

CALM LAKE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CALM LAKE - NIGHT

Full moon over glassy calm lake. Piney woods surround the moonlit stone cabin. A light comes on from inside the cabin.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlit cabin front porch.

A dock below the sloping yard. It is adjoined by a two-bay boat house. A single fishing kayak rests on the shore.

EXT/INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Light footsteps on cabin porch. The screen door opens.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRAUN Fairehare, late 50s, eyes open at the sound. He sits up and looks outside his window. He sees the rear profile of **ERIKA** Fairehare, 28, walking towards the dock.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

ERIKA walks to the boathouse.

She passes a row of cord wood, a smokehouse, and a fish cleaning table. She enters the boathouse. A interior light on, then off. She exits with a fly fishing vest and fly rod.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Erika paddle kayak from shore in the moon's direction across the lake.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

She stops near a shoreline rocky outcrop. The sound of water empties through the rocks into the lake. She faces the rocks and casts a dry fly short of the rocks. It is illuminated by the moon as it settles on the calm water.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A large fish jumps and splashes nearby. There's a couple more.

ERIKA

Oh my fellas! What's after you?

Moonlight shimmers off the ripples from the fish. She casts.

Behind the kayak, the back of a translucent female head emerges from the water looking at ERIKA. It submerges.

A fish strikes ERIKA's line, and as she pulling her line on the left side, the kayak is bumped on right.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

What the?

She looks around.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

O-Jib. Not now!

Still holding the rod and line, she continues to bring the fish in. As she reaches for the fish, a translucent light passes below the kayak.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Shit!

She falls back. The kayak is bumped even stronger. Erika drops the rod and grabs the sides of the kayak. Rod and paddle tumble into the water. As she reaches for the floating paddle, the kayak begins to move towards the rocks and gains speed.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Shit! O-Jib!

She jumps out.

Splash!

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Braun's eye open. Sits up and looks out the window.

EXT. LAKE CABIN BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

One of the boathouse doors opens. Braun heads out in a bass boat.

He follows the lake shore and approaches the rock promontory point. With flashlight, he sees Erika unconscious on the rocks and makes way to get to her.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAYBREAK

He arrives.

BRAUN

My baby girl.

No response. He reaches for her wrist..

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Thank God. Com'on, show your Pops something.

He slowly rolls her over. Her face is scratched and a small neck cut. There's blood on her fingers.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He leans close to her wounds and smells them. He touches the blood on her fingers. He tastes and smells it.

She coughs and spews an off-color fluid.

ERIKA

Weakly

Pops..

BRAUN

Pop's here, baby girl. Let's go home.

He manages to pick her up and they work their way back to his boat.

EXT. CALM LAKE - DAY

Braun slowly powers the bass boat back home. Blanket wrapped Erika lays on the deck. Eye closed. Braun scans the lake and looks back at the distant promontory.

BRAUN

He looks out onto the lake.

This is not you.

INT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Braun leaves Erica's room as she is still sleeping. He goes to the kitchen table and picks up Erika's *flip* cell phone. He dials a number.

BRAUN

Grayson? Braun. Yeah, Erika's phone. Thought it'd be easier to reach you. (Pause) Well, Erika's had an accident. (Pause) No, no, no. Not necessary. Just a day or two to heal. Nothing serious. I'm just calling to let you know. If you're short handed, or she had any bookings, well, I'm happy to cover. Okay, maybe she'll be able to call tomorrow. Yeah. I'll do that. Bye.

He puts the phone down and goes to the cellar door.

INT. LAKE CABIN CELLAR - AFTERNOON

Braun turns on a dim light and descends awkwardly. Walks a past small shelves of labeled jars with water. One is faintly translucent. He gets canned fruit from another shelf. His left hand is missing the part of his pinky-finger. He stops and pulls one the translucent jar off the shelf. Takes a sip from it and puts it back. He goes back upstairs.

EXT. BOATHOUSE DOCK - MORNING

Barefoot Erika walks to the end of the dock. She wears a string of small white pearls. She sees a fresh water clam on the dock. Picks it up and opens it with a pocket knife. There is a small freshwater pearl inside. It's black. She emits a small gasp.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

BRAUN pours a cup of coffee and heads towards the porch. A rifle with scope is mounted above the doorway. He sees ERIKA sitting on the dock. He walks to her. A slight breeze and bird sounds.

EXT. BOATHOUSE DOCK - DAY

She continues to look out to the lake as Braun arrives. Her wounds from the night before are almost gone.

ERIKA

Morning.

BRAUN

All good?

ERIKA

Yes. Yes, all things considered, I think it is.

BRAUN

I'm pleased.

ERIKA

Well, maybe.

She shows Braun the black pearl.

BRAUN

Here?

She taps the dock.

ERIKA

Here.

BRAUN

A sign...maybe.

ERIKA

Natural disharmony?

She motions to the lake.

BRAUN

There's that. A foreboding. Maybe. I'm thinkin' on that too, and almost losing you just as you've come back home.

ERIKA

No chance. One moment I'm in the water. Then you.

BRAUN

Anything else?

ERIKA

Just how much I love it here. It is home. Even more than the glades ever were.

BRAUN

You came back for more than your old man, wand we need to hold on to that.

He motions towards the lake.

She smiles.

ERIKA

What's yours is mine.

BRAUN

Something exactly like that. More yours now than before. Goin' into town.

Pause.

ERIKA

Tell Grayson I'll be back in the morning.

BRAUN

Good.

He leaves. She looks down at the water and slowly dips her toe into it. Then looks are the black pearl.

ERIKA

Are you a Nokken speaking?

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Braun drives an old four-wheel drive out the dirt driveway and passes a mail truck that puts a BROWN PACKAGE in the mailbox.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ERIKA enters the boathouse. It holds a bass boat and Norse rowing boat. She takes the bass boat out. She heads back to promontory at full speed.

EXT. PROMOTORY POINT SHORELINE - DAY

Erika guides the boat slowly looking for the kayak. Finding it, she fastens it to the boat, and then to the rocky point. She moors the boat to the shore. She sits on the point. Sees a clam on top of one of the rocks. Retrieves it. Opens it. Another fresh water black pearl inside. She looks out, the closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK

- Erika struggles in submerged in dark water
- Lights swirl around her
- Her opened eyes see translucent eyes looking back at herd
- Then a face appears
- It embraces Erika and kisses her

END FLASHBACK

She opens her eye and gasps!

EXT. DINER - DAY

Braun parks his four-wheeler outside a local's restaurant. **TODD** Simon, 33, drives by and sees Braun walk into the restaurant. His luxury SUV vanity plate reads "LANDMAN". He finds a place to park.

EXT/INT. DINER - DAY

Waitress is already pouring **BRAUN** coffee at a table in the back as Todd enters looking for him.

Acknowledging each other by look and nod.

TODD

Braun.

BRAUN

Sighs

Shit.

Closes his eyes.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Todd the Slick...

Todd sits down at the table.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Did I invite you to sit?

He waves his knife at Todd. Todd stands.

TODD

Where's the top guide?

BRAUN

Guiding.

TODD

I was on my way to meet some new clients. Giving them the grand tour.

He gestures a large circular motion with his hands.

TODD (CONT'D)

The lakes, business ops', you know...

BRAUN

So, another outside developer.

TODD

Is there any other kind? Deep portfolio you want to be part of. Anyway, they'd like to get a little quality fishing in this weekend while they're here. Thought you could put in a word with Erika.

BRAUN

Talk to Grayson.

TODD

I'll pay a large premium.

BRAUN

I'm sure. Talk to Grayson.

TODD

It'd be a big get for everyone.

BRAUN

And huge for you.

TODD

That goes without saying.

BRAUN

You don't say. Now leave.

TODD

Just asking for a little help here.

Pause

Braun gives give Todd a look as the waitress brings his order that has mash potatoes and gravy. He stands up. He dips a finger in the gravy and pokes it on Todd's chest.

BRAUN

Now, I'm having a good morning. You have the loaf....Slick.

He walks out. Todd looks at his shirt, then his watch.

TODD

Shit!

EXT/INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Erika sits at a workbench making a dry fly. Both boat doors of the boathouse are open. A whizzing sound outside catches her attention. She turns to see a large drone hovering just above the water has stationed itself outside the boathouse.

ERIKA

Oh hell, no!

She gets up from the bench, and the drone moves off slowly. Erika goes on the dock to follow it. She watches as it circle around. She goes back into the boathouse and comes back out. Taking off her shirt wearing only jeans with a sidearm.

She begins dancing at the end of the dock. The drone comes back. Stops and hovers.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

That's it. You like?

The drone move in closer. She motions for it to come closer.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Yes. Lil' one-eye. Com'on.

It maneuvers closer within twenty feet. Erika pulls the handgun and fires off several rounds dropping the drone into the lake.

EXT/INT. EXECUTIVE TERMINAL - LOCAL AIRPORT - DAY

Todd arrives wearing sport jacket over the gravy stained shirt. **HOLLY** Turk, 40's, and **JEFF** Watson, 40's.

HOLLY

Mr. Simon. Holly Turk, Mezzo-King.

TODD

Holly.

HOLLY

Miss Turk.

Pause

TODD

Miss Turk.

HOLLY

This is Jeff Watson, Landscape Director, architectural division.

TODD

Mr. Watson. I'm looking forward to showing you several areas that would fit the general scope as we discussed on the phone.

HOLLY

Yes.

Looks at Jeff.

JEFF

Yes, we reviewed them. They all have potential for our project, but there's one area we're very interested in that wasn't on your list.

TODD

Great. Which one?

HOLLY

Calm Lake the limited properties on it.

TODD

There's a reason it's not on anyone's list.

