holds on for dear life.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Sheriff, we checked the serial
numbers on those rifles. Bobby
Howell owns one. Both were legally
purchased and registered initially,
but the owner for other one been
dead for seven years.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Pull Donny Pruitt's file for me,
will ya?

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Copy that.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

Three Men (the other Jeffs from the tavern, in hunter's camo) in Bobby's and Donny's absence, are led by MATT MADSON (35) and in a heated exchange with female Patron (30s), who storms out as Abbie leads the Sheriff in.

DARLENE PRUITT (50s), Donny's aunt, is the lone waitress in an otherwise empty diner. She shakes her head in disgust.

The tallest Jeff hides his face a lot.

The Sheriff stumbles over to Darlene, who rolls her eyes in disgust at the counter, as Abbie inserts herself into the argument that continues in the background.

Abbie winks at Darlene briefly before glaring at Matt.

MATT

One of our founding fathers, Thomas Jefferson, said, "If a law is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so."

ABBIE

Never said it!

MATT

Did so!

ABBIE

Prove it! Look it up. You all got smartphones, though in your case...

DARLENE

(to the Sheriff)

Scared off my costumers. The three of them. And poor Donny is at home beside himself with guilt 'bout shooting that poor woman.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Don't know everything that happened.

DARLENE

Coffee, black and hot like...

Sheriff glances at Matt and interrupts Darlene.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Sorry, Darlene, how long these boys been preaching here?

DARLENE

'Bout an hour.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(whispers)

Who's winning?

DARLENE

Now, Abbie is.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Smartest kid in the world.

DARLENE

Easy pickings. Ripping that poor defenseless man to shreds over there, and he don't know it.

Darlene, worried, serves the Sheriff coffee.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Gonna arrest my nephew? He didn't mean nothin'. Not a violent bone in his body. Sure he's had trouble keeping his hands off things that ain't his, but what boy his age hasn't.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Seen Bobby?

DARLENE

Didn't show for lunch. Rumor is he's meetin' with the Governor.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(sarcastic)

Swell!

ABBIE

(to Matt)

Find it yet?

MATT

Sheriff will know.

All eyes turn to the Sheriff.

MATT (CONT'D)

Didn't Thomas Jefferson say, "If a law is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so." It's why we call ourselves the Jeffs.

Abbie calmly picks up her phone as asks Alexa.

ABBIE

Alexa, did Thomas Jefferson say, "If a law is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so?"

ALEXA (O.S.)

This quote has been attributed to Jefferson countless times, appearing in numerous memes shared online. However, The Daily Caller News Foundation found no evidence that Jefferson ever said or wrote this saying.

Abbie laughs.

MATT
Alexus don't know shit!

ABBIE
Maybe you should call yourselves
the Fake Newsies?

Matt stands, his anger building, as he steps toward Abbie.

MATT
What do you know? Donny said you're
a little, piss-ant troublemaker.

ABBIE
I know Jefferson didn't extend
freedoms to African Americans,
indentured servants, or women.
Hell, twelve of the first eighteen
American presidents owned slaves.

DONNY
That was legal then!

ABBIE
And unjust! You just made my point!

Matt steps closer toward Abbie in a threatening way, so the Sheriff, still holding his coffee steps between them.

Matt glares at the Sheriff's dark eye covers.

MATT
You blind?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No Matt, but justice sometimes is.
It is a free country, and it's your
right to protect your second
amendment rights, just as the young
woman here has the rights provided
to us all by the first amendment.

Matt forms a mighty fist, and yells at the Sheriff.

MATT
You had no right to threaten to
confiscate Donny's rifle.

The Sheriff tries to lighten the mood quickly.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Didn't confiscate it! We're looking into the rightful ownership of the weapon, and we can't be infringing on Darlene's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of tips in her place of business, so I'll kindly ask you to leave, or I'll have to take you in for disturbing the peace.

Abbie smiles as she turns away with parting words.

ABBIE

Thomas Jefferson did say,
"Enlighten the people generally,
and tyranny and oppressions of body
and mind will vanish like evil
spirits at the dawn of day."

Darlene half-smiles and waves to Matt and the Jeffs as they exit, disgruntled.

The Sheriff watches the three men leave, and sees that the third man exiting is tall and hides his face.

DARLENE

Thanks, Sheriff. Let me get you a piece of pie to take home for that wife of yours. Doesn't come in much anymore.

Sheriff turns to Darlene and Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Who was that taller gentlemen?

ABBIE

Never seen him before.

DARLENE

Don't know. New in town, I think.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I'll ask Matt after he calms down. No pie for Hannah. She's gluten-intolerant recently. Fact, when we're out to dinner, I have to order a side-dish of gluten to make up for her.

Darlene chuckles, as the Sheriff turns to leave.

DARLENE

Thanks for calming Matt down,
Ramon.

(laughs)

He's more human-intolerant lately.

The Sheriff laughs.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Lot of that goin' around. I think
it's contagious.

He tips his hat as Abbie guides him out the door.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Sheriff stares at a blurry whiteboard with Abbie's hand-drawn map showing the "town" in the middle, the burnt sedan to the left, and the abandoned SUV to the right.

The Sheriff dials a number from the office land-line.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Donny? Sheriff here.

(pause)

Do you have a bill of sale for that
A-K?

(pause)

That presents a problem. Original
owner is dead.

(pause)

Didn't say you stole it, Donny.
Just trying to...

Click. The Sheriff stares at the phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Abbie, draw a box above and to the
right of the burned sedan, and
write "Carver Ranch" in it.

She draws a "house-icon" in the middle of the box and a "KKK"
in upper corner of the box.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Add the photo of Marsha Ingram's
bloody foot in the location of the
meadow.

She does. Under the burnt sedan photo she writes a question
mark, and below it writes: "drugs, human killer, bomber, 22-
cal, car thief." Under the abandoned SUV she writes, "car
thief, skunk killer, hair thief."

ABBIE

Where does Donny Pruitt live?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Good question. Find out. And get us a map of the closest barber shops or hair salons, while I make some phone calls.

Abbie whips out her smartphone and sits in a corner chair and whispers.

ABBIE

Alexa, get me a map of the closest barber shops or hair salons.

The Sheriff makes a phone call with a pad and pen in hand.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Matt, this is Ramon. I wanted to personally apologize to you and your buddies about your treatment at the diner by our Trainee.

(pauses)

So I need the names of your buddies there today, so I can apologize to them as well.

(pauses)

Yes, I know it's not necessary. Something I just want to do.

(scribbles one name and numbers)

What about the tall one?

(pauses)

You don't know the tall one? Seemed the most upset, is all.

(pauses)

Yes, that Briggs girl can be too smart for her own good.

Abbie flips off the Sheriff, but smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

But she's a good kid. Again, I'm very sorry.

A map appears on the Abbie's phone, and she adds three "dots" to his whiteboard map, all in town, but spread apart.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They're about to exit the office, when his office land-line phone rings. County Commissioner PATRICIA HARRIS (50s-60s) is on line 1, the speaker phone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Sheriff Webbley.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
(angry)
Patricia? County Commissioner? Your boss who rarely needs to call you?

The Sheriff throws up his arms in disgust.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Hi, Patricia. I'm on the murder case.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Not about the case. I fielded a call from the governor just now. He's not happy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Not often you get a call straight from the Governor.

Abbie inches closer to the Sheriff and phone.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
My point exactly. New Red Flag law has stirred up a hornet's nest here too. Governor saw you and Tammy Chang on the TV. He's furious.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I thought he felt the same way.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
He does privately but that's another matter. He has an election in two years. Like you! Has to appear neutral. Like you!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Several sheriffs came out publicly saying they're never going to enforce the Red Flag law.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

It's fine that some sheriffs say that in conservative counties, long as it doesn't happen in liberal counties, so we can win reelection in all the counties. Get it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Not really...

PATRICIA (O.S.)

(interrupting, angry)

Your county is right in the middle and the Governor needs it to remain neutral. Got it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

So do I enforce the Red Flag law or not?

PATRICIA (O.S.)

He's asking you, no he's telling you, to do nothing, absolutely nothing! Stay off the air and lay low or you'll lose your job!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Has he spoken with his Chief of Staff lately?

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Cute little Marsha Ingram? Why?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

They call her Eileen now. Just kidding. I gotta go!

Patricia is angry, but Abbie chuckles loudly.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

I don't want another call from the Governor!

Click.

The Sheriff hangs up the phone and stares at it for a moment.

ABBIE

(sarcastic)

She sounds nice.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Let's go!

EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Abbie checks the map on his computer and finds the first barbershop.

She rolls around the back to find two trash containers.

She exits the patrol car and peeks inside them and shrugs.

Abbie returns to the car, drives on to another barbershop and drives to the back.

She gets out peeks in the trash containers and shrugs.

Abbie drives to the third barber shop/beauty salon, and drives around to the back.

She stops, gets out and looks in the first trash container and shrugs.

She peeks in the next container and smiles. We see lots of hair clippings.

Abbie turns toward the Sheriff and nods 'yes.'

ABBIE

Goldmine.

Abbie returns to his patrol car gets in and drives slowly down the back street coming to an intersection.

She's surprised to see FBI Agent Tompkins on a stakeout.

Agent Tompkins snarls, but waves in Abbie and the Sheriff.

Abbie parks the patrol car right behind the FBI car.

The Sheriff hops in the passenger seat filled with BRAND snack foods and soft drinks, and Abbie hops in the back seat.

INT. FBI CAR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Tompkins is angry.

AGENT TOMPKINS

What are you two doing here? Our case, remember?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You hoping they return to the scene of the crime for more hair?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Criminals are known to make
mistakes, you know!

ABBIE
Not this one.

The Sheriff grabs one of the snacks and opens it and tosses one back to Abbie. Abbie reaches forward and grabs a bottle of water, and opens it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Look! I've got the county breathing
down my neck to solve a murder.
Gotta find him, is all!

AGENT TOMPKINS
So you found some hair clippings in
the trash can? What's that mean?

ABBIE
Shops locally for supplies! That's
a big deal.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What did he use for his incendiary
device?

AGENT TOMPKINS
That's our problem.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Let me guess. Supplies you can get
at any hardware store in any town
across America?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Maybe.

ABBIE
On the detective shows I watch they
would check the CCTV at every
hardware store within thirty miles.

Agent Tompkins looks back angrily at Abbie.

AGENT TOMPKINS
We don't have all the time and
resources in the world, ya know!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Anything unusual in the vic's car?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Can't tell you much about the bomb, except for the white phosphorus you know about, but forensics picked up gun oil residue on the passenger seat and more in the trunk.

The Sheriff turns his head with a puzzled look.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Gun oil? Vic was armed?

AGENT TOMPKINS

No weapons in the car.

The Sheriff smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What about the skunk?

The Agent turns angrily, then bursts out laughing.

AGENT TOMPKINS

That Coroner, Doc Medina, hates your ass now.

The Sheriff and Abbie join in the laughter.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

How many hours was it dead?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Not as long as you'll be dead when she sees you again.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Did you bring the wine?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Not enough!

They all laugh again.

Abbie takes a moment to smile at the camaraderie developing between the two men.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Two full nights. Maggots?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Yeah, but she said cold temps at night probably delayed decomp.

ABBIE

And no drugs or bomb-making materials in the car? Just hair and the skunk?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Like the Sheriff guessed. And ballistics confirmed it was the same 22. But you guessed way wrong on two or three bottles of wine. That lady needs a case!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

No wonder she hasn't called.

They laugh, and the Sheriff opens the door. Abbie follows suit and exits the car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

We gotta go. Killer has a two-day head start on us. And he's probably armed with something bigger than a 22 by now. Gotta find out what kind of firearm was in the vic's trunk.

(beat)

Oh, on that CCTV, we're looking for a hunter-type.

Agent Tompkins stops laughing. Abbie leans in to hear the Sheriff.

AGENT TOMPKINS

How do you know he's a hunter?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

You don't get that close to a skunk with a 22 pistol.

ABBIE

Way to go, Sheriff!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And skunks are nocturnal. Shooting a small black moving head in the dark takes practice.

AGENT TOMPKINS

(smirks)

Cops do it all the time!

ABBIE

That was mean.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ha! And, funny, Tomkins. We'll get to the shooting range in the morning. I'll let you know what we find out. You let us know how the CCTV search works out.

AGENT TOMPKINS

(sarcastic)

Anything else we can do for you?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Stop referring to yourself in the plural sense. We know it's just you. But now that you've asked. Can we get a list of county residents on your watch list for crazies? Red Flag prospects. Our new assignment! We're working together now!

The Sheriff shuts the door and Abbie guides him across the street to his patrol car and they drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Abbie drives the Sheriff's patrol car across a bridge.

Beneath the bridge is a homeless, unshaven, 50-year-old white male (MR. DONALDSON), wrapped in raggedy blankets off to the side of a bike path.

Harry Truman Donaldson, wearing the same black hoodie, black jeans, and bike helmet and riding gloves, on a BRAND 15-speed mountain bike, rides up to the homeless man, and stops.

HARRY

This should make us even.

Harry pulls a small plastic bag of drugs from his pocket, and tosses it in front of the homeless man.

The man's eyes open widely, and he lunges for the drugs. We see his filthy hands, and bad teeth as he smiles and gives Harry an "upside down okay sign" used by white supremacists.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Source says it's weak. Sorry. May need it all.

Harry returns the okay sign, and rides off.

When Harry passes by the creek, he tosses in a 22-caliber pistol, and rides on.

BACK TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S HOME - NIGHT

Abbie drops the Sheriff off in the driveway.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thanks for helping me out. What time you got?

ABBIE

Almost midnight. Tell Hannah hi for me, and I miss her chocolate chip-oatmeal cookies.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Will do, kid. Pick me up at seven, unless we get a call.

Abbie turns serious.

ABBIE

You gonna be okay?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

My eyes...

ABBIE

Even after you catch the killer, that Red Flag issue won't go away.

The Sheriff smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

After we catch the killer, we'll be heroes!

(beat)

Drive slowly, will ya?

ABBIE

Sure thing. Night, Sheriff.

Abbie pulls away slowly, but a block away, she guns it.

He shakes his head, chuckling, and quietly sneaks in the house.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff takes off his clothes, and sneaks into bed next to his wife. Pitch dark.

HANNAH
Glad you're home safe.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Tried not to wake you.

HANNAH
Thought it would get easier after all these years. It's not! Lifetime of worry every night.

The Sheriff moves in to hug, but she moves away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
So sorry. Had to see where my perp was getting supplies under cover of darkness like he probably planned it.

HANNAH
Did it work?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Yes. Then Abbie and I ran into my FBI buddy staking out the same hair salon. She says she misses your chocolate chip-oatmeal cookies.

HANNAH
Hair salon?
(sarcastic)
Sounds dangerous.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Nothing permanent. Ha!

Hannah chuckles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
See? Nothing to worry about. I'll cook you breakfast in the morning before we go to the firing range.

HANNAH
Firing range? Give Martin a hug for me. Tell him I guessed wrong!

She goes to sleep. The Sheriff's eyes are wide open.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING

A cute blonde Assistant (20s) wearing ear covers shows the Sheriff and Abbie past a wall of large rifles, to the firing range area. The Sheriff wears his dark eye protectors.

Abbie is stunned by the automatic rifles, though the signs read, "Not For Sale" and "Practice Only."