HOLLY

It's on ours and we'd like a closer look as well as discuss the who's who backgrounds in Atrim County, and your suggested governmental contacts. You know, whatever else you could do for us.

She and Jeff walks out to the tarmac. Todd pauses. Jeff turns back to Jeff.

JEFF

Is there a problem?

TODD

No, no problem. Just thinking of options.

JEFF

There is no other options. Calm Lake or no deal for you.

INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Erika sits at the kitchen table cleaning two 9mm hand guns as Braun arrives. The brown MAILER ENVELOP is on the table. He walks in with groceries. He put them way as they talk.

ERIKA

How's town?

BRAUN

Better in winter.

ERIKA

Yeah.

BRAUN

Slick Simon track me down at the restaurant.

ERIKA

Should I care?

BRAUN

Wanted your services this weekend.

ERIKA

Slim and none, I'm booked.

BRAUN

Told him to see Grayson.

Walks to the table and looks at package and some pieces of the drone

BRAUN (CONT'D)

What's this?

ERIKA

I killed a drone this afternoon.
She waves the handgun.

Braun picks up a piece with a tag on it.

BRAUN

It floats?

ERIKA

Some of it. Kinda surprised its
registration number on it. I put in
a call.

He picks up the envelop.

BRAUN

And this?

ERIKA

For you. No return address.

He opens the package with his left hand that is missing part
of his pinkie finger with a pocket stiletto knife. He slides
a manila envelop with a wax seal. He breaks the seal and
slides the contents on the table.

- Two single page documents; a car title, and a deed.
- a small note book
- a bullet casing
- a hand written note.

He reads the note first. Then a deep breath. She get up and
walks over.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Pops, what is it?

BRAUN

A kept promise and another to keep.

ERIKA

What *is* all this?

BRAUN

A gift that's coming, a debt paid,
secrets, and a warning from a boss
who has just passed.

ERIKA

Oooh, a black pearl revealed.

BRAUN

An accounting.

ERIKA

You going to share?

He goes walks to the fire place. The mantle has a photo of Erika at five with Braun and his WIFE. There's a framed silver star with a 82nd airborne patch and service ribbons. He puts the hand written note on the hearth and lights it with a match off the mantle.

BRAUN

How much to you love really this place?

INT. - TODD'S OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A survey map covers the table. Holly, Jeff, and Todd look at a GIS map of Calm Lake.

HOLLY

Five plots on a private lake, and smallest land holder of those plots also owns the lake?

TODD

Yes. Braun Fairehare. He's owns it.

JEFF

We've pulled the deed docs. Says Brass Jacket LLC. Fairehare is not listed.

TODD

Doesn't matter. Brass Jacket or not, Fairehare says who comes and goes, and how they do it. These legacy Scandinavians have held that surrounding land since they logged it out the region, *Except* the forest that surrounds the lake. They're families, A-K-A The Thing, are dug in deep.

JEFF

The Thing...

TODD

It's almost cult-like to some of the locals.

JEFF

And you?

TODD

No. No cult to me. Families, but not from the same family.

HOLLY

No matter. It's the key. There's always a weak branch in a family tree somewhere. We can log them out as well. What family does Fairehare have.

TODD

His daughter, Erika. That' it.

Holly pulls her cell. And pulls the video ERIKA on the dock, and shows it to Todd.

HOLLY

Is this her?

VIDEO

The camera zooms closer to Erika as she pulls the handgun and the screen goes black.

TODD

She's certainly a lot better now.

HOLLY

You have a history?

TODD

A short one.

JEFF

You still on good terms?

Pause

TODD

I send clients who want the best fishing to the outfitter shop where she's based. Occasionally she'll accept one.

JEFF

Why?

TODD

Because the big ones come out of
Calm Lake. They get their memory
prize and get closer to a deal.

HOLLY

What about the other families and
associates?

JEFF

The "Thing".

HOLLY

Yes. Who the fuck names themselves
"The Thing?"

TODD

No associates. Each family has a
Regent, sole owner of their
property, and the only resident on
the land. Family members do not,
can not, have their own residences
on their land.

HOLLY

What?

TODD

They have a compact, over a century
old.

HOLLY

Surely somebody....

TODD

The lake has a dark reputation.

HOLLY

Laughs

Now I'm intrigued. But the lake is
the "Get."

TODD

As if we don't get the
Fairshare's...

HOLLY

There's no deal for you. Are you
in?

TODD

Yes.

HOLLY

I mean *really* in.

TODD

Yes.

HOLLY

Give me your business card.

He pulls up QR code on his phone, she copies it and forwards it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I have a sportsman in need of a prize.

INT. OUTFITTER STORE - DAY

GRAYSON, 30s, stands at the counter. Erika enters. She stills as a few marks left on her face. She wears an analog watch and carries a day-timer.

GRAYSON

Hey E! Welcome back.

ERIKA

Thanks.

GRAYSON

Wow! What happened?

ERIKA

If I knew, I'd tell ya. All I know a lost my favorite rig.

He follows her back to the fly rod section. She pulls a reel off the shelf, and opens a drawer below the fly rod display and removes a premium packed rod. She looks a Grayson.

GRAYSON

Of course. Look, get settled in and let's get updated on requests and the few remaining open dates available I think we, you, should consider.

ERIKA

Give me a half-hour.

GRAYSON

'kay.

ERIKA

Your tats?

GRAYSON

Yeah?

ERIKA

Who was the artist?

GRAYSON

It was a while ago..wait, not "I'll never" Erika.

ERIKA

Thinkin' about it.

GRAYSON

Finally coming over to our side?

ERIKA

Not by choice.

GRAYSON

You're always about choice.

ERIKA

True. But now, I gotta have one.
Want it done right.

GRAYSON

Totally. What are getting?

ERIKA

You've seen Braun's.

GRAYSON

Holy Mackinaw! Not the Thing tat?

ERIKA

Yeah.

GRAYSON

The Cross? Ax 'n hammer? On you?

ERIKA

Yeah, Braun's adamant. Where should
I go?

GRAYSON

No one 'round here for sure. T.C.
would be better.

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Especially for a real artist for that. They don't know yet?

ERIKA

No, not yet. Neither do you.

They do a personal hand gesture for each other acknowledging this secret.

INT. LAW CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ZAK Volkov, 40s, and **JALENA** Volkov, 40s, sit on opposite sides of a conference table, each with a **LAWYER** next to them. **MR. BLACK**, 30s, sits on a side chair in the back of the room. Ron **SOLOMON**, 60s, bald and weary, sits at the head of the table with two large folders, and a small box between them. His hands on top of each folder.

SOLOMON

And that is the disposition of assets of your beloved father, Dimitri. In his view...an equitable division of the estate.

JALENA

Bullshit!

SOLOMON

Nevertheless..

ZAK

I want a fucking audit of that.

JALENA

And of yours as well!

SOLOMON

That may be the easier part for both of you when we release these assets to you.

He pulls an envelop from his pocket.

JALENA

When you release?

SOLOMON

I have a codicil to the will written and notarized by your father two weeks before his death.

Solomon opens the envelop and removes a paper and a key to the box on the table. He opens the box. Zax grabs the box, turns it over, and a set of car keys drop on the table.

ZAK

Keys? What the hell is this?

JALENA

Door number three...

SOLOMON

In short, to receive your inheritance you believe you so rightly deserve, your father is requiring, *together*, you two drive the black town car Braun Fairehare drove for your father to Mr. Fairehare's current residence. As a gift from your father.

ZAK

The first Sphinx?

JALENA

The fucking chauffer?

SOLOMON

Yes, his first chauffer. Return with a printed photo of you with Mr. Fairehare holding the keys in his left hand in front of the town car. Only then can I release the inheritances as instructed.

JALENA

That's it? Did he say why?

SOLOMON

I don't ask dying men why. I honor their request.

ZAK

Can't we just text you?.

SOLOMON

No. I don't text. Or email. The codicil is clear, a printed photo.

ZAK

Christ, I hated that place as a kid.

JALENA

And you get to hate it all over again.

ZAK

You let him do this to us?

SOLOMON

He's still my client until this is completed. Mr. Black will follow you to Bellaire. Let me know tomorrow when you can travel later this week to meet Mr. Black back here and depart in the town car. Mr. Black will follow you.

INT. SOLOMAN'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Holly Turk sits in Solomon's chair in his office. Solomon enters.

HOLLY

That went well.

SOLOMON

We'll see.

INT. OUTFITTER STORE - AFTERNOON

DUTCH Clay, 40, fit, military tat on forearm, enters.

GRAYSON

Can I help you?

DUTCH

Hope so. Grayson?

GRAYSON

Yes.

DUTCH

Dutch Clay. I asked a local realtor if I wanted to get some quality fishing in who could be best to help me. He said there's only one place and one guide to get.

GRAYSON

Really?

DUTCH

Yeah. An Erica ..Fair..hair. Said she's awesome.

GRAYSON

The realtor?

DUTCH

Todd..

GRAYSON

Simon.

DUTCH

Simon, yes. Todd Simon.

Pause

GRAYSON

Wish I could help, but she's pretty booked for the season.

DUTCH reaches in his pocket. Pulls out a wrapped stack of hundred dollar bills.

DUTCH

Look, I'd making it in your better interest if you could help me out here. I'm here with my boss, and we have a little bet on making this happen.

GRAYSON

What's the bet?

DUTCH

Calm Lake.

GRAYSON

And the why?

DUTCH

We understand there are conditions and very limited access. Private, exclusive, rumor has it your Erica is the gatekeeper to fish there.

GRAYSON

That's a fact. But she takes clients to other lakes in the chain as well.

He pulls another stack of bills and puts it on the counter.

DUTCH

No. No. It *has* to be Calm Lake.