The Assistant hands them each a pair of blue noise reduction ear covers, and points to her boss, MARTIN SCHMIDT (30s) firing a small pistol.

Martin glances over to see the Sheriff and Abbie approaching, puts the safety on the pistol, and sets it down carefully.

Abbie glares at the facility as the Sheriff moves in to hug Martin.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Seen you more since high school
then in high school. How's
business, Martin?

MARTIN

(laughs)

Picking up a lot since the
election. Thanks for coming by
before we open, so you don't scare
off customers. What happened to
your eyes, and who's your guide
dog?

Martin puts a hand out to shake and Abbie reluctantly shakes hands.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie Briggs, Sheriff Trainee, meet
Martin Schmidt. My eyes are blurry
from phosphorus smoke exposure.

ABBIE

Arms dealer?

MARTIN

Owner and safety trainer. Guilty.

ABBIE

Indirectly. I bet you are.

The Sheriff laughs to lighten the mood, but Martin turns serious.

MARTIN
Practically stole Hannah from me.

The Sheriff pats Martin on the shoulder.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
That was high school! Sophomores!
You asked her if she could Disco
dance!

Martin laughs.

MARTIN
Stupid question, in hindsight.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I had the foresight, and asked her
if she wanted to salsa dance! We
hit off right away.

MARTIN
Still going strong?

The Sheriff looks away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
She likes me better as a dancer
than a sheriff.

Martin laughs. Abbie continues to glare at the shooting
range, focusing on the "human targets."

MARTIN
Tell her hi from me.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Don't think so!

The Sheriff turns serious.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Here to ask if you've seen any
suspicious activity in the past
couple of weeks.

MARTIN
Everything's suspicious to you. Can
you be more specific?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Anyone trying out a gun they
haven't used before? Showing up
more frequently? Large purchases of
ammunition?

Abbie coughs disrespectfully and glares at Martin, who laughs it off.

MARTIN

Had a run on A-K shells day after the election.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Suppose our buddy Bobby was one of the shoppers?

MARTIN

Can't give you names. You know that. Less you got a court order.

Martin winks at the Sheriff and he acknowledges the wink.

Martin turns his head with the wry smile.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Rumors spread fast, but funny stories spread faster.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The meadow?

The two men burst out laughing. Abbie is stone-faced.

MARTIN

Some VIPs don't want their names associated with the firing range, much less than an A-K. Would have been a hell of a lot safer here, I can guarantee!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We're after a lone wolf. Maybe a tall white guy who hides his face a lot. Don't know. Keep your eyes open for me, will ya?

Sheriff gets a call from dispatch.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

We have 10-56 and 10-52 under the Owl Creek Bridge. Ambulance is on the way.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(into his radio)

Copy that. We're on our way.

(to Martin)

I owe ya a beer or three!

MARTIN

Don't you mean a seven and seven
and seven?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Damn! Funny stories do travel fast!

MARTIN

(sarcastic)

Nice to finally meet the Judge's
daughter.

Abbie bites her tongue as they remove the ear coverings from
around their necks.

The Sheriff smiles as Abbie leads the way out.

Martin releases the safety on the pistol and continues
shooting. BAM BAM.

Abbie flinches at the sounds of gunfire. The Sheriff doesn't.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Abbie leads the Sheriff along the bike path to two EMTs
(females 30s, uniform and gloves). A gurney stands ready.

EMT #1

O.D., Sheriff. How are your eyes
recovering?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

More slowly than I'd like.

EMT #2 sheds a tear. Abbie looks on with pity.

EMT #2

Last night, we think. Taking him to
Doc Medina?

The Sheriff hands latex gloves to Abbie, who puts them on.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Yes, but let us have a look first.
Abbie, what do you see?

ABBIE

A spoon, lighter, rubber tubing,
and a syringe still in his arm, but
not quite empty.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Awfully neat. And unusual. Bag the
evidence. Each in its own bag.
Carefully labeled.

Abbie bags up the evidence, and pokes around more.

She finds a little plastic bag, with white specks inside.

ABBIE
Tiny clear plastic bag. White
specks inside.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Bag it.

Abbie places the plastic bag in a separate evidence bag.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Anything to I-D the man?

EMT #2
Mr. Donaldson. Can't remember his
first name. Was my high school
civics teacher before he was fired.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Where and when.

EMT #2
The high school. 2001.

Abbie is horrified and stunned?

ABBIE
A teacher?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I was there in 2003? Don't remember
a teacher being fired.

EMT #2
Everybody loved him! Some girls a
little too much from what I
remember. Still sad to see how he
turned out.

Abbie remains speechless.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
We're done here. Yep! Doc Medina's
next. Tell her we'll be in after we
hit the liquor store. She'll
understand.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff enters with Abbie carrying a case of white wine.

Doc Medina stops her work on Mr. Donaldson, and glares at the Sheriff.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

So sorry. That FBI agents insisted I tell them who is the best forensic pathologist I know. They were going to torture me if I didn't talk. They always speak in the plural.

DOC MEDINA

Uh huh! Should have let them torture you.

(to Abbie)

He owes me big time, Abbie.

Abbie smiles.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Did that I-D on Donaldson help you?

DOC MEDINA

Saddened me. Vincent Donaldson, age 50, former high school civics teacher just like they said. No next of kin in the state.

(sadly)

Many folks are just five paychecks from homelessness.

Abbie stares at the body, then backs up looking queasy and ready to puke again.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Heroin?

DOC MEDINA

And lots of it. Pure or laced with something bad. I'll need the tox.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Pure? Laced?

DOC MEDINA

If it was laced with Fentanyl, could be 30-50 times more potent than pure heroin.

Abbie groans in pain.

Doc Medina and the Sheriff glance back for a second, then continue their conversation in normal fashion.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Geez!

DOC MEDINA

Only one in ten heroin overdoses ends in death, so this is unusual.

The Sheriff pauses to think.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I thought so too. Needle still stuck in his arm. Sounds expensive? Where does a homeless former teacher get that kind of money?

DOC MEDINA

Oh, Nazi tattoo on his right buttocks?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Odd for a civics teacher.

DOC MEDINA

So is suicide by heroin?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Maybe someone was out to kill him!

The Sheriff pauses to think.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Not a suicide, or simple O.D. I think we have another murder!

(beat)

Hold off in C-O-D until after we both see the tox report, will ya?

The Sheriff tips his hat to Doc Medina, who flirts with him.

DOC MEDINA

Come over and drink some wine with me?

Abbie is still green as she hurriedly guides the Sheriff toward the door.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Ha! Can't satisfy one woman these days, let alone two.

INT. TAVERN - AFTERNOON

The Sheriff and Abbie enter the bar with only two patrons (Old Drunks; 60s) on either side of the bar, tended by Jimmy.

JIMMY

Awfully early. Even for you.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Just walked down the street like I always do. Abbie says I got bad looks from everyone.

ABBIE

I don't get it. Dark glasses for pity and everything.

JIMMY

(to Abbie)

Half don't think he'll enforce the Red Flag law, disrespecting their vote. They're just angry. The armed half think he'll enforce the someday. They're angrier.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Give me a seven and seven, will ya Jimmy? Just one.

JIMMY

Highest public turnout ever! Did you two vote?

ABBIE

I voted. Never miss it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I never vote. Even for me, when I'm running.

JIMMY

(to the Sheriff)

Problem is, Ramon, no one knows where you stand. If you told them, only half the town would hate you!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Oh? Ya think so?

ABBIE

Dante's Inferno said, "The darkest place in hell is reserved for those who maintain their neutrality in times of moral crisis."

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Then I'll be in good company.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff's wife, Hannah, drives by the tavern in a late model BRAND sedan, and sees the Sheriff's car in front of it. She stepped on the gas angrily.

BACK TO:

INT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Abbie is sad as she types in notes on her tablet computer, glancing occasionally at the Sheriff who is drinking big.

ABBIE
Seen nothing but awful things.
Worst law school essay ever!

The Sheriff has another drink delivered by Jimmy, when his radio beeps. The Sheriff is tipsy and he sounds like it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Webbley.

DISPATCH OFFICER
We have a 10-459 at 1275 Walnut Street.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Anything of importance stolen?

DISPATCH OFFICER
Firearms. Immediate response requested.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Copy that. We're on the way, shortly.

FBI Agent Tompkins enters with an angry face. He sees the empty glasses near the Sheriff.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Supposed to meet at your office half an hour ago. This your office?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Sorry. Did we miss something big?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Your body cam was hacked.

Abbie keeps typing, but the Sheriff stands, annoyed.

AGENT TOMPKINS (CONT'D)
Taken in a meadow? Four friends
with A-Ks. Bloody foot? Went viral.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(slurring his words)
Hacked? That's impossible.

Abbie rolls her eyes in disgust.

AGENT TOMPKINS
So far, only the audio has been
released. So relax!

The Sheriff paces angrily.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Relax?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Right. Don't relax. That means they
got the video too.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Who's they?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Don't know. Looking into it.

The Sheriff struggles to recall portions of the audio.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (V.O.)
Who is this bleeding?

MARSHA (V.O.)
(in pain)
Aah!
(winces)
Marsha Ingram.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (V.O.)
The Marsha Ingram? Governor's Chief
of Staff? Seen you on TV.
(beat)
And Judge Briggs.

MARSHA (V.O.)

You'll be lucky to get a job as a night security guard in a warehouse after this! Owww!

The Sheriff's cell phone rings, but he doesn't even look who sent it, and he doesn't answer the call.

AGENT TOMPKINS

We're getting a list together of known hackers in the area. But if they're any good, they make themselves impossible to track.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

If that video gets out it's game over for me.

ABBIE

Anything we can do?

Agent Tompkins and the Sheriff ignore Abbie and keep talking.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You changed your password lately?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Three years ago. Maybe four.

Agent Tompkins gets in the Sheriff's face, close enough to see his angry face in the reflection of his dark glasses.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Circulated a report in 2018 that all five major body cameras work on radio Wi-Fi and can be hacked!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Didn't she it.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Suggested passwords be changed monthly, if not weekly! And that double-login security techniques be used every time.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Guess I missed that email. Look, I've got a call to get to.

The Sheriff gently pushes Tompkins to the side.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Governor called my boss. Told us to distance myself from you. Sorry, man.

(to Abbie)

Sorry, Abbie. Was getting to like you too.

The Agent turns to exit the tavern.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(mumbles drunk)

I'm screwed!

The Sheriff's cell phone rings again. He holds it real close to his eyes and sees it's "Patricia, County Commissioner."

Jimmy and Abbie look on sadly, while he answers the call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Webbley.

(pauses, angry)

Suspended?

(pauses, paces, angrier)

Pending what investigation?

He is stunned as he ends the call, hangs his head.

Abbie walks over to guide him from the tavern.

EXT. TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

As the Sheriff and Abbie exit, they see Tammy double parked and blocking his patrol car from leaving.

Tammy hops out and turns on her body cam and tablet computer.

TAMMY

Sheriff Ramon Webbley, will you confirm or deny that's your voice on the hacked audio...

The Sheriff awkwardly removes his necktie, and hands it to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(to Tammy)

I'm sushpended. You'll have to take that up with the County Commissioners.

(to Abbie)

(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Drive over to 1275 Walnut Shtreet
and fill out a stolen property
report.

Abbie protests.

ABBIE
Never supposed to go anywhere
alone. Just a Trainee...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(calmly)
Just go. Take the car back to
station after. Thanks.

He opens the passenger door of the patrol car and tosses in
his Taser and his badge.

TAMMY
Suspended?

Abbie goes around to the driver's side, forcing Tammy to rush
her interview, as the Sheriff acts more sober and
authoritative.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Pending verification of the hacked
audio, or the emergence of the
stolen video.

TAMMY
Felony crimes?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
And worse.

TAMMY
Worse?

Tammy is almost back to her car door. The Sheriff removes his
body cam and radio and tosses them in the car.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
If criminals can track our
whereabouts, they obviously know
where we aren't.

TAMMY
Did they notify the FBI?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
All I can say is too many things
happened that were out of my
control.

The Sheriff shuts the door, waves to Abbie, and walks away sadly.

TAMMY

What do you mean, Sheriff?

The Sheriff spins to Tammy.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Can't control the voting public.
They know what they want, but not
everybody wants it!

TAMMY

The Red Flag law.

The Sheriff turns to walk away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Most county folks cared about law
enforcement 'til that happened.

TAMMY

You don't think they care now?

Abbie honks the horn, impatient to drive away. The Sheriff turns to Tammy in anger.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

A few people care more about
preserving their jobs than servicing
the people. A few people care more
about their rights than their
responsibilities. A few people even
care more about their guns than
their children. We got a druggie,
murderer, a bomber, and now a gun
thief on the loose. They know where
we are with their scanners and
hackers, but we don't know where
they are.

The Sheriff turns and walks in an almost-straight line.

TAMMY

Are you being replaced? Deputy from
somewhere else?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

All I wanted to do was protect the
good people of the county, but I'm
suspended.

Abbie hears it all, and hangs her head.

TAMMY (O.S.)
This is Tammy Chang Live for
Channel 8.

It starts to rain.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Great!

The Sheriff calls his wife. No answer.

EXT. DINER - AFTERNOON

It's raining so the Sheriff crosses the street to the diner.

A short adult in a black hoodie, bike helmet, and dark wrap-around sunglasses (Harry) races behind him on a BRAND mountain bike.

The Sheriff doesn't see the cyclist as he enters the diner.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

The diner is empty. The Sheriff struggles to get to the counter, where Darlene waits.

DARLENE
Half-dressed, soaked, droll
expression. I'd say the happiest
man I know is having a bad day.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
You should be a detective. Coffee
please. Lots of it. Gotta think.

Darlene pours a coffee.

DARLENE
How was that blackberry pie?

The Sheriff glares at the blurry woman through his glasses.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Blackberry pie?

DARLENE
Hannah came in an hour ago and
bought two slices, assumed she was
taking them to your office as a
surprise.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Haven't been to the office today.

DARLENE
Imagine it's there waiting for you?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Not if the dispatch officers see
it.
(curious)
Two slices? She's been on her diet
for three years.

DARLENE
I got half a pie left.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Sure, I'll take a slice. Give us
something to laugh about in bed.

DARLENE
You got it, Sheriff.

Darlene brings the slice of pie and more coffee.

The Sheriff, still tipsy, struggles to eat pie and drink
coffee.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
You know, I only drink to be
sociable.

Darlene looks around to the empty diner.

DARLENE
How's that working for you?

The Sheriff looks around and hangs his head.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Great. More coffee please.

LATER

The Sheriff is still drinking coffee when Abbie enters.
She runs to the Sheriff and put her arms around his back.

ABBIE
It's all my fault.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
What are you talking about?

ABBIE

This morning I heard Ma on the phone with a County commissioner. Marsha Ingram's name came up. So did the Governor's. Knew you were in deep shit.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Understatement.

ABBIE

Minutes earlier, I posted the phone video of my little diner-debate with Matt and the Jeffs about Thomas Jefferson, and Ma got a call right after from the District Attorney.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(whispers)

Bobby. Got eyes and ears everywhere.

ABBIE

What are you gonna do now?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Eat pie, drink coffee -- it's cheaper than booze -- and wait. Least the bad guys can't track me anymore.

Abbie whispers excitedly.