INT. OUTFITTER STORE BACK ROOM - DAY

Erika sits at a desk putting notes in the day-timer. A knock on the door. Grayson enters.

GRAYSON

Gotta moment?

ERIKA

Sure.

GRAYSON

There's a dude out front asking for your services. Like in the next few days.

ERIKA

So and no.

GRAYSON

Real specifically.

He puts the first stack of bills in front of her.

ERIKA

I'm suppose be impressed?

GRAYSON

I am. Who does this? To fish?

ERIKA

Did you tell him I'm already booked ...for the season?

He puts the second stack on the first.

GRAYSON

Call me selfish, but this place doesn't run by itself. Next winter would less cold.

ERIKA

Sighs

When? Where? What fish?

GRAYSON

Asap, Calm Lake. I don't think it matters on the rest. Please.

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You could cancel next week's bookings, or I'll cover with a deep discount. We'll still be way ahead for the season.

LA

Who sent him?

GRAYSON

Todd.

ERIKA

God damn chamber shit?

GRAYSON

That too. I'm even asking nice. Please.

ERIKA

I'll talk to him.

GRAYSON

Thanks!

ERIKA

I didn't say yes. Won't be tomorrow anyway. Big rain.

She gets up. Grayson picks up the money and they leave the room.

INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Braun leans on the cabin door. Watches lighting in the distance. Erika is in a lounge chair reading.

BRAUN

Big inhale, holds it then and exhales.
A good night to hunt.

ERIKA

All night?

BRAUN

If need be.

ERIKA

It's suppose to continue through tomorrow. I'm going over to T-C early morning. Need anything?

BRAUN

Nope.

Braun takes the rifle over the door.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Later.

ERIKA

Later.

He steps out. Rain begins. Thunder is louder.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Forest rain. A small group of deer standing in the woods.

- a wolf's howl is heard in the distance
- deer get antsy
- a large tree branch falls.
- deer bolt as lighting illuminates a white wolf-like creature running after them.
- The deer split up to a solitary chase of one deer.
- A deer tumbles in the chase.
- The predator is on him.
- The deer bleats. Heavy breathing and a heavier rain.
- The beast howls.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Erika prepares for bed. Storm subsides. A distance gun shot heard. She smiles and retires. Laying in the darkness, a second shot is heard.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN - MORNING

Erika in the cabin preparing to leave with backpack and holstered sidearm. Picks up a legal size manila envelop on the table. About to step out, she stops. Snaps her finger.

ERIKA

Dammit!

She turns and goes to the cellar.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN, CELLAR - MORNING

She takes a clear jar of water on the shelf back upstairs.
Puts it in her backpack and steps outside.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Everything's wet. Braun dressing the deer by the smoke house.
Deer hind quarter has been mauled. One head shot. Braun has
dried blood around his mouth as he eats a piece of raw meat
She walks toward the four-wheeler with the manila envelop in
her hand.

ERIKA

Heading out.

BRAUN

See ya. Another one rolling in.

ERIKA

There's still coffee left.

BRAUN

Thanks.

Thunder in the distance.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Erika on street looks at her watch. Manila envelop under arm.
Thunder rumbles. She stops. Pulls flip phone and places call.

Ringtone

VOICE ONE (O.S.)

Bay Light Ink.

ERIKA

Yes, I have an appointment with
Drew. Name Faireshare

VOICE ONE (O.S.)

Yeah?

ERIKA

I running a couple minute late.
Could you..

VOICE ONE (O.C.)

Sure. He ain't busy.

She stops in front of a bank.

ERIKA

But he's there.

VOICE ONE (O.S.)

Oh yeah, in his element.

ERIKA

Fifteen minutes.

VOICE ONE (O.S.)

No problem.

She goes into the bank.

EXT. CITY MARINA - DAY

Overcast. Erika walks by Marina office. A Seaplane is moored to a marina dock in the distance. **DAGEN**, 67, aged and rough, sits on dock stool.

ERIKA

Dagen, ol' friend.

DAGEN

Who you?

ERIKA

Erika, Braun's daughter.

DAGEN

Who Braun?

ERIKA

Can I sit with you?

He leans toward her and smells. Shrugs shoulders.

DAGEN

No fish on you women.

ERIKA

Not today.

DAGEN

Old smell though. Safe smell.

She smiles and removes the jar of water from the backpack.
Removes the lid.

ERIKA

Here.

He sniffs the jar. Eyes widen.

DAGEN

Mmmmmmm. Deep water

ERIKA

Yes, deep water.

He takes the jar. Left pinky finger is missing. He sips. She puts the lid back on, and slips it into the pocket of his jacket.

DAGEN

Doesn't belong here.

ERIKA

What?

DAGEN

The bird ova dere.

He puts his hand on her shoulder and points to the seaplane.

DAGEN (CONT'D)

I miss my friend.

ERIKA

He misses you.

DAGEN

Is he still sad?

ERIKA

Somedays.

DAGEN

That fucking Russian keep his promise?

ERIKA

Yes. He's dead.

DAGEN

Good. Lucky you.

ERIKA

I don't know about that. That was long time. I didn't know him.

Dragen stands up.

DAGEN

Don't trust any of them.

ERIKA

Who?

DAGEN

The Russians or the Swedes.

He puts his hand in jacket pocket. Pulls out the jar of water.

DAGEN (CONT'D)

What's this?

ERIKA

Deep water. Yours.

DAGEN

Mine?

ERIKA

Yours, old friend. I have to leave.

She hugs him and walks away. She looks back and waves and glances at the seaplane.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

DUDE ONE, 35, AND **DUDE TWO**, 30s, enter as **ERIKA** stands at a wall mounted jukebox. She pulls a single **EMERALD** stone necklace from under her shirt. Kisses the stone. Make her selections. Places the necklace back under her shirt.

The Dudes sit at the end of the bar as slow Latin music plays. With eyes closes, she moves with the music to opposite end of bar as bartender delivers a tequila shot, lime, salt, and a beer. She opens a flip phone, scrolls and dials.

ERIKA'S PHONE

Out going ring

DUTCH (O.C.)

Miss Faireshare, tomorrow?

ERIKA

Yes. Forecast is good. 5 A-M work for you?

DUTCH (O.C.)
Early is good. Coffee?

ERIKA
Sure. Black

DUTCH (O.C.)
See you at the dock.

ERIKA
Have your list?

DUTCH (O.C.)
Shopping as we speak.

ERIKA
See you then.

DUTCH
See you then.

Disconnect. Erika touches her shoulder and winces. Throws down a shot.

ERIKA
Sarcastically

Can't wait. Thanks, Grayson.

Swallows part of the beer. Waves the empty shot glass at the bartender.

Dude One taps Two on the shoulder and points at the flip phone.

DUDE ONE
That there you got a Walmart phone special?

No response.

DUDE TWO
What's that music?

DUDE ONE
I do believe it's a tonk tune..

Bartender serves the second shot. She throws that down. Her right hand rests on the top of the shot glass. Dude One gets out of chair and begins walking over. Erika looks at the backbar mirror.

ERIKA

Don't.

DUDE ONE

Chuckles

Or what? You a Tonk lover?

He leans into her space, and speaks closely in her ear, and touches the tender left shoulder with his right hand.

DUDE ONE (CONT'D)

Or are you just a Tonk breeder?

She remains looking at the backbar mirror.

ERIKA

The trouble with a fuck-up is you can always count on them fucking up.

She jams the bottom of the shot glass into his left eye. Dude One screaming as he falls back. Off the stool, she unleashes a leg kick on his knee. Down an out. Dude Two jumps to check on him. She puts her hand up telling him to stay where he is.

She pulls bills from her pocket slaps them on the bar.

She looks at bartender.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Bartender pulls Erika's belted sidearm from under the bar and puts it on the bar. She pulls the sig from the holster with the right hand, holding belt in the other.

BARTENDER

This shit usually only happens at night.

ERIKA

Next one of you fuck-ups I see...

She waves the sig. Walks out.

INT/EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Mr. Black follows Jalena and Zak in the black town car. He is listening to their conversation.

ZAK (O.C.)

Who the fuck doesn't have a smart phone? It's the goddamn 21st Century!

JALENA (O.C.)

The point is there is no phone.

ZAK (O.C.)

No phone. Who does that 'cept the unibomber?

JALENA (O.C.)

Point taken. Well, there is an address.

ZAK (O.C.)

Mr. Mum back there has the address, and he not sharing shit.

JALENA (O.C.)

You think Dimitri listed every thing?

Pause

JALENA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Me either.

ZAK (O.C.)

One thing for sure.

JALENA (O.C.)

What?

ZAK (O.C.)

There's more to it than this relic.

JALENA (O.C.)

Dimitri loved this car.

ZAK (O.C.)

All kinds of business was conducted back there. With him or without him.

JALENA (O.C.)

Exactly.

ZAK (O.C.)

What do you think that Sphinx heard back in the day?

JALENA (O.C.)

Back when he started? Heard a little, saw more, did Dimitri's bidding.

ZAK (O.C.)

Fuck. For how long?

Incoming call. Mr. Black's screen says "SOLOMON LAW"

MR. BLACK

Yes, Sir.

SOLOMAN (O.C.)

How's it going?

MR. BLACK

As expected. He's pissed. She's prodding.

SOLOMAN (O.C.)

You contact the daughter?

MR. BLACK (O.C.)

She's not responding.

SOLOMAN (O.C.)

Text?

MR. BLACK (O.C.)

Same.

SOLOMON (O.C.)

They'll have to sit then 'till you make contact there.

MR. BLACK

The realtor?

HOLLY (O.C.)

Yeah, Simon.

EXT. CITY MARINA - NIGHT

Moonlight.

Dragen sits hunched over on the dock. Stands up. Can't stand straight.

DAGEN

Sighs and mumbles.

He reaches in his pocket. Pulls out a translucent jar. He opens it. Smells. Drinks it all.

Pause.

He slowly begins to stand straight. Eyes the moon.

DAGEN (CONT'D)

Howls

Begins walking toward end of the dock. Picks up speed and howls again as he jumps into the bay.

A translucent light circles out from the marina into the bay.

EXT. OUTFITTER STORE - DAY

River behind store. Erika is finishing loading provisions on bass boat. Her right hand is lightly wrapped. Sidearm. Full light fabric sleeved top. Croakied shades around her neck. Boonie hat with hat band with dry fly feathers.

She has three different weighted length rods and lures set up and secured on the forward deck.

Dutch arrives with single light fishing rig, small tackle box, backpack, and coffee carrier with two cups. Cap, oversized Tee, Bermuda shorts. Military sleeved tattoos.

DUTCH

Morning.

ERIKA

Morning.

She motions for him to get on the boat. He boards. She helps herself to the coffee.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Thanks. That's it?

He removes the backpack.

DUTCH

Yeah, provisions here. Lunch. Clean underwear. What else do ya need?
You're the contractor.

ERIKA

You run a little lighter than most.

DUTCH

One rod, one lure. One fish.

ERIKA

That's what it takes. I've some backup just in case.

She nods to the secured rods on deck.

ERIKA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Untie the rear line.

He does from the boat. She fires up the motor.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Release the front.

He steps back on the dock, unties, and hops back on. Sits the next to Erika as she eases the boat into the river and heads upstream.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

They continue up the main river and pass other boats at a distance whenever possible. Dutch observes the activity on them.

DUTCH

You don't seem to have much help.

ERIKA

Pardon?

DUTCH

Tech.

ERIKA

Don't use much. Front troll motor, hydraulic anchor for the shallows.

DUTCH

You have something against fish finders?

ERIKA

No. Never use them on my boat.

DUTCH

Never?

ERIKA

Not on my boat. Name something fish
and people have in common.

DUTCH

They stink when dead.

ERIKA

Interesting answer. True, an
organism rots when it fails its
original function.

DUTCH

You had something else in mind?

ERIKA

Both like shiny things.

DUTCH

Your point.

ERIKA

Tech.

DUTCH

A shiny thing?

ERIKA

Very.

DUTCH

May I ask, the sidearm?

ERIKA

Sig 911.

DUTCH

Necessary here?

ERIKA

Deputized DNR officer.

DUTCH

A little light.

ERIKA

It does the job.

Erika guides the boat into a small estuary.

DUTCH

What's this?

ERIKA

The cut to Calm Lake.

EXT. THE CUT - DAY

The cut is narrow. Trees on both sides taller. Less light. Their boat moves slower. Sound of birds more pronounced.

A crow calls from a tree.

DUTCH

How far?

ERIKA

20 minutes.

They begin to be watched from the forest. A pileated woodpecker call in the forest. Erika smiles.

DUTCH

What's that?

ERIKA

Woodpecker. The big one. Pileated.

She mimic the woodpecker's call.

DUTCH

Impressive. Who taught you?

ERIKA

The woodpecker...and a friend.

She looks at his tattoos.

DUTCH

Yes?

ERIKA

Your tats?

DUTCH

Two tours, Bagram. You?

ERIKA

Key West.

DUTCH

Not much action there.

ERIKA

Enough.

Dutch sees something running through the trees.

DUTCH

You see it?

ERIKA

What?

DUTCH

Over there.

ERIKA

Repeats woodpecker call. Call repeated from the woods. It's much closer.

EXT. THE CUT LOCK - DAY

The boat approaches a lock in the cut.

DUTCH

Is that a lock?

ERIKA

It is. The lake is about three feet higher than the cut. Manual. Do us a favor, move to the bow and *sit* on the deck.

DUTCH

Why?

ERIKA

Several reasons. Mostly, your phone in your backpack?

DUTCH

Yeah.

ERIKA

No photos here.

DUTCH

Why?

ERIKA

I said so, and that's all that matters.

They approach the lock, and **OJIB**, Female, 30s, appears as urchin-of-the-woods.

Ordained in odd clothing, vegetation, and glass beads. She stands on the lock's platform. Erika turns to Dutch.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

If you want to go further don't move or speak.

DUTCH

Why?

ERIKA

Just do it.

Erika pulls a sack from the hold, and raises it in her arm.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

She give a high pitch whistle.

Ojib!

OJIB

High pitch whistle returned.

Odee up yaw. Odee up yaw.

ERIKA

Odee up. Odee up.

Ogib opens the lower gate. Erica eases the boat into the lock.

OJIB

What chee?

She point to Dutch.

ERIKA

Fish man.

OJIB

Laughter.

No fish man.

She pulls a black feather out her hair and waves it in the air.

OJIB (CONT'D)

No dat fish man. Fly.

She jumps on the boat. Drops the feather next to Dutch.

OJIB (CONT'D)

Fatty mocs that.

She puts out her hand. Erika give her the sack.

OJIB (CONT'D)

What gots me?

ERIKA

Jerk-jerk.

She opens the sack.

OJIB

Squeals

Tummer rumble.

She reaches in her clothes and extends a fist. Erika puts her palm out. Ojib drops a freshwater clam and a small red feather in it. Ojib claps twice. Put her finger to her eye, and pulls down the lower eyelid.

OJIB (CONT'D)

Obee up.

She jumps off the boat and releases water to raise the boat. She stoops and stares at Dutch a few moments. Turns and slips into the forest.

ERIKA

You can open the door.

Dutch swings the upper doors open, and Erika eases the boat out.

DUTCH

Ojib?

ERIKA

Yes, O-jib. The lock keeper.

DUTCH

For how long?

ERIKA

Most of my life.

Erika points.

DUTCH

What?

ERIKA

Welcome to Calm Lake.

The darker cut gives way to the opening of the blue lake surrounded by tall primal trees.

INT. RESORT DINING - ROOM

Zak and Jalena are having breakfast. Zak waves a piece of sausage on the end of his fork.

ZAK

Aren't you just a little pissed off right now?

JALENA

Today, tomorrow. What difference does it make? We drop the car off. We go home. Get what's ours and move on our separate ways.

ZAK

Fuck, what's up with you anyway?

JALENA

Me? Nothing. Just play this little last good-bye game out. We'll be on a plane home soon enough.

ZAK

What plane?

JALENA

A picture. Solomon gets a picture. That's it. We don't have to ride back with Black. Even better, I don't have to listen to you for another five hours in a car. He takes us to the nearest airport.

ZAK

Bye and fly.

JALENA

Bye and fly.

ZAK

I can't sit in this what passes as a fucking' resort all day waiting for him to say when.

JALENA

True. It's nice. Not great. I'm inclined for a spa day. You should relax too.

ZAK

Saw a shooting range driving into town. That would really help.

JALENA

Like it. Okay if I join you and spa later?

ZAK

We gotta car.

EXT. CALM LAKE - DAY

Erika and Dutch drift near the troll shoreline. Dutch goes through a limited tackle box.

DUTCH

What do you suggest?

ERIKA

Spinner should be good. We'll run parallel to the shore.

He pulls and attaches a lure. He is not smooth and fumbles somewhat with the tackle. Erica focus on his helicopter tat.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Manhattan?

DUTCH

Sort of. Kansas. Pretty good. You?

ERIKA

Born on this lake.

DUTCH

In the area.

ERIKA

No. Literally born on and in the lake.

DUTCH

How's that?

ERIKA

That's how my mother wanted it. Your ready?

DUTCH

Yes.

ERIKA

We'll drift for a while. Let's see if you can get some action.

Dutch cast the rod quickly and reels in too quickly after the lure lands. He repeats as they talk.

DUTCH

So you have an exclusivity to come on the lake?

ERIKA

You could say that.

DUTCH

What did you have to do?

ERIKA

Our family has always owned the lake.

DUTCH

No one owns a lake, 'cept government.

ERIKA

Not this one. Suggestion or example?

DUTCH

Why?

ERIKA

You may want to work the lure a little easier.

DUTCH

I know how to work it.

ERIKA

No 'doubt. Let's try a different part of the lake.

DUTCH

Good idea.

ERIKA

Better take a seat.

He sits, and she opens the throttle and heads for the middle of the lake.

INT. OUTFITTER STORE - DAY

Mr. Black, shades and black suit, enters the store. Grayson is speaking to a customer.

GRAYSON

Please excuse me. See me if you have any more questions.

He walks over to Mr. Black who has moved to register.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Dude. M-I-B in my store?

No reaction from Mr. Black.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Sorry. How can I help you?

MR. BLACK

I was told by a Todd Simon that Braun Fairehare's daughter works here.

GRAYSON

She's with a client fishing.

MR. BLACK

Will she be back soon?

GRAYSON

Sorry dude, gone all day.

MR. BLACK

I've tried to reach her, but she in not answering my calls.

GRAYSON

Of course. She don't answer numbers she don't recognize.

MR. BLACK

We left messages.

GRAYSON

She deletes 'em. Don't listen to 'em either.

Mr. Black takes a blank business card and pen from his pocket and writes on it, and gives it to Grayson. Leaves the pen on the counter.

MR. BLACK

Give this to her.

GRAYSON

Anything else?

MR. BLACK

Tell her to give it to her
daddy....dude.

Grayson picks up the pen and holds it up to his eye.

GRAYSON

And I forget we ever met.

Mr. Black points a finger at him

MR. BLACK

Bang.

EXT. CALM LAKE - DAY

Erika and Dutch arrive in the middle of the lake. She kills
the engine. He steps up on the deck. Erika in the pilot seat.