ABBIE

Then why wait? Now's your chance to catch 'em!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Not a game, Abbie. Got a crazy, drugged up, heavily-armed murderer and bomb-nut out there, and a gun thief. I don't even have my Taser.

Darlene has been listening the whole time.

DARLENE

Why do you carry a Taser?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie asked me to. And, I always tell people Taser's make you look cool, like all lives matter.

(beat, leans in)

(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Truth is, saw what weapons of war
do in Afghanistan for two years.

ABBIE
Didn't want to use them again?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Some things keep me awake years
later. Civilians killed by accident
then written off as collateral
damage. P-T-S-D in most of the men
and women. Don't like to talk about
it. Just wanted to save lives.
Wanted to be doctor, but knew I
wasn't smart enough. Deputy then
Sheriff, but you know all that!

Darlene snarls at Abbie as she pours the Sheriff another cup
of coffee.

ABBIE
You never quit trying to help.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Guess not.

ABBIE
So, don't give up, now.
(beat)
I gotta run. Dispatch told me to
return the patrol car. No more fun
for me!

She kisses the Sheriff on the cheek, and turns to the door.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
You were smart enough to be a
doctor. You wanted to be a
detective.

Abbie exits.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(to Darlene)
Smart kid, but a pain in the butt
sometimes.
(beat)
Just kidding.

Darlene snarls as she takes away the Sheriff's coffee.

DARLENE

That cute little smart girl loves
you to death, but won't have a
thing to do with my nephew, Donny!

The Sheriff acts surprised.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Imagine that!

EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

FBI Agent Tompkins cruises through a ritzy neighborhood with mansions well-spaced.

His computer beeps as he approached a mansion and stops. His computer reads "Robert Harrison "Bobby" Howell."

He stares at the nice house.

AGENT TOMPKINS

District Attorney's got it good.

He drives on a little way down the street.

He comes to another mansion and stops. His computer reads, "Judge Susan Briggs."

AGENT TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Huh.

He looks back at Bobby's house in the rearview mirror, and drives on.

LATER

He drives up a long windy road to Maggie Carver's ranch.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

There are three luxury SUVs parked in front of the house.

Agent Tompkins gets out of his car, and quietly walks around and takes the license plate numbers down in a notebook.

He returns to his car.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Getting the lay of the land, Ms.
Carver. Promise not to steal
nothing.

He gets a call from a female Agent Caldwell (30s).

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
Tomkins?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Caldwell, been waiting on you.

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
You were right about the Briggs
girl. Cell phone records put her
near the meadow the day of the
shooting.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Have you got the warrant I
requested?

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
Judge in the next county signed it.
Conflict of interest with Judge
Briggs, you know.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Let's go pick her up.

AGENT CALDWELL (O.S.)
What about her mom?

AGENT TOMPKINS
She's out of the way. Won't be a
problem. I'll meet you there.

He races off.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOME - NIGHT

The Sheriff trudges in the house to find Hannah sitting in
the family room with a large glass of white wine.

She sees that he's out of uniform.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'm home, dear. I saved the world.

HANNAH
Cut the crap. I know you were
suspended.

He pours himself a whiskey, but doesn't drink it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Who told you?

HANNAH
Small towns talk.

He turns away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Tried to call you. Didn't answer.

HANNAH
I was out. When do you return to work?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
When I proudly proclaim to the gun rights nuts that I won't enforce the Red Flag Law and I sheepishly tell the gun safety nuts that I will enforce it.

He turns back to Hannah.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Out where?

HANNAH
Just out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
How was the blackberry pie?

Hannah angrily takes a big gulp of wine.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Two slices of pie. Martin at the shooting range?

HANNAH
Quite the detective! Martin's gay, and if you had solved that murder, you'd still be a paid detective.

He stares at the whiskey again, but doesn't drink it.

Hannah stands to confront him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I took the pie to Bobby. He's got all the power around here. I asked him to lay off you.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Lot a good that did! He's dividing this whole county.
(MORE)

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
 The few rich, powerful, and well-
 armed, against everybody else. I'm
 sick of it!

HANNAH
 Just go along with the program and
 they'll leave you alone!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 (angry)
 I don't know what the program is!
 (paces)
 Patricia and the County
 Commissioners are my bosses. They
 and the Governor are demanding I
 remain silent and neutral! Like a
 goddamn zombie. Bobby's demanding I
 renounce the Red Flag law or he
 says I'll disappear. The townies,
 farmers, and voters expect me to
 enforce it! I'm screwed by
 everybody except you.

HANNAH
 Such a spineless whiner!

The Sheriff grabs a coat and puts it on.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Where you going?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Out!

HANNAH
 Out where?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 I don't know! I gotta wife who
 wants me to cave to rich and
 powerful assholes. I got a really
 smart killer and bomber on the
 loose, and I can't do anything
 about it, 'cause I'm suspended. And
 I still can't see worth a damn.

The Sheriff starts walking toward the front door, and Hannah
 follows him, yelling.

HANNAH
 You got yourself into this mess!
 Accept responsibility.

He turns back.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

What the hell are you talking about?

HANNAH

Bobby said it was all your fault your body cam was hacked 'cause you never changed your password at the office!

The Sheriff is sad as he turns back toward the door.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Okay, I admit that! But the hacker committed the felony here! Not me! The county bought the cheapest body cams they could which work on the same Wi-Fi that every goddamn smartphone in the county has!

He opens the door.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

You're just like them. Blame me for everything!

Hannah yells as he exits.

HANNAH

Until you stand up for something, you stand for nothing!

The Sheriff slams the door.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The Sheriff walks slowly away from the house. Hannah's words resonate.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Until you stand up for something, you stand for nothing!

He keeps walking passed the "closed" diner, and hears Abbie's voice in his head.

ABBIE (V.O.)

Ya know, Sheriff, "Real integrity is doing the right thing, knowing that nobody's going to know whether you did it or not."

The Sheriff shakes his head in disbelief.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Oprah Winfrey? Huh!

He walks by the Tavern, and hesitates, but doesn't enter.

He hears Jimmy's voice.

JIMMY (V.O.)
"God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change,
Courage to change the things I
can...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
And wisdom to know the difference."
I knew it wasn't whiskey.

He hears Abbie's voice.

ABBIE (V.O.)
Know what happens when an
unstoppable force collides with an
immovable object? Absolutely
nothing. Don't worry about it,
Ramon. It won't last.

The Sheriff shakes his head in disgust.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Wrong there, Abbie! It lasts
forever if we don't change!

LATER

He walks on to the junction of the bike path leading under
the bridge. He follows it under the bridge, and stares at the
spot where Mr. Donaldson died.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Mr. Donaldson.

He hears Doc Medina's voice.

DOC MEDINA (V.O.)
Many folks are just five paychecks
from homelessness.

He takes off his protective eyeglasses and tries to focus.

He can see a little better, so he pokes around in the bushes
near the crime scene.

He finds an old paperback copy of "Magruder's American
Government - Teacher's Edition."

He picks it up and sees many pages are torn out.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(sadly)

Used the civil rights chapters for
toilet paper.

He puts back on his dark eyeglasses and carries the book with him as he slowly walks away.

He hears Abbie's voice as he walks.

ABBIE (V.O.)

You were smart enough to be a
doctor. You wanted to be a
detective.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Abbie! I need Abbie.

The Sheriff RUNS all the way to the Sheriff's office.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sheriff slowly walks around the exterior of the office.

He peeks in a window to see and hear Susan Briggs yelling at FBI Agent Tompkins and his temporary replacement, DEPUTY TERRI HOUSTON (late-20s), in full uniform, packing heat, and all-business sitting at his desk with her own laptop computer, while Abbie sits quietly in a chair. The door to the office is closed.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff goes around to the front door, and takes off his jacket and tosses it aside before entering the building.

He opens the door to his office and waves hello.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Just collecting my coat, storm
coming. Don't mind me. Still
suspended.

Only Abbie smiles. Everyone else glares, and the arguing continues.

SUSAN

Anybody with a smartphone could
hack the Sheriff's body cam, you
idiots!

DEPUTY HOUSTON

But Ma'am,...

SUSAN

(interrupts)

Don't call me Ma'am! Ma'am means bitch, Deputy Houston! I'll be referred to as Your Honor.

Susan paces and points to Tompkins and Houston.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And if you don't want to be sued for false arrest, you'd better tell me what substantiating evidence led you to this erroneous conclusion!

AGENT TOMPKINS

Cell phone records show she was in the area.

Abbie speaks up clearly and professionally.

ABBIE

I was there on assignment with my superior officer, Sheriff Webbley.

Susan snaps at Abbie.

SUSAN

You leave him out of this!

Abbie stands and yells at her mother.

ABBIE

The Sheriff was providing me with valuable work experience in the field of law enforcement, the only true work experience I've had in my entire, sheltered life!

Susan ignores her daughter and spins to Agent Tompkins.

SUSAN

How many other smartphones were within Wi-Fi distance given smartphone-hotspot technology?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Well, Your Honor, that would include you, the Sheriff, Mr. Bobby Howell, Marsha Ingram, Mr. Donny Pruitt, and one phone we can't trace. Maybe a burner!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(under his breath)
One phone you can't trace? A
burner? Could have been anybody.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
And, Mr. Donny Pruitt's gone
missing, Ma'... Your Honor. I
checked the old hunting cabin he
rents it out on VRBO. Wasn't there.

The Sheriff perks up and stares at his whiteboard at the
skunk-car location.

He makes eye contact with Abbie and mouths the letters "V-R-B-
O."

Abbie nods confirming the message was received.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Donny was also on our watch list.
Detained for psych evaluations
three times in the past.

SUSAN
Irrelevant and immaterial.

ABBIE
He's a kleptomaniac, Ma.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
(under his breath)
Wasn't there a stolen property
report too?

ABBIE
I took that report today on the B &
E and stolen firearms.

The Sheriff looks over the Deputy's shoulder at the report,
but his eyes are too blurry to read it.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Matt Madson's home. I got the call
but got suspended before I could
respond.

The Deputy picks up the report, and smiles at Abbie.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Nicely filled out for a Trainee.
Had a cheap high school locker in
his garage.

(MORE)

DEPUTY HOUSTON (CONT'D)
Side door to the garage wasn't
locked. \$800 rifles and a \$2 lock.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
\$800 rifles? Imagine that?

ABBIE
Big box of ammo, a new AK and a new
Squad GB fully automatic.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Kind the Army is issuing?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Very dangerous weapons!

ABBIE
Worse! Theft happened last week.

SUSAN
Last week? Why didn't Matt report
it?

ABBIE
Embarrassed. Thought he'd get in
trouble. He was scared. He was a
wreck when I interviewed him.
Legally purchased, but in another
state. Properly registered. We got
the numbers.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Bet Donny does too.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Mr. Madson had no priors. Had 'em
locked up, just not well. Didn't
break any laws. Nothing we can do
but record the guns stolen.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Hard working guy. Not that bright.

AGENT TOMPKINS
If Donny's got them, you've got to
confiscate those firearms, Deputy!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Judge?

SUSAN

Clumsy, at-risk kleptomaniac with powerful weapons and a history of mental illness. If I say no and he uses them, I'd feel awful.

Susan looks away, worried.

ABBIE

(sternly)

No worse than his victims!

SUSAN

He lives with Maggie Carver. Was with them there earlier tonight. Does odd jobs around the ranch.

ABBIE

(sarcastic)

I bet he does.

The Deputy grabs her coat.

DEPUTY HOUSTON

You can all go home. Agent Tompkins and I will grab Mr. Pruitt and his firearms, if that's okay, Judge.

Susan nods yes.

SUSAN

I'll sign the order.

Abbie hugs her mom.

The Deputy and Agent Tompkins race out, as the Sheriff stares at the whiteboard.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Wise decision, Judge, but it's not Donny!

Abbie and Susan turn to stare at the whiteboard.

SUSAN

What?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Didn't have a rifle that day in the meadow. Borrowed the AK from Bobby. Serial numbers track to Bobby and a dead man. We'll sort that out later.

Susan looks shocked.

SUSAN

What?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

And the dead man's gun was illegally modified to be fully automatic.

Susan looks away.

Abbie has an epiphany.

ABBIE

You're right. Means if he stole the rifles from Matt Madson, he already sold them.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He has no alibi for the time of the theft or for either of the two killings.

SUSAN

Two killings?

The Sheriff points to the burned car photo on the whiteboard.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

The drug dealer was killed for the drugs and weapons he was carrying. The bomb was to cover his tracks.

ABBIE

The weapons?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

FBI found traces of gun oil on the seats, but lots of it in the trunk, and Doc Medina confirmed that tiny traces of the drugs in the vic's car were also laced with fentanyl.

The Sheriff points to the Mr. Donaldson's photo.

ABBIE

So the same guy killed the former teacher.

Abbie excitedly points to the stolen car with the skunk.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

But across the county, we have the stolen car with the hair clippings and skunk.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

All to hide the DNA of the perp in both killings.

The Sheriff hops on the computer, but he can't log on.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Judge, turn your back. Abbie, log me on, and change my password.

ABBIE

But I can't...

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I know you hacked my body cam and uploaded the audio.

Susan is angry and yells.

SUSAN

Preposterous!

Abbie calmly types on the Sheriff's computer.

ABBIE

Just wanted you to take a stand and do your job! Enforce the Red Flag law and all our laws! We don't get to pick and choose. You said so, yourself -- all that talk about not enforcing anti-slavery or women's right to vote.

(smiles)

You're in! New password is protect-and-serve, all one word, lowercase. You can change it later.

Abbie types in "V-R-B-O," and looks at rentals.

SUSAN

Abbie, you'll have to confess. You'll never get into law school, now.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Nope. Our secret! We take it to the grave. We gotta killer to catch.

Susan has a change of heart.

SUSAN

Okay then, I'll call the
Commissioner and get you
reinstated. You just keep my
daughter safe tonight!

Susan kisses Abbie before she starts to exit.

ABBIE

You're letting me continue as a
Trainee?

SUSAN

Don't think I could stop you. And
you still need a killer essay for
your law school application.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Thanks, Judge. I need her to drive,
but I'll keep her safe.

Susan exits.

ABBIE

Got him!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Got who?

ABBIE

V-R-B-O! Harry Truman Donaldson,
Mr. Donaldson's estranged son.
Graduated from M-I-T before turning
into a white nationalist after his
mother's suicide.

(sad)

You think he killed his father?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Family moved back east after the
way Mr. Donaldson lost his job at
the high school. Harry blamed his
dad for everything.

ABBIE

Score to settle with his dad?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Maybe the whole town. Let's go!

ABBIE

Where?

Points near the abandoned SUV photo.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Bobby's VRBO. Only two miles from
the abandoned SUV. Let's go!

They race out of the office.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Deputy Houston and Agent Tompkins arrive in separate cars.

They exit their cars with flashlights and pistols drawn.

Racing up behind them is Tammy Chang, who hops out and
readies her tablet computer and portable light for night
filming, until Agent Tompkins tries to stop her.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Stay back. Suspect is considered
armed and dangerous.

TAMMY
Stupid and deranged sounds more
like it.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Stay back! That's an order!

Tammy stands her ground and begins taping. They hear a small
window breaking from Maggie's ranch house.

They turn their heads to look.

BAM! They all hear a GUN SHOT and dive to the ground behind
their cars. Tammy's portable light shatters.