A crow is heard overhead.

DUTCH

Why are we here?

ERIKA

If its going to happen for you,
it'll be here.

DUTCH

What?

ERIKA

Why you came here. The big catch.

DUTCH

Why here?

ERIKA

It's the deepest part of the lake.

DUTCH

How deep?

ERIKA

Bottomless.

DUTCH

No lake is bottomless.

ERIKA

I like to believe my grandmother; a bottomless lake fed by a northern underground river.

DUTCH

Some belief.

ERIKA

It's about our Norse origins. The water. Their customs. This water is always 10 to 15 degrees colder than the surrounding lakes. Now *what* fish story would satisfy you boss.

DUTCH

I don't know. A just a nice five pound large mouth.

ERIKA

That's all. Not something even bigger, *really* large.

DUTCH

Nah, just a bid ol' bass.

ERIKA

Get the heavy long rod there, and bring it over to me. I'll live bait for you.

Erika gets up. She goes to the live bait well and retrieve a large panfish. She take the rod with a large bare hook and secures it through the fish.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Throw your line out. Anywhere.

He throws is line out, and immediately has a strike. The line runs.

DUTCH

Holy shit!

ERIKA

This could be a while.

Erika sits. Turns to the hold. Pulls out a sandwich and a bottle of water.

Dutch fights. Reels in. Fish runs. He sits on the deck with the rod braced against his stomach.

DUTCH

Tiring.

What the hell is this thing?

ERIKA

A biggin'. Big Northern. Muskie maybe.

DUTCH

You wanna help out a little here?

ERIKA

You're the fisherman. You know how it all works.

She gets the landing net.

Got the net when your ready. I'd say ten pounder, maybe more, if you don't fall in and she catches you.

Dutch is having all he can handle.

DUTCH

Shit! Shit!

ERIKA

Mouth full

Yeah, she's a big one. You're doing great. You want me to get your camera out of your backpack.

DUTCH

Fuck, yes. Ah, no! Yes...side pocket. Son of a bitch!

She checks out the backpack in route to the phone.

ERIKA

Got it. Need your password.

DUTCH

Shit! Don't you have a camera?

ERIKA

No, not one of those.

DUTCH

Fuck!

He pulls a switch blade from his right hand pocket and cuts the line.

ERIKA

So, you got what you really wanted.
You got on the lake.

Pause

DUTCH

No, not yet.

It puts the rod down. The knife in his left pocket, and pulls out a hand gun from the right. Erika sees it, and leans to the left to pull her sidearm, but Dutch fires, and grazes her right arm. She covers it with her left hand, and looks at Dutch. He holds the gun on her.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

If I wanted you dead, you'd be dead.

ERIKA

Now what?

DUTCH

Slowly, very slowly, remove the key and put it on the other seat. Then stand up and drop the sig in the water.

She reaches for the sig, and blood from the wound and run down her arm to her hand. The blood is on the gun, as she drops it in the water.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Now come on the deck. Crawl.

She does, just on the deck. He steps back toward the bow.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Very good. Now, on all fours.

She does.

ERIKA

What's this all about?

DUTCH

I don't give shit what this is about. I get paid to have you die. Slowly, my way.

ERIKA

You do slowly?

DUTCH

It's my thing.

He retrieves the switchblade and releases the blade.

Crow is heard overhead. Erika looks up toward the sound.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Keep your head down! A couple hours from now. You'll be gone. Boat gone. Store buddy gone.

Erika looks to the port side of the boat.

ERIKA

I think we've got company.

EXT. CALM LAKE - DAY

A large V-shaped wake is heading for the bass boat. I large dorsal fin and spotted green back is seen as it get closer.

DUTCH

What the fuck is that?

ERIKA

A big fuck you.

She immediately drops down to prone position on the deck. Dutch looks at her and then back at the oncoming creature.

- He fires off a couple round at the creature.
- It side swipes the side of the boat hard.
- Dutch loses balance as boat turns.
- Erika jumps Dutch as he stumbles pushing him off boat.
- Knife and gun go with him.
- She rolls to the edge of the deck.
- He falls in the water and come back up.
- He comes up gasping and treads water.
- Erika stands on the deck looking at him.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Anything you want to tell me.

DUTCH

Fuck you.

ERIKA

Anything?

DUTCH

Daddy and you are done.

ERIKA

Slowly eh?

DUTCH

Fuc.... (Screams)

His body is spun around and taken under. The water boils. Bloody mouth and face Dutch resurfaces for a moment. The body slowly sinks into the depths.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN WOODSHOP - DAY

Braun is working on a wooden boat frame. Erika arrives and stands at the opening. She has ripped the RH sleeve from her shirt around her wound. She holds Dutch's backpack in her left hand.

ERIKA

Braun.

He stops and looks up.

BRAUN

Jesus fuck!

ERIKA

Now, we have a real problem.

INT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Erika is sitting at the kitchen table admiring the stitch work on her arm. Braun comes up from the cellar with a jar of the water, and a handgun with pocket holster.

How's that going to help?

BRAUN

Shut up.

He places the gun on the table. He pours a little of the water over the wound, She stares.

BRAUN (CONT'D)
Voila. Now drink the rest.

She does. Looks at wound as he smiles and wraps the wound.

BRAUN (CONT'D)
I got lucky. I almost lost you.
Again. Let's not make this a
habit.

She picks up the gun, gets up and goes to her room. Braun
cleans up the table.

ERIKA (O.S.)
You think this will work.

She comes out of room. New sleeved fishing shirt and shorts.
Braun walks up to her and stares into her eyes.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
What?

BRAUN
Things are different. You're
different.

ERIKA
Yeah, and I'm me.

He hugs her. She pinches his check.

ERIKA (CONT'D)
Okay, Pops. I was scared. Not the
first time. Now I gotta get back.

BRAUN
You put the tracker back in
backpack?

ERIKA
Sarcastically

Please, my plan.

She takes key fob out of the backpack, and hands them to
Braun.

I'll bag and anchor his tackle on
the way back.

BRAUN

See ya in Pellston.

INT. OUTFITTER STORE - DAY

Grayson is in the store reviewing the days receipts. A door slamming is heard from the stockroom. He looks at his watch and goes to the storeroom

INT. OUTFITTER STORE - STOREROOM - DAY

Grayson enters as Erika is emptying her backpack on her desk. Dutch's backpack hangs on a hook next to her desk.

GRAYSON

You're back. You look miffed?

ERIKA

Our special charter happened.

GRAYSON

No fish?

ERIKA

Wasn't about fish. It was about me.

She looking at everything closely.

GRAYSON

Com'on. Wait, did he come on to you.

ERIKA

I kinda wish he had.

GRAYSON

Why?

ERIKA

I could have claimed shelf defense.

GRAYSON

What happened to him?

ERIKA

We parted ways.

GRAYSON

How?

ERIKA

We..parted...ways. That's all you need to know.

She feels around the inside of the backpack. Turns it inside out.

GRAYSON

What are you looking for?

She peels a small round piece of plastic from the back.

ERIKA

This!

GRAYSON

That!

ERIKA

This. It's a tracker.

GRAYSON

How do you know?

ERIKA

I just do.

GRAYSON

Real spy shit?

ERIKA

Yeah. Not great, but its cheap surveillance.

GRAYSON

Cool. I wonder if that dude knows the Kay dude that was here early.

ERIKA

What K-dude?

GRAYSON

You know. Kay. *Men-In-Black* dude. Shades. White shirt. Black suit and skinny-ass tie.

ERIKA.

I don't do movies.

GRAYSON

Along with all the other good shit. Seriously, this Tommy Lee Jones guy came in this morning. Asked for you. Said you were out.

ERIKA

And?

GRAYSON

Wanted to wait. Said you be gone all day. Gave me the card with a number to call and walked out.

Erika looks at the card:

CARD: 313 TOWN CAR

ERIKA

Shit!

GRAYSON

Good shit or bad shit?

Erika removes her flip phone from her desk. Looks at calls missed.

ERIKA

Shit!

GRAYSON

What?

ERIKA

3-1-3-8-6-9-9-2-2-7. Shit. I need to take a jon-boat tonight. Okay?

GRAYSON

Sure.

ERIKA

Leave mine alone. I mean it. Stay off it. I'll get it in the morning.

GRAYSON

I gotta get back out on the floor.

He head out.

ERIKA

'Kay. Hey, what did this guy in the movie do?

GRAYSON

He protected good aliens from bad aliens.

ERIKA

Was he a bad ass?

GRAYSON

Dude!

He leaves.

ERIKA

Fuckin' keys! Shit. Shit. Shit.

She takes Dutch's and her backpacks out the back door.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeff opens up a laptop as Holly pours herself a bourbon. Mr. Black sits in a lounge chair.

HOLLY

Well?

JEFF

Just a sec. Well the boat's back.

HOLLY

Good. And.

JEFF

The boat and her backpack.

Jeff places a call on cell phone. Puts the call on speaker.

It just rings.

HOLLY

Well, where is he?

JEFF

What if it didn't happen?

HOLLY

How difficult could it be?

JEFF

She's armed.

HOLLY

At all times?

MR. BLACK

It's understood.

HOLLY

You have time to find him?

MR. BLACK

Yes.

INT/EXT. OUTFITTER STORE - NIGHT

Braun arrives in four-wheeler. Parks. Only Dutch's car is there. Braun gets out. Holds fob towards the car. Unlocks it. Gets in and drives away.

INT/EXT. OUTFITTER STORE - NIGHT

Mr. Black arrives. Shades on. Parks away from Braun's car. Walks to store front. Pulls pocket flashlight and looks in windows. Walks to back of the shop to dockside. Checks backdoor. Locked.

Erika watches from a small rear window.

ERIKA

Damn, Grayson, Tommy fuckin' Lee Jones.

Mr. Black boards Erica's boat. Finds backpack. Leaves with it.

She watches him leave and looks at her watch.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Just chill.

WATCH: Ten minutes later.

Mr. Black returns. Drives slowly by Braun's truck and leaves.

Erika watches.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Smooth.

EXT. OUTFITTER STORE - NIGHT

Erica exits the back door and goes around to Braun's car. Opens the door. Looks under the floor matt. No keys. Looks in the pocket behind the driver seat. Keys. She drives out.

INT/EXT. PELLSTON AIRPORT - NIGHT

Braun sits in the parking lot. Coffee cup on the dash. Erica arrives and park next to him. Window down.

BRAUN

Where have you been?

ERIKA

I'll explain on the way back.

He leaves Dutch's car and get's in with Erica. She drives.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Grayson had a visitor while I was out today. Same guy did a recon on my boat tonight.

She pulls Mr. Black's card from her pocket and hands it to Braun.

BRAUN

So they're here.

ERIKA

They?

BRAUN

Hungry?

ERIKA

Very.

INT/EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

BRAUN

I guess you can bring the boat home.

ERIKA

Okay.

BRAUN

Can you bring home a different one?

ERIKA

Covered. Good catch.

BRAUN

Wait until dawn.

ERIKA

And Todd?

BRAUN

Let's get through the delivery.
Todd can wait. Two days?

ERIKA

Yeah.

The both small smile.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

I'll make the call.

BRAUN

Be sure they understand noon, not
before.

ERIKA

Got it. Noon

Erika goes outside. Braun watches the call from his booth.

INT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Braun drinks coffee and has a handgun on his lap as he sits watching Erica's return in the Jon-boat. She moors it on the dock.

ERIKA

Man, I am exhausted.

BRAUN

I'm sure. We've got a couple hours.
How's the arm?

ERIKA

Feels....fine. Actually, like
better.

BRAUN

Com'on.

They walk back to the cabin.

INT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Erika and Braun enters. She bee-lines to her room and collapses on the bed face down. Braun picks up a side chair and goes to place it by her door.

BRAUN

I'll be right outside.

ERIKA

Mumbles

Door. Love ya.

BRAUN

You too.

He doesn't close it. He stands by the chair, and looks at the lounge chair. On the end table is a photo of a 5 year-old Erica, 35 yr-old Braun and his **WIFE**, 30s. He looks back at her bedroom door.

FLASHBACK

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Braun at five year old Erika's door watching her sleep, and closes her door. He turns and looks at his wife on the lounge chair. She is gaunt and weak. Wearing white linen with a floral wreath around her head.

WIFE

It will be okay. We're ready.

BRAUN

I'm not.

WIFE

Tell me again.

BRAUN

I will tell her when it's time.

WIFE

Now it's our time. She must be released to go on.

Braun lifts her up and carries outside.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Braun carries his wife into the boathouse. A Norse rowing boat is prepared. The stern has an elaborate blanket laid over a bed of straw and branches. Toward the bow are a small and large wood buckets. The small has stones and tied to a rope. The large is a bucket of water. There is a small glass container with liquid.

Braun lays his wife on the blanket and takes the boat out.

EXT. CALM LAKE - NIGHT

Braun rows to the middle of the lake looking at his wife the whole time.

WIFE

Here.

BRAUN

Here?

WIFE

There is no time left.

He stops. Ties the rope to the small bucket around her feet. He lifts her. Kneels holding over the water.

WIFE (CONT'D)

We will always be with you.

BRAUN

And with you.

WIFE

Now my love. Now.

Braun releases her into the water. And then the stone bucket. She is gone.

Pause

He picks up the glass container. Opens it and pours it on the blanket.

Suddenly rings of translucent light spread out from around the boat.

BRAUN

Howls.

He takes a lighter from his pocket and ignites the fluid on the blanket. Pours the water bucket over his head and jumps into the lake.

The boat burns on. Water boils around the boat.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Mr. Black, Zak, and Jalena arrive at he driveway entrance to the cabin.

Mr. Black get out of his lead car, walks back to Zak and gestures that he should drive in first to the cabin. Zak maneuvers the town car ahead and enters up the gravel driveway quickly. Mr. Black follows at a distance, slowly.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Braun and Erika, with sidearms, are at the cabin's back circular drive way them approach. Their four-wheeler is parked on the grass, near the woodshop. It is in line with the firewood row, smokehouse, and boathouse to the lake.

Zax brings the town car all around the circle so it is pointing to the exit. Mr. Black stays back and stops his car facing the town car. He does not get out.

BRAUN

Wide right

ERIKA

See it.

She positions herself near the four-wheeler. Braun takes a few steps forward and waits. Zak and Jalena get out of the town car. They step forward to greet each other.

BRAUN

Welcome.

ZAK

Place hasn't change much.

JALENA

Zak!

ZAK

Braun Faireshare. Long time.

JALENA

Braun.

BRAUN

Zak. Jalena. My condolences. Your father was particular. I am humbled by this gesture.

JALENA

I know he was upset when you left. But not why.

Braun gestures toward Erika.

BRAUN

My daughter Erika.

They wave at each other. Erika only looks at Mr. Black while waving.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

He knew beforehand my driving days were over. But he was always welcome here.

He nods toward Mr. Black.

JALENA

Father's last driver.

BRAUN

After this?

JALENA

Finds another employer.

ZAX

Who the fuck cares. We goin' ta do this our what?

Braun looks at Jalena.

BRAUN

So how's this suppose to go down?

JALENA

Quite simple. I understand you already have the title.

BRAUN

Yes.

JALENA

We give you the keys, get a picture with Zak and me with you holding the keys in front of the car.

ZAX

And we leave your little piece of heaven.

BRAUN

It is. There is a problem.

ZAX

No. You get key. We go.

BRAUN

I don't want it.

JALENA

What?

BRAUN

The car. I haven't signed the title. Take it and the title back with you.

ZAK.

Fuck that! Have little Edie living with daddy take the damn photo. You can trash the car. I don't give a fuck.

JALENA

Really Zak. Sorry Braun. But really, we need the photo to release our inheritance.

BRAUN

Have the driver do it.

JALENA

What?

BRAUN

Have the driver take the shot. My daughter is out of this. Call him over.

Jalena waves to Mr. Black. No response. She waves again. The black SUV door opens. He can be seen in the space between the vehicle and the open door. Zak waves.

ZAK

Come take the shot.

Mr. Black move to come around the door.

A shot heard. A bullet hits Mr. Black's forehead. He falls back dead. Braun looks at Erika who's running toward the body with gun in hand. They gather round Black who has an MP5 next to him.

JALENA

Impressive.

ZAK

I don't get it.

JALENA

Maybe you don't, but you were...

ZAK

What?

JALENA

Suppose to get it...killed.

BRAUN

I'm pretty sure we *all* were.

Another shot. Zak looks down. He touches his chest. Looks at his blood hand and falls next to Mr. Black.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

What's that old Russian saying?

JALENA

There can only be one.

BRAUN

Yes. He choose you.

JALENA

But not by his hand.

BRAUN

Nor yours.

JALENA

You have something for me?

Braun looks a Erika. She pulls the mailed noted book from behind her back. Hands it to Jalena.

JALENA (CONT'D)

He's got the keys. You were going to take it.

ERIKA

Yes.

JALENA

Only our fathers drove it.

ERIKA

Really?

Erika goes through Black's clothes. Gathers his phone, wallet, and key fob. Gives Jalena his phone and fob.

JALENA

What now?

BRAUN

Empty the SUV of Zax's and the driver's possessions.

ERIKA

You're going to have to drive it back to the city. I'm sure there's a tracing chip. Whoever it is will think the deed is done. For a short time any way. They may call or text. Either way, they'll know soon it went south.

BRAUN

But it can't stay in the county.

JALENA

What about my brother?

BRAUN

He left with you.

JALENA

What about the photo?

BRAUN

Think we can get a photo of me holding the key with them?

ERIKA

We can do that.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DAY

Braun has the bodies loaded on a tarp on the bed of a utility vehicle. He stops at the workshop as Erika comes out holding a METAL NECKLACE with a DOG TAG and TWO NINE MILIMETER SHELL CASINGS. She puts it over her head and under her shirt.

BRAUN

I'd prefer if you weren't here this afternoon.

ERIKA

Understand.

BRAUN

Any thoughts?

ERIKA

About this? No. Think I'll try to find Todd and ask about Mr. Black back in town.

He gives her the keys.

BRAUN

Take the Town Car. No, wait.

ERIKA

What?

BRAUN

She did say only her dad and I drove it.

ERIKA

So.

BRAUN

That was a long time ago. So he'd be...pop the trunk, I'll be right back.

He stops the A-T-V at the cleaning table. He goes into the boathouse and comes out with a double bladed axe. Puts it down against the A-T-V. Walks back to town car. Looks in the trunk.

ERIKA

What are you looking for?

BRAUN

His boxes.

Braun tears back the felt lining behind the rear seating. Two metal boxes sit at the base.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

I'll be a sonnabitch. Still here.

ERIKA

What is it?

Braun pulls the boxes out to the floor of the trunk.

BRAUN

Bug out boxes.

ERIKA

Who bugs out in a town car?

BRAUN

All I had to do was get him to an airport.

He open one. It has water tumbled smooth round stones. Open the second the same and a small white card.

Pause

Braun picks up the card.

CARD: Hand printed "THANKS"

He hands it to Erika.

ERIKA

What was there?

BRAUN

Cash and gold.

ERIKA

What to you think happened to it?

BRAUN

My guess. Jalenka has it, but doesn't know it. Com'on, we're running out of time.