They hear Maggie yelling and laughing.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Always wanted to do that!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Put down your weapon. This is the
Deputy Sheriff.

AGENT TOMPKINS
We just want to talk to Mr. Donny
Pruitt. We know he has no alibi for
the night of the killing.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
You come to take our guns away and
you can't have 'em!

DONNY (O.S.)
You can take mine from my cold dead
hands!

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Shut up, Donny!

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Donny Pruitt? Is that you in there?

DONNY (O.S.)
Yes, ma'am.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Shut up, Donny.

Agent Tompkins tries to sneak away from the car and around to the back of the ranch house, but Maggie fires just a few feet in front of him! BAM! He turns around and dives back.

MAGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is private property. In the
family for four generations and
protected by the second amendment.
You got a warrant?

DEPUTY HOUSTON
Yes, and we have probable cause,
and we're not leaving without Donny
Pruitt.
(whispers)
I'm calling for backup!

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

We see a small rustic cabin in the woods with black plastic covering the windows. We hear a small generator hum behind the cabin.

The Sheriff, in camouflage hunting clothes, lays perfectly still, looking through night-vision binoculars.

His eyes are a little fuzzy but improving as we see him focus on a fancy electronic doorbell on the old cabin.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Motion-detector doorbell cam.

Abbie is a few feet back, behind a tree, wearing a black athletic suit, and a bullet-proof vest. She looks worried.

The Sheriff sees that the black plastic on the windows has a few cracks, revealing a light is on in the cabin.

He focuses next on the footpath leading away from the door.

Halfway down the path, the Sheriff spots a wildlife detection camera. He whispers to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Motion-activated wildlife camera.
Afraid of raccoons, Harry?

He motions for Abbie to backup slowly and quietly.

They retreat to the Sheriff's patrol car, and quietly sneak inside of it.

INT. PARTOL CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Who puts a motion-activated
doorbell-cam on the door of an old
hunting cabin?

ABBIE
Rental safety feature? Someone who
doesn't want surprise guests?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Exactly! Same for the wildlife
camera on the path to the house.

ABBIE
Both mean he has Wi-Fi. Want me to
hack it?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
No warrant? Haters aren't listed!

ABBIE
White supremacists should be on the
list, so you're telling me 'yes.'"

The Sheriff nods 'yes,' and Abbie pulls out her tablet computer and goes to work.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I'm still angry that you posted the
meadow audio.

ABBIE
You should have confiscated the AK-
47 from crazy Donny right then.

(MORE)

ABBIE (CONT'D)

(beat)
I'm in.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Really?

ABBIE

He's got an old P-C with an external camera. Easy as blackberry pie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Don't remind me.

ABBIE

Want to see what Donny's computer camera sees?

The Sheriff's radio sounds. It's Deputy Houston's voice.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

I repeat. Sheriff, we need immediate back up at the Carver place.

The Sheriff grabs the radio.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Copy that. On our way!

Abbie tosses the Tablet computer in the back seat and races off.

EXT. MRS. CARVER'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Abbie races up to the house with lights and siren on, and screeches to a stop.

The Sheriff shuts off the lights and siren, and exits the car angry at Abbie. Tammy catches it all on video.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

I said don't elevate the tension, and you come roaring up the road, lights, siren...

ABBIE

What would you do at my age?

DEPUTY HOUSTON

(whispers)
Might want to duck. She's fired at us twice.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 You'd both be dead if her eyesight
 wasn't failing.

AGENT TOMPKINS
 (whispers)
 She's nuts! And that Donny's our
 killer and bomber, I bet!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Donny's no killer! I'll handle
 this.

The Sheriff puts his Taser in his back belt, and struggles to see the path to the house with his dark glasses. He yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
 Maggie, don't shoot.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Why not?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 I'm unarmed and can't see worth a
 damn.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
 Neither can I, but you can't have
 my Colt.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Don't want your Colt.

The Sheriff reaches the door. Tense moments. Tammy can't hear them speak.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
 I'm not leaving without, Donny. We
 need him to tell us everything he
 knows about Harry Truman Donaldson.

DONNY (O.S.)
 Asshole Nazi. Mean to me, but I'll
 take his money.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Your renting your cabin to him.
 Come with me and let's talk.
 Stealing the two rifles, and
 selling 'em to him put us all in
 danger.

Pause. Tension mounts.

Donny opens the door holding a hunting rifle, but he surrenders his rifle to the Sheriff, and puts his hands up. We hear Tammy from a safe distance away.

TAMMY

We've just witnessed Sheriff Ramon Webbley enforcing the new, voter-approved, Red Flag law for the first time in the State's history!

The Sheriff begins to lead Donny down the walk to the Sheriff's car, when Maggie appears in the door with her Colt 45.

ABBIE

She's got a gun!

MAGGIE

Donny, you traitor!

The Sheriff pushes Donny to the side, Maggie fires her pistol and hits Donny in the arm instead of the Sheriff.

The Sheriff spins, whips out his Taser, and shoots Maggie in the chest. She collapses to the ground.

Agent Tompkins and Deputy Houston race up to assist Donnie and arrest Maggie.

Tammy tapes the Deputy tying a handkerchief to Donny's bleeding arm and leading him and Maggie to her patrol car.

TAMMY

Tammy Chang Live of Channel 8.
We've just witnessed the Sheriff risking his life to bring suspected killer, Donny Pruitt, into custody.

Donny looks at Tammy like she's nuts.

Tammy packs up and heads to her car.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

My work is done here.

After she races away.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Don't worry, Donny, she's nuts. You have the right to remain silent, and I'd exercise it if I were you.

Donny remains silent.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
 Deputy, can you drop Donny off at
 the hospital -- he's not going
 anywhere. And book Maggie, who
 won't remain silent. Promise!

Maggie scowls at the Sheriff.

MAGGIE
 I was shootin' at the treasonous
 Mexican in the blind-guy glasses!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 See what I mean.
 (beat)
 We need to take Agent Tompkins with
 us temporarily, if you don't mind.

DEPUTY HOUSTON
 You got it. Meet you back at the
 station.
 (winks)
 Nice work, Sheriff.

INT. PARTOL CAR - NIGHT

Abbie races across the county at breakneck speed. No lights
 or siren. The Sheriff and Agent Tompkins hold on for dear
 life.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 No lights, siren, or radio.

AGENT TOMPKINS
 Sure it's him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
 Absolutely. Never thought I'd say
 this. Step on it, Abbie!

Abbie smiles and steps on the gas.

LATER

Abbie slows down and parks shy of the cabin. Pitch dark. They
 exit the car quietly.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

The Sheriff opens the trunk and grabs a pistol from a lock
 box, and places his dark glasses in the trunk.

His eyes remain a little fuzzy.

The Sheriff hands his Taser to Abbie. She frowns.

Agent Tompkins pulls his pistol.

The Sheriff leads with hand signals, and motions for Agent Tompkins to sneak around to the back of the cabin and cut the electricity (turn off the generator). He heads back there.

The Sheriff and Abbie they take up positions below the wildlife camera on the trail.

The Sheriff uses night-vision binoculars to see that there is still a light inside.

He motions for Abbie not to move (to stay put).

He still hears the hum of the generator, so as he takes a black canvas shopping bag and puts it over the wildlife camera.

He sneaks up on the cabin just shy of the door, before cocking his pistol.

He hears the generator stop and sees the light go out, and charges at the front door with his shoulder.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

He enters the dark cabin like a SWAT team commander and yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Harry Truman Donaldson, you're
under arrest.

He points his pistol around the room, and then checks the kitchen and the tiny bathroom.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

It's clear! He's gone! We missed
him!

Agent Tompkins crashes through the back door, with pistol drawn. He looks around and yells.