INT/EXT. RESORT - DAY

Erika in attractive sleeved resort wear and shades. Walks up to a valet at the resort porte cochere. They converse. The valet nods and points. She tips him, and walks to the valet section. Comes back and enters the main building.

INT/EXT. RESORT BAR - DAY

Erika enters bar and sits at the backend of the bar to observe using the backbar mirror. **BARTENDER TWO**, 20s, female, approaches. They nod at each other.

ERIKA

Sel-Va-Rey Mojito.

BARTENDER TWO

Of course.

ERIKA

Has Simon been in?

BARTENDER TWO

Not this afternoon.

She leaves to make the cocktail. Erika watches the entrance in the mirror as Todd, Holly, and Jeff arrive in conversation. They walk thru the bar to an outside terrace. Bartender returns with drink.

ERIKA

You see him?

BARTENDER

Yes.

ERIKA

Can you make a special drink for me?

BARTENDER

Sure.

ERIKA

Can I show you?

BARTENDER

Absolutely.

INT/EXT. RESORT BAR - DAY

Todd Holly and Jeff at exterior terrace. Bartender approaches with tray: Three half filled glasses of beer, three shot glasses with dark liquid topped by thin clear layer, and a butane lighter.

BARTENDER

Mr. Simon?

TODD

Yes.

BARTENDER

One of our guest sent you and your friends this special drink.

TODD

Really? Who?

She sets the drinks in front of them.

BARTENDER

I am sworn to secrecy, but they said you'd *really* appreciate it.

JEFF

What is this called?

The bartender takes the lighter, ignites the top of each shot glass, and drops the shot glass into the beer.

BARTENDER

The Flaming Russian. Dasvidanya.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Erika, still in the attractive sportwear, returns in the four-wheeler. Smoke rises from the smokehouse. She walks towards the lake.

ERIKA

Calls out.

Braun.

Pause

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Braun.

Checks the boathouse. The bass boat is missing. The Norse row boat as been prepared. Long handled hammer and a double bladed axe rest on the aft seat. There are blood stains on the axe handle hilt. A large and small wood buckets rest on a deer skin covered floor. The large bucket has a significant amount of rope attached to it. She turns and goes to the cabin.

EXT. CALM LAKE - NIGHT

Braun stands on the deck of the boat with several buckets. He empties one bucket of remains into the lake. Picks up the next. Takes a piece of meat out of the bucket and eats it, then empties that bucket into the water.

INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Erika enters her bedroom. On the bed is a highly decorated leather and fur Viking era ceremonial dress. Sleeveless. Ornamented in beads, shells, feathers, and stag buttons. Matching leather wrist amulets.

She holds the dress up. Looks out the window. Sits on the end of the bed. Lies back, and fall asleep. Her door is still open.

INT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Braun slowly enters her bedroom. He wears a Viking ceremonial top red top. Bead and silver embroidered. Leather sash. Sheathed knife. He sits next to Erika. Touches her brow.

BRAUN

Softly

Erika.

She stirs. He stands.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Erika. Wake up.

She opens her eyes. Sits straight up.

ERIKA

Pops! Your...

BRAUN

It's time you assume to be
annointed to your legacy.

Pause

ERIKA

Father, give me a moment.

BRAUN

Baby girl, this is the moment. I,
we, can no longer wait. This was
you mother's. Meet me in the
boathouse.

He turns to leave.

ERIKA

I need a minute.

He looks back.

BRAUN

No time. It's was you mother's for
a similar occasion. Now it's your
time. It fits. Ten minutes.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Erika walks down to the boathouse in the sleeveless dress.
The bullet wound is gone.

Her left shoulder, a tattoo of Thor's hammer with BLUE handle crossed by a GREEN handled double bladed axe. A dim light comes from the boathouse. She enters.

Braun stands on the walk next to the row boat holding a torch. He puts his finger to his lips indicating silence. He motions for her to sit on the deep fur covered aft seat. She does. He unties, pushes the boat out and steps in. Mounts the torch on the top of carved crown on the bow rib.

He rows the boat to the center of the lake. It is calm.

BRAUN

You know our first great king?

ERIKA

Fairehare, the first Nordic king.

BRAUN

You recall our late night stories.

ERIKA

Of the *Norwegian* Vikings.

BRAUN

Yes, You are of his seed. Tonight you become regent of this domain.

Erika's eyes moisten as she sits erect. He rows on.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

He stops rowing. The large bucket now has a significant amount of rope attached to it.

BRAUN

Lift the large bucket, and release it in the lake.

The bucket is full of smooth, round, black stones. The rope runs through a pulley. Braun holds the rope as Erika struggles to lift with her legs and manages lower the bucket into the water.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Now, take this rope and slowly lower the bucket.

She strains to lower it slowly.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Let go.

She does. The rope sizzles thru the pully then suddenly stops. The boat is jerk to the side. The rope is taut. Then not.

ERIKA

Now what?

BRAUN

Bring back the bucket.

She pulls on the rope faster and faster, but there is little tension on the line. Then the bucket emerges upright above the surface next to the boat and floats on the lake.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Bring it back into the boat.

She reaches for the bucket, but there is little struggle to lift it. She sets in between her legs. It is full of water.

ERIKA

How is that possible?

BRAUN

Erika Fairehare. Stand before the land and waters that made you and that are to become yours.

She stands. Braun stands and picks up the bucket and pours the cold water it over Erika. She gasps. Braun demonstrates without the axe and hammer in his hands.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

With the strength of deep water annointed upon you, raise the hammer and axe for the northern cross that watches over your ancestors.

She takes the end of each items and easily raises them over her head. Looks up and cross them. With that, Erika, the axe, and hammer becomes translucent. The contact point of the tools emits light rings around the boat.

A translucent figure arises from the water and walks to the boat. As it steps in, it becomes Braun's young **WIFE**, beautifully still translucent. She has small seahorse-type wings on her back. A seahorse tail with a small tail fin. She touches Braun's shoulder. He's transformed into a white water wolf.

WIFE

My child of our Nokken and human union.

(MORE)

WIFE (CONT'D)

We bestow our spirits, and essence,
that you will preserve us as the
annointed Regent of Fairehare.
Though mortal in this life, stay
close to our deep water as they
will preserve us and this legacy.

She removes her hand from the wolf. Braun reappears. Steps to Erika. Lowers her arms holding the tools. Embraces with arms and tail. Kisses her daughter.

WIFE (CONT'D)

We are of one love forever.

She turns to mist. It rises and swirls around Erika, and envelops her. Erika drops the tools and collapses on the aft seat. She stares at Braun. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small decorative ring.

BRAUN

Your symbol of Faireshare Regent.

He slides it on her right hand.

INT. LAKE CABIN - ELLA'S BEDROOM - DAWN.

Erika sleeping. Hard knock on the door.

BRAUN (O.C.)

It's get your ass out of bed alarm.

ERIKA

Moans.

Open door. Has coffee in hand for her.

BRAUN

Get up and get out.

ERIKA

Not yet.

BRAUN

That was yesterday. No deputies at
our door, so we can assume
nothing's gone boom at the store.

Still waking up.

ERIKA

Crap.

BRAUN

It's all crap if you don't move.

ERIKA

Aren't I the Regent.

BRAUN

Not in my cabin.

ERIKA

Yours?

BRAUN

On paper. Com'on, drink and get going.

INT/EXT. SOLOMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jalenka arrives in the SUV. She pulls up and sees yellow crime scene tape outside the office. She gets out of the car as two other cars quickly pull up behind her. **FBI ONE** and **FBI TWO**, 30's get out of one of the cars.

FBI ONE

Jalenka Volkov

JALENA

Yes?

FBI TWO

Is this your car?

JALENA

No. What's this about?

FBI ONE

Where are have you been in last 24 hours?

JALENA

I drove back from Traverse City this morning.

FBI ONE

Alone?

JALENA

You see anyone else? What's going on here?

FBI TWO

What's your connection with Ron Solomon?

JALENA

Really? You God damn know he was my father's attorney.

FBI TWO

Mr. Solomon is dead.

She pulls out her cell.

JALENA

I'm calling my lawyer.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN WORKSHED - DAY

Braun is chiseling on a boat frame rib. The sound of a plane is heard and it becomes louder. Braun stops, looks up the direction of sound. A seaplane passes low directly overhead in the direction of the lake as he quickly steps out to see the plane.

EXT. CALM LAKE - DAY

Erika is in their bass boat and sees the seaplane low coming directly at her. It does not change its elevation as it draws near.

- Erika abruptly changes course.
- The plane banks, elevates, and circles around the lake.
- Erika returns to her original course, but watches the plane.
- It approaches from her rear. The pontoons are just off the water.
- She picks up speed, but the plane keeps gaining.
- It is upon her when she makes a hard turn.
- The pontoon is at eye level as it just misses.

The plane banks and pulls up. Erika watches as the plane lands and taxis to one of the estates on the lake.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE DOCK - DAY

The seaplane is moored at the end of the long dock in front of an estate house. Holly and Todd stand on the dock with estate Regent **RICK** Anderson, 40s. The seaplane door opens.

Jeff Watson steps out of the plane with an overnight bag. They shake hands and walk towards the mansion.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - DUSK

Erika and Braun sitting on the dock with beverage.

BRAUN

When are you going to go?

ERIKA

Midnight.

BRAUN

How?

ERIKA

Small blackout. Localized enough.

A loud boom is heard at one end of the lake. They stand up. Moments later a fireworks burst in the sky.

BRAUN

Change of plans.

ERIKA

Why?

BRAUN

A Table of Regents has been called by Anderson.

Braun goes in the boathouse, and comes out with a fireworks mortar. Places it on the dock. He looks at Erika.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

Step off.