AGENT TOMPKINS

No guns! No bomb-making materials!
Nothing! But I heard what sounded
like an old jeep out back right
before you rushed the cabin.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I smell gun oil.
(sniffs the air)
And faint traces of phosphorus.

Agent Tompkins walks over to the old wooden table feels and smells tiny drops of gun oil.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Right. Gun oil. Lots of it.

Abbie races in the front door of the cabin with her tablet computer.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
I told you to stay put.

ABBIE
I heard the Agent say no guns.

Abbie shows them her tablet computer.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Screenshot from his own computer
from earlier tonight.

AGENT TOMPKINS
How'd you get... never mind.

They all see the table was filled with a new AK-47 and a new Squad GB U.S. Army-type fully automatic rifle with 40 rounds of ammo, showing, and a box of ammo to the side.

AGENT TOMPKINS (CONT'D)
And two priority mailing boxes, but
there's only one there now.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Let's go find him!

They hear the generator start up and the overhead light comes on.

We see a police scanner and an old PC computer and a modem on the table in the corner. The PC display shows an infrared wildlife camera photo of a raccoon.

The Sheriff turns to Agent Tompkins.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Did you turn off or unplug the
generator?

AGENT TOMPKINS
Turned it off.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Remote control timer! Run!

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

The Sheriff pushes Abbie out the door. We see the doorbell camera light up.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Hit the dirt and cover!

The Sheriff, Abbie, and Agent Tompkins dive to the ground.
The cabin EXPLODES in yellow smoke, but doesn't catch fire.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Anyone hurt?

ABBIE
I'm okay.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Fine.

The Sheriff sniffs the air.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Phosphorus! Run!

The all get up and run to the patrol car. The Sheriff points to Agent Tompkins' smartphone.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Tompkins, call our dispatch office.
Our phones might be hacked.

AGENT TOMPKINS
Dispatch, FBI Agent Tompkins
calling for Sheriff Webbley.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)
Go ahead.

The Sheriff grabs Tompkins' phone from him.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Put us on radio silence until after
we call you back.

DISPATCH OFFICER (O.S.)

10-4.

The Sheriff hands back the phone, pops the trunk and removes a small transmitter.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

He's known where we are the whole time, but if he heard that explosion, he might think he got us.

ABBIE

Do you know where he's going?

AGENT TOMPKINS

Could be anywhere grocery store, cinema, anywhere.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

It'll be the high school where his father lost his job, and where his family was ruined. Abbie, we'll leave our phones here.

He sets his phone and his car's transmitter on the side of the road.

ABBIE

I get it.

Abbie sets her phone down next to the Sheriff's phone. The Sheriff puts one finger to his lips to indicate silence.

He shuts the trunk and they get into the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

He shuts off the radio and whispers to Abbie.

AGENT TOMPKINS

He can't get into our system. My phone is fine.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Right and we need you to make some emergency calls for us. Let's go!

The patrol car coasts down the hill.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Abbie, start her up and let her rip.

Abbie roars down the dirt road.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

Tompkins, call the fire department's direct line. Tell them it's just smoke, but to send a HAZMAT team, no siren, no radio, no transmitter, up the Roaring River Road you'll see the yellow smoke. Just keep people away from here, and keep it quiet 'til we notify them.

AGENT TOMPKINS

You got it! What's our plan?

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

We only got an hour before school starts! I'll explain it on the way.

Dawn breaks as Abbie races away.

EXT. SCHOOL ACCESS ROAD - MORNING

Deputy Houston stops the few cars and bicycles heading east towards the school.

EXT. SCHOOL ACCESS ROAD - MORNING

Abbie stops the few cars and bicycles heading west toward the school.

EXT. FOREST HILL - MORNING

Agent Tompkins hikes up a forested hill as quietly as possible behind the shooter.

He stops next to a large tree where he sees Harry Truman Donaldson lying on his stomach ready to fire the army's latest weapon. He doesn't have a clear shot.

AGENT TOMPKINS

Agent Tompkins, FBI! Put down your weapons and surrender. We have full drone support and you're completely surrounded. There's no escape.

Harry turns to see the tree doesn't fully hide the Agent's torso. His sides are slightly exposed.

Harry pulls an AK 47 from his sweatshirt.

HARRY
(laughs maniacally)
That tree's not going to save you.

Harry cuts loose with a barrage of bullets, hitting the tree many times and the Agent in both sides of his body.

The Agent, bleeding a little from both outside thighs and one hand. The Agent's bullet-proof vest has been hit, but he returns fire, hitting Harry's vest. Harry keeps firing.

The Agent finally collapses to the ground.

Harry is about to finish off the Agent when his AK-47 jams.

Henry tosses it to the side and takes out a 22-caliber pistol from his belt, and aims it at the Agent's head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Shot a skunk at night from twenty yards. This bullet's gonna rattle round that empty black brain of yours like it did that other skunk.

Harry gives the groaning Agent the "upside-down okay" sign with his left hand.

Directly behind Harry, we see the Sheriff sneaking up quietly and standing over Harry's automatic sniper rifle. His Taser pointed right at Harry's back. Tompkins struggles to speak.

AGENT TOMPKINS
He's wearing a vest.

The Sheriff sees that Harry is wearing a bullet-proof vest, and he lowers his Taser's aim to Harry's butt.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Not today, Harry.

But before the Sheriff can fire the Taser, Harry spins around proudly displaying his bullet-proof vest.

The Sheriff, eyes still a bit blurry, fires his Taser and one prong lands in Harry's thigh, and one prong lands squarely in Harry's groin.

Harry screams, drops his pistol, and falls flat on his back, in pain, as the Sheriff administers more shocks.

The Sheriff races over to kick the pistol away from Harry.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Try standing trial, now, asshole!

The Sheriff handcuffs Harry with his arms around a tree.

He assists Agent Tompkins, who holds a phone in a bloody hand, but looks to be okay.

The Sheriff grabs the phone and makes the call.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Agent down. Send backup, EMTs, and
CSI to this location, now!

LATER

The Sheriff is walking down the hill toward the high school as Deputy Houston and Abbie race to greet him.

An old jeep sits on the side of the road between them.

The Deputy keeps walking toward the Sheriff but Abbie stops to examine the jeep.

She sees a wildlife camera in the front seat with wires leading under the seat.

The Sheriff can't see inside the jeep, but yells.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)
Abbie, get away from there!

Abbie dives to the ground just as the incendiary device EXPLODES with yellow smoke.

The Sheriff races in to lift and carry Abbie to safety.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPER: "SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER"

The Sheriff wanders in to see Agent Tompkins (slightly injured) with Doc Medina nursing him along, Jimmy, Hannah, Abbie (smiling and wearing dark eye protectors), Susan, and the rest of the cast (but not Bobby), cheer the well-liked Sheriff.

ALL
Ramon!

SHERIFF WEBBLEY
Irish Coffee, Jimmy. Hold the
Irish!

Everyone laughs. Hannah kisses the Sheriff.

HANNAH

You did it, Ramon. You stood for something.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

(shrugs)

Lunacy? 'Til the next crazy person with a gun comes along?

The Sheriff turns to Abbie.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY (CONT'D)

How are those eyes of yours?

ABBIE

Bit blurry.

SHERIFF WEBBLEY

Think you got enough for that law school essay?

ABBIE

Governor announced he's adding all hate groups and automatic weapon owners to the Red Flag law, and any sheriff who doesn't enforce it will be fired immediately!

Everyone is silent. The Sheriff's eyes open widely and he smiles.

Abbie laughs.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Just kidding!

They all laugh at the Sheriff's expense as Abbie hugs him. There are smiles all around.

ABBIE (V.O.)

Know what happens when an unstoppable force collides with an immovable object? Absolutely nothing. Stubborn old people never change their minds, and life goes on.

SUPER: "In 2019, there were 417 mass shootings in the U.S."

FADE OUT.

THE END