He lights the fuse, and follows Erika off the dock. Mortar is fired. A single firework. He goes back on the dock, and surveys the lake.

ERIKA

What are you waiting for?

Three more fireworks occur at other points along the lake.

BRAUN

Acknowledgement by the others. Everyone is here.

ERIKA

So now what?

BRAUN

You will meet the other Thing
Regents at Midnight.

ERIKA

Tonight?

BRAUN

Yes. In the Long House.

ERIKA

When did they meet last?

BRAUN

Not since you've been back.

ERIKA

What should I wear?

BRAUN

Your Regent vestments with the axe.

EXT. CALM LAKE, ESTATE DOCK - NIGHT

Braun and Erika arrive in traditional Viking wear. Erika covered in a white cape and hood.

The shoreline is marked by flaming torches. Other families boats are tied side-to-side. The seaplane is also there.

BRAUN

Good, last to arrive.

A man helps BRAUN moor their craft.

EXT. CALM LAKE - NIGHT

Erika steps off. Braun follows. She lowers her hood. She is warrior faced: black ringed eyes, a wolf amulet at her forehead, a laurel of hops, barley, moss, and cherries.

Braun removes her cape. The sleeveless Regent anointment leathers. She holds the double bladed axe. Dried blood still remains.

EXT. LONG HOUSE APPROACH - NIGHT

It is too quiet. Erika and Braun approach the Long House. Five tall poles circle a bonfire before the Long House. People have gathered around their family poles except one.

Jeff Watson stands among the people at the Anderson family poles. Holly is standing in another group.

Braun stops at the lone pole. Erika proceeds to the Long House. The people look away as Erika looks at them. Erika enters.

INT. LONG HOUSE - NIGHT

Erika walks the long room of empty tables and benches. She enters the Circle of Regents. Four men sit at a pentagon table. It is surrounded by torches. A small opening at the zenith of the ceiling.

She faces Rick Anderson. The other three Regents look at each other. Each has a ceremonial axe on the table in front of them. She steps to the last empty seat, puts her axe on the table.

RICK

By what right do you present yourself to this table of Regents?

ERIKA

Rightful Regent to the Fairehare holding of its land and water.

She sits.

RICK

What basis for this claim?

ERIKA

All titles and ownership have been transferred to me by the previous Regent, Braun Fairehare.

RICK

He has been proxy of the holder of these titles. Proxy cannot vote on the matter before us.

ERIKA

What matter?

RICK

Dissolution of the Thing Compact.

ERIKA

Which requires unanimous vote.

RICK

Now four.

ERIKA

Five.

RICK

You are a proxy Regent.

ERIKA

No. Atrim County tax assessors office record says otherwise.

RICK

Brass Jacket holds the title.

ERIKA

So you've been told. Brass Jacket no longer exists.

RICK

As of when?

ERIKA

Two days ago.

Pause

RICK

The decision has been made.

ERIKA

Outside the compact? Against the promise and legacy of your fathers?

RICK

A vision that no longer fits its this time and place. As your little cosplay here is best hung in a museum.

ERIKA

You have unsettled the Nokken.

GROUP

Chuckling

She stands, picks up her axe by the end of the handle, and jumps on the table. She points at the Regents with it.

ERIKA

There has been natural peace upon this land and your holdings.

(MORE)

ERIKA (CONT'D)

You have benefitted greatly by this compact. Now you break that honor and piss on souls of your fathers.

Rick stands and begin to applaud slowly

RICK

Very nice. Short. To the point. Our letters of intent are signed. Now, is this where the Viking bitch of you threaten us?

ERIKA

Not by my hand.

She throws the axe through the hole in the ceiling. Lighting cracks directly overhead of the Long House. Screams are heard outside the building.

EXT. LONG HOUSE - NIGHT

Erika walks out of the Long House. The people are gone, except Braun remaining at his pole. The top of four of the five poles are on fire. She stops at the Anderson pole, and puts her finger on it. It smolders and is engulfed in fire. She walks past Braun. He follows.

EXT CALM LAKE - NIGHT

Ericka and Braun approach the boathouse in the bass boat. Running lights are on. One boat house door opens interior light come on. BRAUN gets out of his seat and steps on the deck to secure the boat. Erica turns off the running lights.

BOOM!

- Boat house explodes.
- Braun is thrown back and into the lake.
- The boat is lifted and debris flies by.
- Erika is concussed as the boat settled and takes on water.

EXT. CALM LAKE, EXTATE DOCK - NIGHT

Rick stands next to Todd, Holly, and Jeff Watson. Watson has night vision binoculars.

JEFF

Make the call.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nine-One-One, what's your emergency?

RICK

There been a terrible explosion on Calm Lake.

EXT. LAKE CABIN - NIGHT

Crying, Erika is sit on a chair. Wrapped in blanket. Faced scratched blacked by the makeup. EMS, deputies, and a divers on the dock and shore examining the debris. A body bag rest on the dock. A deputy, 40s, approaches her with a cup of coffee.

ERIKA

Thanks.

DEPUTY

You really need to go to the hospital.

ERIKA

Again, No.

DEPUTY

We've got questions.

ERIKA

So do I. Look, I'll be fine.

DEPUTY

The hell you say..

ERIKA

Okay, not to much. Let me stay. I'll come in first thing in the morning. I'm going inside and rest.

DEPUTY

We'll be here all night.

ERIKA

When can I get him back?

DEPUTY

There will be an autopsy.

She stands up.

ERIKA

The hell there will!

INT. LAKE CABIN CELLAR - NIGHT

Sounds of the first responders continue outside. Erika descends the stairs. Turns on a dim light. Takes two jars of the deep water. Drinks. Sits on the floor, closes her eyes and falls asleep.

EXT. CALM LAKE, ESTATE DOCK - DAWN

Rick and Jeff are sanding by the seaplane. They shake hands and Rick walks back to the residence. Jeff unmoors the front of the boat holding the front line and walks back to the rear of the pontoon untying the rear.

- He hears and sees a disturbance in the water.
- He steps to the edge of the dock.
- A white water wolf breaks the water.
- Its teeth tear into Jeff's throat before he can scream.
- It stands over body, then drags the into the lake..

The plane drifts into the lake, and is pulled down into the lake by a whirlpool.

INT/EXT. SIMON HOME - NIGHT

It's raining. Thunder and lightning. A white SUV pulls up to the large home. Garage door opens and car pulls in. License plate: **LANDGAL**. Driver door opens. A woman's leg steps out.

INT. SIMON HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd is asleep in his bed. A surgical gloved right hand puts a revolver to his forehead and lightly taps it.

ERIKA (O.C.)

Todd.

No response. A single talon comes out of the left hand index finger. Erika in blonde wig tears it across his cheek.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Todd!

TODD

Screams

Sits up holding, hand over wound. Sees Erika and starts scrunching back to the headboard.

ERIKA

Hurt? Good. I'm only beginning.

TODD

What the fuck?

ERIKA

You the fuck, Todd. I'm having a hellava week, and all this shit kept coming back to you.

TODD

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

ERIKA

Yeah, I'm sure you have deniability all lined up. You recognize this?

She motions the handgun. He doesn't respond.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Great talker. Did you know she likes to play, like you? Really into Pinots. And with women.

TODD

You have no idea..

ERIKA

Your plans as a county commissioner. Your new acquired windfall.

TODD

You can't stop it..

She holds her the left hand, and looks at the talon finger and flexing the others.

ERIKA

Can't make a decision though.

She holds the talon finger to her cheek.

TODD

What's that?

She looks at the finger.

ERIKA

Eagle. Bear.

A bear claw grows at the end of her left thumb.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Or wolverine.

Wolverine claws appear on the remaining fingers.

EXT. SIMON HOME - NIGHT

Front of home. Storm continues.

TODD (O.S.)

Horrific Screaming

Front door opens. Erika is dragging still breathing Todd on to the front drive up. With one eye open, Todd sees a white wolf sitting in the drive up. Erika removes the clip from the gun.

ERIKA

Need a name Todd. Name. One bullet.
No Name. My Pops.

The wolf bears its teeth and growls. Takes a couple steps closer. Todd mumbles. Erika leans to listen. Pokes him.

TODD

Coughs and moans
Turk.

She puts the gun in his left hand, and walks back into the house.

The inside of the house a fire grows. Outside a single gunshot.

INT/EXT. LAKE CABIN - MORNING

YOUNG GIRL, 9, wearing several strings of fresh water pearls, dangles her legs off the end of the dock. A car pulls up in the distant driveway. Holly gets out. Sportswear and jacket. She walks onto the dock. Young girl does not turn around.

YOUNG GIRL

She's not here.

HOLLY

She said she'd meet me.

YOUNG GIRL

Did she?

HOLLY

You know she did. Where is she?

YOUNG GIRL

On vacation.

HOLLY

Really?

YOUNG GIRL

Really.

HOLLY

Who are you?

YOUNG GIRL

I'm the cabin sitter?

HOLLY

Pretty young..

Pause

Holly pulls a revolver from her pocket.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Where'd she go?

YOUNG GIRL

Home.

HOLLY

Isn't this her home?

YOUNG GIRL

Norway.

HOLLY

Why Norway?

YOUNG GIRL

I want a grandchild.

BANG

Young girl doesn't react to the shot or turn around as Holly tumbles into the lake. Jalenka stands behind her with a handgun.

JALENA

Not by your hand.

YOUNG GIRL

Are you the new Mezzo-King?

JALENA

I am.

YOUNG GIRL

Do you have the letters?

JALENA

I do.

YOUNG GIRL

When?

JALENA

Six months. The Swedes will be gone. It will all be hers.

Young girl slips into the water.

FADE OUT.